

THE WAY TO HAPPYLAND



With Best Wishes

20 Dec 34.

My P.

THE
WAY
TO
HAPPY-
LAND

*BRIGHT
PAGES*

*GOOD
PICTURES*



Fox Photos, London.

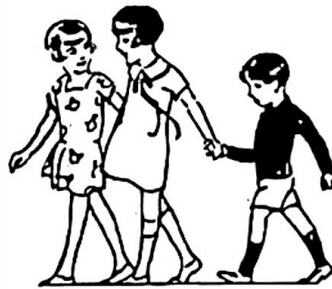
MY LADY MOUNTED.

THE WAY to HAPPYLAND

A Choice Selection of
Bright Pages and Good Pictures
to Guide
Young Feet to the Golden Street

BY
HY. PICKERING.

Author of "Boys' and Girls' Book of Ballads"
"How to Instruct and Win the Young," etc.



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The Way to Happyland

is what every young heart desires to know at one time or another. In the words of Isaiah 30. 21, **"This is the Way, walk ye in it,"** we have the idea in the Stories and Pictures which have been selected for this volume.

There is a **"false way,"** the end thereof are the ways of death. Such is not without mention herein, although the thought before the Editor was ever the Saviour's own words, **"I am the Way,"** (John 14. 6) and much has been made of that new and living Way to the Better Land.

Laid on a table in the living-room we feel sure not only young but even the old will find many moments of enjoyment in scanning the very varied pieces of this Gospel Wonder Book.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'H. P.', written in a cursive style.

THE GREATEST OF ALL "NEW" THINGS.

I realised that with all my religion and goodness I needed
the greatest of all "new" things—
The New Birth.



CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

Fox Photo.

THE GREATEST OF ALL "NEW" THINGS.

THE snow upon the hills, filling up the valleys, blocking up the roads, causing even the powerful motor cars to be stranded, and having to be dragged out by the despised horse, turns my mind back to a winter long ago.

It was a time of snow, we often wended our way to Sunday school through snow 1 foot, or sometimes 2 feet

high, yet it was then I made the greatest discovery of my life. Let me briefly tell the tale.

I was just 16, I had been brought up religiously. Had been christened as a baby in the Parish Church, taught the Catechism by the Vicar, confirmed by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese,



invited to join the Choir by the Choirmaster, and honestly thought I was as sure of Heaven as any boy living.

Invited to attend special meetings in a building belonging to a churchman, the preacher took for his text on the second or third night, the wonderful words of John 3. 3: "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN," or born *anew*. He pointed out that these words were addressed to NICODEMUS, a ruler, a Rabbi, a religious, moral man, and applied to churchmen and every one. He showed that *the great necessity for entering the Kingdom being the "NEW BIRTH,"* apart from that, whatever we had, religion or anything else, we would neither "see" nor "enter" the Kingdom.

I realised that with all my religion and goodness I needed the greatest of all "new" things—THE NEW BIRTH. Listening attentively, the speaker pointed out how it was obtained. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but *have everlasting life*" (John 3, verse 11). By faith I saw the Lord Jesus lifted up on the Cross of Calvary, dying there in *my* room and stead. I looked to Him, I put *my* name in the big "WHOSOEVER," I believed on the Lord

The Only Way to Enter the Kingdom.

Jesus as *my* Saviour and *my* Substitute, and that moment I was "*born again*," had everlasting life, and was saved for ever and ever. Was it genuine? Did it last? Praise God, it was fifty-eight years this New Year since that happy day, it has been solid and lasting all these years, and this was one of the happiest of all.

Allow your old friend to assure you that if you have not experienced the "*New Birth*," you will neither see nor enter the Kingdom, and miss the King in His beauty, and all



Fox Photos.

READY FOR SOME FUN IN THE SNOW.

He has got a simple sleigh, but a good strong animal to pull him. Would you like to have a ride?

the loved and saved who have gone before. But to-night, on bended knee, in your own room, or any quiet spot, think of Christ dying on the Cross, dying for *you*, yield to Him, venture on Him, with the heart believe in Him, and you will, like the writer, experience the "*New Birth*," become a "*new creature*" in Christ Jesus. HYP.

FRED. S. ARNOT, the Modern Livingstone.

STORIES OF BRAVE BOYS.—XII.



F. S. ARNOT AT THE TIME HE WENT
OUT TO AFRICA.

TWO boys of about 10 years old were standing in a neighbour's garden. They were FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT and his chum, Jimmie. Plums (belonging to some-one else) were hanging temptingly within reach, and very soon some of them were finding a way into the mouth of each boy.

But their enjoyment of the fruit was of very short duration. A voice sounded from a nearby window: "Thieves! Thieves!" it called. It was the voice

of Jimmie's elder brother. I don't know what effect it had on Jimmie, but Fred Arnot felt as if a pistol had gone off at his ear. For the rest of that day he could hear nothing but the dreadful word: "Thief! Thief!"

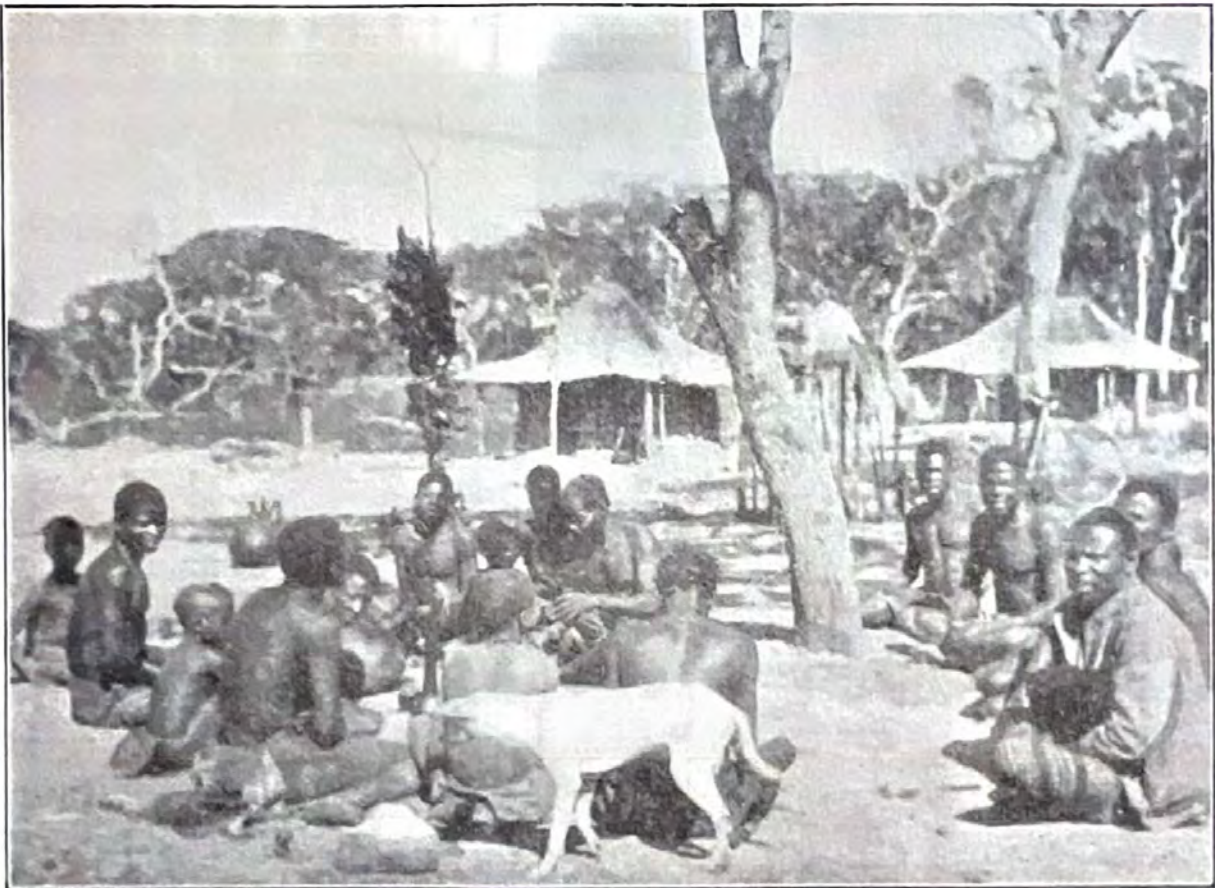
He had to go on an errand next morning past Hamilton prison, and as he went, he saw a policeman, one hand grasping a little boy, whilst in the other hand was a pair of new boots, which the bare-footed little boy had stolen. Fred was horrified at the sight. Was not he himself as much a thief as this needy boy?

Almost he could feel the grasp of the policeman's hand on *his* shoulder, and hear the clang of the prison gates behind him. So terrified did he become, that he fled home, and hid himself till bedtime.

But night was a time of dread, for his conscience was now thoroughly aroused. He could not, he thought, tell anyone what a wicked boy he was—then came the thought, like a ray of light in the darkness—he could tell God. And so, long after everyone was asleep, and the house very quiet, he got out of bed and knelt down. In telling

The Man who Succeeded Livingstone.

the incident, he says: "Now, I thought, I will ask God to forgive me; but words would not come, and, at last, I burst into a flood of tears. I felt I was too wicked even for God to forgive; yet a glimmer of light and hope came to me with the thought: 'That is why Jesus died on the Cross for me, because I am so wicked.' Among many texts of Scripture that my parents had taught me, was



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE SUCH AS MR. ARNOT VISITED.

John 3. 16. I repeated it to myself on my knees, about two o'clock, and *that* 'Whosoever' took me in. I awoke next day with a light heart, the burden was gone." He had proved for himself those words: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15).

F. S. ARNOT was born on Sept. 12th, 1858, in Glasgow. When he was six years old the family moved to Hamilton, where they became friendly with the Livingstone family. It was in Hamilton that Fred was first fired with a great missionary zeal, which lasted till he died.

The Need of the Poor African Natives.

There was a prize-giving at a school, and Fred went with his mother; the gentleman who was distributing the prizes was DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the great pioneer missionary and explorer.

Young Arnot listened intently to the marvellous tales he told—tales of escape and adventure, peril, pain, and cruelty. Dr. Livingstone knew what dreadful suffering the poor negroes endured on account of the slave trade, and described Africa's need in words which burnt into the hearts of his hearers, especially into the heart of six-year-old Fred. Dr. Livingstone, that afternoon, became his hero, and the words he spoke set Fred's feet in a direction from which they never swerved. From that time he determined to be a missionary. It would be a great and wonderful thing, he thought, to go out to Africa and help Dr. Livingstone. If he could not get to Africa any other way, he made up his mind that he would *swim* there.

Then, four years later came his conversion, in 1868, and Africa drew him more than ever, not only because he wished to help Dr. Livingstone, but because he wanted to tell others of the Saviour who was so precious to him. Having then this greatest gift of all—God's Salvation—he set to work to learn everything that would be helpful out in the great African forests among the black men, whose souls can be made white in the Blood of the Lamb.



A LITTLE AFRICAN BOY.

He was only 15 when he started open-air work in the villages with his father. It was on May 4th of this year, 1873, that his hero had died in far-away Ilala, Central Africa, and we can imagine Fred's grief when, months later, the news reached England. But he did not falter. Africa's need was greater than ever. He worked harder still at joinery, blacksmith's work, watch repairs, and accustomed himself to find his way across large and lonely tracts of country with only the aid of a compass.

At the age of 23 he left for

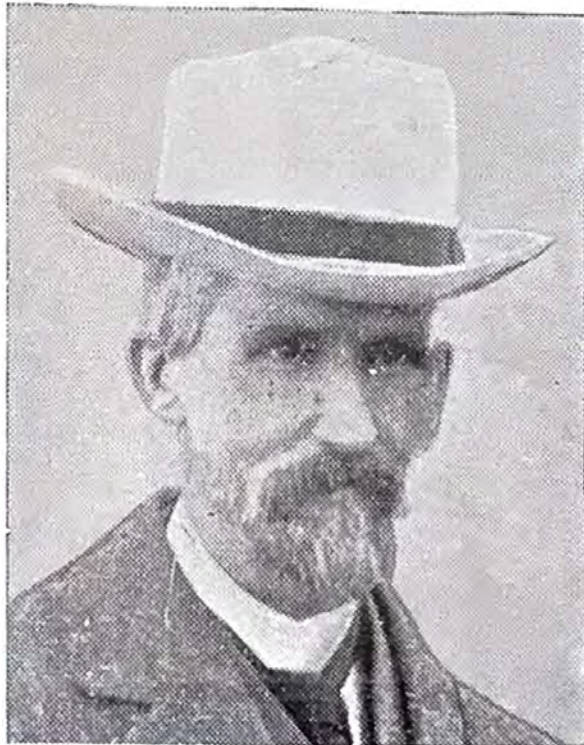
Young Arnot Helped by King Khama.

Africa. He did not need to swim there, but sailed in the ordinary way, in the *Dublin Castle*, from East India Docks, London, July 19th, 1881. They reached Durban on Aug. 20th. He had to go off alone to Maritzburgh, as his friend, Donald M'Lean, was ordered by the doctors to discontinue the journey. But he had the Friend who is able to be with us always. At Maritzburgh, the railway ended, and he went on by ox-wagon. Mr. Selous, a big game hunter, was going, and Arnot was with him for a time, journeying to Shoshong, the capital of King Khama, the Christian ruler, who visited good Queen Victoria.

Whilst journeying in company with Mr. Selous, Fred Arnot was walking beside the wagon during the night, and a young man was driving the loose cattle not far from him. But in the morning the young man was missing, though the cattle turned up all right. Search was made diligently, but with

no success, and they could only conclude that a lion had carried him off.

Night travelling was frequently necessary, as it was so hot in the daytime, and especially was there need to do so when they had but little water, and did not know when they would find it next. We, in lands who can get water, by just turning a tap, do not realise what it meant to these thirsty, weary travellers, when they came to a *spring*, or *river*, instead of having to dig and dig, to see if some muddy stuff would come! What a joy to *quench* their thirst with big draughts of cool, sparkling water. It would make them forget the long blazing



F. S. ARNOT WHEN OLD.

Pioneering on the Great Zambezi River.



ATTACK ON MR. ARNOT.

walk across the hot, loose, desert sands.

"Jesus, the Water of Life
has given!
Freely! Freely! Freely!"

Arnot says in his journal that it had been so hot during the day that they had to travel at night. He had to walk five hours one night before the wagons with a lantern, tracing the road through the bush. Often he could find no road, and had to guide the boy who led the oxen, by his compass. So he was finding out the value of his practice with the compass in earlier years.

One night either a tiger or a leopard jumped right across the camp fire, seized Arnot's little dog "Judy," and dashed off again.

Going up the Zambesi in a boat, they suddenly came upon a lion and lioness playing on a sandy beach. The lion at once lay down, his shaggy head resting on his great paws, keeping his gaze on the boat. It was so close that Arnot could see him closing one eye and opening the other alternately. The mighty animal did not do more than trouble to watch them out of sight. No doubt lion and lioness were relieved that there had been no fuss, as there were little cubs in the bush nearby.

Benighted on the river once, a hippo chased the boat into shallow water. Arnot flashed fire with flint and steel, in its face, startling the great thing so much that it raced off to deep water once more.

Another time, just as he and his carriers, with their loads, were passing a clump of long reedy grass (much taller than a man), beside a huge anthill, a lion sprang out at one of the carriers. He jumped too far, landing exactly in front of Arnot. Arnot held him with his eyes,

Dr. Livingstone Succeeded by F. S. Arnot



Copyright Photo—Annan & Sons. DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Two Pioneers in the Heart of Africa.



cocked his rifle, and slowly took aim, a proceeding which was not pleasing to the royal beast, so he made off. (Reminds one of James 4. 7.)

Arnot spent seven years straight off in Africa, during which he won many to the Lord, then he returned to England, where he married.

In 1889 he went back, his brave wife accompanying him.

With him at that time was DAN CRAWFORD, who afterwards became the well-known African Missionary.

In Arnot's and Crawford's missionary career, Msidi, the great chief in Garenganze, played a big part. The diary of Fred Arnot and the life of Dan Crawford are books full of thrills, as well as showing how wonderfully the Heavenly Father cares for His children as they go about His business.

Arnot travelled 30,000 miles of trodden and untrodden paths in Africa, and everywhere he told the story of the Saviour. Nearly 33 years out of his 55 were spent in that land to which as a boy of six he declared he would swim, if need be. He established mission stations from Katanga (Garenganze) to Benguella on the West Coast, so that those who came after him found a well-blazed trail. In 1908 he settled, with his family, in Johannesburg, and from there made frequent journeys into the interior. He was called Home in May of 1914, to be "For ever with the Lord."

E.E.E.

ON the Cross, amidst the darkness,
Jesus hung for me ;
That amidst the love and glory
I might ever be.

FRANCES BEVAN.

THE MAN WHO WALKED ON THIN ICE.

WHAT a foolish man he is! There is a danger post indicating that the ice surrounding it is "thin" and not likely to bear a full-grown man. Yet he proceeds, even amid snow and storm!

Do you know anyone equally or even more foolish? I do. The big boy or girl who after reading in their Bible "Because there is wrath BEWARE, lest He take thee away with a stroke, then a great Ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18); yet continues to revel in pleasure, boast in sin, scoff at future judgment, and claim that they do not fear God at all. If *you* are by any means of this stamp,



The Danger of Walking on Thin Ice.

hear the gracious invitation: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as *scarlet*, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like *crimson* they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). Haste and turn to God and life, then no longer "on thin ice," but on the Rock of Ages (Isa. 26. 4) you will be safe and secure for Eternity. Time flies, Eternity dawns, be saved *now*. It is the only really happy life. P-H.



Photo—J. or Reyul.

FAROE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN'S OUTING.

HAPPY CHILDREN IN THE FAROE ISLES.

WE have given photos of Sunday Schools in various parts of the world. I wonder if you could find the **Faroe Isles** in your map. For there these children dwell. Several of them through *hearing* the Word, and *believing* on the Lord Jesus Christ, have come to know their sins forgiven. Here they are having their annual outing in the country, a land which abounds with rocks. I trust you will join them in "believing and being saved," then join the great company of Rev. 7. 9. P.K.G.

ABOUT LIVING BOYS AND GIRLS.



For this lesson get any bold pictures of a boy and a girl; or draw on black-board; or get a *little boy* first and a *little girl* next to come to the front. Failing above use cards, with acrostics as noted.



NOT about scenes long ago, but of something real and living to-day, will form our lesson to-day—**BOYS**. Let me show you

What BOYS ought to do. The first begins with B.

BELIEVE. You know the verse: "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Then the next is O.

OBEY. Right again. "His servants ye are, whom ye *obey*" (Rom. 6. 16). Are you serving Christ or Satan? You cannot serve two masters. Y next.

YIELD. "*Yield* yourselves unto God" (Rom. 6. 13). If you are a sinner-boy, yield your heart to Christ now. If a saved-boy, yield your life to Him. He is worthy. Now S.

SERVE. Having believed or yielded, see that "*Ye serve* the Lord Christ" (Col. 3. 24). Do not become the servant of man. Love, obey, and serve the One who died for you.

NEXT we come to the Girls. **What GIRLS ought to do.** They should love the Lord because He is

G RACIOUS. Yes, some girls here have tasted that "*The Lord is gracious*" (1 Peter 2. 3). And, oh, what joy when they knew this. Next letter I.

I NFINITE. In Psalm 147. 5, we read, "*His understanding is infinite.*" He knows all about those who put their trust in Him.

R EDEEMER. What man of old called Him "*My Redeemer?*" JOB. Yes, in Job 19. 25. I wonder how many here can call Him "*My Redeemer.*"

L OVING. "Having loved His own . . . He *loved* them to the end" (John 13. 1). Can you say, "*I love Him, because He first loved me?*"

S ATISFIED is the portion of all who put their trust in Him, for "*He satisfieth* the longing soul" (Psa. 107. 9). hyp.

NEW SEARCHINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

REGULAR SEARCHERS, of whom there were many during last year, start this month for the present year. Do not forget to state if you wish to enter for the yearly competition, or monthly only.

● ● ● ● **Varied Searching**, No. 230, is a Square of Words, similar to one we had some time ago.

● ● ● ● My *first* were made by Bezaleel,
● ● ● ● My *second* was an Ishmaelite;
● ● ● ● There's *this* to kill and also heal;
● ● ● ● David did *this*, but in God's might. G.S.L.

● ● ● ● **ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING**, No. 229.
Bedstead (Deut. 3. 11); Couch (Luke 5. 18, 19);
Writing Table (Luke 1. 63); Chest (2 Chron.
24. 10); Stool (2 Kings 4. 10); Frying-pan (Lev. 2. 7); Bucket
(Isa. 40. 15); Kettle (1 Sam. 2. 14).

Original Acrostic, No. 466. Supplied by a helper of many years' standing. Award monthly and at end of year.



A *child* first asked, then given to God;
A *grandmother* of Holy lore;
Find now a *man* who ne'er was born;
A *Queen* displaced to reign no more;
Another *Queen* who saved her race;
A *strong man* slain in sore disgrace.
A *boy* whose name means "laughter"—now
A *man* whose ship reached mountain's brow
A *woman* who was much deceived;
A *giant* of his head relieved;
A *letter* from the word "cry" here;
The "least Apostle's" changed *name*;
A doubting *one* we often blame.

Whole, what God's chosen ones became. J.A.W.H.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 465. Joseph, Esther, Solomon,
Uzziah, Sarah=JESUS (Matt. 1. 21).

Simple Searching, No. 155, is rather different this month,
in view of new style painting. *Look in the Gospels and find the verse.*

FIND THE VERSE.

A verse that shows three spoken words
Did cause the wind to cease;
A calm; and then the ship sailed on—
The centre word is "peace." W.T.R.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, 154. WORSHIPPED (Matt. 2. 11).

ON HORSEBACK.

Be sure to let your answer be complete:
Who rode on horseback through a city street?
When this is found, bestow a careful look
To find a later "horseback" in that Book. w.w.

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 177, tells us what to do. Found in
Thessalonians. No. 176 was "FREELY GIVE" (Matt. 10. 8).

DIMPLNAAATTTEEELNORBW

DO YOU KNOW?

My first is in house, and it's
also in street.

My second's
in shoes,
but it isn't
in feet.

My third is in part,
but it isn't in whole,

My fourth is in ashes,
but isn't in coal.

My fifth is in heron, but isn't
in bird,

My last is in letter, and also
in word.

My whole, when it's found,
you will see is the name

Of a Queen who saved
thousands from ruin
and shame.



H.G.C.
Marsh
Lambert

Artistic Acrostics, No. 1. "A WONDERFUL QUEEN." A series of entirely new drawings by a famous artist, H. G. C. MARSH-LAMBERT, only given here. For Painting the text and picture. Use any material you have, paints, crayons, inks, etc.

For Solving Bible Acrostic, No. 1. Give name and reference.

Awards are given monthly for both above, according to age and quality of work, judged by the month they are received, so post before end of this month, if in *Britain*, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to **Editor of "Boys and Girls," 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England.** Please say if you wish to enter for yearly competition. Get your companions to join in.

THE PIERCED WATER BOTTLE.

MORE than 250 years ago Frederick, King of Denmark, was at war with Gustavus, King of Sweden. Among the many soldiers who fought for the King of Denmark was a soldier from Flensburg. After one of the battles this soldier, who had been slightly wounded, was on the point of taking a draught of cooling water from his wooden bottle, when he heard a groan from some one evidently more hurt than himself.

What was his surprise, on looking round, to find a Swede not far away, evidently in great distress. "Poor man," thought the soldier of Flensburg, "although thou art an enemy, thy need is greater than mine." Creeping over to the Swede, he was about to hand his bottle full of water, when the Swede did a dastardly act. What was it? Fired by the hate of war, he aimed his pistol, pulled the trigger, and sent a bullet right through the shoulder of his would-be friend.

The Dane was surprised, and at first felt inclined to shoot the betrayer of his kindness, but taking a moment to think, and knowing the soldier could do him no further harm, he said, "You wicked man, I meant to do you good; you meant to kill me. Now I will punish you." Then drinking half of the water, he added, "I meant to give you *all*, but you shall only have *half* of what is in my bottle."

What a return for his ingratitude! Yet has it not been the same with most of us. We remember One who gave His all for us on the Cross of Calvary, yet how many have sought to wound Him by slighting, neglecting, scoffing, abusing His Name, refusing His love, or spurning His grace? Is this true of *you*? Have you responded to the love which gave Jesus to die as you ought to have done? Have you believed on Him as your Saviour? If not, think of the agony and woe of Calvary, think of His precious Blood shed, hearken to His dying cry, "IT IS FINISHED" (John 19. 30), and even now "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

When the Danish King heard of the kindness of the soldier of Flensburg he sent for him, gave him a position and title, and ordered that his badge of arms should be "a pierced wooden bottle," thus linking reward and remembrance.

GRACE DARLING, The Heroine of Farne Isles.

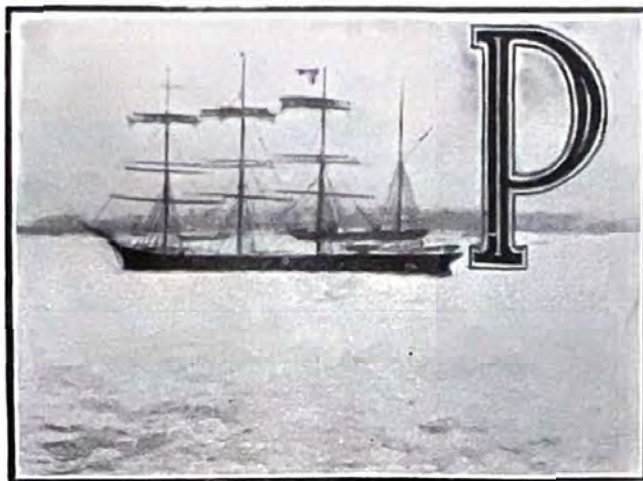
**"Pity the sailors who are out on the deep this night," he
remarked to his wife and daughter, who were
with him in the lighthouse.**



A NOBLE RESCUE.

GRACE DARLING, The Heroine of Farne Isles.

STORIES OF "CLEVER GIRLS."—No. X.



PEOPLE on shore little realised what a dreadful night it was at sea. The wind howled, the rain dashed down in torrents, and the billows rolled like mountains across the open sea, leaping and dashing around the Longstone Light-

house in wildest fury. The keeper looked grave, as blast after blast shook his strong refuge, even as if the storm would sweep it away with its unbridled strength. "Pity the sailors who are out on the deep this night," he remarked to his wife and daughter, who were with him in the lighthouse.

Grace Darling and her mother felt truly alarmed at the fury of the gale, and a feeling of approaching calamity kept Grace awake for some hours after she had retired to rest. Just before dawn she awoke with a start, and sat up, staring into the darkness, her heart beating fast with fear. "What wakened me?" she thought. "It could not have been the wind—I am used to that. Could it have been human cries?"

Thrilling with horror, she listened intently, and then, sure enough, she heard the most piercing and agonized shrieks and cries that ever she had heard, above the howling of the wind and roaring of the waves. Immediately she rose, and dressing with trembling haste, sought her father, who was attending the lights as usual. "What is it, Grace?" he asked, seeing her scared, white face. "Oh, father! I am sure there is a shipwreck near," replied the girl. "I have heard such screams. They filled me with horror." "Nonsense!" he said, gently; "you have been dreaming! Go away back to bed. You could never hear screams above this awful storm." "No, father, I was not dreaming," she replied; "I am sure there is a wreck near us."

The lighthouse-keeper now took his telescope, and

The Heroine of the Farne Islands.

gazed anxiously through the misty dawn, and presently he saw the portion of a wreck, about half-a-mile away and a few survivors clinging to its broken sides. Again came the terrible screams. "Oh! father," cried the girl, "we must save them." "It is of no use, my girl," he



GRACE DARLING AT THE TIME OF THE RESCUE.

answered, sadly. "It might have been possible if your brothers were at home; but now it is altogether out of the question." "No, indeed, father; it must not be out of the question. Can we let our fellow-creatures perish without making an effort to save them. If we did so, I am sure

How Grace Persuaded her Father to Go.



we would never be happy again. Do let us go, father. I can help you in the rowing of the boat, and God will protect us. Only think what it would be to save the lives of these poor half-drowned people." "But I don't think it can be right, Grace." "Oh father, why

do you lose time? It cannot be right to hesitate," said the girl, in convincing tones. "Very well, Grace, I will let you persuade me, although it is against my better judgment."

Grace joyfully kissed her father, and he began to prepare. "What will your mother say?" he asked the next moment. Grace feared her mother's refusal more than the raging sea; who, when she heard of the proposed rescue, absolutely refused to let them go. "You have no right to encourage your father, Grace," she said. "What will I do if you are both drowned, and me left alone in the lighthouse? The boat could not live in such a sea."

But Grace's pleading at last prevailed, and with her own hands the mother helped to launch the boat. Grace was the first to seize an oar, and she cried cheerfully, as they rose on the billows: "Never fear, mother, God will bring us back safely, and some poor creatures with us; so you had better get the beds warmed and everything made comfortable."

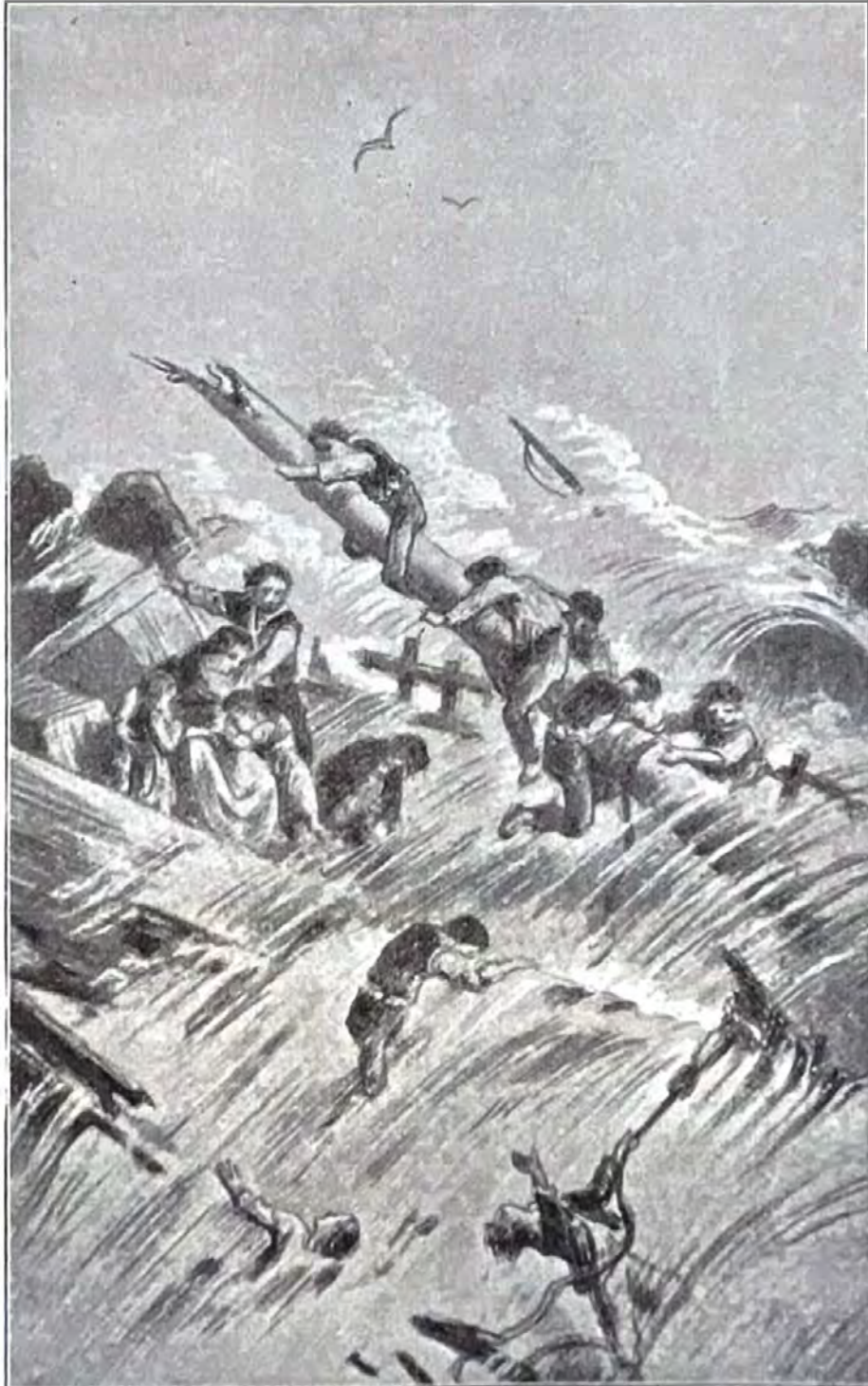
Let us look at her for a moment, this bravest of brave girls. Small of figure, with a sweet face, sunny smile, and head of rippling curls, as bonny as she is brave. She is still very young, and as she sits in the clumsy, old boat, drawing stroke by stroke with her aged father, she looks almost like a child.

The wind howled around them, the salt spray stung her face and eyes, the great billows rose as if ready to devour them; yet on they rowed, straining every nerve to propel the little boat through the water. "We'll do it, father!" at last she cried. "Oh! the poor creatures! I see them now, and they know we are trying to save them."

Can Any of Them Really be Saved?

They pulled hard a little longer, and then contrived to reach the rock on which the sufferers were waiting. "Pray, take care, Grace," said her father. "All right, father. Do not be afraid. I will not risk all by mismanagement."

"SOME SAD SCENES WERE WITNESSED ON THE WRECK."



"ONE OF THEM IS A WOMAN. SHE IS AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN."

CLINGING TO THE WRECK OF THE "PORFARSHIRE."

"One of them is an Angel from Heaven."



"If the coble is beaten against the rocks, she will be smashed to pieces." "I will take care, father. Cannot you land now? See, there is a chance. Now, father." With a tremendous effort, Darling got on the rock, and immediately Grace rowed back so as to keep the boat afloat on the water, and free of the dangerous reefs.

The poor survivors of the wrecked steamship *Forfarshire* had now perceived them.

"There is a boat coming," one had shouted. They looked eagerly out, but scarcely believed it in the power of these two to rescue them. "Look, they are near," cried one of the sailors, with tears running down his cheeks, "and one is a woman. God bless her. She is an angel from Heaven."

With great care the first poor creature was lifted into the boat. Her experience was a sad one. She had held on to her two children all night, as billow after billow strove to snatch them from her, but before help came they had both died. Unaware of her terrible loss, she still held them firmly by the hand, and refused to believe they were dead. All Grace's care was needed, as one by one the others entered the boat, and then came the struggle against wind and waves to reach the lighthouse. The boat was heavily laden, but some of the sailors were able to help, and Divine strength was behind the slender arms of Grace Darling.

Her mother came to the beach to meet them on their return. Surely if ever mother had reason to be proud of her daughter, it was she. "You are back in safety!" she cried, as she kissed her in welcome. "Of course, mother; did I not say that God would take care of us?" "And you have saved nine lives, the Lord be praised."

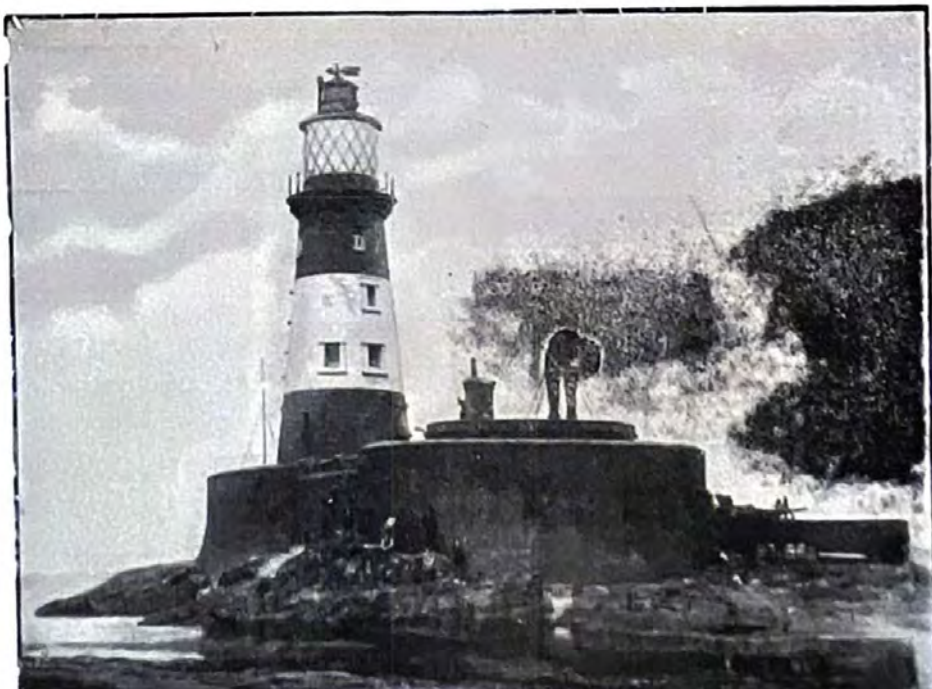
At first the survivors were so hungry, bruised, and broken, that they could not talk much, but Grace though her limbs ached, and though so weary and exhausted, began to minister to their wants, as soon as they were safe in her father's house, and for three days and nights gave them

What Followed this Brave Act?

untiring care and attention; nursing them back to health and strength again. How must they, who owed their lives to her, have loved her! As for Grace, it may safely be said that she did not know she had done anything wonderful, until the world told her so. We are sure it did not enter her mind to suppose that she was performing a deed of heroism for which all the world would bless her and laud her memory. We cannot but praise her. That she should brave the danger of the waves—whose power she had good cause to fear—was indeed a self-sacrificing action reflecting in some degree the dying love of the Saviour she trusted. Long may it be before she is forgotten.

No sooner was the account of the wreck published in the papers, than the most intense excitement was created, and a great stream of admiration and praise poured upon the lighthouse girl. The Longstone Lighthouse became the centre of fascination for thousands of people, and many visited the wreck and the lighthouse. Her portrait was painted, printed, and sold everywhere in the streets. Every house in the land seemed to possess one. So much praise was enough to turn her head, but she never altered her modest ways, or neglected her homely duties.

Presents of money flowed in upon her. Various life-saving societies awarded her medals for her meritorious



THE LONGSTONE LIGHTHOUSE WHERE GRACE DARLING LIVED.

Grace Darling Thanked by Queen Victoria.



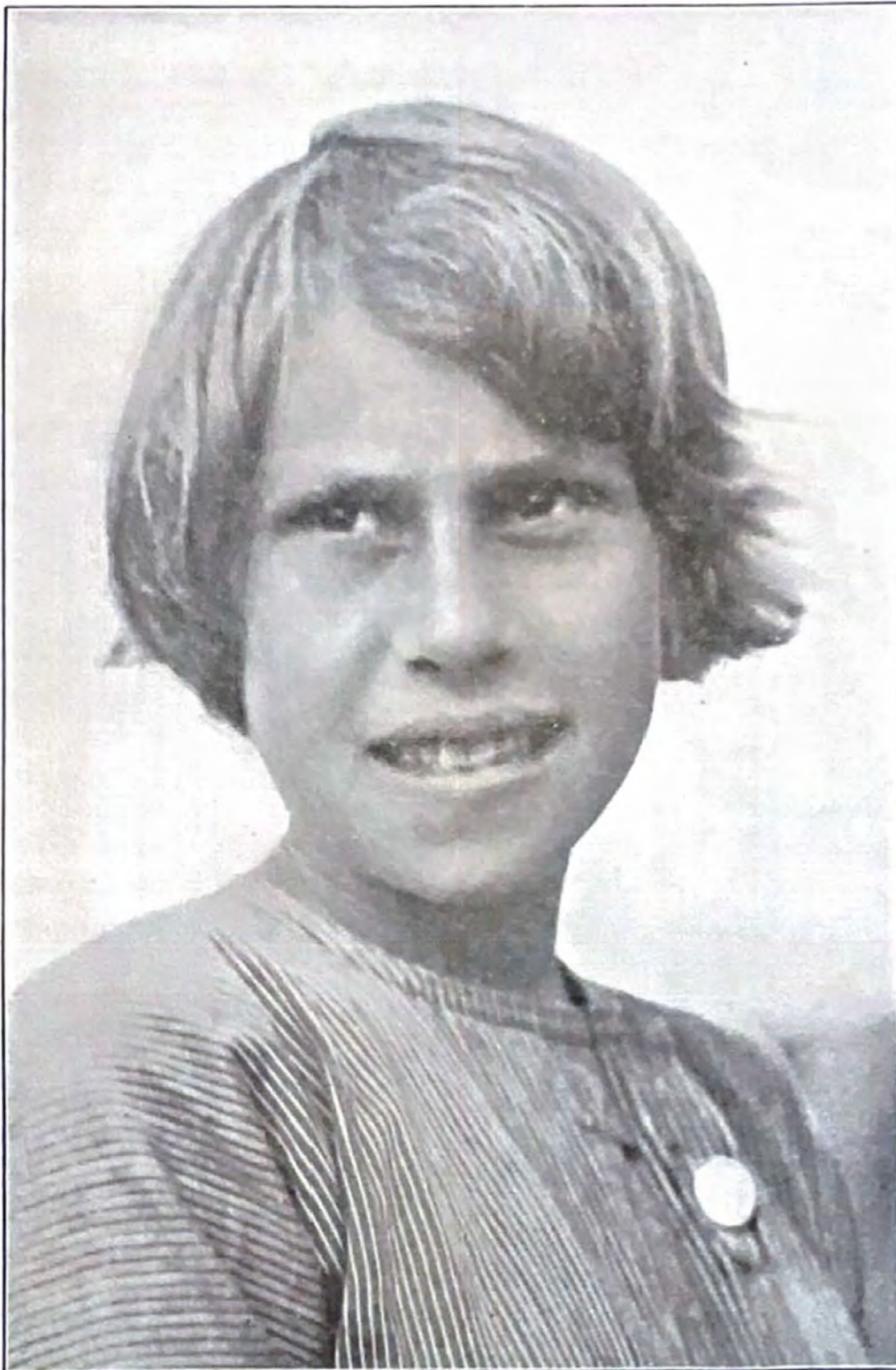
conduct. She was offered large sums of money to appear in public. One manager of a theatre tried to lure her away, by promising her £800 for merely sitting in a boat, where all could see their beloved heroine, but she refused to leave the lighthouse and her parents. The Duchess of Northumberland sent for her, and the Queen graciously sent her a present. She owed her noble nature to the loving training of a Christian home. Her father was an honourable, upright, and courageous man, desiring his boys and girls to be content with simple pleasures, find joy in doing their duty, and in the companionship of their home.

Grace became more and more famous as time went on, a vessel launched at Sunderland was named after her—the forerunner of many more. She has never been forgotten. She died in 1842, aged 25 years, only four years after her heroic deed. Two memorials were erected to her memory, one in St. Cuthbert's Chapel, on Farne Island, the other in the churchyard at Bamborough, where she was born on the 24th November, 1815.

Her best memorial is in the hearts of the people, who love and revere her still. Yet how much more has Jesus done for us. He left his Home, to live in this dark, stormy earth, facing not waves, but the hatred of the people he had come to save. The little boat was in great danger, but Jesus went all the way to Calvary, knowing that there He must die for us. What He suffered there we can never know, but when we see our sinfulness, we know that nothing but the Blood of Jesus can cleanse us, and nothing but His death on Calvary can avail. Do *you* love Him? Has He saved *you*?

J.A.W.H.,

**A HAPPY SAVED AUSTRALIAN GIRL;
OR, "WHY THEY WERE NOT KILLED AND EATEN."**

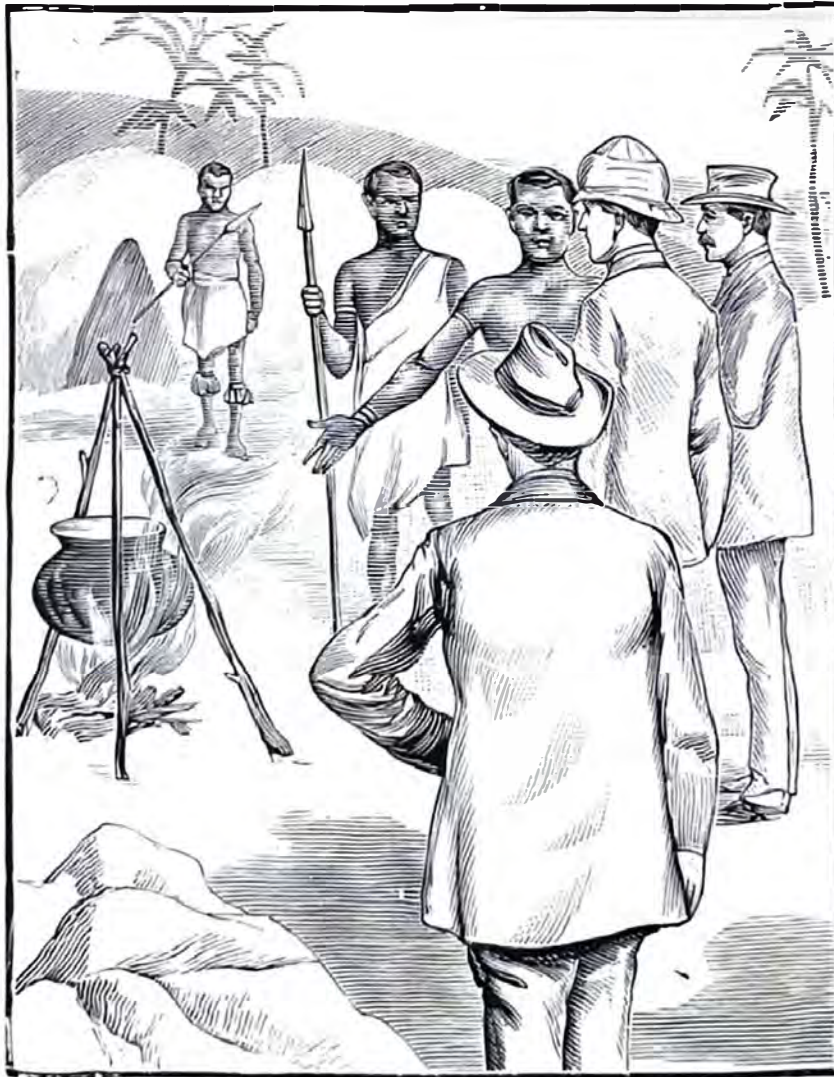


Photo—E. O. Poppe.

**A YOUNG CHRISTIAN ABORIGINAL GIRL OF THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA.
Note the light coloured hair and happy expression.**

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN EATEN.

AWAY in the wilds of Australia, and in the many islands lying off the coast are still to be found companies of the original inhabitants, called Aborigines. Numbers of them are saved. In one of the lonely islands some young Englishmen unexpectedly found themselves. On hearing the natives name the "Name above every name" (Phil. 2. 9), one of the young men spoke unkindly of Christ and His



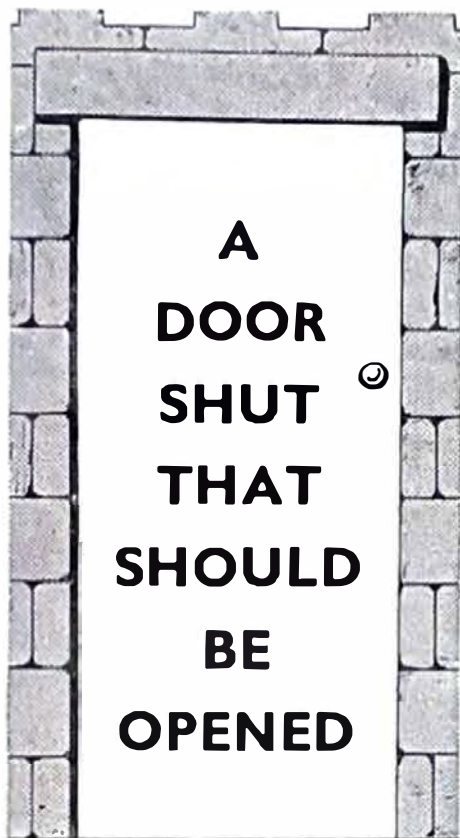
THE POT WHERE HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN COOKED.

Message and ended up with saying: "What difference has Christianity made?" Stirred to his heart, the hitherto cannibal, now saved by grace, replied: "Look at that pot, sir. Had it not been for the Gospel message in all probability you and your com-

panions would ere now have been killed and boiled in that pot, ready for eating."

There are miracles to-day! Miracles in changed lives of boys and girls, men and women, brought about by faith in the Word of God and in the Gift of His only begotten Son who died for sinners. It changes dark skins, it changes white skins, it can change you. (See picture.) P-G.

SEVEN WONDERFUL BIBLE DOORS.



A DOOR could be made of wood, or drawn on card. 7 wordings to suit could be fixed on with pins, and taken off one by one. The main interest in an object lesson is one surprise following another.—ED.

ONE day I went into a garage whose entrance doors were set back some distance from the street. I wondered whether some one would come out and open them, and just as I was thinking about it, the doors opened automatically. I discovered that I had run over a long, narrow plate on entering. This automatically made an electric connection which opened the doors.

Life is often like that. We face seemingly impassible barriers, and then discover that

the doors are opening. The fact is, that our entrance has something to do with it. The moment we start on a difficult task, ways begin to open for its completion. The old proverb is true, "Well begun is half done." Trying to accomplish the task is more than half of its solution. I have sometimes wondered whether the old verse, "Behold, I set before thee a door, opened," might not many times read, "Behold, I set before thee a door opening." *Start in, and the way clears. Move forward, no matter what the difficulty, and a great many trivial and fearsome things will get out of the way.* May we notice a few other doors?

1. **A BLOOD-MARKED DOOR.** The full record is in Exod. 12. A lamb was to be slain. "And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it... And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." God passed over that door; the family passed out into freedom and a new life.

2. **A DOOR SHUT THAT SHOULD BE OPENED.**

Seven Wonderful Bible Doors.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock" (Rev. 3. 20). Sin shuts it; faith should open it and let the waiting Saviour come in.

3. A DOOR ALL MUST ENTER. "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10. 9). We go in to save ourselves, and go out to save others. Christ's sheep have liberty: they are not prisoners.

4. A DOOR BY WHICH CHRIST ENTERS. The door of prophecy and type. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the Shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear His voice: and He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out" (John 10. 1-3).



5. A DOOR OPENED NO MAN CAN SHUT. "I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My word, and hast not denied My Name" (Rev. 3. 9). The door of salvation, and the doors of opportunities; "openings" we fail to enter.

6. A DOOR SHUT NEVER TO BE OPENED. Matt. 25. 10. "And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not." The class of people shut out. Virgins, virgins with lamps, virgins who expected to have entered.

7. A DOOR TO BE KEPT SHUT. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips" (Psa. 141. 3). Both the ingoing and outgoing need watching. Mark Guy Pearce said the mouth was a cave where dwelt a red dwarf, who sometimes shot out poisoned arrows. When there was much talk about Local Option and the shutting of public-houses, some one said:

"There is one little Public House
That every one may close:
And that's the little Public House
Just under your own nose."

W. LUFF.

A CAPABLE NURSE AND A SICK DOLLY.

OUR younger readers will admire this photo, it is so like the real thing. Which of us does not remember youthful days, when we were sick, and were cared for so lovingly by mother or nurse? How glad we were when they were near to soothe the pain, give the word of cheer, and tell of happy days in the future.



Copyright—Fox Photos

SO LIKE THE REAL THING!

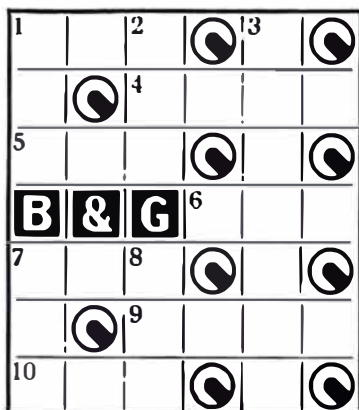
Just such a heart must the Lord Jesus have, for He said: "Suffer *little children* to come unto ME, and forbid them not" (Luke 18. 16). He did not mind how little they were, how dirty, or even how wicked. He wanted them to come to Him to be cleansed from their sins, purified in heart, and made to live happy, useful lives for others. Little ones, come, and come early.

P-L.

SEARCHINGS FROM DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

IN MANY PARTS of the world are found our helpers and searchers, increasing in number as months go by. Are *you* a searcher yet? If not, why not join our happy band.

Children's Cross Words, No. 49, sent by one who is both a helper and searcher: Miss M. Daniel, South Africa.



CLUES. *Across*: 1, Son of Zephaniah (Zech.); 4, Sat on his throne (1 Kings); 5, Tree will not (Isa.); 6, Bread was (Josh); 7, Light to rule by day (Psa.); 9, Disciples did (Mark); 10, Number of horns (Dan.). *Down*: 1, Stayed up Moses' hands (Exod.); 2, Not broken (John); 3, Line of thread (Josh.); 7, Why do we thus (Jer.); 8, His son went to search land (Num.). (Give references).

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORDS, No. 48.

Across. 1, Sea; 3, Mad; 5, See; 6, Toe; 8, Nun; 10, Annas; 11, Ara; 12, Hen; 14, The; 15, Ash; 16, Met. *Down*: 1, Sat; 2, Asenath; 3, Menahem; 4, Dan; 7, Oar; 9, Use; 11, Asa; 13, Net

Original Acrostic, No. 467. Sent by a valued helper in Ireland.



What is it God gives to the faint?
Whom Satan did with sin first taint;
This prodigal resolved to do;
God's *invitation* now to you;
Command God gave Lot to obey.
All may enjoy my *whole* to-day.

T.N.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 466. Samuel, Lois, Adam, Vashti, Esther, Samson, Isaac, Noah, Eve, Goliath, Y, Paul, Thomas=SLAVES IN EGYPT.

Simple Searching for Little Folks, No. 156. Compiled by one of our regular Scottish helpers. Awards:



Number one in Isaac, not in son;
In Abraham and Father is this one;
Three is found in Jacob, subtle man;
Now get fourth in Andrew, if you can;
Fifth in Canaan, and in Jordan deep;
Sixth in Peter, whom a look made weep;
Last in David twice, keeper of sheep.
My whole a brow once *thus* with thorn,
Honour and glory now adorn. A.T.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 155. Mark 4. 39.

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 178, is specially good advice for Bible Searchers, found in Peter. No. 177 was, "Be patient toward all men" (1 Thess. 5. 14).

T I D E N I B L E G

For Solving Puzzle Text, No. 8. Look it up, then write it out in plain words, with reference. Do not forget to state age.

Awards are given monthly for Paintings and Searchbugs, judged by the month they are received, so post before March 31, if in Britain, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to **EDITOR of Boys and Girls, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4, England.**

THE CHILD ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

THE second battle of Ypres was raging fiercely. The onslaught by the enemy had been terrible, and the French having been forced by the fierce bombardment to retire, the British were also compelled to fall back. During the retirement, says the Central News special correspondent, the General in Command, Sir Herbert Plumer, observed a child three years old playing on the battlefield some distance from the British line of retreat. German shells were falling close to the spot, but the child, who had strayed from its parents, was totally ignorant of its danger.

How many of you boys and girls would continue to live in such carelessness if you realised that you were in greater peril than that child; that instead of the danger of German shells you are under the curse with the wrath of God abiding on you (John 3. 36), and that unless you flee to Him for refuge you will be eternally lost?

Immediately the General saw the child he sent an orderly to get it. When it was brought to him, he took it in his arms and questioned it. Afterwards he placed it in his motor car and took it to his headquarters, where it was ascertained that it had strayed from its parents who had been working in a neighbouring field. Despite the danger from the German shells, the little one was safely restored to its parents.

An act of great kindness on the part of the General, you rightly say. But how much greater kindness did our Lord show when, seeing us as sheep having gone astray, and in great peril, He "endured the Cross and despised the shame" (Heb. 12. 2) that He might rescue us?

The child on the battlefield was in danger of shot and shell, and might have come out unharmed. The child who is unsaved is in danger of "the Wrath of God," and shall by no means escape if he neglects "so great Salvation" (Heb. 2. 3).

The eye of the General saw the child, pitied the child, and his command caused the child to be rescued. The eye of the Lord Jesus saw us in our lost estate, His heart pities us, with His blood He purchased us, and now His arm out-stretched to save is offered you. His hand is not shortened that it cannot save. Will you trust Him now?

J.H.B.

HAPPY HARRY AND HIS CAT.

Harry's joyous disposition made him a great favourite in the village, while Jim, his cat, was almost as well known as his master. The story on next page tells how he became so happy.



HARRY AND JIM.

Photo J. H. Burns.

HAPPY HARRY AND HIS CAT.



HENRY BELL was best known as "Happy Harry," because he seemed always happy, and no one ever felt dull in his company. His joyous disposition made him a great favourite in the village. In his games he never took advantage of any of his play-fellows, and would not allow any quarrelling or fighting. Jim, his cat, was almost as well known as his master. Listen to the story of how he became so happy.

There were some services for young people held in the village a few years before, and his mother wanted him to attend them. This he was very unwilling to do, as he preferred to play with his ball on the green. He said to his sister, who went with him, "I shan't listen to a single word the man says." But after they got into the hall, and one or two hymns were sung, he began to think it was not so dull as he expected. And when the preacher gave his address in a loving, earnest, and simple manner, Harry got quite interested and listened very attentively.

But he did not mean to be a Christian for all that, as he was afraid it might make him gloomy. And just as Harry was thinking like this, the preacher said, "Some of you, perhaps, imagine you would be gloomy if you became Christians; but it is Satan who makes you think so, as he does not want to see you happy. Jesus wishes to take away all that makes you unhappy, and to fill your hearts with the joy of Heaven."

On their way home, Henry said to his sister, "Jane, I want to be happy, so I mean to be a Christian to-night. "That is good, Harry. Do you remember what Mr. May said made us happy?" "Having Jesus in our hearts, he said, would fill us with joy and happiness." "But where is Jesus, Harry?" "Standing knocking at the door of my heart." "What, then, have you to do Harry?" "Come to Him, and make Him my own Saviour. And I am going to accept Him to-night."

Ever since that night Henry was a true Christian, and never ashamed to confess he belonged to Jesus. If you feel you should do the same, delay no longer. Settle the matter to-night. None ever regretted that wise step. J.M.

WHO RIDES ON THE WHITE HORSE?

DOES'NT he look proud and happy on the big white horse! I wonder if you can tell me the colour of some horses mentioned in the Bible. Black, red, pale, and *white*. But who rides on the *white* horse? The Lord Jesus, followed by all who have loved and served Him here below. (Read Rev. 6. 2, 5, 6, 7, 8; Rev. 14. 4.)

The great question for each one of us to decide *now* is: Am I prepared to ride in that triumphant throng? P.L.

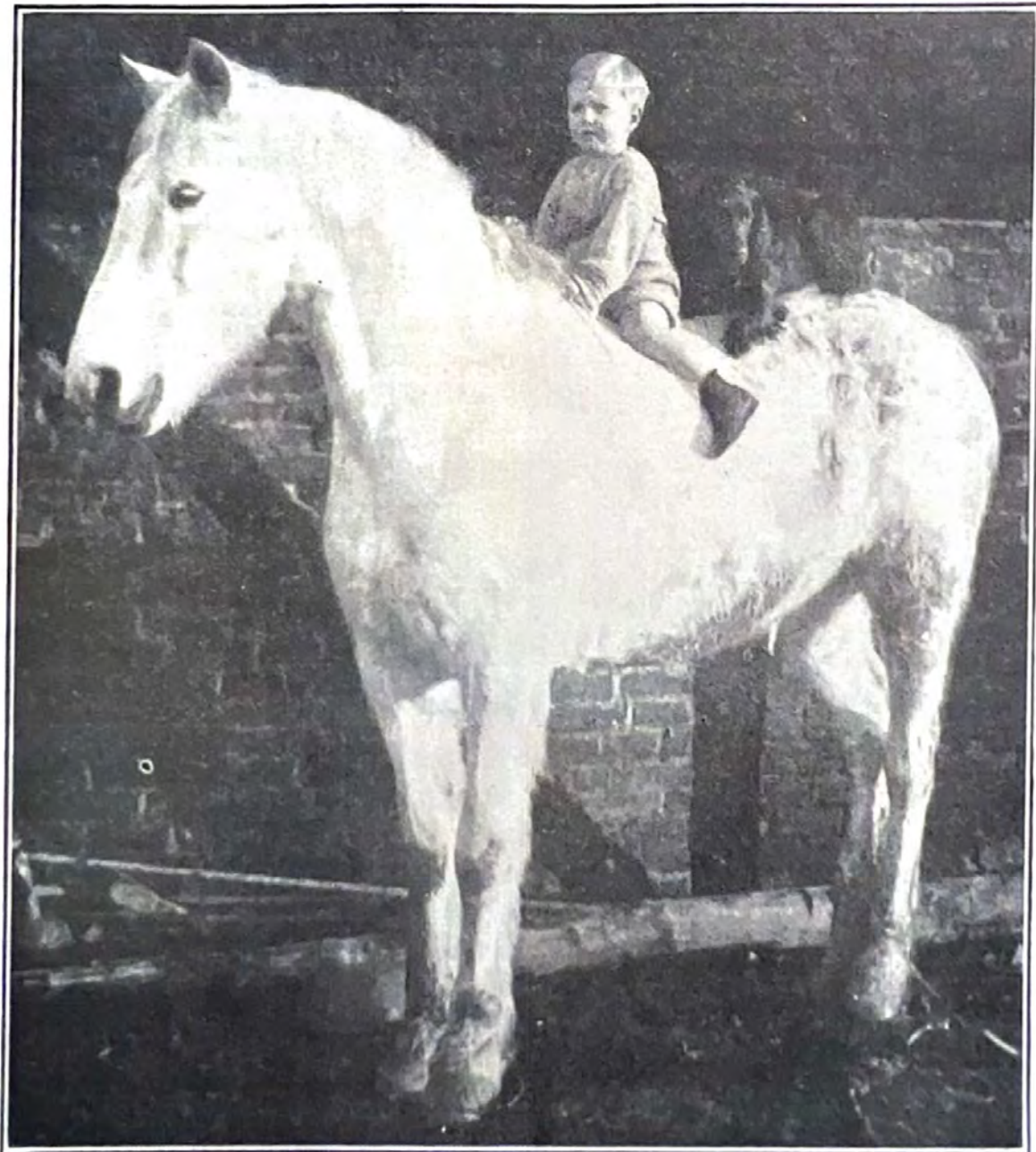
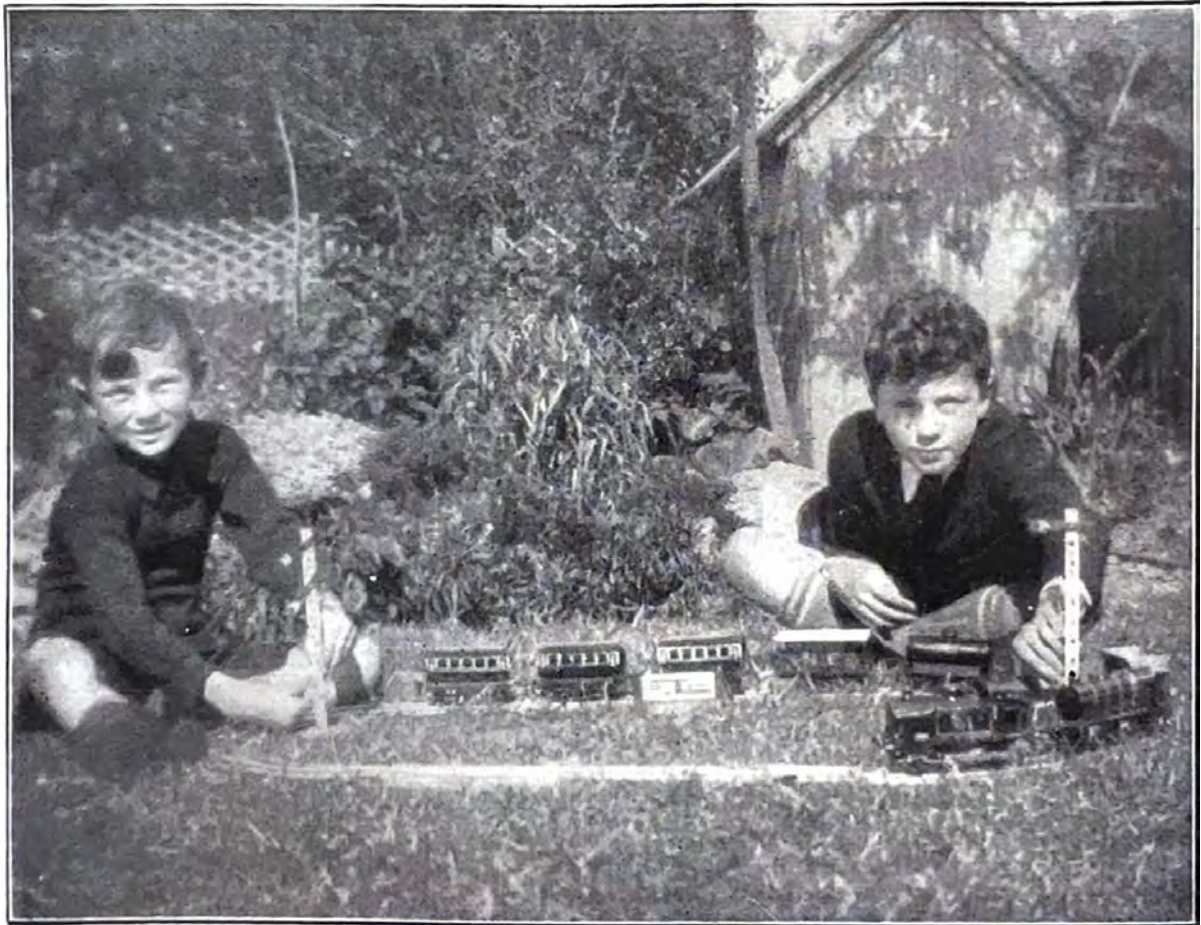


Photo J. H. Stone.

ON THE OLD WHITE HORSE—READY TO START.

THE TWO BOYS AND THE HORNBY TRAIN.

PRESENTS indicate a kindly spirit between donor and receiver. PRESENTS are in endless variety, from the useful personal garment, to the cherished trinket, or oft-read book, and in between all sorts of things for Children of all ages. These two boys have evidently had as a PRESENT that which makes them happy and fills in many pleasant hours—a Hornby Railway, with rails, trains, carriages, signals, and all, that works and lasts for long.



Special B. & G. Photo.

"THEY QUITE ENJOYED THEIR HORNBY TRAIN."

How much do you think they *paid* for it? Why, they don't even know what their kind friend paid for it. Unless, perhaps they have got a catalogue, then the secret is out! But they got it *free*. Can you tell me of a PRESENT of more priceless value? I trust you know and possess it. "The wages of sin is death, but the GIFT of God is Eternal Life" (Rom. 6. 23). If not, take it *now* and be happy. It is as free as the toy train. Will you? P.K.G.

THOMAS DROWRY, the Blind Boy who Could See.

YOUTHFUL MARTYRS.—I. By E. E. ENOCK.

IT was February, in the year 1555. The small but old city of Gloucester was bathed in the bright sunshine which we sometimes get in that early month; and snowdrops and violets were peeping forth, no doubt, then, as they do now.



Birds, chirruping in trees and hedges, were beginning to think where they would build their nests, and here and there the palm willow (catkins, as we call it) could be seen. All around one could see the promise of spring. Not all the sorrow and persecution which went on at this time under the cruel rule of Queen Mary could alter that—spring still came with its resurrection lessons and joys.

There was a great stir in the city of Gloucester. People were going forth of it in crowds, to see something, or some one.

In a dark and dreary dungeon in this same city a boy was sitting. His name was THOMAS DROWRY, and he was about 15 years of age, and had been thrown into prison because he refused to turn Roman Catholic. He sits there in that dreary place, spring in his heart, thinking thoughts which cheer and brighten. He cannot see the reeking walls of his prison, nor the unpleasantness of his surroundings, for he is quite blind.

But his spiritual eyes are looking upon such glories that the things of earth have vanished for the present. He has

How the Gaoler Tried the Boy.



THE DUNGEON DOOR.

been enabled to look upward to Heaven where all is joy and peace, and where the wicked can trouble no more. He proved the truth of those words: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. 4. 17, 18)—and his spiritual eyes were gazing steadfastly at those eternal things.

A key grated in the ponderous lock of his dungeon door, and the gaoler entered. "Hah! boy! I've come to release thee, but unless that tongue of thine refrains from its unwisdom, I shall soon be having thee under lock and key again."

"So be it, for I will not deny my Lord, God helping me," answered the boy with a smile, as he rose to his feet with difficulty.

The man looked at him in surprise. This hardihood in one so young, so afflicted, amazed him, and sometimes he wondered whence the courage and endurance came.

Out in the open, and the sweet fresh air, THOMAS DROWRY found one waiting for him with news. BISHOP HOOPER was on his way to Gloucester City, condemned to be burnt there. All along the road for a mile outside the walls, people had gone to meet him, and cheer his progress, for he was much beloved.

THOMAS DROWRY soon found himself among the great concourse of those which had gathered to welcome that devoted man who, in two days' time, was to suffer martyrdom. This was Feb. 7th, 1555.

"I must seem him to-morrow," Thomas Drowry said to his companion. "Where lodgeth he? Dost know?" "At Ingram's house. But there will be guards who will not permit thee to have speech with him. Moreover, to be friends with the bishop is to incur the displeasure of his judges."

"Nevertheless, I must try," replied the blind boy; and there was no indecision in his tones.

Next day, according to his resolve, he groped his way

Dark Days of the Past in England.

to the house, and, "after long intercession made to the guard, obtained licence to speak with Master Hooper." The meeting was a comfort to both. The condemned man spoke to Thomas of the faith which sustained them, and when he had asked him the cause of his imprisonment, bade him be of good courage, and he strengthened in that faith.

Looking steadfastly upon the blind boy, who, though he could not see him, was conscious of his gaze, and even



Photo D. McCulloch.

HAPPY CHILDREN TO-DAY IN CONTRAST TO THE DAYS OF THOS. DROWRY.

of the tears which stood in his eyes, the bishop said: "Ah, poor boy! God hath taken from thee thy natural sight, for what reason He best knoweth, but He hath given thee another sight more precious, for He hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and of faith."

THOMAS DROWRY told him that this was indeed the case, and that he had been enabled in his dark dungeon to see something of the bliss and joy they would have in the presence of their Lord. And the man who was to suffer long and cruel torture in the flames on the morrow (his

How Thomas Defied the Chancellor.

was the longest and most cruel torturings of those who were burnt) felt his own courage and faith increased by the simple confession.

And so they parted, not to exchange any words again on earth, but we may be sure that in the Heavenly Home—all rough and stormy days passed—they would tell each other much.

THOMAS DROWRY was soon thrown into prison again, where he waited long weeks the pleasure of the Chancellor, Dr. Williams, to summon him to trial. Dr. Williams was not quite a stranger to Thomas. The boy had often heard him preach, for the Chancellor was in office during the reign of Edward VI at "the Cathedral of Gloucester."

In the consistory then of this Church, THOMAS DROWRY was at last brought before Dr. Williams, and Thomas Taylor, the Registrar.

Dr. Williams put the usual question: "Dost thou believe that after the words of consecration spoken by the priest, there remaineth *the very real body of Christ* in the sacrament of the altar?"

THOMAS DROWRY knew that the bread is taken only in *remembrance* of the Lord's death—that it remained *bread*, and was not a thing to be worshipped, and he said so.

Dr. Williams asked him who had taught him that. "You, Master Chancellor. You preached there—turning in the direction of the pulpit—You said that the sacrament was to be received spiritually by faith, and not carnally as the Papists have heretofore taught."

This was awkward for the Chancellor. It showed so clearly that for convenience' sake he could preach one thing in Edward's reign (Thomas had named the day of that sermon) and another in Queen Mary's.

He looked angrily for a moment at the daring boy, then said: "Well, do as I have done and thou shalt live as I do, and escape burning."

"Though you can dispense yourself, and mock with God and your conscience, yet will I not so do," Thomas answered.

The enraged and convicted Chancellor then read the sentence of condemnation against the boy, in spite of the Registrar's protest that someone else should do it. Thomas Drowry was taken back to his dungeon till May 5th, when

A Boy and a Man Burnt Together.

he was led to the place of execution in Gloucester, with a bricklayer, THOMAS CROKER, "condemned also for the like testimony of the truth, where, both together in one fire, they most constantly and joyfully yielded their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus."

After that fire THOMAS DROWRY's eyes were opened on



THE MARTYRDOM OF BISHOP HOOPER.

What the Blind Boy Saw in Glory.



A TYPICAL BIT OF COUNTRY NEAR GLOUCESTER.

the glories of Heaven indeed! He found, as he had believed, that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us!"

"THAT'S THE MAN FOR ME."

A CHRISTIAN gentleman sat in an out-bound train from the City. Into the compartment in which he was a mill girl entered, singing a popular song, the words of which were all about a man, the song describing the character the man must be—he must be kind, he must be handsome, he must be rich, he must be loving, etc., every verse ending with the words, "*And that's the man for me.*"

The Christian listened until she had finished, and then asked: "Well, have you found that man yet," to which she replied, "No, I'm afraid they're few and far between."

The gentleman then remarked: "I know a Man who answers in every respect to what you have been singing about. I was speaking to Him this morning, and moreover, He has an interest in you; in fact He loves you."

"That's the Man for Me."

"Loves me?" she inquired. "Yes, loves you."

Her curiosity being aroused, she asked: "Well, what's his name?" "His Name is Jesus," replied the Christian, to which nothing more was said, the girl sitting quietly till the end of her journey, which was one stop before the Christian's. When the train came to a stop, she arose and went out. As she was closing the door she gently said, "*And that's the Man for me.*"

Permit me to tell *you* of "a Man" (see Isa. 32. 2) who has an interest in *you*; in fact He loves *you*. He loved *you* so much as to die on Calvary's Cross in order to purchase and procure both Salvation and Forgiveness of sins for *you*. Listen to the words concerning Him: "Be it known unto you . . . that through this Man is preached unto *you* the forgiveness of sins" (Acts 13. 38). You need forgiveness because by birth (Psa. 51. 5) and practice (Isa. 53. 6) you are a sinner. If you die unforgiven, your eternal portion will be outside Heaven's glory (Rev. 20. 15). Take the Man Christ Jesus, and take Him now. S.L.



AN OUTWARD-BOUND TRAIN FROM LONDON.

THE ONLY REAL FREE GIFT.

A lesson which can be given with a book as shown, with ribbons or leaves with 3 points noted thereon. Or a Bible could be shown and points noted on cards or blackboard. Make lesson attractive to sight and develop little by little.



"FREE" is a common word seen in the advertisements of the daily newspapers. But when you read the details, you find you have to get so many coupons, and send in, or to buy a 1/ bottle of something to get a "free sample" along with it, and so on; at least, you have to send so many stamps "for packing," then you get what is termed a "free gift." Who will read of a "real free gift?" The

first to turn up Romans 6. 23 stand up and read it. A boy first, a girl next. Now listen to the Superintendent reading from the Revised Version: "For the wages of sin is death, but the **free gift** of God is Eternal Life." As time is short to-day, let me point out 3 things about this Gift.

1. It is **FREELY PROVIDED**. God has loved sinners, Christ has died for sinners, as with the Gospel Feast, so with the "free gift"—"all things are **ready**" (Matt. 22. 4). No one is asked to pray, to mourn, to weep, to pay, or to *do* anything. Jesus on the Cross cried, "It is **finished**" (John 19. 30). Did you ever hear of any one invited to a wedding feast having to pay? All is provided, all is *free*. So with the Great Wedding Feast of Matthew 22. "Bad and good" alike are welcome, and salvation is *free* to all.

2. It **MUST BE ACCEPTED**. When a "free gift" is advertised in the press, you can send for it or not as you choose. But when a friend makes a definite offer of a gift you are bound to accept it or to decline the gift. So with this great "**free gift**" from God: you can not be neutral, you *must* make your choice, to accept or reject.

3. One act **FIXES THE CHOICE**. Gifts are not usually offered twice. If you **accept**, then the gift is yours, for time and for Eternity. None can take it from you. If you **reject**, is it likely that the gracious spirit

A Free Gift for Big and Little Children.

will plead again, or the Saviour offer the "free gift" once more. "Some believed" and "some disbelieved" is in the last chapter of Acts (chap. 28. 25), and the hearers are left there. So will most lives end. "Believe," "accept," and be in Heaven for ever with Christ. "Disbelieve," "reject," and be shut out with the foolish virgins, and hear the Voice say, "I know you not" (Matt. 25. 12). Oh, hasten to Christ now, accept the "free gift," and have life now and life for evermore. HYP.



Fox Photos.

ARE THERE 7 OR 8? COULD YOU HELP LOVING THESE CHILDREN?

JESUS LOVES LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto ME, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" (Mark 10. 14).

JESUS loves little children,
Wherever they live,
If they trust Him as Saviour
He will gladly forgive.

Jesus loves little children,
And for them He died.
Do you wonder He calls them
To come now to His side?

Jesus loves little children,
He delights to bless,
And to hold to His bosom
With a tender caress.

Jesus loves little children,
Oh, taste now and see
How sweet and how wonderful
Is His great love for thee!

R. G. MOWAT

SEARCHINGS FROM NORTH AND SOUTH.

SPRING DAYS should be here, tending to more out-of-door recreation, but let not our "regulars" forget their "all-the-year" searchings; while others may wish to start now in this profitable exercise.

Varied Searching, No. 231, is style we have used on several previous occasions. Supplied by a helper in Scotland. Awards monthly and yearly.

I AM A WORD OF 12 LETTERS.

- 3, 9, 11, 5, 2 Joseph laid by *thus* for famine sore.
 9, 4, 6, 12 God still says *this* as He did before.
 5, 2, 3, 9 To God's people there remaineth *one*.
 3, 7, 12, 9 By King Herod *this*, we read, was done.
 8, 11, 10, 12 In a fish's mouth 'twas got, we're told.
 12, 4, 6, 3, 2 *One* let fall a royal babe of old.

When Paul of *whole* did the truth make plain,
 Some said, Of this we will hear again. A.T.

ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING, No. 230. Pots (Exod. 38. 3); Obil (1 Chron. 27. 30); Time (Eccles. 3. 3); Slew (1 Sam. 17. 50).

Original Acrostic, No. 468, from a valued helper in Devon.
 My first and second—*their* "craft" was the same.



Next, "*spiritual son*" of first will name.
 My fourth a *prophet* was, of O.T. fame.
 Next *scribe*, unto Jerusalem he came.
 My sixth, a *woman* was, kinsman had she.
 My *seventh* came to save both you and me.
 My eighth and last to find now search once more,

To give the name of *one* who kept the door.
 Initials when in order given above
 Will surely show *that* which we "have need of." M.E.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 467. Power, Eve, Arise, Come, Escape=PEACE (Rom. 5. 1).

Simple Searching, No. 157, for Little Folks, is rather a new style:

**I KNOW ALL THE FOWLS OF THE MOUNTAINS
 AND THE WILD BEASTS OF THE FIELD ARE MINE.**

Find this verse in Psalm 50, then find 3 other words in the verse. All found in later Psalms.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 156. CROWNED (Matt. 27. 29; Heb. 2. 9).

A Searching on Walking.

To answer this let diligence abound,
 How many "walks" are in Ephesians found? w.w.

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 179, is found in an early Psalm, and in it David sets a good example. No. 178 was "Be Diligent" (2 Peter 3. 14).

A P N H W W F I R I E I R I Y L L H T S O



WHO WAS HE?

My first is in
beast, but it
isn't in bird,
My second's
in shaken,
but 'tisn't
in stirred.

My third is in
market, but 'tisn't
in shop,

My fourth is in bottom,
but 'tisn't in top.

My whole is the name of a
very bad King,
Who sorrow and sadness
to Israel did bring.

H.G.C.
Marsh
Lambert

Artistic Acrostics, No. 2. "A VERY BAD KING." A series of entirely new drawings by a famous artist, H. G. C. MARSH-LAMBERT, only given here. For Colouring the text and picture. Use any material you have, paints, crayons, inks, etc.

For Solving Bible Acrostic, No. 2. Give name and reference.

Awards are given monthly for both above, according to age and quality of work, judged by the month they are received, so post before end of this month, if in *Britain*, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to Editor of "Boys and Girls," 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. Please say if you wish to enter for yearly competition. Get your companions to join in.

FREEDOM FOR THE CAPTIVE.

WALKING down the Temple Gardens a short time since, I came across a crowd of people looking into one of the trees that are planted there, on one of the branches of which was a little bird, hanging by its legs to a twig, a helpless prisoner.

A sympathising crowd had gathered round and were trying to devise means for its rescue. The bird had in some way got a small piece of cotton entangled in its claws, and in flying over the tree it caught in one of the branches and held it tight. As soon as it found it was caught it tried to release itself, but in the very effort had wound itself round the twig until the cotton was twisted so tightly that, helpless and panting, there the poor bird hung by its leg. Several plans for its rescue were tried, but failed. A passing van driver stopped his horse as close as he could to the tree, and tried to break off the twig with the end of his whip, but he did not succeed. At last a lady present, from pity and compassion for the poor bird, offered a boy a shilling if he would climb up the tree, release the bird, and bring it to her. With but little persuasion up he went, brought it down, and handed it to the lady, who, after extracting the cotton from its claws, opened her hand, and away it flew, chirping its thanks.

What a beautiful illustration of the way in which God in His mercy rescued man from the bondage of sin. God made man innocent and free, but how soon he lost his freedom, deliberately broke God's holy law, became entangled in sin, and consequently placed himself under the bondage of its author, Satan. Thus he lost his freedom for ever. He tried to release himself, but in vain. Crowds of witnesses in Heaven looked on in wonder and pity for man in his lost estate, and wondered how it was possible that he could be rescued. They could not do it. But when no one could answer the question, Who will redeem and rescue man? then the dear, loving Son of God cried in tones of wondrous love and mercy, "Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of Me, *I* delight to do Thy will, O my God" (Psa. 40. 7, 8). Yes, down He came to this sin-blighted earth in order that He might save poor sinners, whose liberty was purchased with no less a price than "*the precious blood of Christ.*" The most precious gift that God could give.

HOW THE STOCKINGS WERE FOUND.

When you were reading this morning and talking about telling
Jesus, I thought I'd tell him about my stocking; so
asked Him to let me find it.



BLUEBELL TIME.

Copyright—Fox Photos.

HOW THE STOCKINGS WERE FOUND.

LITTLE Jessie was as fond of fun, of visiting the blue-bell woods, of skipping, and other games as any other girl. To-day she is in trouble, and tears are in her blue eyes as she tells her teacher her grief. "Miss A., I've lost the stocking I finished, and now the other is no use, and I was to have taken them to grandmother on Saturday," and her little face was hidden in her apron, for it was a real trouble to the little girl. She meant to surprise her kind grandmother with a gift of her own making. Many hours had the busy little fingers worked, and now when the last stocking is almost finished, she finds she has lost the first. Her kind teacher pitied her, and she went to help her in the search, but no stocking could be found, and poor Jessie had another cry over it, taking home a heavy heart and a sad face, and bringing both back next morning.

The Bible reading that morning was about John the Baptist, and how his friends buried his body and "went and told Jesus." At recess most scholars went out to play, when little Jessie again stood before the teacher, her face all smiles. "O! Miss A., I've found my stocking." "That is good news, dear, how did you find it?" "When you were reading this morning and talking about telling Jesus, I thought I'd tell Him about my stocking; so asked Him to let me find it. Then I went to search over again, and in the first desk I looked into, Miss A., I found it."

"I'm glad you told Jesus; 'tis the best thing to do." "And wasn't it kind of Him to let me find it so soon?" "It was, Jessie; you see He knew you had been grieving over your trouble all yesterday, and He was glad to lift the burden from your weary little heart, and make you happy again."

"I did not know if I might ask Him about things like that, but now I shall not be afraid to another time," and the happy little girl went to tell the good news. Have you learnt Jessie's lesson yet? Make Him your Saviour now, and then you can tell Him all your cares and troubles, and He will help. C.M.C.



THE LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER.

THE boys were enjoying themselves playing with their favourite dog Rover, when one of them received a letter from his mother. When Horace received it, he read a few lines and then threw it down, exclaiming, "Oh, it is only another of these *preaching letters* from my mother: "I don't want to read it."

Charlie picked it up and said: "I wish I had a mother to write letters to me, but she is dead; would you mind me reading *your* mother's letter?"



Photo J. D. Stone.

THE TWO BOYS AND THEIR FAVOURITE ROVER.

"You are quite welcome to it, Charlie." So Charlie took it away, and read it carefully, and it was the means of leading him to decide for Christ.

Then he went and thanked Horace warmly, and spoke earnestly to him about becoming a Christian, too, but could only get for answer, "Don't bother, it's *too soon!*"

Many a time in the months and years that followed, both at school and at Cambridge, did Charlie plead with his friend, but it was always "*Too soon! Too soon!*"

The Two Boys and Mother's Letter.

Years passed away, and Charlie had lost sight of his friend, when, in going to stay the night at an hotel on the Continent, the landlord, seeing he was a preacher, asked him to see a dying man who was there, and took him up to the sick man's room. As soon as he entered the dying man turned away his face to the wall, and groaned out, "*It is too late! It is too late!*"

The Christian spoke to him of the love of God, and the redeeming work of Christ, but was interrupted by the awful cry, "*It is too late!*" He knelt to pray, but while he prayed the poor dying man passed away. What was his distress to find that the name was Horace Green, his schoolfellow of former days.

See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh to each reader once again through this solemn story; make a wise choice *now*, for "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). J.S.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

BEGIN the day with God, kneel down to Him in prayer,
Lift up thy heart to His abode and seek His love to share;
Open the Book of God, and read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts and sweeten all thy care;
Go through the day with God, whate'er thy work may be,
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad, He still is near to thee;
Converse in mind with God, thy Spirit heavenward raise,
Acknowledge every good bestowed, and offer grateful praise;
Conclude the day with God, thy sins to Him confess,
Trust in the Lord's atoning Blood, and plead His righteousness.

"In peace let me resign my breath, and Thy Salvation see,
My sins deserve eternal death, but Jesus died for ME;
O Lord, to Thy dear self I fly, to save myself no more
I'll try,
For Thou hast done the work for me, now Lord I trust
myself to Thee."

N-B.

PRISCILLA LIVINGSTONE STEWART

Mrs. Studd, wife of C. T. Studd, at one time a
Famous Cricketer.

CLEVER GIRLS.—No. X. By J. A. W. HAMILTON.



"**N**O! I am not going to have my face as long as a fiddle for anyone." So declared PRISCILLA LIVINGSTONE STEWART. She was a merry-hearted Irish girl, and loved fun and all sorts of sports, and although many of her dearest friends had been "converted," she determined she would never be.

Miss STEWART was born in the North of Ireland, on August, 28th, 1864. Two of her uncles had been converted in the Revival of 1859, and when staying at the house of one of these uncles, she often met evangelists. She was only a child then, and she and other children were sent to a room they called "The Den," while the meetings were being held in the drawing-room downstairs. There they played "lions and tigers" and "ghosts" to their hearts' content, their screams often disturbing the meetings being held.

One of these evangelists used to find his way into the "Den." There he would gather the children around the blazing fire, and say: "My dear children, I want to talk to you all," and end with: "Now, Miss Scilla, you can give your heart to the Lord Jesus now." But such a thing was very far from the little girl's thoughts; and afterwards, when she expected him to pay a visit to the "Den," she arranged with the other children to say "Yes," when they ought to say "No," and "No" when they ought to say "Yes."

Later, she met a man who was going out to Africa as a missionary. She says: "One day he thought he would tackle me about my soul. I turned round and said: 'I would like to know why it is you have talked to my sisters and never talked to me?' He replied, '*I thought you were too bad.*' I was only sixteen, and if I was that at sixteen, you can imagine what I was at eighteen. I found myself becoming a scoffer and a mocker."

Soon after this Priscilla went to stay with a lady, who

Miss Stewart's Wonderful Dream.

had been warned not to speak to Miss Stewart about religion. One evening, however, she persuaded her to attend a religious meeting. Here she was most miserable, but was very glad to get back without being spoken to. On her return she read a pamphlet which she had found on her table. It described a dream or vision the writer had of a shipwreck—people in the water stretching out their hands for help, and some on the rocks. The leaflet ended with a solemn warning of the sudden fate about to overtake the unsaved.

This she disregarded, and shortly afterwards went with some cousins to a ball. She says in "Her Personal testimony:" "I got home early in the morning, and when I was asleep I had a dream. I dreamt that I was with a number of young people at a tennis party. While we were playing, suddenly *the Lord Jesus appeared amongst us*, and singled me out of all of them and said: 'Depart from Me, for I never knew you' (Matt. 7. 23). I looked round for my companions, saying, 'Never mind, we will all go to Hell together,' but they had all disappeared. I was alone, and then I had the most awful vision of Hell that I could not describe."

The vision made a deep impression on her, and the words: "Depart from Me, for I never knew you," haunted her. Still she eluded the seeking Saviour, so determined was she to have nothing to do with religion.

Some time later at her aunt's house there was a party of young people, and some of them began telling of strange things that had happened to them, and saying that visions were from God. When her turn came she told about the dance and the awful dream after it, and when she came to the part where she was taken to Hell, she thought: "Oh! now I am in for a goody-goody talk," and burst out laughing, exclaiming: "Of course it was the result of something I ate;" but her aunt said: "If anybody has had a warning from God you have in that dream. Give your heart to the Lord Jesus *at once*."

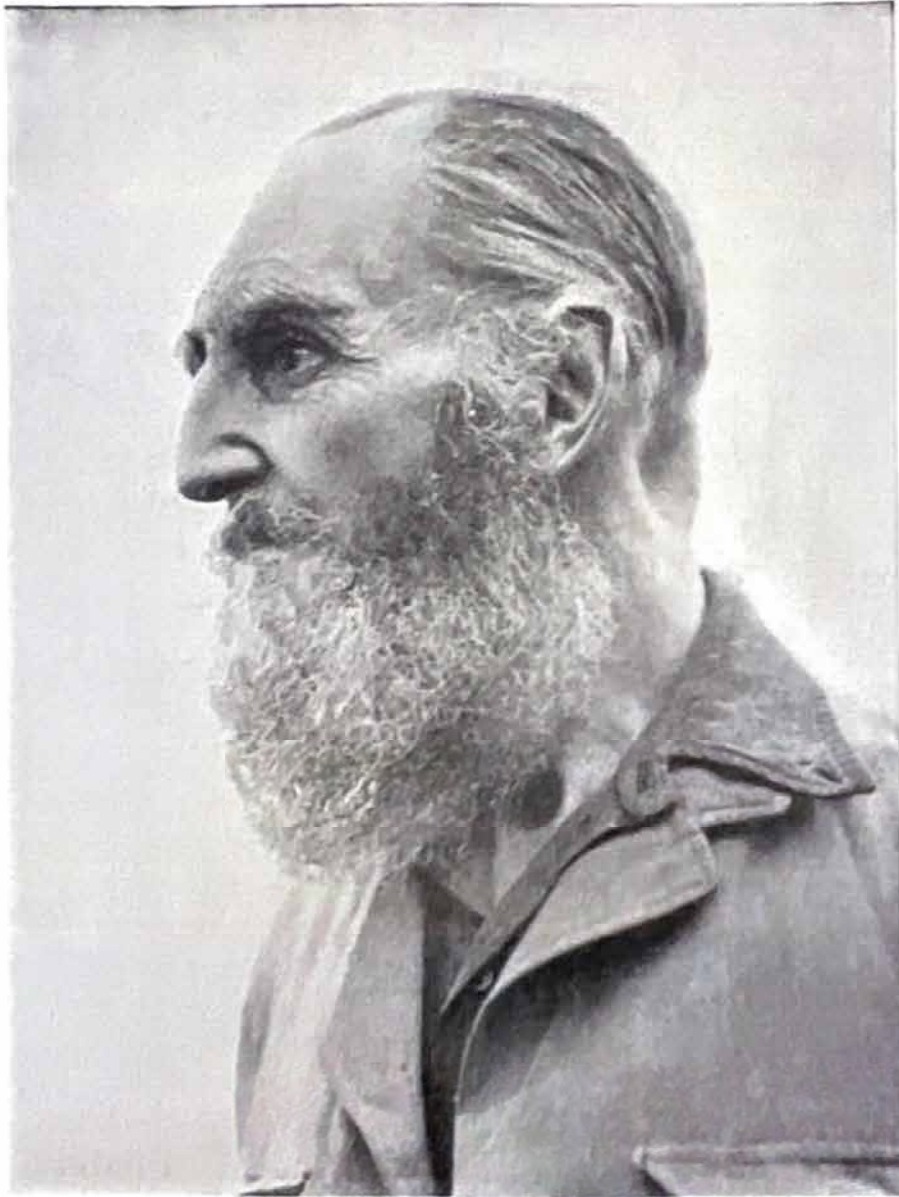


Impelled by some strange power, she

Have you Ever had such a Vision?

found herself at the other end of that long room. As she knelt there she determined to decide for God that very night. Satan was very near, and whispered, "What are you doing here? Three months ago you said you would never go that way." "I am

"They that go forth weeping, bearing Precious Seed,



shall doubtless come again with joy . . . and sheaves."

CHARLES T. STUDD, HUSBAND OF PRISCILLA STUDD.

afraid of Hell," she said, and the power of evil disappeared. Another voice said: "Child, what is it you want?" I said, "I would give anything to get to God, but I cannot." Then she had "the most wonderful vision of Calvary's Cross and the human form of Jesus Christ

Four Ladies at a Station in China.



BROTHER OF C. T. STUDD,
RECENTLY LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

nailed upon the Cross." "I saw the nails driven there by *me*, and the crown of thorns pressed upon that brow, and the Blood flowing down. . . . It did not stop there, for He gave *me* the personal word: 'With My stripes you are healed' (Isa. 53. 5). The vision of the Cross disappeared, and I rose from my knees, and that lady came forward and said, 'Whatever have you seen? What is it to be?' I looked at the clock and saw it was two hours I had been there, and I said, 'You have not come to help me all that time!' She said, 'What have you seen?' I said, '*I have*

seen Christ on Calvary, and henceforth He will be my Lord and my God.'"

Priscilla told everybody about the change that had taken place in her heart and life. Her own relations said, "Why, she was the blackest of black sheep; if she is converted there is hope for anybody." Soon her old companions drew themselves away from her, her fearless testimony and daring witness were too much for them. Before eighteen months had passed she was training to become a missionary in China.

PRISCILLA STEWART arrived in China in 1887. At the mission station there were three other ladies, a Norwegian, a Swede, and an Englishwoman. They longed to get the Gospel message into every house; but no woman was allowed to walk in the streets unattended. Finding that their style of dress was a hindrance to them, they had clothes made like the Chinese women. Still they had difficulties, for the natives said they had faces of women, but the feet of men, and had come to decoy away their women. They also said they painted their faces, because they had such good colour. They could do nothing but pray for a way to reach those people,

The Haunted House and the Foreign Devils.

While she was in China she met the man to whom she was married, Charles T. Studd, the one-time famous cricketer, the now famous missionary. After the wedding, the only house they could get to live in was a supposed haunted one. No one else would live in it, but evidently it was the right place for "foreign devils," as they were called. The missionaries were blamed for everything that went wrong, and during the riots their lives were in



The Heroine of the Story.

MRS. STUDD NOT LONG BEFORE SHE DIED.

Founding of "The Heart of Africa" Mission

great danger. The people came in large numbers to see them, but for five years they never went outside their doors without a volley of curses from their neighbours. When their first little girl was born, they forgot their loneliness and isolation. They called her Grace. Altogether they lived in this city of Lungau Fu seven years. They erected a hall and dispensary, and hundreds of patients came to them.

In the year 1894, Mr. Studd's health was so broken, that he and his wife and four little girls returned to England. Mr. Studd fully intended to return to China, but neither his health nor his wife's would permit it. After some years of evangelistic and deputation work, Mr. Studd decided to try the climate of India. Here Mrs. Studd joined him in 1900, and continued her whole-hearted work there for her Master. In 1908 the call came for Mr. Studd to go to Africa. Mrs. Studd was forced to stay at home for health reasons. At the end of the year 1912 the "Heart of Africa Mission" was founded by the Studds. A missionary training colony was started at home, and consisted of army huts; so that the conditions might be as much like those on the actual mission field as possible. It was designed to test and train men for the pioneer fields.

In the summer the whole colony went on "trek," preaching in the towns through which they passed, and looking to the Lord alone for supplies. During all these years Mrs. Studd was living the most strenuous life. She bore the burden of the home work, assisted by two of her daughters. She became the Mission's chief deputation secretary, and visited Canada, Australia,



The Worker Gone—the Work Goes On.

New Zealand, Tasmania, South Africa, and lastly Spain, in its interests.

She wrote her last message to the men at the Hostel on January 10th, 1929, from Malaga, Spain. She was taken ill almost immediately afterwards, and passed away to be with Jesus on Jan. 15, and was buried in the cemetery at Malaga. Thus ended the life of a remarkable woman.

Yet the noble work she and her husband began is still going on, with the same object in view, to reach the untouched regions of the world with the good news of free salvation.



A TYPICAL GROUP OF YOUNG FOLKS IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

WHAT THE SAILOR SAID.

A YOUNG sailor once rose and said: "In a thunder-storm, far at sea, I was struck by the lightning and taken up for dead. As they were carrying me along the deck, I heard the mate say, 'Poor fellow; he is gone.' I was conscious, and knew all that was said and done. I said to myself, 'Where will I go to?' In a moment it seemed as if all the acts of my wicked life passed in review before me. It was an awful sight. I thought I was *lost for ever*. They revived me; but I had been too near eternity to be any longer indifferent. I fled for refuge to Christ. That was five years ago. I have stood up for Jesus ever since, both on land and sea.

T.P.

GOD'S LAMB.

"**H**ERE, father, is the wood and fire,"
The youthful Isaac cries,
"But where, my well-beloved sire,
The *lamb* to sacrifice?"

What anguish to that father's heart
Young Isaac's question brings!
Yet from his stern and noble lips
The answer clearly rings.

"God will provide Himself a Lamb,"
He says, and on they pace,
Till on the mountain-top they pause
In God-directed place.

Stone after stone in silence placed,
Their task is quickly done,
Then on the wood, in order laid,
The father binds—his son!

High in the air the bright knife gleams,
Near hovering o'er his heart,
One instant more and that fair form
With its young life must part!

Alas, this fair, obedient boy,
Is *he* the sacrifice!

God sees the altar, sees the knife,
And Isaac as he lies.

God sees it all!—the act of faith—
Isaac and Abraham—

The faith which blindly God obeyed,
And finds HIMSELF a lamb.

Hark! 'tis a Voice that calls from Heaven,
And stays the father's arm,

"Lay not thine hand upon the lad,
Stay! do thy son no harm."

"For now I *know* thou fearest God,
Thou hast not kept thy son,
Thine *only* son, whom thou dost love,
From Me, My will hast done."

"And, lo! in yonder thicket sec
A ram caught by his horns;"
How gladly Abraham seeks the ram,
And frees him from the thorns.



GOD IS
LOVE

'The Lamb of God—The Child and the Sheep.

With what a glad and thankful heart
The ram is forward led;
The lad unbound, his substitute
Is offered up instead.
So we were doomed, as Isaac was,
To die because of sin,
And judgment hung above our heads
As death hung over him.



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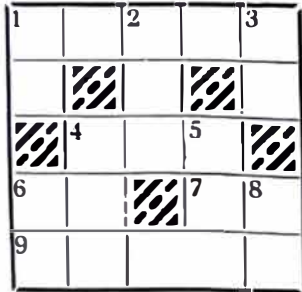
A LITTLE CHILD'S IDEA OF WASHING A SHEEP.

But God, who loved us, gave *His Son*
To be—"The Lamb of God!"
And there on Calvary's Cross He died,
And bore our sin's dark load.
And now, unbound, *we* may go free,
Have pardon if we choose!
Praise God, who gave us liberty,
And spread the Glad Good News!
"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." J.A.W.H.

A NOVEL CROSS WORD SEARCHING.

THE MERRY MONTH of May should put new energy into all our young friends, and consequently add zest to their studies, either in duty or pleasure

Children's Cross Words, No. 50, supplied by Miss B. Hamer, is rather a new form this month. Instead of searching for usual solutions, find the Psalms, beginning with the following words, then insert *number* of Psalm in *Roman numerals*.



CLUES. *Across*: 1, Praise ye the Lord; 4, Deliver me from; 6, The Lord hear thee; 7, Oh, Lord rebuke; 9, O, praise the Lord. *Down*: 1, I will sing of mercy; 2, Why boasteth thou; 3, Lord, who shall abide; 4, Make haste, O God; 5, Preserve me; 6, Lord, Thou hast been; 8, Why do the heathen?

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORDS, No. 49. *Across*: 1, Hen; 4, Each; 5, Rot; 6, Dry; 7, Sun; 9, Used; 10, Ten. *Down*: 1, Hur; 2, Net; 3, Scarlet; 7, Sit; 8, Nun.

Original Acrostic, No. 469, comes from a helper in Canada. Awards monthly and yearly.



The first a *man* whose daughter died,
About twelve years was she;
And now a *queen* who risked her life
To set her people free;
Third, *mother* of Isaac so glad,
Long-looked-for son and heir;
Fourth, *kind* of people Christ doth save—
In Romans 5. it's there;
Last is the best—it's *what* one gets
By resting on what's done;

The five will spell a *name* of Christ, God's well-beloved Son. H.H.S.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 468. Paul, Aquila (Acts 18. 1-3); Timothy (1 Tim. 1. 2); Isaiah (2 Kings 19. 2); Ezra (Ezra 7. 8); Naomi (Ruth 2. 1); Christ (1 Tim. 1. 15); Elkanah (1 Chron. 15. 23) = **PATIENCE** (Heb. 10. 36).

Simple Searching for Little Folks, No. 158. Awards monthly.



Find first in Wolf, with eye so keen;
Seek two in Horse, with kindly mien;
Three is in Rabbit, fluffy and soft;
Four is in Sheep, we see them oft.
Fifth in a Panther stealing round;
And six is in a Reindeer found.

Whole, what we may be to each other,
One sticketh closer than a brother.

A.T.

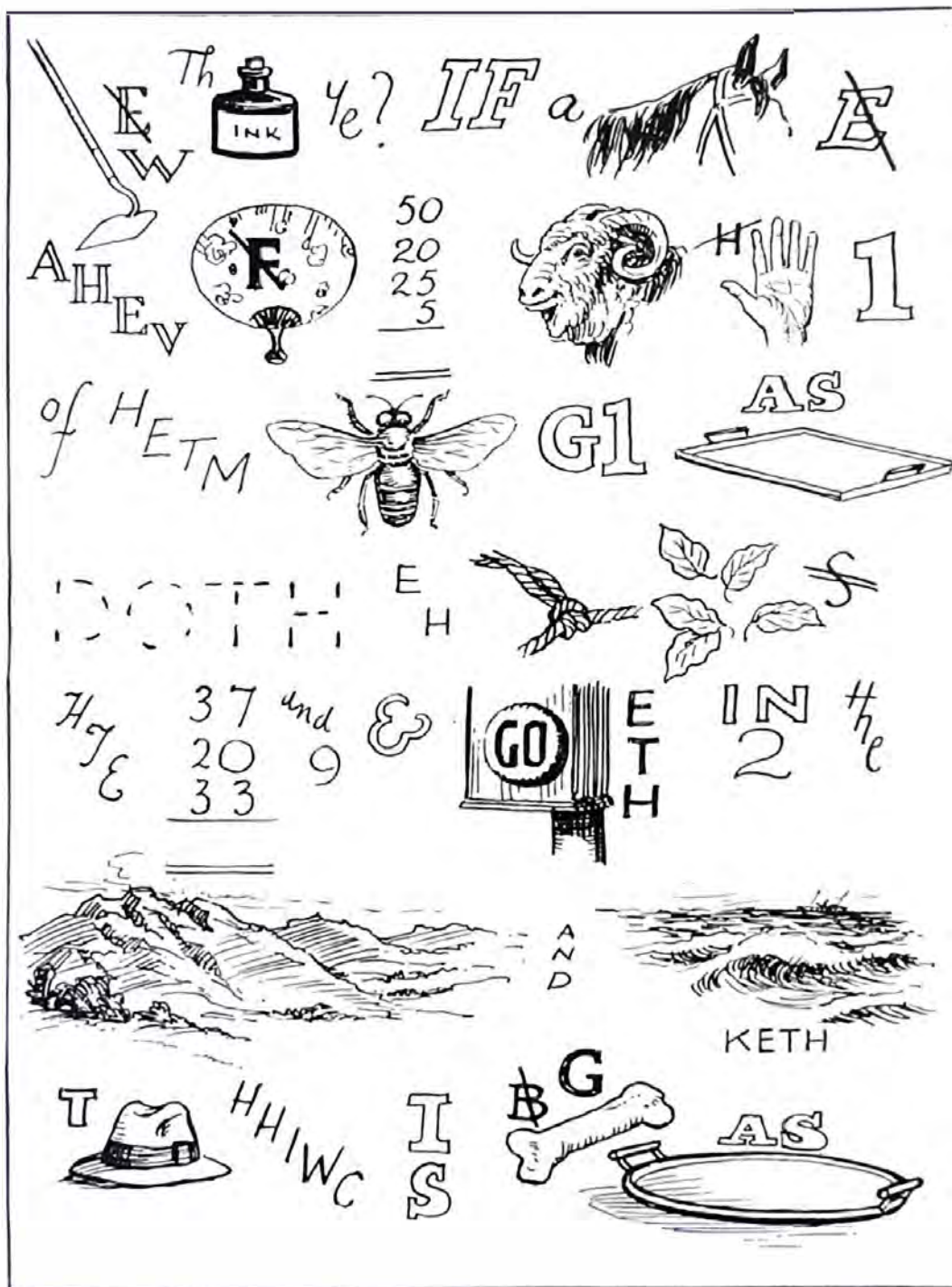
ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 157. Psalms 50. 11; Wall, (Psalms 62. 3); Soft (Psalms 65. 10); Sand (Psalms 78. 27).

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 180, is found in Proverbs. Those

Y E M K W P A S E Y

who do this are blessed. No. 179 was: "In Thy fear will I worship" (Psalms 5. 7).

WHAT BIBLE TEXT IS THIS?



Puzzle Text, No. 9, for Painting above in ink, crayons, paint, or any other colour or material you have.

For Solving Puzzle Text, No. 9. Look it up, then write it out in plain words, with reference. Do not forget to state age, etc.

N.B.—Please state if you desire to compete for yearly prizes, when name will be entered in Register.

Awards are given monthly for Paintings and Searchings, judged by the month they are received, so post before May 31, if in Britain, at earliest if anywhere abroad. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to **EDITOR of Boys and Girls, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England.**

HOW A MAN GOT A MEDAL.

SEVERAL years ago, a workman in an iron foundry in Bolton was being suffocated at the bottom of a cupola, or very large tube, by the fumes arising from the fire. As the man lay utterly powerless to save himself, the son of the owner of the foundry went to the rescue, in spite of warnings that to do so might cost him his life. Descending to where the man lay, he lifted and carried him up a ladder to a platform above, and in the course of a few hours the man revived, and was subsequently able to resume his employment. On the brave rescuer, however, who had descended into that deadly atmosphere, the effect of his unselfish deed fell heavily, for it was with a very enfeebled frame that he, some months afterwards, stood up before a large company, to have presented to him the medal of the Royal Humane Society. In a few words, he then stated that pity for the workman, and a desire for the honour of his father's business, had been the motives of his action; but when the rescued man strove to speak of the deed which had snatched him from death, and restored him to wife and family, he had no words with which to express his gratitude.

The brave man who descended into the cupola is a faint picture of the Son of God, who came down to where a fallen race lay under sentence of death, utterly powerless to effect its own salvation, and who, with the full knowledge of all that awaited Him, humbled himself to endure a shameful death for a world that despised and hated him. When the medal was presented, this Scripture was quoted: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But though man's love knows a limit, the love of God has no such bounds. "Herein is love, NOT that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die."

It was pity for a fellow-creature, and care for a father's honour, which nerved the man to descend into the cupola of the furnace. It was a love far deeper, which led Jesus to the Cross, there to endure an agony of separation from God more bitter than we can understand, in order that God might be just, and yet be able to save the person who has sinned against Him.

W. G. SMITH.

THE HOLY GHOST SAITH: "TO-DAY."

As the child went upstairs to bed she said: "Mother says
there is plenty of time; the Holy Ghost
saith, 'TO-DAY.'"



MY LADY MOUNTED.
Copyright—Fox Photos.

THE HOLY GHOST SAITH: "TO-DAY."



HANNAH had not been accustomed to the Sunday School as most of us know it. She had gone with her parents to a lovely seaside resort. On the third day a novelty appeared on the beach—a Children's Seaside Service. What could it mean? The speaker gave out a peculiar text: "*The Holy Ghost saith, 'TO-DAY.'*" He had explained to the children that the Lord Jesus wants to save them in early life; that there is danger in delay; that although He calls now He will not always invite sinners to come to Him; that the Holy Ghost saith: "*TO-DAY.*" Hannah went home very subdued. All through the rest of the afternoon and evening the words were ringing in her ears: "*The Holy Ghost saith, 'TO-DAY.'*" At last she told her mother what the speaker had said, just before she was going to bed. Her mother, who did not know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, tried to remove the impression made on the child's mind by saying: "You are very young, Hannah; there is plenty of time yet for you." So, as the child went upstairs to bed she said: "Mother says there is plenty of time; *the Holy Ghost saith, 'TO-DAY.'*"

Hannah kept a little diary in which she jotted down important things that happened in her life day by day. After writing briefly her impressions of the address and quoting the text: "*The Holy Ghost saith, 'TO-DAY.'*" she wrote under it: "I will come to the Lord Jesus *in a month's time.*" Then she undressed and got into bed. She could not sleep, however, and at last got out of bed and wrote in her diary: "I will come to the Lord Jesus *in a week's time.*" But still she could not sleep. She turned from side to side while the Holy Ghost whispered in her ear: "*TO-DAY.*" At last she could bear it no longer. Kneeling by the side of her bed, she yielded herself to the Lord Jesus and her heart was full of joy as she realised that He had forgiven her sins and made her a child of God. How glad she was to be able to write now in her diary that she had yielded to the Lord Jesus, and accepted Him *to-day*, and that He had saved her.

When they came to call her next morning they found

What the Preacher said on the Sands.

that the Good Shepherd had been there before them and had taken His little lamb Home to Heaven. Hannah's little diary with its simple but moving entries told the whole story. How important it is for *you* to hear the voice of the Holy Spirit, Who pleads with you to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and to be saved *TO-DAY*! R.W.C.



Poz Photos.

OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOW DO WE GET TO THE SEASIDE?

EVEN on holidays you need a guide. The kind porter is showing the little tots the nearest way down to the shore. They are all ready with bucket in hand, waders in satchel, but want "the way" to their great hope of fun and frolic on the seashore. They want to know the way there as quickly as possible. So you need the Way to Heaven. Jesus said, "I AM the Way, the Truth, and the Life" (John 14. 6). Make sure you are on the right Way to Heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. There are many *wrong* ways, but there is only one *right* way—JESUS. P.L.

THE CAT AND THE KITTEN.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is known to us because of his discovery of the law of gravitation. But the great man once made a very stupid mistake. He owned a cat and a kitten, of both of which he was very fond. Often while he was studying they would come and scratch at his study door to be let in. Sir Isaac, however, grew tired of being interrupted to open the door so one day he sent for a carpenter and in-

structed him to make *two* holes in the door, a large one for the mother cat and a smaller one for the kitten. The carpenter laughed, and explained that one hole in the door would serve them both. So the one Door (John 10. 9) into Heaven will take in big or little, old or young, one and all. *Thinking* about it will not do, *intending* will not get you in, you must take the definite step and enter. See that *you* enter that one and only Door, and see that you enter to-day. The promise is "if any...*enter*, he shall be **SAVED**." What a promise. HYP.

SMALL, BUT POWERFUL.

A CRUMB will feed a little bird,
A *thought* prevent an angry word,
A *seed* bring forth full many a flower,
A *drop* of rain foretell a shower.
A little *cloud* the sun will hide,
A *dwarf* may prove a giant's guide,
A narrow *plank* a safe bridge form,
A *smile* some cheerless spirit warm.



WILLIE HUNTER, the Brentwood Martyr.

YOUTHFUL MARTYRS.—II. By E. E. ENOCK.



MONUMENT ERECTED TO WILLIE HUNTER.

I FANCY I see a boy standing in his quiet room: on the table near the window is a *Book*. He lays his hand upon it irresolutely, then turns abruptly away. Why waste the sunny hour reading the Bible? And so he goes downstairs heedless of

that Treasure, for the possession and reading of which, many have yielded up themselves to cruel torture and even death itself. All honour to their names.

Now I see another boy. His name is WILLIAM HUNTER. He is dressed as boys were in the days of Queen Mary, and is walking along the road to Weald, a town near Brentwood, Essex. There he enters a church. No service is going on at the time, and he goes quietly up to the big Bible chained there. Unlike the first boy we saw, William has no Bible of his own, but he loves the Book, and pores over it for a long time, then goes home refreshed by reading of his Saviour and his Heavenly home.

WILLIAM HUNTER was born about 1536, during the reign of Henry VIII, and at the time of this story was nearly 19 years of age.

He was a clever boy; his parents had brought him up well, sending him to school; teaching him to love the Bible, and to do as it says. He went to London when

Willie Hunter, the Brentwood Martyr.



Chained Bible
such as he read.

he left school to be apprenticed to a silk-weaver, THOMAS TAYLOR. This was in 1553. Queen Mary had just come to the throne, and at her behest priests were compelling people to worship the bread at mass, which bread the priests declared was by their consecration turned into the very body of Christ. William Hunter, and others like-minded knew that it remained

bread, and that to worship it was idolatry.

So, when Easter Sunday came William refused to go to Mass, and was told that he would be brought before Bonner, the bishop of London. This threat so terrified Thomas Taylor, William's master, that he sent William straight down to his home in Brentwood, "lest he should come in danger himself through having him in his house."

At Brentwood, as we have seen, he had some happy times, studying the chained Bible in the Weald chapel. But this was not for long. A man named Atwell, whose duty was to point out heretics, found him reading it one day, and as he could not prevail against William in discussion fell into a great rage. "You shall broil for this!" said he, and went to find the vicar, and to tell him of William's wickedness in reading the Bible.

The vicar was quite near—"in the alehouse over against the chapel"—and rushed in to William, and accused him of being a heretic. The outcome of it was that William, in order to save his parents trouble hid himself, but when he heard that the priest had threatened to imprison his father if he did not find the son, gave himself up, and was put into the stocks.

Next day the constable brought him before Master Brown (later made a knight by Queen Mary), and Master Brown became so infuriated by the lad's quiet constancy and simple faith in the Saviour that he "left off talk," and "made a letter," and sent William with the constable, to Bonner in London.

Bonner tried to make him recant—to deny all he had said before—but William said: "I will *not* recant, by

Willie Hunter, the Brentwood Martyr.

God's help." Then said Bonner, "Thou art ashamed to bear a faggot (the public way of shewing recantation), but speak the word here and now, between me and thee,



Part standing to-day.

THE MARTYR'S TREE, BRENTWOOD.

The Editor has seen this Tree in Brentwood. It recently suffered from fire.

Willie Hunter, the Brentwood Martyr.



VIEW NEAR BRENTWOOD.

and I promise thee it shall go no further, and thou shalt go home again without any hurt. Again said William firmly: "I will not. No, never, while I live; God willing."

He had two days and two nights in the stocks, then the bishop saw him again, and

ordered him to prison and heavy chains. He asked William his age. William told him, "Nineteen." "Well," said the bishop, "you will be burned ere you be twenty years old, if you will not yield yourself better than you have done yet."

The bishop allowed him a halfpenny a day for food or drink. For nine months this brave boy lay in prison—going four times before the bishop, but William turned no whit from his steadfastness. Finally he was condemned to be burnt, and was thrown into Newgate prison till he could be taken to Brentwood and be burnt there.

William wrote to his mother saying that he himself was in as good health and prosperity as ever he had been. He asked her prayers, and his brother Robert's for himself, in this his prosperous journey which he was going, to obtain a crown of everlasting life. And then he came to Brentwood, and stayed at the Swan Inn there, where he had opportunity of exhorting many of his friends to be faithful, and to suffer death rather than disown the Saviour by the idolatry of the Mass.

So passed Saturday, Sunday, Monday. On Tuesday, March 26th, 1555, the sheriff master Brocket, hastened to set forward the burning.

The sheriff's son came into the parlour of the Inn where William sat waiting, and said to him, as he put an arm through his: "Be not afraid of these men which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons, ready, prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned."

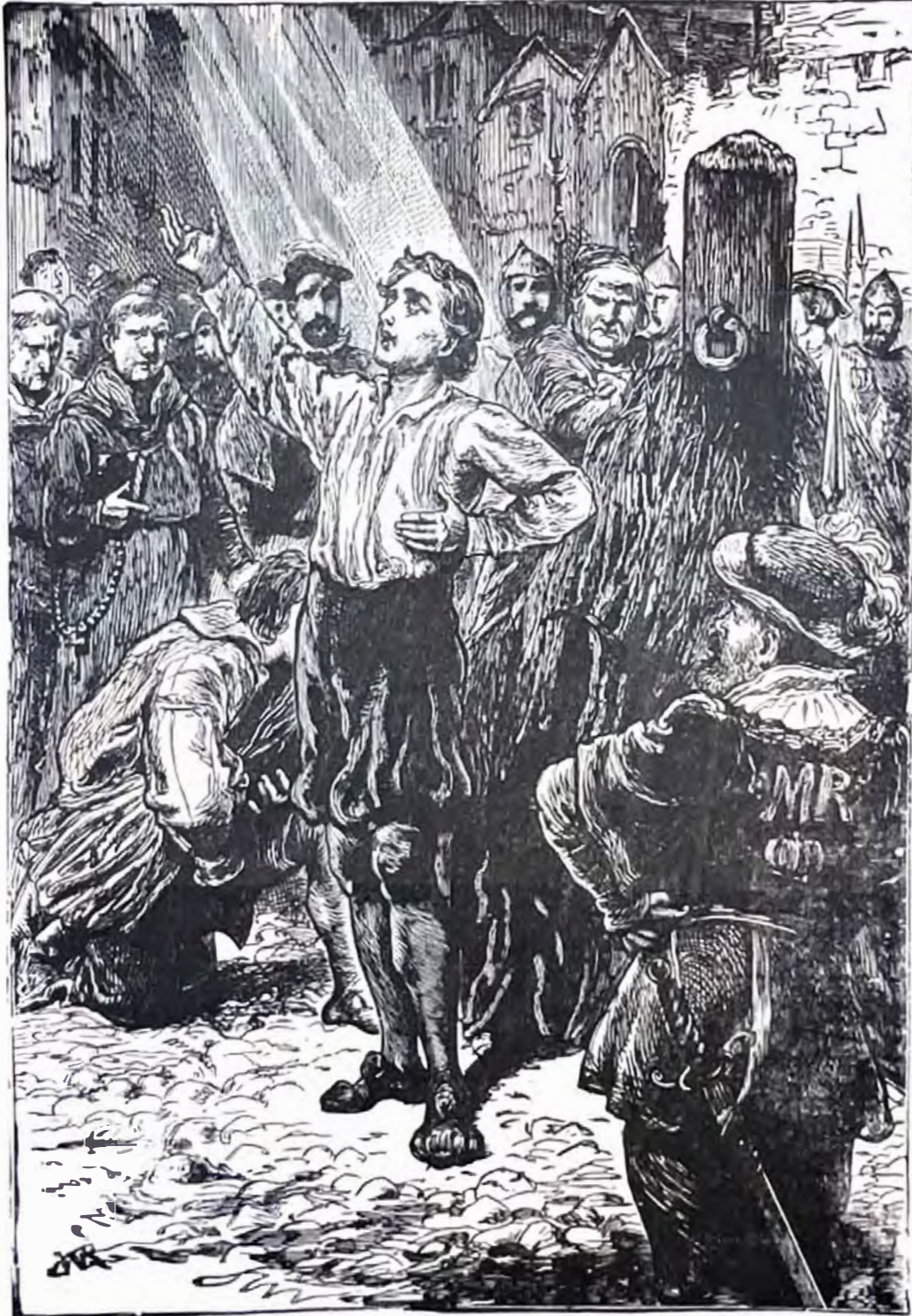
And William replied to this brave and loving boy: "I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me already." And the boy could say no more for weeping.

Then they left the Inn, and walked to the place where

"Son of God, Shine on Me," he Cried.

all the people had assembled to see William burnt. His parents were there. "God be with you," he said, "we shall meet again, when we shall be merry!"

He walked to the stake, and Richard Ponde, the bailiff,



Willie at the Stake.

A BEAM OF SUNSHINE JUST BEFORE HE PERISHED.

How Willie Hunter went to Heaven.

chained him to it. Standing there William cried: "Son of God, shine on me!" Immediately a beam of sunshine pierced the dark clouds, and fell upon him so brilliantly that he was obliged to look another way; "whereat the people mused, for it was so dark a little while before."

William's brother, Robert, was asked by the priest to give William a popish book that he might recant, but Robert would not touch it.

"I am not afraid," William said. Then lifting his hands he cried: "Lord! Lord, receive my spirit." His head went down into the smothering smoke, and thus he went away on his prosperous journey to Heaven.

HOW THE AIREDALE WAS TEMPTED AND WON.



ALL boys like dog stories. Let me tell you one about a dog in Vancouver, British Columbia. While a crowd of interested spectators watched for over half an hour, an Airedale dog fought a battle with right and wrong and won!

The dog trotting along Main Street apparently bent on some serious business of his own, when, passing the Public Market he saw spread out on a low bench just within his reach, a great array of meat and sausages. Up went his head. Sniff! sniff! No one was guarding the display, and when the odour of the meat reached his nostrils the dog stealthily approached the bench and stretched as if to take a juicy piece of beef. With mouth open, just about to clutch the tempting meat, the Airedale stopped, as if stung by his conscience. He dragged himself away, but only to return again! At least twenty times this happened. A crowd had gathered and silently watched the struggle.

Finally a man spoke up. "It's a shame," he said, "that dog has been tempted enough. He's a good dog." Going into the shop, he bought a large meaty bone, which he tossed to the dog, who took it with a grateful wag of his tail and made off.

He was only an Airedale dog, but he knew it was wrong to take the meat. Just like boys! You know it is wrong to do those things that your parents have told you not to

How the Airedale was Tempted and Won.

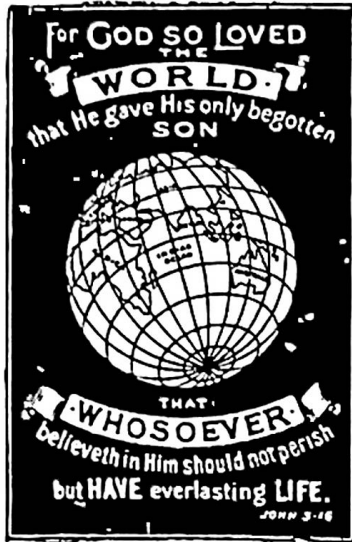
do. You know it is wrong to say those things that you would not like your Sunday School teacher to hear. No one knows what a struggle you may be having! *O yes, there's One!* He can help you. Will you let Him? He suffered in your place and mine. Now He says: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). J.S.



THE PHOTOS.

A BEAUTIFUL AIREDALE DOG,

A WONDERFUL VERSE.



JOHN three and sixteen, wonderful verse!
Declaring the Gospel in words true and terse.

All praise be to Jesus for such a grand theme,
For such a bright torch, with its glorious beam.

'Twas all just so simple, a Ruler once came
To speak to the Saviour, Nicodemus by name;
This great Jewish leader, a well learned man,

Could not with his wisdom see God's wondrous plan.

So Jesus explained it in terms such as these,
That flesh is just flesh, and can never God please;
He cannot obtain a free entrance to Heaven,
Who rests on his works, and has sins unforgiven.

"So strange," said the Ruler, "I never can see
How such should apply to a good man like me."
But Jesus said unto this ruler of men:
"Marvel not, for I say ye must be born again!"

And now to make simple this wonderful fact
The Lord, the Great Teacher, brought history back,
And showed how the Hebrews the Lord God defied,
And were bitten by serpents, and many souls died.

But God told His servant to raise on a pole
A serpent of brass to make sick people whole.
The moment they looked, from their pain they were free
That this is quite simple I'm sure you'll agree.

"So just," said the Master, "as Moses was told
To raise up the serpent for them to behold,
I too must be lifted on Calvary's tree,
That sin-stricken creatures from death may be free."

The serpent of brass was a poor earthly form,
It was only a figure akin to a worm.
But Jesus, God's Son, is both Saviour and Lord,
'Tis well we should stop and give ear to His Word.

A Piece to Recite at the Seaside.

For God has so loved this great world of mankind,
That Jesus left all His bright glories behind,
And down to this earth with its sin and its shame,
As a poor little baby to Bethlehem came.

Then one day at Calvary, when grown to a man,
He hung on the Cross to unfold God's great plan;
His hands and His feet with long nails then were pierced,
While a crown of cruel thorns on His sweet brow was
placed.

He sunk down in death, oh what wonderful love!
That we might be brought to the Glory above,
By simply believing this record of Him,
You can now be set free from your burden of sin.

To-day Jesus waits, as He did long ago,
He is willing and ready His mercy to show;
The moment you trust Him, He'll save you by grace,
And in the Bright Mansions will give you a place.

J. CAMPBELL.



Photo: Miss Cooke. Stirling.

HAPPY CHILDREN AT THE LAKESIDE.

SEARCHINGS FOR SUMMER DAYS.

DAYS OF SUNSHINE should be here, yet let not outdoor pleasures slacken our interest in the "Searching" of John 5. 39.

Varied Searching, No. 232, comes from a missionary helper in India. Awards monthly and yearly.

HIDDEN TEXT.

It behoved Christ to suffer.
Faithful in a very little.
Thy children walking in the truth.
The Way, the Truth, and the Life.
Forbid them not to come.
I have given them Thy Word.

They know not what they do.
He that cometh to Me.
Ye will not come to Me.
Let him come unto Me.
The Father hath loved Me.

Take a *word* from each text above to form a well-known text in Matthew.

ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING, No. 231.—RESURRECTION—Store, Turn, Rest, Sent, Coin, Nurse.

Acrostic, No. 470, is a double one, supplied by a regular helper in Scotland. Awards monthly and yearly.

My *first* means "Not worth very much ;"
A sorrowful *woman* next was such ;
From *three*, a harvest we can reap ;
While fourth, *it* is both wide and deep ;
Of ships 'twas said, her *thus* we let ;
Moses, the *sixth* was told to set ;
Last is not mine, but rather "Thine."
Initials and the finals tell

Our state by nature, we know well. A.T.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC No. 469.—Jairus, Esther, Sarah, Ungodly, Salvation—JESUS.



Simple Searching, No. 159, supplied by a valued helper in England. Award monthly and yearly.

TWO SONS.

Can you find the names of two *sons* in this verse? Both are mentioned in Genesis:

"But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto thee" (Matt. 6. 33).

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 158. FRIEND (Prov. 18. 24).

WHAT WAS IT?

In *this*, one dipped a rod ;
Sweeter than *it* God's Word ;
Like *it* the pleasant word,
Joy to souls doth afford ;
They gave one *some* to eat,
Who asked, "Have ye here meat?"

(Give refs.). E.A.

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 181, is "Cheer for those who are sad, found in Psalms. No. 180 was "Keep My Ways" (Prov. 8. 32).

C E E G H H I I J M M N N N O O O R T T Y

WHAT BIRD IS IT?

My first is in hand, but it
isn't in finger,
My second's in loiter,
but 'tisn't in linger.
My third is in evil, but isn't
in good,
My fourth is in tree, but it
isn't in wood.

My whole is the
name of a
Biblical bird,
Whose sad
little cry
you will
often
have
heard.



H. G. C. Marsh-Lambert

Artistic Acrostics, No. 3. "A BIBLICAL BIRD." A series of entirely new drawings by a famous artist, H. G. C. MARSH-LAMBERT, only given here. For Colouring the text and picture, use any material you have, paints, crayons, inks, etc.

For Solving Bible Acrostic, No. 2. Give name and reference.

Awards are given monthly for both above, according to age and quality of work, judged by the month they are received, so post before end of this month, if in *Britain*, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to Editor of "**Boys and Girls**," 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. Please say if you wish to enter for yearly competition. Get your companions to join it.

A WHALE IN HIS HEART.

"TRULY a strange place for a whale to be!" some of our readers may say. Though "strange" it is perfectly true, and I will tell you how it got into the man's heart. He was skipper of a whaling vessel, and had been hunting the seas for whales and had been unsuccessful. "It's of no use your talking to me;" said he to a missionary; "your conversation will have no effect. I cannot hear or understand you. I know nothing about your subject. I have been ploughing the mighty deep in search of whales, and *I am bound to have a whale*; and," he added, "if you could look into my heart you would see nothing but a whale there."

This was a frank and honest confession, yet, nevertheless, it was a sad one. The captain was bent on catching whales, and had no heart for God's message of mercy, because he would not allow anything to come between him and his purpose.

Many are like him. Although the Lord commands them to "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness" (Matt. 6. 33), they have determined that they will "*first*" seek the pleasures and amusements of the world. When confronted with the Lord's command to "seek first the kingdom of God," they say that they don't wish to become "gloomy and melancholy," as if becoming a true Christian caused a shadow to rest on the countenance, or filled the soul with sadness. Pleasure is the "whale" that has got into some hearts and money-making into others. "Make hay while the sun shines" is a favourite maxim of some. From early morn till late at night, they do their utmost to "get on" in the world.

What are *you* living for? For Christ or for self? For Time or for Eternity? The "whale" came between the skipper and God. It was therefore his idol.

A speck of dust may keep you from seeing the sun, and a companion's sneer or show of displeasure may prevent you from becoming a Christian. Be determined that you will not allow anything to come between you and your eternal welfare. Christ does not, however, tell you to cast out the "whale." You are to look to Him dying on Calvary's cross to redeem you to Himself. A sight of Him, wounded for your transgressions will melt your heart. Then the "whale" will escape.

A.M.

"MY"—WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.

Then the curly head was raised and two bright brown eyes looked
up thoughtfully into her own. May I say
'My dear Jesus,' mother?"



THE CATCH OF THE DAY.
Copyright—Fox Photos

"MY"—WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.



HAROLD had had a romping day at the seaside. Paddling in the pools left by the receding tide, finding a huge crab, he put it in his bucket beside the smaller ones. At length the time for home and bed.

"Come, sonnie, it's bedtime!" The laddie laid aside his playthings with a wistful sigh, and followed his mother "up the wooden hill to the Land of Nod."

A few minutes later, clean and dainty in his white pyjamas, he knelt at her knee to say his evening prayer. With clasped hands and closed eyes, reverently the wee man began to voice his simple petitions. "Dear Jesus"—a pause. His mother waited. Then the curly head was raised and two bright brown eyes looked up thoughtfully into her own. "May I say 'My dear Jesus,' mother?" came the earnest question.

How mother's heart thrilled as she realised that her small son was eager to claim her Lord and Master as his own! Years have passed since then, and the little boy has reached manhood, a manhood helped and strengthened and uplifted by his close fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

What a difference that tiny word "*my*" makes! DAVID knew it. "The Lord is *my* Shepherd" (Psa. 23), "The Lord is *my* Rock and *my* Fortress, and *my* Deliverer; *my* Shield, *my* High Tower, and *my* Refuge, *my* Saviour" (Psa. 18. 2; 94. 22; 2 Sam. 22. 3). The Psalms ring all through with that possessive note.

JOB sounded it out in the midst of his troubles: "I know that *my* Redeemer liveth" (Job 19. 25).

Poor THOMAS found it difficult to believe his fellow-disciples' report that they had "seen the Lord." But when he was graciously allowed the proofs which he had needed, and realised that Jesus Himself had actually risen from the dead, and was standing before him, he cried out in love and adoration: "*My* Lord and *my* God" (John 20. 28).

Thank God, it is gloriously possible for *every* one of our readers to come into saving contact with the Divine Redeemer, and to be saved for time and Eternity. Trust Him now and say "*My* dear Jesus."

L.M.C.

HOW A BOY'S PRIDE GOT A BIG FALL.

MY father was a great gardener, indeed he was great in more ways than one. He was one of the tallest men I have ever seen, and he had the largest garden I have ever seen, with the biggest trees in it I have ever seen, and the largest collection of plants and shrubs I have ever seen.

One day when I was a boy my father had a visitor, he was a big man, too, but his bigness was not visible; he was big in a way I did not realise at that time, but I did after-



Photo: J. H. Stone.

THE BOY IN A CORNER OF HIS FATHER'S GARDEN.

wards. I was a small boy when this visitor came to see my father; he did not come really to see my father, but his wonderful plants and flowers, about which someone had told him

Now I had often helped my father with his garden, and I had got to know many of the rare flowers and plants by their long Latin names, and I was rather proud of showing off this knowledge to friends who came to see us. So when my father asked me to take his visitor round and show him

How a Boy's Pride got a Big Fall.

the garden, I was a little annoyed, as there was something else I wanted to do just then; and so I was just in the right mind to play a joke on this visitor whom I regarded as a nuisance.

My father did not tell me who he was, and so now you will see how my pride in knowing all the Latin names went before a fall. So when I pointed out the rare flowers I gave them the quite wrong names. The more wrong names I gave the more interest the visitor seemed to take in them. I remember he had on a velvet jacket, and I had an idea somehow that he might be a poet. Anyhow, I told him all I knew about all the plants, where they came from, and how rare they all were. I quite enjoyed it, especially the giving of all the wrong names, and I felt I had quite got my own back. But now comes the sad part of my story, for after our visitor had thanked me very much for all I had told him, and for showing him the plants, he departed. This was when my bad time came, for my father said the visitor seemed to be very interested in all I had told him about the plants, did I know who he was? He was the Director of Kew Gardens. How he must have enjoyed himself, much more than I did after all.

B.C.T.



THE MAN AND THE MOUNTAIN.

HAVE you ever stood at the foot of a lofty mountain, or a very high hill? Next time you do, just pick up a pebble, and compare the two; the little stone is just like *nothing* compared to the mountain.

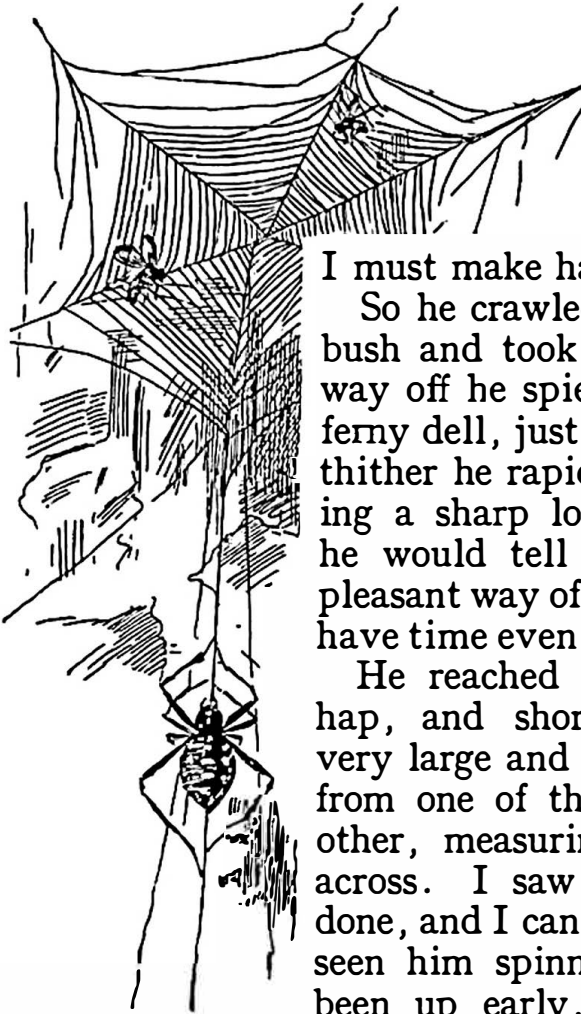
That tiny stone is something like your life, and the big mountain ETERNITY! Now don't you see how very important it is to be quite safe for Eternity?

Don't you see that there is no time to lose, and you must not put it off? Are you washed in the Blood of Jesus? Do you trust in Him as your own precious Saviour? Is your name written in Heaven in the Lamb's Book of Life?

"To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost,
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost?
So near to the Kingdom, oh! come, we implore!
While Jesus is pleading, come, enter the door!"

T-S.

MR. SPIDER HAS A BUSY MORNING.



"DEAR me," said Mr. Spider, as he woke up very early one bright September morning. "It's going to be a splendid day for flies."

I must make haste and spin my web."

So he crawled briskly from under the bush and took a look round. A little way off he spied two furze bushes in a ferny dell, just the place for a web, and thither he rapidly made his way, keeping a sharp lookout for birds, which, he would tell you, have a most unpleasant way of eating you up before you have time even to say "Good morning."

He reached the place without mishap, and shortly after there was a very large and beautiful web stretching from one of those furze bushes to the other, measuring about twelve inches across. I saw it myself when it was done, and I can tell you I *did* wish I had seen him spinning it. He must have been up early, for I was early, too.

There was no one else on that bit of moorland beside me; even the sheep and bullocks and wild ponies had not yet arrived to feed among the golden gorse and purple heather. There was a pool a little higher up when the weather was not very hot and dry, and there all the animals used to go and drink every evening at sunset, casting clear reflections in the water. Often there were thirty animals round it at once. I've spent days near it, so I know.

Well, I took a seat on my favourite flat rock among the heather, with another at my back, and thought it very kind of Mr. Spider to have spun his web between those bushes. It was only a yard distant from me. Yesterday there was not a sign of it—that's how I knew he had spun it so recently. He had finished by this time, and he went and sat himself in the very middle of it, and waited for something to happen. He looked very handsome. His body was as big as the tip of my thumb—bigger than

The Spider's Busy Morning.



yours—and on his waistcoat (black) there was a golden horse shoe, and down his back there were golden markings.

Presently he heard a pleasant hum in the sunny air, and the sound made him sit very still.

Buzz! Buzz-zz! Buzz-zz—
Plunge! Something had happened at last. A gay and heedless fly careering over the moor had crossed Mr. Spider's ferny dell, and dashed headlong into the web. Buzz! Whirr! Buzz! Whir-r! Buzz!

But alas, it is no good, poor fly. In a second Mr. Spider has rushed across the web and seized his prey. Very carefully he took it out, and after giving it a severe nip to kill it—it is his food, you know—held it by its head and the tips of its wings and twirled it round and round, just as we twirl an umbrella to roll it up. In much less time than it takes to tell, the fly was firmly encased all over with a grey, sticky substance, which perhaps was meant to prevent it from getting too dry. Then Mr. Spider took it up to the middle of the web, and proceeded to fix it there, and it soon became quite black and gluey, all ready for his meal.

Mr. Spider was just having it when there came another whirring and shaking of the web, much more powerful this time. Down he sped, exulting over the thought of his capture. "A bluebottle, I expect," said he, then he stopped short. "Not for *me*," was his next remark, for he saw a black and yellow striped body plunging wildly in the bottom edge of the web. Well he knew Mr. Wasp, and very respectfully he kept his distance, for Mr. Wasp is a very stinging person indeed. So Mr. Spider sat and watched until Mr. Wasp struggled into freedom and fell to the grass below, where he remained until he had cleared that strange stickiness off his wings and feet.

Mr. Spider returned to his interrupted meal. He was only about half-way through when—shake!—burr!—shake!—buzz! and there was another unfortunate fly struggling at the top of the web. Up raced Mr. Spider, nipped the fly, and pulled it out, whirled it round and

Mr. Spider has a Busy Morning.

round, and took it down to the middle of the web, where he attached it to the remains of the first fly.

Eight flies did Mr. Spider roll up in the course of the first two hours of that morning, and he began to think he had enough and to spare. "I shall have to give a party to help me through," he said.

Shake—shake—shake went the web for about the



Photo : Mrs. Casper Henkel, U.S. A.

BEARS IN THE PARK EATING THEIR FOOD.

THE WISE MAN AND THE BEAR.

SOLOMON, the wisest of men, seemed to write about everything. Here is what he says about the animals of our picture. "*Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly*" (Prov. 17. 12); meaning it would be far, far better to meet a bear just robbed of her young, and full of fury, than to meet a fool and be led by him into folly. Every time you see a bear remember this! But keep out of the way of bears if you can. P.G.

The Spider's Busy Morning.



eleventh time, and Mr. Spider raced down to see what was caught. It was a very curious thing this time, a bright golden thing, and Mr. Spider, after a very cautious survey, ran at it. It was a single furze blossom which I had thrown into the web to see what Mr. Spider would do. And Mr. Spider plainly showed that he was annoyed. He pulled the furze flower out of the web very carefully so that the web did not tear, and tossed it scornfully down into the grass. Then a bit of heather flower was thrown into the web, and that, too, Mr. Spider tossed away. After which he returned to his meal in the middle of the web.

A sensible little fellow is Mr. Spider. He was up early, and did his work so well that all his daily needs were amply supplied. He would have nothing to do with Mr. Wasp, who could work him harm, and he would not allow anything in his web which was not useful to him.

Four splendid lessons from a spider. Early rising, work well done, keep away from hurtful things, throw all useless things aside. Let us apply them to ourselves. Come to Jesus early, serve Him nobly and well, avoid sinful and wicked ways, leave trifles and useless things aside, and keep to the great Truths of the Bible, and keep busy in the work of the Lord.

E.E.E.

TWO GIRLS WHO WERE DEAD, YET ALIVE.

TWO girls were converted, and shortly after they were invited to some worldly amusement to which they did not think their Lord would like them to go. It seemed to them to belong to the old life, and they had come out into the new life, and so they wrote a courteous letter (remember, Christians, always be courteous), and they said, "We are unable to come, because we died last Tuesday week." They reckoned themselves dead to all that would displease their Lord, and they were right, for that means deliverance (Romans 6. 11).

When Marshal Foch took over the supreme command of the Allied Armies in France and Flanders, General Pershing said to him, "Here we are, Foch, all that we have and are; dispose of us as you will." Now that is surrender. "All that we have and are, Lord, dispose of as Thou wilt." He alone is worthy.

K.W.

The Lamb on the Other Side.
AN INCIDENT AT THE SEASIDE SERVICE.



Photo: E. McDonald.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, ROTHESAY.

One of the Snapshots sent in for the Holiday Snaps Competition.
A good picture.

THE LAMB ON THE OTHER SIDE.



AT one of our Scottish coast towns I was holding a big Mission on the sands, and a lady, dressed in black, used often to come to the meetings. One morning, at the close of the service, she wanted to speak to me, and she looked so miserable.

The lady told me that God had taken away her baby, and she was very angry with Him for doing so. She said, "I have given up all religion; I don't go to Church at all now; and never read the Bible, and never pray; and your services on the sands are the first I have been to for a long time."

So I replied, "Oh, I will tell you a little story."

"There was once a shepherd who had a fine flock of sheep, but some very hot weather came, and the grass where they were feeding got very dry and parched. Along the side of the field a river ran, but the water was very low on account of the dry weather. Just over the other side of the stream there was some far better pasture-land, so the kind shepherd wanted to get his flock over the stream, but they *hesitated*, and did not appear willing to cross. So the shepherd took up a *little lamb*, and began to cross over the stepping-stones, carrying it in his arms. The old mother sheep followed after him, bleating, and looked at the shepherd as if she would say: 'What are you doing with my lamb?' Soon all the flock followed them to the other side, into the good pasture."

That was my story, and I showed the lady how Jesus, the Good Shepherd, had been obliged to take her little lamb over the narrow stream of death into the Heavenly pastures; and that He had done it in great love to her soul, to lead her to set her affections on things above.

I believe it was just the turning-point in that lady's life, and I pray that it may be made a blessing to many souls. "As for God, His way is perfect" (Psa. 18. 30). J.S.

“LOOK unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends
of the earth; for I am God, and there is
none else” (Isa. 45. 22).

THE HAPPY BOY BY THE SEA.

WHAT fun we were having by the seaside, paddling, bathing, playing ball, donkey-riding, racing on the sands, and numerous other things. We were indeed a happy lot, but the happiest little boy I saw was brought down to the shore by his father. He came in good company. His father undressed him, and put on him a smart pair of red bathing drawers. Then he undressed himself, and carried the little chap to the water's edge, letting the



Photo John D. Stone.

HAPPY DAYS BY THE SEASIDE.

gentle waves kiss his pink toes. Talking to him all the time, he encouraged him, and at length carried him out, and in love dipped him in the water. It was a lovely bath! Then, lest he should be overdone, he carried him up, dried him, and dressed him. "Like as a father" (Psalm 103. 13). What a picture of how God treats His little ones! All are happy who let Him arrange their happiness. Trust the Lord and happy be. You will never do it easier and better than NOW.

W.L.

THE BEAUTY OF GOD'S FLOWERS.



PEGGY was making some gay paper flowers,
Roses and poppies and other kinds too,
With paper and scissors, she sat for some hours,
Patiently wiring them all neatly through.
“Look, Thomas,” she called to the gardener, with pride,
“Don’t you think these are looking almost as real
As those in the garden and terrace outside?
If you stand at a distance, and don’t touch or feel.”
“Well, yes,” said the gardener, “they’re splendidly done,
But one thing is lacking that no one can do;
The beautiful perfume brought forth by the sun—
And they are but sham roses when closer you view.
And though they are pretty, and cleverly made,
I much prefer roses which grow in the soil.
It’s strange that no folk can get the same shade,
Nor the same kind of petals, for all they may toil.
For all the great goodness and wisdom of GOD
Not one of His creatures can full understand;
He teaches us lessons e’en out of the sod,
And nature all praises His wonderful hand.
Just look at the wonderful show that is here!
How many and varied the colours and size;
Of flowers all around us our pathway to cheer,
Not one should be lightly esteemed in our eyes.
For even the humblest is wonderfully made—
His creative work is all perfect in love;
Many lessons I learn as I dig with my spade
Of the goodness and greatness of GOD up above.”

OLIVE V. LUFF.

REACHING THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

MANY climbers will ascend Snowdon, the highest
mountain in Wales, by foot; others will take the
little railway from Llanberis, and thus reach the summit,
3570 feet high, very much easier and very much quicker,

The Little Train on Snowdon.

but not quite so exciting. From there a lovely view is obtained of the picturesque glens, passes, and peaks.

Looking at the picture of the little train laboriously climbing up the hill reminds of a higher height, an easier way, and a quicker ascent. The height is Heaven, "the



Courtesy L.M.B.

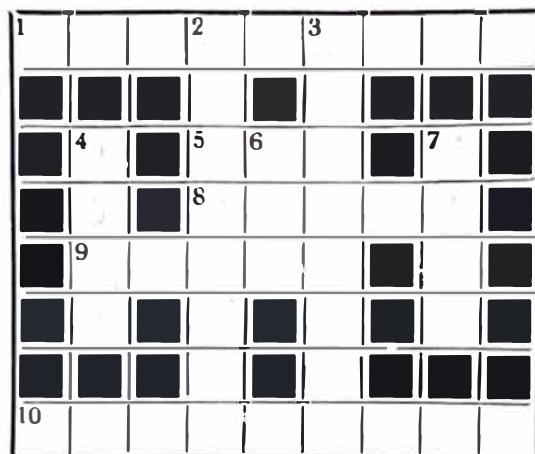
SNOWDON MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

Home of the saved and blest;" the Way is by the Lord Jesus Christ, Who invites "whosoever will" to come, "without money and without price" (Isa. 55. 1), and they will assuredly reach the summit "in a moment," when He comes to call His ransomed Home (1 Cor. 15. 51). hyp.

SEARCHINGS FROM 3 CONTINENTS.

HOLIDAYS for many, especially in Scotland, but "regulars" have marks these holiday months as well as others, so do not slacken off in searching.

Children's Cross Words, No. 51, supplied by a Canadian helper, Miss H. H. Shaw. Awards monthly and yearly.



CLUES. *Across:* 1, Shortest verse (John); 5, 3 Hebrews each had one (Dan.); 8, Borders of — (Josh.); 9, Abraham's wife, (Gen.); 10, 2 Words said to Nicodemus (John). *Down:* 2, Written on the Plaister (Dan.); 3, — thereunto (Eph.); 4, Paul counted all things (Phil.); 6, Son of Jether (1 Chr.); 7, Satan likened to one (1 Pet.).

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORDS, No. 50.—Nos. of Psalms were:

Across: 1, cxlix; 4, lix.; 6, xx.; 7, vi.; 9, cxvii. *Down:* 1, ci.; 2, lii.; 3, xv.; 4, lxx.; 5, xvi.; 6, xc.; 8, ii.

Original Acrostic, No. 471. "A Study About Paul," sent by an old friend in Queensland. Awards monthly and yearly.

Eighteen months Paul stayed in this *place*;

Name the *man* for whom Paul sought grace;

Word used of Berean Jews;

To write, Paul did this *man* use;

Paul endured much in this *place*;

Saluted Church in this *man's* house;

He was to Paul a helper true;

To Paul this *man* did minister too.

Whole, Paul exhorted saints to do. E.A.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 470.—UselesS; NaomI, GraiN, OceaN, DrivE, LaveR, YourS—**UNGODLY SINNERS.**



Simple Searching, No. 160, comes from a helper in Ireland. Awards.

Found in teas, but not in coffees,

Hid in hollow, not in coppice;

'Tis in oval, not in square;

'Tis in under, not in over,

One in greeting, not in meeting;

One in hair, but not in fair;

One in trefoil, not in clover;

Now my whole is "thinking over." J.A.W.H.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 159.—DAN (Gen. 30. 6); SETH (Gen. 4. 25).

Text for Tiny Tots, No. 182.—Names one who was of the sons of the giant. Look in 2nd Samuel. No. 181 was. "Joy cometh in the Morning" (Psa. 30. 5).

H O S E I I N B B B

THE HIS
AND THE
HIS MASTER'S BUT
DOETH
KNOW MY
DOETH

For Solving Puzzle Text, No. 10. Look it up, then write it out in plain words, with reference. Do not forget to state, age, etc.

Awards are given monthly for Paintings and Searchings, judged by the month they are received, so post before July 31, if in Britain, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA Prizes** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England.

LOST IN CULLEN BAY.

WE all know what it means to be saved from a great accident, or saved from a great storm which causes loss of life and vessels.

I remember a great storm in the Moray Firth. The huge black clouds gathered in the sky, the wind howled loud, and the big waves rolled far up the beach with thundering noise. Our little town was soon covered with the drifting sea-foam.

The men and women had gathered in small groups, and were eagerly scanning the horizon, lest any craft might be in danger.

All at once they saw a vessel running before the wind making right for the beach. The men on shore signalled for the vessel to be steered for the safest part of the shore. The women, crying aloud and wringing their hands in despair, prayed to God to spare those in such danger.

The vessel staggered on, heeding not the signals. The wild, angry waves washed over her again and again. At last she struck, and all on board made for the small boat to try and get to the shore. There was no lifeboat, no life-saving apparatus then, and no rope could be thrown against the gale.

The men on shore joined hand to hand, and waded far out into the boiling surf. Men who never prayed before now cried to God, and women in anguish appealed to Heaven to help those in distress. As they gazed helplessly, they saw an awful wave rush right over the little boat, and all the men were struggling for life in the angry billows. One of the crew was heard to cry out to his mates, "All right, I feel the bottom;" but the wave, rushing back, swept all of them to a watery grave.

Dear young friends, is it not a far sadder sight to see you within reach of the Lifeboat of salvation, and yet neglecting to take shelter. If you only realised your danger you would at once jump in. Oh! don't delay. Men and women, who are saved already, are holding out their hands and crying to you with earnest voices, "Who-soever will, let him come." The mighty wave of Grace may go back, and carry you to condemnation. Jesus is waiting with out-stretched arms. His call to you is "Come." Delay is dangerous. At once decide and accept God's offer of salvation.

G.F.

HOW JACK MISSED THE STRAWBERRIES.

"Well, Jack, you have missed a treat to-day," and mother guessed that he had heard them calling him. "If you had only come when we called you, you could have gone with Mary."



LOVELY STRAWBERRIES.

Copyright—Fox Photos.

HOW JACK MISSED THE STRAWBERRIES.



JACK, aged 12, was not very fond of running errands for his mother, and as he had a favourite book to read he went off to the barn (for his father was a farmer), made himself a comfortable bed in the hay, and settled down to read. Not very long after, he heard his sister Mary call-

ling him. "Jack, where are you? I want you, Jack." Jack did not reply. Again she called, and it was evident that she was hunting everywhere for him. Jack lay very still, and put his fingers in his ears, and Mary's voice grew fainter in the distance. Soon after, mother came and called two or three times, "Jack, where are you?" but with no better result.

When all was quiet, Jack went on reading, but somehow the book was not so interesting now, and there was an uneasy feeling in his conscience. He stopped reading and argued with himself that, no doubt, mother was going to send him some errand or other, and he didn't want to go—Mary could go. Having lost all interest by now in his book, he came down from the hay and strolled as unconcerned as possible back towards the house.

Mother saluted him with: "Why, Jack, wherever have you been to? Mary and I have been looking for you everywhere." "Oh, I was reading, mother." "Well, Jack, you have missed a treat to-day," and mother guessed that he had heard them calling him. "If you had only come when we called, you could have gone with Mary." "Why, where's Mary gone?" "Oh, Uncle Jim called in his trap to drive you both into town, show you round the shops, and you were to have strawberries and cream for tea. As we couldn't find you, Mary had to go off by herself, and I expect she will tell you all about it when she gets home to-night."

Poor Jack. How foolish he felt, and how sorry to think that he had not come when he had been called. He thought that they wanted him to do something unpleasant, when really there was a great treat in store.

How Jack Missed the Strawberries.

Are not some of you children who read this, just like Jack. The Lord Jesus calls to you in His Word: "My son, give Me thine heart" (Prov. 23. 26). "*Come*, for all things are now ready" (Luke 14. 17). "*Now* is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). You imagine that to come to the Lord Jesus will mean your losing a lot of fun and enjoyment, but that is not the case. Every one who ever came to Him received nothing but gladness and joy and



Photo: J. H. Stone.

JACK AND HIS COMPANIONS BY THE RIVERSIDE.

the light heartedness which comes from the forgiveness of sins. He says to each one of you: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). Why not respond as you read these words: "Lord Jesus, I come to Thee now; forgive my sins and make me a child of God for Thou hast died for me on Calvary."

Remember if, like Jack, you close your ears and your heart, you may hear the Lord say: "I called, and ye refused. . . . I will laugh at your calamity" (Prov. 24. 26). Be wise and "COME Now."

R.W.C.

KING GEORGE AND HIS SOLDIERS.

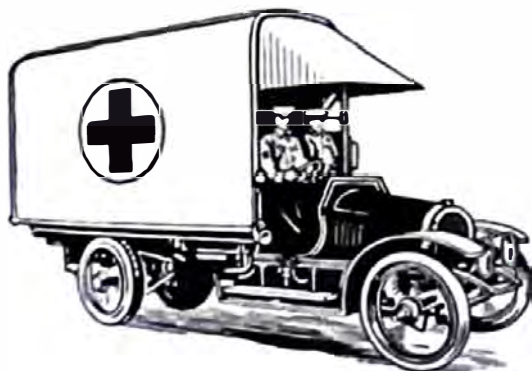


KING GEORGE V's deep human sympathy has never been more adequately described than in a message which Marshal Foch, not long before his death, sent to the men of the Bedfordshire Regiment and ex-Service men of the County. In that message the Marshal gave an account of a touching scene between the King and a young Bedfordshire soldier who was being carried from the battlefield mortally wounded.

"I was in the company of His Majesty when the Bedfords were retiring after relief," Marshal Foch wrote, "and we came on a convoy of wounded. We stopped to speak to some of the men. Among the number was a mere lad from a village in Bedfordshire, of which I forget the name. It was obvious the lad could not survive, and the King spoke words of comfort to him.

"'It is no use, Your Majesty,' said the lad sadly; 'I know I am booked through, and I am proud to die for you and the Empire, but it will break my poor mother's heart. I am her only son. I ran away from school when I was only fifteen to join up. I persuaded them that I was nineteen. If only you could write her my last message it might help her.'

"The King asked the boy what message he had to send, and this reply I shall never forget: 'Just this. Good-bye, best of mothers. I have done my duty. It will be hard for you at first, but God in time will help you to understand that you are happier with me in a soldier's grave than you could ever have been with me in a shirker's soft job, when man's work was to be done here.'



"The King's eyes filled with tears as he took down the message, and my own were not dry. I know that, though the King was worn out with a strenuous day', he kept in touch with the dressing-station until he learned of the death of the lad. Then with his

King George and His Soldiers.

own hand he wrote and posted the lad's last message, with a note of personal sympathy to the mother.

"Somewhere in your Country to-day," Marshal Foch added, "there must be a mother who possesses this proof of your King's interest in the men of the Army, and his deep human sympathy."

Yet this sympathy, great as it was, is nothing compared to the compassion of the Saviour for lost sinners, for Christ,



Photo: J. H. Blone.

WINDSOR CASTLE, THE KING'S ROYAL RESIDENCE.

the King of kings, the Lord of life and glory, so loved each soldier and each civilian (including *you*) that He died, "the Just for the unjust" (1 Peter 3. 18), on Calvary's tree, and now "whosoever believeth in Him, should *not* *perish*, but have everlasting life." "Believest *thou* this?" (John 11. 26).

Rest not till you definitely accept Christ as your Saviour.

C.F.K.

CHILDREN IN A SCHOOL WHICH FLOATS.

HAVE you noticed as you passed along the banks of a canal, how many children there are in the barges, their floating home. Till recently, little was done for their education, or for their spiritual welfare. Now schools have been established in barges, and on the shore at points of concentration. Our photographer took this view of a floating school passing other barges, and giving them a cheer. Special workers have also been set aside



Poz Photos.

A FLOATING SCHOOL FOR TINY BARGEES.

to tell the dear canal children of Jesus and His love. Put in a little word in your prayers for these members of floating homes, and for their spiritual welfare.

Yet remember that no child in the British Isles, or other such country, need die for want of the Bread of Life. You can purchase a Gospel of John for 1d., a New Testament for 6d., and a whole Bible for 1/. There are Gospel and Mission Halls in abundance, so that all who truly "seek the Lord while He may be found" (Isa. 55. 6) can truly find Him and be saved.

P.K.G.

HOW MISSIONARY BOXES ARE FILLED.



"HOW differently missionary-boxes are filled!" thought a lady who had spent all the afternoon in opening boxes. The money in them varied as much in coins as in the amounts each contained. Some were mostly filled with coppers, showing systematic giving. In some the greater amount consisted of threepenny bits, proving that others besides children took an interest in the work of collecting for foreign missions. Others contained a few coppers, a stray half-crown or florin, bearing evidence that the greater part of the year the box had all but been forgotten, and that, possibly, just before it was brought in, a good-natured parent had yielded to the owner's plea that he was ashamed at having so little, and would father add a trifle to make up for his neglect? She looked round



Seen on many Coasts.

A SERVICE BY THE SEASIDE.

A Little Coin Tells its Own Tale.

the various boxes, and thought how they represented all classes, from the cottage to the castle, all working for the one object—the spread of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the heathen.

At last all was finished, the last box labelled and returned, the coppers counted and put into a bag ready to be taken to the bank, the silver likewise; and the various amounts carefully entered into a book and reckoned up, the result showing the value of collected littles.



"ON GUARD."

Let one of the coins tell its tale: "I was lying on a table along with two other three-penny pieces, when I heard a lady say:

"This is the children's money—the little ones; they get it monthly.'

"But I thought you had only two little ones,' was the answer; 'the others are all at school, are they not?'

"Yes; but perhaps you do not know that Florrie had a twin sister who died two years ago, and her share is always put into her box? This is the way it came about. A lady came in one day collecting for foreign missions, and I gave as a reason for not subscribing that I could not afford it, as I had so many children. I

imagined I was giving a right excuse, but I see now I was deceiving myself, and it really was because I was not in the least interested in missions.

"The twins happened to be in the room at the time, and must have heard our conversation, for, when the lady left, Eva came over to me and said, "If we had not been

The Problem of the Missionary Box.

twins, but only Florrie, you would have had more to give away, wouldn't you, mother?" "Oh, yes," I answered absently—"of course."

"She must have pondered over that remark too, for some weeks after the twins went with some friends to a missionary meeting, and came back full of all they had heard and seen, and Eva had tears in her eyes when she told me all about the little widows in India, and she exclaimed, "I wish I had never been born, then you could



How much is in it?

HOW MONEY BOXES ARE FILLED.

have given some money to the lady, and perhaps another missionary could have been sent out to teach the people not to be so cruel. But, mother, do you think I could have a box and put in a little myself? The lady said we might deny ourselves to give." And I wondered; and she looked at me so pleadingly. "If you would let me put in my threepence, for, you know, I don't need anything—you and father give me all I want."

"I felt so ashamed of the excuse I had given the lady and wished I had not said it before the child. However, I only said, "Yes, have a box by all means, and I, maybe,



Eva and her Missionary Box.

will put something in as well"—for my heart was touched by the child's evident distress. The box arrived, and her next month's money was carried straight to it and put in; and how delighted she was when I added a trifle! She was taken ill shortly after and was ill some weeks, but all the time she yearned to hear about missions, and I found myself looking for information in magazines, and borrowing missionary books and papers from different friends and reading them for the sake of my little girl's interest and for her amusement, until I myself grew to know the different stations and their working.

"Time passed on, and she gradually faded away. Shortly before she died was her sixth birthday, and she said to me a day or two before. "Mother, when you get Florrie's present, don't buy one for me, but put the money in my box for those little widows who have no happy birthdays." She told us she was going to Jesus soon, and that she was a little sorry, for she had wished to be a missionary when she was grown up. But there was one thing: "You know, mother, you said if there had only been Florrie, and no me, you would have more money to give away, and now that Heaven is going to be my Home, perhaps you will have more to give."

"Such a pang went through me. With tears I promised the child the box would be to me as she had been, and so it has.

Everything Florrie gets, the equivalent either goes direct to the mission in memory of her, or else into the box. Her birthday presents and her monthly money are always put in when Florrie has hers, and that is how it comes about that there

are these threepenny pieces for the children. We are all fond of missions now, and I often think of the text, "A little child shall lead them"" (Isa. 11. 6).

S.A.S.



MURIEL'S STRANGE IDEA.

MURIEL was greatly attached to her elder sister, Estelle. Whether it was helping in the hayfield, catching little fishes in the brook which ran through the village, bathing in the lovely bay with silvery sand just one mile from their home, or recreations of other kinds, you might be sure the two would be together.

Muriel was like other girls, enjoyed life, and romped and played, although she was never as robust as her sister. Her mother, anxious that she should get strong, persuaded her to eat plenty of fresh green vegetables from our large garden for dinner, so as to get plenty of good rich blood in her veins.



Copyright—Fox Photos.

FISHING IN THE BROOK NEAR THEIR HOME.

Will Green Vegetables Make a Clean Heart?



One day while her mother, sister, and herself were at dinner, she remarked to her sister, while

eating her green vegetable: "See, I'm eating this to make me have a clean heart." Her mother said to her: "Eating all the green vegetables in the world won't make you have a clean heart, it would only make more rich blood run through your heart. What would make you have a clean heart, Muriel?"

Muriel sat still for a few minutes but didn't speak, when her sister said to her:

"What can wash away my sins,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."

So then mother explained to her how there was only *one* way to get a clean heart, and that was by believing in Jesus, and that He died for us, and then He tells us that "Though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isa. 1. 18). Some time after, Muriel trusted Christ and was saved.

Muriel was thinking that something she would eat would give her a clean heart, but it won't. Nothing we can do, eat, or take can make us clean and fit for Heaven. There is only one way to be saved, and that is to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" as your own personal Saviour and you shall be saved, and then you will be like Muriel, trusting in the Lord in whatever circumstances may be yours.

A.S.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I THANK Jesus that He was punished instead of me." Such was a little girl's confession of faith in Christ. It was simple, yet expressive; brief, but full of truth and meaning. It contained the sum and substance of the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Christ. It is all that is needed for the youngest or the oldest, for you.

THE ROCK THAT WAS CLEFT FOR ME.



Photo: Wm. Dalrymple.

"Founded on a Rock."

DUNNOTAR CASTLE, NEAR STONEHAVEN.

ALONE on a pretty sea
 beach,
 A boulder for my seat,
 The azure sky above me,
 The waves swish at my feet;
 Looking over the water,
 I saw a golden spray
 Of seaweed, rising and falling
 With the restless waves of the
 bay. [get it,
 I thought 'twould be easy to
 As seemingly passive it lay,
 I grasped it, and then discovered
 Its roots were right away—
 Fast to a rock that was hidden,
 But a rock which could not
 move, [motion,
 Fast 'neath the unrest and

To be seen on the surface above.
 O what a grand, sweet lesson
 I learned in that quiet nook,
 Revealed by the great, grand
 Author
 Of earth's vast picture book.
 If my life was to bring Him
 glory, [world,
 And shine 'mid the sin of the
 Prove strong in the day of trial,
 When tempters' darts are
 hurled,
 I must anchor my soul upon
 Jesus,
 The Rock that was cleft for me,
 My hiding-place and fortress
 Through all Eternity.

A. R. LEECH.

***** HOW GOOD TO BE ABLE TO SAY: *****

* CHRIST for sickness, Christ for health; Christ to-day, and Christ to-morrow; *
 * Christ for poverty or wealth; Christ my Saviour, Christ my Friend; *
 * Christ for joy, and Christ for sorrow; Christ my treasure without end. N-B. *

SEARCHINGS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

SEARCHERS IN ENGLAND will be free from school this month and in large numbers be enjoying the sea breezes. Do not forget the "yearly" competition, even while thus engaged.

Varied Searching, No. 233, is another **SQUARE** of words, rather larger than before. Give Bible references

● ● ● ● ●	My <i>first</i> was on the left hand ;
● ● ● ● ●	My second meaneth <i>Last</i> ;
● ● ● ● ●	My third doth <i>not</i> mean Finish ;
● ● ● ● ●	My <i>fourth</i> in Breastplate cast ;
● ● ● ● ●	To <i>Place</i> which fifth doth name
● ● ● ● ●	Ambassadors there came. L.G.

ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING, No. 232.—
Matthew 19. 14.

Original Acrostic, No. 472. Supplied by a friend in Syria.
It is about **BIBLE TREES**. Awards monthly and yearly.

First tell me of *what* tree was Aaron's budded rod ;
To *what* tree is the wicked likened by a man of God ?
And next the *tree* Zaccheus did climb in Jericho ;
The navy of a king did bring *this* long ago ;
And next, *these* trees, said Balaam, were planted by the Lord ;
To *this*, Paul likened Israel, we read it in God's Word ;
The birds lodge in its branches, of *this*, the Saviour said.
First letters name a king's son, in tree caught by his head.

B.B.A.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 471.—Corinth, Onesimus, Noble, Tertius, Iconium, Nymphas, Urbane, Erastus=*Continue* (Acts 14. 22).

Simple Searching, No. 161. Compiled by a regular helper in Scotland. Awards monthly and yearly.



In "children" number one is given ;
Find two in "such" and also "Heaven ;"
Both "poor" and "rich" will three supply ;
For fourth "iniquity" please try ;
From "simple" number five you write ;
In "just" and "trust" six you will sight ;
In "duty do" seventh doth appear ;
In 'midst of "Saviour" eighth is clear ;
"Elijah's" name has number nine ;
And ten begins a hope "Divine. "
Whole, wondrous truth, so very true,
O, do believe it was for you. A.T.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 160.—"THOUGHT" (2 Cor. 10. 5).

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 183, is good advice in Deuteronomy, where we are also told to take heed. No. 182 was, "ISHBI-BENOB" (2 Sam. 21. 16).

DEEEGHIIKLLNOPSTTUY

WHAT FRUIT IS HERE?

My first is in pole, but it isn't
in perch,

My second's in clean, but it
isn't in smirch.

My third is in mile, but it
isn't in yard,

My fourth is in verse, but
it isn't in bard.

My last is in
drone, and it's
also in bee,

My whole, you
will find, is a
Biblical
tree.



H.G.C.
Marsh
Lambert

Artistic Acrostics, No. 4. "A BIBLICAL TREE." A series of entirely new drawings by a famous artist, H. G. C. MARSH-LAMBERT, only given here. For Colouring the text and picture. Use any material you have, paints, crayons, inks, etc.

For Solving Bible Acrostic, No. 4. Give name and reference.

Awards are given monthly for both above, according to age and quality of work, judged by the month they are received, so post before end of this month, if in *Britain*, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to **Editor of "Boys and Girls," 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England.** Please say if you wish to enter for yearly competition. Get your companions to join it.

THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

THE Hill Difficulty just means something very hard to do or to keep from doing immediately after one's conversion, or five, or ten, or twenty years later. Think how kind the Lord Jesus is, however. If He asks you to climb He will give you a draught at some sweet well of salvation at the foot of the hill just as you face it, so as to invigorate and strengthen you for the ascent. He will give you a rest in a specially prepared arbour half-way up, so that you may not be utterly worn out and exhausted. He will have a great big blessing waiting for you at the top of the hill by way of reward, and best of all, He will give you His own blessed companionship every step of the way up, so that you may never feel lonely.

Of course you notice the hill was *up*, not *down*. Zion is up. The celestial city is up. Christian went up. He was a living man. Where did he get the life to climb with? At the Cross. I suppose you know what sort of fish never swim against the stream? Dead ones, of course. There are two sorts of people round you every day in the world, viz., the living and the dead. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were *dead* in sins, hath quickened (made *alive*) us together with Christ. By grace ye are saved" (Eph. 2. 4, 5). The living got the life at the Cross of Jesus. They are going up. The dead are going down. They cannot go up, they are dead. Many more are going down than up. Those who go up because they have life go against the stream of the world and its sin, follies, and pleasures. The dead go with the world. How are you going? It is not always easy to go up, but it is possible. With God all things are possible. This is one of the all things. You may go up, although all around you are going down. God can put determined courage into you, so that you will set your face like a flint and say, "Please yourselves what you will do; as for me, I'm going up." And you will joyfully sing:

"I'm on my journey up Zion's hill,
All the way long it is Jesus,
The way grows brighter and brighter still,
All the way long it is Jesus—
Jesus, Jesus, why all the way long it is Jesus."

"Isn't that a happy song?"

W.T.

THE QUESTIONS AT THE S.S. TREAT.

It was the event of the year, for the boys and girls who came to the Sunday School were having their annual treat.



SEEING THE SIGHTS OF LONDON,
Copyright—Fox Photos,

THE QUESTIONS AT THE S.S. TREAT.



THEY had a wise teacher. Not only did he teach them in the Hall, and have them to tea at his home, but he took an interest in their spare moments on week nights, taking them at intervals to the British Museum, the Tower of London, Cleopatra's Needle with the Sphinx, and other sights. Yet there was one event above all these. It was the event of the year, for the boys and girls who came to the Sunday School were having their annual treat. About 200 rosy-cheeked, merry-looking children, all dressed up in their best, with a hymn book in one hand, and a nice bag, filled with cake and fruit in the other, were gathered in the Gospel Hall. After some hymn singing and prayer, the bags were opened and the contents disposed of, and all were ready for the address.

Then one of the teachers got up and spoke as follows: "I am going to ask two questions to begin with, and I'll expect both to be answered.

"The first one is for the boys; the second for the girls. Are you ready? Will any boy tell me whether it is *bad* boys or *good* boys that God loves." Before he had finished the question, 50 hands were up, and as many voices shouting out: "Good, *good*, GOOD." "Now, will any girl tell me how many good boys are here to-night?" The girls took a look across the passage to the boys' seats, and then hung their heads. No one spoke. The boys seemed impatient to know the verdict. Still no one answered a word. At last a little girl whispered, "*None*," and some of the boys got to their feet at once to see who she was. "How do you know that, my girl?" asked the teacher. "Because it says in the Testament, 'There is *none* that doeth good, no, *not one*.'" (Romans 3. 10).

"Right. You see, boys, if it is *good* boys and girls that God loves, there will be none to love at all, for this girl has told us there are *none* good. Neither Jim, nor Tom, Dick, nor Alick are good in God's sight—nor Mary, nor Maggie, nor Nellie either. All are sinners, and unless they be saved, will never get to Heaven. Every boy and girl in the world needs to be 'born again'—to be converted—else they can never wear a Crown up yonder in Glory.

Two Questions at the Sunday School Treat.

Now, what is to be done?" "Pray," cried one little fellow. "Well, my boy, what will you pray for?" "To be saved, and get to Heaven," answered the little boy. "And are you sure that will take you there?" No answer.

"Can any girl tell me whom God loves?" "Sinners," answered a voice at the back. "And who are sinners?" "All of us." "That's it. All are sinners—boys and girls,



Photo: Dorien Leigh. TWELVE LITTLE NIGGER BOYS ON "LONDON BRIDGE," PANAMA, READY FOR A PLUNGE. How different to the children mentioned in the story on this page, on what a different Bridge to "London Bridge."

fathers and mothers, too. God loves all. The second question: Was it good children or bad that Christ died for?" "Sinners," was the answer. "Ah, yes! you're getting to understand it. And who is it that Jesus saves?" "Sinners that believe on Him." "Are there any here that believe on Him?" "Yes," answered a girl of twelve, "I do." "And are you saved?" "Yes." "How do you know that?" "Because Jesus says, 'Whosoever believeth

Can You Answer the Two Questions?

on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'" (John 3. 16).

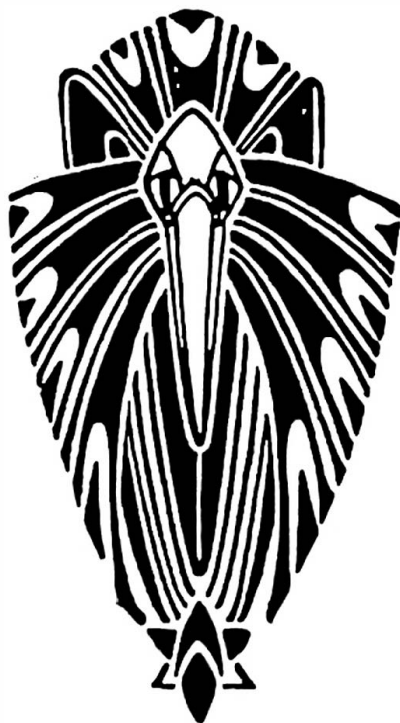
How strange that the idea seems to have become ingrained into the hearts of young folks that "God loves only the *good*, and Jesus died for the *good*;" whereas, both teacher and the Bible proclaim the very opposite. God loves the sinner, but hates his sin. The Word is, "While we were yet *sinners* Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). "Not the righteous (or *good*), sinners Jesus came to call."

The meeting came to a close. The teachers waited behind and had a talk with the little girl who said she was saved, and found she had trusted Jesus a Sunday or two before, while in the school, and she was happy, happy!

TO EACH READER. God loves *you*; Jesus died on the Cross to save sinful boys and girls. Will *you*, like this little girl, trust Him? and you will be saved and happy, too.

H-S.

A TRUE PICTURE OF A NONDESCRIPT.



WHATEVER is this? It is not a fish, it is not a bird, it almost looks as if it had life, but it is not alive, for it only exists in the imagination of some artist. In fact, it is a *nondescript*; that is, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor anything definite.

Do you know anything living which is like that? I do. A boy who is not a sinner and not a saint, not a Christian and not a heathen (at least he thinks so). He is a nondescript, and spiritually knows not where he is to-day, or where he will be in Eternity. Don't be a nothing-arian, come to Christ, and come

out boldly on His side. Confess Him now, and He will confess you before His Father in Heaven. Deny Him, and He will deny you on that Day! Now, which is it going to be? No neutrality. Decide now, and decide for Christ, and do it with all your heart.

HYP.

TWO DIFFERENT KINDS OF MANGOES.

I WONDER how many of my readers have tasted a mango? Perhaps you do not even know what it is! Well, it is a very delicious fruit that we get out here in India, and I am sure that if you were to taste a nice one you would soon be asking for some more. It is a bigger fruit than a pear, not quite the same shape, and has a stone in the middle like a very large plum stone.

Nevertheless, there are mangoes *and* mangoes. We



Photo: J. H. Blane.

Would You Like One?

A NUMBER OF MANGOES.

have two kinds in the garden here. The two trees look just alike in shape, size, and appearance of leaves; so how are we to tell the difference between them? "By eating the fruit, of course," you will all say. What we call the "country" kind taste just like turpentine, and I do not think that you would want a second one of that sort! The "graft" kind have a very different taste.

Now, suppose we were to take the stone of one of the "graft" fruits, put it in the ground, water and manure it

A Nature Test with the Mango.



"TRAIN UP A CHILD."

well until it grew into a small plant, then put a hedge round it to protect it from the birds and animals, and took the greatest care of it, what kind of fruit should we get from the tree when it grew big enough to bear fruit? The nice luscious graft" kind or the "turpentine" flavoured kind? Some may say, "Well, the seed was from the nicer fruit, so the tree will bear the nice kind." No. we

should only be disappointed, and find that the fruit was just as bitter as if it came from a tree grown from the bitter fruit seed.

If we want another *good* fruit tree, how are we to get it? We shall have to graft a piece of a good tree on to the plant when it is small; in other words, give it a *new nature*. In that way the nature of the good fruit tree will enter the plant so that it can bear the sweet fruit.

Is this not a very good object lesson for boys and girls, and for grown up people, too? Even if we have been born in a Christian home of Christian parents, and have been ever so carefully guarded from evil influences, unless we have a *new nature* we shall never be able to bear fruit that will be pleasing to God, nor stand before Him in that Day when He shall judge the world in righteousness.

You will remember that the Lord said to Nicodemus, "*Ye must be born again,*" and "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

Let us each ask ourselves the question as to whether we really have been *born from above*; whether we have the *new nature* planted within us by the Heavenly Gardener; or whether we only look like Christians? We shall never be able to deceive the Lord, even if we may other people.

While it is still the day of grace, may each now accept the Lord Jesus Christ as our *own* personal Saviour, for He gave His life for us that we might live through Him. "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). Which portion of this verse—saved *or* lost is true of you? N.A.H.

IS THE BOY REALLY IN DANGER?

DO you think the boy will take any harm? Is he not too near the goat? Ah, do you not see the chain, and that the goat has reached his utmost limit before the boy approached him. But if the chain breaks, he had better scamper off quickly. I know young folks who thus tamper with sin; they trifle with the cigarette, go only a time or two to the cinema, have first lemonade, then mild wine, and think they can readily give it up. Too often



Photo: J. H. Stone.

Is he in Danger?

JUST HAVING A GAME.

the chain breaks and they find they are in danger. The Bible says: "Abstain from all *appearance* of evil" (1 Thess. 5. 22), and the way to do so is to accept Christ as your Saviour, Master, and Lord. He is able to keep from falling, and to keep evermore. Thousands of boys and girls in all lands have come to Christ and are "saved" and "kept." Millions will be in the Glory through faith in Christ. See that *you* are not missing on that Great Day.

HYP.

THE SECRET OF THE LIGHTNING FLASH.



A GENTLEMAN went one day to a distant town on horseback, and while returning in the evening was overtaken by a very severe storm, the rain poured in torrents, and it became very dark, and in crossing the moors he lost his way.

After going for some miles in the fierce storm, not a single star to be seen, and no friendly light in a window, suddenly the gentleman was startled by a vivid flash of lightning, when what was his horror to find that he was galloping along upon the edge of a steep precipice, and both horse and rider might any moment have been dashed to pieces below!

Was the lightning flash a *friend* or an *enemy*? Why, a friend, of course, although it gave both man and horse a fright! *Now*, he saw his danger and was able to escape from it. Right thankful for this peculiar *friend*.

Perhaps this chapter may come to some little reader like the lightning came to the man, and startle them, but that will not matter so long as it shows them their *danger*, and leads them to flee to a place of safety. The wicked Jailer in Acts 16 was dreadfully startled by the earthquake, and came trembling and cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" He heard the reply, "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). He believed, and all his house, and every one was saved. But in Acts 24 we find that "*Felix trembled*," but, foolish man! he put off coming to Christ till a "convenient season," which never came. Will *you* be like the Jailer, *tremble* and be *saved*; or like Felix the judge, *tremble* and be lost? Think the matter carefully over, and then in the light of the Coming Judgment day answer this question.

"Which wilt thou chose,
Which wilt thou lose,
This life or the life to be."

"No man can serve *two* masters" (Matt. 6. 24). Which are you going to choose to-day—Christ or Satan? N-B.

The Man who was Saved by a Lightning Flash.



"HE WAS GALLOPING UPON THE EDGE OF A STEEP PRECIPICE."

SEVEN WELL-KNOWN BOTTLES.



LET us have a chat on rather an odd subject, but one you'll easily remember—BOTTLES of all kinds.

1. **THE INK BOTTLE.** What does that make you think of? School, I suppose! Think of what a poor world it would be if we couldn't write! If we just had to remember everything, it would be hard. This bottle tells us of RECORDS. We are all filling one great big record-book—our life's record. Think of the blots and spots, big ones, small ones, and not one page without some!



They simply won't rub off and *can't* be removed. There's that ugly blot of temper, the blot of disobedience, the smear of selfishness, the page spoiled through lies and cheating, and oh! a whole lot more. Aren't they ugly? Don't we just want to burn the whole thing?

2. **THE POISON BOTTLE.** Such a nasty looking dark green thing, with a big red label, isn't it? You can all guess what this teaches? Yes, SIN. Just like poison it destroys, it ruins, it kills. The government demands that the public be warned about the use of it and well it might. Think how many people could be poisoned with what is in the bottle. Suppose an enemy wanted to kill off a whole town. Follow him up to the reservoir and watch him pour in the poison there, and he knows the rest is certain. How like Satan at the beginning. He poured in the poison of unbelief into Eve's mind, so that she disbelieved the Word of God. Once that was done everything else fell to pieces, and they were both doomed to die. Gen. 3. 2-6. Have you allowed him to pour his deadly poison into your heart? Surely never.

The King and the Handsome Rig-out.

3. THE CLEANSER BOTTLE. Take a good look at this one. It is large because it has so much to do. Now, what *does* it do? Why it takes out all these horrid stains, the splashes of mud and grime, so that these clothes become just like new again. Now, my young folks, have you ever realised that you are not fit to enter God's presence because of sin? Our character is like a dirty suit. But suppose the king invited you to the Palace,



Photo: W. C. Kendall.

WHAT IS THE SQUIRREL GETTING?

It is not a bottle, it is simply a candy stick which the tame squirrel is enjoying.

and with the royal card came a handsome rig-out, all you required. Would you feel like turning out in your old suit now? Of course not. Well! that's what has happened. Christ in dying as our Sin-bearer and substitute not only cleanses all our sins away once we believe in Him, but also makes us fit for the presence of His Father. If we're ever to walk with Him in white, we *must* get rid of our sins and accept the white raiment He offers (Rev. 7. 14). So you see this teaches the need of **CLEANSING**.

Which Bottle Do You Like Best?

4. **THE WATER BOTTLE.** We can do without many things in life; in fact we can nearly do without anything in the world—*but water*. Without it the trees and the flowers would soon wilt and droop and die. This teaches us the value of LIFE, and specially Eternal Life.

Jesus said He was the true *Water of Life* (John 4. 14; 7. 37), and nearly the last promise in the Bible has to do with this. "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take *the Water of Life* freely" (Rev. 22. 17).

5. **THE MILK BOTTLE.** This isn't a medicine, but a FOOD. If you read 1 Peter 2. 2. Peter calls the Bible God's great milk bottle, and the reason is "that ye may grow thereby."

Milk must be absolutely *pure*, and that is what the Bible is (Psa. 19. 8). Milk must be *undiluted*, and that is true, too, of the Word. Then, milk must be *fresh*. Feed on the Book regularly as you would your meals, and like Samuel you'll grow year by year.

6. **THE MEDICINE BOTTLE.** You remember when you were sick and that nasty tasted medicine *had* to be taken. What did you do when you knew you were sick? Mother called in the doctor of course. Yes, and what else? Didn't you simply trust yourself to him, and he pulled you through? But suppose you hadn't trusted him, and had *not* taken the medicine? You just let it stand. You would have got worse and worse.

The Lord Jesus is the Good Physician. He has never lost a case (John 10. 28). He knows all about your disease called sin, and if you trust yourself wholly to Him, He will work the CURE in your life and make you strong.

7. **THE SCENT BOTTLE** tells of FRAGRANCE. Everywhere it goes it takes its fragrance with it. No matter where it enters, it is soon making its presence felt to rich and poor alike. It reposes by the bedside of a patient, and quite revives her. It enters the hospital and throws its garlands of roses around until the place is changed into a garden and fragrance everywhere. Make that life of yours like this.

G.A.N.



ONLY ONE—AND THE MASTER.



ONLY a little boat,
Adrift on the boisterous sea,
With waves dashing high, and clouds
in the sky,
As black as could ever be.

Only one Man could save
The lives of that terrified crew!
They had yet to learn that He'd
power to turn
Black clouds into streaks of blue.

Only a look of faith
At the One Who there sleeping lay,
Would have kept them calm from all thought of harm,
And held all their fears at bay.

Only a look of faith!
But instead we hear that cry,
Which pierced like a dart in the Saviour's heart—
"Carest Thou not that we die?"

Only those few sweet words,
Whispered to ease their alarm,
Just that "Peace be still," and then at His will
A great and wonderful calm.

Only a little life!
Maybe a heart filled with love;
But if marred by sin it can never win
An entrance to courts above.

Only one Man can save
The soul of that sin-stained one;
Can make a new heart, and His peace impart,
Because of the work once done.

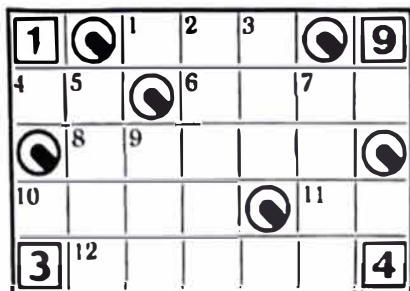
Only a little look
At Jesus, the Crucified;
One felt need of Him to pardon from sin,
Believing for you He died.

Only a look of faith!
And angels will sing in Heaven;
Your heart will rejoice as you hear His voice—
"My child, thy sins are forgiven." V.H.

SEARCHINGS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.

HOLIDAYS OVER once more, for the majority of our readers, the benefit derived therefrom should make us diligent.

Children's Cross Words, No. 52. Supplied by a young helper in New Zealand, Miss M. McLAY. Awards monthly and yearly.



CLUES. *Across:* 1, A land (Gen.); 4, Word in Job 39; 6, Great (Col.); 8, Instruct me (Psa.); 10, Means "bitter" (Ruth); 11, Begins N.T. Book; 12, Son of Caleb (1 Chr.); *Down:* 2, Name in Matthew; 3, King went there (Dan.); 5, Balaam brought from there (Num.); 7, Paul stayed there (Acts); 9, Bildad said it (Job). *Give Bible refs.*

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORDS, No. 51.

Across: 1, Jesus wept; 5, Hat; 8, Archi; 9, Sarah; 10, Born again. *Down:* 2, Upharsin; 3, Watching; 4, Loss; 6, Ara; 7, Lion.

Original Acrostic, No. 473. Supplied by a helper in Canada, Miss H. H. Shaw. Awards monthly and yearly.



What *kind* of sheep did the Shepherd seek
Afar on the mountains cold?
How *many* ways are there to Heaven?
(In John 14 we're told).
John doubles that *word* o'er and o'er
Full twenty times and five?
The last, the *kind* of life they have
Who are in Christ alive.
The four initials spell to us
What God is—praise His Name;
Yea, *it* was told out by His Son
To save the lost He came.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 472.—Almond, Bay, Sycamore, Almug, Lign-aloes, Olive, Mustard = **ABSALOM** (2 Sam. 18. 9).

Simple Searching, No. 162. Supplied by a helper in Ireland. Awards monthly and yearly.

First take a letter out of *that*;
And then another out of *those*;
Now one from yonder *pony* fat;
Here one from *umbrella* goes.
A capital from name *Goliath*;
One in the big word *prophesieth*;
Another starts the rolling *deep*;
Now take a letter out of *sleep*;
A capital from *Enoch* take;
A final from a little *lake*;

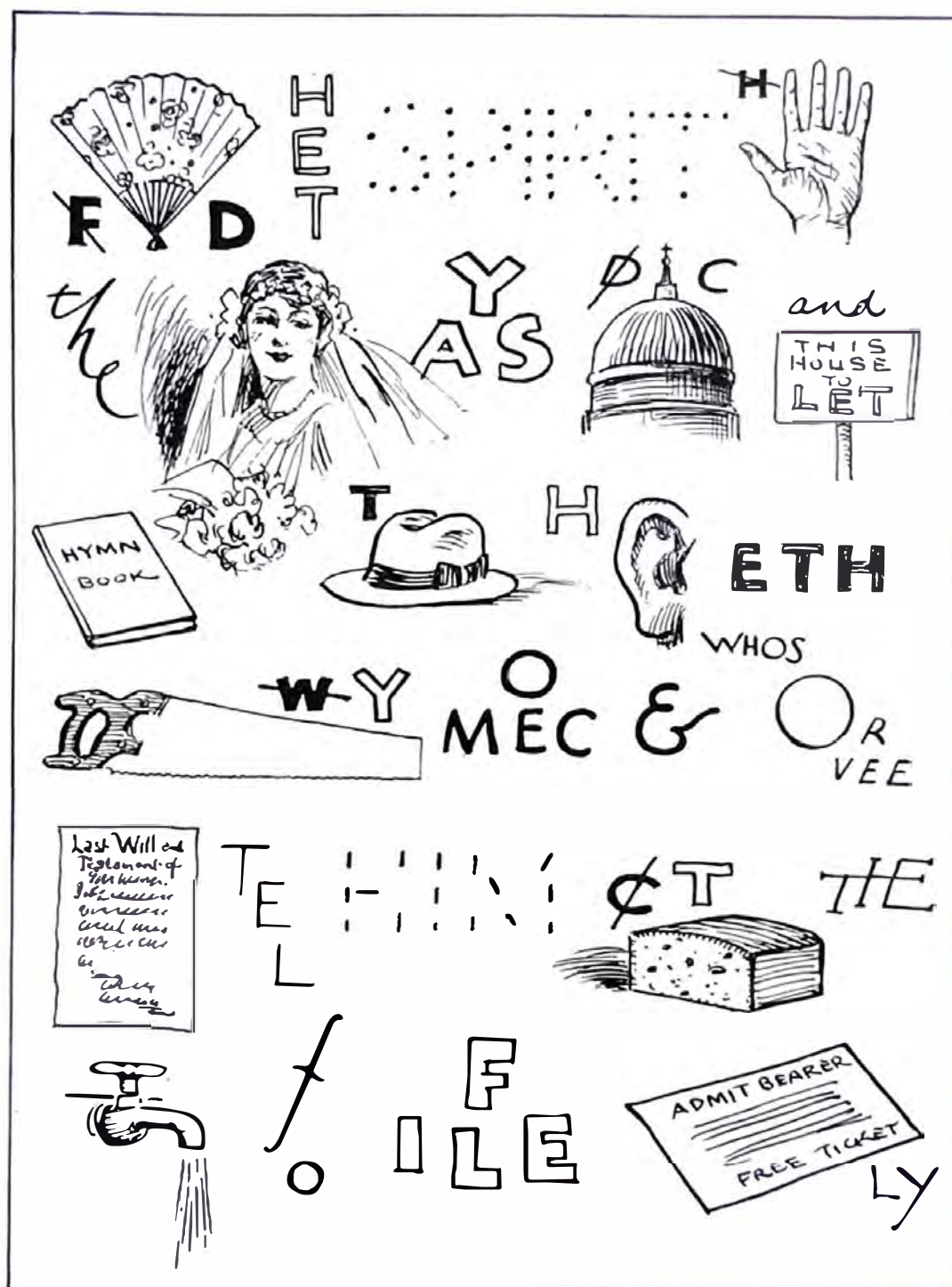
Take one from hissing *serpent* too;
And one from this small number
two;
Now look for one from out of
many;
And last, take one from you
bright *penny*.
The letters now set in a row,
And learn 4 words each child
should know. J.A.W.H.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, 161 — "CHRIST DIED" (Rom. 5. 8).

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 184, is a promise found in Psalms. No. 183 was: "Keep thy soul diligently" (Deut. 4. 9).

U W D I L I L I E G

CAN YOU FIND THIS TEXT?



Puzzle Text, No. 11, for Painting above in ink, crayons, paint, or any other colour or material you have.

For Solving Puzzle Text, No. 11. Look it up, then write it out in plain words, with reference. Do not forget to state age, etc.

N.B.—Please state if you desire to compete for yearly prizes, when name will be entered in Register.

Awards are given monthly for Paintings and Searchings, judged by the month they are received, so post before Sep. 30, if in Britain, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to **EDITOR of Boys and Girls**, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England.

THE THREE SHINING ONES.

IMMEDIATELY after Pilgrim's burden rolled away three Shining Ones appeared to him and said, "Peace be unto thee." This was *after* he had recognised Jesus as dying for him, and had taken Christ as his own Saviour; *then* the three celestial ones gave him the salutation of peace. A great many people would like to have peace *before* they have Christ; that is impossible. Never can anyone know the peace of God until after they have met the Christ of God at His Cross, and made Him their own. Another thing is that no one can make peace with God; it has been made already, and never can be remade. Jesus by His death on the Cross made peace with God for the world, and everybody in it (Col. 1. 20), and only He could do so, for He was God as well as Man. Everybody in the world does not enter into peace with God, nor does the peace of God enter into them, only those among men who come to Jesus at His Cross, like Pilgrim, and embrace Him as their only Saviour, these and only these get into possession of the peace He bought for them with His blood.

An old gentleman was on his way down to a service when a young man offered him a card for that same service. The old gentleman took the card smilingly, and thanked the young man so courteously that he was prompted to say, "I trust, sir, that you have peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1). "Before you were born," replied the old gentleman, smilingly. "But I've something better than 'Peace with God,' and that is 'the Peace of God' (Phil. 4. 7). Then would you be surprised to know that I have something even better still, why, I have '*the God of peace Himself*'" (Rom. 15. 33).

We must henceforth call Pilgrim by his new name, and that is Christian. He became a Christian by accepting Christ, and the moment he did so, the first of the shining ones said, "Your sins are all pardoned now." The Second one took away his rags and put a beautiful robe upon him. That was Christ's imputed righteousness. The Third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a sealed roll. The mark was the evidence to all around that he was a changed man, and the roll was the Holy Spirit coming within to give him power to live a life to please and serve God.

W.T.

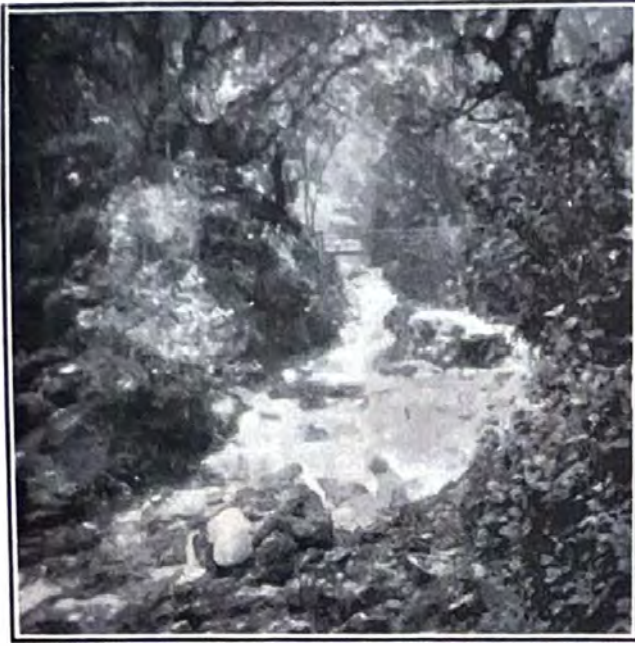
RETURNING FROM THE HOLIDAYS.

One of the joys was to get a ride on the porter's barrow, along the platform of the railway station, both going to and coming from the seaside.



HOMeward BOUND.

RETURNING FROM THE HOLIDAYS.



A QUIET SPOT FOR A HOLIDAY.

FEW persons are left at the seaside during the month of October. Most, like the two youngsters in our picture have packed their treasures and returned to "Home, sweet Home," many, after all, glad to be home once more. One of the joys was to get a ride on the porter's barrow, both going to and coming from the

seaside. Every Summer Holiday, every time we return from a visit, reminds us that "Here we have no continuing city," and speaks to us to seek that "City which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God" (Heb. 11. 10). How sad to go through life, reach the end of the journey, and have no "Home over there." Make sure you are ready, by taking the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour *now*, then you will be welcomed into the "Many Mansions" (John 14. 3), which He has gone to prepare.

HYP.

THE LESSON TWO BOYS HELPED TO READ.

IT was a bright Sunday morning in September. Sunday School was over at a small country chapel in Worcestershire, and only three children—two boys and a girl—stayed behind to the morning service.

At the top of the chapel, on one side of the pulpit, were three short seats, formerly occupied by a choir; the boys established themselves in one of these, and were thus just on the right hand of the preacher.

The service proceeded, and in due time the preacher gave out the chapter he had chosen as a lesson—Isaiah 55. Turning to the boys, he said, "Now you boys shall read this chapter with me. I'll read one verse, and you two shall read the next together; we'll read the verses alter-

Have you Read Isaiah 55?

nately." So the boys helped to read the lesson, and then the preacher spoke a few words to them about the great value of the Bible, and advised them to read Isaiah 55 again when they got home.

Whether they did so, I cannot say, but I should like the readers of *Boys and Girls* to spend a short time in comparing the invitations of this Old Testament chapter with some gracious messages of the New Testament. The first two verses remind us of the Saviour's words in John 6. 35



Photo: J. MacIntosh, Glasgow.

INTERESTED IN THEIR SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPERS.

and 7. 37: "I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

Boys and girls, "seek the Lord while He may be found," and having found Jesus as your Saviour, seek daily for grace to follow Him as your "Leader and Commander" (Isaiah 55. 4, 6). Then you will indeed tread the path of light and life, and reach that happy land where there is "fulness of joy" and "pleasures for evermore." G.M.P.

AGNES E. JONES, the Workhouse Reformer.

CLEVER GIRLS.—No. XII. By J. A. W. HAMILTON.



AGNES E. JONES.

AGNES ELIZABETH JONES was born at Cambridge on November the 10th, 1832. Her father was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 12th Regiment, which had been ordered there a few days previously. She was a tiny, delicate child, and for two years had poor health.

When she was taken on a visit to Ireland, she grew strong and healthy, in the pure, country air, and grew into a very pretty child, with sparkling eyes, sunny curling hair, and a light, dancing

step, full of joyous life.

When five years of age, her father's regiment sailed from Cork to Mauritius. Here they resided for six years, and vivid memories would often arise in after years of birthday excursions to the Pampelmousse Gardens, where many beautiful palm trees and rare tropical plants grew in native luxuriance, and of pleasant months spent by the seaside of Mahebourg, where wonderful shells with rosy tints and pearly lining were to be found. The Southern loveliness of the island made a life-long impression on her beauty-loving nature.

She often accompanied her parents to Bible readings held in the house of the French pastor, Monsieur Le Brun. Some years afterwards she wrote, "I think my first real concern for my soul was awakened by the closing sentence of young M. Le Brun's sermon one week day evening. 'And now, brethren, if you cannot answer me, *how will you answer the Great Searcher of hearts.*' This sentence haunted me for some time." Here she became interested in the Madagascar Christians, then suffering cruel persecutions for conscience' sake. Some of the refugees she met at Mauritius, and her delight at being taken to visit them was very great.

In 1843 her father's health compelled him to return to England. A great storm on the way home, just before

How Agnes Jones Came Out of the Storm.

entering the English Channel, caused the ship to be in great danger. She and her sister and brother, thought it great fun to see the furniture and boxes slipping from side to side as the vessel rolled. But when the storm moderated, and holding their father's hand, they ventured on deck, they saw an upturned boat sweep past on a huge green wave, and for the first time they realised what danger



"In that very Storm."

LAUNCHING THE BOATS IN A SHIPWRECK.

they had been in. Awed and silent, they returned to the cabin. Later, they received English papers on board, which contained the graphic account of a shipwreck which had taken place in that very storm. Her father read this to them and asked very solemnly where they would have been if their vessel had not been spared. The question struck home to their hearts, and that evening, they, with earnest prayers and tears desired to choose God as their portion. It was the first call, in mercy repeated again and again, until they each found rest in the Redeemer.

Living Near "The Lake of Shadows."

When the voyage was over, they went immediately to their grandfather's country home in the North of Ireland. Here Agnes was very happy, filling her little basket with violets and primroses—new flowers to her then, and ever afterwards possessing a peculiar charm for her.

She grew up with a particularly strong will, yet never with the slightest opposition to the will of her parents.

Her governess did not understand her, and many trials befell the tender-hearted little child. She learnt with difficulty, and her character and faculties developed slowly. For four years after the return from Mauritius, they made their home at Fahan House, on Lough Swilly. It was a very lovely spot. It nestled among trees, at the foot of wild heath-covered hills, the waters of the blue lough rippling up to the foot of the lawn, and then stretching out to the grey hills on the other side. Every variety of scenery is combined in this little nook—bare rocky mountains, sunny corn-fields, or soft stretches of waving flax; wooded park-like domains, and bleak stony patches, alternating on the banks of that lovely lough, so appropriately called "The Lake of Shadows."



In her journal at this time she writes: "To-day I am fourteen. When I look back at the past year I see nothing but sin, depravity, and unhappiness. This morning I made many good resolutions, I fear too much in my own strength, for in the course of the day I broke them all." She wept over her broken resolutions, and, doubtless not in vain, for her heart-struggles—seen only by the Eye of Love, and resolutions, renewed as often as broken, were the mouldings of a character to be developed in after days.

In January, 1848, she and her sister, were sent to school at Stratford-on-Avon, where kind and judicious discipline soon showed that her former teachers had been mistaken in their judgment of her capacity. She now became remarkable among her companions for steady application and desire for improvement. After two years and three months at school, her father died, and she and her sister were summoned home. She writes: "Sunday is a day of many memories of my dear father . . . then our

Travelling in Germany and Switzerland.

crossing the river and evening worship in a solitary place, looking up to that dear face, where was such holy love, joy, and peace, and the tears, often as he repeated 'See from His head, His hands, His feet——' Oh! how I loved Him. Then the frequent hearing of his earnest prayers through the closed door of his dressing room, impressed me deeply . . ."

From this time her character developed quickly. In 1850, her mother came to reside in Dublin, when under the earnest ministry of a child of God, her heart awoke to new desires after Eternal Life. In one letter she wrote of all her sins rising before her, as she listened, and her whole-hearted desire to live for God.

Early in 1853, the family spent six months travelling

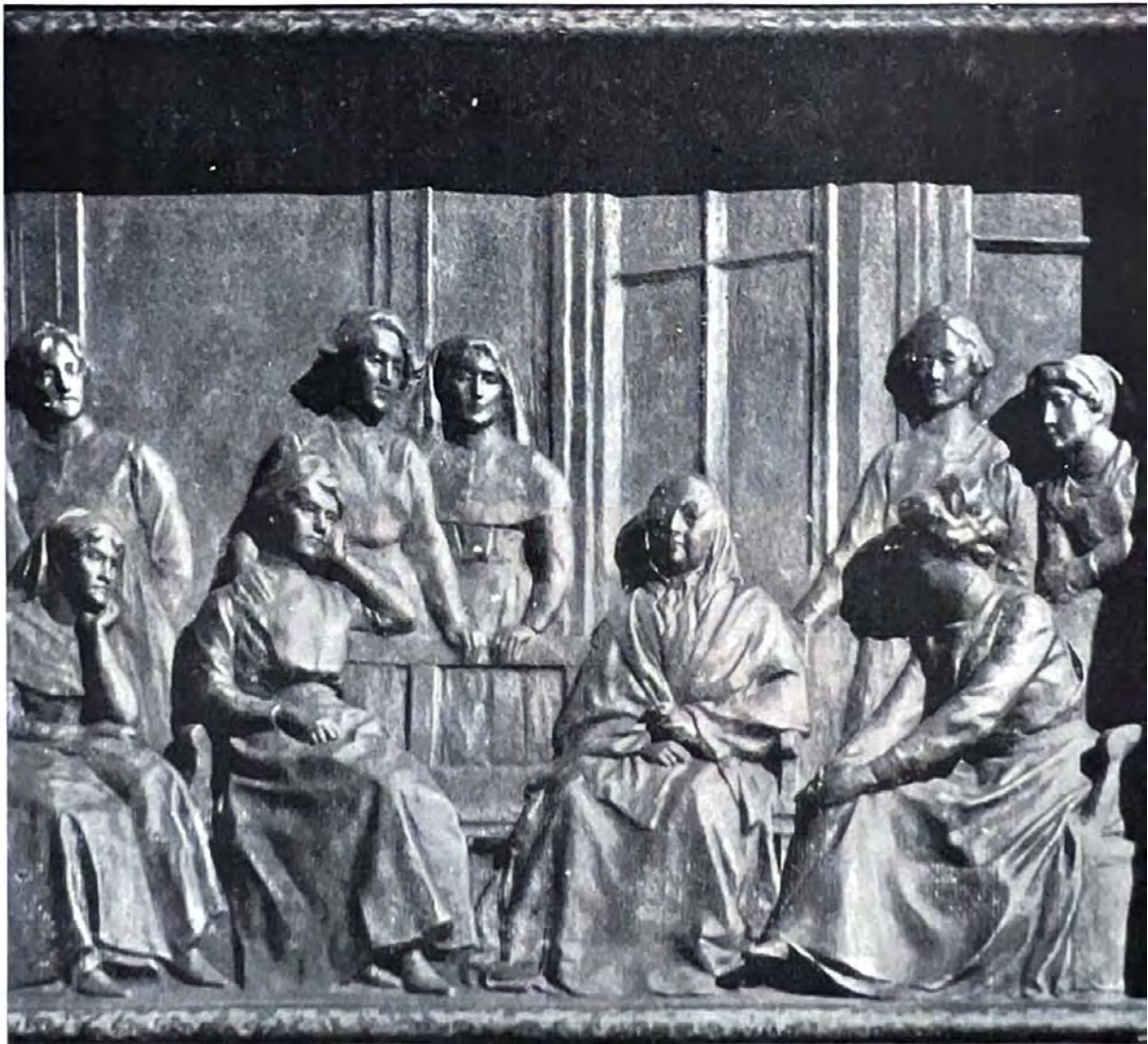


Photo: Humphrey Joel.

HER FRIEND AND ADVISER FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND HER NURSES

Training as a Nurse at Kaiserwerth and London.

in France, Germany, and Switzerland. Early in June they reached Bonn, visited Kaiserwerth, and spent a long summer's day in visiting the various schools, hospitals, and other departments of that institution. Little did any think of the deep effect of that day's visit. As they drove away her great wish was that this might not be her last visit to Kaiserwerth.

She returned to Dublin and resumed her former life; she seldom spoke of Kaiserwerth, but her desire to go into training there was never abated. About this time the family returned to their old home in Fahan, and the long-cherished dream of a life-time spent devoted to the sick and sorrowful began to be realised. In the school by the sick-bed, in the lowly cottage where some sudden accident had brought sorrow and despair, her gentle, self-possession and prompt, wise action, often seemed to bring healing and hope. Everywhere she was to be found about her Father's business. Visitors to the home saw the simple young girl, so quiet and unaffected, so ladylike and cheerful, and knew nothing of the inner Life which was the Power of her consistent walk.

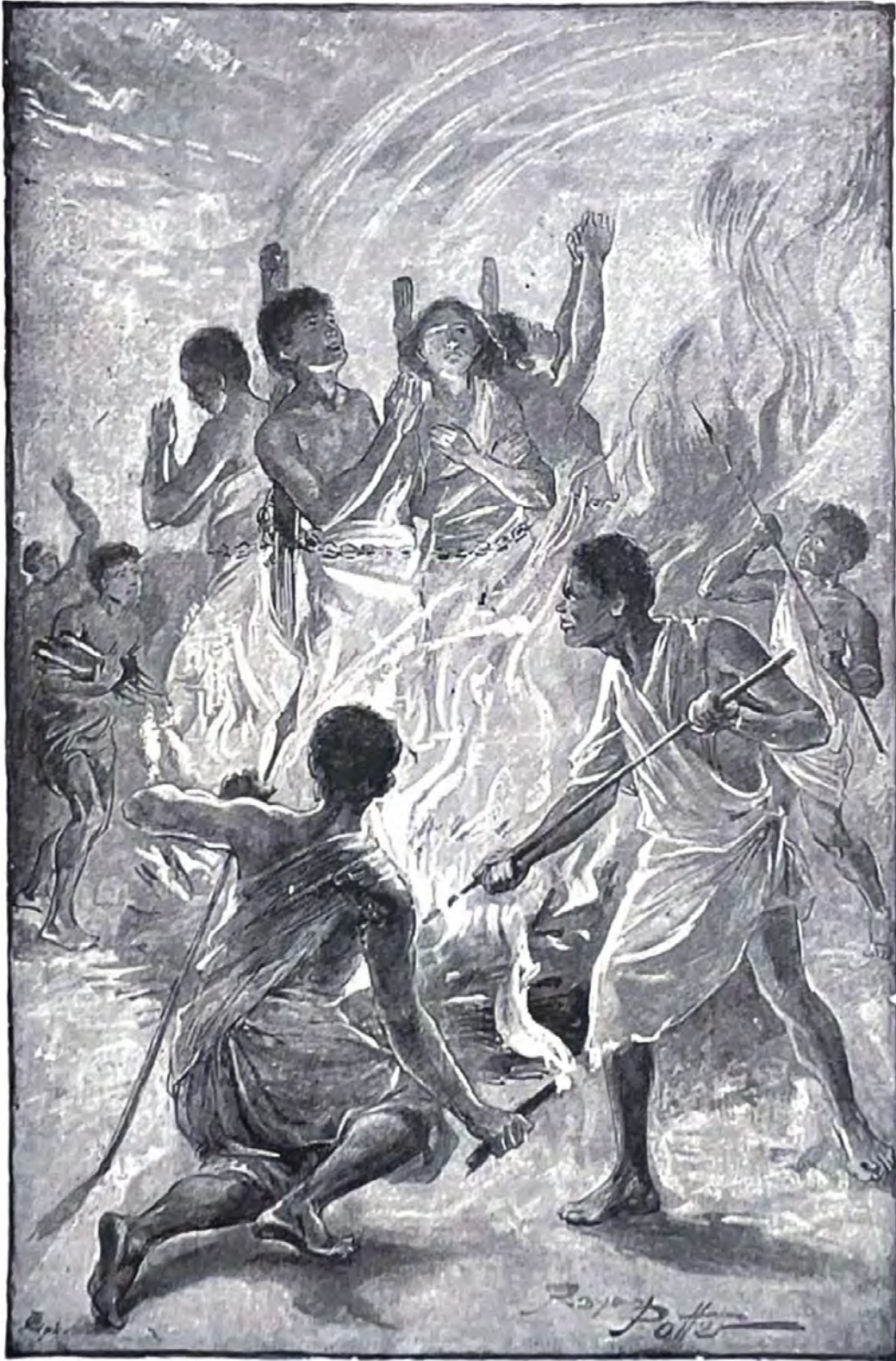
In 1860, after years of patient and faithful home life, she returned to Kaiserwerth, and began a time of strenuous training for her life-work. She had a very complete training in hospital work, first in Kaiserwerth, and afterwards in St. Thomas's Hospital, London, her friend and adviser being FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. In those days when so much was being done for the poor—jails visited and reformed, factory workers helped, and hours of labour shortened, none had raised a voice for the workhouse poor. The strange stories heard now and again of wrong done were soon forgotten, but Agnes Jones thought of them, and of the sick in their hospitals, so, when it was proposed to substitute trained nurses, for the then installed ignorant and worse than useless women, it seemed right that Miss Jones should be asked to undertake the post of lady superintendent



TRAINED AS A NURSE.

"They loved not their lives unto Death."

of the proposed trained nurses at Liverpool Workhouse. After much heart-searching and prayer she agreed to this, and after several months, travelled to



"She became interested in the Madagascar Christians." MARTYRS IN MADAGASCAR.

Preparing a Huge Christmas Feast.

Liverpool, and entered into the dreary and depressing atmosphere of workhouse life for Christ's sake. Those who visited her in 1865, wrote "She was the picture of happiness, delighted in her work, and in every proof that through her and her staff, moral as well as physical good, had been brought to those under her care."

Here among the sick, the dying, the outcast, the degraded, she lived and worked untiring for her Master. After a few years a serious outbreak of typhus fever, taxed her strength to the utmost. The hospital was full to over-



CHRISTMAS, 1868.

flowing, when a young nurse contracted the disease. Miss Jones gave up her own bedroom to her, and soon afterwards she, too, was stricken down. Great sorrow was manifested in the workhouse and hospital, and much prayer was presented to God for the bright young life, but she passed to her reward on February 19th, 1868. She was buried in the churchyard in her beloved Fahan, where she awaits the resurrection morning.

In one of her last letters she wrote, "It is such an honour to be used of Him—should we not seek it—not to add to our own crown, but His." Again, "I believe in this is our safety doing the littles as opportunity is given, and leaving the issue with God." At another time, "Your lovely flowers have been telling me God is love. They will fade, but He is unchangeable. Christmas preparation for 1400 people kept me busy. How thankful I was when the day was over, without any fighting and drunkenness!"

Thus this noble and refined woman, denying all her own tastes, her love of beauty, flowers and home, buried herself in a city workhouse, for the sake of those for whom Christ died. The motto of her life was one which all saved readers may make their own.

Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it for ever

Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life!

Pulse of all gladness and nerve of endeavour,

Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife. F.R.H.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.

THIS being the season of the year for treats, when examinations are held, when prizes are given, I have brought with me **3 Pictures**, telling of **3 Periods** mentioned in the Bible. I will show them, then any scholar or teacher can guess the season, or give a text to indicate same. It will be a sort of **INTERESTING EXAMINATION NIGHT**.



Period 1, depicted in our picture, is from the Old Testament, relates to a very brave man who did a very noble deed. What is it? An elder scholar guess—A

T I M E O F S N O W

I wonder if she will turn up 2 Sam. 23. 20 and read: "And **Benaiah the son of a valiant man**, . . . **went down and slew a lion in the midst of a pit, in TIME OF SNOW.**" He must have been like his father, "a valiant man," to go down *into a pit*, face a lion, and that mid snow and ice. Yet he *slew* him. What a brave man, and what an example for all boys here to-night. Dare to be a **BENAI AH**.



Period 2 takes us to the New Testament, and relates to the leading Person of the N.T. What time does this picture remind us of in connection with the **LORD JESUS**? A boy on the right has it—

I T W A S W I N T E R

Wonder of wonders, the Creator of the Universe, the Lord of Life and Glory, was walking this earth. Now who will read John 10. 22, 23? And **Jesus walked "in Solomon's Porch . . . and IT WAS WINTER."** Wonderful that our Lord felt the cold of winter just as

A Special Lesson for the Season.

we do, so kept walking in a sheltered portion of the Temple. More wonderful still that He went "all the way to Calvary," and died on the Cross to save a sinner like me from going down to the Pit of Woe. How greatly Jesus must have loved *me* to die, "even the death of the Cross," for *me*. I wonder how many of us here have thanked Him from our hearts, for loving us. and dying for us. Should we not all do it *now*.



Period 3 takes us to a sinful character who had much to do with the sinless Saviour. What text does this scene represent. I had better ask a teacher.

IT WAS NIGHT

The teacher will read about that sad night in John 13. 30 (*turn up your books if you like*): "**JUDAS, then having received the sop, went immediately out, and IT WAS NIGHT.**" A dark night indeed for JUDAS! *So near to the Saviour*, that he might have been saved and blessed for ever. But "he went out" into a dark Eternal Night.

Every one of us has a golden opportunity of coming near to the Saviour, of trusting Him, loving Him, believing in Him, and of being for ever with Him—or—of leaving Him, despising Him, and going out from His presence for ever. WHAT SHALL IT BE? HYP.



O lose one's *health* is much ;
To lose one's *wealth* is more ;
To lose one's *soul* is such a loss,
That no one can restore.

SEE THAT YOUR SOUL IS SAVED AND SAFE FOR ETERNITY.

HAPPY BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS is what we aim at in every issue of *Boys & Girls*, happy in the love of God, happy in being amongst those saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, happy in knowing that their "names are written in Heaven." (Luke 10. 20) and that when the Roll is called up yonder they will be there.

The present Editor commenced this little paper with this object in view 47 years ago, and has edited every number month by month as the years have rolled by. Many dear boys and girls in different parts of the world have been made happy through reading our pages, and are now working for the Master or with Him at Home.



Photo : J. H. Stone.

HAPPY CHILDREN AT RIPPLE, NR. TEWKESBURY.

WHAT ABOUT NEXT YEAR? We purpose continuing "as usual," which is all we need say to indicate that *Boys & Girls* will be as ever "*Bright & Good*." But we have one or two treats in store. The Editor has devised an entirely New Series of **Picture Painting Puzzles**: a new sketch of the Good Samaritan, with Priest and Levite, but *the puzzle is to find the Donkey*. You will enjoy this series. Then the **Youthful Martyrs** by the able writer E. E. ENOCK will be continued, as well as the budget of *Good Stories*, *Eye-Gate Lessons*, *Original Recitations*, *Cross Words*, *Acrostics*, *Searchings*, and all that has made *B. & G.* "the *Favourite Children's Paper*," taken monthly by **50,000 Young Folks** in all parts of the world. Continue in prayer for blessing on Editor, writers, and readers, and send in any incident or photo likely to be useful. HYP.

SEARCHINGS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

GATES of all kinds have been seen by many of our young readers during holidays, so we give a searching—H—E— about some of these mentioned in the Scrip—A—E— tures.

—O—N—R Varied Searching, No. 234. Sent by one of
—A—L—Y our helpers, who has supplied similar searchings.
—I—H—R These six gates in O.T. you'll trace,
—A—T If missing letters you recall,
From *each* a letter put in place,
And seventh gate name, greatest of all. L.G.

ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING, No. 233.—

H O B A H	Gen. 14. 15
O M E G A	Rev. 1. 11
B E G A N	Luke 15 24
A G A T E	Exod. 39. 12
H A N E S	Isaiah 30. 4

Original Acrostic, No. 474. Supplied by one of our valued Irish helpers. Awards monthly and yearly.

"The Master calleth for thee!" To *whom* were these words said?
Who was it from his master's service far away had fled?
What *king* did say, "I have performed," commandment of the Lord?
Who in a whirlwind went to Heaven? We read it in God's Word.
"A son in his own likeness." Of *whom* were these words said?
Initial letters name *one* who long God's people led. T.N.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC No. 473.—Lost, One, Verily, Everlasting—LOVE (1 John 4. 8).

Simple Searching, No. 163.—Awards monthly and yearly.



For first in Genesis now have a look;
Second in Exodus the second book;
For third letter to Numbers we will go;
Back to Leviticus, it doth fourth show;
In Deuteronomy the fifth we'll find,
Sixth letter is in Kings, please bear in mind;
Return to Ruth, and seventh we shall see;
In Samuel, eighth letter there will be;
To book of Esther go for the ninth one;
The tenth in Proverbs find, then we have done.

Whole is not found in Scripture, however you may look,
Yet the lamb surely was this, when Isaac's place it took. A.T.

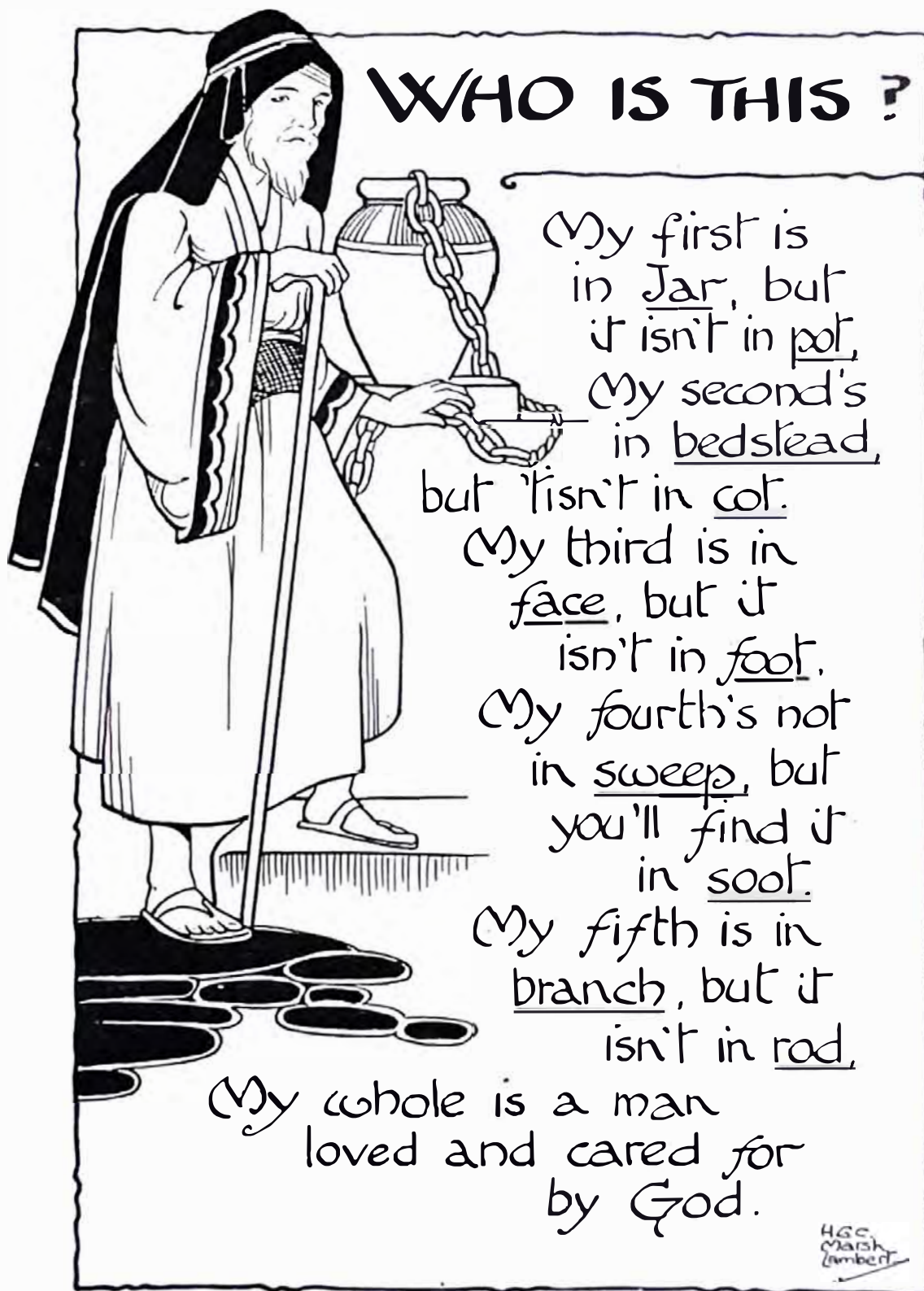
ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 162.—"THOU GOD SEEST ME" (Gen. 16. 13).

Who was she?

We all are familiar
With Abraham's wife's name.
What about her descendant
Who did bear the same? E.A.

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 185, is a statement found in a favourite chapter of John. No. 184 was: "I WILL GUIDE" (Ps. 32. 8).

A E E E E F H H H L N O O R S T T T T V



Artistic Acrostics, No. 5. "A BIBLICAL MAN." A series of entirely new drawings by a famous artist, H. G. C. MARSH-LAMBERT, only given here. For Colouring the text and picture. Use any material you have, paints, crayons, inks, etc.

For Solving Bible Acrostic, No. 5. Give name and reference.

Awards are given monthly for both above, according to age and quality of work, judged by the month they are received, so post before end of this month, if in *Britain*, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to Editor of "**Boys and Girls**," 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. Get your companions to join in

THE PUMP AND THE SPRING.

MORE than forty years have elapsed since, as a lad, I gazed and gazed into the empty pump and wondered where all the water had gone. The pump stood in one corner of the country schoolyard, and was always going wrong, either because of a defect in the working or in the well below. Again and again the local smith was sent for, tallow was applied, a coat of paint was given, and schemes many and varied were tried, but all seemed to be most unsatisfactory. When I last passed the spot the old pump stood idle, broken and rusty.

In another corner of the schoolyard was a spring. Gently trickling from underneath a huge tree it afforded endless amusement to the younger boys to try and close it up, so as not to moisten the marble pitch. Stones and soil were again and again applied, but next day the spring asserted itself and bounded forth.

I have often thought how like my heart. In my unconverted days I tried by attending Sunday school, learning the catechism, going to divine service, and other religious ways, to pump up a salvation of my own, but all ended in complete failure, for it is "NOT by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3. 5). Coming as a lost sinner to the foot of the cross, and accepting the Lord Jesus as my own Saviour, I realised the truth of His promise "on the great day of the feast," when He stood and cried, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink," then, "out of his inward parts shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7. 37, 38). Then also I understood how "to him that worketh NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5); as well as the truth that "Whosoever drinketh of this water (from Jacob's well or any other well of earth) shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the Water that I shall give him shall never thirst" (John 4. 13, 14). Since that time I have been drawing water from the wells of Salvation with joy and satisfaction.

Is your profession of religion like a pump, or like a spring? If the former, cease working and commence trusting, and you will have fountains of living water flowing, ever flowing.

HYF.

OUT FOR A GOOD TIME.

Last spring Jim left the school, and obtained a situation at fifteen shillings a week: the whole of which he handed to his mother, glad to help the income of the home.



OUT FOR A GOOD TIME.
Photo—John H. Stone.

OUT FOR A GOOD TIME.



TIM and Jim were brothers. I do not know their real name, but I know they lived in the East End of London, and were two of a fairly large family, three of whom had been in hospital. Another trouble was that father had

been among the thousands of unemployed for a long time. Mother was the only money earner, and that with no regularity, or in any quantity, yet whenever Tim and Jim got away

from home they were "out for a good time."

Last spring Jim left school, and obtained a job at 15/ a week: the whole of which he handed to his mother, glad to help the income of the home. We owe so much to our mothers, it is only right to repay them all we can. Besides, the Word of God says, "Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth" (Eph. 6. 2, 3). Out of the 15/ his mother returned 1/3 to pay his fares to work, and for pocket money.

Tim was Jim's little brother, and heard tell of boys going into camp in the beautiful country, and by the sea. How lovely it must be! How he should love to go! But there was a difficulty that seemed to make his going an impossibility. The other boys began paying in money toward camping expenses. Tim earned no money, so had no money, therefore could not pay any money, and so there was no camping for him.

I have heard children sing:

"There is a land, a sunny land,
Whose skies are ever bright,
Where evening shadows never fall:
The Saviour is the Light."

Jim loved his little brother, and his love devised a way by which he might go to camp: just as God in His love has devised a way by which we sinners can go to Heaven. The Lord Jesus has done for us, acts very similar to what Jim did for Tim.

How Jim Showed his Love to Tim.

For twelve weeks he paid into the camp bank the whole of his weekly money of 1/3 in his brother's name. In doing this he had to walk to and from the city. He even gave his pocket money, reminding us of (2 Cor. 8. 9) "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich; yet for *your* sakes, He became poor; that ye, through His poverty, might be rich."



Fox Photos.

THE AMATEUR AMONG THE EXPERTS.

Another London boy with a toy engine, who enjoyed showing it to and getting first-hand information from expert engine drivers at the sheds at King's Cross. They all seem to be "well pleased:"

Tim knew nothing of Jim's love and self-denial, until it was revealed to him, and he learned he could go to camp at his brother's expense. Jim only gave a few shillings for Tim: Christ gave all, even His life-blood, that we might go to Heaven, not for a week, but for ever. Someone has defined "Grace" as "God's Riches at Christ's Expense. See you rest not till you have thanked Jesus for dying for *you*. Do it now.

W. LUFF.

THE WITCH-WOMAN.



A FORTUNE TELLER—A TYPE OF
PERSON TO BE AVOIDED.

SHE was called the Witch-Woman because of an evil spirit which had held her since she was young. The name was very fitting. She looked like a witch in every respect, even to the proverbial broomstick, or, rather, a thick stick on which she used to lean. Her black hair hung down to her bowed shoulders, her face was wizened and very ugly, and her black, cunning eyes peered out from beneath bushy eyebrows.

The people in those out-of-the-way villages in Africa blamed her for every misfortune. If their children were ill, she had bewitched them; if their cattle died or were stolen, she was responsible; if there were a famine, she had caused it, and so she received a very fierce welcome in every place. They

drove her away, as a rule, with sticks and stones, or paid her to go to some other village.

One afternoon she painfully wended her way along a rough path to a certain small village. She looked particularly wicked and ugly, for she was very tired and hungry, and expected no better treatment than she had received at a village a few miles back. Children ran away when they saw her coming, and the women peeped cautiously from their huts. In the centre of this village, there was a small room, where a white lady sat talking to a group of native women, who squatted round her. The witch-woman looked inside the room, and then turned away—they would not want her there. But something, she knew not what, made her turn back and go in. Immediately there was a frightened whisper among the women, "The witch-woman!"

"Send her away!" they begged the missionary. "She is very evil. She will harm us and our children!" But the missionary said, "No. I cannot turn her away, but I will speak to her if she disturbs us."

The Witch-woman and the Eighth of Luke.

Slowly the old woman tottered up to where a young Englishman was preparing to read from the eighth chapter of Luke, and sank wearily on to the floor. The other women watched her with bated breath, and wondered anxiously which one of them would be visited with misfortune. Why had she come? they asked each other. What evil had she been planning? But she took no



From a Photo.

AN AFRICAN WITCH-DOCTOR.

Saved by the God of Deliverances.

notice of them. As the young man began to read, very haltingly, the story of "Legion," she fixed her black eyes upon him, and listened intently.

When he had finished the story, he said with difficulty, "I cannot speak your language, but I will read this over again." And so, very carefully, he read the passage through once more. Suddenly the old woman scrambled to her knees, and clasping her hands, cried out, "Thou, Who canst deliver, oh, deliver *me!*"



WRITING THE STORY TO SEND HOME.

Then she tore off a charm made of fingers, rats' tails, small bones, and other horrible objects, which she was wearing round her neck, and threw it into a brazier of glowing embers near by. "Keep away!" she said to the women, who were now standing round her, watching her with interest and alarm. "There is evil here!" Then she fell back exhausted.

The missionary went over to where the old woman lay moaning, and, kneeling beside her, told her as simply as she could, that the

God of Deliverance is the God of Mercy and of Love, and that He loved her, and wanted to save her. The tears rolled down the wrinkled cheeks as she listened to the wonderful story, and with faith as simple as a little child's, she believed that the Lord Jesus had died for her, that her sins might be forgiven. Soon after, the witch-woman became a Bible-woman, and, like "Legion," she "went her way and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto her."

JOYCE STUNT.

THE GIRL WHO WAS NOT QUITE SURE.



FOUR years ago I was travelling in America with a dear friend of mind, a Native Evangelist from India. We had been holding meetings in a large town called Portland. Here God greatly blessed, and many yielded themselves to God. Leaving there for a distant part, we "boarded the cars," as they say in America, for a six days' train journey.

My friend was dressed in European clothes, but wore his turban as a distinctive mark that he was an Indian. As we took our seats, I noticed a girl about fourteen get in with her mother. She kept on looking at my friend with all her eyes, and I could not help being amused.

The "cars," or carriages, in America are on the corridor style, with seats all facing one way, and hold about forty people. The curiosity of the child, as we went along, got stronger and stronger. At last she came up to me and said: "Please, sir, is that a real live Hindu?" pointing to my friend. "Yes," I replied. "Oh! I am so glad; can I speak to him? Do you know I have often thought about the Hindus. In our Mission Band at our church we give all our pennies to go and convert the Hindus. Oh! I should like to talk to him!"

I told her how glad he would be to speak to her. "He knows English well," I said, "and loves children." So I took her along and introduced her to him. You would have laughed at the number of questions she asked him—all about India, its customs and ways, what kind of food he ate there, and what kind of clothes he wore? And many more questions.

At last she got through, with a deep sigh of satisfaction. My friend then said: "Now you have asked me lots of

How She was Saved in an American Train.



AN INDIAN NATIVE.

questions, it's my turn to ask you one. May I?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "It is just this: Have you really come to the Lord Jesus? Can you say your sins are all forgiven? You have sent your pennies to India to convert the heathen; but *are you converted?*"

You ought to have seen the change in her face: how it fell, and all the brightness went out of it! She hung her head and whispered so low we could scarcely hear it, "*I am not sure I can say so.*"

My friend put his hand on her shoulder in such a loving way, and spoke so pleadingly, that it quite won her heart. "Well, and would you not like to be quite sure?" And he went on to tell her all about Jesus—how much He loved her, all that He suffered, and how He bled and died just to forgive her sins, and make her His own dear child.

Then she looked up, and there were signs of tears in her eyes—"Oh yes, I would." So then and there in the car he showed her how she could be saved. First to be really sorry for her sins, and then to take Jesus as her own personal Saviour, by only believing what God says in the Bible, that Jesus bore all her sins in His own body on the tree. The dear child then and there just took Jesus as her own personal Saviour, and oh! how glad she was.

The next day they got off the cars, and as she was leaving she came up with such a beaming, happy face to say good-bye, and said, "Oh! I am so glad I met you, for now I can say Jesus is my own Saviour." I shall never forget her bright, smiling face, and the joy in which she said, "Now I know my sins ARE forgiven, and I belong to Jesus."

Supposing I were to ask each one of you this same question! *Are your sins forgiven?* I wonder what you

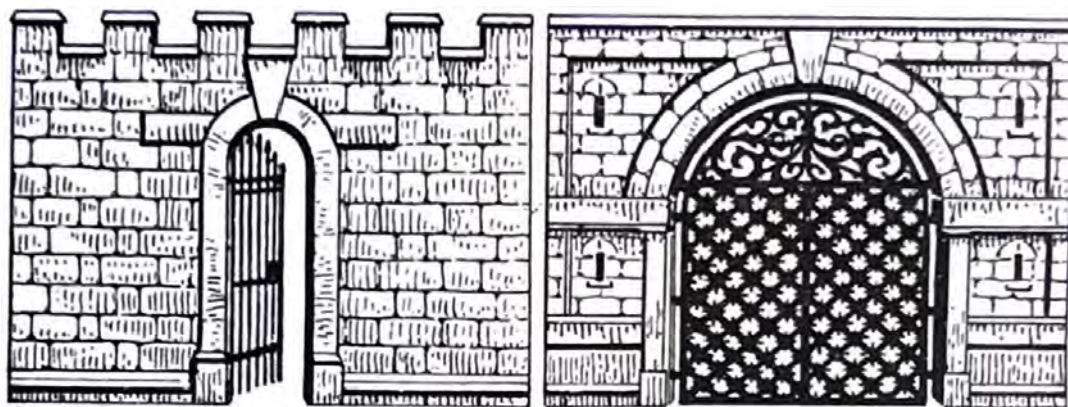
The Girl who Was Not, but Became Quite Sure.

would say. Would you hang your head like this little girl did? Or could you look up brightly and say, "Yes, thank God for Jesus' sake, all my sins have been forgiven, and Jesus is my own Saviour." Which would you do? If you are not quite sure, I beg you, for your own soul's sake, for Jesus' sake, who bled and died for your sins, give yourself to Him right away. Come! before it is too late, before Jesus comes, and the door is closed. W.H.S.



THE CONDUCTOR CHECKED TICKETS ON THE CAR.

THE STRAIT GATE AND THE GOLDEN GATE.



I HAVE brought with me to-night two gates, and I wish that every one at this annual gathering may enter both. First observe the

STRAIT GATE. Which boy can first turn up Matthew 7, and read verse 13? "Enter ye in at the *strait gate*; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction." Also verse 14: "Because *strait* is the gate and *narrow* is the way which leadeth unto life." This is the beginning gate. No soul ever yet got on the way to Heaven except by the *strait* gate, and no one will ever be in Heaven who has missed that gate. The word *strait* is in contrast to the word *wide*. It is *strait* because whilst it takes in any sinner, it will not admit one single sin.

You remember the poor man in "Pilgrim's Progress," with the big bundle on his back. He could not get through the wicket gate because his bundle was too big. Only when he gave a look at the Figure on the central of the three crosses and his bundle dropped from his back did he boldly enter therein, and travel the Heavenly Road. For planted right by the gate is the Cross of Calvary, and any sinner "beholding the Lamb of God hanging thereon bearing his sins and trusting Him, has his sins "taken away" (John 1. 29).

But attempt to enter with your sins, your doubts, your fears, and without the life-look at Calvary, and you will find you cannot enter therein. Drop all human efforts, trust Christ, and enter NOW. Then you will be assured of entering the

GOLDEN GATE, for "none perish that Him trust." Which girl will first turn to Revelation 21, and read verse 12? "And the city had a wall great and high, and

From the Strait Gate to the Golden Gate.

had 12 gates, and at the gates 12 angels." Also read verse 13, to tell us where all the inhabitants of the City of Gold (v. 18) came from. "On the E three gates, on the N three gates, on the S three gates, on the W three gates." Right. Into that City of pure gold only those who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb (Rev. 7. 14), shall enter, for it distinctly says, "Nothing that *defileth* shall enter therein" (Rev. 21. 27). Yet by grace through faith in the Lord Jesus they shall come from E, N, S, W, white, black, tawny, out of every kingdom and nation. HYP.



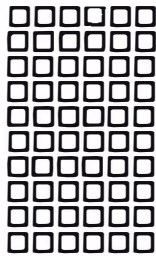
Copyright Photo: W. J. Clarry.

COUNTING HIS FLOCK.

GATHERED INTO THE FOLD.

ERE the wintry storms sweep the mountains, the kind shepherd has gathered his flock into the fold, to count them and see that none are lost. As you look at the picture, remember that Jesus said: "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" (John 10. 27, 28). Are *you* one of His sheep? P-L.

THE GOD OF LITTLE FOLK.



THE God who made the palm-tree,
The chestnut, and the oak,
He also made the tiny flowers,
And made us little folk.

The God who made the sun-king;
The moon, the queen of night:
He lit the lamps of glow-worms,
And makes us children bright.

The God who guides the angels,
And gives the eagle wings:
He also made the butterflies,
And all the little things.

The God who loves our fathers,
And brothers, strong and tall:
I know He loves our baby,
Though she is weak and small.

The Saviour who once suffered
For this great world of sin:
I know He thought of children,
And died their life to win. W. LUFF.

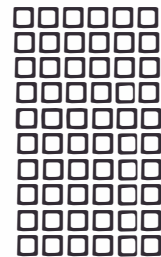


Photo: J. H. Stone, Peckham.

ONE OF THE LITTLE FOLK.

THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE FOR 1935.



A MAGAZINE which has held the field, under one Editor, for 47 years, and which has the largest circulation of any Gospel Paper for Young Folks, must have something good about it, and surely has the right to the title **The Children's Favourite Monthly**. Such is the paper you hold in your hand.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER. A very special paper and picture will (D.V.) be given in next issue.



Find the faces of Six Robbers.

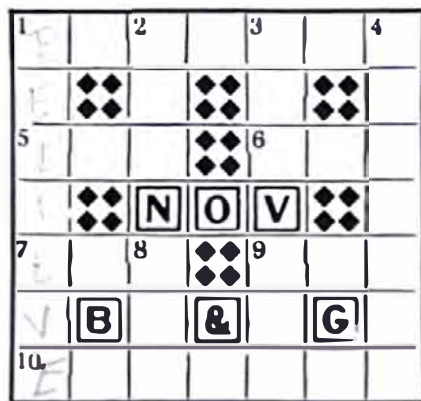
Lessons, such as those issued for 40 years; **Cross Words** which have proved an attraction; **Original Searchings** are of B. & G. specials from their beginning; **Bible Band**, and all the features. Please show it to your chums.

WHAT ABOUT 1935? For it will soon be here now. The Editor has devised something quite new in the form of a series of entirely original **Picture — Painting — Puzzles**. You see the man walking down the road, but have to find the 6 robbers. So with others. Also the **Artistic Acrostics**, Jumble Texts, and other new styles, by a famous artist, H. G. C. MARSH-LAMBERT (obtained at considerable cost); **Youthful Martyrs**, soul-stirring records by E. E. ENOCK, will be continued; as will **Testimonies of Well-known Men**, converted when young, will be varied; **Art Pictures** are coming in more plentiful; **New Eyegate** in more plentiful; **New Eyegate** HyP.

SEARCHINGS FROM THREE COUNTRIES.

AMERICA SUPPLIES our first searching this month, but solutions will be received from all other continents. Why not include yours?

Children's Cross Words, No. 53. Supplied by a young friend in Bryn Mawr, Miss Carrie Parks. Awards monthly and yearly. *Give references.*



CLUES. *Across:* 1, Philistines came there (1 Sam.); 5, Men of high degree are (Psa.); 6, Priests do it (Lam.); 7, A priest (1 Sam.); 9, Melchisedec did this (Heb.); 10, Slew Goliath's brother (2 Sam.). *Down:* 1, What must I do? (Acts); 2, 1st word of O.T. Book; 3, Name in Acts; 4, Eyes look (Prov.); 8, On the East (rev.), (Gen.); 9, Created the sixth day (Gen.).

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORDS, No. 52.—*Across:* 1, Nod; 4, Ha; 6, Zeal; 8, Reins; 10, Mara; 11, In; 12, Mesha. *Down:* 2, Ozias; 3, Den; 5, Aram; 7, Asia; 9, Ere.

Original Acrostic, No. 475. Supplied by a young helper in Ireland. Awards.

My first a *fellow-labourer* was of Paul;
This *prophet* did pray that rain might not fall;
The people for their king this *man* did choose;
And fourth, a strong *man* who his sight did lose;
When *he* was born, his father had been slain;
A *prophet*, in the N.T. it is plain;
Son of a godly priest, his name now spell.
Title of Christ, my whole, you know it well.

M. R.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 474.—Mary (John 11. 28); Onesimus (Phil. 15); Saul. (1 Sam. 15. 13); Elijah (2 Kings 2. 11); Seth (Gen. 5. 3).—MOSES.



Simple Searching for Little Folks, No. 164. Awards monthly and yearly.

First in Path, but not in Way;
Next in Cheerful, not in Gay;
Third in Comfort, not in Joy;
Fourth in Mend, not in Destroy;
Fifth in Minute, not in Hour;
Sixth in Weakness, not in Power.
To *whole* salutation came,
In Epistle find his name.

B. N. E.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 163.—SUBSTITUTE.

Text for Tiny Tots, No. 186, tells us of two things which have to praise the Lord. Look near end of Psalms. No. 185 was "The Father loveth the Son" (John 3. 35).

N O S N O N M A D U

The R H (B) T E M
 A man climbing a rope
 O S
 A boy playing cricket
 F O N
 NEWS HORRIBLE ACCIDENT AT LUGGIST
 A factory with smoking chimneys
 T of 3 R Y R M
 3RD CLASS Y
 D AN
 CRICKET SET Y M
 A pair of shoes
 NOTICE THIS POND IS PRIVATE A
 U D
 A large rock in the water
 \$
 JAS JONES AND SON
 ESTABLISHED 1820
 Y M GO B
 A large pile of rocks or debris

For Solving Puzzle Text, No. 12. Look it up, then write it out in plain words, with reference. Do not forget to state age, etc.

Awards are given monthly, judged by the month they are received, so post before Oct. 31, if in Britain, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to **EDITOR of Boys and Girls, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England.**

TWO BIDDERS FOR THE HEART.

YOU have a little heart, my child,
Locked up within your breast;
That heart may be by sin defiled,
Or filled with heavenly rest.

This twofold state will quite depend
To whom that heart is given;
It may for very anguish rend,
Or joy with peace from heaven.

There are two bidders for your heart,
Two bidders so opposed:
And you are called to do your part,
Your choice must be disclosed.

One bidder is so kind and true,
His Name all names excel;
He offers now to purchase you,
And save your soul from hell.

His bid outstrips all earthly price,
He offers precious Blood;
That costly ransom will suffice
To bring your soul to God.

When once he has your heart secure
He fills it full of joy;
He makes it humble, good, and pure,
Without the least alloy.

Another bidder, fierce and cruel,
Your heart would fain engage,
To fill it with such awful fuel
As envy, spite, and rage.

He bids the great world for your soul,
With all its pleasures vain;
Oh! come not under his control,
Throw off his curb and rein.

You have a little heart, my child,
To whom shall it be given?
Through Christ to God be reconciled,
And start to-day for Heaven.

T.B.

THE FIRST 'XMAS.

Some people say it happened on December 25th. Whether that is so I cannot say, but I am certain the event did take place.



CHRISTMAS FARE.

From the Painting by J. Malempere. Photo—Autotype.

THE FIRST 'XMAS.



IT was ever such a long time ago (over 1900 years) while a few shepherds were tending their flocks at night, that they

saw a wonderful sight. (Some people say it happened on December 25th. Whether that is so I cannot say, but I am certain the event did take place.) They saw an angel, and a brilliant light shining round about them. They were all terrified. But the angel said, "Don't be afraid, I've come to bring some good tidings. In Bethlehem to-day, is born a Saviour." Then all of a sudden they heard a heavenly host praising God (Luke 2. 13).

A few days after this happened the Roman Emperor had commanded that all the Jewish nation should be counted and taxed, and among those who were in the city, was a man named Joseph and his wife Mary.

After the shepherds had seen this wonderful sight, they said to each other, "Shall we go to Bethlehem and see what all this means that God has told us?" Up they jumped and off they went as quickly as possible, and found Mary and Joseph, with a dear little Baby lying in a manger. They had tried to find room in an inn, but of course there were so many people in the town being registered,

that every little corner was full up, and in a stable was the only place that they could find to put their little Baby.

Some wise men of the East also heard of the wonderful event, and having seen a bright star which they thought had something to do with it, asked King Herod if he knew where the Baby was. He could not tell them, but he said, "You go and find Him, and then come and tell me." Off they went, and looking up, saw the star going before them. Presently it stopped over the place where the Baby lay. They went in and kneeling down, worshipped Him, and

The First Christmas and the Present One.

gave gifts. God told them in a dream not to go back and tell Herod.

Well, this little Baby grew and was ever so good. Always obedient to His parents and God, and when He became a man, at the age of 30, He commenced a wonderful life. Everywhere He did good, comforting the sad, healing the sick, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead. He had a lovely kind heart—



Photo: Jas. MacIntosh, Glasgow.

HELPING AFTER THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

He has now! But yet after doing all these things, the people illtreated Him and put Him to death as they would a criminal (John 19. 18).

Of course you know Who this wonderful story is about. It is JESUS! He was born as a Baby and grew as a child, so He understands little boys and girls. He loves you ever so much. He died to save and make *you* happy. If you don't give a Christmas present to anyone else, do so to Jesus—give *yourself*. But don't wait till Christmas day, that may be too late! Trust Him just NOW! G.B.R.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HEAVEN.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WHEN A BOY.

IN "Kings and Commoners," a new book published by Blackie, some interesting stories are told of the Prince of Wales. Here is one told by GERTRUDE MASSEY, the authoress of the book:

"He was the most interesting child I have ever met. Here is an example of the extraordinary faculties of deduction which he possessed. He had been brought up in palaces and in an atmosphere in which kings and queens and great personages were treated

with deference and homage and where the question of precedence was all-important. One day, shortly after the death of Queen Victoria, he was talking to me about Heaven and Angels; he was trying to fit together various things he had heard and learnt. I was busily sketching him when he asked: "Are there any kings and queens in Heaven? Or, when you are an angel, is everybody equal?"

"Unable to stop working long enough to explain my ideas, I answered: '*Yes; they are all equal.*' He pondered a few moments before replying: '*I think that is quite right. But Great Granny won't like it!*'"

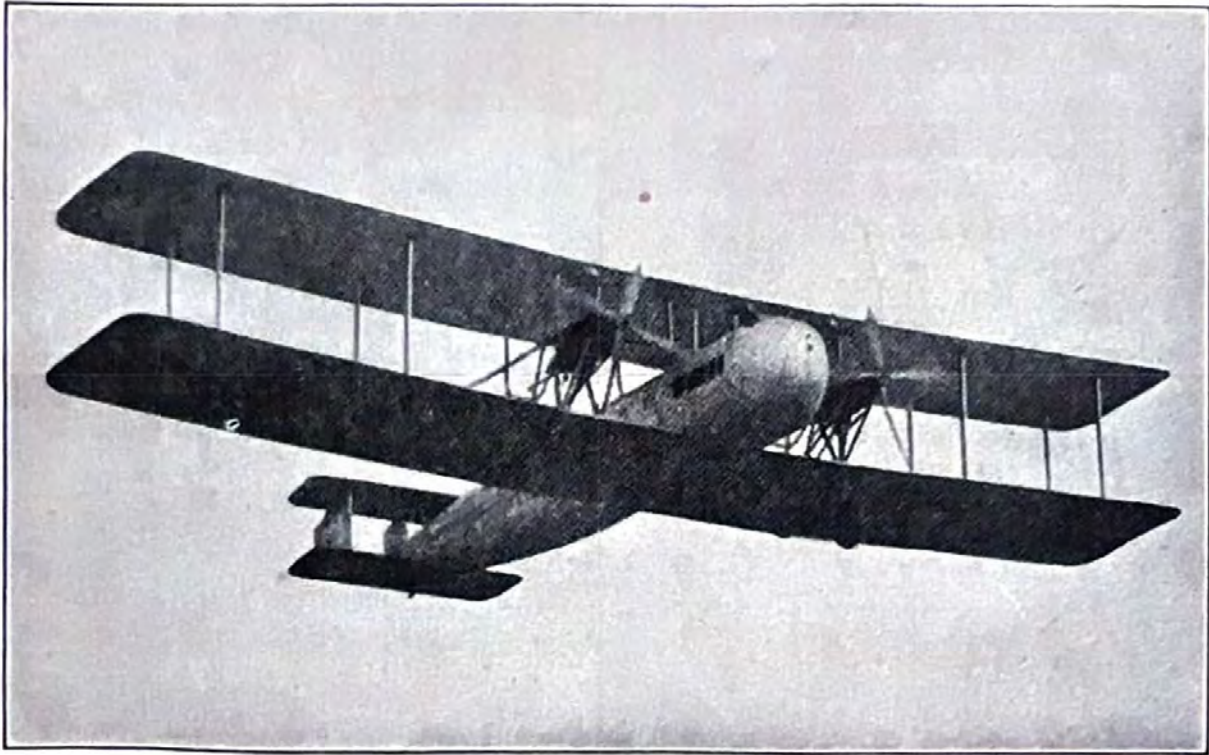
The Prince was then only seven years old, yet he had learned the truth of being "saved by grace alone" and so all being *equal* in Heaven. We trust he is as clear to-day. Surely we can truly pray, "God save the Prince of Wales" (see 1 Sam. 10. 24). Another "Surely," each reader may accept Christ ere the year ends and be saved for ever and ever. HYP.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he"
 . . . "Trust in the Lord with all
 thine heart." :: "Trust Him now."

(Proverbs 18. 20; Proverbs 9. 5; 2 Corinthians 6. 2).

THE AIRMAN WHO REFUSED £1000.

THE recent remarkable feat of two airmen, Messrs. Scott and Black, flying the 11,300 miles from Suffolk, England, to Melbourne, Australia, in less than 3 days, has aroused world-wide interest, and will induce readers to value the following testimony.



AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.

VICTOR SMITH, the brave airman who had many adventures flying from South Africa to England and back, was offered £1000 by a firm of distillers if he would ask for a whisky and milk, "just for a pick-me-up," as soon as he landed. Doubtless the name of whisky would have been heralded world wide. *He refused.* He was also offered a cheque for £400 if he would say that he smoked a certain brand of cigarettes on his way. *Nothing of the sort*, said young Mr. Victor Smith. Also at the hotel where he was staying, surrounded with admiration, someone brought him a special South African cocktail. "*Thank you, but I never take cocktails,*" said Mr. Smith.

Fourteen hundred pounds against one whisky and a packet of cigarettes is as severe a test of a young man's principles as you will find. There are few people of this age who would be so stalwart for conscience sake.

Doubtless, if anyone had asked Mr. Victor Smith how he came to have these principles, he would say something

The Airman who Refused £1000.

about his mother and the Bible. He is not ashamed of admitting that he believes in God and is conscious of God's power behind him. His mother taught him.

When Victor was on his way here he found a little note from her. He had left the Cape soon after midnight, and when dawn broke he spied a bit of paper fluttering from a crevice in the machinery into the cockpit. It was a text sent him by his mother, just saying: "*For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee*" (Isa. 41. 13).

These inspiring words stayed with him in the loneliness of the desert, when he was solitary as one bird in the vast air; and perhaps in these hazardous hours he learned something more of the holding of the Regal hand of Jehovah God. Be brave, make this God *your "own God"* (Psa. 67. 6) for ever and ever. C-N.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO EVERY READER.



"THE harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jer. 8. 20). How sad to think that this is true of many boys and girls, even some in our Sunday School. Early in the year you may have said, "I'm *going* to be saved, but a little later in the year." The end of the year is very near, and still—unsaved.

Then there is another important thing about "the harvest." Very soon Jesus will Come and take His loved ones

Home—the great "Harvest Home" will be passed. The summer—the Day of God's grace will be ended, and then—for ever too late. Boys and girls, in the summer of life come right away to Jesus and He will overshadow you with the sunshine of His love. There is no age limit, the youngest "kiddie" may come, and the oldest "gallant" of the school. We sincerely wish all a truly happy Christmas for "*happy* is that people whose God is the Lord" w.t.r.

JOE'S CHRISTMAS TREAT.

JOE was a bright lad who lived in the North of Scotland. He loved to be out in the snow, made big snowballs, and sometimes threw them where he should not have done. Along with his loved sister, in sunshine or storm, he had all along regularly attended the Sunday School.

After he grew up he was employed as a Railway Messenger. It was a proud day for Joe when he first donned the livery and cap, and slung the leather letter-bag over his shoulders. He kept the brass plate and buckle shining like gold. One wild winter, near Christmas, the school was dismissed with a warm invitation to a treat at Christmas. Little faces brightened as they got their "tickets," and visions of oranges and cake and a tree flitted through many a simple heart.

Joe bounded home full of gladness and told his mother, who kept a little general shop, of the happy prospect before him. He little knew that ere that night he would



JOE AND HIS SISTER ON THEIR WAY TO SUNDAY SCHOOL

Joe's Last Christmas Treat.

be with Christ—far better.” A few days before the treat he was at his post. It was a busy time—trains were moving in every direction. On Tuesday morning Joe got an important message to deliver, and to save time he bounded across the line, leaping from heap to heap of hardened snow amongst the polished rails. Suddenly a pilot engine quietly but swiftly overtook him, and down the poor lad fell. He nimbly tried to roll over, but his leg was caught and crushed under the mighty wheels. Quickly he was carried to the infirmary, where an operation for the amputation of his leg was immediately performed.

The poor mother was sent for, and dear Joe tried to comfort her. “Well, mother, dinna greet; I’ll be able to work for ye although I’ve but one leg.” She watched day after day by his side. At last he said: “I think I’m going to Jesus, mother; I would like to go for I know He loves me, and at Sunday School I learned that He died for *you* and *me*. Mother, I hope that you’ll believe in Jesus as I have done; tell the lassies to love Jesus, too, and we’ll be all together in Heaven by and by.”

In the dull grey of the winter morning, in the still hospital ward, the weeping mother sat beside her boy. His pale, wasted face told of the pain he bore. He faintly said, waking out of a half sleep: “He’s come for me, mother; He’s going to take me with Him.” “Who has come?” asked the mother. “JESUS, mother,” then added, “Tell my Sunday School teacher that I canna be at the treat, but I’m going to a happier company, and thank him for all his kindness to me, for he learned me to sing the sweet hymn. Just put your arm beneath my head; I think I could sing it now.” As the mother raised him gently, he began to sing in a soft voice the hymn, “I’m a pilgrim and a stranger,” then he sank back on his pillow and soon after his ransomed spirit fled to the “sweet repose” of the Saviour’s breast. Young reader, is Joe’s Saviour also yours? If not come to Him this very day, for you “know not what *a day* may bring forth” (Prov. 27. 1). Jesus will save, and finally perfect you in Glory. T.R.D.



The Christmas Treat and what Followed.



Christmas in the Olden Days.

ON THE WAY TO THE CHRISTMAS TREAT.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT.



CHRISTMAS is a time of giving. At this season of the year we like to give our friends and others gifts. I wonder can any of our young readers tell how the wonderful custom of giving at Christmas began. Various suggestions may be given, but when we come to the Word of God we find that the first Christmas gift was made by God Himself, and it was none other than His well-beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who when on earth referred to God's

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

In this verse we have God's part and your part. God's part was, "He loved and gave," and your part is to "believe and have."

Now boys and girls, shall we think of three things concerning the greatest and best gift ever bestowed upon mankind. God's first Christmas was:

1. A PROMISED GIFT. When our first parents sinned in Eden's garden, God spake about His Gift as "the Seed of the woman" (Gen. 3. 15), and as the years passed the words spoken concerning the coming Saviour became clearer and clearer, until it was seen that He would be born of a Virgin, as prophesied in Isa. 7. 14 and 9. 6; fulfilled in Luke 2. 6-11.

2. A LOVE GIFT. The Scriptures testified very clearly to God's love in Christ. His Love Gift, to the sinner, thus, "For God so *loved* the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" (John 3. 16). "God commendeth *His own love* toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8, R.V.) "God who is rich in mercy, for *His great love* wherewith He loved us" (Eph. 2. 4). Read also 1 John 4. 9, 10).

God loved us all so much that "He gave His only begotten Son." Yes, gave Him to suffer, bleed, and die on Calvary's cruel Cross, there to provide by His death

A Gift—Love, Promised, Accepted.

full and free salvation for all who are willing to *receive* it as the *free gift* of God. Are you?

3. AN ACCEPTED GIFT. Remember that a gift does not become yours when it is *offered* to you; it is only yours when you reach out your hand and *take it*. So it is with salvation: God has offered to you many times His salvation in the person of His love Gift, but you are not



Copyright—Fox Photos.

ONE OF THE BOYS AT LEAST HAS A GIFT. WHICH IS HE?

yet saved. Why? Just because you have not *accepted* the gift which God has offered to you. The gift is offered once again, will you *accept it now*? Why not do so and make this Christmas a very happy one by taking the Gift of God? To *take* is simple. You put out the empty hand of *faith*, and receive Christ as your own Saviour (John 1. 12).

"Oh, what a gift the Father gave
When He sent forth His Son,
To save every boy and every girl
By sin defiled, undone!" S. LAVERY.



GIFTS.—A Christmas Recitation.



Procedure: Five boys or girls stand in a row holding appropriately lettered cards. *All together:*

If you listen to our story,
We will try to tell
Why the Lord, the King of Glory,
Came on earth to dwell;
How a man of sinful nature
Can this moment meet his Saviour,
And the gloom dispel.



First Card: **G** stands for "GRACE."
This letter that you see is "G,"
And stands for "Grace."
It is the gift of God so free,
To Him be praise.

Second Card: **I** stands for "INVITATION."
The letter "I" it looks so narrow,
Yet it is broad;
Yea, standing as a cure for sorrow
From God's own Word.

Third Card: **F** stands for "FAITH."
The letter in my hand means "Faith,"
For all who will;
If we trust God then we are safe
In good or ill.

Fourth Card: **T** stands for "TEACHER."
Letter "T" stands for our teachers
In the Sunday School;
They will guide us to our Saviour
With Good Will.

Fifth Card: **S** stands for "SALVATION."
"S" begins the word "Salvation,"
God's gift free
Jesus bought for every nation
On the tree.



All together:
Now our Christmas theme is spelt,
In letters bold.
The gifts of God with which we dealt,
We trust you hold.
But should you scorn the gracious offer,
Then leave this place while still a scoffer,
There's wrath to come untold.

R. H

FROM THE EDITOR TO HIS 50,000 READERS.



P.O. BAG OF ARTICLES, CROSS WORDS, ETC.,
BEING DELIVERED AT OFFICES OF B. & G.

WE feel we cannot close our 47th Year of issue without a word of gratitude to God for the way He has guided and blessed *Boys & Girls*, not only to the instruction and happy occupation of tens of thousands of young folks, but to the **actual conversion** of not a few, many of whom are serving the Lord in different lands, others who have been promoted to Higher Service. A word is also due to our **many helpers** in the way of writing articles, supplying photos, introducing to friends, and otherwise acting as real friends of *Boys & Girls*.

During the 47 years the Editor seems to have made a host of good friends in many different lands, and looks forward to making many more in 1935.

A magazine which has held the field, under one Editor, for 47 years, and which has the largest circulation of any Gospel Paper for Young Folks, and the only Children's Paper with 16 Pages Illustrated for One Halfpenny, must have something good about it, and surely has the right to the title **The Children's Favourite Monthly**. Such is the paper you hold in your hand.

December being the **Christmas month**, we have thought wise to give seasonable stories and pictures. The story of **The Princes in the Tower of London** will be given in the January number.

A **UNIQUE USE** of *Boys & Girls* adopted by not a few schools is to get their own title of town, village, hall, or street on *the front page*, with list of all the meetings, and thus have the invitation carried right into the homes by the best means—"our darlings." Numbers have been thus drawn under the sound of the Gospel. 5/ or \$1.20 per 100 complete post free to any part. See back page.

WHAT ABOUT 1935? For it will soon be here now. The Editor has devised something quite new in the form of a series of entirely original **Picture—Painting—Puzzles**. You see the man walking down the road, but have to find the 6 robbers. So with others. Also the **Artistic Acrostics**, Jumble Texts, and other new styles, by a famous artist, H. G. C. MARSH-LAMBERT (obtained at considerable cost); **Youthful Martyrs**, soul-stirring records by E. E. ENOCK, will be continued; as also **Testimonies of Well-known Men**, converted when young, will be varied; **Art Pictures** are coming in more plentifully; **New Eye-Gate Lessons** such as those issued for 40 years; **Cross Words** which have proved an attraction; **Original Searchings** are of B. & G. specials from their beginning; **Bible Band**, and all the features **Please show it to your chums and say, "There is none like it."** HyP.

SEARCHINGS FOR THE SEASON.

HANDS AND BRAINS are usually kept busy during this month, so our searchings are all fairly simple. This completes the year for our "Regulars."

Varied Searching, No. 235, is a Square of Words, similar to several we have had before. Give Bible references.

● ● ● ● Awards monthly and yearly.
 ● ● ● ● Wise men from *here* their homage paid;
 ● ● ● ● *Name* in the line of Christ we read;
 ● ● ● ● Shepherds by night were *thus* afraid;
 ● ● ● ● *This* surely springs from a small seed. E.K.K.

ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING, No. 234.—**SHEEP** (Neh. 12. 39); **WATER** (Neh. 12. 37); **CORNER** (2 Kings 14. 13); **VALLEY** (Neh. 3. 13); **HIGHER** (Ezek. 9. 2); **EAST** (Ezek. 10. 19). **STRAIT** (Matt. 7. 13, 14).

Original Acrostic, No. 476. Another "Seasonable" searching.



Awards monthly and yearly.
These to the infant Christ were brought,
 Through faith, by prophets, *this* was wrought;
 A *forefather* of Salmon name;
 To Joseph all *these people* came;
 To shepherds *fifth* did bring great cheer;
 Herod did *this* that he might hear;
 A *city* to which Joseph went;
 And *this* the wise men did present;
 We at this season *whole* oft send
 From far and near—from friend to friend. A.I.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 475.—Marcus, Elias, Saul, Samson, Ichabod, Agabus, Hophni. **MESSIAH** (Dan. 9. 25).

Simple Searching for Little Folks, No. 165. Awards monthly and yearly.

My first is in both Gift and Giver;
 My next in Stream but not in River;
 My third in Glad but not in Cheer;
 My fourth in Time but not in Year;
 My fifth in Peace but not Goodwill;
 In Happiness my sixth is still;
 My whole a *prophet* all know well,
 Who did the Saviour's Birth foretell.



L.G.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 164.—**HERMES** (Rom. 16. 14)

Special Searching.

The morning stars, when first creation sprang,
 With sons of God for joy together sang;
 Again the angel host came down to earth,
 Rejoicing at the promised Saviour's birth:
 But yet another joy on earth is given
 To animate the angel's songs in Heaven.
 (Give refs.) w.w.

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 187, tells us what the Shepherds were doing. No. 186 was, **SUN AND MOON** (Psa. 148. 3).

A A D F G G G I I I I L N N N O P R R S Y

CAN YOU GUESS ?

My first is in white, but it
isn't in black,

My second's in bag, and it's
also in sack.

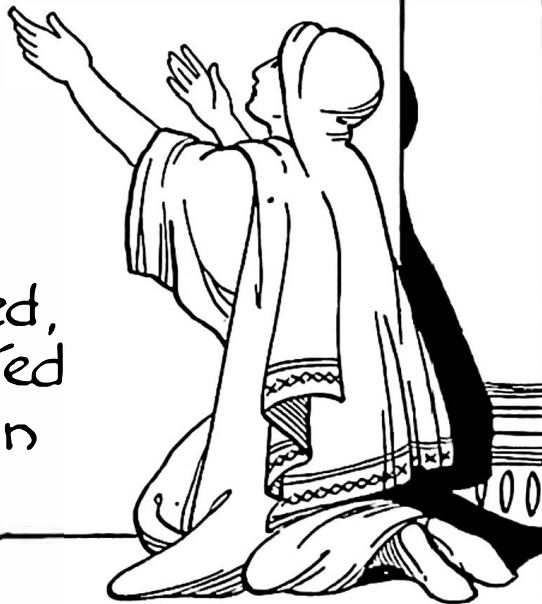
My third is in end, but
isn't in start,

My fourth is in hand, but it
isn't in heart.

My fifth is in staff, but it
isn't in stick,

My last is in
thin, and it's
also in thick.

My whole is
the name of
a woman
who prayed,
And God granted
her the petition
she made.



H.G.C.
Marsh-Lambert

Artistic Acrostic, No. 6. "A BIBLICAL WOMAN." A series of entirely new drawings by a famous artist, H. G. C. MARSH-LAMBERT, only given here. For Colouring the text and picture. Use any material you have, paints, crayons, ink, etc.

For Solving Bible Acrostic, No. 6. Give name and reference.

Awards are given monthly for both above, according to age and quality of work, judged by the month they are received, so post before end of this month if in *Britain*, at earliest if anywhere *abroad*. **EXTRA PRIZES** at end of year for most diligent searchers. Put name, age, address on back of each, and send to Editor of "*Boys & Girls*," 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. Get your companions to join in. Look out for the **Puzzle Palating** in next issue.

A HERO ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

A NUMBER of years ago an Atlantic liner left Liverpool for the city of New York. During the first part of the voyage nothing eventful happened. After being several days on the stormy ocean, one day the passengers were suddenly interrupted in their musings and conversation by a loud explosion, followed by a heavy escape of steam. Consternation seized hold of most of them, and was clearly depicted on their countenances, whilst the worst fears were entertained by some.

The first engineer, who was evidently much excited, appeared on deck, and explained that one of the main pipes had burst, and that the escape of steam could only be stopped at the risk of the life of him who did it. Having explained the imminent peril to which all on board were exposed, he asked various ones to volunteer. No one, however, appeared to be willing to risk being scalded to death. Again the engineer besought them, but without effect. At last a stoker appeared with a sack on his head, and expressed his willingness to make the attempt. Extraordinary interest was manifested as the brave fellow descended the ladder. "Would the stoker succeed in preventing an explosion? Would he be able to shut off the steam?" They knew that the danger was great and grave, and if he succeeded in his mission, he might sacrifice his own life in endeavouring to save theirs. All ears were strained to listen, and all hearts beat with expectancy. After a lapse of time, which seemed long to them, the noise ceased, and the escape of steam subsided. The stoker, however, did not emerge from below. On going below, they found the body of the stoker, but, alas! life was extinct. He had, in fact, been scalded to death. When the lives of others were greatly endangered, he risked his own, that they might be saved. He did not know that his own life would be sacrificed in accomplishing it, but so it was, and how the passengers and crew felt grateful to him who, in seeking to save their lives, sacrificed his own. And yet, how many show gratitude to Him who died to save them from a death worse than that of this courageous stoker! The Lord Jesus saw us, in our low and lost estate, did not merely *risk* His life, but He *gave* His life, that through faith in His death you may be saved. Believe in Him and live. A.M.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

When King Edward IV died, the wicked Duke of Gloucester wanted to be king, so he imprisoned in the Tower of London Prince Edward and Prince Richard, the rightful heirs.



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

From the Academy Painting by Sir John Millais, R.A. Copyright—Autotype.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.



OVER four hundred years ago there lived in England a king whose name was EDWARD IV. He had two sons, the elder was named EDWARD and the younger named RICHARD. When the young Prince EDWARD was only thirteen years old, he received the sad news that his father, the king, had died, and so he set out with his servants from Ludlow Castle, where he was staying, and started for London, because he was now to be King of England instead of his father.

Now there was a very wicked, ugly, and cruel man indeed, whose name was the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER; he was brother to the dead King, and so was uncle to the two young Princes. This wicked man wanted to be King himself, but he knew that the young Princes were the heirs to the throne. This wicked man set out to meet the young Prince Edward on his way to London, and pretending to be a very kind uncle, he took him to London, and as soon as he reached there, he had the young Prince made a prisoner in the Tower of London.

When the young Prince's mother heard her son was in the Tower, she tried to escape with her second son Richard, but by means of treachery, the wicked uncle captured young Prince Richard and placed him in the Tower.

Soon after this the wicked uncle had himself proclaimed King of England, but although he occupied the throne, he knew all the time that the rightful heirs were still living, and as long as they lived he did not feel safe. He determined to kill them, and so sent a messenger to the Governor of the Tower, ordering him to put the Princes to death. The Governor was a good kind man, and refused to do this terrible deed, and so the King ordered the Governor to give up the keys of the Tower for one night. That night the King sent two cruel men to the room where the two Princes were sleeping in each others arms, and before the two children could wake and cry for help, they were both killed.

How the Two Princes Lost the Crown.

Thus died two innocent boys, because they fell into the hands of a powerful enemy, and there was no one to help them. Perhaps if you go one day to the Tower of London you may see the place where, years afterwards, two small skeletons were found buried at the foot of a stone staircase.

I am sorry my story has such a sad ending, but you see it is true, and it shows how very wicked men may become, for the sake of power. Now it may be that you are not born princes or princesses, but you were born into just as

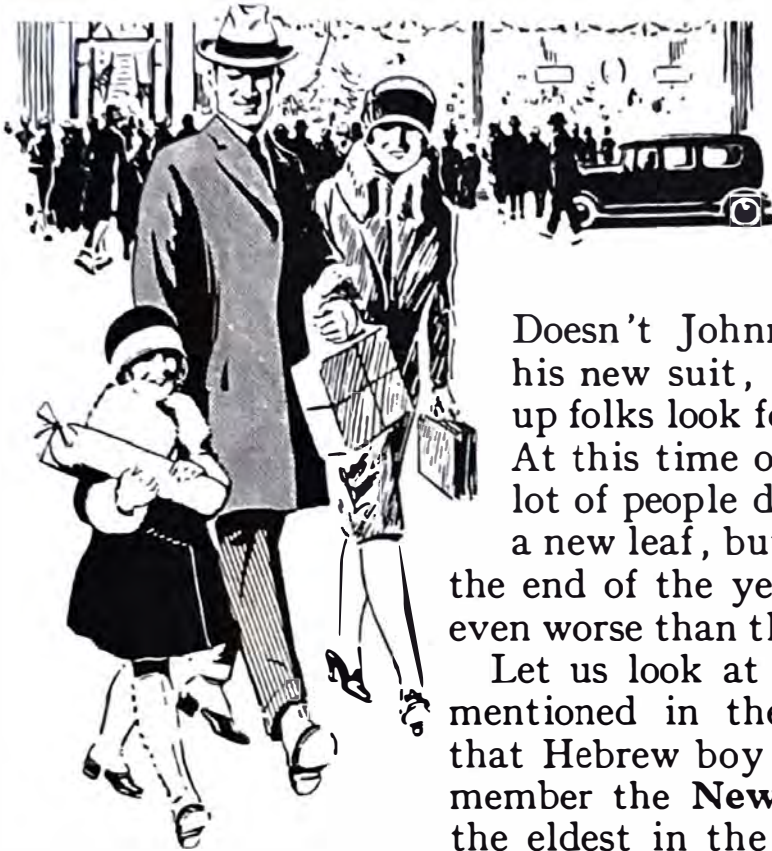


Where the Princes were Prisoners.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

wicked a world as young Prince Edward and Prince Richard. They had an enemy, and so have you, one who is ever seeking to do you harm. He is the great enemy of mankind, Satan. Think how easily he makes you do wrong, and you know how very hard it is to do right. These young Princes had no one to help them, but you have, and He is the Lord Jesus Christ. If you come to Him He will forgive your sins, look after you all your life, and at last, instead of falling into the hands of the cruel enemy, Jesus will take you to be for ever with Him. J.S.C.

"ALL THINGS NEW."



EVERYBODY likes new things, don't they? How proud you feel in that new dress, Mary!

Doesn't Johnny look smart in his new suit, too! Even grown up folks look for something new! At this time of the year quite a lot of people decide to turn over a new leaf, but they find that at the end of the year the new one is even worse than the old one.

Let us look at a few new things mentioned in the Bible. Didn't that Hebrew boy have cause to remember the **New Year**? He was the eldest in the family, and how anxious he was to make sure that father had put the blood on the side posts and lintels of the door (Exod. 12. 22). Midnight comes—the destroying angel passes over—just turned midnight—he's safe!—a new year has begun. The lamb was killed and the blood shed as a substitute for him, just as Jesus was for you and me. We deserved the punishment but He bore it. If we receive Him as our Saviour we are made **New Creatures** in Christ Jesus, because we experience a great change in our life called the **New Birth** (John 3. 3, 7). Nicodemus couldn't quite understand it, but Jesus made it so plain to him, and what a happy man he went home that night! Immediately you come to Jesus you commence a **New Life** (2 Cor. 5. 17). Old things are passed away—sin forgiven and forgotten—old desires gone. I often hear boys and girls singing silly songs. How I long that they might from the heart sing the **New Song** (Psa. 40. 3). Really, we cannot help singing when we're saved, because Jesus makes us so happy! One day He's Coming to take all who believe in Him from this world of sin to the **New Home** in Heaven (John 14. 2).

G.B.R.

AGNES PREST, the Exeter Martyr.

Youthful Martyrs, No. III.—By E. E. ENOCK.

A LONG picturesque Magdalene Road, Exeter, on Jan. 10th, 1531, a crowd of people was moving towards Heavitree. At Livery Dole a stake had been set up, and there Thomas Benet was burnt to death for refusing to worship the Virgin and the wafer which the priests declared to be the real body of Christ. Among the throng



is the sincere wish of the Editor for all his thousands of little readers in all parts of the world. Prov. 16. 20.

OF course the only way to enjoy a happy one is to become a happy little pilgrim, journeying to the Happy Land.

"A Happy New Year,"
We hear all around,
'Mongst children and men
Rejoicings abound;
Yet sad 'tis to think
That their pleasures are found
In a world where the Saviour
And Lord is disowned

"A Happy New Year,"
We wish it for you,
Dear children and parents
And all others, too;
But if the blest path
Of true peace you would find,
The Gospel receive
And the world leave behind.



"A Happy New Year" to you it will be,
If now to the Saviour of sinners you flee;
The *past* all forgiven, the *future* all bright,
The *present* rejoicing as "children of light." A.C.



surrounding the noble martyr was a woman, on a visit to Exeter—AGNES PREST by name.

After witnessing the brave and patient endurance of Thomas Benet she was a changed being. From that time she attended secret Protestant meetings, "preachings," in the Mint, off Fore Street, Exeter, where she learnt so quickly of the Scriptures that she was able to give chapter and verse of any text she heard.

Her husband was an ardent Roman Catholic, and on her return home to Trewan, Launceston, he constantly

Agnes has to Face the Bishop of Exeter.



troubled her because she would not go to Mass, or worship the wafer. Her children, too, were very unkind to her. At last her husband told the priest of her "obstinacy," and Agnes's persecutions began in earnest.

FLITTE, the priest, called and questioned her, and soon after his departure she fled, and took refuge with some friends, supporting herself by carding wool, a work at which she was very clever, and teaching salvation through Christ alone, to any

she met. Thus it was not for long that she could remain hidden; she was taken prisoner, conveyed to Exeter, and brought before the bishop, Tuberville (of Turberville).

"Foolish woman," said he, "thou hast spoken against the most blessed sacrament of the altar, the body of Christ. If it be as I am informed, thou art worthy to be burned;" and much more in the same strain.

"Sikerly, sir," Agnes answered, "I would rather die than do any worship to that idol which, with your mass, you make a god. *Let it be your god; it shall not be mine:* for my Saviour sitteth on the right hand of God, and doth pray for me."

Her courage, and her brave replies to his many questions, at length so wearied and enraged the bishop that he would at once have condemned her, but the chancellor persuaded him to give her a month in which to recant. She was sent to stay with the keeper of the prison, with freedom to come and go about the city. This prison was in the grounds of the bishop's palace, not far from the south gate, which was also used as a prison.

Even in charge of the keeper she seemed without fear, telling the friars who visited her that they misguided souls when they taught people to worship a false god of their own making—a piece of bread: that they sold their prayers for money—they made people buy pardons—they taught people that they should pray upon beads—should

Agnes Tells the Story to a Dutch Workman.

pray to the saints—"and a thousand more abominations. And yet you say you come for my profit, and to save my soul. No! No! *Christ hath saved me!* Farewell ye, with your salvation."

During this month she visited St. Peter's Church (the Cathedral) and spoke on idolatry there to a Dutchman engaged in repairing the noses of some images of saints which had been destroyed in the reign of Edward VI. He denounced her, and she was put into a dungeon of the



THE BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY IN A TIME OF SNOW.

Agnes Meets the Wife of Walter Raleigh.

prison, and had no more liberty. Whilst in this dungeon she had several visitors. One was Daniel, a man who had been a great preacher of the Gospel in the reign of Edward. He came to persuade her to recant, by which she perceived that he had turned from the simple Gospel for fear of man. Agnes Prest, instead of being persuaded by him to forsake her Lord, exhorted him to repent, as Peter did, and, like Peter, he would be forgiven and restored.

Another visitor was the wife of a man named **WALTER RALEGH**, a sweet and good woman, who, too, tried to persuade Agnes to recant. Agnes showed her the wickedness and idolatry of the mass, and spoke so clearly on the Scriptures, quoting them so truly that Dame Raleigh on her return to her husband, said: "That if God were not with her (Agnes) she could not speak such things, the which I was not able to answer her, who can read, and she cannot."

Two dear Protestant brothers, **WILLIAM** and **JOHN KEDE**, visited her, too, and much comfort did she receive from them, whilst much did she strengthen them.

Then, at a day she was haled to the Guildhall, before the bishop and the mayor, **JOHN PETRE**, and she faced her judges bravely, refusing to acknowledge their "bready god," and telling them a few plain Gospel truths which showed the falsity and wickedness of the Romish Church. She was then, "by the secular arm," condemned to be burnt for heresy.



They took her back to the Bishop's prison, or **Lollard's Tower**, as it was often called, in the palace grounds just on the City wall. Some of it still remains. The photo shows the archway at which she would enter. Inside on the right, there are narrow steps up and down. Agnes was conducted to the steps leading down to the dungeons—but they led up, nevertheless—for she was nearing Heaven all the time. She rejoiced to suffer for Him Who loved and had given Himself for her.

Agnes taken through Crowds to the Stake.

On August 15th, 1557, in charge of Sheriff Robert Midwinter she left the dungeon, and passing out of the city through the South Gate, walked up Southernhay West. It would take about, twenty minutes to reach the spot where she was to suffer, which was nearly at the top of the street.

What would her thoughts be as she traversed the road from the prison? Would she think of the crowds gathering around? Would she pray for those who did not know the Saviour? Would she pray for her persecutors? Would



Photo : E. E. Enock. DOORWAY INTO THE LOLLARD'S TOWER.
The Prison in the Bishop's Palace Grounds in the City Wall.

Agnes Loves not her Life unto the Death.

she pray for strength to endure as seeing Him Who is invisible, when the stake and faggots came within her view?

Her heroic end showed that strength was given. People had gathered on the walls to see her at the place of burning. There she was tied to the stake—"as simple a woman to see as any man might behold; of a very little and short stature, somewhat thick, about 54 years of age. She had a cheerful countenance, so lively, as though she had been prepared for that day of her marriage to meet the Lamb. There," says Foxe, "with much patience she took her cruel death, and so ended this mortal life as constant a woman in the faith of Christ as ever was upon the earth."

Her last words, as the people stood by watching the flames spring up round her were: "**I am the Resurrection and the Life**", saith Christ; 'he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that believeth in Me shall never die'" (John 11. 25, 26). And then her spirit took flight, away from the staring crowd and consuming flame, to be for ever with the Lord. E.E.E.

"CRISPS" BY OUR OWN CIRCLE.

Here is a Specimen of "Short Stories for young folks," such as we want our friends to send in Monthly. A volume will be sent to all whose stories are used. Must be short and spicy.—Ed.



THE other day when I got into a tramcar I noticed a little girl in the car, all alone, but radiantly happy, humming a little tune to herself, a picture of joy. I leaned forward and said, "Why, my little girl, aren't you afraid of riding all alone in this car?" Her eyes went wide at my folly, her lips bubbled with laughter. "Oh," she said, "they can't hurt me on this tram; my father's the conductor."

What a difference it makes to speak of "*the* Conductor" and "*My* father is Conductor." What a difference between "*A* Saviour" (Luke 2. 11), "*The* Saviour" (John 4. 42), and "*My* Saviour" (Luke 1. 47). Like the little girlie, can you say, "*My* Father," "*My* Saviour?" If not, come to Jesus *now* and make Him your very own, then you will be able to say, "*My* Father is conducting me Home." P-L.

WHAT WILL FATHER SAY WHEN HE AWAKES?

THIS young scamp of a girl, having caught her father napping after dinner, remembered the packet of toffee which he had brought home for her with several other gifts, and either for fun, for she and her father were great chums, and there is a merry twinkle in her eye, or because she is impatient at not getting the packet, she quietly extracted it from his pocket. Whether they laughed together, or she got a scolding when he awoke I



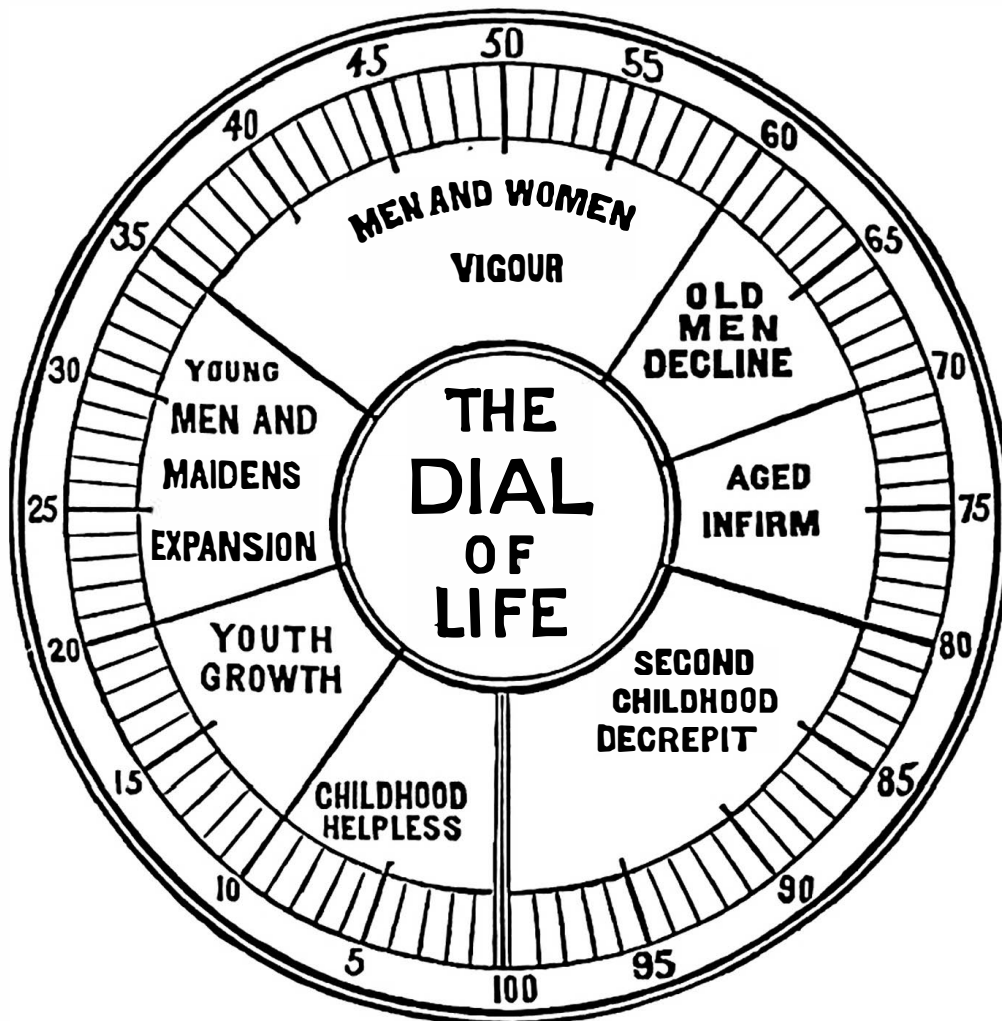
Photo : Studio Sun. Ltd.

WILL SHE GET IT OUT BEFORE HE AWAKES?

do not know. One thing I know, there is a much more valuable gift awaiting her, and *you*, and you do not need to steal it, for it is "the free Gift of God, Eternal Life" (Rom. 6. 23). It was purchased by Christ on Calvary's Cross. It is not sold for money or goodness, but given quite freely to all who accept it as a *gift*." Without money and without price" (Isa. 55. 1). See to accept it and make this New Year the happiest you have ever had. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

HYP.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



THE DIAL OF LIFE represents the various ages of mankind. Beginning with 5 to 10 as **Childhood**, it goes on from 10 to 20, **Youth and Growth**; 20 to 35, **Expansion** to young men and maidens; then a long stretch, 35 to 60, **Men and Women in Vigour**; 60 to 70, **Old Age**; 70 to 80, **Aged and Infirm**; 80 to 90, or a few to 100, **Second Childhood, Decrepit**.

What a stretch it seems from 5 to 70, yet it is surprising how quickly after all it passes, as the Editor can assure you, for he is in the next panel, aged but not very infirm, still able to edit your little monthly as he has done for 47 years, since he launched the tiny barque, and better still—**SAVED** and **HAPPY** as he has been for 61 years. When a young lad at school, he came to the Lord Jesus in the year 1874, and has found that "Jesus saves" and "Jesus keeps." Many have been the difficulties through which he has come, but He who has "all authority" has ever delivered him out of all his troubles. To His Name be praise.

Study the dial, see which panel you are in, remember you will soon be in the next, and the next, therefore make sure that *to-day* the Lord Jesus is your Saviour and Friend. Heed not the voice of Satan, that there is "Plenty of time." The Book which is ever right says, "Now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). HyP.

JESUS IS WAITING TO-DAY.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. 3. 20). *Open the heart's door and let Him in.*

Just waiting! a pierced hand knocks gently;
Evening is coming, and the sun sinks low.
Slowly but surely the night dew is falling—
Under the high bridge the swift waters flow.
Soon, very soon from your door He may go.

Waiting! still waiting! oh, answer the knocking!
Ask Him to enter, your home He will share
In all its darkness, gloom, and confusion;
Trust Him! He seeks but thy burdens to bear.
Say, may He enter? Oh, why must He go? J.A.W.H.

COMING ON TO OUR JUBILEE YEAR.



IN two more years (D.V.) we shall have sent out *Boys & Girls* month by month, without a single break for 50 years. On entering upon our 48th year it seems a long time to edit a paper, yet it appears almost like yesterday since we sent forth No. 1, not with fear and trembling, for we had the confidence that there was a real need for (1) **a real live paper** for young folks, not of the goody-goody, deep theology type, but (2) **one with clearing Gospel**, brightly expressed and profusely illustrated.

Our expectation has been more than realised, for there has not been a single year but the circulation has steadily increased, until now *the Children's Favourite Monthly* finds

its way into **50,000 Homes in all parts of the world month by month**. And many conversions have been reported through its pages.

A SPECIAL FEATURE FOR 1935 is the *Picture-Puzzle-Painting*, as No. 1 on page 15. Devised by the Editor, they answer the threefold purpose of Pictures, Puzzles (find the ass in this one), and Paintings as usual. *Jumble Texts*, quite out of the common, by an artist of repute, are another feature likely to interest and please all. The variety of matter is so great and so well-known that comment is needless.

Above all, the Editor desires **practical fellowship** in making *Boys & Girls* known among young folks; and **Persistent Prayer** for blessing on workers, readers, and all connected with the magazine.

HyP.

arm and left his sting there, so now he can't sting Johnnie. Then mother explained that this was exactly what the Lord Jesus had done for sinners at Calvary. He received in His own body the sting of death which we had deserved on account of our sins, and she explained that any guilty sinner who trusted in Him might receive at once forgiveness of sins.

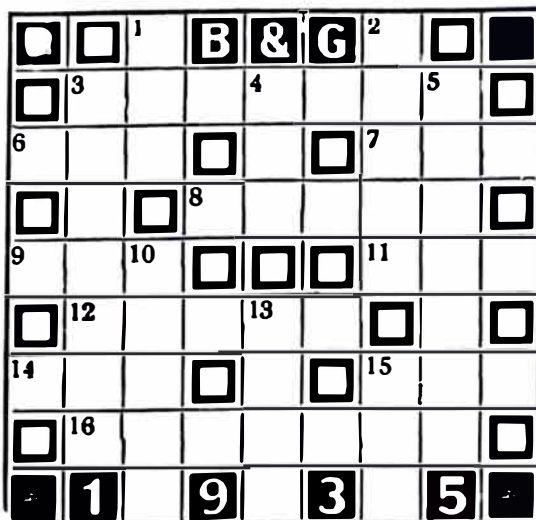


WHEN THE BEE STUNG MOTHER. A boy was once asked how long he had been saved. He replied: "Ever since the bee stung mother." The mother, seeing Johnnie pursued by a bee, without a word, threw up her big cooking apron, and Johnnie darted underneath it. In a moment or two the bee's angry buzzing ceased, for he settled on mother's

FIFTY PRIZES FOR ONE AND ALL.

In connection with *Boys and Girls Almanac* and *Boy and Girls*.

Children's Cross Words Searching, sent by a Searcher in South Africa. Miss M. Daniel.



CLUES. *Across:* 3, A chief ruler; 8, 40 men did; 7, A sea (Rev.); 8, Went on a housetop; 9, Philip told to do it; 11, Cornelius said it; 12, Was appealed to; 14, Come after —; 15, Light brighter than it; 16, An eloquent man. *Down:* 1, — all here; 2, Rest there; 3, Where churches were; 4, Young men shall; 5, A prudent man; 10, Agreed to do it; 13, Word of grace is; 15, Paul's sister had one. All words are found in Acts. (Give refs.). For Prizes 1-25, also 40-42, see *Boys & Girls Almanac*.

For Original Cross Word Searching. It must

be simple. Prize 31, according to age, etc.

For Short Biography of NOAH, who built the Ark. Not more than 100 words. Prizes 32 and 33.

For Text Making.—May be any substance, size, shape, and painted or worked, but the words must be: "OCCUPY TILL I COME" (Luke.....). Develop it on your own lines. 34, for little boys or girls; 35, for boys; 36, for girls; 37, any age.

For Notes of Address, Short Story.—For best brief report of sea-side, object, or blackboard lesson, or any missionary story, talk, or lesson which specially interested you. 38, according to age, merit, etc.

For Scripture Acrostic or Simple Searching, original preferred.—Prize 39. Say if original, or where found. It must be *short*. Can be poetical or otherwise.

TEACHERS, PARENTS, PREACHERS, or any one.—Prize 43. Best paper on "Difficulties and Opportunities of Present-day Sunday School Work." Worthy Awards.

For Very Little Folk.—Writing out Eight Texts containing the word "GREAT". Give chapter and verse for each. Any age under 10.—Prize 44, little boys; 45, little girls; 46, boys or girls over eight.

For Solution of Cross Words Searching. Give Bible references if possible. Prizes 47 and 48.

For Answer to the following Original Acrostic, No. 935, sent by a helper in Australia. Prizes 49 and 50, according to age and merit. Give references.



A *Grandmother* who loved God's Word to teach.
A *man* who sought out Paul and did him reach.
A *tree* to which our Lord Himself compares.
He who among the wheat did sow the tares.
That which is easy and the burden light.
An Eastern *fruit* pleasant to taste and sight.
A fabled *animal* of wondrous strength.
A *letter* sent by Paul, the first in length.
Another *name* for Esau, Isaac's son.
A *prophet* who his king's confession won.
A good old *priest*, submissive, gentle, meek.
The *father* of a man both strong and weak.
God with us,—In a single Hebrew word.
A *son* of Shaphat, prophet of the Lord.
Last, *that* within us that can never die.
Which God alone can save eternally.
Initials will a great command reveal.
Not always carried out with greatest zeal. S.A.

PUZZLE—FIND THE ASS?



Picture-Puzzle Painting, No. 1. Colour the picture as above, in ink, crayons, paint, or any colour or material you have. 26, under 10 years; 27, under 12 years; 28, under 14 years. If so, put your name, age, and address on *back* of picture.

For Completion and Short Description of Picture as above.—Prize 29, boys; 30, girls. Take a pencil and follow from No. 1 to 49. *What is it?*

Rules.—All papers must (1) be sent in from Britain by April 1, and from abroad by May 1, 1935; (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender; (3) Be addressed to "H. PICKERING, Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, England." Awards given in *Boys and Girls Magazine* in July and following month. Prizes of considerable value were sent out as awards for 1934 Searchings.

ONLY ONE HOLIDAY IN THE YEAR.

THE second day of the first native moon is the Chinese New Year's Day. If you take a walk down the street at such a time as this, you will soon notice that something out of the ordinary is occupying the attention of the people. You will be struck with the enormous number of Chinese characters, that is, words, which are pasted all over the walls and dwellings. These characters are for the most part from the very old Chinese learned books. Some simply express the season's compliments on behalf of the dwellers within. One sentence of four characters is frequently seen pasted opposite shops. It means, "May he who is opposite me make money." The amusing part of it is that the paper is stuck up by the shopkeeper himself, not on his own house, but on the wall of the person who lives opposite. At the New Year all shops close for four or six days, and business is quite stagnant. It is a universal holiday, and nobody is expected to work. All, from a coolie upwards, move about dressed up in holiday attire, and even the poorest man glories in a gown, and wears it, too, with the dignity of a mandarin! After the New Year the poorer classes as a rule put away their gowns, etc., at the nearest pawnbroker's, and leave them there until the next New Year!

The Chinese have no holidays whatever apart from this season. Month after month each day is like every other; they plod on like men struggling for very existence, so that when their annual holidays come round they must, I am sure, be in great need of them.

How thankful we should be that we live in a land of Gospel light, having one day in seven in which to cease from things fleeting and think of things Eternal. Yet many live as if they had received no benefit whatever from the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Why, it is of value as the means of blessing even to the *bodies* of men, but a thousand times more to the *souls* of men, as all who believe the Gospel—that Christ died for their sins, was buried, and rose again for their justification (1 Cor. 15. 3)—are saved with an everlasting salvation. Many of the "Heathen Chinese" believe it the first time they hear it, and grasp its glad message. You have heard it from many lips, read it in many pages, and seen it in many lives; but have you believed it? Are you saved by it?