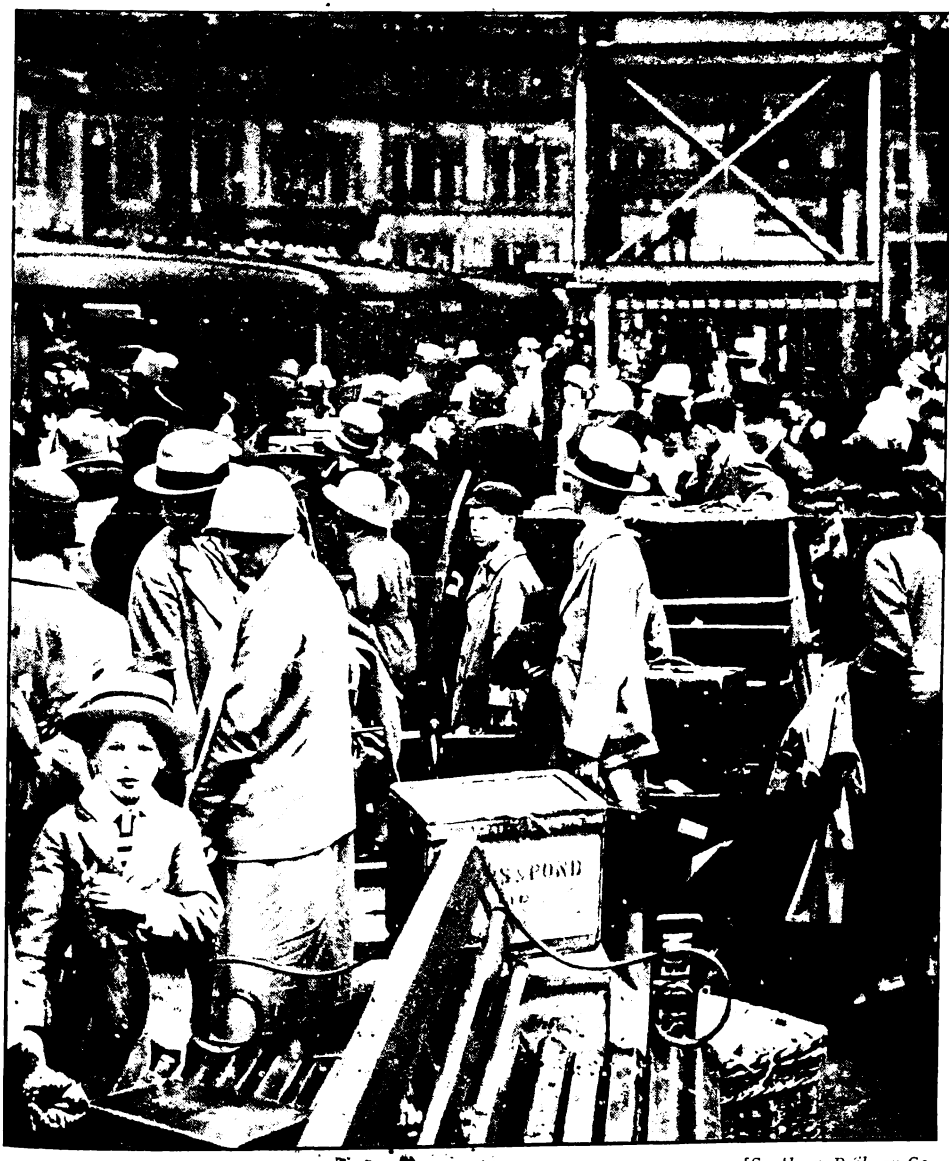
THE
Children's Gospel Magazine.



By courtesy] [*Southern Railway Co.*

A BUSY RAILWAY STATION.

"Come again, soon."

ONE Thursday evening during the summer, a little family stood at a busy railway station of a large seaside town. Father had been down for the day to spend it with his wife and two little children, and now the time had arrived for him to return to London, and they had all come to see him off. I expect they had all had a happy day together on the sands and all were very sorry that the parting time had come.

Suddenly the engine whistle warned them that the train was coming in. Father kissed his little family and then turned to get in the train. The little boy ran after him and with tears in his eyes touched his arm. "Can I come with you, Dad?" he asked. "Oh, no, you must stay and take care of Mother," said his father. "I *do* want to come with you," he pleaded. He was trying hard not to cry, but he felt very sad, and the tears would come, for he could not bear to think that his father was going away again and leaving them all behind. But his father wanted him to have a good holiday by the sea, and he had to go back to work, so he gave him another kiss and said goodbye again.

"You'll come again, won't you, Dad?"

"Yes, my boy."

"You'll come again *soon*, won't you?"

"Yes, all right. Goodbye!" And then he was gone.

The little boy had waved to his father as long as it was possible to see him, but now he had to turn back to his mother. Of course he would still have plenty of fun playing on the beach, but he felt sad because his father would not be there to share in his pleasure, and he simply longed for the day when his father would return.

Oh! I wonder how many of you boys and girls are really longing for the Lord Jesus to return. You know the disciples felt sad when they saw Jesus go back to heaven. They loved Him so much that they were unhappy when they thought that perhaps He had gone for ever. But their hearts were comforted when the angels spoke to them and said, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

He has not come yet, but He may do so any day, and only those who are ready for Him will hear Him come and go to be with Him. Those of you who are putting off the salvation of your souls, who have not yet had your sins washed away, remember that there won't be time when Jesus comes. He will come in the twinkling of an eye, and if you are not ready you will be left behind. "Behold, now is the day of salvation."

And those of you who do love the Lord Jesus, are you watching for Him to return? He does not want you to look sad and be miserable, but it must grieve Him that so many people are so occupied with their earthly pleasures that they quite forget Him and are not really *longing* for Him to come.

May all of you, dear readers, be both ready and watching for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

What became of the Stowaways.

I EXPECT you all know what a stowaway is. He is a person who goes aboard a ship without paying his fare, and hides away till the ship is well out to sea. This is to try to get a free passage to the place the steamer is bound for. There are not many cases now-a-days as the gangways are carefully watched, and when one is discovered he is usually put off at the first port of call and sent back.

Not long ago on a liner from Australia bound for England, a family of stowaways was found asleep on the deck ! There were a father and mother and three small children. They had walked aboard when no one was looking and wanted badly to be taken to England. But that was not all ! Another family of three sisters was soon discovered hiding in a room below.

What was to be done with them all ? They had no money to pay their fares and the captain could not take them free. He must put them off at the first port. It seemed very hard but it was right and just.

As I thought of this, it struck me that perhaps some of you were trying to get to heaven without having your fare paid. But that won't do. God's claims must be met or you can never enter there. And the sad fact is that you are utterly unable to pay the fare yourself. You have no good deeds of your own. You are a sinner and everything you do is stained with sin, so that nothing you can do is of any merit in the eyes of God. So if it depends on you in any way you will never enter that bright home above.

Well, to return to our stowaways. There seemed to be nothing for them but to be put off the ship as soon as possible. Then something happened. The other passengers offered to pay for some of them. Ah, the captain could not refuse to carry them to England if their fares were paid ! So the money was paid down and those who shortly since were stowaways, afraid to be seen and hoping they might get to England, were now passengers, with the rights of passengers, and the right to be carried to England—not because of anything they had done, but because others had paid the fare. Those who were not paid for were put off at the first port of call.

How like saved sinners ! Jesus has paid the fare for us. He shed His precious blood to redeem us and believing in Him we are saved. Now instead of fearing and hoping that God would pass by sin and let us into heaven, we know that we have a right there through the work of the Son of God. He died for sinners and on the cross He cried "It is finished." He had finished the work of redemption and opened a way into heaven itself for all who believe on Him.

Reader, is your fare paid ? Are you doing your best or depending on your good deeds to satisfy God ? You will never get to heaven in that way. Your good deeds are of no value in the eyes of God. But He asks nothing from you now but simple faith in the Saviour He has provided. Will you take Him as your own ?

"He paid the debt !
He paid it with His blood ;
Each claim He satisfied—
All that we owe to God,
He paid the debt !"

A Chinese Poster.

I HAVE in my possession the poster of which this picture is the reproduction, and I expect you will be interested to hear how I got it. It was brought over from China by a missionary who had been there many years, and had often pasted up this kind of poster on walls and sides of houses and preached to the people from them. When he came over he had a few among his luggage and he gave this one to me.

Kindly lent by "Young China."

When I saw it I did just what you feel like doing, that is, I asked questions about it. What is it all about? What is the writing all round and on the book? I expect you will like to know the answer to these questions.

Well, the poster presents the Bible as "food" or "bread." The picture at the bottom is of a colporteur coming to a house where they are having a meal, and he holds up a New Testament and asks, "Sir, have you eaten of the spiritual Food?" referring to the Book he holds in his hand. Ah! here is a question for us. Have we read the Bible to-day? Do we value it as our food? There was one of old who said that he esteemed it *more* than his necessary food. Oh! that we might value it more and study it more; we should then prove the truth of what is written down the right side of the poster where we read, "To study the Scriptures will increase your spiritual strength." We all know we take our daily food to make us healthy and strong, and so God has given us His Word that we might feed upon it and so become strong for Him here in this world.

Do you ask, "What is the book at the top of the picture?" It is like an opened Bible, and written in large clear Chinese characters is that verse we read in Luke 4. 4, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every

word of God." Oh, if this is a message for the Chinese who bow down to idols, is it not also a message to us here, where Bibles are to be found in nearly every home, and yet are so often neglected and not read? Can we not thank God that we live in the land of the open Bible? But what are we doing with it? Do we let it teach us? It is able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

As we were looking at this poster and other similar ones, the wife of the missionary said to us with tears in her eyes, "These make me feel home-sick for China." She just longs for the time when she will be able to return and tell the Chinese again of Jesus the precious Saviour, because she knows the truth of what is written down the left hand side of the picture, where we read "To proclaim the Lord's doctrine will save the people."

I wonder if you are saved; whether you have yet taken the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and confessed His Name. The verse at the top right hand corner reads "I am the food (or bread) of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger." John 6. 35. Oh, if you have not yet come to Him, come to-day, and He will fill and satisfy your heart.

Trusting the precious Bible,
Reading the written Word,
Searching its sacred pages,
Learning of Christ the Lord—
This is the path of blessing,
Thus may we God obey.
Oh! then let us look in the blessed Book
At the morn and the close of day.

Tune: C.S.S.M. Choruses 119.

Safety in Numbers.

THAT is often true. Weak nations have often made alliances with strong ones for their own protection against powerful neighbours. Wolves hunt in packs; and elephants and other wild animals keep together in herds as a protection against their enemies of the forest or the field. If a traveller wishes to cross the desert or a piece of country infested with robbers, he joins a caravan and so feels safe from danger. And in times of danger or trouble most people like to be in the company of others.

But the saying is not true when it is a question of escaping the punishment of God for doing wrong. No doubt the people whom Noah warned said to themselves, "It is true we are doing wrong, and deserve to be punished, but everybody's doing it." Yes, but although they sinned together, they had to die one by one. A boy in the class will sometimes break the rules and get into mischief in order to win the applause of the other boys, and because he thinks he won't be found out in the crowd. But although the master may make a mistake, God never does, for His word says, "The soul that sinneth *it* shall die."

We sin one by one, and in order to escape the punishment due to us, we must come to the Saviour one by one. Each one must take for himself or herself the gift of God. Don't lose yourself in the crowd. God has His eye on *you* and wants to bless *you*.

An invalid Christian man who was anxious about the salvation of his little daughter, said to her one evening, "My dear, bring me my medicine."

The request was of course promptly obeyed.

"Now, dearie," said he, "drink it."

"Drink it, Father?"

"Yes, dear, drink it."

"But, Father, it will not do you any good if I drink it."

"No, my child, it will not. And now listen. Just as you cannot take any medicine for me, so I cannot take Christ for you. I can pray for you, and speak to you; but remember, you must take Christ for yourself."

You must take Christ for yourself. Your safety does not consist in numbers, but in having the Saviour.

A New Year's Promise.

Through another year of mercies
We have each been safely brought:
Day by day fresh blessings bringing
From the One Who slumbers not,
Nor forgets us.
His is love that changeth not.

God in love has all things given
For us richly to enjoy,
But His greatest gift is Jesus;
May HIS praise our tongues employ.
Trusting Jesus
Fills our hearts with peace and joy.

As the New Year now we enter
May we trust Him day by day,
Leaning on His blessed promise,
"I am with thee all the way
To protect thee:
I will be thy Guide alway."

Young Believers' Column.

I WANT to pass on to you an acrostic which I saw some time ago. You will find it easy to remember and I believe it may prove a real help to you.

Four ACTS in a Christian's life.

Admit the Lord Jesus into your heart.
Commit your all to Him.
Transmit the message of His love to others.
Submit your will to His in everything.

Let us go over these four *acts* one by one. The very first act which brought us immediate blessing was that one which answered to the well-known lines of that hymn which we have so often sung—

"Have you any room for JESUS,
Him Who bore the load of sin?
As He knocks and seeks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?"

The moment you swung open the door of your heart and admitted Him, what blessing was yours! He had often knocked before and sought admittance, but the latch had to be lifted by you, and once you let Him in you proved what a Saviour you had found. Yes, we have a wonderful Saviour—One Whose love led Him to die for us, and Whose love followed us every step till we were led to Himself, and then we find His love is ever the same, faithful, full and free.

Have we ever regretted *that first act*? I'm sure we have not, and what is more, it has only led on to the other *acts*, each of which, as we shall see later, brings more blessing with it.

The Lost Foxhound.

WHAT a strange sight to see on board a liner ! A number of dogs being exercised ! How you boys and girls would love to have watched them ! They were valuable foxhounds being taken by ship from England to India.

After their exercise on deck was over, to the dismay of those in charge of them, one of the foxhounds was missing ! The dog's collar was hanging empty but the dog was nowhere to be found. They hunted everywhere, but at last they gave up the search and told the captain of their loss. The dog must certainly have fallen overboard.

The captain was a kind man, and as soon as he heard what had happened, he turned his ship round in search of the lost dog. They went back a long way and had almost given up hope. But just after the vessel turned round to continue her journey the lost dog was seen a short distance away. How pleased everyone was ! They lowered a boat, and the poor dog was hauled aboard very exhausted. At first they thought it would die, but they looked after it well and it quite recovered.

What a lot of trouble was taken to save that dog ! No doubt they knew it was a valuable dog and they did not want to lose it. But boys and girls are of far more value, for they each have a soul within them which will live for ever. The Lord Jesus knew the value of our souls, and He came all the way from heaven to die for us. Unless He had borne the punishment of our sins, our souls could never have been saved. But He loved us so much that He died for us. He is living now in heaven, and He wants you to believe in Him ; then He will take you one day to live with Him for ever.

BIBLE SEARCHING.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

A very happy New Year to you all!

Oh, may it really be so and yet I wonder if it will. How we look forward at the beginning of the year to many happy days and yet how soon disappointments come. Yet it may be truly a happy year to you if you will only let the Lord Jesus make you happy.

Long, long ago, when God spoke to the children of Israel, He said "This shall be the first month of the year to you" and that was when they were saved by the blood of the little lamb and brought out from all the slavery they were in. Now if we trust the Lord Jesus it will be to us a new beginning and a happy new year. Those of us who know the Lord Jesus are waiting for Him to come and it may be even this year, then that would be truly a happy time for us. I would like everyone of our searchers to be watching and waiting for Him.

I hope those who have answered the questions in the past will still continue (D.V.), and all others who would like to begin now will have a hearty welcome. Searchers from abroad are as welcome as the others, and longer time is allowed them for sending in the answers. For the sake of those just starting, I shall explain again how the questions should be answered.

Read the question very carefully and then look in the chapter you are given, till you find the proper answer. Write out the *whole* verse containing the answer, correctly and as neatly as you can. Marks will be deducted for untidy and careless papers. You may write on both sides of the paper and in either ink or pencil, but pencil is better for the younger searchers.

The senior searchers are sometimes asked to answer a question in their own words, but the first five questions should be answered only in the words of the Bible. I hope the senior searchers will really try to do the sixth and seventh questions well. It means more time and thought but I am sure you will not regret the extra trouble, if through them you learn more of the Word of God. I do hope you will enjoy and profit by these questions. We need to search and study our Bibles in order to learn the many lessons they contain.

Prizes are given at the end of the year to those who answer well and regularly. Those who have earned prizes for answering last year's questions should receive theirs shortly, as they will (D.V.) all be sent off very soon now.

Your loving friend,

N. E.

Questions for January.

Those under 14 *to answer five questions: those from* 14 *to* 20 *to answer all the questions.*

ALL.

1. Whom does the Lord invite to come to Him? Matt. 11.
2. To whom is the Lord good? Psalm 145.
3. What cleanses from all sin? 1 John 1.
4. What is worthy of all acceptation? 1 Tim. 1.
5. What are we told about all Scripture? 2 Tim. 3.
6. Write out all the verses in Romans 3 containing the word "all."
7. We are told in Genesis that "Abraham gave all that he had to Isaac." Tell in your own words in what ways Isaac is a picture of the Lord Jesus.

Answers to Questions for November.

1. Deut. 29. 5.
2. Acts 1. 3.
3. Exodus 34. 28.
4. Mark. 1 13.
5. Joshua 5. 6.
6. Jonah 3. 4-10.
7. 1 Kings 1. 19.

Although Elijah had been so bold for the Lord and had defeated the prophets of Baal, he was afraid of Jezebel for she wanted to kill him. He fled for his life and went into the wilderness feeling very discouraged but God was thinking of His servant. He very graciously cared for him and provided food to sustain him on his journey. Elijah went in the strength of that food for forty days and forty nights to Horeb the Mount of God. There God spoke to him in a still small voice and said "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Then He told him what he was to do and that he was to anoint Elisha to be prophet in his stead.

A reference Bible may be used in finding the answers, but no other help is allowed. The first five questions must be answered in the words of Scripture.

Write your name, age and address in full, and the name of the month at the top of your paper.

For your answers to come for a half-penny stamp you must leave the envelope open, and write top left corner of envelope: Education Exercise, Printed Paper Rate.

Answers to be sent in by the 25th of the month, addressed to:—N. E., Bible & Tract Depot, 21, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells, England. Those residing abroad are allowed an extension of time.

Edited and Published Monthly by W. E. SHEPHERD, Bible and Tract Depot, 21, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells.

THE
Children's Gospel Magazine.

THERE WERE THE MISSING GLASSES HANGING ON A LOW BRANCH.

How the Missing Glasses were Found.

THE children had had a splendid morning. Directly after breakfast, accompanied by Mother, they had rowed across the lake to Blueberry Island. This island was covered with blueberry bushes, and the luscious berries were just at their best. They had wandered from one bush to another filling their pails and baskets until the whole island had been picked over. Then with pails brimming over, in spite of the many berries eaten by the way, they jumped into the boat to row back to the farmhouse where they had been spending the last fortnight of their holidays.

How quickly the days had passed, and now here was the last one and to-morrow would see them speeding back to the city and to school! Well, it was some consolation to have such lots of berries to take home and how good the blueberry jam and blueberry pies would taste!

Some hours later, when the children were out in the orchard, Mother came to the door and called to them, "Children, I have lost my glasses, and I am afraid they must have fallen from my bag when we were over on the island this morning."

This was a serious loss, as they knew the glasses had been specially made for Mother in England, and without them she could not read or sew.

"Well, Mother dear," said Grace, "we must all row over to the island and search for them." "But it seems hopeless to search for so small a thing amongst all those bushes," said Charles, "and besides it will soon be getting dark." "But we can row across anyway," said Henry, who dearly loved to row and welcomed any excuse for another hour on the lake.

The children turned and began to race down to the little beach, but Mother quickly called them back. "Before you go, children, let us go inside and ask God to guide you in your search, for He tells us, 'In everything' to make known our requests to Him, and to ask Him for the wisdom we need." So they went upstairs to Mother's room and knelt down while Mother in a few simple words asked God to allow the lost glasses to be found, and she did not forget to thank Him for all the happy days spent in that lovely countryside.

Then the children rushed down to the lake and loosed the boat, and quickly sped across the water to Blueberry Island. "I've brought my rod," said Henry, "because when the sun begins to go down it will be too dark to search and I can fish."

As soon as they reached the island they spread out to search amongst the trees and bushes. The two youngest went off together and as they walked Grace said to her brother, "You know I don't believe it would have been any use searching among so many bushes if Mother had not prayed about it, but now I think we are sure to find them, don't you?" "Yes," he agreed, "somehow I feel sure we will."

Just then, raising his eyes, he saw something in a bush near by glitter in the rays of the afternoon sun. "There they are, I think" he added,

and running over to the bush, sure enough, there were the missing glasses hanging on a low branch.

A loud shout quickly brought the others over, and when they saw the glasses they all marvelled that the search should have been successful in so short a time. Then with one accord they gladly started for home, anxious to let Mother know that her prayer had been answered.

The boy who found the glasses has now grown to be a man, but very often in times of difficulty he has remembered the lesson learnt that day. He has himself often proved that no request is too small to make known to God, for the Word of God tells us, "Be careful for *nothing*; but in *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Phil. 4. 6.

But perhaps some of you will say, "Mother is always telling us to be careful," so let us find another verse that will explain what this carefulness means. It does not mean that we are to be careless and indifferent to what we are taught, nor to what happens to us, but that if we are trusting in the Lord Jesus we do not need to be full of care and worry.

Do you remember reading about when Peter was in prison waiting to be put to death? The night before he was to be brought out to die he was sleeping soundly. Wouldn't you think that he had good reason to be full of care and worry? How was it that he could sleep? It was because he knew that he was still safe in the care of God. Perhaps he thought of Psalm 4. 8, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." That night God delivered him, and many years later when writing a letter to those who knew the Lord Jesus, he wrote these words, "*Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.*"—1 Pet. 5. 7.

The Power of Prayer.

There is an eye that never sleeps
  Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
  When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
  When human strength gives way;
There is a love which never fails
  When earthly loves decay.

But there's a power which man can wield
  When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
  That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
  Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
  To bring salvation down.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."

Prov. 3. 5.

Once too often.

EMILY came from a very poor home. Her clothes were always old, and often ragged, and her face and hands usually wanted washing. Her mother went out to work, so she was not able to go home every day to dinner; instead she packed her up a little parcel to take to school.

When the other children were at their homes, sitting round the table and enjoying a nice hot dinner, little Emily would sit on the doorstep or in a corner of the playground and open her packet. It did not take long to eat the crusts of bread and jam her mother provided and then she was at a loss for something to do, as her little companions would not have returned for a game. So Emily amused herself; she used to go out into the high road and jump on the back of a cart to be taken for a ride.

Occasionally the driver would catch sight of her and using his whip, make her get off quickly. More often she was unnoticed, and would manage to hang on for a long time. If the cart stopped suddenly or went round a corner unexpectedly Emily would have to jump off, perhaps in the midst of the traffic and dodge about to get on the pavement. Then she would have to wait for a returning vehicle to take her back to school, and she had many narrow escapes while racing down the middle of the road trying to overtake a cart.

Many, many times was Emily warned against her dangerous game. She simply loved it, and no threats or warnings seemed the least use. She saw no danger, and she wanted to enjoy herself. If the cart took her too far away, or she couldn't manage to catch one, Emily was late for school

in the afternoon, but no scoldings, no punishments made any difference, and she got quite tired of being told that one day she would be sure to have an accident.

Emily's teacher left the school, but one afternoon she went in to see the children, and on looking round she missed one familiar face.

"Where is Emily?" she asked.

"In hospital!" several children replied.

"In hospital? Why? What is the matter with her?"

"Oh, her usual game. She was riding on the back of a cart—fell off—and was run over by a motor car coming behind, and was badly hurt."

Poor little Emily! She had done it once too often. She was sure that nothing would ever happen; she had taken no notice of all the warnings and now she was bearing the consequences of her foolishness.

Dear boys and girls, do not shut your ears to the warnings of judgment to come. God has appointed a day in which He will judge this world, and if you have not taken shelter under the precious blood of Christ now, while you have the chance, it will be too late to be saved then.

I can imagine some of you turning over the page and thinking to yourselves, "Oh, I've heard all that before." But it is our earnest desire that you should pay heed to the warning before the danger comes. If only Emily had listened to the kind friends who warned her she would not have met with her serious accident.

The Lord Jesus knew that God could not look upon sin and rather than you should be punished for your sins, He bore the punishment of them, nearly 1,900 years ago, if you will only believe that He suffered on the cross in your stead.

"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IF WE NEGLECT SO GREAT SALVATION?"

A Night of Terror.

I WAS brought up in a Christian home. My father and mother knew the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and often talked of Him to us children. Especially did my father often talk of the Lord's coming, of how He might come at any moment to take to Himself all those who believe in Him and have their sins forgiven. This subject always alarmed me. I was in fear that the Lord would come and I should be left behind, for I knew I was not ready to go.

One night, after one of these talks, I went to bed but not to sleep, as I was so troubled. At last I sank into a restless sleep as I had often done of late. Suddenly there was a tremendous noise as of a great explosion. I sprang from my bed, shaking with fear. What could it be? Then like a flash it came to me. "The Lord has come and I am left behind for judgment."

Terror-stricken and trembling I put on a few clothes and opened my door. The house was as silent as the grave, as I groped my way downstairs to my parents' room. At each step my terror increased. I felt sure that when

I reached my father's room I should find him gone. Feebly I knocked at the door, never expecting to get a reply. Strangely enough I did not think of my mother at all. When she opened the door, she exclaimed, "What is the matter?" "Oh," I cried, "is Father there?" "Of course he is here," she replied. "Oh, but Mother, are you sure? Do let me see him." To calm me, she let me look at Father quietly sleeping in bed.

I went back to my room and cried to God to save me, to give me the assurance of sins forgiven, so that if the Lord should come, I should be caught up together with His own. Thank God, He heard me and I found peace in believing. I am now over seventy years of age, but I have never forgotten my night of terror and thank Him for it.

There really was an explosion that night in the town where I lived, which woke me up, although my parents did not hear it. But God used it to my blessing. I learned to believe in the Lord Jesus, Who put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and now I am waiting for that glorious moment when I shall be caught up to be for ever with Him.

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. 24. 44.

Young Believers' Column.

Four ACTS in a Christian's Life.

Admit the Lord Jesus into your heart.
Commit your all to Him.
Transmit the message of His love to others.
Submit your will to His in everything.

WE were looking recently at the first act in our Christian life, which was fraught with so much blessing to our souls, when we *admitted* the Lord Jesus into our hearts. Now let us look at another definite act which is also followed by much blessing.

The apostle Paul writing in 2 Tim. 1. 12, says, "I know WHOM I have believed, and am persuaded that HE is able to keep that which I have *committed unto Him* against that day." He certainly had acted on this—*Commit your all to Him*, and he was persuaded that what he had thus committed was safe.

How much have we committed in glad surrender to Christ? What about our HEARTS? Are they wholly committed to Him? He will keep them if committed to His care. What about our HANDS? Are they surrendered to Him to do His bidding? He would have us commit our hands to Him. What about our LIPS? Are they committed to Him to keep? The Psalmist could say, "Keep the door of my lips," and He will if we commit them to Him. What about our THOUGHTS? Is every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ?

We have committed *our past* to Him, what about *our present* and *our future*?

"Not my own!" to Christ my Saviour
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed.
While eternal ages roll.

"One of His Lambs."

IT was Sunday evening. Jessie and her sister were sitting as usual listening to the Gospel story.

The speaker this night was a stranger to them, and Jessie seemed to listen more than usual as he told in simple words that she could understand, of the good Shepherd, Who came from heaven to find His lost sheep.

She had put her trust in the Lord Jesus, and she knew He had washed her sins away in His precious blood, and as she sat there she had a great longing to let the preacher know that she was saved. Just before the meeting ended there rose from her heart a little prayer that he would speak to her, and that she might be able to tell him that she belonged to the good Shepherd.

The closing hymn was sung ; a prayer was offered and the meeting was over. Jessie's heart beat quickly as she rose to leave the Hall. She was a very shy little girl, and yet she did so want to tell someone that she was saved. The preacher stood at the door and with a smile and a handshake he said goodnight to all.

As Jessie came near him, he looked down at her and said kindly, as he shook hands with her, "And are you one of His lambs?" "Yes, I am," said Jessie, with a smile, so pleased that her prayer had been answered, and I think the preacher knew that the words came from her little heart.

I would like to ask each of my little readers the question that the preacher asked little Jessie. "Are you one of Jesus' little lambs?" If not, won't you let Him find you to-day? He died to save you and make you His own.

BIBLE SEARCHING.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

This month our searching is about verses with "every" in them. This is something like those we had last month. I hope you will think about the answers as you write them out, for if they are about "all" and "every one" *you* must be included and it would be well to see what is said about you.

I am sorry to notice that some boys and girls who have reached fourteen, have stopped doing the answers. If you can do only the first five, better do these than none at all, but if you think you could do a part of six or seven you should try, because even two extra marks gained help you to get a better prize. As you try you will find they are not so difficult as you thought, but above all, ask the Lord to help you and He will, and He will also help you to understand the meaning. None of us can do these things by ourselves but the Lord loves to bless the one who depends on Him.

Do not be afraid to write to me, if you have any difficulty; it would be a pleasure to help you as the Lord may enable me. I do so like to get letters from the searchers.

It is solemn to notice in our answers for December how God spoke to that idolatrous king Belshazzar, and told him of the judgment which would quickly come upon him. And we read "That night was Belshazzar slain." How often is the warning unheeded and then God has to act in judgment on the one who refuses to listen, but judgment is His strange act. God delights in mercy and loves to pardon all who turn to Him.

Your loving friend,

N. E.

A reference Bible may be used in finding the answers, but no other help is allowed. The first five questions must be answered in the words of Scripture.

Write your name, age and address in full, and the name of the month at the top of your paper.

For your answers to come for a half-penny stamp you must leave the envelope open, and write top left corner of envelope: Education Exercise, Printed Paper Rate.

Answers to be sent in by the 25th of the month, addressed to:—N. E., Bible & Tract Depot, 21, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells, England. Those residing abroad are allowed an extension of time.

Questions for February.

Those under 14 *to answer five questions; those from* 14 *to* 20 *to answer all the questions.*

EVERY.

1. Who has turned to his own way? Isaiah 53.
2. Where does every good gift come from? James 1.
3. Who is invited to come to the waters? Isaiah 55.
4. Write out the verse containing the words "every name." Philippians 2.
5. Why was Paul not ashamed of the gospel of Christ? Romans 1.
6. (*a*) In Philippians and 1 Thessalonians, what are we told to do "in everything"? (one verse from each epistle).
   (*b*) In six different epistles Paul speaks of praying for people. Mention four and give the verses. The answers will be found in the first chapter of each epistle.
7. Tell in your own words:—
   (*a*) What the children of Israel were to give as a ransom for their souls. Exodus 30.
   (*b*) How we are redeemed. Give Scriptures.

Answers to Questions for December.

1. Jer. 32. 18.
2. Psalm 84. 10.
3. Rev. 20. 6.
4. Rev. 5. 12.
5. Psa. 119. 72.
6. Bethlehem Ephratah, Micah 5. 2.
   Matt. 2. 1.
   Luke 2. 4, 15, 16.
7. Daniel 5.

We extend a hearty welcome to all our new searchers, and hope they will continue to answer regularly throughout the year.

Published and Printed by W. T. Stanton, Bible and Tract Depot, 21, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells.

THE
Children's Gospel Magazine.

By courtesy of Keystone View Co

AFRICAN CHILDREN.

Three Little Homes.

SOME years ago a Christian lady went out from England to a part of Central Africa where no white woman had ever been before. Two African boys who had learnt to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, went "up country" with her. They were glad to go and help the lady to tell others of His great love. They used to stay for a time in a village and tell the people and then go on to another.

In one village where they stopped a long time there were three little huts close together by themselves, where three brothers lived. Little round huts they were, with a hole at the side for a window, and a larger hole in front for a door. Inside the huts it was more dirty and wretched than words can describe; but the Africans were quite content with their homes; they had never known anything better.

After a little while two of the three brothers, amongst others in the village, learnt to know the Lord Jesus. They listened to what the lady said, for the boys who were with her made them understand what she told them. They soon began to want to live like she did, and to have clean, bright homes too.

The two boys went to help them, and together they cleaned out one of the huts, and burnt all the dirt and rubbish from inside, and cleared round the window and the doorway, so that the light shone full in, and when you looked inside everything was clean and bright.

Then they went to the second hut to help the next brother. He started and cleared away a bit of the rubbish from near the doorway and the window, so as to let a little light in, but he would not turn out any of the dirt inside the hut, and as you looked in you only saw more plainly how dirty it was!

The third brother would have nothing to do with the light at all, but decided to live on in his dirty old hut in the dark.

Before they moved on from that village the lady showed the people the three huts, and told them that each of them was like one of those little homes, and asked them which they wanted to be like. I am sure my readers will understand what she meant. When the Lord Jesus was here on earth He said, "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness." John 12. 46. Yes, many can say,

"My Saviour died in darkness
That I might live in light.
He closed His eyes in death, that mine
Might have the heavenly light.
He gave up all His glory
And came down here for me;
He took the sinners' place that He
The sinners' Friend might be."

Surely those who know the Saviour's love, and a little of what it cost Him to put away our dark sins, will not want to go on in sin any longer. Let us be like the man in the first little hut, and as the light of God's Word shines into our hearts ask Him to help us to live for Him.

If we have taken the Lord Jesus as our Saviour it should be seen in our ways that we belong to Him. Then we shall not be like the man in the second hut who only let the light show up the dirt which was inside.

May none of my readers be content

to go on in the darkness away from the Saviour like the man in the third little hut.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light." Psa. 119. 130.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5. 16.

The New Boy.

ONE summer evening, many years ago, a new boy arrived at a boarding-school in Wales. He was the son of Christian parents, although he was not a Christian himself. You must not think that he was a heathen boy, or a very bad one, in fact, as boys go, you would probably have thought he was pretty good. But he was not converted—he had not yet given his heart to the Lord Jesus; and what was still more sad he did not see his need of a Saviour.

Although his mother had tried to persuade her boy to put his trust in the Lord Jesus while he was young, he had never bothered about it. Later on would do, he thought; it had never entered his head that the Lord Jesus wanted him.

Alfred went off to his new school quite excitedly, and was eagerly looking forward to the fun he expected to have with the other boys. On being taken to his bedroom, he found that the boy with whom he was to share it had already arrived. He enquired if Alfred was the new boy, and then suddenly asked, "Are you a Christian?" This was a question that Alfred had not expected, and it certainly seemed a strange one to be greeted with by a school-fellow so suddenly. As Alfred did not know the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, he had to reply, "No." His companion who was saved, and who was anxious that others should be as happy as himself, stared for a moment at Alfred, and then said, "But wouldn't you like to be?" Alfred replied carelessly that it wasn't much use wanting to be one, as he never could be, even if he tried.

The older boy then said, "We have a little Prayer Meeting in the schoolroom this evening. Will you come, or would you like us to pray for you?" Alfred answered, "Oh, you can please yourself about praying for me; it won't do me any good."

His companion then went downstairs, and as Alfred had nothing to do he undressed and went to bed. But he could not go off to sleep, although he shut his eyes and pretended to be asleep when the other boy came up to bed, for he didn't want to be spoken to again. He was soon in bed and soundly asleep, and Alfred lay and glared at him envying him in his peaceful slumbers. "It's all very well for you," he muttered; "you can go to sleep and I can't, for you are all right, and I'm all wrong." He was beginning to feel very uncomfortable, and for hours he lay tossing about and wondering why he could not rest peacefully like his companion.

Then the story of the Gospel came into his mind, for he knew it all—how that Jesus had suffered for his sins on the cross, that He died and rose

again, and that all that was left for him to do was to put his trust in the finished work of Christ, and take the salvation offered to him so freely. He thought that if he were ill and were told to take some medicine, he would do so *at once* in order to get better, so why put off the question of his soul's salvation. Then and there he knelt up in bed and took Christ as his Saviour, and then feeling as if a great load was taken off his mind he lay down and went to sleep.

After breakfast the following morning, when most of the boys had left their seats, one of the masters came and sat down beside him. "I am so sorry to hear that you are not a Christian, Alfred," he said. "We were praying for you last night."

Alfred immediately answered, "But I *am* a Christian." The master was surprised and said, "Then why did you tell one of the boys last night that you were not?" "Because I wasn't then!" replied the boy. Still more puzzled, the master asked him to explain and Alfred told him all that had happened in the night, when he had given his heart to the Lord Jesus. As he was relating it all to the master the verse came into his mind, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. 10. 9.

Alfred now was a happy boy, for whereas he had been lost, he now knew that he was saved for all eternity. May you find out before it is too late your need of a Saviour, and become as happy as Alfred.

"Thou God seest me."

JUST four words from God's Holy Book were hanging in a frame over the bed. A very old lady, lying there, was telling me how precious they had been to her all through her long life. Her mother, long years ago, had told her the story of poor Hagar, who in *her* trouble cried to God, when no one else was near.

As I sat writing a letter for the old lady to a friend who had lost her husband, I asked, "Can you send her a nice text to comfort her?" She replied at once, "Oh, yes! Tell her about Hagar and 'Thou God seest me.' That will do her good." I suggested some other verse that might be more suitable at this time of sorrow, but she still wished me to send her choice. And in earnest tones she explained, "You see, it works in two ways. It tells me He is near to help and bless me, and it also keeps me from doing things which will not please Him! A great comfort and besides that a warning and a safeguard!"

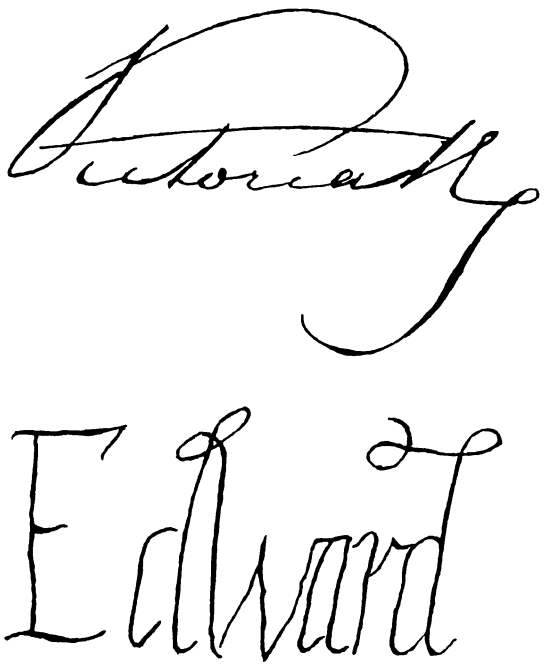
She had worked the text and put it up there, so as to have it always in mind, and feed on it. I really think it is a good plan of hers, and this is why I tell you about it, and I am going to suggest that we write it on a card, and let it be in some place where we shall see it often.

"Thou God seest me."

Be like my old friend, who from a child has known the Scriptures, and they are now, in her old age, the joy and rejoicing of her heart.

Where is your Name written ?

WHILE spending an hour or so in the British Museum not long since, I came into the Manuscript Room. It is very interesting as it has some very old copies of the Bible which are all written by hand and beautifully illuminated, done in the days before printing was known. These Bibles took years to write sometimes and are very valuable. In those days Bibles were very scarce and only very rich people could have one of their own. How thankful we should be that in these days we can each have a Bible to read as often as we like !



But do we value our Bibles ? It says in Psa. 119. 105, " Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." This means that the Bible, which is the Word of God, will give us guidance for every step of our lives and lead us safely to heaven if we believe it.

Passing on through that room, I came to another which had a great many copies of old letters and documents in glass-topped cases. These letters were written long ago by ever so many different people in different lands and at different times, and copies of them are kept to let us see how the people wrote and what they wrote about.

One of the first I noticed was a letter from Queen Victoria to thank a lady for a Bible she had sent her. The Bible had belonged to General Gordon, a brave Christian soldier. When he was killed in Egypt, while seeking to do his duty for his Queen and country, his Bible and journals were sent home to England, and his sister gave Queen Victoria his Bible as a present. This letter then tells how much she valued this Bible. Her signature at the end is just as you see it printed here, showing she wrote it with her own hand.

We know she loved the Word of God for its own sake and knew the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour, so that, although her letter crumbles into dust and perishes, yet she will live for ever with Him. The Bible tells us that those who trust in the Lord Jesus have everlasting life, and have their names written in heaven, which is much better than

having it in the British Museum. It is only those whose names are written in heaven who can ever go there. What about you? Is your name written there? Oh, make no mistake about it. It is most important to be sure. God says that those who depart from Him shall be written in the earth. That means all remembrance of them will be forgotten. Their names will be blotted out. I hope you will all see to it that through believing in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, you will know your name to be in the Lamb's book of life.

The other signature here is that of Edward VI. He was only a boy king, but he honoured the Word of God. When a young companion once stood on a large Bible, in order to reach up to something high up, Edward reproved him for standing on the Book. I wonder if my young readers reverence the Bible. Do be careful how you treat it. Remember it will live when all else has passed away. Edward VI.'s signature, too, is in the British Museum, but after it has faded away the Word of God which he learned to honour will still remain. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away." "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

I hope that each of my readers will not rest till they know they have eternal life, and that their names are written in heaven in the Lamb's book of life. They can only be there if your sins are washed away in the blood of Jesus. Take Him as your Saviour and He will give you the assurance that *your* name is inscribed in heaven.

Young Believers' Column.

Four ACTS in a Christian's Life.

Admit the Lord Jesus into your heart.
Commit your all to Him.
Transmit the message of His love to others.
Submit your will to His in everything.

WE have already considered the *first act* of admitting the Lord Jesus into our hearts, and the *second act* of committing our all to Him, now we come to the *third act*, that is, "Transmit the message of His love to others.

This is a happy service for all those who know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. We want to make known His love to others, and the way to do this is to keep in touch with Him.

You will remember in Mark 5 we read of the man who had the legion. After he had been delivered from Satan's power, he is found sitting, clothed and in his right mind, and when Jesus is about to leave he desires to go with Him. But the Saviour says, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." He was to transmit the message of His love to others.

We, too, have experienced that the Lord has done great things for us. He has borne the judgment of our sins; He has tasted death for us; He now lives to intercede for us, and He is soon coming to take us home to be with Him for ever. Should we not seek to tell forth and shew forth what He has done for us?

"Tell what the Lord hath done for you,
Speak just a word for Jesus."

The Strong Arm.

VERY little children learn to trust the Saviour, and He loves to keep and bless them.

Long, long ago some mothers brought their little ones to Jesus and He laid His hands on them and blessed them. Jesus loves the little ones. They have a special place in His heart. Do you love Him? Have you trusted Him as your Saviour?

If you have, He will never let you go. In all the rough places, the difficult ways, the slippery paths you must meet day by day, in your home life, your school life, your future life in this world, you will have a sure arm of strength on which to lean.

One day, when the roads were all icy and very slippery, a little girl was out walking. She was rather timid, for you know unless you can run and slide how difficult walking on the slippery paths is. "Frightened I slip," cried the little one. "Take my arm. Here is a strong arm for you," replied the lady with whom the little girl was walking. The child took the offered arm, trusted to it, leant on it and went on her way safe and happy till she reached her home.

What made the difference? The child had not changed. The state of the roads had not changed. Nothing had changed, but the child was leaning on a strong arm quite outside herself. The strength of another kept her and brought her safely through to the end.

So the Lord Himself will keep each one, boy or girl, who trusts in Him. His is a strength and power outside of you, above you and yet for you. He wants you to lean on His arm all along the road till He brings you home to Himself in heaven. Only trust Him. *He will never let you go!*

BIBLE SEARCHING.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

There were many new names amongst the searchers for January and I gladly welcome everyone of you as well as those who have been answering before.

Will you all try to do the answers regularly this year (D.V.) so that it need not be said that many started but did not continue? You know it is very easy to begin to do a thing but not nearly so easy to keep on. That is the test and when prize time comes how disappointing to see so many who lacked perseverance. Let this not be said of any of our searchers.

The answers for January were all simple and I do not think any of you found much difficulty with them unless it was some of the seniors who thought the seventh question a little hard.

Some of our youngest searchers take a long time to get all the answers written and they get so tired. Do your best, little searchers, you will find that even the writing gets easier after you have done them a few times.

In the seventh question you had to tell in what ways Isaac is a picture of the Lord Jesus, noticing especially how it says that Abraham gave all that he had to Isaac. Most of you know how he typified the Lord Jesus who was God's only and well beloved Son and Who went willingly to Calvary's cross to save us. No ram, as in the case of Isaac, could be a substitute for the Lord Jesus; He had to suffer and die in order that we might be saved. But God raised Him from the dead and now He is "crowned with many crowns." How I love to think that the One Who is my Saviour is now exalted to highest glory!

There are many different passages which tell us of the glory that God has given to the Lord Jesus, His beloved Son. He has satisfied all the claims of God and not only satisfied but glorified God in all the work which He has done. "How rightly crowned is Jesus." Ephesians 1. 21 tells us "all things are put under His feet," and we who know Him say "He is worthy of it all."

Rebecca, Isaac's bride, is also a picture of the church, those whom the Lord has redeemed and saved and who will one day share His glory. How blessed it is to be united to our Isaac, the Lord Jesus. Oh! I do trust that all our searchers will come to the Lord Jesus now, while He is rejected of men but still a Saviour waiting, yea longing, to bless all that come to Him.

Your loving friend,

N. E.

Questions for March.

Those under 14 *to answer five questions; those from* 14 *to* 20 *to answer all the questions.*

MANY.

1. Why did the Lord Jesus not do many mighty works in His own country? Matt. 13.
2. What did Asa cry to the Lord his God? 2 Chron. 14.
3. What did God say to the man who thought he had much goods laid up for many years? Luke 12.
4. For whom was Christ offered? Heb. 9.
5. What did the Lord give to as many as received Him? John 1.
6. The Lord Jesus told His disciples that He would suffer many things (see Luke 17. 25).

Give verses from three different places in the Psalms or Isaiah in which His sufferings were foretold.

7. In Acts we read of "many being gathered together praying." Where was this? What were they praying for and how was their prayer answered? Tell in your own words.

Answers to Questions for January.

1. Matt. 11. 28.
2. Psalm 145. 9.
3. 1 John 1. 7.
4. 1 Tim. 1. 15.
5. 2 Tim. 3. 16, 17.
6. Romans 3. 9. 12. 19. 22. 23.

7. Isaac is a picture of the Lord Jesus in various ways. He was the heir, the one in whom all the promises were fulfilled. He was a willing victim. As Isaac waited for his bride Rebecca, as she was brought across the desert by Eleazer, so the Lord Jesus is now waiting for His bride, those He has redeemed.

Abraham gave all that he had to Isaac, so God the Father has committed all into the hand of His beloved Son.

A reference Bible may be used in finding the answers, but no other help is allowed. The first five questions must be answered in the words of Scripture.

Write your name, age and address in full, and the name of the month at the top of your paper.

For your answers to come for a half-penny stamp you must leave the envelope open, and write top left corner of envelope: Education Exercise, Printed Paper Rate.

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Printed and published monthly by W. H. Broom, 21, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells.

THE
Children's Gospel Magazine.

[Topical Press.

THEY WENT HOME LADEN WITH BLUEBELLS.

A Happy Idea!

SPRING is here! How welcome after the cold long winter, and how we do rejoice to see the lovely spring flowers. Already they are beginning to show themselves, and who does not enjoy a bunch of primroses or violets from the woods? Some of our young readers are very fond of gathering flowers and so I want to tell you what a lady used to do each springtime.

She was a district visitor, and each year she made it her custom to take a bunch of wild flowers to each of the houses she visited, and attached to each bunch there was a text-card containing some precious portion of God's Word.

One beautiful day in spring, she and a company of young friends visited a lovely valley near her home. It was a happy party and they did so enjoy the time spent, and many were the shouts of joy as they came upon especially nice clumps of flowers. They went home laden with primroses, violets and bluebells, and were able to arrange no less than sixty pretty bunches of flowers, tying a text to each bunch.

Our friend took them round to the houses where she was a well-known visitor. When she had gone to them all, she found she had some flowers over, and while wondering what to do with them a voice seemed to say, "Take them to the cottage hospital." Now the hospital was fully two miles away and being tired, she excused herself inwardly, when again she seemed to hear, "Take them to the cottage hospital." The flowers were beginning to droop by this time, so she thought, "I can hardly offer the sick people these flowers, and they will be still more faded by the time I have walked to the hospital." Then for the third time the words sounded close to her, "Take them to the cottage hospital."

"This is not my work but God's," she said to herself. "He surely bids me take His flowers and His messages of mercy to this special place," and at once she started off. Arriving there she met a young girl who used to go to her Bible class, and she begged her to put the flowers in water to revive them and then to give them to any who might care for them.

Some months later she met this girl again, and she greeted her with, "Will you take some more flowers to the hospital? You do not know how much good those did that you took before. I wished I had enough for each patient. It was so strange but each one said, after reading the text, that it was just the very message that suited her need."

Do you ask why I put "A Happy Idea" as the title of this story? It is because I thought we might act on that verse which says, "Go and do thou likewise."

Whose I am.

NINETEEN hundred years ago a crowd was pushing its way through the streets of an Eastern town, to a house where a little girl, the only little girl in the family, was dying. Her father had come to fetch

One to see his child, Who was in the centre of that crowd which pushed and jostled one against the other as they went. *He* knew what He *could* and *would* do for the little girl.

Amongst the crowd was a poor woman who had heard of the wonderful things He had done for many sick and sorrowing men and women, so she thought she would squeeze through the crowd, and touch Him unnoticed, get healed and slip away again; so she tried. No one else had been able to help her; she had spent all her money to get well, and no one could do her any good, but she knew that if she could only get to Him, the One going down that street, He could make her well.

She made her way through the people and touched the hem of His clothes, and was cured instantly. Oh how wonderful to be well after twelve long years of suffering! She turned to slip away unnoticed, as she had come, but her Saviour stopped and looking round asked, "Who touched Me?" No one answered, so He asked again. A man near by said, "Why look, so many are crowding and pushing, how can you ask 'Who touched Me?'" Then the poor woman saw that she could not go away like that, so she fell at the Saviour's feet and told Him all about it.

And now we learn why He stopped. He knew He had made her well; He had come such a long journey and gone to such infinite pains to do it because He was so sorry for her, and He wanted her to know she belonged to Him now. So He just said, "Daughter," and that was enough to show her she belonged to Him. But so that she should not be afraid He said, "Be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole: go in peace." And He knew quite well what it was going to cost Him that she might be saved and go in peace. He had to shed His precious blood on the cross, but He was willing because He wanted her, and many like her, so much.

Reader, that same Saviour is coming soon, so soon, to raise the dead and change the living who belong to Him, but He has not come yet. And while we are on the way multitudes throng and press all around, but He knows exactly which of us has come to Him. Do you know that no one but Himself can give you eternal life? Have you slipped through and touched Him by faith, and are you trying to get away from Him and go your own way, having taken eternal life from Him, without owning that you belong to Him? He wants us to know that relationship now, wants us to live as His own now, because we are going to live with Him for ever.

Do you think that woman was sorry that she stopped and fell at His feet, and heard Him tell her she belonged to Him? I am sure she was glad, and those who know Him as their Saviour can say from their hearts—

> "I love to own, Lord Jesus,
> Thy claims o'er me divine;
> Bought with Thy blood most precious,
> Whose can I be but Thine?"

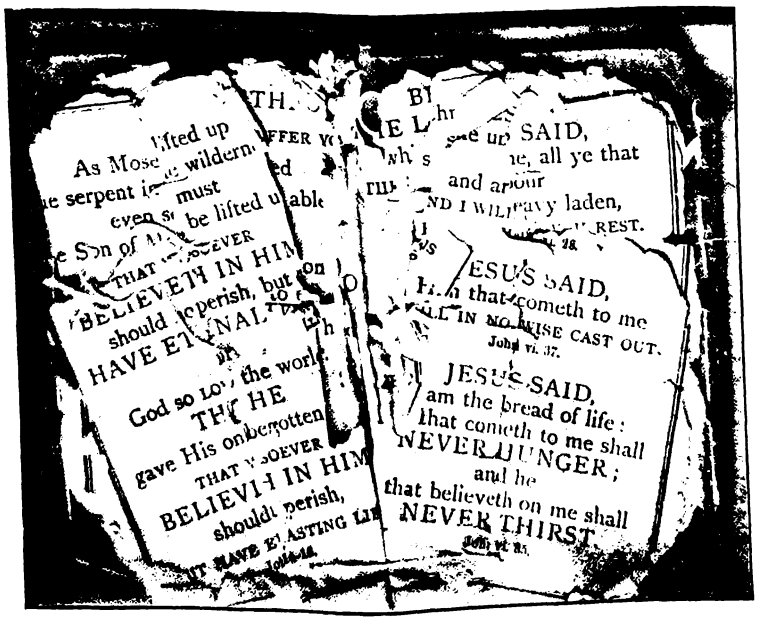
"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body." 1 Cor. 6. 19, 20.

"Ragged Jack."

WHEN you read this title I expect you will think that my story is about a poor little boy, but you will be surprised to hear that "Ragged Jack" is not a boy at all! It is the name that was given to the little book that you see a photo of here. But you will wonder how it became so tattered and torn, so I will tell you.

Many years ago this little book was given to a poor Christian woman, and she used to read it every day, for it had a few verses out of the Bible for each day of the month. Some of the texts spoke of God's great love in giving His own Son to die for us, while others told of His watchful care over those who trust Him, and each one spoke words of cheer to her heart as she read them.

After a time she was taken ill and had to be removed to a hospital. She took with her her much loved Bible and the little book of verses beside other little treasures. For a long time she was very ill and could not read at all. When she began to get better she longed for her Bible but it was gone. She had been moved



to an institution and now all that she possessed of God's Word was that little book of verses. How she treasured it! She was by this time able to be up though not well enough to go home, and she carried her little book with her every day for fear it should be taken away from her. But the

pages began to tear, so she carefully sewed them together with silk and put a paper cover on, and called it "Ragged Jack." When at last she obtained a Bible she still treasured her little book, and read its messages daily.

One day she received a letter from a friend and to her surprise on opening it she found a new copy of her little book. She was so overjoyed that she wrote off at once to her friend and told her the story of "Ragged Jack." Not long after this her friend went to visit her, and before they parted she gave her the much treasured little book just as you see it in the picture. Now that she had a new book for herself she was willing to part with the old one, and her friend treasures it now for she likes to think of what a comfort those verses were to her friend all the time she was without a Bible.

I wonder how many of you who have Bibles of your own value them and read them each day. Have you through reading God's Word discovered that *you are a sinner*, but that Christ Jesus came into the world *to save sinners*? And has He *saved you*? If He has, then I am sure you have also found out that the Word of God is your only guide through this world, and that you need to read it every day in order to get food for your soul and guidance for your pathway.

"Thy Word is very pure: therefore Thy servant loveth it."

Psa. 119. 140.

Lost and what came of it.

SOME years ago two friends had gone to a pretty place in the south of England to spend a holiday. On the evening of their arrival they set off together to explore the place near where they were staying. They walked on for some time enjoying the beauties of the country, when, deciding that it was time to return, they discovered that they had lost their way, and neither of them knew in which direction to go.

One suggested following a certain path, which they did, but found that this only led them still further away. Seeing no one to ask the way they wandered about for some time, when a young soldier came in sight, and walking straight up to them said, "Can you tell me where I am and how I can get back to the town? I have lost my way."

The friends soon explained that they were in the same plight and together they tried again, and presently came to some familiar landmarks, and were able to find their way from there.

As they were walking along trying to find the way the young soldier remarked, "This reminds me of that verse in the Bible, 'Ponder the path of thy feet and let all thy ways be established.'" At once the friends, who knew the Lord as their Saviour, asked him if he was a christian, to which he hesitatingly replied, "I hope so. I try to be, but it is not easy to be a christian in the Army."

He went on to say that he had attended Sunday School in his younger days, and that he had tried to remem-

ber what he had been taught, and to live as a christian. A conversation followed in which the friends endeavoured to point out that we can *know* as a sure and certain fact that we are saved and belong to the Lord Jesus by simply believing on Him. If we are resting in the work done for us on the cross of Calvary, there is no need merely to *hope*, but we can know *without a doubt* that all our sins are washed away and that we have a right to the title of *christian*.

The young man was expecting to be ordered for foreign service shortly, probably the next day, and only God knows the result of that night's meeting. Before parting the friends gave him some little books and many prayers have since been offered on his behalf.

What a precious word of instruction the young soldier's text is to those of us who belong to the Lord. "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established." Prov. 4. 26. And there is another verse in Psa. 119, which says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." I remember while staying in a country place some time ago, and wishing to go out in the evening when it was dark, a lighted lantern had to be brought and carried close to the ground to guide our feet into the right way. So God's Word is a light for us through this dark world, to lead us in paths that are pleasing to Him.

Let us who are the Lord's, take His Word as our guide and make the Psalmist's prayer our own, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths that my footsteps slip not." Psa. 17. 5.

Young Believers' Column.

WE were recently noticing the importance of these first three lines :—

Admit the Lord Jesus into your heart.
Commit your all to Him.
Transmit the message of His love to others.
Submit your will to His in everything.

Now I want you to think a little about the last line. This word is rather a testing one, but if we know the Lord as our Saviour, we shall find wonderful blessing in acting upon it.

It is our wills that are so often the cause of trouble and if we follow them we shall soon be dishonouring the One Who has loved us and given Himself for us. Hence the need to submit our wills to Him. It might be asked, How am I to know what the Lord's will is? This we shall discover by looking into His Word, and we shall find, if we wait on the Lord about it, that the Lord will make known His will to us as we search the Bible.

Have you ever noticed those wonderful words of the Lord Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane? We see Him there on His knees in prayer, anticipating all that that dreadful cross would mean to Him, and He prays, "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done." Luke 22. 42. We know that cup was not removed, but on the cross He drunk that dreadful cup of judgment for us. And now we are saved through Him, and surely we would seek to make the language of the Lord Jesus our language, and be able to say at all times—

"*Not my will, but Thine, be done.*"

"I saw her."

YOU all know how difficult and dangerous the crossing of roads is becoming in these days of swiftly driven motors, and how much safer and better it is to stick close by Mother or some grown-up friend.

The other day a little girl had evidently crossed at a busy corner by herself, and then, though she was safe on the other side, began to cry because she did not *feel* safe as she could not see her Mother. Kind people gathered round to ask what was the matter; but soon her Mother, carrying a baby nestling safely in her arms was beside her and the little eyes were quickly dried, and her Mother said, turning to those around, "She was all right when she knew *I saw her*."

So it is with many of you dear little people. You belong to the Lord Jesus, to the Good Shepherd Who carries the lambs in His arms but you meet with troubles, perhaps through your own naughty little ways, and then instead of looking to Him you look at yourselves, and wonder if you really are safe. But He never changes and it is not you who hold on to Him, but it is *He* who has *His eye on you*, and holds you in His safe keeping for time and for eternity. He says of His sheep, "I know them . . . . and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish."

"Happy are the children
Who trust in Jesus' name;
Although they cannot see His face,
He watches over them.
Safely on their Shepherd's breast
All His little lambs may rest."

BIBLE SEARCHING.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

A few days ago, a little girl told me that she did not read my letter because it was only for the big boys and girls. I wonder how many of you think this. I don't think it would be quite right to write only for the seniors, for there are as many little boys and girls as big ones and I want you all to read the letter.

I'm afraid some children think something like that about the Bible. They imagine that it is dull and that it is only for grown-up people, but don't you think we have had some verses in our searching which suit little people quite as well?

Only to-day I had a letter from two boys to say "thanks" for their prizes, which were Bibles. They say they like them very much and are going to read them on Sundays! How many of you keep your Bibles only for Sundays?

Let me tell you a story! Suppose a man had a long journey to go. The night was very dark, but worse still it was a very bad road. The ruts were deep and full of water and it was difficult to get along safely. He had a lamp which was powerful and good, but he would not use it. He had heard the way often and thought he knew well enough, so instead of letting his lamp shine, he kept it hidden away and stumbled along in the darkness. When he had gone on for a long time and was getting tired and weary, he thought he must be near the journey's end; then someone let a light shine on the road and to his dismay he found he had taken the wrong way. It was too late then to turn for he was worn out and exhausted.

How awful it would be, dear searchers, if you who have Bibles (and surely you all have one) did not use them, but found at your journey's end that you had travelled the wrong way. Let the Bible be your guide; read a little every day and ask God to make it shine on your way so that you may know the One Who is the Way and Who only can take you safely to His bright home above.

Some of you who did not read the January letter, still send in short answers. **Will you please note that you are to write out the whole verse and tell at the end where it is found.** I hope you will notice this carefully for some of you constantly lose marks through omitting to do this.

Your loving friend,

N. E.

Questions for April.

Those under 14 to answer five questions: those from 14 to 20 to answer all the questions.

ANY.

1. What did Jesus cry at the great day of the feast? John 7.
2. Write the verse containing the words, "I am the door." John 10.
3. Why is the Lord "long suffering"? 2 Peter 3.
4. What cannot enter the heavenly city? Rev. 21.
5. What are we told about those "who seek the Lord"? Psalm 34.
6. Write four verses from John's Gospel each containing one of the following:—
   (*a*) If any man serve me.
   (*b*) If any man be a worshipper of God.
   (*c*) If any man eat of this bread.
   (*d*) If any man will do His will.
7. In two different chapters of John's Gospel and in Revelation (three places altogether) the Lord speaks of those who hear His voice. Who are they and what are the results in each case?

Answers to Questions for February.

1. Isa. 53. 6.
2. James 1. 17.
3. Isa. 55. 1.
4. Phil. 2. 9.
5. Rom. 1. 16.
6. (*a*) Phil. 4. 6.
   I. Thess. 5. 18.
   (*b*) Rom. 1. 9. I. Thess. 1. 2.
   Eph. 1. 16. II. Thess. 1. 11.
   Col. 1. 3. 2 Tim. 1. 3.
   Philemon 4.
7. Exodus 30. 11-16.
   I. Peter 1. 18-19.

A reference Bible may be used in finding the answers, but no other help is allowed. The first five questions must be answered in the words of Scripture.

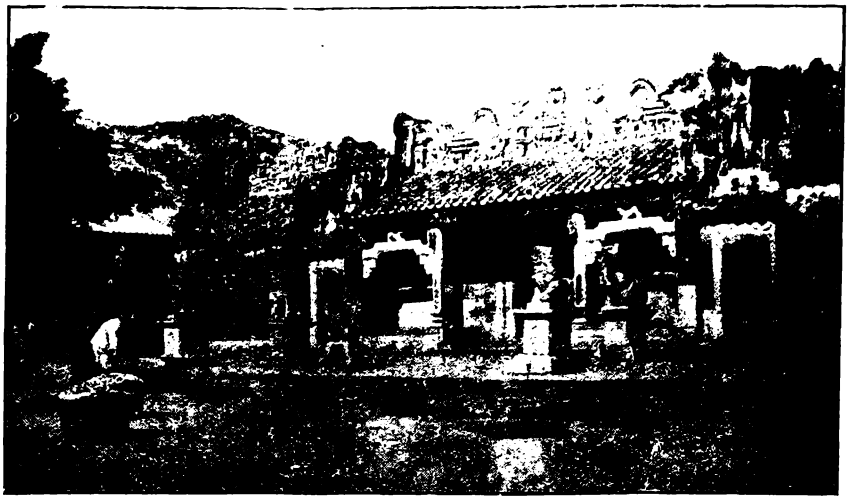
Write your name, age and address in full, and the name of the month at the top of your paper.

For your answers to come for a half-penny stamp you must leave the envelope open, and write top left corner of envelope: Education Exercise, Printed Paper Rate.

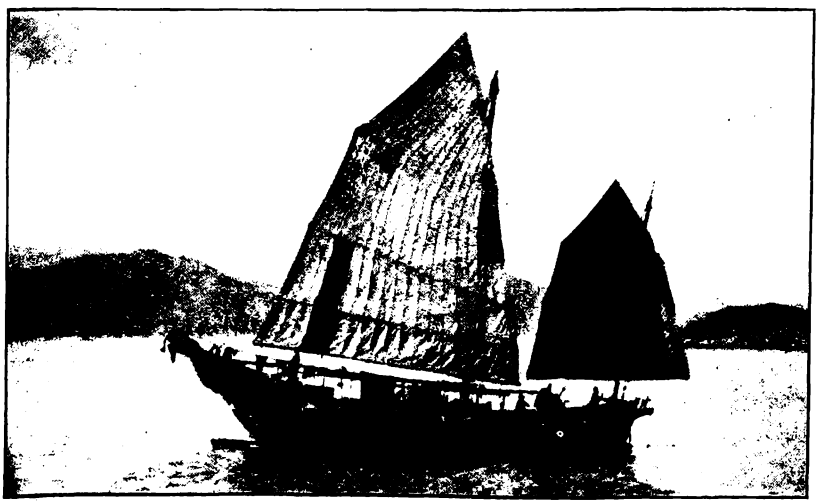
Answers to be sent in by the 25th of the month, addressed to:—N. E., Bible & Tract Depot, 21, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells, England. Those residing abroad are allowed an extension of time.

THE

Children's Gospel Magazine.



FISHERMEN'S TEMPLE IN CHINA.



A CHINESE FISHING JUNK.

The Brave Chinese Fishermen.

ALL night a strong wind had been blowing and the junk, or Chinese sailing ship, had sailed along the south coast of China at good speed, and when morning broke we were nearing the mouth of the river which marked the end of the journey.

Ahead of us were black, lowering clouds, and we could see many little fishing boats hurrying in from the open sea to escape the storm which was evidently coming. Whilst we watched, the wind increased to a gale and the waves were lashed into spray, and the little boats hastened to take in some of their sails for fear of capsizing.

At the mouth of the river are dangerous sandbanks, half burying jagged rocks which at full-tide are covered with water. At this time the rocks were only partly covered and the water boiled and foamed around them.

As the boats neared the river mouth they crowded together to enter the narrow channel which would bring them safely past the dangerous shoals. Suddenly an exclamation from one of our sailors drew our attention to one of the smallest boats. Evidently in their haste to get into the river the fishermen had misjudged their position, and had come too close to the perilous rocks, and were now helpless in the grip of the waves.

Quickly the tossing waters did their cruel work and the mast came crashing down as the little craft began to break up. The five fishermen in the boat stood up and apparently implored some of their comrades speeding by to come to their rescue, but it seemed that none dared to face the storm-beaten waves. The large junk on which we stood watching the terrible scene was unable to approach closer owing to the treacherous sandbank, and it looked as though the poor fishermen must be left to their fate.

For a moment the little boat disappeared from view as though swallowed up, but again it appeared, but, alas, now there were only three men left clinging helplessly to the sides of their sinking boat. Truly they were in a terrible position, facing an almost certain death in the angry waters, and the Bible tells us "after this the judgment." But have you ever realised that the position in which you stand, even as you read this, is just as serious, if you do not know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Death and judgment await all who have not trusted in that loving Saviour Who has already gone into death to bear the judgment for all those who put their trust in Him. Those who have trusted in Him and know that their sins have been washed away in His precious blood can sing joyfully,

> "Death and judgment are behind us,
> Grace and glory are before."

As we sorrowfully watched that doomed boat sinking lower and lower in the waves, we suddenly saw that another little boat, which had already passed into the safety of the river mouth, had turned about and was speeding back towards the rocks.

It seemed impossible that a boat could sail into the midst of those tumbling waters and come out whole, but on it went until right amongst the rocks, and it looked as though every minute it also would be smashed to

pieces. It went on until almost alongside the sinking boat and then before we could see how they had done it, the three half-drowned fishermen had left their sinking boat and were safely on board what was truly a "lifeboat" for them.

Then the little boat came sailing out of the foaming waters, away from those jagged rocks and on towards the haven in which they would find safety from the storm.

What noble fellows those were to risk their lives for their friends! You remember the words of the Lord Jesus, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But the love that He had for you and me was greater than man's love, because He laid down His life for us "when we were enemies." He died for us in order that we might have life. When we think of such love as His, surely, as the apostle Paul says, His love "constrains" us, not to live just for ourselves but for Him Who died for us.

Can you say for yourself, "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for me"?

"I am the Door."

WILL you come and visit an Eastern sheepfold with me? I want to show you the meaning of the words at the head of this paper. You would see first a large space enclosed by a fence. This fence is made of rough stones of all sizes, piled up one on another, and being so laid as to fit closely together. They are about twelve feet high. The way into the fold is formed by an archway of stones, but *no door*.

The shepherd brings his sheep into the fold at evening time, and counts them to see they are all there. If one is hurt or lame he rubs it with oil and comforts it. A shepherd in the East knows his sheep well. They are not killed quickly as they are in England, but live with him several years perhaps. He gives them names, which they each know quite well. He has a special call for his sheep and they know it, and his voice. If a strange shepherd gives the same call, they run away frightened. They do not know his voice.

At night when all the sheep are safely in the fold, the shepherd still watches over them. To do this he lies down under the archway. Then no robber or wild animal can get in without going over his body. If he is very tired and in danger of going to sleep, he gets a man to watch for him, but the shepherd still lies in the doorway and is still *The Door*.

Now I wonder if you understand the words of the Lord Jesus when He said, "I am the Door of the sheep." He has told us He is the good Shepherd Who cares for the sheep. "All we like sheep have gone astray." Will you let the Lord Jesus take you into the fold? Have you yet heard His voice calling "Come unto Me"? He gave His life for the sheep—for you, if you will accept Him as your Saviour.

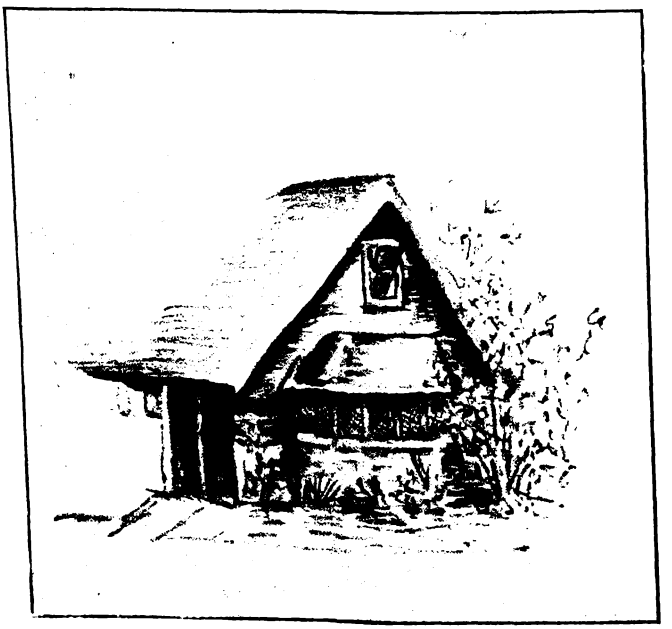
"I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved." John 10. 9.

The Swallows' Window.

"Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee." Job 12. 7.

"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming: but My people know not the judgment of the Lord." Jeremiah 8. 7.

WE very seldom see storks wild in this country, and we never see cranes, but we sometimes see turtle-doves and every year we see the swallows doing the same now, as God's prophet Jeremiah watched them do hundreds of years before the Lord Jesus came down here on earth.



Every April and May the swallows come to our country from North Africa, Egypt and Palestine, and every October they meet together ready to go back to the warm countries for the winter. When the swallows come we know summer is almost here, and when they go we know winter is coming.

They know the time to go. God, Who made them, gave them the instinct, and they leave their nests and the places where they have caught the gnats and the flies all day, which they feed their young on, and they will even leave their late broods of young ones sometimes, because they know it is time to go. And yet God has to say that though His birds know, His people for whom He has done so much more, do not know His ways and purposes and commandments. God has spoken in His Word; He has sent the Lord Jesus in His infinite love and grace to die for men, women and children. He has told us He is coming back very soon to take all who believe in Him to live with Him for ever in a much better country, where sorrow, sin and pain can never come, for God must judge this world because of sin and the rejection of the Saviour, and yet many go on as if they knew nothing about it.

"The stork in the heaven, she knoweth,
Crane and swallow observe too their times,
And shall *we* be less ready than they
For transit to happier climes?"

In an old house in the country there was a large hall. It had low windows all round it, but there was one little window high up near the roof. There were large beams in the hall to support

the roof, and in the fork of two beams a pair of swallows built their nest year after year. Back they came to the same spot, and they used to fly in and out through the little window which was always kept open for them.

The children who lived in the house loved to watch the swallows come in May, and get the nest ready, and then see the parent birds feed the baby ones. Four or five little heads would come up out of the nest and open their beaks as the father or mother flew in at the window with a fly for them.

One summer the swallows were late settling on the nest, and the children with their father and mother went away to the sea while the baby birds were tiny, and they forgot to tell the gardener, who took care of the house, not to shut the swallows' window.

The gardener forgot about the swallows too, and one day, not long after the children were gone, there was a bad storm and he shut it. The mother bird was inside with her babies, and when the children came home they found her quite dead on the nest with all the babies dead too! Oh! how sorry they were to think they had forgotten about the window. Poor little swallow! the others all went back to a warm country but she and her babies were prisoners. The other swallows must have noticed it, perhaps the father did, for no swallows ever built in that hall again. It had seemed quite safe, and they had built there many years, but you see it was not safe, and the swallows knew it and never trusted it again.

Reader, will you be a prisoner when the Lord Jesus comes to take all His redeemed ones to His better country? God's Word says, "He shall be holden with the cords of his sins." Proverbs 5. 22. But it says too—Jesus says it Himself—"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8. 36.

"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12. 40.

The Prisoner's Request.

A CERTAIN gentleman had two large gospel texts hanging in his sitting room for many years. The texts were, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

He was in the habit of visiting the city prison to speak to the prisoners of Jesus and His love, so it came to his mind to take the texts there, thinking that God might use His word for the blessing of souls. In due course the texts were taken and hung in a large women's dormitory, where on Saturday evenings the Matron held a little meeting for the women.

One Saturday evening the visitor noticed a woman lying in bed at the far end of the room and asked about her. "Oh," said the Matron, "she is a prisoner who has just been brought in. She is very ill." So the gentleman went up to the bed and began to speak to the poor woman. She fixed her dark eyes on him and listened earnestly as he told her of the love of Christ, Who died to save her, a sinner,

and shed His blood to wash her sins away and make her whiter than snow.

The next Saturday the Matron said, "Do you remember the sick woman you spoke to? Well, the next day she asked to have her bed moved up to the end where the texts are. After some time she called me, and said, 'Do you see that? God says "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and Jesus said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." *I* have come to Jesus and His blood has washed all my sins away. Please get all the women together here, that I may tell them.'"

The Matron did as she requested. The women came round the poor woman's bed and she told them how God had forgiven all her sins, although she had been a wicked woman, for "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The next day she was moved to the hospital as she was so ill, and the following day she died; but for her it was far better, for she went to be with the Saviour, Who had died for her.

Reader, you may not have done so many wicked deeds as this woman did, but you too are a sinner. God says, "All have sinned." Do *you* know the blessedness of the one whose sins are forgiven? You may know it now by putting your trust in the Lord Jesus and His finished work at Calvary. His blood was shed to put away your sins. Let it cleanse yours. Then you will be able to join in the song of praise, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . to Him be glory."

Young Believers' Column.

HOW does the coming of the Lord affect you? His last message to us is, "Surely I come quickly." Do we believe it? Do we really expect the Lord to come? If so, we shall be seeking to please Him while we wait for Him.

I was reading recently of a traveller who was being shown over a beautiful estate in the north of Italy. He was charmed with the beauty and perfect order of the garden which reflected great credit on the one who kept it, and the gentleman's thoughts naturally travelled from the servant to his master for whose eye no doubt the garden was thus kept in such order. What was his surprise then to learn that during the twenty-five years that the gardener had worked there, his master had only visited the place four times, and not at all for the last twelve years; while the steward who was responsible to give the master's orders lived at a distance and never came at all.

"One would think you were expecting your master to-morrow," observed the visitor. "No, TO-DAY sir, *to-day*," was the faithful servant's answer.

Is this how we are acting? Are we doing our work in such a manner as though we were expecting our Lord to-day? He has promised, "Surely I come quickly," and He has told us to occupy till He comes. Are we living as though we were not expecting Him at all, or can we say the thought before our hearts is—

"PERHAPS TO-DAY"?

What the Postman said

MABEL, a little girl of seven, was staying with her Mother at the seaside. It was holiday time so most of the day was spent playing on the shore. But Mabel's Mother did not want her little girl to forget what she had learnt at school, so one day when she was indoors she told her to practice writing.

Mother gave Mabel a Bible and said she could choose any verse she liked and copy it out. Mabel was very pleased, and after choosing her text, she sat down and copied it out in her very best writing. It took her quite a long time, as you little ones will know, for as she was only seven years old she could not write very quickly.

When she had finished it she took it to show to Mother. I expect you will be wondering what verse Mabel chose. It was this :—

> "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE."

Mother was very pleased with her little girl, because she had written the verse very nicely, and she was pleased too because Mabel had chosen such beautiful words.

Just as Mother was reading the verse, there was a knock at the door and the postman called with the letters. He was a christian man so Mother showed Mabel's writing to him.

"Why, those are the words of Jesus, and your name is there," he said. Mabel thought he had made a mistake, for she knew she had not written her name in the verse. So the postman explained that it was the word "whosoever," and that it was his name and Mabel's name and everybody else's name too.

And now, dear little reader, have you found out that your name is in this verse? Are you among those who believe in Jesus? Do you believe that God sent His only Son into the world to die for you? If you do, then you have everlasting life.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, yes!
Jesus died to set poor sinners free.
You say, 'How do I know it?'
John three sixteen will show it;
That big word *whosoever* just means *me!*"

BIBLE SEARCHING.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Last month we were speaking about the Word of God, and how much we need it to help us every day. I have been thinking about something else we need, and that is prayer.

In our first question this month we read about a poor lame man, who sat begging. He asked Peter and John for money, but instead he was made perfectly whole. Oh! he was happy then, so happy that everyone noticed him, for he was dancing for joy. There is a little verse that most of you, even the little ones know. It says, "Ask and it shall be given you," and that is just what we do when we come to God. We all know how to ask Mother for what we want. Sometimes she doesn't give it to us, for it would not be good for us, but when it is good for us, she is pleased to give it, if she can. God wants us to come to Him and ask what we need, and He is so glad to give it to us if it would be for our good. He is so wise He knows just what is best for us. The poor lame man went leaping and praising God for making him well, and how much we have to praise Him for. He cares for us every day, giving us all the good things we enjoy but the best gift of all is the Lord Jesus Who gave Himself, that He might be our Saviour. Have you ever thanked Him for Jesus? If you have not, you should do it now.

In our answers for March, we had such an interesting story of how God answered the prayers of His people. Peter had been put in prison and it seemed as if he might be killed. His friends were so sorry. They could do nothing to help him, but they gathered together and told the Lord about it and asked Him to save Peter. Acts 12 tells us how the Lord answered their prayers and rescued Peter from the soldiers. The disciples were so glad, they could hardly believe it was true and Peter had to knock at the door a long time before they would let him in.

Some of us have loved ones who do not yet know the Lord and we long for them to be saved too. The Lord encourages us to come and tell Him all about them. He is the only One who can help us and He will answer in His own time and way. Let us come with earnest and persevering prayer.

If some of you would like to write and tell me some of the ways God has answered your prayers I shall be so pleased to hear.

Your loving friend,

N. E.

Questions for May.

Those under 14 *to answer five questions; those from* 14 *to* 20 *to answer all the questions.*

NONE.

1. What did Peter say to the lame man? Acts 3.
2. Write out the verse containing the words, "Look unto Me." Isaiah 45.
3. What can none of us do? Psalm 49.
4. What should none of us suffer as? 1. Peter 4.
5. How many lepers were cleansed in the time of Eliseus? Luke 4.
6. Write out from Genesis, four different verses in which the Lord promised the land of Canaan to Abram (Abraham).
7. Acts 11. 19 tells us of some who went preaching the Word to "none but unto the Jews only." Who was the first to preach to the Gentiles and how did it come about?

Answer will be found in Acts. Tell in your own words.

Answers to Questions for March.

1. Matt. 13. 58.
2. 2 Chron. 14. 11.
3. Luke 12. 20.
4. Heb. 9. 28.
5. John 1. 12.
6. Psalm 22.
   Psalm 69.
   Isaiah 53 and many other Scriptures.
7. Acts 12.

A reference Bible may be used in finding the answers, but no other help is allowed. The first five questions must be answered in the words of Scripture.

Write your name, age and address in full, and the name of the month at the top of your paper.

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Answers to be sent in by the 25th of the month, addressed to:—N. E., Bible & Tract Depot, 21, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells, England. Those residing abroad are allowed an extension of time.

Printed and Published Monthly by W. H. Stickings, Bible and Tract Depot, 21, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells.

THE
Children's Gospel Magazine

A JUNGLE SCENE IN AFRICA.

Bought with Blood.

MOST of you children who read this will probably often have heard in your Sunday School, or perhaps at children's meetings, about the Lord Jesus Christ having shed His precious blood for us, and perhaps you have not always quite understood what it meant.

I recently saw a little story that will I think help us to see what God's Word means when it tells us about being "Redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ," as it does in 1 Peter 1. 18.

An Englishman travelling in Africa, many years ago, with a long retinue of wagons and servants, saw a native boy running frantically towards him, evidently in great fear of a lot of men who were chasing him. He ran right up to the white man's wagon as if to take shelter there. Just as he came up, those who were following him came up close too, and their leader, a chief, tried very hard to reach the lad. "Let me get at him," he shouted, "he has bewitched my son." For you know these poor natives believe a lot in bad spirits and false cruel gods; so many of them have never heard of the true God, Who loved us so much as to give His Son to die for us.

The Englishman of course tried to shield the poor slave. "I will buy him," he said, "how much do you want for him?"

The native chief continued to storm with rage, saying "I don't want money for him. I won't sell him; I want blood. I will kill him." And with that he fitted an arrow to his bow and savagely shot at the poor slave who was cowering down behind the man who tried to save him.

Quick as thought the white man threw his arm in front of the poor boy and the sharp arrow struck his arm and made a deep wound in it.

When the chief saw this, his face fell and he looked rather as if he were afraid of what might happen. It was all very well, he thought, to kill a slave whom nobody cared for, but it was another matter to wound one of the white men. Perhaps soldiers would be sent to punish him, or take away his cattle or even his life. So he looked crest-fallen. The white man said, as he drew out the arrow, "You did not want gold, eh, you wanted blood? See, here it flows before your eyes. But you must give account for it."

"Oh, Son of the ocean," said the chief, "my heart is sad, for I did not mean to hurt you."

"But you have," said the white man. "I have bought your slave by my own blood. Give him to me, and there shall be peace between the black man and the white man."

The chief was glad to escape, as he thought, so easily, and readily consented to this plan. Then the slave boy whose name was Gara came up to his new master and kissing his feet, said, "Gara, whom you bought with your own blood, will be your faithful slave for ever."

"Oh, no," said his rescuer," you are free. Englishmen don't have slaves." "Free?" said the poor boy, hardly able to believe his good fortune. "Oh then let Gara serve his massa. You have bought me."

This story reminds me of a very sweet verse that some of us know—

"When blood from a victim must flow,
This Shepherd by pity was led
To stand between us and the foe,
And willingly died in our stead."

It was kind of the white man to offer to buy the slave. It was much more noble of him to catch that arrow on his own arm; but how much more has Jesus done for us, seeing that He has actually *died* for us on Calvary's cross to save us from our sins and from Satan. So God's Word tells us in the verse we quoted at the beginning of this story that it was not silver and gold by which we can be redeemed, but by "the precious blood of Christ." God thinks so much of it that He calls it "precious" blood. Now, dear boys and girls, is it "precious" to you? If you trust the Lord Jesus to be your Saviour, you too can know the joy of being sheltered by His precious blood, and can sing from your heart—

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

Gara served his master for many years, and learned to know Jesus as his Saviour too. He would often say, "Massa saved me from my cruel chief, but my Lord Jesus saved me from cruel Satan. Massa saved me by his blood for this world, but my Lord Jesus saved me by His blood for heaven and from eternal punishment." You, boys and girls, have no cruel chief to be saved from, but you do need the precious blood of Jesus to wash your sins away.

On Eagles' Wings.

"Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou . . . tell the children of Israel; Ye have seen . . . how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself."—Ex. 19. 3, 4.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. 32. 11, 12.

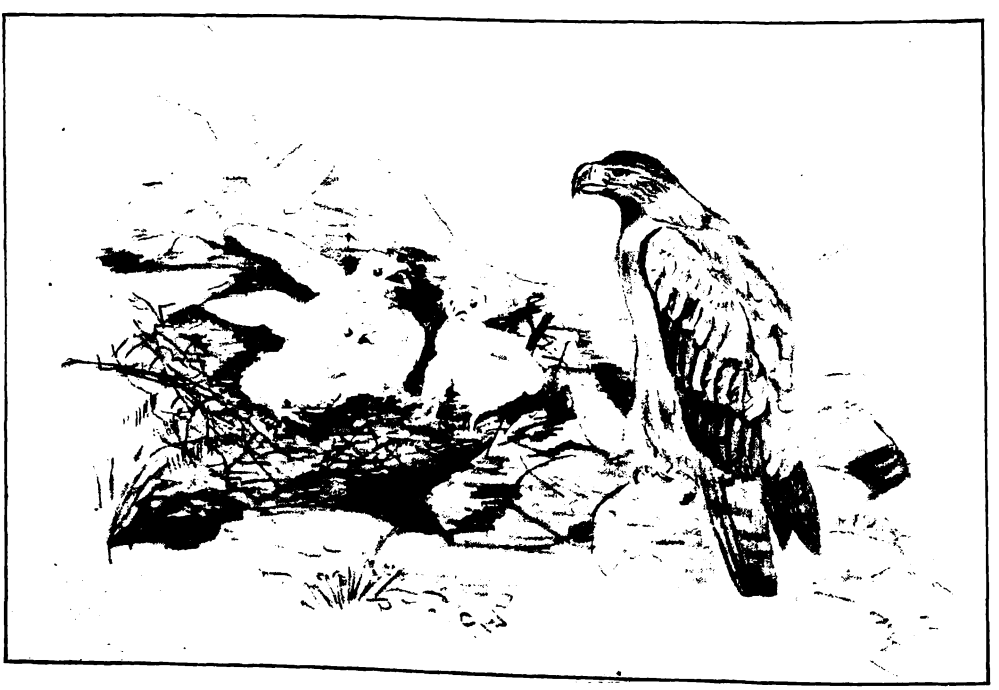
HAVE you ever seen an eagle? "Oh yes!" some of you will say, "in the Zoo." There is an eagle in the Zoo, but he looks so sad, you would hardly know him to be the king of birds, though he is. A prisoner, chained to a stake, and miles and miles from his home, with his feathers all bedraggled, and his great wings useless! For an eagle's home is in the wildest parts of the mountains, and his nest is on the topmost rocks, where it is almost impossible for anyone to go.

He is stronger than most, if not all of his foes, and his wings measure eight feet across when stretched out. His nest is made of rough sticks and mud put together on the rock, and when the young birds are old enough, the mother stirs up the nest to make them learn to fly. There are only one or two young ones in a nest, and she flutters round them to try and make them copy her. They are very slow to learn though, and so she pushes them out of the nest to make them learn, and as they fall, she swoops down under them and catches them between her wings, so teaching them to fly. If they get tired, even when they have learnt, she will carry them in this way, so that anyone shooting from below must hit the mother first, and they are safe.

God's servant Moses, who wrote those words about the eagles, must have watched the great birds when he was up in the mountains alone with God, for he was often up there in all the loneliness and grandeur of God's mountains, and saw and heard what no one else ever did. Yet God's Word says, "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth" (Num. 12. 3), but "the meek will He guide in judgment: and the meek will He teach His way" (Psa. 25. 9). And God made known His *ways* unto Moses, that is, *why* and *how* He did things, and His *acts*, just *what* He did, unto the children of Israel. (See Psa. 103. 7.)

It would take too long to tell you all the story of Moses, from the time he lay a helpless baby boy in the little bulrush ark on the river in Egypt—the forty years he lived in king Pharoah's house—the forty years he lived in the desert, and how he then delivered God's people from the bondage of Egypt, and led them forty years through the wilderness to the promised land of Canaan, God taking care of them and teaching them all the time, as He says, like the eagle does. But Moses had failed once, when he struck the rock because he was so angry with the people's rebellious grumblings, when God told him just to speak to it, for water to come, so God told Moses that he must not go into the promised land himself, but He would show it to him.

Moses went up a high mountain, Nebo, it was called, near Jericho, and



God showed him all the land He was giving to the children of Israel, stretching out before him to the sea, a land which God cares for; His eyes are always on it from the beginning of the year to the end of the year, He says (Deut. 11. 12). When he had seen it all, Moses died up in the mountain as God said he must, and then God buried His servant in the valley below. No one saw the funeral, and no one knows where the grave is, for God has not told anyone.

But we read of Moses again, standing on one of those mountains long, long years afterwards, for a little while. The One of whom Moses wrote (Deut. 18. 18) had come, and come to bring a people He loved back to God, and it was going to cost Him His life.

We read in Luke 9. 28-35 how he stood with God's prophet Elijah, and three of the Lord's disciples were there too, and they spoke of the great redemption by the death of the Lord Jesus which was going to take place at Jerusalem, to set a people free from Satan's bondage of sin and death. No wonder we read that the eyes of God were on that land all the year, when it was there His own beloved Son was to be crucified to bring His people back to Himself. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And all the journey home to Himself we know His love and care for us, of which the eagle's care for her young is a picture. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Deut. 33. 27. And the Lord Jesus tells us in Luke 15. 5, and in John 10. 28, just how safe are His own.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul doth rest."

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might *bring us to God*." 1 Peter 3. 18.

The Chinese Student's Saviour.

SOME months ago I was travelling in another country and saw many trees and fruits that do not grow in China. I thought how nice it would be to have those trees at home, so when I returned to China I brought a number of various kinds of seeds and gave them to a Chinese friend who had a large garden.

About four months later I visited my friend's garden and asked him how the seeds were growing. He took me to a large seed-bed where they had been planted, but, alas, many of the rows were quite empty.

Wondering why no plants had sprung up I took a stick and began to dig in the soil, and very soon dug up a pretty grey brown seed which I remembered I had very much admired when first I saw it in Siam. The seed was just as pretty and glossy as when it had been planted; its hard shell was unbroken and there was no sign of root or sprout, so that it was easy to see why no plants had grown.

A few evenings later we were reading in 1 Corinthians 15; that wonderful chapter in which the Spirit of God