

The Beacon Light

The Beacon Light



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THE BEACON LIGHT

THERE are two uses for a Beacon Light, and the first is as a warning. In olden times, long before the wonderful inventions of the present day, when a message of alarm had to be given, a number of huge fires were lighted on the tops of very high hills. It was a chain of these beacons along the cliffs and hill-tops of Cornwall which told of the approach of the Spanish Armada.

Of course, it is not necessary to-day to send messages by those means, but we still use the word "beacon" to describe some kind of lighthouse. But whether it is a fire on a hill-top or a small flashing light in the sea, its message is the same. Just as the beacons of old told of approaching danger, so the beacons of to-day send out their warning message that there are rocks or other hidden dangers close by.

But now, the beacons have another use, and this is as a sign of great rejoicing. On the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his late Majesty King George V, over 2,000 beacons were lighted in all parts of the British Isles and in many other parts of the world too. What a lot of hard work had to be done in preparation for this! For weeks and weeks people had been busy dragging up logs of wood to the tops of the hills in readiness for the night when every beacon was to contribute its share in proclaiming that, in the mercy of God, the King had reigned for 25 years. These beacons were not

as warnings; they were used to celebrate a time of rejoicing.

Now, this book is very like the two kinds of beacons. In the first place it stands as a solemn warning to the need that every reader has of a Saviour. May its message be very clear, not only to the fact of a need of a Saviour, but of the great danger in delaying too long in coming to that Saviour. The words of Scripture—so often quoted in the following pages—are, "Remember NOW thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

But what of the rejoicing? Has this book any special news to tell? Has it anything that calls for special rejoicing? Indeed it has, for it tells the most wonderful good news that could ever be told! It tells of the story of Jesus—God's blessed Son, and how He died on the cross that poor sinners might know the love of God and be freed from their sins for ever. It tells too how that Jesus who once came here as a lowly Man to bear the penalty that sinners deserved, is now crowned with glory in heaven, and there waits as a Saviour for all who turn to Him. What a subject for rejoicing! so that we read, "let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice," Psa. 5 : 11.

That this little book may serve as a true beacon in guiding some precious souls into the presence of Jesus, where alone real joy is to be found, is the earnest desire of all those who have had any part in its preparation and to Him alone be all the glory.

G. H. S. PRICE

The Little Shepherd Boy

I WAS asked to see a poor boy who was dying in a lonely district in Ireland.

After upwards of an hour's toilsome walking (for the roads which in some places led over steep hills were in others scarcely passable on account of the heavy marshes), on entering the little cottage I looked round me and at first found no sign of any inhabitant, except an old woman who sat crouching over the embers of a peat fire. She rose as I entered, and with the natural courtesy of the Irish poor offered me the low chair or rather stool on which she had been seated.

I thanked her, and passing on to the object of my visit discovered in one corner of the hut a heap of straw on which lay the poor sufferer. Some scanty covering, probably his own wearing apparel, had been thrown over him, but as to bed or bed clothes there was none discernible in this humble dwelling.

I approached, and saw a young lad about seventeen or eighteen years of age evidently in a state of extreme suffering and exhaustion, and it was to be feared in the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, but he opened them on my approach and stared at me with a kind of wild wonder, like a frightened animal.

I told him as quietly as possible who I was, and for what purpose I had come, and put a few of the simplest questions to him respecting his hope of salvation.

He answered nothing, he appeared totally unconscious of my meaning.

On pressing him further, and speaking to him kindly and affectionately, he looked up, and I ascertained from the few words he uttered that he had heard something of a God and future judgment, but he had never been taught to read. The Holy Scriptures were a sealed book to him, and he was consequently altogether ignorant of the way of salvation as revealed to us in the gospel. His mind on this subject was truly an utter blank.

I was struck with dismay and almost with despair. Here was a fellow creature whose immortal soul, apparently on the verge of eternity, must be saved or lost for ever; and he lay before me now, the hand of death close upon him; not a moment was to be lost, and what was I to do? What way was I to take to begin to teach him, as it were at the eleventh hour, the first rudiments of Christianity?

I had scarcely ever before felt such a sinking within me. I could do nothing, that I knew full well, but on the other hand God could do all; I therefore raised up my heart and besought my heavenly Father for Christ's sake to direct me in this most difficult and trying position, and to open to me by His Spirit of wisdom a way to set forth the glad tidings of salvation so as to be understood by this poor benighted wanderer.

I was silent for a few moments whilst engaged in inward prayer and gazing with deep anxiety on the melancholy object



THE LITTLE SHEPHERD BOY

Facing p. 8

before me. It struck me that I ought to try to discover how far his intelligence in other things extended, and whether there might not be reasonable hope of his understanding me when I should commence to open to him (as I was bound to do) the gospel message of salvation. I looked down upon him with an eye of pity, which I most sincerely felt, and I thought he observed that compassionate look, for he softened towards me as I said: "My poor boy, you are very ill, I fear you suffer a great deal!"

"Yes, I have a bad cold; the cough takes away my breath and hurts me greatly."

"Have you had this cough long?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a long time; near a year now."

"And how did you catch it? A Kerry boy, I should have thought, would have been reared hardily and accustomed to this sharp air!"

"Ah," he answered, "and so I was until that terrible night—it was about this time last year when one of the sheep went astray. My father keeps a few sheep upon the mountains and this is the way we live. When he reckoned them that night there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it."

"No doubt," I replied, "you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire in this close little hut, to the cold mountain blast."

"Oh! that I did; there was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through; but I did not mind it much, as I was so anxious to find father's sheep."

"And did you find it?" I asked, with increased interest.

"Oh, yes, I had a long, weary way to go, but I never stopped until I found it."

"And how did you get it home? You had trouble enough with that too, I dare say. Was it willing to follow back?"

"Well, I did not like to trust it, and besides, it was dead beat and tired, so I laid it on my shoulders and carried it home that way."

"And were they not all at home rejoiced to see you when you returned with the sheep?"

"Sure enough, and that they were," he replied. "Father and mother, and the people round that heard of our loss, all came in the next morning to ask about the sheep, for the neighbours in these matters are mighty kind to each other. Sorry they were, too, to hear that I was kept out the whole dark night; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was I caught this cold. Mother says I will never be better now, God knows best; anyways, I did my best to save the sheep."

Wonderful! I thought, here is the whole gospel history. The sheep is lost, the father sends his son to seek for and recover it. The son goes willingly, suffers all without complaining, and in the end

sacrifices his life to find the sheep, and when recovered he carries it home on his shoulders to the flock, and rejoices with his friends and neighbours over the sheep which was lost, but is found again. My prayer was answered, my way was made plain, and by the grace of God I availed myself of this happy opening.

I explained to this poor dying boy the plan of salvation, making use of his own simple and affecting story. I read to him the few verses in Luke 15, where the care of the shepherd for the strayed sheep is so beautifully expressed, and he at once perceived the likeness, and followed me with deep interest while I explained to him the full meaning of the parable.

The Lord mercifully opened not only his understanding, but his heart also, to receive the things spoken. He himself was the lost sheep, Jesus Christ the good Shepherd, who was sent by the Father to seek for him, and who left all the joys of that Father's heavenly glory to come down to earth and search for him and other lost ones like himself; and as the poor boy had borne without murmuring the freezing snowstorm and the piercing wind, so has the blessed Saviour endured the fierce contradictions of sinners against Himself, and the bitter scorn and insults heaped upon Him, without opening His mouth to utter one word of complaint, and at last laid down His precious life, that we might be rescued from destruction and brought safe to our everlasting home. Neither will He trust His beloved ones, when rescued, to tread the perilous path alone, but bears

them on His shoulders rejoicing to the heavenly fold.

My poor sick lad seemed to drink it all in. He received it all; he understood it all. I never saw a clearer proof of the power of the divine Spirit to apply the word of God.

He survived our first meeting but a few days. I had no time to read or expound to him any other portion of the Scripture. At times we could hear nothing but the stifling, rending cough; at times he slumbered heavily for a little, but whenever he was able to think and listen, these verses in Luke 15 satisfied and cheered him. He accepted Christ as his Saviour, he earnestly prayed to be carried home like the lost sheep in the heavenly Shepherd's arms. He died humbly, peacefully, almost exulting, with the name of Jesus, my Saviour and my Shepherd, the last upon his lips.

J. N. D.

“God is Love”

A LITTLE boy was once taking a general knowledge examination at his school. One of the questions he had to answer was: “Who is the goddess of love?”

He thought for a moment and then wrote down: “There is no goddess of love, but GOD IS LOVE.” What truer answer could be given?

LOVE, proved on the cross of shame,
LOVE, worthy of God's great name,
LOVE, eternally the same,
Wins a heart like mine.

“Millions of Worlds !”

ALL down the ages of time, many have raised the question, Is there really a God ? It is perhaps the oldest question that has ever been asked.

We suggest our young reader takes any common flower—for example, a sprig of London Pride—and looks at it closely. Observe the design of the tiny flower, its colour scheme worked out so beautifully, and the detail, as far as the eye can see, is perfect in every way. Now borrow a magnifying glass and look at the same flower through this. The effect is amazing ! It now looks like a huge blossom made of wax ! And still it appears perfect even to the smallest details. You exclaim, “Why, I always looked on London Pride as little more than a weed ! You have opened my eyes to a new world !” Who is the designer ? And how was it made ? Obviously no hand of man has had any part in this. “But,” you say, “it grows, doesn’t it ?” Yes, indeed, but who makes it grow ? From an apparently ugly root away beneath the earth, it comes up regularly year after year as the spring-time sun warms the surface of the ground in which it is planted. But then, this is only one kind of flower and there are hundreds and hundreds of others far more beautiful.

I buy a penny packet of seeds and plant them in early March or April. Within six weeks or so, I see coming up green shoots. As time goes on, these expand, grow taller, and then develop small buds which eventually burst into

flowers. Who made them grow ? Did I, or did anyone else ? Who caused that tiny brown seed when sown to produce a flower and leaves hundreds of times its own size ?

Do you think it is reasonable to say that this happened by itself without any hidden power behind it ? Nothing happens of itself without a cause, nor do such exquisitely beautiful results come without any guiding hand from so small and insignificant a beginning.

Now if you take a thin portion of the stem of this same flower, and look at it under a powerful microscope, you will see that it is composed of thousands of tiny cells. Each one of these is perfect in itself and yet all forming part of the whole stem. This is very different from the things which men make.

Let us take, for example, the edge of a razor blade and look at this under the microscope. Why ! Instead of a beautifully finished shining piece of steel, you see a jagged outline like an irregular saw. Such imperfections cannot be seen by the naked eye, but when magnified, they appear in all their roughness. This is something you will never find in God’s works.

But now, I am going to take you from the very small to the very large. We will suppose that it is a clear starry night and we will go out into the garden and look up into the heavens. How many stars are there ? Can you count them ? “Oh !” you say, “there are millions and millions ! some larger than others, some brighter than others ; some twinkling, whilst others are shining with a clear, steady light.”

Now, I will suppose that we have a telescope and you can look through this. What a sight there is now ! Stars you could not see before, you can now see clearly, and the "milky way" is just a huge sea of stars. What are these stars ? They are worlds ! Each one is a world, in many cases much larger than the one in which we live.

Now look again, and as you look, think ! Millions and millions of worlds, millions of miles away, and I just one out of two thousand million people in one of those worlds ! Oh ! how small I seem ! I am nothing ! Indeed, a whole world is nothing, for where is the person who would miss one of those stars out of the billions that there are ? The stars were there long before I was born, and they will be there, too, after I die. Who made them ? Who holds them in their places ? O foolish man who proclaims that such worlds made themselves and still more foolish that they hold themselves in their perfect order in space without the power of an unseen hand !

Did not David speak the truth when he wrote, The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork ? Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, yet their voice is heard.

To any mind, but that of a fool, God's works in creation speak so loudly, so plainly, that it leaves us in no doubt, that "GOD created the heavens and the earth."

H. P. W.

SHORT APPEALS TO BOYS AND GIRLS

THE stars in their myriads are always in their appointed places and move in their ordered courses ; held and controlled by the mighty hand of God. Has this ever impressed you when you look up and sing, Twinkle, twinkle, little star ?

* * *

When you have seen the beautiful flowers coming up in the garden from the tiny seeds you or your parents have sown, has this ever impressed you with God's wonderful works in creation ? No man can do this.

* * *

When Jesus became a Man, the Creator became the Redeemer. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not," John 1 : 10.

Have you thought of this ?

THE LOVE OF GOD

COULD I with ink the ocean fill,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
Were the whole heavens of parchment
made,
And every man a scribe by trade ;
To write the Love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry ;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky !



THE "QUEEN MARY" ENTERING THE DOCKS AT SOUTHAMPTON

THE PILOT

THERE are many interesting sights to be seen by those who live at Southampton or close to the River Thames, or near some other big docks. Let us suppose, for a moment, that we are standing by the side of the river near Gravesend, watching a big ship coming home. A little way upstream is the Pilot Station, and just outside this, a large motor-boat is waiting ready. As we watch, a flag is seen to be hoisted up on the ship, and immediately a man, dressed in dark blue, comes out of the Pilot Station and gets into the motor-boat. He is a Thames Pilot. In a few minutes, the motor-boat is alongside the ship and the pilot climbs up a rope ladder to the deck. As soon as he gets on board, he takes complete charge until the boat is safely in the docks several miles up the river.

The pilot is required so that the ship may be guided in the safe channel. Not even the captain knows where the hidden mudbanks and other hidden dangers lie, and so the knowledge and skill of the pilot are necessary to keep the ship in the only safe course.

Have you ever thought that your journey through life is like a voyage, and that YOU need a pilot ? Just as the look-out man in the Pilot Station is watching for the signal that a pilot is required, so God is waiting NOW to see whether you will lift up your heart to Him and ask Him to save you ; whether you will allow the Lord Jesus to become your Pilot. He is ready to do this as soon as ever

you are prepared to admit your need of Him.

No doubt if you saw the River Thames on a sunny day, you would not think any pilot was needed. But danger is there, and it is all the greater because it cannot be seen. There are hidden dangers, too, in our paths. Indeed, God Himself has said, "There is a way that SEEMETH RIGHT unto a man, but the END thereof are the WAYS OF DEATH." Satan deceives even children by offering to them all kinds of sinful pleasures. They look attractive, but they only bring sadness and disappointment in the end. Real joy and true happiness can only be found in trusting the Lord Jesus as Saviour, in confessing His precious Name, and in having Him as Friend and Pilot through life.

The Thames Pilot does his work because he must earn a living ; but the Lord Jesus desires to become your Pilot because He loves you. He loves you so much that once He came to die for you. Though He is ever God, yet He came and lived as a Man amongst men in order that He might draw near to them and be their Saviour. He was crucified by wicked men upon the cross at Calvary, but there He bore the punishment which we deserve because of our sins. He died, and was buried, but He rose from the dead. Now He is living in heaven as Saviour and as Pilot for all those who put their trust in Him. Will you not be one of these happy people ?

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him," Heb. 7 : 25.

W. F. B.

THE SEARCHLIGHT

IT was late one summer's evening some years ago, as the searchlight party of a British man-of-war stood on the deck of their vessel and switched on their powerful light. The mighty beam swept round the horizon and came to rest on a



"The mighty beam came to rest on a small pleasure steamer."

small pleasure steamer which was slowly making its way to harbour. A Sunday School had been for an excursion down the river and was now almost home. The deck was crowded with children and their friends, and as the all-seeing searchlight enveloped the ship every detail was plainly visible to the sailors of the man-of-war. Some of the children could be seen fast asleep with great bunches of

flowers tightly clasped in their arms! Some were hugging the prizes they had won in the games, and the amused sailors could see the tear-stains on some of the little faces, caused by minor accidents or disappointments of the otherwise happy day.

What a lot that light revealed! What a good thing that behind that all-powerful beam were only the friendly hands and kindly hearts of the English sailors. How different if an enemy had been there, for they were quite helpless to escape from that light which could travel much faster than their little steamer.

How it reminds us of a far greater light than any searchlight, for we read in the Bible that

God is Light,

1 John 1:5. Who can possibly hide from a light like that? David tells us that it is impossible to hide from God, Psa. 139:7-12. Our parents do not know all we do or say, and perhaps we think that **nobody** does. But God does, His all-seeing eyes, far more powerful and penetrating than the most brilliant searchlight, see everything. This perhaps is not a very pleasant thought, but the gospel is to tell us that

There is Love behind the Light.

Just as the searchlight about which we have been speaking was turned only by friendly hands, so the light of God that exposes us comes from a God who is only love. It is true that God is light, but it is equally true that

God is Love.

The God who knows all about us and our sins is the very One who loved us so much that He gave His only begotten Son to die for us. Our sins could not be passed over, so Jesus shed His precious blood that they might all be washed away. He is now in heaven, a living Saviour, where He waits for you to turn to Him and trust Him.

So we desire that every boy or girl who reads this little story may come to God through Jesus. You will find that you are fully exposed in the light of His presence, but behind the light that exposes is the love that saves.

A. G. D.



“Thou God Seest Me”

A LITTLE boy who had been very naughty ran down into the cellar. He hoped that the darkness there might hide him from God! But, like many others, he was forgetting that God can see INTO THE HEARTS, and that darkness is no barrier to Him. How wonderful it is, then, that the God who knows everything about me is the God who loves me and once gave Jesus to die for me!

The Love of Jesus

WE are only children,
Starting on life's way ;
But we know that Jesus
Loves us EVERY day.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,
That He loves us tell ;
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday as well.

And we know that Jesus
Always is the same ;
And that He remembers
Every child by name.

Though we cannot see Him,
He can see us all ;
And He even knows it
Should a sparrow fall.

Jesus made the country,
And the starry sky ;
And for little children
Came from heaven to die.

Jesus is our Saviour,
And our dearest Friend ;
And His love will never,
NEVER have an end.

We are only children,
Starting on life's way,
But our Guide is Jesus,
And His love our stay.

W. L.

GIVE YOURSELF

A MISSIONARY tells the story that after he had preached the gospel and told the Indians about the love of God in giving His Son to die for poor lost sinners, the Indian Chief sent his servant to the missionary to ask if the Great Spirit (for that was how he spoke of God) would accept "poor Indian's blanket." "No," said the missionary, "God has no need of your blanket."

Then he sent again and asked if the Great Spirit would accept poor Indian's hunting-dog. "No," said the missionary, "the Great Spirit has no need of your hunting-dog."

So the Chief came himself and asked if the Great Spirit would accept poor Indian himself. "Yes," said the missionary, "God will indeed accept him, for He wants you." So the Indian Chief gave himself to God, and I am sure he came knowing that Jesus, God's own Son, had died for poor sinners, and so for him. He heard the blessed gospel, you see, and although he did not quite understand at first, yet he believed what he heard and gave himself to Jesus.

And you must come yourself and give yourself to Jesus; He does not want anything that you could give Him—your time, or money, or work. No, He wants you to give yourself to Him.

"This they did . . . first gave their own selves to the Lord," 2 Cor. 8 : 5.

R. B.

"COMING, SIR"

MANY years ago a gentleman was returning home on horseback one dark wet night, and when he reached the toll-gate near his house, he found that it was closed. So he shouted out with all his might to the man in the toll-house to open the gate, and a sleepy voice replied, "Coming, sir." After waiting a few minutes he called out again to the man, and heard him say as before, "Coming, sir." The rain was soaking him through, but the man did not come. Again and again he shouted, but each time he got the same sleepy reply, "Coming, sir." At last he got down from his horse and opened the toll-house door. What was his surprise to find the old man fast asleep by the fireside. He gave him a good shaking; this woke the old man up, who rubbed his eyes and looked very astonished. "Why did you keep me waiting all this time in the rain? You answered me and kept saying, 'Coming, sir,' but you did not come." "Did I, sir?" replied the old man, "I am very sorry, sir, but I get so used to saying 'Coming' that I must have said it in my sleep."—See that you really hear and come to Jesus without delay.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,

Long been slighting, grieving Thee?

Has the world my heart been keeping?

Oh, forgive and rescue me.

Even me, even me.

Saving others, oh, save me.

W. J. W.

STARLAND

Who made the stars, I wonder,
That twinkle in the sky,
And peep behind my window blind,
To watch me as I lie ?

Who holds them in their places,
So that they cannot fall ;
Who keeps them bright, all through the
night,
And makes them shine for all ?

I love to see them sparkle,
When I have gone to bed
Just when the sun his work has done,
And I good-night have said.

They look so kind and peaceful,
And seem to talk to me ;
And when I sleep a watch they keep,
Till morn again I see.

I know, I know who made them,
And holds them in the sky ;
I know His name, and that He came
To suffer and to die !

His precious name is—JESUS !
But now in heav'n He lives ;
He lights each star to shine afar,
To each its pathway gives.

And Jesus is my SAVIOUR ;
How much to Him I owe !
Himself He gave my soul to save,
Because He loved me so !

Oh ! soon He's coming for me,
"The Bright and Morning Star."
His face I'll see, and with Him be,
Where "many mansions" are.

W. L.

THE CREATOR

"How utterly unable we are to take in that the Lord Jesus Christ, personally, is the Creator of the universe. There are the things in the heavens, the visible things. Think of the glory of the sun as it rises and makes its heat felt in every part. The Lord Jesus Christ personally made that ! And the moon and the stars of light He made. They were made by Him and for Him. And then there are the invisible things in heaven ; the thrones, and principalities, and powers, and might, and dominions. There are Gabriel, and Michael, and the innumerable company of angels, excelling in strength, all made by Him and for Him—for His service. He could have asked, and He would have had immediately, more than twelve legions of angels. There were more than twelve legions waiting to answer His word immediately, if He asked, because they were made by Him and for Him.

Then if we come down to the things on earth, everything here is His handiwork. The seas, and mountains, and rivers, and trees, and man (think of the wonderful wisdom that is expressed in man !) were all made by Him and for Him."

W. J. H.

REMEMBER NOW—

ECCLIESIASTES 12:1

You will not always be in the days of your youth, dear boys and girls. As the seasons come and go—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter; and as the earth pursues its long journey round the sun, bringing a birthday to somebody every morning, those bright and hopeful days are being left farther and farther behind; and the days when you will no longer be young are slowly but surely coming nearer and nearer.

The time when you will be known as an old person is, of course, a long way off yet, and you perhaps do not think about

it at all. But the Preacher thought about it, and he wants you to think about it, too. So he says:—

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”

If you would be happy in old age, and be able to sing the songs of heaven—remember NOW your Creator.

Here are just three things to remember about your Creator—to remember NOW:

You Need a Saviour,
Jesus is the **O**nly Saviour, and
Jesus **W**ants to save you.

Now, in our youthful days,
Joyful, we sing
Our great REDEEMER'S praise,
Our tribute bring.
JESUS, to Thee we bow,
In Thee we triumph now,
Our only LORD art Thou,
SAVIOUR and KING.

To Thee, to Thee alone,
All glory be;
Angels allegiance own,
And wait on Thee.
SO may we do Thy will,
And with endurance fill,
Each passing day until
Thy face we see.

W. L.

“WHO IS THE CREATOR?”

The first verse in the Bible is a very simple one, and yet it tells us a most wonderful fact. “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.” We are not told exactly when God created them, save that it was in the beginning, nor *how* He did so, but that it was *He who did it*.

The Bible is not meant to teach us science, though all true science will agree with the Bible. If what we hear at any time does not do so, we may be quite sure there is something wrong with it. Facts and the Bible agree. Man’s conclusions are sometimes wrong.

To know *how* things have taken place may be interesting. To know that God is CREATOR is necessary and important. The fact of creation—of making something out of nothing, as we say, is beyond our minds to understand; therefore God does not tell us how He created, save that “He spake and it was done.”¹ But we must believe that God is the Creator. “Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God.”²

If God be the Creator—and He is—we are His creatures, and therefore should believe, obey, and honour Him. “It is He that hath made us.”³ Therefore the Bible says, “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”⁴

¹ Psalm 33 : 9

² Hebrews 11 : 3

³ Psalm 100 : 3

⁴ Ecclesiastes 12 : 1

Which Clock are You Like?

ONE day, while I was out for a walk with a friend, I saw a large clock in the distance. I at once realised that there was something wrong with this clock, for I could not tell the time by it! As we got closer, I soon saw that the clock had no hands! Then that clock seemed to teach me a lesson, for I thought, how like many boys and girls it really was! That clock may have been quite all right inside. Perhaps, if I had listened carefully, I should have heard it ticking away, but the outside was all wrong! There are many people who really love the Lord Jesus inwardly, but they have never told anybody about it. They have never confessed Him as their Saviour, and so are like a good clock without any hands!

* * *

Then there is another type of clock which we see sometimes in toy shops. These are very different from the one we have been speaking about already, because they have two hands, but no works! They will never go! It is very sad to be like this sort of clock. It means that I may appear to be all right, but I lack the real source of power inside me! It is a solemn thing to go on just outwardly, when other people (and perhaps ourselves, too) may think that we belong to the Lord Jesus, when really we have never definitely put our trust in Him. Remember, that "man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

* * *

But now, there is a third type of clock and this is where the works and hands are all complete. No one can mistake a clock like this! It would surely speak to us of those people who not only know in their hearts that they belong to Jesus, but who delight to tell others about Him, so that they may be brought to know Him, too. The Scripture says, "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." If you are one of those happy people who know that Jesus has saved them, then just tell others about it, too, and be like the clocks which have hands outside as witnesses to the power which lies behind them.

G. H. S. P.

THE SAVIOUR

"Thou shalt call His Name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins," Matt. 1 : 21.

"JESUS"

JUST
EXACTLY
SUITS
UNWORTHY
SINNERS.

"There is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts 4 : 12.



JOHN SMITH AND HIS PLOUGH

Facing p. 21

JOHN SMITH AND HIS PLOUGH

A true story of a Norfolk Farmer.

MR. SMITH, of Dickleborough, in the county of Norfolk, was a simple and earnest-minded Christian, who had lived through those glorious times for the British farmer when Napoleon I turned all Europe into a vast battlefield, and wheat was selling at from fifteen to twenty shillings a bushel. He was a genius, too, in his way, and invented a plough, which was a great improvement on the cumbersome implement then in common use. His invention came under the notice of Prince Albert, who took great interest in agriculture, and he sent for him to explain certain matters connected with his plough. The old farmer accordingly journeyed to Windsor—no light undertaking in the days when the railway had not altogether taken the place of the post chaise, the stage coach, and the carrier's cart.

He reached Windsor in the twilight of a summer's evening and reported himself at the Castle. A gentleman of the household came to him and told him that he would have to present himself at ten o'clock on the following morning.

"Yes, that's all right," said the farmer, "but what am I to do for a bed?"

"A bed," said the Colonel, "oh, you'd better go to an inn." And he mentioned one where he would be made very comfortable for the night; but Mr. Smith did not take very kindly to the suggestion.

"Well, there now, Cunnel," he said, "that do seem mighty queer, that really do. Go to an inn; that's very ill-convenient and costly. I didn't come here because I wanted to come; I came because you asked me, and I had to come, and the least you can do is to give me a bed. If you was to come to Dickleborough, my missus, she'd find you a bed, I know right well she would, specially if we asked you to come; and if you was as hungry as I be, I warrant she'd find you something to eat in the bargain."

Old Mr. Smith said this in his pleasant way, and the Colonel was quite taken by storm. He brought him up to his rooms, had supper put before him, and gave orders for his accommodation for the night. The two spent a very pleasant evening together.

Then the Cunnel, he say, "I'll ring for your candle, Mr. Smith, and the man he'll show you to your room." "Thank'ee Cunnel," I replied, "but there's one thing I always do afore going to bed. I have family prayer. I know my missus is having it at Dickleborough, and it won't do for her master not to have it because he happen to be away from home. Will you let's have your Bible, if you please?" The Cunnel, he say, "Oh, certainly, Mr. Smith," and he put it on the table, and I say to him, "Well now, will you read and I pray, or shall I read and you pray?" He made answer and say, "I think I'd better do the reading, Mr. Smith." So he read a Psalm he did, a beautiful Psalm that was, too, but that was one of the shortest in the book, and after he'd done,

we knelt down and I prayed, and I asked the Lord to bless him and the Queen and the Prince of Wales and the dear babes. Then he took the candle that was brought and he showed me to my bedroom his own self, and a rare good grip he gave my hand when he bid me good-night at the door.

Well, in the morning I had a rare good breakfast, and at ten o'clock I was took to see the Prince. He shook hands with me quite friendly, and he got a-talking about my plough, and I showed him how it worked. After we'd been a-talking for a bit, the door opened and a big man with his head powdered and a uniform on, he say, "Her Majesty!" in a loud voice, and in came the Queen. When I saw her come in I was right astonished. I thought she'd have had a gold crown on her head and her gown all a-trailing behind, same as we see in the pictures. But there she was, just a plain simple woman, with a kind look on her face. She spoke to me, quiet and friendly like, and said she was very glad to see me, and what a long way I had come to show my plough; and she hadn't spoke them words afore I was no more afraid of her than I am of my neighbours' wives—nor half so much as I am of some of 'em. She was just as simple and kind as if she wasn't no more nor anybody; there wasn't no pride about her. But when I had to speak to her I let her see that I knowed who she was, and that I respected her. She saw right well she did, that John Smith of Dickleborough he wasn't the man to take no liberty because she was kind to him.

Well, we had a rare pleasant talk after we'd done with the plough. The Queen asked me a lot of questions about the farmers in our parts and the poor folk, what wages they got, were their cottages comfortable, did they go to church regular, and all manner of that, and I told her the best I could.

By and by I began to get uneasy. "Smith, now," I say to myself, "you're brought before kings and princes and you must testify." So I looked to the Lord for an opening, and 'twasn't long before it come. The Queen, she say to me, "Mr. Smith," she say, "however did you come to think of this clever invention of yours?" "Well, your Majesty, mum," says I, "I had that in my head a long time afore that come straight. I see what was wanted plain enough, but I couldn't make out how to get at it. I thought, and I thought, and I better thought, but that didn't come clear nohow. So at last I made it a matter of prayer, and one morning there come to my mind like a flash, just what you see in that there model." "Why, Mr. Smith," she say, "do you pray about your plough?" "Why, there now, your Majesty, mum," says I, "why shouldn't I? My Father in heaven, He knowed I was in trouble about that, and why shouldn't I go and tell Him? I remember about my boy Tom—he's a fine big man now, keeping company along with my neighbour Stebbin's daughter, he is, and a rare good girl I know she be—but when he was a teeny mite of a boy, I bought him a whip, and rare pleased he was with that. Well, he

come to me one day, crying as if his little heart was broke. He'd broke that whip, he had, and he come to me with it. Well now, your Majesty, mum, that whip wasn't nothing to me, that only cost eighteenpence when 'twas new, but it was something to see the tears a-running down my boy's cheeks. So I took him on my knee, and I wiped his eyes with my handkerchief, and I kissed him, I did, and I comforted him. "Why, don't you cry, Tom, my boy," says I, "I'll mend that whip, I will, so that it will crack as loud as ever, and I'll buy you a new one next market day." "Well, now, your Majesty, mum," says I, "don't you think our Father in heaven, He cares as much for me as I care for my boy Tommy? My plough wasn't of much consequence to Him, but I know right well my trouble was."

Well, now, would you believe it, when I'd said that, the Prince he turned away, and he blowed his nose with his pocket handkerchief, and the Queen she had tears in her eyes, and I see one of 'em a-rolling down her cheek. "You're a good man, Mr. Smith," she say, "I'm thankful I have such subjects as you." Them were her very words. I'm proud of 'em, I've told my son Tom he's never to forget 'em, and he's to teach them to his children if so be as God gives him a family. When the Queen say them words to me, I say to her, "Your Majesty, mum," I say to her, "I hadn't got nothing good about me but what comes from God." "No more ain't none of us, Mr. Smith," she say. The Prince, he

joined in and we had a rare good talk, 'twas for all the world like a band meeting. Folks may say what they like, but there ain't no use in them saying it to John Smith of Dickleborough, he know, and he say it to all the world, "Queen Victoria is a right good, godly woman, and Prince Albert he's another—leastways, well, you know what I mean."

It was getting nigh on noon by this time, and the Queen at last, she say to me, "Mr. Smith," she say, "You will find lunch provided for you, and the man who waits on you will take you over the Castle if you wish. There are some fine paintings and other things you might like to see." "Well now, your Majesty, mum," says I, "I ain't much of a judge of pictures, but there's one thing I'd rarely like to see." "What is that, Mr. Smith?" she say. "If I might see the dear babes." The Queen she laughed, and she looked right tickled, and she say they was a-walking in the Park, and some one should go with me and show me the way. So she bid me good-bye, and so did the Prince, and a man came and took me away.

Mr. Smith was taken to the Park, and there met the royal children. His conductor said something to the lady in charge of them, doubtless telling her of her Majesty's commands, and the good old man talked to the children in his kindly way for a few minutes. Then he took off his wide beaver hat, and standing bare-headed in the sunshine, he prayed that the blessing of God might be upon them and abide with them. Then he turned his

face homeward and went back to the simple everyday life of a Norfolk farmer.

Not long after, he received a box which had been brought from London by the carrier, and in it he found a most beautiful family Bible, with a note explaining that it was a present from the Queen and Prince Albert. Mr. Smith carefully packed it up again and returned it with a letter to the Queen asking her "if she would be as good as to put her name in it." The Bible came back in due time with the autograph signature, not only of her Majesty, but of the Prince also and of all the children, even the baby's little hand had been guided to write its name. Under the signatures the Queen had written with her own hand, "A memento of the visit of a good man."

THE VOICE THROUGH THE WINDOW

(A TRUE STORY)

ALL alone in the evening grey,
Sick and dying, poor Hannah lay ;
Through the broken pane the cold wind
swept,
Poor Hannah shivered, and moaned, and
wept.
But it was not cold, and it was not pain,
That made her shiver and moan again ;
She did not say, "My pain is sore,"
But "Where shall I be when all is o'er ?"
For Hannah remembered the years gone
by,
And she said, "A sinner—a sinner am I !

All black and fearful the sins appear,
That I had forgotten for many a year ;
And thousands, thousands, they come to
mind—

There is death before and sin behind.
The Lord is holy, and just, and true,
And what He has said He will surely do.
And my soul is black with the sins of years,
They cannot be washed away with tears.
And sure it is vain to pray and cry ;
He cannot hear such a sinner as I.
I am going—going—to stand alone,
Before the Lord on His holy throne ! "

* * *

Bright and glad as the stars came out,
With many a laugh and many a shout,
Jack and Will in the garden played,
And they heeded not the noise they made.
But the neighbour, calling, said, "Children
dear,

A woman is sick in that house so near ;
There, where the broken pane you see,
She is lying as ill as she can be.
She soon must die, and you see 'tis best
You should be still, and let her rest."
Then in a moment they were still,
For tender hearts had both Jack and Will,
And they sat and looked at the casement
lone,
Till the stars shone bright, and the day
was gone.
Then Jack said, "Will, she will go to
Heaven,
If she has had her sins forgiven.
I learned at school that when Jesus died
The door of Heaven was opened wide,
Because He was punished Himself for sin.
So now if we die, we can all go in ;
Of our sins there will not a word be said,

For Jesus Christ was punished instead ;
And if she believes He loves her so,
Beyond the stars her soul will go.
He will lead her in through the golden
door,
And she will be happy for evermore.”
Then Will said, “Jack, that is all quite
true—

But does she know it as well as you ?
What Jesus did we have both been taught,
But some know this, and some do not.
O Jack, maybe she has never known
What it is that the Lord has done ! ”
Then Jack said, “If you would help me,
Will,
I would climb up to the window-sill,
And through the hole I would call and say,
‘Jesus washes our sins away.’ ”

* * *

The neighbour said, when her work was
done,
“It may be Hannah is all alone,
And oh ! it’s an awful thing to lie
Too ill to live and afraid to die.
So just to sit with her I will go,
But how to help her I do not know.”
So the neighbour went, and she heard no
moan,
And she thought, “Poor Hannah is dead
and gone” ;
She lighted the candle in fear and dread
And stooped to see if Hannah were dead.
But there she lay with her face so bright !
It shone with glory and not with light.
And she said, “O neighbour, the Lord is
good !
He has washed me white in His precious
blood,

My sins are gone from before His face,
And He has prepared a glorious place,
Where those He loves with Himself shall
be,

And to that sweet home He is calling me.
O neighbour, here in the dark I lay,
I felt so guilty I could not pray,
And all my sins like a mountain stood
Beneath the eye of a holy God.
Then all in a moment sweet and clear,
A voice spake loud, though none was near,
Like an angel speaking I heard it say,
‘Jesus washes our sins away ! ’
And whilst I thought, Do my ears tell
true ?

It said, ‘ Poor woman, He died for you.’
And then did the words come sweet and
low

That I had forgotten long ago ;
I once heard tell in the years gone by,
How Jesus came on the cross to die,
And there He hung in the darkness dread,
With a crown of thorns on His holy head.
And some old, old words came back to me,
‘He bore our sins on the cursed tree.’
Yes, it was true that mine He bore,
So the guilt is gone, and the judgment
o’er ;

And more than that, if He died for me,
What must the love of Jesus be !
He in His home of glory waits
To see me enter the golden gates ;
Whilst I lay moaning in black despair ;
His heart was longing to have me there.
And oh, for the welcome I soon shall
know !
No words can tell how I long to go ! ”

* * *

And so, ere many a day was done,
 There was joy in the Home beyond the sun,
 For Hannah had entered the golden door
 To dwell with her Saviour for evermore.
 God saith that all who to Jesus come
 He in His love will welcome home.
 The Lord is holy, and just, and true,
 And what He hath said, He will surely do.
 F. BEVAN.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

SOME of the buildings in a farmyard caught fire, and in spite of the efforts of the farmer and his men, some stacks and a barn and a number of animals were burned. When the fire was quite out the farmer returned to his farmyard to see what damage had been done.

While he was looking about he saw what looked like the charred body of an old hen. She seemed quite dead, but some slight movement must have caught the farmer's eye, and he stirred the body with his foot. Yes, the hen was dead, but from under her wings ran a brood of little chicks ! She had died, but her chicks were safe and sound. No doubt she could have easily saved herself, but she willingly gave her own life for the lives of her little ones. They lived, because she had died.

This is a simple little story and it has a simple meaning. There was only one Person who had a right to live, and that was the Lord Jesus Christ. But He died on the cross so that we might live, and He lives to-day in heaven ready to bless all who put their trust in Him. To those who ask, He gives. Why don't you ask Him to bless you now ?

L. M. B.

"He shall be Great"

LUKE 1 : 32

"Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same."

—I. WATTS.

How every lover of Jesus delights to apply to Him these majestic words, and to say :

"From everlasting THOU art God
 To endless years the SAME."

He who in the beginning WAS ; and who was GOD, became flesh, became a Man, and dwelt amongst men, full of grace and truth. And as men and women and children looked upon Him they saw Him who was the WORD, Him by whom God was made known to them. And as they saw His wondrous acts and heard His gracious words, they saw the acts of God and heard God speaking. When we look at the sun and the moon and the stars, we are looking at the handiwork of Jesus, for He was the Creator of these wonders. What exalted thoughts, then, we ought to have of Him ! But what must our thoughts about Jesus be when we remember that He who is so GREAT, and so glorious in majesty,—

DIED FOR US,
 DIED FOR OUR SINS,
 DIED TO SAVE US,

so that He might have us with Himself, and enjoy His love for ever !

He has thought much about you, dear boys and girls ; WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT HIM ?

W. L.

“Is the Lord Jesus a Divine Person? Is He really God?”

There is no doubt as to the answer to this question. “Christ . . . is over all, GOD blessed for ever.”¹ There are three chapters, among others, in the Bible which clearly prove that Jesus was and is divine—that He is GOD.

(1) In John 1 we are told that He was “in the beginning,” that He was “with God,” and that He “was God.” Nothing can be clearer than, “*The Word was God.*” The passage also says that “all things were made by Him.”

(2) Colossians 1 also tells us that the Lord Jesus created all things, and again in chapter 2 that “in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.”

(3) Hebrews 1, again, says that He made the worlds and that He upholds all things by the word of His power.

If there were no other passages, these three scriptures plainly show that JESUS is the CREATOR. The Creator is GOD. But there are other scriptures. In speaking to the Jews, the Lord Jesus used a Name as to Himself which could only rightly be used of God. He said, “Before Abraham was, I AM,”² The Jews well knew what He meant, and took up stones to stone Him.

The Old Testament tells that Christ was to be Immanuel, that is, “God with us,”³ and in Matthew 1 we read that Jesus was Immanuel. Micah says that His “goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting,”⁴ and Zechariah speaks of Him as Jehovah’s Fellow.⁵ We also read that of old He “laid the foundation of the earth,”⁶ and the heavens were “the work of His hands,” and again in the same book, He is addressed as God.⁷ Yes! Jesus is “THE MIGHTY GOD.”⁸

¹ Romans 9 : 5

³ Isaiah 7 : 14

⁵ Zechariah 13 : 7

⁷ Psalm 45 : 6

² John 8 : 58 ; also Exodus 3 : 14

⁴ Micah 5 : 2

⁶ Psalm 102 : 25

⁸ Isaiah 9 : 6

In the Schoolroom

or

“Holy . . Holy . . Holy”

THE classes were in their places and the ordinary afternoon's work was going on when the head master entered, bringing visitors with him who had asked if they might see the school.

They stood by one class, a class of quite big children, for a long time, listening to the lesson that was being given. The young people themselves were not listening, but their eyes were fixed either on the teacher's lips as he spoke, or on the blackboard on which he wrote, for though these children could see, they could not hear ; they were all deaf.

Miss X, one of the visitors, had come a long way on purpose to visit this Home where deaf children were cared for and trained, and she wanted to find out whether the things that matter most, things about God, were taught there, as well as those that have to do only with this life. So when the Head told her she might choose the subject for a lesson, she asked that the teacher might give one on Holiness.

I am sorry that I cannot tell you what the teacher said to his class that afternoon, for even though he had no warning as to what he would have to speak about and no time to prepare a lesson beforehand, he was able to give it. He was a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, and

knew something in his own heart and soul of the holiness of God. No doubt the Holy Spirit helped him as he gave that sweet little lesson. . . .

“There is none holy as the LORD,”
1 Sam. 2 : 2.

He is “glorious in holiness,” Exod. 15 : 11. Holiness is bright and pure and clean ; but sin is dark and unclean and defiling, nothing that is sin-stained can remain in the presence of God's holiness.

Because God loves us with a holy love He gave His own beloved Son Jesus to die for us on the cross, in order that sinful men and women and children might be washed from their sins and live before Him for ever.

Jesus was “holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners,” He knew no sin, He did no sin, and in Him was no sin. And yet, when in obedience to the will of God His Father, and in love to us, He allowed wicked men to nail Him to a cross, as He hung suffering there, He cried :

“My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ” Matt. 27 : 46. Children, that was the biggest WHY that was ever uttered. Why did God forsake Jesus in His awful grief and pain ?

It was because God is holy, Psalms 22 : 3. When Jesus was on the cross He was “made sin for us,” sin itself, that thing that is so hateful to the holiness of God, and because of this God turned away His face.

We sometimes sing—

“But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was
lost.”

But it was more than even the waters of death that Jesus passed through when He was made sin for us, for the fire of God's judgment fell upon Him when His soul was made an offering for sin, Isa. 53 : 10.

When we think of Jesus suffering as the great Sin-bearer, we have to remember what God said to Moses when he turned aside to see the bush that burned with fire and yet was not consumed : “Draw not nigh hither : put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground,” Exod. 3 : 5.

Where is Jesus to-day ?

He is in heaven, “and is on the right hand of God ; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him,” 1 Pet. 3 : 22. And those whose sins He once bore in His body on the tree, love to sing :

“In the glory's highest height”—
—there, where the holiness of God shines
clearest and brightest—

“See Him, God's supreme delight.”

God has raised Him from the dead and given Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God. And if our faith and hope are in God, on whom will our love be set ?

E. E. S.

HAPPINESS

THERE are many children and young people who are unhappy. They cannot get on with their brothers and sisters ; they even grumble against their parents ; they quarrel with their school-mates ; they think their teachers are always against them ; they complain about the food they get, and they think there are many other children who are better off than they are.

Unhappiness and discontent can be seen in their faces. What is the reason ? we ask.

“That brother of mine,” says one. “My sister,” says another. “Everyone in the house,” says a third. “No one understands me,” says another. And so we might go on.

In other words, “Everyone is wrong—except myself.”

Yes, that is just where the trouble lies ! “Myself,” that troublesome “Me.”

Well, suppose you get away from everyone else ; mount a horse and ride as far as you can into the lonely countryside, or buy a ticket and go as far as the train will take you.

Then sit down on a hill where you can see neither brother nor sister nor parent nor school-mate nor house.

Then will you be happy ? So you think, perhaps, with no one to disturb you there. But whom will you find there ? Still that same “Me.” And it is that “Me” which causes all the trouble.

Yes, it is not so much that other people are wrong, but that you yourself are wrong. And if you are all wrong, you need to be converted.

"God be merciful to me a sinner," was the prayer of the publican, and it is always so if anyone wants to be right with God ; he must acknowledge that he is wrong and that he is a sinner.

If you do this, you will not be so ready to find fault with brothers, sisters, and parents. Your own sins must be forgiven if you want to be happy.

But there is something more. Our own will is corrupt ; the will of God is perfect. In order to be truly happy we must put our own will aside and carry out the will of God. Self-will produces strife ; subjection to the will of God produces peace and happiness.

All the unrest and discontent which is to be found all over the world are caused by disobedience and rebellion against the will of God. If every man, woman, and child in the world were subject to the will of God, each one would be happy and the kingdom of God, would be established publicly on the earth.

In the meantime everyone who is subject to the will of God has the peace and happiness of the kingdom in his own heart.

This is possible for every reader, but without Christ, it is impossible to find happiness.

A. A. E.

THE LOVE OF GOD



"TELL me, mother dear, why your left hand is so different from the right ; it seems so twisted and scarred ?" inquired a little girl of her mother.

"Well, my dear," replied the mother, "one day, when you were quite tiny, you were playing so close to the fire that your frock caught alight, and to save you from being burnt I put the flames out with my hand which got badly burnt. These scars will show here as long as I live."

There is little doubt that, from that day, every time the little girl saw her mother's badly scarred hands, she would be reminded of a love which had acted so promptly as to save her from being burnt to death.

* * *

Dear young reader, have you ever seriously thought of the eternal love of God, who, knowing the danger to which you, in all your sins, were exposed, has given His Son, Jesus Christ, to die upon the cross, that your sins might be removed from the holy eye of God for ever ? But you will never enjoy the love of God unless you believe and trust in Jesus as your own personal Saviour, who has died for YOU and now lives for YOU.

Will you not trust Him ?

H. McM.

The Very Best Thing in the World

No one had really seen GOD until JESUS came into the world. Then people did see God, for Jesus was God. And when they heard Jesus speaking, it was God they heard ; and when they saw Jesus making sick people better, and raising dead people to life again, it was God they saw doing those wonderful things.

Jesus had many names. The name by which we know Him best, is the precious name

JESUS,

which means SAVIOUR. Another of His names was Emmanuel, and that meant—

God with us.

So, if anyone wants to know about our God, the Christian's God, we must listen to what the Bible tells us about Jesus—what Jesus said, and what Jesus did.

Many very wonderful things have happened in the world ; but the most wonderful thing of all was when God became a Man. And that Man was Jesus !

And of all the wonderful things that Jesus did, the most wonderful was that He died for our sins ; for your sins and mine, dear boys and girls, and He died for our sins because we were sinners, and because He wanted to have us with Himself for ever.

Another very wonderful thing was that Jesus did not stop in the grave, but rose

again from among the dead, and then went back to heaven !

One day, and it may be very soon,

Jesus will come from heaven

to take all who belong to Him, that is to say, all who have believed on Him, and trusted Him as their Saviour, to take them ALL to be with Him in that holy place of happiness and love, where there will be—

NO MORE DEATH,

NEITHER SORROW,

NOR CRYING,

NOR ANY MORE PAIN !

O, the very best thing in all the world is to belong to Jesus—to belong to Him NOW !

W. L.

FIVE STEPPING STONES TO HAPPINESS

Hearken to the call of Jesus,
Answer to the voice of Jesus,
Put your trust in Jesus,
Prove the love of Jesus,
Yield your life to the service of Jesus.

Then you will be able to sing :—

O happy day ! O happy day !
When Jesus washed my sins away !
He teaches me to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away !



"The key was not to be found."

THE IRON GRIP

WHAT'S this crowd of policemen? Let's go and have a look! We notice an Inspector explaining something, and are just in time to see him lift a new and flashing pair of hand-cuffs out of a small wooden box. "The chief feature of this type," we hear him say, "is that they are self-locking"; and he slips one pair of smooth gaping jaws over his left wrist. Click!—and he adds, "no one can get them off without the key." Suiting the action to the word, he fumbles in the wooden box for the key to show how easily they can be taken off, but the key was not to be found.

How extraordinarily like many an action in everyday life. We fall a prey to tempta-

tion and another sin holds us in its iron grip, and we suddenly discover it is no easy matter to get free. The Inspector now feels in his pockets without success, and, deciding that he must have left the key at home, he dismisses the crowd, puts on his overcoat, thrusts the chained hand deep into one of his outside pockets and returns home—ashamed to be seen wearing a wristlet having such associations. In our case, when we have done certain things we cover our tracks ashamed at the thought of others knowing what we have done. Of course, we always think we have got the key so that we can throw off our wretchedness, only it does not seem easy to do it afterwards.

When the Inspector had made a search at home he realised to his dismay that the key had been lost and it was not until the following day that he could have the handcuffs he now so much hated, removed. In your case you may have found things are even worse. Have you yet fully realised that the handcuffs of sin have chained you to the great enemy of God and man and that all your struggles for freedom can only make your troubles worse? "Don't worry," whispers your hated companion, "I can give you the pleasures of sin." But surely **you** are not content to be his captive. You dare not! Why? The wages of sin is death. "How can I break free?" you cry. You can't. "Who can release me, then?" Just listen. One came to preach deliverance to the captives and to liberate those that are bruised. He suffered, died, and rose again the third day, that through

death He might destroy him who had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver those who were in bondage. His blood was shed to cleanse you. Truly and frankly your only hope of deliverance is in Jesus. Listen to His triumphant words: "I am He that liveth and was dead ; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death." He also said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Yield to His marvellous love, trust Him as your own Saviour and Deliverer, own Him as your Lord, thank Him by your own life as well as by your word, and the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.

D. A. O.

Talks about Jesus

CHILDREN, let us talk of JESUS,
Let us hear His words of grace ;
Let us note His works of wonder,
And His footsteps let us trace.

See Him, then, in Bethleh'm's manger
By His gentle mother laid ;
Him who was from everlasting,
And by whom all things were made.

See Him there, an infant holy,
Who was God, to us come near ;
Who was Christ the Lord, our Saviour.
JESUS, name for ever dear.

* * *

Room for Jesus and His mother,
Bethleb'm's inn could not provide.
He was born, though King of Glory,
In that lowly place outside.

Not the great and mighty princes,
Not the noble of the earth,
Nor the leaders of the people,
Came to celebrate His birth.

Not a grand salute ; no cheering ;
Not a trumpet-sound was heard.
Not the children's voices even—
Yet, the very Heav'ns were stirr'd !

* * *

SEE those watchful shepherds keeping
Guard about their flocks by night,
Lest a prowling wolf should harm them,
Or some danger them affright.

Who is this who comes upon them,
Comes to them so very near,
Clothed in majesty and glory,
Filling them with startled fear ?

Children, 'tis an Angel mighty,
Come to bring those shepherds word
Of the birth in David's city,
Of our Saviour—Christ the Lord !

* * *

To those trembling watchers hear him,
Hear that heav'n-sent angel say—
"Fear not, for I bring glad tidings,
Which shall be to all this day."

Hearken still, dear children, hearken,
Multitudes in praise unite—
"Unto God alone be glory,
"Glory in the highest height."

"Unto God be highest glory,
"Peace on earth, good will to man."
Hearken, children, to those voices ;
There our Saviour's praise began.

* * *

How we love to think of Jesus,
Never tired of doing good,
Healing every kind of illness ;
To the hungry giving food.

Love to see Him cleanse the leper,
To the blind his sight restore ;
Raise the dead, and to that mother
Give her back her son once more.

Then to see Him take the children
In His loving arms and say—
"Such as these shall fill God's kingdom,
"Send them not from Me away."

* * *

Now I ask you, can you tell me
Why the world is full of tears ;
Why there's death, and woe, and trouble,
Everywhere through all the years ?

You may answer quite correctly,
"SIN is here, and that is why."
Yes, and that is why, dear children,
Jesus for us came to die !

Came from heav'n, His home of glory,
He, so good, and kind, and true.
Came to bear our sins and sorrows,
Came to die for me and you.

* * *

NOTHING but the blood of Jesus,
Who Himself a ransom gave ;
And His glorious resurrection,
Could our souls for ever save.

So, in love to us, dear children,
Love eternal, love divine,
Jesus gave HIMSELF to save us,
And to win your love and mine.

JESUS, mighty GOD, our SAVIOUR,
Shall we not Thy glories sing ;
Shall we not our sweetest praises,
Unto Thee with gladness bring ?

* * *

CHILDREN, Jesus soon is coming !
O ! that happy day is near,
When HIS OWN shall see His glory,
And HIS OWN His voice will hear.

Children who belong to Jesus,
Then will meet Him in the air.
Then to be for EVER with Him,
And HIS LOVE for EVER share !

Children, while we wait for Jesus,
Let us watch, and let us pray,
So that all our lives may please Him,
All we DO, and all we SAY.

W. L.

The Eagle's Nest

A CERTAIN traveller was being carefully lowered over a very steep cliff in order to reach a ledge close to which was an eagle's nest. The rope was gradually lowered until he was able to jump to the ledge, but alas ! in his excitement he let go the rope. He immediately realised his peril, for every second the rope was swinging further and further away from him. He saw that his chance was now or never, and as the rope swung within his reach, he grasped it. Saved ! yes, but only just in time. Young reader, take your opportunity of coming to Jesus now, or you may lose it for ever.

"Now is the accepted time," 2 Cor. 6 : 2.

“IS THE LORD JESUS REALLY A MAN?”

How wonderful it is that One who is truly God and who is eternal in His Being, should have been pleased to become a Babe in Bethlehem's manger!¹ But for His sufferings and death on the cross, it is the greatest wonder there has ever been.

Then to think of that Babe growing up to boyhood, increasing “in wisdom and stature,”² and into manhood, fills our hearts with wonder and worship.

Jesus, though truly God—the Eternal, the I AM—was truly Man, and is still a Man. Stephen saw “the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.”³ He was born, He grew, He felt hungry, thirsty, and weary; He slept, He prayed, He wept, He died; He was obedient, dependent, lowly, and meek. These are some of the facts told us of Jesus here.

But although truly Man, He was unlike every other man, for He was *sinless*. We are all sinners; He was holy. He did no sin,⁴ in Him is no sin,⁵ and He knew no sin.⁶

He was the “Man of Sorrows”; He bare our sicknesses and carried our sorrows,⁷ but no seed of death was in Him. He was the Holy One who saw no corruption, though He really died.⁸ He was a real Man. At death He delivered up His *spirit*;⁹ His *soul* had been troubled;¹⁰ His *body* was taken from the cross.¹¹ He was buried, but He rose again. His body left the grave.¹² He ate and drank after rising again. He lives a *Man* in heaven, the “same Jesus,” yet He is over all God blessed for ever!

¹ Luke 2 : 7

⁴ 1 Peter 2 : 22

⁷ Isaiah 53 : 3, 4

¹⁰ John 12 : 27

² Luke 2 : 52

⁵ 1 John 3 : 5

⁸ Acts 13 : 35, 37

¹¹ Luke 23 : 52, 53

³ Acts 7 : 56

⁶ 2 Corinthians 5 : 21

⁹ Luke 23 : 46

¹² Luke 24 : 3

M. W. B.

STORM AND CALM

HAVE you ever, on a stormy day, stood on the sea-shore and watched the wild waves breaking against the rock ? In the month of May, 1931, a violent storm broke loose along the coast of South Africa between Cape Town and Mossel Bay.

The tide was high and the waves, with tremendous force, broke against the esplanade at sea-side resorts and tore away large pieces of concrete work and damaged the swimming pools.

Have you ever read of waves in the Bible ? If you look up Psalm 42 and the seventh verse, you will read : "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

Who says this ? Although these words were written long before the coming of the Lord Jesus, yet they are really His language when He was on the cross. The waves are the waves of the judgment of God which broke over His holy soul when He there gave up His life as a ransom for children and for all.

Never had anyone before passed through such a storm as He passed through. He alone was able to do it. Who could measure the sorrow of His holy soul, when He cried : "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? "

On the day He was crucified, the storm lasted from midday till three o'clock. Then He died and was buried. On the first day of the week, He rose from among the dead and appeared to His disciples, and what did He say to them ?

"Peace ! Peace ! "

The storm was passed and there was a great calm. No more waves of judgment, but waves of blessing ! He had to meet the storm alone, but now He enjoys the calm with us. The calm we can enjoy is the result of the storm which He endured. Every child who believes in Him will enjoy the calm, not only now, but for eternity.

But another storm is coming. It will soon break loose. When ? How ? Upon whom ? The day of judgment must come. God alone knows when it will be. The Lord Jesus will be the Judge and He will Himself pronounce the verdict. Against whom ? Against everyone who has not been cleansed by His precious blood.

How long will this storm last ? For all eternity !

Will you, not to-day, before it is too late, come to Jesus and thank Him that He once bore the force of the storm for you so that you might enjoy an eternal calm ?

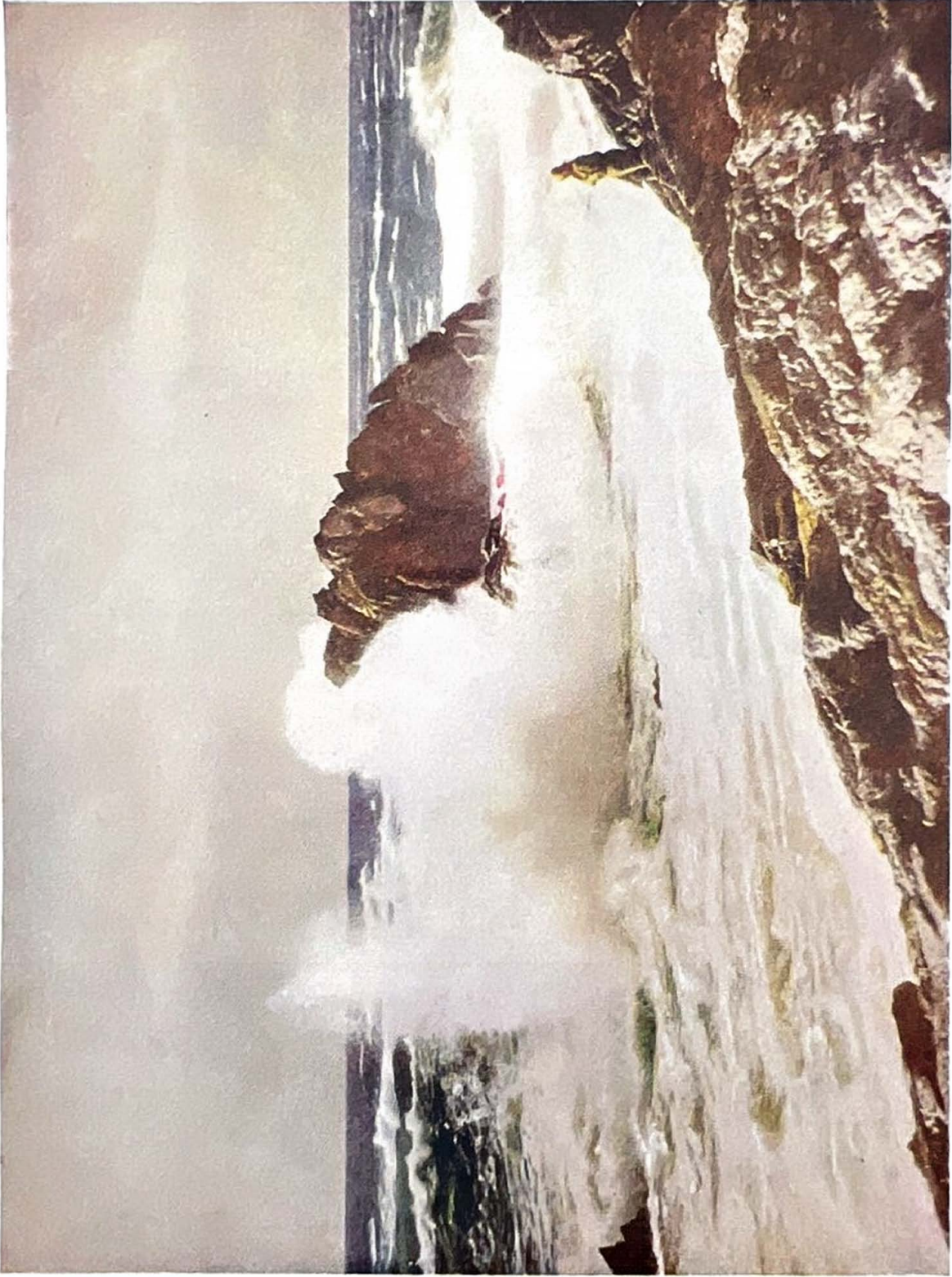
A. A. E.

"THE SAME"

Yesterday, To-day, and for ever

"THE Lord I have known as laying down His life for me, is the same Lord I have to do with every day of my life ; and all His dealings are on the same principle of grace. The great secret of growth is the looking up to the Lord as gracious. How precious it is to know that Jesus is at this moment feeling and exercising the same love towards me as when He died on the cross for me."

J. N. D.



A STORM OFF THE COAST

AFTER MANY DAYS

SOME years ago, I was asked to visit an old man, having heard of his conversion with interest. I did so, and found him in the front room of an old cottage poring over an old Bible.

He was ninety-six years of age and, owing to a serious accident just after his seventy-fourth birthday, he was bent almost double. This mishap had broken his back, but he had recovered, and the dear old man was getting joy out of the Holy Scriptures.

As he was very deaf, it was necessary for me to raise my voice, but we soon made ourselves known to one another as only Christians can.

Then I said, "Can you give me an account of your conversion, Mr. P——?"

The following is an outline of an interesting account as it came from his lips:

"When under four years of age my eldest sister, who had charge of me because of my mother's drunken habits, took me into a little meeting-room somewhere in the Old Kent Road, to get a little warmth from their stove, as it was very cold.

"Here I heard these words of a hymn—

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.'

"About this time some passing gipsies offered my mother half-a-crown for me, and being desirous of drink at the time, the bargain was struck. We left London and I grew up to a life of cheating,

poaching, and all kinds of crime, but knowing nothing of God.

"Seventy years later, still a strong man, I was digging a well somewhere in Essex. It was a hot summer's day following a wet spring, and my mate, who was drawing up the pails of earth, went off to bring me something to drink.

"While he was away the sides of the well fell in, and about half a ton of earth covered me, but in the mercy of God a space was formed round my head. There I lay with a broken back, and rapidly losing consciousness. My thoughts turned to God, and as my history of sin came before me, I remembered the words of the old hymn:

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.'

"I preached my own sermon, and the Lord blessed it. The preaching was as follows:

"'Gentle Jesus'; I like them words: the governor (judge) was never gentle with me.

"'Meek and mild'; how different from saying, 'Forty days, P——!'

"'Look upon a little child.' 'You ain't no nipper, P——, you are a wicked old man.' But just as I was going off it dawned on me—I was a little child in these things. They dug me out and carried me to a hospital, where I was in the charge of a Christian nurse.

"On my return to consciousness, she showed great anxiety for my soul, fearing that, with a broken back, I would not re-

cover. She leaned over me and whispered, 'Do you know the Lord Jesus?'

"My answer: 'Be's that the gentle Jesus?' put her at rest, and some time after, when I was a good deal better, she renewed her question and spoke to me of Christ. She said she was glad I knew the Lord Jesus. But I said, 'I don't know Him.' 'Oh!' she replied, 'you said, when I spoke, 'Be's that the gentle Jesus?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I know nothing of Him.' I soon did, for on telling her my history she told me of the 'gentle Jesus, meek and mild.'

"Now for twenty-two years I have rejoiced in my precious Saviour."

We then had prayer together, thanking God that the seed sown seventy years before had brought forth fruit after many days.

* * *

The Lord Jesus Christ, God's Beloved Son, would have you know Himself—that "Gentle Jesus"—so gracious and tender that He listens to the feeblest cry of need that goes up from the heart of even a little child. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." He would bless you to-day if you came to Him, for He is still the same, and does not want you to spend nearly all your days in sin and wickedness, for you cannot say, like that poor old man, that you are ignorant of who Jesus is, or of what He did at Calvary. He desires that you should trust Him for your soul's salvation while still you are young—even to-day!

E. J. MoB.

The Negro's Sacrifice

MANY years ago there lived a Russian nobleman. He had a lovely house and many servants, among whom was a negro. This black servant had been with his master for several years and was true



"With one affectionate glance at his master he threw him the reins and jumped from his seat."

and faithful to his duties and to him. One day the nobleman had an urgent message from a relative who lived many miles away and was very ill and not expected to live. It was the depth of winter and the snow lay thick everywhere. But he must go to his relative at once if he wished to see him alive. He called the negro, whose name was Sambo and ordered him to get out the carriage and four of the fastest horses, for there were

no motor cars or express trains in those days. Sambo soon had everything ready and the nobleman and his wife seated themselves in the carriage, whilst Sambo sat on the seat in front to drive. He soon had the horses galloping along.

After some time they reached an inn on the edge of a forest through which they had to pass. Here they stopped for refreshments. The innkeeper strongly advised the nobleman to stop there for the night, as the wolves had been prowling around looking for food, which was difficult for them to find because of the deep snow. However, the nobleman thanked him, but said he must hurry on. "Besides," said he, "I have a good gun and can soon settle the wolves should they attack us." So Sambo again whipped up the horses and they entered the forest.

It was now getting quite dark, and as they drove on they listened for any sound of the wolves. Just as they got about half-way through the forest, they heard in the distance the terrible howling of the pack, and in a few seconds the wolves were after them. The nobleman used his gun effectively, whilst Sambo urged on the frightened horses. But there was a tremendous number of wolves, and all were nearly mad with hunger. They could see that something must be done quickly, so in an instant Sambo unhitched one of the horses and let him go. With terrific growls the wolves were upon him and tore him to pieces.

The prompt action of the negro gave the other horses time to put a good distance between them and their enemies,

but before long the wolves were again heard behind them. Again they rushed at the horses, their numbers seeming to be even greater than before. Sambo unhitched a second horse, thus leaving them only enough to pull them into safety.

Again a great distance is put between the wolves and themselves, and they are almost through the forest—but hark! The wolves are coming once more. Sambo knew full well what they wanted more than anything else. It was the taste of human blood. His mind was made up. With one affectionate glance at his master, he threw him the reins and jumped from his seat. In an instant the fierce wolves were upon him. The carriage rushed on and was soon clear of the forest and into the town, where the mad animals dare not follow. The next morning, the nobleman and his wife went back to see if by any chance their faithful servant had escaped. But the crushed bones were the only witnesses of his devoted love and supreme sacrifice.

Dear children, this story, touching as it is, is a very feeble illustration of the wondrous love and tremendous sacrifice of Jesus, God's beloved Son. This negro had a good master and hence was prepared to die for him, but you are a sinner and not good in God's sight. We are all sinners by nature, but the Bible says, "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. 5 : 8.

"He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin.
So out of pity Jesus said,
'I'll bear the punishment instead.' "

Jesus was punished in your stead, that you might be saved and be happy now and live with Him for ever in Heaven. Have you thanked Him yet? If not, do it at once. Just own to Him that you are a lost sinner, and tell Him, too, that you believe He died for YOU. If you really mean this, He will receive you and make you very happy. Then tell others you have trusted Jesus and you will be still happier.

W. J. W.



LITTLE THINGS

LORD, teach us how to live,
Just for Thy praise ;
And pleasure Thee to give,
In all our ways.

Great things we cannot do,
But Thee we love ;
And we would serve Thee too,
NOW, as above.

Teach us in little things
Faithful to be ;
And do what each day brings,
As unto Thee.

Those things that seem so small,
And no one sees,
Teach us in these and all,
How Thee to please.

So shall our youthful days
To Thee belong :
So shall we shew Thy praise
Our way along.

W. L.

SHORT APPEALS TO BOYS AND GIRLS

HAVE you ever looked up at the sun or the moon and stars and thought of how great God is who made them all and who telleth the number of the stars and calleth them all by their names? David did. Psalm 147 : 4.

* * *

There is no other way of salvation but through Jesus. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts 4 : 12.

* * *

The sun has never failed to rise in the morning or set in the evening ; neither the moon at its appointed time. Nothing that men have done is as reliable as these.

* * *

When you are ill or see someone else ill and suffering, a boy or girl who is a cripple, or when you see a funeral, has it ever occurred to you that all this is because of sin? There will be none of these things in heaven. Are you going there?

* * *

Disobedience brings sorrow and death. Obedience brings joy and life. "As obedient children," is what is said of all God's children, 1 Pet. 1 : 14.

“GOD WITH US”

WHEN Jesus was born in Bethlehem, He was given another name beside Jesus. Do you know the meaning of that precious name—Jesus? It means Jehovah the Saviour.

Jehovah was the name by which God was known to the children of Israel, about whom we read so much in the Old Testament.

How wonderful, then, to think of that blessed Babe, who was called JESUS, being the great Jehovah, and that this name, Jesus, just means Saviour.

And He is a Saviour not in name only. Jesus has been the Saviour of vast multitudes of boys and girls, and there are thousands and thousands to-day, spread over the world, who know Him as their own Saviour, and who love His precious name.

But He was also given the name of Emmanuel, which means “God with us.” And it was written in the book called the Old Testament over seven hundred years before Jesus was born that He should be given this great name, Emmanuel.

So when we think of Jesus as He lived on this earth, we should always think of Him as “JEHOVAH THE SAVIOUR,” and as “GOD WITH US.”

How wonderful it is to think of God, who is so glorious in majesty, actually being with us on the earth, and to know that when the boys and girls in Judæa

and Galilee and other places saw Jesus, they saw God, and when they heard Jesus speaking to them it was Jehovah the Saviour who was speaking, and that this same Jesus came into the world to save sinners—to save you and me, dear boys and girls.

W. L.

“Lie by till Morning!”

SOME years ago a large vessel called the “Central America” ran aground, with the result that a hole was torn in her side and she began to leak. A signal of distress was immediately hoisted and another ship came alongside of her.

“What is amiss?” asked the Captain through the trumpet.

“We are in bad repair and are going down; lie by till morning,” was the answer. But the Captain on board the rescue ship said, “Let me take your passengers on board now.”

“Lie by till morning,” was the message which came back.

For the third time, the Captain of the rescue ship raised the trumpet to his lips, and with an earnest appeal he called, “You had better let me take your passengers on board now.”

“Lie by till morning,” was the reply which again sounded across the water.

About an hour and a half after, the lights of the vessel were missing; for, suddenly, without any warning, she had

heeled over, and with scarcely a sound, she and all on board had plunged into the depths of the ocean.

O ! the folly of waiting too long, when help was so close ! Yet there are thousands of people to-day who are waiting in all their sins and despising the pleadings of a Saviour who, in infinite grace, has drawn very near to them.

The words of some who waited too long are recorded in Scripture, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," Jer. 8 : 20.

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time."

The Leopard and the Lamb

HAVE you ever thought why, when God made the leopard, He covered him with black spots ?

I think one reason is that it might speak to us about our sins. When we were born as little babies we had no sins, but very soon we began to say and do wrong things and gradually became covered with black spots ! Other people may not know much about them, but God sees them, and God says, "Can the Ethiopian (black man) change his skin, or the leopard his spots ?" Jer. 13 : 23. We know that both are impossible, and neither can we change the black spots of our sins.

The leopard is amongst the unclean animals, and is thus a picture of ourselves,

but amongst the clean animals is the lamb. The lamb has no black spots, it is white ; and is a figure to us of Jesus. The Scriptures speak of Him as a "lamb, without blemish and without spot," 1 Pet. 1 : 19. He is perfect. He is also called "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," John 1 : 29. In order to do this, He had to die. Jesus died for YOU—He died for me ; and the Scriptures assure us that, if we put our trust in Jesus and His finished work on Calvary's cross, God can forgive our sins.

Will you not trust Him and become—instead of a leopard—one of the lambs of Jesus' flock ?

L. M.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

TRUE VALUE

I ONCE offered a little boy a penny or a sixpence, and he chose the penny because it was the bigger ! This is just like what many young people are doing. They go in for the pleasures of the world because they seem attractive, but they are not really satisfying to the heart.

“WHY DID JESUS DIE?”

There are many reasons why the Lord Jesus died; but before speaking of them, let me tell you that as far as He Himself was concerned there was no reason why He should have died. He was the Prince of Life.¹ Death is the judgment of God—the wages of sin;² but the Lord Jesus was sinless and holy, and therefore He had no need to die. But He *did* die, and we rightly ask, “*Why?*”

One reason the Bible gives for Christ’s death is “our sins”—“Christ died for our sins.”³ They could not have been put away otherwise. Christ offered Himself as the great sacrifice for sin and died for us, and His blood cleanseth from all sin.

Another reason for Christ’s death is that we may know how much God loves us. “God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”⁴ Wonderful as were the ways of Jesus on earth, nothing less than His death for us fully showed how much God loved us.

The Lord Jesus also died that He might “gather together in one the children of God.”⁵ He wanted all those who love Him, who are His, to be one—not divided, but marked by love and unity, as He said, “one flock and one shepherd.”

A fourth reason is given as we read of Him, “Who died for us that, . . . we should live together with Him.”⁶ These are blessed words indeed—“live with Him.” When Jesus comes again and takes those who are His to be “with Him” in heaven, we shall have a full answer to the question, “Why did Jesus die?”

¹ Acts 3 : 15

³ 1 Corinthians 15 : 3

⁵ John 11 : 52

² Romans 6 : 23

⁴ Romans 5 : 8

⁶ 1 Thessalonians 5 : 10

M. W. B.

The Way of Salvation

PLEASE open your Bible, and read carefully the thirteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Exodus ; there you find these words from the lips of Jehovah : "Every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb ; and if thou wilt NOT redeem it, THEN THOU SHALT BREAK HIS NECK ; and all the firstborn of man among thy children shalt thou redeem."

Now come back with me in thought to a supposed scene of three thousand years ago. Two men (a priest of God and a poor Israelite) stand in earnest conversation. Let us stand by, with their permission, and listen. The gestures of each bespeak deep earnestness about some matter of importance, and it is not difficult to see that the subject of conversation is a little ass that stands trembling beside them.

"I am come to know," says the poor Israelite, "if there cannot be a merciful exception made in my favour this once. This feeble little thing is the firstling of my ass, and though I know full well what the law of God says about it, I am hoping that mercy will be shown, and the ass's life spared. I am but a poor man in Israel, and can ill afford to lose the little colt."

"But," answers the priest firmly, "the law of the Lord is plain and unmistakable : 'Every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb ; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck.' Where is the lamb ?"

"Ah, sir, no lamb do I possess !"

"Then go, purchase one, and return, or the ass's neck must surely be broken. The lamb must die, or the ass must die."

"Alas ! then all my hopes are crushed," he cries ; "for I am far too poor to buy a lamb."

While this conversation proceeds, a third person joins them, and, after hearing the poor man's tale of sorrow, he turns to him, and says kindly, "Be of good cheer, I can meet your need," and thus he proceeds : "We have in our house, on the hill-top yonder, one little lamb, brought up at our very hearthstone, which is 'without spot or blemish.' It has never strayed from home, and stands (and rightly so) in highest favour with all that are in the house. This lamb will I fetch." And away he hastens up the hill. Presently you see him gently leading the fair little creature down the slope, and very soon both lamb and ass are standing side by side.

Then the lamb is bound to the altar, its blood is shed, and the fire consumes it.

The righteous priest now turns to the poor man, and says, "You can freely take home your little colt in safety ; no broken neck for it now. The lamb has died in the ass's stead, and consequently the ass goes righteously free. Thanks to your friend."

Now, can't you see in this God's own picture of a sinner's salvation ? His claims as to your sin demanded a righteous judgment upon you ; the only alternative being the death of a divinely-approved substitute.

Now you could not find the provision to meet your case ; but, in the person of His beloved Son, God Himself provided the lamb. "Behold the Lamb of God," said John to his disciples, as his eyes fell upon that blessed, spotless One, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," John 1 : 29.

Onward to Calvary He went, "as a lamb to the slaughter," and there and then He "once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," 1 Pet. 3 : 18.

G. C.



THE TRAM DRIVER

ONE evening, some months ago, three children were to be seen standing by the side of a crowded London road waiting to cross over. They had not been there long, when the driver of a passing tram saw them. He stopped the tram, got down and, taking the children by the hand, led them safely to the other side.

Does not this true incident remind us of the love of the Lord Jesus who not only shed His precious blood that all our sins might be washed away, but will take us by the hand and lead us just the way that He would have us go all through our lives here until we go to be with Him, for He Himself said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

JESUS SAITH, "I AM THE WAY"

A BOY was passing along the street with a book under his arm, when a man said to him, "Can you tell me the way to Waterloo Station, my lad ? "

"Yes, sir," cheerfully replied the boy ; "and I can tell you the way to heaven, too."

The man looked surprised.

"Well, my boy, I should like to know both ways."

"Straight before you, sir, no turnings, will bring you right to the station ; and (looking up with a happy smile) 'Jesus said, I am the way, the truth, and the life' ; and that's the way to heaven, sir."

Did that little boy know more than you do ? Are you trying some way of your own to be saved ? Now, what's the use ? Jesus says, "I am THE way." Do you believe it, that Jesus, and He alone, is the way to the Father ? You may say, Yes, I do.

Why, then, not go to Him ? Do you doubt if you would be made welcome ? Why did God send His Son into the world at all ? Was it not that He might open a way for sinners to get back to Himself ? Yes, Jesus died on Calvary's cross, and now, you may go right to God this very moment, through Jesus, and find a welcome, yea, more than a welcome. Think of the Father's grace to the prodigal, Luke 15. Such is God's heart towards you. The prodigal "arose, and came to his father." Go thou and do likewise, for Jesus said, "I AM THE WAY."

H. C. S.

“IT WON’T SINK”

A FISHING boat was nearing the English coast early one morning ; the crew was on the watch lest the Revenue Cutter should be in sight, for they had a full cargo of tobacco, sewn up in bags and easy to carry. They were smuggling, and if caught, it meant prison for them, the loss of the cargo, and of the ship, too.

Suddenly they saw the cutter bearing down upon them, and they realised that all hope of escape was gone. The captain said, “Well, lads, there is no help for it, that I can see ; let them come and find a clean hold and an empty ship.” Putting a sail over the side of the ship as a blind, half the crew went below flinging up the bags as fast as they could, the rest slipping them over the side of the ship into the sea. How they worked ! “Heave away, lads,” said the captain, “as well not do it at all as leave a bag behind ; a single one will show us up.” Stripped to the waist, from the captain to the cabin boy, they worked hard, and began to think they would do it, though the cutter must be drawing near with the freshening breeze astern.

“A quarter of an hour more, and ’tis clear,” said the captain joyfully, and on they worked. Presently the captain saw the cabin boy was done up, so he told him to see how far away the cutter was. He was gone but a second or two, and then he came back. All stopped their work to look at him, his little face white as death, with both hands stretched out he gasped, “Please, sir, it won’t sink !” And he fell down in a dead faint.

“It won’t sink !” They guessed in a moment what had happened, and rushing aft, there—in the track of the rising sun—was the cargo. The line of canvas bags, rising with the swell one after another, reaching to the bow of the cutter itself, every one proclaiming their guilt. They stood as still as death, their eyes on the dreadful evidence against them, and with the words, “It won’t sink !” ringing in their ears, they awaited their doom.

“What a thrilling story !” It is a story with a lesson behind it. You are like the boat on the ocean of time, and with a cargo on board—your sins ! When you remember that God is holy, and is a righteous Judge, and that you must stand before Him, what can you do with your heavy cargo of sins ? You may begin at once to heave them overboard and turn over a new leaf with the hope that with “an empty hold” all will be well ; but “some men’s sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment ; and some they follow after,” 1 Tim. 5 : 24. You will find that the cargo “won’t sink.” Turn to God in earnest prayer that He might put them all out of His sight through the precious blood of Christ, and He will remove every one of them for ever, for “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin,” 1 John 1 : 7.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

J. M.

The SAVIOUR

OUR SAVIOUR

MY SAVIOUR

Do you say—

Jesus is **the** Saviour,

Jesus is **OUR** Saviour, or

Jesus is **MY** Saviour ?

It is quite right to say that Jesus is **the** Saviour, because the Bible tells us that He came into the world to save sinners. And it also tells us that there is **no other** name whereby we can be saved. Yes, Jesus is indeed **the** Saviour, and the only Saviour.

But to **know** that alone is not enough to save us ; nor is it enough only to say that Jesus is **our** Saviour.

We might quite truly say that Jesus is **the** Saviour, and yet be **unsaved** ourselves ; and we might say just as truly that Jesus is **our** Saviour, and all the while **ourselves** be unsaved !

To be able to say, and say truly,

Jesus is **MY** Saviour,

makes all the difference between only knowing about Him, and knowing Jesus **Himself**.

When you have put your whole trust in Jesus as the Saviour who died for you, and who now lives for you, and is soon coming for you, then you can truthfully and joyfully say—

JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR.

W. L.



Unloading the fish.

TWICE SAVED!

WEE Jamie had gone out fishing with his uncle and five men, off the north coast of Scotland. When returning, with their barque laden with fish a sudden squall burst upon them, overturning their boat, so that all the crew were struggling in the angry billows.

As the seven clung for support to the upturned keel of the boat, the boy Jamie was supported by Sandy, his uncle. Again and again he was almost washed off, but Sandy always caught him. In this terrible

plight they prayed to their God and Father in heaven, that it might please Him to send them help and deliverance.

Soon, as if in direct answer to their earnest prayers, a large fishing boat was seen coming their way and, after desperate efforts, was able to take four of the drowning men on board but left the other three. They were filled with disappointment and anguish, for their strength was fast failing. But God was caring for them!

Although the waves were mercilessly beating upon them, Sandy was able to sing a hymn, after which one of the men repeated the verse:

“My Jesus, I love Thee, I know thou art
mine,
For me all the glory Thou didst resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.”

They then prayed again, and while they were engaged in this the boy Jamie suddenly cried, “Oh, Uncle Sandy, I’m nae saved.”

The warm, noble-hearted Sandy said, “Weel, Jamie, my laddie, ye ha’e the same chance as the deein’ thief.” He then told him of the thief who was dying IN his sins on the cross by the side of the Son of God who was dying FOR sinners, and how he turned his eyes to the suffering Saviour, crying, “Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom”; and that Jesus at once replied, “To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.”

In this manner Sandy encouraged the boy to put his trust in Jesus, and receive Him as his Saviour, telling him that if he trusted Jesus, they would all go to heaven together. Again Sandy lifted his voice to thank God, saying, "Oh, my Father, I thank Thee for the salvation I am enjoying, through my Saviour's precious blood, for my sure hope and sweet home beyond this watery grave. But, Father, the boy's nae saved—wee Jamie's nae ready to die. Ye saved the deein' thief; oh, save the drooning laddie for Jesus' sake!"

Never was prayer more earnestly offered, and never more quickly answered, for soon the boy cried out: "Oh, Uncle Sandy, I'm saved, I'm saved! I've trusted Jesus and I know I'm saved," and with tears of joy and hearts full of gratitude, they praised God for hearing and answering their prayers in saving "the drooning laddie."

Happy to relate, however, a ship bore down upon them almost immediately after this, and soon the men found themselves on board, rapidly making for Findochty Harbour, and home.

Such is the true story of how wee Jamie was saved twice that day, for his soul was saved for eternity and he was rescued from a watery grave. He was saved, too, to live for Christ, his Saviour, for he grew up to be a living witness for Him.

Can you say, as he did, "I've trusted Jesus and I know I'm saved!"?

F. S. M.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

ONE cold morning in London a boy might have been seen, ragged and miserable-looking, wandering about the streets. A gentleman who passed him was struck with his hungry appearance and sad looks, and asked him some questions as to his needs. He soon learned that the boy was almost destitute, so he promised him food and shelter for the day if he would consent to attend a ragged school. Although the condition that he should learn lessons at the school was not attractive to him, he was so hungry that he accepted the gentleman's offer. Poor little lad! He had never known a mother's love, and his father was a drunkard, and paid little heed to him.

For the first time in his short life he heard the story of Jesus and of His love that led Him to die for sinners. It was so new and wonderful to him to think that Jesus loved him. No one had ever loved him and he received the pure gospel message in all its simplicity. Gradually as the light shone into his soul and he felt the warmth of the love of Jesus it became evident to all around that Willie was indeed one of Jesus' little ones.

One evening, some time after he commenced to go to the school, he sat in his miserable home singing to himself:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me!" not realising that his father was there.

"Stop that!" roared his father. Willie was silent for a little while, but soon, with the forgetfulness of children, began again, "I am so glad . . ."

This time he was ordered to bed ; and though he went quietly enough, the words kept ringing in his ears, "Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me . . . Jesus loves even me ! "

In the middle of the night he was awakened by hearing his name called, "Willie, Willie, sing that again." Could it be a dream ? No ; there sat his father by his bedside. So Willie sang the hymn :

'Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul
to redeem ;

Yes, it was love made Him die on the
tree :

Oh ! I am certain that Jesus loves me.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me.

Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me ;

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,

Jesus loves even me ! "

"Is it all true, Willie ? " asked the father.

"Quite true, father," replied the child.

"Oh, Willie, could you pray for me ? " the father said.

"I do not know quite what to say, father," was the little boy's answer.

"Say I'm the biggest sinner on earth, but I want Jesus to love me and make me good," was the reply of the repentant man.

With his arms around his father's neck, Willie prayed : "Lord Jesus, this is my father, and he says he has been very wicked. O Lord Jesus, make him fit to live with Thee in heaven and teach him to love Thee."

Little Willie's prayer was answered. His father received the forgiveness and peace he so earnestly sought, proving the truth of the words, "The Son of Man is

come to seek and to save that which was lost," and "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

It was the Lord Jesus who said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." It has often pleased God to use the simplicity of a little child to lead sinners to repentance.

* * *

A little girl who had recently been brought to know Jesus as her Saviour had a deep longing for the conversion of her father. She tried to persuade him to attend a preaching of the gospel. He resisted all her persuasions for some time, but at last said, "Well, if it will please you so much, I will go just once."

His little girl, full of delight, accompanied him to the door, and then slipping behind him, she gave him a tiny little push, saying aloud, "Here he is, Jesus, save him ! " Needless to say, that prayer of simple faith was answered.

Do you know Jesus as your own Saviour ? Are you glad that Jesus loves you ? Has He not told you of God's great love that sent Him to die for sinners so that now you can pray for others, and thus through your confession many may be brought to Jesus ?

"When Jesus has found you, tell others
the story

That my loving Saviour is your
Saviour too ;

Then pray that your Saviour may bring
them to glory,

And prayer will be answered—'twas
answered for you." F. S. M.

A QUESTION FOR ALL.—No. 5

“Can we Know our Sins are Forgiven?”

Yes, we can! God has made this very clear for us in the Bible. How thankful we should be! Three apostles speak on the subject:

First, *Peter* says in his preaching in Acts: “Through His (that is, Jesus’) Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.”¹ He also tells us in his epistle that “Christ suffered for us,” and that “His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.”²

Then again, *Paul* preaches forgiveness of sins, saying, “Through this Man (the Lord Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.”³ He tells us, too, that “we have redemption through His (Jesus’) blood, the forgiveness of sins.”⁴

The apostle *John* also writes to believers and says, “Your sins are forgiven you for His Name’s sake.”⁵ He also says that Jesus has “loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.”⁶

In Hebrews 10 we read, “And their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.” Yes, we may say again, we *can* know that our sins are forgiven, that is, if we are believers on the Lord Jesus Christ—the Son of God. It is all because “Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.”⁷

¹ Acts 10 : 43

² 1 Peter 2 : 21, 24

³ Acts 13 : 38, 39

⁴ Ephesians 1 : 7

⁵ 1 John 2 : 12

⁶ Revelation 1 : 5

⁷ 1 Peter 3 : 18

M. W. B.

He Died for the Children

THE story of Alexander Clark's bravery is one of the most moving in the history of attempts to save life.

In the month of June, 1929, a fire broke out over a shop in Sunderland. As it was burning fiercely, three little children suddenly appeared at an upper window, and their despairing cries of "Mother!" floated down to the watchers in the streets.

Women cried and men turned pale in the glare of the flames. One after another of the onlookers tried to force his way into the burning building, but were all driven back by the flames. Then Alexander Clark, a young man, who was on his way home, came up, and seeing the peril of the children decided to make a great attempt to save them.

Tears came into his eyes as he heard their cry of anguish, and throwing his overcoat to a neighbouring shopkeeper, he asked, "Are there three children?" When told, he cried, "Oh, canny bairns! Oh, canny bairns!" and rushed off.

The fire by this time was like a furnace. To enter the door was to go to almost certain death, but he thought he could reach the children and save them. Climbing the waterspout at the back on to the roof, he let himself down through a skylight.

But the brave man was not able to save those little ones. His efforts were in vain and, sad to tell, he lost his life in the attempt, for the fireman found him dead

in a back room with the body of the youngest child beside him.

It is impossible to express our feelings as we think of such bravery! What pity and compassion he must have had to give his life to endeavour to save those children!

His name will be handed down as one whose noble sacrifice touched thousands of hearts.

Such an incident must bring thoughts of the Lord Jesus to our minds, for of Him it will ever be said:

He Died for the Children.

Boys and girls are sinful; all have sinned against God, and sin must always be punished. But "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He went to Calvary. Those who believe in Him can say, "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree." He bore the judgment of God that must otherwise have fallen on us. He went to the cross knowing that for Him it meant the forsaking of God, and death. Yet He went and laid down His life that He might save sinners. Those poor children knew their danger, they wanted to be saved, but they could not save themselves. They needed a Saviour, but no one was found who was able to save. The brave man was willing but not able; but Jesus is "mighty to save." He is both willing and able to save, for He is the Saviour of sinners. He always loved the children; they never fled from Him. He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for



FIGHTING THE FLAMES

Facing p. 52

of such is the kingdom of God"; and He is just the same to-day though He is in Heaven, crowned with glory and honour.

Alexander Clark failed to save those he sought, but Jesus by His death has saved millions of people, old and young, and in His love and compassion He would save you, if you will come to Him as a sinner who needs a Saviour and will trust Him. He took the sinner's place on the cross that He might give you a place with Him in His bright home on high !

How God welcomes those who have discovered their sinfulness and turn to Him in repentance ! He is willing to pardon and He loves to forgive for Christ's sake.

Are you one who can sing from your heart—

I have heard of the Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be,
But did He come down from above,
Out of love and compassion for me ?
Yes, Yes, Oh, Yes,
Out of love and compassion for me.

I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He suffered and died on the tree,
But then is it anywhere said,
It was love and compassion for me ?
Yes, Yes, Oh, Yes,
It was love and compassion for me.

F. S. M.

“ FIRE ! FIRE ! ”

A FIRE once broke out at a house where there were two little children. The fire alarm was given and while waiting for the firemen to arrive, a man with a long ladder tried to reach the window of the bedroom where the children were, but the ladder was not long enough. A big crowd had collected, and it seemed a very long time before the fire engine arrived on the scene. Meanwhile the terrible flames were rapidly spreading and the smoke was filling the room where the little ones were and it was doubtful whether they could be rescued in time. At last a loud cheer arose, for round the corner dashed the fire engine and very quickly one of the firemen had mounted the escape and reached the window. He climbed inside and soon appeared with both of them in his arms ; but alas, when they were brought down they were both found to be dead. Suffocated by the smoke.

Do not delay, dear children, or you may perish eternally. Jesus is both willing and able to save you. The man with the ladder was a willing saviour, but was not able, and so the poor children perished.

Down from the glory came God's blessed
Son,

Lost ones to save, lost ones to save :
Went into death and the victory won,
Triumphant rose from the grave—
Mighty to save ! mighty to save !
Now in the glory He's able and willing
to save.

“N - O - W”

THE preacher was telling his audience how very important it was to give heed to the scripture which said: “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,” Eccles. 12 : 1.

And as he was speaking I thought of three reasons why it WAS important. But as I had gone to listen to the preacher I waited until I reached home before following up my own thoughts, and now I am putting them down for you, dear boys and girls, to share with me.

The FIRST of the three reasons is that we ALL

NEED A SAVIOUR,

and JESUS, by whom and for whom all things were created, is that Saviour.

He came into the world which He had created on purpose to save sinners, and the Holy Scriptures tell us that ALL HAVE SINNED, and come short of the glory of God, and that is why we all need a Saviour.

The SECOND REASON is that

JESUS is THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

No one has done for us what Jesus has done. He laid down His life for us ; He died for our sins.

But why should He do this ? Why should He die for us ? I wonder whether you can say what another once said :

O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead
In earth beneath nor heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And THY exceeding LOVE !

Yes, it was LOVE, wonderful, wonderful love, that caused Jesus to die for our sins. And oh, what a death He died ! A death of cruelty and shame on mount Calvary, where He was crucified between two malefactors, and all that for you and for me !

THE THIRD REASON is that

JESUS is WILLING TO SAVE.

The scripture says, “Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved,” and JESUS, who is the LORD, said Himself, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

I love to think of this : Jesus wants you ! Perhaps no one else wants you, but Jesus does. We used to sing :

“Jesus wants you, won’t you trust Him ?
He will save you NOW—TO-DAY.”

Jesus is no longer on the cross. He is not in the grave. He is now crowned with glory and honour.

“Able, willing, waiting now to save.”
And He is soon coming to take all His own to be for ever with Himself.

“REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR
IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.”

“NOW is the accepted time, NOW is the day of salvation,” 2 Cor. 6 : 2.

N - O - W

W - O - N

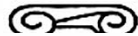
O - W - N

Remember thy Creator NOW,
While in the days of youth.
With contrite heart before Him bow,
And seek the ways of truth.

Think much of what He did that you
With Him might have your part,
And pray, "Lord, keep me ever true
To love that WON my heart.

And give me boldness day by day,
Thy worthy name to OWN,
That someone else may learn to say,
Lord, I am Thine alone."

W. L.



The Gospel Message

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.

TRY ONE FIRST

I ONCE knew a young man who had just started in business as a dyer. One of his first customers was a lady who brought a very expensive fur coat to be dyed. When she had gone he began seriously to consider the matter thus: "I have had no experience with this kind of fur. If I spoil it, it will be a great loss to the lady and a great disgrace to me. What shall I do? I will procure a scrap of this very material and try one inch first. If I cannot succeed with one square inch it would be foolish to venture on the whole cloak."

Was he wise, my reader? Then take a hint yourself, and before attempting to remove from the eye of God the guilty stains of a lifetime, be sure that you can succeed with **one sin**. Select from your history just one sinful act. Meet God's righteous requirement against it. Bear its judgment. Remove its crimson stain as though it never had been. First satisfy God, then satisfy yourself about it.

Ah, this is impossible! But the precious blood of Christ has done what you could never accomplish. Trust that precious blood, and not a charge, not a spot, shall remain. It is God who says: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John 1:7; "And by Him all that believe are justified from all things," Acts 13:39.

G. C.

John 3 : 16

GOD	The greatest Lover.
So loved	The greatest Degree.
The world,	The greatest Company.
That He gave	The greatest Act.
His only begotten Son,	The greatest Gift.
That whosoever	The greatest Opportunity.
Believeth	The greatest Simplicity.
In Him	The greatest Attraction.
Should not perish,	The greatest Promise.
But	The greatest Difference.
Have	The greatest Certainty.
Everlasting Life.	The greatest Possession.



“The Pathway of Jesus”

His Coming,	1 Tim. 1 : 15.
His Healing-power,	Matt. 8 : 16.
His Invitation,	Matt. 19 : 14.
His Love,	John 15 : 13.
His Death,	Rom. 5 : 8.
His Rising again,	1 Thess. 4 : 14.
His Entry into Heaven,	Acts 1 : 11.
His Name,	Phil. 2 : 9, 10.

FOXES AND BIRDS

MATTHEW 8 : 20

THE weary foxes seek their homes,
Holed out in bank and bush,
And with their cubs soon fall asleep,
Curled up in cosy brush.

The birds—each near its little nest—
To one another sing,
And then, tired out, they go to bed,
With head tucked under wing.

But think, dear boys and girls, of this—
That He who you has blest,
And He who all things made could find
No place in which to rest :

He who Himself, the Son of man,
Though very God as well,
Had nowhere He could lay His head :
No home where He could dwell.

Now ponder this, and question why,
WHY this could ever be,
And ask yourself, What does it mean,
What does it mean to ME ?

W. L.

THE SUGAR PIPE

NO one understands a little child like Jesus does. Early in my life I found that I could tell Jesus what I would not have liked to have told mother. I found that Jesus knew me better than mother did, and that I could not hide anything from Him. How good then it is if we just tell Him everything ! His love was so great that He died for us to put away the sins of all who trust in Him.

He drew children to Him wherever He went. You see He came on purpose to die for them, so He could not help loving them, could He ? There must have been more love in His face for children even than in the face of a father or mother. In dying for us, He paid a price great enough to make it possible for millions of children to be with Him in Heaven, in the Father's happy Home.

Have you ever been troubled about your sins ? If you are so, tell it all to the One who loves more than any one. Though no longer here, but alive in Heaven, He loves as much as ever He did. Go to Him then and tell Him all.

When I was a very small boy, not much more than four years old, I had my first trouble. I was allowed a halfpenny a week pocket money to spend as I liked. Well, I saw in a shop window, not far from where we lived a SUGAR PIPE ! I thought how grand to have a pipe ! and I went in and asked the price. It was one halfpenny. “I shall have a halfpenny on Saturday,” I said, “will you trust

me!" "Yes," replied the woman, "if you be sure and bring it then." I promised to do so, and went along the street smoking or sucking my sugar pipe, and feeling very important. Well, alas for me! before Saturday came, I was a naughty boy, and as a punishment I was to have no half-penny on Saturday!

All Saturday I was in great trouble about the debt, and I kept far away from the shop. Sunday, too, was a very unhappy day. I could not sing nor listen to the preaching, but before bed-time, I comforted myself that the woman did not know me and could not find out who I was; besides, I could pay for it later on. So on Monday, I ran downstairs to breakfast in good spirits. On going into the kitchen, the servant said to me, "You're in for it, Master D., the policeman is coming for you. You bought a sugar pipe and you have not paid for it. Here is Annie Toes, who comes to do the washing, and lives next door to the shop where you bought the pipe, and the woman asked her whether she knew a little boy who went about with red stockings on, and she told her it was Mr. C.'s little boy!"

Oh, dear! I thought, what shall I do? Oh, I know, I'll tell L—, a cousin who was staying in the house with us, and who was much older than I. So I said to her: "Will you keep a secret?" "Yes." "Promise me you'll never tell anyone?" "All right." "I'm in great trouble and the policeman is coming"; and I told her the whole story. She went out at once and soon returned, saying to me, "It's all

right; I've been and paid the debt." "Oh, I do thank you," I said; "I'll do anything for you now, for paying my debt and getting me out of this terrible scrape."

Now, dear children, this reminds me of the Lord Jesus. He knew all about our sins and that we deserved death and judgment and that unless our great debt was paid, we must all perish for ever. That is why He died for us in His amazing love. We read in 1 Peter 2:24, that He Himself, in His Own body, on the tree, bore our sins; that is, the sins of all who believe on Him. They believe with their heart, and confess Him with their mouth as Lord, to be His for ever and serve Him all their days until they are with Him where He is.

Jesus not only died for us, but rose again the third day, the very same Jesus, and now He lives, actually Man, in glory, whence He will soon come and take all His own to be with Himself in the Father's house.

What a Saviour! May you come to Him now to be forgiven and saved, and in gratitude, give yourself to Him to serve Him for ever.

H. D'A. C.





BLUE-EYED MARY

BLUE-EYED MARY is the pet name of a very pretty little flower—perhaps you have it growing in your garden. But the blue-eyed Mary this story is about was a dear girl who was taken away to live in God's garden, His beautiful Paradise, while she was still young.

Mary's father died when she was a baby, and her mother had to work very hard to earn enough money to feed and clothe her children, for Mary was the youngest of a big family. But though she worked so hard, Mary's mother found time to teach her that God is a holy God, and that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. 1 : 15.

As soon as she was old enough Mary

left her home in the country and went to be maid-of-all-work at a house in the nearest town. It was while she was there that she became ill, for her mistress forgot that a young girl needs plenty of bread and butter and other good food, and though Mary worked very, very hard, she was not given enough food to keep her well.

Thus Mary's body was being slowly starved ; but her soul was fed by God, and her great desire was to please Him : so that when her mistress made her do something which she felt was wrong, she gave up her place rather than disobey God, and went home.

It was not very long after that, just a few months, that Mary was put to sleep by Jesus, that she might wake up and be with Him for ever. In herself she was nothing at all, a poor little girl whose body would one day crumble to dust ; but she could say, and she did say, "Jesus died for me," and that made all the difference to Mary.

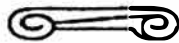
God is a holy God, and heaven the dwelling-place of God is holy, the angels in heaven are holy, nothing that is sin-defiled can enter there, but Mary's soul was washed white and clean by the blood of Jesus, "whiter than snow," Psa. 51 : 7.

One who knew and loved both Mary and her mother wrote their story, and tells us that after Mary said, "I am nothing but dust and ashes, but Jesus died for me," she looked up as though she

could see the glory of the Lord, and her face was bright and glad beyond all telling as she said very slowly and solemnly "Holy, . . holy, . . holy."

And very soon after that, she was with Jesus.

Does the thought of the holiness of God fill you with joy and gladness, as it did Mary ? or does it make you afraid ? It is only those who can say, "Jesus died for me"; those who confess that, "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again," 2 Cor. 5 : 15, who can "Give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness," Psa. 30 : 4.



Jesus—and the Children

Did you ever hear that Jesus
From the children turned away ?
Did He say to anybody,—
You must come another day ?

No, O no ! He came from heaven
That He might a Saviour be ;
And He said, with voice so tender—
"Let the children come to Me."

He is just the same, dear children,
Just the same in heav'n to-day.
Call upon Him, He will save you,
Be your comfort, guide, and stay.

W. L.

The Sparrows' Feast

I REMEMBER once passing down a street of our city in the winter-time (we get it very cold out there sometimes). Someone had thrown a sheaf of grain into a vacant space, and, as I passed by, that sheaf was covered with sparrows. They were having a royal feast. I stood and watched them, and as I drew near to them they began to get uneasy. I took another step forward and they got more nervous still, and one step more, and their wings were up and away they flew. I said to myself, what is the trouble with the sparrows, I meant them no harm ? And the answer came, The trouble is not with the sparrows, but with yourself, you are far too big ! Then I thought, How could I get down among those sparrows so that they would not be afraid ? There was only one answer—Be a sparrow yourself ; if I could become a sparrow, I could fly down amongst them, and not one would fly away.

And I thought, Is not that the way in which the blessed Saviour-God drew near to men ? Coming into the world, He came as a Babe. No one is afraid of a babe. The shepherds, when they heard, said, "Let us now go . . . and see." And when He grew to manhood, how attractive He was ! Publicans and sinners drew near unto Him. And then on the cross, a dying thief cried to Him to be remembered in His kingdom, and he got the word, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Who would not trust such a Saviour ? Will you ?

H. G.

“WHAT IS AFTER DEATH?”

No question could be more important in its place than this one. The enemy, Satan, has many lies with which he seeks to lead men astray; but we can indeed be thankful that God, in the Bible, has given us the true answer, for no one but He could do so.

The apostle Paul tells us that if he was to die it was to be “absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.”¹ Again he says that for him to die meant to depart and to be “with Christ,” which was far better.² This would be happiness indeed! The death of Jesus had put away all his sins and everything that would have made him unfit for the presence of God, so that he would go to be with Christ, who had died for him; and this is the case with *every* believer on the Lord Jesus.

When the Lord Jesus, who is a divine Person, was here, He not only spoke of heaven, but also of a place of torment—hell. Those who reject the Lord Jesus cannot go to be with Him, as He said, “Ye . . . shall die in your sins; whither I go, ye cannot come . . . for if ye believe not that I AM (He), ye shall die in your sins.”³

The thief on the cross who believed on Jesus went to be with Him in paradise;⁴ but the rich man we read of in Luke,⁵ when he died, went to hell, the place of torment. This is very solemn. Man can kill the body, but can do no more. God has power after death to cast into hell.⁶

After death is the judgment.⁷ At the resurrection all that are in their graves shall come forth,⁸ and all must stand before God; but the believer on the Lord Jesus shall not come into judgment, for Christ has borne the judgment for him, and if he die, his spirit at once goes to be with Christ, and at the resurrection, he will have a body of glory like Christ’s.⁹

¹ 2 Corinthians 5 : 8

² Philippians 1 : 23

³ John 8 : 21, 24

⁴ Luke 23 : 43

⁵ Luke 16 : 19–31

⁶ Luke 12 : 5

⁷ Hebrews 9 : 27

⁸ John 5 : 28, 29

⁹ 1 Corinthians 15 : 43

M. W. B.

“WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED”

IN a school in the north of England someone had done a serious wrong, and the headmaster had in vain tried to find out the culprit. He felt that, for the honour of the school, he must discover the wrong-doer; and so he assembled all the classes and, having made known to them the gravity of the offence, he asked the boys for their judgment as to what should be done. The boys all agreed that the offender deserved punishment.

Then the headmaster made an appeal to them, beseeching that the one who had done wrong should come forward and bear his punishment, but the appeal was without success.

The next morning the boys were gathered together again, and once more they listened to their headmaster as he pleaded that someone should own to the offence, confessing his failure, and be prepared to bear the penalty, but his entreaties found no answer.

On the third morning when the school once more assembled, the boys listened for the third time to the supplications of their head. He spoke to them of how the matter affected the name of the school, and of all that it meant to him as head, and again he asked for their decision as to the rightness of meting out punishment for such an offence. All agreed without faltering that the wrong was too serious to go uncorrected.

Then the old headmaster called upon his chief assistant and gave him a cane. The old man stretched out his own hand and waited. Seeing what was in the mind of his chief the teacher raised the cane above his head and brought it down on the outstretched hand.

The pain of the stroke caused the master to pull his hand to his side, but with tightened lips he raised it once more. The cane cut through the air a second time, but again was the trembling hand raised. The third stroke fell and then, as the arm was uplifted, a big boy, a boy from the top of the school, rushed forward sobbing and begging, as he confessed to being the wrong-doer, to be allowed to bear the rest of the penalty of his misdeeds.

Have you yet done what that boy in the North Country School did? When all men, women, and boys and girls lay under the displeasure of God for wrongdoing, the Lord Jesus came Himself to bear all the punishment, and He went to the Cross, to death itself, that you might never have to bear the penalty of your sins. “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed,” Isa. 53: 5.

I see that blessed Man go to the cross of Calvary to bear the penalty of sin and sins for me, and as I see Him do that, my heart is bowed and I confess to God all the sin and wrong of which I am guilty. Have you confessed to your part in it?

And do you know that He went there because He loved you, and wants your love ?

Do you know the Lord Jesus loves you ? I can say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Can you say that—"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me ? " The one who first said these words, Gal. 2 : 20, also says, "What shall we then say to these things ? " Rom. 8 : 31. How long have you kept the Lord waiting for your answer ? Such love as His demands an answer. The Lord is beseeching for a full answer ; He says, "My son, give Me thine heart," Prov. 23 : 26.

He says it as the One who has sought you at a cost beyond your power to measure ; He says it as the One who seeks a lost sheep "until He finds it" ; He says it as the One who would go to Calvary that He might bring that sheep safely to His flock ; He says to you now, "My son, give Me thine heart."

G. V. S.



What Thrilled Davey

At the great 1851 Exhibition, a visitor took an illustrated catalogue home with him and gave it to his little boy. Henry Davey, who was only eight at the time, was delighted with the pictures, and was soon poring over the simple drawings and descriptions. Moreover, he then and there determined to become an engineer.

Eventually Davey was apprenticed to a firm of mechanical engineers at Tavistock and in a few years became known as a skilled craftsman and famous as the inventor of a new type of pump. He used to say later in life that it was

the book

which his father gave him that settled his career.

Another Book has changed the lives of many thousands of boys and girls. It is well worth reading ! From it we learn that many of the finest things which we enjoy are really to remind us of the love and goodness of God—which leads to repentance. What's repentance ? you ask. Just truly facing that you are quite unable to put yourself right and because God is so good to you, you are willing to tell Him privately the whole truth about yourself. If you do this you have taken the first step in

your new career.

But then a desperate need is felt—the need of a personal Saviour. In the same Book we read that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Others have cried in His ear, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow" ; "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean" ; "Lord, save me." Each was answered immediately as each asked in full confidence. Ask in the same way and know the joy of a full answer. I can say that the Book which my Father has given me has settled my career. Can you ?

D. A. O.

The Schoolboys' Mistake

NOT very long ago two schoolboys entered a shop where Bibles and text cards were sold. They came in together, while a third, perhaps not quite so daring, stood just outside the door.

"You should take that notice down, it's wrong!" cried one of the boys.

The lady behind the counter was so astonished and the boys were so excited, that she could not find out all at once what "notice" they meant, but at last she understood.

Right at the back of the shop, facing the door, high up on the very top shelf of all, was a large board, and on it was painted in big capital letters—

FEAR GOD, HONOUR THE KING.

And this was the "notice" that the schoolboys thought so wrong that it ought to be taken down.

It was no want of loyalty to the king of England that made them so much in earnest; it was all right to honour the king, no doubt; but they really thought it was a wrong thing to **FEAR GOD**. They did not know that the words were taken from the Bible, and that Peter wrote them in the letter we call the First Epistle of Peter, chapter 2, verse 17.

This letter of Peter's was written to those who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and knew God as their loving Father; why, then, does he tell them, and with them all who know and love God, to **FEAR GOD**? It is that we

may never forget the majesty and holiness of God, that the love which we have toward God may be a love that fears to grieve Him, fears to sin against One who so loved us that He gave His only-begotten Son to die for us.

E. E. S.

"In the Days of thy Youth"

A LITTLE girl who intended to be a Christian when she grew older, came home one day bringing a bouquet of beautiful fresh carnations for her sick mother. The nurse commented on their loveliness, and then said, "We will not take them to mother now; they are too beautiful. We will wait a few days until they have begun to fade and wither."

The young girl was surprised, almost indignant, and sought an explanation.

Said the nurse, "Is not this what you are doing to the loving Saviour? Are you not keeping for yourself the beauty and freshness of your young life, and waiting to offer Him the faded blossom from which all the beauty and freshness have departed?"

The girl felt the force of the reproof, and yielded her fair young life to Jesus. Will you not do the same? He is calling to you now. "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."

J. M.



Where is Calvary?

SOME while ago, a little girl, eight years old and known to the writer, attended some special gospel services in South Africa. The preacher asked the question frequently in the preaching, "Have you ever been to Calvary?" On getting home the girl was anxious to know where Calvary was and what the question meant. Her mother asked her brother, who was older, to read the Bible to her and to make it plain. At first she could not understand, but at last came to the conclusion that Calvary is a place which you must pass on the way to heaven.

Now if you look for a place called heaven on a map, you will not find it there; but Calvary is a place outside Jerusalem and you will find Jerusalem on the map of Palestine. Why then should she think that you must pass Calvary on the way to heaven? Can no one get to heaven from London or Capetown without going to Calvary near Jerusalem?

It would be very hard on us all if this were so, because few people could afford the time or money to go to Jerusalem. I wonder what the girl's school teacher would have said and what marks she would have given her if that was the answer she gave in a geography lesson!

But her answer was not meant for the geography lesson; it had a deeper meaning. Calvary was the place where the Lord Jesus was crucified. It was also called Golgotha, and both words in two

different languages mean a skull. The Lord Jesus died at that place, and why? He had never done anything wrong, and thus need not have died; but He died for the sins of others. He bore our sins in His Own body on the tree. He was buried, but on the third day He rose again, and He is now a living Saviour for old and young in heaven.

Do you want to be with Him one day? Then you must go to Calvary in your thoughts to learn what He did for you there. You could not put away your own sins, but His death was sufficient to deal with them fully. If you—in all your need—turn to Him as a living Saviour in heaven, you will learn the value of His death.

Calvary is the place where He showed the love of God to men. Calvary is the place where He showed His own love to His own people, and Calvary is the place where we see how God hates sin and deals with it.

If we learn this for ourselves, we shall see what is meant in what the little girl said—Calvary is a place which you must pass on the way to heaven.

A. A. E.

"I AM THE DOOR"

JOHN 10: 7

There is one door and only one,
And yet its sides are two;
The outside and the inside—
On which side are you?

“JUST TOO LATE!”

IT was in the depths of winter and a poor little lamb lying frozen on an ice-flow was to be seen drifting down the great Niagara River. Presently a large eagle saw the lamb, and, swooping down from the sky, it alighted on the ice-floe beside it.

How little the eagle thought as he stood there that the water was slowly but surely freezing around his claws and soon he would be firmly held in the grip of the ice. The frozen lamb before him spoke loudly as a warning of the danger of staying there too long, but the warning was unheeded. Every few minutes the eagle would flap his strong wings as much as to say, “I have these powerful wings to carry me off whenever I please.”

How like many to-day, not listening to the voice of those around them who would warn them of the danger of going on—captives in the grip of sin—without a Saviour! Perhaps they are not ready to admit that they do need a Saviour; they may be boasting in the power of their good works, but listen to what the Bible tells us about these: “All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,” Isa. 64: 6. No one can get away from the fact that “all have sinned,” and that nothing that any one may do can remove even one of these sins, for it is the blood alone which maketh atonement for the soul.

Well, this eagle still stood feasting on the little lamb and presently the Niagara Falls came in sight. The eagle waited until



“The eagle stood feasting on the little lamb.”

the last minute and then, raising his great wings once again, he tried to leave the ice, but alas! his feet were firmly frozen, his efforts were useless, and in a second the ice-floe went over the Falls, carrying the eagle with it.

He meant to escape. Yes! He had plenty of opportunities, but he put them all off and it cost him his life. He thought he was safe, but he was just too late.

What a warning this eagle should be to any boy or girl who thinks there is plenty of time. Satan loves to whisper in our ears: “To-morrow will do.”

Are you going to listen to a voice like that? It is untrue, for the Bible tells us that “NOW is the day of salvation.” To-morrow may be too late. How true is the chorus which says:—

Be in time. Be in time.
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time.

If in sin you longer wait,
You may find no open gate,
And your cry be just too late ;
Be in time.

May you take the opportunity to-day
of trusting in Jesus and knowing Him as
your own Saviour and Friend. Such is
His wonderful love that He is waiting to
receive you just as you are, and to cleanse
you from your sins in His own precious
blood—shed when He died to save.

G. H. S. P.

“I WANT MYSELF”

“EFFIE, come here, I want you,” said
Tommy to his little sister.

But the tiny mite very naughtily
answered, as she trotted off, “Very likely,
but I want myself !”

How often in effect, if not in word, do
some say this to the Saviour and to His
loving appeal, “Come unto Me.” They
want themselves and not Him. Yet they
find out in the end that a life spent in
pleasing themselves only means an un-
happy life.

Dear boy or girl, Jesus says, “Come
unto me,” because He wants you. Oh !
do not tell Him that you want yourself,
and not Himself ; but, feeling your need
of Him, come to Him and trust, love and
follow Him, and He will fill your heart
and life with the joy and satisfaction of
His own blessed company.

S. J. B. C.

A HUNDRED PER CENT. OR NOUGHT

IN South African Schools before pupils
can be promoted from the primary de-
partment to the secondary department,
they have to pass a written examination.
After the papers have been corrected, an
inspector comes round and consults the
Principal of the school as to the marks
gained by each pupil, and after inquiry
as to the work done during the year, a
decision is arrived at as to whether the
pupil is to be promoted from Standard VI
to Standard VII or not.

Some think this is an old-fashioned way
of doing things, but it is still done. What
excitement is produced when the results
are known. In one school all the pupils
succeed in passing, in another only half
are through ! Joy and disappointment !
A whole year to wait in the case of those
who fail before they can attend the
secondary classes with all their new
subjects—book-keeping or typewriting,
mathematics and science, including che-
mistry, with its fine explosions !

The pupil who fails has come short of
what is required. Perhaps it is his own
fault, perhaps it is on account of illness, or
some other good reason. But in any case,
he has come short. In order to enter the
secondary classes, the pupil must reach a
certain standard of proficiency.

But in order to enter heaven, what
standard must you reach ? All those
who enter heaven must be like Christ.

That is a very high standard, is it not ?
Who can reach such a high level ?

I look into my heart and I feel I must say : The standard is too high for me ; Christ is holy, my heart is evil ; Christ never sinned, my life is full of sin. I feel I have come entirely short of the standard required.

What then can be done ? If I stand on my own merits, I shall have to perish eternally. My condition is hopeless. But thank God there is a way out ! God can cleanse me from my sins. I can be cleansed through the blood of Christ, God's Son. My filthy clothes can be taken away and I can be adorned with the best robe. And that best robe we read of in Luke 15 speaks to us of Christ. If I am clothed in it, I stand before God as Christ stands before Him.

There are teachers who may say to the inspector : Let this child through if it is at all possible ; he cannot remain another year in Standard VI, he can get employment if he passes Standard VI.

Will the inspector do this ? Perhaps if he is easy to please he will do it, even if the boy does not deserve to pass ; but that would not really be righteous. He must not lower the standard of requirements just to let one boy through.

Will God lower His standard to let sinners get into heaven ? No ; He is righteous and cannot lower the standard.

In any case each one of us comes so far short, that there is no question of nearly succeeding. We must get one hundred

per cent. to pass in this examination and actually we have got nought ! The work of Christ gives us one hundred per cent. So each one will be either fully blest with Christ or wholly lost.

What about our readers ? Will it be one hundred per cent. or nought ?

A. A. E.



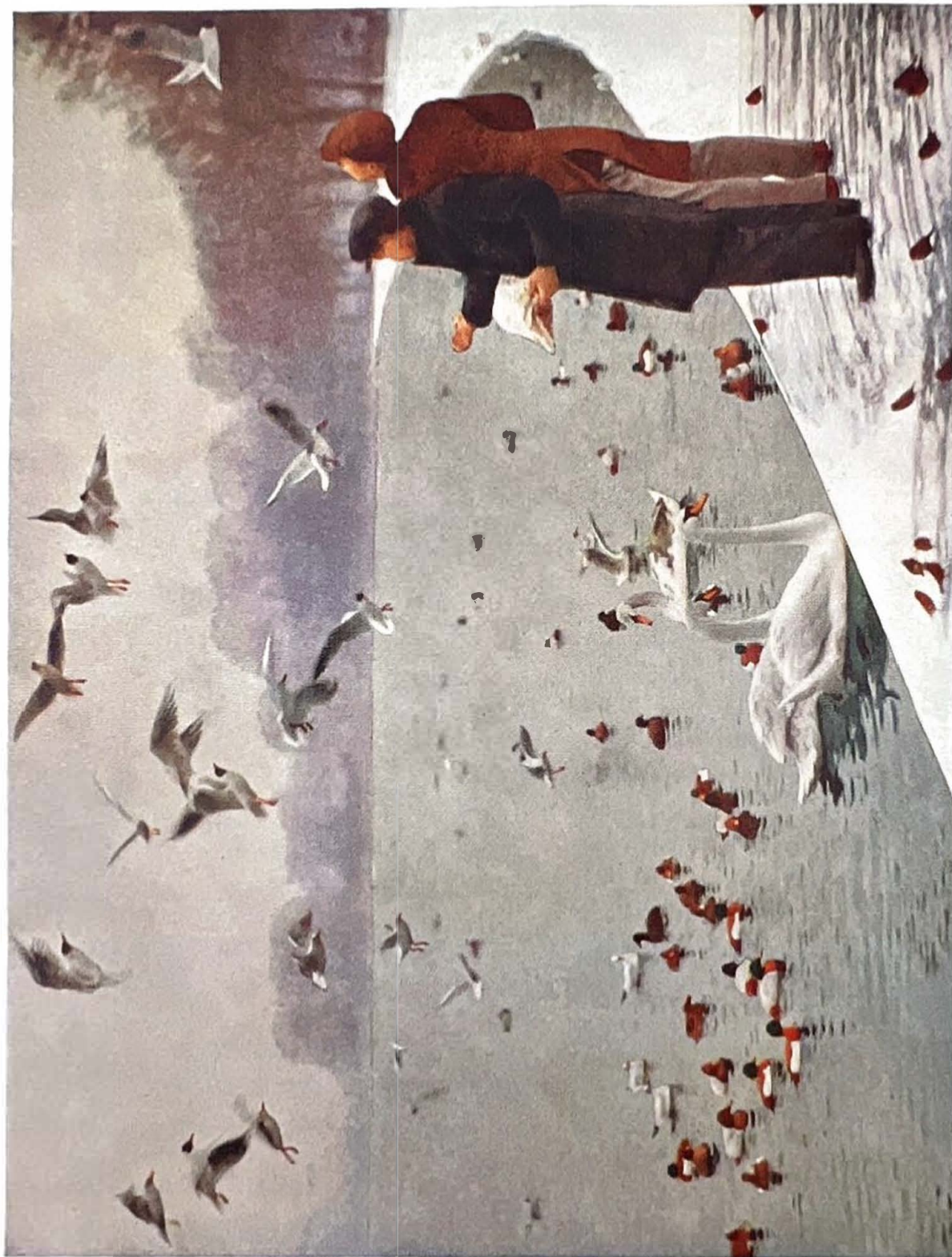
PRAYER

A LITTLE girl who was very anxious to go out for a picnic with some of her friends, prayed that the afternoon might be fine, so that they would be able to go. But just after dinner it began to rain very fast. One of her friends said to her, "The Lord Jesus has not answered your prayer this time"; to which the little girl replied, "Oh, yes, He did ; but He said 'No !' "

There are very many people who have proved that

PRAYER
RECEIVES
ANSWERS
YIELDING
ETERNAL
RESULTS.

May you prove this, for the Lord Jesus has said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."



FEEDING THE BIRDS

“ ROBIN AND HIS FRIENDS ”

(FOR LITTLE CHILDREN)

JACKIE FROST, who comes in winter,
Bites my fingers and my thumbs,
And the robin, cold and hungry,
Sings each morning for some crumbs.

Then he looks at me and twitters,
“If you please,” he seems to say.
And I always give him something,
For he wants it every day.

Sunday, Monday, and on Tuesday,
Robin comes my food to share ;
Wednesday, Thursday, and on Friday,
And on Saturday he's there.

Robin tells the other robins
That I feed him every day ;
And the sparrows hear about it
On the house across the way.

So, the robins and the sparrows,
And some other friends they know,
Find their breakfast in my garden
When we've brushed away the snow.

But, when winter days are over,
Robin sings no more to me ;
For he says, “Good-bye, and thank you,”
As he flits from tree to tree.

How I miss my little robin !
But he'll come again, I know,
With the sparrows and the others,
When the frost is here, and snow.

God in heaven it is who sends them,
God, who is so good and kind,
So that I may love and feed them
When their food is hard to find.

W. L.

DANGEROUS GAMES

THERE are children who play a very dangerous game in large towns like Capetown. They stand on the side of the road and wait till a motor-car approaches. When it is quite close to them they run across the street as near to the car as they can, and the boy who runs closest to the car is considered by the others to be the cleverest. But if they are only a second or two too late, they are knocked down by the car.

Others play with a ball on the street, and if they are busy catching the ball or running after it, a car may come along and run over them.

The first of these games is deliberate madness, the second is thoughtless carelessness, and we hope that the children and young people who read this never play such games.

But there is something which is approaching the world with great rapidity. It is the judgment of God. Can any reader dare to play with that judgment? Will he try to escape that judgment just by a hand's breadth? Will he wait till he is old and just about to die before he turns to God in repentance?

If he decides to do this, perhaps it will be too late. If a child is playing on the street as we have described above, his foot may slip, and then he gets crushed by the car.

If the reader waits longer—for a year or a month or a week or a day, or even an hour—perhaps he will be too late.

Make sure of your safety, young people, at once. There is a place of safety, where the judgment of God has already fallen. It is at the side of Christ, who once bore the judgment for guilty sinners. He shed His precious blood for us, but is now risen and at the right hand of God. Put your faith and trust in Him at once. Do not delay; the game of delay is too dangerous.

Here are some of the things He has done and can do :—

He died for you ;
He can cleanse you from your sins in
His precious blood ;
He is a living Saviour ;
He can save you from the power of
sin, from the power of Satan and
from the power of the world ;
He can make you happy now and for
ever.

A. A. E.

A Daughter's Devotedness

MANY years ago, when the city of Nancy in France had been captured in battle, the victorious Charles the Bold ordered that every tenth person in the town should be slain.

The inhabitants—young and old—were assembled in a line along the principal street of the city. Then, at a word from the Conqueror, a herald went forth and began to count. Each person on whom fell the fatal number ten was to be sent to be executed by the sword.

Near the head of the line the Governor of the city and his only daughter were placed. He had long resisted the siege, supported by the heroic girl by his side, but it had been in vain.

Watching the movements of the herald and hearing him count aloud, the daughter of the Governor saw by a rapid glance that the dreaded number was about to fall on her father. Instantly she slipped behind him and placed herself on the other side. Before the old man was aware of her object, the number which should have been his had fallen upon his daughter.

He stood for a moment stupefied with astonishment and grief, and then called out to the herald : "Justice ! Justice ! "

"What is the matter, old man ? " demanded the herald, before passing on.

"The count is wrong ! There is a mistake. Not her ! " exclaimed the father, as the executioners were laying their hands upon the girl, "take me, for I was the tenth ! "

"Not so," said his daughter calmly, "you all saw that the number came to me."

"She put herself in my way—she took my place—let the blow fall on me ! " pleaded the old man ; while she as earnestly insisted that she was the chosen victim.

Amazed to see two persons striving for the privilege of death at their hands, the executioners dragged them both before Charles.

Here we will pause to consider the act of self-sacrificing devoted love which far surpasses even the noble action of that loving girl. Jesus, God's beloved Son, came down from heaven to take the sinner's place. At the cross of Calvary the stroke of divine justice fell on His head that sinners might be saved.

He knew that the judgment must fall not on every tenth person—but on every one, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and so He took the sinner's place and bore the punishment instead. What boundless grace was His to cause Him to endure the judgment which must have fallen upon us as guilty sinners. It was love that brought Him down.

But to return to our story. Charles had some pity, notwithstanding his violent temper, and he was greatly moved by the sight that met his eyes. "I pray you hear me ! " cried the girl, throwing herself at his feet. "My life is of no account—then let me die. But spare—oh ! spare him, the best and noblest of men."

"Do not listen to her ! " exclaimed the old man. "You beheld her courage, her self-sacrifice, and I see that you are touched ! You will not, you cannot, destroy so precious a life ! "

Strange to say, tears came into the eyes of the cruel Conqueror, and with his voice shaking with emotion he cried : "Neither shall die ! Old man ! fair maiden ! I spare your lives and for your sakes the lives of all these people, for I

have gained the knowledge that love is greater than kingly power, and mercy is sweeter than vengeance."

Thus unexpectedly deliverance came to the one who was ready to die for her father, but there was no deliverance for Jesus, if He were to accomplish the great work of redemption and set us free. Some who saw Jesus on the cross cried in derision: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save!" but they little knew how true their words were, for—

"Himself He could not save,
He on the cross must die,
Or mercy could not come
To ruined sinners nigh.

Yes, Jesus' precious blood must flow,
That sinners might forgiveness know."

What joy and thanksgiving filled the city of Nancy that day, while the devoted girl, whose heroic conduct had saved not only her father, but one-tenth of the people from massacre, was the centre of their affectionate admiration.

Thus in heaven the Lord Jesus will be the centre of the redeemed, who will say: "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood—to Him be glory."

Jesus loved even unto death. Do you love Him? Have you trusted your soul to Him, the only Saviour, and thanked Him for the greatest sacrifice of all?

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN
THAN THIS, THAT A MAN LAY
DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS,"
John 15:13.

F. S. M.

LOOKING DEATH IN THE FACE

THE following true story shows the great necessity of being ready to meet God. It is given in the words of the one who was brought face to face with death, but who, in the mercy of God, was preserved.

"During the early rains of 1913, I was living twenty-five miles outside the township of Fort Jameson, N.E. Rhodesia, almost on the borders of Nyassaland, growing tobacco.

One Saturday a piccanin (native servant) came along carrying a letter in a cleft stick. It was from a prospector who was camped about seven miles away, asking if I could let him have some fresh milk. I had no cows at the time, but I sent him a tin of condensed milk. I also sent a letter back saying that I would come over and see him on the following day.

The next morning, I got up and well remember dressing myself with extra care. Our usual costume was shorts, shirt with sleeves cut short, socks, boots, and helmet; but on this particular morning I put on a shirt with long sleeves and rolled them up. Having had an early breakfast, I took my rifle and started off.

About two miles from my place, I had to pass a watercourse with hills on either side, and when I reached it I found that the natives had put a very flimsy wooden bridge across to enable them to get their sheep and goats from one side to the

other. As I carefully crossed the bridge, I looked down into the watercourse, but there was only a small trickle of water running below.

Before I reached my destination, a heavy storm broke, and in a few seconds I was drenched to the skin. The prospector's abode was not of a very pretentious nature. A buck sail swung over a pole and held out by pegs. He had an old four-gallon paraffin tin with holes punched in it, and in the tin were wood embers which gave out a cheerful glow. After the usual greetings he insisted on my taking off my wet clothes and wrapping myself in one of his blankets, while he hung the clothes near the fire to dry. Later on he made me have something to eat, although his store was, I felt sure, very scantily provided.

About 3 p.m. I decided to return. The rain was still coming down as hard as ever, and, although my friend tried to persuade me to stay, I felt I had better return to my own abode, more especially as I had a lot of boys (natives of any age) to start work in the morning. Also, I knew that when I got home I had dry clothes and a hot bath awaiting me.

Saying farewell to my friend, I started off. My clothes had not dried too thoroughly, but that was a small matter, as before I had gone many yards, they were again soaked through.

Just before 5 p.m. I reached the watercourse, but to my surprise I found that the river had risen quite ten feet since

the morning and the bridge had been swept away. The stream was coming down a surging, roaring, muddy torrent.

Well, something had to be decided quickly. The sun was well away to the west. Lions and leopards in that part were plentiful, and there was I, wet through, matches wet, standing still, and beginning to feel cold. Going back five miles never entered my head, I felt I *must* get across. I knew that if I followed the stream down, it would get stronger, so my only chance was to go up-stream. This I did for about fifty yards, when I saw a bough from a tree on my side resting on the far bank.

'Tis easy to be wise after an event, and what I should have done before starting on this dangerous crossing, was to take my rifle off my back and to get rid of my boots, and thus lighten the load.

Instead of this, I started to go hand over hand along the bough. As one can imagine, directly my feet got into the current of the stream, the strain on the bough was too much for it. I was about half-way across, when suddenly the bough broke. As I reached the water I seemed to be carried down at express train speed. Just think of my position! Face downwards, feet first, and a heavy rifle on my back!

How long I was under water I do not know, but I quickly realised the futility of trying to swim, or indeed to do anything. Suddenly, my rolled-up sleeve caught in the root of a tree, and I

was swung right round. Truly, as a drowning man clutches at a straw, I clutched at that root, and at the same time I gave myself an upward push, and I was saved !

I had been carried to the further bank about fifty yards lower down, I crawled out, knelt down on the soaking ground, and, in the pouring rain, I thanked God for having saved my life."

How important it is to be ready ! The Bible says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," Eccles. 12 : 1



ROOM FOR JESUS

A LITTLE boy was once asked, "Have you any room for Jesus ? " "Oh, yes ! " he replied, "EVERY ROOM ! "

Can you say that every room in your heart is opened to the Lord Jesus ? You will never have true happiness if one room is locked against Him, and He cannot have full possession of your little life. His great desire is to fill your heart with love and peace, so that you may devote yourself to serving Him and His people until He comes again.

Room for Jesus, Lord of Glory,
Hasten now, His word obey ;
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter, while you may.

Those Wasted Years

"You will be more than pleased to know that I have found the Lord Jesus Christ, and to me it seems wonderful and glorious to feel the great joy and change that have come over me.

"I feel that I have wasted the greatest part of my life, and that I must make up for those wasted years in giving every remaining hour to Jesus."

So wrote a young man from overseas, a year or so ago, to a relative in England, to whom this was the best possible news she could receive from him, for he had been the subject of many prayers. Boyhood, youth, and early manhood had passed without his knowing the Saviour. But at length divine love overtook him and "broke every barrier down," and joy which he had long sought elsewhere in vain filled his heart as the result of his having trusted in Jesus. This then wrought in him a great change. Instead of living for himself, his earnest desire was to live for Him who died for him and rose again, and so redeem the time which he had lost—those wasted years.

Would you, dear reader, know for yourself that same joy and prove that same great change ? Then come to the Saviour,—Jesus is His name ; trust yourself wholly to Him, and He will save you, and keep you, for He died for you, and He will bless you and one day take you to be with Himself.

W. L.

“HOW WILL THE WORLD END?”

The end of the world is a matter often spoken about, and some are wondering when it will take place. “The world” as it is—the “present evil world”—may very soon come to an end. I do not mean the *earth*, but man’s busy world with all that is in it. Satan, the devil, is the god of this world, and he gives all kinds of pleasures—the “pleasures of sin”—to keep man away from God.

The Lord Jesus was not of this world, as He has told us, and He is going to bring in another kind of world which will be perfect. No sin will be in it. It is called “the world to come.” This He will do when He comes again.

The rulers of this present world crucified Jesus, so the world, with its pleasures, commerce, and governments, are to end, and the Lord Jesus is to reign here. The world is to end in judgment. “The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.”¹ “The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.”² Satan will then be bound and Jesus will reign a thousand years.³ All things shall be placed under Him.⁴

After it has been shown how happy it is to have the Lord Jesus as King, Satan will be allowed once more to test men, some of whom will listen to him. Such is man’s foolish heart! but God will bring judgment on them.⁵ After this “the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.” He who created the present heavens and earth will remove them; indeed He will change them and there will be a “new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”⁶

¹ 2 Thessalonians 1 : 7, 8

³ Revelation 20 : 2-4

⁵ Revelation 20 : 7-9

² 1 Thessalonians 5 : 2

⁴ Hebrews 2 : 6-9

⁶ 2 Peter 3 : 10-13

M. W. B.

Bob Anderson's Bravery

ONE morning in the early part of September, 1872, a wreath of smoke was seen to ascend out of the shaft of the Adelaide Mine. The awful truth was at once realised—the mine was on fire, and at the pit-head a mass of flames soon surged around the pulley-legs which supported the enormous wheels. Thousands of anxious people crowded as near as they dared, and many wives and children of the poor miners below were in an agony of suspense, yet little hope was entertained for the safety of the imprisoned men and boys as the fire raged on.

Think of the fearful peril of those poor fellows! Helpless, for there were no means of ascending to the surface; in darkness, for the smoke and fumes had extinguished their lamps; and perishing, for they could not exist long in such a choking atmosphere.

They thus present a vivid picture of how every unconverted person is regarded by God—helpless, in darkness, and perishing, away from Him, “having no hope, and without God in the world,” Eph. 2 : 12.

Half a mile from the doomed mine was a reservoir which, as a last resource, was opened so that a stream of water poured into the pit mouth, and soon clouds of steam indicated that the fire had been conquered. But what about the poor fellows below?

If still alive there was one possible chance of escape, and only one. Could a man be found willing and able to go down

into the mine—down to the very place where the poor men lay—and strong enough to lift them and bring them up to the surface?

As soon as the shaft mouth could be approached, volunteers were called to descend. There was no lack of such, but Bob Anderson, the shaftman, waving his hand, cried out, “Stand back there, I’ll do that.” Anderson was a tall, powerful man with a rough exterior but a tender heart. He was conscious that he was going on a journey of no ordinary danger, for the legs supporting the pulley wheels were already weakened by the fire.

He whispered into the ear of the manager “You’ll look after the wife and bairns if anything happens,” and, on being assured of this, the brave fellow stepped into the iron bucket and began to descend.

Slowly he was lowered, and in four minutes the signal was received that he had reached the bottom of the shaft. Then there was a long pause—a time of terrible suspense—but at last the signal to pull up was given, and soon Bob Anderson appeared at the surface with the words, “All alive, sir!”

There arose a ringing cheer from the thousands around. Many prayed, while others fainted for joy which they were not strong enough to endure.

But there was much to be done, and in a few minutes Anderson was again descending for the purpose of rescuing the entombed miners.

He had discovered that, with the exception of one miner, all the unfortunate

men were gathered close to the bottom of the shaft, and these were as rapidly as possible brought to the surface, though thirty-eight descents had to be made to accomplish the rescue, and this extended over four hours.

Surely we are reminded of Jesus, the Son of God, who, with His heart full of love, left His bright home in glory, and came down to Calvary—that place of darkness and distance—there to endure the judgment of God, the hatred of man, the suffering on account of our sins, and who went into death itself, that He might be the Saviour of sinners. He knew what it would cost Him, yet He voluntarily went to the cross, there to do the will of God and accomplish the mighty work of redemption, so that God can righteously save every sinner that trusts in Him.

Have you ever from the depth of your heart thanked Him for coming down to where you lay, in order to be able to take you up to His home on high ?

But there was still one poor fellow in the mine. Anderson knew he was a long way from the shaft, and that the water by this time was three feet deep in the workings, yet he could not think of leaving one miner to perish without an effort to save him.

Again we are reminded of the tender heart of the Son of God, the Good Shepherd, who went after that one sheep that was lost until He found it. Has He found you ? If not, He is seeking you and wants you to submit to be loved by Him. He is both able and longing to save you.

Anderson therefore stepped into the bucket for the last descent, and was quickly lowered. Arriving at the bottom of the shaft, he waded for a long time through the water, waist deep, and at last had the satisfaction of finding the missing man. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in getting him to the shaft, when both were pulled up in safety. A few seconds after, the huge pulley legs, charred by the fire and strained by the work of rescue, collapsed and fell with a crash down the shaft.

How useless it would have been for anyone to have called from the top of the shaft to those imprisoned men to come up. Nor would it have been of any avail to have told them to do their best, and he would then try and help them. The rescue could only be accomplished by going down, down to the very place where they lay strengthless—and by his own power bring about their salvation.

You cannot get to heaven by your own efforts, and your best will not bring you one whit nearer to God. But the Lord Jesus Christ has been to the place of death, has finished the work of redemption, and cried, "It is finished," so that now His mighty saving power is available for you, if only you will put your case in His hands and trust Him and the mighty work He has done.

Delay not ! call upon Him in all your need, and you will prove that He is rich to all that call upon Him. Take courage ! for "when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

F. S. M.

The Touch of Jesus

"AND when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And He touched her hand, and the fever left her : and she arose, and ministered unto them," Matt. 8 : 14, 15.

What a difference it makes to everything when JESUS comes into one's house.

When He was come into Peter's house, He found Peter's mother-in-law ill with a fever, which would make the poor woman very restless, and possibly irritable and hard to please, and it might be that at times she would not know what she was saying or doing. Her hands would be hot and her throat dry, and she would constantly be turning from side to side without getting any relief, and the little sleep she got would be broken and troubled. Peter and those with him would be doing all they could think of to help her and to soothe and calm and comfort her and get her better, but without success.

Well, it was just then that JESUS CAME into the house, and oh, what an alteration that made at once ! Notice what took place. The first thing mentioned is that He SAW her, and the next that He TOUCHED her hand—that burning, feverish, restless hand—and then that THE FEVER LEFT HER.

What a difference that would make in Peter's household, for we next read that his mother-in-law AROSE, and there and

then began to SERVE others, and as Jesus Himself was with them, she would have the happiness and honour of serving Him too.

Now this was all brought about by what JESUS did.

He CAME ;

He SAW ;

He TOUCHED.

And what He did in Peter's house, He will do in the house of anybody who needs Him, and who will let Him in.

Although Jesus is now in heaven, He has His own way of coming into our houses, and if there is any trouble He at once sees what it is, and by His touch He will make such a change that one would not think it could possibly be the same place.

With THE TOUCH OF JESUS there is divine LOVE, divine GRACE, divine SYMPATHY, divine POWER, and when He touches us it so affects us that instead of our thinking about ourselves all the time, and living only for ourselves, we find our greatest pleasure in living unto Him who died for us, and rose again.

W. L.



“LOVED”

Two little children sat on the stairs. They were learning by heart the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John's gospel : “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.” They had been given the task of learning it, and as they said it over and over together, the little boy of four said to his sister, nearly three years older, “What does ‘so loved’ mean ? Why does it say ‘so loved’ ?”

The little girl put her arms around her brother's neck, and kissing him, said, “Now that shows you I love you.” Then she went on embracing him most affectionately, and kissing him over and over again. “Now,” she said, “that shows you that I so love you.”

“For God so loved.” And a girl of seven can understand what it is to be loved, and can find a way of explaining to a little brother what it is to be so loved. There may be much for you to learn, hard sums at school, puzzling ways of spelling words, but a little child knows when it is loved. Even a baby can know that it is being held by someone who cares for it, nursed in affection, held close in love.

Do you know that you are loved, loved by God ? “God so loved that He gave.” Have you ever tried to find out a present to give to someone you love ? How hard it can be to choose the suitable gift, the one that shows that you care, the one that expresses the love you feel. Even when you've thought of what seems best you

may not have enough money to buy it. But God has given in love. “God so loved that He gave.” And what a Gift ! Do you know of the Gift, God's own Gift, a Gift worthy of the Giver, His own beloved Son to express the greatness of God's love to men, to “whosoever believeth,” to you ? “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.”

Paul knew that he was loved, and he writes of “the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.” Can you say that ? The Lord Jesus is to be surrounded by those whom He loves, those who love Him, and each one will be able to say, “Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.” The woman in Luke 7 will be there, she who “loved much.” She had committed many sins, but her Saviour had drawn near to her, and she told her love in the tears of repentance, tears enough to wash His feet.

Have you told Him of your repentance ? A great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, was once speaking to children of their need of a Saviour. He said : “Some people may think you are too young for me to speak to you in this way ; but you are old enough to know that you have sinned, and you are old enough to know that you may die, and you are not too young to know that you need a Saviour.”

May you know Him as your Saviour, know of the great love wherewith He loves, and may you prove the greatness of His forgiving, that it may be said of you, as of that forgiven woman, that you “loved much.”

G. V. S.

“Where is the Door?”

“I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep,” John 10:11.

“I am the door of the sheep,” John 10:7.

MANY years ago a traveller in Syria came across an old shepherd out on the mountains with his flock. The traveller had a little talk with the shepherd about the sheep, and he asked him how he managed to keep them safe at night in such a desolate spot. Was he not afraid of finding some missing in the morning? “No,” said the shepherd, “for there is the fold, they all go in there at night,” and he pointed to a portion of ground that was penned in. “Once inside that fold they are perfectly safe,” he continued. “And where is the door?” said the traveller, noticing that there was a small space left, but that no door was fitted. “Ah,” replied the old shepherd, “I am the door. I lie down across that space when night comes, and no animal or enemy of any kind can get in to destroy the sheep unless they kill me first.”

Dear young friends, when I was told this story, I thought what a touching little picture it was of the good Shepherd—the Lord Jesus Christ—who gave His life for the sheep. He went into death that all those who come to Him and believe in Him might be saved. He is the Door of the sheep; all who go through that wondrous Door can never perish and no one can pluck them out of His hand. The Good Shepherd is calling to the sheep

and to the lambs to-day to come to Him for salvation, for forgiveness and for safety.

When the Lord Jesus was on earth He gathered the lambs—the children—in His arms and said, “Suffer little children to come unto Me,” and we are told that He blessed them abundantly.

M. T.

THE BEST TIME

A LADY went to Dr. Chalmers one day and said, “Doctor, I cannot bring my child to Christ; I have talked and talked, but it is no use.”

The Doctor thought she lacked skill and said to the girl, “Now, they have been bothering you a good deal on this question of your soul’s salvation. Suppose I just tell your mother that you do not want to be talked to any more on this subject for a whole year. Will that do?”

The Scotch lassie hesitated a little; then she said she did not think it would be safe to wait a whole year. Something might happen, or she might die before then. “That is so,” said the Doctor, “and suppose we say now six months?”

She did not think even that would be safe. “Well, let me say three months,” said the Doctor.

After some hesitation, the girlie said, “I do not really think it would be safe to put it off for three months. I don’t feel safe in putting it off at all.” So they knelt down together and told God, and all was settled.

J. M.

Praise, Praise His Name !

JESUS is our Saviour dear,
He to us is always near ;
Close to HIM what can we fear ?
Praise, praise HIS name !

GOD come down to earth was HE,
Here to dwell with such as we,
So that we our God might see.
Praise, praise HIS name !

All the stars by HIM were made,
Sun and moon which never fade,
Light and life HIS word obeyed.
Praise, praise HIS name !

Every tree and every flower,
Owns HIS wisdom and HIS power,
And HIS wonders fill each hour.
Praise, praise HIS name !

But HIS love is greater far
Than HIS making of a star,
Greater than HIS mercies are,
Praise, praise HIS name !

For to death HIS love would go,
That its fulness we might know,
And our hearts with joy o'erflow.
Praise, praise HIS name !

Now we prove for us HIS care,
Every day and everywhere ;
Soon HIS honours we shall share,
Praise, praise HIS name !

W. L.

Take—Thank—Tell

HAVE you ever been in trouble ? I expect you have, many times. Let me tell you of a small boy who was in trouble. Returning home one dark autumn evening some time ago, I heard a small boy crying, so I stopped and asked the reason. I soon discovered that he had been sent by his mother to get something, but had dropped the penny given to him, and, in the dark, was quite unable to find it. I have no doubt he expected, when he returned home, he would get into trouble for his carelessness.

This was the cause of the distress, and, as it was obviously impossible to recover the lost coin, the only way to meet the matter was to give him another one. A penny was therefore produced and offered to him and he then did three things. First he took the money, then he thanked me, and finally I saw him tell a small boy who was with him about it.

Why am I writing this ? Because boys and girls are in need, and should be in distress, about the salvation of their souls. You have all sinned against God and therefore need a Saviour, and God offers you Jesus, and all you have to do is to put out the hand of faith—it is really what you do with your heart—and take God's gift.

Then, like this little boy, we naturally thank Christ for having died in our stead and having suffered the judgment our sins deserved. Is there anything more to do ? Yes, like the little boy we should

tell others what our blessed Lord and Saviour has done for us.

I remember well a young girl, who had been to some meetings we had been having, coming one night to Christ, and getting the forgiveness of her sins. She went home and told her parents about it, and, as they did not know the Lord themselves at that time, they laughed at her, but her consistent life witnessed as to the reality of her conversion, and it resulted in both the parents and others of the family being converted too.

May many children who read this, take Jesus as their personal Saviour, thank Him for what He did for them, when He suffered on the cross, and then tell others of the blessed Saviour, so that they may be led to Him.

Remember the time is short, and, if you do love the Lord Jesus, do not miss the opportunity He gives you of witnessing for Him.

P. W. D.

“ FAITH ”

“ WITHOUT faith it is impossible to please Him,” Heb. 11 : 6.

FORSAKING
ALL
I
TAKE
HIM

THE VOICE

ONE day sitting in a shop I heard a voice in the street outside ; it was an old man's voice, reading aloud, and this is what he read, so clearly and with such deep feeling that I listened spell-bound :

There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin,
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

Saviour, I come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee.

Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

And then, without a pause, the voice went on—

“ Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
and why art thou disquieted in me ?
hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise
Him for the help of His countenance,”
Psa. 42 : 5.

I did not see the old man, I only heard his voice ; but the deep longing expressed in it told me that he was looking forward with eager hope to that moment when he should stand as one of Christ's redeemed, blood-bought saints, "faultless and stainless, safe in that happy land."

When God's children grow old and grey-headed, they can look backwards as well as forwards, and then they see how patiently and lovingly their heavenly Father has taught and trained them. He has given them joys, and He has sent sorrows, too, He has chastened them because they are His sons, and He wants His sons to be partakers—sharers—of His holiness, Heb. 12 : 10.

But you, dear boys and girls, are young, with the years stretching before you, and your heavenly Father would have you put your hand in His, and trust Him to lead you safely along life's untried pathway. Each day He would have you pray, "Thy name be hallowed," Thy name be kept holy ; and for yourself and the rest of the family of God, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

But even though you are young, you may not be left down here, for the Lord Jesus is coming, we believe He is coming very soon, to take every one that belongs to Him out of this world that is so unholy, so defiled by sin. He will not take us one by one, but all together. "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." But there will be no need for even the youngest,

weakest believer to be afraid. Not one will be forgotten or left behind ; "The dead in Christ shall rise first ; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord," 1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17.

Think of what it will be to be for ever with the Lord, children, for the Lord is JESUS.

E. E. S.



"Which will you hear?"

"Lo, I come to do thy will, O God," Heb. 10 : 9.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord," Isa. 1 : 18.

"Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest," Matt. 11 : 28.

"Come, Lord Jesus," Rev. 22 : 20.

"Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," Matt. 25 : 34.

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," Matt. 25 : 41.

Look at these texts and you will learn the wonderful story of God's heart of love for guilty sinners. When God had to say that

He had no pleasure in all the offerings that were offered on the altars, and which could never take away sin, He, the Lord Jesus, says, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." Here we have the story of the sufferings of Calvary where He was made sin, so that God can now appeal to any poor guilty sinner in the words of our second text: "Come now and let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Have you answered to this gracious call? Are you afraid? You need not be now, for although all your sins look so awful and you would rather not speak about them, they shall be whiter than snow. "Wash me," says the Psalmist, "and I shall be whiter than snow." So our next text is just what you have longed for; and therefore He invites you thus: "Come unto me, . . . and I will give you rest." Now your heart has tasted the sweet peace and rest in Jesus, you are ready for the next one which is the response from your own lips in answer to His words: "Surely I come quickly." "Come, Lord Jesus." Now we await that moment when we shall hear these wonderful words:—"Come, ye blessed."

Alas! there will be some who have often heard the words that we have considered in the first and second texts, but have never obeyed the loving appeals. They must hear the last words which He has to utter: "Depart . . . ye cursed."

Which side are you on? You need not wait, you can know it now. Just come.

F. M.

WHO IS THIS ?

Who is this, to whom the children
Gather unafraid,
And upon whose heads His tender
Hands are laid ?

Who is this, who says so kindly,
"Send them not away,
For of such shall be My kingdom,
Let them stay" ?

Who is this, who holds them safely
In a fond embrace,
Blesses them, and speaks so gently,
Words of grace ?

Who is this ? Oh ! this is JESUS,
Always just the same.
He who came from heav'n to save us,
Praise His Name.

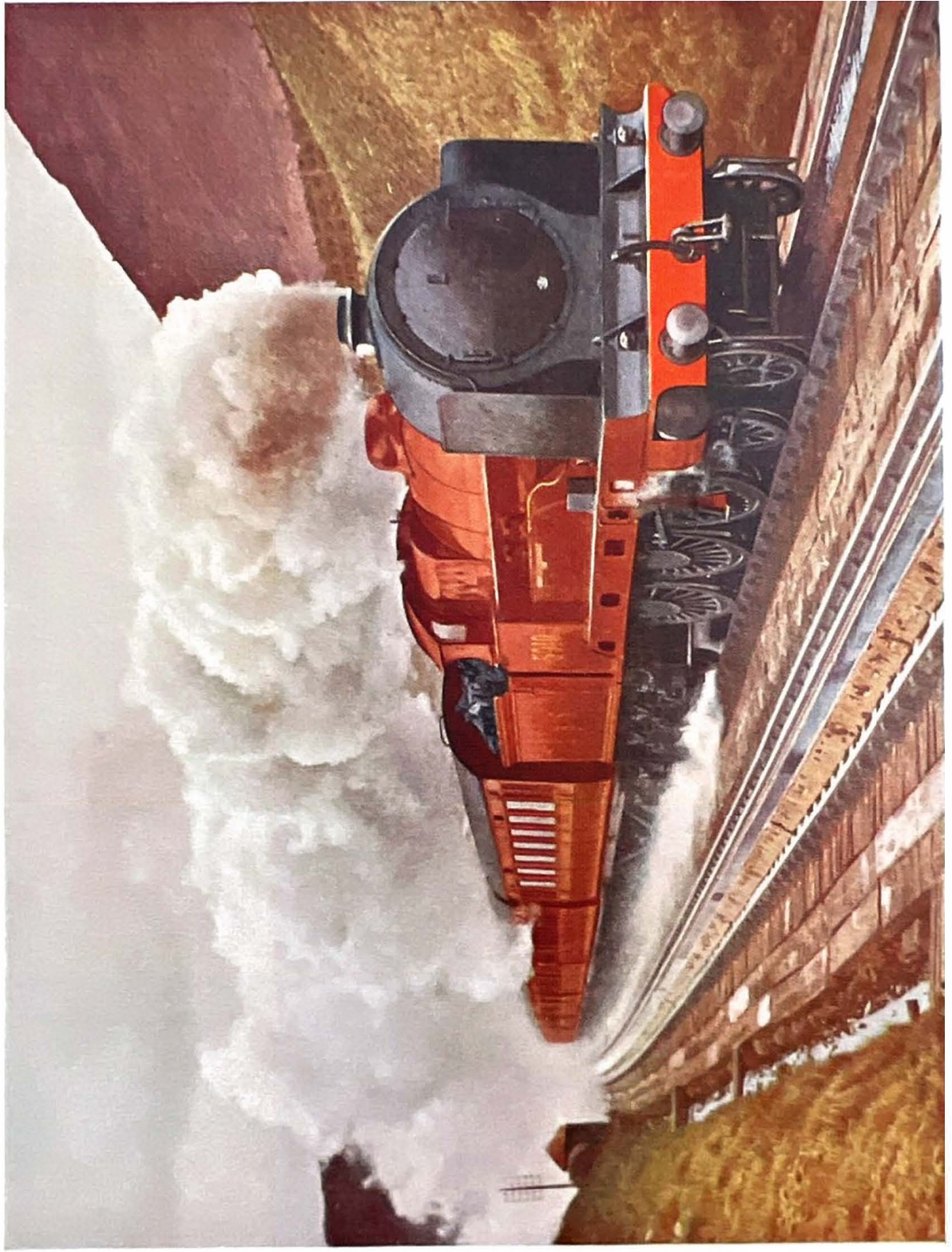
Praise His Name! Yes, praise Him ever,
Saviour, Lord, and King.
Unto Him our hallelujahs,
NOW we sing.

W. L.

TIME

TIME past is not, thou can'st not it
recall ;
Time passing is, employ the portion
small ;
Time future may not ever be ;
Time present is the only time for thee.

"Now is the accepted time."



“FULL STEAM AHEAD”

Scenes on the Railway

THE WHEEL TAPPER

WE are on a large station. Many people are waiting for a train. The boys and girls are delighted, as the train is to take them away for their holidays at the seaside.

At last it comes, exactly to time, and completely fills the long platform. Doors swing open and many get out, to be welcomed by waiting friends. There is a general rush to find suitable seats and to see that the luggage is put safely in the van. Porters are busy with all this luggage, the mail bags, the parcels, and the milk-churns. At the head of the train, the engine is being changed. For a few minutes all seems bustle and confusion.

But while all this is going on we notice a man who is going about his work in a quiet methodical way, bothering little about all that is happening on the platform and little noticed by the people there. He carries a hammer with a long handle and, as he goes along the train he gives each wheel a smart tap. When he has completed one side he goes back along the other side, still tapping the wheels.

What is he doing ? And why ? When he has finished we ask him these questions. He tells us that his job is to make sure that none of the wheels of the carriage has cracked. So he gives each one a blow with his hammer and listens to the noise it makes. If it rings clearly, the wheel is all right and safe to continue on the journey ; but if the sound is dull, he

knows there is a fault in the wheel, and the coach must not go any further.

Do you know that God often tests us in a way very similar to this ? He often speaks in our hearts quietly when there is much going on around. Through a preaching of the gospel or through reading a book like this or in many other ways. He would test us by saying, "Are you saved ? Do you know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour ?" No one else may know what is going on in our heart, but God listens intently whether our answer has a true ring. What is your answer ? If you



The Wheel Tapper

cannot truly say that Jesus is your Saviour, pray to Him NOW, asking Him to wash away your sins in His own precious blood, so that you may be saved.

To go back to the station, we ask the man what a faulty wheel looks like. He tells us, "It looks just like the others. You could never tell by looking. I tell by the way it rings when I tap it."

Many people try to do their best and keep up a good appearance, but there is no true ring from their heart. Is this how it is with you? If so, turn to Jesus now, accepting Him as your Saviour. You will then be able to speak of Him as the One "Who loved ME and gave Himself for ME." This is the true ring that God would desire from your heart.

M. C. M.

" CONDEMNED "

A TANK engine was standing in a siding of an engine shed recently. It looked just like other engines round about it except for one thing. In two places, the word "CONDEMNED" was painted in large white letters, meaning that it was in such a bad condition that it was to be broken up.

As sinners, God could justly write CONDEMNED on every one of us. But the Lord Jesus has died and of those who believe in Him, it can be said, "There is therefore NO CONDEMNATION to them which are in Christ Jesus."

" READY TO GO "

THESE words are often seen chalked on the side of a railway wagon as it stands in the siding. It means that it is loaded and ready for the journey.

The Lord Jesus is coming to fetch those who are saved through believing in Him. In view of this, can it be said of YOU, that you are READY TO GO?

The Cost of a Bible

ABOUT five hundred and fifty years ago, in the little village of Lutterworth, sat an old man. His name was John Wycliffe. Years before, he had started on the huge task of translating the Bible—that is, to write it in a language which people in England could understand. At last he had finished it, and there, for the first time, lay a complete English Bible. It is true that other people before this had done parts of it, but it was left to Wycliffe to produce the first complete Bible.

But how different it was from the Bibles of to-day. There were no printing machines then, and these Bibles had to be written out word for word, by hand. Not only did this take a very long time to do, but the Bible, when finished, was so expensive that only rich people could afford to buy a copy. They cost about £40. How very different it is now! We can buy a complete Bible for a few pence,

and any of the gospels for a halfpenny. So anxious were many people in Wycliffe's day to read this wonderful book, that if they could not afford to buy a whole copy they would give a load of hay in exchange for a few chapters !

Exactly one hundred years after Wycliffe had died, William Tyndale was born. He realised, as Wycliffe had done, that the Bible was none less than the Word of God, and he set out to improve upon Wycliffe's work by translating the Bible from the very language in which it was first written. But many people were very angry with Tyndale for attempting to do this and he had to flee for his life to another country. He continued his work away from his home, and after very much difficulty, he succeeded in getting the New Testament finished and printed. The next difficulty was how to get these copies into England. It was no use bringing them openly, as any other books might be brought, but Tyndale managed to hide quite a large number of Testaments in sacks of flour, and thus he got them in secretly. These were quickly sold for £2 each, but before long these first printed Bibles were discovered and many of them were taken and publicly burned.

Tyndale did not live to complete the Old Testament, but a friend of his, by name Myles Coverdale, finished the parts which he had left, and in 1535—over four hundred years ago—the entire Scriptures were printed in English. This Bible of Coverdale's was probably printed in Germany and then brought to England to be made up into books, but three years later

printing machines actually in England were busy printing the Wonderful Book.

During the years which followed this, several other slightly different copies of the Bible were produced and printed. King James I saw this fact, and he realised what an advantage it would be to have one version of the Holy Scriptures which everybody could read and accept. Thus it was at his special command that fifty-four of the most learned men of the country were entrusted with the task of producing this.

So we have traced over the story of how the Bible came to England. No other book has ever had such an adventure. People have hated it, they have even burned it, but still it lives ; and it is now thought that over twenty-five million copies of the Bible, printed in more than seven hundred languages, are published every year ! How truly is it still called "The world's best seller" !

The Bible, however, is no ordinary book, for God Himself put the actual thoughts and words into the minds of those who wrote it, as it says, "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," 2 Pet. 1 : 21. This is exactly what is meant when you hear people say that the Bible is "inspired." It is God's Book telling of His thoughts of love and blessing for His creatures.

Oh ! how great is God's love that He should have had all this written down for us to read, and it comes within our reach for a few pence. How do we value it ? May we all be like the boy Timothy of

old, of whom it was said, "that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," 2 Tim. 3 : 15.

G. H. S. P.

The Value of a Bible

NOT long since, two little boys, the elder appearing about thirteen and the younger eleven years of age, called at the lodging-house for vagrants in the town of Warrington for a night's lodging. The keeper of the house very properly took them to the vagrant office to be examined, and if proper objects, to be relieved. The account they gave of themselves was extremely affecting, and no doubt was entertained of its truth.

It appeared that but a few weeks had elapsed since these poor little wanderers had resided with their parents in London. A serious illness, however, in one day carried off both father and mother, leaving them orphans, in a wide world, without a home and without friends !

Immediately after the last mournful tribute had been paid to their parents' memory, having an uncle in Liverpool, poor and destitute as they were, they resolved to go and throw themselves upon his protection. Tired therefore and faint, they arrived at Warrington on their way.

Two bundles contained their all. In the younger boy's was found, neatly

covered and carefully preserved, a Bible. The keeper of the lodging-house, addressing the little boy, said : "You have neither money nor meat, will you sell me the Bible ? I will give you five shillings for it."

"No !" exclaimed he, the tears rolling down his youthful cheeks, "I'll starve first." The man then said, "There are plenty of books to be bought besides this, why do you love the Bible so much ?"

"No book has been my friend so much as my Bible."

"Why, what has your Bible done for you ?" The lad answered : "When I was a little boy, about seven years of age, I became a Sunday scholar in London. Through the kind attention of my master, I soon learned to read my Bible. This Bible, young as I was, showed me that I was a sinner, and a great one too. It also pointed to a Saviour ; and I thank God that I have found mercy at the hands of Christ, and am not ashamed to confess Him before the world."

To try him still further, six shillings were then offered him for his Bible. "No," said he, "for it has been my support all the way from London. Hungry and weary, often have I sat down by the wayside to read my Bible, and have found refreshment from it."

Thus did he experience the consolations of the Psalmist when, in the multitude of the sorrows that he had in his heart, he said, "Thy comforts delight my soul."

He was then asked, "What will you do

when you get to Liverpool, should your uncle refuse to take you in ? ” His reply may excite a blush in many established Christians : “ My Bible tells me,” said he, “ that ‘ when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. ’ ”

The man could go on no further ; tears closed his utterance, and they both wept together. The boys had in their pockets, tickets, as rewards for their good conduct, from the school to which they belonged ; and thankfulness and humility were visible in all their deportment. At night, these two little orphans, bending their knees by the side of their beds, committed themselves to the care of their heavenly Father—to Him whose ears are ever open to the poor and destitute—to Him who has said, “ Call upon Me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.”

The next morning, these refreshed little wanderers arose early, and set out for the town of Liverpool.

Anon.

“ J - O - Y ”

JESUS

O

YOURSELF

To know the meaning of true joy, put NOTHING between yourself and Jesus. The Psalmist could say, “ In Thy presence is fulness of joy.”

“ SEPARATED ! ”

It was a wild night, and with the temperature well below zero, a party of explorers crept into their sleeping-bags inside their frail tents to try and snatch a few hours’ much-needed sleep.



The camp in the Antarctic

They had set out over a year before in an attempt to reach the South Pole, and now, with their ship wrecked and their hopes dashed to the ground, they were endeavouring to reach land.

The Antarctic Sea was a mass of jagged ice floes which crashed together as they were rocked by the waves. On the night of which we write, the explorers had hauled their three small boats on to a flat piece

of ice, pitched their tents, eaten a scanty meal, and turned in for the night.

About midnight the floe suddenly lifted on the crest of a swell and without any warning it cracked right across under the middle of the main tent. The position was indeed serious, for the tiny camp was divided! Those who a moment before were sleeping together were now separated by a dark strip of icy water, which grew wider every second.

The leader, realising their danger of being separated altogether, had one of the boats launched at once, and quickly transferred all the men and their belongings on to the larger of the two pieces of ice before the other finally drifted away into the darkness.

I wonder if those reading this story have ever stopped to think that there is a division going on like this in the world to-day. It affects everybody, and is such that all the people who have ever lived are going to be divided into two classes for ever. There will be one company, all of whom have put their simple trust in the Lord Jesus and have owned Him as their Saviour. They love Him because He first loved them; and gave Himself for them; and this company is going to be with Him in heaven for ever! But there will be another company formed of those who have never trusted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. These have never accepted His loving invitation to poor sinners to come and be blessed! They lived without Him, and they will be without Him for ever!

Between these two companies, there will be—not a strip of icy water that can be crossed in a boat, as in our story—but “a great gulf fixed,” Luke 16:26, which cannot be passed over.

To which company do YOU belong?

A. C. S. P.

THE KNOCKER

IN a certain town in England there is a large children's orphanage. The knocker on the door is not in the usual place, high up near the top of the door, but it is very low down so that the little ones can reach it. To use the illustration, the knocker on God's door of mercy is very low down. Then “knock, and it shall be opened unto you,” Matt. 7:7.

Even the very youngest can sing:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child:
Pity my simplicity:
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought:
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

O supply my every need;
Help me, Lord, Thy word to heed;
Day and night my Keeper be,
Ever watchful over me.

“ IS THE BIBLE TRUE ? ”

As I write this question, I say to myself, “Of course it is,” and I expect many of my readers will be saying the same thing. Yet some may be uncertain about it. Possibly someone may have said to you, as Satan did to Eve, “Hath God said ? ” and made you doubt the Bible.

It is well to remember, first of all, that “ALL Scripture is given by inspiration of God.”¹ Those who wrote the Bible did so as they were moved by the Holy Spirit and said exactly what God wished them to say. The Holy Spirit is a Divine Person—God—and so in the Bible we have a divine and therefore perfect statement of things.

Sometimes the Bible tells us of that which no one but God could possibly have known, such as creation ; at other times it tells of the faith and trials of God’s people, or faithfully records man’s sin and failure. But in every case the writer was inspired by God and was “moved by the Holy Ghost,”² therefore what the Bible says is *absolutely true*. It is truly *GOD’S* book, and stands like a great immovable Rock amidst the angry waves of man’s evil and foolish attacks.

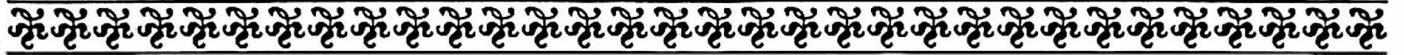
The New Testament tells us in “words . . . which the Holy Ghost teacheth”³ about the Lord Jesus—His life here, His death, His resurrection and present place in heaven, and His coming again. The Bible is able to make us wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. All of it is true—every word of it. We can rely on all. The Lord Jesus quoted the Old Testament, and added, “The Scripture *cannot* be broken.”⁴

¹ 2 Timothy 3 : 16

² 2 Peter 1 : 21

³ 1 Corinthians 2 : 13

⁴ John 10 : 35



“A Child’s Enquiry”

and

“A Child’s Answer”

JESUS ! canst Thou receive
A feeble child like me ?
My little heart can scarce believe
That I may come to Thee !

With children I can go,
And all I think can say ;
With those I’ve often seen and know,
I do not fear to stay.

But Lord of heaven art Thou,
And dwell’st far off on high ;
Though at Thy Name I’m taught to bow,
Can I to Thee draw nigh ?

That Name is far above
My thoughts, howe’er I try ;
How can I know Thou dost me love,
Nor fear before Thine eye ?

J. N. D.

JESUS ! when Thou wast here,
Thou call’dst a child to Thee ;
Now, Thou art calling from above,
A little child like me.

And Lord, to Thee I come,
My heart to Thee I give ;
For Thou in love to me didst die,
That I might with Thee live.

And Thou dost hear my prayer,
As I to Thee draw nigh ;
My very thoughts dost understand,
Though but a child am I.

Jesus, my Saviour, keep—
Keep me from day to day,
That I may please and honour Thee,
In all I do and say.

W. L.



ABLE AND WILLING

GOD could not be amongst people on the earth without something wonderful happening, something that they were not used to, I mean. And something wonderful was happening all the time that Jesus was here, for we know that Jesus was God, one of His many names being Emmanuel, which means, "GOD WITH US."

But Jesus was also a Man, a meek and lowly Man, gentle and kind and good, and full of sympathy and compassion for those who were in trouble. And there were people in trouble in every place that Jesus went to ; just the same as there are people in trouble in every place to-day.

Once Jesus went up into a mountain, and whilst there He spoke many wonderful words to His disciples, telling them what ought to be done, and what ought not to be done. But He did not stop there, He came down from the mountain, and we read in Matthew 8, that the first person who then came to Him was a poor leper.

Now we do not know much about leprosy in this country, and for this we ought to be very thankful indeed, but there are lepers in other countries, and we read a good deal in the Bible about people afflicted by this terrible complaint. Leprosy is a very loathsome disease, and nobody would knowingly be near a person suffering from it.

So you can quite understand this poor man wondering whether Jesus, whose fame was spreading everywhere, would be

willing to heal him—a leper. He knew something about the power of Jesus, but he did not know how kind and compassionate Jesus was.

I wonder now just what the secret feeling
Of that poor leper really must have been,
For he could see within his reach was
healing,
But would the Saviour, would He make
him clean ?

I seem to see that wistful look of pleading ;
That trembling step of hesitating fear,
As through the crowd, resentful words not
heeding,
He with his need to Jesus came quite
near.

"Lord, if Thou wilt," how plainly we can
hear him—
"Lord, if Thou wilt," yes, "Thou canst
make me clean."
Oh, how the words that Jesus spoke would
cheer him !
For did they not his life-long blessing
mean ?

And what were the words that Jesus
spoke to him ? They were five only at
first—

"I will, be thou clean."

Not the greatest physician in the world dare have used such words, for well would he know that his mere word could not make a leper clean. But here was GOD speaking, and acting too, for it also says Jesus touched the man, and that immediately his leprosy was cleansed.

What a wonderful sight it would be for all the people who were looking on ! And how far more wonderful for that poor man to know and feel that he was actually cleansed from that awful malady.

Leprosy in Scripture is a type of SIN, the terrible disease by which EVERYBODY is afflicted, for the Bible says :

“ All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.”

And no one but God can cleanse us from sin. Therefore Jesus, who was God, CAME DOWN from heaven that we might be made clean, that we might be cleansed from sin.

And although He moved about amongst sinful people, He was never defiled by sin. But to cleanse people from sin, Jesus had to do far more than touch them. He had to be made sin for us on the cross, and there die for our sins.

Now, why should Jesus come down from heaven to die for us, so that we might be cleansed from sin ? Oh, it was because God in His great love wanted us to dwell with Him for ever where He dwells, and where there is no sin, no death, no sorrow, but where His love fills every heart with joy, and every mouth with praise.

Notice just what happened : Jesus CAME DOWN, and the leper CAME TO HIM.

Have you come to Him and received those great and eternal blessings which He only can give ?

Remember, that He came down from heaven that you might come to Him.

W. L.

THE CITY BRIGHT

HAVE you an atlas ? Yes, and so have I ; but the “City Bright” is not marked in my atlas, nor in yours, for there is no “City Bright” on earth.

The town where I live is a beautiful town by the sea, but it is not the “City Bright” that the old man read about.

In the town where I live some boys and girls were out for a walk the other day ; one boy was crying and making a noise because his big brother had given him a stinging blow across the face, and the other children were laughing and jeering at him. But in the “City Bright” the boys and girls do not behave like that, and there are no tears there, Rev. 21 : 4.

In the town where I live a little boy fell from the pavement one day not long ago, just in front of a bus. He was run over and taken to the hospital, where he died. Oh ! how sad his little sister was, and all who loved him, and how much his friend Jacky missed his playfellow. But in the “City Bright” there is no pain, no sorrow, no death, Rev. 21 : 4.

The sun rises and sets every day on the town where I live, and some days are dark and gloomy, because clouds cover the sky ; but in the “City Bright” they have no need of the sun neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God lightens it, “and the Lamb is the light thereof,” Rev. 21 : 23.

Visitors come from far and near to stay in the town where I live, and they bring their children with them to play on the

sands ; anyone who likes may come and live here, no one asks questions as to whether they are holy or unholy. But in the "City Bright" it is not like that, for the "City Bright" has another name. In God's book, the Bible, it is not called the "City Bright" at all, it is called THE HOLY CITY, and we are told that nothing unholy, nothing that defiles, nothing that could take away from the brightness of that city, can ever enter in.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie : but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life," Rev. 21 : 27.

Is your name written there ?

E. E. S.

Christ in the Heart

IMPRESSIONS made on the mind in youth are not easily removed. There is a stone in the British Museum in London said to be as hard as any steel, and no impression can be made on it, yet there is an impression on it of a little bird's foot. There was a time when it was soft and plastic. Youth is the time when impressions are made, never to be eradicated.

The late Dr. Bonar once met a little girl named Christina, to whom he said, "You have Christ in your name ; have you got Christ in your heart ?" Christina never forgot that. It was not long before Christ had a place in her heart, and she lived to serve Him faithfully for many years.

"The Sinner's Friend"

"THE Son of man . . . a friend of . . . sinners," Matt. 11 : 19.

FAITHFUL.

REDEEMING.

INDISPENSABLE.

ENDURING.

NEVER-FAILING.

DELIVERING.



"I belong to Jesus"

CHRISSIE was a frail little girl of ten years, suffering from an incurable disease. You would have been grieved had you seen her thin pale face as she was sitting up in her bed in the children's ward of one of Dr. Barnardo's homes, where sixty little patients were gathered in the ward for a gospel meeting, and it was a great joy to hear them sing the gospel hymns so heartily. Chrissie did her best to join in the singing and listened most eagerly to the story of Jesus and His love, for she already loved Him and knew Him as her own Saviour and Friend.

It was only a short time after this, that it became evident to those who watched over her so lovingly and tenderly that she would soon be called home.

One day she said to the nurse who was sitting with her, "Oh, Nurse, do you see HIM ?"

Nurse said, "No, dear, I do not see any-one ; who is it ? "

Chrissie replied, "Oh ! I see HIM ! " and as a lovely smile spread over her face, she added, "Oh, I see JESUS ! " Then a little later she inquired, "Nurse, shall I give your love to Jesus ? "

Even in her weakness she sang to Him ; and once when the Matron noticed she was talking very quietly, and asked what she said, her reply was, "I am just talking to my dear Lord ! "

Later, when almost too weak to converse, Chrissie said to her mother—who did not know the Lord—

"Mother—JESUS—open door ! "

What a beautiful gospel message in four words from a little dying girl. With God-given skill, she linked her unsaved mother with Jesus, the Saviour of sinners and pointed her to the open gospel door, which was wide open to receive her, and Chrissie's last words have been used to bring her mother to Jesus.

Truly, "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Chrissie has gone home now, but many girls and boys who love Jesus are left here to go on telling the gospel story of His love that led Him to come from heaven to die for sinners and cleanse them in His precious blood. These are able to sing, as Chrissie sang, at the meeting :

"As the daylight fades away,
And beside my bed I pray,
In my heart I know and say,
I belong to Jesus.

If the night be long and drear,
And the tempest's voice I hear
This I know, and do not fear,
I belong to Jesus.

Every day a song I sing,
To my Saviour, Lord, and King,
And to this sweet thought I cling,
I belong to Jesus.

From His home above the sky,
He for sinners came to die,
And He saved me, that is why
I belong to Jesus.

Now in heaven He lives for me,
And with Him I soon shall be,
All the angels then will see
I belong to Jesus.

While I wait, and watch, and pray,
Use me, Saviour, day by day,
So that some one else may say,
I belong to Jesus."

Do you know and love this wonderful Saviour—JESUS—who is able to carry His little one triumphantly through death, or support through life those who are His until He comes to take them to His bright home for ever ?

F. S. M.



“NOBODY HAS EVER TOLD ME BEFORE”

INTO a tent where a gipsy boy lay,
Dying, alone, at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried ; said he,
“Nobody ever has told it to me !”

“Did He so love me, a poor little boy ?
Send unto me the good tidings of joy ?
Need I not perish ?—My hand will He
hold ?
Nobody ever the story has told !”

Bending, we caught the last words of his
breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death :
“God sent His Son !—Whosoever !” said
he ;
“Then I am sure that He sent Him for
me !”

Smiling he said, as his last sigh was spent,
“I am so glad that for me He was sent !”
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the
west :
“Lord, I believe ! Tell it now to the rest.”

TALES OF THE SEA

I.—Their Last Opportunity

LOST BY TRYING. The night is wild
and dark ; the Goodwin Sands are
alive with the rolling breakers. Never
was a band of men more helpless than the
crew of the “Mary.” Their only hope of

rescue is the lifeboat, which is now on her
way towards them : but the question
that is on everyone’s lips is, “How long
will the wreck float under them ?”

The storm howls around the lifeboat as
it draws near, yet the cries of the distressed
sailors are heard, “We are sinking fast !
We are sinking fast !” The coxswain of
the lifeboat decides to try to run her
alongside the wreck, and after a great effort
succeeds in getting her within a few feet,
when a tremendous breaker, coming like
a wall, lifts the boat in its grasp, snaps the
lines, and sweeps it away from the sinking
vessel and her disappointed crew. Again
and again the noble rescuers draw near,
but each time are defeated by the same
overwhelming force.

Among those on the wreck is one poor
fellow, almost beside himself with fear
and anxiety. Two days before, he had
left home full of joy and hope of a speedy
return to his loved ones, and now there
seems nothing but a watery grave. The
third failure of the boat is too much for
him ; he is determined to make a great
effort to save himself.

Alas ! how many are making this
mistake to-day ! Awakened to their true
condition before God, knowing that “the
wages of sin is death,” and “after this
the judgment,” they are in much trouble ;
and with earnestness make a sincere effort
to save themselves. If you have found
out that in God’s holy sight you are a
lost sinner, with judgment before you, and
perhaps you have been told that you must
do something to get right with God, do

not make that fatal error. The apostle Paul wrote of some who were "trying" that they "being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God."

Poor foolish sailor! Throwing up his hands, he rushes wildly across the deck, balances himself for a moment on the gunwale, then springs with all his force into the sea, no doubt intending to swim to the lifeboat. The boatmen see him; the coxswain seizes a life-belt, ready to throw, but a huge wave rolls over the man, bearing him far out of their reach and out of the light of the sailors' flare. He struggles hard, and once they see the desperate efforts he is making, but alas, it is all in vain, and soon he sinks and is seen no more.

Oh! why could he not trust the lifeboat? Those brave men had come to save, and if only he had been content to let them do the work of rescue he would have been saved.

Cease from your own efforts: they will never bring you into blessing. JESUS is very near and He is "able to save." He is worthy of your trust, and if you will let Him He will save you. He has been to Calvary's cross and from His lips came the cry, "It is finished." The work is done and now salvation is not obtained by the one who tries to save himself, but "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith

is counted for righteousness." "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." As the hymn says so simply:

Till to JESUS' work you cling
By a simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing—
"Doing" ends in death.
Cast your deadly "doing" down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand "in Him," in Him alone,
Gloriously "complete."

SAVED BY TRUSTING. As soon as it becomes evident to the coxswain of the lifeboat that the poor man, who vainly endeavoured to save himself, has gone, a fourth attempt is made to reach the "Mary," which by now is nearly under water, and cannot float much longer. How can the men be saved?

The lifeboat is now right astern of the vessel, which is drifting slowly towards them. The seas run with such violence that it is useless attempting to fasten the boat alongside the wreck, and the coxswain determines to anchor it right in the path of the moving wreck, and to try to get the crew off as she floats past. On comes the wreck, straight for them; the lifeboat is managed skilfully, and now is close to her, while the cable is paid out to let the boat float with the ship.

"Jump when we near," they cry to the crew; "jump for it, be steady, but DO NOT LOSE A CHANCE!"

A sea throws the boat within a yard of the wreck ; three of the remaining men spring on board and are safe.

“Have we got them all ? ” is the cry. “No ! one is left ! Look out then, my men, in we go again ! ” The cable is paying out fast—only ten fathoms left. They see the figure of a man at the stern, and shout, “BE READY ! ’TIS YOUR LAST CHANCE. You must jump for life, we shall not have time to come in again ! ”

How this reminds us of the clear warning note which to-day is sounded into the ears of gospel hearers. Be ready ! Who knows but that you have reached your last opportunity, even as you read this. Life is very uncertain ! The Lord, too, is coming for His own. Be ready ! The True Lifeboat is passing by, and you may at this moment trust yourself and your eternal safety entirely to Him. He is the mighty Saviour to-day, ready to save, while you are ready to perish. He has saved myriads, and He is now joyfully receiving sinners. He would say to thee, “Thy sins are forgiven thee,” and thou wouldst prove His welcome.

The boat closes in alongside ; a heavy sea nearly knocks down the men who are holding the cable. “NOW ! ” cries the coxswain, and in a moment the man makes a desperate leap, and falls safely among the men. Not a moment too soon, for just then they call, “Rope gone ! ” and soon they are many yards from the wreck, and see her no more.

At first the rescued men, who have

never been in a lifeboat before, feel terrified, as it is tossed by the waves, and they fear that it will capsize every moment, but they soon find that it can ride triumphantly through the storm, and in a couple of hours they are safe in Dover Harbour.

We need not wonder that those men should write a touching tribute of thanks to the lifeboatmen who had so nobly rescued them from death, nor can we marvel that all the redeemed should find their eternal joy in singing the song of praise to Jesus, who has washed them from their sins in His own blood.

He is worthy of your trust, He is worthy of your thanks, and indeed of the praises of all the redeemed.

“Christ in that hour of darkness, lost
ones to save,
Braved Himself the ocean depths, and
battled the wave ;
Though all Jehovah’s billows rolled
o’er His head,
Son of man and Son of God, He rose
from the dead.

Oh, what a mighty Saviour, JESUS
who died !
Strong enough to bear His own above
the angry tide ;
Not e’en the feeblest saint will Christ
ever fail,
Never will the gates of hell against Him
prevail.”

F. S. M.

TALES OF THE SEA

II.—A Gallant Rescue

THE PERIL. It was on a stormy winter night. With the rising tide the gale increased, and during the violent squall the brig "Samaritano" was driven on to the fatal Goodwin Sands. Her crew of nineteen men were soon in fearful peril, for their frail ship rapidly began to break up as the huge waves broke over her. Then, as a large hole was rent in her side, all hope of refloating her was taken away, and they were face to face with a terrible death.

What a picture this gives of the peril of your soul if you are unconverted ; though as yet you may not have realised it. Every unsaved person is like a shipwreck on the sea of life, and none can ever reach the heavenly harbour unless the Mighty Saviour comes to rescue them. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death," and thousands have been wrecked on the sandbanks of sin and unbelief, though following the way that seemeth right to them. How great is your peril as a poor shipwrecked sinner, exposed to the storm of judgment that must overtake the world, and you must remain helpless and hopeless but for the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners.

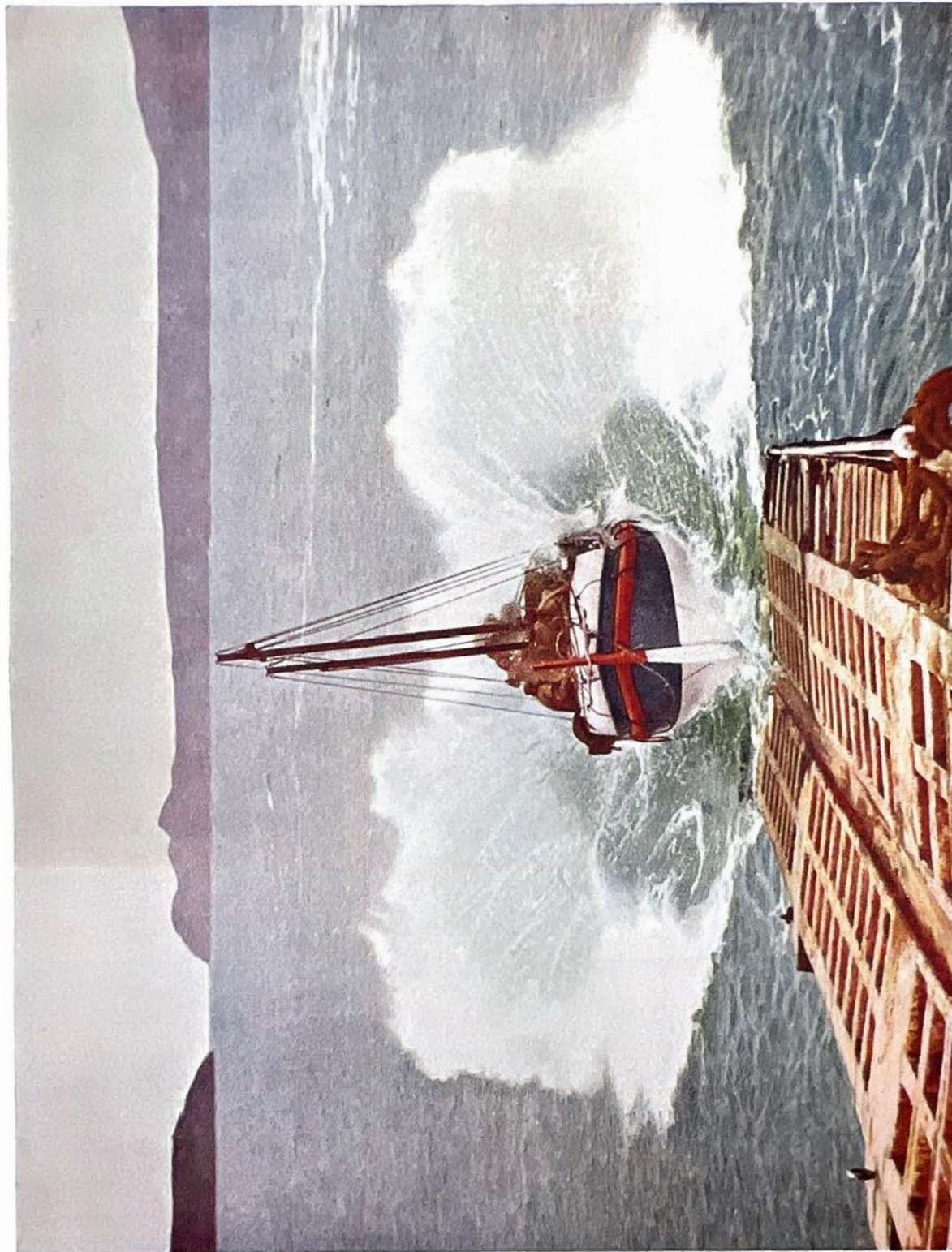
THE CRY. Those poor men, realising that nothing could be done to save the ship, were at their wit's end. Their small boats were already smashed to pieces ;

only one thing more remained to be done. The signal of distress must be fired, for they knew that the brave lifeboatmen only launch their boat in response to a cry of need. Quickly, then, the rocket was fired and the flag of distress hoisted : then, lashing themselves to the rigging, they hoped and waited for the lifeboat.

This is the first step towards their rescue, and for every one who has discovered his need of the Saviour, this, too, is the way into the blessing. It was when the publican cried, "God be merciful to me, the sinner," that the Lord Jesus said of him "this man went down to his house justified." It was when the storm-tossed mariners, described in Psalm 107, whose soul melted because of trouble and were at their wit's end, cried unto the Lord in their trouble that He brought them out of their distresses and brought them unto their desired haven.

THE RESPONSE. The signal was heard on shore, and in a moment there was intense excitement. Knowing well the terrors of the Goodwin Sands, the storm-warriors lose not a moment. In a few seconds a rocket is fired from the lifeboat house, telling the men on the sinking vessel that their cry is heard, and at the same time calling the boat's crew together.

Watch them as they race, as though for dear life ! First come, first in, until the boat is manned, and then with a ringing cheer she is launched and away on her errand of salvation. Every man is determined, please God, to reach those poor



“THE LIFEBOAT IS MANNED, AND THEN WITH A RINGING CHEER SHE IS LAUNCHED ”

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sailors, and not to come back without them.

While we anxiously await the result of their efforts, let yonder lifeboat, as she speeds to the rescue, remind us of the Lord Jesus, the Glorified Saviour, who is ever ready to respond to the feeblest cry of need from a sin-distressed soul. "The Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." He left the glory above and took that wonderful journey of love, even unto death. He endured the storm of wrath, when upon Calvary's cross, that He might become the Righteous Saviour of shipwrecked souls. The judgment storm has passed for the one who trusts in Jesus, and the believer can rejoice because his sins are all forgiven and he is for ever freed from their terrible consequences.

THE RESCUE. The lifeboat is now drawing near to the nineteen men on the sinking vessel, but it is no easy task. A snow squall is coming on and more than once they lose sight of the sinking ship. Fiercer still becomes the gale and the force of the sea with the blinding snow—the storm is at its height !

Yet there is no faltering, no hesitation, but with brows knit, teeth clenched, hands ready and hearts firm, they dash through the spray. A wave rushes bodily over the boat and down beneath the weight of the water the men and the lifeboat sink, but only for a moment : the splendid boat rises and frees herself of

the seas which had buried her, and the crew breathe again. Then onward they go with every man on the look-out for the wreck, until at last they discover her half a mile to leeward.

Soon they draw near and settle to their work with a hearty cheer. They are keenly watched by the men on the sinking ship, for this was their only hope. All their own devices had failed ; their own ship was fast going to pieces, and therefore was unworthy of their trust, but there is now within sight a boat strong enough to live in such a storm and manned by those who are bent on their salvation.

Even so is Christ the only hope of the sinner ! He is the Saviour who draws near to you, and the only way to blessing is to trust Him and leave the wreck yourself and trust entirely to Him. He is trustworthy ! He has been beneath the wave, for He said, "all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over Me." But He came out of death, the triumphant Saviour and is now "able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

The anchor is cast, the cable paid out, and the boat is quickly brought alongside the wreck. The coxswain gives the order, "Jump !" and with a cry of joy three men obey and are safe. But, again and again, as a tremendous wave rushes in swiftly upon them, they have to haul in the cable and draw away, lest the boat should be dashed upon the wreck and capsize. Each time it returns a sailor jumps in, until

only the little cabin boy is left, and he cannot be persuaded to leave the rigging. Poor little lad! he is but a picture of many who persist in clinging to their own efforts for salvation and will not avail themselves of the Saviour whom God has provided for them. Will you not depend entirely upon Jesus, the only Saviour? Perhaps you need what that little lad soon found—a powerful hand—for one of the brave men seizes him with a firm grasp and both are quickly in the boat. It is not a moment too soon, for the ship is now a total wreck.

“Haul in the cable and away!” cries the coxswain, and the boat is, for the last time, pulled away from the wreck. The terrible strain and suspense, which has lasted over two hours, is over: they all breathe freely, their faces brighten, and thankfully they sail from the sands and the breakers into deep water. The flag is hoisted, telling the joyful news that all have been rescued, and later, when the storm-warriors enter the harbour shouting “All saved! all saved!” cheer after cheer breaks from the crowd to welcome home from the dread battlefield those who had fought and conquered, who now bore with them the fruit of the victory—nineteen men whose lives had been saved from such a terrible peril!

Through God’s eternal day the heavens will ring with praises to the Mighty Victorious Saviour. He will be surrounded by the fruit of His victory—the myriads of the redeemed. They will unite in the song of praise to Him who fought the fight and “won the meed and crown.”

But what of the rescued men? Completely overcome by feelings of gratitude and thankfulness, they weep tears of joy as they, again and again, thank their brave rescuers, and delight to tell others of the wonderful boat and its noble crew that came to them in all their need, and saved them from so fearful a death. So, too, the believer in Jesus, filled with gratitude to the great Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, delights to tell of Him and His power to save. How wonderful it is to be saved from eternal ruin, from overwhelming wrath and to be brought home to God!

“Christ is the only Saviour; Mighty to save,
He who suffered once for sins, and
sank ’neath the wave,
Sing how the wrath of God on Calvary’s cross He bore:
How by death He conquered death,
and lives evermore!

Christ is the Saviour, He NEVER will fail,
All hope to save oneself could nothing avail;
Man is a total wreck; can never reach the shore;
All who trust in JESUS CHRIST are saved evermore.”

F. S. M.

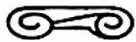


"Come unto Me"

COME—for Jesus, when He suffered
Once for sin on Calvary's tree,
Met thy need in all its fulness ;
Even now He waits for thee.

Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," Mark 10 : 14.

**Come to Jesus, listen to His Call,
Hear His voice and hasten now to Him,
In those arms of love you're safe Indeed,
Learning there how great His
wondrous Love,
Do not linger in this world of Death,
Return at once, your heart will
then Rejoice,
Endless bliss His loved ones shall Enjoy,
Now and ever praise His precious Name.**



JESUS

SEEKS,
AVES,
ATISFIES,
INNERS.

Has Jesus satisfied YOU, or is He still seeking to save you ?

C stands for the Children,
O stands for the Old ones,
M stands for the Middle-aged ones,
E stands for Everybody.

THE GIVING GOD

WE have doubtless all known the joy of receiving a gift from our parents or friends on a birthday ; and while we never think of offering to pay for it, we do return thanks to the person who kindly makes the gift.

So, in the glad tidings, God in His love offers you "the gift of . . . eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," which He asks you to accept by faith now and give thanks.

Some time ago, in a village in Essex, we had tried many times to tell an old man of God's love in giving Christ to die for our sins, but he always replied, "The way of salvation is too hard to understand." One day he brought us a fine cauliflower, saying, "I want to give you this cauliflower." We thanked him very much, but said, "You will surely let us pay for it ?" The old man was rather upset at this and repeated that it was a gift.

At once we told him that in the same way God had given Jesus to die for his sins on the cross and was now asking him to accept Him as his own personal Saviour, "without money and without price."

Well, this simple illustration touched the man's heart and he confessed Christ as his own personal Saviour, and found peace and joy in believing.

We now ask you, dear young reader, to accept God's wonderful gift of love in Christ, while it is still the "day of salvation."

H. McM.

THE TORN TRACT

DENIS and Percy had dirty hands ; they could easily have made them clean by using soap and water, but perhaps they were used to having them dirty and so did not mind it.

The lady in a shop they went into minded it very much, especially when they began to finger her nice clean things. They came in to ask if she would give them some books, and though she had to tell them about their hands, and that they must not touch the Bibles and Hymn-books that were lying on the counter, she gave them two leaflets with pictures on the covers to take away with them.

Before they went the lady asked them if they could tell her what it is that can wash a sin-soiled heart clean, and these boys either could not or would not tell her. Having sin-soiled hearts seemed to trouble them as little as dirt-soiled hands, and when they got outside they tore up one of the leaflets and threw the pieces on the pavement.

Denis said Percy did it, and Percy said Denis did it ; but God saw, and He knew which it was that told the lie.

Poor Denis, poor Percy, with sin-stained hearts, sin-stained hands, and sin-stained lips !

What about your lips, your hands, your heart ?

“What can wash away my stains ?—

Nothing but the blood of Jesus !—

So that not one spot remains ?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus ! ”

“Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,” Psa. 51 : 7.

E. E. S.

“GOOD NEWS”

GOD'S
OFFER
OF
DELIVERANCE
GOES
NORTH
EAST
WEST
SOUTH

It comes to you in this little book. Why not accept it now ?

“The Blood of Jesus”

COULD my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
Nought for sin could ere atone
But Thy BLOOD and Thine alone.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary ;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for ME.

Though my sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son
cleanseth us from all sin,” 1 John 1 : 7.

Is YOUR Name there ?

"I HAVE had much joy in the thought that our names are written in heaven. What repose ! God makes no mistake ; He knows whom He wishes to place there, and it will be suitable ; we shall not be unfit for such a place. What joy ! and if we have to wait, we have what heaven will not give—to work for the Lord where He is rejected, and to serve Him well."

J. N. D.

YOUR SINS

DURING a gospel preaching, some years ago, I noticed that a small boy of about six years of age was weeping. I was rather interested to know the cause, as I thought that, at his age, he could not understand much of the preaching. At the end of the meeting he was asked what was the matter, and through his sobs he said, "My sins, my sins !" He had been, what most people would call, a good boy, but that night the Spirit of God had made him feel that, though so young, he was a sinner. How many sins make any one of us a sinner ?—ONE ! And nothing that we can do can wash away even one sin ; yet one sin will keep us out of heaven because **nothing** that defileth can ever enter there, Rev. 21 : 27.

Several of us gathered round the boy. Near to me was a big man, once a drunkard and fighter, but now trusting Jesus, and I noticed the tears running down his

cheeks as he looked at the boy. They were tears of joy, a reflection of the joy in heaven over one repenting sinner. We all knelt down and several prayed. The Lord heard those prayers, and when we rose again the boy's face was happy. Though at his age he may not have understood much, yet I do not doubt that he found rest in Jesus.

Years have rolled by and this boy is now a man and a follower of Jesus. But what about **your** sins ? Nothing can remove them from God's holy eye but the blood of Jesus. "The blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John 1 : 7.

Will you not trust in Jesus and His finished work ? Then you will be able to say—

"Gone my transgressions and now I
am free,
All because Jesus was wounded for
me."

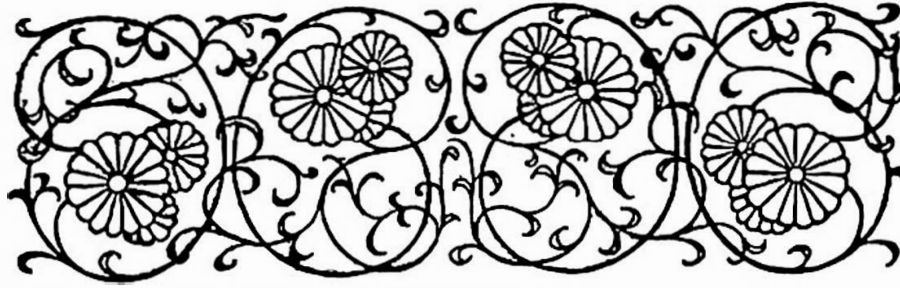
L. M.



"Here am I; send me"

ISAIAH 6 : 8

Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear His word,
Two little feet to walk in His ways,
Two little lips to sing His praise,
Two little hands to do His will,
And one little heart to love Him still.



A Hymn for the Evening

LORD, we ask Thee now to bless us
And to keep us night and day ;
We are very weak and foolish,
And from Thee we often stray.

From temptation us deliver,
And our footsteps guide aright ;
And because we love Thee, teach us
What is pleasing in Thy sight.

W. L.

