

FRUITFUL FIELDS.

EDITED BY
HEYMAN WREFORD.

VOL. 1. 1919.

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Fruitful Fields.

2 Chron.
XXVI. 10

*Records of work on land and sea.
Edited by Heyman Wreford.*

VOL. I. NO. 1. NOVEMBER, 1918. Price 1d. 5/8/6 the 100 post free.

*"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are
white already to harvest" John iv 35.*

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1,

"Thy way is in the sea." — Psalm lxxvii., 19.

Christ walks amid the cornfields, and His way is in the sea,
And He calls to Christless millions:—"Come, ye weary, Come to Me."

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A Famine in the Trenches.
August, 1917 - August, 1918.
Where Love leads to.
Gather the Harvest in. &c., &c.

Dr.
Heyman Wreford
The Firs,
Denmark Road,
Exeter.

All
communications
for
the Editor
to be sent to

LONDON: F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C. 4.
EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

“To give up what Thou would’st have me to be without, and to take up what Thou would’st have me to be in, or upon me ; be this, through grace, my service to Thyself, Father of our Lord Jesus. *Amen.*” G. V. W.

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

FOR many months my heart has been exercised about the many hundreds of letters from soldiers and sailors and workers that I have packed away in my portfolios. I have felt that very many of them were too precious to lie there unknown. Instead of remaining in the darkness of dead silence, I felt they ought to shine forth in print and tell their message of desire and of faith to thousands of readers.

It has been a sacred joy to me to commune with these dear soldiers and sailors in their hopes and fears for four years of terrible war.

They have lit up those fields of death for me with the light of human interest ; heart voices have spoken to me from trenches and dug-outs, and hospitals and camps, and from the lonely seas. I have heard them speak of time and eternity—of life and death—of the mothers who bore them—and of the Saviour Who died for them. The pathos of lives facing death every moment is of absorbing interest. These records from the archives of strong and earnest men are of priceless value. They never seek to minimise their faults ; they never fail to say what

they mean ; they are brave beyond conception at the battle front, and in the carrying out of various duties ; yet they are not ashamed to tremble for their sins before God, and seek His pardon for the sake of His beloved Son. These are the men we love—men who are willing to die for us on land and sea. Do we not feel sometimes that we could die to save their souls?

The intolerable burden of these immortal souls is almost more than we can bear. The air seems to be throbbing with the cry of millions who need God—

A cry as of pain,
Again and again,
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide spreading main ;
A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying,
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are sighing.
It comes unto me,
It comes unto thee,
Oh ! what—Oh ! what shall the answer be ?

S. G. STOCK.

We shall hear, too, what the workers have to say in their spheres of service.

These fields are white unto harvest ; we are not bound to times and seasons in this spiritual labour. The fields are ALWAYS ripe for the reaper and the gleaner.

Let us walk with the Master through the world to-day. In communion with Him, He will bid us “ lift up our eyes, and behold the fields, for they are white unto harvest already.”

I want in this new Magazine I am editing to speak of these “ FRUITFUL FIELDS ; ” to speak of work done for Him all over the world. We want to encourage the sower, the reaper, and the gleaner. We want to help to make the need of the world known ; to exalt the Son of God, the Saviour of the world ; and to circulate far and wide the Book that speaks of Him.

"THE LORD'S BUSINESS" IN FRUITFUL FIELDS.

I am so thankful for this beautiful name that God has given Dr. Wreford for his new Magazine; it is a real answer to prayer; so, dear friends, it will be an encouragement to you to pray for any real need. For many days we had foraged for a suitable and taking name; each of us proposed this or proposed that, until one day I was reading one of my daily portions in the Old Testament and I had reached II. Chron. xxvi., and at verse 10 I read of Carmel; now in the margin, Carmel is translated "Fruitful Fields."

Just the name, thought I; and so when the Doctor came for his usual "soldier business" visit, I told him, and, said he "The very thing—'Fruitful Fields: Records of work on land and sea.'"

Now we must all do all we can to scatter the seed which God has sown in the Magazine of the wondrous work He is doing in the hearts of soldiers and sailors, and among all classes at home and abroad; we must be carrying on "The business of the Lord," as the Levites did in the days of Hezekiah; only think, what a privilege it is for us to help The Lord in His business; see the margin of II. Chron. xxix., 15: "They did it to cleanse the temple." We desire to lead people to the Cleansing Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ—God's only begotten Son, Who was crucified that we may be saved.

We must do it day by day continually. EMILY P. LEAKEY.



WHERE LOVE LEADS TO.

A celebrated Japanese Statesman said: "We do not worship our Emperor—we only love him utterly. The commander before Port Arthur called one day for volunteers to cut the barbed wire entanglements. 'You will never come back,' he said. 'Nor can you carry a gun. You take a pair of pliers and cut one or two wires, and fall dead; another will take your place and cut one or two wires more. But you will know that upon your dead bodies the armies of your Emperor will march to victory.' Whole regiments volunteered for these 'sure death' parties. If you Christians loved your God as we love our Emperor, you would have long since taken the world for Him." Do you love Christ well enough to die for Him?

GLEANINGS.

1.

THE finger-posts of heaven are much nearer the poor lost one, who stumbles about in the darkness of his despair, than the self-righteous one who walks in his self-sufficiency.

2.

SATAN preaches the same tale to the young child just passed through the gates of Life, as he does to the hoary sinner with one foot in the grave, and it is this—"There is plenty of time to think about your soul, plenty of time."

3.

ONE sin weighs as much in the balance of God's justice as a million; we need a Saviour as much for the one as the other.

4.

SATAN oftentimes leads sinners very near to the foot of the Cross; false religion is one of the most tempting paths to the lake of fire, and now-a-days, the most trodden.

5.

THE heart that's nearest Thee, O God, is furthest from the world.



A Famine in the Trenches.

Yes, a soul famine! A terrible indictment on our Twentieth Century Christianity! In the Father's House there is bread enough and to spare, and yet thousands and tens of thousands of poor prodigals are perishing for hunger. The cry of omnipotent love is "Give ye them to eat."—Mark vi., 37. There IS bread enough and to spare. The perishing millions on land and sea need the Word of the Living God. Never was there such awful need, and never such a rich supply; and yet only 2 IN 10 of our soldiers have a Testament.

Spiritual starvation in the trenches! The men who are fighting for our homes in this war; the men who have left all comfort behind them; who are face to face with such dangers and difficulties that only the loftiest ideals of duty could sustain them day by day; these are the men for whom we appeal now.

Bread enough and to spare, and yet in the pockets of the dead soldiers only 1 in 5 contains a Testament. In a letter about this a writer says:—

“Letters from the front tell us that the Scriptures are valued by our soldiers as never before. They form a link with what is sweetest behind and what is best in the future. The realization of God and eternity has come sternly home to them. They read the Bible now with new avidity; its message has become real; its comfort a necessity.”

And a Christian paper says:—

“All workers among the soldiers agree in saying that there are two scenes along the trenches never to be forgotten; the first, when there is a lull in the fighting, and a supply of Scriptures comes along, to see the upreaching of rough and grimy hands—rough and grimy through trench digging and rifle drill, but now upreaching eager to get each a copy of God’s Word; the other sight never to be forgotten is the look of disappointment on the faces of those who fail to receive a copy because the supply is exhausted—always exhausted.

“They all agree in saying that, where they distributed a hundred copies, they could have distributed a thousand copies if the funds had allowed.

“They say that ofttimes there is only one copy in a section of the trench, and the owner lends it to his comrades, and in engagements that sometimes have lasted two or three days, when the thoughts and feelings of the dear fellows are such as we cannot well imagine, there are several instances in which the owner of the only copy of God’s Word has torn his copy leaf from leaf and distributed the leaves among his comrades that each one might get some word from God that might bring him fresh courage, patience and hope. One said that in the light of the cannon fire of the enemy he read two or three verses from the sacred page, and through them got a foretaste of Heaven in that ‘Hell upon earth.’

“They say that only about one wounded soldier in ten who comes into hospital has a copy of God’s Word, but that all are eager to get copies anew.

“They say that in the billets to which they return at night, as a rule there is only one or two copies, and the owner, before retiring, reads a chapter to others. When a reader’s little bit of candle was about burned out, he thought, now I must stop. Not so. They gathered closer around and, by lighting matches, enabled him to complete the reading. Oh! the hunger of these men for God’s Word, and, alas, for the inadequacy of our supply!”

"GIVE YE THEM TO EAT."

Dare we halt upon our giving when such tremendous issues are at stake? Dare we hesitate a moment? The great need of the world to-day is—

Jesus Christ and the Book that speaks of Him.

Thank God for the busy presses turning out the Word of God by



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

Copyright, 1918,

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the million; thank God for the Christian philanthropy that

enables those millions to be printed and distributed. Thank God for the hundreds of friends who have enabled us through their Christian Charity to send 8,000 parcels to the soldiers and sailors, and to distribute well-nigh 100,000 Testaments a year. Our method of distributing to the British troops is our own, and it has the sanction of the British War Office. We call it—

A TESTAMENT FOR A POST CARD.

These Post Cards, of which we give an illustration, are sent to

OUR POST CARD.

This Card is sanctioned by the War Office Authorities.

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

DEAR FRIEND,

If you have not a Testament and want one to fit your pocket, I will give it to you. Please fill in the space below with your name, rank and unit, and post this card.

DO NOT MENTION YOUR BRIGADE OR DIVISION.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

Name, Rank and Unit.....

Be sure and write distinctly and correctly.

any Christian worker who will distribute them to the soldiers and sailors needing a copy of God's Word. We have circulated about **Half a Million** of these cards, and we claim for this system that it prevents overlapping. All a soldier or sailor has to do in order to obtain a Testament is to fill in the Post Card and post it. We have had as many as **300** filled-in Post Cards delivered to us in one day. In all our Magazines we put this notice—

Any Soldier or Sailor who wants a Testament to fit his pocket can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

So if they have not one of our Post Cards an ordinary Post Card will do as well.

In all our work we are animated with one desire—The Glory of God and His beloved Son in the salvation of men who will be lost for ever without His salvation—made known in His Holy Word.

Christians who feel they would like to help us in this work, will please read the last page of the Magazine.



THE FLIGHT OF SOULS.

It is said that, as the clock ticks, a soul goes into eternity—a soul for every tick! Where do they go? Men and women are dying all around us; the flight of souls into eternity seems to darken the air around us. And we are all going one day!—Where?



GATHER THE HARVEST IN.

“The fields . . . are white already to harvest.”—JOHN IV., 35.

The fields are white to harvest o’er the land,
Dying, yet deathless souls, on every hand,
In anguish sink beneath the load of sin,
Gather the harvest in!

Why stand ye idle in the market-place?
Go spread abroad the Saviour’s love and grace;
Off to the fields and, with your sickle keen,
Gather the harvest in!

How can’st thou fold thy hands and waste away
The precious moments of thy earthly day,
When all around lost souls are perishing?
Gather the harvest in!

The shadows deepen, night is drawing on;
Soon working hours will be for ever gone;
Soon time shall end, eternity begin—
Gather the harvest in!

AUGUST, 1917—AUGUST, 1918.

Our dear friend Miss A. A. L—, of the Isle of Wight, writes me on September 4th, 1918. She has been one of our greatest helpers in our work among the soldiers, and God has used her to the conversion of many. She says in her letter—"I know how glad you will be to see that dear Albert M— is happy in the Lord; you remember '**The Birth of a Soul**,' in *A Message from God*, August, 1917; I was thinking much about him, and longing to hear when the letter came, and was glad to read that he has been helping with the harvest, &c."

But let me retell Albert M—'s story. In July last year I received a letter from a soldier at the front; he said:—

"DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to let you know I got the Testament all right, and was very pleased with it. You may be quite sure that I shall read it carefully, and try to learn the message it contains and to understand it. When I was in civil life I used to attend chapel regular, and read my Bible carefully and earnestly. But since joining the Army in the early months of the war my habits have altered for the worse, and during the last fifteen months I **have given myself over to the devil**. But I want to get back to the old ways, when I followed after the things that are good. You say you are my friend—then, for the sake of Him who died for all, will you advise me in my strait.—Yours sincerely, A. M—."

Through illness I was unable to answer this letter at the time, so I sent it to Miss A. A. L—, and asked her to answer it for me. She did, and the following are some extracts of his reply to her letter:—

"The story of Bernard Ellis is worth reading, and I enjoyed it. I would like to have the same experience of God that he had. I want Jesus to be my Saviour as He was Bernard Ellis'. I read LUKE xv., and I thought the father must have loved the prodigal son very greatly, or he could not have forgiven him so readily and so freely. I wonder if God would forgive me like that? I read JOHN III., and especially the 16th verse. It seems so simple just to believe on Jesus. Is that salvation? Then, if so, I come to Him. I want to belong to Jesus—to be a son of God. If what the Testament says is correct, then there is mercy, boundless mercy. **Jesus loves even me**. I want to be saved. I want to believe. Lord, help Thou mine unbelief. Will you help me? I want advice. You ask me to treat you as a friend. I do so. Help me to decide now.—Yours sincerely, A. M—."

The Lord blessed the letters to him, and a fortnight later he writes to this dear friend again, and the following is an extract from his letter:—

"I would like to bring other soldiers to Jesus. I would like others to kneel at the foot of Calvary, so that the blood of Jesus may wash all

their sins away. You mention a book being much circulated amongst soldiers—"A Message from God." Would you mind sending me one or two back numbers? Dr. Wreford sent me one, and I enjoyed it so much. Do you know I never felt so happy and contented in all my life." And so we find the soldier, who in his first letter said, "He had given himself over to the devil," had now given himself over to the Lord Jesus Christ.

AUGUST, 1918.

Twelve months have passed away, and he has written many letters to our dear friend. I am giving extracts from one he has written to her this August 25th—twelve months after he said "He had given himself to the devil":—

"DEAR MISS L—,—I write these few lines to let you know I am going on all right, and still trusting in the blood. . . . We have been continually moving from one place to another, and that causes great delay in getting letters. . . . I am glad to write that—wherever I go, and whatever I may be doing—I place myself under the care and protection and power of the Divine Master. I am always watching that I do not grieve Him, and when I do, I always immediately ask Him to forgive me. I am still striving to carry on in the strength which He supplies.

"O love divine! How sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst—I faint—I die—to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me."

Oh! that mankind would listen to the voice which is pleading so tenderly with them. I thank God I am not only a soldier in the army of the King, but I am also a soldier in the army of KING JESUS. I am looking forward to the time when I shall meet Him to be for ever with the Lord. . . . Hoping to hear soon.—Yours in Christ, A. M.—."

RECOMPENSE.

Incidents like these are God's own recompence to those who work for Him. This precious soul won for God is worth more than the Universe; his salvation is a seal on the work we are seeking to do for Christ among the troops. Thank God, we hope to tell of many more in these pages who have passed from darkness into light. It is God's work, for only God can save a soul; it is our work as well, for God has told us to work for Him. Help us then to send and send until we are able to do our full part towards placing in every soldier and sailor's hand the Word of God—and pray that the Word sent may become a finger post to point to Christ and Heaven.

WHAT WE WISH TO DO—

- 1.— We wish to send parcels of Testaments and Tracts, or Testaments only, to any Christian workers on land or sea, among our own or other troops (French, Italian, Flemish, &c.) We have sent more than 8,000 parcels at home and abroad.
- 2 — We wish to send Packets of Post Cards [*see page 8*] to any worker—Army, Navy or Civilian—who will give them to soldiers or sailors needing Testaments.
- 3 — We wish to correspond with anyone anxious about their soul's salvation. We are willing also to write to the families of soldiers or sailors if they wish.

WHAT WE ASK OF OTHERS—

- 1.— We ask the prayerful sympathy of our friends that God will continue to bless our work and workers.
- 2.— We ask our friends to read what can be done with their gifts as specified below, and to remember that it is on account of those gifts that we are able to send far and wide the Testaments and Tracts at these rates.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES—

For 5/= we can send a 7lb. Parcel to the Front.

For 20/= we can send 4 Parcels to the Front.

For 30/= we can send a Testament, Post Free, to 100 Persons—Soldiers, Sailors or Civilians.

For £7.10.0 we can send a Testament, Post Free, to 500 Persons—Soldiers, Sailors or Civilians.

For £15 we can send a Testament, Post Free, to 1,000 Persons—Soldiers, Sailors or Civilians.

For £30 we can send a Testament, Post Free, to 2,000 Persons—Soldiers, Sailors or Civilians.

For £120 we can send a Testament, Post Free, to 8,000 Persons—Soldiers, Sailors or Civilians.


For £150 we can send a Testament, Post Free, to 10,000 Persons—Soldiers, Sailors or Civilians.

For £300 we can send a Testament, Post Free, to 20,000 Persons—Soldiers, Sailors or Civilians.

These prices apply to all the Countries of the Allies of every Nationality and in all parts of the world.

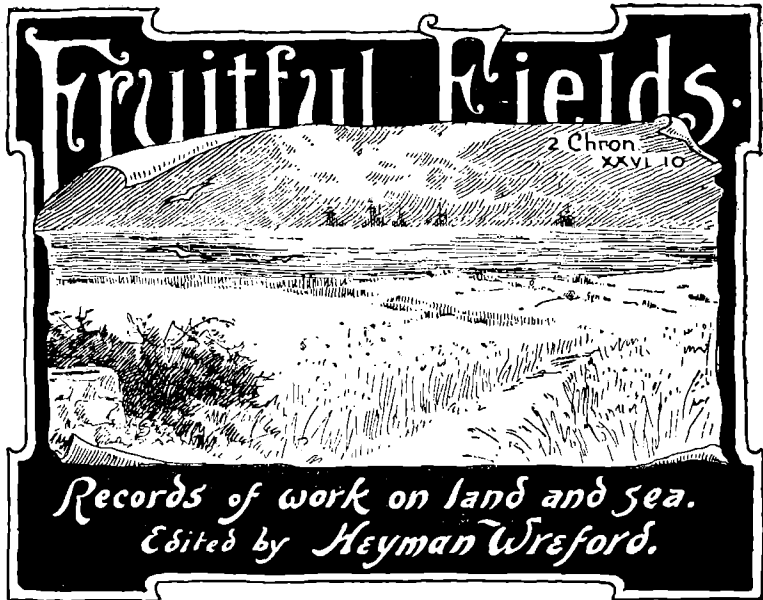
Any who wish to help us to send the Word of God to "Earth's perishing millions" will please send to—**Dr. Heyman Wreford,**

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

 **Sample Copies of this Magazine will be sent to any friends who may wish to make it known to, or circulate it among, their friends. For these sample copies apply please to—**

The Editor, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

50 Copies, 4/6 post Free. 100 Copies, 8/6 post free.

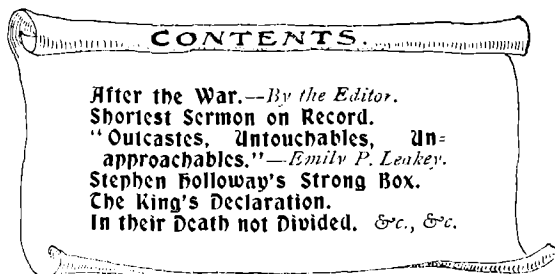


VOL. I. No. 2. DECEMBER, 1918. Price 1d.; 8/6 the 100 post free.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1.

Light is breaking, and the dawning
Will be sweet on shore and wave;
For the love of Christ is yearning
O'er the world He died to save.



All
Communications
for
The Editor
to be sent to—

After the War.—By the Editor.
Shortest Sermon on Record.
"Outcastes, Untouchables, Un-
approachables."—Emily P. Leakey.
Stephen Holloway's Strong Box.
The King's Declaration.
In their Death not Divided. &c., &c.

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EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

*"Come labour on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
Servants, well done!"—H. L. L.*

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

AFTER THE WAR.

AN Armistice has been signed, and now the way is preparing for peace among the warring nations once more. The cannons' awful thunder has died away—the strife of contending hosts is over; but the mutterings of a coming storm are sounding ominously in our ears. There is a deep feeling of unrest all over the world. The forces of anarchy and revolution are straining at the leash, and are threatening to break through the guarding barriers of law and order.

In unhappy Russia the unrestrained effects of lawlessness are seen. All over the Continent thrones are falling, and uncrowned Kings are fleeing for their lives.

And side by side with all this subversion of ordered living is the growing unbelief in the hearts of men and women. The authority of God, and the Divinity of the Son of God are disputed or ignored. The inspiration of the Word of God is denied—all the fundamental truths of Christianity are being challenged, and the world is faced with the negation of everything that counts for good, and is being given over to a Satanic influence that is moving millions to evil thoughts and deeds.

What is our duty and responsibility as Christians in a day like this? We must do as the Apostles did when all the world was against them—

“We must give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word.—Acts vi., 4th verse.

Prayer and service—this must be our life.

There should not be a Christian home in England now where there was not a daily prayer-meeting for our King and country. The assemblies of God's people—whether in churches or chapels or meeting-rooms—should be hallowed by prayer. In answer to believing prayer, God stayed the progress of the invader; and slowly and surely as prayer went on he was driven backward, and at last, in answer to our supplications, God brought him to his knees to sue for mercy. But we have an enemy within our gates—a constant menace, and unless prayer rises unceasing to God in heaven, the devil may hoist the banners of anarchy in our midst.

Now is the time for the followers of Jesus Christ to prove their loyalty to Him.

Now is the time when the Saviour should be lifted up before the world for which He died. He has said—“And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.”

In the days when Christ was on earth we are told that “the people heard Him gladly,” and so they would to-day if He were preached faithfully and simply to them. There is a gladness and a glory in the gospel of Christ crucified, that changes and beautifies the life. Oh! if every Christian would uplift Christ daily for a year, the world would be blest indeed. The challenge of the cross against the evils of the world should be proclaimed in every street of every city in the land.

Christians, instead of sitting on the fence and criticizing and condemning the work of others, should be preaching themselves, and showing others, perchance, a better way.

Instead of wanting to call down fire from heaven upon those who do not see eye to eye with them—they should pray that that divine fire might fill their hearts and make them flame for Christ in a world of darkness.

Sunday after Sunday the halls of our land are engaged for concerts and all manner of secular entertainments, while churches and chapels and meeting-rooms are half empty. And to our shame be it told, Christ is dishonoured in thousands of pulpits in our land.

Dear friends, let us take these things to heart. Let us all ask God that prayer may become the habit of our lives, and so our service in the "FRUITFUL FIELDS" around us shall be acceptable unto God. We are solemnly responsible to live Christ in these dark days.

Let us get the Book that speaks of Christ into our great centres of labour--into our factories and our mines--into our shipyards and into the thousands of homes of industry. Let us seek souls more earnestly among the toilers of the land. Every one won for Christ is a power against the enemy.

HOW TO WIN SOULS.

"He that winneth souls is wise." To win souls we must be won ourselves first. Then we must definitely get our work from God, and do it. Not choose our own work, but leave the choice with Him. **"Lord, what would'st Thou have me to do?"** "Here am I, send me." A willing worker, waiting his Lord's commands, is bound to be blessed in his work. You will have to face trouble and evil-speaking; but that is nothing if it is for Christ. Two of the grandest preachers the world has ever seen come before my mind. One was considered drunk and the other mad. Peter, at Pentecost, and those with him were mocked and accused of being under the influence of new wine.

Paul, before Agrippa, telling with glowing ardour the story of his conversion, was called by Festus mad. Yet these two men have won an imperishable name on earth and an endless record in heaven by being true to Christ.

When Robert Morrison went to China as a Missionary he was one man against four hundred millions. He went with Christ in his heart and the Bible in his hand. One said to him sneeringly—"And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," was the answer; **"but I expect God will."**

And when he went alone for God against this great Empire, he had to face loneliness and persecution; he was despised and

expected to suffer martyrdom alone in a land of strangers. After 13 years of strenuous endeavour he had translated the whole Bible into Chinese. This man by his splendid faith had moved mountains—and so can we if we are in earnest as he was.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

We must all try to move the great mountain of unbelief that casts its shadow over the world. We can face the world to-day, as Morrison did in the early years of the 19th Century, the millions of hostile Chinese, with Christ in our hearts and the Book that speaks of Him in our hands.

We want to help to put the Word of God into the hands of millions.

Our work among the soldiers and sailors has been signally blessed by God—**That work we wish still to carry on.** But we want to widen our horizon for God. We want to help with others, in these last Gospel days, to get at the huge unbelieving masses of the people. We want to put into the hands of every willing worker—Testaments and books and tracts for them to distribute. We want them to apply to us for Post Cards, to enable those who fill them in to get a Testament for nothing and Post Free. Soldiers, or sailors, or civilians are invited to ask us for God's Word. But you may say—"You will never be able to supply Testaments and parcels to all who send for them. **Thank God, we have never had to refuse one during the last four years.** Our friends who have stood by us so staunchly and lovingly will help us still—but, above all, the God Who has given us the work **will supply all our needs.** Our earnest helpers are eager still to go on sending the Word of God to those in need.



A soldier writes to me from France :—

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your Testament, and I have found Jesus in it."

A lad at home writes :—

"I would very much like a Testament for my pocket, because I think it would put me on the right path that leads to Jesus."

A young girl writes :—


"DEAR SIR,—I am a girl 17½ years old : I have a good situation and a good home, and yet I am always miserable and ill tempered, and every thing seems to go wrong. . . . When I was in bed last night the thought came to me,

why don't you ask God to help you in these little troubles? That thought was rather unusual as I have never said any prayers for a long, long time. Then, again, I picked up the 'New Testament,' and read your message inside, and I thought that perhaps you could help me more than a little if you would kindly write and tell me what to do.—Yours patiently waiting a reply, O. S.—."


FROM THE FRONT.

"DEAR SIR,—Just a line thanking you for sending the parcel and the post cards. It gave me great pleasure giving them out to the boys. I had an Open-air Meeting on Friday and asked if anybody needed a Testament, and they rushed me, and were almost fighting for them, and those that never got one seemed greatly disappointed; and I was at a service last night (Sunday) and the same thing happened. . . . I hope you will not be long in sending me another supply of Testaments. . . .—Pte. T. H.—."




 We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels. We have sent more than eight thousand to various centres, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, worker, or soldier, who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian Soldiers or Sailors, or to Civilians.



 Any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian, who wants a Testament to fit his pocket, can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.



 If any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian would like us to write to their wives or friends, or send them Testaments and books, we will gladly do so. We want to be a real help to souls in these terrible days.



SHORTEST SERMON ON RECORD.

One of the shortest sermons upon record—perhaps the very shortest—is reported by a country paper. An aged clergyman, who had engaged to preach a charity sermon for some orphan children, on rising to deliver his discourse, from failure of strength was unable to proceed. He stretched out his feeble arm over the group of orphans, and, turning to the audience, addressed them in these words, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" The words went home to the people, and a large collection was the result.

We stretch our longing arms over a world filled with "earth's perishing millions," who all need the **Bread of Life**, that came down from Heaven, and as the terrible need fills our souls we cry—"Whence shall we buy bread—the Living Bread—that these may eat?"

Gleanings from Gospel Fields

A Soldier's Pay for God.

DEAR DR. WREFORD,—I am writing you to enclose 30/- for your great and precious work for supplying our soldiers and sailors with the Word of God; not on our own account, but for my son, who is on active service in Salonica; and I think I had better give you his own words; he says:—

"I am a bit in credit with my pay of 6d. per day, and I want you to send for me 30/- to Dr. Heyman Wreford to use as he thinks best for the soldiers. I will remit it to you on next remittance day, and may God bless the little gift to some of the lads. . . . You will send this in your name Dad, dear, or let it be anonymous."

The father continues: "I thank my God for His great mercy to me in His goodness to my boy, who has proved His love and sustaining grace in his trying position, and I don't see why you should not know how the good Lord has moved him to his little act of love to his fellow-sufferers, and I shall not be surprised if he receives a line of cheer from you in spite of all you have on your hands, so I not only give you his name as the sender, but enclose his address. I pray our God you are stronger, and are proving the all-sufficiency of our gracious Lord in your great work for Him and for the dear lads.

"Yours in the love of Christ, A. E. W——."

I wrote to this dear fellow thanking him for his consecrated gift, and may God bless him.

Another Letter from Salonica.

"DEAR SIR,—Just a line to tell you the Lord is doing some splendid work out in Salonica. I have just come out of Hospital, and whilst in hospital we held prayer meetings every night, and it is still going on. I am in camp now, and we have had prayer meetings here every night, and last night six of us started an open-air meeting, and after that there was a service, and after the service a prayer meeting. There were about 500 at the service, and about 50 stopped for the prayer meeting; so you see the Lord is doing some splendid work out here. . . .

"I got your address out of a book called **"A Message from God."** I would like you to make it a special prayer for the Lord to save the Salonica Forces. We hope and pray the Lord will send us a revival soon. Please send me some Testaments.

"Yours in Christ, PTE. T. H——."

We sent him a Parcel, and prayed the Lord to bless it.

From a Lance-Corporal in the Scots Rifles.

"B.E.F.

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I am just writing to you to ask you if it is possible for you to send me out a Parcel of Tracts as they are needed so very much, and they often prove to do the men much more good than a lot of talking would do.

"Oh! how my heart goes out to these **almost lost** sinners, as we can call them almost lost as they are always standing upon the brink of eternity, and there is only **One** who can save them from the awful death which they may be called upon to face, and they all want pointing to the Saviour. This is the reason why I am writing to you for these Tracts. We have all heard about you before—of the good work you are doing for Christ. I should have written before, but I did not get your address until one of my Christian chums handed me one of your little books—" **A Message from God** "—and it was in it that I found it, so I am taking the first opportunity of writing to you.

"I pray that the dear Lord will ever bless you and help you in your work among the boys. So with my best Christian wishes, I remain,

"Yours in the service of the Lord, W. C——."

We sent him two Parcels at once gladly.



"OUTCASTES. UNTOUCHABLES. UNAPPROACHABLES."

Think of it, dear reader, that **any** human being should be **so called**, and yet, and yet, **SIXTY MILLIONS** of King George's subjects in India **are** so called by the caste people in India. "Some of them bearing the burden of the hardest tasks under a tropical sun and though the most necessary element to the economic system—i.e., the life of India—he is the least considered." He is a serf, a slave—being outcaste, and so untouchable and unapproachable. But now, thank God, some of our **Missionaries** are alive to the fact that our Lord Jesus Christ will not leave them **outside** His Kingdom. They, and I hope we, shall be among the number who, as it were, are going out "into the highways and hedges" and compelling them to come in to the glorious Gospel Feast—open to all who will. The mass movement has begun, "thousands have been converted, and now the difficulty is to cope with the movement; for while the movement gains force, the number of Missionaries has become steadily smaller and smaller."

“Alas! why is it? Is it because we at home do not care that India should become Christian! Do not care that the outcastes should know of Christ; for I read—that if this mass movement goes on as it has the past few years and the outcastes become real true-hearted Christians, it will be made a blessing to all India. Oh! then let us who see what a “Fruitful Field” India is, let us keep on praying morn and noon and night that Evangelists shall go forth in all the villages teaching the good news that Christ will receive them and welcome them; and may God open the hearts of many men who have been in the War and are converted and now serve the Lord, whose precious lives have been spared, to offer themselves to go forth as Missionaries to the Heathen instead of coming back into the office or shop or other work they did before the War. Believe me, God is waiting for you to offer. He would encourage you to persist in your determination to work for Him in India or Nigeria or other parts of His world that He so loved, that He gave His only begotten Son to die that the world might live. Yes, the outcastes, the untouchables, and the unapproachables. Glory be to Him!

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

STEPHEN HOLLOWAY'S STRONG BOX.

“DOMINE, if you have a little time to spare, I wish you'd look over the papers in my strong box”

The words were low, for the voice was weak from old age and long illness. Room F, in the Home for Aged Men, was about to lose the peaceful face that had greeted the minister time and again with a smile of heavenly cheer.

Stephen Holloway had lost almost everything in life, except his good name, his memory, and faith in God. His dear ones had died, his money was lost, his eyesight had failed, and his legs had long refused to support his trembling body. Nevertheless, when the minister was in need of special stimulus, he would drop in to have a talk with Uncle Stephen. This low-spoken allusion to a strong box startled him. It could not be that this venerable saint, so long an object of charity, had been hoarding unsuspected resources. Or was his keen, alert brain at last failing him?

The minister, Mr. Alton, bent tenderly over his old friend.

“You know I'm rich, Domine,” went on his feeble voice.

The minister thought “ah, his mind has suddenly given way.”

"As rich! as rich!" continued Uncle Stephen, his tones growing clearer and clearer, "as rich as the LORD JESUS CHRIST!"

His patient old face was suddenly illuminated. Mr. Alton said kindly, "You have all of my time you need; where is your strong box?"

"Why there," replied the old man, smiling and pointing to the large leather-bound Bible on the stand. "Please take it and sit down a few minutes. When I was in business years ago, and making money, I had a strong box for my valuable documents and specie. There was no safe deposit vaults then, and I kept the box in my closet, and was much worried about burglars. But since I had this box the LORD gave me, I have no trouble with it—the key is faith—and is hidden so deep in my heart, the enemy cannot find it."

The minister had seated himself, with the great time-worn book on his knee.

"Now," said Uncle Stephen, "we'll look over

THE DOCUMENTS

a little. I cannot see them with my eyes, but I know them by heart. The first in the bundle I never tire thinking about. You see, Domine, many years ago I lived under a good King that I did not love, but rebelled against Him, trying to hinder His cause and hurt His kingdom. I was very rebellious. Finally I was arrested, and put into a dark dungeon, and while there I found I was under the sentence of death. I wept and repented, but the dungeon was just as dark as ever, and death staring in my eyes, when a messenger from the King came up, bringing

A PAPER SIGNED AND SEALED

with my name on it. It was my pardon! Just read it over, will you? It is marked John iii., 16."

Mr. Alton read the familiar words. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Then," said the old man, "after I was a free man, and had promised to serve the King, He accepted me in His own glorious family, and

THE PAPER WAS DRAWN UP

and made me as sure as eternity. I love that paper. It is labelled Romans viii., 15. Please read it.

The minister turned the leaves with a glow in his soul, and read—"Ye have received the SPIRIT of Adoption, whereby we cry, 'ABBA, FATHER.'"

"Now the next papers are wonderfully comforting to look over, the

THREE INSURANCE POLICIES— ACCIDENT, LIFE, FIRE INSURANCE.

There's Romans viii., 28."

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God," read Mr. Alton.

"That's the

ACCIDENT POLICY,"

said Uncle Stephen, with the simple joyousness of a care-free child in his voice. "John xi., 26, is the

LIFE ASSURANCE."

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in ME shall never die."

Mr. Alton's voice had caught the ring of triumph of the aged conqueror on the bed.

"Bless the Lord!" cried Uncle Stephen. "Now let me hear the third. It's marked II. Peter iii., 12-13." Somehow the solemn words had never seemed so real to Mr. Alton before, as he read slowly to his friend: "Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

"I hope I am not keeping you too long," said Uncle Stephen, "but I must have you glance at

THE WILL

there. You can see that the KING'S SON died, and made a will in my favour. Oh, glory to God! Just think of it, Domine. You may glance over the items—'Peace I leave with you,' and 'I will send a COMFORTER.' Oh, Parson Alton, do you think I am so foolish as to have all that and far more left to me, and not claim it and rejoice in it? Then there's

A DEED GOES WITH THE WILL.

it is John xiv., 2." With eyes full of tears the minister repeated, "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."

“For me! for me! Oh, bless His glorious Name for ever!”
 There was an eloquent silence. “And now there are a lot of
 blessed shares in the box.

I'M A BIG STOCKHOLDER.

Some are marked ‘partakers of CHRIST’s suffering,’ ‘of the inheritance of the Saints in light.’ Just lay that treasure box on the bed with me. ‘Too heavy? No, it’s heavy only with the ‘eternal weight of glory.’ It is not much matter about the eyes, is it? Nor the old bones, nor lying awake nights. Millionaires do not care when they are away for a night if things are not just as they are at home. Good-bye, Domine. Come again.”

Uncle Stephen sank back on his pillows, weary but radiant, and the minister went down the street singing to himself—

“O child of God. O glory’s heir, How rich a lot is thine.”

THE OUTCASTS IN INDIA.

A most remarkable work is going on among the fifty or sixty million Outcasts of India. Upon this great deep of human sin and degradation the Spirit of God is moving, and upon the gross darkness of centuries the Light of revealed Love is shining, and a call from heaven is bringing order out of this chaos and waste of human life. These poor Outcasts, of whom Miss Leakey speaks in her article as “unapproachable” and “untouchable,” are now coming by thousands to Jesus Christ, and His mighty heart of love is moved with compassion towards them. I hope to speak more about them next month, and to print then a letter I have received from one working among them. It is our duty to pray for them; they are crowding on the narrow way that leads to heaven; they are being compelled to “come in” that God’s house may be filled.

The King’s Declaration

At His CORONATION, MAY 6th, 1910:

“The Bible is the first of National Treasures.
 The most valuable thing that this world
 affords.”

THE BIBLE.

This Book will either keep you from sin, or sin will keep you from the Book,

WHO? IS IT YOU?

Who would not be an Enoch in a time like this, when the sons of God are mingling themselves with the daughters of men, and preparing this sin-laden earth for a deluge of fire? Who would not be a Noah, though he should have to stand alone for God in the face of an utterly corrupt world—and a Laodicean Church? Who would not be a Paul standing up for Jesus, though no man stood by him? Who would not be a John, though for his testimony to Jesus he might be banished to some lonely Patmos—for would it not be glorious recompense to hear His loving voice, see His heavenly glory, and feel the re-assuring pressure of His strong right hand?

About 12,000 Chinese women, it is said, pass away each day, having never heard the Gospel—without hope, without God.

The Crescent faith claims more than one-third of Africa's population, and it is said that for every one convert to Christianity nowadays no fewer than ten become Mohammedans.

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

"In their death they were not divided."

I have before me two certificates of death—one of William Ford Spratt, and the other of Emily Spratt; both died in October of this year within one week of each other, and both were 71 years of age.

Their quiet happy married life of more than 40 years had been spent in the completest happiness. I was told they had never been absent one night from each other all that time.

I knew them first in the old Gospel days of 1884 when I was preaching in the Royal Public Rooms and Victoria Hall, Exeter. The wife used to come first to the meetings, and one Sunday afternoon she asked her husband to come. He refused to go, and so she went alone. He sat in his chair to rest and had a vision. In his vision he was taken to the Royal Public Rooms, where his wife had gone. He saw the building filled with people and himself helping them into their seats. He saw me come and stand on the platform, and he heard the words of my address. When his wife returned and told him about the meeting he said, "I have been there and I have seen Mr. Wreford and heard him preach."

The result was that he went with his wife in the evening to the preaching, and when it was over he left the building a man convicted of sin by the Spirit of God. During the week he was at work very unhappy, and while standing on the top of a ladder the thought came to him, "If I fall off this ladder and am killed where shall I spend eternity?" He cried to God for salvation, and the answer came—"**Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.**" There and then he believed, and he was saved.

When he had his last illness I saw him as often as I could, and it was sweet indeed to see the quiet restful peace that he enjoyed. He loved to speak of his conversion and the conversion of his wife and all his children at our meetings. He looked at me with a happy face and said, "My wife and I and all our children were converted at your meetings, thank God." And we thanked God together. He had no doubt as he lay waiting for the home call. He knew whom he had believed. About an hour before he died on Sunday afternoon, October 6th, his devoted wife was taken seriously ill and had to be taken away suddenly for an operation. He was unconscious when she went, and did not recover consciousness in this world again. When her operation was over, I went to see her in the Hospital. I saw by her appearance that she would not be long here. She enquired about her husband's funeral and other things. She was very happy in Christ, and restful and very patient. In a day or two she went to be with Christ. We buried the husband on the Monday and the wife the following Saturday. "In their deaths they were not divided."

Ah! the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to change human hearts and lives! The conversion of the parents led to the conversion of the children, and although I knew them all the thirty years and more of their lives for God, I never knew them anything but quiet and consistent Christians.

A few days after the funerals I received a letter from one of the sons, in which he said—

"DEAR DR. WREFORD,—I am writing just a few lines to convey to you on behalf of all the family our deep gratitude and appreciation for your kind sympathy and fellowship with us in the great trial which has befallen us, by the loss of father and mother. We can scarcely realize as yet that they have both passed away, but we are comforted with the knowledge that they are 'for ever with the Lord.' It must be a source of great joy to you to know that you were the means of bringing them to the knowledge of their Saviour, and that heaven will be richer with the many hundreds who have passed from death into life through your preaching of the Gospel.

That you may long be spared to continue in the Master's service is the earnest prayer of each one of us, who, although separated by distance, have never forgotten and will never forget the blessing received at the Victoria Hall.—Yours affectionately in Christ, L. G. S."

With a full heart as happy memories of these glorious Gospel days flood our soul with heaven's own joy we'll say—

"We'll lay our trophies at Thy feet,
We'll worship and adore Thee,
Whose precious blood has made us meet
To dwell with Thee in glory."

Men who know themselves never despise others.

A prayer without penitence is a bird without wings.

THE REASON OF "FRUITFUL FIELDS."

We issue this Magazine not to replace "A Message from God," but to be a companion Magazine to it. We want to help those who in these last days are seeking to obey the Lord's commands to "Go out into the ways and fences and compel them to come in that My house may be filled."

We want to press the claims of Christ upon the men and women of the world, and to circulate far and wide the Book that speaks of Him.

We hope our friends will help us with both Magazines. We shall be glad to send sample copies to any who may wish to see them.

NEXT MONTH.

If the Lord tarry, there will be much to engage our thoughts. The world crisis through which we are passing from the standpoint of our Christian position. Our responsibilities and our opportunities, both greater now than they have ever been before.

A CLOSING WORD FOR DECEMBER, 1918.

The Old Testament ends its words by keeping the saints looking for the "*great and dreadful day of the Lord.*"

The New Testament ends by keeping the bride waiting for her Lord, "Even so, come Lord Jesus." Can we say "Amen" to this.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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HELP us to send the Word of God to "Earth's Christless Millions. Any gifts for this purpose may be sent to—

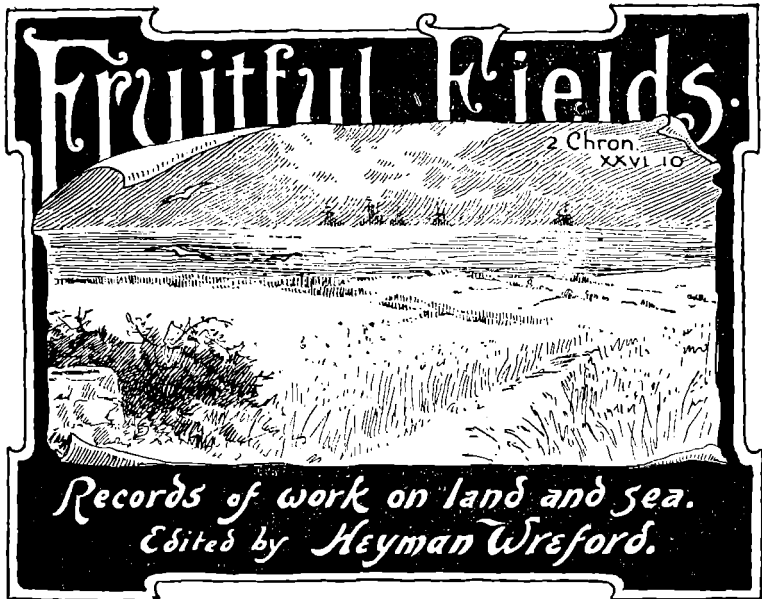
Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

We have sent away nearly 100,000 Testaments yearly during the War, and more than 8,000 parcels, and we are still sending, for the need is as great as ever.

TWO MAGAZINES EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD:—

"A MESSAGE FROM GOD." Price One Penny; 8/6 the 100 post free.

"FRUITFUL FIELDS." Price One Penny; 8/6 the 100 post free.



VOL. I. No. 3.

JANUARY, 1919.

Price 1d.; 8/6 the 100 post free.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1.

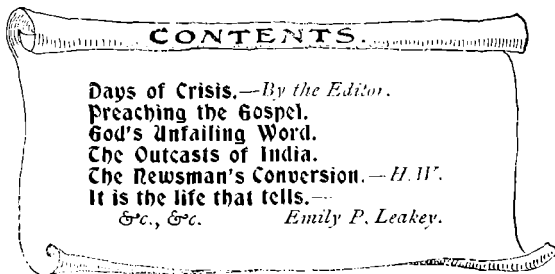
We hear His footsteps on the way!

O work while it is called to-day,

Constrained by love, endued with power,

O children in this last, last hour.

C. T.



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It is the life that tells.—

&c., &c.

Emily P. Leakey.

All
Communications
for
The Editor
to be sent to—

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Exeter.

LONDON: F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C. 4.

EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

EVANGELIZATION.

I BELIEVE that in all times blessing within is in the measure of Evangelization. The reason is very simple. It is the presence of God which blesses, and God is love, and it is love which makes one seek souls. But God loves souls, and if we do not seek them, He will set his testimony elsewhere. He loves us, I believe, but He has no need of us. May He give us only to be faithful to Him, and He will certainly bless us.

Letters, vol. I., p. 392.

J.N.D.

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

DAYS OF CRISIS.

AS we gaze on the great sea of humanity, we notice it heaving and tossing in response to the volcanic storms that are raging underneath it. Elemental forces are at work all over the world, and primitive barbarism is threatening to displace the ordered living which civilization requires.

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

The awful blasphemy that has led a nation to eliminate the Name of God from all its schools is spreading everywhere: “we be gods,” men cry, and then act as devils. The humanizing of God and the deification of man is the spirit of this age. The riot of self-will, everyone doing that which is right in their own eyes, leads to the awful menace of

Bolshevism, which is the direct result of the materialism of the present day. There seems to be a collapse of moral energy in the world—the power to do evil is stronger than the desire to do right. The hidden forces of evil in the natural man, which are, to a certain extent, repressed by the obligations of society, show themselves in a variety of ways—sometimes in the quieter forms of unbelief when human credulity is befooled by so-called diviners, by false mediums, by charlatans who pretend to the gift of healing, by palmists, by fortune-tellers, by crystal-gazers, by wizards who pretend to hold mysteries of life and death in thrall, by the atheists who in their blasphemy speak of “somebody called God”—to the semi-atheists, as we may call them, who, under the guise of religion, sow “doctrines of devils,” the denial of the Father and the Son, in half the pulpits of Christendom. These false witnesses, garbed as Christian men, are the choicest emissaries of Satan, his chosen vessels to poison the minds of men with the specious sophistries of perdition.

Then there is the cult of socialism—a growing force which “teaches and believes the folly that material comfort may come to all under the reign of an omnipotent and atheistic bureaucracy administering the affairs of state.” They build their theories on destruction, and are an unceasing menace to the nations of the world.

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

The Prime Minister of France said in the French Senate a few years ago: "We have torn the minds of men from religious faith. The wretched workman, who, weary with the weight of his day's work, once bent his knee, we now have raised up. We have told him that behind the clouds are only chimeras. **Together, and with a majestic gesture, we have put out in the heavens the lights that will never be lit again!**"

This speech was hailed with delightful applause, and was ordered to be distributed throughout all the Communes in France (36,000).

The denial of God lends to a denial of His Word and all its teaching for time and eternity. Lord —, writing to me about the Bible, says "he does not agree with me in regarding this inconsistent semi-oriental hotch-potch as the Word of God."

And so we might go on painting a picture more and more sombre of a world seeking to put God out of its thoughts altogether.

And now men talk of a League of Nations—peace and amity to be brought to a world by man's efforts—a league to be built on the sandy foundation of human endeavour, and to be welded together by pledges that have been proved before to be mere "scraps of paper."

I remember reading of a great speech made by M. Jules Simon in favour of peace. Amid deafening applause, he ended his peroration by saying—"**Cannon, thy reign is ended!**" This was early in July, 1870. We know that 16 days after this speech was made war was declared between France and Germany, and within two months M. Jules Simon's house was under the fire of German guns.

The Tower of Babel was a League of Nations—God came down to see what they were building, and He scattered the builders over the face of the earth; and so this godless league was dissolved.

What are Christians to do in these days of crisis? What are our responsibilities and our opportunities? We must believe in—

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

If, by the grace of God, we are enabled to rest our souls upon these Divine foundations, God will give us power to live for Him and to be a witness for His Beloved Son.

But Christians must be in earnest; how can we contend for a faith if we do not hold it firmly? How can we speak of a Saviour if we do not know Him in communion of soul? It is the everlasting shame of Christendom that the majority of so-called Christians do not believe in Christ at all, and tens of thousands who do believe in Him are lukewarm, and prefer the ease of quiet living to the battlefields of service for their Lord.

Without judging others, let us judge ourselves; examine ourselves whether we be in the faith. The devil is in deadly earnest, and all over the world the powers of darkness are waging unceasing war.

If we want to help in God's work we must face the evils of which we have been speaking in the power of God. How glorious to win souls for Jesus Christ day by day; to be true to Him in a world where He WAS crucified, and where He IS denied now. How good to remember that **Jesus is God**—to be able to say—

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

So, fellow Christian, let us do each day definite work for Christ. Above all, pray—we must have daily prayer to God—together when we can—for Jesus said:—

“If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father, which is in heaven.”—*Matt. xviii.*, 18.

Three things will characterize us if we are true to Christ—

- 1.—**We shall be living epistles known and read of all.**
- 2.—**People will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.**
- 3.—**We shall be like unto men that wait for their Lord.**

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

If the Lord calls a man to preach the Gospel, there will be a natural ability for it. Then the Lord may create in his heart by the Holy Spirit **a real love for souls**, which is the best gift of the evangelist. Then he ought to stir up and exercise his gift according to his ability—for the blessing of souls and the glory of God. May we remember that we are responsible for these two things—the gift graciously bestowed, and the ability in which the gift is to be exercised. When the Lord comes to reckon with His servants, it will not be enough to say, I was never educated for, or appointed to, the ministry. The question will be—“Did I wait on the Lord to be used by Him according to what He has fitted me for? Or did I hide my talent in the earth?” Faithfulness or unfaithfulness to Him will be the only thing in question. *Selected.*



GOD'S UNFAILING WORD.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME few years ago a Christian Lady, having decided that she ought to try and put into practice her faith in the efficacy of God's Word to bring souls into the true light, bought some marked New Testaments to circulate among some of the Jewish ladies in her town. Several of these little Books had gone out with kind personal notes inside them, and one day the last of the series was ready. The lady started on her errand. The walk lengthened beyond her strength; so, bidding her friend “Good-bye,” she sat down in a shelter on the sea-front to rest awhile. Only one other person sat there with her, and that one was sitting white and still with closed eyes. A few moments passed, then the tired lady timidly inquired: “Are you ill? Can I do anything for you?”

The eyes opened; they were dark and despairing; the lips moved, and a voice, hollow and sad, said: “Yes, I am ill—I am ill—I am dying, but no one can help that.”

Swift as thought came the gentle answer: “Christ only; but what a comfort that He can!”

Suddenly new life seemed to vibrate through the frail form. Anger, that almost paralyzed her hearer, rang in the scornful

tones of the stranger; the dark eyes blazed with brilliancy. "Do not mention that name to me! The imposter! The enemy of our race! The accursed one!"

With each nerve throbbing with anxiety to help, the Christian woman paused, uncertain how to answer.

Faltering, she began: "Have you ever read the New Testament?"

"Never!" came the sharp response in the same scathing accents.

"Is that quite fair? To us who know the Book and love it, your conduct seems like condemning a person unheard. You are dying, you say—the New Testament tells of a beautiful life beyond this. Oh, do read it!"—holding it out to her.

A weird smile lighted up the sad, thin face. "Well, nothing can hurt me now. At any rate, you mean well." And the Jewess took the packet, slipping it into a bag by her side.

* * * *

A year went by, and again the Christian lady was on the sea-front. As she walked along, someone eyed her curiously, but with an unfriendly gaze which made her feel uncomfortable, though she knew not why. Turning to retrace her steps, they met again, and this time the other paused, asking abruptly: "Are you Miss —?"

"Yes."

"Then I have a message to give you. Do you remember giving a New Testament to a sick lady in a shelter here a year ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, she is dead. As she was dying, I promised her if I ever met you I would tell you that she died in peace, trusting in your Jesus Christ. I was a fool to promise her, but I did it, and I have kept my word; but I curse you for giving the Book to her; you have destroyed her soul."

She was turning to go, when the Christian lady stopped her. "The Testament—where is that?"

"I have it. I promised her to keep it; but no one shall ever see it—it shall do no more harm."

Quickly she walked away, leaving no chance of an answer; and her hearer went home, so shadowed by the terrible looks and words of hatred, that for days she could hardly give thanks for the precious soul that had been redeemed and was in glory.

Many months sped on their way, marked only by the silent prayer for that Jewish sister still in darkness. Then one morning a letter arrived in a strange handwriting, with a strange postmark. It was brief, and unsigned. It said: "Your Jewish sister thanks and blesses you. I, too, have read that New Testament, and found the true Messiah. Pray that I may be faithful; all here are against me, especially my husband. He has taken the Book from me—pray for him also. Yours in the love of Christ."

More months sped away—then another missive came. "When this reaches you I shall be with my sister before the Throne. I am dying, as she did, of consumption; but I want you to know that I have been kept true, and that I have my dear copy of the New Testament again. Last week my husband gave it to me. He has said no word, but he is all kindness and love. I asked him if he had read it; he only said, 'Ask no questions,' so I am praying on in hope. Continue your prayers for him."

Day by day that request was complied with, though the petitioner knew neither the name nor the abode of the one for whom she prayed. But the Hearer of prayer knew and sent one more answer. Two texts of Scripture written on a card came in a foreign envelope. One of them was: "**My Word shall not return unto Me void**"—a text which speaks convincingly of the hidden power which lives in the inspired Word of Divine Truth.

This story is published to cheer the hearts of those who are lovingly "sowing the seed beside all waters." *Selected.*



THE OUTCASTS OF INDIA.

A writer says of them they have "been condemned for centuries to expect scorn and oppression as their natural lot, to be shunned and driven out of sight as too revolting to be looked upon, to toil incessantly for a pittance that renders unattainable the merest decencies of life. . . . They are stigmatized as 'polluted,' untouchable, and even unapproachable. . . . They have had to live in out-of-the-way places, finding shelter in insanitary and wretched hovels, and have been kept deliberately in a state of abject poverty and utter ignorance."

To these poor degraded people the Gospel of Jesus Christ came as a wonderful revelation and blessing; that God should love **them**, and give His Son—His only Son—to die for them was

surpassingly wonderful—despised by man—loved by God—held as “polluted” on the earth, yet invited by the God of heaven to come to Him. Tens of thousands of them gladly and readily received the gospel, and the following letter which was sent to me will tell you a little what God has done and is doing for these poor people:—

LETTER FROM A NATIVE PASTOR.

THE CEYLON AND INDIA GENERAL MISSION.

KURICHEE (near Bhavani), *via* Erode, S. India,


27th September, 1918.

DEAR SIR,—Excuse me, please, for the liberty I have taken in writing to you. I had a letter from Miss Nye, of Brighton, saying that you were kindly sending me a parcel of reading. So I am writing this in anticipation, thanking you for your kindness. Perhaps you would like to know who am I and what is my work. Well, I am a young native pastor of the above mission, and I am in charge of a pastorate in an out-of-the way village of India. The work was started in 1908, and we laboured patiently all the time. Now we have a church with a membership of about 50 people. These are called the outcastes—i.e., you know caste system prevails in India, and these are lowest caste people. The high caste people employ them for all outdoor work and for many other purposes which they would not do. These are also untouchables and are regarded as beasts, but thank God the Gospel of Christ has really changed these people, and we have now many teachers and Catechists amongst them. In addition to my pastoral work, I have to visit four out-stations also where we have schools. The population of Kurichee is about 1,200, and this consists of not less than 10 castes of people. At first when we opened school, no one but the outcaste children attended the class. The other caste people stoutly declined to send their children, saying their caste will be defiled. Now, after 10 years, they have seen what Christianity can do for outcastes, and now they are sending their children also. Now it is great encouragement to us to see the outcaste children and the high caste children all seated together and all playing together. Nothing but the power of God can do this. There was a great chief who ruled over these people. He was a staunch Hindu, and built several temples, in which he placed silver idols. The people regarded him as an incarnation of God, and feared him much. He was a great enemy of the Gospel, but he died in 1908. His grandson, who is the present chief, is a great friend of ours, and has let his children attend our school. He has also got a New Testament, which he reads occasionally. I have half-a-dozen workers under me, and we all carry on the work. Miss Nye has helped me much in supplying me with Gospels, tracts, &c. In one of the Testaments which she sent I found

your address. I am looking forward to receiving your parcel, and will write you at once. I am simply hungry for reading. I am far from town life, and in my leisure time I find it a great disappointment if I have nothing to read. The post-office is seven miles away, and our mails are delivered once a week. Every Tuesday I expect the mails, and, if there is nothing for me, you can imagine my disappointment. If you have still Testaments and Gospels to give, kindly send me a parcel, and I will gladly distribute them. Please pray for me and my work, and write to me whenever you can. I shall pray for you. Trusting I will have a reply to this,

With best wishes, I remain, yours in His service,

A. D. PARVATHAM.

 I shall be glad of the assistance of friends to send frequently to this Pastor, and others also who are working among these people. (See last page.)

And now I will tell you in his own words of the conversion of one of the high caste Brahmins of India.

WHAT CHRIST HAS DONE FOR ME.

I belonged to a high caste Brahmin or priestly caste in Cochin, South India. From my childhood I had a great desire to love God and be saved, though I did not know the true way. I used to get up at 4 a.m. daily, in hot weather and cold weather, and then, with many others, bathe in the temple tank. For nearly two hours I used to repeat praying in Sanskrit, the meaning of which I did not know. I worshipped many idols, and in my own home I had many miniature gods and goddesses, which I every morning washed, clothed, and even fed with sweetened rice. I went round the sacred banyan tree a hundred times daily to please the gods. Like the Pharisees, I detested the non-Brahmins, and every time I touched them I immersed myself in a tank to remove the pollution. I was a strict vegetarian and a very strict teetotaler.

Once I came across a European Missionary of the C.M.S., who is still in India. He spoke to me of Christ, and gave me a Bible. I read it for two years, and, with the help of that Padree Sahib, I became a Christian, and was publicly baptized. My parents and other relatives have considered me ever since as a social leper, and they would not touch me or admit me into their house; Ps. 27 : 10 became my theme. I had very severe persecutions; God gave me grace to stand all. My father totally disinherited me, though I am the eldest son. I am now, by God's grace and help, the pastor of a Tamil Church in Madras. I rejoice in God, and I thank Him because He brought me out of utter darkness and from blindly and foolishly worshipping idols to the great light, to worship Him alone, and also to work for Him in His vineyard.

GOPALAH AIYAR.

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

THE NEWSMAN'S, CONVERSION.

THE ways of God in bringing sinners to Himself are wonderful, and, when His Holy Spirit works, nothing can withstand its blessed power. The one whose portrait is given with this article was an instance of this. Living as he did without hope and without God in the world all his life until his last illness. For 30 years now he has been in heaven, but

the devil had few more faithful followers than he was until his last illness.

It was in the days of the early eighties, when God was giving us very great blessing at all our meetings, that I was asked by an Inspector of the Exeter Police, who had been converted at the meetings, to go and see this dying man. The Inspector told me that he had threatened to kill any clergyman or minister who came to see him, and one who was asked to go said he would as soon put his foot in hell as in his house.

When I was asked to go and see him I made it a matter of earnest prayer, and then I went. He



THE EXETER NEWSMAN.

lived in one of the cobbled back streets of our ancient City, and, when I reached his home and knocked at the door, his wife opened it. I said, "Can I see your husband?" For answer she put her finger to her lips, enjoining silence on me. I said, "Where is he?" She did not answer, but pointed to an inner room, beyond the front room, which was kitchen and sitting-room combined. I walked through the outer room and went into the bedroom. I found Hurl lying on his bed, staring at me with great surprise and resentment in his eyes. I simply said, as I drew nearer to the bed, "I heard you were ill, and I came to ask how you were." All the time I was praying to God to shew me how to reach this sinner's heart. I felt entirely dependent, knowing the character of the man. He had had "delirium tremens" seven times, and had often pursued his wife through the streets at night, threatening to kill her.

As he lay watching me, my constant prayer was, "O God, what shall I say; what shall I do?" Clearly and distinctly a voice answered to my soul, "**Speak to him about Guppy.**" The voice was the voice of the Spirit of God, and I obeyed it. Guppy had been converted at our meetings, and had been buried only a few days before. I had no knowledge of this man's acquaintance with Guppy. I did not know whether they were acquainted or not, but I at once said, "Did you know Guppy?" He looked at me in surprise, and replied, "I knew him well; we were boys together." As I sat down by the bedside I answered, "Yes, he was a friend of mine as well, and I was with him just before he died." I then told him all about Guppy, his conversion, what he had said to me, and what I said to him. Guppy dead and gone to Heaven was speaking through me to this poor soul. He could not refuse to listen, because I constantly said, "Guppy said this to me, and I said this to Guppy." And, as I went on preaching the Gospel of God's Grace to him through Guppy, he grew more and more interested, and I could see the Spirit of God was doing a work in that soul that would end in his being saved. At last I looked him straight in the face, and said, as I stood over him, "And what of you? **You** must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for Salvation. Do you know you are a sinner?" Slowly he answered "Yes." I said, "God sent His Son to die for sinners." And then, referring to his present condition, I said, "Do you

think you are going to die, or going to get better?" He replied, "I think I shall die." "Would you like to go to Heaven?" "Yes." "You must repent of your sins and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for sinners." I then told him the story of the penitent thief, saved at the eleventh hour. I spoke of his **condition**—a vile sinner—of his **position** hanging over hell—of his cry to the Lord Jesus, "**Lord, remember me;**" and, as I told this wonderful story of redeeming love, he listened absorbed. I then said to him, "Will you pray the thief's prayer to Jesus now?" And he said with trembling lips, "Lord, remember me." And then I told him of the man who knew he was a sinner, and because he knew it could not lift up his face to Heaven, but cried in his need: "**God be merciful to me a sinner;**" and I said to him, "Now will you say—'God be merciful to me a sinner?'" And he said, as he lay there facing eternity, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And then I told him of Peter sinking beneath the waves, and how he prayed to Jesus, "**Lord save me;**" and I told the poor sinner before me that he was sinking down to hell, and only One could save him, and that was the Lord Jesus Christ. And I said, "Hurl, will you say 'Lord save me?'" and he said earnestly, "**Lord save me.**" And once again I spoke to him, and this time of the Jailer at Phillippi, who, anxious about his soul, cried out to God's servants, "What must I do to be saved?" And I said, "Do you ask that question now?" By the Grace of God he did. Then I repeated text after text to him. He told me he wanted to go to Heaven. I asked him if I might pray with him, and he said "Yes." On leaving, I asked him to think of Christ, and he promised he would. I said, as I shook hands with him, "Do you want me to come again? I shall not come unless you ask me." He told me he wished me to come.

When I got outside the neighbours told me a little about his life. They said he was a drunkard, and had had "delirium tremens" several times. They told me he had kicked a woman to death, and had cursed and sworn all through his illness, and would let no one come near him. He had often kicked his wife into the gutter, and many other things. However, I felt sure that God was going to save his precious soul.

The next day—February 27th, 1884—I called to see him again, bringing with me a text on a card to put on the bottom

of his bed, so that he could always see it. The text was—
"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

He told me he had thought much about me during the night, that he had prayed to the Lord a good deal, and that he wanted to be saved. His wife told me that he had not sworn at her since I was there.

We had a happy time together, reading the Bible and prayer to God, and when I left him he was earnestly seeking the Saviour. I gave him a Bible, which he read for himself. I had the joy at length of hearing him confess Christ. He was very happy as he lay talking to me of God's goodness to him and of his past guilty life. He asked me to pray for his wife that she might be saved. His end was perfect peace, calmly trusting in his Saviour. I was not with him when he died, but I know where he is now, and look forward to meeting him soon in the presence of the Lord.

HEYMAN WREFORD.

IT IS THE LIFE THAT TELLS.

It is wonderful what letting your light shine does to help others to **begin to shine**. "Let your light so shine before men that they may glorify your Father in heaven"—**not you, not you**, mind, but God your Father. I can tell of many such that have thus brought glory to God. Only this week I heard a dear wounded soldier say, "I am always smiling, because I am always thinking of the love of God"; and God says, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me" (Psalm 1.): therefore, praise God more, for your little blessings as well as **great ones**. Let your light shine. "M. M." tells of a young servant who always "lived Christ," although she talked little. She died, dear young thing, and after her death the matron said four of the women patients were so broken down by her death that they accepted Christ **through her testimony during her life**. Another I knew well—it was my own sister, when she was at Port Arthur, in Tasmania, by her words and "living Christ" was blessed in leading another young lady to know and love the Lord. This dear girl wrote of her, "I do not wish to miss a minute of her society." There is something else I would say: if you are "living Christ" or letting your light shine, it is through His Grace, and, as Fullerton said in his address, it is not by striving only, but by **clinging** to Jesus, holding Him fast as Jacob did, saying—I **will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me**.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

An Interesting Letter to Miss A. A. L.—.

"NORTH RUSSIA, December 2nd, 1918.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—After a long and much interrupted trip we have at last arrived at our destination. . . . And, of course, the place is quite typical of Russia—cold and dreary. . . . I trust God for my safety and His help to guide me in this strange path to which He has already safely led me. Yes, thank Him. I have His promise and He is fulfilling it also in a most wonderful manner.

"Thanks for your helpful verses, full of comfort and help. . . . I have had quite a few times God's blessing while on board, during the short services the Padre has been able to arrange; while it does one good to hear the swell of the men's voices as they sing the good old hymns.

"I would be very pleased to receive a parcel of Testaments now, as I am looking forward to some good times here, although I am sorry to say I shall be apart from my comrades I have so far been with; yet I shall meet with others, I dare say, to whom I can impart the comfort, blessing, and guidance of the Word. There is one thing much needed—hymns; we are so very short of books and sheets. . . . May God bless your efforts in endeavouring to meet with the needs of those who are yet outside the fold; and now trusting to hear from you as time permits, I will close with promise of prayers upon the work of both the dear Doctor and yourself.—Yours in Christ, N.W."

"He is mindful of His own."

THE NEW YEAR.

Fear, facing the New Year,
Thinketh, "What shall it bring?"

And is dumb,
Dreading the hidden ways.

Faith, looketh upward, saith,
"God is over all—


Let it come:
God ordereth the days."

This is my New Year's bliss—
He is mine and I am His.

All the days,
All the ways,
Lead us home.

Let us pray. Let us praise.

M. G. P.

 We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels. We have sent more than eight thousand to various centres, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, worker, or soldier, who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian Soldiers or Sailors, or to Civilians.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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HELP us to send the Word of God to "Earth's Christless Millions. Any gifts for this purpose may be sent to—

Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

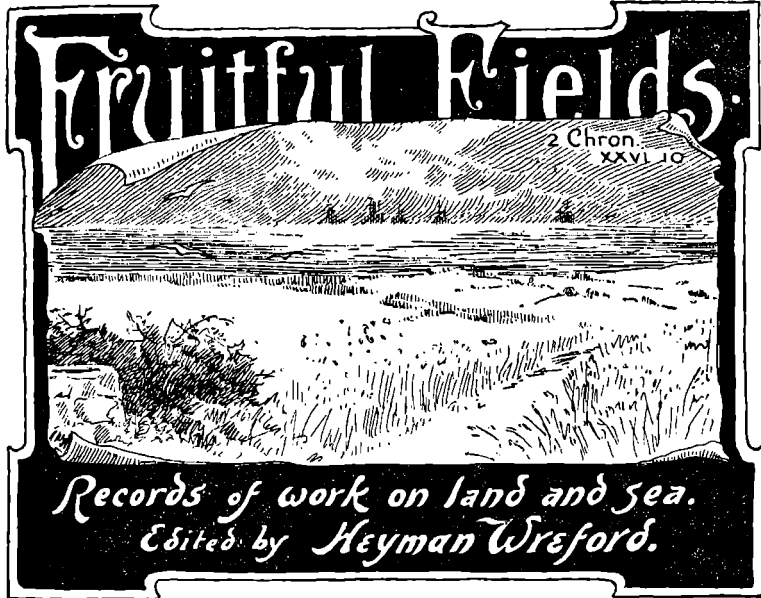
We have sent away nearly 100,000 Testaments yearly during the War, and more than 8,000 parcels, and we are still sending, for the need is as great as ever.

TWO MAGAZINES EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD:—

"A MESSAGE FROM GOD." Price One Penny; 8/6 the 100 post free.

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The two sent by post for a year for 3/-



VOL. 1. NO. 4. FEBRUARY, 1919. Price 1d. : 8/6 the 100 post free.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1.

*"Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt and when and where
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."*

ALL
COMMUNICATIONS
FOR
THE EDITOR
TO BE SENT TO—

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DR.
HEYMAN WREFORD
THE FIRS,
DENMARK ROAD.
EXETER.

LONDON: F. E. RACE, 3 & 1, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C., 4.
EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

“Yes He is mine and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or power
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour,
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine,
Go, I my Saviour's am and He is mine.”

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SOUL.

EVERYONE has a soul—an immortal soul. Bodies decay, souls live. When the complex machinery of our being ceases its action, when heart and pulse are still, and the “earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved,” the soul still lives, and will live through eternal ages. More than one thousand million immortal souls are in this world to-day. Every year millions pass from time to eternity, to spend that eternity either in happiness or misery. Our individuality never perishes. Adam and Eve still live, and everyone of their descendants. Generations pass away—the world is a vast sepulchre—and the seas hold their millions of dead. And beyond the barriers of time, century after century, countless millions have made their way, borne onward by a force they could not control, the moving of the years, slow and irresistible, but unceasing. This vast progress of the human race from time to eternity has never been stayed from the moment Adam and Eve left Paradise until now, and it never will until Time shall be no more. Eternity like a mighty magnet draws all to its embrace, and the power of its drawing can never be held back one moment.

As a boy that eternity so possessed me that I wept when I was told that at every tick of the clock a soul in China went into eternity. It seemed as if the passing of that mighty host of souls cast a shadow over my soul, and that a cry rang across

the seas to me in England to go and tell them of the Saviour. I cried to God to let me go, but I could not, God had work for me at home. But the "regions beyond" stretch away before us vast and illimitable, and the pitiful petition appeals, or should appeal, to every Christian to-day, **"Come over and help us."** They seem to say, many of them, from the darkness of their condition, "We have no Bible, no Saviour, no hope."

Yes, the greater part of the world is unevangelized yet. I have heard in the East the Muezzin's cry, calling Moham-medan's to prayer. I have heard the service drums sounding from morning to night in Buddhist Temples. I have seen priests tearing flowers to pieces in the Temple of Vishnu, and watched the worship of the Japanese at their Shinto shrines. Oh! the tragedy of it all. Millions upon millions without Christ. I have stood on Olivet, and thought of the Saviour weeping over the unbelief of Jerusalem. I have stood on Calvary and thought of the tragedy of that lonely death of the "Man of Sorrows—the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." At Bethany I have lingered and thought of His ascension into heaven and the message He left behind Him, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

How has that mandate been obeyed? We read with wonder of the vast missionary journies of Paul—the man who loved the Gospel more than any, I think, save his Master. Are there not millions to-day, who, dying in darkness, and living in the gloom of ignorance, could say, **"no man cared for my soul."** Have we spoken of Christ in our homes—in the street in which we live? Have we made a missionary journey across the road to bring a sinner to Christ? And yet the pierced hand is outstretched over the world to-day. **"Go and preach,"** is the Master's word.

Perhaps some sinner may have to say of us on their death-bed, "You knew I was unsaved! Why did you not drag me to the Cross and make me see my Saviour? God was love, and you never told me of it. Christ Jesus died, but you never told me He died for me. **You never cared for my soul, or you would never have left me alone.**"

God have mercy upon us for our lukewarmness where

immortal souls are concerned. Oh! for a Peter to bring a Pentecost to the world to-day. Oh! for a Paul to charm men with his glorious testimony to the love of Christ. Who is to tell of the Saviour but the saved? What are many of the saved doing to-day? They are busy with controversies--and the world wants Christ.

The pride of intellect, and the strife of tongues, will not save mankind. The tragedy of the human soul is a real thing and it is all around us. **We cannot shirk our Christian responsibility to the unsaved.** Some tell us, "God will save His own without preaching." Then why did the Saviour say, "Go and Preach," unless He meant men to preach. Why then did Paul say, "For Christ sent me. . . . to preach the Gospel." Why did He say to Timothy, "I charge thee therefore, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His Kingdom: **Preach the Word.** . . . " and to the Philippians "that they were to hold forth the Word of Life." Why was Peter's sermon and its result on the day of Pentecost recorded?

We may seek to make ourselves as comfortable as we can in our silence, and perchance opposition, but God will hold us each in our measure responsible for the souls around us.

Think of the awful need of the souls of men to-day--think of the spreading of Anarchy among the Nations.

Think of the impossibility of a soul being saved without faith in Christ. Think of the value of the soul. A soul won for Christ becomes a power in the world for the Saviour.

There is a want in every City and Town and Hamlet for Christians to meet together to pray for the unsaved around them. Many a far-reaching revival has been begun by the believing prayers of two or three. The Word of God must be circulated far and wide, not only at home, but across the seas.

If we realize the solemnity of the days in which we live, we shall never rest until the Lord sends us forth to work for Him.

The Lord is coming; **at any moment we may be in Heaven.** The last Gospel Call is going out to the world. Vast movements of evil are passing across the earth, but the power of the Spirit of God is engaged in filling heaven with sinners saved by grace.

A TRUMPET CALL.

A million a month are dying in China without a knowledge of Jesus Christ. The entire continent of Africa is still clothed in darkness, for we have only touched the hem of her garment with the rays of Gospel light. The agonizing appeals of our home missionary superintendents are enough to thrill a heart of stone. Surely the wants and woes of humanity are in themselves an attraction. And if anything more were needed, is it not found in the final words of our blessed Master: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

And Christ is still speaking to young men as He did to Moses and Isaiah, saying: "I need you for my service." He is calling them from farm, factory and store, saying: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." He is filling them with such a passion for souls that no secular calling can ever satisfy them."

A young lawyer said to one who was asking his reasons for going into Gospel work: "Every time I open my Bible, as I do a dozen times a day, and wherever I happen to read, I hear the same message: 'Go to work, go to work.' What else can a man do?"



A STORY ABOUT JESUS

A group of candidates were being examined in Korea. Among the missionaries in charge of the service was a sweet young woman from Wellesley. She feared to frighten and embarrass an elderly Korean woman by difficult questions, so, placing her arm across her shoulder, she said quietly, "Tell me a story about Jesus." and the Korean woman, with face aglow, began her simple recital. She came to the Calvary scene. She told it all bravely till the time when the nails were driven into His tender feet and hands, then she broke down utterly, and with sobs and broken voice she murmured, "I can't tell that part. It breaks my heart!" Oh for a larger realisation of Calvary! Oh, for a heart broken with the thought of the anguish of our Lord!"

AN ASTONISHED MISSIONARY.

To shew the need of circulating the word of God all over the world, the following remarkable incident will bear witness. As we read it we may pray that God will bless every effort made to spread the knowledge of His love.

The Rev. Mr. Haffenden says; "I know an American missionary who was sent to Burmah 30 years ago to make inquiries about the languages. He himself spoke Burmese, and travelled up the country for many hundred miles. One night he encamped near a small village. Here he heard prayer going on in Burmese. He listened, and to his utter astonishment heard, not the name of Buddha or that of any idol, but the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was the more surprised, for he knew that no missionary or white man had ever been to that part of the world, and so he went into the village and began to make enquiries. He found out that the head man of the village had some years previously been down to another village some miles distant, and had bought an article of food wrapped up in Burmese-printed paper, which happened to be one single chapter of the Word of God with a piece torn out of the corner. He read it, and, having himself sought to put sin away, he found that Saviour which is the Son of God, and who he found was able to cleanse from sin. He now called his friends together and read that piece of the Word of God to them, and induced them to put away their idols. And when this missionary found them they had been for six years praying to Christ as the Savionr of sinners. This is the blessing of God upon our work of spreading abroad simply and solely the Truth as in Jesus Christ."



GREAT NEED.

A Soldier Worker writes:—"I am completely without literature, and Testaments, can you help me? I know you have a great demand upon you, but I am absolutely without, and with such a big field. The men simply crowd round me for the Gospel messengers, especially after I have had a good straight talk to them in every hut, upon their eternal welfare. Many say how much they have been blessed by reading the "Message from God" &c., and the conversion of Corpl. Roberts and Sergeant Ellis, these two latter are doing a great work." Oh! That I could carry all the dear fellows right to Jesus in my arms!

THE TWO BROTHERS.

In all the annals of the martyrs there is nothing much more pathetic than the following incident of the two brothers.

They had their home, hundreds of years ago, amid the Alps; they refused to bow down in the superstitious idolatry of Rome, and for their contumacy they were cast into prison.

We know little of their history, but this we do know, that the edict went forth that one of them must die; it did not say which, but one must die.

There was an affecting scene between the brothers in the cell, each wanting to die, and each one trying to persuade the other to live. This went on for some time until at last the younger had his way, and the elder went home alone.

Oh! Christians, who may read this and the lines following are you true enough to Christ to die for Him? There will be no power given to us to die for Christ unless we live for Christ. In these days of coldness of heart and departure from the Master, are we hard following after Christ?

And now let us tell in verse what we have been speaking of in prose.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

There were two brothers in a lonely cell,
 And on the morrow, one of them must die,
 It said not which, but so the edict ran,
 And there was strife betwixt the two, for each
 Wished for the death, that could but come to one.
 Fair-haired and beautiful the younger was;
 Upon his brow the open look of truth
 Sat like a glory, and his fair young face,
 Seemed made for woman's love, he was the one,
 His mother's best beloved, her latest born.
 The elder was dark-haired, and browned with toil:
 The deeper light of manhood in his eye,
 Darkened with sadness of an inward woe.
 They sat with arms entwined upon a seat
 Rough hewn and hard, against the prison wall,
 And to the elder's earnest face there came,
 As he gazed fondly on his brother's face,
 The impress of a sorrowing, yearning love,
 Too deep for words; and now a sweet sad smile,
 Played on his lips, as on the upturned face,
 Shadowed with waving hair, he saw the look

Of earnest purpose: and those pleading eyes,
So rich with dark blue light, that met his own.
He placed his hand upon his brow, and passed
His fingers through the shining gold above.

And then he spake :

“ Our mother weeps alone

Amid the hills whercon we used to play ;

Weeps on her knees whene'er she thinks of thee,

Her latest born, her best beloved son.

Go home, Francesco, dry our mother's tears ;

Go home and trim our vines, and tend the sheep.

Our white-haired parents need thee, I will stay.

Tell them I blessed them both before I died,

Take thou my place, they'll need thee all the more,

And love thee all the better when I'm gone.

'Tis not so hard to die, for I have loved

My Saviour even better than my life—

Nay, interrupt me not—it was this morn

I told them, e'er the convent bell had rung

The vesper hour, that you should dry their tears ;

I have their blessing, and their last farewell.”

'Twas thus he spake, and then he bent to kiss

His brother's brow, and wait his heart's reply.

A moment there was silence as they gazed

Upon each other with their love-lit eyes,

And then the blue eyes filled, and a faint flush

Rose on Francesco's cheek, like sunlight falls

Upon the morning dew, and then he spake :

“ Brother ! it cannot be—

As I have lived for God, so will I die,

And thank him for the martyr's crown above.

I've looked my last upon our native hills,

And those dear faces I have loved so well :

'Twill not be long before we meet in heaven.

Tell our dear mother that my God was good,

And comfort her and shield her with thy love :

Give her this ringlet, and this broken chain,

And tell them that I loved them to the end.

Be thou a truer son, and with thy love,

Fill up the place to them that once was mine.”

And then the generous strife went on awhile.

With neither yeilding, till at last the time

Drew near for parting, and the elder strove

Yet more to shake his brother's purpose now,

But strove in vain, for every word that came

Of love, or of entreaty from his lips,

Had their quick answer from Francesco's faith.

And when the hour WAS come, and they MUST part,

The elder 'mid embraces sought once more

To make him go—and leave him to the death

Awaiting one, and thus they spake

Each to the other, in that parting hour :

"Go forth, Francesco, I would rather die."

"And so would I."

"How dark without thee will our home become?"

"You will be home."

"The morning worship, and the evening prayer?"

"You will be there."

"Our Father's sorrow, and our mother's woe?"

"God wills it so."

"Thou shalt not die, for I will die for thee."

"It may not be."

"For His dear sake, who taught us how to die"

"Good bye! Good bye!"

"Here on my knees, my brother—let me stay."

"I want to pray."

"Why should thy early youth to death be given?"

"I go to heaven."

"How can I leave thee in this prison cell?"

"Farewell; Farewell;"

"What message shall I carry to our home?"

"God's will is done."

HEYMAN WREFORD.

HALF A LIFE FOR CHRIST.

At the Canton Hospital one woman, who was very ill, heard of Christ and learned to love Him. One day she asked: "Doctor, how much longer can I live if I stay in the hospital?"

"About four months," was the doctor's reluctant reply.

"And how long if I go home?"

"Not more than two months."

"Then I am going home."

"But you will lose half of the life which is left to you," the doctor objected.

A glad light flashed over her face, and she cried in a tone of exultation: "Do you not think I would be glad to give half of my life for the sake of telling my people of Christ's love?"

She accordingly left the hospital, and went home to spend the short span of life left to her in spreading the glad tidings which had been such a source of comfort to her. Truly, "she loved much,"

L.F.A.

CHINAMAN'S WONDERFUL WORK.

A Chinese philanthropist and indefatigable Bible distributor is Mr. Yung T'ao, a recent convert to Christianity in the North of China. Long before he had definitely become a Christian, he began to buy Bibles and give them away to his neighbours and friends. With each copy went a letter, in which he said: "This is the holy Book which shines upon the five continents of the globe, and which is the fountain-head of virtue and goodness for all nations. Those who follow its teachings will surely prosper, and those who oppose it will surely die. . . . I hope that you who receive this will promise to make a careful study and investigation of it." So diligently did Mr. Yung T'ao labour in his giving, that by the time he was received into church membership he had already given away more than 5,000 well-bound copies of the New Testament.



THE MASS MOVEMENT.

I am so hoping that the dear friends who read about the Mass Movement in India, in the December "FRUITFUL FIELDS," have remembered to make the subject a matter of deep earnest prayer. We must not read and **forget**, but we must read about it and pray, and work—**do** something to help on this mighty work of God, constantly thinking of the million villages where the 60 million outcastes live, suffer and die, with no hope—just scattered groups of villages as large as our English counties. Think of it, dear friends, people who are really converted themselves we want, who will say to God, for Jesus Christ's sake, "Here am I, send me"; and then nothing can be done without money to pay for their instruction, transport and living. Is it not wonderful that our gracious God needs our money? Oh! give what you can to Him; don't give a 3d. bit when you can spare half-a-crown or a pound. I was reading how the C.M. Society at this moment is the only society at work at the Chumin Tahsil Mission, with an area of 2,028 square miles, in the

Punjaub—about the size of Norfolk—with 750 villages, all needing a teacher. Can either of you say “Here am I, send me?” “These Mass Movements **demand** to be faced in the power of Christ, of the Holy Ghost and of Prayer.” Every Christian is called to “go” unless prevented, and, if prevented, should aim at securing at least one offer of personal service in the Mission Field, in a life surrendered to God for the service of the Kingdom of Heaven. Said the Rev. F. E. Murphy: “Would to God that I could go! but old age and senile decay utterly prevent it; so, instead, I can use the greatest power God has given His Church—‘Prayer, instant Prayer.’”

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

“He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.”

—*Psalm xiv., verse 2.*



GLEANINGS.

SELF-OCCUPATION is the pride of a darkened intellect; Christ is the object when the true light shines.



I CAN only be true to myself if I am true to God.



IF I use the Gifts God gives me in any service but His, I am falsifying my life.



EVOLUTION challenges the fiat of God—“**He spake and it was done.**”



I AM a sinner when I come to myself; I am a saint when I come to God.



THERE is no one but Christ; there is nothing but Christ; to be Christless is to be lifeless.



THE glory of the visible is but the dim twilight of the light of God.

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

SERGEANT GUPPY'S CONVERSION.

THOSE who read "The Newsman's Conversion" in January *Fruitful Fields* will remember how God used Sergeant Guppy's conversion to awaken that dark soul. I thought it would be fitting to tell the story of how Sergeant Guppy came to Christ. It is many years ago now, but as fresh and vivid as if it were of recent occurrence. The memory of those wonderful days of blessing fills my heart with untold thankfulness, and as I am writing about Guppy now, I seem again to be sitting opposite to him by the fire in his room, and speaking to him of the Saviour of the lost. Those glorious Gospel days when the power of God rested upon every meeting, and men

were not content to be saved themselves, but wanted their comrades to come to Christ as well.

Now let me tell you the story of how Sgt. Guppy was converted.

He was a tall fine man, a member of the Exeter Police Force. He had lived a reckless, Godless life all his days, and now at the close of life he was sick unto death and unsaved. An old fellow-police-man, an inspector, who had been converted, used to go and see him, and asked him if he would see me. At last he consented, and I went to visit him,



I found him sitting by the fire, looking very ill. He was most anxious to listen. I read the Scripture, John iii. 16, and also, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." I talked for some time to him about God's love to sinners, and of God's Son dying for them that they might be saved. I then prayed **with** him and left him to pray **for** him. I knew it would be a hard struggle before that hardened, careless sinner would be saved, but I knew also, to my exceeding comfort, that Christ is able and willing to save to the uttermost. How grand to tell of His gospel Who is mighty to save!

Next day I found him more anxious than ever. He told his wife that he had been thinking all night about his soul. Then every day for many days I called to see him, and at last to my great joy I saw that he was gradually laying hold of salvation. It did not come to him like a rushing joy as it does to some, but as a dawning blessedness over troubled waters of conviction. He felt acutely what a terrible sinner he had been, and the thought of that seemed to keep him back for awhile. "I think so differently now" he said to me one day.

At last the time came when he could say, "I do believe that Jesus died for me, I believe He has taken all my sins away." His old comrade was very anxious about him all the time, and used to visit him very often, and speak to him of Christ.

One day when I called they were getting some nourishing food for him, and I was afraid my talking might hinder his taking it.

"Oh! no," he said, "I would rather listen to you than anything else."

Yes, he was a saved man, his whole life was altered. A Christian neighbour often came to see him, and he told her he was quite happy, and was going to heaven. Another time he said, "I have told the Lord all my sins, as many as I can remember" I said to him, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out".

"Yes," he answered, "I have been to him; if the Lord were to raise me up from this bed of sickness, I should always praise Him for having had mercy on such a vile wretch as I have been."

Two days before he died, I said to him,

"Do you feel happy?"

"Yes," he replied, "my sins are all washed away."

On leaving I said,

"If I do not meet you here again, shall I meet you in heaven?"

"Yes," was the response, "in heaven but I hope to see you here again."

"You are not afraid of death?" I asked.

"Oh! no, not at all afraid," was his reply.

The last time I saw him alive was on a Sunday afternoon. I called just before I went to the Victoria Hall to preach. I saw he was dying, and bending over him said,

"You are very happy, and trusting in Jesus?"

"Yes."

"You have no fear?"

"No."

"You are going to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Is there anything you would like me to pray for?" I asked. There was a pause, and then he said,

"Pray God that my dear wife and children may follow me to heaven."

"Good-bye," I said. He held my hand.

"Good-bye, I shall meet you in heaven," were his last words to me as I left him.

Yes, I am sure of that, I almost feel the lingering pressure of his hand now. I think he knew it was the last time we should meet on earth, he held my hand so long. On that Sunday he went to be with Christ.

H. W.



SEEKING JESUS.

"I want to know how to pray, and how to live for God, and how to know I am saved, really saved. I want to know why impure thoughts come against my will. Now, dear sir, kindly help me, will you? Is it possible to talk to Jesus as if I was talking to a personal friend? Does He want to hear little trifling things?"

WALKED 500 MILES TO HEAR OF JESUS

A Korean woman walked 250 miles, carrying her baby on her back, to hear about Jesus Christ. Far back in the distant valley where she lived the people had heard of Jesus. They had heard that he was in their country; that was all. The people were very poor, and they were all toiling for their daily bread. But they selected this woman, who had only one baby, to go for them, and she could go if they helped her. So each one of her neighbours put two handfuls of rice into a sack, and said—"Go; this will feed you on the journey." So the woman took the baby on her back and the bag of rice, and trudged along until she found the missionary people who had Jesus with them. She found the Saviour for herself, and carried the message back to her country and her people.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO MISS A. A. L——.

Dear Friend,

Hospital, France,

Many thanks for your last letter. . . . What a blessed experience to know, beyond all doubt, salvation bought at such high price, yet given so freely to "Whosoever will" I praise God from the depth of my heart that He has so graciously brought me to a knowledge of sins forgiven. . . .

Yours in His service,

L.-Corpl. H—— B——




OUR DESIRE.


 We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels.

We have sent more than eight thousand to various centres, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, worker or soldier, who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian Soldiers or Sailors, or to Civilians.



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 If any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian would like us to write to their wives or friends, or send them Testaments and books, we will gladly do so. We want to be a real help to souls in these terrible days.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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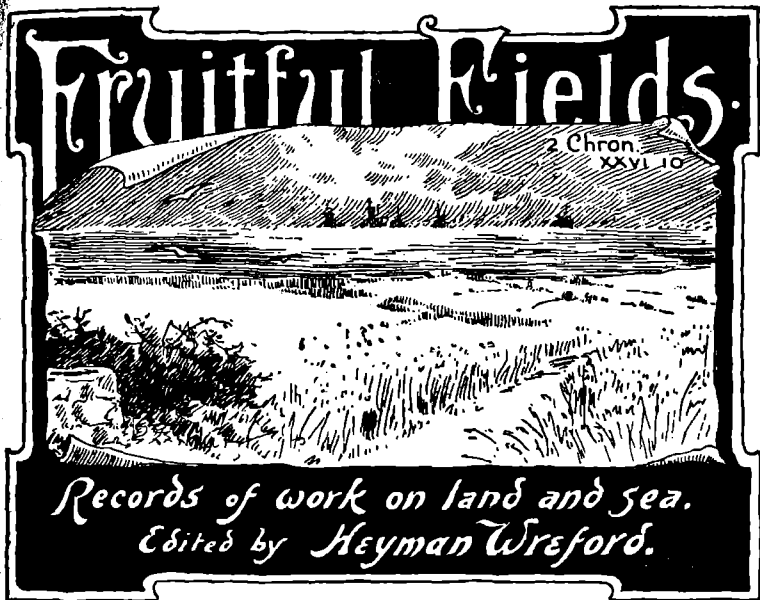
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VOL. 1. No. 5.

MARCH, 1919.

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"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vii.

Lord of my heart and of the ripened grain,
Grant me Thy strength 'mid weariness and pain,
Give me to know I labour not in vain,
Only for Thee.

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Christ for the world! we sing,
The world to Christ we bring
 With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost
By endless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
 From dark despair.

S.W.



Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

STORM AND SHELTER.

WALKING with a friend at one of our Naval bases during the war, we saw a crowd of shipping in the harbour, which was formed by the mighty mass of granite composing the breakwater. I asked the meaning of this great congregation of shipping. He told me the ships had come into harbour for shelter from German submarines.

I thought, as I gazed on those vessels, protected and secure, of the safety of those who trust in Christ. The breakwater of His eternal love is for ever between them and the foe, and "they shall never perish" is the promise of omnipotent power. The strength of the "Rock of Ages" is the great rampart between us and all our enemies.

On another occasion I walked on the breakwater during a storm at sea. I saw the great Atlantic billows rear their

foaming crests and hurl their mighty volume of water against the structure on which I stood. Wave after wave, driven by the violence of the gale, poured their thousands of tons of water in unavailing efforts to destroy that which impeded their onward progress: while around me flying spray and whirling spume proclaimed the might and majesty of the storm. As far as eye could see the ocean, like a seething cauldron, tossed and heaved in its vast unrest, while the whistling wind and roaring waves mingled in a mighty diapason of wondrous grandeur.

Terrible was the wrath of the sea, and what a picture I thought of the wrath of man that is spending its awful strength against the barriers of civilization to-day. What mighty storms are sweeping across the ocean of human life: the prince of the power of the air is raising the winds that are striving on the great deep of human life.

There is a danger of these awful devil-storms engulfing our land. The cataclysm of war and disease has left the shores of Time strewn with the wreckage of broken hearts and sorrow-burdened homes. What barriers can we, as Christians, erect to keep back the terrible fury of Bolshevism and blasphemy that is hurling its appalling strength against the world.

There is only one power that can preserve us and those dear to us, and **that is the power of believing prayer.** We must surround our lives and homes with prayer. Every Christian must pray as never before, for these are days of awful danger. The supplications of the saved in every land—day by day, and hour by hour, will build up ramparts and breakwaters that the utmost frenzy of the enemy cannot break down.

If we call in faith to God, omnipotent barriers will rise, and "Peace be still" will hush the wildest storm if the Son of God is with us.

There are "still waters" and harbours of safety, even in a scene where the fury of hell raises tempest upon tempest around us. **"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety."** What has prayer done in the past? It has opened and shut heaven. It has revealed the power of the true God, as when

Elijah called down fire from heaven upon the false prophets. It has opened eyes to see, as when the King of Syria, in Old Testament days, sent horses and chariots and a great host to Dothan to encompass the city and capture the prophet of God, Elisha. His servant in the early morning saw the encircling host, and cried to his master, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" The prophet said, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Strange and mysterious words, **for there was no one there but the foe to be seen by mortal eyes.** Then a wonderful thing happened. Elisha prostrated himself before God and prayed. This was his prayer in the face of imminent danger, "Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see." And while he prayed the answer came—the eyes of the young man were opened, and behold he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire around Elisha. Thus the great deliverance was wrought in answer to prayer.

In these days of desperate need we do well to say, **"Teach us to pray."** We want the divine power that fell at Pentecost—the power that shook the prayer-rooms in Apostolic days—then, indeed, the miracle of the open vision will be given us, and we shall see the encircling power of God in our hours of trial. The awed silences of great peril shall be broken by the voice of God saying to us, "Lo I am with you **always.**" With you not only at the gates of heavenly joy, but with you in the dark valleys of trouble and affliction; with you when the tempest rages out on the dark and angry sea; with you to calm the storm and lead to safety; with you like a mighty rampart that no enemy can break down; with you till you reach the shining safety of eternal shores.

May the standard of the living God be raised to-day in every Christian home. Then when the enemy comes in like a flood the witness of omnipotence will restrain him. We must watch and pray. Build our breakwaters—strengthen our defences—heed God's warnings, and in time of dire extremity know and trust the One that will ever be for us, "An hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." We must trust and not be afraid, for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength and everlasting security also.

THE PATH TO THE BUSH.

The Rev. Mr. Read, Missionary at the Kat-River settlement, in South Africa, related, when in England, the following beautiful account :—

It is the practise of some of the Christianised Hottentots, at certain stations, in order to enjoy with greater privacy the privilege of secret prayer, to retire among the trees and bushes in the vicinity of their village ; and that they may carry on their devotions without being intruded upon by others, each person selects, for his own use, a particular bush, behind which, and concealed by it, like Nathanael under the fig-tree, he communes in secret with his Heavenly Father. By the rest this bush is considered as an oratory sacred to the brother or sister by whom it has been appropriated ; and which, therefore, is never to be violated by the foot, or even by the gaze, of another, during the season it is occupied by its owner. The constant tread of worshippers, in their diurnal visit to these hallowed spots, of necessity wears a path in the grass which lies between their habitations and the scene of their communion with God.

On one occasion, a Christian Hottentot woman said to another female member of their little community, "Sister, I am afraid you are somewhat declining in religion." These words were uttered with a look of affection, and in a tone of tender solicitude. The individual thus addressed asked her friend the reason of her fears. "Because," replied this good and gentle spirit, "*the grass has grown over your path to the bush.*"

The undisturbed work of nature, in its usual progress, had disclosed the secret of neglected prayer. The one so gently reproved did not attempt to excuse it ; but confessed, with deep sorrow and contrition, that her heart had turned back from the Lord.

The sisterly admonition had its desired effect ; the faithful reprover had the joy and the reward of seeing the wanderer restored—not only to "the path to the bush," but to the renewed favour of God, with whom she again there held happy communion.

A CONFIDENT PRAYER..

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

Oh, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ, how can we halt and stagger and doubt, with the Bible full of promises, and heaven full of glories, and God full of mercy and salvation for all who believe?

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

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

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELD.

THE EXETER DAIRYMAN.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

Thirty years and more have passed away since I gazed upon the living face of William Dart, the Exeter dairyman, whose portrait is here for all who read to see. Looking on his quiet, pleasant features, you would never think he had



earned, and well deserved, the name of "**The Drunken Dairyman.**"

For many years he carried the milk cans on his rounds in Exeter, suspended one on either side of him, from a yoke of wood—the fashion of carrying in his day. He used to be so tipsy about seven o'clock in the morning that his customers had to help themselves to milk, his hand shook so with the palsy of drink. His poor wife, who is sitting by him in the photograph, used in those dark days to live in fear of her life. Often she had to rush out of their home in fear of death many times in the night—he was very quarrelsome

"THE EXETER DAIRYMAN."

in his cups.

His boast was that he had never been to church or chapel for forty years. He used to go for a walk on Sundays.

He had a converted brother, who used to attend our meetings, and he was very anxious that his brother should come to hear the Gospel.

At last after much entreaty his wife persuaded him to come with her one Sunday to the Royal Public Rooms. He was attentive during the service, and when he got home he said, "I like him very well, but he was speaking about me all the time; my brother has been telling Mr. Wreford about me, and I won't go any more to be talked at like that by a young man, and I am an old one!"

It was the Spirit of God that had been talking to his hard heart, and he was angry because he had been made uneasy.

After a few weeks he came to the preaching again, and the Spirit of God fastened the word home upon his conscience. He was seriously distressed as he sat trembling before God.

He returned home—his wife prepared his supper, but he pushed it away, he could not eat it. Soon he went to his bedroom, and when he was undressed he said, "Wife, we've been married forty years, and have never been upon our knees yet. Let us pray to-night." He fell sobbing upon his knees, his wife beside him, and they cried and prayed together. Then he got into bed, and after tossing about for awhile in agony of soul, he got out again and knelt and prayed, "O God save me, O God forgive me." "Be merciful to me a sinner." Then into bed again—but no sleep came and the agony of soul increased—so he got out again and knelt and prayed to God.

And so the night went on, in and out of bed, crying and praying to God all the time. But as the morning dawned and while he was on his knees praying, the answer of blessing came. **He was saved.** Oh! the joy that flooded his soul, "Wife, Jesus has saved me, praise His name." His face shone with the inward joy as he went about his work. People took knowledge of him that he had been with Christ. He gave up all his old drunken companions and they were glad to get rid of him, for he spoke to them of Christ and His salvation. He begged his brother's pardon for accusing him of telling me about him, saying, "It was the Lord who had told me."

And so the wonderfully happy days passed by, his wife was brought to Christ as well, and being too old to do any more work, they went to live in one of the City Almshouses.

He was wonderfully happy, and was always speaking of the goodness of the Lord in saving him. He loved the meetings, and came to them as long as he could, but he had cancer in the tube leading to the stomach, and besides suffering a great deal of pain, he was slowly dying from inability to take food. Swallowing was very difficult, and soon became almost impossible. But what happy times I spent with him, talking of the Saviour he so loved speaking about.

I well remember one Monday afternoon about a week before he went to be with Christ. He said to me, "I'm getting nearer to the other side. I cannot be too thankful; I long to go." Then he said softly, "For ever and for ever." Then I heard him say, "My precious Lord has been dealing very mercifully with me. He has been very gentle." Then he looked at me with a smile and said, "How did you get on last night?" I answered, "Very well." He clasped his hands and said, "Praise Him! Praise Him! All the praise is His."

I read *Rev. xxi.*, *Romans viii.* and *Psalms xxiii.*, and prayed with him. With love shining in his eyes, he took my hand, and with the tears running down his cheeks, said, "You showed me the way to my Saviour; it was you who told me what I must do to be saved." Then he cried out, "I would not stay here for all the world is worth." He was then quiet for awhile, with a radiant, upward look upon his face. I noticed a solemn shining in his eyes—then he cried out, "I see the beautiful light, I see it brighter; that beautiful green field where I shall lie down by the still waters. There's rest there—we're tired when we get so far." I said, "The Lord is precious to you." "He cannot be more precious," he softly answered, "He puts no more on me than I can bear."

A short time before his departure I was with him (I used to see him every day), and he said to me, "**I have seen the Lord.**"

He described His face to me and said, "The Lord is here with His precious face."

I said to his wife quietly, "Dear old Haywood is gone to heaven, and now your husband is going."

He heard, and turned to me and answered, "Yes, and you'll be there." After a while, "Our blessed Lord has millions to watch over."

I said, "And He never forgets one."

"Not one," he replied. "His eye covers the whole. He has all the power; what power my Lord has got!"

His wife said, "He has never murmured."

He replied, "My Lord's too good to be grumbled at." Then turning to me he said, "I have faith to believe that you'll have a stronger blessing than you have had for many years." He then took my hand, "Your nice warm hand."

"Yes, I am young," I answered.

"And I am old. I am going out of the world. What a blessing to leave a wicked world so full of sin." Then, as he held my hand, he said, "You have put your hand into the hand of death." "But you have eternal life." "Yes, that is above all." And then waving his hands to and fro as if he was going up, he cried, "What a height I shall have to fly!"

I said, "We must struggle on and work for God; and you will be in the rest of God."

He smiled, "My time will pass quicker than yours; but the Lord is with you, and I pray for you." I can see his loving eyes now as they rested on me then.

He sent his love to all his brethren. I heard him say, "The hardest thing is when you are on a death-bed and cannot go to heaven." He was so eager to be gone.

We sang with him, "Sweeping through the gates."

Just before he died I saw him. He said, "Every breath I am praying for my departure."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, only waiting, longing to go. When my blessed Father says, 'Come,' I shall go."

When I gave him my last good-bye on earth, I said, "There's nothing you want now?" He looked up and said, "Heaven, Heaven!"

To his brother he said, "When I die not a flower on my grave, not even a daisy; for my blessed Lord, when He was on the Cross bearing my sins, had only thorns."

At another time, "Give my love to all my dear brothers and sisters."

His brother said,⁵ "You have a robe waiting for you whiter than snow."

"Whiter than snow," he replied, "How lovely! When I

get to heaven I shall see my blessed Saviour, and shall have a long talk with Him, and tell him all about our meetings, and I shall see Mr. Wreford (my father) and all the rest."

And so he passed away, waving his arms and saying, "Heaven! Heaven!"

The poor drunken dairyman, a saint—redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and with a robe whiter than snow. Death had no terror for him, and what was after death to him was heaven and Christ. Ready and waiting. Are you?

Dear old Dart, as I look at thy happy face before me now and I think of the hours we spent together speaking of the Saviour we loved so well, I know it will not be long before we meet again in glory everlasting. We shall know each other then with the light of God around us—we shall have all eternity to adore the wondrous love that sought and found us, and linked us together on earth in the bonds of our mutual love for Christ.



A TRUTH TO CARRY ROUND THE WORLD.

Mr. Williams, who was martyred at Erromanga, gave an inspiring address before he left England for the last time to go forth to die for Christ. He was referring to the subject matter of his preaching, and he said:—"We feel that we have something worth carrying: we have the Gospel of Jesus Christ; we have the great truth that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; we have the great doctrine of the Atonement to carry! We believe it, and therefore we go round the world to tell it; and the great story which we have to tell is, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life!" My dear friends, the very first sermon I preached in the native tongue was from this text: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." It does appear to me, when I meditate upon the wondrous scheme of human redemption, that the great doctrine of the Atonement is the most powerful and wonderful of all the doctrines in all the creeds of the human race.

In comparison with the great truth of salvation by the death of Jesus Christ, the universe itself appears a bauble. **I love the doctrine**, and I determine never to preach a sermon in any language when the great doctrine of salvation through the blood of Christ is not the sum and substance of the sermon. **We think that this is a truth worth carrying round the world**; it is the soul of religious effort.—*Life of John Williams.*

We want to send the truth of the Atonement round the world. It can be done by helping the circulation of the Word of God at home and abroad. (*See last page.*)




AN APPEAL FOR THE GOSPEL.

Christians! pray for the Gospel. Pray for the Christless perishing millions around. Let earnest daily prayers ascend to God for those still upon the road to hell. Pray for the poor drunkard, reeling onward to the pit; for the blasphemer, cursing God and man, with the wrath of God upon him; for the infidel whose daring lips deny the Christ of God; for the self-righteous walking quietly and decently to hell; for the deluded thousands who are making a Saviour of forms and ceremonies and neglecting Jesus; for the careless and indifferent, for the anxious and the troubled. Oh, pray for these. And, above all, pray for the unsaved friends and relatives of those already saved; for the unsaved husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and for parents still unsaved.

And pray for those who go forth to preach. Pray God to keep them humble and dependent, "Vessels meet for the Master's use."

May every christian who reads this lift up the heart in loving and believing prayer. We shall feel the effect throughout every town and city in the land; yea, the waves of blessing shall break upon the far-off shores of other lands. Pray for the gospel, pray.

 We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels. We have sent more than eight thousand to various centres, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, worker or soldier, who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian Soldiers or Sailors, or to Civilians.

FLING OUT THE BANNER.

"We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.—*Psalm cx. 5.*

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light the shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the Glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptise their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith the radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope the Crucified.

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We glory only in that sign. G. W. D.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world, is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—*Galatians vi. 14.*

TALKS WITH THE SOLDIERS.

ITALY, Dec. 29th, 1918.

MY DEAR DR. WREFORD,

Just a line, doctor, to thank you for the beautiful parcel of Testaments, &c., you sent me, and which I received yesterday. I had hardly undone the parcel ten minutes before all the Testaments and books were gone—others came and asked, but the supply had been served out. . . . I was struck very much as I gazed in the candlelight of the billet, how bright and happy the faces of the lads were as they were reading God's Word which tells them of peace and comfort and love. May God bless you, dear Doctor, and all your workers in this great work which you are doing—feeding those who hunger for God's Word.

Yours for Christ's sake, H——— S———,

A LETTER TO BE PRAYED OVER.

DEAR SIR,

Can you tell me how I am to be filled with joy and peace?

I don't say I am not a Christian, for I think I can **truly** say to the Lord in the words of that beautiful hymn, "Just as I am without one plea, but that Thy blood was shed for me, and that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come." and also **with truth** say in the words of that other beautiful hymn "Nothing in my hand I bring, **simply to Thy Cross I cling.**" Yet all the same I have no real joy or peace.

My Spiritual life has been one of **bondage**, not of freedom, as the latter it should be.

I cannot say with the prophet "I will greatly **rejoice** in the Lord, my Soul shall be **joyful** in my God."

My feelings are pretty well expressed in the words of another hymn, "See how we grovel here below **fond of these earthly toys**, our souls **how heavily they go**, to reach **eternal joys.**"

I have had a serious illness lately, and have a great **dread of death.** Oh, that I could **truly** say with the psalmist, "Yea though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil for Thou art **with me**, Thy rod and Thy staff **they comfort me.**" But I can't. "Oh, for a heart to praise my God, a heart from Sin **set free,**" but I have it not, but have one that is **cold and hard**, and that can look upon the Blessed Saviour nailed to the Cross for **my Sins** without any sorrow or contrition. This is a truly awful condition to be in, and I **honestly** wish it were **otherwise.**

For very many years I have **truly and honestly** asked the Holy Spirit to "create in me a clean heart, and to renew a right Spirit within me," but I cannot say my prayer has been answered, but I don't blame God for not answering me, there must have been something wrong in myself that has withheld the answer.

But, O, my God, "If there's a thing beneath the Sun that strives **with Thee** my heart to share, ah, **bear it thence** and reign **alone, the Lord** of every motion **there.**"

Do you think you might be the means **in God's hands**—that's all you could be—of bringing me **joy and peace.** I earnestly hope so, for it would make a great change for the better in my life.

May the Spirit of God Himself dictate every word of your reply and then it will be all right, for he makes **no mistakes.**

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

E—— G——

Heyman Wreford, Esq.,
Exeter.

PRIZE IT AND USE IT.

“Prayer is God’s appointment, the Spirit’s gift, the saint’s privilege, and the scourge of Satan; therefore **Prize It and Use It.**” These words by Rev. W. Huntingdon are *true*, and I would beg each reader to prize prayer *more* and to pray continually, for God says, “The prayer of the upright is His delight!” Think a moment, do I delight my God? Oh, wondrous thought. But there is one thing needful first—you must be a sinner *saved* in order to delight your God by prayer. We know that our gracious God hears the poor sinner even in his sins, when he cries out, “God be merciful to me a sinner;” but we, who claim to be sinners saved, can also claim to *delight* our God, our Father, by prayer through the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Prayer is pouring out our soul unto God and telling Him our troubles. Oh, it is just lovely to beseege the Throne of Grace and to knock importunately at the door of mercy. We must bring everything to God in our prayer—our King, our Government, our city, and every daily matter; every concern, small or great, nothing too small for God. Happy are the dear sinners saved who can thus delight their God—just as my sainted mother did, from 4 to 6 in the morning *praying* even as our Lord did. *He* went up into a mountain to pray all night. My mother could not do this, but she found a *garret* where she could hide for prayer, and not knowing there was a peephole opposite, where my playful brother Peter looked out and saw her, he ran for his little sister Emily and took her to see the sight! of my dear mother’s closed and streaming eyes beseeching her God in prayer. How awed I was, and have never forgotten the sight. Ah! those prayers are all answered—her eleven children saved, and all in Paradise now, but the one aged sister,

EMILY P. LEAKEY.



Any request for prayer sent to us will be remembered before God, and any anxious about their souls we shall be glad to help. Write to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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HELP us to send the Word of God to "Earth's Christless Millions."
Any gifts for this purpose may be sent to—

Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Rd., Exeter.

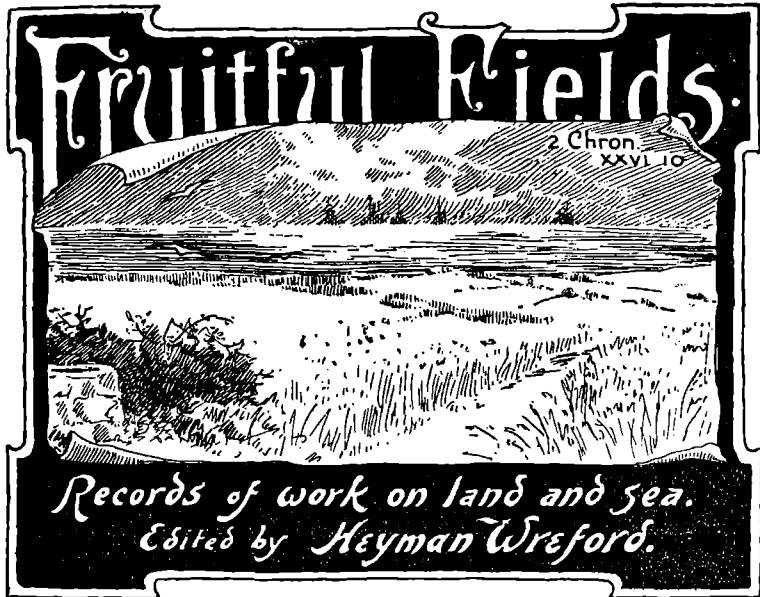
We have sent away nearly **100,000** Testaments yearly during the War, and more than **8,500** parcels, and we are still sending, for the need is as great as ever.

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"A MESSAGE FROM GOD." Price One Penny ; 8/6 the 100 post free.

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The two sent by post for a year for 3/-



VOL. 1. No. 6.

APRIL, 1919.

Price 1d. ; 8/6 the 100 post free.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vii.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

ALL
COMMUNICATIONS
FOR
THE EDITOR
TO BE SENT TO—

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The Sceptic's Conversion.—*H.W.*
Now or Never.—*Emily P. Leakey.*
Things Broken.
Christian Mother's last words.
Lukewarm Christianity.
Preaching and Practising. &c. &c.

DR.
HEYMAN WREFORD
THE FIRS,
DENMARK ROAD,
EXETER.

LONDON: F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C., 4.
EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

**"I know of a world that is sunk in shame,
Where hearts oft faint and tire;
But I know of a Name, a precious Name,
That can set that world on fire;
Its sound is sweet, its letters flame,
I know of a Name, a precious Name:
'Tis Jesus!"**

Anon.

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN IS CHRIST COMING?

Read Thessalonians iv., 13 to 18, 1 Corinthians xv., 51 to end.

WHEN is Christ coming? No one on earth knows, but many are expecting Him. Christ has Himself given an answer to the question, and it is, "Surely I come quickly." The sceptic says, "That may mean any time." That is just what it does mean. Any year, any month, any day, any hour, any minute, any second. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." Yes, more quickly than the lightning flash; swifter than thought can travel; changed in a moment! Here one second, in heaven the next. What a wondrous thought! Can you receive it?

Christian! twenty centuries ago your absent Lord said, "Surely I come quickly," and the glory of His coming flings its brightness over many believing hearts to-day. **Do you realize that Christ may be here at any moment?** There is no prophecy unfulfilled to delay His coming. No purpose, but the long suffering grace of the Saviour over a world of sinners, to be carried out. He is not slack concerning His promise, but is unwilling that any should perish. When I was a boy I never felt safe a single moment until I was saved. "Christ is coming" seemed to ring in my ears all day long. When I looked up to the sky, I thought at any moment the Lord might descend, and Christians ascend to meet Him, and I should be left behind. I expected hourly to lose sight of my father and mother and of every Christian. It was terrible:

an awful suspense seemed to hang upon my life. Waking it was ever with me, and night after night I trembled in my fear.

Christ will come when the world does not expect Him.

There will be no sign for the world in heaven above, or on the earth beneath before Christ comes. The life of the world will be going on just the same. The morn will break, and skies will be flooded with sunlight or dark with storm, There will be no suspension of the laws of creation; the universe will still move on in the march of God. People, like the Pharisees of old, are expecting signs, but the only sign that will be given, has been given, the sign of the prophet Jonas, and that was the sign of death and resurrection. Christ has died and by His death has accomplished the work He came into the world to do. He has been raised from the dead, and the fact of His resurrection is one of the most fully authenticated events in all history. He has been on the throne of God in heaven for 1919 years, and when He left the earth He said to His disciples "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself." And without sign—with no change in sun, or moon, or stars—and no alterations in seasons, He will keep His promise, He will come again, **and it may be to day.** The world will not expect Him—the world has cast Him out, and cried, "Away with Him." Men in the busy centres of civilization will pursue their accustomed avocations. Men of pleasure will throng their haunts of sin and darkness; the student will burn the midnight oil; the business man will buy and sell and study the markets. From the highest downwards, through every strata of society, all will be the same—the fierce pulse of a self-willed world will throb as wildly, and its giant heart will beat as proudly as ever. Go where you will in this busy world, and you will find that by very few the Lord is expected. It is time for Christians to-day to shout in the ears of a deaf world, **Christ is coming.** It is our duty to let the world see that we are expecting Jesus. **Our lives should be the sign that He is coming.** Our uplifted eyes, our longing hearts should everywhere preach the gospel of His coming. Listen :

"Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, watch."

We have to watch. The Lord might have come in the **even** when the early church was persecuted; when the Thessalonian saints were saved, and looked to heaven expecting Jesus then. It was evening time, **but Jesus did not come at even.** He might have come in the **midnight** of the dark ages, when the hope of His coming was lost in awful gloom. He might have called His own home then, **but Jesus did not come at midnight.** He might have come at the **cock-crowing**, when the cry rang through the world 60 or 70 years ago, "Behold the Bridegroom! go ye out to meet Him." It was cock-crow then. Thousands were startled by that earnest cry. It awoke men and women from the sleep of forgetfulness. **But Jesus did not come at the cock-crowing.**

There is only the **morning** left, and that is very near now. We have entered the last period. His coming is close at hand; we are sure of that. "The morning cometh." We must be sentinels; the word to us is "**watch.**" Look for Him Christian; expect Him believer! Watch on the hills of faith. Sleep not at such a time as this, "lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping."

In closing this article let us see how Christ will come. **He will come silently and unseen by the world.** The world of unconverted men and women will hear nothing and see nothing of Christ's coming. The redeemed will hear a shout—"the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout." Every Christian will hear and obey that call. No matter to what sect or denomination they belong, no matter in what place they are, there will not be a saved one upon the earth but who will hear the call of Christ.

The lonely missionary will hear it, and will lift his weary hands to heaven in joy, crying, "Come, Lord Jesus." Those on sick beds will hear it, and rise from weariness and pain to meet their Lord. They will leave behind them the aching pains and lonely hours; the nights of weeping and the hours of sorrow—Christ has called them home. And the voice of the Archangel will be heard and the trump of God. All heaven will be astir, the might of heaven's love and power will be put forth for the saints of Christ. The grandest event of eternity will be transpiring, the Cross excepted.

And we shall see Christ. Yes, when He comes we shall see Him. You ask, shall we know Him when we rise to meet Him? Ah! yes. In a moment our fond eyes will be resting on our Lord, and He will absorb every faculty of sight, hearing and feeling.

And what a sight those rising millions! What a triumph, this triumph He has won! Heaven's angels and archangels will flock out to welcome. The splendour of the beauty of the glorified church rising to heaven will transcend all other glories the world has ever seen. The grandest song will be sung then; the noblest company will be gathered then; the buds of the promises will burst into flower then, and the seeds of hope, sown through centuries of waiting, will bring forth a mighty harvest of praise to God. And then, as with Christ we rise and soar, before us will shine the gates of pearl, and all the marvellous magnificence of heaven. The Light will come to us, burning brighter and brighter as we rise to meet it; and there in front of us will be the City's splendour. The wide sweep of the golden pathways, the untold beauty of the "many mansions" and the radiance of jasper walls. And in supernal glory will rise the Throne of God and of the Lamb with the adoring angels around it; and through their shining ranks we shall pass along, while vista after vista of beauty opens out before us. Every step will be a rapture, and every look delight, for we shall wear the robes of white, and before us, and behind us, and on either side will be the fulness of the presence of the Lamb of God. And the greatest delight of heaven will be to feel Him near; to know He will never leave us and we shall never leave Him; to feel the balm of home and rest upon the happy soul.

Oh! what will it be to be there? Haste on, ye hours till Christ shall come! Speed on, ye lagging moments till we see His face! We would turn from all of earth to heaven. We would close our ears to earthly sounds, and wait the shout that bids us rise. What brightness shines before us! What welcoming voices wait!

The Watchword of the Night.

CHRISt is coming! Ringing heavenward
 Voices through the night.—
 Waiting with uplifted foreheads,
 Stand the sons of light.
 Heaven-lit eyes and hearts all burning,
 Eager feet earth's wild flowers spurning!
 Lip to lip the cry repeating,
 Heart to heart the answer beating,
 Christ is coming!—Come, Lord, come!

* * * * *

Christ is coming! He will take us
 To His Father's home;
 "I will come," the promise golden;
 "I will quickly come."
 See the pearly gates are open!
 Hosts await the word unspoken;
 And on earth, with eyes on glory,
 We repeat the heavenly story,
 Christ is coming!—Come, Lord come!

Christ is coming! Christ is coming!—
 We have waited long;
 Eager for the first glad rapture
 Of the endless song.
 Eager to bow down before thee;
 Longing, Saviour, to adore thee;
 Waiting, 'till our lips forgiven,
 Shall repeat Thy praise in heaven,
THOU ART COMING!—
 Come, Lord, COME!

Heyman Wreford.



Any request for prayer sent to us will be remembered before God, and any anxious about their souls we shall be glad to help. Write to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

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SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELD.

THE SCEPTIC'S CONVERSION.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

At the end of April, 1884, there happened to me a most pleasing experience in my service to the Lord Jesus. An experience that showed me the wonderful ways of God in bringing sinners to Himself, and a proof that all man's boasted

infidelity flies when the Spirit of God begins its work in the soul. The father of the Young Sceptic of whom I am writing used to attend our services at the Victoria Hall, Queen Street, Exeter, and I believe the son had been there also. At any rate he knew me well, and when he lay dying at Teignmouth he sent for me to come and see him. I took the train with his father, and together we went to the house where he lived. When I went into his bedroom I was startled for a moment to see the ravages disease had made on his slender frame. He was far gone in consumption; his eyes were bright; his cheeks were flushed;



"THE YOUNG SCEPTIC."

and his voice was husky and low. I took his hand, and then sat down by his side. He held my hand for some time, and gazed very earnestly on my face.

His lips quivered, and his eyes filled with tears. At last he said, "It has been all dark with me, all dark; but it is brighter now. I think I see the light. I found out last night I was a sinner—a vile sinner."

Then the tears rolled down his poor thin cheeks, and his pitiful eyes held me with their sad appeal. I took the handkerchief and wiped the tears away. As I did so he said, "These are not tears of grief. I am not weeping for sorrow, but because I have a Christian man to talk to. I know you are a Christian." As he ceased speaking overcome with emotion, he sank back in the bed and said, "Let me rest a little."

He closed his eyes, and I, greatly moved, turned to gaze out of the window.

There before me I could see the spring sun shining 'mid the trees, and as far as I could gaze, my eye rested on nothing but the glories of creation. It was a fair scene. The birds were singing sweet songs of praise. From where he lay in his bed he could look upon the splendour of the landscape, as he said himself, "I can gaze on God's creation and I shall die in it."

After resting a little he said, "Sit me up and let me talk to Mr. Wreford a little."

Then looking at me he added, "I want to tell you about my life. I've been a sceptic."

He was only twenty-one!

His friends sat him up; and as his voice was very faint, I bent close to him, and he began:—

"I had a good education, but I got to be sceptical. I began to pick the Bible to pieces; and when a young man begins to do that, you know that there are many things he cannot understand; and I was young. I could not see how Christ could be God, how His being taken by Roman soldiers and nailed upon a cross was any good to me. I read about Him and I thought He was a good man and a crowd of cowards killed Him." He paused a moment, then he said very earnestly, "Now I want you to explain to me fully and clearly the birth of Christ."

Lifting a silent prayer to God, I turned to the 1st of St. Luke and read a few verses. Then I spoke to him of sin and of the necessity of the atonement, "without shedding of

blood is no remission." Then, as reverently as I could, I spoke of the sinless birth of Jesus, and of His spotless humanity, both proving Him to be God. I took him from scene to scene of the Saviour's life. We followed His blessed footsteps who went about doing good, and listened to His words, who spake as never man spake. We lingered by Gethsemane together, and then went on to Calvary. I spoke of the darkness and the desertion; His being made sin for us who knew no sin Himself. How the Holy God, who could not look upon sin, forsook His beloved Son, made sin for us, and bearing our sins. Then I spoke of the resurrection and the ascension, and of Christ being in heaven, because sin had been judged and put away; there because God was satisfied with what He had done to save the sinner. I told him to believe the Bible simply, and then read these verses to him as the Words of God manifest in flesh Himself.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness. even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on 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."

I said, "**His only begotten Son, His Son—God's Son,** you believe that?"

"Yes," he replied. I said, "Do you believe on the Son of God?"

"Yes," he whispered, "**I see it, I believe it; thank God I have broken through the barriers of scepticism at last. I am saved.**" I knelt and thanked God for His mercy to him, and before I left him he was fully trusting in his Saviour. His scepticism was gone. Soon after he passed away to be with Christ—happy in his Saviour's love. No doubts or fears were his now. He fully trusted and he was perfectly happy. Oh! believe me, no one but Christ can comfort in the hour of death, and however you may mock and sneer in health there is no laughter in the tomb. He went from the night of scepticism to the morning of faith. And you who may have been inclined to doubt the divinity of Christ and His power to save, learn faith's lesson from his dying lips and do as he did. Break through the barriers of scepticism, put your whole trust in the Saviour.

“NOW OR NEVER.”

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

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

PREACHING AND PRACTISING.

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

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

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

A LETTER TO MISS A. A. L.

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

P.S.—If you could send me even one Testament please, so that I can take it with me when I go, because I have given my last one.

PTE. E. Y. A.



LUKEWARM CHRISTIANITY.

This is the day of Lukewarm Christianity. Christ says of such :—"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot : I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."—*Rev. iii. 15, 16.* What a terrible thing to be treated thus, with divine contempt. Lukewarm, alas ! oftentimes to the need of poor sinners perishing without Christ, but active to detect wrong motives in the activities of earnest men. Too much zeal is oftentimes accounted a crime. We are told of an Indian who, hearing a white man object to too much zeal, said : "I don't know about having too much zeal, but I think it is better to have a pot boil over, than not to boil at all." Lukewarm Christians never boil over—tepid Christianity can only act as a damper. We find the Apostle Paul boils over in *Romans viii. & ix.* With love to Christ, with love to sinners.

THE DIVINE COMPASS.

A writer says:—"I was once at sea upon a voyage to New Zealand on a very dark night. The captain called me on to the deck to speak to me. It was so dark that I could not see my finger when held up before my eyes. He led me to the binnacle in front of the steersman. There was the compass fixed, and on either side was a bright lamp shining down upon it and making it clear. So does God's Holy Spirit shine on God's word and so makes our path plain.



THINGS BROKEN.

God uses most for His glory those people and things which are most perfectly broken. The sacrifices He accepts are broken and contrite hearts. It was the thorough breaking down of Jacob's natural strength at Peniel that got him where God could clothe him with spiritual power. It was when the three hundred elect soldiers under Gideon broke their pitchers, a type of breaking themselves, that the hidden lights shone forth, to the consternation of their adversaries. It was when the poor widow broke the seal of the little pot of oil, and poured it forth, that God multiplied it to pay her debts and supply means of support. It was when Esther risked her life and broke through the rigid etiquette of a heathen court, that she obtained favour to rescue her people from death. It was when Jesus took the five loaves and broke them, the bread was multiplied in the very act of breaking, sufficient to feed five thousand. It was when Mary broke her beautiful alabaster box, rendering it thenceforth useless, that the pent-up perfume filled the whole house. It was when Jesus allowed his precious body to be broken to pieces by thorns and nails and spear, that His inner life was poured out, like a crystal ocean for thirsty sinners to drink and live.

It was when a beautiful grain of corn is broken up in the earth by *death*, that its inner heart sprouts forth and bears hundreds of other grains. And thus on and on, through all history, and all biography, and all vegetation, and all spiritual life, God must have *broken things*.

Those who are broken in wealth, and broken in self-will, and broken in their ambitions, and broken in their beautiful ideals, and broken in worldly reputation, and broken in their affections, and broken often times in health, and those who are despised, and seem utterly helpless and forlorn, the Holy Spirit is seizing upon, and using for God's glory. It is "the lame that take the prey," Isaiah tells us. It is the weak that overcome the devil. God is waiting to take hold of our failures and nothingness and shine through them.

CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S LAST WORDS.

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

She seemed to have visions of some who had gone before, and to be recognizing one and the other. The dying eyes seemed to see "beyond the veil." The mother-love was strong even in death, and she counted all her children on her fingers—counted them to God. Many years before she had brought them to Him, and often used to quote, "Not a hoof shall be left behind." And now her earthly ministry was finished, and she finally committed them all to her faithful God. As we stood around her she said, "I thank God for all the hard places, for all the slippery places, for all the stony places, yes, for all the stony places—for all the way in which He has led me." Many times she said with such deep content, "**My Heavenly Father.**"

Once when she seemed a little troubled, one of us said, "Do you know Jesus?" A pained look came over her face as

she replied, "**Jesus ! Of course I know Jesus,**" and went on to repeat in a clear voice,

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

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

We miss her—the loss of such a mother leaves a blank which nothing can fill. But we look forward ; it may be the reunion will be soon. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," and "Those who sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him." "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—

By one of her daughters.

A GOOD MOTTO FOR THE HARVEST FIELD.

"Know your work and stick to it." Reader, ponder this. It involves more than you might, at first sight, imagine. The first thing is to know your work. Many err here. They do not seem to know well what to be at. They run from one job to another, and, as a consequence, do not succeed at anything. Seek, therefore, to know, in communion with the Master, what your work really is. It may be very humble, unpretending, unattractive sort of work ; but no matter ; if it be your work, that is all you want to know. And what then ? Why stick to it—keep at it—let no one drive you out of it. You may meet many who will not like your mode of doing your work—many perhaps who think you ought to be doing something else. But keep on, never minding. Be kind and courteous ; but stick to your work. As a workman, your immediate, your paramount business is with your Master, not with your fellow-workers. You may be misunderstood and misrepresented ; **but see that you stick to your job.** Seek to do the best you can in His strength, and when the Master returns you will be all right.

THE POTTER.

The potter can make nothing of untempered clay. It must be suitable to his purpose before he can do anything with it. If God is proving you He is conferring upon you the greatest honour, because He wants to fashion you to suit His purpose.

A gentleman was standing watching a potter at work, and noticed that he took all his clay from one mould, and not from another, for there were two moulds of clay near to his wheel. He asked the reason of this

The potter replied: This clay is disciplined, tempered, prepared for use, the other is not.

Then he took a small bit of the untempered clay, threw it into the larger lump which he had in his hand, and said,

"Now if you will watch carefully, you will see that before I have finished my work, that small bit of untempered clay will spoil the vessel I am proposing to fashion." The gentleman watched intently as the potter threw the clay upon the wheel. The vessel was responding to the potter's touch, and was growing into a shapely and symmetrical thing, when, all at once, without a second's warning, it bulged, and all the shapeliness was gone.

And so we have to be proved that we may be suited material. As it is written, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and again: "No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous, but afterwards it yieldeth the peacable fruit of righteousness.

THE ANSWER.

"He asked for strength that he might achieve;
 He was made weak that he might obey.
 He asked for health that he might do greater things;
 He was given infirmity that he might do better things,
 He asked for riches that he might be happy;
 He was given poverty that he might be wise.
 He asked for power that he might have the praise of men;
 He was given weakness that he might feel the need of God.
 He asked for all things that he might enjoy life;
 He was given life that he might enjoy all things.
 He received nothing that he asked for—
 All that he hoped for his prayer was answered.

CAPTAIN FITZHUGH.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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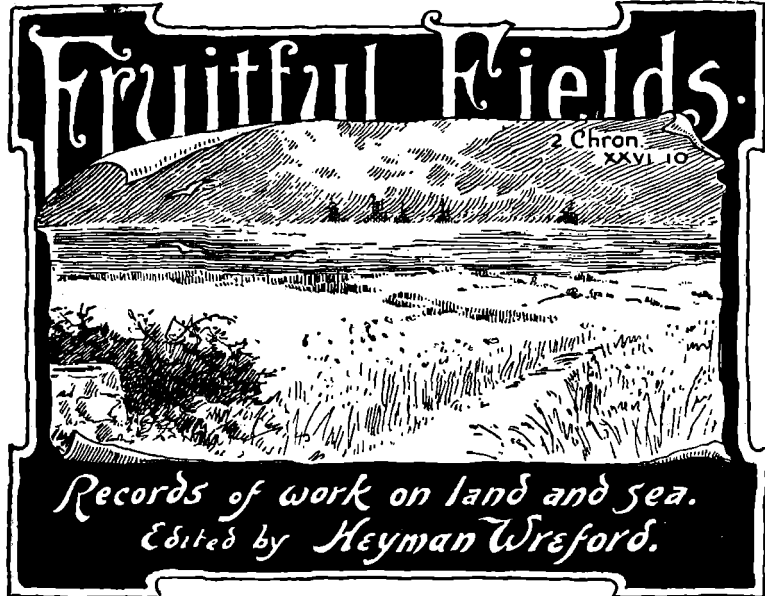
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MAY, 1919.

Price 1d.; 8/6 the 100 post free.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1.

**"That thou should'st love a wretch like me,
And be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart."**

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EXETER.

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EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

Oh, "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," my sins helped to make Thee suffer, bleed and die; but Thy cross is the gateway leading to the throne. Thy garments of sorrow were woven in the darkness that enwrapt Thee as a shroud: but the glory of Thy triumph shines where night can never come, and where all the shadows of sorrow and of sin have passed for evermore.

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHY DO I BELIEVE IN CHRIST?

LET me commence with a question. Why is a man an infidel? Because he believes in Himself and not in God. Why is a man a Christian? Because he believes in Christ and not in himself.

Many to-day would agree with the unbeliever Goethe, who said, "To the able man this world is not dumb; why should he ramble off into eternity! Such incomprehensible subjects lie too far off, and only disturb our thoughts if made the subject of daily meditation."

Many also are like the ancient Greeks—they hated the thought of death and eternity. They tried by every means to banish it from their thoughts. They surrounded themselves with statues almost breathing out buoyant life; and with beautiful pictures glowing with the glorious colours of their skies and seas. Thus environed with life in its highest intellectualism, they sought to hide the portals of the grave with the wreaths of pleasure, and banish gloomy death with

the sunshine of radiant endeavour. "Serious things to-morrow" was the cry.

And yet eternal processes of change and decay go on—there is a skeleton at every godless feast. The wild riot, of pleasure, and drinking the waters of Lethe, will not arrest death, or alter the changeless purposes of God. There is evermore, beside us, and around us, an Omnipotent power at work, an Omniscient eye that sees, and an Omnipotence that controls—outside man there is this mighty unseen power. Face to face with the vast eternal problems of the universe, men, without faith, are seeking to solve by human reasoning what only a Divine Interpreter can make us understand.

Even the knowledge of God is not enough to make us realize the purpose of our being, and the future of our soul.

The world would be a chaotic wilderness of endless doubt and surmising were it not that God had revealed Himself in two wondrous revelations, namely, by His Word and by His Son.

A Book and a Person. And the Book is the Divine record of the Person of the Christ, the Son of God. He who came to earth to reveal the Father, and who could say, "I and my Father are one."

The great principle of faith must come into my life, if I am to know anything beyond it, and my faith must rest upon a Person, and upon One who can satisfy every longing of my soul and every aspiration of my heart. One who can give finality to every doubt and fear that may oppress my life. One in whom I can trust absolutely, and love perfectly, and in whose truth I can have the most complete dependence. One who can never be judged by human standards, and whose glory can never be shadowed by mortal limitations. One that the world cannot contain, and yet who pervades everything. One who is mightier than the mightiest, holier than the holiest, more lovely than the loveliest, higher than the highest. I need such a one, infinite in everything, whose glorious prerogative it is to save and bless. I need Him to come into my life and to bless me with His all-satisfying grace and goodness if I am to be blessed at all.

Is there such a One? There is, and He is the Christ, the Son of God. He has been on earth—"Emmanuel, God **with**

us." He is in heaven now, **for us**, upon the throne of God.
Why do I believe in Christ?

Because I have internal and external evidence of His power to save.

I solemnly declare, I rest my soul for all eternity upon the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ for me. I rest my hopes of heaven upon the fact of His being there, having put away my sins by the sacrifice of Himself. I want no other way to heaven than Christ the Way. I want no other door of salvation than Christ the Door. I want no other light to shine upon me than Christ the Light. I want no higher wisdom than Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God. I want no other name than the name of Jesus. I want no other work for salvation than His finished work. I am *content, yes, my God, well content, with what Christ has done for me.* He has made a wilderness world blossom as the rose. He has answered every doubt, and taken from me every fear.

I have the witness within that He is the Christ, the Son of the Living God. I recognize the power of His salvation in the changed lives of millions.

I believe in Christ because He is the Christ of the Bible. Only the Christ of the New Testament says an unbeliever. Pardon me, of the old Testament as well. I see Christ in Abel's offering, the Lamb offered up in earth's earliest sacrifice. I see Christ in Isaac bound a victim on the altar on Mt. Moriah—In the Ark floating over dark waters of judgement, the only place of safety in a drowning world—Christ the only place for men and women now in a world doomed to destruction—In the Cities of Refuge provided for the man-slayer; Christ the refuge for the sinner who is fleeing from the wrath of God against his sins—In the Jewish sacrifices and offerings—In the Pentateuch—In the Psalms and the Prophets—All through the Bible. Abraham saw the coming day of Christ, he saw it and was glad. Job cried when the world was young, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Enoch saw down through the ages the Lord coming with ten thousand of His saints. David said, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." Isaiah sang, with deepest pathos, the dirge of Calvary, in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was

upon Him ; and with his stripes we are healed." He saw in prophetic vision—the Cross, the grave, and the resurrection glory of the Christ of God.

Yes, He is the Christ of the Bible, and I believe in Him. The infidel to-day sneers and scoffs, and the men and women of pleasure deride, but what of that ? The faith of centuries will not be swept away by an atheist's doubt ; by a drunkard's jest, a blasphemer's oath, or a harlot's laugh. The frothy waves of man's philosophy beat vainly against the Rock of Ages. Not one of these proud boasters, inflated by a little human learning, can argue like Paul, or love like John, or preach like Peter, or pray like Elijah, or sing like David, or endure like Daniel, or die like Stephen. No, the Christ of the Bible was the life of the Saints of the Bible. **He is the life of every Christian in the world to-day.**

"He is the Word made flesh that dwelt among us." *"He is before all things and by Him all things consist"* *"He is Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end, the first and the last."*

Yes, the light of recognition of Jesus Christ as Saviour has glorified human lives. It has retuned the discordant strings of life and made them thrill with the harmonies of heaven, It has given speech to the dumb, and hearing to the deaf ; it has shone on darkened eyes the radiance of heaven. It has made the weak strong, and the despairing hopeful ; it has changed the sepulchres of human life into shrines for the Most High ; it has made for wandering feet, tired amid desert sands of loneliness and sorrow, sweet oases of rest and peace, a garden of the Lord. The barrenness of natural life has been made fruitful, and the rainbow of everlasting hope has shone on skies late dark with tears. It has crowned the brow of sorrow with the diadem of peace, and poured into the chalices of life the wine of perfect joy.

Christ's glory fills eternity—

Eternity which was and is ;

And all eternity to be

Will shine with His undying praise :

To Him who lives but once was slain

Be honour, power and praise, Amen.

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

About twenty-five years ago a lad of sixteen was listening to the Gospel in the Victoria Hall, Exeter. The subject I preached from on that evening was **"What think ye of Christ?"** From that night he had right thoughts of Christ, for he was converted to God.



GILBERT CHOWN.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 11, 1906, at 2-30, we stood around his grave in the Higher Cemetery, and sang the hymn, "For ever with the Lord." Yes, Gilbert Chown, the lad who had been converted for fourteen years, had lived his life for Christ, and was now "absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

In the Cemetery Chapel a great number had assembled; those who knew and loved him, and mourned over his departure. He had won the love of all with whom he came in contact by his quiet,

consistent Christian life, and his deep sympathy with the Lord's work. Many eyes were filled with tears as we sang his favourite hymns and thought of the still form in the coffin that would never be seen on earth again. A sense of loss seemed to fall upon us all, and yet as we read the glorious certainties of salvation, and of the splendour and rest of the City to which he had gone, he seemed to be very near us still.

And what of his home-going? How did he pass away from earth to heaven? Listen to the story of his last day on earth, when it was fully brought home to him that his time on earth was short.

About 3-30 on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 4th, he said to his mother, "I shall not be with you long, I am going."

"Going, Gilbert," she replied, "where."

"Home to the Lord," he answered; "yes, mother, home to be with the Lord; **with the Lord.**"

From that time and onward to the end, he spoke much of the Lord's goodness to him, and the wisdom of all His ways, saying how real it was. He said to his mother, for whom he had a wonderful affection, which was shewn in a multitude of ways right up to the end, "I know I am dying, although I had never once thought of death, I had been looking for the Lord's coming but even now," he remarked, "He may come, in any case it would be perfect, for as for God, His ways are perfect!"

About 7-30, the same evening, he sent for his brother Arthur, saying he would like to see him. His brother asked him if he was peaceful and happy.

"Ah!" he replied, "It is peace and perfect happiness." In speaking to his brother he reviewed the past, spoke of God's goodness and love, and our failings, but, "I thank God" he said, "we stand upon the merit of Another."

"The merits of the Lord appear,
They fill the Holy place."

"Yes," he said, "nothing but Christ, Christ is there." He thanked his brother for all the kindness that had been shewn to him saying, "You have all been very kind to me, more kind than I deserve, but the Lord kinder than you all."

Then they gathered around his bed, and he spoke of the reality of being near the end of everything here, and urged those present, not prepared for eternity not to leave it until

they were like him, passing away. He told his mother not to weep or grieve for him, saying, "I am going home, mother, **it is all bright before, the darkness is behind.**"

About 8-30 p.m. he spoke of something coming over his eyes, and when asked what it was, he was unable to explain, but remarked, "Well, there must be a closing up of everything here; nothing remains but the Lord." "The heavens," he continued, "are the work of **Thy** hands; they shall perish, but Thou, **Thou** remainest. Ah! mother, we have the Lord."

"Yes," she replied, "He is good, but it is sad for us who are left." "But mother," he answered, "He is sufficient. I am going into that new circle where the Lord is supreme, and which can never be broken."

When asked if he had any pain, he said, "No, only a feeling of weakness, but the Lord is good. and it is all right—perfect. The Lord is with me, and I shall soon be with Him."

After a few minutes spent in communion with the Lord, he was heard saying,

"Unto **Him** that loveth us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to **Him** be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

He wished all good-bye, saying the end was near, and he was quietly waiting to go home. "Home," he repeated, "yes, home with the Lord."

His mother said, "You will soon be with all those gone before."

"Yes, mother," he replied, "with Himself—**Himself**, that's it."

About 11-30 P.M. he asked the time, and when told said, "Not much longer, I shall soon be home."

At 2-30 a.m. he again asked the time, and was surprised it was so late, and remarked, "I thought I should have been home before this, why does the Lord tarry? Why does He not take me, I want to go."

At 6-30 a.m. he enquired the time again, and prayed the Lord to take him. After that his breathing became easy and regular, and thus he lingered, fully conscious of everything until a quarter to nine, when his mother, who was with him, called all up to his room. She kissed him, and at nine o'clock exactly, on Monday, November 5th, he received the home-call,

and had an abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He passed away without a struggle or a moan, "put to sleep by Jesus."

So he went from earth to heaven, leaving behind him a savour of Christ. We buried him in the grave where the body of his father lay. He had been converted in the Victoria Hall and was laid to rest in April, 1890.

God be thanked for Gilbert Chown's earnest life for Christ. He loved the work at the Victoria Hall. He prayed earnestly for the one God had called to that work. Many a word of cheer and sympathy has the writer had from him; and while feeling a sense of personal bereavement at his departure, one can but thank God for the glory of the sunset of his earthly life, and for the certainty that he is now with the Saviour he loved so well, and whose presence cheered him to the end.



THE OLD AFRICAN CHIEF.

An interesting circumstance was reported by a missionary years ago of an old African chief. He was converted in his old age, after a life such as heathen chiefs usually live. His desire to learn to read was great, that he might read for himself about Jesus—the Jesus who loved Africans and died for them. He was shewn the way, he persevered, and, so far, he succeeded. One day as the missionary was passing along he saw the aged chief under a palm tree. He paused; he observed a book lying open on his knees. After looking on the book a little, he raised his head, clasped his hands and looked up, as if conversing with someone in heaven. After a few moments he turned his eyes again to the book. The scene was too sacred for the missionary to intrude, so he passed on without disturbing him. Sometime after, when he had an opportunity, he reminded him of what he had witnessed, and asked him what he was doing. "O, Massa," he replied, "when me look down on the book and read, then God talked to me; and when me stop and look up me talk to God." May both reader and writer profit by the old chief's example.

they were like him, passing away. He told his mother not to weep or grieve for him, saying, "I am going home, mother, **it is all bright before, the darkness is behind.**"

About 8-30 p.m. he spoke of something coming over his eyes, and when asked what it was, he was unable to explain, but remarked, "Well, there must be a closing up of everything here; nothing remains but the Lord." "The heavens," he continued, "are the work of **Thy** hands; they shall perish, but Thou, **Thou** remainest. Ah! mother, we have the Lord."

"Yes," she replied, "He is good, but it is sad for us who are left." "But mother," he answered, "He is sufficient. I am going into that new circle where the Lord is supreme, and which can never be broken."

When asked if he had any pain, he said, "No, only a feeling of weakness, but the Lord is good, and it is all right—perfect. The Lord is with me, and I shall soon be with Him."

After a few minutes spent in communion with the Lord, he was heard saying,

"Unto **Him** that loveth us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to **Him** be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

He wished all good-bye, saying the end was near, and he was quietly waiting to go home. "Home," he repeated, "yes, home with the Lord."

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THE CRY FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

"How long is it," asked an old Mohammedan woman in Bengal, "since Jesus died for sinful people? Look at me. I am old, I have prayed, I have given alms, I have gone to the holy shrines, I am become as dust from fasting, and all this is useless. Where have *you* been all this time?"

That cry was echoed from the icy shores of the farthest Northwest Territory. "You have been many moons in this land," said an old Eskimo to the Bishop of Selkirk, "did you know this good news then? Since you were a boy? And your father knew? Then why did you not come sooner?"

It was heard in the snowy heights of the Andes. How is it, asked a Peruvian, "that during all the years of my life I never before heard that Jesus Christ spoke those precious words?"

It was repeated in the white streets of Casablanca. "Why, cried a Moor to a Bible-seller, "have you not run everywhere with this book? Why do so many of my people not know of the Jesus whom it proclaims? Why have you hoarded it to yourselves? Shame on you."

It is the cry from the four winds.

How shall we answer it?

Selected from "The Bible in the World."

THE CRY OF THE TAMIL POET.

And here is the cry of the Tamil poet uttered a thousand years ago; and a terrible cry it is. The cry is still coming from millions to-day. Will you hear it and help to answer it?

FROM A TAMIL POET 1,000 YEARS AGO.

Lost in the darkness I wander,
Where is the light? Is there no light?
Nothing know I but I wonder,
Is there no light? Where is the light?
Lord in the vastness I wander,
Where is the way? Is there no way?
How may I reach Thee I wonder,
Is there no way? Where is the way? *(Translated.)*

Through the kindness of a friend I am enabled to send 1,500 Gospels in Tamil to India. I shall be glad of help to send more, for the need there, as well as all over the world, is terrible.

A LETTER FROM A TAMIL PASTOR.

AHDINGAR,
S. INDIA.

My Dear Sir,

I thank you most heartily for your kind parcel of Tracts and New Testaments. Oh! how good of you to undertake this noble work. Surely the Lord will reward you.

I distributed several Testaments to our comrades. You will be glad to know one Sepoy (Indian soldier) definitely decided for Christ through the Lord's word. He is far away in our district, 25 miles from here. Praise the Lord. Several are seeking for the truth. I gave to several educated officers and students in English. They appreciated them very much, and promised to read daily. I wonder whether you can supply me with Tamil New Testaments. The demand is great. If you could supply me with some, and Bibles also, I will distribute them for the glory of God. I ask will you kindly do this for me.

Yours in Him,

Dr. Heyman Wreford.

S.D.

THE RECOMPENSE


If all my years were summer, could I know
What my Lord means by His "made white as snow?"


If all my days were sunny, could I say
"In His fair land He wipes all tears away?"


If I were never weary could I keep
Close to my heart, "He gives his loved ones sleep?"
Were no griefs mine, might I not come to deem
The Joy Eternal but a baseless dream?

My winter, and my tears, and weariness,
Even my griefs, may be His way to bless,
I call them ills, yet that can surely be;
Nothing but love that shows my Lord to me.

Anon

 We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels. We have sent more than eight thousand to various centres, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, worker or soldier, who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian Soldiers or Sailors, or to Civilians.

 Any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian, who wants a Testament to fit his pocket, can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

 If any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian would like us to write to their wives or friends, or send them Testaments and books, we will gladly do so. We want to be a real help to souls in these terrible days.

GOSPEL WORK—GIVING AWAY TRACTS.

Give them away by all means and God will bless you. One Sunday afternoon a Christian in Exeter walks along the street she visits, with Gospel invitations in her hands.

She sees an open door, and a little message from God goes fluttering from her hand, down the passage, and rests upon the mat.

In the room inside an old prize-fighter and his wife are sitting. He is very ill, with a bad throat and not likely to recover. He has not been to hear the Gospel for years and years.

His wife comes into the passage, picks up the piece of paper, and takes it to him to read. The silent messenger speaks to him as he reads. They both come to the preaching at the Royal Public Rooms, Exeter, and are converted; and he is in heaven to-day, an everlasting witness to the efficacy of tract distribution.

Work on, brothers and sisters; you may have a thousand rebuffs, but ye shall reap, **if ye faint not**. The Master's eye is on you, and He sees all you do for Him. Still scatter the seed broadcast. Work in the streets and lanes; work where men and women dwell in sin and sorrow with souls immortal. Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh when none may work. Be much on your knees to ask for guidance and for strength; and then your willing feet will be led by the Master in paths of blessing.

Let the people know that the ——— Hall has been opened by God for Gospel preaching; and as you give them the printed invitation, pray that they may receive the word into their hearts. The following little incident will encourage you to go on with the work.

At the Annual Meeting of the M.T.S., Mrs. J. B. Horton said:

I should like to tell you of a little boy, the son of a cousin of mine who worked near Hull amongst the sailors, who went with his mother to distribute tracts. One Sunday afternoon he said, "Mother, how many shall I take?" He took actually eighty-nine, and gave them out to different men; but there were ninety men, and there was just one short. "Let me go back and fetch another one," he said; and although his mother assured him that it would be alright, and that the men would pass the tracts from one to the other, the little son who was about twelve years of age, insisted on running the mile or so back home to fetch another tract, and this he gave to the odd man.

"I don't quite know why I went back, but I didn't like you to be left out," he said. The ship sailed, and nothing more was heard or thought of concerning the matter. But three years after that, my cousin, who still kept on this work, was accosted by one of the men, who knew her very well, "Excuse me, ma'am, he said, "I was told to give you this" and he gave her one leaf from one of the tracts, and on the other side of it was written: **I am dying: please give this to the young gentleman, and tell him that I found the Lord Jesus through reading this tract.**" That was the odd tract; and moreover, that man, before he died, led three of his shipmates to Jesus Christ.

"KEEP THE PRINT CLEAR."

In the little article in the January *Fruitful Fields* called "It is the life that tells," a friend wrote in appreciation saying, "the Church (that is, all true believers) is the world's Bible, many will read no other." If this is so we must pray and watch to **keep the print clear**, musn't we? Yes, indeed, we must show our colours and be all for Jesus, and out and out for God. So many people forget to read God's warning to the Church of Laodicea in *Rev. 3—16*—"Neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." May our gracious God and Father through the Lord Jesus and His Spirit's Intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered deliver each one of us from being half and half—trying to serve and please two masters. I well remember the late dear Miss Hannah Harvey sending me the following message, well worth learning—

"You are writing a Gospel,

"A chapter each day,

"By deeds that you do,

"By words that you say,

"Men read what you write,

"Whether faithless or true—

"What is the Gospel according to you?"

Yes, let us preach Christ by our life—hourly, daily—that people may know we follow the Lord—like that dear, fine stalwart North American Indian who declared himself steadfast for Christ. He said he passed through the experience similar to a snake which, when desirous to rid itself of its old skin, fixes itself in the fork of a tree out of which it struggles, leaving its old skin behind it. Thus, he declared, the Lord helped me to get rid of my old ways and the Gospel has clothed me with the new skin or the covering of this righteousness of Christ, as it says in Romans 13—14, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Emily P. Leakey.

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

Some years ago I was travelling up to the Nilgiri Hills in the same carriage with some British soldiers. As we were passing one of the foot-hills, a "Tommy" put his head out of the window, and said, "I say, Jimmie, it 'ud be something of a job to shift that hill, eh?" "Ah naw," said Jimmie, "give me pick and a shovel, and I'd soon do it." I have often thought that Jimmie's idea was a good deal like that of those missionaries who come out to India with the full assurance that they are going to "shift" Hinduism, and establish Christianity in its place. For twenty years I fully believed that India was to be won to Christ by the preaching of the Gospel. But we have been picking away at this huge mountain of Hinduism for more than a hundred years, and instead of getting smaller, it is larger than it was when Carey first landed in Calcutta. "India for Christ" and "The World for Christ" are the watchwords, but it would be more scriptural if they would reverse them, and say, "Christ for India" or "Christ for the World." We are nowhere commissioned to bring the world to Christ, but we are told to take Christ to the whole world.

D.D.

A BRAVE MISSIONARY.

David Brainard resolved to go to tell the Gospel to a savage tribe of Indians. His friends declared if he went they would never see him alive again. He took with him a little tent under which he slept. After weary days of travel he came to the principal village of the tribe and tarried that he might pray to God for His blessing on his work amongst the Indians. He thought that no eye but God's saw him; but some Indians saw him as he pitched his tent, and going to the village they told their chief of the coming of the white man. A council was held and it was decided he must die.

A number of Indians hid in a sheltered place and waited for the missionary to come out, but Brainard continued long in prayer. Becoming impatient, they came nearer and cautiously looking through the opening they saw him on his knees. Just then a large rattlesnake slowly pushed its ugly head under the tent, and crawling up parallel to the kneeling man's back as if to strike its fangs into his neck. Suddenly it drew back, as if God forbade the murderous attempt, and then glided out at the

opposite side from which it entered. The Indians were astonished, and slowly retreating, they told their tribe what they had seen.

Brainard was so absorbed in prayer that he knew nothing of the snake's visit, or of the savage warriors who had come to kill him. He seemed to hear God say, "My presence shall go with thee."

At length he took his Bible and went toward the village. To his surprise it seemed as if the whole tribe came out to greet him. They treated him with the greatest respect, regarding him as under the protection of the Great Spirit, who delivered him from the poison of the great rattlesnake. They listened quietly to his preaching and many of them were saved by trusting alone in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I HAVE TAKEN MY STAND FOR CHRIST."

These words were written in the last letter from a precious boy in France. God grant that some heart may be touched, and led to make this grand decision, and he adds, "I am intent on serving my Saviour and my King while I have breath." In a previous letter he writes, "I am feeling more at ease since reading your letter, and I am praying more earnestly day by day. How anxious I am to become a true Christian and follower of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I am going to strive hard to become a bright and shining light." Promising to write whenever possible, and let me know how he was progressing in the Christian life, he signs himself, "Yours in Christ."

I was so looking forward to hear again, but my letter was returned. I tried again, and last month February, 1919, had my letter again returned and with what a pang I read "Deceased, died of wounds."

Thank God, my loved young friend, is safe; he had taken his stand for Christ and I shall meet Cyril again, where sorrow and separation can never come.

I believe some one will read this who is unsaved—without hope in the world. Do not linger, dear friend, the sands of time are sinking, soon it will be too late; the day of grace past. Will you not come to Christ now? To the one who bore our sins, in His own body on the tree," God grant it may be so.—*John c.3, 16*

A.A.L.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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... ..

HELP us to send the Word of God to "Earth's Christless Millions." Any gifts for this purpose may be sent to—

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We have sent away nearly **100,000** Testaments yearly during the War, and more than **8,500** parcels, and we are still sending, for the need is as great as ever.

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Records of work on land and sea.
Edited by Heyman Wreford.

PL. 1. No. 8.

JUNE, 1919.

Price 1d.; 8/6 the 100 post free.

*"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are
white already to harvest" John iv. 35.*

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1.

**To us Thy Cross with all its shame,
With all its grace be given:
Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,
God honours it in heaven.**

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HEYMAN WREFORD
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EXETER.

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EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

"He who denies the supreme deity of Jesus, or His perfect humanity, is guilty of the deepest affront to God, who gave His Son in infinite love, and has sent the Spirit to uphold and testify His glory."

W. KELLY.

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

AN elderly lady, a patient of mine, was dying; she had scarcely any strength to speak, but her lips moved, and as I put my ear close to her I heard her whisper, "Doctor, can you explain to me the mystery of suffering?" I could but tell her of the One "who suffered the Just for the unjust to bring us to God." I trust she believed and passed to the peace of His presence. I saw a little child lying on its mother's lap, struggling for life, the body convulsed with suffering. The mother, with a look of agony on her face, said to me, "Do you believe that God is love?" "Yes," I replied, "I am sure of it." "If God were love," she continued, "would He let my little baby suffer like this? No, God is not a God of love." Face to face with the mystery of suffering one could but pray that the sin that brought suffering and death into the world might be taken from the rebellious mother's heart, and that the peace of the forgiveness of her sins might leave her able to say, "Thy will be done." How thankful I felt to know that in heaven the angels of the little children do always behold the Father's face, and that the everlasting mercy shines o'er all the sorrows of the world. Another patient, a man suffering a great deal of pain, said to me "What a blessing it is that one can rest on the peace that is behind all this. **Christ's work all done.**" A little girl suffering with broncho-pneumonia said to me, "It is gentle Jesus who lets me suffer like this," and again she said, "If Jesus were to come in at the door I should want to put my

arms around His neck and kiss Him." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." I had a letter from one I knew to be a child of God. She wrote, "I am in the dark and standing on the lowest stair, pray for me."

Yes, sorrow and suffering are our portion here; the waters of life are often bitter. The devil tries to make us believe that God is cruel, and unjust, and unloving and merciless. **But God is love**, and we can fling the lie back into the devil's face and point to Calvary as the greatest exhibition of the divine love of the Father and the Son to the vilest of the vile.

What then can make the bitter sweet, and brighten fading hopes, and glorify the cold, grey skies of life? The **Cross of Christ**. Pain shall be sweetened by that Cross, because of the pain He suffered there for you. And sorrow shall be sweetened by the Cross, because the "Man of Sorrows" bore the burden of your sorrow for you. The bitter terror of eternal judgment shall be sweetened by the Cross, because there the Saviour bore the judgment of your sins and so took the sting from death.

The Cross, on which my Saviour died,
Is life and health to me."

This brings us to the contemplation of the mystery of the most awful suffering ever known, the sufferings of Christ, the Son of God, upon the Cross.

I stood on the hill called Calvary one Lord's day afternoon, and with my Bible in my hand I read the story of the crucifixion over and over again—the story that has moved the world more than any other, the story of the "*lifting up*" of the Lord Jesus!

How often have I watched my Lord upon His weary way. I have seen Him majestic in His sorrow come to the hill of Calvary: going alone to the most awful conflict that any was ever called upon to face. I have watched the gathering of His foes, the unfurling of the banners of hell, and I have listened to the awful battle cries of demons, and of men led by demons, that rang around Him as He faced them all.

He stands alone. God's Man, and God's beloved Son. He is Lord of Angels, but no legions of Angels surround him now. He is the King of kings and Lord of lords, and yet he is crowned with thorns and robed with the purple robe of mockery.

The whole world is against the Son of God. Not one single voice to break the clamour of the crowd thirsting for His blood. **And the devil is there.** He has made Judas betray his Master. He has made Peter deny Him. He has filled the hearts of all the followers of Jesus with the fear of death. He has played upon the emotions of the thronging crowd until all the discords of hell seem to be sounding around the cross. He has brought the ungodly, careless sneer upon the lips of vacillating Pilate when he cries impatiently, "*Take ye Him, and crucify Him, for I find no fault in Him.*" He has filled Annas and Caiaphas with their deadly hatred of the Nazarene. It is the fête day of hell.

And the Angels of God are there, silent witnesses of all the horror and the shame of Calvary. Their praises sounded at the birth of Jesus, and now in silence they attend His death.

And when the nails, that seem to have been driven through the heart of the universe, had nailed Him to the cross, when heaven and earth and hades testified to the supremacy of this solemn moment—**God Himself**, veiled in the thick darkness of the three long hours, appears by Calvary! Christ has offered Himself a ransom. God had accepted Him as the sin-bearer, and so upon that sinless head the awful judgments of a holy God against sin must fall. Nothing could be abated that righteousness demanded. "*ALL thy waves and billows have passed over me.*"

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING

BEHOLD THE MAN. Yes, behold Him! "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Behold Him, coming through gates of sorrow from habitations of grief. Behold Him, in absolute surrender to the will of God, "led as a lamb to the slaughter." His eyes are "fountains of tears": "He is encompassed by the "sorrows of death and hell"; "He has been wounded in the house of His friends."

Behold Him! "Reproach hath broken His heart"; He is "the song of the drunkards"; His weary gaze, shadowed with the sorrows and sins of the world, looks in vain for some to take pity, and for some to comfort, but there was none. Amid trouble and sorrow on either side of Him He says, "*Is*

it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow?"

Mystery after mystery of this majestic suffering pass before us. **THE SORROW BORNE ALONE.** It overwhelms me. There is no limit to His limitless love, and there was no limit to His awful grief. God's judgments are terrible, as the Flood, and Sodom and Gomorrah can tell. But what are these judgments compared to the judgment of sin on Cavalry? There, darkening skies, and rending rocks, and earthquake's power, and the risen dead, attest the fact that the "**PRINCE OF LIFE**" has been killed; that the "**HOLY ONE AND THE JUST**" has been denied; that the "**MAN, APPROVED OF GOD,**" has been taken, "*and by wicked hands has been crucified and slain*"; and that the "**JUST ONE**" has been betrayed and murdered.

He was the **LIGHT**, and yet He hung in darkness when He died. He was the **LIFE**, and yet "*He poured out His soul unto death.*" He was the **ROCK OF AGES**, and yet "*His feet sank in the deep waters.*"

"He was the **SON OF GOD**, and yet He died a felon's death. He was holy, undefiled, "separate from sinners," and "knew no sin," yet "**HE WAS MADE SIN,**" when "He took the guilty culprit's place, And suffered in his stead."

He bade the weary come to Him for rest, and yet not on earth could He find rest until He said, "It is finished," and gave up His life to God.

He was the "**LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH,**" and yet He was "led as a lamb to the slaughter."

He was the Root and Offspring of David, and yet He grew "as a root out of a dry ground."

He was "*the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely,*" and yet "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him."

He was "*the Ancient of Days,*" and yet "He was cut off in the midst of His days."

He was "**THE PRINCE OF PEACE,**" and yet the awful conflict of Calvary was His.

He was the "**FATHER OF ETERNITY,**" and yet He became the Babe in the manger at Bethlehem.

He was the "MIGHTY GOD," and yet He became a man, and "was crucified through weakness."

"*He upholds all things by the word of His power,*" and yet in Gethsemane an angel comes to strengthen Him.

He was "THE IMAGE OF THE INVISIBLE GOD," and yet His visage was "marred more than any man."

"ALL THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD BODILY DWELT IN HIM," and yet He took on Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men.

"HE SPAKE AND IT WAS DONE, HE COMMANDED AND IT STOOD FAST," and yet "He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death."

He was "THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS," and yet "He is despised and rejected of men."

He is "THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE," and yet upon the cross, He cried, "*I thirst.*"

Can you understand these wondrous mysteries? These are things angels desire to look into. The "heaven of heavens" cannot contain Him, and yet He comes to dwell with us—"Christ in us, the hope of glory."

And so the story of His majestic suffering is told. We can find out from the word what He was, and what He became, and our wonder grows as we ponder on the matchless grace of Him who stooped so low to save.

BEHOLD THE MAN! That thorn-crowned brow speaks to me of **the intelligence of suffering**. He knew all that lay before Him, and yet He could say, "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God." He knew every ingredient in the cup He had to drink. He knew every sorrow He would have to bear. He had fathomed the depth of that ocean of wrath that was to flow over His head when His feet sank in the deep waters. His was the unfaltering purpose of intelligent love and sacrifice. Yes, "the Son of Man MUST be lifted up." His divine eyes, filled with infinite compassion, saw from all eternity the sinner doomed to death on account of sin. He knew that only He could save, and THE PRICE HE WOULD HAVE TO PAY.

BEHOLD THE MAN! I gaze upon His pierced hands and they speak to me of the **benediction of suffering**. Those blessed hands that lay on the heads of the little children, extended now upon the cross. At Bethany those hands were

outstretched over His disciples as He rose to heaven from their midst, as if to show them that His sufferings were for the benediction of the world for which He died. And now from the throne of God those hands are stretched out, and the marks of the nails are there. They rest upon the head of every sinner saved by faith in Him. Have they rested upon you?

BEHOLD THE MAN! I gaze upon His pierced feet, and they speak to me of the **obedience of suffering**. He trod the appointed pathway; nothing turned Him aside. They led Him where the weary and broken-hearted were; where widows wept over their only sons; where the "maimed, the halt, and the blind" lay in their need. They led Him to Gethsemane and to Calvary. And now in heaven—seated on the right hand of the throne of God, His earthly journeys done—He says, "*Follow Me*"; and where *His feet have gone ours must tread*. We must be obedient to His word, and follow after Him from earth to heaven.

BEHOLD THE MAN! I gaze upon that "*pierced side*," and it speaks to me of the **love of suffering**. "*Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.*" He could say, "I delight to do thy will, O God." Yes, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." There was love shining in the blood-red sweat of Gethsemane, and in the thorny crown of Calvary. There was love unspeakable in the pathos of those words, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." And love, deep, unalterable love, shone around Him from the banks of Jordan to the Father's house in heaven.

BEHOLD THE MAN! O gaze, my soul, on that majestic sorrow. Every drop of that precious blood is a jewel in the crown of thy forgiveness. Every sigh of the Man of Sorrows, is an everlasting token of perfect happiness for thee. Every tear that fell from those blessed eyes, is a promise that "*God shall wipe away all tears from thy eyes.*" Every pang that rent that holy Body, and every sorrow that swept across that desolated Soul, is a pledge to thee that "*there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.*"

Oh, wondrous hour when Saviour Thou,
Co-equal with the eternal God,
Beneath our sins did'st deign to bow
And shed for us Thy precious blood!

On Thee, the Father's blessed Son,
As Lamb of God our Judgment fell;
That all was borne, that all is done,
Thine agony Thy cross can tell.

Thy cross, Thy cross; tis there we see
What thou, our blessed Saviour, art;
There all the love that dwelt in Thee
Was labouring in Thy breaking heart.

For us it was; our life we owe,
Our joy, our glory, all to Thee;
Thy sufferings in that hour of woe,
Thy victory, Lord, have made us free.

Sir Edward Denny.



A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

I feel it is a privilege to write what is on my heart—extracts from recent letters, shewing the need is still great for God's precious word. The following are from soldiers in the B.W.I. Regt., Italy, acknowledging parcels received:—

. . . heartily received, giving out Italian Testaments to-day . . . would you please send me six English Testaments, and two Travellers Guides for some of my comrades. . . give my sincere love to Dr. Wreford. . . I and my comrades send their deepest thanks. (The next extracts were urgent and Dr. Wreford at once forwarded a good supply of Italian Testaments.)

My friend writes, "very much encouraged with contents. Italian Testaments were not even a drop in the bucket for the hungry souls. The day after receiving them, I took them to their camp and you should see the great gathering that came around me. In a few minutes the Tracts and Testaments were all gone, and I was grieved to find myself surrounded by a group of earnest enquirers, so please do not delay. I am very glad to tell you. . . my life is very very happy. I am trusting in my Saviour. . . "Be not weary in well doing" you have my daily prayers, my heart is with you and the dear Doctor . . . Space is limited, must not write more. We thank God with deepest gratitude that He is blessing souls, and working in many hearts.

Is my reader ready to meet the One who is coming?

How plain and clear our Lord's own words, "I am the door, by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—A. A. L.

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

EDWIN JAMES REYNOLDS.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

Have you ever noticed at the close of a dark and cloudy day, the sun shine forth just as it was setting? Have you not seen then the golden glory flash across the sky, lighting up with wondrous splendour all the scenery? So was it with Edwin Reynolds, whose likeness heads this story of his conversion.



His life had been dark with sin and misfortune; but in his dying hour all the clouds were scattered, for the sun of faith lit up everything around him, and made his sky bright and beautiful.

He died of consumption. Up to the last three days of his life he was so harassed with worldly affairs that, ill as he was, he could think of nothing but his business. He did not care to see anyone about his soul. This went on until the Tuesday of the week he died. On that day I obtained admittance to the

sick room.

I saw, as I stood by his bedside, that he was dying. He lay breathing painfully, and could only speak in a whisper.

I sat by him, and taking his hand said,

"I am come to speak to you about your soul; not about worldly things: are you willing to listen?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am; that is what I want now."

"You are very ill," I continued.

"Yes," he said.

"Do you know that you are a sinner?"

"Yes, oh yes."

"Let me read to you," I said, and as I spoke I turned to Romans iii. and read from the 10th verse to the 23rd.

"You believe all that about yourself?" I said, when I had finished reading.

"Yes, I know I am a sinner."

"Now listen again, '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.'"

"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."

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

"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."

"If thou shalt confess with Thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God had raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." I read these texts to him, and then talked to him of Christ and His finished work, and added, "Now do you feel your need of a Saviour? Do you believe what I have been saying and reading?"

"Every word you have said has gone straight home to my heart." I knew it; I could feel it even as I spoke and read to him. I prayed with him, and left him after entreating him to look to Jesus.

Next morning I called to see him, and found him trusting in the Saviour. He was much weaker, and was obliged to pause between his words.

"I have had a hard struggle," he said to me as he held my hand: "My¹sin was keeping me back, but I took my place among the very vilest, and I found mercy. I thought of Christ all through the night, and I said to him, "Lord, do receive me," and I heard a voice say, "Don't be afraid, come to Me, and I will receive you," and He has received me.

Overjoyed I sat still, and waited for him to go on. He continued.

"I have been wrong all my life; but now I know my feet are on the right track."

I could scarcely believe that he was saved, it seemed so wonderful; so I said, "Are you quite sure you are saved?" He lifted his eyes and fixed them on the window through which the morning light was shining.

"I am as sure I am saved as the light is shining in at that window." I could doubt no longer, but asked another question, "On what are you trusting for salvation?" He answered, "On the blood of Christ shed for me: my sins are all gone, I am certain." He spoke again, "My life here is not worth anything now." I answered, "But you have eternal life?"

"Yes," he replied, with uplifted eyes, "and what want I more?"

On the Wednesday afternoon I called again to see him. He told me a great deal about his anxieties and fears; how worried he had been, and how happy he was now.

"I said, "You are like a man who, after battling with the waves in a stormy sea until exhausted, finds his feet upon a rock."

"Yes, that's it," was his answer; "I am on the Rock now."

He often referred afterwards to being on the Rock: it seemed just to express his condition.

On Thursday morning when I called, he was very weak, he could only speak in a whisper, his eyes shone with peace and happiness.

He said slowly, "Thoughts and sayings that I used to know years ago are coming back to me now. 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' 'The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want.'" He repeated many other texts as well. It seemed as if the music of his youth was sounding in his ears now;

the melody of the time when he thought of Christ, and listened to His words, before the troubled noises of his chequered manhood had drowned their sweetness.

"I am very happy, but I can't talk much," he continued, and then after prayer I rose to go. I bade him good-bye; and his last words to me were, "I am firmer and firmer upon the Rock." Thank God! he was indeed snatched as a "brand from the burning."

And what of you? Are your feet upon the Rock, or are you still struggling in the sea of your life's sin? Can you say, "I am sure I am saved;" or must you own that you are not?

The man you have been reading about was saved at the close of his life. You may be saved now. Yes, now. Christ has borne our sins; has died to save us; has taken His seat at the right hand of God because redemption's work is done, and if you bow to God this moment, and from your heart believe that Christ is in that glory because your sins are gone, you shall be saved; "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.**"

THE ONLY HOPE FOR ENGLAND IS PRAYER.

If we do not pray for others it may be too late to pray for ourselves. The devil and his hosts are loose in the world—He has made men deny the Saviour of mankind and blaspheme His holy name. He is passing from one end of England to the other inciting men through his human agents to riot and revolution. The tide of this awful sea is rising rapidly. The only hope for England is prayer and the circulation of God's word. The apathy of Christians is the devil's opportunity. Thank God for every man and woman who is lifting a standard for God and Christ to-day. We may not approve of every effort put forth, but let us be careful how we criticise when and where God is blessing. It is easy to stand idle in these stern and terrible days—and in our idleness find fault with the labour of others—but the Master's eye is on His servants as they labour. O that the Lord might say to us, and of us

"Well I know thy trouble
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary—
I was weary too;

But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

CHRIST A FAILURE.

Extraordinary Speech by Mr. G. B. SHAW.

This was taken from the "DAILY EXPRESS."

"The man who says Christ was the highest possible being is not worth working with. Christ was a failure."

Mr. G. B. Shaw, leader among intellectual socialists, thus defined his views at the close of an address to a gathering of undergraduates, college dons, and Girton and Newnham students at Cambridge. His subject was "The future of religion," and in the course of his remarks he said:—

"The mention of God has gone out of fashion. You never hear about God in Parliament, and only occasionally in the Law Courts. The people are governed by a system of idolatry. Clergymen, judges, and kings are all idols who generally have to be given sufficient money to dress better and live better than other people. When Charles Darwin came along with his theory of Natural Selection, people jumped at it and kicked God out of the window."

This man, blasphemous braggart as he is, will one day have to bow his impious knee to Jesus, and own Him Lord to the glory of God the Father. **"Christ a failure!"** Millions will give him the lie, whose lives have been gladdened and made beautiful by Christ. His own heart will give him the lie if he has to face eternity without Christ. His conscience will give him the lie if he stands before the Great White Throne to be judged by the Christ he dares to call a failure now.

Hell itself will give him the lie, for it will be filled with those who will admit the God-head of Christ, although He has been their Judge and not their Saviour.

Poor misguided man, to talk with his evil tongue of God being "kicked out of the window."

His impious soul will be shaken yet by the power of God, and the "laughter of God" will make him dumb with awful fear, when God "holds him in derision." "The **fool** hath said in his heart, there is no God."

And now let Charles Darwin from his deathbed answer Mr. Shaw's remarks about his theory of Natural Selection. I wonder what Mr. George Bernard Shaw's deathbed thoughts will be?

CHARLES DARWIN AND THE BIBLE.

The following little account by Lady Hope of the death of Charles Darwin, the evolutionist, is startling: it is a most wonderful narrative, and contains the account of a great and terrible tragedy.


Darwin is propped up in bed, and he looks out over the lovely landscape as the sun is setting. He is reading—*the Bible!* Says Lady Hope: "I made some allusion to the strong opinions expressed by many persons on the history of the Creation, its grandeur, and then to their treatment of the earlier chapters of the Book of Genesis.


"He seemed greatly distressed, his fingers twitched nervously, and a look of agony came over his face as he said:


"I was a young man with *unformed ideas*. I threw out queries, suggestions, wondering all the time over everything; and to my astonishment the ideas took like wildfire. People made a religion of them."

Was there ever a more dramatic scene? The very soul of tragedy is here exposed to us! Darwin, enthusiast for the Bible, speaking with glowing enthusiasm about "the grandeur of this Book," reminded of that modern evolutionary movement in theology which, linked with sceptical criticism, has become a blight in all the Churches and has destroyed Biblical faith in multitudes—Darwin, with a look of agony, deploring it all and declaring, "I was a young man with unformed ideas," and imploring his visitor ("I know you read the Bible in the villages," he says) to gather servants, tenants and neighbours together and preach to them Jesus Christ!

This remarkable picture of Darwin is a challenge to every Modernist. What an overwhelming criticism! "THE LAST WORDS OF DARWIN," from the "Journal" of the Wesley Bible Union.

 We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels. We have sent about nine thousand to various centres, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, worker or soldier, who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian Soldiers or Sailors, or to Civilians.

 Any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian, who wants a Testament to fit his pocket, can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

 If any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian would like us to write to their wives or friends, or send them Testaments and books, we will gladly do so. We want to be a real help to souls in these terrible days.

REST FROM WAR.

Now this is the case for England to-day, thank the Lord, for it is only through His goodness, since the day we had prayer, last August 4th, that victory began to be on our side, and on November 11th we could say with Israel of old: "And they rested from war."

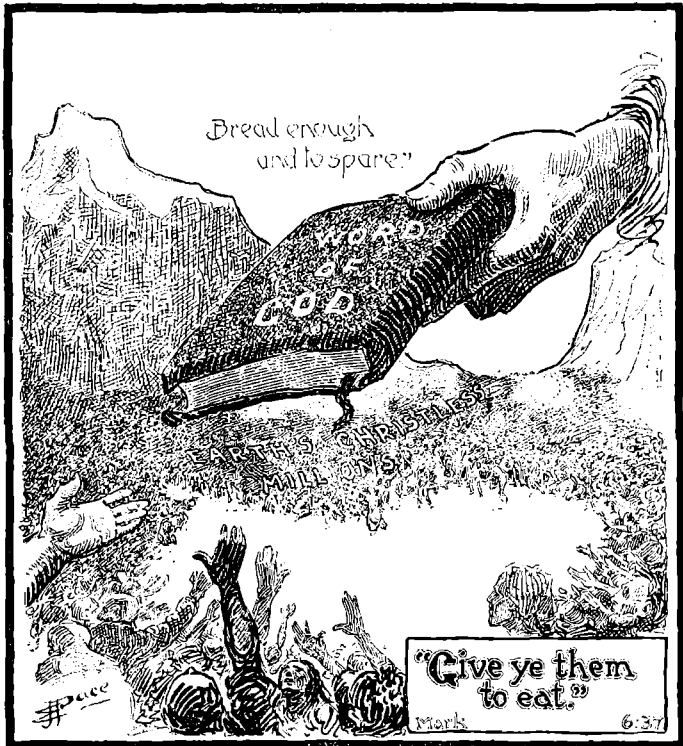
I hope, dear friends, you read your Bibles through and through, and over and over again. If so, you will have observed ere now how frequently it is mentioned in Joshua these words: "And the land had rest from war." I will give you the references, and you can look them out and read them—Joshua xi. 23, xiv. 15, xxi. 44, xxiii. 1. and in Joshua xxiv. 21 the Israelites said "We *will* serve the Lord." Oh, that England would say the same thing now. *But*, and here comes the sad "but" again, as in Judges xi., 2, "but ye have not obeyed my voice." On every hand we hear in England of unrest and frivolity instead of fighting for true religion, for home and purity of life, for honesty in work, and thought for courage and unselfishness in the name and for the sake of Him who loved and died for me." Again I quote from a letter received this morning, May 4th, "What unrest there is at home and abroad, so many things which make one sad." "We do indeed need strong Faith that we may live our lives in inward Peace in spite of outward storm." It is such a comfort to feel even now "The Lord reigneth" and then to look forward to His *glorious* reign when He will be known by all. There is one thing we must not "rest from war." We must always be fighting for the Lord, using every opportunity to fight for His glory and to watch and wait and be ready for His coming.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

"Freedom is not doing what we like but doing what we ought."

A VERY GREAT DEMAND.

We are faced with a very blessed yet very serious demand. We are getting requests from about **2,000** persons **weekly** for Testaments. We are most thankful to God for this desire for His Word, and are sure that its wide distribution must be for untold blessing. We know that atheistical literature is being scattered broadcast, and we long to be able to send the Word of God everywhere. We have letters from all parts of the world asking for Testaments and Tracts. **We shall need the support of all our friends in large measure if we are to continue this blessed work.** Will you help us? **For 30/- we can send a Testament to 100 persons, Post Free, and for 5/- a parcel to the Army of Occupation or elsewhere.** This is only done through the kindness of friends. If you wish to help us in these days of great and increasing need, please send to—**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD, THE FIRS, DENMARK ROAD, EXETER.**



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Rd., Exeter.

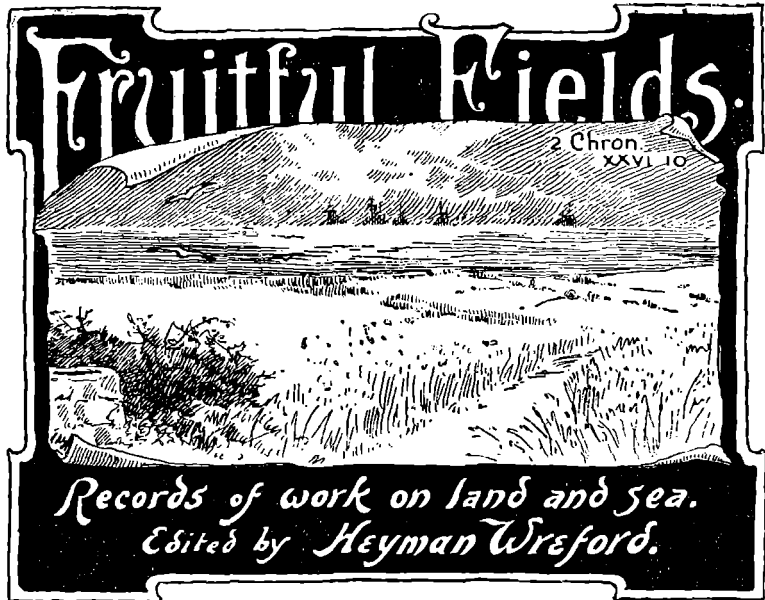
We have sent away nearly **100,000** Testaments yearly during the War, and more than **8,500** parcels, and we are still sending, for the need is as great as ever.

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The two sent by post for a year for 3/-



VOL. I. NO. 9.

JULY, 1919.

Price 1d.; 8/6 the 100 post free.

*"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are
white already to harvest" John iv. 35.*

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vii.

**"I can almost hear his footfall
On the threshold of the door.
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be with Him for evermore.**

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ALL
COMMUNICATIONS
FOR
THE EDITOR
TO BE SENT TO—

DR.
HEYMAN WREFORD
THE FIRS,
DENMARK ROAD,
EXETER.

LONDON: F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C. 4.

“Jesus is all in all: God of Grace, God of Light, God of Love: Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? What can I not do with Christ! I know that my Redeemer liveth. Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ! It is a glorious thing to die.”

Hannah More.

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

LAW AND GRACE.

“The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.”—John i. 17.

Read also John viii., 1-11.

WHAT a wonderful life was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of Man and Son of God, on earth! Every recorded incident of that perfect life is a manifestation of glory and of grace. The “Word made flesh,” which “dwelt among us,” links up in Himself “all the fulness of the God-head bodily,” and radiates to faith all the glories of all the eternities past, present, and to be. In John viii. 1st verse, we are told that “Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.”

The hours of night were spent by Him in communion with God. There, under the stars **He had made**, He prays. Before Him the sleeping city lies, unheeding in its sin the watching eyes of the patient Christ. How near He was to faith, how far away to unbelief. And so it is to-day, faith can touch the hem of His garment, unbelief cries out, “Away with Him.”

Then early in the morning the Saviour comes into the temple, and the people flock around Him, and sitting down, He teaches them. And while He speaks He is interrupted by the entrance of many men, who bring a woman with them

into the temple, and making a ring around her, set her face to face with Jesus. And then with eager clamour they accuse her of her sin; "*Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned; BUT WHAT SAYEST THOU?*" What will He say? Will He confirm the fiat of the law? If so, where were His grace and love? Will He let her go? If He does He will oppose both Moses and the God who gave the law. And thus they seek to entrap the blessed Lord. They were not concerned about the woman's sin, but only that they might set at naught the Son of God.

"*But Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground,*" He had heard them, but He does not answer: He gives them time to examine their hearts, and to be ashamed of themselves, and as He writes with His finger on the ground, they wait in wonder for His word. He does not speak, and so they continue with their questioning. "*What sayest thou?*" "*WHAT SAYEST THOU?*" At last He lifts Himself up and speaks, and this is what He says, "*He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her.*" And again He stoops and writes upon the ground.

I can see the blank look of astonishment upon their faces, then the blush of conscious guilt, and anger at its discovery.

Then I see them shrink and cower from the stooping form; and then they turn away before HE lifts His face again, for they are ashamed before Him, although they do not repent of their sins. One by One they leave His presence; they will not wait for the uplifting of His face—the oldest first, then the next in age, and last of all the youngest. Now all are gone, and Jesus and the woman are left, with those to whom the Lord had been talking when the interruption came. To her He says, "*Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath not man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.*" He does not make light of her sin, which she does not seek to deny. The light of His words has exposed the wickedness of the Scribes and Pharisees, and driven them from His sight, self-accused. Not one of them could condemn her, for they were sinners even as she was, and the Lord says, "*Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.*"

He alone on earth could righteously stone her to death, for He was sinless. He holds the thunders and lightnings of Sinai in His grasp, but He will not use them now. The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. The woman has gone; the Pharisees have gone; the law has been maintained, and grace has had its way. The wonderful interlude was over, and Jesus continues His address.

But now it is for us to apply this wondrous incident to our own lives.

If you were brought face to face with God to-night, how should you fare? Are you prepared to meet God? If death should lay hold of you this day and send you before the bar of God, it would not be the voice of Pharisees that would condemn you then. No, the awful record of a life's sin would sound in your ears. The law given by Moses would claim its sentence on you, the sinner, who died in your sins. The law demands righteousness, you have no righteousness; the law demands holiness, you have no holiness. The law says, "*This do and thou shalt live,*" but how can you do anything when you are "*dead in trespasses and in sins.*" The law has its standard, and if you cannot attain to it, its curse must fall upon you. If you think of these things before God you must cry, "*Woe is me! for I am undone.*" You must stand face to face with the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai, with the thick darkness between you and a thrice holy God; with the mighty voice ringing in your ears, "*The soul that sinneth it shall die.*"

Jehovah gave the holy law amid the awful majesty that clothed mount Sinai, when He revealed himself descending in fire, amid smoke and earthquake, and thunder and lightnings, and the voice of a trumpet exceeding loud. Then Moses brought the people out to meet with God; and as they gazed upon the mount and saw the smoke rising heavenward as the smoke of a furnace, and saw the mighty mountain shaking when the feet of God came down and stood upon it; and when the trumpet's long and solemn appeal rang out again and again over the awed and trembling people, God called Moses to go to the top of the Mount, and talked to him from heaven. What a scene! Have you read carefully the ten commandments of the law? Go over them solemnly in your mind now before

God. Let the law be your schoolmaster to show you the exceeding sinfulness of sin. The apostle says, "*I had not known sin, but by the law; for I had not known lust except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet.*" The law is perfect, and because of its very perfection it must condemn the sinner. Men seek to lower the standard of the law because they cannot rise to it. The law is the light of God to illumine my darkness, and show me how foul I am.

There was thick darkness at Sinai when the law was given. There was thick darkness on Calvary when He who kept the law died for those who could not keep it. When the awfulness of sin was brought home to the people of God there were thunderings and lightnings and voices and a shaking mountain and a trembling people. When the curses of the broken law fell on the sinless head of Jesus, who was made sin for us, there was a broken heart, and a dying cry, and a rent veil, and rending rocks, but the storm was all for Him—the terror and the darkness were for Him—but light shines out from Calvary over all the world.

THE WRITING ON THE GROUND

Why did the Lord Jesus stoop and write upon the ground? That simple action to me is invested with wonderful significance. What did He write? Did any one read the writing? No action of our blessed Lord was ever purposeless, so there was divine meaning in the stooping and the writing. We cannot read what was written, but we can read between the lines. He was God, the mighty Maker of heaven and earth; all power was His, to create and to destroy. Before Him stands a trembling sinner whom the law condemns to death. And clamorous voices retell her sin, and shout the punishment she merits. But the God of Sinai, the maker and the giver of the law, in whose presence she is, stoops and writes with His finger on the ground. The earth on which those blessed fingers wrote was the sphere where He was acting in perfect truth and grace. Not now does His fiery chariot make mount Sinai smoke and burn, but He who came then, with thunder and lightning His attendants and the herald trumpet sounding, is now the Man Christ Jesus, and in His grace He has stooped from heaven to earth to save the lost.

To be the sinner's Friend He comes down to the very dust of earth, and would write upon the sands of time the story of eternal love.

He wrote on Bethlehem the story of his birth ; on Nazareth the story of His manhood ; on Capernaum the story of His mighty works ; on the lonely mountain sides the story of His prayers ; on Olivet the story of His tears ; on Gethsemane the story of a broken heart ; on Calvary the story of a finished work ; on the throne of God the story of a world's redemption. He wrote on human hearts the story of the peace and love of God. He wrote on the ground of human need the omnipotence of God. He wrote it on the brow of the dead whom He raised to life, on the eyes of the blind to whom he gave sight, on the ears of the deaf, and on the body of the leper. He wrote it on the heart of the women of Samaria at Sychar's well, and on Zacchæus' life and on the heart of the weeping widow at Nain.

The beautiful silence of that blameless life amazed angels and confounded devils. The Lord of Sinai was here, Jehovah-Jesus, but here with sweet and blessed words of invitation to the lost ; here going about doing good ; here with open arms bidding the weary come to Him and rest ; here with the little children in His arms blessing them ; here the Friend of publicans and sinners ; here to weep over the unbelief of those He came to save ; here to pray in midnight hours on mountain side and in the lonely desert for those who hated Him without a cause ; here to write upon the sorrows of humanity the compassion of the living God ; here to give expression on the sands of time of the mysteries of everlasting purpose and love—*"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life."*

Now while the law thunders out the doom of the sinner while ages pass, the blessed Saviour writes upon the ground. To all the legalists—the Pharisees—who clamour about the law to-day, He says, *"Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."*

He lifted Himself up upon the cross, saying, *And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."* And as the woman stands before the uplifted face of Christ she hears him speak the words which drive her enemies away, and leave her alone with Jesus. The sinner stands by the

cross of Christ, and by faith he can there see every enemy overcome and destroyed. He can hear the voice of forgiving love say, "*Sinner where are thine accusers gone? doth no man condemn thee?*" "No, Lord," the ransomed sinner cries. "*Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died.*"

"Though the restless foe accuses,
Sins recounting like a flood?
Every charge our God refuses,
Christ has answered with His blood."

The sinner who believes on the Lord Jesus for salvation has his acquittal at the bar of God's eternal justice. "Not guilty" rings through the courts of heaven. Not guilty, for God has justified the sinner for whom Jesus died.

"The sinner who believes is free—
Can say, 'THE SAVIOUR DIED FOR ME!'"

Christ at the right hand of God, the sinner's substitute, the sinner's Saviour, is an answer to every charge of Satan. The enemy says, "This man has been a blasphemer and a drunkard, and immoral. He has broken the law; he is condemned by the law." But the sinner, fleeing to the sanctuary of the cross, says, "I know I have broken the law, I know I am a sinner, I know I am condemned, and justly, too; but *He died for me*, HE DIED FOR ME! '*He bore my sins in His own body on the tree.*'" And the voice of divine pity says to God, on behalf of the sinner, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"; and to the believing sinner Jesus says, "FEAR NOT, I HAVE REDEEMED THEE, THOU ART MINE. I HAVE LOVED THEE WITH AN EVER-LASTING LOVE." And the shout of the triumph of the ransomed one rings out, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

"We know no condemnation
No law that speaks despair,
And Satan's accusation,
With Christ we need not fear."




And again the blessed Master stooped to write upon the ground, when they laid Him in the grave, He stooped to write emancipation for all, "*who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.*" The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death, and He death, by dying, slew. He wrote His glory in the heavens when He ascended into the

glory of God. And the golden story of a Saviour's love is written on the fleshy tablets of human hearts to-day.

The stern fiat of the righteous law condemns me to death; the loving kindness of the Christ of God gives me life and hope and peace. To the sinner in the condemned cell the reprieve of heaven comes; the claims of the broken law upon him have all been met by Another. Justice has been eternally satisfied by Him, the only-begotten Son of God, who "*appeared for the putting away of sin by the sacrifice of Himself.*" The awful terrors of mount Sinai, the thunderings and lightnings and voices, are gone for ever; and the vision of Calvary dominates the life, and the love of Christ constrains us to cry, "*He died for me!* HE DIED FOR ME!"

The law was given on Sinai to *one* people, and proclaimed in *one* tongue, and the people trembled as they heard. When the Redeemer came, the herald angel cried, "FEAR NOT; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to ALL THE PEOPLE." And pious Simeon's testimony by the Holy Ghost in the presence of the Babe was, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of ALL THE PEOPLES." On the day of Pentecost the glorious message of salvation, through a crucified, risen and ascended Saviour, was proclaimed by God, through the mouth of His servant, Peter, IN THE LANGUAGE OF EVERY NATION UNDER HEAVEN. And now the commission of the Lord Jesus to His people is in sovereign grace, "*Go ye into ALL THE WORLD, and preach the gospel to EVERY CREATURE.*"



-  We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels. We have sent about nine thousand to various centres, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, worker, soldier, or sailor, who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian Soldiers Sailors, or to Civilians.
-  Any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian, who wants a Testament to fit his pocket, can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.
-  If any Soldier, or Sailor, or Civilian would like us to write to their wives or friends, or send them Testaments and books, we will gladly do so. We want to be a real help to souls in these terrible days.

PRAY FOR UNHAPPY RUSSIA.

A letter from Petrograd, which we have just been privileged to see, tells of a dreadful state of things in the Russian capital, and asks for the prayers of English friends on behalf of the restoration of order. "Pray that God shall deliver us from the devil under whose power we are fallen with the Bolsheviks," says the writer. "I do not think that people in England realise what a Satanic power it is, and to what a degree they oppose themselves to all that has the name of God. It is literally the "abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet." The Salvation Army has had to leave the country altogether, as further work was out of the question, and all other christian meetings have been closed and many churches turned into cinema halls."

Another letter speaks of **Bolshevik Horrors**, of Priests being dismembered before being killed, of death, and misery, and famine.

THE LETTER.

At the Convocation of Canterbury at Westminster to-day, the Archbishop of Canterbury said he had a very terrible matter to refer to, with reference to the fearful persecutions in Russia. He had received a communication from the Archbishop of Omsk and the Archbishop of Simbirsk, and others, which said the Maximalists had proceeded to destroy not only cultivated classes of society, but had swept away relief itself. "The Kremlin Cathedral of Moscow," the statement added, "had been sacked and many churches defiled. Famous libraries of the Patriarchs of Moscow and Petrograd have been pillaged. At Vladmer, the Metropolitan of Kiaff, about twenty bishops and hundreds of priests had been assassinated. Before killing them, the Bolsheviks cut off the limbs of their victims, some of whom were buried alive. Where the Bolsheviks are in power the Christian Church is persecuted with even greater ferocity than in the first three centuries of the Christian era. Nuns are being violated, women made common property, licence and lowest fashions are rampant. One sees everywhere death, misery, and famine. The population is utterly cast down and subjected to the most terrifying experiences. Only in Siberia and the regions of the mountains where Bolsheviks have been expelled, is the existence of a civil and religious population protected under the ægis of law and order." The letter asked for the prayers of the English Church on behalf of the real Russians who were thus suffering.

The Russian Liberation Committee writes :—"Mr. John Pollock, who escaped from the Gosochoyaya prison in Petrograd, and has just returned to England, informs us that the Bible is prohibited in Bolshevik prisons as a 'counter revolutionary Book.'"

THE TWO BUNDLES.

The one is the Bundle of Life, the other is the bundle spoken of by the Lord in Matthew xiii., 30. This is what we are aiming at in "Fruitful Fields"—to urge our readers, our dear fellow Christians, to more and more earnest endeavour to reach the mass movements in India and Nigeria—to get souls, one by one, saved and gathered into the Bundle of Life. The Lord is waiting for us to work, to be witnesses for Him, to show unto the Heathen, the Mohammedan and the Jew, the Way, the Truth and the Life—the Lord Jesus Christ. Out of Christ there is no salvation; in Him—the Bundle of Life—we are safe for evermore. How do we make a bundle? By picking up sticks or things *one by one*. So with our souls. Whole congregations are rarely, if ever, saved *at once*, but one here and one there hear the Word and live. God's bundle goes on day by day enlarging. But are you trying to help? Are you praying that God's Word may be given and glorified by saving souls one by one? God deigns to accept whosoever will. Pray ye, therefore, that He will make souls willing to be saved. A poor humble-minded African woman said of herself, "What rubbish de dear Lord do pick up; He picked me up." Just the right feeling, as St. Paul said, "To save sinners, of whom I am chief." An Indian of Aiyanoh said in his prayer, "O God, I am like a miserable dog before Thee. What wild beast canst Thou find equal to me?" So these dear people in Africa, or North America, or China, or Japan are being gathered into the Bundle of Life—our precious Lord Jesus—bound together by the Love of God as an elastic band that is always enlarging until the last soul is saved. Let us all be instant in prayer, that none of our dear ones may be left out. Pray, PRAY, PRAY.

Emily P. Leakey.

LENIN, AS ANTI-CHRIST.

OMSK, June 12.

A religious movement has sprung up in Central and Northern Russia, and has taken the form of Adventism. The peasants say that the day of wrath has come, and that Lenin is the prophesied Anti-Christ.

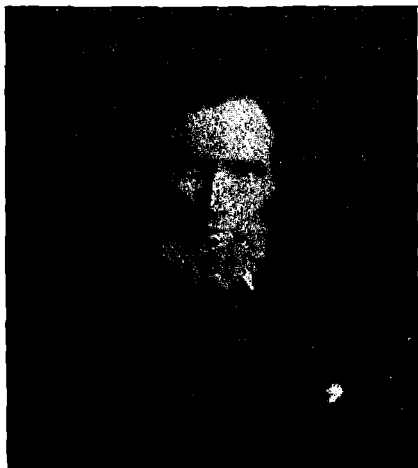
The soviet authorities have now ceased to persecute the clergy, fearing the indignation of the masses.—Reuter.

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

THOMAS WESTERN.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

After our first Sunday evening's preaching in the Royal Public Rooms, Exeter, December, 1884, a young girl was seen weeping outside when everyone had left the hall. She was anxious about her soul and unwilling to leave until she had found salvation. She did find it, and went home to tell the



THOMAS WESTERN.

story of her new found joy. Her father saw her crying when she came home, and asked her why she was crying, and where she had been. She said, "You would cry too if you had been where I have been, and heard what I have heard."

The father, of whom I wish to speak now, was a slave of drink. Night after night he would come home from the public house intoxicated. His saved daughter prayed for him earnestly and continually. One day he

said to her, "Lucy, pray for me." She would often say to her mother, "Mother, he will be different." The wife used often to answer in her despair, "He never will."

I used to speak to him, but the wife would say to me, "It is no good, Mr. Wreford, for you to speak to him, he is too hard."

The daughter said, "I am sure he will be saved." I could but reply, "Go on praying, the Lord honours faith, and answers prayer."

In his endeavours after better things, he would sometimes sign the pledge and bring it home, and nail it over the fireplace proud of it—but in a day or two he was as bad as ever.

But God was going to save his soul in His own way and time, and so give him a power over sin by the knowledge of its forgiveness. He was converted about six months after his daughter's conversion at the Royal Public Rooms. All his companions said he would never stick to it, he had signed the pledge so often before, etc., but he replied, "*Yes, I shall stick to it, for I have the grace of God in my heart now. Satan comes and tempts me, but the Lord helps me.*" He was always speaking about Christ to his mates. For twenty-five years he served the Lord and never turned back. He always had his Bible and hymn book by his bedside, and the Bible was soiled with the marks of his fingers when he read it in his work. His Bible was the voice of God to him.

Ah! those dear old Public Room days, when God was with us in such power and blessing! When, week after week men like the one of whom I am writing came to Christ. Hundreds of them have gone to be with Christ who found the Lord in those grand happy days of fruitful service. Yes, well do I remember how my faith was often tried about dear Western, of whom I am writing. After many a loving appeal to him to come to Christ, I have been disheartened at his answer, and have said to his wife—

"Oh! Mrs. Western, I'm afraid it's no good speaking to your husband. I have just met him, and talked to him, and he tells me he must have one more pint and then he will give it up."

The one more pint was often repeated, but many were praying for him, and the daughter still prayed and said "Mother, he will be different, I am sure he will be saved."

God honours faith and answers prayer. The testimony of his mates, unconverted men, was that he was a different man altogether.

So he lived among us his quiet, happy life for Christ. For five years he had an affection of the brain, which kept him a prisoner in his bed, and drew a veil of silence over his life. He would often smile as he lay, as if happy thoughts were passing through his mind. Sometimes when the word

of God was read to him, his face would brighten, as if the poor numbed brain responded to the voice of God.

And when he passed away from earth to heaven to be with Christ, and we buried him in the Higher Cemetery, it was meet to recall the old days, twenty-five years ago, when Thomas Western came to Christ. We could look from his open grave to the open heaven, and realize a little what the power of that salvation must be that could change a slave of Satan into a servant of God. Yes, one by one they are leaving us to be with Christ, but what a glad re-union that will be, when we, too, pass into the presence of our Lord to meet the ones that have gone before. May the Lord bless the reader of this article, as he blessed the subject of it, for Christ's sake.

H.W.



FATHER AND SON.

Charles H. Spurgeon wrote in the album of a friend, evidently when he was feeling a presentiment of the approaching end:—

“When broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice shall yet Thy blood record,
Its virtue tried so long;
Till sinking low with calm decay,
Its feeble accents melt away,
Into a seraph's song:
And then along the eternal tide
I'll chant the praise of Him Who died
To all the blood-washed throng.”

And Thomas Spurgeon wrote underneath:—

“Sweet in old age that voice had proved,
Which in its youth the thousands moved
With love from Calvary,
We hoped to hear that bell for years
Ring out the tale of blood and tears,
But it was not to be!
Why mourn we, though, what might have been
*He chants above the self-same theme
In Heaven's own happy key!*”

Now they chant together “the self same theme in Heaven's own happy key.” What a meeting! What a greeting! What music of redeeming grace!

“MOMENT BY MOMENT.”

How blessed thus to be kept, and I am writing a brief extract from my sailor friend's long letter from China, trusting it may be used in blessing to many hearts. He writes:—

“Truly the goodness of God followeth us. How wonderful is His love and care over us, as He ‘moment by moment’ leads us on our journey to our home on high.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me,
It brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

And now He has gone to prepare a place for us, that where He is there we may be also, and we are getting nearer to our Home and the time of His coming again. What a blessed hope is ours. . . . May He by His grace and Holy Spirit keep us faithful, holding fast our profession without wavering. I do praise God for all his love to me. The way is sometimes dark and rough, but He is able to make the crooked places straight and the rough places plain, and is able to supply all our need.

I do feel how unworthy I am, but Jesus paid it, and now in Him I stand, clothed and in my right mind. . . . Oh, for a greater and deeper knowledge of the love and power of Christ Jesus, just to the clay in the hands of the Divine potter, the vessel broken and emptied for His use made meet. Truly as you say, ‘without Him we can do nothing’ I do think it is wonderful that by the grace of God and through the precious Blood of Jesus we are cleansed every whit and now the ‘life I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.’ I do praise God because He has by His Holy Spirit led me to see the need of a full and complete surrender to Him, and only by yielding all to Him is He able to use us to do and work His will. Praise God, those who are nearest Him are farthest from the world. . . . Praise the Lord, He is keeping me by His grace. . . . I feel the need of constant heart searching before Him. . . . I have read with interest the copy of the new magazine. Its a fine little work, and the illustration of the harvest, and also the ‘Bread enough and to spare’ are very striking. . . . I do pray that God will bless the labours of the dear Doctor for Him, and all who are thus labouring for Him.”

My dear friend closes with Eph. iii., 16-21. Has this wonderful love of Christ won the heart of the reader of this extract?

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

Corpl. S. H. Barnes, 10328,
Poona, India,
May 9th, 1919.

Dear Friend,

I am again writing hoping all is well. Pleased to say I am well myself. I am now at Dhona Railway Station on telegraph work. This place is about 200 miles from Poona, on the Great Indian Pacific Railway. It is in the jungle or the wilds.

As I sit writing this on the Railway Station platform, there is a little Indian baby girl, lying grovelling on the platform; she is naked, not having as much as a piece of cloth as a covering, her little legs and arms are about one inch around. The flesh of her body is drawn, which obviously points out she is starved. The mother lying by the side of the above mentioned baby is now spanking the poor little mite for crying. Both mother and baby have evidently seen but very little food. These undoubtedly belong to a very low caste, as others walking about look as if a day's fasting would do them good as they are too fat to walk.

What this country needs, and badly at that, is a Loving Saviour. They will then help one another, instead of oppressing what is now known as the "low caste." The responsibility of the missionaries now here is too much. We need more.


Unfortunately I know not a word of the Tamil language which is spoken here, otherwise I could be of service to my Lord in this great and glorious campaign. Please ask the dear doctor to mention this in his next missionary review, as the few incidents I've given I've seen with my own eyes. The love of Jesus would soon put castes under feet, then all would get the same chances of feeding these poor bodies that God has given them. People in England can hardly realise what is going on out here day after day till they actually see for themselves.

Dear friend, we are now at war with the Frontier Tribes, so my chances of ever coming home this year are hopeless. Well, good-bye for the present. With my Christian love and good wishes,

Remaining yours in Him,

S. H. BARNES.

A WORLD'S CALL.

 We sent him at once some Tamil Gospels, and trust the Lord will bless them. We are constantly getting requests for Testaments in Tamil and in English, and as long as we can we shall send to all parts. **There is a great world call for the Word of God.** Mrs. Pridham, Honorary Secretary of the "Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures" has sent me £10 for Tamil Gospels or Testaments. This we have expended in sending to workers in Southern India.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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HELP us to send the Word of God to "Earth's Christless Millions."
Any gifts for this purpose may be sent to—

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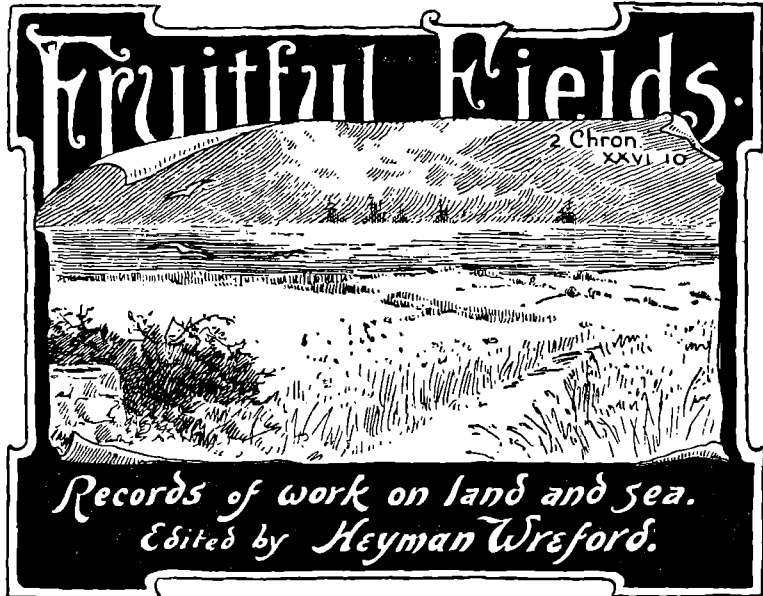
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VOL. 1. No. 10.

AUGUST, 1919.

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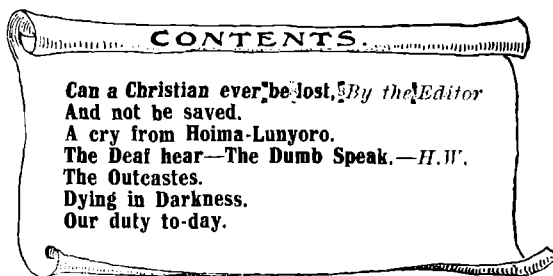
"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1.

**The touch that heals the broken heart
is never felt above.**

**His angels know His blessedness,
His way-worn saints His love.**

BEVAN.



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FOR
THE EDITOR
TO BE SENT TO—

DR.
HEYMAN WREFORD
THE FIRS,
DENMARK ROAD,
EXETER.

Any request for prayer sent to us will be remembered before God, and any anxious about their souls we shall be glad to help. Write to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

* * * * *

We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels. We have sent just nine thousand to various centres, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, worker or soldier, who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian Soldiers or Sailors, or to Civillians.

Fruitful Fields

BY THE EDITOR.

CAN A CHRISTIAN EVER BE LOST?

It is on my heart to say a few words on this all-important subject. I can only touch the fringe of it, but the Word of God is itself the great answer to the question, and I ask my readers to study prayerfully for themselves God's answer to it.

Can a Christian ever be lost? Let me ask another question. **Who is a Christian?** Scripture tells us that a Christian is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. One who has been born again (*Read John iii.*) One who has passed from death unto life, from darkness into light. One whose sins have all been blotted out by the precious blood of Jesus. One who can call Christ Saviour, and God Father, and one who is indwelt by the Holy Spirit of God. One who stands on the resurrection side of the Cross—who is seated in heavenly places in Christ: who is accepted in the Beloved. One who knows the voice of the Good Shepherd, and has had bestowed upon him eternal life. One who is held in the hand of Him who holds the world. Can such an one be lost? No, ten thousand times no. As long as God is the Living God, so long will those who are in his hand be secure. As long as Christ is a Living Saviour, so long will those who are redeemed by His Blood be safe.

"I give unto them eternal life."

How can eternal life be anything but eternal? If once I am a possessor of eternal life, how can I ever lose it? "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My Father's hand." These are the words of the Lord Jesus. Can you believe them? **Do you believe them?** You remember what the child said, who had trusted in Jesus, and some one asked her if she thought she could ever be lost. Her answer was, "Not while the tenth of John is in the Bible." She did not say, "Not as long as I keep happy; not as long as I do what is right." She took her stand upon the testimony of the Word of God that endureth for ever. She looked beyond herself altogether. He had given the word and she believed it. It was this simple trust of hers that kept her happy. This eternal life is a gift from God. "The gift of God is eternal life." Is it likely that God will ever take back what He has once given? You would not like to do such a thing, and will God do it? No, eternal life is mine for ever the moment I believe in Jesus; the moment I am **"born again"** I am as sure of heaven as if I was there.

The Lord Jesus Himself is the believer's life.

Will Christ live for ever? Then the life He gives must be eternal, for He is the life. "I am the life." He gives me Himself. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." If a Christian can be lost, I say it with all reverence, then Christ can be lost. Eternal life is hid with Christ in God, and who can take it from that hiding place? If this life were in my keeping I might lose it any day. I cannot preserve my natural life, and I could not keep my spiritual life; but God keeps it for me. **I see it on the throne of God.** Where is Christ now? He is not on the cross nor in the grave, nor in the earth; He is in heaven. When did He go to heaven? "When he had by Himself purged our sins He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on High." When sin was put away and the question of sin settled, then Jesus, the sin-bearer, took His seat on high. This was the proof of God's satisfaction in the work of Christ. The One who bore *all* my sins is in the glory now; and I am complete in Him? My sins can never rise in judgment against me any more, because God has put them out of sight for ever; He has cast them all behind His back, into a land of

forgetfulness. Christ is my life: He says, "I shall never perish." I believe Him. He tells me I am in His eternal hands, I know it. He says, no one shall pluck me out of His hand, I trust Him. My sins are gone, my Saviour's in the glory, I am in Him there now, and I shall soon be with Him for ever. If I am in Christ, I must be with Christ.

What about the sins a believer commits after conversion?

He judges them himself, and confesses them, or he is judged by God in this life. Every sin a Christian commits must be judged in this life, because he cannot come into judgment when the world is condemned. My sins after conversion I must judge and confess, I repeat, or God will judge me while I live. My works as a Christian will be judged by and bye. The judgment of my sins was borne by Christ. Nothing that I could do after conversion touches the question of eternal life; nothing can rob me of that—the salvation of God. What I lose when I sin, is the "joy of salvation," and what I need then, is what the Psalmist needed, to have that joy restored, "He restoreth my soul." Those words are proved to be true every day. How often have we felt our need of His restoring grace.

Some say, "**Oh then, you can do just what you like when you are converted, you are sure to go to heaven.**" We are sure to go to heaven when we are converted, for a Christian can never be lost, but we cannot do as we like, nor do we wish to. When we become children of God, He holds the reins of life. Our desire then is to please Him. And sin in a believer always brings punishment. It is a terrible thing to be out of Communion, to lose opportunities for service; to be filled with doubts and fears. A true believer must and will be exercised about his sins; like David he will say, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." He, the man after God's own heart, had to feel the burden of his sin and to confess it with brokenness of heart. Peter weeps bitterly when the Lord looks upon him. And it makes us weep, if we love our Lord, when we sin against His love.

But never doubt, my readers, the security of the one who trusts in Christ. To doubt that is to doubt the efficacy of the work of Christ; it is to cast a shadow upon accomplished salvation. "**They shall never perish,**" that is plain and

positive. If Christ had not finished the work, then I might doubt my security, but it is an eternal salvation and God is the Author of it. You are satisfied with Christ are you not? You do believe He has finished the work of putting sin away? Or do you want that blessed One to leave again those heights of glory, and live on earth? Do you want Him to lie in the manger once again? To be poor on earth, the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief? Would you like Him to leave the Father's house, and the angelic hosts, and all the glories of heaven, to agonise again in Gethsemane? Would you take the crown of glory from His brow, and press the thorns upon it again? Would you have that hand that holds the majesty of heaven, nailed to a cross once more? Do you want to take the Saviour from the brightness of heaven to face the awful darkness of Calvary again? Would you take him from the throne and put Him in a tomb? Would you rob Him of the glory of accomplished redemption? No, you say, I would not. Well then, rest your soul for ever upon the completeness of His salvation. Be assured of this, that nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is "in Christ Jesus our Lord," and that "there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus." The believer's place is in Christ. Our eternal life is hid with Christ in God. The Christian cannot be separated from Christ, I stand or fall with Christ. As long as the ark floated Noah was safe; as long as Christ lives the believer is secure



Christian Character as Pourtrayed in Hosea, xiv.

BEAUTY—"As the lily."

STRENGTH—"Roots as Lebanon."

LARGE-HEARTEDNESS—"Branches shall spread."

FRUITFULNESS—"As the olive."

FRAGRANCE—"Smell as Lebanon."

BLESSING OTHERS—"They that dwell under his shadow shall revive."

HOLINESS, separation from sin—"What have I any more to do with idols."

SEVENFOLD GRACES.

M. E.

AND NOT BE SAVED.

BY GEORGE HEFFORD.

You may have the shrewdest intellect, as	AHITHOPHEL , 2 Sam. xv., 34
You may judge of God's ways with man, as	BILDAD , Job viii. 3,
You may be devout, and give alms, as	CORNELIUS , Acts x. 2,
You may be pre-eminent in a Church, as	DIOTREPHES , 3 John 9
You may know philosophy, as the	EPICUREANS , Acts xvii. 18.
You may sit on the judgment seat, as	FESTUS , Acts xxv. 6,
You may be a great teacher, as	GAMALIEL , Acts xxii. 3,
You may be full of self-confidence, as	HAZAEI , 2 Kings viii. 13,
You may possess exalted privileges, as	ISRAEL , Luke xiii. 34.
You may boast of zeal for the Lord, as	JEHU , 2 Kings x. 16,
You may be fair and beautiful as	KEZIA , Job xlii. 14.
You may be rich in wordly goods, as	LABAN , Genesis xxx. 30.
You may be in league with Kings, as	MENAHEN , 2 Kings xv. 20,
You may be of unblemished charater, as	NICODEMUS , John iii, 7.
You may be great in stature, as	OG OF BASHAN , Deut. iii. 11.
You may ask prayers of God's servants, as	PHARAOH , Exodus x, 16,
You may be great at questioning, as	QUEEN OF SHEBA , 1 Kings xi
You may be a mighty conqueror, as	RABSHAKEH , 2 Kings xviii.
You may be a member of a church, as	SIMON MAGUS , Acts 8, xiii.
You may possess powers of oratory, as	TERTULLUS , Acts xxiv., 2.
You may fill the office of priest, as	URIJAH , 2 Kings xvi. 10.
You may be the son of a Godly father, as	VASHNI , 1 Chron. vi, 28.
You may do many wonderful works, as	WORKERS , Mark vii, 13.
You may command vast armies, as	ZERAH , 2 Chron. xiv, 9,

And not be saved.

But you cannot believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and fail of salvation. Do you believe on him? Then Christ is yours, and Christ is Himself salvation.

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

"Neither is there SALVATION in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be SAVED."—Acts iv. 12.

A CRY FROM HOIMA-LUNYORO.

St. Paul heard a cry from Macedonia, "Come and help us," nineteen hundred years ago, and this cry has been repeated over and over again from all parts of the world since, and now a distinct cry has come from Hoima, where a much-loved great niece of mine is working for the heathen girls in Africa, near Uganda. She says, "We are despised by people who don't understand." Heaps of men have said to me, "Why do you go and waste your life by being buried away among the blacks," and when one explains why they think one is mad, religious mania, &c. These dear missionaries can cry with St. Paul, "I am not mad, most noble Festus." My niece says, "I am not in favour of education for these girls, but a knowledge of God and the of Bible are **essential**, so do your best for us little Auntie" (I am very short). Now you shall have part of Maisie's letter of May 12th; it has just arrived. "I am glad I am still young with health and strength to give to the Master. This is such supremely happy work, in spite of all the difficulties and the dark side, there is a constant joy and thrill in the doing of it. I wonder if some of the friends who helped you to send Testaments to the soldiers would send me Testaments for the girls who can read—they are *Lunyoro* Testaments I want to buy. Their ignorance of the Bible is **fearful**, but if only they had Testaments they would be only too keen to read them and cherish them like gold. This country is far poorer than Uganda, and the people more backward. The second thing I want to ask is, have you any friends who would be willing to give 10s. a year to support a girl in the Central School here. Lots of the girls are qualified, i.e., can read and write and have some sense, but will drift back into carelessness and heathenism if not attracted. They have no money, even for a frock; we have to provide some sort of garment for lots of girls who can't come to learn to read because 'No clothes.' Oh, pray for these girls, they nearly all go wrong. Pray for **me** that I help them to realize in Christ One who loves them and is strong enough to keep them from sin."

There is much more in this interesting letter, but I will not weary you. Only, dear readers, answer the cry from Hoima and her petition for prayer. If any one of you can help to pay for the Testaments, or for School, send it to Dr. Wreford for

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

The deaf Hear—The dumb Speak.

The last days of WILLIAM HAYWOOD.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

I have been turning over the leaves of a Testament in the Gospel according to St. John; and, as I gaze upon its pages, the story of a life comes up before me—that life another

link in the golden chain of everlasting love, another proof that the eternal goodness of our God knows neither limit nor measure.

Here and there I see verses underlined with a thin, wavering black line, but the hand that did it is now stiff in death, and the heart that found such gladness in reading it now beats to the praises of our God in heaven.

He, too, like Nicodemus, came to the Lord by night. It was a night of sorrow and of storm that drove him to this place of shelter, but he found there the peace he needed and there he sought

**“Except a man
be born of water**



WILLIAM HAYWOOD.

and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (John iii. 5)

The wavering lines traced by his dying hand are under these blessed words. He had known what it was to be outside the gates of Life. He had lived for thirty years in this world, and had worked in darkness for the prince of darkness until he saw the "marvellous light" of his Saviour's love.

The shadow of misfortune hovered over his infancy, and early he was called upon to carry the cross of suffering. He became deaf at the age of three years and a half—the result of scarlet fever. Few were the words he had ever learnt to speak and the music of the human voice was soon forgotten.

On his recovery, he was sent to an asylum for the deaf and dumb, and learnt to converse with his fingers.

Once, between the age of ten and eleven, he appeared anxious about his soul, questioned those he knew with his fingers, and told them he never slept without praying. At fourteen he was placed apprentice to a tailor. When out of his time, he spent three years in London; and, as he began to earn good wages, his life seemed wholly given to the god of this world. From London, he went to Castlebury, still absorbed in the pleasures of sin; but God was following him and the prayers that had been breathed over his cradle, and had followed him all through his sinful life, God was going to answer in His own way and in His own good time.

Oh! ye whose prayers have been unanswered for long and weary years, who have lingered, tried and tempted, outside the gates of expectation, ye have to do with One who *hears* and *answers* prayer.

Early in August, 187—, having been ill for four months, he came home. At thirty, the evening time of his life had come; and, although he was still tossed about upon the waters of despair, yet is his God guiding him by a way he knows not, into the quiet of His presence, and the secure haven of His love. He is dying of consumption now, and, as the autumn leaves begin to fall, the summer of life is passing away.

In September, he began first to be seriously troubled about his soul, and read attentively the tracts and books placed by loving hands beside him.

In October he read the incident of "The Two Deaths," in "God's Glad Tidings," and that seemed to break him down. Tears began to course down his cheeks, and he sought to be alone with God. In the quiet of his room, they heard him weeping; for, like Nicodemus of old, he had gone to the feet of Christ to learn of Him. O, blessed tears! O, blessed exercise of soul! O, sinner, have you ever shed a tear for sin? Have you ever thought of where you are, and what you are?

Again my eyes turn to the verse in the third of John, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Again I turn over the pages of the gospel, looking for the way-marks He had made. They seem to me like finger-posts pointing him to Christ. I am arrested at the 47th verse of the 6th chapter, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." "Everlasting life!" was it his at last? Had the captive found his way to liberty, and the prisoner shaken off his chains? Even so, as he himself said, "he could rest upon the finished work of Christ." Can you, sinner? This was how the blessed liberty came to him. One Sunday evening he was reading Ephes. 2nd, and he pointed to some verses in the chapter (the first and others), and asked with his fingers whether they did not refer to him. His father answered, "Yes." He had life then. A day or two afterwards, he had a little book given to him entitled "Come to Jesus." He read it through, and when asked if he had come to Jesus, he said, "he knew his sins were all put away by Jesus, and he had peace," and also "that now he could rest upon the finished work of Christ." He had now that everlasting life that Christ alone can give. He had now the peace that "passeth understanding." He who had been "dead in sins" was now quickened into life.

The old life, with all its sins, was gone for ever; he understands the mystery of those words, "Ye must be born again;" he rested on that finished work, and he was saved and happy. Nothing that his poor trembling hands could do, would have brought salvation to his sin-stained heart; but his ear, closed to earthly sounds, had heard the accents of the Saviour's voice saying, "Come unto me, . . . and I will give you rest."

Many other verses he underlined before he died, the last clause of the 37th verse of John vii., **"If any man thirst let him come unto me, and drink."** He had satisfied his thirst now, and had within him, "the well of water springing up into everlasting life." Again, he had marked the last clause of the 24th verse of John viii., **"for if ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins."** Those terrible words must have acted as a beacon light to warn him from the shores of hell. They must have told him what they tell you *now*, sinner—that if you die in your sins, you must spend your eternity in the lake of fire. In the fourteenth chapter, he had underlined the 13th and 14th verses, and the heavenly comfort of the words lit up his wasting cheek with smiles of joy; for his eye could turn from the words themselves, to the One who spake them, and he knew in whom he had believed.

We come to the Lord's prayer in the 17th chapter, and here he had singled out the third verse, **"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."** These were the verses he had marked, but the chain of faith was complete, and every link was strong.

The power and strength of the presence of Christ was with him to the end—beautiful was the calm of his last hours—rich the glory of the sunset of his life. Christ was every thing to him now. Never had his fingers found such sweet employment as at this time, when over and over again he gave expression on them to his faith in, and love for Christ. Blessed it was to me to sit by his dying bed and see his face shining with the light of heaven, his fingers moving rapidly as he spoke of peace within.

On Saturday, March 17th, a great change took place, and all that saw him knew the end was near. At 8 o'clock he wished his brothers to come, and he bade them good-bye. He said, in his mute language, this was to be his last night on earth, that in the morning he would be with the Lord. His father said, bending over him, "William, is Jesus precious to you?" He held up both thumbs (meaning double good, one thumb means good), while a rapturous smile passed over his face; he talked to his father until a quarter to nine, when he stopped, and on his fingers said that Christ was speaking to him; and although

he heard no earthly sound for well nigh thirty years, he said he could hear the voice of Christ quite plainly. He would pause and listen for a while, and then answer the Lord with his fingers; then, pointing to the corner of the room, he told them Christ was there, he could see Him. He then turned on his right side and said, speaking with one hand (he could talk with one hand as well as two), "There He is, He is come for me, this is my last night." Then forgetting everyone else in the room, he began to talk rapidly to the Lord with one hand; then pausing, with beaming face, he would stretch out both hands to grasp the Lord, and tried to kiss Him, he saw him so distinctly.

From three to four on the Sunday morning he was in great pain. It was as though his bark were passing over the troubled waters of this world's sorrow before it found the calm of the eternal haven.

From four to six he was talking to Christ the whole time with his right hand; then he stretched out both arms to grasp the Lord; then talking again and again until the poor hand dropped with weariness, but ever the same look in the dying eyes—a look of unspeakable joy and unshaken peace. And thus it was to the very end. Just before he died he asked his mother to lay him back, then closed his eyes and slept. "He giveth His beloved sleep." He was gone; the eloquent hand was still; those closed eyes, lit up with such eager light while earthly life was his, were now gazing on the Christ he loved so well. He could hear now the music thrill of Paradise, his fettered tongue was now unloosed.

O sinner, unsaved sinner, as you read this narrative I beseech you give your heart to Christ. Remember, He is able, ready and willing to save you. Go down upon your knees and own your sin and seek your Saviour. Never more be the dupe of the devil. Learn, like the dear one of this narrative, the preciousness of Christ. He will save you now, for "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Take comfort from the texts that comforted him, and then with him you will be able to say, "He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak" (Mark vii. 37).

THE OUTCASTES.

How this word speaks to our hearts—the untold misery of such a position. My friend in India, a pastor, writes of them: “Poor benighted souls, what would their fate be without the Gospel of Christ. Praise the Lord that something is done for them. . . . I received four parcels from the doctor last month. . . . I have already sent two or three parcels of literature to my friends in India, and the colporteur has started a long journey with a good stock of tracts and books.”

What a wonderful experience it must be to visit with another devoted servant of Christ, a tribe who for the first time heard the glorious news of a Saviour's love.

My friend writes: “They live in the jungles and are well to do, but, sad to say, serve the prince of the power of the air. It was the first time they had heard the Gospel, and how deeply they thought about it. One old woman wept when I told her the sufferings of Christ.”

Dear Miss Leakey and Dr. Wreford told us in *Fruitful Fields*, last December, of the remarkable work going on among the fifty or sixty millions of the “Outcasts of India,” who are now coming by thousands to Jesus Christ, and they both ask for earnest prayer on their behalf, and those devoted workers who, like my friend, has left all his people to carry the glad news to those “without hope and without God in the world.”

“Pray without ceasing.”

A.A.L.



DYING IN DARKNESS.

Four Indians came to Roman Catholics in America asking for Bibles. They came, they said, from the land of the setting sun. They had heard of the white man's God and they wanted the white man's Book of Heaven.

They were received with the greatest hospitality, and were shown the Roman Catholic Church, the pictures of the saints, etc., yet they were steadily denied their oft-repeated request for a Bible. Two of the Indians died from the fatigue of their long journey. The other two, homesick and disappointed, prepared to return. Gen. Clarke made a banquet for them and

bade them Godspeed on their journey. One of the Indians was called upon to respond. We can give no just idea of the circumstances or of the impression of the speech. We can only give the English version of his speech which, like all translations, loses much of the force of the original, "I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly opened for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty.

Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way.

I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the Book is not among them.

When I tell my poor blind people after one more snow in the big Council that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

* * * * *

One more of the Indians died on the journey home, and only one returned to announce to the great Council the death of his companions and that the white man refused them the Book.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

OUR DUTY TO-DAY.

Our duty to-day is to spread the Word of God broadcast over all the world.

"Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,	Can we to men benighted The Lamp of Life deny."
---	--

Surely not. If hands are stretched out to us for the Word of God, if voices are calling for it, **we must respond**, and at all costs and any sacrifice send them the Book of God.

We are asked for Testaments and Bibles now from almost every quarter, and we rejoice to have been able to send **9000** parcels in answer to the need. As Christians we must be thankful we have been asked to help.

In a letter just received the writer says:—

"Mr. W—— in an address told us of his latest plan, which is to place the Word of God, or some portion of it, **in every Jewish home** in London during a fortnight in September. I love to be in touch with those who are enthusiastic for the precious Word of God." ALICE M. WALTER.

BY THE SAME POST.

Another writes from H.M.S. ——— from Norway:—

Dear Mr. Wreford,

Only a short time ago I received a small copy of the New Testament, bound in khaki waterproof cloth, as supplied to the Royal Navy, and the first thing I noticed was the red label gummed on the front page with "If I can help you to Christ, write me, Heyman Wreford, Exeter," printed on it. I just thought what a glorious opportunity, and am now availing myself of the opportunity to write you.

Well, dear friend, if you can help me to find Jesus in reality, I shall feel ever so grateful to you. . . . I have the heart willing, but the flesh weak. I want so to be put in the proper path, and to walk in the light as He is in the light."

These extracts show the soul need in the world to-day.

* * * * *

Through the kindness of many friends we are enabled still to send our parcels.

For **5/-** we can send a parcel to the Armies of Occupation, or to any part of the world, and we can send, through the help given to us, a Testament, post free, to **100** soldiers, sailors or civilians for **30/-**

We can send a Testament to **1,000** persons in need of one for **£15**.

Any who wish to help us to distribute God's Word all over the world please send to Dr. HEYMAN WREFORD,
"The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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... ..

HELP us to send the Word of God to "Earth's Christless Millions."
Any gifts for this purpose may be sent to—

Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Rd., Exeter.

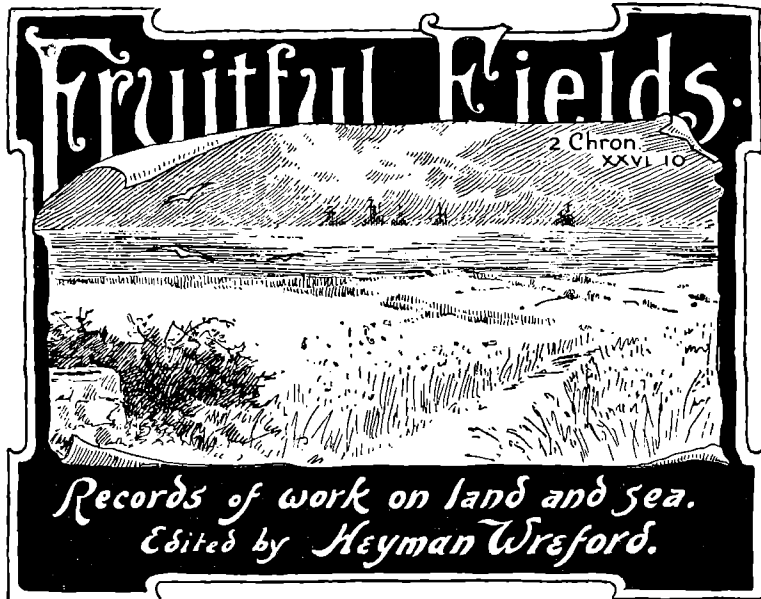
We have sent away nearly **100,000** Testaments yearly during the War, and more than **8,500** parcels, and we are still sending, for the need is as great as ever.

TWO MAGAZINES EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD:—

"A MESSAGE FROM GOD." Price One Penny ; 8/6 the 100 post free.

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The two sent by post for a year for 3/-



VOL. 1. NO. 11.

SEPT., 1919.

Price 1d. ; 8/6 the 100 post free.

*"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are
white already to harvest" John iv. 35.*

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1.

"Go bring them," He saith to His servants, "the weary,
The heavily laden, go gather them home;
From highway and city, from wilderness dreary,
Go give them glad welcome, for yet there is room."

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ALL
COMMUNICATIONS
FOR
THE EDITOR
TO BE SENT TO—

DR.
HEYMAN WREFORD
THE FIRS,
DENMARK ROAD,
EXETER.

LONDON: F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.
EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

TWO MISSING HUSBANDS.

37827, Pte. JOSEPH FROST, 11th Platoon, C Compy., 2nd Highland Light In.

He has a wife and two little girls in Scotland who still pray for "Dadda" to come back. Mrs. Frost has been unable to hear anything except that it was believed her husband was taken prisoner. If anyone knows anything of Private Frost, will they please communicate at once with The Hon. Lady Hayes, Shan Creggan, Stranorlar, Co. Donegal; or with Dr. Heyman Wreford, "The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.

307740. Pte. ALAN GEORGE GARNHAM, 2/8 Lancashire Fusiliers.

Last heard of at Friedrichsfeld Camp. Germany.

He was captured by the Germans Mar. 21, 1918. His last letter was dated Oct. 2nd, 1918. "The War Office can tell nothing at present; they have ordered him to be searched for. I hope you may be able to help us in some way."

If any one can tell us of anything of Pte. Alan George Garnham will they please write at once to Mrs. A. E. GARNHAM, Post Office, Fersfield, Diss, Norfolk, or to Dr. HEYMAN WREFORD, "The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.

Fruitful Fields

BY THE EDITOR

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT

"Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"—

Isaiah xxxiii. 14

I am not going to trust to myself to try and argue you into a belief in the eternity of punishment; God alone can do that by the power of His Spirit. I take this simple ground and I will not move from it, that the Bible is the word of God, the Bible speaks of eternal punishment, therefore it must be true. You may say, what simplicity! What credulity! Well, I am content to be a child before God, just to learn what he would teach me, and receive it in all faith. There are many things you do believe doubtless. You believe Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by Vesuvius; you believe Sodom and Gomorrah were swept away by the awful rain of fire and brimstone. The

Psalmist says, "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup." Do you believe this? Friends, it is true, as certain am I of its truth, as I am that I am a living man; it is positively and unalterably true; it is the record of the Almighty God, and it will be carried out in all its stern reality by and bye. Do you be careful to be sheltered from it.

You have heard of the plague of London, and the great fire; you believe these historic facts; you credit them in all their details. You believe that the grass grew in the streets of London in the days of the plague, and that the red cross on the doors shewed where the plague was; you give credence to all the dread horrors of that unhappy time. And the devastating fire you are certain of. Then, why not believe in the plague of sin, and the fires of hell? Why not have faith in divine history? Is the Bible likely to be less true than the history you learnt at school? I tell you, the Bible is the most wonderful of all books, it has stood the test of centuries; it is a living fact to day. That Bible tells of the fearful havoc sin has wrought in this world, and it speaks of the quenchless flames of an endless hell. That hell is burning now; what an awful thought! I arrest you with this text, **"And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire."** Do you think this is true? Be careful how you answer; if you disbelieve this, you impute falsehood to the Bible. Would you like to say that Book was a lie or a fable? The Book your father and your mother read; the Book that was the solace of their old age; the Book that used to charm you with its pathos when you were a child at home. Are you prepared to throw this Book overboard? To put more faith in the daily paper than in what it says? I think not. I think its truths still cling like ivy round your heart. I think its voice speaks for you to hear at times. I don't think you are prepared to say, "I can do without the Bible." No, no, I know you cannot. Do hold it as God's Word, and believe it in its entirety; cling fast to its promises, accept its invitations, respect its warnings, bow to its commands, and believe its love. This Book declares, on the authority of God, that, "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." And this is true; you will be punished eternally,

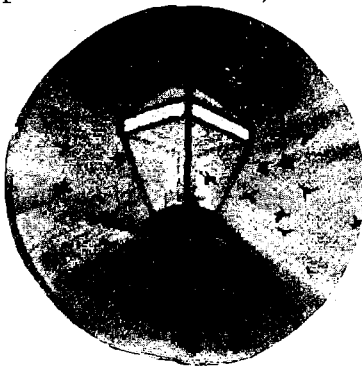
if your name is not written in the Book of Life. If you give up the Bible what have you left ? **If the Bible is not true what is true?** The testimony of the ages proves the truth of the Bible. External evidences conclusively prove its truth, and the internal evidences as to its being the Book of God, are incontestible. You cannot give up the Bible, or if you do, you will be like a captain who cuts himself adrift from his anchor in a storm ; or like a man who signs his own death warrant. If you only had as much faith in the Bible as you have in other things, you would be saved. There are lands you have never seen, but you believe about them, from the records that others have given. There are lives that you have read, and you believe the story that they tell, although centuries have passed since they lived on earth. Can you not believe in all the Bible says ? Doubt the word no longer ; take it as God has given it. It is the most wonderful story of power ever told. It is the most marvellous history of love ever written. And it is the most terrible Book of warning ever known. And be sure of this, its love is real ; its judgment is real ; its heaven is real ; its hell is real ; and above all, friends, its Christ and His salvation are real. I know it in my soul.

For whom was hell prepared ?

Hell was prepared for the devil and his angels ; for those who fell without a tempter. And men and women who listen to the tempter now, must be the companions of demons for all eternity. "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God." Who are the wicked ? Those who forget God, who continue in sin ; unbelievers, who will not accept Christ as their Saviour ; they shall be turned into hell. Are you one of them ? Have you forgotten God ? You know you have ; you have never offered the morning oblation, nor the evening sacrifice ; you have never taken God into your life ; you have never asked His guidance, or protection ; God has been unknown to you, He has been forgotten as Creator, and never been believed in as Redeemer, and you must go to hell because you have forgotten God. And the light of that hell seems to shine on earth ; and its lurid gleam attracts men and women. I see the reflection of its glare, in the foot lights of the theatre ; in the flaming chandeliers in

haunts of vice, in the smile on the harlot's face, in the flush on the drunkard's cheek, in the flashing eyes of the man of pleasure. This light of perdition fascinates and allures, just as when you put a lamp in your open window at night, the moths will fly around it. So in this night of sin, the devil trims his lamps of vice, and the poor deluded sinners, are attracted to their death. Out at

beat themselves the lighthouse upon the sea of night lights men and women blinding glare of tions until they pieces in their in my study, I ing of a subject I had turned up reading, when I ing and a flutter-



sea the birds to death against lamp; and out time, the devil's shine, and poor circle round the these tempta- are dashed to sin. Last night had been think- for preaching. my gas, and was heard a bump- ing, above my

head. I looked up and saw a large moth flying across the light reflected on the ceiling. I knew what was likely to happen, and rose to try and save the moth from destruction. But it was too late; faster and faster it fluttered round the lamp; nearer and nearer it came to the fatal flame; until at last it dropped right into the globe, and fell out underneath scorched and dying. I thought of you sinners hovering about the flames of hell. I thought of the attractions held out to you. The race course, the billiard room, the theatre, the public house; I thought of the day that must come sooner or later, unless you are saved, when stricken you will fall right into hell. I can realize your danger, but I cannot rise to save you; Christ has realised the sinner's peril, and He has risen to pluck you as brands from the burning. If you close your eyes to these lights of hell you will cease to be blinded by them. If you cry to Jesus now, the heavenly light will come to cheer you; God delights to be gracious.

You all admit there is something after death. It is that something that makes you nervous. What is it? You ask the question sometimes, "**Where shall I be when I am dead?**"

What shall I see ? " Listen to what God says, " It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." There is no annihilation hinted at in scripture. Does this sound like annihilation ? Just listen to it ! " The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth ; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation (or judgment) " John v 28, 29). Two resurrections are spoken of here ; the resurrection of the just, and of the unjust. And you must be included in one category or the other, you must be numbered with the just or the unjust. Some people sneer at the idea of a resurrection ; they say it is impossible for the body when crumbled into dust to rise again. " All things are possible with God." By Christ the worlds were made ; by a word He spake them into being. At His divine command subsequent and **unmitigated chaos** was transformed into beautiful order ; mountains rose and valleys sunk ; the oceans heaved and tossed in their mighty beds ; the heavens above and the earth beneath were filled with glory. And He, whose mighty word spake this world of ours, and the mighty orbs that shine in space, into existence, will one day speak the word that shall bid those who have done good, rise to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, to the resurrection of judgment. The first of these resurrections may take place at any moment. " The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God. **And the dead in Christ shall rise first :** then, we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord." This text speaks of the first resurrection. When the Lord gives the shout, those who have died in faith shall be glorified ; the bodies may have crumbled into dust, but they shall rise again. Jesus says to Martha, Thy brother shall rise again. And scripture says plainly, " For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ risen ; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain : ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.....But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection

of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." These are positive words, do you believe them? Are you ready to take part in the first resurrection? You know that death is not the end; what will be the end, Heaven? or hell? There must be an eternal terminus for every one. You will either, at the coming of Christ, which may take place at any moment, be raised or changed and rise to heaven, or you will be left to the awful judgment of the Great White Throne, and then abide in the lake of fire for ever. Is this to be your resurrection? I want you to listen to these verses, I feel that God's words are the best at a time like this; may they speak to every one of you. "And I saw a Great White Throne, and Him that sat upon it, from Whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And **I saw the dead**, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And death and hades were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death: And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire." These are mighty and solemn words; the description of the second and final resurrection, when the wicked dead shall be raised to stand before their God, and shall be condemned to their eternity of woe. I have put both resurrections before you in the language of Scripture. Meditate upon them I beseech you; you must take part in one or the other. There is something after death—what is it for you? If you are saved, it is heaven—if unsaved, it is the everlasting fire. But "the everlasting fire" was not prepared for sinners I repeat; it was prepared for "the devil and his angels." If you go there it will be in the face of a thousand promises. **You will pass the cross on your way to hell, and the outstretched arms of Christ and the gate of mercy.** You will go by the pathways that lead to life to the awful shores of an ever burning gehenna. Oh! I warn you once more, and cry in the language of the text, "**Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?**"

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

EDWARD BYNE.



EDWARD BYNE.

He was only twenty-three when he went to be with Christ, and had been ill for fifteen months before. He died of consumption.

He broke a blood-vessel while at his work far away from his home, and exclaimed,

"It is time for me to think of doing something else."

Yes, the world had engrossed his heart, and as he turned his face to his earthly home—for he went home to die—he turned his longing eyes to his Father's house, and sought the heavenly love. He found

it, for they that seek SHALL find—God dealt very gently with him, for in the loved home circle the light of heaven shone upon his heart.

But he was the only one saved in the home—father and mother, and seven brothers and sisters still unsaved. And the thought came to him that his death was to bring life to all the rest. He said,

"The Lord has called me away for the conversion of my father and mother."

This seemed to be his life work for Jesus. He wrote to his brother saying,

"What a happy home this would be if father and mother were converted."

And the burden of all the rest was upon his heart as well. He wrote to his sister in London.

Dear Sister,

You told me in your letter, that you went to our cousin's house to a dancing party. Do you think Jesus would go there? I am sure he would not. In John xvii. 16, Christ says "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." Then certainly we are not to mix with the world, for as you know I have done it and it only brings bitterness of spirit, and grieves the Lord.

Let me point you to another Scripture in Rev. iii. 16-21. You say it is very hard to follow Jesus in London, well if it is hard the Lord will give you strength to overcome it. The further you go on with the world the harder you will find it to turn back.

Another thing, what if the Lord comes and finds you with the world, "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night" 1 Thess. v. 2.

Dear sister, let me entreat you to go to the Lord about it.

From your affectionate brother,

E. B.

He used to read and pray with one of his sisters who waited on him a good deal, and he asked her to go to the gospel meetings at the Victoria Hall. She went and was converted.

He spent the time of his illness in the home circle working for Jesus when the pain would allow him. He used to have the children in for Bible reading, and would speak to them of Christ and heaven. When his brother came to see him, he said,

"Ned, are you not lonely?"

"No, I am not lonely, I have my Saviour with me."

And day by day as he neared the glorious shores of rest, he would say,

"I am one day nearer home."

The doctor who attended him said,

"You are a patient young fellow."

"Ah! sir, I know where I am going," was his answer.

To a young lady who came to see him, he said,

"Will you meet me in heaven?"

"I hope so," was the reply.

"There must be no hoping," he said, "you must make sure."

He had such sweet and simple faith. One day he wanted something very much, and without letting anyone know of

his wish, he prayed for it, and the next day God sent it to him.

"Oh! I do wish Jesus would call me," he would say in hours of pain.

Not long before he died he called his mother to him, and putting his arms round her neck, he said,

"I want you to promise to come with me; don't deceive me."

The promise was given to meet him in heaven. In the early days of December he said,

"Do you think I shall live until Christmas?"

"No, I do not think so," was the answer.

"No more do I," was the calm reply; "I should like to have lived till Christmas, to see them all around me again."

But it was not to be, for on December 12th, he passed away. Just before the end he pointed to a corner of the room and said,

"There's the devil but he cannot touch me," and then fixing his eyes with rapture he exclaimed,

"I see Jesus."

His last words were,

"I see Him! I see Him! He is coming! He is coming!"

About ten minutes before he died he kissed his hand to all in the last good-bye.

Since he has been with Christ, his father and mother and all his brothers and sisters have been saved but one, and she has been very anxious.

Upon his face there always seemed to shine a glory light which the artist has not done justice to in the engraving.

Yes, Edward, thy lifework done, God took thee home. Thy father and mother and brothers and sisters will all meet thee there, where partings are unknown. Thy gentle presence still is felt in the home thou hast left. It is still with lips of love they tell the story of thy life and death.

Oh! my reader, may this true and simple narrative touch thy heart and lead thee to the Saviour. There is no peace like the peace Christ gives, there is no rest like His. And there is no home so bright as the one He has gone to prepare for those who love Him. May Edward Byne's sweet departure lead thee to think of eternal life and the home beyond, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

THAT'S IT—TO LOVE HIM.

Yes, indeed, that's it—to know and love Him, the great "I Am," the one and only Saviour—"Who loved me and gave Himself for me. I will now tell you how I came by the title of this little article. I knew Dr. was expecting an article from me for September. I had nothing to say so I prayed "O Lord, give me a suitable thought." When I opened my letters I found one contained a post card, with "Please answer this for me, I am too busy to write." The "*this*" was an extremely long, wordy letter, that I wished it had not come until I had read the first page of the six, containing six hundred words each and more!! I will here copy that which so delighted my soul and made me say "That's it, to love Him, HIM, HIM."

The gentleman presiding said it was very true that atheistical literature is being sown broadcast. A missionary, the Rev. Daniel Jones, related this to him as he was voyaging to India. There was a dear enthusiastic Christian girl a passenger, also a very clever and ardent atheist who was extremely fond of argument, and this dear girl, hoping to win him for Christ, entered into controversy with him, but she was soon thoroughly beaten. With tears, she confessed "You have beaten me in argument but. . . *I love Him, I love Him,*" and the Holy Spirit used her simple testimony "I love Him" to convert this strong opponent to the Word of God.

He was obliged to seek her and tell her how much he wanted to have this treasure and there and then accepted Christ as his personal Saviour—then he had the huge mass of infidel literature—2 tons—cast into the sea that he was taking to India and said he never had such joy as casting all these boxes overboard.

See, dear readers, how the Lord can use the simplest testimony for Christ, to the saving of a precious soul. This man became a missionary in Northern India, and this dear girl was the means of leading him to the Saviour she loved. Speak a word for the Lord Jesus, dear reader, whenever you can, and never fear that He will in His own good time give His blessing to the saving of another soul. Yes, to love Him to know Him and serve Him, will be not only our great joy here, but will continue for ever and for ever—therefore see that you *love Him*.

Emily P. Leakey.

PRAYER BELLS.

The sound that struck me most sweetly when first we came to the Kollis was the tinkling, high and low, of the cow bells. I am used to their music now, and yet it is for ever bringing back to me first impressions and longing.

As we returned from Sendamangalam the other day, I noticed a row of these bells, some large, some small, some new bright brass, some old and rusty, but all suspended on one tree-branch overhanging a small *swami* altar. I asked the men who carried our dhobi what was written on the bells, for on examining them, I had found Tamil characters inscribed. "A prayer is written on each," they said; and I learned later the petitioner's name is added. They did not explain further, being shy of telling us much about their *swamis*, knowing how we regard them, but the idea to me was full of meaning. The *swami* is away up on the hills near by; we have climbed to it once. Have they the thought that he will hear the bells as the wind rocks the branches—will hear and answer their petitions, and that their names may be brought to his remembrance again and again with each gust of wind? How far their simple minds go in the matter I cannot say; but this I do know, the sound of the bells is in my ears, and I wonder reverently if their sound is reaching God's pitying ear, and is it their ever-recurring ring, going up as an unanswered cry from these people, that brings us back again among them?

When God's priest in olden days went in before the Lord he wore the tinkling bells around his skirt that their sound might reach His ears Who is ever ready to hear. But *they* were golden bells, and pure in sound and make. *These* are but brass and consecrated to evil spirits, ringing out the doom of lost souls.

"Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him;" and so we hope and pray and wait, knowing He alone can change the bells to gold, and tune their music to His ear.

September, 1917.

EVELYN C. BRAND.

THE BLESSING OF GOD.

"And they did all eat and were filled."—

Matt. xiv., 18, Mark vi., 42.

I hear the voice of the Master, "**Give ye them to eat.**" But, oh, how helpless I do feel. Look at the vast multitude; how can they all be fed? I have but five barley loaves and two small fishes; they seem so utterly useless among so many. But again He speaks: "Bring them hither to me." "Yes, Lord, here they are, what wilt Thou do with them?" Hark; He blesses and He breaks, and givest them back to me, with the commission to give to the multitude. Now what would He teach me in this? It is His pleasure to use the earthen vessel. It is His power and blessing that giveth the increase, using that which I bring to Him to spread far and wide, over the vast millions of souls who need the Word of Life, remembering that it is written, "My word shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and *shall prosper* in the thing whereto I sent it." Oh, beloved servant of a Beloved Master, hold not back any gift He may have bestowed upon you, but bringing it to Him and laying it at His feet say, "Here it is, Lord, do Thou break it up and give it Thy blessing." Remember, it is not for you to estimate the value or to tell the full results. He alone knoweth that, but you shall have the reward in due time. May His great love constrain us to obey, while faith lays hold upon the fact "That they did all eat and were filled." And to Him shall be the glory. Amen. T——y.

We thank our dear friend for the cheer and comfort of his message, and may God grant that more and more opportunities may be given us to give to perishing millions the "**bread of life.**"



READY TO DIE FOR CHRIST

Dr. Paton tells the story of one of his native teachers in the South Seas, who was one day cruelly attacked and almost killed by one of the sacred men of the island. As soon as he had recovered, his one cry was, "I cannot stay away from them; let me go and preach Jesus to them." So he went, and not long after was again attacked, and this time killed.

“IF I HAD KNOWN.”

In a crowded, sleeping railway carriage, one night, a babe was sobbing piteously. “Won’t that child’s mother stop its noise,” cried a rough voice from an adjoining berth, “so that we may get some sleep?” The baby’s sobs ceased for an instant, and a man’s voice sadly responded: “The child’s mother is in her coffin—in the guard’s van—and I have been awake with the little one for three nights doing my best to comfort her and keep her quiet.”

There was a rush from the other berth, and the rough voice now broken and tender said: “I didn’t understand, sir; I’m very sorry. Let me take the baby while you try and get some rest: I wouldn’t have spoken so for the world if I had known!” And taking the weary little child in his arms as gentle as its lost mother had ever done, he paced up and down, soothing her until she was sweetly sleeping, and then he placed her in his own berth and watched over her until morning. Then, restoring her to her father, he said: “I hope you will forgive my unkind words; I wouldn’t have said them had I known.”

This touching little incident has a moral all its own. How often we misjudge people because we do not understand the motives that underlie their actions. If I judge only by externals I may make mistakes that will bring me sorrow all my life. “I didn’t understand, I am very sorry,” may have to be said by us when death will for evermore prevent our remedying our injustice. “Little children love one another” was the inspired injunction of the great apostle of love. “Love is of God he also said.”

Dear Miss Loosemore,

JAMAICA, *June 1919.*

It is with the greatest of pleasure to inform you. . . . God has spared my life to see my dear ones again and also my native land once more. Oh, how should we give thanks unto God toward His precious kindness to all of us. I have landed quite safe. . . . two of our boys died on the way and never have the chance of seeing their dear home. . . . I do pray that when these few lines reaches you, it may find you still doing the works of God. Surely your great kindness will never be forgotten by me. My mother sends her regards for you and said how grateful to me you are, seeing I can speak of such a friend that I have left behind. She also will be writing you. As I am about to close, I pray the blessings of God may dwell with you, even for ever more, whilst I close,

Sincerely yours,

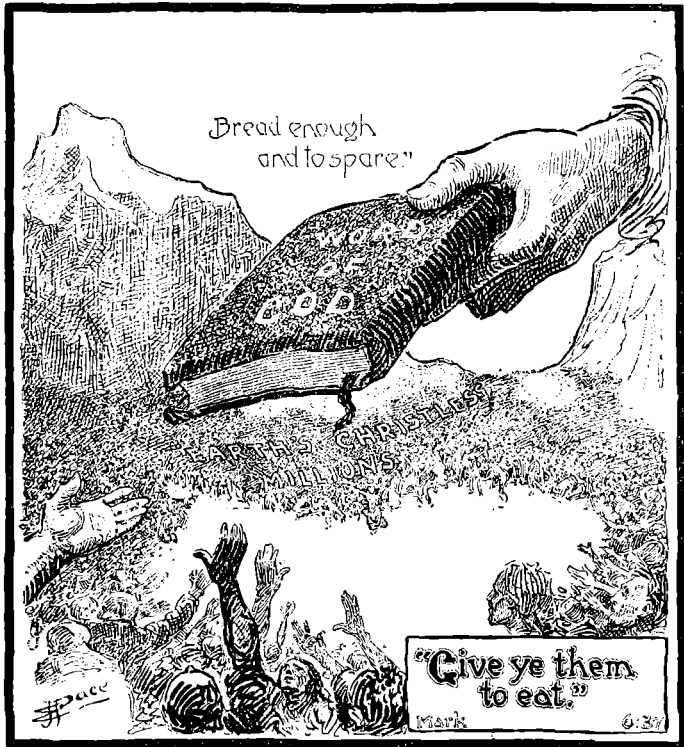
HORACE D. A. CONER.

A KIKUYU BOY'S HOLIDAY.

"A youth is given ten days' holiday by his employer. He goes to the missionary and asks that they may kneel in prayer together to ask for a blessing upon his seventy-mile journey home, for he has not visited his village since he left it for Nairobi some eight or ten years ago. At the end of the ten days he returns to say that the prayer has been answered. The lad, however, is now so hoarse that he can hardly speak. What is the matter? asks the missionary, and the answer is as follows: 'The night I arrived at our village, sir, I was reading my New Testament by the firelight in front of the hut when some people asked what I was doing. I told them I was reading "God's Word," so they asked me to read it aloud. I read a chapter or two, and then began to explain it, and a wonderful thing happened. It seemed as though the Holy Spirit spoke through my mouth. I didn't know I could speak like that, and even now I don't know what I taught them, but I went on talking to them till about midnight. Then I said I was tired and must go to bed, but at six o'clock next morning they came again. I read to them and taught them till about ten o'clock, and then some of the children said they wanted to learn the "letters" so that they, too, could read God's Word. So I began an alphabet class, and all that day I was reading, preaching, or teaching. And all the following day, too, and every day since from morning till night. "And when the last day of my holiday came, the chief of the village begged me not to go back to Nairobi. He said he would build me a house and school, and would give me money and clothes and food, if I would only stay and teach his people. I told him however I must return to my employment as I want to finish my classes, and when I'm baptized I'll go back to be their teacher.'

"Within a day or two of his return he, with two friends, arranged to pay another youth to go out to that village to 'hold the fort' until he himself is ready to take over the work. Truly the Spirit of God is moving in Nairobi!"

C.M. Gleaner, August, 1917.



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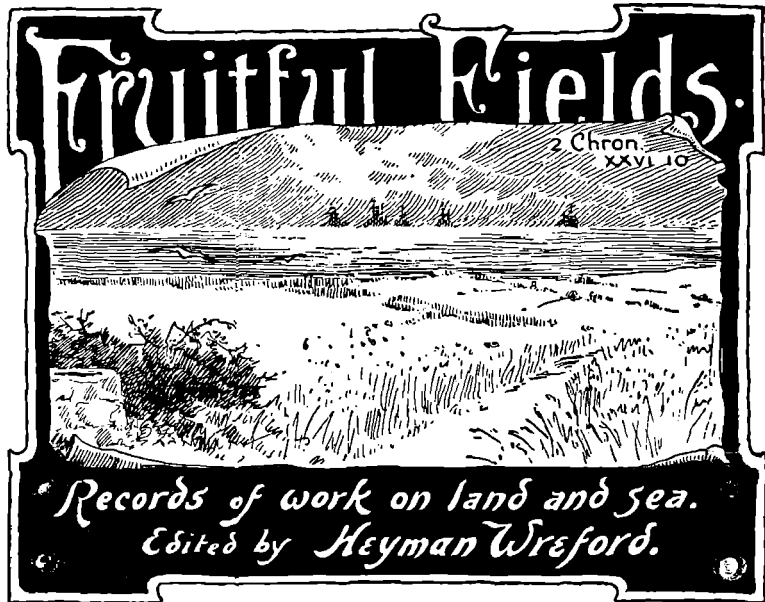
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"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vii.

**Come, labour on,
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say—
"Go, work to-day."**

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DR.
HEYMAN WREFORD
THE FIRS,
DENMARK ROAD.
EXETER.

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LONDON: F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C. 4.
EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

In one of Livingstone's conversations with Stanley he exclaimed, "All that I am I owe to Jesus Christ as revealed to me in His Divine Book. O, Stanley! Stanley! here is the source of strength and the transforming power. How magnificent Christ is, and how marvellously sweet is His Divine love! If you can realise that love to you, I am sure you will not be able to keep back your heart's affections from Him." Let marble perish, this is the Living Stone.—*Times, Saturday, June 7th, 1919.*

Fruitful Fields.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

WHAT meanest thou, O sleeper? (Read the first chapter of Jonah carefully through.)

Jonah *was* a prophet, and had a "message from God" too; although here found in the path of disobedience, and consequently—as one wrong step leads to others—laying down in the sides of the ship, and fast asleep. Note, too, the condition and position of those around him; in imminent danger of losing their lives, in awful distress of soul because of this; and the wind howling, the waves roaring and dashing over the ship, threatening every moment to engulf it and them in their watery chasms.

Beloved fellow-believer, you and I *have* eternal life, we are through infinite *mercy* everlastingly saved. But see the political, commercial and social storms around us; listen to the howling winds of Atheism, Infidelity and Rationalism. Listen too to the cries of convicted, anxious souls, "Lord save me; what must I do to be saved?"

Are you in possession of this world's goods (little or much)? If so, are you using them to the glory of the Lord Jesus, as His steward, instead of MAKING THE OBJECT, to add

field to field, for present enjoyment and ease down here? Oh, **HOW MUCH** it is within *your* power to help on the gospel of the glorious God, and the gathering of precious souls. Is there not many a precious talent buried beneath "the cares of this life, the deceitfulness of riches and the lust of other things"? And if poor in this world, it is a privilege and responsibility to *labour* for our Lord. What are *you* doing for Jesus, beloved brother or sister, whose eyes now pass over these lines? If you are like the man who had not the gift to preach, had not the money to buy tracts to distribute, and had not the time to visit the sick, and grumbled at a brother for trying to win souls for Christ; then, "What meanest thou, O sleeper?" Arise, arise; you are like Jonah, "lying down," that is, in a position of ease, comfort, and maybe spiritual self-satisfaction; and "*fast asleep*," in a state of thorough deadness, apathy, and indifference, as to the storm, the need and anguish of your dying fellow-creatures.

O beloved fellow-believer (whether rich or poor)! don't turn away hurt or offended because I thus venture in plain terms to appeal to you; but let our Lord speak to your heart in these words. "What meanest thou, O sleeper?" "Go ye also into the vineyard." How can you let these perishing millions pass along down to eternal destruction without labouring and striving together with others in this great work for eternity? The Lord Himself will *send*, and instruct what to do and how to do it rightly and successfully. And if you will only rub open your eyes, just now, dear fellow-believer, and take *one* look round, you will see what an enormous amount of work there is to be done.

J. T. S



GOING AND GROWING.

There is no doubt about it, if you want to grow you must "go," both in physical and spiritual life. Sit still in laziness, or even by doctor's orders, and your legs will get weak and you will not be able to go when you want to. "I makes baby jump and creep and jump again," said a wise poor mother to me, when I had said, "How plump and rosy your dear child looks." "Yes," said the dear mother, "bless her little heart, she loves jumping and going."

Have you ever noticed the marginal reference in 2 Samuel v. 10. If not, open your reference Bible and read the verse and then the margin. It is written, "and David went on and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with Him," and the margin says, "went going and growing." That is it, most truly. If you want to grow in grace you must be "going," *i.e.*, taking every possible means. Go and take God's gift of Faith, which will enable you to grow all the precious fruit of the Spirit—nine fruits—take care not to miss one, especially the ninth, "temperance," which means self-control.

Another blessed going and growing is in doing God's work—our zeal for His kingdom. His work must be kept going. Go for prayer for His work, read of His work, go to all the Missionary meetings you can so that you may grow in love more and more for His blessed Kingdom. I told doctor I would try to write about "going and growing" yesterday, but I had such a hard day's work, and felt so ill I really could not, but strange to say this morning I received the *London City Mission Magazine*, and the first words I saw was, "The trouble with many Christians is that they don't grow?" Reader, do you grow? If not, begin to-day to "go" and you will soon, by God's blessing, begin to "grow."

EMILY P. LEAKEY.



WHAT IS THIS ETERNAL LIFE ?

"What is this eternal life you speak of?" asked a clever Brahmin of a Christian Hindoo.

Opening his Bible, and turning to John xvii, 3, he read, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Silently the learned man turned away.

Three years afterwards the Hindoo was summoned to the bedside of the Brahmin. Death was written on his face, but with the brightest of smiles he said,

"I know God, I know Jesus Christ whom He hath sent; I have never forgotten these words. I have eternal —." But before his lips could say the last word, his happy spirit had gone to be with Christ, who is "The Way, and The Truth, and The Life."

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

EMILY AYEAR.



EMILY AYEAR

Not long since we stood around the open grave of a young girl of seventeen, the one whose likeness you see here, and of whose passing away I am about to tell. She passed away from earth just as the spring of her childhood was merging into the summer of her youth. I felt glad to know as I gazed upon her coffin that her spirit was with Jesus.

I had seen her many times before she died, and she always spoke of being happy in Jesus. Her strength of will was greater than her strength of body, and so she bore up

bravely to the end.

She used to speak to me with great confidence about her salvation. It seemed as if she had firmly grasped the hand of her Saviour, and felt the assurance of His presence.

She spoke to her mother and sisters of one who was very ill who was asking others if he should go to heaven. She said,

"What a dreadful thing not to know where he is going."

Oh, reader, do you know where your feet are taking you?

Ask your heart the question now before you read another word.

On a Sunday morning she said to her sister,

"I did not think in the night I should have lasted until the morning, but if I had died, I should have been where there is no pain, such as I am suffering here. I shall be happy up there, and always singing." How real heaven is to a believer! Jesus makes it a real home, a real rest, a real abode of eternal delight.

On the Monday, very early in the morning, she wished to see our school children pass on their way to the Treat. So they propped her up with pillows, and she lay with her white face close to the window, and her large and shining eyes gazing on the street.

But she was to see a better sight than that. There was another treat in store for her. As the day passed, she grew rapidly worse, and before anyone could be summoned to the room, she lay dying in her sister's arms. The message of death had come for her. The Master had come and was calling for her. The angels were waiting at heaven's gate to welcome her. She felt she was close to eternity; she could not speak, but just before she passed away, she pointed upwards.

Then slowly her breath faded from her body, heart and pulse was still; and she was at home in heaven.

I have many times thought of that finger pointing upwards. It was a finger-post showing the way she was going. It was pointing upwards to the light, the love, the glory; to the Saviour who had borne her sins in His own body on the tree; to the golden streets, and the jasper walls, to the radiant hills and the fadeless flowers, to the river of life, and the throne of God. It was pointing upwards, homeward, heavenward.

Oh, will you be there in eternity? You cannot go there but through Christ: "I am the Way." You cannot see but by Jesus: "I am the Light." You cannot live but by Jesus: "I am the Life." You can have no certainty of salvation but by Jesus: "I am the Truth." Will you have Jesus?

"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

TWO FUNERALS, OR "THE SHELTER."

A funeral cortege was wending its way along the picturesque roads of a pretty suburban district in W———. I occupied a seat in one of the mourning coaches, and, as we drew near to the Cemetery gates, I remarked to my fellow-passengers, "I have cause to remember this portion of our journey, for it was just about here, under similiar circumstances, that my slumbering soul was awakened to the realities of death and eternity."

My companions seemed interested, and requested me to tell them about it, so I continued, "Several years have passed since that event transpired in my life's history, but the memory of it must ever remain. On that occasion I was following to the grave the remains of a dear and much respected cousin of mine, who had suffered from a painful and distressing malady, which she had borne with patience and fortitude.

Many a time had she warned me of my careless indifference to the things of eternity, and often that faithful voice woke my sleeping conscience, but alas, only transiently, and again the cares of business and the siren voices of the world would conspire to drown the call of conscience, and so it was that on the day of her funeral I was still adrift. Sitting opposite to me was the Minister of the Church which my cousin had attended.

Possibly he guessed the nature of my thoughts, and, leaning towards me he said,

"With *her* all is well. She is with Christ, which is far better. She knew that if *out* of Christ she was lost; but that *in* Christ she was saved for time and for eternity. A storm tossed mariner may *know* of a "shelter," but of what avail is that knowledge to him unless he gets *into* it? Out of Christ there is no safety. Are we in the refuge which God has provided? In Christ alone is your shelter. Get into it *now*, if still adrift. 'There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.'"

I listened spellbound to the Minister's voice, and when it ceased I said within myself, "*I am not in the Shelter.*" As one in a dream I stood by the side of the grave, and that night I said to my wife, "*If I die now I shall go straight to hell for I am not in the shelter.*" But, friends, God be praised; tho'

His Spirit had revealed my *need* of a Saviour, He had already provided the means of salvation.

He showed me that "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, and the wound which the arrow of conviction had made was swiftly healed by the oil of His grace." Now I can say, being sheltered, "Thou art my hiding place: Thou wilt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance." "Rock of ages, cleft for me, Grace hath hid me safe in Thee."

We were now at our destination, and stepping out of the coach, I assisted one of my fellow passengers to alight. She was a young girl of some eighteen summers, and as she took my hand she said earnestly, "Thank you very much, sir, for having told us of the 'Shelter.'" I saw that her eyes were full of tears, but there was no time for conversation, therefore I simply said, "God grant, dear child, that *you* may be in it."

A few months later I received a summons to the sick bed of the same young girl who had listened so attentively to me in the mourning coach. She was evidently very ill, but a bright smile of recognition greeted me as she whispered, "You told me of the 'Shelter,' and I want to feel that I am in it." With a prayer that God would, in the power of the Spirit, reveal His Son to this anxious soul as a loving Saviour, we proceeded to read a few passages from His Word, to all of which she listened eagerly. Several visits were made, and during one we read together the seventh chapter of Luke. Then upon a certain day, in company with a friend, I called to see her, and the door was opened by a young woman who said, "Clara is too ill to see anyone to-day." But as we were leaving she said, suddenly, "Stay a moment, please." Then turning to me, "What is your name, sir?" Upon receiving the desired information she remarked, "I don't think she would like you to go without seeing her," and then she led us to the bedside of her young sister. It was a pathetic scene.

There on the bed lay the wasted form of their loved one, surrounded by the various members of her family, most of whom were silently weeping. I thought she was too weak for reading or conversation, so knelt at her bedside and asked the Good Shepherd to reveal Himself to this weary lamb, and that He would comfort and sustain the sorrowing relatives. Then

as I turned for a last look at the invalid, to my surprise I saw that she was beckoning me, and as I leant over her to catch the faintly uttered words she said, "You told me of the 'Shelter,' you read to me of one who was at His feet, and I have been at His feet. Now I am going up there to be with Him. Good-bye."

And so passed the ransomed soul of Clara F. into the presence of her Lord. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Reader! Are *you* in the "Shelter?"

NEILSON, NEW ZEALAND.

E. MILTON.

"HIS GRACE WAS ENOUGH FOR ME."

These words were written in a recent letter from a soldier friend in Russia, and he writes:—

"I cannot tell you all He has brought me through in this land, but I can say, 'A rock in a weary land.' 'How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe.' How oft! Only God alone knows. His grace and blessing were at hand, and I have ever found His grace was enough for me. Your parcel has not yet arrived, but oh, how pleased I shall be when it does. I am longing to get some work done for the Master among the men of my new Company . . . God is much blessing us here, and wherever I go I receive a welcome, and men are ever ready to be led in evening prayer before retiring. Please give my hearty wishes to the dear doctor, who has helped to brighten so many weary souls. May he receive God's blessing and reward for this, his good work. I must bid you Godspeed with prayers on your behalf."

A later letter tells me the longed for parcel had arrived, and he writes:—

"How eager the men were to have them. Sorry I had not enough Testaments to supply their need, but would be pleased if you would help me out of the difficulty. I have never known Testaments go with such speed and received with such zealous interest as in this Battalion. The war is finished. Yes, but praise God, the soldier and his desire for the word yet remain in the foreign land, and our home people must not forget. I held a billet service on Sunday evening. What a time of blessing, service instead of a stroll round the fields. Glad to say, not only was the word heard in the billets, but outside, as I heard later on, and much blessing seems to have been God's gift."

My friend's word greatly impressed me—"Our home people must not forget." May we each pray much for the work, which, we can thank God, still goes on. Time is short; soon the day of grace will close. Our Lord's own words are "Surely I come quickly."

A.A.L.

KEEP HOLD OF THE PROMISES.

A STORY OF ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY A PREACHER'S WIFE.

I remember a day during one winter which stands out like a boulder in my life.

The weather was unusually cold. My husband was away travelling from one district to another most of the time.

Our boys were well, but my little Ruth was ailing; and at best, none of us was decently clothed. I patched and re-patched, with spirits sinking to their lowest ebb. The water gave out in the well, and the wind blew through the cracks of the floor.

The people in the district were kind and generous, but the settlement was new, and each family was struggling for itself. Little by little, at the time when I needed most, my faith began to waver. Early in life I was taught to take God at His word, and I thought my lesson was well learned. I had lived upon the promises in dark times, until I knew, as David did, Who was "my fortress and my deliverer." Now a daily prayer for forgiveness was all that I could offer. My husband's overcoat was hardly thick enough for October, and he was obliged to ride miles to attend some meetings or funerals. Many a time our breakfast was Indian cake and a cup of tea without any sugar. Christmas was coming; the children always expected their presents. I remember the ice was thick and smooth, and the boys were each craving a pair of skates. Ruth, in some unaccountable way, had taken a fancy that the dolls I made were no longer suitable; she wanted a nice large one, and insisted on praying for it. I knew it was impossible; but, oh, how I wanted to give each child its present! It seemed as if God had deserted us. But I did not tell my husband all this. He worked so earnestly and heartily, I supposed him to be as hopeful as ever. I kept the sitting room cheery with an open fire, and tried to serve our scanty meals as invitingly as I could.

The morning before Christmas, James was called to see a sick man. I put up a piece of bread for his lunch—it was the best I could do—wrapped a plaid shawl around his neck, and then tried to whisper a promise, as I often had; but the words

died away on my lips. I let him go without it. This was a dark, hopeless day.

I coaxed the children to bed early, for I could not bear their talk. When Ruth went I listened to her prayer; she asked for the last time most explicitly for her doll, and for skates for her brothers. Her bright face looked so lovely when she whispered to me: "You know I think they'll be here early to-morrow morning—early mamma," that I thought I could move heaven and earth to save her from the disappointment.

I sat down alone, and gave way to the bitterest tears.

Before long James returned, chilled and exhausted. He drew off his boots; the thin stockings slipped off with them, and his feet were red with cold. Then as I glanced up and noticed the hard lines in his face, and the look of despair, it flashed across me, James had let go, too! I brought him a cup of tea, feeling sick and dizzy at that thought. He took my hand, and we sat for an hour without a word. I wanted to die and meet God, and tell Him His promise wasn't true— my soul was so full of rebellious despair.

There came a sound of bells, a quick stop, and a loud knock at the door. James sprang up to open it. There stood Deacon Pike.

"A box came for you by express just before dark. I brought it round just as soon as I could get away; reckoned it might be for Christmas; at any rate, I thought, they shall have it to-night. Here is a turkey my wife asked me to fetch along, and these other things I believe belong to you."

There was a basket of potatoes and a bag of flour. Talking all the time, he hurried the box in, and then with a hearty "good-night," rode away. Still without speaking, James found a chisel and opened the box. I drew out at first a thick red blanket, and we saw that beneath was full of clothing. It seemed at that moment as if Christ fastened upon me a look of reproach. James sat down, and covered his face with his hands.

"I can't touch them," he exclaimed, "I haven't been true just when God was trying me to see if I could hold out. Do you think I could not see how you were suffering, and I had no word of comfort to offer? I know not how to preach the awfulness of turning away from God."

"James," I said, clinging to him, "don't take it to heart like this, I've been to blame; I ought to have helped you. We will ask him together to forgive us."

"Wait a moment, dear, I cannot talk now." Then he went into another room.

I knelt down and my heart broke; in an instant all the darkness, all the stubbornness rolled away. Jesus came and stood before me, but now with the loving word "Daughter!" Sweet promises of tenderness and joy flooded my soul; I was so lost in praise and gratitude that I forgot everything else. I don't know how long it was before James came back; but I knew, too, that he had found peace.

"Now, dear wife," said he, "let us thank God together. And then he poured out words of praise, Bible words, for nothing else could express our thanksgiving. It was eleven o'clock, the fire was low, and there was the great box, and nothing touched but the warm blanket we needed so much. We piled on some fresh logs, lighted two candles, and began to examine our treasures. We drew out an overcoat; I made James try it on; just the right size, and I danced awhile around him, for all my lightheartedness had returned. Then there was a cloak, and he insisted on seeing me in it. My spirits always infected him, and we both laughed like foolish children. There was a warm suit of clothes also, and three pairs of woollen hose. There was a dress for me and yards of flannel; a pair of Arctic overshoes for each of us, and in mine was a slip of paper—I have it now, and I mean to hand it down to my children. It was Moses' blessing to Asher: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." In the gloves, evidently for James, the same dear hand had written: "I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

It was a wonderful box, and packed with thoughtful care. There was a suit of clothes for each of the boys, and a little red gown for Ruth. There were mittens, scarves and hoods; down in the centre, a box—we opened it, and there was a great wax doll! I burst into tears again, and James wept with me for joy. It was too much. Then we both exclaimed again, for close behind it came two pair of skates. There were books for us to read—some of them I had wished to see,

stories for the children to read, aprons and underclothing, knots of ribbon, a gay little tidy, a lovely photograph, needles, buttons and thread, actually a muff, and an envelope containing a ten-dollar gold piece. We cried over everything we took up. It was past midnight, and we were faint and exhausted even with happiness.

I made a cup of tea, cut a fresh loaf of bread, and James boiled some eggs. We drew up the table before the fire—how we enjoyed our supper!—and then we sat talking over all our life, and how sure a help God had always proved.

You should have seen the children next morning! The boys raised a shout at the sight of their skates. Ruth caught up her doll and hugged it tightly without a word; then she went into her room and knelt by her bed. When she came back she whispered to me: "I knew it would be here, mamma, but I wanted to thank God just the same, you know."

"Look here, wife; see the difference!"

We went to the window, and there were the boys out of the house already, and skating with all their might.

My husband and I both tried to return thanks to the church in the East which sent us the box, and have tried to return thanks unto God every day since.

ABOUT WORK IN INDIA.

SOUTH INDIA,

23rd June, 1919.

Dear Sir,

Greetings in Jesus' name. By the time this reaches, I expect I shall receive a reply to my letter to you dated 18th May.

The past month has been one of the trying ones to us. You might have heard about the famine condition in India. The crops utterly failed last year, and the prices were doubled. Our Native Christians, who are farmers, were reduced to poverty. The heathen chief began to lend money liberally only to let it accumulate into a big sum and then take their properties in exchange. So, whether Christian or heathen, all the landowners were welcomed by this man. The poorer Christians were turned out and they were told to go to the "Mission House," so they came to me one by one. Out of the little money I had, I helped the most needy cases, and told others to go and pray that the Lord might send help. The next two days I thought I would leave the Station and go away, for I could not send the poor people without help. While I was thus burdened, I received a paper from a friend in Scotland and my attention was directed to an article called

Missionary Vision, and it was as follows: "A saint had a vision, which he related in the Convention at Ballymena. He said he had seen a lonely Missionary in a far off land, his coat theadbare, his cupboard empty and the Natives stretching out their hands to him saying "Does not your God supply all you need"? He told them his God did supply all his need and that he was waiting for the mail to come in. Later, when the mail arrived there was no letter for him. The Missionary had thought it was Sunday morning and he cried to God that the people at home might remember him in the gatherings. Then the one who had the vision said he saw the blessed Lord with tears running down His sacred face and asking, "Who will pray? Who will give"? I was so refreshed after reading this, I at once praised the Lord. Surely the Lord of the harvest is speaking to his people about his labourers in the field. May they hear his voice. Then I began to think, how can I help these people. After much prayer, the Lord showed me that I should gather the five Christian lads who, after finishing their schooling, were obliged to work for the heathens, who compelled them to serve their gods, and I should train them for Christian Service. I at once wrote about this to a dear lady in Scotland, explaining to her my plan. She wrote saying that she was interested in the same, and that the Lord showed her to support a boy. She sent £2 towards the same and promised to send the remainder next month. She writes, "I am a poor widow with a small income, but the Lord is my banker." Oh, for more consecrated lives who feel that any sacrifice made for the gospel is only a rich investment in the best paying enterprise in all the world. I read of an American youth who was working on a farm for twenty dollars a month. He had received little education and had no rich friends, and yet inside of two years he was supporting six native preachers in the foreign field and had persuaded forty-four others to support a substitute. Altogether, they say he was instrumental in putting fifty preachers into the field.


Isn't this grand? My dear friend, please pray over this and see if you can get anybody to help in this cause. One of the five lads is a blind lad. I shall be glad to send photo and name to anyone who wishes to support them.

10/- will support a boy, as well as help the poor Christian parents a great deal.

Praying my Father and your Father to richly bless you both in body and soul,

Yours in His service,

A. D.

 I shall be glad of gifts of Tamil Gospels and Testaments, or means to get them. **I have not one by me now.** The need of the Word of God among the Outcastes is terrible. Millions are longing to read about the Saviour.

Great Need of Testaments.

A letter, this moment come, from a dear friend in Christ, puts the claims of the Word of God very clearly. He says :

DEAR DR. WREFORD,

"I enclose a little bit for your distribution of God's Word. It is the only specific for the poisons of error all around us—alas, more open and unabashed than ever. Personally, it is my only comfort as years advance and the days get darker. It is a light in a dark place. God bless you. . . ."

Yes, the world needs Christ and His word.

WHAT WE NEED NOW

We need Testaments or Gospels in many languages, especially **Belgian, Italian, Tamil, Russian, German, &c.**

We have exhausted our stock of these and want more at once.

Will our friends kindly help us in our need now ? The days are dark with awful sin, and the "entrance of God's word gives light. As our friend says, **"It is a light in a dark place."**

Any gifts of Testaments, or the means to purchase them, may be sent to

Dr. HEYMAN WREFORD,

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



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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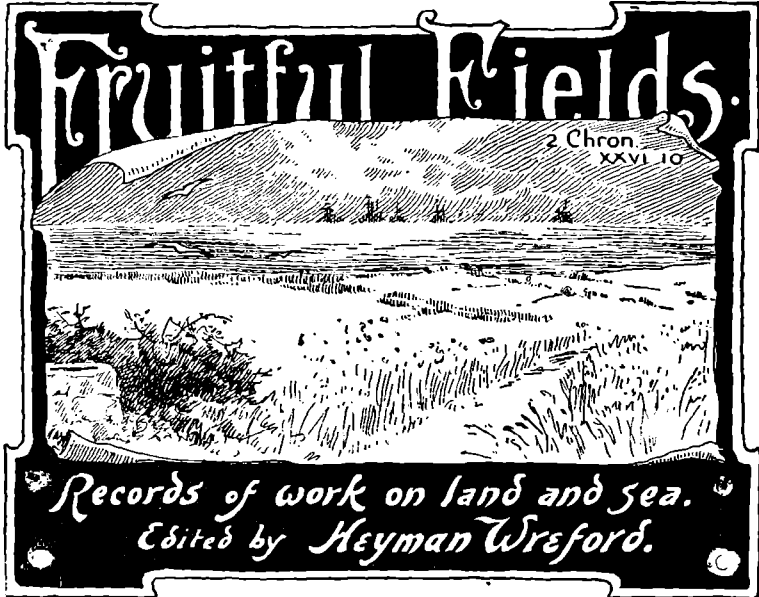
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The two sent by post for a year for 3/-



OL. 1. NO. 13. NOVEMBER, 1919. Price 1d.; 8/6 the 100 post free.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vii.

**He will give peace; in sorrow's darkest hour,
When nameless woes distract the weary breast;
Then shall that Voice be heard, which yet hath power,
As when of old it spake the waves to rest. H.L.L.**

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&c., &c.

DR.
HEYMAN WREFORD
THE FIRS,
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EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

AN APOLOGY.

I wish to apologise to my many friends for not answering their letters personally the last few weeks. My wife and I have had a pilgrimage of sorrow. We have been to France to see the grave of our eldest son, who was killed at La Coulotte, just south of Lens. He is buried in the Cemetery of La Chaudiere, near to Vimy.

We thank God for the ever-present hope of eternal re-union.

Fruitful Fields

A NEW WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

POLITICIANS are planning how to make a new world out of the ruins of the old one. The ghastly tragedy of the last five years has seen not only hundreds of cities totally destroyed—not only hundreds of square miles of populous countrysides ruined—and millions of souls sent into eternity—but it has seen the upheaval of unchecked and mis-directed democracy—sinning in its wild destructiveness against every law—human, moral and Divine. Mad anarchy and mad agnosticism is making the earth a very play-ground for the devil.

Men are striving for a millennium without Christ, but we know that when the millennium **does** come Satan will be bound for a thousand years. On every page of the world's history **now** we can read, between the lines, the moving of the human race, devil led, towards the final cataclysm of destruction.

The death knell of this world is sounding. Noah heard

the warning sound in his day, and in the language of Scripture we are told, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, **moved with fear**, prepared an ark to the saving of his house" (Heb. xi., 7). He knew the world was doomed, he knew he could do nothing of himself, to save himself, or to renovate the wicked world in which he lived—therefore being "**moved with fear**," he obeyed God, and by this act of faith, "condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith."

To-day there is no fear of God before the eyes of many. They are not "moved with fear," but are moved to the most daring and open defiance of God, and utter disregard and contempt for the holy life and atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God, and the Saviour of mankind.

The materialist believes in the stability of the world in which he lives, the progress of the human race, by its own inherent power, to the goal of ultimate perfection. "This old world is good enough for me," he tells us, "I shall find all the heaven I want here, let the future take care of itself." The future will take care of itself, and of him as well. He cannot escape from God, and if he is not "moved by fear" now to seek salvation from his Maker, he will be moved with awful and unending terror by and bye, when he will be driven from the presence of God for ever, condemned to eternal death.

The natural mind does not understand the things of God—and so is at enmity with God. The infidel disbelieves because he does not understand; philosophers and men of science cavil because they do not understand.

Man's thoughts never rise above a human level: "My thoughts are not your thoughts," God says to the unbeliever. Men in a vain seeking to make God as one of themselves, sin against all His attributes. "**On earth there is nothing great but man**," was the proud assertion of the middle ages—this blasphemy is current in full force to-day. In this reasoning age man pits his wisdom against the knowledge of the Almighty. "Why reason ye in your heart?" was the question of the Lord Jesus when on earth to His cavillers. The finality of God, and the slow but sure accomplishment of all His purposes goes on in spite of all man's puny efforts to underrate the eternal strength of omnipotence.

God is willing to reason with man. He says, "Come now let us reason together," but man must take the lowest place, as "dust in the balance," before he can reason with his Maker, and the reasoning must be about his sins—the last thing man would seek to talk about. But the wonderful insistence of grace makes it easy for the contrite sinner to do this—"though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." This is divine reconstruction—not the making of a new world, but the making of a **new man**. The making of a new world will be the act of God alone in a future day, but the regeneration of sinners through the operation of the Spirit of God, is a present thing. The passing of a sinner from "death unto life," and "from darkness to light," is only possible when repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ lead a man to say, "I have sinned," and "I believe." The heart cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and "Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief," give the grace to the life that brings salvation through faith, and fills the heart with the Spirit of the Son of God, so that in the new world into which he enters he will find that "by grace he was saved through faith," God's free gift, and that his salvation has brought glory to his God, and untold and complete happiness to his own life.

Read the Epistle to the Ephesians.



FRAGMENT.

Have I ever turned my thoughts upon this great salvation in heaven, in the Son of God? Oh, how blessed to be a poor sinner brought into all the glory, bound up in one lot with Him! Everything sweeps round Him, as waves sweep round a rock, round Him who made all things. When we contemplate the glory of Him who is the brightness of God's glory and the express image of His person in connection with the great salvation that He wrought when He by Himself purged our sins, that added glory flows to Him from that great salvation.

G. V. W.

SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST FIELDS.

WILLIAM HAYWOOD—The Man of Prayer.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

On the mantelpiece of my consulting room, I always keep the photograph, framed, of my dear old friend and brother, William Haywood, the man of prayer. He has entered into rest now many years ago, but it does me good to look at his saintly face at times, and to remember in deep thankfulness, to God, how his fervent prayers strengthened me in my work for God.



He was the father of William Haywood, whose wonderful home-going I have narrated in the August number of Fruitful Fields.

How wonderful is prayer! the uplifting of the heart to God! to know and feel, even as we pray, that our petition is heard in heaven, and to know that God is interested in every detail of our life down here for the sake of His beloved Son. Praying in the Holy Ghost is one of the sweetest exercises of the Christian life, and to "pray without ceasing," and in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let our requests be

"THE MAN OF PRAYER." made known to God, brings into the heart and life the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

In the sanctuary of every Christian's heart there are kept the sacred archives that record the faithfulness of God

in answered prayer. We can look back upon our life's pathway and see where we raised our Ebenezers—we can recall and remember where the angels of God's mercies met us, and where under Elim's palms our souls were refreshed by eternal streams.

Oh! thank God for the well of water within us springing up unto everlasting life—waters rising to their source—the ocean of Almighty love.

It is not my intention to write the life story of this man of prayer now. For many years he trod that path of light known only to those who walk with God. Every detail of family life for himself and his children was brought to God upon his knees. When I have visited him I have seen his coat worn out at the elbows, and his trousers at the knees, and when I asked him how it happened, he has told me it was through kneeling by his bed in prayer and resting his elbows on it as he prayed.

Prayer was the habit of his life, until at last after a short and sharp attack of bronchitis God called His faithful servant home. His last words were, "I shall soon see Him, and be like Him for ever."

I will relate one sacred incident in his life and mine, for we were linked together in this wonderful answer to prayer.

I had been preaching one Sunday evening to about fifteen hundred people in a large hall in Exeter, and the power of God rested so mightily upon the meeting, that it seemed to us, as we moved among the people at the close of the service, that not one left the hall unsaved. An unspeakable awe filled my soul—God had often given us manifest blessing, but this evening it seemed as if a Pentecostal shower of blessing had rested upon the word spoken.

On the following day, I called on William Haywood in his simple home, and said to him, "William, last night we had the most wonderful blessing I have ever known, every one seemed to be converted, and I cannot understand it." A beaming smile shone on his face as he replied, "I can tell you how it came. On Friday evening last, God told me to pray for you, and all Friday night I was on my knees, and on Saturday all day—and on Sunday—I was praying for you that God would bless you."

Tears filled my eyes as I heard him speak, and deep thankfulness to God filled my heart, that He had allowed me to know the secret why the blessing had been given. For two nights and two days, alone with God, this man of God was on his knees, and for all eternity many saved souls will have to praise God for those blessed hours of intercession.

This happened thirty years ago, and it is the first time I have sent it forth for others to read, but in these days of unbelief and lukewarm Christianity, I think it is well that we should speak of the known faithfulness of God to those who call upon Him in believing supplications.

The preacher stands and delivers his message, and God gives him "souls for his hire, and seals for his ministry," but behind the scenes men and women of prayer have been holding up his hands, and around him as he preaches the incense of believing prayer ascends to heaven.



"GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS."

(Rev xxi. 4).

A twilight calm, the soft breeze scarcely stirring,
Clouds, with their sunset glory, fading fast,
All nature hushed, breathing its benediction,
As sinks the night-kissed day to rest at last.

And far below, the whole world's drawn-out anguish,
Hearts that are breaking, footsteps gone for aye,
Never again to cross the old home's threshold,
Or gild the gladness of some young life's day.

Up in the blue the Land of Peace Eternal,
Where tears yet fall—else would our dim eyes miss
That Sacramental Touch that clears our vision,
And leads us onward into deathless bliss

O City fair! where all our rest is service,
Where sorrow's past can leave no dark'ning trace,
What hopes surpassed! what bursting into blossom
Of buds long closed, when first we see His Face!

And in between, a little time of waiting.
Seeking through sorrow, deeper love to win;
Not asking "Why," not always understanding,
One passion only—to be made like Him.

MINNIE HARDWICK

THE BIBLE RELATING TO HELL

SCRIPTURE			
	KING JAMES	J. N. DARBY	Revised Version
	<i>Translation</i> <i>A.D. 1611.</i>	<i>Translation</i> <i>A.D. 1871.</i>	<i>Translation</i> <i>A.D. 1881.</i>
HADES			
Matthew 8, 12	Outer Darkness	Outer Darkness	Outer Darkness
" 11, 23	Hell	Hades	Hades
" 16, 18	Hell	Hades	Hades
Luke 10, 15	Hell	Hades	Hades
" 16, 23	Hell	Hades	Hades
Acts 2, 27	Hell	Hades	Hades
" 2, 31	Hell	Hades	Hades
Revelation 1, 18	Hell	Hades	Hades
" 6, 8	Hell	Hades	Hades
" 20, 13	Death & Hell	Death & Hades	Death & Hades
" 20, 14	Death & Hell	Death & Hades	Death & Hades
2 Peter 2, 4	Angels that sinned, delivered into chains of darkness reserved unto judgment.	Angels who had sinned, kept in caves, or deus of darkness for judgment.	Angels that sinned, cast down to Tartarus to be reserved unto judgment.

GEHENNA.

Matthew 5, 29	Hell Fire	Gehenna	Gehenna of Fire
" 5, 30	Hell	Gehenna	Gehenna
" 5, 22	Hell	Gehenna	Gehenna
" 10, 28	Hell	Gehenna	Gehenna
" 18, 9	Hell Fire	Gehenna	Gehenna of Fire
" 23, 15	Hell	Gehenna	Gehenna
" 23, 33	Everlasting Fire	Eternal Fire	Eternal Fire
" 25, 41	Hell Fire	Gehenna	Gehenna
Mark, 9, 43	Hell Fire	Gehenna	Gehenna
" 9, 45	Hell Fire	Gehenna	Gehenna
" 9, 47	Hell	Gehenna	Gehenna
Luke 12, 5	Lake of Fire	Lake of Fire	Lake of Fire
Revelation 19, 10	Lake of Fire	Lake of Fire	Lake of Fire
" 20, 14	Lake of Fire	Lake of Fire	Lake of Fire
" 20, 15	Second Death	Second Death	Second Death
" 21, 8	Lake that burneth with Fire, the Second Death	Lake of Fire Second Death	Lake that burneth with fire, the second death

PERDITION

OR THE

BIBLE RELATING TO HELL.

One second after your death, it will be a matter of no consequence to you whether you died in a palace or a hovel. But your whole eternity will hang upon the state in which you die. If sin works such havoc, and sins have such fearful consequences in this world, what must they entail in the next? Men reap as they sow in this world, but God does not definitely execute judgment upon sins in this life. "After death the judgment," "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment (Heb. 9. 27). The Lord Jesus came as "the light of the world" to give men the knowledge of God, of their state as lost sinners, and of their future as such. He drew aside the vail of the dread future, and in faithfulness taught men the truth of sins punishment. Every writer of the Epistles of the New Testament announces the certainty of coming judgment. Peter and Paul, in the book of Acts, proclaimed the Lord Jesus Christ as the future judge, as well as the present Saviour. "He [God] hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained." (Acts 17. 31). In the book of Romans Paul announces the coming of the "day of wrath." Peter writes concerning "the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men;" while the book of Jude abounds with references to past, and warnings respecting future judgment.

The word translated "Hell" in the Authorised Version of the New Testament signifies either "Hades" or "Gehenna." Hades is the state of disembodied spirits; or the state spoken of in scripture where the wicked are reserved for judgment. Gehenna is the place of final judgment, the lake of fire, the second death.

In ten places where the word hell is used in the New Testament Hades is meant.

In twelve places where the word hell is used Gehenna is meant. We instance three of each. First, Hades: "And in hell (hades) he lifted up his eyes, being in torment" (Luke 16. 23) "And death and hell [hades] delivered up the dead

which were in them (Rev. 20. 13). Second, Gehenna: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell" [gehenna] (Matt. 10. 28). "And death and hell [hades] were cast into the lake of fire" [gehenna]. This is the second death (Rev. 20-14.) "But the fearful, and the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers [now called spiritualists], and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire [gehenna], which is the second death." (Rev. 21. 8).

We see then from scripture that death does not touch the soul and that the soul subsists after death and apart from the body, and that the souls of the unsaved at death enter hades there to await the resurrection and subsequent judgment. "The Lord knoweth how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment" (2 Peter 2.9). The body that at death is buried is to be raised again.

The hour is coming, in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of judgment (John 5. 29). The resurrection, then, is the raising of the body, and its reunion with the soul. The distinction between soul and body at death is carefully maintained in scripture. In this paper we treat of that resurrection only, which the Lord terms the resurrection unto judgment. The epistle of Peter speaks of this as the

DAY OF JUDGMENT

and perdition of ungodly men (2 Peter 3. 7). "And I saw a Great White Throne and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away" (Rev. 20. 11). "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened. . . and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works" (Rev. 20. 12). "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell (hades) delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works" (Rev. 20. 13). "Then shall he say unto them . . . depart from me; ye cursed into everlasting

fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25. 41). "And death and hell (hades) were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death" (Rev. 20. 14). At the last judgment, death and hades having given up their dead their office is at an end; God has no further use for them, Death has delivered up the body and Hades the soul. The place of the lesser and temporary punishment "hades," is done with, and the souls whom it has given up, reunited to the bodies, are consigned to the place of the greater and eternal punishment, "the second death." Thus we see clearly at the end of the Millennium what will be the righteous judgment and punishment of sin on those who reject and despise God's great salvation, it will be the everlasting witness of His holiness, and the perpetual vindication of His character. We are sometimes reminded by thoughtless persons, who are ignorant of God's attributes (who is infinitely holy, righteous and just), that He is too kind and loving to permit such a thing as judgment to come to any. This is false sentimentality and only expresses how false and unreal an estimate man has placed upon the "God of all grace." While it is true that God is kind and gracious, it is equally true that He is righteous and just, and must therefore punish sin.

Christ was made a sin offering . . . "Our sins, our iniquities were laid on Him." He bore them under judicial wrath, being "made a curse for us" (Gal 3. 13). But if in spite of this, proud man refuses the grace, mocks at the idea of God's judgment and spurns His offer of mercy, there can be no security, no peace and no salvation. "For without shedding of blood is no remission" (forgiveness, pardon)—Heb. 9. 22. God could not in righteousness forgive you on any other ground than that Christ had suffered for your sins. "The just for the unjust that he might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3-18). The Bible speaks of judgment as God's "strange work:" He delights in showing mercy, "Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9) "Who will have all men to be saved" (1 Tim 2. 4.)

The fall of man is no mere theological dogma, but a fearful reality, to which the world's history and the stern, sad facts of our experience bear terrible witness. Sin is not simply an ugly word in the Bible or on preachers' lips; it is a dark, foul reality, which blights and curses the world by its presence.

Now there are those as the Word tells us "Who being unlearned and unstable wrest, the scriptures to their own destruction." They tell us that death is a cessation of conscious existence, that "the soul" is simply "the life" and that it terminates with the death of the body. This theory falls at once before the words of the Lord Jesus: "Fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul" (Matt. 10. 28). The body dies and is buried, but the soul continues to exist, and is beyond the reach of weapons formed by man.

The ordinary Greek word rendered "eternal" is "*aionios*" used to express the existence of God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and the duration of life and salvation given to the believer; it is also used to show the duration of the punishment of the wicked. Literally the word rendered "eternal or everlasting" means "for the age" rendered usually "forever"; or in another form yet stronger, for "ages of ages" as the following Scriptures will show. "His eternal glory" (1 Peter, 5. 10). "Eternal redemption" (Heb. 9. 12). The above instances of the use of the word in scripture are enough to establish its meaning; now compare with the above the following, where the identical word is again used. "Eternal judgment" (Heb. 6-2). "Everlasting punishment" (Matt. 25. 46) "Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire" (Jude 1. 7). If the word does not mean "eternal" in the latter passages then it does not mean "eternal" in the former. Thus a doubt would be cast on the "eternal life" of the believer as well as on the "salvation," "redemption," and the "inheritance," etc.

All who die in their sins—all who die in the rejection of God's infinite provision for the forgiveness of those sins will have to endure the consequences of those sins. There is no other way of salvation but through the Lord Jesus Christ. He is "the way, the truth, and the life." And every sentiment whatever be its type or character, that prevents us from believing in Him however honestly entertained, is a fatal delusion. "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16) God's word stands. "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life (John 3. 16), and the Saviour himself said "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 judgment" (John 5. 24).

W.H.S.

THE HOIMA CRY.

I do so heartily thank all those who have so kindly sent me money and Testaments to help on the work amongst the girls in Hoima. My niece is greatly encouraged. I only wish I could have written this for last month, but I was not well enough, but now I will give our readers a lovely word we received from Mrs. Storrs, who wrote out what Spurgeon had said so quaintly in one of his sermons: "Never is a gardener so near his tree as when he is pruning it." Oh, dear friends, this earthly truth has a most distinctly comforting message to any dear child of God who is in trouble and feeling Divine chastisement, and well nigh overwhelmed with trouble and trial, even as I have been of late. Reading this lovely message I could but say, "The Lord has allowed it; He is pruning me that I may bring forth fruit; yea, and more fruit to His glory. And so our hearts will re-echo the words and say, "Come nearer, Blessed Lord, keep me close under the knife if thou seest best." Having written thus far, I had another word sent me by one who had heard the message from Spurgeon. It was, "Quite true, so you must kiss the hand that pruneth you." (Psalm ii., 12.)—*Emily P. Leakey.*

"O, WONDROUS LOVE."

I had hoped to have given a short extract before from an interesting letter received from a soldier friend. He writes from Alexandria:—

"We have had a blessed time, and the Lord has truly blessed our labour in the saving of souls.

A brother here, the name of Bradley, has mustered all the believers he could, and we have an evening bombarding the city with the Word of God in the form of books, Travellers' Guides, Testaments, etc. We mustered over 40 last time, and you see we give a good number away as there are a great number of soldiers, and the gospel goes out in great power.

I look round, and now the war is over I find men are apt to forget God and to think that the danger has passed. They indulge in all the lust and vices the devil can present them with, and there is much need of workers, and, above all, prayers. We go down into the darkest places in the city and attack the devil in his fortress. I would ask you to send some more tracts and books; I thought perhaps the dear doctor would send some. I have enclosed our brother's address; I

cannot 'send you mine, as I am off to Russia. . . . We have had some blessed times in his house. The place is a fine training ground for young believers. May the Lord bless you and all. . . . I would ask for your prayers for the furtherance of this blessed work for Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. 'O, wondrous love.'"

Someone may read this who longs to be able to say, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me." I beseech you not to linger, but come, as we have done, to the Saviour, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin, and who saves to the uttermost all "that come unto God by Him" seeing "He ever liveth."

A.A.L.



ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

Only a little while, and the labourers' toil will be over, and the rest will be won. Only a little while, and the Lord will come. What a change His coming will make for all His own! One moment here, the next amid all the glories of heaven! One moment waiting for Him, the next moment rising to meet Him! One moment suffering and sorrowing in a scene where sin and death reigns, the next moment walking with Him in white where there is no taint of sin and no shadow of death! "**Occupy 'till I come**" is His command.

Since I have been in France and Flanders I have seen in fuller measure how great the need of Testaments was and is. No one can tell what messages of Divine love they must have brought to millions of men facing death day by day. Now the great war is over, and the dead are being buried on all the battlefields, **we must on no account forget the living.** A time of terrible sin and irreligion is with us now. The reaction from the awful tension of unceasing war has thrown men and women on themselves instead of on God. The only hope for the world is Christ, and He is despised and rejected of men. We must pray and work. From all parts of the world I am being asked for Testaments.

From the **Dardanelles** a private writes:—

"Your books and tracts are much appreciated here. I have distributed them to chaps who have just come from England, and at the time of writing are on their way to Constantinople and Southern Russia,"

An Appeal from France.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I am asking you whether you can supply me with a parcel of French Gospels or Testaments for distribution among the people in the devastated villages and towns which surround us. . . . The French people take them quite willingly, and one lady ran after me to give some copies to send to her sister in Paris. . . .

A.E.T.

These appeals are coming to us day by day, and through the kindness of our many friends we have been able to respond to them. We shall go on as long as we can by God's help and yours, and we ask your prayers for needed strength for this service, which is very dear to us, and which God has graciously blessed.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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Any request for prayer sent to us will be remembered before God, and any anxious about their souls, and who are seeking to flee from the wrath to come, we shall be glad to help.

Please write to Dr. Heyman Wreford, "The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.



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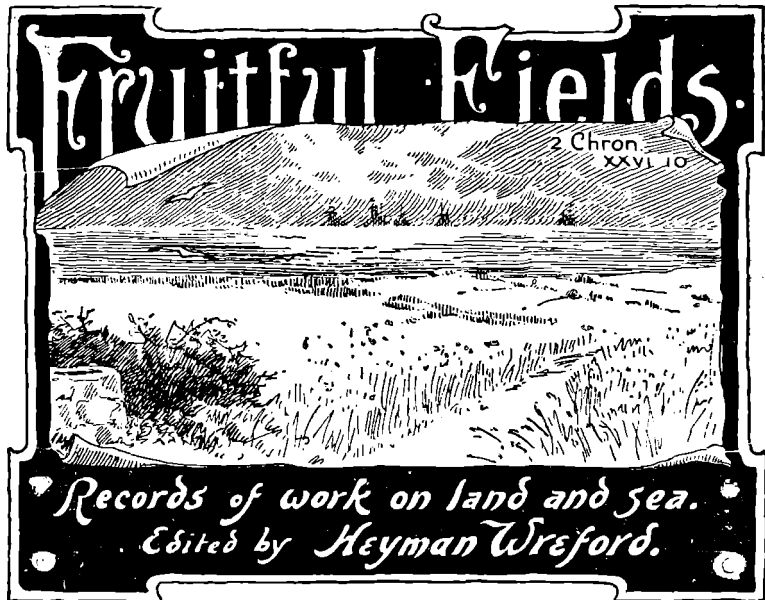
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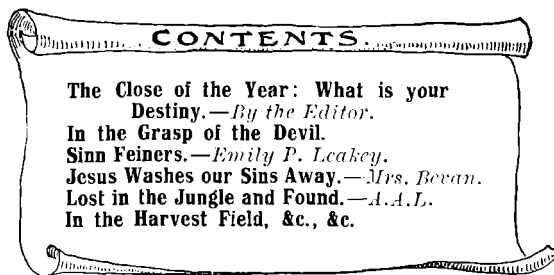


VOL. 1. No. 14. DECEMBER, 1919. Price 1d. ; 8/6 the 100 post free.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" John iv. 35.

"He went through the corn fields" Luke vi. 1.

**"O that Thy name may be sounded
Afar over earth and sea,
Till the dead awaken and praise Thee,
And the dumb lips sing to Thee!"**



ALL
COMMUNICATIONS
FOR
THE EDITOR
TO BE SENT TO—

**The Close of the Year: What is your
Destiny.—By the Editor.**
In the Grasp of the Devil.
Sinn Feiners.—Emily P. Leakey.
Jesus Washes our Sins Away.—Mrs. Bevan.
Lost in the Jungle and Found.—A.A.L.
In the Harvest Field, &c., &c.

DR.
HEYMAN WREFORD
THE FIRS,
DENMARK ROAD.
EXETER.

LONDON: F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.
EXETER: THE EDITOR, "The Firs," Denmark Road.

READER!

We ask your prayers for the future of this Magazine. This number completes our first volume. We want to be a real help to all who are working for Christ and waiting for His coming. We are anxious to increase our circulation, and to this end we ask you to make "Fruitful Fields" known among your friends. We will willingly send sample copies to any who desire them.—*Editor.*

Fruitful Fields.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR: What is your Destiny?

I CAN read it in this text. It is wrapped up in it. You need go no further to find it. These are words of destiny. You cannot get away from their truth, "**He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life: but the wrath of God abideth on him.**" If you want to read your destiny now, gaze into the mirror of this text, and you will see it. Listen to the voice of this Scripture and you will hear it. Think over the words and answer me, What is your destiny? How plain and unvarnished is the statement, it leaves no room for argument or for prevarication. Believe—and have everlasting life, refuse to believe—and never see life. What is your choice at the close of this year? Your choice determines your destiny. You may say, "Am I free to choose?" Yes, God shews you the two roads and bids you choose the narrow one. He puts before you life and death, and bids you choose life. He shews you heaven and hell and bids you aspire to heaven. He speaks of holiness and sin, and bids you be holy. He speaks of faith and unbelief,

and He bids you to have faith in Jesus. The mistake of your life, unsaved one, up till now has been, that you have not come to God about your future. You have not let God's thoughts about you and your future have a place in your heart.

If you were out in a small boat in the middle of the ocean, and the storm was approaching, you might think it your destiny to be drowned. But if a powerful steamer came where you were, and took you on board, you would believe it was your destiny to be saved. So when I think of myself on the ocean of life, a sinner in my sins, helpless and undone: and when I think of the storm of the wrath of God that is coming upon the unbelievers, I tremble, and think that I am lost. But when the Omnipotence of God is exercised on my behalf to bring me salvation: when I feel the presence of my Saviour by me, then I feel I can be saved, and know I am saved. It is God coming to me, and revealing the strength and power of His love to me, that gives me confidence and peace. I learn to believe in that which I cannot understand, I learn to trust in what I cannot comprehend; I learn to lean on an arm I cannot see; I follow by faith a guide not seen by nature's eyes. I am conscious of an effect in me coming from an Almighty cause. I read my destiny in my Saviour's love. I learn that in order to give me happiness God punished His only Son. I am let into the secrets of eternity. I become a child of God, a heir of glory. The blessing of heaven is the blessing of my soul, the love of God is the glory of my future.

I have only a life-interest in everything down here.

It can be nothing more than that. "Brief life is here our portion." An old saying is, "The world is a bridge, pass over but do not build on it." I am but a traveller through the world; I cannot stop a minute, I am going beyond. I am borne on by the resistless current of my days—where?

Outside the Hall where I was preaching one Thursday at Greenwich, a dear christian was trying to get men and women in. She spoke to a gentlemen who was passing, saying, "Will you come to the preaching to-night? He answered, "I am going down." She looked him in the face and replied WHERE? Ah! where? The days and years tell how we are going, but do you know where? You have only a short life for earth, and all

your interests in this scene must cease when life departs. We bury our dead, we take their places, and do their work, but they are gone. They left their palaces and their huts; their stately homes and their squalid abodes; they disappear from the throne, the council chamber, the mart, the workshop, and the home. They are gone, never to return. We are following on, and soon we too shall be summoned to the presence of our God. Why grasp so eagerly what you must give up so soon? why be so occupied with that which is before you but a day? Life is like gazing on the shifting scenes of a panorama; we gaze upon a scene depicted on the glowing canvas; it attracts our gaze, our eyes are rivetted upon it, when lo! it passes away and another scene take its place. And so with our lives; like the shifting canvas of a panorama, earthly scenes go by; this day delights us, but lo! it makes way for another: there is pleasure in the morning, and sorrow in the night; a blue sky at noon-tide, and thunder when the vesper song is sung. And soon the prompter's bell will cease to ring, and the blank curtain of death will descend to hide it all. If you have only a life-interest in everything here it behoves you to think of that which is beyond. This life is but the prelude to that which is to come; time, but the opening door to the infinitude of eternity.

The Believer's Destiny.

But a believer's destiny is linked up with Christ for ever. The sinner saved is lost in the Saviour Who has redeemed him, like rays of light are lost in the sun, and rivers in the oceans to which they flow. Listen to these words of Paul, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." This is having an interest in something and some-one beyond this passing scene. This being identified with Christ in His risen life is the portion of those who by faith believe on the Son of God. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." This is the life spoken of in the text just quoted; a life I get from God when I am born again. I have an eternal interest in the skies when I see my Saviour there. Have you any interest in eternity?

IN THE GRASP OF THE DEVIL.

By HEYMAN WREFORD.

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

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

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

I received a message one afternoon to come at once and see Mrs. E——, who was dying. I was out when the message came, but went to call on her about five o'clock. Entering the street where she lived I noticed an unwonted stir. People were talking together in groups with pale and earnest faces. As I passed on I was startled to hear shriek upon shriek in a frenzied human voice. They came from the house of Mrs. E—— from the room where she was lying—yes, from her dying lips. I stopped for a moment to speak to a man standing in the doorway of the next house and said, "S——, what is it?"

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

I said, "I will go and see her."

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

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

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

Stretched out before me was a human body, the chest heaving, the heart palpitating wildly, the cheeks hollow and flushed

fearfully, the dark hair tangled and confused about the head and brow; but, oh! the eyes! What awful light was that which shone so luridly there? Those rolling orbs in such indescribable unrest! As I gazed I cried out in uncontrollable emotion.

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

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

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

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

Again and again she gave that awful cry, the only answer? a cry of unutterable agony, with some tone in it as of a frightened hare in the hand of its captors—a wild, despairing cry, that gave one the idea of limitless human woe that could not be appeased.

And now the eyes seemed shining with fire and with an inexplicable something that made me tremble. I took up my hat with shaking hands, and felt as I turned away, "I could not stay here to-night for anything."

Looking back as I stood in the doorway I noticed that wherever I went I was followed by those burning eyes. I passed appalled outside the room and into the street, promising to call again later on.

Some more particulars I heard from those outside depicting her awful condition. They told me that she had begged her husband to close the door and not to leave the room as the devil was there to take her. This was before I saw her, for she could not speak then—her mouth was like the coal, and her tongue seemed burnt like a cinder.

Yes, this was Mrs. E——, who had said that there was no God or devil, lying upstairs in the grasp of the demon, struggling with the little life she had left against the power that was

dragging her down to torment. Who could deliver her? Only One I knew: and as I walked home that quiet evening hour, my thoughts went back to other days, and I seemed to hear echoing down the aisles of time the words, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, come out of her."

"Yes, Lord," I said, as I looked upwards, "this is the power wanted now; and oh, for the faith to use it." I prayed earnestly for guidance and felt happier.

It was Tuesday afternoon, and we had a meeting at the Room in the evening. Calling to see her again between 7 and 8, I found she was just the same. The doctor had seen her and spoken to her, so had her husband, but she had taken no notice. No, her shrieks were for the name of JESUS now.

I went to the meeting, called a dear brother, and talked briefly to him about her case; then we prayed together to the Lord for guidance. Between 9 and 10 we returned to the house, and went up into her room. I shuddered again as I saw those eyes fixed with such a malignant hate, it seemed, upon me. The whole soul seemed in arms, and as if its portals were barricaded by an invading power that kept unceasing watch and ward out of those sentinel eyes.

But now I felt, too, within me, as I never felt before, the truth and power of these words, "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." "If God be for us, who against us?" This was the place, and now the time, to battle for the Lord. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." "Let us pray."

As I uttered the words, a deep hush fell on all the room, but as the prayer was continued, appealing to the Lord for help, we felt the presence of the strife. Around us invisible combatants seemed to be contending for this passing soul. Sobs came from every bosom, tears from every eye. Still faith kept her stand on the heights of prayer, and as the supplications increased in power it seemed to us as though slowly and surely the enemy was being dislodged. The prayer closed, and one look at the eyes told me that still the demon held the gateways of the soul.

Our dear brother bent over and began to speak. This I felt to be the supreme moment in the strife—that now the

time had come for the name above every Name "to be magnified."

I said, "That is not what she wants; speak the name of Jesus to her." Stooping lower he said, "Jesus, *Jesus*, JESUS, JESUS, **JESUS!**" until the room resounded with the sound of that precious Name. It rose above the sobs that came from all the rest. It seemed to flood my soul with ecstasy. Jesus, JESUS, *Jesus*, JESUS," he continued, when he was arrested by a cry from one of the watching women.

"O, look, look!" she cried, "what a blessed change! Her face is like the face of a child."

I looked, and it was even so. The eyes, so lately the outposts of the demon, were now calm and peaceful; the bosom ceased to heave fearfully, and the heart to throb wildly. *The devil had gone out of the woman*, and the wondering friends around her bed spoke with awe of what they had seen.

"Did you see it?" they exclaimed. "It was in a moment."

Yes, it was done. Praise and glory to His name!

On that battlefield what thankful hearts gave praise to Him! She slept calmly and peacefully now as we left the room. It was midnight as we passed along the street, and came to the city wall. There we stayed awhile and gazed over the sleeping city, and talked of the city that hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Then with bare heads and thankful hearts we prayed to God to bless the dying sinner we had left. My dear brother then left me for his home, and I then went back to watch the end.

She lay still peacefully breathing. She had not spoken, nor could she speak. The eyes were restful, and her face had a peaceful smile upon it, as of one who had suffered much but who was tranquil now. I stood and watched her as the hours went on, praying to God on her behalf, and between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, as I gazed upon her face, she breathed her last.

You ask me, Was she saved? I cannot tell: the day will declare. I cherish the hope even as I speak, and God's grace seems to encourage me, that she was snatched "as a brand from the burning." Let me ask you now, Are *you* saved? If not, a fearful hell awaits you; a just and everlasting judgment on your sins. "Flee from the wrath to come."

SINN FEINERS.

WELL, who would have thought that I could write anything about Sinn Feiners fit for *Fruitful Fields*, except to condemn some of their wicked murders of Irish Police? But truly, dear readers, I have a good deal to tell you about some of these poor wicked and misguided men, and perhaps some of you will be able to say, as dear little "Pat" did when he heard how they had helped his father and mother—the Protestant clergyman and his wife of the parish. The child said, "I shall like Feiners now, some of them are nice, aren't they mother?"

The Rev. ——— and his wife met with a terrible accident when their pony bolted and rushed off just close by an Irish bog, and the pony, the dogcart and the wife fell splash altogether into the bog. The Rev. ——— flew to his wife's help when he heard her shout "Pull me out!" She was under the trap and the wheel across her and stuck in the opposite bank, and Reggy (the pony) was plunging about, and she says, "my arms are still sore from the effects of pulling me out." The Rev. ——— shouted loud enough to arouse the neighbourhood, and in two minutes a gang of Sinn Feiners (who had been dodging the police so long) appeared. They all said, "Are you hurt?" and then when I said "No," they fervently added, "Thank God." "I must say," she wrote in her letter to her mother, "they did well for us that night. They hauled the pony out of the bog and out of his harness, and got the trap out, and set me to hold the shaking Reggy, whilst I was shaking with fright and the wetting in the bog. We should have been in a bad way without the Sinn Feiners' help. When we arrived home the first thing we did was to kneel down and thank God. How I escaped was a miracle, so we must never forget God's great goodness in preserving us. We could hardly say a word to those Sinn Feiners that night, but we went down the next day and saw some of them. Now, dear friends, we, too, can thank God that these men came to the help of the parson and his wife, and may God bless these men is the prayer of our hearts, and may we not add what the Lord said in Matt. xxv., "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, ye did it unto **Me**." So we must believe that He will bless them.

Emily P. Leakey.

“ Jesus Washes Our Sins Away.”

ALL alone in the evening grey,
 Sick and dying poor Hannah lay,
 Thro' the broken pane the cold wind swept;
 Poor Hannah shivered and moaned and wept.
 But it was not cold, and it was not pain
 That made her shiver and moan again—
 She did not say, “My pain is sore,”
 But “Where shall I be when all is o'er?”
 For Hannah remembered the years gone by,
 And she said, “A sinner—a sinner am I—
 All black and fearful the sins appear
 That I had forgotten for many a year;
 Now thousands dark, they come to mind,
 There is hell before, and sin behind.
 The Lord is holy and just and true,
 And what He hath said He will surely do.
 He hath for sin an awful doom,
 A lake of fire beyond the tomb:
 And my soul is black with the sins of years.
 That cannot be washed away with tears,
 And sure it is vain to pray and cry,
 He cannot hear such a sinner as I.
 I am going—going—to stand alone
 Before the Lord on His awful throne!”

* * * *

BRIGHT and glad, as the stars came out,
 With many a laugh and many a shout,
 Jack and Will in the garden played.
 And they heeded not the noise they made;
 But the neighbour said, “Oh, children dear,
 A women is sick in that house so near;
 There, where the broken pane you see,
 She is lying as ill as she can be.
 She soon must die, and you see 'tis best
 You should be still and let her rest.”
 Then in a moment they were still,
 For tender hearts had Jack and Will.
 They sat and looked at the casement lone,
 Till the stars shone out and the day was gone.
 Then Jack said, “She will go to heaven
 If she has had her sins forgiven.
 I learnt at school, when Jesus died
 The door of heaven was opened wide.
 And since He thus atoned for sin,
 All who believe may enter in.”
 Then Will said, “Jack, that is all quite true,
 But does she know it as well as you?
 What Jesus did we have both been taught;

But some don't know it, though they ought.
 Oh, Jack, maybe she has never known
 What Jesus on the Cross has done !"
 Then Jack said, If you'll help me, Will,
 I would climb up to the window sill,
 And through the hole I would call and say,
 " Jesus washes our sins away. ' "

* * * *

THE neighbour said, when her work was done,
 " It may be Hannah is all alone,
 And, oh, it's an awful thing to lie,
 Too ill to live and afraid to die.
 So just to sit with her I will go,
 But how to help her I do not know."
 So the neighbour went, and heard no moan,
 She thought, " Poor Hannah is dead and gone."
 She lit the candle with fear and dread,
 And stooped to see if Hannah was dead.
 But there she lay with her face so bright ;
 It shone with glory—not earthly light,
 And she whispered, " Oh ! the Lord is good !
 He washed me white in His precious blood !
 Oh, neighbour, here in the dark I lay,
 I felt so guilty, I could not pray,
 And all my sins like a mountain stood
 Before the terrible throne of God,
 When all in a moment, sweet and clear,
 A voice spoke loud, though none was near,
 Like an angel speaking I heard it say,
 " Jesus washes our sins away " ;
 And then did the words come sweet and low,
 That I had forgotten long ago ;
 I once heard tell, in the years gone by,
 How Jesus came on the Cross to die,
 And there He hung in the darkness dread,
 With a crown of thorns on his holy head,
 And the old, old words came back to me.
 He bore our sins on the cursed tree,
 Yes, it was true that mine He bore,
 So my guilt is gone and my judgment o'er ;
 He in His Home of glory waits
 To see me enter the golden gates ;
 Whilst I lay moaning in black despair,
 His heart was longing to have me there."

* * * *

And so, ere many an hour was done,
 There was joy in the Home beyond the sun,
 For Hannah had entered the golden door,
 To dwell with her Saviour for evermore.

—(*The Late Mrs. Frances Bevan.*)

LOST IN THE JUNGLE AND FOUND.

IT was a great privilege last Sunday to meet a dear ex-soldier at my nephew's house, and to learn from his own lips the story of his conversion, and I am sending it to the doctor, praying that some heart may be reached and melted.

Our friend was quite young when sent to India, and for nearly ten years lived a sinful life, without hope and without God in the world. And then God spoke to him, on his downward career, lying very ill in a hospital at Meerut, all hope given up of his recovery. One night, in his weakness, he thought he heard a voice saying to him, "Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow," and his heart was troubled, and he promised God that if he would restore him to health and strength he would be a different man. From that moment the change came, to the doctor's surprise, and he completely recovered. There was certainly a difference in his outward life, but he had not yet given his heart to the Lord, and known that wondrous change "Born again."

Returning to the barrack room, he had not the courage to confess or strength to stand against the many temptations of Army life, and soon drifted, in a measure, back to the old ways.

How impossible to change our lives by our own efforts. God's power alone, by His Holy Spirit, can effect that mighty change—"a new creature" in Christ Jesus.

Some weeks later our friend was sent up into the hills, and walking through a dense jungle, he saw some very beautiful peacocks, and, without a thought of the danger, took a rifle and followed the birds some distance. Finding the chase hopeless, he tried to retrace his steps, only to realise he was lost in the jungle. In great distress, he tried several directions, but only seemed to get deeper into the forest. Darkness was coming on, the jungle was teeming with wild beasts and reptiles of all kinds, and the young soldier did not expect to see another day dawn, and gave himself up for lost. It was then God spoke again to his heart, and, instead of making promises to God, he fell upon his knees, and acknowledged that he was a sinner, and yielded himself unreservedly to the Lord.

In that moment he was "born again," and he rose from his knees. a new man in Christ Jesus, passed from death unto life. And now that voice he seemed again to hear, telling him to "go forward." With new courage he pressed on, coming to a narrow beaten track, which he followed. It was now very dark, and at times he had to go on his hands and knees to find the track. The path led upwards, and reaching the top of the hill, to his great relief he saw a light in the valley. On reaching the spot, to his great surprise, he found it led to the village, to which he had been marching, reaching it nearly an hour before the other men of his company, who could hardly believe it was he, as they thought he must have been torn to pieces by the wild beasts of the jungle. With what joy he told his comrades of his double deliverance.

I can only add that all this happened many years ago, and our friend has been used much in the slums of London in our Lord's service, and has to-day no greater joy than telling sinners of the One who saved and keeps him. A.A.L.



IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

Soldiers without Testaments.

A worker in France writes us November 22nd:—

France.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I desire to thank you most gratefully for your additional kindness and generosity in sending me a parcel of **74** New Testaments. . . . Quite recently I gave out some **40** New Testaments in one military leave train for Germany, and before giving them to the men I am in the habit of asking them if they have one already. This will give you some idea of how large is the number of soldiers abroad who have with them no part of the Word of God. . . . I got a great encouragement a few days ago in meeting two young soldiers of the Royal Fusiliers in our camp here, who told me an address I gave last September in our Hut on John x, 9th verse, was used in bringing them to decision for Christ. To Him be the praise.

Yours in His service,

HEDLEY BROWNING.

A need in India.

Lt.-Colonel Tyrrell, R.A. Arsenal House, Quetta, Baluchistan, India, says in a letter to me :—

“We have been having a series of outdoor lantern services for Europeans and Indians; the Gospel told by pictures and song. . . . We need and could usefully use a few lantern slides on Bible subjects. It is just possible that some of your readers may have odd slides available for transfer if you could mention the need. We would not expect complete sets, but can utilize any odd slides, as people will come and listen to a lantern talk (Indians in particular) when they would not stay to an ordinary straight talk. Again thanking you for your publications.

I am, Yours sincerely in the Masters' service.

J. T. TYRRELL,

P.S.—Perhaps some of our friends will send to him.

Lt.-Col.

A Mother's Thanks.

A mother writes :—

Please accept this small gift from a mother in gratitude to God for His loving care over her only son who has been in India nearly four years and is now on his way home.

A Child's Offering.

Dear Sir,

I thank you very much for the little New Testament you sent me, and I wish to lend my little hand to help you with your good work. It's only a bit to be sure, but its given willingly

Your little friend,

KATHLEEN.

Another child writes:—

Dear Sir,

Would you kindly send me one of your free Testaments please. I have already learned to know the Lord as my Saviour, and I have heard about your little Testaments, and the work they have done for the Lord.

Yours sincerely,

NELLIE.

A Thank-offering.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

Please accept this 30/- for your blessed work in sending the Scripture broadcast. This is a thank-offering for God's mercy to me for the last **78** years, and still able to earn my living. A.A.G.

P.S.—Your little paper about the “Coming of the Lord” is good.

OUR LAST APPEAL THIS YEAR.

We are faced at the close of this year with a greater demand for Testaments than we have ever had before. We are sending from **600 to 1000** Testaments away every day.

Our subscriptions for our work have diminished since the Armistice more than one half. We are sending out to all who ask daily from our available stock, and shall continue to do so as long as we have a Testament or a Gospel left, and the means to send them. **Our need for postage now is about ten to fifteen pounds each week.**

• Not only India, with its millions of outcastes, is eager for the word: not only the Armies of Occupation need the Scriptures: not only workers on land and sea are appealing for parcels to meet an increasing demand all over the world—(we have sent **10,500** parcels to help meet this need)—**but** there is a most remarkable work springing up among the children—and there is an insistent call from them for the Book of God. God save the children must be our daily prayer.

The devil is seeking by every means to pollute the minds of the young. Atheistical publications are being given away by the million. The shop windows are often seen filled with indecent pictures about children. Every means is tried to deprave the minds of the boys and girls of our land. I am constantly getting requests from teachers of Sunday Schools and Day Schools for Testaments. **If I had the means not one child should be without the Word of God.** What can we do in the presence of a need like this, but lay it before you and ask you for Christ's sake to help us to meet it.

Only to-day we have had **1,000** persons asking us for a copy of God's word.

Your Christmas gift of 30/- will enable us to send a Testament to 100 persons in need of one, and for £15 we can send to 1,000. The kindness of our many friends has enabled us to do this up to the present.

Any gifts you may be led to send may be addressed to **DR. HEYMAN WREFORD, "THE FIRS," DENMARK ROAD, EXETER.** Above all, pray for us.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.



EARTH'S CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

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... ..

HELP us to send the Word of God to "Earth's Christless Millions."
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