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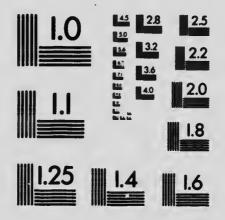
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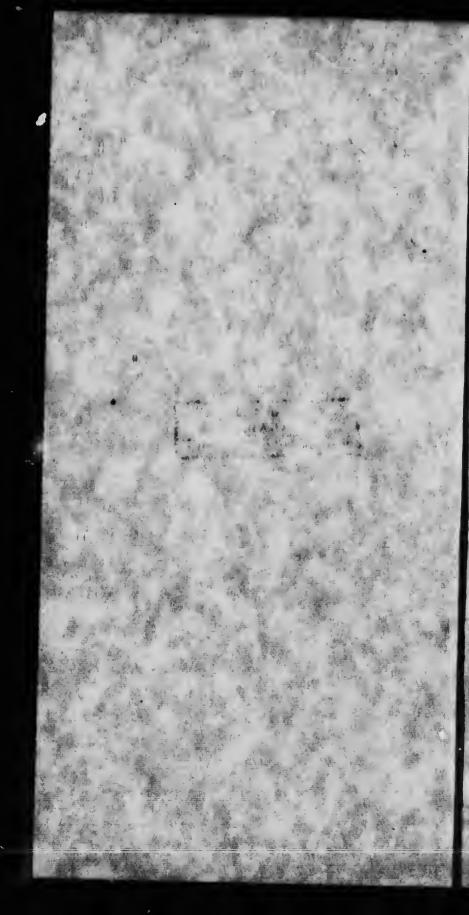
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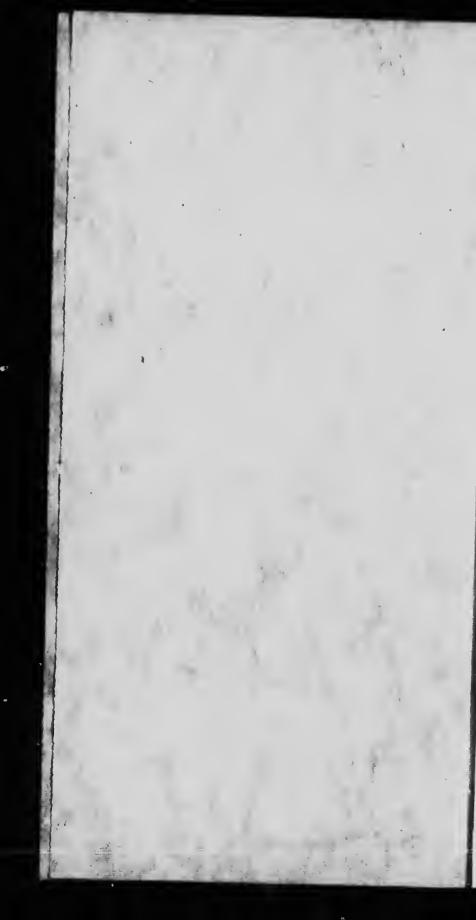


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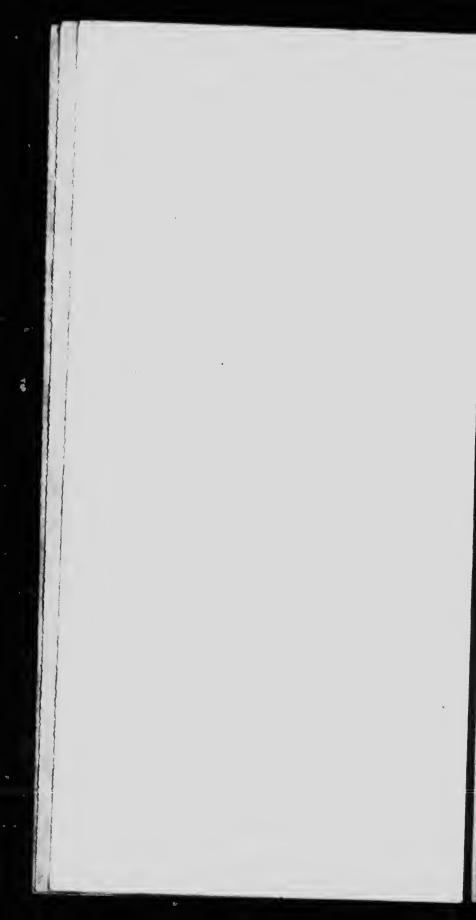


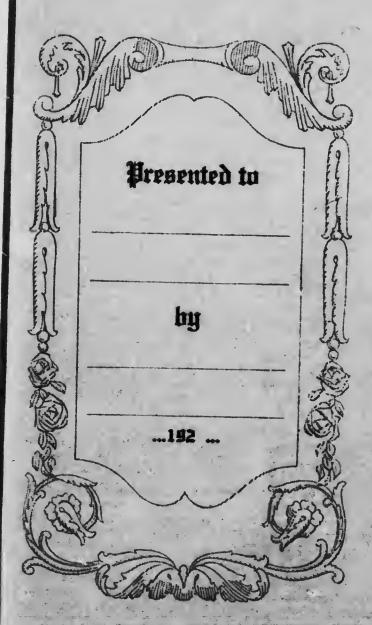




# A Message to You

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#### Relative to the Appreciation of Books.

"My hooks are friends that never fail me" wrote Carlyle the intimacy of a letter to his mother.

"No matter how poor I am, and even if the prosperous will clude themselves from my obscure dwelling, if only the sacred iters will enter and take up their ahode under my roof and Iton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise and akespeare to open to me the world of imagination, and the rkings of the human heart, I shall not pine," etc.

Ellery Channing.

"Tumbling around in a library was one of my highest icities in boyhood."

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"I love my books, true friends are they, who serve with adfast constancy, dear comrades of arm chair and fire, filling lonely hours and heart's desire."

Seitz.

"I shall write for when people will not go to church they I read, and when a sermon is forgotten and perishes sometes a hook lives."

Maria Corolli

"Books are strange things, although untongued and dumb with their eloquence they sway the world and powerless impassive as they seem, move o'er the impressive hearts men like fire across the prairie. Mind speaks and they star else dark firmament."

Orson Sweet Warden.

"The old familiar, magic words of Open Sesame, as per ancient fahle, once unlocked untold hidden treasures. Likebooks are a real sesame to the treasures of the highest and st lasting happiness. Books are the real philosopher's stone ich turn to the baser faculties and sterile moments into ger life, splendid opportunities and golden achievements. Erefore, to place a good book within reach of a child or friend ne of the greatest services man can render one to another."

Lorne Pierce.





O, for a bookie and a shady nookie,
With the greenie leaves wisperin' overheadie,
Either in a doorie or outie,
And the streetie cries all aboutie.

O, for a bookie for onie to readie
All about the newie and oldie,
For such a bookie is better to meie
Than all the silver and goldie.



An extract from an old English Record.
ured by the Author at the Central Library of Chicago, Ill.)



#### A

## Message\_\_\_ to You



#### Ghapter One

#### EAR READER:-

As I was contemplating the dictation of a salutary greeting to you as implied in this entitled subject, I was reminded of certain applicable sentiments which had been contained in a public eulogy paid by W. E. Marshall, a Nova Scotia poet, to Edward W. Thompson, of Ottawa, some little time ago. That tribute was a token of appreciation by the former, of certain literary productions by his esteemed friend thus honored. The first paragraph of that panegyric was expressed in language virtually as follows:—

Though I have never seen thee face to face, Nor heard they voice nor grasped thine outstretched hand;

And may not ever, on this earthly strand Enjoy thy presence as a day of grace; Yet thy unbounded heart enlargeth space Within my heart, because thy books contain A kind regard for me—one of a throng Thy love has lifted up and cheered along.



"Likewise, we, too, may never meet fa to face as friend with friend, yet, because of the fact that some of the most vital in terest in the moral realm of life are in stinctively mutual, that not only justified but under certain provocations, create obligatory claims upon us towards each other, and to all who may come within the sphere of our extended influence."

A similar instance stands out very clearly in the stern records relative to a sense tional legal trial which was held in the Supreme Court of New York City in 1912. In connection therewith, one of the witnesses for the plaintiff, by virtue of his own evidence, became legally guilty of the same serious charge which he had purposed to establish against the defendant.

The case upon the docket was that of a criminal action against the White Star Steamship Company, then accounted responsible for the awful catastrophe of the loss of the noted Titanic. The witness had emphatically declared in his sacredly sworn evidence, that the defendants had been

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guilty of wilful neglect and of the most cruel acts of violence towards helpless women and children during the throes of that dreadful panic in the death struggle for admission to the life-boats.

"What did you do to alleviate the sufferings?" thundered the Judge from the throne to the witness upon the stand. In terror, the man admitted indirectly that he had rendered absolutely no assistance whatever except so far as it concerned his own deliverance. As a result he was unmercifully stigmatized by the presiding authorities, and in time, hissed out of court by all who were present.

When I come to think of it, that incident suggests a still further analogy to the case in hand, beyond that of personal responsibility as above implied. It is contained in a similitude which is often employed in the portrayal of human existence, as that of a frail craft upon the heaving bosom of the vast and turbulent sea of life.

Not only is such a reference very fitting to that of an individual career, but it apA Message \_\_\_\_\_\_to You.

plies as well to that of the home, community, municipality, commonwealth, national or international life. Thus a ship of state, as well as a single-manned canoe, is subject to adverse winds, rolling tides, storms, hurricanes, and perchance, many other subtle and unseen opposing forces such as may impel a change of course, or terminate a lease of navigation.

Was not that noted Titanic a supposed unsinkable miniature world afloat, built at a cost of no less than ten million dollars, suddenly impeded in her proud onward march by a fatal solar plex thrust from a treacherous roving pirate who had evidently enticed the mighty Atlantic to permit a full right-of-way regardless of whatever the consequences might be? Hence, in spite of the official schedule and designated port, that of New York City, for the disembarkation of her enormous wealth, and over three thousand members of human freight, that monstrous ship 882 feet long, poked her nose into the Atlantic for a head-first plunge to a premature watery grave, at a depth of 2760 fathoms, or

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16,500 feet. She refused to obey orders as per charted instructions, later than 11.40 p.m. on Sunday, April 14th, 1912, or to cross beyond the bounds of Lat. 41° 46′ North, Longitude 50° 14′ West. She furthermore refused to release from her relentless dying grip over 1600 pre lous souls.

It has been said that a proper vigilance should have sensed the approach of that submarine iceberg by the natural change of corresponding temperature.

A recall of that accusation reminds me of a strange presentiment which came to me as if it had been a premonition of the great European conflict, a few weeks prior to the first of the many succeeding declarations of war by the various nations involved, that being then in August, 1914.

Though in very poor health at that time. scarcely able to hold a pen, yet I seemed homehow impelled to write, and at that, in a somewhat poetical strain, of matters such as are here slightly indicated by the following verbatim stanzas:





The monarch of reflection stalked through all the earth abroad,

Awakening princess reminiscence from dreams with laden treasures fraught;

Myriads of skilled attendants followed in his winding trail,

Weaving all his weird suggestions into curious checkered tales;

Some memoirs of his roving thoughts as found in records made to show

Were dated on July the twelfth of nineteen hundred, one and four;

They hinted, via a strange predict, in singular figurative terms aglow;

Some eminent scenes of tragedy, of suffering and international woe;

Hark! Hark! He whispered. I faintly hear a weird tumultous rumbling sound,

As if it were a smouldering fuse in earth's supreme volcanic mound.

I perceive as well a phenomenal code traced in a scroll by a monarch's pen,

'Twill encircle the globe with a startling moan of a fateful tragic mien." etc., etc.

Had not indeed the ruthless massacres of the Austrian Royalties at Sarajevo a short time previous, already ignited a deadly international fuse which was destined to cause a universal eruption and boundless tidal waves of destruction?



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At the time of that dictation, all the ships of state, and navies of the world, were either resting on their representative oars, or speeding upon errands of frivolity, dancing to the tune of universal harmony; and peace prevailed. Alas! however, how soon thereafter came the predicter writing cast upon the dark background of the vaulted sky. In consequence of the fulfilment thereof it is now estimated on one of the balance sheets in the ledger of history, that at least eight million lives were sacrificed to the gods of war. They represented

Graphically those figures portray an approximate extended regiment of soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder along the Canadian Pacific track from Halifax to Vancouver, or from the Coast of the Atlantic to that of the Pacific.

the brightest flowers of the world's man-

What of it now? Were all the angry gods appeased? Have those rolling waves upon life's turbulent sea all subsided?

A\_\_\_\_\_\_to You.



Alas! the by-product of that gigantic conflict, the endless trails of woe and suffering entailed—shall the world ever survive that vital shock? Shall she once more swing back to her normal equilibrium, with her nations purged in seas of blood and tears?

I wondered the other day as I thought of the historic account of the Rise and Fall of the World's mightiest empires during the Dark Ages and the Mediaeval Decades, whether it was really true what I then saw before me in the public press, namely:—

"Never have men of any age seen what we are seeing. Never has violence so tremendous, so rapid, in the entire structure of national business, and social life heaved up the very foundations of the world. Never have so many new problems, so many demands for readjustment thrust themselves upon men and women for settlement. Things big with fate are happening fast. They are arousing violent prejudices, with clashing opinions in every assembly and in every newspaper where the minds and hearts of men find expression."



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Now, as I have turned to another page, I see that some other writer has caught the same strain and has given expression thus:

"The times in which we are now living are unprecedented in history. With nearly every household necessity controlled by a trust, profiteering is made easy. The wealth of nations is in the hands of a few. Humanity everywhere is seeking for something to relieve the strain, to adjust conditions, to prevent the world from plunging into chaos and ruin. But as if some giant force were pushing them on, humanity rushes farther into the night and closer to the edge. Notwithstanding the cross currents and eddies, the tide of human woe is rapidly rising. Poverty and want stalk boldly through our cities."

Just now as if some special emphasis of the sentiments expressed in the last clause were in order, a few stanzas of "Watchman, What of the Night!" by Ruth Lees Olson, seem to be plaintively ringing in my ears.

"Watchman, what of the night?

Hunger, gaunt-eyed, crouches with quivering lip and limb,

While to her tattered skirts skeleton children cling,



A \_\_\_\_\_\_to Pou.



Facing the three gray wolves, famine, pestilence want,

Implacable, grim, relentless, their snarling foam fangs taunt.

"Watchman, what of the night?

Clad in golden garments, glittering with jewels rare,
Pampered in selfish luxury, opulent wealth walks

here,
While with vigor of manhood, muscle and brawn
and bone.

Labor stands with clenched hands, demanding of wealth his own.

"Watchman, what of the night?

See, on the hilltop and mountains, valley and field and plain,

The clouds of fear are swirling, rising and falling again,

On the hearts of men and women, filling their souls with unrest,

Mad with a thirst for pleasure, mad with the fear of death."

The idea thus advanced is that the great issues involved in the contentions between the vast opposing forces of Capital and Labor are among the prime factors in the present world unrest. Industrialism and Commercialism, as they are designated, are pronounced greedy and soulless, and as having for years exploited to the utmost



A\_\_\_\_\_\_to You.



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limit uneducated labor, at starving wages, and under conditions beyond normal endurance. By so doing, they are even disqualifying, so it is declared, the present generation for a perpetuation of a mentally and physically sound succeeding race.

But listen! In the midst of the struggle for a mere existence, Socialism beckons attention to great promises of relief and consequent happiness if the world will but bow to its soothing mandates.

On the other hand, no great procession of Capitalistic Representatives have as yet been seen waving flags of surrender and truce to such claims. Instead, they have rather in a stubborn way and independent of what the former may or may not propose, already formulated plans for the execution of the most gigantic industrial projects that the world has ever known, for the betterment of mankind.

A few indications as to the nature of such optimistic declarations may be stated as follows: A new railroad is to be built from Pekin, China, to run clear through



A \_\_\_\_\_\_\_to You.



the Province of Pichili opening up commerce and civilization of the world to tens of millions of common people.

A power canal is to be constructed from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea for the purpose of raising the sweet waters of the Sea of Galilee to make possible a Garden of all Palestine.

French and Italian engineers are about to survey a tunnel under Mount Blanc to join the two countries.

Federal and State Governments of the United States are to spend seven hundred million dollars on good roads.

There is as well to be constructed an immense canal system for the irrigation of six million acres of desert land surrounding the immortal Garden of Eden, from the water of the Euphrates.

Greece, fully recovered from the war, her people and country being prosperous, the government is about to tackle mammoth public works planned by famous old Pericles 450 years before Christ.

These contentions are but a first of the



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discordant cries sounding from every quarter of the globe as to the signs of these present times. At one extremity, there appears the dawn of a perfect age, the Utopia about which the sages have so long been aming. At the other extreme bounds, there is heard the vibrating echoes of the solemn prophetic declaration: "As it was in the Days of Noah, so shall it also be in the days of the coming of the Son of Man, etc." Suggesting an utter apostasy of man and a consequent swift and final consummation of all things at the bar of the judgment throne.



Page Twenty-three

A\_\_\_\_\_ Aessage\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_to Pou.



### Chapter Two

NE particular epoch in the history of the world stands out very significant at this time as bearing upon the questions at issue relative to the disintegration of nations and the evident unrest and disruption everywhere. The time referred to was when Rome was nearing the supreme height of her power. A nucleus of the Latin race 700 years previous, had become a nation after so many centuries of succeeding conquests and the acquisition of Greece, Spain, Italy, the northern part of Africa, and portions of Northwestern Europe. Now, that nation had become an empire and was under the sway of the illustrious Caesars. Just at a time when they cherished great imperial designs for still further extensions of territorial domains, and all possible solidifications of the diversified races of subjects, within their dominions a notable child was born,

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right in their midst, one who was destined to dispute the sovereignty of the world with the spirit of Caesar.

Many phenomenal events occurred during that period attesting the unprecedented claims which had been entertained, concerning the royal heritage of that child and the inspired predictions of his coming and that he should finally reign without a rival.

It is true that his was an obscure parentage, and the surrounding environments of his birth were of the most humble type. Singularly, however, to nearby shepherds, his advent had been announced through angelic messengers and a strange representative of the starry hosts guided wise men from the East to the stable and manger crib wherein the child lay.

The rare and precious gifts which they presented and the homage and adoration rendered, was an evidence of undoubted faith in their declarations, namely, that in the form of that little babe the most important representative of the entire human race was embodied, and that within the





bounds of his sovereign sway depended the fate of the world.

Another singular event as above inferred, occurred in connection with the dedication of that child in the temple at Jerusalem when he was eight days old, as required by the Jewish law in vogue at that The incident referred to was the fact that Simeon, a devout man, had previously received an undoubted divine evidence that his life should be prolonged until the fulfilment of God's covenant with his people, and its prophetic consummation, in the advent of Sihloh as a gift of God for the redemption of the world. Strangely led by the impulse of God's spirit, he was the temple in that child was presented for dedica-Doubtless it was with the most tion. thrilling delight that he recognized in that presentation a legal representative introduced to the whole human race, the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords. For presently thereafter, he took the child in his arms and blessed God and said, "Lord,

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now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy Word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, etc." He furthermore, beholding the child's parents, likewise blessed them and said unto Mary, the mother, "Behold this child is set for the fall and rising of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against. yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

We can but conjecture the consternation of the chief executives of the Roman powers at the assumption that from a race which they held in the most bitter contempt, a presumptuous usurper had been dreamed of. Absurd as such a supposition was upon the very face of it, it nevertheless occasioned many secret session of state, relative to private matters of the most momentous import in the Court of King Herod.

The first deep-laid, seductive plan, strangely miscarried, however. The wise men, obeying instructions from higher



powers than those which they had received him as to the success or otherwise of their important mission. The hypocritical royal plot having been thus foiled, the spirit of revenge now intensified the instinctive hatred to a point where vengeance demanded from the King, never returned to inform the extermination of all children from the age of two years and under, in Judea and all the coast thereof, thus preventing any possible escape of that alleged despotic foe. How soon indeed after Simeon's inspired prophetic verification in the temple was the insight of the prophet verified by the spirit of bitter rivalry which prevailed?

How wonderful; indeed, thrilling and entrancing, in view of all that happened, are the records of history relative to the marvellous preservation of the life of that child, through infancy, youth, maturity and manhood, even to the full limit of his appointed span of life. Now, however, during the ever memorable scenes of the climax of that divine life incarnate, which held the fate of the world and the issues



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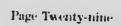
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which have challenged the supremacy of all other sovereignty; even the sun refused to shine, darkness covering all the land for three hours, during that greatest battle for conquest that the world has ever known. The scene was laid at Golgotha upon Mount Calvary, the consummation thereof that day ending at the grave where the last remains of the victim of that dark plot was entombed.

"The tomb is the only safe prison," said Poppea, to Nero. "There the dead excite no tumult and tell no tales."

She had supplanted Seneca, the daughter of Claudius, who was the true Empress, still living, but securely exiled. Through two murders and two divorces, Poppea had waded her way to a miserable throne. Not until—like in the case when the head of John the Baptist had been presented to Herodious—the saintly form of Seneca had been mutilated and thus presented, and Agrippina, the mother of Nero, as well, had been treach-



erously stabbed to death; not until then, I repeat, did Poppea feel that she was safe as the then ruling Roman empress and wife of Nero.

"The grave is a safe repository for the remains of the conquered foe; no further tumults raised there." Is that what you said Poppea?

In view of such a statement, stranger than ever is a scene which followed the events of that most notable day in history, known as the day of the Crucifixica of Christ. As already stated the life of the most notable personage in the annals of human history had been taken by cruel hands and his body laid in the seclusion of the dead. But listen! Some of the instigators of that late tumult, and the crowned heads of the jurisdiction of those domains, for some mysterious cause, suddenly became alarmed as to the outcome of their dark deeds of the previous day, as though even the grave might in some unknown manner betray its sacred trust of secrecy to spies of retribution. As a consequence,

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of the there was great confusion, and in haste, that newly hewn sepulchre, with its sacredly consigned trust, was made unquestionably secure, above all by being sealed with the signet of the presiding governor, and amply guarded by a large body of Roman soldiers.

It was at the close of the third day after that notable event that two men were returning from Jerusalem to the village of Emmaus; unexpectedly they were joined by an apparent stranger, who said unto them: "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another as ye walk and are sad?" The reply was, "Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass these days? "What things?" said He. "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth," they answered, "Who was a prophet mighty in deed and in word, and how the chief priests and our rulers condemned Him to death and have crucified Him." We had trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel, and besides, this is

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the third day since these things have been done, which facts we now remember His having thus prophesied. Yea, certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre, and failing to find His body they assured us that they had seen angels instead, which said that He was no longer dead, but that he had triumphantly risen from the grave, even as He had also declared that He should."

"Then," replied the stranger, unto them, "Oh, fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things"; "and beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself, etc., etc."

In the far-reaching implication of the last paragraph, declared by him who spake as never man spake, are contained the extended sacred links in history which not only connect that particular epoch to which



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we have so very briefly referred, and the fulfilment of these past events to that time, but also to the perilous times in which we now live as we have already affirmed.

Primarily, the world has refused to respond to the just claims of God as such have been revealed to mankind in the now fully historically verified plan of His infinite redemption of the world from sin, through the mediation of His own Son upon the cruel Cross of Calvary. Alas! The world has refused the proffered gift, failed indeed to recognize its day of glorious visitation. We have wilfully spurned the outstretched arms of Infinity, such as would all mankind embrace, in pity, mercy, love and reconciliation.

Actual facts of existing conditions in the world today, such as bear upon the momentous issue involved in this subject, seem utterly incredible to our sight and comprehension. In spite of all our boasted achievements we are still allied with the spirit that ruled the Caesars.





What are the real facts from the present point of view as to the claim which had been entertained concerning that child, which though born in comparative obscurity, was pitted against all the ruling powers of the world. Very briefly the response to that all-important interrogation might be indicated as follows:

All the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and the wealth of the Roman Empire has passed away, and become supplanted by new civilizations upon its charred ruins. The lustre of the world revered name of Caesar has long since lost the glitter of its charm.

As to its hereditary spirit, however, ever since espoused by the world, what fathomless depth of misery and woe have been entailed, leaving us still plunged in an abyss of despair, doomed to an inevitable retribution as the dire effects of such a course.

As against that which is but representative of all that is temporal, deceptive and fleeting, stands the immortal Christ, the victorious King of Kings and Lord of



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Lords! He who was dead but liveth again, to reign forever and ever, having conquered even death and the grave. From the foundation of the world it was decreed, as was later on affirmed by King David, that Christ's kingdom should be an everlasting kingdom and that His memorials were to

extend throughout all generations.

The Emperor Nero and King Herod, who had so viciously contended for the death of Christ, after but a few years of temporal reign, relinquished the sway of their respective sceptres, golden crowns and purple robes, to live in name only upon the annals of mediaeval history. As to the lowly Nazarene, however, every time that we designate the official date of any transaction whatsoever, we hereby indirectly at least, admit and honor the majesty of his sovereign sway in that respect as above that of all earthly authorities.

Relative to the real nature of his ruling mandates, Napoleon Bonaparte gave a fitting expression virtually as follows: "The more I study the world, the more I am



convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable." Alexander. Caesar, Charlemagne and myself have founded empires, but upon what did the creation of our achievements depend? They depended upon force, whereas Jesus Christ founded His empire upon Love, and to this very day there are millions who would gladly die for him."

Thus how truly has civilization failed to implant the liberties by force or legislative enactments, but above the battle cry of the vindicators of liberty, the Acts of Parliaments, and the exultations of our modern civilization, sounds the declarations of the Christ, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

How appropriate in this connection are the words expressed by the Rev. Walter C. Latham, B.A., some time ago, as bearing upon this point, namely, "Human life has absolutely no meaning when it is robbed of its moral and spiritual value, and no nation can continue to endure that deliberately disregards those sacred com-



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mands, which are inherent in life tiself. Armies and navies perish; and empires wither and decay. Material beauty fades and everything fluctuates, but the triumph of a noble conception of a spiritual mind lives on in lovely majesty with the stars of heaven."

Does not Germany's downfall in the late world conflict present an undeniable emphasis to Napoleon's inferences? The contention is historically sustained, namely, that the inherent cause for their ruthless course of action was due to her false philosophy.

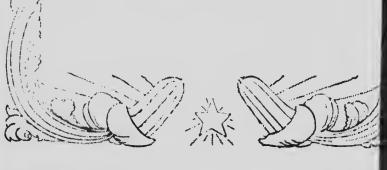
As to a specific accusation of that nature, we are just reminded of a recent notable address given in Chicago, Illinois, by the Rev. Robert McWatty Russell, D.D., LL.D.:—"Our modern educational system, so he declared, is imperilled by exaggerated materialism. Relative to these dangers, he says, "The German system of public instruction, so long held up as a model for the world, consisted large-





ly of sciences, philosophy and theology, rought out by minds who had thrown off the authority of Revelation, placing the supreme emphasis of thought upon materialistic resources."





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Chapter Three

N a popular newspaper published at the capital of the United States, an editorial appeared some time ago to the effect that there was a growing impression among eminent thinkers that Christianity is losing its hold upon men, that the religious world is drifting from its moorings, and that faith is becoming a tradition.

This reminds me seeing Commissioner Eadie while residing at a large public gathering not long since, suddenly throw up his hands and springing back upon the platform as if he had seen a startling vision exclaiming: "They're coming; the waves, yea, the whitecaps of infidelity are rolling in. Do you see them?"

Again, I also heard recently an English Church Curate thunder from the pulpit a





clause contained in his text, "There is no God"! This refers as well to the present day trend of unbelief and ultimate apostasy.

Alas, how truly does this intimation represent our modern hypothesis upon these important questions. The permeated influence thereof already threatens the entire disruption of Christian civilization. In proportion as the religious statutes have diverged from the tenets of God's word in favor of the wisdom of this world, to that degree has it been carried away from its true anchorage by the seductive tide and drawn towards the whirlpool of infidelity.

In view of those facts it is with the most profound adoration that we trace in the sacred records of God's Word many exact prophetic declarations concerning the very times in which we now live. In reference, for instance, to the fact of the increasing bounds of man's wisdom in this, the twentieth century, the prophet Daniel predicted that many should run to and fro, and that knowledge should be increased. In view of



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actual present conditions, how true his vision was as to the fulfilment of such prophecies, must be evident to all honest enquirers.

Perhaps the world has never witnessed a period of such incessant and intense mental activity. Nature in all her vast domains, in her atoms and her masses, has been searched with keenest scrutiny and compelled to give up her wondrous secrets. The microscope reveals worlds of order and beauty unseen by the unassisted eye, while the telescope sweeps the silent sky millions of stars are discovered, numbered and catalogued. The electric spark sends thought. in printed words, with lightning speed around the globe. The microphone magnifies sound until the spider's walk across a window echoes as the tread of an armed The phonograph receives upon its shining metallic disk the words and tones of a living speaker, and will be able to reproduce them after a thousand years. the near future concerts in progress at any point on the continent may be heard in



many of our principle cities through wireless telephone receivers. All tongues and tribes and nations are brought into daily contact, and direct intercourse and fellowship. Time and space are no longer barriers between men, races and empires. Even the dark continent, the unexplored equatorial Africa, has been penetrated by the herbic and dauntless Stanley, from Zanziber to Booma, and the cannibal tribes of the Upper Livingstone are no longer unknown to the civilized world, and men still run to and fro, restless and dissatisfied, crying for more light and more knowledge.

The Christian does not look with dismay upon these researches into nature, or these discoveries of science. On the contrary, he hails with joy each new discovery as affording additional evidence of the wisdom and goodness of God. Full well does he know that facts written on the rock leaves beneath, the star heights above, and the pages of inspiration when properly understood and interpreted, will be found to be



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in exact and perfect accord, showing forth the glory of the infinite writer of them all. There is no controversy between the man of faith and the man of wisdom provided each one acts in his proper sphere. There is not and never has been any real conflict between interpretations of Scripture and interpretations of the facts of Nature, for what God has written in His Word never conflicts with what He has written in His creation.

Not all scientists in the past have affirmed a faith in a future life, but no scientific works have denied immortality.

All have declared that nothing in the teaching of Nature prohibits an expectation of living again. Today the scientific worldispractically a unit in the pronouncement of its faith in a future existence. Faith in immortality is in accordance with the teachings of nature, based on reason and in harmony with the great laws that point to eternal progression. So says Dr. Paul Joire, Professor in the Institute of Psychophysiology, of Paris, President of





the French Society for Experimental Psychology.

Gustave Myers has declared in his work entitled "Beyond the Border Line of Life," that the most significant, far-reaching, revolutoinary event that had ever taken place in scientific circles, one of unparalleled importance to the entire human race, was that of a recent deflection of at least thirty-five of the world's most illustrious scientists from the materialistic school of philosophy.

In spite of the boasting of this generation as to the world's progress and wisdom, the history and ruins of the Old World before the advent of our Lord, reveal evidences of a civilization excelling our own. Egypt, situated on the banks of that strange river whose source has been discovered in equatorial Africa, speaks out through her mummied kings, her silent Sphinx and matchless pyramids; the ruined walls, seventy feet high, on which war chariots were driven four abreast;

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their marvelous hanging gardens filled with flowers and birds; their exquisite temples of polished marble overlaid with ivory and gold, their marvellous life-like statutes; their highways, firm and hard, stretching from Imperial Rome to all the ends of the known world; their arches, aqueducts and fountains, etc. The bricks of Babylon, the purple of Tyre, the army of Xerxes, the conquests of Alexander, the legions of Rome, the poetry of Homer, the philosophy of Socrates, the statues of Phideas, the orations of Cicero, the satires of Juvenal, the annals of Tacitus-these are borne on the drifts of the waves of that ancient civilization, wise in all the wisdom of this world.

Dr. Garbett, in his Dogmatic Faith, says: "With the sole exception of the knowledge of the true God, this old world carried human advancement to its highest pitch. For lustre of genius, brilliancy of wit, fertility of imagination, depth of thought, artistic taste and skill, aesthetic sensibilities, and keen relish for pleasures,



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the latest period of heathen civilization has never yet been excelled, perhaps never equalled." And yet in the midst of all this. vice and immorality were well-nigh universal; chastity was almost unknown; thousands of virgins were annually devoted to prostitution in the temples of the gods: the life of a man was esteemed of less value than that of a dog; slavery was universal. and slaves were put to death for the most trivial causes; men fought with each other and with wild beasts in amphitheatres, where royalty and dainty Roman matrons gazed with eager delight upon the agonies of dying men, and turned their thumbs down over the polished marble in token of their desire for more blood.

But alas, upon that civilization might well have been written the inscription which is upon the altar at Mars Hill, namely, "To the Unknown God". It was all of this world, and of this world only. It was outward, material, transient; it was earthly and sensual. Again I say that these are the drifts still floating on the current of



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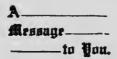
human history as it moves on its majestic course to an infinity of space not measured by islands, continents and seas, and where days and years of human probation are lost in the harvest field of eternity.

In view of the general trend of our preceding account I cannot resist giving frequent expressions in exclamations of astonishment at what our eyes actually see and common sense perceives relative to the rising tide of a universal apostasy, as already intimated. During all the history of mankind, there appears never to have been such a wholesale turning away from the source of national blessings in order to take up once more with the gods of the heathens.

As bearing upon this point, I recall reading the following in a publication of recent date:

"It is remarkable that the place of the Bible in the life of the nation was fixed by precedent and public sentiment in the United States, and not by law. It was a day when infidelity was popular. But when Washington was ready to as-







sume the office of President of the new Republic, he asked for a Bible. Stepping out on the balcony of Federal Hall, V'all Street, New York, in full sight of the assembled multitude, he laid his right hand on the open Book while repeating the constitutional oath, and then reverently kissed the page. State Chancellor Livingston turned down the corner of the page twoards the words of Genesis 49: 24, 'His bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.' This custom has never been vloiated by a Presidentelect. The Bible is usually opened at random by the clerk of the Supreme Court; a record is made of the passage kissed, and the Book presented to the President's wife. Cleveland used a little red Bible given to him as a boy by his mother. Roosevelt placed his lips to the words of James 1: 22, 'But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.' The Bible was opened for President Wilson almost at the middle. He kissed the page at Psalm 119: 46, 'I will speak of thy testimonies before Kings and will not be ashamed."

I wonder if we can grasp the significance of the fact that for hundreds of years the instructions imparted to the youths of England and America have been grounded on the Scriptures. Who can deny the mighty influences which the Bible ex-





erted as a factor in the national prosperity of the English speaking world upon what but the Word of God rested the peaceful reign of our ever-adored Queen Victoria. But now, within a single generation, the framework of our educational system has been so changed that the language which expressed the abiding convictions of our ancestors sounds as strange in the atmosphere of our universities, so they tell us, as the language of a lifferent race of men uttering formulaes of some outlandish, savage religion. The momentous issues involved is relative to a denunciation of the authority of Divine Revelation in favor of modern philosophy, a philosophy which in its essential character is in accordance with human tradition and the fundamental principles of the world system and that not according to Christ, who is hated by the world, and who has laid the axe at the root of all worldly principles.

Prominent among the elements of the world and of human tradition is the prin-





ciple that the world reflects the grandeur of man, and that human reason is the highest and mightiest factor in it. In our day, it has become a popular theology that human reason is the final Court of Appeal in all matters of doctrine. In man's world, human achievement is exalted to the highest place and no limit is set to what may be accomplished by human ingenuity. "Let us build us a City and a tower whose top may reach unto Heaven, and let us make us a name." That is the program of humanity as announced by those who established the basic principles of worldliness.

In this great world system, that only is valued and lauded which is attained by the effort of man and redounds to his credit.

Philosophy adheres strictly to this tradition and to these principles in that its various explanations in order to receive recognition as philosophical, must be purely the products of human reason, exercised upon the results of human investigations.

Let the boasted scientific intelligence in-



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form us that faith in God must now give place to knowledge of nature and her laws, let the materialist tell us that he has searched the boundless universe and found no intelligent spirit but only matter and force; and let the blasphemer proclaim that Moses is a liar, Christ an impostor, and man's immortality a delusion. one and all of these we say, that these ideas are almost as old as the human race. This godless creed was held by wiser men than they, long before they were born. It was held by the Wise Men of the ancient world in the days of its highest civilization. It is now held by the cannibal tribes in the dark places of the world, filled with the habitations of cruelty. Thus these philosophers are simply asking us to go back to the time when the world by wisdom knew not God.

The wise men of this world, filled with philosophy, falsely so-called, ask that we give up the Old Testament, miracle records, the Psalms of David, the New Testament, the doctrine of eternal retribution,

the Holy Ghost, inspiration, Jesus Christ, and God Himself. This is the modest demand of the unbelieving wisdom of this day and gencration. This is progress, this is advanced thought, and so the race is left its grave without a resurrection, its universe without a God, and its sin without a Saviour.

In view of these facts, and our preceding references, applying such a cause to present universal effects, how fitting indeed are the words left on record by the honored Daniel Webster, namely, "If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prosepring and to prosper, but if we and our posterity neglect its instruction and authority, no man overwhelm us and bury all our glory in procan tell how sudden a catastrophe may found obscurity. The Bible is the Book of all others for lawyers as well as divines, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule of conduct. I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, the miracles which he wrought esA\_\_\_\_\_to you.

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tablish in my mind his personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe what he asserts."

Are there not indeed countless hosts of other renowned witnesses on record bearing upon this point? Such as for instance, the few following references will clearly indicate:

"It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life," so says Goethe. "No criticism will be able to perplex the confidence which we have entertained of a writing whose contents have stirred up and given life to our vital energies. The further the ages advance in true civilization the more will the Bible be used."

"To the Bible men will return because they cannot do without it. The true God is and must be pre-eminently the God of the Bible, the eternal who makes for righteousness, from whom Jesus came forth, and whose spirit governs the course of humanity."—Matthew Arnold.

The sublime benediction of life as recorded in the last Will and Testament of Charles Dickens, will ever stand out prominently as a witness bearing upon the point in question, expressed in language as follows: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and exhort my dear children, humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament."

Tennyson, as he stood at the grave of his dearest friend, looked beyond the narrow tomb to the wide expanse of heaven, and to God himself, and said: "I trust he lives in Thee, and there I find him worthier to be loved." Thus he too declared his faith in the survival of love beyond the confines of death.

Shakespeare as well in his Will, left us an ever illustrious testimony as to his attitude in this all-important issue as foilows: "I commit my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assured-

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ly believing only through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I shall be made partaker of life everlasting.

Whittier as well confirmed such a hope in a stanza which he wrote after the death of a friend, namely:

"Keep for us, O Friend, where'er Thou art waiting all that here, Make thy earthly presence dear, And when fall our feet as fell thine Upon the asphodel, let thy old smile Greet us well."

"The highest consciousness of which ever existed in the breast of humanity, was that of Jesus. All history is incomprehensible without him. He created the object and fixed the starting point of the future faith of our humanity. Repose now in thy glory. noble founder; thy work is finished, thy divinity established. Thou shall become the corner stone of humanity so entirely that to tear thy name from this world would rend it to its foundations. Between thee and God there will no longer be any distinction, complete con-



queror of death, take possession of Thy Kingdom."—Ernest Renan.

"Peruse the books of philosophers, with all their pomp of diction, how meagre, how contemptible, are they when compared with the Scriptures. The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration."— Rousseau.

"I have always been strongly in favor of secular education without theology, but I must confess that I have become no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling which is the essential basis of moral conduct, is to be kept up in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters without the use of the Bible."—Professor Huxley.

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## Chapter Four

T is true, that with the exception of one or two perhaps, the prominent authorities quoted, were not known as active Christians. Nevertheless they have thus frankly expressed their deepest convictions upon these vital questions. In view of what has been said, however, relative to the more modern trend of thought, as taught in our schools of learning, especially those in the more advanced branches of our colleges and seminaries, we deem it imperative to refer as well to a few of the most prominent authorities of the present time upon these issues. I sincerely regret, however, that owing to the limited space of this designed booklet, we can but refer to certain specific subjects bearing these all-important points, and the authors who have treated the same, which are as follows:

"My Personal Experience with the Higher Criticism," by Professor J. J. Reeve, Southwestern Theological Seminary, Forth Worth, Texas.



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"The Recent Testimony of Archaeology to the Scriptures," by M. G. Kyle, D.D., LL.D., Egyptologist, Professor of Biblical Archeology, Xenia Theological Seminary; Consulting Editor of the Records of the Past, Washington, D.C.

"Christ and Criticism," by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D., Author of the Bible and Modern Criticism, London, England.

"The Testimony of the Monuments to the Truth of the Scriptures"; also "The Passing of Evolution," by Prof. G. F. Wright, D.D., LLD., Oberlin College.

"The Wisdom of this World," by Rev. A. W. Pitzer, D.D., LL.D., Salem, Va.

"Life in the Word"; also "Modern Philosophy," by Philip Mauro, Councillor-at-Law, New York City.

These, as we have said, are but a few of the great number of men from among the ablest authorities of our day who still contend for the truth as taught by our fathers. Nothing is more gratifying to honest students than to follow such accounts as that of the personal experience with higher criticism as given by Prof. J. J. Reeve, (already referred to). And a similar account is contained in the work

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entitled "Modern Philosophy," by Philip Mauro. These works expose the depth of the delusions of the leading modern theories, by men of unquestioned fidelity to the principles of truth, who had in honest research become ensnared for a time in its deathly coils, and were only delivered finally by a strange, supernatural, over-ruling Providence.

Just now, in view of the sentiments expressed, I seem to hear the cry of a soul in great need, which gave expression as follows: "I sought the world but Peace was not there; I coveted learning, but Truth was not revealed; I sojourned with philosophers, but my heart became sore with vanity. And then I cried, 'Where is Peace to be found?' And, 'Where is the hiding-place of Truth?'"—Filius Lucis.

Have we not indeed, all of us, under the strain of certain extreme provocations again and again uttered similar expressive sentiments of sorrow and despair in quest of rest and peace?



Even Professor Hegard, of the University of Copenhagen, gave expression of such a conflict when he said, "The experience of life, its suffering and grief, have shaken my soul and have broken the foundation upon which I formerly thought I could build. Full of faith in the sufficiency of science I thought I had found in it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. The illusion vanished however when the tempest came and plunged me in sorrow. The moorings, the cable of science, broke like a thread. Then I seized upon that help which many before me had laid hold of, and there I found Peace in God."

That reminds me by the way, of what I read the other day, namely, that on the border between Chili and Argentine, South America, there is standing a gigantic figure of Christ holding his Cross, His upraised finger pointing the weary traveller to the sky. Beneath it is written this motto: "He is our Peace who has made both one."

There may be indeed a legal peace en-



forced by law or diplomacy, or such as is compelled by war, but best of all is the Peace of God, the enthronement of tranquility. Its delight is inexpressible, and passes all human understanding.

"On the wall of my study," says Harold Bell Wright, the famous writer hangs a picture representing Christ. all my writing years, whenever the conditions under which I had worked have made it at all possible, this picture of Jesus has looked down upon me. At times. times, I have sensed in this pictured countenance of the Master's rebuke and censure and I have felt ashamed. At other times, glad times, and all too seldom, I have fancied I could almost hear from those lips, the words 'Well done.' At still other times, as I have mused over the tasks set for me, that face has seemed to invite my questions. It has seemed to say, 'Be not afraid, bring all your troubles of life to Me, and I will give you rest and peace."

Does not the Master as well say to you

and me in the hour of anguish when the soul cries out in need, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest?"

From an array of a countless number of authorities, from among the most brilliant minds in the world today, whose declarations are equally as positive and forceful upon these vital questions, one in particular comes very forcibly to my mind at this time as a fitting conclusion to this part of our account. The particulars thereof, are contained in a few scattering paragraphs taken from a personal testimony by Philip Mauro, as such appeared in a work entited "Fundamentals" in Vol. 4, page 105, printed in Chicago, Illinois.

"For many years," he declared, "there had been no inspiration in my life beyond the gratification of self. As touching my material circumstances, that of my profession of law, I was sufficiently successful to gratfy my own ambition and to excite the envy of others. I had been blessed as well with excellent physical health and

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my domestic relations were all that could possibly be desired. Nothing seemed to be lacking that could ensure or contribute to perfect happiness and content. Indeed. my real gratifications were largely of an intellectual order. In quest of piercing the veil of the material universe, I was carried into the domains of science, philosophy and occultism, theosophy, etc., etc. this pursuit, however, never yielded anything beyond mere conjecture. In time. the disappointment of such a course seemed to indicate that life had no meaning, advantage or justification, and the powers of the once much vaunted intellect now became unequal to the solution of even the simplest mystery. Thus the prospect before me became unspeakably dark and forbidding. It is hard to picture the state of mind subject to increasingly frequent and protracted seasons of depresion, for which there appeared absolutely no reason or explanation."

We are loath, indeed, to omit in this connection, for want of space in this booklet,

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a long thrilling account of intervening incidents which finally led to the following climax of the above account which conclusion is stated, verbatim as "The crisis in my life came on the evening of May 24th, 1903, when yielding to an inward prompting which, gentle as it was yet overpowered all my natural reluctance and repugnance to such an act. I publicly took the sinner's place and confessed my need of the grace of God. Of course, the act of publicly kneeling and calling on the Name of the Lord is not the necessary part of the process of conversion. There is no specified place or manner in which the gift of eternal life is received. What is necessary, however, is that one should believe God, first, as to being a heapless sinner, and second, that Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, the eternal Son of God, is the sinbearer for all who believe in Him, who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. I did not know the nature of what was happening for I did not believe in sudden conversions. I supposed that a change of nature, if it occurred at all, would be very gradual. RegardAessuge \_\_\_\_\_ to You.



less of my ignorance, however, a tremendous change took place that night. Only in eternity will I fully comprehend what it really implied. Certainly it was life from the dead. Spiritual things from that moment became realities. I soon learned by happy experience that if a man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things will have passed away, and behold all things have become new."

Dear Reader, I have aimed in the preceding account, as rendered, to at least indicate in a general way my deep conviction relative to the world's greatest need. As to what that implies, that is an interrogation which finds a suitable reply in many theological catechisms, namely, What is the chief aim of man? It is to know God and to glorify him.

Now, from the scope of a general sense, the vital part of this so designated message to you is of a personal nature. Regardless of the fact that booklets containing this account may be sent broadcast, that does not lessen the personal applica-



A\_\_\_\_\_to Jon.



tion of its sincere dedication to you upon your receipt of the same.

The incentive which inspired this message had its embryo in the scenes of distress, sadness and sorrows which are around and about us. Not a day passes but what we see here, and there, sad faces. At every turn we pass them.

Oh, that we knew the cause of evident sorrow so often portrayed, and could but render alleviation, such must surely be the concern of all of us. Above all other solicitations, however, comes the inevitable query as to whether or not an experimental knowledge of the unspeakable joys of knowing God, has been attained.

It is therefore due to my concern in the interests of my fellow-man in that particular respect who come within the sphere of my influence, that I was prompted to write this message.

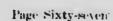
Should this reach you at a time when your mind is too fully preoccupied within a whirling tide of frivolity, to carefully analyse, appraise and appropriate the



merits of this message, give it a sacred place in your library for future reference. It may perchance at some opportune time afford some comfort of a nature such as may be gathered from the following brief sketch of biographical history.

The particular event was an incident in the life of the noted Jerry McAuley. He knew that somewhere in every cell in Sing Sing prison there had been placed a Holy Bible. Hitherto, however, that would, of all things, have been the very last that he would have been wanting. Now, however, something had happened and a diligent search for that all-important treasure so agitated his mind that natural sleep and food were entirely forgotten until he had grasped that pearl of great price.

Was the finding and the refusal of the same really worth while? The answer is found in several large volumes of memoirs of that once lowest of juvenile drunkards and river thieves that ever lived in the subterranean dens of New York slums. They include accounts of the most miraculous



change browght about through the reading of that book that was ever known in the annals of that City. That fact was a recognition of the truth that by divine intervention, through the conversion of the lowest possible outcast, there arose the most honored and esteemed citizen that New York could or ever will boast of. To his memory or honor, many public benevolent institutions are today central blessings in some of our most important cities in the world.

I could not possibly describe the sensations which I felt surging my whole being as I beheld on one occasion the sparkling waters poured forth from an artistic statuary fount in the very heart of the City of New York in memory of that great man.

Most wonderful of all perhaps, in connection with that particular career, is the fact that his was the largest funeral ever known in New York City. There extended for miles in all directions, processions of those who with broken hearts and senti-

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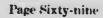


ments of honor, paid their last tribute of respect to the departed one as though he had been Diety incarnate.

Likewise, reader of this message, there will come an hour when the suggestions with which this is freighted, concerning God's message of love, may become a balm for your broken heart. Regardless of your state in life whether it be rich or poor, high or low, there will come the hour of a final rating of all the assets and liabilities of life. Then how infinitely valuable will be your every available resource of comfort and consolation. Perchance some hidden promise contained in this message may waft you above all the billows that might threaten to overwhelm you.

When the inevitable hour came to Commodore Vanderbilt, he said to his attending physician (Doctor Deems): "Doctor, what I need most from you is that you should sing to me."

"Sing to you?" replied the Doctor.



"Yes, came the response, "Sing that old hymn, "Come, ye Sinners, poor and needy," for that is what I am."

Though financially his material wealth was estimated at over two hundred million dollars, yet as he tossed upon his bed, from side to side in deep remorse and anguish, with streaming tears of sorrow, and regret, that he had neglected the one thing needful, he again and again repeated those lamentable words, "Yes, that it what I am, poor and needy."

It was his last Birthday and forgotten and alone, the brilliant and handsome Lord Byron took up his pen and in bitter disappointment wrote:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of life are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

He had followed the bubble of fame, but it had burst in his grasp. He had reached the zenith of popularity, and had been flattered by royalty, but he died forsaken and unattended upon a foreign shore. He

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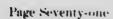
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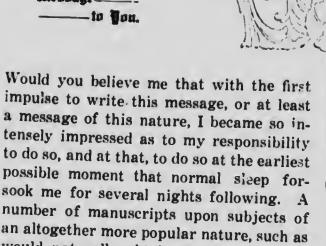
had drunk deeply of the sparkling draughts of this world's pleasure and lust, but the intoxicating cup had been rudely dashed from his hand, and the bitter dregs alone were left him.

A doleful story. Yes, but a true sample of the way in which the world treats those who have served it most and loved it best. Fleeting and empty are its best pleasures. "Vanity" is written across its most cher-"Vexation of spirit" and ished treasures. disappointment are the portion of all who seek satisfaction in it. But this is not the end of it all, for beyond Time there stretches THE VAST FOREVER. The fixed realities of Eternity must follow the trifles of earth (Heb. 9. 27). Namely: And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment.

It is conceded no doubt, that a sudden frantic cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" is a natural exclamatory plea for an instant response of all possible available resources, to assist in a desperate critical moment.



Message\_\_\_\_\_to Jon.



It was a similar impulse which some time ago, led me to ring the bell for admission at the door of strangers from the fact that I had been entrusted by the Master with a sacred message for a man who was nearing the portals of death. Strange as it may seem, therefore, I was refused admission by a lady who came to the door, she contending that all comfort of a nature such as I had indicated as having been the

would naturally obtain a more extensive circulation, were before well nigh completed for publication. These had, nevertheless, to be laid aside temporarily, in order that this message might be prepared

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vital import of my sacred message had already been amply supplied by a certain resident College student.

I should not for the world assume a similar attitude as that taken by that lady; insignificant and impudent as the messenger might have appeared, what about the import of such a message, and the authority that sent it.

So in the present case, though you may be inclined to spurn the messenger, cherish the vital message, I pray thee, as a special entreaty from your mothers, God who loves you too, to turn in with the offers of mercy, pardon and reconciliation.

Regardless of whatever creed, dogma or theology you may be inclined to embrace as a guide of subsequent conduct, seek first the Kingdom of God and His right-teousness. This is life eternal, to know God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. As to the unspeakable joys and inestimable rewards which are the inheritance of such a course, the concluding inference will at



least indicate. It contains a confession made by Milton on his loss of sight:

I am old and blind; Men point at me as smithen by God's frown; Afflicted and deserted of my kind, Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong, I murmur not that I no longer see, Poor, old and helpless, I the more, belong Father, Supreme, to Thee.

Oh, Merciful One; When men are farthest then Thou are most near; When friends pass by my weakness to shun, Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face,
Is leaning toward me in its holy light,
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee, I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown, My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see, Thyself, Thyself, alone.

I have nought to fear,
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing,
Beneath it I am almost sacred here,
Can come no evil thing.



Oh! I seem to stand, Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been; Wrapped in the radiance from Thy sinless hand Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture, waves of thought,
Roll in upon my spirit, strange, sublime,
Break o'er me unsought.

Give me now my lyre, I feel the strains of a gift divine, Within my bosom glows unearthly fire, Lit by no skill of mine.

If, as I trust, you may esteem this little booklet, a worthy gift to a true friend, in that case, let its inherent sentiments become your mesage to others. To the unfortunate ones all about us; the sick, the dying, the suffering ones on life's great highways; the unfortunate, the poor and



A \_\_\_\_\_\_to You.



needy within our reach. God loves them all. Extend the message of his offered mercy, pardon and free grace and yours will be an eternal reward.

From the Author,

C CALAMO.

Memorandum

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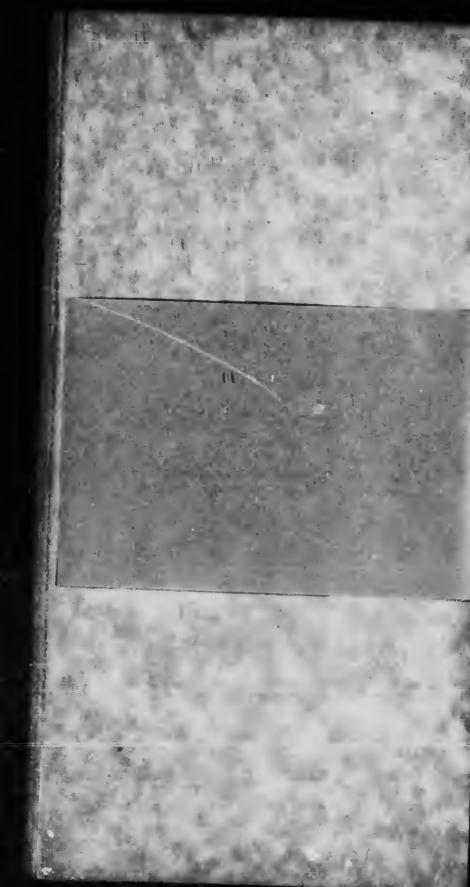




## ERRATA.

On page Sixty-seven, in the seventh line from the bottom, it reads, "refusal of the," when it should read: "perusal of the."

On page Seventy, in the eleventh line, it reads, "Yes, that it what I am," when it should read: "Yes, that is what I am."



## EERATA.

On the page under heading "Song of Books," lines two and three of 1st verse should be transposed.

In the 14th line of page 20th, the word "Shiloh"

In the 7th line from the bottom of page 27 appears the word "semion," which should read "semions."

On page 28, the 7th line from the top is misplaced, and should be the 2nd line.

On page 52, the 7th and 8th lines from the bottom



