

FRONTISPIECE.



"SHE TORE UP THE LETTER AND SCATTERED THE FRAGMENTS AT HER FEET."
(PAGE 60).

THE YOUNG WATCHMAN,



ILLUSTRATED.

VOLUME XV.

Rilmarnock ;

JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER OF EVANGELISTIC LITERATURE.

And Through All Booksellers.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
A Bright Sunset, - - -	39	Not Quantity, but Quality, - - -	118
A Costly Estate, - - -	17	Notes of Work for Christ, - - -	35, 81
A Faithful Nursery Maid, - - -	76	Planted by a Well, - - -	70
A Glad Surprise, - - -	118	Poetry—The Valley of Elah, - - -	117
A Good Refuge, - - -	104	Prizes for Bible Searching, - - -	71, 95
A Gospel Story to write - - -	141	Robin's Story, - - -	30
A Group of Chinese Girls, - - -	79	Rosie's Request. - - -	101
A Noble Band of Workers, - - -	34	Ruth's Choice, - - -	40
A Royal Answer, - - -	130	Sam the Newsboy, - - -	5
A Spring Morning Song, - - -	29	Saved for Eternity on a London Street	38
A Wonderful Passage, - - -	89	Silenced by Satan, - - -	22
A Young Man's Testimony, - - -	68	Short Papers for Young Believers,	
Allan the Fisherman's Class, - - -	51	23, 34, 46, 58, 82, 106, - - -	143
Amid Indian Wigwams, - - -	42	Speaking for Jesus, - - -	58
Annie Wilson's early call to Heaven	4	Story of the Good Samaritan, - - -	56
An Afternoon in Codgmain's Barn, -	74	Taking it Patiently, - - -	106
An Arrow from God, - - -	112	The Bengali Woman and the Text Card	9
Arrested on Hounslow Heath, - - -	75	The Best Lad in the Parish, - - -	139
Bibles for the Blind, - - -	106	The Blacksmith's Chain, - - -	100
Bible Searching Text Books, 83, 95,	107	The Congo Slave Boy, - - -	114
Bill the Harvestman, - - -	98	The Covenanter Boy, - - -	70
Boma the Slave, - - -	76	The Empty Boat on the Shore, - - -	80
Children of India, - - -	142	The Farmer's Boy, - - -	16
Correspondence, - 22, 35, 47, 119,	131	The Glasgow Clerk, - - -	91
Crimson and White, - - -	64	The Happy Shepherd, - - -	102
Echoes from many lands, - - -	59	The Harvest Past, - - -	125
Eddie the School Boy, - - -	68	The Hospital Doctor, - - -	110
For Charlie's Sake, - - -	104	The Lily Pond, - - -	116
Frank the Orphan Newsboy - - -	115	The Mirage and the Well, - - -	88
Fruits of the Gospel among the Indians	55	The Rejected Life-Boat, - - -	134
Glad Tidings in an Indian Zenana, -	31	The Russian Peasant and his Bride,	52
Gospel Pioneers in Lone Labrador, -	127	The Sailor Lad, - - -	90
Greeting for the New Year, - - -	10	The Scoffer's Question, - - -	75
"He has found Katamayo," - - -	124	The Singer of the Valley, - - -	136
How Donald saw the Queen, - - -	63	The Story of George Schmidt, - - -	6
In The Queen's name, - - -	66	The Swiss Student, - - -	28
Jesting, - - -	46	The Tug and the Wreck, - - -	65
Lizzie of the Spinning Mill, - - -	43	The University Student, - - -	86
Katie the Orphan, - - -	45	The Woodman's Last Message, -	128
Mac the Musician, - - -	67	The Young Carpenter, - - -	94
Mary the Orphan of the Clachan, -	26	The Young Lieutenant, - - -	122
May's Letter, - - -	50	The Zulu Chief, - - -	140
My Brother Charlie, - - -	15	They are Eternal, - - -	41
My Second Birthday, - - -	21	This is the very thing I want, -	113
Nellie the Flower Girl, - - -	2	Toils and Dangers in South Africa, -	18
		Trying to do it, - - -	123
		Weighed in the Balances, - - -	103
		Willie's First Prayer, - - -	82

NELLIE, THE FLOWER GIRL



"NELLIE SAT WITH HER BASKET OF FLOWERS."

NELLIE, THE FLOWER GIRL.

ON a cold January afternoon, Nellie sat with her basket of flowers, in a busy thoroughfare in the city of London. Snow had fallen thickly during the forenoon, and the streets usually so crowded, were all but deserted. This accounted for Nellie's basket being more than half full, for most of her patrons had either gone some other way, or kept indoors that afternoon.

Her pale face, usually bright and cheerful, looked sad and downcast as she gazed at the basket of unsold flowers, then up to the dial of the nearest clock, which had just chimed half-past three. While she was cold and hungry enough herself, she was thinking of her brother Bob who would be waiting for her with his basket to get their scanty allowance of provisions for the night.

Nellie and Bob were practically orphans. Their mother had died when Bob was a babe, and their father had fallen into drunken habits, deserted them. Nellie who was passionately fond of her little brother, determined to keep him from being sent among strangers, and by her own earnings, selling flowers in the forenoon, and running messages for a small shopkeeper in the afternoons and evenings, nobly strove to keep both him and her-

self from being a burden to any one.

The sad look on Nellie's face had often attracted the notice of a market gardener who came into the city every morning. He lived a few miles outside London, in a village surrounded by orchards and green fields, and there in his own humble sphere he sought to serve the Lord Jesus, and make known the glad tidings of salvation to old and young as he had opportunity. One of the ways in which he did this, was by gathering together once a year a number of children of the poorer class, and giving them a free tea, after which the story of redeeming love was told in simple words. As he drove along on his way home, he passed Nellie sitting late with her flowers still unsold, wiping a tear from her cheek. The gardener's heart was moved with pity for the lonely girl, and pulling up his horse, he jumped to the ground and beckoned her across. Nellie, thinking he might want to buy her flowers hurried to meet him, and in a few minutes the contents of her basket were transferred to his cart, while the price in full was tightly grasped between her cold fingers.

"Would you like to come out to my place to-morrow night, there are a lot of young folks coming to tea,

and we expect to have a happy evening?" said the gardener with a smile. Nellie looked in blank amazement. She thought the man must have taken her for some one else, and was just about to say so, when he added, "if you are here to-morrow at this hour I will give you a drive out." Nellie saw that he was in earnest, and her heart leaped with joy at the prospect. She had a hearty "thank you" at her lip when she remembered her brother Bob; then her lip quivered, and she said in broken accents, "Thank you, sir, I would like to come very much, but I have a little brother who is alone, and he would weary if I went away."

"Bring him with you," said the gardener, and waving his hand, was off. Great was the joy of the two orphan children that night, and it was late ere the preparations were complete, in washing, mending, and doing up Bob's only outfit for the great event of the morrow.

Prompt at the appointed hour, Nellie stood grasping Bob's hand on the busy street, and faithful to his promise, the gardener stopped and picked them up. Two hours later, they sat in the little hall, close by the gardener's house, filled with a group of eager children, who after doing justice to a hearty tea, sat listening to the sweet story of Jesus

and His love. Nellie and Bob were delighted. No such evening had ever broken the monotony of their hard and cheerless life before. When all was over, the gardener took them to his house where they spent the night; his wife speaking such kind words to Nellie that she was "reminded of her mother." Next morning they were driven to town, and on setting them down the gardener said to Nellie, "If you would like to come and live out with us, I think my wife could find something for you to do." Nellie smiled, but it seemed too good to be true; nevertheless in less than a month Nellie and Bob had gone to the pretty village, and had as their home, the flower-clad cottage in "the gardens," calling the happy gardener, "father," and his wife, "mother." Bob assisted in the garden, and Nellie scarcely recognisable in her bright print dress and white apron, helped in the house, and sometimes accompanied her "father" to the city. What a change for the orphan children! But this is not all. On a Sunday evening in the little hall, after an earnest servant of Christ had preached the Gospel, Nellie was saved, and ten months later Bobbie confessed Christ as His Saviour. Nellie's voice was often heard sounding through "the gardens" as she

sung the Lord's praise, and a few years later, she became an active Sunday School teacher, and an earnest soul-winner, while Bob "told the old, old story" on the village street. How wonderful are the ways of God! How great His

love. Reader, you have doubtless had many privileges compared with "Nellie the Flower Girl," but tell me, do you know Christ as your own Saviour, or do you slight and refuse His salvation, choosing death and damnation?



ANNIE WILSON'S EARLY CALL TO HEAVEN.

I HAVE just returned from following the body of Annie Wilson, one of our Sunday scholars, who has been called suddenly into eternity. She was only a few days ill, then her young life was cut short, and she passed away. But I must tell you that Annie was saved, and, therefore, her sudden and early call was not an event of hopeless sorrow. Only two weeks before, she was in her class, and no one, not even herself, had the slightest thought that in two brief weeks, her body would be in the tomb. Yet such is the uncertainty of life here below. I was looking to-day at her

grave, covered with sparkling snow, as it lies in the burying-ground yonder, fit emblem of her soul made white in the blood of the Lamb. What a mercy that she was saved! That in the days of youth she was converted. It would have fared badly with her, had she put off her salvation, as, alas! too many do, until a dying hour. She was saved, thank God, before the messenger came. She had known, though only for a few short months, the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. As we sing—

“One short hour of joy below,
Such as pardoned sinners know;
Then away on wings of love,
To the Saviour's home above.”

SAM, THE NEWSBOY.

“**I** SAY, Sam, there’s to be a Soiree for us chaps, down at the hall on Friday night, and I’ve got a ticket for nothing,” said a ragged newsboy to his companion, as they hurried along the muddy street with their evening “Specials.”

“You can have one too, if you go down to the teacher’s house and ask for it, he said any of us could come.” Sam set off in eager haste, and got his ticket for the Soiree. On the Friday night, a motley group of newsboys sat down to tea, all poor, some bare-footed from the snowy streets. After a hearty tea and some singing, a short

address was given by a converted lad, himself once a newsboy. He told how the Lord saved him, and urged on all the lads to trust themselves to Jesus. A text book was given to every boy at the close, and all earnestly invited to come to “The Boy’s Meeting” on Sunday

afternoons. Sam was greatly delighted. Next Sunday afternoon found Sam seated among the boys, poorly clad, but clean and tidy. He listened attentively to the story of Jesus’ love, and the Lord that day began to shew him his need of a Saviour. Every Sunday following,

he was there, able to repeat his “memory text” without a mistake, and before the following ‘Xmas treat, he was saved, and well known in town as ‘Sam, the converted newsboy.’ Dear reader, have *you* been converted? Have you, like this dear lad, found out that you are a sinner,



lost, undone, and on the way to a dark and hopeless eternity? Whether you have owned this or not, it is true of every Christless sinner. Solemn fact. But you need not thus perish. Jesus is willing to save you, even now, just as you are. Only trust Him as did Sam, the newsboy.

THE STORY OF GEORGE SCHMIDT.

THE YOUNG MORAVIAN MISSIONARY TO THE HOTTENTOTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ON a sultry afternoon in July 1737, a solitary young man, twenty-seven years of age, plainly clad, partly lame, and with only a few shillings in his pockets, set his foot on African soil, at Table Bay. This was George Schmidt, a young Moravian, who had given himself to the Lord as a missionary to carry His Gospel to the Hottentots in South Africa. Up to the time of

on fires of logs in long strips, ashes and all, and at the full moon danced in wild and warlike fashion in the fields in crowds.

Their personal appearance was not more pleasant than their habits. Their high cheek bones, thick lips, flat noses, and small dark eyes, gave them a very unpleasant appearance to a stranger.

I must tell you something now of



KAFFIR.

BUSHMAN.

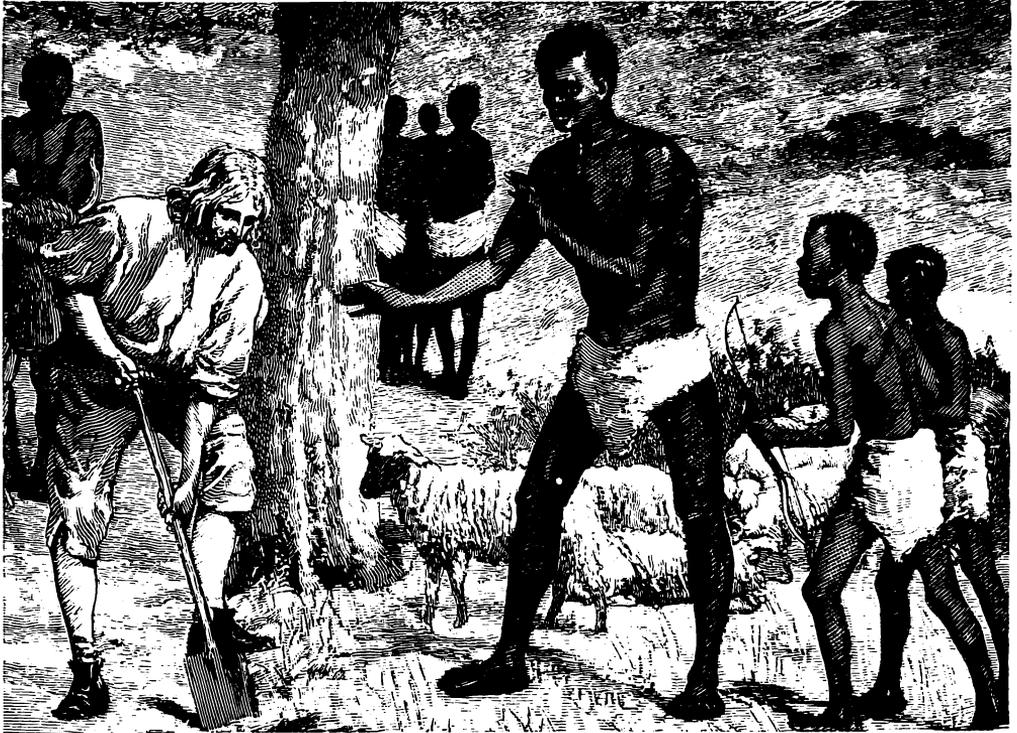
HOTTENTOT.

his arrival, no effort had been made to reach them with the Gospel. The Hottentots were almost savages at that time, living in ignorance of the true God, worshipping idols carved in ebony, practising witchcraft, propitiating evil spirits by sacrifices, and exposing their young children to wild beasts. They ate the flesh of animals, partly roasted,

this young man who had come amongst this benighted race with the glad tidings of salvation. He was born at Kunewalde in Moravia, in the midst of the colony of Christians, known as "The United Brethren," of which the devoted Count Zinzendorf was the leading spirit. They had been exiled from their homes for the Gospel's sake,

and for the most part were poor and sorely tried. Yet among these six hundred despised followers of Christ, there was at that time more of a true missionary spirit than anywhere else in the whole of Europe, some of their number having already gone forth as evangelists to Greenland, America, and the West Indies.

named Nitschmann to Bohemia, preaching Christ, where they were both apprehended and cast into prison. There they remained in a cold, damp cell, during a fearfully cold winter, where the aged evangelist ended his life, and passed away to be with Christ. In his last moments, Schmidt supported him in



SCHMIDT TEACHING THE HOTTENTOTS TO DIG.

George Schmidt was awakened and converted to God in the midst of the little colony of Moravians at the age of sixteen, and very soon after his conversion, he began to spread abroad the Saviour's Name.

At the age of nineteen he went with an aged Moravian missionary

his arms, while with his dying breath he exclaimed, "I have hold of my Saviour, He does not leave me nor do I leave Him." Then he dropped his head on his breast, and passed away. The young missionary was then taken from his prison, and marched in chains before a Romish

tribunal, where in the name of the Pope, he was excommunicated, and sentenced to imprisonment in irons for six long years. In 1734, he was released, and in shattered health, partly lame on both his feet by long confinement in the stocks, he returned to the Moravian settlement at Hernhutt. But George Schmidt could not spend his days in idleness. His heart glowed with the love of Christ, and he longed to tell others of His great salvation. Eighteen months after his arrival in Hernhutt, he was preparing to go to South Africa as a missionary to the Hottentots, and after working for a year, as a day labourer, on a farm in Holland to secure a passage, he sailed for the Cape, and arrived there on that July afternoon in 1737, alone, a stranger in a strange land, with unknown hardships awaiting him there.

When he arrived at Table Bay, he found a night's lodgings in a small inn, and was delighted to find that some of the natives could speak a little of the Dutch language. He began at once to preach the Gospel, first to the natives at the port, then to those in the interior, and finally settled in a place called Baavian's Kloof, about a hundred and twenty miles from Cape Town, where, with the assistance of some of the natives, he built for himself a house, and

planted a small garden. At first the people were very shy, and would not come near his dwelling, but after a few months, a few of the natives brought their children to him to be taught the Dutch language, leaving a cow to support them with its milk. To these children, and to such of their parents as would come to hear, he preached the Gospel. For over a year he plodded on, and had the joy of hearing at least three of the Hottentots confess their faith in Christ as their Saviour. One whose name was William, giving clear evidence of his conversion to God. These beginnings of God's grace among the natives greatly cheered the young missionary, and strengthened his faith in God. After he had been there a little over a year, two of the Moravians on their way to Ceylon paid him a visit, bringing with them a letter full of encouraging words from the beloved Count Zinzendorf, a sentence of which was "Preserve, dear brother, the precious treasure which has been committed to you. Let our Jesus be your all. Labour to convince the Hottentots that they are sinners, and then bring them to His feet"—words that every Gospeller in these more peaceful days will do well to remember, for only as sinners are convinced of their need, will they flee to Jesus Christ.

THE BENGALI WOMAN AND THE TEXT CARD.

A WORD OF CHEER TO CHRISTIAN GIRLS.

“GIRLS, do not say that you can do nothing to spread the Saviour's Name, and to make known the Gospel amongst the heathen.

Here in your own favoured land, you may paint Gospel texts in their own native languages, and send them out to the heathen. This, with God's blessing upon it, may be used in leading many a weary heart to the Saviour.” Such was the sum of a very earnest appeal made to a large gathering of young women by an earnest Christian lady, home on a visit from the far off Mission-field in India.

A few days later, a band of bright young Christian girls sat by a table tracing with their pencils on a piece of card, in the strange characters of the

Bengali language the glorious words, “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” (1 Tim. i. 15.) The words were afterwards filled in

bright colours to attract the eye of some Bengali reader, and the cards were sent out to India.

In a school in Southern India, two Christian missionary ladies sat earnestly engaged telling the story of a Saviour's love. A Bengali woman named Keroda, passing by entered, and stood eagerly listening. At the close, one of the lady missionaries presented her with a bright text card bearing the words, “Christ

Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

Time passed on, and probably the makers of the Text Cards and



A BENGALI WOMAN.

the giver of them, had forgotten all about them, but a letter received by one of the lady missionaries several years after, shews that God had not forgotten it, but watched over and blessed that glorious message to at least one weary soul.

The writer was the Bengali woman, Keroda, now a devoted follower of Christ. She wrote—

“The blessed beginning was you giving to me the picture text with

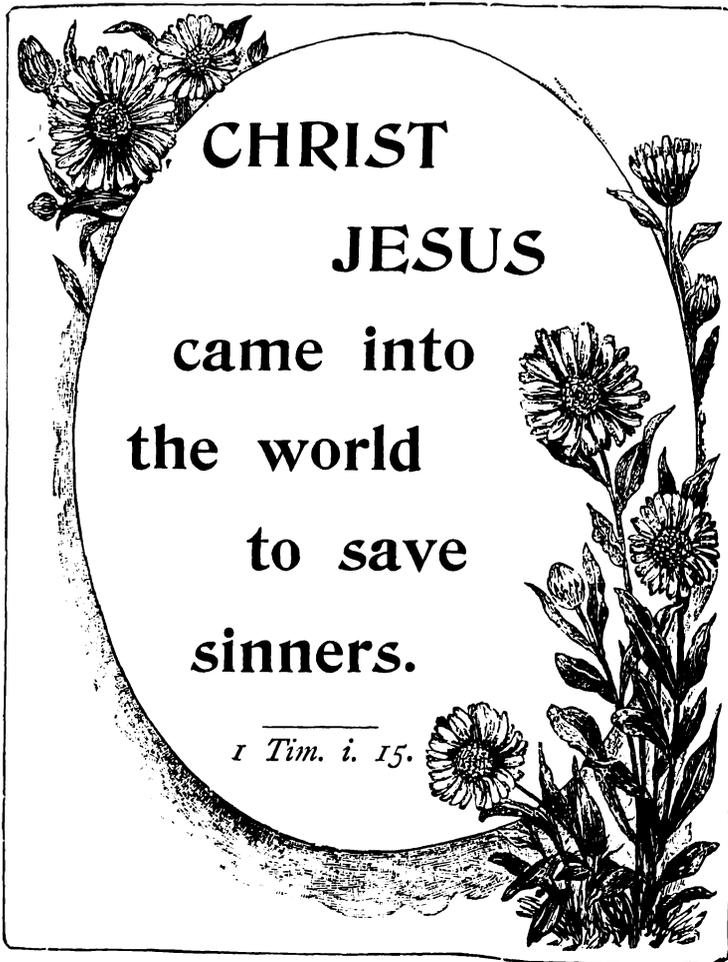
the words, ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’”

That simple card, formed by the hand of a Christian girl, and prayerfully sent forth in Christ’s Name, was used as the messenger of life to this dear Bengali woman’s soul; and who can tell what the full harvest may be.

Let Christian girls,—aye and boys too,—remember, what they are able to do *now*, and how far they are

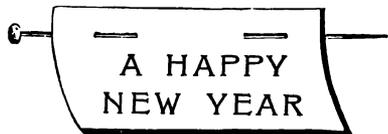
able to spread the tidings of God’s salvation far and near. Love to Christ, and souls will find a thousand openings for service, both to the heathen afar off, and those nigh at hand.

Do not wait until you have “gone out as a Missionary” as people say. Begin now. Use the the glad tidings. See the people around your doors. Are they all saved? Have they all been warned? Do they know the way of salvation?



GREETINGS & WORDS OF CHEER FOR THE NEW YEAR

WE wish for all our readers in the highest and best sense of the word



This you can only have in Christ. Christ as your Saviour, Christ as your Shepherd, Christ as your Satisfier. All joy and happiness are found in Him, as thousands can testify who have known and proved Him in the years gone by. We start the journey again with Christ as our object. It shall be our aim in these pages to tell of Him, and the glories of His precious and peerless Name: and to make known what the Gospel has done for boys and girls, and for young men and maidens here, and in many lands.

FOUR HAPPY ABERDEENSHIRE GIRLS.

The following short, but cheering letter, has just been received from four converted girls, all readers of the "Watchman" in Aberdeenshire.

"Dear Mr. Editor. It is now sixteen months since the Lord saved my sister and I. Two of our school companions were also saved about the same time. We are all very happy. We have a meeting among ourselves every Saturday afternoon, at which we praise and thank the Lord for saving us. How grand it is to be saved and on the way to glory. May we have grace to follow the Lord closely, and to do something for Him who gave Himself for us."

We are,

Your sisters in the Lord,

SARAH S—., etc.

[We are always glad to have letters of this kind: send them on.—Ed.]

A SHINING LIGHT IN DARK AFRICA.

"Here in the centre of the Transvaal, there is a dear Dutch boy, a happy believe in the Lord Jesus, and a bright witness in his home and neighbourhood. He preaches Christ to the young Boers, and has great liberty in getting in among them with the story of the Cross. He is truly a shining light."

Bible-Searchings and Essays.

1. ESSAY FOR YOUNG MEN, on "*The Life Story of Timothy.*" Write it out in your own words. A Bible-Student's Cabinet, containing Five Volumes of "The Bible Student's Helper," for best essay.
2. ESSAY FOR YOUNG WOMEN, "*Mary of Bethany.*" Gather all you can find in "The Book," about this model maid-servant, disciple of Christ, and write it out in your own words. A Believer's Book-Cabinet with five choice volumes for best essay.
3. FOR BOYS AND GIRLS *under twelve years.* A Searching on "Bible Arithmetic."

The age of one who ne'er was born
Who knew no mother's love?
The days of one who never died
Yet went to God above?
Then add the years of David's reign,
The age of Isaac's son,
The time of Israel's bondage drear
Ere pilgrimage begun.
Then add the days that Paul once spent
With one who calls him "brother,"
Where Jesus was in early days
Sought by His anxious mother.
The whole when found and then summed up,
Will to the reader tell,
A chosen season given by God
To flee from death and hell.
Its first bright days, its golden hours,
O, do not waste away,
But to the Saviour hasten now,
This is Salvation's day.

Essays and Answers to be sent to the Editor, by 1st February, 1897.

NOT ASHAMED.

“**Y**OU ought to be ashamed of yourself sir,” said a worldly church-member to a young man, who stood outside the entrance-gate to the Ayr race-course holding a banner, with the words inscribed in bold letters :—

“Flee from the wrath to come.”
After this the judgment.”

The pointed words, culled from the Book of God, had pierced his conscience, and unable to find fault with them, he vented out his spite on him who held them up to the gaze of thousands.

The young man looked into the angry man’s face, and softly said—“So I am ashamed of myself sir, but I’m not ashamed of the Word of God. Are you?”

Aggressive efforts to reach the careless crowd will always meet the sneer of Christless men, and even of carnal believers. But shall it be given up because of this? Certainly not. It is a blessed service to carry the Word of God right into the enemy’s camp, but it needs courage. God blessed His Word on the banner that day to awaken a young lady to concern about her soul, and she is now saved and serving Christ. Thus the Lord’s young servant was amply repaid for the sneers and scorn of the worldly man. Be not ashamed, dear young saints, of the Word of God. Speak it forth, scatter it

abroad, hold it forth always, and in all places, and God will give the increase.

THE GLOW-WORM;
Or, SHINING IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN night has spread her sable pall
O’er earth and starry sky ;
When near and distant objects all
In deepest darkness lie.

What is that little shining thing
Lit up with wondrous ray ?
As if on night’s dark robe to fling
Some lustre from the day.

’Tis but a feeble little worm,
On which the foot might tread ;
Yet on its humble lowly form
A halo has been shed.

Whence comes that halo, where the source
Of that small glow of light ?
It springs not from a native force,
Nor from surrounding night.

But God to that poor worm has given
The rare and wondrous power,
To store the light that comes from heaven,
Throughout the sunny hour.

It simply walks within the light,
When sunshine floods the plain ;
Then in the darksome shades of night,
Reflects it back again.

So too, the saints who walk with God,
Filled with His light shall be—
Cleansed ever by the precious blood,
Once shed on Calvary’s tree.

What though their lot may be obscure
Mid penury severe ;
Their glorious Lord Himself was poor,
And filled a humble sphere.

But now His presence floods with light
The mansions of the sky ;
His absence here has made it night,
Until the shadows fly.

Then like that little glowing worm,
While He is out of sight,
May you and I in calm or storm
Reflect His love and light.

MY BROTHER CHARLIE,
AND THE NEW SONG HE SANG.



"I SAT BY THE FIRESIDE WITH MY WIDOWED MOTHER."

MY BROTHER CHARLIE, and the New Song he Sang.

IT is nearly forty years ago, yet the scene is all before me now, and the events of that never-to-be-forgotten night are as fresh in my memory as if they had happened yesterday.

I sat by the fireside with my widowed mother, waiting for the home-coming of my only brother. He was a medical student in Edinburgh, and was expected home that night, on his usual vacation. There were no railways in those days, so Charlie had to come by the mail-coach which took the greater part of the day to make the journey. I was looking forward to his home-coming with great delight, and had a long programme of "events" drawn up for the following day, in which was included a supper and ball. My mother was very indulgent, and allowed us to do very much what we liked in these matters, and of course Charlie and I took full advantage of her liberality, and went into the thing in grand style. The hours passed on, and still there was no coach. It was late in the afternoon. I fretted at this, and feared that all my plans for the morrow might be upset. "What if he should not come?" I said, "that will spoil the whole thing."

Just then the "horn" sounded,

and the big mail-coach rolled into the village amid clouds of dust, crowded with passengers, and with Charlie among the rest. I clapped my hands in glee as I saw his well-known form, on the driver's box, "beside the man in red," and in a few minutes more he stood in the old parlour, where he and I had together as children spent so many happy days. He was taller and thinner, but the old happy smile dimpled his cheek, and I never felt so proud of my brother as I did that day. I was so eager to inform him of all my plans, that I accompanied him up to his room, and began at once to tell him who were invited, and what was to be the programme for the following day. He listened to my story patiently, but without the manifest interest I had expected. When I had finished, he gave a pleasant laugh, threw his arm around my neck, and kissing me affectionately said, "Maggie, my dear, you will not be offended if I tell you, these things are no longer any enjoyment to me. I have got something infinitely better." I looked at him in amazement, and thought he was joking, for no one had enjoyed a dance more heartily than Charlie. He saw I was puzzled, so drawing me to his side, he said, "Do not be alarmed, Maggie, I

have not turned a monk, but I have got Christ as my own Lord and Master, and He is more to me now than all these follies used to be; but come on, mother will be waiting, I will tell you all about it again."

That night by the parlour fireside, Charlie told our mother and I, the story of his conversion, while listening to the preaching of Brownlow North in Edinburgh, and how he had longed to get back to his native town to tell to his old associates the story of redeeming love.

"What shall we do about tomorrow?" asked my mother. "Our preparations are all made, and there are about twenty invited." Charlie laughed heartily, and said, "Let them come by all means, mother, I shall be delighted to meet them, and it's just possible that we may have some music and dancing after all before the night passes away."

* * * * *

A goodly company had gathered at Rosemount the following night, and after supper, the company called for Charlie, as was his wont, to entertain them with a song. He was a splendid singer, and never was his voice in better form than it was that evening. A moment's pause, and Charlie rose, not without a quiver passing through his manly frame, and in a voice of thrilling sweetness, sang—

"I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine
These ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever."

A look of blank amazement settled on the faces of the company as the words fell on their ears. Every eye was fixed on the singer, spell-bound. Tears were seen in the eyes of most, and as the singer reached the last verse, his voice increasing in power and sweetness, he sang the thrilling words with great effect—

"The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever."

Some of the company rose and left without uttering one word, but the greater part remained, and to them Charlie in his winning hearty manner told the simple story of his conversion, ending up with "you wont be angry at me for telling you will you. The truth is, I could not keep it, my heart is full of it, and I thought the least I could do, was to tell you of my new-found treasure."

That simple testimony to the saving power of Christ, the beaming face of the speaker, so well-known to all the company; the genuineness of the change, the absence of all affectation, and the earnest closing

appeal to "accept the gift of God, His own beloved Son, to be your Saviour, and know true happiness for time and Eternity," was owned of God to the conversion of at least five of the company that night.

Charlie spoke in the school-room on Sunday evening to a crowded congregation, and several others were won for Christ. A great in-gathering followed. And among

those who were saved and who sang the new song, were my mother, and I.

Part of that happy company after witnessing a good confession have gone to heaven; others of us are still on earth, singing still of Jesus, and were Charlie by my side, as I write, he would join me in saying to all who read my story what he said that night long ago, "accept the gift of God, His own beloved Son, to be your Saviour."

THE FARMER'S BOY; or, "Is it for me?"

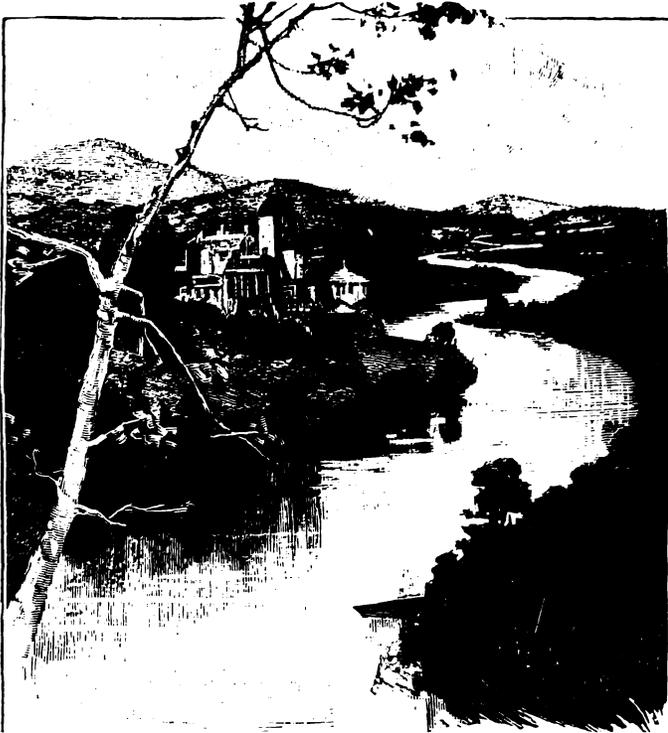
IN a country farm-house it has been my privilege to conduct a Gospel meeting every Lord's-day evening for several years. It has been a joy to see one and another of the simple peasants, who gather there, won for Christ. A lad of fourteen was the last to enter the Kingdom. He was very ignorant, yet the Word of God took a firm hold of him, and shewed him his lost condition. I saw the lad was ill at ease, and at the close of one of our meetings, I asked him if he would like to be saved. "Oh yes, Sir," said he, bursting into tears, "But, is it for me?" I sat down by his side, opened my Bible, and read to him the ever-precious words, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15); and "The Son of Man is come to seek and to

save that which was *lost*" (Luke xix. 10). "You say you are a *lost sinner*, Jamie, don't you?" "Yes, O yes, I am that, all that," said the lad. "Then it was *you* that Jesus came to save." That seemed to take hold of him. He sat for a moment in silent thought, then looking up through his tears, he said, "If it was for lost sinners, then it was for *me*, for I am one of them."

The following night he called upon me, with a beaming face, and told me that all the way home, the words read from God's Book rang in his ears, and he "just believed them," and was now saved and happy. Yes, there is no other way of it. Christ has come to save the lost, and if you acknowledge yourself to be one of them, He came to save *you*.

A COSTLY ESTATE.

“**W**HAT a splendid estate,” said a commercial traveller to his driver, as they passed a beautiful part of the country, well watered by a broad river. “How much would you say it is worth.”



Scotch nobleman got for his soul. Whoever slights or neglects God's salvation for pleasure, money, ambition, or any other form of worldliness, gets it at the cost of his soul. What a price to pay for such trifles. Esau's

bargain and Judas' silver, were poor returns for the loss of their souls. So was the Scotch noble's estate. *How* it cost him his soul was this: he allowed it to so occupy him, to claim his heart, to become his god, that he utterly neglected Christ and His great salvation. And so he passed away into the eternal world, a poor enough man, a beggar, having lost his all for eternity. Are you losing your soul? Do not be offended; the question

“I really could not say, sir, but it cost the last owner of it his soul,” replied the driver, who was an earnest Christian.

“That was a big price,” said the traveller gravely. Yes, no doubt, a big price. Still, there are many willingly paying it, for less than the

means your good. Are *you* losing your soul? Pause and think! Are you safe for eternity? Have you anything that you can call your own in the world beyond? Have you Christ now? Can you truthfully, honestly say “Jesus is mine?” Or, are you losing your soul? Think!

TOILS AND DANGERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

GEORGE SCHMIDT continued to tell the story of redeeming love to the Hottentots for six long years, without a helper. A little house which he built with his own hands, with its surrounding garden, he named "Gnadenhal," which means "The Vale of Grace," and it was indeed the scene of many a wonderful triumph of God's grace in saving sinners. But the path of

their slaves, and treated them as beasts. Their ministers joined them in a fierce attack upon the young missionary, whom they characterized as a "madman." To show their contempt of his work, and of the despised race among which he laboured, they had posted on one of their church doors a notice—"Dogs and Hottentots forbidden to enter." But, blessed be God,



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

the true Gospeller, who makes it his aim to push forward the Lord's standard into the enemy's camp, will never be a flowery one. He will be sure to have the opposition of Satan and all his allies. So George Schmidt found it. When it became known that he was preaching to the Hottentots, that several of them had been converted, baptized and were confessing Christ, it aroused the anger of the Dutch, who looked upon the poor blacks as

the door of God's grace was made open to them, and is still to sinners of every colour and clime, and the precious words of the Son of God are still ringing in the ears of all mankind—"By Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John x. 9), and "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Another danger to the pioneer-evangelist was the presence of wild beasts. Lions, hyenas, leopards,

and wolves were numerous, sometimes entering his garden and carrying off sheep and other animals.

One day while Schmidt and several Hottentots were journeying in the country, they came upon a

animal, but before he had time to do so, the leopard made a spring at him, and, fixing its teeth in his arm, brought him to the ground. With great presence of mind, he grasped the animal by the throat, and planted



“THE LEOPARD MADE A SPRING AT HIM.”

wounded wolf, which made its way into a thicket near. They followed it with a loaded gun, and as they entered the thicket, a leopard sprang out, and pulling one of the Hottentots to the ground, began to bite his face. Schmidt, who stood a short distance off, prepared to fire at the

his knee firmly on the pit of its stomach, which made it send forth a hideous cry, its eyes flashing like fire. Schmidt felt his strength giving way, and cried to his companions to come to his help, which one of them courageously did, picking up the loaded gun and discharging it

at the leopard, which immediately rolled over, shot through the heart. For a long while Schmidt suffered from the fierce struggle, and bore the marks of the wounds made by the leopard's claws all his days. He toiled for ten years, preaching Christ, enduring many privations, and making long journeys with the Gospel, until his strength was gone and his health shattered.

In addition to his Gospel labours, he had a Day School in which those who had been converted were taught to read, and they were thus enabled to read the Scriptures for themselves for the sustainment of their new life, a necessary habit then and now, for all who are born of God, otherwise they soon drop off, or are entirely dependent on the support of missionaries.

In 1744, he set sail for his native land, leaving the little band of converted Hottentots to the care of the Great Shepherd, hoping to return to his field of labour shortly. But the Dutch East India Company at that time so obstructed the way of missions that he was prevented. After a season of rest, Schmidt began preaching the Gospel in Silesia, working as a day labourer in the fields to support himself. This continued until he was seventy-six years of age, and the coming day of Christ will show his labours were not in

vain. Worn out with incessant toil, and suffering from a disease in his feet—the result of his cruel imprisonment at Schildberg—the aged labourer felt his end was drawing near. He had certain hours set apart each day for secret prayer. One day he was working in his garden, when the hour of prayer came round. He laid down his spade, and entering his little chamber, knelt before the throne. Hours passed, and still the door remained shut, until one of his brethren fearing some illness had come upon him, opened it and entered. He found the aged man kneeling with his hands clasped, a heavenly smile on his pale and wrinkled face, but his spirit had gone to its rest with Christ. How sweet must have been the exchange to the wearied worker, and how grateful the rest in the immediate presence of the Lord whom he loved, and whose service had been his heart's delight.

The brightest and best of lives is to know Christ as Saviour, and to obey Him as Lord, in the buoyant days of youth; ever ready to tell of Him here, or in distant lands as He may direct. But do not forget, that before you can serve the Lord Jesus in any way whatever, you must first be converted. You must be born again. No unregenerate sinner can do any service for God.

MY SECOND BIRTHDAY.

BY A SCHOOL GIRL IN CANADA.

"I LIVED in Scotland for the first twelve years of my life, and went to Sunday School in the Gospel Hall, near to where my parents lived. My teacher was an earnest Christian lady, and often spoke very faithfully and tenderly about my soul's salva-

tion. Several times I was very near deciding for Christ, but when I got out among other girls I forgot all about it, and was as careless as before. My last day at the Sunday School came. We were to sail for America the following Monday. As my dear teacher handed me a Bible as a present, I saw the

tears in her eyes. I knew she was sad because I was leaving unsaved, and I was sad at heart myself. When we arrived in Canada, I found there was no Sunday School near, and the long afternoons of the Lord's-day had to be spent at home. How I

thought of the dear old class then, and how I wished to be back at it again. But God had His eye on me. At a meeting in the School-house one evening, I was once more awakened to see myself a sinner, and at the close, I willingly

waited to be spoken to about my soul. I trusted Jesus that night, and He saved me. I went home singing all the way. It was a clear, frosty night, the full moon shining brightly, and I could sing of the precious blood that had made me 'whiter than the snow.' A happy year has passed



"I WENT HOME SINGING ALL THE WAY."

away, and this is my second birthday. Dear young friends, will you trust my Jesus too, and He will save and satisfy you, as He has done for me? There is no happiness in life, or death, or in eternity apart from Christ."



SILENCED BY SATAN.

A YOUNG lad, who, in the earliest days of his Christian life, was very devoted to the Lord, and diligent in His service, was observed to become all of a sudden very dull and desponding. His voice was never heard in prayer or testimony for the Lord, and we began to fear that some "little fox" was doing its deadly work, down at the roots of his spiritual being. One day, I met him on the street and asked him what had gone wrong. With a tear in his eye, he sorrowfully replied, "I have allowed Satan to close my mouth. I have not spoken to one in the office yet about their souls, and it would be hypocrisy to preach to others, when those around me are yet unwarned." Dear lad, how my heart felt for him. There was doubtless much truth in what he said, but the devil was using it to keep in perpetual silence one of the Lord's witnesses. But it was only for a season. That night, Tom gathered a few of his companions in the office together, and told them what a coward he had been, spoke lovingly to them of Jesus, and his joy was restored. How Satan

seeks to spoil young saints thus; and with many he has wonderfully succeeded. They never open their mouths in public; they seem to be ashamed of their Lord. By-and-bye they will lose heart for the things of God—as Tom was doing—and slip down into cold indifference. Dear young saints, are you allowing Satan thus to rob you of your joy? to draw you into his net? and to cause you to grieve the Lord? Do you ever speak a word for Jesus? or are you ashamed of Him? It may be true that you have failed in the past to witness for Christ to those around you, but this need not keep you for ever in silence. Go to God your Father at once, and confess your sin and unfaithfulness to Him. Then seek grace to redeem the lost time, and begin to open your mouth in testimony for the Lord among your companions and fellow-workers yet unsaved. Courage will be given you, and God will give you help. Full well the devil knows what one honest witness for Christ may do, and so he leaves no stone unturned to keep as many as he can in perpetual silence. Youngbeliever, let not the enemy thus triumph over you. Your lips belong to Jesus, and by them you may speak for His praise. Only a little while and the days of your testimony for Him on earth will be gone for ever.

Correspondence & Records of Happy Service by Young Workers.

NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS with their gatherings of various kinds, are now over. We are delighted to hear of happy meetings of young folks in many parts, where Gospel messages were delivered, and young hearts won for the Lord. May 1897 be a fruitful year in conversions, and a year of earnest service for the Master, among those who in early days have been saved to tell to others the story of redeeming love. Here are a few gleanings from letters sent by readers of "The Young Watchman," in this and other lands, telling of happy work for Christ, and joyful experiences in following in His paths.

THE BEST NEW YEAR. "This has been the best New Year I ever had. You will know the reason why, when I tell you it is the first I have known as a follower of the Lord. In former days, when I was unconverted, I spent the evenings of my New Year's holidays at the pantomime, and such like. Thanks be to God, I have got something better now: a joy and happiness that does not end when the curtain drops. I was home among my friends, and had the privilege of testifying for my Lord in my native town. Three of us, all lately converted, got a schoolroom for the Lord's-day evening, and had a blessed Gospel meeting. We went through the houses in the afternoon with tracts inviting the people, and they came out well, the school being filled. I think we were all a little shaky at first, seeing so many old companions present, but the Lord helped us to tell of His love, and of what He had done for our souls, and there was blessing. Three young lads and some girls professed to trust Christ, and I have had nice letters from two, telling how happy they are now, in knowing that eternal life is theirs."

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.—"When I got home on the Saturday night, I wondered how I would begin to testify for Jesus to my younger brother. What a surprise I got, when I found that he had been saved a week or so before, and that he was wondering how he would be able to win me for Christ. It *was* a joyful meeting, and our dear mother, who has been a Christian for twenty years, was overcome with thankfulness to find us both disciples of Christ."

Records of Conversion.

The interesting "Records of Conversion" which have appeared from time to time in "The Young Watchman," have been used in leading many souls to Christ. We believe this form of testimony is of great value, and very much used of God for the help of those who are in difficulty regarding the way of life. In order to increase this, and that all who have a desire to relate the story of their conversion, or how they were led to trust in Christ for salvation, may have an opportunity of doing so, and circulating the same among unsaved friends, and others, we invite our converted readers old and young, to write the story of their conversion, in as short and concise a manner as possible, and send it to the Editor. Writing to be on one side of the paper, and in no case to exceed three hundred words. These, or such of them as are suitable, will be issued in neat, two page Leaflets, immediately, for broadcast distribution. If the manuscript is accompanied by an addressed envelope, giving name and address, a packet of the leaflet containing the writer's conversion, will be sent *post free* when ready. Let special prayer ascend to God, that this effort to spread His Gospel may be richly blessed.

LIVING FOR CHRIST.

A Letter to a Class of Young Believers.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—I hope that you take time each day to read the Word of God, to speak to the Lord and to confess what has been wrong in your thoughts, words, or deeds. Remember, that to omit doing anything that you *should* do, is sin as really as doing something you should not. If there is *not* this daily reading, prayer, and confession, you will soon be in a bad state indeed, and will probably be stunted and dry Christians all your days.

As you grow older, you will be about the same kind of Christians as you were when younger. Do make up your minds that you won't grow up useless to God and His people, but that you will commence from this time to live for God, and to work in view of eternity.

You profess to believe that Christ was crucified for you. The same Book says that you also were crucified *with* Christ, and that you ought to reckon yourselves dead to sin and the world, and alive unto God (Gal. ii. 20; Rom. vi. 11). The same Book also says that the *world* has been crucified to you, and you to the world (Gal. vi. 14). The cross of Christ stands between the two. Are you living like those who have been saved from the world and

hell and sin, that you might be the Lord's own property, or do you mingle with the crowd as one of it?

You have some unsaved companions about your own age. How terrible it will be if they should die unsaved, and should have to say on their deathbeds or in hell, "They knew we were unsaved, and could have warned us and led us to Christ, but they never did it, and now we are lost, and lost for ever."

Now, a word by way of encouragement. Read from Mat. xix. 27 to verse 16 of chapter xx. In chapter xix. 27, Peter asks what reward they are to have who have left all and followed Jesus. The glorious answer is given in verses 28 and 29. Then in the first 16 verses of the next chapter, we get the grand fact that those who would be saved afterwards could have the same reward as those who followed the Lord when He was upon earth. In verse 1, we find the Lord up *early* (for there is much work to do, and no time to lose), and He is looking for workers. Though at work so early Himself, when He comes again at the 3rd, 6th, and 9th hours, He finds some standing idle. Look at His question in verse 6, "WHY stand ye here all the day idle?" What answer can *you* give to this question? You cannot say, "No man hath hired us."

MARY OF THE CLACHAN.



"MARY GATHERED STICKS IN THE WOOD AND LIT THE FIRES."

MARY, THE ORPHAN OF THE CLACHAN.

IN a lone clachan, among the hills of Caithness, there lived a farm labourer, his wife and little daughter. An epidemic of small-pox carried the parents into the eternal world, leaving their little Mary only eight years old, to the care of the kind neighbours, who although poor in regard to this world's goods, were each more eager than another to do something for the orphan child. There was no school near, so Mary had to learn her "letters" all day, and repeat them at night to her "father," as the little girl called Duncan M'Donald, the aged wood-cutter, who had adopted her as his own "bairn."

As time went on, Mary grew up a tall strong girl, and was a general favourite among the labourers and their wives who lived in that quiet glen. She was always ready to lend a helping hand in caring for the children, tidying up the houses. During the harvest season, when wives as well as husbands were engaged in the fields, Mary gathered sticks in the wood, and lit all the fires, to await the home-coming of the tired-out workers.

Things went on in this way until the end of the year, when a great revival began in a fishing village on the coast, not far off. On these

northern shores, God has again and again marvellously wrought among the fishermen, their wives and families, bringing hundreds into the kingdom of God.

Duncan M'Donald and Mary set out one frosty afternoon, to the meeting in the curing-house by the sea-shore. Many were there, old and young, rejoicing in a new found salvation. Donald had been a "God-fearing man" all his days, but had never known what it was to be born again. That afternoon he got the arrow of conviction thrust into his conscience; his garment of self-righteousness and religion in which he hoped to appear before God, was torn to shreds, and he found himself—just what every sinner saved by sovereign grace has found himself—a lost man, condemned by a just God, on the way to the pit. Donald was so completely broken down, and so anxious to be saved, that although the hour was late, he seemed to have no desire to leave the place, or part with those who were seeking to point him to Jesus the Saviour. It was only after his soul had entered into rest, through believing on the Lord Jesus, that he pulled out his watch, and when he saw the time, his first thoughts were of Mary. Where was she? Had she gone home alone, along

that dreary road, or what? One of the fishermen seeing his anxious look, and guessing it was Mary he wanted, said, "Dinna fear for your lassie, Donald, she's safe at our fire-side, and I've better news to tell you than that, she's in the Kingdom of God before you."

Donald hastened along the row of cottages, till he came to the one in which Mary was, and there he found her in the centre of a circle of happy young believers singing the praises of the Lord. It was a joyful journey back to the clachan, and the following day, many heard in wonderment the story of Donald and Mary's conversion. Nor did it end there. When sinners get to know Christ as their Saviour, and heaven as their home, they cannot keep the good news to themselves—they must share it with others. And so Donald began a simple meeting in his one apartment, which Mary made sure was tidy and comfortable for the occasion, and some of the fishermen from the shore frequently came along and gave the Word.

Mary's sweet melodious voice led the singing, and although she had none of what the world calls "culture," her songs were from the heart, and to the heart they went. Many in that highland clachan will praise God through all eternity, for

the orphan lassie who was among them as a burning and a shining light. Reader, are you in Christ? Have you entered the Kingdom of God by a new birth, or have you only a name to live, and a form of religion without reality?

The empty name may pass you along the path of life, and give you a place in the ranks of profession, but what will it do for you in the hour of death, and in that moment of supreme importance, when you stand before God? It was a sight never to be forgotten, to see, on many a wintry Sunday evening, Donald's kitchen crowded to the door with strong, brawny fishermen, and farm labourers, from the surrounding country, listening to the story of the Cross, while the hot tears coursed down their cheeks. There, in that humble spot, some of God's mighty works were done. Slaves of sin and Satan, were awakened to see their state, and melted by the wondrous story of redeeming love. Often till past the midnight hour, the cottage rang with prayer and praise, as sinner after sinner, old and young, passed over by the way of the Cross, from the dark empire of Beelzebub, into the joy of salvation, and the kingdom of the Son of God, and no one entered into the work of these days of ingathering, with more heart and soul than Mary.

THE SWISS STUDENT.

MANY years ago, a young student lay sick in his room, in the beautiful city of Lausanne. A doctor was called in to examine the patient, who pronounced his case hopeless, saying he could not live more than twenty-four hours. Two young men, fellow-students, both bright Christians, hearing of his illness, called to see him, and were very much cast down as they heard from his lips what the doctor had said.

“Shall we read anything to you?” said one of the students.

“Yes,” replied the sick man “if you will.”

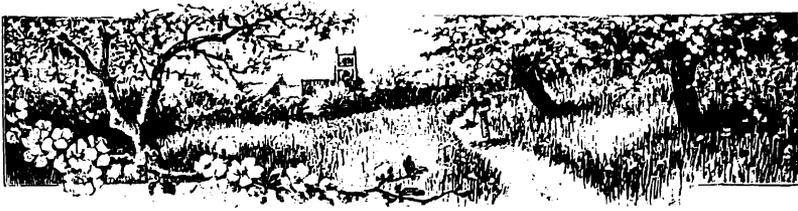
“What shall it be then?” asked the student, hoping thus to find out his spiritual condition.

“Something to meet the need of a man who has only twenty-four hours to live,” was the prompt reply. “Ah then, that must be the Gospel of Christ,” said the student. The young man drew his Bible from his pocket and read in the beautiful Italian language, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; and while the words uttered long ago by the prophet concerning the coming Christ were being read—words that have brought rest and peace to many a weary soul—the Spirit of God carried them to the young student’s heart, and he was then and

there converted, and confessed his faith frankly to his two visitors. They sprang to their feet embracing him as a brother in Christ. They all rejoiced and praised God together till the hour was late. After his two friends had gone, Henri thought to himself, “If God has saved and healed my soul, can He not also heal my body.” He prayed that if it was the will of God, his life might be spared, that he might go and tell his countrymen the way of life, and before he was done praying, he had the assurance that God had heard his cry. The doctor called next morning expecting to find him dead, but to his amazement, he found a complete change for the better had taken place, and in a few weeks Henri had so far recovered, as to be removed to a beautiful chalet among the mountains. From the day of his conversion, Henri testified for his Lord; and for many years his voice rang through the valleys of sunny Italy, telling the story of the Cross, winning sinners to the Saviour, who saved him that day long ago, when the words of Isaiah liii were being read. He had many a hard fight with the enemies of the Cross, but his shield and buckler was ever the great chapter from which he first heard of Christ the suffering Saviour, and he never wearied of speaking of

Him who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." Have you believed what Isaiah liii says about Jesus Christ, and what He did for you reader? Have you personally appropriated the Saviour of whom that chapter speaks? It is not enough to read the Word of God and assent to it.

You may do that and go down to hell. What you need is a personal Saviour, and individual trust in Christ, and your own sins blotted out in His precious blood. Apart from this, you are not a Christian, and shall never enter heaven, or dwell with God. Where will you spend the great eternity?



A SPRING MORNING SONG.

IT was a bonny Spring morning,
and I was out in the fields.
A neighbouring farmer's son came
along the road, and as he drew
near, I heard him singing—

"Oh the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth again
To intercede for me."

He was known all the country
round us, as a wild, swearing youth.
I could not make out what had
happened. I called out from where
I stood, "Hulloa Jim, what's wrong
with you?" "Nothing, Jack: I'm
as right as can be; saved, and on
the way to heaven. Come across
and I'll tell you all about it." I
went over to the gate, rather timidly,
and he told me how he had gone to
a meeting to scoff; how God arrest-

ed him and saved him. "Now
Jack," said he, "What do you say
to that, if you go on like as your
doing, you know what the end will
be." I knew he was right: I was
on the road to destruction. I spent
a miserable day. At night I went
across to Jim's farm, and he told me
fully how to be saved. I saw the
way of life, and accepted Christ
sitting on a wooden fence at mid-
night. I rose and sang God's praise.
Next morning everybody thought I
was mad, I ran across the fields and
told the farmer, and we praised God
together. And now after twenty-two
years' possession of God's salvation,
I can say it's grand to be saved.

Reader, take the gift of God.
Look to Christ and live.

ROBIN'S STORY.

OLD Robin, the coast-guard, was a general favourite among the children. During the summer months, when many are at the sea-side spending their holidays, you could often see a group of boys and girls seated on the beach, with Robin in their midst telling some thrilling tale of the sea.

Many years have come and gone since I heard him tell the following story, but I seem to remember it as yesterday. He was telling us of his early life as a sailor, and of a wonderful deliverance from shipwreck he had, when all the crew with whom he sailed, except another and himself, went down to a

watery grave. Wiping the tear from his cheek, he said, "And now, my dear bairns, I will tell you what was the cause of the shipwreck. It was because our captain neglected to examine his chart. It was provided and hung in his cabin, but he seldom looked at it, else we had never sailed so near that hidden rock on which our ship was wrecked. His negligence taught me a lesson for which

my soul will ever bless the Lord. It was the means of leading me to examine His Word, and see how I stood for eternity. We are all sailors across life's sea, where many hidden rocks lie buried. But God has given us His Word that we may know them, and avoid them. Many, like our captain, give no heed to that chart, and they become wrecks in

soul and body, for time and eternity. It has been a good friend to me for many a year. It guided me to Christ, and He saved my soul, and ever since, I have made it my only companion and counselor. Take an old man's advice, my bairns, and believe and value your Bibles. Your souls will be safe, your



steps will not slip, and your heaven will be sure if you have Christ and His Word in you."

Dear reader, are you neglecting your God-given chart—the Bible? Has it led you to Christ? It is not enough to *have* a Bible. The captain of that vessel had his chart but it did him no good: he neglected it. The Bible is God's chart given to you, but if you neglect it, you will make shipwreck of your soul.

GLAD TIDINGS IN AN INDIAN ZENANA.

WHAT is a Zenana? It is that portion of an Indian house of the better class or upper castes, as they are called here, where the women live. Not a grand place such as you might imagine, but frequently a plain building with mud walls, either without any window, or having only a very small one. It is usually separated from the gorgeously-furnished houses in which the gentlemen live. In this prison, for it is little else, the Indian women spend their lives, not dressed in Oriental magnificence as you sometimes see in pictures, but in the plainest clothing. There is little or no furniture in the place. The women sit lonely and sad,

having none of the joys or comforts that make our homes happy. It is estimated, that of the one hundred and thirty millions of women in



READING GOD'S WORD IN THE ZENANA.

India, there are over forty millions shut up in Zenanas. And what is even worse than the dark cheerless house and its loneliness, is the awful fact that the Name of Jesus, and the salvation which He died to bring, are unknown to the lone inmates of these fearful places. The only religion that they know is one of fear. There is no peace, no joy, no bright hope in idolatry. It is all terror. The gods of India are gods of anger, ever receiving, but never satisfied. Our God, the God of heaven, is love,

ever giving, and never weary of bestowing upon the most wicked and worthless of His creatures.

No male missionary dare enter an Indian Zenana. The women of the castes are not permitted to speak or listen to a man. But thanks be unto God, it has become possible during recent years for Christian women to enter the Zenana with the glad tidings of the Saviour's love. By this means many of the benighted women of India and their children are having the Gospel carried to them by devoted servants of Christ, many of whom have left their home and kindred to give themselves to the Lord for this needy work. The coming day of glory will shew, that many, very many of these broken-hearted women have been saved, although not all of them have courage to confess their Lord. You may wonder at this, but you need not, when I tell you that it would mean that they would be cast out, not only from their families, but from the caste to which they belong, and sent adrift on the world to wander as outcasts. Some have had grace given them to do this, and give up all for Christ, and He has enabled them to bear a bright witness for Him.

I will tell you of one who was saved in the Zenana, and witnessed a good confession.

A young English worker who was saved when a school-girl, and gave herself to the Lord for His service, was sent out by Him to tell the glad tidings to the women of India.

She found access to the young wife of a gentleman of high caste, who listened attentively as she read the New Testament, but for a long time seemed to have no personal interest in the things of God. After reading one day as usual, the missionary was rising to leave, when the Indian woman, looking up, said with great concern, "But all that is for English people. Your Jesus does not care for us, does He?" The missionary sat down and shewed her that it was not for any particular nation that the Saviour came, but that "God so loved *the world*, that He gave His only begotten Son" (John iii. 16), and that "Christ Jesus came into *the world* to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). The dark eyes of the Indian woman sparkled as she heard these words, and from that day she became a disciple of the Lord. How, you may ask? Well, just as every sinner does: by receiving Him as her Saviour, and confessing Him as her Lord. She believed on Him with her heart; and she confessed Him with her lips. And this is God's one way of salvation. If ever you are to be saved, it must be in this way,

for there is no other. She told her husband that she had become a Christian, and he, contrary to her expectations, did not cast her out, or even persecute her. It may be, in the mercy of God, that she may be used in leading him to the Saviour.

Another of these Hindoo women who first heard of Jesus and His love from the lips of one of these devoted workers, was saved, and so happy that she sang the whole day while moving about in the house doing her work. Her husband told an English gentleman, with whom he had business relations, that his wife had sung ever since the missionary came; and was so interested, that he asked the Hindoo husband to write down the words of her song and bring them to him. Here is a free translation of them into English.

“To my poor house there came a lofty
Stranger,
Oh! it was Jesus the loveliest of heaven.
I ran to bid Him welcome.

With gods of stone what have I now
to do;

I clasp my Saviour's feet.
My whole soul clings to Jesus.

Since to my breast I clasped this
Saviour dear,

Rich, rich am I with Him.
And He will never leave me.”

In a great many cases, the inmates

of the Zenana are girls. You will understand this better, when I tell you that in India, they are married at a very early age. They are brought to their “husband's” house, usually when six or seven years of age, and from that time, they never go out. Many of them have never seen a flower or a tree; they are shut up there from childhood till death, within the confines of a single apartment, destitute of all that might vary the monotony of their dreary life.

I will tell you of a young convert in one of these Zenanas. She was a girl of sixteen. Her brothers had been at a mission school, and there they heard of Christ the Saviour. They spoke to her of what they had heard, and prevailed on her to ask that one of the female missionaries might come and read to her. In a very short time, this weary one believed the Gospel, and confessed Jesus as her Lord. This cut all connection, and closed the door against the missionary lady. Months passed, without any one seeing her, but God's Word was the joy of her heart. She fell ill, and as she drew near her end, begged that her two brothers might be allowed to see her. She greeted them joyfully, and told how their Saviour was now her's also, then fell back and died. Have you, with many privileges, and much liberty, been saved reader?



A NOBLE BAND OF WORKERS.

IN a small manufacturing town, the Lord had wrought a blessed work of grace, and a number of young men and young women were converted to God. They were all very bright and happy, and in the dew of their spiritual youth, they began to serve the Lord, and to bring others to Him. In one of the factories, the Christian lads had a meeting among themselves during the dinner-hour. The time thus spent had, before their conversion, been used in card-playing, reading novels, and worldly gossip. Now they had a new Master, and they themselves were new creatures, with new desires and aspirations filling their hearts and minds. They usually spent the time in prayer, and reading of the Word of God. By-and-bye they arranged to spend one or two evenings each week, visiting the houses and the town with Gospel tracts, and speaking to the people personally as they had opportunity. None of them had ever attempted to open his mouth publicly to preach the Gospel, but as they visited from door to door, they found a willing ear among the people for the mes-

sage of life. This encouraged them, and after a time, a kitchen was offered for a week-night Gospel meeting. It was a grave question, who among them would first open his mouth to preach Jesus. But strength was given to one and another, and in that humble sphere, three or four of these young lads gave their first testimony to the saving power of Jesus' Name. Their service was owned of God, and several men and women were clearly converted to God. What a joy to the band of young workers to see this fruit of their labour! When the summer came, they struck forth into the villages around, and now that "the fear of men which bringeth a snare" had passed away, they boldly preached Christ in the open-air, and wherever they could get people to listen. It is a law of God's kingdom, that "to him that hath shall be given," and that he who uses the little with which he has been entrusted by God faithfully, shall then be entrusted with much. The desire to spread God's Gospel grew in the hearts of these dear young men, and with that desire, increase of ability was given them by God to do it. Hundreds heard the Word of Life, and many were brought to decision for Christ, and great was the rejoicing and joy of the Lord's young servants.

As the Spring approaches, and the buds begin to peep out after their young sleep, so do the young Gospellers begin to look toward the "unevangelized" villages, hamlets, and peasants' houses, which the bright Spring afternoons and long summer evenings, enable them to reach with "the old old story." Here are a few forecasts of happy work by bands of young Christian lads.

A BIG PARISH FOR 1897.

"There are ten of us in the Tract Distributing Band here. We had some grand times last summer, visiting on the Saturday afternoons, and got a taste for the work. During the Winter, we have prepared a map of ten districts, all around, which, God helping us, we will visit, leaving a Gospel Booklet in every house, and preaching in one of the villages ere we return. This is a big parish, but we must seek to get over it, for the need is very great."

SINGING FOR JESUS.

"During the Winter, my class of Christian girls have been practising a number of the grand old Gospel Hymns, sung in revival days of 1859-60, and we hope to go out to the villages on Sunday Evenings, singing and preaching the Gospel, in a few weeks."

CYCLING WITH THE GOSPEL.

"There are five of us here, who, before we were converted, used our cycles for racing. Since we got a new Master, our machines have been used in carrying us out long distances with the Gospel. Last season we went three nights a week to a place where there is no railway, and preached the Gospel. We were well received by the villagers, and so I believe was our message."

A GLAD SURPRISE.

"I got a glad surprise this morning. A

Prize for Bible-Searching—a beautiful Bible, and a letter from a school-companion, saying she had been saved."

PRIZE BIBLE STORY.

A goodly number of our readers have sent well-written stories, describing the birth of Christ. Some of them show that the writers had carefully read the Scripture narrative. Others have been drinking from the wells of tradition, especially one little fellow who says, "The infant Saviour was born on Christmas Day, Dec. 25th." There is not a word about that in the New Testament. "Christmas" was once a heathen festival, which became "Christianized" along with other Pagan customs. One thing we do know, that is, that "Christ was born in Bethlehem, and in a manger laid;" another great fact is, that He "came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15); and a third, that "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 6). What a mercy that there is no doubt about the great facts upon which the salvation of sinners depend. The Prize Bible has been awarded to

NELLIE GILLESPIE, MARYHILL, Glasgow, and the examiners give their highest commendation to the "Stories" sent by Mary Scroggie, Turriff: Mabel Morton, Nottingham: Agnes Hamilton, Prestwick: Arnold Taylor, London: Geo. Montgomery, Willington Quay: Florence Sanders, London: Boyd Rigby, Aston-in-Makerfield: John Hendry, Springburn: Jane Bryden, Dalry, Galloway: Lily Mayne, Liverpool: Eliza Pearson, Glenbuck: Grace Fairhead, Norwich: Jane Malcolm, Levenwick, Shetland: J. Cuthbertson, Paisley: K. E. Ritchie, New Wisbech: David Roberts, Liverpool: Wm. Jolly, Longriggend: Jeanie Bogie, Paisley: Sarah Ingram, Fyvie: Fred Adams, Derby: Jas. Cuthbertson, Govan.


 Short Papers for Young Believers.

THE SAILOR BOY'S TESTAMENT.

A LADY visiting among the sailors in New York harbour, spoke to a mate on one of the vessels about his soul's salvation. He did not seem to give much heed to her words, but just as she was leaving, he said, "I must tell you of one thing that occurred on a recent voyage, that made an impression on me. When we were lying in the port of Marseilles, where no ship is allowed to show a light at night, I was walking on deck on my watch, when I saw a faint light forward. Presently it went out, and was followed by another. Fearing that something was wrong, I walked softly forward, and there, under the top-gallant forecabin, I saw a quiet lad, one of the crew, with a Testament on his knee with one of his fingers on the page to keep the place, and holding in his other hand a lighted match, by the light of which he was reading his Testament. I confess that the sight of the lad touched me, and I did not disturb him." Dear sailor boy. It was the only opportunity that he had, perhaps the only quiet moment he could secure, and there he was alone

with his God, seeking to gather help and strength to his soul from the sacred page. No doubt, it was thus he was helped to bear the scorn of the ungodly sailors around him, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in their midst from day to day. And you see how the Lord used the dear boy's diligence to cause a careless sinner to think. Do you seek in your spare moments, dear young believer, to thus search and meditate on the Word of God? or, do you fritter away your precious hours, neglecting to feed and sustain your inner man?

GOOD SOCIETY.

YOUR new religion has spoiled you, Mary. You will never shine in good society now," said a worldly lady to her niece, who had been brought to decision for Christ a few months before, and who was manifesting the new life in a walk becoming the Gospel of Christ. "I am seeking grace to shine as a light for God in the midst of a dark and evil world, aunt, and I'll get into good society very soon—the society of saints and angels—in my Father's house on high," was the answer she gave. Yes, Christ spoils those, who receive Him as Saviour and Lord, for the world's "society." There was no room in "society" for Christ, nor will there be for His followers.

SAVED FOR ETERNITY ON A
LONDON STREET.



“THEIR VILLAGE HOME IN HAMPSHIRE.”

SAVED FOR ETERNITY ON A LONDON STREET.

TWO young men started by the first train in the morning from a Hampshire village for London. Tom, the younger of the two, was going to fill a situation in the great city, and George his brother was going up to London with him, to see him settled in his new surroundings. And George had another special reason for accompanying his brother; that was to speak to him personally and pointedly about his salvation, and to urge upon him the necessity of being converted, before he began life in the great city, with its temptations and its sins. Several times during the journey, George sought to introduce the subject, but Tom was more concerned about the great sights they would see that day in London. The day passed quickly, and late in the evening, the two brothers stood at a busy crossing, where they were to part; Tom to enter his new place among strangers, and George to return to the village home in Hampshire, where many happy boyhood days had been spent together. They stood in silence; Tom no doubt beginning to feel how lonely he would be, while George's heart was yearning for his brother, about to launch on the troubled sea of life without Christ.

"Goodbye Tom, my boy," said

George, "I wish we could have parted brothers in the Lord. I wish even now you would have Him as your Saviour, and enter your new situation a Christian."

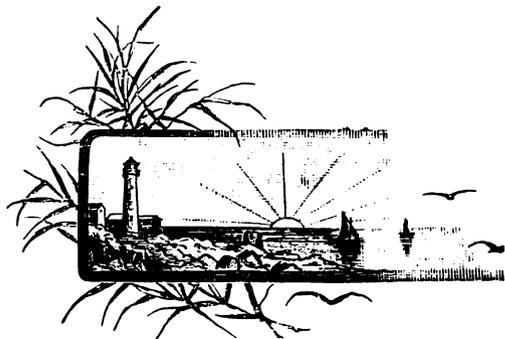
Tom's eyes fell on the pavement, he grasped his brother's hand firmly, and George *felt* in that grasp the softening of his heart. "Come along into this quiet street Tom. God is everywhere, so is Christ, and you can be saved here just as easily as in the old home." Arm in arm the brothers walked until they came to a street lamp, at which they halted, and George putting his hand into his jacket pocket pulled out his well-marked Bible, and opening it said to Tom, "Here is the Word that led me to the Saviour, and if you believe it, it will lead you to Him also. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Standing under the light of the street lamp, Tom read the life-giving words, as George traced them with his finger in the open Bible. After a moment's pause a sob was heard, and Tom grasping his brother's hand said, "Yes, George, I *will* come to Jesus, I *do* come to Jesus now. I cannot start life in London without Christ; I do receive Him as my

Saviour." "Thanks be unto the Lord," said George, "I can leave you now 'safe in the arms of Jesus,' without a fear for your future. Only trust Him fully, and follow Him closely, and you will find Him faithful and true to you." Years have come and

gone since that memorable night, Tom is an active business man in a busy city, and his happiest work is to tell others of the Saviour whom he first trusted that night long ago, when he came as a lad to the great city of London.

A BRIGHT SUNSET.

"**W**HAT a glorious sunset that is!" said my driver, as we travelled along in the dog-cart from a meeting the other night. "Yes," said I, "but not a bit more



glorious than one I saw last night of another kind." "What was that?" said he, rather astonished, as the previous night had been dull and rainy. "A girl of twelve years entering paradise, singing of the precious blood of Christ, by which she was made fit to dwell with God, in His unclouded presence. Man, it was positively grand to see that young saint passing away from earth in triumph as she did. Her's was

indeed a glorious sunset." "I hope mine will be like that too," said the man seriously. "You will need to have Christ as your Saviour first, else your soul will pass into eternity in darkness. This seemed to take my driver by surprise. He evidently had never seriously thought what was needed, to make his latter end a scene of peace. He "hoped it would be like that," and so did Balaam the covetous prophet, yet he died a rebel against God, in the midst of God's enemies. Reader, you need Christ. Christ to save, and Christ to satisfy. Do you wish to have such a sunset, reader? Then, make sure you have Christ now, as your own personal Saviour. Do not expect to have peace with God, in life or in death, apart from Christ. There is no peace, no brightness, in the service of the devil, or in the pleasures of sin. But Christ brings joy and brightness with Him wherever He is received.

RUTH'S CHOICE.

THE STORY OF A CHORISTER'S CONVERSION.

I WAS converted to God at the age of eighteen, while a chorister, "singing the Gospel," as it was called, to others, and all the while myself unsaved. My parents were earnest Christians, always active when there was any "special" effort to reach the unconverted, and ever ready to lend a helping hand in evangelistic work. My sister and I "professed" when we were very young, and although I do not think we ever spoke about being saved to each other, we were both regarded as "workers," and had a district to visit between us. We rather liked that kind of work, and when there were "Special Services," we were both in "The Choir." Nobody ever definitely asked me when and where I was "born again:" if it had been done, I would have been at a loss how to answer. Things went on in this way for three or four years, until an evangelist came to the town for a series of meetings. I was there



every night in the choir, and often remained too for the "after-meeting." As I passed along the aisle, the evangelist, who stood with his Bible in his hand near the door, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, "May I ask how long it is since you passed from death to life?" I hung my head, and was so confused that I could not answer. "Make sure you have been born again," said the preacher, and passed on. I was very ill-pleased at that question, and said to my sister, it was very "ill-bred" to ask anything of the kind. That night I slept none: the Spirit of God was stripping me of my empty profession, and shewing me I was a hypocrite. Next day I felt miserable, and when night came, I was glad to go to the meeting. The subject was, "Ruth and Orpah," both awakened, both started for the promised land, but one went back to her people and gods: the other chose God for her God, and His

people for her people. "There can be no half-way house," said the preacher. "It must be Christ and heaven, or the world and hell. Christ to save, to keep, to satisfy; or the world, and a Christless grave, a Christless eternity. *Which?*" The last word rang through me like a trumpet blast. I trembled, I saw the hour of my choice had come. Delay was no longer possible. I opened my Bible, put my finger

on Ruth i. 19, and said in my heart to God, "I take Christ to be my Saviour, and my Lord and Master *now*." I believe I was born again that moment. I confessed it, and praise God, although years have come and gone, He is mine still. I have told my simple story, and pray God that any who read it, who are professors, but not possessors of Christ, may find out their mistake, ere it be too late.

THEY ARE ETERNAL.

THINK you are a great fool to give up the pleasures of the world at your age, and go in for being a Christian, Bill," said a young man to his fellow-workman as they hastened along from work one evening. "The life and the pleasures I have now are *eternal*, Jim. Yours are only 'the pleasures of sin *for a season*,'" he quietly replied. That reply was used by God to lead that young man to think, and the result was, that he became converted to God.

Reader, things on earth are only for a season, a brief passing space, but stretching beyond are things, eternal, enduring as the present are decaying. Amid these eternal and unchanging scenes, *you* are destined forever to dwell. God has so decreed: you cannot alter it. But upon you

devolves the responsibility of making the choice where. Upon your present choice, your future destiny depends. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). This gift of God is sent to *sinners*. Have you received it? "He that hath the Son *hath* life" (1 John v. 9), and this life known and enjoyed here on earth, will be eternally enjoyed in a heaven of eternal glory beyond. But what of those to whom it is said, "Ye will *not* come to Me that ye might have life" (John v. 40). They "shall be punished with *everlasting* destruction from the presence of the Lord" (2 Thes. i. 10). "Suffering the vengeance of *eternal* fire" (Jude vii). Awful words. Reader, which of these eternal destinies will be yours?

AMID INDIAN WIGWAMS.

A Story of Gospel Labours among the Red Indians.

THE Red Indian riding on his swift war-horse, over the wild prairies, dressed in his plume of gaudy feathers, his tomahawk and clasp-knife in his belt, his bow and poisoned arrows in hand, is a figure

civilisation from without; drink, debauchery and indolence from within, have reduced this once-powerful race of braves to a mere handful of wilderness rangers, fast dying out, or being driven as exiles



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

familiar to most of us in our early days. It may be a question in how far the red-skinned warrior of thrilling tales and romance, represents the real Indian, who in many cases lives quietly in his wigwam, with his squaw and little children, of whom he is very fond. The progress of

from their country, to be scattered among the nations of the earth.

A band of godly men and women, who were driven from their homes in England and Holland for their devotion to God and His Word, about the year 1610, sailed in a vessel named the *Mayflower*, to seek

for themselves a resting-place in the wilderness, where they might live together and worship God, as He had commanded in His Word, and be free from the intolerance of priests and prelates, who were causing the

Pilgrim Fathers as they have been called, one hundred and one souls, knelt together and gave thanks to God, for His goodness in bringing them to their desired haven. They found the country covered with



A NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

fires of persecution to burn against them, because they refused to conform to their traditions and unscriptural practices. After a stormy voyage, the *Mayflower* reached the shores of the New World, and the

forest, and inhabited by fierce Red Indians, whose bodies were daubed with ghastly colours, and whose hands were filled with uncouth instruments of war.

I will not here trace the course of

these exiles, or relate their toils and trials in the land to which they had fled for refuge, but proceed to tell the story of the triumphs of the Gospel, as it was spread abroad by one or more of their number, among the redskinned dwellers of that remote region, who had never heard the Saviour's Name.

Among those who joined the exiles, sometime after the *Mayflower* band had sailed from England's shores, was a young schoolmaster from a village in Essex, named John Elliot. This dear man had a heart filled with compassion for the souls of the Indians, and while others were busily engaged forming a commonwealth and raising towns, Elliot gave himself to the spread of God's Gospel among the Indians, of which there were some twenty tribes, each with a dialect of its own. Their religion was a kind of polytheism; that is, they believed in the existence of a number of gods, and these were supposed to have divided the earth amongst them, each ruling over a portion of it. They lived in tents or wigwams, covered with the skins of beasts, whose flesh supplied them with food. In canoes made of bark, or hollowed from the trunks of tall forest trees, they navigated the rivers, which abounded with fish of various kinds. It was among these savage people, in their wild

surroundings, that John Elliot began his life work of preaching Christ and Him crucified.

He first set himself to learn the language, which was by no means an easy task; next to compile a grammar, and after that, to translate the New Testament into the Indian language, and as soon as he was able to speak in their native tongue, he began to preach the Gospel. His first attempt was at a place called Newton, in the Autumn of 1646. He spoke, with a large circle of red-skinned Indians seated around him, for three hours, on the suffering Saviour on the Cross, and the coming day of judgment, when God would call them to account. At the close, they asked him earnestly to come and speak to them again, and one aged Indian with the tears trickling down his cheeks, asked if it was too late for him to find salvation through Jesus Christ. Blessed be God, the story of the Cross is the power of God unto salvation, alike to the Red Indian in his savage state, and the civilized and refined gentleman of Christian lands. Both are sinners; both need a Saviour, and the Son of Man who came forth from the bosom of God to seek and to save the lost, is just as willing and as ready to save the one as the other.

KATIE, THE ORPHAN.

KATIE'S parents died when she was a child of seven. They were buried within a week of each other; and Katie was left alone. A neighbour offered to look after her for a time, but she also died, and Katie was cast on the cold world. Hardship and sorrow followed the

orphan girl for the next five years.

Sometimes she got work in a mill, but the times were bad, and she was often without work. At the age of sixteen she got a situation in a country house. She had hard work there, and no company: not a friend in the world. She often sat down and cried, for

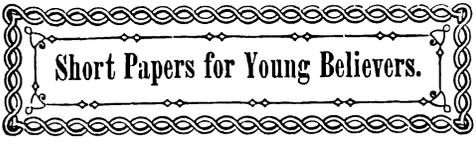
the poor girl she knew nothing of Christ, the orphan's Friend, the Saviour of the lost, whose love makes glad the lonely heart and brings rest to the troubled spirit. In the neighbouring farm house, there was a bright girl named Katie also. This Katie knew Christ. He had saved her, and made

her happy. As she passed in the early morning carrying her milk to town, she sang her Master's praise. One day the two Katies met, and as they walked to town together, the saved and happy girl told her sad companion the source and secret of her joy. "You can have it too,



Katie; aye, this very day, for Jesus loves you and wants to save and make you happy. He loves everybody, but the worst of it is, they don't believe it." These simple words, by God's blessing, opened a new world to Katie, the orphan. She had thought nobody loved or cared for her; now she heard that the

Son of God had loved her, and loved her now. Every spare hour she had, she ran across to the farm to hear from her new companion more of this wonderful story, and before many days had passed, the sad orphan girl was a believer in Christ. Reader, are you?



Short Papers for Young Believers.

JESTING.

THERE are few things more hurtful to the spiritual life of believers, than "foolish talking and jesting." We find these two sins, which are counted rather respectable in themselves, in very bad company in Eph. v. 2-4. This may give us a hint of the estimation in which God holds them. Then we are told that "foolish talking and jesting" are not "befitting" (Eph. v. 4.—R. v.) Being part of the livery of the servants of Satan, they do not "befit" the children of God. How could they? Yet, on not a few of those who profess to be the Lord's, these ill-fitting habiliments are not unfrequently seen. It would seem as if they lived in an atmosphere of frolic, and watched every opportunity of giving vent to some "witty" saying, to evoke a laugh. Among the unconverted, they find no difficulty in cracking jokes and amusing their hearers, although they know them to be on the way to hell. It is hardly possible to believe that persons with so little conscience, as to their behaviour, can be God's children at all. Very likely the bulk of them are only hypocrites.

But these sins are a real danger to those who *have* been born of God. Some, before their conversion, were clever at cracking a joke, and keeping a company in roars of laughter by their wit. But this is just what God says is unbecoming for them, now that they are believers. It does not "minister grace to the hearers" if they are believers, and if unconverted, it helps the devil to keep them happy and careless in the downward road. Therefore, let us watch and be sober. Not that God wants His people to be mopish, or affected, as if it were a sin to smile. This would be legality—the religion of the Pharisees. He wants His people to be happy, and bids them "rejoice evermore." But "rejoicing in the Lord," and the levity of the flesh are two distinct things. The one is the fruit of the Spirit, the other the lust of the flesh.

When a company of young believers get together, how often a single joke leads on to frivolous gossip, and then to loose and foolish jesting, which grieves the Spirit, and hurts their own souls. And when once the habit is acquired, it is not easily broken off. Therefore, let us watch and pray. "Let the word of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight" (Psa. xix. 14). "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips" (Psa. cxli. 3).

THE beautiful Springtime with its buds and springing flowers, its singing birds all building their nests, its sowers scattering the seed in the fields, all tell of activity and earnestness in the kingdom of nature, the outer court of God's great temple. Among the redeemed of the Lord, there are many busy sowers and builders too, going forth to scatter Gospel seed, and dig stones from nature's quarries to grace the heavenly temple of the Lord. We have such a lot of cheering, happy letters from young workers, in different lands, telling of blessed service, and joyful times in the vineyard of the Lord. We wish that every young believer may share such joy: there is nothing like it on earth. Here are a few "chips" gathered from many sources, which we hope may kindle up other hearts and send them out like Samson's foxes to set ablaze the country with the story of the Cross.

HOW WE BEGAN TO SPEAK FOR JESUS.

"Five of us—all young lads—were converted some years ago, and have been in a Bible Class, conducted by an earnest Christian, ever since. He has all along sought to lead us out in service for the Master, but we all seemed to be afraid to open our mouths. A weekly cottage meeting has been conducted all the winter in a labouring man's house by our teacher, and the five of us have been there every night along with him. A month ago, he was detained by illness, and was unable to find another to go instead. When we arrived, there was nobody to take the meeting, and the house filled with people. What was to be done? We looked at each other, and I am sure, all of us were looking to the Lord. One gave out a hymn, another prayed, a third read John iii, and said a few words, the remaining two told simply, for ten minutes each, how the Lord saved

them, and at the close several were in tears. I believe one man was born again that night, and there has been a reaping ever since. Our teacher was delighted, and praise the Lord, the lips that were opened in much fear and trembling that night, speak for Jesus often now."

A SEARCHING ON BIBLE NAMES.

Bible Names—both persons and places—have a significance which is often overlooked. A name among men often means very little, but when God gives a name to any person or place, it is always full of meaning, and expresses character, or some virtue, or vice. The meaning of Bible Names should therefore be sought for, and marked on the margin of the Bible opposite the places where they occur. We give the following simple searching to encourage this. All the names asked for, are in the Scriptures, and their meanings are also given. A book giving the meaning of all Bible Names, will be sent to whoever supplies the most perfect answer.

Whose name means, "Sorrow at his birth?"
 And whose "My God my help has been?"
 Whose mother "Asked of God" her son?
 What on a palace wall was seen,
 There written by the hand Divine,
 To mark a king's "Divided" power?
 And who when brought to Jesus Christ,
 Was named "A stone" that very hour?

Initial letters then will give,

A Name which sinners know so well.

It tells a Saviour's grace and power,

To save from sin, from death and hell.

Answers to be sent to the Editor by the last day of this month.

A FATHER WRITES: "Our children have got your little Text Book at the Sunday School for the past seven or eight years, and have spent many a happy Sunday evening, finding and filling in the texts."

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD;

Or, "HOW MY DOUBTS WERE CHASED AWAY."

I HAD been converted for several weeks, but was sadly troubled with doubts and fears. When my feelings were happy, then I thought myself safe; but when they went wrong, then my fears began. It was our Young Believers' Meeting night, and I did cry to God to send some word for me. As I entered the little

room, they were singing a hymn that I had never heard before. It was being sung with great spirit, for all the others, except myself, were happy in the Lord. When they came to the words of the last verse, "*Safe in the Lord without a doubt, by virtue of the Blood.*" I paused. I saw it all. My salvation depended on the blood.

Key C.

NOT ALL THE GOLD.

{ :d Not	m :-f s :-s all the gold of	<u>l.s:m.f</u> s :s all the world, And	l :-l s :m all its wealth com-	r :— — bined,
{ :d Could	m :-f s :-s give relief, or	<u>l.s:m.f</u> s :d' com - fort yield To	t :-l s :fe one dis - tract - ed	s :— — mind;
{ :s 'Tis	d' :-t d' :-r' on - ly to the	t :-l s :s pre - cious blood of	d' :-r' d' :m Christ the soul can	s :— — fly,
{ :s There	d' :-t d' :-r' on - ly can the	t :-l s :s sin - ner find A	l :-l t :-t flow - ing full sup -	d' :— — ply.
{ :d'.r' O	m' :-m' m' :m' joy - ful news! O	m' :-r' r' :-s hap - py news! The	r' :-r' r'd':r' pre - cious, precious	m' :— — blood
{ :d'.r' Of	m' :-m' m' :s' Christ can bring the	s' :-f' f' :f' sin - ner nigh, and	m' :-d' m' :r' give him "peace with	d' :— — God."

- 3 Was it for gold the dying thief,
The malefactor craved?
Ah, no! 'twas Christ, and faith in Him
That dying sinner saved.
'Twas faith in Him who bleeding hung
A Victim by His side;
"O Lord, remember me," he said,
"I will," He heard and died.
- 3 O what can equal joy divine?
And what can sweeter be,
Than knowing that the soul is safe
For all eternity?
Safe in the Lord without a doubt,
By virtue of the blood;
For nothing can destroy the life
That's hid with Christ in God.

MAY'S LETTER: OR, A MESSAGE FROM GOD.



"SHE TORE UP THE LETTER, AND SCATTERED THE FRAGMENTS AT HER FEET."

MAY'S LETTER: or, A MESSAGE FROM GOD.

THE buds of Spring were bursting on the trees, and the busy sowers were scattering the seed-corn in the fields: the birds flitted from tree to tree, all busily building their nests; and nature, decked in her garment of freshest green, seemed to sing her Creator's praise. And that Spring morning's brightness in the kingdom of nature, had its counterpart in the kingdom of grace. The North of Ireland had been visited by that mighty wave of revival, which is still fragrant in the memory of many, and hundreds had been born of God. Among those who sang the new song of their Redeemer's praise, none was brighter or happier than May B——, the female teacher of the village school. As she walked from her father's farm in the early morning to school, the woods rang with her song of praise. She had been saved and set on the way to glory, and in the joy of her heart she sang—

“For He's taken my feet from the mire
and the clay,
And He's set them on the Rock of Ages.”

She, in common with all the Lord's redeemed ones, had her trials. Her parents were opposed to her “new religion,” and considered it a disgrace to the family that one of their number should be found at preachings in barns, and in green fields.

They had absolutely forbidden May to bring any of the “Revival” about the house, or to speak to any of the servants about salvation. But they could not hinder May from corresponding with several of her companions in the Lord, who lived in the towns and villages around. Many a cheering word she got in their letters, often coupled with a wish that her parents and brother might soon know Jesus as their personal Saviour.

The post-office was half-way between the farm and the school, so May always called for her letters as she walked to school in the morning, and usually sat down and read them by the wayside.

This Spring morning she received a letter from an old school companion of her own, telling of her conversion. It ended with a fervent wish that her friends might be saved. May read the glad news over several times, and then, to make sure it would not fall into the hands of any of her friends at home, she tore up the letter, and scattered the fragments at her feet, walking along singing in her heart's deep joy.

An hour later, who should come along the road, on his way to town but her brother William, and as he passed the spot where May had been sitting, he noticed the frag-

ments of a letter lying by the wayside. The envelope lay beside them untorn, and as he turned it over with his walking stick, he saw it was addressed to his sister. Out of curiosity he picked it up, looked at the post-mark, and was about to throw it away, when he observed a slip of paper, evidently part of the letter, inside the envelope. He took it out, and found it to be a short post script, as follows: "Tell your brother that he will never know real happiness until he is saved. If he wants to be saved and happy, he must believe in Christ: there is no other way."

The young farmer stood still on the road, reading over and over the strange message, which he perceived was intended for him, and had evidently escaped his sister's notice. God knew who it was for, and who needed it most, and He so preserved it, that it fell into the right hands. The words sank deep into his heart. Above the noise of the fair, and the roars of the vendors of various wares that day, rang the strange message of that slip of paper, and God used it to deeply awaken the young man to his need as a lost sinner, and his danger while yet without Christ treading the way to the pit. He was glad when his business was over, and he hastened to return home. Walking

alone on that quiet country road, he had opportunity to think, and to read again and again the slip of paper he had found on the road. He sat down close by the spot where May had sat that morning reading her letter, the fragments of which still strewed the ground. How long he sat there I cannot tell, but when he rose, he was a new creature in Christ; a sinner saved by grace. He had cast himself as a sinner upon Jesus the Saviour, and as He ever does to sinners of every kind and in every condition, who simply come to Him just as they are, He received him, and saved him.

When May returned from school, late in the evening, he met her at the door, his face beaming with his new-found joy, and throwing his arms around her neck, said, I'm your brother in Christ: He has saved me." That was a memorable night at the farm, and the beginning of wonderful times, for the young farmer did not hide his light beneath a bushel, but began at once to testify for Christ, and many a soul was born of God under the roof of his barn, where he told "the old, old story;" while May's sweet voice led the song of praise.

Do you know Jesus as your Saviour? If not, why not now? You never needed to be saved, more than you do at this moment.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT AND HIS BRIDE.

IN a pretty part of Southern Russia, the glad tidings of salvation had been quietly spread abroad among the peasantry, by one

whose business led him frequently there, from one of the capitals of Europe. There was great joy among the simple people, when for the first time, they heard the truth and knew that salvation was by faith in Christ alone, apart from their prayers to saints, and other ceremonies in which their religion and Church abound. For a time all went on happily,

and the Christian merchant's visits were looked forward to with much joy. In the intervals between these visits, the young folks who had been converted, met in each others' houses to read the Word of God, and help

one another in the things of His kingdom. But as you may know, there is little liberty for such meetings in the dominions of the Czar.



A RUSSIAN PEASANT AND HIS BRIDE.

Anything that can be presented to the officers of the Government, as disregard for the authority of the head of the National Church, is at once visited with unsparing punishment, without even the form of a trial. Hundreds of simple believers in Christ are now suffering in the cold prisons of Siberia, for no greater offence than that they read the Word of God, and

confessed Christ as their Saviour and Lord.

Among the happy converts of that sunny vale in Southern Russia, was a young peasant and his espoused bride. They were simple believers

in the Lord Jesus, and their desire was to make known His Name to those around them. But the spies of the church got to know of this, and without a moment's warning, the young peasant was carried off to prison, and transported with a gang of chained criminals to Siberia. His young bride was overwhelmed with sorrow, but notwithstanding all the attempts of priests and their employees to cause her to renounce

her faith, she stood firm as a rock. For long years they were severed, but through the intercession of one who had influence at the Russian Court, the exile was allowed to return to his sunny home, and there with his wife, and others who love the Lord, he tells of Him for whom he suffered, and whose love sustained him. In easier circumstance, how is it with you? Is Christ your Saviour, or do you despise His Name?



LIZZIE OF THE SPINNING-MILL.

IN a quiet corner of a wood, close by the side of a beautiful river, there stands an old spinning mill. The miller's daughter, a bright girl of twelve, was converted in our Bible Class two years ago, and since then, she has been the means of leading her two sisters and brother to the Saviour. She was sorely tried after her conversion, by her sisters calling her names, and doing everything in their power to make her angry, but Lizzie bore it all with a cheerful spirit. At length, they became ashamed of their conduct,

and showed some anxiety about their eternal welfare. Lizzie obtained her father and mother's permission for several of the Lord's people to come out to the mill, and have a meeting, and that night her two sisters were brought to Christ. A week later, her brother was converted, and now the four of them make the old mill ring with their songs of praise. It is wonderful what one honest witness for Christ can do. To live for God and speak for Christ in a home where there are unsaved ones, is a great work.

FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE RED INDIANS.

WHEN Elliot began his Gospel labours among the red-skinned Indians, the country was almost covered with trackless forests, infested by tribes of blood-thirsty braves, who had no love for the white man.



Through these trackless wilds, the faithful missionary had many a weary ride, oftentimes enduring great privation. In one of his diaries, he says, "I have not been dry for three days. At night I pull off my boots, and wring my stockings, and put them on again." In addition to these hardships, he had to meet with much opposition from the *pow-wows* or magicians, who looked upon the missionary and his message as undermining their influence, and would often dance in great rage, inciting the Indians to violence against him. And the greatest hindrance of all was the evil example of the white man, whose unscrupulous greed had in many cases deprived the Indians of their land, stirring up their savage nature to acts of revenge and bloodshed, and introducing drink amongst them.

Notwithstanding all these diffi-

culties, the Gospel triumphed. Elliot walked from wigwam to wigwam, Bible in hand, and told the story of redeeming love. Little brown children followed him in groups, on whose heads his hands were tenderly laid, while words of kindness and blessing flowed from his lips. Even among them the Lord wrought wonderfully. Two little daughters of one of his "praying Indians" as he called them, were taken ill of a very painful disease, and gave a bright testimony to the Gospel in their last illness. One of the little girls whose mother had made for her a little basket, a spoon and a tray, to amuse her, took the simple playthings, and putting them aside, said, "I will leave my basket, my spoon, and my tray, for *I am going to God.*" The same night the dear child died, and the father told Mr. Elliot, that he did not know whether his sorrow at the death of the child, or his joy at her beautiful testimony and bright faith was the greater.

Where the great cities of New England now stand with their teeming thousands, where the voice of the Gospel preacher is now heard by crowds who give it but little attention, Elliot stood two centuries ago, in the centre of a few rudely formed tents, with a circle of

stalwart braves around him, eagerly listening to the glad tidings of salvation. He was a man of great courage and devotion, and God owned his ministry to the conversion of many of the Indians.

to the aged worker to see several of the Christian's towns broken up by the whites, whose jealousy of the redskins had caused them to begin a relentless war. The Christian natives kept as far as possible apart



A POW-WOW DERIDING AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN.

He wrote a strange book, in which are recorded the "Confessions" of a number of the Indian converts which shew remarkable experiences in these warriors of the wilderness, so lately before roaming wild and ignorant of God and His love. It was a great grief

from the conflict, but many of them were driven into exile along with others. Elliot's last prayer as he lay dying, was "Lord revive and prosper Thy work among the Indians. Grant that it may live when I am dead." Then like one whose work was done, he fell back and died.

STORY OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

An Afternoon Talk with my Class of Boys.

THE road from Jerusalem to Jericho is still a rather dangerous one for travellers. Only a few years ago, an Englishman was robbed there, and just escaped with his life. A story told by the Lord Jesus, about a robbery on that road long long ago, will be the subject of



“LYING BY THE WAYSIDE HALF-DEAD.”

our “Talk” this afternoon. He tells us that a certain man left the city of Jerusalem to go down to Jericho, and on the way, somewhere between the two places, he fell among thieves, who stripped him, and wounded him, and left him lying by the wayside half-dead. A very sad story surely. I think if it had happened near our own town,

all of us would have been very sorry for that poor man. Do you know that this man is just a picture of us all. Jerusalem was the city of Jehovah, the city of peace: Jericho, the place of the curse. We have all turned our backs upon God, and our faces toward the place of the curse; started on the road that leads to destruction. Sin and Satan have robbed us of holiness, happiness, peace, and heaven, and left us helpless, hopeless sinners, unable to go back to God, left to perish. A priest came along, and also a Levite, but they did nothing for the helpless man. They “passed by on the other side.” So religion, ordinances, good works, and prayers, do nothing to save a sinner. Yonder, comes a Samaritan, with whom a Jew has no dealings. He looks upon the helpless man, and his heart moves with compassion toward him. He must have “dealings” with such a needy case, so he binds up his wounds, pours oil into them, and gives the faint man wine, lifts him up on his beast, and takes him along to an inn—a place of rest, and bids the host take care of him till his return. This is like Jesus:

He loves the sinner, He came where he was, raises him up, saves him, keeps him, provides for him, and will soon return to take him to heaven.

How is it with you to day, my dear lads. Are you still lying in your helplessness by the wayside, perishing? Or, are you trying to find favour with the priest and Levite: trying to get back to God by religion and works? Or have you allowed the Lord Jesus, the

Saviour who came down—not by chance—but in the love of His heart to seek and save the lost, to lift you up, to save you, and make you His own. How blessed it is to be under His care, to be supported by His strong arm, to be fed and refreshed from His hand, and at last welcomed to His glory. I am going there, I know it. Shall I meet you all there? Remember you must first be saved.

ALLAN THE FISHERMAN'S CLASS.



EAR to the Moray Firth, there stands a humble cottage, in which a fisherman, his wife, and little daughter reside,

all saved and on the way to glory. They have a class for girls there on Sunday afternoons, and I know two bright servant-maids who were brought to Christ there. We all stood on the shore by the side of Allan the fisherman's boat, last Sunday afternoon, and sang a Gospel hymn, the sweet voices of the three Christian girls sounding loud and clear across the waters. Then Allan and I told the story of our conversion, how God saved us, and how we knew it. Quite a large company gathered to listen, and it

was grand to see the three young believers, giving tracts, and speaking to seeking souls at the close. I have since heard that some who stood on the seashore that afternoon are now in Eternity. How solemn to be so suddenly called to meet God. Are you ready to meet Him? If you were called suddenly away from earth, where would you be then? Are you sure you would be in heaven with Christ? Everybody will not be there. Only those who on earth have been saved by grace, and cleansed from sin in the blood of the Lamb, no others. What say you to that? Have you any certainty that *your* sins have been thus put away, or are they still loved and enjoyed? You cannot have sin and its pleasures here, and heaven beyond. Then which is your choice?



SPEAKING FOR JESUS.

“**D**O you ever speak a word for Jesus,” John? I asked a young believer some years ago. Blushing, and hanging his head, he said, “Not very often; I have not the courage to do it.” “Do the young lads in the shop know that you are saved, and on the way to heaven?” I asked. “I *think* they do,” he muttered, with apparent shame, “but I have never told them.” “Well, it does seem strange somehow; to be saved, and on the way to heaven, and never to have so much as told your companions in the shop, working every day beside you. I fear the devil has got a bushel put upon your light, and we must get it removed as soon as possible, my dear boy, else your Christian life will be a useless and unhappy one.” The following Sunday afternoon we had an open-air meeting in front of the shop where John worked; I saw a number of the lads standing in the door, looking very much astonished to see him standing in the circle singing.

One after another of the young men walked out into the circle and told what God had done for their

souls. All save John had spoken, and I saw there was a severe struggle going on within his bosom as to whether he would confess his Lord, or not. His shopmates were looking on, and there was a good crowd of people standing around. At last, with trembling step, John walked into the circle, and in a few broken sentences told how the Lord saved him. It was a feeble effort; a “poor start,” as some people would say, and I noticed his shopmates smile as they witnessed his embarrassment and emotion; but that was the breaking of the ice for John. His lips were never locked again. Ever after that afternoon, he went on testifying publicly and privately for the Lord, and many have been saved and blessed through the words of life that have flowed from his lips. Dear young believer, do you speak a word for Jesus? No doubt your life should testify for Him, but so ought your lips. Yours is the honour of being an ambassador for Christ on earth, and of telling others of His salvation. If you have not been using your lips for Jesus, will you begin at once. God can give you courage, and He can fill your mouth with words to speak. Begin with these nearest to you: your brothers and sisters, your friends and kindred, your shopmates and companions.

WE rejoice to hear of converted young men and maidens, and of saved boys and girls being actively engaged in spreading abroad the blessed Gospel. It is happy work when done from love to Christ, and in fellowship with Him, and there is plenty of room, and lots of encouragement for all who "launch forth" in it.

A CANADIAN BIBLE CLASS.

"Our home is in a backwood district, a good way from any town. My two brothers and I began a Bible-class for young people, who come from the farms around, some months ago, and we have very happy times. 'The Young Watchman' comes regularly every month, and the boys all like it. Many a good evening we have spent round the log fire, reading the "Watchman," and searching the Word for answers to the 'Questions' and 'Searchings' in it."

A GIRL'S SEWING CLASS. A teacher who has a class of Christian girls writes—"My girls come up to my lodgings one night a week, when we have a little prayer and reading of the Word together, after which we have an hour's sewing. The most of them are mill-workers with small wages, so they cannot give much in the way of money for the Lord's work, but they willingly give their time in making simple articles of clothing for destitute children, and some of the Christians who can spare the money, but not the time, provide the cloth. In this way we manage among us to do a little for the poor and needy, and get access with the Gospel to homes where before it was hard to find an entrance." [A splendid way of spending spare evenings! A good hint to Christian girls who have a little unoccupied time. Better a thousand times than wandering the streets, or gossiping in other people's houses.]—Ed.

BIBLE SEARCHING TEXTS BOOKS.

We would remind our friends abroad, that all their Text Books must be posted by May first: the examiner's begin work immediately after the 30th May.

QUEENSLAND.—"We are far from the old country, its happy evenings over the Word, and bright Saturday afternoons of Tract distributing, but my brother and I go out sowing the seed among the villages here. They sadly need the Gospel. What a privilege to give it to them."

A NEW ZEALAND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER writes—"We had not heard of 'The Young Watchman,' until a friend posted us a copy a year ago. How thankful I was to see a Magazine so purely Gospel, and so fitted for our young people. May the Master still help you, to send forth His Word to the ends of the earth.

NEW ZEALAND.—"Our converted young folks here," writes a Bible Class Teacher, "are beginning to do a little in the way of house to house visitation with the Gospel. I try to encourage them in this happy work. Send me a 'Tract Band' card for each of them, to give them some idea of how best to go about it."

A specimen packet of "Watchman" will be sent *post free* to any Sunday School Teacher or Christian Worker in the whole world. Please send a post card with your address by return, and they will be sent at once.

~~As~~ *Nearly Three Millions of "The Young Watchman" have been issued, since its commencement in 1883.*

Sunday School Requisites.

Sunday School Hymn Book.—A New Edition *just ready.* 186 Scriptural Hymns for Sunday Schools. 1d; 7/6 per 100; Cloth 2d; 15/ per 100. See a specimen of this book.

Tiny Texts for Little Ones.—Large sheet in coloured ink, containing a short Memory Text for every Sunday in the year, to hang on wall, 2d; 1/6 per dozen.

"WE ARE GOING TO FLIT."

SO said little Janet, a child of scarce five summers, to a visitor who had just come in. "Indeed," said the visitor, looking surprised, "and where are you going?" "Oh, do you not know that Jesus is coming to take us all up to live with Him in Heaven?" This was a very pleasant thought to dear Janet, she often asked questions, and talked about the coming of the Lord. It was, indeed, a great reality to her, and filled her little heart with joy.

Yes, dear young readers, there is a great flitting day coming, and it may be near. The same Jesus who was nailed to the cross of Calvary, who was laid in the cold tomb, who rose from the dead and ascended to God's right hand, He whom all the angels worship continually, is coming back again. He will at first come only to the air, then the trumpet will sound, and all those who have died in Christ will rise up from their graves, and those of the saints who are alive will be changed as quickly as your eye can twinkle; then, all together, those who had died, and those who will never die (John xi. 26), shall go up to meet with Jesus in the air, each one shining like Himself—for when we see

Him, we shall be like Him. Every one who has been washed in the precious blood will be there on that happy day. Not one left behind (1 Cor. xv. 51), for He knows every heart that is trusting in Him, and He says, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." Dear young friends, let me ask you in love, where would you be were the Lord to come this very day? Would you go up with the saints to be for ever with the Lord, or would you be left behind to weep in hopeless sorrow. There will be many separations on that day. Children will be left without their parents, and, in some cases, parents without their children. Some will lose brothers, and some sisters; some will be taken and others will be left.

Dear little Janet, though too young to understand many of these things, yet understood that Jesus loved *her*, and that His blood had washed her sins away. She loved Him, and looked for *Him*. She wanted Jesus, and Jesus wanted her, and very soon He sent the angel of death and took her happy spirit to be with Himself. Her flitting day came early, but she was ready and waiting. Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, your flitting day—either the Son of Man or death—may come.

HOW DONALD AND SANDY SAW THE QUEEN.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF ROYALTY.

By Permission, from a Photograph by Mr. B. MILLS, Her Majesty's Photographer, Aboyne & Ballater, Aberdeenshire.

HOW DONALD AND SANDY SAW THE QUEEN.

THE City of Glasgow was *en fete*. The Union Jack floated on all the principal buildings, and the streets were gaily decorated with bunting and banners. Early trains brought in crowds of country people, and river steamers brought thousands from the coast. What was all the excitement about? What brought such crowds of eager sight-seers, old and young, from their far-distant homes? Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was expected to visit the great International Exhibition, on the banks of the Kelvin, that day, and tens of thousands of her loyal subjects had come from far to see their Queen. For hours they lined the streets, awaiting the Royal procession, which at last appeared, and old and young, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, had the one opportunity of a life-time, of looking on the face of Queen Victoria.

Among those who stood on the crowded streets that day, eagerly waiting for the Queen's procession, were two young men from the Isle of Skye. They had heard of the Royal visit in their distant island home, and they determined that they would come to Glasgow and see the Queen. Arriving at an early hour in the morning, they took their stand at one of the places where the Queen would pass, and there they stood for

hours, hungry and tired, awaiting the great event of the day. At last it came, and with eager eyes, Donald and Sandy scanned the carriages as they passed, and had their desire fulfilled. They saw the Queen, and Donald believed that she actually bowed and smiled to him, as he respectfully raised his Balmoral bonnet above his head and said, "God save the Queen." But in a moment the Queen had passed, the crowd began to disperse, and the two highland lads were left standing alone in the great city, utter strangers, without a friend, or the knowledge of where they were to sleep that night. They wandered about the streets, looking at the strange sights, and as night came down, they began to wish themselves under the roof of their humble home in Skye.

They saw a crowd at a street corner, not far from the great Exhibition, and thinking it might be some sort of an entertainment, they went and joined the crowd. It turned out to be a circle of Christian young men, who had come out that evening to tell the story of redeeming love, and point the unsatisfied hearts of sinners to Jesus, whose royal grace alone can save, and whose love alone can satisfy the weary soul.

Donald and Sandy stood for half-an-hour, listening to the old, old

story ; they had never heard such testimony before. One after another in that circle of happy young men, stood forth and told what God had done for his soul. "Some of you have seen the Queen to-day," said one young man, "but that sight will not satisfy your heart to-morrow. When a sinner sees the Prince of Peace, and trusts Him as his own Redeemer, then he is for ever saved and satisfied." These words especially, arrested Donald. Grasping Sandy by the arm, he whispered—"That's just what we need, Sandy," but Sandy was more interested in the passing cars and crowds of people, than in the message of the Lord. At the close of the meeting, one of the young men got into conversation with Donald, and linking his arm in his, they walked along a quiet street, speaking of Christ and His great salvation, while Sandy followed, wondering what was wrong with Donald. "You have just to make Him your own, Donald," said the Christian worker. "I can tell you about the Saviour lifted up on the Cross to die for you, but you must *look to Him yourself*, I cannot do that for you. It would be grand to go back to Skye saved and satisfied, having seen the two great sights, the Queen and the Saviour, both in one day." Before the clock struck ten, Donald trusted Christ, received Him

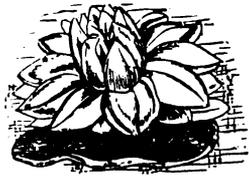
as his own personal Saviour, and was saved, standing on the busy street, near the Exhibition buildings. There was a hearty shout of praise went up to Heaven from the company of saved ones, to whom Donald was introduced as "another sinner won for Christ," and both he and Sandy were welcomed to the soul-winner's home to spend the night, and there they both heard more of the Saviour, and saw the simple, godly home and ways of a true disciple of Christ. They sat late talking, and before they retired for the night, Sandy was awakened and really anxious to be saved. Next morning after breakfast there was reading of the Sacred Word and prayer, and there Sandy was converted.

The following day they returned to Skye, to tell that they had seen the Queen, and what caused greater surprise, that they had been saved and set on the way to glory, where they would see the King in His beauty, and dwell with Him for ever. Donald often tells the story of his conversion, and says—"I saw Queen Victoria and Jesus, the Prince of Peace, my Saviour, both in one day." Have you seen Jesus as *your* Saviour, reader? If you refuse Him now as your Saviour and Lord, you will one day see Him as your Judge. There will be no grace, no mercy then, but stern inflexible judgment.

CRIMSON AND WHITE :

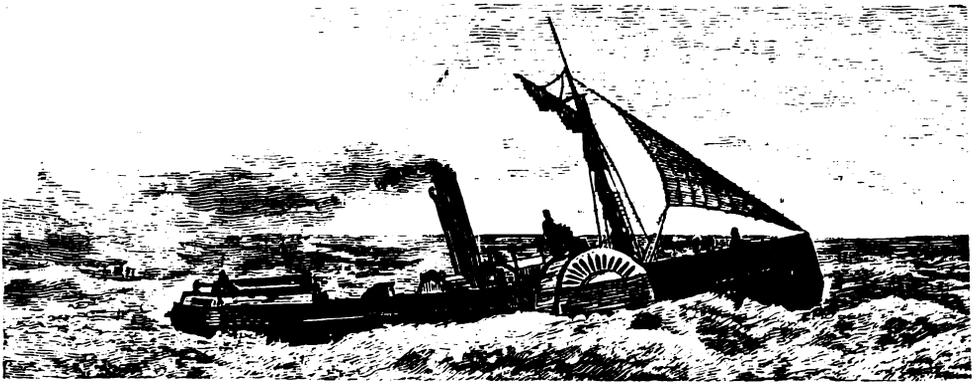
Or, CHRISSY'S FLOWERS AND ITS MESSAGE.

CHRISSY the mill-girl, lay sad and weary in the accident ward of an hospital. One of the machines had caught her hand and sorely bruised it, and for many days



she had suffered pain. All her worldly companions were far away, and the sinful pleasures she had loved could no longer be shared by her. Once a week a band of Christian girls came to the ward and sang hymns, and sometimes left a booklet or a text card with the patients. Chrissy was not much of a reader, but having nothing else to occupy her time, she read the story given her. It told of one like herself who had been converted in early days, and became a missionary to the heathen. Chrissy wondered: she thought missionaries were all well-to-do ladies, but here was a humble mill-girl saved first, and after serving Christ in her lowly sphere, was sent forth to a far-off land to win weary ones there to the Saviour. Chrissy became deeply interested, not so much in the missionary story now, but in the matter of her own salvation. She had been a wild girl, and her fear was that she was too bad to be saved. How she longed

for the singers to come again, and hoped they might bring her another story, or something to show her more fully the way of salvation. It was a bright spring evening, and the band of Christian girls, out of their small earnings, had bought a few posies of Spring flowers to cheer the sufferers in the hospital ward: a Gospel text was tied to each posy, so that the invalids might have something to point them to Jesus as well. Chrissy's pose was of white water-lilies, mixed with bright crimson anemones, and the text around it was, "Though your sins be as *scarlet*, they shall be *white* as snow; though they be red like *crimson*, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1-18). Chrissy looked at her flowers—they were so beautiful, and read her text over and over, until it was written upon her memory and heart. The crimson flower contrasted with the white, spoke to her soul, and made the text plain and simple. Day after day she repeated the words, and looked at the crimson and white flowers, and when the visitors next came to Chrissy's bedside, she could tell them joyfully that through the blood of Jesus *her* crimson sins were now white as snow. And so may yours, reader, if you trust the precious blood of Jesus.



THE TUG AND THE WRECK.

DURING a recent storm, a coasting schooner was driven by the force of the wind on to a rock and wrecked. Signals of distress were hoisted, and a tug was sent out from the harbour to rescue the schooner's crew. The men had been exposed for thirty-six hours to the fury of the blast, and this, coupled with their dangerous position, left them very helpless. When the tug reached the side of the fast-sinking vessel, it was found that her crew of helpless men, weak through exposure and lack of food, were not able to leave the wreck for a place of safety on the tug. "We must carry them," said the captain to his men. So one after another was helped up by strong arms and carried to the tug. Even then it was found that they could not be left alone. The waves washed the deck, and these weak men could not resist their force. The tug's crew were all required

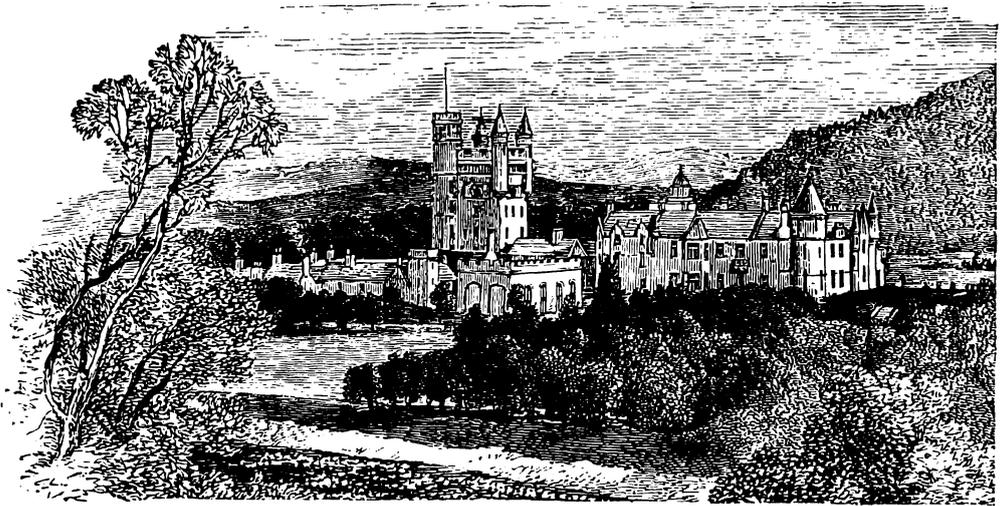
for work, so that they could render little aid; but the brave helmsman, whose duty kept him steady at the wheel, said, "Bind them to me, and while I stand here, not a man of them shall perish." In a moment ropes were attached to the rescued men, the ends of which were bound around the helmsman's waist. Thus their lives were bound up with his, and all reached the shore in safety.

This reminds us of the word: "Bound in the bundle of life, with the Lord" (1 Sam. xxv. 29)—true of every believer in Christ. Yes, all who have been rescued from sin and hell are safely kept by His power. "Because I live, ye shall live also," is the Lord's own promise. He has saved and kept others, many of them for a long life-time. He has been their defence and stronghold against all their enemies. Satan himself is unable to reach them. Listen to this—"Your life is *hid* with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3).

IN THE QUEEN'S NAME.

ON a warm summer afternoon, a party of American tourists had been walking on the hills beyond Balmoral Castle. As they walked along, they came to a broad drive, on either side of which were tall trees, under the shade of which they sat down to rest, talking together of the fame of Britain's

of the party, raising his hat, and bowing respectfully, said, "I beg your pardon, mam, I fear we are trespassing, but we have been so eager to get a glimpse of Balmoral Castle, Her Majesty's highland home, that we have allowed ourselves to enter unaware, to become transgressors." "I fear you have,"



BALMORAL CASTLE.

honoured Queen, and wishing that they might see her face, ere they returned to their home across the Atlantic.

When they rose to proceed along the broad drive, they observed an elderly lady seated in a shaded arbour, with a small table in front of her, busily engaged writing. Before they had time to turn back, the lady had raised her eyes, and observed them. One of the gentlemen

the lady replied smiling, "but if you would like to see the Castle, take this with you," handing a slip of paper, on which the word "VICTORIA R" was written. You may imagine the surprise of the entire party, when they found they were in the presence of Her Majesty, but that slip of paper, passed them along.

I know another Name, which will pass you in within the gates of heaven. It is the Name of Jesus.

MAC THE MUSICIAN.

IN a pretty pastoral parish on the banks of the river Don, stands a plain white-washed farmhouse, with green meadows all around, in which scores of fleecy ewes, with their frisking lambs, browse the long summer day.

whistle in front of the farm-house.

“What a pity to see a sharp lad like that going about the country,” said the farmer’s wife to her husband. “He will be in great danger of falling into bad company,” said the farmer, “I wonder if he would



The Christian farmer, who was the tenant at the time of my story, wanted a boy to look after the sheep, and make himself generally useful in doing odd jobs about the farm. An orphan lad who sought to make his living as a strolling musician, came into the farm-yard one day, and began to play his

come and look after the sheep.” “I think we might ask him anyway,” said the farmer’s wife.

After Mac had finished his tune, and gathered a few coppers from the servants, the farmer asked him to come into the kitchen and get some bread and milk. While the lad partook of his repast, he told

his story which was a truly sad one. His parents were dead, he had no home, nor, so far as he knew, a single friend in the world. The motherly heart of the farmer's wife was moved with compassion for the orphan boy. Her only child had died a few years before, and she felt as if God had sent this motherless bairn to her to be cared for. The proposal was made to Mac that he might stay with them and look after the sheep, and to this he gladly assented then and there. As a rule, farm-servants do not take to lads of Mac's kind, but somehow all the men about the farm were delighted that Mac should be among them, and one vied with another how they could shew him kindness. In return for all this, Mac entertained them with music from his whistle, and in a very short time he was a general favourite in that country side. Spiritually, Mac was dark and ignorant. Poor lad, he had been neglected. A Bible-class was held in the "barn" every Sunday afternoon, to which many of the young lads in the district went, and Mac heard there for the first time the story of redeeming love. Two evangelists came on a visit to the farm, and they held meetings in the barn every night. Mac liked the hymns, and during the day would play the tunes on his whistle.

But best of all, he learned there his need as a sinner, and how Christ came to save. Before the week ended, Mac and four or five others about the farm were saved. What a change for the orphan lad! His face beamed with his new-found joy, and the sound of his sweet voice singing the new song of salvation, rang through the meadows far and near. And God used Mac to preach as well as to praise, first in the parish where he first learned the way of life, and in later years in the sunny fields of one of Britain's colonies, where he still lives to tell others of Jesus and His love.

Reader, do you know Mac's Saviour as yours? Can you sing the praises of Christ as one whom He has set upon the Rock? If not, why not? He is able and ready and willing to save you.

A YOUNG MAN'S TESTIMONY.

I was a Sunday School teacher, and a member of the Church before I was saved. I came to the Gospel Tent, and by the Word preached, I learned that all my religion was of no use. I had to be born again before I could do anything to please God. So I took my place before God as a lost sinner, and claimed the Lord Jesus as my own Saviour, and He did not reject me.

EDDIE, THE SCHOOLBOY,

AND HOW HE WON THE PRIZE.

EDDIE was a converted boy. At a children's meeting, held in the barn of a neighbouring farmer, he heard the story of redeeming love, and received the Son of God as His own personal Saviour. His godly mother, who was a woman of prayer, and carried all her daily cares to the throne, gave her newly converted boy the good counsel to "tell God about everything. He cares for you Eddie, and for all that concerns you, even to the numbering of the hairs of your head. Nothing is too small for Him to be interested in, therefore, tell Him

everything. He says "In *all* thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." "Will He help me with my lessons, if I ask Him?" inquired the interested boy. "Yes Eddie, just as surely as He helps me in my house work," replied the mother. This was a new

thought to Eddie. He had trusted himself to the Lord Jesus for salvation, but like many an older Christian, he had not thought of seeking Divine help in the smaller matters of daily life. But now before Eddie began his lessons, he sought the Lord's help, and believed he would receive it. Boys who sat at the same



'HE DID HIS SUMS SO QUICKLY AND SO WELL.'

desk wondered how he did his sums so quickly and so well, and there was great astonishment on the examination day, when Eddie carried off the first prize in his class. On the way home, the boys asked, "Who helped you to do your lessons?" The

Lord Jesus was Eddie's prompt reply. And, somehow the lads did not question it, for they believed Eddie to be a Christian, because he lived like one.

Dear boys and girls, is Eddie's Saviour and Helper yours? You may know Him for time and eternity.

A FAITHFUL NURSERY-MAID.

NELLIE was only a nursery-maid in a worldly house where the Name of Jesus was never heard. Her mistress frequently asked what sort of a meeting it was that she always went to on Sunday nights, and of course Nellie was glad of the opportunity to tell her all about it, and what she heard there. The dear girl had not many opportunities of speaking for Jesus, but she *lived* for Him, and the result was, her mistress first sent the children to "Nellie's meeting," then came herself, and God saved her

THE COVENANTER BOY.

A young ploughboy, who knew and loved the Lord, during the persecuting of Covenanter times, was in the habit of stealing away among the heather to quietly read the Word of God. The Book was suddenly snatched from his hand by a hireling of the prelate and burnt before his eyes. But this did not hinder the dear lad from having his soul fed. He knew there was a Christian farmer some three miles off, who read the Word aloud every night; and he tramped across the hill, and listened at the door while the chapter was being read. In this way his soul was fed, until he was able to get a Bible of his own to read.

Better times are with us now, and

the Word of God may be read and spoken, no man daring to hinder. But is the same desire found among young men and maidens who profess to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, as was in the heart of that Scotch laddie many years ago, as he journeyed along to hear the reading of his Father's Word.

Reader, what say you? Do you so esteem the precious Word, and revel in its unsearchable riches?

PLANTED BY A WELL.

"WHAT a splendid tree that is," I said to my fellow-traveller as we passed a huge apple tree laden with blossom. "Do you know the reason?" he asked. "It is planted by a well, and supplied with sap from it direct. Drougths do not affect it: it is not dependant on passing showers." "Just like the believer who draws his supplies direct from God" I thought. Not long after, we passed another tree very different. Now, look at that dry, fruitless tree across the field! What's wrong with it? No sap; no roots by the river. It has life, but little leaf, and the great summer heat will scorch it. That is like the backslider, whose heart is away from God. No fresh supplies, only what he picks up here and there. Take warning from it; do not depend on passing showers. Strike your roots deep down by the unfailing well, dear young believer.

PRIZES FOR BIBLE SEARCHING, etc.

THE Bible Searching Text Books for 1897 are all in now, and you should see the pile they make on our desk. The largest number since the Text Book was first published *thirteen* years ago. From British Guiana alone come 255 Text Books all filled in. Well done British Guiana Bible Searchers! On your sugar plantations and river-side huts and homes, you have been diligent searchers of the Sacred Word. No doubt the Lord will bless it to you. From Canada and the United States come a splendid lot this year: teachers there have been stirring up their young folks in this good and happy work. Deaf and Dumb and Invalid Searchers have not forgotten us, and there are some nice letters and Records of Conversion from boys and girls, which we hope to give in early numbers of the "Watchman."

Essay on "The High Priest of Israel."

This beautiful and deeply instructive subject has evidently given much exercise of thought to the young essayists who have so fully and intelligently written on it. We rejoice to trace in many of the essays sent, a close acquaintance with the Person and work of the Lord Jesus.

The Prize "Teacher's Bible" for Best Essay has been awarded to

Lilias C. Williamson, Greenock.

Second Prize Volumes to

Thos. Sewell, Leith.

E. M. D. Goring, Georgetown, Demerara: and the examiners desire to express their high appreciation of the Essays sent by Evelyn M. Kinch, Dublin: Annie Lennox, Armagh: Isabella Hamlet, Manchester: Amy Simmons, Cardiff: E. Henley, Torquay. We heartily thank our young friends for their Scriptural and very full descriptions of the typical priest, and the

great antitype, the Lord Jesus. We hope to give more of such searchings in an early number of the "Watchman."

Searching on "BIBLE NAMES."

The Bible Searching given in April "Young Watchman" on Bible Names, has brought quite a pile of answers. They have cost some well spent hours over the Book of books. The answers are as follows

J ABEZ (1 Chron. iv. 9).

E LIEZES (Exod. xviii. 4).

S AMUEL (1 Sam. i. 20).

U PHAISIN (Daniel v. 28).

S IMON (John i. 43).

spelling "the Name which is above every name," JESUS.

The best set of answers is sent by

Jeanie Bogie, Paisley,

to whom a Prize Volume has been sent; while excellent papers are sent by May Geddes, West Kirby: Mabel Smith, Birmingham: Gertie Bright, Bandon: Margaret D. Brown, Stockton: and A. J. Watkins, Penarth.

Searching on "Bible Arithmetic."

Quite a number of young arithmeticians have gone in for the Searching in our *January* number on "Bible Arithmetic." The conclusions come in some cases are different; but names given have supplied proper answer, which is arrived at thus:

Adam's life (Gen. v. 5) 930 yrs.

Enoch's life (Gen. v. 23) 365

David's reign (1 Kings ii. 11) 40

Jacob's life (Gen. xlvii. 28) 147

Israel's bondage (Acts. vii. 6) 400

Days of Paul's stay (Gal. i. 18) 15 dys.

at Jerusalem with Peter,

1897

"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

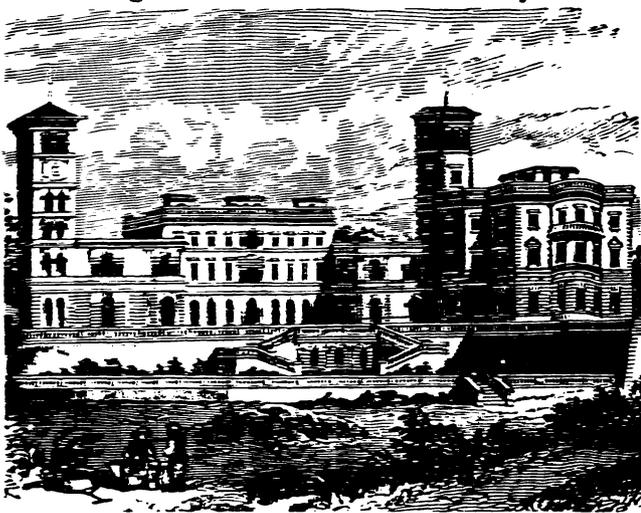
The best answer comes from

Annie W. Glass, Edinburgh,
to whom a prize has been sent.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE IRISH SOLDIER;

OR, FATAL GRACE.

DURING the Crimean war, a young Irish soldier was doing duty in one of the advance trenches. A shell fired from the Russian battery opposite, burst close to where he stood, and carried away both his arms and legs, yet, wonderful to say, his life was spared, and by careful nursing, he recovered sufficiently to be able to return to England. After his arrival there, he was taken to the royal palace to be presented before Queen Victoria. He was wheeled in a small carriage made for him, into the presence of the Queen, and



OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

the Prince Consort, with the officers of the household. When the Queen saw the maimed but noble soldier seated in his little carriage, she went forward to him, and kindly laid her hand upon his shoulder. Then she asked him if he had a home or any friends. Looking up with a smile, the helpless soldier said, in his broad Irish accent, "Sure, your Majesty, I don't need any other

friend when *you* are my friend! This expression of confidence so pleased Her Majesty, that she gave orders to have the brave soldier cared and provided for at her own personal expense.

This is an illustration of, and yet a contrast to, the grace of God. This man had served his sovereign and country faithfully; but the

sinner is a rebel and an enemy to his God. Yet God has set His heart upon the sinner, and in spite of all that he has been and is, God has been moved with compassion for

him, and has provided a Saviour, a Friend, and a home for him. What would that Irish soldier, wounded, helpless, and friendless, have been thought of, had he refused the royal bounty, and rejected the royal grace bestowed upon him? Yet this is exactly what many are doing every day with the grace of God. Reader, are *you* one of the number? Have you received it?

AN AFTERNOON IN CODGMAIN BARN.



"ON ONE SIDE, STOOD THE BARN."

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE IRISH SOLDIER;

OR, ROYAL GRACE.

DURING the Crimean war, a young Irish soldier was doing duty in one of the advance trenches. A shell fired from the Russian battery opposite, burst close to where he stood, and carried away both his arms and legs, yet, wonderful to say, his life was spared, and by careful nursing, he recovered sufficiently to be able to return to England. After

his arrival there, he was taken to the royal palace to be presented before Queen Victoria. He was wheeled in a small carriage made for him, into the presence of the Queen, and

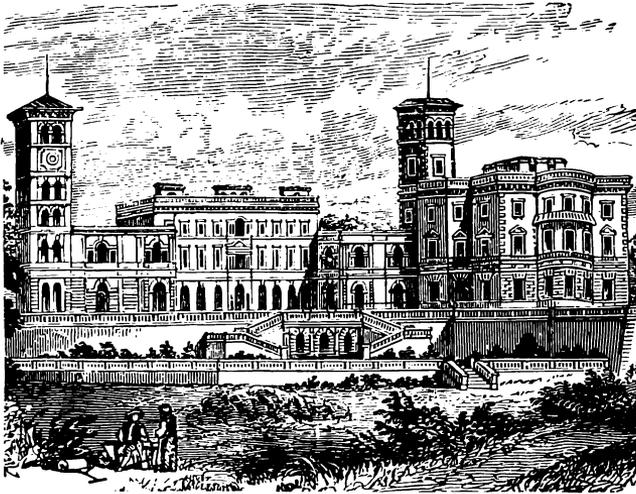
the Prince Consort, with the officers of the household. When the Queen saw the maimed but noble soldier seated in his little carriage, she went forward to him, and kindly laid her hand upon his shoulder. Then she asked him if he had a home or any friends. Looking up with a smile, the helpless soldier said, in his broad Irish accent, "Sure, your Majesty, I don't need any other

friend when *you* are my friend." This expression of confidence so pleased Her Majesty, that she gave orders to have the brave soldier cared and provided for at her own personal expense.

This is an illustration of, and yet a contrast to, the grace of God. This man had served his sovereign and country faithfully; but the

sinner is a rebel and an enemy to his God. Yet God has set His heart upon the sinner, and in spite of all that he has been and is, God has been moved with compassion for

him, and has provided a Saviour, a Friend, and a home for him. What would that Irish soldier, wounded, helpless, and friendless, have been thought of, had he refused the royal bounty, and rejected the royal grace bestowed upon him? Yet this is exactly what many are doing every day with the grace of God. Reader, are *you* one of the number? Have you received it?



OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

AN AFTERNOON IN CODGMAIN BARN.



“ON ONE SIDE, STOOD THE BARN.”

AN AFTERNOON IN CODGMAIN BARN.

OVER a hundred years ago, a young lad of sixteen strolled along a country road leading to Codgmain Farm, in Ireland. On one side of the little steading stood the barn, and over the door of it there hung a banner fluttering in the wind, with a plain Gospel text inscribed upon it. This arrested the lad's attention, and on making inquiry he was told that a "preaching" was to be there that night.

Agustus Toplady—for that was the young Englishman's name—was curious to hear what the preacher had to say. The hour of meeting arrived; the barn was filled with a company of simple peasants, and the preacher clad in plain homespun, began his discourse. It was not a polished or eloquent address, such as the young Englishman had been accustomed to hear at Westminster, but the plain message of a full and free salvation through Christ alone was declared with no uncertain sound from the text, "Ye who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." The truth of God sank deep into young Toplady's heart, and before twelve months, he was converted to God, and confessing Jesus Christ as his Lord and Master.

Twenty years after that afternoon in Codgmain barn, Agustus Toplady

sat at his desk, his heart glowing with the same glad news he had heard in Codgmain barn, while his pen wrote the well-known hymn—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

which has been sung in every land, where Jesus' Name is known, and been the means of leading hundreds to the Saviour.

It was the favourite hymn of the late Prince Albert, which he asked to be sung to him as he lay on his dying bed at the gate of *Eternity*.

How many burdened hearts have found rest, while the words

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the Cross I cling"

have been sung. And how many weary workers *for* salvation have found out their mistake, and given up their useless toil, as they learned the meaning of the words

"Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.

Long years ago, the unknown preacher of Codgmain barn, and the talented hymn writer who learned the way of life through his lips, have met in the rest above, where the title alone is the blood of the LAMB, but the double echo sounds, in your ears to-day, reader, that there is no other Name, save that of Jesus and no other title to salvation and heaven, but the precious blood.

ARRESTED ON HOUNSLOW HEATH.

JOHAN WESLEY returning from preaching the Gospel, late one night, rode across Hounslow Heath, at that time a place of bad repute for highway robbers. It was a dark night, yet Wesley feared no evil, but, in the joy of his heart, he sang a favourite hymn as he rode along.

“Halt!” shouted a fierce voice, while a firm hand seized the horse’s bridle. “Your money or your life.”

Wesley humorously emptied his pockets, which contained only a few coins, and then invited the robber to examine his saddle bags, which were filled with books. Disappointed at the result, the robber had turned away, when Mr. Wesley cried, “Stop! I have something more to give you.”

The robber, wondering at this strange call, turned back, when Mr. Wesley bending down towards him, said in solemn tones, “My friend, you may live to regret this sort of life in which you are engaged. If you ever do, I beseech you to remember this, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin.’”

The robber hurried silently away, and the man of God rode along praying in his heart that the word spoken might be fixed as an arrow in the robber’s conscience.

At the close of a Sunday evening’s service, a stream of people poured out from a large building, many lingering around the doors to see the aged preacher, with his long white locks hanging down to his shoulders. This was none other than John Wesley, now grown grey in his Master’s service, but still telling out in earnest words the story of redeeming love. A stranger stepped forward, and earnestly begged to have a short interview with the aged preacher, which was readily granted.

It was the highwayman of Hounslow Heath, now a well-to-do tradesman in the city, and better still, a child of God. The words spoken that night long ago, were used of God in his conversion.

Raising the white hand of Mr. Wesley to his lips, he affectionately kissed it, and said in tones of deep emotion, “To you dear sir, I owe it all.”

“Nay, nay, my friend,” replied Mr. Wesley softly, “not to me, but to the precious blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin.”

What had transformed the highway robber into the humble disciple of Christ? The precious blood of Christ, believed in, relied on, trusted: there is no other remedy. No other way of salvation for you reader.

THE SCOFFER'S QUESTION.



PARTY of young men had gathered for an evening's amusement. Singing of songs, telling of strange stories to create laughter, filled up part of the time, and at last they fell upon asking each other hard questions. A roar of laughter was raised all round, when one of the company said, "I will give you a question which one of our clerks thought he had cornered me with the other evening, on the way home from the office. He asked "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36) When the laughter had subsided, a voice from the other end of the room was heard saying, "And how did you answer it?" The speaker was the Christian servant maid of the house, who, passing in and out from the room preparing supper, was shocked at the scoffing talk about so solemn a subject, and so far forgot herself, as to speak aloud the thoughts that were passing through her mind.

That strange question, coming so suddenly and unexpectedly, seemed to strike the company dumb with astonishment, and for several minutes no one spoke. What effect it had on the others I cannot tell, but the words "How did you answer it?" were the arrow of conviction to that

young man's heart, who raised the scoffer's laugh by his story. He tried to forget that question amid the evening's mirth, but it would come up in spite of every effort to suppress it. Along the lone streets as he walked to his home at midnight, the words rang through his awakened soul. He tossed himself restlessly upon his bed, but not to sleep. The great Eternity, and where he was to spend it, was the subject of his thoughts all that night. He rose and went to business next day, hoping the bustle of the warehouse would drive such thoughts from his mind; but all was of no avail. His awakened soul found no rest, no peace, until as a guilty sinner, he came to the Lord Jesus, and received Him as his Saviour. Now he boldly preaches the Gospel to others, and seldom does he speak, without in one way or another, introducing his favourite text, that great unanswerable question, which first reached his own heart and conscience, and which may God carry home to yours reader, if you are still unsaved—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36). I pass the servant-maid's pointed question on to you. How do you answer it?

BOMA THE SLAVE.

IN the west coast of Africa, a gang of slaves, chained, and bleeding by the cruel driver's whip, stood ready to be shipped for South

with a fiendish satisfaction at the slaves, as they were being transferred to their floating prison. The greedy Arab scanned the English trader with wonder, for it is generally understood that the British flag floats over no slave. The question being repeated, he named the sum, and without a moment's hesitation, the trader accepted the offer, and Boma was passed over to his new owner. The poor slave thought he was to be killed, but as he gazed on the pale face of his new master, he saw a smile, and in a minute more



America. They had been seized by a band of Aarbs while working in their fields in the interior, rudely parted from their friends and homes and hurried in chains to the coast, never to see their peaceful villages again. An English trader was returning to his native land, laden with ivory and other valuable goods from the interior. His heart was moved with pity for the chained gang of slaves, especially for one noble-looking fellow whose tear filled eyes gazed intently across the plain toward what had been his home, where his wife and children still were. "How much will you take for Boma, master?" the trader asked the Arab, who stood looking

he heard the order given "Strike off these chains from Boma's hands: he is no more a slave but a free-man." Immediately it was done, Boma knelt at the trader's feet, covering them with kisses, and then, rising to his feet, danced with joy. Those who saw the joy of that redeemed and liberated slave could scarce restrain their tears, but it is nothing compared with the joy of a sinner redeemed by the blood of Christ, and liberated from Satan's thralldom by the power of the God. Such is the joy, and such the liberty of all who believe the Gospel. They pass from sin and Satan's slavery into the liberty of the Lord's redeemed.

UNDER THE STREAM.

A group of merry schoolboys started off on a Saturday morning to sail their boats in a stream some distance off. Strict orders were given by their parents that on no account were they to bathe, as there were many deep and dangerous pools in the stream. For several hours the lads enjoyed themselves with their boats, but when it

on to the bank, gave a loud cry for help, which brought three men from a field close by. One of them at once threw off his coat, and dived into the pool, and Sam was brought up unconscious and laid on the bank. In an hour he was in his own bed, and soon recovered, but he never forgot that day. "As I was going down, my disobedience



was mid-day, it became so hot, that one proposed "a swim." At first, the other boys refused, but after much persuasion, with the promise that "no one would tell," the whole of them stripped, and plunged into the water. One immediately disappeared. His brother scrambled

and other sins came flashing across my mind; it was awful, but nothing to what it will be when a sinner goes down to the pit with memory awakened" said Sam, who is now a Christian, and in preaching Christ often tells this story of his early days. Reader, are you safe in Christ?

A GROUP OF CHINESE GIRLS.

IN every country and kingdom of the earth, the glad tidings of salvation are spread abroad, and from every nation God is gathering out the company of His redeemed.

heard the Saviour's name. During the last twenty years quite a number of the Lord's people have gone out to these millions, bearing the message of life and salvation through

Jesus' Name, and thereaselsewhere the Gospel has won hearts for the Saviour. Servants of Christ in various parts of China, tell of young men and maidens who have believed the Gospel, and been turned to God from idols.

Our photograph shews a group of five Chinese girls, who have all been converted, and who are now following and serving the Lord Jesus. The eldest girl is an earnest worker, and seeks to tell others of the Sav-



"FIVE CHINESE GIRLS ALL CONVERTED."

In the vast empire of China it is estimated there are over four hundred millions of precious souls, the greater part of whom have never

heard the Saviour's name. She has suffered a great deal of persecution since she has been converted, and given up her beads and idols. Several times her friends

tried to carry her off bodily, back to the idol temple, but God has marvellously preserved her. She can read the Bible well, and never misses a day without having her "Daily Portion." This is no doubt the secret of her bright and happy life, for if one who is the Lord's, neglects to feed the soul from God's own Word, very soon that believer becomes an unhappy backslider. She acts as a kind of mother to the younger girls, and seeks to help them on in their spiritual life. They have a little prayer meeting of their own, and pray for their unsaved relatives who are yet idolaters.

Surely the boys and girls of these more favoured lands, as they look upon the happy faces of these dear girls in far-off China will remember how much greater their privileges are. But these if not used aright will only increase their condemnation. The Gospel must either be the savour of life unto life, or of death unto death.

Let me ask, what have you done with the Gospel you have so often heard? Have you believed it, and been saved by it, or do you still neglect or reject it? Shall the young men and maidens of China pass in within the gates of the fair heavenly city, and you with all your opportunities, and with everything in your favour, be found at last

without, among those who slighted the love of God, and closed their ears to the sweet story of redemption by the blood of the Lamb?

The Chinese, as most of you already know, are either Buddhists or Confucianists. The Buddhists believe that man has three souls, one of which accompanies his body to the grave at death; another passes into an ancestral tablet which is worshipped by the household, and the third passes into a place of punishment, from which, after a long time, it returns to earth to inhabit a beast, bird, or insect, according to the character of the man, and the life he lived while on earth. There is another form of Buddhism called Lamaism, which prevails chiefly in Mongolia, and in other parts they worship the sun and moon, and have large temples built to them. The Chinese are an ancient race, and had books—it is said—700 years before Christ. It is supposed that they knew the true God then, but not desiring to retain the knowledge of Him, they have fallen into idolatry as many other nations have done (see Rom. i. 28). Such are the surroundings of those dear Christian girls, and such would they themselves have been, had God not sent His blessed Gospel to their ears, and opened their hearts to receive it.



THE EMPTY BOAT ON THE SHORE.

I SPENT a happy Lord's Day some years ago in a small fishing village on the shores of the German Ocean. There had been a wonderful work of grace there, and among those fishermen and their wives, there were some of the brightest witnesses for Christ I ever saw. It was the custom for those converted fishermen to meet together for prayer and praise together in the evening, before going forth to the night's fishing. Then how grand it was to see the boats glide off from the shore, their happy occupants singing the praises of their Lord.

One of the boats bore the name of "Glory," and the crew were all bound for the Glory-Land, every man of them saved and happy in Christ. They were well-known and respected by the fishermen of that place, for their lives were worthy of the Lord's Name. As the "Glory" left the shore one fine evening, the happy crew were singing sweetly—

"Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout His triumphs as you go;
Heaven's gates will open to you,
You will find an entrance through."

Little did those who heard that song imagine that the "heirs of glory" who sang it, were so soon to be within those open gates. A fearful storm burst forth during the night, and many of the boats were driven far from their course. The gallant crew of the "Glory" were instrumental in saving a number of their fellows from a watery grave; but it cost them their own lives. How they perished no one knows, but in the morning the empty boat was found on the shore, her gallant crew had sunk beneath the stormy waves, but their ransomed spirits were with Christ. For many days that empty boat lay on the shore, and as the people passed it and looked on the oars that would never be used by those brave men again, their thoughts were directed to God and eternity.



WILLIE'S FIRST PRAYER.

A FEW of us young believers were in the habit of meeting together for prayer in the cottage of an invalid Christian woman. Many a happy hour did we spend together under that humble roof; and it was there that some of us first opened our mouths in prayer to God. A young apprentice lad, who formed one of our number, could not be got to take any part in these prayer meetings. When it came to his "turn" to give out a hymn or pray, he always hung his head. Over and again had our aged sister, under whose roof we gathered, sought to encourage him to take part in audible prayer, but all was of no avail. Willie was as dumb as ever. Some of us began to notice that he was not so happy as he had been in former days, and that he had less desire to be in our company. Evidently something was wrong: some "little fox" was silently sapping his spiritual vigour away. What could it be? was often asked. He kept no company with the unconverted; his life and walk were quite consistent, yet a strange gloom seemed to settle down upon his soul. He

was not the hearty, happy boy he had previously been, with a word to speak for Jesus to all with whom he met. But the secret of it all came out. One evening at our little prayer meeting he knelt down and opened his mouth in prayer. It was only a short prayer of about ten sentences, but when he rose from his knees the cloud was gone from his brow, and the joy of former days seemed to have returned to his heart, and so it proved to be. Walking down the street arm in arm, Willie said to me, "You have no idea what a conflict I have had these last few weeks. I know God wanted me to open my mouth in prayer, but Satan kept whispering "not to-night," just as he did when I was unconverted, and somehow I always came away unhappy, feeling I had quenched the Spirit. The longer it seemed the worse, until I began to get cold and careless. To-night I prayed for courage, and I am so thankful that the Lord has not allowed me to grieve Him longer." "Watch, Willie, that the devil does not get your mouth closed again, he will try it if he can." But he has not succeeded, for Willie goes on praying, praising, and preaching Christ until this day. But that night was the turning point with him. The devil wanted to rob him of his joy, as he will you.

BIBLE SEARCHING TEXT BOOKS.

List of Prize Winners.

This month we give the first lot of successful searchers in the Bible Searching competition for 1897. The other sections we hope to give in next month's "Young Watchman."

TEXT BOOKS FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

(1) CANADA. 1st. prize, Marsцена Scott, Galt, Ontario. Well filled in books come from Katie and Agnes Servier also of Galt, Ontario, whose work receives the examiners' highest commendation.

(2) UNITED STATES. The prize goes to Bessie Dodge, Pine Bluff, Arkansas, while the following are all correct; George Travers, Chicago, Ill; Lucy Williams, Geo. and James Bateman all from La. Crosse, Wis., U.S.A., and Angie Maberini, and Bella Merchant from Barre Vermont.

(3) AUSTRALIA. Quite a number of our readers and searchers in the Antipodes have sent in Text Books. The best one comes from Grace E. Brown, Perth, West Australia, who gets the prize; while those from Elsie Dawes, Sydney, and Jane Cameron, Brisbane, are by the examiners marked very good.

(4) DEAF AND DUMB SEARCHERS. The prize goes to Annie M. Williams, Llandaff Deaf and Dumb School. In this school there are a number of excellent searchers.

(5) *Prize for Best Text Book from Sunday School Teachers.* It is evident by the pile of books from this source, that teachers are no less enthusiastic than scholars in this work. We are glad to see this, and some excellent labour is seen here. The Bible goes to Miss Mary L. Stuart, London, but so many are correct in this section, that space forbids even a mention of the names. It has no doubt been a great encouragement to scholars to see so many of their teachers go in heartily for Bible Searching.

(6) PARENTS' SECTION. This ambition to know more of the Word of God by diligent search therein, seems to run in families; as we observe in this pile many parents whose children have been prize-winners in years past. The reference Bible is won by Mr. Edward Peck, Featherstone, while the books from Mr. Joseph Nute, Cardiff, and Mrs. Watkins, Malvern, are excellent.

(7) LITTLE ONES' SECTION. Master Alex Taylor, Dyce, aged 7, comes first, followed by Gertrude Morgan, Winford, and Florrie Smith, Manchester. Well done little searchers, no doubt it has cost you many an hour to find and fill in such a number of texts, but the time and toil has not been in vain. You thus get acquainted with the best, the greatest, and the most wonderful Book that the world contains, which tells of the most wonderful Person the world ever saw, and of the most wonderful gift ever was or will be given on earth. Do you know who the Person is? He is *my* Saviour? Can you say He is yours? And the gift is Eternal Life, given by God without money and without price. I can say it is mine, because I have received it. Have you?

Happy Work for Young Believers.

"Ten of us have been spending our Saturday afternoons among the villages, giving away tracts and speaking for Jesus. We have found it a happy service. A number of Christian girls fold and prepare our Tracts the night before, so that they have a share in the work."

"My first attempt at speaking a word for the Master was at an open-air meeting for children, in a small mining village last Lord's-day afternoon. I hope Satan may not get me puffed up, or be able to shut my mouth again."

THE QUESTION AT THE FOUNTAIN.

IT was a beautiful fountain, the gift of a philanthropist to his native town, I understand. Many drank of its refreshing waters. An aged Christian gentleman, well known and beloved as a soul winner, but whose failing strength forbade much active labour in the gospel, was in the habit of resting there, and, as opportunity was given, of speaking to those who lingered around the fountain, of another, even the fountain of the water of life.

A worldly lady came up while he rested there one day, and, after drinking her glass of water, remarked how refreshing it was. "Yes," said the aged Christian, "may I ask if you have drunk of the water of life." The lady coloured, turned away her head, and walked away without saying a word. But that question followed her; she could not get rid of it.

A year passed, and the aged Christian was at a conference in a distant city. He was asked to visit a lady, who, being sick, was unable to attend the meetings, yet greatly desired to see him.

"You do not remember me," she said, as she grasped the hand of the man of God, "but I shall never forget the question you asked me that day by the drinking fountain. You asked—'Have you drunk of the

water of life?' I knew I had not, and was very angry at being thus questioned. But that question followed me. It kept me company in worldly society, alone, by night and day. At last I was brought to Jesus, and I can now sing with truth—

'I came to Jesus, and I drank
At that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.'

I thought I would like to tell you that your word was not in vain, that you might be encouraged to ask the same question of others, even although, like me, they give you no answer."

That question, my friend, I ask of you. Have *you* drunk of the water of life? I do not ask if you 'know there is such a thing, but have you drunk of it? Is it in you? Does it satisfy you? If not, then clearly you have not drunk of it, for concerning all who have, Jesus says they "shall never thirst." They need no other pleasure. They seek no other joy. They have Christ, and, having Christ, they have the fountain of life, and the source of all satisfaction and pleasure. Is He yours? Can you say in truth from your heart?—

"O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet Well of Love ;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above."

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.



HE WAS LAID ON THE BANK, HIS HEAD RESTING ON A COMRADE'S ARM.

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS;

OR, THE DANGER OF DELAY.

SURROUNDED by tall elm trees, with its grey tower and old-fashioned clock, stands an old University, through which thousands of young men have passed to fill important places in life. It has been favoured in having among its professors and teachers, men who love the Lord and His Gospel, and who, while imparting knowledge to their pupils to fit them for their places in the present world, have ever made it their aim, to win them for Christ, and their lives for His service. Over and above the quiet workings of grace, in the saving of one now and another then, there have been repeated seasons of visitation, in which numbers of the students have been turned to God, and made to rejoice in the knowledge of His salvation.

I.—A Season of Ingathering.

IT was during one of these seasons, that a young Irish student was aroused to concern about his soul. Besides being a general favourite in his class, he was "stroke" in one of the boats, and had gained many prizes as an athlete. Arthur was no coward, but he plainly saw, that to become a Christian—a decided follower of Christ, and to enter God's Kingdom by a new and

heavenly birth—would at least hinder him from taking the part he had taken, and from spending the time and strength he had formerly spent in what was, as he well knew, only for self praise. Arthur confessed to one who had been converted and was pressing him to make his choice, that "a true Christian has the best of it," and he fully owned Christ was what he himself needed, and what he intended soon to have, but, until the coming boat race was over, he could find no leisure time to give the matter the attention it deserved.

"Do not trifle with it, Arthur," said his friend, tenderly, "you know you are far from strong, and none of us can tell what a day may bring forth." "Quite true," said Arthur, respectfully, "I promise you, I shall not neglect it," and, shaking hands, the two parted, neither of them thinking it was for the last time on earth.

II.—The Boat Race.

THE sun shone brilliantly, and crowds lined the banks of the river. It was the day of the University Boat Race, and already the two boats with their respective crews, were getting ready for the contest. There was a loud cheer when they started, and, all along the river, cheers rose from

the crowds lining the banks. It was a brilliant spectacle, and the winning crew was welcomed with a volley of applause. In the midst of the excitement, it was scarcely observed, that one of the rowers had almost fainted. He was helped from the boat, and laid unconscious on the river bank, his head being upheld by the arm of a comrade. Others gathered around, rendering what help they could, but all was of no avail, for within a brief half hour, the body of Arthur Gray lay cold and dead. His soul was in that world where the glad tidings of full and free salvation are heard no more—where the state and destiny of all are for ever fixed by the choice they made in time. The sudden call of the young student, so well known, was used to deepen conviction in the souls of others, but I fear that he himself, awakened though he undoubtedly was, and not far from the Kingdom of God, entered eternity a procrastinator.

III.—The University Class-Room.

THE students' meeting in one of the class-rooms, was larger than it had been for long, the night after Arthur Gray's coffin had been taken from the University to his country home. Eternity seemed to be so real and so near, and the speaker that night happened to be the student

who had met and conversed with Arthur, that night before the Race, when he promised to give earnest heed to his personal salvation. In the course of his address, he told tenderly and tearfully, the sum of that last conversation with their comrade, who had been so suddenly parted from them. A solemn silence reigned in the class-room as he sat down, and his closing words seemed to have taken a tremendous hold of that company of young men. They were as follows:—"Comrades, the sudden call of one so well known, and so dearly loved by us all, speaks more loudly than any words of mine. The voice that comes to us from his empty place within these walls is surely this:—'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth' (Prov. xxii. 1). To those who are still undecided for Christ—unsaved and unprepared to die, it says with solemn sound:—'Now is the day of salvation.'" That night, the class-room was a scene of salvation, and many of these fine young men, who were destined to fill high places in the world, accepted Christ as their Saviour, and passed from death unto life. There is danger in delay. If you are still unsaved—still without Christ, do not count on any future day as more in season for your conversion than the present.

THE MIRAGE AND THE WELL.

TRAVELLERS in the East well know what the mirage is. It is an optical illusion, produced by the reflection of objects on the oblique rays of the sun. It sometimes appears as a large lake, its banks fringed with verdant palm trees, which are reflected on its calm bosom. The thirsty traveller whose last drop of muddy water has been drained from his skin bottle, and whose parched tongue cleaves to his mouth, hastens forward to quench his thirst. But as he advances, the illusive lake

recedes before him, until exhausted with fatigue, and tortured by disappointment, he falls on the burning sand to perish. The mirage in the desert is very like the pleasures of the world. They look charming in the distance, they give great prospects of satisfaction to the empty

heart of the worldling, but as one who knew them well has written, they are all "vanity and vexation of spirit" (Eccl. i. 14), they do not satisfy. Look now at our engraving. Here is a well of clear and sparkling water. How the wearied travellers



hail the sight! Even the beasts of burden, the patient camels of the desert hold up their heads after they have tasted the refreshing draught.— That well of water is an emblem of what Christ Jesus gives. He saves and He satisfies. As He told the woman

at the well of Sychar, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst" (John iv. 14). Reader, have you drunk of this living water? Is your heart at rest? Are you satisfied? Or do you chase the mirage of worldly pleasures, that lure you on to death and hell?

A WONDERFUL PASSAGE.

AN earnest preacher of the Gospel named Guthrie, who lived and laboured for Christ in the parish of Fenwick, a few miles from Kilmarnock, lost his way while

ments of the church to the dying woman. Mr. Guthrie said nothing until the priest had retired, then going forward to her bedside, he spoke to the dying woman of the finished work of Christ, and of the peace that had been made by the blood of His Cross. The dying woman who had never heard before the glad tidings of salvation, drank in the truth, and rejoiced in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, and of salvation through Jesus' Name alone. The man of God remained till the morning, and saw the newly-



riding across a moor one dark wintry night. Guthrie believed in God's direct guidance in all such matters, so he laid the reins on the horse's neck, and asked God to guide him aright. After many weary miles, the horse halted in front of a small farm-house, in the window of which, late as the hour was, there was a light. Tapping gently at the door, he asked if he might be allowed to sit by the fire till morning dawned; a request which was readily granted.

He was informed that the mistress of the house was dying, and that the Romish priest was by her bedside administering the last sacra-

saved woman triumphantly depart to be with Christ.

Arriving at his home in Fenwick the following day, he said to his wife, "I have seen the greatest wonder of my life during the last twelve hours. I came to a farmhouse on the hill, where I found a dying woman in the darkness of a state of *nature*. I had the joy of seeing her enter a state of *grace*, and in the morning when I left, she had entered a state of *glory*."

Surely that was a quick passage. In nature we all are, as she was—dead in sins, dark and without hope. The Gospel proclaims salvation by grace and eternal glory.

THE SAILOR LAD; OR, SAVED IN MID OCEAN.

HE stood up at a tea meeting and told the story of his conversion. It was at sea, one night while he was on duty. Standing all alone in the darkness, no sound to be heard but the rushing of the waves, as they dashed up

against the sides of the vessel. He stood there thinking of home, and of school-days now over and gone. Amidst these memories, there flashed across his mind a verse of God's holy Word, often repeated in school-days. It was this, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are

heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Standing alone there with God, under the starry heavens, he said aloud, "O! my God, I am weary enough; I come to Christ for rest," and that same hour he found rest and peace to his

soul, and now lives to tell to others of Him who is the Rest for the weary. He went "aloft" that night with a light heart, and up around the rigging he sang his first song as a redeemed one at rest in Christ.

Dear reader, have you found rest

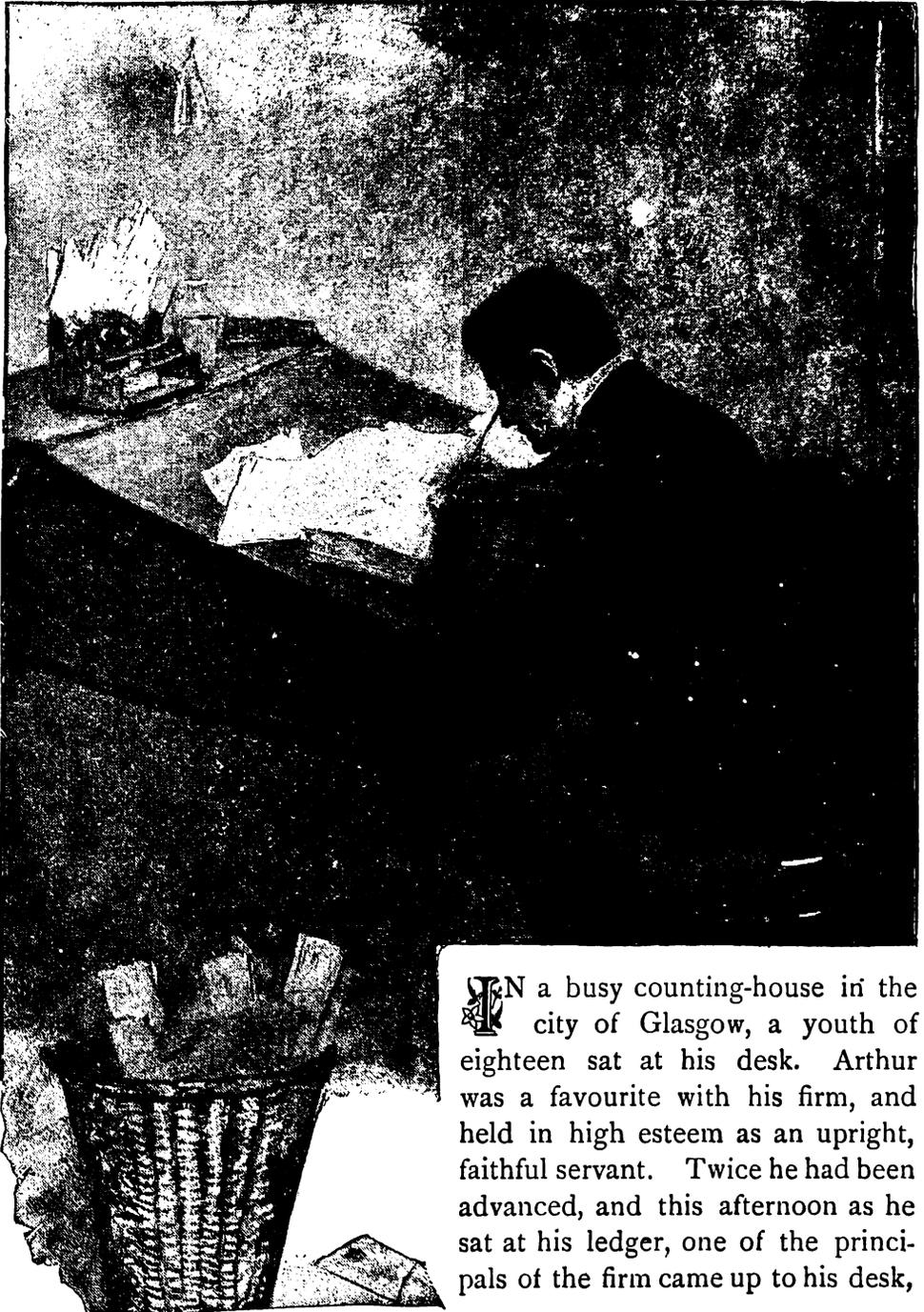
to your soul, or are you still burdened, unsatisfied, sad, and weary in your heart? There is no rest in the world: none in pleasure: none in sin. If you live a Christless life, you will have no rest in the sad hour of death, and in the deep dark eternity, where the sinner's soul



goes after death, rest is unknown—for there is no rest in hell. But there is in Christ now, and for you, if you will "Come." He invites all. He died for all. But in order to be saved, you must say from the heart—"He died for *me*."

THE GLASGOW CLERK.

A STORY OF ONE WHO HONOURED GOD. FOR OUR YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.



IN a busy counting-house in the city of Glasgow, a youth of eighteen sat at his desk. Arthur was a favourite with his firm, and held in high esteem as an upright, faithful servant. Twice he had been advanced, and this afternoon as he sat at his ledger, one of the principals of the firm came up to his desk,

and asked Arthur to accompany him to his private room. The young clerk laid down his pen, and followed his master, not without feeling the blood mount to his cheek, as he passed several of the clerks at their desks. I may here say, that Arthur was a genuine disciple of the Lord Jesus, saved by grace and sealed for glory. He had been born again when a lad of twelve, in his village home, and since then, had borne a quiet, though clear testimony, to the saving power of Jesus' Name. When Arthur was about a year converted, his father died, and he was left as the only support of his widowed mother, who was very delicate. They were obliged to leave their pretty cottage in the country, with its tidy garden and pretty flowers, for a single apartment in the great city. Arthur's wages were very small at first, but his two advances had considerably increased them, and his mother when she was able, did fancy needle-work for several families in the city.

But Arthur's speedy advancement in the warehouse had aroused the jealousy of several of the clerks, who had been longer in the firm's employment, without receiving such favour, and they set themselves to watch him, with the view of casting him down if possible. Vainly did they seek to tempt and entrap the faithful

lad : he did his service to his earthly master, as unto the Lord, and like Daniel in the court of the Persian king, they could find no occasion of fault against him. What if they could invent one? They would try it at least. It was whispered through the warehouse that certain articles had been going amissing, and Arthur had been seen on several occasions in different parts of the city carrying parcels late at night. This passed from one to another, with the evil suggestion that they contained the missing goods, and that he was disposing of them in the pawnshops, until it reached the heads of the firm. "I cannot think that Arthur D—— is the guilty party" said the chief partner to the others, as they discussed the matter together in his private room, "but in order to have it sifted, let us bring him here." The result of that suggestion was Arthur's call to appear, as stated above. When Arthur entered the room and found the heads of the firm all there, he was sure there was something wrong. He secretly breathed his oft-repeated prayer—"Teach me thy way O Lord," and he felt strength come to him from above. Very tenderly, the principal stated what was being whispered through the warehouse, and had reached his ear, and how he thought the best way was to bring Arthur face

to face with the story, feeling sure that he would be able to fully account for the parcels he was said to be seen carrying. A tear dropped on the floor from Arthur's cheek, as he heard the story. Not that he feared being found guilty, but he saw that a wicked plot had been made against him, and his heart beat fast, as he thought what might have been the consequences, but for God his Father's shielding arm, around him.

Respectfully and calmly, Arthur answered that he was entirely innocent and ignorant of the whole matter. "I was sure of it" said the principal, proudly, as he looked from the noble youth to his partners. "Can you tell us anything of the parcels you were said to be carrying, Arthur?" "Yes, sir" he answered cheerfully. "My mother sometimes does a little sewing for certain families in various parts of the city, and in order to save her from going out in the evening air, I frequently deliver them, after going home from business." As the three partners heard that simple, honest statement, from their young clerk, who was not ashamed to confess his desire to help his widowed mother in such a humble way, they sat in silent admiration of the noble youth. The principal arose, and advanced toward him with his hand outstretched. Grasping Arthur's right hand, his

eyes suffused with tears, he said, "Thank God for the mother who has such a son," and then turning to his partners, who had both risen from their seats to follow the example of their chief, he added, "I beg gentlemen, to propose that we advance Arthur D—— to-day, to the position of confidential clerk to the firm," a proposal which met with a very hearty response from both partners, and Arthur then and there was installed in his new position. The news soon spread through the warehouse, and Arthur's enemies were silenced. In his advanced position, Arthur maintained the same bright testimony for the Lord, and was always ready to lend a helping hand in making known His Gospel to others. He was a burning and a shining light, and unto old age, he made it his first business to honour God. Need we wonder that he was honoured by Him? For is not the promise, true now as in ancient days—"Them that honour Me, I will honour" (1 Sam. ii. 30).

The only truly safe and happy path for our young men and maidens, is the path of righteousness. It is entered by the narrow gate of a new and heavenly birth, through which *you* must individually pass reader, if you would see the kingdom of God, and prove the blessedness of the Christian's life and portion.

Words of Cheer for Young Believers.

THE YOUNG CARPENTER :

OR, A FAITHFUL WORD TO A SCOFFER.

AN apprentice ship-carpenter, a Christian lad of seventeen, was working in a large shipbuilding yard on the Clyde. The man who wrought next to Willie was a hardened scoffer, who neither feared God nor regarded man. He could scarcely speak without using foul language and fearful oaths, at which many others, from whom better things might have been expected only laughed. Our young friend, Willie, was greatly pained to hear the Name of God and Christ so blasphemously used, but being the youngest in the shop, he feared to speak. The scoffer seemed only to get worse, and to excel in blasphemy, and the heart of the young believer was burdened with him. He made him a subject of daily prayer to God, and asked strength and wisdom to speak the right word to his fellow-workman. One afternoon the carpenter was swearing fearfully, and Willie, who was working next to him, quietly laid his hand on his fellow-workman's arm and said, "Jamie, it grieves me much to hear you speaking that way about my Maister." "Wha's your maister?" said the

carpenter gruffly, as he turned to look at the apprentice, whose flushed face and tear-filled eyes showed what it had cost him to speak that simple word. Willie wiped the tear from his eye with his sleeve, and in broken accents replied, "The Lord Jesus, who loved me and died for me, and for you tae, Jamie. I wish you wud believe it." That was all that passed. The clang of many hammers forbade further words passing between them. But there was no more bad language used that day, by Jamie the carpenter. The effect of that simple, honest word, was to make the blasphemer ashamed. Nor was this all. When work was over that day, the carpenter came alongside Willie on the way home, and spoke more frankly than ever he had done before. Willie laid hold of the favourable opportunity to ask him to go with him to a Gospel meeting in a canvas tent that night, where two servants of Christ, were faithfully preaching the Word, and Jamie, hardened sinner as he was, at once consented. That night, the arrows of God entered his conscience, he was awakened deeply about his soul, and before many days had passed, he was saved. The hardened scoffer was a disciple of Christ, and no one rejoiced more over his conversion than Willie.

Bible Searching Text Books.

They are all examined now, and what a pile. There is a good packet from China, another from California, a third from New South Wales, and single Text Books from solitary searchers in many parts of Europe, Asia and Africa. A big bundle comes this year from British Guiana, and a fine lot from Canada and the United States. Well done trans-Atlantic searchers. We hope to give the last of the Prize winners' names next month.

Searchers between 8 and 10 years.

The prize is won by FRED. J. TAYLOR of Dyce, who is correct. A well filled-in book comes from James M'Nair, Milngavie, and those from Maria Gordon, Tuniff, and Nellie Alexander, Forglen, are also very good.

Searchers between 10 and 12 years.

Here we meet with beautiful work and careful searching of the Word. So keen is the competition that we have been obliged to give *three prizes*, awarded as follows:—

SARAH S. KONACH, Forglen.

F. W. REEVES, Bournemouth.

FREDERICK PECK, Featherstone.

while Emily Nute, Cardiff; Ethel Thomas, Ramsgate, and Jessie Sheldrake, Ipswich, are all correct.

Searchers between 14 and 16 years.

Quite a number of names are here that we have come across for many years past. In many cases they will have to "retire with honours" from the competition now, but trust we may have their text books all the same, if we are permitted to issue another in a new section for young men and women.

In this section we have been obliged to take age into consideration, and besides those who actually get prizes, there are dozens more well worthy of them.

The three prizes go to—

Ireland: ANNIE KANE, Bushmills, aged 13.

England: ROSE PECK, Featherstone, York, aged 14.

Scotland: HELEN TAYLOR, Dyce, Aberdeenshire, aged 14.

Books from the following receive the examiners' highest commendation: Lydia Nute, Cardiff; R. L. Scobie, Plymouth; Mary Fowls, Grangemouth; Charlotte M'Lellan, Glassford; Louise Campbell, Glasgow; Alice Lloyd, Manchester; Muriel le Cocq, Weymouth; and Herbert Sheldrake, Ipswich.

Prize for Best Book any Foreign Country (except those already mentioned), GLADYS TURNER, Valence-sur Rhone, France.

Text Books very neatly done, received from older searchers, are acknowledged herewith. We mention the following as worthy of *special notice*: Katie J. Taylor, Dyce; Sarah Williams, Edith and Lilian Carter, Cassie Dew, all from Cardiff; Emma Lloyd, Manchester; and Robert Kidd, Newry, Ireland.

Scraps from Teachers.

"There is no form of Bible Searching known to me, of such real value as that given in the Almanac. I have adopted it for ten years."

"Five girls in my class, all converted, have each got seven mill-workers to search for the Daily Texts, and I believe, by God's blessing, it has led to their conversion."

Notes from Searchers.

"For twelve years it has been my joy to find, fill in, and commit to memory, the Daily Text in your little Almanac. I would not miss this, it has been a great blessing to me."

MY SUNDAY TEXT.

HE was only four years old, but he was an intelligent little fellow. Father and mother were very fond of him, and delighted in him and his loving ways. How he loved to go to the Sunday-School, and say his text, and come back and tell what he had heard. There was always a special Sunday morning service for the young folks, and there he heard things explained simply about the Lord Jesus Christ and God, so that he could easily understand. God's Holy Spirit opened his young heart to receive simply the precious things of God's salvation. Early this year the measles came to the place, and many of the children were taken ill, and obliged to keep away from school for fear of infection. Sin is like sickness that infects; and many children that love and give way to what is sinful, infect and poison others. The only antidote or remedy against sin, is to know the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour from it, for He shed His precious blood to make an atonement for sin, that whosoever believeth in Him should receive forgiveness of sins, and get a new nature and His Holy Spirit. Well, the dear little fellow got bad with the measles, and had to keep away from school. Mother watched him

all the time, and nursed him so kindly, for she was very fond of her little boy. She got him all she could, and did everything she could think of for him. When the rash that comes out in measles had gone, there was hope that he would get well, but his throat had got bad and swollen. Then an abscess formed in his throat, which made him very ill, and he got heavy and wandering. On Saturday evening, while mother was watching him, he roused up, and said, suddenly—"Mother, I know *my Sunday text.*" "Do you, dear?" she said, "say it me, then." "It's, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" And then he lay back, so tired. That evening he fell asleep, and never woke again in this world. He had not to say his Sunday text in school, next day; but he had the joy of looking on the face of Him who first spoke those words, and who now had called this "little child unto Him." Father and mother felt so much their dear boy's dying, yet their hearts were filled with great thankfulness to the precious Saviour who died on purpose to save sinners, and through whose precious blood their dear laddie was redeemed and saved for ever. My dear young reader, how is it with you? Are you ready to die?

BILL, THE HARVEST MAN



"HE LOOKED AFTER HIM AS HE PASSED BY, HUMMING HIS FAVOURITE SONG."

BILL, THE HARVESTMAN ;

OR, GATHERED SHEAVES TO THE HEAVENLY HARVEST-HOME.

THE waving fields of golden grain were falling under the scythe of the busy harvesters on Knockhills Farm, and all hands were at work from early morning till the sun went down behind the rugged summit of Benachie, the highest peak of the range of hills in West Aberdeenshire, at the foot of which the Gadie flows.

In addition to the ordinary servants of the farm, there were several extra hands engaged for the harvest work, among whom was an Irishman who was familiarly known by the name of "Happy Bill." No matter whether it was wet or dry, cold or warm, Bill kept singing all the time. At first the farmer and his servants thought Bill was a little "weak-minded," but as they became better acquainted, they found he had all his senses, and something more than any of them possessed, but what that something was, none of them could tell. He sang in a monotone, and for a time nobody could make out whether it was psalm, song, or Irish melody, and Bill was rather shy and retiring, so that few questions were asked of him.

As the days went by, Bill's song increased in volume, and the words of it could be easily made out by the workers on the harvest field.

The fact was, Bill was getting so full of his song, that he found some difficulty in restraining himself. Morning, noon, and night he sang, and the burden of his song was—

"I feel like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away ;
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,
I'll serve Him every day.
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on
high.

The people in these parts are not, as a rule, very apt to question one another on religious subjects ; they incline to let all such matters severely alone at least on week days and more especially during the busy days of harvest. But "Happy Bill" was such a curiosity, and his continual song such a rarity, that before the first week of the harvest was ended, the farmer, who was generally with his servants on the field, had his curiosity so completely aroused to know what sort of a chap Bill was, and what was his religious belief, that he looked after him as he passed by, humming over one of his favourite songs, and said, aloud : "Your religion seems to make you happy, Bill. It must be different from mine, for Sunday is the dullest day of the week to me, and the Kirk the sleepest place I ever enter."

Bill smiled, and simply answered: "It's grand to have a Christ who saves, and a Christ who satisfies."

Nothing further passed, for Bill had learned not to force his testimony in untimely hours, but to drop a word like seed into the soil, and look to God to give the increase, saying to himself as he did it—

"Sure, ah, sure, will the harvest be."

That strange remark stuck to Farmer Maconnachie, who although he was an elder in the Parish Kirk, had not been born again, nor indeed had any notion that he needed to be, but thought he was as good as the average members of the congregation, and a great deal better than many. So long as a man abides in his sins, with his conscience asleep, and his soul secure in Satan's grasp, he has no soul troubles, no concern as to the future; but when the first ray of heaven's own light enters his dark soul, he is aroused out of his apathy, and although he may try to banish thoughts of God, of death, and of eternity from his mind, he cannot.

Such was the experience of Farmer Maconnachie that harvest day. He put himself in Bill's way as often as he could, thinking he might hear something further from him of his strange religion, which certainly was the most peculiar thing of the kind

he had ever seen or heard of all his life.

When the Lord's-day came, a favourable opportunity was given to Bill to tell more fully what the secret of his joy and happiness was. It was the custom for Farmer Maconnachie to "take the Book" on that morning, and read a chapter to his household and servants, followed by a prayer read from a Presbyterian prayer-book. Bill, among others, was there, and, after the "worship" was over, he was asked by the farmer to "sit down" by the ingle-side, which he willingly did. Bill, although only a humble farm labourer, had wisdom given him by God to tell the farmer, in answer to enquiries made as to his country and creed, the story of his early days, his upbringing as a staunch Presbyterian in the North of Ireland, his joining of the church of his parents, and, last of all, of his awakening and conversion to God during the memorable Revival of 1859-60, which swept across the province of Ulster like a wave of heavenly grace, bearing on its crest thousands of old and young, profligates and professors of religion, into the kingdom of God.

The farmer sat listening with rapt attention to the strange story, and not he alone, for, when Bill had finished speaking, he looked round, and was astonished to find that the

farmer's wife, with his sons and daughters, had crept silently in, one after another, until the whole household had gathered there to hear the story of God's wonderful grace in the North of Ireland.

The seed of God's truth, so simply and unostentatiously sown that day, took root, and God kept His eye upon it and caused it to grow. The Spirit of God wrought in that farmhouse in a remarkable manner, and before another Lord's-day had come, one of the young Maconnachies had been converted, and could join Bill in singing the song of redeeming love. The young folks had no thick cloak of religion to take from them, so they came as sinners and claimed the sinners' Saviour. But with the parents, and especially the father, it was not so easy to give up a quarter of a century's religious profession, and take the place of a lost sinner, undone and hell-deserving. This is just where the many halt, some to return to gross indifference, others

to add some rag of human righteousness and false profession to their robe, making themselves more hopeless than before.

But God used the conversion of Farmer Maconnachie's children to work deeper conviction in his soul, and to keep him from settling down unconverted to God, undecided for Christ, unfit for heaven. Many an evening was spent with Bill over the Word, and the grand result was, that both he and his wife were converted, and confessed Christ as their Saviour. There was great surprise expressed among the folk in that country-side when it became known that the elder and his wife had "gone to the Irishman's religion," and were "preaching and singing the whole week." Yes, blessed be God, the Maconnachie family had got Christ, and Christ had got them. The sound thereof spread far and wide, and before the harvest was ended, many golden sheaves had been gathered into God's kingdom.

THE BLACKSMITH'S CHAIN.



CERTAIN blacksmith of olden time was taken prisoner, and put in chains. He imagined he would effect his escape, and began to examine the chains that bound him, to discover some flaw where they might be broken. But he found by certain marks, that these

chains were his own workmanship, and it had been his boast that no one would ever find a flaw in a chain he had forged. The sinner is forging a chain which will bind him hand and foot for ever. Every sin is a link of his own making. This will make hell intolerable.

ROSIE'S REQUEST.

WILL you let me go to Sunday School mother," was the anxious question asked by Rose, as she came in from her afternoon walk, "Whatever makes you ask that child!" was the mother's reply,

"Cousin Mary goes, and she says it's so nice: do let me go too mother dear, next Sunday?" It was hard to deny the request: two peering blue eyes waited at her knees for the answer. "Wait till your father comes home; we must hear what he says about it first," said Rose's mother, When father came home, the request was renewed, and after a long consultation, Rose was told she might



"TWO PEERING EYES WAITED FOR THE ANSWER."

many Sundays Rose went, and the truth won her young heart for the Saviour. Both she and Cousin Mary were converted, and in their worldly homes, their light shone for Christ. At first there was

opposition, and a threat to hinder Rose from going back to school. But the Lord Jesus fought for her and overcame. Before six months, Rose's mother was converted and became a humble follower of the Lord. You see, dear boys and girls, what you might accomplish if you yourselves were converted. But mind this is the first thing. You can neither love the Lord, nor

go with Cousin Mary next Sunday. The child's delight was unbounded, and "next Sunday" seemed long in coming. At last it did come, and Rose went with Cousin Mary to the Sunday School. All was new to her there; she had never heard such things before. For

serve Him, until you have been born again." All that you do, so long as you are without Christ is only sin in the sight of God. You need to be saved, and God has sent His Son to be your Saviour. Trust Him now, and you *shall* be saved.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD;

OR, WAITING TO SEE HIS FACE.

THE sun was setting behind the Western hills, the autumn leaves had fallen from the trees, and things were assuming a wintry appearance. A shepherd was leading home his flock from the green fields to their winter quarters, and

remaineth for the people of God," I said. The old man's face beamed with joy as he grasped my hand and said—"Yes, and I will enjoy that rest, for I'm weary to see the One who saved me fifty years ago, and has led me along the wilderness,



I could see by the old man's wearied gait, that he was glad to be so near his time of rest. I felt impressed to speak a word to the aged man, thinking it might be the only opportunity I might ever have. "It will be grand to come to the end of life's journey, and enter the rest that

all these years. A few more steps, and I will see His face." That aged shepherd, saved for fifty years, and waiting to see his Lord, was a grand sight. He must have been saved when quite a lad. I am sure he does not regret it. Oh, it is so grand to be saved young.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES; or, The Miller's Text.

WHEN I was a child, I often | and schoolmates to spend the Sat-
went with my companions | urday afternoons wading in a stream



"WE GOT THE OLD MILLER TO TELL US OUR WEIGHT."

of water, near to an old watermill in the country.

The miller was a kind old man, and often asked us to go inside the mill and see the great millstones, by which the grain was ground.

He had a big pair of scales in the mill for weighing sacks of grain, and it was a great delight to us to step on to these scales and get the old miller to tell us our weight. He would tell us how many pounds we each weighed, and then in his quaint, quiet way, he would say, "And now my bairns, mind the text that says, 'Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting.'" I thought he was a very strange old man to say that to us children, for I did not then understand what these solemn words first spoken to Belshazzar the king, meant. But I know their meaning now. They just tell what God has found each of us to be. He has weighed us and found us "wanting." Wanting in holiness, in righteousness, in everything. God has a pair of scales, and the Bible tells us, that, "By Him actions are weighed" (1 Sam. ii. 3): and persons as well. False professors use another pair of scales; they do not like God's. But of all such He has said, "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord" (Prov. xi. 1).

God looks deeper than the outward appearance; He weighs more

than the professions that people make. He has weighed you, and He knows exactly what you are, and what you have done. He knows all the motives, all the thoughts of your heart. He has seen all the secret sins of your life. He has weighed all the deeds of all the great men of the world, right down to the youngest child. He is the omniscient God, to whom all things are naked and open. You cannot hide anything from Him. Tested by the balance of His *justice* you are found wanting. But God has in *grace* given a Saviour and Redeemer, who is in His person and by His work gave a complete satisfaction to God, and for His sake all who trust Him are counted righteous and fit for heaven.

Do not forget the old miller's text, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting" (Dan. v. 27).

A GOOD REFUGE.

How grand to have God for a refuge! How safe "the worm Jacob" was, hid in His pavilion! This is the only place of safety—the only real "Insurance" against seen and hidden danger. If you want to be safe from the thousands of snares in which many of our youths and young men are caught, safe for time and eternity, then let Christ be your Saviour and Friend. Commit yourself without reserve to Him.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

A WEALTHY merchant sat in his office, busily engaged with the morning letters. A tap was heard at the door, and in



response to the merchant's "Come in," a lame soldier in soiled uniform walked in, and taking off his cap, began to search his pockets, saying confusedly, "I have a letter for you, sir." The merchant returned to his desk, feeling annoyed that he should be interrupted so early in the day, by one whom he regarded as a beggar.

In the meantime the soldier had found the letter, and with a trembling hand, laid it on the merchant's desk.

He was about to throw it on one side, and ask the soldier to come back at another time, when his eye fell on the envelope, the address of which he immediately recognised to be in the familiar handwriting of his only son, who was an officer, and had gone with his regiment to the battlefield.

That sight at once changed the

merchant's thoughts toward the visitor, and he immediately found him a chair, and asked him to be seated.

Opening the letter, he read—
"Dear Father,

The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Do anything for him that you can, for the sake of CHARLIE."

The busy merchant laid aside his morning duties, and "for Charlie's sake," he found a resting place and other comforts for the needy soldier, and the following day, loaded with many gifts, he was sent on to his native place, where "for Charlie's sake," the wealthy merchant shewed him much kindness for many years.

This touching story tells how God for Christ's sake, is now dealing with needy sinners. In ourselves we deserve nothing, and have no claim upon God to shew us kindness. But whenever the Name of Jesus is presented to God, whenever a sinner's faith lays hold on that worthy Name, God at once forgives (1 John ii. 12), gives eternal life (1 John v. 13), and saves (Acts iv. 12), for His Name's sake. Apart from the Name of Jesus, God's beloved Son, there is no salvation and no forgiveness. In that Name, the chief of sinners will be welcomed to God's heart, and everlastingly saved.



TAKING IT PATIENTLY.

“**I** BELIEVE that young apprentice lad walking before us to be a real Christian,” said a workman to his mate as they walked along from breakfast the other morning.

“What makes you think so, Sam; I’m sure a lot of these hymn-singing fellows are canting hypocrites?”

“Perhaps they are, Bill, but I know he isn’t one of them. I saw him this morning stand as much abuse from a fellow working alongside of him, as would have roused the anger of half-a-dozen of us, and he had done nothing to cause it. Yet he stood and heard it all without saying a word, until the fellow that was bad-using him seemed quite ashamed of himself. I tell you, Bill, there must be something genuine about him before he could stand all that I saw and heard this morning. I was just thinking it was like our Saviour, when He answered nothing to the men that falsely accused Him. He has often asked me to go with him to his meetings, and if God spares me till Sunday, I’m going, I feel so drawn to the young fellow, after what I saw.”

Sunday night came and Sam was

there. Not only so, but the workman who had so badly used the Christian apprentice lad was there also, and in all the audience there that night there were not two more attentive listeners than they. The Christ-like way in which the young believer had behaved when suffering wrongfully had commended the Gospel that he believed and preached. Here is a sphere in which we all may testify to the world that we are Christ’s. Instead of turning on our revilers and reviling again, we have the privilege of testifying that we are Christ’s by taking it patiently.

BIBLES FOR THE BLIND.

“**Y**OU should all be like Bibles for the blind, lads,” said a teacher to his class of Christian boys. The world is blind and cannot see the things of God, but as you mingle with them from day to day they ought to *feel* that you belong to Christ. See then that your ways are straight and according to the Book, otherwise you will cause them to stumble. How eagerly the world reads you too! If your unconverted fellow-workers see you doing something not straight, they will remember that for a long time, and every time the truth of God is spoken to them, the devil will bring that action of yours to their minds.

WE give this month the last instalment of prize-winners in this competition. It has been no easy matter to go carefully through these hundreds of books, yet not half so difficult as was the task of filling them by the searchers themselves.

The section to be disposed of this month is the largest and most interesting of all. They come from far-off *Demerara*. It is no mere "Children's Almanac" competition here: teacher and scholar, parent and child alike displaying diligence in searching the Word of God. The following is the analysis of this section:

Searchers over 60 years,	-	3
" " 40 "	-	31
" " 20 "	-	58
" " 12 "	-	124
" " 6 "	-	18
No age given,	-	13
Making a total of	-	247

The examiners award prizes to the following:

AMY COLLETT, Albert Town, aged 15.

ELVIRA E. GRANT, Georgetown, aged 16.

Many others are correctly and beautifully done, among others we specially name:— Joseph Dare, Katie Fraser, R. Collett, Edgar Chubb, Catherine Ashhurst, J. Codrington, all of Georgetown. J. Backer, Alberttown: Jas. Newport, Normanville, Edith Hayes, Cray Village. May the Lord abundantly bless all who have so diligently searched the Sacred Word, in every land, and make them acquainted with Him of whom the Scriptures speak.

The New Text Book for 1898

is in the printer's hands, and we expect will be ready by end of this month. In addition to its usual contents, we have at the *special request* of a number of Sunday School superintendents and teachers who use it, issued a Special Edition for young

men and women with a number of Prize Searchings, Bible Questions, and Essays on Scriptural subjects for SENIOR CLASSES, and for Young Men and Young Women's Meetings. This will enable many who are no longer children, but who desire to continue the Bible Searchings, as some have had one without interruption for 13 years. A friend who has all along taken a special interest in the Text Books, kindly offers Three Special Prize Bibles for 1898. (1) A Reference Bible to young men. (2) A Teacher's Bible for teachers. (3) A Family Bible for parents. Particulars of these and other 17 prizes will be found on page 4 of the Text Book.

Holiday Echoes.

"Our annual holiday was spent at the sea-coast. We gathered in a circle at 3 p.m., and after singing several hymns, six of us told how God saved us. Then our teacher preached Christ to the crowd for an hour, It was the best holiday I ever spent"

"The nice parcel of tracts sent us was greatly valued by the Young Women's Class, who went out distributing them among the servant-maids, who are with their families at the coast."

LETTER FROM A YOUNG LAD IN AUSTRALIA.

"You will wonder to get a letter from me, but I have been a reader of the 'Young Watchman' for a number of years, and it was through reading an article in it that I was aroused to see myself a sinner in need of a Saviour. Now thanks be to His Name, He has saved me, and I desire to live for Him, and spread His truth among others. There are three of us here who have a Children's Meeting on the Lord's day afternoons. We are greatly helped by the 'Short Papers to Young Believers,' and eagerly look for them every month."

JEANNIE,
and
"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

JEANNIE D— came regularly to our Sunday school, and also to a children's meeting on Tuesday evenings.

The subject for the lesson of Sunday, the 18th March, was "The Blood of Christ," the children repeating the seven daily texts from the "Gospel Almanac and Text-Book" for the year. Feeling the subject to be of immense importance, I took it up again on the following Tuesday evening. I tried to show the children first that it was an absolute necessity that the blood should be shed; because, "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). We have sinned against God, and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23). But we read that "it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11); and the blessed Son of God came down and shed His precious blood to make atonement for our sinful souls. Sinners must individually appropriate that blood in order to be saved. Like the Israelite in Egypt who, after he had slain the paschal lamb, took a bunch of hyssop and dipped it in the blood, and sprinkled it on the lintel and side-posts of his door, according to the

Lord's command: I urged upon the children the necessity of getting their souls sheltered beneath the blood, while the day of God's grace lasts, and warned them against delay.

The children had all left the hall, and I was preparing to go, when I saw Jeannie D— standing on the steps, near the door, with one of the teachers. I asked if anything was wrong, and Jeannie replied, "No, sir; but I am determined not to go home until I can say that I am sheltered and washed in the blood of the Lamb." My heart was glad to hear it. I conversed with Jeannie for a good while, and it was very evident that she was truly desiring to be saved, and had been awakened to see herself a sinner for some time. I pointed her to Jesus as the only Saviour, and to His precious blood as the only shelter for her sinful soul.

I believe she accepted Christ, and trusted her soul upon His merits that night; and she has shown the fruits of it in her life ever since. She has left the school, and gone away to live among strangers; but we hear that she is going on happily. I had a nice letter from her some time ago, in which she says: "I never felt so happy before. I can say now that I am saved by the precious blood of Christ. God is love, and He will not say "no" to any one, if they only trust in Him."

My dear young reader, have you, like this little girl, trusted in the precious blood of Christ?

THE HOSPITAL DOCTOR.



"HOW LONG DO YOU THINK I MAY LIVE?"

THE HOSPITAL DOCTOR; or, The Story of a Mother's Bible.

TAKE the Book of God, Henry, you will need it in this dark world my son," and the fond mother kissed her boy as she pressed into his hand a Bible, upon which she had written his name, a favourite text, and a mother's blessing. Then he was off into the wide, wide world. He had heard the story of redeeming love from his earliest days, and he had seen the beauty, and felt the holy influence of true Christianity in a godly mother's life.

Notwithstanding all this, he left his happy childhood's home unconverted to God, and launched forth on life's voyage without Christ. For a time the strength of promises made to his mother, kept him from the haunts of the ungodly, but gradually he sank down to the level of his fellow-students, and soon excelled them all in ungodliness. Before he had finished his medical studies, he was a gambler and a drunkard, and his godly mother, broken-hearted, had passed away to her home with God, praying with her dying breath for her only boy.

Henry received an appointment in a City Hospital, and became so reduced by his ungodly habits, that he pawned all his effects, including his mother's gift—her precious Bible.

One day while on duty in the "Accident Ward" of the Hospital,

a young bricklayer was brought in, crushed and bruised by a fall from a ladder. The poor fellow knew that his case was hopeless, and said to the doctor, "How long do you think I may live?" He was told it might be four days, and quietly replied—"So long as that; I thought I would have gone home sooner, but my Father knows best."

The young doctor looked in silent awe on that pale but peaceful countenance. It called to remembrance his godly mother, and that holy joy that she possessed, even in days of trial and deep distress. During the week that the dying man lingered, he was visited by the woman in whose house he lodged, who brought him at his own request his Bible, which as long as he was able he eagerly read, and when he passed away, it was found clasped in his bosom.

"What shall we do with this?" asked the nurse, holding up the young man's Bible, after his remains had been carried from the ward.

The doctor stepped forward, and holding out his hand toward the nurse, said in a strange, bewildered tone—"Give it to me, I will see to it." He hurried to his room, and locking the door behind him, sat down in a chair with the Bible in his hand. Imagine his feelings as

he opened the book, and read on the fly-leaf his own name, written in his mother's familiar handwriting. It was the very Bible he had valued so little, and sold to obtain the price of a night's amusement, his mother's last gift, on which her parting tears and benediction fell. There it lay, unused by him, put out of his way, bartered for a trifle, yet after guiding one soul to the Saviour, brightening his hours of life, and bringing joy and peace to his dying moments, it had come back to him, bearing with it a double message from the world beyond the tomb.

He turned over the leaves of the Sacred Book, and found that under many passages there were marks, which he recognised as being made by his mother's hand, long since cold in death. She had intended these marks to arrest the attention of her son, and cause him to read the passages with a special care, but alas! this had been neglected.

The young doctor sat for several hours alone with that Bible on his knee, and all that passed during these hours, only God and the awakened sinner fully know. But the result of these hours alone with God and his mother's Bible, was, that he was led to review his past life of sin, to own it before God, and to cast himself upon the Lord Jesus as his only Saviour. He became a new creature

in Christ from that day. He was born of the Spirit of God, as every sinner is, who truly casts himself on Christ for salvation—and the new life immediately asserted its presence by bearing fruit. He confessed his Lord at once fearlessly and openly; first in the Hospital, and next among his companions, who all declared that "Harry had gone mad."

As he had faithfully served the devil, so now he serves and follows Christ Jesus the Lord, and men look on in wonder at what the grace of God has done. And the grace that saves, also keeps. He can sing:—

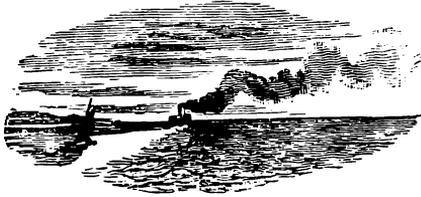
"Kept safely kept:
Whatever dangers low'r;
The strength of God's Almighty arm
Doth shield my soul from every harm;
Kept by His power."

There is one regret mingles with his joy: that is, the remembrance, that he ran so far in the way of transgressors, and caused his godly mother to go down to her grave with a broken heart. But the thought of grace, forgiving even that, causes him to praise God with a softened heart.

Reader, that same grace can do like things for you: it will to-day, if you will but receive it. The Lord Jesus is as willing to receive and save you now, as he was to save the young doctor that day long ago. The only open question is—Will you allow Him to do so?

AN ARROW FROM GOD.

AN earnest Christian lady was distributing Gospel tracts, on board a steamer laden with passengers. Many received them willingly.



others sneeringly refused them. One gentleman who had received a tract, probably without knowing what it was, tore it to fragments, and threw it overboard. As the lady walked along the deck, she simply said as she passed him, "you will have to account to God for that."

The incident passed, and may have been forgotten by all who saw it; but not by the eternal God. That torn tract, and these simple words, were destined to be in His hand, the arrows of conviction to a precious soul.

At night, when the gentleman was alone in his room undressing for bed, a scrap of paper fell from his bosom. It was part of the tract which he had torn and thrown into the sea. The breeze had lodged the one fragment in his bosom. He picked it up, and found that it contained two words. They were "God," and "Eternity." Then the words of the lady uttered on the

steamboat's deck, came back to mind—"You will have to account to God for that." He lay down, but not to sleep. These three great realities—God—Eternity and the Judgment—were uppermost in his thoughts. He tossed restlessly on his pillow for several hours, then rose to drown his fears in the intoxicating cup. But it was of no avail. More intense did his agony of mind become; deeper still sank the arrow of conviction in his soul. He had many days of conflict; his stubborn will was unwilling to bow. His proud spirit was unwilling to yield and own before God that he was a sinner, an enemy, and a rebel, Satan and the world were unwilling to lose their captive. But in the mercy of God, like another Saul of Tarsus, he was brought to the dust, and there, as the chief of sinners, broken down before God, he took the guilty sinner's place, and claimed the guilty sinner's Saviour.

He was saved, and began to bear testimony to his new Master, by distributing tracts in the very way that Christian lady had done on the day of his awakening.

Have you been aroused to these solemn realities reader. There is a God to meet: a Judgment to face: an Eternity to spend. Where will you spend that Eternity.

“THIS IS THE VERY THING I WANT.”

I HAD been troubled about my soul for ten or eleven years, ever since I was a girl in the Sunday school. As I became older and got into company, pleasure drove my convictions partly away, but I seldom lay down at night even in my most careless years, without



thinking of the great eternity beyond. I had two companions who professed to be converted when we were school-girls, but first one then another of them married worldly husbands, and went further into worldliness than ever. I do not think either of them ever was "born again," and so their course was not much to be wondered at, but the enemy used it to "sop" my conscience, and to make me indifferent. I went for a few weeks to live with an uncle in the country. While there, I met with a farmer's daughter, a bright cheerful girl, who invited me to stay with her for a few days. I found she did not go to

balls, or read novels, and I said, "I wonder how you put in the winter up here, you must be very lonely." Laughing, she replied, "O no, I am never lonely. I never know what it is to be without company or without plenty of happy work." I wondered, and asked if she could give me a recipe for cheerfulness, for unless I was in company, I felt miserable. "Well" she said, "I can well understand that, for I once was exactly the same, and tried everything I could think of to make myself happy, but got no relief. One day sitting in my room I came across a booklet, the title of which was, "This is the very thing I want." It was the story of an Indian who had tried many pilgrimages and penances to get rid of a burden on his conscience, but all in vain. One day he heard a missionary preach the Gospel from the words, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' 'This is what I want' said the troubled man, and going to the missionary he heard more of Christ and became a believer in Him. After reading the story, I said to myself, 'and this is just what I want too.' Well I cast myself on the Lord Jesus, receiving Him as my Saviour, and I have been saved and satisfied ever since." Reader, I commend Christ to you.

THE CONGO SLAVE BOY.

IN a quiet village on the banks of the Congo, Mompolo spent his early days. Under the palm trees he and his companions played, but a raiding party seized them, and sold all but Mompolo, whom they carried off to their tribe. A servant of Christ passing that way saw the poor lad with a great wooden log tied to his foot to prevent him escaping, and longed to set him free. He offered so many yards of cloth, which was accepted, and Mompolo was the white man's. Not only is he free from bitter slavery, but by the blood of the Lamb, he is free from sin and Satan's power, a bright witness for Christ among his countrymen, ever ready to tell the story of redeeming love.



Shall I tell you how Mompolo became a disciple of Jesus Christ? When he came to the little Mission House on the Congo, quite close to his native village, he was very much afraid, but as he saw the colony of happy lads who had all become believers in Christ, his fears gradually subsided, and no more attentive listener was there at the meetings under the verandah than Mompolo. He was very dark and ignorant, but as time wore on, he seemed to learn that he was a sinner in need of a Saviour. It was on a Sunday evening, sitting along with some Christian lads, that Mompolo trusted the Saviour. That night he confessed Him before all, and from that day he has followed the Lord.

FRANK THE ORPHAN NEWSBOY.

FRANK was a homeless orphan. Once he had a happy home, but his father took to drink, his

no one to care for him; sometimes he lodged in a common lodging house, and sold newspapers on the

streets; often he had to "sleep out" and was days without food. Poor boy, his lot was a very, hard one, and he felt it so. One day as he stood on the street selling papers, a gentleman passing was moved with pity for him, and tapping him gently on the shoulder, asked if he would come to a meeting for "working lads" that night. Frank's eyes filled with tears. He had no clothes, save the ragged suit in which he stood, and he knew that other boys would not sit beside him. Turning away his head, he sobbed aloud as he thought of days gone by, when he



mother died of a broken heart, and after breaking up their home, his father was found drowned in the river, into which it is supposed he had fallen when drunk. Frank had

went to Sunday School well clad. "Come to this address to-night" said the gentleman, handing Frank a slip of paper, "and I will see if we can get you some clothes. Do

not forget now, I shall be looking for you at the gate." Frank wiped his tears, and could scarce believe it was true. After his papers had been sold, he washed himself, and pulling together his ragged clothes as best he could, he made off with the slip of paper firmly grasped in his hand. His kind benefactor met him at the gate with a shake of the hand, and that night he stood in a tweed suit, with a hymn-book in his hand, at the boys' meeting, the most attentive listener in the room. A week later, he entered the employment of a city firm as message boy, and so well and faithfully did he serve his master, that in five years he had charge of a "department" in the warehouse. Best of all, Frank is converted.

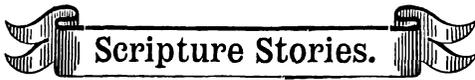
He knows Christ as his personal Saviour, and serves Him as his Lord and Master day by day. If you saw the tall young warehouseman, respected by his fellows, and esteemed by his masters, you could not think it possible that only a few years ago he was a ragged newsboy, without a friend in the wide world. Yet there he is, a bright Christian lad, teaching a class in the Sunday School, and walking consistently on the way to heaven. What a mercy to be rescued from a life of sin, and truly converted to God in the days of youth! You may not be so friendless as Frank the newsboy, but you need the same Saviour, or you can never be a child of God, or a servant of Christ.

THE LILY POND.



WALKING along the road, I passed a pretty pond, the surface of which is covered with beautiful water-lilies. I remarked to a woman who stood at a cottage door opposite, how pretty the pond looked. She shook her head, and said: "Pretty, but very deceptive. A little girl was enticed by its beauty

to go to its edge and gather lilies, and the dear child was drowned in its deep, dark waters." Very like the pleasures of sin. They have their attractions: they lure the sinner on, but the end is that he is sunk in the depths of hell. Do these attract you, reader? Are you selling your soul, and losing heaven with all its lasting joys, for the pleasures of the present world? Like that lily-pond with its attractive appearance, beneath are the dark depths of death.



THE VALLEY OF ELAH ;
 OR,
THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

(1 Samuel xvii.)

IN the valley of Elah was trembling and fear,
 As the great man of Gath in his armour
 drew near ;
 His stature was high, and with arrogant pride,
 He daily the armies of Israel defied.

There was sadness and gloom on the brow of
 the king,
 For he feared what the dawn of the morrow
 might bring ;
 His nobles and captains around him, though
 brave,
 Were powerless themselves, or their monarch
 to save.

There was none in that circle of prowess and
 might,
 Who would venture unaided Goliath to fight,
 Though the king had declared " who shall
 humble his pride,
 Fair Merab, my daughter, may claim as his
 bride."

But the daylight has come, and the daylight
 has gone,
 And the full forty days of suspense have
 rolled on ;
 For the charge of the battle the army prepares,
 For the last time the giant his challenge
 declares.

When hark ! it is whispered, the king hears
 the sound :
 " Let us joy and be glad, for a hero is found,
 Who has said, in the Name of his God, he
 will go
 And will fearlessly fight with this terrible foe."

To the royal pavilion in haste he is brought,
 There recounts to the king the great deeds he
 had wrought ;
 How the lion and bear he both valiantly slew,
 And the poor helpless lamb from their clutches
 withdrew.

" It was GOD who was with me ; His might
 and His power
 Alone gave me safety in danger's dread hour ;
 And this Philistine chief like the lion shall
 die,
 Who hath ventured the armies of God to
 defy."

So with staff, sling, and stone, in his shepherd's
 array,
 With the bright shield of faith he goes forth
 to the fray ;
 In the midst of the valley his foeman he eyed,
 To his proud taunting speech he with boldness
 replied :

" Though thou comest to me with thy sword
 and thy spear,
 They arouse in my heart neither trembling
 nor fear ;
 For the Name of my God is my banner and
 shield,
 And thy flesh I will give to the beasts of the
 field."

He then hastily ran with a stone from the
 brook,
 Deadly aim at the head of the giant he took ;
 Lo ! the Philistines tremble, their vaunting
 is o'er,
 For Goliath has fallen to rise never more.

In the valley of Elah is shouting and song,
 For the battle is over, the victory won ;
 In the blood of the mighty the sword has been
 laved,
 Jehovah has triumphed, and Israel is saved.

Words to Young Workers.

A GLAD SURPRISE.

A TRACT distributor on the streets has often to meet rough rebuffs, and bear unpleasant manners from those to whom he bears the Word of Life. But it does not follow, that all who thus treat the message, finally reject Christ. The Lord God, who sends forth the messengers, watches over His message, and sometimes, at unlikely times and unexpected ways, He carries home the Word in power to the sinner's conscience.

A band of young men stood opposite the gate leading to a race-course, giving away tracts and quoting Scriptures to the crowd of careless sinners passing along forgetful of God and eternity. Several of them got roughly handled, and one young lad had his bundle of tracts knocked from his hand into the mud. This drew forth a loud cheer from the crowd, but nothing daunted, the young worker again filled his hand and resumed his work.

Several months after, a man knocked at the door of the house where the young tract distributor lodged, and asked to see him. The face seemed familiar, but he could not remember where they had met

before. "I struck your arm at the race-course gate, and knocked your tracts into the mud. God arrested me that day. I never had peace after it, till I was saved. Now that God has forgiven me, I have come to ask if you will forgive me also." They shook hands and praised God together. That night the young distributor and his companion stood near the spot where only a short time they had met before, testifying for Christ, and giving forth the joyful message, and men saw and wondered. God still uses the weak things of earth to confound the mighty; therefore, let us in His Name go forth, sowing the precious seed.

NOT QUANTITY BUT QUALITY.

IT is not so much the *quantity*, as the *quality* of your service, that God looks at. See that what you do is done for Him, and not to be seen of men. Look well to your motives, and to the condition of your soul. Only what is really done to please God, will have Christ's reward, at His judgment seat. Study, therefore, to serve God acceptably. Get your orders direct from your Master, and do not be disturbed if others find fault with your work or your way of doing it. Be sure you go by the Book.

Winter Work for Young Believers.

Cheerful notes of praise from many corners of the harvest-field reach us for blessing given in open-air efforts and tract distribution during the summer. Now the bands of happy young workers who have been itinerating in the country, turn their attention to the cities and towns with their seething crowds of careless sinners thronging down to the pit. Here are a few out of many jottings from letters.—

STREET WORK.—“My class of Christian lads have volunteered to go out to the streets an hour before our Sunday Evening Gospel Meeting, giving notices, tracts and invitations to the passers by. This was a cheer to me, as it was their own suggestion.”

A BOYS' MEETING.—“I have a meeting for boys every Friday night. Six of them—all converted—canvass the houses for lads to come to the Sunday class. Already it has doubled its numbers.”

Answers to Correspondents.

A. B., LONDON.—A football club, made up of all sorts, is not the place for a young believer.

“ATHLETE,”—There is nothing wrong in taking “exercise” such as you describe, only do not neglect to “exercise” thyself unto godliness” (1 Tim. iv. 7).

PUZZLES.—We do not put Bible Puzzles into “The Young Watchman,” or anything that savours of turning the Word of God into a mere recreation book.

Bible Picture Sketches.

As many of our young friends are learning Drawing at school, and are no doubt able to use the pencil and brush with considerable ability, it has been suggested by a friend to give them an opportunity of shewing their skill, by drawing a Bible Picture, which with the aid of photography

and engraving, could be reproduced in “The Young Watchman.” Pen and Ink, Pencil or Wash Drawing, in black and white may be used. The design must be somewhat original, and not an exact copy of one already existing, and of course according to Scripture. Any subject may be chosen, but the following are suggested as being easily found in books or plates: The Tabernacle in the Wilderness Solomon’s Temple on Moriah. The High Priest of Israel. A handsome Pocket Bible will be given for the Best Pictures. Size not to exceed 12 inches, to be posted to the Editor, before November 30th. If to be returned, please send addressed and stamped envelope of proper size.

THE ANNUAL VOLUME of “The Young Watchman” for 1897 will be ready, early in November, nicely bound in Cloth, with Gilt Illuminated Title; a fine present for companions, old schoolmates, and friends: 1/- post free to any address.

NOW READY.—The Children’s Almanac and Bible Searching Text Book for 1898, 6d per doz. The Illustrated Gospel Almanac, 4/- per 100. The Believer’s Pocket Diary, 1d; cloth, 2d. Ready in October, “The Watchman Sheet Almanac,” finely illustrated, for giving at Christmas and New Year, 3/9 per 100. The “Household Sheet Almanac,” lithographed design, with striking centre picture, arresting for the unsaved, in bright colours, a fine large sheet for workshops, hospitals, kitchens, 24 for 2/-: 7/6 per 100. Complete list of Christmas and New Year publications, and our new list of Twelve Hundred Gift and Reward Books and Presents, for old and young, *post free* to any address. Special reductions to schools. All orders to be sent direct to

John Ritchie, Publisher, Kilmarnock.

A BOY'S CONVERSION

Through reading The Young Watchman.

WE are assured that the many prayers of God's beloved people which are constantly ascending to the throne, for His blessing to accompany the monthly issue of this little magazine, are not forgotten. We shall see their full answers in the day of Christ. Even now the Lord graciously permits us to "know in part," of His mighty workings through humble means. We insert the following letter, received a few days ago, to enable those who thus "continue in prayer" to do so still "with thanksgiving," and with the earnest desire that many of our young readers may, like this dear boy, receive the Lord Jesus as their own and only Saviour. We are assured that, like him, they will never "regret" it.

HOW I WAS CONVERTED.

Dear Mr. R——, I was saved by the grace of God through reading a story in "The Young Watchman." The title of it is, "*Dick the Shepherd Lad.*" It appeared in May, 1889. Since I believed on the Lord Jesus I have been happy. I have not regretted it, and never shall. On my way home from a meeting, a lot of boys began to laugh and jeer at me, but I was quite happy. I send you a little tract, which please print in

"The Young Watchman," and may God's blessing rest upon it. Yours in the Lord Jesus,

Bernard B——.

WALSHAM-LE-WILLOWS,
SUFFOLK.

BERNARD'S FIRST TRACT.

DEAR young readers, where are you going for eternity? Is it to heaven or to hell? Except you have been converted, you cannot be going to heaven, for it is written, "The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God" (1 Cor. vi. 9). I do most earnestly entreat of you to "Flee from the wrath to come." Some will say to you, "wait," but to-morrow for you may never come. God says, "Behold, now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. vi. 2). How dare any one wait till to-morrow, when the present may be the last hour they shall live? "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Some think they have something to do, but Jesus says, "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. xlv. 21); and if you *look* unto Him now, you will be saved for eternity, and you will never regret it. "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John iii. 36).

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.



A GROUP OF ENGLISH OFFICERS IN INDIA.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

 ON the eve of starting for India, after being gazetted to a lieutenancy, Harry called to say good-bye. He was full of mirth and buoyant in spirits, a fine young fellow, but, alas! going out to the far-off land with its snares and temptations, without God. He had learned at a godly mother's knee the story of redeeming love, but these lips were now silent in the grave. Harry was too full of his prospects to lend his ear to long discourses, so that there was just time for a pointed loving word, followed by the gift of a pocket Bible, which he promised he would read for the giver's sake, and Harry was off to join his regiment.

On the fly-leaf of the Bible which Harry received, his name was written, and under it the words, "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." The chapter and verse were not given, for the donor hoped that Harry might search for it, and thus be led to that precious Word in which God speaks to the conscience and the heart.

Harry had a short but brilliant career in India, but it was suddenly brought to an end by an attack of jungle fever. As a last hope of recovery, he was ordered to his native land, but before the vessel

reached the shores of England, death claimed the young lieutenant as its prey, and his body was buried in an ocean grave, till that hour when at the voice of Christ, the sea shall give up its dead.

A notice of the young soldier's death appeared in a daily newspaper, but of course there was not a single word to indicate that he had died in Christ. All efforts to obtain information had failed, when a stranger called, an officer of the Indian army, saying he was the bearer of a message from his former comrade, Harry M.—. A letter in Harry's well-known hand-writing was pulled from his pocket, which had been written in India before his illness began, and given to this young officer as an introduction, the closing words of which were—

"I searched for the text until I found it, and not that only, but the blessing of which it speaks. It is just what God says, *sorrowless riches*; riches of mercy; riches of love; riches of glory. As a poor hell-deserving sinner, I have found them all, through the all-prevailing merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour. I have seen poor fellows out here stripped of everything, but he who holds this treasure in his heart, holds riches that none can deprive him of."

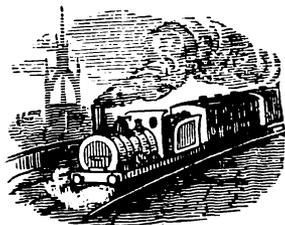
Before this joyful message reached

us, the writer was with Christ. Not converted on his deathbed, with the fear of meeting God upon him, but away in the lone jungles of India. While searching the Book of God for words that speak of the blessing of the Lord, he was brought to Christ to know and prove the riches of His saving grace. Reader, have you? There is no real joy, no lasting sorrowless riches, save those

which are found in the Lord Jesus Christ. He alone can save, and none but He can satisfy. So the young lieutenant found, and so will you, if you trust Him. It is generally supposed among young folk who want to see life and enjoy it, that Christ and Christianity will hinder them, but this is Satan's delusion. There is no life apart from Christ worth living.

TRYING TO DO IT.

“**D**O you love the Lord Jesus?” I asked a bright little fellow who was sitting next to me in the train, as we left Edinburgh Hay-



market Station, to enter the tunnel.

“I’m trying to do it, sir,” was the boy’s reply. That

answer seemed to show that the lad was seeking by some effort of his own to become a lover of the Lord. So I said to him, “Do you love your own dear mother?” The boy’s face brightened up, and smiling all over, he said, “Ah, yes, I *do* love her, and I know that she loves me.” “That makes all the difference, in the world you see, my lad.”

“You know that your mother loves you dearly, and you love her in return; but you say you are *trying* to love the Lord Jesus. Now if you just knew and believed that He loves you, you would not need to *try* to love Him any more than you try to love your mother. Those who believe in Jesus’ love to them, can all truly say, ‘We love Him because He first loved us’” (1 John iv. 17). Many are “trying” to love the Lord Jesus, and “trying to become Christians” by efforts of their own, whereas God’s way is to look to Jesus, to believe in His love, and to rest in what He has done; then it will be easy to love and to serve Him, not in order to be saved, but because He has loved and died for you.

“HE HAS FOUND KATAMOYO.”

WHEN M. Coillard, the French missionary, was at Lealui, the Barotse capital, in which Fred. S. Arnot spent some time on his



journey through Africa, he saw two men squat down on the ground, in the place where criminals are usually tried. It was evidently a grave case, and many gathered to see the trial of the two accused men. One of the two was charged with destroying the king's furs, and, in a fit of passion, of having bitten the finger of the king's servant. A charge of high treason was made against the man, and he had nothing to say in his own defence, but stood with his eyes fixed on the face of his judges, as if he might read there his doom.

“Seize the culprit,” cried one of the chiefs, and, immediately, the prisoner was surrounded by men, brandishing their clubs above his head. With one bound, he leapt from the midst of them, and darted

along the road. The Princess Kaloka's court was only a short distance off. If he could reach, and merely touch with his finger, that enclosure, he was safe. But this had evidently been foreseen, for the people had barred the way to that place of safety. In his distress, and just when he was almost overtaken by the infuriated pursuers, he caught sight of the Katamoyo, or public intercessor—the saviour of condemned men. In a moment, he threw himself at the Katamoyo's feet, and was covered by his mantle. A cry arose from the pursuers, and was caught up by hundreds of voices—“He has found Katamoyo: he is saved.” No one ever perished who had Katamoyo on their side, so the crowd dispersed—the condemned man was set free, through the merits of Katamoyo.

This story faintly illustrates how a condemned sinner may be saved. The Lord Jesus is the sinner's “Katamoyo.” No sinner ever perished clinging to Him. He saves them, and shields them from their accusers, and, by His own merits, His peerless Person, and His precious blood, all who trust Him, are safe for eternity. Can you say that He is all this to you; or are you rejecting and despising Him as your Saviour and Deliverer?



THE HARVEST PAST, or, The Dying Scoffer's Lament.

LIFT me up to see the fields once again father, the fields in which we reaped the corn a month ago." The dying man's request was granted, and then exhausted by the effort, he sank back upon his pillow, and covering his face with his hands mournfully said, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and *I am not saved.*" The closing words were repeated slowly with a trembling voice, and then he lapsed into unconsciousness from which he never woke. That night he entered Eternity, I fear, poor fellow, by the gaping door of procrastination. Once and again he had been awakened to see himself a sinner, in need of a Saviour, but he was so fully occupied with football and other amusements, that he seemed to get his convictions stifled as soon as they arose, and soon forgot all about God and eternity. After a short, unsatisfactory career, he was laid down to die,

and passed away into the eternal world as I have told you. What an end for a bright young fellow such as he was! What a death! What an Eternity! Are you following in the same course? How will it be with *you* when you come to die? Pause a moment and think. He was not ignorant, for his early years were spent in a godly home, where they taught him the truth of God, and sought to lead him to the Saviour. But he did not like to be restrained. He would be his own master; so he left his father's house, took lodgings for himself, and went in heart and soul for pleasure of every kind. Very soon, he shewed indifference to the things of God, refused to go to hear the Word, and became a scoffer. Then he was brought home to die, and after a short illness, he passed into eternity. "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed."

GOSPEL PIONEERS IN LONE LABRADOR.

ABOUT the year 1741, a Dutch sailor, named John Christian Erhardt, was on a voyage to the West Indies, and landed on the island of St. Thomas. Utterly unconcerned about the things of God, he was wandering about on the island, when he saw a circle of negro slaves on one of the plantations standing around a missionary, who was preaching the Gospel to them. Erhardt stood and listened. The Spirit of God carried the words home to his heart and conscience, and he was soon after converted. He began at once to testify for Christ, and to tell his fellows of the great change wrought by God's grace in him. On his return to Europe, he joined a ship going to Greenland. There he met with Matthew Stach, and others of the Moravians, who had gone to the icy regions with the glad tidings of salvation. While in Greenland, he became acquainted with several Esquimaux from North America, who told him of the heathen darkness of their countrymen, who lived in the lone land of Labrador, on the opposite side of Davis Strait. Erhardt's heart yearned for these poor barbarians, and he longed to preach amongst them the Name of Jesus. On his return to Europe, he told the earnest and devoted Count Zinzendorf of his

heart's desire. He was ever ready to give his help and counsel to all whose spirits stirred them to go forth among the heathen with the Gospel. Notwithstanding the many difficulties and dangers connected with such an undertaking, the way was clearly opened by God to go forth, and on the 17th of May, 1752, Erhardt with four others, sailed for the coast of Labrador, in a vessel which they named *The Hope*, fitted out by a number of London merchants. They took with them a wooden house ready to erect, tools, agricultural implements, and seeds of various kinds to sow. When they cast their anchor off the coast of Labrador, a number of the natives surrounded the ship in their kayaks, shouting and yelling frantically at the strangers, but were quieted by Erhardt addressing them in their own language. The five pioneer missionaries landed, and erected their hut, naming the place "*Hopedale*." Here the four remained, while Erhardt with the captain and crew of *The Hope*, went further along the coast in the hope of trading with the natives, and thus opening up a way for the Gospel. After sailing about for several days, in search of a suitable place to go ashore, Erhardt with five of the crew landed, and accompanied by a number of natives which they met

on shore, went into the interior, from which, alas, they never returned. They were taken and cruelly murdered by the savages. The sad news of this was conveyed to the four missionaries at Hopedale, who

the disaster reached Europe, many advised that all hope of evangelizing a people so cruel and treacherous, should be abandoned, or at least postponed, until civilisation had wrought some change on the savage



AN ESQUIMAUX SETTLEMENT ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

were obliged to take the place of the murdered sailors, and work the ship back to England. They left the hut standing, in the hope that some of the missing men might after all return, a hope which, alas, was never realized. When tidings of

dwellers on the coast of Labrador—a kind of counsel which is frequently given by those who know little, and care less for the heathen. But one heart at least was exercised otherwise. This was Jans Haven, a godly carpenter, who felt he was called of

God to go forth to Labrador, and after long and prayerful waiting upon God for guidance, he engaged himself as a ship carpenter, on a vessel belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. As the ship touched the shore, and arrived on the Rocky coast of Labrador, in 1764, a party of Esquimaux invited him to land and settle amongst them. The remembrance of what had happened to Erhardt, no doubt, would be in his mind, but kneeling down on the ship's deck, he said, "I will go to them in thy Name, O Lord. If they kill me, my work on earth is done. If they spare me, I will believe it is Thy will that they should hear and receive the Gospel." These were noble words. What but faith in God, and the love of Christ in the heart, could lead a man to take his life in his hand, and go single-handed into the midst of a horde of blood-thirsty savages, who had treacherously murdered his predecessor? But the same Divine compassion that moved the Eternal God to give His only begotten Son, to bleed and die for lost and guilty sinners, moved the heart of Jans Haven to fearlessly step on the shores of Labrador, into the midst of a heathen and blood-thirsty, uncivilised people, with the glad tidings of salvation. When they saw that their invitation had been

accepted, they danced and shouted in wild confusion for a long time, until they were quite exhausted. Then the Lord's lone witness stood forth, and began to sing a hymn in the Greenland tongue. The first song of salvation that had ever been heard on that icy shore. The effect was marvellous. The noise was instantly hushed, and with eyes, and ears, and mouths all open, they stood listening for long to the "old old story," sung and spoken in their native tongue. What an honour to be the Lord's messenger, to those who have never heard His Name; to tell the weary hearts in dark heathendom, or in still more guilty Christendom, of the true Rest-Giver, and to bear to thirsty souls, the water of life. Haven explored part of the coast and found it was thickly populated, and that the people, although buried in gross superstition, and excessively treacherous, were willing to listen to the Gospel message which he had come to give them, and in the confidence that it would prove, as God had promised, the power of God in the salvation of those who received it, he set himself to the work with all his might. But as all who go single-handed into heathendom soon feel, Jans Haven felt the need of a comrade, so, after a few month's work he returned to Europe to find a fellow-labourer.

THE WOODMAN'S LAST MESSAGE.

TWO men were engaged felling trees in the wood : one was a Christian, the other a scoffer. The name of Christ was often on the scorner's tongue, but it was in blasphemy. His wicked language sorely grieved his fellow-workman, who often warned him of coming wrath, and told him of God's love and grace for sinners. The days

said, "David, *you* may be the next tree marked to be cut down." That night his horse, started by a passing train, ran away, throwing him to the ground with such force, as to fatally injure him. After two days of agony and pain, he died. That was his last message. God will not be mocked. He is long-suffering and slow to wrath, but let it be remem-



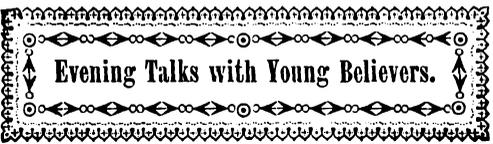
"THE NEXT TREE MARKED TO BE CUT DOWN."

passed on, and the scorner continued his scorning. One day the tidings reached them that a labourer had been suddenly killed, by a falling tree. Instead of producing a solemn impression on the scorner's mind, he turned it to ridicule, singing in solemn jest, "Who'll be the next?" The Christian workman, pointing to a marked tree, at the root of which lay the workman's axe, solemnly

bered, my reader, that He will not always bear with sin and sinners. The day of His wrath will come.

Are you rejecting the Gospel of God, and with open eyes choosing death rather than life?

"To-night may be thy latest breath,
Thy little moment here be done ;
Eternal woe—the second death—
Awaits the grace-rejecting one.
Thine awful destiny forsee—
Time ends, and then eternity!"



Evening Talks with Young Believers.

A ROYAL ANSWER.

I HAVE been thinking to-day, lads, of the answer given to the Babylonian monarch by the three young princes of Judah, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, when they were asked by him to worship the great image of gold set up by him on the plain of Dura. I think we might call it a royal answer, not simply because it was made by three princes, but because it has the royal ring of reality about it. It was short and to the point, and there was no possibility of anybody mistaking what it meant. Said they, as they stood all alone before the angry monarch—"Be it known unto thee, O king, that *we will not serve thy gods*" (Dan. iii. 18). How it must have cut him to the heart, and we know it did, for he was "full of fury" (verse 19), against the three noble youths who had dared to obey their God in spite of the king's commandment. We think the words of their glorious confession that day should form a watchword for every young believer. "We will not serve thy gods" would be a grand confession to make every time the world asks you to "bow down" to

its ways. Nothing pleases the world better than to get a believer to share in its follies and sins; and nothing fills the world with fury sooner than a decided "*we will not*" from the lips of a child of God. We are satisfied that an honest and straightforward confession of this sort is the only safeguard of a believer in the midst of worldliness. A half-and-half muffled confession carries no weight with it: it leaves the unconverted in doubt as to what you mean, and when they see you hesitating in your decision, it emboldens them to press their claim a second time. But the ringing "*we will not*" settles the matter at once and for ever. The world knows full well that it need not try to "*persuade*" any one whose mind is made up after this fashion as to the course he is to take, and as a rule, the world leaves him alone. It is the undecided, wavering class of saints that the world "*hangs*" on, with its persuasive invitations to come down and join its ranks, and with such, sooner or later, the world succeeds. Young saints, be decided. Learn to give a decided "*we will not*" to all that's not of God. This will, please God better than great efforts made in His name. Faithfulness to Him in little things is within the reach of us all, and will gain the Master's "*well done*" in that day.

Editor's Notes.

It is fifteen years *to-day* since the first number of "The Young Watchman" appeared, and through the Lord's good hand upon us, we have been privileged to send it forth each month since then. Very many who took it up then, both heartily and warmly, continue until the present to be our faithful helpers; and others have gone to their rest. It may be interesting to those who have circulated the little paper for many years, to know, that over *Three Million Copies* have been issued, and that from the beginning up to the present, the circulation has *slowly but steadily* increased, notwithstanding the issue of "Our Little Ones' Treasury," which began *ten* years ago for younger children, and the advent of other magazines following in their wake. We hope, as God may help us, to continue the "Watchman" on exactly the same lines as hitherto, giving true and readable narratives, especially for young folks, of a distinctly Gospel character, having as their object the awakening of the careless, and the conversion of the lost. Mixed and muddy papers we must respectfully decline, but will welcome short authentic Gospel articles suited, for these pages.

We have in hands for the "Watchman,"
 1898 a series of *Original* articles, tersely written, and full of striking incidents and wonderful deliverances wrought by the hand of God, which our young folks will read and remember in days to come. They include "AMONG CHINA'S MILLIONS AND IDOLS," by a young missionary there. IN DARK PATAGONIA, a true story of sacrifice and suffering. "GOSPEL TRIUMPHS IN LABRADOR," or, The Old, Old Story in the Land of Ice.

Original Poems by A. W. P. STRONG of Workington, whose "Scripture Stories in

verse" enriched our pages, and were so much appreciated by our readers years ago. "Loving Words for the Lambs of the Flock" and "Evening Talks on Bible History" by the Editor.

We regret to notice that "Faithful Words," edited by H. Forbes Witherby, after an honourable course of 26 years, will cease in December. We shall be glad if those who have circulated it among their young folks will now take the "Watchman" instead, which, though rather smaller in size, is more of the same character than any other paper known to us.

A COLONIAL WORKER'S ADVICE.

"I have a great desire to see 'The Young Watchman' widely circulated among the young in these colonies. It was used of God in leading me to the Saviour twelve years ago, and I have sought, according to my means, to introduce it and to distribute it ever since. I would suggest to those who desire to help in its circulation, to give half-a-dozen copies to each Sunday school in the town, with an offer to get them few or many each month, and deliver them. I have been able in this way to introduce the little paper to several schools, where I fear there is little or no clear Gospel teaching. [We shall be glad to supply a packet of Specimen Copies to any Christian Worker who will seek to carry out our friend's suggestion]—Ed.

A SOWER.—"I am only a working lad, a light porter in a drapery warehouse, but saved and on the way to God. I use my spare pence, that used to go to the confectioner on Saturday, in buying Gospel booklets. I get fifty 'Gospel Messenger' every month for the hands in the warehouse. I like the articles in it. I distribute copies among shop-boys, message-girls, and have much confidence in giving it away. May God still enable you to send it forth."

THORNS IN THE PILLOW.

MABEL'S mother used to sometimes tell her, when she was disobedient during the day, that the remembrance of her naughty doings would be "a thorn in her pillow" at night. But Mabel was too young at first to understand the meaning of "a thorn in her pillow."

When she grew a little older, she went to visit her grandmother. It was so jolly all day to be out in the fields, chasing the butterflies, and gathering posies. But night came, and Mabel was put to bed. Her grandmother peeped in to see her before she retired, and found the child asleep, with a tear on her cheek. Next morning when Mabel got up, her grandmother said, "I fear my little girl was home-sick last night, after she went to bed, for I saw a tear on her pretty cheek." "Oh, no, grandmother dear, it was not that." "What was it then?" Mabel hung her head. There was something causing her to be uneasy, and she was unwilling to let it be known. At last, clasping her arms around her grandmother's neck, she burst into tears, and said, "There was a thorn in my pillow last night, grandmother; for, as I lay awake, thinking of my dear mother far away, I remembered how disobedient I had been to her, and she so kind, and I was very unhappy."

There are many little boys and girls like Mabel. They do not think of the wrong of disobeying their parents and sinning against God, until they are far away from them; then it becomes a thorn in their pillow; they wish they had not done it. They pay little heed to the loving words of their teachers in the Sunday school; but, one day, far away on some distant shore, they wish they could just hear their voices but once again. And thus it will be with souls who have despised the gospel, and rejected Christ, in eternity. There will be "a thorn in the pillow" of every Christless one in hell. Remorse will lay hold in relentless power on every despiser of the love of God. Memory will bring the past to mind. The slighted opportunities of salvation: the stifled convictions: the quenched anxieties.

O, my dear young friend, do not fill up your pillow thus with thorns. Depend on it, your sins will prick your conscience sooner or later, in time or in eternity. Do not slight the Son of God, or despise His love any longer. This will be the sharpest thorn in hell. A slighted Christ—a despised salvation.

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

Heb. ii. 3.

THE REJECTED LIFE-BOAT.



"THEY HURRIED THE LIFEBOAT THROUGH THE BLINDING SPRAY"

THE REJECTED LIFE-BOAT.

IT was a wild wintry night. The waves dashed in fury against the rocks, and overleapt the sea-wall in foaming showers of spray. The brave life-boat crew were in readiness, and keeping a sharp look-out across the waters, for well they knew that such a storm would work its havoc among those "in peril on the sea." Just as the village clock struck the midnight hour, the roar of a gun was heard booming across the waters—the well-known signal of a vessel in distress. "Man the life-boat," was the cry, and instantly, twelve brave men responded to the call, and hurried the life-boat through the blinding spray to the ship, followed by the prayers and good wishes of the crowd who had gathered on the shore. They launched the life-boat on the stormy waves, willingly risking their own lives to rescue others in peril. Through the raging surf, sped the boat, her crew plying their oars with might and main, intent on accomplishing their mission of mercy, and they had their noble efforts crowned by reaching the ill-fated ship, just as she seemed on the point of going to pieces. A group of shivering sailors, with faces pale from fear, crouched on a part of the deck, while, in front of them, stood the captain, mad with drink, grasping a loaded revolver in his hand,

and threatening to shoot the first man who should attempt to leave the ship. The life-boat crew looked in horror on that awful sight, and hurriedly discussed among themselves, what was to be done for the deliverance of the perishing crew. One brave fellow immediately volunteered to board the vessel, and face the drunken man at any cost, which he did, declaring that, if he dared to discharge his revolver, he would be shot himself in return. This unexpected firmness had the effect of scaring the drunken captain, and, turning on his heel, he staggered away. During his absence, the brave rescuers lifted the whole of the half-starved crew from their place of danger, and transferred them to the life-boat. The captain only now remained on board, and he absolutely refused to leave the ship, declaring that, if any one attempted to come near him, he would shoot him dead on the spot.

After every argument and warning had failed to convince the maddened captain of his danger, they put off for the shore. Four times they returned to the wreck for the purpose of saving him, but he persistently refused to be saved. Rockets were sent from the shore, carrying ropes to the vessel, in the hope that, seeing death staring him in the face, he

would repent of his folly, but he deliberately cut the line with his own hand, and, while the people stood awe-struck on the shore, looking across the stormy sea to the ill-fated ship, a huge wave dashed her against the rocks into several pieces. A loud cry burst from the captain's lips. He saw then his fatal error, but, alas! too late to remedy it, and he sank in the deep, dark sea. Two days later, his body was washed ashore.

He stands the awful picture of a rejecter of salvation, a suicide of the soul. That wrecked vessel is like you, reader, ready to sink into an endless hell—the sinner's righteous doom. The life-boat by its side, is like the Gospel come from God in heaven, to save the lost. Some,

like the trembling, terrified sailors, commit themselves to Christ, and are eternally saved. Others like the mad captain, refuse the heaven-sent deliverance, and perish in their sin and Christ-rejection. For him, the efforts of these brave men who left their homes, and risked their lives, were all in vain, for he refused to be delivered. O what folly! what madness! yet not half so great as the sinner who refuses the God-sent salvation made known in the Gospel. What have you done with it, and what are you doing with it now? Have you cast yourself upon Christ for deliverance, salvation and eternal glory, or are you clinging to the wreck of sin and the world, despising and neglecting the Christ of God and ruining your soul?

HAPPY BILL AND HIS NEW SONG.

IT was the last night of the year, and the snow lay deep on the ground. On my way to our Annual Tea for our Bible Class of lads, I called at a cottage by the wayside, to see one of my boys who had been absent from his class through illness for three weeks. As I crossed the threshold, I heard the sound of singing, and stood for a minute listening. In a sweet, clear voice, the sick youth sang—

“’Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine.”

I could wait no longer, so quietly lifting the latch, I stepped in and found Bill sitting up in bed, with a hymn book in his hand.

“You seem happy, Bill,” I said. “Yes,” was the quick reply, holding out his hand, “and so well I may, for I was saved this afternoon, and am on the way to heaven. Tell my comrades to come in and see me, or better still to trust in Jesus and they will be happy too.”

And Bill was right, true happiness is found alone in Christ.

LYDIA, THE SINGER OF THE VALLEY.

IN a lovely valley of mid Wales, Lydia spent her childhood and early days. Her parents were godly people of the old Methodist school, and delighted to tell their children of the wonderful days, when under the preaching of the Wesleys thousands flocked to hear the Word



“SITTING KNITTING BY THE WAYSIDE.”

of life, and when the valley rang with the praises of Immanuel's Name. Lydia was a sweet singer, and the people around the doors would gather to hear her sing their favourite hymns. It was an evil day when a band of strolling musicians came to the village where Lydia lived, and charmed by her rich, though yet untrained voice, persuaded her to join them. By

this time her father had died, and Lydia, like some other girls of sixteen, thought she was old enough to choose for herself. She left the pretty valley of her childhood, and her widowed mother's happy home, and was taken to London. There she passed through many scenes which I need not describe, and by the time she was eighteen, was appearing in a music hall as one of its singers. It was while engaged there, that she dropped in one Sunday evening to a theatre, where Richard Weaver, the converted Lancashire collier, was preaching the Gospel with great power and blessing. As Weaver stepped on the stage he struck up a hymn, which happened to be one well known to Lydia, which she had learned at her mother's knee. There was something in that song which melted her heart, and before it was finished, she felt the big tears coursing down her cheek. At the close she was among the seekers, and that night as the clock of St. Paul's chimed the hour of midnight, she found herself on the streets of London alone, but saved with an everlasting salvation. She feared to join her companions, so started off by the first train to her mother's home. What a meeting there was between the mother and daughter!

Lydia did not hide her light, but began at once to testify for her Lord in the valley. Her simple method was while sitting knitting by the wayside, to strike up a hymn, and in a very few minutes a crowd of the villagers gathered around, to whom

she told the story of a Saviour's love. And God owned her service of song to lead many a weary soul to the Saviour, who will be her crown of rejoicing in that day. Reader, do you know Christ? Can you speak and sing of Him as yours?



THE BEST LAD IN THE PARISH.

I WAS first aroused to think about my eternal destiny when a lad of fifteen. A companion of mine who had been converted, wrote me a loving faithful letter, telling me of my need and danger, and urging upon me to flee to the Lord Jesus. I spent many a sleepless night, and longed for some one to whom I could tell my trouble. The only one I knew of likely to help me was the parish minister, so summoning up courage, I went up to the manse one evening, and knocked at the door. I found the minister in his study, and he received me kindly. He seemed to think I had come wishing to "join the church," and complimented me

for desiring to become a "member" so early in life. I felt terribly put about, and scarcely knew how to tell him what the object of my visit really was. He said I might come to his class on Sunday afternoons, and get what "preparation" was necessary. I could be silent no longer, so I said, "But I am a lost sinner." He looked at me strangely, and then said, "Whoever put that into your mind, you are the best lad in the parish." The following Sunday a stranger was preaching. His text was, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." I saw that was for me, and sitting there, I claimed it, and told the minister next day I was saved.

THE ZULU CHIEF'S DREAM.

IN a kraal between Ladysmith and Newcastle, a great Zulu chief lay dying of a loathsome disease. According to native custom, he was laid down to die outside his kraal, where the following morning he would be buried. To the astonishment of the natives, he was found next morning sitting up, and beckoning to them to come near, he said, "Be silent my children, I have something to say. Last night I had a dream. I was travelling on a wide road, when a stranger met me, and told me to turn back. He showed me a hill far away. It was wholly

covered with people. He pointed me along a narrow way that led up to it. I turned, and started along that road. Now I know I shall not die, but live and grow stronger." The great chief's dream was the absorbing topic of conversation for many days, but no one could interpret it. The Gospel had never been heard in that kraal till that time, but in a few days, strange to say, while the natives were still

talking of the chief's dream, a missionary passed that way, and preached the Gospel to them for the first time, telling them of the broad and narrow ways, the one leading down to hell, the other up to God and heaven. The Zulus listened and looked to each other in amazement. So eager were they to hear the wonderful story, that he



remained several days among them, from early morning till evening preaching Christ, and telling of His salvation. In that far-off Zulu village there is now a company of saved men and women who know the way

to God's holy hill, where all who have been saved by grace and CONVERTED to God shall gather from every clime and country, to praise the Lamb, and serve Him day and night. Will you be there? Are you perfectly sure that you have a title to heaven, and that you are on the way to it? Or, are you among that other company, who tread the downward road to hell. There is no middle path.

A PRIZE GOSPEL STORY.

TO WRITE IN YOUR OWN WORDS.



PRIZE.—A Morocco, Kid Lined, Pocket Reference Bible.

Any boy or girl under fifteen, may write the "Story." It must be entirely their own work, not to exceed 250 words, written on one side of the paper, posted in a closed envelope, addressed,

"Gospel Story," The Young Watchman Office, Kilmarnock, before 31st December. The Prize-winner's name will appear in the February number.

THE CHILDREN OF INDIA.

AMONG the people of India there are many sects or *castes*. Those different keep aloof from each other. The children belonging to one caste would not be allowed to play with the children of another caste, or to keep company with them; on the contrary, they are taught to despise and hate those who are of a lower caste than themselves. There are four main castes in the Hindoo system: Brahmins are the highest; next, Chutreas; third, Wysheas; and fourth, Shudras. Brahmins are the priestly order; Chutreas are warriors; Wysheas are high-class business men; while Shudras are ordinary tradesmen and labourers. Those lower down still are Pariahs and Chucklers. Both of these are counted unclean. They are prohibited from coming near to the Brahmins, and from entering the cities where they live. They are often found huddled together in low huts outside the walls, very degraded in every vice and sin. They are very ignorant, scarcely one of them being able to read. Among Pariahs there is easy access to the Gospel, and like as it was in the days of our Lord on earth, when "publicans and sinners" were more easily reached than "Pharisees and Scribes," these degraded creatures are as a rule most willing to

hear it. Pariah parents ask Christian missionaries to open schools for their children, and by this means many of them from their early days hear the Gospel, and are taught to read the Word of God. This is a noble work, and the Lord has used it to the conversion of many. The children of Brahmins are more difficult to reach owing to the many caste rules by which Satan holds them in bondage. These rules chiefly consist in keeping separate from those of lower castes, and even go so far as to prohibit the eating of food cooked by a servant of another caste. They may commit any sin they like, and live wicked lives, without any remonstrance, but as soon as it becomes known that a Brahmin has eaten with one of a lower caste, he is at once expelled and disowned by his friends.

The Brahmins are very anxious that their children should learn to read English, and in this way a goodly number even of them, have been brought under the Gospel's sound. Brahmin boys are said to be very sharp, and they learn quickly to read. They have a great ambition to become scholars like the English, and to get on in the world. But if a Pariah boy came into the school they would all rise and go. When anyone believes the

Gospel, and becomes a child of God, he is immediately cast out by his family; he forfeits his property if he has any, and is often in danger of losing his life. So you see it is not an easy matter for an Indian to confess Christ. Many, no doubt, are kept back from doing so, by the fear of man. There is one very common danger to children of India, whose

parents have been expelled for the Gospel's sake. They are accounted Christians. In the journals that give statistics, the descendants of all who have professed to receive the Gospel are reckoned as Christians. But this of course is not so, until they have been "born again" by individually accepting Christ as their Saviour. Missionaries, in many



INDIAN CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.

instances, do not point this out to them, and so they are in danger of being deceived by a mere name to live, while they are dead in sin and without Christ. The faithful servants of Christ who go forth seeking to win souls for Him, begin by telling the children of India

exactly what they tell the children of other lands, namely, that they are sinners, lost and ruined, and that they need to be born again before they can see, or enter the kingdom. Of the results of such labours, we hope to give some account in our next paper.



THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE.

A CHRISTIAN lad from the country, had gone to town, to fill a situation in a merchant's office. Previous to his leaving home, his godly father had prayed with him, and warned him of the hidden rocks and snares of city life, and the many forms of temptation he there would have to meet, of which he had known nothing in his quiet country home. On the morning of his departure, his mother gave him a Bible, and with all the tenderness of a mother's heart, she said—"Henry, my boy, make this your guide, and seek no other." Henry felt himself among strangers, and the first night he could have taken the train home. Never before did he so know the value of a Christian home and godly parents, as he did that first night after he was deprived of them, and placed among strangers. When he sat down alone he remembered his mother's advice, and sought help and guidance from God through the pages of His Word. After reading his daily portion he was strengthened, and it was well for him too. Just after he had finished reading, a knock was heard at the door, and

one of the young men from the office walked in, smoking a cigar. "Good evening, Henry," he said, "I was passing, and I thought I might look you up, and ask you to come along with me; you are a stranger to the town and will want someone to guide you until you get to know it a bit. I am going to the theatre, so come along with me." Henry's face flushed, and he felt a little uneasy as to how he ought to answer. Then, as if strengthened by God especially for it, he raised his head and boldly said—"No, thank you, I do not go to theatres. I have a Guide beside me here, which I was consulting just before you came in, and it warns me against that path." The young clerk was amazed, and with a sneer, replied—"It must be an old wives guide you've got then, for all the young fellows go to the theatre." "No," said Henry, "it was written by the wisest man that ever lived," and, reaching his hand forth toward his open Bible, he said—"There it is, and I will read you what it says." Raising his Bible—his mother's gift—in his hand, he read aloud—"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men" (Prov. iv. 14). Laughing, the young man turned and walked from the room. Henry was left alone, happy because he had pleased God.

To the Readers of "The Young Watchman."

THE present issue completes our *Fifteenth* Annual Volume. We desire to record the Lord's goodness in permitting us to prepare and issue this little paper all these years, and for His blessing upon the Gospel message sent forth through its pages to the young folks of this, and other lands.

It has been a great joy to us to receive from Christian young men and women, and from some who are now fathers and mothers, cheering letters telling of blessing through the pages of the "Watchman" while they were Sunday scholars, and assuring us of their continued interest in it, and desire to spread it still. To all who have been our helpers during the year, by contributing articles, extending the circulation, and assisting in other ways, we tender our hearty thanks, and most earnestly ask their continued fellowship in this little service.

As the years flow on, the hosts of evil vie with each other in providing ruinous literature for our young folk, often attractively dished up and garnished with religion, while underneath there works the leaven of scepticism and irreverence for God and His Word. How many of our young folks are spiritually and morally wrecked by such literature, eternity alone will reveal. Ours it is to sow the good seed, and to provide such reading for them as will, by the blessing of God, be for their present and eternal welfare.

We have beside us for the coming year a goodly budget of true and tersely written narratives, which will appear, well illustrated by chaste and good engravings. We have also a series of stirring Missionary Stories, Biographies, and Narratives of travels in other lands, among which are the following: "AMONG CHINA'S MILLIONS," by a young doctor, who as a lad was a reader of the "Watchman," and

who now serves the Lord in the great empire of the East. "THE LIFE STORY OF ALLAN GARDINER, THE MARTYR MISSIONARY OF PATAGONIA," a remarkable tale of service and sacrifice for Christ. "GOSPEL TRIUMPHS IN WILD LABRADOR," and "NOBLE WORKERS AND WITNESSES OF LAST CENTURY," will tell of the conversion and noble testimony for the Lord of some of the excellent of the earth who have gone before, whose bright example and fearless faith, our boys and girls may one day follow. Prize Bible Searchings, Essays and Questions will be given as usual, with original poems and Friendly Talks with Young Believers. We shall be glad to send a packet of specimen copies to any teacher, parent, or Christian worker who will help to introduce it to circles where it is as yet a stranger.

"Our Little Ones' Treasury," for Infant Classes and little ones at home. "GOOD TIDINGS," our Illustrated Gospel Monthly, for distribution at Evangelistic Services, 2/- per 100. "THE SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKER'S MAGAZINE," with its Notes for Teachers, Weekly Subjects for Bible Classes, and Bible Students' Class, open to all. "THE BELIEVERS' MAGAZINE," full of ministry of the Word, and tidings of the Lord's work in every land, and "THE GOSPEL MESSENGER," with local title and list of meetings, for free distribution, will all be continued, God willing, during 1898 as before.

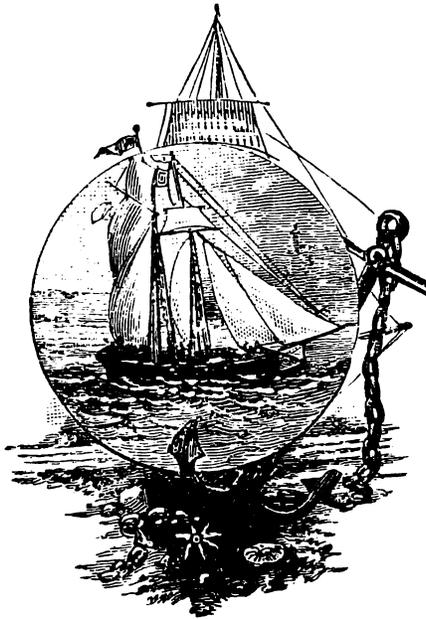
"The Children's Almanac and Bible Searching Text Book for 1898," and the "Gospel Almanac" are now ready.

NOTE.—The same number of all our Magazines will be sent to present subscribers during 1898 as now, unless otherwise advised. Kindly let all new orders reach us as early as possible.

GOOD ANCHORAGE; Or, THE SAILOR'S TRUST.

A SAILOR lay in hospital in a foreign land dying of fever. Friends and kindred were far away, and he was surrounded by strangers. Comrades had sailed without him, and there was little hope given that he would recover, or see his native land again. Only one comfort remained, that was he was Christ's, and Jesus Christ was his. Years before, when only a lad before the mast, he had trusted his soul to Jesus, and had known the saving power of that peerless Name. To one who came to his bedside, seeking to administer what he called "the consolations of religion," and to read a prayer from his "Prayer Book," the sailor said, "Praise God, I have already got the 'strong consolation' God speaks of in His Word; that is, the certain knowledge that I am going to heaven to be with Him who has saved me. I was drifting on a wild tempestuous sea, when he found me, drew me to Himself, and invited me to put my trust in Him. Sinner as I was—lost, undone, and without

commendation or character—He took me as I was. I cast my anchor in that great and glorious verse, John v. 24, and I knew I had passed from death unto life. It is good anchorage; there I rest still, and to the glory of His Name I can say I have no doubt and no



fear while the anchor holds." Was'nt that a blessed testimony? He had cast anchor in the eternal truth of God, and of course there was no shifting there. Death's storms brought no alarms; eternity no fear. Reader, where is your anchorage? In self or Christ? In your own religion, or God's salvation? In your own feelings, or God's Word? There is no solid

anchorage in the shifting sands of your own good works. None in your feelings, your experiences, your thoughts. But there is "good anchorage," as the sailor said, in God's eternal Word. Drop your anchor there. Believe what Christ has done for you, and accept what God has said. They will stand secure; they will never deceive you.