

# REAL RICHES



PICKERING & INGLIS

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GOSPEL BOOKS

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GATES OPENED

REAL RICHES

FRANKLY FORGIVEN

SAFELY ANCHORED

LOVE WINS

# REAL RICHES

INTERESTING INCIDENTS  
FOR YOUNG AND OLD  
CLEARLY SETTING FORTH  
THE GLAD TIDINGS OF  
"SO GREAT SALVATION"

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED



PICKERING & INGLIS  
14 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4  
229 BOTHWELL STREET, GLASGOW, C.2



## JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR STILL.

My heart was gladdened at the thought of being free from my sins, and for five years I have known Him to be as true as His Word.



"ONLY COME."



## JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR STILL.

I REMEMBER that I was but a mere lad when the Spirit of God first dealt with me about my soul. Being the son of Christian parents, who always kept God's simple way of salvation before me, my mother often spoke to me seriously about being "saved." Thus I was preserved from many outward sins, and in the eyes of the world was moral and religious. But about the age of sixteen years God in His mercy revealed to me my condition as lost through a servant of His speaking on Job 25. From that time I was miserable and unhappy, seeking to satisfy my heart and trying to entreat God to save me through the virtue of my prayers.

This went on for about three months, and on the day after one New Year's Day a very happy, restful feeling came over me—Satan's device to keep me from trusting the Lord Jesus Christ. On this I rested until God in grace again disturbed my fancied rest and peace. Having no rest or peace I tried to obtain it. Tongue or pen cannot express the trouble and anguish of soul through which I was passing; and, in spite of all my trying, God was seeking to lead me to trust in His blessed Son.

Two men came to our city preaching the love of God, and much against my will I went to hear them. One of them told me the story of his conversion, telling me my part was simply to trust in the all-sufficient work of the Cross. I left the hall thinking that I could not run away from God. On going down the street the Spirit of God urged me to trust in the Lord Jesus. I said to myself, "Why cannot I believe it? Why should not I receive Him?" Then from my heart I said, "Lord, I believe that Thou didst die *for me*." The spirit brought that simple, beautiful verse to my soul, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). I believed



on the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved and satisfied (Acts 16. 31). My heart was gladdened at the thought of being free from my sins, and though days of darkness and doubt have crossed my path, for five years I have known Him to be as true as His Word, and can truthfully sing:

"Be my feelings what they will,  
Jesus is my Saviour still. H.M.H.

## WHY HETTIE WAS HAPPY.



MOST girls would have thought that Hettie Bowers had not much to make her happy. She had few friends, and had passed through many trials in her brief life. But the truth of the whole matter was that Hettie was a Christian. There was often a song on her lips, and Mrs. Adams was wont to say, "The kitchen is the brightest room in the house."

"What a sunshiny disposition your little kitchen girl has!" guests would sometimes say to Mrs. Adams. And the mistress, who knew well the secret of Hettie's happiness, always answered, "Yes, it is the sunshine of God's love in her heart."

"Hettie," Mrs. Adams asked one day, "why are you always so happy?" "Why, ma'am," she answered, "Jesus loves me, and isn't that enough to make any one happy." "But how do you know He loves you, Hettie?" continued Mrs. Adams. "He said so, ma'am, and I couldn't doubt His Word." "Then you think He never forgets, Hettie?"

Her face lit up with a smile. "Oh, that is the beauty of such love; we forget sometimes, but He never does." "But, Hettie, don't you ever feel lonely?" "Not while He is with me, ma'am; but sometimes when I forget His great love I repine."

"Well," said Mrs. Adams to herself as she stepped out of the kitchen, "what grace He has bestowed upon this girl!" While Hettie may be a poor kitchen girl, as we view things, yet hereafter a great reward awaits her. P-H.

## THE STOLEN TURNIPS.

A FARMER received a sum of money enclosed in a scrap of paper on which were written five words: "FOR TURNIPS I ONCE STOLE." It was neither dated nor place, but admitted a fact. Sin had found out the thief in time, and he tried to make amends. Wise person! Better face sin in time than in Eternity. "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. 32. 23).  
HYP.



## THE KING'S TRUMPETERS.

EIGHT boy reciters have letter cards suspended on breast, letters inwards till turned to view during recitation. Acrostic is worked backwards for a change, *i.e.*, although standing in proper order, eighth boy with S recites first, and first boy with T speaks last. Each holds a toy trumpet (the larger the better). All blow together at start, and each one singly before reciting. Boys should march on, halt, turn, etc., at command from end boy. The eight letters on stout cards for 2/6 post free. *Hints for progressives*—If boys can play musical trumpets, or if a musician plays one while boys do action of blowing, a bugle call at start and hymn tune at close is effective.

*All, after united blast.*

O H! a happy band of trumpeters are we,  
And to-night we're on parade as you can see,  
With a trumpet each to blow (*raise trumpets*),  
And with letter cards to show (*point to cards*),  
So you'll please be as attentive as can be.  
We will do our best your interest to gain  
While the trumpets of the Bible we explain.

*8th boy blows trumpet and announces title.*

### The Trumpet of Law on Mount Sinai.

This S will stand for Sinai's mountain height,  
Where Israel's nation witnessed with affright  
The lightning flashing from the thunder cloud,  
And heard a trumpet sound exceeding loud.  
The mountain quaked—the people, too, with awe—  
When God made known to man His holy law;  
And guilty sinners stood by fear possessed,  
The trump of law struck terror to their breast.  
Then let us learn this lesson every one,  
That by God's law we stand condemned, undone,  
And all good works salvation to obtain  
Can not avail—"Ye must be born again."

*7th boy blows trumpet and announces*

### The Trumpet of Liberty at Jubilee.

And next is T, for tidings of good cheer  
That fell upon the captives' listening ear  
In Israel's land, upon Atonement day,  
When blood was shed to purge their sins away.  
The trumpet note proclaimed the Jubilee,  
The prisoners' bonds were loosed, the slaves set free  
Good tidings of great joy the Gospel brings  
As over land and sea its music rings.  
Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of sin;  
His blood was shed our liberty to win.  
"Free from the law" our happy song shall be,  
All praise to Him who died to set us free.

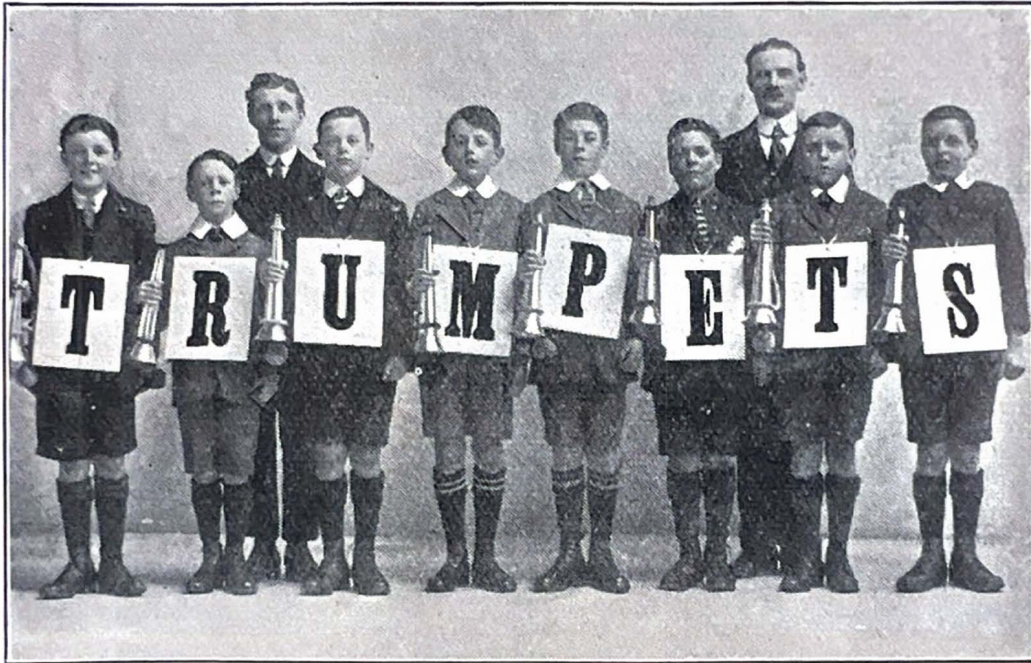
*6th boy blows trumpet and indicates*

### The Trumpet of Warfare.

This E will tell of Enemies to face,  
For now a Bible scene of war we trace.  
See Gideon's brave three hundred men by night  
Go forth, the host of Midian to fight.

## The King's Trumpeters—A Recitation.

The lights blaze forth! The shattered pitchers fall!  
Three hundred trumpets sound a thrilling call!  
By simple faith alone in God on high  
The great and mighty host was made to fly.  
For Christians all the lesson here is plain:  
Have faith in God if victory you would gain;  
When called upon to fight the hosts of sin,  
If God be *for* us we are sure to win.



*5th boy blows and announces his theme as*

### **The Trumpets of Guidance.**

This letter **P** for Pilgrimage will stand.  
When Israel journeyed to the promised land  
Two silver trumpets Aaron's sons did blow  
For guidance, when the camp should forward go,  
Or when some danger seemed to threaten harm  
The silver trumpets sounded an alarm.  
The people learned the signals to obey,  
Thus they were guided on their pilgrim way.  
We, too, must listen for the voice divine  
If we would reach the land of corn and wine.  
Though dark the path our Shepherd's voice we hear,  
And as we follow Him the way grows clear.

*4th boy blows and tells that his trumpet is*

### **The Trumpet of Rejoicing.**

This **M** will stand for Music that was heard  
Long, long ago, as mentioned in God's Word,  
When Joash, God's anointed child, was crowned  
The temple rang with joyful trumpet sound.  
A wicked queen had claimed the royal throne,  
But now the rightful king the people own,



## A New Recitation for Eight Boys.

With trumpet music they unite to sing,  
And with rejoicing say "God save the king."  
Then shall not we in Christ our Lord rejoice,  
And hail Him King of kings with cheerful voice?  
Though once for us He wore a crown of thorns,  
The crown of glory now His brow adorns.

*3rd boy blows and proclaims*

### **The Trumpet of Warning.**

I have this U for Urgent is the note  
Which in the Holy Word Ezekiel wrote.  
The watchman at the coast of Israel's land  
Stood ready with a trumpet in his hand.  
If enemies drew near it was his care  
To warn the people that they might beware.  
The trumpet blast conveyed the urgent news:  
Escape for life, there is no time to lose!  
So God in warning calls, Why will ye die?  
Turn from your sins, to Christ for refuge fly.  
Beware lest you neglect His mercy great,  
Poor sinner, hasten ere it be too late.

*2nd boy blows and sets forth the*

### **Trumpet At Christ's Second Coming.**

Now R for Resurrection from the dead,  
For Christ will come again, as He has said,  
With trumpet call resounding through the sky,  
And sudden—in the twinkling of an eye—  
The dead who sleep in Jesus will arise;  
And living saints on earth, oh, glad surprise,  
Will be caught up to meet Him in the air.  
In resurrection glory, bright and fair,  
What rapture, what rejoicing there will be,  
When Jesus and our loved ones we shall see!  
The hour is drawing near, so one and all  
Be ready for that coming trumpet call.

*1st boy blows a cheerful blow to indicate*

### **The Trumpet of Praise.**

I'm last, but not the least, with letter T,  
And now our cards spell TRUMPETS, as you see.  
This T stands for Thanksgiving to the Lord,  
When trumpets joined with song in sweet accord.  
King Solomon the House of God had built,  
'Twas hallowed by the blood of victims spilt,  
And when the ark of God was placed within,  
The trumpeters and singers did begin.  
And while Jehovah's praise was swelling loud,  
His glory filled the temple like a cloud.  
We, too, should praise the Lord with thankful hearts  
For countless blessings that His grace imparts,  
Till in the glory land in nobler lays  
We sing the glad new song of endless praise.      T.R.C.

Issued in leaflet, from 1d. net (10 for 1/ post free).

## PRAISE FOR PAST—HOPE FOR FUTURE.



**Picture Paintings** for 1923. This is No. 23, and is taken from the life of the author of the next best book to the Bible—the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Every boy and girl should read this remarkable book. JOHN BUNYAN tells us a good deal about himself in his book *Grace Abounding*. I wonder if you can tell what incident in his remarkable life is pictured above. The Editor offers two awards. One for *painting* the picture in any colour with any material, and one for *describing* the picture on a post card. Send to Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

**Original Acrostic** for boys, girls, and all, No. 341.

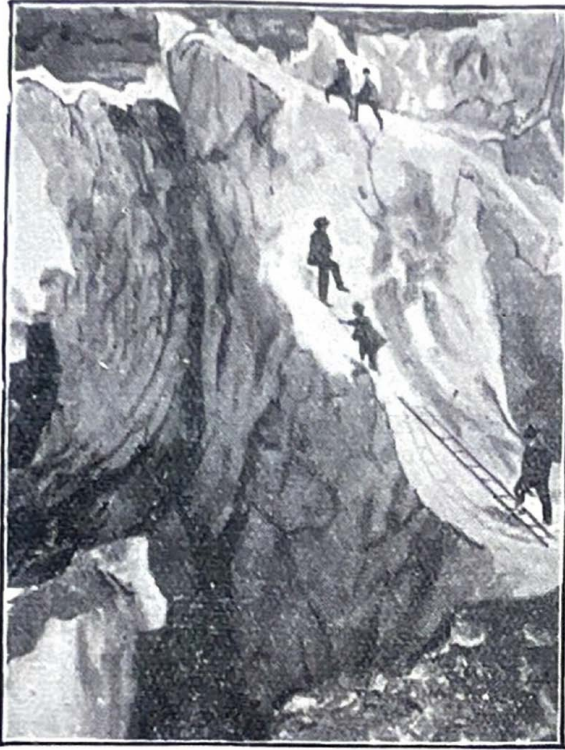
What *city* did in trees abound  
 Whose walls once fell flat to the ground?  
 Who was it once from slumber woke  
 In answer to a child who spoke?  
 What *city's* wells did water hold  
 From which were heavenly lessons told?  
 Who carried once a letter written  
 Commanding he be deadly smitten?  
 Who once in prison house did grind  
 And lost what he could never find?  
 The answer spells His name you'll see,  
 Who died for sinners on the tree.

JS. FS.

**Answer** to No. 339.—Ahasuerus, Belshazzar, Caleb, Deborah, En-gedi, Festus, Gethsemane, Hebron, Ishmael, Jerusalem, Kish, Lucifer, Marcus, Nineveh, Onesimus, Paul, Rhoda, Solomon, Troas, Uzzah, Vashti, Zion.



## WHY?



**H**AROLD SPENDER, the famous Alpine climber, tells of an unexpected climax to one of his feats. With two companions he had scaled one of the most difficult peaks, and descending found refuge from the storm and night in the cottage of a goatsherd. The three men, half-frozen, and exhausted with the long and terrible strain, but glowing with triumph, crouched before the fire. The goatsherd's wife, a dull, old woman, stood looking at them

silently for a while, and then pronounced a single word: *Pourquoi?* the French word for "WHY?"

Spender declares that he and his companions looked at each other with an expression of surprise on each face. They had risked health and strength, and life itself. "WHY?" What had they gained? There was no answer. The one word struck as if upon a blank wall, awakening their consciousness of useless struggle and suffering and danger. The snow fell outside, and the mist shut out the hills. They did not talk to each other. Each was asking himself, "WHY?"

There are other heights in the world besides those on the Alps which men try to scale to as little purpose. The man who gives his life to the gathering of millions; the young wife who spends her husband's hard-earned wages in aping women of fashion; the college boy who is struggling to show his manliness by leading the fast men of his class; the religious hypocrite who desires to be thought pious by his fellows—all are climbing barren heights, at the top of which is neither profit nor honour, only the echo "WHY?"

Let me now stand in your path with the searching and solemn query, "WHY?" "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for WHY will ye die?" (Ezek. 33. 11).

# "NEXT SUNDAY WEEK;"

— OR, —

THE FOLLY OF DELAY.



"ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF WARWICKSHIRE."

## "NEXT SUNDAY WEEK."



VER thirty years ago a friend of mine was preaching the gospel near one of the beauty spots of Warwickshire. One Sunday evening he took for his text the familiar yet little understood words of Christ, as contained in John 5. 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." As a result of the address a young woman was deeply convicted of sin, and remained for personal conversation. The evangelist sought to lead her into the light and liberty of the gospel by pointing her to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

There seemed to be some hindrance to her accepting of Christ as her Saviour. The evangelist urged her to close with God's proffered mercy, but she seemed unwilling to yield to the strivings of the Holy Spirit. The gospeller besought her to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and she replied: "NOT TO-NIGHT. NOT TO-NIGHT." On leaving the meeting-room she said to Mr. A——: "NEXT SUNDAY WEEK I WILL GIVE MY HEART TO GOD." Seeing that she was bent on procrastinating, the preacher quietly replied: "By next Sunday week you may be dead and damned." Something seemed to be standing between the young woman and God, which she was unwilling to renounce. Perhaps that is the reason why the reader is unsaved. If so, how dreadful it is to allow anything to intervene between you and your eternal interests!

On the Saturday preceding the Sunday the young woman referred to, Mr. A—— was asked to call at a cottage near to the Crown Hotel. The evangelist reached the place, and, on entering the house, found a number of young men dressed in black, and smoking tobacco pipes. As he gazed around the room he asked, "Why am I wanted here?" A grief-stricken woman, sobbing bitterly, sprang forward and exclaimed, "Is my daughter gone to heaven?" "Who is your daughter?" inquired Mr. A——. He was told that she was the young woman whom he had spoken to a few days previously. She had been suddenly seized with violent internal pains, and in great agony screamed, "LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME," and in less than five minutes she was called into eternity.



## *"Next Sunday Week."*

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The young men assembled in the room had been attending her funeral. "How sad!" says one. "How awfully sudden!" says another. Yes, indeed, it was sad and sudden. Little did the young woman imagine when she delayed the settling of the question of her soul's salvation on the Sunday night that she was so near eternity. Oh, the multitudes who are excusing themselves out of heaven, and perish in their sins through procrastination! They have no thought or intention of going to hell. They "intend" and "expect" to be saved sometime. The "god of this world"—Satan—is blinding them to their true condition.

The Word of God reveals the fact that every unsaved person is now *under condemnation*. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). Unsaved reader, ponder the terrible fact that now, as you read these lines, you are "condemned already." The ground of your condemnation is the fact, that, though Christ died on Calvary to save you from unending woe, you do not believe on Him. You may think and say that you believe on the Lord Jesus, but if you are still unsaved you never *really* believed on Him. "*All that believe are justified from all things*" (Acts 13. 38, 39).

Delay no longer, for delays are dangerous. You may be *suddenly* cut down in your sins as a cumberer of the ground, and when you awake in an undone eternity you will never be able to forgive yourself. Then you will know that God loved you, that Christ died for you, that the Holy Spirit strove with you, that there was not a hairbreadth between you and salvation, and that no one was to blame but yourself! Why not *now* believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved for eternity? (Acts 16. 30, 31). Why not *now* believe on the Son of God, Who loved you and gave Himself for you, and obtain eternal life as a free gift and a present possession? "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). So long as you continue an unbeliever, the wrath of a holy God rests upon you. So long as you don't believe on Christ, you are guilty of the dreadful sin of calling God *a liar* (1 John 5. 10, 11).

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3. 15) Look and live now. A. M.

## THE SHUT DOOR.

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IT was no dream, but a quiet meditation on that wonderful day which may come very soon! I saw a host of individuals marching in single file towards the entrance to the Abode of Rest. First came a king in purple robes and golden crown. By his imperious bearing and cheerful countenance, it seemed quite clear that he was certain of a welcome. But "the door was shut," and the Voice from within replied, "I know you not," and he had to turn aside, crown and all, for "God is no respecter of persons" (Acts 10. 34). Next came a nobleman, in courtly train and haughty mein, almost demanding an entrance, but the same Voice replied, "I know you not," and he likewise had to turn aside, for by "grace are ye saved." Hard after him came the aged sire and the fair maid, the moral man and the profligate rebel, but, in each case, the door remained shut. Last of all, a poor outcast, without any pretence to merit or worth, earnestly besought admission to the Palace of Rest. Surely mercy will open to such a sinner, but, alas, like all the others, he had neglected the two essentials: (1) *a personal acquaintance* with the Master of the House, and (2) *a prompt application* whilst the Door of Mercy remained open (Eph. 2. 8; John 17. 3; Heb. 3. 7).

Remember, the Word of God says, "Strive [agonise] to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able when once the Master of the House is risen up, and hath shut to the door" (Luke 13. 24), so that whether you be king or commoner, prince or peasant, religious or reprobate, unless you have come to an end of self and creature merit, and are willing to be saved by grace alone, through the precious Blood of Christ, you will assuredly find yourself at the outside of the shut door; yea, worse still, because you refused, willingly and cheerfully, to enter the Door of Mercy you will be compelled to enter the Door of Wrath, for the Door of the "Bottomless Pit" shall be opened to every grace despiser, when he shall be ushered into the prison house of the lost, where "the fearful, and *unbelieving*, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. 21. 8). "Be wise for *thyself*" (Prov. 9. 12); flee from the wrath to come; give heed to the personal call of the Almighty, and "COME THOU."

FROZEN TO DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE.



"ALAS! THE MOTHER WAS FROZEN TO DEATH."



## FROZEN TO DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE.



SEVERAL years ago a woman with a child was travelling by rail in North Dakota, United States of America. A fierce blizzard was raging as she neared her destination. Not being certain about her station, a commercial traveller assured her that he knew the neighbourhood thoroughly, and would make it his business to see that she was set down at the right place. She accepted his testimony, and seemed to be at rest. At a certain point she was told that the next station was hers. On the stoppage of the train the "commercial" assisted her in getting out, then the train sped onwards.

Not long after this the conductor announced that the first stop was the one the woman had named. "I put her off at the last station," said the "commercial." "That stop was a water tank, and no one lives within miles of it," exclaimed the conductor. The train was backed. The woman and child were discovered, but alas! the mother was frozen to death. The American perished through accepting wrong advice. The commercial traveller doubtless meant well, but as a result of the acceptance of his advice a mother perished. Though sincere in his belief he was *sincerely mistaken*.

There is ONE, and ONLY ONE, way to heaven. Many, however, don't believe it. They declare that there are many ways, and that if a man is sincere in his beliefs, and acts up to it, he is sure to turn up in heaven! What a delusion! The woman sincerely believed that she had reached her station in North Dakota, but her sincerity did not take her to her proper destination. She felt convinced that she was near to her home and friends, but she was mistaken and perished. When she stepped out of the "car" little did she imagine that she would be overpowered by the blizzard and frozen to death. People of the mock charity school foolishly suppose that if one is SINCERE IN HIS BELIEF AND LIVES UP TO HIS PROFESSION he will eventually get to heaven. But such a theory is an utter delusion. The more "sincere" a person is, the more serious it is for him if he is travelling on the wrong road. Sincerity on the wrong road to an earthly or a heavenly home won't help anybody to get there. Where do you stand at this moment? Are you on the broad or the narrow way? Which?

"OH, I HAVE MY OWN WAY OF THINKING," says one. If your way is God's way you are all right, but if not you are

all wrong. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord." "Oh, but I am conscientious, and if I walk up to the light I have, surely I shall get to heaven." You may be thoroughly conscientious and yet be sincerely mistaken. Conscience is like a clock ; it has to be properly regulated to give the correct time. If it is regulated by a wrong standard it cannot be depended on. Paul was "conscientious," yet he persecuted the Church of God. The Jews about whom the Apostle Paul writes in his epistle to the Romans were exceedingly "conscientious." They had a "zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Romans 10. 2-4.). They had plenty of zeal, but it was not according to knowledge. Whilst ignorant of the righteousness of God, which is unto all and upon all them that believe, they sought to establish a righteousness of their own. They attempted to obtain salvation on the ground of *their doings*, instead of on the ground of the *finished work of Christ*, and perished in their sins! Many are earnestly, zealously, and sincerely trying to reach heaven by their own excellencies, instead of through the Saviour's merits. Yet God declares that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast."

However sincere, conscientious, earnest or zealous a person may be, heaven can never be secured as the reward of creature merit. The Lord Jesus says: "I am *the Way*, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but *by Me*" (John 14. 6). Christ is *the way*, and the *only* way to God. It is only through Him, by faith in His glorious atonement, that eternal life is secured. Our works, prayers, baptism, church goings, or sacramental observances, are valueless in God's reckoning as a way of approach to Him. "The Lord Jesus once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). He gave *Himself* as a ransom to save us from eternal woe. He is able and willing to save you at this moment. Believe on Him who groaned, and bled, and died on Calvary to deliver you from everlasting shame and misery. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47) Believe and live now. A. M.

## THE DIVERGING PATHS.



NUMBER of years ago two young Poles, weary of the empty formalism and scarcely veiled idolatry of their corrupt religion, abandoned it. One of the young men met with a Christian, who put into his hand some helpful Gospel papers, which became the means of great blessing to his soul. Desiring further light, he bought a Bible. In studying it he found the knowledge of Christ, and was led to trust Him as his Saviour. Peace and joy filled his heart, and at once his desires went out to his dark and ignorant fellow-countrymen, and he began to think what he could do for them. To-day that young man, Moses Treckojenski, is an active worker for Christ amongst the Poles in America.

And what of the other young man? He also met with an individual, who handed him some literature which became a curse to him. From it he imbibed the poison of anarchism, and became filled with a deadly hatred to everything that bore God's name. That young man was Leon Czolgosz, the murderer of President M'Kinley.

What was it that made the paths of the two young men diverge so widely? It was the blessed Gospel of God that made the difference. Both started as seekers for light. The bright beams of grace fell upon the pathway of the one. He heard of the Saviour of sinners. He trusted in Him for salvation. He found cleansing in His precious blood. Across the pathway of the other the clouds of sin and atheism gathered. The glad tidings of grace had no charm for his ears. There was no room for the Saviour in his heart. Loathing others, he had not learned to confess himself a sinner, needing pardon at the feet of Christ.

With regard to this same Gospel, how do *you* stand? *Acceptance of the Gospel* transforms the life, saves the soul, unburdens the conscience, satisfies the heart, illumines the future. *Disregard of the Gospel* embitters the life, imperils the soul, hardens the heart, warps the conscience, and throws a thick pall of darkness over the horizon of the future. Is not this question, then, an important one?

Remember the vast, eternal issues that depend upon the way you treat it. Examine it, see if it does not exactly suit you, and get down on your knees and thank God for the simplicity of it. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). H.P.B.



## THAT LITTLE WORD "ALONE."



MARTIN LUTHER FACING THE ENEMIES OF A FREE SALVATION AT WORMS

DURING the Reformation controversies in the sixteenth century Joachim II., Elector of Brandenburg, said to his ambassadors, who were deputed to attend the religious disputation at Worms: "See that you bring back that little word 'ALONE'; do not dare to return without it." Both disputing parties were prepared to acknowledge that salvation was obtained "through faith in Jesus Christ," but the Reformers insisted on the addition of the little word "ALONE"—salvation through faith in Jesus Christ *alone*.

There are many people in the twentieth century who are trusting for salvation to the work of Christ, *and something else*. Perhaps the "something else" is their good works, their prayers, or their religious observances; but if we are to be saved at all it must be by the work of Christ, *and nothing else*. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God" (Ephes. 2. 8).

The fact of the matter is, there is not one of us but have sinned against God (Rom. 3. 19). "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6). "They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Psalm 14. 3). The best thing for us to do is to admit that we are lost, helpless, hell-deserving sinners; that we can do nothing at all in the matter of our soul's salvation, and if help is to reach us, it must be outside of ourselves entirely. Thank God, One that is "mighty"

has taken our case in hand (Luke 1. 49). The Son of God has died the "just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). On the Cross, Jesus said, "It is finished" (John 19. 30). What was finished? The question should be, "What was not finished?" Every claim of holiness was met, divine justice was satisfied, and, in proof of this, God raised His Son from the dead (Rom. 1. 4), and seated Him at His own right hand a Prince and a Saviour (Acts 5. 31)—able to save to the uttermost all sinners in all places who come to God by Him alone. And men and women are not saved on account of WHAT THEY DO, but by virtue of WHAT CHRIST HAS DONE for them.

Let go every twig of your own righteousness, and trust your soul for time and eternity to the finished work of Christ, and you will realise that "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." J. G.



### WHITHER?

WHITHER, traveller, speed thy footsteps,  
As thou treadest life's short way?  
Busy thoughts beset thy vision  
In the toil from day to day.

Sometimes joy and sometimes sorrow,  
Cares and pleasures strew life's way;  
Swiftly onward speed thy footsteps,  
Time and tide for no man stay.

On thou goest through life's mazes,  
Heedless of the still small voice;  
Where, then, wilt thou end thy journey?  
Hast thou still delayed the choice?

Still God speaks as He has spoken  
In these days by His dear Son;  
Yearning o'er thee, longing for thee,  
Hath His love thy heart not won?

While He's pleading, waiting for thee,  
Turn thee footsore unto Him;  
In the narrow way accepted,  
God in Christ will take thee in.



## THREE TROPHIES OF A GOSPEL CAMPAIGN.

IT was a wet night in October, 1912. A band of about forty men and women were marching through the principal streets of Cardiff, singing Gospel hymns, and carrying banners and boards bearing announcements of a Gospel Campaign being conducted by two Scotch evangelists, in the well-known Cory Hall in the centre of Cardiff.

I. A YOUNG FELLOW, down at heel and poorly clad, was walking listlessly by when he heard the singing, and looking



A BAND OF SAVED SINNERS WITH TEXTS, AND MOTTO "WAKE UP, CARDIFF!"

up saw the procession and the banners announcing the meetings. "Bah!" he muttered to himself, "that's no good to me;" and turning up a side street, went on to the theatre. He took his place in the crowd waiting admission at the doors, but as he waited, the sound of singing again reached his ears. The procession was ringing out clear:

"What can wash away my stain? | What can make me whole again?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus. | Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

"They must mean business," he thought, "and I'll go



### *Three Trophies of a Gospel Campaign.*

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there after all." So from the theatre steps he went to the Gospel meeting.

The text was, "Every plant that My Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up" (Matt. 15. 13), and the speaker spoke with solemn earnestness of the awful results of a false *profession* without *possession*. At the close the young man stayed to the after-meeting. "Are you saved?" whispered a worker to him, as he sat dejectedly with his head bowed. "No!" he sadly replied; "I thought I was three years ago, but it was only a *profession*, and I'm miserable." Quietly the need and way of salvation was made plain to him, and as he saw how Christ had borne his sins "in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24), the light broke in, and he responded joyfully, "Ah! I was not planted before, but now I *know* Jesus died for *me*, and He is *my* Saviour!" Now he seeks in his humble way to witness to others of what the Lord has done, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to carry one of the very boards he first saw on the night of his conversion.

II. A YOUNG BANK CLERK sat in the meeting with a friend. He had heard the address, thought it "very nice," and was quite unconcernedly thinking of leaving the meeting when a Christian asked him if he was saved. "Oh, yes, I think so," he replied. For had he not been to Church regularly, and lived a clean moral life, and was he not doing his best to keep the Commandments? Of course if anybody was a Christian he was. "But if you died to-night, are you ready to meet God?" asked the worker, adding, "You would go to one of two places, Heaven or Hell—WHICH?" The young man rose to go, but the God-directed arrow had gone home. He went away, but could not stifle the solemn question, "Heaven or Hell—WHICH?" "If I die to-night, where shall I spend Eternity?" His false peace had gone, his church-going and moral integrity were not sufficient to prepare him for the presence of a thrice holy God; he was a sinner, and he was going to Hell. In distress of mind he came a night or two after to the meeting. He was now the seeker, and was soon engaged in earnest conversation with a worker. How delightful it was to point this sinner, who had found out he was lost, to the lost sinner's Saviour, to where peace *had been made* by the Blood of His Cross (Col. 1. 20), to where so many years ago the work was completely

### *Three Trophies of a Gospel Campaign.*

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" finished " to the satisfaction of God. He saw it all. His church-going and his clean living were all filthy rags in God's sight, and were only keeping him away from Christ. But he also saw that God had laid his iniquity on Jesus, that Christ had been wounded for *his* transgressions and bruised for *his* iniquities (Isa. 53. 5, 6), and there and then by a simple look of faith he passed out of death into life. No doubt now as to where he would spend Eternity. Did not the same blessed Saviour say, " He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life ? " (John 6. 47) ; " I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall *never* perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of My hand " (John 10. 28). And he is being kept too, and seeks to know and do the will of God by daily studying " the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee," my reader, as well as Timothy and the young bank clerk, " wise unto Salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus " (2 Tim. 3. 15).

The campaign was drawing to a close. God had worked mightily, and many precious souls had been truly born again.

III. A GODLESS YOUNG MAN, working on the railway, about twenty miles from the city, had been invited to the meetings. He came on the Sunday night, and evidently God spoke to him, for he made the journey again on the Tuesday following. Convicted of sin, he stayed to the after-meeting, and was earnestly told of the danger of delay. " How shall we escape if we neglect so great Salvation ? " (Heb. 2. 3). " Because there is wrath, beware " (Job 36. 18). " Now is the accepted time, now is the Day of Salvation " (2 Cor. 6. 2). He saw his deep need, and confessed he was a lost sinner, but the struggle was keen, and the powers of Heaven and Hell seemed to be wrestling for the young man's soul. But could he give up the world's pleasures, and could he bear its scoffs and jeers ? Past ten o'clock, and he had to catch his train home. No, he could not decide that night. So he left the meeting, a couple of workers going with him to the station. Two others joined the little company as they stopped for a moment in the main street under a railway bridge. Oh ! how they urged him not to put it off, and he seemed to hesitate, " almost persuaded." Then this final question was put to him : " *Will you, here and now, on this pavement, accept Jesus Christ as*

## *Three Trophies of a Gospel Campaign.*

*your own personal Saviour?* " There was silence for a moment, while heart cries went up to God on his behalf. The crisis had come, he *had* to choose now, to accept or reject. Presently the answer came, "I WILL." Praise God! Another soul had passed instantaneously out of death into life, out of the bondage of Satan into the liberty of God; and up yonder, away beyond those starry heavens so peaceful and still above us, we knew that there was joy in the presence of the angels, in the heart of God Himself, over another sinner that had repented (Luke 15. 10). And this repentant and converted sinner has also "continued steadfastly." (Acts 2. 42). He has a different name, too, among his mates, and his one desire is for their Salvation.

What about you, friend? You read this little narrative of facts, but have *you* made the choice? Choose you must, and for Eternity, too! "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" (Matt. 27. 22). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). Face the question now. Let your answer be

"I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for *me*,  
That on the Cross He shed His blood,  
From sin He set *me* free."

E. W.

## **SOMETHING YOU MUST REMEMBER.**



"CHRIST died for the ungodly." Let the message be carried far and wide. Jesus, the spotless One, the sinless One, the Son of God, made His soul an offering for sin. On the cross of shame He died that you, that "whosoever will," should not perish, but have everlasting life. Remember this, whatever else you may forget, that *salvation has been provided for you.*

Jesus, the once crucified and now risen Lord, is God's gift to you. To receive Him means everlasting life and joy; to reject Him means the blackness of darkness for ever. Which shall it be? The acceptance or rejection of the Lord Jesus Christ decides your eternal state.

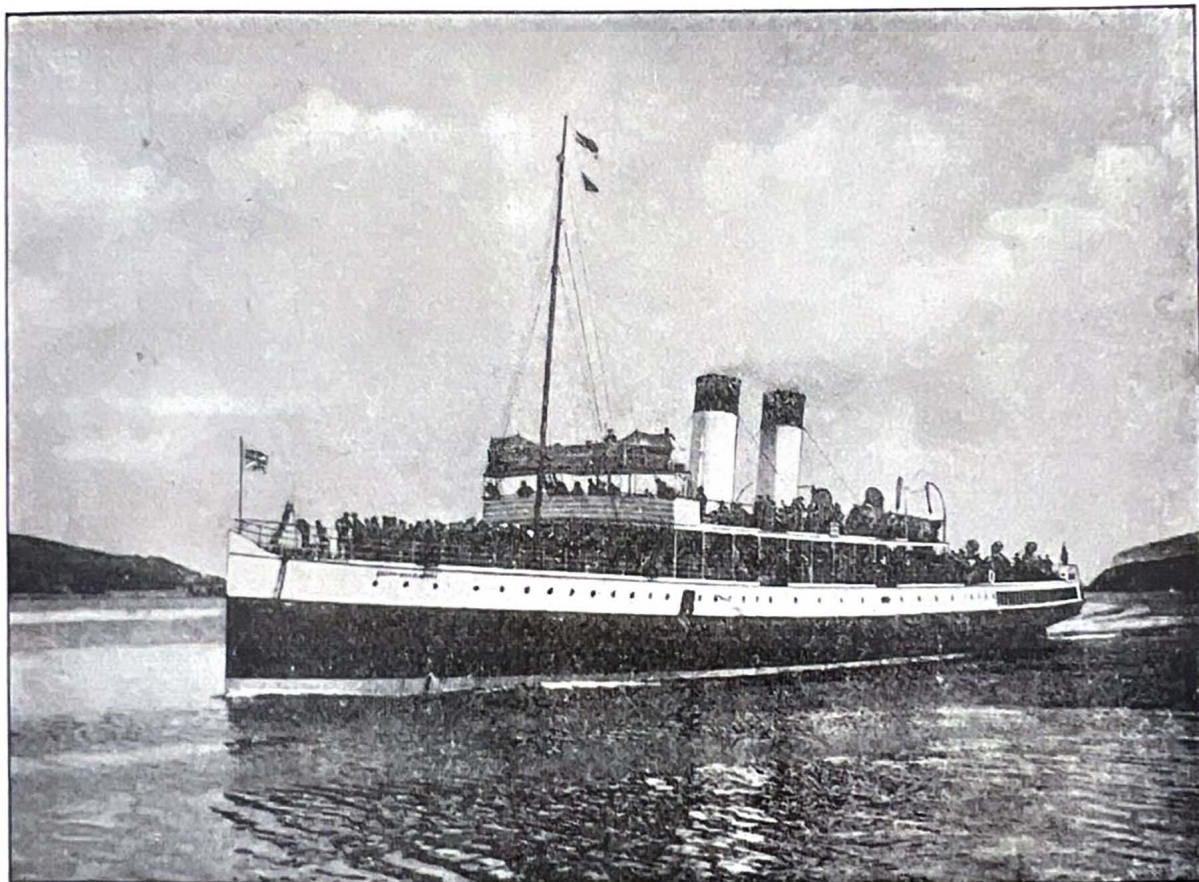
W. S.



## TRUE PLEASURE ON A PLEASURE STEAMER.

**D**URING the summer season the pleasure sailings to Campbeltown and Inveraray by turbine steamers "King Edward" and "Queen Alexandra" are largely taken advantage of by those who for a brief time are set free from the cares of business, and are enjoying a well-earned holiday.

On a lovely morning in the month of September I was one of the passengers on the steamer bound for Campbel-



THE "QUEEN ALEXANDRA." A FAVOURITE CLYDE PLEASURE STEAMER.

town, and, as the sea was quite calm, the outgoing journey was unattended by any incident of note. The wind increased considerably towards the middle of the day, and by the time the return journey was due to commence a boisterous sea indicated that the sailing powers of the passengers would be put to the test. And such proved to be the case, as the vessel rolled and plunged, to the delight of some and the evident discomfort of others. Only a few of us remained on the upper cabin deck, and amongst the number was a gentleman whose dress led me to believe that he was a clergyman.

While the vessel was being tossed by the violence of the waves, I remarked to a friend, who was also a Christian, "If this boat went down we should go up." This remark was overheard by the clergyman, and he said: "Do not be too sure of that." "There is nothing," I replied, "of which I am more certain." "Well," was his rejoinder, "it must make one very happy to have that assurance."

Perhaps the gentleman in question thought it was presumptuous of me to speak as I did, and some who read this may share the same opinion. And it certainly would have been the most extreme folly for me to have spoken so decidedly without being assured from the Word of God that I was expressing what was true. Do the Scriptures warrant the believing soul thus giving a reason of the hope that is in him? Yes, blessed be God. In John 10. 28 we have these precious words of the Lord Jesus: "And I give unto My sheep ETERNAL LIFE, and they shall NEVER PERISH, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." But, how do we become the Lord's sheep—His own children? This is answered in Galatians 3. 26: "Ye are all the children of God *by faith in Christ Jesus.*"

Read carefully these well-known words in John 1. 12: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." The God who so speaks cannot lie, and the sinner who believes His Word rejoices with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter 1. 8). Receive this precious Saviour, and the peace which has been possessed by millions will be yours now and for ever.

J. M' A.

### THE TURNING-POINT.

WHILE Hedley Vicars was waiting the arrival of a brother officer in his room in November, 1881, and idly turning over the leaves of the Bible, his eye caught the well-known words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). Closing the Book, he said, "If this be true, for me henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ." That was the great turning-point. Old things then passed away. All things became new. Has there been such a turning-point in *your* experience? If any man be in Christ he is a new creature. W.S.



## THE "SOLDIER" AND THE "LAMB."

Why a little boy preferred to be a little "soldier"  
and his sister a little "lamb."



THE STORY.



## THE "SOLDIER" AND THE "LAMB."

THE children were tired of their play,  
So they laid their toys aside,  
Then asked to go for a walk instead,  
But the raindrops fell outside.  
So Joan took a blackfaced baby lamb  
Dear Father Christmas had brought;  
While she pulled it gently to her side  
She quietly sat and thought.  
Then Alan sat down beside her;  
"I'll read you a story," he said.  
"See! here is a picture of Jesus,  
With a thorn crown on His head."  
So he read on in simple language  
Of Jesus, so good and kind,  
How once when the people pressed round Him  
He called to His side a child,  
And gently said, as He touched her head,  
"Let the children come to Me;  
The lambs shall nestle within My arms,  
Their Shepherd I came to be."  
Then the story told of wicked men  
Who fastened Him to a tree;  
They put big nails in His hands and feet,  
At a place called Calvary.  
But He did not check them, for He knew  
If He died their sins to bear  
His blood would wash every sin stain off,  
And make their hearts clean and fair.  
Soon Joan began to sniff, then sob,  
Till Alan looked up and said,  
"Don't cry, dear Joan, I'll read no more;  
Shall we have a game instead?"  
"No! read it, Alan, I like it well,  
But do you think it's true?  
It seems so real, it makes me cry,  
I hope it's a story new."  
"Yes! it is true that Jesus died,  
And now He reigns in Heaven;  
I'm going to be His soldier, Joan,  
Although I'm not yet seven."

## The Happy Pair—Joan and Alan.

"I think I'll be His little lamb,  
'Cause I'm very young, you see;  
Then He will carry me when it's dark,  
And I shall not frightened be."

"I shall love my Shepherd very much,  
He is so strong and kind;  
He will never let me lose my way,  
For He's always near to mind."

So the children talked till bedtime came,  
And Jesus heard in Heaven;  
The soldier and lamb He'll safely guard,  
Whom for His life was given.—V. REESON.

## THE STORY OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."



ANOTHER rendering of how it got its name is told in an old book as follows:  
"The Master is in the garden at Paradise. He is walking on its paths before the flowers in Paradise had received their names. An angel, speaking in the Master's Name, commands every flower to be still, because the Master is going to speak, and they must listen and know by what names they are to be known hereafter.

"The Rose listens, and the Carnation listens, and the Lily listens, and the Dewdrop listens, intent upon its name, and so with *all* the flowers. And when they are all named the Master speaks again. He says, 'My children, that I may be certain you know your names, let each child tell Me his name.' So the Rose tells its name, and the Lily, and the Carnation, and the Dewdrop. They all tell their names but *one*, a little blue flower, and the Master, standing before it, hears its little plea: 'Oh, Master, forgive; I was so occupied with the tones of Thy voice, I was so occupied with the beauty of Thy face that I was not thinking of myself at all, I was only thinking about Thee.' 'Little flower,' said the Master, 'you have won My heart more than all the flowers in Paradise; I will give you a new name, I will call you FORGET-ME-NOT.'"

Remember He loves you and thinks on you. Trust Him now and you will be His forget-me-not, J.N.

## WHAT A LITTLE BOY DID.

A FEW weeks ago a gentleman told some children in a Sunday school about a little boy who led his mother and sister to Christ.

The little boy had heard that there was to be a meeting somewhere near his home, so he ran to his mother and asked her if she would go. Although she was not a Christian she decided to go. When the day came for the meeting the mother and the little boy and his sister went. Before the meeting came to an end a gentleman asked if there was anybody who would like to come to Jesus. To the mother's surprise she saw her little boy walk out and say to the gentleman, "I want to come to Jesus." The little boy was asked why. He answered, "Because I believe Jesus died for me." So he knelt down and came to Jesus as a little child. When he got up and went back to his seat, his sister came out and trusted the Lord Jesus. She was much older than the little boy. When she went to her place, her mother came out, confessed her guilt, and accepted Christ as Saviour and Lord.

It was through that one little boy that his mother and sister were saved. How beautiful it is to think that even little children may lead others to Christ, who forgiveth all our trespasses. Remember you must first come to Christ yourself, before you can lead others to Him. COME "NOW."

W.R.

## WONDERFUL MEETINGS.

"THE Meeting of the Waters," in the Vale of Ovoca, is one of the most beautiful of the many lovely scenes the Emerald Isle discloses to visitors, and we can quite understand the poet Moore writing:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

In the midst of this beautiful valley the two streams meet—a picturesque meeting, and a wonderful place truly. But one's thoughts are led away to a far more impressive and solemn meeting—even the meeting at Golgotha eighteen centuries back, when "mercy and truth met together; righteousness and peace kissed each other" (Psa. 85. 10).

As in a dispensation now passed, God met with Israel at the mercy-seat (Exod. 25. 22), so God in grace to-day will meet with the sinner who takes his stand at the Cross



## **When Mercy and Truth met Together.**

of Christ. The God of Love gave His Son (John 3. 16); the God of Light smote His Son (Isa. 53).

The sacrifice and death of the Son of God was not only a proof of the principle set forth by the death of thousands of victims upon Jewish altars, that "apart from shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22), but also of



**The Meeting of the Waters, in the Vale of Ovoca, Ireland**

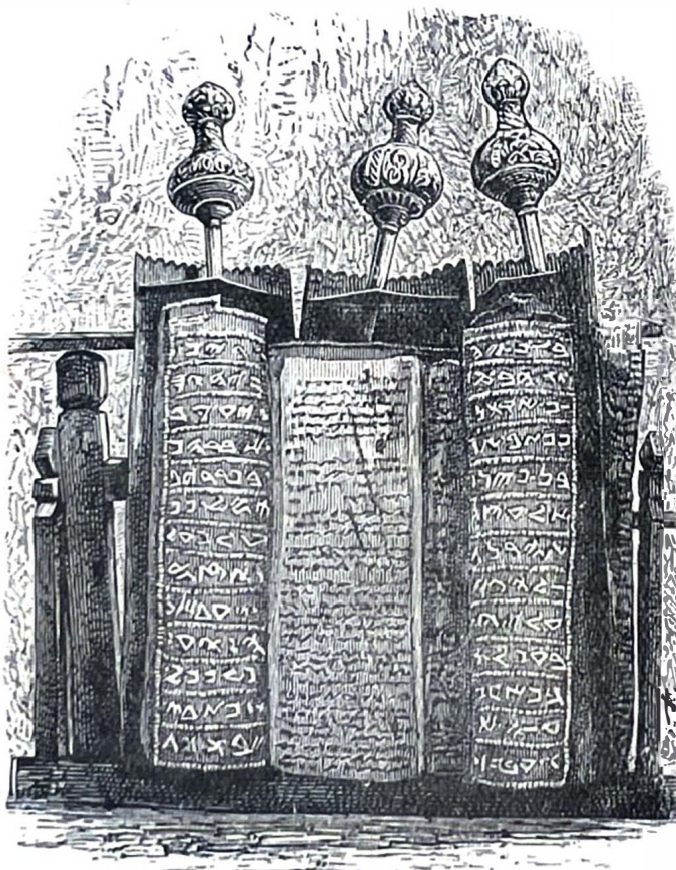
## Only One Way—Only One Name.

the fact that the guilt of man was so great that none other than the Son of God could offer an efficient sacrifice.

Concluding then that Christ was the one and only one that could atone for sin, what hope can there be for any who do not come to God through Him? There is only *one* way and only *one* Name given among men wherein we must be saved. Do not try to mend your life with reform until your sins have been put away. God declares that all who know Christ as their Saviour shall receive remission of sins.

A.R.

## THE BIBLE THE SAVIOUR READ.



WHEN the Lord Jesus went into the Synagogue at Nazareth "there was handed unto Him the Book of the Prophet Isaiah" (Luke 4. 17). Not a nice Bible like what you have, but a large Roll, as shown in our picture, with peculiar Hebrew letters on parchment, rolled out at either side. Such was "the parchments" (2 Tim. 4. 13) which the Apostle Paul desired to read during the time spent in the

Roman prison. Now we have all the Word of God (Rev. 22. 18, 19) in convenient pocket form at a very moderate price. May we value the Bible, read the Bible, follow the teachings of the Bible, and be guided in life and death by the Grand Old Bible. To carry the Bible in our pocket, or have portions of the Bible in our heads will not avail unless we have it "hidden in our hearts" (Psa. 119. 11). Is it hidden there with you just now? hyp,



## THE MONTH FOR THE FOOLISH AND THE WISE.



**A**PRIL once more, both for foolish and wise waiters for the Bridegroom. May all our readers be among the five wise, ready when He comes (Matt. 25. 10).

**Picture Painting** No. 25.—If you have read the famous *Pilgrim's Progress* you will be able to tell what this picture is. If not, read and search at once. Paint in colours and post to Editor.

**Original Acrostic** for diligent searchers No. 343:

An *elder*, chosen by the Lord  
In Israel's camp to speak His Word.  
Having put on God's armour true,  
What is the Christian told to *do*?  
In Jacob's dying words we see  
What *place* for ships a tribe should be  
Before destruction goes a certain *sin*,  
Contentions also with the same begin.  
A trusted man whose well-known *name*  
Is covered with eternal shame.

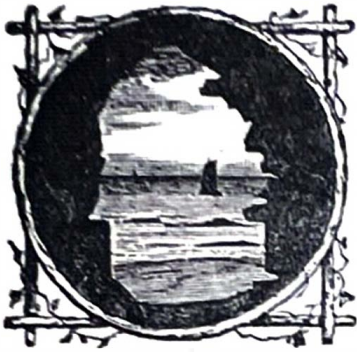
Five letters, each of these will spell,  
The *centro* letters then will tell  
Of one who slew a foe alone,

And afterwards sat on the throne.—C.W.N.

**Answer** to No. 342.—JEPHTAH (Judges 11. 30, 40).



## HOW THE PARDON WAS RECEIVED.



MANY years ago, a man who had been mate of a ship trading to New Zealand, was in prison in that colony, under sentence of penal servitude for life. He had so cruelly treated a cabin boy as to cause the lad's death. After the man had served five years of his sentence the Governor of the colony decided to grant a free pardon to the prisoner. As I wished to visit the prison, and this was an exceptional case, I took the document to the jailor. He was a Christian man, and expressed his pleasure at the grant of the pardon. Asking me to follow him, he led the way to a small balcony overlooking a yard in which a number of prisoners were exercising. Holding up the document in the envelope, he called out to a young man who was walking by himself and coming towards us, "S—, here is your pardon." Evidently it was unexpected good news, for, clasping his hands and springing into the air, the prisoner exclaimed, "Thank you, sir," and immediately walked out of the yard through a door which a warder held open for him, a pardoned, free, and happy man.

He did not say, as many practically do who are offered pardon of their sins (Micah 7. 8) and everlasting life (John 5. 24), that he preferred the companionship of his fellow-prisoners, or that he doubted the validity of the pardon—that he must satisfy himself that it really bore his name, and was signed by the Governor and sealed with the seal of the colony before he could believe and accept the good news. Nor did he decline it on the ground that others might laugh at him for accepting his freedom. Nor did he say that he was not really a guilty man, and therefore did not need a pardon. No, he was wise; he accepted the jailor's statement in simple faith, and without waiting even to consult or say farewell to his fellow-convicts, he walked out a free and a happy man. Soon the prison garb was exchanged for suitable clothes which had been provided for him—a type of the robe of righteousness and garment of salvation (Isa. 61. 10) provided by Jesus Christ for all who will accept them. Will you accept of a free pardon now and be led to exclaim: "Who is a God like unto Thee that pardoneth iniquity?" Be wise and accept of it now, for "now is the accepted time!" To-morrow may be too late! C. J. A. H.

# THE MAN WHO DIED FOR AFRICA.

THE CONVERSION STORY OF DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

“He needs no epitaph to guard a name,  
That men shall prize while worthy work is done;  
[He lived and died for good, be that his fame,  
Let marble crumble, this is LIVING-STONE.”

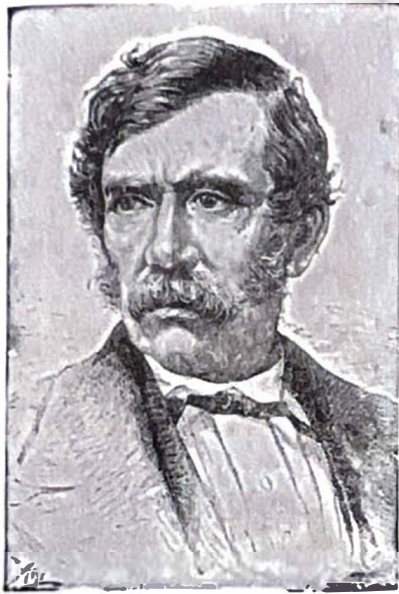


LIVINGSTONE'S MONUMENT, CENTRAL AFRICA.

Erected on the spot where the tree stood under which his heart was buried  
by his followers.



## THE MAN WHO DIED FOR AFRICA.



DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

**B**ORN 1813. Dr. David Livingstone was born within the humble home of "poor and pious parents" at Blantyre, near Glasgow, on the 19th March, 1813. His parents were poor, and at the age of ten he was put to work in the factory as a piecer, that his earnings might aid his mother. Greatly to his mother's delight, the first half-crown he ever earned was laid by her boy in her lap.

**BORN AGAIN 1833.** It was about his twentieth year, in 1833, that the *great spiritual change* took place which determined the course of David Livingstone's future life. Before this time he had earnest thoughts about eternity. "Great pains," he says, "had been taken by my parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of a free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour; but it was only about this time that I began to feel *the necessity* and value of a *personal application* of the provisions of that atonement *to my own case.*" He says that about his twentieth year he began to reflect on his state as a sinner, and became anxious to realise the state of mind that flows from the reception of the truth into the heart. He was deterred, however, from embracing the free offer of mercy in the Gospel by a sense of unworthiness to receive so great a blessing till a supernatural change should be effected in him by the Holy Spirit. Conceiving it to be his duty to wait for this, he continued expecting a ground of hope within, rejecting meanwhile the only true hope of the sinner, the finished work of Christ, till at length his convictions were effaced and his feelings blunted. Still his heart was not at rest. Later on, God revealed to him his error, and he renounced all hope in himself; and as a bankrupt beggared sinner he trusted in the power and willingness of Christ to save. To use his own words, he says: "I saw the duty and inestimable privilege *immediately to accept* salvation by Christ. Humbly believing that through sovereign mercy and grace



## *The Man who Died for Africa.*

I have been enabled so to do, and having felt in some measure its effects on my still depraved and deceitful heart, it is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of *Him who died for me* by henceforth devoting my life to His service."

On the 8th December, 1840, he took ship for South Africa, and landing at Algoa Bay, proceeded inland to Kuruman, then the most northerly mission station in South



A NATIVE WHO KNEW DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Old friend of Dr. Livingstone recounting some interesting stories about the great traveller. The old lady, who is a bright Christian about 100, is talking to Mrs. Lammond, a Central African Missionary.

Africa. Like Paul the apostle, he yearned over those who yet sat in darkness and knew not the truth, and earnestly longed "to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond." It was not long ere he pushed on into the interior, and wrote: "I had more than ordinary pleasure in telling these Bakaas of the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. I bless God that He has conferred on one so worthless the distinguished privilege and honour of being the *first messenger of mercy that ever trod these regions.*"

## *The Man who Died for Africa.*

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BORNE HOME 1873. For over thirty years this marvellous man laboured unweariedly for the good of the teeming millions of his beloved Africa. Towards the close of his noble life he became greatly reduced by severe illnesses, but still he laboured on. So weak did he become that a "ritanda" or palanquin had to be made for carrying him. It was sorry work, for his pains were excruciating and his weakness excessive. The 29th April, 1873, was the last day of his travels. At last they got him to Chitambo's village, in Ilala, where they had to put him under the eaves of a house, during a drizzling rain, until the hut they were building should be ready. Then they laid him on a rough bed in the hut, where he spent the night. Next day he lay undisturbed. His people knew that the end could not be far off. Nothing occurred to attract notice during the early part of the night, but at four in the morning (1st May), the boy who lay at his door called in alarm for Susi, fearing that their master was dead. By the candle still burning they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside, with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad, yet not unexpected truth soon became evident; he had passed away on the furthest of all his journeys in the act of prayer, commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Saviour; and commending Africa—his own dear Africa—with all her woes, and sins, and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost. As Dr. Moffat, the veteran pioneer, said, "Thus Livingstone died, possessing the blessed hope, or rather the *assurance*, that living or dying he was the Lord's."

"HE YET LIVETH," for his work in Africa is being continued, and his testimony as to the saving, keeping, and sustaining power of the Christ of God is yet fragrant throughout the world. If saved, may you be led to follow Livingstone "even as he followed Christ." If unsaved, may you be led to realise "the necessity and value of a *personal application* of the provisions of the atonement to your own case." Do not rest in a *general* application; make certain of your own *individual* acceptance of Christ. Confess your unworthiness, immediately accept salvation by Christ, and like noble David Livingstone in life and in death all will be well.

HYP.

## "YOU OUGHT TO BE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM."

ONE day a Christian gentleman was conversing with a pensioner who had served in the army, and who, like the Pharisees of old, trusted in himself that he was righteous, and set all others at nought (Luke 18. 9). "I do not feel," said he, "the need of this salvation you speak about. I have never done any wrong. I am not a sinner. Your Gospel may help the thief, the drunkard, and other sinners of that sort, but *I* am not a sinner."

"My friend," answered the Christian gentleman, "that



Photo: York & Son, Notting Hill, W.

FRONT VIEW, BRITISH MUSEUM LONDON.

is what you say, but this is what God says, 'There is no difference, for all have sinned' (Rom. 3. 22), and 'all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way'" (Isa. 53. 6).

"Then I am an exception, for I am not a sinner," repeated the pensioner; to which his Christian friend again replied, "You may *think* you are not a sinner, you may *say* you are not a sinner, but that does not alter in any way the fact that you *are* a sinner, for God says, 'There is none righteous; no, *not one*'" (Rom. 3. 10).

"Whatever others may be, *I* am not a sinner," continued the pensioner.



"You Ought To Be in the British Museum."

"Then, my friend," suggested the Christian gentleman, "you ought to be in the British Museum, for you are a greater wonder than Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, or Rameses II."

"No, no; I do not say that I am a wonderful man. I only declare that I am not a sinner."

"Very well, if you are not a sinner, let me repeat that you ought to be in the British Museum, for you are the greatest wonder, marvel, and rarity in the world."

"How do you come to such a conclusion?" inquired the pensioner.

"Because," answered his Christian friend, "the Word of God declares that 'what things soever the law saith, it speaketh to them that are under the law, that *every mouth* may be stopped, and all *the world* may be brought under the judgment of God' (Rom. 3. 19), and yet you set yourself up before God as an exception to His holy, written Word."

The pensioner began to realise his condition, and the position in which he had placed himself, and the thought of occupying a place of wonder in the British Museum seemed to trouble him, and he confessed to his friend that in the sight of God he was a sinner, and that he would no longer take exception to the divine declaration that "all have sinned."

His friend then quoted to him the words of glad tidings, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*" (1 Tim. 1. 15), and "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8).

Think a moment, if that poor, self-righteous ex-soldier recoiled from the thought of standing before the gaze of the visitors at the British Museum as the only sinless, guiltless man in the world, do you not tremble at the thought of standing before the eye of God on His great white throne and being judged according to the things written in His Book? If, on the other hand, you know and confess to Him that you are a guilty sinner, "be it known unto you" that through Jesus Christ, His Son, "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38), and "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). Look now and live. J. S. A.

## HUDSON TAYLOR'S CONVERSION.



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## HUDSON TAYLOR'S CONVERSION.

HUDSON TAYLOR, the founder, and for many years the director, of the "China Inland Mission," which seeks to maintain 1000 missionaries in the land of Sinim, and has brought life and liberty to multitudes of China's millions, was converted in the following remarkable way.

On the afternoon of a holiday, whilst looking over some booklets and tracts in his father's library, he came across one which appeared more attractive than the others. He glanced at it, and then sat down to read the story, resolving to omit the application. When he took up the tract, as he himself testifies, he was in an utterly unconcerned state, and had made up his mind to lay it down whenever it began to be "prosy."

As he was perusing the little Gospel message, his mother was on her knees in her bedroom, seventy miles distant, pleading with God for the conversion of her only boy. Whilst on a visit to some friends, at the time alluded to, she became so burdened and exercised about Hudson's spiritual and eternal welfare that she turned the key in her bedroom door, and on bended knees, resolved that she would not leave the room until the Lord had saved him. Hour after hour she continued in fervent, importunate, believing prayer. Suddenly she felt that she could no longer *pray* for his conversion. Thoroughly persuaded that God had answered her petition, and given her the desire of her heart, she poured out her soul in thanksgiving and praise to God for the salvation of her boy.

Strange as it may appear to some, at that very time, the lad had come to an expression in the tract which he could not at first understand. It is one which is often employed by preachers of the Gospel, and is full of deep meaning and significance:—"THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST." "Why did the author say 'the finished work' instead of the propitiatory work?" was the question that came before him. "What was finished?" he asked himself: "a full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin was made, and the debt was paid," he mentally replied. "Then," thought he, "if the work of atonement is finished, if the mighty debt of sin is paid, what is there left for me to do?" In a moment God's wondrous salvation was apprehended. He perceived that on account of what the Lord Jesus had done and suffered, Divine justice was satisfied, and by



### *Hudson Taylor's Conversion.*

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believing on Him who bore the wrath and curse due to sin he was saved and had eternal life (John 3. 15-36; 5. 24; 6. 47; Acts 13. 38, 39). From a heart filled to overflowing with love, he immediately knelt down and thanked God for



delivering him from everlasting destruction (2 Thess. 1. 9).

On his mother's return he hastened to tell her the story of his conversion, and having done so, he was more than surprised when he heard her narrate what I have already written. Christian parents ought by this to take courage

## *Hudson Taylor's Conversion.*

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and "continue in prayer" for the conversion of their children. Though separated from your loved ones by land and sea, do not forget that He who saved you, and keeps you, "waits to be gracious," and anxiously longs to snatch your sons and daughters as brands from the eternal burning. Let Christian workers go on scattering Gospel papers, tracts, leaflets, and booklets. Thousands have been saved through the Gospel as found on the printed page. Sow beside all waters. Don't be discouraged although you may not see much apparent blessing from your service.

"God may the seedtime give thee,  
Though another's hand may reap."

If the reader has learned that he is a lost, condemned sinner, and is willing to be saved in God's way, you may obtain salvation as you read these lines. Perhaps, like young Hudson Taylor, you have been "trying" to fit yourself for Heaven, by "giving up" this, that, and the other thing. You surely forget that "turning over new leaves" will not blot out the old ones.

Ponder the words of the Saviour: "IT IS FINISHED" (John 19. 30). They are the dying words of your dearest Friend. Dying words are deeply cherished and long remembered. The Lord Jesus uttered them as He offered His spotless soul a sacrifice for sin.

If you imagine that your prayers or good works have anything to do with procuring the salvation of God you are thoroughly mistaken. It is not bestowed on those who "work" for it, or those who "pray" for it. Listen to God: "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 4, 5). Why then talk of *your* doings or feelings when Christ has "finished" the work? Will you take God at His Word and believe that Christ has done it all?

God has one way, and only one way, of saving sinners. His way of Salvation is utterly unlike man's. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord" (Isa. 55. 8). Will you go by men's thoughts and opinions or by God's holy and blessed Word? Will you take God's way or man's way?

"It is finished, yes, indeed, Finished, every jot:	Sinner, this is all you need, Tell me is it not?"	A. M.
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## HOW THREE LOST SHEEP WERE FOUND.



TO our Gospel meetings in Kincardine, Canada, came a woman who looked, and who was about as miserable as a sinner out of hell could be. Her misery arose from the fact that she was a sinner, and that she knew it. Yet she longed to be saved, but somehow she did not get peace. Night after night her only reply to our question, "Is it settled?" was a sorrowful shake of the head.

One night the address was on those lovely verses, John 10. 27, 28: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life: and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." The next day we met her, and one glance at her face was sufficient to prove that she had got the blessing. The clouds had departed and the misery gone. "How did it come about?" we asked. "He said it," she replied. "Said what?" we inquired. "He said, 'Never perish,'" and that had settled it. His Word at length had proved sufficient for her, and why not? His Word must be reliable, for He is the Son of God.

The One who said of His sheep, "They shall never perish," has proved Himself to be the greatest and most



### *How Three Lost Sheep Were Found.*

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glorious Person in the universe. He has proved His love by giving His life for the sheep; He has proved His power by overcoming the foe. Single handed He met the "roaring lion," and rent his jaws as one would rend a kid. Alone He vanquished the powers of darkness. Now He is the victorious One raised from the dead, and glorified in heaven. In His hands He holds His sheep, and His hands are the hands of Omnipotence.

Somewhere I have read a story, the details of which are as follows: "A dear girl on a bed of sickness was most anxious to be saved. A friend knowing, her distress, sent her a Scripture text card through the post. Slowly she read: "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." As she sank back on the pillow she said, "If I were only one of His sheep I should be happy."

As that card fell on the coverlet it turned over, and displayed a text on the other side; taking it again she read: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). "Oh!" she said, as this glorious Gospel verse enlightened her soul: "If I'm not a sheep, I'm a sinner, and Christ Jesus came to save sinners." Then she trusted Him, there He received her, and putting her upon His strong shoulder she learned that the blessed Saviour of sinners is the Shepherd of the sheep, and in perfect safety He keeps all whom He saves.

A dear girl attended a Gospel meeting in London, and at the close she remained to tell me that she had trusted in Jesus. That was the last Gospel meeting she ever attended. The next day she was taken ill, and for one month only she lingered. Just before her happy, redeemed soul passed into the presence of her Saviour, she said to a friend who visited her, "How I do thank God that I took my last chance." This may be your last chance. Oh! seize it then as it flies past you. "To-day" God waits to cleanse your soul from every stain. "To-day" He longs to fill your heart with cloudless joy. "To-day" is His day of salvation. God's "To-day" may secure for you the eternal sunlight of heaven, while the devil's "To-morrow" may find you shivering within the gates of eternal night. Make the blessing yours, and just now.

J T. M.

## THE PERFECT WORKMAN AND THE PERFECT WORK.

"SIT down," said the sick man. "I am glad you have come. I once heard you preach in the open-air, and I said, 'If ever I come to die, I'll send for that man.' And now the hour has arrived, and here I am, not long, I fear, for this world, and I have sent to ask you what I must do to be saved."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't tell you what to DO," replied the preacher. "NOT TELL ME WHAT TO DO TO BE SAVED?"



"I ONCE HEARD YOU PREACH IN THE OPEN-AIR."

replied the invalid; "why, I thought you were a preacher!" "And so I am," replied the latter; "but for all that I cannot tell you what *to do* to be saved," and the poor man sank back disappointed on his pillow, and there was silence in the room. But the silence was at length broken, for the preacher, who had been gazing about, suddenly remarked: "That's a nice cabinet that you've got over yonder." "Well," said the sick man, "it's a pretty good one, I believe, though I shouldn't be the one to say so, for none ever

## The Perfect Workman and the Perfect Work.

put a touch to it but myself." "And good work, too," said the preacher. "But I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll just bring my tools round one of these nights and put a few finishing touches to it."

"It's kind enough of you to say so, but indeed you mustn't," said the sick man, "and I'll tell you why. You see, when I'm gone I want my family to have something to remember me by. Now, I've done every stroke to the cabinet myself, and that'll just be its value in their eyes. With them it will be the workman that gave value to the work, and it wouldn't be the same thing to them at all if a stranger put a finger on it."

"I quite understand," said the preacher, and added: "Just now you asked me what you were to DO to be saved, and I told you I didn't know, and I don't, for there's nothing that you *can do* that could ever save your soul. But the Lord Jesus Christ has done a work, and it's a perfect work, for when He was expiring, He said, 'It is finished,' so there's nothing left for you to do. Now, the One who did that work was a perfect Workman, for He was none other than the Son of God, and it is His Person that gives the value to the work. And just as when you are gone the value of the cabinet in your family's eyes will be the fact that *you* made it, so what gives value in God's eyes to the work which Christ has wrought out is THAT HIS SON HAS DONE IT. You couldn't do the work, and I couldn't do the work which would fit us for God's presence, for we are sinners, and so are imperfect workmen. Christ is a perfect Workman, and has done a perfect work, so perfect that God has been satisfied and glorified by it, and by virtue of it He can offer a free pardon to you."

Like showers upon thirsty soil fell this message on the ears of the dying man, and he rested his soul's eternal salvation, not on aught that he could do, but upon what Christ had already done; and so, when the summons came, he passed down the river which leads to the gates of the Celestial City undismayed.

My reader, there is nothing left for you to do. Simply, therefore, as a sinner accept of the Perfect Workman who has done the perfect work. "It is finished." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "Behold, now is the accepted time." J. R—L



## THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.



"CONCERNED ABOUT MANY THINGS."

**E**TERNITY—eternity is nearing! Each setting sun is hurrying you a day nearer that supreme hour when you shall stand before God! You are nearer it at this moment than ever you were in all your life! How solemn! God hath declared that "the dead, small and great, shall appear before Him" (Rev. 20. 12). No escape from that great tribunal—no begging to be excused from attending. You must appear before God; for "He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained" (Acts 17. 31). Do not wonder then at the question we ask: "*Are you ready to meet God?*" Are you saved by the blood of Christ? Are you in

possession of eternal life? Do not be offended at these questions. Better they should be asked, yea, and answered, now, than in the dark hour of death, or in the dread silence of Eternity.

Every question fades into insignificance compared with this momentous question. Where can you find a greater? You are concerned, it may be, about many things. You spend time and thought in the eager pursuit of the pleasures of sin, or perhaps of something in itself lawful. But is it not passing strange you have so little concern as to where you shall be during the countless ages of Eternity? *That* is the matter which God would have you concerned about. "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken unto Me, saith the Lord: hear, and your soul shall live" (Isa. 55. 2, 3). God is interested in your salvation. So concerned has He been that He has given "His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). The Saviour's declaration is, "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 5. 24).

Lost one, this is the Saviour you need—is He not? Would you be ready to meet God? Would you be with Christ and the ransomed throng around the throne in eternity's unending day? Would you be saved now from the penalty of sin, and delivered from its power? Then *come* to Christ, accept His gracious invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). You say you do not understand "come." Well, God says *receive* Him: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God" (John 1. 12, 13). You say you do not know how to receive Him: God says *believe* Him. "What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31); for "all that believe are *justified from all things*" (Acts 13. 39); and "he that believeth on Jesus *hath everlasting life*" (John 6. 47). Believest thou this? If not, believe, and live now. w. s.

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