ROYAL BANNER.

A Volume of True & Stirring Gospel Narratives.

For Old and Young.



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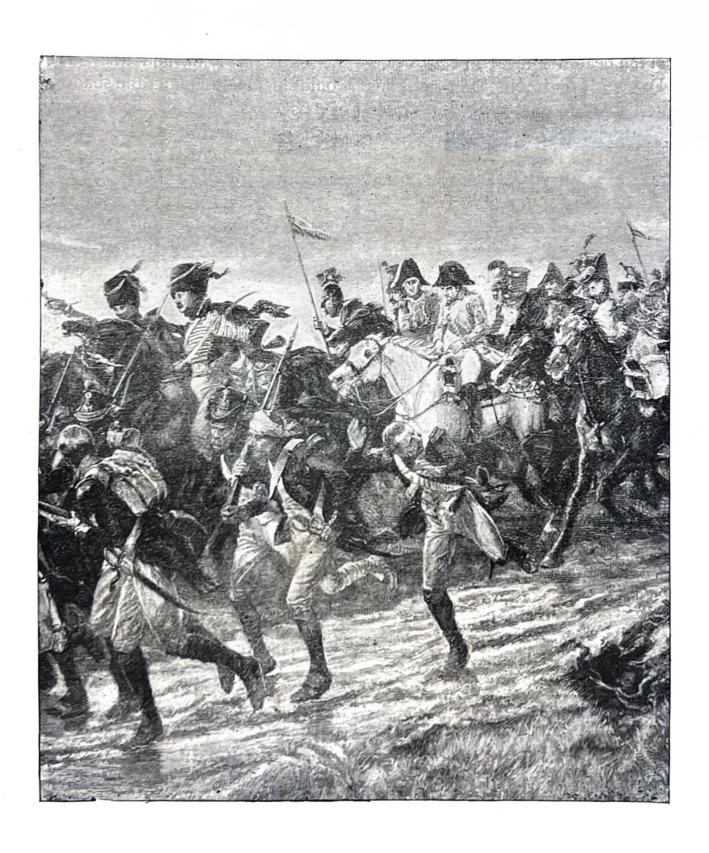
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FRONTISPIECE.



A HIGHLAND PIPE BAND.

THE FLIGHT OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY.



THE FLIGHT OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY;

Or, THE TYROLESE PEASANTS' SONG OF VICTORY.

T was an anxious time among the dwellers among the hills of the beautiful Tyrol on New Year's Day of 1799. Napoleon and his armies were marching across the Continent, ravaging quiet villages and carrying devastation and death wherever they went. The usual celebrations of that New Year's Day were mingled with fear, for without an hour's warning, the hosts of the enemy might swoop down upon these undefended peasants like beasts of prey. Months of suspense and dread followed, for the unarmed dwellers of these lone regions knew too well that they were no match for the armoured ranks of the great Napoleon, just as the sinner knows he cannot meet in battle the great destroyer—the last great enemy— Death. Need we wonder he is troubled, alarmed, anxious, as he knows of his stealthy advance? Surely it would be folly, yea madness, to laugh and be merry with the unsheathed sword ready to strike! Much more so for a Christless unsaved sinner to sport away life's last hours on the brink of eternal judgment—the doom of the ungodly. But these months of suspense were not spent by all either in hopeless dread or indifference.

mountain regions knew the God of Jacob as their help. They had put their trust in Him, and knew He would shield them under the shadow of His wing; that no shaft would reach them, until the God whose love they had learned to trust would permit it.

As the Easter morning sun arose and gilded the blue hills, the inhabitants of Feldkirch were startled with the news that over twelve thousand soldiers carrying glittering weapons, were just outside the town preparing to attack. The magistrates of the little town came together to consult what was to be done. Some advised one form of defence, some another; others prepared to flee for their lives. A venerable old Gospeller, who in days of peace had preached Christ and His great redemption to them, stood up in the midst of the agitated assembly and quietly said: "My friends and brethren, do not forget that this is Easter day, the memorial of the triumph of our Redeemer. Let us assemble to praise His blessed Name as we have been wont to do on this day, and leave our enemies in the hands of God. He is well able to defend us, and scatter them, as He has done for our fathers." While Some of the Tyrolese in these the note of praise was struck, "The

Lord is risen, praise His Name," the bells in the quaint old tower rang out a merry peal, and the wind carried the sound to the posts of Napoleon's army encamped around the defenceless town.

General Massena himself heard the sound, and was startled. "The Austrians have come to relieve them and will fight against us," he said, as the bells pealed out their silvery sounds on the morning air. Orders were given to break up the camp and march, and ere the bells had ceased, not a vestige of Napoleon's army remained within sight of Feld-That call to remembrance of the triumph of Christ over death and the grave; that song of victory wrought by the death of the Son of God upon the cross, when He put sin away from before God's face, and on the third, the appointed day arose, a conquerer over Satan, the

prince of death, bringing life and eternal glory to all who trust Him; that event which is the seal of Satan's doom, the sign that redemption has been secured, the pledge of eternal glory, laid hold of by faith, gave these simple peasants deliverance from the power of the great army of France that day, long ago. And if you grasp it by faith, and lean the weight of your sinful soul upon it, even upon the death and resurrection of Christ, you will be set free by the power of God from the dominion of sin, the assaults of Satan, and the dread of death and judgment. For the Word of the Lord is sure and clear—"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" (John v. 24). Can you joyfully say that this life is yours?

"JUST LIKE THE SCAPEGOAT."

In my class there are four boys who have all been truly converted, and



are living bright and happy Christian lives. The first of the four was led to the

Saviour during our lesson one afternoon. Our subject was "The Scape-

goat," on whose head all the sins of Israel were laid. Then it was led away to the wilderness, where these sins were left as it were to be seen no more. It was pointed out that Jesus was the antitype, and the dear lad grasped the truth, and exclaimed, "O I see it. Jesus had all my sins laid upon Him by God, and He bore them all away." Yes, blessed be His Name.

A CHINESE THIEF'S PUNISHMENT.

UR photograph shews the mode of punishment inflicted upon certain theives in China. The cangue, or collar of wood, is fixed upon the culprit's neck. The Chinese characters on both sides set forth the nature of the crime of which he has been guilty, with the criminal's full name and address.



The chain attached to the heavy collar is fixed to the spot where the crime was committed, and there he is left to be fed by the charity of those who pass by, or to perish. He will never be able to forget his crime, for the very spot on which he suffers will keep it fresh in his remembrance. When

the culprit has to undergo the death sentence, the passers-by are not allowed to feed him, or even to give him a cup of cold water. So the unhappy man becomes maddened by hunger and thirst, and thus suffers for his crimes. An awful retribution awaits the sinner. The sins that men lightly commit and even glory in,

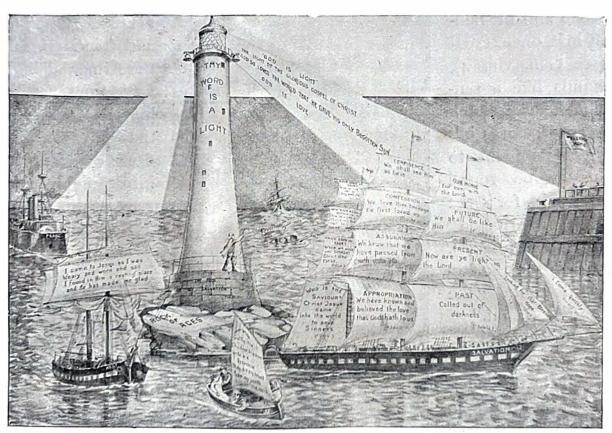
and which seem to be allowed to pass unpunished, will all come up again in judgment. The sinner there will have to face them all, publicly too, before men and angels. There will be no covering, no hiding-place for the Christless sinner then. Just, inflexible judgment must take its course with the sinner The memory of his then. sin, if he dies unforgiven, will be ever with him, and the bitterest pang of all will be that he might have been saved, for salvation was provided, but he neglected or

put it away from him. For the Chinese criminal mercy holds out no hope; but for the sinner yet on earth, grace proclaims free forgiveness. If this be rejected, there is no further remedy—none in time: none in Eternity. The Gospel of the Grace of God is Heaven's last message of mercy to the sons of men.

The Gospel Lighthouse, and the Heavenly Harbour.

how the sailor delights to see the clear beams of light streaming from the lighthouse. No longer at the mercy of rocks and shoals, he guides his vessel in the bright beams of that light into the harbour, where

that men and women, young men and maidens, boys and girls of all countries and of all ages, have received, believed, and possessed the life, light, and love, that the Gospel brings. They have rejoiced in its salvation, gloried in its triumphs,



a warm welcome awaits him. There is only one lighthouse on the sea of time—it is the Bible. From it shines the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, and all who welcome that light are saved, and safely guided to the heavenly harbour. See the tiny boat, the mighty warship, and the old-time merchant vessel, sailing along in the light. This reminds us

sung of its joys, and with hearts and lips filled with its blessed hope, have entered the heavenly harbour where a warm welcome awaited them. But see that wreck behind the lighthouse in the dark! It represents the sinner, the Gospel despiser, too proud to own his need of salvation; near the port, close by the light, yet lost in darkness.

PEEPS AT ARMENIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

RMENIA, with its mighty rivers, fertile valleys, mountain fastnesses, and rugged beauties, is a land almost unique among the countries of the world. The lofty, snow-clad mountain of Ararat, upon

which the Ark, with Noah and his family in it, once rested (see Gen. viii. 4), stands like a sentinel keeping watch over it, and has given its name to the region round about it, for "the land of Armenia" (see Isa. xxxvii. 38), is called in the Revised Bible, "the land of Ararat."

Its position is almost central between the three continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa: it occupies almost the entire triangle

between the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Mediterranean Seas. About five hundred miles in length, by an equal breadth, it consists of pastoral plateaus covered with fragrant flowers, while lovely woods of spruce and beech trees, full of singing birds in endless variety, dot the plains. dented tale of massacre and torture.

But the chief feature of the country is its rugged hills, ranging from four to seven thousand feet above the sea level, culminating in the snowcapped peaks of Ararat towering to the height of almost seventeen thous-

> and feet. Two great rivers, Euphrates and Tigris rise in the Armenian highlands, and, fertilizing the country as they flow for hundreds of miles, fall into three different seas at last.

But what gives Armenia its chief interest to us is. that within or near borders its the human race had twice its cradle first in Eden, and next in days after the Flood, and in later years its roll of martyrs and suf-

ferers for the Name of Jesus is without one equal. In no country on the face of the earth, has there been such unremitting persecution as in Armenia, where, even within recent years, the whole civilised world has been shocked by the unprece-



AN ARMENIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

The climate of the country is The valleys are warm variable. and moist and are rich in vineyards and orchards; the plateaus dry, with | Like their Persian neighbours they

The Armenians claim to children. be the descendants of Togarmah, the grandson of Japheth, Noah's son.



AN ARMENIAN PEASANT AND FAMILY.

long and severe winters; while the highland regions are covered with perpetual snow. Wolves are abundant in the hill country, and at the melting of the snows, often enter the

were originally fire-worshippers. The Gospel is said to have been first carried to Armenia by the apostles Thaddæus and Bartholomew—but whether this be so or not, the knowtowns and carry off dogs, and even | ledge of Christianity must have been early spread abroad among Armenians. In the third century a missionary of princely race and noble character, named Gregory whom they named the Illuminator, and have ever since regarded as their special apostle—preached the Gospel to the Armenians. Under his preaching many were converted, and as a nation they accepted Christianity as their creed. But national Christianity is not of much value; for unless individuals receive Christ as their personal Saviour, they have no real spiritual life, they are not saved, but have only a cloak of profession, which will sooner or latter be taken from them. so it seems to have been with the Armenians, or such of them as had only a profession of the Christian name, without possession of Christ, for we are told that in the sixth century, many of them had become idolaters, and persecutors of the true children of God. Such is the baneful results of a mere national religion, apart from personal conversion to God.

An admirable translation of the Scriptures given them in their own language by one of Gregory's successors, was used by the Spirit of God to keep the lamp of true testimony burning, and to strengthen the true-hearted disciples of Christ to resist the wiles of the adversary,

who sought to lead them astray. Their answer to the Persian king, whose vassals they were, and who commanded them to become fireworshippers, has the true ring of devotion to Christ. "Nothing can shake our faith," said they, "neither sword, nor fire, nor stripes. are not better than those who went before us, who laid down for this testimony their lives. Ask us no more, for the covenant of our faith is not with men, but with bonds indissoluble with God." This answer aroused the anger of the king, who sent his army to devastate the land with fire and sword. This was its first baptism of blood, which has been again and again repeated throughout the centuries, but the light of the Gospel continued to shine, and the lives of many who knew and loved it to bear a silent witness to its power.

When the godly and devoted Henry Martin went to Persia with the Gospel message, he found among the Armenians the only spiritually-minded and devoted witnesses for Christ he met with in the East; and by this we are reminded that true children of God who cleave to the Lord and the Word He has given them to feed upon and be guided by, will ever be overcomers, no matter how dark and dead things may be all around them.

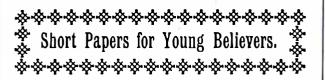
"THE HATH DID IT."

salvation by prayer, but found it not. I had no idea how I was to know when I had got it, but supposed some *internal* evidence would be given me. I had heard of people passing through great and wonderful experiences, and expected some such thing to happen to me. Listening to a townsman relating the way



he was converted, I was astonished to find that he obtained the assurance of his salvation simply by believing God, and taking Him at His word. Said he, "It was the text, 'He that hath the Son hath life,' that was the means of giving me life. The 'hath' did it, friends. I received Christ as God's gift to me; I therefore had the Son of God as mine, and the Word of God declares, 'He that hath the Son

hath life' (1 John v. 9). So I just believed God, and thanked Him for That seemed very simple; too simple indeed, for I, like Naaman the Syrian, thought I must do some great thing." But then, my fellow-townsman had got life and the certainty of it. He was saved and knew it. The man had the thing in possession, and had the joy of it in his soul day by day, and why not I? That was the question that I had to face. If God gave him eternal life by believing on His Son, He would give it to me too. There need be no doubt about that, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36), was God's Word to me as surely as to him. I believed God, not waiting for the evidence of my feelings or experiences, and was soon filled with "all joy and peace in believing" (Rom. xv. 13), as the Word had said. It all seemed so simple yet God says that the beso sure. lieving sinner is a possessor of eternal life, that he "hath" it now. Surely this is enough. What further evidence do you want? Can your feelings or experiences make God's declaration more sure? Take God at His word. Believe His testimony, no matter what you feel. The peace, the joy, and all else, will follow on believing God.



THE YOUNG HERO; OR, TRIED BY FIRE.

YOUNG lad was left in charge of the secretary's office in a large mill. His instructions were, on no account to leave the place until his master returned. The mill caught fire, and as he looked out at the window he saw men and women fleeing in all directions for their He remembered his master's instructions and stood at his post. Presently he could hear the roar of the flames in the adjoining apartment, and he knew they must soon reach him. Looking about, he saw a number of valuable papers lying on the secretary's desk, which he knew must soon fall a prey to the devouring flames. So packing them up, he opened his vest, and buttoned them under it, saying to himself, "The fire must burn my clothes off before it reaches you." Then the young hero knelt down and committed himself to God, asking for deliverance." Presently the sound of an axe was heard, bang went the door, and two strong firemen appeared, to find the unconscious boy surrounded by smoke and flame, clasping his master's papers with both hands to his bosom. He was

carried out amid the cheers the crowd, and so pleased was the master with his young and faithful servant, that he made him a partner in the firm. In this heroic boy, standing at his post, defending his master's property, we have a fine illustration of what the Christian He has been left ought to be. on earth to do his Master's will. and to guard his Master's interests. How do you stand fire, my young Christian brother, in the hour of Do you run off, and leave trial? your Master's property to take its chance? Do you allow His Word to be dishonoured, His truth to be trodden down, while you stand silently by? Or do you flee when there is persecution, or danger? Far be the thought. Like the young hero who stood firm, clasping his master's treasures to his bosom, so let the Christian firmly stand, guarding the Word of the Lord, clasping it to his bosom, holding it dearer than life, and on that coming day, when the Lord comes forth to reward His servants, He will take the faithful and the tried one, and make him a partner with Him of His throne. Here is the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with Me on My throne" (Rev. ii. 6; iii. 21).

SCHOOLMATES!

MIM and I were Schoolmates, and bosom friends as well. We walked to and from the village school together for many a day, and after that we went to the Academy. What a lot of "castles in the air" we built during these walks. times we were to be soldiers, and go out to fight our country's foes right and left. At other times we were to sail the stormy seas, and come back laden with riches from distant shores. I don't think we ever took thought of dying, or anything of that kind. There was little said to young folks in these days about eternal things, in our circle at least. We went to church on Sundays, and that was about all. During our second year at the Academy, a younger lad, the son of a farmer, accompanied us on the road. was a few years younger than we were, and of a very quiet retiring nature. When Jim and I were discussing our prospects, and planning for the future, he would listen with evident concern, and smile. One day after we had carried our programme forward for some ten or twenty years, Willie quietly asked— "What if you do not live so long as that? Jim looked at me, and I at him. We never had thought of that; never reckoned on the possibility of dying young at all. Willie

saw we were brought to a halt, and quietly added—"Its good to be ready to die anyhow; living or dying the Christian has the best of it." We suddenly remembered that Willie's father held meetings, and spoke to people about their souls, and I have no doubt, the devil stirred up the enmity of our natural hearts against the Gospel, and the simple but honest testimony of Willie, our converted school-fellow.

I laughed—I remember well the scoffing sneer—and ran on before, skipping and leaping, to show how strong and unlikely to die I was. Jim got very angry, clenched his fists, and said some very wicked things to Willie, who meekly bowed his head and said nothing. This was the first time so far as I remember, when Eternity was brought before me, and like a fool, I thrust the thought of it from me. How many do so still, and tread with determined step, the road to death and hell. Years passed on. Jim and I were parted, he going to one city to learn his business, and I to Willie continued in the another. old country home with his father, and I believe bore a bright and steady testimony for Christ there. Unknown to me, Jim had been converted, and so had I, unknown to

Jim. I had often prayed for my old schoolmate, and wished I could find his whereabouts, that I might tell him of my new-found joy.

It was New Year week, I was home for holidays, and now that I was saved and on my way to glory, I had a new way of spending them. There was to be a Conference in the village hall on New Year's Eve, and I made up my mind to go, hoping I might either see or hear of Willie. I had not long taken my seat, when to my great delight he came and shook me warmly by the hand. He had heard of my conversion, and was longing to see me. Before we had spoken long, he asked — " Have you seen Jim." "No" I said, "where is he?" Taking me by the arm, he led me up to a seat near the platform, and there sat Jim our old schoolmate and friend by his sister's side, Bible and hymn book in hand, his face beaming with joy, converted to God and on his way to heaven too. What a meeting that was to the three of us! How much we had to tell of the great deliverance grace had wrought for us. All saved and set free from Satan's chains, to live for Christ and serve Him, in the golden days of youth. I can tell you, that when the hymn,

"O Happy day, that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Saviour and my God,"

was given out, we stood there side by side and sang it with full hearts, and when our pilgrim days are done, we shall swell the song of redemption together up there before the throne. Such is the story of God's grace dear boys and girls to us who were schoolmates. Is the one who saved us your Saviour? Do you know the joy of having Him as your own personal Deliverer and Friend? can testify to this, that there is none like Him. None but Christ can fill the youthful heart with real joy and pleasure, and none but Christ can save the sinner from a godless life, a miserable death, and a lost eternity.

NEW YEAR VOICES.

Years pass apace; another year is dawning; And still the call of love to thee is made; Now as it dawns, may thy new song ascending,

Tell of a soul returned, who long had strayed.

Pass to the banquet! Jesu's voice entreats thee,

Earth's pleasures woo thy spirit then in vain;

Resting in love—the love which waits to greet thee,—

Peace o'er thy spirit shall most sweetly reign.

Pardon and peace! all other boons transcending,

Shall by thy soul, once trembling, be possessed;

And every step of life be upward tending, Till welcomed to thy everlasting rest.

JIM, THE RICKSHA BOY.



" HAPPY AND FREE IN HIS NEW SERVICE."

JIM, THE RICKSHA BOY;

Or, REDEEMED AND SET FREE TO SERVE.

RITONS never shall be slaves"—so at least they sing. Nevertheless, in many places over which the flag of freedom floats, there is slavery in dread reality; slavery to cruel man, to sin and its galling chains, to the world and its ways, to Satan and his wiles. Only those who have known redemption by the blood of Christ, and liberty by the power of the Spirit of God, are free indeed.

Jim spent his early years on a farm in Natal. He was part of the Dutch farmer's "black property," a slave in everything but in name. Treated more as a beast of burden than a human being; herded with other "boys" in a rude "location"; a heathen in reality, although his Dutch master read the Bible and sang the Psalms of David in his home daily.

The daughter of a wealthy Durban merchant, in feeble health, stayed for a time on the farm, and Jim was appointed as her attendant. So attentive and so faithful was the black "boy" to his young mistress, that when the time for her return home came, she greatly desired that Jim should accompany her. But not without paying a considerable sum would Jim's "owner" allow him to go free. That sum was

willingly paid, and the following morning Jim was a free man. What do you think he wished to do then? To serve his benefactor, the one who had redeemed him! Yes, with a light heart, he willingly accompanied her to her Durban home, where, no longer compelled by fear, but constrained by love, he served for long the one who had redeemed and rescued him from bitter bondage.

So it is with the ransomed sinner. Redeemed by the blood of Christ, and set free by the power of God from the service and dominion of sin and Satan, the sinner who believes the Gospel passes into the service of a new Master; where, not to be saved, but because he is; not to earn salvation, but because he has got it for nothing, he joyfully serves the Lord who has redeemed Do you know this joyful freedom, personally and experimentally? Have you passed from under the galling yoke of sin and Satan into the liberty and joy of the kingdom and service of Jesus Such freedom is within Christ? the reach of all; the death of Christ for sinners has procured it; the Gospel proclaims it; and to all who believe, the Word of God makes it sure. Accept it as your own.

A GREAT FOREST FIRE;

or, FLEEING TO THE ONLY PLACE OF SAFETY.

TERRIBLE forest fire raged in Minnesota. Every buildin Minnesota. Every building in the town of Hinckley lay in ruins, and many of the inhabitants perished in the flames. While the fire raged, the panic-stricken people rushed hither and thither in wild confusion, actually pushing each other into the burning furnace. the midst of the confusion, a voice was heard saying—"Hasten to the gravel pit!" "What will that do for us?" was the scornful reply by "Better use your legs and run from it," said another. But a few of the simple folks heeded the call, and followed the speaker to the pit, where acting according to his directions, they soon found themselves standing to the neck in cool water. A ring of blazing timber and houses soon surrounded their place of safety. For hours they stood in the fierce heat with blistered lips and scorched faces, while the tongues of fire leaped forth all around them. One man encouraged the others by telling them they were perfectly safe, and procuring a bucket, he drenched their heads with water to keep them cool. At last the fire passed across the country, burning up everything as it went. But the little band who fled to the gravel

pit and stood there, were safe, while others perished. They stood in an element upon which the flames could not feed. Nay, it repelled them. In the midst of death and destruction, that little band stood in life and safety. So stands the sinner who has fled to Christ.

The judgment of a righteous God, like that devouring fire, will one day pass over this world, consuming the ungodly. Only those who have fled for refuge to the Cross of Christ, will be safe on that day. No wrath, no judgment can reach them there. On the contrary, life flows to them from that Cross, and through the death of Him who hung thereon for sinners. All other refuges will fail. In Christ alone is life eternal. In Him there is immunity from judgment. There is "no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1.)

Are you sure that you are in Him? Have you fled for safety to the Son of God, the only Refuge? Then you can sing fearlessly and joyfully—

"A flame was kindled in God's ire,
O Christ it burned on Thee.

It was a hot consuming fire,
Even in the fair green tree;
There did that fire feed and expire,
Now it is quenched for me."

DASHAMMAH THE INDIAN GIRL.

India, an Indian girl, twelve years old, heard the story of a Saviour's love. When she returned

back to the Mission School, and sent her many miles away into the country. She managed to conceal a Bible in her cloth, which she often



"SHE OFTEN READ HER BIBLE."

to her home, she told her husband that the idols which they worshipped were false gods, and that she believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. This enraged him very much. He hindered her from going

Soon after this her read. husband died, and his relatives blamed her for being the cause of his death, by being a Christian. They tied her to a stake, and threatened to burn off her feet unless she would renounce Christ, and return to idols. only reply was, "I am a Christian." They applied a torch to her feet and burnt the flesh, until she fainted away. They carried her into a dark cell and left her there unconscious. In the night, she regained consciousness, and groped for the door which she found open, she made her escape, and went off toward the missionary's house, creeping part of the way on her hands and knees, and was welcomed there. Dashammah is now earnest Bible-woman, spend-

ing her time in seeking to lead others to Christ, whom she loves and serves. Have you, with fewer hindrances and many more opportunities, received and confessed the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour.?



A MILLIONAIRE'S CONFESSION:

Or, GOLD IS NOT ENOUGH TO SATISFY.

MONEY-MAKING is the great business of life. "I could wish my children to give mind and soul, heart and body and everything to business. It is the only way to be happy." So Nathan Rothchild the wealthy Jewish banker said to Sir Fowell Buxton sitting in his luxuriously furnished study many years ago. Riches increased and Rothchild had his heart's desire fulfilled. He became immensely wealthy. Was he happy? Was he satisfied? Nay, quite the opposite. Seated at the head of his banqueting table with a number of friends of the Stock Exchange around, money was again the theme of conversation. The great financier had doubled his millions by successful speculation during the intervening years. He had the finest house in London. "You must be a happy man Mr. Rothchild," said one of the guests as he heard the rich man speak of his "Happy—me vast possessions. happy," exclaimed the millionare. "Would you be happy if you had a letter placed in your hands as you are going into dinner, asking five hundred pounds, or have your brains blown out. No sir, no one can call me happy." Rothchild had gained his object, yet he was not happy, he was not satisfied. In his dying hours he talked of thalers, dollars, pounds, but had no rest, no joy. Had he known God, had he been saved, it would have been otherwise, for God's people are a happy people. "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord (Deut. xxxii. 29).

Are you one of God's saved and happy people, reader? If you are, you will know it, and be living in the enjoyment of it. You will have Christ as the portion of your soul: His unsearchable riches as your joy and satisfaction. Mere religion will not satisfy.

"Not all the gold of all the world Nor all its wealth combined; Can give relief or comfort yield To man's distracted mind."

It must be Christ; Christ to save, Christ to satisfy. Christ to meet all your need, now and ever.

ARMENIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

HE Armenians are a people of good physique and pleasing appearance. They are generally tall, well built, of yellow complexion, black bushy hair, high forehead, with an expression somewhat like the | jacket covered with a coloured

Iews, Jehovah's ancient and beloved people.

Armenian men dress somewhat peculiarly, cording to our Western ideas. Loose and baggy cloth trousers tied at the ankles. with a tight waistcoat usually made of cotton, over which is worn a bright coloured of sack robe shape, reaching to the knees, from which it is split up to the waist on either side.

ARMENIAN HOUSE WITH BALCONY.

Their headgear in general is the "fez" as worn by the Turks, but in their case with a dark coloured cotton cloth tied around it. They wear white woollen stockings with stout shoes.

Armenian women are considered graceful, if not pretty. Their |

features are regular and comely, with fine, dark intelligent eyes. Like the Turkish women, they cover their faces when in the streets. They wear a long cloak, a loose

> shawl, fastened round the waist in close folds. The hair is worn in long plaits hung down the back. Armenian houses are mostly built of sun-dried bricks or unhewn stone, roofed with crossbeams and pillars, and covered with earth several feet in thickness. In parts where the winters are severe the houses are partly underground, and present a very un-

healthy and unhabitable appearance. Better class houses have wooden balconies in the upper stories. Most of the people live in villages, where, in cultivating the ground and pursuing their varied vocations, their days would flow on in peace, but for the continual oppression of their master, the Sultan of Turkey, and his cruel soldiery. It is not that the Armenians are insubject to the rule of Turkey, or that they make themselves obnoxious by their modes of living—for the Turks or win them by plausible promises to be worshippers of Islam, they have evidently made up their minds to get rid of these down-trodden people by extermination with the sword. Every now and again the



A TYPICAL GROUP OF ARMENIANS.

themselves have confessed they are law-abiding and peaceable—but their great and unpardonable crime is, they will not accept the religion of Mahomet and confess themselves his followers. This has all along made them abhorrent to the Turks, who, failing to drive them by fear,

cruel Kurds, incited by the vassals of the Sultan, if not directly ordered by that miserable man, who lives in continual dread of his own death by some of his palace favourites, pour down on the unprotected villages in which Armenians live, and put them to death by hundreds,

sometimes by thousands. The religion of the Armenians as people is a strange mixture. The doctrines of the Armenian Church are much the same as those of the Roman Catholics, and contain little of a clear Gospel character telling how a sinner may be saved. About the beginning of the last century, a wonderful work of God's grace began among the Armenian villages, the effects of which were, that numbers were saved and stood forth as witnesses for Christ, bearing persecution for His Name. Bible was circulated far and wide in their own language, and by this means thousands of the simple peasantry were brought to Christ. This aroused the anger of the Armenian Patriarch, or head of the National Church, who lives in state at Constantinople, and is usually no lover of the Gospel in its purity, or of those who preach it in its simplicity. By his authority, many of the converted Armenians were expelled from "the church," and some ordered to be imprisoned, all because they had taken the Word of God to be their guide, rejecting the traditions of men. Falsehoods and calumnies of all kinds were circulated against the young believers, and many were driven from their homes for Jesus' sake. This. at the hands of their own people,

was a bitter trial, but in reality no more than the Word of God has promised. Alike in Armenia as elsewhere, when God's Gospel is believed and His Christ received, the great adversary the devil will oppose and seek to persecute, or failing that, to beguile those who have been saved; and the religious leaders, whose craft is in danger, become his tools for this cruel work. Better far it is to be the objects of his hatred and persecution, than his friends, for he who joins hands with the devil here, and serves him in sin, must be his hereaster, and share his doom in the lake of fire. In spite of all the persecutions, the massacres, and the outrages that have come upon the peaceful dwellers in Armenia's villages, there are true lovers of the Lord Jesus to be found there, who are prepared to seal their testimony with their blood, rather than deny the Lord Jesus, whose precious blood has cleansed them from sin and given them a title to heaven. May the light which the Lord has thus kindled be kept burning brightly, and the Lord's witnesses hid in His own pavilion. And may we, who have greater privileges and fewer trials, remember those dear, suffering saints, and seek to imitate their noble example in cleaving to the Lord and to His precious Word.

THE MESSAGE BOYS.

WO message boys were loitering on the road, eagerly pouring over the pages of a Comic Paper. A third came along walking smartly, and as he passed, one of the loiter- | Christian boy should do. He knew

after him, and resumed their Comic I found that Jim was a Paper. converted message boy, and ran his master's errands smartly, as every

"STILL FOND OF HIS COMIC PAPER."

ers said, "Grand tips here, Jim: wait a minute and hear this." "Got something better," said Jim blithely, pulling out from his pocket a Bible, and holding it up before them. The two boys laughed, cried something

Christ as his Saviour and Lord, and did things to please Him. What about the other two? One got dismissed, and the last time I saw him he was a shoeblack, still fond of his Comic Paper, from which I believe he learned many of his evil habits. Iim is now a smart young salesman, quickly rising in the warehouse, and much thought of by his master. He is not ashamed to own his Lord, and his Bible is his close companion. Who has the best of it? Jim to be sure. So will every boy who takes Christ as his Saviour, and the Bible as his guide. Comic Papers are poor reading; they defile and deprave the

mind, and often sow the seeds of habits which ruin soul and body.

Dear young folks, I know you need something to give you happiness: something to make you glad. The very best you can have is Christ.

FIRESIDE TALKS WITH CONVERTED SCHOOLBOYS.

ATHER around the fire my lads, and let us have halfan-hour's talk together. Let us be thankful that we have a covert from the storm that rages without, and more thankful still, for a shelter from "the wrath to come."

"You all profess to be saved I hear. Are you all truly converted?"

A look along the semi-circle of ten bright boys—then a hearty "Yes, sir, all saved."

"Praise the Lord for that. It's truly grand to be saved in the golden days of youth; to be openly and boldly on the Lord's side; witnesses, walkers, workers, and warriors in the kingdom of God. I know a number of converted schoolboys, and some of their trials and triumphs too. No doubt some of you find it pretty hard lines to be at school, surrounded by unconverted schoolmates, with temptations on every side. I know well what it means, but what I want to put before you to-night is, that the Lord is stronger than all your foes, and able to keep you happy and whole- night, singing praise to God.

hearted for Him, even at school.

In the face of all this, do you think there is any fear of you being overcome? Not one bit, so long as you trust in Christ and cleave to Him. He will not fail you, He will not forsake you. You may count upon Him giving you the victory. But mind this is not to make you self-confident or careless. put yourself foolishly into the way of temptation, or mix up with ungodly company, He has not promised to keep you then. Never try how near you can walk to sin, or how far you can go with those who serve the devil. Give them a wide berth. Stand out clear for Christ. Confess Him as your Lord everywhere, and always. Never shrink from openly confessing His name. Never shirk the Cross. The truly happy Christian boy is the out-and-out disciple of Christ. Here is a motto text for



each of you for the year. Hang it up beside your bed; have a look at it every morning as you go out for the day. Think of it during its busy hours, and lie down on it as your pillow at

MOLLY, THE APPLE GATHERER.

HE was a lone woman, and lived in a cottage by herself. Some of the old people in the village said she "was come of the better classes," but no one knew much of her, and Molly kept her history and her antecedents a secret within her own bosom. A load of some sort seemed to lie on her heart. She was never known to laugh, but it was said she often wept, sometimes in the orchards while gathering apples, and especially when she saw children merrily engaged at play. Year after year passed, and so did Molly's strange uneventful life. But the Lord loved Molly and He sent some of His servants to her village on the Lord's-day afternoons to tell the story of Jesus and His love. They took their stand on a vacant piece of green, close by Molly's cottage, and began to sing a hymn. A movement behind the blinded window shewed that she was there listening, and the following Lord'sday her blind was drawn up, the window-sash raised a little way, and the door ajar, as if she wanted to hear what was being said. These little matters were soon observed by the earnest soul-winners, and they accepted them as tokens of the Lord's "beginnings of grace" in that dark corner and in that lone woman's heart.

On the third Lord's-day, quite a band of hearty and happy young Christians, many of them newly saved, stood on the village green singing—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

And their faces beamed with their new-found joy as their sweet voices rang out the glorious words, the woods echoing back the sound—

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

Molly heard the words as she sat close by the window, and they reached her heart. She was weary enough, and sad enough, too; but no such rest was known to her soul. The speaker's theme was the wellknown words of the Lord Jesus, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Molly had never heard such words of welcome before, although she had spent her whole life in a land where it is supposed everybody knows the way of life and peace. By the time the preaching was ended, Molly's door stood open wide, and from within, loud sobs were heard. Two of the

company—both bright young servant maids, rejoicing in the knowledge of their sins forgiven, and of Christ as their personal Saviour knocked gently at Molly's door, and stepping inside, sat quietly down by the fireside near to where Molly sat, with her face buried in her apron, weeping bitterly. Silently they prayed that God would give them a word to speak to the awakened woman, by which she might be led to Jesus, to find in Him rest and peace. They read verse after verse telling of Christ's willingness and power to save, but not a word could they get from her to indicate what her difficulty or trouble really So they left with her the was. precious words of the Lord Jesus -sweet resting-place of many a weary soul—"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," marking the place in her Bible, which till that afternoon had been allowed to be dust-covered and unread on the shelf.

After they had gone, Molly read over and over again the wonderful words, which each time seemed more beautiful than before. But while attracted by their beauty and sweetness, she had not yet received them as Christ's words to her own weary soul, or got the rest of which they speak. Next day while gather-

ing apples in the orchards, she was seen weeping bitterly, and the little children said one to another, "Molly must be unwell." It was within a few minutes of the hour when work ceased, and Molly was trudging along to her employer's house, carrying a heavy basket of apples on her A young gardener overtook her, and seeing she was too heavily burdened, he said, "Hand me your basket, Molly; I will carry it for you, and let you have a rest;" and with that, he lifted the heavy basket from Molly's arm, leaving her unburdened and free. Whether that circumstance was used by the Spirit of God to bring home the words she had read so often the night before or not, I cannot tell. He often uses such simple means; but the memory of the words of the Lord Jesus were at that moment made clear to Molly, and casting herself upon Him, her weary soul found rest. The burden that had so long weighed her down, and crushed her beneath it, was gone, and she knew for the first time what it was to have true rest and peace. The villagers soon noticed the change on Molly, and remarked one to another, that she was "like another woman"; and that she truly was, for she had been born anew, and had a new nature within her, a new song in her mouth, and new ways to walk in.

A MEDICAL STUDENT'S CONVERSION.



"HE LEFT HIS SISTERS IN THE ROOM."

A MEDICAL STUDENT'S CONVERSION;

Or, "Not an Empty Profession, but a Joyful Possession of Christ."

" \T'LL go to the theatre and enjoy myself in spite of you both. Why should a young fellow be cribbed and hindered from having a night's fun by two girls?" These words were spoken in a petulant tone, so unusual in that quiet home, that no sooner had Harry closed the parlour door, leaving his two sisters alone, than they burst into tears. It was the first jarring note that had marred the harmony of the trio, who since the aged and godly mother's death, had lived happily together in the old home. The two sisters were happy, earnest Christians, never ashamed to let their light shine, or to tell of the Saviour whom they loved to others. The younger was a delicate girl, not able to be much about, but she gathered a class of little girls on the Sunday afternoons, and had much joy in telling them the way of life through Jesus.

Harry, their brother, was studying medicine in Edinburgh, but came out to their country home at the week-ends, to spend the Sunday with his sisters. He "professed" conversion when quite a boy, and during his mother's lifetime maintained his profession, outwardly at least; indeed, he could scarce do otherwise, for under her ever-watch-

ful eye, he could not go far astray. But now that the prop upon which he had leaned was gone, and new companions had been found in the city, it was becoming painfully evident to his godly sisters that he was either becoming a "backslider," or that he had never been really "born again" at all. His determination to go to the theatre that evening, soon after his return from the city, expressing the bitter words I have quoted, after being affectionately besought not to expose himself to the temptations of such a place, finally convinced the girls that Harry was not the Lord's, that he had never been truly converted turned to God-else it were impossible he could find satisfaction or enjoyment in the company of such as frequent the play-house, no matter what religious worldlings and unconverted preachers say in its favour. "Let us join in prayer that God may arrest him, Lizzie dear," said the elder sister. "He is able to do it, and He has said if two of His own agree to ask Him, that He will." An earnest, tearful prayer was wafted from that lone room to the eternal throne, and entered the opened ear of God the Almighty. Miracles, such as were performed in early days, exist no

more; but the "arm of the Lord is not shortened," in answer to prayer it is yet made bare. At the very moment the sisters were praying, Harry was arrested as if by an unseen hand on the street. cannot describe what he felt, but the words rang in his ear, "Prepare to meet thy God!" as they fell from the lips of a street preacher, and although the speaker may never know it, they were God's message to arrest the wanderer and bring him to himself. For a full hour, he wandered to and fro in the dark night, in great mental agony. twinkling stars above his head reminded him that he had a mother in heaven, and that to her he had promised in his boyhood, that he would never cross the threshold of a theatre. Now he was on the way to break that promise, and in all probability to plunge into the vortex of utter ungodliness, for once the restraints of home and godly upbringing are cast aside, it often happens, that such an one sinks deeper into the slough of sin than any other. Wandering to and fro, uncertain what to do or where to go, ashamed to return to his sisters and confess his faults, graded by the devil to make the final plunge, yet restrained by an awakened conscience, by the remembrance of his godly mother's counsels and warn-

ings, by the hand of God put forth in answer to his sisters' prayers, he wandered into a quiet street and there—not by "chance," as men would say, but by the appointment of that God who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will he stood in front of a brightly-lit hall, at the door of which a number of young men were standing, singing the hymn, "Jesus is mighty to save." One of the circle seeing a stranger, evidently not "on business bent," went up to him and asked if he would come in and spend an hour at their Gospel Meeting, which was to be addressed that evening by a band of converted students from Edinburgh. Harry needed no second invitation: he entered and sat To his surprise, a few of down. the speakers were his own classmates, and as one after another told simply but definitely how he had been awakened, convicted and converted, Harry was fully convinced that his former "profession" had been a sham, and that he had never been truly converted at all. not know all that God spoke to him during that meeting, but at the close, he had a long, close, personal talk with two of the students, to whom he opened his mind, expressed his difficulties, and was pointed to a personal and present Saviour. "If you missed the mark

last and did not get Christ, you need not fear to trust Him now. He is able and willing to save. And you will know that you have not a profession, but a possession of eternal life, the moment you cast yourself upon Him." Harry did surrender himself as a sinner to the Saviour, and He—as He ever does —received him. He ran without stopping till he reached his home, and opening the door with his latch, he hurried to the parlour. burst into tears, locking his sisters in his arms, with the joyful confession, "I'm saved now, thank God!" There was great joy and |

many thanksgivings, as he told the story of how the Lord met him, and in answer to their cry arrested and brought him to Himself, in whose service through grace he still remains; telling with his lips, and showing by his life, the virtues of Jesus who is "Mighty to Save." There is a vast difference between an empty profession which has to be "kept up" and is always liable to be lost, and a genuine conversion which is the work of the Spirit of God, and is actually and manifestly wrought in all who as lost sinners personally receive Jesus Christ as their only Saviour and Lord.

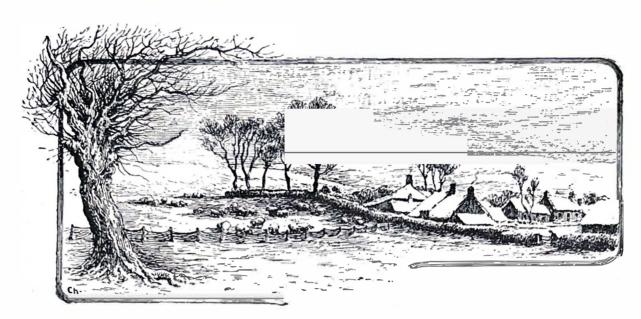
THE TEXT BY THE SEA-SHORE.



OT far from the busy city of Manchester, there yet lives a bright and happy Christian lad, whose con-

version was brought about by means of a simple text of Scripture, posted by the sea-shore. He had been in soul-trouble for many months, ill at ease, and very unhappy about his state before God. Walking along, all alone by the shore one day, he saw a bit of paper fixed on a post, and going up to it, found it was a tract, on which in bold letters the

text was printed, "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). Here was the sinner's question; the question of one in soul-trouble, like himself. And here, too, was God's answer, plain and clear. It did not bid him work, or pray, or wait. It pointed him to another—"the Lord Jesus Christ," and told him to "believe" or rely on Him. That word from God was the means of his conversion. This is all you need, God's Word is to you, as it was for him. Are you willing to be saved by Him, and now?



THE YOUNG FARMER'S ARREST.

N a quiet glen surrounded by | rugged hills, there stands a cluster of dwelling houses, not unlike a farm steading in appearance, which bears the name of "The Clachan." In days gone by, there was held a weekly gathering in one of these humble dwellings for prayer, and when a few strangers happened to turn in, there was a word of Gospel spoken by some one for their benefit. But the simple peasant folk who gathered there to supplicate the Mighty God, were strong in their belief in the power of prayer, and many a sinner was brought into the Kingdom of God at these weekly gatherings.

A young farmer belonging to the district, determined to perpretrate some trick upon the praying people, so he crept into the house by a back door, and hid himself behind

a door. Prayer after prayer ascended to the throne, many of them for "the ungodly and those who were on the way to death, blinded by the god of this world." In a moment it flashed across the mind of the young farmer, that he was of that number—"on the way The pains of hell to death." seemed to lay hold on him, and as he saw himself lost and ready to perish, he cried out from his hidingplace, "I am lost." In a few moments he was in the midst of the praying company, and that night he was converted by casting himself upon Christ. Reader, if you have never seen yourself a sinner, or feared the judgment of a righteous God, it must be because your eyes are still veiled, and your danger of being for ever lost hid from view

YOUNG ARMENIAN MARTYRS FOR CHRIST.

massacres was made known, it was estimated that over one hun-

HEN the full tale of the | place of refuge, the destruction was complete. The men were first killed, then the women and children

AN ARMENIAN GIRL, AS FOUND IN HIDING.

dred thousand were slain, over forty thousand were orphans, while four hundred thousand were left in destitution, their homes plundered or In the villages especially, where there was no defence and no

were ordered to accept the Mohammedan faith or perish. Many. out of fear, and who possibly were only "Christians" in name, without having Christ as a personal Saviour, and being possessed of that Divinely-given strength in which alone a true believer is enabled to "stand fast in the faith," and witness a good confession, did in name at least accept the Moslem faith. Need we wonder, when we learn that bands of Turkish soldiers, armed with

axes, went from village to village, threatening with death all who re-They demanded that on fused. every house a white flag should be displayed, in token of their conversion to Mohammedanism.

Armenian girl, who was an eyewitness of the massacre at Arabku, says:—"When I saw the houses being set on fire, and the people

being killed by the Kurds, I fell on my knees before my father, who was the only man in our household, and begged him to give up his faith in Jesus Christ and accept the religion of Islam, to save himself and us from massacre. He rebuked me for thinking of such a thing, and said he could not and would not deny his blessed Lord. who had done so much for him. That night, he was tortured and slain. We were spared, but many of the women and

girls of our village were sold to Turks and Kurds, in exchange for horses and donkeys."

An Armenian missionary tells the following pitiful story of how these cruelties extended to children of

tender years. "In the city of Cesarea, a father and his little girl, aged twelve, sat alone in the house. The mother had gone out on a visit



AN ARMENIAN GIRL, IN A CHRISTIAN ORPHAN HOME.

to a married daughter in another part of the city. Without a word of warning, a fierce Turkish soldier burst into the room. He killed the father in cold blood, and turning to his little daughter, said, 'You must

now become a Mohammedan,' to which the child replied, 'I believe in Jesus Christ: He is my Saviour, and I love Him. I cannot deny Him, even if you kill me.' The heartless ruffian fell upon the child and stabbed her with his sword in twelve places, setting fire to the house. A neighbour who heard of the awful deed ran in, and, from the midst of the smoke, bore away the bleeding body. When it was brought into her house, it was found to be still alive. A surgeon was found, who tenderly dressed the little martyr's wounds, and through God's mercy she recovered, and is still witnessing for Christ,"

Young children, whose parents were slain, died from exposure and hunger, and thousands more would have perished but for the efforts of Christian men and women from other lands, who, helped by any Armenian survivors, sought them in their hiding-places, and brought them to Refuges and Homes, where they are clothed and fed, and cared for by lovers of the Lord, on whom the Turks and Kurds dare not lay a finger. Our first illustration is from a photograph taken as the poor girl was found—a homeless, destitute orphan, "ready to perish"; while the second picture is the same girl, after a few months' care, with her Bible in her hand, which she is able to read daily, and delights to do so.

Amongst the simple peasantry living in scattered villages amongst the mountains the devastation was terrible. In the Sassan district alone, over seventy of such villages were destroyed, and their inhabitants Some of the young people, swift on foot, and able to endure privation, escaped to the mountains, where for weeks and months they hid themselves in caves, creeping out by night to find what they could to keep themselves alive. When the terrible story of massacre reached the ears of European and American Christians, and willing helpers went forth to "rescue the perishing," some were found half-famished in these hiding-places, while vast numbers had died from starvation. How thankful those perishing ones were when the hand of their deliverers was lifted up to rescue them! How gladly they allowed love to have its way, to bring them to the comfortable homes provided for them.

Happy are the boys and girls, and the young men and maidens who, in these favoured lands, may read, love, and obey the Word of God, confessing Jesus as their Saviour, without fear. But how awful the responsibility, and how deep the doom of those so favoured, who despise and reject Him.

KATIE, THE ORPHAN.

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

orphan girl for the next five years. Sometimes she got work in a mill, but the times were bad, and she was often without work. At the age of sixteen she got a situation in a country house. She had hard work there, and company: not a friend in the world. She often sat down and cried, for

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

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

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

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



Simple Papers for Young Believers.

Professors not Possessors.

Ten T is not by any means uncommon for young believers to be "upset" by people telling them not to be "too sure of being saved," because there were some "professing just as they do who fell back into their old ways." Now, this is perfectly true, and it is best to look the matter "straight" in the face, and not evade it. The truth never contradicts itself. Some even in Apostolic days, who at one time professed to "believe," went back to the world and the devil, after all. Simon Magus was one of this sort: Iudas Iscariot was another. But I want you especially to notice, that in neither of these cases is it said, that the persons were born again, or possessors of eternal life. As I said before, God never contradicts Himself, and seeing He has so plainly and fully written in His Word that the believer is everlastingly secure in Christ, it is simply impossible that any part of Scripture could teach the opposite.

To profess to be converted is one thing; to be born of the Spirit, united to Christ, and a possessor of eternal life, is quite another. is great danger of the children of arms are all the saints of God.

believing parents, and others who have been taught God's way of salvation from their earliest days, professing to believe in Jesus, without actually possessing eternal life. They can quote texts, and tell all about it, but there is no manifestation of the new life in them. hearts are not won for Christ. Thev are in the world and of it; their lives and ways are just the same as other worldlings, the only difference is, they profess to be the Lord's. But a profession of this kind is of no value whatever, and we need not wonder, if sooner or later it is given up, and an open departure into ungodlinessimmediately follows. But this need in no way shake the real possessor of Christ, or make him question his security. He is "in Christ Jesus;" past condemnation. His "life is hid with Christ in God," where neither man nor demon can reach it. He is safely held in the hands of the Father and the Son, and none can pluck him from thence. (John x. 28-29); so that while the blasts of temptation may blow around him, and the enemy roar loud against him, the youngest saint can trustfully sing—

"No condemnation," blessed is the Lord; "No separation," for ever with the Lord.

Eternally secure in the everlasting

THE INFIDEL LECTURER;

Or, THE BIG COB O' COAL.

אַנייא infidel lecturer had been ו holding forth to a crowd of colliers and their wives, and at the close of his speech invited dis-For a time he was left cussion. in possession of the field, and evidently congratulated himself with having scored a victory.

and addressing himself to the infidel lecturer, said in his own dialect—

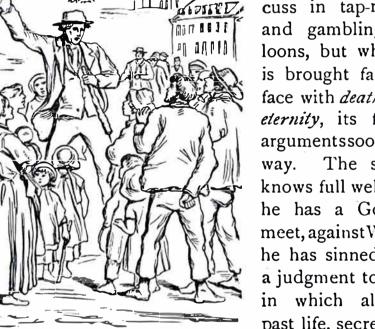
"A while ago there was a man working in yon pit beside me, and he got along wi' a lot o' you infidel chaps, and they did him a lot o' harm. He could talk infidelity and say there was no God, just as glib you did just

now; but one day when he was workin' in the pit, a great cob o' coal fell from the roof and struck him on the head, sending him right down on his knees. And do you know Mr.—, that he began to cry to God for mercy wi' a' his micht. Well, we got him out, not so much the worse, but, do you know Mr., that big cob o' coal did him a power

o' good, for it knocked the infidelity clean out o' him. And I just think Mr., that a big cob o' coal, just the like o' what hit him, might do you a lot o' good in knocking them notions o' your's out o' your head too."

There is great force in the simple testimony of this plain man. Then a sturdy collier stood forth, | fidelity does very well to stump the

> country with, to discuss in tap-rooms and gambling saloons, but when it is brought face to face with death and eternity, its flimsy argumentssoon give The sinner way. knows full well that he has a God to meet, against Whom he has sinned, and a judgment to face, in which all his past life, secret and



public, will be tested and exposed. Only those who have Christ; who know God through Him; who have been saved by His grace, and to whom death and judgment bring no terrors, can meet God and enter eternity fearless and rejoicing. Reader. are you of that number? Are you happy at the prospect of meeting God?

ARRESTED ON HOUNSLOW HEATH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

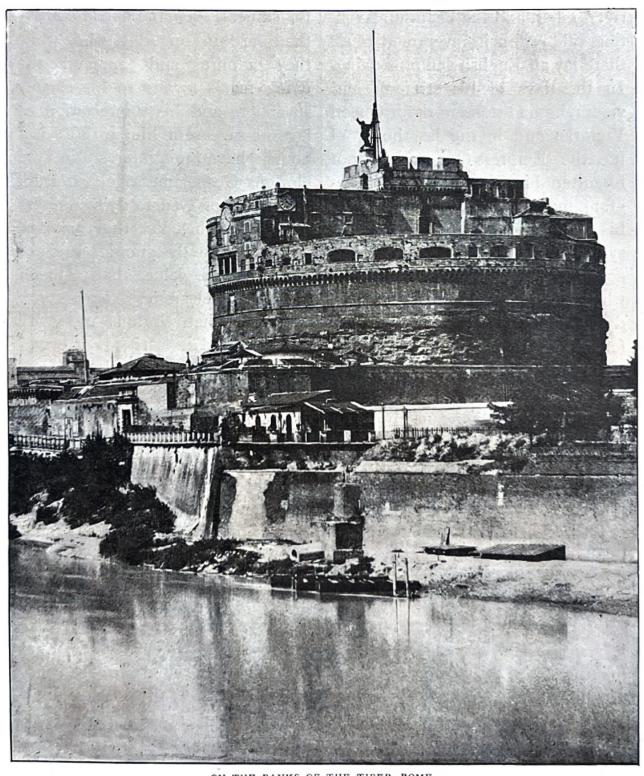
It was the highwayman of Hounslow Heath, now a well-to-do tradesman in the city, and better still, a child of God. The words spoken that night long ago, were used of God in his conversion.

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

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

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

On the Banks of the Tiber.



ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER, ROME.

ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER:

Or, HOLDING FAST THE ROYAL MESSAGE.

MRN a fine piazza in the city of | Rome overlooking the historic river Tiber, and the beautiful Aventine valley with its evergreen trees, there lay an English sculptor dying. In the days of his strength and vigour, he had done work for Queen Victoria, and in the last hours of life the Empress-Queen had not forgotten him, for she sent a telegram making kind inquiries as to condition, and sending her sympathy to the dying man. Still conscious, though unable to speak when the royal message came, the dying man had it placed in his fevered and feeble hands. A smile of intense gratification passed over his face, and then the heavy breathing gave indication that the end was near. Gently, a relative who watched by the dying pillow, put forth her hand and tried to withdraw the orange paper which bore the Royal telegram from the dying man's grasp, but it was in vain. The firm grasp of these fingers could not be relaxed, the approach of death only seemed to tighten it, and so the great sculptor passed into eternity grasping the message of his Sovereign. Touching and beautiful incident, full of meaning to those who have received from the King of kings, a direct, personal

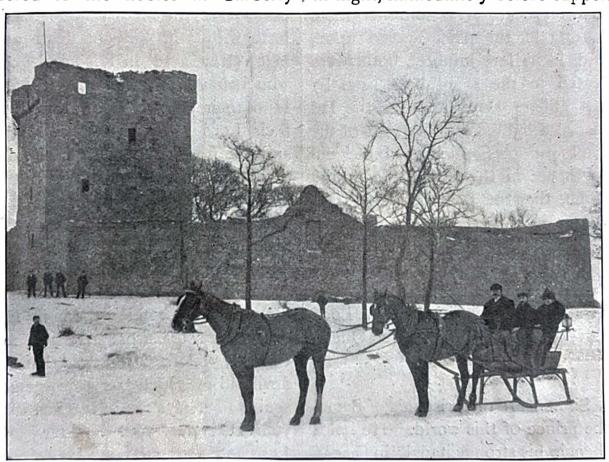
message, telling of salvation by sovereign grace through Jesus' blood for sinners, even the chief! Many there are in our day, who, while they admire and applaud the dying man's loyalty to his earthly sovereign, and his appreciation of her message sent him in life's last hours, have no interest in the glorious Gospel message.sent from the throne of God to dying sinners here on earth. Yet that message is transcendantly grander and of more eternal value than Oueen Victoria's telegram. Have you welcomed that glorious message? Do you hold it fast? Is it everything to you now? And when you enter the valley of the shadow of death, will you, like the dying sculptor, grasp it firmly as that which alone can give salvation and the assurance thereof. There is nothing that ever came from heaven to earth, from God to man, so grand, so glorious, so infinitely precious, as the Gospel of God concerning His Son, who came to save sinners. Yet many treat it as if it were of little value. They regard it as something unsuited to the busy years of life, only fit for those drawing near to death. But the Gospel of God received by faith, brings a present salvation to all.

QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCH LEVEN;

Or, The Power of Christ to Deliver and to Keep.

a small island in the middle of the lake. Within its grey walls, Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined as a prisoner, after she had surrendered to the nobles at Carberry

way of escape was planned for his royal prisoner, Sir William Douglas, the owner of the castle, made a law, that all the keys of the gates should be placed on the table by his side at night, immediately before supper.



LOCH LEVEN CASTLE, WITH THE LOCH FROZEN IN WINTER.

(From a Photo).

Hill. Douglas of Loch Leven opened his gates to receive the royal prisoner, and before she had been there many days, she was forced to sign two papers—the first surrendering her crown, the second appointing a regent over Scotland.

In order to make sure that no

A little page, who had been won to Mary's favour, devised a plan of escape, aided by George Douglas, a brother of Sir William, who had been a short time before dismissed from the island in disgrace, for being a party to an attempt for the Queen's escape from Loch Leven Castle.

Little Douglas, when placing a plate before his master, dropped a napkin over the bunch of keys on the table. In lifting the napkin, he removed the keys in it, holding them firmly, to prevent them from making any noise. At the midnight hour he unlocked the gate of the castle, found Queen Mary and her maid waiting at the place agreed upon, and in a few minutes, both were seated in the small boat used by Sir William Douglas, while the lad placed a lighted candle in one of the castle windows, which was the signal to those on the other side of the Loch, that the plan had gone well As the boat neared the shore, little Douglas threw the castle keys into the Loch, to make sure that none would ever use them to make his royal mistress a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle again. And so Queen Mary went free.

Sinners are the prisoners of Satan, the prince of this world. He holds them in his strong citadel "in peace" (Luke xi. 36). Gates and bars are about them, so that they cannot by their own strength escape. But "a stronger than he" has come forth to be their deliverer. Not by stealth, but in open day—He, the Son of God, the Son of Man, Jesus the Saviour, entered into the strong man's palace, and overcame in open

conflict, the Prince of death, wrenching from his cruel grasp the keys of his citadel, and by virtue of his atoning death obtaining a right to deliver and set free the captives there.

Yes, blessed be God, and from that citadel, that dungeon of death, the devil's last and greatest stronghold, Jesus, the mighty Victor, came forth with "the keys of death and hell" (Rev. i. 18) in His hand. All who believe in Him, who confess Him their Saviour, and own Him their Lord (Rom. x. 9), are saved, and set free for ever from the dominion of sin, of Satan, and of death. They are possessed of life eternal and shall never perish (John x. 28) How could they, when the One who has delivered them has wrenched the keys of the enemy's citadel from his grasp, and retains them in His own hands for ever? If you are Christ's, you need not fear that the devil will ever lock you in his palace again. Its keys are in the hands of your Deliverer, your Saviour, your The devil is no longer lord of that kingdom. "Death" as well as "life" is yours (1 Cor. iii. 22). "Hallelujah what a Saviour!"

.

"If I were saved to day, are you sure that Satan would not be able to drag me back to my old companions and sinful ways to-morrow?" was the earnest question asked by a

young engineer at the close of our Gospel meeting one Sunday evening.

Poor, young fellow! he knew his own weakness, and how often he had resolved to "lead a better life," and broken his resolutions Now, he was deeply convicted of sin, and had learned that salvation is in Christ alone. But he feared the morrow, when he returned to his work on the banks of the Clyde, amid thousands of ungodly men.

"He is 'mighty to save'" (Isa. lxiii. 1), and "able to keep" (Jude 25) all who trust Him. None of His shall ever perish (John x. 28); nor shall sin and Satan ever have dominion over one whom the Son of God makes free, for He tells us they are "free indeed" (John viii. "That's enough; that'll do. 36). Thank God for that," said the young engineer, as his face beamed with a new joy—the joy of knowing the delivering power of Christ, ever triumphant over all the powers of earth and hell.

This is the deliverance, the salvation, the preservation proclaimed in the Gospel. It will be yours at once and for ever, the moment you by faith claim Christ as your own.

But it is equally true, that all who despise and reject the Son of God, the Saviour, shall know His authority and feel His power in their eternal damnation.

"If there be a Christ, and if He has the power you say He has, let Him put it forth on me," said a young infidel, as he argued with an open-air preacher on Glasgow Green on a Sunday evening. Before twelve hours, that strong young fellow was lying paralyzed, unable to move hand or foot. Who will say it was not the hand of the Lord that was put forth, not for his destruction, but to let him know there is One in whose hand are the issues of life That stroke was the and death. means of bringing him to himself and to Christ. The same Almighty power wants to deliver you from the dominion of sin, the world, and Satan. Immediately you cast yourself as a sinner, on Christ, claiming Him as your Saviour, you will prove it in your salvation. But to all who neglect or reject Him as Saviour, He must become Judge. Then His power will be used, not in grace as now, but in righteousness for the condemnation and eternal judgment of the grace-rejecting sinner.

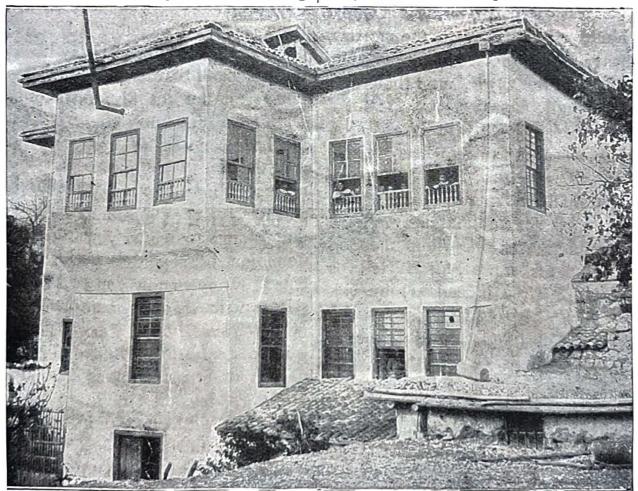
You must know the power of Christ in either the one or the other. *Now* in your salvation, or *then* in your damnation. Which is it to be? Yours is the choice, and yours must be the reaping. Can you say—

"My heart is fixed Eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me."

YOUNG WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN DARK ARMENIA.

Kurdish soldiers, whole villages were devastated, fathers and mothers slain in cold blood before their children's eyes, and the poor orphans left homeless, to perish. Feeding

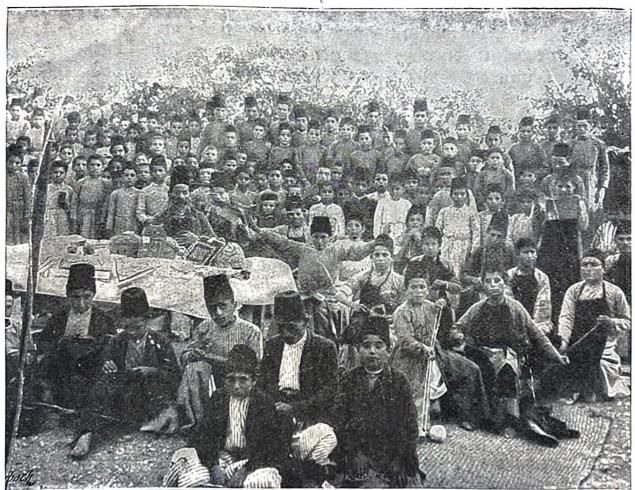
and many by the sword. Constrained by the love of Christ, some of His servants went forth to the blood-stained land of Armenia, and gathered what of the orphans they could find into places of shelter,



"EBENEZER" HOME FOR ARMENIAN ORPHAN BOYS.

upon herbs and walnuts, in which that mountain region abounds, some of the older boys and girls were kept alive, hiding among rocky ridges, and in the mountains, until the storm of persecution had spent itself: but many of the younger ones perished; some by starvation, where, by means of the gifts of Christians of many lands, they were fed and cared for, and there many of them remain until the present time. Schools have been opened for the young orphans where they learn to read and write, and, best of all, where they daily hear the old,

old story of Jesus and His love, so new to many of them. In the town of Marash there was an old house used as a Turkish bath, which the Lord, in His goodness, allowed to fall into the hands of the Christian The boys who live in "Ebenezer" are not idle. In their spare hours they are taught useful employments. Some make "yemenes," the light shoes worn in that country, others weave cloth on wooden handlooms,



A GROUP OF ARMENIAN ORPHANS AND THEIR WORK.

workers. It was just what they needed, and, after considerable transformation, it became an orphanage for about one hundred and twenty boys. Need we wonder that they gave it the name of "Ebenezer House," for no doubt it was of the Lord's providing. He was their help.

and young tailors make it into clothes. The girls are very clever needle workers, and make beautiful embroideries, which they work on dresses, aprons, tablecovers, and such like; many of which are sent to our own land for sale.

The gratitude of these dear chil-

dren and young folks is very great, especially such of them as have believed on the Lord Jesus, and been truly converted to God. Here is an extract from a letter sent by one of these orphan boys to a Christian gentleman who did something to provide for him in the days of his need. It breathes a true Christian spirit.

"MY DEAR BENEFACTOR,

"I was an orphan and miserable boy. But, my best Benefactor, Jesus Christ, in whom now I trust, so ordered, that I was received in this orphanage by your favour as a wandering and orphan boy. I shall never forget your goodness, and shall always ask God to give you a long life. I am very happy, and am studying in the school, Armenian, arithmetic and the Bible."

Some of the boys are working hard that they may be able to redeem the vineyards that belonged to their parents, and again find a home for themselves and their younger brothers and sisters there. Some of the girls spin, and others weave the famous "bez" cloth, which is used for the embroideries, with their fine oriental patterns, in which all Eastern brides were robed in former times. While their hands are busily engaged thus making

their daily bread, it is no uncommon thing to hear above the "ping" of the metal wires which beat the cotton into a kind of fluffy down, the song of praise ascending.

During the terrible massacres in 1894, some of these young Armenian Christians gave bright testimony to their faith in Christ. one village ten girls were captured by the Turkish soldiers, and after being subjected to shocking cruelties, were told that if they renounced their faith in Christ, and embraced the faith of Islam, their lives would be spared. To this they gave a firm refusal, which so enraged their cruel captors that they raised their swords and hewed them to pieces. Others were hurled from the top of rocks into deep abysses, and not a few fled to mountain caves, there to perish.

What a mercy that in the Lord's good providence, so many of these fatherless and motherless children have been rescued and are now cared for and taught in the Word of God, for which their parents died.

May the Lord save many of them by His grace, and bless them abundantly, making them bright, shining lights and true witnesses for Himself in that land where in ages past the light of the Gospel once so brightly shone, and the Name of Jesus was known and loved.

HAPPY PATTIE.

in a country boarding-house. It was a humble sphere, and only yielded what kept the lad in clothes.



But Pattie was as happy as the day was long; he sang and smiled as he brushed away in the back-court, and as a visitor remarked—"That lad is happier far than if he wore a

coronet." But I am not so sure that every one knew the true secret of Pattie's contentment and happiness. It certainly was not his

wealth, for of that he had none. It was not his circumstances, for he had long hours and hard work. What then makes the humble lad so continuously happy? He has Christ as his Saviour, and heaven as his home. Yes, Pattie was a Christian: he had been converted, and his life proved that he was Christ's disciple. Many think that wealth gives happiness, but Some of the this is not so. world's millionaires are the most miserable men in it. True joy is found alone in Christ, and it was because Pattie knew Him and belonged to Him that he was so cheerful and happy.

Pattie is no longer a shoeblack in a seaside boarding-house, but a flourishing city merchant; but the old smile of contentment is still on his face, and he has not, like many, become too engrossed with the world, to sing the song of Jesus and His love as he does his daily work, or to tell of Him to others. Nor does he forget the young folk, for the last time I met him, he was preaching Christ to a long row of working lads. Isn't it grand to be saved in life's early day?

A BRIGHT TESTIMONY.

FINEY fellow-servant's godly walk and life, first caused me to think of the state of my soul. life was beautiful. Only an underhouse-maid, with much to try her, and I must add—to my shame amid many provocations from me, she manifested such a Christ-like spirit, and always seemed to be so happy, that I could not help admiring her. This led me to see that my own religion was a mere name, and that I was no Christian at all. Praise God, He used Annie to lead me to the Saviour, whom I know now as mine."

HOLIDAYS.—"I did not get on well. Started with an unconverted fellow, who was going to the same place. I had a packet of tracts in my bag, and intended giving them away, but something always seemed to hinder. I never got out a word all the way, and was quite unhappy at the end. My failure taught me a lesson, and after my soul was restored to God, I had three happy days, visiting among old friends with the Gospel." [Beware of getting into companionship with "unconverted fellows."]

READING THE WORD.

YOUNG convert living in a house among unconverted servants has not many opportunities for quiet reading of God's Word. I know one who is in such a position, and she secures time to read her "daily portion" while the others are scanning the morning newspapers immediately after breakfast. "Where there's a will, there's a way." Is not that so, young believer?

A FALSE PROFESSOR.—"I professed to be a Christian, and thought myself as good as others, but all the while I was deceived, and had never been born again. It was the godly consistent testimony of my young brother which first awakened me to see I was only a hyprocite."

[What an honour to be used of God to strip a formalist, and lead an awakened sinner to Jesus! Living Christ is within the reach of all, and there is no better witness can be borne for Him.]

SPARE PENCE.—"I used to spend my spare pence on sweets, but since God saved me, I put them aside, and last week had the joy of relieving the distress of an aged Christian man. That was sweet to my soul, and I believe a 'sweet savour to God.'"

"IF I ONLY HAD FAITH."

"BELIEVE every word of the Bible, and all that you have Bible, and all that you have said to-night about Jesus Christ dying for sinners on the Cross. I sincerely believe that He died for me, and that I cannot be saved by any one else but by Him alone. I do believe and trust Him, but still I seem to want something that others around me have. I sometimes think that I have a grip of it, and at such times I feel happy, but then it fades away, and I am as dark and dull as before. O, if I had only faith to realise it as you have; but I cannot get it, try as hard as I may."

The speaker was thoroughly sincere and in dead earnest, a welltaught, respectable young woman. She had been coming regularly to meetings held every night in the town where she lived, and in response to an invitation given one evening, for any who were "anxious about their salvation, or in doubt or difficulty, she remained for conversation at the close." Sitting down by her side, I said, "Your difficulty is by no means an uncommon one; I meet lots of people who are stranded on the same spot, and kept from entering the harbour of peace, as it is provided by God in the Gospel of His Son. What you are looking for, is not faith but feelings. You want to "realise" and to "feel" certain changes taking place within you; and if these changes would take place to your satisfaction, then you would believe that you are a saved person. This would not be believing God; it would not be faith but feeling; in fact, it would be an experience instead of Christ for a Saviour, and "feeling a change" instead of believing God's Word as the ground of assurance of salvation.

Whenever this change of feelings died away, as you say it has often done with you, then your ground of assurance would be gone; you would have nothing to hold on to, and the consequence would be, you would be plunged into darkness and doubt as before. I will tell you now how I know that I am saved, and what gives me the constant assurance. God says in His Word, that He gave His Son to die for sinners, that they might be righteously saved. You say you believe He died for you. God further says, that "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39). Not "will be justified," or "may be justified," or "feel justified," but "ARE JUSTIFIED." I believe God. I take Him at His Word, without waiting for feelings or experiences. God is worthy of being believed apart from such "evidences." The consequence is, I know that I am a justified man know it because God has said it. Is that enough?

I see it all now, simply and clearly. I have been looking in to my feelings instead of believing God. I have been waiting for signs, instead of taking God at His Word. O, how foolish I have been. But I will wait no longer. God says, "All that believe are justified," and this is mine. She now rejoices in the knowledge of her salvation. Reader, do you?

SUDDENLY CALLED.

"Converted,' then?" We were sitting together, and I had been telling my brother of the great change "from darkness to light" I had known since I saw him last. He had listened with an amused smile, until I remarked it was a grand thing to be the Lord's, when he burst into a merry laugh, as he asked me the above question.

"Yes, my boy," I replied; "and right glad I am; it's a fine thing to know I have eternal life."

"But how do you know? You can't be sure; you only think so. God never told you, did He? I have known men who would say all sorts of things like that one day, and be drunk the next. I don't believe in this preaching. I like tolks to act as they talk. How are you sure you have it right?"

"I have God's Word for it (1 John v. 13), and that is enough for me. And I want you to know it too. If you have my Jesus for your Saviour, He will save as well as keep you." Earnestly I sought to show him his need, and God's remedy, and the joy of being saved; but he thought it a good joke my being 'converted.' He could not deny I was happier than he; but he did not want Jesus then. "No danger to me," he said.

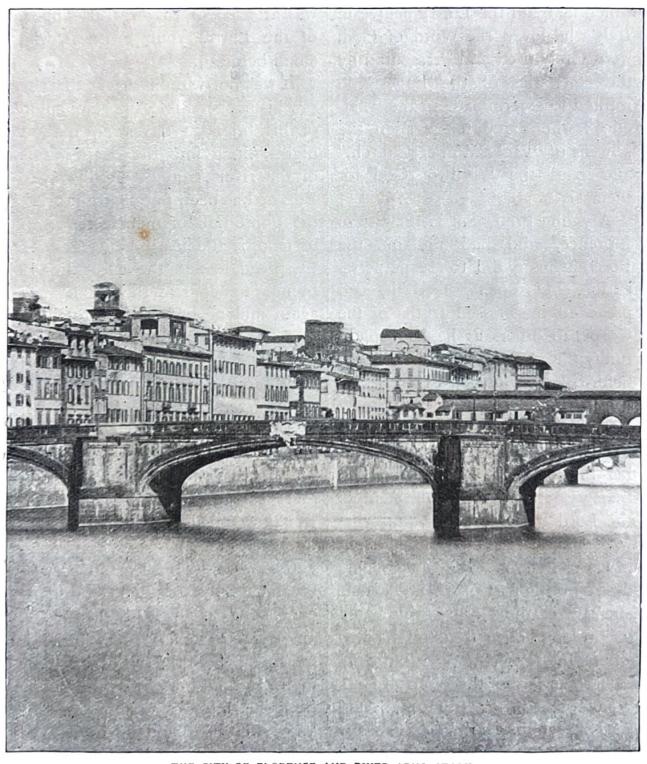
"But think of those poor fellows shattered to pieces before your very eyes, and you upon the same spot. Oh, if it had been you, and it might have been."

"I wouldn't stand as they did," he said; "they might know they would be blown up there; but there's no danger to me. trouble about me, lassie; I'm right enough as I am." During the hours we spent together, many were the bright pictures he drew of the future, when we would be together, and then he would be "good" for my sake. He left to return to his dangerous employment in the summer, saying he would not be long away. Five short months passed, and I received a message to go at once if I would see him alive. I arrived just too late—he died that morning. Within a week that strong frame was laid low, the merry voice hushed, the bright eye closed; the spirit was gone. Whither?

Ah! you who scoff at these things, or turn away, saying, there is plenty of time yet, be sure that sooner or later you will be laid where no hand can save: the fondest heart cannot stay the chill grasp of death, Oh! where will you be in that solemn day?

Gladly would I have died for him, but he was beyond the reach of my help—gone for ever.

THE ITALIAN SOLDIER.



THE CITY OF FLORENCE AND RIVER ARNO, ITALY.

THE ITALIAN AND HIS BIBLE:

A SCENE IN THE CITY OF FLORENCE MANY YEARS AGO.

in the year 1852—a year in which many of the Lord's people in Italy who loved the Word of God, were sorely tried and persecuted by the emissaries of the Pope, who wanted to exterminate all the "heretics" who dared to question the powers of "Holy Mother Church," and read the Word of God for themselves.

A young Protestant in the city of Florence, who had not hid the Book, as many did to escape persecution, but openly read it, and preached the blessed truths of the Gospel to others as he had opportunity, was seized and brought before the tribunal. Fearless and calm before his accusers, the young confessor held up the Book, and asked any of those who thirsted for his life to shew wherein he had transgressed the commandment of the Lord in his practice, and what were the "heresies" he had taught in his preaching. But their was no desire on the part of the implacable enemies of the Gospel, who feared its power if once it found its way among the people, to refer to the unerring standard of the Word of God. "Take that Book from him, and fling it over the bridge. The vile Book must be rooted up, and all who use it punished," cried the Prince of Tuscany, whose anger was aroused at the fearless appeal of the Lord's young witness, who stood before him.

It was not without a tear that he saw his pocket Bible, the companion of his brightest days and darkest nights, flung into the deep waters of the river Arno before his eyes. But, as has been frequently proved, the opposition of men to the truth of God, is the instrument He uses to spread it, and the efforts made by men to suppress the Bible have again and again been overruled by God to spread it abroad.

The precious little volume floated swiftly on the clear blue waters of the river until it reached Signa, where a young Italian soldier had gone down the river to bathe.

Innocenti saw the Book floating on the water, and picked it up. Books were not over-plentiful in those days among the Italian peasantry and soldiery, least of all the precious Book of God. Carefully concealing it beneath his cloak, Innocenti hastened home with his treasure. Stealthily he read it by night at first, not daring to tell any what he had found, for well he knew, his life would be in danger, were it known to the priests that

he had in his possession the forbidden Book. But so interested did he become in its "wonderful words of life"—all so new to him, that he studied the Book every spare minute he had, by day as well as by night, and the entrance of God's words gave light to his dark soul, and led him to the Saviour. Yes, apart from any human instrumentality whatever, simply by the enlightening and life-giving power of the Word, brought home to his conscience and his heart by the Spirit of God, Innocenti was "born of God," and became God's child. the Word assuring him that he was such (John i. 12), and the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he was indeed one of God's children (Rom. viii. 16).

Thus possessed of God's salvation and the joy of it, Innocenti could not keep the good news all to himself, so in confidence he lent the Book to a neighbour, who began to read it, and in turn lent it to another, until as of old, "the Word of God grew" (Acts xii. 24). Secret meetings where held, at first by a small circle, to search and study the Word of God, and these gradually increased in numbers and in interest, and the Lord so abundantly blessed, that many in Signa, and in the neighbourhood, were brought to the Lord. And that work of grace spread itself abroad through the sunny plains and valleys of Italy, and fruit of it remains till the present day.

How vast, how mighty, is the power of the Word of God! Neither the hate of men nor the wiles of demons can hinder its triumph. simply because it is Divine, and has the eternal God behind it. you receive it as God's message to you an individual sinner, telling you of your sin, your need, your danger, of God's love set upon you, sinner as you are (Rom. v. 8), and the death of His beloved Son for you, to atone for your sin, to righteously set you free from its penalty, and deliver you from its power, you shall be saved as surely as God has said it (Rom. x. 9). That Word is my authority for believing that Jesus died for me, and the source of my assurance that I am saved, and "the Word of the Lord shall stand for ever." Neither the open assaults of infidels, the undermining attempts of critics, nor the persecutions of those who dread and seek to destroy the progress of the Word of God, can ever hurt or harm it, or any who build for eternity on its rock foundations for salvation.

Make sure you are on that rock. No other foundation is secure. Nothing else will stand the coming storm. All else is sinking sand.

THE COLLEGE BOAT RACE.

BOAT race was arranged between two classes at College, to take place on the river on a Saturday afternoon. There was a large crowd of spectators, and great



interest in the affair. Much to their own

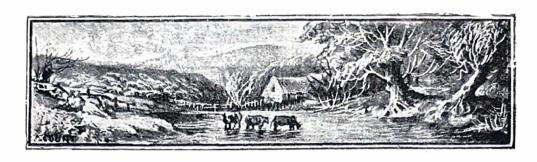
astonishment, and that of others, the crew which was expected to win, was very badly beaten. **Immediately** after the race, they drew their boat to shore, for the purpose of examining and overhauling it, when lo! they found at the bottom of the boat, not far from the stern, a large weight had been fastened by the hand of an opponent. This at once revealed the cause of their defeat.

There are many who are professedly on the race to glory, being beaten all along the line. Thev make little or no progress in the Heavenly race. Something seems always to weigh them down, and drag them backward. Very likely some secret sin, some worldly habit is at the bottom of their miserable Better "haul up" and failures. make a thorough examination, reader, at once, if this is your case. See first of all that you have really been born again, and if you are quite clear about this, search and see if any secret sin, any sinful habit, is

Some think they are in the Heavenly race who have never really "entered" by the door at all. Others have their hidden weight. Let it be removed at once, else you will make no real progress in the Heavenly race. This is what the Apostle means when he says, "Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us" (Heb. xii. 1). Reader, are there any "weights" weighing you down? Search and see.

THE BEST ROBE.

ARY had on her new dress early on the Lord's day early on the Lord's-day morning, and was ready to go off to Sunday School. Giving her mother the farewell kiss, she whispered— "Is it nice"? "Yes, very nice, but I would rather know my little Mary had on 'the best robe.'" The lesson that day was the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and when the teacher began to tell how "the best robe" was put on the prodigal, and what it meant, Mary listened most attentively. "That 'best robe' is Christ," said the teacher, "and all who trust in Him are covered with His beauty, accepted by God, and made righteous in Him." When Mary returned home, she ran to her mother and joyfully said, "I know the best robe now, mother; it weighing you down world-ward. I is Christ, and I have Him on me."



THREE GENERATIONS; or, The Same Jesus for All.

LITTLE group, consisting of an aged miner, a careworn young mother, and a school-girl of ten, waited for our "after-meeting" at the close of the Gospel preaching the other Sunday evening. speaking a few words of Gospel, and pointing the aged miner and the anxious woman to Jesus, who is the Rest for the weary, I turned to the bright girl saying, "And would you like to be saved, too?" With a happy smile she replied, "I am saved, sir, but I am waiting till mother is saved too." I thus became aware that the happy child was the daughter of the anxious woman whom I had been pointing to the Saviour. "And how do you know that you are saved?" I said, turning to the child, with the desire that she might tell in her own simple manner the way of life, so that the two seekers might hear it, for I knew she could tell it in a way that they would understand. "It says in the Testament, that Jesus died for sinners, and that is what I am, so I

know He died for me. And it also says, that whosoever believeth in Him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life; I believe, and so it is mine." I turned to the aged man and the woman, and said, "Do you hear that? That is God's way of salvation, told by a child who possesses it. Are you willing to be saved in the same way?" By this time both were in tears, and I believe both then and there, as sinners yielded to the Saviour. The child rose with such a beam of joy on her face, and first grasped the hand of her mother, then, to my surprise, of the aged man, who turned out to be her grandfather, and all three went away rejoicing. Yes, three generations saved by the same Jesus, and in the same way, by simply trusting Are you saved, reader? You Him. may be now; for the same Saviour waits to welcome you as He did these three. You will be, if you come to Him now just as you are, for "This Man receiveth sinners," and "Now is the day of salvation."

TOM'S LETTER; or, "I've got Christ."

YOUNG lad, tired of home and the quiet life of his native highland village, emigrated to the Australian gold-fields search of wealth and pleasure. In his boyhood he had attended the village Sunday school, and there

bit o' the old Book at night before retiring—a custom I learned at my father's fireside in Auld Scotland: will you wait and read with me?" "Yes," said Tom, rather glad that he had met with such a companion, for although still unconverted to had learned God's way of life and God he knew that a Christian had



the best of it for time and eternity. God owned the reading of the Word, and the godly life of that young man to Tom's awakening, and soon after to his conversion. He was truly saved and at once took his stand by the side of the young Scotchman as a confessor of Christ. A letter to his mother by the next mail began—"Dear mother, I've reached the gold-fields, and am rich already, for I've got Christ and all His riches." How his mother and sister rejoiced! Their

peace from a godly, faithful teacher. But Tom had no desire to be saved then. He loved his sins and the company of the ungodly too well. Arriving in the gold-fields a complete stranger, he found lodgings with a young man, a countryman of his Before going to bed, this young Scotchman took a Bible from the shelf and said—"I aye read a | Word? It is the only safe guide.

many prayers had been answered. Tom had to go to the ends of the earth to learn his need of a Saviour, and be brought to decision for Him. God used His own Word, and instrumentally the decided testimony of that young man who read Are you saved? If so, do you read, love, honour, and obey God's

THE WIGTOWNSHIRE FARMER;

Or, Neither Warned by the Law, nor Saved by the Gospel.

ORSEWALL Lighthouse, with its glazed cupola top and powerful light, standing on the Wigtownshire coast, is a well-known object to mariners entering the Firth of Clyde. Its revolving light, re-

"I don't believe in these folks who preach about hell and damnation. I think if they want to draw people, they should preach love and not harrow people's feelings, speakso much about the future world,



CORSEWALL LIGHTHOUSE, WITH IRISH MAIL STEAMER PASSING.

sembling a star of the first magnitude, one minute white, the next red, has warned and guided many a storm-tossed seaman on that rocky and dangerous coast. And that changing light has been the means of leading some to think on eternal things, as the following story shows.

which some of our cleverest and most learned ministers say we can know little about." The speaker was a Wigtownshire farmer, crossing to Belfast on the daily mail steamer from Stranraer.

His companion, to whom the above remarks were made, was a

well-known Christian, who was not ashamed to speak for Christ, and let his light shine wherever he was.

The subject of preaching was opened, in connection with some meetings being held in Stranraer at that time, in the open air, at which in passing the farmer had evidently heard some plain speaking about the doom of the ungodly, with which he was not altogether pleased; for as you may know, Wigtownshire farmers, like other people, do not generally hear, or wish to hear, the plain, unmuffled sound of God's warning bell, telling sinners to "flee from the wrath to come."

The Christian remarked, "Warning and invitation are both needed. The love of God and the terror of the Lord, are alike declared in the Gospel. Just as the white and red lights of Corsewall lighthouse appear alternately, to warn the sailor of the dangerous rocks, as well as to guide him along the safe channel to his desired haven, sinners need to be warned of hell as well as guided to Christ and to heaven, and God has given both warnings and entreaties. He has told the way of salvation, and warned against the danger of damnation with equal clearness in His Word. 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,' is not more sure than 'He that believeth not shall be damned'

(Mark xvi. 16), or 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' than 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him' (John iii. 36). The one is as sure as the other. I am not very familiar with what 'learned' and 'clever' men say about these things, but I know what God says in His Word, which to me is the great authority on these matters." Then to bring matters to a personal issue, and if possible to find where the farmer stood himself in regard to being saved, he continued, "It will be a good way of spending the time as we cross over, and no doubt a blessing to us both, if we each tell how the Lord awakened and saved us; for some are brought in by one means, some by another. It was the flashing of the red light—the terrors of judgment to come—that awakened me, and made me so thoroughly miserable, that I was glad to flee to Jesus for salvation; possibly it was the white light of God's love to sinners that was the means of your conversion; but let us compare notes that we may praise God together."

To this the farmer made no reply. It was evident the suggestion did not quite meet his approval, and as we shall hear, for a very good reason. There is nothing in all the wide

world that an unconverted man—even though he may be religious—resents more, than close dealing on the subject of personal conversion. You may talk about religion, churches, ministers, and general theology long enough; but if you ask the plain and honest question, "Have you been born again?" you will soon find out whether one has Christ, or merely a religious profession without Him.

You may easily test yourself, reader, by this simple means, whether you are a true Christian or a sham one, a possessor of Christ or a mere professor of religion, by honestly asking, "Have I been born again, born of God?" If so, when, where? Years had passed since that conversation on the steamer. At the close of an evangelistic meeting held in a Wigtownshire village, a greyhaired farmer came up to the

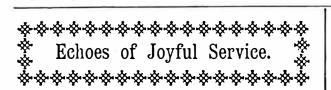
preacher and warmly shook hands, remarking, "The words you spoke that day never left me. I found out that I neither was warned by the law, nor saved by the Gospel. But thank God, I have been awakened to see myself a sinner, and Jesus has been revealed to me as my personal Saviour." was mutual rejoicing, and a heartfelt "Praise God!" arose from both. as the one told and the other heard of the grace of God in his salvation. There are others beside the Wigtownshire farmer who do not like to hear plain speaking about eternal things. The muffled sound, the devil's lullaby is more to their taste. But what then? The fact remains, whether they hear it, heed it, or disregard it, that "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). How is it with you, reader?

"AND HE DIED."

YOUNG man telling the story of his awakening and conversion at a meeting, said, "It was the words repeated over and over in Genesis v., 'And he died,' that God used to arouse me to a sense of my danger. One lived eight hundred years, another four; but the end was always—'And he died.' The thought flashed

across my mind—it will be said of you one day, 'and he died.' Where will you be then? I found no rest till I came to Jesus, and claimed Him as my Saviour. Now I have life everlasting, and death for me has no terrors."

Can you say so, reader? Or do you dread the hour when of you it shall be said—"and he died?"



How grand it is to see bands of bright hearty workers, going forth in the service of the Lord. Here are a few "Echoes" of happy work.

Three servant girls, who get out only one night a week, visit the Girls' ward in the hospital, where they sing hymns and leave gospel Another goes down to the books. thatch-roofed cottage by the riverside, where an old lame woman of seventy-five—a true lover of the Lord—resides alone, and "tidies up" her single apartment for her. she reads to the aged saint, and they speak long on "things touching the King." These are small beginnings, but it is often in tiny rills that great rivers rise, and from these hidden paths of service, some may yet be led to stand in the front of the battle of the Lord.

A text boldly printed on the corner of an envelope, and followed into the post-office by the prayers of the sender, was used to awaken an aged postman over three hundred miles from the place where it was posted. There are many such cases no doubt, which the day will declare. Ours is to "Sow beside all waters."

A hardened sinner, who had beaten his wife for many years,

and spent many months in prison, came to our Meeting on a Sunday night. We were all specially happy in the Lord that night, and although none of us are much worth at preaching, the singing had real power with it that night, as it always has when we are right with God. By the time the second verse of the hymn was finished, tears began to run down the hardened sinner's cheeks, and before it was finished, he sat sobbing like a child. The words of Gospel grace in that hymn had reached his heart, and we had the unspeakable joy of taking him home to his brokenhearted wife, a saved man that night. What a stir there was in the place next day! and so well there might, for a miracle of redeeming grace had been wrought. Praise God for "the ministry of Gospel song:" may the singers ever be happy in the Lord, so as to make full proof of their ministry.

Six of us stood last Saturday night a short distance from one of the worst public-houses in the City, giving short pointed messages to the young men who passed in and out. It was a terrible sight, these crowds of perishing sinners, but God helped us, and we are going again next Saturday. This is a branch of work which few seem to "take up."

JANE, THE LADY'S MAID: or, HONOUR THE LORD.

for all the servants on the occasion of our young master's coming of age, and it is expected you will all be there," said the housekeeper at Manor Lodge to those under her, after giving them the morning orders.

There was a general clapping of hands among the maid-servants after they got outside the door of the housekeeper's room. They expected a "jolly" time, just such as the unconverted like to wile away their time, and help them to forget God and Eternity.

"This will test Jane's new religion, won't it?" said one of the maids to her companion, as they hastened to the laundry together.

"That it will," said the other.

"I wonder whatever she'll do? If she refuses to go to the dance, the mistress will get to hear of it, and that will bring Jane down from the high place she occupies in the estimation of the mistress anyway. Or, if she goes, then that will stop her talk about being 'saved,' and 'not of the world,' anyhow." The girls chuckled together in great glee over what they estimated would be Jane's dilemma. I may say that Jane was lady's-maid, a great favourite with her mistress, and had been in the

family's service for many years. Only a few months before, she had been converted, and had taken a most decided stand for her Lord in that worldly house. All the servants knew that Jane had ceased to frequent the opera and the ball-room, both of which, in her unconverted days, she was very fond of. But since she had known Christ, she did not need them, and had no desire for them: she had got something better.

The coming festivities in connection with the eldest son's majority were to be on a very large scale, and the servants were to have their share, as the housekeeper had just told them. There were many suppositions as to what Jane would do, and many eager eyes were upon her. When the night of the ball came, Jane was absent, a fact which her enemies, and those who longed for her downfall, commented on, and presented in the darkest hue, putting the worst construction possible upon it. Imagine their surprise and disappointment, when they learned that the mistress had commended Jane for the course she had pursued, and arranged to give her a holiday instead. Jane's mistress, although not herself a Christian, saw how inconsistent it would be for her maid,

who confessed Christ as her Lord, to be in such a scene, and commended her for her consistency. Jane's enemies were put to shame and silence. She was honoured and commended by her mistress, and, best of all, she pleased and honoured the Lord. Had she swerved from the path of obedience to Christ, for fear of losing worldly favour, how different it would have been! Verily, the word of the Lord is sure—"Them that honour Me, I will honour."

THE CLASS AT THE FARM.

Two servant girls were cleaning their door-step one morning, as a farmer's wife passed. Taking a step back, she said, "I see you are both busy, and I do not wish to detain you, but thought I might tell you of a Bible-class for young women at our farm on Sunday afternoons. If you are not engaged at that hour, I shall be glad to see you both there." The two girls were glad to accept the invitation, and the following Sunday they were in the circle of girls gathered to hear the Gospel. It was all new to them, and the Spirit of God used the word spoken to show them their sinful state. Week after week they came, and as the Word searched them, the burden of sin, the conscious weight of it, increased, and

the fear of coming judgment with it. One Sunday afternoon, Jeannie, the elder of the two, waited after the others had gone, and said to her teacher, "My burden is gone now, Mrs. S—; I see Jesus has borne it away." Next week, Jeannie's companion was saved, and both were exceedingly happy.

How delightful it was, to see the two servant girls tripping along the country road, Bible in hand, to town, making the woods echo with their song to Immanuel's praise. And now, though sundered by oceans from each other, they keep up a constant correspondence, seeking to help each other on along the heavenward way. The same Gospel that removed Jeannie's fears is within your reach, reader, to-day.

A YOUNG BELIEVER'S DESIRE.



BLESSED God, how kind Thou art.
To Thee, we bow the knee,
O, may thy presence fill our hearts,
And keep us true to Thee.

When trials and cares beset our path, And fears arise within; O, may we see that blessed One, Who died our souls to win.

Our risen Lord is coming soon, To take us to our home; Where we shall ever be at rest, And never more shall roam.

O, come Lord Jesus, quickly come; We long Thy face to see: To dwell within Thy Father's house, And ever happy be.

MILNGAVIE

R.S.

THE CORONATION OF THE KING.



T.I.M. KING EDWARD VH. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN CORONATION ROBES.

THE CORONATION OF THE KING.

N Thursday, June 26th, 1902, King Edward the Seventh will be crowned in Westminster Abbey. It will be a memorable occasion. All the great and noble of the empire will be there. Princes, ambassadors and representatives of all empires, kingdoms and states of the civilized world, will gather there to give homage and honour to Britain's King.

So uncommon are Coronation days in our island kingdom, that it is over sixty years since the last took place, when the great and good Queen Victoria was crowned. Perhaps not one who shouted "God save the Queen" in the old Abbey that day, will see the crowning of her son, for the stream of human life flows on, bearing generation after generation to the great eternal world beyond.

As none of our readers are likely to be there, we will give a brief description of what will take place at the crowning of the King, and gather some lessons as we go along.

Never before has there been such a gathering at the coronation of a British sovereign, for since Queen Victoria was crowned, the British Empire has spread itself far and wide, and millions in the Britains beyond the seas will join in celebrating the coronation of their King.

The Coronation pageant will be a very grand affair, and thousands will see nothing in it but a display of royal pomp and vanity, at which they will shout, and of which for many days to come they will think and speak. But the Coronation itself, the place where it takes place, and the words that are uttered by the King, are all intended to bring God and Christ and Eternity near. And the things whereof it speaks are real. The Coronation ceremony is very old and of a religious charac-Some of its rites are borrowed from the Bible, others from the Church of Rome, and a few seem to have been handed down from the days of our pagan ancestors. But as the good Archbishop Cranmer, who was soon after burnt at the stake for Christ's sake, told the last Edward who was crowned in Westminster Abbey, "They be good admonitions to put kings in mind of their duty to God."

Born a King.

It is well to remember that it is not the coronation of King Edward that makes him a king—it is the public acknowledgment that he is one—he was born a king. Nothing he ever did, or will do, could have given him that position: it could only be reached by royal birth. So Jesus was born a King (Matt. ii. 2),

of the royal lineage (Luke ii. 9), yet was He denied His kingdom and His crown. Instead of being welcomed by the shouts of a loyal people, they crowned Him with thorns, and nailed Him to a cross. Yet He must reign, and those who

quaint state coach, used on such occasions, through St. James' Park and Parliament Street, to Westminster Abbev. The grev old Abbey will appear very bright and gay with flags and banners outside, while inside it will be sumptuously



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE THE CORONATION TAKES PLACE.

Photo by

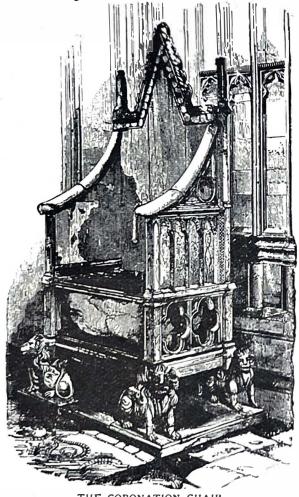
[G. F. O. Stuart, Southampton.

know and are with Him, shall see and share that coming Coronation day, when "every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord" (Phil. ii. 10).

The Scene of the Coronation.

On the morning of that day, the King and Queen will leave Buck-

decorated, to banish from it if possible, the death-like appearance it usually wears. Yet, not all the splendours of the day, can make it anything but what it is—a cemetery, a burying-place, where kings and queens, statesmen, poets, heroes and great ones of earth lie crumbling into ingham Palace, and drive in the dust. There also orators, sages and preachers of ages lie. As old Jeremy Taylor wrote, "Where our kings are crowned, their ancestors be interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown." The graves of five kings and six queens lie around Edward



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

the Confessor's tomb, and these all were once the objects of attraction on the day of their coronation, as King Edward and Queen Alexandra will be on this Coronation day. The procession passes between the statues of Pitt and Fox, and treads across David Livingston's grave. It

is in the midst of these silent witnesses to the shortness of early life, the passing away of earthly glory, and the crumbling to dust of earthly kingdoms, that the King and Queen receive their crowns, which they will wear only till the summons comes for them to join the company of the royal dead. Blessed be God! there is a crown which is incorruptible, and a kingdom from which its King shall never be removed by death. He is "the King Eternal" (1 Tim. i. 17). His throne in the heavens is for ever and ever (Heb. i. 8), and His kingdom shall "not be left to other people, it shall stand for ever" (Dan. ii. 44). around His royal throne, His ransomed people will be gathered, all who have known Him and trusted His precious blood once shed for sin, which is the only title to a place of honour, and of glory on that great Coronation day. All will be possessors of life, life eternal, life which never dies. And that life was received by each while on earth as "the free gift of God, through Jesus Christ" (Rom. vi. 23, R.v.) No chill of death will ever mar that fair scene. As Samuel Rutherford so sweetly sang—

"O'er these there broods no silence, No graves around them stand, For glory, deathless dwelleth In Immanuel's Land."

THE ROYAL PROCESSION AND REGALIA.

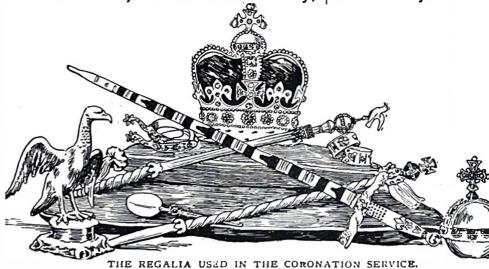
NTERING the Abbey by the west door, the King and Queen, robed in royal purple and crimson, are preceded by archbishops, princes, princesses, and followed by nobles and officers of state bearing the Regalia. The Regalia consists of St. Edward's staff, a sceptre of about five feet long, with a cross at the top. It belonged to King Edward the Confessor, who built the Abbey,

troduced to the coronation service by Edward VI., who was crowned when a boy of nine, and insisted on having the Word of God presented to him on his Coronation Day. "That," said he, "is the Sword of the Spirit, without which we are nothing and can do nothing." Well would it be for all to remember this, not only on coronation days, but all the days. The Word of God is

> the only sure and safe guide for prince or peasant.

The King and Queen walk slowly down the navetoward the chairs of state provided them. These are

called Recogni-



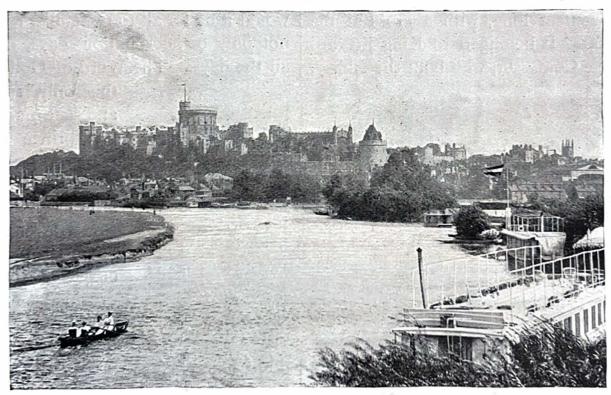
and is buried in it. Next, a noble man bears the golden spurs—the emblem of knighthood. Then the Royal Sceptre, made of pure gold, wreathed with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The Sword of Mercy, Sword of Justice, the great Sword of State, and the Sceptre with the Dove in white enamel, on its top. Edward's Crown, the Orb, a golden ball with a cross of gold, set with diamonds on the top, and last of all a Bible, which it is said was first in-

tion Chairs, before which there are are faldstools, on which they kneel and bow their heads before God. Yes, the very first act of the great ceremony is, that Royalty publicly owns God over all. Whether it be a form or a fact we cannot tell; but it at any rate reminds us that the "King Eternal, immortal and invisible," the God before whose throne both sovereign and subject must one day bow, is not forgotten.

THE CROWNING OF THE KING.

the Lord High Chancellor, and the people cry, "God save King Edward." Then there is a prayer, a short address or sermon, after which the King takes the oath, with his hand upon the Bible, apart from which no Coronation is valid, and which if he

I. brought it to London. Under the seat of this chair there is a stone, named "The Crowning Stone," which was brought from Scone, in Perthshire, upon which all the Scottish Kings were crowned. Tradition says, it is the stone on which Jacob slept at Bethel, when the angels of



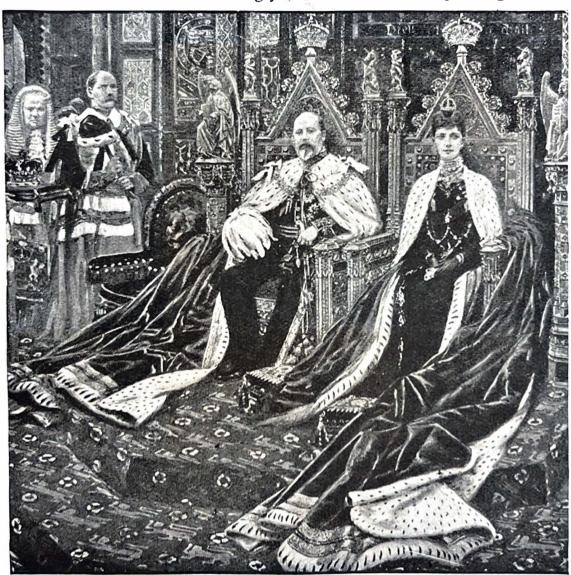
WINDSOR CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

breaks, he forfeits his crown. It is a solemn thing to do. The King is then anointed from a vase in the form of a golden eagle, called the Ampulla, in which the anointing oil, composed of fragrant spices, is stored. The King is then seated in King Edward's Chair. In this chair all the Kings and Queens have been crowned since 1297, when Edward

God were seen ascending and descending; but there is no proof whatever of this. The King is then anointed on the head, the breast, and the hands. He is girded with the Sword of State, receives the Sword of Justice, the Orb is placed in his left hand, "to remind him that the whole world is subject to the power of Christ"—that He only has all

power in heaven and on earth, and is now using it in grace for the salvation of sinners. Then a ring is placed upon the fourth finger of the right hand, as an emblem of kingly

left hand. Then the Crown is placed upon King Edward's head, and the people shout, "God save the King," while the trumpets sound and the great guns of the



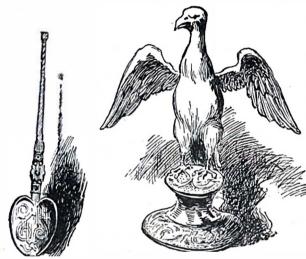
THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

dignity and devotion. The Royal Sceptre with the Cross—the ensign of Power and Justice—is put into his right hand, while the Sceptre with the Dove—the emblem of Mercy and Equity—is placed in his

Tower are fired. Then the King is presented with the Bible, the Word of God, and is told it is "the most valuable thing in the world." The King is then lifted up to his throne, where he receives the homage, first

of the royal princes and princesses, then of dukes, marquesses, earls, and all the great ones of the kingdom.

The Queen is afterwards crowned, with less ceremony, and then, wearing their crowns and royal robes, the King and Queen enter their carriage of state and drive through the crowded streets amid cheering thousands to their palace.



THE AMPULLA AND SPOON.

So unusual is a Coronation Day
—not one who reads this has ever
seen one—that we have given the
above description of its wonders,
which may be all that some will
ever know of them. But after all
it is but a passing event, and will
soon be forgotten by the busy crowd.
I like to contrast with it another
Coronation which, although it took
place nearly two thousand years ago,
is as fresh in the remembrance of
millions to-day as when it took
place. Whose Coronation do you
think that was? It was the Coron-

ation of Jesus. "We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour" (Heb. ii. 9). Up yonder on the throne of God He sits, with the crown immortal and incorruptible upon His brow, anointed with the oil of gladness, with the universal sceptre of "all power" in His hand, bearing too the rod of mercy. O what a sight! Angels, seraphs, saints, bowing at His Name in heaven! Sinners, saved by His grace, redeemed by His blood, soon to be in His glory, bowing before Him here on earth and calling Him "Lord Jesus!" Yes, and thousands upon thousands whom He loves, and who love Him, because He first loved them and gave Himself for them, young men and maidens, boys and girls, too, of every clime and tongue, are even now in the joy of their hearts exclaiming—

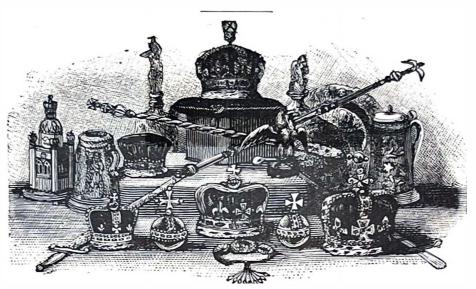
"We love to sing around the King,
And hail Him our Lord Jesus,
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus."

Are you among that multitude, or are you yet a stranger to His love; a rebel against His sceptre, and an enemy of His person?

There will be one class within these realms who will take no part and share no rejoicing in the Coronation of the King—those within His Majesty's prisons. Rejecters of Christ will have no part in His glory.

THE CROWN JEWELS;

or, "I HAVE SOMETHING BETTER THAN THESE."



AVE you ever gazed with wonder on that marvellous collection of crowns, sceptres, swords and gems which form the Regalia or Crown Jewels of Great Britain. They usually lie in a circular room in the Wakefield Tower, one of the ancient buildings of the Tower of London. The jewels in Queen Victoria's crown alone are said to have cost £113,000. It contains 2700 diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones, besides the great Kohi-noor diamond. New crowns have been made for King Edward and Queen Alexandria, which they will wear on their Coronation day.

Standing outside the railing, gazing with wonder on the magnificent collection of gold and gems, crowns of monarchs long dead, a simple country lad who had gone up to

London for the day with a companion, said "Thank the Lord, Charlie, I have something better than these, something that I will not require to leave when the Lord calls me hence." "What's that Bill?" asked his companion. "A crown incorruptible, an inheritance eternal, and a life everlasting: all secure in Christ, and not to me only, but to all who believe and are saved. Yes, blessed be God!" And these may be your's as surely as they were that country lad's personal possessions. died to purchase them. He lives to impart them, and all who believe in Him, possess them now. There is nothing in all the world-not even the gem-spangled crowns of the King and Queen—that will last for ever. All earthly glory is doomed to die, but the life, the kingdom and the glory of Christ are for ever,

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH;

Or, THE HEROES OF "THE THUNDERING LEGION."

the days of Licinius, the Roman Emperor, who cruelly persecuted the followers of Christ in Armenia, a band of Roman soldiers was placed at Sabaste. This noble company had earned for itself the name of "The Thundering Legion." On being examined as to their religion, forty of the men declared themselves to be followers of Christ. This confession greatly aroused the anger of their Imperial master, and they were ordered at once to give up their faith, or they would have to appear before the judges. After a short, unjust trial, they were sentenced to be stripped of their uniforms, and exposed for a whole night on a frozen pool. bitterly cold night came on; the citizens shut their doors, and piled the fuel on their fires, while these forty brave men walked on the frozen pond, sometimes walking quickly as if to evade the cold, sometimes standing in groups praying—"Lord, forty soldiers have come out to night to do battle for Thee, grant that on every brow may be worn a crown of victory." On the bank of the pond, a centurion, Sempronius by name, sat in a house by the side of a blazing fire, with provisions, clothing and wine, to tempt the brave men to deny their Lord. That door was open to any or all of them, at any

moment of that night of trial, but, whoever crossed its threshold, was to be regarded as having renounced his faith, and become an idolater. As the intensity of the cold increased, one faint heart fled to the refuge, where every care and comfort was ministered to him, but he had denied his Lord. Thirty-nine faithful men, still tread the frozen pond, praying that they may be kept faithful unto death, and as Sempronius, the centurion looks in amazement, on his comrades' faithful endurance, he is convinced in the depths of his soul, that no human power could give them such courage, and as he remembers their testimony to the Name of Jesus Christ, and stepping from his place, he fearlessly confesses himself a Christian, and is stripped of his Roman eagle and costly uniform, to join the martyr witnesses on the frozen pond. Then the prayer again went up—"Lord, forty soldiers have come out to-night to do battle for Thee, may they be faithful unto death, and receive the crown of victory."

The morning sun of winter, arose next day on forty cold corpses, lying in various postures on the ice, including the brave centurion, but their ransomed spirits were with Him who says—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

THE TESTIMONY OF QUEEN VICTORIA

To the Gospel's Saving Power and Its Blessed Hope.

ICTORIA, the good and great

Queen is dead. She passed away at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on the evening of Jan. 22nd, 1901, "surrounded by her children and grandchildren," at the advanced age of 81. Emperors, kings and princes of many nations, followed her body to the grave, and crowds of weeping men and women from every rank in life. Of the Queen's virtues and graces as a sovereign, much has been said and written. We would briefly set forth here, what has been left on record of her as a believer in the Lord Jesus, one who had a title to a kingdom and a crown in heaven, through her union with Christ. That she was a true Christian, saved by grace and waiting for glory there is abundant proof.

In her Journal of a Life in the Highlands, the Queen writes, after hearing Dr. Norman Macleod preach—"The sermon was admirable, upon God's love, our Saviour's sufferings, which God would not spare Him." This tells the subjects that were regarded by the widowed Queen as of the greatest value, and surely we may say they are the greatest and grandest that can possibly occupy the human heart and mind—the love of God and the

atoning death of Christ. Glorious foundations of the Gospel of God! Safe and hallowed resting-place for the soul of sovereign and subject alike! There is no other. we are not without the fullest witness that the Queen was personally resting in simple faith on these Rock-fast foundations. When the news reached Her Majesty at Balmoral of the Doctor's death, she was very much affected, and wrote in her diary—"No one ever felt so convinced and so anxious to convince others that God was a loving Father who wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living, personal Saviour, One who loves us as a Friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence. No one ever raised and strengthened one's faith more." And even more definite and personal testimony to the Queen's faith in the Lord Jesus, and in His atoning death as the sole ground of a sinner's salvation, is to be found in her fine answer to an aged lady, who was bold enough to ask her sovereign, when she honoured her with a visit of condolence, on what her hopes rested for eternity, and received the beautiful answer—" The grace of God, and the all-availing blood of Jesus Christ." Blessed be

THE TESTIMONY OF QUEEN VICTORIA

God for such a testimony! Not royal dignity or worldly honours, but the same sovereign grace of God, by which the lowliest subject of her kingdom may be saved, and the same all-availing blood by which the vilest sinner may be cleansed. Surely it was this simple trust in God's saving grace and Christ's cleansing blood, that enabled the Queen in the hour of her deepest sorrow, when she was left a widow. to cause to be written on the Mausoleum at Frogmore where the Prince Consort was buried, and where her own remains now rest by his side, the following beautiful words, so expressive of the true believer's hope—"Here shall I rest with thee: with thee in Christ shall I arise."

The Queen was a lover of God's Word. In early life she was taught to read and reverence the Book, and we are told her mother was very careful to instil its sacred truths into her young mind, as she was to preserve it from the corruptions then so prevalent even in royal circles. Of the books she was accustomed to read in her youth, we have one pleasing record. the quiet little churchyard of Arreton, in the Isle of Wight, there lies buried a godly girl whose conversion and happy Christian life has been given to the world by Leigh Richmond. A tourist on a visit

there, saw a lady with a young girl sitting there on the tomb, while the latter read aloud from a book. The book was The Dairyman's Daughter by Leigh Richmond. was the Duchess of Kent, and the reader her daughter, the Princess Victoria. who became Britain's During her residence at Oueen. Balmoral, her pretty highland home on Deeside, she often visited the aged and the sick, reading to them the Word of God from which her own comfort was drawn, even in her days of deepest sorrow. It is said that when a heathen prince on a visit to her court, inquired what was the secret of Britain's greatness, the reply given was, "The Word of God." Would that it were true. and that old and young in these highly-favoured Isles, would take that Word as their guide to Christ, who only can make them happy for time and eternity.

When Queen Victoria's eldest son and successor to the throne, King Edward VII, opened Parliament, he began his message from the throne by saying,—"My beloved mother, during her long and glorious reign, has set an example before the world of what a monarch should be. It is my earnest desire to walk in her footsteps." God grant that he, with all the Royal House, may know her Saviour.

THE MANXMAN'S DREAM.



"GERALD SAT MENDING HIS NETS."

THE MANXMAN'S DREAM;

or, "THE LAST THROW OF THE LIFE-LINE."

N a fisherman's cot on the rocky coast of the Isle of Man there lived a stalwart fisherman, who, since his boyhood, had been accustomed to brave the dangers of the deep. More than once Gerald had been known to risk his own life to save that of his fellows, and on one occasion, at least, he was the means of rescuing from a grave in the deep, a fool-hardy boating party which had lost control of their sailing boat in Douglas Bay, and were drifting on to death. Just in the nick of time, Gerald reached them, when not one in the party could do a thing to save themselves, and, taking the boat in hand, brought it safely to the harbour amid the cheers of hundreds who stood looking on.

But Gerald, although a brave man, was not a Christian: he did not believe in the Lord Tesus: he rather scoffed at his comrades in the boat who were saved, and often sang the praises of their Lord on the mighty deep. He had more than once been deeply convicted of sin, during times of salvation and ingathering of souls in his island home, but had never yielded to the Lord, never come as a lost sinner to claim the God-sent Saviour, and thus be born of the Spirit, born from above, and set on the road to heaven.

An Irish Christian lady, who, with her aged mother, was spending a few weeks in the vicinity, sought, while seeking health, to do a little service for her Master in visiting the Manxmen's homes. especially those of the fishermen, with the Gospel's joyful message, leaving a booklet and speaking a personal word where she had opportunity. It was while visiting thus one day that she came across Gerald, and took the opportunity of speaking to him plainly, pointedly, and personally about his soul. For she had been told by his Christian comrades of his state, and how he had stifled convictions, and put off the day of his salvation to a more convenient season. He listened respectfully to her message, and as she knew his comrades were praying to God for him, while she was speaking for God to him, she had the confidence that the Word would not return void.

The following day, Gerald was not at sea. He sat by the side of the house mending his nets the greater part of the day, saying very little, but thinking a great deal, especially about the great subject that had again been brought before him by the lady visitor of the previous day, and which God had used

in a dream of the intervening night to bring back with power to his soul. He told his wife that during the night he dreamt that his boat was overtaken by a storm, while at sea, and that by a huge wave he was washed overboard and sank. Once, twice, a line was thrown to him, and twice he failed to grasp it, while each moment he was drifting further from the boat. third time the line was thrown, and he heard his comrades cry—"Your last chance, Gerald, do not miss it," and with the desperation of a man who knew it was a matter of life or death, he clutched the line and was drawn on board the boat by strength outside his own. he awoke, the words seemed to ring in his ears—"Your last chance, Gerald, do not miss it," and he remembered the pointed words of the Irish lady spoken to him the previous night about the danger of trifling with God's salvation and neglecting the opportunity he was having of being saved, while the day of God's long suffering waited for his acceptance of the free gift of eternal life and blood-bought peace.

"I can work no more, I'm a lost man," said the awakened fisherman to his wife, as he hastily rose, leaving his nets as some of old, that day when Jesus called them on the shore of Galilee's lake. He hastened to where he knew his comrades would be found, and telling them of his dream, asked them to pray that he might be truly converted, a request which they joyfully acceeded to, at the same time telling Gerald that he must not trust in their prayers for salvation, but personally cast himself on the Lord Jesus, who alone is able as He is willing to save.

It was a great joy to these Christian men to tell their awakened comrade of the Saviour, to read to him from the Scriptures the words of God, assuring him that it was to save sinners that Jesus came (Luke xi. 12), that it was for sinners that He died (Rom. v. 8), and that now in heavenly glory He waits still to welcome and to save sinners, even the very chief (1 Tim. i. 15). These words of Gospel love and grace, which have been the resting place of many a weary soul, were used to lead Gerald to trust himself simply and only to Jesus the Saviour. did so tremblingly, for his faith was but as the hand that laid hold of the hem of the Saviour's garment; but that was enough. The power of the Lord went forth as of old, —as it ever does in answer to faith, however feeble—and the sinner was saved. Yes, saved that moment from the cruel grasp of Satan, who

had so long held him in bondage, from the darkness of sin, whose had so slave he long been, and from the course of the world in which he had run. He confessed Christ before men, and went home to his wife to tell her what the Lord had done for his soul. To none did the glad tidings give greater joy than to the Irish lady, whose words God had used for to fix the arrow afresh within his conscience, and together with the vision of the night to bring him to

the point of decision, when the great choice must be made for Christ, or against Him.

Reader, have you reached that eventful hour? Have you made your choice for Eternity, or are you yet trifling and halting while the sands of life run out? No vision of the night, no warning word may be given you. In your sins, without God, a Christless, hopeless soul, you may be hurried into the eternal world, to weep and wail your folly throughout eternity.

AS FAR AS THE EAST IS FROM THE WEST.

A CHRISTIAN ship captain was speaking to a young midshipman



on board his vessel about the blessedness of knowing one's sins forgiven. "I do not understand how any of us can be

sure that our sins are taken away, so long as we are on earth," said the young sailor. "Look at this," said the captain, pointing to the ship's compass. "Do you see that E and that W? God says in His Word that 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us' (Psa. ciii. 12). This is true of all who believe on the Lord Jesus; and

surely if God says so it must be true." The young sailor kept looking at the compass, and repeating to himself, "As far as the east is from the west," until the light of the Gospel entered his heart. simple statement was used by God to show him the way of salvation. He took God at His word, and rejoiced in the knowledge that his sins were all put away. There is nothing further to be done for your salvation than has already been done, reader. The Son of God has died: atonement has been made: God is satisfied. The proof is, He has raised Christ from the dead, and now sends to you the glad tidings that through the death of the Lord Jesus your sins may be all forgiven.

ROBERT C. CHAPMAN OF BARNSTAPLE.

Called Home to be with Christ on June 12th 1902, In the Hundredth Year of his Age.

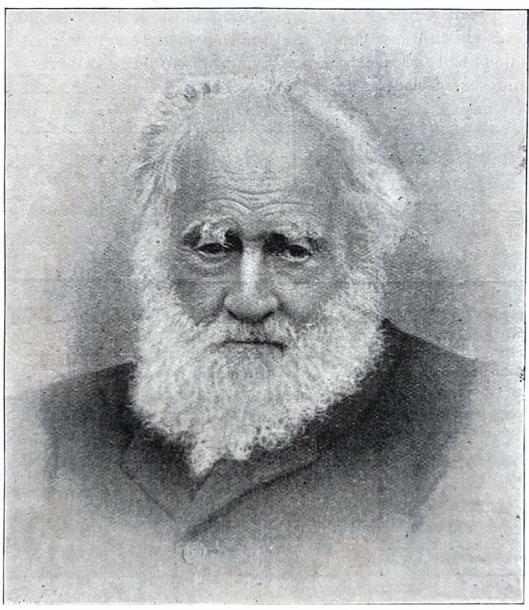


PHOTO BY E. D. PERCIVAL, ILFRACOMBE.

Mr. Robert C. Chapman was saved for about eighty years. He testified continually during his long life, of the blessedness of having Christ, and passed away triumphantly to be with Him rejoicing. One of his sweet sayings was "My last days"

are my best. All is well, O so well." His last words were, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." We expect to issue a brief memoir of this aged pilgrim, which you should read.

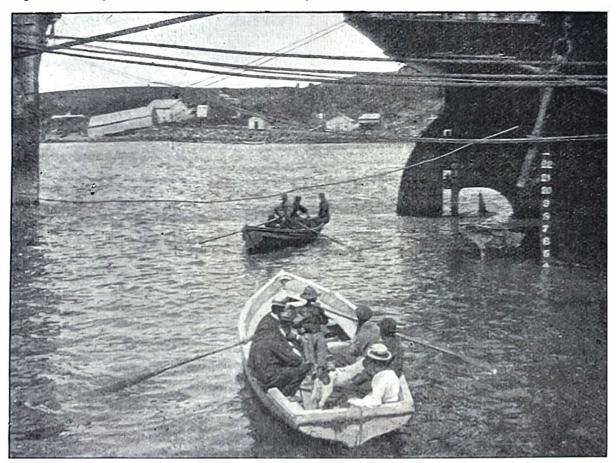
A TRIP THROUGH PONDOLAND.

INTRODUCTORY.

tween Great Britain and the Boers, I with my family and many others had to leave Johannesburg and seek a place of refuge in Cape Colony. We came to East

order given. East London once stood in the heart of Kaffraria, and not so many years ago not a white man was to be seen there.

There are old men and women living there now, who remember



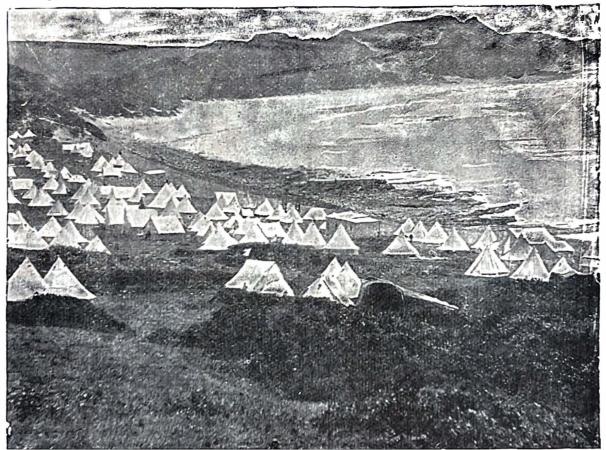
FERRY ACROSS THE BUFFALO RIVER, EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA.

London, a seaport on the extreme east of the colony, with about 16,000 of a population. There are three ports in Cape Colony at which steamers going from England call, Cape Tow., Port Elizabeth, and East London. They stand in point of importance and in locality in the

the time when a small settlement of Europeans began to trade with the natives, then to build houses; and thus a small township arose.

There are some of the natives still in the location who can tell thrilling sories of their hair-breadth escapes during the Kaffir wars which were waged in this neighbourhood. One aged Dutch widow, a true Christian, relates how she and her father's household with other Dutch farmers who had settled there, had frequently to flee for their lives, leaving cattle and all else when the

sand are said to have been in the town, every available house and corner being crowded, and for those who could find no such lodging corrugated iron shelters were built, and tents erected by the seashore, in which, by the munificence of the



CAMP OF REFUGEES NEAR EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA

war cry was suddenly raised among the Kaffirs. But these are things of the past. East London has become a thriving town, with the prospect of great expansion in the near future. During the early stages of the war, which began in 1898, large numbers of refugees found a shelter there. At one time over six thou-

British people, thousands both of black and white refugees were sheltered and fed. This was known as the Refugee Camp, where I with others soon after our arrival began to preach the Gospel. But notwithstanding all the trouble and sorrow these people had passed through since they had to flee from their

homes, their hearts were by no means ready to receive the Gospel's message of life and peace. Every scrap of news from "the front" was eagerly sought for and prized; but immediately the most wonderful story men's ears ever heard was told out, they would walk away to listen to something more to their liking, or to see the sights of the town, the main street of which was used as a promenade.

In the native location, which is outside the town, we began meetings among the coloured people. They listened more readily to the Gospel, and some of the coloured refugees received Christ, while others who had been imbued with all the prejudices of the whites in favour of their own religion and churches, rejected the message of salvation. Many who professed to be Christians had no more than a profession; they were church members, and considered that to be quite sufficient to take them to heaven. woman, to prove that her profession was real, went to a box and brought out her confirmation card, signed by a bishop and vicar of the Church of England. It is very difficult to convince these people who have been led to believe that by those outward rites they have become Christians, that they need to be saved by grace and born of the Spirit, before they can see or enter God's kingdom. During the war, East London became a base of supplies, and many thousands of soldiers were landed at the mouth of the beautiful Buffalo River harbour, from which they were hastened to the front, and many sick and wounded were brought to the large military hospital and hospital ships here, so that the town has a very military appearance, and has grown into a place of considerable import-East London is composed of an old and new town, the latter being on the west side of the Buffalo River, which we often crossed in the ferry-boat to reach the camp of Boer prisoners of war, to whom we preached the Gospel. I have given this hurried sketch of East London and its surroundings, and of our little service for the Master there, because it was while sitting in the house of a coloured Christian —in whose house in the location I had held meetings, and who had stood by us while preaching in the open air—on New Year's morning, 1901, conversing about the natives in the territory lying to the north, that I became exercised in heart about the tribes in those regions, (especially those speaking the Dutch language) who had never heard the Gospel, and as the result of which I decided to take a missionary tour among these tribes. A letter came to me a short time after this, from an earnest Christian worker—a Mr. Barton, who a number of years ago went out from Glasgow, constrained by the love of Christ, to tell the dark-minded Pondos the story of redeeming love—asking, if during my sojourn in Cape Colony it might

no swift steamers or express trains being yet known in those regions. Being unable to speak the language of the Pondos, I took a number of Gospel and Biblical pictures with me, which by the aid of my lantern I hoped might be useful in bringing before the natives the great truths of the Gospel, to which alas! the



HEATHEN PONDOS IN THE FOREST

be the will of the Lord to bring me on a visit to the country in which he lives and labours. From this, with other tokens of the Lord's guidance, I assuredly gathered that His will was that I, accompanied by my daughter Grace, should take a missionary journey to Pondoland. The journey would be by sailing vessel, post-cart and bullock waggon;

greater part are yet total strangers. The Spirit of God alone can use the truth to convict of sin, and make the Gospel, which is God's chosen instrument, effectual in the conversion of sinners, whether heathen Pondos or educated Britons; but it is ours to "make the message clear and plain" to all.

G. F. Goch.



MORE GRACE.

E have seen how that a sinner's salvation is all of grace, and how the saved one is brought from under condemnation and wrath (John iii. 18, 36) to "stand in grace" (Rom. v. 2). feet are set there by God; it is not a slippery place, but good firm footing. He can never fall out of it into hell. "He is under grace" (Rom. vi. 14). How blessed then it is for us to know that grace has reached us, not at the expense of righteousness, but according to it. "Grace reigns through righteousness" (Rom. v. 21). Well may we sing— "Saved by grace alone, this is all my plea; Jesus died for sinners lost,

And Jesus died for me."

It is "His grace" (Eph. i. 6); the riches of "His grace" (Eph. i. 7); "the exceeding riches of His grace" (Eph. ii. 7).

Now, as saved ones, we have still to do with grace; it is grace to begin with, and grace all through. Grace is our teacher (see Titus ii. 13). Under grace (Rom. vi. 14) we are to learn how to walk and please God. For every step of our journey we need grace, and blessed be God we have the assuring Word, "My grace"

is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. xii. 9) You need not break down, you see, dear young saints, for want of supplies, for "God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that we, ALWAYS having ALL SUFFICIENCY in all things, may abound in every good work" (2 Cor. ix. 9). Take a good grip of this, you lads who are in Offices among unconverted mates, who tease and trouble you, and try to rouse your temper, or get you to dishonour God by doing wrong Be strong in grace (2 Tim. iii. 1); go boldly to the throne and "find grace" (Heb. iv. 16) there; and having found, hold it fast, that you may serve God acceptably (Heb. xii. 28). Then as regards others. To your enemies be gracious, as God is to His. Let your speech be always "with grace" (Col. iv. 6); not giving tit-for-tat, nor paying back those who say or do wicked things, in "their own coin." No. no; leave God to deal with all that. He will "square accounts" with them sooner or later. Now, in closing, I will give you a "Motto Text" to take with you. You may suck its sweetness every day of your lives and still it will not become dry. the Lord God is a Sun and Shield; the Lord will give grace and GLORY; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly" Psalm lxxxiv. 11).

WILLIE'S LAST ENTERTAINMENT;

Or, "THE BROKEN CISTERNS."

onot bother me, Annie, about conversion, I know all about it, but the truth is, I like the pleasures of the world, and I'm not going to turn religious yet. Take you your way, and I'll take mine. Go to your meetings, sing your hymns, and pray, but don't trouble me any more. I'll be all right, some day, no fear," and with these words Willie left the room where his sister sat reading.

He was the only son of a fond mother, a kind, affectionate boy, but not saved. His sister Annie was three years older, and had been converted to God two years. Now she longed to see her brother on the Lord's side, and prayed and sought every opportunity to bring the Gospel, and his need of it before him. Once and again he had been awakened, but the fear of his companions' sneers had kept him from deciding to be the Lord's. He was far from happy, indeed, at times he seemed thoroughly miserable, for whatever his lips might utter in the way of excuse or defence, he was fully aware that the path he was treading had its end in hell, and that his mother and sister had the best of it for time as well as eternity. All the afternoon, Willie had been preparing to go out with

some friends to enjoy an evening's "entertainment," and just as he was putting on his coat to go, Annie ventured to say, "I wish I saw you going out to spend the evening in the service of the Lord, Willie. wonder when that will be?" The reply he made we have quoted above, and then Willie hurried off to join his companions. heaved a sigh as she saw him go, and her oft-repeated heart-breathing went up to the throne, that God, with whom all things are possible, would lay his hand on Willie and bring him to Himself.

The evening passed away, and Willie returned about ten o'clock. He spoke very little, but from what he did say, Annie gathered that the evening's entertainment had been disappointing. It had not come up to his expectations. Like most of the world's affairs, it was less brilliant than it had been represented, and Willie seemed out of temper over it. Perhaps there was another reason too; his conscience was ill at ease, and that often spoils a worldling's joy. He retired to his room shortly after he came home, and, of course, Annie had to remember his rule, and say nothing to him on the subject of conversion, but she sang to herself the familiar lines:

"I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed;
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed."

Willie knew the meaning of the words full well, and for whom they were intended, too, so he quietly said "good night" to his mother and sister, and passed into his room, to be alone with God. What passed there between the awakened youth and his God, I cannot tell; but in about half-an-hour, Annie heard a sound coming from Willie's room, as if some one was speaking aloud, and fearing he might be ill, she gently tapped at the door. Willie opened it, and before Annie had time to speak, he threw his hands around her neck, and bursting into tears, he said, "We'll sing the chorus of your hymn together now, Annie," and he led off himself, with the words: "Now none but Christ can satisfy,

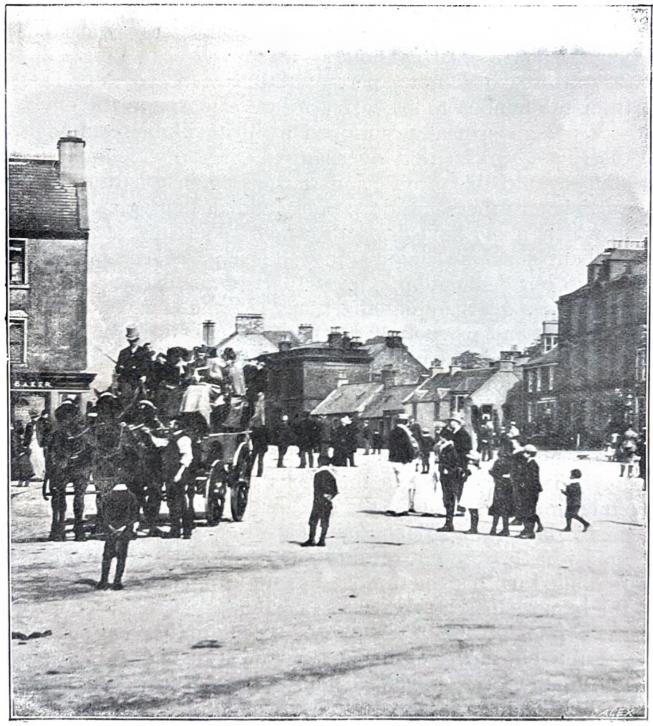
None other name for me;
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

Annie joined, but she scarcely knew what she sang. The whole matter seemed like a dream, such as the Psalmist knew, when "the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion," and they were "like unto them that dream, their mouth was filled with laughter and their tongue with singing" (Psa. cxxvi. 1, 2). Had Willie trusted Christ? Had he passed out of the kingdom of darkness into the

kingdom of the Son of God? Yes, indeed. There he stood, confessing with his mouth the Lord Jesus, and owning Him as the Saviour and Satisfier of his soul There was great joy that night under the widow's roof. Mother, son, and daughter knelt together, and gave God their thanks, that now they were an unbroken circle in the Lordthree on earth, and the absent father present with the Lord. "But did it stand?" you may be inclined to ask. Yes, of course, it stood, for it was the workmanship of God. He was a new creation, wrought of God's Spirit, and the same is wrought of every sinner who casts himself wholly and only on Jesus Christ. The next morning Willie went straight to the circle of his companions, and confessed the Lord, told them he had been converted, and would by grace follow in the Lord's ways. And he did, heartily and joyfully testifying to all around him, by his lips and life, of the saving power of Jesus' Name. Reader, have you been con-If not, why not? verted? world has nothing new to give. pleasures do not satisfy, and death will end them all. Then comes eternity—an eternity without God, without Christ, in hell.

Reader, can you with open eyes, choose such a portion, or will you to-day choose Christ?

A SUMMER DAY AT THE FALLS OF CLYDE.



EXCURSION PARTY LEAVING FOR THE FALLS OF CLYDE.

A SUMMER DAY AT THE FALLS OF CLYDE;

Or, In the Midst of Life we are in Death.



T was a bright July morning, and we were all early astir. It was our annual trip day, and by eight o'clock, waggonettes, char-a-bangs and vehicles of various sorts were standing on

the village street, and already partly loaded with old and young, all dressed in holiday attire. We had a long drive to reach a pretty part of the River Clyde, not far from the famous Falls, where we were to spend the day.

We were specially cautioned against climbing among the rugged rocks that overhang the river, which are so slippery and dangerous, and warned against bathing in parts where there are deep pools and deceptive currents in which many have been drowned. We started in the brilliant sunshine singing, and after a pleasant drive we got to our destination, a pretty part of the River Clyde, with trees overhanging the rocky sides, under which we sat down and partook of our mid-day meal of cakes and Then some of the elder boys went off and played ball, while others—among whom I was—started off along the river bank to find a safe and sandy pool in which to bathe. The bathers were in two companies, a little apart, and all seemed to go well, until some of the older boys began diving off the rocks in deep water, each endeavouring to out-do the one that preceded him, until some daring and dangerous feats were performed. A loud whistle from one of those in charge of the excursion, reminded us that the time had come for us to prepare for the home journey, and it was just then, that we observed the clothes of one of our party—a class-mate of my own—lying on the river bank. Nobody seemed to know where their owner was. The last time he had been seen was swimming in a deep part of the river, and fears

were entertained by some, that he might have cramped and sunk unseen. Several of the lads went along the river-side calling his name, but with no response. We had to return to the rest with the sad news, and after a fruitless search by the whole company, to resume our homeward journey—which was a sad one to all—without a trace being found of Charles A., my companion and school mate. Next day the river was dragged, and his body found beneath a rock, where he had evidently sunk, and been unable to extricate himself. Great was my grief when I heard that my companion was in eternity. I slept none the following night: somehow I could not help wondering where Charlie would be, or whether I would ever see him again.

I was a boy of twelve then, and had been several times convicted of sin, and anxious about my salvation, but these convictions and anxieties had been stifled by play and pleasure. This time I had a warning before me of how uncertain life is, how even in the midst of scenes of pleasure, death is ever near. Charlie A., was his last victim, suddenly cut off too; I might be the next. spent some very troubled days and nights. It seemed as if God had by my companion's sudden call, brought me to the parting of the ways, and that I must make my choice for eternity, for Christ or the world, for life or death, for heaven or hell. I had heard the Gospel from my earliest years, and knew that it was not by reformation, or by becoming religious, but by being saved by Christ alone, that I could become a Christian, and that the choice was with myself; that I personally and definitely must trust myself to the Lord Jesus, and allow Him to save me. I shut myself into my little room alone, determining that I would have the matter settled one way or another that

Sunday night. How long I was there I cannot tell, but I remember reading all the texts and passages that I knew of, telling of the Saviour, especially John iii. 16; v. 24: x. 28, and others such as Isa. liii. and John xix., telling of His death on the Cross for sinners. It seemed all clear and plain: God loved sinners, Jesus died for sinners; salvation had been procured for sinners, therefore for me. But I must make it my own, I must receive it personally and definitely. I knelt down by my bed, told God I wanted to be saved, that I believed on His Son who died for me, that I was willing to be saved, and that I came to Him as I was, a sinner. I remember well opening my Bible, and laying my finger on the text, "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John vi 47), I took it as God's word to me, and I that moment knew I was saved. I have been kept by God's power and happy in His love for ten years—blessed years they have been to me—and I invite you, dear reader, to come as I did to the Saviour in your early years.

PEACE PROCLAIMED, BELIEVED AND RECEIVED.

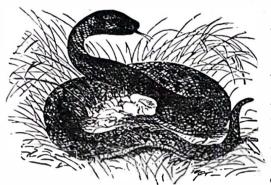
HEN the tidings of peace in South Africa reached the shores of Britain, everybody rejoiced. They felt happy, because they had received official word of the fact. Peace was made and signed away in the field of war, the news was flashed from continent to

continent by cable, and when the fact was made known, the people believed and rejoiced. A greater peace was made on Calvary between an offended God and rebel sinners, made once for all by the blood

of the Lamb. Is that blood-bought peace yours?

THE INDIAN BABY AND THE SNAKE.

N the Godavery district of India, there is a girl whose parents are Christians. Once they were, as thousands still are in that country, worshippers of idols, but they



heard of Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, and believing on Him, they were saved. Their little baby-girl, who was not yet able to walk, had crept from the door into the yard, and had been amusing herself there for some time. When the mother

looked out, she saw to her horror, that the child had hold of a snake. What was she to do? If she ran forward to grasp it, it would assuredly bite the child, and its bite would be death. She knelt down and prayed to God for deliverance. As she rose from prayer, a tame cat came into the yard, and the child seeing "pussy," threw away the snake, quite unhurt, and began to stroke the cat.

This story of the Indian child has its lessons for boys and girls everywhere. Sin is like that poisonous snake, it will bite at the end. "Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (James i. 15). But when Christ is received into the heart, sin loses its power to fascinate. The heart has got something better. Pleasures that leave no sting, that do not wither, even pleasures for evermore. If you do not know Jesus, you have not yet known what true pleasure is.

The mother at once seized her child, and hurried from the place of danger, with tears of gratitude filling her eyes. The dear child was delivered by the attractive power of something else. She let go the deadly snake when a new object met her eye and filled her hand. The snake ceased to charm; it had lost its power.

UNDER THE OLD CHESTNUT TREE.

AM thinking, dear boys and girls this bright Spring morning of my childhood's days, and of parents, brothers, sisters and playmates who have all passed away to the eternal world. I am thinking of my school days, when my brother Charlie, my sister Nellie and I, sat at our lessons, under an old chestnut tree, just across the road from the thatch-roofed cottage which was our home. It is just sixty years ago,

and what changes time has wrought. My dear father and



"AT OUR LESSONS UNDER THE OLD CHESTNUT TREE. '

mother fell asleep in Jesus over forty years ago, and went to heaven. Charlie died in India, and Nellie my only sister, the bosom friend of my early days, lies buried under the blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea. I am left alone, an old frail woman, but I am very happy, and very satisfied. Do you know why? Just because I have Jesus He is my Saviour, my ever-present, ever-precious Lord. Nellie and I were saved when we were school girls, and Charlie when a youth of sixteen. How bright will our meeting be, when we gather with many loved ones gone before, around our coming Lord in the air.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN NORTH DEVON.

is twenty years since as a girl I spent my summer holidays in a pretty seaside village in North Devon. I was a light-hearted careless girl then, never having a thought of a life he present or a care to cause me to do

beyond the present, or a care to cause me to do

aught than take my fill of the world's pleasures. Near to where I was spending my summer holidays, children's services were held on the sands, and one of my

playmates asked me if I would accompany her. She said many went, not only of the visitors, but townspeople. "Indeed," said she, "a royal princess was there one afternoon with her children." I went, and not being accustomed to any religious services, other than the "Church," I was astonished at the sight. A great semi circle was dug out in the sand; seated tier upon tier were rows of children, boys on one side, girls on the other, with quite a number of grown up folks behind. The service began by singing—"If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad," and nearly all sang it heartily. I had thought religion was a very gloomy thing,—and so what I had been accustomed to was,—but this was different. Everybody seemed happy. A short address on "God's Love," then a hymn, prayer, followed by an answer to a Bible searching which had been given the day before; some other hymns, and we parted. My companion asked how I liked it, I said very nice. "Did you like to hear about God's love?" she asked, and as I did not answer she added "I believed His love to me, last year, and trusted in Jesus as my Saviour, and have been saved and happy since." I could not answer, I felt angry: my proud heart was rising in rebellion against that simple testimony to the power of Christ to save. I said good bye, and went home. I was unhappy; why, I knew not. Next day I was worse: my sins troubled me: death, eternity and things I never thought of before, came to mind. I was glad when my companion called, to ask if I would go to the service on the sands. On the way, I told her how unhappy I was. "Oh, "she said, "You are anxious, wait for the aftermeeting, someone will speak to you." I did not understand what that meant The address that asternoon was on "Jesus' power to save." The speaker told who are

saved—sinners: how they are saved—by believing: when they are saved—now. It was all new to me. I had never heard of immediate salvation before, and only to believe. I was not saved that day, but the next at the close of the meeting I yielded myself to Jesus; just came to Him as I was, and He took me in and saved me. Now I am a mother, and seek to tell my two little girls of "that very same Jesus" who saved me, and will save them, and you also. Only believe.

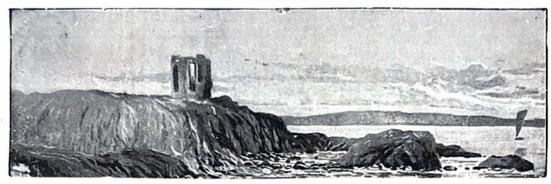
STOPPING THE CLOCK.

HEN I was a child, it was a rule in our home, that all play was to be over at a given hour and lessons begun. When the hour struck on the old clock on the stairs, that moment games had to cease. More than once I have climbed up and stopped

But stopping the clock did not stop the the time. The hours went past all the same, and when our mother returned and found lessons had been neglected, she was displeased. God's clock cannot be stopped. When the day of grace is ended, there will be no longer salvation for the lost. The "day of salvation" is fast running its course: how are you treating it? Are you so

occupied with pleasure that you forget your need of a Saviour? Are you trying to persuade yourself that there is plenty of time for these things? God says, "The time is short." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

Sea-side Talk with the Little Ones.



How bright the sea looks this fine morning, just like a sheet of glass! See the ships how they sail so calmly across the calm deep! Who would think that in a few hours, that calm sea may be lashed into a thousand roaring waves, ready to swallow up every vessel afloat upon its waters. Such is the changeful sea of life. Happy are they who know they will have a safe and sure welcome in the heavenly harbour beyond.

THE TROUBLED SEA (Isa. lvii. 20), is like the unsaved sinner, tossed by Satan, never at rest because of sin, always ebbing and flowing, never satisfied. It is to this restless soul that Jesus says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

be who builds his house upon the shifting sand. Yet many do it, and have all they wrought for swept away by the floods of death. See that you do not build your hopes of happiness on the shifting sands of pleasure, wealth or earthly greatness, nor your hope of heaven on your own good works. See that fortress built upon the rock, which neither storms nor tides can move. That is like the sinner trusting in Christ, built upon the Rock of Ages.

A SAFE BOAT (John vi. 21). That little boat seems rocked and tossed by winds and waves, but they bear it on to its haven. The best and safest boat is the one with Jesus in it. In the storm that swept the lake it was perfectly safe, and got quickest to the shore. So all who are in Christ for salvation, and have Christ with them for security, will reach the heavenly shore.

A GOOD ANCHOR (Heb. vi. 19). "Hope" is the best, not a vain hope, or a false hope, but a good hope. This anchor rests upon the Rock which cannot move, that Rock is Christ. The ship may rock with winds and tides, but the anchor "holds," and will never move. I am glad to have such an anchor. How grand to be able to truthfully sing—

"We have an anchor that keeps the soul,
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love."

ADA AND THE SWORD.

HE little daughter of an officer in the British army professed to have trusted Jesus with her soul. At times she was very happy, but at other times filled with fears as to her soul's

salvation. She was in delicate health, and the doctor gave her parents little hope that she would ever get well. "I hope I may not die, father," she said, "for somehow I fear to enter the valley; and when I think of some great and mighty men, of whom I have read, being full of fear and dread in the hour of death, I wonder how it will be with me?"

"Bring me my sword, Ada dear," said the officer, and Ada, wondering what her father was going to do, obeyed. He drew the sword from its scabbard, and held it aloft above Ada's head, She looked up into her father's face and smiled. "Are you not afraid of that glittering blade, Ada?" asked the father. "Don't you know that its sharp edge falling on your head would kill you?"

Ada laughed merrily at the idea, and replied, "Yes, father, I know it would, but then it is in your hand, and you love me too well to allow it to fall on my head and

kill me."

"Yes, Ada, that's just it, and I am pleased to see you so confidingly sure of my love to you as that. But what about the love of God, your trust in Him? You say you are His child, and that you believe He loves you. Now if this be so, why should you at times have gloomy fears as to what may happen to you if you should be called away. You know that Jesus has the power of life and death in His mighty hand; He is the conqueror of death and the grave; yea, we are told He has the keys of death and hell. Do you think that He would be less careful in holding them than I am of my sword? Would He

ADA AND THE SWORD.

allow death or Satan to hurt any of those whom He loves, and has saved, and of whom He says that neither life nor

death shall separate them from His love?"

"O father, I never thought of it like that before," said Ada, "I see my mistake now. Jesus has all power, and He will take care of me whether living or dying. I will fear no evil, because He is with me, and will keep me safe."

Do you know Jesus? Is He yours? Can you sing

in very truth—

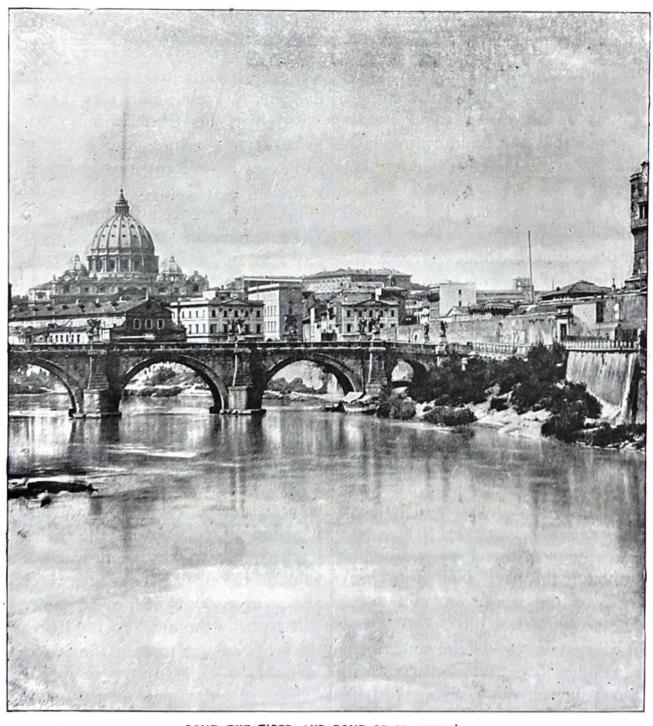
"Now I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine "?

FROM THE SEA SHORE TO HEAVEN.

EAR to Wemyss Bay, on the Firth of Clyde, a number of fishermen might have been seen last autumn, casting and drawing their nets. At the close of the week, they all returned to their homes, with the exception of one old fisherman, who re-

mained in the boat, drawn up on the sea shore. This old man, was a lover of the Lord, and found his joy in telling others of Him. Many a bright circle of boys and girls heard from his lips the story of a Saviour's love. On the Saturday night, the old fisherman retired to rest in the little cabin of his boat, lying on the sandy beach. The following morning, which was the Lord's-day, all was quiet and still. Some boys passing the boat found the aged fisherman lying as if asleep in his cabin, but his ransomed spirit had gone from the sea shore to the glory land. Wasn't that a sudden call? Not too sudden for him, for he was ready. To the saved one, sudden death is soon in heaven, but for the Christless sinner, death.

IN ST. PETER'S AT ROME.



ROME, THE TIBER, AND DOME OF ST. PETER'S.

IN ST. PETER'S AT ROME:

or, THE LIVING WORD AND DEAD MEN'S BONES.

stood gazing up to the gilded roof of St. Paul's in Rome. A great ecclesiastic, who was passing, observed the wondering looks of the visitor; whose intelligent face marked him out as one who knew something of the history of the great edifice. Going up to the stranger he remarked that the building in which they stood was the most wonderful in the world. And with an air of pride and self-satisfaction the cardinal added—"We think ourselves happy in possessing the bones of St. Paul."

Merle D'Aubignê—for that was the stranger's name, and his work as a historian on the Reformation is well-known—smiled, and remarked —"We Protestants pride ourselves on the possession and enjoyment of some much more valuable relics of Paul than his bones."

"What are these?" inquired the cardinal with evident surprise.

"He wrote a number of letters," remarked D'Aubignê; "these we possess and constantly read, and although the hand that wrote them is dead, the words are still living and powerful."

Herein lies the difference between a religion of veneration for dead men's bones, and a living faith in the living Word of the eternal God.

That Word, although spoken or written thousands of years ago, is still "living and active as a twoedged sword (Heb. iv. 12); and wherever it comes it leaves its marks (Rom. iii. 10-20) It shews the sinner his ruin, his need, and his danger. It tells him how to be saved by Jesus Christ alone (Acts xvi. 31). It assures the believing sinner of a present possession of eternal life (1 John v. 9). To the child of God it is milk to feed on (1 Peter ii. 2), water to cleanse (Eph. v. 26), light to guide (Psalm And as a weapon cxix. 108). wherewith to meet the adversary it is "the sword of the Spirit" (Eph. vi. 14), all-powerful and ever-victorious.

Blessed be God, the treasure of the Word is ours. Let those who will, venerate and worship dead men's bones, and bow before images and shrines, in which there is no virtue, no salvation, and no life, but all who know the living Christ of God, and have proved the value of the words He spake, which are, as ever, words of life and power, will pass by the dead to the living, the relics of the past to the living, loving God, able to save, mighty to deliver all who put their trust in Him.

THE THREE SCOFFERS OF HUNTLY:

Or, "God will not always Strive with Men."

Tar was the "feeing market" day in Huntly, and as had been the custom since the days of the great revival there, Duncan Mathieson, the Scottish evangelist, and a band of earnest workers and preachers of the Gospel, took up their servants who stood around. Silently

salvation until they had become hardened beyond their fellows, made it their special business to annoy the Lord's servants by sneering at their words, and hurling coarse jests to raise a laugh amongst the farm



RUINS OF HUNTLY CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE.

stand in a prominent part of the market stance and began to preach Christ crucified.

Three young ploughmen, belonging to the parish, who had been under deep conviction of sin during the season of Divine visitation that God had given, but who had procrastinated, and trifled with the great

and patiently the preachers bore the insults heaped upon them by the three scoffers, as they could well afford to do. But as in days of old, so now, God at times, and especially during revival times, when His hand is very near men in saving power, shows His severity also, in order that they may fear. It was so with

these three young scoffers on that market day. When Duncan Mathieson stood up on the chair and uncovered his head to pray, he was greeted with such a torrent of profane and ungodly language from the three scorners, that even the godless crowd seemed to be ashamed of it. Turning to the three young men, Duncan, in a solemn and tremulous voice, said, "God has given me a message to-day for you three lads. I pray you to give good heed to it. If you are not converted to God, this day twelve months you will all be in the eternal world." A loud roar of laughter was the answer to this solemn statement, which the Christians standing around trembled to hear, for they all felt it was a fearful thing to tempt God, who had spoken by the lips of his servant that solemn warning word, to cause them to consider their ways and turn to Him. The events of that day were probably soon forgotten by most of those who stood around But God will not be mocked. will not always strive with man. There is a limit to His long-suffering. His Word may be trifled with once too often. As the poet says:

"There is a point by man unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath."

Although "rich in mercy, and not

willing that any should perish," He is God—the eternal God—holy and jealous of the honour of His Name, and of that salvation which at infinite cost He has provided for the sons of men.

Before that day twelve months the graves of the three scoffers were green in the parish church-yard. One was kicked to death by a horse; another was suddenly seized with a fever and died in agony; the third was drowned in a mill pond. Yes, within a year, the three proud scorners were in that eternity which had been the subject of their sneers, and a byword on their lips. They rejected the warning given, and God cut them down in their Christ-rejection.

Reader, trifle not with God's longsuffering; count not upon His mercy if you reject His Son and despise the Gospel. "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1).

THE WRATH TO COME.

Swift as lightning flashes,
Shall its advent be;
Not a moment's warning
From the wrath to flee;
Men at last must surely own
Him who sits on yonder throne.
While the day of mercy
Lingers, sinner flee,
To the mighty refuge.
Grace now offers thee;
Christ and His atoning blood

Shelters from the wrath of God.

A YOUNG SAILOR'S TESTIMONY.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS PARENTS, ON HIS FIRST VOYAGE AFTER HIS CONVERSION.

safe, and I received your very welcome letter two days after. I never enjoyed a letter from you so much before, for I never cared for the little "lecture" you gave me on previous voyages. I am sure my dear mother will be happy now, knowing that her "dear boy" is gathered into the fold. I suppose

you little thought that I would be a child of God after being such a bad boy. How I value every word my mother sends to me now! What a glorious thing to know that we are safe for Eternity! And it just shews that God saves the worst

of the worst when He saved me. What a feeling of serenity a child of God has when dangers threaten! It is not easy to keep one's colours flying in the forecastle, where there is so much profanity and sin. But the Lord is able to keep. When you are before His throne in prayer, ask for strength and guidance to be given me away here, surrounded by Satan's followers on every hand, and that I may be enabled to testify for An English steamer the Lord. came in here last Sunday, and while she was lying outside the harbour, the second and third mates, two apprentices and myself went out to her in the boat and sang a few hymns, which the passengers seemed to enjoy very much. It was a very calm evening, and—"It is well with my soul" sounded grandly. I see a number of "coolies" on board a French mail boat lying close to us, and as soon as they get up in

the morning they kneel on the top of the awnings fore and aft the ship, and pray to the sun as it rises. What an example for us who are the children of God, not to be ashamed of our Lord, or to own His Name. Your loving son in the Lord.

GEORGE E---.

No doubt this dear young fellow finds it no easy job to "stand up for Jesus" on board ship far from home, and surrounded by the ungodly. One thing is certain, he will have to stand clear out and "keep his colours flying," as he says to gain the victory. There is no other way of it, young believer, whether your lot be on a merchant ship ploughing the seas, or on dry land surrounded by unconverted schoolmates and companions, shopmates, or brothers and sisters at home.

PEEPS AT THE PONDOS.

in a small sailing vessel named "The Penguin," and the wind being favourable, we reached our destination after thirty hours' sail. The village of St. Johns, nestling among trees, near to the great Umzimvulu River, which flows in silent grandeur until a little

kraal of the paramount chief, Sigcani, who, although only holding a subsidy under the Cape Government, is held in great veneration by his people, and regarded by them as holding regal power.

Crossing the river by punt, we found ourselves in Pondoland East. The first rays of the morning sun were

skirting the mountain tops as we started on our upland journey, along steep mountainous roads, through forest-clad dales, interspersed by patches of open country covered with Pondo kraals andgardens. Here for the first time we saw the natives of the country,



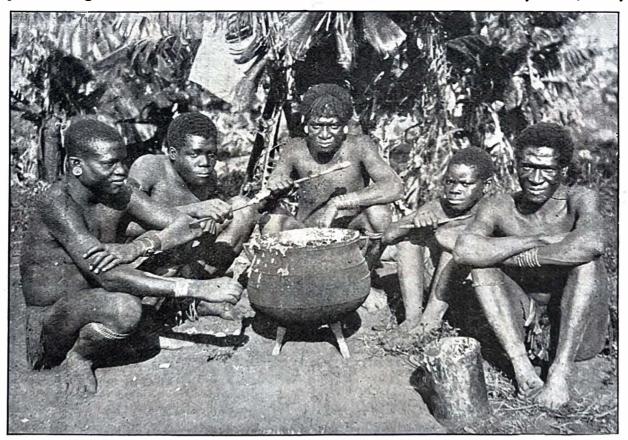
PONDO OLD MAN WITH WOODEN PILLOW.

further down it reaches the sea, is charmingly situated in front of a forest-clad mountain, and is a favourite holiday resort for Europeans. Troops of baboons roam on the craggy cliffs above, their wild cries being distinctly heard by the villagers. We had a Gospel meeting here, and were off next morning before daybreak by post cart on our way to Lusikiski, the chief magistracy of the country, near to which is the

almost nude, wandering where and as they liked, without law or restraint, in their heathen state. Some had loose red-ochred blankets lightly thrown around them, carrying knob-kerries in their hands, and with long pipes in their mouths. They appeared a people lighthearted and free; although, alas! sunk in heathen vice and sin, without a ray of heaven's glad light, or of the knowledge of that God whose

name is Love. The land they regard as their own, vested in their chief: cattle and grain form their main possessions, the former wherewith to buy wives, the latter to brew beer. From a half-caste who joined our post-cart and could speak English—an adventurer who

visited the kraals, our informant replied that he had never seen or heard of any. So there they live, generation after generation passing on to the world beyond, that great eternity to whose holy heaven the Word of God declares no idolater shall ever enter. They live, they



PONDOS AT A MEAL

had gained the favour of the chief, and settled among the natives—we learned that the rule in far off parts of his country was maintained by petty chiefs, each at the head of a family or clan, who hold office and report all matters of importance to the paramount chief. On making inquiry if any missionary or preacher

die, they pass away, without hearing of the Great Redeemer who came on earth to die that they might live.

The Pondos are an intensely sociable people, and live for the most part in small villages composed of from six to twelve round huts built in irregular circles, each village representing a family; a man

with his wives, brothers, uncles, and nephews usually living in one place. If he has more than one wife, as is generally the case, each wife lives with her children in a separate hut, often in a separate kraal, to avoid the perpetual quarrels that arise from living near to each other. When there is a feast or a beer drink, all the friends and neighbours gather together without invitation and sit round the pots, helping themselves without restraint or ceremony, until all is demolished.

Superstitious customs are practised to a large extent among the heathen Pondos.

As we journeyed along on the postcart that day, we heard some distance off sounds of singing. our driver changed mules, we ran across to the place from whence it came, when lo! a strange spectacle met our gaze. In the bright sunshine a long row of women, all in ochred blankets, their bodies painted a reddish colour, their hair plaited in strings of red, fatty ochre. Each held a stick, which was waved while they sang or hummed in measured metre, as they kept up a slow and steady march. Then one would suddenly dart out from the rank, beat her feet against the ground, and make a stab with her stick in the earth; two or three followed her example, while the rest made a

weird noise, reminding one of the sounds heard in a poultry-yard. Our guide informed us that this was a festival in honour of a young girl of the company, who had become of marriageable age. returned to resume our journey, our hearts were sad to think of these dark-minded people living and dying there without the knowledge of God, notwithstanding the fact that here and there for the last sixty years, there have been those in the country who went out as missionaries, but apparently do little to reach the natives with the Gospel. What is needed here is strong, healthy, and above all spiritual workers, with a real love for souls, who will go from kraal to kraal, telling the story of Jesus and His love, seeking the conversion-not merely the Christianizing—of the natives. Here we met white men who had long settled in the country with their Pondo wives, who although they had been surrounded by dark heathenism for years, yet maintained polite and refined manners in speaking to us, although morally and spiritually they are as dark and without God as others. What alone can pierce the gloom and bring light to those who sit in death's shadow, is the glorious Gospel of Christ, proclaimed by those who themselves have known its saving grace and power.

LEANING OVER THE WATERFALL;

Or, "IF HE CALLED ME, I WOULD GO."



ALKING, on a lovely Summer afternoon, in North Wales, we came to the Swallow Waterfall. One of our company told a very sad story about that pretty place, which I will tell to you. In the year 1873, three sisters went on a visit to the Fall. In order to get a full view of the splendid scenery, one of the three walked close to the edge of a rock overhanging the Fall, when her foot slipped, and in a moment she was dashed from rock to rock until she fell into the foaming waters below, where her body was found four hours later. A sad end this to a summer holiday. One thing alone lends to the sad incident a ray of brightness. That young girl of nineteen

was a follower of the Lord Jesus; she was saved by grace, and when she was thus suddenly called into eternity, she was ready. Only the day before, while sitting on the sea-shore speaking with her sisters, of the Lord Jesus walking on the Sea of Galilee, one said to her, "Mary, if Jesus walked on that water now, what would you do?" "If He called me I would go to Him," was the reply. And thus He did beckon, and thus she did go. Who knows what a holiday ramble may lead to? Grand it is, reader, to be ready, so that come, life or death, all is well. The late Miss Havergal wrote on the sudden call the following verses—

Leaning over the waterfall
Only a minute before!
And then the slip, the helpless call,
The plunge unheard in the pauseless
roar

By the startled watchers on the shore:

By the startled watchers on the shore; And the feet that stood by the waterfall So fair and free,

Are standing with Christ, by the Crystal Sea.

Leaning over the waterfall!

What if your feet had slipped?

Never a moment of power to call,

Never a hand in time to save

From the terrible rush of the ruthless

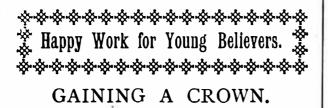
wave!

Hearken! would it be ill or well

If thus you fell?

Hearken! would it be HEAVEN or

HELL?



OULD you like to do a little service for the Lord who has saved you," a teacher asked one of the little girls in her class, who was a believer in the Lord Jesus, and desired to serve Him. "Yes, very much indeed" replied the young believer with a happy "Will you go down and smile. read a chapter of God's Word on Lord's Day afternoons to old Mrs. Jones, the blind woman at the town end. She is very anxious to hear about Jesus, but she has no one to read or speak to her."

The young believer blushed, and held down her head. After a moment's pause, she said, "I fear I could not do that teacher, I am too young." "It does not need an old person, to speak a word for Jesus, Mary, and if you do not go, you may be throwing away a golden opportunity of winning a soul, and gaining a crown."

Mary felt the power of that word, and as she knelt by her bedside that night, she asked strength from, her Lord and Master, to go forth in the little service to which He had so clearly called her. Faithful to His promise, He gave her the needed

strength and courage, so that when the following Lord's Day came, she was joyfully ready for work. And for many days "old Mrs. Jones, the blind woman at the town end," heard from Mary's lips the story of a Saviour's love, and the Lord made her the honoured instrument in leading her to the Saviour.

See, dear young believer, that you do not miss the opportunity of gaining your crown. Whatever service the Lord calls you to, He will give you strength to do it, if you go to Him and ask it. Your youth and lack of experience need not hinder you from going forth in lonely paths of service for His Name. Lay yourself at His feet, yield yourself to Him, and He will surely bear you forth, as a vessel meet for His use, in carrying the water of life to weary thirsty souls around you.

We all should speak for Jesus,
Who hath redemption wrought,
Who gave us peace and pardon,
Which by His blood He bought.
We all should speak for Jesus,
And tell how much we owe
To Him who died to save us,
From everlasting woe.

We all should speak for Jesus,
The aged and the young,
With manhood's fearless accents,
With childhood's lisping tongue.
We all should speak for Jesus;
The world in darkness lies;
With Him, against the mighty,
Together let us rise.

A MEMORABLE TWELFTH OF JULY.

HE sun shone brightly on the morning of the twelfth of July morning of the twelfth of July, and the peasantry and villagers, some on foot, and others in vehicles of various kinds, were hurrying along to the place where the "Celebrations" of the day were to take place. Everybody knows that in the North of Ireland, "the twelfth" is a great day, and thirty years ago, when I was a girl, it was celebrated in a more dangerous fashion than it is now, generally attended by strife and often by bloodshed. Our family were all staunch "Protestants," several of my brothers holding places of honour in the "Orange" ranks, while we younger ones went for the day's amusement, and to meet with friends and companions there. I had been looking forward to that day's outing for many months, and expected to meet a bosom friend of mine, a companion of schooldays there, whom I had not seen for over a year. She was like myself, a farmer's daughter, full of fun, a splendid singer and good dancer; so I expected we would have a grand day of it together. Just as we started in the morning, we met the rural postman, and he handed me a letter. I saw by the handwriting it was from May, and I burst it open with some anxiety, fearing she might be hindered from coming to spend the day with me. Imagine

my surprise and bewilderment when I read in May's own familiar handwriting the following brief note:—

"My DEAREST POLLY,

"Do not be surprised when I tell you that I will not be at Ballymena to-day. I wish you could come on here and see me. Lord has visited our household, and praise His Name, He has saved my father, mother, two brothers and myself. We are all happy in the knowledge of our sins forgiven, and that heaven is our home. O how I wish you were here, dear Polly, but you may be saved just where you are by trusting yourself to Jesus the mighty Saviour. Come and see me as soon as you can, and I will tell you all about it.

"'Now I have found a Friend.

Jesus is mine.'

"Your ever-loving May."

Had an angel descended from realms above, his presence could not have caused me a greater surprise, than that half sheet of note paper with its simple straightforward statement. My companion of school days, my bosom friend, with whom I had shared the pleasures and follies of the world, was converted, and had confessed herself a follower of Christ. I knew well enough what that meant to her, and to me. It was no easy

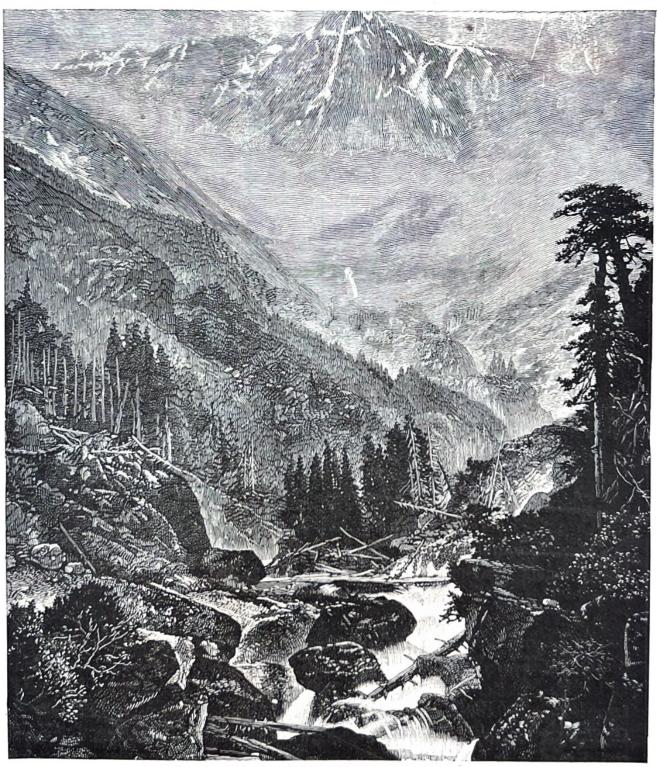
upon the words—"Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2). These words were very like what May had written in her letter—"You may be saved just where you are by trusting yourself to Jesus." I sat looking first at the one, then at the other: they seemed to say the same thing. a moment—I cannot describe how —it all seemed as clear and simple as anything could be. I had only to trust myself to another, to cast myself upon Christ, like a wearied child on its mother's breast, like a drowning man on a life-belt, and I would be saved. I did so, without reserve: simply gave myself over to the Lord Jesus, committing myself to His Saving Arm, and I knew He had received me. There was no joy at the moment, no sense of deliverance such as I have seen others since experience, but I had the assurance that He had not cast me out; but received me. I said in my heart—"I will trust and not be afraid." Quietly, I knelt on the stone floor and thanked God for giving me Jesus as my Saviour, and as I was doing this, my heart was filled with joy and peace. It began to dawn upon me—no doubt, by the Spirit of God witnessing with my spirit—that I was now saved, and on the way to glory, and my tears of joy flowed in abundance. How I wished to see May now, to tell her what had happened. I sang, and probably leapt for very joy: I hardly knew where I was, or how to give vent to my ecstasy. When my brothers came home I told them I was saved, and they looked bewildered, saying to each other in an undertone, I had gone mad. Next day, I went to see May, and what a meeting that was. A quarter of a century has come and gone since that eventful day, and many changes have taken place. Friends and loved ones have gone, but the Saviour who met me and saved me that memorable twelfth of July, is still the same, my precious Lord and Redeemer, whose love has been my resting-place, and whose power has been my strength all these years. My dear companion May has been with Christ for many years, and I shall meet her with others who have gone before, on the fair morning of His coming again. Is the Saviour who has been my trust since that day yours? Can you say as my companion wrote to me—"Jesus is mine?" Will you to-day tell Him in your heart—"I will trust and not be afraid?"

My Only Robe.

"Not having mine own righteousness" (Phil. iii. 9).

I will not wrap my guilty soul
In any robe of mine;
Since nought can make me fit for God,
But righteousness Divine.

THE COLORADO FARMER.



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS, COLORADO.

THE COLORADO FARMER;

Or, "THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS."

BOUT one hundred and fifty miles west of the town of miles west of the town of Denver in Colorado, is one of the highest and most celebrated peaks of the Rocky Mountains, which bears the name of "The Mountain of the Holy Cross." It is supposed that this name was given to it by the early Spanish missionaries, because of the huge white cross which is always to be seen near its summit. This cross is formed by two immense clefts in the rock, several hundreds of feet in length, into which the snows of winter fall, and where they never melt, so that even in midsummer these clefts filled with snow in the form of a cross remain, and present a very striking appearance, especially to the traveller in these wild regions who visits them for the first time.

"We must see the 'Mountain of the Cross.' Everybody who comes to Colorado wants to see it. There is no finer sight in the Rocky Mountains." The speaker had emigrated from his village home in "Auld Scotland," and had been fairly successful in the far West. His brother and sister had come on a visit, and knowing as he did that they were Christians, born-again ones too, who and did not fear to confess it, he thought they would be interested in what was looked upon by religious folk in that region as a remarkable sign of their faith, of which they felt proud. That day's outing included a view of the "Mountain of the Cross," but the Scotch farmer and his sister turned it to account in a way that their brother had not counted on. Raising their voices, they sang, while the echo rang through the rocks above their heads:

"The Cross, the Cross, the blood-stained Cross,

The Cross of Christ I see; It tells me of the precious blood That once was shed for me.

At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light,

And the burden of my heart rolled

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

> Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah for the Cross. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! It shall never suffer loss."

When they had finished their song, they looked round, and found their brother wiping the salt tears from his eyes with his sleeve. Careless as to eternal things, buried in the world as he was, that old-time could read their title clear to glory, familiar Gospel song about the true

Cross—not of holy wood or winter snow, but the death of the Son of God as a sacrifice for sin: death of deepest shame and ignominy; death, not at the hands of man alone, but stricken, smitten, and afflicted by His God on account of sin, not His own, but that which by the hand of Jehovah was laid upon Him, for which He came to die had awoke memories of the past. That simple testimony to the power of the Cross given to the God of heaven, by two of His own, amid the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, was carried by the Spirit of God, whose mission in this world is to give effect to the Gospel, and make it God's message to the soul of man, right to the conscience and heart of that man of the world, who had for long years forgotten God, and only lived to make dollars and acquire stock in that land. Now, that for which his Christian brother and sister, with their aged parents still alive in the Scottish home, had long prayed, had by God's almighty grace been begun—even the awakening, conviction, and conversion of their prodigal, the only member of the family yet unsaved These falling tears bore witness that the arrow of conviction had been lodged within, and the two whose song of praise had carried it there, knew that the hour had come when the

Gospel of Christ, which is God's power unto salvation, must be brought home to their brother in all its simplicity and fulness. were skilled in the holy art of soulwinning, and knew what a convicted sinner needed to lead him unto rest. So then and there, while the conscience was awake and the heart soft, they spoke to their brother pointedly and plainly about his need, his danger, and went on to tell of Jesus the Saviour. I cannot tell all that passed, but I know that from that day these two earnest soul-winners prayed and laboured to lead their brother to the Saviour, and before they returned to their native land, they had the joy of hearing him confess Christ as His personal Saviour. And there his light has shone and his lips have testified to the saving power of Christ for many years, and his testimony is well expressed in the words, which he never tires of singing, and which I leave with you, beloved reader. May they be the language of your heart, the personal confession of your faith as a lost and guilty sinner, who as such comes to the Lord Jesus Christ, claiming Him as your own and only Saviour.

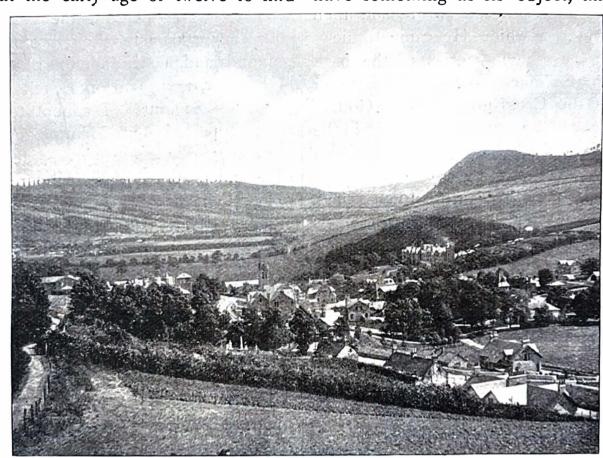
The Cross of Christ is all my boast,
His blood my only plea.
My password to the realms of bliss
Is 'Jesus died for me.'

LIZZIE OF STRATHPEFFER;

Or, "I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD BE SO HAPPY."

ROM a humble Croster's home where the Word of God was daily read, and where the parents sought to bring up their children in the fear of God, Lizzie went forth at the early age of twelve to find

as a servant in Inverness, there was no reading of the Word or prayer, but supreme worldliness, such as the simple country lassie had never seen. But the natural heart must have something as its object, and



STRATHPEFFER, LOOKING TO KNOCKFARREL

her way in a cold and cheerless world. Notwithstanding her early upbringing, she did not know Jesus, in other words, was not a heaven-born child of God, and could not personally count upon His Shepherd care to guide her in her new path. In the house to which she had gone

if Christ be not known, the pleasures of the world however empty will be sought after.

But God in His holy heaven loved the simple, country girl, and His messengers with the Word that was to arouse her to a sense of her need, and lead her to the Saviour were at hand. Dr. W. P. Mackay, of Hull, came to Inverness, and while there preached the Word with great power and simplicity, presenting Christ as a present and personal Saviour, and proclaiming through Him a full and known salvation. This aroused considerable talk in the highland capital, where in those days, a present known and enjoyed salvation was less heard of than it now is.

Lizzie attended the meetings and became very much interested about her personal salvation. She had been a "good girl," as people say; she was honest, upright and moral. Yet she had not been "born again," and therefore was not a Christian, was not fit for heaven. Night after night, Lizzie listened to the Word, but still there was no light, no deliverance. As the Doctor was speaking one night, he quoted a hymn of his own composition—a true Gospel hymn-

"No works of law have we to boast, My nature ruined, guiltý, lost, Condemned already: but Thy hand Provided what Thou didst demand. We take the guilty sinner's name, The guilty sinner's Saviour claim."

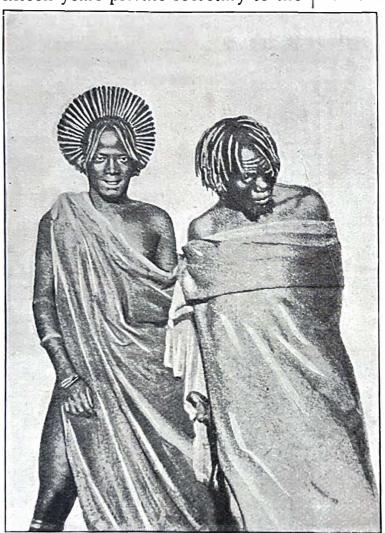
Again and again she repeated that verse, until it seemed to be written upon the very tablet of her memory. Yet she could not make the truth it sets forth her own. She knew

that she was a sinner, and that God had provided what His holy claim demanded, a sin-bearer, a substitute, a Saviour. But how to get the benefit of what Christ had done: how to appropriate as her very own His great salvation, was the difficulty. At the close of one of the meetings, a Christian lady, who was a true soul-winner said, "Lizzie, you are looking in, instead of looking off unto Jesus. You are expecting feelings before you exercise faith in Christ. Come as a sinner: take the guilty sinner's name, and just claim the guilty sinner's Saviour. He says, 'I will in no wise cast you out.' Your very sin is your plea; it was for sinners Jesus died." Lizzie saw her mistake. She had been looking in, instead of looking off unto Jesus. She expected to find a change in herself before believing in Christ; in other words, to find some evidence in herself, that Jesus had received and saved her apart from His own Word. Now she saw that it must be Jesus only for salvation, and the Word alone for assurance. She cast herself upon Him, believed His Word that He would not cast her out (John vi. 37), and very soon the joy of salvation filled her heart. came from the knowledge of that salvation being her's, and that she knew from God's Word. Do you?

LIFE AMONG THE PONDOS.

HE following sketches of life among the Pondos are given by the grandson of a great chief of the Amaxosa tribe, who was for fifteen years private secretary to the

huts, and he is proclaimed as the "young master of the kraal": if a girl, her birth is announced as the "raiser up" of the kraal, because some day when she is betrothed,



PONDO MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

paramount chief, Umquikela, and who afterwards acted as interpreter to an English missionary who visited many of the kraals preaching the glorious gospel of Christ.

When a baby boy is born, the fact is made known through the father expects to receive from the

ten head of cattle will be paid to the parents for her. For about six months after birth all infants undergo the "smoking process," which is supposed to protect the child from the influences of "evil spirits." This operation is performed at sunrise daily, by a bundle of herbs being placed in a vessel in which are a few pieces of burning charcoal, which causes the herbs to smoke. In this smoke the child is swayed to and fro for several minutes, and when the ordeal is over, pieces of goat skin with roots of herbs, are tied around the child's neck. Custom compels the father to be from home when his children are born, and when he returns, an ox is killed

and a feast is held, and all relatives and friends are expected to be present so as to give the new-comer a present, while it is passed round among the guests.

When a girl is betrothed her

future husband ten head of cattle, if a chief's daughter—fifty, a cow for the bride's mother, and sometimes a horse for her brothers. This is not regarded as selling her into slavery, but as a recompense for their service in bringing her up.

from happy, and continuous quarrels occur among the many wives, who usually live in one kraal, each in a separate hut with her children. The women do all the principal work of hoeing, weeding and reaping the fields, and are the bearers of



PONDO WOMEN CARRYING BURDENS ON THEIR HEADS.

Then or the day of the marriage ceremony, which takes place at the kraal in which the bride has lived, there is a great beer drink, with dancing and carousals, after which the bride is sent away with the benedictions of her people to her new home. Owing to the practice of polygamy her lot is generally far

burdens, hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is no uncommon sight to see the Pondo women coming along in a long line, each bearing on her head a load of eighty to a hundred pounds, or a great bundle of sticks, while the husbands walk leisurely along chatting together, or lounging in indolence in their kraals.

During seedtime and harvest the women are constantly in the fields and gardens, and the children are engaged in driving away birds, and keeping the cattle from going into the gardens, which are without fences. In harvest time the grain is stored in a hole made in the ground, from which quantities are taken during the winter for food, and especially for making the native Throughout the winter, beer beer. drinks are the chief employment, and wherever they are held, there the people resort and continue for several days. No considerations of home, no care for the children will keep them from these carousals; the only power that breaks the iron chain is the gospel of Christ received by faith, which even in this dark land has found its way to some hearts, making them to rejoice in God's salvation. To them, conversion to God is very real, for not only does it turn them to the living and true God from the dark superstitions in which they have been brought up, but it causes a clean cut to be made with all the social customs and traditions of their people, leaving them in a very real sense strangers on earth, frequently having to suffer the loss of all things for Christ's sake. And this is no more than the Master promised; the greater wonder is, that many in

more favoured lands who say they are His disciples, know nothing of suffering loss for His sake. But the brand of the Cross, wherever its saving and separating power is known, will ever be seen upon all who glory in it as their salvation, and confess Jesus as their Lord. A Gospel without a sacrifice, a Christ without a Cross, a Christian without a share in the reproach of Christ are all unknown in the Word of God. Yet alas! how many, not alone in heathen lands where men who themselves are in ignorance of God's salvation have gone to "Christianize" the heathen by religious ordinances, but in lands where the Gospel is nominally assented to, have no personal knowledge of the Cross, no share in the reproach that association with it brings, but continue, after professing themselves "Christians," religious worldlings, the only difference between them and others being that they "profess faith" in Jesus Christ. But the real article—"being born again" by the incorruptible seed, having "the life of God" implanted by the Spirit, is easily discerned; yea, it ever manifests itself in a life of separation unto God, and from the world and all its ways, a life in which Christ is owned as Lord, and His Word the rule in everything. Can you say that such is yours?

THE WEARY DOVE ON THE OPEN SEA.

A TALK BY THE SEA-SHORE AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

"HE dove found no rest for the sole of her foot" (Gen. viii. 9). There was nothing but a waste of waters all around, no resting place for the weary dove in that tossing restless sea, without a shore. So is this present world to the heart of men. There is no resting-place, no satisfying portion there. Some of you know that full well. You have

tried to find rest first in one thing then in an-

other, but you found none. I try to picture that weary dove, with tired wing, looking about all over that wide, wide sea, for a resting-

place for her

wearied foot.

Just then, her clear far-seeing eye

discerns a little speck on

the face of the waters. She flies toward it, and finds it is the ark, the only place of salvation, rest and refreshment, on all that troubled sea. It has an open window,—only one—and to it she flies. Was she refused admittance? Ah no! She was welcomed there: yea, more than welcomed, for when Noah saw the

trembling, wearied dove, we read—
"Then he put forth his hand,
and took her." Happy dove! thy
wearied wing is rested now. Thou
hast found a resting-place at last.
That ark afloat on the face of the
the great deep, with its open window, is a beautiful figure of Christ:
the wearied dove well represents you
who are still unsaved, and I rejoice

to be able to point you to-day to that hand

"put forth" to welcome you in. Hear the words of invitation, as they come from the lips of Jesus this very day—
"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"
(Matth. xi. 28). Who

will respond, in the language of the beautiful hymn:—

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast."

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad;

I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.

BRIGHT WORDS FOR YOUNG PILGRIMS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I rejoice with every one of you who have trusted Christ and know Him as Saviour and Lord in the sunny days of youth. Some of us are getting old, and we will not be able to run the Lord's errands, and tell others of His love very long. will be filling our places, and going forth with the glad tidings to near and distant lands. Keep close to Christ now; read and meditate on His Word; speak often to Him in prayer; and keep well away and far off from ungodly companions and worldly associations, by which so many bright young believers are spoiled and reduced to miserable backsliders. The out-and-out follower of Christ is the only truly happy person on earth. May you each be ever found among that royal few who follow Jesus fully.

A BOY'S GREATEST SNARE.

AFTER I was converted, my greatest



snare was playing football with old companions who were not saved. Twice I joined with them

In the game, and was led into a backsliding condition both times. When I got my hands filled with happy Christian work, I had no longer a desire to play football with old companions.

A Mother's Parting Blessing.



Given to a Christian boy on the day of his departure to a foreign land.

'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in" (Psa. cxxi. 8).

FORTH from the peaceful ark of "Home," Forth o'er the waters wild, Like Noah's dove in days of old, Thou goest forth, my child.

The bird must leave the parent nest,
To roam o'er land and sea;
And now the dreaded hour has come,
When we must part with thee.

Make God the portion of thy soul,
His Word thy guide each day;
So shall His presence cheer thy path,
And keep thee all the way.

A GOLDEN CHAIN For all those who are Christ's.

I WILL give you a golden chain of seven links, telling how completely Christ is for you, and how freely He is occupied on your account. No shepherd ever watched His flock, no mother ever cared over her child, no watchman ever guarded his charge, as the Lord Jesus does you. Hear what He says:—

His ARMs are underneath you (Deut. 33. 27). His EYES are over you (I Peter 3. 12). He goes before you (John 10. 4). He follows behind you (Isa. 52. 12). He encampeth round about you (Psa. 34. 7). He liveth in you (Gal. 2. 20). He is coming for you (John 14. 3).

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S REVENGE; or, THE LONG-LOST CAPTIVE SET FREE.

EAR the Indian frontier, a white man lived peacefully with his two daughters. The younger a fair-haired child of five, was her father's joy and pride. Their mother died when she was an infant, and the elder sister had nursed her with unceasing care.

There lived across the frontier, a warlike tribe of Indians, headed by a powerful chief, who bore the name of "Trailing Serpent." The white settler had incurred the hatred of this chief, and he conceived a fiendish plan of revenge. " Trailing Serpent" watched his opportunity. One day he saw the white man's little girl playing herself in the grounds around her father's house, and skilfully enticing her to follow him a little way, he seized the child and carried her off. Away far over the prairies, "Trailing Serpent" carried his prize, far from her happy childhood's home, and those who loved her dearer than life.

When the white man missed his child, he was frantic with grief. His hair became quickly white, his manly form bowed with the weight of his sorrow, yet his heart was set on the recovery of his lost child. For fourteen long years, he sought in vain. At last a trapper from the far west, brought him the news, that his daugh-

ter lived in the midst of a tribe of Indians many miles away, that she wore their dress, and was in every way as one of themselves. The father started off with a heavy ransom in his hand, hoping to redeem his long-lost loved one. After many a weary mile, he reached the Indian town, and had an audience of "Trailing Serpent" with the braves of the tribe.

The chief eyed the offered gold, yet he was unwilling to deliver up his prey. At last he proposed a compromise. "The girl," said he, "is an Indian in heart and life, she loves her people; she is ours, body and soul. She will refuse to leave us, or to go with you. However, you shall have her for a month. If in that time you can win her back, the gold will be mine. If she wishes to return, you shall let her go, but the gold shall still be mine" said the chief with a malicious grin. father willingly agreed to this proposal, and his daughter was brought forth. But O, how changed! An Indian in dress and in heart, she did not recognise in the one who had purchased her, her own father. Nay more, she looked upon him with hatred and scorn, as one who was forcing her from her people, and her home. She would not listen to his story, she would not believe his love.

This was the bitterest pang of all, and it wrung that father's heart with anguish. As they neared the home of her childhood, his elder daughter who had come out to meet them, and who had tried in vain to win her sister's heart, began to sing a wellknown hymn, that she had often sung to her when a babe, in the happy days long gone bye. Over and again had she rocked her to sleep in her cradle, with the strain of that lovely hymn. The first verse passed unheeded, but as the sweet voice of the singer continued, the eyes of the lost one fixed themselves upon her, and a strange light began to spread itself over her countenance. "Go on" whispered the father, to his elder daughter, as he saw the wonderful effect of that love-song of childhood's days; and thus hymn after hymn rose on the evening air. When the singing ceased, the girl heaved a heavy sigh, as if some great deliverance had been wrought within. With her eyes fixed, first on the singer, and then on the man who led her'by the hand, she burst into a flood of tears, cried out, "My father," and sprang into the outstretched arms that soon enfolded her, and clasped her to his bosom. There was great joy there that night—the joy of the father who had found his lost one. the joy of the lost one who had been welcomed home, and the rejoicing

of friends and servants who gathered to share the common joy—faint picture of what takes place when a lost and captive sinner, is released from Satan's chains, and believing the love of God, is brought unto the children's place, redeemed, regenerated, and reconciled. Reader, has there been such joy in heaven over you

When the month had expired, "Trailing Serpent" sent his messengers to bring back his captive, but to their astonishment, they found her clothed in English dress, sitting by her father's side, holding his hand. In answer to their demand she replied. "I am my father's child; he sought and found me, redeemed me and brought me back, and I will remain with him for ever."

This touching tale illustrates the truth of a worse captivity, and a greater redemption. Another "Trailing Serpent" has carried away his "That old serpent, the captive. devil," who entered Eden long ago, has carried far from God and heaven, into the captivity of sin, your soul my reader. But the God of heaven has set His heart upon you. paid a mighty ransom for your deliverance, even the precious blood of Jesus Christ His Son. The Holy Spirit brings the wondrous tidings of that love and redemption, to your heart this day. Say, have you given it welcome?

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.



"HE FOUND HIS MOTHER SITTING IN HER CHAIR."

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN;

Or, SAVED BY GRACE AT MODDER RIVER.

heather-clad cot on the hill-side, when Duncan M'Gregor said "farewell" to his widowed mother, patting her wrinkled cheek and saying, "I'll come back again, mither, maybe a better man than when I gaed awa," and then hurried off to join his comrades, who in the height of their youthful patriotism had volunteered to go out to South Africa to fill the gaps that had been made in the Highland Brigade, on that dark December morning at Modder River.

Many a kind word was given to the young volunteers as they took ship for the field of war, and some of the people of God, who knew that many of them needed Christ, and might never see their native land again, sought to bring before them the grand, the blessed reality of being saved and ready to go whenever or however the call to the eternal world came. And God, who loves the souls of men, constrained some of his servants to leave their homes and loved ones and give themselves to the holy work of speaking of Jesus, to those who were daily exposed to death on the field of battle. Eternity alone will reveal all that the grace of God wrought on the African veldt during the

weary months of that long-drawn struggle; but already we know that among the British troops, the Gospel of Christ—preached in camps, in tents, in soldiers' homes, and spoken in hospitals to the sick and wounded—bore its fruit in genuine, manifest conversions. Yes, the song of salvation has arisen again and again above the sadder sounds with which the ear had become familiar on these blood-stained fields, over many a new-born soul entering the kingdom of God.

Duncan M'Gregor was converted to God while the Gospel was preached by an officer of his own brigade, in camp by the Modder River. He came to Jesus as he was, confessing himselfa lost sinner, yielded himself to the Mighty Deliverer, and was welcomed, received, and saved by Him, as every sinner will be, without exception, who renounces all hope of salvation by efforts of his own, and casts himself on Jesus and His finished work alone.

The line between those who are Christ's, and those who are not, is clearly drawn in a military camp. There must be no half measures; no half-and-between Christianity there. The child of God, the sinner saved by grace, the soldier of

the Cross is known there by the company he keeps. When Duncan M'Gregor was saved, he soon found his way to the little circle of praying and praising men, who sing in camp amid the long line of tents, and testify for Christ to their comrades. He was welcomed as a brother in Christ, and testified to the saving power that had taken his feet from the mire and set them on the Rock of Ages.

Many weary marches across the veldt, lone nights of watching on kopje and in blockhouse followed, during which the young believer grew in grace, and at last he with others sailed to the homeland.

There had no doubt been greater demonstrations and louder acclamations accorded to those who returned to their native town from South African battlefields than was given to Duncan, but there certainly have been few if any happier meetings or warmer greeting, than the reunion of that godly highland widow, and her born-again son, on the day that he reached the old home and found his mother in her accustomed seat. He had many a sad tale to narrate of what is falsely named by those who know nothing of it, "the glories of the battlefield," where amid scenes of bloodshed and groans of dying comrades, he had to face the stern realities of the eternal world, and

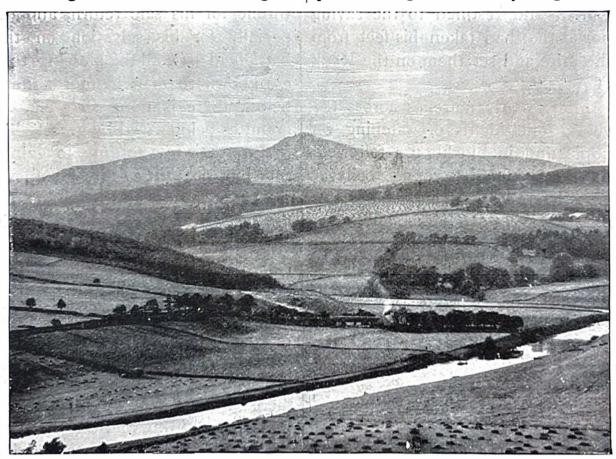
ask the personal and vital question, "Am I ready to meet God?" Then how God in mercy brought him under the Gospel's sound, and through the plain testimony of that Christian soldier, led him to Jesus. Songs of praise to God ascended from that humble cot to the eternal throne for his safe return, and especially for his salvation on the battlefield. Of all the blessings that are known to men in mortal flesh below, there is none so great, so grand as being saved by grace. To become heir to a fortune, to gain a title, to rise to earthly greatness, are as nothing; they are light as the dust of the balance compared with becoming a child of God and an heir of heaven. And yet marvellous to tell it, this is within the reach of all. All are invited; none excluded. The atoning death of Jesus Christ has procured salvation, life and glory for sinners. The Gospel proclaims them without money or price to "whosoever" will, and the Word of God assures all who come, all who believe, all who accept this purchased, this proffered gift, that it is their present possession. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36); "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), are God's own words, and they are the ground of assurance of all who believe.

THE DONSIDE CATTLEMAN;

Or, "THE HARVEST IS PAST AND I AM NOT SAVED."

the great awakening of 1859, when God was moving through the glens of Aberdeenshire saving sinners, and causing many who had lived in gross indifference in regard

A band of recently-converted young men were in the habit of gathering there to pray, and after that to testify to their fellow-workmen and others of God's saving power and grace. The young cattle-



THE VALLEY OF THE DON IN HARVEST.

to eternal things to think, that a young cattleman on a Donside farm went to the neighbouring village of Kemnay — famous for its granite quarries—to scoff, and if possible to disturb a meeting held near the village for the preaching of the Gospel.

man thought to show his skill in argument, by asking one of these Christian young men one evening at the close of their meeting—"Who was Cain's wife?" Not wishing to discuss such matters with one whose only object was to provoke a laugh, the young believer replied, "A sin-

ner like himself no doubt, else she would not have married a murderer who ran from the presence of the Lord, because he feared the punishment of his sin. Like draws to like, Geordie, as is clearly seen by the company you keep. Man, it will be an awful thing to have to spend Eternity in hell in such company, and that's what awaits all the Christless."

This caused a roar of laughter from the scoffing band, of which Geordie the cattleman was the leader. A volley of oaths and vile language was hurled at the company of Christian youths, followed by missiles of various sorts, with the threat that if they did not "desist preaching and praying" they would take them down and "duck them in the river Don."

Unmoved by the scoffers' threats, the young men continued their meetings, and out from the ranks of the scorners God saved two or three, who took their places with the little company of praying youths, joyfully sharing their persecutions. A hymn much sung in those days was the one beginning—

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

Let us never mind the scoffs, Nor the frowns of the world, For we all have the Cross to bear;
It will only make the crown
The brighter to shine
When we have the crown to wear."

With what heart and enjoyment that familiar song rang out night after night, as the praying youths were jostled and hooted by the everdecreasing company of scoffers, who latterly were either all converted or gave up the battle, with the exception of Geordie the cattleman. And he was far from easy; his conscience was awake; his sins troubled him, and once and again he seemed "near the kingdom of God." One autumn evening, especially while one of the young preachers was speaking from the solemn words of Jer. viii. 36, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," Geordie felt the point of these words, and went away that night deeply awakened, but still rejecting the "great salvation." Poor fellow, it was his last chance. A day or two after he was gored by a bull, and in his dying hours was heard to say-"Aye, for me the harvest is past, all past and gone, and I am not saved -not saved." He entered Eternity with that sad wail upon his lips a Christ-rejecter, a despiser of the Gospel, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16). how is it with you? Are you saved?

Heathen Darkness and Gospel Light in Pondoland.

MHERE is no knowledge of a | tral spirits, and the witch "smells Supreme Being among the heathen Pondos. All their hopes

of life are connected with the spirits of their ancestors. To them they pray, and to them they offer sacrifices. They believe that these return to earth in the form of snakes, baboons. and beasts of prey, to work evil. All sickness is attributed to the power of the spirits of their who ancestors have taken offence at something they have done, and in this chastise way These them. offended spirits must be propitiated. The "inout" the cause of the trouble, generally fixing the blame on some one with whom the



A WITCH DOCTOR.

yanga," or witch doctor, is sent for, and when she—for it is usually a female — appears, she gives the patient a medicinal herb, has a

invalid is at variance. Sometimes the chief is called in, and the witch doctor would, by the aid of charms fix the guilty party, and (untilthe Government intervened preventing it) on him the deathsentence was carried out, he being knob-kerried to death. When the patient dies, the death is made known by loud cries and lamentations from the women of the kraal, and the men gather at the gate of the cattlefold to consult who shall

bury the dead. This decided, the corpse is doubled up, the chin resting on the knees, and carried to the veldt, where in this position it is beast killed to propitiate the ances- buried in a hidden grave, no one save those engaged in the act knowing the place of sepulture. Such is the dark, the cheerless end of the heathen who know not God, and have not heard the story of a Saviour's love. And millions upon millions thus die and pass into the eternal world, of those concerning whom the risen Saviour said to His

the many men and women, true heroes and heroines of the Cross, who leaving home and kindred at the call of God, have gone forth to spend, and in many cases lay down, their lives for South Africa. But in seeking to give some brief account of the spread of God's Gospel among the Pondos and their neigh-



A NATIVE BLACKSMITH AT WORK

disciples that they were to preach among "all nations" the "remis sion of sins" (Luke xxiv. 47), and tell them of a Saviour.

The story of the Gospel's entrance to and triumphs among the tribes of South Africa, is a marvellous record of Almighty grace. It is not our purpose here to trace this silver line of grace, or even to name

bour tribes, and to tell of the triumphs wrought by that Gospel's power at the present time, it is good to go back a little and see how God had been in various ways and by various instruments preparing the way for the entrance of the Gospel.

One of the first to carry the glad tidings of God's salvation to the Kaffirs was a young doctor named

John Theodore Vanderkemp, who went out in 1798. How God prepared and sent forth this earnest Gospeller is well worth repeating. On a bright summer afternoon a young father and mother with their only child were sailing on the river Meuse, near Dort. Gaily the fragile craft sped across the glassy sea, bathed in golden sunshine, when suddenly a black cloud appeared in the sky, and in a few moments a great waterspout burst upon them, upsetting the boat and drowning the mother and child before the eyes of the husband and father, who struggled in vain to save them. He himself was saved as by a miracle. The sad event made his heart and home desolate. He had been an ardent admirer of the French philosophers, and his mind was filled with their sceptical opinions, but in the day of his distress he found no comfort, no rest to his weary heart in these sophistries. He took up the Bible and there found in the Gospel of Christ what his soul sought for - rest and peace with God. Vanderkemp was saved and his heart won for Christ. The great revival which God had brought about through the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley, had stirred up among God's people an active interest in the heathen, and the young believer soon became deeply

interested, and offered himself to God to carry the Gospel to the Kaffirs. In 1798, with three others, Vanderkemp sailed for Africa. began among the Bushmen and Hottentots, and had just settled in Kaffraria, when the Boers or Dutch farmers began to oppose him and his work, and tried even to take his life. But the diligent Gospeller pegged away, and God used him. On a December morning in 1811, while conducting family worship, he was taken ill, and with the words, "all is well" on his lips, he went home to heaven.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, when evangelical Christianity was at low ebb in Germany, God saved a young Hanoverian student named Louis Harms. Full of Gospel zeal he preached and laboured in Hermannsburg, and many were saved. The need of the Kaffirs was heavily laid upon his heart, and he with twelve earnest young men prayed daily that God would open their way to go with the Gospel to Kaffirland. Light arose. A mission ship was to be built, for which in answer to prayer, materials, willing workers, and all else required came in abundantly, and on October 28th, 1853, the Candace—named after the Ethiopian queen, to whose people she was to be the bearer of the heralds of the Cross—sailed from Hamburg for Zanzibar, amid the singing of Luther's hymn, "Our God a stronghold is," while sailors of all nations swarmed in the rigging of their ships to watch the strange launch of the Gospel Ship. Harms in his farewell address said, "Begin the work with prayer, when the storm rages, pray; while billows roll, pray; when the devil tempts, pray; as long as you pray it will go A colony was formed in Natal, and named New Hermannsburg. The Gospel was preached to the Kaffirs, and the missionaries wrought at farming as well, their idea being to be self-supporting, and to teach their converts to work, as God says, at "honest trades" (see Titus iii. 14, margin). Harms said, "If the Gospel is to flourish the Kaffirs must work, for there will be no real Christianity among them as long as they lie all day in the sun drinking beer." Blacksmiths, joiners, builders sprang up in the colony, and adorned the Gospel by living godly lives. Great hardships were endured by the pioneer missionaries who went further afield. Often they slept among reeds on banks of rivers swarming with crocodiles; in deserts infested with lions. They preached among the Bechuanas in the north, and the Zulus and Pondos in the east. Harms was a man of faith. He begged no money,

yet in seven years, God had sent him £20,000. He preached the Gospel fully, and God gave him and his co-workers souls for Christ. But their work was chiefly pioneering and preparing the way for others. Harms prayed, "Lord, when I can no longer preach, take me from the earth," and so that desire was granted, for his ransomed spirit left his body while he slept, his work being done, and many a Kaffir and Pondo convert for many years reremembered and honoured the name of Louis Harms.

The way being thus opened, many religious teachers were sent out to the land of the Kaffir, the Pondo, and the Zulu, but it is to be feared that to get the natives made "Christians" by baptism and church-membership rather than by preaching Christ and getting them truly converted to God became the object of many of the missionaries. Bishops were sent out — one of them denying the inspiration of the Bible—and a huge system of religious profession sprang up, which continues in many parts until the present time. But it must not be supposed that all who are "church members" have been born again. Here, as in the home-land, religion without Christ is common enough. Only those who have received Christ are genuine Christians

Words to Young Workers.

A GLAD SURPRISE.

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

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

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

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

NOT QUANTITY BUT QUALITY.

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

THE FIREMAN'S STORY; Or, "THE REFUGE FROM WRATH TO COME."

FIGURE broke out one night in a block of houses. The flames raged and roared tremendously, lighting up the room of an aged invalid, whose house adjoined the burning building. She was unable to rise, or to do anything to save herself, yet there she lay, calm and peaceful. She had asked the Lord to protect her, and she believed that He would not allow a hair of her head to perish. Two stalwart firemen urged her to allow them to remove her from the house, as the flames were fast gaining ground, but she responded by asking them if they knew the Lord who was her Refuge. One of the two men with a smile declared that he did, but the other confessed himself a stranger to the Lord, in whom she trusted. The aged invalid testified to him of Iesus, the Lover and Saviour of the lost, and while they knelt, she prayed that the Lord might control the fury of the flames, and give the fireman and others to see that the Lord was the Answerer of prayer. The fire that moment abated: the invalid's house stood unscorched, and some who witnessed her simple faith that day will never forget it. The stalwart fireman wept as he told the story of the invalid lady's trust in her God that awful night. "I never

believed in a God who answers prayer before," he said, "or in a God of love, who gave His Son to die for me, but, as I looked upon that calm face, and heard those lips speak so earnestly of a Saviour from wrath and consuming fire, I felt there was a deep reality in it all. Now I can say with that dear woman, that I know that Jesus is mine: He is my Refuge and my Deliverer. I fear no wrath to come: for me Jesus bore if, and in Him I am everlastingly secure. That invalid lady's answered prayer convinced me there was a living .God: her words of warning awakened me to my danger, and by grace I was led to the Refuge."

Reader, do you believe there is any reality in the things of God and eternity? Do you believe in a real hell, such as God declares awaits the Christless sinner? If you do, you will seek to escape it? Do you believe in a real Christ and a real heaven? Then you will not delay to accept Him, to bring you to that That lowly invalid, holy place. lying calm in the confidence that God was her Refuge for time and eternity, amid surrounding flames, tells what possession of a real Saviour brings to the soul. Is such a confidence yours?

RUN DOWN.

STEAMER, FOUR YOUNG MEN DROWNED." These were the words, in bold type on the newsagents' boards, as we passed them the other morning. Sad events like this, are by no means uncommon. They are generally brought about as this one



was, by hazarding life for the sake of pleasure. The four young men in a lug-sail boat had been watching for the passing of a steamer, in order to get the tossing of her "waves." While enjoying this, their favourite joy of the sea, they failed to observe that another steamer had put off from the pier, and was coming in the direction where they were. The captain blew his whistle, and every effort was made to alter the course of the steamer, but all in vain. The sailing boat was run down, and its four occupants sank with it, into a watery grave. The sad event cast a gloom over the whole district, and I hope may be a warning to others. It vividly and solemnly illustrates how thousands of wordlings, old and young, are "run down" to death and hell, while in quest of pleasure. Lured on by one enjoyment, then by another, how many there are, who give no heed to the warning voice that tells them to flee from wrath to come. Suddenly and unexpectedly death overtakes them, and they are hurried into eternity, Christless and unprepared. Reader, are you ready to meet God? If death should suddenly overtake you, and eternity unfold its portals to receive you, would you go to be with Christ? If not, where?

THE TROUBLED SEA.

ESTLESS, mournful, wailing sea, Tell me now, what aileth thee? Why is it that quiet rest Visits not thy troubled breast? Dost thou know the solemn end, When those heavens that o'er thee bend, At the call of God shall roll, Like a mighty parchment scroll: And the hills that round thee smile, Shall become a burning pile: Then from out thy deep, dark bed, Thou shalt yield the millions dead: All to stand disclosed in light, At you throne of dazzling white: Thence to shades of deepest gloom, To endure the sinner's doom?

There shall come a joyful day,
When thou, too, shalt pass away;
Never more thy rolling tide,
Love-knit hearts shalt then divide;
For God's Word declares to me,
That "there shall be no more sea."

BORN AGAIN AT THE SPINNING WHEEL.



"I WAS BORN AGAIN AS I SAT AT THE SPINNING WHEEL."

BORN AGAIN AT THE SPINNING WHEEL.

ISITING from house to house among the heather hills of Scotland, leaving the Gospel message to read, and speaking a word when there was opportunity, I came upon a humble cot on a lone hillside, by the door of which sat the aged grandmother at her spinning wheel—a sight now seldom seen even in the highlands of Scotland—wnile her daughter, the shepherd's wife, cheerfully hummed a familiar tune as she baked the week's supply of oatmeal cakes and fired them around the large peat fire, whose red embers sent a glow of heat to the door in which I stood.

Up in these northern regions, I had found few indeed ready to confess themselves saved and on the way to glory, although from the familiar way in which many there spoke of the way of life, and the godly and reverent manner of their lives, I have no doubt there are true children of the heavenly King among these heather-clad hills. The teaching to which most of them have for all their lifetime listened. tends to make them "cherish their doubts," and live in continual selfexamination of their own hearts, rather "than looking unto Jesus," who is the true object of the sinner's faith.

It was a joyful surprise to hear

from the lips of the aged grandmother sitting by the cottage door, the clear-ring testimony to Immanuel's saving grace, which I shall give in brief as she told it to me that day.

"I was born again when a lassie of eighteen, sitting at the spinning It was at the Disruption time in 1843—a wonderful time that was, a time of spiritual revival and salvation to many in my native Ministers of the Gospel, glen. some of them from far, preached to us on the green hillsides, under the canopy of heaven. I was convicted of sin, and learned my need of a Saviour then. For many a weary night and day I prayed and wept and repented, until I thought all hope of salvation was gone for me. It was on a Monday, and some of the neighbours came in to talk with my mother about the sermon of the previous day. It was from the text, 'His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree' (1 Pet. ii. 24), and they spoke of the 'simplicity and clearness' of the way of salvation as therein set forth. listened to the conversation, and when it had finished, I got my Bible and turned up the passage. I read it again and again, but could not see there the 'simplicity' and 'clearness' of which my mother and our

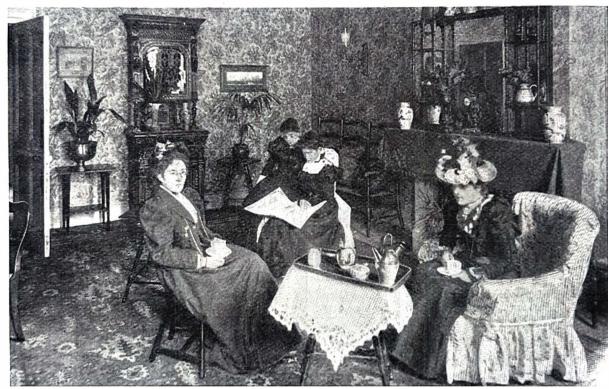
neighbours spoke. It was all dark to me. Then suddenly I rememspoken bered a word bv preacher the previous day to this effect, 'Jesus died that we might live; He suffered that we might go free; He bare our sins that we might be justified from them for ever.' That was the word that gave me light. If Jesus died for sinners, He died for me. If He bare my sins, I had no need to bear them; if He suffered, then God was able and willing to set me free. I gripped at it. O! how I remember it—like a drowning man at a rope, and I knew I was born again. I know it still, because His Word says, 'Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God' (1 John v. 1), and I have the witness of the Spirit bearing witness with my spirit (Rom. viii. 16) that I am God's I have many a time forchild. gotten Him, and my love to Him has been cold, but He has never forgotten me, nor will He ever forsake me." Then the aged, happy woman, looking up at the rugged hills, which for ages had stood, like faithful sentinels, keeping guard around her native glen, exclaimed in the joy of her heart, the faithful words of her covenant-God, which were evidently the rejoicing of her heart—"The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but

My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 10). After a brief rest under the shepherd's humble roof, I left that hallowed spot where some of "the excellent of the earth" are found, who know more real joy and solid happiness than all the great ones of earth who know not God. That aged woman's happy face, her joyful confession of a Christ known as her Saviour and satisfying portion for fifty years, was itself a testimony to the Christ of God. And that joy, that peace may be yours: they will, if you claim the One who gives them, even Jesus, as your own, your personal Saviour. Without · Him life is a blank—it is not worth living, as men say—and at the further end of a Christless life stretches a hopeless, an undone eternity. To the saved one who has Christ as Saviour, Lord, and Lover, life here on earth is heaven begun. The joy and peace of heaven already dwells in the heart. God Himself is known as a Father, and the love wherewith He loves His own is known and enjoyed even now by all who have been born again. Reader, are you one of the number? Have you the knowledge, the experience of a child of God, an heir of heaven? If not, you may. "This Man receiveth sinners."

A MEMBER of a Y.W.C.A., BUT NOT SAVED.

ROM a quiet country village to the great Metropolis, from grassy fields to long rows of brick buildings; and, most of all, from a humble but happy home, where a mother's care is known, to a lodging among strangers—is a change so great, so trying at first, that only

enter on a situation in one of the large millinery establishments in the West End. A companion of earlier years, belonging to the same village, had found her the situation, and was to meet her at the railway station on the arrival of the train. She carried a letter from the lady



AFTERNOON TEA IN THE V.W.C.A

those who have experienced it know really what it means.

On the railway platform of a quiet Sussex village, where she had been religiously brought up, a young girl of nineteen might have been seen standing one dull December morning, waiting for the London express to bear her from her country home to the great city, where she was to secretary of the Y. W. C. A., of which she was a member, commending her to the care of the London Association, and arranging that for the first week she might be lodged in its buildings. Such an arrangement was gratefully welcomed by the young milliner, no less by her aged mother, who felt very sad at parting thus with her only daughter. "Re-

member your prayers, Anna, dear; never neglect them," was the aged mother's parting word as the train moved off bearing her daughter to the great city.

Anna's friend met her, and she was comfortably lodged in the Association buildings, where her friend arranged to meet her in the evening for tea, and then take her out to see some of the sights of London, returning in time for a meeting which she was in the habit of attending every Friday evening, where a few earnest Christians told the story of redeeming love and sought to lead weary sinners to the Saviour. Assuming—as is too often done that Anna was a born again Christian, because she was a member of an "Association" bearing the Christian name, her friend asked her to "come along and find some work to do for Jesus"—a request which, however strange it might appear to the unconverted girl, she complied with, as a matter of courtesy to the friend who had treated her so kindly. But she was not at all happy. The meeting was small, but warm and bright. Most of the workers were newly saved and in their "first love," and of course welcomed the new-comer heartily, taking it for granted that she was one of themselves, saved and on the way to glory. Anna slept none

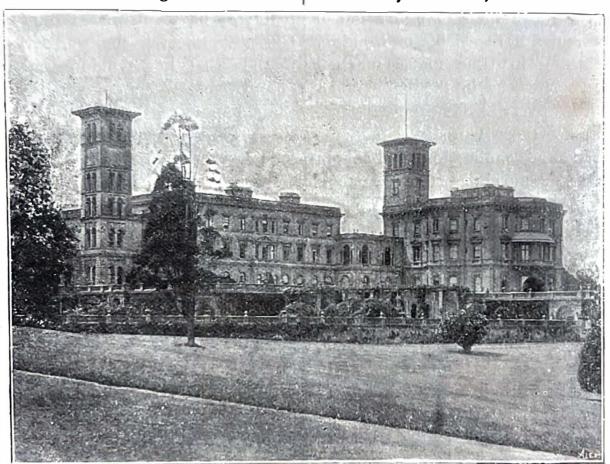
that night. It was not so much the new surroundings that kept her awake as the new atmosphere in which she had been at that little meeting in a back street. God was there, and where He is, people and things are seen in their true light. Some of His people were there, saved and happy, manifesting the reality of having Christ and being Christ's. She felt she was outside it all: that her religion was an empty name when compared with these happy souls. Days passed: Anna entered her new situation: got lodgings in the same house as her young friend who had so interested herself in her welfare, and from her lips learned the way of salvation and peace.

Before she had been six weeks in London she was saved by grace through faith, apart from works of her own; saved as every sinner must be saved, and as all who believe are—on the ground of Christ's finished work alone; and then she joyfully, unhesitatingly took her place among God's people, not now as a mere professor of the Christian name, but as a possessor of Christ, whose Name she loves and whose Word she seeks to obey. There is a difference—a vast difference—between being a Christian in name and a born again Christian in reality.

THE KING'S GIFT; or, Money Could Not Buy It.

millionaire visiting the Isle of Wight, was so enamoured with the beauties of Osborne House, at that time the residence of the late Queen Victoria, that he offered a fabulous sum to obtain the Royal residence and its grounds as his

aire was not able to purchase for money, has been given without money and without price as the free gift of the king. Nobody asked it, nobody deserved it, nobody wrought for it; it was freely given and thank. fully received. As you look upon the stately mansion, let it become



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT: THE KING'S GIFT TO THE NATION.

own. But the answer was: "Osborne House is not to be sold: Money cannot buy it." At the death of Queen Victoria the stately mansion passed into the hands of King Edward VII. and he made a gift of it to the nation. What the million-

an object lesson to you of greater things. Salvation, eternal life, a mansion in heaven, are among the things that money cannot buy. No human merit, good works, or deeds of charity will ever purchase life eternal. God has made it a "free gift."

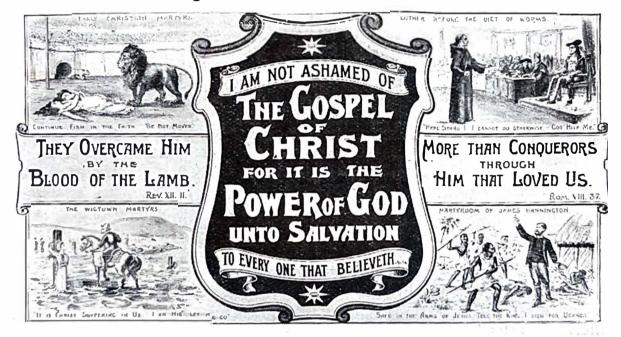
HEROES and HEROINES of the FAITH;

Or, NOT ASHAMED of the GOSPEL of CHRIST.

OT on blood-stained fields of war, but in a nobler warfare in defence of the Gospel and of "the Faith once delivered" to be guarded by the saints, God's heroes and heroines have stood true in the hour of trial, firmly grasping the Shield of Faith, suffering death rather

ands of the enemies of the Cross. Do they fear death? Nay. Listen! "Continue firm in the faith. Be not moved." It is the last word of the young martyr to her sister. Thus they pass from the presence of that savage crowd to the paradise of God.

Scene II.—Before the Diet



than deny their Lord. Four memorable scenes are here set forth by our artist surrounding a noble shield, on which is inserted the "Confession of Faith" of all the saved of all the ages.

Scene I.—In the Roman Colosseum. Two Christian maidens, sisters in the faith, who had refused to deny their Lord and offer incense to the gods, thrown to the lions in presence of the emperor and thous.

of Worms.—Luther alone, yet not alone; before emperor, archdukes, archbishops, papal nuncios and ambassadors. Weak from sleepless nights, strong by power from on high. Called upon to retract his writings, which the Pope had condemned, he said—"Unless I am convicted of error by the authority of Scripture I cannot, I will not retract. It is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience." Looking

the emperor full in the face and then around on the brilliant array, he spread out his hands and cried: "Here I stand—I can do no other. May God help me." That noble testimony rang the death knell of absolution, the false Gospel of salvation by sacraments, penance and indulgences, and broke the power of Rome. The Word of God triumphed.

Scene III.—In Wigtown Bay. — Two helpless women tied to stakes to be drowned by the rising tide, the younger a girl in her 'teens. What was their crime? Faithfulness to the Word of God; refusal to give up the truth to which they owed their salvation. When tempted to recant, by an officer riding into the water with the King's pardon, the noble girl firmly refused. When jeered by the hardened dragoon, she nobly replied, "It is Christ suffering in us." When asked to deny her Lord, she cried out, "I am His. Let me go to Him." "Not accepting deliverance" on such terms, she yielded herself to death rather than deny her Lord.

James Hannington, converted in Devonshire whilst a curate in the Church of England, went to Uganda to tell the story of redeeming love.

Aroused by jealousy, Mwanga the king sent a band of ruffians to at-

tack the missionary, who, while being subjected to brutal treatment, sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Imprisoned in a rude hut, suffering from fever he read and enjoyed the words of Psalm xxviii.—"The Lord is my strength and my shield: my heart trusted in Him and I am helped. Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise Him." Then he was led out "Tell the king I die for to die. Uganda," said the hero, and kneeling down he yielded his spirit to God while the spears of the two appointed for his murder were plunged into his heart.

What gave these men and women the unflinching courage, the calm dignity, the unruffled peace when face to face with their foes—and with death itself? It was this: they had Christ: they were saved by grace: they were sure of glory. They were "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," it had become to them "the power of God unto salvation." Has it been so to you? Can you say in truth that you have believed the Gospel of Christ: that it has saved you: that Christ is yours and you are Christ's? from this there is no salvation, no Christianity here, and no heaven hereafter. Make sure that you are truly saved, definitely and decided-

ANNIE'S LAST WALK.

NNIE found great delight in filling up her Bible Searching Text Book. She had done it every vear since she was a child of seven, and after she was converted at the age of ten, she enjoyed it all the more. She posted the completed Text Book herself, and it was the last time she was out. She took

all that love and skill could do was done. she sank, and within four days, she was in Eternity. Annie was ready: we have no doubt about that. Her conversion was clear as a sunbeam, and her brief Christian life was full of joy and brightness. She was born of God on a Sunday evening as she walked along

with a companion, who earnestly and lovingly spoke to her of the Lord Jesus and His willingness to save. Annie was a quiet and most obedient child, tender-hearted and kind, but she had not known what it is to be "born again." Her converted schoolmate pressed upon her the need of this great change, and shewed her from God's Book, that apart from this, she could not enter

heaven. Annie was deeplyawakened, and gladly cast herself upon Jesus, and His precious blood, which alone can fit the soul for heaven, and she was saved that summer evening. She told her schoolmates so, and took a stand on the Lord's side. How grand to be saved, in the bright and blooming days of early fever the following day, and although | life! You are missing much my

> young friend, if you have not Christ. Christ is the joy of life; in Him there are pleasures for evermore. He alone can save and satisfy the soul, and this He does, for time and eternity, to all who trust Him. The bright morning of life is the best and easiest time to have this great matter

While the heart is yet settled. young and tender, let the love of Jesus be welcomed and His gift of life received. As the years roll on, you will find it harder, for every time the Gospel message is brought to your hearing, and you refuse to give it welcome, you become a degree harder, and it leaves you less willing to yield to His call.



THE YOUNG SANDWICH ISLANDER.

Islands, which have been named "The Paradise of the Pacific," young Hoopoo spent his childhood and early days. While still a lad, he went to the United States, and was, one evening, invited to a party of those professedly interested in the heathen, in the house of a gentleman of rank and wealth, living in a fine house in the suburbs of a great American city.

Much interest was manifested in the young Sandwich Islander, and many questions were asked about the customs and, especially, about the religions of his country.

Some of his answers were very quaint, and contained many blunders, owing to his imperfect ability to express himself in another language, and this caused some of the company much amusement. So they continued to ask him questions, evidently to keep up the fun of the evening. Hoopoo had no wish to entertain the company with frivolous stories, and was grieved to see their mirth at the condition of his heathen countrymen. After a few minutes' silence, he said—

"I was born and brought up a heathen, and am only partly able now to understand your language and ways, so that you need not wonder if I should make many mistakes in answering your questions

aright. I have just been thinking that, one day, there will be a much larger gathering than this, and that there will be some questions put to us all then, which it is possible some of us may not be able to answer quite correctly, owing to being strangers there. One question will be-'Do you know and love the Lord Jesus?' Now, gentlemen, although I am only a heathen boy, I think I can say, 'Yes, I love Him because He first loved me.' What will you say in answer to that question, gentlemen." There was absolute silence among the guests. They looked at each other in blank amazement, and very quickly dispersed. But one of those present never forgot that question. As he went about his business; in the stillness of the night; day after day, the question rang through the merchant's soul—"What will you answer? No rest, no peace, could the man of culture find. That question of the converted Sandwich Island lad had broken his peace. He remembered it was written-" If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha" -accursed at His coming (1 Cor. xvi. 22). He sought comfort in his good works, but found none. They were not the fruit of love to the Lord Jesus. In his anguish, he sought

THE YOUNG SANDWICH ISLANDER.

out the Sandwich Island lad, and he led him to one who was well able to point him to the Saviour. After a severe struggle—for it is no easy matter for a religious man in a good position in the world, to take the place of a sinner, without God and without hope—he cast himself upon Jesus, the Saviour of the lost, and became a bright witness for Him. What a change it was for the great man—now a humble disciple of Christ, serving the Lord Jesus Christ,

because he loved Him, and loving Him as every truly saved one does, because he had been saved by Him. The merchant prince and the Sandwich Island boy had now the same Saviour, and their title to heaven was found in the same precious blood which cleanses from all sin. Is this *your* title to glory, or are you only an empty professor, with no heart love to Christ, seeking by works of your own to merit God's favour, and earn a place in heaven.



"FIT ONLY TO BE BURNED."

Tonce stood in the wood, a stately tree, raising its head high above all others, but it fell to the ground broken off, leaving only its root in the ground. It was found that at the core it was rotten, and so they carted it away, fit only to be burned. As I saw the woodman carting that once-stately tree away, lopped of all its branches, only a bare log, with its rotten heart exposed to view, I could not but think of the doom and end of the fruitless unconverted sinner, who must one day fall from his place of fame and worldly glory, and be

carried empty-handed to the grave, fit only for food to the worms as regards His body, and his soul to the undying worm and the unquenchable fire of hell. This is no fancy, it is sober fact, the doom of every proud Christless sinner, no matter how high in the world or how widespread his branches. must one day fall by the hand of death and be hurried from time mis-spent into the great eternity beyond. Such is the ignoble end of the man who dies without Christ. Have you any wish that such an end may be yours, reader?

GOOD ANCHORAGE; Or, THE SAILOR'S TRUST.

SAILOR lay in hospital in a foreign land dying of fever. Friends and kindred were far away, and he was surrounded by strangers. Comrades had sailed without him, and there was little hope given that he would recover, or see his native land again. Only one comfort re-

mained, that was he was Christ's, and Jesus Christ was his. Years before, when only a lad before the mast, he had trusted his soul to Jesus, and had known the saving power of that peerless Name. one who came to his bedside, seeking to administer what he called "the consolations of religion," and to read a prayer from his "Prayer Book," the sailor

said, "Praise God, I have already got the 'strong consolation' God speaks of in His Word; that is, the certain knowledge that I am going to heaven to be with Him who has saved me. I was drifting on a wild tempestuous sea, when he found me, drew me to Himself, and invited me to put my trust in Him. Sinner as I was—lost, undone, and without

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

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

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



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