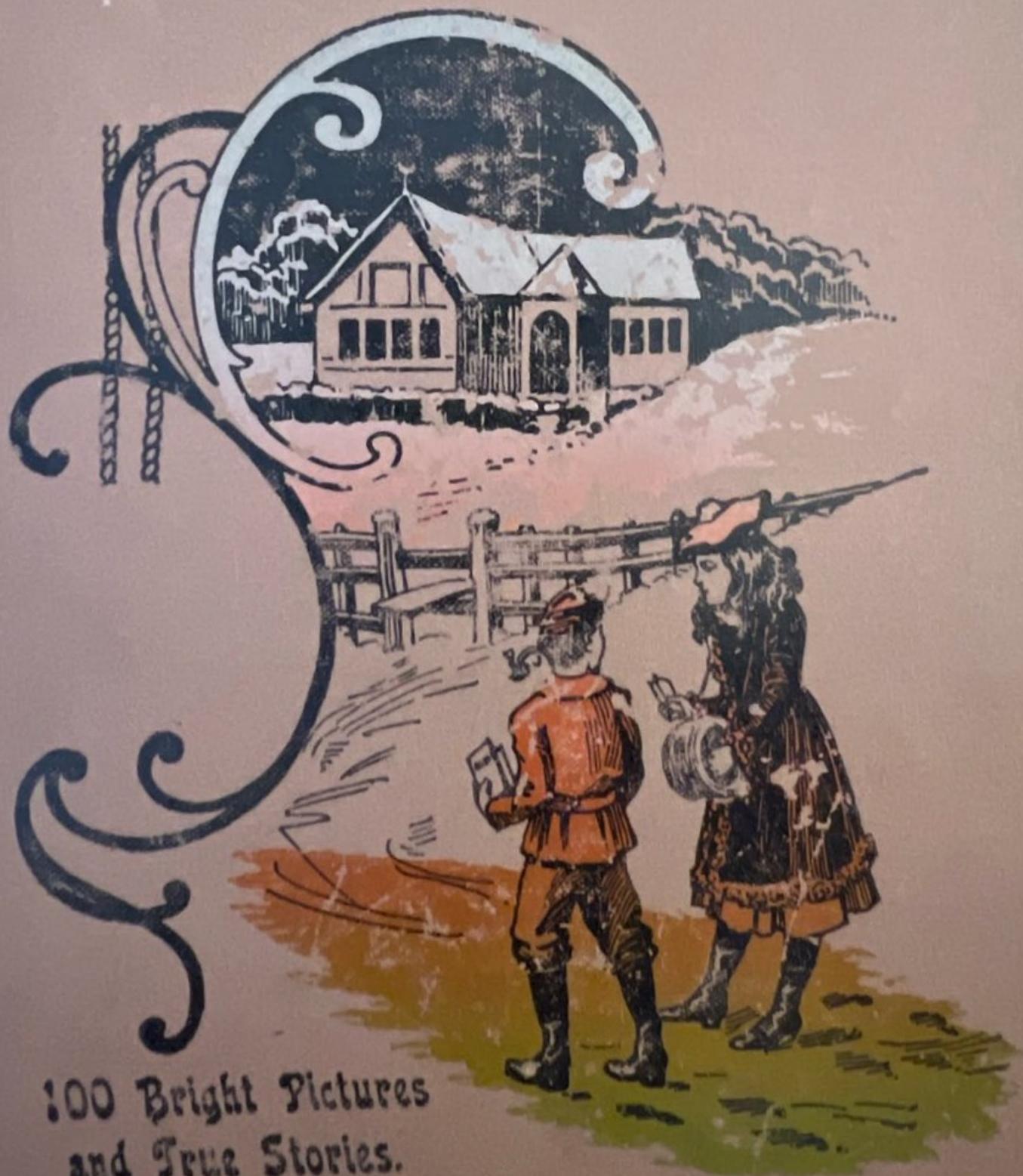


SCHOOL DAY STORIES



100 Bright Pictures
and True Stories.

SCHOOLDAY STORIES.



A GOOD AND TRUE STORY.

Schoolday Stories

OF

BOYS AND GIRLS OF MANY LANDS.



Kilmarnock:

JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER OF CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

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HAPPY GIRLS OF NAZARETH.



NAZARETH GIRLS AT THE VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN.

HAPPY GIRLS OF NAZARETH.

NEVER nineteen hundred years ago, an angel messenger from the bright courts of heaven, was sent on a visit to the village of Nazareth to announce to a village maiden that to her had been given the honour of becoming the virgin mother of Jesus the Saviour, the long-looked for Messiah of Israel. Not to one of earth's great cities, but to this little-known obscure place—not once mentioned in Old Testament history, did the angel messenger come. Not to one of earth's great ones, but to a village maiden was the heavenly tidings of a Saviour Incarnate first made known, and she in the simple faith of one who believed God, sang, "*My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour,*" (Luke i. 49). Not as an object of worship herself, but a sinner saved by grace, confessing a personal Saviour is the Virgin of Nazareth introduced to us in the Word of God. Romish tradition has named her "Queen of Heaven," to whom prayers are to be offered, but Mary in common with all the redeemed of the Lord, disowns all personal merit, and sings the virtues and praises of the One whom she calls "my Saviour."

Nazareth, as we approach it to-day, nineteen hundred years later, is the same quiet village, nestling on the slope of one of the hills which enclose a pretty valley about a mile in length. As we look up the picturesque village is seen on the left or western end of the valley, backed by limestone cliffs. Flowers of every hue grow profusely all along the valley. There are convents, churches, chapels, of varied religions, and traditional sites of Joseph's house and workshop, which we view with little certainty that they are more than conjectures. One thing is sure, here in this remote

but lonely spot, far from the busy world, Jesus of Nazareth, Immanuel the Saviour, spent His early years. These mountains were familiar to His eyes; His feet walked on these streets, and yonder is what is said to be the remains of "the synagogue" where He spake the Word of God. One object of special interest to us was the Virgin's Well or Fountain with its clear and cool flow of water issuing from three mouths as it did probably nineteen hundred years ago. Wells and fountains are little altered in the East, and there is every reason to believe that this was the village well of the Saviour's time. Here are a number of village maidens in their bright head dresses, loose flowing mantles and necklaces, bearing their pitchers gracefully on their shoulders, to draw water in the evening from the well. They chatter and smile, but being only able to speak Arabic, we cannot communicate with them or ask if they know that One who in highest glory, bears the name of "Jesus of Nazareth," as their Saviour.

The girls of Nazareth marry at an early age. If they are to be taught their need of a Saviour and led to Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, they must be reached in their earliest years. A band of earnest Christian women, chiefly from Britain and America, devote their whole time to this work, and not without fruit in conversions. It was a pleasant sound to hear some seventy to eighty girls in this place sing,

"Jesus loves me this I know: for the Bible tells me so."

Yes, from that mountain village, where Jesus lived, which Jesus loved, from Nazareth some will come to join in the great "Hallelujah Chorus" to be sung around the Throne.

TWICE SAVED; An Ice Adventure.



SEE how they go over the crisp snow. They fear no danger, but fly along as if all was secure. This snow scene reminds us of an incident of our school days many years ago.

There was a long "slide" close by our playground, and some fifty or more boys were on the ice. The ground

was steep, and when once you set off on the slippery top there was no stopping half-way; down you had to go to the bottom. A long row of boys had set off at the top, and were halfway down, when a shrill cry from a little fellow, who had fallen right in front on the "slide," was heard. His long yellow curls lay across the ice, and, before he could gain his feet, down came the long line of sliders like an avalanche, and in a



moment they lay in a heap on the top of that pretty child. Never shall I forget the look of horror depicted on their faces when they saw that little form, pale as death, lifted in the arms of a strong labourer, the golden curls clotted in blood, and carried to the nearest chemist's shop. Some thought he was killed outright, and trembled in terror: many said he would never recover.

But in the Lord's mercy to him and to them, he did, and it was only the other night I heard that curly-haired boy, now a bright Christian young man, tell the story of his conversion to God while a boy of ten in the Sunday School. "I am saved, dear children," he said, "once from death on the ice, once and for ever from sin and damnation." Both were very real to him. Is salvation from sin and hell real to you?

PEGGIE'S LETTER; Or, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

PEGGIE, perched on a high chair, sits writing to her cousin her first letter. What do you think it is about? Not her dog, not her doll; both these for the present are forgotten in a more precious gift she has just received. That gift is eternal life. She has got it through the Lord Jesus; by believing in His Name. She came to Him as a sinner at the children's service held in the school every Sunday evening, and she maintains she has been saved. And

she is writing to her cousin Mary the good news, and she closes her letter with the favourite lines—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, ever my soul shall be."



GOSPEL TRIUMPHS IN BECHUANALAND.

GHEN Robert Moffat went to the Bechuanas with the Gospel, he found that they had no idea of God, or any religion whatever. If ever they had such a thing it had entirely disappeared, like the desert streams that lose themselves in the sand. When he spake to them of the Creator, they sat in silence



SOUTH AFRICAN WOMEN COOKING AND BRINGING WATER.

giving no response of any kind. It was very disheartening, but he plodded on assured that the Word of God must do its work. At length tears appeared on the women's cheeks, but that was not much thought of by the men, as women in these tribes are supposed to do all the weeping as they do the drudgery. Then the men began to tremble at the Word and soon the little meeting-place was crowded and many were truly converted. It was often morning before they separated. Thus the Word of God triumphed there.

GEMS FROM INDIA.

MORE than a hundred years ago, William Carey, a humble English cobbler, landed in India. He had heard of its need of the Gospel, and although deeply conscious of his unfitness for such a work, he willingly offered himself to go forth as a



AN INDIAN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Gospel pioneer to India's vast and needy field. Converted in early years, he heard a godly man of these

times, named Andrew Fuller, say, "There is a gold mine in India, deep as the centre of the earth. Who will go down and explore it?" "I will venture," said Carey to his companions, "but remember, you must hold the ropes." By this he meant that they should sustain him by their prayers and their faith. Difficulties arose, friends sought to hinder, but at last William Carey reached Calcutta, and soon was hard at work in the little Danish settlement of Serampore, on the banks of the Hoogly, fifteen miles above Calcutta.

For over forty years, Carey preached Christ, translated the Scriptures, and then, at the ripe age of seventy-three, went home to be with Christ. Among his last recorded words are found the following: "I am sure that Christ will save all that come unto Him, and if I know anything of myself, I know that I have come to Him." On his tomb at Serampore the words are graven:—

"O wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall,

This was his title, and his assurance of salvation, life, and glory. And the seed sown by him in these busy years is still bearing fruit. To Dr. Duff, who visited him on his dying bed, he said: "When I am gone, do not speak of Carey, speak of Carey's Saviour."

Sixteen hundred preachers of the gospel and soul-winners follow on in Carey's footsteps, speaking of Carey's Saviour. Yonder, in an Indian village, not far from where Carey began his service, are a mother and daughters, once worshippers of Siva, the god of death. Now all three are disciples and confessors of Christ. Is this Jesus yours? Have you been won by His love?

Sunday Evening Employments.

TEXT COLOURING.

A Sunday Evening Employment for the Little Ones.

Tis a wet Sunday evening, and the boys and girls have just come home from Sunday School. Some of the little ones are too small to go, and mother has been telling them a Bible story at home. But now, here they are all together, and tea is over. How are they to spend the long winter evening? Little fingers must have something to do, to keep them from mischief, and, of course, no games or toys are allowed on the Lord's-day—the day that God has set apart in memory of Jesus rising again from the dead.

Mother has brought a packet of nice texts, "Outline Texts" she calls them, because they are blank and require to be filled up with various colours. She gives a text to each of the children, and a little brush. A box of water colours is put on the centre of the table, and the children all commence to colour their texts. It is a nice employment for an hour or so, and if it is done carefully, the texts look very pretty. But what is better still. The bright eyes have been so eagerly looking at the various letters of the text whilst it was being coloured that, without "trying to get it," it is quite familiar to them, and when they bring their coloured text to mother, they are able to repeat it as a "memory text" as well.



Blackboard Talks with the Little Ones.



A BIBLE STORY. I will chalk the outline of its five parts on this Blackboard as you read it out from the Bible, just a verse or two on each part. Then we will see what we can learn from it. It is in some respects a sad story, yet it has some fine lessons in it, and sets forth *our* ruin and need as sinners, then God's grace and salvation. The first figure shall be a nurse with a baby. I think we may call her **A Careless Nurse** (2 Sam. iv. 4), for in running in her fear, she let the baby prince whom she carried, fall, and he was lamed by the fall for life, on both his feet. The baby was named Mephiboseth. He was the son of Jonathan, the grandson of Saul, and when they fell that dark day on Gilboa he fell too, and carried the results of his fall all the days of his life.

This **Cripple Prince** (2 Sam. ix. 3), lame on both his feet, is like the sinner. He too fell in the day of his parents' fall (Rom. v. 17), and as the result he is "without strength" (Rom. v. 6).

The cripple lad was afraid of David, who was now the king, and had gone, or allowed himself to be taken, to **A Far Country** (2 Sam ix. 5). He was living there when the king asked if any of the house of Saul remained to whom he might show the "kindness of God." How unlike man! He punishes, kills, blots out his enemies. God loves and shews "kindness" to His (Rom. v. 10; Titus iii. 4). The cripple lad was "fetched" by another from the far country to David's presence, where he had **A Royal Welcome** (2 Sam. ix. 7) given him, and received a place in grace in the royal household to sit **At the King's Table** (2 Sam ix. 10) and eat bread as one of the king's sons. Received, restored to royal dignity, honoured to sit with the king. All this and much more is given to fallen, helpless, ruined, runaway sinners, who are brought to God in virtue of the death of Christ, reconciled to Him, and actually become His children, able to call God "Father," and admitted into the royal circle of heirs and joint-heirs with Christ with all.

HAPPY NELLIE; Or, "I'M GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE."

N a country village school-room, an earnest Christian lady—a farmer's daughter—had a class of little girls on the Lord's-day afternoons. She was much beloved by the children, and God had used her in leading not a few of them to the Saviour in their very early days. A tiny girl, named Nellie, was one of that little class, and she, although only six years old, was a decided Christian. I do not mean by this, that she said she was a Christian, but her happy look, her quiet peaceful spirit, and her Christ-like ways, all proved that Nellie was in reality one of the lambs of the Good Shepherd's flock. She was a very delicate child, and one afternoon the tidings was brought to the lady teacher, by another of the little girls, that Nellie was ill and unable to attend. For many weary days and nights her illness continued, until the Lord took her away to be with Himself. During the time of her illness, many of her little companions and school-mates called to see her, and to every one of them she had a message. Lying on a couch, with her Bible by her side, she would read to them "the precious verse that led her to trust in Jesus," as she called John iii. 16. A little companion called on a Lord's-day afternoon, on her way home from the class, and was sitting by her side. Stretching out her pale wasted hand, Nellie tenderly said—"Jeanie, would you like to be me?" The little girl blushed, and said—"Not if you're going to die, Nellie; I wouldn't like to die yet." Grasping her hand, and with a look of intense earnestness, she said—"O, Jeanie, if you're afraid to die, it's maybe because you don't know Jesus. I was once afraid to die too, but I'm not now. Ever since I trusted Jesus and was saved, I have been so happy at the thought that I might be early

HAPPY NELLIE.

allowed to go home, and now, Jeanie, 'I'm going home to die no more.'" At this, Jeanie fairly broke down and cried, and the dear dying child sought to comfort her, by pointing her to the One who passed through death and judgment, to redeem and save her. A few more weeks of happy testimony for Jesus, and dear Nellie passed away. Her last song on earth, and almost her last words were, "I'm not afraid to die; I'm going home to die no more." And thus it is with all who are in Christ. They pass unscathed through death; to them it is only a "falling asleep." They go up to that fair paradise, where there is no more death, but where all is life, and unfading, undying joy with Jesus and His ransomed saints.

Dear boys and girls, will you be there? Can you say, with happy Nellie, "I'm going home to die no more?"

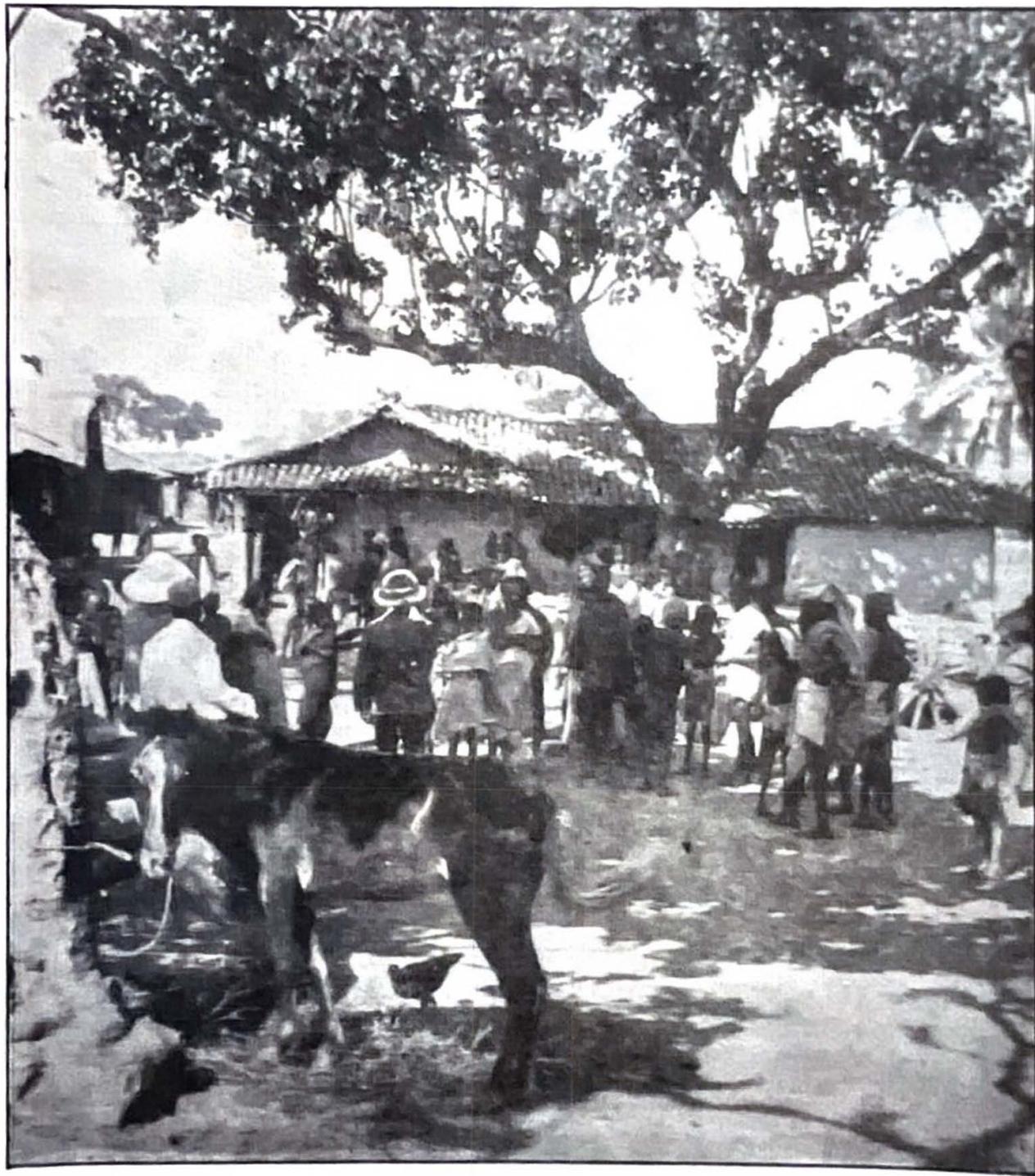


"I WANT TO BE SURE ABOUT IT."



T the close of our Friday Evening's Children's Meeting last week, a little boy came up to me and said—"I want to be sure about it, sir." "What do you want to be sure about, my boy?" I asked. "About my salvation, sir," he replied. We sat down side by side, and spoke together a long time about Christ, and His precious blood. We read several portions of Scripture, such as John v. 24, Acts xiii. 38, that make all who believe *sure* about their salvation, and at the close of our conversation, the dear little fellow said, "I am sure about it now." Reader, are you sure about *your* salvation? Are you certain that, if you were called into eternity now, you would go to heaven to be with Jesus? Do not put the question from you. Ask yourself—"Am I sure about it?"

THE GOSPEL AMONG INDIA'S MILLIONS.



PREACHING IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE

THE GOSPEL AMONG INDIA'S MILLIONS.

INDIA is a land of villages, grass-thatched, and usually on the bank of rivers. India's millions are found there. From a mission-house, at which an English visitor lately resided, over two hundred such villages can be seen from the house-top. To these villages the servants of Christ must *go* with the Gospel, for the natives will not *come* to a hall to hear it as in this land. They have their *idols*, and their religions, and with these they are perfectly content. They need to be aroused to a sense of their need of salvation before they care to hear the Gospel, just as people in this more favoured land.

Our picture represents a village preaching in India. Under the shade of a sacred tree, to which they have driven in their ox-cart, the three Gospellers take their stand and begin to sing a hymn. Slowly the people—men, women, and children—begin to gather round, and by the time the hymn is finished quite a little crowd has gathered. Then one of the English missionaries tells the story of Jesus and His love: a converted Indian follows, telling how he was saved from idolatry to become a follower of Christ. Some ask questions, such as "How am I to believe on Jesus Christ?" "Will He forgive my sins if I believe on Him?" and other questions, much the same as sinners ask those who preach Christ in the homeland—for although different in the colour of their skin and in their religion, sinners are the same in heart everywhere, and need to be saved by grace exactly in the same way.

In a village near to the one of our picture, there lived a few years ago a young school teacher, who, when a boy, had been converted in the mission school held by a Christian lady who lives and labours for the Lord there.

He was present at a meeting, and was asked at the close, if he was a believer in Christ. "Yes," he said, "I do believe on Him with all my heart, but I am not shining for Him, for I have not yet confessed His Name before my friends." That was an honest saying. Do you know anyone else who is "not shining" for Jesus? Some have hid their light beneath a bushel, and no one knows that they belong to Christ. What a shame it is for one who has believed on Jesus and knows His saving power, to be thus ashamed of Him. There is little joy in such a life. The happy ones are they who believe on the Lord Jesus, confess His Name, and follow Him.

Very different was the testimony of a dear Indian girl named Anandi, who, immediately she was saved, confessed Christ in her home, and prayed aloud in the presence of them all, thanking God for giving His Son, and for saving and keeping her and others who had come to Him. For this testimony she was cast out.

Clive and Hastings are called the "Heroes of India," and they may be, but the greatest work done in India is by the devoted men and women who have carried the glad tidings of salvation to its needy millions, and who are spending their lives in winning souls to the Saviour there. When the happy day comes in which the Lord will make up His Jewels, there will be many there from "India's coral strand," who have been saved just in the same way and by the same Jesus as you. But, it may be, you are not yet converted, not yet the Lord's. Well, you may be, for He wants to save you, and the way of salvation is the same to you as to India's boys and girls, and here it is:—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

WILLIE'S FAITH; or, Looking for Father's Boat.

WILLIE'S father is the captain of a coasting steamer, and is sometimes away from home for weeks at a time. When he sails on the home voyage, he sends a telegram to his wife, and for the next few days, Willie, his only son, is often down at the seashore, looking across the bay for the red funnels of his father's steamer. He believes his father's telegram, and of course expects to see his father's boat. This is faith. Faith believes God's Word, and expects to see and receive what God has promised. Sometimes Willie's father promises to bring from the distant port, some gift or plaything for his little son. Then Willie expects to get it when his father comes home. That is faith.

Faith always gets what Jesus promises, and what it expects. When Jesus says—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), faith comes and gets that rest. When Jesus says, "I will come again and receive you unto Myself" (John xiv. 3), faith looks out for and expects Him. So you see faith is just believing what God says, and expecting what He promises. Willie, the captain's boy, believes in Jesus, has got salvation, and is looking for the promised glory. How happy he is. Are you? An old favourite hymn which I wish you would commit to memory puts its very simply.

Faith is not what we feel or see,
It is a simple trust
In what the God of Love has said
Of Jesus, as the "Just."

It looks not on the things around,
Nor on the things within;
It takes its flight to scenes above,
Beyond the sphere of sin.



What Jesus is, and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea;
It never deals with sinful self
Nor righteous self in me.

It tells me I am "counted dead"
By God, in His own Word;
It tells me I am "born again"
In Christ, my risen Lord.

THE PRAIRIE CHILDREN.



SARAH and her brother Joe, lived with their parents in a prairie farm, far from town. They had no companions; their nearest neighbours were in a farm, quite three miles away, so the two were playmates together. There was no school, save one, a number of miles away, to which they were too young to go, so their dear mother taught them to read at

home, while their father and his servants tilled the ground, out on the vast prairie. The long winter evenings were rather wearisome for the two children, but an unexpected event, quite changed the whole scene. A relative of their mother, a Christian from Scotland, paid them a visit, and after being with them for a few days, suggested



"PLAYMATES TOGETHER."

that they might have a Sunday afternoon meeting for boys and girls, in the farm kitchen. This was joyfully agreed to, and all day on Saturday was spent going round the farms, inviting the children to come. The afternoon of the Lord's-day was eagerly looked for by the two children. Over twenty boys and girls assembled, some walking long distances, and God began that afternoon to walk amongst them. For many afternoons, the story of Jesus and His love, was told at that prairie farm, and not a few were saved for eternity, among the first of whom were Sarah and Joe, the farmer's children. How happy they were then, and how happy they are still, for Sarah and Joe are still lovers and followers of Christ.

BESSIE'S PRAYER.



LIKE a dream of the night is the remembrance of my fifth birthday, celebrated by a gathering of playmates at our country house in the midlands of England. My cousin Bessie had come and was to spend the night with us, sharing the bed in which my younger sister Peggy and I slept. We



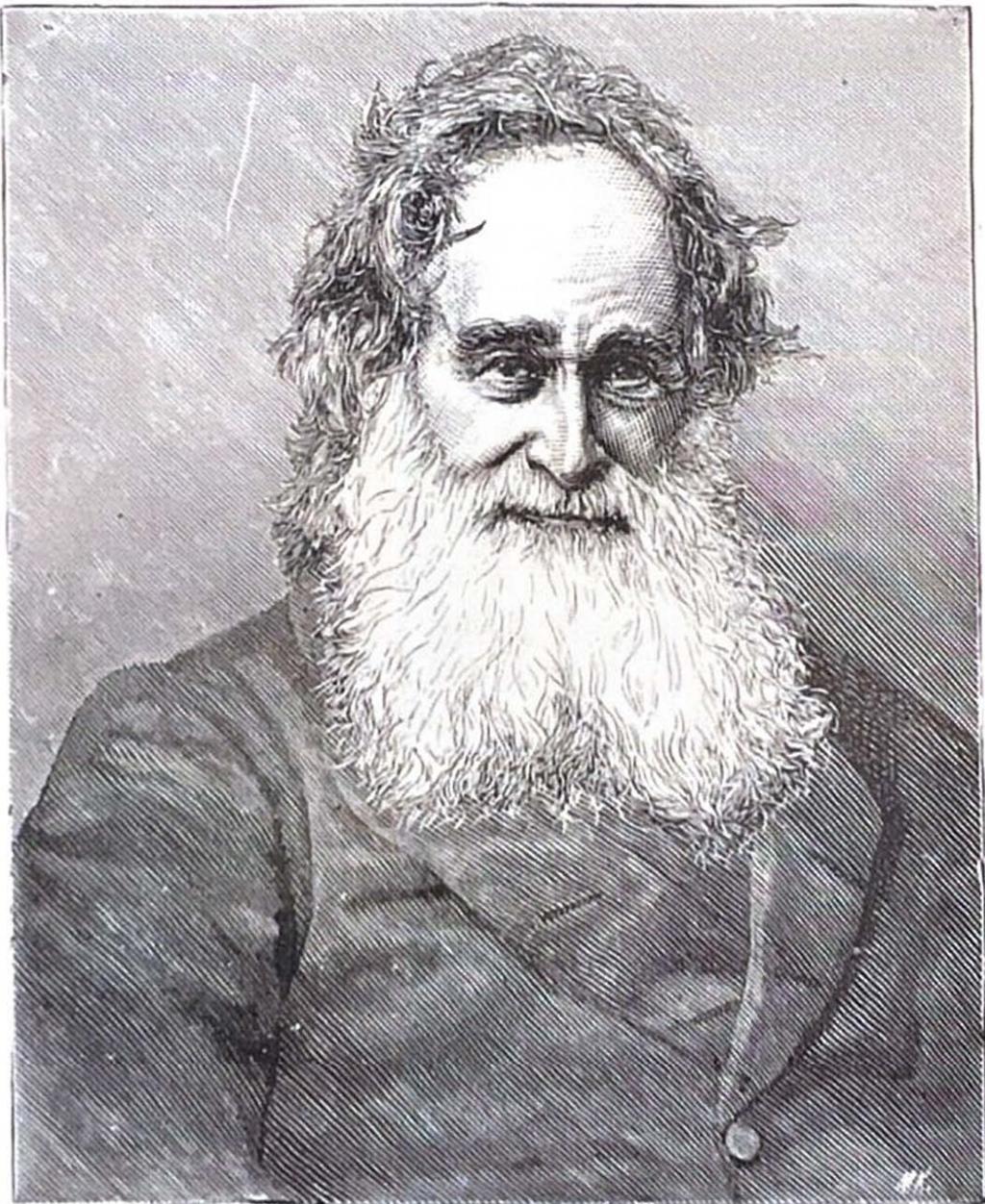
had lots of fun before we got to bed, and made our plans for the next day, which was to be a holiday. Before going to bed Bessie knelt down on the floor and prayed, thanking God for His goodness, for bringing her safely to our home, then forgiving Jesus to save sinners, and thanked Him for giving her eternal life. This was all new to us, for we had never heard of such things before. We asked Bessie what having eternal

life meant, and she told us it was "the gift of God." Years passed on, but that night's conversation was never forgotten by me. I was set a longing to get eternal life and was not happy or satisfied until I did get it. Thank God it is mine now, and Peggy's also, and we have happy times with Cousin Bessie when she comes to see us.

ROBERT MOFFAT'S ALBUM.



HE night before Robert Moffat, the pioneer African Missionary, once a Scottish gardener boy, left his native land to go forth for the last time to the great unexplored land with the



ROBERT MOFFAT, THE VETERAN AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

Gospel's message, he was entertained by a few personal friends to a "farewell." He had spent the greater part

of his life in the interior of Africa, seeking to set Christ before the dark-skinned races, and to win them to the Saviour. His heart was in that work still, and, constrained by the love of Christ, he was going forth again to continue it in his Master's Name. During the evening, a young lady, greatly desiring to have an autograph of the veteran missionary, presented Mr. Moffat with her album in which she asked him to inscribe his name. Taking his pencil, he wrote the following words:—

“ My Album is the savage breast,
Where darkness reigns and tempests wrest,
Without one ray of light ;
To write the name of Jesus there,
And point to worlds both bright and fair,
To see the savage bow in prayer,
Is my supreme delight.”

His is the best kind of album. To be an epistle of Christ, bearing His image and character, so as that others, seeing them, may say, “ That is a Christian.” But you need to be converted to God, born of the Spirit, and Christ formed within, before this can be. Well did the aged Gospeller know this regarding the Kaffir and the Bushman of Africa ; and, although you may be very different in position, education and refinement, you need to born again as surely as he, before your name is inscribed in the Book of Life above, or the Christ likeness appear in you here below. Many, whose names are on the register of Christian communities, Bible-classes, and Churches of earth are yet unwritten up in heaven. Make sure above all else that yours is written there, and that the life of Christ is begotten, and the image of Christ is formed in you. This, and nothing short of it, is God's Christianity.

PATTIE'S WREATH.

HEN Marjory Bell died, there was general mourning among the school children. She was a favourite, and always so bright and cheerful. The scholars walked after the coffin, and amid many tears, saw it lowered into the grave. But amid games and lessons, Marjory was soon forgotten.

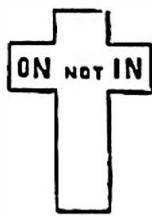


"SHE SAT MAKING A WREATH."

There was one little girl, however, who did not thus forget Marjory. Pattie was her bosom friend and companion, not only at school and play, but in a closer friendship. Marjory had led Pattie to the Saviour, and they were thus sisters and companions in Christ, on the way to glory. Pattie missed her much, and while the others had all forgotten Marjory, she sat in the silent churchyard making a floral wreath to lay on Marjory's grave. Her love for Marjory was not a passing feeling: it

was deep and real, for she owed her much. And thus it is with those who are truly saved by Jesus Christ. They owe Him much and love Him much. Others may be moved, as they read or hear of His sorrows and His sufferings, but they soon forget. But saved ones ever remember, and seek to manifest their love to the Lord, by living near Him, and doing that which pleases Him.

Gospel Talks with the Little Ones.



THREE CROSSES stood on "the place which is called Calvary" (Luke xxiv. 21-40), outside the gates of Jerusalem that day, long ago, on which, for man, the Son of God, the Saviour, died. Let us draw near and see what these Crosses mean, who they are who are crucified there, and for what. The middle is the Cross of Jesus; on it hangs the holy, spotless, Son of God; not for sins or crimes that He had done, for He "knew no sin" (2 Cor. v. 21); "He did no sin" (1 Peter i. 22); and "in Him is no sin" (1 John iii. 1).

His was the cross of **The Sinless Saviour**. He was crucified there for sins, but not His own! Do you know for whom He died, for whose sins He bore the shame and the curse? Here is the answer: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. liii. 5). Yes, although He had no sin in Him, God laid our sins upon Him; and He bore our sins in His own body **on the tree** (1 Peter ii. 24), in order that we who had sin, both **in us** and **on us**, might be saved. Now look at this other cross on the left hand side. It is the cross of **A Scorning Scoffer**, a malefactor, a robber. A man who has sin **in him** and **on him**; sin in his nature, and sins in his life; who has lived in sin and loved sin, and now dies in sin, scoffing with his latest breath the sinless Saviour who hangs by his side. What a picture of the sinner, the church-rejecter, the grace-despiser. He was near to Jesus, saw Him suffer, heard Him speak, yet he perished in his sin, and went into the eternal world as he lived, unpardoned, unforgiven, unsaved, with all his sins upon his guilty soul, and with the secret spring of it unreached in his nature, and thus he must be for ever. How sad, how solemn, to die a sinner, a Christ-rejecter. Take care, boys and girls, you do not follow his steps. Many do. Now, turn to the other cross. It, too, is the cross of a thief, of a wicked man, one, possibly, as bad as the other. But he has learned his state before God, he has owned his guilt, and confessed Jesus, the Sinless One, as his "Lord." He is a **Saved Sinner**. Yes, on that cross, within a few hours of eternity, he was saved, and to be with Christ in paradise. He has no sin **on him** now, for God has removed it, the Lamb of God has borne it, and judgment is passed upon it. The sin of his nature is still in him, as it is in every saved sinner, and will be till he dies or till Jesus comes; but the burden of his sin is gone, and his title to heaven is sure.

GRANDFATHER'S STAR.



LITTLE Fannie sat by her old grand-father's side, reading to him from the old Family Bible, which had been in the house ever since he was a boy, and bore on its fly-leaf, a register of three generations. After reading the usual chapter, Fannie would say, "Shall I read you my story now grandpa?" Fannie's story was the second chapter of Matthew's Gospel, where the star guided the wise men from the East, to the infant Saviour. "That was a beautiful star, wasn't it grandpa? but I'm glad we don't have to go such a long road as they had, to find the Saviour" said Fannie, who, although only a child, was one who knew Jesus as her Saviour, and ever delighted to speak of Him to others. "Why do you say that Fannie?" asked the aged man. "Because He is quite near to us now grandpa. His word says He is "*nigh*," and that we have only to believe in Him in our heart, and confess Him with our lips, in order to be saved. That was my morning verse to-day, in Romans x. 9. "That if thou shalt then confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

The days passed on, and Fannie still read her favourite story to her aged grandfather, till one day all his children and grand-children were hurriedly gathered around his bed, to receive his blessing and take farewell, before he died. One after another came near, and like the sons of the dying patriarch Jacob, received their father's blessing. At last Fannie drew near, and as the aged man's hand was laid upon the fair curls, he said with deep emotion "Good bye my darling, when I go up to my home above, I will tell my blessed Saviour to ever bless my guiding star." "Why do you call me your star,

THE FISHERBOY'S BIBLE.

grandpa," asked Fannie in wonder. "Because like the star of your favourite story, that you so often read to me, you led me to Jesus the Saviour. It was the light I got from you, that showed me the way to Him, as my Redeemer and my Saviour." Then Fannie's grandfather closed his eyes and died. What an honour to be a guiding star, to lead sinners to the Saviour! But in order to do this, you must know Jesus as your own Saviour, and follow Him as your Lord and Master.

THE FISHERBOY'S BIBLE.

IN days when Bibles were not so cheap or so plentiful as they now are, a fisherboy was very anxious to procure a Bible of his own. He went to a Sunday School, but he had no Bible at home, nor had he any money to procure himself one. But Pattie prayed to God to find him a Bible, and God heard his prayer. One day while he was wading in the sea, gathering bait for his father's fishing lines, he saw a book floating on the water. On picking it up, he found it was a Bible, which had evidently been lost from a passing ship. Pattie rejoiced in being the possessor of God's blessed Book, and read it eagerly. He was saved, and became a true follower of Christ, and in his own native village, he tells to boys and girls in the village Sunday School, the story of Jesus and His love. What a grand thing it is to be saved, and a lover of the Book of God in life's bright morning. This is the only way to a holy, happy and useful life, and there is no other road to Heaven and God.



THE STORY OF A SECOND BIRTHDAY.



"SEATED BY THE FIRESIDE SHE TOLD THE STORY."

THE STORY OF A SECOND BIRTHDAY.



"BIRTHDAY present for Bessie," was the inscription, written by her mother's own hand, on a pretty book, full of Bible pictures and stories, and laid in the early morning on the table close by Bessie's bed, on that March day. When the child opened her eyes and saw the pretty book, she jumped from her bed in eager haste and raising the book in her arms, wakened her two younger sisters by her shouts of delight over her pretty birthday present. And there were many kisses for mother first, and then for all the rest on that eventful morning, Bessie's seventh birthday.

After all her friends and playmates had seen and admired the pretty book, with its pictures of Noah and the Ark, Abraham and Isaac, Joseph and his brothers, David and Goliath and many more, she went over to spend the evening with her little sisters, in the cottage of "Granny Macrae," an aged neighbour who had known Bessie's mother from her girlhood, upon whom the children looked as a familiar friend, often spending the evening with her.

When Bessie and her sisters went to Granny's cottage on the evening of her birthday, she took the book with her, to show it, and as she was now at school and able to read a little, she read some of its true stories to the aged widow, whose eyesight was so far failed that she was unable to read much herself.

The pretty book was much admired, and after Bessie had read several stories from it, and Granny much enjoyed them, she said, "I will tell my three little girls a story of my birthday if they are not too sleepy."

To this there was a general cry of "Yes, tell us Granny: we like to hear your stories, they are all of so long ago."

"Well my dears, I'll be as simple and short as I can, for I know its close upon bedtime. I have two birthdays every year you know, one in March like you, when I was born a sinner into this world, and another in September, when I was 'born again' into the family of God. I was born first in this village, and in this very house where we now are, and I was born again twenty one years after, sitting by the fireside, just where you are now Bessie, while my father, long ago gone to heaven, was speaking to me about Jesus and telling me of His precious blood that cleanseth from all sin. I just believed on Him, gave myself over to Him, and He took me in and gave me rest. I was born of the Spirit of God, a child into God's family, and I have known God as my own Father for over fifty five years. My father was in the habit of writing our names down on a leaf in the big Family Bible when we were born into his family, and that night after I believed on Jesus and was born again, he got pen and ink and wrote over against my name "Born again, September 7th 1845." That was a memorable day to me which I shall never forget. I hope all my three lassies will know what it is to have a second birthday, and to get as I did that day the gift of eternal life and a title to glory." The girls were all greatly interested in Granny's story and asked her many questions about her second birthday. When they got home, they told their mother all that they had heard, and she pressed home the truth on each of them.

The three sisters never forgot Granny's story. Its plain, simple, matter of fact statement is remembered till this day, and now I am glad to tell you that Bessie and her sisters have all been born again and can praise God like Granny Macrae for a second birthday.

THE GOLDEN CURL.

WHEN I was a little child, just four years old, I had curly locks, which in sunshine and in shower hung down uncovered over my cheek. My father was cutting a log of wood one day near the house, and I was with him. I stood by his side watching the strokes of the axe, and picking up splinters as they fell around my feet. I stooped to pick up one, and in the act of picking it up, I stumbled forward and fell. My head lighted on the log of wood just as my father's axe was uplifted to strike. It was too late to stop the blow. I screamed with terror, and my father fell to the ground unconscious. He thought he had killed his child. We soon recovered, I from my fall, and he from his terror. He caught me up in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, expecting to find

some fatal wound, but not a scar or scratch was there. He kneeled down on the grass with me beside him, and thanked the Lord with tears of joy, for the merciful and miraculous deliverance that God had wrought. As we rose, he turned to look at the log of wood, and there lay a curl of my hair, which had been cut off by the stroke of the axe. With renewed thanks to God upon his lips, he took up the curl, then raised me in his arms, and carried me home rejoicing. He kept that lock of hair as a memorial of God's love and care, and on his dying pillow he gave it to me. It tells me of a God of love;



my father's God and mine. It bids me trust in Him with all my heart, and as I look on it, time after time, it stills my fears, and strengthens my faith in that faithful God.

My dear boys and girls; this touching story of childhood's days has its lessons for you as well as it had for me. Do you wonder that my curl of golden hair is prized? It tells of the love and care of God in delivering from death. But the Cross of Calvary manifests the love of God with greater power. There, the only Son of God, whom He dearly loved, died on a cross for His enemies, to save them from the righteous punishment of their sins. He spared not His Son. Was there ever love like His? Trust Him in your early days. Receive Him as your Saviour. He will save and befriend you for ever.



THE LITTLE SHIP IN THE STORM.

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight ;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The shore was near at hand,
And those on board, with hearts at rest,
Thought soon to reach the land.

When, lo ! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong ;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

And all but One were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep ;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.

"Master, we perish ! Master, save !"
They cried ; their Master heard ;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm said, "Peace, be still !"
The raging billows cease ;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hushed to peace.

They greatly wondered ; so may we,
And ask, as well as they,
Who could this glorious person be,
Whom winds and seas obey ?

His Name is Jesus Christ the Lord,
Of sinners still the Friend,
Whose love for all who trust His Word,
Will never, never end !

ALFRED'S PRIZE BIBLE.

MANY years ago, when Bible searching was less known than now, a family of four—three girls and a boy—set themselves to search the Word. So pleased was a Christian nobleman with the answers sent to his questions, that he made a gift of a Bible to Alfred, whose paper was the best. It

was a great joy to him, and on the fly leaf was written under his name, 2 Tim. iii. 16. Alfred read in that Bible and his heart gladly opened to receive its truths. He was made wise unto salvation, and as a youth of eighteen, came boldly out on the Lord's side. For many years he has been tell-



ing the story of redeeming love in a far-off land, and that prize Bible is still his daily delight.

How good it is to be acquainted with the Book of God in early years, and best of all to know Christ of whom it speaks. Do you know Him as your personal Saviour? If you do, then take the Word of God as your daily guide and counsellor, and use it day by day. Christ in the heart and the Word of God in the hand are the secrets of a happy life.

MARY'S CONVERSION.

“ **T**DO not like meetings ; I hate the Sunday School, and I’m not going to learn any more texts or verses.” The words were uttered in anger, and Mary, although only a child of seven years, turned away her head and manifested an opposition to the Gospel which astonished her



“ MARY IN ANGER, TURNED AWAY HER HEAD.”

Christian mother. Calmly but firmly the mother said—“ Then my little girl chooses to be a Christ-rejecter and

to perish in her sins, does she"? There was no answer, and Mary's mother left her alone with God, inwardly praying that He would convict and save her wayward child. Half-an-hour later, Mary crept into the room, her eyes red with weeping, and said—"Mother, I am a sinner, and would like to be saved." This was good news indeed, and Mary's mother took the Word of God and read to her how Christ died for sinners and lives in heaven to save all who believe on Him. That night Mary was saved, and still lives to prove her conversion real. That manifestation of opposition to God showed her what was in her heart, and how she needed to be saved. She probably thought that because she was the child of Christian parents her heart was not so black, her nature so sinful, as children of the world. But that outburst of passion, that manifested hatred of God's Word showed her what was in her heart, and proved to her that she needed to be born again before she could either see or enter God's kingdom. Have you learned this first great lesson? You need to learn it before you see your need of Christ, or prove the Gospel's power to save.

THE WORD OF PEACE.

WHEN I was anxious about my soul and seeking for peace *within*, that word in Col. i. 20 was sent me as a pretty Text Card, "Having made peace, through the blood of His Cross," with the picture of the dove of peace bearing an olive leaf. That was to me the word of peace. I saw that peace was already made, that Christ had finished that work on the Cross. I looked to Him and peace was mine.



LITTLE GARDENERS AND THEIR WORK



HERE you have a group of little gardeners preparing their flower beds for the coming season. They work in pairs, a boy and girl in each plot and find the work both pleasant and useful. They buy a shilling box of twelve penny packets of flower seeds, so selected that they have blooms from May till

November, and then a few crocuses, snowdrops, wallflowers, daisies, and other pretty flowers and plants give posies for most of the year. These, gathered twice a week, and tied with a nice Gospel Text Card are taken by the children to sick boys and girls in Hospitals, Orphan Homes,



LITTLE FLOWER GROWERS PREPARING THEIR BEDS.

and invalid children known to them. The pretty flowers cheer and please while they remind them of a kind Creator God, and the text which they learn and repeat, tells of a God of Love who gave His Son to die. This would be a pleasant and useful employment for many boys and girls.

Picture Talks on Bible Animals with the "Little Ones."

I once saw a book called "Noah's Menagerie." It had a lot of pictures, and gave a short lesson of all the animals mentioned in the Bible. We shall not attempt to go over them all, but will select five of those best known. Here you have their pictures.

1. **THE UNCLEAN ASS** (Exod. xiii. 13). It had to be redeemed with a lamb, else its neck must be broken—redemption or judgment.



The Bible tells us that we are all as an unclean thing (Psa. lxiv. 6): born like a wild ass' colt (Job xi. 12), and must be redeemed and regenerated, before any can see God's kingdom. The first-born boy, his parent's joy and pride, and the firstling of an unclean ass, put on a level. Either the blood of the lamb, or the judgment of God. What a humbling and solemn thing.

2. **A CUNNING FOX** (Song ii. 15). This shews how little sins allowed and indulged, lead to ruin.



The little foxes burrow in the night, under the earth, and spoil the roots of the vines. So do secret sins, but soon shew themselves in the lives of those who commit them. In Christians,

they represent pride, envy, jealousy, and other sins of the heart,—these cunning devices of Satan which spoil fruitfulness and testimony for Christ.

3. **THE MIGHTY LION** (Prov. xxx. 30), to which Satan is likened (1 Pet. v. 8), ever seeking whom he may devour.



There is no lion in God's way (Isa. xxxv. 9), but when we wander off the path, we expose ourselves to his power. The "Lion of the tribe of Judah" has prevailed over the lion of hell, and not one of His loved ones shall ever perish (John x. 28).

He will deliver them from his mouth (2 Tim. iv. 17).

THE PATIENT OX (Prov. xiv. 14). Diligent and patient in labour, it treadeth out the corn (Deut. xxv. 4).

Not a swift runner like the horse, but accepted by God for service and sacrifice. This shews us that God loves the patient service, and the love-constrained sacrifices of all who are His. But ever remember that you must be saved first, before you can serve.

THE GENTLE LAMB (Acts viii. 32). An emblem of Jesus, the Lamb of

God (John i. 29), who was led to the slaughter (Isa. liii. 7), who died for His enemies (Rom. v. 10), whose precious blood redeems to God (1 Pet. i. 19), and cleanses from all sin (1 John i. 7). Can you say, the Lamb of God is my Redeemer and my Shepherd?



KATIE, THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.



MONG my companions of early years, was a bright and happy girl named Katie. Her father was a ship's captain, and went long voyages; so that, he was not much at home. When he did return, it was always a happy time with Katie, and I was often up at the house sharing her joy. Her mother died when she was five years old, and the house was kept by an aunt; so that, Katie had little company at ordinary times, and was glad to have me with her as often as I could go. It was one bright summer afternoon—I remember the day so well—that Katie, her father and I were on a holiday, in the city of Edinburgh. The captain took us to "the Castle;" with its strong ramparts and walls; to Holyrood Palace where Mary Queen of Scots spent her chequered life; to the house where John Knox, the fearless preacher, lived; and to the covenanters' prison where many of God's noble witnesses were confined for the truth's sake. A remark made by Katie's father, while we stood amid the ruins of Holyrood, I shall never forget. It was this—"Thank God, the royal palace to which I am going, will never be in ruins, and the glory of the kingdom to which I belong, will never pass away." I do not think he meant Katie and I to hear it, for he spoke the words in a low tone, and his face beamed with delight, as if he found great enjoyment in the thought. He was a Christian man, I knew that—but never heard any one speak like that before.

Katie's Father sailed for Australia a week later, and just about the time that his first letter was expected, the sad news reached her, that his vessel had been wrecked, and all hands lost. She was standing watching for the postman that morning, and when he handed her the

KATIE, THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

letter in a strange hand-writing, she burst it open, and having read it, fainted.

For days, poor Katie could see no one. I was the first she saw, and after having fallen on my neck, in a burst of crying, she said—"O Annie, this has been a sad, sad week to me, but I can say now, what my dear father said that day in Holyrood Palace, for Jesus is my Saviour. In my distress, I came to Him as a sinner, and He has received me, and filled my sorrowing heart with peace. O Annie dear, will you come to Him too, then we shall be companions in Christ, and we shall meet my father in glory."

I did not just then decide to be the Lord's. I did not see my need of a Saviour as Katie did then, but as I read my Bible, and listened to Katie's testimony, I saw my own sinfulness and Jesus' willingness to save. Blessed be His Name! He received me as I was, and saved me. Now Katie and I are sisters and companions in Christ, and have many happy hours together in His service, and I know when earthly life is past, we shall spend the glad eternity together for ever with the Lord. To you, my dear young friends, I commend with all my heart, the Lord Jesus. I can testify to His saving power, and to the blessedness of being saved in early years. And what is all that the world can give, compared with a present salvation, a precious Christ, and a sure prospect of eternal glory beyond?



YOUR ELEVENTH HOUR MAY BE PAST.

"THERE is mercy at the eleventh hour," was the answer I received from a school-boy to whom I had been speaking about the uncertainty of life, and the need of being saved. "Your eleventh hour may be past, for aught you know, my lad," I said. How grand it is to be ready!

MABEL, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.



A MISSIONARY CHILDREN'S TEA PARTY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

MABEL, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER ; OR, ONE SAVIOUR FOR BLACK AND WHITE.

MABEL'S parents were missionaries to the heathen. For many years they had served the Lord in a far off part of Africa where the natives were very dark and ignorant of God, but by means of "the old, old story, of Jesus and His love," told out day by day in simple, loving words, some were won to the Saviour and lived to adorn His doctrine among their countrymen. Mabel was born in that African village, and two little brothers and a baby sister were added to the family, who, with their black attendant spent some very happy youthful years in the far off land. By and by Mabel was sent home to her grandparents to attend school, and grew up a tall good-looking girl. But she was not a Christian, not born again. You may wonder, but the reason is not far to seek. Although she had heard from her earliest years of Jesus, she had not received Him as her personal Saviour, and apart from this there is no salvation, no Christianity. One may be the child of Christian parents, able to tell others the way of salvation, yet without Christ and unfit for heaven. When Mabel was sixteen, her parents came to their homeland on a visit, and brought with them an African lad who had been their servant for a number of years. He had watched over the children in their early years and Mabel was glad to see Kanji once again. During the time of Mabel's absence from Africa he had been saved, and this he told her with great joy when he met her. But Mabel was too proud and highminded to pay much attention to the African lad's story. Probably she thought he, a heathen, needed to be converted, but that she, a missionary's daughter, so much superior to the dark-skinned heathen, would get to heaven without the great change. Or, maybe she

thought she had always been a Christian, because she was the child of believing parents. Never was a greater mistake made than this, although it is a very common one. There is only one door through which a sinner, black or white, heathen or child of Christian parents can enter the family and kingdom of God, and that is by being born again. Mabel had not learned this, and others like her, have yet to learn it.

Kanji moved from place to place with his master, who told of what the Lord was doing in his field of service, to gatherings of Christians in many parts, and people were interested in the African lad, whose happy face was a good witness to the Gospel's saving power. Mabel was present at one of these meetings and at the close, while she stood conversing with some friends, one who was a watcher for souls asked her the plain and pointed question, "Are you happy as that African lad is in the knowledge that Christ is your Saviour?" She could not answer, but angrily turned away. Yet that question troubled her, and God pressed it home upon her conscience. Too proud to tell her parents of her soul trouble, or to ask help from any who could give it, she kept her convictions to herself until she could stand it no longer. One day she asked Kanji how he was saved and how he knew it, and the happy lad joyfully told the story of his conversion. God used his testimony to shew Mabel the way of life, and she was saved by coming to Jesus as a sinner and believing in Him as her Saviour. For a time she tried to hide it, but the new life was there and it could not be hid. She came out brightly on the Lord's side and is now an earnest worker in the vineyard. There is one way of salvation, just one, the same for heathen African and nominal Christian. It is through Christ.

BAD BARGAINS.



HE lesson for the day was, "Esau's Bargain," when he sold his birthright to Jacob. We had some very solemn truths before us that day. I asked the children, "Can you tell me of any other bad bargains of which we read in the Scriptures?" "Judas Iscariot's," said one. Yes, that was a very bad bargain. He sold God's Son, and his own soul too, for thirty pieces of silver. "Well, any

GAIN.



more?" One little fellow said, "Whoever gains the whole world and loses his own soul; it is a bad bargain, sir." That was a true answer. He would have a bad

LOSS.



bargain, who gained the whole world and lost his soul. How about the boy or girl who only gains a little sinful pleasure, and for this barter heaven? Surely this is a bad bargain. Are *you* making such a bargain, reader? Are you missing salvation, everlasting life, and heaven; all for the pleasures of sin, which are only for a season? It is easily done. You have only to glide along according to the course of the world, "like other folk," as the people say, and the bargain will be made for eternity. You have only to go on neglecting God's great salvation; putting off His offered mercy; despising His loving invitation; rejecting His beloved Son, and you will make a bad bargain, as sure as Esau and Judas did. Think of the Lord's solemn question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

IN DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.

IN a recent journey through the wilds of Kaffirland where many of the natives are in the most degraded condition, sights such as are represented in our picture were frequent. Men utterly indifferent to everything, lazy, filthy, living like the brute creation, their only concern being to get as much as keep them alive without requiring to work. Children grow up



A HATEUEN KAFFIR, HIS FAMILY AND HOME.

the same, and thus generation after generation live and die. Saddest of all they have no knowledge of God, no Christ, no salvation. Their minds are a blank regarding eternal things. Their only hope is in the Gospel, nothing else will ever raise them from their low estate. And that Gospel is the power of God, it never fails. Let those who know its saving power send it forth, everywhere and always, to sinners near and those afar. It is the only remedy for human sin and woe, for you if still unsaved.

A SCHOOL IN CAPE COLONY.



PEACEFUL scene it is. Where not long since the sounds of war were heard, and the frightened natives were fleeing for their lives, peace now reigns. Our photograph represents a native school of Kaffir boys and girls. They hear the same Gospel, sing the same hymns and are told of the same Jesus as boys and girls in the homeland. And it is



pleasing to learn that away on the veldts of South Africa, the Gospel wins its way to hearts and turns them to the Lord Jesus, as it does all the world over. Under the shade of a tree, this little school is taught by a native, and there are some earnest faces there. In one such school the teacher tells of several bright conversions amongst the boys, whom he hopes, will one day go forth as heralds of the Cross to their countrymen further north, who have not yet heard the Saviour's Name. It may be so with the reader of these pages. But always remember you need Christ yourself first. Yes, you must be born again before you can lead others to the Saviour.

MADGE THE FLOWER SELLER.



MORNING by morning all the year round, Madge stood by the wayside offering her flowers for sale to the business gentlemen and others who travelled to the city, and knowing, as most of them did, that Madge was motherless and her father a

day labourer, they purchased from her rather than from others. When Madge was thirteen, she engaged to a flower-grower in the village and was employed in his garden. There, a young Christian girl taught her to read, and took her to a meeting of working girls held in a school-room, where she heard the Gospel and was converted. What a change then in the poor flower girl! She was a bright witness for Christ in that village for many years, and now in a distant land she tells to dark-skinned girls the same sweet story of Jesus and His love, that won her



long ago when a motherless flower girl in that Surrey village. You too may be saved and become a soul-winner.

THE INDIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

N the forks of the Delaware, a tribe of Indians were brought under the Gospel's sound, and many of them were converted. Their greatest enemies were the French soldiers, who at that time held part of the country, and very cruelly treated the Indians who had professed to become Christians. An Indian Christian,

with his wife and only child, were travelling from one camp to another, when they were met by a company of French sol-



HOW AN INDIAN MOTHER CARRIES HER CHILD.

diers, who began at once to torture the harmless pair, and at last shot the husband. The squaw of the murdered man, fearing lest they should do the same to her, or so disable her that she would be unable to care for or protect her child, fled, while they were hiding her husband's body, barefoot, through the forest, in which were great

thorns, which tore her feet until the blood flowed from them, reddening the track. Exhausted from loss of blood and lack of food, she arrived at the camp of a friendly tribe on the following day. After seeing her dying child fed and put to rest, she fell down, unconscious. Every effort was made to restore the noble mother, but

the sands of life ebbed away, and she died. That Indian boy owed his life to his mother—she died that he might live. Did he forget her? Nay. When in after years he became chief of his people, he caused a memorial to be erected on his mother's grave in token of his remembrance of her dying love. Have you ever acknowledged the love of Jesus in dying for you? He asks not for gold or silver crosses, but He seeks your trust, your heart, yourself. If you believe His love to you, you will trust Him and love Him in return.

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

WHEN a proclamation is made by the Sovereign to the Scottish people, a herald, dressed in a peculiar uniform, with a trumpet in his hand, stands up at the "Mercat Cross" of Edinburgh, and reads the proclamation, in the ears of all who care to listen. Whether they listen or not, the herald delivers his message from the Sovereign, and it becomes law. Those who neglect or reject it, are punished. This is all plain and nobody finds fault. Yet, strange to say, a Royal Proclamation has been sent from heaven, with which a great many cavil, and which thousands of old and young neglect. It is a proclamation of pardon, too, which one would think would be welcomed by those to whom it comes. Here are its terms:—"Be it known unto *you*, therefore, that through this Man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." And the herald of heaven adds—"And by Him ALL that believe *are* justified from ALL things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). How plain! How simple! Have you believed it?



Blackboard Talks on "Peace" with the Little Ones.



PEACE. What a blessed word ! How sweet to be at peace with God ; to know Him as a Father and a Friend, "The God of Peace" is His Name. Let me tell you of *five* things said in the Bible about *Peace*.

1. **PEACE PURCHASED**—(Col. i. 20). *At the Cross*. Sin had made war, and brought a cloud between us and God, Who is holy. There is no peace to the wicked : nothing but unrest, trouble, sorrow and wrath. Jesus, the sinless One, took sin upon Him, and suffered for it. "The chastisement of our *peace* was upon Him." He made peace : you cannot.

2. **PEACE PROCLAIMED**—(Acts x. 36). *In the Gospel*. The word "Gospel" in the Irish language means "The Story of Peace." The angels sang—"Peace on earth." God is proclaiming peace : His justice is satisfied : He tells of peace through Jesus Christ. I remember when peace was proclaimed after the Franco-Prussian war. What a joyful sound it was ! How the people rejoiced ! Have you heard and believed ?

3. **PEACE POSSESSED**—(Rom. v. 1). *By faith*. "Justified by faith, we *have* peace." "Filled with all joy and peace in *believing*." It is when we believe God ; when we take Him at His Word, believing He has forgiven us, that we have peace. Only believers have it. How grand to have peace with God. To be able to say—"I have a peace with God."

4. **PEACE PURSUED**—(Heb. xii. 14). *By the Saint*. Feet shod with it : walking in it : carrying it wherever we go : preaching peace to unsaved ones : kept in perfect peace ourselves : seeking to walk in peace with others.

5. **PEACE PRACTISED**—(Rom. xiii. 18). *Among others*. Not a strife maker, but seeking to live at peace with friends and foes ; to win unsaved brothers, sisters, companions, schoolmates, by shewing them a Christlike spirit, and living in peace.

HERO'S RESCUE; or, Bought with a Price.



NE afternoon as we were coming from school, many years ago, we saw a boy sitting on the river bank with a little dog on his knee. As we came up to where the boy sat, we noticed that he had a string round the dog's neck, and at the other end a big stone tied with the cord. The little fellow was crying bitterly, and every now and again, he gave the little dog a hug to his bosom. Several of the school-boys stood, but no one liked to ask what was the matter with the weeping boy. At last a gentleman came walking along the river bank, and when he came opposite to where the boy sat with the dog, he stood, and in a kind, sympathizing tone, enquired, "What are you going to do with the dog, my boy?" Bursting a-fresh into tears, the boy said, "My master sent me to drown it, sir, but I never drowned a dog in my life, or killed any of God's creatures, and I cannot do it?" "Why does he want the dog drowned?" asked the gentleman. "I think it's because he has no need for it, and nobody would buy it, sir," replied the lad, half hoping that the gentleman would in some way, relieve him of the unwelcome job he had got. "Come along with me to your master, and we'll hear what he says. I am in want of a dog, and if he will sell him to me, I will save you the unpleasant work of drowning him" said the gentleman. The boy wiped his tears away, cut the big stone from the cord, and in a minute was on the way to his master's house; the gentleman walking by his side, and we all following to see the end. The boy's master was very glad to sell the dog, the money was paid, and Hero—for that was the name his new owner gave him—was rescued from death, and passed over to the new master, who had redeemed him. He grew up to be a fine useful animal, and

HERO'S RESCUE; OR, BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

for many years was the faithful watch-dog of his master's property. Oft as I think of this simple incident of early days, does the picture rise before me of a greater deliverance, and a redemption at higher cost. We were condemned to die the sinner's death, and from that just and well-deserved doom, we could not deliver ourselves. But there is One who could. His name is Jesus. He saw our ruin: He knew we had "nothing to pay." Then it was, that He Himself paid our ransom price, and the price was "His own blood." All who have believed on Him have been set free, to enter His service and to own His claims as Lord and Master. Surely we ought to serve the One who bought us at such a price—faithfully.

Dear boys and girls, are you among the rescued, or are you still under condemnation?

THE SINGING CHILD; or, "Cause I'm Happy."

ALITTLE girl, who lived with her mother in a country hamlet, was in the habit of singing to herself, all the time her brother was away at school. She



had no companions or playmates during the day, and I wondered how she could spend day after day singing as she did. I got her alone one day and asked her, what made her sing. "'Cause I'm happy," was the simple reply. This is exactly why the Christian sings. God has saved him, and he is happy. Are you happy, my dear young friend,

because Jesus has saved *you*? Can you sing with truth, "Happy day, when Jesus washed *my* sins away?"

NELLIE'S PRIMROSES.



"NELLIE FOUND HER PLEASURE GATHERING FLOWERS."

NELLIE'S PRIMROSES; Or, LOST IN THE FIELD AND FOUND BY THE LORD.



ELLIE'S father was a commercial; often away from home and exposed to temptation in hotels and clubs, where his business led him, and—as many have found in similar circumstances—easily led into habits which in his heart he hated and knew to be wrong. It was a great grief to his young wife, who had left a happy home for his sake, to see her husband become a drunkard and lose all interest in his home, for the company of gamblers and theatre-goers, with whom most of his evenings were spent. It was the pain and the sorrow of this that led her in the day of her distress to the Lord Jesus, to find in Him salvation and peace. Since the day of her conversion she had meekly borne the sorrow of her position, and daily prayed that God would reach and save her husband.

They had a little daughter whose name was Nellie, and she was a great comfort to her mother. The dear child had learned at Sunday School to sing many of the precious Gospel hymns with which we are all familiar, and she sang them in the house to cheer her lonely mother in the evenings. The day of the Sunday School trip came round, and Nellie was in the country with the rest enjoying a day in the fields and woods. Wandering from the rest while gathering primroses, the dear child became lost in the wood, and when the hour for returning home had come she could not be found. When they arrived in town and told of Nellie being lost, the mother was frantic with grief, and the father, indifferent as he was, became ashy pale. Four of the male teachers volunteered to accompany him to search for the lost child, and after several hours they found her asleep in a corner of the field, grasping in her hand a bunch of primroses.

When he saw the sleeping child he burst into tears, and the four Christian men, seeing the favourable opportunity of pressing home upon him his own lost condition and bringing him into the presence of God, said, "Let us kneel down and thank God for finding Nellie safe and sound." He could not demur—indeed he had no desire to do so, for God had spoken to him that day, and he was in deep, soul trouble. When they had finished praying, Nellie's father was still in tears, and seeing their chance they pressed home upon him the claims of God and his need of conversion. Willingly did he listen to the truth, and told them how ashamed he was of his conduct toward his wife, and of his sin before God. It must have been there sitting on the green sward that he yielded himself to Christ and was saved by grace. When Nellie opened her eyes and saw her father she hugged him round the neck, and he covered the bright cheek with kisses, saying, "Daddy is saved and going with Nellie now." Lifting the child in his arms he carried her home with the bunch of primroses in her hand, which in her simplicity she handed to her mother as they entered the house, saying, "Daddy is saved now, Mamma," which time has proved he truly was that day. Never does he see a primrose by the wayside but it reminds him of that day on which Nellie was lost in the field and he was found of the Saviour. It is a very real thing to be saved. I wonder if you know it yourself personally, reader? You need to be, as surely as Nellie's father, although you may not have gone so far into open sin as he did. You are a sinner all the same, with a sinful nature, and the only remedy is to be born again and set on the way to heaven. This you will be when, like Nellie's father, you cast yourself upon Him wholly Who is "Mighty to save."

BRAVE EDDIE; or, "A Little Child shall Lead them."

EDDIE came to our children's meetings when he was four years old, and, at that early age, I believe the Lord opened his heart to the Gospel. He lived some distance from the town, and had often to tramp along the dark road all alone after the meeting, sometimes carrying a heavy basket with messages for his mother. But the brave little fellow never feared, nor even on the darkest night, did we ever miss him from the meeting. His parents were careless and indifferent to the Gospel, but always listened to Eddie while he told them what he heard at the meetings, and his mother read very eagerly the magazines and prizes he brought home. I believe God used the dear boy's testimony, simple as it was, backed up by his consistent life, to turn the parents' hearts towards eternal things, and to make them wish to know Eddie's Saviour. It was a grand triumph for Eddie to get his father and mother to come to the "Annual Tea," to which parents, as well as children, were welcome. His face shone as he led them into a seat in the hall that night. But the best part of my story has yet to be told. Eddie's father and mother became anxious about their salvation, and we had the joy of going out to their home, and telling them more simply the way of life. Both are now saved and happy in the Lord. Eddie is a bright



Christian lad, a true witness for Christ, and much beloved by his parents. So well he may, for it was by his means that they were led to the Saviour. How grand it is to be saved in life's early day! What a joy to yourself, and what a blessing to your friends it would be, if you were really saved and witnessing for Jesus, as did brave Eddie.

“JESUS.”

WITH breaking heart, a fond mother is pacing the room, seeking to soothe the patient little sufferer she holds in her arms, a lovely boy of five summers.

As she gazes into the dear face, she longs to hear from those sweet lips the Name of Him who is soon to fold His tender lamb to His own loving bosom.

“Who loves my darling better than mother?” she softly asked.

The tired lips slowly open, and clearly utter one word—“JESUS.” The one precious Name, which is above every name.

Do you know, dear children, the power of that saving Name? You are not too young to be saved.

A little child of seven,
Or even three or four,
May learn the way to heaven,
Through Christ the open Door.



THE ROBBED NEST.



AM thinking of a Sunday afternoon, forty years ago, when as a boy of ten I robbed a robin's nest and went off to Sunday School with the eggs in my pocket. I was very unhappy, for I knew I had done wrong. The teacher spoke that afternoon about Achan, who hid the piece of stolen gold in his tent, and then he made us all repeat

the text—"Be sure your sin will find you out." I was very miserable, and all the following night I woke up in starts, imagining I was being pursued by an angel with a drawn sword in his hand. That sleepless night, haunted by the remembrance of my sin, was as a foretaste of hell to me. I never forgot it, nor could I ever rest again until I



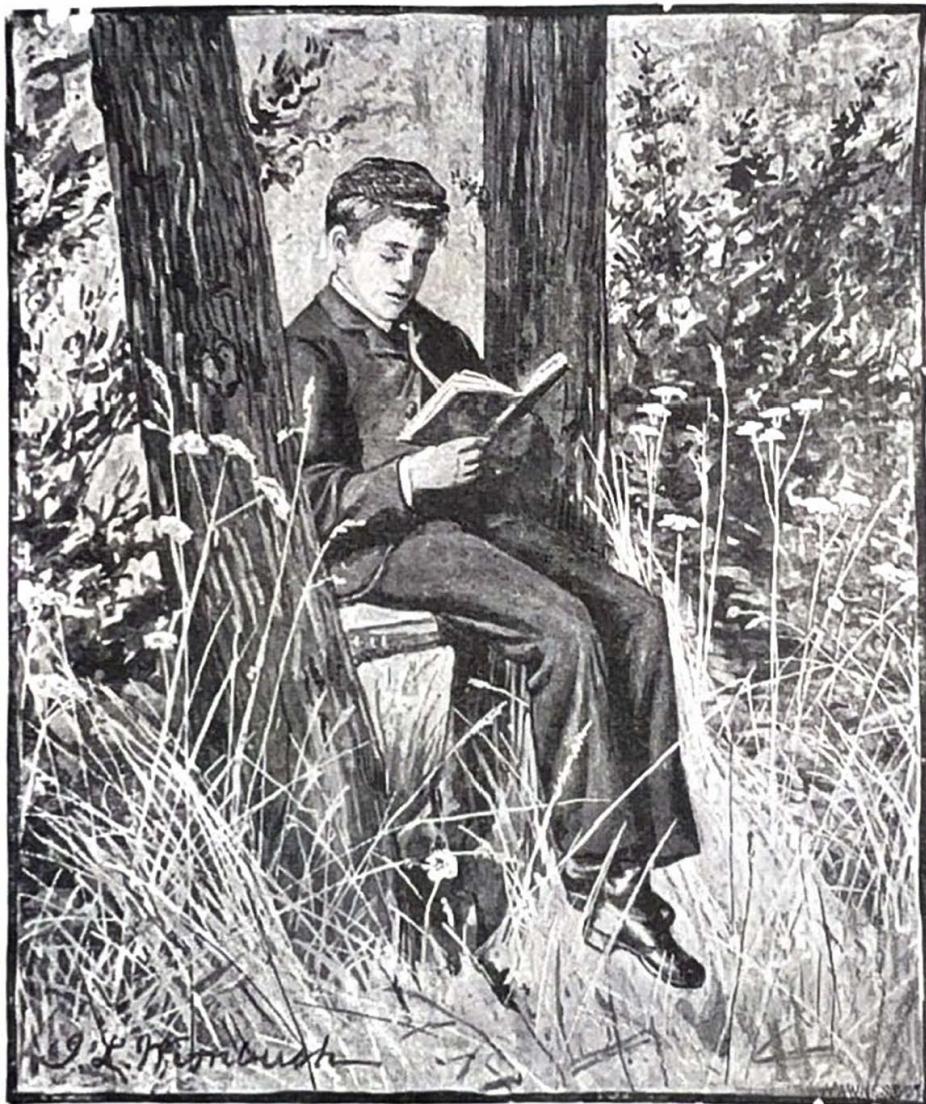
was converted to the Lord, which I was at the age of twelve. What it must be to bear the pangs of an accusing conscience for ever, with the remembrance of sins and their remorse in hell, only the lost know, but I had what I believe to be a foretaste of it that night long ago. Sins are often sweet to the taste when committed, but Oh, the bitter, bitter end. Christ died to save you from their doom, and to deliver you from their practice.

PERCY THE MESSAGE BOY.



PERCY was a grocer's message boy. Always punctual and obliging, his master's customers respected the lad, and gave him many little tokens of their approval in the way of presents.

At Christmas, a lady at whose house he called daily on business presented him with a pretty book full of pictures and true Gospel stories as a token of her love for the lad.



"HIS FAVOURITE SEAT UNDER THE TREES."

"Will you promise to read through, Percy, and tell me what you think of it? I will not tell you where it is, but

you will find in that book, the story of my conversion, when I was a girl of seventeen. That was a great day in my history, Percy, and I am so glad that I was saved when I was young. I can assure you, it is the happiest and the safest path to be a Christian, to be saved and to have God for your Father, and heaven your home. Good morning, Percy, and be sure you tell me what you think of the book." Percy lifted his cap respectfully, and with a hearty "Thank you, ma'am," was gone, with his present. He had not many books, so it was indeed a prize. No sooner had he got dinner, than he ran along the garden walk to his favourite seat, under the shade of two old elm trees, and began to turn over the leaves of his book. It was full of picture stories, just the kind of a book that a boy loves to read. But Percy did not then begin to read them. He had only about half-an-hour to spare, and it was scarce worth while beginning. And then he was so anxious to find the story that the lady had referred to, the narrative of her conversion. Page after page he eagerly scanned, and quite near the end he came upon what he felt sure would be the story, for it told the part of the country where a young girl lived, who was saved through a companion speaking to her, and that was how she had been converted. At night he read the story over and over again, not that he was much concerned about knowing how a sinner could be saved, but he wanted to be able to tell the lady he had read and understood the story. A few days later he told how much he had "enjoyed the book." "And do you see the need of being converted yourself Percy," asked the lady. Percy hung his head. As a matter of fact he did not then, but not long after he was truly aroused to think, and best of all, he was soon after that truly converted.



BUDS AND BLOSSOMS FROM MANY LANDS.

A Scotch Boy's Conversion.

"I WAS saved this year on the first week of January, while sitting in my class in the Sunday School. For a good while I had been troubled, and when our teacher was telling us of how the Israelites put the blood on their doors and were by it made safe, I saw that by trusting the precious blood of Christ, I too would be saved from wrath to come. I did and I am happy in the knowledge that my salvation is sure. CHARLIE S.

How an English Girl found Rest.

"I WAS brought to Jesus about six months ago, by means of the words in Matthew xi. 28, spoken by the Saviour to weary and burdened sinners of which I knew and felt myself to be one. I had before that tried to get rest by praying and being good, but I found it by coming to Jesus as I was. I can sing truly now—

"I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad."

AMELIA R.

A Young Canadian's Testimony.

"I PASSED from death to life walking on the road on my way home from a Gospel meeting, held in a place four miles from my home. I went there in sore trouble, and coming along I was accompanied by a Christian who spoke to me and pointed me to the Saviour. The words of Rom. iii. 20 were quoted, and from them I saw that I could be saved apart from my own works, by what Christ had done. So I believed in Him and was saved there.

Parry Sound. VICTORIA D.

A New Zealander's Story.

"I GOT a book as a prize in the Sunday School, and was at first disappointed with it because it was not a 'story' of war or adventures. But I am glad now it was something better, for it told of how girls of my own age were saved. I read it again and again and it taught me the way of salvation."

MINA L.

A BIBLE STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THERE are no stories so true, so interesting, or so full of meaning, as those we find in the Bible—the Book of God. Stories of soldiers, princes, pilgrims, and of young men and maidens, who trusted, loved

and served the Lord, and who now dwell with Him in heaven. A noble company indeed.

The story I am to tell you now is about **A LITTLE MAID OF THE LAND OF ISRAEL.**

You will find it in the Second Book of Kings, chapter v.

There had been war near to her childhood's land, and an armed



band of soldiers had stolen her from her home. How sad her heart must have been as she took a last look at the old homestead, and was hurried away, possibly chained to some others as a captive, to be **A SLAVE.** In the goodness of God to this little girl, she was taken to be a servant in the house of one of Syria's greatest soldiers—Captain Naaman, to wait upon his wife. The Name of Jehovah, the God of Israel, was unknown there, for in the land to which she was carried a captive, idols were worshipped. Day by day, as she waited on her mistress, she saw that a great sorrow hung over her life; her husband, great and valiant man though he was, was a leper, and must soon die. When the little maid heard of this, she remembered that there was a prophet in her own land, who, in the Name of His God, was able to cure that dire disease, and she **TOLD HER MISTRESS THE SECRET.** And what do you think happened? Her great master, on the simple word of a little maid, took a long journey to the prophet of Israel to learn God's way, and was both **CLEANSED** from his leprosy, and **CONVERTED** to God. How glad the little maid would be when he returned cleansed and cured, to confess Jehovah as his God, and to worship Him.

BRAVE FREDDY; or, A Good Confession.



REDDY went for a three months' holiday to his aunt's pretty country house, which was surrounded by pretty green fields. A charming stream of clear water in which there were lots of fine spotted trout, flowed through the grounds, and Freddy's delight was to stand on the wooden bridge watching the trout leaping in the sunshine. But what I want specially to tell you about Freddy is, that he was a converted boy, and he was not as some little boys known to me are, ashamed to confess Christ as his Saviour. His aunt was very kind, and so were his cousins; but there was no daily reading of God's Word or prayer in their home, and Freddy was much surprised at this. On the first Lord's Day morning that Freddy was at his aunt's, she asked him to have a walk with her by the riverside; but when she asked if he would like to look for nests among the shubbery, the little fellow replied, "Not on the Lord's Day auntie." At breakfast there was no thanksgiving before food, but Freddy bowed his head and gave thanks. There was no evening prayer, but the dear boy bent his knees by his bedside before lying down. All this began to have a wonderful effect in that worldly home, and I believe was used of God to shew his aunt and her household, that there was a reality in Christianity to which they were strangers.

An incident happened one day which gave the dear boy's testimony favour in the eyes of the whole household. Playing in the meadow with his little cousins one bright day, his aunt being only a few yards off, Cissy a little girl of five years fell into the water. The current was pretty strong, and she was quickly borne along. Freddy heard the cry and ran to the water edge. There he saw Cissy being carried down by the current. Quick as thought,

BRAVE FREDDY; OR, A GOOD CONFESSION.

the brave boy ran to the wooden bridge, lay down flat on the spars, and stretching down his right hand caught Cissy's pinasore as she passed. He was unable to pull her up, but a loud cry brought her mother to his aid, and in a few minutes Cissy was drawn out of the water. Freddy was kissed all round that night. When he was saying good-night to his aunt, he whispered, "Jesus helped me to save Cissy. I cried to Him to do it."

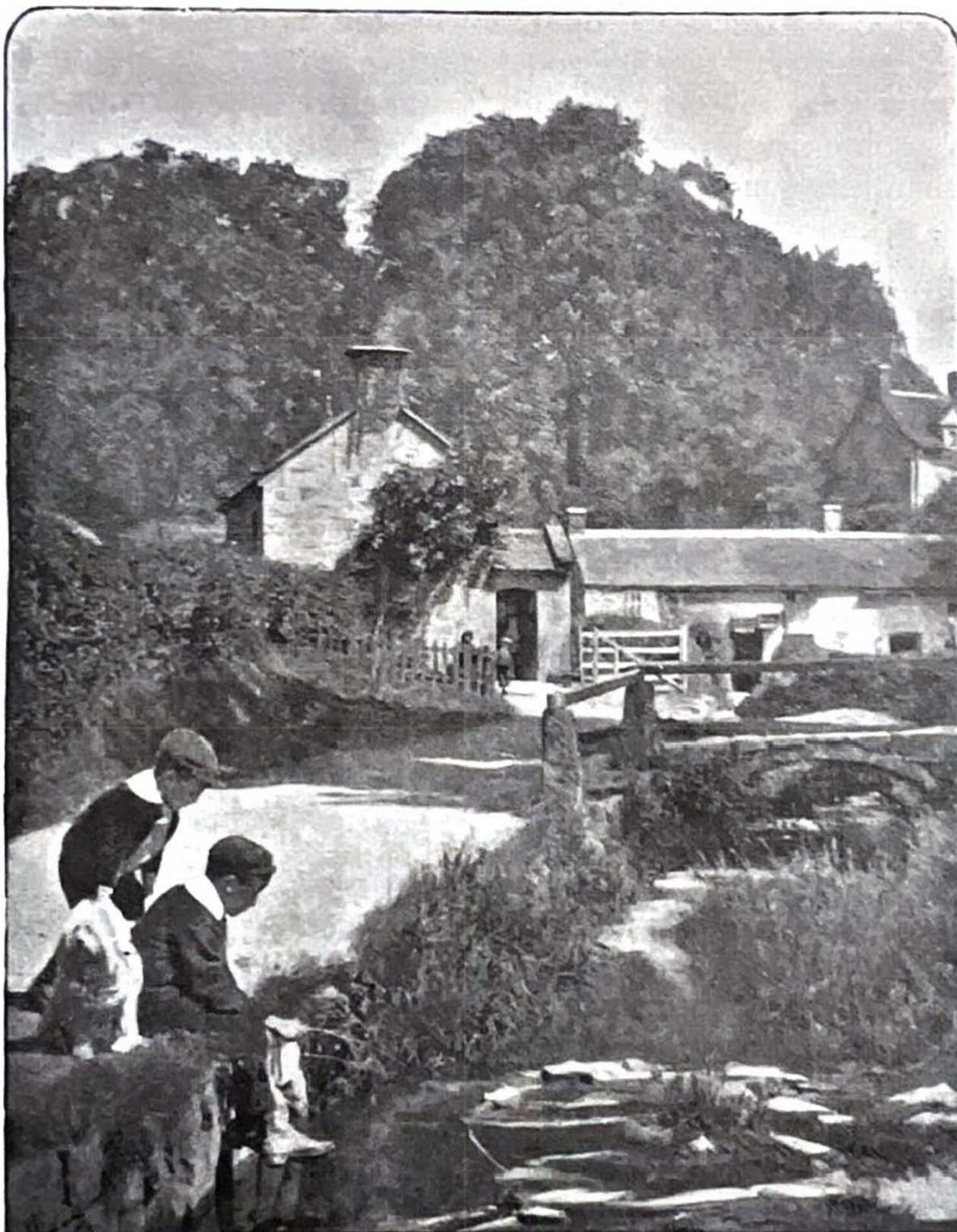
That word was never forgotten. No doubt it was true, and it proved the reality of his simple trust in Christ. Years have passed, and Freddy is no longer a little boy. In one of the busy cities of the United States he carries on a large business, and his delight is still to speak well of Jesus who saved him in very early days. His aunt and her household are all saved and on the way to glory, and she gladly acknowledges that Freddy's clear testimony to the Lord Jesus first turned her thoughts Christward. How grand it is to be saved in early days, and to be the means of pointing others to the Saviour.

"DANGER" AND "CLEAR" SIGNALS.



TRAVELLING by rail, you notice signals along the line, some standing at "danger," others at "clear." When a signal is at "danger," it would be madness for the driver to go forward. But when it stands at "clear" he goes forward without fear. There are signals of "danger" and "clear" along the line of life. God has erected them for our guidance.

THE YOUNG ANGLERS.



"FISHING THE LONG SUMMER DAY."

THE YOUNG ANGLERS.



HOW pretty the country looks this fine summer morning! And a happy company of schoolboys with home-made fishing rods, cut from trees, are on the way for a day's angling in the country, laughing and shouting as they go, planning what they will do with their fish before they catch them, as some older people do with other things of more value than a few small trout fished from the tiny stream.

I happened to be out that way in the evening and met the row of young anglers looking tired and feeling downcast, for, like some fishermen of whom we read in the Bible, they had "taken nothing." It was amusing to hear the various reasons for the want of success. One had the "wrong kind of bait," another had "too short a line," a third had pierced his hand with a hook, caught himself instead of the fish, while a fourth most confidently affirmed there was "not a trout in the stream." But two little fellows who had been quietly fishing only a short way further up had a string of fine spotted trout out of the same stream all the same. The young anglers, successful and otherwise, have their lessons for us all in greater things, the things of Eternity and of the soul.

Napoleon thought he could conquer Europe, tried it, and was disappointed. He was conquered himself, banished from the land he thought to rule, and died an exile in St. Helena. He failed to catch his fish.

Tom Paine, a noted infidel, who denied the existence of a God, and wrote a book called "The Age of Reason," said in his last hours, "I would give worlds, if I had them, that it had never been published," and cried out, "If ever the devil had an agent I have been that one."

He expected to catch the world for Satan and infidelity, but the hook caught himself and ruined him for time and eternity. Voltaire, seated in his house in Geneva, said there would "not be a Bible in Europe within a hundred years," but that very house, which was acquired by one of the Bible Societies, was filled with Bibles from floor to ceiling, and hundreds of thousands more have been circulated from it in all Europe. The great sceptic was disappointed, he had the wrong bait, but the Word of God grew.

Cecil Rhodes dreamed of a united South Africa with himself at its head, but he was cut off before his dream was realised, and lies buried on the top of one of its mountains, awaiting the resurrection hour and the judgment, when he will give an account to God.

All these, and thousands more, went forth in the morning of life to make themselves a name in the world, but they all were disappointed, they all died before the object of their life was attained. They failed like the young anglers.

The only one who comes back in triumph, bringing with him the fruit of his labour is the Christian, the one who knows Jesus Christ and lives for Him, not serving to be saved, but saved by grace to begin with, he goes forth to serve. None who truly live for Christ and serve Him are disappointed.

Robert Cleaver Chapman, an aged pilgrim, who went to be with Christ in his hundredth year, said, "I spell 'disappointment,' by changing the 'd' to an 'H'; then it reads 'His appointment.'" He knew no disappointments, because a loving Father ordered all his path. So He will yours, if you are one of His children, born again.

LULU'S CONVERSION; or, Letting it be seen.

LULU and her little cousin often played together, and in their play they sometimes quarrelled, and said naughty words to each other. At a very early age, Lulu's heart was opened to receive the Lord Jesus, as her Saviour, and she rejoiced in the knowledge of His salvation.



"You must tell Carric, dear, that Jesus has saved you" said her mother, "and seek to lead her also to the Saviour."

"Yes mother dear, but I would like to let her *see* it as well," said the dear child.

"Yes Lulu, that's right. We are expected to live so as to let others see that we belong to Jesus, and that commends the words we speak to them."

Lulu prayed that she might be able so to act toward

her little cousin that she might *see*, as well as *hear*, that she had been saved and become a lamb of the Good Shepherd's flock.

This is how it ought to be with all who are saved. Others ought to see by their changed lives and actions, as well as hear from their lips, that they have become followers of Christ. Is it so with *you*, my young reader?



WRECKED WITHIN SIGHT OF HOME.

ABOAT was returning home from the season's fishing, and was within sight of home, when a sudden squall upset it, throwing the five fishermen and two boys who were in it into the sea. Three of the men clung to the boat and were rescued, but the other two, and the two boys, were drowned. And so near to the harbour and to home! All their bright hopes of meeting friends and loved ones suddenly overturned, by sudden destruction coming upon them. And thus some will be lost within sight of heaven, who hoped to get there and meet with loved ones gone before. They were almost saved, yet altogether lost. Do you know why? Just because they had no Christ. See to it that you have Him as your Saviour and Lord. Without Him you will perish. Sad to think of some who were once near to the kingdom, yet they perished, because they had no Christ.

THE HIDING PLACE IN THE ROCK.

CHEN I was a child, I spent my summer holidays in the country at my uncle's farm, and had happy times with my two little cousins. One day we were out in the fields, when we heard a snort, and looking across the field, we saw a wild bull coming straight toward us. There was no house or help near, and I remember crying out in fear. My elder cousin kept very quiet and I noticed her lips moved. Turning round she said, "Follow me!" and we crept up the side of a rock into a crevice, from which we heard the wild animal rush past and where we remained for a long while, till danger was over. When we got to our little room I asked cousin



Annie what she was saying when the wild bull was coming along. "I was repeating a text I learned last Sunday, 'Thou art my hiding place,' and I had no sooner done so than I remembered the hole in the rock behind us." That I thought a miracle; I never forgot it.

SAVED ON DOUGLAS SANDS.



PENDING their summer holidays at Douglas, in the beautiful Isle of Man, were two little girls from Cheshire. Attracted by the sound of singing on the sands, they went along and found a Children's Service being held, with quite a large circle of boys and girls of all ages, and an outer circle of older people gathered around. A banner with white



HOLIDAY TIME ON DOUGLAS SANDS

letters told the object of the gathering, the novelty of which caused them to stand and listen. They had never seen such a gathering, perhaps never heard the Gospel of salvation proclaimed so simply before. Next day they were there again, and every day after for a week. Then the two girls were absent, and some of the workers

carrying on the meetings missed them, and wondered what had become of the two earnest listeners. As it afterwards came out, their mother, a very proud woman of the world, having learned that her daughters had been seen at the Children's Service on the sands, prohibited them from going, saying these gatherings were for the "common people" and not for young ladies in their position. It so happened that the daughters of an English peer were among the most earnest workers in these services, and the girls made this known to their mother, who confessed herself "astonished that they had so far forgotten their position as to patronize such things."

The girls were much cast down at being prohibited from going again to the sands at the hour of the Children's Service, and one of the workers hearing of them mentioned the matter and sent a request for prayer on their behalf. No doubt God heard His people's cry, and put it into the father's heart to remonstrate with his wife against prohibiting their daughters from attending the meetings if they desired to go, for, said he, "I went to similar gatherings when I was a boy, and I wish I had what some of these people have." To the great delight of the girls they got their mother's permission under certain restrictions to attend the meetings, and God spoke to their hearts through His Word. There is a wonderful power in the Gospel, especially on those who have never known it in its simplicity, or heard the testimony of those who know and own its saving power. Day by day the girls heard and talked together of the great salvation proclaimed on the sands, and before they left Douglas for their Cheshire home both were saved and confessed the Lord Jesus. They had many temptations, but the grace that saved them on Douglas sands kept them.

CONNIE'S HYMN; or, "Jesus paid it all."

IT was during the early days of Moody and Sankey's first visit to Great Britain, and the new hymns were much sung in every place to which the evangelists went. In Newcastle the children on the streets marched in bands singing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," and "Jesus paid it all," until even ungodly men in the shipyards on Tyneside were heard humming them while at work.



Connie and her sister May were at some of the children's meetings and picked up the words and tune of the popular hymn the chorus of which is "Jesus paid it all: all to Him I owe." They sang it at home, in

the house and at play until their mother became so interested that she asked Connie one day "What did Jesus pay?" Connie, although the elder of the two girls could not answer, but her sister May, three years younger, quietly said, "His own precious blood." That she had learned at the meetings, and I think it had been received into her heart by faith. When the two girls were alone, Connie told May how much she desired to be saved and her younger sister told her how Jesus had "paid it all," and there was "nothing to do, but just believe on Him." Connie believed, was saved. Her mother went with her to the meetings and was saved, and before long her father also was converted. Now they all delight to sing "Jesus paid it all," and call it "Connie's Hymn."

Pictorial Lessons on "Bible Doves."

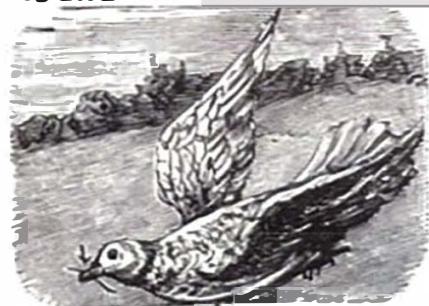
How beautiful are the doves as they "coo" among the trees, or fly in the summer sunshine. I think we might learn some simple lessons from some "Bible Doves" of which we read. First we are told of—

SILLY DOVES (Hosea vii. 11). Exposing themselves to danger, putting themselves in places where they may be caught, snared and made captive. Just like boys and girls with sin and Satan: exposed to death and judgment unsaved. Doves have no power of self-defence, their safety is in flight to a place of security.



DOVES IN THE ROCK (Jer. xlvi. 23). Their nest is in the cleft of the rock. No hawk or snare can harm the dovelet there. This is like the sinner who flees to Christ, the Rock of Ages, cleft to hide and shelter from coming wrath. How safe the feeble dove is in that strong rock! How secure the believing boy or girl is in Christ!

THE DOVE IN THE ARK (Gen viii. 8). She found no home, no rest in the watery waste. She had to go back to the ark and be received there again. No true believer can ever find a home or a portion amid the sins and pollutions of this world. In Christ alone is his rest and peace. Read Matthew xi. 28, 29: John xvi. 23. Are you safe in Him?



HARMLESS DOVES (Math. x. 16). The dove has no claws or sting. She never fights. Gentle-ness is her nature: so the little Christian. "Blameless and harmless" (Phil. ii. 12). Gentle unto all, like Christ: easily known in school and home. Not faultless, but seeking ever to do what pleases God. Exposed—Saved—Satisfied Transformed. *Without Christ—In Christ—With Christ—Like Christ.* Ask yourselves—"Where am I?" In these four pictures of the dove, you will find what and where you are.

BOB'S ANCHORAGE; Or, WHAT I LEARNT AT OUR ANNUAL TREAT

 HIS is the night of our Annual Tea and distribution of Prizes, and I am remembering it was on an evening such as this, that I was brought to the Lord Jesus. Shall I tell you how?

The little school I attended in the country was not often favoured with visitors, but at our Annual Tea Meeting there were several strangers to address us, and some lads who had been converted in a neighbouring school, came to give their testimony. One of them was Bob the baker boy who called at our house every morning with the "rolls," I wondered what he would say. Well Bob told us how he was saved by believing in Jesus, and that John iii. 16 was his "anchorage." I did not understand what "anchorage" meant, but as I was acquainted with Bob, I asked him when he came out of the school. He stood in the moonlight with his Bible in his hand and told me "it was there in that grand verse, I cast my anchor and found rest." He explained to me that God loved *me* gave His Son for *me*; and that if I, as one of the "whoso-evers," believed in Him, that is, trusted myself to Him as my only Saviour, I would not perish; but have everlasting life. I remember, I went along the road with my brother and sisters, saying over and over to myself—

"I will believe, I do believe that Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood, from sin to set me free."

And I have no doubt that it was on that snowy road in the moonlight, that I passed from death to life. But I did not tell any of the others about it till next day, when I suppose they saw I was happy, and asked the cause. "Oh," I said, "I am saved, just like Bob the baker, for I have trusted myself to Jesus, and He says I shall not perish." Years have come and gone, and many changes

BOB'S ANCHORAGE.

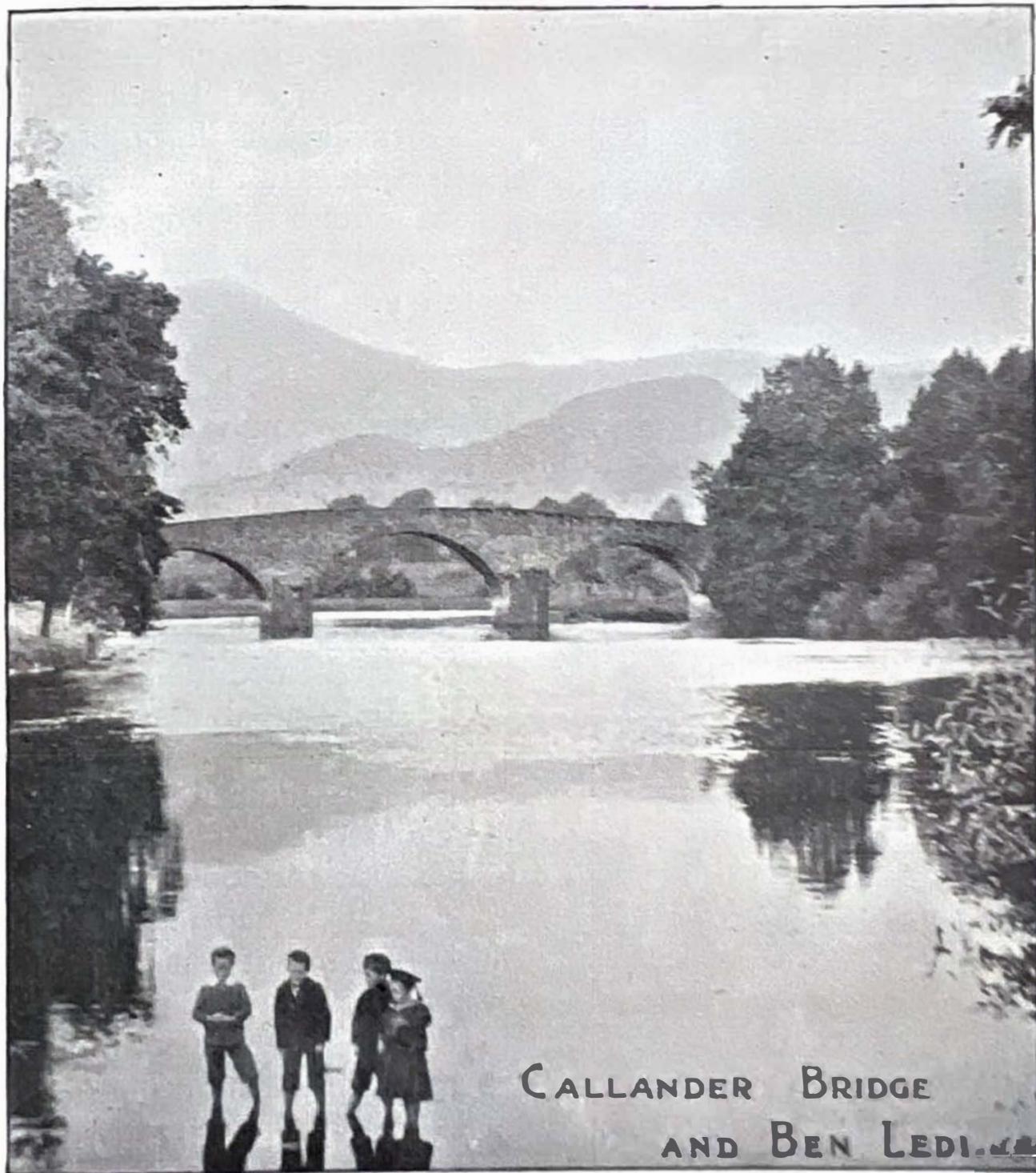
have occurred since then, but my anchorage in John iii. 16 is as firm and sure as ever, and so is my salvation. You need not fear to rest your soul upon it, for it will not deceive you. I was anxious to be saved many a time before that night, but somehow I always looked within my own heart for rest and peace. That was very foolish, for you know a ship's anchor is always cast out, to fix its hold on something outside of itself altogether. That was what Bob the baker had done, and what he showed me the way to do that night. If you would have rest amid the storms of life, peace amid its troubles, and a home in glory beyond it all, cast your anchor on John iii. 16 and claim the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour.

THE CURLING POND.

NOT far from our school there is a large pond, on which a great many were curling and skating last week. Some of our schoolboys went on the ice and were enjoying themselves, when lo! the ice gave way and a number fell in. There was a loud cry for help, and many of the curlers ran to the rescue of the drowning schoolchildren. There were many narrow escapes, and one lad was drowned. Poor little fellow! he started with his skates, as bright and happy as the others that morning, and was carried home to his mother dead in the evening. So you see in the midst of pleasure, death is hovering near. We know not when it may cut us down. How needful to be ready; and the only way to be ready is to be saved to have Christ, and in Him salvation: then come life or death all is well.



JESSIE OF STRATHYRE.



CALLANDER BRIDGE
AND BEN LEDI.

THE RIVER TEITH WITH THE "HILL OF GOD" IN THE DISTANCE.

JESSIE OF STRATHYRE;
Or, "WILL HE TAKE ME JUST AS I AM?"

BRIGHTLY the summer sun pours its golden beams on the sparkling waters of the Teith, at Callander, where happy children paddle and play the long summer day. Coaches laden with tourists pass along the road leading to Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. Yonder in the distance is Ben Ledi, which means "The Hill of God," raising its lofty head 2875 feet above the lowly strath which it has guarded like a sentinel for ages. In these grand solitudes, God the Creator's mighty power is strikingly brought to mind, while the story I am about to tell you bears witness to His abounding grace.

"Take the cows out to the grass, Jessie, it's far past their time, lassie," said a middle-aged woman, busy preparing her husband's dinner, to her daughter, a blithe lass of sweet seventeen, who usually needed no such reminder of her duties, for she was a diligent worker, her mother's chief helper on the little farm with its ten cows, which had been their home since Jessie's babyhood, on the slopes of the pretty strath, within sight of Ben Ledi. Jessie's slowness that morning was not due to sickness, nor unwillingness to work, but to distress of mind. She was to be a young communicant at the half-yearly sacrament for the first time, and by means of the faithful words spoken to her the previous Sunday at the Bible Class which she attended, she had found out that she was not converted, and therefore not a fit subject to sit down at the Table as one of the friends and followers of Christ. All night she had been kept awake thinking on the subject, and all through the morning she had been snatching moments now and again to read her Bible, which only seemed to increase her distress. Do

you wonder at this? You need not; for the Word of God when it comes in power to the conscience of a sinner unsaved, has always the effect of causing uneasiness, by bringing God and eternal realities near, and causing sin long forgotten to be remembered.

Jessie led the cows to the pasture, and for hours was missing. Her mother searched all about the farm to find her, but in vain, until at last, unable to rest in the house, she put on her dress and went along the footpath leading toward the village. Imagine her surprise to see her daughter coming along the footpath in her working dress, barefoot, skipping like a schoolgirl and singing as she hastened along. When she saw her mother she broke into a run, and reaching out her arms, she threw them round her mother's neck, as through her tears of joy, she cried, "O, mother, I'm saved, Jesus has taken me just as I am." Her mother was astonished beyond measure, but being herself a Christian, she clasped her daughter to her bosom, saying—"Thank God for that, my lassie." The story was soon told, as they walked together along toward the little farm. Jessie had tried to hide her trouble, but when alone in the field it became unbearable. She knew of one aged godly man, her Bible Class teacher, who would willingly help her, and just as she was, in her simple country garb, she hastened along to his dwelling and told him her errand, excusing herself for coming in her working clothes. He willingly, gladly told her the way of life, and prayed that God would open her eyes to see it. "But I'm nae good enough." "Never mind that, lassie, Christ will tak' you *as you are*;" said the aged soul-winner, and as he told me when relating the story, "The light then dawned on her and she exclaimed, 'I see it a' noo; He'll take me as I am.'"

PATTY'S INVITATION ; Or, COME TO JESUS.



N a pretty little village in Aberdeenshire, there lived two little school-boys, close companions and playmates. They travelled the same road to school every morning, and returned together at night. Patty, the younger of the two, was the child of Christian parents, who longed and prayed for his conversion to God, for you must know, my dear boys and girls, that none of you can ever go to heaven on the credit of your parents' faith. "Ye must be born again" is a word as true concerning you as the child of the idolater. You need to be converted before you can be a Christian on



earth, or go to heaven after. Patty went to a series of Children's Meetings held in the village where he lived by a stranger, who came there on a visit, and on the second or third night he, along with several other boys, received the Lord Jesus as his own Saviour. He believed on Him and received "life"—just as we read—"He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John iii. 36).

There was much joy in Patty's home that night, when he returned from the meeting and told of his salvation. Next morning he met his companion Willie as usual, and told him the good news. Was Willie glad? No indeed, he laughed at him, and said he was going mad. But Patty assured him he was perfectly sane, and very happy. "Just you come to Jesus yourself Willie, and you'll see it's all true I'm saying," said the dear boy. This earnest invitation left Willie without a word to say. That night he sat in the meeting by Patty's side, and before the week ended he was saved also. The two boys were now companions in Christ and workers for Him.



HOLIDAY TESTIMONIES FROM FAR AND NEAR.

A BLACK BOY'S CONVERSION.

"Here in the West Indies we hear of Jesus, Who is able to save. I heard of 'Christ died for the ungodly,' in a tent, and believing, He saved me. I love His Word, it is sweet and precious." J. N.

A CANADIAN GIRL'S TESTIMONY.

"I send you a Bible Clock filled in with texts on *The Love of God*. It is the first I have ever tried. I am twelve years old, and I believe in that great love of God to *me*. Jesus died that I might live, and I now know that I *have* everlasting life, that it is mine."

WARMINSTER.

C. A. B.

FROM FAR NEW ZEALAND.

"I love to read *Our Little Ones' Treasury*, which I get from my teacher in the Sunday School, and it was from him that I learned how God, for Christ's sake, forgives sin and saves sinners. It is three years since I 'came to Jesus as I was,' and I can truly say that 'He has made me glad.' I am happy to say my sister is also saved."

L. J. B.

A TROPHY FROM AFRICA.

"I was brought to the Saviour after we came back to Natal from Scotland. I did not want to hear of eternity when in my Sunday School there, but when I came here then I began to think of what I had heard and was very anxious to be saved. My teacher gave me a book for a present, and I read in it the way to be saved, and of boys and girls who are happy in the Lord. I trusted myself to Jesus and I am saved and happy now." WILLIE S.

A SCOTCH GIRL'S SONG.

"I live in the large city of Glasgow: I was born there, and now I can say I have been born again there also. It was on New Year week, while listening to the Gospel, that I saw myself a sinner and Jesus as my Redeemer." ANNIE G.

A TALK WITH VILLAGE CHILDREN.



EATED on the village green are four rows of bright children, all clad in summer garb. They have come to a quickly-arranged children's service to be held by a band of young men on

their holidays. Bright pictorial leaflets distributed through the houses, with an invitation, bring quite a large company. They listen attentively to "the old, old story" and then in order to press it home the speaker holds up a pretty book, full of pictures, saying, "Who will receive this book as a free gift." Many

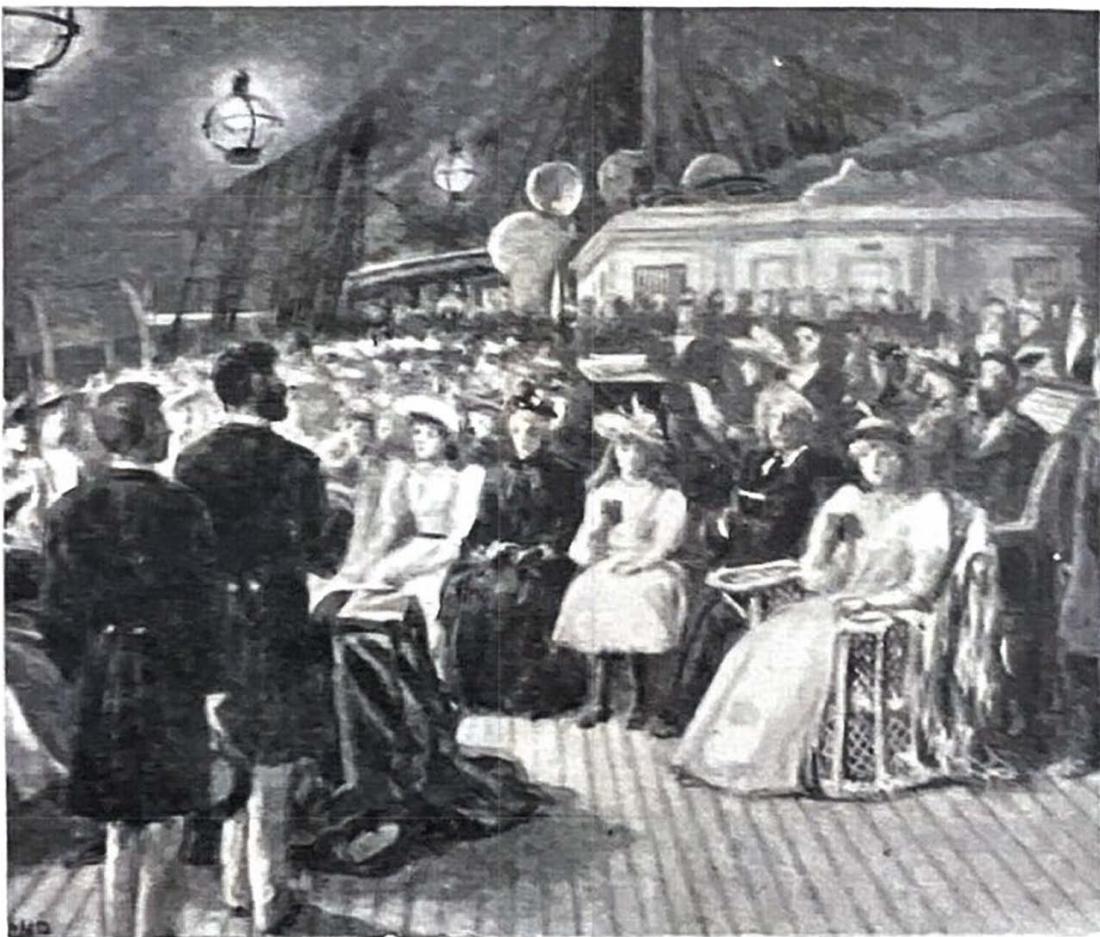


hands were raised, and voices cried out, "Me, me." Yet strange to say, no one went to claim the gift, and the speaker said, "This is exactly how you treat 'the gift of God, which is eternal life' (Rom. vi. 23). You say you will receive it, but how few really do so."

THE SONG ON THE STEAMER.



CROSSING the Atlantic on a large mail steamer a few years ago, was a little girl with her parents on a visit to Canada. Concerts were held among the saloon passengers and the pretty child was asked to sing. To this the parents would not



A SERVICE ON BOARD AN OCEAN STEAMER.

give their consent, for they were Christians and did not allow their little daughter to sing the world's songs or mingle in company where they were sung. One evening she disappeared, and much to her parents' surprise she returned with the story that she had been invited by a lady to accompany her to the concert where she had sung. The parents at first were grieved, but when they learned

that she had sung "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," which was entirely new then, they thanked God for the courage given to their child, and prayed that He would bless the message to those who heard it. Imagine their surprise, when after the service held on deck the following Sunday, several ladies came along and asked the little singer to sing them "another sweet hymn," to which she gladly consented, singing this time,

"Nothing either great or small, nothing sinner, no,
Jesus did it, did it all: long, long ago."

Many of the passengers attracted by the sweet voice, gathered around, and before the hymn, so full of simple, precious Gospel truth was finished, many a handkerchief was used to wipe tears from the eyes of the wondering listeners, to some of whom at least, that was the first simple Gospel message that had ever come. Eternity will tell the full result, but it was known before the voyage ended, that one heart was for the Saviour, one soul saved by the glad tidings thus simply set forth by that child of heaven. The Gospel has a wondrous power, there is nothing in the whole world like it. It convicts of sin, it converts to God: it brings pardon to the guilty, peace to the troubled, joy to the sad. It tells of present salvation for the lost, and eternal glory for the saved. It brings the believing sinner to God, to Christ, to be a son, a saint, a servant of God. Have you been converted by its power reader, if not, why not? You will never hear a better story, never know a grander theme. If you neglect or despise it, you will perish eternally, and your deepest lament will be your own folly in not believing the Gospel of God. If you do believe it and have been saved by it, then "tell it out" to others as did that saved child on the deep sea long ago.

THE BIBLE IN MINIATURE.

A STORY OF JOHN III. 16.



ORE than three hundred years ago, a monk sat in his lonely room, reading part of the New Testament. It was "the Gospel according to John," and he had reached the third chapter. Verse after verse down the chapter was read, until he

God so loved the world that He gave His
Only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in Him
Perish, but have [should not]
Everlasting
Life.—JOHN iii. 16.

came to the sixteenth, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He laid

down the Book, and seemed lost in thought. That wonderful verse had opened up to his soul some of the wonders of redeeming love. That monk was Martin Luther, who afterwards translated the Bible, and preached so boldly the truth of "justification by faith in Christ alone." He afterwards wrote, concerning the words of John iii. 16:—"This is *the Bible in Miniature*, or the story of the Gospel told in a few words."

Dear reader, has this wondrous verse, the precious words of which have been used of God to lead so many precious souls to know, believe, and receive the love of God, won your heart to Jesus? Have you become a possessor of that everlasting life of which it speaks? If not, why not? It is for whosoever; and that sweet word means *you*. The verse may be simply divided, thus:—

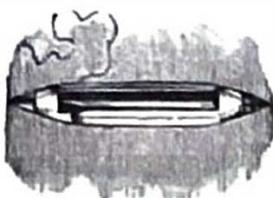
"God LOVED," and "God GAVE."

I believe, and I have everlasting life.

Emblematic Lessons for the Little Ones.

"EMBLEMATIC"—"What's that," says some little girl. "I know," says a little chap, "something that's *like*." A very good answer indeed. "Something *that's like*." Yes, that's an Emblem. Well, we are going to have a little talk on four of these things that are "like." Here is number one. What a strange looking thing this is. Can any of you tell me what it is?

A WEAVER'S SHUTTLE (Job vii. 6). Yes. And will some one repeat from memory a verse from the Bible telling us what this weaver's shuttle



is the emblem of. "My days are *swifter* than a weaver's shuttle." How quickly the shuttle flies from one side to the other, carrying the thread along with it! You can hardly see it, but there it is, and that is just how your days fly. Babyhood, childhood, manhood: spring, summer, winter: life, death, eternity.

Days of youth, privilege and grace speeding on, like the quickly flying shuttle, carrying on the thread of life with them. What kind of lives—Christian or Christless: saved or lost. And where will the end be—Heaven or Hell?

THE SPIDER'S WEB (Job viii. 14). A very slender house to live in, isn't it? Quickly built, but easily pulled down. You have seen the spider make his web in the window, busy weaving and spreading it out yesterday; all finished and he inside thinking himself safe, watching for his prey to-day, and to-morrow up goes the brush, and down comes spider, web and all. What does God say this is like? Can any boy give me a text about it? "The hypocrite's hope shall perish. Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be as the spider's web" or "as a spider's house" (margin). What a foolish thing to be a hypocrite, a professor but not a possessor of Christ.



A HOUSE ON THE SANDS (Matthew vii. 26). Here is a strong house now, no spider's web this. See how strong it looks! How grand



the surroundings! How beautiful the doors and windows! Everything just splendid. But see where it stands; down in a hollow on the sands. What if a storm should rise? Where would it be then? A total ruin. God has told us, repeat the words "The floods came, and the winds

BRINGING HOME THE YULE LOG.

N great glee, Harry and Willie Morgan, sons of the gamekeeper, who dwelt in the neat three-cornered lodge on the edge of the common, sallied out into the wood unknown to their parents, to bring home "The Yule Log."

They had invited a number of their schoolmates to come up in the evening, and they expected to have a surprise awaiting their parents when they would carry in the stock of a great tree, which they had prepared some time before, and hid away among the brushwood for "the yule log."

But as with many a fair expedition, the two boys found themselves overtaken by a snow-storm, when only outward bound for their prize. What was to be done? To return home would be the wiser and safer plan; but then, "the yule log" would be lost for the evening's fun. So on they hurried through the snow, which got deeper as they further proceeded along the wood. They seemed to have forgotten that the December day is short, and that darkness comes quickly down.

At length they reached the clump of brushwood, under which the "log" was securely hid, and after awhile of hard work in turning up the snow-covered branches, they secured the object of their visit. A piece of rope was tied around the heavy tree, and a start made on the return journey.

But this was found to be more difficult by far than they had thought of. The soft snow, now eighteen inches deep, was difficult to walk through, and then the heavy "log" had to be pulled along behind them. Stealthily the darkness was coming down: the boys were quite tired out, and fully half of the homeward road had still to be travelled. Half an hour more, and they both sat

BRINGING HOME THE YULE LOG.

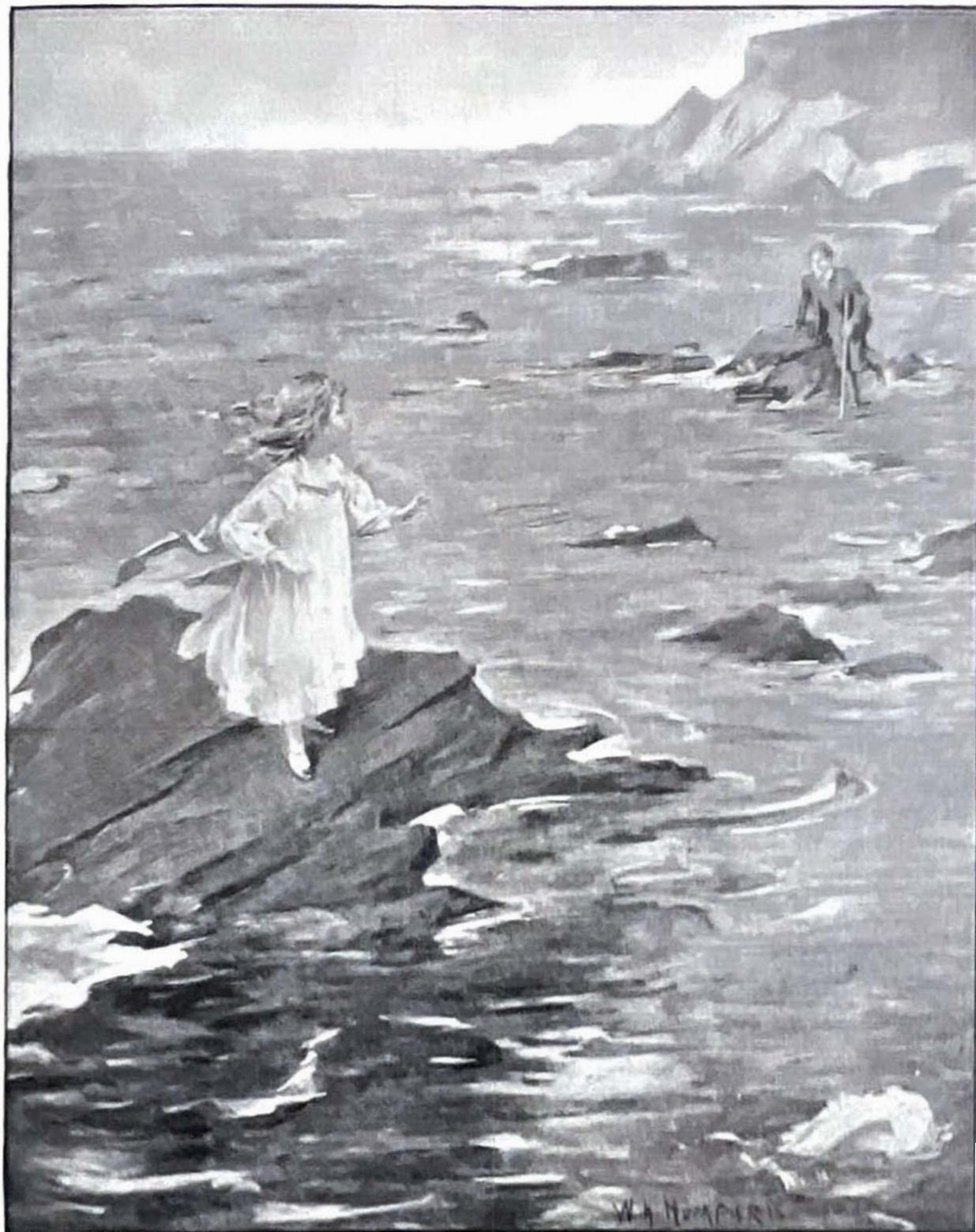
down exhausted on the "log," and so heavily had the snow been falling, that they could not move it when they made their next start.

There was nothing for it but leave the "log," with all the bright hopes they had built upon it, in the deep snow, and find their way home as best they could without it. But this was no easy job. The path was lost in the deep snow, and the boys knew not whether they were going home, or further away. They were lost, and they could not find their way home. Meanwhile their parents became alarmed, and about a dozen of men with lanterns set out to seek them. After a long search, Harry and Willie were found, half-frozen, locked in each other's arms, under the shelter of a great tree. Strong and willing hands lifted the two boys, and soon they were safe at home. But the adventure of that night has not been forgotten. It was often referred to by the boys' parents to set before them their state as lost and perishing sinners, and the work of Christ in coming to seek and save.

* * * * *

Twenty years have passed since that stormy yule night. In a village school-room to-night, a large company of boys and girls have gathered for the annual tea, and distribution of prizes. Two young men, earnest Christian workers, and soul winners, are there to address the children after tea is over. One of them tells to eager listeners the story of "the yule log," and laying his hand on the shoulder of his brother, says, "this is Willie, and I am Harry. We have never forgotten that night when we were lost in the snow, and sought, and found, much less another night some years after, when both of us were found by the Lord Jesus, and saved by His grace for Eternity."

CAUGHT IN THE TIDE.



"SHE STOOD ON THE ROCK, THE WAVES DASHING AROUND."

CAUGHT IN THE TIDE;
Or, THE RESCUE OF COUSIN MARTY.



LAYING on the pebbly beach of a North Devon watering place, watching the limpid waves come against the rocks and break in white foam, three pretty children spent the long summer afternoon. Two were sisters and the third, a bright-eyed boy, their cousin.

Marty, the younger girl, was only a child of six, but more venturesome and full of glee than her sister. While the children played, the tide, unnoticed by them, was rising and gradually surrounding the rocks on which they had climbed. A cry from the older girl caused their cousin to run for the shore, which he reached through deep water, but Marty was too much occupied with her house of sand, studded with bright shells and pebbles, to hear or heed her sister's cry. Frantic with fear for his little cousin, the boy ran to a group of lads standing on the green, within a short distance of the shore, and in broken accents begged them to "Come and save cousin Mary from being drowned," adding in his schoolboy fashion "I'll give you a shilling if you do." The boys smiled, but seeing he was in earnest they did not stop to discuss the bargain, but ran off toward the shore. There, standing on a rock almost covered by the flowing tide and wholly surrounded, stood Marty, in her white pinafore, her golden hair flying in the wind. While three went to get a boat, one lad dashed in through the water, afraid the child might drop through fear, or be washed from her perilous foothold before they reached her. He almost failed, for the tide was strong, but climbing up on the rock, now almost covered, he seized Marty in his arms and held her there until both were lifted by strong and willing arms into the boat and conveyed to the shore,

amid the cheers and thanksgivings of a crowd who had gathered there. Marty was warmly welcomed and tenderly cared for by her parents, and Bob, her cousin, faithful to his promise, had gone home for his shilling—it was all that he possessed—and handed it to Marty's brave rescuer, who declined receiving it, with a "Thank you all the same, but I did not go for that, but from love to your little friend," which brought a gush of tears down Bob's cheeks and a "Thank you for saving Marty," which was worth more than a shilling to the brave boy. Next day Marty came with a pretty thank-offering in her hand—not a reward or payment for the deed of love, but a token of her regard for the one who risked his life to rescue her—and as she held it out in her white-gloved hand, she said in her sweet simplicity, "I love you very much for saving me." How simply and sweetly this story of seaside memory illustrates the sinner's position, the Saviour's love, and the way of salvation. Like the helpless child you cannot save yourself, but Jesus went forth in love to "rescue the perishing." To Him it was death and suffering untold, but He shrunk not back from the Cross. He alone did the work, and He alone is "mighty to save." You can do nothing. You do not need; only trust Him. He asks no price, He takes no fee. But all who know His saving power delight to say, as did that rescued child—"We love Him, because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). It is not to love Christ in order to make Him love us, but *because* He *has* loved and died for us. Do you love Him so? Believe His love to you, then you will love Him and yield your heart to Him as a thankoffering of love. And your days will be spent in His joyful service, seeking to bring others to Him, to be saved by Him and love Him too.

ROBBIE'S RESCUE; or, I was saved by Another.



ELLING the story of his conversion at our Children's Service the other night, a bright Christian lad said:—“I was very nearly drowned when I was a child of four years, and I never forgot the warning I got then of how uncertain life is. Playing with some other little boys, catching minnows on the edge of a loch, I fell in, and would most likely have been drowned but for a faithful dog who always accompanied me as a child. Immediately ‘Prince’ heard my scream he plunged into the water, caught me by the dress, and held my



head above water until a boat was put out and I was saved by another, who was both able and willing. That incident of my childhood may illustrate to you, dear boys and girls, your state and how you may be saved. I was perishing and I could not save or help to save myself. Prince, like the mercy and providence of God, kept me alive, but he was of himself unable to bring me to a place of safety. It needed a Saviour, able and willing, to come to me where I was and to put forth His strong arm and lift me out of my perishing condition. That Saviour is Jesus, and He is brought near to you all in the Gospel. Jesus died that you might live. He came forth to seek and save the lost, and now in Heaven He waits to put forth His saving power to save all who believe in Him. Can you say He has rescued you?

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXCURSION AT LAKE GENEVA.

HERE you have a group of Sunday scholars, with teachers, parents and friends, in the far-off state of Wisconsin, United States of America. They are out on their annual excursion in the country, and have been photographed there by one of their number. The boys and girls seated in rows, seem happy.



Some of them have trusted the Lord Jesus, and know Him as their personal Saviour. One of the mothers seated on the left, was aroused to think about her soul, and afterwards converted to God, through reading an article in one of our magazines, which her own child carried home from the Sunday School. Is not this an encouragement to all who are the same to *you* as to her? —**saved to sow the good seed, and circulate the Gospel.**

ON GIRVAN SEABEACH.



WAS saved at Girvan, on the seashore, with the waves of the Firth of Clyde washing up on the sands at my feet, Ailsa Craig in its lone majesty in mid ocean right in front, and the rugged isle of Arran across the bay yonder. I visit the spot often, never without praising God for the grace that

met me there that day long ago, and pardoned all my sin. That was the best and happiest day of my life, for I was born a child of God, and



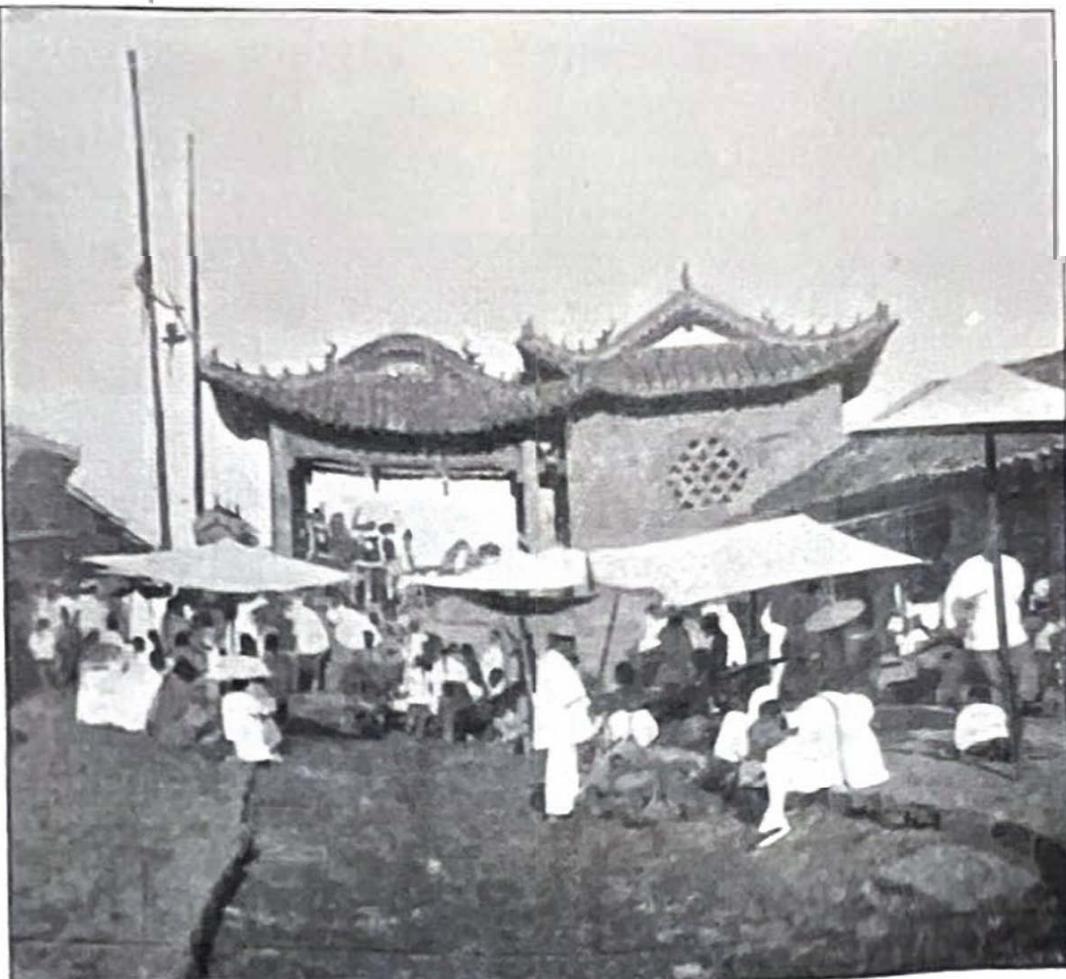
CHILDREN PLAYING ON GIRVAN SHORE.

enlisted a soldier of Jesus Christ then and there. I had been in deep anxiety for months, for I saw I was a sinner in need of a Saviour. I went down to have a quiet day at Girvan, hoping I might get an hour or two to read and think, away from the bustle of life. I took my Testament and a little book which I had got from a friend, and sat down to read. I had only read a little when the words, "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6), came under my eye. I had never seen that text before; at any rate not as I saw it then. I jumped on my feet and said—"That's for me." I saw then that Christ was mine, and I have praised Him ever since for saving a sinner like me.

THE CHINAMAN AND HIS NEW TESTAMENT.



CHINESE town is very different from what you are accustomed to in these lands. The houses are different, and so are the people, but in many respects, they are just the same as we are in regard to the love of sin, and the desire for pleasure



A STREET SCENE IN CHINA.

and folly. Our picture shows a street scene in a Chinese town, with a crowd of people round a street theatre, where natives clad in various costumes entertain the people, much as they do at fairs and markets in our own country. In the front of the photograph stands an English missionary, who, amid such a scene, seeks to testify the Gospel and distribute the Word of God. By this

means many of the Chinese have been reached and brought in contact with the truth of the Gospel.

It was at one of these fairs that a man named Chu received a copy of the Gospel of Mark in the Chinese language, and took it to his home in a neighbouring village. He read it, and conceiving it to be a book from heaven, something different from anything he had ever read, he began to worship the book. This continued for two years, Chu still reading and evidently being interested in the doctrines of the Gospel. He had occasion to visit Wu-cheng, and stayed in an inn over night. To his astonishment, he found the innkeeper had a larger book, in which the same teachings were found. It was a complete New Testament, and Chu bargained with the innkeeper for it, and carried it away to his village home, reading it every day. A Buddhist priest heard from Chu of his wonderful book and came to his house, where they read it secretly together, and became deeply impressed with the truths it taught ; but they had no one to point them to Jesus, as Philip did the Ethiopian eunuch, who read the Book of Isaiah in his chariot. At length, Chu, who was a man of some education, had to go to the city of Ping-yang, to pass a government examination, and there he met with a missionary, who finding him a seeking soul, took him to his house and taught him from the Word of God the way of salvation through faith in Christ ; and he gladly believed and received the glad tidings. Chu returned to his home a converted man, and his first work was to tell the Buddhist priest what he had learned, and lead him to the Saviour. He too was converted, and the two have been used in preaching the Gospel and leading others to the Saviour. Thus the Gospel finds its way and does its work.

ELSIE'S MISSIONARY HENS.

LITTLE ELSIE loved the Lord who had saved her, in her very early days. She lived with her parents in a country farm-house far from town and village, so that she had very few opportunities of being at such meetings as boys and girls who live in towns and cities are privileged to attend.



"SHE FED THE FOWLS."

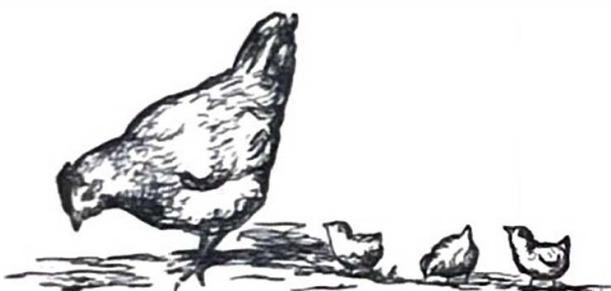
A servant of Christ, who had laboured in the Gospel in a far off land, came to spend the night with Elsie's parents. In the evening he gave a short account of what the Gospel had wrought there, to a little company of believers who had gathered in the farm kitchen to here of the Lord's work there. Elsie's young heart was stirred, and she wondered what she could do to help on the Gospel, among the dark and ignorant boys and girls of that idolatrous land. The

happy thought flashed across her mind, that she had six hens of her own, she could keep the money that she got for their eggs, and send it to help the Missionaries there. So she began at once. She fed the fowls carefully, and asked God to make them lay. Then she sent her eggs to the market on Fridays, and laid the money in a corner all by itself. It was the Lord's money, not hers. Elsie's hens became known as "Missionary Hens," and sure enough, there were no better fowls in the parish. God used little Elsie to supply His servant's wants in that heathen land, and to spread His Gospel there. Saved children may do great work for God.

Blackboard Talks with the Children.

Wings of S alvation. h elter. t rength. e rvice.

Out in the farm-yard yonder, you will often see a brooding hen with her chickens. They run about through the day, but as night comes on she "cackles," and they run for refuge to the covert of her wings, where



warmth during the cold night, and safety from the prowling fox are both provided there. It was such a sight as this that was in the Saviour's mind, and possibly before His eyes, when He uttered the mournful words to the people of Jerusalem—"How often would

I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not" (Matt. xxiii. 37). They would not come under His **WINGS OF SALVATION**, and so they perished. How different it was with one who belonged to an alien race, a daughter of Moab, but who when she had heard of the God of Israel, came to Him, and was welcomed and blessed by Him, under whose **WAYS OF SHELTER** she had come to trust (Ruth ii. 12). She was safe and happy there.

How safe, how well shielded are all who put their trust in the shadow of these wings, which are not only wings of shelter to cover, but

WINGS OF STRENGTH, that bear up, and keep from falling those who are saved. As the eagle stretches out her mighty wings, and bears upon them her young, before they are able to fly, so the Lord (Deut. xxxii. 2) does for all who are His. And thus saved, sheltered and borne along in the strength of the Lord, they are freed from fear and made swift to

serve the One who has served them. The **WINGS OF SERVICE** (Isa. vi. 2) of the heavenly host, come last, for salvation and strength must precede service for the Lord. You cannot serve until you are saved, but all who trust in Jesus are saved to serve Him.



PEARCE, THE SHOEBLACK.

EARCE knelt in true shoebblack fashion near the passenger entrance to a railway station in London, waiting for customers from the morning "Express." Bright as Pearce usually was, his heart overflowed that morning, and he sang in the joy of his soul—

"I came to Jesus as I was, weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place, and He has made me glad."

The stream of passengers pushed past the humble shoebblack, and it seemed as if his services were not to be required that morning, but this did not discourage Pearce, nor cause his song of praise to cease.

At last a gentleman, carrying a hand-bag came up, and asked Pearce to "shine" his boots, remarking as he placed his foot on Pearce's box, "you seem happy this morning, lad, I think I heard you singing."

"Yes, Sir," was the prompt reply, "I was singing my favourite hymn, the one I like best of all."

The traveller's curiosity was aroused. Here was a humble shoebblack, with few of this world's comforts, yet happy, while he possessed of wealth carried on his mind a constant load of care.

"Can you let me hear a line or two of it," asked the traveller, and Pearce struck up, in a sweet low tone,—his brushes keeping time to the melody—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say—'Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one, stoop down, and drink and live.'
I came to Jesus and I drank of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, and now I live in Him."

Dropping a sixpence into the lad's hand, the stranger hurried along, but the words he had heard from Pearce's

PEARCE, THE SHOEBLACK.

lips, had entered his soul, there to speak for many days to come.

Here I may say—as you will already have guessed—Pearce was a converted boy. Christ was his Saviour; to Him he had come as a sinner, and found rest, and in his own humble sphere he longed to tell others of that glorious resting-place for the weary sinner.

* * * * *

At the close of a crowded service in a large hall, where a gifted evangelist had been preaching Christ, a middle-aged man, walked up to the speaker, and in a voice choked by emotion said, "Thank God I have come to Him, and He has given me rest. It has been a long struggle, for I was unwilling to give up all my own efforts, but He has stripped me at last, and brought me to Himself." The speaker was the traveller who heard Pearce sing, and although he had journeyed through Europe, and America since that day, he had never forgotten the lad's words. Now he had found his soul's rest in Christ, and his first work the following morning was to go to the railway station and greet the faithful shoebblack, whose simple testimony was used of God to first arouse him to think of God and Eternity.

It was a great joy to Pearce, and the beginning of a new career, for he soon found himself an honoured servant in the employment of his new-found friend, with whom, as a brother beloved, he spent many happy days in the work of winning others to the Saviour.

How grand it is to know the Lord Jesus, and to tell of His worth to others? Do you know anything of it, reader? Can you sing as Pearce, the shoebblack, that Christ has made you glad?

IN THE JOYFUL HARVEST TIME.



BRINGING HOME THE LAST LOAD.

IN THE JOYFUL HARVEST TIME.



AM sitting under the shade of a great elm tree, near to the farmhouse in which I was born, and around which my childhood's years were spent.

Yonder are the same hills on which my brothers and I scampered as boys, chasing rabbits and searching for nests: below in the valley the same stream threading its way through the rocky bed in which we caught minnows and bathed. I can see the reapers in the field cutting down and binding into sheaves the golden grain, just as my father and his harvesters did thirty years ago: all goes on much the same in the valley, but there are changes great and many among its dwellers. Another generation has come on the scene; the farms are wrought by other hands, the houses filled with other dwellers. Companions and schoolmates of early years are here no longer. Many have died, their graves lie in the church-yard beneath the hill. Some have gone to other lands, and some are in the city. Pleasant it is to meet with a few, who like myself have come to spend their holidays in the old valley, to visit the scenes of their childhood, to look on the graves of their fathers and to breathe their native air. Thrice happy it is to join with one or two companions of my boyhood, in visiting the simple country folk with the Gospel message, and testifying for the Lord Jesus whose love we know, and whose saving grace and power we have proved in our own souls. This above all else gives us joy, and brings us to the home of our youth year after year to tell the story of redeeming love.

It was at an open air gathering on the green hill side on the Sunday evening, that one of the company told the story of his conversion the sum of which is as follows:—

“ It was the harvest time, and as some of you may remember there was a spiritual ingathering in progress in

this parish at the time. Many were being saved and there were scoffers at the work of God. I had been busy at the harvest as a lad along with others, and we were anxious to finish the "leading" of the corn that week. It took us hard work, but we finished on the Saturday. I remember the bringing home of the last load, and how happy we were. On the Sunday there was a preaching in my father's barn, and the speaker took for his text "The harvest is past, the summer is ended and *we are not saved*" (Jer. viii. 20). It was a terribly solemn meeting and I sat in a corner trembling with fear. "Yon fields" said the preacher, "on which the busy harvesters wrought last week, and out of which the last loads were brought only yesterday, will soon be swept with the stormy blast of winter. And so will this place which to-day is the scene of God's saving power. The harvest will pass, sooner than you think, and—after this the judgment." It seemed as if my last day of grace had come. I saw that I was "not saved," and one on whom wrath must come. I do not think I was a coward in the sense in which we use that word, but when God shows a sinner his need, his danger and his doom, he is brought like a culprit to the bar and pleads guilty before God. So did I that day, and I am happy to be able to add that day "I came to Jesus as I was" and He saved me. It was indeed a happy harvest end to me, and the joy I got the first sip of that day increases as the years go by." God blessed that simple testimony to some who had never heard God's Gospel put so plain before, and the day of Christ will tell the full result of that open air meeting in our native glen. We all came home rejoicing in the Lord.

The harvest time of grace is still with us, but we do not know how soon it may end. Do not trifle it away.

FRANK'S FIRST BIBLE STORY.

IT was not in a happy home at a fond mother's knee, for little Frank was a motherless boy. His father had taken to drink, and when the poor little fellow became sick he had no one to care for him. A few weeks in a comfortable cot in the Children's Hospital wrought a wonderful change on

Frank, and it was there from a kind, Christian nurse, that he heard his first Bible story, and was taught to repeat the children's favourite hymn, "Yes, Jesus loves me." When Frank left the hospital, a Christian farmer took him for a few weeks to his country home, and there the pale-faced boy became ruddy and strong, and so much had he endeared himself by his gentle and winning ways, that the farmer and his wife adopted him as their son with his father's consent.

The Bible was no strange book to Frank then; it was daily read in the farmer's home. When Frank was twelve, he was converted, truly saved by believing in the Lord Jesus, and he boldly confessed Him and took his stand among companions as a Christian. His Bible then became his daily companion, and before he was seventeen he was preaching Christ. Many have heard the Gospel from Frank's lips, and he has been much used in leading sinners to the Saviour. How grand it is to be saved in youth, and then to take the Word of God as your daily guide and counsellor!



A SCHOOLBOY'S MOTTO.



DESIGNED, drawn and coloured by one of our little Bible Searchers, very pretty and well worth framing, a happy and useful employment for a spare evening. The words of the text carry us back to the days of the Royal singer, Israel's psalmist king, when in the day of his distress he cried to the Lord to deliver him from the wicked that oppressed him, and this was his desire and request, " Hide me under

the shadow of Thy wings!" How safe, how well sheltered are all those who flee to this hiding place. But you remember when the Lord Jesus was on earth He had to lament — " How often would I have gathered thy



children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, *and ye would not*" (Matt. xxiii. 37). Alas, for their folly, for in a very short time the Roman armies came upon them, and the storm of judgment because of sin and Christ-rejection broke upon their uncovered, undefended heads, in all its fury. So surely must the wrath of God come upon all "the children of disobedience," who now refuse the shelter provided by God and proclaimed to all, in the Gospel of His Son. Let all our young Text Colourers remember this.

"TRIP SATURDAY",
Or, THE TESTIMONY IN THE FIELD.

OUR Sunday School trip has been on the first Saturday of July for many years. Scholars, teachers, parents, and also friends all gather, and we go for a day's outing to the country. These have been happy Saturdays, and some of us who began Sunday School life in the Infant Class and well remember going off carrying our "mugs" and dressed in white pinafores, are still part of the happy company although now much older. "Trip Saturday" has many memories, but one stands out prominently. All who have been saved during the year and taken their stand as believers in the Lord Jesus



READY TO START FOR THE COUNTRY.

"testified" and told how they were saved. Some who could not do this publicly, wrote out the record of their conversion and one of the teachers read it to the whole company seated on the grass. It was always a time of deep searching of hearts with those who were still out of Christ, and I have no doubt was used in making many of us think of the need of our own conversion. I well remember that "Trip Saturday" when I was for the first time able to tell what the Lord had done for my soul in saving me. That was a memorable day to me.

A SUMMER VACATION.

MY brother and I, in our schooldays, spent the summer vacation at a pretty farm-house in Shropshire where some of the happiest and brightest days of our youth were passed.

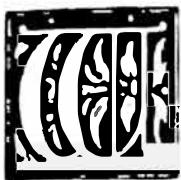


"WE TALKED OF IT IN THE HARVEST FIELD."

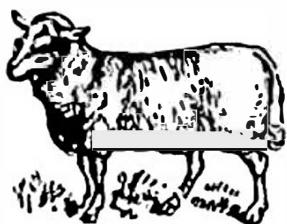
It was there we first learned the way of salvation, life and peace, and began to tread the way to glory.

Not far from the farm-house where we lived there is an old mill and we often drove there with the farm carts. The miller was a fine old Christian man, and had a word for everybody. He spoke very kindly to my brother and I, and told us how happy he was in the knowledge of his salvation. It was most uncommon to hear people speak in that way, and so we thought it strange at first. He addressed a meeting every Sunday night in a cottage near the mill and my brother and I determined to go and hear him. It was the busy harvest time and very warm. A larger number than usual came that afternoon, so the meeting was held in the farm-yard, the company sitting on planks and whatever could be got to use as seats. He spoke of the "sufferings of Christ" and tears ran down his cheeks as he told how the Holy One was bruised for our transgressions. I had heard many a learned discourse, in cathedral, church and chapel, but never anything like that open air discourse in the farm-yard by the aged miller. Conviction of sin and uneasiness followed, my brother and I used to go out to the fields helping with the harvest and there speak of the subject that was now occupying our attention. What we would have given for some one to tell us more about it, and lead us to the Saviour. No doubt the aged miller would have done so, but we were too shy, possibly too proud to tell him our difficulties. I often wish we had, for much distress of mind would have been saved us, and sooner than we did, might we have known the saving grace of God. That summer and autumn ended and we had to return to school unsaved. The miller died and we never heard his voice again, but in mercy a Christian young man came to the mill who carried on the meetings, and it was through him next harvest that both of us came to Christ. Praise His Name.

THE FOOLISH WANDERING SHEEP.



HEN I was a child, my father bought a number of sheep, and my sisters and I after we came home from school, had to go to the field and look after them.



It happened that one of these sheep was always amissing, having wandered away from the rest, to join another lot up in a field with very little grass in it. It looked so thin and ill-fed compared with the rest, and we got tired chasing it back to its pasture.

Once we caught it and tried to get it away from its strange company, and pushed it along to our own field, but we found this a very difficult job. While we were doing our best, father came up, and seeing our difficulty he took off his muffler, put it round the wanderer's neck, and led it gently back to the flock. When we reached the field, father took some corn in his hand and held it towards this unruly, unworthy sheep. It began at once to eat out of father's hand. Then he said to us gently—“Did you ever try this way with it”?

That straying sheep is just like what we all are as sinners, for it is written “All we like sheep have gone astray.” By nature we love the world, and the company of the ungodly. How does God sever us from it? By holding up Jesus, and the joys which He has to give. By this He seeks to win the sinner's heart from the follies of the world which do not satisfy. Oh, it is so grand to have Christ; to be saved, and feeding in the green pastures of His Word, in the company of Christ's sheep, who are fed and led by His hand. My dear boy or girl, are you one of His blood-bought flock? If so, then you are able to sing in truth—

“Jesus is *my* Shepherd, well I know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes my heart rejoice.”

Sunday Afternoon Talks on "Bible Boys."

FOUR pairs of boys—brothers—whose life stories God has told us, are in the Book of Genesis. From each of them, you may learn something. First, we have **CAIN AND ABEL** (Gen. iv. 2), the first boys who ever lived. No bad companions to lead them astray, yet one of them became a proud



formalist, an angry man, a murderer. Cain began by going to offer a sacrifice without blood, denying his sinfulness, and ended by going out from the presence of the Lord. Abel brought a lamb to the altar, shed its blood, and stood by its side, confessing himself a sinner, and, by faith, looking to Christ. Cain was of "the wicked one" (1 John iii. 12), the first formalist, persecuter, world-reformer, murderer. Abel, the first to be saved through sacrifice, and reckoned "righteous" through faith. **ISHMAEL AND ISAAC** (Gen. xxi. 8-9), both sons of a godly father, both brought up in the same home, yet how different. Isaac was an obedient boy, a beloved son, a man of faith, of whom God was not ashamed—"I am

the God of Isaac." Ishmael, fourteen years older, mocked his brother, persecuted him, chose the life of an archer (verse 21), and became a wild man of the desert. **ESAU AND JACOB** (Gen. xxvii. 30), brothers again, but, Oh, how different the choice, the lives, the destiny. Esau sold his birthright for "a morsel of meat" (Heb. xii. 16). Jacob, although a supplanter. He was not saved or called because he had a title. He was saved by grace. **EPHRAIM AND MANASSEH** (Gen. xlvi. 23), Joseph's two sons, born in Egypt, but blessed by their aged grandfather, Jacob. "Bless the lads! let my name be named upon them!" was the patriarch's prayer. What better portion can any lad have than that. To be saved and blessed, to be God's child, able to call Him "Abba, Father," is surely the best of all blessings, worth far more than lands and wealth. To be saved, blessed, and serving God in early days, is the only happy life.

A BRAVE SAILOR BOY.



PARTY of Sunday School Children, with their teachers, were at the seaside spending a summer afternoon. The children romped and played along the beach, enjoying themselves, and for hours all went on well. Some of the bigger boys thought they could row a small boat out to the rocks, where there was a lot of crabs, but not being accustomed to the sea, they left their boat where it soon drifted away with the tide. The boys were so busily engaged in their sport, that they did not observe the tide coming in, until a shout from the shore aroused them. When they looked up, they found their boat had drifted twenty or thirty yards away, and the rocks were more than half-covered by the rising tide. They cried out for help, but there was no boat by which any of their teachers could reach them. A brave sailor boy, whose father's vessel lay at anchor, heard the cry from the rocks, and seeing the lads being surrounded by the rising tide, he got hold of a coil of rope lying on deck, threw it into the boat floating behind the ship, and in a very few minutes, he had climbed over the ship's side and was in the boat, rowing as hard as he could to reach the boys on the rocks. A great crowd had by this time gathered on the shore, and as they saw the brave boy reach the rocks, and one after another of the school boys step into the boat, they gave a ringing cheer. A very short time brought them all safe to shore, and you may guess, the brave young rescuer received a well merited reward. The boys on the rocks could not save themselves, they must have perished, had not that brave boy gone forth where they were, and saved them. And every sinner is in a more dangerous position still, with the dark waves of death and judgment gradually drawing nearer and

JAMIE, THE CROW BOY.

nearer. But Jesus, the Son of God, mighty to save, has gone forth to seek and save the lost. You have only to trust yourself, as the lads did to their brave young deliverer, and you shall be saved for ever, and brought safe to the eternal shore.

JAMIE, THE CROW BOY.



JAMIE was an orphan boy, and when he was only ten years old, he had to leave school, and go to a farmer as his crow boy. All the daylong, from early morning, he went among the fields, shouting, and sounding a shrill horn, to frighten the crows from among the potatoes. It was a weary sort of life, and poor Jamie had no companions. A farmer's son, not far from where Jamie served, had a Sunday school

for boys and girls, in his father's kitchen, and he asked the farmer to allow Jamie to go. It was a pleasant change for the poor lad, to meet with boys of his own age, and to spend that happy hour hearing the Gospel. At Christmas, a tea was given, and prizes. Jamie was delighted, and more so when the farmer's son told him, that he might be coming to assist him about the farm, after the New-Year. Jamie's evenings were spent reading books, lent him by his young master, and before he was there six months, he had been converted. For many days, Jamie served his Christian master, and testified for Christ, and now he is a bright Christian worker, and has a class of boys, whom he tells of Jesus and His love.

HOW JOSEY AND I WERE SAVED.



"COMING HOME FROM THE FISHING."

HOW JOSEY AND I WERE SAVED.



JOSEY is my brother. We spent our early years in a village by the sea, under the roof of our grandfather who was a fisherman. Our father was the captain of a ship and went long voyages, so that our mother and us were often months without seeing him. It was always a happy time for Josey and I when father came home, he had always so many wonderful stories to tell of lands beyond the sea, and of the strange people he met with there. He always brought home some amusing thing to help to keep us from wearying in the long winter evenings. Grandfather was a fine old Christian man and read the Bible to us every night, and on the Sundays there was a meeting of fishermen in the house. When father came home he preached on the sea-shore and all the village folks came out to hear the "Captain" as they called him. Grandfather was a very happy old man and nearly always singing. He taught me to sing "I feel like singing all the time"—"Jesus loves me this I know," and other hymns when I was a very little girl, and when Josey and I used to go to meet him coming home from the fishing, the three of us would sing all the way up to the house. I am sure our dear grandfather is in heaven, for he knew and loved the Lord well when on earth and delighted to tell others of His saving power. One day he came home sick, was laid on his bed and never rose again. Josey and I wept sore when grandfather's coffin was carried from the rose clad cottage by the sea, and laid in the churchyard on the hill-side. We soon removed from there to the busy town and I fear both of us forgot much that our dear grandfather taught us of Jesus and His love. But the Lord had his eye upon us, and I have no doubt kept us from many an evil way in answer to the prayers that had so often ascended to the throne

on our behalf. When father returned from one of his voyages he brought with him to our home a missionary who labours for the Lord in a distant land, and whom he had often met and preached with there. He had meetings telling about the natives and their idols, and told us some touching stories about boys and girls who had been converted there. One evening he got me alone and asked me if I had been "born again." I hardly knew what to say. We had been taught the way of salvation from our youth, and were very religious and moral in our lives, but I could not say I was a child of God and sure of being in heaven. Indeed I never liked to hear people speaking too much about these subjects. But he pressed me hard, remarking, "It is very easy for such as Josey and you to forget that you need to be *saved* just in the same way as the boys and girls of Old Calabar. Although your parents and grandparents are Christians, you need to be born again all the same. He had said something of the same to Josey, and the result was, that we were in bed before father, mother and he returned from the meeting at night, as we were determined not to hear any more of it. But we were unable to sleep. The Spirit of God was troubling us, and although neither of us said anything, we were both anxious to be saved. Well we knew that saved people had "the best of it," as our aged grandfather often said. We heard the door open, and father, mother, and the missionary enter. They were very happy, and were speaking of one and another who had been "saved" that night. They sang a hymn about the Lord's coming again and retired for the night. I lay awake thinking what would happen if Jesus came. I knew I was not ready to meet Him and would not go to heaven. The moonlight shone into my room, and the night was almost like day.

I arose in deep distress, knelt by my bedside and told God how great a sinner I felt myself to be and how anxious I was to be saved. I knew it was not by praying or repenting, but by trusting myself to Jesus. Just then a verse often sung at the fishermen's meetings came to mind. It was this—

"I will believe, I do believe, that Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood, from sin to set me free."

I repeated it aloud to God in the silent moonlight. It was the language of my heart, and I knew that God, as His Word says, saves them that believe. I believe I entered the kingdom that moment, and a new peace filled my heart, the peace that comes through believing (Rom. v. 1. xv. 13). I could not contain myself or wait till morning, so I knocked at my parents' bedroom door and hastened to tell them of my conversion. A few days after, Josey was saved at one of the meetings held by the missionary, and we were a happy household then. Time has wrought its changes ; loved ones have gone from us to their home above, but Josey and I still rejoice in the One we trusted in our early years, and delight to go every summer to the village by the sea, where we first heard His Name, to tell the fisher-folk the story of His love.

"IT HAS LOST ITS STING."

WHEN I was a schooboy, a wasp entered our classroom and stung a boy in my class. We were all afraid and ran about the room. "You need not be afraid boys" said the teacher "it has lost its sting and can do you no harm." I feared death once, now I fear it no more. Jesus took its sting.



"HALFERS."

HHEY were orphan boys, one a shoebblack, the other a newsboy, and often found it hard to earn as much as pay their humble lodging and buy themselves a twopenny loaf of coarse bread. But they made it a law, that whatever one earned the other got half of it, and they stuck loyally to their arrangement. "Halfers" was their trade mark, and

they never dishonoured it. The great God who loves and cares for all, led one of His servants in the great city, who spends his time and strength in seeking out such as they, to take an interest in the orphan lads, and through his earnest and faithful words they were both led to the Saviour. What joy



filled their hearts then. By diligence and honesty they rose from the streets to have a business of their own in which they were still "Halfers"—and when the profits were divided at the year's end, before either took his share, the Lord got His portion, and it was "Halfers" too. He had given them His all, given Himself to save them. He had blessed them abundantly, and they rightly regarded Him as the "chief partner" in their business, who was entitled to be "Halfers" with them in their increase. Theirs was a truly happy life.

MATTY'S SONG.

MATTY came to our Children's Meeting and there learned the hymn, which was new then: "A ruler once came to Jesus by night." She sang it day after day in the nursery, and even when at play in front of the house, seated on her brother's

barrow, you might have heard the sweet voice singing the chorus:

"Ye must be born again: Ye must be born again; I verily, verily say unto you: Ye must be born again."

Her father, who was a worldly man, told a gentleman in the train one day that he could hear nothing in his house but

"Ye must



"SHE WAS A PRETTY PICTURE."

be born again." One of the servants heard the child's chorus, and was awakened to think. She was led to hear the Gospel, and was saved. Matty still sings her song.

THE YOUNG BRAMBLE GATHERERS; or, A REFUGE FROM THE STORM.

BRIGHTLY shone the September morning sun on the Arran hills, as two happy children carrying baskets on their arms started off for Glen Easdale to gather brambles and spend their Saturday holiday amid the rugged beauties of the



"PICKING BRAMBLES BY THE HILLSIDE

glen. All went happily for a time: their baskets were well filled, and so busy had they been, picking the ripe

berries and chatting as only schoolgirls can, that they failed to see the gathering clouds above their heads that too plainly told of a coming storm, such as often visits these glens with little warning. A violent thunderstorm burst, accompanied by a downpour of rain, which the two children vainly sought to shelter themselves from, by creeping under an overhanging rock ; but so loud was the thunder and so terrific was the lightning, that they imagined at every peal the rock was rending above them. They were in great fear, and the darkness of night was coming on. What were they to do ? Where were they to flee for shelter ? They were miles from their home and could not possibly reach it, the downpouring rain had caused the streams to greatly swell and bar their way. They were at "their wit's end " as the Psalmist says (Psa. cvii. 27). They had both been taught the way of life, and they had seen in their Christian home, their parents turn to God in the time of their distress in prayer. It occurred to them both that in their perilous condition, with no one near to appeal to for help, they might pray to God to come to their aid and send deliverance. It is sometimes a difficulty with Christian parents whether they should teach their children to "say their prayer," or whether they ought to be taught the need of being "born again" before God will hear them. One thing is sure, when either old or young are in need, when they cannot help themselves, when they are shut up to God, they do cry to Him, and their cry involves a confession of their helplessness, an expression of their confidence in His power. The girls prayed under the rock. It was a simple cry to their parents' God to send deliverance, and they expected it would come. More peaceful than before they waited on, the elder repeating to her sister verses of hymns that

came to her mind and even texts bearing on the situation. Before an hour, a cry was heard resounding through the glen. It was their father with the farmer at whose house they were living, who had come to seek them. It was a joyful meeting when the lassies ran from the crevice of the rock into their father's arms. Safely housed and warmed they told around the fire that night their experience UNDER the rock, and Effie the elder girl added "It was God who sent father to the place where we were, answer to our prayer." Like others known to us professed to "believe in Jesus" before that day, but was little manifestation of life in them, but ever after, two girls clave to the Lord and followed Him, and of that day, as the time when they like Moses made "choice" to be the Lord's fully, although they may have been saved before. It is a great matter to be cast on God, to be brought to prove how good and great a He is, mighty to save, able to deliver all who trust

"PROUD AS A PEACOCK."

BERTHA, dressed in her summer outfit, looking the picture of health and beauty, and evidently thinking herself very pretty, tripped along the garden walk to where an aged gentleman sat on the seat reading. "Tell me a story, grand-papa," said the little girl; and tenderly he drew the child to his knee, read a few verses from Rom. iii., which he said was "God's photograph of Bertha," which did not at all please. She walked away ill pleased, "proud as a peacock," as her grandfather said. There is pride in the heart that resents God's true description of sinners, and tries to deny His Word. It is true all the same, as one day all will find.



THE STORY OF JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS.

THE large coloured picture hung on the wall before you illustrates an incident in the life of Joseph. A very sad one, too, for it shows him being sold as a slave by his own brothers. Can you imagine anything

more heartless, more cruel than that? I only know of one event that excels it in wickedness. Can any of you tell me what that is? **JESUS CRUCIFIED.** Perfectly right. Joseph is but a type, a picture of Jesus, and as such, I will tell you the story briefly. Joseph was the



beloved son of his father, but **HIS BRETHREN ENVIED** and hated him (Gen. xxxvii. 4). So Jesus was beloved of the Father (John iii. 35), but despised by His own people (John i. 11). Joseph was **SOLD AS A SLAVE** (Gen. xxxvii. 28), and so Jesus was delivered to His enemies by one, too, who professed to be His friend, His disciple. What cruel hatred He endured, and the Cross was the crowning point of it all. Joseph was put **INTO PRISON** (Gen. xxxix. 20) not for crime, but for righteousness. Even there God was with him, and used him to bring one who was justly condemned, from that place of condemnation, to liberty and a place in his master's presence in the royal palace. So Jesus, when on the Cross, saved a malefactor hanging by His side, and took him that day to paradise with Him. Was ever love like His? From the prison, Joseph was raised to the palace, and became **RULER** over all Egypt (Gen. xlivi. 6). So now Jesus is Lord of all—seated on the throne—“Mighty to save.” If you would be saved, go to Jesus. He will welcome, save, satisfy, and soon take you to glory

DICK'S HIDING-PLACE;

Or, "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

DICK lived with an uncle on a small farm in the lake district of Cumberland. He was a bright, intelligent boy, and, from his early childhood, had been a joy and a comfort to his Christian aunt, who had adopted him as her son when his mother died, leaving her baby boy three days old.

"Dickie," as he was called, was a general favourite among his school-mates, and never failed to secure the chief prize in his class. A godly farmer kept a Sunday-school not far from where Dick lived, and from the day that he entered it when five years old, he never missed being present, or failed to have his "Memory Text" and "Bible Answers"—which in these days were the principal items of Sunday-school instruction—entirely to his teacher's satisfaction. "The story of Achan," who stole the gold and the garment, and hid them in his tent in Israel (Joshua, chapter vii.), was the lesson one afternoon, and the Memory Text was—"Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. xxxii. 23). The earnest teacher pressed home upon his class of boys the solemn fact, that sin, however well hid from the eyes of men, was ever before the Lord, whose eyes like a flame of fire, searcheth all hearts, and, sooner or later, will bring the hidden deeds of all to light. Dick felt the power of the Word, and, no doubt, the Spirit of God carried it home to his conscience. There was no special sin that he had been guilty of, such as Achan's, yet the light of God shining upon his conscience, reminded him of much that he had done, which he knew and felt was only sin in the sight of a holy God. That afternoon, Dick was very near the kingdom, but, alas! his convictions passed away, and left him less concerned about his state before God than he had been before.

Dick's HIDING-PLACE.

Years passed by, and Dick was now a lad of sixteen. He assisted his uncle on the farm, and during the summer months, when part of the house was let to visitors, he attended to them boating on the lake, or driving among the hills. A Liverpool merchant and his family were in the house one summer, and on Sunday evenings, the city merchant, being an earnest Christian, preached the Gospel in the school. God blessed the Word, and several were truly converted. Dick was again awakened, and one of the Christian merchant's daughters several times spoke to him personally and faithfully about his soul.

Dick became very uneasy. He saw that he must either yield to Christ and be saved, or cease to go to the meetings. In fact, it came to this, that he would not go out boating with certain of the merchant's family, lest he should be spoken to about his soul. One afternoon, he disappeared, and could not be found when the party wanted to go for a sail. Hid among the trees, on the side of the lake, he could see all their movements, without being observed, and when night fell, Dick kept his hiding-place. He was in great misery of soul. All his sins seemed to pass before his mind, and again and again the text shot like an arrow through his memory—"Be sure your sin will find you out." Unable to endure it longer, he left his hiding-place, crept up to the door of the house, while his uncle was conducting the evening reading of the Word. Dick listened outside the door with more eagerness to the chapter read, than he had ever done. It was the story of Zaccheus in Luke xix., ending with the text—"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." That just met Dick's need. He believed it, and, with the tears gushing down his cheeks, entered, confessing he was saved.

“IT HAD LIFE IN IT.”



“IN THE FARMYARD AMONG THE GEESK.”

“IT HAD LIFE IN IT.”

MY earliest recollections are of a large China swan being given me as a toy, which I carried into the farmyard, followed by geese, turkeys and hens, all eager to get into touch with their painted “brother.” But it had no life; pretty as it was it was dead and could not answer them.

When I was a schoolboy I remember seeing the wax figure of a great soldier, life-size, dressed in all the uniform of a General. It was very pretty, and they said “life-like;” but it was dead. It could not speak, hear or see. It had all the parts and outward resemblances of the great warrior but it lacked the life.

Later in life, I visited a fine cathedral in which there was a most imposing service being conducted. Music, choristers, and gorgeously robed priests were there, and the whole programme was carried through without a hitch or jar. It was simply magnificent and the people said “impressive,” but the “effect” passed away at the door and there was no more of it. It appealed to the senses, but never reached the conscience or the heart. There was no spiritual life or power in it. It was religion but not a living Christ.

In a humble dwelling inhabited by a single woman, grey-haired and old, I rested on a summer day. She gave me a hearty welcome, brought me a drink of cold spring water and said as she handed it, “It is free and refreshing as the water of life.” I heard from her lips the story of her conversion as a girl, happy life as a working man’s wife, and peaceful evening of life as a widow. Her story went to my heart; there was life in it. It came from the heart. The living witness herself was there. It was that simple, living testimony to the power

of Christ to save, to sustain and to satisfy, that convinced me of the reality of Christianity, and became the turning point of my life. I had been brought up religiously, taught to read and revere the Scriptures, keep the Sabbath and go to church, but I do not remember hearing of the need of being "born again," of having life implanted in me from a living Christ. The words of that aged Christian turned my thoughts into a new channel, I was convinced of the reality of a living Christianity and I determined not to rest until I had a personal knowledge of it in my soul, until I was converted. That happened three months after, while listening to an address on "Christ the Life-giver" from John v. 24. I learned then how to get that life, not by works or efforts of mine, but by looking to Jesus the uplifted Saviour, by hearing His Word and believing on Him. I came to Him as I was, gave up all hope of saving myself, and simply trusted myself to Him, to Himself only, and I received life. Yes, the Word often read, became true in me—"He that hath the Son *hath* life" (1 John v. 9). I received Christ and life was begotten in me. I have life in Christ now, a living Christ as my salvation, not a dead profession as once I had, but a living loving Friend, beside me, in me, for me, awaiting me in glory.

The dead swan was pretty but lifeless; the imposing service entrancing but ineffectual; but the living stream that flowed from that aged Christ-filled heart, carried conviction of sin to me. The Gospel presents a living Saviour: One to save, to keep, to satisfy. Open your heart to Him. Receive Him, and you will prove His love and His power. There is all the difference in the world between a dead religion, a lifeless profession, and a living Christ. Make sure you have Christ.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

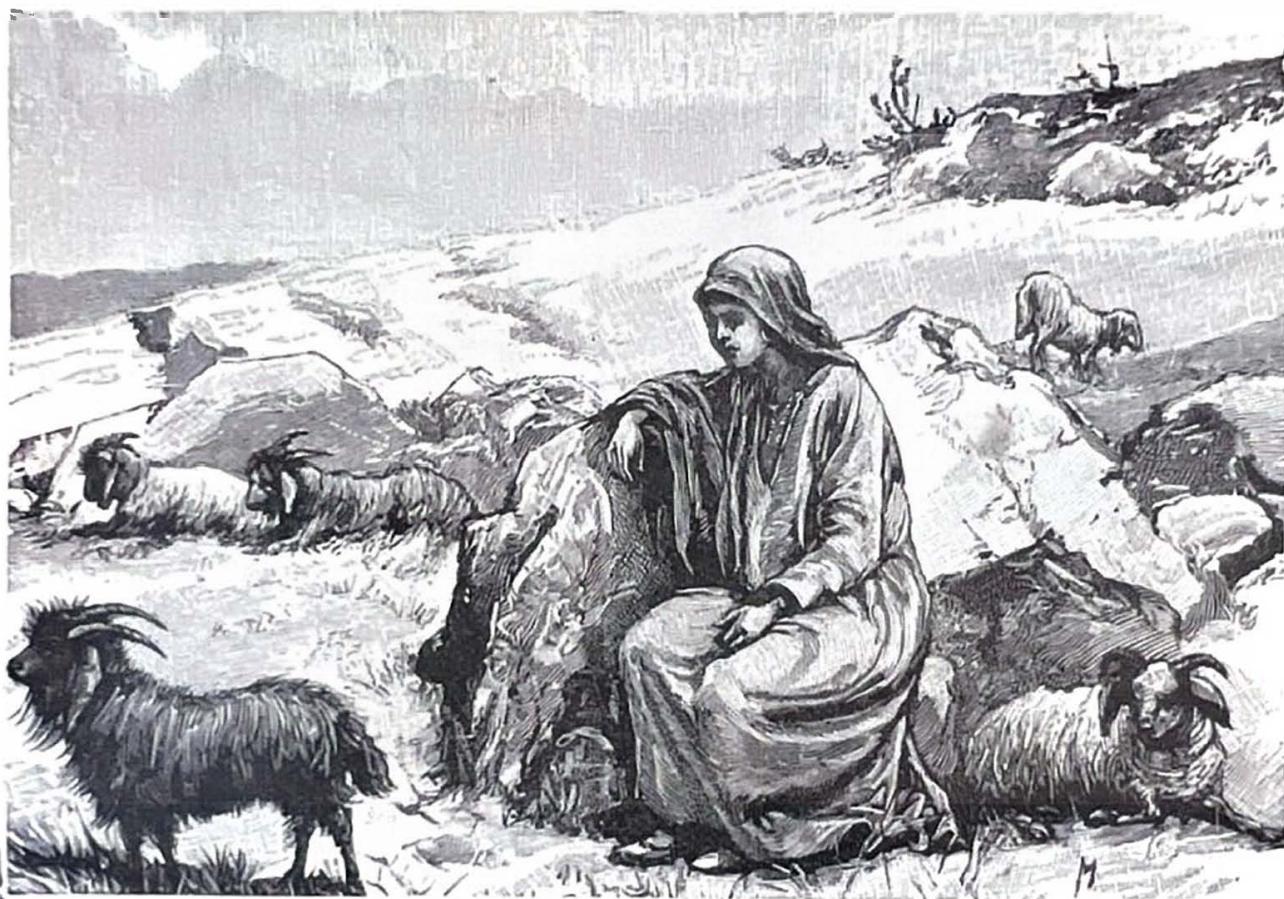
Pictorial Talks with the Little Ones on Sunday Afternoons.

NE of the sweetest titles given to the Lord Jesus by Himself in the New Testament, is "The Good Shepherd" (John x. 11.) In Palestine, the shepherd has to guard his flock against wild beasts and robbers, and often risks his life while watching over his sheep and lambs. You remember how David had to meet the lion and the bear, and fight with both, to deliver his father's lamb from their grasp. But the love of Jesus, "The Good Shepherd," far exceeds that of David. He gave His life for the sheep: died to deliver all of us, who as sinners, were in the grasp of Satan. How sweet to be able to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and to know that He has redeemed me, saved me, and is leading *me* safely home to glory. Another name that the Lord gives to Himself in the same chapter, is—

"The Door of the Sheep" (John x. 8). This tells us that there is no way of entrance into the flock of God, but through Him. Only one door—"The door." But then see how wide it is—"By Me if *any* man enter in, he shall be saved." No boy or girl ever came to Jesus and was cast out. His own promise is, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." Then what does He give to His sheep? Where does He lead them? Let one who knew it tell us. "He leadeth me In Green Pastures" (Psa. xxiii. 2). I have met with children who thought that if they were converted, and became followers of Jesus, they would have a very joyless and hard life. But this is very far from being true. None are so happy as those who are Christ's. The Bible is full of "green pastures," precious promises, pure and lasting pleasures. But all are not the sheep of Christ. He tells us of—

"Sheep and Goats" (Matth. xxv. 32). Only those who

enter through the Door are His sheep, all others are goats, and will have no place in heaven. Two boys may be in one family, sit at one table, sleep in one bed, yet one is a goat, another a sheep, simply because one has believed on Jesus, and the other has not. It changes everything when a sinner comes to the Lord Jesus, and accepting Him as



AN EASTERN SHEPHERD TENDING HIS FLOCK.

the Saviour and Shepherd, passes for ever out from the herd of the world's goats,—who will all perish—through the Door, and becomes one of His sheep. Ask yourselves one by one—Am I a sheep of the Good Shepherd's flock? Do not rest until you can joyfully say, "Jesus is *my* Saviour." "The Lord is *my* Shepherd."

"I am Jesus little lamb, happy all day long I am,
He will keep me safe from harm, shield me by His Mighty Arm."

THE YOUNG ZULU TEACHER.



ANY years ago when the first heralds of the Cross went to Zululand with the message of salvation they found the natives very dark and ignorant. Dingaan, their chief, sometimes came to the missionary's kraal to listen to the preaching, and when what was said did not please him he spoke out against it or sought to keep the people from listening to it. The resurrection of the dead in particular troubled

him, and caused him to ask such questions as: "Will all the chiefs I have killed arise again"? When he was told they would, he went away in anger, his conscience evidently being reached



A GROUP OF YOUNG ZULUS.

and convicted of sin. For many a weary month the missionary could only gather the Zulu children to his hut, which the chief had caused to be built on a hill, so that he might see all that was being done, and there teach them the truths of the Gospel. It was slow and trying work, yet not without its fruit. A young Zulu girl believed on the Saviour and was manifestly converted. The missionary sent her to a school in Cape Town, where she became a bright witness for Christ, and was used in leading many of her people to the Saviour.

ETTA, THE WAIF.

SHIVERING in the cold of a November afternoon, with only a few rags to cover her, a girl of ten years stood with a baby in her arms under a railway arch in east London. Her father was in jail, and her mother had long been ill



"IN A CHILDREN'S HOME, HAPPY AND WELL CARED FOR.

through neglect, and at last died in the garret where they lived. The two children were cast upon the cold world, homeless and penniless, to beg as they could, or die of want. Sad it is to think there are hundreds so, in a land which bears the Christian name, and within

sight and reach of thousands rolling in luxury and wealth, who profess to be the lovers and followers of Christ.

A noble Christian youth, who spent his evenings seeking out the poor and needy and seeking to help them in soul and body, came upon the shivering girl and her little charge and heard their sad story. He took them to a shelter where temporary relief was given, and with the help of several Christian women, who gave themselves to such service, got the girls admitted to a home for destitute children, where they were well cared for and taught the way of life. Etta, the elder girl, was converted there, and when sixteen went out as a domestic servant to Canada, leaving Bertha, her younger sister, in England. In her new home Etta shone as a light for Christ, and testified the Gospel to those around her. Two of her fellow-servants were by her means led to the Saviour, and soon a Sunday School was begun, of which she became the principal teacher. Bertha joined her four years later, and was converted before long. Hand in hand the two girls trod the way of life, and served the Lord who loved them for many years in Canada, and their service has been blessed to many a weary soul. They do not forget the need of those who are as they once were, but out of their slender store set aside every month a sum, which is faithfully sent to aid the "Home" where first they heard the Saviour's Name, and were taught the way of life. It is good to remember that the God who loves the poor and the needy, and gave His Son to die for the lost, has His messengers of mercy going out after such. And when the great congregation of the saved of every land is complete, it will be found that many of them are from the highways and hedges, like Etta, the waif.

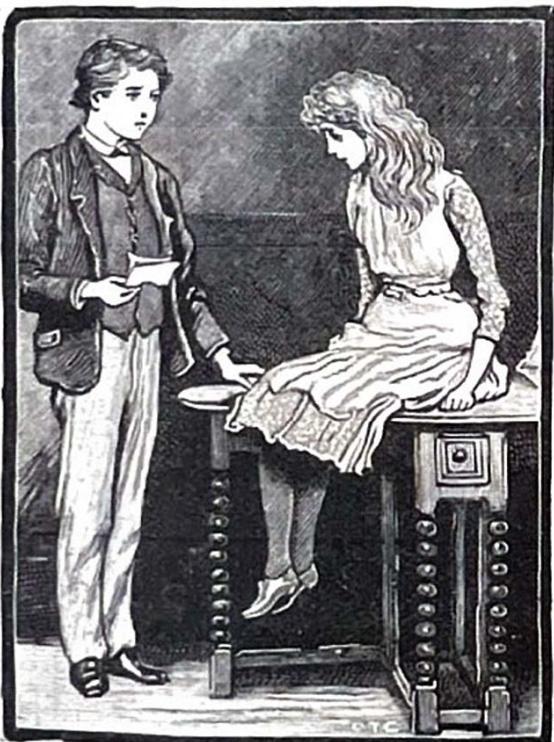
ALFIE'S BIRTHDAY TEXT CARD.



HE postman's knock brought Mary quickly to the door, for it was her brother Alfie's birthday, and she was sure there would be letters and parcels with presents that morning for Alfie. She was not disappointed, for the postman had quite a number. One after another was opened, revealing gifts and good wishes, then last of all, a plain envelope in a boy's handwriting.

"Who's this from, I wonder?" said Alfie, as he opened the letter. A sheet of grey notepaper, folded round a pretty Text Card which the words, "*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*" were beautifully printed, and on the sheet of paper there was neatly written—"With the earnest prayer that you may believe on, and receive Jesus Christ as *your own personal* Saviour, from your old class-

mate Willie B—." "See this Mary," said Alfie, as he held up the card with the accompanying paper to his sister. "What a strange thing to send" said Mary. "I wonder what he means by it." When school was resumed, the meaning was clear. Willie had been converted during the holidays, and he had sent the words that God had used to lead him to the Saviour, to Alfie his companion, as his birthday text. Not long after, Alfie did believe on Jesus as his "own personal Saviour," and the boys were then companions and brothers in the Lord.



Blackboard Talks on Bible "Arks."

• *Noah's*
• *Moses'*
• *The Golden*
• *The Temple*



—*Salvation.*
—*Preservation.*
—*Resurrection.*
—*Glory.*

We are going to talk a little this month about Bible "Arks," of which there are FOUR. I will ask you some questions as we proceed. The first Ark that we read of in the Bible is **NOAH'S ARK**, or the Ark of *Salvation* (Genesis vi.-viii.) In this Ark, Noah and his family were safely carried through the judgment of waters, to a new world. Can you tell me of what the Ark is a type? *The Church*. O dear no: anyone else? *Of Christ*. Yes, that's it. Christ (not the Church) is the Saviour. All who entered in by the door were carried safely through. Not one died on the voyage. So, all who come as sinners to Christ, and trust themselves to Him, have eternal life, and will be safely brought to heaven. The second Ark is **MOSES' ARK**, or the Ark among the Bulrushes (Exod. ii.) In this wonderful, though fragile cradle, smeared with pitch within and without, to keep out the waters of the Nile, the babe Moses was laid, and from it he was drawn as in resurrection, to serve the God who preserved his life. We will call this the Ark of *Preservation*. He was *in*, yet *out* of the water, and out from it little Moses was lifted to the royal palace. Do you know that all who are *in Christ*, of whom this is a figure, are saved now, and will be lifted up to God's own throne in glory? I know many who will be there. The third Ark is the Ark in Jordan (Josh. iii. 12), the **GOLDEN ARK**, which was carried on the shoulders of priests, and which remained in the river bed, until all the Israel of God had "clean passed over Jordan." Of whom is this a type? *Of Christ*. Yes, you are right this time. But of Christ in what character? *Our Surety*. Perfectly right. He stood for us in Death's dark river, and He will see the last one who trusts in Him "clean passed over" to the other side. Then the Ark was lifted up out of the river bed, and the Jordan rolled down in flood. We call this the Ark of *Resurrection*. There will be no salvation, no passage to heaven, after Christ ceases to be the Saviour and Surety. Nothing but judgment then. The last Ark is the **ARK IN THE TEMPLE** (1 Kings viii. 1), resting on its golden floor, its wanderings over, its staves drawn out. This is *Glory*. Will you be there? Only those who have known Christ as their Saviour, Preserver, Resurrection and Life, will ever see His glory.

MEENATCHIE, A Little Witness for Christ.

AFTER three months longer at school, which Meenatchie spent very happily with her Christian companion, she went home to her parents during the vacation. The Christian teacher earnestly exhorted all the converted school girls to cleave close to Christ during their absence, and to attend the meetings in their village homes on the Lord's-day with their parents.



Meenatchie's parents being Hindoos, she did not expect that she would be able to do this, as there is a very strong prejudice in general among Hindoos against the Gospel of Christ. Meenatchie took her Testament and Hymn Book with her, and the first evening after her arrival at her island home, when the family had finished their evening meal of rice and curry, and were quietly resting in the verandah, she said — "When I was at school I learned to sing some sweet songs. May I sing

one of them now?" The Tamil people are generally very fond of singing, so they all answered, "Yes." Then Meenatchie raised her sweet voice and sang one of her beautiful Gospel hymns. When she had finished, she said, "In the school, I read some good stories out of a book. May I read one of them to you now. To this they all readily assented, and Meenatchie lighting her little lamp—which is a small earthen vessel full of oil,

MEENATCHIE, A LITTLE WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

with a bit of twisted cloth for a wick—took her Testament, and read to them the story of the birth of Christ. When she had finished reading, she said, "When I was at school I learned to pray to the true God : may I pray to Him now?" There was dead silence for a few minutes ; not one of the circle ventured to speak. All of them were idol worshippers, yet deep down in their hearts they must have felt that Meenatchie was right, and possibly they were very anxious to hear her prayer, only they dare not say so. But no one saying anything against it, the dear girl took their silence to mean consent, and kneeling down, she prayed aloud in the presence of all her heathen friends, a simple child-like prayer to the God of heaven, such as had never before been heard in that heathen home, asking God to bless her dear father, mother, sisters and brothers, and to teach them to know and to trust the Lord Jesus. What a sight to heavenly beings around the throne on high, and to principalities and powers above, it must have been, to look down on that dear Tamil child, only a few weeks saved from idolatry herself, thus testifying for Christ, and seeking to lead her kindred to the Saviour. How it magnifies the power of the Gospel of Christ! What power on earth could have effected such a transformation, and produced such fruit? None but Christ. Is He yours, reader? Has His love won your heart? If so, do you keep it all to yourself, or do you seek to bring your friends and kindred to the same Saviour?

Tell the guilty of their danger,
While they wander far from God,
While they live to Christ as strangers,
And reject His precious blood.

Tell them how He died to bring them
From the curse and power of sin ;
How He waits to-day to save them,
And their hearts for heaven to win.

DAISY'S SONG.



"A MANTLE OF SNOW COVERED THE GROUND."

DAISY'S SONG;
OR, "WHITER THAN SNOW."



SNOWFLAKES falling everywhere, carpeting the ground in spotless white, resting on the boughs of leafless trees and glittering in the moonlight of the December night. Not a night for many little folks to be out of doors, yet one little form under a large fur-lined cloak, is speeding along in the snow from the village to her home in the country,

Daisy—for such is the little traveller's name—has been on an errand of mercy to a poor wee sick child, living on the outskirts of the village, who has few comforts and no companions. Daisy, out of her own little store, had purchased a few toys and taken them to the little sufferer, and with them left her a pretty Text Card to learn, with the words upon it—"Come now and let us reason, said the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow" (Isa. i. 18). Daisy has delivered her message, and is returning home happy, because she has been able to make a lonely one glad, and to bring the glad tidings of salvation to a little sad heart, which may yet be opened to receive it and know what it is to be "white as snow." Daisy herself has known that joy for three years. She was cleansed by the blood of the Lamb from all her sins and made "white as snow" when a tiny girl of seven, and ever since, she has sought to make others happy by telling them of Jesus and denying herself little luxuries in order to be able to gladden others who do not often share such things. Even the robins and sparrows are her care in the winter, she rises early in the stormy mornings to feed them.

"Will the little lady sing my sick bairn a hymn?
One she likes best is about being 'whiter than snow.'

She has been speaking about it ever since you left her the card with the text on it, which she has been repeating every day since." Daisy had gone to see her little friend again, and this was the request made by the sick child's mother. Softly and sweetly she sang the favourite hymn, the sick child joining in the chorus—

"Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow."

The words of that Gospel song, together with the text which she had learned and had been repeating over and over, were the words of life to that sad little heart, and she was led to Him whose precious blood cleanses the soul from sin and makes it "white as snow." Before the new year dawned, the saved and happy child had the joy of hearing her mother confess that she too had come to know the power of Jesus' cleansing blood, and that although in herself a sinner, whose sins were glaring as the scarlet, yet by the blood that cleanseth, in which she trusted, she was "white as snow." Nor does the story of grace end here, for around that saved one's couch, and under the roof of that humble dwelling, more than one scarlet sinner learned the way to be made white as snow by trusting in the cleansing blood of Jesus.

Many a Christmas week has passed since I first met the little soul-winner and heard her sing. But her Gospel message, the words which she gave to that sick child are still with us. She has long since joined the company of the blood-washed in heaven, and some who were led to Jesus by her testimony have followed her there. And some are still on earth, and able to sing—

"Yes, at once, and that completely,
Through the blood of Christ I know,
All my sins, though red like crimson,
Have been cleansed as white as snow."

BÈBÈ SARASTÈ, THE INDIAN GIRL.

SHE is a wee brown Indian lassie, seated in our photograph in front, with an older girl on either side. She is at school near Kothi, and dearly loves her English teacher, whom she addresses as "Miss Sahib." She is a very attentive little scholar, and has learned more than reading. What do you think? She knows clearly the way of salvation.



If you were to ask her how a sinner can be saved, she would reply in her own language—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." When her teacher was away on a holiday, she wrote her a very nice letter, beginning, "Peace from Bèbè Sarastè! Here all is well, and we pray for your happiness to Jesus Christ." Is not that very sweet from a little Hindu? The girl sitting

next to her, with the gold ring in her nose, has been married, but it will be a year or two before she goes to her husband's house. Meantime she comes daily to school, and her Christian teacher thinks she is a true believer in the Lord Jesus. When she leaves, she will take with her the New Testament, and if she is enabled to take her stand as a disciple of Christ in her new home, no doubt she will know what is meant by suffering for His sake, for her Hindu parents will disown her, and she may be driven away as an outcast.

A HOLIDAY GROUP IN HONG KONG.

ALL saved by grace, belonging to many nationalities, of varied occupations, yet all lovers of the same Lord, able to sing the same glad new song and treading the same royal road to heaven. There are sailors from merchant vessels, gunners from warships, bluejackets from H.M. fleet, missionaries and friends in the group. They have got



a holiday and gone out to a quiet place, where they have some singing, reading of God's Word and a happy time together as followers of the Lord. All around is the great heathen world with its idol temples ; and some who "profess" Christianity, but do not "possess" Christ, are about as far from God as these idolaters. It is good for those who know and love the Lord to keep together, and try to help each other along the heavenly road, as those believers in the far-off land seek to do.

THE SHEEP AND THE STORM.

BROWSING on the hillside, with the sun shining overhead, they are scattered far from each other, but as the dark clouds gather and the storm begins to burst forth, they hurry along towards the shelter, but are overtaken before they reach



it. See how they huddle together as if they fear to face the bitter blast alone! How the picture speaks to us of that day of coming wrath, when sinners who have delayed and halted on the way to the God-provided shelter, the cleft of the Rock of Ages, will fear and tremble as they see the long predicted storm of wrath bursting in all its fury. They will be in a hurry then, but too late.

MY FIRST SLIDE; or, How to Trust.



SEE a number of boys and girls on the ice sliding and skating. One little fellow, afraid to venture out on the lake alone, is held by his two sisters, one on either side, while he has his first slide. He seemed very much afraid to place



his whole weight on the ice at first; perhaps he thought it would not bear him, but as he was led on and felt it firm beneath his feet, and saw bigger and heavier boys flying across it fearlessly, he gained confidence, so that before half-an-hour, he was as far from fear and as full of confidence as any there.

As I walked along from that frozen pond I remem-

bered how, when a lad, I was just like that little fellow on the ice, in regard to my faith in Christ and in His power to save. I was awakened to see myself a sinner in need of a Saviour at the age of nine, during a season of awakening, when many old and young were saved. I wanted to be saved, but was afraid I would "fall away" and return to my sinful ways and companions. Others of my schoolmates had trusted in Christ and were happy, two of them especially, who had been my playmates, and they were very earnest in seeking my salvation. On a Sunday afternoon as we all walked along from Sunday School, these two boys, Jim and Willie, got hold of me and spoke to me about Christ. "I believe that He died for me, but I am not saved. I do not have the right kind of faith," I said in reply. "Just trust yourself to Him, Jack," said Willie, "It's the easiest thing in the world. You just let go all else and give yourself over to Him." That simple explanation of "believing," or "trusting," was used to bring the light of the Gospel into my heart. "Give yourself over to Him," like as the child trusts himself on the ice, and the lad learning to swim commits himself to the water. Yes, that was what shewed me the real meaning of faith, which had so puzzled and perplexed me before. I did trust myself to Christ, who is "Mighty to save," that afternoon, and He saved me as He promised, for it is written in the Word of God, "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe" (Prov. xxix. 25). I have used the same simple illustration, in speaking to boys and girls about the great salvation many a time since then, and it has been used to shew many what faith is, and how simple it is to "give themselves over to Christ." Have you so trusted, or do you fear to "give yourself over"?

THE LOST DRUMMER BOY.

DURING one of Napoleon's cruel wars, he ordered one of his officers, named Macdonald, to cross the Splügen with fifteen thousand soldiers, during a severe snowstorm. As they marched along the rugged road, an avalanche of snow rolled down the mountain side, and swept a drummer boy into the valley below. A cry burst out from the ranks, and many a brave soldier wiped the tear from his eye. As they listened, they heard a drum beat below, and they knew the drummer boy was alive. Marshal Macdonald threw off his cloak, tied a rope around his waist, and ordered his men to let him down into the deep ravine. He found the drummer boy buried in the snow, and, tearing off his sash, he bound him firmly to his own body, and gave the signal to draw up. Those on the height at once began to raise their commander, who had left them, and gone down at the risk of his life, to rescue the lost drummer. Up from the depths beneath, slowly the rescuer and the rescued were drawn. There was a shout of great gladness among the soldiers when the brave marshal and the lost drummer were safely landed together.



That lost drummer represents the lost sinner. Jesus the Son of God came down to seek and save the lost, and all who know Him as their Saviour, are bound up in life with Him, and shall reach the same glory. Have you been reached and saved by the Son of God? Are you lost in the depths of sin beneath, or saved and risen with Christ above?

Bible Stories for the Little Ones.

The story of the man who went on a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, his fall among robbers, and the kind deed of the man of Samaria, who saved and cared for him, is a simple and beautiful tale of Gospel grace to sinners. The story is told in Luke x. 30-35. **FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO** (ver. 30). Jerusalem, the city of peace, the place of blessing, where Jehovah had placed His Name, where His temple stood, and where His people assembled, down to Jericho, the city of the curse (Joshua vi. 26). This is like the sinner's path, who turns his back on God and heaven, to tread the downward road to death and hell. **FALLEN AMONG THIEVES** (ver. 30)



—who stripped and wounded him, leaving him helpless to perish. Just what sin, the world and Satan do, to those who turn their back on God. They find themselves robbed of peace, of happiness, left without God, having no hope, to perish. Truly, "the way of transgressors is hard." **THE GOOD SAMARITAN** (ver. 33). Neither

priest nor Levite, the representatives of law and ordinances, could help the needy man, no more can works or religion save a sinner. But the good Samaritan—who is like Jesus—"came where he was," bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, raising him up and seating him in his own place. How like what Jesus does for sinners. He saves (Acts xvi. 31), He heals (Psa. ciii. 3), He gives His Spirit (Eph. i. 13), His joy (Psa. iv. 7), and raises up the sinner to association with Himself in life and glory (Eph. ii. 1-6). **RAISED UP AND CARED FOR** (ver. 35). There to be upheld by His hand (Isa. xli. 10), and kept by His power (Pet. i. 1-5) unto the day of full salvation when Jesus comes again.

THE COLONEL'S STORY; Or, THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT.

 "ELL us a story of the war," was a very common request of the colonel's grandchildren, as they climbed upon his knees, and stroked his long grey beard. He had been in many dangers, and had proved the Lord's delivering hand, even in his unconverted days, when as a dashing young officer, he delighted in the roars of the cannon, and the clash of swords. After God saved him, he saw things in a new light, and sought to spread abroad the name of Jesus while serving his country.

"I'll tell you a short story to-night, my boys, which I would like you to remember, and in order to keep it in your minds, I want you first to learn and repeat a nice text from God's own Word. You will see the connection when you hear my story. The text is this, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Now for my story. When I was out in foreign service, we were on a long march through the desert. Our supply of water was completely finished, and we were all very thirsty. Some of the soldiers were actually sucking the sand, wherever they saw a little moisture, in hope of finding water. Day after day passed, and we began to fear that many would die for want of water. We had been told of certain "pools" somewhere about the line of our march, and we hoped every hour to reach them. At last one of the officers gave the cheering signal of water within sight, and we strained our eyes to catch the first glimpse of it. We thought it would be the "pools," but to our amazement a beautiful lake appeared in the distance, with palm trees growing luxuriantly around its edge. The thirsty soldiers could not restrain their delight, but burst into a song. But alas, the lake turned out to be a mirage of the desert.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

A mirage is a picture thrown upon the desert from the clouds above it. It has all the appearance of real water, but it is only a shadow. How disappointed we were. Our tongues seemed to cleave to our mouths, as we found that the mirage had deceived us. I learned a lesson that day, my dear boys, that I shall never forget. Fair appearances often deceive. The world's pleasures, its honours, its wealth, are like that mirage in the desert. They promise much, but give nothing to satisfy. Just as we were preparing to camp for the night, without any appearance or display whatever, we suddenly came upon a river of beautiful clear water. O joyful sight! And all free, without money and without price. Never before did I enjoy a drink of water as I did that evening. The men knelt down and drank their fill, and our camp that night was a scene of gladness. We valued the water because we were thirsty. And now, my dear boys, for the lesson. We are all in a thirsty desert. This world has nothing to satisfy. Its fair promises are like the mirage. But the blessed Gospel flows like a river, giving life and joy and peace. Best of all, it is free, and the invitation of God is, "Ho *every one* that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "*Whosoever will*, let him take the water of life *freely*."

The boys listened attentively to their grandfather's story, and they will not soon forget the meaning of that "mirage of the desert." Dear boys and girls, there is nothing to satisfy in the world. You must come to Jesus, and receive Him, in order to have life and peace.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Two little eyes, to look to God,
Two little ears, to hear His Word,
Two little feet, to walk in His ways,
Two hands to work for Him all my days.

One little tongue, to speak His truth,
One little heart, for Him now in my youth,
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