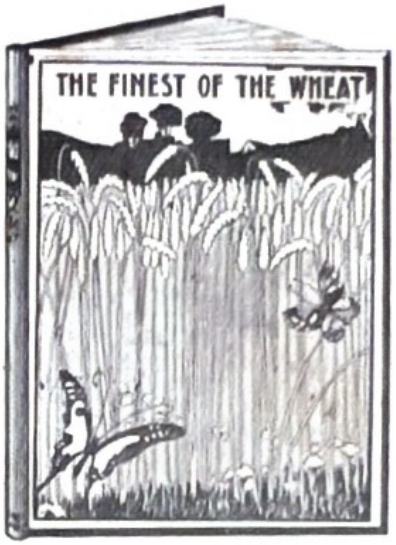
THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT


THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT

HAPPY MOMENTS WITH THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT.

"He . . fed them with the finest of the wheat and with honey out of the rock" (Psalm 81. 16).

THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT

GATHERED FROM MANY FIELDS

AND GARNERED FOR THE

PLEASURE AND PROFIT OF YOUNG FOLKS.

BY

HY. PICKERING,

Editor of "Twelve Baskets Full," "Eyegate to Heartgate," &c.

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THE PRAYER IN THE STORM.

A TOUCHING TALE RECOUNTED BY DONALD ROSS THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

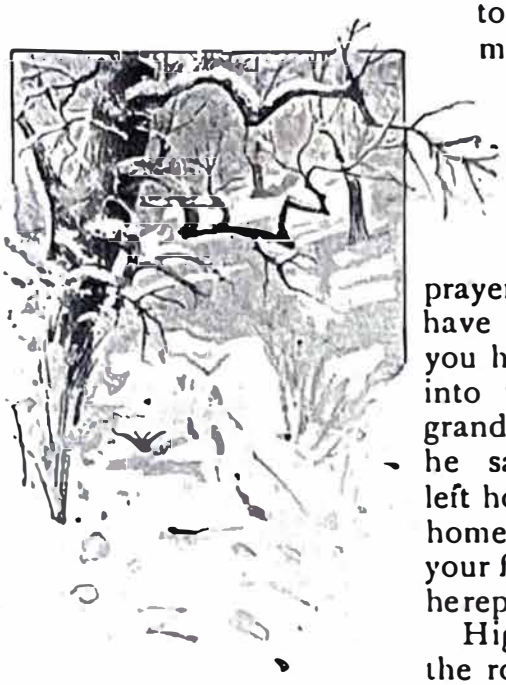
"STRONG ARMS SOON RAISED THE UNCONSCIOUS NELLY."

THE PRAYER IN THE STORM.

A TOUCHING TALE RECOUNTED BY DONALD ROSS THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

IT was a dark winter night, wild and stormy. Ever since mid-day the snow had fallen with unwearying perseverance, and now lay deep on the ground. I had been detained at my work later than usual, and had to cross a dreary moor for some two miles to reach my home. I confess I felt chilled at the prospect of such a walk in such a storm; but I set forward, thinking of the bright little home I should soon reach, and the dear ones who were awaiting my return with a loving welcome.

Soon I left the busy town with its many lights behind me, and stepped out into the dismal moor. The snow lay much deeper here on the untrodden footpath, and seemed to fall more heavily than before—so thick and blinding, that I found myself perpetually straying from the proper roadway, and with difficulty retraced my steps; the cold felt keener also, and a sharp east wind had risen. At times I grew almost breathless with the struggle, and had to pause for gathering strength ere I faced the storm once more.



At length I rejoiced to see the guiding-post, which was placed where three roads met, and against which I was thankful to lean for a few seconds until I had recovered breath.

I was just on the point of starting off afresh, when a faint sound of a human voice caught my ear. Startled, I listened, but all was still. I shaded my eyes with my hand, and stared anxiously into the surrounding darkness; but nought could I discern beyond a wilderness of snow, and I was just concluding my imagination had deceived me, when again the same murmur came floating through the air. Feeling that, with the guide-post so near, I could scarcely lose my way, I hastened forward in the direction of the sound, and soon distinctly heard a child's voice repeating the Lord's prayer. It had a strange effect in such a storm, at such a place, and my heart beat high when the gentle "Amen" was said. I called out, "Whose voice is that?" but there was no reply. I called again more loudly than before, and then the timid answer came, "Johnnie's," and a few steps brought me to a boy some eight years old, standing shivering in the snow. "My poor little man," I said, "are you all alone?" "No," he replied, "Nelly is here, but she grew so cold and tired I could not get her on, and now she is fast asleep. I felt sleepy too, but thought I would say my prayers first"; and as I stooped down to the bundle of snow he had indicated as being "Nelly," he whispered softly, "Has Jesus sent you?" "Surely He has," I answered, "had you not said your prayers, Johnnie, you might both have perished. But how came you here, my boy?" "We went into town this morning to see grandmother; it was snowing then," he said innocently, "when we left home." "And where is your home?" I asked, "and who is your father?" "Farmer Rutland," he replied; "we live at High Farm."

High Farm happened to lie on the road to my own house, so I told Johnnie we would all go home together. He rejoiced when he heard my name. I found Nelly, indeed, half asleep, wrapped in a heavy cape, which the devoted little fellow had divested himself of in his endeavour to keep her warm. Nor could I enduce him to put it on until he saw me raise Nelly tenderly in my arms, and gathering her close to my bosom endeavoured to carry her. "Now, Johnnie," I said, "you keep hold of the skirt of my coat, and we shall soon be at High Farm."

The cold seemed to have become more intense, the fallen snow more dense than ever. Manfully the little fellow kept up to my side, though the snow by this time reached above his knees. I tried to cheer him as we trudged along, but I felt the drag upon my coat becoming greater, and it was evident his strength and heart were failing

him. Then a suppressed sob broke from him, and he clung more closely to me as I bent down, trying to soothe and comfort him. "You are a brave little man," I said; "we will soon reach the farm now. Think of the bright fire there, the nice warm milk and bread, and mother's loving kiss all waiting for you." "I cannot walk farther," he sobbed. "Oh, take Nelly home, but let me lie down here. I will say my prayers again, and perhaps Jesus will send some one else to help me." "No, no," I answered cheerily; "I cannot leave you behind, Johnnie; you must just make a horse of me, and mount my back. There you are now; hold me fast round the neck, and whip hard to make me go better."

"SOON I STEPPED OUT INTO THE DISMAL MOOR."

Again I started forward, endeavouring to keep him awake with questions and little sallies; but I felt the additional burden in such a storm was becoming beyond my already exhausted strength, when suddenly a wavering speck of light shone out in the darkness, then vanished, then appeared once more, becoming nearer and brighter. I halloed loudly, and my shout was answered.

The poor farmer, becoming alarmed at the lengthened absence of his children, had set out with servants and lanterns in search of them, and great tears of thankfulness fell from his eyes when he beheld his loved ones. The strong arms of the farmhand soon raised the unconscious Nellie, and Johnnie was at once taken into his father's loving arms, and a quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the farm, where the anxious mother received us. Nelly was soon aroused by the warmth and light of the great fire, little or none the worse for the night's adventure; but poor Johnnie was sadly frost-bitten, and it was long before he recovered.

Deep was the gratitude of the honest couple for the aid I had afforded their beloved children, who doubtless, overpowered with sleep, would have been hidden in the snow ere their father had reached them, and must inevitably have perished, but for the prayer which Johnnie's trusting, simple heart had prompted, and had been the means, with God's blessing, of my saving them

This simple incident exactly represents the wonderful story each redeemed sinner will be able to recount in the glory. Lost not in the snow, but in sin we were utterly helpless, and could only "call upon the Name of the Lord." Jesus in His love and pity came to where we were, picked us up in our misery and sin, took us in His strong arms or laid us upon His mighty shoulders, and cheering our hearts with thoughts of Home, never let us go till He presented us "faultless before His Father's face with exceeding joy." Do *you* know anything of this present salvation, this preserving care, this prospect of glory

LORD WOLSELEY'S TESTIMONY.

BOYS and girls usually associate "salvation" with "softness," and "meekness" with "weakness." That such is not the case is proved by the heroes and heroines in all ages who have been "humble, saved disciples" of the Lord Jesus Christ. Hear the testimony of Lord Wolseley, who went through the Burmese, Crimean, Indian Mutiny, Chinese, Red River, Ashanti, Zulu, and Egyptian Campaigns.

In his autobiography, entitled "The Story of a Soldier's Life," the famous British General draws a striking contrast between two remarkable men.

Of NAPOLEON THE GREAT Lord Wolseley says: "Bad as he was, Napoleon's career has always fascinated me in a way and to a degree which that of no other mortal has ever done. His name and achievements filled me with ambition—perhaps an unhealthy ambition. For truth, and the honour which is based on truth and begotten by it, Napoleon cared nothing."

LORD WOLSELEY, THE FAMOUS BRITISH GENERAL.

Of GENERAL GORDON, the hero of Khartoum, he says: "I met Gordon first when we were both doing duty in the trenches before Sebastopol. We were friends drawn together by ties never formulated in words. I cling tenaciously to every remembrance of our intimacy, because he was one of the very few friends I ever had who came up to my estimate of the Christian hero. Life was to him but a pilgrim's progress between the years of early manhood and the heaven he now dwells in, the home he always longed for." Could a more striking confirmation of the words of Holy Writ be given? "None of us *liveth* to himself, and no man *dieth* to himself" (Rom. 14. 7). Years before Lord Wolseley was born NAPOLEON had lived and died, but not to himself. Think of this officer poring over his life, studying his schemes, counting up his victories, and writing: "*Bad* as he was . . filled me with an *unhealthy* ambition. . . For *truth* and *honour* Napoleon cared nothing."

In the active life of a soldier he knew GORDON, and heard how this hero triumphed in the hour of death. Yet his testimony from personal knowledge is: "I *cling tenaciously* to my estimate of *the Christian Hero*. . *The Heaven* he now dwells in, *the Home* he always longed for."

Thus doubtless will EACH OF US be contrasted in days to come as well as in Eternity. He that seeks only self-interests, and dies a Christ rejecter, shall be with the bad (Rev. 12. 8). He that renounces self, and as a humble, penitent sinner accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, shall "turn many to righteousness" here, and be with them when "they shall shine as the stars" in Heaven above, the Eternal Home of Love. Which shall be your everlasting portion? Shall it be in "shame and everlasting contempt," or in "Honour everlasting"?

HYP.

THE BABE AND THE PRECIPICE.

FIELDS, flowers, bright sunshine, and a child,
A precipice, a mother fair,
Two little wilful wandering feet,
Two longing eyes that watch with care.

A warning voice, so sweet and mild,
That bids the baby closer stay,
A gentle, loving hand that shows
A precipice not far away.

Ah, me! how did it happen now,
The child outwits the mother's care,
And somehow with its nimble feet,
Has reached the rock, so grim and bare.

Two bright eyes see a lovely flower,
That grows upon the ragged edge,
One chubby little hand is reached,
One foot is crumbling on the ledge.

Oh, who will save the baby now,
The mother sees, alas, too late,
One word, one shriek, and o'er the brow
The baby falls to fearful fate.

With straining eyes upheld to heaven,
With trembling lips as pale as clay,
The mother's voice, with new strength given
Thrills forth a nursery lullaby.

A pause, the baby's hand withdrawn,
Its eyes uplifted with delight
A moment more, and mother's arm
Has drawn her darling baby tight.

A sinner, and a flowery road,
A precipice, a fearful hell,
The gentle Spirit, following close,
To break the wicked tempter's spell.

Nearer, yet ever nearer run
The wilful feet to certain death,
Nor heed the warning voice, until
Doom fans their cheek with fiery breath.

Take care, take care, and heed the voice,
The gentle voice that calls thee home,
Lest wandering on too far, you find
Thou art not able then to come.

And those, O Lord, who've gone so far,
That on the very brink they stand,
Oh, lure them by Thy voice of love,
And save them by Thy mighty hand.

J. A. W. H.

TWO LITTLE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

THIS is a great stumbling-block in the way to heaven. It is not that God is unwilling to save, for "as I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live." It is not that sinners are too great sinners, for Christ is able to save to the uttermost; but it is because sinners will not believe God's Word. They begin to count how many good qualities they have, and conclude they have a better chance than some people they know; but they find themselves shut out, and ungodly sinners going into the kingdom. The reason is found in Luke 18. 17, "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."

SAVED OR LOST—WHICH ARE YOU?

THERE are very many nowadays who if told plainly "YOU ARE LOST," would be greatly shocked by such emphatic language. Yet if asked "Are you saved?" they would not dare to say, "Yes, I am sure my soul is safe for eternity, come what may."

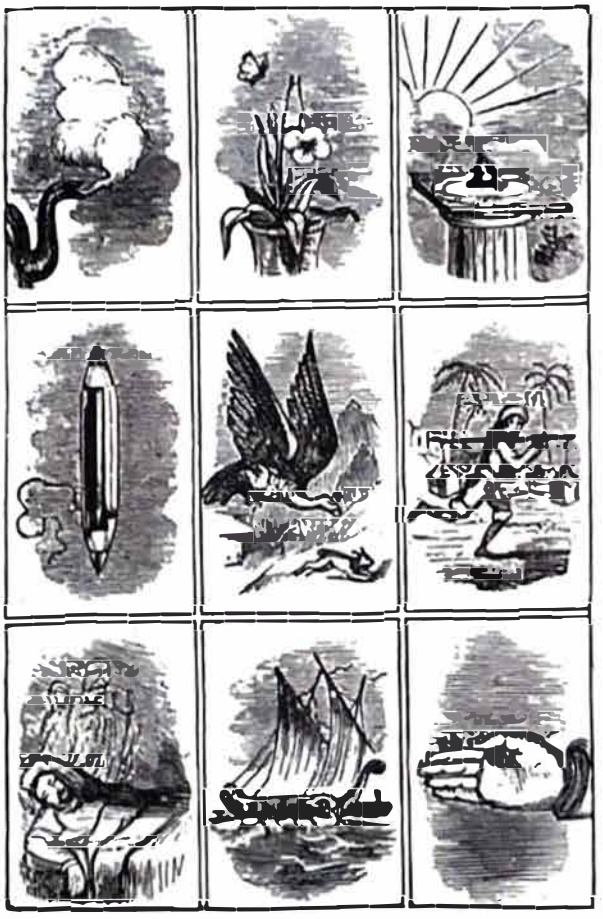
Now, why should there be such uncertainty in the most momentous matter of our lives? If we are not sure that the fire is out, and all safe for the night, we could not think of lying down to rest; sleep would be almost impossible! But when eternal fire is for you still unquenchable, can you lay your head on your pillow in peace? Surely you have never fully faced the question, "Am I ready to meet God?" or you could not trifle with this solemn matter. You would not like to say you are "LOST." That would be too terrible to contemplate. But remember that God says there are only two standing places in Time or Eternity. All who stand on the *Rock*, which is Christ, are saved. Not may be saved, or shall be at some future time saved, but *are saved now*. On the other hand, "He that believeth not is condemned already," &c. (John 3. 18). For he or she is on the sinking *sand* of self, whether it be *good* self or *bad* self. The point is, where are you standing as you read this paper?

Perhaps a simple incident may serve to illustrate your position before God. Suppose you were standing on the sea shore watching the wild waves on a stormy day, and a man came along and said, "A vessel has just been stranded, and become a total wreck, a few miles out at sea on a sunken rock." Suppose he should add, "There were 60 people on board, 20 of them were *saved* by the lifeboat and 20 others were *lost*," would you not immediately ask, "And what became of the remaining 20?" "Oh, well, I don't exactly like to say. Of course they were *not saved*, for they would not get into the lifeboat, which was the only way of escape near them; but I should not like to say they were lost, for they *tried so hard to save themselves*"!

Now, honestly, if you heard such words concerning *earthly* matters, would you not say: "The man is mad; he has lost his reason?" For your common sense would tell you that if the ship were a total wreck, and only 20 persons were *saved* by the lifeboat (which was the only available way of escape), then the other 40 must *all* have been LOST at sea!

Now, let reason speak concerning a matter which affects not only this life, but the whole of eternity. You must spend it "in fiery pains and endless chains," or "with God on high in endless joy." The *latter* is only the portion of the SAVED. Can you say, "It is MY portion, for I am saved"?

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?



The Bible gives us various illustrations of the fleeting character of our lives, in order to help us ever to remember that *the end* will come. We give nine of these in our cut. Turn up your Bibles and see how many you can find, and write out the texts in full, with references.

The vessel in which humanity set sail was wrecked in Eden when Adam made shipwreck of his soul; and God has declared that "in Adam all die" (1 Cor. 15. 22). Who then can be saved? Ah, God has provided a way of escape, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Are you "in Christ"? All who have only *one* birthday this year, are still in their sins. All who have *two* birthdays this year must be "born again," and are therefore "in Christ." Have you been "born again" by the Spirit of God? You have had a *natural* birthday—have you had a *spiritual* birthday? If not, you are not "in Christ," and must confess that you are "LOST." That is your present position. Face it you must if you are true to your conscience. You must own "I am lost!"

But now do not stop there. Look away from your past sinful life. See "the way of escape" which is by your side. THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—Eternity's Lifeboat—is waiting to save you! Yes, YOU! Then step, by faith, into Christ, and you will no longer be LOST, but "saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation" (Isa. 45. 17). Delay not, step now. M.M.D.

A SLEEPING KING.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING, No. 165.

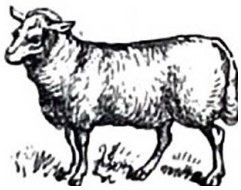
BEHOLD a king both young and fair,
Possessed of treasures rich and rare,
Asleep before the Lord;
When, lo, as he in slumber lies,
A vision right down from the skies
Unto his soul is given.
Ask, the voice says, what I'll bestow,
Of things above or things below;
He asked what pleased the Heavenly King,
And having that did all else bring—
What was the sleeper's name? JS. FS

AN AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—I am about to write you a story of an adventure, which happened some years ago in Richmond, a town in Australia.

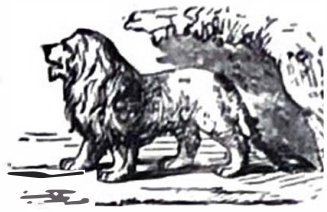
I was then a police constable, and one beautiful summer night was calmly walking along my beat. All at once I heard most piercing screams some distance away. I ran off to find out the cause, and as I drew near to a house at the corner of a street, I saw a young woman crouching in a deep doorway, still crying out, help! help! In front of her I also saw the cause of her alarm. What do you think it was? A savage dog you will perhaps say, or a wild bull, or ferocious animal. If such be your thoughts, you are mistaken, for it was only a little lamb. Oh! you say, why should the young woman be afraid of a dear little lamb? "Surely it would do her no harm." Perhaps not, still the young woman appeared very frightened, and the reason was because she misunderstood the playful creature's intention. He wanted to have a game, and was frisking about on the pavement, and butting at her with his head, and the more he did so, the more she screamed.

The lamb was a pet belonging to a gentleman living close by, and escaping out of the yard where he was kept, he seemed determined to have some fun on his own account.



To rescue the young woman from her tormentor I had to use some force, for master pet lamb could not easily be made to understand that she did not like his playful attentions, so I had to give him a few strokes with my staff before he would beat a retreat. The young woman, relieved from her awkward position, was full of thankfulness for my kindly and timely interference on her behalf. As my beat lay in the direction in which she was going, I accompanied her some little distance in case the pet lamb might be inclined to follow and renew his sport.

I would like to ask you, dear little reader, what was it caused the young woman to scream for help? was it not fear? Yes, she was really afraid, and believed she was in danger, and desired to be helped out of it. Satan is going about, not as a playful little lamb, but as a roaring angry lion, seeking whom he may devour. Do you know his chief desire? It is that he may get you into the lake of fire that burns for ever; and he certainly will do so, if you are not rescued by the Lord Jesus Christ, God's dear Son. Why? Because we have all sinned, and are sinners (Rom. iii. 23). We have not only done naughty, wicked acts, but were born with the stamp of sin upon us, and nothing we can ever do will cleanse us. We must be washed in the blood of "God's Lamb," the Lord Jesus, who went to the cross to die in your place and mine, and shed His precious blood (1 Peter i. 19), and it is the only Way by which we can be cleansed from all sin and wickedness. There was one thing the young woman soon found out, and it was that she was unable to free herself from her tormentor. The lamb had driven her back step by step until she could retreat no farther, for the doorway stopped her, and she found all escape cut off. So it is with young and old. Satan seeks to drive us back, step by step, right into the lake of fire, and too many of us, alas, are quietly allowing him to do so, without offering the slightest resistance. I would like you also to notice, as soon as the young woman called for help I came to her assistance, and being stronger than the cause of her trouble, I easily set her free. So it is with ourselves. Satan has complete power over us, and the only way of escape is by calling earnestly for Jesus. He being a mightier power than Satan, breaks the bands that hold us and sets us free. It was thus He set me free, after being held fast in Satan's bondage for 30 years, and it is thus alone He can set you free. Dear little reader, would you not like to be set free, to have the chains broken by which Satan has bound you? The only way to obtain freedom is by coming to Jesus, who alone can give you *rest* (Matthew xi. 28).



FITZROY. W. J. D.

SIX THINGS ALL NEW.

"THE season's greetings" will be on the lips of the majority of our readers as *Boys and Girls* is being circulated in the school and studied in the home. Allow me to extend the greeting to every reader of these lines, and to wish all A REALLY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Some doubtless look back with sorrow at the trials, bereavements, and disappointments of the year now gone; some with shame at deeds then done, now beyond recall. All wonder what the opening year has in store. To one and all we say, to be happy it must be *new*. Jeannie and John, Mary and David, are alike anxious to find what is new for them when mother's shopping for the year has been finished. With what joy those tokens of love are handed out and received. How sweet to have something new. Then let this be to you a

NEW YEAR

(Exod. 12. 2). The Hebrew boy remembered that the New Year meant to him deliverance from death, and freedom from bondage. On that day a blameless substitute was put to death for him. Can you look back to a day "when all things became new"? If not, this may be the happy day. Jesus upon the Cross died for your sins (1 Cor. 15. 3), He suffered that you might go free, and now, where you are and as you are, you can know "forgiveness of sins" (Acts 13. 38), and prove that "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16).

To believe the Gospel is to receive a

NEW FRIEND

(John 9. 35). He loved you while you were yet a stranger, He knows all about your sin and wickedness, and, in spite of it all, loved and died for you. He promises to keep all who trust Him, and has said to encourage them, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (Heb. 13. 5). We trust—He saves.

So great is His power that He makes us

NEW CREATURES

for "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" (2 Cor. 5. 17). Our old desires He removes, and gives us new desires. The Christian does not need the world's pleasures, or power, or wealth to make him happy. He has Christ, and desires to please Him, for in Jesus he finds the never-failing source of lasting joy and true soul-satisfaction.

Moreover, the believer in Christ receives a

NEW NAME

(Rev. 3. 12). He was once a lost sinner (Rom. 3. 23) on the road to perdition, with no God and no hope (Eph. 2. 12), just where you are if unsaved; but now he is a saint (1 Cor. 1.2) on the way to Glory—a child of God, an heir to an eternal inheritance (1 Peter 1. 4). This is not the result of our good works or prayers—God has done it for us by His grace. He sees the poor sinner, whether old or young, lost and undone, and in virtue of the death of Christ, He pardons his sin, and brings him into the heavenly family, making him a son for ever. Do you wonder that we sing a

NEW SONG

(Psa. 40. 3)? With such a glorious salvation, and such a precious Friend, we cannot but be joyful and glad. Our delight is to sound His praises so loud that you might hear and believe, look and live. You desire to possess this joy unspeakable? Then, why should you delay? God is willing and waiting to save you. Will you not respond to His invitation, trust His precious promise, and pass from death to life?

Then, being "saved" by the Lord, you will go with all the saved of the Lord on the narrow way, and join the mighty ransomed host in the

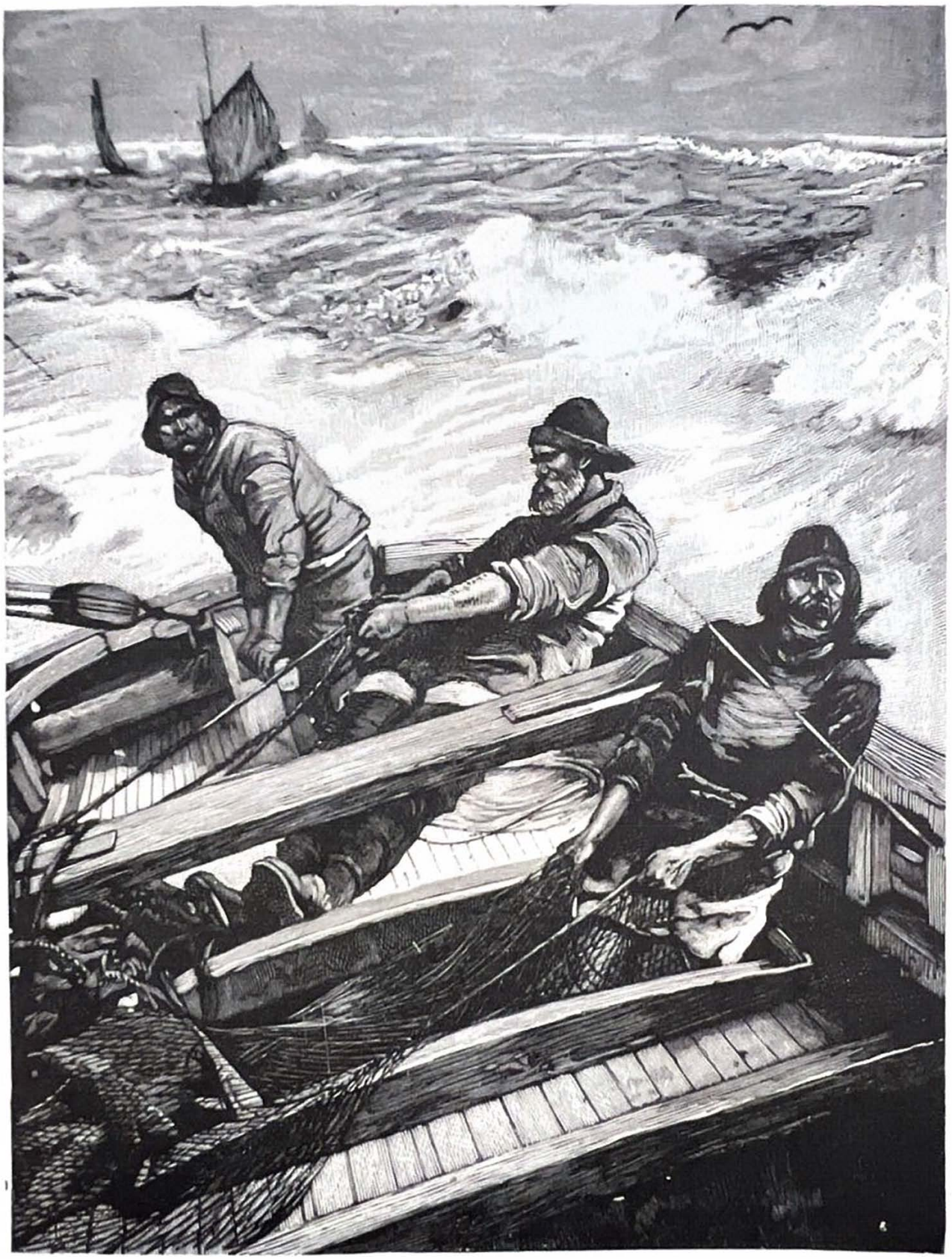
NEW HOME

(Heb. 12. 28). The best of the Christian's blessings are yet to come. It is possible we may know the blight of sorrow and the sharpness of affliction down here, but up yonder God shall wipe away all tears (Rev. 7. 17). Our Saviour is now preparing a place for us (John 14. 2), and is soon coming to receive us unto Himself, to be His own for ever and ever.

There is no true happiness outside of Christ, no real joy but in His service, no security but in His salvation, and no assurance but in His precious word. Make this day the happy day, and crown the year with gladness by accepting Him as your Saviour (John 1. 12). J. H.

"WHILE THE NEARER WATERS ROLL."

A REMARKABLE STORY OF A REMARKABLE HYMN.



"A STRONG GALE BEGAN TO BLOW."

"WHILE THE NEARER WATERS ROLL."

"JESUS, Lover of My Soul." These well-known lines of Wesley's are sung wherever the Bible and the English language are known. The hymn has always been a favourite with all who go down to the sea in ships, and many stories are told of how it has proved a solace to storm-tossed and shipwrecked sailors, when the noble ship which had so often braved the tempest was a sinking wreck. Here is one more story:—

On the 15th December, 1872, the Fifeshire fishing fleet left St. Monance for their fishing grounds. Soon thereafter a strong gale from the east began to blow; and accompanied by torrents of rain and a heavy sea, the storm lasted till the following day. The majority of the boats made for Elie Harbour, which was only reached amidst great difficulty and danger. As they struggled on one by one, you can imagine what expressions of joy and gratitude arose from their anxious relatives as a father, a husband, a brother, or a son sprang ashore. One boat, "The Rose in June," failed to reach the shelter. Driven by the storm, and dashed upon the rocks, she had become a total wreck. Turned bottom upwards, her crew of six men clung to her sides with desperate energy. No other boat was near to help them, and all around the wild waves threatened every moment to engulf them. Andrew Davidson (the captain) was a Christian, and even in such an hour he was happy. Turning to his mates, he said: "Now, boys, let's sing a hymn of praise to God," immediately thereafter striking up:

A FISHING BOAT SETTING OUT

> "Jesus, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly,
> While the nearer waters roll,
> While the tempest still is high."

Above the noise of the tempest the song rose up loud and clear, until it was heard by those on shore; but before the hymn was well begun, a heavy sea struck the frail craft and carried from it brave Skipper Davidson, who entered eternity with that song upon his lips. A sad silence fell upon the men, who had been trying to join in the hymn. John Allan, the mate, also a believer in Christ, at last exclaimed: "Come, my lads, let us go on with the hymn; our skipper is now finishing it in heaven." Then those brave men on their wrecked boat, with the waves dashing around them, sang on until they had finished the hymn. Just as they sang the last words another wave broke over them and carried away the young seaman, to join his mate in eternal glory.

The rest of the crew were rescued, but the scenes of that day were never effaced from their memories. To them it was a never-to-be-forgotten lesson of the preciousness of Jesus in death as well as life. The skipper and mate, because they had a certain assurance of an accomplished salvation, passed from the wreck to the presence of the Lord in triumph. Their trust was not in their own works or selves, but in the Saviour of sinners. His death had atoned for their sins. As guilty and undone, they had confessed their need, had accepted Christ as their Saviour, by faith rested on His finished work and unchanging word. Consequently they had peace. Have you accepted this great salvation? Should death overtake you, could you meet it in triumph? J. H.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

COME, listen all, both great and small,
Please ponder while I tell
The story of a drummer boy
Who loved his Saviour well.

He served for home and country too,
Till wounded sore he lay,
Upon the Field of Gettysburg,
After a dreadful fray.

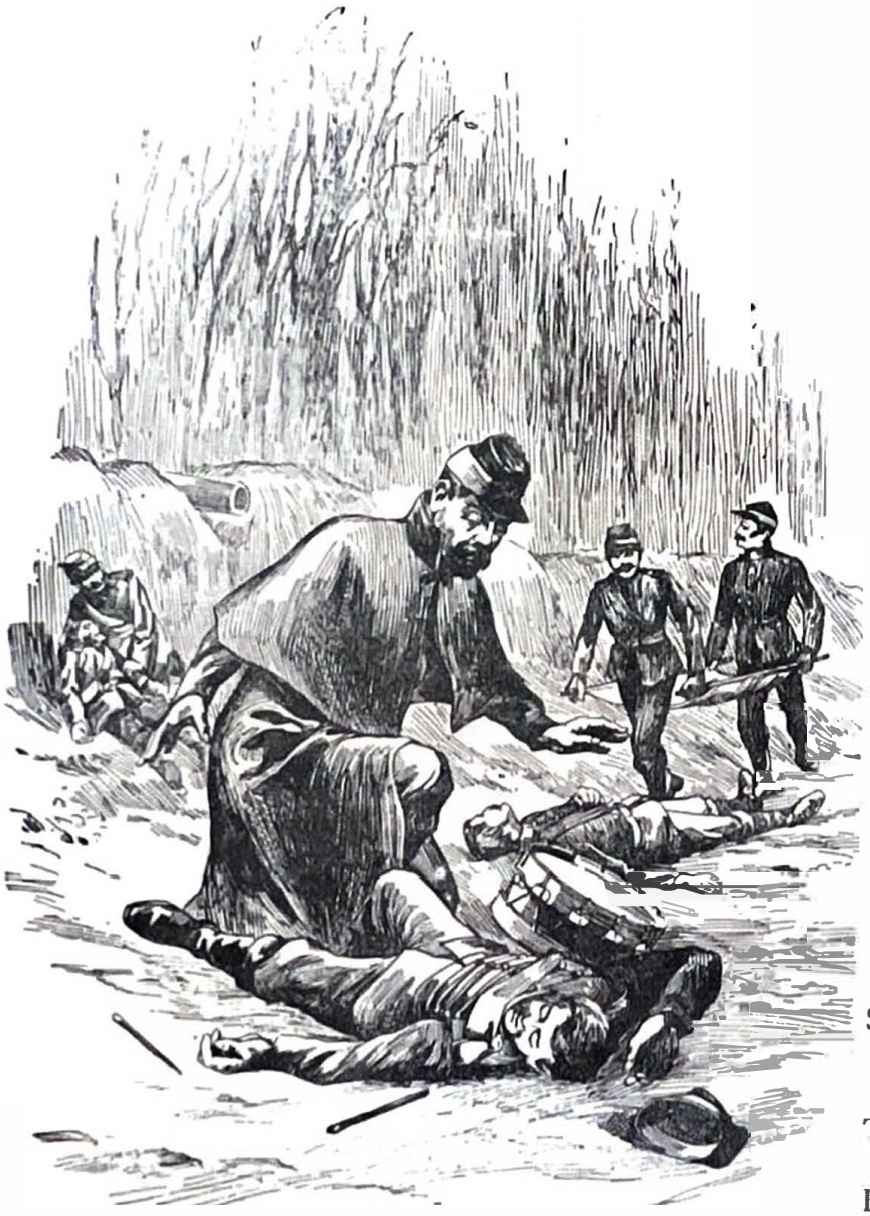
He opened wide his bright, blue eyes,
Ah! what could others do?
Perhaps he had a mother
Whose love was deep and true.

His arms and legs were shattered
Amid the battle's strife,
They must be amputated
To try and save his life.

The chloroform they now would give,
But, no! he did demur;
The surgeon's knife he must endure,
For such he would prefer.

Then would he have some brandy? No!
He promised long ago
That he would never taste a drop,
'Twould grieve his mother so.

He said, I may be called away,
Would you have drink in me?
When summoned straight to meet my God,
His glorious face to see.



CHARLIE COULSON, FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

God will strengthen me I know,
Was Charlie's Coulson's cry,
When in that dire extremity
He trusted God on high.

And he was strengthened at the time,
The agony to bear;
Oh! blessed Jesus help me now,
Was the uplifted prayer.

And five days after that, I learn,
His spirit took its flight,
To dwell with God above the skies,
In realms of love and light.

He prayed, and asked his God to bless
And save the surgeon Jew;
The God who answered his request
Became his Saviour too.

I now appeal to all who read
Or hear this touching tale;
Will you take Jesus as your Friend,
And through His blood prevail?

He made your peace with God alone,
When on the Cross He bled;
Such was His love, His boundless love,
He suffered in your stead.

Then come at once without delay,
Take Christ into your heart;
For He will never turn away—
His love will never part. A.C.

HOW GOD SAVED AN EDITOR.

"ONCE, TWICE, THRICE!" What Bible text is that, or rather part of a text? Turn up and read Job 33. 14: "God speaketh once." I remember when God once spoke to me about my soul and about my sins. When I was quite a little boy I fell into a deep pond. The waters closed over my head, and I felt myself going down, down, down. I tried to cry out, but my mouth only got filled with mud and water, and the last I remembered was that I had got hold of a *large stone* at the bottom, and was holding on to that. When I recovered consciousness I was safe on the bank, rescued by a strong deliverer, who had dived in to save me. You think it was foolish for me to lay hold of a stone to keep me from sinking, but I know boys and girls who think because they go to Sunday School and learn verses from the Bible they will go to heaven. What you need is a Deliverer, and Jesus has come from heaven to save you. Will you trust Him? or will you still cling to your own doings, which can only sink you lower and lower into a lost eternity?

L. LAURENSON, EDITOR OF "LOVING WORDS."

"God speaketh once, *yea, twice*"—and the second time He spoke to me was when I grew up to be a big boy of fourteen. I then lived by the sea-side, and had permission to take out my father's sailing boat, becoming quite expert with sail and oar, as a seaman's son should be. On Sundays I often took a full boat of boys and girls to the Sunday School, thus saving them a long tramp round the bay. One day after I got my crew safely landed at the pier, and was standing on the gunwale pushing off, somehow or other I lost my footing and fell overboard. It is very remarkable how many thoughts cross the mind in a moment of danger, but among the many things that came before me then was how often I had heard the Gospel, and that I was still unsaved. God spared my life then, and I was rescued a second time from death. But conscience was now aroused, and the still, small voice kept saying: If you had been drowned, where would your soul have been? I well knew where, but I did not want to yield myself to God, and the reason was—I did not know His love.

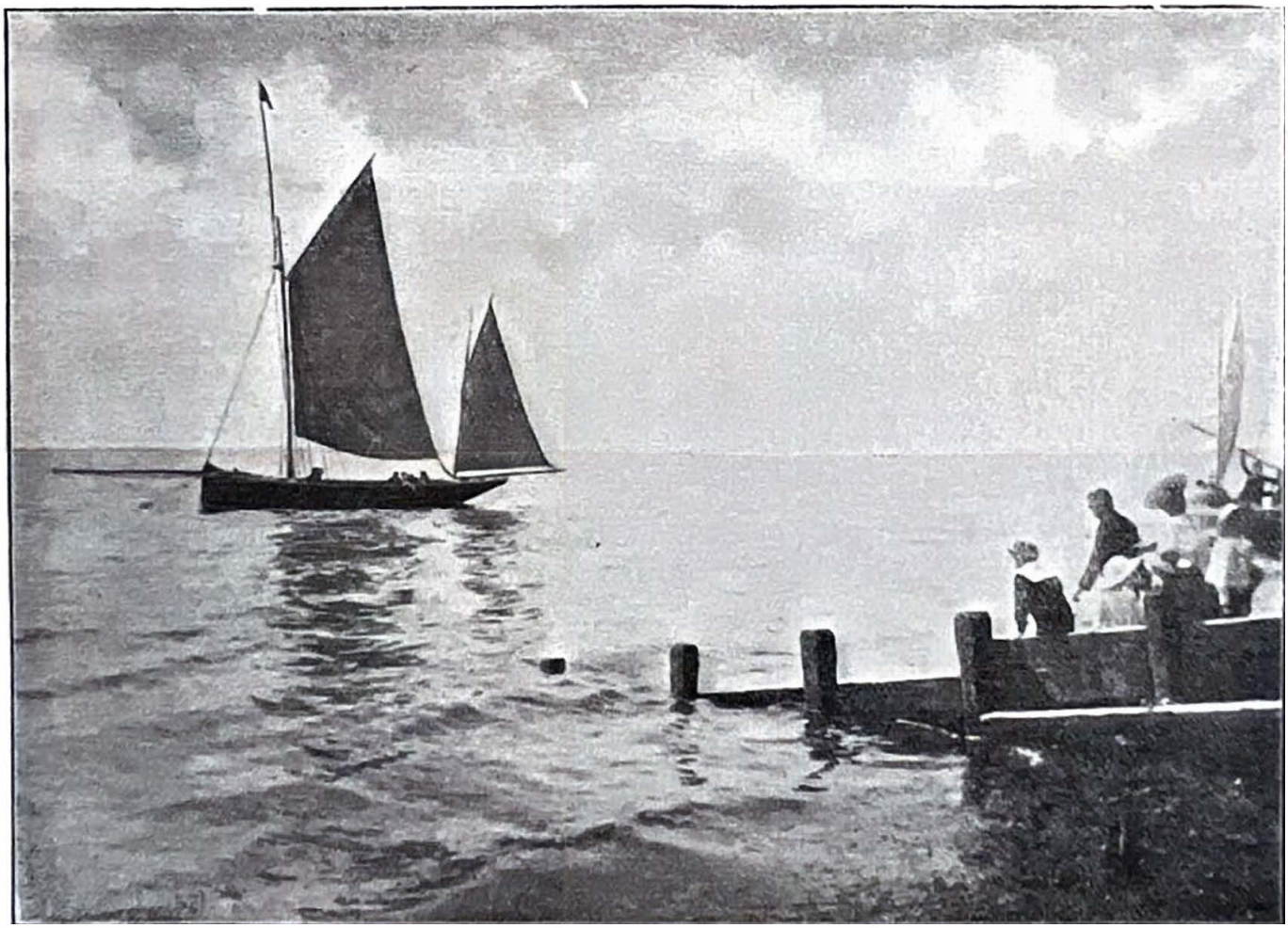
But though I did not want God, yet in wondrous grace He wanted me, and after many months of vainly trying to silence the voice of conscience by the pleasures of the world, I set about to put my mind at ease by "being religious." I thought I could make myself fit for God. Three weeks of religion without Christ convinced me of this at least, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I never knew the power of sin till I tried to regulate it, and then I found that sin was a master.

Three weeks—and day by day I got more and more unhappy, till I was utterly at a loss what to do next. The fourth Sunday found me almost in despair. I was miserable, but at anyrate I had found out that I was a sinner on the broad road to destruction. Too unhappy to go to any meeting, I retired early to my room and threw myself on my bed. I cried to God for mercy. I wept over my sins, and getting down on my knees before Him, I said: "Lord, I give it up. I cannot save myself. If I am to be saved at all, *Thou* must save

me." *And there and then He did.* Like a flash the light broke upon me, and I saw that He had just been waiting for me to give up my struggling and *accept* His salvation; "as many as *received* Him (Jesus), to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe* on His Name" (Jno. 1. 12). As a helpless and undone sinner I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and was "saved" (Acts 16. 31). I rose from my knees and praised the Lord. I was so happy I wept for joy. From that moment everything seemed changed, for I was changed myself. I had become a new creature in Christ Jesus, for "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: *old* things are passed away; behold, all things are become *new*" (2 Cor. 5. 17). The old legal bondage was gone for ever, and I rejoiced in a Saviour known; eternal life possessed—God for me, Jesus with Me, and His Spirit in me.

Boys and girls, just twenty years have passed away since these events took place, and every year I have learned more of His grace and more of His love. And now I seek to pass on that knowledge by word and pen as He gives me opportunity. While God speaketh "*once*, TWICE, THRICE" to you by His words, His servants, His dealings with you, and by this message, heed His voice "*to-day.*" While the Lord Jesus Christ calls so lovingly "COME unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11.28), yield to His call, and trust Him "*now.*" Listen, I pray you, to one more solemn appeal to come right now to the Lord Jesus Christ. Time is short. Death is busy. The Lord is coming. YOU will spend Eternity either in HEAVEN or in HELL—WHICH?

"Where shall I spend Eternity?
This question now comes home to ME;
What, oh! what shall MY answer be,
Where shall I spend Eternity?" L. L.



How God Saved No. 85. "BECOMING QUITE EXPERT WITH SAIL AND OAR."

BRIEF BITS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"GIVE ME THY HEART." A little girl who heard her father read these words, wished him to tell her what they meant. He did not answer at once, but after a short time he asked her to give him her purse. She was just old enough to possess one, containing two pence. With an enquiring look she gave it to him, wondering what was to become of her little treasure. He quietly put it in his pocket. Later in the day he reminded her of her purse, and asked what she supposed he wanted to do with it. She thought awhile, and then replied, "Perhaps you are going to put something into it." He produced the purse and returned it to her with a shilling added to her former store.

The child now knew what the text meant. God wanted her heart, her affections, and her confidence, only that He might fill it with His blessings. In giving her purse, the little girl had given her father her heart. She trusted him with her all, such as it was. And then she rightly read his thoughts of love in asking it from her. May God give us the child-like spirit to know that He asks nothing from us but that He may give us back a hundred-fold. W.C.

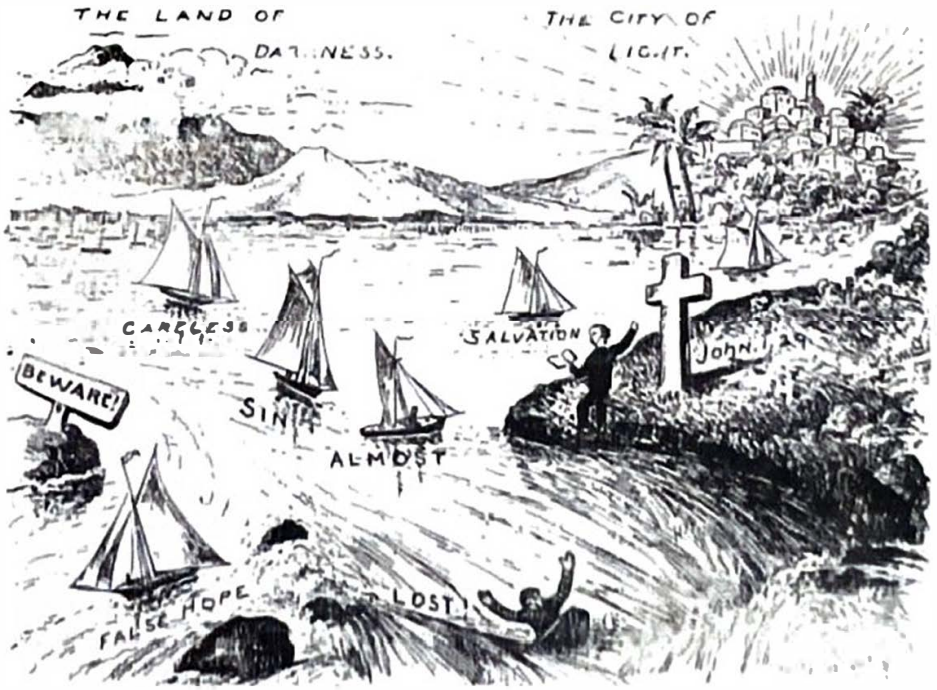
A PERSONAL MATTER.—A young man in the West Indies said to me, "I believe all that you say, and like your meetings, but I am not saved, how is it?" I replied, "Have you ever got alone in the presence of God and said, 'O God, if there were not another sinner on earth, I am one, and as a sinner *I* receive Christ as *my* Saviour, even though every other sinner refuse him.'" "Well," he said, "it is that very personal way you have of putting it that I do not like." Ah! this was the secret. He had missed the blessing, because he refused to make it a personal matter. Have you done the same? J.T.M.

MOVED WITH FEAR.—Peter Waldo, of Lyons, was sitting at a banquet as thoughtless and careless as any of the revellers, when suddenly one at the table bowed his head and died. Waldo was startled into thought, went home to search the Scriptures, "turned to God from idols" (1 Thess. 1. 9), and became a great helper of the Waldensian Church, which in the Alpine valleys kept the lamp of the Gospel burning when all around was dark as night. "Noah being *moved with fear*" (Heb. 11. 7). It matters not, whether by love or fear, the main point is—"Have I been moved at all?" HYP.

A HERO WHO BECAME A KING.

Original Searching No. 166.

AN elder chosen by the Lord,
In Israel's camp to speak His word.
Having put on God's armour true,
What is the Christian told to do?
In Jacob's dying words we see,
What place for ships, a tribe should be
Before destruction goes a certain sin,
Contentions also with the same begin.
A trusted man, whose well-known name
Is covered with eternal shame.
Five letters, each of these will spell,
The centre letters then will tell
Of one who slew a foe alone,
And afterwards sat on the throne. C.W.N.



Pictures to Paint, No. 11. THE SAILOR "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

HOW A BOY OR GIRL IS LIKE A WATCH.

I ONCE heard of a gentleman who was speaking to some boys and girls in a Sunday-school, and he wanted to show them how they would exist for ever — that their souls would live on in eternity after their body was dead and buried. They listened to him, but didn't seem to understand him very well. This he noticed; so he thought he would, by a very simple illustration, make it plain to them. Taking his watch out of his pocket, he said to a little boy sitting near him—

"James, can you tell me what this is which I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir," replied James.

"But, how do you know it is a watch?"

"Because we can see it, and hear it ticking," cried the whole school together.

"All right," said the gentleman; "Now we'll take this case off, and put it here in my hat under the table."

Having done so, he turned again to the children and asked:

"Now, boys and girls, which is the watch? You saw me take the case and put it out of sight in my hat there. Do you hear anything?"

"Yes, sir," all shouted, "we hear the part you have in your hand still ticking."

"Just so," said the gentleman, "This in my hand is what is called the 'works,' and, as you see, it goes just as well, and ticks just as loud with the case in my hat there, as it did before they were parted."

The children were quick to see the point. They were very much like the watch. Their body was like the case, and their soul like the works, and although they were to die, the soul would live on and on forever.

In Ephesians ii. 7 we read of "Ages to came," and, dear boys and girls, they will be spent by every one of you, either in *Heaven* or *Hell!* Which will it be? You may soon die, and your friends may bury your body in the grave, but, your soul will not be in the grave, it will be either with the Lord Jesus or in hell.

But, you may be saved now, while you read these lines, for "*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*" (1 Tim. 1. 15). In order to do this, He had to die for their sins, which he did on Calvary's tree, and God has now raised Him to His own right hand in Heaven, as a proof of how well-pleased He is with what Jesus did. Now, He wants *you* to be well-pleased with Jesus too, and *you* will prove that *you* are, when, as a helpless and guilty sinner, you trust Him as your own Saviour. Do so now, and then the "ages to come" will be spent in Heaven with the Lord Jesus Christ, and all those who are with Him.

Detroit, U.S.A. T. D. W. M.

THE GOSPEL FROM A GOAT.

OUR lesson to-day is about a familiar animal—THE GOAT. Goats are often mentioned in the Bible, especially in the Old Testament. The children of Israel had a large number of them when journeying through the desert to Canaan. Many of these creatures were slain in the sacrifices of the tabernacle, as commanded by God. There was one sacrifice in particular, in which two goats had an important part. It was called "the day of atonement," described in Leviticus 16, and was held once every year. On that day the Israelites were gathered together at the tabernacle, and two goats were led forward to Aaron, the high priest. He cast lots upon them, and separated them according to the lot—one to be the *sacrifice* goat, and the other to be the *scape*goat.

SINNERS
SAVIOUR
SLAIN
SINS
SENT
AWAY

Let us look first at the goat for SACRIFICE. While he got ready the knife to kill the victim, doubtless many pitying looks would be directed towards the goat selected for sacrifice. Why was it to die? To make atonement for the sins of the people. By this God wanted to remind the children of Israel that they were

SINNERS.

God would have you learn the same lesson to-day. You cannot truthfully say you have never sinned (1 John 1. 10). You do not require to do a great many wicked things before you become a sinner. The fact that you have sinned at all shows that you have a sinful nature. The evil things you have committed are the outcome of an evil heart (Mark 7. 21).

By this ceremony God also taught His plan of salvation by substitution. He can do nothing else with sin but punish it by death (Ezek. 18. 20). How could He do this with the guilty children of Israel, and yet save them? By finding another to bear their punishment. The goat was the substitute He provided to die in their stead, and thus it became Israel's

SAVIOUR.

The goat is a type of Jesus. When there was nothing before us but judgment, He came to be our Saviour (1 Tim. 1 15). "In our place condemned He stood." Accept Him as your Saviour, leave your case with Him and He will save you. "None perish that Him trust."

With knife in hand Aaron now approached the waiting sacrifice. One moment the blade was raised, the next it was buried in the neck of the goat. The life-blood was shed, the victim was

SLAIN.

The high priest sprinkled the blood on the mercy-seat to make atonement for sin. The sight must have stirred the emotions of many of the onlookers, yet how few are moved by the far more touching story of Calvary. Think of what Jesus suffered, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the nailing to the Cross, the lifting up, the agony and death. Remember, it was to make atonement for all your sins His blood was shed (Eph. 1. 7). *Instead of you* He suffered and died. Aaron next dealt with the SCAPEGOAT. Laying his hands on its head he confessed all the transgressions of the Israelites. By doing this he placed upon it the burden of the people's

SINS.

Like the scapegoat, Jesus had a load of sins put upon Him. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). Then surely, if *all*, yours must be included. "All your sins were laid upon Him; Jesus bore them on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). As Aaron did with the goat, lay your hands by faith on Jesus, claiming Him as your sin-bearer.

Carrying Israel's sins, the scapegoat was

SENT AWAY

in charge of a fit person to a lonely part of the wilderness, there to be left to wander, never to return. Do you know what God will do with your sins the moment you believe in Jesus? He will remove them an infinite distance from you, "as far as east from west" (Psa. 103. 12). He will put them out of reach "into the depths of the sea" (Micah 7. 19), out of sight, "behind His back" (Isa. 38. 17), and out of mind. "He will remember them no more" (Heb. 10. 17). This blessing will be yours if you trust Jesus *now*. T. R. C.

Original Object Lessons, No. 201.

ANNIE'S CLEVER ANSWER;

OR,

THE THIEF WHO WAS ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

"ON WHICH SIDE OF THE SAVIOUR WAS THE PENITENT THIEF?"

ANNIE'S CLEVER ANSWER.

WHETHER the Sunday-school teacher be male or female, whether the class be composed of romping boys, cheery girls, or more sedate miss, maid, or man, the method of question and answer must have raised many interesting points, on many varied portions of Scripture, at one time or another.

Long ago we remember asking, "What colour was Rahab's cord?" It happened to be in a strong Protestant district and a special time of year, and the answer from a young hopeful was "yellow." We could only reply that both *orange* and *blue* must, as far as heaven was concerned, be set on one side, as nothing but the *red* stream of precious blood could avail for salvation (1 John 1. 7).

A clever answer was once given by a bright country girl named Annie. The lady teacher had asked, "On which side of the Saviour was the penitent thief?" Annie promptly replied, "On the *right* side, ma'am." "Well, Annie, how do you know that he was on the right side?" queried the teacher with eager suspense. "Because, teacher, he was on the side of Jesus, and he must have been on the *right side*," pertly replied the scholar. And she was right in the right sense, for whether he died on the cross at the right *hand* of the Saviour or not, he certainly died on the right *side*—on the Lord's side. Born in sin, brought up in sin, the dying robber realised that there was no hope of a future kingdom, as the devil never had a kingdom, and never will have a kingdom. Ah! he realised more. The Lowly Sufferer by his side praying for His enemies, dumb "as a sheep before her shearers," had captivated his heart, and led his mind from this fleeting world to the world to come. In his heart-need he cried, "Lord, remember me." In His heart-love Jesus replied, "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise" (Luke 23. 43). From the prison cell to the Paradise of God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, *you* may not be interested in the colour of Rahab's cord, but surely it is of vital importance to find out whether *you* are serving God or mammon? (Matt. 6. 24). Which is your master—Christ or Satan? (Matt. 6. 24). On which side are you at this moment, "*for*" Christ or "*against*" Christ (Mark 9. 40)? One or the other it is now, one or the other it will surely be at the end of life's journey, one or the other it will be for ever and ever. You shall either, as one who "believeth *not*" on the Lord Jesus Christ (John 3. 36), be sent away into "everlasting shame and contempt," or as one who "believeth" on Him, be ushered into the pleasures at God's right hand for evermore.

Why not, like Annie and some of her companions, make the choice, "Christ for me," and hear His voice saying, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life" (John 5. 24)? Trust Him now, and be on the right side for evermore. HYP.

A MALE TEACHER WITH A DIFFICULT CLASS

FAITHFUL MARY.

MARY MILLAR first saw the light of day on the 19th November, 1889, in the town of Johnstone. At the early age of three she started to go to a Sunday school, and heard the simple story of Jesus. In the year 1899 her parents removed to Paisley, and Mary began to attend Cumberland Hall Sunday School, where she still heard that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Through hearing these simple words spoken from time to time she believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and began to show signs of having been "born again" (John 3. 3). Her conduct manifested that she was truly "saved" (Acts 16. 31), and her consistent life showed to those with whom she came in contact that she had something the world cannot give and the world cannot take away.

MARY MILLAR, OF PAISLEY.

For some time she was employed in the large thread mills of Messrs. Coats, but her young life was soon to be cut short. On the 2nd March, 1907, she came home from work feeling very cold, and it soon developed into that dreadful trouble pneumonia, and on the 11th March she passed into Eternity. Her end was peace. During the few days she was ill she spoke to those who visited her about the Saviour whom she had trusted, and told her mother not to weep for her, as she was going home to see Jesus who died for her on Calvary's Cross. On the 9th March she sent for her Sunday-school teacher, so that she might again hear him read out of the book she prized most—the Bible. He read to her a few verses from John 14, beginning at verse 1: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's House are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself: that where I am there ye may be also." Her face lit up as the Word was being read. The cheering thought of seeing face to face the One who had died for her made her glad. She had found in Him a Saviour, a Friend, and longed to see "the King in His beauty." On the Monday morning she passed peacefully away, and with her latest breath sung in a clear distinct voice the verses of the children's favourite hymn:—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
'Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall reign with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye."

Her remains were laid in Johnstone Cemetery, and at the grave side a solemn warning was given to the unconverted to be ready for the judgment day.

As you read this touching incident, are you able to say that Jesus is your Saviour, and that you have the assurance of eternal glory? If not, trust Jesus now! He shed His precious blood for you on Calvary's Cross. Hear the loving invitation, "Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). If you refuse the Gospel call, you will never be in the glory land. Remember the shortness of Time and the nearness of Eternity. You may be alive and well just now, but the death angel may knock to-night, and summons you into the presence of God. If such was to take place to-night, what about your precious soul? WHERE—for Eternity, Heaven, or Hell, which? Believe, and live, and happy be for Time and through Eternity.

G. G.

"HOW GOD SAVED," NO. 86.

NATIONAL TREASURES.

HOW true, even to this present moment, are the words which Jesus uttered long ago. When speaking of treasures, He told us where they should be stored up—namely, where there are no thieves to steal.

In our picture we have a reproduction of the national treasures which were stolen from Dublin Castle about the month of June, 1907. They were to have been used on the occasion of the King's visit, but some unknown hand had removed them. We want to remember that these precious gems, whose use is principally to be worn on great State occasions, can give no ray of comfort to a lost and doomed world. What can? Something more precious, even our precious Bible, the Holy Scriptures. Let us now consider some of the treasures mentioned in the Bible. In addition to others there are

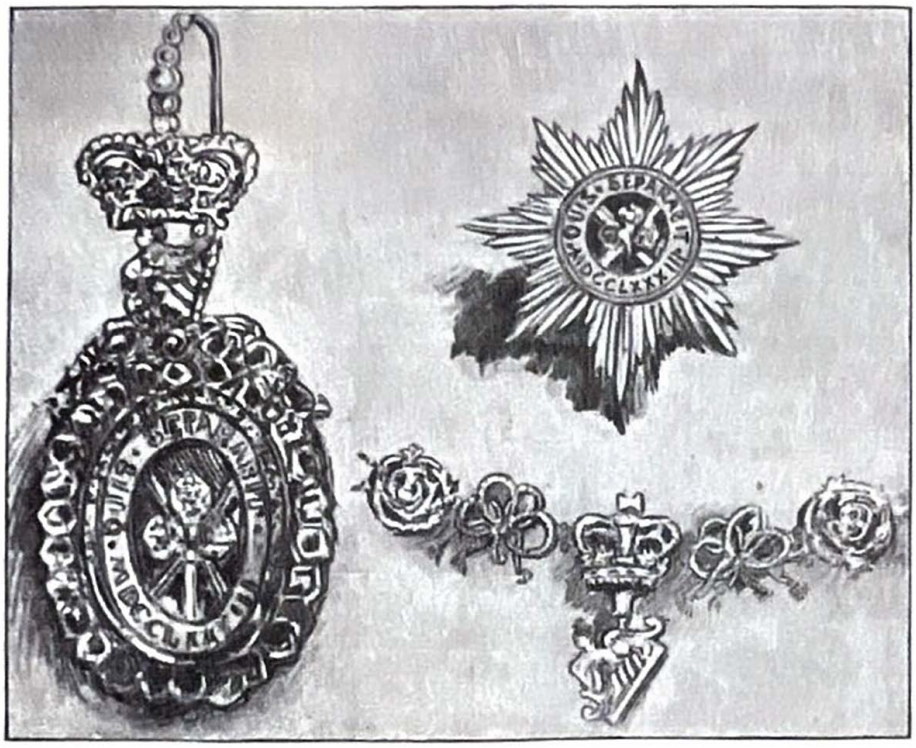


PHOTO OF THE TREASURES STOLEN FROM DUBLIN CASTLE.

HEART TREASURES.

If you read Luke 6. 45 you will find that Jesus speaks of bringing forth treasures of two different kinds. If you have good treasure in your heart it will be known by the words you speak. The best treasure that it is possible for anyone to have there is Christ. If you can say He lives in your heart (Eph. 3. 17), then this is of more value than all the jewels on earth. He loves to make His abode in the hearts of boys and girls. Believe in Him, and His love will abide in your heart.

Again we read of

HOUSE TREASURES.

Long ago there was built in Jerusalem a very costly House. It was divinely planned, and God inhabited it afterward, but it was also destroyed by His command, for that hateful thing called sin was so indulged in that there was nothing else left but to destroy it (2 Chron. 36. 16). In that house there were treasures of wonderful value, exquisite to behold. But nothing can please God if there is sin mixed up with it. That House passed away. God is now building one more costly still, and more enduring. Each stone in this temple cost more than all the others put together. It is being built of living stones, and each boy and girl who truly believes in their heart in Jesus will be a stone in this House (1 Peter 2. 5). Jesus is the foundation on which all are built (Eph. 2. 20). We come next to the

HID TREASURE.

This you will find in Matt. 13. 44, "Treasure hid in a field." But before it could be possessed, the one who found it had to sell all he had. Do you ever think to whom do all the gold and silver and precious stones truly belong? They belong to Jesus—that One who was so poor that He had nowhere to lay His head, who knew what it was to be hungry (Matt. 21. 18) and thirsty (John 4. 7); who knew what it was to sink into death's cold waters (John 19. 34). that the world-field might be bought, and the hid treasure possessed. If you will accept the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour, you will be part of that special treasure for which He gave Himself. This brings us to the

"HEAVENLY TREASURE."

A treasure in heaven (Matt. 6. 20). No need for locks and bars and iron shutters there, because there are no thieves. No moths destroy the beautiful robes the redeemed shall wear. Eternal youth and beauty shall adorn every brow. But what about the treasure laid up? The Lord Jesus has a Book of Remembrance. Everything you do for His Name's sake He sees and knows, and when the day comes for Gathering, He will remember all His own who have loved and served Him, and reward them according to their faithfulness here. Js. Fs.

Original Object Lessons, No. 202.

HOW BLACK AND WHITE ARE ALIKE.

AS we look at these men sitting "clothed and in their right minds," and remember that they are descendents of naked cannibals, we see how far-reaching is the influence of the Cross of Christ. Hundreds of these black men are employed on sugar plantations in Queensland, and many of them are noted for their godly and prayerful lives. They are natives of the South Sea Islands. Large numbers have been brought to Queensland from their heathen homes. As a result of missionary effort and the spread of the Gospel among them, many have been converted to God—a result which has produced in their lives an inward and outward change, inwardly as regards their belief and their will, outwardly as relates to their customs and behaviour.

Most white people have room for a radical change along these lines. The words of the Lord Jesus, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18. 3), apply to white people not less than to black. God does not judge our hearts by the outward appearance. A difference in colour and facial expression does not count with Him. A bad sovereign differs in many ways from a bad shilling, but in the most important respect they are both alike—both are *bad*. In that particular there is no difference. It is in this sense God has said of all mankind: "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

But the riches of God's grace to man are such that He has put a word—a good, old-fashioned word—in the Bible which appeals to all, making no distinction between colour or nationality, and so long as this word sounds in our ears no one need despair of salvation. "WHOSOEVER" is the word. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life," This word applies to the civilised and the heathen, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, and remember it applies to you. F. B.

NATIVES OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS WHO WORK ON SUGAR PLANTATIONS IN QUEENSLAND.

DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

"NO!"

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not" (Proverbs 1. 10).

THEY came and tempted me to sin,
But I refused, for deep within
God whispered low—"My son, say 'No!'"

They said, "Come now and see 'the play,'
And dance and sing—be light and gay";
I said, "N-O, my lads, spells '*No!*'"

They tried, with many a wink and joke,
To make me "toss," and drink, and smoke;
I was not slow to tell them "No!"

They offered me the billiard "cue,"
They dealt the "cards"; they pressed me, too,
The "dice" to throw. But I said "No!"

They tempted me with vicious books,
Enticing words and lecherous looks;
I stopped them, though, with one stern "No!"

They sought to make me lower and hide
The flag I flew; I smiled, and cried,
With heart aglow—"No! never—No!"

They sometimes tempt me even yet;
I argue not—they only get
That little "No!" and off they go.

Cartoons to Colour, No. 12. DANIEL IN THE DEN
"Then said Daniel, My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths" (Daniel 6. 21, 22).

But does some lad enquire the way
He may be able thus to say
The needed "No!" when tempted so?

Trust Jesus Christ to save your soul,
And let Him all your life control,
And He will show how to say "No!"

When tried, you then will breathe a prayer,
And grace will down the answer bear,
And strength bestow to still say "No!"

And angels will with joy behold
You face the tempter's ranks, and bold
Heaven's bugle blow, and ring out "No!"

Oh, think! oh, think! what might have been,
The bliss of some now sunk in sin,
And shame, and woe, had they said "No!"

Come, be a valiant Christian lad;
Hold fast the good, refuse the bad,
And stronger grow by saying "No!"

Help us to keep the colours high,
And by the grace of God defy
Our soul's great foe with faith's brave "No!"

And when at last above we go,
The Home-song shall the sweeter flow,
That while below we thus said "*No!*"

S. J. B. C.

A SEARCH FOR A PROPHET.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, NO. 167.

"Search the Scriptures . . . for they are they which testify of ME" (John 5. 39).

A *king* who early in his reign
Opened the temple doors again.
A *king* who died of sore disease,
And doctors sought his pain to ease.
A *land* where dwelt a captive race,
God brought them to a better place.
A careless *governor* of renown,
Who ruled a conquered Grecian town.
A *king* another wished to see,
But from his presence had to flee.
"Where is the Lamb?" my last once cried,
A *type* was he of Christ who died.
Now write the letters first in each,
And they a prophet's name will teach,
Who urged the Jews within the land
To build for God a temple grand. C.W.N.

Answer to Original Searching, No. 166.—
ElDad, StAnd, HaVen, PrIde, JuDas—DAVID.

LITTLE LILIAN'S MESSAGE.

IT was hardly to be wondered at that the man of whom I write thought God stern and unkind. With his wife dead, and the children, all but one little girl, laid in the churchyard, we can little marvel that the poor fellow esteemed God as an enemy, who had robbed him of his treasures. He did not understand that love had taken his jewels into safer keeping. Such was the case, but he would not own God's love, and so almost gave up belief in the God of love.

And now his last diamond was being loosened from its setting in his heart. Little Lilian was ill. Partly that he might be near her, and partly to divert his thoughts, he busied himself about the house, and even in her room. The venetian blinds wanted mending, so he brought his tools and wood and set to work. Presently the little one called him.

"Dadda, bring two of your sticks to me."

Of course he obeyed.

"Now, dadda, lay one across the other and put a nail, one nail, right through."

The result was a cross.

"Now, dadda, get your pencil, your big one that you mark your wood with, and write, "'JESUS DIED FOR DADDA.'"

Tears were in his eyes; but he was an honest man, and would not deceive her.

"Lily, I can't write that. I'd have to be a Christian if I did."

The little one pleaded; but it was of no avail. He felt he could not write what he did not believe. But then his chief belief, or want of belief, did not settle whether it was true or not. It might be true, even though he believed not; and perhaps the right to pencil those words only depended upon his believing what might already be a fact. He thought of it. The Bible said, "Jesus died." Then He died for somebody. Was there any particular somebody for whom Jesus did not die? No. Why then should he exclude himself? Had he not as much right to say Jesus died for him, as anybody upon the big round earth? Had he opened his Bible, one text would have solved every doubt: "HE DIED FOR ALL" (2 Cor. v. 15). Therefore for dadda, only dadda did not believe it.

God has ways of making us believe. Lily, his beautiful flower, was transplanted, not destroyed. No, he could not think the fair bud was destroyed; there must be another garden.

So he might hope to see his Lily again, and the other flowers and his wife.

After the child was buried, he took up the rough cross he had made, and there was the place where she had asked him to write. Should he do it? Oh that he had rejoiced her heart by writing it while she was with him! But might he write it now? He deserved to die. He feared to die; for his conscience told him, "After death the judgment." But if Jesus was judged and died for him, death would only be going into the sunny, thornless garden where his Lily was blooming.

He loved the child, and one morning was found at her grave with the cross. He could not keep away from the little body he loved so well, and the home was so lonely now he could not stay there. Do you see those words along the straight piece of wood? He has written it. "JESUS DIED FOR DADDA." Now he believes it, and finds—

> "A joy in sorrow,
> A secret balm for pain,
> A beautiful to-morrow
> Of sunshine after rain."

Do you believe Jesus died for you? Write it! W. L.

A Guid Hame.

WHEN I went in to see——, a young man about twenty years of age, he did not know me. I went near and whispered, "Do you know the Lord Jesus?" On hearing these words, he suddenly turned round and said, "Precious Jesus! precious Jesus! He's a precious Jesus to me." "Are you not afraid to die?" I asked. "O no," he said, "it's a happy change: I'm gaun tae a guid hame." These were about his last words. He was early called home; and had just been twelve months rejoicing in the Lord Jesus, whose Name he knew and loved so well. S.

THE FAVOURED THREE—III. JOHN.

IT is worthy of remark that in the meaning of the names of the favoured three we get each man's character. Simon was named Cephas, meaning "a stone" (John 1. 42). A strong, sure, dispassioned disciple, a foundation man (Ephes. 2. 20). James means "supplanter," and he desired the place at Christ's right hand for himself before all others. The Lord answered him by death. John means "Jehovah is gracious," and in his temperament the youngest was most like his Master—ever loving. Let me tell you of the good

START

this youth had in his Christian course, which he also finished, like St. Paul, with joy. In the lovely calm of an Eastern evening three persons might be seen on the highway in earnest conversation. The eldest was a man of singularly marked individuality, but of austere look. As they talked, a fourth person approached. All at once the Baptist cried out as he looked upon the stranger: "Behold the Lamb of God" (John 1. 29). Yes, it was He—the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the day of trouble (Jer. 14. 8). Immediately John followed after Jesus, crying: "Teacher, where do you reside?" to which he received the gracious reply, "Come and see." He spent the rest of the day in the presence of the Word, and "beheld His glory, as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth" (John 1. 14). Soon John found himself

SELECTED

(Mark 3. 13, 14) to be with Christ, and to be sent forth to preach, but he found himself shunned by his relatives and accounted a madman, because he followed the Nazarene (Mark 3. 21) in close fellowship with his beloved Master (Mark 3. 31-35). But let us see how happy John was, and where his

SATISFACTION

lay. It was in this, that by faith he enjoyed the blessed fact—"Jesus loves *even me.*" And we are sure of this, for five times in his Gospel he names himself as "that disciple whom Jesus loved" (John 13. 23; 19. 26; 20. 2; 21. 7, 20). Therefore, in the quiet confidence of love, he reclined on Jesus' bosom at the last supper, and was so near Him that he could ask what he would. So he is the apostle of the love of God. His disposition made him a fit man for a

SPECIAL CHARGE.

At the foot of the Cross of Christ might have been seen a group of four devoted Marys, and Salome, the mother of John. There they abode, witnessing the sufferings of the blessed Lord, and the cruel taunts of His tormentors. Suddenly Jesus, casting a look of love upon His mother, said: "Woman, behold thy son." Then turning to John, He said: "Behold thy mother" (John 19. 26, 27). This beloved disciple perfectly understood what Christ meant, for he took Mary, probably a poor widow then, to his own home. Many

SPECIAL SIGHTS

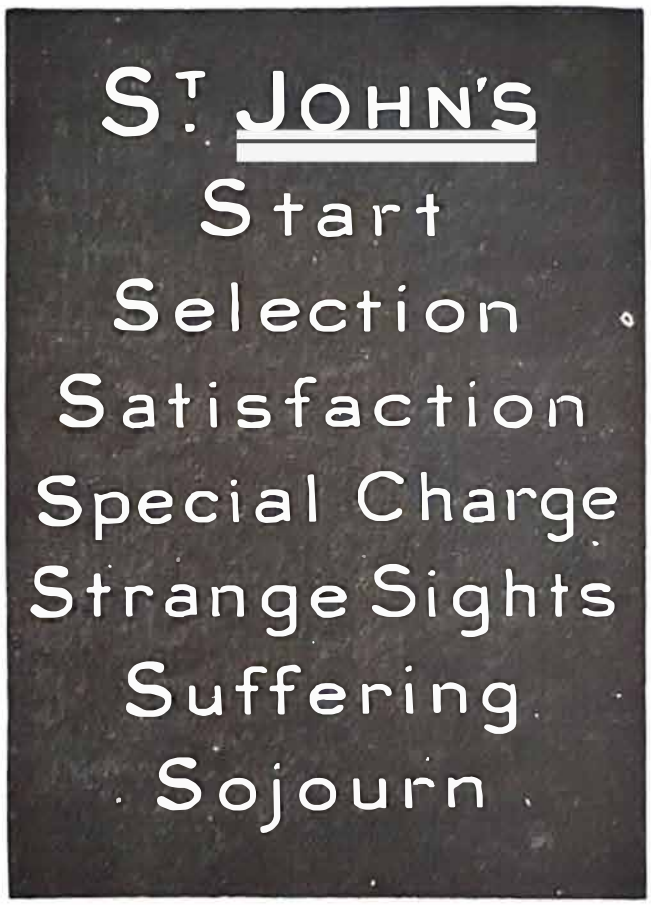
were reserved for John, but space only permits us alluding to three of these. "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side; and he that saw it bare record, and his record is true" (John 19. 34, 35). Years after the Lord took His seat in Heaven, John saw a great sight—a whole city of idolators turned to God. Gladly He bestowed on them by the laying on of hands the "gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 8. 14, 15). John saw Christ in the vision at Patmos, but fell at His feet as one dead, till Jesus laid His right hand on him, saying: "Fear not; I am the First and the Last."

SUFFERING

was part of John's privilege and discipline for Christ's sake—first, in the prison at Jerusalem (Acts 4. 3); again a second time (Acts 5. 18); lastly, he is found on the lonely Isle of Patmos, exiled among the common fellows "in tribulation," for Jesus' sake. His was a remarkable

SOJOURN,

because he lived on earth longer than all the apostles. Like him, make the start now, and you will find satisfaction and glory. T.R.D.



Original Blackboard Lessons, No. 209.

THE FATAL CYCLE SPIN;

OR,

HOW THE DAUGHTER OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT WAS CAUGHT.

"AN ENJOYABLE AND INVIGORATING PASTIME."

THE FATAL CYCLE SPIN.

CYCLING is a very enjoyable and invigorating pastime, and none appear more graceful upon the bicycle than youths and maidens. What vivacity and pleasure our artist has instilled into his picture! the very dog seems to enter into the spirit of the race. But cycling is not all pleasure, for many mishaps take place, both to wheels and limbs, and it becomes those who ride to use caution, and even to be ready for instant death by being certain of being children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

This reminds me of a very sad event which happened to a young lady. I was not acquainted with her, but knew her father, who was a Member of Parliament for a Scotch shire. This young person was out for a spin along the Haddington Coast. When returning homeward the road was narrow. A carriage and pair, in which was a Christian lady, was coming along, and the space between wall and coach was rather narrow. Instead, however, of riding very slowly or dismounting from her cycle and walking on the side path our young friend attempted to rush along the narrow space, but in shorter time than you can read this her machine had skidded, and she was crushed amongst the horses feet and the wheels of the carriage. But an instant, and her comely form was bruised and broken, and soon her spirit passed away to be with God who gave it. I will not attempt to describe the grief at home, to her poor father, who was a widower, and to whom his daughter did the honours of the house.

Whether she really loved the Lord I cannot tell, but I would lovingly whisper in your ear, Are you ready to die? Do you know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour and Friend? Suppose the Lord returned to-day into the air for His blood-bought people, would you rise to meet Him?

Once when I was just starting in a train from Cork I asked an intelligent Irish boy who helped me with my bag where he would be if Jesus came—would he go into glory with the saints? After a few moments' thought he fixed his bright eyes upon my face and said with much feeling, "I'll be there." You must go to the Bible to learn both how you are lost and saved. Mr. Midlane tells of a dear girl who wished to take her much-loved Bible with her to heaven. "Then," she said, "should Jesus ask why I was there, I would point Him to His own words —'Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest'" (Matt. 11. 28). Precious faith! precious Saviour! May you possess both! T. R. D.

CHRIST IN THE HEART.—Tell me how you spend your evenings, and I will tell you whether you are a pilgrim to the glory or not. If you are going to heaven, the subject of conversation will naturally be about the place to which you are going, and of Him who is there in the midst—the Lord Jesus Christ. But you say the conversation is not about Him at all. What! Not about Him? No. Well, if His Kingdom and power and glory do not engage your attention, it is surely not difficult to tell whether Christ is dwelling in your heart by faith; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. W.S.

"IT BECOMES THOSE WHO RIDE TO USE CAUTION."

THE FIRST TURNING TO THE RIGHT.

"THE BISHOP PUT OUT HIS HEAD"

THERE is an old story of a certain learned and popular divine, who when upon the railway, heard one of the company's employees talking rather loudly to his mate on the opposite platform. "They tell me," said he, "that the bishop's on this train; if I know'd where to find him, I'd axe him the road to heaven."

The bishop promptly put his head from the window and called out: "MY GOOD MAN, TO GET TO HEAVEN, TAKE THE FIRST TURNING TO THE RIGHT AND KEEP STRAIGHT ON."

Now this is as simple a lesson as can be found in any primer on geography, but in order to give a practical demonstration of it, four essential points must be observed:

1. To decide definitely and incontrovertibly *which is your right hand.*
2. To take a forward step.
3. To turn round the first right-hand corner.
4. To go ahead! and keep going.

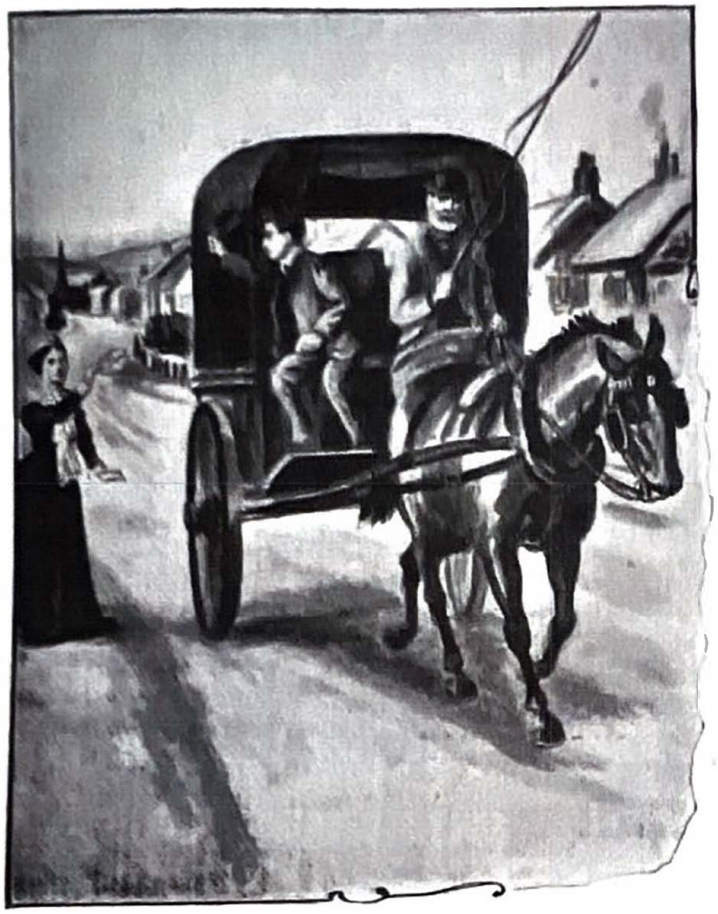
THE JOURNEY.

The good old Guide Book tells of a city in which there dwelt 120,000 persons that could not discern their right hand from their left (Jonah 4. 11), and this race is by no means extinct: many are to be found to day amongst folk who rank as cultured and educated. One lady was heard to remark that she never could be quite certain which was her right hand until she looked at her wedding ring, and that always reminded her how as a Christian girl she turned to the left on the day of her marriage to a man who was an unbeliever, and had never got right since.

My "chum" in the old country boarding-school was a lovely boy. He was a farmer's son, but "there was none of the hay-seed about him," as the Yankees say. He started for London to take up his first duties in the great city, and his mother wept over him so sorely that the old carrier, whose crazy cart was waiting to bear the boy and his baggage to the distant station, walked down a lane to hide his emotion. Then as the aged mare shuffled along the village street, Claude shouted back to his fond parent: "I'LL DO IT, MOTHER; NEVER FEAR!"

What she desired him to do was this: her parting gift had been a Bible, exquisitely bound, and as she put it into his overcoat pocket she said—"My boy, let it be your compass and chart; when you need guidance and help consult it, it always tells true; and remember that it's never safe to go out of port without a Pilot." I suppose, therefore, that when he said, "I'll do it," he meant that he would read and obey the Book, and seek help from the Heavenly Guide.

London was reached at length—wonderful London—the marvel of the world; the city that dips to hell and stretches up to heaven; that is beautiful and diabolical by turns. Claude was dazzled, and no wonder. At 8 a.m. he had been in the sleepy old village, at 8 p.m. he was being shown the gaieties of Regent's Circus and Piccadilly by a fellow-apprentice two years his senior. The youths became confidential, and when



CLAUDE SHOUTED, "I'LL DO IT, MOTHER."

at last the new boy grew tired, his companion led him back to the business house and introduced him to the dormitory—the spot where so many youthful characters are tested. Here Claude ventured in his simplicity to enquire whether the fellows read their Bibles and prayed before turning in, which gave his companion such a shock of merriment that all the men in and outside the room rushed forward to learn what new joke had come to town with the yokel apprentice. Claude sat on the side of his bed for a long time, trying to persuade himself that he did not know which was his right hand. He shut his conscience-eye, and then declared he could not see. Whilst thus engaged, that wily only Enemy who once quoted scripture to the Lord of Glory, whispered in his ear: "Cast not your pearls before swine." At that moment the lights were lowered, and Claude started up. "No, I won't," he said, as if answering the voice, and in three minutes he was in bed. So his mother's Bible was not exhibited, and there were no travelling slippers that night. No! for *Claude had turned to the left.*

The "sweet angel of balmy sleep" came not his way however, and the weary lad tossed restlessly as the hours passed slowly round, and the neighbouring church clock broke the silence with its weird strokes. His pillow might have been stuffed with thorns, and his bed with flint-stones, so little comfort did they bring him; but thus has it ever been, for "the way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. 13. 15), and he was already experiencing the remorse of cowardice. "Whosoever," said the Lord Jesus, "shall be ashamed of Me and My words, . . . of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed" (Mark 8. 38).

Dear lovable, charming Claude, you were directed south and you deliberately turned north. How could you mistake the road when the finger-post was so clearly guiding you? Could you be so foolish as to "drop the Pilot when the storm was beginning?" I wonder not that you drifted upon the rocks. *To be followed by Stage II.—"Down! Down! Down!"*

FRANK H. FORD.

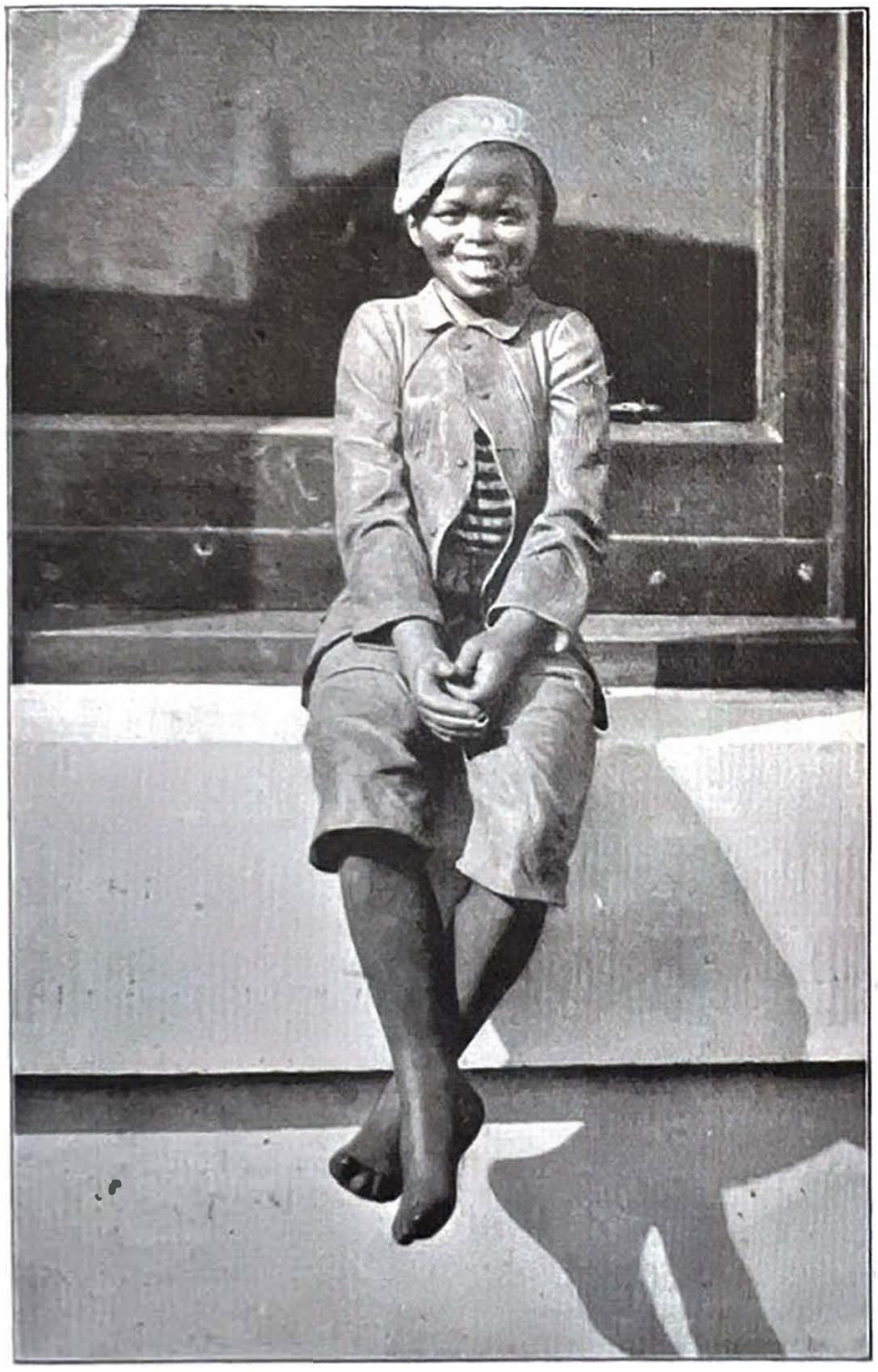
"BELIEVING," NOT "FEELING."—Dr. Torrey was once conducting a mission in Chicago. One night he had a talk with a man and his wife about their souls. The man's great hindrance was he had no "feeling," as he called it. Dr. Torrey told him that it was "to as many as *received* Him"—not had a certain feeling—"to them gave He power" (John 1. 12). He believed that he was a sinner, and Jesus was a Saviour, but could not get over the "feeling" part of it. At last Dr. Torrey asked him what business he was in. He replied, "The real estate business." Then Dr. Torrey said, "If I offered you a corner lot for £1000, which you were sure you could sell for £2000, would you, because you had no feeling, refuse the offer?" "No," he replied; "I'd buy it quick." "Well," said Dr. Torrey; "you don't require any 'feeling' here either." The man immediately saw the light, *received* the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour, and was saved there and then. Will you do the same?

W. D.

THE SHAM BOY.

LOOK at him as he sits with his grin, so happy and contented like. Who would suspect that he is only a sham? Yet so it is! For instead of being a real boy on a real seat, he is simply a terra cotta model dressed up, stuck on a window sill, and photographed.

But why do we insert it here? Because it reminds of so many boys (aye and girls too) who are only shams! "Oh!" you say, but don't say it too loud, for what is the boy who pretends he is a Christian, acts and speaks as if he were one, when in his heart he knows full well that he has never been "born again," and is only a professor of Christianity instead of a real possessor of Christ. Remember that God says, "The *hypocrite's* hope shall perish" (Job 8. 13), and "an hypocrite shall not come before Him" (Job. 13. 16). Then how can I know whether I am a real Christian or a sham Christian? Here is a simple test which seldom fails. How many birthdays have I *this year?* If I have only *one*, then I am not a real Christian, for I have only been born once, born in sin, born of the flesh, and "that which is born of the flesh *is flesh*" (John 3. 6), and will never be fit for heaven, however it may be mended, improved, or made religious. If I have been born *twice*, then I meet God's requirements. "Ye must be born *again*" (John 3. 3). Having been born of the Spirit, "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John 3. 6), is "born from above," and must land up above with the saved in the heavenly throng. Now, have you *one* birthday or *two* birthdays this year?



Oh! don't be a sham, be real, and if you are a lost sinner own it up before God; accept the Saviour's invitation, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28), and you will be welcomed, saved, kept, and by-and-by glorified.

Look the sham boy in the face, and say *now*, "God helping me, I will be genuine, I will take Christ as my Saviour and Lord, and by-and-by I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness." HYP.

NEW SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS.

"NO SEPARATION:"

OR, ROMANS EIGHT AND THIRTY-NINE.

Tune—"Communion."

"NO Separation"; O my soul,
How precious are these words divine
The Holy Spirit doth unfold,
In "Romans eight and thirty-nine."

"No Separation"; life nor death,
Nor principalities combined,
Can rob us of our royal birth,
Says "Romans eight and thirty-nine."

"No Separation"; precious truth
Through countless ages still shall shine;
None can these words twist, mix, or dim,
In "Romans eight and thirty-nine."

"No Separation"; oh, what love!
The weakest saint may here recline;
Firm as the throne of God above
Is "Romans eight and thirty-nine."

"No Separation"; little flock,
A hoof shall not be left behind
That has been placed upon this Rock,
In "Romans eight and thirty-nine."

"No Separation"; Triune God,
The glory and the praise be Thine
For this eternal threefold cord,
In "Romans eight and thirty-nine."

D. M'CULLOCH.

"HIS OWN."

(1 Pet. 2. 24; Rev 1. 5; 1 Cor. 6. 20; 1 Pet. 1. 19.)

'Twas *His own self*, O blessed One!
Who bore our sins on Calvary
In *His own Body*, which was nailed
By cruel hands upon the tree.

By *His own Blood* He washed us white,
That He might make us all His own;
Bought with a price, oh, what a price!
And destined soon to share His Throne.

E. J. M.

A PRESENT PRAYER.

O may we daily, hourly own
The claims of Him who for us died;
May all our words and actions show
That self *with Him* was crucified. E.J.M.

A MEETING OF AGE AND YOUTH.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

No. 168.

There is a scene of beauty rare,
Which lovingly I would declare;
Where age and youth together meet,
And heavenly strains the ears do greet.
A man of more than seven-score years,
Who learned that God could calm all fears,
To his sick bed two lads are brought,
With blessing great his words are fraught;
No lads who ever lived before
Had blessing showered on them more.
But now there's boys and girls sought
For whom great blessings have been bought;
If on this page your own eyes fall,
Beloved, here the joyous call.
Eternal blessings you'll receive,
If with your heart you do believe
In Him, who God's great love displayed
By having our sins on Him laid.
Heirs with those lads whose day is past,
In glory you shall join at last—
What were the two boys' names?

JS. FS.

Answer to Searching, No. 167.
—**H**ezekiah, **A**sa, **G**oshen, **G**allio, **A**hasiah, **I**saac.—HAGGAI.

Cartoons to Colour, No. 13. THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

"They that were ready went in, and the door was shut;"

THREE THINGS ALL SHOULD DO.

A LITTLE boy who had been very regular in his attendance at the Sunday School, and had for some time given evidence by his life of real conversion to God, was laid aside by sickness. Generally before going to the class his teacher visited him, and on one occasion before leaving asked, "Have you any message you would like me to take to the class?" The little fellow replied, "Yes, teacher, will you please tell them how anxious I am they should do three things." On the teacher enquiring what they were, he replied, "First, To *Come* to Jesus; next, To *Love* Jesus; then to *Follow* Jesus.

What this little boy wished his fellow scholars to do is our wish for every reader of *Boys and Girls*. No doubt there are some, and we hope very many, who have already

COME TO JESUS.

They were taught by God's Holy Spirit that they were born in sin, and though young in years had broken the law of God, and as sinners by nature and practice were lost, condemned, liable to eternal death. But they were also taught by the same Holy Spirit that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. i. 15. That on the cross of Calvary He died a shameful, agonizing death that "Whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life," John iii. 16. Reading, Hearing, Believing this, they came to Jesus, Trusted Him, and though before they were restless, weary, worn, and sad,

> "Each found in Him a resting place,
> And He has made them glad."

Are you, dear reader, one of the number? Just stop here, and think! and if not, let me lovingly beseech you to come to Him *at once*. You little know of the happiness you are losing, or the terrible risks you run by staying away. Be assured there can be no pardon, no peace no rest, no joy that is worth possessing here, and no heaven for you hereafter, without coming to Christ. But coming to Him, trusting Him, "All things are yours, *ye* are Christ's, and Christ is God's." 1 Cor. iii. 22. Blessed position for time and eternity, and *may be yours!! Is it yours?* If so,

LOVE JESUS.

After a service for children on a Sunday afternoon a little girl with a bright beaming face was asked, "Do you love Jesus?" Without a moment's hesitation she replied, "Oh! yes, I love Him very much." "*Why* do you love Him?" enquired the friend. "I love Jesus," she replied, "because He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Perhaps all of you could not speak out boldly and clear as that, but having come to Jesus it is your privilege, and should be your delight, to tell of His love. No love like His!

> "Love strong as death, nay, stronger;
> Love mightier than the grave,
> Broad as the earth, and longer
> Than oceans widest wave;
> This is the love that sought us,
> This is the love that bought us,
> This is the love that brought us,
> To gladdest day from saddest night,
> From deepest shame to glory bright."

For such love, so amazing, so divine, you cannot thank Him too gratefully, or love Him too devotedly. Then, of course, you will—

FOLLOW JESUS.

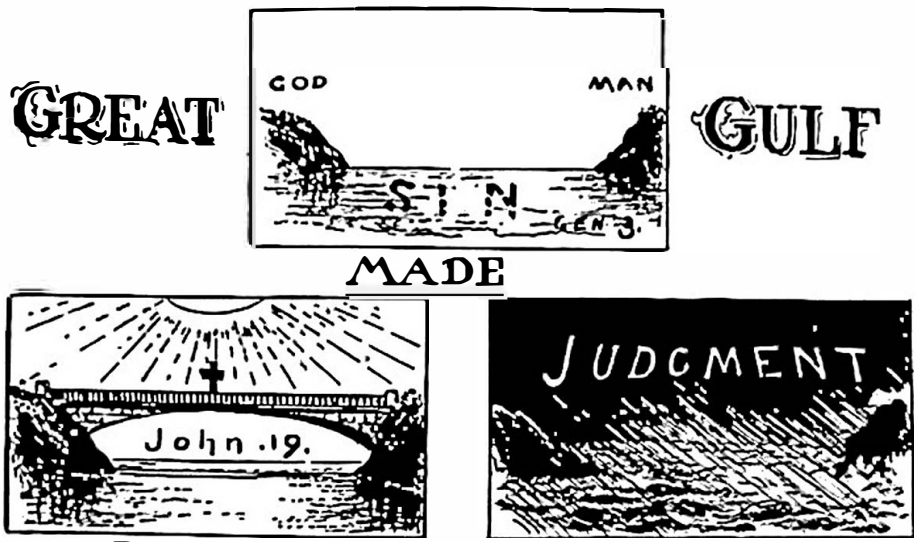
This mark is found in all saved ones, whether old or young. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they *follow* Me," John x. 27. To follow Jesus is to obey Him, to imitate Him, to think as He thought, to speak as He spake, to walk as He walked while in the world, to act in your daily life as He would act if placed in the same circumstances. Are you doing this? Could it be said of each boy and girl as of Him? Luke, ii. 52, "And JESUS increased in wisdom, and stature, and in favour with God and man." Should *you* not grow the same? Seek help from God, so that you may be kept looking to Jesus, doing this, you will grow more like Him day by day, and by and by dwell with Him in His home for ever.

GEO. HEFFORD.

THE GREAT GULF.

WE are going to speak to you this time on the subject of a Gulf. What an awful word it looks as we read it, and still more so when we think of it. Our minds picture a great wide place—too wide to span, and too deep to cross. It is truly called "*the great Gulf.*"

If we look at our first sketch, we see there such a place, and on one side is written "GOD," and on the other, "MAN." What does this picture mean? We may explain it by the first point of our subject:



THE GULF MADE.

You know the story of how many, many years ago God created a happy pair, and put them into a lovely garden filled with the most beautiful fruits and flowers, where they roamed at will and, best of all, where God Himself would come down and speak to them (Gen. 3. 8). We remember how, tempted by the serpent, they disobeyed God, and so when they heard His voice they ran and hid themselves. Why were they afraid? Because they knew that they were *sinners*, and therefore they dreaded meeting Him. Have you ever been afraid of meeting God? Doubtless you have. We remember well when very young how we used to dread the idea of death, for it was always connected in our mind with meeting God.

God loved His sinful creatures, but could not live with them, so He drove them out to wander and to die, and *the Gulf was made.* God and man must be separated, because God was holy, man was sinful.

The next sketch is very different. We see here that instead of a wide Gulf with no means of crossing, it is spanned by a noble bridge:

THE GULF BRIDGED.

When God turned our first parents out of Eden, He first gave them a promise, and sent them forth clothed in skins, by killing an innocent victim. By-and-by Abel offered his sacrifice—an innocent lamb—and that lamb died instead of Abel. Ages went by, and one day, by a river side, a great crowd was gathered, listening to a preacher clothed in a garment of camel's hair. Suddenly he pointed to one Man, who looked like an ordinary peasant, and cried out something which had never before been heard—the most wonderful sight in the world—"Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). This was the Lord Jesus, who had come to die.

Now think of that dreadful scene at Calvary. It is still Jesus, but what a sight. There He hangs in the sun, bleeding from wounds made by the cruel nails that have pierced His blessed hands and feet; and on His lovely brow is pressed a thorny crown. All around are wicked men mocking Him, but there is something worse yet. It begins to grow strangely dark though it is noontide, and soon it is black as night. The birds leave off singing, and all nature seems to hold its breath. Hark! there is a bitter cry from the dying Saviour: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Do *you* know why? HE WAS BRIDGING THE GULF FOR YOU; He was bearing your sin and mine. Hear Him again, His victor's cry on that cruel Cross: "It is Finished" (John 19. 30). THE GULF WAS BRIDGED. God can now meet us and save us if we trust to that finished work, that precious Blood.

We can only say a few words on our third:

THE GULF FIXED.

Look at the picture. A dark, stormy sky, a wild wind and tempest, the Bridge *gone*, and on the whirling water is written the awful word, "JUDGMENT." This is no fanciful idea, but an awful truth. Some will come when it is too late; some will open their eyes like the rich man in Luke 16, and find the Gulf Fixed for Ever! On New-Year's night, 1879, during a dreadful tempest, the old Tay Bridge was swept away, and a train with about 100 passengers plunged into the awful gulf. Make haste! Come to Christ! Cross the Gospel Bridge and be saved! Delay not, or the great gulf may be fixed for ever. "Only trust Him now."

W. E. W.

HAPPINESS, AND HOW TO GET IT:

ADVICE FROM "THE WISEST BOOK IN THE WHOLE WORLD."

"BOTH THE PICTURE OF HAPPINESS."

HAPPINESS, AND HOW TO GET IT.

EVERYONE wants to be happy. Baby wants to be happy; so does father and mother. Boys and girls, middle aged men and women, rich and poor, dull and witty, foolish and wise, all want to be happy.

True lovingkindness to others is the cause of proper happiness, as is beautifully illustrated by the pretty picture of the lad carrying his pet sister over the water upon his back, both the picture of happiness. Mark the light of pleasure on her little face, and how tightly she grips Willie's boots for him while she grips his neck. He is equally glad to bear the little burden above, as the cool waters bathe his bare feet beneath. Live to make others happy. Try to do so with all your might, and you will have your reward—you will be happy in your own hearts.

The Bible is a wonderful old book, the very wisest book in the whole world. God speaks by it and in it with the deepest knowledge of what is *in man*. Yes, even of what man does not know, or care to know, or wishes to know about himself, of his sins, of his secret thoughts, and of his eternal end. These are true kinds of happiness to which the Bible refers—"I am *happy*" (Gen. 30. 13). "*Happy* art thou" (Deut. 33. 29). The one we may call *natural* and the other *spiritual* happiness. The first is enjoyed by our human spirits, the latter is only given by the Spirit of God.

I will try and make this plain. The words, "I am happy," were cried by a joyful mother as she embraced and kissed her new-born son, and her words were, "I am in happiness; everyone will call me happy, so much so, that I will give my boy a new name—Asher, which means 'happy.'" Thus she expressed her natural motherly joy and happiness. God loves to see all His creatures happy. But alas, sin, selfishness, and Satan has blurred and marred every creature. Now, if you will turn to the other Scripture you will find a far different kind of happiness expressed. The greatest of the prophets, Moses (Deut. 33. 29), broke out into an adoring cry—"Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of Thy help!" Yes, the spiritual happiness consists in this, happy is the soul indeed that is *saved by the Lord*. Rest not, then, till you can truly sing—

"Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away." T. R. D.

"AS HAPPY AS A KING."

JOY IN HEAVEN.

MANY things happen around us which cause great joy on earth, although they may cause no joy in heaven. Some great event takes place, some obscure individual falls heir to a great estate; and it causes joy to not a few down here. Yet we are nowhere told that such an event causes joy in heaven. But there *is* an event which causes joy up yonder; and it is when a sinner repenteth, or turneth unto God. "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Has there been such joy over *you?*

HOW GOD SAVED AN AMERICAN MAIDEN.

I WAS brought up in a Christian home, with the Scriptures ever before me. Though time after time I was warned to "flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. 3. 7), I procrastinated, but God, in His wondrous grace, bore with me until I was eighteen years of age. I was going to have what the world calls a good time, taking part in worldly entertainments, attending parties, and trying to seek satisfaction in worldly pleasures. With all my good times I was not nearly satisfied. I knew if I died as I was I would be lost for all eternity (John 8. 21).

MABEL C. WHITE, JEROME, IOWA.

I attended conferences time after time, gospel meetings again and again. Sometimes I would be deeply impressed with the necessity of being saved. But Satan would tell me I was young, that it was best to enjoy the world now and seek the kingdom of God later; so instead of "seeking *first* the kingdom of God," I was intending to seek it *last*. I was being led on by Satan until I scarcely thought of eternity.

Mr. C. W. Ross, of Chicago, and Mr. D. R. Charles, of Kansas City, come to Centerville, Iowa, to hold a series of gospel meetings, and I had the privilege of attending the first one, held on Sunday, December 31st, 1905. On the Sunday afternoon I was awakened to see I was a lost sinner on the road to hell. And though I had been thinking very little about eternity, I saw I was nearer that afternoon than I ever was before. The meeting in the afternoon was especially for Christians, but God was dealing with me. When the meeting closed that afternoon I was "almost persuaded Christ to believe, almost persuaded Christ to receive." Yet I left the hall, lost and miserable. I attended the meeting again in the evening, and was still troubled about my soul. Never before did that scripture in Proverbs 27. 1: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," strike me so forcibly as it did that evening. The thought of no assurance of another day and still unsaved laid hold of me. All through the meeting I kept trying to believe and experience some great feeling, but could not. After the meeting closed Mr. Ross came to me and asked me if I was saved. I replied that I was not. He asked me if I would like to be saved. I told him I would. "*When* would you like to be saved?" "To-night." He told me God's time was "now"; then he opened his Bible at Matthew 11. 28: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He next turned to that well-known scripture in John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I saw clearly that through believing I would obtain "everlasting life," so I believed, and I have everlasting life. I shall never be able to thank the Lord Jesus Christ enough for His wondrous love in saving me.

I now enjoy telling others of His wonderful love, and that He is willing to save all that will come unto Him. Does the reader expect to reach the port of Heaven at last? Do you intend, when the voyage of life is over, to be received by the Lord Jesus, and spend all eternity with Him? Have you been "born again"? If not, you "cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Now, while the glad tidings of a Saviour's love are sounding in your ears, while the Lord Jesus beseeches you to be reconciled to God, while the Holy Spirit strives with you, while the door of mercy is open and the day of grace lasts, accept of God's provision for your soul's deliverance by believing on Him who suffered for sins: "The Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "Behold, *now* is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn—
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
Too late! too late! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by. M. C. W.

THE FIRST TURNING TO THE RIGHT—STAGE II.

A STEP FORWARD.

THE most popular story under Heaven is that related by Jesus in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. The young gentleman there described went DOWN! DOWN! DOWN! until he reached the level of the animals on the farm. In a few masterly touches the Prince of Authors depicts the descent from affluence to penury. Then the broken-down young scapegrace is seized with a healthy little fit of jealously after a day-dream concerning the old homestead. The thought of the savoury joints which his father's labourers are probably at that moment devouring wrings from him the piteous wail—"I PERISH WITH HUNGER!" In short, he is balancing up his accounts, and is compelled to confess that SIN DOES NOT PAY, a discovery which thousands have made before and since; yet, strangely enough, thousands more persist in trying the experiment for themselves.

Nevertheless, the prodigal had good points, *e.g.*, he was *practical* and *prompt*. He said, "I will arise," and almost immediately we read "*he arose*." Possibly the inspiration came to him as he imbibed the nauseous effluvia of the swine-trough upon which he may have been sitting. A mental comparison of this with the appetising odour of the well-filled board at home precipitating his action, he leaps forward ready for the journey. In this I think the prodigal outstrips some of my young men friends, who have been sitting on the swine-trough since they were boys, and have *said* "I will arise" a thousand times over. Indeed, they have sung it in treble, alto, tenor, and bass; they have wept it, sighed it, groaned it; but they HAVE NOT DONE IT, and I fear they will grow to that trough unless an Almighty Hand pulls them off. My friend, I pray you wake up! shake up! jump up! or the fatted calf will be grown too old for the feast. "It is high time to awake out of sleep" (Rom. 13. 11). "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." F. H. FORD.

LINES ON A BLOT.

FORGIVE the blot! perhaps it was
A thought that stayed my pen,
And down the subtle fluid ran.

In vain I sought, with pain and thought,
The foul thing to erase,
And chase it from its lurking place.

But tho' I tried, I was defied, and
Then with grief at last
I sighed, and laid it sadly past.

Ah, me, I thought, and is it not
Like some dark subtle sin
That unawares comes creeping in.

And though with fears, and many tears,
I try to drive it out,
I find it lurking thereabout.

'Twill not avail, I can but fail,
And spite of sobs and tears,
Still there the ugly thing appears.

No way I know, but just to go
To my dear Saviour's feet,
And there confession make complete.

And hiding nought, say, Lord, forgive
The blot, for none I know
But Thou can wash me white as snow.

Tho' all else fail, this must prevail,
Nor be applied in vain,
Thy blood will cleanse the foulest stain.

J. A. W. H.

ARE YOU A "DUNCE"?

"D" STANDS FOR "DUNCE" the English-speaking world over. Whether it be when "playing at school" after school hours or during vocation, or during the days of real school. Some of us have stood in the stool with the "D" on our slate and the smile on our face as we "played" at DUNCE; and some of us have stood on the stool with the "D" when it was no playing matter at all, as the Master looked sternly and school-mates looked scornfully at a real "dunce."

What is a "dunce"? Some dictionaries give meanings that I would not like to quote, as they are not meant to be associated with our "D" for the present. One of the most recent says it is "*one slow at learning.*" With this definition I want to give you the name of a good learner, and a few of the things he learned, then you can compare yourself with him, and see if you think "G" for good learner or "D" for slow learner will fit you best.

The quick learner was named SAUL, when he was the "chief of sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15), afterwards changed to PAUL, when he became a "pattern" to saints (1 Tim. 1. 16), "S" associating him with Satan—strife, sorrow, and sin; "P" associating him with pardon, peace, praise, and power. Now I want you specially to notice three out of many things that he knew.

LESSON I. "I *know* that in me (that is, in my flesh) *dwelleth no good thing*" (Rom. 7. 18). He had been a devout, religious, zealous man, yet he found it all amounted in value to "filthy rags" (Isaiah 64. 6), and giving all up, learned in himself there was "*no good thing.*" It is very important to know this, because so long as I think "I am something, I can do something, I may merit God's favour," then I will never be saved. So

"D" for Dunce on the stool. A HAPPY BAND OF BOYS AND GIRLS PLAYING AT SCHOOL.

long as the sheep had enough to eat it never thought it was lost, but once it was hungry and stuck fast among thorns it cried the lost cry, and was not long in being "found" (Luke 15. 5). So long as the prodigal had plenty of money, and therefore plenty of chums, he never thought of going home, but when all went, and he said, "I *perish* with hunger," then his heart cried, "I will arise and go to my father." Remember "He began to be in *want*" comes before "He began to be *merry*" (Luke 15. 14, 24).

LESSON II. This good learner could say, "I *know Whom I have believed*, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed *unto Him* against that day" (2 Tim. 1. 12). Wise scholar in the school of God, he stopped believing in himself, in his goodness, in others, and "believed in Christ Jesus our Lord." No wonder years after he could quickly exclaim to the Jailor in a dilemma, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). You will notice it is not believing in saints or ceremonies, believing in creeds or formulas,

Cartoons to Colour, No. 14. THE PRODIGAL SON.
He "began to be in *want*" before he "began to be *merry*."

but faith in a Person, the Lord Jesus Christ, which caused him to say, "I know Whom I have believed." Oh! how important to be clear at learning this—that whatever else and whoever else I believe it is only personal faith in "the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20) that can give peace now and pleasures for evermore at God's right hand by-and-by. "He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5. 12).

LESSON III. But Paul learned more, for he says, "*We know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, *we have a building of God*, an house not made with hands, *eternal in the heavens*" (2 Cor. 5. 1). He did not need to wait till he died to know if it would be heaven or hell for him! He had a Home "eternal," and knew it, and rejoiced in it on earth. More than that, he had many companions in this knowledge, for it is "*we* know." Some of the Corinthians who had been sinners of the Gentiles joined with the "chief of sinners" in this glorious knowledge of "peace through the Blood."

May all who read be quick at learning that (1) in me dwelleth no good thing; (2) in Christ alone is peace and salvation, and, trusting in Him, they will know (3) that should they come to die, it will be to be with Him whose "visage was so marred more than any man" (Isa. 52. 14), but who is now "crowned with Glory and Honour" (Heb. 2. 9), and be with Him for ever and ever. HYP.

WHAT WAS THE MAIDEN'S NAME?

ORIGINAL SEARCHING NO. 169.

IN the long, long ago,
A sweet maiden I know,
Saved her dear brother's life from the grave;
She was watchful and wise,
She made use of her eyes,
And outwitted the scheme of a knave.
When this maiden grew tall,
She had a bad fall,
For she blackened her brother's fair fame;
God whitened her skin,
Because of her sin,
I would like you to tell me her name. T. R.

Answer to Searching No. 168.—Ephraim and Manasseh, Genesis 48. 16.

THE MESSAGE OF SPRING.

WHO is not glad when genial Spring again
Deposes Winter? Bringing in her train
Sweet flowers, the snowdrop, crocus, daffodil,
With buttercups and daisies, loved so well
By children of all ages and degrees,
At home, or far away beyond the seas.
A gentle queen is she, of sylvan grace,
Bright smiles and tears oft mingling on her face,
Yet potent is her sceptre, far and near,
Its influence felt on hill and streamlet clear.
She breaths upon the frozen north, and lo!
From icy fetters freed, the waters flow;
King Winter in his snowy mantle flies
Before the gleaming of her sunny eyes.

THE CHRYSALIS.

Snug in a cosy crack of mossy wall
Lay hid a curious little oval ball;
How came it there? and what is it? you ask,
To tell you this in verse is now my task.
You might last Autumn in your walks have seen
A crawling grub, arrayed in brown or green,
Hurrying along the path with rapid pace
Yet with a certain undulating grace.
Gross was its nature then, a grovelling thing
Which to its native dust would closely cling,
Feeding upon the herbs which closest grew
To the dark soil, nor higher pleasure knew,
Until this ball, its shroud and coffin too,
Concealed its form at last from view;
Here in this self-selected tomb it lay,
While Winter held his long and dreary sway.
But marvellous the story is to tell,
Spring touches the brown ball, and to the call
Uncloses, and the buried grub comes forth
In a new life and soars above the earth,
No more a creature crawling on the ground, [it is found;
In higher, purer regions

The beauty of its wings might well compare
To rainbow colours flashing through the air;
Its food, sweet nectar from the fragant flower
Of rose or jessamine in summer bower.
Who, that the brilliant butterfly now sees
Rising so lightly in the balmy breeze,
Would recognise in that fair glittering form
Last Autumn's sordid, earth-adhering worm.

THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

What mysteries there are in nature's book!
And pictures too for those who care to look,
But know that nature's God is *He* who died,
Who for your sins and mine was crucified.
Three days and nights He lay within the tomb,
Then rose a Victor o'er its bars of gloom,
And this, that we poor, sinful worms of earth
Might by His sacrifice find second birth.
To each believer, by God's grace, is given
A nature, fitted for the life in heaven.
What though this body in the grave may lie,
Hid for a time from fellow-mortals' eye?
A glorious spring is coming, it is near,
When every saint *His* voice will hear;
Through ocean's depths and earth's dark vaults 'twill ring,
And up to azure heights His people bring.
Will they awake as each was laid to rest,
By weakness and dishonour both oppressed?
No, they will rise in glory and in power,
The beauty of the Lord their radiant dower,
For gazing on Himself each one will be
Stamped with the likeness of His Majesty;
And they, once marred by sin, to death a prey,
Shall shine in splendour fairer than the day.
Make sure, dear boys and girls, that each of you
Shall have a part in that bright glory too,
May you be gathered with the saints in light,
When comes that Spring of resurrection might

A. W. P. S.

THE SERPENT AND THE DOVE.

FOR every boy and girl in our day, as in days past, one thing is needful to possess. Not wealth nor beauty, but the Holy Spirit of God in your heart. Looking at this picture, you see two things which are very different in their names and natures. In the form of the one did SATAN achieve his victory over mankind. And in the form of the other did the HOLY SPIRIT descend to rest upon Jesus, and achieve the victory of God. Would you like to hear some Bible stories about serpents?

There is the

CUNNING SERPENT.

This takes us back to Eden (Gen. 3. 1), where the city of Mansoul was captured, and all it contained. No wonder we still look upon the serpent with a shrinking feeling, for, assuming this form, all the human family have been degraded by Satan. Again we read of what we may call the

BURNING SERPENT.

God was leading a great company across the desert to a land of plenty. But they forgot the place they were going to, and began to murmur. Their punishment was that "fiery serpents" were sent among them. No man could find a cure. But God directed them to look *out* and *up*, and lo! the instant they beheld the serpent of brass, they were healed (Num. 21. 9). Have you who read this learned the deeper need, and more wondrous provision, for all the sons of men in the Crucified Saviour of Calvary (John 7. 37)? Next we read of a

CLINGING SERPENT.

Around a fire of sticks, a ship-wrecked company were gathered, to dry their clothes and warm their bodies. When, suddenly, out of the fire sprang a serpent, and clung to the hand of one of the company. Every face grew pale as they looked at the viper sucking the life's-blood from the human hand. Without the least distress, it was thrown back into the fire, and the man seemed nothing the worse (Acts 28. 5). How could this be? Was he more than human? No. He was a Christian, a saved sinner, and like every other one of this happy company Jesus was his shepherd, and He it was who kept His servant from harm. He will save you from a worse calamity than this if you come to Him. And you will receive the "ONE THING NEEDFUL."

Winging their way over the face of the lonely deep, two birds are seen. One is making its way to a dark object which is floating on the bosom of the waters. It is the

DOVE RETURNING.

Having found no rest, it comes back to its protector's hand. Have you as yet come to Jesus?—the only place of rest for your soul (Matt. 11. 28). Travelling through the hill country of Judea was seen a poor man and his wife, and a little baby boy. They were on their way to Jerusalem to present a small sacrifice to God (Luke 2. 24), a

DOVE OFFERING.

They are going to present the little boy to the Lord, and all who thus were presented needed to be accompanied with a sacrifice (Num. 3. 13). Let me tell you, that if ever you become a servant of the Most High, you must be cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus (Heb. 9. 22), of which the dove offering speaks. On the banks of Jordan are gathered a company of people. As ONE comes up out of the water, lo! a

DOVE DESCENDING

from Heaven is seen, and it rests upon Jesus (Matt. 3. 16). This is the Form the Holy Spirit took, thus marking Jesus out as God's anointed King (John 1. 33). And this heavenly tenant must take up His abode in your heart (Gal. 4. 6), if you are to be happy. This is the "one thing needful" (Rom. 8. 9), which, if you have been saved and received (Eph. 1. 13), Jesus says: "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves" (Matt. 10. 16). JA. FR.

Original Object Lessons, No. 205.

FLOWER GATHERING;

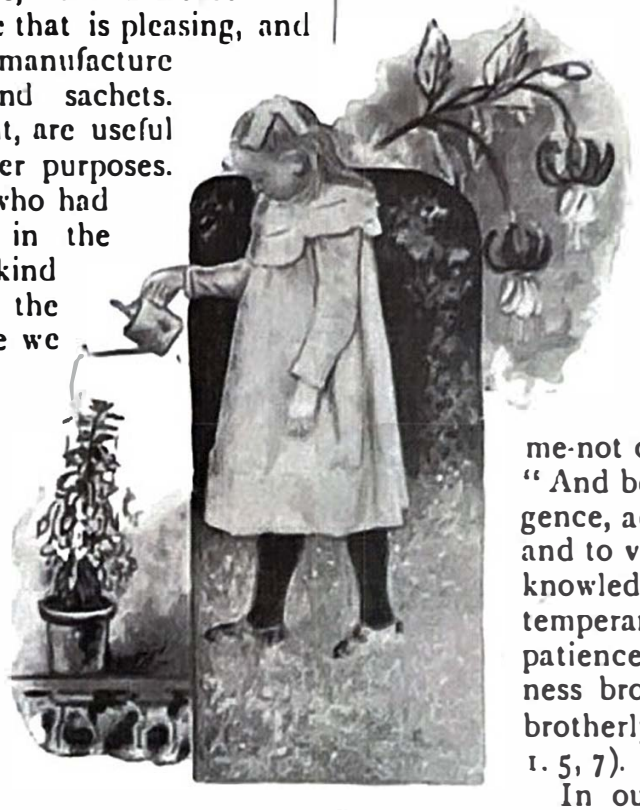
OR, GRACES GATHERED IN THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

246. A CITY CHILD CHARMED WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

FLOWER GATHERING.

FLOWER gathering is a very important business when we know that four thousand two hundred species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these, four hundred and twenty have a perfume that is pleasing, and enter largely into the manufacture of scents, soaps, and sachets. Others, not so fragrant, are useful for medicine and other purposes.

A little city child, who had a fortnight's holiday in the country, said: "How kind it is of God to make the flowers grow just where we can reach them." But perhaps you live in the town where you cannot gather flowers. Shall I tell you of a garden where you may go?



"The Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks may pluck
A lovely bouquet there."

The first and most important flower in this garden is Jesus, "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys" (Sol. Song 2. 1). If you find Him you will sing:

"I've found a friend in Jesus—He's ev'rything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
The 'Lily of the Valley,' in Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole."

Then in the garden of the Bible there are PRECIOUS PROMISES, all of them like fair flowers. Here are a few: "The Lord will give grace and glory" (Psa. 84. 11); "Every day will I bless Thee" (Psa. 145. 2); "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" (1 Sam. 7. 12); "The eternal God is thy refuge" (Deut. 32. 27); "He is faithful that promised" (Heb. 10. 23). Be sure to take a good handful of these flowers.

Then there are also BEAUTIFUL GRACES which God would have us make our own; beautiful white flowers of purity, for head, heart, and hand, to be worn in our bosoms, and to adorn our homes. I like white flowers. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other colour—eleven hundred and twenty-four. Of these, one hundred and eighty-seven have an agreeable scent, an extraordinary large proportion.

Children sometimes decorate themselves with flowers; but no one is ever so beautiful as when adorned with Bible flowers, faith, love, joy, peace, contentment—this is Heart's-ease. Nor must we forget the Forget-me-not of faithful remembrance: "And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity" (2 Pet. 1. 5, 7). Truly, a lovely bouquet!

In our public parks and gardens there are lovely flowers, but we must not gather them. In God's garden He bids us pluck and make our own as many as we will. "But we shall have to stoop," did I hear someone say? Of course! Who ever picked flowers without bending their back? "With the lowly is wisdom" (Prov. 11. 2). "Before honour is *humility*" (Prov. 15. 33). "By *humility* and the fear of the Lord are riches, honour, and life" (Prov. 22. 4). "He giveth grace to the humble" (Prov. 3. 34).

How cheering to know that all God's flowers are EVERLASTING! Are you gathering these unfading flowers, beginning with Jesus Himself? (Gal. 2. 20).

I like to think of Heaven as a garden, a better garden than Paradise. This is God's own picture: "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month" (Rev. 22. 2). Make sure that you "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" and be saved now, then Paradise for ever. W. L.

THE FIRST TURNING TO THE RIGHT—Stage III.

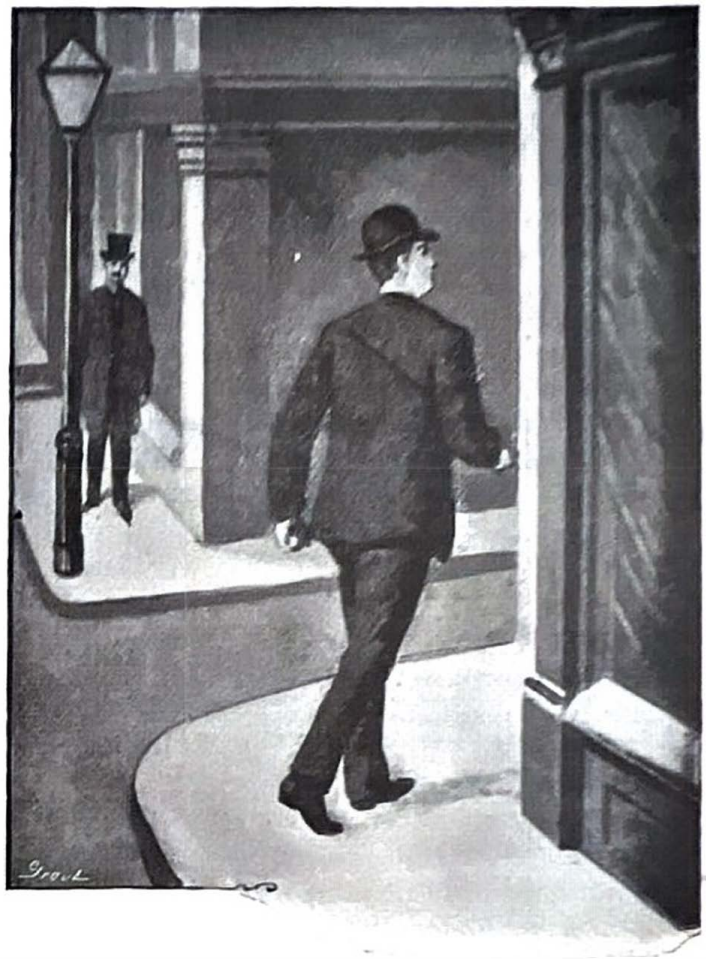
WE left Claude in bed, and although some years have elapsed, I could wish he had stayed there, for he never seemed free from mischief under any other circumstances. How far he wandered from the right path I need not attempt to measure up; but if you could have seen him as he stood in the sunlight two days before he left his situation, you would not have thought him of great value as a going concern.

His apprenticeship had expired some months prior to the Sunday referred to. Claude paced to and fro in the assistants' sitting-room on that morning, and, as he viewed his prospects, he felt ill both inside and outside. Nor could he forget that his fading clothes belonged to the man who made them rather than to the man who wore them. Moreover, he knew intuitively that the date of his departure from the establishment had been disclosed to a certain money-lender, who would be in attendance to relieve him of his final month's salary.

Tuesday came, and the money-lender, as attentive as ever, met him on the threshold. A stormy interview ensued, and the money, less a few shillings, changed hands. Claude was now alone! The abject misery of his condition suddenly overwhelmed him, and he staggered as if he must faint, but managed to keep up until he reached one of the squares, where a shabby patch of grass, and several seats without backs, were graciously placed at the disposal of weary toilers. He sank upon one of these benches, and, turning round to avoid observation, burst into tears. After his emotion was spent he felt drowsy, and, although he did not lose consciousness for more than a few minutes, he dreamt he was back in the old village, and could hear his own voice shouting from the carrier's cart, "I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!" The words appeared to rebound from the hills that lay to the west, and the echo said, "DO IT!" "DO IT!"

He started, for a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking up, he saw a young man.

"Mannington," said the fellow, "you went off without saying good-bye. Come, that's mean of you." Claude recovered himself,



THE FIRST TURNING TO THE RIGHT.

and found to his surprise that his visitor was an employee in the house he had just quitted, one whom he and the "smart set" had tabooed. He had himself named him "Molly," and had pinned a post-card over Molly's bed with the words, "I thank Thee I am not as other men." This was because the young man had persistently kneeled at his bedside every evening; but the post-card was regarded by the recipient as a compliment rather than an insult, and so he left it pinned up.

The sight of Molly reminded Claude that his own friends, the smart set, had not put in an appearance to give him a "send off." And, when you come to think of it, this is exactly what occurred when the Prodigal "came to himself." By one of those touches of His eloquent silence, the Lord does not tell us where the Prodigal's friends were on that memorable occasion of the start homewards. The inference is that

they had appointments elsewhere, as Claude's companions had. But Molly had followed Claude, and now revealed his true worth in the hour of need. He was diplomatic, and because he knew that pride still held his captive fast, he did not offer financial aid, but invited Claude to stroll with him, and, making a casual call, introduced him to a friend. The three young men chatted while the shadows lengthened, and as they sat in the gloaming they became confidential, and prejudices melted away. Then the door opened and a motherly dame entered. She chided her son for entertaining his friends in the dark, and talked about plots hatched in the night; but she did not disclose the fact that she was herself a most skilful plotter. Indeed, I do not know how many young fellows she had caught in her silken net, nor do I suppose she knew the total number herself. I think, however, that it must have approximated to the prize-number which, in the book of Daniel (chap. 12. 3), is defined as "many." Truly many may hope to see Mrs. Hartland later on when she "shines as the stars for ever and ever," for as soon as those lads had the silken cords firmly tied around their hearts, she turned them all into the way of righteousness. The process was simple and artless. Molly acted as decoy, and in gentle and hearty friendliness easily brought them within reach of the captors; then the tactful and gracious mother of his bosom friend Charlie Hartland came upon the scene, and later on her husband appeared, with a face that seemed to have a light behind it, telling of "A peace that the friends of this world never knew."

"A FORM WAS PROSTRATE AT THE BEDSIDE."

A simple meal in a cosy room, followed by a little music upon an old-fashioned, high-backed piano wrought marvels. There was no apparent effort, but the prodigal's heart opened as naturally as the unfolding of the buds in the sunshine in spring. Taking her seat at the instrument, this gentle, motherly woman passed her fingers softly over the keys, and, in a voice mellowed by the sympathy of a loving heart, sang that sweetest of English melodies—

> "'Mid pleasures and palaces
> where'er we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's
> no place like home."

Then, whilst the husband and the youthful wanderer affected an absorbing interest in an illustrated magazine, the pages of which they turned backwards and forwards quite a number of times, there followed a few stanzas from the old and familiar Sunday-school hymns. As these simple, old-time melodies succeeded each other, the gentle hand of memory gradually opened the long-closed door, until the heart longed for the old home, the days of childhood, and the praying mother. Presently the piano was closed, the large Bible was brought out, and the little company bowed in prayer; then came the candlesticks, the good-night wish and the hearty hand-shake. The door of the little bedroom was closed, and a minute later a youthful form was prostrate at the bedside, pouring out a heart full of penitence. Finally he caught up the Bible, which a wise woman had placed within his reach. A book-marker with a gay ribbon guided him to the page, and a red line indicated the verse: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). He read the words over and over until they gleamed like diamonds and rubies. The truth of this Scripture dawned upon him in its sublime majesty and Godlike simplicity. He saw the Divine Substitute, he believed on Him as his Saviour, and was saved. F. H. F.

THE DESERTED LAMB.

RUSHING forward in one of the West Coast Express trains, which carry the passengers through some of the most rustic and romantic parts of the South of Scotland, and North West of England, we were admiring the hillsides dotted with white fleecy sheep and lambs, on that lovely summer morning.

The care of the Great Shepherd for the people of His flock, was naturally the subject of conversation of the two companion travellers, who had been "as sheep going astray; but had now returned to the Shepherd . . . of their souls" (1 Peter 2. 25).

"Did you ever hear of a lamb being deserted by its mother?" enquired my friend, as we watched the gambols of the lambkins from the supposed danger of the iron steed. "No." "Well, let me recount an incident which happened somewhere in this district as related by the gentleman himself:—

"A few summers ago in the lake district of England, I came to Wastdale Head, where I passed the night at the cottage of a shepherd friend. The next morning I set off to cross the mountains on my way to Buttermere. As I approached the summit of the pass, a little lamb was bleating in tones more sad than I had ever heard before. It seemed to say, as plain as in words, 'Pity me! help me! SAVE ME!'

"One good thing the lamb realized it was 'lost' (Luke 19. 10). So many boys and girls think they need to grow up, fight, drink, swear, and commit great crimes before they can be spoken about as being 'lost'; whereas the Scripture makes it plain that we were born lost (Psa. 58. 3), and by nature are lost sinners (Eph. 2. 3). Yet, thank God, not *Eternally* lost, so we can cry like sinking Peter—'Lord SAVE ME' (Matthew 14. 30).

"I stopped, and the lamb ran toward me.

"AS A SHEPHERD SEEKETH OUT HIS FLOCK" (Ezek. 34. 12). BRINGING HOME THE SHEEP AND LAMBS.

The Deserted Lamb.

It was evident that it had been forsaken by its mother, for it was a mere skeleton, and its loosely-hanging skin and sharp features betokened starvation. I could not resist its appeals, so took it in my arms and carried it toward a sheep that was browsing not far off. But the sheep moved away, and the tiny lamb ran back to me, still imploring help. Again I took it in my arms, and carrying it toward another sheep farther off, put it down where some bracken would hide it from me as I rapidly stepped back. The lamb did not go toward the retreating sheep, but remained where it had been placed, and still repeated its sad cry, 'Pity me! help me! save me!'

"So far 'lost' that its companions were of no avail. How like us, of whom it is said 'None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him' (Psa. 49. 7). Our only Saviour must be the Lord Jesus Christ for 'there is none other Name under Heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved' (Acts 4. 12).

"I took it in my arms once more, and sat down meditating what I had better do. Should I carry it forward with me till I reached the first house, several miles distant? But might not such an act seem suspicious if I met the owner of the flock? At any rate, I would not, I could not, leave to perish a helpless creature which had cast itself on my protection. Just then, looking down into the valley, I saw a small object at the foot of the mountain. It came nearer. It was my shepherd friend. I at once showed him my lamb, and entrusted it to his care. 'Poor thing!' said the shepherd; '*its mother has forsaken it*; they sometimes do when pasture is scarce. It would have died in an hour or two. But I'll take it down and give it some milk, and it will soon get right.'

"Then the shepherd took in his arms the little trembling lamb, which at once nestled its head in his bosom, and hushed its pitiful cry. And as this great, strong, tender-hearted man stalked down the mountain-side like a giant, bearing his tender burden, I thought of the words of the prophet: 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom'" (Isa. 40. 11).

Did the lamb struggle against the kindness of the shepherd. Indeed no, feeling itself utterly lost, it was glad to have a Saviour of any kind, and doubly glad to have a Saviour—willing, able, kind, and true. Hence it was not long till it was "found" (Luke 15. 6).

Come to Jesus now, and you will be amongst the lambs folded in His bosom, "and when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of Glory that fadeth not away" (1 Peter 5. 4). HVP.

Cartoons to Colour, No. 15. (Isaiah 40. 11). The Sheltered Lamb.
"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom"

WHO WAS THE THIEF?

ORIGINAL SEARCHING, NO. 170

He had a thirst for Gold,
And in the Book we're told
He stole it, and concealed it in the ground.
Unseen by eye of man,
God undermined his plan,
And very soon the cursed thing was found.
If you his name would find,
Then exercise your mind,
And let me know as soon as you succeed;
If you to answer halt,
Your knowledge is at fault,
And shows you don't remember what you read. T.R.

Answer to Searching, No. 169—MIRIAM (Exodus 3. Num. 12).

HARRY AND HIS PRIZE.

"WHY are you looking so happy, Harry?"

"Because I've got first prize for my geraniums. They were the best at the show, and the judge gave me the prize."

"You got the prize then, because you deserved it?"

"Yes!"

"Why, Harry, that is just a picture of what The Law is."

"Is it? You might tell me why it is like The Law."

"What is The Law then, Harry?"

"The Law is the Ten Commandments given by God to Moses."

"Yes! but what do they mean?"

"Well, if you keep them you will get to heaven."

"But if you don't keep them, what then? will you get to heaven?"

"No."

"Then are you able to keep them?"

"No."

"How many got the first prize to-day?"

"Only me."

"You deserved it?"

"Yes."

"But if someone else deserved it, would you have received it?"

"No."

"Then if you keep The Law you deserve to get to heaven, but you cannot keep it, and you don't deserve to get to heaven"

"Then is there no hope of me getting to heaven?"

"Yes, Harry, there is. A verse in John i. 17 says, 'The Law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ' Now, I will tell you a little story that will explain what grace and truth coming by Jesus Christ means.

Some time ago, a gentleman offered a prize to the people of a little village. The prize was to be given for the best garden plot. What a stir that caused in that place. But there was one who was not in the stir at all. Nobody thought about him. If it was a question of working, he could not work. How could old Thomas, the cripple, manage to put his garden in order? Why, he never does anything to his garden now. There's no use of him trying. And all were doing something to their gardens, but old Thomas. They were all busy working to get the prize. By and bye a man from somewhere else, who knew how to sort a garden, came right into the old garden that was covered with weeds. He worked very, very hard, and turned old Thomas' garden upside down, planted fine plants, and put the whole place in order. When it was all done, he put his head in at the door and said, 'It's finished, Thomas, I have done it all for you,' and away he went.

When the day came, and the gentleman arrived at the village, everybody was ready expecting the prize, for they had worked for it. Plot after plot was examined, and at last he comes to old Thomas' garden. Why this is splendid. There is no question it is the best. He goes straight into the house and gives the prize to old Thomas. Oh! he doesn't deserve it, says someone. He didn't do it. Exactly so, he did not deserve it. But the prize is for the best work done, and although old Thomas did not and could not himself do it, another person had done it for him out of pure love and grace.

Now, dear Harry, although your own doings to please God are of no use, yet if you just accept Christ's work on the Cross as yours, God will accept that, and you will get quite free into heaven. Ephesians, 2nd chapter, 8 and 9 verses:—"By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast."

You remember the last words of the Lord Jesus before He bowed His head and died were—"IT IS FINISHED," and God was satisfied with His sacrifice, so that the boy or girl who just rests satisfied with what Jesus *has done*, receives as a free gift "Eternal Life." It's all for nothing to us, but at infinite cost to Jesus. Have you got this Prize? A. M'L.

THE VOICE OF THE VOWELS.

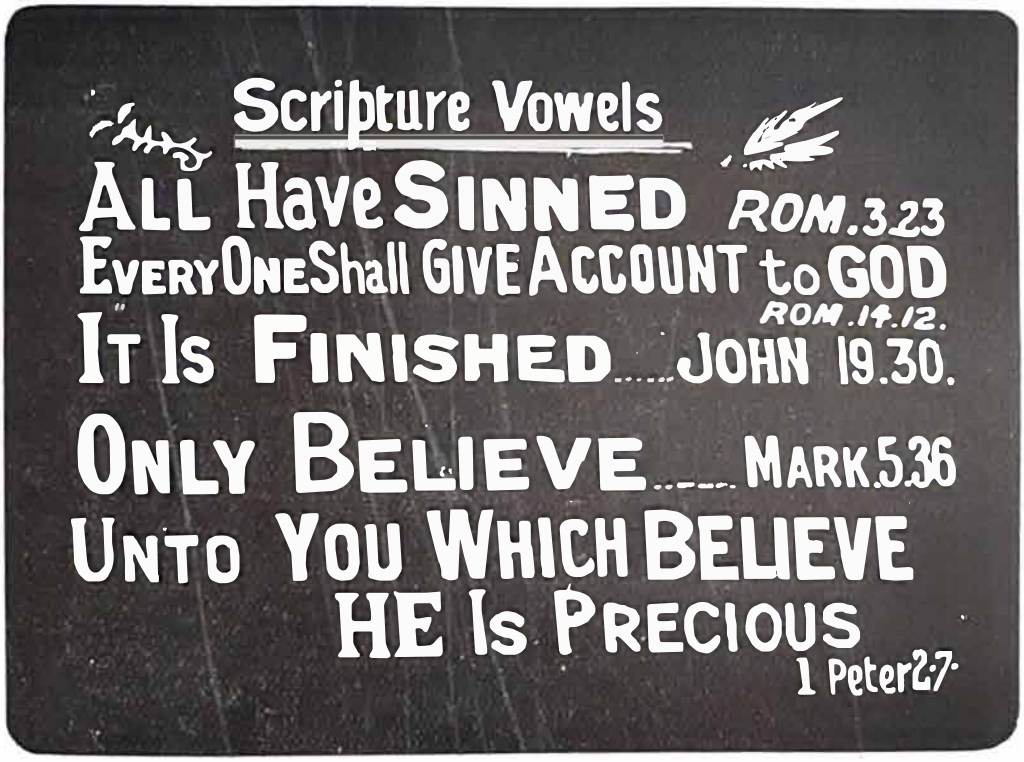
THIS annual meeting being held in a "board school," what more likely than the use of a school board, and what more likely still than to use school letters, A.E.I.O.U. The youngest child who has had the grammar in his hand knows the names of these letters, "VOWELS." Let us learn the Gospel from what are commonly called the vowels.

A Some boy or girl read Romans 3. 23, and find a God-given sentence beginning with A. Quickly the response comes, **"All have sinned."** "ALL" means everyone; therefore the first line tells something about you, and me, and all. "HAVE" means it's done; not might, or ought, but *is* done. What have we all done? "SINNED." Henceevery man, woman, and child in all the world is a sinner in God's sight, having sinned by nature and by practice. This act of sinning leads us to a great fact concerning it in our next vowel.

E A girl might read Romans 14. 12. A clear voice reads: "So then **Everyone shall give account of himself to God.**" What a solemn fact. "EVERYONE." You will be there, I will be there, all will be there. "SHALL." Not perhaps, or might, or may, but "shall." There is no doubt about it. Men may escape here—none shall escape there. "HIMSELF." Not his chums, her companions, our friends, but each of us shall answer for his own deeds. Who to? "UNTO GOD." Alas, if a poor, unholy sinner has to stand before a thrice Holy God and answer for all his sins by himself.

I reminds us of a person—the best, the noblest, the greatest, the holiest person who ever trod this earth—whose name was "JESUS." I am glad you respond so heartily. Will a little boy read a little sentence uttered by this great Person in John 19. 30? A tiny voice reads: "**It is finished**." Oh, blessed words! "IT," the work which the Father gave Him to do on behalf of lost sinners. "IS," not will be in years to come, or at death, or in Eternity, but now, now, now—"It is FINISHED"; telling of a completed work, a fulfilled law, a satisfied God. Now comes vowel

O A small girl might read a short portion of Mark 5. 36. Sweetly read: "**Only believe.**" It's so simple. "ONLY." Not part mine and part His, for Jesus did it all and paid it all, and I have to "only BELIEVE." God says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). "*Only believe.*" God says, "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). "*Only believe.*" God's Word says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). "*Only believe.*" May your heart joyfully respond, "I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. 12. 2).

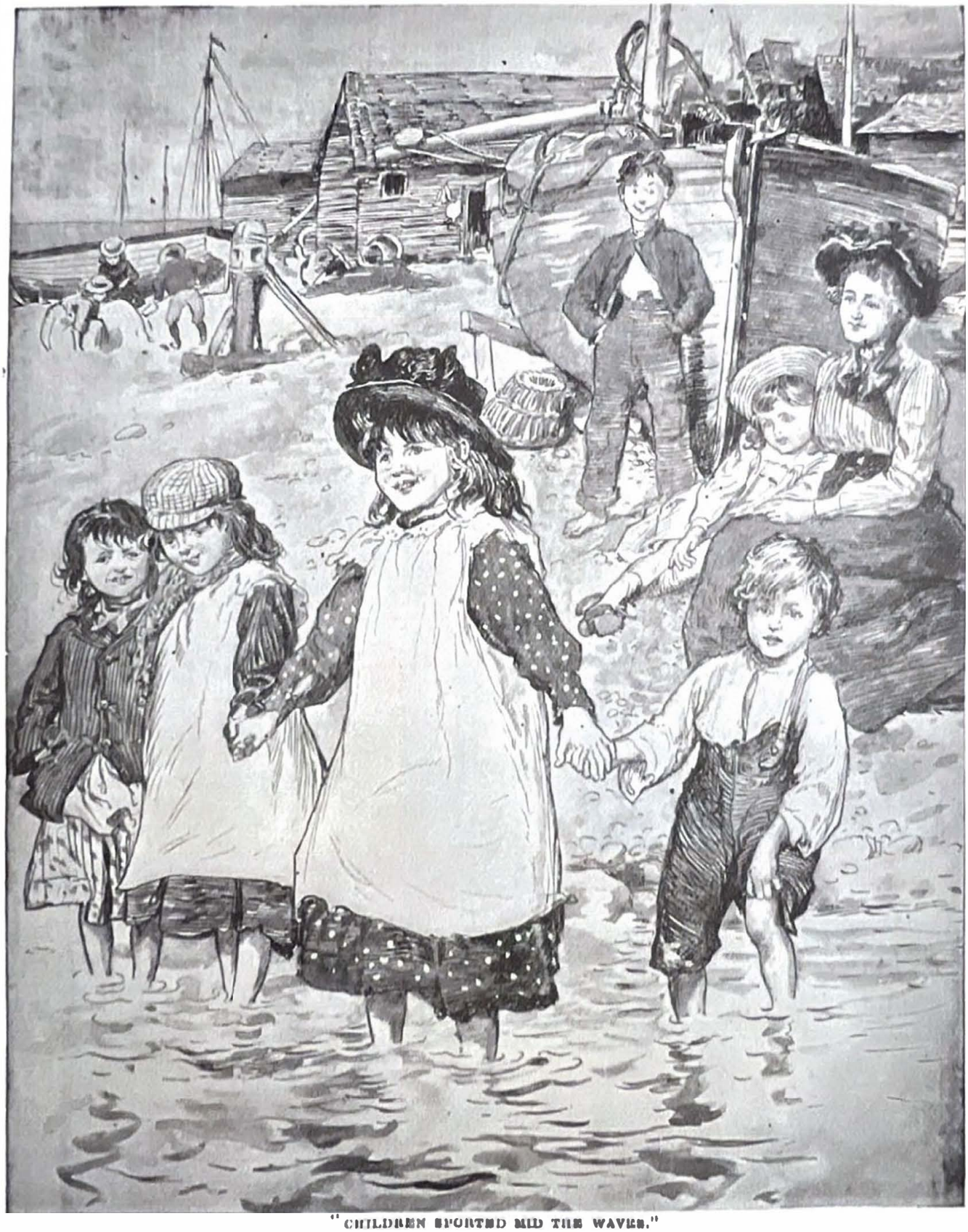


U Our last vowel, tells us something about our Lord, and something about ourselves. A teacher or monitor might kindly select from 1 Peter 2. 7: "**Unto you which Believe HE is precious.**" No doubt about that! Yet the old Scotch woman was right when she said: "It's better felt than telt." Many can say in the words of Laban; "I have learned by experience" (Gen. 30. 27) that "Unto me He is precious." "UNTO YOU." Not to the one sitting next, but *you*, YOU "WHICH BELIEVE." Oh, how simple the link which binds up a sinner and his Saviour! "HE"—not a creed, a church, a mode of life, but the crucified, risen, glorified Christ—"is PRECIOUS." "Yea, He is altogether lovely." Can *you* add: "This is *my* Beloved, and this is *my* Friend" (Song of Songs 5. 16)? HYP.

Original Blackboard Lessons, No. 206

CONVERSIONS AT THE COAST:

OR, A MEMORABLE MONTH TO THREE LADS IN A SEASIDE TOWN.



"CHILDREN SPORTED MID THE WAVES."

CONVERSIONS AT THE COAST.

THE summer season was at its height, and the seaside resort was thronged with all sorts and conditions of visitors. Children daily crowded the beach and sported mid the waves. To three lads, natives of the town, it was a memorable month.

The sons of Christian parents, they were companions from school days, and had often been prayed for and spoken to about salvation. Their indifference and sin was the cause of much grief to their friends, more especially as the lads were beginning to plunge into the vices of the world. The news that one of their number had been converted was treated as a joke by the others, but to each in turn he repeated his story: "I met J. M—— on Sunday night coming from a meeting. He stopped me and enquired if I did not think it was time I was saved. I brushed him off with, 'I think that time's past, and it does not bother me.' But though it silenced him it awakened my conscience. Try as I might the thought remained, 'Is it past?' This, and the fear of the Lord's return, robbed me of sleep, and at last I cried out for mercy. I was pointed to John 5. 24, rested my soul on God's promise and received eternal life."

A few days later the three met. When the third joined the company his second companion greeted him with, "Have you heard the latest? I've been converted." Seeing the convert of a few days previous, he prepared to enter into the fun, thinking his companion was jesting. "Yes, it's true, I'm saved," said his friend. "Last night I found Stewart sitting up waiting for me. 'Did you enjoy yourself?' he asked, referring to my evening's amusement. 'I did, as long as it lasted.' 'How long will it last?' 'Till it is done, I suppose.' 'And what *then*?' He urged on me the sin of neglect, and then I saw the folly of rejecting salvation for pleasures that passed in an hour, and which could give nothing for eternity. I imagined, however, that I should feel a great change, and kept looking into my heart. Stewart pointed me to the Bible, and there I saw it was faith and not feeling. I 'believed on the Lord Jesus Christ' (Acts 16. 31), and I have peace" (Rom. 5. 1).

With all possible speed the third young fellow left the company, telling them he would try the world a little while longer. But God ordered otherwise. He was brought to an end of himself, and before many days had passed he bent his proud heart, to seek the Saviour. As a poor sinner with no plea, he said, "Sink or swim I will trust Christ." Fourteen years have passed since then, but they have only proved the power of God's salvation. Of the three, one, after a good confession, has joined the ransomed in the glory; the other is testifying for God on the footplate of a locomotive, while the third pleads with you now to accept Christ as your Saviour (John 1. 12). J. H.

"THE SEASIDE RESORT WAS THRONGED WITH VISITORS."

THE FIRST TURNING TO THE RIGHT—STAGE IV.

"THE WIDOWED MOTHER DID NOT SPURN HIM."

THE course of true repentance is always progressive. The Prodigal Son "*arose and came to his father*"; that is to say, he started and *kept on until he got there.* Our popular little friend Zacchæus did very much the same. Having taken Christ into his heart and home, he next seeks to straighten out the crooked management of his counting-house by repaying all unjust collections with three hundred per cent. interest, and adds a thankoffering for Salvation, comprising half his accumulated wealth.

Claude's first impulse was to rush off to the village home, and find the mother whose heart he had well-nigh broken, and to assure her of his penitence. In the late afternoon of the following day, he might have been seen hurrying along the village street, his heart all in a flutter, yet with the inward assurance that the widowed mother whom he had neglected would not spurn him. Nor did she, but covered him with kisses and tears by turns, and clung to him as though she had found him in some beautiful dream, and feared she might lose him again in a waking moment.

That night the little cottage rang with gladness, and as the good news spread, the villagers dropped in one after another to help in the general rejoicing; so that when old farmer Groves came about nine o'clock, two of the earlier guests had to retire to the seats in the porch to make sufficient room for the portly farmer to get into the house. Once inside, Mr. Groves assumed the leadership forthwith, and the company quieted down in the expectation of hearing something to their edification: nor were they disappointed, for the gracious old man called for the family Bible, and read the parable of the lost piece of silver, punctuating and interpreting it in his own impressive, if somewhat odd fashion. Then they all fell upon their knees, and the farmer poured out a flood of gratitude, the responses to which rose to storm-pitch. Last of all he put his hands upon the young man's head, and invoked a blessing upon him and his glad mother, shook them each by both hands, and leading the way out, was followed by the villagers, leaving mother and son alone.

The returned prodigal had no desire for further roaming, but, applying himself to honest toil, gathered up the threads of an old and declining business belonging to his mother. When last seen he was engaged in lowly Christian service, and was seeking to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour. Some of the choicest years of his life had been wasted, nor could these be gathered up again. But the great debt had been cancelled, and like one of old he "loved much because much had been forgiven."

"Nothing to pay! Ah! nothing to pay!
Never a word of excuse to say;
Year after year thou has filled the score,
Owing the Lord still more and more.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
'Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Ruined, lost art thou, and yet
I forgive thee all that debt.'

Nothing the pay; yes nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away;
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
'Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free;
Now I ask *thee*, lov'st thou ME?'" F.H.F.

THE HEAVENLY LIGHTHOUSE.

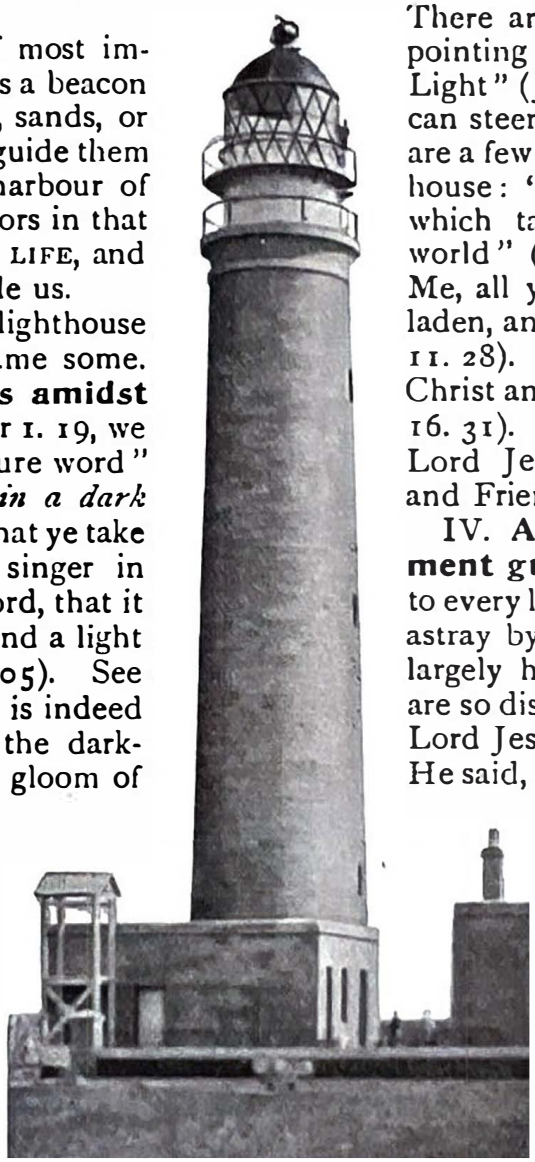
LIGHTHOUSES may be seen dotted along the coasts of all civilised countries, and ever form a subject of intense attraction to boys and girls. The pleasures of the lighthouse-keeper's life in summer and the perils and trials in winter, rise up in the mind at the sight of the familiar white tower rising from the rock, or standing out of the midst of the restless waves.

But the lighthouse is of most importance to sailors, acting as a beacon to warn them of the rocks, sands, or shoals; and as a beckon to guide them into the true channel or harbour of safety. We are all like sailors in that we are on THE VOYAGE OF LIFE, and we need lighthouses to guide us.

The Word of God is our lighthouse in many ways. Let me name some.

I. A lighthouse shines amidst the Darkness. In 1 Peter 1. 19, we are told that we have "a sure word" like a "light that *shineth in a dark place*, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed." David, the sweet singer in Israel of old, said of the Word, that it was a "lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psa. 119. 105). See to it that the Word of God is indeed to you a true light amidst the darkness, guiding you from the gloom of sin, misery, woe, and despair, into the glories of the Celestial City, "whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. 11. 10).

II. A lighthouse gives warning. We can look at the Word as giving warning. Noah was warned of God of judgment coming on the earth (Heb. 11. 7). Ezekiel was told by God, "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the House of Israel: therefore hear the Word at My mouth, and give them warning" (Ezek. 3. 17-18). David said, "Moreover by them is Thy servant warned" (Psa. 19. 11). Suppose sailors were to give no heed to the lighthouses provided for them, it would be foolish of them, and the consequences would be that they would perish. Suppose the sailor on the voyage of life neglects the warning to "Flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. 3. 7), there remaineth nothing "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment" (Heb. 10. 27). Haste then, oh, haste to the Saviour of sinners.



BARNESS LIGHTHOUSE, DUNBAR.

III. A lighthouse also guides to safety. And so it is with God's Word. There are so many guiding lights all pointing to Jesus Christ the "True Light" (John 1. 9), that boys and girls can steer straight to salvation. Here are a few rays from the heavenly lighthouse: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and THOU shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). May you be led to know the Lord Jesus Christ as you Saviour, and Friend here and evermore.

IV. A lighthouse is a government guide for sailors. If he trusts to every light, to his own light, or is led astray by wreckers' lights, it is now largely his fault, for the lighthouses are so distinctive and reliable. So the Lord Jesus is the true and only Guide. He said, "I am *the Light* of the world, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8. 12). Keep clear of false light. Trust Him, cling to His Word, and all will be well.

V. A lighthouse can be neglected. It gives light for any mariner, but it *compels* no mariner to take heed. So with the Light of Truth, it shines bright and clear for all. It compels none to heed. It only needs to be neglected to lead to danger and almost certain disaster. The sad thing is, that many men and women, as well as boys and girls, neglect the Word of God, while others despise it, though it alone is "able to make thee wise unto salvation" (2. Tim. 3. 15). See to it that you are a Christ accepter. C. S.

Original Lessons. No. 207.

"FATHER, WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU!"

THE family, consisting of father, mother, and an only daughter named Annie, set out for the sea side. It was a lovely afternoon, and the mother, being in delicate health, felt the soft and gentle sea breeze to be very pleasant and refreshing. Tired of observing the variety of amusements on the shore, and watching the young folks romping with the waves, the father, being an ardent fisher, hired a small boat, so that he might have some fishing in sight of his wife and child, who arranged to sit upon the cliffs and watch. After being out some time a fog set in, but our fisher friend, being so intent upon his "catches," did not observe it. Presently, however, he noticed the fog, but not until he was enveloped on every side; and, being unable to discern a single object, he just began to row about, hoping he might hear a friendly voice and be rescued from his perilous position. Some little time passed in this way, and then he began to fear he might drift out to sea and perish. With this, another and greater peril forced itself upon his attention: he was unsaved—had lived without God, and knew well if he passed away in that state that he would be a stranger to happiness and bliss for ever.

At length, driven almost to despair, fatigued in mind and body, he rested on his oars, and felt all hope to be departing from his breast. It was while in this state that he fancied he heard a voice, and catching up the oars he rowed vigorously in the direction he supposed it came from. It was a voice, that of his own daughter Annie; and when he got near enough to catch the words he could hear her shouting, "Father! father! we're waiting for you!" A moment or two after he saw her girlish form running from this point to that, and waving her white handkerchief as vehemently as she was capable of doing. Thus this incident passed by; but it had a happier ending than the father had dared to hope, and it never passed away from his mind.

Years rolled on; the mother's feeble frame grew weaker and weaker, and then came a moment when it was announced that all was over—she had fallen asleep. Salvation had been hers by simple faith in Jesus, the Redeemer, ere the summons came, and she died calmly and trustfully. One might have

"WATCHING THE YOUNG FOLKS ROMPING WITH THE WAVES." A RARE SPLASH.

expected that this event would have taught her bereaved husband to number his days and apply his heart unto wisdom; but, no. Conceiving that God was hard and unkind, he endeavoured to drown his grief, and went greedily into sin and degradation. Two more brief years pass by, and then another blow came. His darling Annie, on whom he literally doted, also passed away, and he was left *alone*. But ere she died she had pleaded with him to meet mother and herself in heaven. Yes, in her last moments, she urged him to flee to the Saviour.

Left alone and utterly desolate, with his heart less susceptible to holy and right impressions than it had been, he sunk lower and lower in the waters of iniquity and shame, with the result that he became a perfect wreck, and had to face the dreary prospect of death himself. One night he dreamt he saw some golden cliffs and a great host of persons near them; but among the latter two faces only attracted his undivided attention. They were his much loved wife and child; while Annie, as she appeared beside her mother, put out her dear hand as if beckoning him, exclaiming all the while, "Father! father! we're waiting for you!"

Cartoons to Colour, No. 16. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"Jesus went about all Galilee...preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness" (Matt. 4. 23).

A dream in itself goes for nothing; but in this instance it had the effect of making the wifeless and childless man consider his ways, for, awaking from his sleep, he began to think of death, judgment, and eternity. A longing also sprang up in his heart that he might join his loved ones in that blessed abode whither they had gone. The Spirit of God wrought upon his conscience by the Scriptures, and he was brought into a deeply anxious state of soul. A short life of sin and sorrow away from God was awful enough, without an eternity of it. Weary and heavy laden he fled to Jesus, the One who had waited for him so patiently, and as all such ever find, he found peace to his troubled soul (Matt. 11. 28). Soon after he passed away, having no doubt that, through Jesus' blood, he would be welcomed at the gates of the New Jerusalem. And, oh! what joy there was as husband, wife, and child were once more united to enjoy eternal tranquility and bliss, never again to be parted.

"When nature sinks beneath disease,
And every earthly hope is fled,
What then can give a sinner ease
Or make him love a dying bed?
Jesus, Thy smile his heart can cheer,
He's blest e'en then, if Thou art near." HYP.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING No. 171.

SOME captives in the captors' chains
Are moving on to Shinars plains,
For bondage they are bound.
Among the captives one is seen
Who trained in piety has been,
Although in such a fate.
Thus he did carry in his heart,
And ne'er forgot the sacred part
Which first at home was given.
Temptations thickly round him fell,
Yet truth to them he would not sell,
And thus his course began.
When old and feeble he was tried,
And enemies against him lied,
Yet like a rock he stood.
And in the list of God's renowned,
For ever more he shall be found.
What was the captive's name? JS. FS.

Answering to Searching, No. 170.—Achan.

ARCHIBALD BOYLE; OR, "IN A YEAR AND DAY."

THIS scene occurred in Glasgow land—
A thrilling tale, 'tis true—
Oh! ponder ere you turn away
Its warning voice to you.

Some met together in a club;
It had a dreadful name:
'Twas said it was the "Hell Club,"
They seemed to know no shame.

But one outshone his friends in vice,
His name my title bears;
Take warning at his solemn end—
Be not among the "tares."

An annual festival they held;
Each member then would try
In every daring, dreadful feat
His comrade to outvie.

And when the time came round again
In slumbers of the night,
'Twas in a dream God showed to him
A very dreadful sight.

THE DREAM.

He thought he rode his own black steed
Towards his country seat,
And in the gloom of that dread night
A stranger he did meet.

Impeding now his onward march,
He took the reins in hand,
And plainly showed that he was one
Accustomed to command.

"It is with me that you must go."
"And who are you?" reply
From frightened Boyle. The answer came,
"You'll see that by-and-by."

The horse he urged to speed away,
But vainly forward flew
Faster than wind the dreadful guide
Was on before him too.

And then he lost his seat and fell;
He fell, and fell, but where?
Alas! that I must also add,
To regions of despair.

To hell itself they hurried on
'Mid darkness black as night,
And he was told the dreadful truth,
And heard in wild affright.

A light was in the distance too;
They saw at once a flame,
With groans and yells of agony
Too terrible to name.

But yet another sound was heard
Of frantic revelry.
Could mortal man now tell the tale
How such a thing could be?

And then there was an archway
More gorgeous to behold
Than all the precious things of earth—
Its lustre can't be told.

He saw some whom on earth he knew;
A lady sojourned there,
And for a moment's space alone
He rose from dark despair.

He said that he beheld her form,
To meet her he was glad,
And something very strange indeed
His lips were going to add.

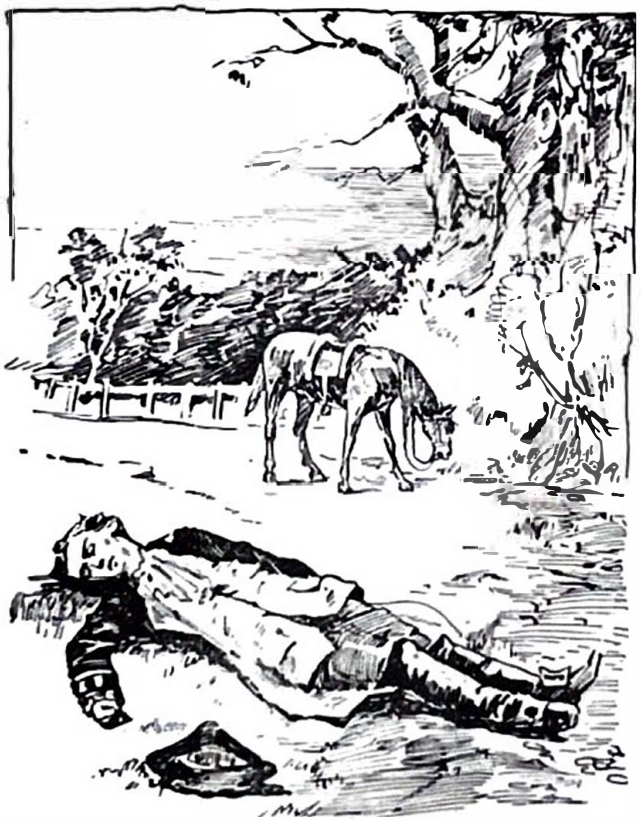
"Now will you rest awhile?" he said.
He wanted pleasure too;
He could not speak to say the last,
The record tells us true.

Now mark the answer that she gave,
With solemn thoughts I tell—
Said she, "There is *no resting-place,*
No resting-place in hell."

He wanted from that dreadful place
At once to get away.
"Go," said the guide; "you're here again
In just a year and day."

He woke; and for a time he seemed
His former life to shun,
Yet did not trust the cleansing blood,
So pardon there was none.

He vowed a thousand thousand times
To quit the scenes of guilt;
The blood of Christ could shelter him,
That blood so freely spilt.



He did not take Christ in his heart (1 Jno. 1.11-14).
'Tis therefore sad to say,
He found that he was back again
In just a year and day.

* * * * *

He left the scene with dark despair
Writ on his fevered brow;
O what avail God's warning voice,
No help awaits him now.

A horse stood by the lone roadside
Of rider he was free;
Lying a little distance off,
A stiffened corpse was he.

Oh! leave the scenes of open guilt
Or moral deeds alone (John 6. 2, 7, 29);
'Tis Jesus and His precious blood
That can for all atone (1 Peter 1. 18-21).

Haste you to hide within the cleft,
The Riven Rock so true;
His love is now the resting-place,
The resting-place for you.

I say farewell. The Judgment Day (Rev. 20. 11-15)
Is hast'ning on apace;
But ere it comes, oh! don't delay,
Accept the proffered grace.

And then in heaven bright above
Shall be your happy lot;
His love your portion evermore,
The love that changes not.
(John 3. 16; 2 Cor. 6. 2). A. C.

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

WHAT dangers men have passed through! "A night and a day I have been in the deep" (2 Cor. 11. 25), says the greatest of all gospel preachers. How long those hours must have seemed! We do not read of him having on any life-preserver; but doubtless the ONE who preserved his fellow-countrymen in the fiery furnace (Dan. 3. 27) would most vividly be near the suffering apostle. What made Paul expose himself to the dangerous life he experienced? That which fired his heart with zeal was this: he had learned, after years of mistaken enmity to Christ, that Christ had

POURED

out His life for him (Gal. 2. 20). The story of how Jesus, on Calvary's tree, paid the great price that our souls might be free had fired his soul. This immortal story was received into Paul's heart, and made him the ardent, brave, untiring servant of Jesus.

A PATENT LIFE PRESERVER, WITH CANISTER AND TORCH, WHICH FLARE UP ON COMING IN CONTACT WITH THE WATER.

Not only him but millions more have rejoiced in the poured-out life of Jesus. Why not YOU? Having in His own eternal love given His life for lost sinners, Jesus thus

PURCHASED

eternal life for every believer (John 6. 51). Paul had learned the true meaning of the death of Jesus. Well he knew that the nailing to the cross was no accident (John 10 18), but a willing surrender. He learned that it was a price that was being laid down (1 Tim. 2. 6) on that day when the sun refused to shine (Luke 23. 44). It was a transaction on behalf of a poor, doomed world, lying under sentence of death (Rom. 5. 12). Millions have learned this to be the true meaning of Jesus' death. Why not YOU?

This message has the warrant of the King of kings to be told far and near—north, south, east, and west. For this purpose, that the great gift of life eternal may be

POSSESSED,

in hundreds of different languages it is being told forth, and under the Holy Spirit's power it is being carried to the dark and sinful in "all the world." Such wonderful words of life are told, with the one object in view, namely, that faith in Christ may be exercised. To hear without mixing what is heard with hearty faith in the crucified Saviour, is to hear in vain. Nothing but possession of life should satisfy any. And how wonderful that boys and girls may have this great gift (Rom. 6. 23). There were little children who believed in Jesus when He was here (Matt. 18. 6). One thing that shows us to be the greatest of sinners is to refuse to believe in Him after what He has done for our sakes (1 John 5. 10). On the banks of the Clyde some years ago two little girls, who had been playing near the edge of the water, fell in. The tide was ebbing fast, carrying them away every second into deeper water. But from a steamer close by a brave man, without any life-preserver on, dived into the river, and swam over to where the poor little girls were. His strong arms soon brought them to land. These drowning children allowed that man to save them. If they had refused and been drowned, what foolishness would have been theirs! Jesus has come to save YOU; believe in Him and YOU will possess eternal life (John 3. 15).

Perhaps you say, "Could I keep it?" No; you could not keep it. But this brings me to another truth, namely, that the saved one has a

PRESERVED

life. You must first *possess*. Be most diligent to see that you are a possessor of eternal life (Luke 13. 24), and Jesus will keep you. He says, "I give unto My sheep *eternal life*; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John 10 28). What a splendid Life-preserver He is! Bind this word to your heart, and no fears will alarm. Through storm and tempest, darkness and light, He will preserve you (2 Tim. 4. 18). Through all dangers, and trials, and sorrows of your earthly voyage, He will surely keep you (1 Peter 1. 5), and bring you to that fair haven, where no death shall ever be known, where all tears are wiped away. Only true believers in Jesus shall be there (Rev. 7. 17). Rest not till you know that Heaven is your Eternal Home. JS. FS.

Original Object Lessons, No. 202.

THE DAIRYMAID'S DECISION:

OR, "PUT YOUR OWN NAME IN AND SEE HOW IT WILL FIT."

"THE DAIRYMAID AT A NEIGHBOURING FARM."

THE DAIRYMAID'S DECISION.

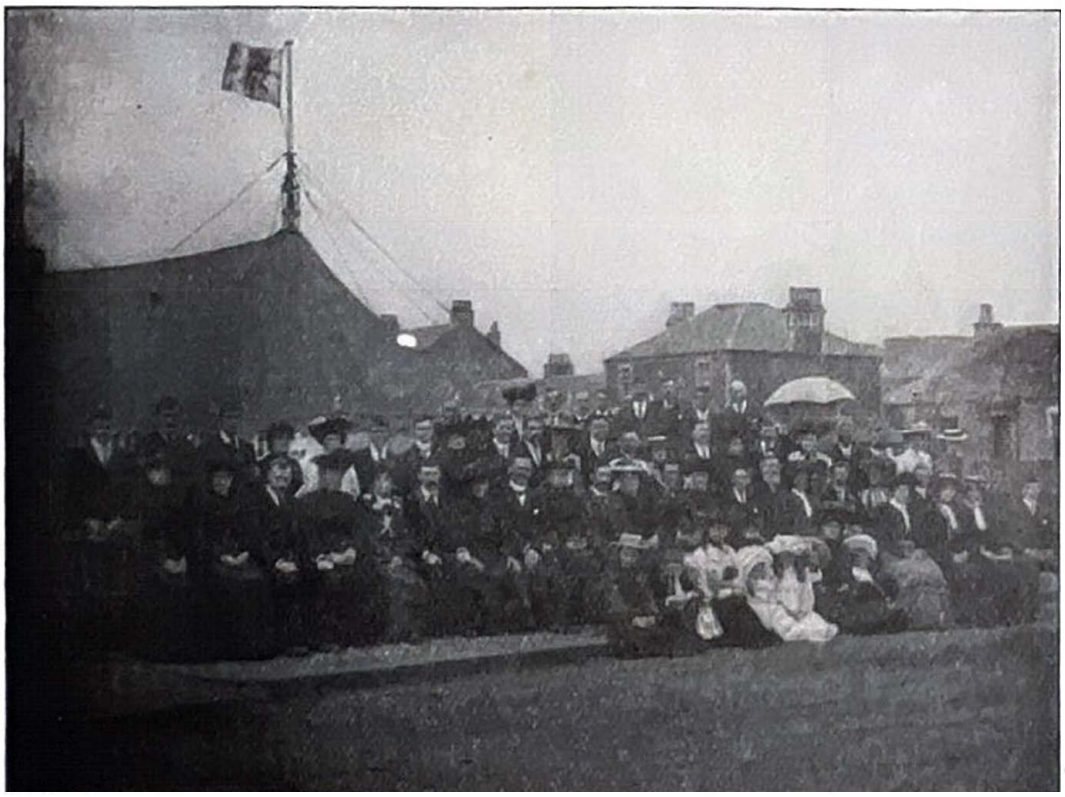
WE had been going on in the tent for some weeks. Men and women from the country-side round had attended in large numbers. Several had manifested an interest in the salvation of their souls; some had accepted the Lord Jesus as their own Saviour, and found John 1. 12 to be true. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." A few had manifested a spirit of opposition, others remained amongst the "almost persuaded" (Acts 26. 28).

Numbered in the latter class was the dairymaid at a neighbouring farm. The first time Martha came under my notice was in the after-meeting on a summer Sunday night. Several were anxious to be saved, so I said, "If any one would like us to pray for them, will they kindly write their request, and send it up?" Almost directly a small torn slip of paper was passed into my hands, with the words pencilled, "Will you pray for me?" I did not know who was the writer, but found at the close of the meeting that it was from Martha, who had realised her condition as a sinner. I told her how Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost (Luke 19. 10); that if she felt herself to be a lost one, she was the very one He came to seek and to save, that the Scripture way of salvation was "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). But she went away still very unhappy.

Next day, at the close of the meeting, I asked her if matters were settled between her and God. "Yes, sir," she answered, "it is all right now." And how had she got the comfort? By means of a little book that had been given her the previous evening. It told of a young woman who, like herself, had felt sin to be a grievous burden, and who had been pointed to John 3. 16: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then followed these words: "Go home and turn to the verse, and instead of the word 'world,' and the word 'whosoever,' *just put your own name in each place, and see how it will fit you.*" "I read the verse, and put *my own name* in. And it just fitted me."

Martha held in her hand the very tract, and showed me how the text was printed with blank spaces thus: "*God so loved*_____ *that He gave His only begotten Son, that* ..... *believing in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

Such was the simple and sweet testimony of the dairymaid's decision for Christ. Does it compare with yours in a two-fold way? First, she realised she was a sinner, and came to an end of herself. Second, she made a beginning with the Lord Jesus Christ as her own Saviour. If you have done so, you are SAVED. If not, you are LOST. Which is it? P.G.



A GROUP OF WORKERS AND FRIENDS OUTSIDE THE TENT.

HOW GOD SAVED A MINER.

MOST of you know that miners, who work in the bowels of the earth, where the sun's golden rays never shine, have many dangers to encounter, hence you will listen for a few minutes to one of them as he tells his story:

I went to work in the pit at the age of eleven. With four sisters and a brother, and times very dull, it was sometimes a great struggle to make ends meet. I went to a gospel meeting with my mother, and as I sat gazing at the preacher, I thought he was referring every word to me. The portion of scripture he took up was, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" (Amos 4. 12). These words went like an arrow to my heart. I reached home, tumbled into bed, but not to sleep. As I lay tossing to and fro the sweat poured off me, my sins rose before me as mountains high, and I knew that I had earned the wages of sin—death. I rose in the morning, went to my work, but I had no peace, no rest, day after day, nothing but the words ringing in my ears, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

SAMUEL SKELTON, NEWARTHILL, LANARKSHIRE.

Just at this time, while at work, a great fall of coal came away, breaking in two the pickshaft that I had in my hand, and smashing my pit lamp into atoms. However, I escaped without a scratch. My father, who was working not far away from me, thought I was done for. Still I went on unsaved, with no peace and no Saviour; a dull, poor, miserable, hell deserving sinner. My parents used to ask me if there was anything wrong with me, but I would put them off by saying, "No."

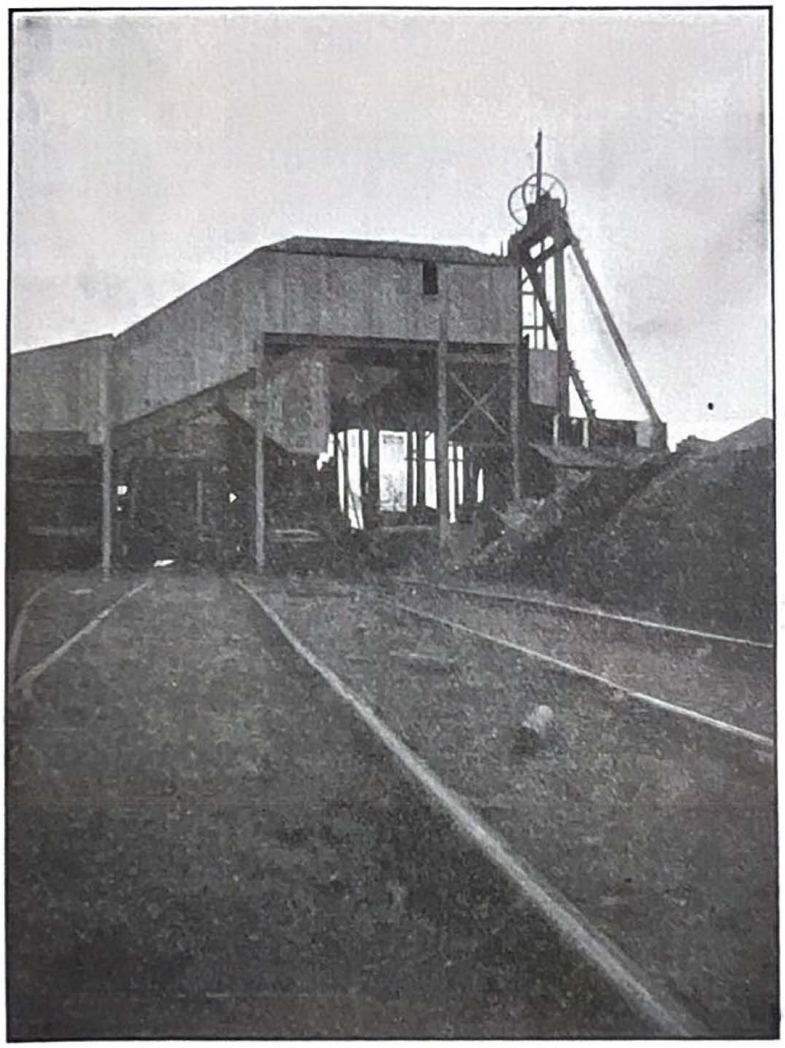
At this time my eldest sister, Annie, took seriously ill. Weeks passed on; she grew weaker and weaker, till the doctor told mother that she would not get better. All this troubled me very much. My mother, knowing that Annie was not saved, and about to enter the presence of God, with tears, night and day, kept crying to God for her soul's salvation. She sat by her bedside day after day telling her of Jesus who died that she might be saved; of Him who left Heaven's glory, and shed His precious blood, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). As her end was drawing near, one day in particular, while mother sat with the Bible in her hand, she said, "Oh, Annie, don't you see it, JESUS DIED FOR YOU." After a while the sufferer exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I see it, I see it. JESUS DIED FOR ME!" I will never forget that scene; father and mother weeping for joy and praising God; their dying child singing:

"Lord Jesus receive me,
No more will I grieve Thee;
Now, blessed Redeemer,
Save me at the Cross."

How God Saved a Miner.

A few weeks more and the end came. It was three o'clock in the afternoon; she called us all to her bedside, and, shaking hands with each one, said, "I am going to leave you, but you are not to be sorry for me, for I am going home." My father took her hand, and she continued in a faint whisper, "Father, I cannot see you now, I am turning blind." With these words she passed from our midst into the presence of Jesus, to that home where sorrow never enters, where joys never end. This caused me to think more about my eternal welfare. Six months later my loved mother took ill, which proved a sickness unto death. She lay unconscious for seven hours. Well do I remember her prayers that went up to the God of heaven for me, that I might be brought to the Lord Jesus Christ.

All this added sorrow upon sorrow. At times I would like to have died, but I was not ready. I knew I was a sinner and, as such, deserved nothing but hell. I used to think, as I lingered at her grave, that I was too great a sinner for God to save.



THE COLLIERY WHERE THE MINER WORKED.

While at my work, down underneath the ground, my very pick seemed to ring out, "Prepare to meet thy God," thus bringing things up afresh in my mind. When I used to go to the meetings with mother, I would say to myself, "Is it possible that I can be saved, whose sins are black as coal?" And then there seemed to come a whisper in my ear, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). This seemed to give me a little peace, and I would start working again; but still my pick would ring out, "Prepare to meet thy God." I would stop working and the whisper would come again, "Jesus died for all mankind, and Jesus died for me."

Various events, and more hairbreadth escapes with my life, and I next found myself in Cleland, hiding in a corner, listening to an open-air preacher. One night in particular, I stood in that dark corner when they started to sing:

"What can wash away my sins?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The words came into my dark soul; I saw all that I was doing or could do was of no avail; "nothing but that Precious Blood could cleanse me from my guilt." I saw Jesus, God's Son, dying on Calvary's Cross for guilty sinners like me. By accepting him as my Saviour I knew, on that 10th of March, 1902, what it was to be "born again." The next day I went to my work, the joy of heaven beaming in my face. My pick now had changed its tune, and seemed to ring out louder and louder, "Hallelujah, 'tis done." S. S.

THE BOYS WHO STOLE THE CARROTS.

DAVID was the tallest, Jackie was the smallest, George was the strongest, James the wildest, and William the wisest. One Saturday the tallest said to the smallest, "Jackie, there is a cricket match on to-day, will you go and see it?" Jackie said, "Yes, we will all go." On their way to the cricket match they met a farmer's man in a cart, and he asked them if they would have a ride in the cart. The five boys jumped in. Said the farmer's man to them, "Do you like carrots?" They all said "Yes." "Well," he said, "There is a field by the side of the wood that you go through to the match, and there are lots of carrots. The farmer is always delighted when he knows that boys have helped themselves to his carrots."

When they were passing through the wood, three of them got into the field of carrots; two of them were left in the wood to watch, just in case anything might happen. The three boys brought out as many as they could carry, and after dividing them among the five, they began to discuss the cricket match, wondering who would win. After walking some distance through the wood, the tallest boy looked back and saw a man coming through the field. "Oh," he said, "here is the farmer, we had better run." So off they ran. One of them said, "The farmer is nearly blind, he will never see us"; but they forgot he could see the carrot ends they were leaving behind them. When they came to a hedge, on the other side of which was a field of standing corn, one of the boys said to the others, "Let us go into the corn field; he will never find us there," so the tallest helped the smallest over the hedge. Then all walked single file through the corn field, the first one beating down the corn and making a road. Little did they think when they were making a road for themselves they were also making a road for the farmer, and thus working out the Word of Truth: "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. 32. 23).

When they got into the middle of the field, they sat down in a circle waiting and wondering if there would be any possibility of the farmer finding them out, when lo! they heard a rustling of the grain. Two of them jumped up and ran; the other three were caught. Jackie began to cry, and said, "Please, sir, we will never do it again." The farmer with

FIVE BOYS GETTING INTO MISCHIEF.

a surly voice said, "Come down to the farm until I get your names and addresses, then I will send for a policeman. On Monday morning the policeman came. So the five boys got into a house, locked the door, pulled down the blinds, and hid in corners of the different rooms, forgetting that whilst they might hide from the policeman, they could not hide from God. "Thou God seest me" (Gen. 16. 13).

After an hour had passed a knock was heard at the door. The boys whispered to each other "Keep quiet, that is the policeman." Another knock at the window; still there was no response. Then another knock at the door and a voice shouted, "Are you in there, William?" This was William's mother come home. "Oh," said William, "that is my mother; let her in." So they had to own up why they were hiding. Their sin had found them out. Their parents went to the farmer, and explained all about his man getting them into trouble. So the boys got off.

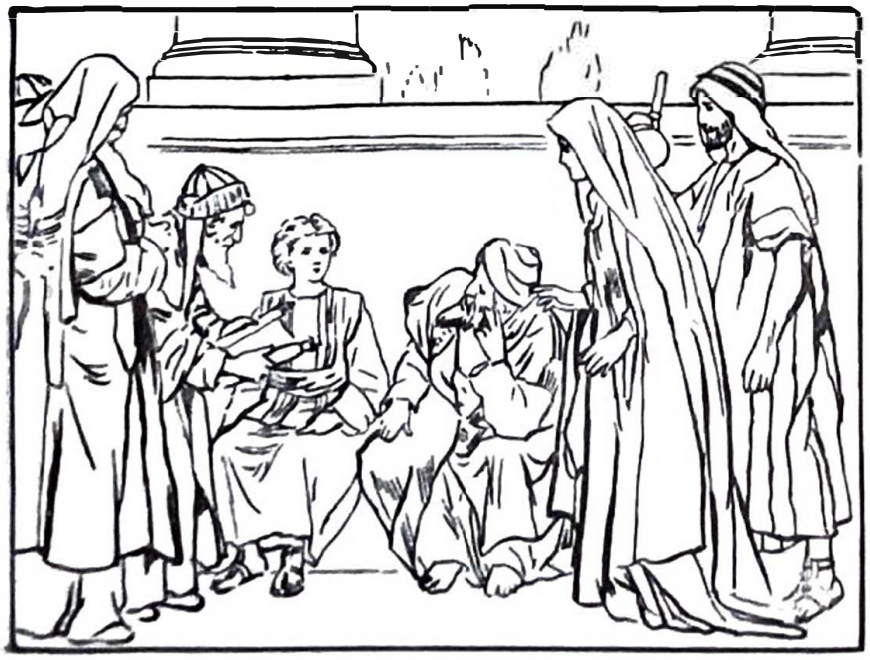
Not many years after that incident took place, Jackie and his cousin William went to a gospel meeting. Jackie was asked if he would like to be a Christian, but the incident of the carrots came into his mind, and he felt he was not good enough. After being told of the love of the Lord Jesus, and of His death on the cross in his room and stead, and that he could be saved through simply trusting in Jesus as his Saviour, he there and then knelt down and said:

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou can'st make me whole,"

and found His promise true: "He that believeth on ME hath everlasting life."

Will and he were living together and sleeping together. As Jackie went home the question arose in his mind whether he would tell Will. Satan said, "No, do not tell." The Spirit said, "Yes, confess the Lord" (Rom. 10. 9). A struggle went on in Jackie's heart. When he got home Will was waiting for him, and Jackie at once said, "Will, I have decided for Christ." Will never spoke. That night Jackie did not kneel down and pray as he should; he was afraid. Another night when the two boys were sitting together by the fireside, Jackie said, "We might pray before going into bed." "I have just been waiting till you would suggest that," said Will. Jackie prayed first in a few stammering words, then Will prayed, and the two boys kept on their knees praying till one o'clock in the morning. At last Jackie rose, and clasping his cousin's hand said, "William, will you trust Jesus also?" "Yes, I will," he replied, "I will trust and not be afraid." Will believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved.

The above happened many years ago, and both these boys are still following and working for Jesus. Will you, dear young friends, accept this same Jesus as your Saviour, and be enabled, like Jackie and Will, to say, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, He also is become my salvation"? J. S.



Coloured to Colour, No. 17. CHRIST IN THE MIDST OF THE DOCTORS.
"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business" (Luke 2. 49).

ORIGINAL SEARCHING No. 172.

There is one verse in Romans found,
You'll find it if you search around,
Four times contains the great word, HOPE;
So now to search you've freest scope. T. B.

Answer to Searching, No. 171.
DANIEL.

THE HEAVENLY FERRYMAN.

A LITTLE river was running
along,
At the foot of some rugged
hills,
Its shallowy bed soon deepen'd
and spread,
From streamlets and runnels
and rills.

But it sped, and it sped, o'er its gravelly bed,
And was very soon lost to sight,
Till torrents and tides, from the mountain sides,
Added strength and increasing might.

The modest rivulet now became
A river both wide and deep ;
Sometimes it would be like an angry sea,
And then like a babe asleep.

A cottager, with his thrifty wife,
And Mary, his fair-hair'd child
(Save a ferryman old in the neighbouring wold),
Were the only ones in the wild.

But Jesus within the cottar's walls,
Was honour'd and loved and known ;
And there they were blest, and had sweeter rest
Than those who possess a throne.

And their little Mary was early taught
In that wondrous tale of grace,
What Jesus has done—and the triumph He won,
When He stood in the sinner's place.

The father each morn at early dawn,
The river was ferried o'er ;
Ascending the hills to the distant mills,
Where he toil'd for his daily store.

One night the wind in its fitful gusts
The river was blowing o'er—
From mountain and plain came the pelting rain,
Besieging the cottage door.

"Over! oh, ferryman! over, ho!"
(Two sorrowful hearts rejoice ;)
"Oh! ferryman, ho!" "The wind doth blow,
But I know *that* is father's voice."

They stood at the door with straining eyes,
And poor little Mary cried—
"For my father dear, I am full of fear,
For *'tis dark on the other side.*"

And so they stand, and they watch, and pray,
Till they hear there's a lull in the blast ;
Ah! what is that sound? 'tis the boat aground,
And father is home at last.

Soon after this strange and eventful night,
In the crib with its little bed,
The fair-hair'd girl, with a strange wild whirl,
Was rolling her aching head.

In vain the Doctor attempts to stay
The fever now running high ;
With a shake of the head, to the mother he said,
"Your dear little girl will die!"

One night as they sat by her little crib,
Hope's earliest glimmer to trace ;
From her slumbers she woke, and a faint smile
broke
O'er the poor little pallid face,

As she stretch'd her white and wasted arms,
"Dear father and mother," she cried,
"Oh! lend me your hand, for see where I stand,
I'm come to the river side."

"You are not by the river, dear child," said they,
As they felt her fever'd head ;
"You're at home in the cot, in the much-loved
spot,
You're safe in your own little bed."

"The Ferryman's there in His beautiful boat,
How swiftly He's coming along ;
And such songs I hear, so sweet and so clear,
They come from a heavenly throng."

The father and mother began to see
The drift of their little one—
That she lean'd on the love of the Saviour above,
God's well-beloved Son.

"And isn't it dark on the other side,
As it frequently is down here?"
"No, father ; the light is so pure and bright,
And the river is calm and clear."

"And can my Mary see right across,
With never a cloud between?"
"Yes, father, yes ; and the river seems less,
And yonder's a beautiful scene."

"And whom does my Mary, my darling, see,
Stand there on the opposite shore?"
"A beautiful One, who shines like the sun ;
I never saw such before."

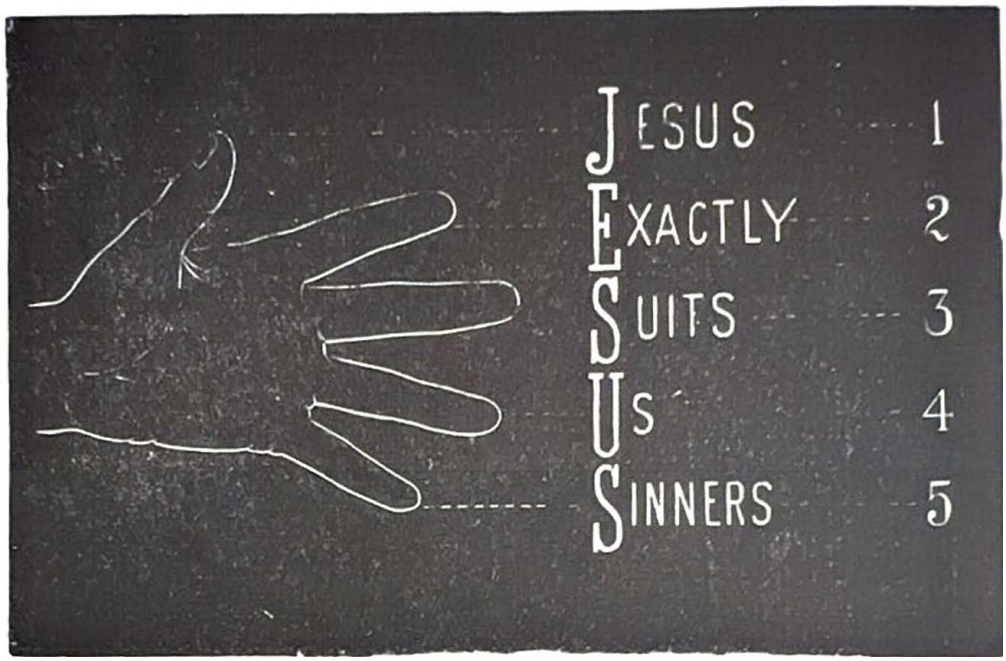
They silently gaze on the dear little one,
Upon whom they so lovingly dote ;
"He comes! mother dear, He's coming so near,
I'm ready to step in His boat!"

A smile, and a movement—a raising of hands,
"The Ferryman's Jesus!" she cried ;
They raise up her head, but her spirit has fled,
She has pass'd to the other side.

The Lord knew the trust of that dear little heart,
That of trouble she fear'd not a wave ;
And why should she fear, with her Saviour so
near,
So willing—so mighty to save?

C. C.

WHOM DOES JESUS SUIT?



HERE is a piece of chalk and a blackboard, so we are all right for a chalk-talk, but I want the loan of a hand. Will a big boy come forward and lend a hand for a moment or two? Thanks; stretch it out full on the board. We follow outline with chalk, and fill in line or two. There we have a hand, with how many fingers? **5**. Let every finger stand for a letter, and we have the name of the best Person in heaven, earth, or hell; the best Being, "who is, and was, and is to come" (Rev. 1. 4). Finger 1 gives us His Name.

JESUS. We are explicitly told why He got this name. A little girl might read Matthew 1. 21: "Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall *save* His people from their sins." Then His name tells us of a Saviour from sin, death, misery, woe, the devil, and the lake of fire. That name is almost the same in every language; that name, and the fame thereof, is found in every land. Truly it is the "Sweetest Name on mortal tongue." To every true believer it is "the name high over all," to every lost sinner it tells of hope and salvation, for "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is *none other name* under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). Does that name set *your* heart aglow?

The next finger tells us how He suits sinners.

EXACTLY. A little boy might read Mark 6. 56: "And whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, . . . as many as touched Him WERE MADE WHOLE." However different the *place*—the rustic village, the busy city, the wild countryside—He exactly suited the place. However different the *person*—doctor Luke, beloved John, taxgatherer Matthew, fisherman Peter, sinning Mary, teacher Nicodemus—it made no difference, Jesus exactly suited as Saviour and Friend. However different the *disease*—palsy, leprosy, fever, blindness, insanity, or even death itself—"He healed them all" (Matt. 12. 15). So to-day! Wheresoever any sinner puts his name into God's great "whosoever" (John 3. 16), he is made whole. Have you done it?

Finger 3 tells us what the Saviour does.

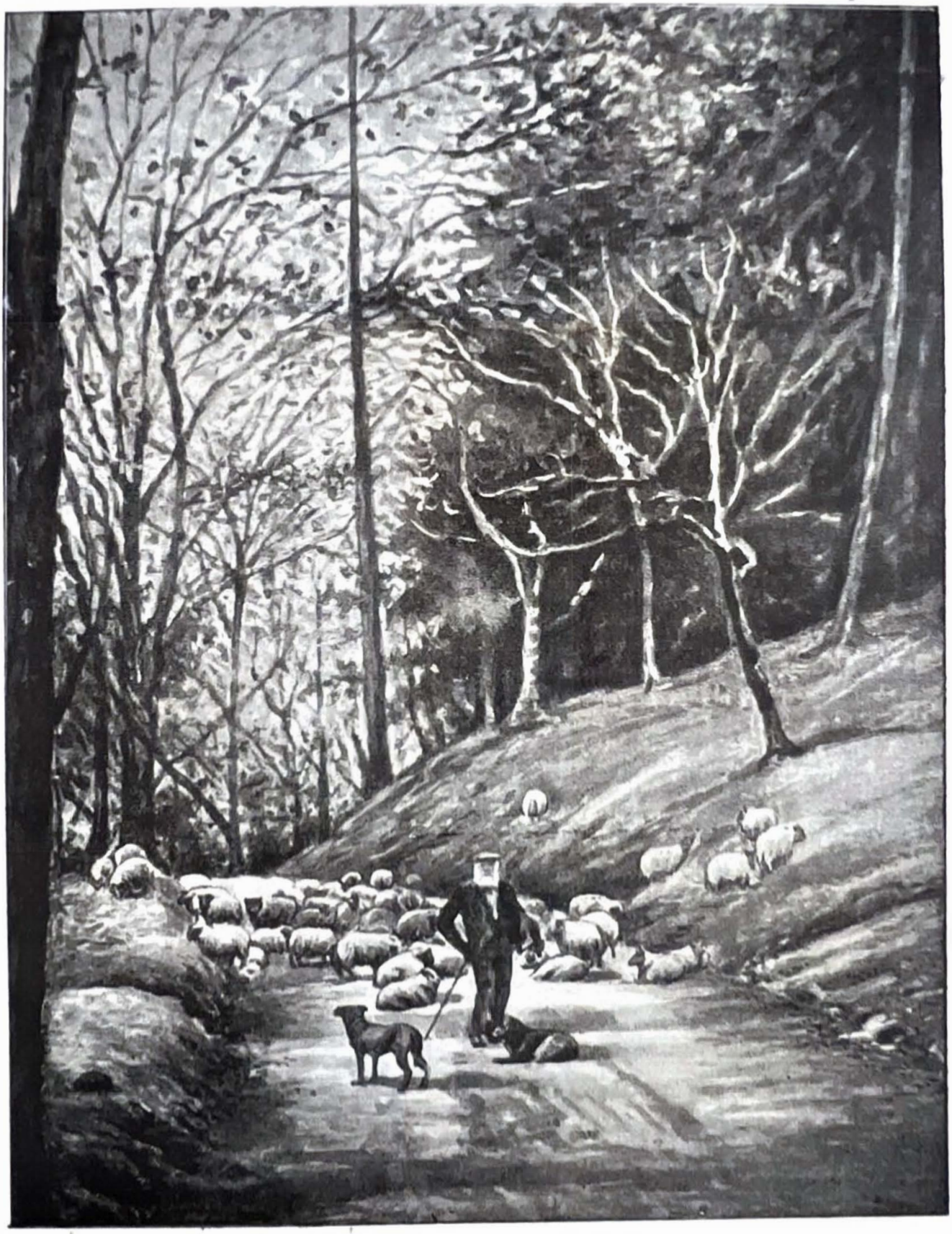
SUITS. The big boy who lent his hand might read 1 Timothy 1. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world TO SAVE SINNERS, of whom I AM CHIEF." A big sinner needs a big Saviour. This biggest sinner, Saul of Tarsus, found One exactly suitable for all his need in the Lord Jesus Christ, who so changed him that he became the best of saints (1 Tim. 1. 16). Jesus has met all the claims of God, satisfied all the law's demands, conquered death and the devil, and now "is able to save them *to the uttermost* that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). Finger 4, who have to come?

US. A big girl might read Romans 5. 8: "But God commendeth His love toward US, in that, while we were *yet sinners*, Christ died for US." That little word of two letters includes all in the word of nine letters in John 3. 16. It means "you, me, or anybody else." I know I am a sinner; God's Word says Christ died for sinners, therefore He must have died for me, and I can say with the chief of sinners, "He loved ME and gave Himself for ME" (Galatians 2. 20). The last finger tells us whom Jesus suits.

SINNERS. Perhaps a teacher will read Luke 2. 17, and see if this is correct. "I came not to call the righteous, but SINNERS TO REPENTANCE." Not holy angels, not unholy demons, not folks who "never did any harm," or who were "always good," but sinners, sinners, sinners. To such He says: "Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Come and find that JESUS EXACTLY SUITS US SINNERS. HYP.

"IF FATHER HOLDS THE ROPES":

OR, A BOY'S FAITH AND A FATHER'S LOVE.

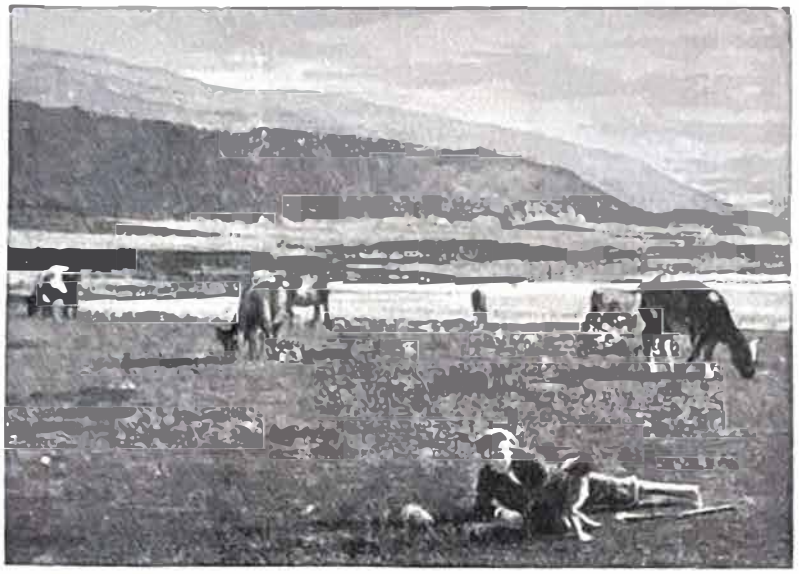


"A STURDY HIGHLAND SHEPHERD."

"IF FATHER HOLDS THE ROPE."

ON a lovely autumn afternoon a romping, Scottish lad was beckoned from herding the cattle by some students of botany who had visited the lonely district he called home. The son of a sturdy Highland shepherd, who cared for the sheep which grazed on the hillsides and valleys of the Grampian range, he scarcely knew what fear was, but he shrank from the task which these unknown visitors had asked him to accomplish.

Within a short distance from his home was a lovely glen and a deep gorge, the rocky sides of which were covered with rare and pretty flowers. These the botanists desired to possess, but they were beyond their reach. To solve the difficulty they purposed to lower the boy down the rock face to fill a basket. A substantial reward was offered; money was none too plentiful at home, and the sight of the gold dazzled Donald's eyes; but as he gazed down the awful chasm he shrank back. At last his face brightened, and looking up he exclaimed, "I will go down if father holds the rope." The father was sought out, and within a short time the sturdy Highlander without a quiver on his face lowered his son over the cliff to where the flowers grew. The lad quickly filled the basket, and was brought again to the surface in safety, amid the cheers of the company, to receive his reward.



"A LAD BECKONED FROM HERDING THE CATTLE."

Three things about this father and son are worthy of notice. First, THE BOY'S FAITH. Looking around the company there was not a known face among them; all were strangers, and on none could he depend. A short distance away, however, was his father. Many times he had been lifted in the big strong arms and carried on the massive shoulders. Then was he not his father? His power and love would never fail. In father's hands he would be safe. Donald trusted, and his father did the holding. Whom do you trust? Amidst the risks and dangers of life, or in the dark waters of death, who will hold you up? Are you trusting to yourself or your companions, or is your confidence in God? Your security does not depend on your trust, but on the one you are trusting.

Next it shows THE FATHER'S LOVE. Donald knew his father loved him. His daily care proved it. In just the same way God has shown his love to you. He has cared for and preserved you all these years, and more than that, He gave His Son to die for you. "He has commended His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). By means of His death you may be reconciled to God. He waits with open arms to receive you, and His love has provided cleansing from sin, eternal life, and a home in heaven for all who believe on His Son (John 3. 36).

Then we have THE FATHER'S STRENGTH. He was able to keep and uphold his son. God is sufficient to keep you, Jesus is "able to succour" (Heb. 2. 18), "able to save to the uttermost" (Heb. 7. 25), and "able to keep you from falling" (Jude 24). Donald, as he dangled at the end of that rope, may have trembled, and as he gazed down the dizzy depths, may have felt faint at heart, but his father held the rope. So it will be with you, if you put yourself in the Saviour's hands—you will be saved; none shall pluck you from His hand. He accepts all who come. Our part is to do the trusting, Jesus will do the saving. If you have not yet stepped out on His promise, will you do so before you lay this down?

J. H.

A JAPANESE SAILOR'S TESTIMONY.

AFTER the third blocking of Port-Arthur, 3rd May, 1904, there was found on the body of a Japanese sailor a blood-soaked little book. The owner proved to be Warrant-Officer, S. Kagergarna, and the little book a Gospel of John, given him by an English Christian lady. But had he read it, and reading it, had he believed its message?

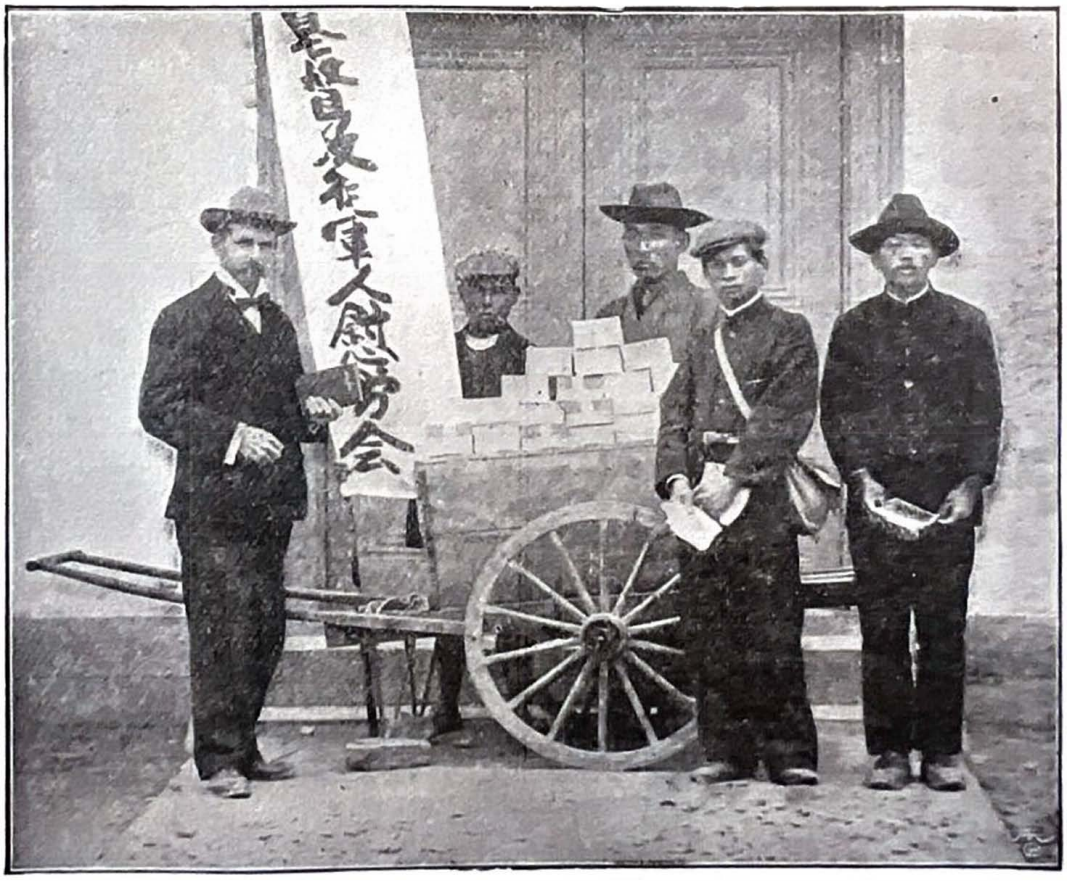
Many have not only one Gospel, but all four, and even the entire Word of God; but it is only in the house, the pocket, the hand: it is never read, much less received into the heart. Not so this Japanese officer, for according to a writer in *The Japan Times*, a paper edited by a Japanese, but printed in English, he had made good use of the gift. This friend writes: "Since he received the book he has never parted with it, and has read it in times of peace as well as in war." So he was not religious because of fear. He who only prays when dangers are thick, will cease when the battle is over. I like the converts who start in days of peace.

"He was naturally a gallant and patriotic sailor, but became more so on account of the admirable faith he derived from reading the invaluable book." Good testimony that. Did you ever know the Bible to make a man less fit for any sphere of life? It is always quite the reverse.

"He was a firm believer in the word of Christ, that those who believe shall not perish." So wrote the deceased officer's friend. Then he had read in his book: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish" (John 3 16). Probably he had also read John 5. 24: "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." And that other word of the Lord: "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand, . . . and no man is able to pluck then out of My Father's hand" (John 10. 29). "He," wrote his friend, "went to the deadly fight with this faith, and died peacefully with the book close to his bosom."

Blessed little book that told him such comforting truth! Shells might burst, mines might explode, ships might be torpedoed, but Jesus said, he a humble believer, should never perish. He might be wounded, he might be dying, and the precious gospel the lady gave him might be saturated with his life-blood, he might die, but his soul was safe.

Can it be said of you as of Warrant-Officer S. Kagergarna, "He was a firm believer in the word of Christ, that those who believe shall not perish?" May we learn to value this Book of books, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as did this Japanese. W. L.



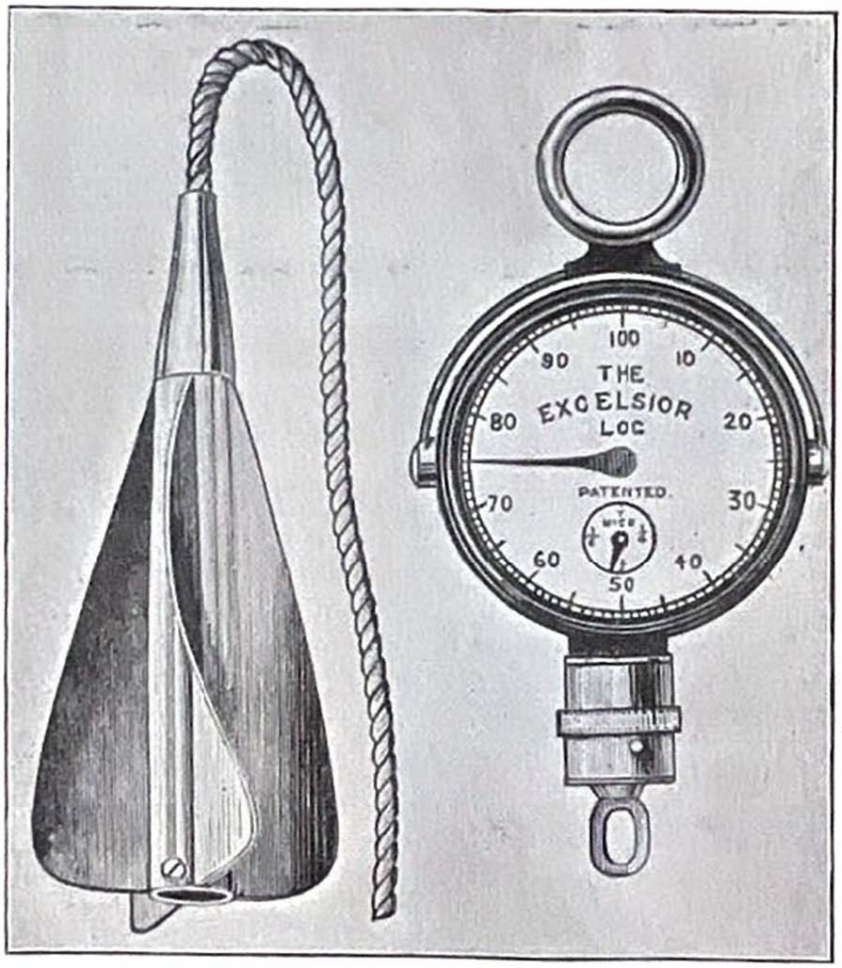
How God Saved, 80. SELLING THE PRECIOUS WORD OF GOD IN JAPAN.

"CONSULT YOUR LOG.

WHAT a population lives on the sea. In storm and calm thousands of men are constantly on the ocean's bosom. The modern steamship has many different appliances on board. Here is a little one which occupies a very small corner at the stern, and yet is very useful. It is called THE SHIP'S LOG. One lesson we may gather from it, and that is concerning

INDICATION.

Just as the water gauge tells the amount of water in the boiler, and the clock tells the hour of the day, so the ship's log indicates the number of miles the ship has travelled. This reminds us of what the Scriptures call "The course of this world" (Eph. 2. 2). Each thought, word, and deed is an indication. *Thoughts*, it has been said, lead to actions, actions form *habits*, and habits form *character*.



Just as the captain of the vessel can see by the log how many miles he has travelled, so your actions will indicate to you and others what is your course. What a solemn thought that God has an indicator in heaven. He keeps an account of each one (Matt. 12. 36). And in the day of judgment, to the confusion of those who have died in their sins, God will bring forth His indicator, and the wicked dead will be judged out of the things written in the book, according to their works (Rev. 20. 12). But again, we gather something more from the log dial. We learn about

LIMITATION.

Most day-school scholars know that there is three times more water than land. That raises the figures of the ocean's area to a very high number. Still, although it amounts to millions of miles, yet it can be measured. Or, in other words, it is limited. From this our desire is to remind our youthful readers that life here has a limit (Luke 12. 20). It may seem long at the beginning, but is short at the longest (1 Cor. 7. 29), and many a promising start is speedily terminated. God's limit does not promise more than four score years, and how many there are who do not reach it. Have we not all learned that human life is limited in its duration, attainment, and research. Next comes

DESTINATION.

Seeing you are found on the course of time, it means you are moving on to the boundless ocean of Eternity. And to that there is no limit. How earnestly then we should inquire as to where we are going.

When a ship leaves port, the place her passengers book for is called their destination. Can you tell where you are going? There is only one safe authority to direct us. That is the One who was known among men as the Man of Sorrows (Isa 53. 4). As the Light of the World He came from Heaven (John 6. 51). and cries on all to follow Him. He promises peace here, and honour for evermore, to them that obey Him (Heb. 5. 9). But, seeing there is such a tendency to close the ear against Him, or negligently to procrastinate, we urgently call What is your destination? WHITHER BOUND? This brings us to the

TERMINATION

The end will come sooner or later. You doubtless wish to be happy. To this end Christ died; what more could He do (Isa. 5 4)? His life He gave to open heaven as an everlasting haven of love and joy to each one believing in Him (John 3. 15). Let His love into your heart, and indications will soon follow to show that you are His (Acts 16. 33). Then, with the unlimited horizon of eternity before you, you will be assured of a bright destiny (1 John 3. 2). But to neglect His loving entreaties (Matt. 11. 28) to each traveller on the sea of time, is to find your terminus in the blackness of darkness for ever (Jude 13). It need not be so. Christ stands ready to receive all who will come to Him (John 6. 37). Will *you* come? JS. FS.

Origin al Object Lesson, No. 210.

THE MODEL MANSION IN SAND.

I HOPE, if you have been to the sea, you may have been so fortunate as to have found a place such as I know, where there are two beaches, one rocky and rough, with beautiful clear pools among the rocks full of bright seaweeds and little crabs; and the other, on the opposite side of the bay, as different from the rocky beach as possible; just one broad reach of sand, where the tiny waves come creeping up so silently that you can hardly believe this is the same sea which breaks with such a roar and dash not so very far away. I fancy, if you had to choose, you would rather have the sandy beach after all, for I know how you enjoy building houses and making gardens in the sand.

I will tell you of the most beautiful sand-house and garden I ever saw. A great many children had joined to build it, and they were very sensible children, too; at least the elder boys and girls who planned it must have been, for they got the little ones to carry their buckets full of sand right away from the place where the tide came in every day to a sheltered spot under the sea-wall, and there, high and dry, they made their model mansion. A very grand place it was, I assure you; nothing was carelessly done, the garden paths were straight and well pressed down, and the beds were cut out almost as cleanly as a gardener would have done them. The little ones grew hot and tired as they ran backwards and forwards with their buckets, but still the work went on, and at last, to crown it all, some beautiful roses and pinks were stuck into the garden beds, and the children clapped their hands with delight.

"It seems a pity," said a gentleman who had been watching them at work, "that all their labour should be in vain." "Oh, I daresay their pretty work will last a long time," replied the lady to whom he had spoken; "you see what a good place they have chosen, quite out of the way of the tide; of course the flowers must wither, but I hope the house and garden will be here for many a day." "It is spring tide to-morrow, and I think the waves will come quite up to this wall," said the old gentleman; "I fear they will be bitterly disappointed when they find no trace of their handiwork remaining. However," he added, as they turned to go home, "it is a lesson old and young must all learn sooner or later."

If the children had overheard the conversation, I daresay they would have had very different thoughts about it. Many of

"CLEAR POOLS AMONGST THE ROCKS FULL OF BRIGHT SEAWEEDS AND LITTLE CRABS."

them would have felt vexed with the old gentleman for even thinking it possible that their beautiful house should be swept away, and would have said, "I don't believe it a bit." The elder ones might have remembered with some anxiety that they had never thought of the spring tide, and some perhaps would have noticed the words, "It is a lesson old and young must all learn sooner or later," and wondered what they meant.

Well, the spring tide came, and the waves rose higher and higher, until at last they came washing up against the sea-wall, and the bright flowers of the blooming garden which surrounded the house built of sand were soon floating far out to sea on the crest of the returning wave. When next I passed that way the place where the house had been was not to be found. The old gentleman's words about the house had come true. But what of his other words about the lesson we must all learn. He meant we must learn to build our hopes not on the uncertain things of this life, which are as bright for a moment as the flowers in the sand garden, and as soon withered and swept away, but upon what is sure and unfading (1 Peter 1. 24, 25). I think you understand me. None of you are so young that you have not known many a disappointment; pleasures to which you have looked forward with eager delight have seemed not worth having when they really came, and some of you have known worse trials than these.

Cartoons to Colour, No. 18. ANOINTING THE SAVIOUR'S FEET.
"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much" (Luke 7. 47).

Now that we are speaking of these things, you begin to think of that house of which our Lord spoke to His disciples, built by the foolish man, without a foundation upon the sand, and of the great fall of that house when the storm beat upon it. The children of God in all times, though living in a world of change and sorrow, where the resistless tides of death are ever rising, have looked for "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. 11. 10). They have had a sure hope which can never make the heart sick as the failing hopes of this life do.

May God teach us that the fashion of this world passes away, so that we may build our hopes for this present time, as well as for the great future, on His sure foundation, even the Lord Jesus Christ. "He that believeth in Him shall not be confounded" (1 Peter 2. 6). Rest not till you are resting on the Rock of Ages, even the Lord Jesus Christ. N. N.

A MOTHER'S NAME.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, NO. 173.

A KING by sickness brought to death,
Pleaded to live a few years yet.

A prince who sought his father's life,
And caused the nation bitter strife.

A man with death on every hand,
Preserved by doing God's command.

A widow, hearing of God's grace,
Returned unto her native place.

A priest, whose kindred being slain,
Joined in a royal out-cast's train.

A mount where fled a prophet bold,
When he had God's own message told.

Now take the letters, first in each,
And they the name of one will teach,
Whose heart by sorrow deeply stirred,
By man condemned, by God was heard. C.W.N.

Answer to Searching, No. 172—Rom. 8. 24.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

SO far as this world's goods are concerned, he was poor. There was little beyond his Bible and his dog that he could call his own; but he was satisfied—quite satisfied The deep peace and joy that filled his heart could not be hid, it shone out in his very face, and flowed in songs of praises from his lips. The people could scarcely understand him, there was something so unearthly about the lad; yet many of them felt that he was in possession of something that they were destitute of, and some of them would have given all they had to be as satisfied and happy as he was. But what was the source and secret of it all? Simply this, that he knew the Lord. I mean he REALLY knew Jesus the Son of God as his *Saviour* and his *Lord*. Once he was a wild and reckless youth, but ever since the day he was converted all was so changed. His heart was won for God, and his outward life was a testimony to the power of the grace that had saved him. His conversion to God was no mere lip profession, but a grand and glorious reality, and the people felt it to be so. He seemed to live in the very atmosphere of Jesus' love, and to be waiting, moment by moment, to see His face. It was so real to him that he could not but speak, and somehow the people were obliged to listen to his words, and they owned that if there was a Christian on earth, Willie, the shepherd lad, was one.

I wonder, dear young friend, if you are *really* happy, and *truly* satisfied! Do you know the deep calm of a soul at peace with God, and the untold bliss of a heart that has found the Lord Jesus as its portion? There is nothing on earth to be compared with this—it is heaven begun, the foretaste of that bright "for ever" to be spent in the presence of the Lord. You may have sought to find happiness in the cup of earthly joy, but ah! it cannot satisfy your soul. Written above all the wells of this world's joy you will find the words—"WHOSOEVER DRINKETH OF THIS WATER SHALL THIRST AGAIN."

To-day's pleasures scarcely do for the present, they leave nothing for to-morrow. But when the soul finds its rest and its portion in Christ, O how satisfied it is. And He is the same *yesterday*, *to-day*, and *for ever*.

My dear friend, can I not allure you to His loving arms? Will you not be persuaded to receive Him as the Saviour and portion of your weary soul? The joy of the shepherd lad, and of thousands more, will then be your own.

"ABLE AND WILLING."

TO commence our lesson, we will commence to fill the blackboard with one word. Here it is—

ABLE.

Which boy or girl knows the meaning of that word? See the hands up! We point to one. "It means that he *can*." Yes! that's it; not one that *cannot* do it, but one that *can* do the thing. Dr. Johnson, a wise man who made up a dictionary, says it means "COMPETENT." When that little boy on the back seat went to school, his father thought the master was "competent," or "*could*" teach him. When this little girl took sick, her mother called in a *competent* doctor, or one who could cure; so Jesus is *a competent Saviour* (Rom. 4. 21). On the other corner of the board I write a corresponding word—

WILLING.

Jesus is a willing Saviour. Let me give you one verse only for that, as we do not mean at this time to speak about His willingness. John 6. 37 says: "Him that cometh to Me, *I* WILL in no wise cast out." You need no more—that's plain enough as to His being quite willing to save and bless.

But what is Jesus able to do? To destroy? Well, He performed wonders for seven years, and wrought about thirty-six miracles in all; and do you know how many were *destroying* miracles? Only *one*, and that was a barren fig tree, which He cursed. He is able to

SAVE.

Ah! that's a grand word (Matt. 1. 21). A poor little waif, playing on the quay of the Queen's Dock, falls into the water. No kind mother is there to cry for help, but a kind sailor from that Anchor Line steamer leaps in—to push him down? No! to *save*. You saw the large block of buildings the other night all ablaze; you heard of the father, mother, and three little children crying from the top window for help. In went the brave firemen 'mid all the flames—*to save*. Boys in danger of being "drowned in sin," girls in danger of being cast into a far worse fire, here is good news—JESUS IS ABLE TO SAVE. Whom is He able to save? Here's a sharp little boy will answer: "Good people, sir." Quite a mistake. In order to make very plain the kind of people Jesus is able and willing to save, we will follow the acrostic down. S stands for

SINNERS.

This is the only thing needful to fit any one for the *Saviour*. They may be rich sinners or poor sinners; Scotch sinners, English sinners, or Irish sinners; black or white; a queen sinner on a throne, or a pauper sinner in a poorhouse—it matters not, for "Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Hence He is able to save

ALL SINNERS.

But there are men who get drunk, men who steal, boys who cheat, boys who say bad words. Yes, there are boys and girls who not only have bad hearts, but bad ways, bad lives, very, very bad children. Still, I'm glad to tell you Jesus is able to save "to the uttermost." He delights in picking up

VILE SINNERS.

He saved a woman that had seven demons. He saved a man that helped to murder Stephen. He saved a woman who had six husbands (John 4. 18). He saved a man that cursed and swore. He saved a host more. No sinner ever yet came to Him but received a hearty welcome (Matt. 11. 28), for He is able and willing to save

EVERY SINNER,

and that to the uttermost, or for ever; for the verse that I want you to learn is this: "Wherefore He is *able* also to save them to the *uttermost* that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). Oh, rest not till you are able to say, He is able and willing to save EVEN ME. HYP.

"THOSE NAUGHTY FINGERS":

OR, WHAT LED HER TO THINK OF CONFESSING TO FATHER?

"THIS FINGER AND THUMB HAVE BEEN NAUGHTY TO-DAY."

"THOSE NAUGHTY FINGERS."

DOROTHY DAY was a sweet child of five summers, the daughter of a Christian gentleman. One of the delights of the day to father and daughter was the "Gentle Jesus meek and mild" at its close, with the confidential chat thereafter, ere Dorothy pillowed her curly head and entered the land of forgetfulness, or of dreams.

One evening, after the petition, Dorothy held up her little hand and said: "This finger and this thumb have been very naughty to-day, father." "Why, what have they done?" inquired Mr. Day. "Can you not guess?" said the child, judging that her wise father knew everything about her day's doings. But though he thought of many of little Dorothy's childish actings, he failed to tell the exact thing to which she alluded. "They took some raisins out of the cupboard," confessed his little daughter, and, after a pause, she added, "and put the raisins into my mouth."

Hiding an amused smile at the sincerity and simplicity of his darling, Mr. Day inquired: "Did anybody tell those naughty fingers to do it?" "I did not hear anybody tell them," replied the child with unassumed simplicity. "What part of my little girl caused those naughty fingers to take the raisins?" again queried the father, in the hope of learning his daughter a profitable lesson. "Was it her curly hair, her head, or her heart?" "Her heart," quickly replied Dorothy, realising that it was a power *within* which caused the fingers to act *without*. Then, in simple language, her father set before her the Scripture truths, that "out of the heart are the issues of life" (Prov. 4. 23); that God, who knows "the secrets of the heart" (Psa. 44. 21), has declared that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). Like a faithful father, he explained to her that as the source or spring of *herself* was wicked, therefore she was a sinner, and included in the great "all" when God says, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). Then taking a piece of black cloth, he wound it round the erring finger and thumb to indicate their black character. Far from desiring to end such a solemn lesson, Mr. Day put the matter in such a simple and interesting way (he would have made a first-class infant school teacher) that the child nestled closer between his knees, and looked inquiringly into his face. "But what caused my Dorothy to *know* that those fingers were naughty, and what led her to think of *confessing* to father?" The supplanting of the inquiring look by a puzzled look was all the reply the child could give. Then father once more enlightened her as to the monitor within called Conscience, and explained how it had told her at the time that the act was a sinful act, and then when speaking to God in prayer it had again brought before her that *sin* and *holiness* could not come together.

Thus, sweetly, Mr. Day was enabled to set before his darling child how great issues begin, and how great powers work. Well may we all notice not only the commencement of such things, but think well about the conclusions. If conscience led Dorothy to confess to a father at the close of a day, what about the time when "every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14. 12). Surely the desire must be implanted in each heart to know their "sins forgiven" (1 John 2. 12); and any boy or girl may rejoice in this now, for God's Word says, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). If you have not already done so, why not do it now? HYP.

HOW GOD SAVED A BELFAST BOY.

FRANCIE HAMPTON was a very affectionate, intelligent boy from his earliest years. His father and mother, who are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, sought to bring him up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." He had the advantage of attending a Sunday school in which every teacher was converted, so that in the school, as well as at home, he had the privilege of having God's way of salvation put before him earnestly and affectionately, but, like many others, although Francie had oftentimes serious thoughts with reference to the matter of his soul, he did not manifest much concern until he was about ten years of age. About this time his health broke down somewhat, and he had to stay at home from school for a considerable time. He gradually got stronger, so that he was able to go back to school, but some time after this he had hemorrhage from one of his lungs, and had to give up going to school again. From this to the end of his short life he continued to get weaker. Whatever concern he had about his soul before, he did not speak much about it to anyone, but about this time he let it be known to his mother and others that he was in deep soul trouble. She, with other friends and relations, sought to bring before him Christ's willingness and power to save. As the days went on his anxiety increased, for, as he said, he had been led to see that if he died without getting saved he would be lost eternally.

FRANCIS HAMPTON, BELFAST.

On the 13th December a Christian friend visited him and brought before him several portions from the Word of God, amongst others John 3. 36: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." The Spirit of God revealed Christ to him through this verse. He saw that God's salvation was a finished work for his acceptance, and so he trusted the Lord Jesus Christ for time and eternity, and was filled with joy and peace in believing.

The following letter, which he wrote to his uncle in Bangor, the day after his conversion, speaks for itself, as showing how he was rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven:

"14th December, 1905. Dear Uncle,—Just a line or two to let you know how I am getting on. I may say I am a little stronger, as I am keeping out in the open air a great deal. I have a better appetite than I had. The best news which I have got is that *I have got converted.* Last night I passed 'from death unto life,' so that is something to be thankful for. Mr. Spence was over last night and was talking to me about my soul. He read that verse John 3. 36. He asked me did I believe I was a sinner. I said I did. So I took my place as a lost, guilty sinner, and trusted in Christ. I am as happy to-day as I can be. I never began to feel happy till last night, so I thanked God for the great blessing He gave me. I was anxious a long time, but especially the last two days—Tuesday and Wednesday. I realised that if I died as I was I would go to hell, but I know now that if I die I would go to be with my Father in yon glorious home. Mother is very glad that I got converted, so is David, but there is nobody as glad as myself. Hoping to see you soon. From your loving nephew, FRANCIS HAMPTON."

From this time until he was taken home to be with the Saviour whom he loved, there was no one who saw him or spoke to him but felt the reality of Francie's conversion. A little before he entered the Gloryland he called his brothers and sister to his bedside and bade them good-bye, and asked them to meet him in heaven. His last words to his mother, just before he departed, were: "Mother, I am going home to be with our Lord Jesus Christ."

F. H., B.

"How God Saved," No. 00.

"DID HE DIE FOR ME"?

"PLEASE tell us a story, mamma," is what little boys and girls frequently say when tired with their toys and bubble-blowing. Here is one about a wise boy. And you know what King Solomon, Israel's richest king, once said about wise boys: "They make their father glad; but foolish boys make their mother sad" (Prov. 10. 1). One summer afternoon a little boy knelt quietly at his mother's knee. His dark eyes were looking earnestly into the face which beamed with love and care for him. The mother's lips were busy with a story. The tones of the voice were low and serious, for the story was one mixed with sadness and joy. Sometimes they scarcely rose above a whisper. But the little boy caught every word. The crimson deepened on his cheek, and tears gathered in his earnest eyes, and a sob broke the stillness as his mother concluded. A moment, and the young mind was led to inquire, "DID HE DIE FOR ME, MAMMA?" "Yes, my child, for you; for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6). "May I love Him always, mamma, and dearly, too?" "Yes, darling. It was to win your love He left His bright and beautiful home." "And He will love you, mamma?" "I know He will. 'He died for me.'" "When may I see Him in His other home?" "When your spirit leaves this world, if He does not come back before that." "My spirit," murmured the child. "Yes, your spirit; that part of you which thinks, and knows, and loves. If you trust in Him as your Saviour here, you will go to live with Him in His beautiful home in heaven" (John 14. 2). "And I may love Him here. How glad you have made me, dear mamma."

"HOW GLAD YOU HAVE MADE ME, DEAR MAMMA."

That which made this little boy glad has made thousands of boys and girls, and men and women glad as well. And many are praying that if you have never been made so, now you may by believing. But it is possible to often hear the story, and yet never to be made glad. Why? Because the heart must yield to receive Jesus as the Saviour (John 1. 12). Faith is like the key that unlocks the heart, and immediately you surrender to Jesus, then the Holy Spirit illuminates and gives that joy unspeakable which never was known before.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart," for every time you say no, your heart will get harder; and would it not be terrible to find yourself at last among those who have no care or love for the wonderful Saviour, who came all the way to Calvary for you. Ask the question concerning yourself—"DID HE DIE FOR ME?" and when His love has melted and moved your heart, you will not fail to do what one of old did—receive Him joyfully (Luke 19. 6), and now and evermore joy shall be yours. Amen.

JS. FS.

"ALL IS SAFELY GATHERED IN."

THE golden grain no longer waved in the breeze, the reapers had been at work, the children had enjoyed the happy moments of the harvest time, the fields were quite bare, for the song had been sung by many a lusty voice:

> Come, ye thankful people, come,
> Raise the song of harvest home;
> All is safely gathered in,
> Ere the winter's storm begin."

Some such Palestine scene, or some such Hebrew song may have caused the Master of Picture and Truth to give so graphic a description of the great harvest: "The field is the world, the good seed are the children of the kingdom, but the tares are the children of the wicked one. The enemy that sowed them is the devil, the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels" (Matt. 13. 38, 39).

Without taxing your minds by the different prophetic periods, five things are clear: (1) There is a FIELD and you and I are in it—the world. (2) There are only two kinds of SEED, as there are only two kinds of children—"children of wrath," or those who are not converted (Eph. 2. 2); and children of the Kingdom, or those who have been "born again" (John 3. 3). (3) There is a REAPING DAY coming when each of us must "give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14. 12). (4) There will be a great HARVEST HOME, when all the saved shall be safely gathered into the heavenly garner, and all the unsaved, or the tares, shall be "cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15). (5) The GREAT QUESTION for us each to find out is: What am I *now?* Wheat or tares? When the last soul has been saved, the last sheaf gathered in, shall I be *within* the garner or *without* in despair? Where shall I be in *Eternity?* In glory or gloom?

On that glorious day, when the saved "all are safely gathered in," will you be there? To be so you must be "born again" now, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, then you will be amongst the "saved" of the Lord (Acts 16. 31), and share in the glory of His Harvest Home by and-bye. HYP.

"THE CHILDREN HAD ENJOYED THE HAPPY MOMENTS OF THE HARVEST TIME."

A CALM BEFORE A STORM.

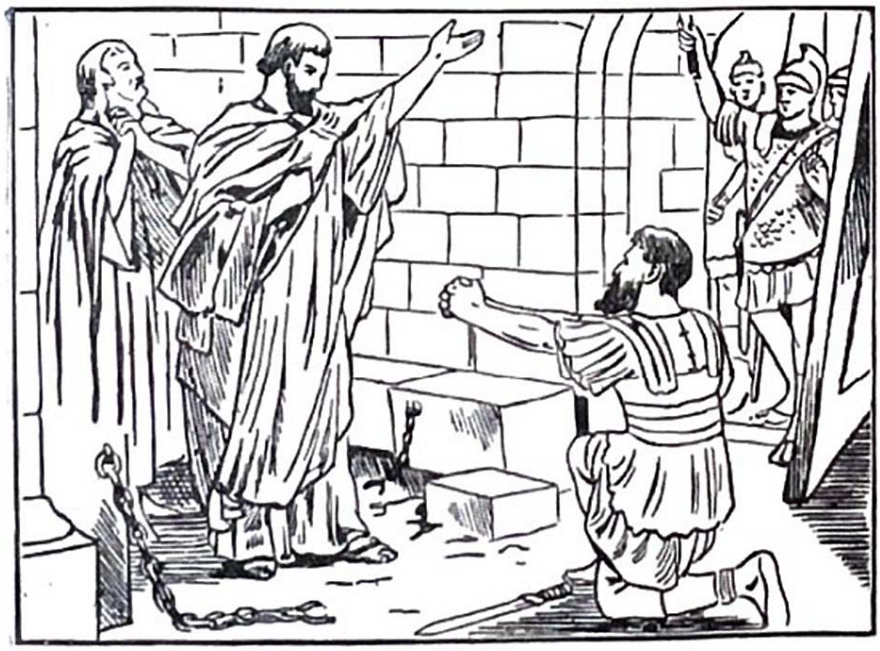
HOMEWARD bound from India, direct through Bengal's Bay;
All hands on board were merry, our spirits light and gay;
The picture of the sky above in the sea beneath was found,
For the sea was like a mirror, reflecting all around.
It seemed as if a heavenly calm had settled on the deep,
And the angry waves were lulled to rest, as when the mighty sleep.
Such scenes the seaman knows, as night precedes the morn,
So true the practised eye foresaw, a calm before a storm.

Abreast of ancient Malta, in the Mediterranean Sea,
The place where Paul was shipwrecked lying on our lee,
The storm rose in its fury and caught us right ahead; [loudly said.
"All hands take in the foresail," the bosun
Put to the test, each did his best, as British seamen grand—
From the bosun to the deck-boy, each gave a helping hand. [continual motion,
Her bows were plunging up and down in a
Then suddenly she dived into the bosom of the ocean.

But gallantly she braved the waves, like to an ocean swan;
When a voice rang loud above the storm, "One of our men is gone."
"Man overboard! man overboard!" each cried unto his mate, [it was too late.
But to save poor Tom, the infidel, alas!
Although they lowered the lifeboats, and willing hands did oar,
Just as they reached the very spot, Tom sank, to rise no more.
They tarried long, and battled strong with the wild ocean waves;
Poor Tom, who lived a sailor's life, had found a sailor's grave.

But shall he rise again? Yes, for God has plainly said
The graves shall yield their victims, the sea give up its dead.
Neither earth nor sea shall hinder the mighty power of God,
When He is pleased to call men forth, according to His Word.
How happy those, when He shall call, who find in Him protection;
But woe to those who have a part in the second resurrection.
Blessed are those who, in this life, with Jesus are content;
Some shall wake to eternal life, some to eternal contempt.

J. M.



Cartoons to Colour, No. 19. THE JAILOR AT PHILIPPI.

"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31).

TWO VERSES WITH THREE COMES.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING, NO. 174.

I KNOW a verse in Holy Writ
In which there are three "comes";
'Tis found within Isaiah's book,
Now find it with your thumbs.
I know another verse in which
There also are three "comes";
Run over "Revelation's" page
After you've done your sums.

T. B.

Answer to Acrostic, No. 173.—Hezekiah (2 Kings 20. 1), Absalom (2 Sam. 15. 14), Noah (Gen. 7. 23), Naomi (Ruth 1. 6), Abiathar (1 Sam. 22. 20), Horeb (1 Kings 19. 8)—HANNAH.

WEE DAVIE, THE CHRISTIAN DRUMMER BOY.

"WEE DAVIE," as he was sometimes called, first saw the light of day in the married quarters attached to ——— Barracks, being the eldest son of Sergeant ———, of the Cameron Highlanders. Having godly parents, he was early instilled with Christian principles, and taught to love the Saviour. He delighted to attend a Sunday-school, to learn about the life of Jesus when He was here among men, and was a lover of Old Testament history too. Nothing interested him more than some Bible story made simple for young minds.

When only nine years old, "Wee Davie" surrendered himself entirely unto Jesus, as a sinner, and was saved. He resolved to serve Him faithfully all his life. Oh! how the Lord Jesus would rejoice to receive so young and tender a lamb into His fold! How lovingly and carefully He would guard him, and watch over him! How the angels in heaven would rejoice over that little addition to the family of God.

Dear little children who read this story, Jesus wants you too. He says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark x. 14). Will you not come to Him? for He died that awful death on Calvary's Cross that He might save you. Believe His precious Word, and *trust* Him to keep you; then you will be able to sing, as Davie often did—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look, when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

Yet still to His arms in faith I may go,
And look for a share of His love;
And if I thus early do seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above."

Davie began to think he should like to wear a red coat, and although his parents endeavoured to dissuade him, still his longing to become a soldier, like his father, only increased, and at last—when he was about fifteen years old—it was decided that the army was to be his profession, and, having a good ear for music, he was duly enlisted in the Cameron Highlanders as a drummer.

This was indeed a trying time for him, as he found in the barrack-room the very opposite element to that of his own Christian home. He found that Satan not only had full power over the *men*, but over the *boys* also, and he trembled lest he should some day become like the others, so, in childish simplicity, he asked God to keep him from all the temptations to sin and wickedness which surrounded him. God heard his prayer, and answered it. So Davie was kept from the evil around him, and was enabled to live a life of quiet testimony for his Saviour. Once a week he had to attend the school for religious instruction, together with all the elder children of the garrison who were of the same religious persuasion as himself. This was a great treat for him; he always eagerly looked forward to the hour's Bible talk by the chaplain, and was a most intent listener; but whenever a question was asked, he was ever ready with an answer. He also voluntarily attended the Sunday-school held in the barracks by a kind Christian lady; and this was a still greater treat, because it seemed more like his happy early days coming back again. So he went on, week by week, learning more and more about his heavenly Father, who was so tenderly caring for, and watching over him.

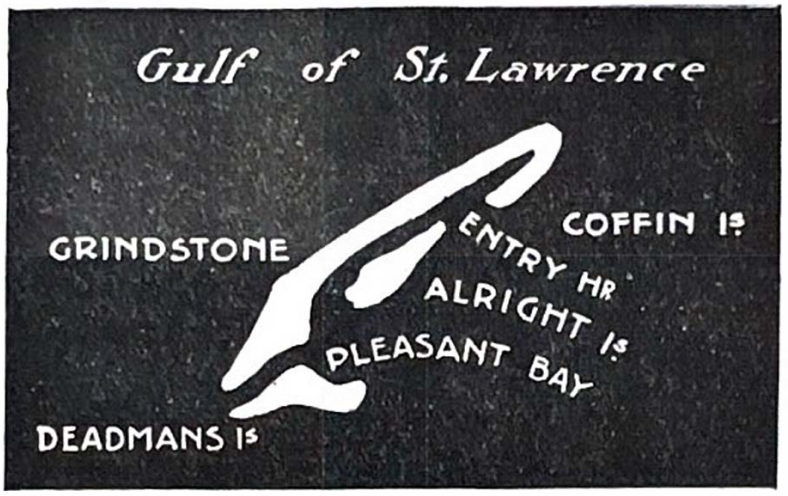
His manner of life was soon noticed by the other buglers and drummers of the regiment, and (though he little suspected it) he was admired by all. Occasionally some of the roughest of his comrades would laugh at him when he was sitting on his bed-cot reading his Bible; but this did not harm him, or in any way tend to ensnare him; it only drew him all the closer to his loving Saviour, for he always had a Friend in Him—a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother (Prov. xviii. 21), and One who was nearest when most needed.

ANOTHER CRUISE AFAR.

I IMAGINE I hear many of you say, "Yes, and high time, too. We thought our navigating officer had retired." Well, well, better late than never, so here goes. Our good old ship s.s. "Imagination" is again at our disposal, and her owners have given her another coat of fresh paint since our last cruise. If your parents ask where you are going this trip tell them to address your letters c/o THE BRITISH POST OFFICE, MAGDALEN ISLANDS, GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE. Now put three B's in your bags—Bibles, binoculars and bread. Now stand clear! Let go the ropes!

"We are out on the ocean sailing,
Outward bound we sweetly glide."

Land ahead! why, I declare this old ship is improving in speed, and yet surely nothing can go faster than imagination. This is the Magdalen group of islands. They are not very large, but they have some important lessons which may be of use to us all.



If you direct your binoculars to the southern point of the group you will see a cape projecting into the sea. This is our first stopping place. Now spell out the letters carefully,

CAPE GRINDSTONE.

We all know what a grindstone is. The man who sharpens our knives and scissors on the streets is a familiar figure. And have we not a saying amongst ourselves which we frequently use to indicate oppressive labour: "My nose is always on the grindstone." How common is this complaint made of earthly work! Did you ever think of Satan's service as "grindstone work." He keeps the noses of his dupes constantly on the grindstone of sin. The Bible says this in a very striking manner: "The way of transgressors is *hard*" (Prov. 13. 15). "The wages of sin is *death*" (Rom. 6. 23). Yet, alas! many pretty boys and girls are content to live and die grinding all their days on the devil's grindstone.

Now, let us sail up toward the north end of the island, and you will observe a headland there. Can you decipher the name?

ENTRY HARBOUR.

Now, just at this point I want to invite you all to break away from the grinding servitude of Satan and *enter* the service of a better Master by far. A Master whose "yoke is easy and whose burden is light" (Matt. 11. 30). This Master's name is Jesus, and God sent Him into the world to preach deliverance to captives.

Let us now bear south again, and you will observe a land jutting out some distance from its fellows. What do you think it is called?

ALRIGHT ISLAND.

As soon as we leave Satan's service and enter the ranks of Jesus, it becomes all right with us in every sense. All right with the body. All right with the soul. All right in time. All right for eternity. All right in life. All right in death. Dear boys and girls, get right with God quick. If you are right with sin you are wrong with God. Tell Jesus about your sins. "A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right." Even now "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Still keeping further south, we discover a bay with a very pretty name. Do you see it? Let me hear you all say it.

PLEASANT BAY.

And is it not a pleasant experience to know that we are right with God and right with Jesus for ever? No fear of future ill. No dread of coming wrath. No fearful looking forward for judgment. Believers in Jesus are the happiest beings in the world.

Just before we turn our vessel's prow homewards I want you to notice two small islands in the group which bear very grim and solemn names. On the south you will see

DEADMAN'S ISLAND,

and away up in the north you will see COFFIN ISLAND. This is just what we do with our dead people. We put them in coffins and lay them in the grave. But we only bury the body. The soul cannot die, it cannot be conveyed to the cemetery, nor can it be buried in

COFFIN ISLAND.

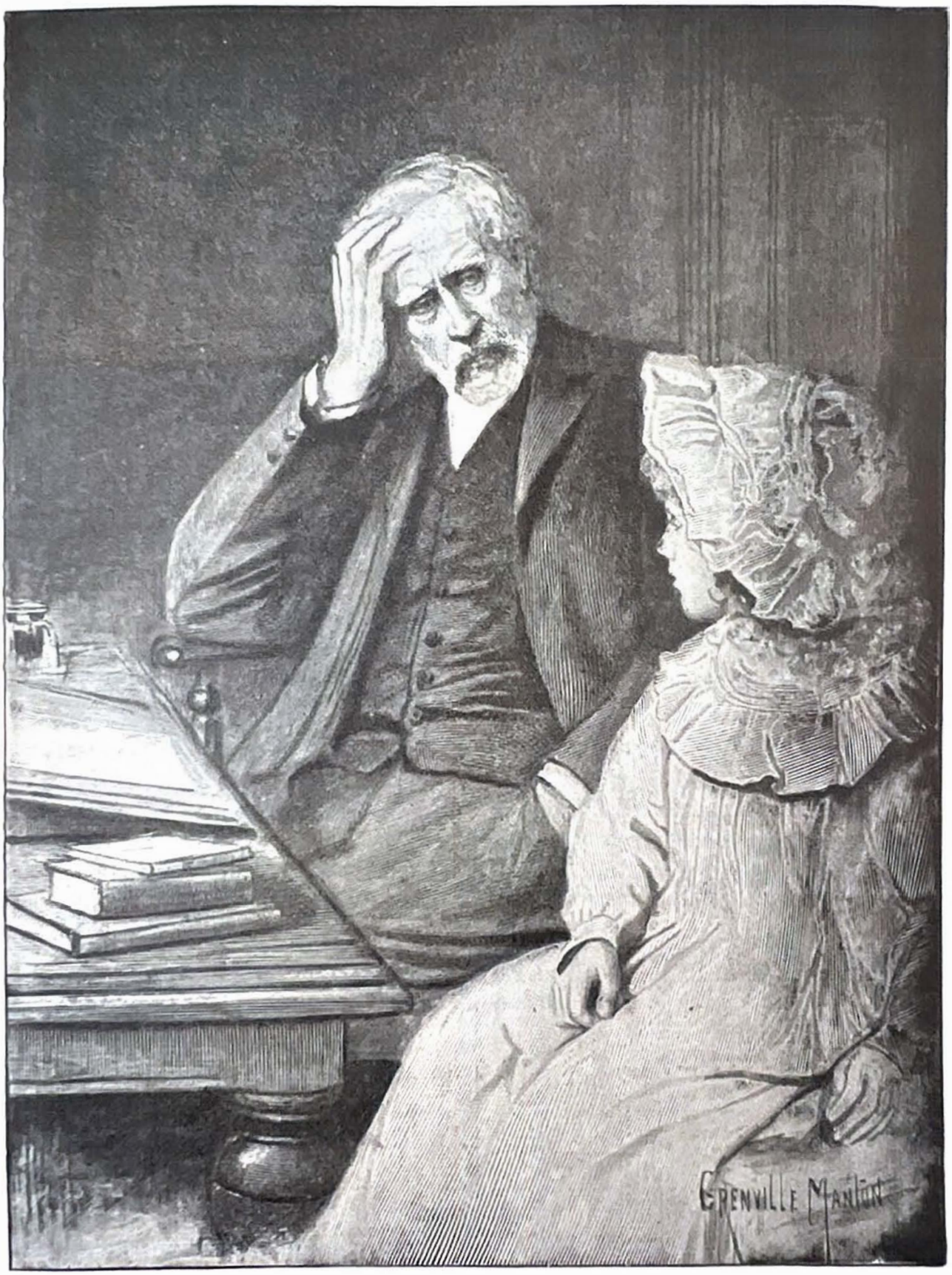
Are you ready to die? Oh, how dark is the Christless grave! How cold is the Christless shroud! How hopeless is the Christless eternity! Decide for Christ now.

"You never can tell when the death dews are falling,
You never can tell when the end may be;
I'm on my way to the heavenly city,
Come and be saved, and go with me." T. B.

Heavenly Lessons from Earthly Geography, No. 7.

THE IRISH GIRL'S STARTLING QUESTION:

OR, "IF YOU DIED TO-NIGHT, PAPA, WOULD YOU BE LOST?"



"GO AND RIDE THAT NONSENSE OUT OF YOUR HEAD."

THE IRISH GIRL'S STARTLING QUESTION.

A GENTLEMAN residing in one of the midland counties of Ireland was surprised to see his young daughter, a bright, cheery child of eleven summers, weeping bitterly. "What is wrong with you?" inquired the father. "I am a guilty sinner, papa; and if I die as I am I will be *lost*."

The Irish gentleman was quite annoyed at the child's statement, and impatiently asked, "Who told you that?" "The governess." "I won't allow such things to be taught in my house," said the indignant parent. He at once rang the bell, and gave instructions that the groom should saddle his daughter's pony and accompany her for a ride. Then, turning to the troubled child, he said, "Go and ride that nonsense out of your head." When the gentleman left the room the girl went and told the groom not to prepare the pony for her, and added, "If father gets to know, I will take the whole of the blame."

"IF I DIE AS I AM, I WILL BE LOST."

Three hours afterwards the father entered the room where the child sat, and asked if she had got rid of her "nonsense." "No," was the reply. "What, then, have you been doing?" "I went to the cemetery and measured a number of the graves with my handkerchief, and found that some of them were graves of children younger than myself." Then, looking up, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she said, "Oh, papa, I am a sinner before God, and if I die as I am I will be *lost*. If you died to-night, papa, would you be LOST?"

The question was carried home in the power of the Holy Spirit to the worldling's heart. "If you die to-night, would you be *lost?*" rang in his ear. If he were to die as he was he knew he was unfit for heaven. Where, then, would he go if he were suddenly summoned into eternity? He could not say with the Apostle Paul and the Corinthian believers, "We KNOW that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5. 1). He could not say that in his case to depart from this earthly scene would be to be "with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1. 23). He knew that there were but two destinies—one of everlasting bliss and joy, and the other of everlasting woe. Never having experienced the great change of conversion to God, and dying as he was, he must be *hopelessly and eternally lost!*

His first impulse was to call for the governess, who immediately appeared. The gentleman explained that he and his daughter had discovered their true spiritual condition, and earnestly inquired what they had to do to be saved. The governess was delighted to be privileged to tell the seeking ones the glorious gospel of God's matchless grace. As she explained "heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation; as she spoke of Christ being lifted up on Calvary's cross as a sacrifice for sin; of His bearing sin's penalty and satisfying the claims of law and justice; and through believing on Him who "finished" the mighty work of atonement and paid the ransom, they would be pardoned and saved, the light of heaven entered their souls, the darkness was dispelled, and the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts.

Would it not make your heart glad to know the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour? A. M.

HOW GOD SAVED A WELSHMAN.

FOR many years I lived what the people of the present day call a religious life. My grandparents, with whom I lived, had great hopes that when I grew up I should become a mighty man for God, but at the age of fifteen I ran away from home, and like the prodigal I wasted my substance in riotous living, indulging in everything that was wicked (Luke 15. 13).

One day while on a visit to my sister she spoke to me about my soul's eternal welfare. Her message aroused me very much, and on my return home I determined to do all that lay in my power to obtain "peace with God" in order to ease my conscience. For four months I could not do my duty at the works, nor eat, nor sleep, as I was wont to do. Many times I knelt and prayed that God would give my guilty conscience peace, but none came. At last, restless and unsatisfied in heart, I plunged deeper and deeper into sin.

JAMES W. WILLIAMS TRYDDYN.

Shortly after I heard of special meetings being held in Earlestown, and I was invited to hear the wonderful preachers. Out of curiosity I went, and as they told the old, old story from that well-known verse, "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" (John 3. 16). I exclaimed, "I've got it!" Someone said, "Got what?" I said, "Everlasting life!"

Oh! how I longed for the meeting to close so that I could go and tell the preachers that they had been used of God to lead me to the blessed Saviour. They explained more clearly that wonderful verse, and showed that the work had been *completed*, that Christ had "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26), and that "WHOSOEVER" believed on Jesus had eternal life, for He had said, "He that believeth on Me HATH everlasting life" (John 6. 47).

I had supposed after my sister spoke to me about my soul that I must first feel some great change before I could be sure I was saved; but they told the story of salvation so simply that I placed myself inside the great "whosoever," and claimed God's promise, "everlasting life." Four years have passed since then, but I still rejoice in the fact that God says I am saved.

Dear young friend, if you are in darkness let me urge you to come to the Lord Jesus for light; if you are in bondage come to Him for liberty; if you are in your sin come to Him for cleansing; if you are weak come to Him for strength. He is nearer to you than the nearest, and in your simple acceptance of Him by faith He is ready to say to you, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee" (Matt. 9. 2). You have just to accept the gift of God, as I did, and you will assuredly be saved. "How long halt ye between two opinions" (1 Kings 18. 21). "Choose you this day whom ye will serve" (Joshua 24. 15).

J. W. W.

Testimonies have been given from residents in various countries of Europe, different lands of Asia, white and black from Africa, North and South America, and distant Australasia. If God saved so many, why not YOU? "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

"How God Saved," No. 91.

DIED FOR HER DOLL.

THE following touching story appeared in the *Evening Times* of 9th December, 1907: "A pathetic Alpine tragedy is reported from a hamlet near the summit of the Pragel Pass, about 5000 feet high, between the cantons of Schwytz and Glarus. Henriette Haupt, aged ten years, lost her doll over a precipice, and climbed down to recover it. The precipice is almost perpendicular, and it is remarkable that the child was able to make the perilous descent in safety. She could not, however, get back again, and has been found frozen to death with her doll in her arms, after having been missing for twenty-four hours."

"THE PRECIOUS PLAYTHING WHICH COST A LIFE."

From this sad incident we may learn three things—

I. The total inability of children or parents to help themselves, or assist others toward God or heaven. The precious plaything of the little maiden slipped from her grasp, and bounding from rock to rock fell into the gorge below. Her devotion to her toy led her down the steep sides to recover it, but, alas! it was only to perish with the doll in her arms. The rock wall shut her in, and escape was impossible.

Every reader of these pages should seek each day to do some good or noble deed. Do not forget, however, that your love and devotion to either friend or fellow is not enough to save you from the punishment of your sin.

"Noblest deeds that we can do,
Purest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form our souls anew—
Christ alone can save."

None of us can ever get to heaven by any merit or good deeds of our own.

II. Sin has put everyone in the "pit" (Psa. 40. 2). We can offer no excuse for it, and God's Word states: "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). If some passer-by had heard the screams of this little girl she might have been saved, but there was no ear to hear. The cry of the sinner has, however, gone up to God. His love brought His Son down to this world of sin. Because He never disobeyed, or sinned against God, He could die for us, and His great love led Him to take our place, and "bare our sins in His own body on the Tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). God has raised Him from the dead, and He now lives to save us. We are urged to trust Him, to believe His word; and when we do so, He imparts to us eternal life (John 5. 24). His Holy Spirit takes possession of us, and keeps us every day.

III. The girl was lost for a toy. How foolish to go after a doll, and risk her life for such a trifle. She knew no better. But what is to be said of you, who have heard the story of salvation so often, and yet are not saved? The fear of companions, their laugh and sneer; the thought of missing so much, and giving up so many pleasures—are these your reasons for rejecting Christ? You intend to be saved some day. Every one of these excuses are foolish and trifling. Your friends may leave you at any time, and if you try to please them all, some of them will laugh in any case. Some day—you know not how soon—you will leave this world, and, if unprepared, you will have no excuse. Be warned then by the little girl, and obey the invitation *just now*. J.H.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

THE remarkable fact of the sun shining at *midnight* may be seen within the Arctic circle at and near midsummer. The sun skirts the horizon without dipping below it. Farther north the midnight sun is observed for some days before and after midsummer. At the North Cape the midnight sun is visible from May 12 to July 29. A young Christian who has lived for some months in the North composed the following lines, pointing to an even greater wonder to be seen by all—THE SON of RIGHTEOUSNESS.

A SUN at night,
Continual light,
Reminds of Heaven more than earth;
Eternal day,
No stars to see,
This gives the Polar Regions worth.

The sun's sweet rays
To God's own praise
Illumines Lapland, dale and hill;
While other lands
And milder strands
Are clothed in darkness deep and still.

So can it be
With even me
Amid the gloom of this poor world;

THE wonderful sight of the sun shining at *midnight* in northern parts of the world, or the sun shining at *mid-day* in so many parts, will both be far eclipsed in that fair city of which it is written, "And the city had *no need of the sun*, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and THE LAMB is the light thereof" (Rev. 21. 23). Shall one reader remain uncertain about his portion in that happy place. Make sure you can say with the young poet, "Christ is *my* Sun."

The sun may shine
This heart of mine,
Be filled with joy and peace untold.

Christ is my Sun,
My all in one,
My hope, my life so beautiful;
His words and ways
Like golden rays
Enlighten, cheer, and heal my soul.

My source of light,
My hope so bright,
My comfort, warmth, and joy divine;
His majesty
My glory be
His presence, 'tis eternal spring. D. M'M.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN REFLECTING ITS RAYS ON THE WATER.

STUMBLING AT THE SIMPLICITY.

A FEW gentlemen were seated in a room conversing together, when Mr. H— entered. He at once began to say that he had just been visiting old Mrs. Hastie, who lay dying. "Do you think Mrs. Hastie has peace with God?" enquired Mr. N—, who was seated amongst the others. "I fear not, for she is stumbling at the simplicity of how she can be saved," was Mr. H—'s reply. "Stumbling at the simplicity of how to be saved!" That sounds strange, thought I, as the words fell upon my ear. Simplicity! Why, I had always been of the opinion that it was the hardest thing to do in all the world.

I was not a Christian then, but was anxious to be one. I thought Mr. H— must be very ignorant about the way of salvation, for the Bible said, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," and in another place it said, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." I thought Mr. H— could not have read these verses, or he never would have talked about simplicity.

Simplicity! Why, it is more like *difficulty*, I concluded. Perchance you may be of the same opinion as I was then—trying to get saved by personal effort. If so, read patiently on. These hazy dreams of mine are now a thing of the past. They all fled before the plain "It is written" of God's Holy Word. I found in Ephesians 2. 8, 9, "By *grace* are ve saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the *gift* of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." This showed me that if a man could be saved by works, he would become a boaster, and no boaster can sing the glory song of Revelation 1. 5, 6. Where is boasting then? It is excluded, for it is written in Romans 4. 5: "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Then, again, Titus 3. 5 reads: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy hath He saved us."

If I cannot be saved by my good deeds, "What must I do to be saved?" Let the voice of God's own Son answer you, and accept no opinion save that which is divine. John 3. 16 says: "God so loved the world"; the proof of His love we find in the next clause, "that He gave His only begotten Son"; the purpose for which the Son was given is, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Here is the secret of the simplicity of how to be saved. On the shameful cross Christ finished the work that saves, and now God offers to whoever will the assurance of personal pardon. Hearken to the sole conditions, read them, receive them, and rejoice. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." W.G.P.

Cartoons to Colour, No. 20. DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL.

"And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul" (1 Sam. 18. 12).

THREE REMARKABLE WOMEN.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING, NO. 175.

AN household of four sojourned to Moab
In search of daily bread;
They were not long in that far-off land
Till three of four were dead.
Two were married before they left,
And two were married away,
Three husbands died, three widows remained,
Give me their names, I pray. T.B.

Answer to Searching, No. 174.
—Isaiah 55. 1; Revelation 22. 17.

THE KING AND THE LIFE-BOAT HERO.

THE Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, on Thursday, 26th June, 1902, will certainly rank as one of the greatest events in the history of the British Empire.

Many interesting stories are told concerning both the King and the Queen, but none show the kindly feeling of His Majesty better than the true incident connected with old James Haylett, the Caister life-boat hero.

Old Haylett was the principal witness at the Court of Inquiry relating to the tragic wreck when he lost two sons and one grandson. His noble efforts to save life during that awful night on the Norfolk coast led to his being awarded the gold medal of the Life-boat Institution, the King consenting to present it in person.

The weather-beaten hero was invited to Sandringham, the King's Norfolk home, and did not seem in the least abashed in the presence of Royalty. Having been a member of the life-boat crew for sixty years he had many thrilling experiences to relate. "But there is always one thing that gives me courage," said Haylett to the King, "when I see poor fellows in the rigging of a wreck. Then I put myself in their place and say, 'What would I give if a life-boat came and saved me'?" In parting with his Sovereign the veteran life-boatman expressed his fervent wish thus: "MAY YOUR MAJESTY LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD, AND THEN GET TO HEAVEN." Now, as to the first part of the old salt's wish, we have no means of advising the King how it can be acquired, though with Haylett we sincerely hope that as to length of days, King Edward may even eclipse the record reign of his beloved mother, Queen Victoria. But as to the second part—how to get to Heaven at last—we need only refer His Majesty to a portion of the Coronation service, when the King and Queen having laid aside their sceptres and crowns, and kneeling at the foldstools of their chairs, are thus exhorted by the Archbishop:

EDWARDUS VII. DEI GRA: BRITT. OMN: REX

"Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith unto all that *truly* turn to Him: 'Come unto Me, all that are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that all that believe in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' Hear also what Saint Paul saith: 'This is a true saying and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners'."

Herein the way to Heaven for any poor, lost sinner is made plain. Realising that "sinner" describes me by nature and by practice as a heavy-laden one, I come to Jesus, believing that He loved *me*, and died on the Cross for *me*, accepting the testimony of His Word that "all that believe, have everlasting life." I rejoice that I am saved now, and certain to get to Heaven by-and-by. May the King thus get to Heaven, and so may *you*. HYP.

"HEIRS WANTED."

HERE are two books, and each contains information of the most attractive nature. The one refers to Time, the other to Eternity. The one tells of earthly things, the other of heavenly.

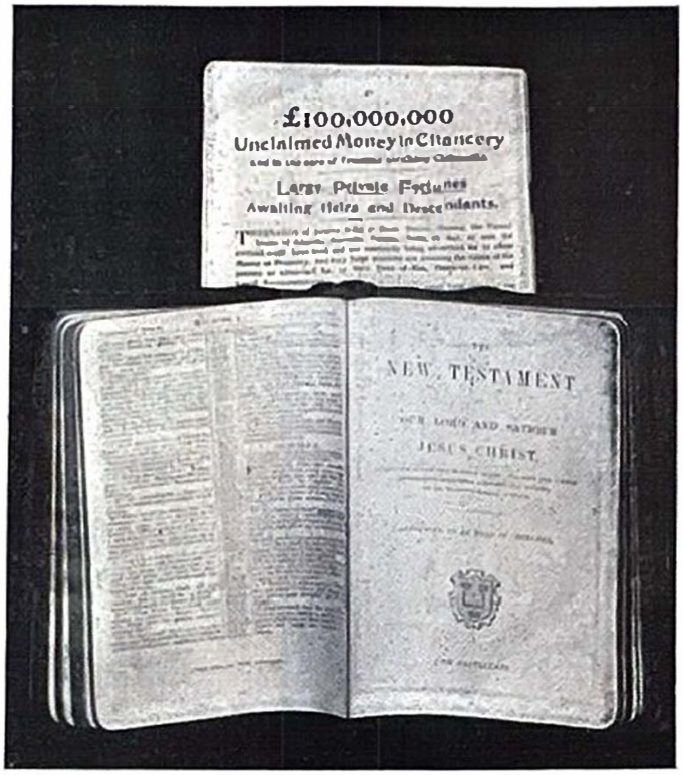
£100,000,000

unclaimed. Such is the title of a book giving a list of heirs wanted for sums in the British Court of Chancery. Can you count how many nothings are here? Two stands for a hundred, three for a thousand, and six for a million. So that there are no less than one hundred millions waiting for heirs; that is, people to claim it.

Let us look now at a few details of interest. The first thing you need to see about is, whether

YOUR NAME

is in the list of the people who are wanted. Hundreds of different names are mentioned. Suppose some one has died, and in their will is a name the same as yours, the thing to do is to make sure that means *you*. In the Book of God's will there is a wonderful legacy for people of a certain name, and that name is "Ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6), "Lost," "Sinners" (Luke 19 10). Do you accept this as your true name? Clever, handsome, and beautiful may all be true of you, but what avails if you are a "lost" undone "sinner"?



The second thing you want to know is where to apply for particulars.

YOUR APPLICATION

must be made to one quarter—The Court of Chancery, which takes care of the legacies. That is in London. You may be reading this in America, Australia, Europe, India, China, or South Africa, and to think of London from these parts is a long way. But here is an advantage in connection with the heavenly legacy. The God of creation is "everywhere" (Acts 17. 27). He is as near to you in China as to the writer in Scotland, and His ear is ever open to the cry of the needy who seek His great salvation (Luke 18. 13). "*Whosoever* shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. 10. 13). Do it now.

In the third place we think about

YOUR SHARE

of the £100,000,000. It might only be a few pounds sterling. What is that compared with what is offered to *all* who bear the name of Sinner, namely, forgiveness of all trespasses, freedom from condemnation (Rom. 8. 1), cleansing whiter than snow (Psalm 51. 7), made an heir to the bright mansions above (1 Peter 1. 4)? Is not this worth having? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, . . . and all these things shall be added unto you."

In connection with securing earthly possessions, an important thing to bear in mind is

YOUR EXPENSE.

How much will you need to pay? But here is a fortune "*without money* and *without price*" (Isa. 55. 1). God's great salvation is freely offered to young and old, rich and poor are made to stand on the same level. What a glorious Gospel. Many have gone the wrong road through seeking the riches of this world. Judas is only one of a large class who have sold themselves—body, soul, and spirit—for a few "pieces of silver" or gold; a few paltry pleasures of time; trifles, like the sneer of a companion or the frown of the world, only to reap long ages of remorse in Eternity.

This leads us to a very important point.

YOUR ACCEPTANCE.

After proving your claim, and finding a large sum at your disposal, you would lower to definitely *accept* the same and duly sign as to *receiving* it. Now God says, concerning His beloved Son, "To as many as *received* Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe* on His name" (John 1. 12). As God has given His Son, will you, here and now, definitely accept Him as your own personal Saviour and, receiving Him, receive "Eternal Life"? for to all who will simply accept it the gift is given free (Rom. 6. 23). Remember, the very fact of not accepting makes you a Christ *rejecter*. Now, which are you at this moment? Trust Him now.

One point more we must name, and that is

YOUR TENANCY.

You ask what is that? What does tenancy mean? It means *how long* will you hold it? Suppose you had the money represented by the nine figures at the head of this lesson. It is only current in this world. "It is certain we can carry nothing out." A few more years at the longest, and writer and reader will be in Eternity. Of the two places a choice must be made. If you fail to choose the best you will share the worst. But if as a sinner you acknowledge your *name*, put in your *application* to the Saviour, you will receive a limitless *share* of unsearchable riches, without any *expense* to you (though great to Him), only your *acceptance* must be definite, and your *tenancy* will be unending in that glorious land where the sun never sets. Believe and thou shalt live. J.S.F.S.

Original Object Lessons, No. 212.

"NO ROOM FOR HIM:"

OR, "WHY PREVENT THE 'FRIEND ABOVE ALL OTHERS' FROM GAINING ADMITTANCE?"

"HELPING MOTHER TO PREPARE THE PUDDING."

"NO ROOM FOR HIM."

DAY called "Christmas" was drawing near. The evening about which we write was cold and damp; but what mattered that to the happy children who enjoyed themselves so in helping mother to prepare the pudding, the romping little folks at the evening party, or the warmly-clad boys and girls who crowded the well-lighted shops, eager to spend their savings on some of the numerous attractions which decorated the windows! How many of these children would give *one* thought to the half-starved, shivering little beings, whose sole enjoyment, perhaps, was to gaze from a distance at what they were enjoying?

A Christian gentleman who was going to spend the holiday-time with friends, thought that while waiting for the conveyance which was to take him to his destination, he would prepare for the long drive by drinking a cup of hot coffee. Thus meditating, his eye caught sight of a poor little lad, trembling with cold, who gazed longingly at the hot buns that were steaming in the window. Something in the boy's face compelled him to stop and speak to him, and in a few minutes both were in the shop. In course of conversation regarding home and friends, the boy said, "Ah! sir, there was *no room for Him*, and it isn't likely there could be a place for a poor little chap like me." "No room for whom?" kindly inquired the gentleman. "No room for my Master, the Lord Jesus," was the answer. Soon the Christian gentleman discovered that his Saviour was also his little friend's Saviour. In the midst of their talk the conveyance arrived.

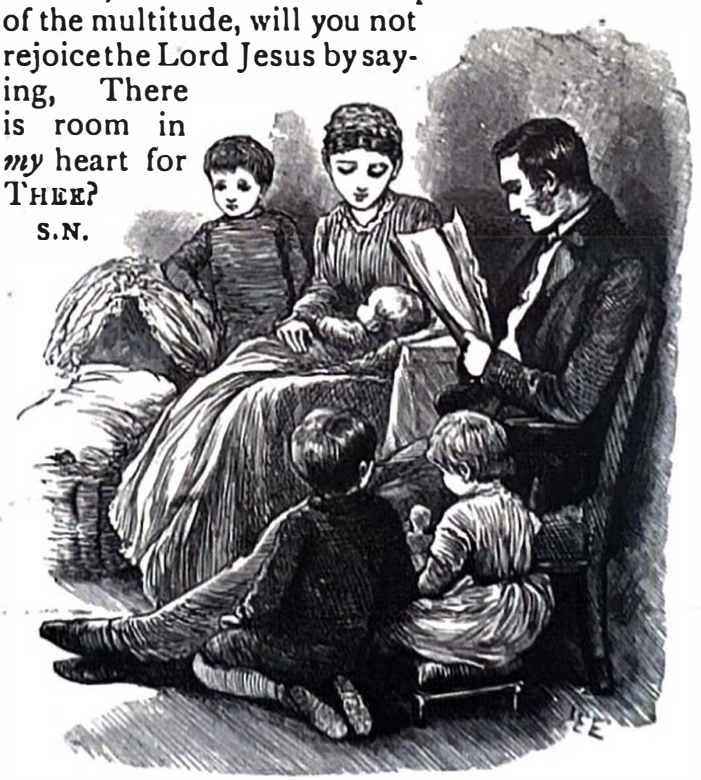
The gentlemen, perceiving that the lad was seriously ill, and knowing the comfortable home, the kind friends, and the hearty welcome that awaited him, decided to take the homeless waif along with him. At the journey's end both were warmly received, and the little waif found "room" in that comfortable home. But all the kindness and care that loving hearts bestowed could not strengthen the enfeebled body of the little sufferer. The manner in which he sought to thank his benefactors was very affecting, and he continually expressed his gratitude to the one who had so graciously provided a place for him. After a few days of bright testimony the Lord Jesus took him "home," where he shall hunger no more, and where there shall be no more pain, "for the former things have passed away."

The Lord Jesus came unto His own, and His own received Him not (John 1. 11). Yes, not only was there "no room" in the inn for Him who came to seek and to sake the lost (Luke 19. 10), but these very lost ones closed their hearts against Him and said, "We will not have this Man to reign over us" (Luke 19. 14). The Lord of Life and Love was in their midst, and yet they closed their hearts against their best and dearest Friend, the One "who sticketh closer than a brother."

"No room for Him"—still the cry is true in the world at large, in the business, in the playground, in the places of amusement, in most hearts. Is this your cry? If so, why? Why prevent the "Friend above all others" from gaining admittance? His promise is: "If any man open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

Now, when *so much* finds place in the heart of the multitude, will you not rejoice the Lord Jesus by saying, There is room in *my* heart for THEE?

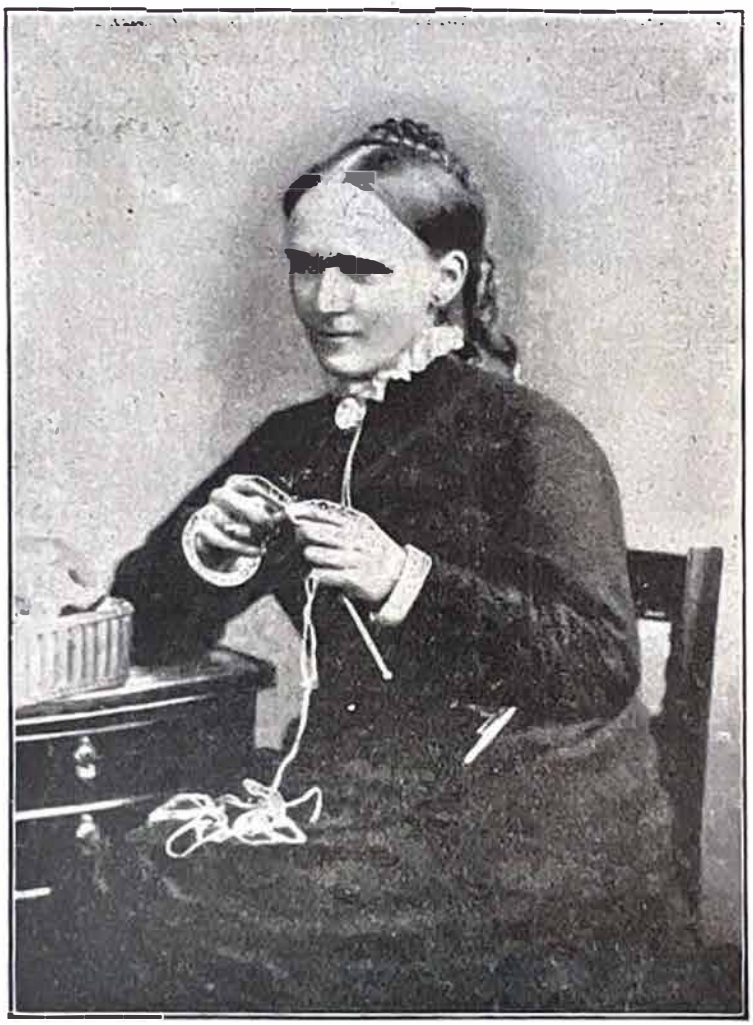
S.N.



"THE LITTLE WAIF FOUND ROOM."

HOW GOD SAVED A SWEET SINGER.

TILL I was six years old I have no rememberance of any religious ideas whatever. Even when taken to see the corpse of a little boy of my own age (four years) lying in a coffin strewn with flowers I did not think about it otherwise than a very sad and curious thing that that little child should lie so still and cold. But from six to eight I recall a different state of things. The beginning of it was a sermon preached one Sunday. Of this I even now retain a distinct impression. No one ever knew it, but this sermon haunted me, and day and night it crossed me.



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I think I had a far more vivid sense of the beauty of nature as a little child than I have even now. The shade of a tree under a clear, blue sky, with a sunbeam glancing through the boughs, was beautiful to me then. But I did not feel happy in my very enjoyment; I wanted *more*. I do not think I was eight when I hit upon Cowper's lines, ending

"*My Father* made them all!"

That was what I wanted to be able to say, and after once seeing the words, I never saw a lovely scene again without being *teased* by them. One spring I kept thinking of them, and a dozen times a day said to myself, "Oh, if God would but make me a Christian before the summer comes!" because I longed so to enjoy His works, as I felt they could be enjoyed.

I knew I did not love God or understand His love to me; the very thought of Him frightened me; but sometimes a feeling not unlike love would make me go to sleep with a wet pillow. Going to bed I would determine I would try to think about God, hard as it was, and after I lay down, as my thoughts did not flow at all naturally heavenward any more than water flows upwards, I forced them into a definite channel by a half whisper. "How good it was of God to send Jesus to die!" was my usual beginning, while I by no means felt or believed that wonderful goodness. Nevertheless, it usually ended in my crying most heartily, because I was so bad and He was so good, and because I didn't and couldn't love Him when He even died for sinners.

Then came the great break in the current of my outer life, and with it a development of the inner. When I was thirteen, to my great delight, I went to school. My sister Maria took me, and we reached Belmont quite in the evening. The girls were singing their evening hymn prior to the weekly address of their chaplain. It sounded very sweet and soothing. The text was in Samuel, which I forget; but the two leading ideas were that we should begin the new half-year with the Saviour who loved us and gave Himself for us, and in a spirit of helpful love one toward another. It was a rather long address, but it was the keynote of my prayer that evening as I knelt for the first time beside my

little school bed, so white and curtainless.

It was not long before I felt that our Principal, Mrs. T——'s teaching, was something more than common. She longed and prayed that none might leave her roof unimpressed by the love of God, and it was to a great extent fulfilled. She prayed and spoke with us, together and individually, with a fervour which I have never since seen equalled. The result is what might be called a *revival* among her young charges.

The climax came in about the first or second week in December. Diana was the sunbeam of the school, and a most particular friend of mine. She seemed as faultless as a child could be. For some days previously she had mixed as little as possible with others, though apparently unintentionally, and there had been a slight depression about her which, though probably unnoticed by others, struck me. That evening, as I sat nearly opposite to her at tea, I could not help seeing—nobody could—a new and remarkable radiance about her countenance. It seemed literally lighted up from within, while her voice—I wonder whether it was as musical to others as to me—even in the commonest necessary remarks, sounded like a song of gladness. Something was coming I was sure. Diana was not the same.

He hath loved thee, and He knows
All thy fears and all thy foes;
Victor thou shalt surely be,
Ever through His love to thee.
Rest in quiet joy on this,
Greater love hath none than His;
And may this thy life-song be,
Love to Him that loveth thee!

As soon as tea was over she came round to my side of the table, sat down by me on the form, threw her arms round me, and said, "Oh, Fanny, dearest Fanny, the blessing has come to me at last. Jesus has forgiven me I know. *He is my Saviour*, and I am so happy! Only come to Him and He will receive you." Yes, she had found peace, and more than peace—overflowing, unspeakable joy; yet, even in the first gush of its shining waters, she thought of those around. She told me how, while everyone had supposed her to be a Christian, she had not been so, though she had been seeking and praying for a long time, and how, that day, the words, "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (Mark 2. 5) had struck her suddenly, and she had thought them over all day till the time came when she could be alone with Him who spoke them, and then came the joyful power of believing in the love and might of that gracious Saviour and His death-bought pardon. My time was to come.

One evening, however, I remember it was twilight, I sat on the drawing room sofa alone with Miss C——, and told her how I longed to know that I was forgiven. She asked me a question which led to the hearty answer that I was sure I desired it above everything on earth, that even my precious papa was nothing in comparison. She paused, and then said slowly, "Then, Fanny, why cannot you trust yourself to your Saviour at once? Supposing that now, at this moment, Christ were to come and take up His redeemed, would not His call, His promise, be enough for you?" Then came a flash of hope across me which made me feel literally breathless. I remember how my heart beat. "I *could* surely," was my response, and I left her suddenly and ran away upstairs, and I flung myself on my knees in my little room. I was very happy at last. The Son of God had loved *me* and given Himself for *me* (Gal. 2. 20). Surely I could rest in His love. *I did trust the Lord Jesus as my Saviour.* For days my happiness continued. For the *first* time my Bible was *sweet* to me, and the first passages I distinctly remember reading in a new and glad light was the fourteenth and following chapters of John's Gospel. F. R. H.

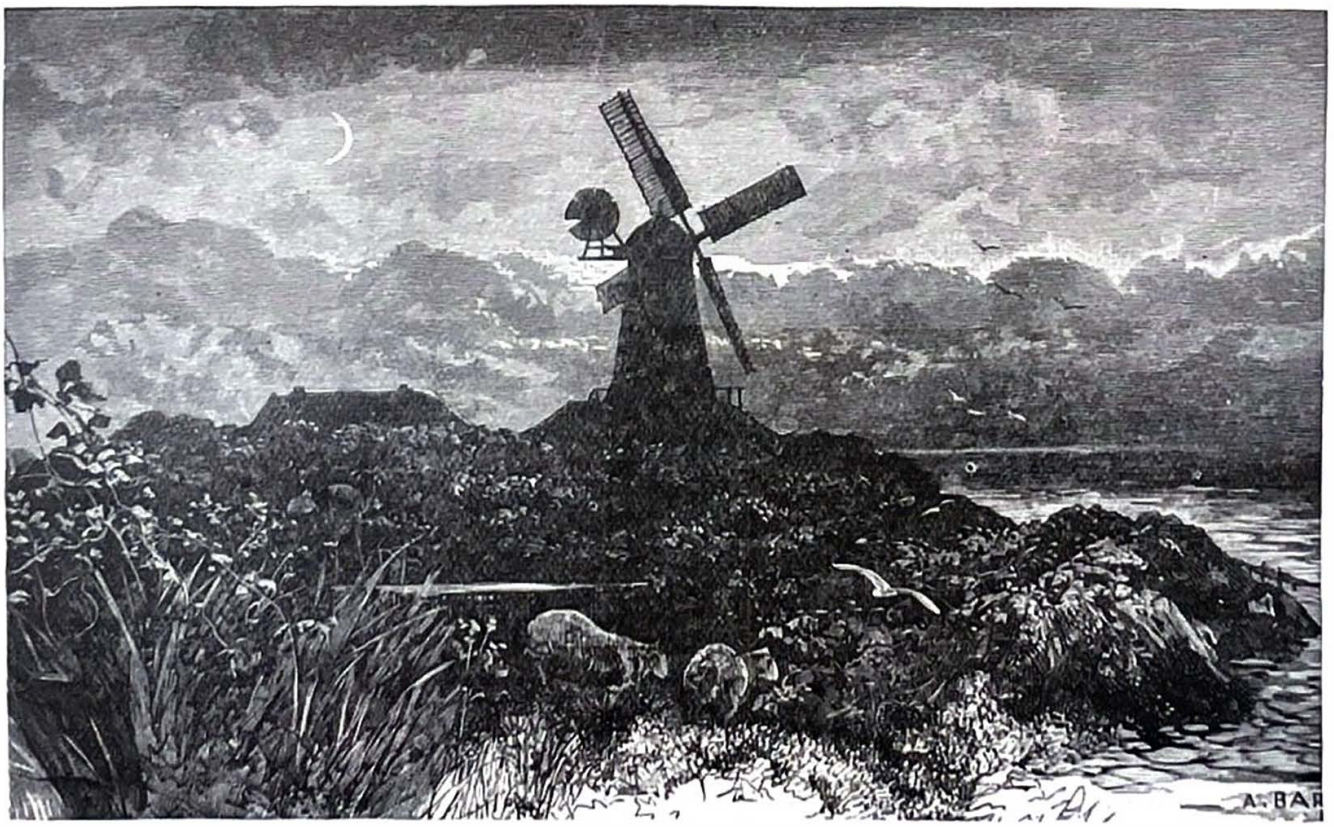
Thus was led from darkness to light her who was to become one of the sweetest singers in Israel, and whose name was to be known throughout the world as a gifted and spiritual poetess. Thus may you be led to know Him as your own Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Rest not till you can say, "Jesus *my* Saviour."

THE CLANGING OF THE MILL.

HUGH was just on the point of leaving school, thinking that care and worry were past forever and days of freedom and favour lay ahead. In this he was fairly correct. For many years the sun shone brightly on all he did. Again and again thoughts of death and the judgment day entered into his life, but he quickly banished them. Once only did they specially linger—after a time of special blessing in the district in which some of the companions of his youth were converted and became "new creatures in Christ Jesus" (2 Cor. 5. 17). Hugh was "almost persuaded," but said, "Go Spirit, go Thy way," and the impression passed.

Perhaps up to this point you see yourself mirrored in this picture. Again and again you have felt the moving power of the Holy Spirit drawing you away from the world, away from sin, away from folly to the "right path," to the "narrow way," to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself (Gal. 2. 20) as your own Almighty Saviour, Friend, and Guide. Yet, *at this moment*, you are still unconverted, "condemned already" (John 3. 18) with "the wrath of God abiding on you" (John 3. 36). If such be your state, just now "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Say with "the chief of sinners," "the Son of God who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20), and you will be saved "NOW" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

Years passed by, Hugh had settled down as a miller, had succeeded in worldly affairs, was comfortable and at ease outside Zion. Then he was seized with a malady which the doctor said was fatal. His wife and friends wanted to send for the minister to speak to him about religion. Hearing this, Hugh said, "You may send for the minister if you will, but it's no use! I see Jesus Christ standing at my bedside and can see His lips moving, but *I cannot tell what He is saying for the clanging of the mill*"; once more proving the verity of Scripture, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6. 7). "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there shall it be" (Eccles. 11. 3). What shall *your* end be? HYP.



"HE HAD SETTLED DOWN AS A MILLER AND SUCCEEDED WELL"

LITTLE GRACIE'S CHRISTMAS.

IT was a peaceful Christmas eve
A few short years ago,
And all the city's dirt and filth
Was hid in spotless snow.

Bright from each cheerful window streamed
A flow of glowing light,
And on the frosted casements gleamed
Like thousand diamonds bright.

From each glad home the sounds of mirth
With sweetness filled the air;
And children sang of Jesus' birth,
Who came our sins to bear.

A little, weary, pale-faced child
Crept sadly o'er the snow,
And gazed with shadowy, wistful eyes
On joys she ne'er could know.

She wondered what the children sang,
And why they seemed so glad;
And as their voices clearer rang,
The child became more sad.

She wandered on, and then once more
Sweet music made her stand,
For round a lighted, open door
Stood children in a band.

A pretty carol rose and fell
Upon the frosty air;
But what they sang she could not tell—
Oh, how she longed to share!

The singing o'er, the children flocked
In through the open door;
One little look, and then 'twas closed,
And Gracie saw no more.

"Will you come in?" a sweet young voice
Is whispering in her ear;
"Do come and hear how Jesus died;
Come in, you need not fear."

Five little fingers clasped her own
And gently drew her in,
Where holly gleamed and gases shone
Amid the children's din.

And, then, oh what a tale she heard
Of Jesus and His love;
Of how He came and *died* on earth
That we might *live* above.

She heard how many years ago
A little babe was born,
And in a manger cradled low
That first glad Christmas morn.

How angel choirs were singing far
Above the sleeping earth;
And brilliant rose the morning star
To hail the Saviour's birth.

She heard how Jesus lived, and died
On Calvary's cruel tree;
Of wounded hands and riven side
That bled to set her free.

That night her little heart was filled
With perfect peace and rest;
Her tears were dried, her sorrows stilled
Upon her Saviour's breast.

Then followed days and nights [of pain,
And Grace unconscious lay;
And when a New Year dawned again,
Her spirit passed away.

Saved just in time, she found a Friend
To bear her sin's dark load;
And sheltered 'neath His precious blood,
She found a home with God.

J. A. W.

Cartoons to Colour, No. 21. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.
"That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" (Luke 1. 35). *Answer to Searching 175*—Naomi, Ruth, Orpah.

A GOLDEN CHAIN.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING, NO. 176.

A Golden chain of golden words
Is found in Romans eight;
Five golden links compose the chain
Which hangs from heaven's gate.
Each link stands out a word distinct—
Two show forth God's election;
The other *three* relate to those
Who share in God's protection.
Now get to work and find the links,
And join them one by one;
Then send the chain to *Boys and Girls*
As soon as you are done.

T. B.

HENRIETTA'S TRIUMPH; OR, "I'M GOING IN."

HENRIETTA REA was brought to a saving knowledge of Christ in the month of July, 1887, being at that time about twelve years of age. The night of her conversion to God was one not soon to be forgotten. She and the other children had for a long time been the subject of much prayer. I often felt in deep anxiety and sore distress about their salvation, and frequently spoke to them and warned them of the danger of rejecting Christ. At this time a few Christian friends came from Glasgow to spend a short time with us. They had a deep love for souls, and were not long amongst us ere I felt sure that blessing was nigh; but it far exceeded my expectations. Mrs. L——, one of the friends, took a special interest in the girls, and night and day kept pressing on them the importance of eternal things. Very soon deep conviction of sin took hold on them. And I am sure I cannot describe the joy that filled my heart one night as I returned from tent work; my eldestdaughter met me at the door, and told me that she had found "peace with God" on the afternoon of that day. We praised and thanked the Lord till a late hour that night for His mercy in saving her. About one o'clock the next morning we were aroused from sleep by dear Hennie and her sister two years older rushing into our bedroom and telling us they had just been saved. This was more than we were prepared for; the news was so good we could hardly believe it, but time has proved it to be a blessed reality, as up to Feb., '92, dear H—— bore a bright testimony to the grace that SAVED and KEPT her.

She told me afterwards that long before she was converted, when going to the meetings she often trembled and felt moved to cry out before the people. She manifested a remarkable amount of intelligence, and was most conscientious in all her ways. Having lost her mother twelve months or so after her conversion, she showed great care for both the spiritual and temporal welfare of her brothers and sisters. All who came in contact with her, whether at school or other places, were drawn to her, as her winning ways were natural and unaffected. But her time for testimony was very short, for, three years after her conversion, symptoms of consumption made their appearance, and notwithstanding all the efforts made to check its progress, it went on and increased, till all hope of her recovery was gone.

While on a visit to a watering-place at the end of the season, when the Lord's presence was again manifested in the salvation of the last two of our family, it was a touching sight to see her on her knees, pointing her little sister of ten years of age, who was in deep distress of soul, to the Saviour, and then leading aloud in prayer and thanksgiving, after the little one found peace.

After this she had about four months of increased bodily weakness, and at times intense suffering; but it was most blessed, even in the depths of her weakness and pain, to hear her praising God, and rejoicing in the knowledge of *sins forgiven*, and the blessed *hope* of soon being with Christ for ever. Sometimes for hours she would be in raptures of joy, and the sweet, happy expression of her face was indescribable. She said to me on one occasion, "O father, won't it be so blessed to see the Lamb, and to be with Him on His throne." I said to her at another time, "Won't it be nice, Henny, to meet your mother and brother already

gone before?" "Ah," said she, "I am not thinking so much about my mother, it is Christ I want to see, the One who died for me." Her weakness was so great that at times she could not see her own sisters, and about three weeks before her departure she was severely tried. Sometimes throughout the night she would call to me and say, "Father, I am very happy; do you think I might get home to-night?" As long as she was able to bear it, she would ask me to read her special portions of God's Word, and then would say, "Oh, how refreshing His Word is." And when she could no longer have the reading, she would ask me to quote her a passage slowly, and often the first lines of the verse of a hymn.

Six days before her end, she had a most remarkable manifestation of the presence of God, and a glorious foretaste of heaven. For hours she lay basking on the very verge of it, expecting every moment to enter in. The expression of her face was simply beautiful, and it was really grand to hear her as she said, "The gates seem to be a little ajar; I cannot enter yet. Oh," she said, "if you only felt what I now feel, and saw what I now see!" Then another burst of praise to the Lord Jesus, saying, "It is all through His blood, His precious blood. Won't you tell the Doctor I am gone to glory?" The Doctor being a true Christian helped her much, spiritually as well as bodily. The following night was also one of remarkable soul triumph. As long as she could hold them up, she kept clapping her hands and shouting, "Hallelujah, Glory to God!" and commenced singing the hymn, "O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found." She then asked me to remind her of another, as she could not remember; so I gave her the one, "I have a song I love to sing, since I have been redeemed." She finished up with "They are gathering homeward from every land."

Next day she arranged all about her funeral, and told me what she had done with her clothes and other little things; then, with a sigh, said, "Father, I have nothing for you." To a sister who helped to nurse her she said, "I have no more longing now for food. I long now for home." Next morning at three o'clock she called to me and said, "Father, are you rejoicing?" I hardly knew what to say, so asked her how she felt herself. "I am very happy," she replied.

On Thursday, which was her last day on earth, while standing beside her, I said, "Poor Hennie." "*Rich* Hennie," she replied. I then said, "Hennie, you will soon see the King in His beauty." She smiled, and her face lit up with joy as she said, "Oh, it will be glorious." After a little while she asked what time it was, and was told ten minutes to one. "I think I'll be in by one," she said; and when it came to one she shouted, "Glory," but did not then get in. I repeated to her the following lines, which so fully expressed her desire:—

"My thirsty spirit faints to reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above."

The pain was great and still increasing when she said, "Oh, pray the Lord to take me now." Mr. K—— and I kept praying for over half an hour, and when either of us would stop she would say, "Oh, pray on, pray on." She then beckoned to me to speak to her, and when I put down my head to hear what she had to say, she said, "Deliverance has come." "Thank the Lord," said Mr. K——, "for sending you relief from pain." "Oh, no," said she, "it is not that. I am going in." And in a few minutes she indeed went in to see the King.

The following words, quoted at the grave, are appropriate to her:—

"I kissed the nail holes in His hands, and where the spear went in
I made His cross my sure retreat, from all the storms of sin.
The napkin that He left behind has wiped my weeping eyes.
And I in His own bosom find my lasting Paradise."

Her funeral was carried out fully in accordance with her wishes. At the grave Mr. M'Lean spoke from the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints" (Ps. 116. 15). He forcibly contrasted it with Ezekiel 18. 23, "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die?" A solemn awe pervaded the whole scene, and all present seemed to feel the power of the Word. After prayer and singing of the hymn, "The blast of the trumpet," dear Henrietta's remains were committed to the dust, till that day "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, and death shall be swallowed up in VICTORY."

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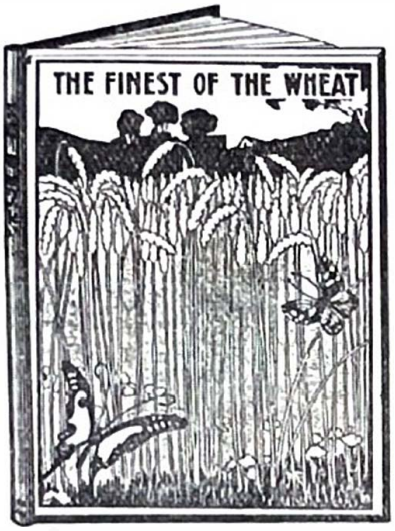

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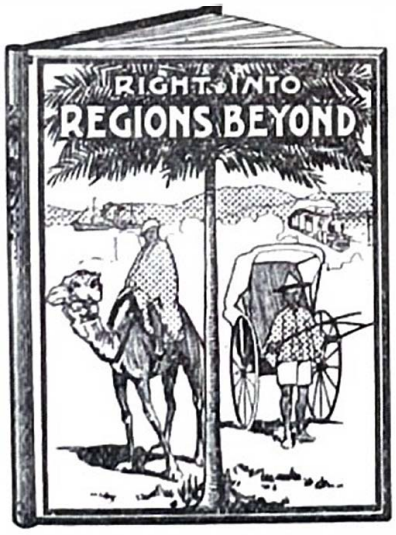

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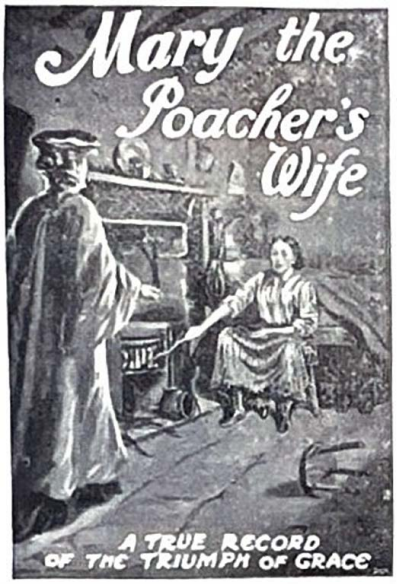

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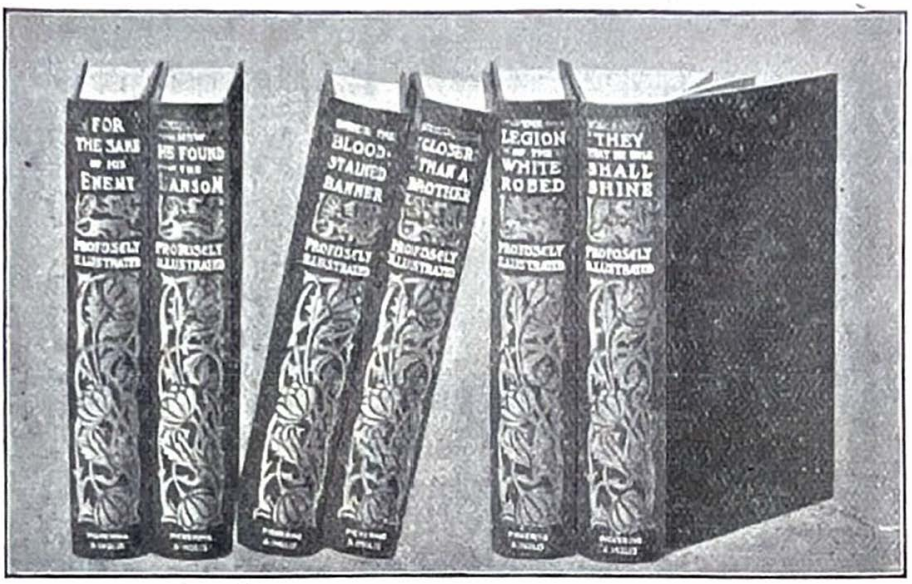

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