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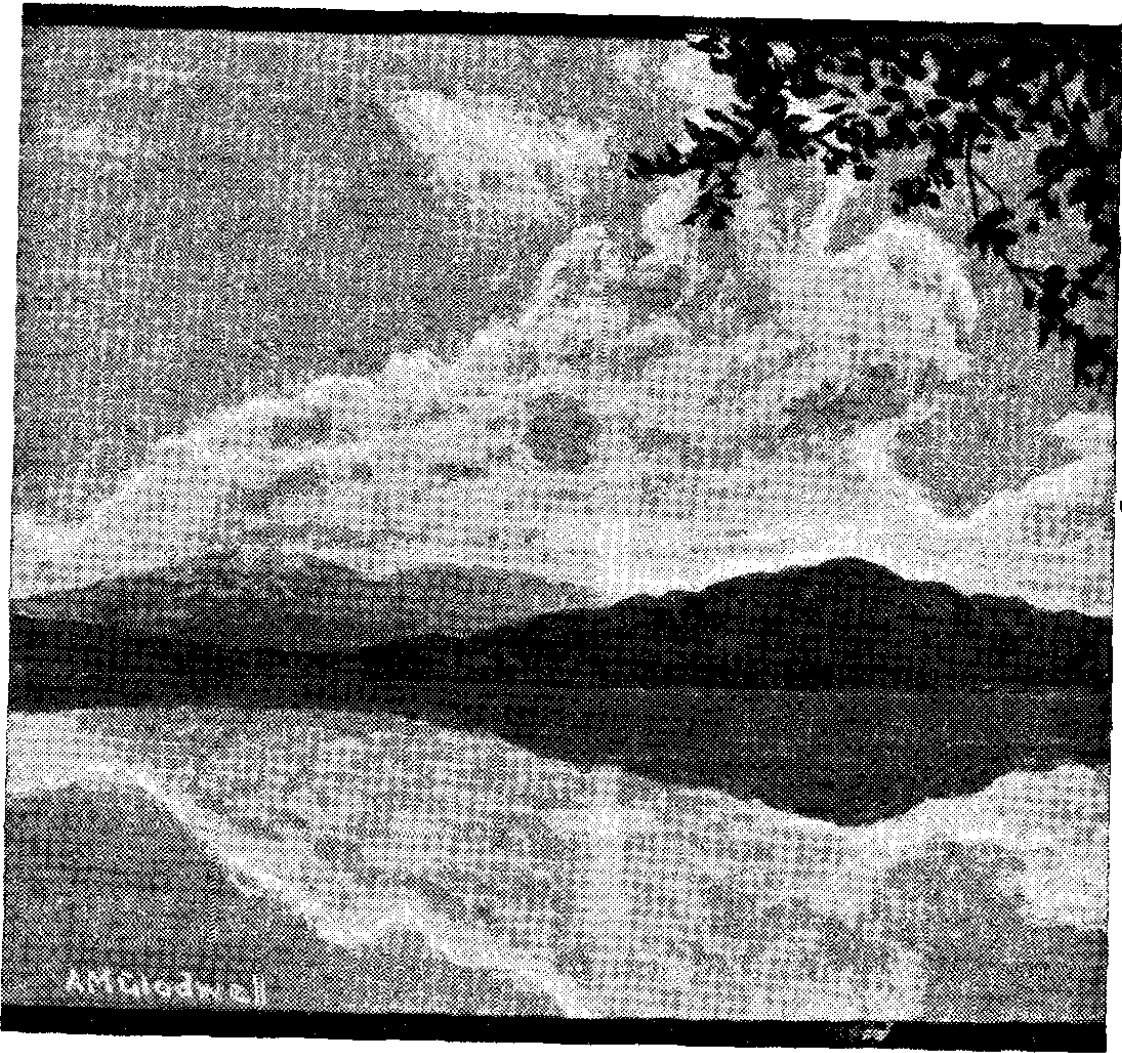
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A Message from God

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.



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

“ There is none holy as the Lord; for there is none beside Thee; neither is there any Rock like our God.”—1 SAM. ii. 2.

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(2)

BE STILL.



BE still, my soul : the Lord is
on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of
grief or pain;
Leave to the God to order and
provide;
In every change He faithful
will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy
heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways lead to a
joyful end.

Be still, my soul : thy God doth
undertake
To guide the future as He has
the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let
nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be
bright at last.
Be still, my soul : the waves and
winds still know
His voice Who ruled them while
He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrows and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord:
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone.
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past.
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

W. HATELY.



(3)

“ BE OF GOOD CHEER.”

By The REV. CANON S. M. WARNER, M.A.

“ Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid ” (MATT. xiv. 27).

IN these days of anxiety and universal sadness, there is a special call to God's children to cultivate the spirit of cheerfulness, not a forced but a spontaneous cheerfulness. How can we acquire this spirit? Only from the “ Good Cheer ” of the Master. That word may act as a charm of grace. It removes:

(1) **DEPRESSION.**—“ Son, be of good cheer ” (Matt. ix. 2). Behind this sufferer's complaint, which must have brought much depression, there was a trouble far deeper. His first need was forgiveness, and so the Saviour began to deal with his case by the words, “ Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.” We may have assurance that our sins are all forgiven, for “ in Christ we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins.” We may hear by faith then the words of the Redeemer, “ Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.”

(2) **DREAD.**—“ Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world ” (John xvi. 33). We can picture the little band of trembling disciples, about to lose their Master and Leader, and dreading the future. The world was against them. How could they endure unto the end? The world is against the Christian, and how cruel is the world, how strong, and how terrifying. But the Christian is in two concentric circles. “ In the world ”—in that great circle we have tribulation. But he is “ In Christ,” and in that inner circle the believer is safe—“ In me ye have peace.” And why is this? Because “ I have overcome the world.” By His death and resurrection and ascension Christ has overcome the world. It is potentially a defeated foe for the believer, and so “ we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us ” (Rom. viii. 37).

3. **DISTRESS.**—“ Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid ” (Matt. xiv. 27). The scene on the lake reads like a picture of our distress to-day. How deep was the distress, how dark the night! It is vividly described. “ They were toiling in rowing ” (Mark vi. 48), or as the word means “ they were *distressed* in rowing.” “ The wind was contrary,” that is, it was blowing in their faces, so they could make little head-

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way. " It was now dark " (John vi. 17), and they could not tell which way they were going. Then suddenly " in the fourth watch of night " they saw what they thought was an apparition, and they cried out for fear. But it was their Friend and Saviour " Jesus walking on the sea." Then it was that His voice rang over the water, " Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." And St. John adds, " then they willingly received Him into the ship, and immediately they were at the land whither they went." One reason why the storm and testing are sent is that we may more fully receive Jesus into our hearts, there to reign alone. Then again the miracle will be repeated, " immediately they were at the land whither they went." Immediately we shall be in complete safety, for the place of safety is just where He takes over our lives in full control. May these words " Be of good cheer " bring us at all times and in all places the grace of cheerfulness.

—By courtesy of *Living Waters*.



THE BLESSING OF CRISES.

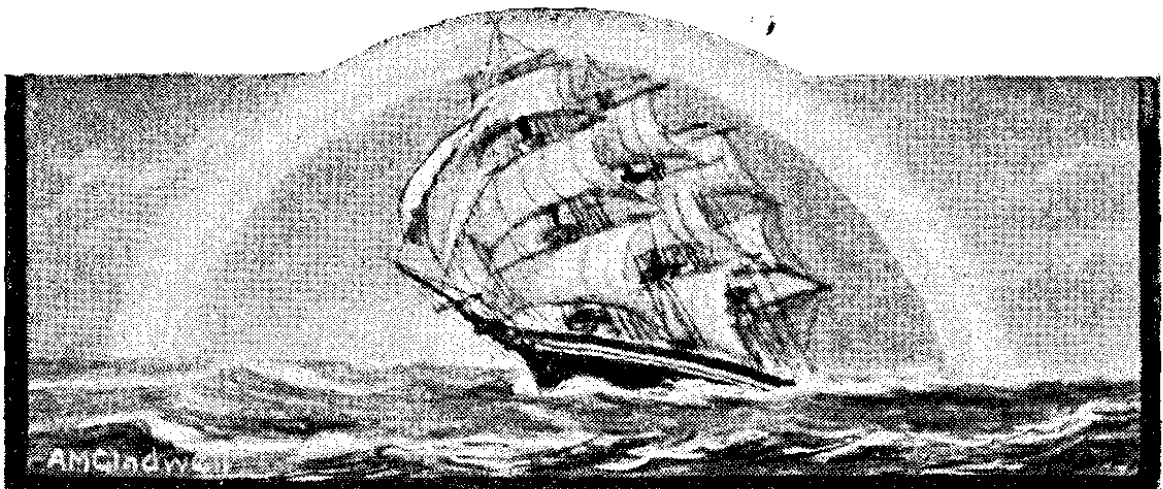
CRISES are often terrifying. They sometimes close in upon us with startling unexpectedness, and we know not which way to turn. But when any crisis comes, the first direction in which God wants us to turn is—to Himself. No crisis has ever taken God unexpectedly or unprepared. A consecrated Christian man has written to a friend: " Within the compass of these past three months we have been deeply tested. In a recent hour of distress one ran into a deal of comfort in George Muller's words, ' Crises permit critical delivery.' ' Great deliverance giveth He.' " So every unexpected crisis is an opportunity for unexpected blessing. We never could know the full meaning of God's great love and power without crises that are too much for us. If we are in the midst of one now, or if one confronts us later, let us lift up our hearts in the prayer of a king of Judah when a mighty enemy came against him and his people: " O our God . . . we have no might against this great company that cometh against us: neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon Thee " (2 Chron. xx. 12).

(5)

“ GO FORWARD.”

(Ex. 14. 15)

“ **S**PEAK unto the children of Israel that they go forward!” This unrepealed charge of Jehovah rings down through the ages to all the children of faith. Where all the outward circumstances say that it is impossible to go forward, that is God’s time to do it. When it requires a miracle to go forward, that is God’s time. If we believe that Christ died and rose again—then anything is possible. For victory over sin and for power in service in our individual lives, that power is through faith. The “exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe,” or “as we believe,” is the strength of God’s might that “He wrought in Christ” (Eph. i. 19, 20). Therefore with confidence we may say: “The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation,” and “Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ” (2 Cor. ii. 14).



Careless seems the great Avenger; history’s pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness ’twixt old systems and the
Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

**“ I believe God answers prayer,
I am SURE God answers prayer,
I have PROVED God answers prayer,
Glory to His Name.”**

LAST summer my sister came in one afternoon full of intense interest in an incident told by Mrs. Baeyertz in one of her meetings at Lewes. It ran thus:—

“ When I was in Perth, Western Australia, I went up to the goldfields to hold a Mission. The minister and his wife had a large family, and the baby was the pet of the house and her father’s joy and darling, and as I am very fond of babies we had many a romp together.

“ Shortly after my return home he wrote to me that the baby had died. I knew what a heart-break this would be to him, and therefore prayed very earnestly that the Lord would enable me to write him a comforting letter which he should receive next morning (Saturday) before he went into his study.

“ After I had closed my letter I looked for a stamp, but there was not one in the house. It was an intensely hot day, with a blazing sun, such heat as is only known in the tropics, and I felt that I could not venture the long walk to the Post Office. Suddenly I remembered that stamps were sold in a little shop at the end of the street. I went there, but the woman told me they had sold all they had. She suggested that I should go to a newspaper shop near by, but there, too, I had only the same reply, ‘ No stamps.’

“ I stood in the street with the letter in my hand, praying earnestly—‘ Lord, I want him to get this letter to-morrow morning, where can I get a stamp?’ He answered me, ‘ Go into that public house opposite.’ I replied, ‘ O, Lord, I have just closed a Mission here, and if I was seen going into that public house it might look strange.’ But He said again, ‘ Go into that public house.’ So I went in. A man came up to me asking what I wanted. I told him that I wanted a stamp. He crossed to a girl who was serving what we call in Australia ‘ soft drinks,’ lemonade, gingerbeer, etc. He took her place, and she came to me and said, ‘ Will you please

follow me.' She led me into a room and shut the door, turned to me and said, 'O, Mrs. Baeyertz, you shall have every stamp I have in the house.' I asked her how she knew me. She replied, 'Do you remember Bella White?' 'Why, I should think I do,' said I. 'She was among my first converts in Western Australia.' 'Yes, and so is the young man who is now her husband; and also her mother and father were converted through you. They have your photo, and your name is a household word with them.' I replied, 'I know all that, but what is that to you?' 'I am Bella White's sister.' 'What! Bella White's sister in a public house?' 'You may well say that,' she replied. 'I came to Perth to make money, and went into a shop, but did not earn enough to be able to save, and so came into this public house. But I attended your meetings in the Mission just closed, and while I was listening to God's word, I was convinced of the wrong I was doing. I shall be glad to return to my friends in Melbourne. How I have wished to see you, and to speak to you, but I thought you would never come into a public house.'

"I was enabled to encourage her, and have prayer, with her, and got my stamps.

"The Holy Spirit is the Third Person of the Trinity, and as He spoke to God's children in times of old, so He speaks now to those who are 'in the way,' abiding in Christ, and honestly desirous of following the Lord's leading."

When my sister finished telling me this graphic narrative, I told her of a much simpler incident in my life, which I will give you also, to show how, in the smallest matters, we may know our Father's care over us.

During a holiday spent at Beth Gelert, North Wales, I wandered one rainy morning past the Goat Inn, up the slanting path which leads to Moel Hebog, picking flowers and seeking the golden stars of a rare St. John's wort.

On my return I pulled off my goloshes, and lifting my hand to loosen the brooch with which I had fastened my cloak, I found it was gone. Hurrying back to search for it before the children should be returning that way after school was over, I prayed simply that I might find it. It rained hard, and after walking some distance I wondered if it would be right to risk health in thin shoes and wet feet in a fruitless search for a brooch, so a cry went up for guidance: "Shall

I go farther?" and as clear as a spoken voice came the answer, "No."

Retracing my steps but three or four paces down, there lay my brooch with the pin sticking up, half hidden by a tuft of grass.

What a trivial matter to record—some of you may say—but if only a larger number of men and women believed in the love of Christ being so great that it *can* and *will* go out to the smallest events in our lives, they would take Him as their Saviour and Friend, and rejoice in the gracious welcome He will give them.

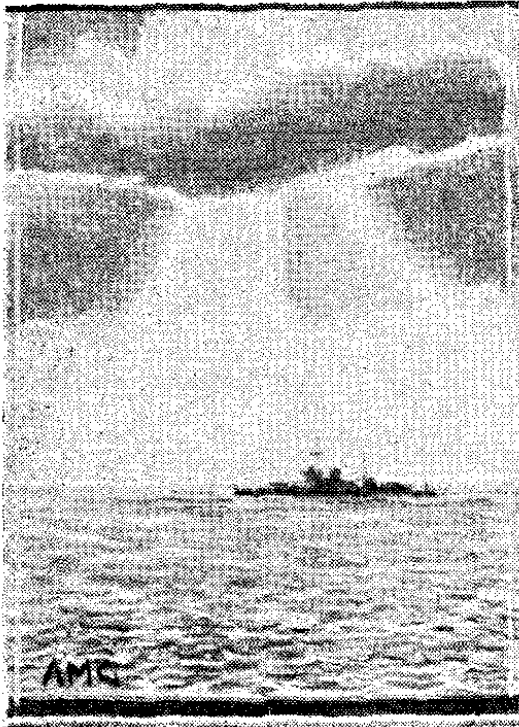
E. E. TRUSTED.

A NATION'S PRAYER.

D. M. PANTON, B.A.

In these critical days it is well to be reminded of the irresistible weapon which true prayer—exercised on the principles which this writer advocates—has proved, and will yet prove itself to be, in our national history.—E.G.C.

IT is critical for millions that they should understand the principles on which God answers, or does not answer, national prayer. In the words of Canon F. R. Barry: "There is no doubt that a great many people are in deep bewilderment and distress; and what is at stake is something far more than the immediate and local problem: it is in the end the whole possibility of faith in a living God at work in history.



Now the point that is vital for a nation is THE RECOGNITION OF GOD. When the Prince Consort, at the erection of the London Stock Exchange, was asked by the architect what he thought of the building, he said, "One thing is lacking." "What, sir, is that?" asked the architect. "There is no acknowledgment of God," said the noble prince; whereupon the

Prince Consort himself designed the inscription which we see to-day: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." It is extraordinary how God has responded to

a nation in a great crisis on its knees.

Queen Elizabeth's prayer preceded the hurricane that destroyed the Armada. It ran thus: "We do instantly beseech Thee of Thy gracious goodness, to be merciful to the Church militant here upon earth, and at this time compassed about with most strong and subtle adversaries. O! let Thine enemies know that Thou hast received England, which they most of all for Thy Gospel's sake do malign, into Thine own protection. . . . Thou art our help and shield. O! give good and prosperous success to all those that fight this battle against the enemies of Thy Gospel."

No sooner had a day of national humiliation, prayer, and fasting been appointed by authority in the Crimean War than victory followed, and peace. October 7th, 1857, was appointed as a solemn day of humiliation, prayer, and fasting to implore God for peace in the Indian Mutiny; at one service in London, 24,000 persons were present: peace followed in 1858, and perhaps the greatest of modern revivals in 1859. In the height of the crisis of the Boer War, when the outlook was black indeed, the very week after the official day of prayer had been held, the whole tide of battle turned. It was the same in the Great War.

Therefore enormous results depend on the *kind* of prayer offered; it is of immense importance that this should be understood, or else God's unresponsiveness may be gravely misjudged. God can, and often will, give victory to a nation which approaches Him with reverence and trust; but the modern nations need to learn that

God is not a part of the War Office

to be mobilised for purposes of victory, and that He answers only humble, heartfelt, penitent prayer. "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up and to break down and to destroy it; if that nation, concerning which I have spoken, *TURN FROM THEIR EVIL, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them.*" The slackening of the national hold on God—in spite of the gracious and noble examples of Their Majesties the King and Queen—is most remarkable. Seventy years ago the national

decree was for humiliation, prayer, and fasting; forty-five years ago the fasting had disappeared; to-day the prayer alone survives. It must be acknowledged with pain that the recent Day of Prayer corresponded but very remotely with THE INSPIRED IDEAL—"All Judah stood before the Lord, with their little ones, their wives, and their children; and all Judah fell down before the Lord."

Wise and blessed is that nation which, self-watching and reverent, commits its sins and errors to a pardoning God, and entrusts its destinies to Him Who always responds to the heart-cry of a people. "Happy is the people that is in such a case: yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord."

Now since Christians wish nothing but good to the land in which they sojourn, and much more so to a land which has superabounded in kindness to Christ's pilgrims, the Church can pray if the nations are silent; therefore, with hearts bent on the blessing of all mankind, let us pray, first, that

the eyes of all nations may be opened

to God and His Christ. Never has a nation suffered more, through war or pestilence or famine, *than it deserved to suffer in order to square its accounts with God*; when the account is squared, the penalty is cancelled.

Nor can we forget that, whatever may be the issues of this international struggle, eternal principles abide, and that fresh iniquity will ever breed fresh wars. So let us ask, secondly, that the peoples of every nation may be made to see that

God is waiting for them to act.

If a man thrusts his hand into a fire, and, writhing in agony, cries, "Why does not God stop the pain?" is not the answer obvious? Suffering agonizes until the lesson is learned *not* to thrust our hand into the fire. Why does not God stop the War? The fearful blister of the caustic reveals the depth of the gangrene in the wound; if men do not heed God's war-judgments now, only fresh revolutions and fresh wars loom ahead. God never stopped the horrors of the destruction of Jerusalem, though the far-off vision of the city running with blood broke the Saviour down, because Jerusalem never asked Him, and never humbled herself at His feet. It is exceedingly remarkable that the self-humiliation before Jehovah of even a wicked king like Ahab can bring national reprieve and postponement of calamity. "Because he humbled himself before

Me, I will not bring the evil in his days." It is not a question of bowing the knee to the enemy, but of bowing the knee to God: it is not a question whether the enemy is wicked, but whether God has not a controversy with *every* nation involved: it is not so much a question whether the cause is righteous, but *whether the nation that asks for victory is righteous*. Whatever pauses in bloodshed God may in mercy grant, assured peace can rest only on assured righteousness. Therefore "*seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captive, and PRAY UNTO THE LORD FOR IT: for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace.*"

Finally, knowing the constant habit of God, that, intensely reluctant to judge, He checks and counter-checks approaching judgment with ever-repeated mercies, let us ask

that peace may come, and come quickly,

but with this exceedingly important proviso—*entirely by methods that God shall choose. A great victory can be the most intoxicating calamity that can befall any nation; let us pray God to bring about peace in the way which will bring fullest blessing to the whole world, and which will most richly fulfil His purposes in allowing this awful hæmorrhage of the nations. "I exhort that supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings be made for kings and ALL that are in high places; that we may lead a tranquil and quiet life: THIS IS GOOD AND ACCEPTABLE IN THE SIGHT OF GOD OUR SAVIOUR."*

—*The Dawn.*

THE WAYS OF GOD.

CHRISTIAN patience is not stoical indifference to sorrow and pain, but quiet and trustful submission to the will of God in circumstances which might easily move me to rebellion or despair. It is so easy to thank God for our roses, but we must learn to thank Him for our thorns.

A lapidary will take a bit of marble and cut deep into its ruddiest veins and fairest polish. Why? In order that he may inlay the cavity with gems and fill the void with beaten gold. Thus God cuts into our hearts in order that in the empty places He may put Himself, and that for all the finite that must pass away, He may give us larger measures of the infinite which ever abounds.

—W. GRAHAM SCROGGIE, D.D.

He is never far away from us in the hour of our danger; and above the howling of the tempest He can hear the feeblest cry for help.

The blackest darkness which ever enwraps the soul is not that of sorrow, or trial, or loss; but of inability to realize His nearness. But how safe are those who can stay their souls upon His promises to be with them even when they pass through the waters! And what wondering love fills their hearts who experience the great calm of spirit which His presence creates!

—J. STUART HOLDEN.

"Greatly beloved, fear not: peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong."—DANIEL x. 19.

FEAR NOT.

"Greatly beloved, fear not"—

Rest in the love of Him
Who loves thee best;
Seek but His will, obedience
bringeth rest;
Look not around thee,
heed no thunder roar;
Be strong, before thee lies
an open door;
Fear nothing, enter—He
has gone before—
"Greatly beloved, fear not."

"Greatly beloved, fear not"—

His coming draweth near.
We hear Him say
"My chariots are now
upon the way;
Behold I come! Watch
with expectant eyes.



Look up; My signs are in the radiant skies,
For you there waits a sweet, a glad surprise"—
"Greatly beloved, fear not."

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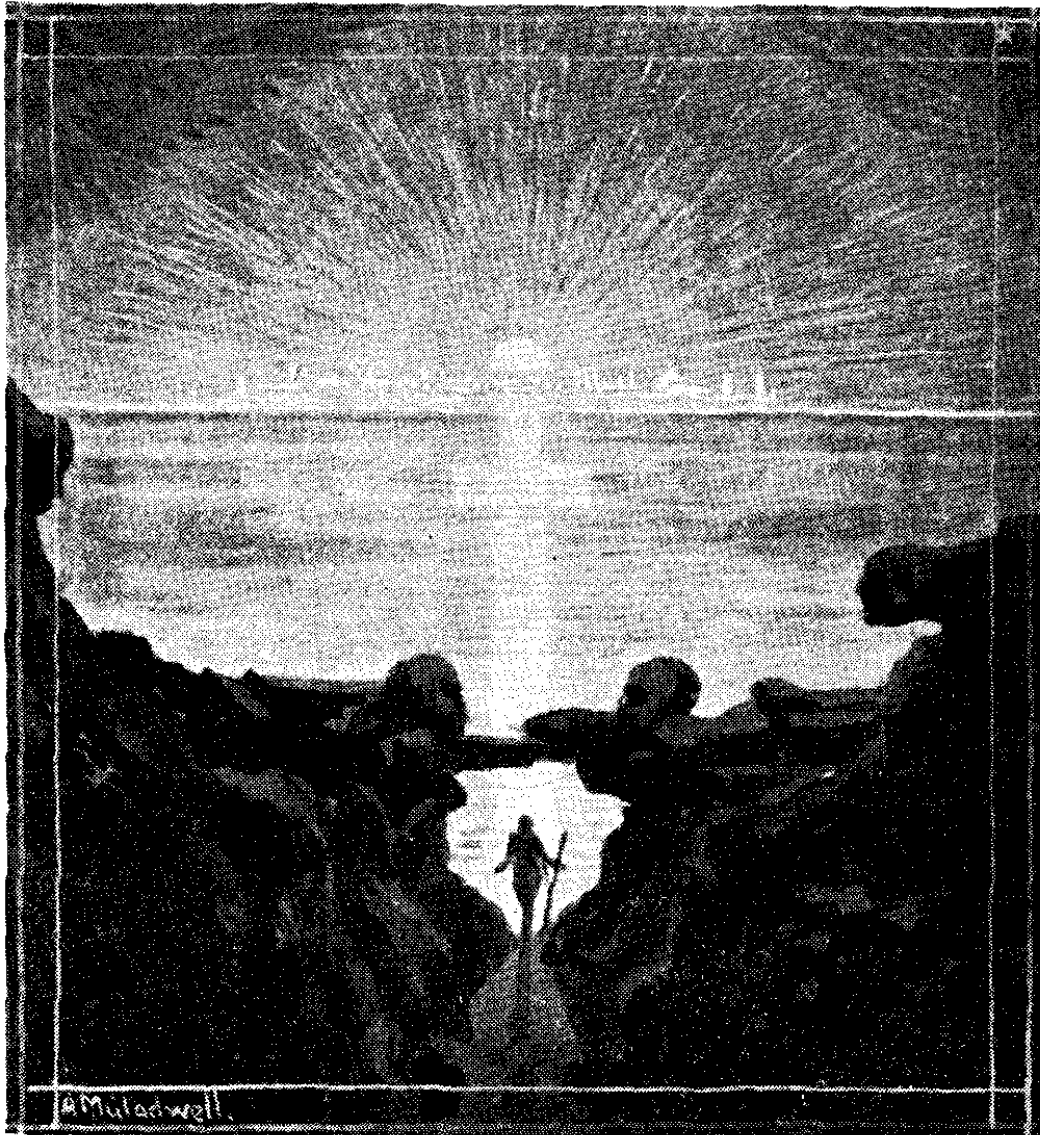
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ACTS xvi. 31.



“ I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.”—JOHN xiv. 6.

“ Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us . . . let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith . . .”—HEB. x. 19, 20, 22.

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“ THY FOOTSTEPS ARE NOT KNOWN.”

“ There is a path that no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.”—Job xxviii. 7.

From a Manuscript of the early part of the Fourteenth Century

O PATH that no eagle knoweth,
No vulture's eye hath seen,
Where never the lion goeth,
Nor the fierce lion's track hath been;

Not in the land of the living
That wondrous path is known,
But Death and Destruction know it,
Path trodden by One alone.

Path of the lonely sorrow,
Path of the Lamb who died,
Path from the grave to the glory—
No other path beside.

Into the golden chamber,
Into the secret place,
Paul by that pathway entered,
Saw the beloved Face—

Heard from His lips the wonders
Not to be told again—
The mystery and the glory,
That are wordless unto men.

But of the cross and sorrow,
The curse and the shame he told,
The path to the secret chamber
Of the cedar and the gold.

Were I with the trespass laden
Of a thousand worlds beside,
Yet by that path I enter,
The Blood of the Lamb who died.

From the depth of the doom and darkness
Ascends that wondrous road
Which leads from the heart of the sinner
Up to the heart of God.

“ THY FOOTSTEPS ARE NOT KNOWN.”

15

For from heights of the golden city
 He made the glorious road,
 Which leads to the heart of the sinner
 Down from the heart of God:

Down from the heights of the glory,
 Down from the love and the kiss,
 The joy of the music and singing,
 The endless, unspeakable bliss.

“ He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.”—Phil. ii. 8-10.

“ For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.”—Mark x. 45.



EXTRACT FROM GOTTHOLD.

“ **F**OR my part, my soul is like a hungry and thirsty child; and I need His love and consolation for my refreshment. I am a wandering and lost sheep; and I need Him as a good and faithful shepherd. My soul is like a frightened dove pursued by the hawk; and I need His wounds for a refuge. I am a feeble vine; and I need His cross to lay hold of, and to wind myself about. I am a sinner, and I need His righteousness. I am naked and bare—I need His holiness and innocence for a covering. I am in trouble and alarm, and I need His solace. I am ignorant; and I need His teaching: simple and foolish; and I need the guidance of His Holy Spirit. In no situation and in no time, can I do without Him. Do I pray? He must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the Divine tribunal? He must be my advocate. Am I in affliction? He must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? He must defend me. When I am forsaken He must be my support: when I am dying, my life: where mouldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well then, I will rather part with all the world, and all that it contains, than with Thee my Saviour. And, God be thanked! I know that Thou art neither able nor willing to do without me. Thou art rich; and I am

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poor. Thou hast abundance; and I am needy. Thou hast righteousness; and I sins. Thou hast wine and oil; and I wounds. Thou hast cordials and refreshments; and I hunger and thirst.

Use me then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose and in whatever way Thou mayst require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel; fill it with Thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with Thy love. Take my heart for Thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of Thy Name; my love and all my powers, for the advancement of Thy believing people; and never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate—that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say, ‘ Jesus, needs me, and I Him and so we suit each other.’ ”



JAKE WOODS, THE OUTLAW.

ONE night high up in the Smokey Mountains of Tennessee I was lost in a snowstorm. Though I was frozen into unconsciousness, my horse carried me to a house. When consciousness began to dawn again, I heard a fire crackling and looking up saw a bearded man bending over, swearing because I would not open my mouth to admit the neck of a bottle. In the moment of delirium, I thought I was dead.

When my senses returned,

I recognised the man as a notorious outlaw,
with a price on his head, a man who had vowed that physical violence would fall heavily on any preacher who dared to enter his house.

My rescuer and his wife did everything possible for me. When bedtime came, he took me in bed with him and held me against his great warm breast all night, never relaxing his vigilance for a moment. In the morning, I was little the worse for my experience, but the sun shone and the snow was melting, and I was ready to go. Then it was that a Voice said, "You must try to save Jake Woods."

How should I begin? Jake was sitting before the wide fireplace as I packed my saddle-bags. I walked over to him. Taking a bill from my pocket, I said, "Mr. Woods, I regret to offer you so little when you and your good wife have done so much for me, but this is a little expression of my appreciation for what you have done. I could not pay you even if I were rich."

He looked me over from head to foot with astonishment. "Put up your money, Doc," he said, "What we did for you was because we wanted to be clever to you. If you had come to my house last night as a preacher,

I would have turned you away in the storm

and been glad if you were frozen to death. Twenty odd years ago, when the Almighty took our little boy, our only child, I swore that no man representing Him should ever come under my roof. I kept my word till last night, but when your horse brought you I couldn't turn you away. Now, you can go and have it to say that you have stayed all night with Jake Woods."

His last sentence was hissed through clenched teeth. I never saw a man look so fierce. I had failed, so I picked up my saddle-bags from the bedside and started toward the door. But some power gripped my conscience like steel. "You must try it again," the unmistakable order came. I walked the floor, trying to find a ship to Tarshish, but none was in sight. I was sure that Jake guessed what I was suffering, but he never turned his head. Finally, I walked over to him again, and with voice trembling with emotion, I said: "Mr. Woods, I have a little Book that I want to read, and I wish

to talk to a Friend of mine

before I go, will you let me?" He turned in his chair with his back to me. His wife, sitting in the corner, said, "Doc,

it's all right, go ahead." I began reading that wonderful fifteenth chapter of Luke, about the one sheep that had strayed, but was found. There was the story of the Prodigal Son, too. When he came home in tatters within and without, his father was so happy that he would gladly have killed everything on the place to make merry because his son had come home.

Just then I looked out of the corner of my eye, and Jake Woods had turned around and was looking at me with eager interest, as much as to say:

" Why are you talking about me? "

I dropped on my knees and said: " O God, I came here more dead than alive last night, and this man and his good wife took me in and nursed me back to life, and now they refuse to accept anything for their kindness. But Jesus Christ has stood at their door, ever since they have had a house, with outstretched hands bleeding, and with thorn-crowned brow, and they have slammed the door in His face. Help Jake Woods to tell Jesus Christ to come in to-day."

When I got up, Woods was sitting on the floor, looking at the door. I followed his gaze, but saw nothing except the open door, with sunshine and melting snow. After a minute, he said, to Someone apparently in the door,

" Come in."

Then, turning to me, he added: " He came in," as much as to say, " You can't throw it up to me any more."

When I left the cabin, Jake followed me to the gate. " Doc," he asked, " have you another of those little Books like you read out a while ago? My pap *used to read about that boy*, and I guess I've been him. If you'll lend me one and turn down a leaf, I might find someone to read, and I think I would like to hear it again." I gave him the book and he turned away, saying that his "old woman" might come to hear me preach when I returned to the Flats School House.

Several times before I had preached at the Flats to but a few good souls, but when I arrived that time the whole schoolyard seemed to be covered with people. The first man who gripped my hand, until I thought I would fall off my horse, was Jake Woods. " Doc, I fetched 'em," was his

greeting. Nancy Woods, his wife, was there at church for the first time in more than twenty years. "Doc," she said,

"There's something the matter with Jake."

"What like?" I asked. "I don't know, but he h'aint like he used to be since you were there. He's been real good to me. Doc, please call for mourners to-day; maybe Jake'll go up."

The tears came to my eyes as I walked to the table and laid my saddle-bags down. Jake Woods had beaten that woman almost to death once because she had given a coin to a preacher. Many times he had driven her off in the storm. Once in a drunken delirium he had thrown her into the fire. Now she had been in heaven for three whole weeks.

The house that day was full of the good and the bad. The sermon I had prepared would not fit, so I took for my text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." One standing by that table at my side, preached that day, with convincing power.

When I let down the net, Jake Woods sprang to his feet and went down that aisle, speaking in a voice that drowned mine: "Men and women, come on! Doc's telling you the truth, for I saw that Man when Doc prayed in my house. . . . I saw Him come in and He came and I haven't been the same man since." They came, until it seemed all would come.

The Voice, by courtesy of Living Links.



WHOSOEVER.

A LONDON City Missionary, who had before him three hundred ragged children, placed sixpence under a book on the table, and said: "Whosoever believeth, let him come and take it." He waited; they were all "whosoever," but only one was "whosoever believeth"; a little ragged chap, who came up, lifted the Bible and took the sixpence, saying, "Thank you, Sir."

"What is your name?" asked the Missionary.

"Cecil Smithers."

"I did not say Cecil Smithers could have the sixpence."

WHOSOEVER.

“ No, Sir,” said the half-frightened boy, “ but you did say ‘ whosoever,’ and that means me.”

A variant of this incident is seen in the story of the Sunday-school superintendent who offered three pennies to his children. After a lot of persuasion, one cheeky little lad came forward and took the pennies.

“ Half a minute,” exclaimed the leader, as the boy, all smiles, was running back to his seat; “ how much have you got there? ”

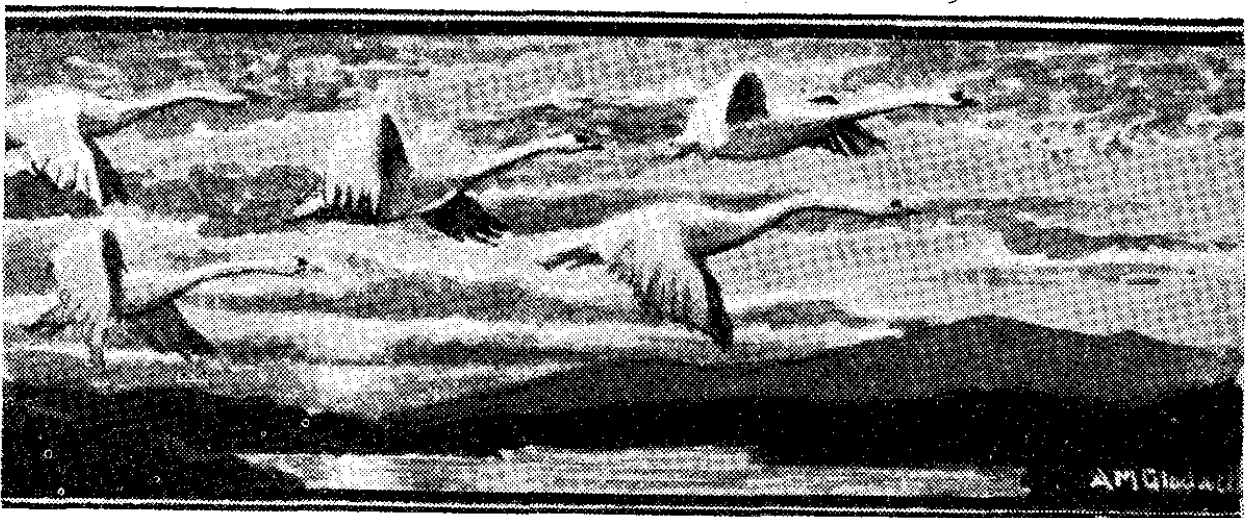
“ Threepence,” answered the boy.

“ Have another look,” directed the speaker. And, sure enough, a sixpence was between the pennies.

“ How much have you got?” “ Ninepence.” “ And whose is that? ” “ Mine.” “ Why? ” “ Because you offered it to me and I took it.”

Just so, when we take Christ, we have no conception of the wealth that comes with the “ Gift of God.”

“ He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? ”—Romans viii. 32.



GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

By CAPTAIN E. G. CARRE.

IT seems to me, from my viewpoint, that it is impossible to assess the value of a nation's right relationship with the Almighty.

My reader, just think for a moment. Since it is God Who made this world, and all things therein, nations included, do you think that it comes within the bounds of possibility that a nation can be anything but *invincible* if the Creator of earth and heaven and sea is on her side?

“Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name (the character) of the Lord our God,” so cried the Psalmist. While Paul sums up the irresistibility of the Almighty in his unanswerable challenge: “If God be for us, who can be against us?”

The Madness of Sin.

And if these things be so—and quiet consideration will convince you that they are—is it not stark, staring madness to give God any but the pre-eminent place—first in your own life—and then in your thoughts and prayers for our nation's enlightenment as to *her need of God?*

But this same madness is stigmatised as *sin* in the sight of the holy One with Whom we have to do. Surely it is for this sin of declining to give God the honour which is His rightful due; in ignoring His just claims upon us, and preferring our own way to His, that we are suffering at this moment. For the essence of sin is *the assertion of self* to the dethronement of God.

The tale of the prodigal son clearly illustrates the “madness of sin,” for “*when he came to himself*” (his true self), he turned about and came to his Father. But could even Divine wisdom voice this folly in more solemn terms than these? “He that sinneth against Me *wrongeth his own soul*: all they that hate Me *love death*.” None but a madman could love a death which is both a living and eternal one.

The Soul of the Nation.

In this light therefore how all-important is Britain's attitude towards God in the terrific crisis with which she is faced. What do you think of her attitude, my reader? Would you

say that our country's soul is relying on Him for the successful prosecution of the war, or on her own ability?

For a nation, like a man, has a heart, a soul. The soul of the nation is composed of the souls of its people, welded together under one government, energised and combined as now in one common cause. This is the reason why I stress the need of conversion—not only as *the urgent necessity* for every unsaved reader—but also that he may make the highest contribution possible towards our country's final emergence from this holocaust in the fulness of the blessing of the Almighty!

Not until that miracle has been wrought in his heart, can he be added to that portion of the nation whose heart is right with God, and who through prayer can wield a mightier weapon than that of any human make: first, in helping to heal the festering sore which is the cause of the present affliction, by asking God to open the eyes of the godless mass among us to their neglect of Him, of His Book and of His day; then by asking the same for our enemies—for the self-same sore that afflicts us is at the bottom of their pride, ambition, and venomous doings; and, lastly, to witness by life and word to those around him of the salvation which is his.

For not until God is given His rightful place can true happiness or peace abound in our land, for it is written, "Happy is the people that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD!"

The deduction is simple yet an inescapable one, that the greatest asset which our Nation and Empire has at her disposal, in the sight of Him who holds the balances of victory or defeat in His almighty hands is the large body of His people, the true Church, scattered throughout Britain and her Dominions, and their influence with Him, and upon their fellow-subjects.

Let the sceptic or scoffer say what he will against such an assertion, it nevertheless holds true to fact. Thank God, that ours is still the land of the open Bible, and that this is the secret—as the greatest of her Sovereigns has declared—of her greatness. For through the Book, which stands peerless and

alone among all its unnumbered fellows, does the Creator enable His creature, man, to grasp His character, mind and will.

And to the Christian warrior, the man who believes His Book and acts upon it, God gives this assurance: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man AVAILETH MUCH." And who dare limit this superhuman power even against the supernatural forces against which many of us believe we are now pitted, when we read: "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal (of the flesh) but MIGHTY THROUGH GOD to the pulling down of strongholds."

Recent Signs of the Divine Favour.

A friend writes me in speaking of these: "How wonderfully can we trace God's hand in answer to His children's prayer. He is surely fulfilling His promise in the thirty-third Psalm, 'The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to naught: He maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect.' We see this in the futility of the Brenner and other Conferences, in His hand on the Rumanian oil wells, in His deliverance of Greece from being overwhelmed, by so putting the brake on Italy, and in the refusals of Belgium and Spain to lend themselves to the Axis designs. In all these do we not see His gracious dealings?"

Then through the smashing blows which He, and He alone, has enabled our Navy and Air Force to deliver, has He not largely, if not altogether, frustrated the boasted Invasion of Britain? while we also perceive augmenting elements of disruption evident in the enemy's world-domination programme, as we look out on the troubled seas of storm-tossed Europe.

The Solution of the Problem.

From what I have tried to bring before you, the true solution of the problem which hitherto may have baffled you is evident. It is found in a humbling of ourselves individually and nationally before the Lord God Omnipotent in confession and repentance for our ignoring of His claims and His Christ.

So in parting I leave you this Divine challenge as a life-line and hold-fast in all that this fateful year may hold for each of us: "Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High; and CALL UPON ME IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE; I will deliver thee, and THOU SHALT GLORIFY ME."

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible contains the mind of God, the happiness of believers, and the doom of sinners. Here Heaven is opened and the gates of hell disclosed. It is given us in life, will be opened at the judgment, and be remembered for ever. It is the Christian's charter, the Traveller's guide, the Pilgrim's staff, the Sailor's compass, and the Soldier's sword. Read it to be wise, study it to be earnest, practice it to be holy. In it we read of redemption from sin through Christ's Atoning Blood, unto everlasting life. To neglect it is to court eternal punishment, there is no middle course. Reader, be wise, let the Bible be your Guide in this life, and to life everlasting. Read Ezekiel xxxiii. 11 to 19, Matthew xxv. 41, John iii. 16, Hebrews ii. 3.

The human race will never outgrow the Bible. When we are dead and gone the Bible will still be telling men how to live. What we need is, not an adjustment of the Bible to our lives, but an adjustment of our lives to the Bible. We read: "Thy Word is a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path."—Psalm cxix. 105.

—ALFRED P. WALKER.



DARKNESS BEFORE MORNING.

DARKNESS is over the earth,
Men's hearts are failing for
fear;
But faith looks up to the Morn-
ing Star,
And knows that the Saviour is
near.

—Sel.

MARCH, 1941.

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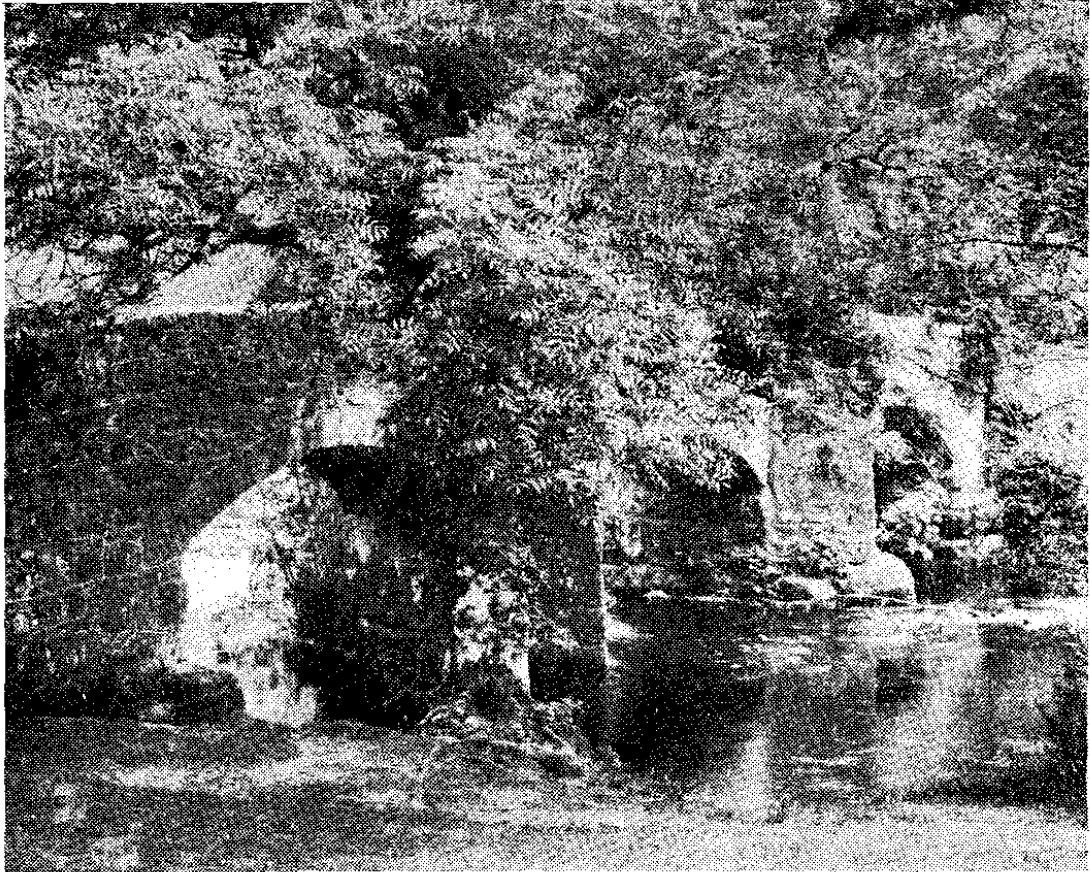
A Message from God

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.



“ I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause :
which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without
number : Who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon
the fields; to set up on high those that be low; that those which
mourn may be exalted to safety.”—JOB v. 8-11.

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(26)

“ THE EVERLASTING ARMS ARE UNDERNEATH ”

(Deut. xxxiii. 27).

(For Coming Days.)

THE everlasting Arms are underneath!
What blessed words of comfort and relief!
To feel the wonderous rest of God's own arms,
Affording us deliverance from alarms.
Tempests may rage—He gives His peace within
Amidst this world's commotion, strife and din.

The strength and might of those eternal arms,
Support the world 'mid crushing war's alarms;
Then can He not thy feeble faith supply
With new enforcements from His throne on high?
He can! He will give just the help you need,
And you shall prove His faithful love indeed.

This precious portion is thy birthright free.
O child of God! thy Saviour's gift to thee:
He purchased with His own life-giving blood
Thy right of access to an holy God,
That cleansed and kept by His own Spirits' power,
You might abide in Him from hour to hour.

Then day by day just lean upon His love.
He'll lift your spirit every trial above;
Above with Him, who will your strength sustain
Till you with Him eternal rest shall gain,
There to adore Him in heaven's cloudless light,
Brought through by love and wisdom infinite!

—One who has proved His faithfulness.



“ OUR SUFFICIENCY IS OF GOD.”

THIS is a startling metaphor. Suddenly, without warning, a dam or embankment gives way far up in the hills, and a whole lakeful of water comes pouring out down into the quiet unsuspecting valley. And at times evil threatens us like an overcharged reservoir or lake which menaces the valley beneath. . . . Then it is best instantly to exclaim with Jehoshaphat, when he was a similar strait: “ We have no might, neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee.” We may always count on God.

“ OUR SUFFICIENCY IS OF GOD ”

27

“ Peace I leave with you,” is much; “ My peace I give unto you,” is more. The added word tells the fathomless marvel of the gift—“ My peace.” Not merely peace with God; Christ has made that by the blood of His cross, and being justified by faith we have it through Him. But after we are thus reconciled, the enmity and the separation being ended, Jesus has a gift for us from His own treasures; and this is its special and wonderful value, that it is His very own.

F.R.H.

Wait on the Lord, and He will enable you to see more and more of the power and grace of our High Priest. The more you know Him, the better you will trust Him; the more you trust Him, the better you will love Him; the more you love Him, the better you will serve Him. This is God’s way: you are not called to be strong in yourself, but in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. He is teaching you these things.

J.N.

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THE CHARIOTS OF GOD ARE TWENTY THOUSAND.

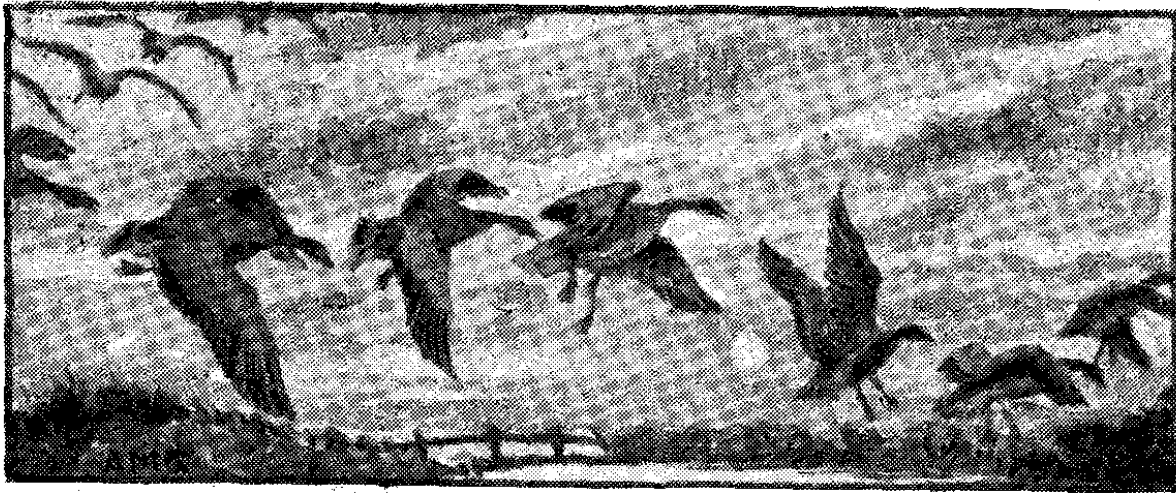
THE ships of Tarshish were broken by an east wind. The wind seized their masts and rent them in destruction.

Dagon was thrown down upon his face, though he was locked up within the ark, and no hand was near him; he was utterly broken to pieces so that he was no god at all. A great wind battered the Armada in a critical moment in English history. The Chariots of God are twenty thousand; He has more resources than those which are merely human. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. He has His day of judgment, and none can stay His hand.

We unite together and go forth to war as if He depended on us alone; we talk, and resolve, and organise, and march on as if God had nothing else to depend upon. That way is partly right. A man, a nation, can do more by thinking that everything depends upon them; but he should cheer himself by remembering that the chariots of God are twenty thousand. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and the very stones of the field are in league with those who fear the Lord.

Nature helps the right; nature hinders the wrong; nature is God's other self, and His chariots are twenty thousand strong. Wind and rain, snow and frost, thunder and lightning, are His ministers; yea, all things are His servants, and in that we can be hopeful, glad, and energetic.

Our trouble is that we do not believe it. We vex ourselves by asking little questions of prying curiosity. We often spoil the most sacred things. We take the instrument to pieces to find music, instead of yielding to the elevation of its inspiring gladness. We exhaust our strength in worrying questions, instead of plunging into God's great sea of comfort and waiting patiently for His revelations. If we had but eyes to see,



there are miracles happening to-day comparable, if not surpassing, anything we read of in Old Testament history. Were I lecturing to a critical audience, and were they free to argue at the close, I should put the utmost emphasis on what has happened, and what is taking place, in the Middle East, in Albania, in Abyssinia, and other places. Miracles? Yes; the revelation of Divine power.

The grand fact is, that in our life there is a Presence always operating upon our necessity. In the midst of humanity there is Divinity, and at the head of all the upward advancing host of men are the chariots of God. This Divine presence in life, if we ourselves are right, assures us that God undertakes our cause as against our enemies. I'm thinking not only of human enemies, but those which attack the soul's health. If we had more faith we should have fewer enemies; if we had

more trust in God we should have less anxiety about our foes. Remembering the history of His people in Egypt, we see that their enemies were destroyed by a power beyond themselves. "I will kill armies by hornets, I will dissolve hosts by winds; I will be the friend of My people." God does not fight with one method; His ways cannot be predicted. The wind is His, and the tempest, and many things we cannot name, and they are all used to work in favour of righteousness and the white banner of truth.

Let this cheer us, God has many ways of helping His people, but they are ways of His own choosing, and they end in success. His household is infinite and His servants are many. Sometimes it is given us to see a visible form of the invisible power. Again and again in private and public history we come upon an almost unthinkable something which makes superstition tremble, and constrains us to pray: now a Hand upon the wall, now a dream, now a benediction of light, now a judgment terrible as fire; something we cannot explain, and which scepticism cannot deny. What is it but the operation of the unmistakable hand of God? And, mark you, not an occasional flash, but a steady, ever-abiding, all-controlling force. Under all surfaces, far below all coverings, woven and arranged by skill of man, far deeper than all tumult and revolution, is to be found righteous law. Some call it fate; some, "a divinity that shapes our end"; some, "God over all, blessed for evermore." But there it is—the righteous law of a holy God.

By that law creation holds together at all points. Not a pebble slips off the edge of the world; not a bird wanders away to another star; no raindrop falls into forbidden ground; and as for men, in their maddest ambitions they do but strike the bars of their prison, and when we see their fury and madness we say: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" Sometimes the wicked have mounted high and their lustful hands of blood have almost reached the clouds; yet there has come a Voice of doom—"Though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down." All history confirms this. To deny the operation of God's sovereign law is to leave history an impenetrable enigma. You may deny the law—the fool does—but it works nevertheless.

You may build without God, and bind your stones with iron or lead, yet your walls will be thrown down by the chariots of God if you mock the masonry of truth. That which is at the heart of things is Right: not something fickle, eccentric, but Righteousness, Love, God.

Remember, will you, the story of Jericho? Do not put the emphasis on the blowing of trumpets, or the tramp of priests, but on the might of Right, for that brought down the strong wall, as it will bring down the wicked in this and every day. It is not our noise and music that will bring down the ramparts of evil, but the chariots of God.

Discipline, order, equipment, men, are all needed, and the more the better, for the greater will be our striking power. But never forget the battle is God's and we are His servants. The divine Guardian will defend the truth and protect the right. This is God's universe, and we stand to march at His command. "To duty firm, to conscience true," is our duty. This is a great day; it may be one of the greatest in history. Who can tell? This we know, there is a power in ceaseless operation and by it Truth and Right will win. We may see no Hand moving amid our affairs, but the Hand is there. Man makes his plans and programmes, but if they are not right they fail. Evil swells with boastful pride and seems to succeed, and lo, it staggers, falls, and dies. God is on the throne.

Look, will you? What do you see? Why this: no star is lost in the night; no planet wrecked by the storm; the sun rises, the seasons come, the swallow knows its appointed place. What is it, if it be not the hand and heart of holy, infinite love and power? Let us give the greatest meaning to the events of life, lest we fail in faith and fall a victim to fear. Look for the beckoning Hand, and believe that the chariots of God will protect His people from permanent injury; and as for His Church, it shall stand on foundations broad and immovable, and the Divine will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Stand then in God; rest in Him. As you fight for Him, His chariots are on your side.

F.S.

(By permission of the "Express and Echo.")



TAKING THE GIFT.

A True Story.

“IF I have a chance I am going to get saved.” These were the thoughts of a very sick coloured man as they were taking him to the Metropolitan Hospital on Welfare Island, New York; and told to the missionary visiting his ward by himself, when she made her regular Saturday visit to the patients.

Going into his little room with her basket of oranges and buns, in her short talk with him she asked him if he were saved. He told her, no, he wasn't, though he had a very godly mother in the South who had trained him up in the way he should go from a little child; but (strange as it may seem) his reply to the missionary was, “I am not saved, but *I do want to be saved*, only I don't know how.”

The missionary felt the importance of the moment. He was very ill, and she might not have another chance to speak to him, so she looked earnestly to God to give her just the right word to say, and He did. Taking up an orange in her hand, and holding it out to the sick man, she replied: “This is a nice orange. Oranges are good for sick people, and we have them to give; they are little gifts, a present for each one. This is for you: my part is to *give* it to you, what is *your* part?”

“Why, to *take it*, of course,” he replied, and took it. “Well,” she said, “that is just the way to get saved. Jesus Christ is God's wonderful love gift to the world for sinsick souls—‘for all have sinned.’ There is none righteous, no *not* one.” (Rom. 3, 23). *He is God's remedy*, the only remedy

—and, He is a *gift*. He cannot be bought any more than this orange can be bought, nor earned, nor had *in any other way*. He loved us and gave Himself for us. Love gifts are only had by *taking*, so God says in His Word, John 1. 12: ‘As many as *received Him* to them gave He the power to *become the sons of God.*’ ‘For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.’ (John 3. 16). And once more in 1 John v. 11-13: ‘He that *hath* the Son *hath* life, and he that *hath* not the Son *hath* not (eternal) life.’ ”

He took in the thought that his part was to take the gift if he got it, and being very much in earnest and sincere, he began at once, all by himself to apply the *illustration* in the following simple fashion, which became known to the missionary on her next visit to his ward. Sitting up in bed he greeted her in a most friendly manner, putting out his big black hand for a handshake, and saying: “Don’t you remember me? I’m so glad to see you again.” She hesitated a bit, and he said again: “Don’t you remember me?” He seemed so happy as he put his hand over his heart and looked so earnestly at her, saying again: “Don’t you remember you told me I was to take Jesus just like I took that orange you handed me that day if I wanted to be saved?” Then the incident all came back to her, and she said: “Oh yes, I do remember you now. Tell me about it.” “Well,” he replied, “do you know I never did eat that orange, I just kept it on my stand here by my bed, as kind of a sample, and every time I picked it up, I said in my heart, looking up to God: ‘Lord now I take Jesus, Lord now I take Jesus,’ ” repeating it several times with his hand on his heart, saying: “And oh, now I have such peace in my heart, now I *know* I am saved. Yes, now I *am* saved,” and he surely bore witness to a great change, which continued through the remaining days of his life in the hospital. Joy and peace were written on his face. He lived some weeks after this.

We then wrote a letter for him to his dear mother, telling her that now her son she had prayed for so long, had **accepted** the Saviour and found peace with God in his heart. When this good news came to her it brought such joy that she was lifted right out of a sick bed, and very shortly to our delight as well as her’s, we met her one Saturday, sitting by her son’s

bedside, when we made our weekly visit, and she told us of her great joy on receiving our letter telling of his salvation, that she had laboured and waited and prayed for now so many years. With great appreciation she said: "I am going to have that letter *framed* and hung up on the wall." She was a very refined coloured woman.

This patient was a great sufferer, but from the first he took everything to God in prayer. His doctor, a good Christian young man, took special interest in him, and during one night made several unexpected visits to watch his condition. Each time, he found him, to his surprise, sweetly sleeping.

On the morning round, he said to him, "Well, boy, what has come over you?" and told him of his several unusual night calls, expecting him to be wide awake, but on the contrary, always finding him fast asleep. To this the patient replied promptly. "Well, doctah, I'se had another Man 'sides yo' workin' on me all night," meaning Jesus, his newly-found God and Saviour. He had prayed that the Lord Jesus would give him sleep. He was delighted to have us visit him and tell him more about Jesus.

One day we were standing by his bed, asking him if there wasn't something he wanted us to bring him, perhaps something extra to eat, when he sat right up in bed, and looking so earnestly at us, said, "Now please sit down on that chair. The only thing I want is *you*" (the humble servant who showed him the way to find his now most precious Saviour and God), and on each visit he was always hungry for more of the Bread of Life. All through his intense suffering, to the last, he witnessed for His Saviour.

H. D. PEABODY.

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" ONLY INCHES ! "

IN the darkness of the night we sat in the basement room of our home. An air raid was in progress and the barking and cracking of lighter anti aircraft guns punctuated with the roar of guns of a much heavier calibre made an indescribable din.

Suddenly between the gun reports the crackling sound of a bomb leaving a plane high up in the darkness of the night

was heard. The crackling racket became a crescendo of staccato menace as the bomb came hurtling thousands of feet downwards.

Then came the thud, a crash, a deafening report as the ground heaved, the houses rocked, masonry fell like hail and glass shattered. The terror-stricken cries of women, “ Let me out, oh! let me out! ” from our neighbours’ houses lent more terror to the fearful occasion. What an inferno of horrific sound!

Relief and thankfulness was great when it was found that everyone was safe and unhurt, and able to climb over the debris and find their way to a street shelter. Afterwards we continued the rest of the night as before, sitting prayerfully and alert in our basement, wondering what damage the light of dawn would reveal.

The morning came and with it a truly fearsome sight. almost directly before our front door a large bomb crater stretched across the roadway, the fringes of which had the appearance of a miniature range of mountains. A tangle of broken gas and water mains protruded, large pavement slabs were scattered in untidy profusion; and a large kerb stone weighing over two cwts was seen to be balanced in the fork of a tree as if some Titanic hand had picked it up and placed it there with nicety of balance. Three of the houses adjoining us presented a pitiful spectacle of devastation. Portions of the roofs and front walls had been brought down.

It was not difficult then to determine the course and direction of the terrible missile which had wrought such havoc and created such horror.

The bomb had evidently come from the direction backward of the houses and in its oblique downward course had struck the edge of the roofs at the front of the houses a *glancing* blow before striking the roadway and exploding with such damaging and terrifying violence.

“ What a *fortunate* thing,” said one, “ that it did not hit the houses squarely! ” Said another, “ It was a bit of *luck* that it was only inches wide of a direct hit! ”

Yes, “ only inches ” made the difference between damage with no injury or loss of life and devastating destruction with a probable toll of human life. But was it “ fortune ” or

" luck " that caused the bomb to take a direction " only inches " from death? Ridiculous ignorance suggests such a thing.

Considering those " inches " I found a comfort joined with humbling wonder at the Mercy and Kindness of God for me and mine, which those " inches " displayed. To think that the Almighty Hand of God which sets the courses of the stars, controls the planetary motions of our great solar system, and yet tends the lilies of the field, feeds the sparrows, guards and numbers the hairs of His people's heads, should so control and guide the downward course of that bomb to " inches " that He might display the greatness of His tender care.

The worldling may deem such an expression as " fantastic." He knows nothing of the comfort which the truth of it gives. Why should it be " fantastic "? Everywhere is displayed the truth that God produces great results and consequences from small and almost imperceptible means and causes. It remains in this case that " inches only " made a great difference.

Sometimes one fears that God's dear people are somewhat contemptuous of " small things " in Christian life and experience. They look for import only from things large and outstanding and " despise the day of small things." David's sling and stones were " small things " the widow's cruise of oil and handful of meal were " small things." The little boy's barley loaves and small fishes prompted the dubious question: " What are they among so many? "

Besides, are the " all things " that " work together for good " to God's sovereignly loved children, " big " things only? Come, let us acknowledge the Wisdom and Love and Grace of God in the provision of the " little things " even if by men's measure they be " only inches." Because He is Infinitely Great He does not despise the infinitesimally small, or how should the ants live and display by their intelligence and industry the Wisdom of their Creator? So, Believer, *all* things, little or big, are of His appointment, design, and arrangement for your good.

" Only inches " in your span of life are under His care and Providential guardianship. Not for one inch of your time

does He leave or forsake, forget or fail you. Then “ let thine eyes look right on ” even though you may trace but “ inches only.” The end is known to Him and He will bring you through.

B. S. BRUNNING.



THE SINGING VALLEY.

THERE is a valley in America called the Singing Valley, covered over with loose fragments of broken stones and shingle, and when a morning breeze passes over it you may hear most melodious sounds issuing from all parts of it. Think of this as an emblem. A broken spirit's debris or loose fragments may send forth sweet melody when the Spirit breathes over the valley. This soul of loose, broken thoughts and feelings, shattered joys, shivered hopes, and badly-worn cares, becomes an Æolian harp in the Spirit's hand. Even angels wonder at the pilgrim's song, at the sweet sounds that issue from the broken stones of the valley of Baca.

ANDREW A. BONAR.



THY STRENGTH AND MY DAY.

GIVE me Thy strength for my day, Lord,
 That whereso'ere I go
 There shall no danger daunt me
 And I shall fear no foe ;
 So shall no task o'ercome me,
 So shall no trial fret,
 So shall I walk unwearied
 The path where my feet are set ;
 So shall I find no burden
 Greater than I can bear,
 So shall I have a courage
 Equal to all my care;
 So shall no grief o'erwhelm me,
 So shall no wave o'erflow ;—
 Give me Thy strength for my day, Lord,
 Cover my weakness so.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT.

(By courtesy of Evangelical Publishers,
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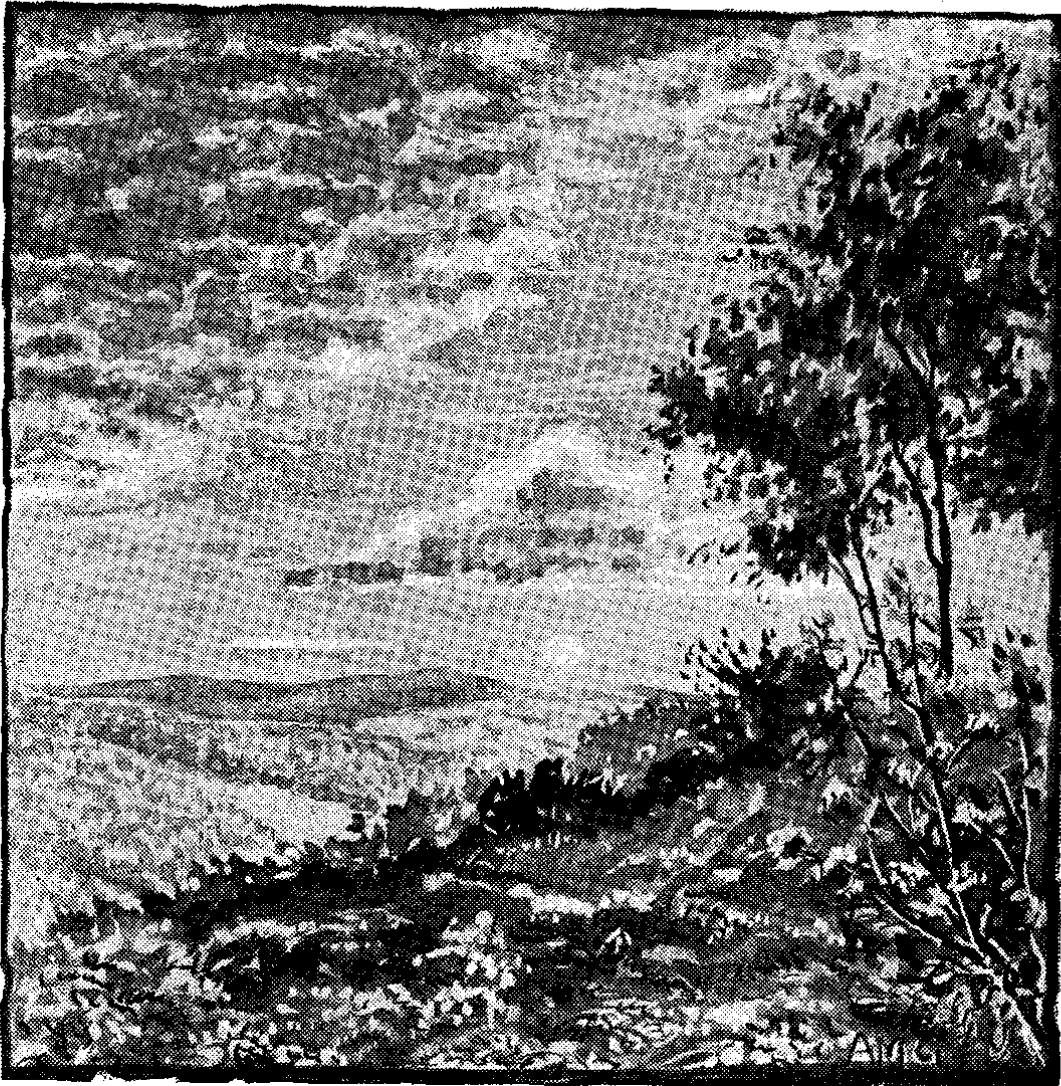
A Message from God

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.



“ I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause : which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number : Who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields; to set up on high those that be low; that those which mourn may be exalted to safety.”—JOB v. 8-11.

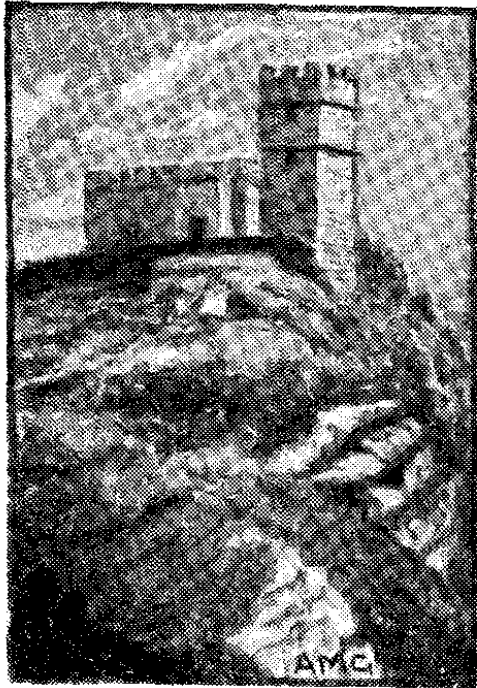
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THE WAY TO GOD.

“ Man . . . sought out many inventions.”—ECCLES. vii. 29.
“ All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.”—ROM.
iii. 23.



NO tower man can build him
will ever rise to God.

For his foundations crumble
ere half the stairs are trod;
No wireless spark, far-flashing its
message through the air,
Can bring the seeking sinner an
answer to his prayer;
No bridge of his contriving can
cross the awful space
Between the guilty spirit and
God's forgiving grace;
No airship of his making can be
so swiftly driven,
Or plume so bold a pinion as once
to soar to heaven;
No lamp of his devising can send
one cheering ray
Along death's gloomy vista or
through the grave's dark way;

No road of his constructing can ever stretch so far
That he can travel on it to reach the nearest star;
Too weak are man's inventions, too short to reach the goal,
All vain for his salvation and useless to his soul.

Oh, changeless name of Jesus! This is the tower that stands,
Its fair foundation resting below Time's shifting sands;
Oh, precious blood of Jesus! this is the voice that speaks
God's word of love and pardon to every heart that seeks;
Oh, blessed Cross of Jesus! This is the bridge that's given
To span the dreadful chasm between man's soul and heaven;
Oh, wondrous wounds of Jesus! His nail-pierced hands alone
Can bear the sinner's ransom up to His Father's throne;
Oh, empty tomb of Jesus! This holds a glory bright
That fills death's shadowed valley with resurrection light;
Oh, mighty love of Jesus! His feet alone have trod
Earth's heights and depths of sorrow and made a way to God.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT,

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“ GOD SO LOVED ”

PERHAPS you have been “ trying ” to love God in order
that you might be loved by Him. If so, you are on
the wrong track altogether. Whatever you are, or have

" GOD SO LOVED . . . "

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been, God loves you. You may not have a spark of love in your breast toward Him, yet He loves you. Though your heart is as hard as granite and as cold as death, He loves you. Though you have deliberately and persistently sinned against Him; though you have trampled His commands under your feet, He loves you.

A. MARSHALL.

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THE HOSTS OF GOD.

" Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. . . . And he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—2 KINGS vi. 16-17.

READ the whole incident. The prophet's servant could see only the physical battle, and as he saw it with the natural eye, it was a lost cause, a hopeless situation; the hosts of the king of Syria coming during the darkness had encompassed the city of Dothan, where Elisha was. And so in his despair the young man cries, " Alas! my master, how shall we do?" But Elisha with spiritual vision saw the armies of the Lord of hosts, and replied, " Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." He then prays that the Lord will give to this young man spiritual vision. And his eyes are opened and he sees the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. What hope have the king of Syria's horses of flesh, and his carnal weapons when confronted with the horses and chariots of fire of the Lord of hosts?

We need to recognise that there is conflict on two planes. The conflict which our natural eye can see, and our natural ear can hear and which seems so real, is on the earthly plane; but the real contest is taking place out of the ken of the natural senses. It is on the spiritual plane where the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

We are reminded over and over again in the Old Testament as well as in the New, that the visible conflict is merely the repercussions on earth of a spiritual warfare. While all admit that tremendous things are happening on earth, we should know that far more momentous things are being enacted in

the Heavens, which will determine the issue of the events on earth. Moses and Aaron and Hur on the Mount were grappling with spiritual hosts of darkness in the Heavens, while Joshua and the Israelites were dealing with the visible hosts of the Amalekites. But the victory was won in the Heavens with the hands uplifted to the Throne of the Lord of Hosts, Who discomfited the visible and the invisible hosts with whom the Lord has war from generation to generation. And so we might trace through the Bible instances of warfare on these two planes, where the issue on the earthly plane is dependent on the victory gained in the Heavenly.

If we see only the earthly strife and seek to war on that plane, like Elisha's servant, we shall exclaim, "Alas! how shall we do?" But as we recognise the true nature of the fight we shall see the vast superiority of the horses and chariots of fire of our Lord over all the forces of the evil one. On the earthly plane, Calvary seemed a great tragedy, and a triumph of evil over good; but on the spiritual plane never was there such a glorious triumph as when our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in utter weakness, shook off principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in that Cross. In that triumph we, as His blood-bought children, have a share. Let us pray and labour in the plane where we shall see that they that be with us are incomparably superior to those that are for the enemy.

PASTOR FIDLER (by permission).



A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

IT was in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in the 1890's that Fred Ingersoll first saw the light of day. He was one of five boys. Of his early childhood he has no pleasant recollections, and of religious influences in his life there were apparently none. The tendency was evidently all the other way. To take whatever he could lay his hands upon seemed natural to the boy, and he early came into conflict with the law, and finished his education in a Reform School. That is, he was sent there, but schools could not hold such a boy and study was distasteful to him. As soon as he could, he quit, and drifted back immediately into the seemingly more pleasant ways of petty thieving and juvenile crime. By the time he could leave the Reform School he was "set in his ways," and the experience of acquiring an education there, or such rudiments as he picked up, was absolutely wasted so far as checking or restraining his criminal propensities went. And so at an early age, with little education, with no trade or profession, with no home life to look back upon or Christian influence to steer him aright young Ingersoll started out on the road that always ends in prison and too often on the scaffold.

In the early years of the present century he was drifting through various States of the Union, "bumming" his way wherever he could. For two or three years he continued this life, stealing and drinking and early learning the ways that lead to darkness and eternal death. From one town to another, this State to the next, he drifted on, making acquaintance for shorter or longer periods with almost every jail in the country. He stole rides on box cars, slept where he could, and had a rooted objection to paying a railway fare of any kind. At the age of seventeen he met a girl and fell in love and married her. Marriage may have steadied him for a little, but he was not by any means "settled down." There were too many other forces and propensities in his life fighting for the mastery. Drink had got hold of him, and he became a confirmed drunkard. It is a period of his life that a veil had best be drawn over. Three babies had been born to him, but paternal love, honour and manhood were swept aside in the desire for drink. It was no uncommon thing for him to stagger home blind drunk at night, to become enraged at his wife and children and throw them all out of the house. "Many a time," he said quietly, "I have thrown my wife out of

doors and the children on top of her. I was just drunk and did not know what I was doing." The result was that his wife died, and left him with three babies. One would have thought that such a dire calamity as this would have shown him the error of his ways, and inspired him with a zeal and a desire to provide for the helpless children who called him father.

People said to him he should use his will-power, but his will power, if he had any, was atrophied. Drink was what he must have, and all else did not matter—home, wife, babies or friends. He came up against the law again, and the law took his babies away from him, and had them cared for. "Ingersoll, you are no good; you are not fit to have charge of children," said the judge who pronounced judgment.

So it was that Ingersoll continued in his career of crime. Perhaps if someone had taken him in hand at this period of his life, and pointed him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, he might have been saved much suffering and sorrow. But no remedial influence of sufficient force was brought to bear, no one told him there was a Man stronger than the forces of evil that wrestled within him who could subdue all these warring elements to Himself and cast out the demons that were dragging him down. Crime was attractive, and to crime he returned. And so he rode the bumpers again, stole where he could, and finally found himself before a judge who looked with an eye of disfavour on his criminal record, and sent him to reside at the expense of the State for a period of five years in Iowa State prison.

"Law and prison," he says, "did nothing for me."

Back again to the old life he went. The craving for drink had to be satisfied, hard work he detested. On March 17th 1921, he dropped off a freight train at Flint, Michigan, at 6.45 in the evening. He had managed to get a drink or two and was half drunk, but he was cold. As he wandered down a street wondering where he could get a coat to keep him warm and protect him somewhat from the chilling wind of March he passed the door of a mission. It was cheery and bright in there he saw, and perhaps he could get a coat to protect his shivering limbs. He listened on the threshold. They were singing a song, that seemed to strike through his drink-fuddled brain with a stab of conviction. It was the well-known hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus." He says it made him think of his mother whom he had failed so

miserably, of his wife who was dead, of his babies he had deserted. But the song ended, and he was standing at the door groping blindly in the darkness of his mind for something tangible to lay hold on. Into the mission he staggered and collapsed on a seat. Somebody else was singing another hymn, and once again the Spirit drove the words home with convicting power to this man's heart. "How can I help but love Him?" was the hymn. A man then got up and told the simple story of redeeming love, what it had done for him and what it could do for others. The man in the back of the hall looked at the speaker. The iron of remorse was in his soul, and through his drink-bemused brain the message of the speaker found a way through his mind and brought conviction to his heart. A sweet-faced woman asked if anyone here wished to be prayed for, to come forward. Forward he staggered, down on his knees he went, and the cry of a broken and penitent heart made music around the throne of God. In that moment he says he was delivered. He was conscious of a great cleansing force in his life, the past seemed to drop away from him like an old outworn garment and old habits that had bound him with chains of steel were snapped. How can one account for such a "cure" as this? Here was a cure performed on the instant, a Power coming into a life stronger than all the forces of habit and desire, that swept these away as though they had never been, leaving his life sweet and clean. It was the expulsive power of a new affection, the incoming of Jesus Christ as Lord of all, that performed the miracle. There is no other explanation that will fit the case and meet the facts. Life for him had indeed been made new.

This is indeed the story with the happy ending. After the darkness of sin the blessed sunlight of the presence of God. In the beginning of this story we stated that Fred Ingersoll had four brothers who had also various experiences of prison. His brother Bob, as it happened, met Christ in prison and found Him as Saviour. By what the world would call a coincidence he was superintendent of the mission in which Fred, his brother, was saved. For years Bob had been praying for Fred that he might also see the light as he had seen it, and would turn from his evil ways and live. To have his prayer answered in his own mission was indeed "just like God's great love."

Fred Ingersoll is to-day superintendent of a mission in Chicago. The same judge who took his children away restored them to him. To-day he has a happy home and a

A MIRACLE OF GRACE

Christian wife. His one dominating passion is to tell men of God's great love. "I am so glad that I know Christ as my Saviour," he says, and at all times and seasons he is on the Master's business telling others the story. And he speaks not from any theory picked up in a text book, but from a bitter experience of the reality of sin and what it does for a man, and from an experimental knowledge of the Grace of God. How can he help but love Him? The Lord Jesus Christ reached down and lifted him out of the fearful pit and the miry clay, set his feet upon a Rock and established his going; his experience is vital and real, and he knows experimentally what Christ can do for sinful men. He is a living, affirmative answer to the famous question of Nicodemus.

J. H. HUNTER.

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THE WORLD'S NEED.

A YOUNG Buddhist who had made a very careful study of Christianity, and particularly of Christ, said to a Christian regarding his study, "*Your Christ is wonderful, oh, so wonderful; but you Christians, you are not like Him.*" Without knowing it, the Buddhist pointed out the greatest need of present-day Christianity—more of Christlikeness in those who bear His name. —*Earnest Worker.*



CONSTRAINING LOVE.

AH! from Thee we live too far
 Therefore so apart we are;
 Sad confession! this is why
 Christians feel unbrotherly.

Draw us nearer, every one,
 Lord of love and union;
 Nearer to Thyself than we
 Nearer, each to each, shall be.

MAY, 1941.

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A Message from God

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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.



“ 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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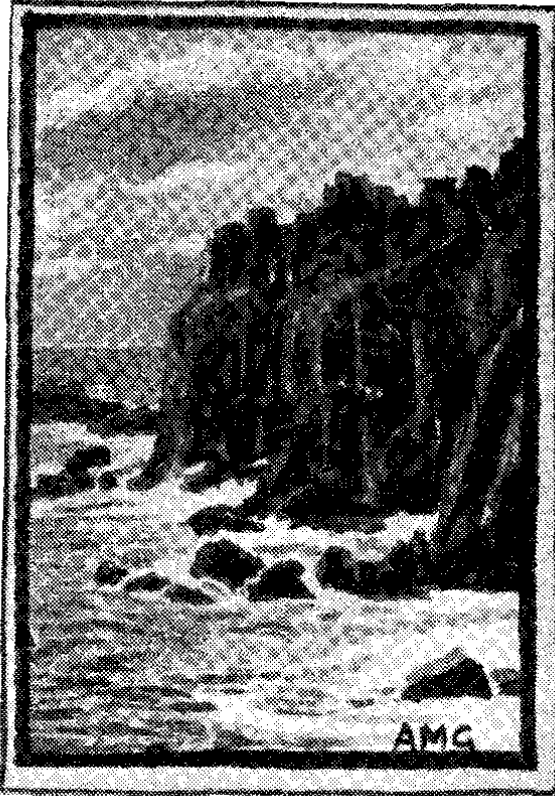
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(46)

THE WAY TO ESCAPE.

“ God . . . will make a way to escape.”—1 COR. x. 13.

“ I am the way.”—JOHN xiv. 6.



WE beat with impatient hands at the thorns of the wayside hedges; We bruise our feet on the stones, and slip on the steep, rough ledges. We stumble through quicksand and swamp to impassable rivers flowing, While alone we seek to find or make some safe, sure way for our going; The way of our choice to a larger life, and into pleasanter places With smoother paths for our feet to walk in easier, open spaces. And we cry to the Lord to lead us out from the struggle fierce and grim, And out from the cloud that hides the sky with its light grown murky and dim.

Not so can our souls escape from the net of our strong temptations;

Not so can our hearts find rest from our griefs and our tribulations:

But the Lord will make a way, and we have only to follow; He will lay the mountains low, and level the swampy hollow; He will bridge the deep, swift streams, and cleave the rock before us;

He will hold us up with His Hand, and His shadowing wing spread o'er us.

Not always *out* will He make a road where the strife grows fierce and grim,

But the way of escape may drive us *in*, to our refuge and rest in Him.

So welcome the bounds He hath set to the way He hath planned for our going;

The hedge we may not break through, and the deep, wide rivers flowing,

The sea that waits His word to part its waves before us.

The darkness that hides our foes 'neath the cloud that His hand spreads o'er us.

Since they keep us the closer to Him, till, our will and our way forsaking,
 We escape from the toils at last by the way of the Lord's own making,
 Not always *out* of our troublous times, and the struggles fierce and grim,
 But *in*—deeper in—to our one sure rest, the place of our peace, in Him.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT,
 By courtesy of Evangelical Publishers, Ltd., Toronto.

SURE MERCIES.

THOMAS BROOKS reminds us that the mercies of God are not styled the *swift*, but “the *sure* mercies of David.” There is nothing of hurry about the procedure of the Lord; it may even seem that the chariots of His grace are long in coming. It is by no means an unusual circumstance for the saints to be heard crying, “O Lord, how long?” (Psa. vi. 3.) It is written, “The glory of the Lord shall be thy reward” (Isa. lviii. 8.)

C. H. SPURGEON.

WHY FOLLOW HITLER ?

WHAT was the cause of this war? Have you ever thought it out? “Oh, it was through that man Hitler and his system. He's out to conquer the world”—probably that will be your answer. But wait a minute—it goes a bit deeper than that. Have you read any of the claims of the Nazi creed—for it is a creed? Do you realise what is at the very heart of it? *Denial of the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ.* Spurning His Gospel of love and substituting Hate. Denying the One True God and substituting other gods—the Fuehrer, the State, pride of race. Denying the fact of sin against a holy and loving God, and substituting for it—“What *we* say and do is right, and *everything else is sin.*” This is what they actually claim. But what is at the back of *that*? *Denial of the truth of the Bible, God's Word to us all, and rejecting it.* The Bible is not now permitted to be circulated among German troops.

Do you like this Nazi system? Do you like its cruel and barbarous methods, as seen in the terrible mass murders of civilians in Europe, and even in our own country? Of course you don't, none of us do. This country is united against it with grim determination.

Now don't you see that behind this firm purpose of ours is a feeling deep down that as an Empire our cause is right and just? But why do we expect that right, and not wrong, will triumph? Well, we Britishers are shy to mention religion—but the truth is that somewhere inside us, all hidden away, we know that *God* is righteous and just. Where do we get that knowledge from? **THE BIBLE.**

Lots of us have listened for years to reports that the Bible was out of date, not true, contradicted by science (all false reports)—and we've believed it—*because we wanted to believe it.* Do you know where most of these reports came from? *Germany.* That country has been the source of nearly all criticism of the Bible and denial of its truth. Its leaders and the system in control there have cast off the Bible, the Word of God. *What do you think of the result?*

Now for some reason God has favoured our land in many ways. He delivered us in the last war. How have we shown our gratitude to Him since that time? By ceasing to read His Book, disobeying His laws, which are all for our good, and refusing His Son Jesus Christ, who died to atone for our sins, that each true believer might have a changed heart and be able to serve God, thereby serving his country's best interests.

No, this war is not due *only* to Nazi-ism. We have brought it on ourselves, just as God's chosen people, the Jews, did. (You can read how in the Bible.)

Have you realised how God has spared us in *this* war? Christian writers are challenging us with the following questions: Why did not Hitler attack us at the time of the Munich agreement, when we were unprepared? Why were we given a whole year's respite to start to get ready for what was coming? *Because of God's protecting Hand.* Why did not Hitler attack us in September, 1939, but left us until the Spring of last year to rush ahead with our preparations? *It was God again.* How was our Expeditionary Force enabled to get away safely from Dunkirk, when experts had predicted that only a tenth could escape? *It was another of God's miracles,* in direct answer to the National Day of Prayer, held on the preceding Sunday. Why didn't the Nazis attempt invasion immediately France was defeated, but gave us time to fortify our island with record speed? *Wasn't this God's protecting Hand again?*

WHY FOLLOW HITLER?

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God *can* deliver this country. He is all powerful, and often uses the force of nature to bring about His purposes— heavy and record falls of snow, earthquakes, torrential rain, etc. First of all, though, and I speak as to a fellow-countryman, we as a nation need to *turn back to God—to repent*. But it all depends on you and me, *as individuals*. If you want to hasten the end of this war, will you start to read the Bible again, as many *are* doing, and follow out its teaching? You will soon see that your greatest need, both now and for eternity, is to accept Jesus Christ, God's Son, as your own *personal* Saviour, thank Him for His free salvation, and then serve Him. You cannot serve your country better. Peace will then be *one step nearer*. Every link in the chain counts. God answers the prayers of those who trust in and obey His Son.

“Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and . . . had walked in my ways! I should *soon* have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries.”
Psalm 81. 13, 14. J.A.H.



“WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM.”

A YOUNG lad was brought to Christ: he longed to be able to go out to tell others of his new found joy, *but* he had a stutter, and would not this hinder him greatly?

One day he was on a country road when a man came up and asked him: “Does this road lead to the lake?” “Y-es,” stuttered the boy, “but do you know the w-a-y to HEAVEN?”

The man walked past.

Some years after this, in a Gospel Hall, after the meeting the man came up to the boy, and asked if he remembered him.

He stuttered out some doubt as to having met him before. Then the man reminded him of the day they met on that road. Oh, the boy then remembered. " Well," said his friend, " I was on the way to that lake to end my life, but when I reached the shore *I could not get in*. Your words held me back and by God's grace I was converted! "

They tell me the late dear Paul Raeder, of the U.S.A., whose name I often heard over there was a man of prayer, and before going off one day to an outlying town he knelt down and asked the Lord to give him a soul on board the train. When he entered the coach he found no seat, and the Devil said as it were, " Now, old man, you are fooled this time! " " Get thee behind me Satan," said the man of God, and our brother walked along the coach passage and when he came to the end he saw a man standing by the drinking fount pressing the button and only a drop came. Turning round to Raeder he said: " Isn't that Hell? " " Oh, no," Raeder said, " there's not a drop of water in Hell." In a brief moment this man was down on his knees in the big coach crying to God for mercy, and got up a saved man. He said, when he got up: " How remarkable that God should have spoken to me, I am, or was, the only one of the family unconverted, and I am now going to see my dying sister. I dreaded to go because I knew what she would speak to me about."

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HIS SHIP WAS SUDDENLY ATTACKED.

THE other day I heard from a young fellow in the Navy who was, not so very long ago, very suddenly brought up face to face with the realities of life and death.

He was up on deck enjoying the beautiful scenery; mountains on either side towered up almost perpendicularly from the water, their tops veiled by clouds, through the gaps in which beams of sunlight were shining down with a marvellous effect on the snow which covered the ground everywhere.

Suddenly, like a very literal bolt from the blue, his ship was attacked. It was a close shave, and it all happened with incredible swiftness. But you will be interested to read his own words. This is what he says of it:—

" Like most men when in action, we are brought into the *reality* of things which otherwise would not enter our minds. I remember after it was over, I was thinking in one moment

we can enjoy the beauty of things around, and in another be brought face to face with eternal realities. For myself, I can say I have the blessed knowledge based on the authority of God's Word, that I have passed from death unto life. How well the apostle could say 'I know Whom I have believed.' Ah! it's a blessed Person, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Word of God says 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' And for those who believe on Him, and know with assurance that the blood can cleanse them, if death itself was to loom up before them all fear is dispelled; as the psalmist could say 'Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil.' "

Say! reader, do *you* know anything of the simple confidence of this young sailor? It's not bravado, it's *peace*: peace born of trust in God, founded on His Word which tells us that "**he that heareth My word, (Christ's), and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life**" (John v. 24).

And again, "**Jesus . . . was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ**" (Romans iv. 24 to v. 1). *The Despatch Rider*.

ADVERSITY.

WHEREVER there is likely to be great success, the open door, and the opposing adversaries will both be found. If there are no adversaries you may fear there will be no success. A boy cannot get his kite up without wind, a wind which drives against his kite. Opposing work, although in itself evil, is wondrously overruled by God for the best purposes, since persecution often arouses natural sympathy, and this becomes a ladder by which love climbs up into the heart.

C. H. SPURGEON.

PRAYING FOR OTHERS.

THERE is nothing that makes us love a man so much as praying for him; and when you can do this sincerely for any man, you have fitted your soul for the performance of everything that is kind and civil toward him. . . . Be daily on your knees in a solemn, deliberate performance of this devotion, praying for others in such form, with such length, importunity and earnestness as you use for yourself; and you will find all little, ill-natured passions die away, your heart grow great and generous.

WILLIAM LAW.

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YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY FOR:—

YOUR faith in humanity.
Hearing before judging.
Being candid and frank.
Thinking before speaking.
Discounting the tale-bearer.
Standing by your principles.
Stopping your ears to gossip.
Asking pardon when in error.
The influence of high motives.
Bridling a slanderous tongue.
Being generous to an enemy.
Being honest in business dealings.
Sympathising with the oppressed.

THE UNFAILING REFUGE.

(Psalm lvii. 1, 2.)



WHEN darkness veils my
noonday sky,
Or evening brings me
windy storm,
Then will I cry to God Most
High,
And wait for what He will
perform.

My soul looks back with calm
delight
Upon the path already trod,
And sees how every cloud of
night
Contained some mercy of my
God.

Thy wings, O Lord, are large
and wide,
Around Thy trusting child-
ren cast;

Within their shelter I will hide
Till all the storms are overpast.

Thy promise now becomes my prayer,
The life of every note I raise:
Thy peace shall guard my heart from care,
Thy power shall turn my prayer to praise.

WILLIAM WILEMAN.

JUNE—JULY, 1941.

One Penny Net.

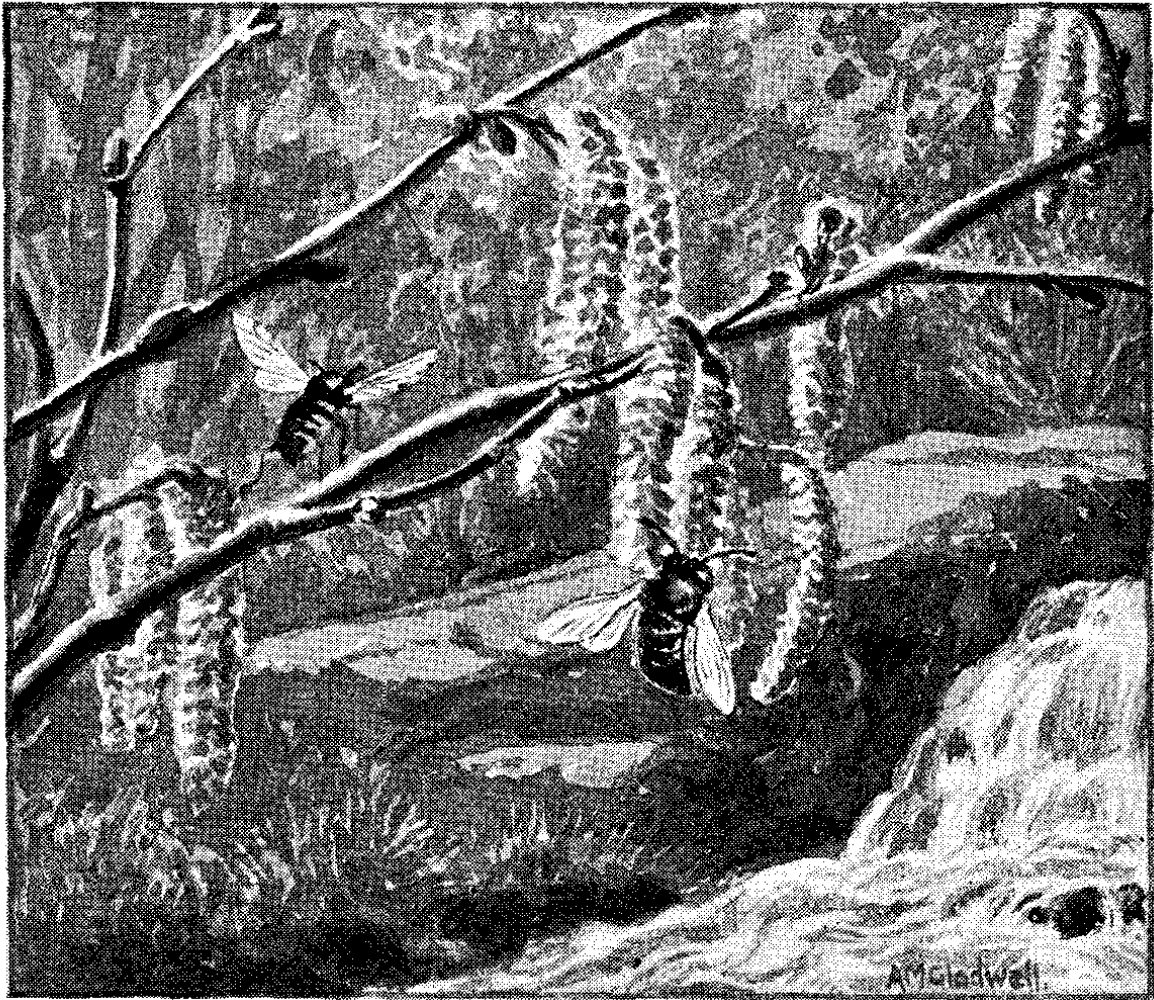
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A Message from God

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.




“ How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!”—PSALM cxix. 103.

Edited at the Bible and Testament Depôt, Post Office Chambers,
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(54)

 Owing to delay, through war conditions, in issuing the previous month's "Message from God," we are issuing a double number for June-July in one.—EDITOR.

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me; Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me."—PSALM cxxxviii. 7, 8.

"MY LORD AND I."



I HAVE a friend so precious,
So very dear to me;
He loves me with such tender
love,
He loves so faithfully:
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel Him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek:
He leads me in the paths of light
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love Him,
He knows I love Him well;
But with what love He loveth me
My tongue can never tell;
It is an everlasting love
In ever rich supply,

And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell Him all my sorrows,
I tell Him all my joys,
I tell Him all that pleases me,
I tell Him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go, and speak
The loving word for Him;

" MY LORD AND I "

55

He bids me tell His wondrous love,
 And why He came to die,
 And so we work together,
 My Lord and I.

I have His yoke upon me,
 And easy 'tis to bear;
 In the burden which He carries
 I gladly take a share;
 For then it is my happiness
 To have Him always nigh:
 We bear the yoke together,
 My Lord and I.

So up into the mountains
 Of heaven's cloudless light,
 Or away into the valleys
 Of darkness or of night,
 Though round us tempests gather
 And storms are raging high,
 We'll travel on together,
 My Lord and I.

And when the journey's ended
 In rest and peace at last,
 When every thought of danger
 And weariness is past,
 In the Kingdom of the future,
 In the Glory by and by,
 We'll live and reign together,
 My Lord and I.
 Mrs. L. SHOREY.

" WHAT ABOUT TO-MORROW ? "

THE Master bends over the trembling soul that asks that question and says: " Lo, I am with you *always*."

Some years ago in Scotland, a Scots laird gave to his old servant, Donald, a little farm. He called him in one day, and said: " Donald, I am going to give you that farm, that you may work it for yourself, and spend the rest of your days there upon your own property."

Donald, with all the canniness that characterises a Scot, looked up into the face of his laird, and said to him: " It is nae gude to gie me the farm; I have nae capital to stock it."

His laird looked at him, and said: " Oh Donald, I think I can manage to stock it also."

And Donald said, " Oh, well, if it is *you and me* for it, I think we will manage."

Trembling soul, if Christ Jesus pardoned thee, if He purified thee, then say to Him: "Now, Lord, I thank thee for the pardon; I magnify Thee for the purity; but, Master, I have no capital; how am I going to live in the future?"

And He says: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not also *with Him* freely give us all things? Lo, I am with you."

Jesus, Master, if it be Thee and me for it, we can manage.
From *The True Estimate of Life*.



" BUT IF NOT "

OUR lives are so full of marks of the Divine overshadowing that we can all recall instances of intervention which have brought to our joyful hearts the cry, "*It is the Lord.*" "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." Such over-rulings in our own experience, and in that of other believers, strengthen our faith in the unseen presence—the Lord is "at hand"—and confirm our confidence that we may in very deed cast our cares upon Him for the small as well as the vital issues of life.

Then the time comes when our faith is tested by an absence of clear leading: the winds are contrary to us: the sunshine disappears, the darkness deepens. Many are fearful for those they love, in these days of horror. Can we trust God for them, as well as for ourselves? Then the blow falls: dear ones are struck down. But to those "in Christ," faith tempers the sorrow with His love. The beloved of the Lord may not be saved out of the furnace, and the faithless would call this a victory of the powers of darkness. Faith sees in it a triumphant entry into the joy of the Lord. What a difference the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ makes to us who believe.

It was in the providence of God that Job suffered. Blow

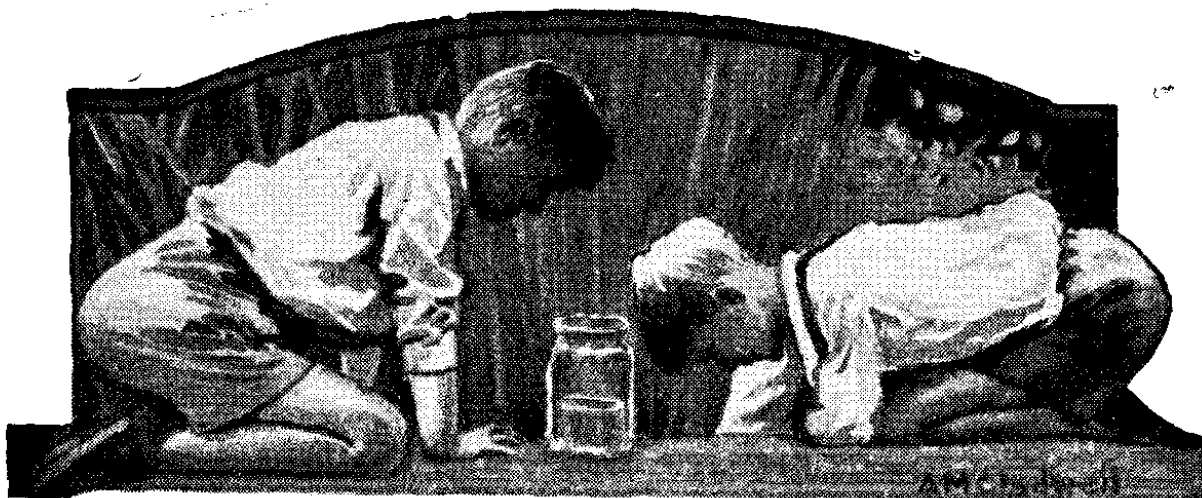
after blow fell with His knowledge and permission: the enemy did his worst, taking all but life itself. The test of Abraham's faith involved the dearest life and dearest hopes he had. His response typified the very love of God for His only begotten Son, and stands for all time as the model of the faith that staggers not at the promise of God. Whatever the demands of faith, they do not exceed the supplies of grace freely given to the believer, as and when the need arises. *It is not given before the need*, hence some of us, who, so far, are without the special need, can hardly realise the special grace that has sustained God's children throughout the ages in darker hours than we have known. “ My grace is sufficient for thee ” met Paul's need to the very end. It has met the need of the martyrs and confessors of old time, and it will not fail to carry the least and humblest believer into the presence of his Lord.

“ I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” Peter's faith, alas, did fail, not because grace was not sufficient for him, but because Peter was too sure of himself. Self-confidence refuses grace, does not look for it, does not rely upon it. Who has not trodden that path—and wept bitterly?

The many things that are written for our learning have their application to these days in a most wonderful way. The faithful children who expressed that ultimate point of faith, “ Our God is able . . . but if not . . . ” have been joined by many in these last days. The Lord's dear children in Britain and elsewhere are brought face to face with this position by the grim circumstance of war: “ Our God is able . . . but if not. . . . ” It is a solemn issue, not brought about by their Christian confession. They suffer with others as members of a community under modern conditions of war: by nature their nerves suffer the same physical strain. Our prayer for our brethren is that, day by day, as the day so shall their strength be. Our God is able to deliver—but if not, He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust. In it all one thing stands fast: we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us, and neither height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

B.W.M.

The Overcomer.



**“ I WILL BLOT OUT AS A THICK CLOUD THY
TRANSGRESSIONS.”**

A BOY ran in to his mother one day after he had read that promise: “ I will blot out as a thick cloud thy transgressions,” and he said: “ Mother, what does God mean when He says He will blot out my sins? What is He going to do with them? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away. What does it mean—blot out? ”

The mother, who is always the best theologian for a child, said to the boy: “ Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate? ”

“ Yes,” he said.

“ Well, show it me.”

He brought his slate to his mother, who, holding it in front of him, said: “ Where is what you wrote? ”

“ Oh,” he said, “ I rubbed it out.”

“ Well, where is it? ”

“ Why, Mother, I don't know.”

“ But how could you put it away if it was really there? ”

“ Oh, Mother, I don't know. I know it *was* there, and it is gone.”

“ Well,” she said, “ that is what God meant when He said: ‘ I will blot out thy transgressions.’ ”

My brother, are you troubled about the past? Are sins of the past haunting you to-day? I do not ask you to make a list of them—you cannot do it, but I ask you to remember that the list is made. The whole black list of sins is before thee, and there comes thy way to-day the Man of sorrows

“ I WILL BLOT OUT AS A THICK CLOUD . . . ” 59

and of tears, the Man of suffering and of triumph, and He says: “ I will blot out thy transgressions.” He will put across that list of thy sins His own pierced hand, and His own precious blood shall cleanse the page of all thy sins. It is His promise. He is able to promise because He has been into the darkness of His death, and out of that darkness He has brought authority by which He blots out the sin of the past, and puts it all away.

DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

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THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING BOOK.

By E. TIPSON, Singapore.

This admirably thought-out appreciation of the Book of books should prove a trenchant weapon against those who question its Divine origin and authority, and therefore its unique standing as the one Book which alone can meet and alleviate the world's crying need to-day.—E. G. CARRE.

Its Monetary Value.

IF you go to the British Museum in London, ask to see the room where the ancient manuscripts are kept; there you will be shown a copy of the world's most amazing Book, a Book which cost the British Nation £100,000 to purchase. Its history, in short, is as follows:—

Last century a well-known scholar, Dr. Tischendorf, was staying at a monastery on Mount Sinai, when he saw the monks lighting the evening fires with some parchments. He took up one of these parchments and to his astonishment recognised it as an ancient copy of the Holy Bible: *the most ancient copy*, as it turned out to be. He recovered the rest of the parchments and finally took them to Russia, where they remained until 1933, when they were offered to, and bought by the British at the above price. No other book in the world would fetch anything like that figure, and this fact alone makes it the world's most amazing Book; however, it is not only this, but other facts substantiate it as such.

Its Marvellous Creation.

Think for a moment of what a book is: a book is the product of a mind written down for others to read. It may be written by the author, or it may be by the process of the author filling the mind of another, his amanuensis, for him to write down what he has heard. *The latter is something of*

the method which God used to write this amazing book, so that men might know just what *He thinks* upon certain subjects.

This method may mean that at times the writer that is used may not necessarily understand all he writes. This was so with the writers of the Bible, for Peter tells us that the writers of the prophecies searched diligently to understand what the Spirit that was in them meant. For a man to confess that he does not understand what he has written means either one of two things, either what he has written is mere foolishness, or that he is writing someone else's thoughts that he does not understand himself.

Some may object that this is too mechanical a method; well, even supposing it is, why object to God using a method which we allow to our heads of departments when they want to write an important document, where exact wording is absolutely necessary? The fact that the writer does not understand his chief's wording does not invalidate the document, does it?

Besides, in what other way could God convey His mind to man, when He Himself tells us that His thoughts are higher than our thoughts? Moreover, when He is dealing with prophetic subjects of which He alone knows the sequence, how could the writers understand? Hence you get an amazing book in its creation.

Its Unique Composition.

Now this Book is a selection of sixty-six books, written during a period of about 1,500 years, written by all sorts of men, learned and unlearned, rich and poor: men from many different walks of life, fishermen and kings, poets and shepherds. Yet when this Book is studied, it is found that a unity pervades the whole, thus showing that the writers were but instruments in the hands of the One behind the Book, for it was impossible for Moses to tell what Matthew, Mark, and John were going to write, and David certainly did not know what Peter would pen.

As Bishop Westcott once said, "If the books combined to form a perfect whole then this completeness is due, not to any conscious co-operation of the authors, but to the will of Him by Whose power they wrote."

Its Unparalleled Influence.

Appearing originally in the tongue of two of the smallest

countries in the world, it has become a universal volume. Produced by a people who are not known as book makers, it has become the chief piece of literature in millions of homes. When the first part of this Book was 1,500 years old, our Lord Himself used it in the successful battle He waged with the Tempter; and to-day, though it is over 3,000 years old, myriads can testify that this same amazing Book has the same power in their lives.

In Malaya, we have met Americans, Australians, English, Irish and Scotch, Eurasians, Chinese of different dialects, Cantonese, Hakka, Hokkiens and Foochows, Indians, Tamil, Telegu and Malayalees, Singalese from Ceylon, men from the Celebes Islands, and Bataks from Sumatra: all of whose lives have been completely changed by the power of this Book, and they would each testify that they would sooner die than give up the Book that has so changed them.

Its Stupendous Circulation

Most books last a few months, some for a year or two; fewer last a decade, and very few a century. Yet here is a Book which goes on from century to century, and not even decreasing in sales, but the very opposite.

Take last year's figures of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Its sales in all parts of the world were over 11,000,000 copies. The American Bible Society and the other Bible Societies also sold in millions, and on top of all this, it must be remembered that bookshops all over the world sold huge quantities, outside of the Bible Societies' sales.

Again remember that a Book which is reckoned good enough to translate into another language is considered to be of outstanding worth.

Yet this Book has been translated into over 1,000 different languages, and every month sees part of this Book translated into a new tongue, into which neither it, nor any other book, has ever been translated before.

Many of the best sellers do not live long; but here is a Book that, although thousands of years old, stands up *in this highly scientific age* to a place amongst other books, the best seller of all!

It is read in the snow igloos of the Eskimos, in the bamboo huts of the Tropics, in the skin tents of the Bedouins, in the boat homes of the river people of China. By the Professor in the University, and in the humble cottage home, such as is described by Burns in the "Cottar's Saturday Night."

Its Extraordinary Vitality.

Here is a Book which took about 1,500 years to write, has been in existence for over another 1,500 years, and yet is as virile to-day as ever. Do you know anyone to-day who reads any book over 1,000 years old, apart from this one?

Of the 50,000 books printed in the 17th century, we are told that *only* fifty-nine have been reprinted. After five years a book is generally reckoned to be dead by the publishers, yet this Book is published and re-published every year for centuries.

This is all the more remarkable when you remember *the fierce assaults* that have been made upon it by its enemies all down the centuries.



In the 4th century, Diocletian, the Roman Emperor, determined to stamp out this Book, and had every known Bible burned; then, over what he thought was the last one left, he erected a column with the following inscription upon it: "Extincto nomine Christianorum," which means, "The name of the Christian has been extinguished." I wonder what he would say if he were alive to-day and saw the figures of the Bible's circulation?

This Book *lives* in spite of the attempts to destroy it, not only by burning, but also the more subtle attacks of some of the finest intellects in the world that have been pitted against it. Yet it stands invincible, still lives an abundant life.

Its Divine Message.

What then is the message that such an amazing Book brings? It tells first of all of God, of His power in creation, a power that our eyes can verify, if we will only look

around us. His wisdom, His holiness, His love. It tells of man, his creation and first happiness, which he lost by *the folly of sin*, through which he plunged the human race into the same condition.

It tells of the Lord Jesus Christ, God's only Son, Whom He sent into this world to rescue it from its lost condition. It tells of how man received this Christ, how they refused Him, mocked His message, and finally killed Him on the Cross. It then goes on to tell how the Gospel, which Christ brought into the world, was spread, and how it changed the lives of the highest and the lowest, the brutal and the gentle, the rich and poor.

The Eternal Effects of its Message.

This Message of Good News tells us that the Holy God with Whom we have to do *will not condone sin*. Therefore, before a soul is fitted for His presence, his sin must have been dealt with, and atoned for and pardoned.

That as man could *not* do this for himself, God so loved us men, that He sent His Son to pay the price of our salvation by dying in our stead *for our guilt as sinners*.

That through the Saviour's sacrifice, God as Judge is so completely satisfied that "Whosoever (any guilty soul) shall call upon the Name of the Lord *shall be saved*." Surely an amazing message, one that has been proved true all over the globe where accepted and acted upon, in bringing blessings, light and happiness to the individual, the house, and the nation.

Our King's Commendation.

In closing, may I quote the words of our beloved King in his preface to the special edition of this soul-saving Book that was issued for the troops in the present war. He says, "To all serving in my forces by sea, or land, or in the air, and, indeed, to all my people engaged in the defence of the Realm, I commend the reading of this Book. For centuries the Bible has been a wholesome and strengthening influence in our nation's life, and it behoves us in these momentous days to turn with renewed faith to this Divine source of comfort and inspiration."

If you, my reader, have not yet accepted and acted upon this Divine Message, why not follow our King's commendation of it, and do so *now*? *Living Links.*

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ME.

THE Bible is a very personal Book. It is written for ME. All its warnings against sin are addressed to ME. Jesus died for ME. He rose for ME. He ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God for ME.

The Bible offers ME a personal salvation. If I ever see the inside of heaven, its teachings and preachings must be accepted by ME.

Its 33,000 promises are for ME. The grace of God extends to ME. The comforting power and guiding influence of the Holy Spirit were designed for ME. The fellowship of the church is extended to ME.

The responsibility for the extension of the Kingdom of God rests upon ME. The darkened millions in foreign lands hold out pleading hands to ME. The missionaries on foreign fields needing support depend upon ME.

For the way I have fulfilled my stewardship, will God's condemnation or approval in the last great day rest upon ME! That depends upon ME.

“ Prepare to meet thy God.” Amos 4: 12. Selected.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

THE TORPEDOED “ATHENIA.”

CAME a crash! Simultaneously the lights went out, throwing us into complete darkness; and, quivering from end to end, the ship took a sharp list. Chairs, tables, dishes, and cutlery slid down the sloping floor with us following, momentarily panic-stricken. Queer, incoherent sounds left my own lips. I gasped for breath. When the fog finally lifted from my brain, the realisation that some awful catastrophe had overtaken us penetrated it, and, with what seemed like my dying breath, I commenced to sing: “ Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee——.”

Suddenly, to my left, tiny flickers of flame appeared as dining-room stewards hastily mounted the staircase, flaring matches as they went. We followed, groping in pitch darkness. Lifeboats were surrounded by clamouring crowds. Cries, screams, and loud voices ascended from the lower decks. Men strove frantically and heroically to bring the lifeboats into position.

None of us knew the moment the ship might sink

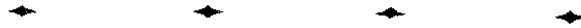
I was gripped by the thought: “ *How many of these people are prepared to meet God?* ” The need was never

more desperate. To first one person and then another, I proffered the question: "Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour?" People stared at me in a strange, numb way. *I received only one positive reply.* "Don't talk to us now!" a young woman retorted, hysterically. "This isn't the time to discuss such things!"

I stood aside, finally, crushed by the realisation that the majority of the passengers were too shocked to bring their mental faculties to bear upon any other subject but the all-absorbing one of how to escape from the doomed vessel. *It was too late* to tell them about the One who died that they might have life. Like an arrow, the words of the Apostle Paul in 2 Corinthians 6. 2, sped to my heart: "Now is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation."

There is only one example of an eleventh hour conversion in the whole of the New Testament, and I believe that for the first time in his life the dying thief recognised in Jesus "the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world."

EVA M. BLAIR, *The Evangelical Christian.*



THE SHELTER OF THE FOLD.



A SHEPHERD returning with his flock one evening missed one; having secured the others in the fold, he turned out again to seek the wanderer, who might perish during the night. The shepherd was tired, cold, and hungry, but he never thought of himself. A Christian (who relates this) offered to accompany him. Hour after hour they toiled on, the friend pleading to no purpose, "it was only one that was lost." The shepherd would not listen, he could not rest until he found it. At length their search was rewarded. While the shepherd was looking over a high cliff, he saw, down on

a projecting point, the silly sheep in a place of danger, where a little tuft of green grass had tempted him. "What will

you do now? You cannot go down there!" exclaimed his friend. The shepherd smiled—he knew what he would do, he prepared a rope. "Are you going down?" again asked his friend. "Not yet," replied the shepherd. "My sheep is so taken up with that tuft of green grass, it would only run from me and fall over the cliff, I must wait." And so he did, patiently. His friend, so struck with the shepherd's seeking love, watched him. Presently a sad bleating was heard. The shepherd carefully descended by a rope. The poor frightened sheep ran to him, and was lifted tenderly up, and placed on his shoulders, safely and securely. The wanderer was carried back to the sheltering fold, so thankful to be there once more, while the shepherd rejoiced, "I have found my sheep which was lost." And his friend rejoiced afresh that night over the more wonderful love of the Good Shepherd, Who gave His life to save him, Who had sought him, and found him, and laid him on his shoulders, rejoicing.

A. HUME.



"A SPACE SET APART."

MANY, we feel sure, must have been deeply stirred to read in their newspapers, just before Christmas, the special message sent by the Board of Admiralty to all ships in the Royal Navy, to be promulgated in Fleet Orders. It was in the following terms:—

"In the conviction that the present war is a struggle between good and evil, and that in the practice of the Christian religion may be found to-day the same support experienced by our forefathers in establishing in the Royal Navy those ideals of service and sacrifice we have inherited, their Lordships, while appreciating that under conditions of war the instructions regarding Sunday work can seldom be realised, wish to emphasise *the need* for observing the instructions for the holding of Divine service and prayers. They further direct that in battleships and cruisers all possible steps should be taken to provide a space set apart for the worship of God."

What a wonderful source of encouragement is such a declaration as this, representing as it does the settled conviction and policy of the heads of our Senior Service! Our hearts should go out in deep gratitude to God for every one of these signs that our nation is increasingly being brought

to realisation of its utter dependence on Him. Let us pray that tens of thousands of the men who day by day are braving the perils of the sea in our defence may themselves be led, by the opportunities so given, to personal trust in the One to Whom His disciples, in the hush that followed the raging storm, paid their tribute of awe and devotion: " What manner of Man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him! "

Crusaders' Magazine.

FAITH IN TROUBLOUS TIMES.

CAN faith in Christ meet the demands made upon it in a troubled world? Sometimes we meet those who in the face of sorrow, or loss, or disappointment, have turned away from God, blaming Him that He had not prevented the trouble from coming upon them. Then it is that the above question arises. Countless affirmative testimonies have been given through nineteen centuries of Christian history. Here is another from one of the most troubled areas of the world in our day. It is a message from a native Chinese Christian. He says: " For twenty-two months we in China have walked through the valley of the shadow of death, but *with Christ we are never alone*, and we fear no evil." Our Lord has never promised that He will keep trouble from us. He does promise to give us strength sufficient for our every need.

Christian Observer.

PRAYER SOLVES DIFFICULTIES.

WHATEVER the difficulty or the trouble is, pray about it. If it is a domestic trouble, pray about it. If it is a business trouble, pray about it. If it is a church difficulty, pray about it. This is a remedy that will cure all diseases; this is a sword that will cut the Gordian knot; this is the key that fits the wards of every lock in the prison-house of our sorrow. We shall get clean out of it if we do but know how to use the key to prayer.

SPURGEON.

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CONFIDENCE.

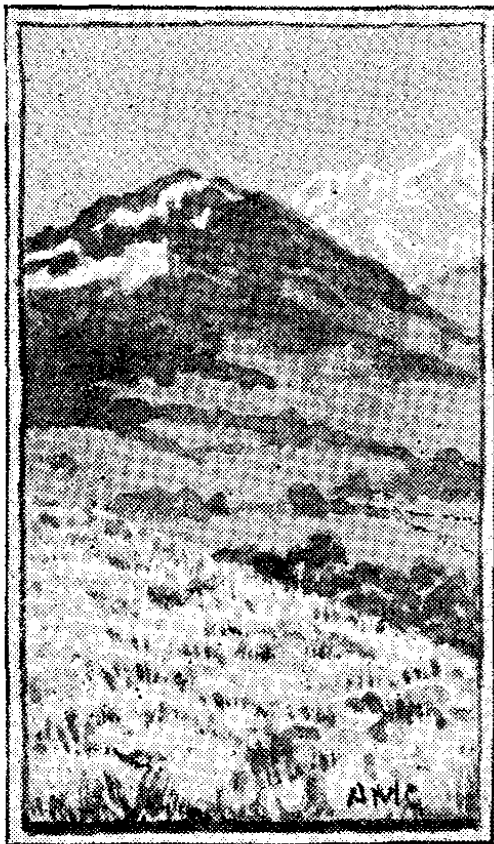
WITHOUT confidence in the love of God we cannot cheerfully submit to His discipline.

Let not the morrow be as a thief to rob you of this day's blessing.

We are apt to judge of things by present appearances; but the Lord sees them in all their consequences.

R. C. CHAPMAN.

“ LORD, INCREASE OUR FAITH.”



MATT xvii. 20.

O GOD of the impossible, since
all things are to Thee

But soil in which Omnipotence
can work Almighty;
Each trial may to us become the
means that will display,

How o'er what *seems* impossible,
our God hath perfect sway.

O God of the impossible, when
we no hope can see,

Grant us the faith that still be-
lieves all possible to Thee;

That hangs upon Thy Word, Thy
Name, and will not let Thee go

Till Thou Thy mighty power hast
shown, love's blessing to bestow.

—Selected.

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ACTS xvi. 31.



“ He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.”—LUKE xvi. 10.

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A Message from God 1941

(70)

NOT MINE.

It is not mine to run with
eager feet
Along life's crowded way, my
Lord to meet.

It is not mine to pour the oil
and wine,
Or bring the purple robe and
linen fine.

It is not mine to break at His
dear feet
The alabaster box of ointment
sweet.

It is not mine to bear His heavy
cross,
Or suffer, for His sake, all pain
and loss.

It is not mine to walk through
valleys dim,
Or climb far mountain heights
alone with Him.

He hath no need of me in grand affairs,
Where fields are lost, or crowns won unawares.

Yet, Master, if I may make one pale flower
Bloom brighter. for Thy sake, through one short hour;

If I, in harvest fields, where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf for love to keep;

May speak one quiet word when all is still,
Helping some fainting heart to bear Thy will;

Or sing one high, clear song, on which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward, I ask no more.

Sel.



(71)

LITTLE IS MUCH.

FIDELITY in trifles and an earnest seeking to please God in little matters is a test of real devotion and love.

Let your aim be to please our dear Lord perfectly in little things, and to attain a spirit of childlike simplicity and dependence. In proportion as self-love and self-confidence are weakened and our will bowed to that of God, so will hindrances disappear, the internal troubles and contest which harassed the soul vanish, and it will be filled with peace and tranquillity.

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

IT is impossible to conceive the heavenly Father willing anything that is not good for His children. His everlasting love and His wisdom leave no room for mistakes. We may rest content in the beautiful will of God which is the expression of His love. As the human father plans for the well-being of His children, so the heavenly Father, with all the resources at His command, has set the ideal for us, and in Jesus Christ provides all the power for its attainment.

“ I AM ONLY ONE ! ”

SEVERAL men were once trying to launch a small sailing vessel, but, though they pushed with all their might, the boat would not move. A small boy came along and offered to help. “ Of what use are you? ” said one of the men; “ how much can you push? ” “ I’m good for a pound, at any rate,” said the boy, and he straightway pushed with all his strength—and immediately the boat moved towards the water! No doubt it was that extra pound which the boy was able to add to the united strength of the men, that made all the difference.

This story may be an encouragement to some of us who may think that our little bit of service does not amount to much. “ I am only one! ” you may say, but that is all any of us can say, and the work of the country is carried on by a multiplication of “ ones.” Instead of saying, “ I am only one ” let us rather recognise that “ I am at least one.”

“ I AM ONLY ONE ! ”

But are you only one? Myself, plus God—what a difference *that* makes! Our Lord said: “ Without Me ye can do nothing.” The Apostle Paul could say, “ I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.” Remember that, next time you are tempted, or when any little piece of service for the Saviour appears to be beyond your own ability.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
 “ CALL UPON ME. . . . ”

A striking instance of a direct answer to prayer.

WHEN I was in South Africa a poor woman began to attend our Meetings, and was much concerned apparently about her soul. Eventually she found pardon and relief at the foot of the Cross; but in spite of the fact of knowing her sins forgiven, she impressed me as having some cloud hanging over her. A friend and I approached her one evening, but she would disclose nothing; however, she asked us if we would accompany her home.

When we arrived, no pen can picture the sight that met our eyes—it would need to be seen to be realised. There was no table, nor any chair in the house—the apology for a table being an orange-box—and a few bricks were used for seats; no stove (tenants had to supply their own); no bed, nor bedding, simply an old coat or two lying on the bedroom floor for the convenience of the whole family, which consisted of a husband, paralysed all down one side, and a boy and girl, aged about ten and seven years respectively. What was to be done? We had no power to supply their need. But “ Man’s extremity is God’s opportunity,” so to prayer in earnest we all went, the poor woman, and the two children kneeling down with us. We asked God definitely for sufficient furniture in the home to make them comfortable. Such was the real power of God’s presence that time passed unheeded, until such a distinct feeling came that God had answered our prayer. We thanked Him for the furniture which we felt assured His hand would supply, and rose to our feet, a period of three hours having passed while we entreated God.

The next day I suggested to my companion of the night

“ CALL UPON ME . . . ”

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before that we should call again on Mrs.—— to see the furniture which we felt sure she would receive.

And this was what we found. A bed complete, six blankets, a table, six chairs, and a stove—just what things were required, and the woman did not know where they came from, nor did my friend or I, but there they were.

One evening in the following week, my friend and I were asked to go to a class meeting of the Wesleyans, and during the meeting a gentleman rose to relate an experience of his. He reminded those present of the Consecration Meeting which had been held the previous week, and said that while at prayer, God spoke to him, and told him to take the things down from his lumber-room and send them to the address,



178 Grayling Street. He knew nothing about who lived there, but sent them without delay the next morning, and since, had experienced such a sweet sense of God's approval. My friend and I looked at each other. The night the speaker referred to was the night we had asked God together for some furniture for that poor home. This was His means of sending the articles specially required. "While they are yet speaking, I will hear," are the words of promise. Is. 65. 24.

At the close of the meeting we told the gentleman what we knew of the case, and we all praised the Lord.

Written for the encouragement of God's people as a testimony that our God is both able and graciously willing to answer the prayer of faith.

THOMAS V. THURSTON.

(74)

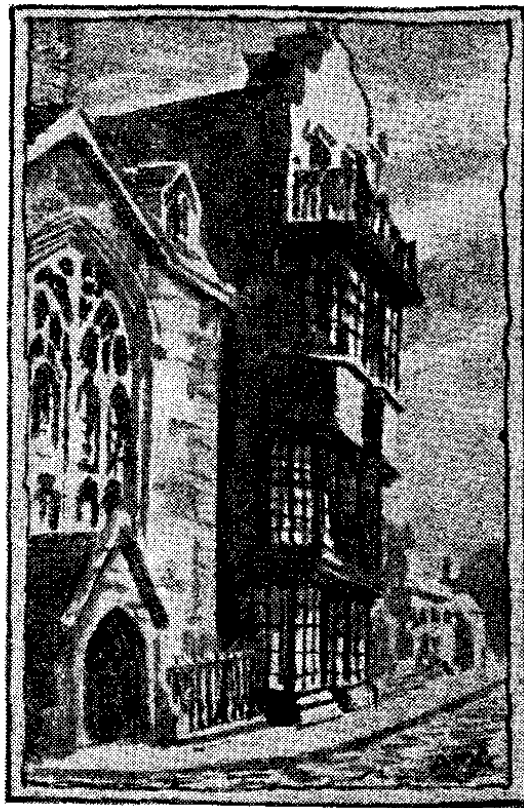
WHAT NAPOLEON SAID.

[IN his survey of Foreign Affairs in the March issue of the "Contemporary Review," the editor has a devastating denunciation of the fallacy of military power. Almost, naturally, he turns to Napoleon's famous verdict on this same subject, and incidentally, gives the correct version of all too frequently misguided or half-quoted statements. The following is an extract from the article which has its sub-title, "The Simmering Cauldron."

Napoleon pondered upon his achievements during that final period in the island of St. Helena, and discovered a truth that less foolish and more obscure men had discovered by a less devious and a less spectacular path. He put it on record that his own grip on the loyalty of men had fallen from him the moment he was removed from physical sight. He went on to reflect by contrast that Jesus Christ (the contrast was not an act of egotistical blasphemy, but was the active process of a human soul's conversion)—though He had not been seen in the physical sense for eighteen centuries, and though He demanded, not the lives of men, but "the human heart,"

without condition, without force, as a spontaneous gift, freely, even blindly given—could count His devoted followers in hundreds of millions all over the earth. That confession of faith was made by Napoleon to the Marquis de Montholon to whom he dictated his memoirs at St. Helena. It was reproduced textually in the *Iona Coracle* of December, 1940, and broadcast by the B.B.C. in the excellent "Think on these things" series a few weeks later.

What Napoleon precisely said was this: "I will tell you Who Jesus Christ was. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and



WHAT NAPOLEON SAID.

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I have founded great empires; but upon what do these creations depend? Upon force. Jesus has founded His empire upon love and to this very day millions would die for Him. I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you that all these men were men, and I am a man. . . . I have inspired multitudes with such devotion that they would have died for me, but to do this it was necessary that I should be visibly present, with the electric influence of my looks, of my words, of my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them, I lighted up the flames of self-devotion in their hearts. . . . Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man towards the Unseen that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space.

“ Across a chasm of eighteen hundred years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is above all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother—He asks for the human heart. He will have it entirely for Himself. He demands it unconditionally, and forthwith His demand is granted. Wonderful! In defiance of time and space, the soul of man with all its powers becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who sincerely believe in Him experience that marvellous supernatural love towards Him. That phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the scope of man’s creative power. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish the sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This is what strikes me most; I have often thought of it. This it is which proves to me the Divinity of Christ.”

The Contemporary Review.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

WHEN we look across the Church to-day, so respectable and so unheroic, we do not find much self-sacrificing, self-forgetful sympathy with the teaching of our Lord. Here and there it breaks through, like some hidden fire melting the rocks and making a pathway for itself to the upper air. There was a good man of our time who was accustomed to pray, “ May I be ground to powder if only God is glorified

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

in me." And his own life proved that there was not the smallest accent of unreality in his cry. But the Christians are in the minority who can reiterate an aspiration at once so agonising and so blissful; we note them, and marvel at them, because they are so few. Yet they are the only Christians who satisfy the Master's heart.

ALEXANDER SMELLIE.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
TARRY.

IN this age of rush and hurry and busy activity everywhere, if we are not careful we shall allow ourselves to become too much absorbed in the doing, even of things that are legitimate or that may seem to be absolutely necessary, to *wait upon God*. Let us take heed that we do not become so swallowed up in service that we fail to wait upon God for spiritual enduement and refreshing. Nothing can take the place in the Church of a Spirit-filled ministry and Spirit-filled leadership.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
BE OF GOOD CHEER.



AROUND our pathway griefs
and trials gather,
Till every foe against us
seems arrayed;
But when all hope seems lost
comes this assurance—
“ 'Tis I; be not afraid.”

We only see the cloud and storm
and trouble,
The weeping and the suffering
unallayed;
But faith leans forward through
the night and heareth—
“ 'Tis I; be not afraid.”

Oh, there are more with us than
are against us!
From opening heavens, when
in faith we've prayed,
Angelic legions bear the mighty
answer—
“ 'Tis I; be not afraid.”

R.K.C.

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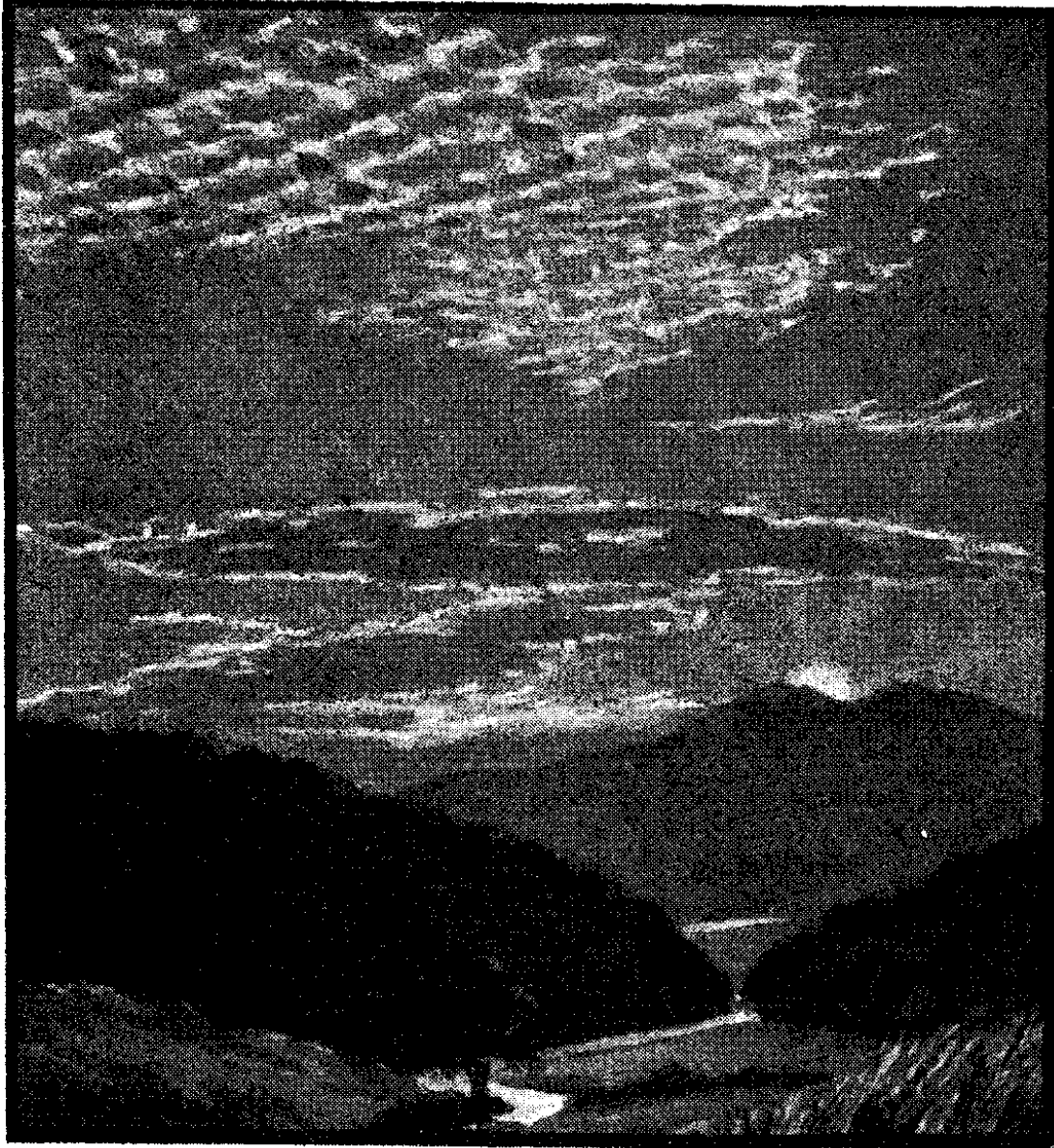
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A Message from God

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.



“He must increase, but I must decrease.”—JOHN iii. 30.

“According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death.”—PHIL. i. 20.

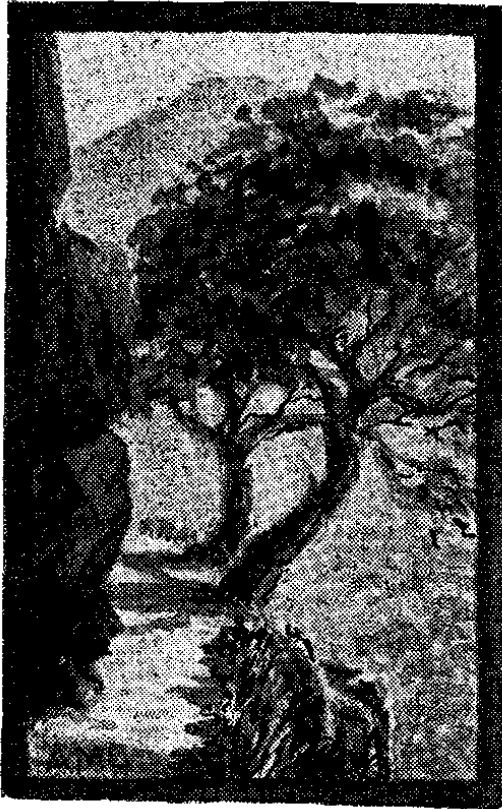
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(78)

“ WHAT DOES IT MATTER ? ”

Phil. i. 18 (Weymouth).



WHAT does it matter, that
my life lies hidden
Within the shadows of
a prison drear,
If other lips are telling out
Christ's Gospel,
If other lives proclaim Him
far and near?

What does it matter, if these
feet, once tireless,
Are bound with fetters and
no longer free,
If other feet speed forth upon
His errands,
To bear His message over land
and sea?

What matters it, the breaking
of the vessel,
The alabaster shattered at His
Feet,
If from the wreckage there goes
forth to others
The Name of Jesus as a per-
fume sweet?

What does it matter, if my plans are thwarted,
My hopes denied, my longings unfulfilled,
If thus His highest purpose be accomplished,
The perfect pattern that His love has willed?

What does it matter, if His Name be honoured,
If souls are rescued to adorn His Crown,
That the frail earthen vessel, worn and weary,
Be laid aside unnoticed, and unknown?

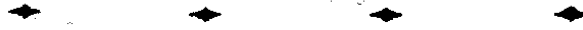
Yes, what will matter on that glorious morning,
When I behold my Saviour face to Face,
Save to have been "my utmost for His highest,"
A human channel for His saving grace?

FREDA HANBURY ALLEN.

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BROKEN TO BLESS.

“**H**ERE, then is a principle,” wrote the late Dr. Jowett, “the gospel of a broken heart demands the ministry of bleeding hearts. If that succession be broken, we lose our fellowship with the King. As soon as we cease to bleed we cease to bless. When our sympathy loses its pang, we can no longer be the servants of the passion. We no longer ‘fill up’ the sufferings of Christ (Col. i. 24) and not to ‘fill up’ is to paralyse, and to make the Cross of Christ of none effect . . . tearless hearts can never be heralds of the Passion. We must pity if we are to redeem. Put on, therefore, as God’s elect, a heart of compassion.”



IN AND OUT.

YOU must not shut yourself up in your religion as if it were a prison. You must issue forth from it as the home in which you have found peace for your heart, and strength for your work, and inspiration for your duty. Christ must be your Door, by Whom you go in to God and out to man.

HENRY VAN DYKE.



THE BASTIONS OF THE SOUL.

By Dr. F. W. Boreham

“*For I know whom I have believed.*” (2 Tim. i. 12.)
“**I** KNOW!” That is the word for the hour. W. E. Henley said of Lord Lister, after the great surgeon had operated upon him, that “his rare, wise smile was sweet with certainties.” Sweet with certainties! It is a noble phrase. I want you each

to face the world to-morrow morning

with that brave smile. It is the most effective spiritual armament. The man who has become very sure of God, very sure of his faith, very sure of what our fathers would have called his “interest in Christ,” very sure of all things unseen and eternal, is panoplied against all conceivable and inconceivable eventualities. He is proof against the shaking

of all that can be shaken, secure against the taking of all that can be taken.

It is a great thing to leave the misty lowlands of doubt and to stand upon the sunlit heights of a serene confidence. Those who have followed the adventures of George Fielding in "It is Never Too Late to Mend" will remember how Charles Reade describes the search for the lost cattle. George took Jacky, the black fellow, and they set out on their quest under a broiling Australian sun. Presently Jacky makes an abrupt announcement.

"Jacky *think!*" he says, and stands stock still surveying the horizon. A few minutes later he again breaks the silence.

"Jacky know!" he cries.

He afterwards explained that, before his first ejaculation, he had seen a crow swoop down suddenly behind a distant hill. It aroused a suspicion. He watched and saw other crows coming from all points of the compass to the self-same spot. Suspicion crystallised into certainty. He knew. The two men tramped the six miles to the hillside, and there, surely enough, they found the cattle.

Life holds few greater transitions than that notable transition from the realm of "*I think!*" to the realm of "*I know!*" Carlyle never forgot the hour of that transition. It was, he says, on a sultry dog-day in Paris. His soul was heavy with inexplicable dread. He stopped, faced his doubts and took hold on God. "It is from that hour," he says; "that I date my spiritual new birth; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man!" "What was it," asked Dr. Fitchett, in his "Wesley and His Century,"

"What was it that happened

in that little room in Aldersgate Street on the night of May 24th, 1738? Something did happen; something memorable; some enduring. It changed Wesley's life. It transfigured weakness into power. Nay, it did something more; it changed the course of history." And what was it? It was, Dr. Fitchett says, the passage of Wesley's soul from the realm of doubt to the realm of certainty."

A very similar experience visited the soul of John Bunyan. He tells of the ecstasy with which he left his doubts behind him. He was sitting by the fire in his little cottage at Elstow, reading his Bible to his young wife. Suddenly the words

filled him with a sublime surprise. "Wife," he exclaimed, "now I know! *I know!*" He writes of that night as the most wonderful in his life. "Christ was a precious Christ to my soul that night: I could scarce lie in bed for the joy of it!" Bunyan had found his way from the chilly lowlands of *I think* to the sunlit summits of *I know!*

Now in order

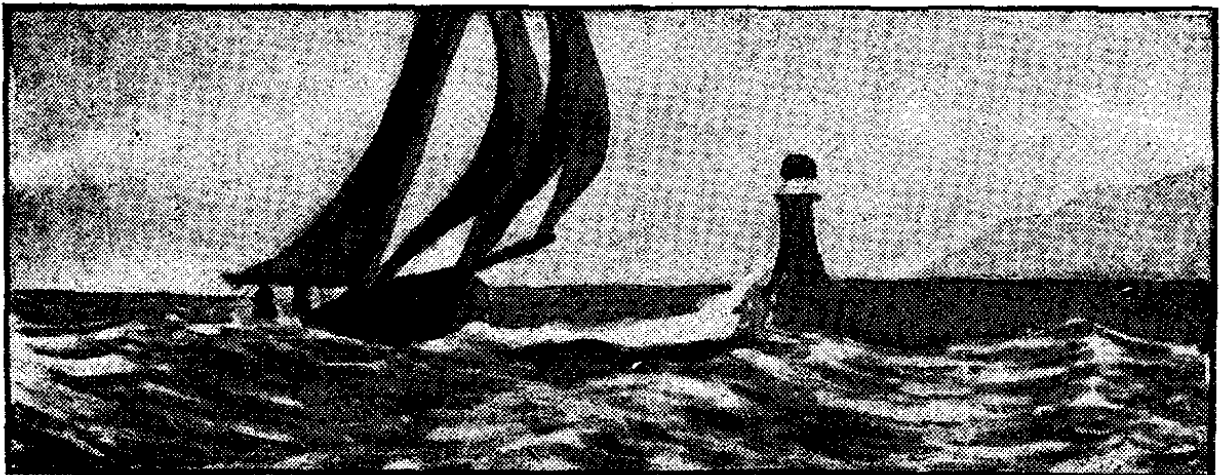
to reach those shining table-lands

OF SPIRITUAL CERTAINTY, *three things* must be frankly recognised. We must recognise first of all that faith very seldom reaches her goal by the way of argument, proof and demonstration. The things that really matter, the vital things of life, are rarely capable of proof.

Men are fond of proving things; but Faith seldom makes her way to her golden destiny along that road.

The second of the truths

that we must recognise is that the soul can live and flourish on a very frugal store of certainties. No man needs to be sure of everything. It is enough to be certain of something. Coming up the bay recently on the Tasmanian steamer, we suddenly found ourselves entirely enveloped in a dense obscuring fog. We could scarcely see the vessel's length in any direction. Clouds of grey, misty vapour drifted to and fro; and nothing was visible to us but a narrow circle of sea. The bells in the engine-room rang out sharply, communicating to the powerful turbines below the will of the captain high up on the bridge. The ship perceptibly slackened her pace. The bells rang out again, and the ship moved still more slowly. She simply crawled. Every few minutes



THE BASTIONS OF THE SOUL.

great, ghostly ships, lying at anchor,

sprang suddenly out of the mist. We were almost up to them before we saw their tall and shadowy masts looming spectrally above us. But the apparitions that came suddenly upon us, and that as suddenly vanished again, were all of them the ghosts of things moveable. From not one of them could we glean any sure knowledge as to our exact position.

Then, all at once, came a startling change. The clamorous bells in the engine-room became busy again. The powerful propellers were once more churning the water into foam, and, very soon, a broad wake lay out behind the steamer. She was moving forward, not timorously, but with obvious confidence. What had happened to effect so striking a change? Ah! away to the right we could make out through the haze the rude ungainly timbers of the Pile Light. It was not much to look at; but it is at least *a fixture*. It is something to argue from. A few minutes later, the land broke suddenly upon us. We were out in the sunshine again.

It is wonderful how little we need to see.

The captain on the bridge

could not see the land, nor the houses, nor the trees, nor any of the thousand and one things that he could generally see from that spot. But he could see one fixed object, and that sufficed him. I used to think that, before my soul could move forward with confidence, she must see everything. I thought that, before I could venture with any assurance upon the religious life, I must understand the story of Creation, must grasp the wonder of the miracles, must have some theory of the Atonement, must understand the Inspiration of the Scriptures and the Immortality of the Soul.

I have since discovered my mistake. I do not need to see the houses and the trees and the things along the shore. If, through the haze, I can make out one, or perhaps two, fixed quantities, I can forge forward with perfect confidence. The charm of Paul's epistles lies in the fact, that, whilst he confesses to doubt and uncertainty on many minor matters, there are a few stately verities on which he speaks with

the most unwavering confidence.

I know Whom I have believed; *I know* that nothing can separate me from the love of Christ; *I know* that all things work together for good; *I know* that if my earthly house be

dissolved, I have a house eternal in the heavens; and so on. I may not be quite clear as to the way in which the worlds came to be; I may be very hazy as to the way in which they shall pass into nothingness again; but if I have two or three great certainties like these in my soul's spiritual store, I can manage to live out a very comfortable existence as long as time shall last.

The third principle

that must be clearly realised is the fact that certainty can only be attained BY ACTUAL SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE. And, once a man has enjoyed some such experience, however primitive, he will need no other argument. We often attach undue importance to the purely intellectual side of the religious life. Dr. Dale used to illustrate this by a reference to the pillars beside his pulpit. "It appears to you," he would say to the congregation to Carr's Lane, "that these pillars support this arch above my head. They do nothing of the kind. If you could stand where I stand you would see that they have been cut through to make room for this rostrum, and they actually hang upon the arch which they seem to support." In like fashion, our faith seems at times to depend upon the theories and evidences concerning which we ask our questions. In point of fact, it does nothing of the kind. If all our theories and evidences were cut through like the pillars, our faith, like the arch, would still stand securely. Our certainties infinitely outnumber and outweigh our speculations. *We know.*

The experience of a crossing-sweeper whose life has been gladdened and transformed by the love of Christ is of greater value than the abstract philosophy of the most eminent scholar in the world, who, possessing no experiences of such things, argues academically that they are non-existent. Augustine St. Clare, the young slave-owner in

"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

realised that. "But how, Tom," he asked in the day of his distress, "how do you know that there is any Christ? You never saw Him!" "Feel Him in my soul, massa; feel Him now!"

Tom proceeded, in his plain blunt way, to comfort the man from whose arms death had wrenched his choicest treasure. He told him that there still lived those who loved him; told him that God loved him. "How do you know that, Tom?"

"Feel it in my soul, massa; feels it in my very soul—the love of Christ that passeth knowledge." That was Uncle Tom's one argument; and it is an unanswerable one.

Beside Uncle Tom—an ignorant slave drawn from the pages of fiction—let me set Michael Faraday—an eminent scientist drawn from real life. When Faraday lay dying, some of his confreres were eager to gather from him a brief statement of his final conclusions.

"What are your speculations?"

they asked. "Speculations!" he exclaimed, in wondering surprise. "Speculations! I have none. I am resting on certainties *For I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.*" And when he turned his face to the wall at last, his smile—as W. E. Henley would have said—"his rare, wise smile was sweet with certainties." And it is with that smile that I would have you each face the world to-morrow.—*A Broadcast Sermon preached in Melbourne*
By courtesy of *Living Links.*



LEAD ME ARIGHT.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life
may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou would'st
take from me
Aught of its load.
For one thing only, Lord, dear
Lord, I plead.
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and
though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light,
Joy is like restless day, but peace
divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day
shall shine,
Through peace to light.

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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.



By courtesy of "Illustrated."

“ And there were . . . shepherds . . . keeping watch over their flocks.”—LUKE ii. 8.

“ I am the Good Shepherd : the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the Sheep.”—JOHN x. 11.

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(86)

THE LOVE OF CHRIST



I BORE with thee long weary
days and nights,
Through many pangs of
heart, through many years;
I bore with thee, thy hardness,
coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee
what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most
deep from bliss above;
I not My flesh, I not My spirit
spared:
Give thou me love for love.

I bore thee on My shoulders and
rejoiced;
Men only marked upon My
shoulders borne
The branding cross; and shouted
hungry-voiced.
Or wagged their heads in
scorn.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep,
So did I win a kingdom—share My crown;
A harvest—come and reap.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
“ MY OWN PEACE I GIVE TO YOU ” (Isaiah xxvi. 3).

TWO painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam; and at the fork of the branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, sat a robin on its nest. The first was only *stagnation*: the last was *rest*. Christ's life *outwardly* was one of the most troubled lives that ever lived; tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time until the worn body was laid in the grave. *But the inner life was a sea of glass.* The

“ MY OWN PEACE I GIVE TO YOU ”

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great calm was always there. At any moment you might have gone to Him and found rest. And even when the human bloodhounds were dogging Him in the streets of Jerusalem, He turned to His disciples, and offered them as a last legacy, “ MY PEACE.” Rest is not a hallowed feeling that comes over us in church; it is the repose of a heart set deep in God.—*Drummond.*

A CHALLENGE TO PRAYER.

BY THE REV. A. C. RICE, B.A.

“ *The heartfelt supplication of a righteous man exerts a mighty influence. Elijah was a man with a nature similar to ours, and he earnestly prayed* ” (James v. 16, 17, Weymouth)

THE objective. For what did he pray? He prayed that God’s righteous judgment might fall upon his nation.

And he prayed in perfect confidence as to the *result* of his praying. The time had come for exactly that very prayer to be offered to God. The nation had turned aside and was serving other gods and worshipping them: and when the nation sinned like that, God had said that He would “ shut up the heaven, that there be no rain, and that the land yield not her fruit ” (Deut. xi. 16, 17).

The Worst Thing of All.

To a God of perfect purity and justice *sin is always a far worse thing than suffering.* To this undeniable fact Gethsemane and Calvary are God’s Own testimony. If the Lord Jesus had not died that death of unthinkable agony on the Cross, *sin* could never have been dealt with. The devil would have triumphed. And so, at the cost of infinite suffering, God interposed; for, in His sight, it was better to have to turn away His face from His Own beloved Son, the perfect likeness of Himself, as He hung in unutterable shame upon the Cross. It was better to suffer the utmost limit of suffering rather *than let sin run on unhindered in its fatal course.*

Elijah understood the mind of God: he stood before the Lord: he stood so absolutely by all the words of God, that

they became Elijah's words: and thus he spoke: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before Whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to *my* word."

Now all the countless wars, all the heartrending tragedies, all the untold sufferings of a fallen world date back from man's original failure to take God at His word. The fatal suggestion of the possibility that God's word might not mean what it said, the poison of unbelief inspired by Satan, did its devilish work in the Garden of Eden: "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin."

God is Not Mocked.

Strange it is that this distrust of the truth of what God says should be labelled "Modernism"; it is at least *as old as Adam*. Not on that line does the secret of England's greatness lie; nor can our country ever retain its greatness except and only as the Word of God holds its rightful position of supreme authority; the unchallenged court of final appeal.

God's judgment fell on Israel when Israel fell away, repudiating her allegiance to the authority of God's commands. With the Word of God dethroned, purity of worship gave place to mere religion in sensuous and attractive form, "a form of godliness," but, in reality, "a make-believe of piety . . . in defiance of its power."

In these respects, where does England stand to-day? Is this no untrue picture of churches where faith in the one true God's own words is being constantly undermined and superstitious rites exalted and worldly methods unblushingly employed? And if the picture is indeed unquestionably true to fact, what is it for which we ought to pray?

God's Will at Any Cost.

Elijah's prayer provides the answer. Cost what it might in suffering (and he himself was not exempt), the one supreme objective must be the Will of God: nothing could rival in importance that which always is both good, acceptable and perfect. And such is the Will of God to be done on earth, as it is done in heaven.



FROM DARKNESS TO DAWN,

OR

THE SALVATION OF SEVEN SOVIET SOLDIERS.

A TRUE story of how seven Reds went to Heaven during the late Finnish-Russian War. It shows how God can work in grace amidst the cruellest scenes of man's hatred. It is written by Nordenberg, an eminent engineer in Finland.

"I offered my services to the government, and was appointed an officer in General Mannerheim's Army. It was a terrible time; we besieged the town which had been taken by the Red Army, and retook it. A number of Red prisoners were under my guard and seven of them were to be shot at dawn on Monday. I will never forget the preceding Sunday. The seven men were kept in the basement of the Town Hall, and in the passage my men stood at attention with their rifles. The atmosphere was filled with hatred, my soldiers were drunk with success and taunted their prisoners, who swore and beat on the walls with their bleeding fists. Others called for their wives and children who were far away. At dawn they were all to die.

"We had the victory, that was true enough, but the value of this seemed to diminish as the night advanced. Then something happened. One of the men doomed to death began to sing. 'He is mad' was everybody's first thought; but I had noticed that this man, Koskinen, had not raved and cursed. Quietly he sat on his bench, a picture of utter despair. Nobody said anything to him; each was carrying his burden in his own way. Koskinen sang, rather waveringly at first, then his voice grew stronger and became

natural and free. All the prisoners turned and looked at him as he sang

' Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er shaded. Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark 'tis the voice of angels, Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of jasper, Over the crystal sea.'

Over and over again he sung that verse, and when he finished everyone was quiet for a few minutes, until a wild looking man broke out with ' Where did you get that, you fool? Are you trying to make us religious? '

" Koskinen looked at his comrades with tear-filled eyes as he quietly said, ' Comrades, will you listen to me for a minute? You asked me where I got this song; it was from the Salvation Army. I heard it three weeks ago; my mother sang about Jesus and prayed to Him.' He stopped a little while, as if to gather strength. Then he rose to his feet, being the soldier that he was, looked straight in front of him, and continued, ' It is cowardly to hide your beliefs: the God my mother believed in is now my God. I cannot tell how it happened. I lay awake last night, and suddenly saw mother's face before me, and it reminded me of the song that I had heard. I felt I had to find the Saviour and hide in Him. Then I prayed, like the thief on the cross, that Christ would forgive me and cleanse my sinful soul and make me ready to stand before Him Whom I should meet so soon. It was a strange night, there were times when everything seemed to shine around me. Verses from the Bible and the Song Book came to my mind. They brought messages of the crucified Saviour and the Blood that cleanses from sin, and the Home He has prepared for us. I thanked Him, accepted Him, and since then this verse has been sounding inside me. It was God's answer to my prayer. I could no longer keep it to myself; within a few hours I shall be with the Lord, saved by grace.'

" Koskinen's face shone as if by an inward light. His comrades sat there quietly. He himself stood there transfixed. My soldiers were listening to what this Red Revolutionary had to say. ' You are right Koskinen,' said one of his comrades at last, ' If only I knew there was mercy for me, too. but these hands of mine have shed blood. and I have reviled God and trampled on all that is holy. Now I realise that there is a hell, and that it is the proper place for me.'

He sank to the ground with despair on his face. 'Pray for me, Koskinen,' he groaned, 'to-morrow I shall die, and my soul will be in the hands of the Devil.' . . . And these two Red soldiers went down on their knees and prayed for each other. It was no long prayer but it reached Heaven; and we who listened to it forgot our hatred; it melted in the light of Heaven; for here were two men who were soon to die—seeking reconciliation with their God. A door leading into the Invisible stood ajar, and we were entranced by the sight. Let me tell you shortly that by the time it was four o'clock, all Koskinen's comrades had followed his example and began to pray: the change in the atmosphere was indescribable. Some of them sat on the floor, some on the benches; some wept quietly, others talked of spiritual things. None of us had a Bible, but the Spirit of God spoke to us all. Then someone remembered those at home, and there followed an hour of intense letter writing. Confessions and tears were in those letters.

"The night had almost gone and day was dawning. No one had had a moment of sleep. 'Sing the song once more for us Koskinen,' said one of them, and you should have heard them sing, not only that song, but verses and choruses long forgotten. The soldiers on guard united with them. The power of God had touched all. Everything had changed, and the venerable Town Hall's basement resounded in that early morning hour with the songs of the Blood of the Lamb.

"The clock struck six. How I wished I could beg grace for these men, but I knew that it was impossible. Between two rows of soldiers they marched out to the place of execution. One of them asked to be allowed to sing Koskinen's song once again, and permission was granted. Then they asked to be allowed to die with uncovered faces, and with hands to Heaven they sang with might and main. 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' When the last line had died out, the lieutenant gave the word 'Fire,' and the seven Red soldiers fought their last fight. We inclined our heads in silent prayer.

"What had happened in the hearts of the others I do not know, but as far as I was concerned, I was a new man from that hour. I had met Christ in one of His lowliest and youngest disciples, and I had seen enough to realise that I too could be His."

Reader, you were not there, but the same One Who was,

Who made it possible for them to face death freed from the guilt of their sin and therefore having "peace with God" waits to make their experience yours.

"God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

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 "EVENING BRINGS US HOME"



UPON the hills the wind
 is sharp and cold,
 The sweet young
 grasses wither on the
 wold,
 And we, O Lord! have wan-
 der'd from Thy fold;
 But evening brings
 us home.

The sharp thorns prick us,
 and our tender feet
 Are cut and bleeding, and
 the lambs repeat
 Their pitiful complaints—O,
 rest is sweet
 When evening brings
 us home.

We have been wounded by
 the hunter's darts;
 Our eyes are very heavy,
 and our hearts

Search for Thy coming: when the light departs
 At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
 Rises to guide us. We have wander'd far:
 Without Thy lamp we know not where we are—
 At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts thicken
 O, Thou, good Shepherd! leave us not to sicken
 In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken:
 At evening, bring us home.

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