

## YOUNG MEN OF AUSTRALIA!

Your Mates from the Battlefields are Calling Loudly—

**"Come Over and Help Us!"**

A Picture that will Live for Ever in Australian History.



—Commonwealth Official Photo.

*Anzac Band Plays the Australians into Baupause, under German Fire,  
Burning and Falling Buildings.*

The Example of Heroic Deeds is the Best Stimulus to Spirited,  
Victorious Action.

Every Soldier, and Every Eligible, Strong Young Man Should Possess  
a Copy of "The Message."

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"Christian World" Print.

## The Message of Hope

TO THE RELATIVES OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

In Memoriam.

ANZACS OF GALLIPOLI.

YPRES, POZIERES,  
REINCOURT, ROEUX,  
BAUPAUSE, MESSINES,

EGYPT,  
MESOPOTAMIA.  
LAGNICOURT, BULLECOURT,

**"The Eternal God is Thy Refuge."**

✉ Enclose a copy of The Message in your Letter of Sympathy to the Widow,  
Mother, Sweetheart, Sister or Friend of  
**OUR NOBLE DEAD!**



Is Death  
the End?



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## Our Noble Dead!

His country called, and honour bade him go  
To battle 'gainst a grim and deadly foe;  
He helped to bring Australia into fame,  
To build for her a never-dying name,  
Foremost was he, in thickest strife,  
For King and Country laid he down his life.  
"Pro patria mori."

—Leauname.

## The Bereaved.

How little is being done to bring comfort to and to sustain the relatives of our Fallen Heroes! The widow in her silent anguish, the mother alone with her dear boy's memories, the sister bereft of a brother's affection, the sweetheart robbed of her beloved—all weeping bitter tears.

How can we help to bind up the broken, bleeding hearts?

May the Message of Hope, under Divine Blessing, help to cheer the Sorrowing Ones, is the earnest prayer of—the Author.

1. To the Relatives and Friends of Members of the Highland Societies of Australia, who have added fresh lustre in the trenches of France and Flanders and on the heights of Gallipoli to Scotia's Eternal Glory.

So long as grass grows green on the banks of Bonnie Doon,  
So long will their memories be cherished.

From.....

2. We will never meet here again our Fallen Brave Boys of Scots' College, but their fragrant memories will endure as  
Everlasting as the Bonnie, Bonnie Hills near Loch Lomond.

From.....

Anyone can have a SPECIAL Message on this page, and with their names affixed, breathing a **Living Personal** Spirit of sympathy.

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May the Message Bring Comfort to and Sustain the Sorrowing Ones.

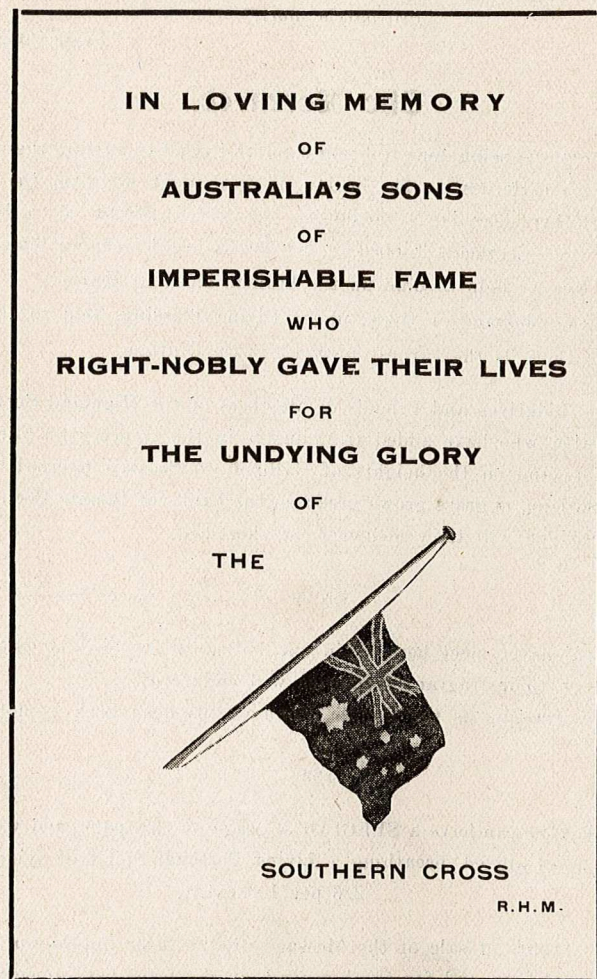
"Fear thou not, for I am with thee:

Be not dismayed; for I am thy God:

I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee

Yea I will uphold thee

With the right hand of my righteousness."—Isaiah 41: 10.



### Is Death the End?

He whom you loved is dead, . . . . To others he was but a unit in the twenty million men that wage Armageddon. To you he was everything. And you—wife, mother, sweetheart, sister—are left alone with

your sorrow and your memories. Fragrantly dear and precious those memories may be, yet they are unsatisfying.

Memories lie in the past, and we move away from them. Bleeding hearts need something to which they can look forward; something that, as the years pass, will come nearer. That something is

### RE-UNION.

And reunion depends on the "resurrection of the body." To be assured of that, to be quite certain that you and he will meet again—you to know him, and he to know you—would blaze with silver sheen the black cloud of your grief.

### EVIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY.

What are the arguments and proofs that will make the faint hope a sure and certain one? First, there is this, and it is tremendous:

Ever since there was a world—and all over that world, among savages that have never risen above their savagedom, among great civilisations that have flourished and faded in all religions (pagan, heathen, Jewish, Christian), from the most debased to the most sublime—there has been a universal belief in the resurrection of the dead, and of another life. It is instinct, and **universal instinct cannot go wrong.**

Resurrection—reunion, another life—is something that the whole scattered races of the world have gripped, with no teaching, no intercourse, no exchange of ideas. The lowest type of mankind have never thought that death was the end of life. Human instinct is true. Mankind has always been conscious of its own immortality.

### NOTHING IS LOST.

Were death the end of life, then we should be confronted with this amazing position—that whereas nothing in Nature really dies, the gem of creation, the admitted masterpiece—Man—does die, and ends forever with his dying! It is inconceivable.

We may or may not believe in God. But a study of the wonderful human body, the sheer glory of its mechanism, must tell us there is a Master Mind somewhere, and a Master Creator. If you believe in evolution, that is but progressive creation, and a greater marvel! The Master Creator does not create for **death**. That would be absurd and wasteful. It would place the Master Creator on a lower plane than the human sculptor, who so fashions and carves the inanimate marble that it may last. If we, so wonderfully fashioned, have but one life, and that life only so pitifully short, then the Master Maker makes for sport, and must be mad, for he would be treating creation's best a thousand times worse than creation's lowest! Yet none has ever dared to say other than that there is intelligence and purpose behind creation. Nothing in Nature is wasted or lost—nothing! Is the best in creation—the human race—to live, to die, and to end for ever with its dying?

### THE HEART KNOWETH.

No: quite apart from man's instinct, quite apart from his extraordinary consciousness of immortality, that would contradict everything which the minds of great men have learned of the world's workings. To



create for death—that is what “no resurrection” would mean—would be wasteful, unintelligent, and cruel. And Who or what it was that set the world spinning, and created or evolved life, none dare say that there is waste or unintelligence in creation.

A whole world, throughout all its generations, and among all its varied types—white, yellow, and black—does not instinctively believe in resurrection if there be no resurrection. **The heart of humanity holds the truth.**

To prove the resurrection of the body as part of the Christian belief holds this difficulty that those who are anti-Christian are thereby prejudiced. They jeer at “faith,” forgetful that it requires infinitely more faith to disbelieve than to believe! But this can be remembered: that Christianity in proclaiming the resurrection of the body and another life, proclaimed no new thing. It only said clearly what religions had held, and what the beating heart of all generations had instinctively believed in. The Founder of Christianity provided the proofs that the death of the body was not the end of life, and that Death cannot hold when the Master says “Loose!” Christ’s own resurrection, stands unchallenged now, and is conceded by those who would deny His divinity.

If we reject the Christian teaching of the resurrection of the dead, let this be remembered—**there is no alternative belief.** It is not a choice of two, but the rejection of one. We should be left with nothing to hope for, and nothing to live for. Better, in a sense, a wrong belief that comforteth the dying and cheers the bereaved than the blankness of utter and hopeless despair that comes from believing nothing. Let us rejoice that the greatest men with the greatest minds have weighed these matters and were glad to believe in the resurrection of the dead.

#### UNCHALLENGED.

For the Christian his whole faith rests on the resurrection of Christianity’s Founder. Once that is proved—and the fact is as unchallenged now as it was always unchallengeable—instinct becomes a certainty, longing is swallowed up in assurance, and the resurrection of the body, reunion and a life in the world to come are his heritage, and his certain hope. Thus death loses its sting, and the grave is but a bed in Mother Earth, where loved ones sleep.

And, quite apart from religion, it is beyond denial that the human body holds more than mere bodily life. Mind, conscience, memory, imagination, self-consciousness, find expression through the body, but are not of it. Therefore, they must survive death. If, as some would argue, personality—one’s very self—is part of the body, and must die with it, then how is it that sight, hearing, speech, feeling and limb after limb may go, and yet personality remains? It should, were the argument sound, gradually disappear. The loss of our body by death is but the same as, in life, the removing of an overcoat.

#### ALL DOUBTS DISPELLED.

Imagination may reel at the thought that the millions of dead can be raised and re-clothed with bodies, yet the yearly harvest of the world is a bigger marvel. The wonders of creation make the resurrection of the dead a small thing. He Who can make, can make again. Nothing,

too, of the bodies is lost. It has passed its myriads of other forms, but it is all there, and He Who made can surely re-assemble. True, it is that the deeper we go into the subject the easier it is to believe in the resurrection of the dead.

Love and justice, too, require that there should be a resurrection and reunion. How otherwise could love do justice to the young lives stricken in this war? To die at twenty, with life un-lived and with no resurrection would contradict the whole design of an intelligent Creator.

The arguments against resurrection are pitiful. There are but two. The first is that this wonderful world, with its marvellous life of insect, bird, beast, and man, has no creator behind it. It “grewed!” The second is that Christianity is a fable, based on forgeries and hallucination. Yet the most brilliant scholars and the deepest thinkers of the world have been Christians.

Believe then, and with absolute assurance—for the proofs pile themselves mountains high, that there shall be a resurrection and re-union. Humanity’s instinct has not erred, and no condemnation can be too great for those mockers who would rob the afflicted of their consolation of faith in personal immortality.—“Answers.”

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### Immortality

The soul within me tells me I shall never die;

Else, whence this pleasing thought, this fond desire,

This longing after Immortality?

The soul, secure in her existence,

Smiles at the drawn dagger and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim,

With age, and flowers cease to bloom;

But, the soul that trusts in Him shall flourish

In immortal youth, unhurt,

Amidst the War of Elements,

The wrecks of matter, and

The crash of worlds!

#### For

The Eternal God is Thy Refuge, and

Underneath are

The Everlasting Arms.

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### More Than a Friend.

I was deeply interested in hearing of an incident that took place at a soldier’s grave in one of the Southern States of America. A person was seen decking it with flowers; and a stranger, observing him, asked with a tone of sympathy, “If his son were buried there?” “No,” was the reply. “A brother?” “No.” “Some other relation?” “No.” “Whose memory, then, may I venture to ask, do you thus so sacredly and tenderly cherish? Pausing a moment from emotion, he replied, “When the war



broke out I was drafted for the army; and as I was unable to procure a substitute, I prepared to go. Just as I was leaving home to report myself for duty, a young man whom I knew came to me, and said, "You have a large family, whom your wife cannot support when you are gone. I am a single man, and have no one depending upon me. I will go for you." He went. In the battle of Chickamanga the poor fellow was dangerously wounded, died, and was buried here. Ever since his death I have wished to visit this place, and having saved sufficient funds I arrived yesterday, and to-day have found his grave."

The touching story concluded, he planted the rest of the flowers. Then taking a board, he inserted it at the foot of the grave. On it were written these simple words, and no more:—

### *He died for me*

I know your heart will glow when you think of that noble fellow's generous, self-sacrificing love for his friend. Does it not glow when you think of One who died for **you**? Is that deed forgotten, and not one loving, grateful thought given to His dear memory? As that generous soldier died to save his friend, so truly did Jesus die for you. Yes, far more so. The soldier might have returned safe, but Jesus **knew** he went forth to death for you. How have you treated Him?

### **This I did for Thee.**

"I gave my life for thee;  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave My life for thee;  
What hast thou given for Me?

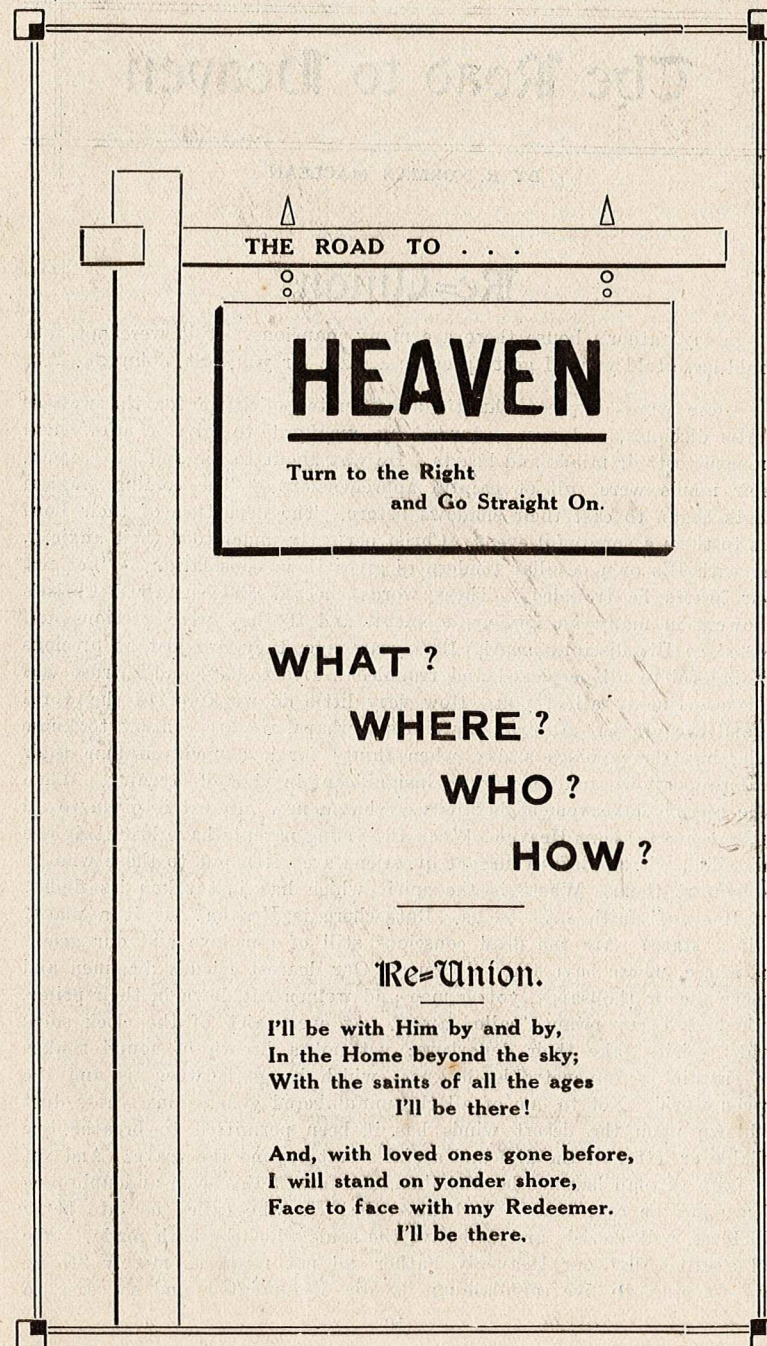
"And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and My love.  
Great gifts I brought to thee;  
What hast thou brought to Me?

"Oh, let thy life be given,  
Thy years for Me be spent;  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent.  
Give thou thyself to Me,  
And I will welcome thee."

—F. R. Havergal.

"In My Father's house are many mansions (resting-places). I go to prepare a place for you."—St. John, 14-2.

(Reprinted from "The Sydney Mail," 4-10-11)





# The Road to Heaven

BY R. NORMAN MACLEAN

## Re=Union

In my father's house there are many mansions. It it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.—St. John xiv., 2.

These words express Christ's affectionate solicitude for the welfare of His disciples, and were intended by our Lord to give comfort and strength to their minds and hearts. He was about to die and leave them. Their minds were full of painful apprehensions. The coming tragical events began to cast their shadows before. The departure of their Lord was to them a sorrowful event. Christ perfectly understood their anxiety, and with His own peculiar tenderness gives them consolation. "Let not your hearts be troubled." These words cheered and sustained Christ's followers in many an anxious moment, and if they were precious and helpful to His disciples nearly 1900 years ago, they are just as precious and helpful to all perplexed and troubled hearts to-day, and I trust will be comforting to all of you. How very little do we know of the world beyond the grave? At ordinary times, perhaps, we are content to know little, but there comes a day when things for a moment assume their right proportions, and time grows insignificant in view of eternity. When some terrible bereavement befalls us, what a new interest is given to all we have heard about Heaven? When the young parents have lost their one only child, what painfully urgent questions are often put to those who go to comfort them. Where is the spirit which has just taken its flight? "In Heaven," faith says to us. But where is Heaven? Is it a place? Is it a state? Are the dead conscious still of our love and our grief? Oh, where, where have they all gone? Our dearest friends die, men and women die by thousands, young men and women cut down in their prime, little ones every minute called away. At every tick of the clock some eighty spirits take their departure; yet not a breath of sound shakes the curtain of impenetrable darkness which hangs between us and the unseen world. Not to one of all the unnumbered generations whose dust is blown upon the desert winds has it been permitted to breathe one syllable or letter of the dim and awful secret beyond the grave. And yet the faith of man has not been shaken, nor for all this deep and unbroken silence has he ever ceased to believe that He who called us into being will bless, will cherish, and will save the souls which he hath made. We feel assured that our Heavenly Father did not mean us merely "to be born weeping, to live complaining, to die disappointed, and so cease to

be," but that He has a new home for us prepared beyond the grave. Each race has fancied its own ideal of Heaven. Few, indeed, have been the nations which have not imagined that there remains beyond the grave a blessed paradise for holy souls. And all Christians, who have read the revelation of St. John have dwelt with rapture upon the descriptions of the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven from God: The gates of pearl, the foundations of precious stones, and the pure river of the water of life. Yet, even these symbolic passages do not thrill the heart so keenly as others:—"They shall hunger no more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb that is in the midst of them shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And if we need any symbols to help us, they are symbols of transparent meaning—Green meadows, where men may breathe God's pure air, and see His golden heart, glorified cities, where no foul step intrudes, white robes—pure emblems of stainless innocence; the crown and the palm branch, the golden harp, and the endless song, which do but speak of abounding happiness, the most innocent, the most thrilling, the most intense.

Dear friends, if these emblems do not satisfy you, fear not; there are other conceptions of Heaven which do not deal in imagery at all. What may be the physical condition of Heaven we cannot tell, but so far as it is a place at all, its fundamental conception is that it is a place where sin is not. No guilty step may pass the gates of pearl, no polluting presence fling shadows on the golden streets. There is no slander there, no envy, no hatred, no malice, no lies. Neither murder, nor wounds, nor war. No heart deceived by Satan, no mind depraved by sin, no soul degraded by man's brutal selfishness, no witness of his utter shame. The Bible gives no details of Heaven, yet it is clearly revealed that the essence of it is holiness, and that its chief delight is the contemplation of God. Death jealously guards the secret. His realm is to us, and is meant to be the land of mystery, the silent land whence no whisper can ever reach us. And yet, while much is hidden, something also has been revealed. One has lived on this earth from whom no secret was hid. If we would, then, learn anything of Heaven, surely it is in His words that we shall find the information we desire. Hence I have chosen His own words for my text to see it is not the key to unlock some at least of the secrets which perplex us.

As to the question, "Where is Heaven," we read:—"Jesus lifted up His eyes to Heaven" and said: "Father." He spoke of having come down from Heaven. The apostles are described as gazing, lost in wonder, while a cloud received their master out of their sight. Stephen, looking up, beheld Jesus at the right hand of God. John, borne up in a vision, saw the throne, and in the midst of it a lamb, as it had been slain. And thus, with this conception of an above is combined that of an ascent of the divine humanity of Christ. He Himself, after speaking of the house of many mansions, gives this as the thought which His own could grasp:—"There I am, and I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there ye shall be also." Surely, then, in view of this testimony, we can assure ourselves that, whilst in a true sense, Heaven is being



with God, here, there, anywhere; in a true sense, also, there is a sanctuary—a house of many mansions—a Heaven of Heavens. In what part of God's vast universe Heaven is situated we cannot tell. One thing, however, we do know, that so far as Heaven is a place, it is a place selected by the King of Kings, for the more immediate revelation of Himself, His goodness, and His glory. It is where His throne is erected. It is where Jesus in His glorified human body dwells. It is where all those who have "died in Christ" shall spend their never-ending existence. But Heaven is not only a place, it is a state—a state of happiness; for what is place, even the most beautiful, when the mind is unhappy? It is not in the noblest mansions, nor in the most magnificent objects to chase sorrow from the heart. If we mean to enjoy Heaven we must first have Heaven in our soul. If we could enter Heaven in our sin, every pure look would be a burning reproach to us, every rapture of it a burden, every nobleness of it a shame. If we wish to go to Heaven we must prepare for the journey. Friends, the kingdom of God must be within you; ere you enter the pearly gates you must free yourselves for ever from the low aims of this world. You must free yourselves from the joke of habit and the power of temptation. You must desire only and do only what is good. You must be honest, true, noble, sincere, genuine, pure, holy to the heart's inmost core—that is Heaven.

Heaven is not only a place, it is a state; not only a habitation, but a disposition; not simply to go somewhere, but to be something; to become the sons and daughters of God through Christ's cleansing blood—that is Heaven! Yes; that is Heaven! What more, we know not. In other stars, amidst His countless worlds, for all we know, God may have work for us to do. Who knows what radiant ministrations, what infinite activities, what never-ending progress where all things are lovely honourable, and pure. Why should we not believe that God, who is so good to us, hath such good things in store for all who love Him. The mental and the spiritual treasure we amass here is to be our capital in the world to come. Those who are at different stages of the spiritual life at the moment of death will be at different stages at the starting point in the next life. Scripture confirms this:—"For as one star differeth from another star in glory so it is also in the resurrection of the dead." That is what gives to life such peculiar solemnity. We lose nothing by death of all we have acquired. When old age comes on, and a man's memory fails him, those memories are not lost for ever. And when death comes and the brain crumbles into dust, not one thought is destroyed. All that we learn here, the virtues we acquire, the characters we form, are ours for ever. The man of science, who has by study and investigation learned much about this corner of God's creation, will have that knowledge for his precious possession in the other world as in this. The poet and the painter, who have acquired the love of the beautiful, will have that delight with them for all eternity. He who has painfully acquired any virtue will not have to leave it behind him at the gate of death. No effort is wasted, no toil thrown away. There is no dull uniformity, no stagnation, in the other world. There is variety, there are many mansions (or, as the word here means, resting-places), where all may be refreshed. Examine God's workings where we will we find always these two characteris-

tics: It is gradual, and it is progressive. There is no such thing as a pause or a break in the continuity. And so we are led to expect that death cannot be the real break in existence it seems to be. There is no such thing in all nature as life at a standstill. If a thing be living it must be suffering either growth or decay; so we must suppose that Heaven is progress towards a Divine end—a becoming ever better and better, and more and more like God. The words of our text confirm this: "My Father's house, the universe, consists of many stations along the road to perfection. If it were not so, I would have told you."

The future life, then, is seen to be only a continuation under more blessed conditions of this life. Childhood dies into youth, so youth dies into manhood, and manhood dies into old age; but in each case the treasures of experience are handed on to the succeeding state, and only the transient perishes. So death is only the passing into yet another stage. All that is valuable in character and experience survives the shock and every fresh step opens up new vistas to the soul's vision. We shall advance from truth to truth, from virtue to virtue, from service to service; we shall become more and more blessed because more and more like Christ. The words St. Paul used to describe the Christian's gradual glorification must be true of the heavenly state as of the earthly: "We all with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of God, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory." "In my Father's house," saith Christ, "there are many mansions." Our Elder Brother there speaks of Heaven under the endearing title, "My Father's house," my Father's home. From that home he came, and having finished His work, was about to return. "I go unto My Father," that is, I am going home. What a beauty, what an attraction does this throw around Heaven! Home! my Eternal Home! At home with God as my Father, and all the good and the true, the pure, and the noble of the universe as my companions. When the words of our text come from the lips of our blessed Saviour, He was going to His Cross, to His grave, to His intercession in Heaven, to prepare a place for His people. There "our forerunner is for us entered." There he intercedes and pleads for us. Behold Him at the Mercy Seat. Behold Him now in the midst of the Throne of God:

"Five bleeding wounds he bears, received on Calvary,  
They prove effectual prayer, they strongly speak for me,  
Forgive him, oh, 'forgive,' they cry,  
Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

Another question now presents itself, and it is to us the most important of all. How are we to get to Heaven? How are we to reach the house of many mansions? How are we to gain entrance into that Heavenly Home? The late Dean Stanley answers these questions briefly and strikingly. His direction-post reads:—"Turn to the Right, and go straight forward." That is the only way to Heaven. Christ says:—"I am the way, the truth, and life." There is only one way to Heaven, and that is "through the blood of Christ." If you desire Heaven, you must seek it here, and if you love Heaven, you must love it now. No one need read these words further without having the stamp of eternal life



set upon your soul. Every sin-burdened soul may become a true Son of God. Each one may enter the pearly gates and cast no shadow on the golden streets. Christ's invitation is universal: "Whosoever will may come." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

God hates sin, but loves the sinner. This was the work for which Jesus was born in Bethlehem, lived on earth, died on Calvary, descended into the grave, burst the bonds of death, ascended to Heaven, and placed Himself at the right hand of God. For this, He trod the lowest vale of shame and grief; for this He drank the deepest cup of wrath and torment; for this He grappled with all the powers of darkness; for this He reigns and prays on high. It is the work, too, for which the Holy Spirit strives with us, knocking at the barren entrance of the sinner's heart. For this He assails the fortress of self-love, reveals the perils of sin, and wrestles with ignorance and delay. For this He strives, until the arms of rebellion fall and the contrite soul flees to the Cross and embraces Christ, who has opened up a new and living way into the house of many mansions.

When the Venerable Mr. Meade in his dying moments was asked how he did, he replied: "I am going home as fast as I can, as every honest man ought to do when his day's work is done, and I thank God I have a good home to go to." Yes, we are all going home, sooner or later. Be ready. Prepare for the journey. "Now is the accepted time." Decide now. "Now is the day of Salvation." Accept Christ, and you have received your passport to the Heavenly Home.

Christian friends, those of you who have long learned the way, what are you doing to add to the number of Christ's followers? How are you endeavouring to swell the great multitude around the throne of God? Remember, there is no joy equal to winning men and women to Christ, and there are no possessions of the heart so precious. As there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, so there is joy, great joy in the heart of him who has led a sinner to the Saviour. When one has gained another to God, and a holy life, there is a most dear and everlasting relationship established between them, the one leading, so to speak, to the other's good for eternity, and the other beholding in him a benefactor, by whose work and example he is consciously exalted for ever, and this gracious relationship will give them an eternal, mutual property in each other. This is the high and holy honour of every Christian worker who is seeking to advance the Kingdom of God.

Mothers who have won their children to Christ, children who have sometimes won their parents, masters their servants, pastors their flocks, teachers their pupils, companions their comrades, are bound to each other by a new and endearing friendship. Our work on earth is a preparation for our service in Heaven. We do not know what form of work will be given us there, but it is written: "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in the temple." Amen. Amen.