
PLENTEOUS GRACE

Simple Gospel Stories
magnifying the
Grace that Saves



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O' may this volume be a guide
To lead you to the Crucified;
Its pages seek of Him to tell,
The Lord Who has done all things well.

And as you read the Stories o'er,
O may you love Him more and more;
Then will the Saviour be more dear
Each passing day through all the year.

R. G. M.

A Wise Builder.

IN days of long ago there lived a man who was an exile from his native land. He was faithful and cheerful, and he was a favourite with the king, to whom he was cup-bearer. Now, one day, some friends came to him at the palace, and gave him news of the home-country. Among other things, they told him that the wall of the city was broken down, and the gates burnt with fire.

Nehemiah (that was the name of the cup-bearer), wept to think of the desolate condition of Jerusalem. He confessed his sin, and his peoples' sin, to God. Then he got leave from Artaxerxes, the king, to go to Jerusalem to build the broken wall. The elders of the city listened to him gladly, and said: "Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work."

Foes tried to hinder them, and some mocked them, but the people, led by the brave and wise Nehemiah, continued with the building of the wall of Jerusalem. There was difficulty, there were hindrances, but the builders carried on, knowing that God was with them in the work. So the wall was finished in fifty-two days.

Many lessons may be learned from Nehemiah's great example. If you would build your life and character to be well-pleasing in God's sight, begin right by confessing your sin to Him and your need of Him. Begin the year well with Christ as your Saviour, and, with His help, you will build well.

"Coals of Fire"

A YOUNG BOY, in a boarding-school, was telling some of his schoolmates of a grudge he had against another, and was planning revenge.

An elder boy was listening, and gained his confidence by his sympathy with him, but suggested a different plan of revenge. Said he; "Let's put hot cinders on his head." "Oh, yes;" chuckled the young boy as he thought of the effect of the hot cinders on the head of his enemy, who had red curly hair. But as he listened to his friend's unfolding of his plan, he was at first rather disappointed when he found that the "hot cinders" were

those spoken of in Romans 12. 20. "Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Since First the Dawn

R. G. MOWAT.

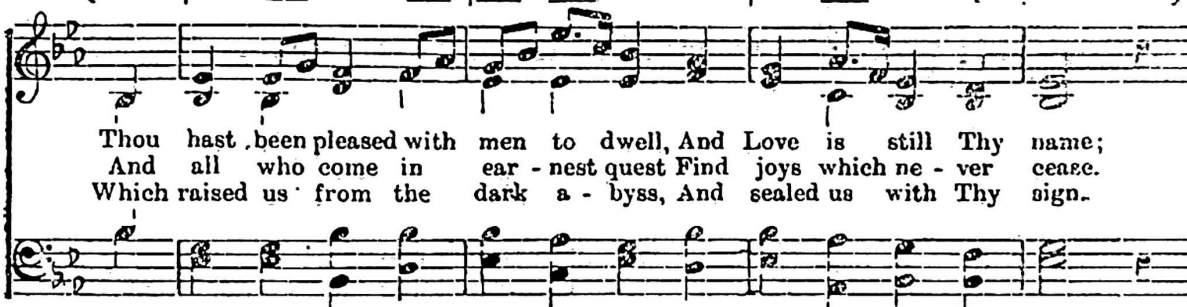
German Air.

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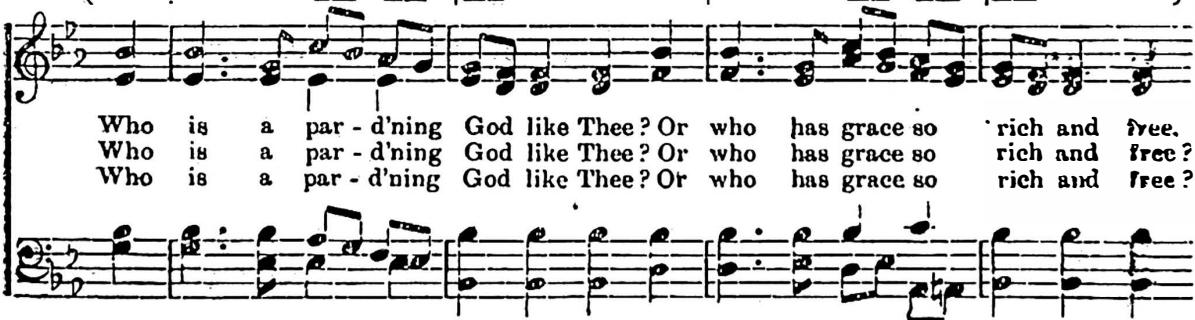
1. Since first the dawn on E - den fell, In gold - en, liv - ing flame,
 2. The peo - ple of Thy hand are blest With sure and glad in - crease;
 3. Our song will have no theme but this—Thy won - drous love di - vine.

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Thou hast been pleased with men to dwell, And Love is still Thy name;
 And all who come in ear - nest quest Find joys which ne - ver cease.
 Which raised us from the dark a - byss, And sealed us with Thy sign.

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Who is a par - d'ning God like Thee? Or who has grace so rich and free.
 Who is a par - d'ning God like Thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?
 Who is a par - d'ning God like Thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

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As deep, as bound - less as the sea, Thro' all the years the same?
 'Tis at the Cross Thy love we see, Where Christ was made our peace.
 Well may our lives, our ser vice, be For e - ver whol - ly Thine.

A GREAT LEADER

By Violet Young

IT was a great day for Moses in Midian when God told him He had chosen him to ask Pharaoh to release the children of Israel from bondage.

Moses loved his own people and longed for their freedom, but he had fled for his life from Egypt, and the present Pharaoh was as cruel as the one who had tried to kill him forty years before.

He had been brought up in luxury and splendour in the Egyptian royal house, but he counted "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." Heb. 11. 24-26. He enjoyed



the freedom and peace of the out-of-door life, caring for his father-in-law's flock in Midian, but now God asked him to do a tremendous thing.

He made excuses, saying that no one would listen to such an ordinary person as himself; besides, he was not a good speaker. God said that his brother Aaron should accompany him, and that He Himself would be with them. He warned Moses that Pharaoh would at first refuse to release the people.

"But the people will not accept me either," Moses objected. Then God gave him signs to show them if they refused to believe him.

At last Moses and his family set out for Egypt. God sent Aaron to meet him, and they continued the journey together. The Israelites were glad to see Moses again, and believed that God had sent him to deliver them.

After careful preparation they went to the palace. Moses was glad Aaron was with him. Although he knew his way about and how to behave in the royal presence, he was still rather fearful, and it was good to remember God's promise, "Certainly I will be with thee."

It was strange to walk through the splendid halls and rooms he had known as a boy. Would anyone remember him? Hardly, after forty years absence.

At last they stood before Pharaoh. Aaron began: "The Lord God of Israel says, 'Let my people go that they may serve Me in the wilderness'." Pharaoh stared in amazement. Who were these impertinent Hebrews who dared to ask the great Pharaoh to free the slaves who were building cities which would make him famous?

"I do not know the Lord God, neither will I let the people go," he answered. "Show me a miracle that I may know you are speaking the truth."

Aaron threw his rod on the ground as God had shown him, and it became a wriggling serpent. Then Pharaoh called the sorcerers and wise men, who cast down their rods which also became serpents, but Aaron's rod swallowed them up. In spite of this, Pharaoh refused to let the Israelites go.

During the years Moses spent in Egypt he learned "the wisdom of the Egyptians." In the simpler life at Midian, he drew nearer to God Who from his early days was preparing him for his life-work. He had much to learn, for he was hasty and hot-tempered. But at last it was written of him, "Moses was very meek above all men which were in the earth." Num. 12. 3.

NOTES

Competitors, please note :

When sending in your entries, it is important to give, in addition to your age, your full name and address. Lately, a prize was sent to Miss B. Jones, 75 Parliament Street, Norton. The parcel was returned from the Post Office, with the statement that a County was required. On looking up the postal guide, we found that there are at least ten Nortons in different Counties. Will B. Jones kindly send in the name of her County?

And, by the way, all our readers are free to do the Competitions—there is nothing to pay, and there's no age limit. Salvation is like that: it is freely offered to "whosoever will," of any age.

Effie Gallacher would very much like to have a pen friend. Effie, who is 14, lives at 42 Main Street, Lumphinans, Fife. Now, then, girls, who will write to Effie?

Several prizewinners have written letters of thanks for prizes they have received. I wish to assure them all that their kind letters are much appreciated. Gracie Patterson writes that she enjoys singing and playing the Choruses. Lovers of the Choruses will be glad to know that I hope to continue to give a new Chorus each month, to the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Here is an *Acrostic* by a reader, E. A. Ewan, Abernethy.

Then ——— prayed unto the Lord. Jonah 2 —.
Then ——— said unto Paul. Acts 26 —.
The Cave where Sarah was buried. Gen. 23 —.
And ——— walked with God. Gen. 5 —.
He carried the gates of Gaza. Judges 16 —.

The initials give the name of an Apostle.

Competitions must reach the Editor, L.O.T., 18, Sturrock Street, KILMARNOCK, by the 20th February. Three prizes awarded in each competition.

Magazine Page for January.

Dear Lottites,



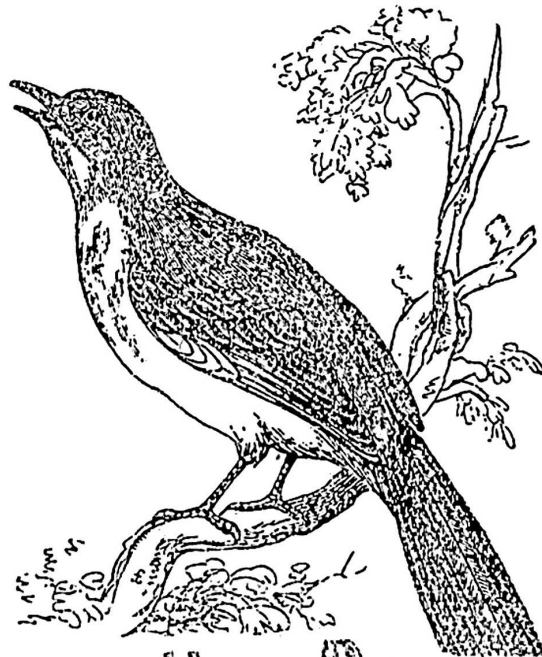
One day, last summer, two Scots' girls in Engand set off to walk to a beauty-spot, well-known locally as Heaven's Gates. On the way, one of the girls lost interest in the walk. She did not want to see Heaven's Gates. After talking it over, the girls parted, one returning by the way she had come, and the other holding on steadily until she reached her goal. As she looked around on the beauty of the scene, she was glad she had come. It had been well worth while.

Now, Lottites, it will be well to consider at the start of this New Year if your feet are on the road which leads at last to the happy Heaven above. There is one certain way, and only one, of entering Heaven's Gate by and by, and that is by accepting the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, now. He loves you; He died to save you.

"There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven and let us in."

Your Friend, THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 659.



MY SPIRIT HATH REJOICED
IN GOD MY SAVIOUR LUKE 1.47

A Bad Builder

ON the outskirts of a city, there is a row of bungalows. All the houses are occupied, except one. It looks the same as its neighbours, and, as years went by, we often wondered why this one bungalow had no tenant. And then one day we heard the reason. A burn flows underneath—the house was built over the stream. What a bad foundation!

There was a man that the Lord tells us about in Matt. 7. 26, who built his house on the sand, and when the storm came, the house was swept away. That was a bad builder, wasn't he?

His neighbour built his house upon a rock, and it stood strong and safe to the gale. A Good Foundation made all the difference.

We sometimes sing the chorus:

"We are building day by day,
As the moments pass away,
A temple that the world may not see;
Ev'ry vict'ry won by grace
Will be sure to find its place
In our building for eternity."

Christ is the Rock on which to build, Lottite. Trust Him with your soul, and you will be safe for evermore (1 Cor. 3. 11).

17 Because he is poor, and increased
need of nothing; a
that thou art wretched,
and poor, and blind, and naked.
18 I counsel thee to buy of me gold,
tried in the fire, that thou mayest be
rich; and white raiment, that thou
mayest be clothed, and that the shame
of thy nakedness do not appear; and
anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that
thou mayest see.
19 As many as I love, I rebuke and
chasten: be zealous therefore, and re-
pent.
20 Behold, I stand at the door, and
knock: if any man hear my voice, and
open the door, I will come in to him,
and will sup with him, and he with me.
21 To him that overcometh will I
grant to sit with me in my throne,
even as I also overcame, and am set
down with my Father in his throne.
22 He that hath an ear, let him hear
what the Spirit saith unto the churches.

CHAPTER 2.

AFTER this I looked, and behold,
a door was opened in heaven:
and the voice came unto me, saying,
Come up hither, and I will shew thee
these things.

See Article—

THE WORD OF LIFE



See Article—

WHAT TIME IS IT?

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

No. 1—"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

WE all know what that proverb means. If a little hole should appear in any of our garments the wise thing to do is to immediately set about repairing it. If we don't it will probably mean that the rent will increase and more work will be necessary to make the repair.

The proverb, then, advises us not to "put off till to-morrow what we can do to-day." And it is good advice especially with regard to the salvation of the never-dying soul. "Procrastination," said a well-known writer, "is the thief of time, year after year it steals, and to the mercies of a moment leaves the vast concerns of the eternal scene."

"Procrastination" is a very big word, but it just means putting off. It just means going to do, and very often "going to do" means "never done." It does not make much difference whether we do some things or not, but when it comes to the salvation of the soul" going to

do" can quite possibly end in eternal separation from God.

What, therefore, is the wise thing to do in this important matter? Why, of course, it is to have the matter of the soul's salvation attended to at *once*. We cannot boast of tomorrow, for it does not belong to us. "Behold *now*," says God, "is the accepted time, behold *now* is the day of salvation."

Once when Mr. Moody was preaching in Chicago from the text—"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called the Christ?" he, nearing the end of his address, said he would give his hearers an hour to consider how they would answer that important question. Scarcely had the words come from his lips when the fire-bells of the city clanged. The great fire of Chicago was raging. The people in that vast audience stampeded and many were trampled to death. Mr. Moody regretted ever after that he had allowed his audience an hour to decide. Some had never another opportunity.

This may be your *last appointment!* Take Jesus now.

THE WORD OF LIFE.

Dear Young Friends,

We have reached the beginning of another year. What it will bring no one knows. Of two things we are certain—there will be many changes in the world, but one thing will remain the same—the Word of God. Nations may go into the melting pot, empires may totter and fall, conditions of life may alter, friends may come, and friends may go but “the Word of God abideth.”

The Word of God, as we have it in the Bible, meets the need of mankind equally well to-day as it did five hundred years ago, for human nature and the general circumstances of life do not change. Man still needs God; God still needs man. The Bible tells us how man's deepest needs are met in Jesus Christ, and that how without Him, we are helpless, hopeless creatures. It reveals our heart as being deceitful and desperately wicked. It also uncovers God's heart beating with love and compassion towards the sons of men.

To despise the Bible, then, is

to despise God. To treat the Holy Book as unworthy of our attention and time and thought is to treat with contempt the sacrifice of skill and time of the brave men who; through much persecution, gave it us in our mother tongue. It is selling our inheritance, and is therefore mean.

I want to make an appeal to all my young readers at the beginning of what is likely to be a momentous year. Will you read at least a chapter of the Bible every day? Will you try to commit to memory one verse of the Bible every day? If you have not yet found the way of life you will find it in the Word of Life. If you are a Christian the reading of God's Word daily will be as manna to your soul. You will grow strong and robust. It will comfort and cheer you. It will be your chart and compass.

May this be a great “Bible Year” in the lives of “Young Watchman” readers.

Sincerely yours,

THE EDITOR.

New EYESIGHT

TAP! TAP! TAP! The blind man is feeling his way by the edge of the street curb. How slowly and cautiously he gropes

his way by the aid of his white stick!

How handicapped he is in the race of life compared to you

little folk who can run where you will quite easily! No wonder that when Jesus saw blind folk He wanted to make them see.

We pity the blind, yet boys and girls, the Lord Jesus taught us when He was here on earth that there is a far worse kind of blindness than natural blindness. It is more dangerous too. We are apt to get lost for eternity, because we cannot see the right way to Heaven.

Jesus said that some people who can see perfectly well with their natural eyes, cannot see that He is the way, the truth and the Life, with the eyes of their minds. If we ask the Lord Jesus He will give us the eyes of faith to see and understand.

The first thing we shall see, is a true portrait of ourselves; just as we are in God's sight. It is not one bit like we imagined it would be!

We had the idea that we were really quite decent sort of folks. Of course we get into mischief—who doesn't! We love a good prank, but we don't really mean to make as much trouble for our elders as we do, it just turns out that way. We do not steal, or tell more lies than will get us out of the scrape. We do not really mean to be cross or bad-tempered. On the whole we sum ourselves up to be not bad folk.

When we read the Bible we

see what God's idea of a good person is. The Lord Jesus is the pattern by which we must judge ourselves. Now we see how wrong we were!

It is written about Him when He was a boy twelve years of age that although His heart was full of great longings and deep desires which even His mother could not understand, He left wonderful Jerusalem and all the delights of the Temple and went back home—obedient to their wishes.

He was the perfect example of complete obedience to parents. Every boy and girl knows that they do not always obey their parents. When they are asked to go on an errand or do something which they do not wish to do, they are sulky and cross.—Jesus never was!

Now when God opens our eyes we realise that it is quite true what He says about us, "There is none good, no not one." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

We also learn that nothing sinful can ever enter Heaven. We find ourselves in a dangerous place indeed. Unless we can do something about our sins we shall never find our way to that happy land where the servants of God serve Him gladly day and night.

We shall have to look into God's book again and find out the way to put things right.

God says "Look unto Me . . .

and be ye saved." This means that we are to look at the Lord Jesus on the cross and keep on looking until we realise that it was for our sins that He died.

"God who knew them laid them on Him and believing we are free." As we look at Him suffering there let us own up to God that we know we are sinners in His sight, but that we believe it was for sinful boys and girls that Jesus died.

Shall we ask Him just now to forgive our sins and make us His obedient children for Jesus sake? Then one day, because our sins have been forgiven we shall go to that happy land where sin shall be no more. We shall not need the eyesight of faith for we shall see our glorious Saviour face to face and be like Him, and join in the glad hymn of praise from our grateful hearts.

L. H.

Talks to Young Christians

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

AT the beginning of a new year most of us make good resolutions. That in itself is an evidence that we realise that we are not what we ought to be, or what we can be. But the making of a resolution is not enough: it gets us nowhere. We must conscientiously, consistently and determinedly do all in our power to fulfil our vows.

In Psalm 76: 11 we read these words:—"Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God." You see, vowing (or making a resolution) is not enough: there must be the "paying". That is equal to saying we must be sincere when we make any vow, whether it be to God or man.

Some time we make our resolutions under the influence of some deep emotion. It may be

a moment of the sense of God's great goodness or at a time when the spirit is bowed down under a deep sorrow or affliction. Truth to tell, the vow lacks sincerity, and when the emotional period has passed we lapse into carelessness and pursue our old unprofitable ways. We get the position well put in the oft quoted words:—

"God and the doctor we alike
adore,

But only when in danger, not
before:

The danger o'er, both are alike
requited—

God is forgotten and the doctor
slighted."

Remember this, it is the "paying" and not the "vowing" which confirms the reality of faith. We ought always to

guard against mere word offerings to God. Actions speak louder than words. Take the Psalmist again to prove that assertion. In Psalm 27, verse 4, he declares—"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after." The Psalmist wanted to live in close communion with his God. He had more than *desire*: he had *determination*—"that will I seek after."

By all means, then make good resolutions this New Year, but see that you go further. What comes from your *lips* make good in your *life*. God does not judge us by our intentions but by our acts. And, remember, too, that the oftener you make vows and break them, you rob life of its seriousness and bring dishonour on the fair Name of Christ.

MR. GRASSHOPPER

(A True Story for Boys and Girls).

MR. Grasshopper was caught in a spider's web! It was a strange spider's web—made like a funnel right over a hole in the ground. Mr. Grasshopper had been "hoping" along and had not noticed it until suddenly he found himself caught at the end of his last hop!

It didn't seem serious at first. Surely he could get out with just a few kicks. The web didn't look very strong, and Mr. Grasshopper's back legs were powerful! But somehow every kick only tangled him the more in that strange sticky web.

Then a big black spider came crawling out of the dark hole. Across the web he came, right up to the grasshopper and stung him! Backing away a moment the spider seemed to be watching him, and then, creeping up, he stung him again.

Of course those stings hurt,

and Mr. Grasshopper began to feel rather strange and weak. He could hardly kick any more!

But someone else was watching the grasshopper's struggles besides the spider! A lady had noticed all that had happened as she sat on the ground not far away. She knew Mr. Grasshopper could not save himself and that another sting from the spider would surely kill him. So right then, before the spider came creeping up again, she reached into the web, and lifting Mr. Grasshopper out placed him on the ground.

Mr. Grasshopper's first hop was a little weak, but each hop grew stronger and longer as he hurried away from that spot!

Is there anyone who can reach down and save boys and girls out of Satan's web of sin? They cannot save themselves for Satan is much too strong and

knows just how to tangle each one up in his web. Is there someone who can save sinners?

Oh, yes, boys and girls! Listen to this "good news!"

"Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is His ear heavy,

that it cannot hear" (Isa. 59. 1.).

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

M. J. T.

The Old and New Testaments

**In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand.
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land.
Leviticus contains the law, holy, and just, and good
Numbers records the tribes enrolled, all sons of Abraham's blood.**

**Moses in Deuteronomy records God's mighty deeds,
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads
In Judges there rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite.
But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in his sight
In 1st and 2nd Samuel of Jesse's son we read
Ten tribes in 1st and 2nd Kings revolted.
In 1st and 2nd Chronicles see Judah captive made.
And Ezra leads a remnant back by Prince Cyrus aid,
Nehemiah tells of Jerusalem built again,
While Esther saves her people from plots of wicked men
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God
Proverbs like a string of choicest pearls appear.
Ecclesiastes teaches men, how vain are all things here,
The majestic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's rose.
While Christ, the Saviour, and the King, the rapt Isaiah shows
The warning Jeremiah, apostate Israel scorns
In plaintive Lamentations their awful downfall mourns;
Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries,
While kings and empires yet to come Daniel in vision sees;
Of judgement and of mercy Hosea loves to tell
Joel describes the blessed day when God with men shall dwell
Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call;
And Obadiah prophesy of Edom's final fall.
Jonah enshines a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord.
Micah pronounces Judah lost, by God to be restored.
Nahum declared on Nineveh just judgement should be poured.
A view of Chaldean's coming doom Habukkuk's vision give.
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent, and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple built again.
And Zachariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.
Malachi was the last that touched the high prophetic chord.
Its final notes sublimely shows the coming of the Lord.**

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE!

THE first month of another year. Like the water that runs under the bridge, 1943 will never return. It has gone with its opportunities. Regrets cannot bring a single moment back. Weren't we all going to do so much in 1943, but now as we hold it in review we have to sadly confess how very little we really accomplished for God and for the good of others. Shall we make 1944 a year of joyous service—"always abounding in the work of the Lord?" God help us all to put our very best into everything we do.

Now, what shall we have in the competition line? What about "Jumbled Words?" Here are six words, all found in the

New Testament, but I am going to ask the printer to mix up the letters of each. You have to find out what the words are, write them down neatly on a piece of paper, and give a Scriptural reference:—1. EHSSNA; 2. PLSHE; 3. LYPAS; 4. MTD ETRENO; 5. RRGONEV; 6. NHRIFE. *Four prizes*—two for the under 14's and two for the over 14's, as well as a number of consolations, will be awarded. Give your age, name and address, and send your efforts to—The Editor, "Young Watchman" Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland—by the end of the month. On the outside of your envelope write—"Jumbled Words."

PEN PALS.

Glad to hear from readers that they are enjoying corresponding with each other. I have a letter from Arthur Hill, 18 years of age, who is in touch with "Young Watchman" readers in Scotland, Ireland, and Canada. He would like to hear from other readers in other countries. Arthur's address is—163, Park St., Haydock, Nr. St Helen's Lancs, England. It is with real joy I learn that since Arthur became a "Pen Pal" 18 months ago he has been gloriously saved. Go on to know the Lord, Arthur, and practise what you know.

Others who want "Pen Pals" are:—Mary Kerr (16) 9, Barrow St., Belfast, Ireland. She prefers a correspondent from Canada, America, or Australia. John Crouchen (9), 12 Grace Rd., Downend, Bristol wants a boy of about his own age in U.S.A., New Zealand or Canada to write to him. And what reader in Canada or America is going to write to Florence Hill (12), 7, Ordnance St., Chatham, Kent? Stanley Boyd (11), 18 Rosetta Drive, Ormeau Road, Belfast, wants to correspond with a reader in Australia, Canada or America.

Are any "Watchman" readers Norwegians? Or is there one well acquainted with life in Norway? If so, Miss Alice Purves Allan, 68 Montgomery St., Edinburgh 7, would be delighted if such would write to her.

I trust all may be happy and strong "links." Kindly let me know when contact is made.

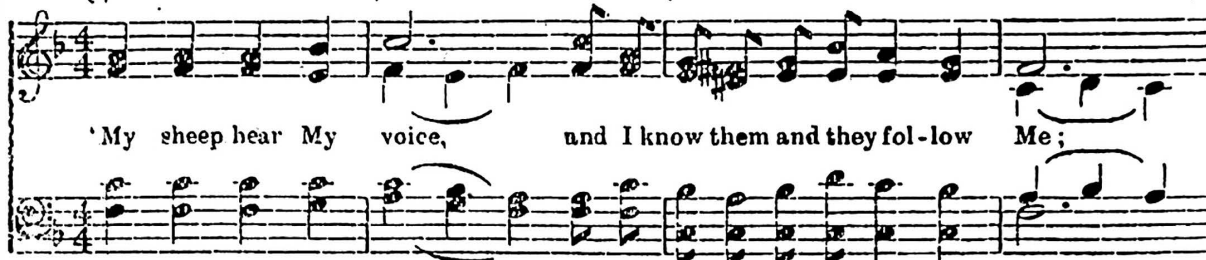
OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 94.

The Christian's Security

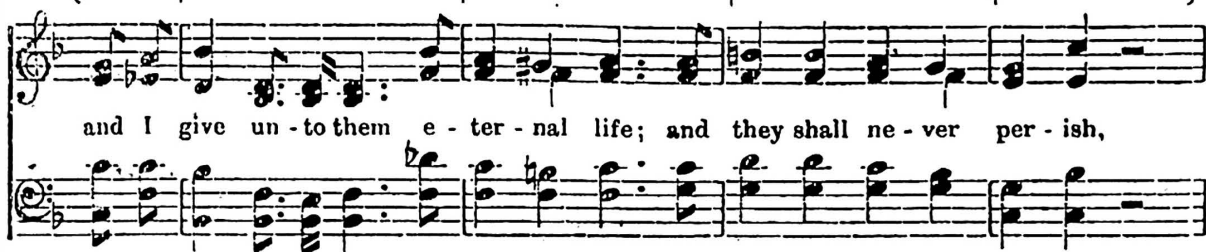
JOHN x. 27-28.

ALFRED P. GIBBS, Har. by EDNA LOTZ.

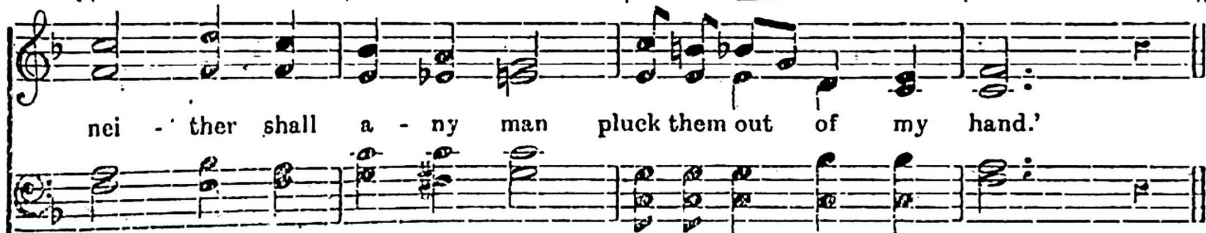
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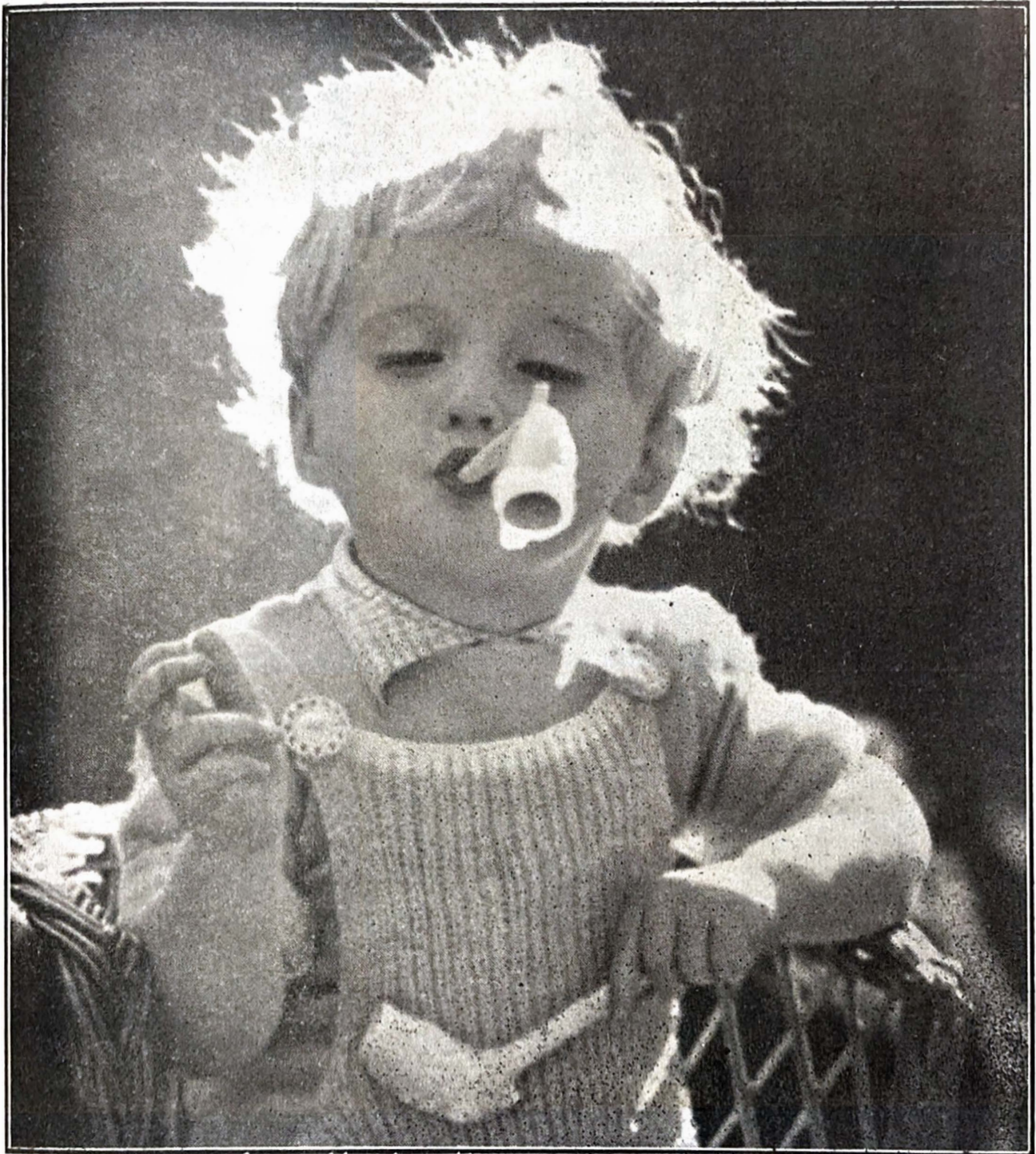
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HARVEST COMPETITION RESULT.

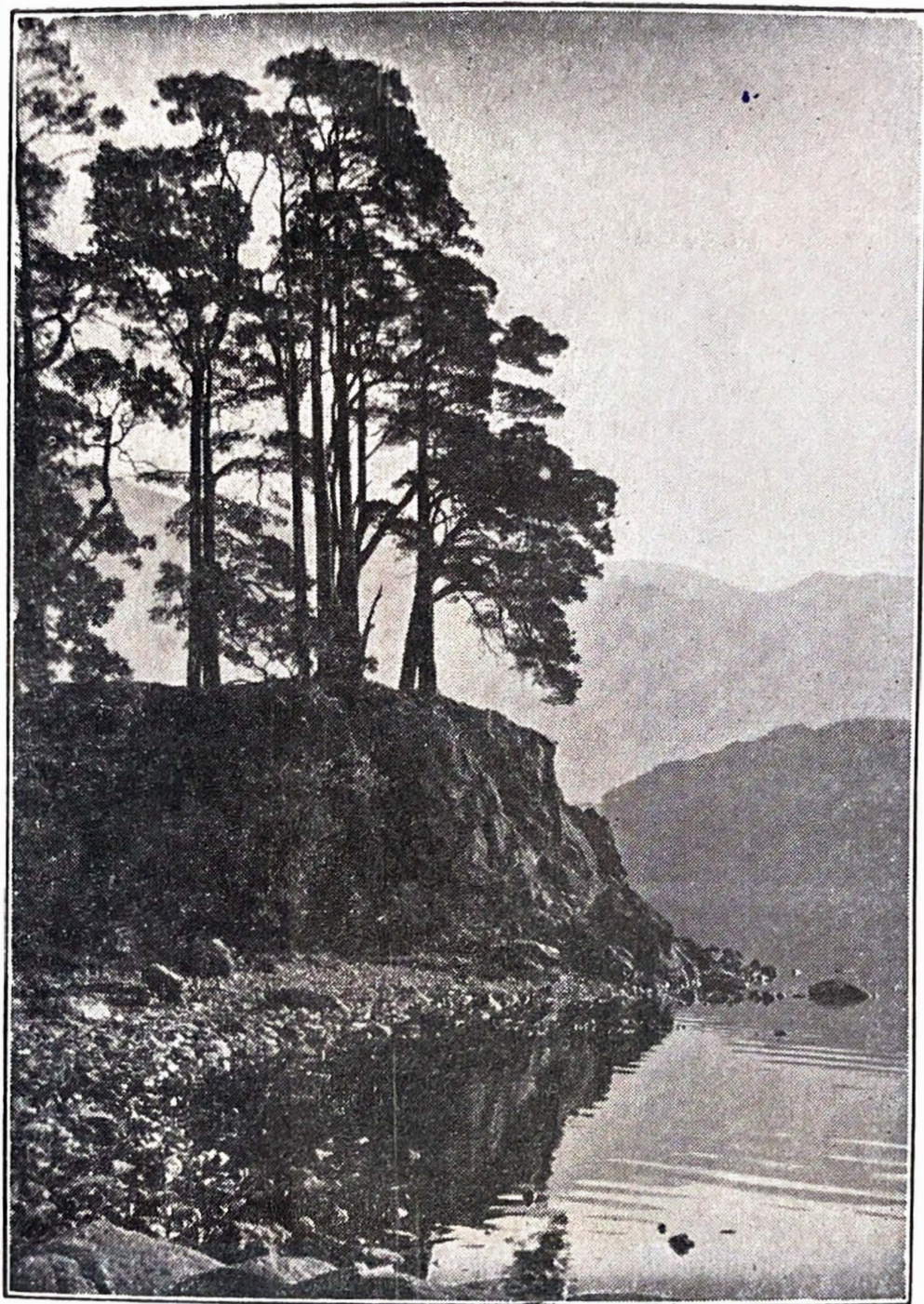
Prize-winners (14 years and under)—Sylvia Tutthill, Heamoor, Penzance; Jack Aikman, Ashgill. Lanarkshire; *consolations*—Patsy Scott, Magherafelt, Ireland; Maureen Willis Mulligan, Belfast; Isobel McAllister, Armoy, Ireland; May Baxter, Armadale Scotland; May Eveleen Keslo, Ballymoney, Ireland; *consolations*—Mary Barrie, Machrie, Arran; Jack Thompson, Randalstown, Ireland; John Thomson, Glasgow; Eileen E. Speer, Moneymore, Ireland.

There was a very large entrance. Neatness helped to decide the winners. Remember that point!



See Article—

BLOWING BUBBLES



See Article—

BY THE QUIET WATERS

I sometimes wonder what the Lord,
 Could ever see in me,
To leave His Home and come to earth
 To go to Calvary :

To let them force the cruel thorns
 Upon His lovely Head,
And then to let them take Him forth—
 The Lamb to slaughter led :

I sometimes wonder why He let
 Them nail Him to the Tree :
O why did Jesus suffer thus
 And give Himself for me?

It was because He saw my need
 He left His Home abōvē;
O do you wonder that I praise
 My Saviour's matchless Love?

Yet not for me, for me alone,
 For all mankind beside,
He took the helpless sinners' place
 When He was crucified.

R. G. M.

Made Clean.

DON'T the pussies look rather pathetic as they hang out on the line? They have a wistful look, as if to say; "I know that I have got myself in a mess with going out in the mud, but please let me down and I promise not to do it again."

I knew a little boy who was going to have his photograph taken. His mother washed him thoroughly, and brushed and tidied him with care. While she got herself ready to go with him, he slipped out and began to play. Yes! you can guess the rest. He got himself in a rare mess, and the cleansing had to be done all over again.

The apostle Paul, in writing to the Christian believers in Corinth, mentioned several kinds of wrong-doers. "Such were some of you," he wrote, "but ye are washed in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

What the Lord Jesus did for these Corinthians, He will do for you if you confess your sin to Him. He will save you and keep you, for "the blood of Jesus Christ, His SON, Cleanseth us from *all* sin."

R. G. M.

Fetch a Policeman

"NOW I will tell you the promised story," said Grandma, as she drew her chair nearer the fire. It was Sunday evening, and the pouring rain prevented the small group from attending the usual service.

"When I was eighteen I worked in an office as typist," she began. One day the head of our department came to me and said, "Do you mind staying late to finish some important work?"

I agreed readily as it was an honour to be the chosen one.

"I will tell the caretaker you are staying late," he said, **when** he brought me the work later.

Gradually the others in the office left, and I was alone. In order to make things look more cheerful, I turned on the electric light, as the evenings were long. For some time I was engrossed when, all of a sudden, the light went out..

The caretaker must have forgotten I am here, I thought, **as** I hurried down to the main door of the offices and tried the handle.

Surely he had not gone and locked me in by mistake! **My** repeated bangings were of no avail.

Returning to my office which was several floors up, I opened the window and leaned out, and tried to attract the attention of a shopman opposite. It was useless.

Of course, all this happened many years ago. The telephone had just been installed, but unfortunately, it was only in the office which was locked. The thought of spending the night in the office filled me with horror. There were rats, too; I was sure of that! What would they be thinking at home if I were much longer away?

Sinking on my knees, I prayed earnestly to the only One who could help, and then I felt strangely comforted.

Suddenly the thought came to write down the words, 'I am locked in, please tell the police.' I tied the paper firmly with a piece of string, and let it hang out of the window. After a little while, I saw the shopman opposite cross the road and look at it.

Some time passed, and there was a little commotion in the street, and a ladder appeared. Finally it rested just a few feet below my window—too far to be of any use! It was bitterly disappointing! At last they brought one which was the right length! With great rejoicing I climbed carefully out of the window, and firmly grasping each side of the ladder, I began to make my descent.

A small crowd had gathered, and eager faces watched every step.

How good it was to be free once more, and on my arrival home an excited family listened to my story!

The first ladder reminded me of the verse: "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," she concluded, but the second one came just where I was, and that is a picture of God's wonderful salvation.

E. W.

"As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me
A ladder up to Heaven."

DELIVERANCE

By Violet Young

IT was a night of bitter sorrow in Egypt. In every Egyptian family, from Pharaoh's to that of the poorest beggar, the eldest child was dead. Among the cattle too, the firstborn were dead. Only the families of the Israelites were untouched.

In desperation Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron and told them to leave Egypt without delay, they and the Israelites, with their flocks and herds.

They took as many of their belongings as they could carry, and borrowed from the Egyptians jewels of silver and gold. "The Lord gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians," (Exod. 12. 36.) who were glad they were leaving, for they feared God would send more plagues if Pharaoh insisted on keeping them.

They had been in Egypt four hundred and thirty years. Now they were on their way to that wonderful land of Canaan which God had promised Abraham they should one day possess.

In the daytime God led them by a pillar of cloud, and at night by a pillar of fire to give them light. How glad they were to leave the years of slavery behind. As they camped by the sea shore for the night they talked together and prepared their supper in peace. How good it was to wake in the morning—free!

But what was that in the far distance? It moved swiftly

towards them: horses, chariots, a great army. So Pharaoh had repented letting them go. How could they possibly escape destruction, with this army behind them, and the Red Sea before them? They were terrified.

"Why have you done this?" they cried to Moses. "Didn't we tell you in Egypt to leave us alone to serve the Egyptians rather than that we should die in the wilderness?"



But Moses was no longer fearful. God would tell him what to do. "Fear not," he answered, "'Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord Which He will show you to-day. The Lord shall fight for you, and you shall hold your peace'."

Then the pillar of cloud moved round and hid them from the Egyptians.

Moses stretched out his hand over the sea as God east wind blew all night, and had told him, and a strong caused the waters to divide, leaving dry land between. The Israelites walked along this.

path to the other side. The Egyptians followed, but God made their chariot wheels turn heavily, until they cried: "Let us flee from these people, for God is fighting for them."

Dawn began to break, and again Moses stretched his hand over the sea. The waters gradually rolled back to their place. When morning came, there was no path, no chariots, no army, only dead bodies on the sea shore.

The Israelites thought they would never doubt God again, and sang a great song of thanksgiving.

So God delivered the Israelites from Pharaoh and the Egyptians.

Use Your Imagination

DR ALEXANDER 'WHYTE, of Edinburgh, was addressing a meeting of young people on one occasion, and he said; "Use your imagination in your worship, and Oh, what a difference it will make. If, when you sing that beautiful hymn,

'When I survey the wondrous Cross

On which the Prince of Glory died,'

you use your imagination, and see the Christ on the Cross dying in your place, and for you, Oh, with what a volume of sound you will sing that wonderful hymn."

God of the Beautiful

J.A.
KEY
Ab.

JOHN AITCHISON, Har. by R.G.M.

{ m :m :m | f .d :m :- | r :r :f | m :- :- | m :m :m }



1. God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where, Sheds with a
2. God of the beau-ti-ful, God o - ver all. In Heav'n and
3. God of the beau-ti-ful, Reign - ing a - lone; God of true
4. God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where, God e - ver



{ f .d :m :- | r :m :r | s :- | s :m :r | d .l :s :- }



bounteous hand Beau - ty so rare; Lone - ly may be the place,
on the earth, Both great and small. Rules o'er the o - cean wide,
Light and Love, Up - on the Throne; E - ver Lord, King of kings.
mer - ci - ful, Our sins to bear; Shed-ding o'er all the earth,



{ s :m :d | r :- :- | m :m :m | f .d :m :- | s :m :r | d :- :- }



Still He is there, - God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where.
Forms moun-tains tall, God of the beau-ti-ful, God o - ver all.
Our Sa - viour born, God of the beau-ti-ful, Reign-ing a - lone.
Beau-ty so fair, God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where.



Magazine Page for February.



Dear Lottites,

A Christian lady was telling us about her young grandson. He had been to Sunday school, and when he came home he related that his teacher had told him always to remember to "look up." "I looked up," he said, seriously, "and I could only see the cracks in the ceiling."

The little fellow had not understood what his teacher meant. Many older folks, too, do not see anything but the cracks in the ceiling or the clouds in the sky when they "look up." But, beyond the clouds, "there's a Friend for little children above the bright, blue sky," a Friend Who loves you so much that He gave Himself for you on the Cross. May you learn to look up in faith, and trust the Lord Jesus as your Saviour and Friend. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

Your Friend,

THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 657.



The Upward Look

SOMEONE once said that "Satan can wall a man in, but he can never roof him in." That means, no matter how great our difficulties may be, if we look up to God, He is able and is willing to help us. Let us think of a few ways in which we can "lookup."

For Salvation: Jesus says, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me" (John 12 -). "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3 -).

Have you taken that upward look to the Lord Jesus dying on the Cross for your sins? If you will look to Jesus Crucified in faith to-day, you will be saved for ever from the guilt and penalty of sin, and receive the gift of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord (Romans 6 —).

In Prayer: "I will direct my prayer unto Thee, and look up" (Psalm 5 —). Paul said we should "pray without ceasing," so that, whatever our needs may be, we can take them to the Lord in prayer, and look up for His help. He will never fail.

For Christ's Return: Jesus said: "Look up . . . lift up your head for your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke 21 —). Are you looking up for Christ to return again? First, look to Christ crucified as your Saviour, then look up and pray every day that you may serve Him faithfully, and then you will be able to look up for Jesus to come again, and receive you unto Himself (John 14 —).

R. H. P.

Write out the six verses. Three Prizes.



See Article—
"A WISE BUILDER."



See Article—
"MADE CLEAN."

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

**"Never Put off Till To-morrow
What You Can Do To-day.**

"Time and tide" says one of our poets, "waits on no man." How true this is, yet how few of us live our lives as if we believed it. We are so apt to believe, as some politicians said, at the beginning of the war, that "time is on our side." Time, however, is not on our side when it comes to matters which are eternal. The fact is that none of us can call time our own, or make plans for the future sure that we will be able to carry them out. Did not wise King Solomon warn us of boasting of tomorrow, since none of us can tell what a day may bring forth.

It has been well said that, "the way to Hell is paved with good intentions." How many lost souls there are who fully intended to be in the realms of the blest! Why are they not there? Simply because they left the question of the salvation of their souls to that

elusive time—TO-MORROW!

Reader, take the word of warning and advice. There are some things which it may be beyond your power to do today, but it is not beyond you to know your sins are forgiven to-day. There is no better time than NOW! You do not need to wait one moment longer. Full provision has been made, and all that remains for the guilty sinner to do is to reach out the empty hand of faith and receive the gift of eternal life from God.

Do not delay, for delay is dangerous. This may be your **LAST OPPORTUNITY** of salvation. God does not promise any one salvation to-morrow. Your "to-morrow" may never dawn. The wise thing to do is to avail yourself of the gift of eternal life—NOW! Then all your "to-morrows," in the mercy of God, can be used in His great and glorious service. Settle the matter of your soul's salvation immediately you finish reading these words.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

WHEN someone asks you the time you simply glance at your watches and tell them it to a minute. Its so easy, that you seldom, if ever, think of a time in the history of the world when there were no clocks or watches and when time could not be so accurately measured.

As it is with clocks and watches, so often is our attitude to many of the daily blessings which we enjoy. We take them for granted. It is good for us all occasionally to stop and think just what we owe to the pioneers and experimenters of the days of long ago. If Sir James Y. Simpson had not investigated the power of chloroform or Lord Lister had not introduced anti-septics what pain many of us would have been called on to endure?

And what of the great blessing of salvation? If Jesus Christ had not died on the Cross of Calvary there would have been no hope for mankind. Yet so many do not appreciate the greatness of the sacrifice of Christ: if they did, they would unreservedly give Him their lives and their faithful service. What of you? Do you not think it is **TIME** you were thanking

Him for all that He endured for you, yielding yourself wholly to Him, and serving Him with gladness and singleness of heart?

The sundial illustrated on the front page is a relic of the past: it is also a reminder of the fact that time is passing. A new age has come—the age of precision in time-keeping. **TIME IS PASSING!** It never stops: on and on it goes—"naught the wheels of time can stay." "Time and tide" said the poet, "Wait on no man." Yesterday never returns. Yesterday's opportunities are gone forever. What then is the wisest attitude to life? Is it not expressed in the proverb "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day?" You can take Christ as your Saviour to-day, but you have no guarantee that you can take Him to-morrow. Why? Because you know not what a day may bring forth. Christ may have come for "His own" by to-morrow, or death may have come for you. Is it not then time to seek the Lord? Certainly it is, for "*now* is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

THE EDITOR.

HIS LITTLE LAMB

by W. J. AUSTEN

"**WHERE'S** my lamb?" cried baby, as she looked first one side of my lap and then the other.

"Here it is," I said, as I picked him up from the ground where she had dropped him. "Now look after him, because he isn't very old yet."

"I know, I know," laughed baby. "I love him ever so much, he's so cuddley and warm," and she gave him a big hug. "Why is he so warm?"

"Well," I replied, "he's got this lovely fleecy coat. Our kitten has soft fur, but I think God must have been very fond of lambs as He gave them a very soft wool. Then in the warm weather, when they don't need their coat, men cut it off and we wear it later on to keep us warm. So lambs feed and clothe us."

Baby nodded as she threw the lamb down again.

"Naughty lamb," she cooed, "he won't stay with me; wants to play down there."

"All lambs are like that," I answered, "they like to go their own way. You are just

like a little lamb, and so are all of us. We want our own way, and we don't stay with those who love us. God loves us as His lambs, and He is sad when we are selfish and leave Him."

Baby hugged her little plaything closer while I told her of how she could become God's little lamb. So, I gently told her, had made us all unclean, just as her little lamb would become dirty if she did not take care of it. But since Jesus, the Lamb of God," had died we could all be made clean in His sight, if we took Him as our Saviour. I made the story of the sacrifice of Christ as simple as I could, and I hope baby will remember the lesson, and some day, before she grows much older, will be the Lord's own lamb. I hope that she will then keep herself "unspotted from the world," and pray each morning:—

"Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep;
Suffer not my steps to stray,
From the straight and narrow way."

Pray about everything,
Be thankful for anything,
Always expect something,
And grumble about nothing.

Talks to Young Christians

"YOUR REASONABLE SERVICE."

EARLY in the month of December, 1943, a story that deserves to be known throughout the whole world was told in the House of Commons by Mr. F. Beattie, M. P. Parliament had been discussing the fishing industry, and in the course of the discussion Mr. Beattie said—

"There was a fishing family in the north, typical of many right round our Scottish coast—three brothers, a sister, and a father. When the girl left the local school the headmaster said she was brilliant, and should be sent to the academy.

"The family, in spite of the depression found the money and in turn the headmaster of the academy said—'She is so brilliant you, should send her to the University.'

"They agreed, and as families often do, they all worked for her. She passed with honours in everything, including medicine.

"She got a most important post in the East. A few years later the family received a letter saying—'I have saved some money. I have never forgotten your kindness. I would like to provide the finest boat you can buy, so that you can

earn a good living.' She sent £4.000.

"The boat was built, and sailed the seas and became well known. One night I was sitting comfortably in my home, a gale was blowing outside, and I heard the announcement on the wireless—'The Admiralty regret to announce the loss of the Girl Helen.' That was the boat's name."

The announcement was made in November, 1940. The Girl Helen had been lost while engaged in the dangerous work of mine-sweeping.

The girl whose name the good ship bore is now married. She is the daughter of Mr. J. Flett, Findochty, a small fishing town in Banffshire. Should the world know no more about this generous lady, whose deep gratitude to her father and brothers was expressed in such a magnificent and praiseworthy manner, it has been told enough. She has set an example to all of thoughtfulness towards those to whom we are indebted.

In the light of this story will you please read the opening verses of Paul's Epistle to the Romans? And will you also quietly consider how you have responded to "the mercies of

God"? The successful young lady wanted her father and her brothers to have the "finest boat" money could buy. Don't you think Jesus Christ, after all that He has done for you, deserves all your being's ransomed powers?

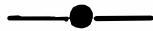
The Robin and the Sparrow

1st verse. Anon. 2nd & 3rd verse by Seth Sykes.
Sing to the Tune:—"What a Friend we have in Jesus."

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
I should really like to know,
Why these anxious human beings,
Rush about and worry so,"
Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend I think that it must be,
That they know no Heavenly Father,
Such as cares for you and me"

Every little humble Sparrow,
Every little Robin too,
Is protected by the Father,
How much more He cares for you,
Why then all this restless worry,
Why this rush and flurry too,
Jesus knows just all about you,
He will surely see you through.
Be not faithless but believing,
Trust in God through all thy days,
Follow Him wher'er He leadeth,
You will find it really pays,
Then the Robin and the Sparrow,
In a song of joyful praise,
Will give thanks to God the Father,
That you too have found HIS way.

These two verses were written during our Summer Seaside Campaign 1943 at Largs, Ayrshire, and sung first by one of the young people (Margaret Bell) to a large gathering of juveniles and adults with great blessing. God speed this little song throughout the world.



TRUST AND OBEY.

Can you not see that though you try
To do your utmost till you die,
You cannot, from your soul, the blots
Remove, of sin's deep crimson spots?
Nay, only Jesus' precious blood
Can make you fit to dwell with God.

—L. O. L.

The Sweetest Thing on Earth

ALTHOUGH our tastes may change as we grow, all of us nevertheless like to roll some sweet morsel under our tongue. The baby likes his bottle, the little boy his lollypop, the "Yank" his chewing gum and the miner his "chew."

Some races of people have very peculiar tastes. The Frenchmen eat frogs, so we call them "Froggies." Cannibals, as you know, eat men. Other people eat locusts. The people of Naples are said to eat octopus.

If we must have food for our bodies, so also must we have food for our souls. If we relish sweets there is something

for our souls which is decidedly sweeter and more lasting than the miserable, melting morsels that the world can offer.

The Psalmist said, "How sweet are thy words to my taste! Yea sweeter than honey to my mouth." (Ps. 119. 103.). Like a piece of turkish delight the joys of this life are but for a moment, but the joys to be obtained from the Scriptures are eternal.

'Have you set your heart to seek the Lord? If you do so you will be able to say with Jeremiah, "Thy words were found and I did eat them. They were to me the joy and rejoicing of my soul."

Joseph Guy.

"A MYSTIC RADIANCE."

"MALTA MAGNIFICENT," a book telling of life on Malta in its great testing time was recently published. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta in those terrible days was the noble Christian gentleman, Lieut-General Sir William Dobbie. In this book we read in the Lives of the Saints and elsewhere of that queer look which was observed to come over the faces of certain saints when speaking of God. It has been described as a mystic radiance, which seemed to light up their countenance from within. I, myself, have met it but once in a long lifetime. That was in the case of the Governor of Malta. "Prayer changes things"—even faces!

THE AUTHOR AND THE STARS.

A great American author once said that if the stars appeared once only in a thousand years not one person living then would fail to look at them with great wonder. Because we can see them so frequently few people take much notice of them.

Let us be careful that we do not treat God's Word as we treat the stars. Let not "familiarity breed contempt." Let us remember, too, that God "made the stars also." Each star has its work to do. So has the humblest Christian.

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE

OUTSIDE on the street, as I write these notes to you, a group of small children are enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. They are chasing each other merrily and now and again I can easily hear their shouts of glee. It is heartening for these little children have no cares or anxieties, and know nothing of the perplexities of a world that seems to have lost the way of goodness and joy. I thought as I watched them, how good it would be if all of us who were Christians had the same sense of care-freeness. Not carelessness, you understand, but no over-anxiety about the future: just having the grace to put into practice the words of Peter—"casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." That's my brief message to you this month. May all of us, as we play, or watch the little ones at play, learn the lesson

of implicit faith in our Heavenly Father, Who knoweth we have need of "these things."

Now, what shall we have in the competition line? What about a "word building" competition? Take any letter in the alphabet, and by adding others to it, see how many words you can make, or build. The words must be found in the Bible. Here is an example:—Suppose we take the letter "T" as the "foundation," we can build like this—"IT," "PIT," "SPIT," "SPITE." Got the idea? Well, go to it, and let me have your efforts by the end of the month. Address them to—Editor, "Young Watchman," Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock. On outside of envelope write—"Word Building." *Four prizes*—two for those under 14 years, and two for those over 14, with a number of consolation awards—will be given.

THE BIBLE ON THE RAFT.

A new life-saving raft has now been put into use by the Americans. Made to a new design, it carries most things shipwrecked seamen require. Amongst these is a copy of the Bible, with a printed sheet suggesting portions to be read in different circumstances. Amongst the portions are Psalms 103, 104, 27, 46 and Romans 12. Ashore or afloat, shipwrecked or safe, the Bible is "the" Book to help mankind. Wise indeed are they who listen to its counsels and are guided by its unerring wisdom.

OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 95.

The Call to Youth

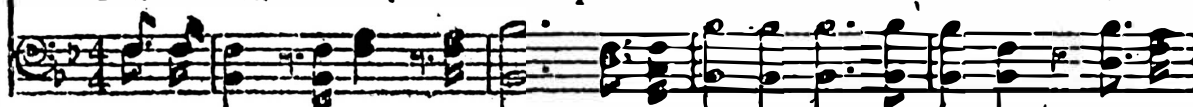
R. G. MOWAT.

Adapted by R.G.M.

KEY B \flat { :s₁ .s₁ | d : .d | r : .r | m :— | —.t₄ .f₁ | s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :— .s₁ | s₁ :m₁ | :d .r }



1. Youth a - rise, a-rise, a - rise! Ye who know the bless - ed Sa-viour, Who have
2. Youth a - rise, a-rise, a - rise! Hear from heathen lands the cry - ing, While the
3. Youth a - rise, a-rise, a - rise! Let the note of praise be sounding, And the
4. Youth a - rise, a-rise, a - rise! Spread the news of full sal - va - tion Un - to



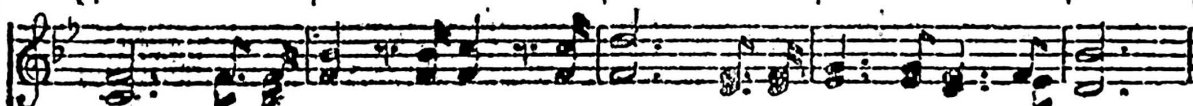
{ | m : m | f :— .m | m :d | :t₄ .d | r :— | —.t₄ .d .l₁ | s₁ :— | —.s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :— | f₁ :— }



tast-ed of His fa-vour, There is much for you to do; O be strong and
souls of men are dy - ing, Leave them not in darkest night, Knowing not the
theme be Grace A-bounding, Thro' the Sa - viour cru-ci - fied, Raised and glo - ri -
e - v'ry tribe and na - tion, Till His ban - ner is un-furled, O - ver all the



{ | s₁ :— | —.s₁ .s₁ | d : .d | r : .r | m :— | —.s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :— .l₁ | s₁ :— .s₁ | d :— | — }



- | | | | | |
|--------|-----------------|---------|-----------|-----------------------------------|
| trua. | Youth a - rise, | a-rise, | a - rise! | For your Mas - ter in the skies! |
| Light. | Youth a - rise, | a-rise, | a - rise! | Tell how Je - sus sa - tis - fies |
| fied. | Youth a - rise, | a-rise, | a - rise! | Ere the day of sor - row dies |
| world. | Youth a - rise, | a-rise, | a - rise! | In the strength of God, a - rise! |



COMPETITION AWARDS.

Lines Competition—Some splendid and original drawings were received and the prizes have been awarded to:—14 years and under—David Smith, Felpham, Sussex; Mary Cox, Misterton, Somerset; over 14 years—Mary Kelso, Ballymoney, N. Ireland; Leonard Field, Reading. *Consolations*—Raymond Bartlett, Sidmouth, Devon; Eric Gillan, Martinstown, N. Ireland; M. Wilbur Page, Belfast; Ruth Hydes, Littleover; Jean Hill, East Kirby, Notts.



See Article—

"A GREAT POWER."



See Article—
"SPRINGTIME."

Evening Hymn

Holy Lord, before Thee kneeling,
See Thy children now appear;
Take away each sinful feeling—
Let us know that Thou art near.

All our sin to Thee confessing,
Lowly at Thy feet we bow;
Leave us not without a blessing—
Lay Thy hand upon us now.

Ev'ning shades are round us closing,
And the day is overpast;
Let us rest, on Thee reposing—
Thy protection round us cast.

Lead us, lead us, we implore Thee,
To the land where sin shall cease;
Hear us, while we bend before Thee—
Jesus, bid us "go in peace!"

A Great Power.

MARGARITA did not know much about the great powers, as Britain, France, Russia, and other great nations are called. Out there in Mexico she did not hear much about them. But she was thrilled to discover that there was a great power she, herself, could use. It happened like this. Her dear friend, Julia, was sick. Margarita slipped about the dormitory as quietly as a mouse, so as not to disturb Julia.

Long after the dormitory was in darkness, Margarita lay thinking about her friend. Was there nothing she could do to help her get well? Since Margarita came to the Mission School she had learned about the Heavenly Father Who watches over His little ones, those who know Jesus as Saviour and Good Shepherd.

Suddenly, Margarita became wide awake. The words she had heard in School came to her; "Ask, and it shall be given you;" and the answer, "For every one that asketh receiveth."

With bowed head, Margarita knelt down by her bed. There she poured out a sincere petition on behalf of her friend. Now she went back to bed, calmly, never doubting that God would answer her prayer.

Next morning, down in the patio, Margarita saw in front of her a curly black head. Julia! She rushed up to her; "O Julia, you are better?"

"Yes; I am much better," said Julia. "I slept all last night, and this morning the pain is gone."

Margarita had known that would be the answer. With a happy heart, she slipped her hand into Julia's. O' how good was God, and how true to His Word; "Ask, and it shall be given you."

How a Persecutor was Converted

"BY the Grace of God I am what I am," so said the Apostle Paul in a letter to the Corinthians. (1 Cor. 15-10). He had

been a great persecutor of Christians, but was now a great preacher of the gospel. If you read the 9th chapter of Acts you will see how the change was brought 'about, how Saul the persecutor became Paul the Apostle. During the Covenanting persecution there were several instances of the persecutor seeing the error of his ways and trusting in the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. The following is one of the instances recorded. A number of Covenanters were in hiding in a lonely part of Dumfriesshire and were surprised by a Company of Dragoons. In the scuffle that ensued, some of the Dragoons were knocked off their horses and a Covenanter named Adam Clark managed to take a sword from one of them. The Covenanter had the Dragoon completely in his power, but instead of killing him, he told him to go away as he did not wish to harm him. Adam Clark survived the persecution, and one day had occasion to take a flock of sheep to Edinburgh. After transacting his business, he was taking a walk when a man stopped him and asked him if he did not recognise him, reminding him of the incident in Dumfriesshire when Clark had taken a sword from one of the Dragoons. "I am that man," said the stranger, "and am happy to get this opportunity to thank you for saving my life. Never since that day did I lift my sword in the persecuting cause," and great was Adam Clark's joy when he learned that the former persecutor was now a Christian.

Listen to the great apostle's explanation of the gospel in 1 Cor. 15 :

"Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures,
and that He was buried,
and that He rose again the third day,
according to the scriptures."

How simple, how easy God has made the way of Salvation so that young people can understand, but it cost Him a lot,—it cost Him the life's blood of His Beloved Son.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

J. STEVENSON.

THE ROCK

By Violet Young

THE Israelites moved farther inland to Rephidim about a day's journey from Sinai, and camped there. They were glad to rest after the hard desert travelling. Some went to look for water, but there was none. Instead of trusting God Who had provided them with food and drink from the day they left Egypt, and had made the bitter waters of Marah sweet, they looked at each other in dismay and once more went grumbling to Moses.

"Give us water," they cried. "Is the Lord with us or not?" In doubting God's presence, after all His care and patience with them, they tempted Him to destroy them in His anger. How could they have been there at all if He had not rescued them from

Pharaoh and his taskmasters, and then guided them by His presence in the cloud by day, and the fiery pillar by night?

"Why do you grumble, and tempt the Lord?" Moses asked.

"Why have you brought us from Egypt to kill us and our children and cattle with thirst?" they retorted. Forgotten were those terrible days in Egypt when they had cried to God because of their bondage.

For their sakes, Moses had left behind him riches, power, and possibly the throne of Egypt, the leading country of the world at that time, to share with a despised people the hardships of the desert travelling. He cried to God:



"What shall I do unto this people? They are almost ready to stone me."

The Lord answered," Go on before the people with some of the elders, and take the rod with which you struck the river. I will stand before you in Horeb."

Moses obeyed, and they reached Horeb, which was near Mount Sinai, before the people. At God's command, Moses struck the rock with his rod, the elders watching. Immediately water gushed out, and rushed down to the people, who once more drank to their heart's content. God Who had made the mountains and valleys knew exactly where there was water.

Moses called the place Massah—which means "temptation," and Meribah—"chiding," because they had grumbled, and had tempted God.

The rock had to be smitten before the water could escape to quench the people's thirst. This is a type or picture of the Lord Jesus, (1 Cor. 10. 4.) Who was smitten by God for us, that we might have forgiveness of our sins and blessings in our lives. The water was free, and so is the Water of Life to all who will take it. (John 4. 14.).

When the Spirit of Jesus

J.A.
KEY
Ab

JOHN AITCHISON, Har. R.G.M.

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When the Spi-rit of Je - sus dwells in me, From my

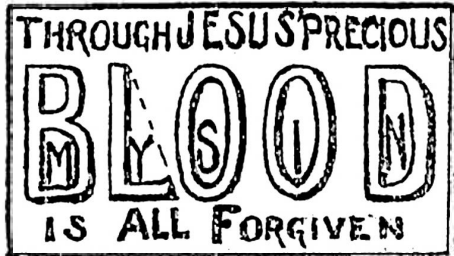
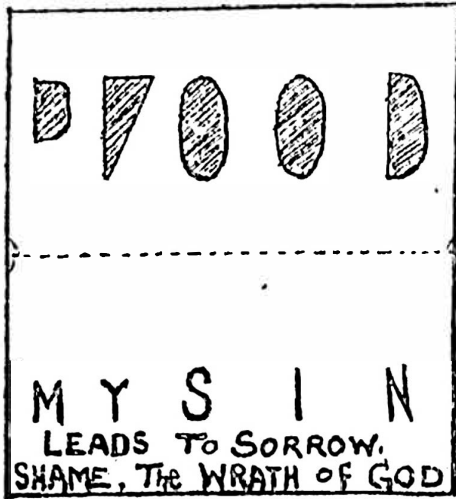
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burden of sin He doth set me free; Guide me, Spi-rit of God, To own

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Je-sus as Lord; Let the Spi-rit of Je-sus be fill - ing me.

AN EYE-GATE LESSON.



OUR eye-gate lesson is very simple to prepare. It is just a large sheet of paper, or a piece of cardboard, which bends at the dotted line. The words to which the attention of hearers' is drawn first of all, are: "MY SIN LEADS TO SORROW, SHAME, THE WRATH OF GOD." How true this is. "For the wages of sin is death." Then, since we are all sinners, how may we have our sins forgiven, and thus get right with God? The model is bent forward, so that, now we read:

"THROUGH JESU'S PRECIOUS BLOOD MY SIN IS ALL FORGIVEN." The insides of the word BLOOD are cut out so that "MY SIN" can be read through them.

L. O. T. PRIZEWINNERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1943.

Painting.—Peggy Greer, Portadown; Helen Watt, Burnbank; Janette Downie, Burnbank. *Three Places to Find.*—Jim R. Johnston, Portadown; Jeannie Dalgarno, Aberdeen; J. Cox, Hemyock. *Acrostic.*—Gordon K. Neilson, Dalry; Meta McKenzie, Belfast; Miss J. Martin, Richhill.



ACROSTIC.

My first is in prophet and also in priest,
My second in Athens but not in Corinth,
My third is in Zacchæus, but not in Zacharias,
My last is in legion but not in count.
My whole is the "chief of sinners."

Magazine Page for March.

Dear Lottites,



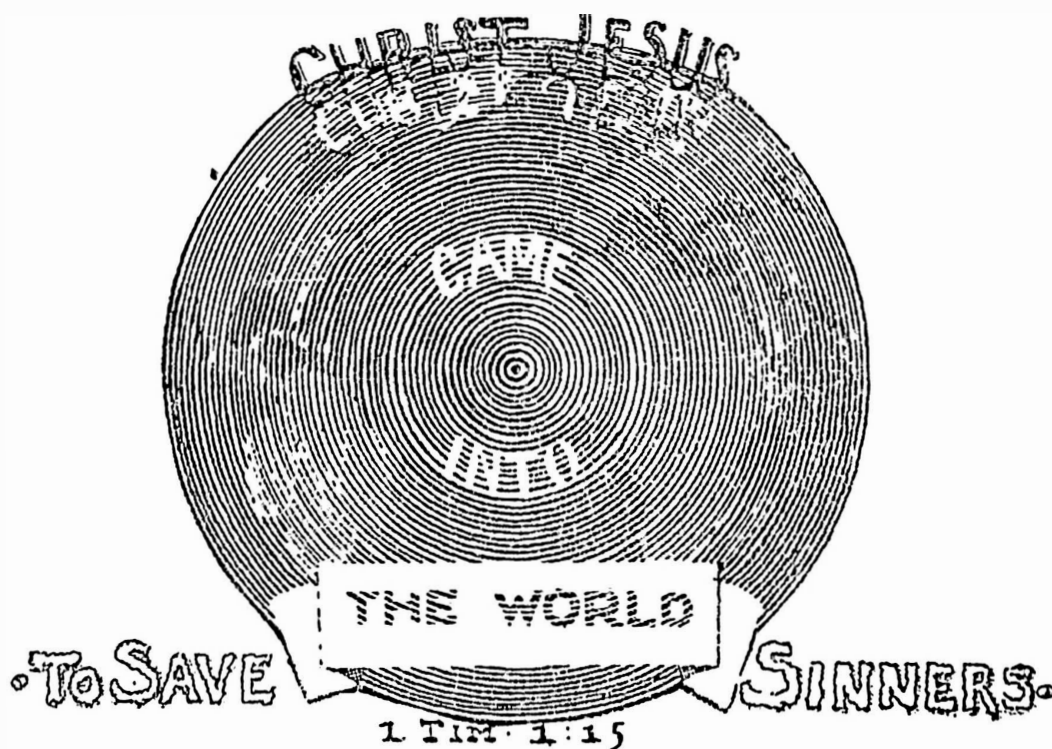
The story is told of a little girl who was enjoying with relish a tin of syrup. A gentleman standing by was much amused as he watched her. "Is it sweet?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, briefly. "How sweet is it?" he next enquired. But the little girl was too busy to keep on answering questions. Sticking a rather grubby finger into the syrup, she held it up to him. "Here," she said, "taste and see."

This homely little story illustrates the Gospel appeal very well: "O taste and see that the Lord is gracious." Here is something you may try for yourself. Trust Him and prove Him, and you will learn how gracious He is. "O taste and see."

Your Friend,

THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 660.



The Fog Horn.

IT was on a dark, foggy night that we sailed from the harbour of Aberdeen for Leith. The fog-horn kept sounding every now and again, and the experienced captain assured us that all was perfectly safe.

Most of the passengers had gone to their berths, and I daresay many were asleep. About midnight we were startled by the loud boom of a cannon which seemed close at hand. There was a good deal of excitement among the passengers as to what this meant. The captain was appealed to for information and he replied that we were passing the famous Bell Rock Lighthouse, and that, during very foggy weather, a cannon is fired every three minutes as a warning to passing vessels, which might otherwise run upon the rock in the darkness and be wrecked. How thankful we were for the provision thus made for our safety as we returned to our berths in peace.

In former days, before that warning gun began its useful work, many a noble vessel had been dashed to pieces upon that dangerous rock. Sailing along in the fog unwarned, her captain and crew saw no danger: it came upon them unawares. Now, if any run upon that rock, it must be because they fail to hear, or to heed, that warning gun.

The Bell Rock gun reminds us very much of the warning gun of Scripture, booming out its solemn word to mariners on life's rocky shore—"Flee from the wrath to come." Some heed the warning voice. Others do not listen, and risk being wrecked on the rocks of unbelief and indifference. Yet God does not will the death of any, but that all should turn to Him, and choose eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

No. 3—Birds of a Feather Flock Together.

IT has been said that we can always tell what a man is by the company he keeps. If he keeps good company he is likely to be a good man; if he keeps bad company he is likely to be a bad man. Good men do not want the company of evil men and evil men would be like a fish out of water if they were long in the company of good men.

What kind of company do you keep? Are you found with those whose feet walk the paths of evil? Do you run with boys and girls who do not go to Sunday School? Are you found in the company of those who scoff at the Bible and religious instruction? Then, if you are not like them now, it won't be long till you are, for "like draws to like."

The Psalmist said he was a companion of them that feared God. Why did he seek such company? Because he was a man who feared God himself. Have you ever seen people coming from a football match? They are all birds of a feather flocking together. They have been drawn to the game because their interests are the same. You would not expect to see

these people going straight from the football match to a conference where the Word of God was ministered. Why? Because the company does not suit them.

And remember this—in heaven and in hell birds of a feather will flock together. No one will be in heaven who has not had their sins forgiven, and no one will be in hell whose sins are forgiven. In what company will you be? In what company would you like to be? I am sure you would like to be—and expect to be—with those in the blood-washed throng who will sing praises to the Lamb. But longing and expecting will never take you there. If a person living in Glasgow wants to get to London they will never get to the Capital if they do not find some means of transport to take them there. So if we want to get to heaven we must avail ourselves of the way, and Jesus said:—"I am the way, the truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Get into the way, and you will be sure to be in that great company that will surround the throne in the happy land above.

BLOWING BUBBLES

I SUPPOSE most of you, like the little girl in the picture, have passed many a happy hour "blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles, in the air." It is one of the innocent pleasures of childhood; but it is a pleasure that quickly passes, and can only be enjoyed when weather conditions are suitable.

I daresay you have heard of Scotland's national poet, Robert Burns. He was a remarkable man in many ways, and wrote many wise words. He said something about the bubble of pleasure which all of us should remember. One of his best known poems is entitled "Tam o' Shanter." There he describes Tam and his cronie Souther Johnnie, "enjoying" themselves at the flowing bowl. They were "unco happy," but the time comes when they had to leave for home, and forsake that which had been the source of their happiness. So Burns wrote—

"But pleasures are like popples spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river—
A moment white—then melts for ever."

Think on these words—"A moment white—then, melts for ever." How like the pretty bubbles children blow! They

float in the air, with all the beautiful colours of the rainbow gathered in their flimsy body. How attractive they are, yet grasp the bubble and they are gone!

The pleasures of the world are like that. They are but "for a season." They are more attractive than substantial. They promise much, but never satisfy.

It is well that you should learn this lesson early in life, for if you take it to heart it will save you many an ache and many a pain, and many a bitter disappointment. If you want to live a really happy life, then you must come to the Lord Jesus Christ, give your heart to Him, and let Him have His way with you.

"He'll save you, He'll keep you,
He'll fill your heart with joy,
He'll drive gloom and sadness away."

Pleasure is not the only bubble that men seek after, though in their seeking they do not realise that they are striving after something which cannot satisfy. John Dryden, one of the famous English poets, wrote that honour was an empty bubble. So is fame.

Did not Alexander the Great strive with all his might and main after honour and fame? And is it not said of him that he sat down and cried when he had

no more worlds to conquer? And did he not make the request that when he died his hands were to be placed outside his coffin, so that all might see that though he had conquered the known world he took nothing with him?

His fame and his honour and his riches were but empty bubbles in the light of eternity. Young friends, get hold of the

enduring pleasures. Make sure you have the eternal riches which are in Christ Jesus. Then you will be able to rightly assess what the world calls pleasure, and knowing this you will turn from the broken cisterns which hold no water to find your lasting satisfaction in Him Who "is the endless source of purest joy."

THE EDITOR.

Talks to Young Christians

THE PRISONERS OF EYAM.

WHEN the great plague of London broke out in 1665 it did not confine itself to the city. In some unexplainable way the dread scourge reached the little village of Eyam 150 miles away. Strange to relate the villages round about escaped the pestilence. The stricken villagers wisely held council, and they decided, that to prevent the plague from spreading, they would voluntarily isolate themselves. Arrangements were made for the supplies of food and the other necessities of life to be brought to a particular spot of the village boundary, and there it was collected by members of the stricken population. Thus for thirteen months—from September, 1665 to October, 1666, no one passed out of the village and no one entered it. In the village itself the people

died daily, and when the scourge had abated of the population of 350, 267 had perished. During these terrible months the villagers nursed and cared for each other, and no one was more self-sacrificing than the village pastor. He exposed himself daily to the danger of infection, and when the Sabbath day came round he led the villagers who were well forth to an appointed place, to worship God and to plead for deliverance. And every year on this spot an annual service is held to commemorate these brave people who literally gave their lives for others.

I am sure we all admire this heroism and self-sacrifice, this virtual giving of their lives for others. And in the village of stricken Eyam we

have an example to follow. As Christians we must not live unto ourselves. First, we have to give ourselves wholly and entirely to the Lord who bought us with His own blood, and then, living as He lived among men, we must deny self and seek the welfare of others.

We have to seek to do good to all men, especially those who are of the household of faith. Take as your motto in life—"I'm third." God first, others second, and yourself last. That is the way to find true happiness in life. Prove it from to-day on.

EAR-MARKED

THIS is a curious word, though it is commonly enough used. It means exactly what it says—a mark on the ear. Sheep are sometimes ear-marked, so that the owner can easily recognise his own.

Sometimes we use the word with regard to any article we have set aside for our own use or for a set purpose. By way of illustration; let us suppose a shopkeeper is supplied with a nice lot of toys, and among them there is one which he thinks would be just the thing for his own little girl. Before he puts it away for her, a customer enters and asks for that very toy. "Oh! I'm sorry," says the shopkeeper, "I have 'earmarked' that one for my little girl."

Would you be surprised to know that there are men and women, and young folks, too, in the world today whom God

has 'earmarked' for Himself? You have often sung I suppose, that beautiful children's hymn, "Jesus is our Shepherd," and you will readily recognise part of a verse—

Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign.

"They that have my Spirit"

"These," saith He, "are mine."

Who are 'these' in the hymn? They are those who in simple trust have made Jesus their Saviour. Now He is their Shepherd and they are of His flock. That He loves His sheep there can be no doubt. "I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the Sheep." (John 10. 11). And He knows them all; they are 'earmarked.' They are all so safe under His eye, and in His hand. I would not like to be outside of His safe keeping. What about YOU?

J. RENNIE.

COME AND SEE

THESE words appeared on a notice-board in Hendon, near London. They were an invitation to inspect some new houses that had just been put up at that spot.

The reader of this magazine will probably remember some passages in the New Testament where such words occur. For example, the Samaritan woman whom the Lord Jesus had met at the well, said to the men of the city, "Come, see a Man Who told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" In the interview which she had had with Jesus He had made her see that He knew all about her stained past; and although she was surprised and ashamed she did not go away in a temper and say all the spiteful things she could think of about the wonderful Stranger. She continued the interview, and so received a great blessing.

And God wants you to know that He sees you, knows all your past, and remembers every sin you have done. You cannot possibly hide from God. Instead of trying to hide from Him, or to forget about your sins, He wants you to acknowledge them, and to seek His forgiveness.

You may also remember that in the first chapter of John's Gospel, after Philip had found Christ, he told his friend Nathanael the glad news. And when he raised an objection Philip said to him, "Come and see." And Nathanael went with his friend to where Jesus was standing, and so obtained the greatest blessing of his life: he, too, got to know Jesus as the Messiah of His people, and better still, as the Saviour of his soul.

Both the Samaritans and Nathanael responded to the *first* invitation to come to Jesus and see and hear for themselves. I wonder how many times you have been invited to come to Him, and yet you have never obeyed the glad invitation? It is not just an invitation to attend a place of worship, or a Sunday School, or to read a Bible; it is an invitation to have a *personal interview with Jesus*, the living, loving Saviour. Will you heed this invitation, and come to-day?

And then it will be your privilege to do as Philip did, and invite others to Jesus, and to say to them, "Come and see."

E. A.

The Child's Inquiry

A Dialogue for the S.S. Treat.

Dear Ruth, I feel so very bad in God's most Holy sight.
Ah! How I long that some good friend would kindly set me right,
I know that I have greatly sinned and that my soul is black,
This "Cleansing" that they talk about this "washing white as
snow,"

This "pardon" and "forgiveness," Ruth, where for them must I go?
Or must I pay down a great price ere I can be forgiven,
And have the joy down in my heart of those whose home is
Heaven?

If so, then I must give up hope, for I am poor indeed
I have no money, no, nor strength, no goodness can I plead,
Then tell me quickly and be plain this night may be my last,
How can a child be sure her sins behind God's back are cast?

Why! Jean, I'm very glad to hear those questions you are asking,
To answer them from God's own Book won't be a service tasking.
I am so pleased that you do see, your sins to be so many,
For He can take them all away and leave you without any.
So listen while I simply tell how God can give you rest.
And place the joy of "Sins forgiven," within your anxious breast.
"We all, like sheep, have gone astray and turned to our own way,
Our backs to God and heaven and light, while death before us lay.
Had Jesus left us to ourselves, sad would have been our fate,
For what it means to lose one's soul no one can calculate.
But ere this loving Shepherd could bring you to His fold,
He left the Glory high above to seek for wandering "You".
But ere this loving Shepherd could bring you to His fold,
And give you just a glimpse of what is better far than gold,
He had to die upon the Cross and suffer in your stead,
Your sins upon Him must be laid, as you have often read,
And now dear Jeanie can you tell just what you have to do,
That you may know for certain that the blessing is for you?

Why! yes, dear Ruth, the light has come and now I really see
That Jesus, God's beloved Son, died on that cross *for me*,
For me the debt was paid in full, my sins were by Him borne,
That I might bear a crown of light, He wore a crown of thorn,
So, trusting Him, I come to Him and praise and sing and shout
For He, Himself has said to me "I'll never cast you out".

John Murdoch McLeod.

BLESSINGS.

A FAMOUS Scottish writer once said that those who brought blessings into the lives of others brought blessings to themselves. We cannot be unhappy if we make others happy. And no one can be happier than the person whose sins are forgiven.

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE

WITH March here again our thoughts turn to the days of old when the Roman warriors set out on their great campaigns of world conquest. March was the month when the armies of ancient Rome went on the march to conquer and subdue. Will you keep this in mind? Will you get "on the move" this month? Will you "go on to perfection?" Within us and around us are many things to be subdued. What about that hasty temper, those unholy and unlovely thoughts, that self-seeking spirit, that bitter tongue? How about subduing them thro' the power of the indwelling Spirit and the sufficiency of grace which God can supply to all thro' our Lord Jesus Christ? Start "conquering" yourself first, then God will be able to use you to subdue the many evils which abound on every

hand.

Now for our competition. Since we have been writing of the Romans, let us have some questions along this line—1. Who wrote the Epistle to the Romans? 2. Who founded the Church of Rome? 3. Where do we read of "saints in Cæsar's household?" 4. Who, when the apostle Paul was in Rome, sought him out, "very diligently?" 5. Did the Apostle Paul go to Rome or was he taken there? 6. Where do we read of Paul living in a "hired house" in Rome?

Four Prizes and a number of consolation awards for best and neatest answers. Send your attempts to—Editor, "Young Watchman," Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock, by the end of the month. Give your age name and address, and on the outside of your envelope write—"ROME."

The R.S.P.T.

WHAT do these initials stand for? Puzzled? Really, they stand for nothing as yet, but one writer to the press is hopeful that they will represent a new Society after the war. He would like the Society to be called: "The Royal Society For The Preservation Of The Truth. Briefly, the members of this

Society would keep a watch on the press and on the B.B.C. to see that no truth was distorted. A good idea, but a very old one, for the Christian down the centuries had sought to preserve the truth of God as it is found in His Holy Word. Let everyone see to it that they "buy the truth and sell it not."

OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 96

God of the Beautiful

J.A. KEY Δb . JOHN AITONISON, Har. by R.G.M.

1. God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where, Sheds with a
 2. God of the beau-ti-ful, God o - ver all. In Heav'n and
 3. God of the beau-ti-ful, Reign - ing a - lone; God of trus
 4. God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where, God e - ver

bounteous hand Beau - ty so rare; Lone - ly may be the place,
 on the earth. Both great and small. Rules o'er the o - cean wide,
 Light and Love, Up - on the Throne; E - ver Lord, King of kings.
 mor - ci - ful, Our sins to bear; Shed-ding o'er all the earth,

Still He is there,— God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where.
 Forms moun-tains tall, God of the beau-ti-ful, God o - ver all.
 Our Sa - viour born, God of the beau-ti-ful, Reign-ing a - lone.
 Beau-ty so fair, God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where.

COMPETITION AWARDS.

*Circle Competition—Over 14 years:—*Mary E. Kelso, Ballymoney; Olive Smith, Dungannon. *Under 14 years:—*Lily Gillan, Martinstown; Denis Parker, Glenluce. *Consolations—*John McDowall, Glenluce; Vera Wells, Belfast; George Smith, Dungannon; David Smith, Felpham; Mary Wilson, Newry.

Prepare to Meet thy God

Amos 4: 12.

"Prepare to meet thy God!" This cry
As generations pass,
Has sounded out in warning tones
To those in ev'ry class.

"Prepare to meet thy God!" O do!
For meet Him sure you must,
A sinner in thy need art thou,
And He a God most just.

"Prepare to meet thy God," dear friend:
And there is but one way,
'Tis trust in Him whose blood was shed
To wash your guilt away.

"Prepare to meet thy God," and then
When storms of judgment roll,
Safe sheltered 'neath Christ's precious Blood
No wrath can touch thy soul.

EDITH M. BENNETT.

Springtime

SPRINGTIME is here—the long, dark winter is behind us, and a new feeling is in the air—a new feeling of hope.

On the farm-lands, the lambs and chicks, the puppies and calves and foals are care-free and frisky. The very birds are pouring forth early and late their songs of joy and thankfulness with glad abandon.

And this is a time when those who belong to the Lord Jesus are filled with gratitude, for Springtime reminds us that, for Him, the winter of death is past, and that He rose again in new, living, resurrection power, the Victor over death. Like the corn of wheat which fell into the ground and died, and so brought forth fruit, so the Lord Jesus, in His death and resurrection, has won eternal life and joy and hope for untold millions who believe in His Name.

What a grand thing it is to know that our sins are forgiven and that, because He lives, we shall live also, in HIM, for HIM, and with HIM for evermore.

I am the Good Shepherd.

A SUNDAY school teacher was giving his class their Bible lesson.

Among other things, he showed them how dumb boys and girls were taught to speak with their lips. He offered a prize to anyone who could tell what he said with his lips. A small boy read his lips correctly, and received the prize.

“Now,” said the teacher, “whenever you see me anywhere, come to me and say, ‘I am the Good Shepherd,’ ” for these were the words he had said with his lips.

Years passed, and the boy was now a soldier. One night he went to a canteen to get some food. Then he discovered that he had no money with him. People all around were buying and enjoying the good things provided, but it seemed that, without money, he would have to do without.

Suddenly, behind the counter, he noticed his old friend and teacher, who had told him to come and say to him anywhere, 'I am the Good Shepherd.' Perhaps, thought the young fellow, he is too busy, or he may have forgotten all about me. At last he ventured up to him, and said simply: 'I am the Good Shepherd,' just as he had told him to do.

The Christian worker stopped and stared at the young soldier in surprise. But he had not forgotten him. The old man's face beamed as he grasped him by the hand, and welcomed him.

"Well," said he, "what a treat it is to see you again. Come along with me and we'll soon get something for you to eat. You must be ready for your tea."

"But I have a friend with me," said the soldier.

"Bring him in, too," was the response. Soon the two young soldiers were enjoying what they said afterwards was the best tea they had ever had. The old man enjoyed the experience too, but what brought the greatest delight to his heart, was to discover in the course of their talk that the young soldier had never forgotten the things he had learned in the Sunday school, especially the lesson on the Good Shepherd.

Boys and girls, do you know the Good Shepherd, Who gave His life for the sheep? He is out seeking for you, for all have gone astray. Hear His voice calling you, and come to the Good Shepherd to-day.

J. A.

BITTER WATERS

By Violet Young

WITH the Red Sea between them and Egyptian bondage, the Israelites followed Moses into the wilderness of Shur. Their fears had gone, and there was a great gladness in their hearts as they thought and talked of their wonderful deliverance.

What did it matter that they must pass through the hot barren land of Shur with its terrible storms of wind and sand? Their God was with them, and was leading them to the wonderful land of Canaan which He had promised to their forefathers. They pressed on hopefully.

On the second day their footsteps grew slower, and they began



to think less of God's past goodness to them, and more of their present discomfort. The third day they were terribly thirsty, and could find no water until they came to Marah where there was water, but it was bitter—too bitter to drink.

They groaned with disappointment and turned on Moses: "Give us water," they cried angrily, "or we shall die."

Moses was as thirsty as they were, but he did not grumble. He knew he could trust God, and he told Him their trouble. God immediately showed him a tree, which he cut down while the people watched him scornfully.

What strange thing would he do next?

He threw it into the bitter water: "Now, drink," he told them. To their astonishment the bitterness had gone. Never had water tasted so good, and grown-ups and children drank eagerly until their thirst was quenched.

Then God promised them that if they would listen to Him and obey His commandments, He would send none of the illnesses upon them which He had sent upon the Egyptians. "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Ex. 15. 26. How good to be in the care of such a God!

Feeling happy and strong, they travelled a few more miles until they saw in the distance some tall trees. That meant there would also be water. They pressed on and were soon in the beautiful oasis of Elim, with its seventy palm trees and twelve wells of water. What a contrast from the sun-parched desert!

They camped beside the waters in the shade of the palms, whose great fronded leaves waved like plumes in the breeze.

Marah, with its bitter waters, speaks to us of the trials and difficulties of life, while the tree which healed them reminds us of the death of the Lord Jesus on the cross, which cleanses from sin and sweetens the lives of all who follow Him.

Elim was all the more enjoyable to the Israelites after their experience at Marah. What Elim was to them, the Lord Jesus is to the Christian in a world of sin.

I Believe

R.G.M. R. G. MOWAT

KEY { :ṃ .,f, | s, :ṃ .,re|m :- r | d r :d .l, | s, :ṃ .,f, }

E♭.

I be-lieve, I be-lieve the re-cord of the Word, Right from

Ge-ne-sis to Re-ve-la-tion through; I re-ceive, I re-ceive the

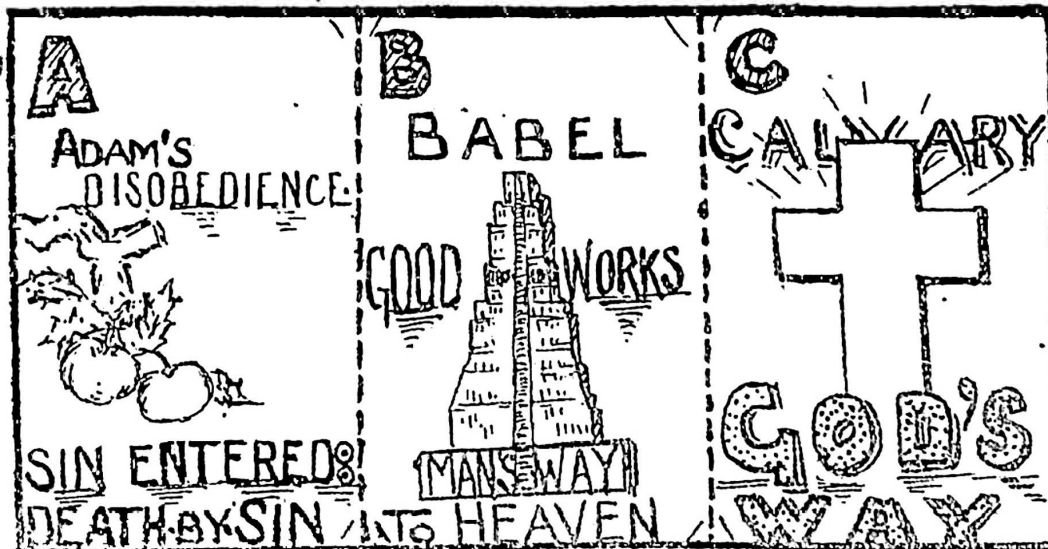
pro-mise of the Lord, And know that He is whol-ly true.

A-B-C; AN EYE-GATE LESSON.

THE lesson is folded into three parts, A, B C. First the part marked A is shown. It refers to Adam's disobedience in the Garden of Eden. He took of the forbidden fruit, bringing at once the thorns of punishment. For, by his disobedience, sin entered into the world, and death by sin. Now the part marked B is brought to notice. At Babel men thought that they could build a tower which might even reach to Heaven. But men, by working, cannot enter the holy place. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the Gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

Part C is now shown. The way of the Cross Of Calvary is God's way for us, if we would enter Heaven some day. Because the Lord Jesus died and rose again, we may live in Him, and be with Him for ever. "The Gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

R.G.M.



L. O. T. PRIZEWINNERS FOR DECEMBER, 1943.

Painting.—Margaret Smith, Burnbank; Esmé McMullan, Ballymena; Mary Clark, Hemyock.

Magazine Page for April

Dear Lottites,



An electrician was busy renewing the carbons in a street arc lamp. Nearby, a lad was watching him with great interest. To the boy's surprise, the man was wearing rubber boots, although the day was sunny. But the man wore them, not because he thought it was going to rain, but to keep him safe from electric shocks. Electricity cannot go through rubber very well, and, strange to say, it does not go into a person

if it cannot get out again.

The Love of Christ is like that. When there is unbelief in the heart, His Love cannot enter. But when we open our heart to Him in faith, His Love fills us, and flows through us to others, and this is our desire: "O THAT MY SAVIOUR WERE YOUR SAVIOUR, TOO."

Your Friend,

THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 661.



Twice Saved

A FISHING vessel was laid up at a pier on one of the Orkney islands. It was the Lord's Day evening. A group of the fishermen went up to the Gospel Hall in the village where a meeting was held. The speaker gave a faithful message on the important question: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great Salvation?"

It is great Salvation because it is God Who provided it; because it was Christ Who purchased it with His precious blood; because it gives the sinner who believes, the assurance of sins forgiven; it is great Salvation because the believer is saved from everlasting woe, and is now the possessor of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

When the meeting was over, the fishermen went back to their vessel, and sailed with the tide next morning. A rough sea was running, and, when they were some way out a huge wave swept over them and carried a young fisherman overboard. But the backwash of the wave carried him on board again. Eager hands seized him and soon he was laid out in a warm bunk.

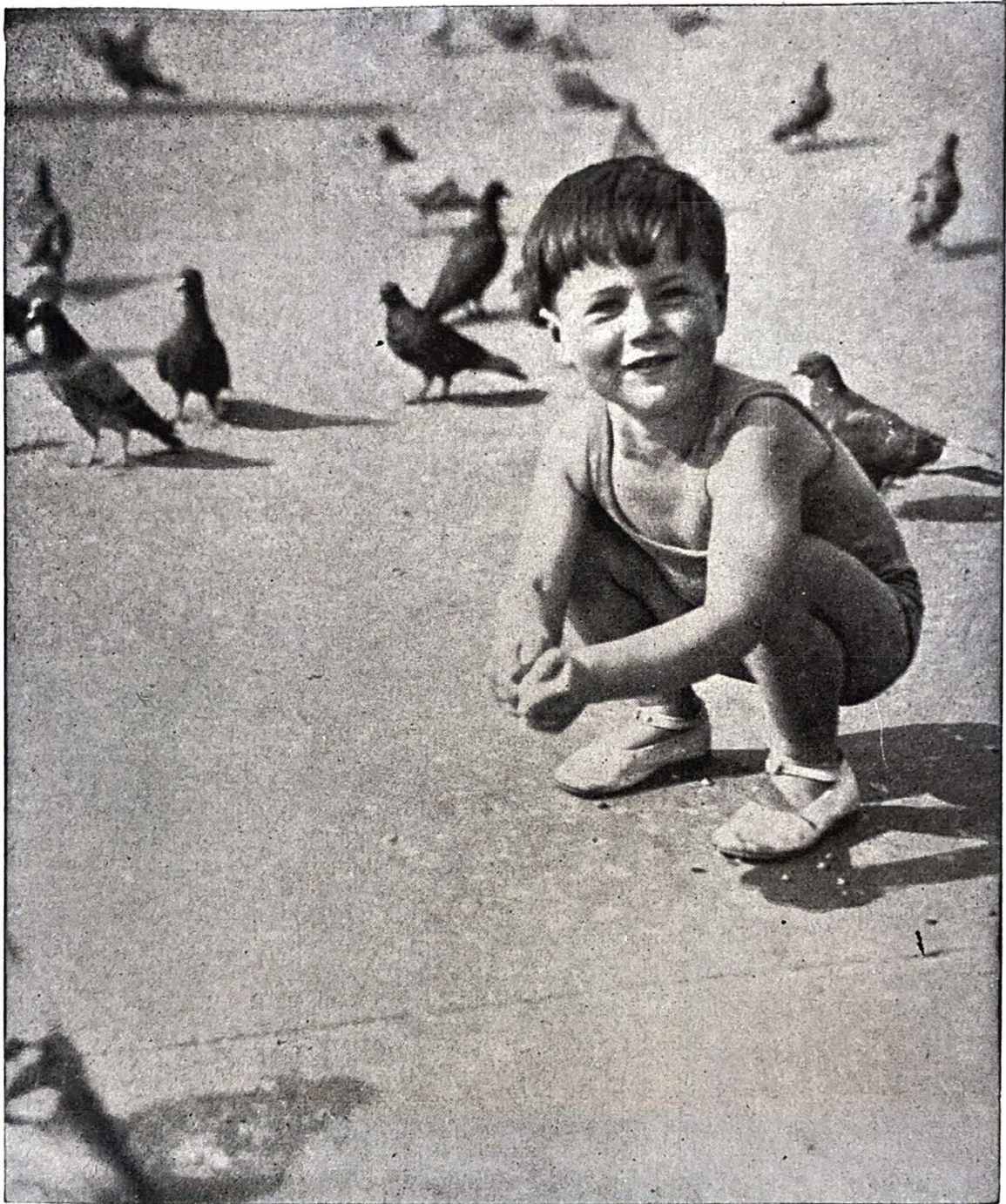
As soon as he came to himself, he told his mates that ever since he had been to the meeting, the words of the text had been troubling his mind: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great Salvation?"

In that moment, when the wave washed him overboard, he decided to accept Christ as his Saviour, so that, on being rescued he said that he was twice saved: "From a watery grave, and, better still, he was saved with an everlasting Salvation."

"In that moment" when the young fisher decided to accept Christ, he was saved, not after long years of doing penance or good works but, "in that moment," he was born again. For "Behold Now is the accepted time and behold Now is the day of Salvation."



See Article—
"RECONCILED."



See Article—

"A TALK ON DOVES."

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

No. 4—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

THIS is a proverb that we often hear quoted, but how few think on it as regarding eternal things, which, after all, are the important things. The proverb is generally interpreted as meaning, if some misfortune comes to one person it may be a blessing to another person. For example—the strong wind that blows a lady's hat off and ruins it, dries another lady's washing.

Perhaps you have heard someone tell the story of their conversion. They told how they were led to Christ by the misfortune of another. I once heard a miner tell how a serious accident in the mine, in which he was not involved, led him to think solemnly of his condition before God and of his latter end. The accident was God's voice and call to him.

How often God calls to men through the misfortunes of others. And yet how few listen to His voice in the everyday happenings around us. The silent visitor, death, walks through some factory, and takes

away someone very suddenly. For a little while there is a hushed atmosphere. Men and women talk in whispers, and, perhaps, for a short time, they think that they, too, may be called into eternity very suddenly. Few, however, attend to the salvation of their soul. The devil says—"Oh, you need not worry; really there are very few who die in this way. You are young and strong, and you have plenty of time to attend to your soul. Enjoy yourself, and when you know you are nearing your end you can think of being saved."

But, pray you, my dear reader, do you know when your end will be? This may be your last day on earth! It may be your last hour! You don't know! What, then, is the wise thing to do? Of course it is to attend to the salvation of your soul NOW—"Behold NOW is the accepted time; behold NOW is the day of salvation." Let no "ill wind" blow past you without doing you good. Remember, the "ill wind" may come to you for the good of others.

BY THE QUIET WATERS.

WE live in a restless, tumultuous world. Nations are ill at ease and men and women are feverish. What is the reason for all this restlessness and seething, this feverish haste and nervousness? Different people give different answers to that very important question. Some will tell you that it is a fruit of this war, which has disturbed the balance of mankind and knocked men and women—and even nations—completely out of step.

Others say that the conditions of the world as we find it to-day is due to "man's inhumanity to man." If men would treat men as men and not as parts in a vast machine which must minister to their financial standing, we would have a world at peace and men all over the world would "brothers be and a' that."

People who diagnose this restless condition as a fruit of war or a grinding of the working-class are far off the mark. Look at it in this way. If boils break out in a person's body—as they did in the case of Job—he surely is not a wise doctor who cannot see deeper than the ugly and painful gatherings. The trouble is not an outward one, but inward. The blood is out of order. If the blood is purified and the impurities pushed out of the

system, the boils will disappear.

Well, these outward things which we see; shall we say on the body of the world,—restlessness, dispeace, unfairness, and as many others as you care to name—can never be properly treated from the outside. They cannot be "cured" by better living conditions, higher wages, more leisure, etc, etc, which our world-reformers speak so much about. That kind of treatment merely temporarily palliates. We must go deeper and that's just what the Bible teaches us

All these outward manifestations are pointers to an inward state. We are not right at the heart, for the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked. In short, it is SIN that is at the root of all the trouble. Men and women don't want to believe that, but it's a solemn and undeniable fact. Only when the heart has been dealt with—only when the individual experiences the cleansing power of the blood of Christ and the energising power of the Spirit of God in his or her life, will they be free from the restlessness which is in the world. "Come unto Me," said Jesus, "and I will give you rest." There is no other way. Do you know this rest?

THE EDITOR.

NOBODY EVER TOLD ME.

A STILLNESS had fallen upon a large gipsy encampment on the outskirts of the town of Ipswich. Apart from occasional barking of the many dogs that prowled around the camp, hardly a sound could be heard. Everyone moved with quiet steps and talked in hushed tones. The stillness of death had presented itself. Every member of the camp was expecting the tragic news that one of their number, a poor delicate lad, had passed into eternity.

News of the lad's sorry plight had gone beyond the confines of the camp and had been brought to the notice of an earnest Christian lady who spent much of her time comforting the sick and seeing to bring before them the Gospel story. That evening she made her way to the camp and asked that she might be allowed to see the lad. The father, a stern, ungodly man, gave her permission, adding, "You must not talk to him about religion or I'll set the dogs on you." Gladly she promised that she would not talk of religion, for she knew from God's word that salvation was not to be found in *Religion* but in the *Person* of the Lord Jesus Christ, for "there is none other name, under heaven, given among men

whereby we must be saved."

She was directed to the tent where the poor boy lay. What a pitiful sight presented itself. His feverish wasted form was stretched upon a bundle of straw cast upon the hardened earth. He had scarcely any clothes to cover him and the haggard look on his face showed that the hardness of his lot had been too much for one so delicate as he. It was evident that it would not be long before he passed into eternity.

As she bent low beside the boy he seemed to be unconscious of her presence. She lifted her heart to God in prayer to ask His help, and began slowly to repeat that wonderful verse: "For God, so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). His eyes gradually opened and fixed their gaze upon her as again she repeated the words. Then, with what little strength he could muster, he said, "Tell it again lady, nobody ever told me." Tenderly she repeated the verse and told into the ears of the dying lad the wonderful story of the love of the Lord Jesus, how that He came down from heaven to earth, and after a life spent in bless-

ing men and women, went to the cross of Calvary and died there to save Sinners, however bad they might be, and that they by simply believing in Him could have all their sins forgiven and become possessors of eternal life.

Gradually the truth of this wonderful story seemed to dawn upon his soul. That anyone at all should love him seemed too wonderful to grasp—but that the God whose name he had only heard blasphemed, should love him was beyond his understanding altogether.

He was drawing near to the gates of death, but he seemed to be drinking in the message and clinging to every word. This was the first time he had ever heard of Jesus—the last too!—His *only* opportunity! It was a message of Salvation to his soul. Yes he was a sinner, one of those whom God loved and for whom God died. He was included in that great word “Whosoever.” Peace filled his

soul and manifested itself on his face as he believed the glad message of the gospel and rested on the Word of God which said—“Shall not perish, but have everlasting life.”

As he was sinking fast, she bent low in order to catch his dying words—“Lord I believe, now tell the ‘rest.’” What calm confidence was his as he passed through the valley of the shadow of death, breathing out a newborn desire that others might hear and believe the message too.

Those of you who will be reading this story will have heard many times of Jesus and His love. Have you trusted him yet? Do you know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Can you truthfully say—“Lord I believe, tell it now to the rest!”

A. G.

The following is a hymn written after this incident occurred (Sunday School Hymn Book 175)—

“Into a tent where a gipsy boy lay
Dying alone at the close of the day,
News of Salvation were carried—said he
“Nobody ever has told it to me”

Tell it again—tell it again,
Salvation’s story repeat it o’er and o’er,
Till none can say of the children of men
“Nobody ever has told me before”

“Did He so love me, a poor little boy,
Send unto me the glad tidings of joy;
Need I not perish, my hand will He hold?
Nobody ever the story has told”

Bending, we caught the last sighs of his breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death;
"God loved the world—whosoever saith He,
Then I am sure that He sent Him for me.

Smiling, he said as his last sigh was spent,
"I am so glad that for me He was sent,"
Whispered as low sank the sun in the west.
"Lord I believe, tell it now to the rest."

Talks to Young Christians

HOW TO GET POWER.

WE cannot live the Christian life without power from God. If we try to do so we will miserably fail and bring dishonour on the fair name of our Redeemer. If then Divine power is essential in Christian life and witness, how are we to get this power? Three outstanding ways are given to us in the Bible.

1. POWER COMES BY PRAYER. In Isaiah 40 we are told that God "gives power to the faint," and that power comes when we "wait upon the Lord." The exact words of Holy Writ are—"they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Do you know anything about this waiting upon the Lord? When you feel unable for any task, or when you feel that temptation or trial in any form is going to bring about your defeat, what do you do?

What you should do is to go into the presence of God, and

just wait calmly and expectantly before Him. Tell Him how weak and helpless you feel. Tell Him that your great and burning desire is to bring honour to His Name and glory to the Lord Jesus Christ. Wait patiently. Wait in faith. God will give you the power you need. Remember this, God never thrusts any work upon anyone of us without an endowment of power to carry it out. So, believe God when He says that they who wait upon Him will renew their strength. Put Him to the test. He will not fail. The lives of the saints down through the ages give abundant evidence of this.

2. POWER COMES BY PURITY. A housewife whom I know was amazed because the flow of gas was very poor. The gas in the cooker kept bobbing up and down, and sometimes went out altogether. She just could not get her meals cooked. The plumber

soon put things all right. There was nothing wrong with the gas: it was the pipes which were out of order. Dirt had got into them. When they were blown the gas came through with full force. Never forget that God's power never changes, but we can keep that power from flowing through our lives by "obstructions in the pipes." The channels must be kept clean. There must be nothing to hinder the flow. How necessary it is for us all to pray—"Make me, *keep* me, pure within."

3. POWER COMES BY POVERTY. Let me explain. In 2 Cor. 12. 10 the Apostle

Paul writes:—"When I am weak, then am I strong." That is one great secret of power in the Christian—an acknowledgment of our inability to do things "off our own bat." When we are self-sufficient we are on the straight road to failure and disappointment. When we feel we are nothing and can do nothing God can mightily use us. Paul also could say—"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Thus, when we are aware of our own poverty, God can enrich us, and give us that power that will enable us to do great things for Him.

Be Faithful.

If you cannot be great, be faithful,
This with God will be counted as great;
If you cannot be active in service,
Then in patience still sit at His feet.
For most true are the words of the poet—
They too serve who stand only and wait.

THE MAN AHEAD.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was a great admirer of Wordsworth.

"I am amazed at your estimation of one who is so much your inferior," said a friend to him one day.

"I don't wonder you think Wordsworth a small man," replied the poet. "He runs so far before us that he dwarfs himself in the distance."

All the great men of the ages are dwarfed in the presence of Jesus Christ. He Himself said—"A greater than Solomon is here." And yet He died for you and me! How small we should be in His presence!

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE

DO you read the daily newspapers or magazines. Do you remember what you read? Do you think of what you read? Do you ever find something of which you say—"Why that would make a good illustration for the substitutionary work of Christ?" Or, "That reminds me of a well-known Bible text?" If you have never done this, I want you to do it this month. It may be an incident that is recorded, an invention that has been made, a new drug that has been discovered, such as Penicillin. It can be almost anything; for the Bible is the most

varied book in the world. You will find on this page two illustrations of what is wanted. They have both been taken from newspapers, and added to them is *our* comment. You have to do something similar. Four prizes—two for the under 14's and two for the over 14's will be given in addition to a number of consolations. Send to the Editor, 'Young Watchman,' Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock, by end of month. Give age, name and address, and put on the left-hand top corner of your envelope—"Illustrations."

MARKED MEN

Identification marks on U.S. war factory employees are now made with a harmless, secret, semi-permanent, invisible chemical ink that can be washed off only with another secret chemical. The mark, on the back of the worker's hand, doesn't show in ordinary light, but gives off an intensive fluorescent glow under a special ultraviolet ray. When entering or leaving the plant, the worker puts his hand through a dark curtain into the invisible ray, and, unless he is an intruder establishes his identity immediately.

Comment:—The Scripture say—"the Lord knoweth them that are His." There are many who pass for Christians who are not genuinely "born again." The hymn-writer has expressed the truth of this in the lines—"Then on each He setteth His own secret sign, "These that have My Spirit, these" saith He, "are mine."

BIBLE AS TALKING BOOK.

A complete phonographic edition of the King James version of the Bible has been issued for distribution to the blind by the American Foundation for the Blind.

Trained readers from the stage and radio were employed to make the recordings, along with several clergymen, all of whom were selected for the pleasing qualities of their voices and their ability to hold an even reading pace.

Recordings of the Old and New Testament have been completed on 169 phonographic discs. Each disc plays half an hour, the Old Testament running to 129 double-sided records making the total reading time of the Bible as a talking book 84 hours.

Formerly only parts of the Bible were available on records.

Comment:—The Bible has always been known as a "talking Book." It is the "living word," and because it "speaks" to the sinner and "tells" him what he is in God's sight, men don't want to listen to it. Happy are they who "hear" the Word and obey it.

OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 97.

Behold the Lilies

Words and Melody by J. ALTONISON, Har. by R.G.M.

KEY { :s | d' :d' | t :l | s :- f | m' :s | l :l | r' :d' | t :- | - }
C.



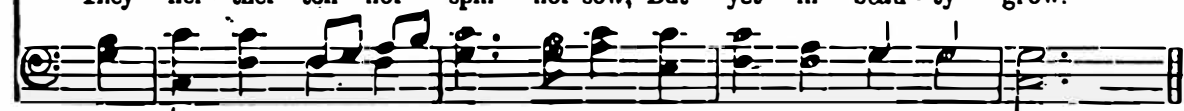
1. 'Be - hold the li - lies, how they grow,' Said Je - sus long a - go;
2. They grow a - mid the wind and storm, That shake their slen - der form,
3. So we should all like Je - sus grow, The Bi - ble tells us so;
4. All lit - tle child - ren, too, may know The One who loves them so;
5. 'Be - hold the li - lies, how they grow,' Said Je - sus long a - go;



{ :s | d' :d' | t :l | s :- f | m' :s | l :r' | d' :t | d' :- | - } ||



'They do not toil like man be-low, They nei - ther spin nor sow.'
And king - ly crowns can - not compare With li - lies bright and fair.
And by His grace in beau - ty shine, When saved by Love di - vine.
And trust in Him to cleanse from sin, And know His peace with - in.
'They nei - ther toil nor spin nor sow, But yet in beau - ty grow.'



PRIZEWINNERS FOR NOVEMBER.

Over 14—Mary E. Relso, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim; Olive Smith, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone. Over 14—Lily Gillan, Martinstown, Co Antrim; Dennis Parker, Glenluce, Ayrshire. Consolation—John McDowall, Glenluce; Vera Wells, Strainmills; George Smith, Dungannon; David Smith, Felpham; Mary Wilson, Newry.

PRIZEWINNERS FOR DECEMBER.

Over 14—Madge Nelson, Rathiland; Maude Reid, Donaghee. Consolations—Andrew Gaston, Ballymena, Andrew Craig, Ballymena.

Under 14—Jessie Grant, Glasgow, Gladys Kerr, Ayr. Consolation—Mary Wilson, Newry; Lily Gillan, Martinstown; David McKay, Inverness; Helen Oliver, Blackbridge, W. Lothian; Rosemary Galbraith, Graigavad; Jean Emerson, Newcastle.



See Article—
"ABOUT HORSES."



See Article—

"HOW GOD SAVED A GIPSY BOY."

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

"Ye must be born again."
The Saviour speaks to thee,
If you would enter into Heav'n,
And live eternally.

The Son of Man must die,
Be lifted up for sin
That all who look on Him may live,
Eternal life begin.

He must increase in thee,
Your life be lost in **H**is,
Till thou shalt live by faith in **H**im
The life of joy and bliss.

R.H.P.

Reconciled.

A GENTLEMAN was watching the children amusing themselves on the sands. Some were wading in the sea. Nearby, a little girl was making sand pies. Suddenly, she looked up as a new thought occurred to her. "I'm going to wade far out over at that part," she said, pointing to a stretch of sand where no children were playing. "You must not go there," her father explained, patiently. "It is very dangerous there. These are quicksands, and my little girl would sink out of sight if she ventured upon them."

But the little one, with a quick bound, turned and ran towards the dangerous quicksands. Her father raced after her, and caught her up. On the way back to safety, she struggled to get out of his arms, yelling and kicking. Father set her down, and gave her her pail and spade, but she hurled these from her. He smacked her hand sharply, as he sat down.

The screaming stopped. The child hovered round her dad, trying hard to catch his eye. But he went on reading his book as if he had quite forgotten her. At last, the thoroughly repentant little girl looked into his face, and said, earnestly: "Me sorry, daddy."

Her father laid aside his book, opened his arms wide, and drew her to his bosom.

"Well," thought the gentleman who had been looking on at this little drama, "what a picture of the love of God to us. He saw that we were in the place of danger and sent His Son to save us from death and from judgment. Some will not yield to His entreaties, but go on heedless and careless, in that way which leads to death at last."

But the sinners who come to Him, confessing their ~~sins~~, saying: "I'm sorry, Lord," to them He holds out His arms in welcome. Thus we are reconciled to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.



A Striking Contrast

The wickedness of man—————

—————*The wondrous love of God.*

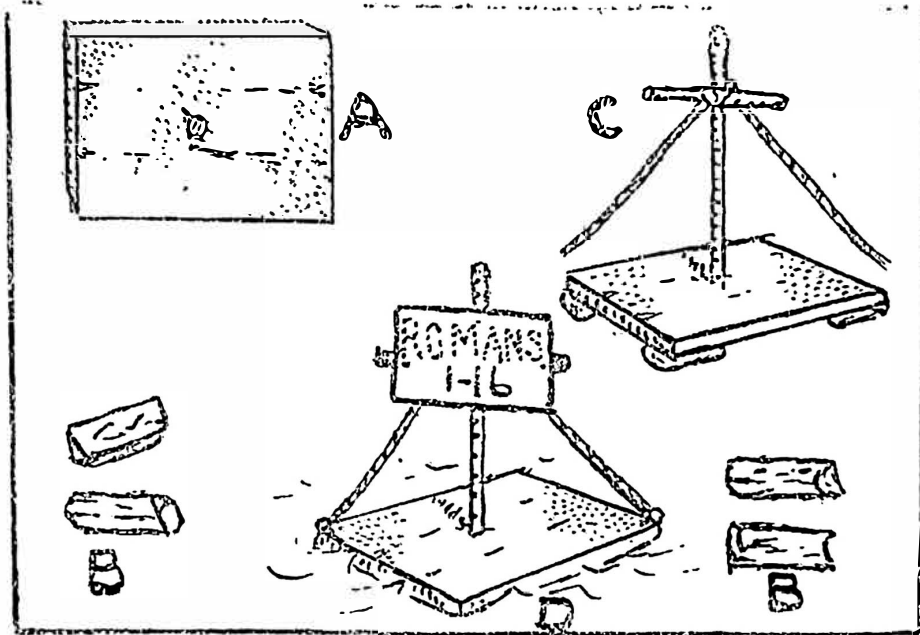
ONE of the last of the martyrs who suffered during the persecution of the Covenanters was George Wood, a lad of sixteen. There is not much known about this lad; all that the persecutors had against him apparently was that he attended field preachings. One night a cruel trooper found him hiding on a hill, and immediately shot him without asking him a single question. He lies buried in a churchyard in Ayrshire, where a stone is erected to his memory.

Truly, the heart of man is very wicked when he can practise such cruelty. Man showed the depths his wicked heart could descend to when he crucified the Lord Jesus, but such was the wondrous love of God for the sinful sons of men that He made the death of His beloved Son the ground of our redemption. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," was spoken by the Apostle Paul to the Philippian Jailor who had been awakened to see his need of a Saviour, and had exclaimed: "Sirs what must I do to be saved?" He acted on the Apostle's advice and trusted in the Lord Jesus. And the one-time jailor became an earnest Christian.

And now, boys and girls, have you ever considered what you must do to be saved? Do just what the apostle told the jailor,—Only believe. Jesus did it all; He paid the debt on Calvary's Cross and all that is left for you to do, is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

J. S.

AN EYE—GATE LESSON—THE RAFT.



HERE is an interesting object that is simple to make. Take a piece of wood of suitable size, and bore a hole in the centre to take a mast, which may be a sharp-pointed stump or a meat skewer (A). Now cut two corks in half, lengthwise (B), and fix one under each corner with glue (C).

The mast may now be glued in place. A strip of wood is tied to the mast to form a cross-piece, and the twine is brought down to two corners, and pinned (C). Now fix a "flag" to the mast with a suitable text printed on it, and the gallant raft is ready for launching in a basin of water (D).

The text on our Gospel raft tells us that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The purpose of the raft is to rescue ship-wrecked sailors, and the sail

catches the wind which wafts them to safety. It is the Gospel of Christ which carries lost sinners into the wide harbour of Salvation. Paul was not ashamed of the Gospel. It was his pride and joy to proclaim it. He glorified in the Cross of Christ. You will notice, that our flag is fixed to the cross-piece. Without the Cross of Christ there could be no Gospel, for by His death and resurrection He has won eternal life for all who believe.

I am on the Gospel raft,
And it is a buoyant craft
As it bears me surely onward o'er the waves;
And one day I'll enter in
Where there is no death nor sin,
Through the harbour-heads of Heaven—Jesus saves.

My Yoke is Easy

GEORGE GOODMAN. (MATTHEW xi. 29. R. G. MOWAT.

KEY C. { s : f e l l : s | s : - m : - d' : t l l : s | t : - l - : - | r' : r' | r' : d' }

Take My yoke up - on you, Come and learn of Me; For My yoke is

{ t : - l : - | l : d' | t : l | s : - l - : - | s : s | d' : t | t : - l l : - }

ea - sy, And My ser - vice free. . . . Take My yoke up - on you,

{ l : l | r' : d' | d' : - | t : - | d' : d' | r' : r' | m' : d' | s : se | l : - | s : - | d' : - | l - : - ||

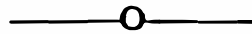
Learn to do the right, For My yoke is ea - sy, And my bur - den light.

The Invisible Ink

A LAD who had a bottle of invisible ink created a lot of excitement in the class room as he showed the other boys how the ink gradually turns brown, then fainter as it fades quite out of sight. He suggested marking the Class Register, to the great delight of his chums. Each boy took it in turn to write scathing remarks about the teacher, and, at the suggestion of the owner of the invisible ink, they all signed their names in the book—all except the boy who suggested it.

Then he took the register and held it towards the heat of the fire. Little did the other boys think that this brought the writing to light again. When their teacher came in, he took the register from his desk and opened it. Then, as he read the scathing remarks and the various signatures, he called the guilty boys out to what was a very painful interview for them.

People who have done wrong sometimes try to think of it as a very slight matter, a thing of the past, out of sight out of mind. But it is recorded in God's Book, and will one day be brought to light again, and the sinner punished. But God, who is rich in mercy, has provided a means whereby the black record may be blotted out—the precious blood of Jesus which cleanseth from all sin.



Try this ACROSTIC by BEULAH JOHNSTON.

Ruth and Beulah Johnston sent letters of thanks for prizes received. Beulah says that "we get L.O.T. every month in Sunday School, and I enjoy doing the puzzles."

Let a little water, be fetched.	Gen. 18. —.
One was brought unto Him.	Matt. 18. —.
These words spake Jesus in the Treasury.	
	John. 8. —.

Magazine Page for May

Dear Lottites,



I want to make a special appeal this month to all Lottites who know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. It is to pray for all boys and girls now in the services, that they may be kept strong in temptation's hour. Many of them have come from Christian homes, with Christian parents. Very many attended Sunday Schools a few years ago, and were readers of L.O.T. Will you, dear reader, join this special prayer-band, asking the Lord and to bring to Himself those who do not yet know Him? Many parents are praying for these dear ones. Let us add our prayers to their's, knowing that God will certainly answer the prayer of faith.

Your Friend,

THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 662.



My Conversion

IT was on a Sunday night the date of which was the 2nd May 1943. I was at the gospel meeting. As I was sitting in the meeting I was under conviction. Many a time before I was convicted, but I thought it might be the last time that God's Spirit would strive with me. I came out of the meeting and went home.

I said to my mother if the Lord should come to-night my soul would be in Hell. I remember well mother and I that Sunday evening sitting in the room of my dying brother. Many a tear I shed that Sunday evening.

My mother began to read some verses and at that verse which says "By grace are ye saved through faith," I trusted Jesus. I would recommend Him to any boy or girl who is not saved.

KATHERINE CAMPBELL.

Katherine is now one year old, for she was born again on May, 2, 1943. Have YOU a conversion story to tell? If so, send it in so that we may all rejoice together.



Will our readers overseas kindly note: May McCormick Lough Road, Lurgan, County Armagh, N. Ireland, will be pleased to get a pen pal in Canada, United States or Australia. May is eleven years old.

Ella Yardly, age 12½, is keen to get a pen friend in Canada. Ella's address is: 126, Meadowhead Road, Craigneuk, Wishaw, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

"Now then, girls, why not to-night
To these pen pals decide to write?"



PRIZEWINNERS FOR JANUARY.

Acrostic:—Lily Larmour, Belfast; Albert Curry, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham; David Latham, South Molton. *Painting*:—Hans K. Clausen, Edinburgh; Pamela Stevens, Hemydock; Marion Nelson; Belfast.



See Article—

A SUDDEN CHANGE



See Article—

BLACK HEART MADE WHITE

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

No. 5—"As the tree falls so shall it lie."

Added to this proverb we often find the words—"And as a man lives so shall he die." The meaning, of course, is—that there are certain things which are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But think on the proverb in this light; that there is no second chance of salvation after we pass from this scene of time to that "vast eternal scene."

There are some who tell us that after death the sinner who was unrepentant in life will have a chance to accept salvation. This is one of the devil's "beans" to lure men and women to the caverns of the lost. There is not one word of Scripture which would even suggest a chance of salvation is given to man after this life.

In Luke chapter 16 we are told of two men who died. One was a poor man named Lazarus the other a rich man. "And, it came to pass," says Luke, "that the beggar died and was carried

by the angels into Abraham's bosom." The rich man also died, and was buried, and in hell he lift up his eyes." He desired that Lazarus should be sent to him with water to cool his parched tongue but he was told—"between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence,"

"A great gulf fixed." FIXED! Never can the unforgiven reach heaven. Their doom is determined here on earth. They fix the gulf which can never be bridged. Do not be misled! The Bible is true. Make the salvation of your soul certain NOW, because "NOW (not to-morrow, or after death) is the day of salvation."

Remember, "as the tree falls, so shall it lie." If you die a sinner outside of Christ, you die without hope and a further opportunity of receiving salvation.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

WILL you please stand in front of a mirror? Thank you! Now wink! How long did the action take? I am sure you couldn't say. It was so quick that it seemed no time at all.

Now, look around the house. Did anything change while you winked your eye? Why no! The time was far too short. In the ordinary course of events it will take many years to change the familiar things you see in your home.

In nature, too, things don't readily change quickly. The coal that burns in the grate was once wood in the shape of forest trees. It took centuries to change the wood into coal. The paper on which this magazine is printed was once wood or rags. It went through many processes before it became paper. The change was gradual.

I want to tell you however of changes which will take place some day—it may be very soon. In the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians we read in the fifteenth chapter of the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ to mid-air to take from the world His own. Concerning that coming great event the Apostle says—"Behold, I show

you a mystery; we shall not all sleep (that is die) but we shall be changed, in a moment in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

What a change that will be! And how sudden! "In the twinkling of an eye." When the Lord comes the dead saints shall be raised and changed; so will the living saints. The great transformation will have taken place before those who are left have realised what has happened.

Now if the Lord should come before you finish reading this article—and He could!—would you be one of those who would be thus suddenly changed? or would you be left unchanged? If you are a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, if you have been "born again"—as Jesus told Nicodemus he needed to be—your body would be changed and you, with millions more would be taken "home." But have you been "born again"? Has this great change which comes at conversion taken place? If it has not, I earnestly urge you to see that that

change takes place *now*. You cannot afford to trifle with the matter of your soul's salvation, for the Lord may come at any moment. Perhaps your father and mother, your brothers and sisters would be amongst those who would be miraculously and suddenly changed. And you would be left! Think on it!

Left—for judgement!

It need not be so, Salvation can be yours at this very moment. As quickly as you believe you will be changed from a sinner to a saint; from a state of darkness to a state of light. Don't trifle, Christ may come tonight "in the twinkling of an eye."

THE EDITOR:

He Redeemed Me.

"He gave Himself for our sins." Gal. 1. 4.

THE tears of a slave girl just going to be put up for sale many years ago, drew the attention of a man as he passed through the slave market in one of the Southern States of America. The kind man stopped to ask why she wept, when others being auctioned appeared indifferent.

She had been brought up with much care by a considerate owner and was terrified to think who might buy her. The man asked her price. He hesitated when he heard the amount, but finally paid it down. Yet no joy seemed to come to the slave girl's face when he told her she was free.

She had been born a slave and knew not what freedom meant. The tears fell fast on the parchment which the buyer brought to her to prove to her that now she was free. He did not want her to work. He wished her to be free.

Finally, it dawned upon her what freedom was. With her first breath she exclaimed: "I will follow that man. I want to serve him all my life!" To every reason given against it by her friends she only cried: "He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

Oh, that we could realise the full meaning of the fact that the Lord of Glory came into this world to redeem us! Should not our hearts be thrilled to realise that, if we accept Him, we are no longer in bondage to Satan and heading for eternal darkness?

Accept Him as your Sin-Bearer then serve Him as sinners bought back, not with gold or silver, but with precious blood. When men take notice of our happy spirit in serving Him let our answer be; "He redeemed me! He redeemed me." (1 Pet. 18-19).

—From "Prophecy"

Talks to Young Christians

A SENTENCE PAUL WROTE.

I SUPPOSE most of you will know that Paul did not actually write all the Epistles that bear his name. He employed what we call an amanuensis. That is, someone wrote what he dictated. You get the idea when you think of a shorthand typist. Her employer dictates to her what he wants put in a business letter. The typist takes his words down in shorthand, and then transcribes them, and later types them on to the firm's business notepaper. The business man is the author of the letter, but usually all he writes is his signature.

Now, I want to draw your attention to a short letter in the New Testament. Paul sent it to a gentleman named Philemon, who belonged to the city of Collose. Like many rich men of his time, he had a retinue of slaves. One of these was Onesimus. One day Onesimus stole something belonging to Philemon and ran away to Rome, where the Apostle Paul was a prisoner.

In some way or other—we are not told how—Paul and Onesimus came together, and the runaway slave was gloriously saved. Paul kept Onesimus beside him for some time, be-

cause he found him of some use, but there came the time when he felt it right to send him back to his master Philemon. To explain things to Philemon he dictated a letter to him, but you will find if you read that short but beautiful letter, that he asked his amanuensis to give him his quill because he wanted to write something that was very important in his own hand. In verses 17 and 18 of the epistle we read: "If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him (Onesimus) as myself. If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account. Then in verse 19: "I Paul have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it."

The apostle Paul therefore pledged himself to become surety for Onesimus, and as a guarantee of his sincerity, he wrote with his own hand: "I promise to make full payment."

Think of exactly what Paul was doing. He was putting himself in Onesimus's place. He was prepared to restore anything that the runaway slave had stolen and if there was any punishment to be given he was prepared to receive it. Perhaps in no other place in the

New Testament do we see the love of the Apostle Paul shining forth in such brilliance and power.

And why did he so love this poor slave whom he had begotten in his bonds? Why was he prepared to take his punishment? Surely it was because he knew that Christ had acted in the very same way toward him. He had taken his place as a guilty sinner and suffered the punishment which was his due. Didn't he say so much in his letter to the Galatians when

he wrote: "The Son of God Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

My dear young Christian friends, if you ever keep before you the great love of God towards you as expressed in the death of the Lord Jesus you will have a tender heart towards those who have not yet accepted of His grace. What grace we need to love others as Christ loved us. But He can give us power to reflect His great love. Think of Paul and Onesimus, the slave.



Water in the Desert.

AUSTRALIA'S dry interior has struck water. The Americans have found it and in abundant quantities after drilling in most cases only 60 feet.

It is still too early for agricultural experts who have rushed in to know if sufficient quantities of water exist under the whole Australian plain, but in the Darwin area fresh vegetables are appearing for the

first time grown in soil which formerly bore only desert bush.

It is unnecessary to drill for "living water"—for the Lord Jesus gives that freely. He said—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life" (John 4:14).



A MISTAKE SPOTTED.

IN the December issue, under "Some Bible Facts," it was stated that the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contained all the letters of the alphabet. Eagle-eyed readers have pointed out that this is not correct—the letter "j" is missing. We regret the mistake, but are glad to know we have such careful readers.

"Let us sing of Him who loved us."

Tune: "Oh, the precious love of Jesus." S.S. & S. 773

Let us sing of Him who loveth
With an everlasting love
As we journey to the dwellings
Where its fulness we shall prove;
May we grow in apprehension
Of its richness, depth and pow'r,
While we wait His longed for coming,
For His Church—that wondrous hour.

Oh, the blissfulness of seeing
Him who showed us "grace on grace;"
With enchanted hearts we'll listen
As He doth the path retrace
Which on earth His feet have trodden
Doing only His blest will
Who had sent Him from the glory
All His pleasure to fulfil.

Though but little is recorded
Of that blessed life of love,
What is written has enthroned Him
In our hearts—all else above;
For in Him is all perfection—
Ev'ry charm, and beauty rare;
"He is altogether lovely;"
Full of grace; yea, wondrous fair!

God our Father, if *we're* joying
In thy loved one, by Thy grace,
Greater far *Thy* pleasure in Him
Who now lives before Thy face
He has shown, Thy heart delighting
Life, and light, and love divine.
Soon, as *must* be for His glory,
Myriads, *like Himself* shall shine!

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE

I am sure we are all glad to see the bright sunshine again. It cheers our spirits, and when the sun is shining we forget the long, dark days of winter which we thought were never going to end. But, God is faithful and He does not forget to give us the seasons in their turn just as He promised to do away back in the days of Noah (Gen. 8 : 22). Of course, all of us who have the word of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit should always "carry our sunshine with us." We are children of the happy God, so let us day by day, at work and at play, be radiant and glad—a sunbeam for Him.

To your competition! I am calling it "CLUES." You will be given clues to Bible names. And you have to find the names, write them down, and state where they are found in the Bible. Here is an example:—clue—Two vowels

which follow one another in the alphabet, with an "I" between. The answer is—ELI. There's the idea and here the clues:—

1. Most people like an egg along with it. 2. Part of his name is often in the shoemakers hand. 3. The magistrate's ordered the policeman to lay hold on the female prisoner. 4. If he had been living to-day he might have been in Harley Street. 5. His name reminds us of a vegetarian. 6. He is found in KILMARNOCK.

When you have found the answers post your replies to The Editor, Young Watchman, Sturrock Street, Kilmar-nock. Write "CLUES" on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. *Four Prizes*—two for those 14 years and under, and two for those 15 years and over. There will also be a number of consolation awards. Don't forget your age, name and address.

PEN PALS—FOUND.

The Editor is delighted to know that many of his readers have been successful in finding Pen Pals through the 'Young Watchman.' He thanks those who have written to him telling him of the happy friendship which have been formed between readers who live many hundreds of miles apart, and he hopes that the friendship will grow stronger as the days go by.

COMPETITION AWARDS.

*"Presents" Competition—Over 14 years:—*Madge Nelson, Rath-friland. Maude Reid, Donaghadee. Consolations Andrew Gaston, Ballymena. Andrew Craig, Ballymena. *Under 14 years:—*Jessie Wilson, Glasgow; Gladys Kerr, Ayr. Consolations—Mary Wilson, Newry; Lily Gillan, Martinstown; David MacKay, Beaul; Helen Oliver, Blackridge, West Lothian; Rosemary Galbraith, Craigavad, Co. Down; Jean Emerson, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 98

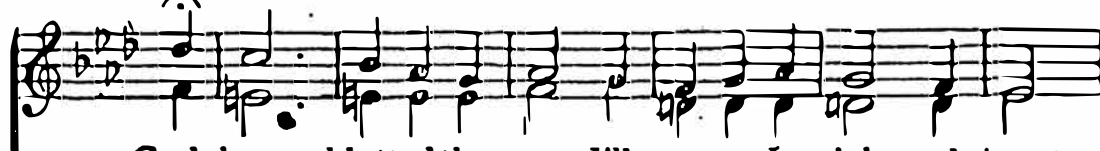
The Blotting Out Chorus.

♪ : s, | d : — : — | t, : d : r | d : — : s, | l, : t, : d | t, : — : r | d : — : — >



God has blotted them out, I'm happy and glad and free,

♪ : f | m : — : — | r : d : t, | d : — : t, | l, : t, : d | t, : — : l, | s, : — : — >



God has blotted them out, I'll turn to I-saiah and see,

♪ | s, : — : d | t : — : r | d : — : — | s, : — : m | r : — : f | m : — : s >



Chap-ter for - ty four, Twen-ty two and three; He's

♪ | s : f : m | f : — : f | f : m : r | m : — : d | r : — : — | t, : — : — | d : — : — ||



blotted them out, and now I can shout, for that means me.

PEN PALS—WANTED.

Who will write to? :—Shiela E. M. Macleod, (14), 6, Royston Terrace, Goldenacre, Edinburgh; an Australian reader preferred, who loves reading and games; Elizabeth McEwan (14), South Boreland, Dunragit, Wigtonshire, Scotland—U.S.A., Canada, or N. Ireland; Alan E. F. Mayes, (12), 58, Waldale St., Reading, Berks. England—New Zealand; Leslie Brown, (no age given, handwriting suggests under twelve years), Skerriff, Altnamackin, Newry, Co. Armagh, N. Ireland—Canada; R. Galbraith (11), Carney Hill, Craigavad, Co. Down, N. Ireland—California, U.S.A; Reggie Jebb, (15), 1 Willestden Park, Stranmills, Belfast—America, Australia, or New Zealand, preferably interested in stamp collecting; Malcolm Jenkins, (12) 6, Chilcote St., Cadoxton, Barry, Glam. S. Wales—U.S.A. or Australia; Maureen Stewart (11), 11 Carfin St., Glasgow—Canada or America; Molly C. Wilkie, (11) Balcrean, 4 Woodburn Ave., Clarkston, Glasgow—no particular country.



See Article—

PRISONERS



See Article—

FOUND OUT

The Shadow of the Cross

Oppressed with noonday's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat;
No shade like this for me!

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst,—
No spring like this for me!

A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent,—
No home like this for me!

For burdened ones a resting place
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness,—
No rest like this for me!

A Talk on

DOVES

PIGEONS, or doves, are often mentioned in the Scriptures. The dove has always been a favourite in the East because of its gentleness, affection, and faithfulness (Matt. 10 —). Its name in Arabic means "gentleness and mildness." We may learn a lesson from this, for the love of the Lord Jesus helps us to show grace and kindness one to another, "forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you" (Eph. 4. —).

In the Holy Land, the people erect dove-cots, some of them highly ornamented on the outside. They are round towers, broader at the foot than the top. Inside, there are many holes, each of which forms a snug retreat for a nest. Great flocks of doves use these buildings, and when in flight, they appear as a cloud in the distance and hide the sun from view (Isa. 60. —).

Ever since the first mention of the dove in Scripture (Gen. 8—), when the bird sent out by Noah returned to the ark with an olive leaf in her mouth, the olive branch has been held to be a symbol of peace. You will remember that when the Lord Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the Angel said, "on earth peace, goodwill to men" (Luke 2. —). He came to earth to bring peace from God. But He was rejected of men, and was nailed to the Cross; He died for sinners lost, and for those who accept Him as their Saviour, He has made peace, "through the Blood of His Cross." (Col. 1. —).

Write out the six verses, and send to the Editor. Three Prizes.

A Man Who Was Not Afraid.

IF you will kindly look at your map you will discover in the South Pacific Ocean a group of Islands called the New Hebrides. These have a special interest to us in Scotland, because of the fact that in this Island a man and his wife offered their lives to God; so that they might take the gospel to the cannibals of the New Hebrides.

This was a tremendous undertaking, because a number of years ago the inhabitants of these Islands were cruel savages; and always fighting with one another. They painted their bodies before going into battle; and at the end of the conflict they even ate their enemies, for they were man-eating cannibals.

On one occasion two missionaries landed on their shores, with the good tidings of salvation; but before they had got settled down properly, the natives killed them. God had people then, as He always has, who are prepared to die for Him.

Now, can you imagine for one single moment that any other Missionaries would have had the desire to go to those self-same Islands with the gospel, after knowing what I have already told you about them? Humanly speaking no one would have dared to dream about it; but God is never left without a witness, and I am going to tell you about one of His faithful heroes, and whom we shall always remember, his name being JOHN G. PATON.

A prayer meeting was being held in Scotland; and the members present were praying for God to move on the heart of someone who would be willing to go as a Missionary to the New Hebrides. Mr. Paton was in the company, and as no one got up to respond to the call of God, he arose, and said, "I WILL GO." Those 3 decisive words meant everything, for he gave over 50 years of his service to those savages.

Mr. and Mrs. Paton had a very long sail before they reached one of the Islands, which was named Tanna. As long as he was able to provide them with gifts, such as beads, fish-hooks, etc., he found favour in their sight and things moved on not so badly after all; but when he was unable to give them such things, (as they were a very superstitious people), they blamed him for most things that came against them, and ultimately they determined to kill him. He fled for his life, however, and came to another of the Islands called ANIWA. Here he was received in a more friendly manner, although at times they too sought to kill him, but his times were in His heavenly Father's hands.

One one occasion the Islanders had not seen rain for many weeks; so Mr. Paton decided to dig a well in the ground. They never had seen such a thing before, and they thought he was mad. Sometimes when he gave them beads, he got a little help from them, when he had no beads, he had just to dig himself. So he dug, and dug, with fervency, until at last a lovely spring of clear crystal water surged up. The natives were full of joy, but they could not understand it, for before they had only water coming down, but never up. This was God's means of bringing him into favour in their sight, and many of the natives turned from their idols, to serve the LIVING AND THE TRUE GOD, for they said, "MR. PATON'S GOD IS THE TRUE GOD."

HENRY T. REID.

“I have Two Birthdays on the Same Day!”

DID you know that it is quite possible to have two birthdays? In my case I had them *both on the same day!*

This is how it happened. When I was quite a small girl, not yet eight years old, my father and mother had to go away for some months, leaving me in the charge of my nurse. I and my brothers and sisters had always been taught to say our prayers aloud every night and morning, and also to repeat a verse out of the Bible. One evening I remember specially; my verse was Mark 10 verse 14. ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God.’

As I repeated the verse, I noticed what I had never before seen in it. Looking up at my nurse I said:—“Jesus is giving *me* an invitation, don’t you think so?” She didn’t like that question, and tried to put me off by saying:—“Don’t talk such nonsense, child, you are *far too young* to get such ideas in your head, *wait until you get your hair up*. Now get into bed at once, and not another word.”

Well, in the morning, when the time came to say my prayers, and repeat my verse, I stuck to *the same verse again*, for I felt my nurse had not answered my question. So I said:—“Nannie, I have been thinking about what you said about being too young. and waiting until I put my hair up; I think Jesus means:—‘*Let little children* come to Me, and don’t be saying no.’ I’m not very big am I? It *must* mean somebody about my age and size.”

Nannie got very cross with me, because, as she put it “I *would* keep on at that verse.” She told me to be quiet, adding, “If I were you, I wouldn’t say one word of this to your father, he would just laugh at you.” Now see how clever she was there. She knew that much as I loved my mother, my father was a very special hero in my eyes, and we were great pals; to have him laugh at me was more than I could stand.

Of course I was very wrong there, for my father would have been so happy if I had told him about all my puzzles over that verse for he loved the Lord Jesus. But, no, I couldn’t, you see I trusted Nannie, and I felt I couldn’t be laughed at about that; so I never said one word to him. Nannie still got battered with my questions

night and morning, I just couldn't get away from that verse.

But, one day a great friend of mine, whom I called "Uncle Arthur" came to tea. He used to have delightful Children's Services in the village where I lived, and we children all went every Sunday. The day he came to tea was my birthday, and I was exactly eight years old. I came flying down the stairs to meet him, calling out:—

"Its *my birthday*, how lovely to have *you* on my birthday." "Your birthday?" he said, "how many birthdays have you got today? Have you ever heard of anyone having two birthdays on the same day?" I didn't know what he meant, but thought it would be lovely if *I* could manage two as I might then get two lots of presents! So I sat on his knee while he explained that, if I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus that very day, I could have one *birthday when I called myself eight years old*, and *another when I could say "Today I became Jesus' little girl."* (I didn't understand the meaning of being "Born Again" at that early age.)

"But Uncle Arthur," I said, "I was told I am much too young, and I have to wait until I put my hair up." "Who told you that?" he asked. "Nannie," I said. "Well go straight to Nannie, and tell her I want to see her, that she is making a very big mistake." I rushed up to Nannie, calling out:—"It's all right Nannie, Jesus *did* mean little children, and big children, and grown ups. He wants everybody, Uncle Arthur says so." Well, ever since, *December 11th is the day I have two Birthdays on the same day!!*

Nannie had a second Birthday also not very long after that; but always, after that day, until she died, Nannie gave me Mark 10. 14. as my birthday greeting each year on December 11th.

S. A. M.

ACROSTIC

Write the 4 verses, and give references, and send to 10, Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock, by July 20th.

John seeth Jesus	John. 1. —.
Unto you is born this day.	Luke 2. —.
Now no condemnation	Romans. 8. —.
Except a man be born again.	John. 3. —.

PRIZEWINNERS for FEBRUARY.

Upward look:—J. Nichols, Ashford; Francis Burke, Kingsteington; Violet Compton, Wickford. *Painting*:—Claire Hughes, Ashford; Jean Taplor, Paisley; Willie Beattie, Omagh.

Magazine Page for June.

Dear Lottites,



June, a year ago, was a wet month. A large area of country near the River Earn, Perthshire, was entirely flooded over. After the waters had subsided a man who was walking over this part, saw what he took to be a plaster cast of a partridge. Going nearer he found that the object was indeed a mud-covered partridge, and underneath her outspread sheltering wings were four cheepers. She could have escaped, but, faithful to her young ones, she remained

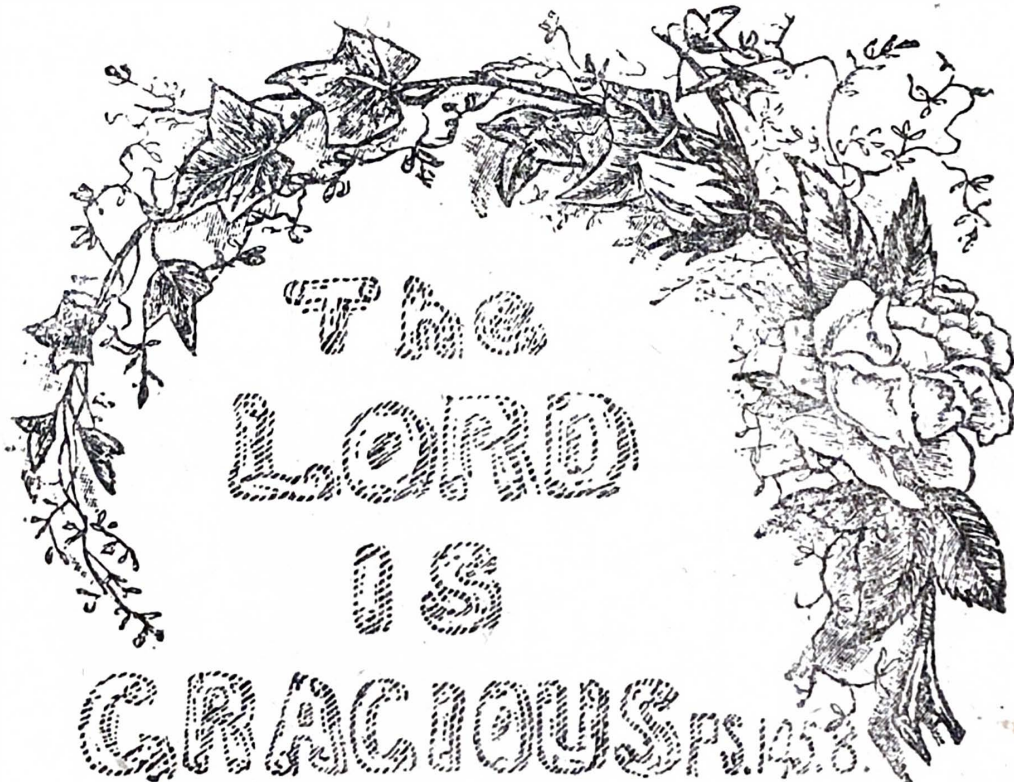
with them while the waters crept up and over her.

Faithful unto death! Such was the Lord Jesus Who gave His life a ransom for sinners. The billows of God's wrath, which should have been our lot because of our sins, passed over Him. Now He would save you from judgment, dear Lottites, beneath His sheltering wings. O! how He loves!

Your Friend,

THE EDITOR.

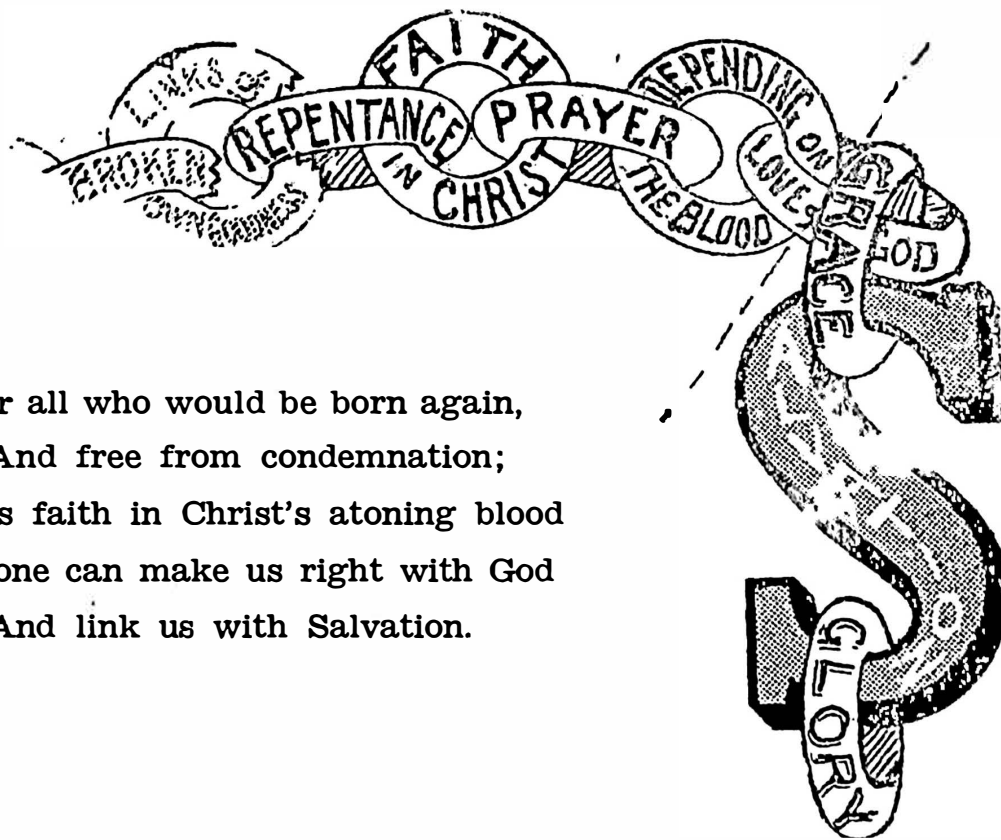
PAINTING COMPETITION No. 663.



An Eye-Gate Lesson—

Links in the Chain of Salvation.

HERE is an object-lesson, which tells its own story. Teachers will be able to elaborate the theme more fully than is done here. The "S" end is bent back at the dotted line, and we notice, first of all, how our own efforts to make ourselves right with God, are but broken links after all. But when we truly repent of our sins, and put our faith in the Lord Jesus, coming to Him boldly in prayer, depending upon His precious blood to cleanse us from our sins, then we have strong, unbreakable links in our golden chain. Now we turn the "S" part forward, and we find that links of Love and Grace bind us firmly to Salvation. Well might we finish up with the link of Glory, for it is Glory now and it will be doubly Glory, by-and-by, to be with Jesus, in His very Presence—saved by the Blood.



For all who would be born again,
And free from condemnation;
'Tis faith in Christ's atoning blood
Alone can make us right with God
And link us with Salvation.

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

"Honey is sweet, but the bee stings"

"As sweet as honey." How often you have said that when describing something that you had eaten. It was pleasing to the palate, and at the time you gave no thought to any after consequences. For example, if we eat too much of any sweet-meat we are likely to suffer from an upset of the stomach. And that is far from pleasant

Now, sin is very much like that. It is rolled, as is often said, like a sweet morsel under the tongue; But it always leaves a bitter after-taste, as many can testify. Worse still, as the Bible tells us, when it is finished, it bringeth forth death, for "the wages of sin is death."

You have heard of Moses, the man of God, and the greatest national leader that the world has ever known. He had a wonderful experience. Born a Hebrew, he became the son of Pharaoh's daughter. In his youth and manhood he was surrounded with luxury and wealth, and no doubt saw much that grieved his heart in the palace of the King; but Moses in the palace never lost sight of things that are eternal. He knew that "youth and beauty pass away," and that temporal things, though

they are sweet at the time, pass away—and in the end cannot take the place of that which is forever.

He refused a kingdom. He counted as dross "the mirth of fools and pomp of kings." As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews so accurately describes his attitude to things temporal and things eternal—"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect into the recompense of the reward."

In a word, Moses knew the truth of the proverb—"Honey is sweet, but the bee stings." Are you as wise as Moses? Do you realise that even in this life sin brings in its train a multitude of cruel woes and bitter disappointments? And in the end eternal death—separation from God and all the joys of the redeemed in heaven? If you do, then do not delay to be over with sin, and come to the Lord Jesus Christ, who can fill and flood the heart with joy here, and who will be the believer's satisfying portion in eternity.



BLACK HEART MADE WHITE

HE was what they call in the army "a tough guy." A good soldier, certainly, but a gambler, a drunkard, and ready for any kind of scrap. Religion in any shape or form made no appeal to him; he had no time for 'Holy Joes,' or Christian lads in his battalion. One Sunday night, however he became a "Holy Joe" himself. This is how it happened.

Having nowhere special to go he wandered into the Y.M.C.A. hut, where a service was about to begin. Oh well, he thought, I might as well stay. He joined heartily in the singing of some good old Gospel hymns, and later listened to a simple Gospel message, told out from a heart of love. He was strangely moved. Something was happening he never bargained for—the Spirit of God, was convicting him of his sins.

After the service he waited behind to talk to the preacher,

for he was in deep distress of soul. The way of salvation was plainly and simply told to him and there he opened his heart to the Saviour and let Him in.

Just as he had been out and out for the devil, now he became out and out for Christ. His life was completely transformed. He became the companion of the despised "Holy Joes," and let his light shine brightly for the Saviour. He soon learned the chorus—

"Happy day, happy day, when Jesus

Washed my sins away;

He taught me how to watch and pray,

And live for Jesus every day:

Happy day, happy day, when Jesus

Washed my sins away."

Somehow he felt the words did not suit his case, for it was at night that his sins had been washed away, so he composed a chorus which he thought more fitting. Here it is:—

PLEASE PASS ON THIS MAGAZINE TO A SOLDIER FRIEND!

Happy night, happy night, when Jesus

Washed my black heart white;

He taught me how to sing and shout,

And live for Jesus out and out;

Happy night, happy night, when Jesus

Washed my black heart white,

And he did live for Jesus out
and out, and his transformed
life was the wonder of his

battalion.

What about you? God waits
to welcome you—at night, noon,
or morning. Will you come to
Him through the Lord Jesus
Christ NOW? You, too, will
know the joy which comes
through believing. "Blessed
(or happy) is he whose trans-
gression is forgiven, whose sin
is covered" (Psalm 32: 1).

New Testament Saves V.C.'S Life

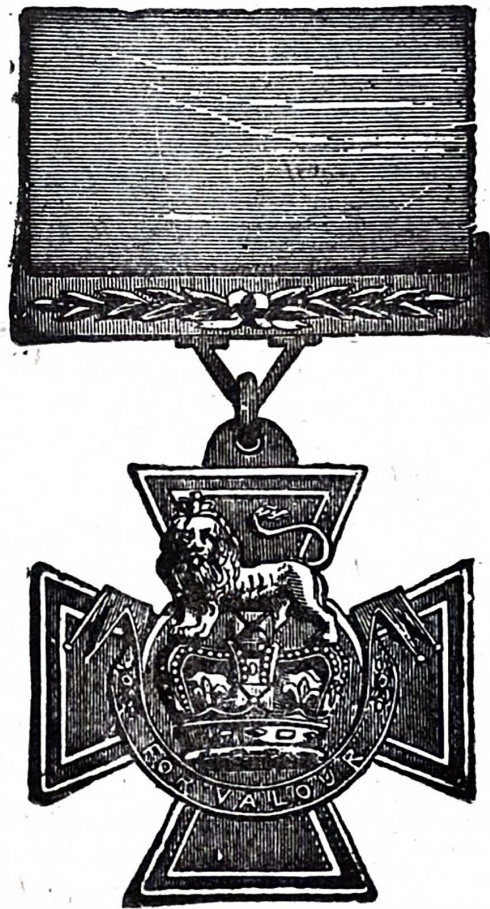
LIEUT-COL. A. E. Cumming,
V.C., M.C., owes his life to
a New Testament embossed with
the crest of the Royal Australian
Air Force.

Col. Cumming picked up the
Testament during a withdrawal
in Malaya. He put it in his
pocket. During a savage battle
in which Col. Cumming won his
V.C. a Japanese sniper's bullet
ripped through his shirt and
struck the book which was in
his breast pocket, deflecting it
into his leather belt.

The pages of the Testament
were torn to shreds, and shortly
afterwards, overcome by wounds
the colonel lost consciousness.

The New Testament which
saved the brave colonel's life
is God's "V.C." Book. In what
way? Because it Very Clearly
sets forth the way of everlasting
life. "Verily, verily," are the
words of Jesus in John 5. 24, "I
say unto you, He that heareth

My word, and believeth on Him
that sent Me, hath *everlasting*
life, and shall not come into
condemnation; but is passed
from death unto life."
Have you *this* everlasting life?



Talks to Young Christians

"A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST."

THE famous missionary, C. T. Studd, said that every Christian should be fifty per cent a saint and fifty per cent soldier. I suppose that what he wanted to emphasise was that many followers of Christ were content to be saved, but not inclined to suffer for His Name. Avoiding hardship for Christ is the coward's way, and will only be followed when the saint forgets the path of suffering which Christ trod for "your sakes."

Paul exhorted Timothy to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In other words Timothy was to take his share of suffering. He would be a poor soldier if he avoided the battle-field, and was satisfied with strutting up and down the parade ground on ceremonial occasions.

The temptation is present with us all. Naturally we shrink from suffering in its varied forms. We prefer a life of ease, but as soldiers of Christ we must always bear in mind that it is our high privilege to follow where the captain of our salvation has led. "If any man will come after Me," He said, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and

follow Me." Christ never flinched. He set His face toward Calvary, and endured the Cross and despised the shame.

As a soldier of the Cross, you are called to a life of obedience and service, to a life of warfare, in which there is no discharge. It is a hard life, for against you is the world, the flesh and the devil. But you are not asked to face the foe without equipment. God has provided a full set of armour, of which you may read in Ephesians 6. Everything is there for the advancing soldier, but no provision is made for retreat. "Forward" is the watchword of the Christian warrior, and he who marches bravely on will undoubtedly have the victory.

Remember, you can bring dishonour to the Master, just as a soldier of King George can bring disgrace on the uniform which he wears by unseemly behaviour. Be brave, be valiant for the truth. Face and fight evil wherever you find it—in your own life, or in the world around you. God will be with you and "each victory will help you some other to win."

Fight the good fight of faith, then. Have courage! Be obedi-

ent to every command. In Christ you can be an overcomer, and in "that day" you will have

praise of Him who has chosen you to be a soldier of the Cross.

THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS

Many and varied are the ways which God has of bringing men and women, boys and girls to Himself. Even the horrors of war can be a means in His hands of leading those to Christ who gave little or no thought to the salvation of their souls in the days of peace. Not until "that day" will it be fully known how many have found salvation through faith in Christ on the field of battle, in military hospitals, or on the great ships which plough the seas.

The famous American evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, told the story of a remarkable conversion which he witnessed on the field of battle, and the story is re-told here in his own words, in the hope that it may be read by some of our brave lads who are daily facing death on many a far flung field of battle. Mr. Moody writes:—

"After one of the terrible battles in the American Civil War—I was in the army tending soldiers—and I had just lain down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier wanted to see me. I went to the dying man. He

said, "I want you to help me to die." I said, "I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the Kingdom of God if I could. I cannot, but I can tell you of one who can. And I told him of Christ being willing to save him, and how Christ left Heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of eternal death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him "Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to Him when he was in your state of mind and inquired what he was to do to be saved? I just read that conversation to the dying man and he lay with his eyes riveted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came to the verse where it says, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of

Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life,' the dying man cried, "Stop, sir, is that there?, 'Yes, it is all here' Then he said 'Won't you please read it to me again?' I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together and he said, 'Bless God for that. Won't you please read it to me again? I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter. His arms were folded on his breast, he had a sweet smile on his face,

and remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering and I leant over him, and heard him faintly whispering from his dying lips, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life, he opened his eyes, and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and said. 'Oh, that is enough; that is all I want!' And in a few hours he pillowed his dying head upon the truth of these two verses, John 3. 14-15, and rode away in one of the Saviour's chariots into God's Kingdom."

COMPETITION AWARDS.

Word Building—14 years and over—Sarah Jane Logan, Aughaffattan; Mary E. Kelso, Ballymony. *Under fourteen years*—David Smith, Telpham; Helen Beattie, Tarbolton. *Consolations*—Patricia Hanna, Belfast; David Moore, Glassford; Alex. Moore, Glassford; Albert Curry, Chester-le-St.; Ruth Hill, East Kirby; Betty Purdie, Crossgates; Violet Summerfield, Wilstead; Jean Hill, East Kirby. *"Rome" Competition*—fourteen years and over—William Paterson, Castlederg; William Sinclair, Larkhall. *Under fourteen years*—Murray Clark, Kilmarnock; Napier Malcolm, Reading. *Consolations*—Mary Wilson, Newry; Derek Marshall, Carlisle, Maureen Milligan, Belfast; Olive Smith, Dungamon.

Note:—Many competitors were wrong with the answer to the second question—"Who founded the Church of Rome?" No one knows for definite.

Jumbled Words—We regret that this competition has had to be cancelled, as the printer jumbled two of the words just a little too much, making it impossible to find answers. Thanks to the few who made attempts.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Part of a typical letter received from a prize-winner:—"I thank you for the book which you awarded me for the March competition. I have been a reader of 'The Young Watchman' since I was a child. I was saved when I was 12 years of age, and followed my Lord in baptism when I was 16."

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers.

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE

Leafy June! The month of sunshine and gladness, driving from our hearts fear and doubt and causing us to think of the goodness and the greatness of God. May all readers rejoice in this month, and may they know what it is to have the sunshine of heaven filling and flooding their souls.

Probably you will have noticed that this issue of the 'Watchman' has had an Army flavour. We might call it 'The Soldiers' Number,' and we want all readers to try to pass on their little magazine once they have read it, to someone serving in the Army. Put it in a parcel, give it to a soldier you meet on the street, post it to someone you know, pass it on to a canteen—anyway you can think of—for our fighting men need to know the way of salvation. You will do that! Thank you!

Soldiers are often mentioned in the Bible, so our competition this month will be called "Bible Soldiers." Here are the questions and the answers:—1. Where do we read of a great soldier being cured of a dreadful disease? 2. Who was exhorted to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ? 3. Who told the soldiers to be content with their wages? 4. Who had devout soldiers waiting upon him continually? 5. Where do we read of soldiers wanting to

kill their prisoners? 6. In Bible times army leaders had armour-bearers. Can you name an armour-bearer?

Give the Scriptural references. Send your effort by the end of the month to the Editor, "Young Watchman," Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock. State your age, name and address, and on top, left-hand corner put "Bible Soldiers." Four prizes—two for those under fourteen years, and two for those fourteen years and over. There will also be a number of consolation awards.

A SOLDIERS WISH

Alexander the Great was one of the mightiest soldiers who ever lived. He conquered the known world. It is said that on his death bed he requested his hands be placed outside his coffin. When asked why, he replied, "So that all may see I carry nothing out of the world."

A GENERAL'S TRIBUTE

Napoleon said:—Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded great empires upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love. I tell you all these were men: none else like Him; Jesus Christ was more than a man.... He asks for the human heart: He demands it unconditionally, and, forthwith His demand is granted. Wonderful."

OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 99

WORTHY ART THOU!

Words and Music by R. G. MOWAT.

KEY Bb. { | d : d . d | d : - . s, | l, . s, : l, . d | t, : - | r : r ., r | r : - m }

Wor - thy art Thou, O Lord, we praise Thy name! Wor - thy art Thou, Thy

{ | r . d : t, . l, | s, : - | m : m ., r | r . d : d . s, }

Glo - ry we pro - claim! So shall each tongue con - fess, and

{ | l, . t, : d . r | m : - | l, . d : - | s, . s : - | m : r | d : - || }

ev - 'ry knee shall bow, — Wor - thy, wor - thy, Wor - thy, wor - thy, Lord, art Thou!

If your joys are running low,
If it seems more ebb than flow,
And you don't know where to go
and find a friend—
Jesus is the friend for you,
Jesus is a friend so true,
He'll save and keep and see you through
unto the end.

H. K. Clausen.

About Horses

WE look upon the horse as a friend of man, but it is curious to remember that there was a time long ago when the Israelites were forbidden to own horses (Deut. 17. —). This was after the people of Israel had left Egypt, and God did not want them to do business with Egypt, where horses were plentiful, lest it led them back to that land of idolatry. Another thing was, He wished His people to trust Him completely, and not to horses and chariots of war (Deut. 20 —).

So we find, in later times, David's enemies brought a strong force of cavalry against him, and in the Book of Psalms, the horse usually appears only on the side of the enemies of the people of God (2 Sam. 8 —). But Solomon, having married a daughter of Pharaoh, brought horses from Egypt, until at last he had four hundred stables, forty thousand stalls, and twelve thousand horsemen (1Kings 4 —).

In course of time, the very things from which God had sought to guard His people, took place. They came to rely on their horses and war chariots rather than on Him (Isaiah 31 —), so that the prophet scolded them; "The Egyptians are men, and not God, and their horses flesh, and not spirit."

When Josiah was king of Judah, he took away the horses which former kings had set apart in worshipping the sun (2 Kings 23 —). The sun was worshipped by many Eastern peoples, and was pictured as riding a chariot, drawn by the swiftest and most beautiful horses in the world, every day travelling from east to west, bringing light to the world.

So, when we think of the past history of the horse, we should remember above everything else to trust God at all times, and to worship Him only, and He will prove a Refuge and Strength in every time of trouble.

Write the six verses, and send to the Editor. **Three Prizes.**

The Robber

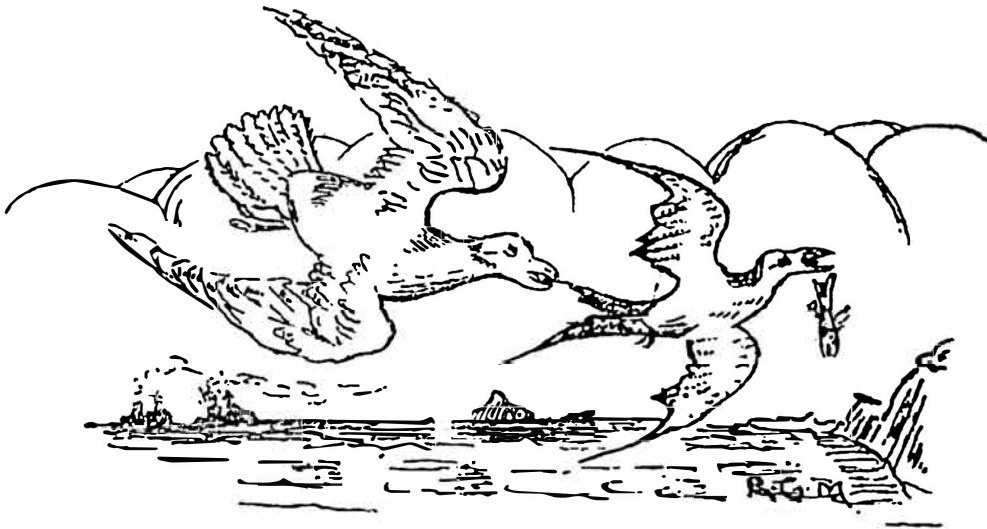
The Skua Gull is a parasite,
It fills the other birds with fright,
So, when they see it coming near,
The fish they've caught they drop in fear.

Long ere the fish has reached the sea
The Skua has snatched it up in glee;
I don't think that it's nice, do you,
To be so mean, and greedy, too?

Our God has given us in our need
His precious Word on which to feed;
It helps His children to grow strong,
And keeps them free from what is wrong.

When Satan comes, our artful foe,
Cling to God's Word and don't let go;
And when he sees you staunch and true,
'Tis he who'll turn and flee from you.

R. G. M.



John 3. 16.

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

JOHN 3. 16 is one of the best known verses in the Bible; it has been called "the Bible in miniature," and "the Gospel in a nutshell." Let us take our text out of the shell and examine it to see what fresh beauties we can get out of it. First of all, this miniature bible has 25 words, the central word being "Son". The first half of the verse is the Godward side, and tells what God has done. The second half is the manward side, and tells us what man has to do. Christ is the central theme in all the scripture, and He was crucified on the central cross. Oh, the wondrous love of God.

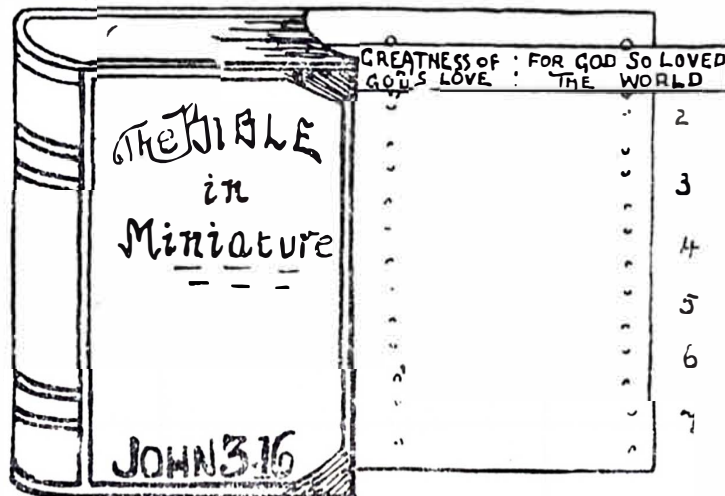
Our text is also sevenfold, and seven in Scripture is perfect or complete. The following gives the seven points.—

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. The greatness of God's love | For God so loved |
| 2. What He loved | the world |
| 3. What He did | that He gave |
| 4. What He gave | His only begotten Son |
| 5. What we have to do | That whosoever believeth in Him |
| 6. What we escape | should not perish |
| 7. What we get | but have everlasting life. |

And now, boys and girls, we have made quite a lot out of this verse, and I would suggest that you should learn it off by heart, but above all see that you are in that band of Whosoever who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Remember what Paul said to the Philipian jailor when he asked what he had to do to be saved, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

God loved and God gave,
Man believes and man has.

J. Stevenson.



The "Book" has an extended back on which 7 cards with wording are fixed. No 1 card is shown in position.

Our Walk Talks

Our walk talks
And our talk walks,
But our walk talks
Better and further than
Our talk walks.

GOT ANY RIVERS?

(The origin of these beautiful words from the Canadian Rockies is not known.)

Melody by COLONEL A. DALZIEL, arr. by R. G. MOWAT.

KEY { | s, :d :r | m :m :- .d | r :d :t, | l, l, a, :s, :— | s, :d :r }
Bb.

Got a - ny ri - vers you think are un - crossa - ble? Got a - ny

mountains you can't tun - nel through? God can ac - complish what men think im -

pos - si - ble, He can work won - ders, and work them for you!

L. O. T. PRIZEWINNERS FOR MARCH, 1944

Acrostic.—Alex. Munro, Swinister, Sandwick, LERWICK, Shetland Isles. Master J. Harvey, Fairhaven, St. Peter's Hill, Newlyn, PENZANCE. Ruth Crawley, 4 Appledore Road, Gabalea, CARDIFF.

Painting.—Rob Dalziel, 53 Pollock St., Burnbank, HAMILTON. Alan Hodgson 211 Whalley Range, MANCHESTER Pamela Stevens, Lower Westown, Hem-yock, DEVON.

Magazine Page for July.

Dear Lottites,



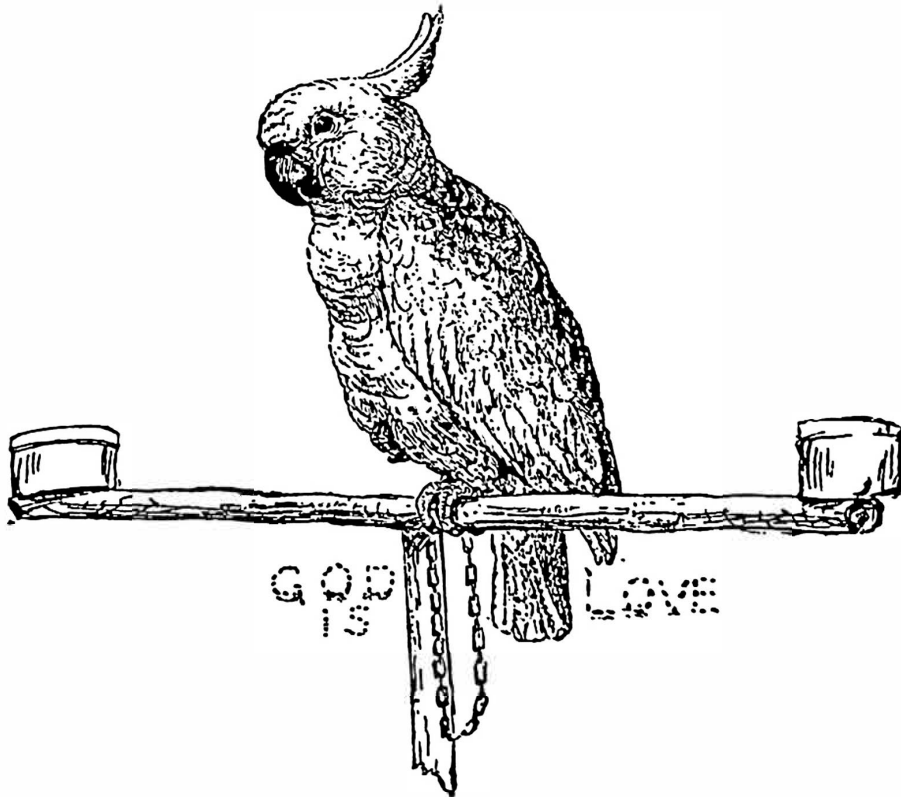
A little lad who was trained to give thanks for his food, refused point-blank to do so one night. "Come away," his mother coaxed. But the small chap would not yield. As he eyed his supper, he said: "I wont give thanks for that wee pickle."

Many grown-ups as well as young folks do not give thanks to God even for big mercies. Yet He is the Giver of every good and every perfect gift; above all, He gave for us His well-beloved Son.

YOUR FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 664.



Colour with Paints or Crayons, and send with Name, Age, and Address, to the Editor, by 20th August.

Little Soldiers

I HERE they were, four little boys between six and seven years of age, marching up and down the back court. Each carried in his hand a wooden sword, and as I watched them I heard one say to another "I'm the sentinel." Of course you know what a sentinel is, don't you? He is the soldier who keeps guard, and in war time must be careful that no enemy takes his comrades unawares.

A sentinel who sleeps at his post can be shot. If God was so hard on His little soldiers I wonder how many of us would be alive. How often we sleep, and let the enemy take us unawares. An angry word comes hastily to our lips without cause. Evil companions induce us to go where "His soldiers" ought not to go. Thus we disgrace our King under whose royal banner we are marching to the realms above. Let us be on our guard!

Perhaps you have not yet enrolled in His army. He calls for you now. Little boys and little girls can do wonderful things for God. It was a little girl who told Naaman where to go to be cleansed of his leprosy (2 Kings 5). I think she was the first Girl Guide in the world! And who was the first Boy Scout? I wonder if it was the little lad who is mentioned in John chapter six! I think you will admit he did a "good turn" when he handed over the loaves and fishes so that Jesus could feed the hungry multitude.

Little soldier, are you leading any others to Jesus? Are you seeking to do good?

"O the good we all may do
While the days are going by."

J. S. B.

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

"Let Sleeping Dogs Lie."

A SLEEPING dog is a harmless dog; and it is a useless dog. So long as it sleeps it won't bite anyone, but disturb it and waken it and—well—you just don't know what will happen! It might spring at you, snap at you with its strong teeth, and give you a bite that might have serious results.

What good lesson, then, are we to learn from this short but wise proverb? Just this! There are things that are better left alone, though the temptation may be strong to disturb them, to pry into them. Think of the lives of the busy bees. Leave the bees to their work, and they will leave you alone. Poke into the hive with a stick and you will be very lucky if you are not stung all over the body.

In the same way, poke the stick of inquisitiveness into the hives of sin and you can expect trouble. Sin, though it may have a very attractive and harmless appearance is better left alone. Thousands of those who have wakened this "sleeping

dog" will tell you they are sorry they did not let it "lie."

Have you ever read of Lot in the Book of Genesis? He was a nephew of Abram, and went with him from Ur of the Chaldees, to the land which God had promised his uncle. There came a time when Lot made a choice. He chose that which was pleasant to the eye and attractive to the heart, and "pitched his tent toward Sodom." That was the beginning of his trouble; he had wakened "the sleeping dog." From then on his life story is one of heart-breaking reading. He got on very well materially. He prospered in the world; but he lost his soul. He did what Jesus warned us against doing—giving our soul in exchange for the world. Many a time he must have regretted the choice of waking "the sleeping dog."

That story along with others in the Bible, is given to us that we might take a warning. We cannot trifle with sin and escape the consequence. Take the warning! "Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

PRISONERS.

I AM thinking just now of an old Irish evangelist who was recently called to his eternal reward. At a meeting of Christians he announced the hymn, the opening verse of which is—

“My chains are snapt; the bonds of
sin are broken,

And I am free;

O, let the triumphs of His grace be
spoken,

Who died for me.”

Before the congregation joined in the singing of the hymn, he said: “I was singing that hymn this morning, and I imagined I felt the shackles dropping from my wrists and falling with a clanging noise on the floor. How good it was to feel free!”

He was thinking of the shackles of sin that bind men and women hand and foot, and from which they cannot be freed except by the power of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came “to preach deliverance to the captives.”

Young friend, have you ever thought of yourself as a prisoner? A prisoner of sin! You are in Satan’s strong grasp, and no one can take you from his iron grip but Jesus Christ, who is stronger than he. Now, how

did the Lord Jesus prove Himself stronger than Satan? By becoming a prisoner!

Let me explain. Death had no claim on Christ, for He was not a sinner. He was holy, harmless and undefiled. Therefore, though “the wages of sin is death,” and everyone born into this world is subject to death, He could have escaped dying. But, if He had gone back to heaven without dying on the Cross there would have been no salvation for mankind. We could never have been made free from the power and the penalty of sin. So that the prisoners of sin and Satan might be set at liberty, Jesus Christ, for a little time, became a prisoner on the Cross. The hymn-writer however, has truthfully said: “’Twas love that nailed Thee to the tree, or iron ne’er had bound Thee.”

Give a little thought to this. Consider how Jesus was bound to the Cross that *you*—the prisoner of sin and Satan—might be set free from the penalty of sin. Are you enjoying this freedom? Has Christ liberated you? You can escape from your shackles now, if you claim Him as your own personal Saviour. O, what a freedom

this is! It fills the heart with singing, and the freed one gladly becomes "the bond slave

of Jesus Christ." Escape from the prison-house of sin NOW!

THE EDITOR.

Just A Little Thing.

A sea marker is a bottle of powdered aluminium which when dropped on the sea makes a large silver spot which may be seen for many miles....This same powder makes a black mark on snow....Every bomber on sea patrol carries "sea markers."

IN MARCH 1941 Captain Joe Mackey received orders to take on board Sir Frederic Banting, famous Canadian scientist, and with his crew fly a bomber to Britain. Shortly after leaving Newfoundland Joe realized that the plane was not acting as it should and that he would have to turn back. After unloading fuel and baggage, and when he was sure he was over land, he commanded his radio operator, navigator and Sir Frederic to bail out. Joe then set out to land his machine somewhere over Newfoundland's wastes. It was pitch black and the landing had to be made by instruments.

As fate would have it, the big plane struck the only tree on the shore of a lonely lake. When Joe came to he found that his head had been badly cut.

Going back into the plane he discovered that the crew had not obeyed orders, for they lay dead beside the plane and Sir Frederic was unconscious.

Sir Frederic was in a state of delirium. His words were unintelligible, technical and medical phraseology. The next day he died, and Joe spent the lonely night planning. He decided he would remain beside his plane for two days in the hope he would be seen by rescuers.

Next morning Joe did only a little thing. He broke a sea marker, and the wind blew the powder out over the white snow. That day plane after plane flew over, but no one saw the wreck. The next day the same thing happened. At noon a plane came straight for him, flying very low. This was Joe's chance. He threw a pail of gasoline on a pile of brush. It blazed up, but did not smoke. The plane passed over and kept on going.

Discouraged by trying to attract attention, Joe left the scene of disaster. He had not gone three hundred yards when he heard another plane coming over him. It was flying very low;

but this time the plane banked and began to circle! Joe waved like mad. This time he was seen. Soon the air was filled with planes. A dog team was sent to the rescue and that night Captain Joe Mackey was safe in a military hospital.

But what was it that caused Jimmy Arlinson to circle about the wreck? Just a little thing. Jimmy saw a little black mark the sea marker made on the snow.

So it is in life. It is the little things that count so much. It is just a little thing to spend a

few minutes on Sunday listening to the Word of God but it may be the means of saving your soul.

It is just a little thing to spend a few minutes in prayer each morning but it will mean success instead of failure. It is just a little thing to say a word for Jesus but that may be the means of saving a soul and changing the destiny of a life. Jesus Christ said, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

A. F.

* * * *

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

"Give a little love to a child and you will get a great deal back"—*Ruskin*.

"Jesus."

'Tis Jesus when the infant lips
Can hardly lisp the name;
And when the form is bent with age
'Tis Jesus just the same.
'Tis Jesus in the morning hours,
'Tis Jesus thro' the day;
'Tis Jesus in life's eventide—
'Tis Jesus all the way.

Talks to Young Christians

WATCH THE BEGINNINGS

A YOUNG Scotsman, who was being much used by God as a preacher of the Gospel, came to a critical moment in his life. He was offered a lucrative position, and was in a dilemma as to whether or not he should take it. He did not like to think that his service for God would be restricted if he accepted the position. Indeed, he imagined that his opportunities for service would be increased and his influence extended. His better financial position would permit him to do more good, and, moving in a higher social circle, he would be able to influence the "better-off" in the welfare of the poor.

Thus he reasoned with himself, but he thought he might be the better to ask a friend of his for advice. He placed all the circumstances before his friend, who was a wise man, and who knew the wiliness of the devil. After listening to the young man's story, his friend said: "Make your choice, but try to picture what you will think of it at the hinner-en'" (the end of life).

The young man chose the new and better position. At first he was faithful to God, but as the

days slipped by he gradually became absorbed in his own interests and welfare, and was drawn into a social vortex that spoiled him for the service of God. He prospered mightily, and made a name for himself. But old age came and he was stricken with a fatal illness. He had now time to think on the path he had chosen to tread. True, he had been successful, as men measure success, but where were those precious souls he had been going to win as jewels for the Saviour's diadem? Where those years of faithful and fruitful service? He was empty-handed. His life had been wasted for God, and he had to confess on his dying bed that he had regretted the choice made in the bright and promising days of early manhood.

Why do I tell you this story? That you might not make the same regrettable mistake. Always be careful when you have an important decision to make. Remember you never know how beginnings will end; therefore watch the beginnings.

If you turn to Luke 16 you will read a parable of an unjust steward. He began by wasting the goods which belonged to his

master. For a time everything went well, but there came a time when sin found him out, as it always does. Then to cover one sin up he committed a more grievous one—depriving his master, by wicked manipulation of his accounts of money that was due him for goods. We may imagine that this steward never thought when he started his sinning that there would come a time when he would be faced with ruin.

Then, remember Noah, who was a “preacher of righteous-

ness” in the dark and godless days before the flood. With such a fine record behind him he might have died with an unblemished character. But after the flood he “began to be a husbandman.” Then he drank wine and was drunken. He disgraced himself as an old man! Is this not a solemn warning for all of us to watch the beginning of things?

Be sure when you are thinking of making a choice that God is with you. *Give God time to show you the decision to make.*

* * * *

The Name of Christopher.

ARE any of our male readers named Christopher? That's a grand name to have, and those who bear it should not forget what it means. It means “Christ-bearer.”

There is a beautiful legend of St. Christopher. According to the legend St. Christopher was a very powerful man, who lived on the banks of the river which divided the world from the Holy Land. He helped pilgrims who were in a difficulty to cross the

river. One day he was swimming across the river with a little child on his back. When halfway across he was losing strength, and was about to give up, when he was encouraged by hearing the little child saying, “Thou art bearing the Christ.” His strength was renewed, and he safely got to the other side. “Inasmuch” said Jesus, “as ye have done it unto the least of these My disciples, ye have done it unto Me.”

* * * *

A GOOD MOTTO.

Walk in the light; always do right;
Fight the good fight; work with thy might.

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE!

SOME time ago a gentleman showed me a wonderful watch. It told the time, showed the day of the week and the phases of the moon. Whoever invented and made such an intricate piece of mechanism must have been a genius. Think of the thousand and one small pieces all exactly fitted together, all with their own bit of work to do. The big wheel could not say to the little screw, "I do not need you;" nor could the main spring tell the winding apparatus, "I can get along perfectly well without you." No that would have been foolish, for—they were all "fitly joined together" to make one perfect whole. Hear the parable of the wonderful watch! We are all members of one big bit of machinery—the human race. We all need each other. Sometimes we can get on quite well without each other; then we have war. Those of us who are Christians are all "members of the body of Christ." We have to "live" Christ on earth. We have to let the world see God. As

members of that body we have each our part to play. Are you playing your part? Remember not one of us can live unto himself!

There is quite a boom in the competition line: keep it up! Though the long, light nights are now with us, and the inclination is to be out of doors, take a little time to study the competitions. You will find them interesting and instructive. Here is your competition for this month. Many flowers are blooming now. Paint, crayon or draw *any flower you like*, along with the name of *one* flower mentioned in the Bible, giving reference. Send your attempts to—The Editor, "Young Watchman" Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock, by the end of the month. Mark your envelope "Flower." State your age, name and address. *Four Prizes*—two for competitors over fourteen years and two for those under fourteen years. Also a number of consolations. Let this be a bumper entry!

Dreaming and Doing.

We shall do so much in the years to come—
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum—
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of hope and cheer—
But what did we speak today?

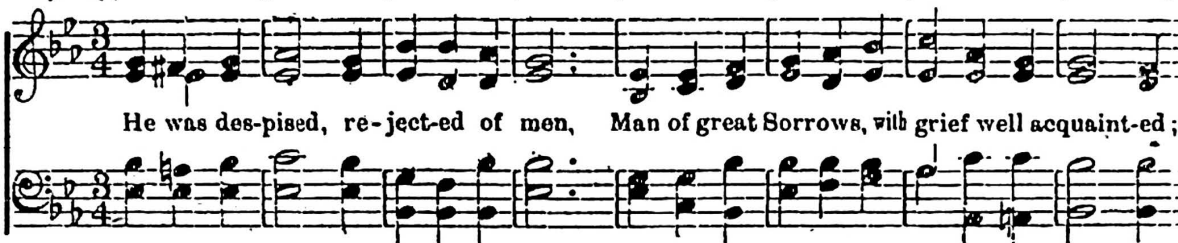
OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 100.

He was Despised

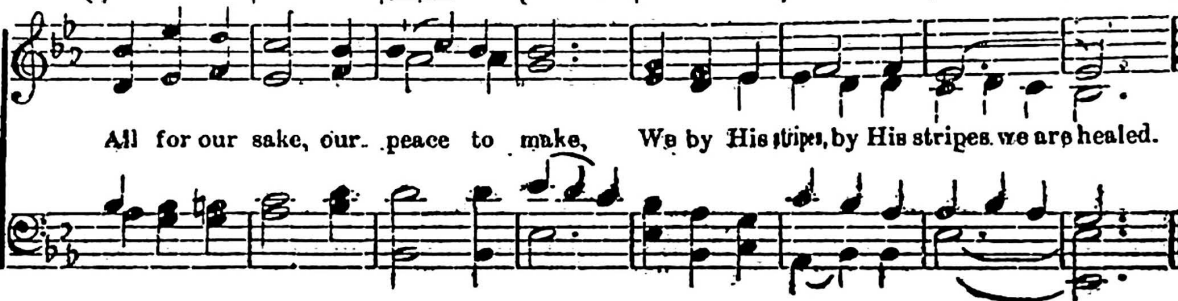
ISAIAH liii. 3.

R. G. MOWAT.

KEY { m :re:m | f :-:m | s :s :f | m:-:- | d :d :r | m :f :s | l :f :m | m:-:r }



{ s :d' :t | l' :-:s | s :l :s | s :-:- | m :r :d | r :-:r | d :-: | -:-:-: }



PEN PALS.

Frances K. Griffin (12). Box 26, Westbank, B.C. Canada wants "pen pals from all over the world." Keep Frances busy! Other readers wanting pen pals are:—Linda Hall (12), Moulton Sea's End, Nr. Spalding, Lincolnshire—U.S.A., Australia, and Kent; Mair Jones (16), 35 Bell St., Trecynon, Aberdare, Glam. Wales—Scotland or England; Ida Twaite, (13), Moulton Sea's End, Nr. Spalding, Lincs, England—U. S. A., Australia. or Kent. Who is going to be next to join the happy fellowship?

Here are some hints on letter writing:—

1. Use short sentences and simple words.
2. Try to picture what your pen pal is like; if photographs can be exchanged so much the better.
3. Write about the things which interest you.
4. Exchange thoughts you have about Scriptural stories and themes.
5. Always use ink and write as plainly as possible.

A little hymn translated, as nearly word for word as possible,
from the NORWEGIAN.

Oh Jesus I am one of Thine,
Wilt Thou me call Thine own?
Stand I for Thee, with lamp in hand,
Who stood for me alone?
O let me ever to Thee go,
For there I can such comfort know,
The answer of my heart is "Oh,
Thou know'st I love Thee well."
How sweet indeed that little Flock
That Jesus careth for,
In Him their Saviour, They've enough,
Both now and evermore.
In tender Love, with Hope and Trust,
They wander here 'til go they must,
Where Hope and Trust are gone like dust
But love alone remains.

H. K. Clausen

How God saved a Gypsy boy

WILLIAMS is now a preacher of the Gospel, and you will be interested to know how he was saved.

As a Gypsy boy, he lived in a caravan, and did not benefit much from going to school. As he got older, he went sadly astray. But the Good Shepherd was caring for him, and brought him to His fold.

One Sunday afternoon, Williams went to hear a gardener, named Croft, preaching the Gospel. The text was; "The wages of sin is death; but the Gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." (Romans 6. 23).

After the meeting, the preacher asked Williams if he was saved. "Yes," said the young Gypsy, but he knew he was deceiving Mr. Croft, although he could not deceive God.

A week later, Williams returned and heard Mr. Croft preach a second time on the same text. God spoke to him then. "The Gift is for me, for me," he kept repeating to himself. He hurried to a shed, and threw himself on to his knees, crying: "Lord Jesus, if I am worth saving, save me now." The Lord heard his cry, and Williams had the joy of knowing his sins forgiven, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

What a wonderful testimony to the grace of God. He saves to the uttermost all who come to Him in simple faith, as this Gypsy boy did. "For the wages of sin is death, but the Gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

An Eye-Gate Lesson—God's Promises

MOST people, when they make a promise, have every intention of making it good. But it may happen for one reason or another that they find themselves quite unable to keep their promise.

But when God makes a promise, we may be certain that He will fulfil it. God has made many great and precious promises to us in His Word, and we can rest our souls upon them, for they are sure and steadfast, they are unfailing and eternal.

Our drawing shows how this eye-gate lesson is prepared. Long strips of paper or cardboard are run through slits in a large sheet of cardboard, with wording as shown. When the board is first displayed, the strips are all pulled along so that the wording is not visible. Then the speaker slides each strip back into position showing the wording as he gives his remarks on each of the four points :



God to His Word is ever true,
His promises are *sure*,
They're *steadfast* as His Royal Throne,
Unfailing Love to all His own
Eternal shall endure.

R. G. M.

Write out any Five Promises from the Bible, and send to the
Editor by September 20th.

A Scottish Heroine.

THROUGHOUT the many centuries which have passed, Scotland has presented to our nation some very outstanding heroes and heroines, whose names shall never be forgotten in the annals of our history.

In a previous article I told you something about a great Scottish Missionary, Mr. John G. Paton, but on this occasion I desire to tell you about a noble Scottish woman, who went to the Mission Field, and whose name is now known throughout the whole wide world.

Who has not heard of the famous city of Dundee? I am sure most of us have, for it was in this city that Mary Slessor lived.

She was a very poor girl; being the second of seven children, and she had a very dark opportunity in life, for her father was a drunkard. There was nothing of a great appealing nature in her home life, nor in her working life either, for she worked in a mill, and her hours were from 6 in the morning, till 6 at night.

However, Mary was a good girl, and was not easily daunted by such circumstances, for she was brave, and possessed something which I love to see in every boy and girl, and that is ambition, particularly an ambition that draws one closer to the Master.

If opportunities were rare, she made them, and on every occasion she took the most out of them.

At 14 years of age she was attending gospel meetings, and she had also a deep love for Sunday School work.

On one occasion, while on her way to the meetings, a number of rough boys and girls, who knew her, hid themselves, and waited on her coming, so that they might throw mud and stones at her.

Mary saw them, however, and knew their intention too, but it did not frighten her. She walked boldly on, and when she came to them, she said, cheerfully, "You cannot frighten me." This was like an electric shock to them, and immediately they dropped their missiles, and gently followed her into the meeting. She lived a true life before them, and won them in the end.

Our young readers should always determine to read good books, for it was through reading about Dr. David Livingstone, that Mary Slessor was led to go to Africa, where she ultimately became known as "MA SLESSOR."

The time duly came when she sailed to the great Continent. It was a big undertaking, for it meant she had to fight death and disease, and she had also to learn a new language. Then we must remember that the people she was going to were cruel savages, and inflicted terrible suffering on their enemies.

At that time a dreadful superstition prevailed among the tribes regarding twins, and when such were born into a family, the parents threw them into the bush to die, and to be eaten by the wild beasts. Miss Slessor's greatest mission was going to the rescue of these little ones.

Some time after being settled in Africa she heard of a tribe of terrible savages who lived a few miles inland. At once she decided to go and dwell among them. Everyone said, "Please don't go, or you will never come back alive." This did not frighten her, or keep her from fulfilling her purpose, for she set out on that long, dark, dangerous journey through the bush, not with an escort of armed soldiers, but with 5 of her dear little homeless children, whom she had adopted. When she reached the end of her journey the savage natives did not kill her, but allowed her to build a little hut, so that she might remain among them. They looked on her as "THE WHITE QUEEN." O what a wonderful life. She taught them to give up their cruel wars; to love their children, and when they were unwell she gave them medicine to heal their bodies. But best of all she told them of her Heavenly Father, who loved them best of all.

Henry T. Reid.

SAVED BY THE BLOOD.

KEY D \flat .

Words and Music by R. G. MOWAT.

{ | d :m .,f | s :- .m | f .s :l .t | d' :- | d' :t .,l } }

Saved by the blood, I need no o - ther plea, On - ly the

{ | s :- .m | l .s :f .m | r :- | m .s :- | - :- } }

blood can cleanse and shel - ter me; Flow-ing (e - ver flow - ing,

and me.

{ | f .l :- | - :- | s .d' :d' .r' :d' .t :l .t | d' :- | - :- } }

flow-ing (e - ver flow - ing), Jesu's blood a - vails for you, for you and me.



. L. O. T. PRIZEWINNERS FOR APRIL, 1944.

Painting.—Mackay Smart (14), Englehart, Ontario, Canada. Jim Robertson (10), Dalry Ayrshire. M. Greenslade, Sidwells Farm, Culmstock, Nr. Cullompton, Devon.

Magazine Page for August.

Dear Lottites,



In a certain castle, where the experienced servants have been taken away for the war effort, a young girl came in to attend the company at table. Although she had never done it before, she got on very well, and did not make any noticeable mistake. The reason was simple. Unknown to anyone else, his lordship had kindly told her to look to him when in difficulty, and he would direct her. She did so, and with a slight nod, or a motion of a finger

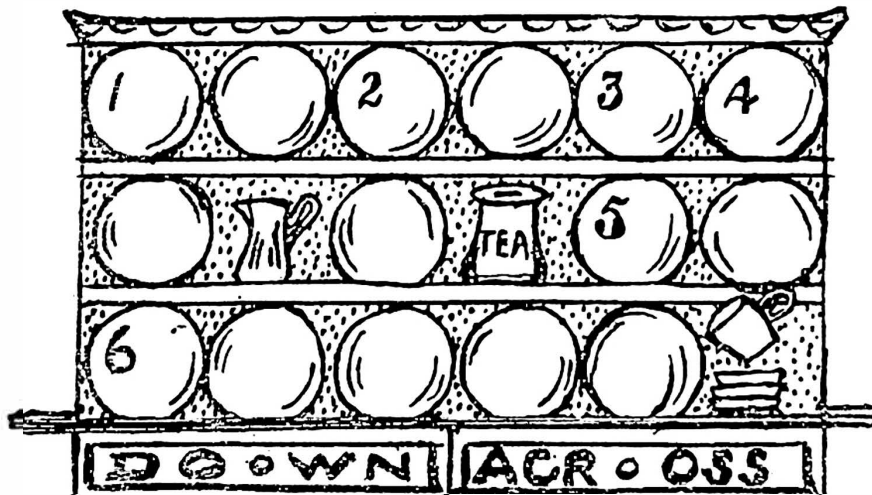
(which none of his guests noticed), he guided her through her rather trying ordeal.

Keep looking unto Jesus, Lottite. He says: "I will guide thee with My Eye."

YOUR FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

A DRESSER CROSSWORD



- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. On the dresser Matt. 10 | 1. A gift (Mark 7.). |
| 2. Reverse word in 1
Thess. 4. 17. | 5. Word in Matthew
28. 19. |
| 3. Jesus was about 30
... (Luke 3.). | 6. On the dresser
(Exod. 23.). |
| 4. Word in Romans 8. 1. | |

A Picturesque Scene

COUNTRY scenes in Palestine are always interesting. Here is the scene on a "village green" of a little hamlet.

Early one afternoon, a number of lads were playing with that carefree wholeheartedness which is characteristic of boy's games the whole world over.

One of the lads was in the centre, and the others shouted at him: "Thou wast not salted at all." If he managed to touch one of the others, then that one had to take his place and be baited in his turn.

To use an expression like this to a Jewish boy was to offer him a deadly insult if said in earnest. Yet this was the very expression used by Ezekiel (16. 4). regarding the people of Jerusalem: "In the day thou wast born . . . thou wast not salted at all." This homely figure will be readily understood. The idea of rubbing an infant with salt speaks of wholesomeness and purity. But, alas, God's people had become corrupt. They had defiled themselves with other gods. Hence the deadly sting of the prophet's taunt was the more deeply felt—because it was richly deserved.

Man in his fallen state, is always reckoned to be corrupt before God. Thus it was a high honour which the Lord Jesus paid His disciples when He said: "Ye are the salt of the earth." He would have His children today to be a purifying and refining force, free from corrupting influences. May we each one merit His words of approval: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

R.G.M.

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

"You cannot eat the cake and have it."

YOU know that's true. You can only eat a piece of cake once. Now the proverb we have quoted just means that once you have done anything you cannot undo it. It is like water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.

Think of the many things you have done you wish you had never done. Some people would give away fortunes if they could blot out the past. But money cannot undo deeds that have been done or recall words which have been spoken.

"Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes
fall back dead ;

But God Himself can't tell them
and they're said."

But remember this—God requires that which is past. What of all those sins which you have committed? You cannot blot them out! You may have forgotten many, but God remembers them all. Remember also that though God remembers, He can also forgive—and forget—the past. If you come to Him through Jesus Christ, for "No man cometh unto the Father"

but by Him, and confess your sinfulness and helplessness. He will blot out for ever from the book of His remembrance all your guilty past. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's own Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

Martin Luther, we are told, had a dream. In his dream Satan appeared before him with a large scroll, closely written. He opened the scroll and showed it to the Great Reformer. "These," said Satan, "are your sins."

"Are there any more?" asked Luther. Satan went away and returned with another closely written scroll. "These, too," he said, "are your sins."

"Is that all?" asked Luther.

"Yes, that is all," replied Satan.

"Well" said Luther, "write across the scrolls 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's own Son, cleanseth us from all sin!'"

Happy indeed are they who know their many sins are forgiven. Are yours? If the guilty past is haunting you, come to the open arms of the Saviour. He'll take your sins away, and keep you happy day by day.

FOUND OUT.

NO matter where we go there are dishonest people. Forms of dishonesty differ. Some tell lies. Others cheat their neighbours. Some shopkeepers give short weight or charge too high prices. And have we not all read of milkmen who put too much water in the milk? Indeed, with so many restrictions placed on us now, there are some who say that it would be very hard to find a strictly honest person. We will not argue on that point.

Not long ago, I saw a long list of names in a local newspaper. They were the names of persons who had been fined in different sums for being dishonest. They had been using wireless sets without paying for a licence. The wireless detector van or investigators had found them out.

Some may have been using a wireless for years without paying the fee; some may have been using the wireless for only a few days: but all were found out! They were exposed as dishonest persons.

I suppose that even the wireless detector van or investigators will not find out all the wireless "pirates," for there are some very ingenious folk in the world. There are smart people who can very cleverly

cover up their misdeeds. Remember this, though, there is no person too clever or too astute for God, He is the Great Detective. It is impossible to deceive Him or hide from Him. Men and women, and boys and girls down through the ages have tried it, but all have failed. Why, our first parents, Adam and Eve, hid from God in the garden of Eden. ...*God found them out!* Achan, long after, hid the stolen gold and the Babylonish garment in his tent. *God found him out!* Even King David committed a grievous sin. *God found him out!*

We may hide our misdeeds from the eyes of those whom we live beside, but God knows all about them. You can cheat your father and mother, but you cannot cheat God. Do remember that! You can pass yourself off as a Christian—in other words, play the hypocrite—but "the Lord knoweth them that are His." "I know my sheep," said Jesus (John 10).

God knows us all through. This is very clearly shown us in John's Gospel. He knew all about Nicodemus, about the woman at the well, about Nathaniel, about the man born blind. All things are naked and bare before the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do

We cannot escape His scrutinising gaze. We cannot pass ourselves off for something which we are not, where God is concerned.

Are you playing the hypocrite? Your deception may be very clever, deceiving your closest friends; but it is not

clever enough for God. Let this little message search your heart now. If you have been sailing under false colours, give it over now. Make a clean breast of the matter, and get right with God on the spot.

THE EDITOR.

"The Reins."—Who Holds Mine?

PROFESSOR Henry Drummond used to visit some friends who lived in Mid-Scotland, spending a large part of his summer holiday with them regularly. On one such occasion he was just going away after having spent a happy time with them, and as he bade goodbye to his hostesses, they said to him, "Oh, we have just remembered something that we were going to ask you to do for us. You know John, the coachman?" "Yes," he said. "Well," they went on, "we are troubled about John. He has been giving way to drink, and, unfortunately, he will not be told. He has been warned again and again, and he is now on his last chance. We wanted to ask you if you would speak to him. We thought, perhaps, that you could help him. But now you are going away, and we fear that it is too late."

It was not too late, however, for Henry Drummond was always out on the Lord's business; and so, when the coachman

brought round the carriage to take him to the station, he put his baggage inside, and he himself jumped up beside the coachman. He began to talk to the man about his horses; he praised them; he praised their action; he praised the man's clever handling of them. Then, as they came round a very dangerous bend in the road, he said to the driver: "John, what would happen if these two horses were to run away with us here?"

"It would be a bad job for both of us," said the man.

"But if, when you found they were out of control," said Henry Drummond, "you knew that I, sitting here beside you, was one who could control any horse; that no horse had ever run away with me, and you yourself could not control them; what would you do?" "That's easy to answer," said the man. "I'd give you the reins."

"John," said Drummond, "do you ever feel as though there were something in you like a

pair of wild horses that threatens to run away with you again and again?"

John hung his head for he was conscious of his fault; he was conscious of his weakness and lack of control. Then Drummond talked to him of the Lord, and he said, "John, I know of One who can control all these wild passions if you will only let Him into your life to do it for you." And as he parted from him at the station, he said: "John will you give Him a chance?" With that Drummond was away.

A year passed, during which time the Professor had not heard anything of what had happened. Then he found himself going back to pay his friends another visit; and as he sat in the train he suddenly recalled the whole business. He wondered if he would see John, or if he had been dismissed. When the train drew up to the platform the first man he saw was John. He came along the platform, and, touching his hat, said: "I've given Him the reins, sir."

"Precious to Me."

I HAVE a Saviour He's so precious to me,
He drew me in love when on Calvary's tree;
And so while I walk through this valley below
My Saviour is with me wherever I go.

He comes with new mercies each morning I wake
And I know that He never my soul will forsake
Though troubles and trials around me may roll,
He'll always be with me to take full control.

Then why should I ever be sad or repine,
When I say that this "Jesus is mine,"
Some day He'll call me to bright realms above,
Where I'll praise Him for ever for His wonderful love.

Jessie Pattinson.

Talks to Young Christians

GROWING

ARE you growing? Perhaps you are physically, but what about your spiritual growth? The Apostle Peter, in his first epistle, chapter 2 writes: "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." Now you will notice that before there can be growth there must be knowledge, etc., remember the order: KNOWING—GROWING.

You can never grow spiritually, although you may grow intellectually, by reading trashy novels. You can grow spiritually by reading the Bible, but you can read the Bible and not grow spiritually.

That seems rather contradictory, doesn't? But, let me explain. Just you think of a baby. It will never grow without milk, but no baby ever added an inch to its height or a pound to its weight by milk in a bottle. No! The milk had to be sucked from the bottle and allowed to pass into the system. Then that milk helped to make flesh and bone and blood.

Now it is the same with "the sincere milk of the word." You may read the Bible, and thus grow intellectually, but until you put the word into practice you

will remain a spiritual dwarf.

Let us look at what Peter says in the first verse of that second chapter: "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings." You can stuff your *head* with Bible knowledge, but if you allow the things which Peter mentions to fill your *heart* you simply cannot grow spiritually. Why? Because these things are not of the Spirit.

Never forget this! Get knowledge—Bible knowledge—by all means, but guard against knowing without growing.

Here is an illustration of spiritual growth. Suppose, one morning before you go to school or work you take your Bible and read: "Recompence to no man evil for evil" (Rom. 12.17). Some time during the day somebody does you what is sometimes called "a dirty trick"—maybe tells a lie about you, or calls you by some ugly name; you smart under it, but you say to yourself. "I'll pay them back for that all right"—and proceed to plan your revenge. How can you grow in such a state; you have not laid aside malice.

If you say, however: "I must

remember the text I read this morning. I must not recompence evil for evil, but overcome evil with good," and lay yourself out to do the one who hurt you a good turn, you are growing!

You are growing! You had only a knowledge of seven words, but you let that knowledge into your "system" and it made you strong. That's growth! How much did you grow today?

"Children, Cross Here."

YOU may have often observed this notice on our main roads. Young people to-day should be glad that they are living at a time when so much is done for the boys and girls of our land, and when so much thought is bestowed upon their care and education.

But the words on the notice board have a message for us about Higher Things. For life is like a road we all have to cross, and we are in danger of accident and disaster. There is good reason why children are urged to cross the road at the spot shown. And so far as the road of life is concerned, every reader of this magazine knows that it is the Bible that is like a finger-post pointing out to us the way of safety. For the Bible is the

"Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered,
Guide for the youth that would otherwise fall."

The word of God tells us about ourselves, and about our danger, and points to the Lord Jesus, the Way to safety. You have for several years been doing addition of sins, and *you* cannot take one away. You will remember that John the Baptist was like a sign-post pointing out the Lord Jesus when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Yes, Christ alone can do subtraction of sins, and nothing will please Him so much as to take away your sins the moment you receive Him.

Have you seen your danger? Have you looked to where the finger-post of the Bible points? Have you started crossing the road of life at the only safe place? If so, then you will be glad to be a living sign-post to others who are in danger of losing their souls on the highway of life.

E.A.

THE FLOWER IN THE WINDOW

PERHAPS in your home a flower adorns the window sill. It brings not only brightness and cheer to those within, but those who pass by on the street are often cheered when they look at it. Why not place a flower in the window of your life?

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE

A FEW years ago there was a large rally of members of the Boy's Brigade held at Hampden Park, Glasgow. Thousands of spectators filled the terracing and the stands, and most of them were given song sheets. On the field there was a band to lead the singing and the conductor wore white sleeves. Printed on the song sheets were words to the effect that the singers were not to follow the music of the band, but were to sing to the beat of the white sleeved conductor. There was a good reason for this. The music of the band would not reach all the people at the same time, so that if the singers "followed the band" it would be impossible for them to sing together. If however, they "followed the beat" of the conductor they would sing in unison.

In these days the world is out of harmony. Why? Because the inhabitants are, if we might say so, following different "bands." People are not "following the beat" of the Conductor. In other words, they are not following Christ, Who

said, "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness." Make sure that you are following Christ; then you will never go astray.

* * * *

August is the most popular holiday month of the year, so our competition will have a holiday atmosphere. Imagine yourself sitting at the seashore. Name as many things as you can that you are likely to see there, but remember all must begin with the letter "S." And you must give a Bible reference to each word. For example:—SHIP: Bible reference, Jonah 1:3—"And he found a *ship* going to Tarshish." Send your efforts to the Editor, "Young Watchman," Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock, by the end of the month. On the outside of your envelope write—"SEASIDE." Give your age, name and address. There will be four prizes—two for those under 14 years, and two for those over 14 years. There will also be a number of consolation awards. Let old and young try this interesting competition.

HOW A PUPPY DIED.

A GENTLEMAN had a pedigree puppy upon which his heart was set. He cared for it, watched over it, did everything possible to make it a "little champion." Yet the puppy died. Here is how it happened. It picked up a nail or some other sharp thing, swallowed it and died. We should always be careful of what we "pick up" on the highway of life. There are many things which are better left alone.

OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 101.

The Lord is Risen

R. G. MOWAT.

Arr. from NAUGLI by R.G.M.

KEY { :S: | m :m | m :r | r :d | d :s: | f :f | m :r :m :f | r :— | }

1. The Lord is ris'n from Death's do - main, O sing the glad re - frain;
 2. There's no more sa - cri - fice for sins, Re - demp-tion's work is done;
 3. Our Great High Priest, He bears our names Be - fore His Fa - ther's throne;
 4. Ex - alt - ed high, no more to die, Swell out the song a - gain;

The Lord is ris'n, is now in heav'n. The Lamb that once was slain.
 The price He paid, a - tone - ment made, And our sal - va - tion won.
 He in - tercedes, for us He pleads, His blood-bought and His own.
 The Lord is ris'n, is now in heav'n, It is His right to reign.

THE CHRISTIAN TRUSTED.

Barney Barnato, the African magnate, used to declaim against Capt. Robinson, the well-known Christian Captain of the Union Castle Line. "Well," said one, "if you don't like Robinson's preaching and praying there are plenty of other boats; why not take them?"

"You are a mighty lot safer with Robinson on the bridge," replied the scoffing millionaire, and with the Christian he travelled. "If any man serve Me him will My Father honour."

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS

IN 1939 the Penny-a-week Red Cross Fund was started, and since then the amazing sum of £7,000,000 has been raised. Who can calculate the good all these pennies have done? A penny is a very small sum, but you see what millions and millions of pennies mean.

Never hesitate to give the smallest gift you have to God. It may seem little in your sight, although it may be all you can give; but He can use it for His honour and glory and for the eternal benefit of others.

Remember it was the little lad's five barley loaves and two small fishes which, blessed by the Master, fed the multitude.

God is Everywhere.

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant Earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.

There's not a place on Earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where love and wisdom are not found—
For God is everywhere.

How Ahmed Won His Father for God.

MISS Nellie Milson was sitting in her Indian bungalow, studying. After a time, her attention was drawn to a slight, scuffling sound on the bare, wooden floor. Her first thought was that it was made by Ahmed, or his father, Ali.

"Ahmed has been different of late. I feel sure that the boy is a secret believer, but, he is afraid to confess, for his father, Ali would be very angry."

So her thoughts ran on, and then, to her horror, she saw, not three feet from where she sat, a big, deadly cobra, his head raised ready to attack.

Nellie jumped hurriedly away and called loudly on Ali. There was no response, and then she realised that the sound had been made by the snake, and not by Ali or Ahmed. She shivered with dread, as she darted to the other side of the verandah, and seized a stout cane.

At that moment, Ali, with Ahmed by his side, entered the compound. As soon as they learned how matters stood, they went into the room. By this time the snake had wriggled his way up between the folding leaves of a glass door.

"Missy, I know their ways too well to let him escape me," said Ali, as he let the leaves of the door go, and sprang away quickly. Ali belonged to a sect of Hindus who worship snakes, so he had no intention of killing the cobra. He proposed to carry the snake to a distance, and set it free to attack someone else if it wished to do so.

What, then, was his horror to see his boy club the cobra to death. He turned on Ahmed in fury, and demanded to know why he had done this terrible thing.

"Because," said Ahmed looking upwards, "I believe in Jesus, Missy's Saviour-God. This is my chance to confess Him."

"The boy is cursed for ever," cried Ali. "Henceforth, I have no son."

He beat the boy, and cast him from the compound, bruised and bleeding. Next morning, Ali also had gone away.

Nellie continued to pray that God would bring father and son together again. Months passed, and then a message came from a mission hospital. Ali was sick, and wanted to see her.

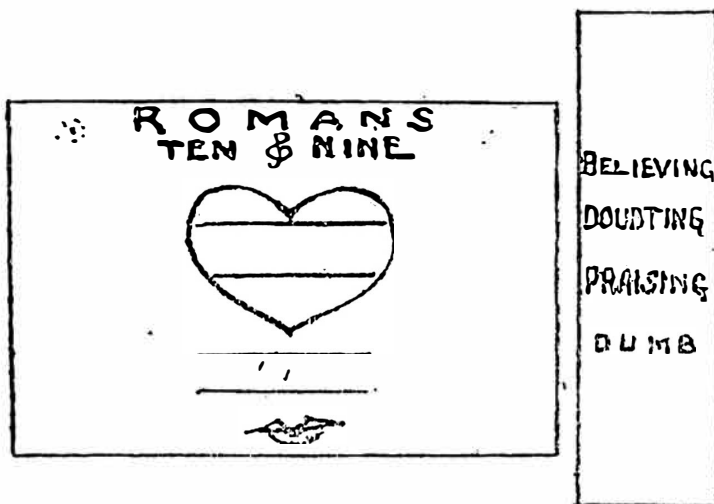
"I have repented," he told Nellie. "My boy's brave act in killing the cobra showed me the difference in our faith. I want my boy back. I cannot be happy without him."

A year passed before Ahmed was found, and great were the rejoicings when he was brought home and reconciled to his father.

"Thank God for the cobra's visit and Ahmed's confession," said Ali, "which He blessed to my soul's Salvation."

An Eye-gate Lesson—Heart and Lips.

THIS simple object lesson will be readily understood at a glance. The sheet of paper has slits through which the cardboard strip (at side) is drawn, to show the two sets of words as desired.



A heart which doubts God's Word, means that the lips cannot confess Him. We see this in the case of Zacharias, who was stricken dumb because he doubted the promise made to him by God (Luke 1). But when he believed His Word, then his

lips were opened, and he spoke and praised God. So the wonderful words of Romans Ten and Nine come to mind: "That 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."

Do not longer doubt the Saviour,
Let your lips sound forth His praise,
In your heart believe Him fully,
And rejoice through endless days.

Write three Scripture references to the *heart*, and three referring to the *lips*.

“Seeking the Lost.”

by Henry T. Reid.

OH, how fond we are of lovely stories, and the bible is simply full of them. In St. Luke's Gospel 15. 1-10 we read of a missing sheep, and a missing coin.

In the first incident there was a man who owned 100 sheep, but one night while in the fold counting them, he discovered that one was lost. Caring not for the dangers of the night, the roughness or steepness of the way, the waters to be crossed, or the thorns that would pierce him, he set out to search for the missing one. He pressed faithfully on until he heard the bleating of the sheep. Oh, how he rejoiced, and his heart beat with delight, as he graciously placed it on his shoulders, and carried it home. Then his friends were gathered together, and rejoiced with him, because the sheep was now safe within the fold.

Another beautiful story I heard a long time ago about a poor family who lived in Indiana, in America. There were two children in the family, one too young to leave the house, and the other was five years old. One day the oldest one ran into the dense woods, and was lost. The mother searched until she was worn and tired, but without success, then she raised the alarm. Men came to her aid. They went out in the afternoon; searched all night with lanterns, continued the whole of the following day and night, and on the third day one of the searchers found the little fellow, worn, weary, and sad. He hurriedly took him home, and when the mother received her little boy she shouted with great joy.

The meaning of these two stories is simply this, that we all belong to Jesus, but like the lost sheep, and the little boy, we have wandered away from the fold, through sin, from Jesus who is the Good Shepherd. Therefore He came down from Heaven to earth to seek and to save the lost. Deep was the sorrow and suffering He endured, and oh how lovingly He seeks each one, hoping one day that He will hear that cry of sorrow and repentance, and then He will bring you back again to the home from which you have strayed. **YOU ARE NOT TOO YOUNG TO COME TO JESUS FOR HE LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.**

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin."

Pen Friend wanted.

Leonard Witton of Fen-street, Hopton, Diss, Norfolk, would like to get a pen friend. Leonard is 13. Now, then, boys, what about it?

God of the Beautiful

J.A.
Key
Ab.

JOHN APTONSON, HAZ. by R.G.M.

{ f d m :- | r x :f | m :- | m m :m }



1. God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where, Sheds with a
 2. God of the beau-ti-ful, God o - ver all, In Heav'n and
 3. God of the beau-ti-ful, Reign - ing a - lone; God of true
 4. God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where, God e - ver

{ f d m :- | r :m :r | s :- | s -m x | d .l :s :- }

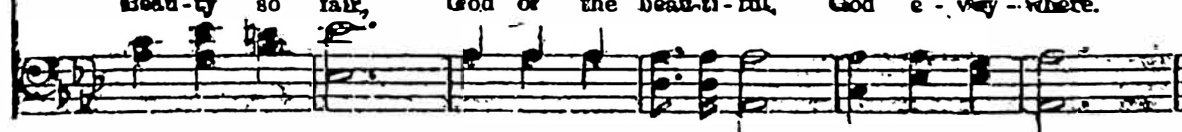


bounteous hand Beam - ty, so rare; Lone - ly may be the place,
 on the earth, Both great and small, Rules o'er the o - cean wide,
 Light and Love, Up - on the Throna; E - ver Lord, King of kings.
 mer - ci - ful, Our sins to bear; Shed - ding o'er all the earth,

{ s -m :d | r :- | m :m :m | f d m :- | s m :r | d :- }



Still He is there, - God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where.
 Forms moun-tains tall, God of the beau-ti-ful, God o - ver all,
 Our Sa - viour born, God of the beau-ti-ful, Reign - ing a - lone.
 Beau-ty so fair, God of the beau-ti-ful, God e - v'ry - where.





Who Were They?

He was one of the Royal line,
 At a king's table was called to dine;
 In both his feet the prince was lame—
 State who he was, and give the king's name.
 To help you I will give a clue,
 Read the 2nd Book of Samuel—
 now it's up to you. R.G.M.'



L. O. T. PRIZEWINNERS FOR MAY, 1944.

Painting.—J. Grieve, Rockport, Craigavad, Belfast. Barry Hullet (6) Moseley, Birmingham. Ena Hall (11) Cornaleck, Portadawn, N. Ireland.

Acrostic.—Jean Copes (8) Kilkinamurry, Gransha, Dromara, Co. Down. Ellasaid Callison, Burnbank, Hamilton. Patricia Wide (12) Hemyock, Devon.

Magazine Page for September.

Dear Lottites,



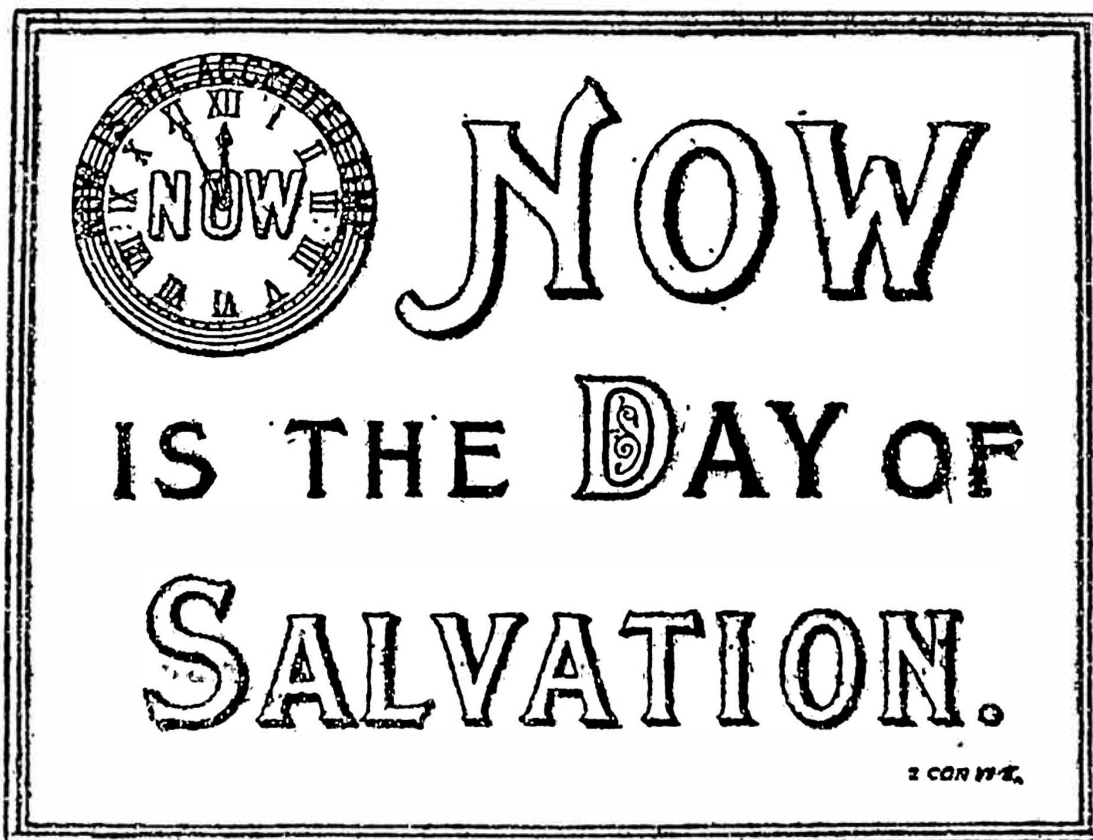
An incident took place at the Scottish Zoo on one occasion which you might like to read about. A big bear had escaped from its cage, and proceeded to take a stroll through the grounds. A search was made for the animal, and a keeper discovered it—being fed with a bun by a kind-hearted visitor who said how pleased he was to see the animals so tame.

He did not seem to realise his peril. We are reminded that the Scriptures warn us of the danger of putting off accepting Christ as our Saviour. "For how shall we escape if we neglect so great Salvation?"

Salvation is freely offered to all who put out the hand of faith, and accept it now. Will you do so.

Your Friend
THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 665.



Competitions must reach The Editor by 20th October.

A Joyful Harvest Time



I AM thinking to-day of a Tweedside farm, on which I spent my holidays, the last year of my school-life.

The remembrance that sticks to me most of all, of that harvest time, is a long walk and talk I had with the farmer's son, a young medical student from the University of Edinburgh who was at home during his vacation.

One Sunday evening, while walking out together after the Service, he broached the subject of what he called "personal salvation," and remarked that he was glad he got "the great question" settled before he went to College, for, said he, "of all circles I have been in, College life is the least calculated to cause one to think of God, and Christ, and Eternity." I was completely astonished to hear that saying, and I ventured to say so. I shall never forget the student's answer. Halting on the footpath, he said in slow and solemn words, "If I had not learned from the Bible that I was a sinner, and that Jesus Christ is the sinner's Saviour, while at home on this quiet farm, and by the grace of God received Him as *mine*, before I entered the College gates, I verily believe I would have been an infidel before now, for there is nothing that leads one's thoughts to eternal things."

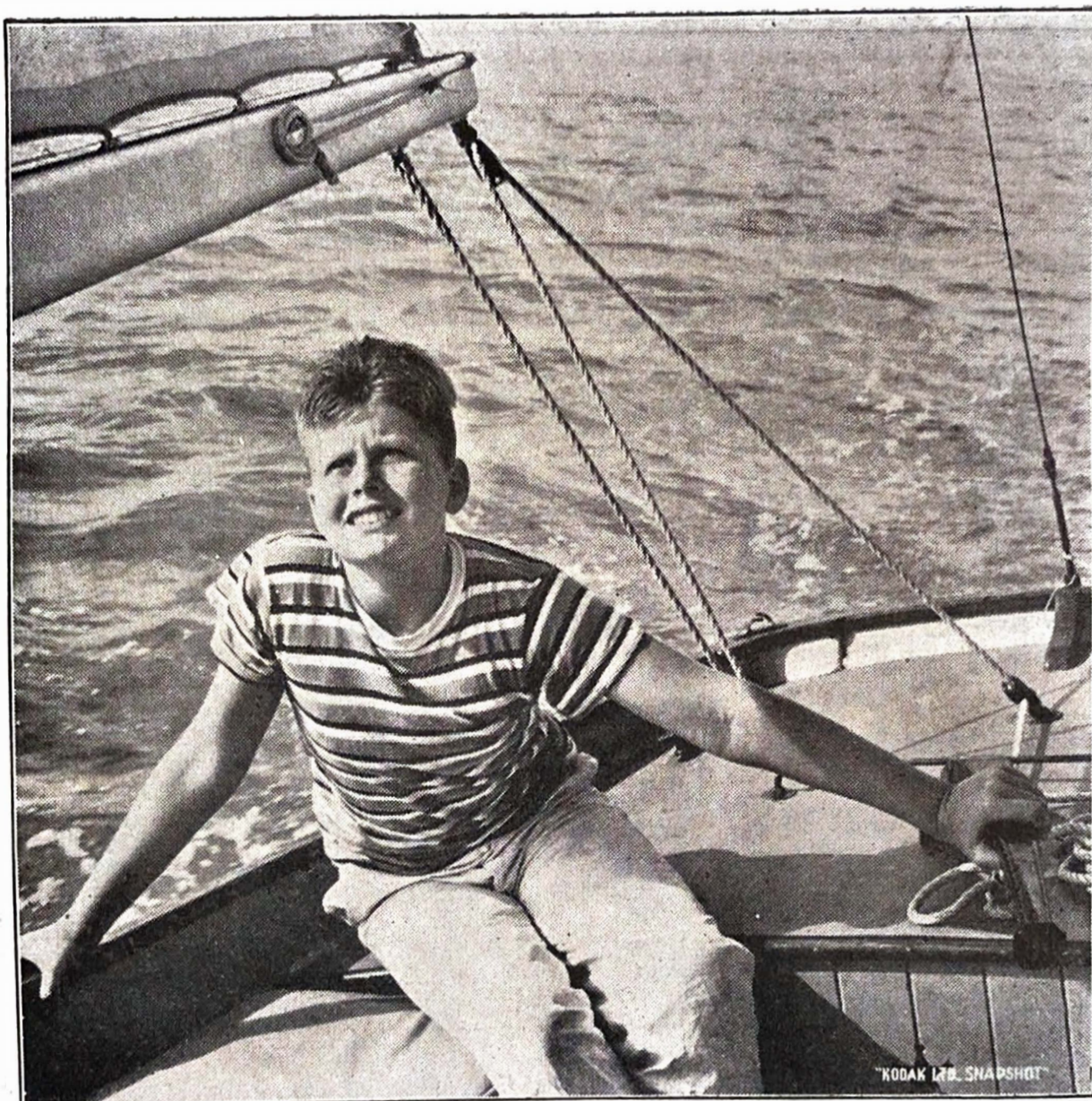
That night I lay awake thinking on the words, and I cast myself as a sinner on the Saviour, and received the assurance from His Word, that as one who had come to Him, He could not "cast me out" (John 6. 37).

A definite choice to be the Lord's, and a personal acceptance of Him as Saviour, Redeemer, and Lord, is the right starting point of a truly happy life. Is the reader in possession of this happy life now?



See Article—

THE SINGING PRISONERS



See Article—

THE PILOT AT THE HELM

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

"The twig is easier to bend than the tree."

ONE does not need to be very strong to bend a twig, but the strongest man on earth cannot bend a full grown oak. That truth should be remembered by the young people who read this, for it is when they are young that lasting impressions are made. It is easier to come to Christ in the bright days of youth than in the days of old age. Statistics prove that. If you do not believe it make your own test. You know 12 people who are Christians! Well, ask them when they accepted Christ as their Saviour, and you are likely to learn that the bigger number were converted before they were out of their teens.

What then, should you do? Of course, the wise thing is to become a Christian NOW, this very moment, just as you read this message of advice and warning.

But, perhaps you are among those who, knowing their need of a Saviour, have made up your mind that you are going to accept Christ near the end of your life. So far, so good, but I hope the story you are about to read will change your decision.

A young man was convicted of his need of the Saviour. He spoke to a Christian friend about the matter. "Could he," he asked, "take Christ five minutes before he died?"

"Certainly" was the reply. The young man said—"Thank you, that is what I will do," and he turned on his heel and made to leave his friend. "Just a moment" said his friend. "Do you know when you are going to die?" Ah! that was the question he could not answer. Why, he might be living in his last five minutes! When he looked on life in this light, he did the wisest thing—he took Christ as his own personal Saviour there and then. Perhaps if he had not made that wise decision then he might never have made it. The bands of sin would have bound him stronger, and when old age did come he would have found it impossible to make the great decision.

Young friend, "the twig is easier to bend than the tree." The best time to be saved is NOW! "Now is the accepted time." Be wise, "Come to the Saviour, make no delay."

THE SINGING PRISONERS.

THANK God for "the prisoners of Jesus Christ." The world would have been a much poorer place if they had not been behind prison bars or lay chained in some dark and evil-smelling dungeon.

There is a long list of "the singing prisoners." Away back in the mighty days of Old Rome two men went to the city of Philippi. They carried nothing with them but the Gospel of Christ. With this they went into the stronghold of sin. They declared the love of God in Christ Jesus, and for their faithfulness they were beaten and cast into what was considered the safest cell in the city jail. Their feet were made fast in the stocks, but although their bodies were fettered, their spirits were free.

The sacred historian Luke, writing of these two men in the 16th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles says—"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them."

I once heard an old Christian say that the hymn book they used was "Songs of Victory." Strictly speaking, they had no hymn book, for they carried their music in their hearts, yet truly their song was a song of victory. It was a duet in a dungeon. Perhaps

there was not much harmony, but there was plenty of heartiness. Perhaps their voices did not blend too well, but their hearts beat as one.

You should notice and remember one or two things about this remarkable verse in the Acts. First of all, *when Paul and Silas sang*. It was at midnight! It was in the blackest of the prison black-out. Well might they have sobbed and sighed for they had been beaten sore. I wonder if they remembered that the Psalmist long before them had sung a "song in the night." And that God was able to give them, too, songs in the night. Anyway they became duettists in the dark and their hearts were flooded with the light of heaven.

It is only the Christian who can sing like this, for he has a Friend who is with him in the darkest hour as well as in the brightest day. So the Christian's heart cries out for pure joy:—

"Wonderful, wonderful Jesus
In the heart He implanteth a song;
A song of deliverance, of courage, of strength,
In the heart He implanteth a song."

"There is never a day so dreary,
There is never a night so long,
But the soul that is trusting Jesus
Will somewhere find a song."

Secondly, notice *to Whom the prisoners sang*. They sang

praises unto God. Why? Because they knew that God had not forsaken them. They were in the dungeon suffering for a purpose, part of which was the salvation of the jailer. They knew that all things were working together for their good, and they sang when others might have sighed.

Now lastly pay attention to *who heard them*. The prisoners. They did not sing for the prisoners' sake, but along the dark corridors went the song of hope and cheer, and who knows what power that had over some of the poor imprisoned men.

Are you a Christian? Then praise God at all times. "I will

bless the Lord at all times" wrote the Psalmist. It will do you good, and unconsciously you may be influencing the lives of others who are drooping in sorrow.

If you are not a Christian, become one now; for then and then only will you know true joy and happiness. Into your heart God will put "a song of deliverance, courage, and strength"—the "new song" of salvation. And in that great day to come you will mingle your voice with the multitudes of the redeemed on high who will praise the Lamb with a song declaring His worthiness.

THE EDITOR.

Your Labour is not in Vain.

An Encouraging Word to S.S. Teachers.

IN the month of September most Sunday Schools plan for the winter's work. This, then, seems an appropriate time to write a word of encouragement for those who engage in this great service.

First, remember that God is still the same. His power is in no way diminished. His love is as deep and as strong as it ever was. His grace has lost none of its sufficiency, and His promises are still sure and steadfast. Therefore, sow beside all waters, for in due season you shall reap if you faint not.

Secondly, remember that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He still loves the little children, and His invitation still goes forth—"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." If you hold in remembrance His love for and His grace towards the little ones you will plod on and pray for their conversion.

Thirdly, remember that as in the natural realm so also in the spiritual, there is a sowing season and a reaping time. Do not be discouraged overmuch if

you do not pluck any fruit. It is your duty, as well as your privilege, to sow the good seed, and to water it with believing prayer. God may be pleased to give to others the joy of reaping where you have sown. Be assured of this, your "labour is not in vain in the Lord." If you are doing this great and necessary, and often heart-breaking work, "in the Lord," and because of love to Him, the results are certain. You may not see your harvest till "that day." You may reap, too, "after many years."

This true incident may help you. A number of years ago a Glasgow gentleman decided to go abroad. He had been for many years a devoted Sunday School teacher and Bible Class worker. He had seen little tangible fruit for his labours. The night he was leaving Glasgow a great and glorious surprise was his lot. Somehow

the time of his departure had spread abroad, and when he was waiting on the train that would take him away from the city where he had laboured long and faithfully, many young men and women came to bid him good-bye and to wish him God speed. They told him that they had given their hearts to Christ after they had left the Sunday School, and felt they could not let him go away without telling him. That night a little bit of heaven stole into the heart of the former S.S. teacher.

Take heart, then, from this true record. Go forward in faith. Like Nehemiah of old you are "doing a great work." Perhaps not conspicuous, perhaps not recognised by your fellow-believers, but in the eyes and estimation of your Father in Heaven, it is a work that is dear to His heart.

"Labour on, labour on, keep the bright reward in view."

The Man Who Kept A Diary

SAMUEL PEPYS (pronounced "pēps") was born in 1633 and died in 1703. He was born in London, the son of a tailor, and became a Member of Parliament and Master of Trinity House. From the year 1660 to 1669 he kept a diary, in which he entered every day what he saw, did, heard, had thought

or felt. The diary was written in a kind of shorthand, and it was not until early in the 19th century that it was deciphered. The diary made Pepys famous, for it was an intimate revelation of a man's life.

God keeps a "diary" too. "And I saw," writes John in the Book of the Revelation, "a great

white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life;

and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works . . . And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Is your name written in "the book of life?"

WHEN YOU PRAY

When you pray think not too much of thine own needs,
But let thy thoughts embrace the lone and sad;
Bring to thy Father the burdened hearts of friends
And those who've lost the art of being glad.

Remember those who've failed in great temptation
And lost the way when doubts assailed the soul;
Plead long for those still under condemnation,
That they through grace, shall reach the heavenly goal.

Ask God to light the heathen in his darkness,
To strengthen those who labour in His Name;
Beseech Him that sufficient grace be given
To those who seek to spread the Saviour's fame.

Thus from your chamber you shall come forth strengthened,
For those who pray for others get great grace;
Their heart is happy for the privilege given
And heaven is reflected in their face.

J.S.B.

Talks to Young Christians

KNOWING

AS a young Christian you should seek

but you must be careful of the kind of knowledge which you seek. You can gather knowledge which will profit you nothing in your Christian life.

For example, if you read sensual and frivolous books you will come to know certain things, but the knowledge of these will be injurious both to spiritual and mental life. Yet you must read to know; so you must determine what you are going to read.

As a young Christian I think you will agree that if you are to grow strong and virile, to be of service to God and your fellowmen and fellowwomen, you must read your Bible intensely, intelligently, and carefully. You'll gain a knowledge that is impossible to get any other place. Such knowledge can be tabled as:—1. Knowledge of God; 2. Knowledge of mankind; 3. Knowledge of the "exceeding sinfulness of sin;" 4. Knowledge of "things which must surely come to pass." In addition to this essential knowledge, by reading the Bible you become acquainted with almost every subject under the sun.

You will learn something of science, of poetry, of history, of astronomy, of plants, of flowers, of beasts. Indeed, the Bible is the greatest and most educative library in the world. No one, once wrote a man, can claim to be educated, who has not thoroughly read and studied the Bible.

So get knowledge by reading "the Book of books." Of course, this does not mean that you read no other books. You will discover however that the more you read of the Bible, the more you will abhor cheap and trashy books, and the more you will find your taste for good literature increased.

Then knowledge is gained by experience. Your parents have more knowledge of the ways of the world than you have, because they have "proved all things," and, if they are wise, they will have held fast to that which is good.

If you want to know if a fire burns you have only to put your hand in the flames. If you want to make sure that the "pleasures of sin" are but for a season, you may have your "fling" for little time. But you do not need to go this length,

for that knowledge need not be gained at first hand: you have the experience of countless others to prove it.

On the other hand, no one can have an experimental knowledge of God for you. That is something which is personal. Above all get this knowledge, for they that know their God shall be

strong and do exploits.

Get knowledge, but with all your knowledge get understanding and wisdom. And remember the words of the Apostle Paul in 1 Cor. 13—"And though I have . . . all knowledge, and have not charity (love) I am nothing."

THE EDITOR.

* * * *

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE

I SUPPOSE you will all have heard or read of blood-transfusion. In every city, town and village of Great Britain there are men and women known as "blood donors." They have volunteered to give their blood to be used for the saving of the lives of men wounded on the battlefield or people who are in a dangerous state of health at home. It is a noble service this, and it must bring a deep sense of satisfaction to anyone who gives their blood to know that they have brought back someone from the very "gates of death."

We think of One who gave His blood not only to save men's lives, but men's souls. The Apostle Peter tells us in his 1st. Epistle that redemption has been obtained by "the precious blood of Christ." Will you

please think of this, and avail yourself of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus?"

Now for the competition. The first article this month is entitled, "The Singing Prisoners." Could you write of other prisoners mentioned in the Bible? Select *one* prisoner, tell the story simply, and point out some lesson to be learned from the story. Remember just a short story! Four prizes—two for those under 14 years and two for those over 14 years—will be awarded; also a number of consolations. Send your entries to Editor, "Young Watchman," Sturrock St., Kilmarnock, by the end of the month. Give your age, name and address, and on top left hand corner of your envelope put the words—"PRISON COMPETITION."

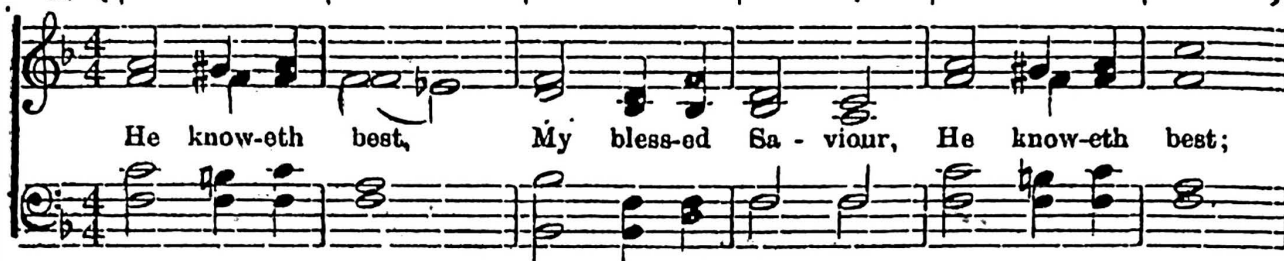
OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 102.

He Knoweth Best

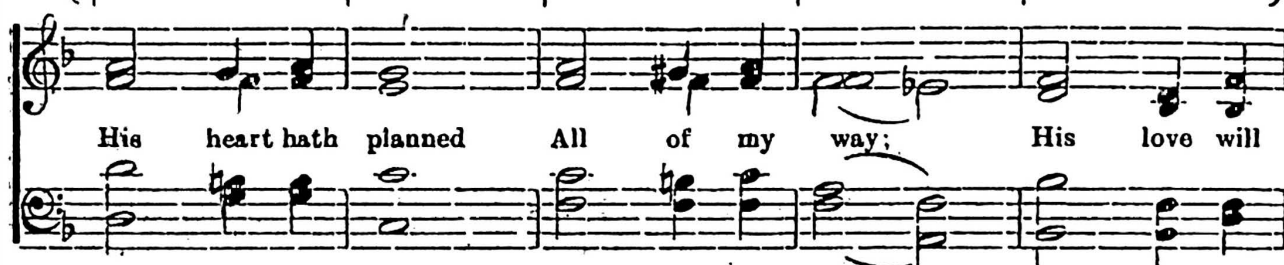
J. DOUGLAS.

Melody by J. DOUGLAS, Har. by R. G. MOWAT.

KEY F. { m :— | re :m | d :— | — :— | d :— | l, :d | l, :— | s, :— | m :— | re :m | s :— | — :— }



{ m :— | r :m | r :— | — :— | m :— | re :m | d :— | — :— | d :— | l, :d }



{ l, :— | s, :— | d :— | r :m | s :— | — :f | m :— | r :— | d :— | — :— ||



My Prayer for Today

Another day God gives me, pure and white,
How can I make it holy in His sight?
Small means have I and but a narrow sphere,
Yet work is round me for He placed me here,
How can I serve Thee, Lord, open my eyes,
Show me the duty that around me lies?



See Article—

THE RUINS OF POMPEII



See Article—

WHAT MAKES THE ENGINE GO?

Truthfulness

To speak the truth is always right,
And therefore always best;
'Tis sinful in our Maker's sight
To tell a lie in jest.
Nor should we seek a fault to hide
By any false pretence;
The truth must never be denied
Whate'er the consequence.

Falsehood can never prosper long,
Its triumph soon is past;
But truth, howe'er opposed, is strong,
And will for ever last.
There's One above doth all things know,
And a strict reck'ning keep;
God is not mocked; and as we sow
So surely we shall reap.

J. Curwen.

Successful Fishing

NO rain had fallen for weeks, and the burn (which, when in spate, yielded respectable catches), had become a mere trickle. Old, disused tyres of motor cars and bicycles; tins, even dangerous edges of broken bottles, showed up in the bed of the stream.

As I passed the bridge, I met Percy and Jimmy swinging along with jackets off, and with a business-like air. "Where are you bound for to-day?" I asked. Without hesitation, Percy informed me in one word: "Fishin!"

Looking at the conditions around, I remarked: "Fishing for what?" and quickly came the reply—"For fish, of course." I passed on, not a little amused at the confident manner of the youthful pair.

Returning an hour or two later, I met Jimmy, and suggested he had spent long enough in a vain endeavour, and would better wait till the fish had water to swim in. Somewhat scornfully, he replied: "We've caught some." To my great surprise, he held up three or four spotted beauties.

Let us from this learn a spiritual lesson. The two little lads thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Do not make the mistake of many who imagine that to accept Christ as Saviour will mean good-bye to all the good things of life. God wants to make you truly happy, and to prove how greatly He loved you, He sent His well-beloved Son into this sinful world to make atonement for your sins. Will you yield to His gracious entreaty, and come just as you are so that you may experience true joy and happiness?

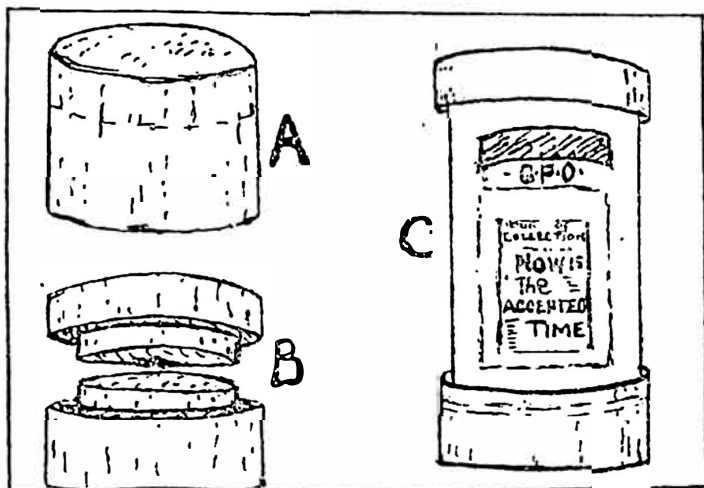
To those young folk who have accepted the Lord Jesus,—Have you ever thought of the words of the One Who said. "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men?" The successful fisher is he who, when one method fails, has faith to attempt another.

May you and I emulate Percy's and Jimmy's example, and in prayerful dependence upon God, may we persevere in seeking to catch even small "fish" to His glory.

J. C.

An Eye-Gate Lesson—Glory Post Office

YOUNG readers may wish to make a pillar-box this way. Take a large cork and cut it into two parts. Pare two ends as you see at B. Next, take a rounded piece of cardboard, shaped to



fit the smaller ends of the cork tightly. Pierce out the slot for the letters, and glue the corks and the cylinder of cardboard together, C. A coat of paint will make your pillar box look quite attractive.

You will notice the initials G.P.O. on our picture. Usually

these stand for General Post Office, but on our pillar-box they mean Glory Post Office. You see, God has sent letters to us all the way from Glory, and we should value them very much. These letters are the Scriptures of Truth, which are able to make us wise unto Salvation.

On our pillar-box, too, you will notice that it says:

HOUR of COLLECTION.

When should we begin to read God's Word, and take the gift of Salvation He offers? This is the answer, given in one of His letters: "Behold, *now* is the accepted time, and behold, *Now* is the day of Salvation."

There are letters true and grand,
Sent to all who dwell below;
Stamped and sealed by His own hand
From my Father's G.P.O.

Let us gather up His Word,
Know the joy He doth impart;
Great will be our rich reward,
If we hide it in our heart.

R.G.M.

Conrad, the Village Cobbler

CONRAD was the village cobbler in a Highland village, a hard-working man, much respected by the people who had known him for many years. Conrad was a good tradesman, but he was more; he was a Christian, to whom the people of the village came when in trouble. Then he would "put up a prayer" for them in times of sickness and distress.

One afternoon, a rather proud and pensive young lady called at Conrad's workshop to inquire whether he could repair a pair of boots. The old man examined them carefully, and then remarked: "I do not believe I could *mend* them to make a satisfactory job, for they are bad all through. They are hopeless in regard to mending. No man can mend what is bad from the beginning."

Then, looking at the young lady's mother, whom he knew to be a true Christian, he said: "It is much the same with your daughter's boots as with a number of people regarding their *souls*. It is not mending they need, but being made over again. To spend money in patching up an old and worthless thing I never advise, when I know that *ending*, rather than *mending*, is the only sure remedy. It is about as hopeless to mend a bad job as to patch up an unconverted sinner, by making him religious."

The young lady seemed to be highly displeased to hear her up-to-date, fashionable boots doomed in this way, and she left the shop in anger. But six months later, she called to tell Conrad that she now thought his judgment regarding her boots was right.

"Your judgment that afternoon about my fashionable boots was very irksome to me," she said, "and your remark to my mother about *ending* them rather than *mending* them I regarded as ignorance. But I have learned since then that you were right, also in the way you applied it to spiritual things, for I am now converted to God, and have become a new creature in Christ Jesus (2 Cor. 5. 9). I have found this to be what the Lord Jesus meant when He said to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John 3. 3). I have now been born of God, and I can see that the *mending*

of a sinner is not the same as *ending* him by being crucified with Christ, and having Christ living in him." (Gal. 2. 20). Nothing short of the new birth can fit sinners for a place in the family of God. "Ye must be born again."

Allow the Little Children

(As sung by the children in C. Africa. The English words are a free translation of the native version.)

G. H. MOWAT.

KEY A. { :d | d :—:d | d :t₁ :l₁ | t₁ :—:t₁ | s₁ :—:s₁ | l₁ :—:— | m₁ :—:— | s₁ :—:— | —:—:s₁ }

l - ta - vi - le - nu va - nyi - ke va va nde - nde, . . . Va
Al-low the lit - tle child-ren that they come to Me, . . . And

ke - ze ku - li - a - mi, . . . (Va ke - ze ku - li - a - mi); . . .
oh, for - bid them not! . . . And oh, for - bid them not! . . .

Ka-nda mu ka va ka - nyi - sa - ko, Ka-nda mu ka va ka - nyi - sa - ko,
Suf-fer the children to come to Me. Suf-fer the children to come to Me,

Mo-mo li - fu - ci lya mwi - lu li na pu lya - vo. . .
Do not for - bid them, be-cause the realm of Heav'n is theirs. . .

The Book that Contains All

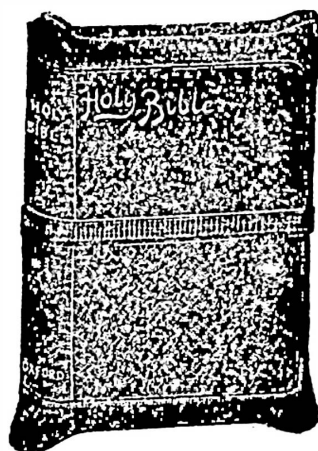
THIS description was given to the New Testament by a young airman in a letter of thanks which he sent on receiving a copy of the R.A.F. service edition of the New Testament.

This is a very true description of God's Word, and we can prove for ourselves that it contains all that we need for salvation (2 Tim. 3.—), food for the soul (Matt. 4.—), guidance (Psalm 119. —), and comfort (Romans 15. —).

R. H. P.

Write the four verses, and send to the Editor. Three prizes.

The Key to the Bible



There's two little words in Genesis one,
Ten times you will find them before you are done;
Just two little words, with meaning profound,
Write down the ten verses wherein they are found.

All Competitions must reach the Editor by 20th November.

The Word of the Lord endureth
for ever : And this is the Word
which by the Gospel is preached
unto you : 1 Peter 1:25.

Magazine Page for October.



Dear Lottites,

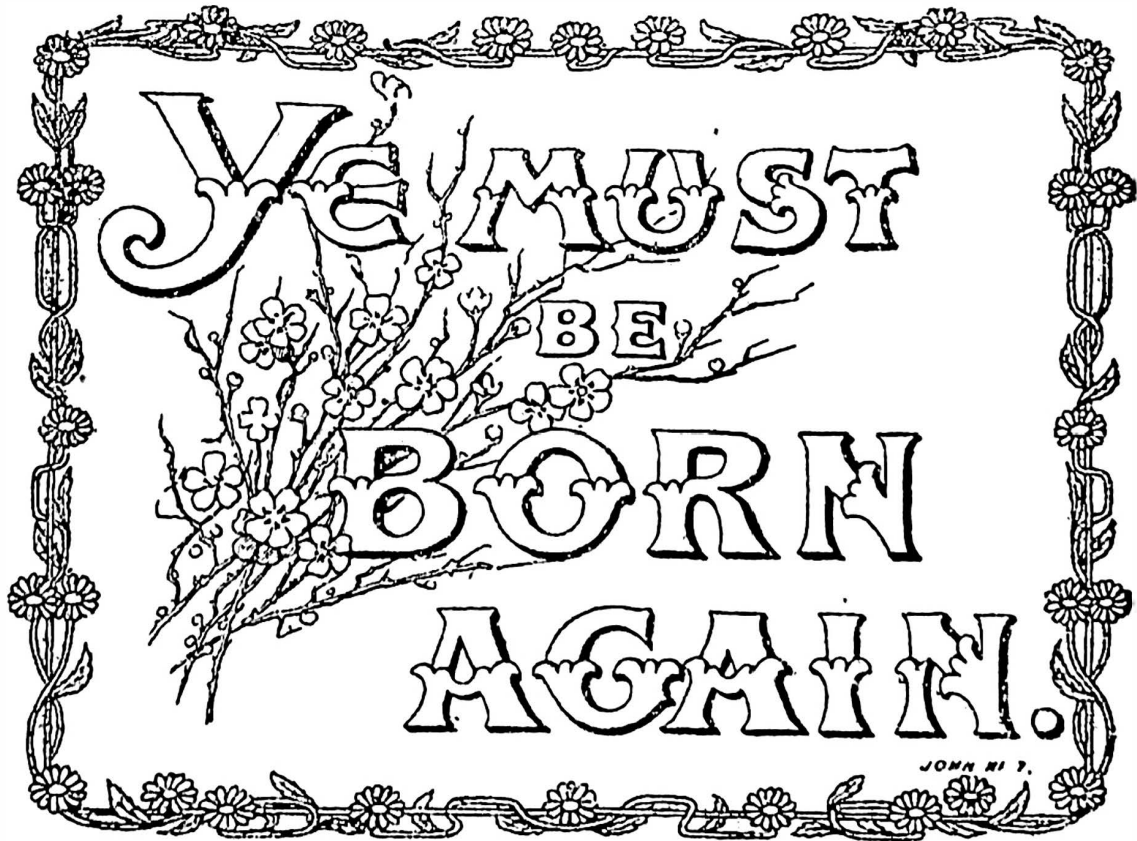
A little girl who was saying her evening prayers, ended them in this way : "Now Good-bye, God, Good-bye Jesus. I'm going to Boston tomorrow."

I wonder if any of our readers act like that? The Lord Jesus wants us to approach Him, not just at special times or on certain occasions, but at all times. Do not ever leave Him out of your life, dear Lottite, but in every time of need, in joy and sorrow, prove Him to be the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Your Friend,

THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 666.



He Came to Save Sinners

MR. SPURGEON, preaching from the words: "This Man receiveth sinners" (Luke 15. 2), told the story of a negro who had heard that word for the first time, saying, "Massa, I fall flat on de promise."

In the great audience, there was a city merchant who had long been concerned about his soul. He had thought that he had to gain merit by good works, and break off his sins before he could be saved. The words, "This Man receiveth sinners," uttered in scorn by the pharisees, but fully acknowledged by the Lord Himself, came as God's message to his burdened soul, and he, like the negro of whom Mr Spurgeon spoke, fell flat on the promise. He was received as a sinner by Jesus Christ.

He ran all the way home, and on reaching it, he gathered his family and his servants together, and told them what the Lord had done for his soul.

In his preaching in after years he often said. "The mistake of my life was in trying to make myself a SAINT when Christ wanted me as a sinner."

Are you making the same mistake, reader? Are you trying by means of good works and by prayers to make yourself a fit subject for the Saviour? Give up your trying. Come to Him just as you are. "This Man receiveth sinners."

"RUNNING OVER"—*Norwegian Version.*

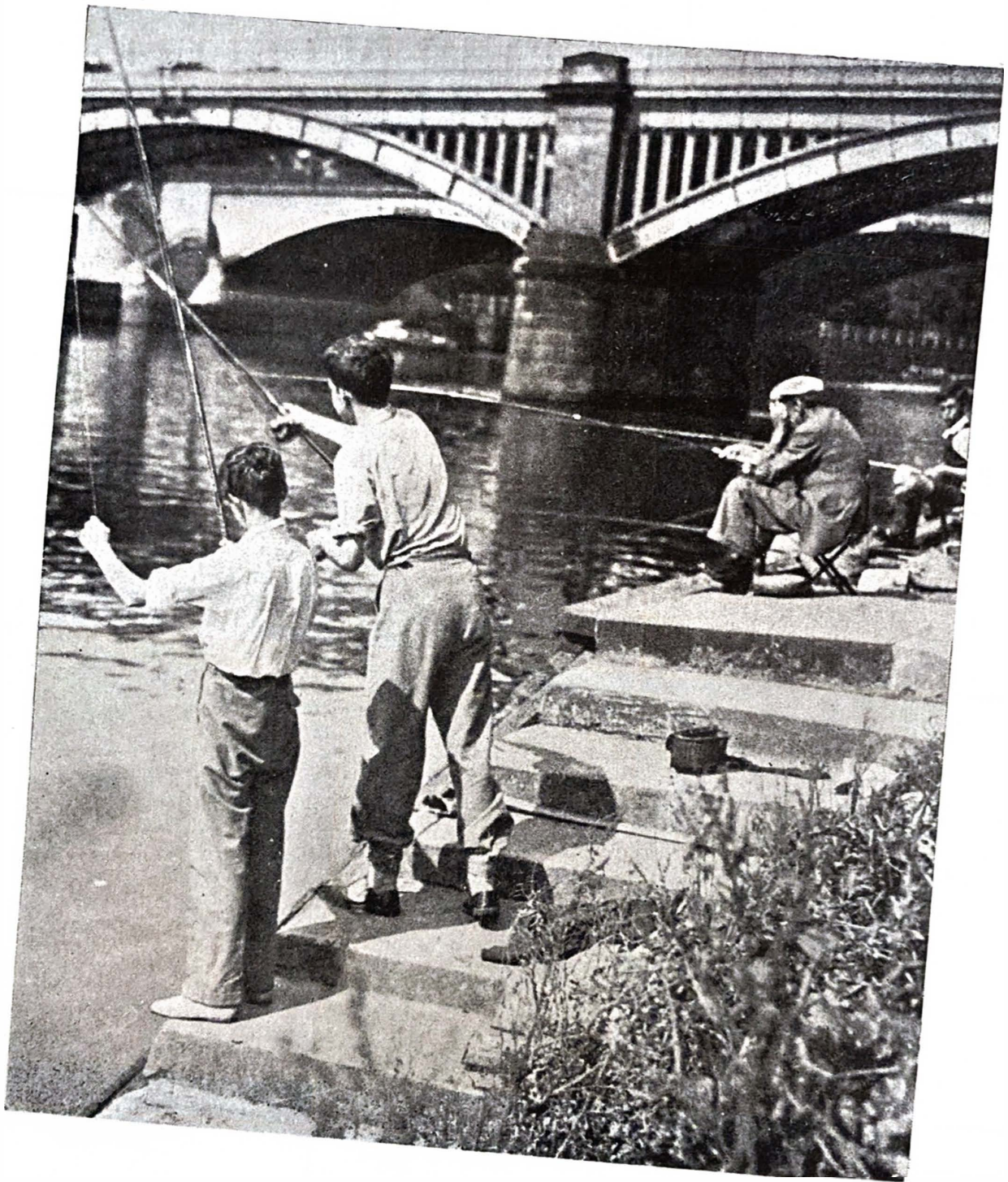
Flyder over, Flyder over,
Mit byker Herren Flyder over,
Fra tid Herren frelset mig .
Jeg er glaj, jeg er glaj,
Mit byker Herren Flyder over.

H. K. Clausen.



See Article—

"HOW AHMED WON HIS FATHER FOR GOD."



See Article—
"SUCCESSFUL FISHING."

POINTS FROM PROVERBS.

"We shall be bald an hundred years from hence."

THIS proverb comes to us from Spain, and is equivalent to the expression we often hear people use to-day—"Oh, it will be all the same a hundred years after this."

People in pursuit of pleasure, and wishing to excuse themselves for their light heartedness, say "We have only once to die; let us eat, drink and be merry: it will be all the same a hundred years after this."

Others, adopting a fatalistic attitude towards life, when things are not running too smoothly for them, try to comfort themselves by thinking that all their suffering and sorrow will be swallowed up in the grave. "It will be all the same a hundred years after this", they say.

Will it? It would be if death was the end. But does death end all? Everyone knows deep down in their heart that death is not a cessation of existence. The veriest heathen who has never heard of God has an "inkling" that there is another life beyond this one. He may have

wrong and strange conceptions of what that life is, but that "something" within assures him that it is so.

And you know, too, that it will not be "all the same hundreds years after this." You may try to argue an after-life away, but you know that your arguments are never convincing. You may try to silence the "still small voice" within by riotous living, but ever and anon comes the solemn reminder that you have God to meet some day.

The Bible very plainly asserts that death does not end all. Think on these words:—"It is appointed unto men once to die: and AFTER THIS the judgment." That does not give much encouragement to believe that "it will be all the same a hundred years after this." Friend, let me tell you sincerely that if you die an unforgiven sinner, a hundred years after this you will be in a "place of torment (Read Luke 16). And AFTER, comes the judgment. A hundred years after this you can be in heaven. Why not trust Him NOW?

A NOTE from YOUR EDITOR

IN the April issue of "The Young Watchman" the competition was given the title of "Illustrations." Readers were asked to find stories or other news matter from newspapers or magazines, to send these along and accompany them with a comment. There was a fairly good and commendable entry, and I purpose to "hand over" the pages of "The Young Watchman" to the successful competitors. This, I think will encourage our youthful readers to write to their "own maga-

zine," and also serve as a guide to what material is acceptable. Those whose articles appear in this issue will be awarded a prize, and it is the Editor's prayer that their messages will be blessed of God to the salvation of many readers.

It gives me much pleasure, then, to hand over this month's issue to the prizewinners, and in very truth it can be named "YOUR OWN MAGAZINE."

Your Friend,

THE EDITOR.

The PILOT at the HELM

READ first of all the delightful little effort sent in by young ALLAN PARKER (age 7), Sun Street, Glenluce, Wigtownshire:—

ILLUSTRATION.—The captain of a vessel sailing up the Thames yields complete authority to the pilot.

COMMENT:—If we would safe-

ly reach heaven we must entrust the saving of our souls to the Lord Jesus. The precious blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin..

EDITOR'S COMMENT—Well done, Allan! I hope that you, though so young, have given the Heavenly Pilot complete control of your life.

THE SUBSTITUTE

Twenty year-old Sara Jane Logan, Breakaugh, Aughafatten, Co. Antrim, is the sender of this good example of the great and glorious work which the Lord Jesus did when He died upon the Cross reared on

Golgotha's height:—

A teacher in a large school had to reprove a pupil for inattention and disobedience. Words failing to produce effect upon him he was obliged to resort to punishment, and told

him to stand in a corner of the room. As he was going a boy came to the teacher and asked if he would be allowed to take the place of the lad who had offended.

"Do you not think he deserved to be punished?" asked the teacher.

"Oh yes, he did," said the chum.

"What then has led you to bear this punishment in his

place?" further asked the teacher.

"Sir, its because I love him."

"The Son of God Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. 2. 20).

Editor's Comment—An old story, no doubt, but one that can stand re-telling. Happy indeed are those who can speak of the Lord Jesus not only as "the" Saviour, but "MY" Saviour.

THERE'S ONE WANTING

Here is another good effort from Ireland. It is from the pen of Lily Gillan (13), Rathsherry, Martinstown, Co. Ant-
rim:—

ILLUSTRATION:—A Scottish shepherd had a clever collie dog which used to go out by itself and bring the sheep in from the hill pastures. As it shepherd-ed them into the fold, the master counted them, and, if any were missing, he said "There's three wanting" or "There's two wanting." The faithful collie understood perfectly, and set off to search for the missing sheep. Nor did he return without it. But the time came when the old collie took ill and died, and

the shepherd sorrowed deeply. He set a stone bearing these words over the grave: "There's One Wanting."

COMMENT:—This true story leads our thoughts to the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, and who watches over with most tender care those who are His. There are many sheep within the fold, but always: "There's One Wanting." Editor's Comment—A touching story well told. Continue to practise writing, Lily, and remember to avoid as much as possible long sentences. I hope you have "heard" the voice of the Good Shepherd and "follow Him" day by day.

SALVATION IS FREE

It is England's turn now. You are now going to read thirteen-years old Eileen Searle's contribution. Eileen resides at 84, St. Phillips Road, Newmarket,

Suffolk. She writes:—

On Good Friday my uncle, auntie, sister and myself went to a meeting at Woolpit which lasted from 3 o'clock till 8

o'clock with an interval for tea.

We had tea with friends of ours.... There was plenty of everything for everyone and it was free FREE to all.

COMMENT:—The way of salvation is free to everyone; no money or charge, all you have

to do is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Editor's Coment—Why not write in ink Eileen? I nearly disqualified you for using pencil! I trust you enjoyed your Good Friday meeting. And that the "spiritual food" was as abundant as the food for the body.

NEW Faces for OLD "Miracle"

Mrs M. Reid, 25, Kimberley, Drive, Bedfast, must believe that a woman's age should be regarded as a secret. She says she is "over 14," and sends along three efforts. We have chosen this one.—

A new miracle of plastic-surgery which will give new faces to men shattered on the battle-fields of this war. "The wonder of prosthetics has already been brought to wounded soldiers who have suffered some offending facial injury, a feeling that they are normal in relation to their fellow-men:—Bombardier X lost an ear: his appearance worried him: "the miracle per-

formed with synthetic rubber has made him happy and ready to resume his peace-time occupation.

COMMENT:—A scientific miracle: pleasing to the eye, but without the power to function: Malchus lost an ear; the only "One who has all power" restored it: by His "life-giving" touch. Editor's Comment—it is good that Mrs Reid should point out that the only One who can give "life" is the Lord of Life. Have you ever seen a wax model in a tailor's window? How life-like! A good imitation! Make sure you are not an "imitation" Christian.

A "Captain Oates" Decision

Alex Moore (9), Hawthorn Cottage, Glassford, Lanarkshire, grasped the idea of the competition well for one so young, as you will agree when you read his effort:—

ILLUSTRATION:--Many deeds of individual heroism are being

performed here, where for more than a month the Chindit forces have been astride the main Japanese supply line between Indaw and Myitkyina. Among them is that of a wounded sergeant, who made a "Captain Oates" decision when a Chindit force

was surrounded by the Japanese. ...Weakly whispering "Go on. I shall only hinder the column," he threw himself off his mule. The sergeant was one of the first to be hit when the Chindits were ambushed at a river crossing. His comrades bandaged the wound, carried him across the river and put him on a mule.

But the sergeant refused to change his mind, and only asked for a drink of water.... He was last seen lying at the side of the track as the Japanese closed in.

His sacrifice was not in vain,

for the remainder of the party eventually reached the rendezvous safely.

COMMENT:—The Bible tells us of One who was wounded too (Isa 53 v. 5.). He, too, asked for a drink when dying on the cross. (John 19 v. 28.) His sacrifice was not in vain, for many will be saved for eternity as a result of it.

Editor's Comment—Excellent Alex! Keep reading the newspapers, and try to learn spiritual lessons from what you have read.

An Old Road

The last prize-winning effort is from the pen of Eric Gillan (9½), Legnagooley, Martinstown, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland:—

ILLUSTRATION:—When the British Forces were fighting against the Turks in Palestine, they were at a loss for the want of good maps showing the roads of the country....Officers studied the Bible closely, and one of them came across a road mentioned in Acts 8. 26, which ran from Jerusalem to Gaza; and so the British were able to sur-

prise the enemy, and first Gaza, and then Jerusalem were taken by Lord Allenby and his men.

COMMENT:—There is an old road which the Bible tells us of. This is the blood-red way which leads from Calvary to heaven. Jesus trod this way to the glory and now He lives to save all who believe on His Name.

Editor's Comment—You write well for a young lad, Eric. I hope you know Him Who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Competition Notes

After such a fine effort, I think you will all agree that we should have another competition on the same lines. I need hardly tell you what to do after you have read the prizewinning

efforts. Pick an illustration from newspapers, magazines or books, and make a comment. Send your efforts to the Editor "Young Watchman," Sturrock Street Kilmarnock, by the end

of the month. Give your age, name and address, and please do not forget to write outside your envelope the word "ILLUSTRATION." Every story accepted for publication will be awarded a prize. Now, make this a bumper entry!

"Clues" Competition. No reader sent in a correct solution. The answers were—Ham, Paul, Cæsar, Luke, Peter (pea eater, vegetarian: this is where most stumbled!) and Mark. The prize-winners were:—Over 14—Olive Smith, Dungannon, Mrs Reid, Belfast: Under 14—David Smith, Felpham, Sussex; Fiona Bedford, North Tawton, Devon.

"Bible Soldiers":—14 years and over—prize winners—Molly Browne, Belfast; Douglas Hamilton, Lisburn; consolations—Janet Baxter, Armadale; Jackie Thomson, Randalstown, Joyce S. Laughtin, Kilbirnie. Under 14—Prize-winners—Derek Marshall, Carlisle; Bobbie Frew, Dungannon: Consolations—George Whittington, Crawford; Heather Southgate, Raleigh; Irene Watson, Uxbridge; Janet R. Campbell, Meikle Earnock; Jessie Lewis, Fermanagh; Wm. J. Main, Armadale; Iris Banks, Ratyleigh, Andrew Mathie, Hamilton.

Pen Pals Wanted

Jean Green (10) and Nancy Green (13), 55, New Dykes Rd. Prestwick, Ayrshire, want pen friends in Ireland, Australia or America. June Roberts (14), Day House, Tiderham, Cheltenham, Mon., wishes a correspond-

ent from Canada, where she was born. Thank you very much, June, for your long and interesting letter. I hope you got your book of recitations all right. Some time soon I hope to publish the poetry you sent along.

A Father's Thanks

A father of a prize-winner writes;—"I want to add a line to my boy's inadequate thanks for the prize so kindly sent him. As a Christian parent I do appreciate such encouragement to search the Scriptures given to my children. . . We like your little magazine and give them out in the Sunday School quite as much for the parents' sake

as the children's, and any copies left over are always very gladly taken and read by the old ladies in hospital. May the Lord bless and help you in the ministry and give you encouragement as you sow the seed, so often without knowing the result."

We appreciate the co-operation and prayers of parents and teachers.

The Sin-bearing Lamb

(by PAUL GERHARDT).

Forth goes a dear devoted Lamb
And dies an expiation,
For sinners all, of every name,
Of every age and nation—
Forlorn and faint, behold He gains
The scene of more than earthly pains,
"Give me," He says. "the wreath of thorn,
No earthly good possessing:
The Stripes, the curse, the Cross of scorn,
That men may have the blessing."

This Lamb's the sinner's Friend to whom
The God we had offended,
Transferred in love the deadly doom
Which o'er our souls impended.
"My Son," said He, "go take the place
Of these lost sons of Adam's race,
Beneath the curse they languish:
Through dire the doom, Thou canst, Thy wilt,
Die, to redeem them from their guilt,
'Mid shame and bitter anguish."

"My Father," saidst Thou from the heart,
'I'll bear it in full measure:
My will hangs on Thy word, my part
Is to fulfil Thy pleasure."
O Love, what trophies hast Thou won!
From God's own arms to draw God's Son,
Ah, new and matchless wonder!
Yea, and to draw Him to the tomb
Whose presence wrapped the sun in gloom
And cleft the rocks asunder.

AN INFIDEL'S END.

The French nurse who was present at the death-bed of Voltaire, being asked to attend an Englishman whose case was critical, said,—“Is he Christian?” “Yes,” was the reply, “he is a Christian in the highest and best sense of the term— a man who lives in the fear of God. But why do you ask?”

“Sir,” she answered, “I was the nurse who attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die.”

OUR MONTHLY CHORUS—No. 103.

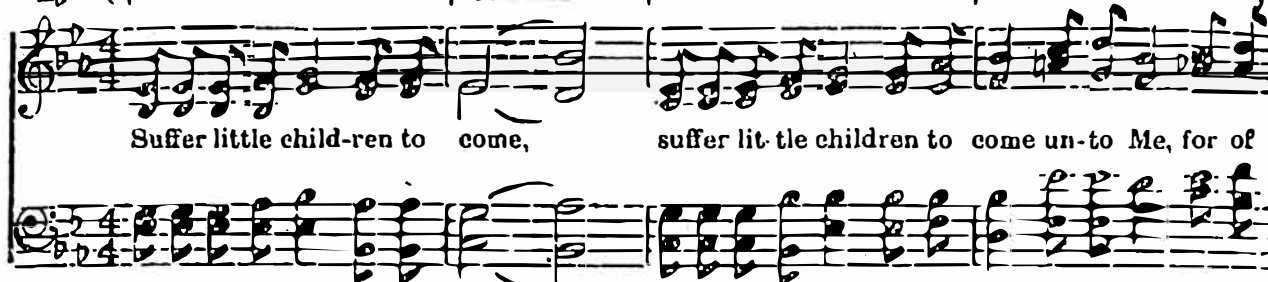
Suffer Little Children

ST. LUKE xviii. 16.

R.J.E.B

KEY
E♭

{ d d : d . r : m : r . r | d : — | s : — | d d : d . r | m : m . f | s : l . t | s : l . t }



{ d' : t . d' | l : s . s | m . m : r | d : d . m | s : f . f | m . m : r | d : — | — : — ||



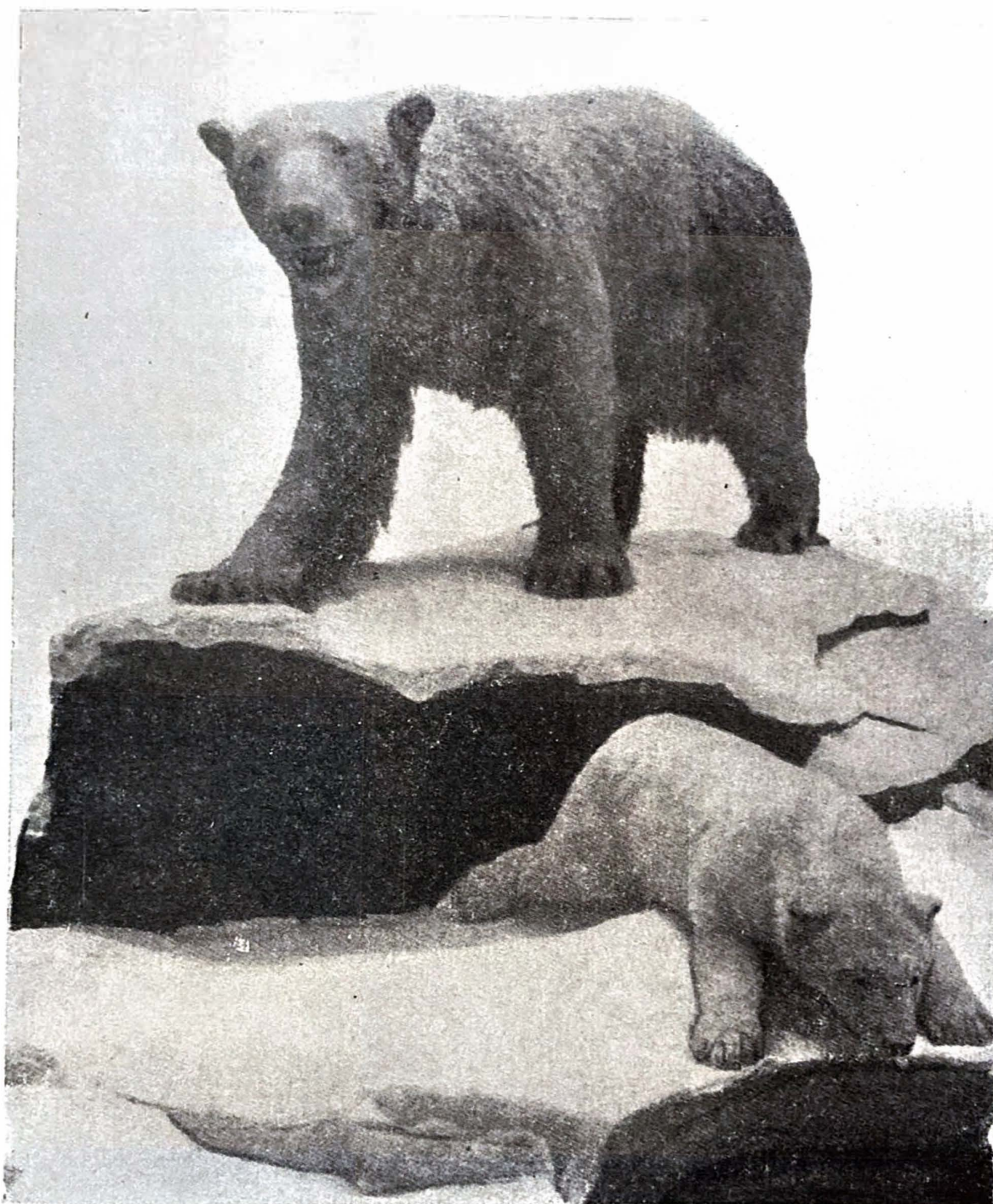
WHAT IS FAITH?

A SCEPTICAL doctor said to his Christian patient, "I could never understand your saving faith. I believe in God, and I suppose I believe in Jesus Christ—I am not conscious of any doubts, I believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and I believe in the Bible, yet I am not saved. What is the matter with me?"

"Well," said the patient, "a week ago I believed in you as a very skilful physician, I believed that if I should get sick and put myself in your hands I should be healed. In other words, I trusted you. For two days now I have been taking some mysterious stuff out of a bottle. I don't know what it is. I don't understand it, but I am trusting you. Now, whenever you turn to the Lord Jesus Christ and say, "Lord Jesus, Christianity seems to me to be full of mysteries I do not understand them, but I believe Thou art trustworthy and I trust Thee: I commit myself to Thee and that is faith. A very simple thing, is it not?"

The faith of the patient did not heal him; it was the remedy that healed him; but the faith took the remedy.

C. I. Scofield.



See Article—
"POLAR BEARS."



See Article—
"LOST"

Jesus Loved Me

Jesus loved me, loved me so ,
Died for me His love to show;
Suffered on the cruel tree
That I might soon His glory see.

I will trust, and love Him too,
Seek His holy will to do;
Tell the story of His love
Till I see His face above.

LOST

WHEN Ruth was about 10 years old, she was left to look after her little sister, Betty, while her parents went berry-picking at the other side of the valley.

They were not very far away, but they were out of sight of the house, and Ruth was not too happy about it when, on looking out of a window, she saw a party of gypsies in caravans drawing up outside.

Shortly afterwards, a gypsy woman in bright-coloured clothing, came to the door. She had a gallon pail which she asked Ruth to fill with water. Ruth's hand shook as she handed it back.

"Be not afraid, me won't hurt nobody," said the gypsy. "We all very thirsty."

When she returned for another pail of water, the woman handed an apple to Ruth, and smiled as she said: "God bless you, child."

As the gypsies drove away, Ruth remembered that the Bible said something about giving a cup of cold water in His Name, and she felt happy.

But now, where was Betty? Ruth ran here and there crying: "Betty, Betty, where are you?" There was no reply, and Ruth began to wonder if the gypsies had taken her.

When her parents arrived home and heard Ruth calling for Betty, and thought of the gypsy caravans which had passed them on the way, a chill seemed to settle on them.

"Try to think hard," said Father, "where and when you saw Betty last."

"I have done all I can to find her," Ruth cried. "Now we must depend on God."

Her father walked into the bedroom, wondering what to do next. To his surprise, he saw Betty, sleeping in her own bed.

"Betty is found," he called.

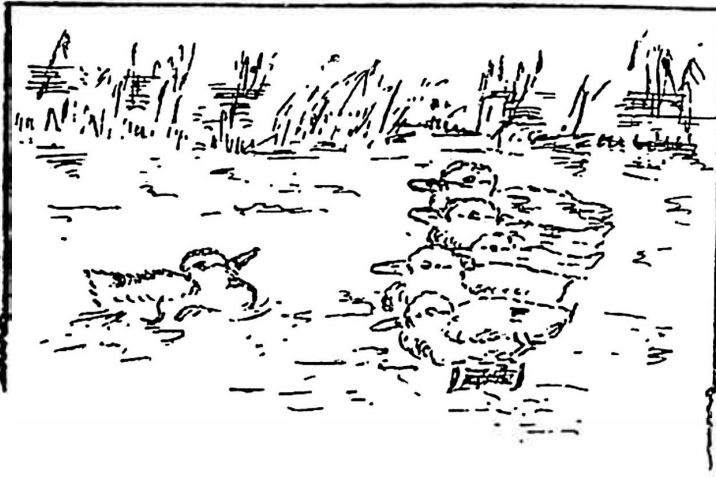
"Thank God," said mother, hurrying in.

You can guess what rejoicing there was in that home then. Doesn't it remind us of the rejoicing which takes place in heaven when a soul comes Home to Jesus? O what rejoicing over one sinner that repents. "For this My son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

The Determined Duckling

ONE fine day in early summer, we were taking a walk round by the edge of a pond, when we saw a rather amusing sight. Some boys were sailing their boats on the pond, and three ducklings, like small balls of fluff, had clambered on to the deck of one of the boats, and seemed to be enjoying the sail.

Some friends mentioned that they had seen the same family of ducklings, five of them, perched on top of a rubber tyre which was just showing above the water. Another duckling came along and tried first at one end of the line, and then at the other to get a footing, but the ducklings refused to be moved from their places.



Then the small aggressor, with a glint in his eye which meant business, pushed and 'elbowed' his way into the centre of the line, with the result that the duckling at either end fell into the water.

We take a lesson from the determined duckling. That is, when

we have a good cause, to strive with all our might for what is right in spite of all that would hinder and hamper us. The Lord Jesus gives grace and strength to His own blood-bought children, and helps us to overcome in every time of trial. If you belong to Him, may you seek to confess Him before men. Be determined with His help to "fight the good fight of faith; and to lay hold on eternal life."

An Eye-gate Lesson: Denying or Confessing Christ

THE blind man we read of in John, chapter 9—confessed that he believed in Christ, the Son of God. "Lord," he said, "I believe," and he worshipped Him. He knew that Christ had given sight to his blind eyes, and nothing could alter that fact, no matter what others might say. So the believer can say: "I KNOW in Whom I have believed, for once I was blind but now I see."

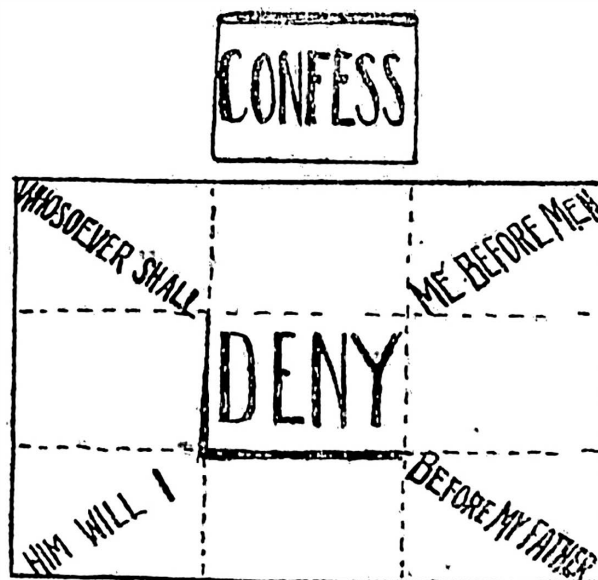
Many Samaritans believed in Him, and confessed Him openly as the Saviour of the world (John 4—). They had heard of Him through the woman who met the Lord at the well, and, through her confession of faith, these others were led to the Lord, also. This shows how important it is to witness a good confession.

Peter made a good confession when he said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matt. 16 —).

A number of the chief rulers believed in Him, but they did not confess Him. They denied Him because they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God (John 12 —). They who deny the Lord Who bought them, bring sorrow to themselves.

When Pilate would have released the Lord Jesus, the crowd denied the Holy One, and demanded a murderer to be set free, instead (Acts 3 —).

The Lord has said that they who confess Him openly, He will confess before His Father in heaven (Matt. 10 —).



On the model, a flap bearing the word DENY is stuck by its upper edge over the word Confess. To begin the lesson, the word CONFESS only is shown, the other parts being brought forward as the message is given.

Write the six passages and send to the Editor. Three prizes.

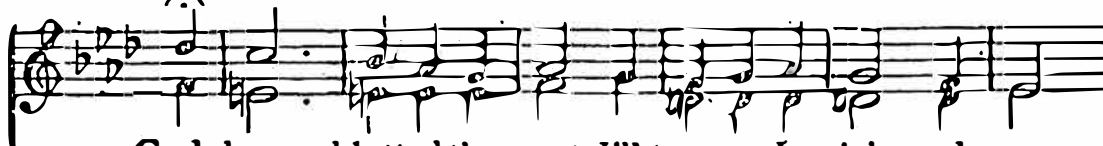
The Blotting Out Chorus.

< : s, | d : - : - | t, : d : r | d : - : s, | l, : t, : d | t, : - : r | d : - : - >



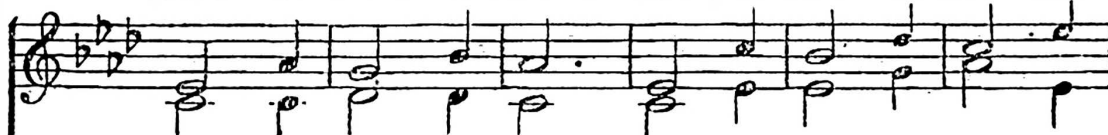
God has blotted them out, I'm happy and glad and free,

< : f | m : - : - | r : d : t, | d : - : t, | l, : t, : d | t, : - : l, | s, : - : - >



God has blotted them out, I'll turn to I-saiah and see,

< | s, : - : d | t : - : r | d : - : - | s, : - : m | r : - : f | m : - : s >



Chap-ter for - ty four, Twen-ty two and three; He's

< | s : f : m | f : - : f | f : m : r | m : - : d | r : - : - | t, : - : - | d : - : - ||



blotted them out, and now I can shout, for that means me.

Reader of L.O.T.

Let Jesus be your PILOT.

L-O-T-T-I-T-E,

As you sail o'er life's rough sea,

Take the Lord where e'er you be

As your P-I-L-O-T.

The Last Book

THIS reply was sent by H. M. Stanley the famous explorer in reply to a question after one of his journeys in Africa.

“You ask me what books I carried with me across Africa. I carried a great many—3 carrier loads or about 180 lbs weight; but as my men lessened in number, stricken by famine, fighting and sickness, one by one they were all reluctantly thrown away, until finally, when less than 300 miles from the Atlantic, I possessed only the Bible, Shakespeare, Carlyles’ Sartor Resartus, Norries Navigation and a Nautical Almanac. Poor Shakespeare soon went and at Boma, Carlyle, Norrie and the Nautical Almanac were pitched away and I had only the Bible left.”

From the Life story of H. M. Stanley.

Missing Words

Find the missing words in the following scriptures, and send in answers before December 20th.,

“— thy heart — with all —.”

“If any — thirst let — come — Me —.”

“He shall — their cause.”

Magazine. Page for November.



Dear Lottites,

I picked up an old book the other day. It was a book of road maps, showing the best cycling and hiking roads in all districts in this country. On the fly-leaf, I recognized the handwriting of a friend. This is what he had written:

Can you tell me the way to Heaven?

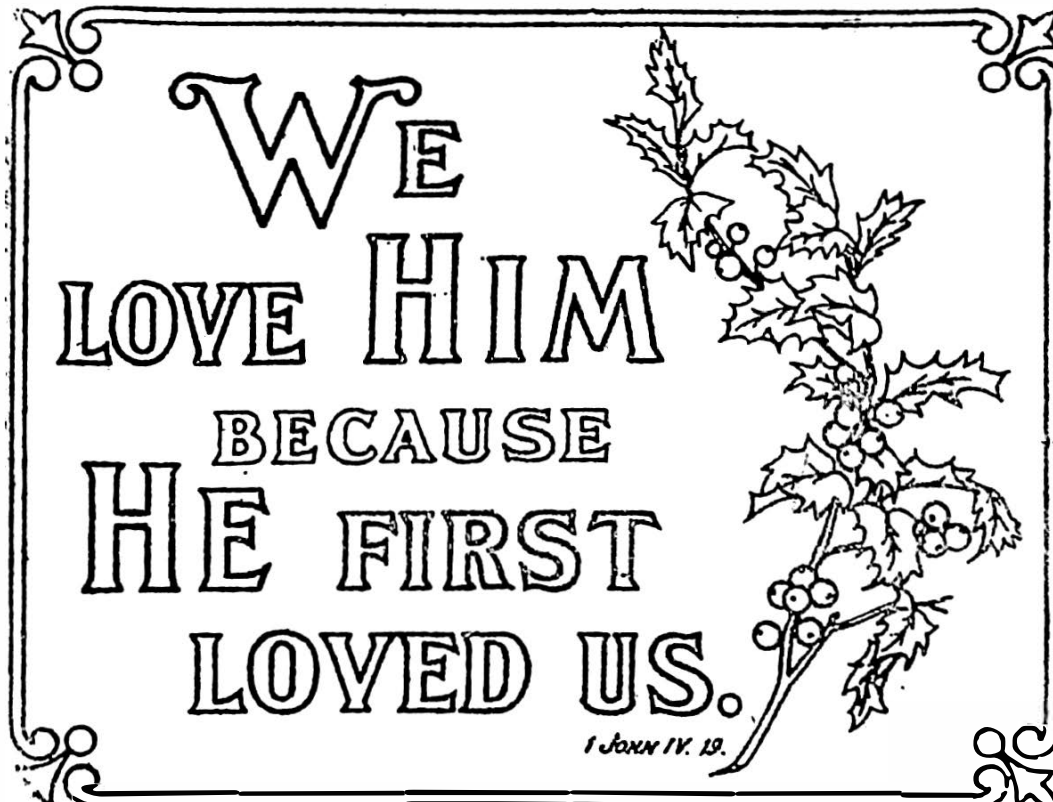
Jesus said: "I am the Way." John 14. 6.

If it is important to know the best way to get to certain places here, how much more important it is to be sure that we are on the right road for Heaven. There is only One Way—and that is by the way of the Cross of Calvary. Jesus said: "I am The Way . . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."

Your Friend,

THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 667.



All competitions must reach the Editor by 20th December.
Give name, address, and age.

Turn Back

SOME time ago, when on holiday, mother and I were walking back to Rhyl. We had gone about half a mile when I said: "I feel somehow we are on the wrong road." "I hope not," said mother. On looking back, we saw a lady coming along, and mother asked her: "Are we on the right road for Rhyl?" "No," she replied, "this road goes to Prestatyn. You'll have to go back to the cross-roads and take the road that inclines to the left." "Cannot we cut across somewhere?" "No, you'll have to turn back." Mother and I turned back, reached the cross-roads, and at last, having got on the right road, reached Rhyl, where we were spending our holiday.

God, through His Word, calls you to turn back: "flee from the wrath to come." Remember, there is no way across, you'll have to turn back and be born again. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 5.). Being "born again" is turning your back on all known sin and giving yourself completely to God and His service, believing you are a sinner and that Jesus died for *you*. For God so loved *you* that He gave His only begotten Son, that if *you* believe on Him *you* shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

May you accept the sinner's Saviour and be saved.

E. T.

POINTS FROM PROVERBS

"He does not believe who does not live according to his belief."

THE LORD JESUS, while He was here among men, spoke as never man spake. From His lips fell words of wisdom, rebuke and counsel. He spoke, as it were, as the mouthpiece of God,

Most have heard, at least, of the Sermon on the Mount, full of condensed and dignified wisdom. When Jesus was speaking to the people on that occasion He said, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

Is this not just the same as the proverb we have chosen—"He does not believe who does not live according to his belief."

You have heard, no doubt, of some people being referred to as hypocrites. That is, they pretend to be what they are not: people with a mask. Unmasked their true character is revealed. In the same way there are those who say they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet their lives in many ways deny His teachings. Therefore, according to the proverb, they do not believe.

If you care to read Acts 16 you will get a forceful illustration of the truth of this proverb. The story tells of the conversion of the Philippian

jailor. In that dread midnight hour, when the foundation of the prison shook, he cried out—"What must I do to be saved?" Back came the answer from the lips of the Apostle Paul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

The jailor believed, and he lived according to his belief. He showed kindness to his former enemies; washed their wounds, and hospitably entertained them. He had become a Christian (a Christ one), and acted like his Master; who went about continually doing good. Take time to examine your own heart now. You say you believe! Are you living according to your belief? To put it more pointedly—You say you are a Christian! If so, do you live as a Christian? Do you speak like one? Do you act like one? Perhaps, after all, you are nothing more than a painted hypocrite. Search yourself well, for these are matters which go beyond time—they have to do with eternity. Make sure you really belong to Christ, and that the whole business up to now has been nothing more than a grand pretence. Remember, "the Lord knoweth them that are His." You may delude others, but you cannot delude Him.

THE RUINS OF POMPEII

IN the year A.D. 79 the giant volcano, Vesuvius, awoke from its centuries of slumber and began pouring forth a great column of cinders, pumice-stone and ashes. A dense black cloud shot up to a great height and overspread the heavens. It blew rapidly toward the great city of Pompeii, on the Bay of Naples, and there descended upon the doomed city a hail of pumice and volcanic ash.

For three days the terrible rain of fire continued; about 2,000 persons perished out of a population of 20,000. When the darkness lifted on the third day Pompeii lay buried under 8 to 10 feet of pumice and 6 or 7 feet of volcanic ash. So great was the alteration of the sea-coast that the site of the town now lies nearly two miles inland.

Under this blanket of death the city remained buried and gradually forgotten for nearly 1,700 years. In 1748 a peasant came across traces of it beneath the vineyards. Since then the city has been gradually dug out, bit by bit, until now its ruins tell us the story of Roman life as it is told nowhere else.

Down through the years thousands of tourists have visited

this ancient city of ruins. Perhaps few of the curious sight-seers have allowed the ruins to speak to them of eternal and spiritual things.

Let us learn this—nothing which our eyes look upon will abide for ever. The towering, snow-capped mountains, the fields of green, and the vast stretches of desert, shall pass away. All the wonderful things that the hand of man has made—the magnificent buildings, the beautiful gardens, the breath-taking inventions—shall one day be no more.

“Heaven and earth shall pass away,” said the Lord Jesus, “but My word shall not pass away.” How much heed, then we should pay to the words of Christ, which are not only words of life, but words of warning.

One great spiritual lesson can be learned from the ruins of Pompeii. What is it? That man is ruined—ruined by sin! (Read Genesis 3 and Romans 3). Remember this too, that a ruin reminds us that workmanship has been wasted. How perfect Pompeii once was in the eyes of man! And how perfect man was in the eyes of God when He created Him!

Ruined man may be re-constructed, just as ruined buildings can be. But re-construct-

ed, by social improvements or personal righteousness does not make man "new:" it only patches up the ruin. What then is to be done? for man in his ruined state is not fit for the presence of God. What is needed is the "new birth" which makes the ruined sinner

"a new creature in Christ Jesus" (2 Cor. 5).

I will close this short article to you by asking you always to remember the "three R's"—*Ruin* by the fall; *Redemption* by the blood; *Regeneration* by the Holy Spirit.

THE EDITOR.

"THE HAMMER IN HAND."

THIS was the name of an inn I noticed near Watford, in Hertfordshire. The sign was an arm with the hand holding a hammer in the act of striking.

A hammer speaks of at least two things: *breaking* and *making*. In Jeremiah 23 (you might find the verse yourself) the Word of God is compared to a hammer that breaks the rock in pieces. Have you felt the power of the Gospel message? Has it broken down your stubborn will, and made you anxious to receive the Lord Jesus? Only those who submit to God can truly trust the Saviour.

And the hammer speaks of making. The hammer and the sickle are the symbols of the present Russian Government, the sickle standing for agriculture, and the hammer for industry. The "knight of the hammer" is another name for the blacksmith.

In the Book of Proverbs and

many other places in the Bible we are warned against laziness and encouraged to be industrious. We may not realise it, but work is a great blessing, and those who have nothing to do but amuse themselves are generally unhappy people.

Many things in life we can never get unless we work for them. But we can never obtain salvation and the forgiveness of our sins by working for them. "It is not try but trust." The moment you receive the Lord Jesus He receives you, and gives you pardon, a new life and a new start. You then belong to Christ, you are Christ's one, you are a Christian. The more He controls you the more free and strong you will be, and the more keen to live the life that is really worth while. And so He will *make* you what He desires you to be.

Fix it now, and say: "Lord Jesus, take me as I am, and make me the best that I can be."
E. A.

Talks to Young Christians

SOWING

IN two previous articles we have had something to say of "Knowing" and "Growing." Now we will consider another "rhyming" word—"Sowing."

One of the laws of Nature is—that we reap what we sow. If the farmer sows turnip seed he reaps turnips, and he would be greatly surprised if carrots should appear.

What is true in the natural realm is likewise true in the spiritual. In Galatians chapter 6, verse 7, the Apostle Paul writes, "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." The harvest is certain, although it may seem a long time in coming. It is therefore wise that we pay attention to the seed we sow. In other words, we should be careful of what we say and what we do. A very wise man wrote—"Sow an act, reap a habit, sow a habit, reap a character, sow a character, reap a destiny."

Judas Iscariot proves the truth of this. So have countless numbers since his day. See to it, then, that you sow good habits, for surely you shall reap a beautiful character.

Let us think of sowing in another way. When you speak a word for Jesus you are sowing "good seed." And you must remember that yours is the responsibility and privilege to sow the seed; the harvest is in God's hands. "Paul may plant, and Apollos water; but it is God who giveth the increase." We may never know the result of our sowing till the great "harvest home," and then sower and reaper will rejoice together.

Again, we must remember that the Bible exhorts us to "sow beside all waters" and at all times. Read Ecclesiastes chapter 11. You can sow the "good seed" anywhere and at anytime. In this respect the natural is different from the spiritual. Seedsman tell us on the packets of seed we buy for the garden what month the seed should be sown if we are to expect results. God, however, would have us to scatter the seed of the Kingdom every day—in spring, summer, autumn and winter. What you are reading now is seed sown in the month of November. It would still be the same seed and would have an equal chance

of bearing fruit if it had been sown in the sunny month of July.

"So, sow, sow, for fruit will surely grow." Then, another thing—and a very important thing—that you must remember is that "he that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." If you put a single seed in the garden you do not

expect a dozen plants to grow. One seed gives one plant. If you want to have a bountiful harvest you must broadcast your seed with a lavish and liberal hand. Your good deeds and kind words must be many; then indeed you will have a bountiful harvest. And remember again—it is yours to sow: it is God's to give the harvest in His own good time.



THANKFULNESS

I thank Thee, God, that I have health
To work and play and roam at will,
For there are many sick and bound
Who would be glad my shoes to fill.

I thank Thee for a home intact,
Where I can sit in quiet and peace;
For many look on crumbled walls
And long for war's alarms to cease.

I thank Thee for the food and drink
And clothes my nakedness to hide;
Millions would think they were as kings
If they could dine close by my side.

I thank Thee, too, for peaceful rest,
For sleep refreshing, calm and sweet;
How many have disturbed repose
And know not touch of quilt and sheet.

How ready we are to complain,
To long for things we haven't got;
Yet if we counted things we have
We'd be contented with our lot.

J. S. B.

There are Times when All Pray

THESE are the words of the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain. This is the story of a young man who prayed in a time of great difficulty and danger.

Before the war this young man was employed in a shop in one of Scotland's cities. Employed in the same shop was a Christian young man, who was a faithful witness for his Master. He often spoke to the subject of our story concerning his soul's salvation, who somewhat resented these approaches.

The war came, and the young man joined the army. In due time he found himself at the evacuation of Dunkirk. He had to take to the water, and was in danger of drowning. In this his hour of danger there came back to his mind the days when he was pleaded with to take Christ as his Saviour. When he was bobbing about in the water he lifted his

heart to God. He promised that if God delivered him he would take the first opportunity given him of visiting his former shopmate, and ask him to point him to Christ.

God, in His mercy, delivered him, and true to his vow made under such strange circumstances, the young man visited his faithful friend. There, in a little back shop, with the traffic of a city thundering past, the faithful witness of Christ had the joy of leading his friend to the Saviour. It was a day of rejoicing for both.

The Apostle Paul reminded Titus that we are saved according to the mercy of God. It was God's mercy that gave that young man another chance. He is giving you another chance just now to accept Christ. Be careful lest you spurn that mercy. This may be your *last chance!*

"Come to the Saviour make no delay."

The Answer Comes—

Thine own heart's burden mention but in prayer.
And carry sunshine with thee everywhere;
The little duties do with all thine heart,
And from things sordid keep a mind apart.
Then sleep, dear heart, and take a welcomed rest;
In blessing others Thou thyself are blest.

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE

ONE of our poets described November as the "No" month no sun, no moon, no stars, etc. This month certainly has nothing very cheerful about it, and happy are they who carry the sunshine of God's salvation in their hearts. I like that verse of a hymn which says—
"There is never a day so dreary,
There is never a night so long;
But the soul that is trusting
Jesus
Will somewhere find a song."

Though all may be dark and dreary around you, "brighten the corner where you are" by showing forth the love of God as shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Spirit. And if you belong to those whom the dull dark days get "down," and who have no real joy in your heart, get into vital contact with Him who said, "I am the light of the world."

Since November usually brings with it much rain, we

will have a "RAIN" competition this month. Answer the following six questions:—1. What wind driveth away rain? 2. On what cities did God rain fire and brimstone? 3. What kind of rain "leaveth no food"? 4. Where do we read of people sitting in the street trembling because of "the great rain"? 5. What people kindled a fire "because of the present rain"? 6. What brook dried up because there had been no rain?

Give Bible references to all questions, and send your answers by the end of the month to—The Editor, "Young Watchman," Sturrock St., Kilmarnock. Give your age, name and address, and put on outside of your envelope—"RAIN." Remember this is a great help! Two prizes will be awarded in each class—under 14 years, and over 14 years. There will also be a number of consolations.



HE KNEW THE BAIT

WHEN an angler was asked why he could catch fish when others failed, he replied, "I know the right kind of bait

to give them." How like the devil! He chooses his bait carefully. Be on your guard lest he should "hook" you.

Learn this for Your Christmas Treat.

A Christmas Carol

OH, star of Bethlehem shining, up in the clear night sky,
Oh, lead us to the manger bed, where we can see Him lie;
And with His mother bending, His sweet head to caress,
We'll see the angels bending too, their tiny Lord to bless.

Oh, star of Bethlehem shining, the wise men follow thy ray,
They too would worship their little King, asleep upon the hay;
And with those wise men kneeling, their gifts to proffer there,
We'll give Him what He most desires, a heart of thankful prayer.

Oh, star of Bethlehem shining, the shepherds come to see
The little Babe the angels say has come their Lord to be.
And like those humble shepherds, we'll spread His name around,
And tell the world of the King of Kings, this night that we have
found.

Oh, star of Bethlehem shining, above the peaceful earth,
Light up the angels in the sky, who tell of Jesu's birth;
We'll join those angels singing, within thy beam so bright,
Oh glory! glory! glory! the King is born to-night.

JUNE C. ROBERTS.

COMPETITION RESULTS.

Flowers:—Under 14—Roy Page, Southampton; Winnie Gillespie, Greengains, By Airdrie. 14 and over—Winifred Dart, Crediton; Daniel Davies, Glamorgan. *Consolation awards*:—Under 14—David Smith, Felpham; James Catchpole, Boldon Colliery, Co. Durham; Mary Beardsley, South Kirkby; Betty Hagan, Ballymena; Lily Gillan, Martinstown; Bobbie Frew, Dungannon. 14 and over—Mary Rounsley, Crediton; Mary Cox, Misterton.

Seaside:—Under 14—William J. Main, Armadale; Roy Barker, Hounslow. 14 and over—Madge Melson, Rathfriland, Co. Down; Ena Goodman, Motherwell. *Consolation Awards*:—Helen Beattie, Tarbolton; Philip Harvey, Newlyn; David Mackay, Beaulieu; Jean Stenhouse, Armadale; Mary Kelso, Ballymoney; Jane Kernoham, Ballymena.

PEN PALS WANTED.

Mary Rounsley, Jubilee Bakery, Coldridge, Crediton, Devon, has written to a pen pal in Canada, but would like another from America or Scotland. Thanks for good wishes, Mary! Valerie Lewis (13), 34 Church Rd., Rumney, Cardiff, S. Wales, will write to anybody anywhere. Will you write to Valerie? Eileen Wilson (13), 2, Millview Terrace, Lisnamallard, Omagh, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland, will be glad of a correspondent from Canada, America, or Australia. Kathleen Morris (11½) and Vera Morris (8), 26 Woodside Way, Salfords, Nr. Redhill, Surrey, and Vivienne Johnson (12), 2 West Avenue, Salfords, Nr. Redhill, Surrey, want someone in America to write to them.

The Prince of Peace

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of Heaven;

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His' reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below.

Polar Bears

“SEE here, girls,” said father, showing them a picture, “What is the name of these creatures?”

“These are Polar bears,” they cried.

“Quite right. Now, as you know, Polar bears live among the ice-fields of the Arctic regions”—

“It must be very slippery walking there,” said one of the girls.

“Yes,” father answered; “but God has made hair grow on the underside of their feet so that the bears may obtain a good grip when walking on the ice. When they are young, the cubs have a funny habit of sucking their paws and gurgling with delight, just as baby does when he lies back sucking his thumb. The Polar bear is very fond of a seal for dinner, and on one occasion, an eskimo, who had gone to look at his nets, got a bad scare. He was bending over a net when he received a hearty pat on the back. Thinking it was one of his friends, he did not trouble to turn round until another blow made him stagger forward. On looking round, he was startled to see that his ‘friend’ was none other than an extra fierce and hungry-looking bear. Without wasting time in apologies, the animal tore a plump seal from the net and began his meal, while the man hurried off, afraid that the bear might reserve a corner for him when he was finished with the seal.”

“I think it is wonderful how God enables the bears to walk over such slippery places, Dad.”

“Yes; and it is grand to remember that He also keeps the feet of His children, so that they may not fall or stumble even in the most slippery places of life. No matter how difficult the way be, the Lord Jesus will enable us to win through, if we but trust Him, for He not only saves, He also keeps.”

R.G.M

The Best Gift of All

(The Son of God, Who loved me, and
gave Himself for me.—Gal. 2. 20).

I've got a lot of elephants,
And lions and woolly bears;
I've got some lovely furniture,
A table and some chairs.

I've got—O! such a lot of things,
You'd need to come and see
What all the kind folks round about
Keep sending in to me.

I sometimes think it must be God
Who puts it in their head
To send them to the little one
Who's lying sick in bed.

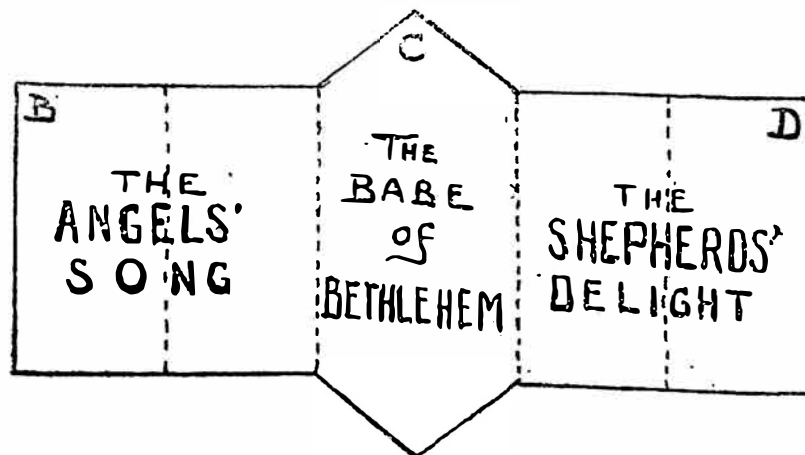
But O! my eyes will often fill
Till I can hardly see
My precious Book that tells of Him
Who gave Himself for me.

R.G.M.

An Eye Gate Lesson: The Babe of Bethlehem

OUR lesson this month deals with one of the greatest events in the long history of the human race—nothing less than the coming into our midst of God, the Son, Emmanuel, God with us. He might have come in anger, with the sword of judgment in His hand, because the people had taken their own way, away from God. Instead, He came forth with thoughts of love to all mankind. He came to save His people from their sins.

When He was born as a Babe in Bethlehem, the angel told the wondering shepherds who watched their flocks by night, the glad story of the Saviour, Christ the Lord, Who had come to proclaim "peace on earth, goodwill to men." The shepherds rejoiced; they glorified and worshipped God. Now we know that "God is Love," because He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.



In giving the lesson, parts C, B, D, A and E are dealt with in turn. C is shown first, and remarks are made on the birth of our Lord Jesus. Then B is brought forward, reminding us of the message of the angel. D is next shown, and recalls the joy of the shepherds on finding the Babe of Bethlehem. Behind B is a part marked A, on which are the words: "Glory to God in the highest." A part marked E is at the back of D, and bears the words: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

"For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."—Heb. 10. 4.

"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from ALL sin."—1 John. 1. 7.

When the Spirit of Jesus

J.A. KEY Ab { d :-:- | d :-:- | d :t₁ :l₁ | t₁ :-: d | m :-:- | r :-:- | d :-:- | l :-:- | m :-:- | m :-:- }

JOHN AITCHISON, Har. R.G.M.

When the Spi-rit of Je - sus dwells in me, From my

burden of sin He doth set me free; Guide me, Spi-rit of God, To own

Je-sus as Lord; Let the Spi-rit of Je-sus be fill - ing me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is A-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a double bar line.

A LITTLE girl was saved early in December, and got as her Christmas gift, a Bible, of which she says: "I read a portion every day, and find it very sweet." Yes; God Himself says, "sweeter than honey."

One little fellow, writing from the north of Scotland, says: "It was the happiest New Year I ever spent, just because it was the first that I ever spent with Jesus." May the dear boy go on to know the Lord and practise what he knows.

Charade

My first is in Babe, but not in child,
My second is in meek but not in mild;
My next is in the little word star,
My fourth is in Herod but not in 'Csar.
My fifth and sixth in angels are told,
My seventh in Myrrh, but not in gold;
My last two in manger where the Babe lay down,
My whole is the name of a well-beloved town.

Acrostic

One whom the Lord found washing his net.
A Garden o'er which a watch was set.
A Priest who had a miraculous rod.
A King who turned his back on God.
A Place where One for us was slain.
Whence He shall come for us again.

The Capitals tell us what to do
If we would know God's Word so true.
Write down the word in letters neat
And send it on to Sturrock Street.

Three nice prizes will be awarded in each Competition. Send before 20th January, to the Editor, 2 Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock, and give name, address, and age.

Magazine Page for December



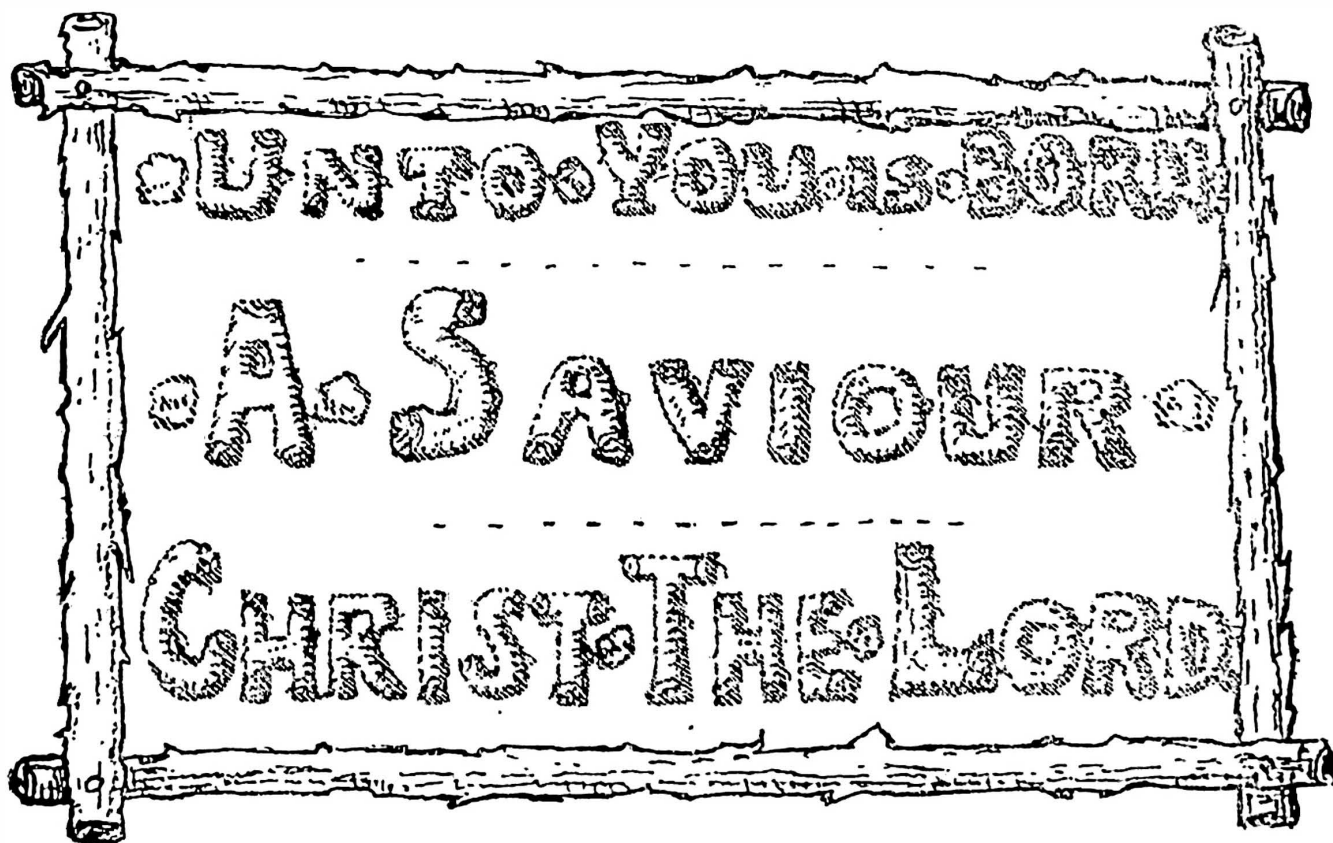
There is a most important Book we read of in God's Word. It is called the Lamb's Book of Life, and millions of names are recorded in it. Who are these people who are so honoured? Well, they are believers in the Lamb of God, and their robes have been made white in His precious Blood. They appear clean and pure in God's sight because their sins have been put away. Make sure that YOUR name is written in this wonderful Book ere the last moments of this year have passed away.

May God bless you, and make this indeed a happy Christmas-tide for you all.

Your Friend

THE EDITOR.

PAINTING COMPETITION No. 668.



How the year was Crowned

IT was the last Sunday evening of December, 1917, and the last day of the year save one. In every way the days were dark. Drear December was drearier still, for Street lamps were darkened, and every window was blinded in case a ray of light shone through. The news from France was not good, and everyone was dull.

In these circumstances, a Christian man gathered his family together, and repeated to them a verse which had been in his mind since early morning: "Thou 'crownest the year with Thy goodness." (Psalm 65. 11). When the others had left the room, his eldest girl, then in her 'teens, waited behind, and, throwing her arms round her father's neck, said: "Daddy, I want to tell you I am saved." Then followed her simple story. "A fortnight ago, when Mr Black was speaking, I saw all at once that Jesus had taken *my* place and died for *me*. That when He died on the Cross, He bore the punishment of *my* sins. I just believed it, and now I know that I am saved."

Then the parent understood why God had put the words of that old Psalm into his mind that morning, and he thanked Him Who can bring light into the darkest days, for surely God had crowned the year with His goodness.

The way of Salvation is as artless as this simple story. Simply accept God's gift of eternal life, and to you, this will be a year crowned with His goodness. J.H.

L. O. T. PRIZEWINNERS FOR AUGUST, 1944.

Dresser Crossword.—Rosemary Lidstone, Hemyock, Devon; Evelyn Peskett (13), 68 Malthouse-road, Crawley; Iris Ryland, Yardley Green, Birmingham 9.

Promises.—Fiona Bedford (12), Bidbeare, North Tawton, Devon; Audrey Mills (9), Hampden Park, Nr. Eastbourne, Sussex; David Stepina, New Westminster, B.C. Canada.

Messages from Proverbs.

"You may lead a horse to the water, but you can't make it drink."

A HORSE needs water to keep it alive, but it will not drink it unless it feels its need of it. The water may be of the best quality and the supply may be in abundance, but no power under the sun will make the horse take it against its will.

God's salvation is referred to in the New Testament as the "living water." The sinful woman at Sychar's well (John 4) came to draw water for her physical needs. Jesus told her that such water only quenched the thirst for a little while; that it needed to be taken again and again. The "living water" that He would give her would satisfy her for time and for eternity.

He offered her this "living water" (or salvation), but He did not make her take it. She had the option of receiving it or refusing it. The story suggests that, as a wise woman, she received it.

Now God has provided salvation for every person in the world. This He did by giving His Son to die for all. Because Jesus died for all, all can live. Everyone can be

saved, but everyone will not be saved. Why? Because everyone will not avail themselves of the salvation which God planned, and which Christ procured.

Jesus said Himself concerning certain people who lived in His day—"Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life." He wept over guilty Jerusalem because the inhabitants, in their blindness and folly, refused Him as their Messiah. He would have saved them all but they would have none of Him. "I would" He said, but "Ye would not." This was their condemnation. They locked their own prison gates.

Perhaps you are acting in the same way. God wills not the death of any, but that all should turn to Him and live. But He will not force eternal life upon you. Like the people in Joshua's day, you must make a choice. You will not be in heaven against your will, and you will not be in hell because it is God's will, for He willeth not the death of any, but that all should turn to Him and live. Choose ye, then this day whom you will serve. Make a wise choice. Choose Christ.

What MAKES the ENGINE GO?

TO-DAY the "iron horse" speeds along steel tracks laid on most countries of the world, drawing trains which carry people of every race and products of every land.

Trains cross mountains, dash through forests, roar through tunnels, and pass safely over bridges that are monuments of engineering skill.

The modern express came to us, in stages. There were long years of experiment, when men's hopes were raised high and then dashed to the ground.

First men made a queer road of wooden rails laid end to end for horse-drawn waggon that hauled coal from our mines. The tracks were raised above the level of the mud, fastened to the ground, and provided with flanges or ridges on the outer edges to prevent the wheels from slipping off the track, or "tramway." These were the first "rail" ways.

The credit for inventing the first moving steam-engine is given to Richard Trevethick. That was in 1804. "Puffing Billy," an engine used at the coal mines near Newcastle, came in 1813. It was, however, the "Rocket" built by George Stephenson in 1830, that was the true foundation of the mighty engines which we have to-day.

Since Stephenson's day great progress has been made. The "Rocket" weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons, while its tender weighed another 3 tons. On its trial this engine pulled two loaded carriages, weighing another $9\frac{1}{2}$ tons, at an average speed of 14 miles an hour.

To-day some railway engines weigh 400 tons, and can draw huge trains for long distances. The fastest trains on some parts of their journey travel at the amazing speed of 90 miles an hour. Before the inventive genius of man we stand and wonder.

But we must not forget one very important thing: an engine without steam is nothing more than an immense ornament, a huge complication of machinery that is powerless. The pistons, the cranks, the wheels and the hundred and one gadgets need something to set them in motion. They need STEAM. Steam puts life into the iron and the steel. Steam sends the mighty express thundering along the rails. It gives it power to climb mountains and rush through the valleys.

You will remember this won't you? And you will remember an important lesson which it teaches? I want you to compare yourself to an engine! You are "fearfully and wonderfully made." You have physi-

cal life, but yet you are "dead" to God (See Ephesians 2). Like the railway engine, you need "life" You need a power outwith yourself, and that power and that life can only come from one source. That source is the Lord Jesus Christ, for He is "the Life" (John 14).

Without this life and this power you are like the Pharisees of old, who were likened to sepulchres by the Lord Jesus. Or like those who have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof.

A wax model may *look* like the real thing. It lacks LIFE!

You may look like the real thing too; very like a Christian, but if you have never been "born again" you cannot have the life of which Jesus spoke to Nicodemus (John 3). Just a beautiful "engine," with no "steam!" You are powerless to overcome sin. You are powerless to give yourself life; but you can have this power and this life by accepting Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. Then you shall be an overcomer, because you will be linked to Him to whom all power has been given.

THE EDITOR.

MARJORIE'S ANSWERED PRAYER

It gives us great joy to print this true story by Miss Alice P. Allan, Edinburgh. She is one of the growing band of "Watchman" Pen Pals, and her striking article should serve as an encouragement to others of our young readers to cultivate true Christian friendship by correspondence and at the same time should stimulate a deeper faith in Him, the Faithful One Who cannot deny Himself.—THE EDITOR.

Marjorie's Answered Prayer

IT is more than seven years, since I first heard from a Canadian pen-friend named Marjorie Shipman. Her home was then, and still is, in

Ottawa; but the schoolgirl of seven years ago is now employed by the Royal Bank of Canada; and apparently Marjorie is a clever and trustworthy employee.

She was saved when a school-girl, and being musical, hymns appeal to her in a peculiar sense, and have always done so; I presume. Besides being very proficient in music, Marjorie has received a diploma from the Moody Bible Institute.

Here is an extract for her last letter to me, proving that God has been and is—a *Reality* to this dear girl:—

"I must tell you about my

visit to Montreal, a few weeks ago. Six of us were sent down to audit the work done by our agency there. We stayed at the Mount Royal Hotel (a so-called exclusive hotel) and had all our expenses paid, for over a week.

"We slept two in a room. Well, I had a horrible time at first, as I was the *only* one who didn't drink . . . Montreal is a very wicked city, really it is . . . Well, there I was—and I didn't know anyone.

"Then I remembered the name of a girl I had met several years ago—a Christian girl,—Marg Berry. I didn't have any idea of her address, and there were 35 Berrys in the 'phone book. Well, after several unsuccessful attempts to contact her, I gave up. I was getting rather desperate though.

"So I prayed that somehow the Lord would let me get in touch with her. That was Wednesday night (our fourth day there). Thursday at noon we were to have lunch at the Ottawa Club, but because of some misunderstanding there were no reservations made. So we decided to just run into Murray's. We had to sit at different tables. Well, I guess you know what happened. The

waitress put me at a table with Marg Berry.

"Wasn't that wonderful? And then some people are sceptical about prayer!"

"From then on I enjoyed myself. I attended Marg's Brethren meetings, an S.A.C.A. get-together, and a very lively, inspiring meeting of the Fireside Fellowship . . ."

"A verse that has come to mean a lot to me is one in Isaiah 41: 13—'For I the Lord God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, "Fear not; I will help thee!"

"Verses of Scripture and hymns seem to mean so much more to me lately. There is a hymn which I just learned recently, but one which is sung a lot in England:—

"Oh the deep, deep love of
Jesus) (free;
Vast, unmeasured, boundless,
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fulness over me."

". . . The music and the words seem to reach deep into my soul. I seem to be rejoicing in that love more than ever before," etc.

Marjorie's letter is too long to be given in full; but she says that the Montreal experience gave her "a fresh glimpse of *Himself*." A.P.A.

Do something for Jesus

Verse sent in by Doreen Oliver, Dunstable.

Do something for Jesus; He did all for you;
Your joy find in service His sweet will to do:
So seeking to please Him through life day by day,
His presence shall gladden each step of your way.

Talks to Young Christians

GLOWING

JESUS told His disciples that they were the light of the world. Paul exhorted the Christians at Philippi to shine as lights in the world.

There are many things we would like to do for God. Go to a foreign country and preach the Gospel. Give away thousands of pounds to spread the story of the love of God. Sing with such sweetness and sincerity that thousands would be drawn to the dear Redeemer. We would like to do these things and many others, but we feel we are unable.

Let us not despair. There is one thing we can all do, and if we all do it well our influence upon the world will be great. We can all shine—or glow—for Jesus. You can glow in the school. You can glow in the home. You can glow anywhere and everywhere.

Probably you can glow best by doing something in the Name, and for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven."

You have to glow "before men." This is a world of darkness in which we live, so that even the faintest glow can be

seen. You are glowing when you speak a kind word, when you do a loving deed. You are letting your light shine when you do an unpleasant task cheerfully; when you "dare to be a Daniel" and to be true to God's word and your own conscience.

"Perhaps you were not born to be
Of great estate or high degree;
To reach the pinnacle of fame,
Or bear a world-renowned name:
Yet there is something you can do
To prove yourself a helper true;
It's little deeds kindly performed
That makes the world a place
transformed."

Also link your glowing with glory: not your own glory, of course, but the glory of God. Some men seek to shine in the world so that they may receive the praise of men. You are not to be like that. You are to glow for God. People will believe you are a Christian not because of what you say, but because of what you are, when they see you doing "good works" they will think of the Lord of whom you seek to serve, and who "went about continually doing good."

In the new year which we are about to enter—

Glow, glow, glow
In this world below;
Let your light shine bright each day
As you walk the narrow way:
God will see you as you shine,
And will give you strength divine—
So glow, glow, glow
Everywhere you go.

A PAGE FOR EVERYONE!

THIS is the last issue for another year. We raise our Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Confidently we say He will continue to help us, if we seek His glory.

It is difficult for us in days of uncertainty to lay down any definite programme for 1945. We do not know what restrictions may yet be enforced, but we long for the day when we will be able to make "The Young Watchman" assume the pre-war size. Then we will be able to include features which we are unable to do now. Nevertheless we are glad that our little magazine in its abbreviated form still goes to "the ends of the earth," carrying to boys and girls in many climes the message of salvation and encouragement to pursue the Christian pathway to the glory of God.

We are glad, too, for the helpful co-operation of many who pray for us. Will they continue in prayer?" We appreciate the help of those who have sent us articles, poems and other useful contributions. They are "workers together" with us, and we look for a continuance of their kindly help.

To the many boys and girls—and grown-ups too—who try our competitions we extend a

hearty "Thank you." To those who have not yet won a prize we would say—don't be downhearted: you just never know when your name will appear in the prize-list.

Then, of course, we cannot miss out those who have sent us along encouraging letters, telling us how they have been blessed and helped by reading the monthly messages. And what joy we have had in hearing of real conversions! This has proved that our labour has not been in vain. May 1945 see many more conversions—and many more happy letters!

May the blessing of God rest upon all who read these pages!

Now for your competition. This is the last month of the year, so we will call our competition "LAST THINGS." Answer the following questions:—1. Who said her brother would be raised at the last day? 2. What did Jesus say on the last day of the feast? 3. What was the last thing that Stephen did? 4. What were the last words that Jesus said on the Cross? 5. What great event is associated with the last trump? 6. Who wished his last end to be like that of the righteous? There will be **FOUR PRIZES**—two for those under 14 years and two for those over 14 years. A number of consolation prizes

will also be awarded. Send of the month. Give your age
your attempt to—The Editor, name and address, and on the
“Young Watchman,” Sturrock outside of envelope write—
Street., Kilmarnock, by the end “LAST THINGS.”

I KNOW!

I know that Jesus died
Upon the Cross for me,
That He was crucified,
That I might one day be
At Home with Him in that bright land;
Such love I cannot understand.

I know that Jesus lives
In that fair home on high,
I know that He forgives,
Because He came to die,
And if you come to Him today,
He will not turn from you away.

I know that one glad day,
My Lord will call for me,
And take me right away,
His lovely Home to see,
But only those may enter in,
Whose hearts are washed from every sin.

Naomi Corke.

THE FAULTLESS

No one is faultless, though there be
Some who walk almost perfectly;
The best have flaw or little sin
That's seen without, or lurks within.
So if we're prone to cast a stone
Let's think of faults that are our own,
Perhaps we'll then more sparing be
And clothe our words in charity.
In heaven only are the saints
Who have no flaws, or faults, or taints.

J.S.B.

There's NO Book Like the BIBLE

Tune: "Stand Up For Jesus."

This hymn, composed by two American evangelists—one recently called home—is intended to impress upon the minds of children and young people the value and preciousness of God's Word. It also teaches them how necessary it is to be saved *NOW*.

There's no book like the Bible
God's precious Word of Truth;
The comfort of the aged,
The guide and guard of youth.

Chorus:

We won't give up the Bible
As others say we should;
For they have never found us
Another half so good.

There's no book like the Bible
It shows the past so well;
Makes known God's present
purpose,
And doth the future tell.

There's no book like the Bible
Without it we are lost;
It tells how Christ redeemed us
At such tremendous cost.

There's no book like the Bible
It paints the sinner's doom;
O come and trust the Saviour,
Today, while yet there's room.

C. G. D. and H. K.

DISCOVERERS

Balboa discovered the Pacific, Livingstone discovered Lake Ngami, Röntgen discovered X-Rays, Sir Alexander Fleming discovered Penicillin. The greatest discovery that anyone can make is that they are a lost sinner and that Christ is the sinner's Saviour.