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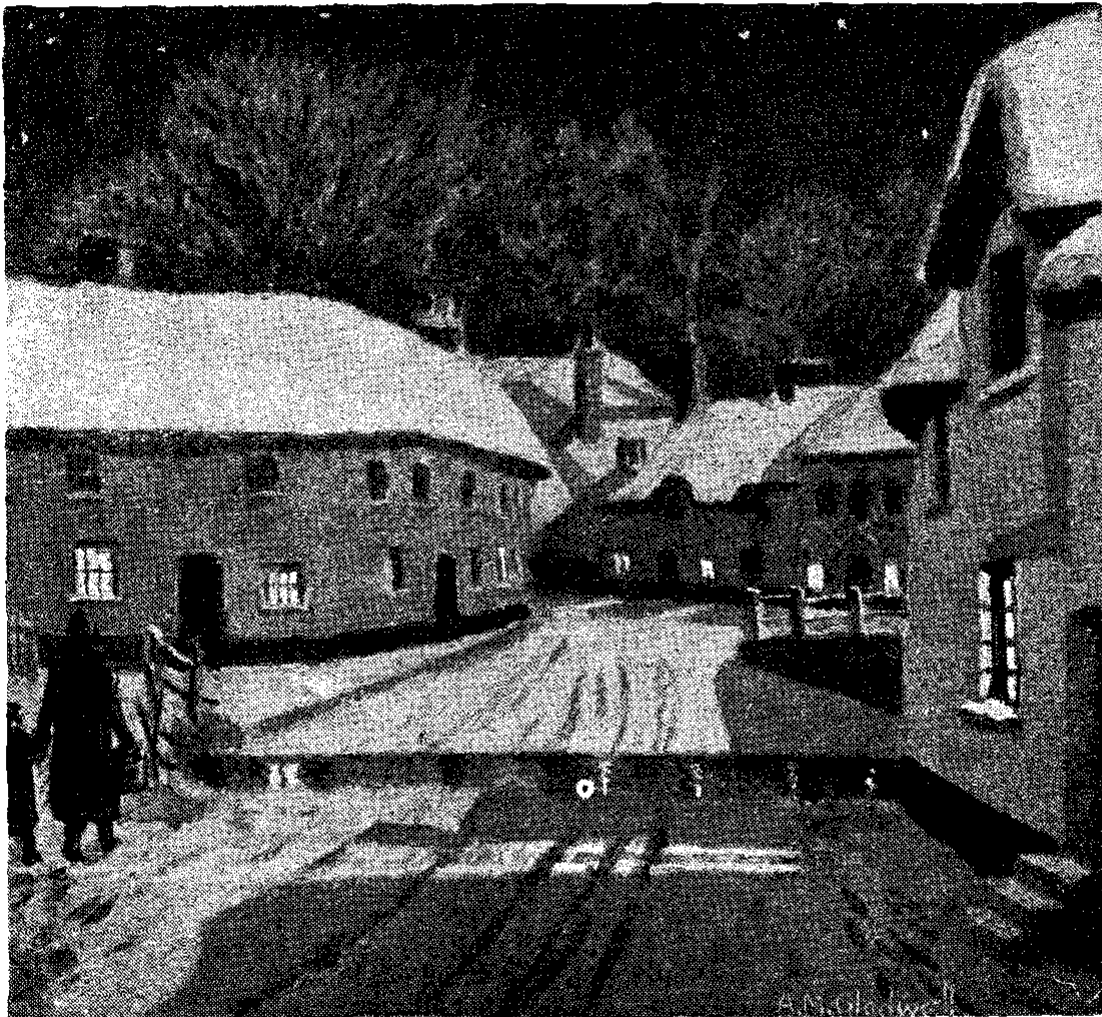
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A Message from God

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.



“Then spake Jesus again . . . saying, “I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.”—JOHN viii. 12.

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

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GOOD WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHEN the glad New Year shall wake
From the ashes of the last,
And the span of Time shall lengthen
From the shadows of the past;
When the flush of joy shall heighten
With the vigour hope inspires,—
May the **GOD OF HOPE** be with thee.
And fulfil thy heart's desires.

When the dust of life lies heavy
On thy consecration vow;
When the hope forsakes thy bosom,
And the cloud is on thy brow;
Dost thou mourn for sin unconquered,
And for duties left undone?
May the **GOD of PEACE** be with thee.
And restore His wandering one.

When the tempter would beguile thee
Into new and devious ways;
When the world would fain ensnare thee
With its vain and empty praise,—
May the God of thy salvation
Still uphold thee to the end,
And from manifold temptations
May the **GOD OF GRACE** defend.

If the year that lies before thee
Bring a blessing rich and rare,
And the crown of joy be jewelled,
Which thou shalt be called to wear,—
May the **GOD OF GLORY** teach thee
How to cast it at His feet,
Or to wear it in the spirit
Which will make thy joy complete.

When the flowers of joy have faded
From the garden of thy heart,
If the hand of sorrow presses,
And thou feel the cruel smart;
When no wine is in the chalice,
And the chalice broken lies,—
May the **GOD OF CONSOLATION**
Still accept thy sacrifice.

Through the coming days of gladness,
Through the darker night of care,
Blending with the joy of friendship,
Guiding, blessing everywhere,—
May the **GOD OF LOVE** surround thee,
Guard and keep thee evermore,
Till the last New Year shall land thee
On the Great Eternal Shore.

LUCY A. BENNETT (by permission).

(3)

IN THE BEGINNING.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."—JOHN i. 1.

LIFE is full of beginnings. We are now at the beginning of a year. But here is a beginning that carries our thoughts back beyond all years, all dates of history, all imaginable periods of time, beyond the beginnings of creation. Then Christ was. What a sublime stretch of being these words give to Him Who is our Saviour! We cannot grasp the thought, but we can find security and comfort in it when we think of Christ, and when we rest in Him as our hope and salvation.

We trust in human friends, and the comfort is very sweet; yet we can never forget that they are but creatures of a day, and that we cannot be sure of having them even for to-morrow. But we trust in Christ, and know that from eternity to eternity He is the same, and therefore our confidence is for ever sure and strong.

Our trust is still more stable and firm when we read on, and find Who this Person is in Whom we are confiding. "**The Word was God.**" There is nothing doubtful in this language. No kind of exegesis can blot from this brief clause the truth of Christ's divinity. The Saviour, into Whose Hands you have committed your life, is the eternal God. Earthly trusts are never secure, for everything human is mortal; but those who commit themselves to the keeping of Christ are safe for ever.

It is very sweet to think of Christ's humanity. It brings Him near to us. He is like one of ourselves. He is our own Friend, with tender sympathies and warm affections. We study the gospel and learn the graciousness of His character as seen in His compassion, His tears, His love. Then when we know that behind these qualities are the Divine attributes, that He is very God, what glorious confidence it gives us! Let us set this glorious truth at the gate of the New Year; it is a shining point from which to start.

J. R. MILLER, D.D.

(4)

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

WHEN I was out west about thirty years ago, I was preaching one day in the open air, when a man drove up in a fine turn-out, and after listening a little while to what I was saying, put the whip to his fine-looking steed, and away he went. I never expected to see him again, but the next night he came back—and he kept on coming regularly night after night.

After one of the meetings I said to a gentleman: "Who is that man who drives up here every night? Is he interested?" "Interested! I should think not! You should have heard the way he talked about you to-day." "Well," I said, "that is a sign he is interested."

If no man ever has anything to say against you, your Christianity is not worth much. Men said of the Master, "He has a devil"; and Jesus said that if they had called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household.

I asked where this man lived; but my friend told me not to go to see him, for he would only curse me. I said: "It takes God to curse a man; man can only bring curses on his own head." I found out where he lived, and went to see him. He was the wealthiest man within a hundred miles of that place, and had a wife and seven beautiful children. Just as I got to his gate I saw him coming out of the front door. I stepped up to him and said: "This is Mr. —, I believe?" He said "Yes, sir; that is my name."

Then he straightened up and asked, "What do you want?" "Well," I said, "I would like to ask you a question, if you won't be angry." "Well, what is it?" "I am told that God has blessed you above all men in this part of the country; that He has given you wealth, a beautiful Christian wife, and seven lovely children. I do not know if it is true, but I hear that all He gets in return is cursing and blasphemy." He said, "Come in; come in."

I went in. "Now," he said, "what you said out there is true. If any man has a fine wife, I am the man; and I have a lovely family of children; and God has been good to me. But, do you know, we had company here the other night and I cursed my wife at the table, and did not know

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

5

it till after the company had gone. I never felt so mean and contemptible in my life as when my wife told me of it. She said she wanted the floor to open and let her down out of her seat. If I have tried once, I have tried a hundred times to stop swearing. You preachers don't know anything about it."

"Yes," I said, "I know all about it; I have been a traveller." "But," he said, "you don't know anything about a business man's troubles. When he is harrassed and tormented the whole time, he can't help swearing." "Oh, yes," I said, "he can. I know something about it. I used to swear myself." "What! You used to swear?" he asked. "How did you stop?" "I never stopped." "Why, you don't swear now, do you?" "No; I have not sworn for years." "How did you stop?" "I never stopped. It stopped itself." He said, "I don't understand this." "No," I said. "I know you don't. But I came up to talk to you, so that you will never want to swear again as long as you live."

I began to tell him about Christ in the heart; how that would take the temptation to swear out of a man.

"Well," he said, "how am I to get Christ?" "Get right down here and tell Him what you want." "But," he said, "I was never on my knees in my life. I have been cursing all the day, and I don't know how to pray or what to pray for." "Well," I said, "it is mortifying to have to call on God for mercy when you have never used His Name except in oaths; but He will not turn you away. Ask God to forgive you if you want to be forgiven."

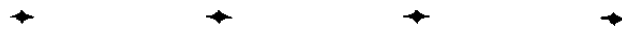
"Then the man got down and prayed—only a few sentences; but, thank God, it is the short prayers, after all, which bring the quickest answers. After he prayed he got up and said: "What shall I do now?" I said, "Go down to the Church and tell the people there that you want to be an out-and-out Christian." "I cannot do that," he said, "I never go to Church except to some funeral." "Then it is high time for you to go for something else," I said. After a while he promised to go, but did not know what the people would say. At the next Church prayer-meeting the man was there, and I sat right in front of him. He stood up and put

DOWN AT HIS FEET.

his hands on the seat, and he trembled so much that I could feel the seat shake. He said: "My friends, you know all about me. If God can save a wretch like me, I want to have you pray for my salvation." That was over thirty years ago. Some time since I was back in that town and did not see him; but when I was in California, a man asked me to take dinner with him. I told him that I could not do so, for I had another engagement. Then he asked if I remembered him, and told me his name. "Oh," I said. "Tell me, have you ever sworn since that night you knelt in your drawing-room, and asked God to forgive you?" "No," he replied, "I have never had a desire to swear since then. It was all taken away."

He was not only converted, but became an earnest, active Christian, and all these years has been serving God. That is what will take place when a man is born of the Divine nature.

D. L. MOODY.



DOWN AT HIS FEET.

BRING the hopeless case to Christ! Lay your burden at His feet like a palsied man, and your burden will vanish. Christ is the Magnet for the needy ones—yield then to His sweet attraction, and let nothing prevent you reaching the place of blessing and comfort and joy, at His feet. Only the sinners seek a Saviour, and only to them that mourn is given the joy of the Lord. Your need is your "claim" to His supply, therefore present it.

H.H.D.



THE QUEEN'S WRITING PAPER.

What It Was Made From.

ONE day Queen Victoria visited a paper-mill. The owner showed her through the works, not knowing who she was, and, among other places, took her into the rag-room. When she saw the soiled and impure condition of the rags, she exclaimed:

THE QUEEN'S WRITING PAPER.

7

"How can these ever be made white?"

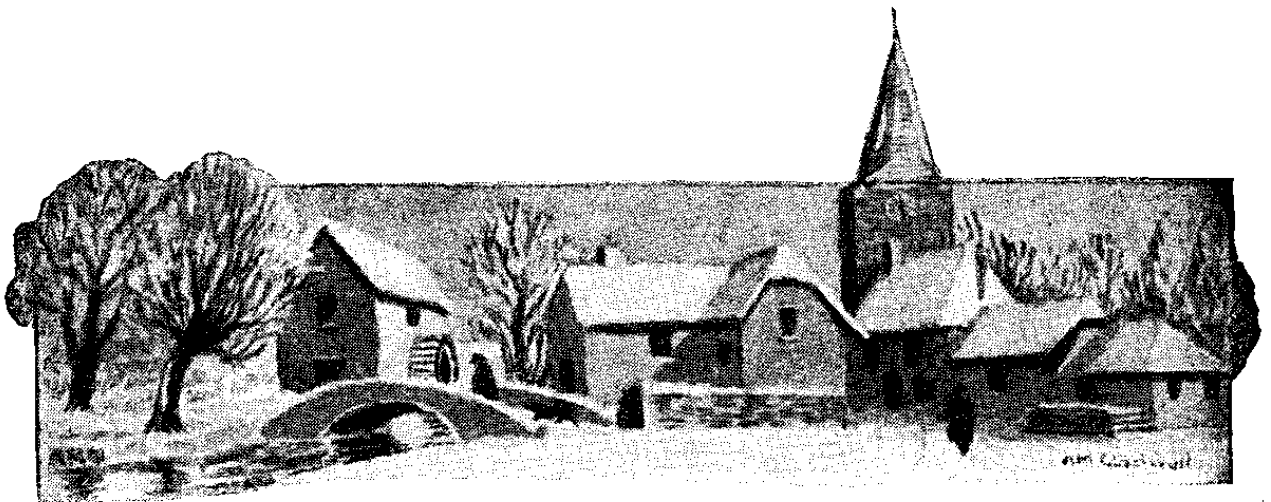
"Ah, lady," was the reply, "I have a chemical process of great power, by which I can take the colour out of even those red rags."

Before she left, he discovered that she was the Queen.

A few days after, the Queen found, lying upon her writing-desk, a quantity of the most beautifully polished paper she had ever seen. On each sheet were the letters of her own name. There was also a note, which read as follows :—

"Will the Queen be pleased to accept a specimen of my paper, with the assurance that every sheet was manufactured out of the dirty rags which she saw? I trust the result is such as even the Queen may admire. Will the Queen also allow me to say that I have had many a good sermon preached to me in my mill? I can understand how the Lord Jesus can take the poor heathen, and the vilest of the vile, and make them clean; and how, though their sins be as scarlet, He can make them white as snow. And I can see how He can put His Own Name upon them; and, just as these rags, transformed, may go into a royal palace and be admired, so poor sinners can be received into the palace of the Great King."

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18).



(8)

THE ALL-IMPORTANCE OF LOVE.

OH, THAT 1938 MIGHT BE A YEAR OF REVIVAL!

IF, however, we Christians wish to see the Word of God working in power in the unsaved, we must ourselves allow it to dwell in our hearts and rule them. When we consider our ways according to it and let it judge our disobedience, then we may expect others to feel its truth and bow under it, but not before. Revival always begins with the people of God. Let us make this opening of another year of grace an occasion of self-examination in respect of **love**, which according to the message we have heard of Him takes a pre-eminent place. Will our feelings and conduct looked at in the mirror of God's Word on the subject bear scrutiny? If not, let us confess our sin to Him according to 1 John i. 9.

Where love is absent the best appearances are misleading. Take, for example, a preacher genuinely endowed by Divine power to address foreigners in their own tongue which he had never learned. It would be very impressive and excite wonder, yet if he had not love, he would become a mere jingle. Indeed, if he gave his message in the angels' tongue—and what a supernatural bestowal this would be—without love he would be no better than the clapper of an old cracked bell.

So teaches the apostle Paul in 1 Cor. xiii. To emphasise it he continues, supposing himself for the moment to be a prodigy of spiritual insight, a favoured confidant of omniscience; in his own words, a prophet understanding all Divine secrets and all knowledge. Supposing further, he were a man of power approaching omnipotence, having all faith so that he could remove mountains. If, notwithstanding, he were without love, what would he be? A great one in the Kingdom of Heaven? No, indeed. In such case, he says, I am **nothing**.

Love is essential as the base of all Christian activities and attainments if the Judge of all is to count these as true gold, built on the only true foundation. So much so, he adds, in order to give triple force to his declaration, that it is nothing to my profit, if I have not love, though my self-sacrifice should be complete in the surrender not only of my goods, but of my life. Not the least lessons of his very words are that

THE ALL-IMPORTANCE OF LOVE.

the utmost done for the poor may not arise from true love of man, and the extremest zeal may have in it no true love of God.

How indispensable is this love! Ministry without it is like food without vitamins, a chemically prepared substitute without nourishing properties. But it may be objected, might not God over-rule and decree in His sovereignty that souls be blessed through such service **of any**, seeing it is His Own Word? Yes, truly, but it would also remain true that the servants themselves in His sight would **be** nothing and **profit** nothing. Their labour, meantime, would but fatten their self-love, which is no love at all, and hereafter yield them no reward.

Once more, how all-important is this love. First of all, to give the intrinsic value of genuineness to ministry itself, for imposing gifts, profound scriptural knowledge and sacrificial benevolence count for nothing where love does not constrain. Then, for the nourishment, growth and gathering in one of the sheep of Christ, for without love, they are untended and scatter and starve. What must this mean **to Him** Who counts what His redeemed suffer as done to Himself (Acts ix. 4)?

Here let us add some further considerations which, God willing, we may stress in coming months with more detail.

Love actively serving those who are Christ's is **the true test of love to Christ Himself** (John xxi. 15 to 17). To us He is unseen and intangible. He is in no need. Those who love Him in the world we see, and come in contact with; they are in need. If we are found wanting in respect of those, who will bear witness of our love to **Him**? Even He will disown it (1 John iv. 20).

Love to those of like precious faith **fulfils Christ's new commandment** (John xiii. 34). There never had been a time before He died when men of all races could love one another, knowing their common privilege as children of God (John i. 12) and their common debt to their Redeemer. Through the ransom He was about to pay in giving His life, the time had now come. **Nor is it yet past.** It is still a **new commandment**, outside every earthly relationship, over and above every worldly code of morality, and peculiarly **Christ's** commandment, as though He had but one. (John xv. 12.)

In the life of His assembly, His Church, in the practical working out of His power in its midst by His abiding Spirit, **love is the bond of perfectness**, the practical uniting force among believers till He comes. (Col. ii. 2, iii. 14.)

Love to one another shews the world that we are His, and is **the most powerful public witness we can render to our unseen Lord** (John xiii. 34, 35). But if we bite and devour one another, find fault and condemn, what then? Not that Christians are faultless, but they should by love so help one another to be holy, that the world's criticism would be disarmed and silenced.

Moreover, from Gal. v. 13, 14, we conclude that in the loving of our brethren according to Christ's commandment there is **an all-embracing fulfilment of the whole will and law of Christ**. Without love, "godliness" becomes a weary law-keeping, or, what is worse, a self-satisfied and conventional morality.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." (1 John iii. 16.) His giving Himself for us, lays upon us the debt to love our brethren **as a measureless obligation**.

Finally, "he that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." (1 John iv. 8.)

Love is sweet to be enjoyed, but if you believe in Jesus, may you, dear reader, with us all, bow under the weight of our infinite indebtedness to the love of God in Christ, and gratefully responding, shew our love to Him in loving fervently all those for whom He died.

OH, pardon us, Lord, that our love to Thy Name
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move;
Our coldness might fill us with grief and with shame,
So much to be loved, and so little we love. T. D.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

AS CHRIST FORGAVE YOU, SO ALSO DO YE.

AN old writer—Lord Herbert of Cherbury—has written, "He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven." A true dictum—but, alas! how often do such words of wisdom penetrate no deeper than to the outward ear or eye, whilst they fail to reach the heart.

AS CHRIST FORGAVE YOU, SO ALSO DO YE.

11

Our Saviour's warning exhortation concerning forgiveness is so clear and urgent that it is strange how any Christian believer can dare to disregard it. "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." And very tender is the appeal in Ephesians iv.: "Grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, *tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.*"

"I do love Jesus—I would do anything for Jesus—how kind of Him to die for me!" exclaimed a young Greenlander to the missionary who had read to him the story of the cross. "Are you *sure* you would do anything for Him?" asked his friend; "Jesus said, *he that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me.*" The question was heart-searching, for he who thus protested his love to the Lord was at that very moment bent on revenge. As a boy of thirteen he had seen his father killed, and—being next of kin—he had (there) the legal right to slay the murderer. But the Lord Jesus commands His people to love their enemies, and to forgive as they would be forgiven. After a mighty struggle, the Spirit of Jesus triumphed: the young disciple sent a gracious message to his enemy, inviting him to come and meet him. The enemy came, but—with treachery in his heart—fixed the meeting-place on the river-bank furthest from the young Christian's lodging. He spoke smoothly at the interview, showing no malice, but secretly he contrived to make a hole in the bottom of the Christian's boat, hoping that it would sink beneath its occupant and carry him down to death. All unsuspecting, the youth was preparing to push off, when he discovered that his boat had been tampered with and scuttled. Raising his eyes, he saw his defeated enemy watching from a height to see him drown, but the Lord Jesus was now enthroned in his heart. "I forgive you," he cried, "*for Jesus has forgiven me!*"

Let none suppose that he can rely on the upholding of the grace of God whilst at the same time he is giving place to a hard and unforgiving spirit.

About the middle of the third century there lived in Antioch two friends—Sapricius and Nicephorus. For some cause unknown to us they quarrelled, and their feelings became so bitter that all intercourse between them ceased; they would even pass each other in the street without sign of recognition.

Then it came home to the heart of Nicephorus that such behaviour towards a fellow-Christian was a great sin, and, first through the mediation of friends, then by his own personal apology and humble entreaty for pardon, he sought reconciliation with Sapricius. In vain. Not so much as a word could he win from his former friend.

In the course of time, persecution broke out in Antioch, and Sapricius, who was a presbyter of the Christian Church, was seized, brought before the judge, and commanded to obey the Emperor and do sacrifice. "We Christians," he replied bravely, "acknowledge Jesus Christ as our King. He is the true God, the Creator of heaven and earth. Let the idols, which can do neither good nor harm, perish."

He was put to the torture, but refused to go back from his confession, and was at last sentenced to be beheaded. As the procession passed on the way to the place of execution, someone rushed forward and threw himself at the feet of Sapricius. It was Nicephorus. "Martyr of Jesus, forgive me my offence!" he cried, but not a word did Sapricius reply, and in a minute the crowd had parted them. Nothing daunted, Nicephorus made his way round by another street, and met the procession further on; but again his plea was disregarded, and the soldiers mocked him for a fool.

At length the moment arrived when Sapricius was ordered to lay his head upon the block. There was a pause—he faltered, and asked why he must be put to death. "Because," they said, "you will not obey the Emperor and sacrifice to the gods." "Stop!" cried he, "wait a minute! I will do it—I will sacrifice!" In horror and astonishment, Nicephorus sprang forward. "Brother!" he exclaimed, "What are you doing? Will you deny the Lord? Will you forfeit your crown?" Sapricius remained silent. Then, with tears, Nicephorus declared, "I am a Christian—take me instead!" The officers, perplexed, despatched a messenger to the Governor for further orders. "Whosoever

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

13

will not sacrifice is to be slain by the sword," was the reply.

Nicephorus offered up one prayer, and was beheaded. The life of Sapricius was spared, but he had forfeited the crown promised to him who is faithful unto death. H.R.

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BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

CHRISTIAN parents who have borne the burden of their children on their hearts through many long years of prayers and tears may, perhaps, find a word of comfort in this brief account of the Lord's faithfulness.

"He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself," but have *we* been faithful in our prayers and pleadings on behalf of our children? Have we never grown faint-hearted, and unbelieving, as long years have rolled on, and there is no visible evidence of a work of God in those so dear to us?

He was a fine fellow, of splendid physique and clever brain, generous to a fault, successful in all he undertook, a favourite at school and college, but—he lacked the "one thing needful," and the loving hearts of his parents yearned over him.

At one time, when a Cambridge undergraduate, he was deeply exercised about his spiritual condition, and, at his own request, his tutor had a long talk with him one night, pressing upon him the claims of God and the supreme importance of eternal things—conversation being prolonged into the small hours of the morning. Said his tutor: "Never shall I forget the grip of the hand that he gave me that morning, as he thanked me for my interest in his soul's welfare." But "the thorns sprang up, and choked the Word," and not yet was the fruit seen. The parents prayed on, and waited the Lord's time.

Later, there were evidences of an uneasy heart, and long talks with a favourite sister who pointed him to the Saviour, but something seemed to keep him back, and he did not come out openly on the Lord's side.

Years rolled on, and he went to Australia, and decided to settle there, thus drifting away from home influences. After some time he set up a home of his own, and was universally respected and beloved. He lived what is there known as a "white life," and helped many a man out from Home to do the same, not only by his indirect example, but by personal talk and influence.

Still "waiting patiently," the father passed away, leaving the mother to continue in prayer alone, wondering whether there had ever been any real work of God in her boy's soul after all, or if it had been but a passing emotion.

But look at the fly-leaf of that widowed mother's Bible, the gift of her eleven children when all at home. Each had written his or her own name, and underneath the list we find the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved—*and thy house*," and the last three words are heavily underlined. There is the secret of the mother's peace. "The Lord abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself."

Eighteen long years rolled by, including one short visit home, when there was the same loving son and brother, the same respectful listening to words of pleading, but no direct response, and the mother's heart took up afresh the burden of prayer for her absent boy. Never was her weekly letter omitted, full of loving interest in his home life, and, later on, in his wife and little ones, and often was dropped the "word in season," which she prayed might reach his heart.

Suddenly came the sad news of a very severe accident, of partial recovery, and then of gradual increase of danger-signals which could only point to one, and that a fatal termination. Almost before the significance of the news had been understood, however, God saw that the tender mother-heart could bear no more, and quietly called her home, into the presence of the Christ Whom she had so long loved and trusted—trusted not for herself only, but also for her children. Like those of old, she died in faith, "not having received the promise."

Dear Christian parent, are you prepared to do this—willing to leave the *time* entirely to the Lord, but fully counting on His faithfulness to fulfil His Own Word?

After a protracted period of suffering, the invalid was brought back to his old home in England. Here, although the things of Christ were treated with respect, and attendance at the daily reading persevered in as long as possible, yet, when the Truth was sought to be put before him, he would always say, "It is all so unreal to me, I cannot see it at all, and yet it is not for want of thinking about it."

As weeks rolled by, the end was evidently drawing near. The only resource was to continue in earnest prayer that

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

15

God's light might burst through all the mists and unreality of man's thoughts, and reveal Himself to the weary soul. And at evening time there was light. The moment came when at last he saw, "There is nothing left for me to do, it's all *done*." And as a little child, in all simplicity, he entered into the kingdom. He would interrupt in the middle of a sentence and say, "Let me quite understand, say it over again." "What were the words the Lord said to the dying thief?" . . . "There could be nothing else but what the Lord has done, of course I could not do anything in it at all." . . . "I am trusting entirely in Him." . . . "Read the words of Christ Himself to me."

His one deep regret was his wasted life: "Don't do as I have done," he would say; "my life has been utterly wasted." The night before he passed away he said, evidently thinking of his mother, "I am sorry I have missed seeing her, but it will not be long now, and, remember, 'With Christ is far better,'" and he laid emphasis on the word "remember." He was put to sleep by Jesus without a struggle.

If the reader should be one who has not yet touched Christ for himself, may the writer commend the Saviour as the One not only for dying with, but for living with. What is life without Christ? It is wasted. It may appear "white" in the sight of men, but in the sight of God it is utterly wasted. Have you ever got into the presence of God, there to see yourself as He sees you?

One word to believing parents. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

J. L. H.



GOD IN THE LIFE.

EVERY morning we may wake and say, "I am alive! A fraction of my allotted minute still lies before me.

"Thank God, thank God!" God, my Creator and Protector, has placed me in front of this particular day as the material on which I am to work. He is above me, the work is before me, He has given the tools into my hands and He will direct me.

That everything must lie under the direct control of Christ

is surely clear; every hour of time, every shilling of money, every book we read or leave unread, every friendship we begin. We must go to no amusement where His presence would be a note out of harmony, we must tell no tale and speak no sentence we should not like Him to hear. Each letter we write, and thing we buy, and meal we eat, and picture we hang on our walls must receive His approbation, though the decision may scarcely be a conscious one.

There is a strait gate to pass and a narrow way to walk in and something of an ever-present denial of self to practise. . . . The outer form of our life may appear fair and peaceful, yet there are always some . . . stern elements hidden deep within, for such a conflict is absolutely necessary to our sharing in the mind and will of our Lord and Master.

“The Lord . . . shall make fat thy bones.” (Isa. lviii. 11.) The wrestling in prayer, the grim holding on to our faith in a God of goodness and love when we know something of the sins and forlorn miseries that are going on in the depths of the world . . . all shall be gifted with fresh life, strengthened, expanded, made perfect. Think of prayer becoming a relief and a joy, like a child running home with out-stretched arms; think of faith as a laying back of the whole history of our race into the care of God, and knowing that we are responsible only for our immediate surroundings . . . and give heartfelt thanks that so it may be.

C. L. M.

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 “MARAN-ATHA.”

“His Coming is as certain as the Dawn.”—Hos. vi. 3 (Rotherham).

WILL the year bring the coming of the Master?

I cannot say;

But we would live, and move, and have our being
 In Him from day to day.

We would walk softly, listening 'mid the shadows
 Ever for His small voice!

Which tells us “I am coming—coming quickly”
 And therefore we rejoice.

—LAURA A. BARTER SNOW.

“A second time without sins will **He** appear for the life of them who expect Him.”—HEB. ix. 28 (Syriaca).

“Expecting and earnestly desiring the **coming of the day of God.**”
 —2 PET. iii. 12 (Syriaca).

LOVE, A ROOT OF ALL GOOD. (Page 19.)

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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.



"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—ISA. i. 18.

"And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins."—1 PETER iv. 8.

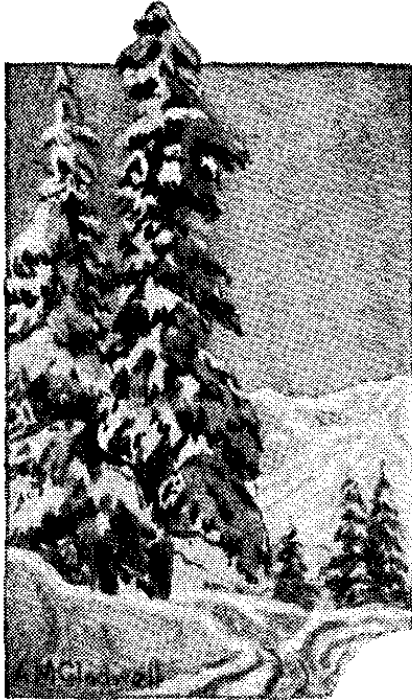
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Love Covereth.

“ Love covereth all sins.”—PROV. x. 12.

“ Love covereth all things with silence.”—(Gr. rendering of 1 COR. 13.)



LOVE covereth, the Love divine—
The Christ its everlasting sign;
Into the deep and cleansing flood
Of Jesus' sacrificial blood.
It casteth all the sins of men,
And never seeth them again.
Our great transgressions and our small,
With full forgiveness, like a pall,
LOVE COVERETH THEM ALL.

Love covereth; with such a love
Our likeness to our Lord we prove;
So shall we hide beyond our reach,
Below the touch of thought or speech.
The weakness of our fellow men,
And never bring it back again.
The Christ-like lips will not repeat
The whispered gossip of the street.

The foolish act, the hasty word,
Our eyes have seen, our ears have heard;
Another's fault, another's fall,
With tender silence, like a pall,
LOVE COVERETH THEM ALL.

Love covereth the aching heart,
The little slights that sting and smart,
The wounded spirit's deep distress,
With balm of sweet forgetfulness,
The injury that rankles long,
The newer grudge, the ancient wrong,
The bitter memories of wrath,
And hatred's cruel aftermath;
The world's injustice, great and small,
With healing silence, like a pall,
LOVE COVERETH THEM ALL.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT.

By courtesy of the copyrighters,
Evangelical Publishers, Toronto.

(19)

LOVE, A ROOT OF ALL GOOD.

“The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil.”—1 TIM. vi. 10, R.V.

THANK God that we know what is exactly the opposite. It is LOVE—love of souls, love of brethren one for another, love of all men. It is a root of all kinds of good, in thought and words, in feeling and action. God is love, and Jesus declared Him, showing divine love in all His life. Even so, His life was like a promise of which His death was the fulfilment. He spent His strength for others in perfect devotion to God during “the days of His flesh,” but when “His hour” came He gave *Himself*. All that even divine love could give He gave. Love was magnified in His death, when He bore our sins in His own Body on the tree, and provided a ransom for us lost men. Thus He taught us to love Himself, for believing the love He had to us, we can do no other. Having shown love to us, His will is that we should love—love all men, even our enemies, and love with special affection everyone likewise beloved by Him and loving Him. These, being children of God by the same will and grace of God even as we ourselves, are our near relations, our spiritual kinsmen, our brethren.

Christ's Love, an inexhaustible abundance.

His love is the outflowing of His very nature. What was within His heart only needed to be uncovered and released. The gracious words that proceeded from His mouth made men marvel, yet also His word was with power (Luke iv. 22, 32). They were beyond measure astonished, saying, “He hath done all things well” (Mark vii. 37). All these things were with a profusion beyond men’s power to relate or the world’s capacity to contain (John xxi. 25).

Our poor love; a trickle.

When love springs up within our hearts, how much, alas! there is for it to restrain and repress; what contrary inclinations to be denied, and self-love to be overcome. Instead of an ever-flowing stream, an unrestrained, pure abundance as with our Lord, love with us is only a drip. “To-day’s good deed” may seem to us an achievement—a drop a day! Whereas love should prompt every thought, frame every

word, as well as determine every action of ours. Are we not very crude Christians needing to be taught out of our old habits? Those at Corinth were "carnal" to whom the Spirit of God wrote by Paul words which we might entitle:—

How love behaves.

"Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things" (1 Co. xiii. 4-7, R.V.).

What is not love.

It is not difficult to see against what evil propensities of *our* nature these admonitions are directed. Patience soon exhausted or even not shown at all with what we call the dullness or faults of fellow Christians; harshness of manner and speech in consequence. Then we shall be pleased when our brethren are bright, their behaviour beyond reproach and their spiritual work prospering? Alas, no! Envy takes a hand and infects us with the poison of hatred—we find our brethren's good a rebuke to ourselves and are tempted to belittle or besmirch it. If our own star is for the nonce in the ascendant, then we break out in boasting and swell with pride. Sometimes the very love and familiarity of the Christian circle induces in us disrespect of others' feelings; we are less considerate for them and deem ourselves entitled to little liberties of unseemly behaviour. Who knows not the working of that cardinal maxim of fallen man, self first? Where it is, offence is easily taken and grudges stored up; once the injury is felt or imagined, it cannot be forgotten. When a brother falls, our hearts are half ready to rejoice instead of going swiftly to his help, and those same hearts cannot always, even with effort, work up real joy with *the truth*. Indeed they may find truth unwelcome, whether it be a matter of every-day, common fact, or the revealed truth of God. Regarding brethren who stumble as they nevertheless persevere in wending their heavenward way, we discuss their miserable failures and magnify them. We allow our prejudices and preconceptions to throw doubt on

“ WHAT THE GRACE OF GOD CAN DO.”

21

what should be believed readily concerning others. We despair of those in whom God has begun a good work, as though He would not perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ (Phil. i. 6). Our reaction to the slightest persecution is indignant as though some strange thing had happened (1 Pet. iv. 12).

The Scripture above quoted teaches that **love does none of these things**. Its working is quite the contrary. How faithful the mirror is ! Let us remove far from us these hideous blemishes it has reflected and adorn ourselves with more love to please the eye of our heavenly Lover, the Lord Jesus. “ Beloved, let us love one another : for love is of God ” (1 John iv. 7). We wrote last month that

Love is an all-embracing fulfilment

of the whole will and law of Christ. True love of this divine order cannot go against His commandments. There are sickly and easy-going counterfeits ; amiability in word that does nothing to relieve need (1 John iii. 17, 18), for instance ; or “ uninterfering ” unconcern that allows sin upon a brother (1 Peter iv. 8). But **this** love is a conscientious, toiling, watchful affection, never out of line with the will of the Lord. “ Love worketh no ill to his neighbour : therefore love is the fulfilling of the law ” (Rom. xiii. 10). “ Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ ” (Gal. vi. 2).

T.D.



“ WHAT THE GRACE OF GOD CAN DO.”

SHE was the mother of ten children, living in a small five-roomed cottage on a quarter-acre section. The furniture was of the plainest, the floor being covered with plain sacks. In the centre of the kitchen was a Dover stove, which stood out from the wall about four feet, and alongside of a kitchen table stood a sewing machine. Her husband had a small business about forty miles away ; but unfortunately was not able to give her enough to support her family. He was a free thinker, and brought up his eldest son in the same way.

This son at this time was a pupil-teacher, and the eldest

girl was out at service, so this dear saint had eight children to support. She was a tailoress, and had to work all hours. If you had called in any week-night, you would have entered quite a busy hive; some learning their lessons, and you would have noticed two of the younger boys down on their knees working the treadle of the sewing machine for their mother, and helping her to sing :

“ Safe in the arms of Jesus.”

This was the atmosphere that these children were brought up in. The mother had to finish those suits, take them some three miles by train, get some more, and be back in time to get lunch for the children. Now imagine this dear saint keeping this up for years, till she was able to pay this property off, and yet able to sing :

“ Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o’ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.”

After the day’s work was over, and the children in bed, she would lift up her heart to her Father above, unburden her needs and troubles, and receive grace to help. This is how the Lord was preparing her for further lessons that He might bestow “ grace on grace.”

About this time a neighbour, who was on friendly terms with her—a widow with four grown-up sons, living about thirty yards away—was likely to get into serious trouble owing to the conduct of her eldest son. The dear saint thought she would warn her, so that the trouble might be nipped in the bud. To her dismay she received quite a tirade of abuse, and was told to mind her own business in the future. This faithful saint, however, remembered the Lord’s warning, “ Pray that ye enter not into temptation ” and spread all before the throne of grace.

Now we shall see how she received “ grace on grace.” She would sometimes meet this neighbour and say, “ Good morning,” to her, just to show that she bore no ill-feelings. This was the occasion for another tirade of abuse. But the Lord gave her strength in her weakness. She was kept by the power of God through faith in Christ Jesus. She was kept from sinning when the trial came, for she had prepared

“ WHAT THE GRACE OF GOD CAN DO.”

23

her heart before the Lord. This happened several times, but she was still kept.

(Read Isa. v. 15; John xiv. 21, 23, 26, 27; Phil. iv. 6, 7.)

While all this trouble was going on it was evident that her friend had allowed a root of bitterness to spring up, but the dear saint was being rooted and grounded in love. She had been drinking of the water that the Lord Jesus gives, with the result seen in Jer. xvii. 8—“ a tree planted by the waters . . . ”

Some time afterwards her friend had a niece to spend a holiday with her. This niece was subject to a complaint which made it necessary to place her in a hot bath to bring her round. This meant that a big fire had to be made out of bushwood, half-green, and a large oval washing boiler filled with water and heated. There were no Douulton baths in those days, and an old wooden tub had to be used. This was a job that required someone to help her, so she went to call this dear saint, who had been in bed some two hours—tired, too, after a hard day’s work. Up she got, however, and helped her neighbour, saw the child comfortable in bed, and returned home to get a little more rest. Here, indeed, was growth in grace. Surely her friend would now be ashamed of herself! No, the next time they met she was abused as before; but was still sustained. Again and again this occurred, but the dear saint was able to say, “ I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.” How true, too, the Word, “ When a man’s ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemy to be at peace with him.” Even so it was here.

One evening this enemy came, ashamed of herself, and owned that she had tried all she could think of to make her retaliate so that she would have cause to find fault; but could not. She asked the dear saint’s forgiveness, and we may be sure, got it.

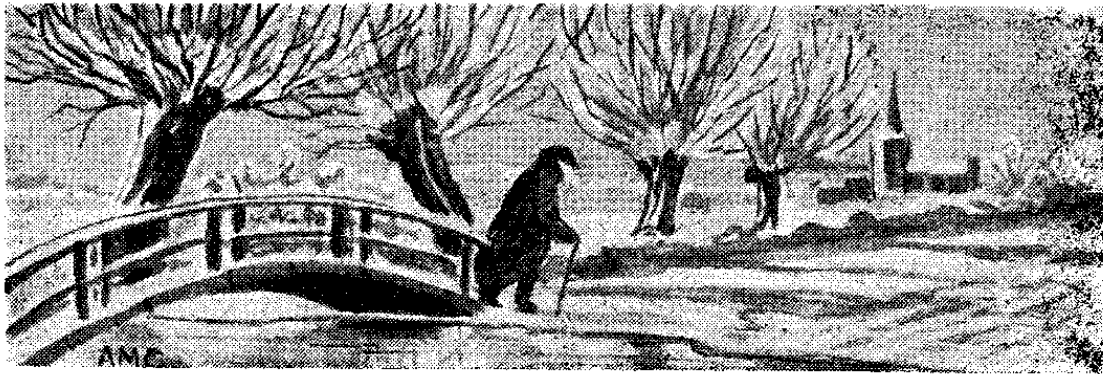
Twice this dear one had to pay off her property that her husband had re-mortgaged, but her faith wavered not.

The Lord never forgets the prayers of His children. All but one of this family He brought to Himself. The Lord knew the atmosphere they were brought up in. The last one, I have heard recently, is now anxious. I was person-

ally interested with all mentioned in this narrative. It happened in New Zealand in 1883, and I believe that the Lord used this display of what the grace of God can do to bring me to Himself.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

A.M.D. (Christchurch).



GOD'S TOOLS.

GOD'S tools can do nothing without Him. There is hard work to be done for the Kingdom of Heaven, and we each have our share in it, but not one of us can do without the others, and, above all, not one of us has any power except we are held by His hand.

Let us look into the basket. . . . The Vice . . . can do nothing of itself, but can only hold the wood firmly fixed, while another instrument . . . does all the actual work. . . . Surely souls like this are of great value; they cannot leave home or undertake any great work themselves, but they make it possible for others to do so. . . .

The . . . Saw. . . . The work consists in small efforts countlessly repeated, which in time can wear away the hardest wood. . . . "Let us not be weary in well-doing." I think a large proportion of Christian activity is sawing. . . . When the Divine Hand holds and directs the Saw, a change is really effected in human hearts and lives.

The . . . Gimlet . . . can only make a hole. . . . After the strenuous effort of a single minute it is thrown aside,

PEACEMAKERS.

25

while a shining screw occupies with dignity the hole it could not have made for itself. A second quiet little servant, the Screw-driver, is needed to persuade it home to its appointed place; it is then laid down again while the Screw has a permanent position to fill. We who teach know something of the work of the Gimlet and the Screw-driver.

C.L.M.



PEACEMAKERS.

“Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.” Matt. v. 9.

THIS seems to be too much an overlooked beatitude. There are many people who are really strife-makers rather than peacemakers. They do not seek to heal estrangements between others, to prevent quarrels and contentions, and bring together those who have begun to drift apart. Indeed, their whole influence goes toward widening breaches, intensifying bitterness, and exciting anger and hatred. When they find in anyone a germ of suspicion or dislike of another, they stimulate the evil growth.

Is it not time that we should get our Lord's beatitude down out of the skies and begin to work it into our lives? Is it not time that we should become peacemakers in a world whose beauty is marred by so much strife?

The peacemaking spirit is Divine. No one in heaven finds delight in separating friends. Just so far as we get the peacemaking spirit into our lives do we bear the mark of God's image. To be peacemakers we must first of all strive to live peaceably with all men. “If it be possible, as much as in you lieth,” says St. Paul, “be at peace with all men.”

But further, we are also to strive to make and promote peace between others. Our ministry is not to be confined to the settlement of great quarrels, but may even find its most fruitful work in the healing of the petty contentions which we discover all about us. Whenever we find one man angry with another, we should seek to remove the angry feeling. The little rifts in others' friendships we

should strive to heal. The unkind thoughts of others which we find in people's minds, we should seek to change into kindly thoughts.

We can do no more Christ-like service than to seek always to promote peace between man and man, to keep people from drifting apart, and to get them to live together more lovingly.

J. H. MILLER, D.D.



AN OLD SOLDIER.

HAVING served his time and retired from the Army, X. went to live in a parish not far from his birthplace.

Knowing him pretty well, I dropped in at times to see him, and on one visit found him attentively reading his Bible. As I entered he looked up and said, "Oh, is it you? I did not think you were so near me! It is time I was thinking where I am going, so I have been learning the twenty-fifth Psalm—a very fine prayer. Was it not David's?" I replied that it was.

"Did not David know," he continued, "that his sins had been forgiven? Oh, I thought if I could only get that prayer off by heart, so as to say it night and morning, I too might know what salvation is." "I am very thankful I came in," answered I, "for if you prayed the whole one hundred and fifty Psalms that would not save you."

"Well, well," he said, in amazement, "do you tell me so? Why, I thought praying a very good thing."

"So it is, very, but praying or saying prayers is not the way to be saved. Have you never heard what the Lord Jesus did, how He died and shed His precious blood for sinners? If you could save yourself by prayers, you would not need the Atonement of Christ, and God would not say, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' He would say something like this: 'Pray and thou shalt be saved.' But you will not find such a saying anywhere in the Bible."

To this he promptly replied: "Well, I did not think of that."

"Is it not plain," I continued, "that if God could have saved sinners by their prayers, He never would have given

up His loved Son to suffer death? But prayers could never put away sin; nothing but the death of Christ could do that, and so the sinless Son of God died in the place of sinners, in your room and stead and in mine. Thus was salvation finished by Christ, and to-day, believing on Him, you may be saved! Pardon and salvation may be yours before you close your eyes in sleep this night."

He brightened up at this, and said: "Ah, salvation is what I want! I'd give the world if I could but get it." "You may have salvation," I replied, "entirely without giving, doing, or praying. It may be yours this day—this moment! If you only cast yourself, as a perishing sinner, upon the crucified Redeemer, you are saved."

Looking most earnestly at me, he said: "Sir, I shall be for ever obliged to you if you will give me a text to prove that." "Yes," I answered, "here it is," and opening his Bible, pointed to John iii. 18: "*He that believeth on Him is not judged.*" "The moment a sinner hides his guilty soul in Christ, that moment God's promise is fulfilled: he is not condemned."

"Well," he replied, "I do believe on Christ, but could not say that I am pardoned."

"But see," I pointed out, "the words spoken by Christ on the Cross. 'It is finished,' would not be true if a work, a prayer, or even a tear, were required to be added to it. '**It is finished**' does not mean that Christ has done the chief part, and left the rest, however trifling, for you to add to it. No! 'It is finished' means that *the Saviour has done the whole*; that all a sinner has to do to be at peace with God, is to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as his Sin-bearer and Surety, and to believe that He has borne the curse for you, and wrought out, on your behalf, a full salvation. Because it is already finished, the promise says: '*He that believeth on Him is not judged.*'"

Looking up at me with delight, he exclaimed: "Sir, I see it! I see it as plainly as I see the sun in the sky!"

"What do you see?" asked I.

"I see I am a pardoned man."

"Why, I thought you could not be pardoned until you had prayed the twenty-fifth Psalm?"

"Ah, sir," he answered, with a smile, "I thought that once, but don't think it now. Does not this verse say, 'He that believeth on Him is not condemned'?"

"But stop," I said, "this is not all. Read the thirty-sixth verse, and you will see that if you really believe, you are saved." He then read the words, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

"Has it," I pointed out. "The verse says the believer *has* it, not that he will get it at some future day; has it at once and for ever, from the moment he trusts wholly in the Redeemer for salvation." With a pleased smile he exclaimed: "Sir, I see it! I see it plain."

"What do you see?"

"I see," said he, calmly and firmly, "that I am a saved man! Does not the text say, 'Hath everlasting life'?—not will get it, but that he has it. It was God surely Who sent you to tell me all this to-day."

"Please turn," said I, "to the fifth of John, and the twenty-fourth verse, where you will find more for your comfort." So he turned to the passage, and read aloud: "He that heareth My word, and believeth Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment; but is passed from death unto life."

"Think of these words, 'Shall not come into judgment; but is passed from death unto life—*eternal* life: so the real believer can never again come under the general condemnation, can never pass back again from life unto death. This is why the Apostle Paul could write: 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus' (Romans viii. 1). The Lord Jesus Himself told Martha, 'Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die' (John xi. 26). And now what He said to her He says to you, 'Believest thou this?'"

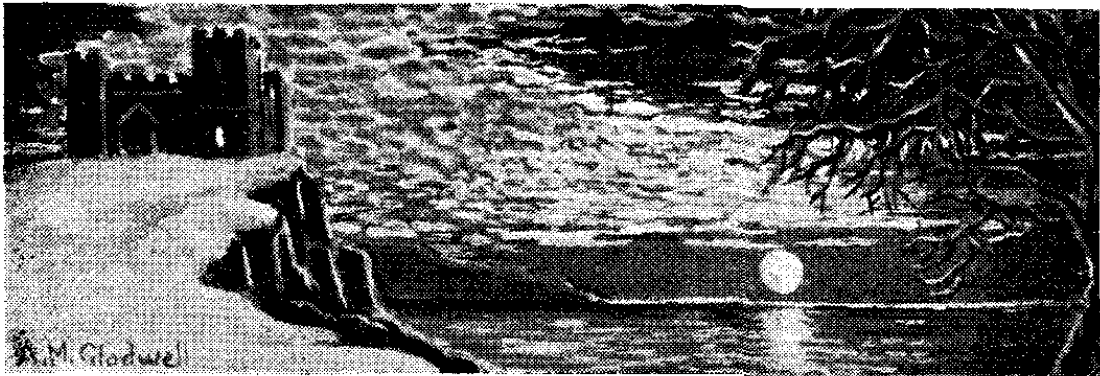
"To be sure," he said, unhesitatingly, "I believe it. Is it not the Word of God? And why should I doubt it? I am just as if I was on a rock."

"Then you are not afraid to die?"

"No! Why should I be? My sin is pardoned, and I know it. Oh! I am just as if I was on a rock!"

O. L.

(29)



THE MYSTERY OF THE GOD-MAN: NAPOLEON'S VERDICT.

By A. T. PIERSON, D.D.

THE exiled Emperor, while in banishment at St. Helena, was conversing with General Bertrand, who contended that Jesus was simply a man of great genius and power to command, and thus voiced his wonder and admiration of the Saviour :

“ I know men, and I tell you that **Jesus Christ is not a man!** Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and every other religion *the distance of infinity!* We can say to the authors of every other religion, ‘ You are neither gods, nor the agents of the Deity. You are but the missionaries of falsehood, moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin ! ’ Paganism was never accepted as truth by the wise men of Greece, neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, or Pericles. **Paganism is the work of man.** One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals—these legislators, these priests? Absolutely nothing ! ”

When we study the marvellous history of those thirty-three years, we stand in the presence of the most significant period of all history, folding in its bosom the most precious facts ever cherished in the heart of man. The existence of

Jesus Christ is the pivot upon which turn the history and destiny of the world. This one Man, born in poverty and bred in obscurity; without rank, wealth, culture, or fame; Who could call no spot home, and no great man His friend; Who was hated by the influential men of Church and State, and died as a criminal by their united verdict; even His tomb was the loan of charity, to save His Body from being flung over the walls to the accursed fires of Topheth—**this one Man sways the world!** We date our very letters and papers, not "*Anno Mundi*"—the year of the world—but "*Anno Domini*," the year of OUR LORD. The man who, from his dark chamber of doubt and disbelief, sends out his assaults upon Jesus of Nazareth, still dates his pen's production "*Anno Domini*"—unwillingly bowing to Christ's Lordship, even of the world's calendar! Even creation is forgotten, as the epoch from which all is to be reckoned, since that Babe was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, as though all history had a new birth.

Kings are anointed in His Name. Millions of believers offer to Him their penitence for sin, the frankincense of their prayers and praise, the gold of their costliest offerings of gratitude and service; and even the profane swearer rounds his oaths with the precious Name of Jesus, while no other name is spoken with such reverence by the pure and good!

"What shall I do then with Jesus? However I may account for His existence, or explain His character and career; whatever I may think of His being born of a virgin and begotten of the Holy Ghost—whatever I think of His words and works, as Divine or human, **He is the miracle of history!** Science and philosophy vainly try to account for Him or interpret Him."

He stands absolutely alone in history; in teaching, in example, in character, an exception, a marvel, and He is Himself the evidence of Christianity. As Bishop Clark says: "He authenticates Himself. The most natural solution of His life is the supernatural. The truths which He uttered were not truths which He had learned. **He was the truth!**"

It is therefore no marvel that the Word of God is full of this wonderful Personage.

In the British navy yards, all the cordage, from the huge

THE MYSTERY OF THE GOD-MAN.

31

hawser down to finest strands, has spun into it either a blue or scarlet thread; you cannot cut an inch off without finding it marked. So everywhere, woven into and through the Word you may find the Divine thread—and beginning anywhere, preach the blessed Christ.

One of the most sublime facts in connection with this wondrous Person of Christ is the strange hold He has upon millions of believers at this remote age. After nineteen centuries have passed, a large proportion of the human race, the most intelligent and the most lovely, can say of Christ with Paul, "Whom having not seen we love." Everything connected with His personal life on earth has perished. We can only guess at the spot where He was born, the place where He lived, the site of the cross and the tomb; and yet, millions are living for Him, and would die for Him. They believe that in their hearts. "Now that I am at St. Helena, alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? What an abyss between my deep misery and the ETERNAL REIGN OF CHRIST, Who is proclaimed, loved, adored, and Whose reign is extending over all the earth!"

And so it is. A public life of three-and-a-half years, ending with a death of shame at thirty-three; yet to-day swaying a world's history and destiny. **Yet there is no middle ground.** You must curse Him as a wretch, or you must crown Him as the King. If you claim to hold neutral ground and cast no vote, remember He has said: "He that is not with Me is against Me." If He be a gigantic deceiver, you cannot be guiltless, unless you do all you can to meet gigantic imposture with gigantic resistance; you are bound, therefore, to be a pronounced foe. If He is the King, your only Saviour, your final Judge, your guilt is awful and your exposure terrible, if you simply withhold yourself from His service, or above all, lend aid or comfort to His foes! You are, by obligations of the highest sort, bound to be a pronounced friend, and to do your best and utmost to lead others to see and confess His beauty, until **His unseen Presence** inspires their faith, hope, love, life; and with this unseen Saviour they hold daily communion. They go through the valley of tears, leaning on His Arm; and they fear not the shadow of death, cheered by His smile.

This fact is absolutely without a parallel, and it impressed the great Napoleon more deeply than anything else about this mysterious Person. He looked back through the centuries and saw the blood of Christian martyrs flowing in torrents, while they kissed the hand that, in slaying them, opened the door to Him. "You speak," said he, "of Cæsar, Alexander; of their conquests; of the enthusiasm they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to His memory? My army has forgotten me while living. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, have founded empires. But on what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force! Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love: and at this hour **millions of men would die for Him.** I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me—but, after all, my presence was necessary, the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word, from me, then the sacred fire was kindled."

And so the voice of truth and duty calls on you, in tones of thunder, to choose this day what you will do with Jesus! You cannot, dare not, be indifferent to the issues. He is or He is not the Way, the Truth, the Life. If He be, then **better you had not been born**, than to wander from this way, deny this truth, forfeit this life.—"Many Infallible Proofs." With acknowledgments to *Living Links*.



GOD'S MESSENGERS.

HE has no hands but our hands
To do His work to-day.

He has no feet but our feet
To lead men on His way.
He has no tongues but our tongues
To tell men how He died.

He has only us as messengers.
To bring them to His Side.

We are the only Bible
The careless world will read.
We are the sinner's gospel,
We are the scoffer's heed.

LOVE'S DEATHLESS CONTINUANCE (page 35).
MARCH, 1938. One Penny Net.

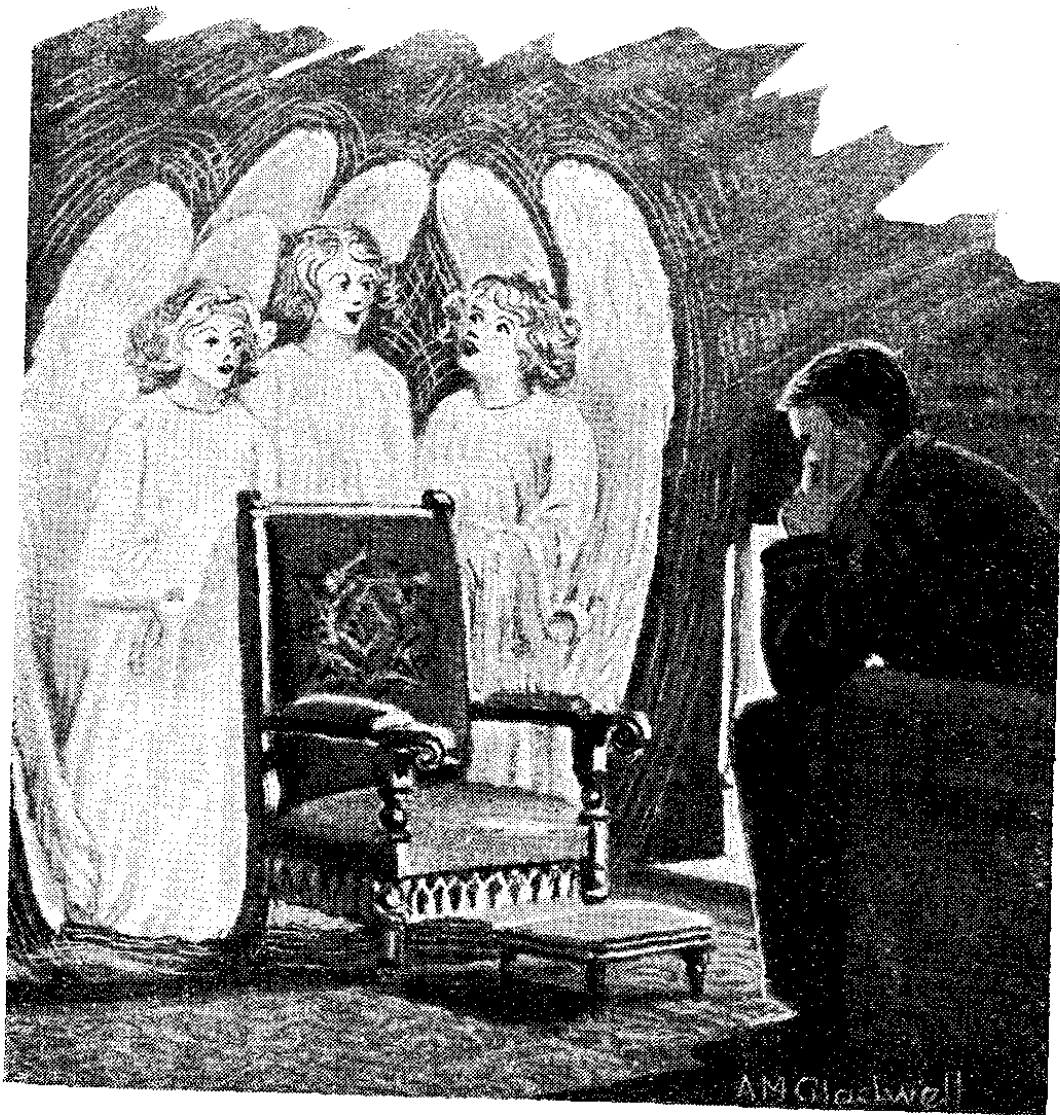
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"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—
1 JOHN iv. 16.

"Love never faileth."—1 COR. xiii. 8.

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Mother's Hymn.



HUSHED are those lips, their earthly
song is ended,
The singer sleeps at last;
While I sit gazing at her armchair
vacant,
And think of days long past.
The room still echoes with the old-time
music,
As singing soft and low
Those grand, sweet hymns, the Chris-
tian's consolation,
She rocks her to and fro.
Some that can stir the heart like shouts
of triumph,
Of loud-toned trumpet's call,
Bidding the people prostrate fall before
Him,
"AND CROWN HIM—LORD OF
ALL."
And tender notes, filled with melodious
rapture,
That leaned upon His Word,
Rose in those strains of solemn, deep
affection,
"I love Thy kingdom, Lord."

Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages,"
She bade farewell to fear;
Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her,
She read her title clear.
Joyful she saw "From Greenland's icy mountains,"
The Gospel flag unfurled;
And knew by faith "The morning light is breaking."
Over a sinful world.
"There is a fountain," how the tones triumphant
Rose in victorious strains!
"Filled with that precious blood, for all the ransomed
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."
Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since folded
Safe in God's fostering love,
She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus
Of those bright choirs above.
There, where no tears are known, no pain, nor sorrow,
Safe beyond Jordan's roll,
She lives for ever with her blessed Jesus
The Lover of her soul.

ANON.

(35)

LOVE'S DEATHLESS CONTINUANCE.

1 COR. xiii. 8-13 (R.V.).

LOVE NEVER FAILETH." Prophecies and knowledge, best of spiritual gifts, shall be done away. Though continuing long, their use will prove to be for this time-state only. Not only are they profitless during the centuries of their use unless love should move and sustain them, but also the day will come when they will be no more. Their long-lasting flower will eventually fall, but love is an unfading, everlasting bloom. Its beauty will grace heaven, and its fragrance pervade God's holy dwelling-place, where it will flourish as in its own true habitat. When that which is perfect has come, prophecy and knowledge will have been superseded. But not love. Love will raise the new song around the throne, and sustain its worship evermore. Love will move hearts that serve Him in His eternal presence and light the eyes that see His face. The glory and perfection that will rest upon us will only be sufferable to ourselves by reason of the love, the Father's love, which they will prove to the world and minister to us (John xvii. 22, 23). And our response to His love, though in measure vastly greater, in intensity wonderfully more glowing, will be, in everything essential, as it was here— "We love Him because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). His love will call forth ours. "Love is the life-blood of the church": it will be the very atmosphere and breath of the Father's house.

Removing worlds, dissolving "tabernacles," the swallowing up of mortality (2 Cor. v.), will neither remove nor dissolve nor swallow up love. Love's very self as we have known it here (all too feebly) will survive all these changes. "Love never faileth." The coming of our house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, will not shame love as being too lowly for its occupation, though all that is "in part" will be done away.

Now, however, in our own very day and here below, nothing need ever check the course of this love through us. "*Love never faileth.*" At no point on the pilgrim way does it fail. Its source is in God and is inexhaustible. Through wars, even bitter civil war, and persecution in the world, through unreasoning strife, unrepenting lukewarmness and

even unbelief in the church, through strain and trial in business or the home, this love still diffuses its heat : is not its flame fed from the heart of God Himself? Obviously, you and I can only be conveyers of its blessing to others if we are in communion with Him. The love of God abiding in us will open our hearts and our resources to all the need we see, even though others are too distracted to direct a thought outside of themselves (1 John iv. 16).

“ I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise.”

Do we not forget that this love, love divine, came from heaven in Jesus? He declared the Father's Name, that God is Love. The very word for love in the Greek tongue, as used in the New Testament, is a new one. A learned writer says : “ The truth of God abstained from the defiling contact with ” the usual words for earthly love ; “ yea, found out a new word for itself rather than betake itself to one of these.” The Lord Jesus planted this heavenly flower of love here in human hearts, the hearts of “ His Own,” and waits to give it increase while we water and tend it. The love that will be at home when that which is perfect has come is with us so that whatever is “ in part ” may be fully profitable to us now.

Faith and hope are its necessary companions where we see only through a glass darkly, and know only in part. How indispensable they are and precious ! Yet linking love with these, “ and now abideth faith, hope, love, these three ” ; the Word continues, “ and *the greatest of these* is love.” Faith and hope, like prophecy and knowledge, are to cease. They are all included in the things belonging to “ now.” Truly we have love “ now,” but it belongs not to “ now ” ; it really belongs to “ then.” It is native to heaven, though sojourning on earth. What an opportunity for those in whose hearts is shed abroad the love of God ! An opportunity to impart the peace, the joy, the holiness of heaven into the assemblies of God's people. Into our homes, too ! Jealousy, ambitions, self-seeking, gossip and the harbouring of ill-will would vanish by means of this love. We would

be in a state, day of small things though it is, to profit by the best gifts God has been pleased to give us. Our eyes would look out in pity to a perishing world, and up to God in prayer. The more we felt the weariness and disappointment of having toiled all night and caught nothing, the more should we importune Him Who can give the word when and where to cast the net so that we might enclose a great multitude of fishes (Luke v.).

"Follow after love *and*" (1 Cor. xiv. 1, R.V.). Putting this pursuit of love *first*, the way is open for the solution of the gravest difficulties and the regulating of the most serious disorders that may arise in the church of God. "Follow after love *and*"—what then? "Every one unto his work." (Neh. iv. 15). Controlled by love, even the desire for spiritual promotion may be indulged to the glory of God (1 Cor. xiv. 1; 1 Tim. iii. 13). Under love's sway let our hearts and hands unite to serve those for whom Christ died.

"Let all that ye do be done in love" (1 Cor. xvi. 14, R.V.).

T. D.

ANSWERED PRAYER.



I AM induced to write one of the happy memories of my life in the belief that it is a joy and an inspiration to Christians to hear of special answers to the prayers of God's people.

There is a thrill of rejoicing when one realises more keenly the presence and power of our over-ruling God through some personal testimony.

Sometimes our minds may be exercised by the unanswerable questions submitted to us of the inscrutable dealings of our Heavenly Father with His children; yet for those whose minds are stayed upon Jehovah there is perfect peace and rest.

The true story I am now relating is more particularly a memory of one of my mother's friends, though also known

to me personally. Some years ago, in a small house in the South East of London, there lived a happy family of parents with their three young children. The father was a tutor in a then well-known boys' college of high repute, where he was much loved and respected.

In the midst of unclouded happiness, and the recent joy of the conversion of their eldest little girl of eight years, came sudden disease and death, the parents and the two young daughters being stricken down with three different forms of fever.

The father and daughters died, and were buried before the young mother was conscious of her great bereavement, as she had been nursed in a separate room and had been in such a critical state that all family news had to be kept from her.

This overwhelming sorrow was met by Mrs. Stannard with the Christian fortitude and faith that she had always shown, and she faced the maintenance of herself and delicate baby boy of three years with absolute trust.

In starting a day school for young children the young widow met with much kindness and encouragement from the parents of the pupils of her late husband, which enabled her to keep on her little home.

Some years later a larger house was rented, and a few boarders received, one of these being daughter-in-law later to the gentleman who was father of our present daylight saving scheme.

But the solicitous care of the little son, together with the increased responsibilities and struggle to meet the demands of the higher education of her pupils, undermined Mrs. Stannard's health, and eventually my mother persuaded her to seek medical advice.

Much prayer for guidance was sought, and an appointment duly made with a West-end physician.

When the consultation was over the great doctor said: "All I can do for you madam is to advise you to go at once to a warmer climate and settle there."

The question naturally asked by the patient was: "But where?" and the answer given in one word was "Melbourne."

Financially this was impossible advice to follow and the

friends faced one another outside the consulting room with the wonder of what it all meant.

Perplexed they returned home, but there the answer was awaiting them, for on the table lay a pre-paid cable from a gentleman living in Melbourne, asking Mrs. Stannard to marry him and if the answer was in the affirmative the passage money would be at once sent.

When a girl Mrs. Stannard had witnessed the wedding of a young friend to a Christian gentleman who had then left England with his bride in uncertainty as to his permanent destination, and therefore it was indeed a surprise to receive this cable in the name of the gentleman whose marriage she had attended so many years previously.

Later news gave the information that Mrs. Eastwood had died a year before the cable had been sent and she had asked her husband to try to find and marry, if possible, the Christian friend of her girlhood in the firm belief that she would be a true mother to her little children.

And so in the loving providing and over-ruling of our God, Mrs. Stannard and her young son settled in Melbourne in a very comfortable home and in a climate where the mother and son enjoyed good health—the delicate boy becoming in time a minister of the Gospel in Australia, and the happy father of six bonny boys and girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood returned to England a few years later to visit old friends, and we had the great pleasure of reviewing with them the manifold mercies of God, ascribing to Him all praise and thanksgiving. E.K.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH.

ISA. xl. 31.

HOW precious has this promise been to the Lord's needy ones from generation to generation. And how constantly have they proved Him to be faithful to His word! Whenever they have come to Him under a sense of their entire weakness, and have trustfully waited on Him, He has afforded them fresh supplies of grace, and strengthened them to do what He has given them to perform, or to bear what He has called them to endure.

All true waiting on the Lord includes three things: A sense of need, application to Him, and expectation from Him. A sense of need is one of the greatest mercies we can enjoy on this side of Jordan, for it leads us earnestly to apply to the Lord, and we cannot wait on Him with earnestness and faith, and be sent empty away. How full of hope and expectancy we should be in all our applications to the Lord, for His resources never fail, and He has engaged to afford us timely supplies—strength according to our day. “The Lord will give strength unto His people,” says the psalmist; “be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.”

“O Lord, increase our faith and love,
That we may all Thy goodness prove;
And gain, from Thy exhaustless store,
The fruits of prayer for evermore.”

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

WE COUNT THEM HAPPY WHICH ENDURE.

IN his thrilling *Life-Boat Book*, General Seeley has a chapter called “*The men who never turn back.*” He tells how, after a disaster at Caister, in Norfolk, had involved the loss of nearly the whole of the life-boat crew, the question was raised at the inquest as to the manœuvres of the life-boat before she was capsized. Had she been thinking of returning to her station, owing to the exceptional violence of wind and sea? “No, sir,” said old James Haylett, ex-second-coxswain of the Caister life-boat and father of the coxswain who was drowned, “that is quite impossible. Caister men never turn back.”

The two Caister life-boats had indeed a grand record during the preceding 43 years; between them, they had saved 1,381 lives from shipwreck; and this particular boat, in 8½ years, had been launched on 81 occasions and saved 146 lives. Eighty-one times launched!—on almost every occasion in a storm in which no other boat could live—never once turning back! James Haylett had himself been badly battered trying to rescue the crew of the capsized boat. Eight weeks later, King Edward VII, at Sandringham, presented him with the gold medal conferred on him by the Life-boat Institution, in consideration of his “great

WE COUNT THEM HAPPY WHICH ENDURE.

41

gallantry." Replying to the simple eloquent words in which the King thanked him for his long and valiant service, and especially his great courage on the occasion of the recent disaster, Haylett said: "I thank your Majesty. I only did my duty, and if I may be permitted I hope your Majesty will live to be a hundred years old, and then die and go to heaven." "Tell me," said the King, "in these great storms on this east coast, does your heart never fail you?" Haylett replied: "Well, sir, it's like this. One thing always gives me courage when I see poor fellows in the rigging of a wreck. I always puts myself among them and says: 'What would I give if a life-boat came to save **me**!' "

But the chapter ends on a sadder note. An old member of the Brighstone life-boat had been recounting to the author his share in a rescue. They sat talking of other things for a moment or two. Then he said: "It's a strange thing, sir, to look back on, but in all those sixty years hardly once did a man fail." I wondered what was coming. Then he went on: "I ought not to say that no man ever failed, because once a man did. It was that time we went to the American barque; the heaviest sea breaking on the beach any of us had ever seen. We were all in the boat, with our oars out, waiting for the word, when just before we launched a man said: 'It is madness,' and jumped out of the boat. In a moment three of the helpers rushed into the sea shouting: 'Take me!' We took the first one that came wading to us into the sea, and, as you know, reached the vessel and saved the crew." There was a long pause. Then I said: "What became of the man?" He replied: "He did not stay with me much longer, you see, his heart failed him! Anyway, he is long since dead."

His heart failed him! True, another stepped into his place and the crew was saved, but in the joy of that achievement he had no part. No kingly recognition or golden honour might come to him, and soon from that roll of the valiant his name was missing. Dear readers, will you trace out with me the spiritual counterpart of this earthly story?

Jesus said: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." "Now the just shall live by faith: But if any man draw

back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." "Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down and the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is come be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed." (Remember the weak Christians whom your failure may stumble.)

True, our defaulting will not stop God's work—even as Mordecai said to Queen Esther: "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time (from pleading the cause of the doomed Jews with the King at the risk of her own life), then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed" And Esther said: "fast ye for me. . . . I and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the King, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish!" But she overcame.

"They overcame him" (Satan—"that old serpent which deceiveth the whole world") "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." We are saved for Christ's sake alone—because of His righteousness, His merit, His blood—but those who look back lose the reward of the Kingdom which is promised only to the steadfast. To the servant who has dealt faithfully with his Lord's property is promised the unimaginable joy of His "well done" when He cometh and reckoneth with His servants (Matt. xxv. 21; Luke xix. 17). But what of those who have refused to be His servants? Awfully solemn are the King's words concerning them: "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." H.R.



(43)

GOD IS LOVE.

THE following incident occurred in a pine forest of Wisconsin in pioneer days. Once in each month an itinerant preacher came to the community and preached in the log school house.

On one occasion he used for a text, "God is Love." He dwelt on the wonderful provision God had made for all the needs of the human race. For homes, He had produced the forest, from which all kinds of lumber is made. From the quarry, all manner of stone is taken for the stately mansion or the lowly cot. Then there are the materials from which are made nails, mortar, glass and paint, that homes may be comfortable and beautiful. For meat, He has given many of the animals, fowls, and fish. He has provided grain which may be prepared in innumerable ways. For variety, He has given fruits and vegetables that abound in every clime.

After an elaborate discourse along this line, the speaker argued that man ought to worship God as his Creator and Provider.

Now there was in the congregation a young man who, while not opposed to "religion," seemed never to have a serious thought. He was leader at the dance, the life of every party, a strong debater at the literary society, and, apparently, lived for fun. After the meeting, he remarked to some companions: "I could preach a better sermon from that text myself." They challenged him to undertake it. He replied: "You secure the house and announce the meeting, and I will try it." This was done.

During the week the young man diligently read his Bible—something he had never done before—noting especially those portions which speak of the **love of God for sinners** and his desire that **they should be saved**. Sunday came and a crowd of people gathered to "hear a wag preach a sermon." A school director was there to see that order was kept. The pseudo-preacher called on him to open the meeting with prayer.

Then he announced his text, "God is love." He showed that while God cared for man as His creature, providing for his temporal needs, that He did the same for all His

creatures, including the "fowls of the air," and the "lilies of the field." He also showed that man has a deeper need, in that he has a **precious soul** which must spend eternity either in a **place of bliss** or **one of torment**; that God has shown His greater love for man by meeting that need; quoting: "In this was manifest the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 9, 10); that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16); and that "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).

As, with tears in his eyes, he commented on these and other verses, he said to his hearers, "You have known me as a man of the world, loving its pleasures and sins; but I read: 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him' (1 John ii. 15). Now the love of Christ constrains me to forsake the pleasures of sin which are but for a season and to show by a life of service that I 'love Him, because He first loved me.' " (1 John iv. 19).

The speaker then exhorted his hearers to take their stand with him and become Christians. Several professed then and there to receive Christ (John i. 12-13). It was the beginning of an important awakening in the community.

Mr. Samuel Chase, who told me the story, was one of those who trusted Christ at that time. When I knew him, his profession seemed very real.

Kind reader, are you in any case like the young man before his awakening, careless and neglectful of your eternal welfare? Have you ever sought out the many places in His Word where God declares: "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked," and how He would "Have all men to be saved," and in order to make it possible that we might be saved, God had to "Lay on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6)?

The way people get saved is by hearing and believing

THE STRANGE MAN IN BLACK.

45

God's Word (Rom. x. 17), for the One Who "loved us and gave Himself for us" declared, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).



THE STRANGE MAN IN BLACK.

I WAS spending the day at one of the most delightful country houses in Scotland. One of the guests present was a man of rare and wide learning and culture, with charming manners, and that easy and graceful address which made him as welcome in the drawing-room as in the cottage. With his face brightening up, he said to me: "I will tell you a story that will interest you. I can vouch for its truthfulness in every particular."

M—— was the daughter of a very distinguished and wealthy family. When she was quite young, about twenty I believe, she was married to a young man of equal wealth and high social position. As was common, these young people were worldly and gay, given to everything going on in the fashionable world, and had nothing to do but to amuse themselves and gratify every whim which an idle fancy suggested. Of course they were utterly destitute of any spiritual knowledge of God and Christ, though, in their own way, devout Roman Catholics.

Shortly after their marriage they went one night to the theatre and witnessed a play, in which, in one of the scenes, there was enacted the slaughter of the Huguenots. The scene was so vivid and life-like that it greatly distressed the mind of the lady. She asked her husband, with bated breath and strained eyes, what it meant. The reply was: "It is a representation of the killing of the Huguenots." "Why were they killed?" asked his young wife. "Oh, they were killed for their heretical religion." "And was it for no other reason than for their religion?" "For no other reason; they were heretics." "And who had them killed?" "Why I suppose it was done by order of the Church; *they were heretics.*" "And did our holy Church have these poor people massacred for no other reason than

for believing Jesus Christ could save them without the help of our Church? " "For no other reason, so far as I know," was the reply. "They were not criminals, but heretics." And as best he could the young husband related the story of the massacre, without either justifying or condemning it, speaking of it rather as a matter of course.

This scene, and the story of the slaughter of the Huguenots, with which she had not been familiar, so wrought upon the young wife that she begged her husband to take her home. For days she could not shake off the impression of that scene and the story. It continued to weigh upon her mind until she fell into a deep state of melancholy and profound conviction of sin. There was none to help or instruct her, and she was as utterly ignorant of the Bible as she was destitute of the possession of one.

The husband became so distressed and alarmed at his wife's condition that he called in medical advice. After hearing from the husband the occasion of his wife's mental distress, and from the lady herself the story of her horror, "that these poor people should be killed for their religion," and being plied by her with questions concerning religion which he was utterly unable to answer, the physician withdrew and reported the case to the husband. "It is a case of religious monomania—a very bad one. You must act at once and promptly, or your wife will fall into hopeless melancholia, and perhaps end in permanent insanity. Do anything and everything that will divert her mind from the terrible subject that possesses her."

Acting upon this advice the husband began a round of pleasure and fashionable dissipation, such as even they had never before indulged in. Night after night they were out at the theatre, at concerts, at balls, and entertainments, the wife going reluctantly but obediently. One night they were at a great ball in the city. Of a sudden, like an apparition, there darted out before them a strange man dressed in black. He stepped up to the lady, and without a word of introduction or apology for speaking, said, with great eagerness: "Madam, do you know 'the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?'" To this startling and unheard-of proclamation the lady

THE STRANGE MAN IN BLACK.

47

replied: "What did you say, sir? Will you repeat those words?" At which the peculiar man in black again declared without note or comment, but with intense eagerness and pathos, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and then disappeared as suddenly and as strangely as he had appeared.

The lady stood still for a moment dumbfounded, and then remarked to her husband, "Did you ever hear that before? That is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard. What can it mean?" But as she spoke and mused on these words, and climbed the broad and lofty stairway, there fell upon her a peace so sweet and ecstatic that her whole face seemed lit up with an unearthly gladness. She went at once into the crowded salon, and approaching the first lady whom she saw, she said to her, "I have just heard the most extraordinary statement. I wonder if you ever heard it, and what does it mean, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?'"

In a few minutes the words were whispered from lip to ear, "M— has gone mad." But, like Paul, she was not mad, only filled with the gladness of God's blessed peace. Noting the excited state of mind in which his wife had been thrown, her husband took her home. For days she simply dwelt in a paradise of joy, repeating over and over again the extraordinary words: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

She found out finally where the saying came from. For the first time she got hold of a Bible, and soon, through reading the New Testament, she learned the whole glad truth. It became the inspiration of a new life to her, and she became a noble and devoted witness for Christ.

Some months after the husband joined his wife in her new faith, and himself parted from the superstition of Rome. This lady lived on for sixty years, and never ceased to carry her joy and testimony wherever she went.

The singular thing about the whole matter was the sudden appearance of the man in black in that house on the night of a great ball, and his apparently mad approach to the ball-room. He had occasion to visit the master of the

house that night on urgent business, and as he was leaving, he was seized with an irresistible impulse to tell the first person he met that "the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

What is the Blood of Christ to you? What about your sins? "Without **shedding of blood** is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). "It is the **blood** that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11). If unsaved, cease all efforts of your own to purchase the pardoning mercy of God. It has been procured at the cost of the precious Blood of His beloved Son, and is pressed on your acceptance as a free gift. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and **thou** shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

DR. G. F. PENTECOST.

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THE STREAM'S MESSAGE.

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**Y**ES, I shall reach a shore,  
And find a grave,  
Where the stream shall be no  
more;  
But in the circling wave;  
Where tributary waters  
Find an eternal rest,  
I shall be blest;  
One of the many daughters  
Sinking upon the parent ocean's  
breast.

Be thou like me,  
As fearless and as free.  
Shine in the heavenly light  
As joyous and as bright.  
Be faithful, patient, pure,  
And to the end endure.  
And when thou layest down  
The helmet, breastplate, shield,  
Changing the battlefield  
For peace, and strife for calm—  
Take up the royal robe, the kingly  
crown;  
Take up the conqueror's palm,  
And then, like me,  
Ascribe the victory,  
"O King of kings, and Lord of  
lords, to Thee!"



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LOVE'S NOBLEST OFFICE (page 57).

APRIL, 1938.

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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 giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might
He increaseth strength."

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they
shall mount up with wings as eagles."—ISA. xl. 29, 31.

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My Prayer.

**I DO not ask that I may steer
My bark by peaceful shores alone,
Nor that I linger, harbour-bound,
And sail no stormy seas unknown;
I only ask this boon of Thee—
Be ever in the ship with me.**

**I do not ask that I may dwell
From din of battle far removed,
Nor ever feel temptation's force,
Nor ever know mine armour proved;
I only ask, through Life's long fight,
Grant me the power of Thy might.**

**I do not ask that I may walk
Only on smoothly trodden grass,
Nor ever climb the mountain's height
And, trembling, through its dangers pass.
I only ask, on rock or sand,
The sure upholding of Thy hand.**

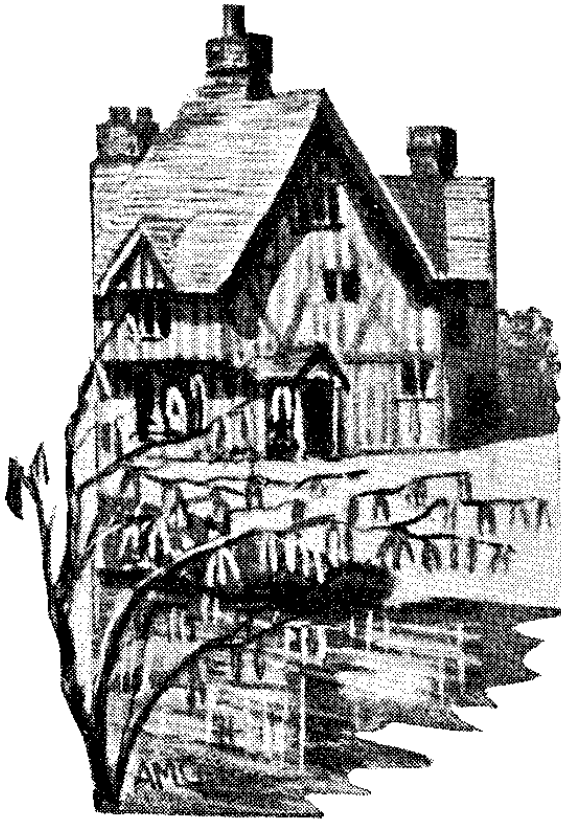
**I dare not pray for any gift
Upon my pilgrim path to Heaven;
I only ask one thing of Thee—
Give Thou Thyself and all is given.
I am not strong nor brave nor wise:
Be Thou with me—it shall suffice.**

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT.

(By courtesy of the copyrighters,
Evangelical Publishers, Toronto.)

(51)

THE GLORY OF HIS GRACE.



LOOKING back over almost nineteen years of suffering, it is inexpressibly wonderful to trace the way by which God has led me and drawn me closer to Himself.

From a child the story of Jesus and His Love, and all the Bible stories that Christian mothers delight to give their children as such rich treasure, were dear to me, and when I was about the age of twelve years, I gave myself to Jesus at a children's service. But it was not until lying ill a few years later that there was in my heart a full

and joyous realisation of being saved and consecrated to the glad service of Jesus my Saviour.

A great love of books was always with me, and there were wonderful dreams of winning scholarships and going to College; of doing great and wonderful things, not only to help the dear home folks, but many others.

Mother's health made it imperative for me to leave school at an early age to help at home and to ease Mother's labours of love. Yet still the deep longings and dreams remained, and, deepest of all, the longing to be true and pure and beautiful in my life, and to love and serve Jesus my Saviour.

Often, when retiring to my own little room, I have sat on the deep seat leading into it, with a candle beside me, to read my Bible; then kneeling in prayer, and pouring out some of my longings. Then at the age of seventeen, when life seemed to be opening out in still greater wonder and beauty, I began to be ill. Slowly and almost imperceptibly at first, the illness came on, and before my eighteenth birthday I was lying on my back, much wasted, much weakened, and in

constant pain, yet with a big hope that in time God would raise me up to serve Him again in active ways.

Meantime, I tried to serve Him lying still, by patience and courage, and in homely little ways. I could at least be the family mender and patcher! Whenever possible during the summer months I was wheeled to an evening service. . . . One day when lying in bed reading a little magazine published by the C.S.S.M., I felt the joy of the Lord filling my heart to overflowing, and such deep gratitude and love because He loved me and gave Himself for me. It was a time of fuller, deeper consecration and the joy of the full assurance that my Saviour had died to save me, and had called me to glorify Him even in suffering.

In 1912 we left the dear Surrey home and came to North Buckinghamshire. That year I was able to sit up (after two years in a splint), and to move with crutches a little, also to be wheeled out sitting in a chair.

The next year I was in hospital for a time, and since then I have had to lie still. The hope of getting well still remained. At twenty-one there is a great desire not to look forward to a life of lying still. Yet I wanted only His will. All through the year of 1915, with the terrible strain of War, and my two brothers going to France, I became worse, and early in August of that year I was completely confined to bed, and have not been able to leave it since.

For two-and-a-half-years I could not read or write, and each night it seemed as if the frail body could endure no more pain and weariness, and each morning how could one face another day? It was only possible because the tender strength of the Great Physician was perfected in my weakness. Kept by His Power, resting in Him, all things were possible. When the news came that my beloved younger brother was reported "Missing," it was only by God's sustaining grace that lying still and bravely enduring did not become quite unbearable.

* * * *

Reading and writing are possible once more, to my joy; but at what cost only the Lord of all can know. Prayer and faith and His Word mean tremendously much to one of His wholly dependent shut-in children; but Jesus Himself is infinitely more precious than all.

THE GLORY OF HIS GRACE.

53

May one be permitted to draw the veil from some of the wonderful experiences of the spirit? One night, after an exhausting day during a time of added illness, I was longing for a little sleep. My kind doctor had sent some medicine to ease a troublesome cough, and mother did not like leaving me alone, but I begged her to go to bed, assuring her that all would be well, and that I should have some sleep. Reluctantly father and mother left me. A little later such a wonderful sense of Someone strong, tender, and glorious, close beside me, filled my whole being with peace. I could see no form, no glorious vision, but most surely I felt the precious comfort of His Own Presence, the tenderness of His upholding, and in that soothing comfort sleep came for two hours.

After that it was all easier to bear—the pain, the weakness, the lying always in one position.

Another night, some years ago, during great pain, with the knowledge, too, that mother was becoming very worn with the strain of my illness, and father seemed to be verging upon an attack of bronchitis, I lifted up my heart to God, bringing the burden to Him. Quite soon I noticed that father's cough ceased, and I felt that sleep had come to him. He did not become worse. My own pain was still racking, but there was the peace that passeth all understanding simply filling my heart, and again it was possible to endure all things.

Again, in 1925, during a severe heart attack, when the pain was agonising for a time, and the dark valley seemed very near, the enemy drew near to taunt with one's sin and unworthiness, but One stronger yet came nearer still, and swiftly to my soul came the sweet assurance, "In Jesus," "With Jesus."

Words and space would fail to tell all that Jesus is to the writer, and all that He will be to the trusting soul. I have proved that "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds," and that when He appears to be taking dear and precious things from one's life, He is actually giving immensely more.

I have proved that the Lord gathers and upholds in His Everlasting Arms, as tenderly as a father gathering a tiny, weary child.

I have proved that He is a Saviour mighty to save and keep, and that only in the light of His Cross do we realise our sin and uncleanness and deep unworthiness, and the measure of His redeeming love.

I have proved that the Holy Spirit fills us with joy and peace and power, and that the comfort of His Presence is very real. And so to Him, "Whom having not seen, we love," be all praise and honour for the glory of His Grace.

MABEL JEEVES, 1928 (*Radiant Gleams*).



JOY.



WHAT Nehemiah said to the people contains a very fine truth: "**The joy of the Lord is your strength.**" Joy is strength, we may prove it every hour. And we may know it from the working of the opposite thing so often also experienced, that sadness is weakness. An observer of men once said: "A merry heart goes all day, a sad one tires in a mile," and his words adopted this divine thought of the Spirit, "Joy is strength." But it may be more. If it is great, it will be strength in proportion; but if it is perfect it will be nothing

less than victory. It will then be more than armour for a fight. It will lead on to conquest without any fight. It will do all the business of multitudes, prowess, and tactics together, by a single energy. This has something of an illustration in the days of King Jehoshaphat, for he went to the battle with instruments of music (the witness and parent of joy), and his soldiers had no need to strike a single blow. That was the expression of the moral power of joy. Joy, indeed, will act like music and what triumphant influence over the soul music has. Let it be but of a high order and let

it fall on an attuned ear, will it not either excite or allay passions as it pleases? Is it not commanding? Does it not for the time take the mind of man captive? So with joy. Let it be of this same perfect order, and it will bear away the heart from inferior entanglements, or objects, and make it its own creature. At times it does more than give the soul an advantage and a strength in fighting with corruptions—it ensures victory. We have an interesting exhibition of the power of joy in 1 Chron. xii. 38-40. On that bright and animated occasion, Judah could not have provoked Ephraim, nor could Ephraim have envied Judah. A great personality had entered the scene who had authority to command these two parties away from themselves, and to conform them both to himself. Joy and a common object alone, were felt and acknowledged. David was to be made king—that was the common joy that had just entered; and *one heart* was generated by *one* object. Through the joy that accompanied that object, there was joy in the kingdom; that accounts for all this scene of allayed jealousies and private feelings, and for the presence and exercise of loving affections. None in Israel had then what are called “separate interests.” Joy, perfect and common as it was, made that an impossibility. This was one of the days of heaven upon earth, for in heaven, and that for ever, **joy will be triumphant**, admitting of nothing inconsistent with itself.

J.M.E.B.



A DAY AT A TIME.

CHRISTIAN, tired and somewhat disheartened, take not only life, but the Lord, a day at a time. Let the lifetime you deal with be just for to-day with its birth when you wake, its maturity in the working hours, and its quiet death when you retire at night to your bed. And for to-day you possess nothing less than the whole Christ of God; Christ **for** you, Christ **in** you, Christ living, loving, keeping you.

HANDLEY MOULE (B.M.).



(56)

A NURSE'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

"In everything by prayer."—PHIL. iv. 6.

IT was getting dusk, and the Missionary nurse had just come in from her round of sick visiting in a crowded part of East London, and had gone upstairs to her room. She was preparing, after a wash and a meal, to take her evening class of little girls, when two rings of the bell told her that she was wanted. Hurriedly going downstairs, she found in the hall a Jewish father in great distress because his little boy of four years was very ill with pneumonia. "Would Nurse come and see him?" Of course she would—at once. When she arrived at the bedside, her trained eye quickly discerned how bad the boy was. She made him as comfortable as possible and then told the parents she would come back after she had taken her class. Meantime relatives and friends got to hear of the boy's illness, and when Nurse returned late at night she found that, in true Jewish fashion, a number of them were in the room sympathising with the parents. "He won't take either food or medicine, Nurse," they said. "You all go to bed," she replied, "and leave him to me." Such was their trust in the Christian nurse—though not, alas, in her Lord—that, though in deep distress and anxiety, they all took her advice, retired to rest and left her in charge. Presently she offered the boy his food and medicine. He refused to take them. She tried to coax him, but he shook his head and resolutely declined. Realising how necessary it was for the little patient to have both food and medicine if he was to recover, this Christian nurse did what was to her the natural thing to do—she told her Lord about it. Kneeling down by the bedside, she asked that if it was the Lord's will, the boy might become willing to take what was given him and that he might recover. On rising from her knees, she again offered him the food. He quietly took all she gave him, food and medicine, and then, after being made comfortable for the night, slept for six hours. So her prayer of faith received a speedy answer and later a more complete one in the boy's restoration to health. The joy and gratitude of parents and friends were great, and this answer to prayer

led them to attend the meetings and listen to the Gospel Message.

"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." (Isaiah lxxv. 24.)

G.W.L.B.

LOVE'S NOBLEST OFFICE.

JOHN xiii. 12-17.

FAR nobler than casting the richest gifts into God's treasury. Nobler than visiting the sick and feeding the hungry. It requires more of **ourselves** than do these things. What is it?

The answer to another question may forward this enquiry. What is it that the Lord did for us which revealed to us the fulness of His love and required from Him all that even He could give? What is it that first leaps to our lips in His praise? "Thou wast slain and hast **redeemed** us to God by Thy **blood**." "Unto Him that loved us and **washed us** from our **sins** in His own blood . . . be glory and dominion for ever and ever." (Rev. v. 9; i. 5, 6.)

Now **we** cannot any one of us redeem his brother, nor bathe him completely so that he should be "clean every whit" from sin. Only the blessed Lord Jesus, from Whose side the blood and water flowed, is thus able to save. Of all that He has done for us, purging our sins "by Himself" is the least deserved by us and most affects our hearts by its costliness. Oh, the wonder and greatness of it! We count it His most precious work. Other gifts He adds, even as far as to confer glory with Himself upon those He loves. This is **divine**, the gift without which no other could have availed. **We** can have no part in this work. Nevertheless, the Lord Jesus says, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, **ye also** ought to wash one another's feet" (verse 14).

The clue to what this washing of feet means is found in the words of the Lord to Peter (verse 10), "He that is washed (bathed) needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." Washing the feet of those already "clean every whit" is the removal of the dirt sticking to them and soiling them by reason of having walked through

the streets and lanes. Spiritually, those who are Christ's are already purified as to their souls, washed once for all and every whit. (1 Peter i. 22; Heb. x. 10, 22.) They pass through the world, however, and contract defilement daily in thought and speech and ways. For "in me (that is, in my flesh), dwelleth no good thing," and, "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." (Rom. vii. 18; 1 John ii. 16.) Is not love's noblest office this mutual service whereby we remove from one another the continually recurring dirt, which is sin? It is not, of course, atonement or the washing of regeneration, but the practical cleansing of heart, conscience and walk by the application of the Word of God.

Reproof may be necessary to this work. Thus far went the word of the law, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him. (Lev. xix. 17.) But "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ," and through Him, "water" is provided. This stands for the Word of God (Eph. v. 26) which washes away the actual evil effects of something needing reproof, having been entertained in a believer's heart. The Word operates thus through causing self-judgment, repentance and confession. Mere reproof might check and even intimidate a spirit which remained rebellious still. This **cleansing** not only supposes that the one cared for so simply is submissive to the treatment, but also that when the process is finished he is most happy. He is as thoroughly refreshed and comfortable spiritually, as in natural things a footsore and bedaubed traveller would be after having his feet washed.

Such need in another should engage the interest of a fellow-believer in any event. The case is not the special one of personal offence against the one who offers service. Here the need is general and the interest entirely voluntary. Love marks the need. Love craves restoration for one overtaken in a fault perhaps, or otherwise overcome and erring. One, that is, whose feet are soiled and has no one first to provide the means of cleansing, and then perform the office. For these two things should be distinguished. Do you remember the Lord's rebuke to the Pharisee, Simon? (Luke

vii. 44): "Thou gavest Me no water for My feet." To preserve honourably his character of host, Simon should at least have provided menials to do the washing also. Yet the Lord rebukes him not for this, but for not providing water. Using this for illustration only, consider the brother involved in what to you appears plainly wrong. It is uncorrected because he lacks your knowledge of the Word of God, or having once known it, has, through carelessness, forgotten, and consequently lacks your exercise about it. He has no water for his feet. Love will provide it. (2 Peter i. 12, 13.) That is not love which demands obedience in the manner of the drill-sergeant. Love will be apt to teach. It will first offer some token as a credential of its own genuineness. A word of merited praise of the brother's spiritual attainment or conduct in another direction. The "credential" may be a gift or favour, the bestowal of which is rendered possible and timely by the co-operation of His providence Who makes "all things work together for good to them that love Him." Then there will be care to lay aside the garment—everything formal in approach or tending to distract from the simple, natural and intimate spirit of love now disclosing itself. Love will be meek, no matter how deeply moved to concern or shocked by the occasion. Instruction or a reminder will be given in the very words of scripture—a cleansing word—and love, lowly and artless, will add its own comprehension of the meaning of this word, should explanation be needed. Gentle and grave appeal may press this home, based on the motive which grace supplies, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Silent prayer and patient waiting on dulness and reluctance will accompany these efforts. As the holy and proper effect of the Word of God is seen, perhaps some personal reminiscence of one's own experience may be confided. **Comfort**, however, from the Word of God (its exact words) is also indispensable—a restoring word. This is like a soothing towel, which dries the feet and removes any remaining discomfort of the cleansing process.

Is not this business of faithful personal dealing almost a lost art among Christian people? The suggestion has overwhelmed you, reader, with timidity. You deprecate any such obligation in your own case, and retreat. How can I?

you say. Truly only in the Lord's strength and by the Holy Spirit and in love. Acknowledge to yourself that the Lord expects this duty of you. For He says, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also **ought** to wash one another's feet." (John xiii. 14.) Do you not feel the thrust of that urging? It is His Who has every right to press upon you what the practice of love means.

"Who can tell how much we owe Him?

Gladly let us render to Him

All we have and are."

Thus we sing; here is an opportunity of the most noble order.

This office of love is neither gossip to others, nor blaring rebuke to the delinquent's face. Gossip may get me credit for being well informed and just, whereas in truth I am only prying and self-righteous and unloving. The loud personal rebuke may bring me the reward of a reputation with men for fearlessness and zeal, but in the Lord's sight I am only legal-minded, unfeeling and ungracious. Neither of these is communion with the Lord Himself; neither follows His example. **This** is a gentle, intimate office of helping brothers and sisters in Christ to cleanse their ways, and only **love** can undertake it.

T.D.

YOUNG TIM

OR

"The Still Small Voice."

1 KINGS xix. 11-12.

TIM was not his real name, but he was a real boy, full of life and mischief. Like most boys and girls, he went to day school, where the Scripture lessons were part of his education. He also went to Sunday School. Though under faithful teachers, who knew Jesus as their Saviour, Tim was so full of mischief that they felt almost hopeless of leading him to Jesus. One chapter in the New Testament seemed to be frequently brought up in the lessons in both schools, namely the tenth of John's Gospel.

Some years rolled by, and then came the Great War. Tim had not long left school, and although too young, he



made up his mind to join up. So, heedless of his mother's anxious heart, he enlisted in the Naval Division, and was soon in the midst of the battle.

There came a time, however, when, sick and weary of war; his young life aged, and his health weakened through his terrible experiences, young Tim, as he was nicknamed by his pals, most of whom were killed, was brought face to face with the great crisis of his life. News came from England, hundreds of miles away, of the death of his mother. What sorrow filled his heart! How

he wished he had been a better boy! Then a letter came from a friend conveying sympathy and advising him to think of the tenth chapter of John, verses 27-29: "*My sheep hear My voice and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.*"

In the letter, Tim was told to put his own name in the place of "my sheep," "them," and "they." With a flood of memory came the "still small voice." "My sheep hear My voice!" In the quietness of the arctic regions where he then was, on his way to Russia, Tim shut himself in with the Lord Jesus and yielded to Him Who is the Good Shepherd Who gave His life for the sheep.

Oh, what a load was lifted from Tim's heart as he committed himself to the One Who died for him and Who gave him eternal life from that moment. Years have passed since then, but Tim, though oft a sinful sheep who needed the rod, can truly and joyfully sing:

“ All the way my Saviour leads me,
Oh the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.”

Will my reader quietly take this true story to heart and put your name just where Tim did, and as the “ still small voice” whispers to you, yield yourself to Jesus, Who loves you and gave Himself for you? Then, one day, you and Tim will meet in that home above, with Jesus.

TIM.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

“ THERE IS NO BOOK LIKE IT! ”

By Dr. Dinsdale T. Young.

I AM prepared to stand by the Bible through thick and thin under all conditions, whether you call me old-fashioned or obscurantist or a back number. For from my earliest childhood I have been living in this Book. John Bunyan in *Grace Abounding* says, “ I was never out of my Bible.” Now, by the blessing of God, I can at any rate faintly re-echo that testimony. I have lived in my Bible and **I live in it more than ever.** I want to say to the younger folk that the more I read it, the more I see how invincible are the arguments for its Divine inspiration, and for its soul-saving and soul-enriching power. John Bunyan in the same *Grace Abounding*, tells us a little about his Bible-reading experiences. He says: “ I began to read my Bible *with new eyes.*” That is what we want people to do to-day. The old Bible—but new eyes to read it with.

I think it is no slight argument for the divinity of the Scriptures that the more we read it the fresher it becomes.

I think this argument might be pursued at great length. **How do you account for it?** I do not think you could say that of any other book. We all have our favourite books—I have been a book-man from my early years—and you cannot say of the best of them that they *get fresher* the more they are read, but that is true of the Bible. I have been living in it, and it is my testimony that the lamp gets

“ THERE IS NO BOOK LIKE IT.”

63

brighter every time I have basked in its rosy light. Is that not an argument for the divinity of the Bible?

There are people who say to us you must read the Bible and approach the Bible as you would any other book. To my mind this is a most unphilosophical and, I go further, a ridiculous position to take up. You cannot come to the Bible as to any other book. **There is no book like it**, and that fact is prohibitive of going to it as you would any other book. We cannot forget its history, what it did for our fathers and our mothers and our ancestors, and what it has done for generations through the centuries.

Henry Rogers said that the Bible is such a Book that man could not have written it if he would, and would not have written it if he could. I am certain that this is absolutely true.

We want new eyes. The Bible has been very much criticised of late years, but we are forgetting the fact that the Bible is itself a critic. Suppose I take you into the Hebrews. You know that splendid tribute, the Holy Ghost's tribute to the Book. “ The Word of God is *quick*.” What does that mean? Alive, and powerful! What else does it say? “ It is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” So if there are critics of the Bible, remember **the Bible is a critic**. What we have got to do is not so much to criticise the Bible as to let it criticise us. I wish many people would remember that. It is a superb argument for the inspiration of the Bible that it searches the soul. What other book can do that? We read great sermons, books of divinity, and they do search us out, but not as this Book does. The reason why some people are so shy of the Book is that *it exposes them to themselves!*

Again, how much we owe the Bible for the knowledge that it alone gives us! What would we have known of the origin of things but for the Bible? We are indebted to the Bible for the fact that all things were created by God. What information it gives us about the future! What should we have known about eternity but for the Bible? Let us give the old Book its due! It has poured out a light that never was on land or sea. What should we have known about the “ House not made with hands ” but for this Book?

I am going on to another argument that I am quite sure is stronger still. In my reading of Dr. Vaughan the other day I was delighted to read what that saintly scholar says about the Bible: “ **It is an imperishable Book.**”

That is a fine phrase, and it represents a finer fact. No other book is imperishable. You may say that some of the ancient classics have endured long; you may say some of our early English literature has endured and is likely to endure, but in the strict sense there is no other book that is imperishable. They predicted centuries ago that this Book would come to an end. Oh, yes, I could mention names, but they are best forgotten. There were people who said, “ We will wipe it out,” yet it is alive, and it lives on, and it gets younger, more virile and fresher.

One other argument—and I think this is the strongest—I have found salvation in this Book! **Where should I have found the way** to salvation if I had not had this Book? How should I have known that there is a salvation that is worthy of all acceptance? I am indebted to the Bible for it. When I hear people running the Bible down, I get a little impatient, and sometimes a little angry, and I think I do well to get angry. And also when I hear preachers in the pulpit who pick holes here and there, and you might say everywhere. At any rate I would not be one of their hearers!

The Bible tells me that I am a sinner; it is my critic. It tells me I have a Saviour, and that the Saviour is God manifested in the flesh. It is such a marvellous idea that I feel it must be true. George Macdonald once said: “ They say these things are **too good to be true**; they are so good they must be true.” This is an unanswerable position.

God came down into this world and shed His blood that I might have pardon, and holiness and heaven. Do you wonder we sing, “ Tell me the old, old story ”? Do you wonder that we love the Book that tells us the story? Do you wonder that we love to plead with people to take the Book to the head, and to the heart, and to the home, and to the life? And if any of us have not accepted the Saviour Whom the Book was primarily written to reveal, let us accept Him now, let us keep on accepting Him, let us live and die saying, “ My Lord and my God.”

(With acknowledgments to *Living Links*.)

THE PRIMACY OF LOVE TOWARD GOD (page 68).

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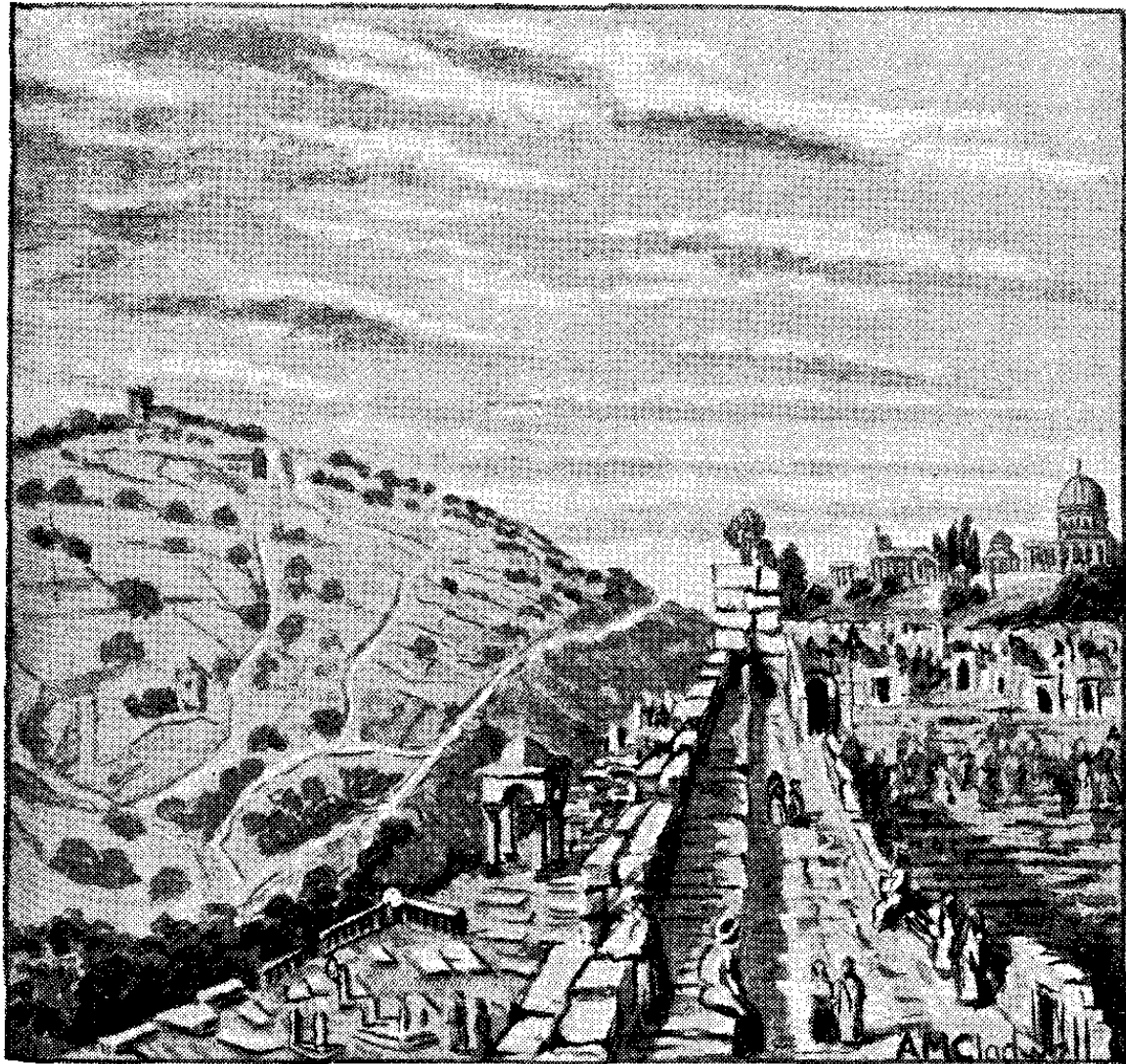
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A Message from God

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.



JERUSALEM AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

"O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not!"—MATT. xxiii. 37.

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Lines Written on the Mount of Olives.

"Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives."—LUKE xxii. 39.



YES, here He came to rest,
Who bore the heavy burden of our care
Within His gentle breast;
He came from paths by weariness beset
To seek the quiet shades of Olivet.

Behind Him all the strife,
The city's hatred, and the unbelief
That sought to take His life.
With face upturned, and eyes with pity wet,
He sought alone the peace of Olivet.

See! on the dewy ground
He kneels to pray, Who never prayed in vain,
While angels watch around:
Here heaven and earth in sweet compassion met
Amid the verdant groves of Olivet.

O, eve, with starry train!
Wreathe round that brow an anadem of light,
And soften all its pain.
Enwrap Him, garments of the night, while yet
He weeps and prays on lonely Olivet.

O, city of His love!
For thee the Saviour's heart is bleeding now,
He pleads for thee above.
Thy day of mercy dies, thy sun has set;
The Light of Israel kneels on Olivet.

Long hours, with silent tread,
Alone He walks amid the shadowing trees,
That whisper o'er His head.
For Him the suffering, and the world's neglect,
Man in his home, and Christ on Olivet.

My pilgrim feet are here,
Treading these hallowed scenes made blest by Thee;
My heart is turned to prayer.
Ah! never can my soul these hours forget,
For I have been with Christ on Olivet.

HEYMAN WREFORD.

(67)

THE HOLY AND THE PROFANE.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

FIVE hundred years before Christ—that is about two thousand five hundred years ago—the voice of a Prophet of God was heard in a Godless land, and as he cried his message was:—“ **Your priests have violated God’s law, and you have profaned God’s holy things—you have put no difference between the holy and the profane, between the clean and the unclean.**” (Ezekiel xxii.)

If this man of God were living to-day, and moved about among us, his voice would proclaim a like message, for in this land of ours the same sins are committed that he denounced so long ago, and worse ones also.

The holy things of God. What are they?

1. The deity of the Lord Jesus.
2. The inspiration of the Scriptures.
3. The immortality of the soul.
4. The personality of the Holy Ghost.
5. The fall of man, and salvation through Christ alone.
6. Justification by faith.
7. The future punishment of the wicked.

All these “ **holy things** ” of God have been “ profaned ” by men. Many deny these great truths to-day. And there can be no salvation, according to God’s holy Word, unless these truths are accepted and held.

To violate the holiness of God’s righteous laws, and to profane the **Holy Things** that are in the sanctuary of His justice and His mercy, **must** bring His judgment on nations and on individuals. To break down the hedge that separates the “ holy from the profane,” and the “ clean from the unclean ” is to face the flaming sword, that **turns every way** to keep the way of the tree of life.

The **finality** of God’s purposes will never be altered to suit the convenience of those, who in this compromising age, “ sandwich religious addresses between comic songs.” This is violation and profanation: this is putting no difference between “the holy and the profane,” between “the clean and unclean.” And yet in God’s sight the difference between

them is as the difference between heaven and hell. "**It is finished.**" This is the message that flames from heaven for all the world to see to-day. Calvary is God's ultimatum to the world. **There** love shone out in surpassing radiance—the love of God in Christ—**there** sin reached its darkest hour when it cried, "**Away with Him.**"

The decrees of God are fixed and final; the same for the twentieth century as they were for the first. Man's progress is always **away** from God. The way of faith is always **towards** God. Faith is wanted now—to believe and to accept. The weariness and helplessness of the human heart is voiced in that all-important question: "**What must I do to be saved?**" And the glory of the sacrifice of Christ and the **completeness** of His finished work, shine out in the one and only answer to the question: "**Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.**" (Acts xvi. 30, 31.)

THE PRIMACY OF LOVE TOWARD GOD.

1 JOHN v. 1-3.

WHAT do we mean by this title? Do you remember how a lawyer asked the Lord Jesus, "Which is the first commandment of all?" And Jesus answered him, "The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment." (Mark xii. 28-30.) This was the paramount spiritual requirement of the law. These words of Moses quoted by the Lord Jesus summed up the duties toward God specified and enumerated in the first table of the law, and far exceeded them. That law was never fulfilled by those to whom it came. They were addressed as men in their unregenerate state, men in the flesh, whose fallen nature did not and could not obey. (Rom. viii. 7.) So it ministered death. (2 Cor. iii. 7.) To produce righteousness by the law was what the law could not do. (Rom. viii. 13.)

But "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." "And of His fulness have all we received and grace for (or upon) grace." (John i. 16, 17.) "*We love Him* because He first loved us." (1 John iv. 19.) To the everlasting glory of God it has come to pass that, under this grace, love to God

is produced though never commanded, while under law it was incessantly commanded but never produced.

The desire of God was expressed from the beginning, "O that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear Me, and keep My commandments always!" (Deut. v. 29.) The need of man, a new heart, is there revealed. Alas, man was not ready to believe this, for his self-confidence was unbounded and unchecked by conviction of failure. "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." (Exod. xix. 8.) Now God finds the satisfaction of His desire in those who love Him (Rom. viii. 28), those whom He has created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works. (Eph. ii. 10.)

Both law and grace bear witness that love to God occupies the first place among those things that make us pleasing to Him. What "the first commandment" the law enjoined is the first and surest effect of grace. (Lk. vii. 42, 43, 47.) Love to God and to His Son in Christianity is all-important as the effectual constraining urge to obedience and self-denying labour. (2 Cor. v. 14.) Yet as we have stated

Those Under Grace are Not Commanded to Love Him.

Let us reflect. Where does it say, You ought to love Christ? Where, This is His commandment, that ye love God with all your hearts? Did the Lord Jesus ever say, These things I command you, that ye love Me more than all? We all know that these things are nowhere written in the New Testament; not only so, we feel there is something about them which would be out of keeping with its spirit of grace. What is this something? Simply that, where the children of God are, they have become His children through His sovereign power and grace. They are partakers of the divine nature through believing the love He had toward them in Christ. For such, it is impossible not to love Him; to command them to love Him is unnecessary—they need at most to be reminded, in the spirit's power, of the exceeding greatness of His love to them.

Scripture does find it necessary to command the children of God to love *one another*, however. "We ought also to love one another" (1 John iv. 11); "This is His commandment, that we should . . . love one another" (1 John iii. 23), and the Lord Jesus said, "This is My commandment, that

ye love one another." (John xv. 12.) Even so, each of these commands is embedded in a foundation of grace. His love to us, most potent motive for the renewed heart, is appealed to first of all, as the reader may see for himself by referring to the passages. The conclusion of all this is that His love to us has kindled and maintains ours to Him; again, this love of ours to Him works in us to generate brotherly love and all obedience.

The Means of Assurance that our Love to God's Children is Genuine.

"By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep His commandments." Our text is a challenging and arresting one. "*We know*," is opposed to "*If a man say*." (iv. 20.) A man may "*say*" because he so *thinks*; or he may "*say*" on purpose to deceive. Let us consider only the former alternative. If one thinks he loves God, yet hates his brother, he is a liar, "for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?" (1 John iv. 20.) Where hatred to a brother is, ignoring or harming one always before the eyes, there love to God cannot be. How we should shrink from being thus convicted! Thank God, "*By this we know* that we love the children of God"—a way is open to put it beyond doubt, for ourselves and for others. A man does not require means by which to know whether he loves his wife or children. He can hardly deceive himself in regard to this, a natural affection. Love to the children of God, however, is a divine and not a natural human affection. In respect of it we may deceive ourselves. Let us then suppose one thinks he loves the children of God. No shattering disproof is in evidence; on the contrary, appearances are all in favour of his so thinking. What is the test whereby to *know* instead of "*thinking*" or "*saying*" merely? The answer is, "When we love God, and keep His commandments. For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments: and His commandments are not grievous." (1 John v. 2, 3.) Here the heart and will are under survey. The heart (love) moves the will (obedience), and itself is moved by the love of God, which has put us under an infinite debt of gratitude. Did not the Lord Jesus say, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments"? And conversely, "He that

hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me." (John xiv. 15, 21.) If the will is not subject to Christ (obeying Him), then He is not loved. It follows further that the will won by the love of God does not find His commandments grievous, but a perfect law of liberty. Accordingly, obedience vouches for the heart's love to God Himself, and these together verify that the accompanying love to the children of God is genuine. The heart then acquires in a divine way the assurance of loving God's children as it should. Yet let it be very clearly noted how the believer is thrown back, when outward tests are found satisfactory, on the inward spring of all love to God's children, namely, *love to God Himself*. This alone is the real source and beginning of true brotherly love, however remote it may be from the power of the flesh to discern and examine. Professed love to God without keeping His commandments is a sham. The "keeping of His commandments" without *love to God* is barren self-righteousness.

Without this teaching we might fall into the mistake that brotherly love would advance, grow, or "evolve" *into* love for God, on the ground that we climb from love of the brother, whom we have seen, to the love of God, Whom we have not seen. The latter would then be a product of *our* growth. This is not the truth. From the very first moment of our new life in Christ, love to God is the impelling motive of love to our brethren.

Love Falsely or Faultily So-called.

Let us consider how in the light of the foregoing scriptures, the faultiness of certain conceptions of brotherly love is thrown into relief.

There is a "love of the children of God" which in thought and practice is well satisfied to bestow itself within one denomination or circle of the children of God. It is confined within limits too narrow. Whether causes which have divided the children of God are scripturally warranted or not, there is no exception to the law of the divine nature. As another has said, "Whatever the strange differences or even the wrongs to be blamed, all that only alters the way in which we are to show the love."

There is a "love of the children of God" which errs further, even within this too narrow compass, though its

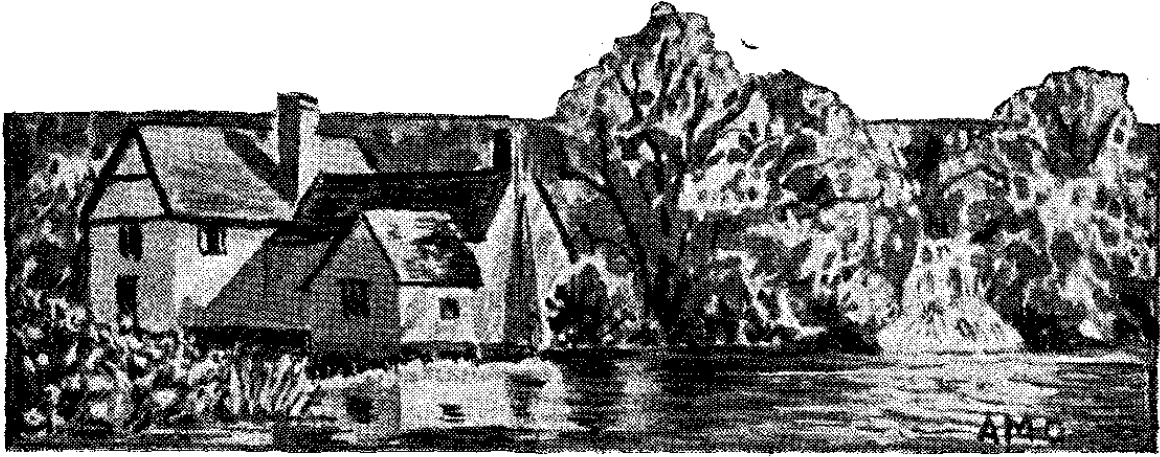
taint is everywhere. It avoids those who are "difficult" and, seeking its own ease, cultivates the more lovable. Still more in opposition to the present instruction, it may show respect of persons by favouring the rich and prominent, while treating the poor with neglect. "His commandments" make clear (and love to Him will observe them) that we should love those of low estate, walking along with (not "condescending" to) them (Rom. xii. 16), or as one modern translation says, "Associate with humble folk." Love will rejoice in relieving such needs as we find and cherish the weak, erring and troublesome, in tending, rebuking and restoring them.

There is a "love of the children of God" which counts all men as His children. If one who so counts is reading these lines, turn again to this first letter of John and ponder it deeply. It will reveal to you that yours are wider limits than the truth of God sets. Only those are called therein children of God who are cleansed from all sin by the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, (i. 7; ii. 12), who live through Him, and have Him as their life, by believing on His Name. (iv. 9; v. 11, 13.) An altruistic or philanthropic regard for all men as God's children takes no account of the fact that there are those who are not of God (iii. 10), and have not seen or known Him. (iii. 6.) "God so loved *the world*" (John iii. 16), yet without faith in Him Whom that love has given, there is no eternal life—there are no children begotten of God.

There is a "love of the children of God" which for the sake of peace or popularity is indulgent. One, amiable himself, by his pleasant intercourse with his brothers and sisters encourages their worldliness, for instance, in omitting all rebuke, yet deems this to be love. Applying "His commandments" as a test, such "love" is proved faulty. It breaks down just where, in the case supposed, true love to the children of God would take effective measures to awaken their conscience. For He bids us, "Love not the world." Neglect to speak, reinforced by unreproachful "fellowship," is a double wrong and it trespasses against this law of God's family.

"My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the

Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." (1 John ii. 1, 2.) T.D.



MARY B——, THE POACHER'S WIFE.

IT was a heavy fall of snow; I had watched it from the window for some time, as it shrouded the earth and mantled the trees and shrubs in the garden; everything outside seemed to make me thankful for the comforts within, and I gladly drew my chair very close to the blazing fire to enjoy its cheering warmth. My thoughts turned to the many who knew no such comfort, and who could see no attraction in the fast-falling snow, or the feathery, fantastic outlines it was giving to everything outside. My reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door. I went and found there a girl from the village I had known for some time. She had come to ask my husband to go and see a poor woman who was dying, and who refused to let any of the neighbours see her; "and you could not go," said the girl, "for her room is never cleaned, and never has any air in it. She is a poacher's wife, and her husband is a drunkard and neglects her." "I will see her to-morrow," I said, "if my husband has not returned home." But I became restless and very uneasy, and it was not long before I had drawn my waterproof closely round me and was making my way through the storm, praying that the Lord would indeed give me a message from Himself, and also that I might be guided to the right door, as it was getting dark. It was a poor place I had been directed to, a dirty court surrounded by very poor houses. At the last house on the left side I

stopped, and asking help from God to gain admittance, I gently knocked on the closed door and waited. Slowly the heavy wooden bolt was drawn back, and, before I had realised it, I found myself inside, and the bolt replaced.

I had to lean upon the wall for a few moments in silence to recover from the overpowering pressure of bad air that met me; and by the feeble light of a small lamp I saw the emaciated form of a young woman crouching on a low wooden stool by a few embers of a fire just dying out, and which she was vainly endeavouring to stir into life.

Poor woman, I longed after her soul; in poverty, and sickness, and sorrow, and "without Christ." How terrible! And yet the moment seemed not to have come for me to give God's message. I drew my stool near her, and taking one of her wasted hands in mine I asked a few questions as to "How long she had been ill?" etc. And as I pointed to little Johnnie, I said: "You can trust me, can't you? Tell me all your troubles, for I want to help you." "Well," she said, "you're kind to face the storm in sic a nicht and sit doon here to speak to me, and there's no' mony cares for Mary B——, the poacher's wife." "Your husband is a poacher," I said; "tell me how you came to marry him." "Ah, weel, I was but a bairn when I married, and I thought ae trade was as guid as anither, and he promised I should want for naething; but he drinks all he makes by the game, and it's seldom a feather o' it I see, or a penny that it brings me. And then I daurna let anybody into the house for fear they take the dog and guns, or catch himself, and mony a day the bairn and me never sees food or fire, and I'm that weak that I'm ill."

I saw by the dim lamp-light it was a bed of shavings, with nothing over it but a cotton patch quilt and a piece of old carpet. "Well," I said, "and what of your child who died?" I had touched a chord in that weary mother's tearless heart; a few great tears rolled down her sallow cheeks, and she tried to steady her feeble voice and answer my question. "It is five months syne she was born; I was very ill. After the doctor and the woman that nursed me had left, nane came to see after me, and John was out all day, and often all nicht, after the game; and I lo'ed the wean, but I'd naething to gie her, and I saw her dwine and

dwine by my side till ae day she geed a wee short breath and deed, and syne I couldna look after, or care for ony-thing, for my bairn deed o' want, and I kent it weel, and it gaed sae sair to my heart that I didna greet, and I didna sleep, and I didna eat, and then the cough came, and John brought the doctor, and he said it was the decline, and I wouldna mend; and it was true, for every day I seem waur and waur, and some days I canna rise ava."

And then the fragile form was racked by a terrible fit of coughing. I silently prayed that the Lord would now give me the right word. As the paroxysm of coughing subsided a little I took her hand, and said, "Mary, the message I bring you to-night is from the Son of God, the One Who died to save sinners like you and me, and His message to you is this, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (Matt. xi. 28.) Dear soul, you are in great need of rest. Will you come to Him to-night?" "I would fain have the rest," she said but I'm no' fit to come; and I've no strength left to gae to the Kirk or the Mission, so I canna come." "Well, Mary, you're very weak and very sinful, but Christ has made provision for just such as you! Have you strength to look at me, Mary?" "Yes," she said, raising her heavy, sad eyes to mine. "Well, Mary," I said, "the Lord bids you look unto Him and live." "Does He? 'Oh, but I'm a poor, weak thing; and I know I'm a sinner, for I was taught that many years ago at the school, and I feel it every day. But there's none to care for me now, and I'm dying, and going I don't know where! Oh, what will become of poor Mary B—, the poacher's wife?" And in an agony of soul she wept exceedingly, and tears rolled down her cheeks. I wept, too, for I saw she had judged herself a sinner, and that the Lord's time for blessing had come. I opened my Bible and read from Numbers xxi. 9: "And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." After reading this I said nothing, but waited upon God to apply His Own word to that sin-stricken one, so near the end of her life's journey. Her lips moved, and she whispered, "I'm just like one o' them. I've spoken against God, and often said hard things of Him

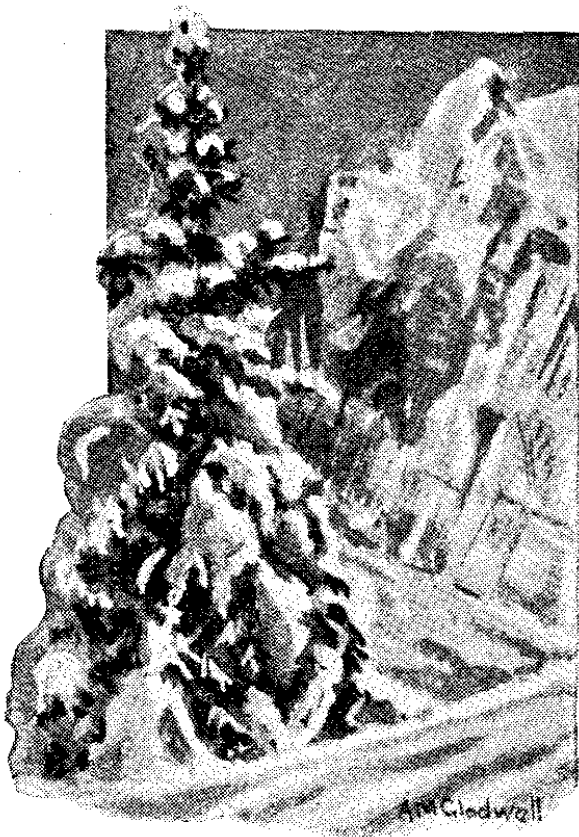
when I was starving, and when my baby died; and there's naething but hell for me," and again she wept.

I reopened my Bible and read to her John iii. 14-17, "Oh!" she said, clasping her hands together in intense relief, "is it true, is it true? Then I can die happy. He gave His Son for me, and I shall never perish! I know I am a sinner, but Jesus died just for the like o' me! Oh, thank ye, thank ye, for coming to me wi' sic a message!" and she clasped my hand and kissed it again and again.

This same great salvation is available to you reader, if you will only have it. If you have not yet accepted Christ you are a lost sinner going to endless woe; but you, too, can be saved this moment if, like poor Mary, you take God at His word and rest upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who loved you, gave His life for you, and rose again for your justification. K.

"NEVERTHELESS."

An Alpine Echo.



WHILE sojourning in the Swiss Highlands I often passed a chalet bearing the remarkable name of "Dennoch," which means "Nevertheless." One day I heard a little of the history of this quaint name, and my heart was stirred within me, for I could not help thinking of another House "far up the everlasting hills," where the same thrilling legend is engraved in the golden letters of love.

The village was a health resort, whither men and women with aching hearts and bodies flocked to receive the benefit of the

“ NEVERTHELESS.”

77

clear, bracing air. Many a heavy burden was lightened there; many a sighing one was changed in the course of a few months to a singing one, being restored to health and loved ones. But many sad ones had not such an experience; they were “ nothing better, but rather grew worse.” And then—? why, they might have to leave the sanatoria at which they stayed; for who wanted a death at his sanatorium? That would be a bad advertisement. Sad indeed were such cases, unless they knew of “ Haus Dennoch.” There, in spite of all, no matter how bad their plight, they found a welcome from the good deaconesses, who took them in *Nevertheless*.

Oh, dear reader, do you not see the parallel? Does not the little story stir your heart as you think of Him Who said, “ Come unto Me. Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out ”? It matters not how good you may be, you need that Saviour; nor how bad you may be, for your need is your one great qualification for acceptance. You may be an outcast, yet He will receive you *nevertheless*. Perhaps you feel that you are not fit to go where respectable people go to hear the Gospel. *He* will receive you *nevertheless*. Just come to Him, telling Him all about your sin, whether great or little; tell Him all about the past life that you yourself are ashamed to look back upon, your weaknesses, your failures, all that you would gladly undo, but cannot; He knows all about it already; you cannot shock Him with your confession of it. He will receive you, *nevertheless*. He will welcome you to His arms and to His Father’s house, giving you the best robe of Heaven and speaking health to your soul.

J. C. JEFFERS.

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SAVED—AND SURE OF IT.

IS it possible that any one can be saved now? Is it permissible that any one can be sure of it? These are questions that are important enough to demand an answer from us all. For if it is possible to be saved for eternity now, and Scriptural sanction is given for our speaking

assuredly about it, then it is evidently the part of wisdom in all to have this as their own personal experience. God, Who is no respecter of persons, will not extend such assurance to some, and deny it to others who would seek for His salvation.

Mr. Wegener was of German birth. Like a majority of his countrymen, he was industrious, frugal, and conservative. He was a good citizen, a kind, indulgent husband and father, and a member of a German church. As to the matter of salvation, he was content to "leave that to the decision of a merciful God at the Judgment Day," he would have told you.

Revival meetings in another German congregation, adjacent to the one of which he was a member, being held, his wife was induced by some of her neighbours to attend, and under the solemn preaching of the "Revivalist," as they called him, was awakened to a sense of her need as a lost sinner. Ere long she had found rest to her sin-burdened soul, in the Good News message of God's salvation through the finished work of Christ, Who had "died for our sins according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 3-4.) "Delivered" unto death for her offences, her sins, He had been "raised" for her justification. (Rom. iv. 25.) God was satisfied now, not with what she had done; but with what Christ did; and as she heard all this her heart opened to the Gospel, and she proved it, as millions have done, before and since her day, to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. i. 16.) Her heart was "filled with joy and peace in believing," and in her new-found joy she witnessed with no uncertain sound to God's great salvation, much to the displeasure of her conservative husband, who, in his affection for her, felt assured that she was as good as was needed, without this additional experience of being "saved."

However, in the providence of God, the family moved their place of residence to a nearby city. Here they found much that was strange and new to them. The rush and crush of busy city life bewildered them. They missed the associates of their former simple life. Mrs. Wegener especially missed the warm-hearted Christians she had

learned to love. The big city, with its worldly, pleasure-loving ways, had no charm for her. It seemed as though God was shut out of it all.

To her surprise, however, one day in answering a knock at the door, she found awaiting her a young man who, with a smile, offered her a Gospel paper, saying, "Here is something to read. It is about the Lord Jesus Christ and His salvation. And," he added, "here is an invitation to some meetings in a Gospel Tent near by, where you may hear more about it."

Cautiously she accepted the papers, for she knew there were many religious deceivers abroad, with their soul-destroying teachings of one sort and another, but a few plain questions, which were frankly answered, disarmed her fears, and she rejoiced to find in him a kindred spirit, who knew and loved the Lord Jesus, and was seeking to go by the Word of God.

Naturally, she longed to have her husband go with her to the meetings, and occasionally he would humour her by accompanying her to the tent on a Sunday evening, where he heard of how, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, God could be just, and yet the Justifier of him who believes on Jesus. (Rom. iii. 24-26.) One evening the question was asked him, "Are you saved, Mr. Wegener?" His reply was a hasty and evasive, "Yes, yes, I am all right." "But," kindly persisted his questioner, "are you sure you are saved?"

Abruptly he turned on his heel and walked away, ending the interview. For the moment it looked as though a mistake had been made in pressing the question, but the sequel showed it was God's arrangement, for it proved His arrow for the conscience of our friend.

Some days passed by, days of anxiety and exercise for all. Many were praying for him, and, unknown to them, he was in agony, crying to God for himself. God's arrows were deep in his soul, he was "finding grief and trouble," with apparently no hope of deliverance. One night, unable to sleep, he arose, and partially dressing himself, he got a light, and, Bible in hand, knelt at a nearby chair, and cried in his distress for God's salvation and the assurance of it.

Unerringly the Spirit of God guided him from Scripture to Scripture, each one telling the glorious fact that Christ had died for his sin, and on believing, even trusting Him, eternal life would be his portion. Here he rested, for God's Light had shone in, Christ was his Saviour, and He was enough for Time and Eternity. He was **saved**! Yes, **saved** and **sure** of it.

One Sunday night, months after the memorable night of his deliverance, he listened to an earnest address on the love of God and of Christ. First, it was world-wide (John iii. 16); second, it was a love embracing the Church (Eph. v. 25); third, it was the individual: "He loved me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

When the service closed, he arose with tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, as he grasped the preacher's hand and cried out, "Oh, that love of God! that love of God! and to think it was for me!" Twice did he return to express his feelings thus, and at last with his beloved wife and daughter, who had accompanied him, he went home. Little did we know we would see him no more on earth, or that the One Whom he had trusted, and Who had given him to know His salvation, was ere twenty-four hours had gone by, to call him up higher! But so it was.

Early next morning while at his work, some of his fellow-workmen saw him stagger, and rushing to his assistance saved him from falling. But they could do nothing more. To him "sudden death meant sudden glory," as it does to all who are "in Christ." He was now "with Christ, which is far better." Yes, "absent from the body and present with the Lord."

One question, my friend, ere you lay this paper down. How would such a call find you? *Are you saved and sure if it?* Be very clear about this. Your eternal weal or woe is at stake. A mistake may—nay, will—mean the loss of your soul for ever!

"Hark! Hark! Hark!

'Tis a message of mercy free.

O sinner, thy crimson sins are dark,

But Jesus hath died for thee."

T.D.W.M.

THE TRUE TEST OF LOVE TO CHRIST HIMSELF (page 88).

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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.



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—MATT. xxv. 40.

"By love serve one another."—GAL. v. 13.

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“Inasmuch.”

**“OH, God,” I cried, “why may I not forget ?
These halt and hurt in life’s hard battle throng me yet.
Am I their keeper ? Only I ? To bear
This constant burden of their grief and care ?
Why must I suffer for the other’s sin ?
Would God my eyes had never opened been ! ”**
And the Thorn-crowned and Patient One replied :
“ THEY THRONGED ME, TOO. I TOO HAVE SEEN.”

**“ But, Lord, Thy other children go at will,”
I said, protesting still.
“ They go unheeding, but these sick and sad,
These blind and orphan, yea, and those that sin,
Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why is it ? Let me rest, Lord. I HAVE tried.”**
He turned and looked at me—
“ BUT I HAVE DIED.”

**“ But, Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul !
This stress ! This often fruitless toil
These souls to win !
They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-tossed.
They are not mine ! ”**
He looked at them—the look of One Divine,
Then turned and looked at me : **“ BUT THEY ARE MINE.”**

**“ Oh, God,” I cried, “ I understand at last.
Forgive. And henceforth I will bond slave be
To Thy least, weakest vilest ones ;
I would not more be free ! ”**
He smiled and said :
“ IT IS TO ME.”

L. R. MEYER.

(83)

SERVING OTHERS.

“Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.”—MATT. xx. 28.

THE art of photography is now so perfect that the whole side of a great newspaper can be taken in miniature so small as to be carried in a little pin or button, and yet every letter and point be perfect. So the whole life of Christ is photographed in this one little phrase.

He came not to be served; if this had been His aim He would never have left heaven's glory, where He wanted nothing, where angels praised Him and ministered unto Him. He came to serve. He altogether forgot Himself. He served all He met who would receive His service. At last He gave His life in serving—gave it to save others, to redeem lost souls.

You say you want to be like Christ. You pray Him to print His Own image on your heart. Here, then, is the image. It is no vague dream of perfection that we are to think of when we ask to be like Christ. The old monks thought that they were in the way to become like Christ when they went into the wilderness, away from men, to live in cold cells or on tall columns. But surely that is not the thought which this picture suggests. “To minister”—that is the Christ-like thing. Instead of fleeing away from men, we are to live among men, to serve them, to live for them, to seek to bless them, to do good, to give our lives.

Christ tells us also that this is the stairway to the highest reaches of Christian life. “Whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all.” To worldly men this seems indeed a strange way of rising. According to this, all man's scrambling for place and power is really scrambling downward rather than upward. The real heights in human life are the heights of self-forgetfulness and service. We are to use all our redeemed powers in doing good to others in Christ's Name. That is what Christ did with His blessed life, and we are to follow in His steps.

J. R. MILLER, D.D.



(84)

THE ELOQUENCE OF LIVING.

LIFE itself is infinitely more potent than speech. Character far surpasses elocution as a force in this world.

The talking standard is a false one in the estimating of the value and power of Christian workers. Do what you have gifts to do. Be sure of your heart-life. Make your personal character a sublime force in the world. Then when the accents of silvery speech shall have died away, your influence will still remain a living power in the hearts of men, and an unfading light in the world.



HOW A ROMAN CATHOLIC FOUND PEACE WITH GOD.



AT the end of May, 1916, I was invited to preach the Word to soldiers at the Soldiers' Home at Winchester. About two hundred men were gathered in the Soldiers' Welcome for tea, and after my address I chatted with one and another of them. My attention was drawn to one man who was sitting by himself, so I went over to him. In the course of our conversation I came to the conclusion that he had had some religious training, and fearing he might be trusting to that for salvation, I opened my Bible to John iii. and

called his attention to the Lord's words to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again" and "so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life. 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." After a short

HOW A ROMAN CATHOLIC FOUND PEACE WITH GOD. 85

talk on these verses, it being time for me to go, I said to him, "By the bye, have you anyone who corresponds with you?" "What!" he said, "correspond with me! No, sir. No one will correspond with me. At the declaration of war I was doing time in prison for nearly killing a woman. I was offered a pardon if I would join His Majesty's forces and fight for King and country, so I accepted and am now in training."

"Will you let me correspond with you?" I replied.

"What! you correspond with me who have been in prison?" "Yes, why not? I shall be only too pleased to. Give me your name, number and Regiment," which he did: 4653, Private W. Summers, 3/22 London Regiment. I told him my eldest son joined the "Shiny Seventh," a London regiment, and was killed at the Battle of Loos. So we shook hands and parted.

On my return to London I wrote him a warm, brotherly letter. On June 18th I received a reply from No. 3 Ward, Magdalen Camp Military Hospital, Winchester. He told me he was "suffering with an ulcerated leg, an old wound having opened, and it was very painful"—and he was glad to be able to say that he now had peace with God and felt sure He had forgiven him. "Please do write again as I feel a comfort in your letters, and I will remember you with love in my prayers. Speaking to me as you did at the Soldiers' Home, you caused me to feel a need that I have never felt so keenly before, and God has come in and filled that need and forgiven me for Christ's sake. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

I wrote to him again, and on the 25th June he replied: "Your most welcome and cheering letter arrived on Sunday morning. I am about to undergo an operation. My leg has been very painful of late and on Tuesday last I had a breakdown and the doctor has decided to graft some skin from the thigh and that will cure it. . . . Now I have stated about my physical trouble I must let you know about my spiritual welfare. I am indeed happy, far happier than I have ever been, and day by day I realise the presence of Jesus while I am here; there is an abiding sense of His presence, and one can hear the Voice more distinctly, 'Son,

86 HOW A ROMAN CATHOLIC FOUND PEACE WITH GOD.

give Me thine heart,' and I am glad I have responded. I know that if I cling to Him I shall never regret it. 'He is faithful that promised.' 'Lo, I am with you always.' The tracts you sent were very acceptable, and though I am a member of the Roman Church, yet one can be a member of the Kingdom of God. He is all in all to me. . . . I love Him with all my heart because He has died for me, and also for the comfort of the Holy Spirit. God bless you." He added a P.S. : "I will let you know later how the operation went off." I wrote to him again, and on the 30th June he replied : "Your most kind letter has been the means of cheering me up quite a great deal, as I have been in terrible pain during the past few days ; yet, as you remark in your last letter, we can see the Hand of God, in and through it all, and I am comforted with His loving words, 'be of good cheer.'

"I have sent the news of my conversion to my mother, and she wrote me a very encouraging letter, desiring me to continue in the good way I have started. . . . I am indeed thankful that I came to the Lord Jesus. I have, of course, had very little experience in the spiritual life, but, thank God ! I shall never desire the pleasures of the world after this. I have at last realised the desire of my heart—'Full salvation.'

"You will remember, when the War first broke out, King George offered a free pardon to all deserters of His Majesty's Army. There were certain conditions attached to it, but Jesus gives His pardon **free** under any circumstances. I am fully determined to go and try my utmost to lead a fellow comrade to the foot of the cross."

I replied to this letter and wrote again, but got no reply, and from inquiries could only ascertain that he was no longer in the hospital. I heard from a lady visitor at the hospital that he was very bright and happy while there, but whether he went under the operation or not, or what happened to him, I could not find out. I am looking forward to meeting him in glory.

Dear reader, have you come to Christ? Will you meet us in Heaven?

P.G.T.

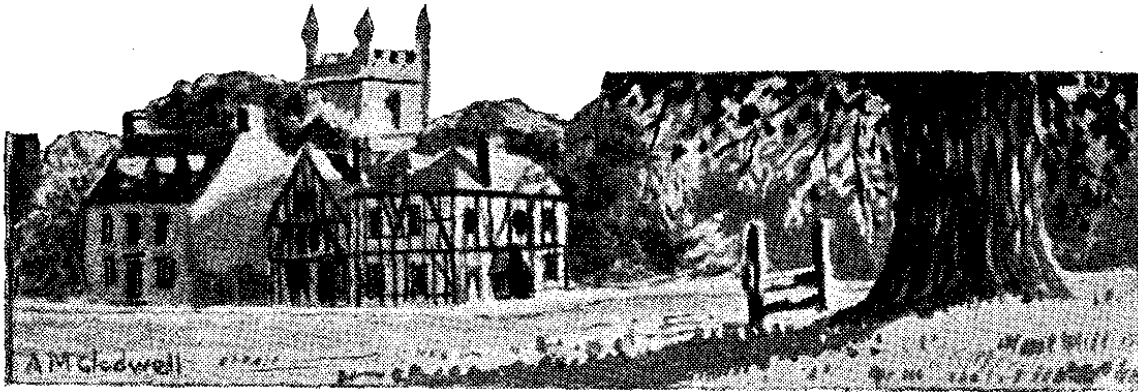
(87)

EIGHTY-THREE YEARS OF SIN.

AFTER a service held in a fashionable city in the West, an old lady came uninvited into my vestry, with agonised misery depicted on her countenance. She exclaimed, as the tears rolled down her cheeks: "*Can God forgive eighty-three years of sin?*" Of course I replied in the affirmative, and quoted the glorious truth that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin." (I John i. 7.) But in order to be saved she must take God at His word, and believe with all her heart that God saves to the uttermost *all* that put their trust in Him. She listened eagerly and left. When she got home, she confided in her servant; and, when retiring to rest, said to her: "Don't let me sleep to-night; I have eighty-three years of sin on my soul." The servant obeyed her mistress, and at her advanced age, of course, it was a great risk. Then the doctor was sent for, and after consultation he said she was suffering from religious mania! (I only wish he had the like himself!) In a few days the light dawned on her soul, and on the following Sunday she came again to my vestry. But what a change! She knelt down, and with confidence exclaimed, as tears of joy fell, "Oh, what a Saviour! Eighty-three years of sin, but His precious Blood has washed them all away." She had proved what thousands of sinners had proved before, that *whosoever* believeth in Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life. (John iii. 16.) What a wonderful verse this is—a comprehensive summary of redemption, a *multum in parvo* of the Gospel. We have seven "highest possibles":—

1. **The highest possible Power—"God."**
2. **The highest possible motive—love.**
3. **The highest possible number—"the world."**
4. **The highest possible Gift—His Son.**
5. **The highest possible and easiest terms—"whosoever believeth."**
6. **The highest possible security — "shall not perish"**
(God's word for it).
7. **The highest possible blessing—"everlasting life."**
(*"The Chinese Bible-women's Mission."*)

(88)



THE TRUE TEST OF LOVE TO CHRIST HIMSELF.

JOHN xxi. 15—19.

PETER had been very certain of his love to Christ. He felt in his heart the consciousness of a love great enough to lay down his life for his Lord. So sure of himself was he that he went the length of saying that he would not be offended in Christ though everyone else should be. (John xiii. 37; Matt. xxvi. 33.) When put to the test he was to learn by his fall how much pride and self-confidence there had been in his spirit. Yet it would be wrong to say that his love to Christ was not deep and true. It *was*. It remained so after his fall. He knew it; he knew his Lord knew it. It was this very consciousness of his genuine love which gave their smart to the Lord's probing words in our portion. Without entering upon all the detail, we would remark the responses of the Lord to Peter's threefold re-avowal of his love. The old avowal (John xiii.) in unchecked self-confidence had been corrected by, "Thou canst not follow Me now," or paraphrased, "Thou canst not die *with* Me now, let alone by thyself for My sake." Peter's dreadful lapse followed; chastened thereby, his re-avowals are met on the Lord's part by no reference whatever to devotion to Himself, but only to His lambs and sheep. "Feed them; tend them," says the Lord. "Show by this thy love to Me. Thou wilt find them weak and wayward, hungry and helpless, and serving them will be humbling, wearying work for thee. But in this long, monotonous and self-sacrificing task thou shalt prove thy love to Me. At the end, when all youth's ardour is spent and age has overtaken

THE TRUE TEST OF LOVE TO CHRIST HIMSELF.

89

thee, My strength shall be made perfect in weakness, *thy* weakness, and thou shalt lay down thy life for My sake. Thus thy love shall have all its desire." To this effect are the gracious words of the Lord Jesus to this favoured servant. Do they not say, as plainly as can be, that in Christ's absence, no greater proof of love to Himself can be afforded than love to His flock?

A Common Mistake.

Sometimes we hear a declaration like this, "Love to Christ comes before love to those who are His." It could be pressed to bind something on us as the command of the Lord, which, if observed, would lead to slighting the children of God to their injury. Now that *cannot* be a command of the Lord which produces such a result. It can only be a tradition of men. In this event, therefore, to give due weight to the more obvious duty of loving in deed and in truth those who are really Christ's would bring us deliverance from its authority.

On the other hand, the intention of such a declaration may be to warn us, in reference to the Lord's command to depart from iniquity (2 Tim. ii. 19) against transgressing through amiability to the Christians, real and professing, entangled in the iniquity. Although, in leaving them, there might be the *appearance* of slighting the children of God, they are not thereby injured. The command of the Lord would, for them, be reinforced by the example of our faithful obedience. We should do well in such a case to heed the admonition, for we must all confess that it is possible to plead love for "Christians" in such a way as to justify evil communications which corrupt good manners (1 Cor. xv. 33). Unhappily there is a wideness in men's tolerance—their idea of Christianity—which would obliterate in practice the difference between divine truth and deadly error.

Nevertheless, this declaration "Love to Christ comes before love to those who are His" is mistaken in *form*, whether the intention be good or not; mistaken because it presents the possibility of an opposition or conflict between love to Christ and love to His own. This cannot be. Where does Scripture convey the thought? It would be nearer the truth to assert that in Scripture, far from being opposed,

they are almost interchangeable expressions. Will Christ not say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me?" (Matt. xxv. 40). This is an instance where a form of sound words, which we are enjoined to hold fast, would secure us from unsound practice.

Attitude Christ-ward is Infallibly Reflected in Attitude Saint-ward.

According to 1 Cor. xiii. 1-3, the withholding of love from those who are Christ's would destroy any claim to devotion to Christ Himself even in one who, in maintaining this "devotion," should give his own body to be burned. It is easier for the flesh to make this sacrifice than to love. It may cut athwart all my likes and preferences to associate in love with a certain brother. I, as naturally constituted, could not possibly love him, naturally considered; he would never have been my selection for a companion. Yet for my faith, he is my God-chosen and God-begotten brother, nearer by reason of divine and eternally binding ties than any earthly relationship could make him; and both he and I are predestinated by God to be conformed to the image of His Son. Those who are partakers with us of the divine nature by new birth, have undeniable claims upon our love, from which nothing can excuse. Love may be unable in certain circumstances to be "kind" and pleasant; it would always rebuke and discountenance what is unholy with greater or less severity; but the person of one child of God cannot be ignored by another, nor brotherly duty withheld, without reflecting upon God as Father, and upon the Lord Jesus as Saviour. Let us make no mistake; this test is absolute. Would that every truly devoted soul had seen this more clearly! Then such a one as Bernard of Clairvaux, the great Roman Catholic monk of the twelfth century could not have been a persecutor and at the same time the author of the hymn we all love,

"Saviour, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast."

A similar principle is seen in the Old Testament. Early in Israel's history God kept him as the apple of His eye (Deut.

xxxii. 10); late, the prophet still declared in His Name, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. ii. 8.) The most sensitive part of that valuable and most delicate organ is the figure employed to signify the preciousness to Him of those who were His portion then. Again, what a warning of doom is pronounced in Matt. xviii. 6, before the founding of the Church, on anyone who should cause one of His little ones to stumble! All this, however, is afterwards surpassed, for depth and reality of meaning in "Why persecutest thou *Me*?" (Acts ix. 4.) This, the risen Christ's challenge to Saul of Tarsus, tersely told their unity with Him, now that redemption was accomplished and the Holy Spirit given. The vessel chosen to reveal the truth of the oneness with Christ of all believers learned from this challenge to consecrate himself to the service of those so beloved, if he would prove his devotion to their glorified Head. Henceforth he cares for all the churches (2 Cor. xi. 28)—those very sheep he had cruelly torn; his bondservice to Christ takes the form of suffering for those united to Christ as His body, and of a whole-life ministry on behalf of the aggregate of all believers, the assembly (Col. i. 24, 25). Martyrdom may make its appeal to the eager, fervent and strong, yet it is the showing of love through one sharp, short test; whereas a lifetime of thankless toil bestowed on the objects of the grace of Christ may be richer proof by far of a faithful, constant love to Himself. What a strain upon the words of love such labour can be! "Though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved" (2 Cor. xii. 15). After all the continuous spending of spiritual and physical energy on their behalf through three long years, after his tears and toil and temporal help, Paul the aged, the prisoner of the Lord at Rome must say, "All they which are in Asia be turned away from me" (Acts xx. 28, etc.; 2 Tim. i. 15).

Is it not iniquity to put asunder what God has joined and to imagine that any real lack of love towards *His* can be consistent with love to *Him*? By Him actions are weighed, and His weights are just and invariable. No costly devotions to Christ Himself (as we might fondly imagine) either in zeal for doctrine, or "godly order," or any other thing can ever exempt from the lowly brotherly

92 THE TRUE TEST OF LOVE TO CHRIST HIMSELF.

duty. If we *should* attempt to justify the neglect of it on such exalted grounds, would it not be to use deceitful weights?

The Real Character of One-sided Devotion.

There is a possibility of insisting so one-sidedly on love to Christ, that this love to Christ, so-called, may become nothing other than a zealot's refined intellectual devotion to a spiritual idea. The Word of God commands, "That he who loveth God love his brother also" (1 John iv. 21). This is to guard against a professed love Godward being etherealised into an unpractical affection, divorced from the realities of pilgrimage through a wilderness world along with companions in faith. Reflect how severely our blessed Saviour Himself condemned the hypocrisy which substituted devotion to "divine things"—a gift to the temple treasury—for the fulfilment of a plain human duty—the honouring of father and mother (Matt. xv. 1-9). The fulfilment of the visible and ascertainable obligation, in other words of the human side, is the true test, both under law and grace, of a professed devotion to God. Let love to parents or to a brother in Christ be absent and such a profession is nullified, and the one who makes it is convicted of hypocrisy.

Are we wrong in asserting that the purer and stronger the love to Christ is, the more strenuous, self-sacrificing and tender will be the love to His own? T. D.

ONE MAY.

Sacrifice like Cain.	Gen. iv. 3.
Forsake Sodom like Lot's wife.	Gen. xix. 16.
Weep like Esau.	Gen. xxvii. 38.
Tremble like Felix.	Acts xxiv. 25.
Grow up in the house of God like Joash.	2 Chr. xxii. 12.
Wish to die the death of the righteous like Balaam.	Num. xxiii. 10.
Officiate in "divine service" like Korah.	Num. xvi. 18.
Prophesy like Saul.	1 Sam. x. 10.
Serve like Gehazi.	2 Kings iv. 25.
Make long prayers like the Scribes and Pharisees.	Matt. xxiii. 14.

ONE MAY.

93

Lack only one thing like the rich young man. Mark x. 21.
 Be near the Kingdom of God like the discreet enquirer.
 Mark xii. 34.
 Be almost persuaded like King Agrippa. Acts xxvi. 27, 28.
 Take his lamp (of Christian profession) like the foolish
 virgins. Matt. xxv. 1-13.
 Be sent to preach and even do miracles like Judas
 Iscariot. Mark iii. 14-19; Matt. vii. 22.
 Have a "zeal of God" like Israel. Rom. x. 2.

AND YET BE LOST.

"Ye must be born again."—John iii. 7.
 "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."
 —Rom. viii. 9.

A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

I WAS asked to visit a dying policeman in Glasgow many years ago by a lady who knew him, and had his spiritual interest at heart. I gladly seized the privilege, and soon made for his lodging. I found him very cheerful, and in one of the old-fashioned box-beds so much used long ago in Scotland. At the foot of it was a shelf, and on it I could see some of the broad type of literature. He welcomed me gladly, and when I said, "You don't know me, I am Miss Campbell, secretary of the C.P.A.," "Yes, I do," was his immediate reply, "and I have been to some of your meetings." We had a pleasant chat, and on leaving I said, "I want you to think you see a text from God's Word at the foot of your bed. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Think of that, till I meet you again, if I may come again?" "Gladly," he said, and I left him.

On my second visit, his landlady greeted me with the words: "I wonder what you said to my lodger (he is dying, but not to be told) for he has asked for a Bible?" His asking for a Bible was the first step, I felt, and little by little the Gospel message was given, but no decision made. He still had a cheerful belief he was going to get better, but a change was advised by the doctor attending him, and on telling me where he was going, I found I knew just the person to visit him and continue the work begun in his soul. Would he allow me to write to two gentlemen? He said,

" Gladly, for I go there as a stranger, and it will be nice to know someone." He promised to write and let me know how he got on, and if his health improved.

After a few weeks I heard from him, and he pressed me to come and see him in his Glasgow lodging again, for, he added, " I have joyful news to give you. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, has cleansed *me*, and I am rejoicing in His salvation."

I shall never forget the change in him every day, and his relatives, who gathered round, and saw the change, could not believe it. His conversation was, " I am going Home to be with Jesus, and I long for the time till I see His blessed face." " We shall meet up there," were about his last words to me. Who can measure the preciousness of the Blood, that can, and does, completely change a poor sinner, and give a triumphant death-bed?

Dear reader, are you trusting in Christ's sacrifice **for you**? If not, may this dear policeman's dying testimony speak to you, and give you the assurance of your acceptance in a Home prepared for you in the mansions above, by faith in Him.

AGNES CAMPBELL
(late Hon. Sec. International
Christian Police Association).

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HOW RELIGIOUS INFIDELS ARE MADE.

THIS account of the manufacturing process is the experience of an eighteenth century German named Kollner, but the process to-day in Britain and America is practically identical. The well-known hymn writer and Gospel preacher, Horatius Bonar calls Kollner's autobiography " a most interesting but little known volume."

" In the autumn I entered the university at X—— as a good evangelical Christian, acknowledging Jesus Christ as my Atonement and Mediator, and God as my Father and provider through Him.

Here began a new division of my life, which was highly important, but at the same time equally dangerous to my faith. Even during the first half-year my faith became



like a reed, blown about by the wind, and like a ball with which the professors might play, and *did* play at their pleasure because my power of discrimination was still too imperfect to estimate rightly everything I heard, and *because I was still totally unacquainted with the spirit of the times*, which even then had powerful influence.

I am now indeed aware that the path which had been prepared by rendering the *Canon of Scripture* suspected, was, even at that period (*i.e.*, just before the French Revolution) universally trodden, and a heterodox theology was the first to enter upon it with gigantic steps.

For a short time only I was surprised at the exegetical expositions of Scripture, which were entirely opposed to my system, and especially to those passages which I had hitherto regarded as irrefragable proofs of the Divinity of Jesus.

I was soon not only accustomed to hear the tendency of every such passage flatly explained away, but I also persuaded myself that it could not be otherwise than as I heard it delivered from the pulpit. Satan now began to carry on his work in me, and the first thing he wrought was a disregard and contempt for my former teachers when at school. In my eyes they now seemed only ignorant, weak-minded people, not worthy to unloose the shoes' latchet of the supremely wise heads of the university; nay, I even thought myself much more enlightened than they!

The idea, indeed, frequently recurred to me—what becomes of Jesus Christ if He is not the true God, and my Mediator and Redeemer, if His death is not the great means of my reconciliation, and if He did not shed His blood for the remission of my sins? This idea occasionally made me suspect the mighty wisdom I heard from the professor's chair, but only for a very short time, for who could bring any objection against the arguments of these teachers, or

rather, who could resist their persuasive eloquence? Not I. I attempted indeed, a few times, to lay my perplexities before God in prayer, and to implore His light; but I soon clearly perceived that my heart continued cold, and no longer felt the emotion it had formerly experienced. The reason of this was quite natural—I was in reality already captivated by the new system; how, then, could my prayer be heard, seeing that James expressly demands of the Christian, in order to pray in a proper manner, that he “ask in faith, nothing wavering”? My earnestness in prayer diminished still more, when, according to the new dogmatical system, prayer was asserted to be no longer what it had hitherto been to me.

It was thus my faith was tossed hither and thither amidst a thousand doubts . . . and it would certainly have suffered a total shipwreck if the adorable Saviour had not intervened and raised up for me a patron and friend who made it a matter of conscience to draw me back from the gulf which yawned before me.”

Kollner was saved from spiritual ruin and death, but how many, alas! have been utterly poisoned and lost by the subtle doubts cast upon the truth of God's Word by those who should be their spiritual instructors. Let all take serious warning. Beware of the “great swelling words of unbelief” so common in our time. F. HENDERSON.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

“EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY.”

EPH. iii. 20.

WHY am I weak, when Thou art strong,
 And I might draw my strength from Thee?
 Why am I poor, when Thou art rich,
 Lord, who hast bought all good for me?
 Hast Thou not taken on Thyself
 All insufficiency of mine?
 Then let me mine own self forget,
 And take, and use each gift of Thine.
 O work out all Thy will in me!
 My inmost being, Lord, control,
 That so my life may manifest
 The risen Life, within my soul.

EDITH HICKMAN DIVALL.

(By courtesy of Messrs. Pickering & Inglis.)

JULY, 1938.

One Penny Net.

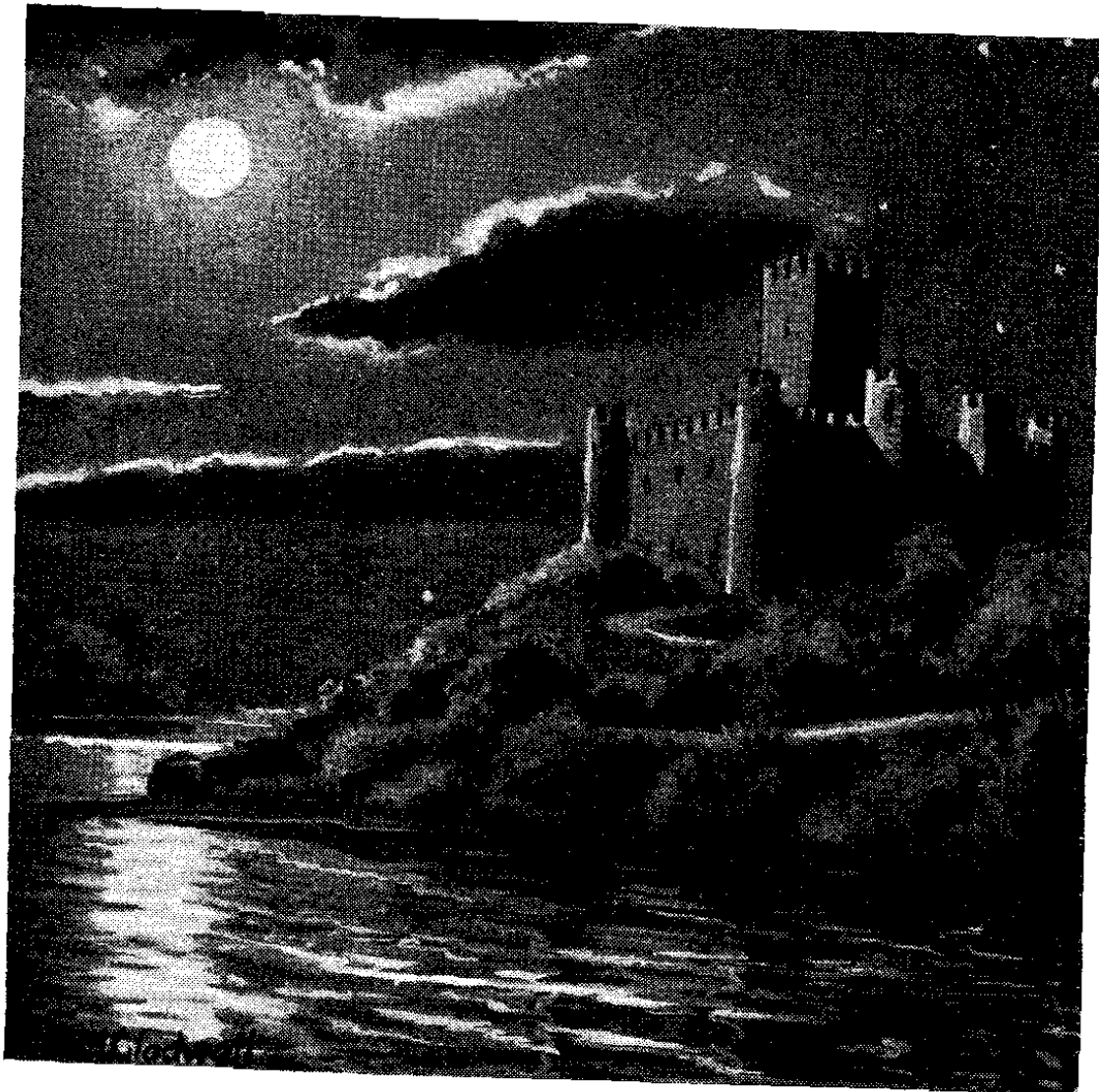
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A Message from God

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.



“When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him?”—PSALM viii. 3, 4.

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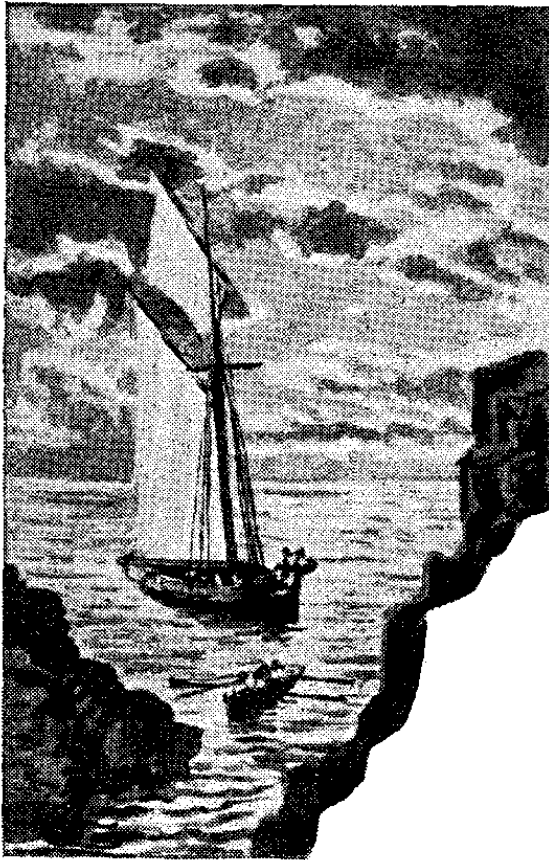
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Peaceful Night.

"THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."—Psalm 19. 1.

Peaceful Night !

Gemmed with thy stars, whose loveliness is given
As watchfires radiant on the road to Heaven,
'Mid spheres of light.



Lovely night !

From whose soft garments falls the trembling shade,

Half dark, half light, in shapes of beauty made
And rich delight.

I watched the sheen of silver bars,

I heard the song of glorious stars :

And hymns of praise, and choral song

Swept all the universe along.

From height to height the music sped,

From radiant hosts, divinely led :

To my rapt soul the bliss was given,

Of listening at the Gate of Heaven.

All grosser passions passed away

Refining elements of clay,

And the hushed earth in sweet delight

Thrilled with the music of the night.

HEYMAN WREFORD.

(99)

REFLECTED RADIANCE.

THE moon is a type of the Church of Christ. It has no beauty or glory apart from the sun and so the Church has no beauty apart from Christ. It shines in the night, and it shines with the reflected glory of the absent sun. The Church on earth shines in the world's night of sin, and reflects the glory of the Sun of Righteousness, the One Who is absent from the world, but reflected in His people here.

And the stars, the shining stars, seem to me to represent individual saints. We cannot count the number of the stars, we cannot count the number of the redeemed. "Behold the heights of the stars, how high they are." How high are sinners saved by grace? They are seated in heavenly places in Christ. *"The morning stars sang together," "He hath put a new song into our mouth, even praise unto our God." "He telleth the number of the stars, He calleth them all by name."* Listen to what the Lord says, *"I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the City of my God, New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name."*

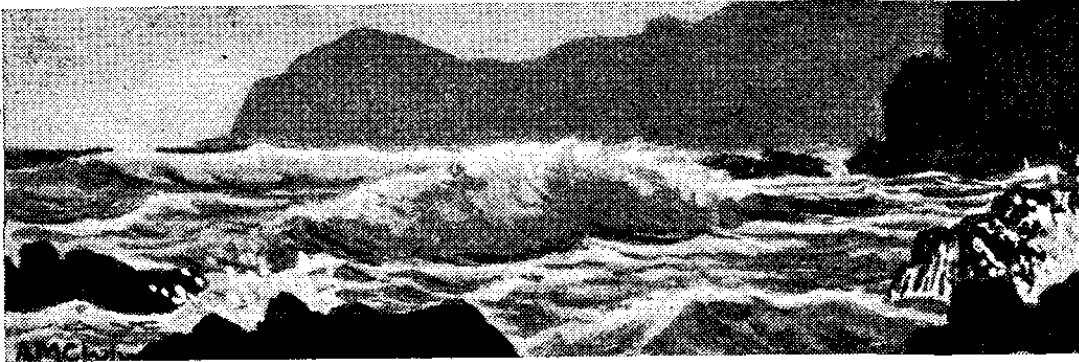
And the praise song of the stars ascends to the glory of the Most High. *"Praise Him all ye stars of light! Praise Him ye heaven of heavens."* And the praise song of the blood-bought flock of the Lamb is, *"Unto Him that loveth us, and hath washed us from our sins in His Own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."*

Yes, the heavens declare the glory of God. Let them teach us His wondrous glory in the redemption of the world. Let moon and stars, shining in His light, "utter speech" and "shew knowledge" to extol His wondrous Name.

HEYMAN WREFORD.



(100)



THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME.

ONE Sunday evening just after Christmas in 1879, two children cowered beside the fire in one of the upper rooms of a big old house near the Fife coast, listening fearfully to a mighty wind, which blew as, surely, in their short lives they had never heard wind blow before. Now and again a blinding puff of smoke and flame from the grate would cause them to draw hastily back. Soot, and the acrid smell of smoke, pervaded the air, and clung to every object in the room. Without, the trees tossed wildly in the storm. What a night! What a blast! The eeriness of it lingers in the memory.

Away in Dundee, the gale raged with appalling fury. The few people abroad crouched on hands and knees lest they should be blown away bodily. From the waters of the estuary, spray was flung up to a height of a hundred feet and more. And what of the bridge which spanned it—that beautiful Tay Bridge whose opening, little over a year before, had been hailed with such wonder and delight? Approximately two miles in length, it consisted of eighty-five spans of varying width, the widest measuring 245 feet. At the shores it stood some ninety feet above the level of the estuary, rising to 130 feet above high-water mark at the centre; a platform on the top of the bridge, fifteen feet in width, carried a single line of rails. At once so long and so lofty, so light and so graceful, it charmed the eyes of all beholders. Nevertheless, its slenderness had awakened misgivings in the minds of some—of engineers, and even of a few non-experts. Grave doubts had been uttered, but these were drowned amid the general admiration. An

THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME.

101

official statement, affirming the bridge's thorough stability, was made through the Press.

During that tempestuous Sunday, Dundee folk had expected that traffic would be stopped from crossing the bridge. Yet, to their surprise, as evening wore on, trains were still seen passing over, although the guard of one, which crossed at about ten minutes to six, admitted that the fury of the gale had actually lifted and jammed the carriages. Earlier, Captain Scott of H.M.S. *Mars*, stationed a few hundred yards below the bridge, watched with the deepest apprehension its oscillations, and passengers described their sickening sense of alarm when the structure "swayed like a pendulum" beneath them at that dizzy height above the black, storm-tossed waters of the estuary. About seven, when the tempest was at its wildest, the slow train from Edinburgh drew to a stand-still at St. Fort—the last station before the bridge on the Fifeshire side—and some of the passengers asked the ticket-collector, in joking fashion, whether he thought the bridge would hold up on such a night. Alas! that questions like this are not asked in seriousness, and that questioners do not act upon their fears, as did the wife of one intending passenger whose alarm prompted her deliberately to cause her husband to miss the train. Now it moved slowly onward with its living freight, of whom none was seen again alive.

"Thank God, no friends of ours have to cross to-night," said a man solemnly to his wife as, from a window above the Dundee esplanade, they saw the lights of the train approaching the southern bridge-head. And his wife echoed the thanksgiving! Their children had no such fears. "There she comes!" they cried delightedly, seeing the string of tiny fairy-lights creep out over the dark chasm. They clapped hands as the train entered the high girders, and its illuminated windows began to wink and scintillate through the trellis-work. For a few moments the family watched in silence. Then, with awful suddenness, the thing happened. They saw (what the man in the north-side signal-box also saw) a shower of sparks which seemed to leap abruptly out from the bridge and plunge downwards to the river like a fiery cataract. Through the din of the elements no sound reached the sig-

nalman's ears. Just that sudden cascade of fire—then blank darkness! The bridge had given way. The train was lost.

On *such* a night—the night of trial—of death—*will the bridge hold up?* Once, in Westminster Abbey, I heard Dr. Handley Moule preach. He spoke on the nature of faith, showing that its value depends, not on anything of its own, but on the trustworthiness of its object of trust. You exercise faith when you step on to a bridge. But then, not the amount of your faith, but the stability of the bridge ensures your safety.

Let us, therefore, not overmuch focus our attention on ourselves, to see whether our faith be great or small. But let us, by prayerful study of the Scriptures, acquaint ourselves with our wonderful Saviour, of Whom it is written that He is "*mighty to save*"; as we step out on His Word our faith will grow. But let us trust in Him alone, for He *only* is the Way—*none cometh unto the Father but by Him*. He alone has bridged the awful chasm which separates the sinner from God. Others have professed to discover bridges which, they say, are very beautiful—spiritualism, Christian science, and the like. *They will not hold up.* "There is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," beside the Name of Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God. (John xiv. 6; Acts iv. 12.)

THE DEFEAT THAT WAS VICTORY.

THERE is a story that when the Battle of Waterloo was being fought, all England, waiting in anxiety for the result of that day, was dependent upon the signals flashed from station to station by semaphore. One of those stations was on the tower of Winchester Cathedral. Late in the day, it received the signal, "Wellington defeated." Just at that moment, one of those sudden English clouds of fog falling upon the land shut out the light. The news of disaster quickly circulated in the city. After a little while it reached London, and the whole land was in gloom, bordering upon despair. Then the fog lifted, and the message was completed: "Wellington defeated the enemy." Sorrow turned into joy, defeat into victory.

So it was with Jesus, when He died upon the Cross. Hope

THE DEFEAT THAT WAS VICTORY.

103

died out in the hearts of men. After the crucifixion the fog of disappointment settled upon the world, so that it caught only the semaphore signal, "Christ defeated." But on the third day the fog lifted, and there was flashed to the world the complete signal, not of defeat, but of victory, not of death, but of life. **Christ defeated death!** *Living Links.*



HOW LOVE SPRINGS UP IN OUR HEARTS.

THERE is a love natural to fallen men, "Sinners also love those that love them." (Luke vi. 32.) The love of family and friends is common to the human race. There is another kind of love, and only this is worthy of children of God. Of this love we write.

"Ye must be born again," pointed a grown man to his need of a new, divine *life*, which had not yet begun in his soul. (John iii. 7.) This *love* also is new and divine. Where it springs up in human hearts it has a definite beginning. Before, no love was known there save that other creaturely affection. Now, a love undreamt of has entered—love of God, love of all His children as He loves us, love of all men, even enemies.

It, as well as new birth, *must* enter, or the heart remains afar from God, outside His kingdom. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." (1 Cor. xvi. 22.) This is no curse of the law of Moses, whose malediction fell on the man who loved not the Lord his God. Even under grace the despisers perish.

That expert in the law, Saul of Tarsus, on his persecuting way to Damascus, blinded by the burst of divine light upon him to all but Christ and himself, must have expected death. What did he feel his deserts to be when he discovered himself to be at war with the heavenly Lover of his soul? But he obtained mercy. In the glorified Jesus, he saw righteousness and power in transcendence. Why then were they withheld from destroying him? He learned that the reason was more than the leniency of the throne; it was the sacrifice of the cross. The demands of divine righteousness had been fully recognised there and fulfilled. He who met them in laying down His life for His people took it again, in

power according to the spirit of holiness, for their justification. In Christ, as Paul saw Him, righteousness and power in all their glory favoured God's saving purpose. The Son of God had loved him and given Himself for him. (Gal. ii. 20.)

Then and thus love sprang up in his heart. It was not to be vaunted, but proved. Three days later when the Holy Spirit filled him, the love of God was shed abroad in his heart. At one moment he was a raging wolf among the flock of God, the next, he realized the grace of Christ to himself; thenceforward, for love of Christ, he became the most watchful and diligent shepherd of those he had torn and devoured. Tirelessly and with utmost self-denial, he fed and cared for them, imparting to them all the abundance and preciousness of the unsearchable riches of Christ revealed to him. He told them of the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.. (Eph. iii. 19.) Again and again, he spoke of a Saviour Who gave Himself, His life, as a ransom. To men of every race he proclaimed the glad news of God, who "commendeth His Own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8, R.V.). Out of an ever-grateful love, he spent and was spent in Christ's service, stood in jeopardy every hour and laid down his own life at last as Christ's witness. His first love he never left; rather, it grew more intense as the goal of all his hopes—the gaining Christ by the resurrection from among the dead—drew nearer. But the love of Christ it was that lit this fire of responding love and maintained its constancy from that first day onwards. And this in the heart of a Pharisee of the Pharisees, who, though living in all good conscience toward God up to that memorable day of his conversion had never previously loved Him. (John viii. 42.)

In what measure does love spring up?

In Christ's Own dealing with another Pharisee we learn more concerning the manner and volume of love's uprising. Simon was a well-meaning host, who would make closer acquaintance with Jesus without loving Him at all, as it would seem. Prepared to believe Him a prophet after thorough investigation, he was put off even this modicum

of faith before the investigation had fairly begun. It was because the Saviour allowed the woman who was a sinner to touch Him. This shocked the Pharisee and would have shattered at once any respect he had for his Guest, but for the answer to his thoughts which Jesus immediately gave. Read the matchless story in Luke vii. 36-50. "There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?" Simon's answer seems to have been grudgingly given: "I suppose," he says, as though the obvious truth was extorted from him, "that he to whom he forgave most." It is refreshing to look where Simon was bidden to look—at the woman whose actions had disturbed him. Love constrained her full heart and busy fingers. Love quickened her understanding to supply the omissions of the Pharisee in a lavish superabundance. In her tears the sorrow of her grateful heart was perhaps more on account of Him slighted, than even for her own mis-spent past. It was the sorrow of a love set on honouring Him and sensitive to His dishonour. Tears mingled with the ointment and who shall say which was the more fragrant to Him?

Had one asked her about her love, she, overwhelmed by her own unworthiness, would not have dared to speak of it. Nevertheless, the Saviour appraises this new, holy and reverent affection as worthy of His reception, though its vessel seemed so unseemly. It sprang, He taught, from a sense of forgiveness. This does not appear to have been founded as yet on such a direct and personally re-assuring word as He spoke eventually (v. 48). In some way she knew the fame of Jesus; she had heard some word of His and had understood it with her heart and been converted. (John xii. 40.) Perhaps His personal attitude to her in some unrecorded way, had brought her faith to the swift intuition not only of His greatness, His Messiahship, but also of His willingness to forgive; or she had reasoned somewhat like Manoah's wife. (Judges xiii. 23.) Then love was born and love proportioned to the greatness of her debt. Love made her bold to approach Him in the Pharisee's house and received its reward straightway. For her peace

was sealed by His Own word, "Thy sins are forgiven." He did not say, "for love's sake"; that would not have been true. His forgiving love was what she believed, and her faith now had complete confirmation. For He said, "Thy *faith* hath saved thee; go in peace." Thus is made clear to us, first, that salvation is by faith; secondly, that His grace forgiving us produces love in us, and finally, that the more we are forgiven, the more we love.

This love to God, then, springs up in human hearts only when one is born again and realises the surpassing greatness of God's love towards him. Apart from these conditions love toward God has no place in us, we are strangers to it.

Again, the uprush of this love corresponds with the magnitude of the cancelled debt, and, of course, with our sense of this. In first days of conversion, the contrast of being brought from the power of Satan unto God is very vivid, and the conscience keenly alive to what past sins have meant. God's love is very wonderful to the soul's enjoyment, and first love ardent and strong. But let faith's realisation of these things weaken, let the horror of the pit, from which Christ in His love has digged us, diminish within us, and our love, too, will weaken and wane. On the other hand our love will be maintained and increased if we grow in the knowledge of Him, for sharing His thoughts and understanding His holy nature will deepen the sense of our sin and heighten the wonder of Grace. First love should be least love, the infancy from which growth is continuous until last love shall be most love, the soul breaking with longing to be with Christ, whether at His coming or in the soul's own departing. May God grant each Christian reader to abound in this love more and more.

T. D.

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HEAD VERSUS HEART.

SOME years ago at a drawing-room function, one of England's leading actors was asked to recite for the pleasure of his fellow-guests. He consented, and asked if there was anything special that his audience would like to hear.

HEAD VERSUS HEART.

107

After a moment's pause, an old clergyman present said: "Could you, sir, recite to us the Twenty-third Psalm!"

A strange look passed over the actor's face; he paused for a moment and then said: "I can, and I will, upon one condition; and that is that after I have recited it, you, my friend, will do the same."

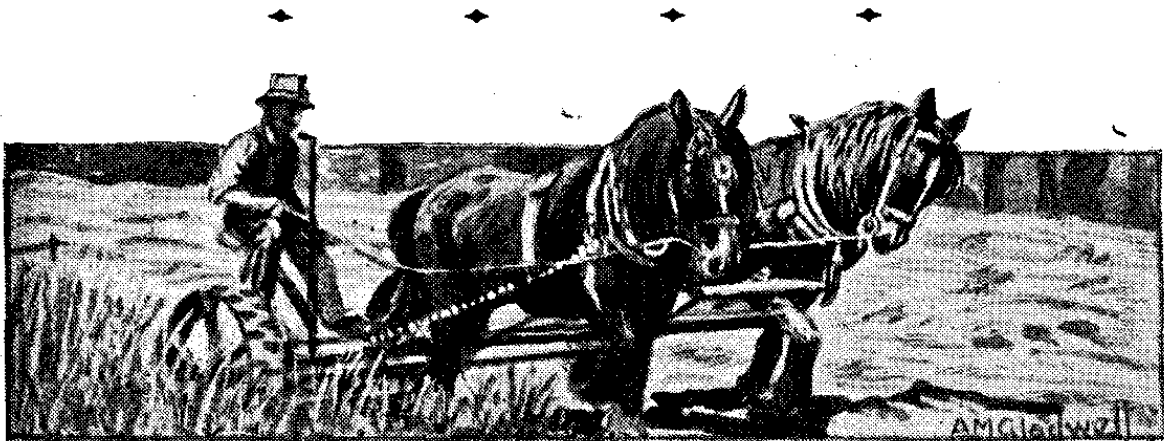
"I?" said the clergyman, in surprise. "But I am not an elocutionist. However, if you wish it, I will do so."

Impressively, the great actor began the Psalm. His voice and his intonation were perfect. **He held his audience spell-bound;** and as he finished a great burst of applause broke from the guests.

Then, as it died away, the old clergyman arose and began the Psalm. His voice was not remarkable; his intonation was not faultless. When he was finished no sound of applause broke the silence, but there was not a dry eye in the room, and many heads were bowed.

The actor rose to his feet again. His voice shook as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the old clergyman and said: "I reached your eyes and ears, my friends; he reached your hearts. The difference is just this—I know the Twenty-third Psalm, but **he knows the Shepherd.**"

The War Cry.



PLAYING WITH SIN.

A RETIRED farmer once related the following account of how the Lord brought him to repent of his sins and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. When he was a boy his father gave him a pig of his own to care

for. So he fixed a warm place for his pig in winter, lining the shed well with straw in the inside.

On Sunday mornings someone had to stay at home while the family went to church. On this particular morning George, the subject of our story, took his turn at staying home while the rest went to divine service. When time began to seem long, he went to the pen of his pet pig and began to amuse himself by playing with matches amidst the straw in the shed. He would light a little straw and then put the fire out. This he did several times, letting the fire get bigger each time before putting it out. Finally, the fire in the straw got so big it was beyond his control and the whole shed was soon in flames and the other farm buildings in danger also.

However, the Lord was mercifully watching over it all and caused a neighbour to notice the puffs of smoke coming out of the pig-sty. This attracted his attention and caused him to go over and see what was making this smoke. When the shed began to burst into flames, he was almost there and soon had the fire put out.

Just then George's father and mother came home from church and learned all about what had happened. George expected a severe punishment, but all his father did was to send him up to his room and tell him to stay there and think about his sins.

And indeed he did think about his sins. He was very much frightened by all that had happened, and more so still by what might have happened through his sinfulness. In the quiet of his room, the Holy Spirit deeply convicted him of sin and broke him down in repentance before God. He now truly realised what he had often been told, that he was a lost sinner on the way to destruction. What had just happened proved it. He might have been entrapped in the flames and been burned to death! Where would his soul have been then? He was not ready for heaven, nor at peace with God; this he knew right well.

While thus convicted of his sins, the Holy Spirit brought before him the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour for poor, lost sinners. He had often heard this before, too, but now he really saw by faith the reality of the Lord Jesus dying on the cross for his sins. Scriptures came with force

to his mind. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31), was the promise of God. By faith he believed it, accepted the Lord there and then as his Saviour, and found forgiveness of sins and peace with God.

Though the Lord used this instance of George playing with fire for his conversion and eternal blessing, we may also gather from it some important, warning lessons. George playing with fire is a picture of men and women who are **playing with sin** and think it is harmless.

Fire is an awful thing to play with; it soon gets beyond one's control and does great damage. One cannot play with fire and not get into trouble. "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt?" asks the Word of God, in Prov. vi. 27.

Now, dear friends, playing with sin is just like playing with fire. A little sin played with may lead to a great flame of sins entirely beyond your control and to the eternal loss of your precious soul. Sin is deceitful; its pleasures for a season, or for the passing moment, lure one on to bigger sins with the deceiving expectation of greater pleasures. But alas, it is only greater misery and greater loss that results. For truly, "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23), and "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (James i. 15). And also, "**Sin**, taking occasion by the commandment, **deceived me**, and by it **slew me**" (Rom. vii. 11). So the Apostle Paul experienced. And the Wise Man declares, "The way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. xiii. 15).

Satan tempts many to think that they can play with little sins and stop there. George thought that he could keep the fire under his control, but he soon found that he was helpless. So it will be with you, dear reader, if you trifle with sin; it will soon be beyond your control and lead you on farther than you wish. You will find yourself in bondage to sin and Satan, and led on helplessly by him to destruction.

It was another, a neighbour, who came to George's help and put the fire out. Just so, it is only Another, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who has come down from heaven to be man's neighbour, that can deliver you, dear friends, from the power and destruction of sin. He has endured all the fire

of God's wrath against sin at the cross. You are a sinner, and already caught in sin's deceiving net, but Jesus suffered on the cross for you, that you might be delivered from sin. If you will repent of your sins, and accept Him as your personal Saviour, He will save you from sin and its eternal punishment. Won't you receive Him now by faith in your heart?

R. K. C.



IN TIME OF AFFLICTION.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I INVITE every troubled brother and sister to cry for grace from God to be able to see God's Hand in every trial, and then for grace, seeing God's Hand, to submit at once to it, and not only to submit, but to acquiesce, and to rejoice in it. "**It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.**" I think there is generally an end to troubles when we get to that, for when the Lord sees we are *willing* that He should do what He wills, then He takes back His Hand, and says: "**I need not chasten My Child; he submits himself to Me.** What would have been affected by My chastisement is effected already, and therefore, I will not chasten him."

There are two ways of getting help. The one is to go round to all your friends, and get disappointed, and then go to God at last.

The other is to *go to God at first*. That is the shortest cut. God can make your friends help you afterwards. Seek **first**, God and His righteousness. Out of all troubles, the surest deliverance is from God's right Hand. Therefore from all troubles the readiest way to escape is to draw near to God in prayer. Go not to this friend or that, but **pour out thy story before God**.

" Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord hath done for me.' "

Human friends fail us. The strongest sinew in an arm of flesh will crack, and the most faithful heart will sometimes waver. But our God is **Eternal** and **Omnipotent**: who ever

trusted in Him in vain? Where is the man that can say, I looked up to Him and hoped in Him, and I am ashamed of my hope?

The beauty of David's looking alone to God came out in this, quite calmly and quietly. He said to himself: "*God will get me out of this*"; therefore he was not angry with Shimei; he did not want his head to be cut off, or anything of the sort. "*God will do it.*" If a man keeps in that frame of mind, what can disturb him? Though the mountains were cast into the midst of the sea and the earth were removed, yet still would he in patience possess his soul, and still be calm, for of such a man I may say: "His soul shall dwell at ease, his seed shall inherit the earth." God hath given His angels charge concerning such a man to keep him in all his ways; for this is the man that "dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," and "he shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." The Lord saith of Him: "Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high, because he hath known My Name. He hath proved it by trusting in Me, and Me alone; therefore will I never fail him." "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Gather up your confidences, make them into one confidence and fix them all on **Him**. Lean not here and there—thou wilt grow crooked in thyself, and the staff thou leanest on shall turn to a spear, and pierce thee. **Lean wholly upon God**, and as He is everywhere thou shalt stand upright in leaning upon Him.

HE KNOWS AND CARES.

FRRIEND, hast thou felt alone amid foes? Have the bitter storms of hate and criticism ever surrounded thee? Then look well and thou wilt see the footsteps of the Man of Sorrows. He who was hated for the good He did knows just the sting, and lets that sting come to thee, to drive thee nearer unto Himself. It is the lash of the storm that drives the child into the brightness and warmth of the Father's House. Take refuge in the sympathizing Saviour.

H. H. D.

(112)

INVINCIBLE FAITH.

APPARENTLY unconquerable difficulties yield to an invincible faith. "Do you think," said the captain of the ship which bore the first missionary to China, "that you will make an impression upon four hundred million Chinese?" "No, sir," replied Morrison, "*but I believe God will!*" That was the trumpet note, and when men sound that, even "a feeble saint will win the day, though death and Hell obstruct the way."

Why should we fret? Nothing that can happen to us can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Circumstances may rob us of a little earthly wealth, but nothing can rob us of the riches of glory.

Children fret who do not trust the wisdom of their parents. But we ought to trust our Heavenly Father. Why then fret? Why sigh as you wearily trudge through life? **Cease to fret—commence to rest.** Then instead of the Christian pathway being a drudgery it will be a constant delight.



DAILY PETITIONS.

MAKE me grateful, Lord, I pray,
For the mercies of this day.

Give me strength, my Lord, I ask,
For each duty, for love's task.

Make me happy, Lord, I plead;
With Thy peace, in times of need.

Give me grace, my Lord, I cry;
When beneath a frowning sky.

Make me sympathetic, Lord,
Helping both by deed, and word.

Give me love, O hear my prayer;
Others' burdens now to bear.

Make me, Lord, still more like Thee,
As I wait Thy Face to see.

A GARDNER.

**BROTHERLY LOVE FULFILLING CHRIST'S NEW
COMMANDMENT** (page 120).

AUGUST, 1938.

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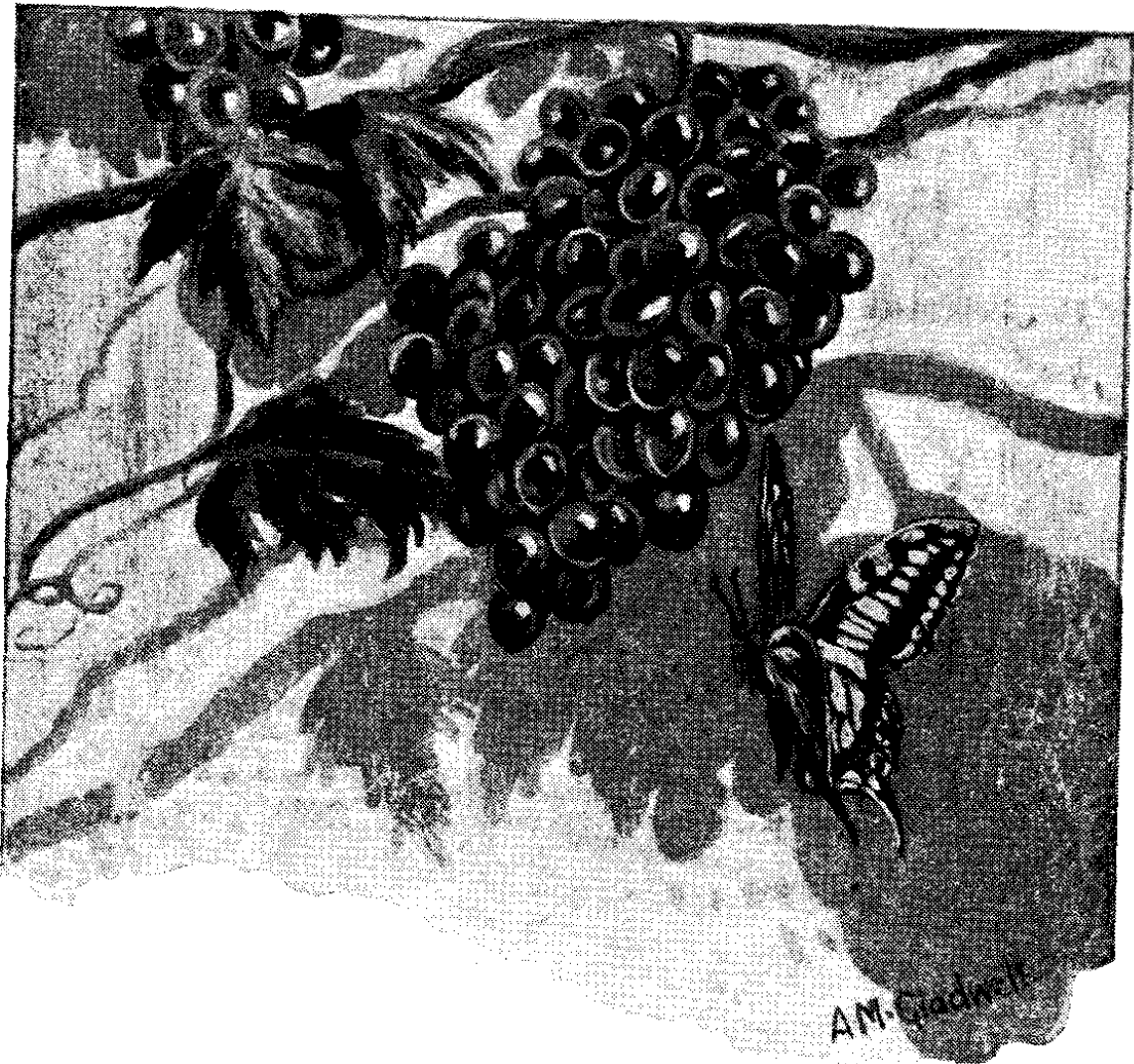
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A Message from God

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.**



**"Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit
of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye
abide in Me." (John xv. 4.)**

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(114)

THE ROSE TREE.

“ **D**O cut that miserable little rose tree down,” said my thoughtless friend, “ it has never had a flower.”

“ No, dear friend,” I exclaimed, “ I will not, it may come to blossom yet.” And so it did! The following summer I counted myself, with such joy, fifty roses on it, and more.

This makes me think of some poor soul who has not yet come to Jesus Christ for salvation, and whose life may appear utterly useless; but when he or she does know Christ, they will each one bear many roses for the Lord, drawing others to think of Him and bless His Name.

ONLY a rose tree and bristling with thorn,
Covered with leaves,
Nothing but leaves;
No scented roses its branches adorn,
Oh! how it saddens and grieves:
Why let it grow? It just cumbers the ground,
Barren and fruitless, while others around
Are covered with roses; let's hew the tree down,
Since from it one nothing receives.

Nay, but, dear friend, let us leave it alone,
One other year,
Only a year,—
Then on the boughs that so fruitless have grown
Beautiful flowers may appear
Life through its branches by that time may flow,
Sweet fragrant roses may blossom and grow,
Roses as pure, and as white as the snow.
Bringing us comfort and cheer.

Round went the year and the summer-time came,
Sunshine and shower,
Fresh, gentle shower,
Making the trees push their leaves out again.
Clothing with beauty the flower.
Sweet little rose-bush, so brilliant with green,
Hung on its branches in clusters are seen,
Roses, where never before they had been.
Now is its triumphant hour.

THE ROSE TREE.

115

Only a sinner, afar off from God,
 Burdened with care,
 Worry and care;
 Stagg'ring on under sin's heavy load,
 On to an endless despair;
 Nothing of fragrance thy life-time doth yield,
 'Gainst thy Creator thy heart thou hast steeled,
 Oft in sin's ways thou hast gone far afield,
 Ways that are fruitless and bare.

Come then to Jesus the Saviour of men,
 He'll give thee rest,
 Pardon and rest;
 No more thy life shall be fruitless and vain,
 He'll make thee happy and blest;
 Garlands of beauty thy life shall adorn,
 Fragrant and sweet as the dew of the morn,
 To give you the flowers, He was crown'd with the thorn;
 Oh! come, 'tis His loving request.

He bore the Judgment on Calvary's Tree,
 Suffered alone,
 Bore it alone;
 Paid all sin's debt that thou mightest go free,
 Died for thy guilt to atone;
 Went unto Death 'neath our sin's heavy load,
 "Just for the unjust," to bring us to God;
 Sinner, afar and astray on life's road,
 Hark, He is calling thee, "COME!"

PETROS.



PARABLE OF THE CHRIST LIFE.

THE hour at which the new birth can take place in the flower is the hour at which the stigma is able to grasp the pollen that comes to it, blown by the wind or carried by the bees and butterflies. Up till then the grains fall off unheeded; but now it develops a surface, glutinous in some cases, velvety in others, that can clasp and keep them fast. The pollen grains lay hold at the same moment by their sculptured points and ridges. They "apprehend" each other, and the pollen, with its mysterious quickening power, does the rest. As soon as it is received it sinks down into the innermost depths of the flower's heart, and starts there the beginning of the new creation.

The most wonderful secrets of the plant world hang round the process of fertilisation, and the ways in which these springs of the second birth are guarded and set going, but the flower's simple work is to open and receive.



“The gift of God is eternal life”—oh, marvellous words!—“through Jesus Christ our Lord.” “As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name.” “He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.” “Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My Voice and open the door, I will come in to him.”

It is utterly, unbelievably simple. Receive Jesus with a heart-grasp, and you will find, like the flower, a spring of eternal life, entirely distinct from your own, that is perishing, set working deep down in your inmost being.

And all that is needed for the fulfilment of God's uttermost purpose for you, is that this “new man” should be formed and that the old should pass away.

From the very outset of its new birth we see this double process going on in the plant. Within a few hours the throb of new life has spread through the flower, with this first result, that the petals begin to wither. Fertilisation marks the striking of the death-blow to all that went before. Look at a clover head; do you know why some of the spikes are upright and others turned downwards and fading? It is because these last have received the new tide, and the old is ebbing out already. The birth-peal and the death-knell rang together. Fertilisation marks the death of the flower, the flower the death of the natural, though the carrying out of its doom comes gradually.

And in like manner the sentence of death passes, in the Cross, on the old nature in its entirety, as the new comes into being. This is the one only basis and groundwork for all carrying out in our practical experience of what that death

PARABLE OF THE CHRIST LIFE.

117

means. Once for all let this be clear. Apart from the work done on Calvary, all working out of a death process in our own souls is only a false and dangerous mysticism. . . . "I *have been* crucified with Christ." (R.V.) Yes, long before even I asked to be—glory be to God! and yet, as freshly as if it were yesterday, for time is nowhere with Him.

And simultaneously, in figure, in the little flower-heart, while "that which is natural" begins to fade, "that which is spiritual" dawns. The seed-vessel with its hidden treasure—the ultimate object of this miracle of quickening—begins immediately to form. It was within three days of "the heavenly vision," when the once rejected Jesus was received by St. Paul, that the commission came—"he is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My Name." A chosen vessel *unto Him*. The seed-vessel belongs to the seed, only and for ever: it is formed for itself and has no purpose apart. Separation has nothing austere and narrow in it when it is unto Him.

Chosen vessels to bear His Name—His personality; with all that is wrapped up in that Name of fragrance and healing, authority and power; chosen to go about this weary, sinful world with the living Christ folded in our hearts, ready and able as of old to meet the need around. Is not this a calling for which it is worth counting, as St. Paul did, all things but loss?

Chosen vessels—there is the vessel and there is the treasure in it, for ever distinct, though in wonderful union, like the seed-vessel and the seed; the one enshrines the other.

God builds up a shrine within us of His workmanship, from the day in which Jesus was received. The seed-vessel is its picture. With the old nature He can have nothing to do except to deliver it to death: no improving can fit it for His purpose, any more than the leaf or tendril, however beautiful, can be the receptacle of the seed. There must be "a new creation" (R.V., margin), "the new man," to be the temple of the Divine Life.

LILIAS TROTTER.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

THEN AND NOW.

WHAT mother and father of a family do not know something about lost tempers, bitter words, and regrets for the happenings of some days?

I think it is safe to say that in the heart of all parents there

is at some time or other a longing to live without those squabbles, to have love and peace reigning in the home. Is such a thing possible? some harassed mother asks, and how? asks the dejected-looking father, as, full of remorse, they think over the happenings of a strenuous, tiresome day.

Let me tell you how this change can be worked in your home, as it was in the home I am going to tell you about. Mrs. — was just an ordinary working man's wife, with all the troubles and trials of anyone in her position. A day in her home was something like this. Alarm wakens her at six a.m.; she has her husband to get to work at seven; her oldest boy, who is at the trying age of seventeen, to get off to catch the 8.2 train to be at work by nine a.m., and three children to get to school, with baby to bathe and feed by ten a.m.

Usually, after dressing herself and kindling the kitchen fire, she calls father, who gruffly answers, "Aye, ahm comin'." She starts to cook and set breakfast, which is no easy job when you live in a "but and ben," and have to tiptoe about so as not to wake baby. "Father, your breakfast is ready," is the next call. "Aye, ah hear ye." "Come on then, it's holf past six." "Ahm comin', ahm comin'." "Well, come, an' don't lee yoursel' tae the last gasp, an' blame me if yer late." "A've never been late yet an' if ahm late this mornin' it's your faut, ye should 'ave shouted me afore this." "Oh, aye, I'd blame me, if ah wis you," is her taunting answer.

Finally he gets up, dresses, sits down to breakfast, during which time Mrs. — hushes baby, who has been awakened, to sleep again. Then follows a heated argument over whose is the fault that the breakfast is "stane cald." He gets breakfast finished and rushes out answering all the while his wife's remarks that when she is "daed an' awa'" he'll appreciate her a "bit mair."

Between sighs of self-pity, and mutterings about her hard lot, she goes to the room and calls Cameron, who is as hard to get up as his father was. He gets up at 7.35 after being called four times; he grumbles and complains at the kind of home he has to live in and what food he has to eat, all the while he gobbles his breakfast; his mother threatening and scolding as fast as she can. At last he, too, is off, racing like a harrier.

Betty, John and Margaret are next to get up, and after washing and dressing, to be examined, when Margaret's ears are boxed and she is sent to wash the "tide mark" off her neck. Her cries wake baby, and that aggravates mother to give her another slap or two. Then John, who is a gentle child, asks mother if this is how you spell a certain word; he is roughly pushed aside and told to "get oot o' ma sicht"; he lifts his little satchel and goes off, without even finishing his breakfast. Betty and Margaret finish theirs, put on their coats and tammies and are off calling, "Ta, ta, mammy." In answer, all they get is, "Rin on or ye'll be late for the schule."

Mother bathes and feeds baby, and hustles through the morning's work, all the while seeing nothing but more work and more worry. Twelve o'clock arrives and she bustles about setting the dinner for the children coming from school. In they rush, each anxious to tell of his or her experience in the forenoon's work, but mother is too busy to even trouble to listen, until she hears them squabbling and arguing over some childish grievance; roughly she tells them to be quiet and hurry up. Mrs. — gets them "out of her road" once again.

The afternoon is crammed full of duties, and before she knows where she is, it is tea-time. Dinner has to be served to father and Cameron, tea to the others. After tea, father settles down with his paper, while mother, amidst all the yells and shouts of the youngsters, clears up and prepares all four young ones for bed. At last she has a moment to reflect on all the happenings of the day; she feels uncomfortable inside, but thinks, "Well, it wasn't my fault, I'm sure." Father's thoughts are much the same.

It was after such a day that Mrs. — heard news which set her thinking. The wee boy who lived in the next close had died very suddenly. Mrs. — could not rid herself of the thought, "What if it had been my John?" As she thought over how cross she had been with him her heart ached, and she wished she could be different; but how was it to be done? All at once, back to her memory came a text she'd heard, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." She rose, and after some hunting around found a Bible. She read the eleventh chapter of Matthew; she decided she'd let Christ have her and

her burdens, and she would have His yoke. Her heart was changed. Light and gladness had come in.

Six years have passed since that day, and though all of the family do not take that same way, she has had the joy of seeing her husband and son do so, because they saw the change in her life. There are still many duties and worries in a day, but half an hour's earlier rising, spent talking to her Lord, gives her strength for the day, and no longer is there self-pity and harsh words; she can count her blessings.

Father, mother, do you long for such a change in your life? That same Voice still says, "Come."

The Message of Victory.



♦ ♦
THROUGHOUT EACH DAY.

FATHER, we may not understand
The wondrous working of Thy
hand,
Yet we will trust Thee all the way;
For grace, and strength, throughout
each day.

MARY E. WILSON.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
**BROTHERLY LOVE FULFILLING CHRIST'S NEW
COMMANDMENT.**

John xiii. 34; xv. 12-17.

THIS new commandment neither threatens nor results in a curse. It belongs to the choir of the "new song" (Rev. v. 9), who themselves to a man, to a soul, are a new creation. (2 Cor. v. 17.) It comes with an authority which, they rejoice to know, is their Redeemer's. Into His hands all things are given. (John xiii. 3.) It binds on them the obligation to love one another. It provides the pattern of utter self-denial to which their mutual love is to conform. It presents a new motive in that His Own love to them is their example. To their

BROTHERLY LOVE FULFILLING CHRIST'S NEW COMMANDMENT. 121

faith the command was accompanied by His Own power enabling them with new-found strength to obey, as surely as His word " Rise up and walk " brought corresponding power to the paralytic. He bids, " A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." (xiii. 34.) Our understanding hearts, though most unfeeling hitherto, even full of hatred like Saul's of Tarsus, hear and take fire at the word. With us as with him, " the grace of our Lord " at our spiritual awakening " was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. i. 14.) " Love one another? Yea, Lord. It is enough that *Thou* hast chosen these others and blessed them as thou hast blessed me. Though I never knew them before, they shall be dearer for Thy sake than my dearest. They can share my love to Thee; I can speak to them of Thee, and they to me. We can help each other to follow Thee; we can worship Thee with one heart and mind; we will vie with one another as did David's men to fight for Thee and present Thee with Thy heart's desire. When one stumbles we will help him, when he weeps, we will weep with him, when he sins we will pray for him, plead with him, seek to gain him for Thee."

This command is in a special manner Christ's.

" This is *My* commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." (xv. 12.) Emphatically, " This is the commandment that is *Mine* "; outstanding from " My commandments " in detail (verse 10) though embracing them all. Other commandments, moreover, He might issue in virtue of the authority proper to a divine Person, but this was appropriate only as from the Lamb that was slain to redeem us, loosing us from our sins by His blood and making us a kingdom of priests to God and His Father. None but He at any time could have uttered the command to love, " as I have loved you," and before this, not even He: it would have been a meaningless proclamation to a non-existent kingdom. Only He made this kingdom a reality and gave its deep and precious significance to His peculiar and paramount injunction. Truly, who is worthy to give such a command but He?

Love is the fulfilling of the law (Rom. xiii. 10); all its various precepts as to human duty hang upon one, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Similarly, all the commandments of our

122 BROTHERLY LOVE FULFILLING CHRIST'S NEW COMMANDMENT.

blessed Lord for the heavenly family are summed up in this one which decrees a love among the children of God rising above the measure of self-love to His Own boundless self-giving. Their new and exalted duties being thus ordered among themselves, we may surely add that the observance of all other duties whatsoever is secured. For it is impossible that those who, impelled by His love, gladly do His will in that intimate circle of favour, can bear to displease Him in their relation to others still to be won for Him.

Though the commandment to love one another is not grievous, yet

a command it is.

Necessarily so, for we are often forgetful and leave our first love. The Lover of our souls is also Lord of our souls. When we have grown cold or are discouraged by ungrateful returns for our love or hesitant because of difficulties, His "Have not I commanded thee?" will supply the needed incentive. It will act like the spur of the rider. We would not incur His frown, but remember that He walks, watchful, with eyes of fire, amidst His people. (Rev. i.)

"That ye love one another" is repeated four times in the verses which are our subject. Its incumbency upon us is urged by special considerations illustrating the two-fold "As I have loved you."

Looking on these, His friends, the Lord Jesus intimates His expectation that their mutual love will be *the greatest possible*. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (xv. 13.) He was about to lay down His life for them. This is not directly referred to, yet none can miss the allusion. It would have been out of keeping to speak now of the more wonderful love for His enemies, though each of them had once been a rebel. For they already loved Him though feebly. Also He looked on them as His sheep—"Ye are clean." (xiii. 10.) And again, he is speaking of His Own love as an example for them in the character of *friends* of one another for His sake. To lay down their lives for one another, then, should be the length to which their love should go.

His friends proved by obedience.

"Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." (xv. 14.) Amen, Lord of all authority in heaven and on earth,

BROTHERLY LOVE FULFILLING CHRIST'S NEW COMMANDMENT. 123

Lord also of the love that passeth knowledge, help me thus to show my friendship to Thee. No other could remain friend and make such a demand of me. Sooner or later his exaction would be at fault and destroy the friendship. But Thou art God over all, blessed for evermore. Thine is the glory that excelleth of grace and power. Thine is the will that is ever good and never errs. Thine is the love that constrains. Oh that my surrender might be unquestioning, as faultless as Thy will! Let me render to Thee a friend-like and not a servile obedience, a glad and not a forced submissioin. Be Thy will mine, so that my body shall be a living sacrifice to prove fully in these unworthy members what Thy good and perfect and acceptable will is."

His confidants learning the Father's secrets.

He is not ashamed to call them His friends whom He might have kept as servants only to Himself, though best friends of each other. "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you." At this point we remember how He said (xv. 9) "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you." The Father showed His love to the Son in giving all things into His hands (iii. 35) and in showing Him "all things that Himself doeth." (v. 20.) The Son spoke and acted accordingly (viii. 28, 29, 38) and in Him the Father was well pleased. (Matt. xvii. 5.) After the same divine model are the Lord's relations to us in over-abounding grace. He confides everything to us which He had heard of the Father. Then follows (verse 16) the True Vine still bearing fruit in the season of grace, but it is by means of the branches, His friends, who in His Name, and in particular and all-various petitions, ask the Father, as He did, to glorify His Own Name. Marvellous friendship! The blessed Lord leaves, as it were, the throne of rule and walks by our side or sits with us in the house (Lk. xxiv. 15, 30) to relate all the secrets of the Father that were His Own delight and meat below. He bestows His confidence that we may be followers of Him in His obedience.

His chosen fruit-bearers by prayer to the Father.

Let us think, and be very humble in the reflection, that not an aspiration had we to this friendship. "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye

124 BROTHERLY LOVE FULFILLING CHRIST'S NEW COMMANDMENT.

should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My Name, He may give it you." (Verse 16.) What an honour so to be wrought *in* (Phil. ii. 13) as branches in the True Vine, so to be wrought *upon* as tended by the Husbandman, the Father, that we should have fruit that abides and ask the Father in His Son's Name concerning all the need. This is love indeed; not only to participate in the thoughts of God, but in awakening response, seeking grace and strength from Him, to gather in the fruits of redemption and have them even called ours. Note well, the Master is doing what He is doing by means of *us*; without being Master the less. He calls them who serve Him, "friends," and tells them all His plans—everything. So when they go forth for Him, they think and feel as He and seek His aims. They ask of the Father in His Name whatever may be needful to realise these. Can a heart yearning with love to Him ask more? "*These things I command you, that ye love one another.*" (xv. 17.) Interwoven with all that went before instructing us as to the manner of His love are purposes and wishes of His concerning us. For us they are commandments. He gives them to enforce with greater weight that crucial and all-inclusive commandment to love one another. The more we enjoy His love in the reception of His confidences and engage ourselves in prayer with the need around us according to His grace, the more will we truly have this love one to another.

T.D.

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SAILING, BUT WHERE?

"**D**O you know, men, that during all my forty years at sea, I never once met a ship that wasn't bound somewhere!" So spoke a sea captain as he addressed an audience of sea-faring men. A broad smile spread over their faces as the foolishness of the thought struck them. But their amusement quickly vanished as he utilized such an evidently foolish assertion to place an equally evident, though soul-searching truth before them.

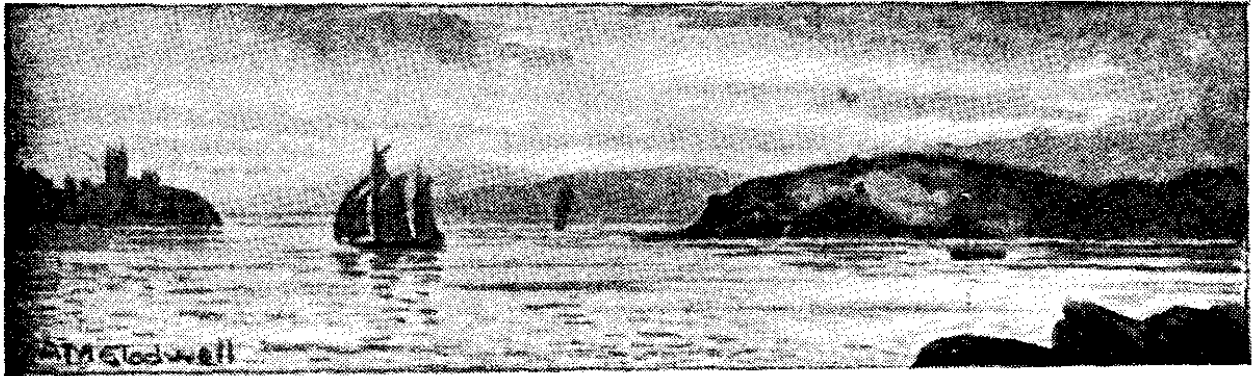
"But would you believe it possible," he continued, "that though during all my life's voyage, I've never met a human ship (men like you and me) which wasn't bound somewhere, yet when I've asked many of them what port they were bound for they couldn't tell me—they hoped it was heaven!"

SAILING, BUT WHERE?

125

Just think this over, dear reader. How does this question touch you? What port are you bound for? That you are sailing onward on the sea of time is certain. Every day brings you closer to the end of your voyage down here. Your journey of life may end to-day, who can tell? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Prov. xxvii. 1.) Statistics show that every day an army of about 90,000 souls or more are called by death to leave the world and enter eternity. You may be the next one that will be overtaken by death—and then what?

What port would your never-dying soul then enter? Would it be heaven or hell? These are the only two ports on the shore of eternity and you must enter one or the other. What



port are you sailing for now? Are you sure of your destination, or are you merely floating about on the sea of time and carried onward to hell by every wind of pleasure and gust of the world's fancies?

You need a Pilot to guide your ship, dear friend. And let me tell you, there is only one Pilot that can guide you safely on the journey of life and bring you to the port of heaven. That Pilot is the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." (John xiv. 6.)

He is not merely a pilot and guide, but **He is the Way**. He died on Calvary's cross for you and shed His blood for the remission of your sins. You know it is sin that bars one from entering heaven, for no sin can enter there, and you are a sinner, for the Word of God says, "**All** have sinned" (Rom. iii. 23). But Christ died for sinners; He was made sin for us (Rom. v. 8; 2 Cor. v. 21), and thus He became **the Way** and the **only** Way for sinners to go to

heaven. All who take their place as guilty sinners before Him, and by faith accept Him as their Saviour, Who died for their sins, receive a pardon, everlasting life, and are on their way to heaven. They have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living Way which He hath consecrated for us." (Heb. x. 19-20.)

Such is the wonderful Pilot that God has for poor, lost sinners who are drifting about or tempest-tossed on the sea of Time. Have you taken this Saviour Pilot into your ship? Surrender yourself to Him and take Him as your Lord and Saviour at once, if you have not already done so. "Now is the accepted time; behold **now** in the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

He says to you, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him." (Rev. iii. 20.) He wants to enter your heart and be your Pilot; He knocks at your door and seeks entrance. Won't you let Him in? Let Him in and you will be sure that you are bound for the port of heaven, for He says, "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish," (John x. 28) and "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

R.K.C.



HOW GOD SAVED JOSEPH KESWA, NOW EVANGELIST IN NATAL.

JOSEPH KESWA has been for some years working as an Evangelist at Ekuza, one of the outstations of Elim, Natal.

He is a very tall, fine man in appearance. Recently I asked him for the story of how God saved him and when. He had shown the very large kraal in which he was born, the Keswa kraal proper; now he commenced his story by saying that there is to-day in that kraal great opposition to the Gospel; so at the time of his youth. His father determined that there should be no Christian in that large kraal. But somehow from quite early days Keswa's heart turned Godwards. He thought over things he had heard Christians say. He dreamt often of these matters; he dreamt that he was a Christian and going with others to a meeting. More wonderful still he actually dreamt that he saw the Crucifixion; and said seriously,

HOW GOD SAVED JOSEPH KESWA.

127

"I shall never forget." I asked whether at that time he had ever seen a picture of that greatest event. He said emphatically, "No, never." As I questioned him further, he said that he had heard the Christians speak about the death of Jesus, when they had arrived at some other kraal where he had happened to be, but in his kraal the father absolutely refused that the Christians should come and preach. Keswa married a heathen and for some time settled in the home kraal, but still thoughts of God came often to his heart, and longings to know these things. He bought a Zulu Reader and learnt to read; then he bought a Testament and read it. "Oh," he said, with feeling, "How that book showed me that I was a sinner."

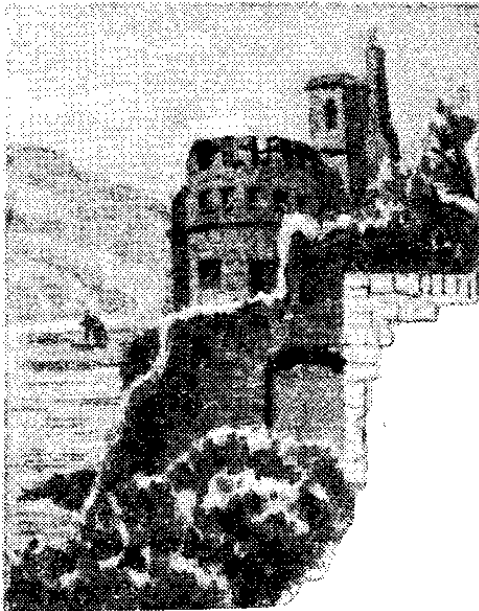
"It was now considered time that Joseph should start a separate home for himself so he chose the site of his present beautiful home, and began to build. About that time his wife turned to the Lord (when away from home and came back as a Christian). One day as they were bringing material for building the huts, one of the oxen which was used to draw the sledge, turned restive and was very troublesome, when Joseph and his brother tried to secure the yoke from its neck. The brother let go and sprang aside, but Joseph had his mouth badly torn by the infuriated beast. He describes his lips almost hanging and severed from his face. Moreover he was knocked down and trampled upon. He seemed to lose consciousness for a time, and then he aroused to hear many people around him, and all expressing great horror; then he found out the condition of his mouth. After he had been taken up to his father's home, they bound up the wounds washing them with permanganate of potash; no English doctor's help was sought; it seemed to us a marvel that he got well. During his illness Mr. Pugh's dear Evangelist, Aaron, was called to see him together with Jonah, our present Evangelist at Elim, then but a lad. Aaron, who was ever seeking souls, asked permission to pray with the suffering young man; it was refused and his father told the Christians to go. "Oh," said Joseph, "how sad my heart was, how I longed for them to pray to God for me," but his father was obdurate.

When he was better, and his own kraal finished, he removed there. One afternoon he saw Aaron and Jonah coming along, returning from preaching in some kraals, "I called and I beckoned them with all my might," he said, so back they came and into the house. No irate father was there to forbid, and

was not Joseph master in his own house and able to do as he wished? Aaron talked till long after sunset, "Oh how sweet it was to my heart," said Joseph. Aaron made the Gospel so clear and the meaning of the death of Christ, and how it affected Joseph Keswa. He drank in the message longingly. "Never, never shall I forget the joy of that evening," he said. The next Sunday Joseph accompanied his wife to a meeting, and stood up and confessed himself a believer; great has been his joy ever since. Now he is working that district earnestly seeking to bring people to the Lord. Joseph Keswa and his wife are such a happy pair and they have six children to be brought up for the Lord. May all be His as we heard the father earnestly praying they might be. A story like this shows how God makes a way for the one who really wants to be a Christian. The seeking sinner and the seeking Saviour meet.

FRANCES GEYDEN ROBERTS.

LOVE ETERNAL.



LOVER Divine, whose love has
sought and found me,
Thou dost not leave me when
the night is round me;
Cause me to be held fast by Love
eternal,
More than a Conqueror.

Open mine eyes to see the stars
above me,
Quicken my heart that I may
feel Thee love me;
Make me and keep me through
Thy love eternal
More than a Conqueror.

What storms can shatter, gloom
of darkness frighten
One whom the Lord doth shelter,
cherish, lighten?
O let me be, through powers of
love eternal,
More than a Conqueror.

—AMY CARMICHAEL,
in "Rose from Brier."

MUTUAL LOVE (page 138).

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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.



“The field is the world; . . . the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.” (Matt. xiii. 38, 39.)

“Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.” (Matt. ix. 38.)

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(130)

THE HARVEST HOME.

John iv. 36; Psalm cxxvi. 5-6.

FROM the far-off fields of earthly toil
A mighty host they come,
And the sounds of music are on the ear,
'Tis the song of the Harvest Home.
The weariness, the weeping,
The darkness have all passed by,
And a glorious sun has risen,
The sun of eternity.

We knew those faces in days of yore,
When the dust was on their brow,
And the scalding tear upon their cheek—
Let us look at the labourers now!
We think of the lifelong sorrow,
And the wilderness days of care;
We try to trace the tear-drops,
But no scars of grief are there.

They followed their Saviour's footprints here,
They walk with Him above;
All the faith and hope of journeying years
Shine forth in their looks of love.
The long day's work is over,
The sure reward comes now;
For they gaze upon their Master,
And His Name is on their brow.

They've seen the safely garnered sheaves,
And the song was passing sweet
Which welcomed the last incoming one
Laid down at their Saviour's feet.
O well does His heart remember,
As those notes of praise sweep by,
The yearning, plaintive music,
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does He know each chequered tale,
As He looks on the joyous band;
All the lights and shadows that crossed their path,
In the distant pilgrim land.
The heart's unspoken anguish,
The bitter sighs and tears,
The long, long hours of watching,
The changeful hopes and fears.

THE HARVEST HOME.

131

Some with eager step, went boldly forth,
 Broadcasting o'er the land;
 Some watered the scarcely budding blade
 With a tender, gentle hand.
 There are some whose lives were blighted
 With the withering touch of woe,
 Their days were sad and weary,
 And they never went forth to sow.

But there rose from each lowly couch of pain,
 The fervent pleading prayer;
 They look on many a radiant brow,
 And they read the answer there.
 Yes, sowers and reapers are meeting,
 A rejoicing host they come;
 Will your voice join in the chorus,
 Of the heavenly Harvest Home?

ANON.



DROPPING SEEDS.

“The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed . . . the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it . . . becometh a tree.”—
 MATT. xiii. 31, 32.)

MANY great histories of blessing may be traced back to a very small seed. A woman whose name is forgotten dropped a tract, or little book, in the way of a man named Richard Baxter. He picked it up and read it, and it led him to Christ. He became a holy Christian, and wrote a book entitled, “A Call to the Unconverted,” which brought many persons to the Saviour, and among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge, in turn, wrote, “The Rise and Progress of Religion,” which led many into the kingdom of God, among them the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote, “A Practical View of Christianity,” which was the means of saving a multitude, among them Legh Richmond. In his turn Legh Richmond wrote the book called, “The Dairyman’s Daughter,” which has been instrumental in the conversion of many thousands.

The dropping of that one little tract seemed a very small thing to do; but see what a **wonderful**, many-branched tree has sprung from it!

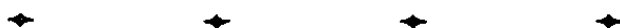
DROPPING SEEDS.

This is only one illustration of marvels of grace coming from the most minute grains of the heavenly seed.

One seed planted in a heart, dropped by some very humble worker, perhaps unconsciously, may not only save a soul for an eternity of blessedness, but may start a series of divine influences which shall reach thousands of other lives. A simple invitation from his brother brought Simon to Jesus; and what a tree sprung from **that** seed!

Let us go on, day by day, dropping seeds into as many hearts as we can. We may not always know what comes of them, but from any one of them may spring a history of blessing which shall reach **thousands** of souls. The branches of the tree from one seed may spread over all lands.

J. R. MILLER, D.D.



FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

A GODLY doctor made it his business to do all he could for the soul as well as the body. One day he was called to visit a lady who was ill. He soon saw that an incurable disease had hold of her. She was a stranger; he might never see her again, so he told her kindly but frankly that she never could recover, and asked if she was prepared for death. The lady acknowledged with tears that she was all unprepared. He sat patiently by her side, and, in the most kind and clear manner possible under the circumstances, unfolded to her the plan of salvation through a crucified Saviour. He showed to her the great truth that she was a sinner, doomed to die; but since Christ has died, and since His atoning blood can avail for every sinner, she could be saved there and then. After going over the whole ground in this earnest and affectionate manner, he left her and never saw her again. She went away with her husband to



FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

133

her distant home. Twenty-five years passed. "Last Saturday," said the doctor, "a gentleman called on me. He asked me if I recollected having a conversation with a certain lady in this city twenty-five years ago about the way to be prepared for death. I told him I did. He said, 'I am her husband, and I have had a message to deliver to you for twenty-five years, but did not know how to find you, till I found you providentially to-day. My dying wife charged me to tell you what a debt of gratitude she owed you for your fidelity to her, in explaining to her how a perishing sinner can be saved. She died in the triumphs of Christian faith, and she charged me to tell you how happy she was, and how much she felt she was indebted to you. This was the last message she left.' "

C. T.



A TRUE STORY.

MRS. F—— was the widow of a city police constable, a tall and rather severe looking woman, a churchgoer and upright in her dealings. In order to increase her small income and to help support her younger son who was suffering from consumption she took in men lodgers. One day a copy of "Grace and Truth," by Mackay, was given to her by a Christian friend, and she laid it on a table in her sitting-room. One of her lodgers was a young man about twenty years of age, a solicitor's clerk, and very reckless and worldly. He happened one day to see this book; and as it was a very wet, cold Sunday in November, and he had nothing to do, he started to read it. The first chapter on "No difference" annoyed him and he felt like flinging the book across the room: however, he put it back on the table where he had found it, but could not get the words he had read out of his mind. Later in the day, when walking up and down the room, thinking what a foolish man it was who had written that there was "no difference, for all had sinned and come short of the glory of God," he heard in his mind a voice which said, "Go to the chapel where you went to the watchnight service."

Full of wonder, he decided to go to the evening service, and was startled when the minister stood up to preach and said, "My text to-night is found in Romans iii. verses 22

and 23, 'There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' " He listened intently to the preacher's discourse, and before he had finished, the young man was thoroughly convinced that he was a sinner, and that Christ had paid the price of his redemption. He lifted up his heart, and from the depth of his soul said, "Lord Jesus, I receive Thee as my Saviour." The service closed and he sat still in the pew during a brief after-meeting, and then went straight home to his lodgings. He found Mrs. F—— in the kitchen getting ready the supper, and at once said to her, "Oh, Mrs. F——, I have heard a wonderful sermon to-night, and I'm saved!" She turned towards him with a stern look on her face and exclaimed, "What, *you* saved! and *you* have not been good *one day*! Why, I have been good *all my life*, and I can't say *that*!"

He tried to tell her what he had heard, but she said it was presumption and would not hear any more. She was about 70 years of age and quite sincere in her belief, but alas deceived, for in that same chapter of Romans, verse 12, God says, "There is *none* that doeth good, no, not one," and in Isaiah lxiv. 6, "We are *all* as an unclean thing, and *all* our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

My dear reader, to what are *you* trusting for salvation? Perhaps like Mrs. F—— your life has been tolerably good compared with others, but you cannot surely think that this will enable you to stand in the presence of a thrice holy God; and like her, in spite of a good life, you cannot say that you are "saved." No! "Salvation is of the Lord."

P.G.T.

HOW VALENTINE BURKE GOT FREE

VALENTINE BURKE was his name. He was an old-time burglar, with kit and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogues' gallery, for Burke was a burglar and was clever at the job. Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow with a hard face and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at sheriffs and jailors, who were his natural-born enemies.

How God Works!

It was many years ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not long in his ministry. He came down to



St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the *Globe-Democrat* announced that it was going to print every word he said, sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read that, but he made up his mind he would weave in a lot of Scripture for the *Globe-Democrat* to print, and that might count, if his own words should fail. He did it, and his printed sermons from day to day were sprinkled with

Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons.

Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards or damning the sheriff on his daily rounds. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff. Somebody threw a *Globe-Democrat* into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this:

“ How the Jailer at Philippi Got Caught.”

It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailor's discomfiture.

“ Philippi! ” he said, “ that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town.”

Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. “ What rot is this? ” asked Burke, “ Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the *Globe-Democrat* got to print such stuff? ” He looked at the date. Yes, it was the morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke

threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that a something from whence he did not know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. "What does it mean?" he began asking. "Twenty years and more I've been a burglar and jail-bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it."

If there is such a God

as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out, if it kills me to do it." He did find it out.

Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers, the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned there is a God Who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning, when the guard came around, Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God after reading Moody's sermon. "Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you had better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and the first chance he gets he will be out of here."

In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released. Friendless, an ex-burglar in a big city,

known only as a daring criminal,

for months he had a hard time of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away. But poor Burke was as brave a Christian as he had been brave as a burglar. Moody told how the poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were all against him, asked the Lord in prayer if He wouldn't make him a better-looking man, so that he could get an honest job. You will smile at this, but, nevertheless, a year from that time, when Moody again met Burke, he said he was as fine looking a man as he knew.

Shifting to and fro, wanting much to find steady work, he

HOW VALENTINE BURKE GOT FREE.

137

went to New York, hoping far from his old haunts to find peace and honest labour. He did not succeed, and after six months came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell. One day there came a message from the sheriff that

he was wanted at the Court-house,

and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

"Some old case they've got against me," he said, "but if I'm guilty I will tell them so. I've done lying."

The sheriff greeted him kindly. "Where have you been, Burke?"

"In New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to find a decent job."

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?"

"Yes," answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. "I've been having a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion."

It was then the tide began to turn.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily and with dogged faithfulness the old burglar went about his duties, until men high in business begun to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who was the means of his conversion. Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the courthouse, serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There was

60,000 dollars worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar! Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it."

Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see.

Years afterwards the churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting; but something happened that he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble until one of them suggested they send for Valentine Burke. Burke led night after night, and many hard men came to hear him, and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean Christian living.

Mr. Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners, came to it. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with tenderness when the name of the ex-burglar is recalled. And now Moody and Burke have met, no more to be parted.—*The Prophetic News.*

(By courtesy of *Living Links.*)

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

MUTUAL LOVE, THE DISCIPLES' CLEAREST TESTIMONY TO THEIR UNSEEN LORD.

JOHN xiii. 35.

“**B**Y this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.” David's men showed devotion to him as their captain by sharing his exile and privations, when he was hunted as a partridge in the mountains. The accompanying dangers but served to show their recklessness of their own safety, if only he could be gratified, as when the three mightiest broke through an enemy's host to get him a cup of cold water from Bethlehem's well. (1 Chron. xi.) They had him with them and were his helpers, his champions, ready to do battle for his honour and protection.

So also when Christ was here it was patent to all that the twelve were His disciples. Where He was, they were; or at least, they were not long and not far apart. Though they performed no exploits of devotion, and failed Him when He needed them most, they truly loved Him, and He owned them as His. Now He is speaking in view of His leaving them. When He should be gone to the Father, they should be known as disciples to Him by their love to one another.

MUTUAL LOVE.

139

An old writer comments: "In this they must be singular; whereas the way of the world is to be every one for himself, they should be hearty for one another." Their mutual love would excite attention. It would convey a clear and definite message to the unbelieving world. For so contrary to the world's spirit of selfishness would this love be, that the world would have to account for it by exploring outside its own heroes, history and nature. Its enquiry being awakened, it would be shut up to only One as explaining the presence of such a rebuke and contradiction to its own jealousies and strivings. That One is Jesus. The men who loved one another as, by the grace of God, the apostles did, **must be His disciples.**

"Behold, how good and how pleasant!"

These early apostles and prophets passed away, yet this testimony of brotherly love would never lose its force. The opportunity for its exercise would never be absent, and it would abide as the clearest witness through the ages to their living and invisible Master. Wherever two or three of them, though poor and ignorant in the world's esteem, and least in spiritual attainment, should show this love amongst themselves, **there** would ascend a savour of Christ. The ointment poured on Aaron's head, consecrating him for his holy office, ran down to the skirts of his robe. Its scent, however far it descended and spread, diffused the divine honour of holy appointment resting upon his head. (Heb. v. 4.) The odour filled all the house where he was. Psalm cxxxiii. applies this resemblance to brethren dwelling together in unity, the bond of which is love. (Col. iii. 14.) The same Psalm compares it also to the dew of Hermon refreshing the distant mountains of Zion. So then, within the house and without, the blessing flows. The rich enjoyment of the sanctuary, like sweet-smelling ointment, redolent of Christ in His present glory, and the bringing of life through His Name to those who would otherwise die in their sins, both these are found where love to one another reigns among believers.

The Lord Jesus is not here, but our faith enjoys Him; the world neither sees nor knows Him. Consequently our love to Him is a thing which in itself the world is unable to recognise or appreciate. It is quite otherwise in regard to our love to our brethren. This is open to the eyes and under-

standing of all, a thing all can value at something of its real worth. Love to one another of that strength and quality denoted by the words, "As I have loved you," is a love painstaking and lavish, tender yet strong, forgiving but always holy. Observing its peculiar quality, the world is forced to the confession that this love is only learned in one school—where the pupils sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him. For other things men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus (Acts iv. 13), but none is so certain and ringing a testimony as this love. Even to the world it announces that **these are the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.**

Might was the outstanding qualification of those honoured worthies of David. But for Christ's glory, not might, not even power—spiritual powers and gifts as against physical strength—is the crowning evidence of discipleship, but mutual love. "Gifts" are distributed as God wills; not all are apostles or prophets or workers of miracles; but love to one another is all-pervading, the sure mark intended by the Lord to be universally seen in His redeemed so that the world may thereby know **that we are His disciples.**

To fulfil "HIS commandment" honours HIM.

The Lord towers above all others, masters and leaders among men, in requiring this unique trait among His followers. The world is used to discipline imposed by a present and visible authority among men whose mutual relations count little or nothing to their leader. He may even make their jealousies of each other serve his own selfish schemes. With our Lord and Master this requirement of love between fellow-disciples is paramount, and keeps before the world the witness of Him, "of Jesus and His love." So far as the eventual effect is concerned, He might have said, "By this shall all men know that I am your Lord." But then, men do not see *Him*. They do see His disciples, however, and so He said, "By this shall all men know that ye are *My* disciples." The love to one another of those it sees is irrefutable evidence to the world of One it does not see—the Lord of those who know His love and own His authority.

On the heathen world, multiplied cases like the love of Paul to the slave Onesimus made their impression. They might only seem to be drop by drop, but being unceasing they wore away the stone of incredulity. The love of Jew to Gentile in spiritual

MUTUAL LOVE.

141

service and of Gentile to Jew in carnal things must have been even more remarkable in the world of nineteen hundred years ago than it would be in certain parts of our modern world if this love suddenly overcame old hatreds that have now blazed up afresh. What common loyalty bound men together in love whom pride of race and position would otherwise have kept for ever aloof? The world can only answer, *They are the disciples of Christ.*

The world cannot *know* until the day of glory that the Father sent Him Who is our Lord, nor that the Father has loved us as He loved Him. (John xvii. 23.) In this day of darkness and unbelief, however, though the world owns Him not, it can never be uncertain as to the identity of these who so love one another—*they are the disciples of the Jesus, Whom it rejects.*

How is it with ME?

Is this love being shown? Am I making my contribution to this testimony by loving without shame or restraint all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity? And, of course, loving them and *showing* it, for how else is the world to know of its existence? Or am I adding my influence to foster dissension and discord among fellow-believers, or careless what happens to them? The world is very bitter and cynical about the enmities among the professed followers of the Prince of Peace. It may well be.

Let me not complain that others do not return my love. Rather let me rejoice that my communion with the Lord and Master, Who bore with ungrateful and uncomprehending disciples, is thereby deepened and enlarged. Like Paul, whose ambition ran on the lines of "fellowship with His sufferings," we will find at times that the more abundantly we love, the less we are loved. (2 Cor. xii. 15.) We may even be dismayed and stumbled at first by this experience. Faith, however, will aid us, looking through the eyes of our Lord, while His Word teaches us how He loves undeterred by thankless requital. Then again, like Paul, with Christ in the great gift and purpose of His love (Eph. v.) before us, let us notwithstanding say, "I will very gladly spend and be spent" for my brothers and sisters for whom He died.

T.D.

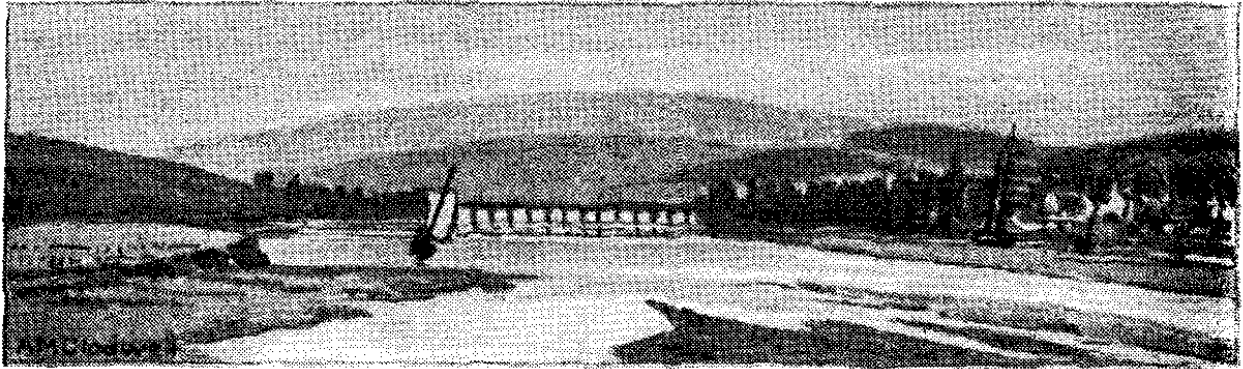
(142)

HOW THE ATHEIST'S MOUTH WAS CLOSED!

“ **L**OOK here! There is no God. And what's more, I'll come up to your Mission this afternoon and prove it! ”

This challenge was rattled off by the Second Officer, and was addressed to his visitor, the Lady Missionary from the Sailors' Rest near-by, who had just completed a round of calls on the ship's company.

The challenger was quite a scholarly fellow, keen for any discussion, and perhaps not a little proud of being a fluent speaker and a member of a London Debating Society, and—as his words showed—an Atheist.



Quietly accepting the challenge, an appointment was made for that afternoon, and his Chief who happened to be present gallantly offered to act as umpire, and

“ **See fair play for the Lady.** ”

It was not without some inward qualms and misgivings that the Missionary wended her way back to the “ Rest ”; for she recognised that she had no mean antagonist to face, but a man evidently well versed in his subject, and probably used to debate, and ready to meet with expert argument all that she could bring forward to prove the greatest fact in the universe, that “ God is! ” Moreover, she feared that in mere verbal combat she might find herself no match for such a skilled opponent, and that the cause which she had at heart might suffer loss if she were beaten.

However, she knew of *the one place* where true wisdom and courage is to be found, and there, like King Hezekiah of old, she humbly spread the matter before the Most High, and claimed His help. Thus, when at the appointed time

HOW THE ATHEIST'S MOUTH WAS CLOSED!

143

She found her opponent

and the umpire awaiting her in the General Room of the "Rest," it was in no strength of her own that she sat down at the table opposite them, and opened fire with the question: "So you don't believe there is a God?" "No, I don't," was the instant and eager reply, "and I'm here to prove it!" Very calmly came back the quiet assertion, "Well, I do, so before we begin to have our discussion I'm going to *pray* to Him!"

The prayer ended, she looked across to the Atheist, and nodded assent for him to open his case. But something had happened to the vain-glorious dueller, he appeared as one struck dumb!

A minute passed, a minute of deadly, intense silence, then another, and another, and still in the embarrassing silence no word escaped from those mute lips. What was wrong with this fine fellow who was never at a loss for words? It was evident that the fluent speaker could not speak.

"Come on!" urged the Chief, losing patience and giving his junior a dig in the ribs, "say something!" The umpire was of course exceeding his duties, he was there not to incite but to decide: though the smile with which he regarded his silent friend suggested that he thoroughly enjoyed the situation.

But every incentive was in vain,

The One Who closed the Lion's Mouth

in Daniel's den, had now closed this lion's mouth, and no urging could open it. "Do speak up!" again came the pressing urge, "you've got plenty enough to say aboard anyway." But no reply came from the sealed mouth, and silence again reigned supreme.

At last the umpire arising shook hands with the victor, and announced the verdict, "You've won!" "No," she corrected, "God has won." True words indeed with which to conclude such a well-nigh miraculous happening!

But ere the loser stepped out through the door, with sailor-like honesty and frankness he shook hands with his opponent, as he left this parting message to gladden her heart. "One thing be sure of," said he, "I shall never again say 'There is no God,' although I don't believe in Him as you do!" And who can tell where such a *beginning* as that may end?

(By courtesy of *Living Links*.)

(144)

WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING!

THIS was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the window.

" Good-bye, daddy; good-bye! Mother has come for me to-night. Don't cry, daddy; *we'll all meet again in the morning.*"

It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under his burden; for something assured him that his little one had gone to Him Who said, " Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

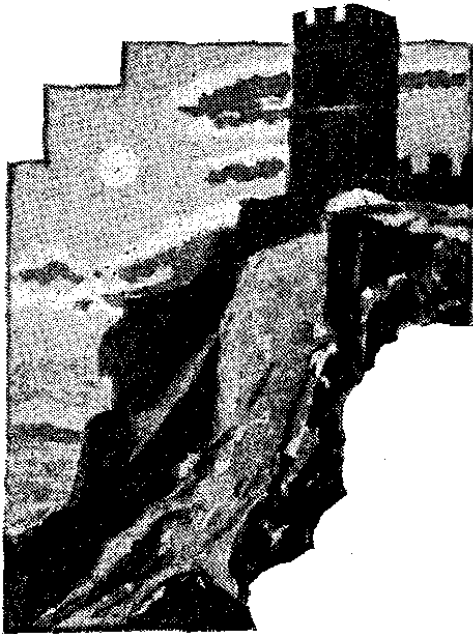
There is something heartening and inspiring to all who are in trouble in this, " We'll all meet again in the morning." Clouds may gather upon our paths, disappointments gather around us, but all this cannot destroy the hope within us, if we have this in our hearts—" *All will be bright in the morning!*"

L.H.C.T.



" AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

REV. xxii. 5



I AM waiting in the shadow for the
light that yet shall dawn—
For the glory of the morning that
will some time come to me;
When the last faint clouds of night-
tide from my sight will be
withdrawn,
And mine eyes shall see!

Even here I catch faint glimpses of
the radiance that awaits;
And my spirit seems to learn some
fragments of a far-off song;
There the light is never clouded,
and away beyond the gates,
I shall know ere long.

Only now my spirit lingers, bound within this house of clay—
May not break her mortal fetters yet, and be for ever free—
Waits to put on life, and pass into the glory of the day,
Where her home shall be.

EDITH HICKMAN DIVALL

(By courtesy of Messrs. Pickering & Inglis.)

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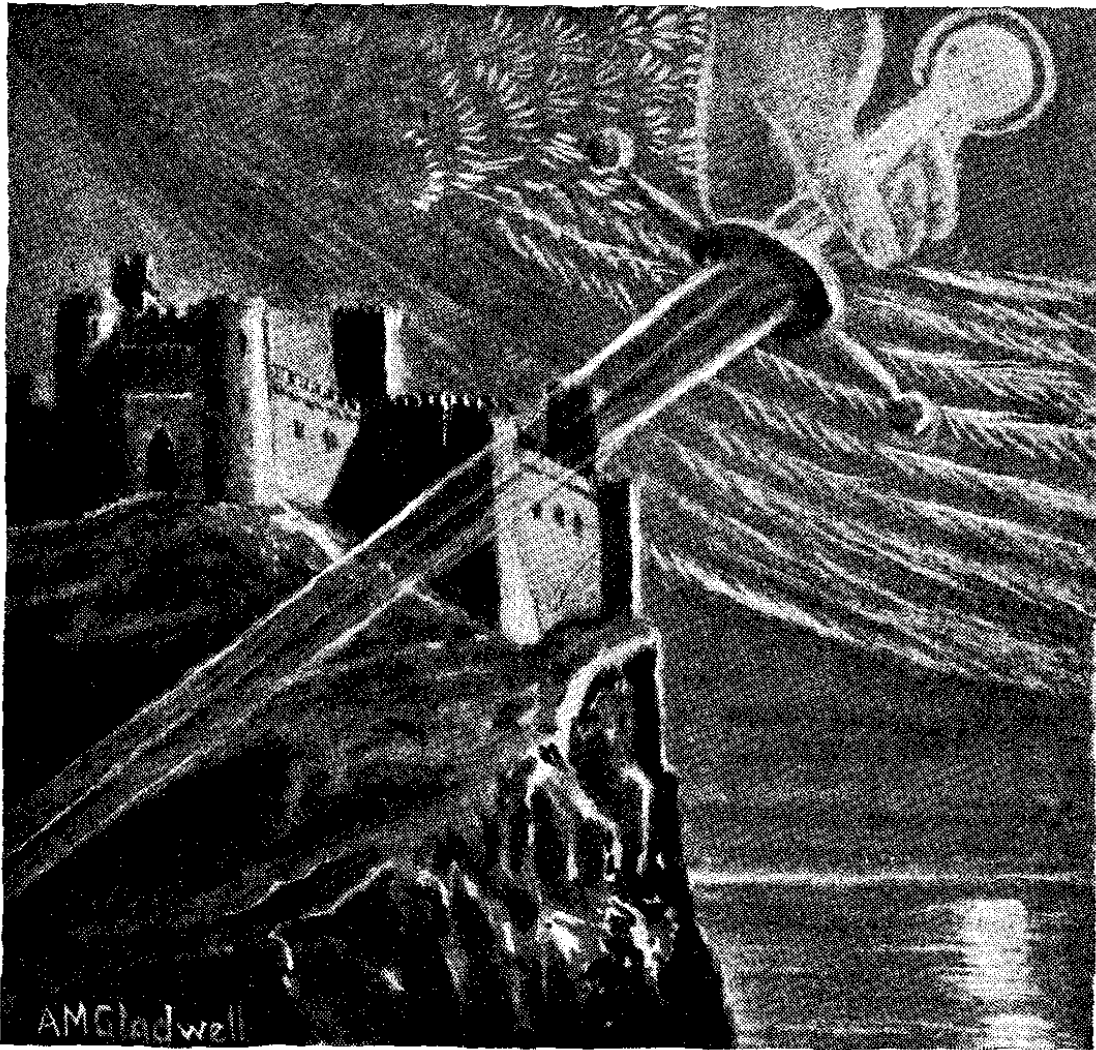
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A Message from God

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.



“The Lord is my Rock, and my Fortress, and my Deliverer; the God of my rock; in Him will I trust: He is my Shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my Refuge, my Saviour.”
(II Sam. xxii. 2, 3.)

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(146)

THE WILDERNESS FOOD.

(I Kings xvii. 2)

ACCORDING to the word of God
His way Elijah took,
Toward the silent wilds untrod
By Cherith's lonely brook;
Nor doubted as he onward sped
That God would send him daily bread.

No footstep sought his solitude,
No manna fell from heaven,
No angel brought ethereal food
Yet full supplies were given;
Each morn and eve with bread and meat
The ravens flew to his retreat.

And there, alone with God, he lived
In meditation high,
And light and faith and power received
As weeks and months rolled by—
Who knows what glories met his sight
To fit him for his work of might?

IS GOD UNCHANGED? Is He the same
Who fed Elijah there?
YES, EVERLASTING IS HIS NAME!
UNCEASING IS HIS CARE!
Who rests in Him may rest secure—
His bread is given, his waters sure.

(147)

DAILY STRENGTH.

“ Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.” (Deut. xxxiii. 25.)

“ **AS** thy days thy strength shall be,”
Hear the Father say to thee.
Days when clouds are hanging low;
And the sun is hid from view;
Days of body-racking pain;
Aching heart and weary brain;
Hear thy Father say to thee—
“ As thy days thy strength shall be.”

“ As thy days thy strength shall be,”
Hear the Father say to thee.
Days of famine, scanty store,
Hunger knocking at the door;
Days when death has come to bide,
When your dear one leaves your side;
Then thy Father speaks to thee—
“ As thy days thy strength shall be.”

JENNIE GALE IRWIN.

“ **The Trial of Your Faith** ” (1 Pet. i. 7). Faith untried may be true faith, but it is sure to be little faith, and it is likely to remain dwarfish so long as it is without trials. Faith never prospers as well as when all things are against her: tempests are her trainers, and lightnings are her illuminators. When a calm reigns on a sea, spread the sails as you will, the ship moves not to its harbour; for on a slumbering ocean the keel sleeps too. Let the winds rush howling forth, and let the waters lift up themselves, then, though the vessel may rock, and her deck may be washed with rains, and her mast may creak under the pressure of the full and swelling sail, it is then that she makes headway toward her desired haven.

No flowers wear so lovely a blue as those which grow at the foot of the frozen glacier; no stars gleam so brightly as those which glisten in the polar sky; no water tastes so sweet as that which springs amid the desert sand; and no faith is so precious as that which lives and triumphs in adversity. Tried faith brings experience. You could not have believed your own weakness had you not been compelled to pass through the

rivers; and you would never have known God's strength had you not been supported amid the flood waters. Faith increases in solidity, assurance, and intensity, the more it is exercised with tribulation. Faith is precious, and its trial is precious too. Let not this, however, discourage those who are young in faith. You will have trials enough without seeking them; the full portion will be measured out to you in due season. But learn to trust, and you shall yet have more and more of the blessings of God, till your faith shall remove mountains and conquer impossibilities.

**“ Just to leave in His dear Hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care,
Sorely pressing
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.”**

“ Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations:

That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: . . . Whom having not seen, ye love ” (1 Peter i. 6-8).

“ He always sends His staff with His rod.”

Tracks of God.

“ Father,” asked Thomas, looking up from his studies, “ how do you know there is a God? ”

“ Why, what makes you ask that question? Do you doubt the existence of God? ”

“ Well, I heard one of the students say you could not be sure there is a God. Is there any way really to know? ”

“ Well, my boy, do you remember the other day that you were laughing about Robinson Crusoe's dismay at discovering that there were other persons on the island besides himself? How did he discover them? Did he see them? No; he dis-

covered one track of a bare foot in the sand, and he knew that it could not be his own. He knew that only a human being could have made it, and he knew that whosoever had made it could not be far off, for the tide had not yet reached it. All those things he knew to be true, although he had not seen a human being within miles of the island. And the knowledge was all gained from a mark in the sand.

“ If one print of a bare foot in the sand is absolute proof of the existence and presence of a human being, what are we to suppose when we see the prints of the Master’s shoe, as Bunyan calls it, covering the whole wide world? We see on mountain and valley the print of the fingers of God. We see a million flowers and plants and trees that only God could make grow. We see all the rivers and the springs of the world fed from the sky. We see a great universe, perfectly made and ordered from the tiniest speck to the greatest of all the worlds. What do all those things mean—those millions upon millions of footprints in the clay of the world? They mean God living, present, ruling and loving! They mean **God** and nothing else.”

“ **Praying and reading every day
Will keep you in the narrow way;
Neglect of these will surely be
Sadness and sorrow of heart to thee.”**

DR. F. B. MEYER.

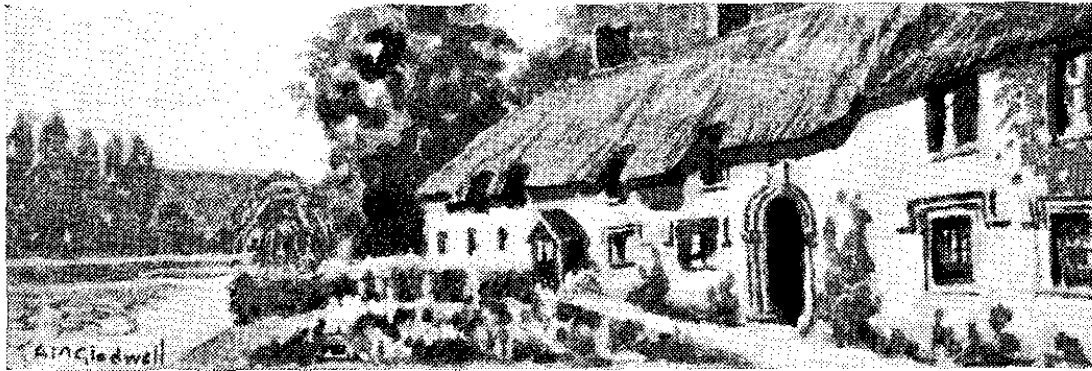


DEATH CALLS A MODERNIST.

A CHRISTIAN woman wrote thus in reply to a minister’s letter challenging her condemnation of the Higher Criticism:—“ Less than three months ago, I was having my morning hour of prayer when there came to me a strong impression that I must go and see a woman who had never been other than the merest acquaintance and whom I had not seen more than two or three times in twenty years. I was disturbed at the idea. If I was mistaken in supposing myself called to make this visit I would be put in a very awkward position, for the disease was cancer of the throat, and it would seem likely under such circumstances that an outsider would

be unwelcome. But as I prayed on, the call became clearer, and I went.

“Death was written large on the woman’s ghastly face. The moment the nurse left the room I began to speak of Christ, dealing in general terms, for I knew nothing of her spiritual state. Then she told me that two days before it had come to her, for the first time, that she was going to die. And she realised at once that she was not ready. She had been converted as a young woman at a Methodist altar; had joined the church of which she had always been an attendant, and for years was accounted a faithful Christian. But when Dr. — began to promulgate his views as to a limited inspira-



tion, she accepted them. Then some one else’s teachings as to further deletions from God’s Word were incorporated into her belief. And so it went. It is a toboggan slide for the average church-member, if they at all understand and seriously consider and accept the views of those who believe only in partial inspiration. From one negation to another had she gone till the divinity of Christ was in doubt and the atonement had gone utterly by the board.

“Once roused, this dying woman cast about her for help. She went over the names of half a dozen old-fashioned Christians whom she knew, but each one was ill or away or otherwise hindered from coming. Then she thought of me, but we were so slightly acquainted that she shrank from thus appealing to an almost stranger. But the God to Whom she cried in her deepest need sent me the message. ‘What made you come?’ she asked. And when I told her, a light broke over her skeleton of a face. If God had heard one prayer, He would hear another, she thought, **and He surely did!**

DEATH CALLS A MODERNIST.

151

"But once her soul was saved, the terrible fact that her life had been lost weighed on her. If only she could be spared to take back the pernicious theories she had rejoiced to scatter carelessly among her friends. It was not to be, and a few weeks later she was taken, trusting alone in the merits and death of her Saviour. This is only one case of the many I personally know."

SCRIPTURE.

MUST not the facts bring the true-hearted Modernist back to the **Book**? A leading Modernist journal of the world, the *Christian Century* of Chicago, says approvingly: "The mighty idol of totalitarianism has caused the Christian Church in the West to go back to the springs of its life—to its Bible, its creeds, its Christ." Henry Drummond, whose *Natural Law in the Spiritual Word* helped tragically toward what is now called Modernism, said on his deathbed to Sir William Dawson: "**I am going back to the Book to believe it and receive it as I did at first. I can live no longer on uncertainties. I am going back to the faith of the Word of God.**"
By courtesy of "*Living Links*."

FROM THE LEAGUE OF THE GODLESS TO CHRIST.

By RALPH E. UNDERWOOD.



I WAS born of Christian parents. My mother died when I was only seven years old, and it was necessary to send me to an orphanage. Though recommended to my father as being a Christian home, it was anything but Christian. Five years of incarceration in that home was more than enough to turn me against religion. I got started wrong and I became a God-hater instead of a God-lover. I embraced atheism in its entirety. I was convinced that

152 FROM THE LEAGUE OF THE GODLESS TO CHRIST.

God was a myth and that Christ was not necessary. I regarded the Bible as a Jewish "scrap-book" filled with absurd legends. To this day I believe my bitter experiences as a boy turned me toward atheism.

Determined to acquire an education, I devoted many hours to studying and reading in public libraries. I was particularly interested in anti-religious addresses, and I read all the standard free-thought literature—Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire, and others. Joining hands with other infidels, I soon became an active worker for the cause. While yet in my early teens I started delivering lectures against religion. This I did in a most blasphemous fashion. I referred to my general activities as "pulling Jehovah's whiskers," and I used other terrible blasphemous expressions which I now shudder to even think of, and hesitate to repeat. My tongue was tipped with acid when I spoke; my friends called me the "champion blasphemer."

I travelled over the country, lectured and debated in many of the large cities, distributed thousands of copies of infidel books and pamphlets, and waged a tireless warfare against Christianity. In Chicago I met a man—Martin S. Charles—who was to become my colleague and inseparable partner in atheism. A more zealous, blasphemous, hard-working team of atheists than Charles and Underwood could not be found anywhere. In many parts of America there still exist infidel and free-thought societies that were founded by Charles and Underwood. In 1931 we founded the Godless Age Publishing Company, with headquarters in San Francisco. We printed and distributed thousands of copies of booklets and folders, as well as the official organ of the American branch of the International League of the Militant Godless, a monthly magazine known as *The Godless World*. Martin S. Charles was the owner and editor of this magazine, while I was the associate editor and director of publication.

* * * *

One day a great tragedy entered into the life of my friend Charles. The loss of his wife left him heart-broken and disconsolate. He soon lost all interest in our work and became subject to extreme melancholy. He started to wander aimlessly about the country in a vain attempt to find relief. He

FROM THE LEAGUE OF THE GODLESS TO CHRIST. 15?

eventually reached the place where he thought of suicide as the only way out of his troubles. On three different occasions I intervened in the nick of time to prevent him from taking his own life; twice I found poison in his possession, and another time I found him unconscious from poison fumes in the garage. He had closed the garage doors and left the engine running, while he sat in the car awaiting certain death.

I decided to leave the city for a visit with my family in Oregon. I remained only a few days, fearing that I would find my friend Charles dead when I returned. And he had expected to be dead; so much so, in fact, that he had left instructions for me to dispose of his remains with a typical atheist funeral. He had instructed me to personally conduct his funeral and to permit no minister of the gospel, *under any circumstances*, to say anything over his body, or, he wrote, "*I will get right up and call him a liar.*" But when I returned Charles was far from dead. In fact, he was very much alive! Wonder of wonders, he had actually found God!

The evening of my return to the city I had conducted a street-corner meeting at the intersection of 10th and Broadway. Before a crowd of several hundred persons I had launched into a blasphemous attack on religion, much to the delight of my godless listeners. But one of my listeners was not delighted. That was my friend Martin S. Charles, who had spent most of the day searching for me after learning that I had returned to the city that morning. At the close of my address I went over to where Charles stood with his back to a store window, and I asked him how he liked my talk—expecting the usual reply. I was surprised when he informed me that he didn't like it. He seemed to be steeling himself to say something very important and serious. And very shortly he let it out. I'll never forget the feeling of utter surprise and shock that came over me when my friend told me that we were both wrong in our beliefs, *that there was a God after all!*

"Ralph," he said, "I know you won't be able to understand, but I have found God all over again; found Him just as I knew Him in my boyhood days!" No, I *didn't* understand. How could I understand? I had been steeped in unbelief from boyhood, and had *never* known the heavenly Father. Mine wasn't a case of being a backslider; I had never

154 FROM THE LEAGUE OF THE GODLESS TO CHRIST.

had any knowledge of God in the first place. To say that I was thunderstruck at Charles' statement is putting it mildly! I was left speechless; such a thing was unthinkable. So I decided to humour him (much as I am told inmates of mental hospitals are humoured). If he insisted on being "saved," then I would let him be saved. I patted him on the shoulder and said, "Of course you're saved"; but he knew that I didn't mean it and told me as much.

The days passed. I heard from the lips of my friend the old but ever new story of Jesus the Christ. I had never heard it in just that way before. It wasn't as though I were hearing a prepared sermon dealing with what God *can* do, but I was hearing a man testify to what God *had done!* How wonderful it is to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation through individual witnessing! Charles exhorted me day and night. I often remark that he preached the longest sermon I ever heard. It lasted day and night for about ten days. I can thank God at this hour for his persistence. One day he succeeded in talking me into kneeling with him in prayer. While he prayed for my soul I gazed at the wallpaper, bored to distraction.

A few days later Charles invited me to go to church. Of course, I didn't want to go, but I finally consented after much coaxing. I felt rather out of place in that house of God, and especially so when I saw a young man there who was the leader of a group of gospel workers who conducted street meetings on the same corner where I conducted my atheistic meetings. On several occasions I had so incited the fury of the street mob against him and his co-workers that they were driven from the street. But he always returned, sooner or later, wearing the same smile and displaying the same courage that I so secretly admired. He was an 18 carat Christian, and had no desire to seek revenge; he was seeking souls for Christ.

As I stood there in that church hoping that this young man would not see me, he suddenly looked straight at me, and his eyes grew wide with surprise. Rushing down the aisle, he came toward me. Fearing for my safety, I looked around for some way out of the building. He grabbed me by the hand and told me how happy he was to see me. Several shook hands with me, some rather timidly. But not a person was

FROM THE LEAGUE OF THE GODLESS TO CHRIST. 155

the least bit offensive. For the first time in my life I was looking at people who lived up to the "love thine enemies" creed. At least it was my first contact with them, so far as I knew. I can't recall the sermon that night; but I was beginning to suffer from an old-fashioned case of conviction of sin. And when conviction seizes upon the heart of the unsaved there is no peace or rest for that person until he seeks the face of God. I didn't sleep well. I was beginning to doubt my unbeliefs. It seemed that the very foundations of my atheism slowly crumbled and fell at my feet. A feeling of remorse was clutching at my heart. I could hear my old father reprimanding me for my infidelity.

My desire to know the truth eventually triumphed. One evening I went to church with Charles, and when the invitation was given, I went forward to the altar, dropped to my knees and tried to pray, but it seemed that unseen hands clutched at my throat. I could literally feel the pressure on my throat. The words that I tried to form were cut off before they passed my lips. At a late hour, almost midnight, I had still uttered not a word and I decided to go home, fearing that I was keeping others there who wanted to leave. So I went. It seems that God spoke to two of the men who had been kneeling with me at the altar. They walked out with me, and together with Brother Charles, we went to our rooms. At their suggestion we four knelt on the floor and for nearly two hours those three men prayed earnestly for my soul, asking God to reveal Himself to my heart.

As the hour approached two a.m. I had a terrifying vision of myself standing before the judgment throne of God. Some will argue that my vision was purely imaginary; but to me it was real. I realised then the awfulness of my position and my immediate need for "outside" help. I could see myself standing there before God, my friends pleading my case for me, but myself uttering not a word in my own behalf. I suddenly had a great desire to speak for myself, and it was then that I commenced to pray, for the first time in my life. I needed no suggestive prayer to repeat after. From the depths of my being I talked to God that night, and my prayers did not go unheeded! The first prayer I had ever uttered brought about the most wonderful experience I had ever had. That night I was gloriously saved! My doubts and fears fled like the

156 FROM THE LEAGUE OF THE GODLESS TO CHRIST.

wind, and from that hour to the present I have never wondered for one instant about my salvation.

My conversion took place in the headquarters of the godless movement. I was literally a "brand plucked from the burning." The experience of Mr. Charles and myself was the most astounding thing that ever happened in the atheistic movement of the Pacific coast. To-day, almost six years after my experience with God, I am combating atheism in every way possible, and trying by all means to win the lost to the Saviour.

The Christian Victory Magazine.



TO-MORROW.

HOW often do we hear the expression: "To-morrow!" The business man confidently makes his plans for to-morrow; the farmer prepares his ground for sowing and planting to-morrow, friends part with, "See you to-morrow," and so in all walks of life people live in expectancy of another day—aye, and of months and of years. I have no doubt that thoughts and plans for the future are natural and form part of human civilisation, being based on the assumption that as things have gone on in the past, so will they in the future. Even as I write, I may have to put my pen down, trusting to pick it up again "To-morrow." How do we know that to-morrow, with its fulfilment of to-day's plans will eventuate? How often do we find that the morrow brings changes which we had not reckoned on to-day!

In these days of rapid changes with the rise and fall of Governments, world-wide distress of nations and increasing

crime; in fact in every phase of life we need to pause and consider. Let us make the application in the first person: "What do I know about to-morrow?" We say: "Well, of course, that is if all goes well, or I hope so, etc., otherwise *I do not know*." Now once this is admitted let us go further and ask: "Who does know?" There is One who knows—the Almighty One. He says, "I am God, there is NONE like Me, declaring the end from the beginning. . . ." (Isaiah xlv. 10; John 1, 1-3.) He has not left us in darkness as to what the future holds. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but *My words* shall not pass away." (Matthew xxiv. 35.) "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass . . . but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you!" (I Peter i. 24-25.) This same Word says "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Proverbs xxvii. 1.) "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell . . . whereas ye know *not* what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away" (James iv. 13); "Or as a weaver's shuttle" (Job vii. 6); "We spend our years as a tale that is told" (Psalm xc. 9). These comparisons of life and time in God's sight are summed up in Psalm xc. 4: "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

Dear reader, it is in view of the great *eternity* which you have to face, and perhaps to-morrow may be your first step into *eternity*! For you, it will be one of two destinies, to be with Christ (Phil. i. 21-23; II Cor. v. 8, etc.), or with the wicked dead awaiting the last resurrection (Luke xvi. 19-31) to appear before the Great White Throne, and be dismissed into everlasting punishment in the lake of fire, with the Devil and his angels. (Rev. xx. 10-15.)

After death the judgment (Heb. ix. 27). Everyone must give an account to God (Rom. xiv. 12).

There are only two classes—*saved* and *unsaved*. By the former I mean those who have found in Jesus Christ their rest and peace, having the blessed assurance that the work of redemption for them was accomplished upon the Cross of Calvary when Christ Himself bore their sins in His Own Body

on the tree (I Peter ii. 24). "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Ephesians i. 7), "They are assured of *eternal* life" (John iii. 15-16; x. 27-29; I John v. 11-12, etc.), "Having experienced the saving power" (Romans i. 16; Hebrews vii. 25) are realising the keeping power (I Peter i. 5; I Thess. v. 23; II Timothy i. 12) and awaiting day by day that resurrection power (I Thess. iv. 14-17; I Cor. xv. 51-53; Phil. iii. 20-21), when "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the *dead in Christ* shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we *ever* be with the Lord." "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." What a moment! when the completed Church and Bride will rise at the voice of her Head and Bridegroom. The wheat will be gathered into His garner, but the chaff will He burn up with unquenchable fire (Matthew iii. 12).

A.R.C.



"BEHOLD I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

(Rev. xxi. 5)

CHRISt is building His Kingdom with earth's broken things.

Men want only the strong, the successful, the victorious, the unbroken, in building their kingdoms.

But our God is the God of the unsuccessful—those who have failed.

Heaven is filling with lives that were broken on earth, and there is no "bruised reed" that Christ cannot take and restore to glorious blessedness and beauty.

He can take the life crushed by pain or sorrow and make it into a harp whose music shall be all praise. And He can lift the saddest failure to heaven's glory.

Reader, God can do all this for *you* through Jesus Christ, who died for you. O! lay hold of this wonderful salvation. Take Jēsus as your Saviour, trust wholly in Him and He will save *you*.

“ BEHOLD I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW.”

159

“ Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and unto our God, for He will abundantly pardon.” (Isaiah lv. 6, 7.)



OH, HOW HE LOVES !

“ His is love beyond all other, Oh, how He loves.”

SOMEONE in Canada told me this. A mother loved her son dearly and she packed him up a parcel; she thought a lot about it and what she put in it, and she carried it down to the village and posted it off to him herself. He took it in and wrote across it, “ I don’t want your love and I won’t have your gift,” and he posted it back again! “ Oh! ” you exclaim, “ I’d never do that to my mother! ” Well, Someone loves you far more than any mother, and He has sent *you* a gift. “ The gift of God is eternal life ” (Rom. vi. 23), and He put in it the forgiveness of all your sins, and the Holy Spirit, and heaven to be your home, and other things beside. It cost Him more than all the money in the world, for it cost Him His own life blood on the Cross. “ Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, He was buried, and He rose again according to the Scriptures.” What have *you* done about it? Have you, in your heart, sent it back and said “ I don’t want Your love and I won’t have Your gift? ” Think about it now. Spend a little while thinking about it and how you have treated *Him*.

A boy said to me, “ How can I come to Him; how do I do it? ” Well, you don’t go up in an aeroplane, and you don’t die, and you don’t go to any certain place to come to Him. You just kneel down and tell Him you come! The boy knelt down and told Him then.

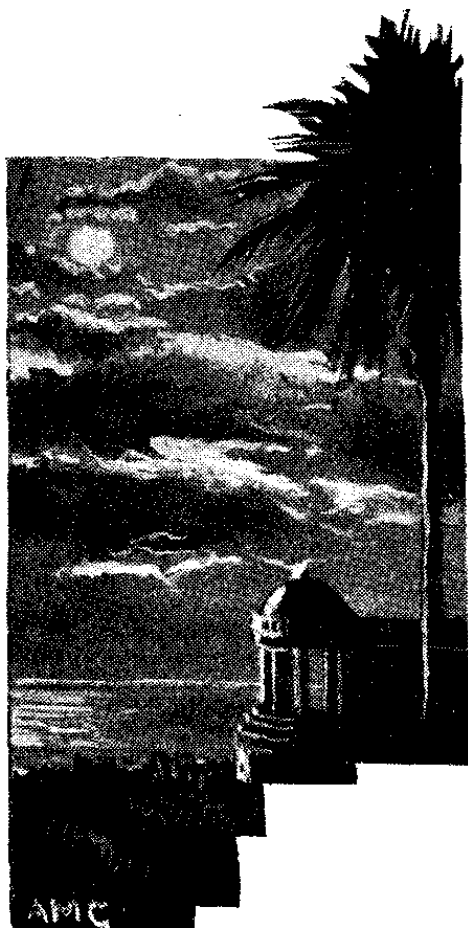
And if you can’t kneel down, you think it to Him in your heart. “ Lord Jesus, I’m a sinner. I know I deserve hell, but I come to Thee now and take Thee as my Saviour. I mean it. Thank You for dying for me.” Amen.

“ I take Thy gift, O Lord, I give myself to Thee,
For I believe Thy word that Thou hast died for ME.”

Ah! the One Who died to save you rose again and lives to keep you! His is love beyond a mother's. Oh! *how* He loves! Read Isaiah xlix. 15. "Can a woman forget her child . . . yea they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Blessed Saviour! Would you know Him? Oh! how He loves. Give yourself entirely to Him. Oh! how He loves! "We will remember Thy love" (Song of Solomon i. 4). Yes, that's what He wants you to do now! Let it sweeten and change your whole life. Read His Word, His love letter to your own heart, and thank Him over and over again, for Oh! what His salvation means! "Not only snatched from burning hell, but to God's bosom brought!" Yes, He makes us "accepted in the Beloved" (Ephes. i. 6). His Own righteousness He puts upon us, and God sees us in Him—to be before God in Christ for ever. Think of it—let the joy of His love flood your whole soul now and for ever! "The Son of God Who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

**Love moved Him to die, I cannot tell why
But this I can tell, He loved me so well
He laid down His life, to save me from hell.**

E.G.



NOT FAR.

**[I]t is not far to go;
It is not long to wait;
Red on the coals and low
Our bivouac-fires burn late.
The night is in the sky,
The snow is on the steep:
Hope of the dawning nigh
Has held our hearts from sleep.**

**A little while, and red
The flash of dawn shall thrill
The grey clouds overhead,
The far snow-crested hill:
And through the wide-flung gate
God's morning bugles blow.
It is not long to wait,
It is not far to go.**

Dohnavur Fellowship.

NOVEMBER, 1938.

One Penny Net.

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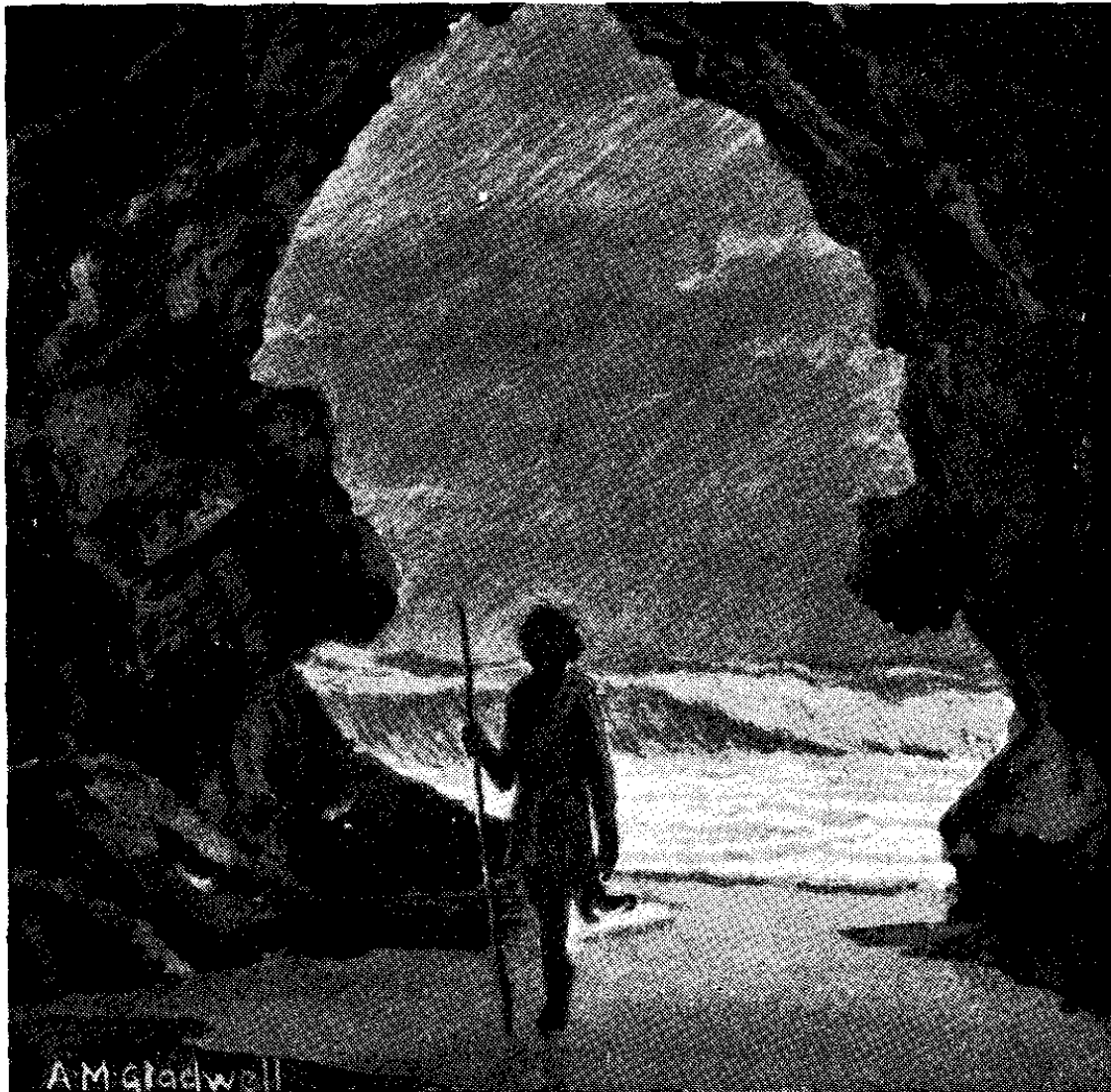
A Message from God

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.



“I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest. . . . Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.” (Psalm lv. 8, 22.)

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(162)

PEACE.

“ **WE** ask for peace, oh Lord!
Thy children ask for peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease;
That through bright, sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day—
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

“ We ask for peace, oh Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure:
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe;—
Thou, oh dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

“ We ask Thy peace, oh Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on
Through a long, struggling life;
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls
Our wasted might;
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.”

A. A. PROCTER.

(163)

RESTING ON JESUS.

“ There was leaning on Jesus’ bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved.” (John xiii. 23.)

WE are not told the name of this disciple, but we know him by his place and posture. What were the traits in John’s character which made him the beloved disciple? One was his humility; another was his love. Artists always paint his face in features of gentleness and affectionateness. Another of his winning traits was his trust. He never seems to have doubted.

When was it that he reclined on Jesus’ bosom? It was in a time of great darkness. The Master was about to go away, and all the hopes of His disciples were being destroyed. But where was John in that darkness? Sorrow, instead of driving us into despair, should drive us nearer to Christ—to His bosom.

Where was it that John leaned? On Jesus’ breast. Not merely on His arm, the place of strength; nor upon His shoulder, the place of upholding; but on His bosom, the place of love and tenderness. It is good to know that the Divine omnipotence is underneath us in all our weakness; but mere omnipotence is cold. How much better it is when omnipotence has the heart of love within it.

But **what** did John do? He **leaned**. He rested his weight on the omnipotent love of his Lord. Christ wants all His friends to lean upon Him. He wants to carry our burdens for us. He wants us to lay upon Him all our cares; and more than this—**ourselves**. He wants to bear us, as well as our loads.

J. R. MILLER, D.D.



ASKING IN FAITH.

“ Ask in faith, nothing wavering.” (James i. 6.)

ONE of the greatest mistakes that we can make is to imagine that God concerns Himself with our **big** troubles only, that He neither notices nor cares about our lesser trials. Nothing could be further from the truth, nor is such a supposition scriptural, for in Psalm l. 15 God inspired David to write: ‘ Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver

thee " in Psalm xlv. 1, " God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble "; and in Psalm xxvii. 5, " In the time of trouble He shall hide me. "

Nowhere in the Bible do we read that God makes any distinction between what we call **big** troubles and **little** troubles; His sympathy is just the same for both; moreover, He cares for each one of us individually, and grieves for us in all our trials and disappointments.

There is no trouble which is too small or too insignificant to bring to God in prayer, none out of which He cannot deliver us, but on the condition that " we ask (Him) **in faith, nothing wavering,** " as Jesus said to His disciples: " If ye have faith . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you " (St. Matthew xvii. 20).

Yet how often when confronted by minor trials we either accept them as great misfortunes, laying the blame on our " bad luck, " forgetting that nothing happens by chance, that everything is fore-ordained by God, Who is a **God of love**, and consequently " **all things work together for good** to them that love Him "; or else we brood and worry over them to such an extent that our health gives way under the strain.

A far better way is simply to " cast our burden upon the Lord, " and then trust Him for deliverance.

If we do so believing that " with God all things are possible, " we shall not be disappointed, for no matter what our particular trouble may be, **God " is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think "** (Eph. iii. 20).

Let me give you one instance, out of many, from my own experience.

One morning I gave my bearer a ten-rupee Treasury note, telling him to change it during the afternoon, so that he might have small change handy for the market next morning. (In India it is the custom for servants to go and buy the daily food between six and seven o'clock in the morning, and very few of the stall keepers can conveniently change Treasury notes at such an early hour.)

At about eleven o'clock that night he came to me, in great distress, to tell me he had forgotten until that moment to change the note, which he had put loose in the inside pocket of his coat, and now could not find it anywhere.

ASKING IN FAITH.

165

Late as it was, we searched everywhere in my flat where he might have possibly put it by mistake, but could not trace it. Just before getting into bed I told God about the loss, and asked Him to help us find the note, for with the exception of about two rupees, it was all the money I had by me until my allowance arrived from England ten days later, and having done so I fell quickly asleep, feeling sure that everything would come right the next day: either the money would be found, or else God would "supply my need" in some other way.

Early next morning, as my bearer was wheeling his bicycle past the verandah to go to the market, he suddenly noticed a folded piece of paper lying on the ground, and from sheer curiosity he stooped and picked it up, and on unfolding it saw it was the ten rupee note he had lost.

It must have slipped out of his pocket when he took out some other things, and falling on the path, lay there undiscovered, in spite of the fact that several people had passed that way to reach some cottages at the further end of the compound.

Let us never hesitate for one single moment to seek God's help in any trouble or difficulty, for although He may have **allowed** it to happen in order to test our faith in Him, He is nevertheless watching over us all the time, ready to help and deliver us, and the more we trust Him, so much the more shall we find that He is "**able to save to the uttermost.**"

LOUISE GROS.



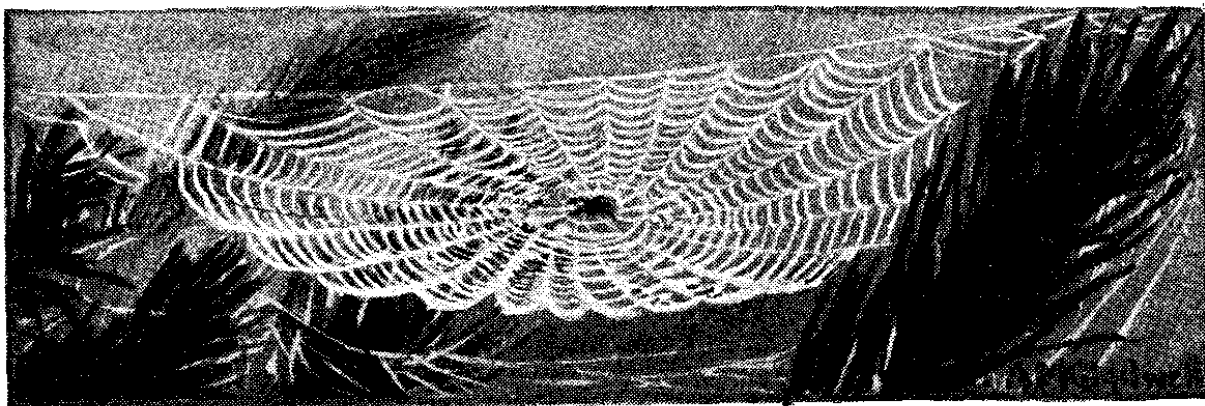
COME.

THERE is such a drawing power in these words, for Jesus does not only say, "Come with your burden of sin, and be saved," but He wants us to keep on coming to Him every day; aye, many times a day. Whenever you have a worry, come to Him; whenever you are tempted, come to Him; whenever you have sinned, come to Him, and you will find that He will ease you, He will give you rest. SEL.

THE ability of God is beyond our prayers, beyond our largest prayers. I have been thinking of some of the petitions that have entered into my supplication innu-

merable times. What have I asked for? I have asked for a cupful, and the ocean remains! I have asked for a sunbeam, and the sun abides! My best asking falls immeasurably short of my Father's giving. It is beyond that we can ask.

J. H. JOWETT.



YEDDIE'S FIRST COMMUNION.

A POOR idiot, who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him Who, while He is the High and Holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him; and because he had been told in sport that, if he once rode over the hills to kirk in a donkey cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen-Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cotters, and always replied in the same words: "Na, na; ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart; so I'll aye gang on my ain feet up to the courts of the Lord's house, and be talking to Himsel' as I gang."

Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen One, he asked, "What ghost or goblin are you

YEDDIE'S FIRST COMMUNION.

167

begging favours of now, Yeddie? ” “ Neither the one or the tither, laddie,” he replied. “ I was just having a few words wi’ Him that neither yersel’ nor I can see, and yet wi’ Him that sees the baith o’ us! ” The poor fellow was talking to God, while the careless wise ones laughingly said, “ He is talking to himself.”

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said, “ Please, minister, let Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi’ the Lord Jesus.” The good man was preparing for the observance of the Lord’s Supper, which came only quarterly in that thinly-settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together; so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air.

He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded, “ Oh, minister, **if ye but kenned how I love Him**, ye wud let me go where He’s to sit at table! ” This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near and drove good horses.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor boy, and at the Name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully and whisper, “ But I dinna see Him.” At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and, looking in the minister’s face, nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands and buried it almost between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply, until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said: “ Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He’s seen the Face o’ the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile fro’ His eye and a word fro’ His tongue; and He’s afeared to speak, lest he lose memory o’t; for it’s but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah! lads, lads, I ha’ seen Him

this day that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes **yon lovely Man**. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

The boys looked on in wonder, and one whispered to another, "Sure, he's na longer daft! The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treacle" untasted; and after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Ay, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking Ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more! Oh, ay! but this is a bonny loft, all goold. The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night!" And then his voice grew softer and softer, till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbouring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And beside all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before since the parish paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own portion and mine, too, and then cried for more; such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live; I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him.'"

"Noo, Molly," replied granny's guest, "doesna' that remind ye o' the words o' our Lord Himself, when He tell'd them that bid Him eat, 'I ha' meat to eat that ye know not of'? Who'll dare to say that the blessed Hand that fed the multitude when they were seated upon the grass, has na' been feeding the poor Yeddie as he sat at His table?"

"Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face of yon lad as he cam' into the cot! It just shone, and at first, even afore he spoke a

YEDDIE'S FIRST COMMUNION.

169

word, I thocht he was carrying a candle in his hand! I e'en hope he brocht the blessing hame wi' him, to 'bide on the widow. Aweel, aweel," continued granny; "if I get the reward it'll not be because I wrought for **that**. I seemed ne'er to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphanted lad, that I was mindin' one o' His little ones; I ken it better to-night."

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her pillow to perform his humble tasks herself. She brought peat from the stack, and water from the spring. She spread her humble table, and made the "porritch"; and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half-sitting, half-kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand on his head, but instantly recoiled. While she was sleeping, the crown of the ransomed, which fadeth not away, had been put upon his brow. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, and as he slept—he had gone to be with Him.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this evident token that Christ had been among them; and the funeral of the idiot boy was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed, as if a great loss had fallen on the community, instead of the parish having been relieved of a burden. Poor "granny" was not left alone in her cot; for He Who had come thither after that last supper with Yeddie was with her, and His promise was fulfilled: "I will not leave you comfortless."

*By permission of the British Gospel
Book Association, Liverpool.*

**BROKEN THINGS.**

IT is when a grain of corn is broken up in the earth by death that its inner heart sprouts forth and bears hundreds of other grains. God must have broken things. Those who are broken in wealth and broken in self-will, and broken in

their ambitions, and broken in their affections, and broken oft-times in health; those who are despised and seem utterly forlorn and helpless, the Holy Ghost is seizing upon, and using for God's glory.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

NOT "HOPING" BUT "HAVING."

C. H. SPURGEON tells that in his early years, soon after his conversion, he taught a class of boys in the Sunday School. He was speaking to them one day from the words, "He that believeth on the **Son hath** everlasting life" (John iii. 36), when one of the lads said, "Teacher, do you believe on Him?" "Yes," said Spurgeon. "And have you everlasting life, teacher?" eagerly asked the boy. "I hope so," said Spurgeon rather timidly, for he had not been accustomed to have the question put to him so straight as that. When the boy heard his hesitating answer, he looked him straight in the face and said, "But don't you know it, teacher? The text says, 'hath,' and if it ain't true, it ain't true, and if it is true, it is true, and nobody need hope anything about it." That straight word from his Sunday scholar never lost its effect on C. H. Spurgeon, who, all through his long and faithful preaching of the Gospel, gave full and clear testimony to the certainty of salvation. There is absolutely nothing in the Word of God to warrant those who are "without Christ" (Eph. ii. 12), unconverted to God, and not born of the Spirit, having any "hope" whatever of salvation, while they remain in a Christless state. To all who receive Christ as their Saviour (John i. 12), and confess Him as their Lord (Rom. x. 9), there is no need for uncertainty. The believer in Christ does not "hope" to have eternal life some day, he **has** it now. "He that hath the **Son, hath** life" (1 John v. 12). There is no room for doubt when the Word of God says "**hath** everlasting life." Feelings cannot alter it, yet many consult their feelings and when they do not find them as they wish, get into doubt and distress. The **work** of Christ once for all finished on Calvary is the **CAUSE** of a sinner's salvation, and the Word of God that never changes is the **ground** of his assurance.

(171)

HOW TO USE THE BIBLE.

When in sorrow, read John xiv.
When men fail you, read Psalm xxvii.
When you have sinned, read Psalm li.
When you worry, read Matthew vi. 19-34.
Before entering God's house, read Psalm lxxxiv.
When you are in danger, read Psalm xci.
When you are depressed, read Psalm xxxiv.
When God seems far away, read Psalm cxxxix.
When you are discouraged, Read Isaiah xl.
If you want to be fruitful, read John xv.
When doubts come upon you, try John vii. 17.
When you are lonely or fearful, read Psalm xxiii.
When you forget your blessings, read Psalm ciii.
For Jesus' idea of a Christian, read Matthew v.
For James' idea of religion, read James i. 19-27.
When your faith needs stirring, read Hebrews xi.
When you feel down and out, read Romans viii. 31-39.
When you want courage for your task, read Joshua i.
When the world seems bigger than God, read Psalm xc.
When you want rest and peace, read Matthew xi. 25-30.
When you want Christian assurance, Romans viii. 1-30.
For Paul's secret of happiness, read Col. iii. 12-17.
When you leave home for labour or travel, Psalm cxxi.
When you grow bitter or critical, read I Corinthians xiii.
When your prayers grow narrow or selfish, Psalm lxvii.
For Paul's idea of Christianity, read II Cor. v. 15-19.
For Paul's rules on how to get along with men, Rom. xii.
When you think of investments and returns, Mark x. 17-31.
For a great invitation and a great opportunity, Isa. lv.
For Jesus' idea of prayer, Luke xi. 1-13; Matt. vi. 5-15.
For the prophet's picture of worship that counts, Isa. lviii. 1-12.
For the prophet's idea of religion, Isa. i. 10-18; Mic. vi. 6-8.
Why not follow Psalm cxix. 11 and hide some of these in your memory? —Selected.

THE TRUE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

“ The time is short: it remaineth, that . . . they that use this world, be as not abusing it.” (I Cor. vii. 29, 31.)

WHAT is the supreme significance of life? Is it a pleasant pastime, or is it a solemn probation, a swiftly passing springtime from whose wise sowing the harvests of time and eternity are to be reaped? There is the human side, the beauty, the joy, the romance, the sunshine and the bloom; but there is the seriousness of life's conflicts,

death's tragedy, and eternity's mighty issues. No man can make the most of life until he has looked all these things in the face and learned the highest meaning of the old motto:

"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

" 'Live while you live,' the epicure would say,
 'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'
 'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
 'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
 Lord, in our view, let both united be;
 We live in pleasure while we live to Thee."

An old writer compares the worldling to a child sitting on the branches of a fruitful tree, growing over an abyss, and thoughtlessly eating the fruit, while two worms, called Day and Night, were slowly eating through the branch until it suddenly fell and plunged him in the abyss. No man or woman can safely give his supreme attention to earthly things until his eternal interests are assured.

The people that are wasting the springtime of life in thoughtless pleasure may well be compared to the crew of a shipwrecked vessel who were thrown upon a fertile island and only succeeded in saving their cargo of wheat and bringing it ashore. The wise ones suggested that they should plant it in the fertile soil and assure themselves of future supplies, but as they were about to engage in this wise prevision and provision, one of the company returned from an excursion over the hills with the report that he had found a gold mine of inexhaustible wealth. Immediately they all started for the mine and spent the summer in amassing enormous fortunes, meanwhile feeding upon the wheat which they should have planted. Suddenly the winds of autumn began to blow and they awoke with a start to find their food supply well nigh gone. They began eagerly to plant the remaining seed, but it rotted in the furrows and they were left to die of starvation, surrounded by millions and billions of worthless gold.

Dear friend, are you wasting life's supreme opportunity like them, and some day will you hear the blasts of life's autumn moaning over your despairing death bed: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved"? No wise man will go to sleep knowing that the insurance on his property has lapsed without immediately

THE TRUE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

173

renewing it. And no sane mortal will venture to leave his soul without that divine assurance of which he can say: "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."

A. B. SIMPSON.

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**"IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE
FIRE?"**

ONE summer's morning while my wife and I were at breakfast with our two grandchildren, she said she would like to go for a fortnight's holiday. I asked her where she would like to go, and she replied, "To M——" to visit her married daughter. I said, "Why not go?" She answered, "Who would look after the place? I don't think I could leave you; you would never be at home." This was after many years struggling together to make a home. I took it very hard. About four days later I said to my wife, "If you will go for that holiday I will stay and look after the place, and not go through the gate till you come home." At this time we were milking fourteen cows, and caring for the usual farm animals, pigs, fowls, horses, etc. My wife said, "Very well, if you will stay at home and look after things, I will go and take the two children with me." So the buggy and pair were made ready for Monday morning, and my wife started off,



174 " IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE?"

accompanied by the two children, driving the distance of fifty miles herself, I being left to the duties of the farm. All went well for three or four days. As I had not had any education, and could not write, and scarcely read the simplest words, time seemed very long, and one night after tea I thought I must find something to pass the time. Looking round for some books or papers with pictures, I picked up a large Bible, which had not been used.

On the first page was a picture of our Lord Jesus with this verse underneath: " Behold I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. iii. 20).

I did not understand these words; but, looking at the picture, I thought how beautiful it was, and looked through the book for more pictures, but found none. I then began at the beginning of the book to read, spelling each word as I went along to try to understand. I passed by all those words I could not pronounce, and began to understand something of what I was reading. By the time I had read to Deuteronomy, I was convinced I was a condemned sinner, only fit for hell. I realised I had not kept God's commandments, and had sinned against God, blaspheming His holy Name, which made me altogether unfit for God's presence.

Finally, my wife returned home, and we had tea, which I had made ready for her, after the long journey. While sitting at the table, she asked me how I had managed. I said, " Very well." She enquired, " Did you ever go through the gate?" I answered, " No." She said, " How ever did you pass the time?" I replied, " I have found out that I am a condemned sinner, and only fit for hell. I don't know where you are going, but that is where I am going."

Two days later I attended a stock sale at M——, arriving home late in the afternoon. My wife came out and said, " Come along and have a cup of tea." I replied, " I have no time now. I must get away to milk "; but she answered, " Come on. There is a man here who will tell you whether you are going to hell or not." I said, " You tell that man to be very careful he is not going there himself, because I do not know anyone who has kept the commandments and loved God as He commands." Just as I was turning away,

“ IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE?” 175

Mr. H—— came out and said, “ Come and have a cup of tea.” I had not met Mr. H—— previously. After having the tea, he asked me to come into the sitting-room with him. I said, “ No, don’t try to convince me that you can do anything for me, for you cannot. I have not kept the commandments, and I have sinned against God, and this lies between God and me. No man knows how I have sinned; only God knows.” Mr. H—— asked if he might come out one night during the week. I said, “ Come every night if you wish, but not to convince me that you can do anything for me, and be careful you are not going the same way as I am.” It was arranged that he should come out on the Friday night. This he did, and brought Mr. C. J. M—— with him.

They both laughed when I told them I knew no one who was going to be saved. I was certain that nothing could be done for me. I was sure I deserved the punishment that was to come. However, these two brothers turned to the New Testament and read different scriptures showing how the Saviour died on Calvary’s Cross for sinners such as me, the Lord Jesus being my Substitute. Romans x. 9; John x. 11; John vi. 37; Hebrews x., and many other scriptures were read. After talking for over an hour, they asked me how I felt. I said, “ I am quite certain that the Lord Jesus was my Substitute, and through His love and mercy bled and died for me.”

Thus after a life of fifty years in the service of Satan, I was led as a lost sinner to the blessed Saviour. There was one thing that struck me most forcibly. Having been a manager on a station away in the back-blocks, and having to do with the mustering of sheep and managing of dogs, I had acquired the prevalent evil habit of cursing and swearing and blaspheming God. I had others working under me, whose language also was fearful. I could not rebuke them for I could not control myself. When I came out into more settled parts, my wife told me I should have to moderate my language or I should find myself in jail; but it was all of no use. I was helpless in the matter; but the very first day of my conversion I got down before the Lord, and asked Him never to let such a word again escape my lips, and from that day to this He has kept me. That was twenty-two years ago, and in that

176 "IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE?"

time He has taught me many precious things. He has shown me my place at His table, and enabled me to take it, and given me grace to abide there. He has enabled me to commence a Sunday school in my district, and also tell out the gospel there. He has recovered me from a severe sickness, and granted to me a wonderful degree of health of body. To Him be all the praise!

A.G.



KEPT.

PETER, surely writing from his own experience, draws a most comforting picture of the Christian pilgrim. He is "guarded by the power of God." We should fear to live if we knew how great are the perils which beset our path, and from which God delivers us. Now and again we see the danger and the deliverance. But all this strong and safe and beautiful life is ours only on condition that we are going "unto salvation." It is not in every path of life that God's protection

and power will be exercised, but only when we are walking in His ways.

F. W. AINLEY.

TRUST God's wisdom thee to guide,

Trust His goodness to provide;

Trust His saving love and power,

Trust Him every day and hour.

Trust Him as the only light,

Trust Him in the darkest night;

Trust in sickness, trust in health,

Trust in poverty and wealth.

Trust in joy, trust in grief,

Trust in promise for relief;

Trust Him living, dying too,

Trust Him all the journey through.

Selected.

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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.



“ Where is the promise of His coming? ” (II Peter iii. 4.)

“ I will come again.” (John xiv. 3.)

“ Yet a little while, and He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.” (Heb. x. 37.)

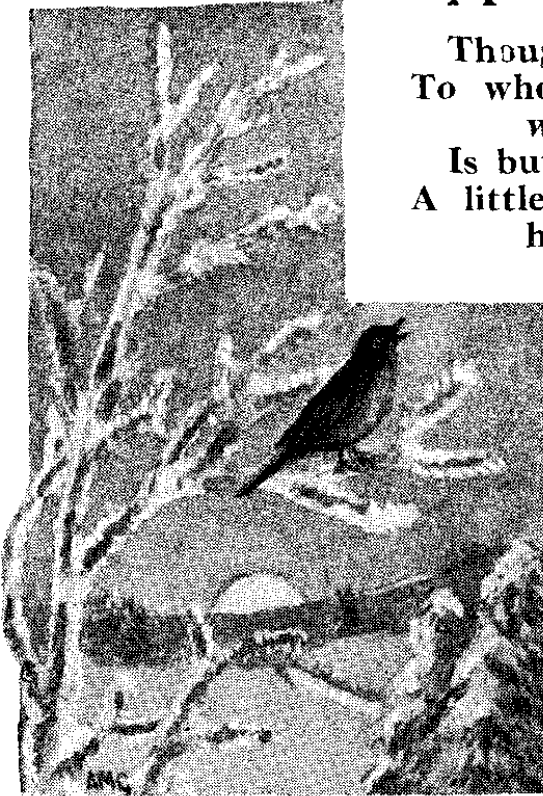
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(178)

A LITTLE WHILE.

"A little while and He that shall come will come and will not tarry." (Heb. x. 37.)



"A LITTLE while": oh, ye who will
not listen
Though He hath called you long,
To whom His message of reproof and
warning
Is but an idle song;
A little while, and ye shall thirst and
hunger

To hear His gracious word,
When ye shall call upon the
rocks and mountains
To hide you from the Lord.
A little while; oh, rest in this,
ye troubled,
And calm your every fear;
Look up, lift up your heads,
for our redemption
Is drawing very near.
A little while and trials will
be over
And suffering all past,
Our light affliction lost in end-
less glory,
And faith be sight at last.

A little while—oh, comfort one another,
All ye who mourn, with this,
The promise of His presence and His likeness
In everlasting bliss;
A little while and He who rose triumphant
Shall call His dead to rise,
And we who live and those whom death has taken
Shall meet Him in the skies.
A little while, and He that cometh will come,
And will not tarry more;
Blessed are we if He shall find us watching
Beside the open door.
A little while, so little, oh, so little!
He bids us patient be
Until the clouds shall part, the shadows vanish,
And we His face shall see.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT.

(By courtesy of Evangelical Publishers, Toronto, Canada.)

(179)

“ THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND.”

Rom. xiii. 12.

“ I say unto all, Watch.” (Mark xiii. 37.)

WORLD conditions show that the harvest-time, the end of the age, cannot be far away. All is at hand! The fulfilment of unfulfilled prophecies, related to His Return, looms up bigger and bigger on our horizon.

Reader! God speaks louder and louder in these world conditions, so fully in accord with His Word. Do you hear His message? His message to His true Church is to be ready. Are you ready, beloved reader? Cast aside the playthings of the dust. Present yourself afresh as a living sacrifice! Yield yourself to Him in a new self-surrender! Arise anew, to go forth as His witness. Yet a little while—and then face to face with Himself! Unsaved reader! The door is still open! Pass in through Him Who is the Door! Accept Him to-day! He waits for you still, to be gracious unto you. Perhaps to-morrow it will be too late.”

A. C. GAEBELEIN.

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THE SWALLOWS ARE GONE.

“ Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but My people know not the judgment of the Lord. How do ye say, We are wise, and the law of the Lord is with us? Lo, certainly in vain made he it; the pen of the scribes is in vain. The wise men are ashamed, they are dismayed and taken; lo, they have rejected the Word of the Lord; and what wisdom is in them? ” (Jeremiah viii. 7-9.)

THE end of the year is near. The swallows are gone; the cold blasts of winter are come; but not one swallow is left behind. We saw them gathered together, and they were seen to fly higher, as the time to depart drew near. No one saw them go. But they are gone to sunny lands of the South. The frost and the snow, the sleet and the piercing winds of winter never reach them there. Very remarkable is the instinct of the birds, and is there not a lesson for us in it?

It was pleasing to watch the swallows as the winter drew

near; how they would gather in companies, how they seemed to wait for the wanderers! Then they would fly high, as wanting to be gone. Should we not fly higher? We, like the swallows, are about to leave this scene below. Already, signs of the world's judgments begin to flit across its autumn sky. And now every swallow soared, ready to depart, moved by one common instinct. Oh, that every Christian was seen manifestly ready to depart, moved by the Spirit of God.

But, will it be with the whole church of God as with the swallows? Yes, the Holy Ghost is already gathering in little companies to Christ. He has revealed to them afresh, after many centuries, the Heavenly Bridegroom, and the heavenly calling of the church. He is leading their thoughts and hearts, higher and higher; and soon, very soon, though the world will not see them go, they **will** go, and **not one will be left behind.**

“ For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first : then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.”

If God, therefore, does not fail to take by instinct at the appointed time, the stork, the crane and the swallow, will He possibly fail at the appointed time to take the saints to meet their Lord? Is it not sad and humbling that the Lord should have to complain, that though the swallow should know her appointed time, “ My people know not the judgment of the Lord ”? Is not this as true now of Christendom as it was of Israel then? What profound ignorance there is on this important subject. “ My people know not.” Men go on dreaming of continual summer, yea, of increasing sunshine, peace and prosperity—just at the very time when the saints are about to be gone like the swallows of autumn, and the storms of this world's wintry blasts are about to take them all by surprise. (1 Thess. v. 1-9.)

Never was there a day of more boasting: “ We are wise.” It is quite true the Word of God is in men's hands; but who believes it? The rapture of the church before the day of the Lord is clearly revealed. God has said it, and He has made it **perfectly clear**, both the departure of His saints to

THE SWALLOWS ARE GONE.

181

meet the Lord in the air, and the terrible judgments that shall follow. But, although God has spoken to the world in His Word, men will not believe Him, "making the Word of God of none effect through your tradition" (Mark vii. 13).

Yes, "the wise men are ashamed, they are dismayed and taken; lo, they have rejected the Word of the Lord; and what wisdom is in them?"

And now, beloved reader, as the last days of another year are fast coming to a close, where are you, and what is the condition of your soul? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb, and ready to be gone like the swallows in autumn? Are you following the "wise men" of this world who will so soon be ashamed and confounded? Is Christ the centre of attraction? Are you separated to Him, and waiting for Him from heaven? Great is the last effort to draw Christians from Christ to join the confederacies of men. The Word of God is utterly disregarded. On no account will men allow it to be Christ alone. Christ and circumcision, Christ and the world's various confederacies, or even Christ and profanity. All these things hide the coming of the Lord to take His saints. Every doctrine of human improvement denies the utter ruin of man through sin and the fast approach of divine judgment on the rejecters and despisers of the Word of God. It is solemnly true of the great men and the wise of this world, "**they have rejected the Word of the Lord.**"

Can you for a moment admit that the instinct of a bird is more sure than the words of the Saviour? As this world's winter approaches, let us then dwell on the words of Jesus. He cannot fail to fulfil His promises which He has given to us: "In My Father's House are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go, and prepare a place for you, **I will come again, and receive you unto Myself**; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John xiv. 2, 3.) Do we hear you saying, "Yes; Jesus says so, but our learned, wise teachers do not believe so"? Remember the word, "They have rejected the word of the Lord: and what wisdom is in them?"

It is a solemn fact that God by His Spirit has sent forth the midnight cry, "Behold the Bridegroom—go ye out to meet Him": and they have rejected the Word of the Lord. God grant we may cease from man: for what wisdom is in

him? May we love to dwell on His sweet words of promise. Has He not gone to prepare the place? Oh, those scenes of radiant glory, far away from earth's cold wintry blasts! And will He not come to take us unto Himself? **ASSUREDLY!** How soon? "**In a moment!**" **Glorious reality! Blessed comfort!** "**the Lord knoweth them that are His,**" and none shall be left behind. C.S.

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"A MINUTE TOO LATE."

A MONTH or two ago there was an underground disaster in London. It was stated that an inexperienced porter telephoned from one station to another drawing attention to a fault in the signal wiring. When it was realised what he really meant there was a rush to stop the trains, but the official **was a minute too late.** One train had run into the rear carriage of another, and seven people were killed, and fifty-five seriously injured.

When I read this I was amazed at the value of even a **minute** of time.

In Luke xiii. we read of a fig-tree of which the dresser of the vineyard said, "Behold these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none; cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" The answer is, "Lord, let it alone **this year** also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it. And if it bear fruit, well: **and if not**, then after that thou shalt cut it down." **One year's grace** was allowed to it, and special privileges granted.

In Gen. vii. we read of Jehovah's invitation to Noah, "Come thou, and all thy house into the ark." In verse 10 we have the **week** of grace allowed, "And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth." Our God is indeed the God of all grace, long-suffering, not willing that any should perish.

In Numbers xiv. we find the account of the children of Israel refusing to enter the promised land. In verse 40 we read, "And they **rose up early** in the morning" and they were ready to go up unto the place which the Lord had promised, but they were **a day** too late. They might have entered in on the preceding day, but now they must die in the wilderness.

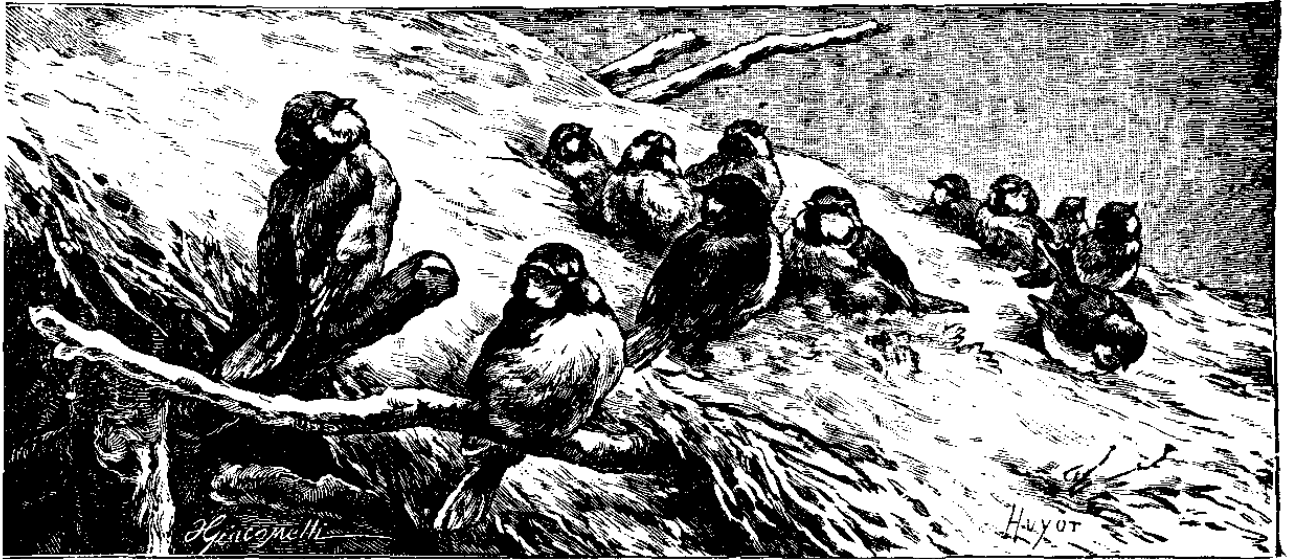
In Luke xxiii. one of the robbers on the cross beside the

"A MINUTE TOO LATE."

183

Lord of glory, had his eyes opened to see, and his heart to believe on the One by his side, and his mouth to confess Him as the Sinless One, Lord, and King of a coming Kingdom. He availed himself of that **day** of grace, and secured heaven and eternal happiness with the Lord Jesus. True it was but part of a day he had, but he will bless God throughout eternity for that piece of a day, and how constraining love opened his heart to the Saviour.

A year, a week, a day, an hour—a **minute**. Can I be saved in a minute? Can a door be shut in a minute? See Gen.



vii., "And the Lord **shut** him in." See also Matt. xxv., "And the door was **shut**." Yes, you can be saved in a minute: God can be just now, and the Justifier of him that **believeth in Jesus**. You can take the sinner's place, and believing God's gospel, accept the Saviour in a minute. Your after-life will prove the reality of it, and eternity unfold the glories connected with it. Oh, my friend, let me entreat you, linger not another moment,

"Eternity's ages thy soul has to face,
In blackness of darkness, or riches of grace."

From "Remember."

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REMEMBER that it is one thing to be saved, and quite another to feel it. The one may exist without the other; and there are no doubt very many children of God, who have never had the sweet assurance of salvation, which

is the seal of the Spirit. **Directly you look to Jesus, you are saved, whether you feel it or not.** Don't think about your feeling; don't think about your faith; look to Jesus; and reckon that God will keep His word. F. B. MEYER.

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HOW WILT THOU DO IN THE SWELLING OF JORDAN?

THERE is a verse in Jeremiah xii over which I have often pondered. It is this: “ If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan? ”

In a day dark with ominous clouds gathering on every side, do not these words speak with solemn appeal to us all? Life is difficult, often, even for the young, under normal conditions. But what if some dire emergency should confront us—“ the swelling of Jordan! ” *Are we prepared?*

We have read in the papers of the necessity for taking precautionary measures against bombs and shrapnel and poison gas, lest all these terrors of modern warfare be suddenly launched against us. But it is of a different preparedness that I would speak here: “ The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits; ” *Do we know our God?*

Alas, alas, for those 20,000 poor little “ Hitler children ” who were initiated into the Nazi Pagan cult at the summer solstice festival lately held on the Hesselberg—the highest peak in Franconia! “ Herr Julius Streicher, the Jew-baiter, acted as master of ceremonies. The rites began at sundown with the lighting of a huge ‘ sacrificial ’ bonfire. Herr Streicher told the boys and girls that they were standing on holy ground. The Hesselberg, he said, had been the scene of the sacrificial flames which had been lit by their German forefathers. This had made the hill-top more hallowed than any Christian altar. ‘ We free ourselves from Hades when we mount this hallowed hill. *If we but cast our petty sins and errors into these cleansing fires we can descend into the valley purified and as new human beings.* ’ ”*

* *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, Monday, June 27th. The italics are the author's.

HOW WILT THOU DO IN THE SWELLING OF JORDAN? 185

Woe unto those who thus deliberately teach foul lies to little children, depriving them of the saving knowledge of God in Christ! "Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe on Me to stumble," said the Lord, "it were better for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

From Nairobi comes the following report:—

"The witch doctors have been making big profits from the sale of charms against lions, and on several occasions, after natives have been seized and eaten, the witch doctors have *deliberately obliterated the lion spoor to prevent the game rangers tracking the beasts*. The lions have worked in a group, two lionesses usually keeping watch while a lion clawed its way through a mud hut, seized a native, carried him a few yards and ate him, sometimes in full view of the village. The villagers were told by the witch doctors that harm would befall them if they attacked the lions, and this they believed."

"Be sober, be vigilant: because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist stedfast in the faith. . . ." But how shall the little children learn to resist him if they be robbed of that faith? Truly others, beside African witch doctors, deliberately obliterate the lion spoor, whilst they threaten the followers of the Saviour-God Who became man and overcame the lion on our behalf.†

In seeking to be prepared to face "the swelling of Jordan," we must remember that we may be called upon to do so, not in the company of others like-minded with ourselves, but in utmost loneliness. I have often sought to realise this, because in any great emergency we should almost certainly be separated from those whom we love and who love us; even, under some extreme conditions, we might find ourselves isolated from all human companionship. How necessary, then, that whilst we are in quiet we should acquaint ourselves with the Friend Who sticketh closer than a brother. "Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone": said our Lord to His disciples on the eve of His

† I Peter v. 8; Hebrews ii. 14, 15.

186 HOW WILT THOU DO IN THE SWELLING OF JORDAN?

death; "*and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.*"—"At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me," wrote Christ's apostle Paul; "*notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me.*" Let us sometimes, as it were, withdraw ourselves from the dear support of earthly loved ones, that we may be prepared, if need be, to stand alone; yet not alone, because resting our *whole weight* upon Him from Whose presence and love neither death nor life nor things present nor things to come shall be able to separate us (Romans viii).

In the light of a gorgeous autumnal sunset, a party of schoolgirls, returning from a walk, met Dr. Chalmers. Years later one girl recalled "that calm and lovely face with heaven stamped on it—the soft silvery white hair—the Scotch accent. Dr. Chalmers asked me about my studies: then, when bidding me good-bye, he said, 'But oh! my dear young friend, SEEK ABOVE ALL KNOWLEDGE TO KNOW CHRIST.'"
Timidly she replied, "'I will try—and wish to be so good and hope to meet you in heaven.' 'Cling to Christ, then,' he said, 'and we will meet again—if not here, up there'—pointing upward as he spoke. I never met him again. He died in the May following. His words did not die with him. They will remain with me for ever."

H. R.

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THE TALE OF A "SHORT COAT."

THE wind, sweeping down from White Mesa, blew cold against the Indian boy, Hosteen Nez, as he herded his sheep and started homeward. The round, low, one-roomed hut, built of logs and plastered with mud, called a hogan, was the home toward which he was hurrying, for Hosteen Nez lived on the Reservation for the Navajo Indians; Navajo Land he often heard it called.

His face wore a troubled look when he hastily pulled aside the gay coloured blanket that hung in the doorway and came into the hogan. When he had penned up his sheep in the corral he found that one was missing. Where had he lost it?

He looked about the hogan, the only home the boy had known during his fourteen years, and it looked very pleasant

THE TALE OF A "SHORT COAT."

187

and comfortable to him now. On the sheepskins, laid near the walls, the younger children were playing. His twelve-year-old sister looked up with a welcoming smile from the pretty Navajo rug she was weaving. On the ground, for the hut had no other floor, sat his mother before the fire, where a pan of hot fat was boiling. In her brown hands she was shaping a round, flat piece of dough. When she dropped it into the pan the fat sizzled and sputtered, and in a moment more she had lifted it out, brown, crisp and of delicious smell.

Eagerly Hosteen held out his hand.

"Let me have it, quick, I must go back; I have lost a sheep," he said.

His mother reached for the coffee pot and put it where the fire was hottest. "Wait till you have had some hot coffee," she urged him.

But he shook his head, and the blanket door swung into its place as he went out without a word, to face the cold wind. He ate his Navajo bread in quick gulps, and shivering, thrust his hands deep into his coat pockets, for Hosteen Nez bought his clothes at the Trading Post and dressed like the white boys. The heavy clouds above White Mesa told him that a storm was already raging in the mountains and would soon come down the valley.

Where could that one sheep have strayed from the others? The boy was puzzled as he stumbled over the darkening trail, trying to recall the day's stopping places. Surely not while they grazed by White Hair's camp, for the land was too open there, he would have seen the wanderer at once. He had then led them through a narrow pass in the hills—ah, of course, the Wash! Surely it must have been in the Wash where he had taken them to drink earlier in the day.

The spring rains had been heavy and the bed of the deep, narrow Wash, usually a place of dry sand and stones, was muddy, with little pools of clear water in the hollows.

Changing his direction, Hosteen took a cross-cut over the hill. Here the wind that had quickened to a gale seemed to cut through his clothing, and flurries of sand half blinded him. Oh, if he could only find his poor lost lamb!

The clouds piled darker over the mountains. There was

an occasional flash of light, followed by a heavy roll of thunder. The cold wind had given the boy a shivering body, but now his heart trembled, for he greatly feared the god of thunder. Had he not stricken down Hosteen's brother-in-law's cousin while the lad, during a storm, stood under a piñon tree, with his sheep huddled about him for protection? The god of thunder might now be angry with him, and he did not know what to do to appease an angry god. He longed to be at home, but a Navajo boy is not easily separated from his sheep, and so he plunged on and on toward the edge of the Wash. Unable to see any distance because of the gathering gloom and the driving sand, he paused only a moment at its edge, then digging his heels into the bank he slid swiftly to the bottom.

Here there was no flying sand to blind him, and he was partially protected from the wind. Straining his eyes through the dark, he called again and again. Then a moment's lull in the wind, a faint bleat that only an Indian's ear could catch, and without thought of danger to himself, Hosteen Nez was struggling toward a helpless bit of life caught in the treacherous quicksand. Experienced as he was in the ways of the desert, all his strength and skill were needed in that fight to save the lamb, **but he won:** and once again he struggled wearily up the sandy bank with the lamb flung over his shoulder.

As he paused to catch his breath at the top there came a new sound, and he watched, fascinated, while the gurgling waters spread over the bed of the Wash, and with a terrifying swiftness lapped steadily higher up its sides. The storm in the mountains must have been a cloud-burst, and well he knew the rain that now came driving in sheets over the valley might increase to the same violence; and the god of thunder seemed still to pursue him. It was not easy to carry the half-grown lamb, with its wet, muddy fleece in his arms, partly protected by his coat, but he knew it must have warmth soon or his labour would be in vain. In remembering its helplessness he somewhat forgot his own discomfort and fear, and struggled on.

More than two hours later, weary to the point of exhaustion, dripping, shivering, with the fear of the god

THE TALE OF A "SHORT COAT."

189

of thunder still in his heart, he left behind him the darkness and storm and entered the shelter and welcome, the warmth and the cheer of the hogan.

No coffee ever tasted so good, no sheepskin was ever so comfortable as that on which the boy lay—fed, dried, rested, drowsing in the glow of the fire, and listening to the chatter of happy home voices.

Near him, in sleepy content, lay the little lamb, its troubles over, its strength renewed. He watched it idly, wondering at his feeling of affection for it. Queer what a fellow would brave and endure for a little helpless animal. It was not worth much money, but somehow he liked it; he had paid a heavy price for its life. It was his before



it was lost, but it was doubly his now; he had bought it back from death with the price of his own labour and strength.

Months later Hosteen Nez lounged at the counter of the nearest Trading Post. An Indian Trading Post is a good place to exchange the news from miles around. The longer one stays the more there will be to tell to eager listeners at home. The stove is warm, the display of goods hard to turn from, and to-day there was a leather belt, handsome with handwrought silver and studded with desert turquoise, that was very attractive. He was looking at it with covetous eyes.

The door opened. He did not look up, but knew instantly by the changed atmosphere it was not an Indian who

entered. Glancing up he recognised the "Short Coat"—a white man who talked about the white man's God—"a missionary," he had heard him called by the white man who kept the Trading Post.

Hosteen Nez Found by the Good Shepherd.

The boy fell to studying the belt again. The new-comer was talking in Navajo now; what queer ideas the white man had, and how funny some of his words sounded. But what was that—a God Who sought sinful lost men as a Navajo would seek a lost sheep—"What man of you . . . doth not leave the ninety and nine . . . and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing." (Luke xv. 4, 5.)

Hosteen Nez leaned eagerly forward, the beautiful belt forgotten. Again he felt himself facing the bitter wind; he saw the pitiful, struggling lamb in the quicksands; he felt the joy of its rescue from the rain and darkness and rushing of the waters from the mountain heights, that in a moment more would have doomed the helpless little animal.

"All we"—white men, Navajos, big men and women, boys and girls—"like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way and the Lord, hath laid on Him—Jesus Christ, God's Son—the iniquity of us all." (Is. liii. 6.)

Perhaps we have not turned to such a bad way, but it is our own way, not God's, and we are lost like a sheep is lost in the storm on the desert. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

"God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, came into the world to save sinners, and He not only found them, but He bought their safety by dying for them—giving His Own precious life for them."

The missionary paused, his heart thrilled with the expression in the eager, open face and shining eyes of the boy who a few moments before had been lounging uninterestedly over the counter.

THE TALE OF A "SHORT COAT."

191

Hosteen Nez had always thought the white man's God too strange to understand. But the story of such love, how *easy* to understand, and so good. Could it possibly be—yes, it must be—true!

Has the tender Shepherd, who that day found Hosteen Nez, found you, dear friend, whose eyes read these words?

Perhaps you are thinking, "I wish I might know He has found me, and I have found Him." You *may* know. It is so simple, for a seeking Saviour and a seeking sinner are never far apart.

How You may be Found by the Good Shepherd.

If you want Jesus Christ as your Shepherd and His gift of Eternal Life—life that never ends, His Own life within you—say to Him from the depths of your heart: "Lord Jesus, I take Thee just now to be my Saviour from sin and eternal death. Make me God's child, born into God's own family." This is what the Bible calls being "born again."

If you have said these words, really meaning them, you may now add your prayer of thanksgiving which the loving Saviour is waiting to hear—"I thank Thee for hearing my prayer. I am now God's child I know, because Thy word says: 'As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.' " (John i. 12.)

You can be sure you are one of His "sheep," and He says to them: "I give unto them Eternal Life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 28.) You are "saved" far more wonderfully than Hosteen Nez's little lamb was saved.

Go now, and confess Jesus as your Saviour by your words and your life. For "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans x. 9.)

Read His word, the Bible, every day; talk to Him and ask and trust Him to guide you in everything, and your life will soon be joy and blessing—a delight to others and most of all to Him.

F.C.N.

(192)

**“ I AM THE DOOR : BY ME IF ANY MAN ENTER IN,
HE SHALL BE SAVED.”**

(John x. 9.)

A TRAVELLER in Palestine once had a conversation with a shepherd, who showed him the fold. Thereupon the traveller remarked: “ You say, here is the sheep-fold, there are the sheep, and this is the doorway; but where is the door?” “ The door?” asked the shepherd. “ I am the door. I lie across the entrance at night. No sheep can pass out, no wolf can come in, except over my body.” Christ did not mix His figures, after all. He is both the Shepherd and the Door.

SEL.

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“ REST.”



O JESUS LORD, Thy voice is
calling, calling,
From heart to heart, and to my
soul—how blest !
“Come unto Me, ye that are heavy
laden :
“Come unto Me, and I will give
you rest.”
'Tis rest, 'tis rest, dear Lord, that
I am needing,
For I have roamed the moun-
tains wild and bare:
Tired are my feet, and bruised
I am and bleeding,
Far from the shelter of Thy loving
care.

And so, my Lord, I come, I come for refuge,
Come when my heart is hushed and wrung
with pain.

'Tis Thee I long for as for dawn of morning:
The world may leave me, if but Thou
remain.

Oh ! for the touch of Thy divinest healing !
Oh ! for the balm that soothes a troubled breast !
Out of my darkness, weariness, and sorrow,
I come to Thee: Oh, wilt Thou give me rest?

EVA STUART-WATT.