

A Message from God



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"RISE, HE CALLETH THEE" (page 3).

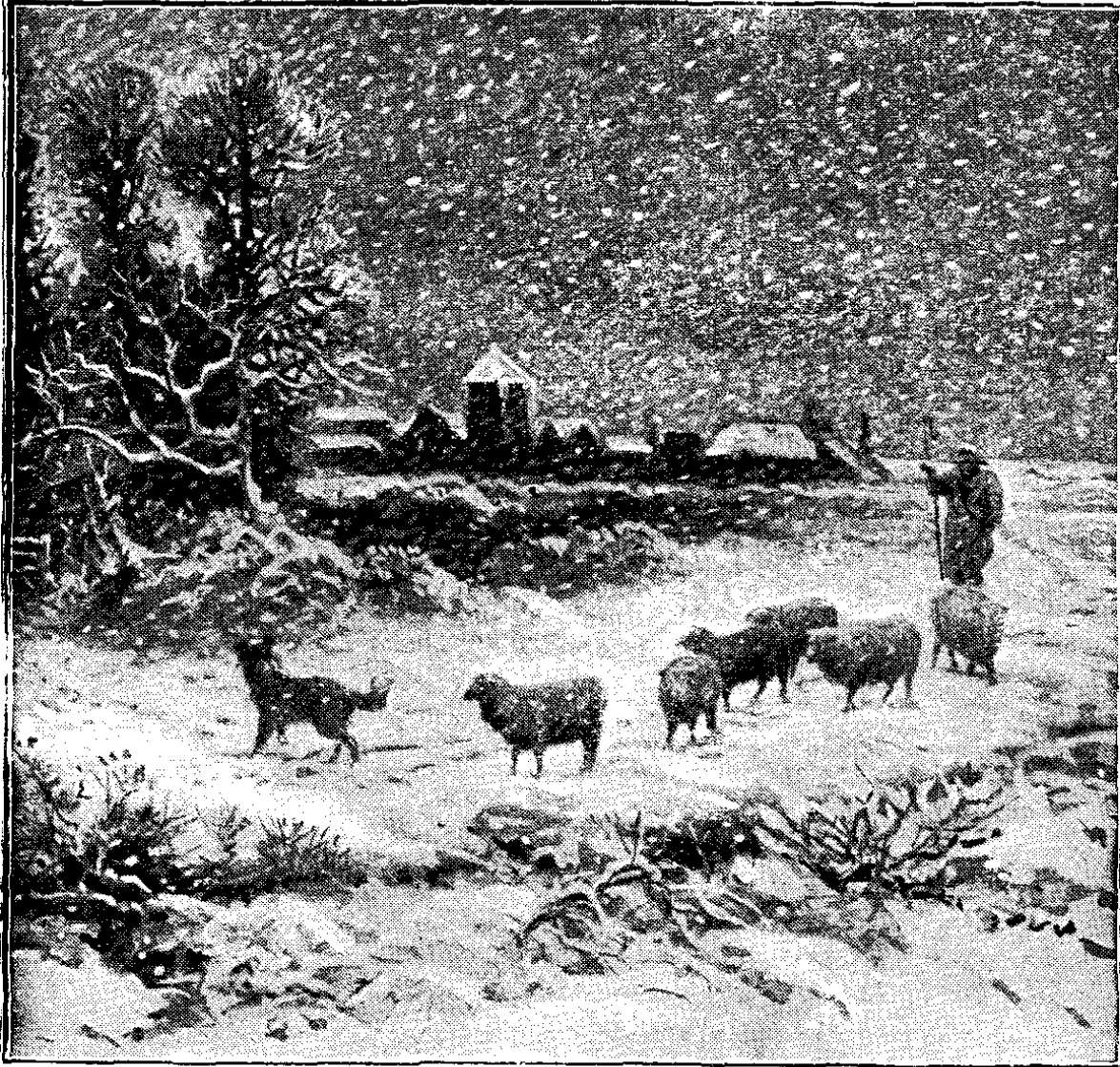
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

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



"All we like sheep have gone astray."—ISA. liii. 6.

"What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing."—LUKE xv. 4, 5.

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(2)

“ARISE, HE CALLETH THEE.”

THEY spake of old to him who sat
In blindness by the way,
Of CHRIST THE LORD, Who, drawing near,
Could turn his night to day.
But still he lingered, trembling there,
Till o'er that living sea
The words of welcome reached his ear,
“ARISE, HE CALLETH THEE!”

And still those words from heaven fall
On every sinner's ear;
And still the Lord delights to bid
The trembling soul draw near.
The old, the young, the rich, the poor,
He calls from wrath to flee,
And from the death-like sleep of sin
“ARISE, He calleth THEE!”

He saw thee when, a “great way off,”
Thou hadst no thought of Him;
The door of grace He open threw,
And seeks to bring thee in.
A child within its Father's home,
So happy and so free,
He longs to have you with Himself,
“Arise, HE CALLETH thee!”

From all the joys this world affords,
Which perish in a day,
The gilded snares which Satan spreads
To lead your steps astray;
From sin, from guilt, however great,
From want, from misery,
From all the sorrows of this life,
“ARISE, HE CALLETH THEE!”

—ANON.

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.”—JER. xxxi. 3.

In Cicero and Plato and other such authors, I find many an acute saying, many a word that kindles the emotions: but in none do I find these words: “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”—AUGUSTINE.

(3)

"RISE, HE CALLETH THEE."

(Mark x. 46-52)

I THE Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open



the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house." . . . "Then

the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing" (Isa. xlii. 6, 7; xxxv. 5, 6).

We read, and are caught by the prophetic fire. Our exalted spirit kindles, and we voice our admiration—perhaps we sing our praise. Yet to many it is an ideal picture of far-away things, something to hope for, perhaps, in the distant future, but

"Rise, He calleth thee."—MARK x. 49.

not to be laid hold of now—nay, they may say, is it not a figure of speech?

Vague ideas that Messiah was among them probably excited the crowd leaving Jericho, running before and following after Jesus as He travelled towards Jerusalem. Alas, for how many it ended there; a matter of interest and religious sentiment. But there was nothing vague or ideal or far-away in the promises of God for **one** who moved not

with the crowd, but fixed by his infirmity, sat by the wayside. He was a beggar and blind, a very picture of need. Alert for opportunity, he asked what the unusual stir was about. No sooner had he heard the answer than he lifted up his voice, loudly, insistently, repeatedly, for “ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.” His awareness of need made him a most urgent suitor for help. He called this Jesus, yet not using the appellation which others used; his faith knew and owned an honourable title that belonged to the lowly Man of Nazareth — “ Jesus, Thou **Son of David**, have mercy on me.” The help he needs, let us remark, is **MERCY**. No hidden discontent breathes here, or implied complaint against Providence or the community. Yet nothing happens, and his calls to engage the attention of the passer-by increase against the unsympathetic attempts to silence him of the people who move in the van of the procession. He is not to be put off from his purpose by the meddling discouragements of others. How easily the Lord could have stepped to the wayside where Bartimaeus sat, but it would almost appear that before He reached the place He stopped, and commanded Bartimaeus to be brought. It was then the message flew from lip to lip, and Bartimaeus, as one whose application is favourably heard, became the centre of interest. “ Rise, he calleth thee,” they say. He, glad and eager, throws away his garment and starts up. Willing hands guide him as an avenue opens through the crowd. Then face to face, Jesus said, “ What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? ” The Great Searcher of hearts takes nothing for granted. Bartimaeus’ sightless eyes might tell their own story, but his lips must pronounce his self-diagnosis in his plea. He knows exactly what he wants and replies, “ Lord, that I might receive my sight.” In that very instant his wish is gratified. Jesus speaks, His virtue flows out: “ Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole.” Bartimaeus, immediately healed, has no way to go but after Jesus; he follows Him in the way.

To what purpose did the Spirit of God indite this record? That the spiritually blind might know their Great Physician in the Lord Jesus. He came to heal the sin-sick in soul, to seek and save the lost. This blindness of mind and heart is an affliction of such as these. Are you aware of anything like this blindness in yourself? What does it mean? Blind-

“RISE, HE CALLETH THEE.”

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ness incapacitates for life's activities and usefulness by a personal physical defect. Its victim is disabled from profiting by the light of the sun; he sees not his own way, endangers his life in the crowded street unless one guides him, misses the enjoyment of the beauty about him, and falls out of the race of life. He lives in perpetual darkness, though others are gladdened by the pleasant light.

Those who like sheep go astray are blind in their wilfulness. Their way seems right to them, but they refuse to consider their latter end, and the Word of God says it is death. They walk in daily peril, liable to be called to their soul's account without warning and unready. They know of Jesus, but they see not with a mind enlightened from above the beauty of the sinner's Saviour in Him. They are utterly without any inner soul-perception of this, yet they flatter themselves they are His admirers and are pleased to be His patrons in their own judicious and discriminating way. Blind, they seek not the sight He gives, and have no use for mercy at His hands. Blind to their true present need and eternal interests, to the glory of God and their own real happiness, they are perverse in heart against all warning of conscience within, and so much as they know of God's witness without—in nature, and in revelation. Do you recognise any likeness to yourself?

If so, Jesus is passing by your Jericho. Is your heart, however, crying for His mercy? All within Him yearns for you; have you no desire for Him? Can it be nothing to you that the Son of God gave His life a ransom for you? Your silence, your pride refuse Him an opening. If you would only call upon Him! If you would but kneel and simply as a child ask for His mercy! Only raise your voice to heaven and crave from Him the satisfaction of your soul's need. Then He would lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and your opened eyes would see in His face the glory of God. He would shine in your heart, and all would be bright and clear. (2 Cor. iv. 6). You would realise in seeing His face of glory, once marred by the sufferings of death on your account, that God gave Him, that He gave Himself; and that no lesser gift, no other means could avail if you were to possess eternal life. (John iii. 16). Just as the Lord Jesus took no care to shun that place of a curse, Jericho,

and having visited it, no constraint withheld His healing power, so He yielded Himself to be made a curse upon the cross, in order that the blessing of blessings might rest for ever upon everyone that puts his trust in Him. (Gal. iii. 13, 14). No desertion by disciples, no ingratitude or refusal by "His own" (John i. 11), no injustice of rulers or heartless mockery of the rabble restrained the outflow of His love's fulness when through the eternal Spirit He offered Himself without spot to God. Love's flood-waters there, at the very place called Calvary, spilled over the dam that Satan would build to keep them back. Then when all was finished, how they burst through the rending tomb and the opened heaven! Our Jericho, this doomed world, rings with His fame, with the glad news that Jesus of Nazareth, the victorious Son of God, is passing by, full of grace and truth, mighty to save.

So long as you remain bemoaning your state you are like Bartimaeus, sitting by the wayside, no better than a beggar and blind—unable to see and fend for yourself, stretching out a hand for the pence of any passer-by. Learning and pleasure are but **common** passers-by: all they have to give is but for a season, and even then only a drug of forgetfulness lest you feel the realities of your case. Nor can wealth relieve your soul's need one pennyworth. Do you say, "I know this well"? Even so, but there you remain. You continue, "More than this, I know that only Jesus can help me. I have even prayed to Him." Yes, you are like blind Bartimaeus crying out to Him. Yet did you say, "Jesus of Nazareth" or "Jesus, Thou Son of God," a very different thing? As surely as you have cried out of a heart desiring His mercy, Who is to be your final Judge, yet Who died for your sins, so surely He calleth thee. How? Why, reflect. Has no text come to your mind, no appeal on Christ's behalf to your ears, with undeniable and quite extraordinary force? Have you experienced no unaccountable coincidence bringing home beyond denial that Another has spoken in your life? Or some narrow escape from death, or even some dream?

This for instance actually happened a few months ago. Picture a departing congregation and the preacher making sympathetic enquiries of a sad stranger at the door. Suddenly, squaring up to the preacher, the stranger questioned:

“ RISE, HE CALLETH THEE.”

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“ Do you know me? ” “ Why, no, I have never seen you until to-night,” was the reply. “ Well, it is very strange. If you had known me all my life you could not have ‘ preached at ’ me more than you did to-night. I don’t understand it, do you? ” The preacher answered: “ Yes, I do; God was speaking to you, though some people would call it a coincidence.” He said quietly: “ It is not a coincidence; it is a very serious matter and I must decide.” He was feeling the force of “ Rise, HE calleth thee.” Reader, how is it with you?

“ He saw thee when, ‘ a great way off,’
 Thou hadst **no** thought of Him;
 The door of grace He open threw
 And sought to bring thee in:
 A child within its father’s home,
 So happy and so free,
 He longs to have you with Himself;
 ‘ Arise, He calleth thee.’ ”

Regard no friend who would silence your anxiety; hold on to nothing that would hamper your rising and hasting to Him now. Like Bartimæus cast your “ garment ” away. Your need presses beyond all that is urgent, for the risk you run is the loss of your soul. Every motive for haste is here. Oh, rise, rise! Approach Him. Tell Him your case with the same plain and exact truth as Bartimæus did—your need of seeing yourself and Him and everything in the light of God. (Ps. xxxvi. 9; John viii. 12). No one but the Son of God can give you sight and save you. His redeeming work, suffering for sin, is finished once for all. His grace and power to deliver are at hand. Rise, He **calleth** thee. Face what your need really is—not a suffering from deficient knowledge or lack of opportunity, but just blindness in wilful despisal of God Himself and Jesus Whom He has sent. “ Lord, that I might receive my sight.” What followed then will follow now; “ Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight.” To faith’s full confession and helpless appeal the Saviour ever answers with instantaneous power:

“ Prove Him! An almighty Saviour
 Is the Saviour still;
 Prove that He can save you fully—
 Can and will.

“ RISE, HE CALLETH THEE.”

“ Boundless is His love as ocean,
Wide as heaven's own roof;
Put the riches of His mercy
To the proof.”

T. D.



THE WITNESS OF MEN, AND THE WITNESS OF GOD.

ONE rainy Lord's Day evening, two young men plodded along a muddy road in one of the southern counties of Scotland, disappointed and somewhat discouraged at not being able to have a gospel meeting in the village they had left. Speaking of Christ by the way, they were returning to a town some miles distant. Near cross roads one of them suggested to his companion who was a visitor in that part, that if he were so inclined, they might visit an old farmer who lived about a mile and a half off this main road. He knew him to be in an inquiring state of soul: perhaps God would bless the visit; and so their ten mile walk would not be a bootless journey. Only too glad of an opportunity to serve Christ, his friend consented, and a few minutes after found them, with dripping umbrellas, making for a distant farm-house.

The twilight, deepened by a dewy mist, set in before they reached the steading, into which, after a short time, they were made heartily welcome with Scotch hospitality. They found, upon entering, the “ guid ” man sitting at the little kitchen window, poring with spectacled eyes over a large Bible, which he attempted to read by the fast-receding light. This was a good sign; and as he was alone, his wife not having returned from a distant meeting, it was an opportunity for setting forth the Lord Jesus Christ. Spiritually, the old man belonged to the “ doubting ” class, too numerous, alas! among the decent-going Presbyterians of our land.

Well-read from youth in the Bible and the shorter catechism, while revering the Scriptures, he could not receive them in the child faith that the Father thereby spoke to him. He hoped for acquittal in the judgment-day through faith in the general mercy of God, and to be cleared then, partly on account of the sacrifice of Jesus, and partly by a good

THE WITNESS OF MEN, AND THE WITNESS OF GOD. 9

walk and conversation. Attending devoutly upon the ordinances of grace, he tried to bring up his family in the fear of the Lord. Dear soul, this was the farmer's creed! is it yours? May the Lord show you how impossible it is for the lost to be saved, save by **FAITH IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST ALONE**. Holiness of life following as a result of Christ received; as it is written in Col. ii. 6: "As ye have therefore **RECEIVED** Christ Jesus the Lord, **SO WALK** ye in Him." The stranger inquired of the farmer what he read, and was told that it was 1 John v.

Without further preface the visitor said: "We met three cows and two men as we came up the road: do you believe me?" "Yes," replied the old man. "How can you so readily believe my word, the saying of a stranger you never saw before?" "Oh, I have nae reason to doubt your word." "Then you simply receive my witness to the fact?" "Yes, I do."

"Now, turn to verse nine of the chapter before you: 'If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God, which He hath testified of His Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son.' You have no difficulty," continued the visitor, "in believing my word, and yet you doubt the Word of God concerning His Son!"

The light broke into the listener's soul. His wife entering at that moment, a rejoicing child of God, was told the story of meeting the cows and the men in the road. She immediately confirmed it by saying: "It was your brother Sandy and his neighbour driving the kye." There was joy in that humble cottage; and, after partaking of new milk and scones, the guests departed. However, they could not be allowed to go alone; the man and his wife walking a good mile with them (he without his hat), wishing to hear more of the old, old, story of Jesus and His love. How simply we receive each other's word. **WHY THEN NOT AS SIMPLY RECEIVE GOD'S GOOD NEWS?** Because of the hardness of our hearts! But when once His Spirit opens our hearts, how simply do we receive "the engrafted word able to save our souls."

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Dear soul, believe the Word—the truth of the gospel concerning Jesus Christ our Lord, Who died for our sins according to the Scriptures, Who was buried, but rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.

The Scriptures thus are the only basis for faith to rest upon. All else is shifting sand. Hope and love are followers of faith. Faith takes God at His word about self and about the Lord Jesus, and hope maketh not ashamed, “for the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit given unto us.” “God is love.” “We love Him, because He first loved us.”



TOM'S AWAKENING.

“With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.—PSALM CXXX. 7.

A WAY on the lovely Welsh mountains, in a lowly cottage, resided a lone widow and her only son, Tom, a sturdy young fellow of about twenty. On the occasion to which we refer, he was returning from his daily toil at the usual hour, and upon entering found his aged mother upon her knees praying. His mother's attitude, as also the fact that he suspected she was praying for him, annoyed him very much. He threw down his bag of tools and in harsh tones shouted: “Mother, I'm sick of this business, and if I find you on your knees again I'll leave this place for ever.”

But like Daniel of old, she feared the Lord, and knew that at the throne of grace she found solace for her broken heart, comfort in her trials, and strength to meet the exigencies of daily life. Besides, she longed that her Tom should trust her Saviour and know his mother's God.

Consequently at the same hour the next night Tom returned home and found to his sore displeasure his mother in the same attitude praying for her only boy. “So you're at it again,” he roared, “I told you what I would do, I can't stand this canting any longer, so now good-bye, and never more will I darken this door,” so saying he walked hastily away. The feeble old soul rose from her knees and in tender tones called after the retreating figure of her only son, “Ah, my boy! you may leave your home and your mother, but **I SHALL NEVER CEASE TO PRAY FOR**

TOM'S AWAKENING.

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YOU." Did the tears course down her wrinkled cheeks? Did a deep sigh escape her lips? Did her thoughts travel back to the time when her husband died, and she knew from bitter experience what it was to be a widow? Could we wonder if an unbidden longing seized her for a moment, which could well be expressed in the words of another :—

“ But, oh for a touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

now her only son had left her? What for? Because she longed with the intensity of a saved mother's love for his salvation. But doubtless in those retrospective moments, God drew very near to her, and reminded her of His care in the past, that He was the Husband of the widow, Who heals the broken-hearted, and binds up their wounds, Who is the God of all comfort, and Who comforts all who are cast down.

Tom, after leaving home, went from bad to worse. It would not answer our purpose to give details of the grievous way in which he sinned, suffice to say that he sunk as low as he possibly could, and yet not too low for grace to reach; not too far off to escape the all-seeing eye of God; not too wilful to cause his mother to refrain from pleading with her God, as only a mother can for her erring, profligate son.

Days quickly passed into weeks, and weeks into months, when a man might have been seen one evening walking along the streets of W——. He was poorly clad in dirty tattered garments, his face bore the unmistakable marks of sin, and upon his features was a look of utter dejection. He was just such a man as we often look upon with sorrow and compassion.

Such a man reminds us of the unerring statement that, “ **THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD.**” He was walking aimlessly along, a vacant look upon his hardened features; it was none other than Tom, the subject of many prayers, but alas, a poor despised outcast. He had sowed the wind, he was now reaping the whirlwind.

Suddenly he is seen to start, and the hard expression upon his face is softened. The cause is not far to seek, it was the singing of a gospel refrain which arrested his attention. Were they words sung in happy childhood's days? Did they remind the poor fellow of the time when God had very

specially appealed to his heart? Be that as it may, he turned aside from the main street and entered the hall, from whence had proceeded the singing which sounded to him as the harmony of Heaven. The subject of a fervent gospel address were words, so well known and so little heeded, words which reveal the depths of compassion in the Saviour's heart: "**COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST,**" words which have brought hope to hundreds of sin-benighted souls, for the words of this Royal invitation are limitless and extend to all. As the preacher continued his passionate address, no doubt speaking forcibly of sin, righteousness and judgment to come, Tom's past life was passing rapidly before him, he thought of his mother's tender warnings, his mother's earnest prayers, and his mother's fond love, then of his rebellion against his mother's God; these constantly recurring thoughts were too much for his breaking heart, he suddenly rose to his feet, and hurriedly left that Hall, desiring solitude.

It was a dark night, which seemed a fit emblem of the midnight darkness which filled his heart. The cool evening breezes, fanned his forehead, whilst the Spirit of God worked upon his heart, as a mighty hurricane, and his sins rose up before him as a host of spectres; and as his memory recalled them one by one, he felt himself a wretched man, a vile sinner, and from the depth of his soul-agony could say, "**Woe unto me, for I am undone!**"

These experiences were too much for his sin-burdened heart, too much for his heated brain; he fell prostrate upon the cold pavement, where he lay for some minutes as though dead. A crowd quickly gathered, but he suddenly rose to his feet, and they saw a calm look upon his white tear-stained face, his lips moved, and in clear subdued accents he said: "**Good people, you may wonder what is the matter, God has convicted me of sin, I have cried to Him for mercy, I AM NOW A SAVED MAN.**"

The bystanders may have thought he was intoxicated, or mad; nevertheless it was true that in those few moments there had been a definite transaction between a loving God and poor rebellious Tom, resulting in his having the blessed knowledge that his sins were all blotted out. In those few

TOM'S AWAKENING.

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moments the joy-bells of heaven had been pealing, the Father had welcomed the prodigal, the Saviour of sinners had received another great sinner, another soul had been ransomed and delivered from the clutches of Satan.

This was not mere outward reformation, but a genuine conversion which was fully attested by his after-life, which he spent for the One Who saved his soul.

He obtained work, he wended his way back to the despised cottage he had vowed he would never again enter, and poured into the ear of his God-honouring mother, the story of his great awakening and ultimate Salvation. And as they conversed upon the details of his repentance, and he rehearsed the wondrous dealing of God, it transpired that, at the very moment that he was lying on that cold pavement, smitten with a deep sense of sin, and craving the mercy of God, that **VERY** moment in that lonely cottage on the Welsh mountains was his aged mother on her knees making to her God the oft-repeated petition, "**O God save my erring son Tom.**"

How great is the mercy of our God! His mercy saved Tom from his sins, transformed his life and prepared him for the glories of heaven. The same mercy reaches to you, dear reader. However sinful, however vile, however far you may have wandered, we repeat to you the blessed news that "**The blood of Jesus Christ, His (God's) Son, cleanseth us from all sin.**"

A.G.



FACING THE FUTURE.

**A New Year's Address delivered by Dr. Heyman Wreford
at the Victoria Hall, Exeter.**

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."
—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

AT this solemn moment, the first Lord's Day evening of the New Year, we desire to give everything into God's Hands. May He deign to work by His Spirit with every one. May He guide and control all things for us, and mightily bless the Word spoken all over the world in these last days.

We commend every helper and worker to God for this year. God bless every Sunday-school teacher, and every Bible-class teacher; may He bless those who give away tracts or invitations to the meetings, and every one who visits the sick, and those who speak to the anxious, and those that pray for a blessing on the spoken Word. May God abundantly bless all those who so freely give their time to the service of God, and they **WILL** be blessed for it, I am sure.

We commend every saint and every sinner to God. All who are here to-night, and all who may come to the meetings from time to time. May God keep those true to Christ who have confessed His Name, and give peace to those who are still strangers to His love.

It is a terrible battle, this strife with sin and Satan. The soldiers of the cross seem few, and the battalions of the enemy to be multitudinous in their fierce array. I say to-night, God help us; **we must not give in.** God help us; **we must press on.** God help us; **we must overcome.** God help us; **we must go from victory to victory.** God help us; **there must be no parleying* with the enemy.** **We must be out and out for Jesus; true soldiers of the Cross.**

Let the Apostle's words, with their deep earnestness, fill our hearts. "This one thing I do." He might have done many things. He had marvellous opportunities, and manifold advantages, but his life was completely under the control of one idea. Before his conversion he was the slave of many pursuits; he was blown about with many a wind of human reason. He thought and acted, as a man might be expected to, who had shifting and changing ideas of what was right and wrong. But when he was converted, then the whole range of his associations and ideas became centralised. There was the clearly defined purpose of life before him. No more his vagrant fancy, ever seeking, seeking, and **never** satisfied, but the truth of his whole life at rest. Every faculty was under the control of a guiding Hand, and every heart-beat purposeful and real.

"**This one thing I do.**" One aim, one life-work, one end, one all. And this made his career so intense and useful. He was not divided in his interests, or his hopes; he had but One to please, and but one purpose to fulfil. And he brought all the powers of his cultivated mind to bear upon

this. He was a divinely-blessed, and a divinely-guided man. His life was a blessing to himself and to those with whom he associated.

It is better to do one thing well, than many things badly. This the Apostle found out when he said, "This **one** thing I do." May God grant that you may find that out this evening.

At the commencement of a New Year, it is customary for people to keep a diary: they write down this resolution, and the other, and their hearts are full of brave new desires to turn over any number of fresh leaves. I can fancy Paul keeping a diary, and writing on it, with his eyes sparkling, and his cheeks glowing, these words: "**This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.**"

He could calmly face the future. He could look without a veil between, into the glories of eternity. Some tell us that the future is a mystery, a blank; that none can know it, or reveal it. It was not so to Paul; is it so to us? He speaks of a **forgetting**. There was nothing to charm him here, he buried his old life in the grave of Jesus. The old life of Saul of Tarsus was to be forgotten for ever. He speaks of a **reaching forth**. There was a yearning and a striving for what was beyond. Not a mystery, but a glorious certainty. He saw a vision in the skies that charmed his very soul. It was Jesus risen from among the dead, a glorified Man at God's right Hand, and it was his desire that everyone else should see it too. When people are travelling through the desert, if they suffer from thirst, the eager eyes are looking for the oasis, and the one who sees it first cries out in his gladness for all the rest. He points to the waving palm trees and the refreshing grass, and the clear, cool water, and the delightful shade. The sight is too good to be kept to one's self. And a risen Christ, seen by the eye of faith, is a sight that makes the ready tongue speak forth. The opened heavens stretch away with the light of God upon them. No mystery to faith, but the ineffable delight of knowing and believing God. Sinner, will you gaze to-night? Look yonder and see the rest of God; **face the future now**. There is the water of life, the palm

trees of the Paradise of God are blooming there; the green pastures are in front. Press on to the feet of Jesus, sinner; press on now. There is rest for the weary, there is rest for you.

When out at sea, the eyes have been looking for the land. The one who first descries the shore shouts, "Land ahead." He is the herald of the journey's end. And so Paul, with his clear eyes facing the future of the love of God, speaks of the **mark**, and the **prize**. He saw it, and he pressed towards it. No dim conception was his, but a real comprehension of the purposes of God. No mystery to be solved by the soul when winging its way to the Infinite; but a revelation made to faith now. He saw the golden shores of heaven; the thronging angels on the golden streets; the pinnacles of the heavenly temple not made by hands, eternal in the heavens; he saw it all, and his life was absorbed in it. He could forget, he could reach forth; he could press on, for the mark was Christ, and the prize was an eternal one. Can you thus face the future? Can you thus clearly see what is hidden from the world? "The natural mind understands not the things of the Spirit." Only those who are born again, are in the secret of God.

(To be continued, D.V.)



GOD LEADING US ON.

I AM persuaded that when you look back over that part of life which you have passed, you see how God does, according to His promise, somehow or other, bring us on. How He will do so we can never tell beforehand; but, when He is leading, He **does** lead **on**; and as He has done for you and yours, through the years that are past, so He will do for the future also: **HE CHANGES NOT.**

G. V. W.

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“He being dead, yet speaketh.”—HEB. xi. 4.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 31.



GOING TO THE DAY'S WORK.

“Look at the men in this picture. They are going out to their daily fishing—to come back doubtless laden with fish. They go towards the illumined East—their work lies there—it is the morning of opportunity for them. It is for the people of God to-day. Work while it is called to-day.”—H. W.

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“One Thing I Do”

MORN, noon, and night,
Through days o'ercast and bright,
My purpose still is one;
I have one end in view,
Only **ONE THING** I do,
Until my object's won.

Behind my back I fling,
Like an unvalued thing,
My former self and ways,
And reaching forward far,
I seek the things that are
Beyond time's lagging days.

The day declineth fast,
At noon its hours are past,
Its lustre waneth now;
That other heavenly day,
With its enduring ray,
Shall soon light up my brow.

Oh! may I follow still,
Faith's pilgrimage fulfil,
With steps both sure and fleet;
The longed-for good I see,
Jesus waits there for me,
Haste! Haste! my weary feet.
J. N. D.

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GOD'S WILL IN MY LIFE.

Nothing more,
Nothing less,
Nothing else,
“That He might have the pre-eminence.”
COL. i. 18.

(19)

“ WHY DON'T THEY OPEN THE DOOR? ”

(BY REV. J. LEON THOMAS)

REBUBEN and Esther Jones were as devoted to each other, their home, and only child, who had brought much happiness into their lives, as man and wife could be.

They had not much sympathy with religious folk, or churches. Sundays were “ rest days,” with the newspaper as their “ guide, philosopher, and friend.” They had, however, allowed the district visitor to call, which she did monthly, and on the day of which I write she had brought the New Sheet Almanac, the central picture being a reproduction of Holman Hunt's famous painting, “ Christ the Light of the World.” Mother and son looked at it with wonder as it was placed in a prominent position on the wall.

On the father coming in to dinner his attention was called to it by the boy. “ Look, daddy! Who is it, daddy? Who is it? ” Reuben looked at the picture, but gave no answer, although he knew Whom the picture represented.

But the little fellow was not to be denied, and again came the question, “ Who is it, daddy? Tell me, daddy.”

At last he blurted out, “ A Man, of course! ”

“ What Man, daddy? What is His name? ”

Compelled by the earnestness of the child, he said, “ Christ! ”

“ But what is He doing, daddy? ” “ Can't you see? **He is knocking at a door!** ” said the father. “ How long will He knock, daddy? ” “ I don't know,” came the reply. Still the boy asked. “ What is He knocking for? ” “ Because He wants to go inside,” said his father. “ **Why don't they open the door, daddy?** ”

This question was repeatedly asked, and it proved to be too pointed, for Reuben Jones turned away saying, “ I don't know, my child.”

Very little was said that dinner hour, except the boy's repeated statement: “ I'd open the door. Wouldn't you, daddy? ”

Dinner over, the father hurried away, saying to his wife: “ I cannot stand any more of his questions.”

That evening, Reuben Jones and his wife talked chiefly about their son, the picture, and the child's questions. “ Oh! ”

said the wife, “ he’s been on about it ever since; his last words when going to bed were : ‘ **I wish they had let the Man in.**’ ”

“ It is very strange,” said the husband. “ I have thought of little else, since dinner. I cannot get it out of my mind. ‘ **Why don’t they open the door? Why don’t they open the door?** ’ Esther, I believe the same Hand has been knocking at my door for some time, but the knocking has been louder to-day. But still the door is closed.

“ ‘ Why don’t they open the door? ’ he said. Ah ! that is the question.

“ I am sure, Esther, God is knocking by the hand of our own child. It’s time we began to be more serious about things.”

“ Well,” said the wife, “ if you are going to be religious I shall come too.”

That very week a mission was being held in the Town Hall. Reuben’s workshop mates had held up this effort to scorn, asking : “ Who’s going to get saved? ” But notwithstanding this spirit of derision, Reuben and Esther attended three meetings, till on the closing night the preacher asked : “ **Who will open the door, and let the good Stranger in?** ”

It brought back to husband and wife the question of their own child : “ Why don’t they open the door? ”

The preacher cried : “ Behold, **now** is the accepted time ! Behold, **now** is the day of salvation ! ”

“ Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne’er entertained so kind a guest ;
No mortal tongues their joy can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.”

That was enough; husband and wife decided that He Who had been a stranger should henceforth be trusted as Saviour and Friend.

For more than ten years He has been to them “ The Light of the World.”

That sheet almanac became valued as a treasure, for they never tired recounting the way they had been led.

Do you know where Christ is in your life? Is He inside, or outside?

He said, “ **Behold I stand at the door, and knock; if any**

“ WHY DON’T THEY OPEN THE DOOR?”

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man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.”

Have you opened the door?

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PREACHING AND PRACTISING.

ONE was asked, “ Whose preaching brought you to Christ?” The answer came, “ It wasn’t anybody’s preaching; it was Aunt Mary’s practising.”

We are told an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory. A poor Chinaman asked a missionary to baptise him. When asked where he had heard the Gospel, he answered “ that he had never **heard** the Gospel, but had **seen** it.” He said he knew a poor man at Ningpo who had once been an inveterate opium smoker, and a man of violent temper. This man had become a Christian, and his whole life had altered. He gave up opium, and became loving and amiable. “ So,” said the man, “ **I have not heard, but seen the Gospel.**”

A piece of tin in a rubbish heap will catch and reflect the rays of the summer sun. Amid all its unsavoury surroundings it **cannot** be hid—so the lowliest Christian in a polluted world can shine for, and **reflect** the Lord Jesus Christ. We must be “ **living epistles known and read of all men.**” We must “ **walk as children of light.**” (Eph. v. 8), and “ **shine as lights in the world.**”

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THE NEW YEAR’S JOURNEY.

(A Dream)

IT was the 31st of December, a cold, frosty night. I sat beside my cheerful fire, conversing with a loved and honoured friend who was about to depart on the morrow. “ Will you sit up till twelve o’clock?” I asked, as my guest rose to retire for the night. “ I prefer,” he replied, “ to spend the last hour of the year alone, if you will kindly permit me to do so; and I must make some little preparations for my journey, as I go by an early train to-morrow.” He took up a Railway Guide which lay on the table, looked it over, named the hour at which he would leave, and bade me “ good night.”

Having given the necessary orders for an early departure,

I sat alone by the fireside, musing over the events of the past year, the pleasant intercourse that I had enjoyed with my friend, his homeward journey on the morrow, and the happy meeting with the loved ones, from whom he had been for a time separated. I took the Railway Guide in my hand, glanced carelessly over its columns, thought of the numerous journeys that I had made in the past year, and of many travelling companions who had passed from time into eternity. Serious thoughts of death and judgment became confusedly blended in my mind with other ideas, a drowsiness stole over me, and with the book still in my hand I fell asleep and dreamed.

Methought I stood in a large and spacious building; it was a railway station. A crowd of persons was assembled, waiting for a train. Among them I recognized several familiar faces—a dear brother whom I had not seen for some years, an invalid friend who seldom quitted her sick chamber, and the venerable pastor whose faithful teaching I had long valued and enjoyed. All were about to take a long journey to a far distant country. It was no excursion of pleasure, not even a matter of choice; all were acting under an inevitable necessity, and no one asked another, “Why are you here?” or “Where are you going?” This much I knew, but no more; and though desirous to gather information, a certain serious and solemn expression in every countenance rather awed and deterred me from asking questions; so I spoke not, but silently studied the forms and features of my fellow-passengers. A group in one of the waiting-rooms attracted my special notice. It consisted of two young women and a little boy. They were conversing in subdued tones of some dear friend who had preceded them to the distant country; and in reply to a remark from the child, I observed one of them produce from her pocket a book which I supposed to be a guide to the unknown land, and turning over the pages, she pointed to a line which he looked at, and softly repeated, **“I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”**

In a corner of the same room sat an aged man, alone and solitary, though in a crowd. His silvery hair told of some fourscore years, which had evidently brought to him their full share of labour and sorrow. He

also studied a book exactly like that which I had seen in the hands of the young woman; his eyes were fixed intently on the page, and I heard him slowly murmur, "**Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the Strength of my heart and my Portion for ever.**"

I now left the waiting-room and walked to the extreme end of the platform, and looking across the line of rails, perceived by a dim light what appeared to be another platform, upon which a crowd of persons were hurrying to and fro in confusion and disorder. I could not distinguish among them any one whom I knew; and as the light of a lamp fell now and then upon the face of one or another, it revealed an expression of reckless gaiety or sullen discontent. "Are those people going with us?" I inquired of an official who stood by. "No," he replied with a mournful shake of the head, "they are on the wrong side; they are going by the **down** train." I was about to ask more, when he silently handed me a book precisely similar to that with which my fellow-passengers were provided, and then hastened away. As I opened the book, these words caught my eye: "**Destruction and misery are in their ways; and the ways of peace have they not known.**"

A sudden tremor came over me: a vague sensation of dread. I turned away, and returned to the spot where my friends were still patiently waiting. In their society the feeling of terror subsided, and I again became calm. At this moment it struck me that the unusual quietness was caused by the absence of busy porters hastening here and there with heavily-laden trucks. Not a trunk, a carpet-bag, or package of any sort was to be seen. "Where is the luggage?" I asked of my brother who was now beside me. "Luggage!" he repeated in a tone of surprise, "do you not know that none is allowed in this train, and none is allowed in the country to which we are going?"

A secret consciousness that I ought to have known this as well as he kept me silent. He gently drew my book from my hand, opened it, and directed my attention to these words, "**For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.**"

An earnest desire still possessed me to know something

more of our destination. I wished to meet with some person who had travelled to, and returned from the distant country, but instinctively felt that there was not such a one in our company. I attempted to study my book, but in vain; words and letters danced before my eyes; I could not read a line. Approaching our venerated pastor, who sat a little apart from the rest, I resolved to open a conversation with him, and asked with some timidity, "What shall we do when we arrive within sight of that far away land to which we are going?" A radiant smile lighted up his countenance, an unusual brightness shone in his eyes, as, lifting his hand with an air of triumph, he replied:—

**"Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
There shall we pause, look back, adore!"**

The railway bell rang loudly—I started and awoke. The fire had burned low in the grate. The Railway Guide had fallen from my hand. The bells from a neighbouring church tower struck out a noisy peal; presently they ceased. Slowly and solemnly fell the strokes of the church clock as it tolled the midnight hour. **Twelve—and the year was gone!**

Reader, you, too, are bound for a journey. Whether you will or not, you must go. Are you on the **right** side? Are you booked for the right place? Are you studying the Guide? Are your thoughts fixed upon the "luggage," "the goods," "the stuff in the house" which soon will perish in the using, or are you happily conscious of having in heaven a better and an enduring substance?

Christian traveller, are you sometimes cast down and discouraged by the difficulties of the way? Are you faint and wearied in your mind? Be not dismayed; lift up your head, rejoice, for "now is your salvation nearer than when you believed." It may be that you lament the loss of the companions who set out with you, but who have one by one passed away, and left you to finish your journey alone. Cling, then, to the **Friend** that sticketh closer than a brother, even the **Omnipresent Friend** Who departs with those who go, Who tarries with those who remain, "Who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

As passing years bring you nearer and nearer to your journey's end, let your last days be your best days. Speak

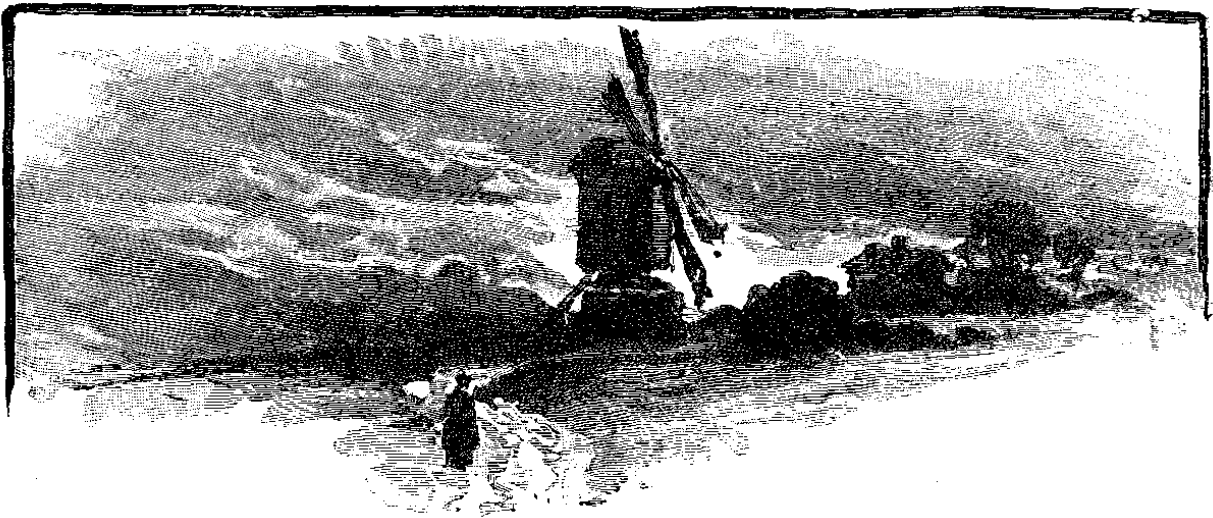
THE NEW YEAR'S JOURNEY.

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earnestly, faithfully, lovingly to all around you. Tell them what Jesus has done for your soul. Tell them to look unto Him and be saved. Tell them it is all lost time looking elsewhere for pardon, peace, and salvation. Tell them out of your own happy experience—

"I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done."

(By permission, Stirling Tract Depôt.)



A CONFIDENT PRAYER.

THERE were no "may be's" about it. Why was it that, when Elijah was praying he sent his servant to the outlook? It was because he **knew** rain was going to come, and he wanted to know the first moment of its arrival, so that he could get down the mountain. He knew that the rain would come, just as certainly as Carmel rose above him, and the Mediterranean lay beneath him. Have you the same positiveness of expectation? Do you believe God really means it when He says, "**Ask and it shall be given you. Seek, and ye shall find. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you**"? or is your imploration a mere matter of indefinite "perhaps"? Then it will die on your lips. Coming to God with such an insulting unbelief, He will spurn you away from Him.

Oh, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ, how can we halt and stagger and doubt, with the Bible **full of promises**,

and Heaven **full of glories**, and God **full of mercy and salvation** for all who believe?

Some years ago a vessel went out from a port on Lake Erie. It was just as the ice was going out of the lake, and when it starts to go out it hardly ever returns. The vessel put out; but, strange to say, the ice returned, and surrounded the vessel, and the captain **saw they must go down** unless some wonderful relief came from some source of which he knew not. So he gathered the passengers in the cabin and said: "I will tell you the whole truth. I have done all I can to deliver this vessel, and we must go down unless more than human means are brought to our aid. **Is there anyone here that can pray?**" It was all still for a minute; then one of the mates said, with a good deal of tremor and modesty, "**Let us pray.**"

So he knelt down before God in the cabin, and told of their perils, and of the loved ones at home, and how they would like to get home again, and asked God to spare their lives and save the ship. They rose, and lo! the ice had parted, and the vessel floated through the channel way. One of the sailors said to the captain, "Shall we put on more sail?" He said, "**No; there is a Hand guiding this vessel not seen of us; let her alone.**" The vessel floated out into safe waters, and their time of peril was past.



FACING THE FUTURE.

A New Year's Address delivered by Dr. Heyman Wreford at the Victoria Hall, Exeter.

"This **one thing I do**, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

I WAS very much struck in reading a diary, kept by a dear Christian now with Christ. Some of the remarks I thought I should like to repeat to you this evening, so that at the start of this year, you might be led to face the future as he did, and to yield the praise of your life to the living God. The first piece of advice given was:

"To keep a list of your friends, and let God be the first on the list, however long it may be."

FACING THE FUTURE.

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Who is your best Friend? Have you found that out yet? Paul's best Friend was the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was never ashamed to confess it. Many in this Hall to-night are willing to confess before God and man, that their best Friend is the Friend of sinners, God's beloved Son. If, when Jesus was on earth, you could have asked the thief who died upon the cross, "Who is your best friend?" what would he have said? He would have answered, "**Jesus** is my best Friend. I was hanging in darkness on a cross, over the pit of hell, when He poured the light of heaven around me and gave me peace. I was rushing down to destruction when He sent His angels of mercy to deliver me, and now I'm going to heaven. I'm going to be with Him in Paradise to-day. I never had a Friend like Jesus of Nazareth." No, he never had; he could face the future with Christ, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise," was enough. There was no mystery about that. He could now do the "**one thing**"—forgetting the past, the dark guilty past, and reaching forth to those things which were before, the beautiful realities of God. He could look beyond a fading, passing world, to the prize of heaven, to be won by a sinner even so vile as he.

If you had asked the blind man to whom Jesus gave sight, "Who is your best Friend?" "**Jesus,**" would be the answer, "there is none like Jesus." Or the lepers who were cleansed, "**Jesus, there is none like Jesus.**" Or those possessed with demons who were rescued, "**Jesus, there is none like Jesus.**" Ask the redeemed in glory, "Who is your best Friend?" and hark, the loving answer comes from the shining hosts, "**Jesus, there is none like Jesus.**" I ask you here to-night, "Who is **your** best Friend? Who will be your best Friend for the New Year? Who has been your best Friend in the past?" Let your hearts give forth the answer now, "**Jesus, there is none like Jesus.**" Oh, I want you all to be true to the best interests of your immortal souls. Acknowledge Jesus to be your Friend—He is the Friend of sinners; He is the Friend of the weary; He is the Friend of the despairing; He is the Friend of the lost; He is the Friend of the anxious. **Is He your Friend? Will you have Him as your Friend now?**

A teacher once asked his class these questions, "If you were alone in a desert with Jesus, should you expect to

perish with hunger?" The ready answer was given by the class, "**No.**" Again he asked, "If you were in a trackless forest with Jesus, would you be afraid of being lost?" Again the answer came, "**No.**" Once more he asked, "If all the armies of earth were arrayed against you, and only Jesus was with you, would you be afraid to face them?" And still the answer was, "**No.**" What do you say? Have you such confidence in Christ that you can trust Him with everything? Do you feel this moment that if you were with Jesus you would have all you want; be fed, guided, and protected? Luther once said, "I would run into the arms of Jesus if He stood with a drawn sword pointed at me." This was strong faith. He knew that Jesus was his Friend. Oh, may you declare this evening, "The Saviour shall be my Friend for ever." He will be if you will come to Him. **You can face the future with Jesus**, you cannot without Him. You can forget the things that are behind with Jesus, you cannot without Him. You can reach forth to those things which are in front with Jesus, you cannot without Him. You can "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," if Jesus is your Friend, but not else. I have dwelt rather long on this, because I do feel its importance. The friendship of Christ is dearer to me than life itself. I want it to be dear to you. Begin the year with Jesus. Sing from your happy heart :

"I've found a Friend; oh! such a Friend!
 He loved me ere I knew Him;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him.
 And round my heart still closely twine,
 Those ties which naught can sever,
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever."

The next piece of advice in the diary was :

"Keep a list of the gifts you get, and let Christ, Who is the unspeakable gift, be first."

You have heard this text, "The gift of God is eternal life." Do you believe that God is ready to give you, this evening, eternal life? If a person gave you £1,000, you would think that a great gift. Some of us would think more of it than

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others; it would be according to our sense of need. But would you thank the one who gave you the £1,000? Of course you would.

If you were loaded with debts so that you dared not look people in the face, and were afraid to go out, lest you should meet a creditor, and a person, pitying you, paid all your debts for you, would you not thank him, and believe in his love to you? **You would.** It would be a great gift.

If you were condemned to die, and were in your cell waiting to be hung, and one who could pardon, came to you with life and liberty in his hand for you, would you not love him for his love to you, and accept the priceless boon of life? **You would.**

Well, will you to-night say, "Thanks be to God for **His** unspeakable gift"? I believe **all some of you want, to be really happy, is to just open your lips in thanks to God.** You are keeping back the waters of praise, just ready to flow forth. You believe in God's love, but there is a doubt as to whether it is really for you. It **is** for you, for all who will accept it now. Some will not have salvation because it is free. They say, "Your religion is too cheap." Well, if it were one man dealing with another we might hesitate; but when it is **God** Who gives, as His creatures we should accept. My creation was the act of God, I had nothing to do with it. In Him I live, and move, and have my being. I exist naturally by the will of God. I own God in my natural life. My redemption is the act of God. My Creator has become my Redeemer. He, Who gave me natural life, gives me spiritual existence. It is His gift and I thank Him for it. Do you think of purchasing salvation? What could you give for that soul of yours, that is valued by God at more than the whole world? The universe belongs to God. The cattle on a thousand hills are His; the gold and silver and gems of the earth are His. Where will you find the price to pay for your immortal soul? You could **never** find it. The God Who made the soul, has found the ransom for it. The price of redemption has been paid, and "**the gift of God is eternal life.**" The price was the life-blood of the Son of God. God will give you His gift to-night if you will have it. Will you? You men and women in the body of this Hall, will you have God's gift? You, yonder on the orchestra,

will you? You on the platform above, will you? Begin the year with heaven's brightest gift. You can face the future with that gift in your hands.

The third advice is :

" Keep a list of your mercies, and let pardon and life stand at the head."

I shall but briefly dwell on this as time is passing. Have you thought much of your mercies? God has given you health and strength the past year, and you are in His presence now while many have been cut off in their sins.

What a mercy to be able to look up and say, " I am pardoned, I am pardoned ! I have eternal life through God's dear Son, my Saviour." Ask God to crown this year for you with the mercy of salvation; and He will for Jesus' sake.

Again was written :

" Keep a list of your joys, and let the ' joy unspeakable and full of glory ' be first."

What is your source of joy? That which comes from a pure source must be pure. If your joy comes from God it is pure joy : if it comes from the impure source of earth it can never last. Do you know the true fount of peace and joy? Can you say, " We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ " ? Vanderbilt, the railway king, sought his joy in riches. His whole life was spent in trying to get the best outlet for his enormous wealth. And when death came, it came suddenly. He was cut off without a moment's warning. What an eclipse ! You have seen the sun shining in splendour in the sky, when suddenly a cloud has passed before it, and the light has been shut out, and the earth has all been shadowed, and the birds have ceased to sing. So it was with Vanderbilt. His sun of prosperity was shining brightly, when suddenly the cloud of death came, and all the birds of desire ceased to sing. The man was dead. What does it matter how poor we are on earth, if we have an inheritance in heaven? We may have no earthly riches, but if we have treasure in the skies it will be well for us. Oh, that the " joy unspeakable " might be your joy. **" Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."** Begin this year with the joys of heaven in your soul; and let there be before you the consummation of

it all, even the eternity of bliss in the presence of God Himself.

And once more was the advice to :

“ Keep a list of your hopes, and let the hope of glory be foremost.”

What is your brightest hope for this New Year? What do you most crave for? Does the hope of glory brighten your life? Do you hope to be with Christ before the year is done? Do you hope to be saved this year? A hopeless life is terrible; a hopeless death is fearful. Christ is ever with His people, **He never forsakes the one who trusts in Him.** The hope of glory will brighten into eternal day. If the eye is fixed on heaven, the feet press on. We face the future when the hope of heaven fills the soul. There is no hope in heaven, we have everything we want. Nothing to hope for in that bright scene of glory. Have you a hope of glory? It was Paul's hope. “ To depart and to be with Christ,” was ever on his tongue.

(To be concluded, D.V.)



DISCIPLINE.

“ No Royal Road to Music.”

PORPORA, one of the most illustrious masters of music in Italy, conceived a friendship for a young pupil, and asked him if he had courage to persevere with constancy in the course he should mark out for him, however wearisome it should seem. When the pupil answered in the affirmative, Porpora wrote upon a single page of ruled paper the diatonic and chromatic scales, ascending and descending the intervals of the third, fourth, and fifth, etc., in order to teach him to take them with freedom, and to sustain the sounds, together with the trills, groups, appoggiaturas, and passages of vocalization of different kinds. This page occupied both the master and scholar during an entire year; and the year following was also devoted to it. When the third year commenced, nothing was said of changing the lesson, and the pupil began to murmur; but the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth year slipped away, the fifth followed,

and always the same eternal page. The sixth found them at the same task; but the master added to it some lessons of articulation, pronunciation, and, lastly, of declamation. At the end of this year, the pupil, who supposed himself still in the elements, was much surprised, when one day his master said to him, "Go, My Son, you have nothing more to learn, you are the first singer of Italy, and of the world!"

He spoke the truth, for the singer was Caffarelli.—*Festis's History of Music.*

Such an anecdote as this well illustrates the Lord's ways with us. Thus, from one day, from one year, to another, we are learning the same unvarying lesson, getting more deeply acquainted, on the one hand, with our own utter unworthiness; and with His infinite grace, on the other. Often truly a perplexing, a tedious lesson to the heart; so much so, that it seems as if it would never come to an end. But it is not so. As this young pupil was told by his master, "You have nothing more to learn, you are the first singer of Italy, and of the world," so we, in a higher sense, having learnt our lesson, shall find to our joy, and amazement, that we are **perfect musicians**. And, oh, what a song will be ours! such strains as no ear ever listened to before; telling out, as they will do, the praises of Him Who is infinitely worthy—Who was slain—Who has redeemed us from death by His blood, and with Whom our God and Father has assigned to us, poor creatures of the dust as we are, the nearest place to Him—the Son of His love, in that circle of glory and blessedness, of which He, in "that day," will be both the light and centre.

Viewing the above anecdote from another point of view, one learns from it the value of perseverance in whatever we undertake. Without this, who ever attained to excellence, whether in connection with the things of this life, or the next? It shows, too, the need of being established in the principles of whatever we learn. Failure in this leads to failure when we come to put our knowledge into practice. Porpora certainly proved that he understood this, when he elicited that promise from his young pupil. And Caffarelli, as he looked back on those six years so strangely spent on one lesson, conscious at the same time of what he had gained, must have felt what a wise master he had.

THE POWER OF STILLNESS (see page 35).

MARCH, 1936. One Penny Net.

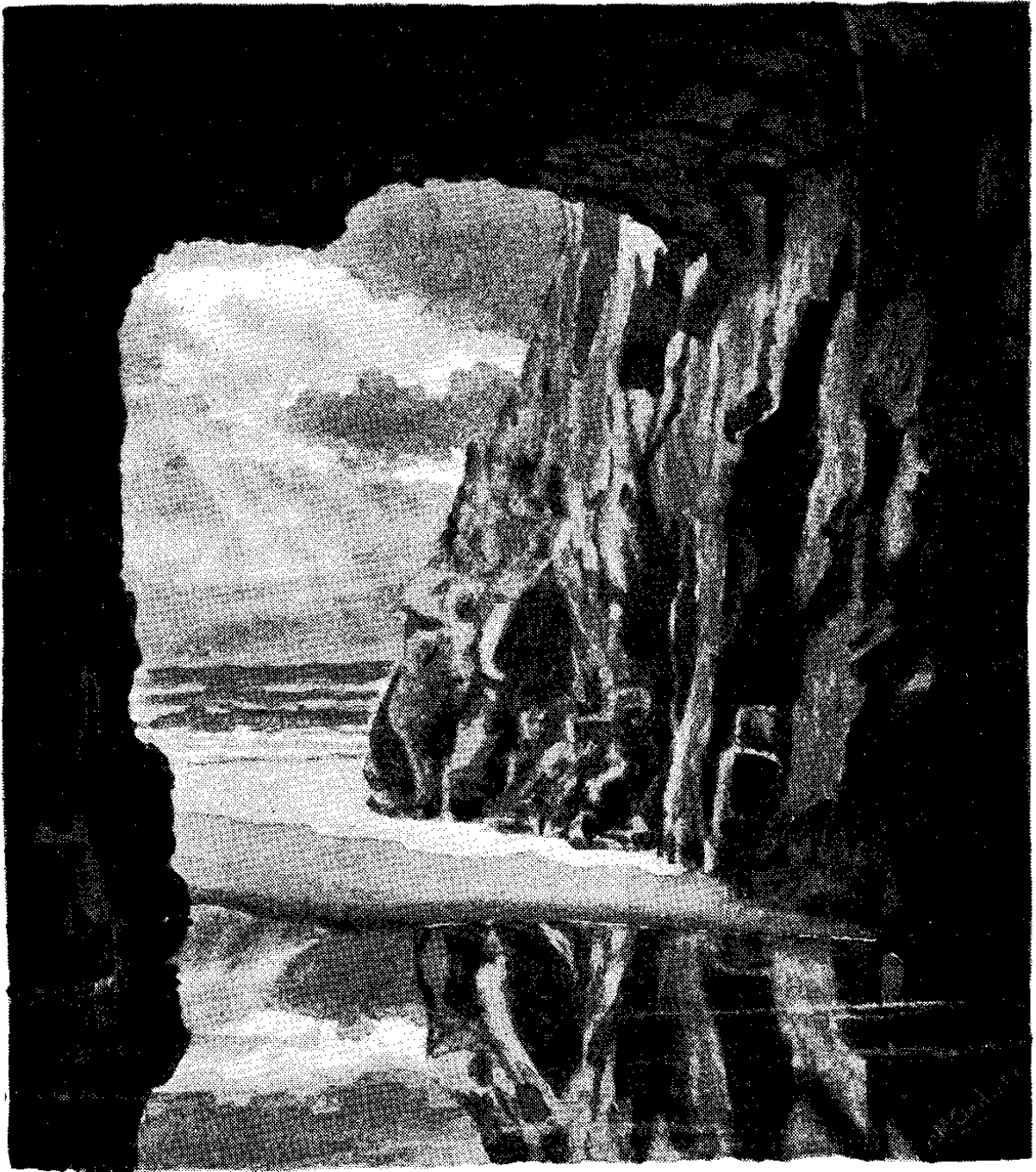
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

“He being dead, yet speaketh.”—HEB. xi. 4.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 31.



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Stillness.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."—ISAIAH xxvi. 3.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.
Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy Love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.
Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

I URGE upon you . . . a nearer communion with Christ and a growing communion. There are curtains to be drawn by in Christ that we never saw, and new foldings of love in Him. I despair that ever I shall win to the far end of that love, there are so many plies in it; therefore dig deep, and . . . labour, and take pains for Him, and set by so much time in the day for Him as you can: He will be won with labour.—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

(35)

“The Power of Stillness.”

By REV. DR. A. B. SIMPSON.

“Be **still**, and know that I am God.”—PSALM xlv. 10.

IT was “a still, small voice,” or “the sound of a gentle stillness.” Is there any note of music, in all the chorus, as mighty as the emphatic pause? Is there any word in all the Psalter more eloquent than that one word, *Selah* (Pause)? Is there anything more thrilling and awful than the hush that comes before the bursting of the tempest, and the strange quiet that seems to fall upon all nature before some preternatural phenomenon or convulsion? Is there anything that can so touch our hearts as **the power of stillness**?

The sweetest blessing that Christ brings us is the Sabbath rest of the soul, of which the Sabbath of creation was the type, and the Land of Promise God’s great object lesson.

There is, for the heart that will cease from itself, “the peace of God that passeth all understanding,” a “quietness and confidence” which is the source of all strength, a sweet peace which nothing can offend, a deep rest “which the world can neither give nor take away.”

There can be, in the deepest centre of the soul, a chamber of peace where God dwells, and where, if we will only enter in and hush every other sound, we can hear **His** still, small Voice.

There is, in the swiftest wheel that revolves upon its axis, a place in the very centre where there is no movement at all; and so, in the busiest life, there may be a place where we dwell alone with God in eternal stillness.

This is the only way to know God. “**Be still**, and know that I am God.” “God is in His Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.”

A score of years ago, a friend placed in my hand a little book, which became one of the turning-points of my life. It was called “True Peace.” It was an old mediæval message, and it had but one thought, and it was this—that God was waiting to talk to me, if I would only get still enough to hear His voice.

I thought this would be a very easy matter, and so I

began to get still. But, I had no sooner commenced than a perfect pandemonium of voices reached my ears, a thousand clamouring notes from without and within, until I could hear nothing but their noise and din. Some of them were my own voice, some of them were my own questions, some of them were my own cares, some of them were my very prayers. Others were the suggestions of the tempter, and the voices from the world's turmoil. Never before did there seem so many things to be done, to be said, to be thought; and in every direction I was pushed, and pulled, and greeted with noisy acclamations, and unspeakable unrest. It seemed necessary for me to listen to some of them, and to answer some of them. But God said, “ **Be still**, and know that I am God.”

Then came the conflict of thoughts for the morrow, and its duties and cares. But God said, “ **Be still.**”

And as I listened, and slowly learned to obey, and shut my ears to every sound, I found, after a while, that when the other voices ceased, or I ceased to hear them, there was a still, small Voice in the depths of my being, that began to speak with an inexpressible tenderness, power, and comfort. As I listened, it became to me the voice of prayer, and the voice of wisdom, and the voice of duty, and I did not need to think so hard, or pray so hard, or trust so hard, but that “ still, small Voice ” of the Holy Spirit in my heart, was God's answer to all my questions, was God's life and strength for soul and body, and became the substance of all knowledge, and all prayer, and all blessing; for it was the living God Himself as my life and my all.

Beloved ! this is our spirit's deepest need. It is thus that we learn to know God. It is thus that we receive spiritual refreshment and nutriment. It is thus that our heart is nourished and fed. It is thus that we receive the Living Bread. It is thus that our spirit drinks in the life of our risen Lord, and we go forth to life's conflicts and duties like the flower that had drunk in, through the shades of night, the cool and crystal drops of dew. But, as the dew never falls on a stormy night, so the dews of His grace never come to the restless soul.

We cannot go through life strong and fresh on constant express trains, with ten minutes for lunch; but we must

“ THE POWER OF STILLNESS.”

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have quiet hours, secret places of the Most High, times of waiting upon the Lord, when we renew our strength, and learn to mount up with wings as eagles, and then come back to run and not be weary, and to walk and not faint.

The best thing about this stillness is, that it gives God a chance to work. “ He that is entered into His rest hath ceased from his own works, even as God did from His ”; and, when we cease from our works, God works in us; and when we cease from our thoughts, God’s thoughts come into us; when we get **still** from our restless activity, “ God worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure,” and we have but to work it out.

Beloved ! let us take His stillness. Let us dwell in “ the secret place of the Most High.” Let us enter into God and His eternal rest. Let us silence the other sounds, and then we can hear “ the still, small Voice.”

Then, there is another kind of stillness, the stillness that lets God work for us, and holds our peace; the stillness that ceases from its contriving, and its self-vindication, and its expedients of wisdom and forethought, and lets God provide, and answer the unkind word, and the cruel blow, in His Own unfailing, faithful love. How often we lose God’s interposition by taking up our own cause, and striking for our own defence.

There is no spectacle in all the Bible so sublime as the silent Saviour, answering not a word to the men that were maligning Him, and whom He could have laid prostrate at His feet by one look of divine power, or one word of fiery rebuke. But He let them say and do their worst, and He stood in **the power of stillness**—God’s Holy, silent Lamb.

God give to us this silent power, this mighty self-surrender, this conquered spirit, which will make us “ more than conquerors through Him that loved us.” Let our voice and our life speak, like “ the still, small Voice ” of Horeb, and as the “ sound of a gentle stillness,” so that others may be drawn to Him Who said, “ Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”



(38)

THE COMFORT OF CHRIST.

WE were once in the Bay of Biscay. A fierce storm was raging around us. The waves swept across the decks, and all the passengers had to go below. Some were shrieking in terror; others were praying. It was a time of danger apparently. I remember the comfort of a text of Scripture to me at that moment, "He holds the sea in the hollow of His hand."



The Lighthouse on the Rock.

I felt the comfort of belonging to God then, and of being in the Hands of God. I feel it now. On the sea of life storms arise, but the comfort of the love of God is a solace in the darkest hour. Do you, my reader, know what it is to be able to say, "I will fear no evil for Thou art with me"?

THE COMFORT OF CHRIST.

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To be in His Hands, Who can speak peace to the wildest storm, is a blessed reality. To be saved by Him Who says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," is to be assured of His constant presence. Do you know aught of this? If you were brought face to face with death on sea or land, could you count on the Hand of Christ to lead you through "the valley of the shadow of death"?

I heard of one who, a short time ago, died in the night suddenly. She said to her husband, "I'm going to the better land," and died. Taken away in a moment. If it had been you where would you be now? Suppose some night you awoke, and felt the hand of death upon you? Should you be ready? Are you saved? Has the light shone upon the darkness of your life?

I remember when coming home from Africa we could not see the sun for two or three days owing to the dense fog. The captain, not being quite certain of his whereabouts, ordered the ship to be stopped; the lead was thrown overboard, and from the sand or gravel taken from the bed of the sea he was enabled to discover our position. He ordered the engines to be driven again at "full speed ahead," and soon we saw the light of the Eddystone shining on the waves, telling us where we were and guiding us in safety. Do you know where you are going? Stand still, now, and see the salvation of the Lord. Examine your position from the Word of God. Find out the way to go, and then you will see the light shining on the sea of life. "I am the Light of the world," says Jesus. "Look unto Me and be ye saved."

H.W.

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THE UNKNOWN TREASURE.

A TRAVELLER one day called at a cottage to ask for a draught of water. Entering, he found the parents cursing and quarrelling, the children crouched in a corner, trembling; and wherever he looked he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates, he asked them, "Dear friends, why do you make your house like hell?"

"Ah, sir," said the man, "you don't know the life and

trials of a poor man, when, do what you can, everything goes wrong."

The stranger drank the water, and then said softly, as he noticed in a dark and dusty corner a Bible, "Dear friends, I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house. Search for it."

At first the cottagers thought it a jest, but after a while they began to reflect. When the woman went out, therefore, to gather sticks, the man began to search, and even to dig, that he might find the treasure. When the man was away, the woman did the same. Still they found nothing; increasing poverty only brought more quarrels, discontent, and strife.

One day, as the woman was left alone, she was thinking upon the stranger's word, when her eye fell on the old Bible. It was a gift from her mother, but since her death had been long unheeded and unused.

A strange foreboding seized her mind. Could it be this that the stranger meant? She took it from the shelf, and found the verse inscribed on the title-page, in her mother's handwriting—" **The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.**" It cut her to the heart. "Ah!" thought she, "this is the treasure, then, that we have been seeking." How fast her tears fell upon the leaves!

From that time she read the Bible every day, and prayed, and taught the children to pray; but without her husband's knowledge. One day he came home, as usual, quarrelling, and in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, she spoke to him kindly and with gentleness. "Husband," she said, "we have sinned grievously. We have ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life." He looked amazed. "What do you say?" was his exclamation. She brought the old Bible, and, sobbing cried, "There is the treasure. See, I have found it!"

The husband's heart was moved. She read to him of the Lord Jesus and of His love. Next day she read, and again and again, while he sat with the children round her, thoughtful and attentive.

THE UNKNOWN TREASURE.

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Time passed on and after a year, the stranger returned that way. Seeing the cottage, he remembered the circumstances of his visit, and thought he would call and see his old friends again. He did so, but he would scarcely have known the place; it was so clean, so neat, so well ordered. He opened the door, and, at first thought he was mistaken, for the inmates came to meet him so kindly, with the peace of God beaming upon their faces. "How are you, my friends?" said he. Then they knew the stranger, and for some time they could not speak.

"Thank you, thank you, sir; we have found your treasure. Now the blessing of God dwells in our house—His peace in our hearts!" So said they; and their entire condition, and the happy faces of their children, declared the same more plainly.

SELECTED.



AN INFIDEL'S INTERRUPTION AND ITS SEQUEL.

A BOLD infidel once interrupted a gospel preacher as he was addressing a large open-air meeting, with the impious and startling assertion:—"I will prove to you that Jesus Christ, Whom you preach, told a lie."

Alas, what will the temerity of the alienated mind and heart of man not dare to utter! A dead silence pervaded the audience, and all seemed riveted to the spot where they stood.

The suspense was extreme. Every ear was on the stretch. No one moved.

"Well," rejoined the atheist, "Jesus said, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Is it not greater love for a man to lay down his life for his enemies?"

The crowd held their breath. Perfect stillness reigned, and all eyes were turned to the preacher.

"Ah! yes," calmly answered the Lord's servant, "but it does not say, 'Greater love hath no **God** than this.' It says, 'Greater love hath no **man**.' Man's love never went further, and it never will; but I am authorised to proclaim to you, and to all who hear me, that '**God commendeth His**

42 AN INFIDEL'S INTERPRETATION AND ITS SEQUEL.

love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' (Rom. v. 8)—nay, more, **enemies**, for the believer can say, 'When we were **enemies** we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son.' From what you have said, my friend, it is evident you are God's enemy; still He commends His love even to you, and, if you only knew it, the very breath you spend in blaspheming Him, you owe to that love. How base your ingratitude!"

A sigh of relief passed over the company, and not a whisper more was heard from the poor crest-fallen infidel. One would fain hope that the telling utterances from the speaker's lips made him ashamed, and led him to the feet of the Lord Jesus; but, anyhow, they went home to many hearts in the crowd.

One was heard to say to his neighbour, "It cuts deep." Another, "Does God really love **me**?" A third, "That is surely **good news**!" Tears were seen to roll down many a cheek. It was a solemn time. Not a few had reason to praise God for that open-air preaching. That striking episode the Lord used for blessing, and graciously overruled it to render the word spoken exceptionally effective, and once more to demonstrate that the gospel "**is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.**"



FACING THE FUTURE. (Concluded.)

A New Year's Address, delivered by Dr. Heyman Wreford, at the Victoria Hall, Exeter.

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."
—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

AND now let me say a word or two upon facing the future. Are we all ready to do it to-night? Soldiers on the battlefield are expected to face wounds and death. Sailors out on the stormy sea have to face the tempest's might, often to find death's shroud in the crested wave. Miners have to face dangers and sometimes death underneath the earth. There are elements of danger in

almost every sphere of life, but men get used to them, and think but little of them.

The future must be faced. You may have turned your back upon it a thousand times, you **must** face it one day. Millions have faced it happily, and so may you. I do hope you may learn the secret of being able confidently and cheerfully to look forward to the eternity so near at hand.

May this year be a reaping year.

May the seed that has been sown all the past years bring forth a glorious harvest. The tracts, the bed-side visiting, the Sunday-school teaching, the uplifting of Christ in the Bible class, the preaching, and the personal appeal. May all these things of sowing be blessed in a mighty harvest. Yes, to-night, we want the sheaves for God. I was talking to a dear old Christian the other day about our meeting here, and he said, "You have only had the droppings, the shower will come"; I believe it will. I am expecting it. Do we all desire it?

Let me tell you how God is reaping for eternity. We buried a young girl yesterday, only twenty-one. She was so happy. I spoke a little about her a week or two ago here. When I saw her first, looking so pale and fragile, I read to her of the heavenly land, where there is no pain or sorrow, or death, and where God shall wipe all tears from the eyes. I asked her then if she was happy, and she told me she was. I said, "You are not afraid to die?" "No, no. I know my Jesus too well for that," was the ready reply. The next time I called to see her, she said, "Read to me about the tears being wiped away." I was glad to do it and to know, as I read, how easy it is to face the future in the light of the truth of God. She was calm and peaceful, resting on the finished work of the Son of God. The next time I called, I saw her in her coffin, but heard many things about her from her mother—things that I should like you to hear this evening. She used to say, "I am **so** glad that Jesus loves me." The love of Jesus was so real to her. Often when her mother was downstairs, she would hear her singing to herself, as she lay alone upstairs. One day the mother went up and said, "You are very happy, my dear."

“ Yes, mother, I am so happy, I cannot tell how to stop singing.” This is what she was singing :—

“ O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

“ O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

“ O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.”

This was doing “ one thing,” thinking of Christ and heaven. This was forgetting what was behind, and reaching forth. This was having a mark, and pressing on. Do you long for rest and home? the rest of God in the home of heaven?

On another occasion she was gazing up and smiling sweetly, and her watching mother said, “ My darling, do you see Jesus?” “ No, I do not see Jesus, but I shall,” was the answer. She would often exclaim, “ My blessed Jesus, what should I do without Him now?” And yet you sinners have done without Him for years, you are trying to do without Him now. She said with deep earnestness, when near her end, “ Oh! mother, do pray from your heart that Jesus will come very quickly for me; and that He will give me patience. I did not think I could be so weak and live.” A friend said to her, “ You will be in heaven first, to

welcome mother when she comes." "Yes," was the answer, "that will be best." Very shortly before she passed away she said to her mother, "Mother dear, don't you be frightened if you see I'm dying, say mother 'Thy will be done.' God knows what's best. It is better for me to be taken from you, than for you to be taken from me; what should I do without you? There's no one like a mother." Right up to the close she was happy. "I am sorry I have done so little for Jesus," she would say. She passed away very peacefully at last.

I have repeated to you this last chapter in an earthly life, to show you how easy it is to face the future when you have Christ. This dear one could forget all on earth, and leave all for her love to her Saviour. This is pressing on, having Christ and His heaven in view. God is reaping for eternity. Calling His people one by one from this world of sin and sorrow. Oh! we want souls for Jesus this year, we want you to be saved to-night.

May this year be a prayerful year.

No work for God can go on without prayer. A steamship cannot go on without steam, nor a sailing ship without wind. Nor can a Christian go on without prayer. Prayer is an absolute necessity for the Christian life. The mightiest victories of faith are won alone with God. He equips us for the warfare, and encourages us in the strife. We can go through anything with God, but what can we do without Him? Do you want to be a working Christian? You must be prayerful. Do you want to be successful in winning souls for Christ this year? You must pray for them.

Poor sinner, you have never prayed from your heart, have you? You do not know the glory of prayer, the rapture of being able to speak to One in heaven about your life on earth. Paul was a man of prayer. His earnest heart poured forth petition after petition for his people and for the Church of God. Let me tell you how a great sinner learnt to pray.

He was the son of a Christian mother, who often prayed to God on his behalf. He left home, and went into the world, and became a willing servant of the devil. He trod

every path of sin, and was the slave of every vice. By and by he came to Paris, and while there God convicted him of sin. For twelve months he was in awful agony of soul. Life became an intolerable burden. At the end of the twelve months, his misery was so great that he determined to pray earnestly to God. He went upon his knees and cried out in his agony; and as he knelt God caused him to see every sin he had committed pass in review before him. He was terrified at the sight.

And what of you, sinner? Would you like all your sins to rise before you now? The dark page of your life to be exposed, and every sin to have a voice to accuse you before God? The man I am speaking of saw these sins of his so plainly; and then he felt himself led down some awfully dark steps to the very verge of hell. He cried loudly for mercy, but he felt even as he cried, how hard his heart was, and his eyes were tearless. The fountains of grief were sealed. For three hours he continued crying in his despair to God. When lo! in a moment the change came. His heart was softened; tears gushed forth from his eyes, and he sprang from his knees, a saved man. God had given him salvation, as he knelt, and cried for it. He went to his bedroom, but he could not sleep. The room seemed filled with angels, and to be the very gate of heaven. He had faced the future on his knees, and the power of his prayer had brought the blessing down upon him. Oh! that you would do that. You must must face the future sometime. Why not now? Cry, all you sinners, cry for mercy now, and the mercy will come; and the prayer on your lips shall turn to praise; and what was whispered in sorrow shall be shouted in joy.

May we all be prayerful this year. All of you who are interested in God's work here, must help it on by prayer. It is God's work, and we own it in His presence; but since He has given us the work to do, we must always look to Him for strength to do it.

Prayer gives us strength to press on. Prayer gives us grace to forget what is behind. Prayer creates desires after what is before us. And prayer brings into full view the mark towards which we press, and the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

May this year be a working year.

What a worker Paul was! Unwearying in his devotion to his Lord and Master. Morning, noon, and night found him labouring in fields of service. "This one thing I do," and he did it well. The lessons of his noble, self-sacrificing life might well be learnt by us. Let him be a model for us for this year. Study his life, his words, his actions, and you will find Christ in all. **He Lived Christ.** Christians here in this Hall, let this be a working year for all of us. We have not done much for Christ yet. Look around, and see what there is to be done. Look where you will, and you will find some work for everyone.

Sinner, you have not to work to be saved. The work was done for you by your Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He said to God, "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." That work, finished by Christ, was the salvation of your soul. Are you saved? If not, it is because you have not trusted in the finished work. Will you do it now? Oh, that every weary sinner would, just now, rest by faith in Jesus! Have you heard Him say, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"? Will you listen to the words now, and come? His rest is sweet! His peace is heaven! Will you have it?

At the commencement of this year, will it not be wise for you to begin with God? Will it not be well for you to know that your sins are forgiven? The future lies before you, how can you face it without Christ? Do not the stupendous realities of life and death force themselves upon your notice? I am sure you must think of them at times. Think now. We want this evening to speak to you about your souls. We have been praying for great blessing, and we believe God will give it. We want **you** to be blessed. God grant it. Amen.

CHRIST CAME IN SILENCE.

IT is true the herald angels sang His coming, but it was only the poor shepherds on the hillside who heard the singing. If, amid the music of the spheres, the star

advanced to mark His manger, only the Wise Men saw its guiding light. To the world at large, amid the hubbub of the cities, and the cries of sufferers, and the laughter of the boisterous, and the constant noise and movement of an ordinary working world, no ear could catch the tread of the unseen Feet, and hear Him come.—**ONLY HE HAD COME.**



REST UNTO YOUR SOUL.

Hebrews iv. 3.

Rest is a charming house to live in. Strange to say everyone is industrious who dwells within, for the occupants are better able to perform their duties in rest. **There is but one door; it is called Trust,** and we which have believed enter in.

Matthew xi. 29.

Rest is not folding the hands and quitting service. It is taking the yoke. The oxen bow the neck, and quietly yield to the hand of the good master. It is the chafe, the kick, the backing out of it, which bring weariness before noon, but **surrender is rest** from dawn till sunset.

Matthew xi. 28.

Rest is a peaceful spirit which pervades the soul. We may weary ourselves to make surroundings more comfortable, while rest awaits us in the One Who said, **Come unto Me.** And in coming we find He gives us, not a perpetual holiday, but **an abiding rest.**

Philippians iv. 7.

What is Rest? Someone has said, "**Union with a God Who is never disturbed.**" He holds our lives in His Almighty Hand, and knows all our to-morrows. So when the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps our hearts and minds, **we know what rest is.**

G. J. G.

AT THE CROSS (see page 52).

APRIL, 1936.

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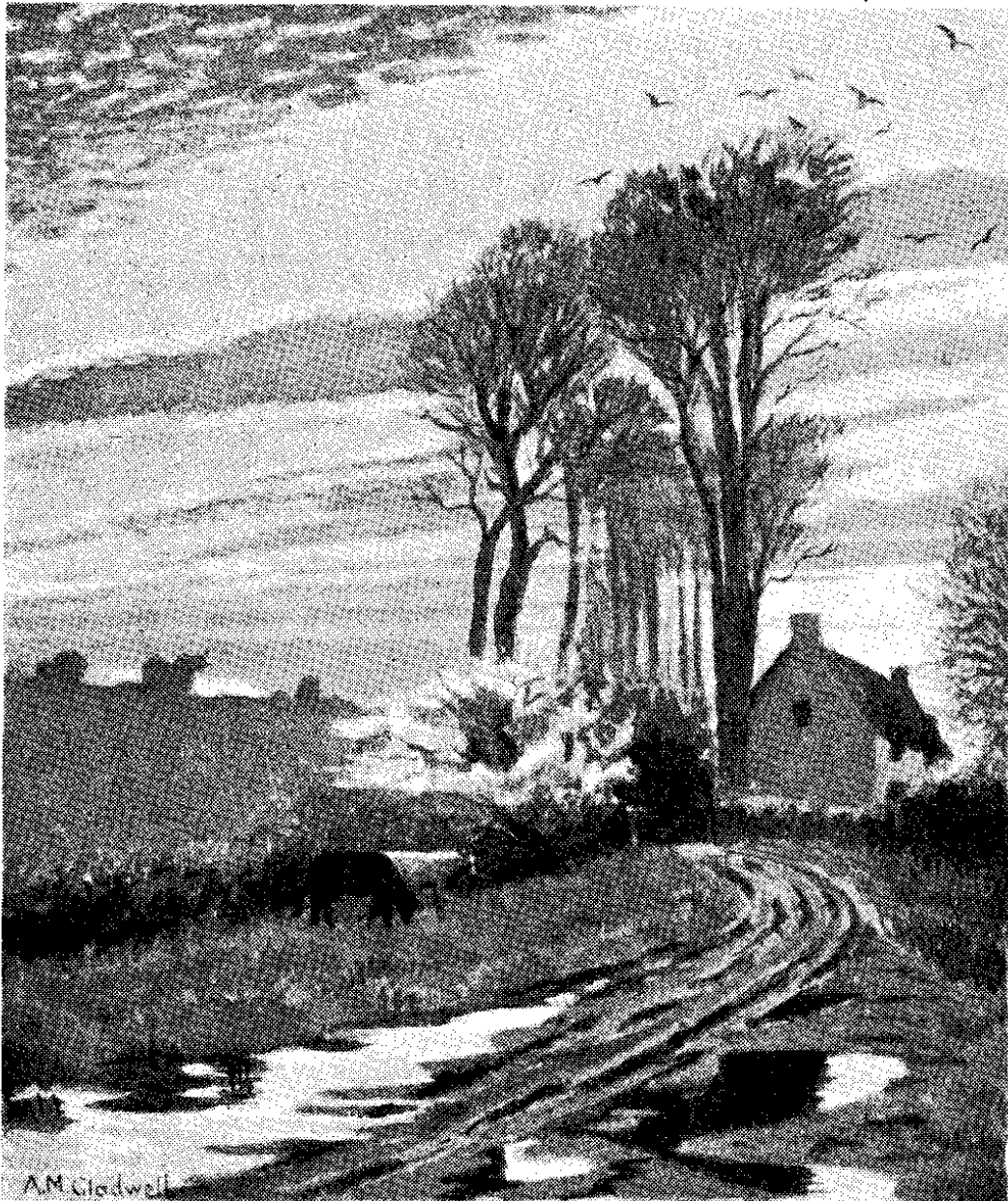
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

“He being dead, yet speaketh.”—HEB. xi. 4.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 31.



A.M. Godwell

“And He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.”—2 SAM. xxiii. 4.

“My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord.”—PSALM v. 3.

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Jesus.

WHEN I can scarcely read or pray,
When troubled thoughts my soul dismay,
His precious Name I softly say,—
Jesus!—Jesus!

O, swifter than a mother's ear,
Her infant's feeble cry to hear,
Is His to catch the trembling prayer,
Jesus!—Jesus!

When sins committed long ago,
Cause bitter tears of grief to flow,
One thought alone can calm our woe,
Jesus!—Jesus!

If sorrow, like a thunder-cloud,
In darkest night my soul enshroud,
Out of the depths I cry aloud,
JESUS!—JESUS!

If like a flood the foe come in,
With thoughts of unbelief and sin,
His mighty NAME the fight shall win—
JESUS!—JESUS!

If worn by long-continued pain,
I sigh for rest and sleep in vain,
Weary, I breathe this prayer again,
Jesus!—Jesus!

O, let His precious Name be said
In whispers o'er my dying bed,
So shall my soul be comforted,—
Jesus!—Jesus!

And when upon the other shore
We sin and sorrow nevermore,
His praise shall echo o'er and o'er,
Jesus!—JESUS! **JESUS!**

C. O

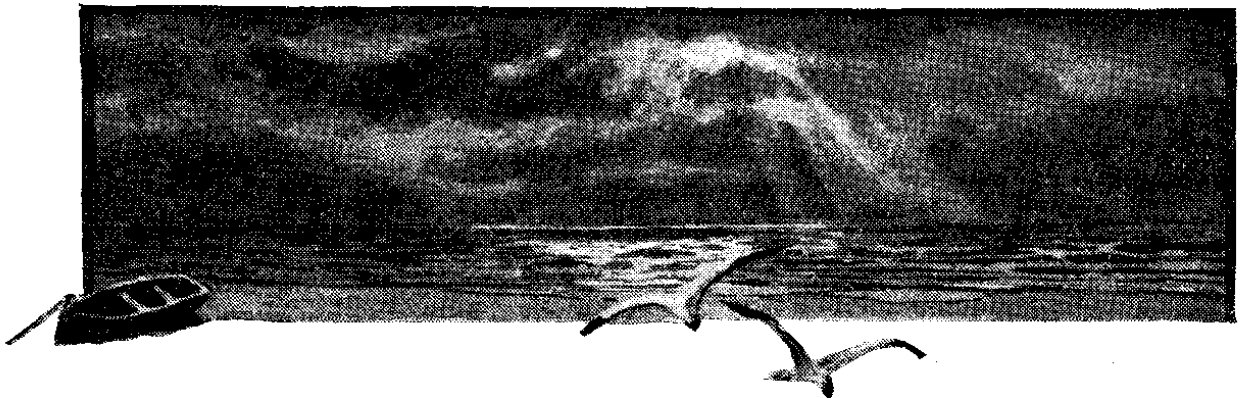
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A Meditation on the Love of Christ

OH for a ray of divine light to set me at liberty, that I might write a few lines worth reading; something that might warm my heart and comfort yours! Then the subject must be **Jesus**; but of Him what can I say that you do not know? Well, though you know Him you are glad to hear of Him again and again. Come, then, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together. Let us adore Him for His love, that love which has a height, depth, length and breadth, beyond the grasp of our poor conceptions; a love that moved Him to empty Himself, to take on Him the form of a servant, and to be obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; a love that pitied us in our lost estate, that found us when we sought Him not, that spoke peace to our souls in the day of our distress; a love that bears with all our present weakness, mistakes, backslidings and shortcomings, a love that is always watchful, always ready to guide, comfort and heal; a love that will not be wearied, cannot be conquered, and is incapable of changes; a love that will in the end prevail over all opposition, will perfect that which concerns us, and will not leave us till it has brought us perfect in holiness and happiness, to rejoice in His presence in glory. The love of Christ, it is the wonder, the joy, the song of angels, and the sense of it, shed abroad in our hearts, makes life pleasant and death welcome.

Alas! what a heart have I, that I love Him no better! But I hope He has given me a desire to make Him my all in all, to account everything loss and dross that dares to stand in competition with Him.

--EXTRACTED.



AT THE CROSS.

BY DR. HEYMAN WREFORD.

WATCHING the Cross of Christ were all kinds and conditions of men and women. The vilest of the vile were there, and others who had led decent lives, doubtless, but the One Who was hanging upon that Cross, was the only One that could bring men and women to heaven.

"Sitting down they watched Him there." That is the attitude of the world to-day, that of millions concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. Sinners that dwell at ease, sitting down, caring nothing for Christ, occupied with their own plans and pleasures, with their own hopes and desires. **Jesus** is passing by but they see Him not, **He is calling** but they hear Him not, **He appeals** but they steel their hearts against Him, saying, "we will not have this Man to reign over us." Pilate said, "Behold the Man!" Jesus stood before them, a crowd of people around the Cross, or where the Cross was to be.

"**Behold the Man!**" We have often had a picture drawn for us of the crucifixion. We have seen the crown of thorns placed upon His brow. We have seen the nails driven into His hands and feet, and the spear of the Roman soldier in His side. We have seen it all, we have watched Him, and some of you, I trust, will watch Him to-night to your eternal salvation. Oh, look to Him! "I look to Him, till sight endears the Saviour to my heart." May it be so with all of you.

"Sitting down they watched Him there." Rise from your place of ease, fall down before those pierced Feet, clasp those wounded Hands, cry from the depths of your soul, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief," "I need Thee, oh, I need Thee."

How often have I stood by the place called Calvary and gazed upon my dying Saviour, with the tears streaming down my face as I gazed upon His sorrows and His woes. I have said, "**He loved me, and gave Himself for me.**" God gave His Son—John iii. 16. He gave **Himself for me.** Think of the wonder of Calvary. The tragedy of the Cross has passed before us. Think of the wonder of it—the Son of God, Who thus became the Saviour of the world. There is **nothing** to equal the Cross of Christ.

We are expecting the most momentous thing to happen. At any moment the Lord may come! He may come, the One Who was crucified to take those who have been redeemed by His precious blood, who have been saved by His atoning sacrifice, who have accepted His invitation "Come unto Me." **He is coming.** There is no prophetic thing to happen to prevent His coming. "Behold I come quickly"—He may be here to-night.

When I was a boy, that brought me to Christ. It was not the fear of death. A boy does not think of death, he is only thinking about life. What troubled me was "if the Lord comes to-night you will be left behind, because He is going to take every believer Home to be with Himself."

I shall never forget one night, midnight. I was only a boy about eight or nine years old. The devil came into my room, and his presence awoke me. His voice said, "How still the house is. You cannot hear a sound. The Lord has come and you are left behind. You will never be saved now." Oh, the horror of that moment! I had been brought up in a godly home—thank God for that. I had been told of Christ's coming as an event that might happen at any moment, and I felt therefore that He had come, and I had been left behind.

Just pause a moment. Suppose the Lord comes now, within the next five minutes. How many of you are ready for His coming? How many seats will be empty if Jesus comes within a few minutes? How many are ready for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ? It is a reality.

Well, what happened to me, a frightened boy in the middle of the night? I knew my father and mother would not be left behind if Christ came. So I got out of bed, trembling, and with perspiration streaming down my face. I opened my bedroom door and went down over the stairs quietly, a little white-robed figure in the middle of the night, all physical fear removed because of this terrible fear that possessed me as to my future. I got downstairs and stood outside my father's room, and I listened. Has he gone? Has my mother gone? The devil said, "There is no sound, they are taken and you are left behind." Then I heard my father cough—a simple thing, but oh, what a relief to me! "Thank God," I said, and I crept upstairs, went down upon

my knees and cried to God to save my soul; and if the Lord had come it would have been to take me Home to Himself, and so He will.

If the Lord comes to-night, and He may do, who would be surprised? Not those who are waiting and watching for Him. If He comes, will **you** be taken? May God grant you may all be able to say, " Bless the Lord, I am ready. I can look up to heaven and say '**Lord Jesus, come.**' " How many of you would dare to do that?

I know some feel they would not like Christ to come until their children are converted. The husband says, " I want my wife converted before the Lord comes," and the wife says, " I hardly like the thought of going to heaven and leaving my husband behind. We want to go all together."

My father was a godly man, and when he was dying, with his children gathered round him, he looked up to heaven and lifted his hands and said, "**For ever, all together.**" So it was, and a prayer like that at the gates of heaven is bound to be answered.

Oh, may God bless you! The tragedy of Calvary has been enacted before you. You have wept over the crown of thorns, the sorrows of your crucified Redeemer but do you believe on Him? Is He your Saviour? If not, He will be your Judge. One thing or the other. I wish you would all say : "**Christ for me, Christ for me.**"

May God bless you each one. May He grant that, as you gaze upon the Lord upon the Cross, you may see what you have never seen before, the Son of God giving Himself for you. " He loved **me** and gave **Himself** for **me.**" Gave **Himself**, not heaven, or glory, not principalities and powers, not all the riches of heaven and earth, but **Himself**, the Maker of heaven and earth. He " Who spake and it was done, Who commanded and it stood fast." He Who was the " Word made flesh and dwelt among us." He gave **Himself** for **you**, for **me**. What I have to do is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved.

If tears would save you, willingly would we weep over you. Often in the night I pray with tears for my unsaved loved ones and friends, but my tears and cries, real as they are to me, cannot save them. There is only One in heaven Who can. He has wounded **Hands** and a thorn-scarred

AT THE CROSS.

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brow and there is a wound in His side. That is the One Who has died, "the Just for the unjust to bring us to God," and He will bring our loved ones if we have faith to believe—"thou and thy house."

I am not going to say more but I do ask you, every one of you, to be ready for the Lord when He comes. The imminence of the coming of Christ is a thing that people think little of, but there are millions of Christians who every morning expect Him before the night, and every night expect Him before the morning. May God bless you, and bless these solemn words to you.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

THE PERSON OF THE CHRIST.

THE Person of Christ is unique. He stands absolutely alone. He is "God manifest in the flesh." He declared Himself to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life; the Light of the world, the Bread of God. He promises rest of mind and conscience and heart to all who come to Him. He robs death of its sting. He is the sinners Friend; the only way back to God; the meeting place between God and the soul. He is more to the believer than words can express.

E. ADAMS.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

FRANK GREY.

The true story of a man led into awful sin through misused influence.



A DRIZZLING rain was falling when Mrs. Grey set out on an important mission. The thin, white-faced woman of fifty, in a black shawl and bonnet, trudging along in the rain, was a woman who walked and talked with God, who loved Christ, and lived Christ. She was not loved by everybody. Her mission was to call on a new minister in the town in which she

lived. A very popular and talented young man, a bachelor, who boarded in the best house in town, and had plenty of visitors. He sat in an easy chair reading. "Why, Mrs. Grey, what brings you out this dismal day?" "Not pleasant business, Mr. Ellis." "Dear me! Dear me! Sickness?" "No, worse than that." "Indeed!" and he looked with astonishment into her sorrow-stricken face.

"I will be brief, Mr. Ellis. Is it true, that when my son sought your advice about card-playing, you sanctioned it?" "Yes—oh yes—I remember—dear young fellow—I regard it as a little harmless recreation, never playing for money—oh, dear, no—not a cent, Mrs. Grey! I thoroughly disapprove of that. But why so solemn and serious about this matter? He is a steady, earnest young fellow, is he not?"

Mrs. Grey hesitated, and there was a tremor in her voice when she said, "Steady now; but you have made a mistake, Mr. Ellis, and may God forgive you, as I do. I fear you have done my son incalculable injury, and God only knows where it will end. He is hardly twenty-one, and has made a profession of being a Christian for three years, and, until you came, regarded card-playing as unwise, and as dangerous to a Christian as theatre-going. Quite recently his most intimate friends, the Laytons, have taken to card-playing, and when they urged him, he again and again refused, until they said, 'You ask Mr. Ellis—he plays; and surely if he, a minister, can, you might.' He came to you, and the result is that ever since he has spent more time at cards than in prayer. I thank God that his father, who was a godly man, is spared the grief of seeing his only son with a pack of cards in his hand."

"My dear Mrs. Grey, you hold very morbid views of things. I venture to call such views strait-laced cant. Things are changed, and times different. Young men want amusement, and ministers have to be all things to all men."

"Mr. Ellis, I did not come to argue whether it is lawful or unlawful for a man of God to be a card-player. The dear old Bible settled that long ago, and the awful and disastrous results of card-playing have shown, with most emphatic confirmation, that followers of the Lord Jesus Christ ought

to come out and be separate from the world, and touch not the unclean thing; for if there be an unclean thing it is card-playing, which in nine cases out of ten leads to gambling, which is deplorable, whether seen in gambling hells, or in respectable homes of professedly Christian people. Mr. Ellis, you are young, and you do not know what you are doing, but if you are an honest man, and will let the Holy Spirit teach you, you will speedily regret your advice. But remember, you can never undo. Our best actions and our worst actions live for ever. When you and I take our places in the glorified throng we cannot leave those heights to undo the mischief our example and our words did here. 'Let no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way!' This card-playing may be the ruin of my boy; but a mother's prayers shall rise for him continually; and for you that God may deal graciously and mercifully with you. Thank you for courteously listening. Farewell."

The young minister made no answer. Even offended dignity was silenced, so terrible was the suffering he detected on the countenance of that lonely widow. While she spoke he cast a glance at his mother's picture on the wall, and he knew quite well that if those lips could speak, they would say the same words. As he took the hand which trembled, he said, "I am sorry to have pained you, Mrs. Grey." And then, while watching that tall lady going through the dismal rain, until out of sight, he saw a splendid carriage, with a pair of fine greys, come dashing along the street and stop at the door. Into his room, all smiles, came his senior deacon. "Ah, Mr. Ellis, in the dumps this wretched day? My wife thought as much and sent me to take you home to dinner." "Thanks, Mr. Seymour, thanks—just the very thing—ready in a moment." And the last solemn hour faded away.

"Late mother, late as usual!" as with a smile bright as sunshine, Mrs. Grey welcomed her boy home that evening, helped him off with his wet mackintosh, and told him tea was ready.

"And I am ready for it mother, although it will have to be a rush, as Mr. Seymour has asked me to spend the evening with Mr. Ellis at his house." A pang shot through

the widow's heart. "You consented, Frank?" "Yes, mother, reluctantly, for I did not like leaving you alone again after such a dreary day; but he would take no denial, and as I am expecting him to raise my salary next month, I shall have to be amiable. A chop for me, mother? What extravagance!" She did not tell him that she had had no meat for dinner; for although she lived in a pretty cottage, yet her income, even with Frank's wages, was small.

"I wish you would not play cards to-night," she said when helping him on with his coat. "Oh, you frightened mother, what harm can there be in playing a quiet game with Mr. Ellis? No sorrowful looks, mother. As though I could ever cause you grief—not I, mother." "If you grieve the Spirit of God, Frank, by worldliness, the devil will soon make havoc with your life." Frank hurried off.

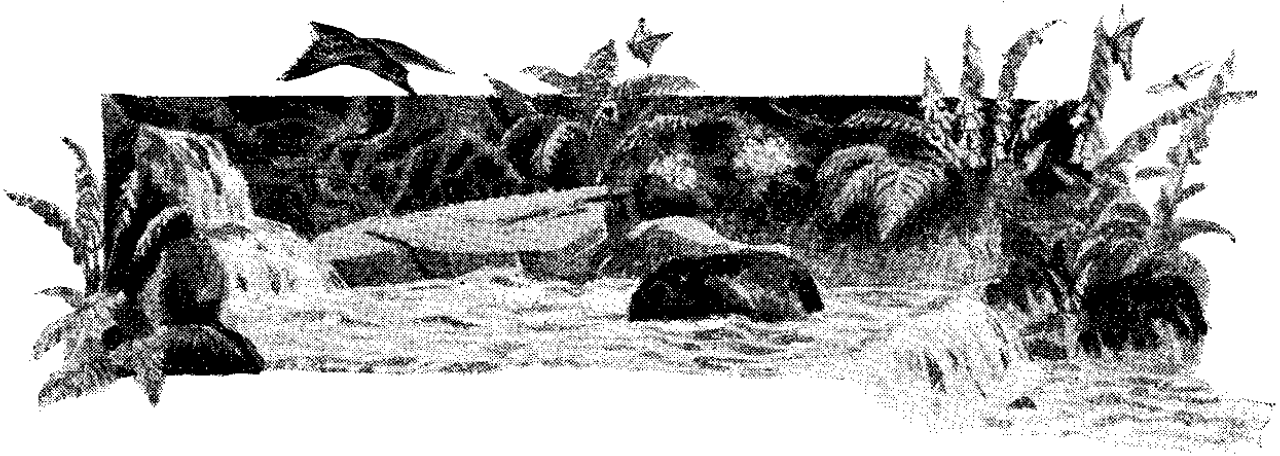
Mrs. Grey knelt in the twilight. "O God, save my boy, my only child! Keep him from evil." Tears rolled down her cheeks. "Tell me what to do, Lord. Take him rather than spare him to grow up a worldly, professing Christian."

It would take too long to relate how that bright, gifted young man rapidly fell into the horrible sin of gambling. Swift was his downfall, staggering even to those who had helped him to it. Mr. Ellis had been on the Continent for three months with the Seymours, and when he returned Frank Grey had disappeared. Not even his mother knew where he had gone. Charged by the senior clerk at Mr. Seymour's office with an embezzlement that could not be proved, he had hurried home, packed his valise, and left the town at midnight with a depraved, middle-aged man. On a table his mother found a note. "Don't trouble about me, I shall be all right. Impossible to remain in the town where I am regarded as a thief. My friend has heard of an appointment which will be financially better for me than Seymour's; when settled I will write." Weeks passed away—no letter. Poor weary heart! How Satan tried her with his "What about your prayers? What is God doing?" etc.; and distrust sought admission into that distressed heart. But her Lord said, "**Be not afraid, it is I.**" She knew His Voice so well. "**Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,**" she answered.

A little incident greatly comforted her : two refined looking lads called, delicately seeking news of Frank. " We love him, Mrs. Grey, because he taught us to love Jesus; and we thought it might comfort you if we came to tell you that we have both decided, with God's help, never to touch a pack of cards again. Once we told him we were learning and he only smiled and said, ' Never play for money, lads.' But the last time he took the class, and told us he was not going to take it again, he implored us all to give up card-playing, as it might lead us down to hell. We did not understand then, Mrs. Grey, but we do now. Father said it was gambling that led dear Mr. Frank into bad company; are you not comforted at knowing that Tom and I have given it up? " She could hardly speak, her emotion was so deep. " Dear young lads, God bless you ! I do thank God for sending you to me in my sorrow. May He keep and bless you." The morning after Mr. Ellis heard the news he took all the money he had and started for Liverpool. He knew the man's haunts with whom Frank had gone, and he left no stone unturned to rescue Frank. With his face set like a flint he searched the city, took a policeman with him into the lowest haunts, and stood outside the gambling dens and theatres, until one night his long and weary search was rewarded. Down the steps of one of the theatres he came—Frank and his companion. How wild, how wicked his face was.

" O God, help me ! " prayed Mr. Ellis. They were just about to enter a cab, when Mr. Ellis's hand fell on Frank's arm. He started—turned deathly pale, and then laughed. It was a mocking laugh, and for years rang in the ears of the man whose heart it smote. " Can I speak to you a moment, Frank?"

" No, sir, not one moment. Go home and rescue the rest of your congregation whom you have dragged to the card-table, but don't come to Liverpool to do it when it is too late. I have lost peace—lost a home—lost a mother through you; and as I am little likely to regain them, I charge you as the murderer of my soul; you whom I trusted, honoured, loved, led me into the sin through which I fell. God forgive you." And without waiting a reply he flung himself into the cab.



Charles Ellis, stunned by these awful words, stood until the voice of the crowd had died away, and then exhausted with weary search and sleepless nights, he fell. When he awoke to consciousness, thanks to kindly aid, it was in the country home of his maiden aunt not far from Liverpool, who nursed him through a long illness of brain fever. There God met him through the fall of Frank Grey. To this quiet home, in the country village, Mrs. Grey was going one lovely October morning. Miss Ellis had written, enclosing railway expenses, and earnestly requesting her to come immediately, as there seemed to be something on her nephew's mind which he wanted to say to her. A carriage waited at the station, and the delightful ride was invigorating. She had never heard from, nor of her boy; but this sorrow was rolled on Jesus, and more placid and beautiful than ever was the calm sweet face which smiled on the country lad who drove and listened to her words. "If hever there lived a hangel on this 'ere earth, that air lady is one," said he to the cook.

Much more fragile than Mrs. Grey had expected, Charles Ellis lay upon the soft downy bed. "So good of you to come," he said softly. "Leave us alone, good aunt. If Mrs. Grey returns to-morrow, I must talk to her while I feel able." "I shall return to-night by the last train," said Mrs. Grey. "To-night? Why?" "Frank might come home," she answered. "I could not be away. While my life is spared, I must be there to give him a welcome." "You expect him?" "Oh, yes; I have asked God to bring him home; I can wait His time." "Are you not

weary? ” “ No, I find in God a resting place. In our ignorance we must not hurry the Lord.” “ Have you any knowledge of what caused my illness? ” “ Not any. I have sometimes thought it might be connected with poor dear Frank’s fall.” “ You are right; but before I tell you, I ask you to forgive me for the great wrong I did you and him. You were right in what you said to me. Have you forgiven me? ” “ Certainly I have; otherwise, I could have no communion with God.” “ And you do not think hardly of me? ” “ I do not think I ever did.”

Then he told her about his Liverpool visit. She listened quietly, but it was another trial that so many weeks had passed, and she had not been told where he was, so she might have gone to him immediately. “ Would he be there if I went to-morrow, do you think? ” “ No, I heard his companion say to him, as the cab drove off, ‘ We must leave Liverpool at once, Frank, or half S. will be down upon us.’ This is the first day I have been able to see anyone, or you would have known this sooner.” “ Maybe the Lord spared me the sorrow of going. You have suffered greatly, Mr. Ellis.” “ Oh, Mrs. Grey, my punishment seems greater than I can bear. I never want to go into a pulpit to face men again—a soul-murderer, that is what he called me.” “ Hush, no more in this strain. I beseech you to be calm. You are too ill to deal with the matter yet. Leave yourself in God’s hands quietly until you have recovered bodily strength, and then talk to Him about it, and ask Him to order your life.”

Then putting aside her own grief at the revelation he had made, she strove to comfort him. “ By the blessing of God you may rise from this sick bed a nobler man. Guilty pasts need never cause guilty futures. ‘ The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ True repentance will lead you to long ardently to lead precious souls away from dangerous paths into the narrow way, which leads to everlasting life. I will pray for you constantly, and when you come back to work at S., I will be your friend. Now you must let me go. I dare not talk to you any longer.” Pray with me first, and ask that the cleansing blood may reach me.”

Poor heart, it was almost too full; but she knelt, and as she prayed realized the awful guilt upon the unhappy man's soul. The sin of her prodigal son seemed so much less heinous than the sin of one, who by word and deed, had perhaps led many souls astray. In softest tones of exquisite pathos, she earnestly pleaded that "the blood of Jesus" might cleanse away the crimson stain. He never forgot that prayer throughout his life. When tea was over, she hoped to say good-bye, but he was too ill to see her again. A short time after, the postman left her a soiled letter, directed to her. Oh! the widow's joy in recognising the dear handwriting. It was brief: "Don't be alarmed, mother. They are bringing me home to die. But listen—it's the old Frank. Get my room ready. Don't meet me. Tell no one."

It would be impossible to describe her feelings. A sweet smile parted her lips as she lifted her eyes, saying: "I thank Thee, O Father, for this." Then she lay upon the sofa for a long time, till Hannah, her little servant, who could wait no longer, came in to clear the breakfast things. She guessed what had happened, but did not scream or rush outside for help. She rubbed the cold hands gently on which her scalding tears fell fast, and said, "Lord Jesus, I'm a rough girl, but make her better with just my seeing to her, because I can see right before me that he's coming to-morrow, and please, Jesus, forgive my reading it." Then the faithful girl wrapped a rug around the cold form, pushed the sofa into the sunlight to warm the still face, and got the scent bottle. In a short time Mrs. Grey opened her eyes, and gave the little maid one of her sweetest smiles. "Please, 'm, I've seen all about it, but I'll not speak a word." "It's all right, dear Hannah. Clear the things away, and we'll see to getting his room ready." It did not take long, for it had been kept almost ready for so long.

A cab brought Frank Grey home the next evening, and two men carried him up to his bedroom. Dismissing them, she shut the door, and alone with her loved boy, she took the dear wasted face in both her hands, and kissed it again and again as it lay upon the pillow. Then Hannah went across the road for the doctor who said that her boy could

not possibly live many days. "This has been going on some time and he has been shockingly neglected," said the doctor. "God can spare his life if it is His will," she said calmly. "Certainly, madam; certainly He can."

Frank Grey rallied a little, and put his hand into his mother's, and said in almost a whisper, "Precious mother! Precious mother!" Two days later he told her the glad news that, like the prodigal, he had returned to his Father, and had heard Him say, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." "**Praise God,**" said his mother. "But, **O mother, what a wasted life!**"

"The past is under the blood," she said. And then to encourage him, she told him of the two lads. It filled him with joy. "Give them my dying love, mother. I am too ill to see them; but, mother, could I see Mr. Ellis?" "No, dear; he is away, seriously ill in the country." "Could I just write a line to him?" "Do not try, dear; you are too weak. Let me write what you would say." "Tell him that I fully forgive him, and regret speaking as I did—that his mistaken advice ought not to have led me into sin—that I alone am responsible to God, and that now I am washed in the blood of the Lamb, I shall meet him in heaven."

Towards evening next day, Frank Grey passed peacefully away. "Yes, the cleansing blood has reached even me," were his last words; but the joy in his face was beautiful, and his mother's deep joy at his salvation far exceeded her sorrow at parting from him for "a little while."

When Mr. Ellis received Frank's message and an account of his death, it was the means, in God's hands, of leading him to consecrate himself to God. It lifted a heavy load from the young man's heart, and he felt a deep and holy desire to win souls to Christ, and to faithfully warn them from walking in slippery places, and in roads that lead down to hell.

Reader, are you doing anything that might help to wreck a soul? Are you—calling yourself a servant of God—doing the least bit of service for Satan by putting a stumbling-

block in somebody's way, and so occasioning their fall? If so, beware—you are your brother's keeper, and God requires that you should be faithful to the sacred charge.

W. S.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

A MAN blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigour and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved their parents.

An eminent French surgeon, while in this country, called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him, "Your blindness is wholly artificial—your eyes are naturally good, and could I have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it would give you much pain." "I can bear that," was the reply, "if but it will enable me to see." The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful; first there were faint glimmerings of light, then more distinct vision.

The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelt one before, but he had never seen one; then he looked in the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him, and then the children were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears. He then exclaimed, "Oh, why have I seen all these before enquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him with tears of gratitude and joy. So, when we reach heaven and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No, we shall say, "Where is Christ?" He to Whom we are indebted for what heaven is—show us Jesus, that with all our ardent, grateful love, we may adore and praise Him through endless ages.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—PSA. xvii. 15.

"And they shall see His face."—REV. xxii. 4.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE STAR (see page 66).

MAY, 1936.

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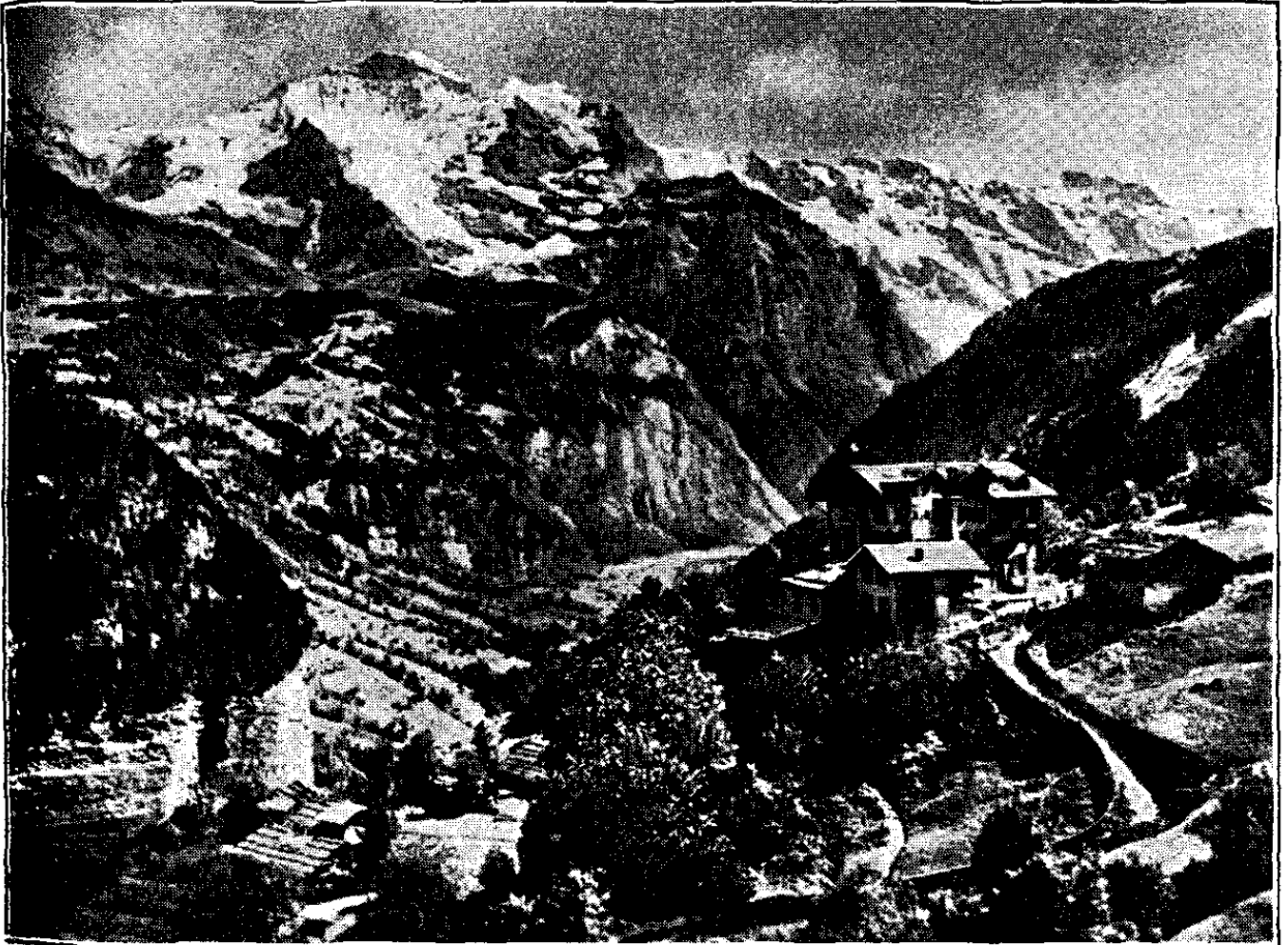
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

“He being dead, yet speaketh.”—HEB. xi. 4.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 31.



View of the Bernese Oberland: facing the Jungfrau. In the midst of the everlasting hills.

“I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.”—PSALM cxxi. 1.

“For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing.”—ISAIAH lv. 12.

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(66)

The Mountain and the Star : or The Power and Presence of God.

THE deep blue of the moonless sky,
Shadowed by night's lone mystery.
Grey darkness all the valley fills,
And silence that the spirit thrills.
Before me rises, ghostly white,
The mighty Jungfrau's towering height ;
It dominates and awes the sense
With burden of Omnipotence.

Its shadow falls upon me now—
God's crown upon its rugged brow.
I feel alone this solemn hour—
Alone before the awful power
Whose Spirit moved upon the earth
And gave this mighty mountain birth—
Alone beneath the eternal thrall,
Alone where God is all in all.

Then suddenly the heavens awoke—
A song of light the silence broke—
Upon the Jungfrau's massive brow,
A planet flamed in glory now.
And as it climbed the heavenly road,
It seemed an Angel, sent from God
To herald, with his feet of light,
God's presence on the paths of night.

God spoke in that majestic hour—
His presence glorified His power ;
And, in the radiance of that star,
His Name shone o'er the heavens afar.
The solemn voices of the night,
From peak to peak, from height to height,
Were blent in one harmonious chord,
To hymn the praises of their Lord.

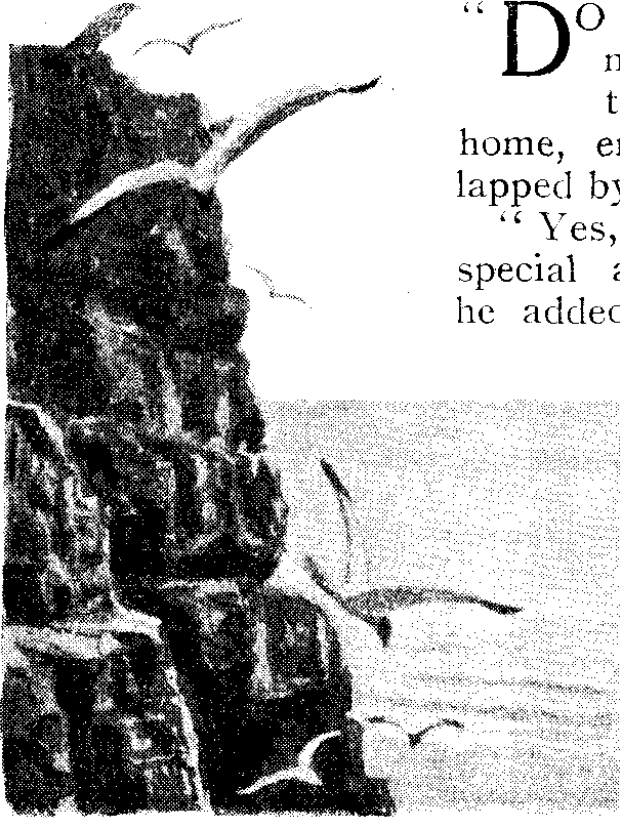
God of the everlasting hills !
Thy glory all their splendour fills.
I worship in this solemn hour—
My beating heart owns all Thy power.
My spirit moves amid the spheres,
And all their wondrous music hears—
Absorbed—entranced—'tis mine to prove,
Thy everlasting power is Love.

H. W.

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THE SEVEN "ALLS."

By REV. ERNEST E. GRIMWOOD.



"DO you see that house?" said my friend, as he drove me to his beautiful Berkshire home, enclosed by a sylvan garden lapped by Father Thames.

"Yes," I replied, "what is there special about it?" "For years," he added, "it was the home of a millionaire whose anxiety about his wealth became so persistent and pernicious that his wife put before him, at breakfast-time each morning, a gold sovereign. With this tangible insurance against dreaded penury he attained mental peace."

So easy is it to be reputed of wealth while actually "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

"Which thing is an allegory." God has given us, through His Son, "durable riches," "hidden wisdom," fathomless love, abundant life; yet how often we clutch at some perishable bauble to insure against hunger or defeat! It is often so in the realm of grace. We carry off the crumb of a message from a meeting, but might have broken the loaf with Christ in the "inner chamber." We "feel better" when a friend has prayed with us, but forget Christ's unceasing intercession for us. We astutely agree to lay only a part of the proceeds of our land at the Apostle's feet, forgetting that it is written, "All things are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

It is fatal to spiritual life and work to write "some" when God writes "All." Transjordan is a dangerous place to live in when God has given Palestine for your home.

The measuring reed of the angel is better than a foot rule for ascertaining the dimensions of the "exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe." The tragedy of history is that man, who was created by God and for God and in His image, has been content to live in a far country and to perish with hunger. The divine plaint runs: "How often would I . . . and ye would not!"

Perhaps we need to look again into some of God's "Alls." They are progressive, and lead us step by step from the condemned cell to the seventh heaven. We must carefully master each lesson before taking the next. One lesson missed or unmastered will prevent progress, or put us back altogether. As Pilgrim draws nearer the Celestial City, his difficulties and adversaries increase in number and subtlety.

1. **There is the "All" of our Fallen State.**—This is the first rung of the ladder set up upon earth by which we may ascend to the throne of heavenly grace. On it is inscribed: "**All under sin,**" "**All gone out of the way,**" "**All have sinned,** and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 9, 12, 23). Have we put our foot there? Loose utterances by unregenerate philosophers, designed to explain away the universality of the Fall, do not alter the facts of human experience, nor reverse the divine Word—"the Scripture hath concluded **all** under sin" (Gal. iii. 22). If we know ourselves as included in this awful "all," we may, with trembling and fear, listen to the verdict of the "Judge of all the earth."

2. **There is the "All" of Sentence upon Sin.** As there are no exceptions to the fallen state, there are no exceptions to the consequent judgment upon it. "Wherefore"—inevitably, invariably, inexorably—"death passed upon **all** men" (Rom. v. 12). As well might a child seek to stem the incoming tide by its spade, as modern **savants** to explain away the universality of divine judgment upon **all** who have broken the divine law. No disbelief, no natural kindness, no social prestige, no bribe, no religious observance, no hypocrisy, no angel in heaven nor demon in

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hell can alter by one hair's breadth the final doom and death of the sinner except God intervene, and the soul, in wonder and praise, receives His Salvation.

3. There is the "All" of the Suffering Servant.

With pitying love the Prince of peace,
Beheld our hapless grief;
He saw—and oh amazing Love—
He flew to our relief.

"He suffered; He bled; He died"—for whom? "He . . . delivered Him up for us **all**" (Rom. viii. 32). The boundaries of grace are co-terminous with the frontiers of the realm of sin. "**He died for all**"—all the human race since Adam fell, all the race then living, and all the race as yet unborn. "They . . . shall declare . . . unto a people that shall be born, that He hath done this" (Psalm xxii. 31). "The history of human guilt culminates in the Cross. . . . The purposes of divine love are made intelligible at the Cross . . . all history turns upon the Cross, and is divided into two great hemispheres by the wondrous life that closed on the Cross." It is true that not all men know, and that not all men respond; nevertheless the work of Calvary comprehended "**all men,**" "**all nations,**" "**all people.**"

4. There is the "All" of Sonship. "To as many as received Him, to them gave He the power (marg : privilege) to become the sons of God" (John i. 12), teaching them by the Holy Spirit the mystic speech of sons, whereby they cry "Abba, Father." Thus, united with the Son, they desire the "things of the Father," and, like Him, love the Father, "with **all** the heart, and with **all** the understanding, and with **all** the soul, and with **all** the strength" (Mark xii. 33).

Such devotion to the will of the Father is not of their cultivating; it is the Father's gift. They live because they love; they love that they may live. A son who loves his father concentrates all his affections and desires on the father's interests. They are one. It involves no effort. It is a necessity of their relationship.

5. **There is the "All" of Separation.** One of the most beautiful phrases in the Acts of the Apostles is to be found in verse 22 of Chapter xiii., where, referring to David, God describes him as "a man . . . which shall fulfil **all** My will." This, to many, is a hard saying. Yet it is the privilege and price of discipleship. God's Mephibosheths are eager that the world's Zibas should take all so long as they may behold the King enthroned in His glory after His long rejection. They count **all things** but dross that they may "win Christ and be found in Him."

Then with a ripple and a radiance through me
Rise, and be manifest, O Morning Star!
Flow on my soul, Thou Spirit, and renew me,
Fill with Thyself, and **let the rest be far.**

Separation from all to take the "All"; do we shrink from it?

It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

"So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (St. Luke xiv. 33).

6. **There is the "All" of a Saintly Life.** Human words suffer mutilation and mutation; divine words will outlive all other words, will never be added to nor taken from. So God's word-pictures of a holy walk define His ideals for our manner of life. Here are some:—

"Be ye holy in **all** manner of living" (1 Peter i. 15).

"Laying aside **all** malice, and **all** guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and **all** evil speakings" (1 Peter ii. 1, 2).

This is intensely practical. One bit of malice or evil speaking, if indulged in, breaks the command to put it "**all**" away, and so dishonours our Lord. The robe of the ephod of the High Priest was made, "**all** of blue." (Exodus xxviii. 31). Oh, may we, to-day, put on our beautiful garments, and "**adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in ALL things**"—"walking in **all** the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

7. **There is the "All" of Satisfaction.** God's will is our peace. There is nothing niggardly, meagre, nor restricted in God's purposes for us. If He demands **all**, He equally gives us **all**. He takes in order that He may give. He empties us that He may fill us with "**all** joy and peace." (Romans xv. 13). He makes you poor that you "being enriched in everything to **all** bountifulness" (2 Cor. ix. 11) may prove in daily experience that "God is able to make **all** grace abound toward you; that ye, **always** having **all** sufficiency in **all** things, may abound in every good work." (2 Cor. ix. 8).

This is the "life more abundant." It emerges from death, it is purchased by His sufferings, it inheres in our sonship; it is "wholly the Lord's," expresses itself in holy living, and abounds in rich fruitage to God and man. **All** believers may have it; **all** desire it, but only those know it who confess—"All through Christ for the Glory of God"—**all else is nothing.**

With acknowledgements to THE CHRISTIAN.



SPIRITUALISM.

An Experience and Deliverance.

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.—EPH. vi. 12.

VISITING the local Library one bright morning in the month of July, 1932, one might have observed a young man searching very diligently for a book, which obviously he was having some difficulty in finding. If asked what he was looking for, he would have replied, "Oh, just a good book. I am in search of Truth."

After much walking round and round, and in and out the high vestibules crammed with literature, he came to a halt. Facing him were books on Theology, Ethics, Philosophy, Christian Mysticism, Occultism, Spiritualism, etc., etc.

He picked one up, glanced at its contents, and put it back; he disliked the subject; it was **Spiritualism**, by Conan Doyle.

He looked at another, **The Higher Education of the Soul**, by Prof. Rudolph Steiner—it was too advanced. He

glanced at another, **The Way of Initiation**, by the same author. He tried many more, but none of them satisfied him.

He moved on, ever searching in and out the high rows of books for that which would satisfy his thirsty soul.

Ultimately he found himself back again facing the very book which he disliked.

He was about to pass on, but something held him. A voice inside him seemed to be speaking to him: "Take up that book, why do you hesitate? It won't bite you; take it and read it." "It is all rubbish and fraud," he soliloquised, "I don't like the subject."

But the voice said, "Having read much, you pride yourself on being a broad-minded young man; you have often pooh-poohed Spiritualism, now read this book and learn the truth. You have read some of Conan Doyle's books before, why hesitate over this one? you know him to be an author with no small reputation in the world of literature; you need not accept all that he says as infallible, but investigate for yourself. 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.'"

Again he said to himself: "It's all rubbish, I have read too much like it already and wasted much valuable time. I want a good book, I want Truth, I have had enough of lies, deceit and vanity. I am in search of something good, something that will satisfy this craving of my soul."

Again the voice said, "Don't be such a coward! Take the book home and read for yourself; why listen to others?"

Half-heartedly, and with a feeling of disappointment because he could find nothing better that morning to suit him, he slung it under his arm and went home.

At this stage it is fitting to mention that this young man is myself.

I read the book, and was interested in the experiences of the Fox Sisters, but it was not what I wanted, or appreciated. I returned it for another book on Christian Mysticism, **The Higher Education of the Soul**, by Prof. Rudolph Steiner. This book I did, indeed, more appreciate. I exchanged it for another by the same author, **The Way of Initiation**. Now I found something to grip me, a strange fascination. I read and studied book after book by all the

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best authors : Lodge, Doyle, Blavastky, Steiner, Hamilton, R. B. Jones, Boehme, Barrett, Dr. Crawford, etc., etc. I studied the subject of Spiritualism minutely, from a scientific and religious standpoint, until my notes ran into thousands of words.

I went to the Spiritualist Churches, attended Circles, all with the purpose of finding the Truth. I started "developing" and did so very quickly. I developed clairvoyance; saw what they call Spirit Lights, and the Astral Plane; had wonderful visions; saw what appeared to be a Spirit at the door of my room; strange lights flooded my room at night; and last, but not least, I experienced physical phenomena. Raps, and taps, which at times were heavy blows, were heard on the walls, ceiling, and windows; and objects would move or fall over without any apparent reason.

My alarum clock became a favourite target, and would stop mysteriously. The mechanism of the alarum would be definitely interfered with, stopping it from going off in the morning and making me late for work.

I began to get annoyed, which only inspired them to greater effort. Strange rumblings could be heard in the nights, like furniture being removed or roughly handled. Sleep became impossible; I felt as if there were an electric battery inside me, and my jaws would work as if a spirit were trying to control my organs of speech. I resisted with all the will power at my command.

When that failed, I would be mentally tortured with the most evil, horrid and filthy pictures imaginable. They would appear clairvoyantly, or with the eyes of the soul. Many hours I would lie with my eyes open in my effort to avoid them.

A sensation of being covered with cobwebs would often come over me, accompanied by a sense of blackness or stupor. At last I began to "sit up" and ask myself, **"Is this of God? Would God do such things?"** I was told I had a very powerful and determined "guide" who was doing his utmost to "control" me. I asked, "Why should he worry and torment me like this?" They said "You must do exactly as he tells you, and everything will be all right, and you will be a public Clairvoyant and Healer."

I developed the use of the "Table," and actually took messages, but abandoned the method because of the "Subjective Self" making it unreliable.

The more I developed, the more I realized I was the "instrument" of another, unseen, yet very powerful; some dreadful spirit of evil.

I tried to discourage him, to shake him off, but he became all the stronger; his attitude was determined and relentless. Desperate methods entered my mind, such as Electrification, Special Circles, etc. But the harder I fought the weaker I became, until I was daunted. Then **fear** took possession of me: I dreaded going to bed at night; I shrank from company of any sort, and yet I dreaded being alone. I felt in the pit of despair. What would I not give to be free from the clutches of this spirit! I was now conscious that I was in the snare of the fowler (Psalm xci. 3). The prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience (Eph. ii. 2). I was like a rat in a trap, I felt hopelessly lost, and a victim of the Devil. It was a terrible dawning of the truth. I fought, I prayed, but God heard me not; I knew not His dear Son, Who is the One Mediator between God and man (1 Tim. ii. 5). I appealed to various mediums to help me, but they could only say, "Shake him off!" He would not be shaken off, I had to confess he was stronger than I, and had the advantage over me in all ways. How could I bind this "strong man"? (Matt. xii. 29).

Something seemed to say to me, "Break away! Break away!" After a hard struggle I did so. I came crying to the Church with bitter tears; I appealed to God to have mercy upon my soul. A courteous and able minister received me and pointed me the **way**, the **only** way—the **Cross of Calvary**.

He preached Christ, and Him crucified; I drank it all in, as one thirsting for the "Waters of Life." I repented and gave myself to Christ, and asked Him to take this evil from me.

From that day He has stood by me. The victory has not been instantaneous, but a gradual deliverance and unfolding of the works and "powers of darkness" has taken place. By His grace, I pass this testimony on, that His dear

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Name may be glorified in some poor soul who needs Him, and that it may be a warning to others to "be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter v. 8).

And finally, take warning. **Beware** of Fascination, it is one of his most powerful methods to ensnare the unwary. After reading the first few books I became powerfully fascinated, wonder followed wonder, mystery followed mystery, phenomena were heaped upon me, until I was swept off my feet, completely mastered (2 Thess. ii. 9). I have found and testify that **Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved"** (Acts iv. 12). S. E.



LIFE FOR LIFE.

A Thrilling Oriental Narrative Concerning Two Brothers.

Translated from the original in Greek by Ad. F. Eoll, Herrliberg, near Zürich, Switzerland.

A NUMBER of years ago there happened something so strange, so wonderful, and so thrilling that I really must recount it.

There lived together in an Oriental city two brothers. The younger one led a wild and dissolute life; from early morning till late at night he was bent only on the enjoyment of sinful pleasures and seemed to be without the slightest desire to break with them.

The elder brother, on the contrary, was a God-fearing man, humble and devoted. Actively engaged in honourable pursuits, he was not to be tempted by anything sinful. Being much grieved about his brother, he often—and that with tears—appealed to him. The younger one, however, heeded neither his appeals nor his tears, but went on in his wild career, ruining himself soul and body. Day after day his wretched mode of life was repeated; he simply "amused" himself far into the night, whilst his elder brother would often remain awake waiting for his return, the while beseeching God on his behalf.

Once, after midnight, the elder brother heard a sudden

sharp knocking at the door of their dwelling. He opened speedily, and the younger one rushed in, quite pale and trembling, and with his clothes all blood-stained.

"Save me! Hide me!" he cried. "The police are after me! . . . I have murdered a man! . . . Oh, just look at all this blood! . . . 'Tis his blood! . . . Oh, horrors!!!"

But how could he possibly be so hidden as not to be discovered by justice?

Love is ingenious! Without wasting a word the elder brother removed his brother's blood-stained clothes and donned them himself. Then he clad him in his own clean garments, and pushing him quickly into a side chamber, closed the door and awaited events.

He had not to wait long before he heard quick footsteps, and suddenly the police entered. "Just as we guessed; here's the murderer!" called out one of them to the others. "Our suspicions for a good deal else besides point to this same house!"

They stepped up close to the supposed culprit and scanning him sternly one of them asked: "Are you the murderer?" . . . but he answered not a word!

"Why lose time in asking him?" interrupted another officer; "just look at his clothes, they tell his guilt. Let us take him along!"

So they pinioned the unfortunate man and "took him in tow" for a long distance along unlighted streets, and brought him to the jail, where they put him into a dark hole until the morning. During the whole time the prisoner never uttered a sound.

In the morning they came to examine him, but his only answer was: "I know that I must die for this crime, and the sooner the better."

Some days later he was brought before the court. The judge gazed on his blood-stained clothes and said: "There is no need of further witness in this case—it is all very evident."

"Have you an advocate?"

"No, I have not," replied the accused.

"Do you wish to say anything in your defence?"

"No, I do not," he answered, in a clear, decided

voice, and the noble brother bowed his head so that his eyes might not betray his innocence.

They speedily concluded the trial and sentenced him to death.

On the eve of the execution, the prisoner quite unexpectedly began to speak. He begged that the governor of the prison might visit him. When the governor entered his cell he pleaded :

“ Will you be so kind as to comply with the last request of one whose life is nearly done? I need some paper, ink, and a pen, that I may write a letter, and also some sealing-wax, so that I can seal it; and will you promise me, before God, that you will not break the seal but let this letter be sent, after my death, to the one to whom it will be addressed? Rest assured that there is no evil intention in it—my soul will to-morrow appear before God, and I cannot utter an untruth in my last hour.”

The governor carefully observed the face of the condemned man. He did not dare to distrust his words, and he had not the heart to refuse his petition. It seemed as if his whole soul were poured into that request. He was so calm, so meek, and a bright, supernatural light seemed to shine in his eyes.

The governor himself brought all the prisoner desired and promised to fulfil faithfully that which had been entreated of him by the man facing death. In the evening, when the inspection of the cells was made, they stopped at the cell of the condemned man and silently took over the sealed letter.

The night passed; a night of rest for many, of pain or of sin for others—but a night without sleep, though full of peace, for the imprisoned man, who kneeled in his cell as one who, nearing the threshold of eternity, already could gaze clearly into another world.

Day dawned. People commenced their labours, also those that should lead him to his death. An hour later . . . all was over !!

Shortly afterwards a messenger was despatched bearing a letter in his hand. He knocked at the door of the house of the “ two brothers.”

A young man with a pale, anxious countenance came to open it, and took the letter. After staring blankly at it for

some time, as if it were wrongly addressed, he at last broke the seal.

He read . . . and . . . broke out into painful cries. . . .

He rushed to the door . . . then back into the room, as if demented! His whole body was quivering whilst he moaned and lamented!

Whatever did that letter contain?

Not very much, only a few words! They ran as follows:

"To-morrow, clothed in your garments, I die in your stead, and you, clad in my clothes, will, in remembrance of me, henceforth live justly and holily."

"I die in your stead!" . . . He was conquered. These words stirred, yea, overwhelmed the young man to the depths of his heart, which before had been, as it were, frozen or petrified by sin and fear. Now, as if suddenly awakened, he called loudly: **"I die in your stead!"** . . . Perhaps he is not yet dead!"

He rushed out in order to save his brother, as he thought. He came to the prison. There, however, he was stopped. But he begged hard to see the governor, and that so fervently and repeatedly that the guard took pity on him and conducted him to the governor.

"I die in your stead." These words, as he read them, also stirred the heart of the governor to its depths. He remembered the earnest pleading of the condemned man, and his quiet steady look which he could not resist . . . and with great emotion he conveyed the letter to the judge. He, too, read the letter and began to question the true culprit, who thereupon confessed everything—his past life—his latest crime, his fears and his shameful silence, and then concluded with the agonizing plea: "Kill me, for I deserve to die!"

But the word of the elder brother who had died already, had not lost its meaning. It was sacred to the judge, sacred in its fullest degree. His sacrifice was a tribute due to justice, and should by no means become invalid or be lost! Thus with peculiar sympathy the judge eyed the one who had been the object of such great love, and he felt he had not even the right to imprison him, not to speak of sentencing him to death!

Life and liberty were thus assured him.

With that letter in his hand the pardoned culprit returned to his dwelling, where, with his heart wholly bowed under his sins, he cried aloud to God whilst telling out to Him his sorrow and his repentance.

He prayed earnestly and with tears: "Lord, my God, let me not die in my sins! Another has died for them. Help me against sin. Make me worthy to wear the clothes of him who died for me! Help me, that I keep them free from all spot, and protect Thou me from all sin!"

From that time onward people did not recognize him, he was so changed. He walked amongst them as a stranger, although he was filled with love and sympathy for them.

At first his former comrades sought to win him back to his former mode of life, and that he should follow them to the haunts he had formerly frequented. But to all he gave the same meek but firm answer: "Clothed with these garments I cannot come. My brother would never go to such a place; I, as a Christian, cannot go either."

Gradually they gave up tempting him. They found out that it was fruitless. Some abandoned him, but others became more friendly, and looked with respect upon his garments and the one who wore them. They noticed with esteem his holy, God-devoted life, and not only that, but they, too, turned from sin and chose his mode of life.

Years passed by. His labours bore much fruit.

Then God saw fit to answer that despairing cry, which formerly he had expressed far too soon: "Let me die!"

When this earthly life is cut off, the never-ending life begins.

The time came also for the two brothers when they should meet in eternity, never more to be separated.

In accordance with his wish, the younger brother was buried in the clothes of his elder brother who had given his life for him. What this meant his friends and those who learnt of it could never forget!

This story has come to an end but its significance remains, and is of importance in every part of the world even to-day. It has a particular meaning, too, for every human being individually and also for you who read these lines.

Perhaps you often had the opportunity of having the gospel in your hands or of hearing it spoken or read. But

when you heard it, perhaps it was merely as so many sounds that reached the surface of your soul without sinking down deeply into it. I pray you to consider very carefully the teaching of Holy Scripture in what it testifies of the life and death of Christ, the Saviour. As deeply as He loved thee, so much did He suffer for thee. He gave His life for thy life, not only to save thee from the coming judgment and eternal death, but also to free thee from sin—both from its guilt and also from its power—and to strengthen thee that thou canst live by the Truth. **He died for thee**, so that thou, cleansed by His blood, clad with His righteousness, born again, and strengthened by His Spirit, spotless, pure and free from sin, should'st be a child of God (Phil. ii. 13).

Consider all this with sincerity of heart, and say whether these words are not words of the Lord to thee!

Consider how, clad with thy garment, laden with thy sins . . . He died for thee! so that clad with the garment of salvation, thou mightest live to His praise, in righteousness and holiness.

Yes, indeed, the Lord was "not ashamed even to call them brethren" (Heb. ii. 11) to whom He was "made like in all things," yet without sin, so that He might lift them, and thee also, from the poverty of sinfulness to make all "partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4) and heirs of His Kingdom.



LIGHT.

WHEN Pilgrim was told to go to the wicket-gate to be saved, and was pointed to it and asked, "Could he see it?" he answered, "No!" For sinners cannot see Jesus.

"But," said Evangelist, "Canst thou see a Light?"

"Yes, I can see a Light," said the pilgrim, "for the Word of God is plain, and open to the seeking soul."

"Then follow that Light, and it will lead to the wicket-gate."

"The entrance of thy words giveth light."—PSALM CXIX. 130.

Jesus said:—

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."—JOHN x. 9.

THE COMING HOME (see page 83).

JUNE, 1936.

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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

“He being dead, yet speaketh.”—HEB. xi. 4.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 31.



(Copyright, Fox Photos, Ltd., London.)

“Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.” (ECCL. xi. 7.)

“Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings.” (MAL. iv. 2.)

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Sunlight In The Heart.

THERE is sunlight on the hill-top,
There is sunlight on the sea;
And the golden beams are sleeping
On the soft and verdant lea.
But a richer light is filling
All the chambers of my heart,
For Thou art there, my Saviour,
And 'tis sunlight where Thou art.
Oh, ye who sit in darkness,
Ever mourning for your sin,
Open the windows of your soul,
Let the warm sunshine in;
Each ray was purchased for you
By the matchless love of One
Who has suffered in the shadow
That you might see the sun.
Choose Thou for me my portion,
My bitter and my sweet;
The cup Thy hand doth mix me
I will drink it at Thy feet;
While I'm waiting for that moment,
The brightest and the best,
When Thou shalt stoop to lift me
From Thy footstool to Thy breast.
Lord Jesus, Thou hast bought me,
And my life, my all is Thine;
Let the lamp Thy love hath lighted
To Thy praise and glory shine;
A beacon 'mid the darkness
Pointing upward where Thou art,
The smile of Whose bright presence
Is the sunlight of my heart.
It cost Thee much, my Saviour
From sin to set me free,
May my life be one sweet savour
Ascending up to Thee;
That those who do not know Thee
But still in darkness walk
May be won to know and love Thee
When they see my tiny spark.
May it always be my study
To please Thy loving heart,
Sitting at Thy feet like Mary,
Who chose the better part.
Let self be reckoned dead, Lord,
All idols be dethroned,
Do Thou possess, my body, soul—
No other sway be owned.

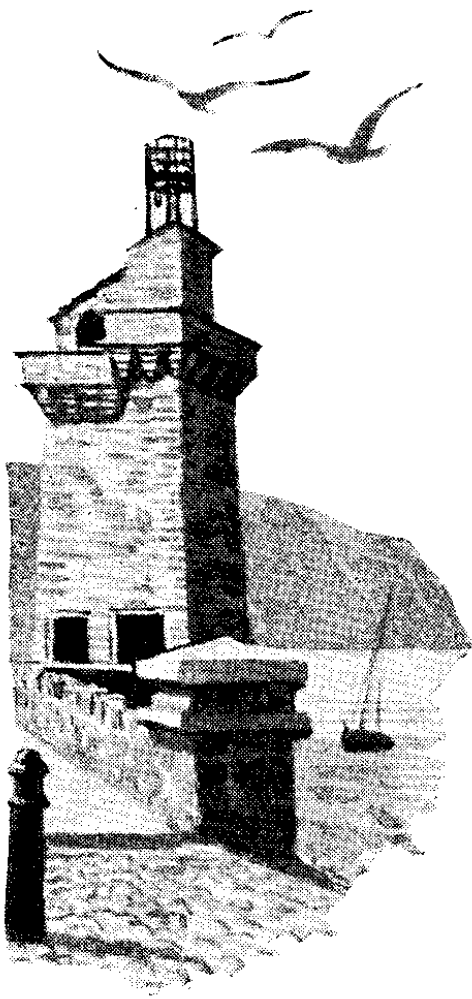
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The Coming Home.

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

“Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.” (MARK v. 19.)



IT was years ago when I came home to Christ. It was the happiest day of my life when I learned that **God loved me, and Christ died for me;** and I do trust that many a sinner will come home to-night. Why not every one in this Hall? The arms of Christ are open to receive you; the heart of Christ has love enough to bless you all, and the blood of Christ can cleanse your every sin. Oh, may you come home to the love of God this evening.

The scene I read to you just now from the fifth of Mark is one of the most striking in Scripture. It is not only thrilling in its details, but most instructive in its application to the sinner. For this man, this Gadarene demoniac is a complete type of every sinner. You may be incredulous as to this but I shall endeavour, with God's help, to show you in what way you resemble him. We will, for a short time, dwell on the man's condition, before we see his wonderful coming home. In the first place,

His Dwelling Place was among the Tombs and in the Mountains.

“And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones.” This was his dwelling place; even the abode of distance and of death. And sinner, your dwelling place is, “afar from

God by sin and wicked works," you roam the far off mountains of sin, and you are "sitting in darkness, and the shadow of death," and Scripture says of you, that you are "dead in trespasses and sins." So yours is the place of distance, and the place of death. Have you realized this distance yet? do you know? How far are you from Christ? If you die in your sins, you will be, for all eternity, as far from Christ as heaven is from hell. The man of my text was under a fearful curse; he was hurried about from place to place, a bond-slave of the devil. In the lonely night the belated wayfarer would hear him startling the still night air with his awful cries, or see him bounding along maddened by his dreadful fate. I see him far away on the mountain-side, afar from all his fellows; and again I see him crouching 'mid the tombs. And I see you, sinner, to-night, in the light of Scripture, on the far off mountains of sin, "afar from God," a lonely wanderer from the rest of heaven; and I see you, too, where the darkness of death lies, sitting in "darkness, and the shadow of death." It is for you to realize your place now: to feel the distance and the darkness, and to know your position and condition before God. Would you like to die afar from God, and pass away into eternity amid the shadows of death? Would you not like to know the home-love of the heart of God; the joy of His presence? The Apostle says of those who trust in Jesus, "ye who sometimes were **afar off** are **made nigh** by the blood of Christ." Many here have been "**made nigh**" by that precious blood; but what of you? Have you trusted the blood that cleanseth from all sin? It is sin that has made the distance between the sinner and his God, and it is the blood of Christ that blots out the sin and makes the sinner nigh. And again, we read in the Colossians, "Giving thanks unto the Father, Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." God is willing to deliver you from the power of darkness, and to make you meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. These are divine realities; it is a **reality** that you are "afar from God by sin and wicked works"; it is a **reality** that you are "sitting in darkness

and the shadow of death," and it is a **reality** that you may be "made nigh by the blood of Christ," and that you may be delivered from the power of darkness, and be translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Think of these things, I pray you, and may the blessing of the Highest rest upon you!

He was Beyond the Power and Reach of Man.

There was no power on earth that could make this poor demoniac other than he was. His fellow creatures had taken him in hand and tried to do him good; they had bound him in fetters and chains, and he had plucked the chains asunder, and broken the fetters in pieces. Then they had used various arts to tame him, but it was of no avail. He could not be controlled nor tamed; he was beyond the power and reach of man altogether. And is he not like you in this, sinner? There is **no** power on earth can save you. Man seeks to reform his fellow-man; he puts fetters of restraint upon him, and binds him with chains of reform. But of what avail is all this! No reform, no creed, or dogma can save you. There is no one but the **Saviour** can do you good, and **there is nothing but His finished work that can meet your desperate case.** Man may induce a drunkard to give up drink, or a blasphemer to give up blasphemy, but there is no salvation for the soul in the reforms of men. **You must look for salvation to the Christ of God.** He does not save me from particular sins, but from **all** my sins; He does not bind me to keep down the evil that is within me; He gives me the power of salvation, and the strength of His love to fight and overcome it, and He makes me to rejoice in the liberty wherewith He has made me free; having delivered me from the dominion of sin. It is as Christ's freed man that I face my enemy; as one who was once Satan's slave, but who has been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. Oh! my hearers, if man could save his fellow-man, how eagerly would he strive: but this is impossible. You have a loved one who is ill; you watch the progress of the disease, and you feel you can do nothing. You know what the ailment is, and you do not know the remedy. You call in the physician; he knows the disease and he applies the remedy.

And so with your soul; you must leave it in His hands Who knows all about the disease of sin, and Who has found the remedy. The Saviour has taken our disease upon Himself, "He Who knew no sin, was made sin for us," and He is the One, **the only One**, Who can restore to life a sinner, "dead in trespasses and sins." No power on earth can make a dead man live; and no power on earth can give a dead sinner life; he is beyond the reach of man altogether. And so your salvation must come from above; the Voice from heaven says, "**Look unto Me, and be ye saved.**" This eternal life is God's gift, and man has nothing to do with it. And we notice concerning this man's condition:—

"He was Night and Day in Unrest."

The devil would not let this man rest, and the Bible declares, "**There is no peace to the wicked.**" There is no rest for you outside Christ; no peace with God for the poor sinner, except through the Lord Jesus Christ. You have never known rest if you are still unsaved; you may have been lulled into delusive slumber by the opiates of Satan, but that is not soul rest. The poor man of my text knew no rest night nor day; and your soul has never felt the balm of rest yet. You may have hurried to and fro, seeking rest and finding none; but you must be quiet to be saved. You have heard of the man who was drowning, and another sprang in to rescue him, but before he could save him he had to strike him and make him senseless; then, when he was passive, he took him to the shore. And so God has often to strike a sinner down before He can save him. Sometimes it is sickness that brings a sinner to the Saviour; the strong man laid low to be blessed by Christ. At other times it is the death of a husband, a wife, a child, or friend. We tremble beneath the blow of death, but we learn to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." Those who will not rest in Christ, who will not give up the false delights of a world of sin, are destroyed for all eternity. But I can say to-night, "**there is rest for the weary, there is rest for you.**" And the Lord Jesus looks at you and offers you **His rest—His peace.** Will you have it?

(To be continued, D.V.)



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" UNDER HIS WINGS " IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH!

By R. W. HAMBROOK.

[The writer of this thrilling story of escape from the very gates of Death, and of how God enabled him to utilise this time of peril to win four souls for Himself—rightly gives all the honour to Him Who chooses human agencies to carry out His divine purposes of mercy.]

AS a substitute for my chief in the United States Office of Education, I spoke before members of the Teachers' Association at Syracuse, New York. Having been compelled to sleep on Pullmans for two nights, and being tired, I decided to return to Washington by air. It was snowing heavily when I reached the Syracuse airport, but the wind was scarcely evident. About 7.30 p.m., after the pilot had made careful inquiry regarding weather conditions ahead, and received his instructions, we left Syracuse with a pilot, co-pilot, a passenger co-pilot, and myself as the only paying passenger.

We had been flying for about three-quarters of an hour when I became aware of the fact that something was wrong. I did not know at the time that the left motor had stopped in consequence of ice, nor did I know that a small amount of ice had formed on the leading edge of the wings, resulting in a decreased wing efficiency.

The first indication to me that anything was seriously the matter was when we brushed the top of a tree. As a child of God my thoughts naturally turned to Him, and I asked whether He wished me to go home with Him, or whether He still had more work for me to do. His answer seemed to be that my work on earth was not yet finished, and therefore I sought His promises and found comfort in John xv. 7: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." I searched my own heart and was satisfied that I was abiding in Him and that His words were abiding in me, and then I said: "Lord, I will to live, if You will me to live."

It may have been seconds or minutes after **we brushed the top of a tree** before we struck other trees. We were in total darkness, but I had perfect peace; my emotions were not at all disturbed, and I was noting carefully the different events which were taking place. The nose of the plane turned downwards and struck the ground first, and then the plane

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settled on the snow as level as if it had been laid on special foundations, and without apparent shock to me. It was evident that " the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Immediately the two pilots rushed into the cabin and asked if anybody was hurt. As I was the only passenger, they were much concerned with my welfare. To the astonishment of all, neither of us was even slightly harmed. I remarked that **God** had answered our prayer and **had saved our lives.**

Gasoline was pouring out of the left tank in the wing; apparently it had burst in striking the trees. We immediately stepped out of the cabin door into snow almost to our knees, and stayed there until all gasoline had ceased running; then we returned to the cabin, turned on the lights, and made a survey of our situation.

The two active pilots, I learned later, spent the night in the open by the side of a small fire which they had lit, in the hope that someone might have heard the sound of our crash and might come to rescue us. The passenger co-pilot and I spent the night in the cabin in a temperature somewhere between freezing and zero, sleeping a part of the time.

The next morning, the pilot and the passenger co-pilot went to seek a way out to the north, taking the aeroplane compass to guide them. After going two miles they decided to return before becoming completely exhausted. Upon returning to the camp, one of the men decided to repair the radio, if possible, and found the antenna broken, but the battery still in good condition. Starting the generators, he called Albany, giving the number of the plane, saying that we were all safe and not injured, stating our altitude, and requesting assistance as soon as possible. Several calls were made at different intervals for the purpose of directing the radio beam upon us to chart our location, none of us having any idea as to where we were.

Try as we would, we were unable to secure wood that burned brightly, or make smoke which would rise above the tops of the trees. A foot of snow had fallen during the night, and with the snow previously on the ground, made a depth of nearly three feet. With no shovel, no axe, and no food to give strength, it proved very exhausting to secure wood from under this depth of snow.

“ UNDER HIS WINGS ” IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH ! 89

Numbers of times I knelt near this second fire to plead with God for aid, but the heavens seemed as brass, and no answers came. The sky was overcast all day Saturday, and consequently no aeroplane came within reach.

We heard no sound.

Again and again I sought the promises, and my thoughts turned to John xv. 7. I wanted nothing to come between myself and God. I was satisfied that I belonged to Him and that I had no will contrary to His will, but still the answers did not come.

We made our plans for Saturday night so that we could secure as much protection from the cold and assist each other, as far as possible, in securing warmth. It was impossible to get wood enough to burn throughout the night. We could light no fire in the cabin without burning it, so we took the fifteen seat cushions and placed them and the curtains under and around our feet. The two blankets we shared, and sat huddled together in the cabin.

Never shall I forget the misery of that night, as the temperature reached 15 degrees below zero. When I went into the cabin I was so cold that it seemed as if my body must shake to pieces. After we had been shivering in our seats for a short time, I began to pray out loud, constantly referring to Scripture. I was most grateful at that time that I had stored my memory with multitudes of His promises, for promise after promise came flooding into my memory as I talked with God regarding His supplying our need. The prayers of that night have all been answered. We were still cold, but I learned again this infallible truth, “ In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and **the peace of God which passeth all understanding** shall garrison your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus.” His peace filled my soul.

It was a distressing night. I do not believe any one of us slept for more than a few moments at a time. As I look back, I see that only **God kept us from freezing to death.**

About 7.30, or shortly after dawn, we heard the sound of an aeroplane, and all rushed out to see a plane equipped with skis flying a few hundred feet above the trees, less

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than a quarter of a mile away. Although we waved our arms frantically the pilot failed to see us. This same plane flew over our heads and around us numbers of times during this Sunday, but none of our efforts attracted his attention. It seemed as if some of the thirty-five to fifty planes which were sent out to rescue us were within sight of us a good part of the day.

About ten o'clock that morning two of us decided to make one more attempt to find our own way out. We pushed our way through the deep snow for about a mile. Before leaving, I asked God to give wisdom and to show us a way out, that we might bring help to the other two left behind. We had stopped to rest a moment, when I challenged my companion, and said, " I am concerned about your soul. Are you really satisfied that all is well?" He immediately replied, "No, Mr. Hambrook, I am not satisfied." "Then," I said, " what is to prevent you from making things right **now, before we go any farther?**" He replied, " Nothing, if you will show me how."

You can imagine the delight that was mine in showing him the way of salvation. I began with John i. 12 : " But as many as received Him, to them gave He **power to become the Sons of God**, even to them that believe on His Name." Then I explained by John i. 1 : " In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God "—Whom it was that should be received—that it was Deity, the Christ of God. Then I passed on to, " The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," and pointed out from this the Manhood of Christ. Then, " Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and explained how the blood of Christ was necessary **to take away sin**. Next, reference, was made to Romans x, " That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou shalt be saved; for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

The question was put : " Will you accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" He immediately said, " I will." I then asked him if he would tell God this fact. Together we

“ UNDER HIS WINGS ” IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH ! 91

prayed, ending with something like this, “ I, in this snow, among these trees, accept You, Lord Jesus, as my Saviour.” I asked him, “ What are you now?” and referred to John i. 12 again. He replied, “ A son of God.” I asked whether he would thank God for this fact in his own words, and there in that deep snow, he, with a towel bound around his head, and I with a seat over my head, with our hats off, he expressed his appreciation to God.

We trudged along.

The thrill of that moment is with me as I write these words. Numbers of times my companion said : “ Mr. Ham-brook, it seems so different now.”

He suggested that we return before exhaustion was complete. I objected, because I thought we were to go on until we found a way out; but God said, “ Go back. There are two more in the camp whom you must lead to Christ.” We literally dragged our feet along and reached camp about 1.30.

On our return to the camp, I put the same questions to one of the other men, with the same answers, and the same results. He, too, thanked God that **he was now a child of God!**

At 1.45, the third pilot came from the aeroplane into our lean-to. Without his knowing that I had spoken to either of the other two, I put the same questions to him, discussed the same Scripture passages, received the same replies from him. He, too, thanked God that now he **knew he was a child of God!**

Then I began to understand why God had **not answered the prayers** which had gone up to Him for rescue. Now all four of us were members of the body of Christ and could go to God in unity and make request for rescue. We prayed around our small fire and told God that we needed His aid, that we had put forth our own feeble attempts, but now realised that He must take action. We requested God to send help before midnight, as we felt that some of us would have passed into death before morning.

It was growing colder every minute. It looked hopeless; but **our trust was in God.** At 5.15, at dusk, when it seemed as if all search would cease, we heard the noise of an aeroplane overhead, and then saw its lights! As hastily as

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fatigued bodies would allow, we threw gasoline upon a tree, and then, with an ember from the fire, lighted it. The glare attracted the attention of the pilot, and he began to make circles around us. Our joy can be imagined, for we knew that he would immediately radio to our relatives and friends that we were safe. All of us stood by the flare to indicate that all four were able to stand up.

The first plane left us, after dropping a flare. As the music of the motors died out, it left us with a lonesome feeling, but soon afterwards another aeroplane appeared in sight. About 10.30 we heard a shot, and then a shout. Two of the men in our party who had revolvers (as the plane carried mail) went outside and fired them. Never shall I forget how my **whole being sobbed in gratitude to God** for bringing aid. I was not alone in this, for the one who was behind me also sobbed.

In a few moments, nine men reached us, bringing hot coffee, chocolate, bread, sandwiches, woollen socks, blankets, and other things to make us comfortable. Soon a big warm fire was burning, and we were slowly eating the food so kindly brought us. These men did not know then that they **were answering our request to God** in bringing us help at a time that seemed impossible, for only those acquainted with these woods can realise what it means to tramp through the deep snow **at night** over rough ground for four or five miles, in twenty-five degrees below zero.

During the night one of the pilots said: " Mr. Hambrook, don't you think we ought to thank God for this?" I replied, " Yes, let's all thank Him." The pilot at the other end said, " Shall I start, Mr. Hambrook?" and I said, " Yes," so he prayed, and I prayed, and the other two prayed, thanking God for His wondrous kindness in saving us in our hour of need.

In the morning the men returned with a toboggan. The pilot was carried in on the toboggan; the co-pilot walked most of the way, but he was very weak, having bruised his face and injured his jaw in the crash. On the way I was privileged to talk to the leader of the men who reached us the night before. After discussing the same Scriptures with him as I had discussed with the other men, he held out his hand to me and said, " **I'll do that,**" and there, in that

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snow, in those woods, he repeated a prayer with me, accepting Christ as his Saviour, and he, like the other men, lifted his voice in gratitude to God, thanking Him that now he was a child of God.



The question is, **was it worth it?** An \$80,000 plane was destroyed except for some parts salvaged. The four of us suffered untold agony for two days and two nights. Our relatives and friends went through great anxiety. Nine thousand gallons of gasoline were consumed in one day by aeroplanes searching for us. It would be impossible to reckon the total cost of this experience.

Jesus said, “ What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” (Mark viii. 36.) So that, if it had cost the whole world it would have been worth it.

“ For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John iii. 16.)

Personally, I would not go through the experience again for millions of dollars, but I believe I would go through it again if God wanted it **to bring one more soul to Him.**

“ The Evangelical Christian,” Toronto, with acknowledgments to “ Living Links.”



VICTORY OVER DEATH.

ON the English side of the Bristol Channel, a circumstance once occurred which produced an indelible impression on the minds of those who witnessed it, and is another instance of the power of the gospel to sustain a soul in the hour of danger and death.

Two shipwrecked seamen—one a believer, the other an unconverted man—were endeavouring to reach the shore in a boat. The storm was raging furiously, and after being some time tossed and buffeted by the waves, their boat upset, and both were seen struggling amidst the foaming billows. They were not far from shore, and a friendly hand had sent out to them a rocket line. The man who was a believer seized it, and at once made his way to his comrade,

who knew not the love of God and the gift of Jesus, and passing the line to him, he said, "Take this, and try to save your life, for you are not prepared to die. I am saved through Jesus, and death has no sting for me: take this rope and get on shore, and seek to live that you will not be afraid to die." They then parted, and the drowning man who had so nobly sacrificed his life for his fellow, was heard to sing:—

**"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer——"**

As he uttered the word nearer, a wave passed over him, and he was seen no more. This, truly, is "**life in death**," beautiful beyond expression; the quiet calm in the midst of the storm, the self-surrender of a soul that had all its joy and treasure in Christ at God's right Hand. The secret of it all was, he knew Jesus as his Saviour. "**I am saved through Jesus**," said he, "**and death has no sting for me.**" He knew Jesus had loved his soul, and the heart of that same loving Saviour was now his refuge and his home. What a resting-place! What a downy pillow amidst the storms of life! What a place of shelter and rest for poor blood-washed sinners! No angel, no seraph, knows such a resting-place as this. The highest archangel there, is but a servant, but the blood-washed sinner is a child, an heir of God, a joint-heir with Christ. (Rom. viii. 15-17.)

Christ, having passed through death and judgment, has gone up on high, and is seated at the right Hand of God, and now, by the Holy Ghost, has shed abroad God's love in the hearts of His believing people, and Christ's place is theirs; for "as **He** is, so are **we** in this world." How our hearts love to say, "**We love Him because He first loved us.**"—(Extracted.)



DEATH AT SIX O'CLOCK.

AS I was going through some old papers belonging to my father, Dr. Wreford, I came across the account of two deaths, both occurring at the same time, but otherwise, how different! I place them before you now,

DEATH AT SIX O'CLOCK.

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for your prayerful consideration. The first is the account of the death of an old woman: "When I saw her at the last," my father writes, "she said she had been converted 38 years ago, at one of my meetings. She was 84, and dying, and a few days before her death we spoke of old days, of God's blessing, of Christ and of Heaven.

"On her last day on earth, when the clock struck twelve, she said to her niece, 'I have six hours more to live. I am going Home; I am going Home to rest.'

"One asked her, 'Do you see Jesus?' 'No, but I have the promise, Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.'

"Later, she said to her niece, 'Good-night, my child, God's blessing on you,' and through the night she prayed.

"Not long before she died, she said, 'I've crossed the bridge; I'm over the river; **I'm entering in.**' Every hour that struck, she asked the time. When 5 o'clock struck, she said, 'What's the time?' 'Five,' they told her. 'One hour more,' she said.

"At last 6 o'clock came. Those around drew nearer, and watched her feeble breathing; all was quiet in the room and in the house when the clock began to strike six, and when the last stroke sounded, she gave a sigh, and her spirit passed away.

"I thought as I looked at her tired, worn face, of her words, 'I am going Home; **I am going Home to rest.**' Yes, rest for evermore.

"**'I've crossed the bridge; I'm over the river; I've entered in.'** Happy saint, with thy Saviour for ever."

Another Death at Six O'clock.

A woman of pleasure told her friends one morning that she was going to die at six that evening. "But," they said, "you do not seem sick."

"I shall die at six this evening, and my soul will be lost. I have sinned away the day of grace."

Noon came, and she was asked if she would see a minister. "It's no use," she said, "it's too late now. I shall die at six."

Three o'clock struck, four o'clock, and at five o'clock she

cried out, "**Destroying spirits, you shall not have me yet; it is not six!**" And at six o'clock she passed into eternity.

"Except ye believe, ye shall all likewise perish."

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul?"



HOW THE LORD JESUS LOVES AND CARES FOR HIS OWN.

"Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." (John xiii. 1.)

Unfathomable Love.—"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." (John xv. 9.)

Unspeakable Joy.—"These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." (John xv. 11.)

Unruffled Peace.—"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid." (John xiv. 27.)

Unchanging Word.—"Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on Him, 'If ye continue in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed.'" (John viii. 31.)

Unbounded Grace.—"And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee." (2 Cor. xii. 9.)

Unlimited Strength.—"My strength is made perfect in weakness." (2 Cor. xii. 9.)

Unending Glory.—"Father, I will that they also Whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me; for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." (John xvii. 24.)

Ponder over these beautiful texts, until the Saviour's love subdues your heart, and brings you to His feet. God bless you!

THE COMING HOME (see page 108).

JULY, 1936.

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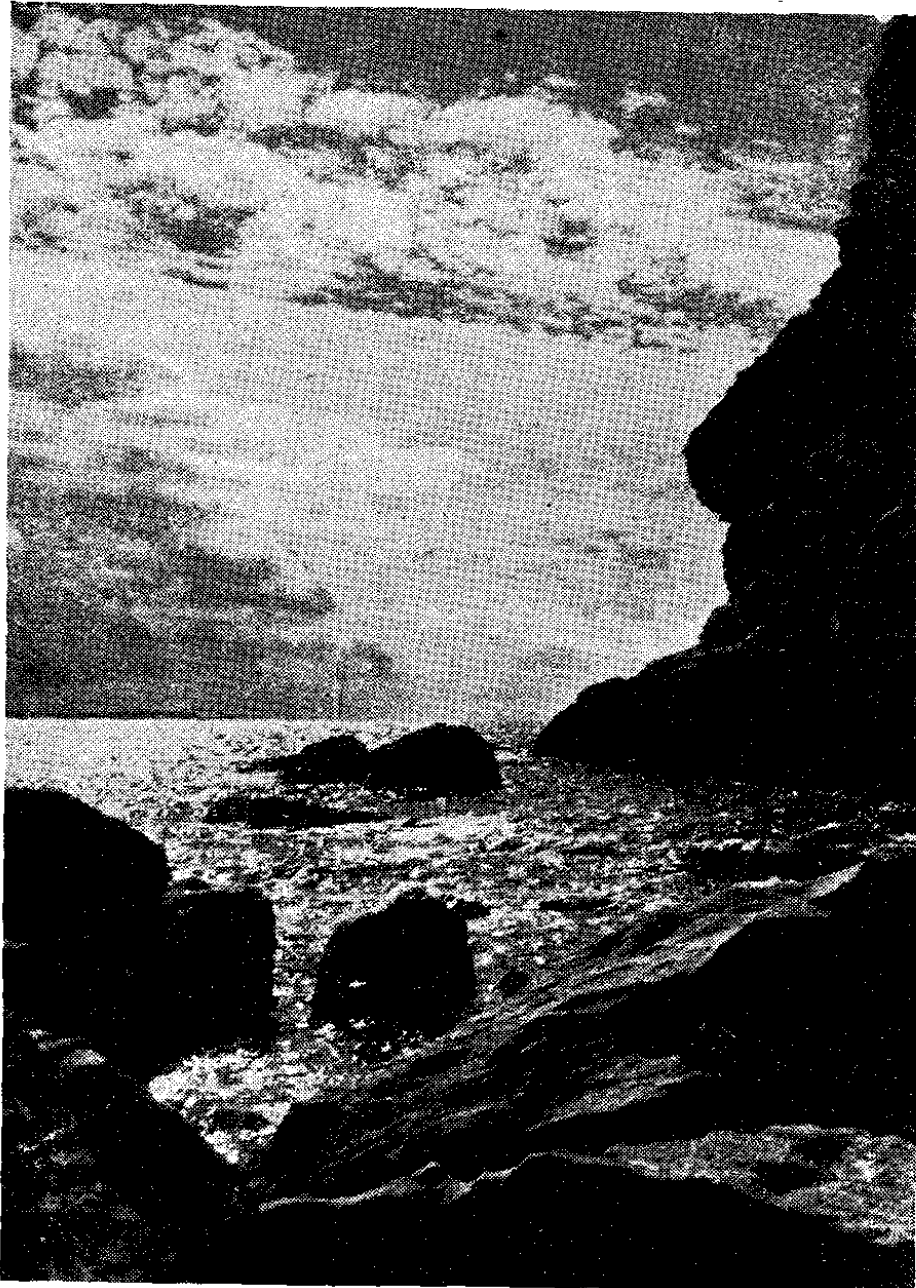
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

“He being dead, yet speaketh.”—HEB. xi. 4.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 31.



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The Round of Life.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. iv. 18.



TWO children, down by the
shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the
summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the
land
With the glow of a golden
mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's
cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy
breast,
Till the first star looks from the
evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over
the west.

JESUS SAID: "Suffer the little children to
come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such
is the kingdom of God."—MARK x. 14.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair,
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air;
For love is young though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

"Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 JOHN iv. 7.

"As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you: continue ye in My love."—JOHN xv. 9.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on a glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling things 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

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"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."—PROV. x. 22.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."—PROV. iii. 6.

An aged man in an old arm chair;
A golden light from the western sky,
His wife by his side with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by;
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

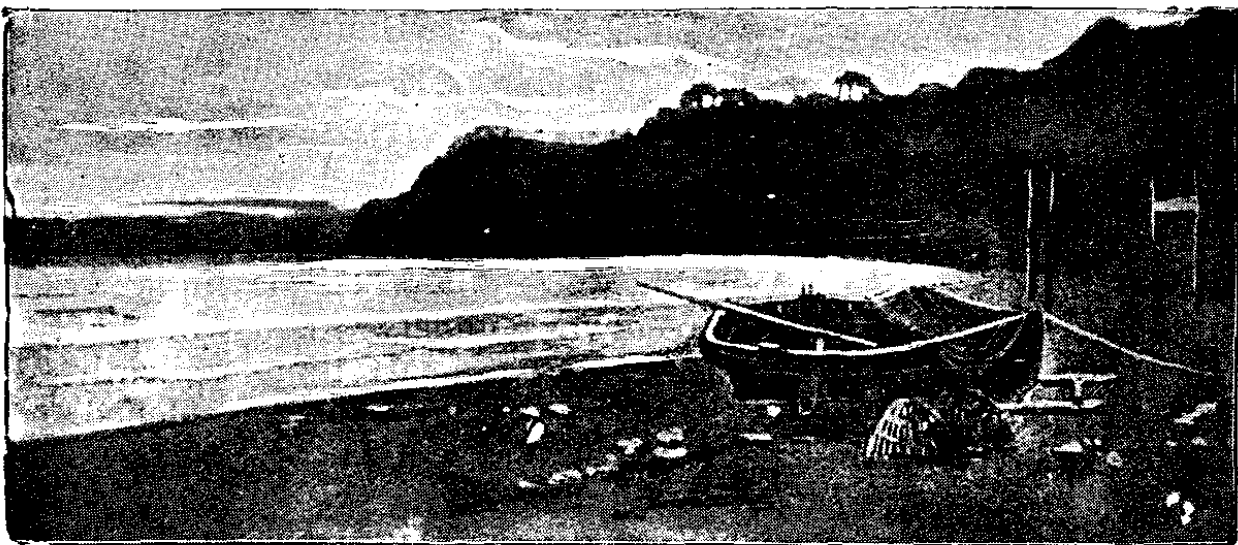
"And even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."—ISA. xlv. 4.

"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."—PSA. xxxvii. 25.

An old churchyard on the green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west;
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year.
—Selected.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—REV. xiv. 13.

"For this God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death."—PSA. xlviii. 14.



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GOD'S KEEPING POWER.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."—MARK ix. 23.

I DARE to say that :—

It is possible to those who are really willing to reckon on the power of the Lord for keeping and victory, to lead a life in which His promises are taken as they stand and are found to be true.

It is possible to cast all your care upon Him daily, and to enjoy deep peace in doing it.

It is possible to see the will of God in everything, and to receive it, not with sighing, but with singing.

It is possible to have the thoughts and imaginations of our hearts purified in the deepest meaning of the word, through faith.

It is possible by taking complete refuge in Divine power, to become strong through and through, and where previously our greatest weakness lay, to find that the things which formerly upset all our resolves to be patient, or pure, or humble, furnish to-day an opportunity, through Him Who loved us and works in us an agreement with His will, and a blessed sense of His Presence, and His power, to make sin powerless.

These things are Divine possibilities, and because they are His work, the true experience of them will always cause us to bow lower at His Feet; and to learn to thirst and long for more. We cannot possibly be satisfied with anything less than each hour, each moment, in Christ and through the power of the Holy Ghost, to walk with God.

BISHOP MOULE.

THINK OF HIS LOVINGKINDNESS.

(PSALM xlviii. 9.)

We are silent in the house of God. We sit still but our thoughts are active. We think of God; of His lovingkindness, of those arms that are always underneath us, of that ear which is open to our cry, of that heart that is silently planning for us. We hasten into the Lord's house burdened. Then we sit still and think. We think much, and then we thank much. We leave the Lord's house with our whole being quietened. We have sat still—we have been stilled.

(101)

A MINISTER'S CONVERSION.

HE himself said, less than a year before he died, "I took licence in unbelief, in ungodliness, and doctrinal unbelief and heresy." Notwithstanding a godly upbringing, he had entered on his divinity studies an atheist. To such a depth of scepticism had he sunk, that one day, on seeing a horse passing, he said to himself, 'There is no difference between that horse and me.' Under a grave and powerful teacher he gave up atheism, although for years afterwards unchanged in heart. As he related, "When I was convinced that there was a God, I danced on the brig o' Dee with delight, though I had fear that He would damn me." But the joy was an intellectual emotion. Henceforward, for a period of nine years, he was little troubled with theological difficulties, and concerned himself but little about his spiritual state—indeed, scarcely about his moral reputation. Yet so unsubdued was his intellectual pride, that he resolved to "stand out against all the doctrines." It was indeed, in the words of his biographer, a "conversion to theism, not to God; to Christianity, not to Christ." After eight of the nine years had passed, and he was duly licensed as a minister, he preached his first sermon. 1 John iii. 1 was the text. It was a fascinating sermon "of the most artful neology that perhaps ever was spoken, explaining away every evangelical doctrine and phrase"—a beautiful picture, without life and void of all moral power; a sermon unavailing for a sin-stricken soul.

Another year rolled away. The well-known Cæsar Malan was to visit Aberdeen, and a faithful friend purposed to bring the two together. First of all, however, his friend sought opportunity to visit him and press the all-important question of his soul's welfare. For hours they walked to and fro in earnest conversation; midnight was reached, and in the early hours of the morning the following conversation took place: "Tell me," said his friend, "what of natural and revealed religion you hold to, that I may know what common ground we have." This appeal had a wonderful effect. He stood stock still. Then turning round to the other with unusual solemnity, he said: "David, I must now be plain with you. I have come to believe in the Jewish religion and in Christianity as the complement of it. But

the **doctrines** I can't and won't believe—I mean the divinity and atonement of Christ.” “ But what if they are written in that Bible which you say you admit? You'll have to believe them. Ay, friend, that towering Luciferian pride of yours must come down, and you must become a little child, willing to be taught, else you have no part in the kingdom of heaven, for Christ, your Master, says so. But tell me this: What has your religion done for you? I know what mine has done for me—what has yours done for you? ”

“ Well, not much, I confess. To tell you the truth, the words ‘ heaven ’ and ‘ hell ’ sound in my ears with as little effect as the words ‘ tables ’ and ‘ chairs.’ And yet I do sometimes feel a little.”

“ What you **feel** is not the question. What I want you to tell me is, **Are you holy?**” I knew, said his friend, I was here touching a sore place. So, looking him full in the face—the dim light now just sufficient to reveal his cowering look—I awaited his answer. “ No,” he replied, “ I am not.”

“ No, nor ever will be,” I hastily interposed, “ so long as God's way of salvation from sin is to such ‘ Greeks ’ as you foolishness; but to us who believe it is the power of God.”

“ Ah! David, but that's just what I can't take in yet. Can't I be saved without the **doctrines**? ”

“ What! are you going to palter at that rate with so solemn a thing as salvation, trying at how cheap a rate—with how small a sacrifice of your own prepossessions—you can be let off? If my apprehensions and experience are worth anything, all that is worth a straw in Christianity lies in the ‘ doctrines.’ Not that I under-value its lofty views of God, of morality, of holiness, of a future state, and so on; but take away the great doctrines that you wince at, and you loosen the foundations on which all the other things rest, and shake the whole edifice. But only surrender your soul to Christ in the gospel, and those great powers of yours, now running to waste, will seem as if they were newly imparted, and go to noble effect.”

“ Well, David, all I can say is, I can't take that in just yet.” His tone and whole manner became subdued. He said, “ I know that if I were to die before morning I would go to hell. You speak to me about grace: I don't know

what it is. I have resolved a hundred times to be better; if you can do anything for me, I need it much."

The next day he was taken to Cæsar Malan. Malan had at that time one text with which he used to ply everyone—not as a panacea, as some imagined, but simply as a ready way of getting at people's spiritual state and bringing matters to a point. "Read that," he would say, holding up a New Testament at 1 John v. 1, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." "That will do. Now, do you believe that Jesus is the Christ?" "Yes," would be the usual answer. "Then you are born of God!" Hesitation would now perhaps appear. "You doubt it, I see. Well, just read it again; 'He,' etc. Now, don't the promises and conclusion hang together?" In the present case the accustomed words were read at Malan's request; but when the question was put, "Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ?" he made no answer. Again it was put, but still no answer. "Why don't you answer, friend? Be open with me; speak all your mind."

"Sir, I cannot answer your question, for I know not what 'the Christ' means: if I should say I believe Jesus to be the Christ, I should be saying what to me has just no meaning at all."

"No matter, I have been myself in the midst of Socinianism; I know it well, and have had to fight my own way up to a living faith. But the question for you just now is, Do you believe what is here written, that He is the Christ on God's testimony, leaving it to God Himself to teach you what He means by it."

"The question, even in that view of it, was a trying one to me," he said to his friend two days after, "for you know I was all at sea about inspiration. But, man, a strange feeling came over me at that moment. Apart from all questions about inspiration, I felt certain that what was there written was God's truth, so I answered 'Yes.'"

"Well then," rejoined Malan, "just go to God, and say, 'Lord, Thou tellest me Thy dear Son is the Christ, and I believe Thee; but Thou knowest I have been a poor Socinian, and what 'the Christ' means I know not. Yet I want to learn, teach Thou me.'" Seeing the maze he was still in, Malan said, "Fear not, dear friend, the light will soon

come. Plant your foot on those words, 'He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God,' and before the full meaning of the words has entered your **understanding**, your childlike **faith** in it will bring the promised change."

Later in the evening Malan came and touched him on the shoulder and said, "They tell me you are a very learned man. What do you know?" He answered rather petulantly, "**I know nothing.**" "Well," was the reply, "I believe that is not exactly what a Christian says. He does not say absolutely, I know nothing. I know Him that is **true.**" And so they talked till late in the night and going over many things. Our subject himself related afterwards, "I fought against his syllogism. 'I believe Jesus is the Christ, but I don't believe that I am born of God.' At last in our talk I happened to be quoting a text. He started forward and said, 'See! you have the Word of God in your mouth!' It passed through me like electricity—the great thought that God **meant** man to know His mind: God—His Word—in my very mouth. It was, I believe, the seed of perhaps all I have, if I have anything, to this hour."

Next day he sought his friend saying, "Oh, David, God's words are law to me now, and I am a child at His feet, seeking simply to learn of Him." He wanted to know the truth from God's Word as to those long resisted doctrines, the atonement, the deity of Christ and election. Thankfully he accepted instruction in simple faith. Then he went home and thus described what followed. "As I sat down to study, and took my pen in my hand, I became suddenly the passive recipient of all the truths which I had heard and been taught in my childhood. I sat there unmoving for hours, **and they came and preached themselves to me.** There was now no investigation such as I had desired; but presentation of the truth to me passive. And I felt, sitting there, as if in that hour I had got matter for sermons for a lifetime." Now, he found, the temptation to daily sin was gone. He had no longer even to fight with it. Night after night at that time he laid himself down to rest with the infant's prayer on his lips:—

This night when I lie down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

A MINISTER'S CONVERSION.

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So it came about in the Lord's mercy to a famous Hebrew professor of the Free Church of Scotland. The key to the real and radical change will be found where he himself placed it—in **the new light in which revealed truth flashed upon his soul** during his conversation with Malan, and in which he beheld it from that hour to the day of his death. Thenceforward the Scriptures were God's Voice to his soul as really as though their truths had been addressed to himself by an audible voice from heaven. He came to his Bible in the spirit of the child Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." So immense was this transition—from the absence of God and of all certainty in religious truth, notwithstanding his general belief in the Scriptures, to His felt presence and Voice to himself in the Word—that we wonder *not at the vivid way in which he describes his emotion, as he grasped for the first time the idea of "God's Word in his very mouth"*—"It passed through me like a flash of electricity." And certain as it is that this view of the Scriptures remained with him, as a fixed principle and without a moment's deviation, to the end of his days, can it be otherwise explained than as a quickening operation from above, a ray of all-transforming light flashing in from heaven upon his dark, disordered, distracted soul?

Pride of intellect received its deathblow. His whole soul rested in that Word of the Lord which endureth for ever, in the scale of whose unerring representations every speculation was weighed. Nor was anything more beautiful than that combination in him of unquestioning submission to the testimony of God in His revealed Word with the freest and manliest criticism of all metaphysical and theological theories.—Extracted in the main from "Life of John Duncan, LL.D.," by David Brown, D.D.

T. D.



"But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x. 8-10.

(106)

“ANCHOR THE FLEET.”

NOT an Englishman but knows by heart the famous signal which flew at the Victory's masthead, the ever memorable day of Trafalgar. How that command was obeyed, and the glorious victory which resulted, is also well known.

Few, however, know of the last command which issued from Nelson's lips. As he lay dying, his sailor eye detected signs of an approaching gale, and turning to Admiral Collingwood, who was bending over him he said, “Collingwood, anchor the fleet, anchor the fleet.”

A few moments later Nelson breathed his last, and in the grief at his death and the excitement at the great victory, his order was neglected. The storm sprang up and found the fleet unprepared. And thus many of the prizes were lost and not a few of the British fleet narrowly escaped shipwreck.

And so will it be with us, if we are not grounded on the Rock, Christ Jesus. Trusting to feelings, to our respectability, to our good works may support us well enough in fair weather, when all is calm and bright, but let the waves of temptation and difficulty assail us, let the utter blackness of the shadow of death threaten to engulf our frail bark, and where are we?

Small comfort will our good works be to us in that dark hour, when we have to pass into the unknown to meet a perfectly holy and just God.

Now is the time, **before** the gale bursts upon us, for us to make sure of our anchorage. Let us then lay aside all confidence in the flesh and let us simply cling as lost and guilty sinners to the Cross of Christ.

Let us lay our weak and trembling hand in His and then rest secure, knowing that from that firm grip, no power in earth or hell can sever us.

Then shall we be ready to face the blasts of temptation and when we are called to enter the dark valley itself, we may say with king David:

“I will fear no evil for Thou art with me.”

G. R. W.

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“ WELL WORTH THE RISK.”

BY ARCHIE PAYNE.

THE Cornish Express was fast picking up speed as it left a small Devonshire station, when a farmer rushed across the platform and jumped upon the footboard of the moving train. Helping him safely into my compartment, he sat for some time evidently overcome by excitement and the hurry. After a while he expressed his thanks for the helping hand which had dragged him from a perilous position, and said, “ It was a great risk, but well worth it ! ”

I could not help expressing wonder at what could be well worth such a terrible risk, and in answer he produced the familiar form of a telegram, and read the message which informed him of the expected speedy death of a brother. Seeking to express my sympathy with him, I soon found that he was a saved man, and then his story came out.

Both brothers had been saved, and for years had everything in common. Then they quarrelled over business matters, and bitter words were spoken. With a deep groan the farmer cried, “ God keep him alive till I get to him.”

Nearly ten years had passed since the quarrel, and they had never spoken to each other. Now the urgent call had come, and stirred him to the depths.

“ Sir,” said he, “ do you believe in the Judgment Seat of Christ? ”

My answer received, he went on : “ And if I don’t see Robert before he dies we will have to settle it at His Judgment Seat. That will be terrible.” And again in real soul agony he prayed :

“ God keep him alive ! ”

At Exeter he left the train, and the sequel may well be imagined, but his words, “ Well worth the risk,” left a deep impression on my mind.

The Judgment Seat of Christ is a great fact (Rom. xiv. 10), but how often it is lost sight of, and how sadly belittled by others. But the great fact of death, and the still greater fact of the speedy return of our Lord Jesus (Rev. xxii. 20) will fix for ever the record of that Day.

In the awful light of that Day we do well to read again the commands of God. “ Let not the sun go down upon

“ WELL WORTH THE RISK.”

your wrath ” (Eph. iv. 26); “ Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any : even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye ” (Col. iii. 13), and to pray, “ Lord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom ” (Psa. xc. 12), remembering “ we must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ.”

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

THE COMING HOME (Continued).

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

“ Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.” (MARK v. 19.)

The Man had an Unclean Spirit.



they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” You may be made whiter than snow; yes, fit for the purity of heaven. **One look of**

SINNER, you are like him in this; you are possessed with an unclean spirit. You are unclean in the sight of a holy God. What can cleanse you? The blood of Christ, and that alone. The leper cried, “ Unclean, unclean,” and so must you if you want to be cleansed. “ The heavens are not clean in His sight,” then how must you appear before this great, this holy God? But God speaks to one and all to-night, and He says, “ **Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet,**

faith to Jesus; one cry of faith to Him, and you shall be covered with the spotless robe of righteousness.

The Man was Crying and Cutting Himself with Stones.

He was bent on self-destruction. And to watch the lives of many of you people, it would seem that you were determined to destroy yourselves, body and soul, for all eternity. Watch a poor drunkard as he goes reeling from public house to public house, he is cutting himself with the stone of drunkenness, and is bent on self-destruction. The same with the self-righteous and the blasphemer. The same with you as you sit here now; you are cutting yourselves with the stones of your life's sin, and you know full well, "that the soul that sinneth it shall die"; and that "the wages of sin is death." You know this, and yet you go on in sin; what is the inference? It must be that you are bent on self-destruction. God says, "Why will ye die?" Christ says, "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life." A poor costermonger was dying, and someone asked him, "Are you a sinner?" His answer was, "One of the biggest, but there is but a step between me and heaven." When asked how he knew he was saved, he said, "**The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.**" Just before he died, he asked them to read that text again—then lifting his eyes to heaven he said, "Lord, take me," and passed away. May his Saviour be your Saviour, and his peace be your peace!

This Man did not want Jesus, but Jesus wanted Him.

And this is the case with the sinner. "The natural man is at enmity with God." Man naturally has never wanted Jesus; they cried out when He was on earth, "Away with Him," but Jesus always wanted man. The Lord Jesus wants **you**. To purchase the sinner for Himself, He paid the price in blood. In order that the peace of God might be the portion of men and women, He sorrowed unto death. His love knew no limit—His eyes darkened in death so that the eyes of the sinner might see the salvation of God. His Voice was stilled in the silence of the tomb, in order that the lips of sinners might sound out the praises of the sky. His Hands were nailed to the wood of the Cross so that

the hands of sinners might be raised in thankfulness to heaven. He arose from among the dead, and ascended into heaven, in order that sinners might join in the triumphs of their Lord. The Lord wants **YOU**; **do you feel your need of Jesus?** He blessed the poor demoniac, and He will bless **you** if you will come to Him now.

His Name Proved His Condition.

“ And He asked him, What is thy name? And he answered my name is Legion, for we are many.”

Yes, his condition was made manifest by the name he bore. He knew his condition, and he acknowledged it before Christ. And the Lord Jesus speaks to each one here this evening, He asks you your name. Do you hear the question, friends? What is thy name? You may say, my name is John, or Henry, or Mary, or Jane, or Thomas. This is the name that you are known by among your fellows, but you will never get to heaven unless you own to another name besides that. What is thy name? Christ listens for your answer now. Do you know your condition before a holy God? Then answer, **My name is sinner, MY NAME IS SINNER.** Yes, that is indeed your name, and if you answer to that name this moment, you will be blest. **“ This Man receiveth sinners ”**; Christ died for sinners; **“ I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.”** **“ God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet SINNERS, Christ died for us.”** But what does it say in the book of Job? **“ He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light.”** How plain is this! God is looking at you now, and He says, **“ If any of you acknowledge that you have sinned, and perverted that which was right; your soul shall be delivered from going down into the pit, and your life shall see the light.”** Now will you do it? Will you stand by the side of the poor publican and smite your breast and say, **“ God be merciful to ME, A SINNER.”** You are a sinner, why not own it, and get the sinner's blessing? You are an outcast; why not own it, and be made nigh? You are covered with the leprosy of sin; why not acknowledge it,

THE COMING HOME.

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and be made clean? Now who will own before God in this hall, at this moment, that they are sinners? **Will you? WILL YOU?** God listens—I pause—let your trembling voice be heard in heaven now, “I am a sinner, and I need a Saviour. Oh! my God, save me. And the Word says, **He willeth not the death of the sinner, but would rather he should turn from his iniquities and live.**” He does not want you to die the sinner’s death, but to live for Him. “Why will ye die?” is the question of your God. Why die, when Christ has died for you? Why be lost for ever, when Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost?

The Lord Heals Him.

The Lord has compassion on this poor man, racked and tormented by the devil; the demons are driven out at the command of Christ, and the man is healed. What a change! He is now **sitting, clothed, and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus. SITTING!** and before he was driven by Satanic power up the steep mountain side, crying and cutting himself with stones. **SITTING!** and before, he was wandering amid the tombs, never at rest. **SITTING!** and before, he had been bound with fetters and chains, and he had broken them to pieces! Yes, now he sits, and where? **At the feet of Jesus.** No longer in the place of distance, or of death, but close to Him, Who is the Life. Ah, sinner, Jesus says to you this moment, “Come unto Me . . . and I will give **YOU** rest.” There is rest at His feet for you. He would call you from the mountains of sin, and from the abode of death, to the home of His Presence, where there is fullness of joy. Will you come? Do you need this blessed rest? Many of us can say,

“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.”

There **is** rest for the weary, but only in Christ. Come to Him now, and He will make you to lie down in green pastures, and lead you beside the still waters. Is not this better than the desert sands of a world that knows not God? Is not this better than hurrying to and fro seeking for something that the world can never give? Is not this

better than cutting yourself with the stones of sin, as you roam in distance and darkness from your God? It is. Then come to Jesus now, He says, "**come,**" and He wants you to come.

And the man is **CLOTHED**. Before, he was naked, now he is clothed. Adam, in the Garden of Eden, when he had sinned, found out that he was naked. He tried to cover his nakedness with fig-leaves; but how ineffectual was this covering! There is only One Who can effectually cover a naked sinner and make him fit for the presence of God, and that is Christ. You must put on Christ.

" Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness."

Is He your righteousness? Or are you still going about to establish your own righteousness? Give it up, I entreat you, and bow to the Name of Jesus.

The man is in his **Right Mind**. Before, all his thoughts were wrong; the balance of his mind had been upset by the devil, and his thoughts and ideas were clouded with the mists of darkness. Now Christ has given him the Light of reason. The balance of his life is restored; the tangled threads of reason have been straightened, and the man is made whole. His eyes are right, for they are fixed on Jesus, and his rapt gaze dwells on the sweetness of the face that looked upon his misery. His ears are right, for they are open to listen to the Words of Him Who spake as never man spake. His heart is right, for every beat is for the One Who had cast the devil out. Yes, he is indeed in his right mind. And what of you? Have your eyes beheld the Saviour yet? Have your ears listened to His Voice? Does your heart, as it beats, say, "**Christ for me! CHRIST FOR ME**"? Are you in your right mind? If not, do you wish to be healed this evening? Shall we tell the Lord Jesus that there are men and women here this moment, who want to be free from Satan's power? Shall we pray for you that you may not become the prey of the destroyer?

(To be concluded, D.V.)

WORKERS TOGETHER (see page 115).

AUGUST, 1936.

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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

“He being dead, yet speaketh.”—HEB. xi. 4.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 31.



“Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.”—JOHN iv. 35.

“Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into the harvest.”—LUKE x. 2.

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The Journey to Emmaus.

LORD, when I think of how Thou didst reveal
Thyself to those disciples by the way,
Thy gracious dealing with them make me feel
As if Thou nearer wert to me to-day;
As if Thou wert, O truest Friend and Guide,
In life's dark pathway, walking by my side!

Oh, how transfigured would my life be here,
If I could always feel Thee close at hand!
No foe or danger should I need to fear,
Nor life's hard problems, then, misunderstand!
All would be light, as seen in Thy clear light,
And even sorrow turned to pure delight!

And yet how wonderful, dear Lord, that I
Have travelled on so many miles of life
Unconscious of Thy Presence, though so nigh;
Waiting to help in times of stress and strife!
No chime of bells, or step, did Thee betray,
Yet hast Thou been beside me all the way!

Dear Lord and Master, open Thou mine eyes,
Lest joy or sorrow cause me to mistake,
Or fail to know Thee, whatsoe'er disguise
It pleaseth Thee, at times, in love to take:
And, oh! may this my happy portion be,—
Uninterrupted intercourse with Thee!

Oh, may my life be one Emmaus-walk
In Thy sweet company, with Thee for Guide!
How would my heart rejoice to hear Thee talk,
Nor tire from morning until eventide;
No vanishing, as when that walk was o'er;
Thou would'st ABIDE with me FOR EVERMORE!

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Workers Together

Phil. 2, 4-5: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

ST. PAUL, in this passage, is making an urgent appeal for unity and co-operation. He is up against the old, old difficulty of getting people to work together. The Christians at Philippi had got divided into cliques and had started quarrelling. In this chapter St. Paul proceeds to deal with this situation, and so makes the impassioned appeal for unity with which this chapter opens. And you notice how he appeals to these Philippian Christians along three lines. First of all he appeals to them as Christian people to be consistent. Then he appeals to them, as a good leader always can do, in the name of his own friendship with them. Last of all, he appeals to them on the highest level of all, that of the mind that was in Christ Jesus. I am going to give you what he says in Moffatt's translation: "If there is such a thing as encouragement in Christ, if there is such a thing as the stimulus of love, if there is such a thing as sharing in the Spirit, if our friendship counts for anything at all, then make my cup of joy full to the brim, by being of the same mind, feeling the same love, with one heart and soul." "If these things," he seems to say, "if these things that I have just mentioned, the incentive of love and the stimulus of Christ—if these things you talk about are more than pious phrases, and really strike a chord in your hearts, then you will prove they are real by getting together and being of the same mind, feeling the same love, with one heart and soul." "Let nothing that you do," he adds, "be actuated by personal vanity or party spirit" (the two things that are always hindering the spread of God's Kingdom), "but rather in humility consider each other the better man and have an eye to the interests of others besides yourself." And now comes the third and highest appeal that St. Paul makes. "Let this mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." "Turn your thoughts away from self," he says, "and fix your attention upon the mind of Christ. Let your thoughts fasten upon **His** mind until **His** mind begins to be part of the make-up of your own character—becomes not merely part of it, but gets right inside it,

and becomes supreme and dominant from within the inmost recesses of your being. Let **His** mind be in you."

It's not a call merely to imitate Christ's example. If the imitation of Christ was the sole content of the Christian Gospel, then that Gospel would have no message for such as we. As it is the Christian message is something far bigger—it's not just a call to imitate Christ, it's a call to **let Christ come in** and express Himself in and through us, which is quite a different thing. That is the message that St. Paul is giving to his followers: "Open your mind, open your heart to the Living Christ—as your thoughts are fixed on Him, so you will find that you get the mind of Christ." And there you have something that is gloriously possible, thank God! But what is it going to mean, if we have the mind of Christ? St. Paul goes on to show us what it will mean, by giving us an inspired picture of Christ in action. "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus, Who, being in the form of God, thought it not a thing to be exploited to be on an equality with God, but emptied Himself, taking upon Him the form of a Servant."

You remember that great passage in the Fourth Gospel: "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into His Hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God," did what?—some mighty miracle, some exhibition of power?—this is what He did: "He riseth from supper and laid aside His garments and took a towel and girded Himself." "Being in the form of God, He emptied Himself, taking upon Him the form of a Servant; and being found in fashion as a Man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." There we have the mind of Christ in action—we see that mind responding to the claims of self, the claims of others, the claims of God.

How does Christ react to the claims of self? We read that He emptied Himself. To the claims of other people? He humbled Himself. In relation to the claims of God? He obeyed—to the death. Thus in the mind of Christ we see the supreme adjustment of personality in relation to the threefold claims of self, of our neighbour, and of our God. The mind of Christ is expressed in an utter emptying of self,

in a humiliation that goes down to the very depths and in perfect obedience to the doing of the Father's will, even though it means the Cross. "He became obedient unto death," and that the most infamous of all deaths "even the death of the Cross"—which to the Jew was the symbol of the curse of God, and to the Roman the sign of the utmost degradation; the pain and shame of the Cross, which He bore without flinching for us and for our salvation.

But St. Paul does not stop with the Cross. The Gospel does not stop with the Cross—the Gospel goes on, and St. Paul, too, has to go on. Because something stupendous has happened as the result of the Cross. The Universe has responded to that act of Christ—the Power behind the Universe has intervened. God has acted and shown that He is indeed Father.

In the fact of the Resurrection we see it affirmed once and for all that God is Love. He Who was the embodiment of all our fairest hopes and ideals has died the death of a common criminal—but that is **not** the end. "For God also hath highly exalted Him and hath conferred on Him a Name that is above every Name." Not one humiliation was spared, not one glorification shall be missed—"until at the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." Let us then fix our thoughts afresh on this picture of Christ in all His utter humiliation, in His complete self-emptying and in His obedience to the death upon the Cross. For it is here that we have the only things that are ever going to create unity and co-operation. What is it that is always hindering us in our efforts after unity? Pride in one form or another is the obstacle that is always getting in our way. Pride of class or caste, pride of race or nation—it's pride that divides us and causes all our endless antagonisms. And how are we going to get rid of pride? I know of only one thing that can smash pride up—and that is **the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ**. . . . It's the vision of the Cross that knocks the bottom out of all our pride and self-assertiveness. When Godfrey led the Crusaders in triumph into Jerusalem and was offered a crown, you remember his magnificent answer: "**I will not wear the crown**"

of gold where Jesus wore the crown of thorns." The Cross alters all our values, "When I survey the wondrous Cross"—I have to do something, "I pour contempt on all my pride." It's the Cross that shows up the utter hollowness of all our pride and all our sham humility. Sham humility—in the Cross we see what the real thing looks like.

The meek man is not the weak man. There is no particular virtue in being humble and civil to those over us when we are more or less compelled to be civil to them. The man who is truly meek is the man, who, when he has it in his power to lord it over others, deliberately refrains, and chooses rather to spend himself in the service of his fellows. There you have the true humility—that humility which springs from an utter emptying of self. Humility is not thinking badly of yourself—that only leads to an inferiority complex. Humility is simply thinking nothing of yourself, forgetting all about yourself. It is a very elusive thing rather like charm—and you know what they say about charm, that if you think you have got it you can be quite sure that you have not. It's as self goes, that you begin to get the genuine thing, that true humility which Christ was the first to bring into the world and which has always been one of Christianity's most distinctive virtues. Then it is that you understand why you find it is that our greatest men, the leaders in science and thought and action, are so often the humblest. One thinks of Huxley's famous advice to his pupils: "Sit down before the facts as a little child." "Except ye be converted," said Christ, "and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." There is nothing greater than such humility as the key to all real progress. The saints of all ages have found that the Valley of Humiliation has always to be traversed before they can begin the ascent of the Hill of the Lord. It's only as they have gone down that they have been able to ascend in heart and mind. God help us so to follow the example of His patience that we may be partakers of His resurrection.

(By permission, Northern Nigeria.)



(119)

TORN IN HALF.

SOME years ago a colporteur might have been seen wending his way through the forest to the door of a country cottage in France. Arrived, he greeted the woman within and offered a New Testament for sale.

Jeanne hesitated. Would the priest approve? that was the question. Still she wistfully eyed the neat little volume.

"Do not be troubled, madame," urged the colporteur. "The priest would sin against God if he prevented you from reading of the love of the good Christ."

At last she produced 50 centimes, and taking the Book, said: "I cannot refuse, monsieur, but may I be pardoned if it is a sin."

Presently in came Jacques, the charcoal burner, her husband. After his tea Jeanne, rather timidly, produced her Book for his inspection. As she rather feared, he was tired and cross, and upbraided her for spending his money in this fashion.

"But," said she, "the money is not all yours, Jacques. I brought my dowry when we married. The half franc was mine as much as yours."

"Give me the Book," shouted Jacques, in a temper. He snatched it from her hands. "The money was half yours and half mine, you say. Very well, the Book is the same. Voilà!" He opened the Book roughly, tore it in two pieces, dropping one into his blouse and throwing the other to Jeanne.

Several days later Jacques sat in the forest by his charcoal fires. He felt lonely. Suddenly he remembered the torn Book. He would investigate it. His rough fingers had divided it in Luke's gospel. He began at the very beginning, and read, "**And will say unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.**"

Spell-bound he read to the end of the story, and then a dozen questions presented themselves. What had he done—the poor lost son? Why was he exiled? Where had he been? What induced him to return? The questions haunted him. "I wish I had the beginning of the story," he sighed. At first his pride prevented him asking Jeanne for her part of the Book.

Meanwhile, Jeanne lived her monotonous days, and used her leisure moments poring over her part and spelling out its contents. She began to delight in it, but when she reached the end her interest was doubly quickened. That younger son—his waywardness, his journey, his sin, his misery, the wonderful change in his thoughts. **“I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father——.”**

There the story stopped. But what happened? Did the father welcome him? Her tender heart longed for a satisfactory answer. She even cried over the story, but she could not screw up her courage to consult Jacques. The days passed. On one, however, the rain poured down with special vigour, and Jacques came home feeling specially weary. He ate his soup and bread for supper, as usual, and at last he blurted out: “Jeanne, you remember the Book I tore in two?” “Oh, yes,” said she, half fearing.

“My part had in it a wonderful story, but only the end of it. I cannot rest until I know the beginning of it. Bring me your piece.”

“Oh, Jacques! How wonderful!”

“Why?”

“The same story is ever in my mind, only I lack the ending. Did the father receive that wilful son?”

“He did. But what was it that separated them?”

She brought her piece and knelt by his chair.

Together they read the whole of the beautiful parable, and the Spirit of God Who had been working in both their hearts caused its hidden meaning to dawn on them. That was the first of many Bible readings by the firelight after the soup and bread were eaten, and **both have yielded hearts and lives to the Lord Jesus Christ.**

To them the parable of the prodigal son was an absolute novelty; to you, it is probably quite familiar, but has it ever raised in your mind the questions that it did in theirs?

What had he done? was the question raised by the remarkable ending of the story. Let the answer be given in the prodigal's own words: **“I have sinned”**: and at once we have a confession which common honesty should put on all our lips. **We have sinned**, possibly in different ways, but we **all** have sinned. The application is perfect. The cap fits each of us. And when the sinner, weary, disillusioned, and

sad, returns homeward to seek the father, another burning question is raised. Did the father receive that wilful son? Why, **yes**, indeed he did. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Much more he did, but for details you must turn to Luke xv and read for yourself. Again let us assure you the application is perfect. If you but turn to God, confessing yourself a sinner and approaching Him through the Lord Jesus Christ, pleading the merits of His atoning sacrifice, you will get just such a gracious reception as is described. You will be forgiven and enfolded in the embrace of God's love. But it cannot be described on paper; you must just turn to God and experience it for yourself.

F. B. H.



LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

[A friend whose father was taken Home not long ago has sent this beautiful testimony to God's goodness, and His sustaining power. We believe it will be a comfort and inspiration to many.—ED.]

MY sister, sitting beside dear father, in his last hours, wrote: "He cannot be long with us now as he is unconscious. No discomfort, very peaceful, just in a deep sleep. I feel he must soon be soaring through the tracts unknown, crossing the Bar, to meet his Pilot face to face, and to hear 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Little mother is so

brave and composed and ready for the parting; they will soon meet again; how wonderful to think of them 55 years together yesterday. He said to mother: 'It should be till death us **re-unite**, we won't have time to miss one another.' It is joy for dearest father. He said so over and over again. He wanted to go. He sent loving messages to you both, and thanks to us all, mentioning us all by name, ending with 'Thank you, **Jesus**.' Again he said, 'Tell them **all** how good is the God we adore. Good-bye everybody.' He has been so patient and sweet and loving, and has had **no** pain, and we are so thankful, only weakness. His greatly precious hymn has been 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' He murmured 'safe' yesterday, and we know he **is**. So we must not grieve too much when he goes. I'm sure darling mother will be upheld by the everlasting arms. She loves the hymn 'Our blest Redeemer, 'ere He breathed His tender last farewell,' and she repeated the whole hymn to me this morning and it comforted her. . . . At 2 p.m. darling father slept peacefully away.

"Till with my latest breath I rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death and life eternal gain."

"We were all there, as the gentle breathing got softer and softer and then ceased. That was all."

Our friend wrote saying, "Don't say he has **gone**; say he has **arrived**."

Another wrote, "The remembrance of Mr. R—— is that of a radiant soul, shining for his Master."

Another sister writes, "How dreadful to sorrow as those having no hope. It is the realization of the joy and happiness and peace of our dear father, who **longed** to meet his Saviour that comforts me so much, for I feel he must be **very** happy, and all life's little difficulties and problems over for him now. It makes heaven seem nearer to know he is there waiting for us all, doesn't it? He has been simply wonderful, never a grumble, so cheerful and pleased with everything. He was only **really** ill one week, and I think had no pain, passing away so peacefully. Underneath are the Everlasting Arms, and they are a loving Father's, and I am sure they are upholding our dearest mother and all of us. I don't know what we should do without that comfort."

B. S. T.

(123)

AT HOME.

One less at home;
The charmed circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place,
But cleansed, and saved, and perfected by grace.
One more in heaven.

One more at home:
That home where separation cannot be;
That home where none are missed eternally.
Lord Jesus grant us all a place with Thee.
One more in heaven. Anon.

The Coming Home.

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

(Concluded.)

“Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.”—MARK v. 19.

The People Are Afraid!

THE people of the place when they see the man sitting calmly at the feet of Jesus, happy and peaceful, are filled with fear. Of what can they be fearful? Not of the man surely, he is quiet enough. Of what then? I will tell you. **They are afraid of the power that had healed him.** And so the world cannot understand some of you people here. You used to get drunk, and the world cannot understand the change in you, and you used to blaspheme, and your old companions cannot understand your praising God. You used to scoff at the people of God, and now you delight in their company. There is a great change in you, and the world cannot understand it. Well, I hope you will all go on puzzling the world until you are out of it altogether. It will be a bad day if ever you are friendly with the world that crucified your Lord, or find your pleasure in a scene stained with His precious blood.

The People's Desire.

The people prefer their swine to Jesus, and so they pray Him to depart from their coasts. **He takes them at their**

word. Friends, is not this solemn? and what a lesson it is for all here this evening! Now what is your thought about Him? Do you love the pleasures of the world better than the Son of God? Do you say this evening, "Depart, Lord Jesus, I do not want Thy salvation"? Now be honest, I bring you face to face with this question. Will you, or will you not accept Jesus as your Saviour? Will you, or will you not believe on Him to the salvation of your soul this night? Answer, and let God hear you. Accept or reject Him now. This is a solemn moment. Heaven is listening to hear whether you will come to Jesus for salvation, or bid Him depart from you. What is that trembling on your lips my friend? Are you asking Christ to save you? Is that a sneer I see passing across your face? Are you spurning God's eternal love? It must be one or the other. God help you to decide for Christ. Suppose the Lord takes you rejectors at your word to-night? Suppose you never have another opportunity of being saved? Will you brave that, and say, "I will take my chance"?

The Desire of the Demons.

The demons make a request to Jesus. It is this, that they may be allowed to enter the swine. The Lord grants this request. What is the result? When the swine become possessed with these demons, immediately they rush down a steep place into the sea, and they are choked in the sea. What a sight! I see them rushing down, two thousand in number, onward and onward down the steep decline, energised by the demons, closer and closer to destruction, until at last they are all destroyed. And I can see you sinners going down, down the broad road that leads to destruction. You drunkard yonder, you are reeling down, and there is death in front of you. You man of pleasure, you are gliding down the steep decline, and there are no pleasures in hell. You are all going **down, down DOWN**. Oh! God what will stop them? A little while, and unless they stop, they will be in the lake of fire. Oh stop! stop! Jesus calls, "Stop!" old man yonder, STOP! young man there! young woman here! STOP! In the Name of God I bid you **stop!** In the Name of Christ I call you back from ruin. Look to Jesus, He does not want you to perish, and He is the only One

Who can snatch you as a brand from the burning. As I see you here, I wonder if you will spend eternity in heaven, or in hell—it must be one or the other. I fancy the devil plays with some of you, like a cat does with a mouse. He lets you go a little way in doing good, you may hear the gospel preached now and then, and turn over a new leaf, and then he gets you back into open sin again. What will become of you? I look to heaven and I say, “Lord Jesus, save these poor sinners here to-night, they are going down, and they are careless and indifferent; save them Lord, and save them now.”

The Desire of Faith.

The man who has been healed by Jesus has a request to make. It is, that he might be **with** Him. Oh! yes, I can understand that. He wants to be with Jesus; that poor simple heart is vibrating beneath the touch of the Son of God, and the music of his life is the Name of Jesus now. I can see him crouching at the feet of Christ, his whole being absorbed with the rapture of His presence. And when you were first saved did you not feel that you would like to be taken to be with Christ at once? You wanted to see His blessed Face, and hear your Saviour's Voice. But the Lord has a message for him to take, and work for him to do, and so He cannot accede to his request.

The Coming Home.

Christ sent him away with these words ringing in his ears, “**Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.**” I see the man rise to go; he looks once more upon the Face of his Deliverer; falls once more before those blessed Feet, and then he goes towards his home. As he passes on, his footsteps quicken to keep pace with his throbbing heart, he has a wondrous tale to tell, and he is longing to make it known. Men and women know him not as he passes on; this man with the calm and shining face passes as a stranger in the city where he dwells; the completeness of his salvation has entirely annulled the terror of the past; he is a new creature.

I see him near his home, his glad eyes shining with a tender light; his lips moving with the tidings that he bears. Has he a wife? we cannot tell, but if so, what a radiant

joy for her, when he reveals himself to her as her husband. Has he children? we do not know; but if so, with what glad delight would they climb on his knees, and gaze, and gaze upon his happy face. He has friends we know, and as they gather round him he tells them the story of his cure. It must have been as some hideous nightmare to him, those terrible days and nights amid the mountains and the tombs; he relates the story of those awful days when he was the plaything of the devil, and the sport of demons. And he tells of the coming of Jesus to the place where he was; and of the mighty, yet gentle Voice that drove the demons out; with kindling eye, suffused with tears, he speaks of the divine rest that flooded his being, when the demons left him; how it was like the rest of Paradise when he sat at the Feet of Jesus; and it was heaven to gaze upon that blessed Face. He tells, and tells again, about his Saviour. I can hear him describe, in broken words, how tenderly the light of compassion shone out from the eyes of Christ, and what rapturous music was that loving Voice to him. He never wearies of his wondrous theme, he will tell the story to all who will listen; the great things the Lord hath done, and the compassion of Christ to him.

And what will you do this evening? Will you go home and tell your friends what great things the Lord hath done for you? Will you set the bells of rapture ringing in your home to-night with the story of the love of God in Christ to you? It will be blessed music if you do. Receive the blessing now, and tell it all over the city to-morrow. Let all men know that you have come to Christ, and have been saved by Him; tell of the power that delivered you from Satan, and gave you rest of soul. Tell of the peace that fills your heart, "the peace of God that passeth all understanding"; tell of the joy of sins forgiven; and tell with untiring tongue of the One Who has done it all—the Christ of God. And now just a word or two in closing on—

The Coming Home of the Sinner.

Come, one and all of you to Christ to-night. Come with your weary heart, and He will give you rest; come with your troubled, burdened, conscience, and He will give you peace. There is no rest to be found on earth; friends fail us,

the world cannot satisfy; the flowers of pleasure, plucked by the eager hand fade almost at the touch; the harp of life has broken strings upon it. Then come to Jesus, and come now. You want a home; you do not want to be an outcast for all eternity. You must come home as a sinner to the Saviour; as a needy one to the One Who can help you; as a bankrupt sinner to a rich and giving Christ; as having nothing to One Who possesses all; as guilty and undone, to One Who pardons and forgives. You must come with eyes of faith to see the living Saviour at God's right Hand; with ears of faith to hear His welcome to you; with a heart of faith to believe unto righteousness, and with lips of faith to confess His blessed Name. Now will you come in this way? You are weak, He wants you to lean on His strength; you can do nothing. He wants you to trust His finished work; will you do this?

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

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

two she was gone; she died with bitter curses against God and herself; with cries for mercy choked with imprecations. "**Lost,**" she exclaimed, "**Too late, I have thrown it away.**"

There was no coming home for her. But you will come, will you not? You will decide for Christ this evening. We are now before God; heaven is bending over you; God's people are around you; Christ is calling—**now** is the accepted time. Beware of the closed door! Beware of the lake of fire! Beware of the endless torment of the lost!

May God the Father be known to you as your Father now! May Christ the Son be acknowledged by you as your Saviour! May the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, shed abroad the love of God in your hearts to-night.—Amen.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

WHAT GOD FORGETS.

"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."—
HEB. x. 17.

MY eyes, responsive to my heart,
With tenderness grow dim,
When soften'd by His loving, I
Consider this of Him—
That He hath said (O gracious lips!
O grace that can fulfil!)
That every labour, every gift,
And cup of water chill,
For others' needs, and in His Name,
He will remember still!

He will remember—He Who guides
The stars along their way,
Who holds the waters in His Hand,
All tireless, night and day
With energy of love and care,
And fills all Time and Space,
For what I do, or try, or bear,
Has time and thought and place!

But hear, my soul, this other word—
He is so great, and yet
Who guides the stars, and all their names
Remembers—can forget!
For when my deepest stains appear,
My sins enormous debts,
He Who remembers faultlessly
The Mighty God—forgets!

NORAH C. ELEY.

THE FORSAKING OF JESUS (see page 135).

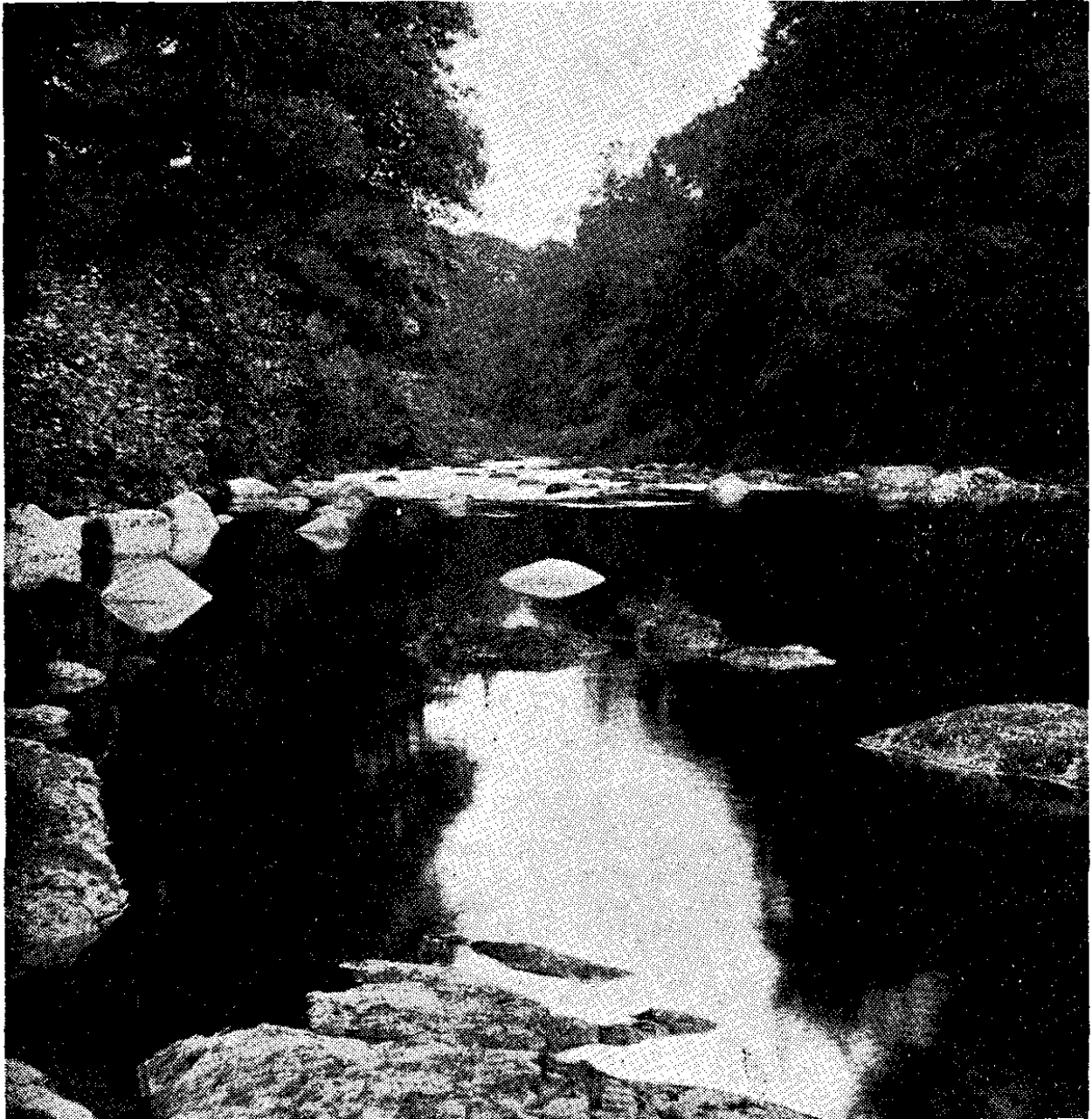
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

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



The Place of Peace (p. 131). *Fox Photos, London.*

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." (PSALM xxiii. 2.)

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Alone with God.

ALONE with Thee, my God! alone with Thee;
Thus would'st Thou have it still—thus let it be.
There is a secret chamber in each mind,
Which none can find
But He Who made it; none beside can know
Its joy or woe.
Oft may I enter it, oppressed by care,
And find Thee there;
Then all Thy righteous dealings shall I see,
Alone with Thee, my God! alone with Thee!

The joys of earth are like a summer's day
Fading away;
But in the twilight we may better trace
Thy wondrous grace.
The homes of earth are emptied oft by death
With chilling breath;
The loved departed guest may ope no more
The well-known door.
Still in the chamber seal'd, Thou'lt dwell with me
And I with Thee, my God! alone with Thee.

The world's false voice would bid me enter not
That hallow'd spot;
And earthly thoughts would follow on the track
To hold me back;
Or seek to break the sacred peace within,
With this world's din.
But by Thy grace, I'll cast them all aside,
Whate'er betide,
And never let that cell deserted be,
Where I may dwell alone, my God, with Thee!

The war may rage! Keep Thou the citadel
And all is well.
And when I learn the fulness of Thy love,
With Thee above,—
When every heart oppress'd by hidden grief
Shall gain relief,—
When ev'ry weary soul shall find its rest
Amid the blest—
Then all my heart from sin and sorrow free,
Shall be a temple meet, my God! for Thee!

(131)

The Place of Peace.

“Surely I have stilled and quieted my soul; like a weaned child with his mother.”—PSALM cxxxi. 2 (R.V.).

THIS little “Psalm of Degrees,” or “of Ascents,” is one of the sweetest and tenderest utterances of faith in the whole Old Testament. From the first of its few words to the last it is the voice of the child of God, deep at rest in the Father’s mother-like arms, and only looking outward to say to others, to Israel, just at the end, “hope in the Lord.” As if the thought were, “Here am I, in the place of peace; it is a good place; the peace that passeth understanding; dear brethren, dear fellow-pilgrim, you cannot too simply, nor too long, trust the Giver of that peace.”

Let us look a little closer at this happy witness to the deep and blissful content to be found within the mighty Hands of God. This possessor of repose indicates to us, in a very instructive way, certain conditions of that repose, which have suggestions of their own for us, full of heart-searching, and of love. We observe at once an allusion to a state which has preceded the present sacred happiness; “I have stilled and quieted my soul.” So the soul, with its consciousness, its emotions, its depths and currents of feeling, had **needed** stilling and quieting. It had been in agitation. A storm had swept it, with a tumult, with strong crying. The present calm had come on by way of a contrast; in some wonderful way, the unrest had heard a voice saying, “**Peace be still,**” and had obeyed. The quiet was heightened by the reminiscence of distress.

Still further, we find an indication of the kind of disturbance which had come—and gone. This is given us in that exquisitely tender simile, “like a weaned child.” The trouble of the weaned child is the trouble of a deprivation; the loss, the unexplained loss, for it is too young to understand explanations, of the sacred sustenance of its new-born life. It is the pain and grief of **having to do without**. And the stillness and the quiet, the silent rest, “the low beginnings of content,” are the results and symptoms of **learning to do without**.

Here is a simple but very fruitful lesson for thee and me, Christian reader. Very various are life’s troubles; but a

large class under that large variety comes to just this, the troubles occasioned by "having to do without." They meet us everywhere. They range from the brightest, the smallest, to the deepest and most dark. Quite possibly your example of the species just now may be a thing in itself very small. It may be the call to do without some innocent pleasure of the hour, an eagerly expected but frustrated holiday, or interview, or visit, or the like. It may be some looked-for letter which the postman will not bring. It may be the schoolboy's, or schoolgirl's, missing of the prize; a pain to parents as well as child.

But then it may be something very much graver in kind and in results. Perhaps you have to "**do without**" health. Some mischief of our mortality has touched you, and you cannot get well. The spring and buoyancy of life are gone, and there has come to you, perhaps, in the place of them, the presence of a stern incessant pain, or what some sufferers know to be even worse, an incessant exhaustion, a chronic inward failure. It seems but yesterday that your step was strong, and your spirits young; to-day you have, for the season at least, to "**do without.**"

Perhaps you have to "**do without**" scenes and surroundings so dear that they seemed to be part of your heart. Your old landscape is in sight no more. If you went now to the familiar and beloved door, you would have to ring the bell.

"Children, not thine, have trod my nursery floor," says the orphan poet to "his Mother's Picture"; realizing afresh what it is to have to do without the dear scenes which cradled life in their love and beauty.

Aye, and for William Cowper, it was not the nursery, after all, but the mother that it was so hard to have to "**do without.**" His immortal elegy over that precious portrait does but put into perfect words the unutterable sighs of numberless hearts which have tasted deep bereavement. You know all about it, you, dear orphan child, and you, childless parent, and you, widowed wife, or husband in your desolation, and you, O friend, to whom the world can never be the same since you have had to "**do without**" that "**half of your soul in the other body,**" Already upon you all has come the skirt of the great shadow, or rather,

perhaps, the heaviest folds of it are wrapt about your heads. You are called to a sore and heavy experience of this mysterious "weaning," this "having to do without."

Beloved friends; experienced in loss, may I point you, with a sort of silence (for print is very quiet), to the loss-stricken Psalmist's testimony? Do we not gather that he had just been called to some mysterious trial, akin to yours, and was just learning to be quiet about it, not to "exercise himself in great matters," seeking to look behind the holy Will of God, and to understand it all before the time? He was just getting a glimpse of the secret blessedness to be found, under certain divine conditions, in "learning to do without." He was tasting a strange sweetness in the cup of grief. Falling back quite simply on a Father's love in the unexplained sorrow, he found himself, he knew not how, getting to rest; not to sleep, but to rest; a rest out of which he could say to others, like one who had a right to say it, "**O Israel, hope in the Lord.**"

One little touch of suggestion tells us where the secret of the blessed change was to be found. He compares his soul to a child weaned, not **from** but "**WITH** his mother." The loss is there. The joy is taken away, and he must do without it. But the **parent** is there, more profoundly, more fondly loving than ever. And that is a guarantee that ultimate happiness lies deep within the sorrow; nay, it has begun already, in the simple consciousness of the beloved presence. And even so it is with the "weaned" mourners and their God, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you" (Isa. lxvi. 13).—By the late Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham.

LITTLE MESSAGES.

THE lark goes up singing towards heaven; but if she stops the motion of her wings, then straightway she falls. So it is with the Christian who prays not. Prayer is the movement of the wings of the soul; it bears one heavenward, but without prayer we sink.

* * * *

Hope sings not like the linnet from the bough, but like the lark soaring as she sings, and giving forth the richest song when nearest heaven.

Man is born with his hands clenched; he dies with his hands wide open. Entering life, he desires to grasp everything; leaving the world, all that he possessed has slipped away.

* * * *

It is a great mercy to enjoy the gospel of peace, but a greater to enjoy the peace of the gospel.

* * * *

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His Word thy steadfastness,
So shall thy work be done.

—LUTHER.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.

Blessing: Even When "Under a Cloud."



ALL Christians, at one time or another, are "under the cloud," and often it is dark and heavy. To such I venture to hand on these thoughts, which are true of nearly all clouds:—

1. It is the sun itself that draws the moisture from the earth, which forms the clouds, and when they melt in rain, every patch of **prepared** ground will share in the blessing of the shower.

2. If it were not for the clouds, the sun could not repeat the promise of the rainbow.

3. It is on the clouds that the sun paints its richest splendours.

Has it not been so with the cloud and sunshine of your life? It will be so again if your heart is prepared and your eyes are open to see: then you will find that even the clouds are full of blessing.

UNITUS.

(135)

**“ MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU
FORSAKEN ME? ”**

The believer's answer :—

“ But He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.

“ All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.”
—ISAIAH liii. 5-6.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
THE FORSAKING OF JESUS.

1.—Psalm xxii.

“ My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? ”

THIS cry of the Lord Jesus proclaiming His abandonment upon the Cross is in the very words of the opening of Psalm xxii. It may well be meant to draw our attention to the fact that the whole Psalm is a prophetic utterance, belonging to no one till He came. Being come, His are the only lips to which they can be fitted as His Own proper utterance, and His at one awful hour only. We know that He fulfilled the Word of God, not in disregard of it like the enemies who pierced His hands and His feet (Psalm xxii. 16), nor unconsciously like His disciples who only remembered long afterwards that their Hosannas acclaiming the lowly Jesus King of Israel (John xii. 16) precisely agreed with the things written of Him in the Old Testament. No, the blessed Lord Jesus was completely conscious all the time of fulfilling that Word. It was hidden in His heart, and even provided the motive beforehand for Him Who only could say, “ Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God ” (Heb. x. 7). **Because** it said in another Psalm (lxix. 21), “ In My thirst they gave Me vinegar to drink,” He said aloud, “ I thirst,” so that this last remaining detail might be accomplished as it had been foretold (John xix. 28, 29). It was the same consciousness, holy and obedient, when, forsaken of God, He acknowledged Psalm xxii as being thus fulfilled. It was this while expressing the absolute truth of what He was enduring. Perhaps the thought of many is correct (though we cannot know) that the Lord prayed the rest of Psalm xxii in silence in that sacrificial agony.

If the answer to that, Why? were of no interest to us,

what thankless wretches we should be ! When this Psalm, and other similar portions of Scripture regarding the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow were only unfulfilled predictions, the very prophets who uttered them, and of course also their successors, were diligent to search when, and how all these things should come to pass (1 Peter i. 10-12). They were rewarded by being shown that these things concerned grace and salvation not then come, but surely to be. How might such an one have sought the answer to the " Why " of this Psalm?

No contrition or cry for mercy.

He might have remarked that there is no cry for **mercy** in it, and no confession of **sin**. Both might be expected out of such depths from a pious suppliant. They are found in other Psalms, such as xxxi (vv. 9, 10). Where consciousness of sin is, calamity will always bring it out in cries of deadly fear or penitence. Even true and faithful saints of God, when in trial, know they need mercy and ask for it. Nothing like this is in the long petition before us, the secret being that no one like this ever prayed before—He is the Holy One of God. Perhaps we are outrunning our searcher.

Supplication without ceasing.

Questioning in his heart, the enquirer might have proceeded—was it that the Sufferer did not turn to God and ask of Him, or in doing so lacked faith and importunity (Isa. lxiv. 7; ix. 13; Hosea vii. 7, 10)? The answer could only be, No ! for verses 1 and 2 of the Psalm testify the intensity and perseverance of the Sufferer's supplications. All the agony of His soul found vent for the ears of God in the **words of His roaring**. He prayed not in spirit only. Nor did He desist : " I cry in the daytime, but Thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent." Not for want therefore of stirring up Himself to take hold of God was the face of God hidden.

God's Name honoured with whole heart.

Was it that, like Job, the Sufferer charged God with being His enemy and unjust, or less righteous than Himself? (Job xxxiii. 10, 11; xxxiv. 5; xxxv. 2). Again, No. For at verse 3 He says, " But Thou art holy," and adds a testimony to the unfailing faithfulness of God in days gone by (vv. 4, 5).

THE FORSAKING OF JESUS.

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When His thoughts return to Himself in presence of the holiness of God, He says not, like Job when at last broken in spirit, "I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes" (Job. xl. ii. 6). He can confess nothing within His heart abhorrent to Himself, or obnoxious to His God, but only His abasement "I am a worm, and no man" (v. 6). He is despised, yet without resentment or rebellion, enduring in meekness and lowliness of heart, harmless, unresisting and content to be of no reputation. Weakness is there and reproach, but altogether apart from indwelling or committed sin.

Unmoved faithfulness.

Could it be that the Sufferer had Himself deserted the service of God like Jonah, and for this found Himself "cast into the deep," "out of Thy sight" (Jonah ii. 3, 4)? Still No! That could not be: His plaint is, that while laughed to scorn by His enemies for His confessed trust in God, His God Himself forsakes Him. Though enemies see only a cruel jest in it all, they themselves are witnesses to His habitual trust and delight in God (Psalm xxii. 7, 8). That trust is unshaken even in this sorest of sore trials.

Perfect patience.

Did God then forsake Him because, under severest test, He broke down, like Moses, in impatience with other's perversity, or, like Job and Jeremiah, in His ordeal cursed His day (Job iii.; Jerem. xx. 14-18)? A thousand times, no! His God is His portion and His praise; He remembers the day of His birth (v. 9), but not to curse either it or the bearer of the tidings of it. On the contrary, He acknowledged His God then and thenceforward, and pleads His Own life-long, unintermittent trust. God is His only hope, yet He prays for no hurt to His enemies. Keenest insight into their character is nevertheless His, and holy sensitiveness to their antagonism, more than any other could possess, especially at such a time. He feels righteously, not like Zechariah (2 Chr. xxiv. 22) to pray, "The Lord look upon it, and require it," but to suffer under the infliction, awaiting God's deliverance.

Unweary in Well-doing.

Was the Sufferer forsaken because He tired of the service of God, or hated life, longing to die like Elijah (1 Kings xix.

4)? Or because utterly broken by pain, He regarded death as an escape like Job (vii. 16; x. 1)? No, no! Though the acute sense of His Own physical and mental agony (Ps. xxii. 14, 15) spares Him as little as His piercing perception of others wickedness, yet His faith cries, "Thou hast brought me into the dust of death," even as it had already said, "Thou art He that took me out of the womb." Although confessing Himself "a worm, and no man," yet He does not lightly esteem His life, His soul; it is His darling His only one. He prays, "Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dog" (v. 20). For **this** faith there is no table spread in the presence of His enemies; He is their prey and there is none to help. Such a Servant might surely claim, "By this I know that Thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me" (Ps. xli. 11). Yet, why comes no help from His God, appealed to with such powerful motives for His intervention? Only the mocking of His foes seems to answer.

Forsaken, yet afterwards heard.

This suffering could hardly have appeared to be anything but death, even to those of old who sought its meaning. "The dust of death," "the power of the dog," "the lion's mouth"—these phrases all too plainly describe the infliction and suffering of death at the hand of foes, and not a narrow escape from death. None the less, it is just as clear that the Sufferer is heard, but it is "from the horns of the wild oxen" (v. 21, R.V.), confirming that the enemy's power was exerted to its full extent.

But why forsaken?

The question would still remain. "Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto this Man?" "What meaneth the heat of this great anger?" (See Deut. xxix. 24-28). Israel, referred to in these quotations, was "forsaken" in another way for forsaking the Lord and His covenant and turning to the worship of false gods. Only sin could account for God forsaking, yet where was it in Psalm xxii? As to the Sufferer, all the tokens pointed to His perfection. Did Isaiah supply the answer? He spoke of the Servant of God, bruised for others' iniquities, stricken for His people's transgression. Also, He was to be despised and

rejected of men. "He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth" . . . "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief: when Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand. He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied" (Isaiah liii. 3, 7, 10, 11).

Here is One, bruised and put to grief by the pleasure of the Lord, yet afterwards triumphant, and the pleasure of the Lord prospering in His hand. It can **only** be the Messiah, God's King and Son (Ps. ii. 6, 7, 12), Who through death should be shown the path of life (Ps. xvi. 10, 11), that is, Who should rise from the dead, and sit at the right hand of Jehovah, a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek (Ps. cx. 1, 4).

T. D.

THE PRISONER OF GLATZ.



IN a narrow opening of a chain of mountains in Upper Silesia, through which the wild River Neisse has forced itself a passage to the Oder, rises the impregnable Prussian fortress of Glatz. Scarcely with an equal in the world in natural strength, by virtue of the wall of mountain peaks which encircle it, man's art has still more strengthened it. Besides, the valley itself is so separated from the rest of the world, that the man who finds himself shut up behind the thick walls and iron bars of the castle is as much exiled from the world as if he were buried alive. Woe to the prisoner of Glatz: everything says to him, "There is no hope, no hope for thee."

In the first years of the nineteenth century, the fortress held a prisoner of high birth, the Count of M——, formerly fêted and admired in the world, now hopeless behind those bolts and bars, condemned to solitary imprisonment for life for high treason against Frederick William III of Prussia.

For a whole year he lived in this dreadful dungeon, without a ray of hope to lighten his soul. He was a sceptic. The only Book which had been left him was a **Bible**. For a long time he would not open it, and, when **forced** to it, so to speak, to kill time and forget the loneliness which consumed him, it was with a feeling of anger, and motions of impatience against the God Whom it revealed.

But the bitter "chastening"—that blessed instrument which has served to bring many a soul to the Good Shepherd—bore its fruit with the Bible, the more he realised the Hand of God upon his lost and desolate soul.

On a dismal November night, a storm was howling around the fortress: the rain fell in torrents, and the Neisse, swelling and raging, hurried along the valley. The Count, stretched on his couch, could not sleep—for the storm which swept his soul was no less than the one that swept the castle. His whole life of sin had risen before him, and he saw that **forgetfulness of God** was the root of it all.

For the **first** time, his heart grew tender, and his eyes filled with tears of repentance. Then, rising to his feet, he opened his Bible, and in the Fiftieth Psalm read these words: "**Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.**" They reached the depths of his soul, and, falling upon his knees he sought God's mercy.

Is it needful to say he found it? Could the God Who loved sinners enough to give His only Son for them, ever turn a deaf ear to the cry of one of them in need? In this case, as in many others, He even gave more than was sought for: the prisoner sought mercy for his soul, and God added to it further mercy and deliverance.

That night, in his palace at Berlin, Frederick William, in great suffering, was seeking in vain for a little rest. Utterly exhausted, he asked God to grant him one hour of refreshing sleep. His prayer was granted; and when he woke up, he said to his wife, the generous Louise, "God has been so merciful to me that I have reason to be thankful. **Who is**

the man in my kingdom that has most offended me? I will forgive him."

"The Count of M——, who is at Glatz," answered the Queen.

"You are right : let him be free."

Before the sun had risen upon Berlin the morning of that night, a messenger had started bearing with him the freedom of the prisoner of Glatz.

Thus it is the Good Shepherd works to gather His sheep to Himself. He works quietly, in spite of all difficulties, and beyond all power to oppose; so that the soul which He has delivered can say, "This is of God."

The heart of the poor Count was harder to open than the gates of Glatz. Both cried alike, "**No hope! No hope!**" but in **one** night **both** had to yield to the loving Power that was at work. That the purpose of God to bring to Himself this rebellious man might be accomplished, He had to let him be shut within these dismal walls, there to break his proud will. This done, all is now easy, circumstances may now be changed, to his good, and they are accordingly changed, though not a whit more according to love than those before.

Oh that men would believe and learn the true character of God, and cease from that enmity which blinds them, and keeps them shut up within walls worse than the walls of Glatz!

Is the surgeon a cruel man because he must reach the root of the disease? Shall we refuse to be searched to the core by the eye of God, and to be brought down upon our faces at the feet of Jesus to be washed from our sins? Nay, but—

**"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come."**



CAN YOU NAME ME?

I NEVER was guilty of a wrong action; but on my account lives have been lost, trains have been wrecked, ships have gone down at sea, cities have burned, battles have been lost, and governments have failed.

I never struck a blow nor spoke an unkind word; but because of me, homes have been broken up, friends have grown cold, the laughter of children has ceased, wives have shed bitter tears, brothers and sisters have forgotten, and fathers and mothers have gone broken-hearted to their graves.

I have intended no evil; but because of me, talents and genius have come to naught, courtesy and kindness have failed, and the promise of success and happiness has yielded sorrow and disaster.

I have no colour except black, no sound but just my silence, no cause for being myself, no progeny except grief and disaster. You may not on the instant call me by name, but surely you are personally acquainted with me. I am **Neglect**.

In addition to all of the above things, I confess that I am causing you to refrain from activity in the most important thing in your life, the salvation of your precious soul!

The Lord Jesus Christ finished the work necessary for your salvation on Calvary's Cross. Judgment was poured out upon Him. His precious Blood was shed for many, for the remission of sins. He has been raised from among the dead and is now seated on the right hand of the Throne of the Majesty in the Heavens.

You have heard the Gospel message over and over again. Even now the Saviour's invitation: "Come unto me" is ringing in your ears. You never intend to be eternally lost. You expect to be saved some day, and you entertain thoughts of being with and like the Saviour for all eternity.

But I am holding you back. I am preventing you from definitely deciding to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. If I continue to do so until the Messenger of Death calls you, it will be forever too late for you to be saved—you will perish.

It remains to be seen whether or not you are going to break the hold which I have upon you. After hearing my honest confession, and listening to my faithful warning, are you going to remain negligent? There is one way by which I may be overcome; that is by immediate, definite action. The power and opportunity are yours. Act now!

"How shall we escape, if we **neglect** so great salvation;

which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him." (Heb. ii. 3).

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Prov. xxvii. 1).

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold NOW is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2).

"Choose you **this** day."

T. M. O.

THE REFINER OF SILVER.

A SHORT time ago, at an evening entertainment, the subject of conversation turned upon that part of our Lord's character, described in the third chapter of the prophet Malachi:—"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

To ascertain the precise application of this figure it was agreed that one of the party should call upon a silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. He went accordingly, and without telling the object of his errand, requested to know from him the process of refining silver, which he fully described. "But, sir," said the enquirer, "do you sit while the work of refining is going on?" "Oh yes," replied the silversmith, "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured."

At once the enquirer saw the beauty, and the comfort, too, of the expression, "He shall **sit** as a refiner and a purifier of silver."

Christ sees it needful to put His children into the furnace, but He is seated by the side of it; His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and His wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered. As the enquirer was leaving the shop, the silversmith called him back, and said he had still further to mention, that he only knew when the process of refining was complete by seeing his own image reflected in the silver. Beautiful figure! When Christ sees His own image in His people His work of purifying is accomplished!

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THE REFINER'S FIRE.

HE sat by a furnace of sevenfold heat,
As He watched by the precious ore:
And closer He bent, with a searching gaze,
As He heated it more and more.

He knew He had ore that could stand the test;
And He wanted the finest gold—
To mould as a crown for the King to wear,
Set with gems of a price untold.

So He laid our gold in the burning fire,
Though we fain would have said Him nay;
And He watched the dross that we had not seen
As it melted and passed away.

Then the gold grew brighter and yet more bright;
But our eyes were dim with tears,
We saw but the fire—not the Master's Hand,
And questioned with anxious fears.

Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow,
Till it mirrored a Form above,
That bent o'er the fire, unseen by us,
With looks of ineffable love.

Can we think that it pleases His loving heart
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah! no, but He saw through the present cross
The bliss of eternal gain.

So He waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that was strong and sure;
And His gold did not suffer a whit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure.

“When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.”—JOB xxiii. 10

THE FORSAKING OF JESUS (Part II) (see page 132).

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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

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



"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."—PSALM xlvi. 1, 2.

"The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters."—PSALM xciii. 4.

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Sorrow's Diadem.

" Learn to suffer without complaining."

(Some of the Emperor Frederick's last words.)

" L EARN to suffer!" 'Tis a lesson that the life does well to know,
Though the heart may beat in sadness, and the clouds may
hover low;

The iron crown of suffering may press the weary head,
And cypress hang about the path our faltering footsteps tread.

" Learn to suffer!" 'Tis a glory that shall shine about the strife;

" Learn to suffer!" 'Tis a triumph that shall sanctify the life;

" Learn to suffer!" for life's leading strings are in the Hands of love;
And those who weep in sackcloth here shall walk in white above.

" Learn to suffer!" Yes, He calls me to tread the valley dim,

The mists around me rising, but I love to follow Him;

I pass the grave of many a hope, the scene of many a prayer,

And where the fount of tears has flowed, I've been with Jesus there.

I pass through many a shadow, to the golden gates beyond;

Through the sense of human weakness, to the triumph of the strong;

Through the storm of life's wild ocean, to the quiet haven Home;

Through the busy hours of labour, to the rest of labour done.

My King once bowed His lowly Head, and laid His sceptre by,

And for the Kingly raiment His, wore our humanity;

His footsteps mark this desert scene, where thorns and briars grow

A stranger in a hostile world, where few His glory know.

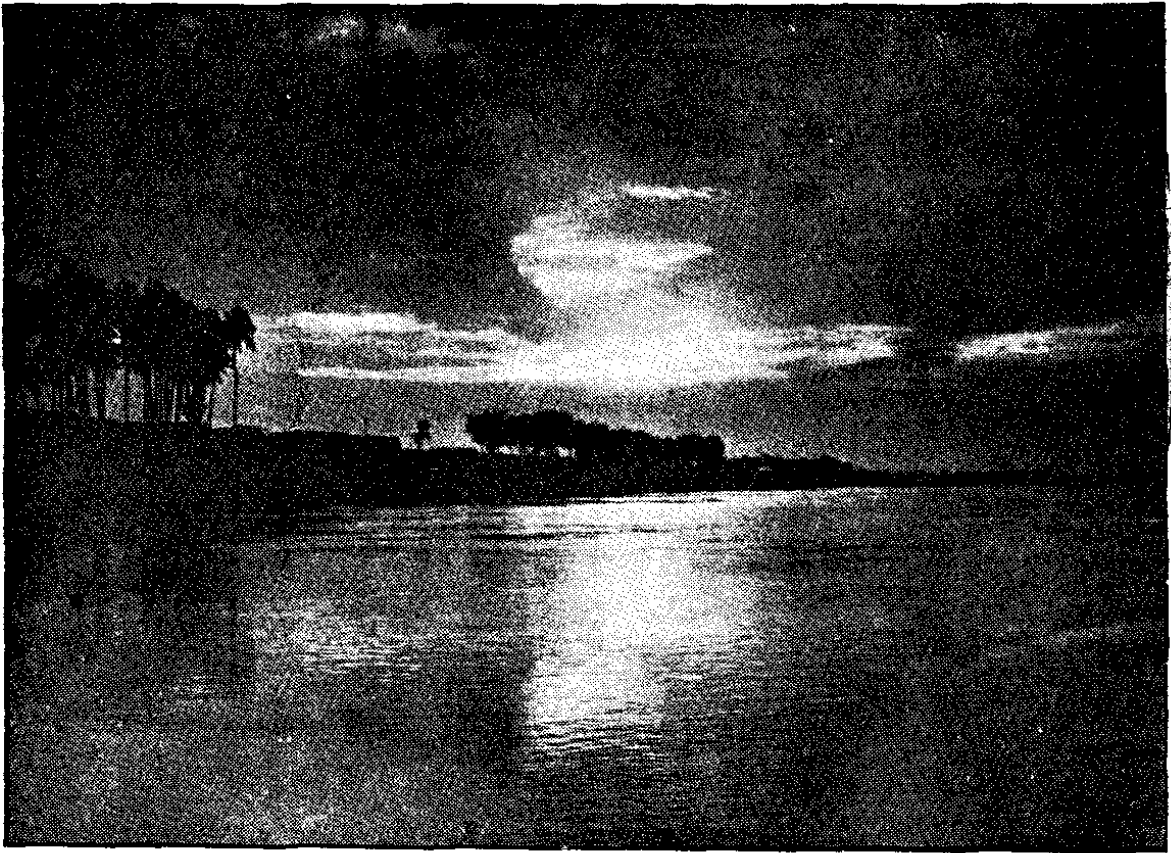
My Lord! I bear Thy blessed Name, and I will bear Thy cross,

And in a world that cast Thee out, I count its gain my loss;

And I would learn to suffer here, and more like Jesus be—

And where the " Man of sorrows " wept, His blest companion be.

H. W.



“ And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still, . . . And there was a great calm.”—MARK iv. 39.

“ PEACE, BE STILL.”

YES, the waves rose high; the winds were blowing fiercely. Around those trembling disciples the shades of night had fallen, and amid the starless gloom, the voice of the storm seemed a voice of death. Tossed high upon those boiling seas, then sinking low in the trough of the deep, their little bark seemed to them fated to destruction, and in the very jaws of death.

But the sleeping Christ was there. The wearied One had laid down His Head in the hinder part of the ship, rocked by the white hands of the storm to sleep. They arouse Him; with eyes that have drunk in terror from the scene around, they gaze upon Him, and with pale lips they cry in agony, “ **Master, carest Thou not that we perish?**”

He arose, gazed for one moment on the troubled scene, and rebuked the wind that roared around them. At His

132 "MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?"

command the storm was hushed. "Peace, be still," He said, and every wave sunk down to rest before Him.

Then amid the silence of the calm He said to them: "Where is your faith?" and they cannot answer; but as they gaze around on quiet skies and restful seas, and then upon the face of Christ they say, "What manner of Man is this, that even the wind and the waves obey Him?"

But is it so with you, sinner, in this world of sin? The storm is raging round you: and the voices of the storm declare, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." You are in the darkness, tossed about in your frail bark upon the sea of life, and "ready to perish." Have you ever recognized the presence of Christ near you? Have you really appealed to Him for help? "Lord, save me or I perish!" What should you do if you were left alone for judgment? He Who is here and made known by the Holy Ghost, will one day leave this scene, and take His Own with Him; and then there will be no Voice to whisper "Peace, be still," however high the storm may rise. There will be no eye to pity then, and no arm to save. Now is the time to look to Christ. Are you afraid? He says to you to-day as He did of old to His disciples, "Where is your faith?" Do you feel your position as a sinner? Do you recognize His power to save you? **Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.**

My God, My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?

(PSALM xxii. 1.)

(PART II.)

"THIS day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears" (Luke iv. 21). Yes, in due time, Messiah came. From that day in Nazareth onward, the things written of old concerning Him continued being fulfilled—seen and heard in the life of the Lord Jesus.

No work is left undone

Of all the Father willed;

His toil, His sorrows, one by one

The Scriptures have fulfilled.

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At length, He is led to the cross. Nails have pierced His hands and feet. In the midst of the assembly of the wicked, He is their scorn and derision. Rude hands have stripped off His clothing; rude eyes stare upon Him. His garments are divided among the soldiers crucifying Him, to every soldier a part. For His seamless body coat they cast lots; it is too good to be torn. The words of mockery that assail Him are the very words of Ps. xxii. 8:—

"He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him; for He said, I am the Son of God. The thieves also, which were crucified with Him, cast the same in His teeth. Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?' that is to say, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'" (Matt. xxvii. 43-46).

How oppressively the minutes of those three hours of darkness must have weighed on the crowd, while fear grew as to what it could portend. Anxiety must have been felt by every bystander at the cross, and by every inhabitant of Jerusalem. What general relief came when light returned! It was then about the ninth hour, that Jesus cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

The darkness was not a portent, it was a token. No presage of coming evil, but the only sign given to uncomprehending men of judgment executed then and there. As night invaded noonday, so all "horror of great darkness," "outer darkness," closed in upon Him Who is Light. The darkness was a veil to strike with awe those who were outside of, but so near to, the hidden dealings of the sanctuary not made with hands. The darkness passed: another veil, that of the temple was rent. The earthly house of God was left desolate, the heavenly one for ever opened. The redeeming work of the Son of God was finished.

Was it only Martyrdom?

Lest we miss what is peculiar to the atoning death of the Lord Jesus, and fall into the error that His was only a martyr's death, let us recall some who braved death as witnesses, noting how differently from Him they bore themselves. Nebuchadnezzar put the three companions of Daniel

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into the furnace of fire. Free from concern for themselves, and full of courage, they go forward to death. They are preserved; one like the Son of God walks with them in the fire; they emerge scathless (Dan. iii. 27). Daniel himself maintains a courtier's demeanour even in the den of lions; better still, a living and understanding faith is in his heart. He knew why they did not hurt him, " forasmuch as before Him (my God) innocency was found in me " (Dan. vi. 22).

Stephen's joy is unclouded in face of death, or rather in full view of an opened heaven. There were no terrors for him then. His was a peace steadfast and unfluctuating, while enemies surrounded, reviled, and stoned him (Acts vii).

Paul's anticipations of death were triumphant: he sees nothing but joy in being " offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith " (Philipp ii. 17).

The Lord Jesus, on the other hand, is sore amazed and very heavy, full of anguish of soul, praying if it were possible to be spared. Spared what? In this cry, which we are considering, is the answer. He is forsaken by God in His death. This is without parallel, and marked Him out as Sin-Bearer just as clearly as His resurrection declared Him to be Son of God.

" The curse causeless shall not come " (Prov xxvi. 2).

It was His glory to glorify God, and proclaim the Name of the Father. The zeal of God's house consumed Him. Sin and rebellion are the cause of all forsaking by God; **why** then is His Holy One forsaken? His trust in God is so well known as to be the subject of mockery in this very hour. Nothing in God has failed; nothing in Christ Himself has brought down wrath. Nothing could have produced that effect even in His case, but that one cause. Forsaking was the effect, sin the cause. That " exceeding bitter cry," has only one possible explanation, " [God] hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him " (2. Cor. v. 21). Yet nothing could have brought righteous judgment into action, but His perfect suitability as the Victim, the Lamb of God without spot or blemish, and His being on the altar in compliance with every particular of the will of God. He had respect to Jesus, offering Himself. On Him the fire from heaven, the searching, unrelenting wrath of God, fell. Therein God

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glorified His own Name, even as He did in Elijah's day. It was at the same ninth hour when Elijah's sacrifice was in the same fashion distinguished; his typically, Christ as the one true Propitiation for eternal redemption. And in the temple the evening sacrifice was burning.

The forsaking for a measurable time.

The darkness came and passed. It lasted three hours. We do not know if the forsaking exactly coincided as to its duration, but we know it had its period. Before and after we may view Him in the sunshine of His Father's love. Before, He prayed, “ Father forgive them,” and dispensed mercy to the dying thief. Afterwards, but first announcing, “ **It is finished,**” He committed His spirit to His Father. When He had delivered up His spirit, there was no suffering more. He was “ in paradise,” the paradise of God, and “ this day,” little of it as there was left.

We may not compare the eternity of a **creature's** banishment with that forsaking, only once and for a brief time, of the **Son of God**. Let us rather consider that He, Who created all, died for those whom He created. He, Who suffered is **the Eternal**, the fountain of life and light and grace for men. For **Him** to be forsaken at all, meant atonement beyond computation, **eternal** redemption. Time measures cannot define the incalculable worth of **His** obedience to death, Who is the Word made flesh in order that, as Man for men, He might offer Himself a sacrifice for sin.

The forsaking real, not mistakenly supposed.

Many have the unhallowed idea that, in the hour of His woe, the Lord Jesus felt Himself to be forsaken, when, in reality, it was not so. Others might misconceive the attitude of God towards them, and especially in deep trouble, but never He Who dwelt in His bosom and knew Him as none other could. The dishonouring thought referred to would make Him inferior to His followers, which cannot be. It would pronounce the sent One of God at fault, where those who look to Him for salvation have triumphed. How can faith entertain for a moment such a thought of Him Who is the Truth? Not merely speaks truth, but **is** it—which means that His being, behaviour, and actions, as well as

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words, and in all circumstances, are truth, pregnant and precise, spread before us in these varied forms. This cry of abandonment was no exception. He was drinking the cup offered in Gethsemane. It was the cup of wrath against sin. He could never desire it nor feel anything but shrinking from it, else He would not be holy. He could not refuse it, or He would be disobedient. And it was His glory as the Sacrifice to be most holy and obedient, even unto the death on the cross. He could not dash that cup away, or His love would not be satisfied. So He must **suffer**. In His sufferings His soul registered (may we say?) wholly true impressions of the attitude of His God toward Him.

The suffering was infinite.

"Through the eternal Spirit [He] offered Himself, without spot, to God" (Heb. ix. 14). "When Thou shalt make **His soul** an offering for sin" (Isa. liii. 10). The first of these inspired statements is made in contrasting His offering with that of dumb beasts led to the altar. Christ willingly offered Himself. In what perfect communion of purpose with God He moved on to do His will in suffering for sinners, full of understanding and might through the eternal spirit! Only of **one** Man could it appropriately be said, "through the **eternal** Spirit." The self-offering after this manner of the Man Christ Jesus, Who is **the Eternal**, surpassed all finite values. This occurs in a context where the teaching is based on the visible details of sacrifice, that is, the body and blood, as familiar to Hebrew readers. The second quotation, however, is taken from a context where these details are not mentioned, though plainly the language of sacrifice is there. He pours out **His soul** unto death; He shall see of the travail of **His soul**; though He is Jehovah's perfect Servant, His delight, His Arm, "yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise Him" . . . to "make **His soul** an offering for sin."

In communion with God He had always felt, as God, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the tragedy of death. He had wept at Lazarus' grave, and over a rebellious Jerusalem. This holy concord was unbroken up to the act of "giving Himself." But in His abandonment there was a total breach of all communion with God. What travail

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it must have been for **His soul** to be made sin, treated in judgment as the abominable thing itself that God hated. The spotlessness of His soul, His love of the Father, His willing obedience of spirit, His divine and infinite goodness opposed to evil, His full knowledge of its depths, His Own precious and inviolable excellence—in a word, all within Him, combined to weight the agony beyond the endurance of any but Himself.

All **other** hours were suffused with joy, "His joy," though sorrow mingled, for He was in fellowship with the Father and passing through those hours dispensing the Father's grace to save and bless the lost. But in **this** hour, and in that place of judgment, there were no others to be pitied or helped. In this hour there was none to pity **Him** or help; He was bearing our sins in His Own Body on the tree (1 Pet. ii. 24); alone, "made sin" by God on account of Whom He lived (John vi. 57). The obedience that had always been joy and communion to Him brought Him to this hour when sorrow was overwhelming and solitude absolute, by which all solid and eternal blessing was to be secured for sinners whom He had hitherto served in every way but this. **Then** God's attitude towards sin was God's attitude towards Him, utterly cut off. In this lay all the bitterness and horror. The **sight of sin** and of its lesser consequences was always grief to Him; what was His Own **bearing** of it, and all its full demerits and the resulting wrath from God?

It is impossible for sinners fully to understand and sympathize with a sinless experience in **any** circumstances. How then can they judge of the experience of uncorrupted and incorruptible holiness in **these** circumstances—judge, that is, of the sufferings of the Holy One of God in the hour when He made expiation for sin? None can **know**; one can only **learn** somewhat of it as a believing listener to His words.

The holiness of the Victim.

His offering was sinless as righteousness required. May we not say it was more? God Himself was not more holy than the Victim. Christ's holy abhorrence of sin matched that of the throne. In Him was an infinite capacity of holy sensibility, to realize in suffering as a Man, under God's Hand,

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all that God could inflict which was expressive of His nature and antagonism against sin. In the type, the oblation was "most holy" by divine ordinance, for He was most holy before Whom it was offered (Lev. vi. 17, 25; Isa. vi. 3); in the antitype it was so **in reality** as well. God be praised for our most holy Kinsman-Redeemer.

The severity of the infliction.

Blessedness in the highest ruled even on earth in the fellowship of the Father and the Son. Yet nothing of divine wrath against sin was spared the Man Christ Jesus. Had He had been sin personified, no deadlier cup could have been given Him than that which He drank. Let our own conscience say what was it **only** that could come between to cause Jesus to say, Why hast **Thou** forsaken **Me**? The absoluteness and infinity of that breach derive from who the Persons were, and what the burden was. Sin laid upon His own Son came before the holy God for judgment. God inflicting, Christ suffering, so that we may say (and how great is the mystery!) all the cost was **His Own**. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). God was **glorified** as to sin in pouring out all His abhorrence of it, so that He who was one with Him tasted all the bitterness of the cup He mixed. Neither their most blessed relationship, nor Christ's intrinsic and ineffable human merit brought any alleviation. Judgment is **ever** God's strange work; what was it **then**?

What are we to learn from His question, Why?

The question, Why hast Thou forsaken Me? spoken from the lips of Him Who is the truth, is in its interrogative form, as well as in its substance, a perfect expression of the truth. It proclaimed the real feelings of His soul. Though its form is a question, it is not an enquiry the answer to which was unknown to Him. For when the Greeks approached wishing to see Him (John xii. 20-27), His soul was troubled, His prayer arose to be saved from "this hour." Yet He added, "But for this cause came I unto this hour." He had explained "this cause" as being that the Son of Man should be glorified, falling as a corn of wheat into the

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ground and dying, so as to bring forth much fruit. That there was no other way is enforced by the word "Except," thus confirming the inevitableness of death for Him Who came to save sinners, and death in such wise as should be burden and horror to His holy soul. **"Except a corn of wheat . . . die, it abideth alone."**

As in the festal throng by day, so in Gethsemane in that dreadful night in which He was betrayed. "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt" (Matt. xxvi. 39). The same shrinking of holiness from bearing sin, the same submission to the suffering necessary for our salvation are there. Enlargement in the narrative is forbidden by the spirit of holiness, but the words "this hour," "this cause," "this cup," interpret one another. They disclose fully and clearly how well He knew that He should be forsaken and why.

To God, an irresistible appeal.

A question is often used as an appeal or entreaty to God as may be seen again and again in the Psalms. Ps. lxxiv. 1, for instance, in the interrogative form makes the same plea in substance as Ps. lx. 1, and further illustrates that the question was not one to which the answer was unknown. The Holy One of God in the unique circumstances of substitutionary and atoning suffering cries, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Is not this Why? an appeal to infinite Holiness, wrung from His soul in these unfathomable depths; expressing His consciousness, in a way most holy, of the proper unnaturalness and absolute incongruity of that forsaking, Why hast **THOU** forsaken **ME**? More—did it not demand an answer (and was He not always heard, even from the horns of the unicorns)? Was it not the predicted form, the only form in which He could pray under **that** load? Was it not in spirit and essence the same prayer as He uttered in presence of the Greeks, "Father glorify Thy name," and after the paschal supper, "Father the hour is come, glorify Thy Son"? May we not say reverently that its poignancy and agony put eternal holiness to the challenge? To its urgency the Father, straightway answered. Only, the Scriptures must be fulfilled. Christ's heart sought His Father's word. Though the answer might

be delayed and to men inaudible, it came to Him. What an answer it was! Why? "Because Thou has borne sins that they may be purged away. Thou hast been forsaken that none of those I have given Thee may be lost; that those for whom Thou hast requested may be redeemed and sanctified; that in resurrection Thou mightest be Captain of their salvation."

The appeal to you.

Inasmuch as the question was uttered in the hearing of men, was it not an appeal to their conscience, too? Have you sought an answer? Reader, look to the Lord Jesus in prayer, believing, taking with you words and saying, Thou wast forsaken of God, as only Thou couldst be, for sin. Yet sin, Lord, not Thine, but mine. I went astray like a lost sheep, Jehovah laid on Thee my iniquity.

Payment God will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's Hand,
And then again at mine.

T. D.

TWO PAIRS OF FETTERS.

WHEN a fierce war once raged in India between the British and Tippoo Sahib, several English officers were taken captive and put in chains. One of the officers was a grey-headed veteran, another a young man named Baird who had been badly wounded and was very weak. As the native officer brought in the fetters the aged soldier said: "You will never put these upon a wounded man?"

"There are just as many fetters as prisoners, and all must be worn," replied the conqueror. "Then," said the brave officer, "put two pairs on me." Which was done. Wonderful to relate, Baird lived to get free and retake the city, while his kind reliever died in prison, died virtually to set his wounded comrade free.

A noble act. But was it not more noble of our Saviour to bear, not one fetter, but **all** the fetters, yea, all the sins which fettered us, in His own body on the tree (1 Peter ii. 24): when "He was wounded for our transgressions, He

A DOCTOR'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

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was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed " (Isa. liii. 5)? Baird did not have to wear the fetters when his substitute had them on. So if you look to Jesus and see Him putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, dying the Just One for you, the unjust, like Saul, the chief of sinners, you will be able to say, " The Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me " (Gal. ii. 20). Rest not till you are able to declare, " He took my place and died for me."

(EXTRACTED.)



A DOCTOR'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

BEFORE entering publicly my profession as physician I was engaged as assistant in a hospital. In such a place one gets acquainted with a great deal of human suffering. But amidst these things the precious fruit, produced alone by the Christian faith, is also to be seen.

This was nothing new to me, for in the earliest days of my youth I had had opportunity to see such fruit, and especially in the life of my dear mother. She had been a godly, pious woman, quite often telling me of the Saviour, and many times I had been a witness of her wrestling in prayer for my soul's salvation.

But nothing had made a deep impression upon me. The older I grew,

the more wicked I became.

For the God of my mother I did not care in the least, but rather sought by all means to drive Him out of my thoughts,

I was in danger of becoming a thorough infidel, but for the voice of my conscience ever accusing and reproaching me. About this time an incident which crossed my life gave it an altogether different course. One day a seriously injured hod-carrier, who had fallen a considerable height while climbing a ladder, was brought into the hospital. The case was hopeless; all we could do was to ease the pains of the unfortunate man. He seemed to realise his condition, for he was fully conscious, and asked me how long he would last. As it was in vain to keep the truth from him, I gave him my opinion in as cautious a manner as I could. "So long yet!" he answered. "I thought it would be sooner, but He knows best."

"Yes, I believe I know it," I answered. And the man looked at me, endeavouring to smile. "I understand you very well, but I meant Someone else," he answered with difficulty. "Have you any relatives whom we could notify?" I continued. The patient shook his head. He stood alone in the world. His only wish was to see his landlady, because he owed her a little sum, and also wished to bid her farewell. His desire was, of course, granted.

After a week of much suffering he died. I went to see him on my regular visits, at least once a day. What struck me most was the quiet, almost happy expression which was constantly on his face. I knew he was a Christian, but about such matters I cared not to talk with him or hear.

After the man had died, some things regarding the deceased's affairs were to be attended to in my presence.

"What shall we do with this?" asked the nurse, while holding a book in her hand. "What kind of a book is it?" I asked.

The Bible of the poor man. His landlady brought it at her second visit. As long as he was able he read it; and when he was unable to do so any more, he kept it under his bed cover.

I took the Bible and—could I trust my eyes?

It was my own Bible!

the Bible which my mother had given me when I left my parents' home, and which, later, when short of money, I had

sold for a small amount. Yes, I had sold it. My name was still in it, written in my mother's own hand, beneath it the verse she had selected for me. I stood as if in a dream, but I regained my self-control, managing to conceal before those present my deep emotion. In seemingly indifferent manner and tone I answered the nurse: "The Book is old and has hardly any value, let me keep it and I will see about the rest."

I took the Bible to my room. It had been used frequently. Many leaves were loose, others torn; the cover was also damaged. Almost every page gave evidence that it had been read very often. Many places were underscored, and while looking through it I read some of the precious verses, and a word I had heard in the days of my youth returned to my memory. With a deep sense of shame I looked upon the precious Book. It had given comfort and refreshing to the unfortunate man in his last hours. It had been a guide to him into life eternal, so that he had been enabled to die in peace and in happiness. And this Book, the last of my mother, I had actually sold for a ridiculous price.

I need not add much more. Be it sufficient to say that the regained possession of my Bible was the cause of my conversion.

The voice of my conscience could no more be silenced. I found no rest until I arose and came to Him Whose Hand of love I had often repulsed, but Who ever thought of me in pity and compassion. By God's grace and mercy I was enabled to believe that "**Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,**" of whom I seemed to be "one of the chief."



ONLY ONE WAY.

In Christ alone God's rich provision of salvation for sinners is treasured up. By Christ alone God's abundant mercies come down from heaven to earth, Christ's blood alone can cleanse us. Christ's righteousness alone can clothe us. Christ's merit alone can give us a title to heaven. Jews and gentiles, learned and unlettered, kings and poor men, all alike must either be saved by Jesus, or lost for ever.

B. M.

(144)

THOUGHTS.

COULD we but see the hand of love that has marked out our way, we would cherish everything that comes to us.

Those very hands which send into our lives a distressing circumstance are the ones that were pierced with the cruel nails on Calvary for us. Is it possible that One Who has shed His own blood for us could send into our lives that which would cause us harm? **No; a thousand times no!** He loves us too much to do such a thing.

* * * * *

WE have need of patience with ourselves and with others; for the greatest things and the least, against sudden inroads of trouble and under our daily burdens; in the weariness of the body or the wearing of the soul; in everyday wants; in the aching of sickness or the decay of age; in disappointments, bereavements, losses, injuries, reproaches. From childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

GENTLENESS.

GIVE me Thy gift of gentleness,
Most gentle Lord!

For when with fevered, aching brow I lay
Wide-eyed, so oft, from night to break of day,
And learned my frailty—this I learned no less,
How yearns the tired heart just for Gentleness.
And, this rememb'ring, Lord, I ask Thee much,
That Thou wilt give to me the gentle touch,
To sooth the sufferer, and to bring again
Some solace sweet across the path of pain.

Give me Thy gift of gentleness,
Most gentle Lord!

For when the way was rough, and darkly black,
The clouds of sorrow hung about life's track,
Till tears and anguish seemed my double part,
It was Thy gentleness that healed my heart!
And there are others—walking weary years
With bleeding feet, the stony track of tears.
Oh, make me gentle, Lord; through me express
The healing grace of Thine own gentleness!

NORAH L. ELEY.

THE GREAT SILENCE (see page 148).

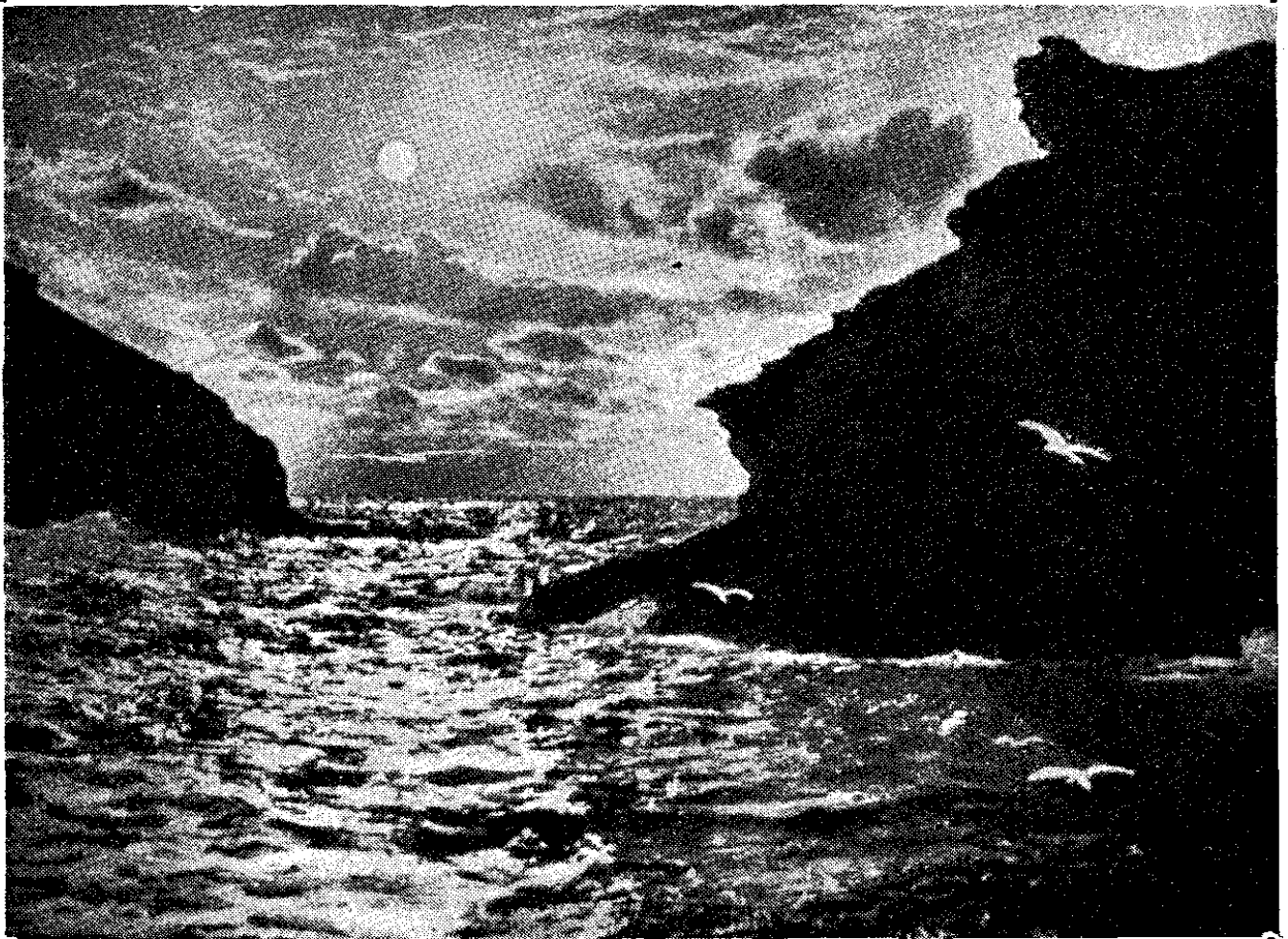
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

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



"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—JOHN xiv. 27.

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"It is Jesus."

"And all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? . . . the multitude said, This is Jesus."—MATT. xxi. 10, 11.

THERE is a Voice through Earth's wild clamour calling,
To all the heavy-laden and oppressed,
Sweet as the cooling dew at even falling;
"Come unto Me and rest."

It is the Voice of Jesus still entreating,
To all the comfortless and all the sad;
Day after day His tender call repeating,
"Come unto Me and I will make you glad."

There is a Hand outstretched in tenderest pity,
Where all the weary and the wandering roam,
Waiting to lead them to the heavenly city,
To bring the homeless Home.

It is the Hand of Jesus, still upholding;
Strong to deliver, mighty still to keep:
And none shall pluck from out that safe enfolding,
The weakest one of all His blood-bought sheep.

There is a Form that walks life's stormy ocean,
Bidding the noise of wind and tempest cease,
Crying aloud through all the wild commotion,
"In Me ye shall have peace."

Oh, it is Jesus, coming o'er the waters,
As once He walked the waves of Galilee,—
Speaking to all earth's shipwrecked sons and daughters,
"Be not afraid; have faith, have faith in Me."

There is a Love that longs, with deep affection,
To gather all the sin-sick sons of men
Beneath its wings of shelter and protection,
And give them health again.

It is the love of Jesus, sweet with longing
His full salvation to the world to give,—
Crying to all the dead, earth's highways thronging,
"Come unto Me, come unto Me, and live."

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT.

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Canada.)

(147)

“Why Are Ye Troubled?”

IF living a stranger to Christ, you may well be troubled. The thought of death and judgment to come may well give you trouble. If this is your condition, God grant that your trouble may be greater and greater, until you find rest in Jesus.

This little paper may be put into the hands of a doubting Christian. To such an one these words of Jesus have peculiar application. (Luke xxiv, 38-39). Jesus, alive from the dead, speaks these words, “**Why are ye troubled? And why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my Hands and my Feet.**” What tender love is this! Blessed Jesus! He said unto them, “**Peace be unto you**”; and it touched His tender heart that there should be trouble, or a thought of it, in their hearts! How could such deep sincere love bear to be doubted? He had loved them unto death; His very Body had been broken on the cross for them; His very Blood had been shed for the remission of their sins; as their Substitute He had died the accursed death of the cross for them—the Just for the unjust. One had denied Him, and all had forsaken Him. But now God had raised Him from the dead, **for their justification**. And now the object of His eternal desire was accomplished—redemption was finished. His heart, overflowing with unutterable joy, had found vent in those ever-precious words, “**Peace be unto you**”; how could He then bear a cloud of trouble, or one doubting thought, in the hearts of those He had **so loved**? Oh, it makes my heart melt whilst I look at Jesus and hear those divinely sweet words, “**Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold My hands and My feet.**”

My reader, do you believe that the agony and shameful death of Jesus, the spotless Son of God, on the cross, was for **your** sins—that He was delivered for **your** offences—and that, having paid their utmost penalty, God raised Him from the dead **for your justification**? For this is true of every sinner that believeth. Yes, and if you are brought by the Holy Spirit thus to trust in **Jesus alone**, then it is true of you; and these words are written for **you**. With a heart still filled with joy, Jesus says, “**Peace be unto you.**” Like

Peter, you may have denied Him; or, like the rest, you may have forsaken Him; but, **look at Him, listen to Him!** Oh! what words of love—yes, love that cannot bear to be doubted; and words to you: “**Why** are ye troubled? and **why** do thoughts arise in your hearts?” How do you answer these words of Jesus? He says, “Behold My hands and My feet.” Now look at them, what do you think about those wounds on the risen Body of Jesus? Do they not speak **peace** to your troubled conscience? “**The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin.**” Oh, yes, my fellow-believer, Jesus feels keenly every doubting thought that arises in our hearts.

Blessed Jesus, **Thy work is finished; here our souls rest. Our sins were laid on Thee; they cannot be laid on us. On our account wrath was on Thee; on Thy account it is peace to us.**”

May my readers hear the words of Jesus, “Go in peace, and doubt no more.” He does not say, Look at **your faith** or **your feeling**. He does not say, Look at **your sins** or **your failings**. We might look at them in despair. But He says, “Behold **My hands and My feet**”; as though He had said, Is it enough? could I love you more?



THE GREAT SILENCE.

ONE of the most remarkable incidents in the life of the British Empire took place at 11 o'clock on November 11th, 1919. A Great Silence—an indescribable silence—fell over those lands under the British flag, and every man and woman ceased from their work for two minutes, and thought, and many prayed. Remembrance and prayer—for our King had commanded a halt of two minutes to all his subjects. It was the first of the Great Silences which have been observed each year since then.

The busy life of the world went on as usual until eleven o'clock, then the mighty silence fell, broken occasionally by sobs. An old woman stood weeping, wiping her eyes with her shawl. Men and women knelt in the streets. A motor-car rushing along, stops suddenly, the driver gets out and stands reverently by the bonnet, with uncovered head. All traffic is suspended, and all work ceases in every town and

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hamlet. In the railway stations porters stand still by their barrows, no passenger moves, no tickets are issued. In telegraph offices every instrument is stopped by signal. The signalman stands by his lever, soldiers stand with their hands at the salute. At sea the engines of every ship are stopped, and the mighty ships of war, and the huge liners, and every British ship lies still upon the waters in the King's great silence. All the passengers and all the crews stand motionless, the bugle calls to prayer, then **silence**, then the Last Post, then full steam ahead.

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

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

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

A Child's Message.

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

"To my dearest Daddie, from his little Blue Eyes,

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

A captain who was a V.C., and who had lost his sight, led a legion of the blind, then came the maimed and the halt with their crutches, many without arms, and the crowd wept over them as they stood by the memorial to the dead—their comrades in the war. British troops on the Rhine placed wreaths on the British dead who lay in the cemetery at Südfriedhof in Cologne. At Buckingham Palace, there was no motion betraying life. Cabinet Ministers stood still on the steps of the Home Office. In the great schools the boys stood silent.

I was in my own home when the maroons sounded out the summons for silence, and I knelt in prayer.

And then this thought held me with its solemn force: would to God that all the world would pay its reverent homage to the Lord Jesus Christ—that even as men honoured the dead by their silence, they would honour the **Son of God**, the Saviour of the world, Who died to redeem mankind. My Bible lay upon my desk, and turning over its pages, I read Revelation viii. 1: “**There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.**”

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

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

This is how the silence of God will be broken then, and

A CHALLENGE WHICH WAS ACCEPTED.

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that may be at any moment. Then when the "**shout,**" the "**Voice,**" the "**trump,**" are heard by the dead in Christ, the living Christians on the earth, millions upon millions will rise to heaven, in answer to this solemn call, to be "**for ever with the Lord.**" Millions upon millions will be left on earth, and on them the unsparing wrath of God will descend. We live in solemn days—on the eve of stupendous events. Man is filling the cup of his iniquity to the brim; the solemn bell of eternity is tolling out the doom of a lost world. Men and women of God are praying, and preaching, and exhorting, and warning the sinner in his sins to "**flee from the wrath to come.**" We must pray as we never prayed before, and preach as we never have preached yet. Let the cry of the Shepherd-prophet ring throughout the world to-day: "**Prepare to meet thy God.**" **Sinner!** let the silence of your life towards God be broken by your cry now, "**God be merciful to me a Sinner.**" **Christian!** let your voice be heard in heaven saying, "**Come, Lord Jesus, Come.**"

HEYMAN WREFORD.



A CHALLENGE WHICH WAS ACCEPTED.

IT was a most extraordinary sight. A clump of trees and two sets of iron palings inextricably mixed up together, in the midst of a tomb, the trees lifting the palings skyward as they grew higher.

Moreover the tomb in question has a most extraordinary history attached to it. Nearly two centuries ago Lady Anne Grimston, daughter of the then Earl of Thanet, was buried there. She was a pronounced atheist, and on her deathbed spurned all spiritual consolation, and died boasting in her infidelity.

In her defiance of God and the truth, she exclaimed shortly before her death: "**It is as likely that I should rise again from the dead, as that a tree should grow out of the middle of my coffin.**"

Thousands upon thousands have stood where we stood in Tewin Churchyard, Hertfordshire, and have been awed as they witnessed the sight before their eyes

Some years ago, before part of the trees were cut back

and further railings added, an eyewitness thus described the scene:—

“ An oak tree has grown out of the middle of her coffin, and by its side a sycamore. The vault is square, of brick and granite. The two trees first filled the interior before they could find a way out. When they burst through the masonry, they so spread as completely to envelop the grave.

“ The tomb was originally surrounded by iron railings. These the trees broke, grew round them, and carried them skyward in their growth. A second stiff palisading of iron was added; this too the trees absorbed, so that the railings and the trunks are inseparable, the timber having made the ironwork part of itself. Though the trees have but one root apiece, they have so grown that their trunks completely surround the tomb; they have crept, as it were, like ivy. But they have their upward growth. One of them has thrown up what look like five distinct trees; the other has a couple of sturdy trees, twenty or more feet in height.”

Is it not plain that God took up the proud challenge of Lady Anne Grimston, and answered her in this striking way. Generations, who have passed away, have looked on the sight. Generations alive flock in their hundreds to see this strange happening. Does not God preach through these trees a silent but powerful sermon that we shall all rise again? Lady Anne Grimston shall rise again, you will rise again, I shall rise again. God's Word declares it.

It is past a mere coincidence that the trees have grown out of Lady Anne Grimstone's coffin. God's Hand is in it, and God's Voice speaks to you to-day by it. Will you not hear His Voice?

Listen. There are to be two resurrections. The thought of a general resurrection is not found in Scripture. There is to take place “ the resurrection of life ” and “ the resurrection of damnation.” (John v. 29.) We are told, “ Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power.” (Rev. xx. 6.) This resurrection may take place at any moment, and is prior to the setting up of the millennial reign of Christ. Only believers will have part in that. If you are not a believer you can have no part in it.

The thousand years of the reign of Christ will run their course, and then the second resurrection will take place, that of “ the dead small and great ” to be “ judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their

works." (Rev. xx. 12.) Unbelievers will stand before "a great white throne." There will be no mercy then. No blood stains the great white throne, as blood stained the mercy-seat in the holiest of all in the tabernacle, type of the precious blood of Christ that can alone put away sin. That blood is available for you **now**. Will you not avail yourself of this wonderful offer of mercy from the Hands of a God of infinite love?

Refuse this offer, then the second resurrection—the despairing, hopeless "resurrection of damnation"—will be your lot. See to it that you will have part in the "**resurrection of life**" through putting your trust in the Saviour. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (I John i. 7.) "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, **thou shalt be saved.**" (Rom. x. 9.) This is God's Word. You may surely trust it.

May this most striking answer to Lady Anne Grimston's daring challenge awaken in you real concern about your soul's salvation, for **you** will rise again, but when and how? That is the question. Shall it be as a **believer** at the **first** resurrection, or an **unbeliever** at the **second** resurrection? It is for you to answer.

A. J. POLLOCK.

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THE WEST-END BARRISTER.

BY DR. A. T. SCHOFIELD.

(This writer was a remarkable man. In addition to his professional abilities as a Harley Street physician, an author of repute, and an extensive traveller, he was one of the best known Christian workers in London. This striking experience of the miracle of conversion speaks in its very unexpectedness to its being all of God, yet given in answer to prevailing prayer.)

IT is now many years since my friend Kilner was one of the shining lights of London as he had just been the leading counsel in a well-known society law case concerning a certain celebrated pearl necklace.

I remember it was about this time that his mother came to me in great distress. She and her only daughter were devoted and prayerful Christians, and had succeeded in persuading my brilliant friend, who was far from the fold, to

go one night to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to hear Mr. Moody who was then holding services in it. He had gone, and thence he went on to his club, and at midnight he returned home and knocked at his mother's bedroom door and told her, with great emphasis, and in strong language, that it was the last religious service he would attend. "Mother," he said, "I love you and Dora, and never hope to do anything else; but I beg of you never again to ask me to go to a service. I cannot stand the stuff."

The world is good enough for me."

So the next day, stunned with her disastrous failure, she hurried off to me and implored me to help.

"But what can I do?" I urged. "I feel quite powerless." So we knelt down and prayed for wisdom, and I said I would see if I could help in any way.

"Dora and I," said the poor woman, "are always praying for George; but so far he seems to turn his back on everything."

After thinking over the matter, it suddenly struck me he had a lovely tenor voice. Though afflicted myself with what my friends call "a collier's bass," I am devoted to part singing, and have trained more than one choir. I was not therefore altogether out of my place when I nightly took my seat high up in the gallery behind Mr. Moody, and did my best to avoid singing flat.

At that time the great choir sang some very well-arranged pieces, and, as usual, our weakest part was the tenor. It was thus I got a ray of light. Again I prayed that the slender cord might draw my friend.

Next day, near the abbey, I met Kilner. I put up a silent prayer. "Hullo," I said, "where are you off to, old man?"

"I'm off to meet a client," he said; "anything I can do for you?" "Well, it just happens there is," I replied; "for I'm in a bit of a fix. There is a nasty tenor part coming on in my choir, and for the life of me I can't sing it."

"I didn't know you sang tenor?" he remarked, looking me over from head to foot. "Well, no more I do," I said, "but we're so desperately short of voices, I was wondering if you'd come round and give us a help." (I knew he was rightly rather proud of his voice.)

"Certainly, certainly," he said. "I'll come with pleasure

if I can be of any help, and if it's not too difficult."

"Oh, you'll rattle it off easily enough," I answered.

"Well, when is it?"

"Tuesday night at eight," I said.

"Bit early," he replied, as he got out his notebook.

"And the address?" But that was exactly what I could not give him.

"It's not so far," I said, lamely; "best plan is to meet me at this end of the bridge at a quarter to eight and we'll go together."

"All right, I am with you; and you must come round to the club after for a bit of supper."

"Don't be late," I shouted, as he turned away.

So there it was. I had given

the first tap to the nail,

but it remained to be seen if it were fastened "IN A SURE PLACE."

I waited in some anxiety for Tuesday night, wondering whether my friend would turn up, and if he did, whatever on earth was I to do with him. However, prayer was my resource, and off I went on the appointed evening, and there, sure enough, on Westminster Bridge, my friend was waiting for me.

"Hullo," he said, "bit late, aren't you?"

"I don't think so," I answered; "it's only just struck the quarter to."

"Well, come along, where is it?"

"Just a short way over the bridge," I replied. So off we went. When we had gone some distance, and were drawing near to the Elephant and Castle, he began to get curious.

"Where is this choir?" he said. "What choir is it?"

"Oh, it's a special choir," I said. "There are, I dare say, a couple of hundred voices in it."

"But *where* is it?" he urged. "Is it much farther?"

"Oh, no," I said. "It's just across the way."

"Well, I don't know much about these parts," he said, suspiciously, "but it seems to me I've been this way before."

At last we got to the Tabernacle. "We turn in here," I said, in fear and trembling, and praying all the time.

"Why, that is that — place I was in to hear that American —," he said. "I'm not going in there again; not if I know it."

"Certainly not," I replied, "come away," and I led him away from the entrance, where the crowds were pouring in, round to the back of the building. "This is our door," I said.

"But that leads into the place," he said, angrily.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Don't show the white feather!"

You're surely not afraid of the preacher! Besides, you don't need to listen to him. All you've to do is to help me, and sing like a bird."

"All right, old man. Now I'm here, I'll come. But I wish I had known where it was; for I told my mother I'd never come again."

But I had told his mother that, please God, I'd bring him there that night. And here he was, and in we went, and away we climbed, stair after stair, to the top of the gallery, and took our seats.

The great building was crammed to the roof, and I knew well that somewhere two women were sitting crying to God in their agony for their only son and brother; and here he was sitting by my side. So once more I looked to God.

Of course, when the singing began, the neighbouring members of the choir, who hitherto had rather despised me, all turned round at the sound of the magnificent tenor voice I had so suddenly developed. Alas! they soon discovered it was my friend.

Kilner sang magnificently. Nothing is more easy to divorce, alas, than the heart and the voice. To hear that lovely tenor uttering those sacred words was a proof to me of such divorce, and a great grief. Moreover, it was contrary to rule, for this was a Christian choir; and technically I had no right whatever to introduce Kilner. But it was with an agony of prayer for his **soul** that I did so; and, like Nelson at Copenhagen, there are moments when one has to turn a blind eye to orders.

When the singing was over Kilner naturally wanted to go. He was glad to have helped me, but he had an appointment, etc., etc.

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"Look here, Kilner," I said, "I know all about that appointment. What you are really afraid of is the sermon. Well, you needn't be. Don't listen to it. Go to sleep if you like. The fact is, we've another piece coming on at the end, and I'd dearly like you to stay for that."

"All right, old man," he said, with a wry face; "you've got me here and intend to keep me. Anyhow, I'll see you through." And so he stayed, and Moody began.

No words can ever describe my despair. No length of time can ever make me forget my agony when Moody began

his one impossible and hopeless sermon,

which I always disliked intensely.

It hardly contained a word of Scripture, and consisted of a purely imaginary conversation between John the Baptist and Herod the Great, on the topics of the day. Of course, the plan of salvation and the work of Christ were all introduced, but, oh! for the direct Gospel message which none could deliver like D. L. Moody!

I cried once more to God. I had done all I could. Now it must all be left to Him. I retired from the fray, and resigned all into His Hands. It seemed dreadful to have got Kilner there with such a result!

At last the sermon came to an end, (I don't think my friend listened to a word), and then his glorious voice was heard once more, and the service was over.

"Come along now," he said; "we'll have supper at my club. I wonder if we could get a hansom here?"

"All right," I said, putting on my coat, and not knowing what to do next.

"Hullo," he whispered, looking down on the crowd; "where are all those people going to?" pointing to hundreds streaming out by a side door.

"Oh," I said, in a careless voice, being now depressed and hopeless; "they're going to the after-meeting, I suppose."

"What's that?" he said.

"Oh, it's just a short wind-up," I said.

"Are you going?" he asked.

"Well, I was," I said. "At anyrate, if you don't mind, you go on, and I'll follow you in half an hour."

"Not you," he said, to my intense surprise. "I'll see it through now I am here. And what's more, I won't lose sight of you." In perfect amazement I walked with him into the crowded hall, and he took a front seat opposite to Mr. Moody, by whose side I got another. Away in a corner I caught sight of the pale faces of the mother and sister.

And now at last, thank God, the real Moody shone forth. "Well," said he, leaning his arms on the desk, "you've heard all about it. **Won't you come? Won't you come?** We're here for business, and want to know which of you will close with the offer of salvation and take Jesus Christ for his Saviour. Don't be afraid; **He is waiting for you.** Now, what man has courage to rise and take the Lord Jesus as his Saviour?"

This, and much more, in the most earnest and winning way, the great evangelist said, while every Christian in the hall was in earnest, silent prayer.

Up got Kilner, the first of any one, and walked across the room to the evangelist. He held out his hand, and said, "**I'll take Him, Mr. Moody!**"

I was incapable of thought, speech, or feeling at that supreme moment. All my faculties were in my eyes, gazing at the wondrous sight of the sudden surrender of a determined enemy of the Gospel to his crucified Redeemer. In vain do we speak of any earthly or natural agencies (hypnosis, telepathy, etc.), in such a scene, for its depth, and reality, and Divine power were afterwards demonstrated for many years by the Christian life of the society clubman, George Kilner.

His rejoicing mother and sister soon joined us, and I was awestruck to see the transfiguration of the man before my eyes. The revolution of thought and feeling which had taken place was complete. Not that he could speak, but his grasp and his eyes were enough.

It was one of the most remarkable cases of conversion I ever met with. It fills the soul with praise; but to this day I have no idea as to what actually caused the miracle, nor could Kilner ever really tell me, for I don't think he knew. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8). (With acknowledgments to "Living Links.")

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SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS

“Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.”—1 SAM. xvi. 7.



FOR many years it had been my lot frequently to pass along a narrow pathway in a certain city. On one side the pathway was bordered by a high, dingy wall, which enclosed some gasworks; this wall had a door in it, and over the top could be seen the roofs of one or two cottages built with shiny blue brick, and in my imagination I finished the picture with heaps of ashes and coal dust. The other side of the pathway was hemmed in by a retaining wall, at the top of which were some coal yards and railway sidings.

A more unattractive spot could hardly be imagined.

The other day the door in the wall had been left open, and for the first time I could see what was really on the other side. There was a small lawn, neatly kept and surrounded by festoons of crimson ramblers. On the lawn some little children were playing. They were clean, and brightly dressed; some of them were dancing in the sunshine, while others were playing a game of croquet!

I passed a woman a day or two ago. She was broad of shoulder and largely built, her face was almost expressionless, without wrinkles, and the eyes small and sharp. The lips were thin and straight, except for a slight droop towards the back, her hair was coarse black, and her clothes of the faded black variety, dirty yellow-green in colour. Her general character might be expressed as acid and forbidding.

The woman was holding a child by the hand—not a beautiful child, but a child, and therefore winsome, anyhow.

As I watched these two approaching me, the woman, for a moment, looked down at the child by her side, and for that moment there was a wonderful transformation in her, like a ray of sunshine bursting through heavy clouds across some drenched and shadowed landscape.

The woman's face lost, for that moment, its hard lines. The expressionless features became softened, and curved into the lines of tenderness and LOVE smiled out of this unpromising material. The change only lasted for a moment, then the face relapsed again into its acid and unpromising character.

Too often, as we pass along the ways of life, looking merely at the outside of what we see, we reckon up the things with which we daily come in contact, and say to ourselves: "Dull, a bore, spiteful, dirty, irresponsible, one to be shunned." While all the while, if one could only open the heart's door and look inside, we might see a character shy, longing for the love of others, capable of sunshine and brightness, possibly rather the quiet brightness of the star than the full blaze of the sun, a heart just waiting to take fire at the touch of the hand of one who really loves Jesus Christ; a heart just ready for service, if only encouraged by one who really believes and has known for themselves the call and power of Jesus.

I now know what is on the other side of that grim wall, and that dingy pathway is the brighter for the knowledge of that picture of sunshine, flowers, and dancing children. Not artificial dancing, but children dancing out of the very joy of living. If I ever meet that unpromising woman and child again, I should look out for the sunshine to break through the dark clouds of her character. May God help us—who call ourselves by the Name of Christ—to be willing to sow by all kinds of waters—to sow in faith, remembering "the hole of the pit whence ye are digged," and that we—many of us—were as unpromising as anyone could possibly be in our days of unforgiven sin. It is well for us that God is a God who reads the heart's longings, and not a superficial critic, as so many of us are apt to be.

UNITUS.

THE GREAT REALITY (see page 164).

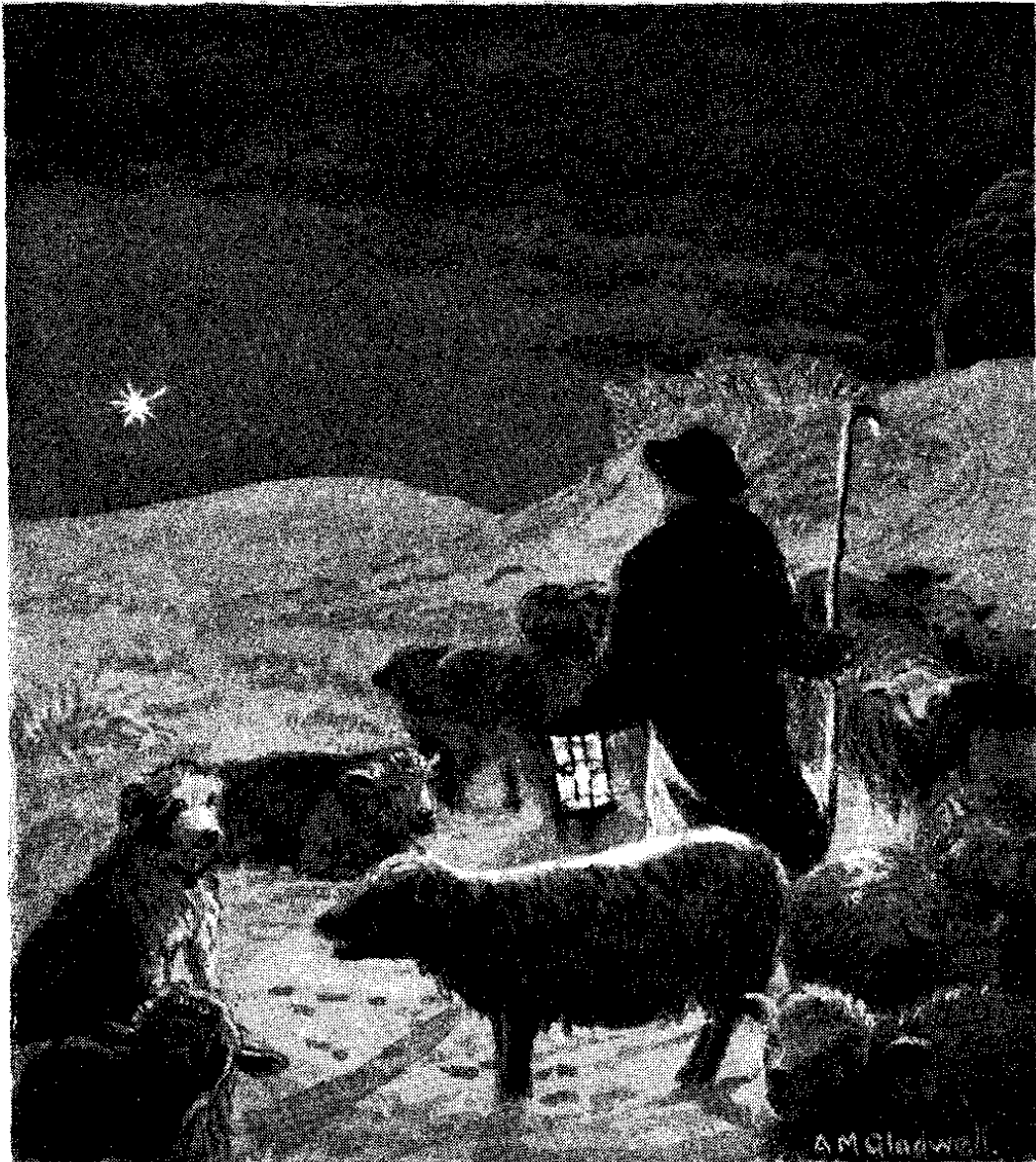
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD 1884—1934.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

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



"For unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."—LUKE ii. 11.

"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."—ACTS i. 11.

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The Grateful Retrospect.

"Because Thou hath been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." (PSALM lxiii. 7.)

ALL that my life has seen
All that my lot has been,
Darkness or light;
Seasons of deep distress,
Days of pure happiness,
All have been right.

Difficult paths there were;
Many a lurking snare
Compass'd me round;
Yet on this happy day,
Kneeling to praise and pray,
Still am I found.

And I am fain to own,
Not by myself alone
Have I thus stood.
Thou hast befriended me,
Blessed and defended me,
Thou art so good.

Thou art my Father-God;
Every new step I trod
Thou wast my Guide,
Loving me evermore,
Blessing me o'er and o'er,
Still at my side.

What shall I render Thee,
Who hath so tenderly
Led me alway?
Father, I'll trust Thee still,
Waiting Thy holy Will,
Through each new day.

Under the shadowing
Of Thy Almighty Wing,
I will rejoice.
O, through the future be
All Thou hast been to me—
This is my choice.

M. F.

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Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke ii. 14.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

WE all know the sweet old story of this song;—the shepherds were guarding their sheep on the dewy hillsides that first Christmas night, when out of the velvety star-sprinkled skies a radiant angel floated down with a wonderful message of joy. Usually the heavenly beings are hidden from mankind, but the overwhelming wonder of the good news snapped the bands of invisibility.

“A Saviour from your sins is born, who is Christ the Lord, the Anointed Jehovah.”



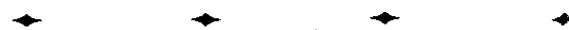
HE came to make peace through the Blood of the Cross. He came to break up the enmity between God and man, to destroy sin by the sacrifice of His life. He came to give peace to restless hearts, to bring peace into the hovel: to give peace to young and old, to high and low alike.

Thank God, thousands enjoy it. The billows may toss mountain high, His Name still remains **Prince of Peace**.



WE stand only upon the shore of our knowledge of God. There is a great eternal ocean waiting beyond. We praise God for that which we already know of Him, but the best is yet to be. There is more—much more to follow. To call God “Father,” means a great deal to us now. It will mean far more a hundred years to-day. To know Christ as our Saviour now is unspeakably precious; but He will be incomparably more to us when we get to heaven. If we trust Him He will show us a little more of Himself to-day.

P. G. P.



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THE GREAT REALITY.

Dawn on the hills, and darkness on the plain—
Calm in the harbour, storm upon the seas,
Hope's star shines clear above the soul's deep pain;
Faith **HOLDS** the promise, and the darkness flees.

We **KNOW**, yet wait for fuller knowledge given—
Our feet stand firm 'mid error's sweeping tides;
"Lo! I am coming," speaks the Voice from heaven.
We cannot sink while His strong love abides.

H. W.

THE great reality pressing upon my heart this last month of the year, is the fact of the **imminence** of the **second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven**. But who cares for Christ to-day? And yet He holds the destinies of all in His pierced Hands. How the world's darkness spreads! It was dark when Christ was on earth, but it is darker now, dark with the presage of the Apostacy and the awful judgments to follow. **Eternity** is creeping on; **eternity** with all its deep and overwhelming realities. Do you not feel it? I seem to see its shadowing arms outstretched over the world in which you live. You are going on to its embrace, you cannot stop yourselves. **Yes, it is close**. I see the old men, standing with their eyes fixed, gazing on the future. They shake their grey heads saying, as they feel the shadows round them, "**We are going, we are going.**" And the answer comes as an echo from eternity, "**going, going.**" And I watch the strong and resolute, and as they grasp the realities of the present with a man's purpose to do and dare, they try and face the future in the great fact of the present, saying, "**We are living; we are doing.**" And the answer comes as an echo from beyond, "**living, doing.**" And hark! I hear the trip of little feet, and the children of the world come pressing on upon the paths of time. They come laughing with the sunshine on their foreheads. They cry as they bound onward with radiant eyes, and expectant hearts, "**We are coming**"; and the future echoes back solemnly, "**Coming, coming.**" Yes, as all the mighty rivers and streams and rivulets of the earth find their ways into the mighty oceans that beat upon its shores, so the rivers of humanity, from every continent and island, are absorbed in the great ocean of **eternity**. One said "eternity" was

stamped upon his eye-balls. Another wrote "eternity" on the pavement as he went unknowingly to his death the same day, dying to save another from drowning. Oh! if one could write across the heavens for all to see, "**Eternity! Christ is coming!**" or stand on the peak of earth's mightiest mountain and cry, with the voice of the angel, who cried to earth and heaven, that "**time should be no more,**" that Christ was coming, would men and women awake to the awful solemnity of the fact that they were not prepared to meet Him? Sinner! **Christ is coming!** Will that startle you out of your self-righteousness? Will that make you think of someone beside yourself. **Christ is coming!** Does that alarm you, drunkard? Think of hell, and the eternal thirst of the lost. Think of the unavailing prayer for a drop of water in the unquenchable fire. **Christ is coming!** Blasphemer, do you not fear His coming? The One you have cursed is **coming**, is coming **quickly**. How shall you dare to look Him in the face at the judgment day—the One you have blasphemed so often? **Christ is coming!** Are you prepared, immortal ones, to meet Him? Are you prepared to face a holy God? **Christ is coming!** careless, and indifferent ones. The One you treat so lightly will soon return; He may come as you read this, and leave you behind for eternal woe. **Christ is coming!**—you who have dared to deny His Deity, who have denied the accuracy of His utterances, and have denied also the inspiration of the scriptures that speak of Him, the lie of your life will soon be made manifest; and your tongue will soon have to own Him Lord, to the glory of God the Father, but to your eternal condemnation. Before you are driven from His presence, your knees will be made to bow, and your guilt-stained heart will acknowledge His supremacy. Poor creatures of an hour; with the straws of your vain thoughts you have dared to challenge the omnipotence of God—and with your airy fancies you have sought to soar into the sun of the eternal purposes and decrees of the Almighty God. Bow before Him now and acknowledge your sins, lest He accept your challenge, and judge you out of the Book you have despised, and by the One for Whom you have had scant reverence—His only begotten Son. But hark! a gentle voice seems to whisper in my ear, "**Bid them come to Me and live. I will save them if they come.**" It is

the Saviour Who speaks—ready to save you as you read—ready to save you now.

The One Who is coming for His people, and Whom we expect any minute, is willing to save to the uttermost all who come to Him confessing their sins. **Do not let December pass without accepting Christ as your Saviour.** If you do accept Him, old things will pass away with the old year, and all things become new with the New Year.

HEYMAN WREFORD.



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A STORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

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

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

Time passed on, and for seven years Hugh had not seen his mother; promotion had come to him, and his mother

rejoiced in his prosperity. No word in his letters ever referred to the parting advice of his mother. Hugh had long since forgotten it, but his mother never doubted the answer to her constant prayer that her beloved son would some day honour God in his whole-hearted devotion to Him.

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

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

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

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

Remember the tender hours of childhood which you gave to God at my knee. Remember, He loves you, seeks you, saves you. Remember, I shall live only to pray for you. God bless you! Christ guide you! The Holy Spirit teach you! prays your mother."

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

A gush of gladness filled his own soul, such as he had never known in all his successful business career, and he sat down at once to rejoice the heart of his darling mother, whose picture he fondly kissed, and then wrote a letter to her, telling her the joyful news of his conversion. He wrote, "Mother you have prevailed—you have won your son for God!"

Next day he was at the noon prayer-meeting, and, giving no name or circumstances, he passed up a slip of paper, stating: "A son desires to praise God for a mother's prayers."

He learned how the books came to be on his table. "The box was moved by the workmen who were repairing the radiator," said the landlady; "the bottom fell out through dry rot, and so I put the books on your table."

That was all. Very simple are the divine methods. What a great and wonder-working God we have, who makes no mistakes. What seeming trifles He can use to bring about wise results.

"What do you mean to do?" asked his friend Blair on hearing the blessed news. "Nothing," was the reply. "It is done. I am a new man in Christ. He has turned me right round."

And so it proved. Hugh (I have not given his true name) is now one of our merchant princes. Though years have passed, he is still true as steel to His Saviour, a shining light in the dark places of the mercantile world; a testimony to the efficacy of true prayer; an encouragement to every anxious mother, and a power for God especially amongst young men.

"You would be surprised," he wrote, "to hear that

though I have not been to New York for some years, my heart daily refreshes itself in God at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting."

M.B.G.

May this Christmas find many a prodigal coming to Christ, for His Name's sake.



THE HOUSE APPOINTED.

(Thoughts in Westminster Hall.)

JOB in his time of trouble cried to Jehovah, "I know Thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living." (Job xxx. 23.) And so it happened. Go to the land of Uz to-day, and there will be no Job there to greet you. His grave is unknown, and he himself forgotten. It is the same all down the ages.

**"We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us shall weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men the land shall till,
And others then the streets shall fill;
And other songs will be as gay,
And bright the sunshine like to-day,
A hundred years to come."**

Yes, the house of clay is indeed appointed for all living. All the care and love of our dearest ones; all the skill and experience of our medical friends cannot keep Death outside the door when he knocks for admission.

We kept thinking much of these things when we filed past the Royal bier in Westminster Hall, where the remains of our much-loved sovereign, King George, lay in state. Many thousands of his devoted subjects viewed that solemn spectacle during the four days preceding the interment, but none could call him back to life. They only could gaze and pass on. One verse of Gray's immortal Elegy kept recurring:

**"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."**

Gray was only thirty-five when he wrote his elegy, and twenty years later he passed away himself. His niece came to visit him in his last hour. He turned his head upon his pillow and said, "This is death, Mary."

We can escape many appointments that our fellow-men make for us. Even the criminal in the condemned cell may escape his grim appointment. The king can cancel that appointment and grant a reprieve, but where is the sovereign who can forbid the approach of death even to himself when his time comes?

Why do men fear death? For they do fear it, although many may profess to defy it. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters :

**"The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury or imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."**

Is fear of death not due to the dread of all that may follow it? For "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Hebrews ix. 27). Let there be no mistake about this dread truth. God's Word tells us clearly that "He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man Whom He hath ordained" (Acts xvii. 31). Who is that Man? It is the Son of Man, Christ Jesus Himself, the One Who was despised and rejected of men when He was upon earth, and nailed to a Cross where in agony He died, "the Just for the unjust that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18).

But it is a glorious truth that there is no Judgment Day for the man who dies trusting for salvation to the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. He has not to answer for his sins. Jesus answered for them when He died on the Cross. Listen to this blessed verse, "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment but is, or has, passed out of death (the consequence of his sin) into life (eternal life in Christ Jesus)." (John v. 24 R.V.).

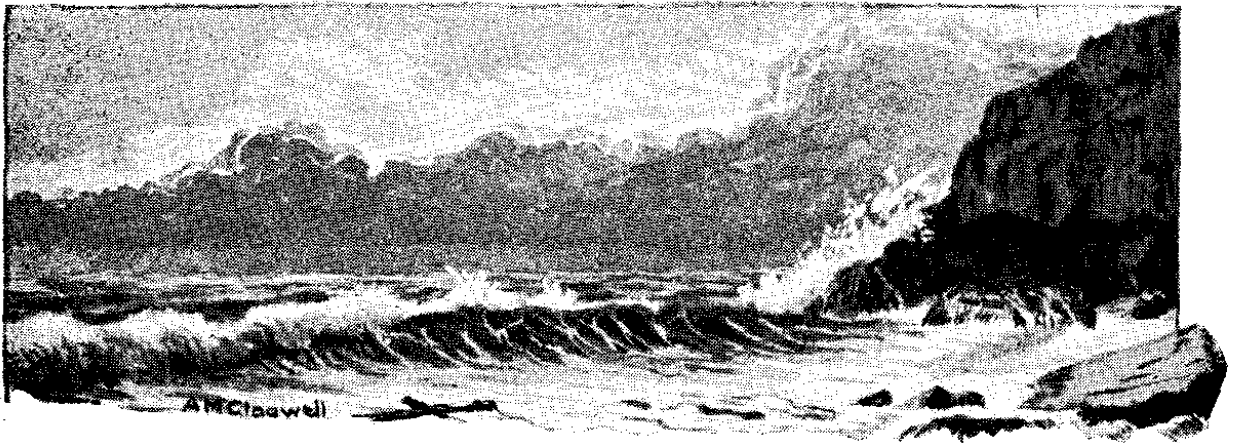
Let me refer you to another verse with the word "appointed" in it: "God hath appointed us not unto wrath, but to the obtaining of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ Who died for us." (1 Thessalonians v. 9 R.V.).

But unless we lay hold of that salvation, the wrath of God abides for "He that believeth (or obeyeth) not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth (remaineth) upon him." (John iii. 36). "He that believeth not is condemned (or has received sentence) already, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God." (John iii. 18).

In conclusion, let me urge you, dear friend, to escape from present wrath and the wrath to come by receiving Jesus as your own personal Saviour. (John i. 12).

S. S. McC.

With acknowledgments to the Stirling Tract Depôt.



THE SAILOR'S SACRIFICE.

"**A**ND is my little girl afraid to let her big father go out fishing?" asked a kindly fisherman of his little daughter one day, as, carrying her down to the beach, he felt her little hand tighten over his.

"No, not exactly afraid, father, only mother and I have only you now Benny has gone."

"But our Ben has gone home to the **happy land**, where there is no more sea," said her father gently, "and we are going to join him there some day. **You** are coming, Nell?" he asked, pressing her nearer to him.

"I hope so, father." Nell answered, and paused as if wanting to say more.

"My child," said her father, lifting her down and taking her hand as he walked on, "God does not leave our reaching heaven to a doubtful **hope**—it is certain, one way or the other. If you and I get into my boat this morning, and directly you are in I say to you, 'Nell, are you in, my child?' Would it not be the only thing to say, '**Yes**, father,' not 'I hope so, father'?" The face looking down at the little girl was very earnest, and Nell longed to be able to satisfy him that she **was** sure.

When they reached the beach, and the well-painted boat, with its name shining in the sun, rocked just before them, Nell felt her heart too full. Mother had said the sky was over-casting, and had had fears as she let father go, and so Nell, who was only a little girl, hardly knew how to part with the one so precious to her.

"Come, Nell, cheer up," said her father, as he gave her a parting kiss. "I shall pull in my nets and be home before you come home from school, child. Come, smile before I push off."

Nell clung to him, but tried to smile too, through her tears, and as she saw him row away on the dancing waters, she almost forgot her fears for the time.

It was late in the afternoon that once more she stood on the beach; now her mother's hand held hers tightly clasped. One after another they watched the boats come, but their boat, the bright bonnie **Nell**, had not come. Neither spoke.

The blustering wind and heavy mist nearly blinded them, for the storm they feared in the morning had broken far sooner than expected, and the sea was lashing the shore with fearful breakers. There was an occasional shout from the excited fishermen as another boat came in, and the name called loudly so as to set some watcher's heart at rest, but the name Nell and her mother longed to hear seemed never coming.

All at once there was a ringing cheer, and they heard the voice they knew so well respond, and in another moment Nell felt her father's hand on hers and her mother's.

Now again they were watchers, for there were yet three boats out on the wild sea, and one was Sam's—the worst man in the village. Many hearts went up to God for that poor man. They knew that if the sea engulfed him, he would

THE SAILOR'S SACRIFICE

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be where hope could never come. Again the straining eyes saw something, as for one instant the clouds broke and the moon shone out; a man alone upon the rocks, no boat, no hope—so near, and yet so hopeless.

A wailing cry from a woman, "Can no one save my Sam?" broke on their ears. Nell's father unclasped his hand.

"Oh, not **you**, father! not you!" cried Nell, in an agony of terror, "not you, father."

"Christ **died** for me, little one," he answered, "and I must try and help Sam." "But he's so bad," she pleaded.

"Nell, my wife, say I must go," he said gently; "there is danger, but Christ **died** for me" he repeated.

The answer was inaudible—one passionate kiss to both, and he was gone. He, the best swimmer in the village, was the only one in whom there lay any hope of reaching poor Sam before the waves licked him from his hold.

He bore the rope into the seething waters, and then all was still. The jagged rock was reached, the rope secured to Sam, when a mighty wave broke over them, and one sank to rise no more. When the rope was hauled in, only Sam's form lay on the beach. Nell's father was safe beyond the reach of storms.

Years passed, and now there often sits an old sailor mending nets for those who are still strong to brave the sea, who is never tired of telling how one to whom he had ever been most cruel, had given his life for him, to teach him of that Saviour, Who, while we were yet sinners, died for the ungodly. "He gave his life for me," the old sailor would say over and over: "Blessed Lord, blessed Lord. When I came to that awful night, I right away gave myself to Jesus, Who alone could save me from my sins.

"You see that lass there, well, that's his gal—her mother never held up her head arter her husband died for me, and she pined away, but Nell there, she came round agin, and she's my darter now—bless her heart, my Ben's that proud of her. Wull, wull, things is very strange how the Almighty works. All I know is it needed a mighty Saviour to save **me**, and Jesus died for **me**."



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“ DELIVERED . . . OUT ”

(PSALM cvii. 6.)

“ LED . . . THROUGH ”

(PSALM cvi. 9.)

“ WHEN THOU PASSEST
THROUGH ”

(ISAIAH xliii. 2.)

ARE you passing through experiences which you do not understand — trials, temptations, afflictions, misunderstandings, loneliness, sorrows—and is your heart beginning to fail you for fear?

May this message of hope and encouragement come with peculiar sweetness and comfort to you from the Master Himself.

Some of us are inclined to think that things must be going wrong, or that we must have got out of the will of God, when we find ourselves plunged into circumstances which bring suffering and distress.

We are apt to grow disheartened and perplexed, and our faith is sorely tried when everything seems so contrary to what we had expected, and there appears to be no way out of our troubles.

And yet, if we look into God's precious Word we find that just such experiences have been the lot of His Own chosen ones all down the ages, and we are definitely forewarned in Acts xiv. 22, that “ we **must** through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.”

The Captain of our salvation Himself was made perfect **through suffering**. He passed **through** the temptation in the wilderness; **through** every kind of test and trial to which flesh and blood can be subjected; **through** Gethsemane; **through** death; **through** the grave; but God raised Him from the dead (I Cor. xv. 15), brought Him out of the tomb, gave Him all authority in Heaven and in earth (Matt. xxviii. 18).

Believe me, there is no crown without a cross—“ If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him ” (2 Tim. ii. 12).

There is no increase of life except through death—
 “ Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground **and die** it abideth alone; but **if it die**, it bringeth forth much fruit ”
 (John xii. 24).

There is no purging away of the dross of the old self life except as the “ gold ” is refined in the furnace—“ Every-thing that may abide the fire, ye shall make it go **through the fire** and it shall be clean ” (Numbers xxxi. 23).

“ When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold ”
 (Job xxiii. 10).

There is no real gain without corresponding loss—
 “ Whosoever will **lose his life** for My sake **shall find it** ”
 (Matt. xvi. 25).

But, if this is so, it is equally true that the soul which
 “ **passes through** ” the valley of weeping (see Psa. lxxxiv. 6 margin) will be “ **brought out.** ”

“ What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? . . . These are they which **came out** of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb ” (Rev. vii. 13, 14).

And, moreover, the Bible is full of precious promises, encouragement, and exhortations to those who are “ **going through.** ”

It will be an inspiration to our faith and a tonic to our courage to look at some of these, and I purpose giving them in the very words of Scripture.

We will notice particularly the two expressions “**through**” and “**out**” . . . in connection with their various contexts.

1. Promises.—“ When thou passest **through** the waters, I will be with thee; and **through** the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest **through** the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee ”
 (Isaiah xliii. 2). (Read Daniel ii. 8-28.)

2. Testimony.—“ O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of His praise to be heard; Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. For Thou, O God, hast proved us: Thou hast tried us as silver is tried.

“ Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidest affliction upon our loins.

“ Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went **through** fire and **through** water; but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place ” (Psa. lxvi. 8-12).

3. **Confidence.**—“ Yea, though I walk **through** the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me ” (Psa. xxiii. 4).

4. **Historical Evidence.**—“ Our fathers understood not . . . they remembered not. . . . Nevertheless He saved them for His Name's sake . . . He rebuked the Red Sea also, and it was dried up; so He led them **through the depths as through the wilderness**, and He saved them ” (Psa. cvi. 7-10).

5. **Prayer.**—“ Bring my soul **out of prison**, that I may praise Thy name ” (Psa. cxlii. 7).

6. **Testimony.**—“ Our soul is escaped as a bird **out of the snare** of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the Name of the Lord ” (Psa. cxxiv. 7, 8).

7. **Prayer.**—“ Send Thine Hand from above; rid me, and deliver me **out of great waters** ” (Psa. cxliv. 7).

8. **Testimony.**—“ This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and **saved him out of all his troubles** ” (Psa. xxxiv. 6).

9. **Assurances.**—“ The righteous cry and the Lord heareth and delivereth them **out of all their troubles** ” (Psa. xxxiv. 17).

“ Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him **out of them all** ” (Psa. xxxiv. 19).

The whole of the 107th Psalm is a recital of case after case in which those who cried unto the Lord in their troubles were **saved out of their distresses**.

And the Psalmist sums up his conclusion in the last verse, where he says: “ Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.”

And with this I close, praying that henceforth you and I may press on **through** the fire and **through** the water, as He may permit, with the Lord Himself as Our Divine Companion until at last **He brings us out** “ into a wealthy place,” and we share with Him in His Kingdom.

A. C. L.