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Sheet 1

"As Captain of the Host of the Lord am I now come." *Joshua v, 14.*

# THE MESSENGER OF WISDOM AND ISRAEL'S GUIDE.

*A Publication devoted to the Propagation of the EVERLASTING GOSPEL announcing the arrival of the time for the Bruising of the Head of the Serpent, the Redemption of Israel, and the Establishment of Christ's Peaceable Kingdom on this Earth.*

"The Sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a Lawgiver from between His feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." *Genesis xlix, 10.*

Vol. I. No. 14.]

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1888.

[Price 2d. By Post 2½d.]

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at last he finds his tastes engaged altogether on the side of vanity and selfish enjoyment, which have a fascination for him he at last finds himself powerless to resist.

The tone of the articles in question is certainly good and calculated to awake serious and sober reflections. It is well to be made aware of traps, gins, and pitfalls that all may be prepared and warned to studiously avoid them. After all, however, a very superficial glance indeed is afforded us in these articles of the real nature and extent of the many forms of temptation to sin, which come from within and not alone from without, that beset not only the inhabitants of the great city of London—the youthful portion of them perhaps more particularly—but which appeal with irresistible force—we speak advisedly—to the human heart of every man and woman wherever they may be and under whatever circumstances, and which impel them to evil though at present they may know it not, thus proving without a doubt that man was made "subject to vanity."

These articles, like others which have appeared in bold and enterprising periodicals, have done much no doubt to discover the secret haunts of vice; indeed, in more than one instance the writers have been content to bring themselves under punishment for exposing the vicious actions and deplorable wickedness of licentious and profligate characters. So far so good. It is a fact, however, that as yet no one has been found sufficiently courageous to strike at the root of the matter, and lay bare before the eyes of all the sins which are committed by all classes of society, and warn people of the evils which follow as a matter of course upon breaking the laws of God and the laws of nature—laws, which if viewed in the light only of self-respect and common decency should not only command the most serious attention but impel a willing obedience. It is the violation of these commands which produces the thirst for all ungodliness, and creates an appetite for those unlawful pleasures which the *British Weekly* would fain enlighten us against and caution us to beware of. Why not then go at once to the root of the evil, and explain the primary cause of sin, and the means supplied by the Word of God for its removal, instead of dealing merely with effects and consequences, which tend to little if any profit, and at any rate afford no satisfactory and permanent cure? Why does not the *British Weekly* enlighten us upon these vital and all-important truths?

It is a fact, and a sad fact indeed, that these laws framed by God Himself for the governance of His creatures in all ages and conditions are either neglected or only respected in part, or else, as is

## "THE PLEASURES OF SIN."

The articles on "Tempted London" just now appearing in the *British Weekly*—a semi-religious paper which has attracted no little notice during the short time it has been in circulation—are directing public attention to the crying evils in the shape of Gaming Houses, Music Halls, &c., &c., which abound and flourish in our great metropolis. To say the least the character and intention of these articles is highly praiseworthy, and the youthful reader, who has hitherto revelled in such "amusements," cannot but admit as he calmly reviews the situation that the general tone of these amusements is certainly demoralizing and degrading, and their character hurtful and pernicious. As he quietly reflects upon his usual mode of "enjoying himself" after office hours he can plainly see, if he will but be honest to himself, that the condemnation is but too just. If nothing more he must admit that the precious hours, which might have been laid out at least to some advantage, have been utterly wasted, and golden opportunities for self-improvement socially, morally, and religiously, have been irretrievably misspent. Not only so but a lingering taste for such "pleasures" has been fostered and indulged; and his health spiritually, aye and even mentally, has suffered in consequence. What aspirations after God and holiness he may at one time have had have died out, or at least been checked and for a time smothered, until

the case with the masses of mankind, are totally misunderstood and completely ignored, man preferring rather to regulate his own actions and conduct by his own notions of what is fitting and proper—hence the evils that abound. For man of himself is blind, and is naturally at enmity with God, and consequently men individually and nationally are to-day reaping the fruit of that which they have sown not discerning the two seeds the good and the evil.

If these laws were strictly and implicitly obeyed such attractions to evil as the *British Weekly* treats of would grow less and less, and the inducement to engage in unlawful pleasures of every description would speedily be at an end. But man is not willing to come under subjection; he prefers to enjoy what he deems to be liberty, but what is really—though he is blind to the fact—a cloak to cover the vilest servitude.

It is all very good and proper to warn the young of both sexes against the multifarious forms of evil that abound on every hand, and which attract them from without, and to bid young men and women flee their delusive and degrading influences; but why do not the writers of these moral essays, and the ministers of religion who are always inveighing against evil in a general sense advance a step further, and tell people young and old what is the nature of the evil they should beware of in themselves, and how they may overcome in their own bodies or temples the evil within that attracts to the evil without, as the loadstone attracts the magnet? And thus as faithful pastors and teachers bid them beware of the real evil which Satan's arts would impel them to partake of thus whetting their appetites for those unseemly pleasures alluded to in the *British Weekly* and which gradually appear to them in the light only of innocent and harmless entertainments. Evil, as we all know, is a fixed principle within man which draws him to evil, and which is forever inclining him to violate the commands of God; but what these commandments are few indeed are aware. What we want to learn in these so-called "enlightened" days is, (1) how this principle of evil first commenced to work—how it originated; (2) what are the commands given by God Himself as necessary to be obeyed implicitly if evil tendencies are to be checked and corrected and the evil subdued; and (3) what is the actual and immediate result of the subjugation of that evil, or, in other words, what is the full intensity of the meaning of our Lord's words, "If a man keep My sayings he shall never see death." Can ministers enlighten the people on these all-important points?

God has clearly taught man both in the scriptures and by the laws of nature that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap; and he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption. Jesus truly said that He came that the blind might see, and that they who said they saw might be made blind. The Gentiles are blind to the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and they will recollect the words of our Lord when it is too late, for they have been sowing broadcast irrespective of fallowed or unfallowed ground. Blood is forbidden both to Jew and Gentile—also things strangled. What is blood? Is it not the life of evil? Is it then to be wondered at that our hospitals are crammed with all manner of loathsome and pestilential diseases? Do you marvel that prisons are overcrowded and that lunatic asylums flourish in the land? We cannot marvel when we consider that Satan first sowed the evil in man and in woman—"an enemy hath done this." Howbeit upon these subjects our learned doctors and professors are profoundly ignorant. Man will reap all manner of diseases, corruption, and death, until he learns to subdue—until he lays the axe to the root of his own evil. Cannot the reader understand our speech?

But how is this to be done when the nature and extent of the evil growth is unknown? We are told that "by the law is the knowledge of sin," yet ministers of religion preach about sin but reject the law. What a paradox! How, we ask, is knowledge to be obtained without the law is brought into play? The law is spiritual, man is carnal. How then is man to become spiritually-minded without the help of the law? We must come under the law surely to understand the nature of sin; indeed until we do so how can we understand the full purpose and intent of the gospel, which with the law combined is the only remedy for all national and individual evils, the only cure for all diseases, and the means which procure redemption from death itself. For, said our Lord,

"he that keepeth My sayings shall never taste of death," and Old Testament scripture re-echoes, "Keep My law and thou shalt live." We must combine law and gospel, for man cannot LIVE except by believing EVERY WORD that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

The law is light, and this is the very reason the natural man likes not its strict demands. Were he to come to the light of the law his evil deeds would be made manifest, and this he is not prepared for. There is, however, "nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known," and for the sake of the scattered seed of Israel the truth *must* be told. The trumpet of the "Flying Roll," in which these matters are plainly treated of, must be sounded far and near that these lost bones of the House of Israel may hear and recognize the voice of the Shepherd of Israel and come up out of Babylon and join their brethren and their tribes, and learn to worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—the God of the living, not the god of the dead—in spirit and in truth. But who will seek to be His witnesses of these things?

Nevertheless the time has now come when the truth and the whole truth *must* be told, and told in plain, straightforward, and unvarnished language. But who will prove to be bold enough for such a task, and thus to strike a blow at the very seat and centre of Satan's kingdom and power? A few have essayed to do so, but knowing nothing of the law they have but touched externals; yet these even have been made to suffer for their testimony. Who then will be found sufficiently courageous to lay the axe to the very root of the tree, and discover the evils which have been gnawing for so long at its roots, until the tree has become a lifeless stake kept erect only by the frozen ground in which it is embedded?

Surely none can attempt such a feat but those who are specially called of God to this mission, and endowed with power from on high for its accomplishment. A few it is true have tried, but these have failed signally for lack of the accompanying power of the Spirit, owing to their not having been especially called to such a work. At the commencement of the present dispensation our Lord bore witness to these very truths, and what He meant when He declared to the Jews of old "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do," the Gentiles understand not, but the Jews understood Him well enough, as they were not ignorant of the requirements of the law though they kept it not, and delivered Him to be crucified in consequence of His testimony. If, then, they did these things in the green tree what will they not attempt to do now in the dry? If the Jews treated the Bridegroom thus what shall they not attempt to do now to His Bride, His witnesses to the truth, who are now—the fulness of the Gentiles having come in—being gathered out from the two churches of Jew and Gentile by the Spirit of Truth, the promised Comforter, who is now here in fulness, and who has sent forth His message in the pages of the "Flying Roll" to gather together His elect from the four winds, that they may be gathered into the "Barn" ere the predicted judgments overtake a wicked and unbelieving world?

Where, we ask again, are the faithful Joshuas and Calebs who will come forward in these last days and boldly bear witness to the truth? And without looking this way and that way through fear of mortal frowns or to court smiles and favours but guided by His eye look straight on with "thine eyelids straight before thee," and remove the mask of Christendom and its fig-leaved apron, and point to its blood-stained lintel and door posts—to its puny, sickly children, covered with sores, king's evils, and running matter. Thence to the overcrowded madhouses and private lunatic asylums. Thence again to its orphan outcasts suffering torments untold in hospitals, in a life long dungeon—to the gallows or a pauper's grave. Where is the faithful servant of the Lord who will raise the cry "Who is on the Lord's side?" and draw the sword of truth upon this vast multitude who boast of a new birth, a change of heart, and of having been delivered from the bondage of sin? Who will bear witness to the truth of immortality that Satan's kingdom may be overthrown in this third watch of the eleventh hour of the sixth and last day, that the way may be prepared for the speedy establishment of Christ's kingdom of peace, righteousness and truth upon this earth?

We shall continue this subject in a subsequent issue.

## HOW I BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE "FLYING ROLL."

I pen these lines in the hope that they may meet the eye of some who at this moment may be in the same position as I was at the time my experiences commence.

It was in the early part of the year 1880, that I with my husband, and two little boys were living in the suburbs of London. My spiritual condition was at this time very dark, as I did not realize the blessed fact that the sacrifice that was made on Mount Calvary more than 1800 years ago for the sins of the whole world included my own sinful soul.

I had a comfortable home, my husband being in a lucrative situation under Government. He was a good husband for a thorough worldly and pleasure-seeking man. Neither of us ever thought of attending any place of worship, I spent my Sabbaths in reading novels or light reading, but with a consciousness of the wrong I was doing, for if any one of our friends whom I thought to be a Christian called I would be sure to hide my book out of sight; indeed both my husband and I truly lived without God in the world, and though to the eye of the worldly I was living a respectable life, yet I know if temptation had offered I should have fallen into graver sins than I have stated. However my home and my children were my world; I might almost say my God. I was much wrapped up in my children, especially the eldest—a dear little fellow of five years. He was a very pretty child and was much admired wherever I took him, and at that time this pride of my mother's heart seemed the height of my poor ambition. But my slumber of sinful peace and pride was destined to a very sudden overturn by Him who says, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." My eldest boy was very delicate, and I always had an aching fear, almost amounting to a presentiment, that I should not be able to rear him.

Early in the month of March 1880 he was suddenly struck down by malignant scarlet fever. As soon as the medical man saw him he said, "Poor little fellow, I don't think we shall be able to pull him through this time, do you?" With a choking feeling I replied, "No, I do not." My little darling's sufferings were great though they did not last long. None but a mother's heart can picture the bitter agony of those few days watching the suffering I was unable to alleviate, when in his fever he would fling himself from side to side of the bed, or in his delirium clench his little hand and strike me in the face, not knowing the mother who loved him so dearly.

During this dreadful time none of my friends would come near me, owing to the contagious nature of the disease; thus were my husband and I left alone in utter ignorance how to cope with this dreadful foe. I think it was on the fifth night after his illness commenced that we saw his end was fast approaching. I held his little hand in mine and tried to offer a prayer that his suffering might be cut short. My husband soon saw that all was over; indeed I saw it was only too true. My little darling's spirit had fled.

In stony grief I performed the last offices for the dead, knowing that if I once left the room I should not have strength to perform them, and no one was there to help me in my sore distress. And after I had done the last sad duties that lay in my power my husband and I left the room together. It was about midnight, a deadly stillness reigned throughout the house; we descended into a lower room and in silent bitter agony stood gazing into the fire. That grim insatiate tyrant, death, had entered our little household and robbed us of our firstborn. Silently we stood for some time and soon the thoughts came rushing over me like a flood, what an awful thing it is to die, and still more what an awful position we both stood in before God, and with a burst of grief I said to my husband—"Oh, let us live so that we may meet him." Surely the Lord had called us to ourselves and to a knowledge of Himself by the rod of affliction. I think I hear my husband's answer in calm and solemn tones—"By God's help." Truly he had heard and answered the call of his heavenly Father. We spent the remainder of the night in striving to seek to our God and in reading His long neglected Word. Two days later we laid our child in Nunhead Cemetery, making exactly a week from the day he was first seized with the fever.

From this day my husband and I sought by every means to come to a consciousness that we were reconciled to God through the death of His Son Jesus, by reading the Word of God and attending a place of worship. Several friends of ours who were professing Christians for many years were greatly interested in my welfare, believing that the Lord had indeed called me, and under their advice I was confirmed and took the sacrament. Still I could not find that peace which I sought. My grief for the loss of my child was great, but I seemed to lose sight of it in the remembrance of my past life, which would continually come before me. My memory seemed quickened to an intensity, and my whole life up to the present time would pass and re-pass before me day after day like a black panorama, till I almost feared my reason would sink beneath the load of guilt with which I was burdened. I continued for some time in this miserable state, and why? Because I was not able at that time to accept the *free gift of grace* as offered in the gospel. Could I but have realized that He had paid the debt for me, and was holding it forward for my acceptance, how many bitter heartaches I should have saved myself. But alas! through my blindness in not reading God's Word aright, I was

going about to do something to work out my *own salvation*, and lacking this evidence in myself I became so miserable.

In the May following my child's death we changed our residence, and two or three weeks afterwards a young girl called at the door with the "Flying Roll." The book was brought to me to purchase but I sent out a refusal, but she seemed loth to leave and I went to the door myself intending to refuse the book. I asked her what it was about? "It is for the Ingathering of Israel," she replied. This reply struck some latent chord in my heart as I always had had a dim knowledge of the fact that Israel must be gathered before our Lord's *second coming* could take place; and led by a power I was not able to resist, I said, "I will take the book." So I took several small parts of the "Roll," the first sermon being issued in pamphlet form at that time. I soon commenced to read my purchase aloud to my husband, as I thought it might help me to gain what I was seeking, but I soon found I had got something different to what I had read before, and though I at once saw it was entirely from the Word of God, yet I understood it but vaguely. In my difficulty instead of seeking to the Fountain of all Wisdom I went to arms of flesh for advice, and after telling them a little of what I saw in the "Roll," asked them to read it and give me their opinion. This they at once refused to do, and condemned the book unopened. The very injustice of this seemed to give me a desire to defend it and also a fresh impulse to look further into it, as it seemed to me as unjust to condemn this book unread as it would be to pass sentence on a prisoner without giving him a trial. So again with a mixture of fear and joy I re-read the "Roll;" fear, lest something wrong that might hinder me from finding what I was seeking might have fallen into my hands, and joy, because I had caught a glimpse that there were deep truths to be unfolded in the Word of God that would as far outshine what has been taught up to the present in the churches of Christendom, as the light of the sun would outshine and eclipse the light of the moon. But still I was in great darkness, and again my friends tried to dissuade me from going any further, saying I was only diving into mysteries that did not concern me; so I struggled hard against my own convictions that the "Roll" was the *inspired* interpretation of the Word of God, and thought to take the advice of older Christians than myself. I put the "Roll" out of sight, and said I would not take any more of the books.

Strange to say either the next or following day to this a young man called at our house with the second Sermon. I went to the door and told him I would not continue with the "Roll," as it was only leading me into darkness by causing me to look into deep mysteries that did not concern me; whereas I was looking for light and truth. I think I see his grieved look as he replied, "I am so sorry. If you had gone on all things would have been made plain to you." Then he began to open up the Scriptures to me and my heart burned within me as he talked. He then showed me that this "Roll" had long ago been prophesied of by the prophet Zachariah in the fifth chapter, and that it was the angel spoken of in Rev. xiv, 6, 7, calling upon all the nations of the earth to give glory to God for the hour of His judgments had come; the hour of temptation that was to try all the earth. He said we were now living in the third and last watch, the eleventh hour of the sixth day (or 6,000 years), the time of the end, the 1,335 days of Daniel, and blessed is he that waiteth till that time (Daniel xii, 12)—so saith the Word of God. "But," said I, "allowing that you are right, that the end of all things is at hand, what advantage shall I gain because I happen to be living on the earth at this time?" "Firstly," he answered, "nothing happens by chance, therefore it is by no chance that you are here to-day but by the will of God who ordereth all things. Your spirit has been kept back from ministering to your mortal body till these latter days in which the Lord is again speaking to man by the Interpreter, or Messenger, as it is written in Job xxxiii, 23-25: 'If there be a Messenger with him, an Interpreter, one among a thousand to show unto man his uprightness: then he is gracious to him and saith, Deliver him from going down into the pit I have found a ransom. His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth.' Not only does the 'Roll' herald forth to all the inhabitants of the earth that Jesus, *the woman's seed*, was lifted upon the cross as a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, as the Saviour of ALL MEN; but it declares that He gave His body a sacrifice for the living, the 144,000, who should not die. 'I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw ALL MEN unto me.' For all souls are mine, saith the Lord, and they are bought with the price of His blood; and would it be possible for Him to see of the travail of His soul and *be satisfied* if one soul was lost to all eternity? No, our God is a God of love, and mercy is His darling attribute. He is an *universal* Saviour, and He has decreed that every one who will by faith accept the offer of His free grace shall gain the salvation of the soul and be made like unto the angels (Luke xx, 35, 36), a spiritual body (1 Cor. xv, 44) at the first resurrection, and blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection (Rev. xx, 6), because although he has suffered the first death, or *death of the body*, the second, or *death of the soul*, can have no power over him. 'But the *rest of the dead* lived not again till the thousand years were ended (Rev. xx, 5); having refused to believe on Jesus Christ they will suffer the second death, the curse on the soul, as well as the first death of the body. But in the fulness of time He will gather all things into Christ (Ephesians i, 10); therefore there must be a salvation provided for every son and daughter of Adam.'

I marvelled as I saw the mercy of God so clearly explained from the

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scripture and so different from what was taught in the churches, that the unbeliever would pass eternity in torment, and now it seemed so plain and simple to me that if the believer took part in the first resurrection and *all the rest* in the second resurrection, then there could not be one soul outside this pale, therefore it was only the body that was eternally damned, or destroyed in the grave, which is as eternal fire. "Now," remarked the young man, "I rejoice to see the Spirit has opened your eyes to see the love of God in providing a free salvation for *all men*, but the 'Roll' has still something deeper and grander to unfold to the world; and that is that a certain number have been predestinated before the foundation of the world (Rom. viii, 29) to receive a greater glory than the salvation of the soul either at the first or second resurrection, which is the redemption of the body from the power of the first death, that they may be conformed into the *image* of the Son of God; this being the purpose for which God made man in the beginning (Gen. i, 26). Behold the image of the Son of God, an immortal body that can be handled (Luke xxiv, 39). And He was the express image of the Father (Heb. i, 3), and it is written that some are to be made like Him (1 John iii, 2), and certainly those who go to the grave cannot be among this number, as they lose the body or *image* in the grave, for he that goeth down to the grave shall come up *no more* (Job vii, 9, 10).

Therefore as the dead cannot attain to this glory it must be the living, who shall be *alive* and *REMAIN* (1 Thes. iv, 17) till the Lord's second coming, when He shall come to claim His Bride. "But why," said I, "has not this been taught before?" "Because," he replied, "the fulness (Rom. xi, 25) had not arrived and certainly the Man-Christ will not seek His Bride from among them, for was He not an ISRAELITE? Therefore must His Bride be gathered out of the twelve tribes of Israel (Rev. xxi, 9-12)."

"I see now," I answered, "why I have always understood that Israel must be gathered before Christ will come the second time. But who are they, and how do I know if I am one of them?" He answered, "By their fruits ye shall know them, 'Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?' The Gentiles' fruit is faith without works, and faith being alone is dead, but the fruit that Israel will bear is the same as Jesus bore, viz., obedience to His Father's law; for did not Jesus say, 'Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect?' And I ask you can any man be perfect if he does not fulfil the law as well as the gospel? How can he become perfect unless he do this; for you will find if you look at Gen. iii, 16, 17 that man became imperfect, or in other words lost his body by death, only through breaking the first commandment given to Adam in the beginning, and you will easily see that if man lost the body or image of God by disobedience it cannot possibly be regained in any other way than by coming back to obedience. Thus did the First-born Son of God (Jesus) obtain His immortal body, and the remainder of His brethren spoken of in Revelation, the 144,000 of all the tribes of Israel who are to be sealed so that God's judgments cannot overtake them (Rev. vii, 1-4, and Rev. xiv, 1-4), will gain the body in the same way; for said Jesus, 'I am the way,' and those who will now gain the body, soul, and spirit preserved wholly blameless unto His second coming (1 Thes. v, 23) must walk as He walked."

"Therefore I said to you you will know an Israelite from a Gentile by the fruit he seeks to bear. Our Lord said, 'If ye were Abraham's children ye would do the *works of Abraham*, and you can now test yourself. If you are willing to take the yoke of Christ (law and gospel) upon you you need not fear that you will lack the help of the Spirit to enable you to do it. "And now," concluded my friend, "I will leave you. Search deep into God's Word for the truth of what I have said, and take the 'Roll' to Christ and He will not lead you wrong." I took the second sermon and the young man left. His last words haunted me. Oh that many who have the "Roll" offered to them to-day would only do as this young man said instead of treating with contempt and derision that which they are in total ignorance of, or worse, prejudiced against by what their friends or clergyman, as ignorant as themselves on the subject, may have said against it. Englishmen and women judge for yourselves, for each one must answer for himself and herself before the judgment seat of Christ!

Pardon this digression. The remainder of the day I could think of nothing but what the young man had said (though at the time I did not understand it as I do this day). Especially his last words, "Take it to Christ and He will not lead you wrong." I felt this to be the best of advice, but being so young a believer I doubted myself as being able to do so fully. When my husband came home in the evening I told him of my visitor, and as well as I could what he had said, and such light had been thrown on the "Roll" that after this we could scarcely talk of anything else, and together we now read the second Sermon, and I tried to lay it before the Lord in earnest prayer that He would show me if this work was His visitation or not. But, oh, how Satan tried to hinder me in every way, not only through doubts and fears, but he would often transform the very word I was reading either in the "Roll" or Bible into something hideous or blasphemous, which would at times almost cause me to give up in despair, and think that the Lord whom I had forsaken so many years had cast me off, and that there was no hope for me either for the salvation of the soul or the redemption of the body, which I now began to see would be gained by some, in the days in which we are now living.

In my sore distress one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons was put into my hands, in which he gives an account of his own conversion. A friend also lent me the life of John Bunyan when first he was brought to seek the salvation of his soul, and in both these cases I found my own case clearly

reflected as if I had beheld my face in a mirror. I could never doubt it was the guidance of the Holy Spirit that brought these two instances under my notice at the time I stood so greatly in need of help. I was much comforted as I thought what had taken place in their cases would take place in mine, and I now saw it was Satan trying all his arts to keep me back. About this time I began to attend a Congregational chapel in the neighbourhood of the house we had moved to. My husband accompanied me a few times and then refused to attend any more for this reason: he said it was like the time when Jesus entered into the temple and drove out the money changers, &c., it was nothing but buying and selling at every service—alluding to the collections, offertories, tea-meetings, bazaars, &c., and he could gain more good by reading his Bible and "Roll" at home, but if I liked to go he would place no obstacle in the way of my doing so.

Well, I attended this chapel for some time and many a comforting word I heard from the gentleman who ministered there, and many a time when he was preaching my heart would be made glad as he would seem on the verge of touching on some of the deeper truths that had been brought to my knowledge through the "Roll;" but, alas! I was sure to be disappointed, as he would always stop short and say that the only way to life was through the cold and clammy portals of the grave. He could see no way to the mercy and blessings of God being poured out on his creatures unless they first came under the curse pronounced on Adam, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," forgetting that if ALL MEN should come under that curse the purpose of God in making man would be entirely frustrated, which was, "Let us make man in our image (Gen. i, 26)." He quite overlooked that Jesus said, "Ye will *not* come unto me that ye might have LIFE (John x, 10)"—"I am come that they might have life (for the soul), and that they might have it more abundantly (for the body)." For God hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that he should turn from his wickedness and *live*. "For he that keepeth My sayings shall *never see death*." I could not reconcile this with his teachings of death, death! That was a resurrection glory, a spiritual existence like the angels. It was good, I felt, but I wanted something more. I wanted to pass over the grave, like Enoch and Elijah, that at the Lord's second coming I might be made like the Man-Christ in immortality. But how could I ever gain this where only death was taught, and a passage I had read in the "Roll" would keep coming to my mind. It was this, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you (ii Cor. vi, 17)." I felt in doubt how to act but it was soon decided for me.

About this time I was at a week-day meeting in connection with this chapel and the clergyman spoke to me saying he had noticed me for some time and he would much like me to become a member of his chapel. I tried to put him off by saying I did not wish to go through any ceremony. However he said he would put my name forward at the next monthly meeting and would call on me in the meantime. Accordingly he called on me soon after, and after some unimportant conversation said he had proposed me for membership. I now felt the time had come for me to make a stand for the truth I believed, and though I trembled through fear of man, yet the Lord gave me strength according to my need. I answered him—"I cannot become a member of your church because I can see further than you can lead me; I can see that the life of the mortal body is now to be gained while you are only leading me to death." He looked at me much astonished and asked what I meant. I told him it was through reading the "Flying Roll," and I placed my hand on it as it lay on the table. "It is herein plainly pointed out from the Bible that there are 144,000 spoken of in Revelation that will never see death, and that being so I wish to throw in my lot in the hope that I may be one of them. "Why," said he, "if that was the case you would have to make a separate church for yourselves." "Well, I suppose it must be so," I said, "as I don't very well see how those who were looking for life and those who were looking for death could walk together—not being agreed." "I should much like you," I continued, "being a servant of God to read it and give me your opinion upon it, as from your better knowledge of the Scriptures you would be more likely to detect error if there is any than I should." I was surprised to notice from his face how his temper was rising. He put the "Roll" in his pocket and said, "Do you not know that these books written on the end being here are all alike, and as for Revelation it is simply like a CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK." With this he coldly took his leave, and he never called again.

Perhaps you, my reader, can better imagine than I can describe how shocked I felt, not so much because this gentleman did not agree with what I had said, for that I had expected, but by seeing such angry feelings exhibited by one whom I had looked up to as a servant of God; and then again because of his unjust condemnation of a book the cover of which he had not even opened, and most of all because he had likened the Revelation as given to St. John, to a child's picture book—and this from a minister of the gospel of the nineteenth century!

I left the "Roll" with this gentleman for a month and then called upon him. I was asked into his study, he and his wife being present. I asked him if he had read the book and what was his opinion of it. He replied to the effect that it was diametrically opposed to the scriptures. I asked him to kindly point out where it differed from them as I could the better answer him. But he could not point me to a single passage with which he did not agree, but said it was altogether wrong. I asked him if he had prayerfully read it, he replied he had looked it over. I asked how

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anyone by just glancing through a book like that could be in a position to judge of its contents, or to condemn it as altogether wrong? We talked for some time and I was again grieved to notice his rising temper. At length he rose and said, "I will tell you the best thing you can do—go and join the Mormons. Seventeen left for the Salt Lake City the other day—you had better go with them." With this I wished him 'good morning' and left.

I cannot express how shocked and grieved I felt. This was my minister's advice, but not one word of prayer, or of exhortation to seek to the Lord or to His Word. And I had thought that if he had believed me to be wrong he would at least have tried to convince me of my error from the Bible and sought by prayer and entreaty to lead me back to the right path. But he did not do anything of the kind, and after this would even avoid me if we met in the street. If this should meet the eye of the gentleman I am referring to he will know the truth of what I have stated.

I will leave my Christian readers to stop and form their own judgment of what passed between us. I would here like to ask the question our Lord did, "If Satan cast out Satan how shall his kingdom stand?" Now supposing believers in the "Roll" offer the same in love to any believer in the Word of God, or to a minister of Christ's gospel, and they will not listen to them and say it is entirely opposed to Scripture, or in other words declare this visitation to be from Satan; or if they turn round in anger and revile the person who offers it to them, treating them with scorn and derision, bringing false accusations against them, or, as this gentleman did to me, tell them to go and join the Mormons, or even order them roughly from their door—I would ask everyone to think whether it is the Spirit of God or of Satan that they are meeting them with. Is not Satan trying to cast out what they condemn as coming from Satan? Therefore let all remember when this "Roll" is offered to them (for all will have it offered to them) that if they want to test its genuineness to go to the Word of God to prove it, and also to use a Christlike spirit towards those who may offer them the "Roll," if they wish to convince them they are in error.

I now read and re-read the second Sermon and I began to look anxiously for the third; but unlike any worldly work issued weekly or monthly I had to wait till more of the "Roll" was given by the Spirit, and ordered to be printed. At length I lost all patience and wrote to the address the young man had given me when he brought the second Sermon. After a little delay I received a reply from the uncle of the young man to say his nephew was not able to answer himself, for while he was labouring to spread the "Roll" in London he had caught the smallpox and was dead. On reading this letter I exclaimed, "Dead! dead! and looking for life—can it be possible!" But as soon as my first surprise was over I felt more confirmed in the belief that this was the work of God. For this reason; I knew all connected with this work were most anxious that I should receive the "Roll," therefore I immediately saw that if there was any deception about the matter they would have kept the knowledge of his death from me. Soon after this I had the third Sermon brought me and I soon learned that there was nothing to shake my faith in the death of this young man because though many would run for the prize of immortality, yet only ONE, the Bride, the 144,000, would attain to it. Being the one-hundred-fold, the full corn in the ear, the FIRSTFRUITS unto God and the Lamb, who will form the Bride of Christ. For is it not written: "Many will strive to enter in and shall not be able." This does not refer in any way to the salvation of the soul, that is gained by accepting the sacrifice made on Mount Calvary, but to STRIVE to enter in is to seek to walk in both law and gospel. It is spoken of as a NARROW WAY because it is a difficult and thorny path, and none will walk in that way till the end, and then only those who will seek for their body, soul, and spirit to be preserved *wholly* blameless by the POWER OF THE SPIRIT, unto the coming of the Lord (1 Thess. v, 23).

Therefore, my dear reader, do not wonder that some are taken by death who have accepted the "Roll," neither assert that we say we shall never die (remember, many are called but few are chosen!). No such thing; but this they do say, that they have entered the lists to run for the great prize of life without death, and if they fall short of it it is because they have fallen short of perfection, for whatever falls short of perfection falls short of immortality. But none need fear that they will fall short if they seek the Immortal Spirit to do the work in them with the whole power that God has given them, and even should some fall in the race their reward will be greater, their mansion higher in the incorruptible, or spiritual glory. The Lord is a just God and will reward every man according as his faith and works shall be.

This is my simple narrative of how the Lord was pleased to lead me to a knowledge of Himself by the rod of His afflicting love; and though the truth only shone upon me at first, as the light of the moon suddenly rising on a dark and stormy night, bringing me to accept and rejoice in the salvation of my soul, yet it now pleased Him through the means of the "Flying Roll" to touch my eyes the second time till the deeper truths (so long sealed up in His Word) beamed on me as the glory of the sun. In other words till He had brought me to see that the immortality of this *my* MORTAL BODY IS NOW WITHIN REACH; and I can bless and glorify His name that He sent this book, His last message to man, to my door. My earnest prayer is that many an one who may read these lines may be led thereby to search into the "Roll" and not turn a deaf ear to the message of life when it is offered them. Avoid leaning on arms of flesh. "Take the 'Roll' to Christ and He will not lead you wrong."

## THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC AT SHEFFIELD.

It is the usual thing when a severe judgment overtakes the inhabitants of any of our large towns or cities, like the small-pox epidemic for instance which has visited the town of Sheffield, for special prayers to be prepared and offered in the various churches that the visitation may be stayed. It does not seem, however, to occur to those whose lot it is to perform the duties of spiritual pastors and teachers to the people to be necessary to instil into the minds of those for whom they are morally responsible the very first lessons in spiritual knowledge which are alone calculated to produce a healthy and happy existence. The town of Sheffield is a notoriously wicked place. Religious restrictions of every kind are viewed with the utmost contempt and abhorrence. No regard whatever, it would seem, is paid by the majority of its inhabitants to even the ordinary laws of nature, which *ought* to be written and engraved upon the heart of every man and woman; still less then is their attention engaged in keeping the laws of God. And while these laws are disregarded, indeed shockingly abused, is it not a mockery in the sight of God and a stench in His nostrils for men to presume to pray for the removal of a just and righteous infliction? If the prayers drawn up by the Archbishop of York for the deliverance of the town of Sheffield from the plague of small-pox had instead been directed on behalf of the clergy themselves for enlightenment as to the requirements of the laws of God which can alone meet the moral and spiritual needs of His creatures, and asked to be shown their paramount importance as tending to health and freedom from disease, and so have been brought to realize their great responsibility in the matter of teaching and enforcing them, much good would have resulted without doubt, and much future misery might have been averted. The importance of these laws can by no means be over-estimated, and their violation is at the root of all evil and lays the foundation of every disease. If the book of Leviticus was prayerfully read, thoroughly understood, faithfully preached, and its commands studiously attended to and implicitly obeyed by one and all, not only would disease be stamped out and its attendant sufferings cease, but a remedy would be found for—one might almost say—all the ills that afflict humanity at large.

### A PARISHIONER WHO DARES TO THINK FOR HIMSELF.

Well John, what is the reason now  
To church you never come?  
We've often talking wondered how  
You'd rather stay at home.

Well, sir, the fact is this, said John,  
It needs restoring so;  
The choir they sings with bed-  
gowns on—  
When they comes off I'll go.

Why John the chancel's all built  
new,  
(Our organist's a star,)  
The altar's decorated too,  
The windows lovely are.

Yes, sir, it all looks very grand,  
And makes a mighty show;  
It pleases rich folks thro' the land  
Who likes things grand, you know.

But as for me and such as me  
Who love the simple truth,  
We wants to save our souls you see,  
And to renew our youth.

Well, John, what is it God's Word  
says  
Which pleases you so well?  
There are so many promises—  
Some good and some for hell.

But we must keep the church's way  
And go to worship there;  
Must mind what holy teachers say,  
And must for death prepare.

For well you know the curse of death  
Was passed on all below;  
And everyone who e'er draws breath  
Must to corruption go.

So I would bid you come with us,  
And listen to the word;  
Nor make of trifles such a fuss,  
Which really 's most absurd.

The church is beautiful to see,  
Not like it used to look.  
Yes, sir, says John, but there's for  
me  
No light to read my book.

When I a boy to church was  
brought,  
The roses looked in there;  
And to my youthful fancy taught  
That God was everywhere.

We used to pray God would us make  
His heavenly will to know,  
That when His kingdom He should  
take,  
We might be found below.

Oh, John, His kingdom wont come yet.  
Or we should tell you so.  
Stop sir! suppose you didn't get  
The warning first, you know?

Why, John, of course the Lord would call.  
His ministers to stand,  
And warn the world and tell you all  
His coming was at hand.

Well, sir, it's wrote His book within  
As plain as plain can be  
That there should be increase of sin  
Just such as now we see.

And God, in His own book, now shows  
How clearly He has said  
He will His Spirit give to those  
Who're willing to be led.

'Tis wrote in His most holy book,  
"Keep My commands and live."  
Oh, sir, if all would search and look  
I'm sure they would believe.

Your church is most like to a play  
In London town I saw;  
D'you think that this can be the way  
That we should keep God's law?

The whole of the commandments too  
What have you done with those?  
I used to like to read them through,  
You don't, I should suppose.

Our dear dead minister was one  
Who strove to God obey,  
'Twas all in love so simply done;  
He said, Christ was the way.

He never bade us look to him,  
Or note what he'd to say;  
But bade us make the Lord, not him,  
Our guide along the way.

He bade us make of every day,  
A sabbath to the Lord;  
Yes, sir, I'll surely come your way  
When service is restored.

Just take God's message, read it through,  
His gospel from on high.  
No longer bid us look to you,  
But from the evil fly.

I heard a man two years now past  
A preaching in a hall;  
He said the time had come, at last,  
To rescue from the fall.

He showed us clear how Adam fell,  
Thro' eatin' of the tree,  
And how his body went to hell,  
"Which is the grave," said he.

He told us God's great love for man,  
Now bade us flee from sin,  
And that it was th' Almighty's plan  
To bring redemption in.

He showed us from the Bible clear  
The time had come that we  
No longer should the evil fear  
But eat of life's pure tree.

"Eat up the little book," said he  
That's in the angel's hand.  
I've got that book, sir, now in me,  
And hopes to gain the land.

That land's the body all made free,  
From evil and from sin;  
So that the Lord can dwell in me  
Oh! sir if you'd begin.

I prays now to be born again,  
And prays it from my heart,  
And not like those who think 'Amen'  
The most impressive part.

God says the wisdom of the great,  
When He His arm shall bare,  
Shall perish, and the poor they hate  
Shall now His glory share.

And now the time has come when we  
Our bodies whole can save,  
And still, sir, you would wish for me  
To put mine in the grave.

I see a many things I ne'er  
Dreamed were within His Word,  
Such things from out that pulpit there  
I'm sure were never heard.

The Lord's His message sent to all  
That they should evil fly;  
He's sent to rescue from the fall,  
His chosen shall not die.

Their bodies changed like Jesu's own  
Shall be made glorious bright,  
If Satan they will help dethrone,  
And banish into night.

So I can never come to you,  
Till gospel, sir, you teach;  
And strive His laws to keep and do,  
Our hearts then sure you'll reach.

I begs of God on me to look,  
And touch my poor blind eyes;  
That I may understand His book,  
His works all realize.

And when I sits me down and takes  
His glorious word to man;  
The light full oft like sunshine breaks,  
I hardly stand it can.

Oh, sir, and if we all had kept  
The Word of God just whole,  
So many ne'er through death had slept,  
And only saved their soul.

For there was Enoch walked with God,  
Elijah—he lives too,  
Because they kept His holy word,  
And strove the work to do.

You know within that church to-day,  
The truth of God's not told;  
Oh, all prepare for death, you say,  
And yet His word you hold.

So, sir, until restored 'tis all,  
I'll worship God alone,  
Those tall bright candlesticks and all  
The images of stone

Are not a bit of use to me,  
I wants His word quite pure,  
I longs His kingdom here to see,  
And prays I may endure.

You've mixed the truths of God among  
The fables wrote by man,—  
I wants to sing the glorious song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

And now 'tis life, not death, I see,  
That's offered by the Lord;  
Found in your church I dare not be,  
Because I fears the Lord.

## A POOR WIDOW WOMAN'S STORY.

(Conclusion.)

As Mrs. Foreman had not much work in the house she said to Lilley, "I think I had better wait upon Mrs. Crofton myself; I will call and ask her if there are any alterations and perhaps she might pay me. Oh how glad I should be if she would do so." Lilley thought that was the best thing her mother could do. "Oh I wish people would have more thought," said she; "they ought to think we want the money, knowing that it is only our labour we have to depend upon." "You see, dear," said the mother, "they have plenty themselves and they do not think of others. I wish they did." Mrs. Foreman took an affectionate leave of her little Frank telling him to try and wait patiently until she returned promising him that if she could she would bring him home something. Poor little Frank put his little wasted arms around his mother's neck and promised to be as quiet as he could. The poor child longed for Sundays when he could have his mother's attention, for at other times she scarcely had time to give him his medicine or to raise his poor little head on his pillow, therefore he looked forward to that day with very great pleasure. "Don't be long," dear mother, "will you?" The little fellow was quite content to lay and watch his mother at her work but he could not bear her out of his sight. "I will not be any longer than I can help, dear." So with a few words of instruction to Lilley she set off to Mrs. Crofton's.

How that poor widow's heart beat with hope and fear as she approached the door. Most probably the lady would not see her, or she might be out, and then she would have to return home again without her money. As she thought of her little sick child and the nourishments and comforts that he required the tears would come to her eyes in spite of all her efforts to restrain them, but brushing them away with her handkerchief she summoned up courage to knock at the door. On enquiring of the servant who answered the door if Mrs. Crofton was in she was told she was, but the servant did not know whether she would see her or not, as she was very busy, however she would see. Presently she returned saying Mrs. Crofton would see her and she was to come to her at once as she would require her help for a short time. On entering the room she found Mrs. Crofton surrounded with flannel and cloth and blankets. "I am very glad you have come this morning," said Mrs. Crofton. "This is the time I distribute these things to the poor, and it makes a great deal of work for me, I can assure you. So I shall be very glad of your help to-day Mrs. Foreman; I will pay you whatever your time is worth." Although Mrs. Foreman was very glad of the work she had this objection—what would Lilley think of her long absence, and her little Frank? She knew how his little eyes would anxiously watch the door until her return, but still she could not afford to say 'no,' as she knew how useful the money would be to her; therefore she was willing to stop and help Mrs. Crofton.

While she was assisting that lady to pack up the parcels she thought, "I will ask Mrs. Crofton if she could give me a little—I am sure it would be most useful—in fact the very thing that we are badly in need of." She tried two or three times to ask the lady but could not. At last she thought—this is foolish pride and my little Frank needs so much just now. The thought of her little Frank gave her courage to speak, so at last she said, "Mrs. Crofton, I never have asked for help before. I have always worked very hard for my children, but if you have these things to give to the poor I am sure I should at this time feel very grateful to you if you could spare me a little." "Mrs. Foreman," replied the lady, "I should consider that I was doing wrong to give it to a person of your ability and talent. Remember the ladies you work for and the money you earn. I could not think of helping such a person as you as I really do not think you require it." "It is quite true," said the poor widow, "God has given me talent and I have been given strength to use it, and as you say I earn good money when I can get the work to do and am paid for it, but there are times when I have no work, and how do you think I can manage then with my little family? The way I have to manage as it is is to work almost night and day to make up for lost time." "Oh, yes, I dare say you find it rather hard sometimes," returned Mrs. Crofton, "but then you know these things are to be given to people who are quite without." "Never mind," said the poor widow; "this is the first time I have asked assistance and it will be the last, I think."

She felt a choking sensation in her throat and longed for the day to be ended, for the poor woman felt it keenly. She had resolved to ask Mrs. Crofton to settle her little account that night and hoped she would do so. At length the time came for her to leave to go home so she said to the maid, "Will you tell Mrs. Crofton I wish to speak to her." Shortly after Mrs. Crofton came in saying, "Brown tells me that you wish to see me." "I wish to ask you if you could kindly settle up my small account to-night as I am very much in need of the money." After a deal of hesitation Mrs. Crofton said, "Oh, yes, I will pay you." The poor widow was very thankful that she was going to have her money; she enquired whether the last dress fitted nicely and was promised further work. "I shall want you to make some dresses for my daughter very shortly, so come in a few days time and I will let you have the materials." Mrs. Foreman thanked her and wishing the lady 'good-night' left the house and made her way home to her children, whom she expected to find in a very great state of consternation about her long absence.

At last she reached her home and found, as she anticipated, her daughter Lilley very much alarmed at her being so long from home. She had tried her best to comfort her little brother and to offer him consolation she did not feel. "Oh mother," said Lilley, as the former entered, "where have you been so long?" "My dear," said the poor woman, "Mrs. Crofton requested me to stop and help her to-day; she had something she was going to give to some poor people and wished me to stop and help her put them in separate parcels and she paid me for my time." "I wished, dear, I could have let you know," she added, "and then I should have felt more comfortable." "I thought perhaps," said Lilley, "Mrs. Crofton was out and you were waiting to see her although at times I felt frightened lest some accident had happened to you." "Well, dear, I am glad to say your fears were groundless." "You have your money, dear mother," said Lilley, "how is it that you seem sad now we are all together again?" Mrs. Foreman then related to Lilley how she had asked Mrs. Crofton for assistance and had been refused. "Oh Lilley, I should have gone on, as I have ever done, trusting in our heavenly Father who has always been faithful to His promises, for He has been a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow; He is ever with us and will do according to His promise—never leave us nor forsake us."

The next day Mrs. Foreman was busily working away with Lilley when there was a knock at the door. Lilley answered it and was surprised to see her teacher. "Oh Miss Duncan," said Lilley, "I am pleased to see you; will you please to come in, mother I know will be very glad to see you." "Yes, Lilley, I came to have a little talk with you respecting that book you were speaking to me about, called the 'Flying Roll.'" "Oh, yes, the young person is coming again and I long to see her and hear more of that glorious message. I am sure you would like to hear her explain things." "But, my dear," said Miss Duncan, "that is what I am come to speak to you about. Do you know I called on our beloved minister and repeated to him what you said to me and, oh dear Lilley, he was horrified to think that I should look into that book the 'Flying Roll.' He said it was a wrong doctrine those people preached, he had heard about them. I told him you were very anxious to obtain that book and you were going to lend it to me." "I would not look at it, Lilley dear," continued Miss Duncan, "and I am come to entreat you not to do so after what Mr. Jarvis has said about it." "But Miss Duncan, the young person said nothing to me but what she proved from the Scriptures, therefore I felt bound to believe because it was the Word of God, and in the 1 Thess. v, 21, I read: 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' Therefore I mean to look into this book as soon as the young person brings it to me. She has a paper too called *The Messenger of Wisdom*, a very nice paper, which I want to get mother to take in every month." "Oh Lilley, take care," said her teacher; "you know there shall be false prophets in these days; we are warned against antichrist, which is to come in these last days. Come and see Mr. Jarvis for yourself dear; do not let these people carry you away from the Word of God." "They will not," returned Lilley, "if they all talk like that one did. She took me to the Word of God for all she said; that is why I cannot doubt her words. I know if you were to hear her talk confirming all by the Bible you would believe her too." "Well, my dear," said Miss Duncan, "I am truly sorry to hear that you listen so to people who come to your door and I hope you will take my advice and have nothing to do with that book." Mrs. Foreman had been listening to her daughter and at last she said, "Well Miss Duncan, I think as Lilley said, we will decide to prove all things as the Scripture teaches and only hold fast to that which is good." "But, my dear Mrs. Foreman, Lilley tells me that this person says we shall never die! How about all those good men that are gone who worshipped God in all sincerity?" "I think Lilley told you that there were a certain number who would not die, spoken of in the 7th chapter of Rev. She told me the young person did not even say that she should not die, only that that was her hope, but as to those who have died immortality was not for them or they would not have died. You see this is to be obtained in this our day, but who will obtain it is only known to God, that is how I understand it; and as to death, all will die who are intended for the grave, for it is written, 'One shall be taken and the other left.'" "Oh I see it is useless my trying to persuade Lilley if you are giving heed to such teachings. I am sure I do not look for this body to go to dust for it is written when He appears I shall be like Him because I believe in Him; but of course if He should come before I die then I shall be caught up to meet Him in the air. There are no two salvations. It is simply believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. I will now say 'good-bye,' Lilley dear, and think well over what I have said to you."

Lilley did think well over what she had said. All the things that her teacher had said to her she pondered deeply as she sought for comfort from the Bible. Oh how very unhappy Lilley felt for fear she was being misled. How she longed for the young woman to come again for she seemed to clear away all doubts in the way she explained things. Lilley read the Bible more now than she had ever done before, and was astonished at the things she saw written there that she longed to know the mystery, and she read in the last chapter of Daniel that it was only "the wise" that should understand, and she realized that none could be accounted wise who did not seek their wisdom from above.

It was rather a foggy afternoon when Lilley, who had got near the window to see better, looked up and saw the young woman coming to the door. She ran to the door and opened it before she could knock and

asked her to come and sit down as she wished to ask her a lot of questions. Lilley went and fetched her mother and they soon felt at home with the young stranger. Lilley then told her how her teacher had come to warn her that she was being deluded, but the young woman told her that the doctrine appeared to her to be a false doctrine because God alone can open our eyes to see and understand it and we must not go to man for we are told not to lean upon arms of flesh. If we want truth we should seek that one Immortal Spirit and He will guide us into all truth. "You see she went from God's Word and sought man's advice. She said there were no two salvations spoken of, whereas if you ask her to read Jude 3rd verse, she will see there recorded, 'Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints.' So you see you can show her plainly that this is no new doctrine, but Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob died in this faith having seen the promises afar off, and it is to their seed that the promise was made and they are all upon earth to-day." "My teacher says our Lord Jesus Christ went to the grave and we must all follow in His footsteps." "Jesus went to the grave but His body never saw corruption, but if we went to the grave our bodies would become corrupt because we have the tares in us, the evil, but Jesus had no evil in Him, therefore He saw not corruption but this book you are now going to read will explain all to you so that you will no longer be in darkness to these things but by the aid of the Immortal Spirit it will reveal things that have been kept secret from the foundation of the world. I am sorry I cannot stop to talk longer but if you read you will know more than I could tell you." So she then bid her new friend 'good-bye,' and she felt sure that she would search for herself and felt thankful to God that she had found another searcher after truth.

## A TIME OF TROUBLE.

Fourteen million pounds required by Germany to further increase the fighting strength of her army by about 700,000 men, was the news wired from Berlin a few days ago. This amount to be wrung from a people who are, to say the least, already poverty stricken, yet who will through their representatives vote the same with scarcely a murmur, whilst they are already supporting an army of nearly 1,800,000 of well disciplined men, who, with nearly another million of powerful troops who have served in the line, the reserve, and the Landwehr, comprise the army which Germany is now able to place in the field; nearly three millions of fighting men. And now almost three-quarters of a million to be added to these, also to be supported by the tax-payers.

In these days the continual rumours of wars create a tendency to make men indifferent to the enormity of such preparations, but considering that last year, when the prospects of war were great, the German War Office asked for, and obtained, an addition of 50,000 men to the army, how much graver must the situation have become when fourteen times that number are applied for; and what is likely to be the extent of the demand next year, if peace can be prolonged till then, for the German General has already signified that this demand will most probably be followed by another in a very short space of time.

Germany, one of the most enlightened countries in Europe, its inhabitants professedly a religious people believing in the teachings of Him who said to Peter, "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," now seeking to possess an army of three millions and a half of men trained to handle the most deadly weapons ever invented for the destruction of their fellow creatures. More than this we find Russia and France, two countries who attribute their enlightenment to the spread of the truths in the Sacred Book, are together able to mobilize an army of six millions. Can any man with a spark of light fail to see the object of all this gigantic and pompous display of power? Self-aggrandizement and jealousy one of the other are among the leading causes. By their actions we find men to-day saying, equally as much as during the building of Babel's tower, "Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."

The promoters of kingdoms to-day would scorn to be told they were acting in an unchristian-like manner in thus marshalling gigantic armies for the destruction of their fellow creatures. Truly the god of this world hath blinded their eyes; Satan being "transformed into an angel of light, opposing and exalting himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God." All this armament is being pre-

pared under the auspices of governments with whom the Church is a state institution; which exhibits the apostasy of the age, Bible in one hand, sword in the other, Christianity at length having become nothing more than politics disguised. How forcibly the words of the prophet now come home to us, "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness. There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes, and their eyelids are lifted up. There is a generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men."

The leaven of evil has been steadily working ever since the fall of Adam, but has nearly reached its climax, and the terrible day of judgment looms in the near future. Politicians are using every effort in their power to avert the coming storm, but it will assuredly burst upon this Babylon the great, sweeping away the refuge of lies, and razing to the ground the mighty temple of Christendom, which has now developed into a house of merchandize, and a den of thieves. The cry of the widow and fatherless hath indeed reached unto heaven. The kings and nobles of the earth have long ground down the faces of the poor to the dust in order to extract means to further their ambitious aims, and by plausible delusions have led the masses of humanity, all creatures subject to vanity, to consider it noble and heroic to resist at the point of the bayonet any wounding of their honour by a rival power. So to-day we find the slightest pretext sufficient to produce a most deadly struggle even among civilized nations who claim far greater enlightenment than any of their forefathers. The little light which they may once have had has been turned into darkness, and how terrible is that darkness! Satan has proved himself equal to the occasion. He has decked his allurements with gaily coloured trappings, appearing as an angel of light, and like the magicians of Pharaoh he brings forward art and science to closely imitate the genuine Christianity as taught by our Lord, and so well has he succeeded in beguiling mankind, that, if it were possible, he would deceive even the elect of God. But the Lord hath now "looked down from the height of His sanctuary, from heaven did the Lord behold the earth, to hear the groaning of the prisoner and loose those who are appointed to death." He hath provided special protection for this remnant, His Bride, who are now to be gathered out. We know that a great and terrible struggle is about to be waged on the plains of Europe, for the burden of the extensive and costly armaments of European nations cannot possibly be long borne, but must issue either in a mutual disarmament or in war. The former is highly improbable, for the inveterate enmity of France to Germany is plainly visible and Russia's never dying ambition is too well known to allow us to entertain a hope of peace being established. Apart from this the prophet Daniel assures us that "there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time."

The New Year brings us news of compacts between the Pope and all the governments of Europe, Italy alone excepted, and raising the cross to the highest bable pinnacle, they are each crying, "Behold our religion," whilst Russia under pretext of carrying out a system of reorganization moves a large portion of her army to the Austrian frontier, which is followed by countermoves on the part of Austria, their neighbours keenly watching each move, anxious to stave off the great conflict in which not thousands, but millions of troops will be engaged. The Spirit of God solemnly warns all true worshippers of Christ to come out from this multitude and be separate. "The signal gun has been fired and this 'Flying Roll' is sent forth to the whole world to warn mankind that the cup of abominations and indignation is full to overflowing. This is the last warning to the world. It is but as a day when all nations will rise up one against another, to de-throne each other, yet England will bear the last crowned head in Europe, because she holds within her bowels the ark of the house of Israel. The earth will be rent in twain from its centre to the surface by means of earthquakes; rocks will be rent asunder; the cry of the widows and orphans from want and starvation will reach unto heaven, and disease and pestilence will hold its carnival in every city and country. Darkness will cover the earth, and men's hearts will quake within them with fear and trembling as they gaze upon the heart-rending scenes suddenly brought home to their doors, and in the midst of all this disorder and confusion a cry will rend the sky 'Surely this was the Son of God!'"

## "SUN RISE."

*A story illustrative of the religious views current in the Nineteenth Century, and written with a view to assisting the reader to "rightly divide the word of truth."*

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Ponsonby sat in deep thought in her drawing-room on a dull afternoon in January. She was to accompany her husband to an evening party later on, and was now sipping a cup of tea alone preparatory to adorning herself for the occasion. She seemed troubled, and presently leaned back in her small low chair with her hand to her forehead. "I cannot tell what to do for the best," she thought; "but things cannot go on in this way."

The cause of her perplexity was not an uncommon one amongst ladies, for the door had just closed upon her cook who had desired an interview with her mistress for the purpose of informing her that she must leave, as she could not live with nurse; though happy and comfortable in other ways, this was an insurmountable difficulty.

It would be hard to tell how many cooks and housemaids had departed from the Ponsonby's household for the same reason; besides, lately Mrs. Ponsonby had begun to wonder whether she could live with her nurse herself any longer, she had been so peculiar, irritable, and almost tyrannical.

The lady had borne much in former years from her children's nurse for the sake of her children (as many mothers do) on account of her supposed devotion to them, and general trustworthiness, but it was more in manner than in actual fact that she was a worthy custodian. But when Mrs. Ponsonby thought of her final departure she wondered painfully how she would possibly manage without her, and was turning over in her mind the various means to be adopted in filling her place. She was feeling as much worried as was possible over this vexed question when she heard a loud cry from little Cyril. She opened the door and listened. Loud talking and crying followed. She went to the nursery and opened the door just in time to see nurse seizing hold of Nettie's arm, who was standing between her and Cyril, who had fallen to the floor.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed on the threshold.

"She struck him, mother," said Nettie, without hesitation, her eyes sparkling with indignation, and her little cheeks crimson with excitement.

The lady crossed the room to comfort her boy, and saw the mark of the angry blow on his white shoulder.

By this time nurse was beginning to realize her position as her mistress turned toward her for an explanation.

"They have both been very trying and disobedient, and master Cyril would persist in racing round the room and I stopped him, not thinking I had hit him hard," she said awkwardly.

Mrs. Ponsonby thought this was an opportunity of broaching the subject on her mind. "If you cannot control your temper, nurse, you are unfit to have the charge of the children, and I shall dispense with your services."

The girl started in surprise and turned pale, then a determined look passed over her face and she said, "Do you mean that, m'am?"

"Yes," was the reply. The girl turned round and a scornful smile played upon her features, which she was not aware was observed by Nettie.

No more was said, but Mrs. Ponsonby felt unsettled when her husband returned. Having told him what had occurred, she said, "I do not think I ought to leave the children to-night under the circumstances."

Mr. Ponsonby remonstrated with her for unnecessary anxiety. "Surely there are enough in the house to take care of them, someone can surely see that they are safely in bed and out of harm. If you have trusted this girl so implicitly for so long a time another night or so will not be likely to be so dangerous as you imagine."

"It is very wrong of me, but I have always been rather afraid of this girl, and now that I have offended her the trust has all gone."

"Why not instruct Miss Drayton to keep watch, my dear?"

"I can do that certainly, but she objects to nurse so strongly, and her interference will only cause more complication."

"I think it altogether absurd to be so alarmed because you have given this girl notice to leave, Annette, and to imagine that



consequently she will seek to harm those little innocents!"

"Very well Harry, if you wish me to go I will ask Miss Drayton to go quietly now and again into their room and keep an eye upon the girl till we return." With these words the anxious mother went to dress trying to feel at ease.

Just before leaving the house she went to her governess's room, not liking to own her disquietude and the cause of it she asked Miss Drayton to see if the children were all right when nurse had gone down stairs and to notice where she was all the evening, keeping watch over them without attracting the girl's attention. The young girl did not quite understand the orders, or rather why they were given, but promised to obey.

The mother afterwards stole quietly into the little ones' sleeping room and found they were all in bed, and nurse in the distance putting their clothes in order seemingly. Bending over Nettie she found her eyes wide open as if in thought; she put her finger to her lip to impose silence, and kissing her whispered in her ear, "You will take care of Una and Cyril and let no-one hurt them, darling, till mother comes back." She had never as it were confided in Nettie apart from nurse before and the child looked up lovingly and gratefully into her face as she murmured, "Yes, mother."

"If you want anything run to Miss Drayton and ring the bells in the next room loudly."

Nettie nodded, and a look of joy—which haunted the lady amid the scenes of gaiety afterwards—lit up her bright eyes as her mother passed out of her sight.

The carriage had rattled away from the door about five minutes containing Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, the latter feeling more confidence in her first-born than all the servants and the governess combined, when the child thought that nurse was extraordinarily busy in the adjoining room.

She had been invested with a sacred trust and did not feel at all like settling down to sleep.

After a time the light went away and Nettie saw Miss Drayton come into their room, and look at them; she shut her little eyes when the governess approached her, and opened them again to see where she went. By the light of the small night lamp burning in the room she saw that Miss Drayton had her thumb and finger in a coloured book as she went out of the room and thought she heard her go downstairs.

Then she felt an irresistible impulse to get out of bed. She did so and slipping on her miniature dressing gown and slippers she walked cautiously to where the light had disappeared.

She could not see it but listened as she found herself at the top of the staircase leading to the servants' hall.

She heard laughing and talking in the distance, then a door seemed to open, and she heard Sarah, the housemaid, say, "What is the matter with nurse? She has gone to bed already, and doesn't want any supper, she says."

"I am sure I don't know, her company is not so very desirable but what we can do without it for once," said another voice, and soon after the door closed.

Nettie was turning back when happening to look in the opposite direction she saw a light moving in her mother's bedroom. She sped along by the wall, and peeped through the crack between the door-hinges and saw nurse going about the room.

"What can she be doing here," reasoned the little maiden; and slipping in through the open door which was made to swing noiselessly so that she made no sound she placed herself in the shadow of the large wardrobe. Some of the drawers were open and the girl was taking things out and putting them into a box on the floor. The light revealed the girl's face several times as she now and again looked round the room with a scared expression, and Nettie thought, "I always suspected nurse was wicked, now I know it, her face looks thoroughly bad."

Presently she closed this box, and then placed a smaller one on the dressing table and proceeded to place certain things, the child could not see what, in that also. It was a fancy box which Mrs. Ponsonby had given her and Nettie had one like it which her mother had bought at the same place and given to her little one also, she knew the look of it from where she stood in the shade; and presently nurse took her mistress's jewel case and the child saw the glistening of the ornaments as she transferred them from that to the box.

It seemed to flash upon the child that she must be going to steal her mother's ornaments.

She crept out of the room again, and went to their play room to fetch her own little box which was full of wonderful curiosities kept under lock and key; when she returned nurse was making her way through the dressing room out at the other door with the large box leaving her light behind her.

Nettie quickly ran to the table and found that she had left the small box locked ready to be taken too. She changed the boxes and ran away to her own little room with nurse's in her hands, and having pushed it down to the bottom of the bed under the clothes threw off her slippers and gown and crept again into it nestling down, and feeling that she could now convince her mother that nurse was a naughty bad woman.

She had not been there many minutes before the governess came in again with her book, and looked at them all to see that they were sleeping quietly. She put her finger to Nettie's flushed face which made that little maiden start, but Miss Drayton did not notice it, and went out again making up her mind to tell Mrs. Ponsonby that the child was feverish.

It seemed a long time after this that nurse came into the adjoining room once more with a light and Nettie thought she had a hat and jacket on.

Then the child saw her coming towards them; with bated breath the child opened one eye, and watched her bend over Cyril and kiss him, then she leaned back against his bed, and Nettie heard her sobbing.

Then she went to Una, and put her cheek against her soft one so long that the little watcher gazed anxiously to see what she was doing. Soon she rose and wiped her eyes and burst out afresh as she came to Nettie, who felt her warm breath and a hot tear drop upon her forehead, but no more, and she heard her moving hastily off and the sobs died away in the distance.

The little guardian felt sorry for poor nurse; after all, she thought, she seems grieved to be wicked, and I hope she will be good some day. She remembered the words of that dear, dear friend—whom she was hoping to meet soon—about wicked people; that if they left off sinning and did what was right God would forget all the evil that they had done, and make them pure and holy. But if they did not try and yet believed that Jesus died for their sins, they would lose their body, but God would give them another one not so good when Christ came to reign over this earth; but there are some who did not believe anything, and she could not help feeling that nurse was one of these, that God would have to send away into the grave for lots and lots of years until they were made fit to live with Him, and be happy ever afterwards. This comforted her and she dropped off to sleep, wearied with her little adventure and late hours.

When she awoke again the people seemed to be making such a noise in the streets. Cyril and Una were playing about the room and she wondered why nurse did not come as it seemed so late.

When Mrs. Ponsonby returned in the early morning she went at once to her children's room and found them all safe and sleeping peacefully, and with a sense of relief she retired herself.

It was not until a late hour that the servants began to wonder why nurse did not appear, and one went up to her room to see how she was. To her amazement the bed was unoccupied and not only nurse but her boxes had disappeared. The girl returned to the kitchen in haste with the strange tidings. There was a general commotion for a moment, then all went to seek for her.

Sarah went into the nursery, and found Nettie amusing the others to keep them in bed.

"Have you seen nurse this morning, Miss Nettie?" she enquired.

"No," was her answer; "why doesn't she come and dress us?"

There was no reply to the question, and the housemaid went hurriedly out of the room to communicate the intelligence to Miss Drayton who looked the picture of dismay upon hearing it.

After Mrs. Ponsonby's departure the governess had made enquiries and learned that nurse was not supposed to be well and had gone to bed, so being very interested in a novel she contented herself by going about three times to see that the children were all right, and never thought of ascertaining the truth of what had been stated about the girl.

Everyone wondered what was to be done, they could not disturb their mistress, and decided they must wait till Mr. Ponsonby came down; excepting that the coachman went out to make enquiries

as to whether anything had been seen or heard of her by the neighbours.

The information he returned with was to the effect that a cab had been seen at the door and boxes were deposited on the roof of it and inside by the driver assisted by a young woman; and the policeman who was standing near said 'good-night' as they drove away, but he was a fresh one on the beat and thought it was only the usual occurrence of a servant leaving her situation.

When Mr. Ponsonby did hear the news he hastened to awaken his wife as he suspected by the girl's sudden flight that she had not left empty handed.

On inspection of her wardrobe Mrs. Ponsonby missed several good but plain articles of apparel, nothing that would attract attention as to its costliness, but useful substantial clothing had been taken. Mr. Ponsonby wanted a list, but his lady did not care to comply with his request, and explained that nurse's pride had been wounded and she had felt she could not stay where she was in disfavour, and had taken these things in lieu of wages.

"Her claims are rather excessive, I should think; besides you do not yet know the extent of your loss."

On further search the jewels were missing, at least with a few exceptions, the lady having left her case unlocked in the usual safe place as she thought, ready to replace those she was wearing at the time. Upon this Mr. Ponsonby departed with a full description to be left at Scotland Yard that every enquiry and search might be made for the valuables and the culprit.

The lady questioned every one in her household rather severely and felt persuaded that there were no accomplices amongst them. She called Miss Drayton into her room away from the children and asked why she had not watched nurse's movements as she had been told to.

The governess tried to assure her that she quite thought that nurse was in bed, and therefore did not deem it necessary to go to her room, as that might have raised suspicion. Mrs. Ponsonby felt rather annoyed with her for not being more on the alert, as with ordinary observation she would have detected the removal of boxes, instead of which she must have been shut up in her own room.

That day nothing could be discovered that would give a clue to the thief, but when Mr. Ponsonby reached his offices the next morning another sad surprise awaited him. Murray, the confidential servant of the firm in many ways, had absconded taking nearly three hundred pounds with him in gold.

There had been several suspicious circumstances with regard to this man but the other partners had been disposed to imagine that they were coincidences, and that Murray was really trustworthy, but Mr. Ponsonby had not liked him altogether and felt that he must have shown it in his manner at times.

As he walked home in the evening he pondered over his trouble, and began to feel almost as if a judgment had descended upon him and his, and was wondering how he could best break it to his wife. After he had done so as carefully as possible they talked together quietly and both seemed much subdued as if they were considering what might be the next blow. Their lives had passed on the whole so prosperously and smoothly in comparison with most people that these shocks seemed to make them thoughtful.

"Have you tried to find out any more particulars, Annette?" said Mr. Ponsonby after a while.

"I think I have done all that is in my power," was her reply.

Just at this moment the little ones came in as usual to spend a short time with their parents before going to bed. Nettie noticed that her father and mother looked worried. She had asked many times where nurse was, and if she was out, also whether she was coming back—but no-one talks to children on these matters. Miss Drayton had told her that little girls should not be curious, and her mother had evaded her questions. But she began to feel sure that something was the matter and that possibly nurse had gone away, so she said once more.

"Did you send nurse away, mother?" Mrs. Ponsonby was a little surprised and said, "No, dear; what should make you think so?"

As her mother did not seem to be inclined to be communicative she ran back to her play-room where she had placed the box as soon as she had an opportunity the next day in the same place where her own had always stood. She applied her own little key

to the lock but could not open it, so she conveyed it to the room she had just left, and taking it to her father asked him to open it for her.

Mr. Ponsonby asked for the key of it and she handed it to him saying it would not unlock it as she had tried. He proceeded to inspect it remarking, "It is very heavy, Nettie; what does it contain?"

"Oh, pebbles, shells, and all sorts of rare curiosities that we have found on the shore from time to time," her mother replied, smiling faintly.

Nettie did not look up but soon asked, "Can't you break it open? I want it opened anyhow."

Her father thought it a pity to do that, and began trying his keys first; at length it suddenly opened and to their consternation the lost ornaments were revealed to their gaze.

The parents looked at each other, and Mr. Ponsonby said sternly, "What does this mean, Nettie?"

Without hesitation she told all her adventures most vividly to the admiration of her hearers.

The very one who could have given the most correct version of the strange story had been overlooked; only regarded as a child, and naturally curious. Not the first time that people have considered that children were of no use in these matters, and not capable of any amount of sagacity and wisdom! Here was a lesson to be learnt at all events; their little daughter had been entrusted with a charge, and faithfully had she carried out all her instructions, where all others had signally failed.

Her mother pressed her darling to her heart at the close of the recital, and Mr. Ponsonby commenced taking out the valuables when lo! at the bottom of the box several letters became visible. He opened one and began to read, then looked at the signature and started back exclaiming, "I never thought of this, these letters are addressed to nurse by that rascal Murray, whom I was always given to understand was a married man."

"Are they then love-letters?" enquired his wife.

"Rather like it," returned the gentleman, reading on with avidity; and was about to commence doing so aloud when he glanced at the children.

After they had gone, both perused the interesting records of the deep laid schemes of the male and female plotters who had been in their service. In one letter the man had said "he knew the master did not like him," and then indulged in some vile language respecting that gentleman, going on to suggest that she would find her missus did not care about her after a bit; it was only put on to suit her convenience. Then he pleaded with her to come with him to some distant part, they could settle where it should be, and said he could not believe she loved him if she refused to come and share his fortunes. She need not come without anything as her services had been worth something to the Ponsonbys, and she had a right to have more money than they gave her, and *that* with his savings would do nicely until he got some work in a free country where he would slave to make her happy.

This man had been to and fro with messages from the firm to Mr. Ponsonby, and must have secretly obtained an influence over the girl, besides many things they brought to mind which had been mysteries were now cleared up by these letters. Nurse had unconsciously left behind her the clearest evidences of her guilt, and that of her partner in it. So Satan is check-mated and his arts revealed; and in this case, as in many others, by a simple innocent child.

But these particulars were no help in finding them. Murray had never given his employers a decided address as he explained he did not like living too long in one place, it was a peculiarity of his, he soon got tired of it and wanted a change.

Our old friend Mrs. Fuller was not at all surprised when all was told her. She had for a long time past discovered that Mrs. Ponsonby placed more confidence in her nurse than was prudent, and when that lady spoke on the subject to her, she assured her that the girl's dislike to Miss Calvert was mainly because the latter was so good, and had remonstrated with her on some of her failures in duty.

This last communication troubled Mrs. Ponsonby much, as it brought home to her the fact that she had been influenced to a great extent against Ruth by this deceitful woman.

(to be continued.)

# The Messenger of Wisdom and Israel's Guide.

## Notice.

The above monthly paper is printed and published by THE NEW AND LATTER HOUSE OF ISRAEL at their Head Quarters, NEW BROMPTON, KENT.

All LETTERS and MANUSCRIPTS should be addressed to the Editress, Mrs. ESTHER JEZREEL, "The WOODLANDS," GILLINGHAM, KENT.

## A LAND "FULL OF IDOLS."

The new reredos which has been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, at a cost exceeding £20,000 was completed and exposed to view last month in the presence of a large congregation. It is certainly a magnificent structure. It is executed in white marble, and stands over 65 feet in height. In the centre is represented the crucifixion carved in high relief, and figures of St. John, the Virgin Mary, and a Roman soldier, are standing at the foot of the cross. Under the arms of the cross four angels are represented. Elsewhere other figures are seen, including the Virgin and Child, a figure of the risen Christ, and more angels. The subjects are intended to represent the annunciation, the nativity, the crucifixion, the entombment, and the resurrection of our Lord. A most marked sign of the times is this ever increasing fascination for sculpture. Our land is "adorned" from one end to the other with carved work, and everywhere, places of worship included, are representations in wood or stone of the handiwork of God. Such intense interest is more or less evinced by all classes in the production, whether on canvas or in wood and stone, of representations of the animate and inanimate creation, that a person who ventured even to hint that such works of art constituted a violation of the commands of God would be looked upon with supreme contempt and perhaps be scouted as an idiot and a madman—such is the advanced state of modern "civilization." Yet nevertheless from cover to cover the divine records are urgent and emphatic that such a profession is utterly unlawful. "THOU SHALT NOT MAKE UNTO THEE ANY GRAVEN IMAGE, OR ANY LIKENESS OF ANYTHING, THAT IS IN HEAVEN ABOVE, OR THAT IS IN THE EARTH BENEATH, OR THAT IS IN THE WATER UNDER THE EARTH." Exod. xx, 4. Indeed the Spirit of God speaking through His servant Moses utters a curse on all such: "Cursed be the man that maketh any graven or molten image, AN ABOMINATION UNTO THE LORD, the work of the hands of the craftsman, and putteth it in a secret place. And all the people shall answer and say, Amen." In venturing to uphold the strict integrity of the law (which the members of the true House of Israel will have to do) one is met immediately with the retort:—"These splendid works of art are exhibited without the least idea that civilized men and women will bow down to them and worship them like heathens!" No doubt. Yet let those who delight to encourage the art of painting and sculpture—we refer only to representations of God's handiwork, not man's—examine prayerfully and with an unbiased mind the sacred scriptures and they will be compelled to admit if they will be honest that such works of art are altogether contrary to the mind and will of God who says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." If such works were not produced there would be no possibility of their being worshipped; and that they are worshipped, doubtless unconsciously, there exists no doubt whatever. Indeed to that man and woman whose eyes have been touched by the Spirit of God, who is now here in fulness and is ministering to the seed of Israel, there is not only no doubt upon the subject but they see with horror that even this Christian England is in reality a land "full of idols," and that men, all unconsciously it may be, are verily worshipping "the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers have made."

## A CLERGYMAN'S VIEW OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A friend sends us the substance of a recent conversation he had with a clergyman resident in Canterbury, New Zealand, which supplies another significant sign of the times, and affords another of the many proofs existing to-day of the truthfulness of the statements contained in the pages of the "Flying Roll" as to the present apostate state of Christendom.

The conversation in effect was as follows:—

Minister: "You have a large building in London have you not?"

Friend: "No; we have shops in London."

Minister: "Mr. Jezreel died several years ago?"

Friend: "Yes."

Minister: "Mrs. Jezreel has taken the leadership, I understand."

Friend: "Mrs. Jezreel is the Editress of *The Messenger of Wisdom*."

Minister: "I pay no attention to prophecy. It is of no use to anyone. No one understands it until it is fulfilled. As for 'Thus saith the Lord,' that goes for nothing. I view prophecy in a very different light to what you may. Isaiah, for instance, was merely speaking of things transpiring at the time he was living."

Friend: "Surely Isaiah was prophesying when he said 'Unto us a child is born, &c.'"

Minister: "No; he was speaking of his own son."

Friend: "Was Isaiah's son then the Everlasting Father and Prince of Peace? Surely the Spirit of God speaking through the prophets is declaring things which must now shortly come to pass!"

Minister: "Well, I believe the Bible is God's Book, but I don't believe all it contains; for instance, Joshua commanding the sun to stand still is bosh—an outburst of poetry!"

Friend: "Has not the Creator of the universe power over that which He has created?"

Minister: "God does not deny Himself—He does not call black white."

Friend: "'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine,' &c."

Minister: "That is your version; my version—the revised version—says, 'All Scripture inspired of God is profitable for doctrine,' &c."

Our friend then referred to the *Flying Roll* as being the interpretation of the Scriptures written under the inspiration of the Spirit of God whereupon the rev. gentleman introduced several works to his notice as being more in his line. The New Testament in Greek was put into his hands and a long preamble ensued as to the Bible being a gathering together of fragments of M. S. S., the oldest M. S. dating back to 600 A. D.!

Minister: "There were any amount of prophets round about Israel who professed to speak in the name of the Lord whose writings have become mixed with the Scriptures; what proof have we that Moses wrote the Pentateuch?"

Friend: "Each prophet bore record of the other, and our Lord Himself bore witness to Moses and the prophets when he said, 'Ye have Moses and the prophets.....but if ye believe not his writings how shall ye believe My words for he wrote of Me?' Moreover, Isaiah prophesied of the coming of the Lord, and our Lord confirmed this prophecy when He asked for the book of Esaias the prophet in the synagogue and read, 'The Lord hath appointed Me,' &c., and closed the book saying, 'This day are these words fulfilled in your ears.' But Christendom to-day have become apostate, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof."

Reference was then made to the fall of man and to the *Roll* as giving a full interpretation.

Minister: "You mean the Adam and Eve theory. I do not believe in that theory. I believe in the development theory."

Friend: "I presume you mean to infer that man has sprung from the brute creation."

Minister: "Yes; and he will go on developing and developing."

Friend: "Man was never more degenerate than he is to-day. Well might Paul remind us that in the last days some shall depart from the faith giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

Minister: (firing up) "That's your version; my version says, 'Doctrines of demons.'"

Friend: "If they were to hold a few more conferences and revise the Scriptures a few more times they would hash them all together."

Minister: "Well, if God is not able to protect His own—that's His fault."

Friend: "God has protected it and doubtless will continue to do so."

The conversation then turned upon the troublous times in which we were living and to the time of trouble Daniel speaks of, and of the millions of soldiers fully equipped for war and only awaiting the signal to advance to the attack.

Minister: "There will be no war. People are learning better, as is evidenced by the settlement of the New Hebrides Question. We are living in fine times. There hasn't been a shot fired the whole year. Men are getting more enlightened. At one time an Irishman or a Frenchman would 'go for' one another because of their different nationality."

Friend: "The light may be shining to-day but if the light that is in you be darkness how great is that darkness. The peace of to-day is a peace under a pall, noiselessly creeping fuse in hand to fire the train pre-

vicious to the great conflagration among the nations of the earth, and the *Flying Roll* is now sent out to gather together the lost tribes of the House of Israel."

Minister: "They were never lost."

Friend: "To whom then did our Lord refer when He said 'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the House of Israel?'"

Our friend offered him a copy of *The Extracts* inviting him to purchase what would give him much valuable information, but he would not do so. And after expressing a hope that he had not detained him too long our friend took his leave.

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"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME."

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O Israel, arise and shine,  
Clothed in the light which is divine;  
The light of mercy, truth, and love,  
The light which shineth from above.

O Israel, arise with power,  
When ye behold the *midnight hour*;  
Then break the pitchers, that the light  
May set all Satan's hosts to flight.

Thy light shall all the nations see,  
For light and truth shall flow from thee;  
For *thou* art chosen by the Lord  
To wield o'er all the earth *His* sword.

Then Israel prepare to stand,  
To wield *His* sword in ev'ry land;  
To gather out *His* children all,  
Who shall be rescued from the fall.

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THE FALL OF BABYLON.

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How true are the words which were uttered by the Rev. O. P. Gifford, pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, on Sunday, January 15th. He said:—

"Judaism fell because her mind became a machine for grinding out forms, ceremonies and ritual, and she became unable to live religion. The great danger that threatens America to-day is along the same line. The mental power and energy of the Church of Christ is given to social life by the women and money-making by the men. Speaking broadly, it is hard to distinguish between the church and the world. Church members and worldlings sit side by side, not only in the church building, but in the theatre. You find it a deal easier to slide down than to lift the other party up. The church takes a hand at the card table, but the world has no notion of sharing your communion; the church joins in the dance, but the world does not join in prayer. In the business world church membership is no proof of integrity. Take a look into the political world; does your statesman stand pledged to principle or policy? Judea went into captivity for seventy years, not because a powerful king, more or less, attacked her, but because she had forsaken God. This is the danger in America to-day. A failure to know what belongs to their peace causes men to cast up a trench and lay the city even with the ground, lest she lose her worldly prestige."

Not only may these words refer to America; they would be fitly applied to all Christendom, the great Gentile Babylon which hath made all the nations of the earth drunken with the wine of her false doctrines. We feel it imperative upon us to draw our readers' attention to the words of the Apostle Paul addressed to the Gentiles and recorded in Romans xi: "Be not high-minded, but fear. For if God spared not the natural branches take heed lest he also spare not thee. Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, *if thou continue in His goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off.*"

Whilst being truly sorry to see the empty formality of professing Christians we can rejoice in the knowledge that Israel's restoration is at hand, of which these things are a sign. The Gentiles' fulness is here, the cup of their iniquity is full, and the words of the Apostle will now bear their full force, "If any man LOVE not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema maranatha—let him be accursed." "Alas, alas, that great city that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones, and pearls! For in one hour so great riches is come to nought."

Correspondence.

A WOULD-BE ISRAELITE.

To the Editress of *The Messenger of Wisdom and Israel's Guide*.

My dear Madam,—I am much impressed to send you a few lines to testify to my appreciation of your publications. Not long since as I happened to be passing along Oxford Street I had put into my hands a bill referring to the November issue of your magazine which I had never previously heard of. For years I had been more or less a constant reader of various works and periodicals advocating "the Anglo-Israel theory," but I am bound to admit that since I have perused the various numbers of *The Messenger of Wisdom and Israel's Guide* (which duly reached me and which I thank you for forwarding in answer to my letter of the 17th November last) my convictions have been confirmed and greatly strengthened that "the Anglo-Israel theory" is as yet a theory and nothing more. I see great light, too, in the books of *Extracts from the Flying Roll* which I am now also perusing with much pleasure and profit, and which appeal to my mind as the Voice of Truth. I have long believed that the British Nation was lost Israel found, and I am pleased to notice that the *Extracts* teach that "the majority of the lost tribes have emigrated to the Northern Isles:" the question, however, as to whether or not a man is really an Israelite remains to be settled by each individual believer, in the sense that he must prove his right to the title, as did Jesus our Saviour and example, before he can claim to be an Israelite indeed, and when he has performed the work of an Israelite there will remain no doubt upon the subject.

I agree with the remarks contained in your letter just to hand in reply to mine that the question of heirship to the promises in store for Abraham's true children rests on no mere foundation of theory, but *remains to be proved* by every would-be heir to those promises in a very real, practical, and individual manner. I begin to understand your words that a man who would be an Israelite must render obedience to the whole law, as Jesus our example did, in addition to believing the gospel; and by accepting and obeying EVERY WORD that proceedeth out of the mouth of God *earn* by that obedience *his right* to the Tree of Life—in other words, his heirship to the fulness of the promises. I am thankful indeed to my heavenly Father for having enlightened my understanding thus far. I can clearly understand now, too, your allusion to the Israelite in whom there was no guile, and as to the extraction of the very root and branch of evil being the blessed and direct result of implicit obedience to law and testimony, and the sole remedy for the removal of the evil seed. In days like the present there exists the most urgent need for very real, hearty, and practical reform. Surely, as you say, until the source of the fountain of evil is touched and cleansed there can be no permanent reformation. So long as "sweet water and bitter" issue from the same fountain the stream remains contaminated, unwholesome, and nauseous. Surely the present state of society calls for the most serious investigation to ascertain under the guidance and direction of God's Spirit the cause of the mischief—the origin of this flood of evil. I am quite of your opinion that the social and moral degradation of the present age is a condition of things that cannot be reached, still less be remedied, other than by the special intervention at this time of the correcting power of God. Many means have been tried to stem the tide of evil and corruption but these have failed miserably. I cannot but admit with you that no remedy is at hand but the one which I now heartily and with infinite gratitude accept and recommend as being now ministered to man by God Himself in the person of the promised Comforter. I accept and believe the doctrine taught in the *Flying Roll* as providing that only remedy, and I am persuaded—though I have tried to ignore the fact through fear of ridicule, which I see is certain to be levelled at such a work of God by men influenced by the powers of darkness—that this doctrine is in truth a revelation from the Eternal God, and is the only remedy capable of checking and turning the tide of evil; for it reveals the seat of Satan's power and the very source and main-spring of that evil which has so long rendered the stream impure, and given the impetus to every evil and sinful action; and in a manner which could never have been conceived by a mere human being teaches the means whereby the cleansing of the fountain and source of such impurity may be permanently effected, and provides the weapons for the destruction of its author—Satan. It is self-evident, therefore, that it must be of God, for Satan would not thus discover the very means for his own certain destruction; neither would he foster in the human heart a love and reverence for that Holy Word of God which I now more than ever rejoice to read, and to its authority desire to bow in meekness and in obedience; that in God's good time, having in his strength alone gained the victory and overcome the evil which lies deeply embedded in the heart of every man and woman, I may become at length an Israelite indeed in whom there shall be no guile, and to God alone must be ascribed all the praise.

With every good wish, believe me to remain,

Very sincerely yours,

A WOULD-BE ISRAELITE.

South Kensington, London.

February 2, 1888.

P.S. If you are under the impression that these few lines may benefit in any degree any of your readers you are at liberty to use this letter in what way you will only suppressing my name.