

# INTO *the* FOLD









"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep"

# INTO THE FOLD

HOW THE GOOD SHEPHERD GATHERS  
STRAYING LAMBS INTO HIS  
HEAVENLY FOLD

EDITED BY

HY. PICKERING

Author of "*How to Instruct and Win the Young*," etc.



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## THE POSTMAN'S NEW YEAR GREETING.

It was the happiest New Year's morn of her life. Her sins were blotted out, to be remembered against her no more.



NEW YEAR'S MORNING.



## THE POSTMAN'S NEW YEAR GREETING.



OLD postman Garrett was a favourite in the village. He was respected by every one who knew him. His countenance was always beaming, and even little children detected the merry twinkle of his eye, and they knew that beneath his official uniform there was a kind heart.

On his regular round on New Year's morning, in delivering a parcel to the person to whom it was addressed, he said, "Mrs. Johnson, that is just how the Lord Jesus Christ and His salvation should be accepted. Your name is on the parcel, so you took it because you believed it was for you. '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). Your name is in that word '*whosoever*.' Good morning!"

And Garrett pursued his journey. It was the work of a few seconds only; but the Word was spoken which let a flood of light into the mind and heart of Mrs. Johnson.

She instinctively turned to her Bible, and read in the first chapter of John, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not; but as *many as received Him*, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (v. 12). And remembering Garrett's words as she took the parcel from him—"that is just how the Lord Jesus Christ and His salvation should be accepted"—she fell on her knees in earnest prayer, exclaiming, "O God, I do thank Thee for the gift of Thine only begotten Son; I accept Him as my Saviour, and thank Thee for His sacrifice for my sins."

She arose a new creature in Christ Jesus. It was the happiest New Year's morn of her life. Her sins were blotted out, to be remembered against her no more; and she knew what it was to have the Lord Jesus Christ as her abiding Friend. Accept the Lord Jesus as *your* Saviour now, and you too will be saved and satisfied. H-M.



## THE MISSING SHEEP.

IT was mid-winter in the country, there had been a fresh fall of snow, adding to the depth to which the ground was already covered. There were about a hundred and fifty sheep located in an enclosed space covering an extensive area, and the sheep had been counted by the shepherd, who made out the number as correct, so far as the movement of the flock would allow.

The following afternoon the farm foreman asked the shepherd if he had accounted for all the sheep, and receiving an affirmative reply, remarked, "Some one tells me there is one of them at the far end of the field." If that were so the little animal might have been in that spot for two days as there were no marks of its movements in the snow, which had fallen thirty hours before. With a chastened mind the shepherd hitched up the pony to a sleigh and drove across the snow, now some eighteen inches or two feet deep, and near the remote corner indicated was the sheep which the kind shepherd had assumed to be safe.

He could not help thinking afterwards how different it is with the great and Good Shepherd of the heavenly flock who said "they shall never perish" (John 10. 28). He knows all the movements of His sheep, and they are the objects of His continual care. Though they number millions, not one of them is lost sight of, for He is not subject to human failure. He calleth them all by their names and leadeth them out in spite of their numbers.



"HE ASKED IF HE HAD ACCOUNTED FOR ALL THE SHEEP."

## 'The Missing Sheep.

But the finding of the sheep did not end the matter. Not only was the poor deluded creature unprepared to follow the sleigh, despite the sight of food, which it must have badly needed, it did its best to escape the hand of the shepherd, running round in the tracts already made within a small radius. It was only with difficulty and after an occasional detour in the deep snow that the now exhausted sheep was secured by tying up front and hind legs. By considerable exertion it was placed on the sleigh and driven to the barns, from which, after a little special care, it soon returned to the flock.

How this speaks of the actions of many a sinner when under the influence of the Gospel, as he hides away into the wilderness of sin and folly until thoroughly wearied he makes the self-surrender which brings him into the safe keeping of the seeking Saviour. He is cared for by the Good Shepherd on the journey Home, and finally comes into "fullness of joy" and "pleasures for evermore." S.T.G.

## HOW FAITH WAS REWARDED.

A LADY was visiting a Christian woman who was very poor in this world's goods; indeed she was only just able to make her little pension cover her simple daily needs. It *was* a struggle, and sometimes the future looked dark, but Mrs. Burton had faith to believe that her Heavenly Father would never fail her. The two were sitting chatting together, and Mrs. Burton told her visitor that very often when she did not know how to get money for something she badly needed God sent her help in unexpected ways.

"And He sometimes helps me in such funny ways, Miss," she said. "I must tell you what happened just lately. I was very short, and I *did* so want a sixpence, but my old age pension was not due for some days, and I didn't know how to raise the money. Well, Miss, one evening I looked out of my window, and the moon was shining beautiful, and I thought to myself, 'I'll take a turn down the road, it will do me good perhaps.' So I put on my bonnet and cloak and went for a turn. I hadn't gone far before I met a gentleman and lady who stopped and asked me their way. They were visitors I could tell, and they did not know how to get back to the place where they were staying. I told them just what turnings they must take,



### How Faith was Rewarded.

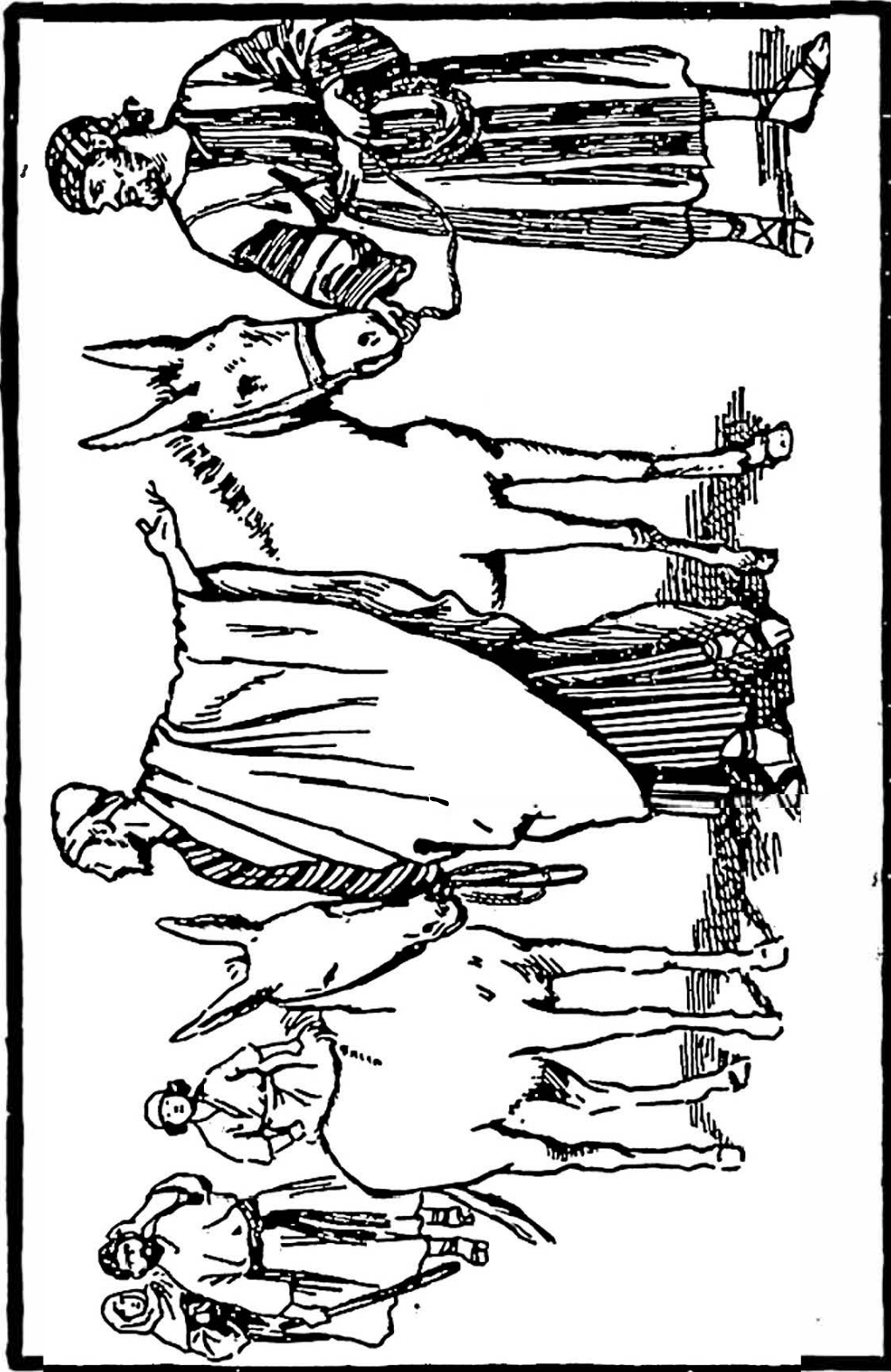
and thanking me the gentleman slipped one shilling into my hand. 'There,' I thought, 'God has done more than send me sixpence, He has given me *double* what I was



"HER HEAVENLY FATHER WOULD NEVER FAIL."

## How Faith was Rewarded.

wanting.' And I went home thinking how good the Lord was to me in supplying my wants even before I asked Him."  
"Before they call I will answer" (Isa. 65. 24). L.G.

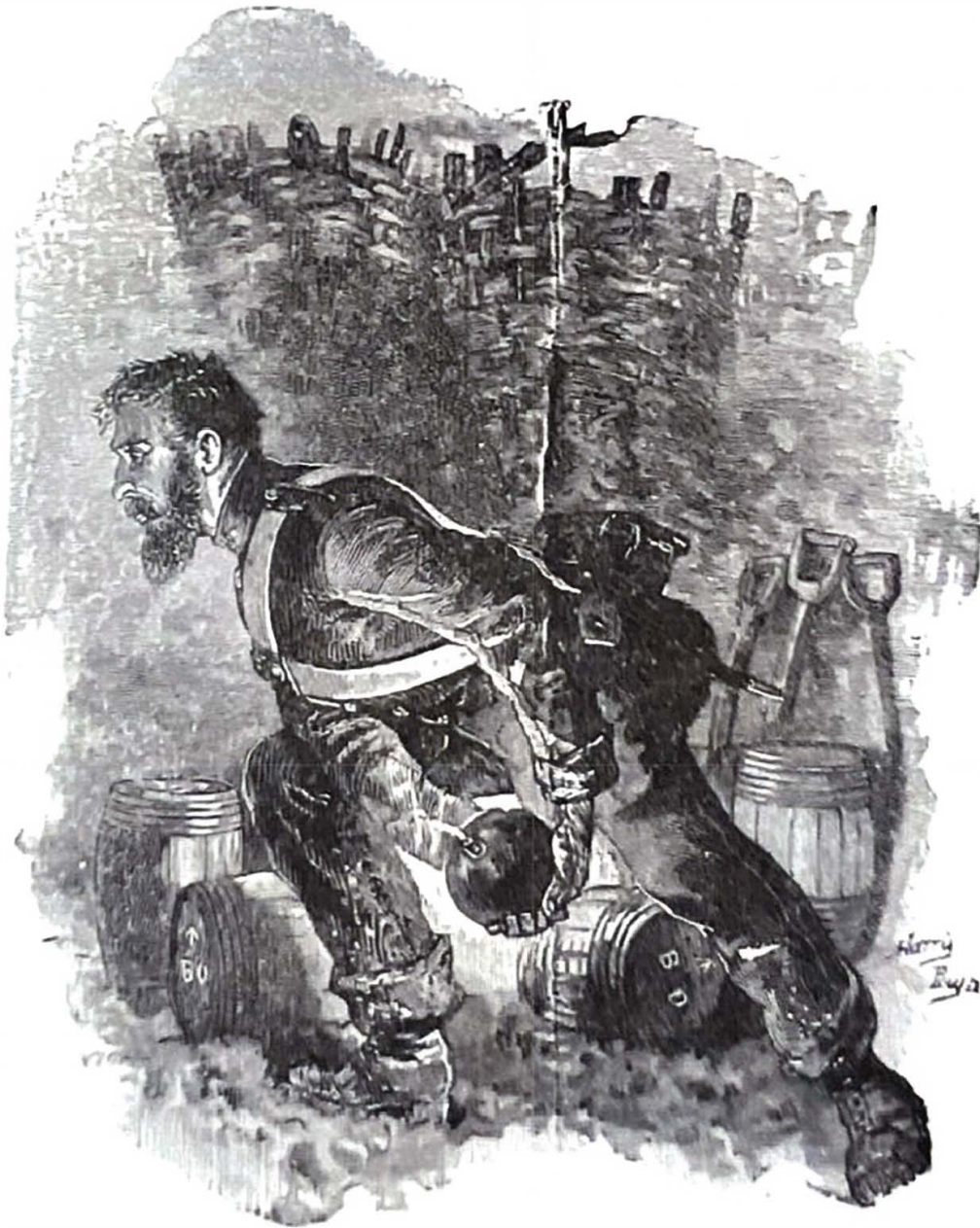


What Bible Scene is this?



## THE SERGEANT AND THE SHELL.

"ON the 2nd September, 1854, when in the trenches before Sebastopol, the sentries shouted 'Look out, there!' a shell coming right in the trenches at the same moment and dropping amongst some barrels of ammunition. I at once pulled it from them. It ran between my legs, and I then picked it up and threw it out of the trench; it burst as it touched the ground. From the force of it I fell, and was covered by its explosion with gravel and dirt. Sergeant Baker and others picked me up, and asked if I was hurt.



"I PICKED IT UP AND THREW IT OUT OF THE TRENCH."

## *The Sergeant and the Shell.*

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I said, 'No; but I have had a good shaking.' There were a great number in the trenches at the time, but I am glad to say no one was hurt. The sergeant reported the circumstances to the officer in charge.

"On coming off duty I was taken before the commanding officer and promoted to the rank of corporal, and then sergeant. He also presented me with a silk necktie made by Her Most Gracious Majesty. I was at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and the capture of Sebastopol after eleven months' siege."

Such is the true and telling account given by Sergeant Ablett, late Grenadier Guards, of the wonderful risk he ran in pitching a lighted shell, which might have exploded and blown him to atoms, out of the trenches.

Had the shell been allowed to remain in the trenches, hundreds would likely have been killed, so by his prompt action he became a saviour of many of his comrades.

A remarkable story, truly, and we would gladly give "honour to whom honour is due"; yet it is a poor story compared with the one whereby Jesus gained—not Victoria's Cross, but Calvary's Cross; not the honour of men, but the reproach and hatred of even His friends.

Knowing full well that in order to be *the* Saviour He must leave heaven and suffer shame and death on earth, He was delighted (Prov. 8. 31) to come into the world to save sinners from a life of sin and a death of shame.

Ah, my friend, while you *admire* the brave soldier for his noble act, tell me, Do you *love* the Saviour for His marvellous deed whereby all who trust Him may be freed from the power of Satan and sin and self?

That atoning act of Calvary will be the eternal song of the Christ-lovers in Glory or the everlasting sorrow of the Christ-haters in Gloom. My friend, which shall it be to you? God grant it may be glory! What would you have thought of the comrades of this soldier if they had remained ungrateful to the man who had risked his all to save them? Yet how many never thank Jesus for yielding His life in order that they might be saved! Let me ask, Have *you* ever had that experience in your life when you realised your terrible danger of death and damnation, and thankfully accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your own and only Saviour? If not, will you not begin now and thank Him? "We love Him because He first loved us."

HYP.



## THE LITTLE BOY AND THE GREAT DUKE.

"For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."



FATHERLESS.

## THE LITTLE BOY AND THE GREAT DUKE.



IN the South of England a well-known duke owned all the property for some miles in the neighbourhood of his grace's park, and where several villages were on the estate. In one of the cottages lived a poor widow with two children whose husband had been a farm labourer unable to make provision for his family. The eldest was a bright lad; honest, truthful, helping his mother to the utmost of his power.

The duke employed an agent to collect the rents. One week, calling at Mrs. Williams' cottage, she most regretfully said she was unable to pay the rent this week, but hoped to get out of his debt the following one. Mr. Smith angrily gave the widow notice to quit in seven days. Where were the family to go?

Poor Tom, seeing his mother's grief, decided to visit the duke and lay the case before him. Making himself as neat and clean as possible, Tom started off, entering the park unnoticed, walking up to the front door and ringing the bell as gently as he could. The boy at the door ordered him angrily to go off at once, and chided his impudence.

The old butler, hearing the young man's violent words, opened the door and asked the lad what he wanted. He related his pitiful tale, which touched the butler's heart. He replied that the duke was in the library writing, but that he would ask his grace to grant the boy an interview, telling the lad when addressing the great man to say "your grace!"

● On entering the library Tom approached the duke with folded hands before narrating his pitiful tale, saying, "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

No doubt the duke was somewhat puzzled at being thus accosted, but would probably guess the meaning. He took a sheet of paper, wrote an order that the widow should live rent free as long as she lived.

We can scarcely imagine the joy and gratitude of the family. A faint picture of the work of the Lord Jesus by His death and resurrection. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Take His gift, thank Him for it, and happy be. L. M'K.



## SOMETHING QUITE SURE.

THE great Napoleon was so sure that he would capture London that he had medals struck to commemorate his entry into the city. But even he, mighty soldier though he was, discovered that many are the slips between the cup and the lip, for he had reckoned without Wellington and Waterloo, and ended his days, a lonely and disappointed man; an exile upon lonely St. Helena.

God's Book says: "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or



*From Painting by W. O. Orchardson, R. A.*

NAPOLÉON ON THE "BELLÉROPHON"

to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away" (Jas. 4. 13, 14). Be wise, then, make *sure* of salvation by accepting the Lord Jesus Christ. This is something of which you can be quite sure. Whatever else fails, He will never fail. Trust Him now. J.M.

## A WONDERFUL PILGRIM MARCH.

**D**ID you hear about the Pilgrim Preachers who, in April, 1920, started from Land's End to go to John o' Groats? Do not imagine that they were a band of aged men with long white beards, wearing flowing robes and sandals, and walking in company slowly along dusty roads. No! These twelve modern pilgrims were very different. In the first place they were most of them quite young fellows, and wearing white straw hats. They cycled merrily along the country roads; they did not even keep together, because they were each one so busy in service for the Lord Jesus in speaking to people on the roads, giving them books, and visiting cottages as they came along that they became scattered, and it was only towards evening that, like bees to a hive, one saw the "boys" coming one after another back to their leader, who was generally in advance settling as to tea for the party. They would all come in full of bright talk of their different experiences, for they found it joyous work to tell others the way to Heaven.

Now, I will tell you how the day begins. It was at eight o'clock every morning that the leader, Mr. Luff, gave an address in some hall on the Return of the Lord Jesus. He told us how the Jews were now taking possession of Palestine as their national home, and that many others of God's prophecies are being fulfilled which all point to the time when the Lord Jesus will come again, and then all those who know and love Him will be caught up to meet Him in the air, as He has told us in 1 Corinthians 15. 51-58.

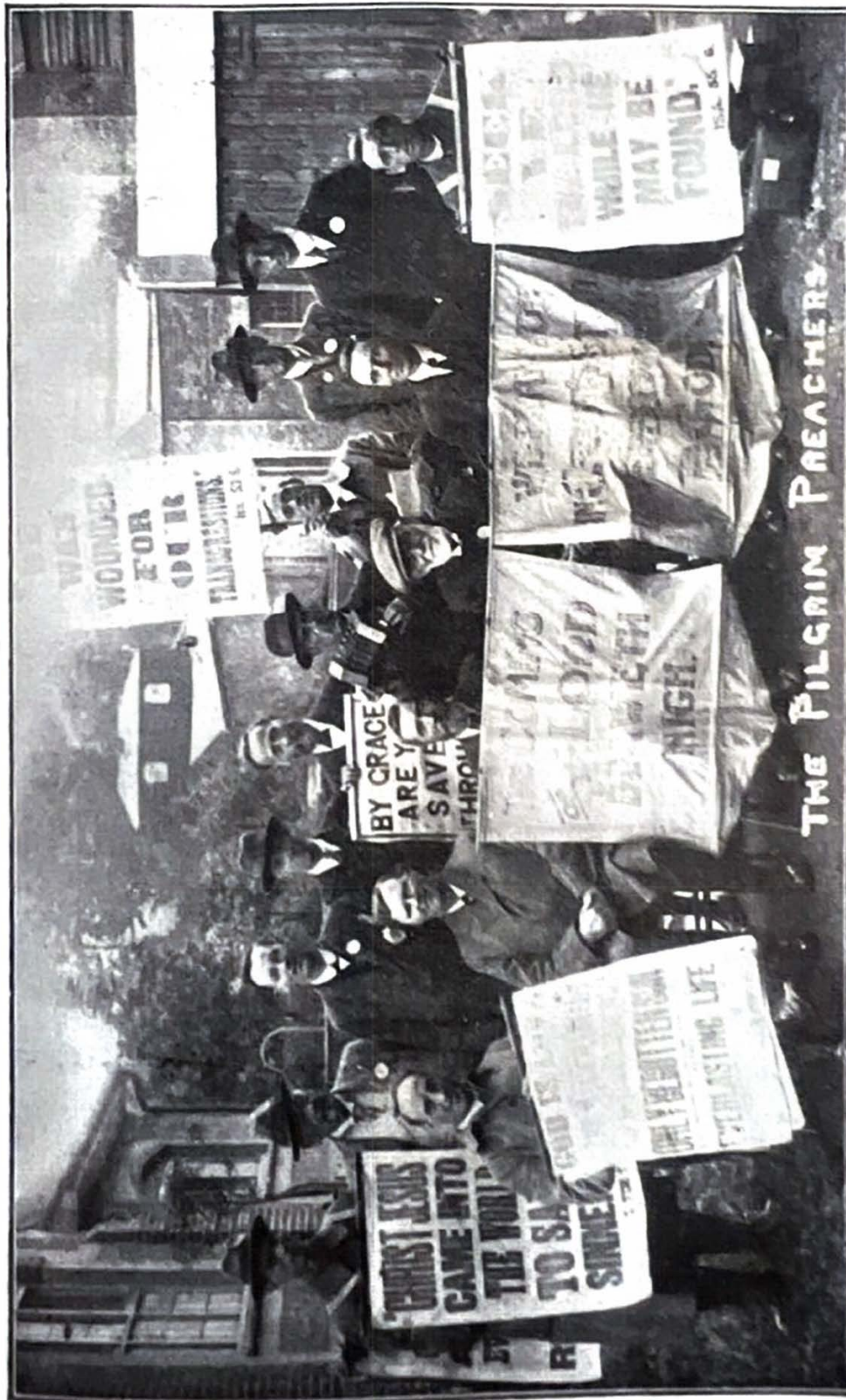
After this early meeting we would breakfast and pack up for our start forward. There was a motor van to carry all their bags and books, so that the cyclists had no weight to carry. I had my own car, for I must explain I am not a pilgrim preacher, but just a lady who joined the pilgrims in the highlands of Scotland so as to enjoy their company for a little time. I distributed a large number of illustrated Gospel magazines, including *Boys and Girls*, to children in the villages along the way, and I can assure you they were much appreciated by both old and young readers.

The roads in our highlands are very steep, and go high up over the moors. In one place we passed a magnificent herd of wild deer, the stags with their great antlers lifted their heads to gaze at us, but sprang away as I took out my



## A Wonderful Pilgrim March.

camera to make a snapshot. The heather was all in full bloom, and I cannot tell you how beautiful these masses



THE PILGRIM PREACHERS SETTING OUT ON ONE OF THEIR REMARKABLE TOURS.

## A Wonderful Pilgrim March.

of colour looked in the bright sunshine. We used to sing this little chorus:

“ God's love is like the sunshine,  
It covers land and sea ;  
It fills my heart with gladness  
When I know that God loves ME.”

At noon we always stopped at some village for our lunch, having either a picnic on the grass or going into a little hall or room if one was near. After visiting the cottages we would stand and sing so as to gather the villagers for an open-air meeting. Four of the pilgrims were Welsh boys who had sweet voices and sang together, sometimes in Welsh, which pleased the highlanders, as a few of the words were like their own Gaelic.

About four o'clock we reached our destination for the night. Every day we moved northward to a new place, excepting on Saturday and Sunday, when the week-end was generally passed in a larger town. At each new place we would find people expecting us, and kind Christians would have prepared a “welcome tea” for us in a hall.

Scotland is “the land o' cakes,” and it was a cheerful sight to see a long table with piles of scones and cookies to which we did full justice. When tea was finished the workers belonging to the place would give some short addresses of welcome and close with prayer.

At 7.30 we all marched out into the street carrying banners with texts and singing hymns ; we would go through the village until we reached a good place to take our stand for the open-air meeting. By this time quite a number of boys and girls would have followed us, and they gathered around us when we stopped.

The children were always grand helpers. More slowly the grown-up would gather outside them, until we usually had quite a good crowd of listeners, but as the boys and girls had been the first to come and hear, the first part of the meeting was always given up to them. The young preachers were so fond of the children and of teaching them to sing the bright choruses.

In another No. we hope to give notes of one of the object lessons given to the children. Many of these dear boys and girls were led to Christ. Come to Him *now* and He will save, bless, and keep you.



## GOOD WORK FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



**Simple Paintings for Little Folks, No. 1.**—Paint in any colours you judge best; use ink, crayon, or other substance. Put name, address, and age on each, and address to Editor as soon as done. All pictures received *each month* are classed as one, so that any reader in any land has equal opportunity for a prize. Try and find the incident in your own Bible.

**Question Studies, No. 1,** On above picture (1) give book, chapter, and verse where story is found. (2) Which part of the picture is most vital and cannot be done without. (3) Who does the ass represent, and who the lamb? Put name, age, and address with answers and post to Editor.

**Original Acrostics** have been a feature of our magazine for 33 years. They are as eagerly searched for by the young folks of to-day as of days long gone by. Give name, age, address. Older scholars should put *references* as well. Here is No. 318.

My *first* turned back to Moab's land,  
My *second* shook at writing hand,  
My *third* made worse by wicked wife,  
My *fourth*, mount-hunted for his life.  
My *fifth* a son to Aaron born,  
My *sixth* made peace when sheep were shorn,  
My *last*, good counsel brought to nought,  
And to a friend thus help he brought.

Initials spell a Bible word,

The name of one who feared the Lord.

J.J.S.

**Answer to Acrostic No. 317.**—Bethlehem, 1 Samuel 17. 15.

**Daily Bible Readings** are being prepared to give a scheme for reading the whole Bible by easy stages. See details in next number.

## A POLICE SERGEANT'S CONVERSION.



A SERGEANT of police was pacing his beat one evening. A Christian young man, whose heart was burning with love to Christ, while passing along felt constrained to speak to him about his soul's salvation. Crossing the street, and putting his hand on his shoulder, he said, "Sergeant, I have just been thinking about you, and wondering if you knew your sins forgiven." "I don't think," was the reply, "that any one can know that for certain." "Oh! but I know that mine are forgiven." "I think it great presumption in you to go that length. I would not dare to say that, and I am as good as you; I have done all the good I can to my fellow-men; I go to a place of worship as often as duty permits; and never that I know of have I injured any one." The

Christian brother, observing that the sergeant was expecting to be saved by his works, replied somewhat to the following effect: "You are on the wrong track altogether. You are hoping to be saved by your good doings, but *that* is not God's way of salvation. When He looked down from heaven He saw us all hopelessly bad and corrupt. He knew we could not save, or do anything to help to save ourselves. In love and pity He took our sins and laid them on the head of Jesus. He sank into the dust of death with the load of our guilt upon Him, and all who believe on Him are saved."

Like a flash of lightning the truth burst into his soul. He perceived that all his sins had been laid on Christ, and that He had borne them in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), and that through simply believing on Him he was saved. "Aye," said he, "is that it? Was my sin laid on Another?" Bidding the young man "Good-night," he hurried down a street, entered into the first passage, got on his knees, and thanked God for saving him. Years have passed, and he still seeks to tell others of God's gracious dealings with him.

Believe on Christ as the One who "finished" the sin-atoning work, and you will know that you are saved. A. M.



## AFTER MANY DAYS.

"The lady held a class for young girls in her kitchen one winter, and my daughter attended it, and she gave her heart to Jesus there, and she has gone to her Saviour."



A VISITOR CALLED.

## "AFTER MANY DAYS."



SOME time ago I was very anxious to work for the Lord, but having three little children to care for I found it difficult. I was living near Glasgow at the time, and as it was autumn the afternoons were growing dusk, and the air chilly.

I noticed a good many young girls taking a walk in our neighbourhood on Sunday afternoons, and it occurred to me to invite a few of them into the kitchen and make it cosy and attractive with a bright fire and cheerful surroundings, and then form a class and interest them in Bible subjects and good stories. I remember the first two whom I invited to come in, and how pleased they seemed as they accepted, and they soon brought a few others with them.

I continued the class for some weeks, and then I was obliged to give it up, but I had told my scholars the good news of a loving, forgiving Saviour, who willingly bore the judgment due to our sin in order that we might repent of it and accept the free pardon He was willing to bestow on every one that believed His Word and received Him into their hearts by faith. I told them of many who had turned from foolish ways and found rest in Jesus.

I left that neighbourhood soon after, and four years later on I went abroad for four years, and then I returned to this country to live near the same old spot. One day I was visiting a dear child of God, with whom I had just become acquainted. She was telling me about her family, and she said: "My eldest daughter was married, but she has lately died, and left a dear baby girl behind, and she is a year old." "Was she saved?" I asked. "Oh, yes, thank God," she replied; and "indeed she was brought to the Lord by a lady of the same name as yourself." "That is strange," I said, for our name is very uncommon. "Where did the lady live?" My friend mentioned the house where I had resided when I took my little Bible class, and she added: "The lady held a class for young girls in her kitchen one winter, and my daughter attended it, and she gave her heart to Jesus there, and she has gone to her Saviour." Look to the Saviour and be saved.

M. E. D.



## “SAVE BOWMAN FIRST!”

**D**URING a recent voyage of the African Royal Mail steamer “Angola” a touching incident occurred which is worthy of record. Two of the crew from some unforeseen cause fell right into the sea, which was rolling high at the time. The lifeboat was put out at once, and the gallant crew soon brought her alongside one of the men, who was a more powerful swimmer than the other. Instead of allowing himself to be dragged into the boat, he loudly cried, “Save Bowman first!” You see poor Bowman in the



“HE LOUDLY CRIED, ‘SAVE BOWMAN FIRST.’ ”

picture, just about to sink, but the crew at once picked him up, and then soon had his brave comrade safe in the lifeboat beside him.

Who does not love to hear “friend for friend” stories, yet none of them at all approach the “Friend for enemy” story of the Cross of Calvary, and how Jesus the Friend of sinners left glory and died on Calvary for such enemies as we were. Yet the Bible says, “When we were *enemies* we were reconciled to God by the death of *His Son*” (Rom. 5. 10). Are you reconciled? If not, “Come now.” HYP.

## SAVED AT FOURTEEN YEARS.

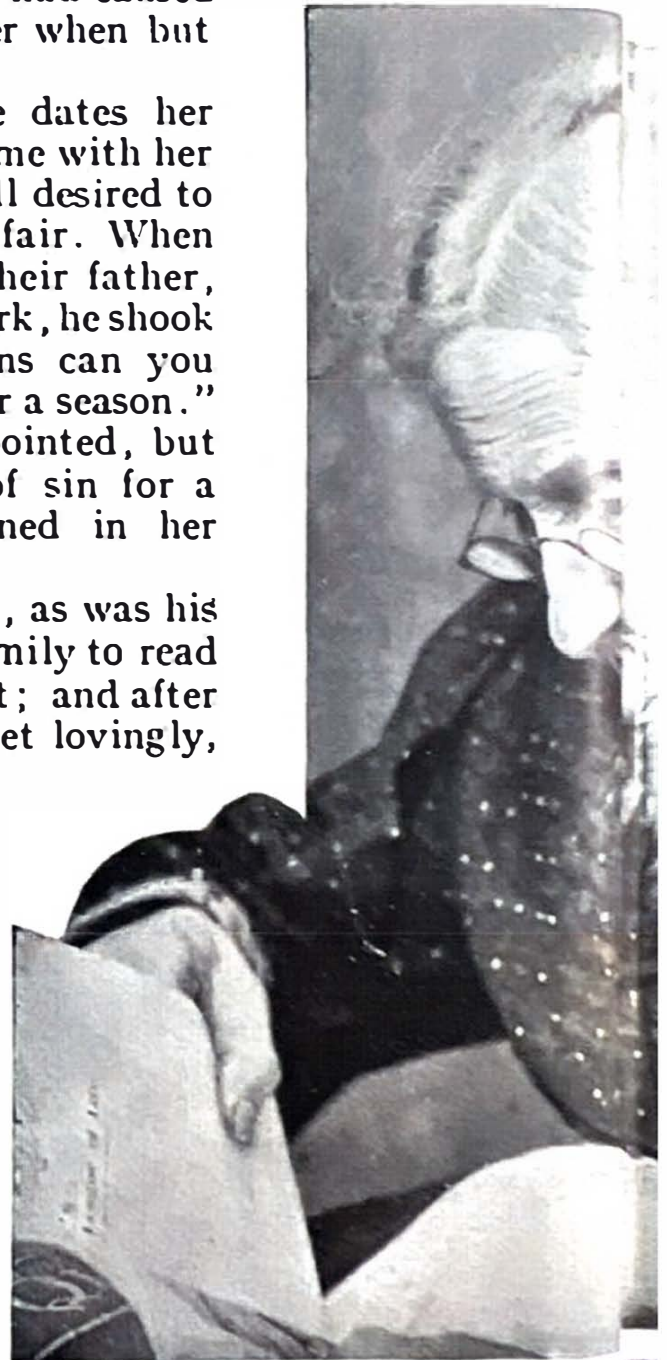
**I**T has often been remarked that when a child's soul is saved the life is saved also. This is beautifully illustrated in the case of an old lady to whom I was speaking recently, who had been a Christian for over eighty years. The Spirit of God had caused her to feel her need as a sinner when but a child of fourteen.

At the time from which she dates her conversion she was living at home with her brothers and sisters, and they all desired to go to the neighbouring pleasure fair. When they sought permission from their father, who was a God-fearing parish clerk, he shook his head, saying, "By no means can you go; the pleasures of sin are but for a season." They were all very much disappointed, but the solemn words, "pleasures of sin for a season" (Heb. 11. 25) remained in her heart all that day.

The same evening the father, as was his custom, gathered together his family to read the Bible ere they retired to rest; and after the reading he spoke simply, yet lovingly, to their young hearts about sin, the pleasures of sin, and that unless their sins were cleansed away by the precious Blood of Jesus they could never enter Heaven.

God was speaking that night through that parish clerk to little Hannah. She suddenly jumped from her chair, rushed across the room to her father, and flinging herself into his arms, sobbed as though her heart would break. "Father, dear," she sobbed forth, "how can I be saved?"

It was a real breakingdown, a storm before the calm which was to last for over three



"Eighty long years have run their race  
and throughout that long period she  
and power of her Saviour's love."



## SAVED FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

quarters of a century in this world, and then eternal calm and everlasting peace for evermore.

Placing his arms round the trembling child, he told her that although she was a sinner, Jesus Christ loved her and died that her sins might be forgiven, and that if she trusted Him she would be happy all her life and rejoicing throughout eternity. She there and then trusted the loving Saviour and knew her sins were forgiven.

Eighty long years have run their course since her conversion, and throughout that long period she has known the preciousness and power of her Saviour's love. She has experienced many of the bitter trials of life, which are the common heritage of all, and now she is just waiting and longing either for her Lord to fetch her, or for the home-call for her to go to Him, her faithful Friend, who saved her, who has kept her hitherto, and who has promised never to leave nor forsake her.

"Do you ever regret trusting the Saviour?" I asked her a few weeks ago. Her eyes brightened, and her lips quivered with emotion as she replied, "Never! for my Jesus is everything to me. What should I have done without my precious Saviour all my life, and what should I do without Him now?" She is on the solid Rock of Ages, and she has no care, no anxiety about the future.

You may be but fourteen years of age, but still unsaved. If so, trust the Saviour now, and your life shall be saved as well as your precious soul. Remember, He says, "I give unto My sheep *eternal* life, and they shall never perish (John 10. 28). So that if you are saved now you are saved for ever and ever. Oh, He is a life-long and eternity-long Saviour indeed! See that you trust Him *now* and trust Him fully.

A.G.



se since her conversion,  
known the preciousness



### SAVED AT FOURTEEN YEARS.

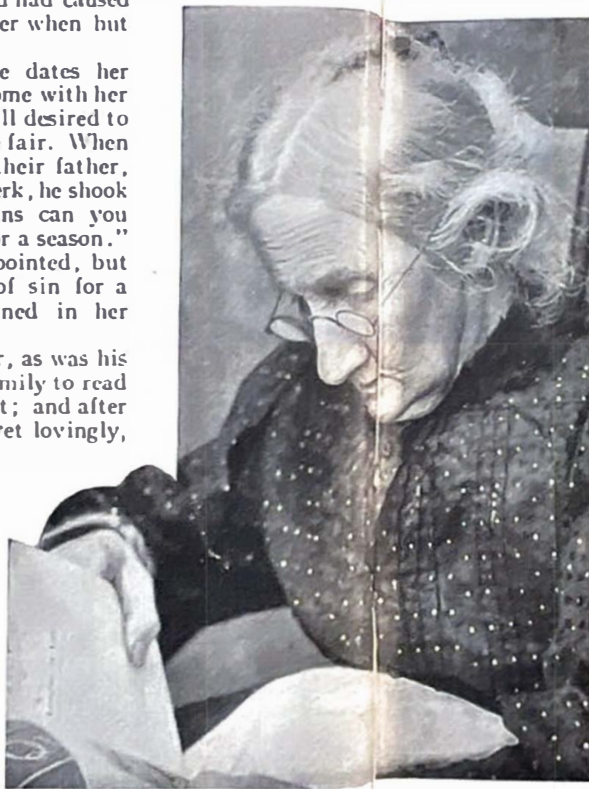
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At the time from which she dates her conversion she was living at home with her brothers and sisters, and they all desired to go to the neighbouring pleasure fair. When they sought permission from their father, who was a God-fearing parish clerk, he shook his head, saying, "By no means can you go; the pleasures of sin are but for a season." They were all very much disappointed, but the solemn words, "pleasures of sin for a season" (Heb. 11. 25) remained in her heart all that day.

The same evening the father, as was his custom, gathered together his family to read the Bible ere they retired to rest; and after the reading he spoke simply, yet lovingly, to their young hearts about sin, the pleasures of sin, and that unless their sins were cleansed away by the precious Blood of Jesus they could never enter Heaven.

God was speaking that night through that parish clerk to little Hannah. She suddenly jumped from her chair, rushed across the room to her father, and flinging herself into his arms, sobbed as though her heart would break. "Father, dear," she sobbed forth, "how can I be saved?"

It was a real breaking down, a storm before the calm which was to last for over three



"Eighty long years have run their course since her conversion, and throughout that long period she has known the preciousness and power of her Saviour's love."

### SAVED FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

quarters of a century in this world, and then eternal calm and everlasting peace for evermore.

Placing his arms round the trembling child, he told her that although she was a sinner, Jesus Christ loved her and died that her sins might be forgiven, and that if she trusted Him she would be happy all her life and rejoicing throughout eternity. She there and then trusted the loving Saviour and knew her sins were forgiven.

Eighty long years have run their course since her conversion, and throughout that long period she has known the preciousness and power of her Saviour's love. She has experienced many of the bitter trials of life, which are the common heritage of all, and now she is just waiting and longing either for her Lord to fetch her, or for the home-call for her to go to Him, her faithful Friend, who saved her, who has kept her hitherto, and who has promised never to leave nor forsake her.

"Do you ever regret trusting the Saviour?" I asked her a few weeks ago. Her eyes brightened, and her lips quivered with emotion as she replied, "Never! for my Jesus is everything to me. What should I have done without my precious Saviour all my life, and what should I do without Him now?" She is on the solid Rock of Ages, and she has no care, no anxiety about the future.

You may be but fourteen years of age, but still unsaved. If so, trust the Saviour now, and your life shall be saved as well as your precious soul. Remember, He says, "I give unto My sheep *eternal* life, and they shall never perish (John 10. 28). So that if you are saved now you are saved for ever and ever. Oh, He is a life-long and eternity-long Saviour indeed! See that you trust Him *now* and trust Him fully.

A.G.

## "MY PRECIOUS LITTLE PRIZE."



Written by an Indian Christian mother on the falling asleep of her little baby.

THE hues that paint the western sky,  
Oft have I watched at parting day,  
And seen the tints so lovely die  
And turn to misty gray.

A rose had I in garden fair,  
By genial zephyrs fanned at morn;  
Though tended with much loving care  
It drooped at evening's dawn.

My baby's lips once greeted me  
With tender rapture in his eyes;  
In Heaven he's waiting now for me,  
My precious little prize.

I'll meet again in coming years  
My boy to whom my love was given,  
When I shall pass this vale of tears  
To my dear Home in Heaven.

## JESUS IS MINE.

AT the close of a meeting held not far from here, at which there was the usual after-meeting, it fell to me to speak to a company of little girls who had waited to speak on the things of the Kingdom. There were six in all, and I sat down beside them, and inquired if they knew Jesus as their Saviour. I looked into their faces for a reply, but all remained silent except one. To outward appearance she was worse off than any of the others, but the glad expression in her eyes told me, almost before she spoke, that she had a treasure unseen by mortal eye. "I know Him," she said; "JESUS IS MINE!" Jesus is mine!—it seemed as if the words had never sounded so sweet before. I had some conversation with her, and she told me all about it. I still seem to hear the echo of the answer of that little one "safe in the arms of Jesus." Her Bible knowledge must have been of the most meagre kind, and I daresay I could have puzzled her with a single question; but what she did know was a world in itself. How poor, and yet how rich she was!

B-G.

## BOYS AND GIRLS OWN CORNER.



**Simple Paintings for Little Folks, No. 2.**—Paint in any colours you judge best; use ink, crayon, or other substance. Put name, address, and age on each, and address to Editor as soon as done. All pictures received *each month* are classed as one, so that any reader in any land has equal opportunity for a prize.

**Question Studies, No. 2.**—On above picture (1) give book, chapter, and verse where story is found. (2) Which part of the picture is most vital and cannot be done without. (3) What does the man expect, and how is it like us? Put name, age, and address with answers and post to Editor.

**Answer to No. 1.**—The Redeemed Ass. **Questions 1.**—Exodus 13. 13. 2. The Lamb. 3. The ass typifies the sinner—*me*; the Lamb typifies my Substitute—the Lord Jesus (John 1. 29; Gal. 2. 20).

**Original Acrostics, No. 319.**—Search and find. Simply put answer with name and address and post to Editor.

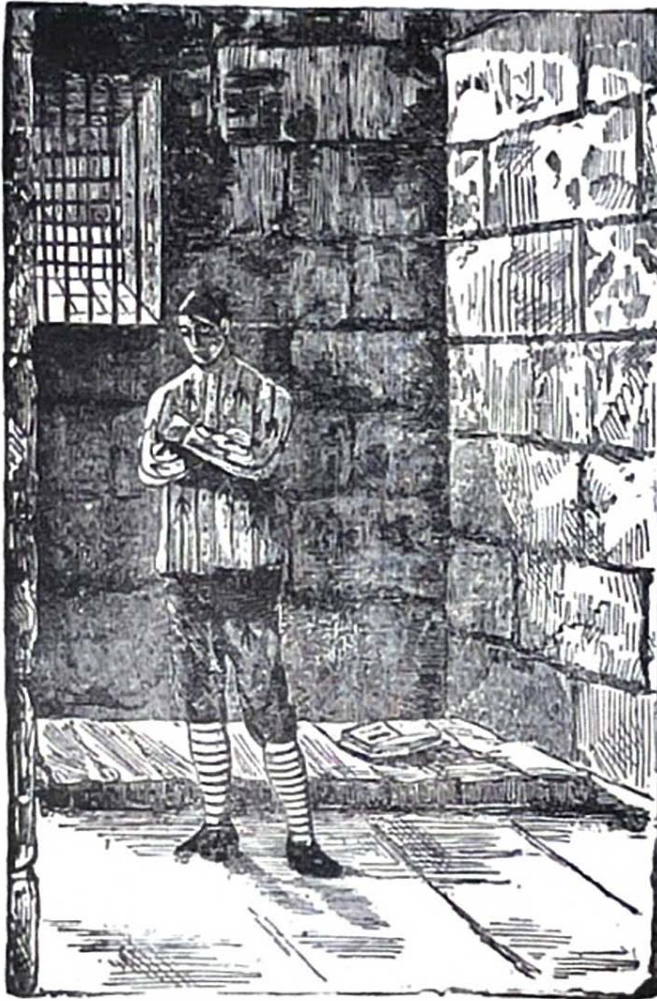
One, God to royal servant sent;  
A son disgraced to Geshur went;  
A boy who knew the Scripture well;  
What *prince* on bed at midday fell;  
The *father* of one lent to God;  
A *preacher* born before the flood;  
Now *one* who prayed to God alway;  
And *priest* with unchecked sons astray.  
First letters spell a Christian grace,  
Now see if you the work can trace. J.J.S.

**Answer to 318.**—Orpah, Belshazzar, Ahab, David, Ithmar, Abigail, Hushai.—OBADIAH (1 Kings 18. 3).

**Bible Buttons.** White Ivorine, with blue texts, pin to fasten. Delight girls or boys. 4 kinds. 3d. each (3/6 doz., post free).



## STRANGE INDIFFERENCE.



IT is strange that some men are utterly careless. They are anxious to make their mark in this world but care nothing about the next. They know how to make money, but count the treasures of heaven as not worth a thought.

We have met men eminent in this world's wisdom who were as dark as midnight as to the future; they could not tell, should they die, whether they would reach heaven's eternal shore or go down to the woe of

hell. See that poor criminal under sentence of death: it is the eve of the execution. He is hoping against hope that a pardon will be given him. Go and talk to him about politics, is he interested? He cares not whether trade is good or bad. He has no interest in the latest cricket or football match. He is thinking of the hoped-for pardon. Has that been procured for him?—and an answer in the affirmative is the only message that will bring the flush of joy to his pale cheek.

If you have not yet been pardoned through the Blood of Jesus, you are the criminal, "condemned already," and you are being borne along swiftly into eternity, where you will be awakened to the terrible fact that you are a lost sinner. "But," you say, "I don't mean to be lost." Then you had better decide at once for Christ. One day's delay may mean hell for ever. Oh! let not this world's gold, tinsel, or pleasure rob you of eternal joys. The novel, the theatre, the gambling table will give no solace in hell. Short is mercy's day. Hesitate no longer. For the sake of your precious soul, "FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME"—and flee now. J.T.M.

## HOW FRANK GOT FREE.

I wish you could have seen his smiles as, after a weary day, he retired to his snug little bed—"Happy Frank." He had discovered the secret of true happiness.



HAPPY FRANK!



## HOW FRANK GOT FREE.



FRANK WILLIAMS was a little boy not long at school. One day, when the other boys went home at noon, he was left in the school doing some sums. By and by he looked up and found himself alone. He ran out into the corridor, but he saw no one. Frightened now, he went downstairs, only to find the door locked and himself a prisoner. Frank burst into tears, but failed to open the door. Then he shook the door and kicked it, but in vain. He was like a boy who tries to get free from his sins by his repentance or by his good works. Such a one has yet to learn

“It is not thy tears of repentance, nor prayers,  
But the Blood that atones for the soul.”

Meanwhile, Frank's teacher, having locked up the school, was proceeding homewards when another little boy, Ernie Bennett, expressed to him his fear that Frank had been locked in school. “We had better go back,” said the teacher when he heard this. So they turned back to the school.

The teacher put the key in the lock, turned it, and opened the door. “Now, run upstairs, Ernie,” said he, “and see if Frank is there.” Frank had by this time gone to the class-room, where he sat at the desk a picture of misery. Ernie came running into the room, saying, “Come on, Frank, the door is open.” The poor little prisoner needed not to be told twice, but came down and entered into liberty at once. I wish you could have seen his smiles as, after a weary day, he retired to his snug little bed—“HAPPY FRANK.”

Notice three things about Frank.

**First, he realised his position.** Do all you boys and girls know your condition and position as prisoners of sin and Satan?

**Secondly, he believed the message** Ernie brought to him, and *acted* upon it. This was faith, for he could not see the open door from where he sat. Have you believed the message that your teachers bring you from God and His Word?



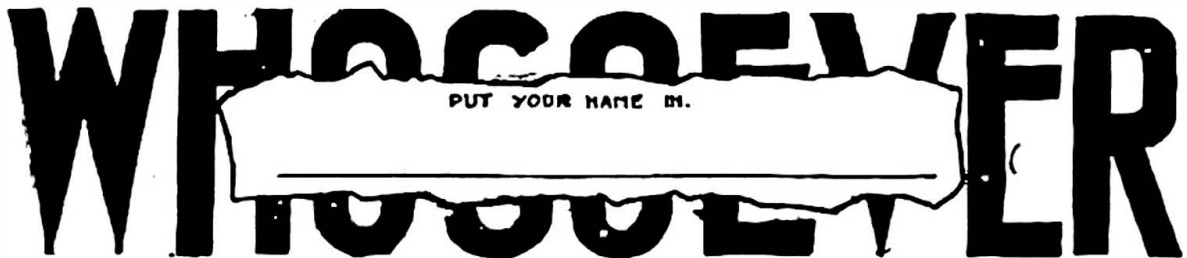
## How Frank Got Free.

Thirdly, he was set free **through the work of another**. His teacher did all the work, and Frank received all the benefit of it. Children, you may be set free from the penalty and from the power of sin through the work of the Lord Jesus Christ at Calvary.

“ He breaks the power of cancelled sin;  
He sets the prisoners free.”

Listen to these words of the Lord Jesus when He said, “If the Son shall make you *free* ye shall be *free indeed*” (John 8. 36). So you see that only the Son of God can set you free from your sin. The thing to do then is to trust in Him and in what He did at Calvary when He died for our sins. Believe the message now and be free. N.

## A PILGRIM PREACHER’S LESSON.



HERE is one of the talks that I heard given to the children during the march from Land’s End to John o’ Groat’s. The speaker began by asking, “Does any boy or girl here know a verse with the word *whosoever* in it?” I am sorry to say there was quite a long silence; no one seemed to know the verse, and it was not until the speaker had half repeated it that a little girl in a green jumper put up her hand to show she knew it, and then slowly repeated, “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) “Now,” said the speaker, “what does *whosoever* mean?” A boy answered in a whisper, “Everybody.” “That’s it,” said the speaker; “it means *me, you, and everybody else*. Now, children, all of you repeat this, *Whosoever* means *me, you, and everybody else*.” All the childish voices were raised, and several times the words rang out.

Then came a surprising question, for the speaker asked, “Children, do you believe that I speak the truth?” “Yes”

## What Does "Whosoever" Mean?

was at once shouted by all. Then taking a silver coin between his finger and thumb he held it well up in view, and said, "What is this?" "Sixpence," the boys shouted.

"What does whosoever mean?" the speaker asked, and again a big response from all, who cried out "me, you, and everybody else."



"Well now, boys and girls, listen to me. You see this sixpence.

Whosoever will may come and take this sixpence." There was a dead silence. All

eyes were fixed on the sixpence, but no one stirred. The speaker said again, very slowly,

"Whosoever will may come and take this sixpence."

The children looked very puzzled, and suddenly began repeating, "Whosoever means you, me, and everybody else." The speaker could not help smiling, and many of the adults behind were laughing. "Quite right," said the speaker, "whosoever means me, you, and everybody else; whosoever will may come and take this sixpence."

Slowly the little girl in the green jumper raised a timid hand and laid it on the sixpence. There was instantly a scramble of boys and girls to reach it, but the girlie had it safe, and the speaker protected her.

When the excitement had subsided he took the little girl on to the low platform by his side and asked her, "How did you get the sixpence?" Very nervously she whispered, "I took it." "Whose is it now?" said the speaker. "*Mine*," she replied. "Now, dear children," said the speaker, "this is just a picture of how we may have God's gift of salvation. You all wanted the sixpence. Now that this girl has it you wish you had taken it, but you are too late. God offers salvation now to '*whosoever*' will take it, but people either do not understand that it is for 'me, you, and everybody else,' or perhaps they do not want it. Some day they may want it, and be *too late*. As the little girl laid her hand on the sixpence and took it, so I urge you by faith to lay your hand on the Lord Jesus and take Him *now* for your Saviour. He has promised to receive you, and has said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out'" (John 6. 37).

Now, good-bye, dear boys and girls; do not delay to take the Lord Jesus for your Saviour. EUGENIE GORDON.

## "HE IS COMING."

*Recitation for Ten Boys or Girls with Letter Cards.*

Teacher should introduce something after this style. Before our young friends say their verses, hear what the Bible says about **The Coming of the Lord** (1 Thess. 4. 16): "For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the Air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." What moment that event may take place we know not—the great point is to be saved and looking for the realisation of "that blessed hope" (Titus 2. 13).

**ALL.**

**T**HERE is a truth not often heard,  
Though solemn and so true;  
'Tis of the Coming of the Lord  
That we would speak to you.  
We each shall do our little part  
This message to declare;  
Oh, may it reach your every heart  
And leave impressions there!  
**H** for the **Hope** through Sovereign grace  
Which unto us is given,  
That soon we'll see our Saviour's face  
And be with Him in Heaven.  
**E** represents **Expectancy**,  
With which His people wait,  
For that Day of holy ecstasy  
When they'll enter Heaven's gate.



"Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be **TAKEN**, the other **LEFT**"  
(Matt. 24. 40).



**“He is Coming”—Be Ready.**

**I** is for **Imminent**—a word  
Which means it won't be long  
Till we shall praise our glorious Lord  
With wondrous, glad new song.

**S** tells of our **Salvation**,  
Which then shall be complete,  
With praise and adoration  
We'll fall at Jesus' feet.

**C** is for the **Comfort** which we need  
Amid these days of sorrow,  
Knowing our loved have gone before,  
We'll meet on that bright morrow.

**O** is the **Omnipotence** displayed  
In that triumphant hour,  
When freed from sin we'll stand arrayed,  
Changed by His mighty power.

**M** speaks of **Many** left behind,  
No help or refuge nigh;  
Their minds so dark, and eyes so blind,  
They shall believe a lie.

**I** is the **Invitation**  
Which still is given to all;  
Accept God's great salvation—  
Be ready for the call.

**N** tells us of the **Nearing**  
Of that long-looked for day,  
When Christ at His appearing  
Shall take His Bride away.

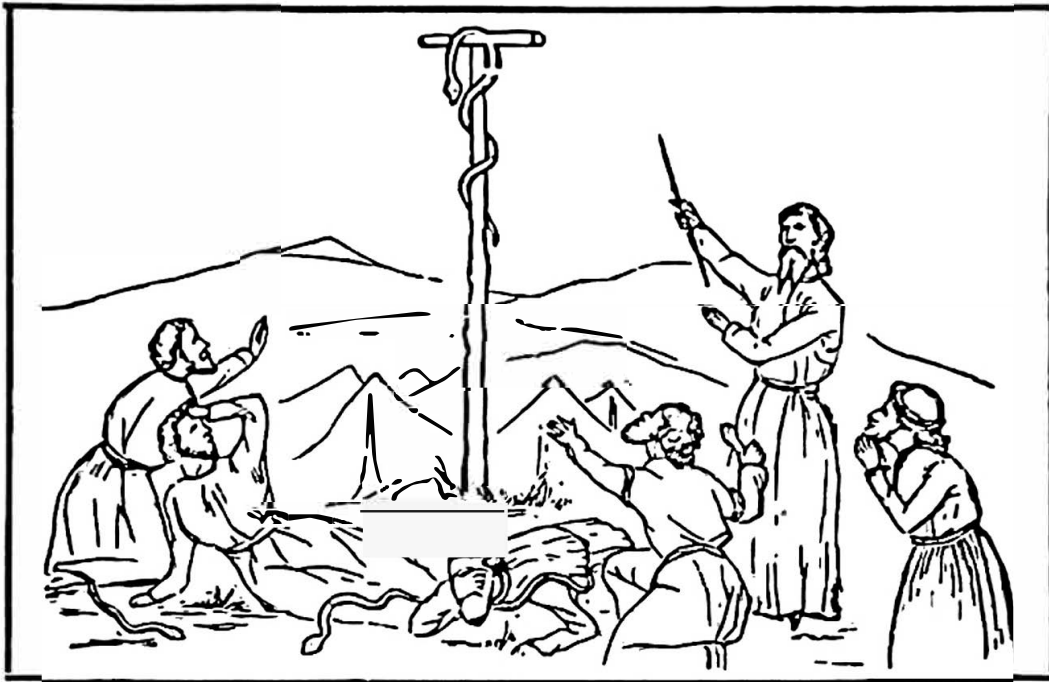
**G**, last of all, for **Glory**  
Which Christ shall then bestow  
On those who love that story  
And serve Him here below.

**ALL.**

Now that we've finished this our task,  
A message comes to view;  
List to the question which we ask—  
“Is He coming back for YOU?”

M.R.C.

## HOW TO KEEP BUSY AND HAPPY.



**Simple Paintings for Little Folks, No. 3.**—Paint in any colours you judge best; use ink, crayon, or other substance. Put name, address, and age on each, and address to Editor as soon as done. All pictures received *each month* are classed as one, so that any reader in any land has equal opportunity for a prize.

**Question Studies, No. 3.**—On above picture (1) give book, chapter, and verse where story is found. (2) Which part of the picture is most vital and cannot be done without. (3) Who does the serpent represent, and who are the people to-day?

**Answer to No. 2.**—The Sower. **Questions:** (1) Mark 4. 3; (2) The Seed; (3) Expects to reap. So all of us must reap what we sow (Gal. 6. 7).

**Original Searchings, No. 320.**—Think of what "searching" must have taken place from No. 1 to 320. A friend sends us this one out of the common:

1. *Who* speaks of an Inheritance that fades not nor....
2. *Who* once declared that even as a shadow are our....
3. *Who* ran a ship aground once at a place where met two....
4. *Who* was it smote and slew five kings and hanged them on five....

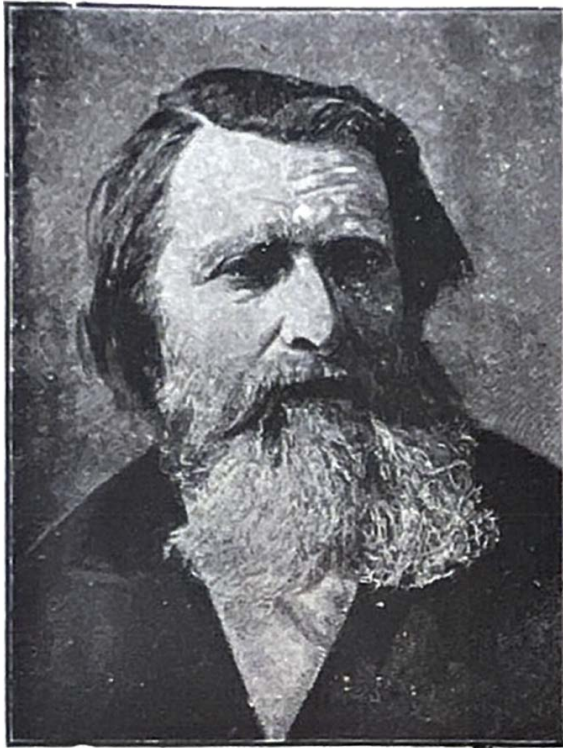
Who can give *names* of persons and *references* to the quotations?

W.T.R.

**Answer to No. 319.**—Philip, Acts 8. 29; Absalom, 2 Samuel 13. 28; Timothy, 2 Timothy 3. 15; Ishbosheth, 2 Samuel 4. 7; Elkanah, 1 Sam. 1. 19; Noah, 2 Peter 2. 5; Cornelius, Acts 10. 2; Eli, 1 Sam. 3. 13—PATIENCE.

**1000 Miles of Miracle**, the book which has charmed thousands of young and old, is again in print. Reads like a romance, yet is perfectly true. 3/6 net. (4/ or \$1 post free).

## RUSKIN AND THE BIBLE.



JOHN RUSKIN.

“ALL that I have taught of Art, everything that I have written, every greatness that has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart.” So wrote Ruskin, one of the greatest of Englishmen, and so have written thousands more of the noblest men of every nation, for there is no book which has done so much to ennoble, elevate, and bless mankind as THE BIBLE.

Wherein lies this power? Because, *first* of all, it puts man on a right level, sets him on a right basis—a sinner, lost, guilty, unable to save himself, only able to say, “In me . . . dwelleth no good thing” (Rom. 7. 18). Because, *second*, it creates right thoughts about God as the One who loves sinners, who “willeth not the death of any sinner,” who “commendeth His love towards us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. 5. 8). Because, *third*, it brings the guilty sinner and the holy God together in the person of “the Mediator between God and men,” the One who made peace through the Blood of His Cross, the One of whom it assures us, “Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved” (Acts 4. 12).

Poor, frail man, knowing his helpless condition, realising the love of God to him, believing in the atoning work of Christ for him, is saved, has peace with God, receives eternal life, is endued with the Holy Spirit, and thus becomes empowered in a way that no human agency could devise, and can only be known through the inspired Word of God—THE BIBLE.

Whether John Ruskin knew these facts, we do not presume to state, but *you* may know, experience, and enjoy them. HYP.



## FORGET-ME-NOT;

Or, that wonderful Saviour who, when there was no deliverer  
for poor, lost sinners, Himself wrought a mighty salvation.



"I FORGET."



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

"I 'M so sorry, mother, but—I forgot," are words that we often hear. It is not perhaps that boys and girls mean to forget, but somehow they think so much of other things that mother's desire never enter their minds.

Most of you are doubtless familiar with a pretty blue flower called "Forget-me-not." There is a very interesting story of how it got its name. "Long ago (how many wonderful things are said to have happened 'long ago') a brave knight and his lady were walking along the top of a steep bank when the lady spied a pretty flower by the river's side. As soon as she expressed a desire to have it her friend slid down the embankment and plucked it. Somehow his foot slipped and he fell into the water. The weight of his heavy armour prevented his landing again, and as he sank he threw the flower up to the lady, calling out "Forget-me-not."

Many stories could be told of those who have expressed a like desire, but, alas! with what result? You all know the beautiful story of Joseph, and how he was wrongfully imprisoned. Even in prison he showed the kindness of his heart, and the king's chief butler was one who shared his kind attentions. When about to be released that butler was requested to remember Joseph, and tell the king about his unhappy position. But what really happened? The Bible says: "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him" (Gen. 40. 23). And so poor Joseph had to remain other two long weary years in confinement.

Then there was a little city with few people in it which was besieged by a great king, who built mighty bulwarks against it. The people were faced with starvation and death, and there seemed no hope for them. In the city there was a poor, wise man who, by his wisdom, brought deliverance and saved the town. Surely he would be a much thought-of man and receive great honours! But of him also we read, "Yet no man remembered that same poor man" (Eccles. 9. 14, 15).



## “Forget-me-not.”

And what shall we say of that wonderful Saviour who, when there was no deliverer for poor, lost sinners, Himself wrought a mighty salvation. Nothing but eternal loss and woe lay before this guilty world, and when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, the Lord Jesus gave up everything, yea, even His life, that “whosoever will” might be saved. Do you ever think of Him, and of the countless blessings He won for you by His death. To forget Him means to lose Heaven and all its joys. Oh! take Him now as your own Saviour, and be able to say from your heart, “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift” (2 Cor. 9. 15).

S.N.



“Yet did not the Butler remember him.”

Joseph in Prison.

## CARE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Handed to a brother from New Zealand by an Armenian on board ship in the Mediterranean Sea.

BE SUNNY with the little ones  
That flit across your way,  
For all too quickly grief will come  
To cloud their life's young day.  
For sunshine is a golden gift  
Sent from the God of love,  
To link the souls of those on earth  
With the bright world above.



## Care for the Little Ones.

Be KINDLY to the little ones,  
A loving word may lie  
Deep buried in the hardest heart,  
And melt it by and by.  
When age shall dim the old man's eyes,  
And blanch his hair with snow,  
With second childhood shall return  
Kind words of long ago.

Be GENTLE with the little ones,  
Their Shepherd's loving arm  
Is folded round the little lambs  
To keep them safe from harm.  
And if they wander from His care,  
And lose the beaten track,  
He calls and seeks them till He finds,  
And gently leads them back.

Be HAPPY with the little ones,  
For sorrow soon enough  
Will teach them that the path of life  
Is often hard and rough.  
Then let the music of their hearts  
Ring out in joyous peals,  
Before the harsh world's jarring notes  
The bitter past reveals.

Be THOUGHTFUL with the little ones—  
Oh, who can rightly know  
His influence for good or ill  
On all he meets below.  
The humblest saint who walks with God  
May lead a child to bliss,  
Preparing for the life above  
By faithfulness in this.

Be TRUTHFUL with the little ones,  
Even in jest be true;  
Their faith admits not of a doubt,  
And they believe in you!  
So tell them of the Saviour's love,  
And of His throne of grace,  
Where guardian angels wait to serve  
Before the Father's face.

## CAN A MAN BE SAVED IN THE STREET?

CLOSE on forty years ago Alexander was a young man residing near the famous Cloch Lighthouse, on the Firth of Clyde. Like most young men, he had tried to find satisfaction in the things of Time, and like all who have tried, he found they were utterly helpless in meeting the longings of the human heart or satisfying the cravings of the soul.

His hopes were raised by the coming of Brownlow North, the profligate whom God saved and used to the



THE CLOCH LIGHTHOUSE AT THE MOUTH OF THE CLYDE.

conversion of many sinners in Scotland. At one of the services held in the town of Greenock the Holy Spirit used the message to the conviction of Alexander. He saw himself to be included in the "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" of Romans 3. 23. He knew that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 5. 23), and he realised that as a sinner unprepared to meet a Holy God he was in danger of everlasting woe. Mr. North intimated that anyone desiring a personal interview concerning the Way of Salvation could call upon him at the house in which he

## Can a Man be Saved in the Street?

stayed. Here was an opportunity for Alexander. Should he go or should he not go? One voice said, "Go and get the great question settled." Another voice said, "It is no use, the impression will pass away in a little while, and nothing will remain; do not trouble about it." At last the voice of prudence prevailed, and Alexander was found at the door of the house—halting, wondering if he should enter. The voice of urgency controlled; he rang the bell, and was ushered into the room where the now famed evangelist was sitting.

Mr. North opened up to the young man the Scriptures concerning the utter ruin of man, the glorious remedy provided through the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ, how that though "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," yet the glad and glorious Gospel message declares that "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). He also urged the responsibility of the sinner to personally and promptly accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour, concluding by quietly quoting the Master's own words, "Be not afraid, only believe" (Mark 5. 36).

The interview closed, the anxious soul left the room undecided, the way of salvation seemed more difficult than ever. Passing along Union Street he kept repeating to himself the words, "Be not afraid, only believe;" "Be not afraid, only believe." Suddenly, while standing in the street, the light burst in upon his darkened soul; the way of Salvation was revealed in the power of the Holy Ghost. He was a sinner utterly unable to do anything to save himself; God had loved him and given His Son to die for the ungodly, the Sacrifice had been accepted, the Victim of Calvary had become the Victor of Glory, the Scriptures emphatically stated that, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*" (Rom. 10. 9). Alexander believed, and was saved on the spot in the Greenock street.

The writer has observed his consistent Christian testimony for thirty years, and heard him relate the substance of this testimony in his happy old age. "Be not afraid, only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Test it and find it true.

HYP.



## WORK FOR BUSY HANDS AND HEARTS.



**A** SUBJECT which has ever charmed young hearts is "THE SHEPHERD." Read what Isaiah, David, and John say about him, then set to and do the

**Simple Paintings for Little Folks, No. 4.**—Paint in any colours you judge best; use ink, crayon, or other substance. Put name, address, and age on each, and address to Editor as soon as done. All pictures received *each month* are classed as one, so that any reader in any land has equal opportunity for a prize.

**Question Studies, No. 4.**—On above picture (1) give book, chapter, and verse where story is found. (2) Which part of the picture is most vital and cannot be done without. (3) Who does the shepherd represent, and who are the sheep to-day?

**The Brazen Serpent is Answer to No. 3.** *Answers* (1) Numbers 21; John 3. (2) The Serpent on Pole; as (3) it represents the Saviour on the Cross. Sinners are the bitten people to-day. Still "There is life in a look at the Crucified One." Have *you* looked? Are *you* healed?

**Original Acrostic, No. 321.**—By a new contributor—

A man, whom once the sun and moon obeyed;  
A place, where fruit was gathered and conveyed;  
A boy, who heard the living voice of God,  
And hearing first misunderstood;  
A soldier who, outside his home,  
Preferred to sleep, because his work was not yet done.  
A palace where a prophet lived,  
Who sought God's will in all he did.  
A name that you and I so dearly love,  
Initiate the subject found above.

H.V.

*Answer to No. 320.*—Peter (1 Peter 1. 4); Bildad (Job. 8. 9); Paul (Acts 27. 41); Joshua (Joshua 10. 25).

## THE INDIAN'S CHARM.



A STORY is told of a North-American Indian, which forcibly illustrates the condition of many in regard to their soul's salvation. Hungry and almost starving, this son of the forest entered a white man's house, and earnestly asked for something to eat. While he was partaking of the food his host observed a coloured ribbon hanging around his neck, attached to which there was a little pouch. On being asked what the pouch contained,

the Indian replied that he had in it a charm which he had received many years before. Permission being obtained to examine the contents of the pouch, the American discovered to his amazement that the "charm" was a discharge granted to the Indian as a wounded soldier, and accompanied with a pension for life in recognition of his services in the war. For years the poor red man had been wandering in quest of the necessities of life, and at times had difficulty in obtaining them. During that period he had in his possession, and carried constantly about with him, that which would have afforded him comfort and plenty. He knew not what a pension meant, and not understanding its value, he made no use of it.

The Indian's condition aptly illustrates the position of tens of thousands regarding the salvation of God. Restless and unsatisfied in heart, they hurry through life trying to satisfy their soul's hunger with the world's husks, instead of feasting on the Bread of Life. Harken to the words of Scripture: "*The Word* is NIGH THEE"—nearer than the pension—"even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if THOU SHALT CONFESS WITH THY MOUTH THE LORD JESUS, AND SHALT BELIEVE IN THINE HEART THAT GOD HATH RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD, THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Rom. 10. 8, 9). If you continue NEGLECTING OR REJECTING salvation, you will regret it. A.M.

## THE STORY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

He carried the water in his hat, but it must have been a very old one, for most of what he carried ran out at the holes.



THE FOUNTAIN.



## THE STORY OF THE FOUNTAIN.



THE children were playing at the fountain when a flock of sheep came along. Evidently they had been driven for some distance, for one of them had lain down in the street, "weak, and helpless, and ready to die."

A little street urchin, seeing the poor animal, tried to quench its thirst by carrying water from the fountain. He carried the water in his hat, but it must have been a *very* old one, for most of what he carried ran out at the holes.

The poor sheep could never get a really good drink in *that* way. How much it would like to be in the green pastures and beside the still waters, but it will never be there any more. Soon the butcher will come back, and then there will be, not a refreshing drink, but—DEATH.

Don't you wish that some kind man would *buy* the poor creature, and put it in a nice field where it could eat, and drink, and play as long as it lives, without having to fear being taken to the slaughter-house at last. I think that the boy would do this if he had enough money, but a sheep costs quite a lot, and he is very poor.

Some children are like this poor sheep—all weary of sin, and knowing that soon Satan will come to take them away with him, they are unhappy all the day. Kind friends try to amuse and satisfy them with nice things, but, like the few drops of water in the hat, these things cannot quench the thirst for forgiveness of sins and peace with God. Are *you* one of these children? If so, see who comes to you. It is the Lord Jesus Christ. He looks at you with deep pity, and says, "Come unto *Me*, poor labouring and heavy-laden child, and I will *give you rest*. I have paid down the price—My own precious Blood—for *you*, and want to give you pleasures for evermore. Will you *have Me* for your own Saviour and Shepherd, or will you *reject Me* and let Satan take you to endless woe?"

What shall the answer be? Choose this moment: Christ or Satan, which? Oh, drink of the Water of Life now, and you will be satisfied for evermore. W.H.S.

## THE ALTERED CENSUS.

NOW that the British Census, on account of trade troubles, has been put back for a time, it may be well to raise again some Census questions. Ten years have passed since a similar record was taken. How many things have happened? How many are gone whose names were enrolled upon the last schedule? Time flies! Life is passing! May we not well make the filling in of the census papers a time



The Story of the Fountain.

Most of the Water ran out at the Holes.

of serious thought as to higher things? The questions in the various columns suggest more than the Census Act means.

1. **What is your Name?** Is it only Tom Smith or Mary Jones? Honestly recorded, one name belongs to every one of us—"SINNER," for "All have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23). Thank God, some can record a Christian name, and write, "Saved Sinner." To such the Lord Jesus says, "Rejoice, because your names are written in Heaven" (Luke 10. 20; Rev. 6. 5), and will not be blotted out.

## The Altered and the Great Census.

### 2. What Relationship to the Head of the Family?

All are by nature children of wrath" (Eph. 2. 3). But we read of some that they "are of the household of faith" (Gal. 6. 10), and "of the household of God" (Eph. 2. 19; 3. 15). Such are "sons and daughters" of the Almighty (2 Cor. 6. 18), and can say in truth of Him, "Our Father, who art in Heaven" (Matt. 6. 9). How do we become sons? By birth. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (1 John 5. 1). By receiving Jesus. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to them that *believe* on His Name" (John 1. 12, 13).

3. Where Born. Some have experienced this new or second birth in a church; some in a chapel; some in a Gospel hall; some in the open-air; and some in their own homes. Some have had their first birth in curious places. We remember a hop-picker's babe being born in a Worcestershire barn, and a gipsy child being born in a beehive tent in a secluded Herefordshire lane. And some have experienced the second birth in strange places; a sailor told us he was born again in a dark out-of-the-way lower part of a ship, "the eyes of the vessel," he called it; another received life in an old disused quarry. "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there" (Psa. 87. 6).

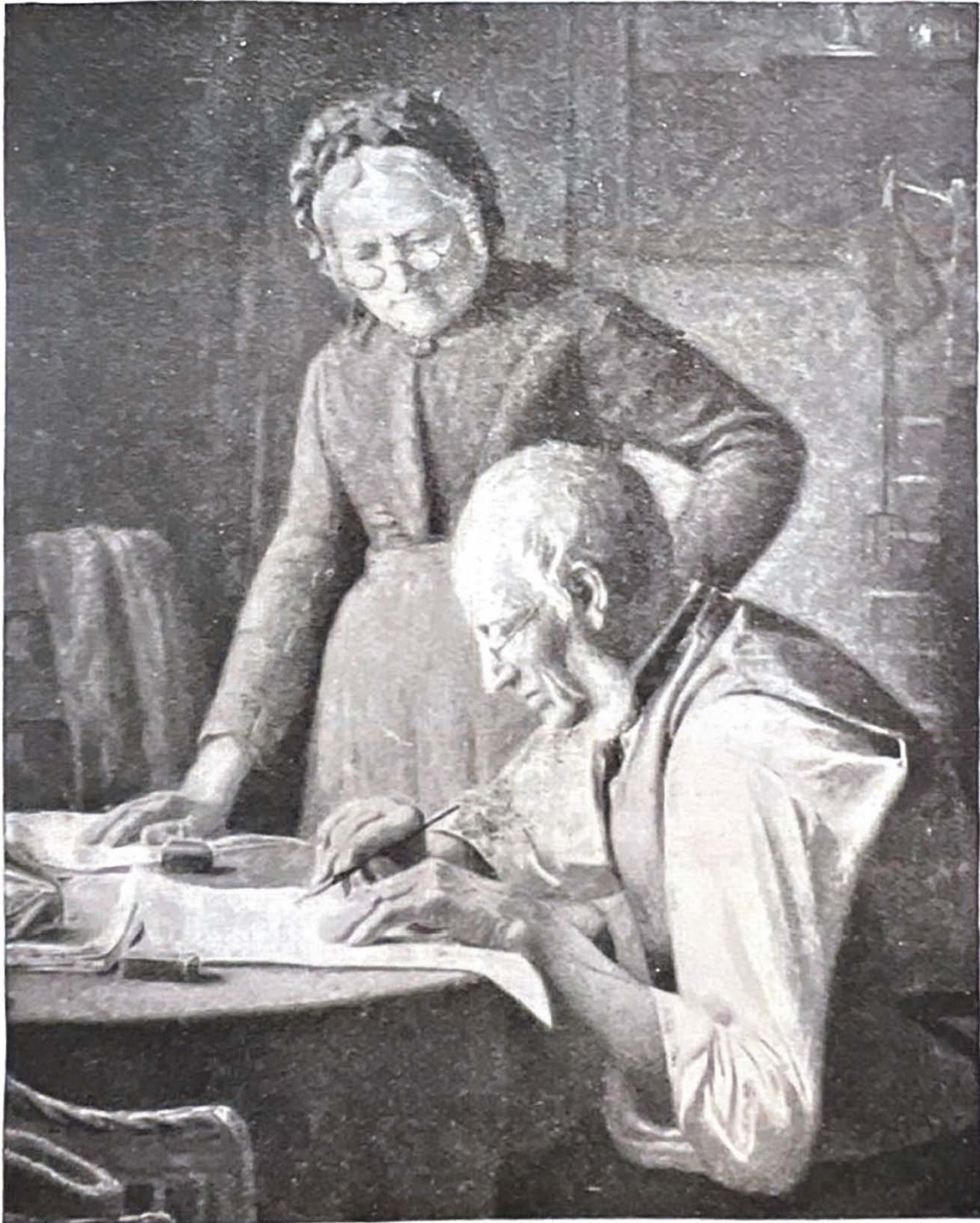
4. Age Last Birthday. This is a question at which many will demur. Children glory in advancing years, and so do those who have passed their three-score years and ten; but those who are neither young nor old are often shy of revealing their age. A good prayer when filling in this column of the schedule is, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psa. 90. 12). But what of spiritual age? Here some cannot fix a birthday; but they can tell of growth and progress, from babes in grace to mature manhood. The *hour* may not be known, but all should be clear of the *fact* of being "born again."

5. The National Census **includes everybody**: rich and poor, learned or ignorant, in town or country; all must respond, and *respond truthfully under a penalty*; and in the matter of spiritual birth, relationship, and occupation, none are excepted from the claims of God. A record of a



## Answers to the Census Questions.

first birth is important; a record of a second birth is even more important, for the Divine Teacher said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Write on a sheet of paper these questions, answer them from the *spiritual* standpoint, and behold your own Census. W. LUFF.



The Altered Census.

Filling in the Census Papers for the last time.

## "ONLY A BOY."



### Only a boy!

LIKE a spring on the hill,  
Bounding and beaming, becoming a rill;  
Only a rill, flowing on till a stream  
Flashed in the sunlight with bright dancing gleam  
Only a stream, but it turned the mill-wheel;  
Only a boy—but his force all must feel.

### Only a boy!

But God loved Him and kept  
Watching with eyelids that never once slept;  
Sent, as a Saviour, His own precious Son,  
Dying for what the young culprit had done.  
Only a boy—but the Father's best Child  
Died for such boys, for the wayward and wild:

### Only a boy!

But he read of God's love,  
Felt God's own Spirit his merry heart move;  
Trusted in Jesus, who died for the boys;  
Sipped upon earth of sweet heavenly joys.  
Only a boy—but the angels all sang  
Over that boy till the bright arches rang.

### Only a boy!

But the boy grew a man,  
Lived on the lines of his Father's wise plan,  
Lived for the good of his fellows below,  
Lived for the glory of God, and lived so  
That when his boyhood and manhood were past,  
He, once a boy, wore a King's crown at last. W. L.

**Save the Boys.**—On Friday, 13th December, 1913, a number of criminals were hung by the State of Oregon. Among them was one who, when asked by his executors what he desired to say as his last words, replied, "Hanging will never cure crime, you must go to the root of the cause." Teachers, learn not to wait till the boys are too big to leave the school. Agonise with God to save them *now*.

## STILL KEEP BUSY AND KEEP HAPPY.



**Simple Paintings for Little Folks, No. 5.**—Paint in any colours you judge best; use ink, crayon, or other substance. Put name, address, and age on each, and address to Editor.

**Question Studies, No. 5.**—On above picture (1) give book, chapter, and verse where story is found. (2) Which part of the picture is most vital and cannot be done without. (3) Who are the doctors to-day? Where was the scene as depicted?

**The Good Shepherd** is answer to No. 4. (1) The story is found in Isaiah 40. 11; John 9. (2) The Shepherd is most vital; as (3) He represents Christ. The lamb represents *you*, and the sheep represent all who "have gone astray" (Isaiah 53. 6).

**Original Searching, No. 322—**

A king did once a bargain make,  
But later found was a mistake;  
A lot of silver paid away,  
Yet found the Lord could this repay.  
The king another bargain made,  
'This time did not relate to trade;  
Alas! by this he was undone,  
'Tis best to leave false gods alone.  
A lesson he had yet to learn,  
For from his God he still would turn;  
While being still put to the worse,  
He learnt to disobey is "Curse,"  
The end was horses for a hearse.  
His name was, What? And who was he?  
And from what person did he flee?

E.H.R.

**Answer to No. 321.**—Joshua (Joshua 10. 12, 13); Eshcol (Numbers 13. 23, 24); Samuel (1 Samuel 3. 4, 5); Uriah (2 Samuel 11. 9); Shushan (Dan. 8. 2). Jesus. He is mine. Is He *yours*?



## DIDN'T THINK SHE WAS LOST.



A LITTLE girl had strayed from her mother's side at a meeting. The poor woman, on discovering her loss, went to the preacher and told him about it. The servant of Christ called out the child's name, "Mary," from the platform. But no one responded. At the close of the meeting the little one was found sitting in the front seat. On being

asked if she had been there during the service, she said that she had. "Why, then, did you not answer when your name was called?" "Oh, I wasn't lost," she said. "I thought it was some other Mary."

There are lots of people like the little girl. "We are all sinners," they say. But when asked if they are *lost* sinners, they declare that they are not so bad as that. They may listen to the plainest and most pointed gospel preaching, but they do not appear at all impressed. They read powerful gospel appeals, but they seem quite careless and unconcerned. Why? Because they have not accepted God's verdict, that they are lost and ruined sinners. The reader may admit that he is a sinner in a general sense, but if he is prepared to add to that, "I am not any worse than others," it proves that he has never measured himself by God's measuring line, or weighed himself in God's balances. You are either lost or saved, travelling to heaven or hell. Which?

Until you learn that you are condemned, and helpless to do anything to save yourself, you will never be saved. "While there is hope of the sinner being able to do anything, there is no hope of anything being done." How true! God says you are lost, oh! unsaved reader. Will you, do you, accept His testimony regarding yourself. If so, "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). He is willing and able to save. "If thou *shalt* confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and *shalt* believe in thine heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou *shalt* be saved" (Romans 10. 9).

A. M.

## A BRAVE RESCUE.

He placed his own life in jeopardy and suffered a good deal of discomfort, but the saving of life prompted him to undertake the brave deed.



THE HAPPY TRIO.



## A BRAVE RESCUE.

A FEW years ago we were spending a happy holiday at the seaside, and took a trip one Saturday afternoon on one of the passenger steamers plying between Gourock and Rothesay. On the return journey, when nearing Gourock, suddenly a great commotion sprang up among the passengers. Looking in the direction in which the gaze of the other passengers was directed we saw an upturned boat with a man hanging on to its keel. Three men had been out in the bay enjoying themselves, when, through some cause or other, the boat heeled over, throwing its occupants into the water. Before the steamer came on the scene one of the three had gone down to rise no more, and the hand of another was seen above the water clutching an oar. A moment or two later, and the hand disappeared; two out of the three had found a watery grave. As the steamer slowed down the man who was hanging on to the boat's keel at a distance of about twenty or thirty yards from the steamer let go with one hand and looked round sideways at the steamer. Oh, what an imploring look! It was an unspoken appeal for help. We can never forget it. Just then a brave fellow, who had divested himself of his coat, sprang over the side of the steamer into the water and swam with powerful stroke towards him. In a few minutes he reached him and caught him from behind by the coat neck. The drowning man immediately clutched at his rescuer with both hands, and it looked as if he would drag him down. But his rescuer bravely averted this, and yet at the same time kept him afloat until a boat from the shore, which had been making for the scene of the accident before the steamer arrived, reached the spot and picked them both up.

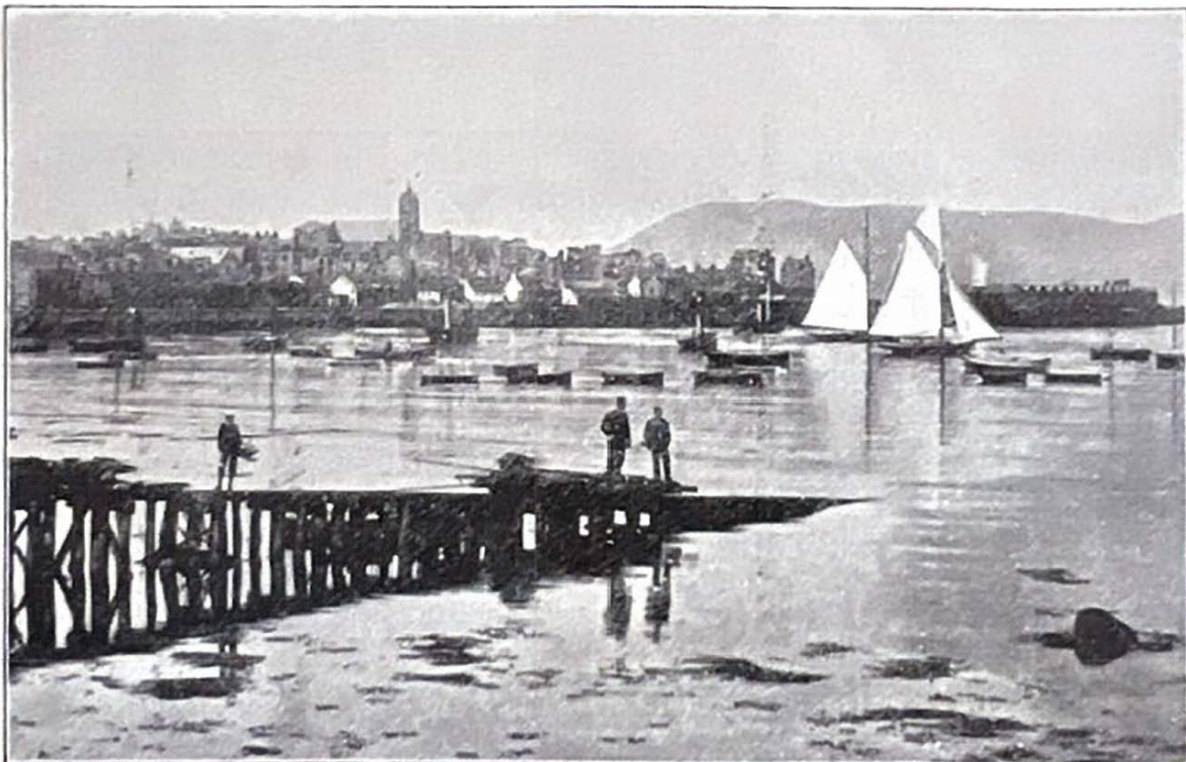
It was a noble rescue, and the passenger who sprang from the steamer to effect it was worthy of all praise. He placed his own life in jeopardy and suffered a good deal of discomfort, but the saving of life prompted him to undertake the brave deed.

Yet while men and women are ready enough to praise their fellows for some such brave deed as we have described, and rightly so, praise is denied to Him who died in our room and stead; denied to Him who endured the shame and the pain of Calvary, and who died, "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18).



## THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

A CHRISTIAN day school teacher asked her third standard class of girls to each write a short essay on "The happiest day of my life." There were varied ideas of happiness expressed in the essays, and as many different causes for it. One young girl sent in a brief but bright testimony, and we hope those who as yet are unable to tell of such a happy day in their experience will give heed to her testimony as to what can make a young girl really happy. "The happiest day of my life was on a Thursday, when I learned that Jesus died for me, and that by His



A Brave Rescue.

Gourock on the Clyde.

precious Blood, which He shed on Calvary, all my sins were washed away. I was sad when I thought of my sins, but when I received the Saviour a change came upon me, and I was happy. I am now a child of God, and when I die I shall be with Christ in Heaven, to sing praises to the Father for ever and ever. I have had other happy days, but this was the happiest of them all." The Word tells us that "All joy and peace comes through believing" (Rom. 15. 13). Rest not till *you* too know what it is to speak about "conversion" as the happiest day of *your* life. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." B-E.

## HOW EMILY WAS TAUGHT TO TRUST.

"I DON'T believe in her! that's all about it," said Dick Smith to his cousin Emily Morton as they chatted concerning a companion whom they had met by the sea-shore. "What do you mean?" asked Emily. "Oh, you know well enough, Emily!" was the quick reply. "I don't *trust* her; I don't *believe* she's true to her word, or to her friends; I have not a scrap of *confidence* in anything she says or does. What's the matter?" asked Dick, as Emily Morton's face suddenly lightened and a bright flash came into her great brown eyes, and her full lips parted as though to speak. "I've found it all out. Oh, I am so glad!" "Found what out?"

But Emily Morton had moved away, leaving Dick half perplexed, half offended. Into the house she went as soon as she could to lock her door and have a quiet think.

Hear what she says to herself: "I see it now; I know what *believing* in the Lord Jesus means. It means to *trust* in Him; to believe He is true to His promise and His friends; to put all my *confidence* in what He has done and said. Why, how simple it is, and how foolish I have been! I have been puzzling over it so long—so long."

Then Emily buried her face in her hands, and knelt down to tell the Lord Jesus how thankful she was that Dick Smith's chance words about her companion had gone right home to her heart, clearing away all her doubts and difficulties, and showing her just what "*believing*" in Him meant.

I wonder if any young reader has been puzzling over Emily Morton's question, "What is it to *believe* in Jesus?"

You can understand what *believing* in your mother, your friend, your teacher means. Now just apply that power of believing in *them* to believing in Jesus. He never breaks a promise, never deserts or forsakes any who trust in Him. He is worthy of all your heart's trust, your soul's confidence. He is the most precious and perfect Friend anyone can have, and all that He has done is perfect, and all that He says is true. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and *believe* in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). Can you not trust Him? Put your *confidence* in Him now.

E-P.

**How Emily was Taught to Trust.**



**"I have not a scrap of confidence in her."**



## THE EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER.

**I**N some parts of Egypt the people do not see any rain for a whole year. The water-seller goes about the streets with a can in hand and leather bottle strapped on his shoulder calling, "The gift of God, the gift of God; who will buy the gift of God?" By the "gift of God" he refers



"WHO WILL BUY THE GIFT OF GOD?"

to the water that he is vending. Sometimes a rich man buys up the whole of the water-vender's stock and sends him to the poorer parts of the town to bestow it on those who are unable to purchase it. Then he changes his call, and shouts, "The gift of God, the gift of God; WHO WILL TAKE THE GIFT OF GOD." When the welcome sound is heard, "Who will TAKE the gift of God?" there is at once a general rush for cans, pitchers, and pails, and the water merchant in a short time leaves with an empty leather skin.

What a picture of God's own glorious invitation: "The Spirit and the bride say,

Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY" (Rev. 22. 17). "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst" (John 4. 14). What is meant by *drinking* of the "water of life?" It is another way of speaking of *believing* on the Lord Jesus. Through Him we obtain salvation. "*He that believeth on Me shall never thirst*" (John 6. 35). Look now and live. A.M.

## BOYS AND GIRLS OWN PAGES.



**W**HAT wonderful scenes and incidents we come across as we read through the Bible! Why, there is no book so abounds with charming stories. Each have a real and profitable lesson.

**Simple Paintings for Little Folks, No. 6.**—These are meant to keep the mind thinking of the Scriptures and the hands busy with the paint brush. All pictures received in July are put together and awards made accordingly; thus near and far readers share equally. Send to Editor.

**Question Studies, No. 6.**—(1) Give reference to story in Old Testament. (2) Who act like the man on the throne to-day? (3) Which part could not well be done without.

**Christ in the midst of the Doctors** was Picture No. 5. Incident is found in Luke 2. Christ is the vital person. Each of us should be doctors in asking questions from Him. Scene was in the Temple.

**Original Acrostic, No. 323, by a new friend:**

A *King* who did an Eastern country rule;  
 A *Wife* whose husband proved a churlish fool;  
 A *Prophet* with a message to a king was sent;  
 A *Son* who with his father on a journey went;  
 A *Word* describing never ending state;  
 A *Gift* God gives to all who will partake.  
 Read downward these six initials spell  
 A *Prophet* whose name you all know well.

**Answer to No. 322.**—Amaziah, King of Judah (2 Chron. 25). H.V.

**Willing Hands.** A friend writes from Canal Diver, Ohio: "I wish you could see your *Boys and Girls*. With willing hearts and hands the children come to my store and sit with me searching and painting. Pray for me and my dear children whom I want to lead to Jesus."

E.G.

## TAKING off his COAT to CATCH BUTTERFLIES.



PHILIP SHARKEY was a blacksmith to trade, and lived in Kilmarnock, Scotland. He had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but became "infidel in his opinions and profligate in his habits." To use his own words, he had been for three-and-fifty years "the devil's honest servant." Mr. John Dickie, a faithful and devoted servant of Christ, was in the habit of visiting him, and has written an interesting sketch of his conversion and spiritual life.

In telling Mr. Dickie how he was led to see that God loved him, and that in spite of his sins, and *because of his sins*, Christ died for him, he said: "Oh, man, how my heart gripped at it (the Gospel of God's matchless grace), and I rose filled wi' wonner that the Lord Jesus wad hae onything to dae wi' a creatur' like me. It is wonnerfu', but it is the blood of Christ that cleanses from *all* sin. I was in hell afore, I hae been in heaven since; I never was happy till noo." He deeply regretted that so much of his life was wasted, and on one occasion remarked: "It seems to me that I hae been a' my days like a man castin' his coat to grip butterflies."

The simile is a very expressive one. Think of a man with coat off spending his years in trying to catch butterflies! And yet many are acting as foolishly. They spend their time and strength in trifles light as air. Some are pursuing the bubble of pleasure, and when it is grasped it immediately vanishes. Some are striving to accumulate wealth, and when success is attained their hearts are still unsatisfied. Some seek for honour, fame, and power, and when they get what they have gone in for, there is still a longing after an indescribable something. None but Christ can satisfy the longings of an immortal spirit. Why not, then, seek to know Him whom to know is life eternal (John 17. 3)? "First things first." Believe on Him who loved you, and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20, 21), and like Philip Sharkey you will know the secret of perennial joy.

A. M.



## HAPPY HOLIDAYS BY THE SEA.

The meetings were commenced with bright, happy singing, prayer followed, then Scripture reading, text repeating, and short, pithy, Gospel addresses.



BY THE SEA.

## HAPPY HOLIDAYS BY THE SEA.

A HAPPY holiday was spent during the month of August at Saltburn-by-the-Sea. Our picture shows the first day of the Children's Meetings. A place was chosen on the beach, where a large mound of sand was made, called the pulpit, which was decorated with texts. Then trenches were made for seats, and a large red flag was stuck in the sand. But the wind blew the flag down because it was on a sandy foundation, reminding us of the foolish man that built his house on the sand and not on a rock.

Each morning, weather permitting, crowds of children and parents assembled. The meetings were commenced with bright, happy singing, prayer followed, then Scripture reading, text repeating, and short, pithy Gospel addresses. Thus a happy hour was spent. The afternoons were varied, sometimes on the sands and at other times a stroll with the company in the woods, where we could sit and have nice private talks with the children, showing them their lost condition and how Jesus died to save them (Rom. 5. 6). By this means many difficulties were cleared away, and several led to Christ.

In the evening meetings were held in a tent, first for boys and afterwards for girls, when many professed Christ. One night eight girls stood up and publicly confessed Christ. One little boy at one of the Boys' Meetings burst into tears because he had not confessed Jesus to father and mother, and ran straight home and told them he was saved through the Lord Jesus Christ dying for him. The next morning he was ready with beaming face to tell us he had told his parents how Jesus had saved him. Twice there were Lantern Services on the sands, illustrated by Gospel subjects. Crowds of people assembled and heard the old, old story of Jesus and His love to the rich and poor alike.

Letters were received from many of the children after their return home. One little girl living in London writes: "My second birthday was on Sunday, August 16th, in the tent at Saltburn. Thank you so much for showing me the way to Heaven. I feel much happier now than I used to. I am trying to follow Jesus and please Him."

We would earnestly plead with readers of *Boys and Girls* to accept the Lord Jesus at once and be saved. Then you will be happy like many of those who were saved whilst having a holiday at Saltburn-by-the-Sea.

J.W.



## THE KEY FLOWER.

LONG ago a remarkable story was told. A pretty little blue flower was occasionally to be found in certain parts of Europe. It was called "The Key Flower," and the happy finder of it was supposed by it to get access to enormous wealth. Consequently eager search was sometimes made, but rarely with success.

Once, however (so the story went), a little shepherd lad found the coveted prize. Oh, what a grand find that was for him! No more need to watch sheep; he could now be a fine gentleman and have everything he wanted. Off he started to the store of riches. It was a cave in a



The Children's Service at Saltburn-by-the-Sea.

rock, to which the possessor of the Key Flower got easy access. Once inside the cave the boy started in downright earnest to collect as much as he could of the precious treasure that abounded there. Whilst gathering, he heard a voice, which said, "Take as much as ever you can, but *don't forget the best.*" That was the Key Flower, which he had laid down when he entered. Again and again the voice was heard, and "*don't forget the best*" was frequently repeated. At last, heavily laden with precious jewels, out into the daylight staggered the young hero, and immediately the cave closed behind him.

But, oh! what had happened? In his eagerness to be-



## How the Key Flower was Lost.

come rich the boy had forgotten the Key Flower, and to his dismay found that all his hopes had vanished. All his treasures had changed to rubbish, and instead of riches he had only straw and stones and worthless dross—for *he had forgotten the best!*

The Lord Jesus Christ is Heaven's best. He gave up all Heaven's riches and honour and became poor, in order that sinners might be eternally rich. Without Him, the richest, the noblest, the most honoured of earth will be poor and wretched for all eternity. With Him, the poorest of earth are richly blest now, and will be eternally rich.

Whatever you aim at now, be sure to remember the lesson of the Key Flower, and "DON'T FORGET THE BEST."

S.N.



## THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

**W**ALKING 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 its branches and held it tight. As soon as it found it was caught it tried, of course, 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 hansom cab 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

## **The Captive Bird in the Temple Gardens.**

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 out its "thank you" for its liberty.

A beautiful illustration of the way in which God in His mercy, and out of love to the sinner, rescued him from the galling bondage of sin and Satan! The price for the liberation of the bird was one shilling, but the sinner's liberty was purchased with no less a price than "the precious Blood of Christ" (1 Peter 1. 19). O what a price! The most precious gift in the universe that God could give. N-B.



**A Lovely Corner in Temple Gardens, London.**

## SHORT PIECES FOR SEASIDE SERVICES.

### MARCHING HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN.

JESUS make us all Thy soldiers,  
Marching in the ranks of God;  
Make us good and true and faithful,  
Treading where our father's trod.

Jesus make us kind and tender,  
Make us loving, gentle, too;  
Make us ever look toward Thee,  
Make us truly follow you.

Jesus make us know Thee better  
As our Leader, Captain, Friend;  
March as soldiers, brave and faithful,  
True to Thee unto the end.

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### IT ISN'T THE WORLD—IT'S YOU!

YOU say the world looks gloomy,  
The skies are grim and grey,  
The night has lost its quiet—  
You fear the Coming Day.  
The world is what you make it,  
The sky is grey or blue,  
Just as your soul may paint it,  
It isn't the world—*it's you!*



Clear up the clouded vision,  
Clean out the foggy mind;  
The clouds are always passing,  
And each is silver lined.  
The world is what you make it—  
Then make it bright and true,  
And when you say it's gloomy,  
It isn't the world—*it's you!*



+ + + + +

### WORK FOR ALL.

THE drops of rain, and the rays of light,  
Are small themselves, but when all unite  
They water the world, and they make it bright.  
Then do not say, "Of what use am I?"  
We may each do good if we will but try:  
We may soothe some grief or some want supply.  
We can give to the poor a helping hand;  
We can cheer the sick as we by them stand;  
We can send God's Word to the heathen land.  
We can speak to others in tones of love;  
We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove;  
We can point the weary to rest above.  
Oh! how sweet to think that in life's young days  
We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise,  
And may guide some feet into wisdom's ways.

N-U,



## OUR SPECIAL PAGE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



**F**ATHER, mother, son, and even strangers all interested! Something of importance must be taking place. Paint it as **Scripture Painting**, No. 7, in any colours you decide. Put name, address, and age, and post it to the Editor at any time convenient. All papers received one month are judged together, whether they come from near or far.

**Question Studies**, No. 7.—(1) What is the man doing? (2) Who to-day are like the boy with the basin? (3) Which bit of the picture meant death if it was not there?

**David playing before Saul** was No. 7. Reference, 1 Samuel 16. 23. Sinners who refuse Christ's "piping" (Matt. 11. 17) of Peace are like Saul who refused David's sweet notes. There could be no music without the harp.

**52 Awards** in connection with *Boys and Girls Almanac* (cont.): No. 35, Winifred Avis, Datchet Common; 36, J. B. (for sewn text, kindly forward address); 37, Ronald H. Barber, Cambridge; 38, Eric Clark, Leicester; 39, Rueric M'Iver, Satarar, India; 39A, Murray Clarke, Leicester; 40, Mary F. Springett, Purley.

**Original Acrostics**, for Boys and Girls by P.M. No. 324:

A *Priest*, a *Prophet*, and a *King*, in order please write down,  
The *sister* of the priest write next; her singing brought renown;  
Initial letters then will show who first lived in this world of woe.

**Answer to No. 323**.—Darius (Ezra 4. 5); Abijah (1 Sam. 25. 3-25); Nathan (2 Sam. 12. 1); Isaac (Gen. 22. 6); Eternal (Rom. 6. 23); Life (Rom. 6. 23).—**DANIEL**.

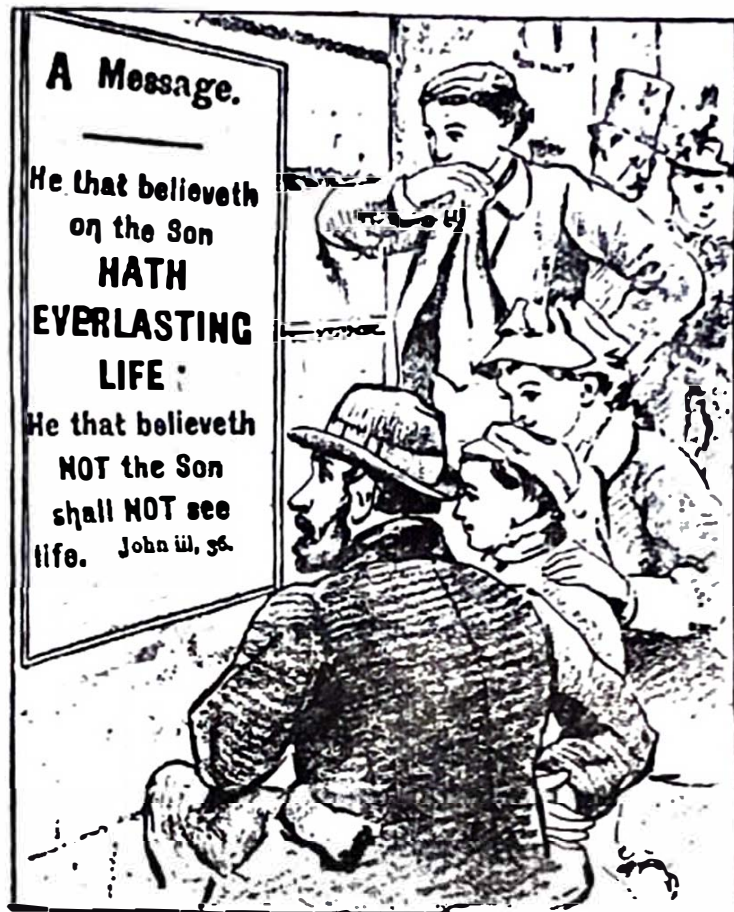
**A Real Searching**.—A friend sends us the following searching for children, but we think it is more suitable for Bible Class scholars, Teachers, Parents, or Students:

Who wrote a letter, never read  
Till seven years after he was dead?

## THE PECULIAR POSTER.

"**H**ERE, Sam, you are one of the religious sort, come here and tell us the meaning of this. Why do your kind of people put up *these* bills on the walls? Why don't they keep *these* things to themselves?"

"Why? They have as much right, if it comes to a question of that sort, to do so as the auctioneer has to display his bill, or the railway company their bills."



"Yes, yes, of course;" but what is the meaning of it?"

"Just what it says. Read it the same as you would read anything else. Use the same thought in reading it as you would in reading another poster and it will be clear enough."

"But will you just explain it a bit to us?"

"It needs very little explanation," replied Sam. "Thanks be to God, the Bible is plain enough to them who want to understand. It is difficult only to those who *won't*. These words tell us that everlasting life belongs to those who believe in the Son of God, that is, to those who take Him to be their Saviour, their Teacher, their God—to those who give themselves to Him as completely as a man gives himself to serve the King when he enlists as a soldier."

"But what if a man does not believe?"

"Then there is the other thing, he shall *not* see life. If you will have Christ as your Saviour from sin, you will have everlasting life. That is God's way. It is Yes or No. It matters not what you are, unless you are 'born again,' become a *new creature* in Christ, you cannot see the kingdom of God. 'Ye must be born again' (John 3. 7). Now be clear on this point—no new birth now means no new heaven by-and-bye."



## **"I WOULD PAINT HIM WHITE."**

This idea of the boy is one which has been often tried by grown-up people—that is to say, covering up a bad inside by a fair outside.



IN THE GARDEN.



## "I WOULD PAINT HIM WHITE."



THE happy visit to the home of my friend was drawing to a close. The children and I had enjoyed ourselves in the beautiful garden. Opportunities had been taken to speak of Him who is mighty to save. Shall I recount some of the interesting stories?

I well remember the remark of the little boy, as I said, referring to Jeremiah 13. 23, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" that no amount of scrubbing would make a black man white, as a picture of the impossibility of a sinner changing his nature. A bright idea struck the boy, and

he exclaimed, "I would *paint* him white!" This idea of the boy is one which has been often tried by grown-up people—that is to say, covering up a bad inside by a fair outside. The Lord referred to this in Matthew 23. 27, charging the Pharisee with being "whited sepulchres," and with making clean the outside while the inside was as bad as ever.

I wonder if any of our young readers are trying this. Relying on an outwardly correct behaviour, with the inside unchanged. This will not do for God. He requireth truth in the inward parts (Psa. 51. 6) in the heart.

Do not make the same mistake as a man who, when his clock went wrong, spent his time in cleaning the face and hands, and adjusting the weights, until his little daughter who was looking on, said, "Father, doesn't it want a new inside?" Certainly, this will affect the outside, and the little girl whose brother came home and said to her, "Mary, I've got a new heart" (meaning he had been converted), and who answered simply, "Show it me," was pretty near the mark, for the change inside is to be shown by our outward actions. The main-spring moving the hands.

Let me urge you to trust Jesus now, and do not try to paint yourself white outside by trying to be good, for all is useless. "Jesus only can do helpless sinners good." E.R.

## HOW ONE MAN DIED FOR ANOTHER.

NOT far from the famous "Arch of Triumph," in Paris, several men were working at a high building. The scaffolding gave way, three or four were thrown to the ground; two were left hanging on by a slight piece of plank. Seeing that it was bending and likely to break under the weight of the two, one cried, "Pierre, let go! I'm the father of a family!" A moment's suspense, then the single man said in French, "It is just!" let go, fell on the street, and was killed.



*From a photograph.*

**Arch of Triumph, Paris.**

A LIFE SAVED THROUGH THE WILLING DEATH OF ANOTHER is a true picture of the Way of Salvation. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Have *you* ever thanked the Lord Jesus for willingly dying for *you*? If not, believe in Him now, and thank Him for such wondrous love. When the saved man was rescued he surely praised the one who died for him. Have you thanked the Lord Jesus?

HYP.

## BOBS: THE SAVED DOG.

NOT long ago a little girl in London had a pet dog which was brave, kind, and had been the means of saving many lives. Yet he had his dislikes, and "BOBS"—for that was his name—having for some reason a hatred of policemen, got into trouble.

For all his gentleness with children, Bobs had all the fighting instincts of the terrier, though he was only small. A little black and white chap, as you will see from his photograph. One day he managed to get out of the house without his muzzle—has your dog ever done the same thing? Mine, a big brown Scotch terrier, came home the other night with a naughty and satisfied look in his eye and his muzzle hanging from his neck. But I must tell you about PETER PAN, for that is his name, some other time.

Well, Bobs had not been out long before he met some other dogs, and soon their growlings grew to quarrellings, and a fight began. So noisy were they that a policeman heard it and came along. He evidently did not know Isaac Watt's famous lines:

" Let dog's delight to bark and bite,  
For 'tis their nature too."

And most certainly he did not know that Bobs had no muzzle, so when he went to "move on" the doggies, Bobs, seeing the uniform of an old enemy, dashed at him. No one will deny that it was very naughty of Bobs, and ere long, with his tail between his legs, Bobs was being dragged very unwillingly, at the end of a piece of string, to the police station, where he was charged with being a ferocious dog. When Dorothy Burgess, his owner, heard of it she was very unhappy, and perhaps because she was only thirteen and loved Bobs very much, he was let off.

No dog likes having stones thrown at him. Would you? Bobs did not, and when one day as he was trotting out of the house he met a man who had thrown stones at him, he so far forgot his manners as to "go" for the man. Although this happened before Bobs was locked up by the policeman, yet it was remembered against him, when a second time he slipped out of the house without waiting to be muzzled. His liberty was not for long, and before an hour was over he was at the police station, where he began to learn the truth of the saying, "Give a dog a bad name and you hang him," for the magistrate said Bobs must be killed.



**Bobs: the Saved Dog.**



**The Only Dog Tried for His Life—and Condemned to Die.**

## Bobs: the Saved Dog.

Then it was that Bobs felt the benefit of his friends, and was rewarded for being mostly good, for they all said, "What a shame," and Dorothy Burgess stopped crying. Twenty-one persons said they were ready to give Bobs a good character for kindness and friendliness to children, and twenty-one thousand people signed a paper saying, "Please, Mr. Magistrate, let Bobs off this time." It was in October, and ever so cold, when the day came for Bobs to be tried for his life, so his friends took him to the court in London in a charabanc, and people cheered on the way.

Clever lawyers pleaded for Bobs just as if he were a man; they told of the lives he had saved, and how good he was on the whole, and then he was brought in to show to the justices. I am glad to say that Bobs behaved himself so well in court that they thought he must be a good dog at heart, and without hearing more against him, decided to let him off. So after being tried for his life

### Bobs was Acquitted.

When the result was known there was gladness, especially in the heart of his mistress, and Bobs was led outside where the charabanc was waiting, and just as the photograph was about to be taken some one found a big printed word "SAVED," and pasted it on the side of the vehicle. s.

\* \* \* \* \*

## GOSSIP TOWN.

HAVE you ever heard of  
Gossip Town,  
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,  
Where old Dame Rumour, with  
rustling gown,  
Is going the livelong day?  
It isn't far to Gossip Town  
For people who want to go;  
The Idleness Train will take you  
In just an hour or so. [down  
The Thoughtless Road is a  
popular route, [way;  
And most folks start that  
But its steep down grade—if you  
don't look out— [Bay.  
Will land you in Falsehood  
You glide through the valley of  
Vicious Talk,  
And into the tunnel of Hate;

Then, crossing the Add-to-  
Bridge, you walk  
Right into the city gate.

But it is not healthy in Gossip  
Town,  
And I will not follow you  
there,  
I would rather live in Thanks-  
giving Street,  
In the House that is called  
All Prayer.

For here I learn my Father's  
will,  
And the sun is warm and  
bright;  
And whatever the Master bids  
me do,  
I do it with all my might.

L.W.

## HOW TO KEEP BUSY AND HAPPY.



**W**OULD you not have liked to have been with Him then? When He walked on the waves to go to the help of His own. Think of the scene as you paint.

**Scripture Picture, No. 8.**—Use paint, chalks, or ink, any colours you judge best, put name, address, and age on back, and post as early as you can to the Editor.

**Question Studies, No. 8.**—(1) Where is the incident found? (2) Which of the two would you leave out of the picture? (3) Who to-day are like Peter?

**The Passover in Egypt** was depicted in No. 7 (Exod. 12. 11; 1 Cor. 5. 7). The father was sprinkling the blood of the lamb on the upper post and two side-posts, but *not* on the step. The boy is like us, for if the lamb had not died for him he would have died. Unless the blood had been there no picture of safety could have been presented. Are you sheltered by Blood?

**Original Acrostics, No. 325.**—The answer is the name of a man

1. A *place* which judgment dread o'ertook,  
When fire and brimstone fell.
2. One *man* of three, who water brought  
To D— from Bethle'm's well.
3. The *place* where Abra'm's servant went  
To look for damsel fair.
4. What *writer* says, He hates the child  
The chastening rod does spare.
5. Next name the *Gittite* in whose house  
The ark of God was set.
6. A *man* that 'gainst Elisha once  
Into a rage did get.

J.C.

**Answer to No. 324.**—Aaron (Exod. 28. 3); Daniel (Dan. 12. 9); Ahasuerus (Esther 1. 2); Miriam (Exod. 15. 21).—ADAM.





### MILK FOR NOTHING.

WE stepped into the railway train, bound for Ayr, and had scarcely got seated when in followed three hale and hearty farmers bound for the same district, to look after engaging a farm for one of their number. Speeding along through hill and dale leading to the Land of Burns, the conversation dwelt on various branches of farming, crops, &c., finally turning on the milk supply question. One upheld it as being profitable, the second condemned it, and the third related his experience in selling in a neighbouring large town, concluding with telling how on one occasion, having a large supply and not being able to dispose of it, he sent the milkman down one of the poorest streets to cry "Milk for nothing." Some peeped at him carelessly, others came and procured a supply, and one little girl without can or jug came forward and asked, "When are you coming back again?" The idea quite amused our hearty farmer friends. To think, after all his labour with his cows, rising at three in the morning, and driving eight miles into town, people were found who did not trouble to accept his present gracious offer of "Milk for nothing." They laughed repeatedly as they thought of the little girl waiting, but waiting in vain, for the kind-hearted milkman returning again. Oh, thought I, how like many persons whom I know. Time after time they hear of "Eternal life for nothing" (Romans 6. 23); of "the water of life offered freely"; of wine and milk (joy and peace) without money and without price; they know they need them, in fact must receive them if ever they are to enter heaven. But, like the little girl, they "put off" till a future time; and to many, like her, the gracious offer is not again renewed. Again and again have you not heard the devil whispering to you not to receive Jesus till you are better and older, as it would spoil your fun and happiness. Every time you listen to him you make "a great mistake." Harken no longer to the voice of the deceiver to put it off, but decide whether you will have the devil's wages ("The wages of sin is death") or God's gift ("The gift of God is eternal life"). Accept now of God's salvation for nothing.

## WHAT MEANS THAT WORD "EXCEPT?"

Or, the man who despises childishness must himself become  
childlike before he can be in a position to receive  
God's salvation.



"EXCEPT."



## WHAT MEANS THAT WORD "EXCEPT?"

HERE are some people who never grow up. They are always children. It is true they are older and taller than they used to be; they earn their living, they wear grown-up people's clothes. But for all practical purposes, for all useful purposes, they are little better than children, or, we might say, than—babies!

Is the reader puzzled to know who these strange grown-up-infants are? Let me introduce him to some of them, for they are very numerous. Here, for instance, are some nice, quiet, inoffensive people seated round a table. What are they about? Are they engaged in some profitable or edifying occupation? No, they are *playing*. Not at marbles, or "noughts and crosses," of course. Oh, no, they are no longer children—at least, so they say. But what is their "pastime?" Well, they are occupied in card-playing, and really they seem quite content to waste many precious hours in amusing themselves with their bits of coloured pasteboard. When they have finished their games they will probably congratulate one another upon having spent a very happy evening together. "Little things please little minds," says the reader. Just so; but wait a moment.

This time we peep into a large room, in which are assembled numerous persons of both sexes. They do not seem to be wearing their "every-day" clothes, and certainly some of them are—well—not overdressed. They are moving rapidly about the room to the accompaniment of lively rhythmical music. We remember playing "musical chairs" when we were children, and much did we enjoy those youthful games; but these big children seem not to have outgrown the frolics of their childhood. It is true they plead both custom and antiquity for their pastime, and when reproached for their frivolity they will argue that even the Jews of old indulged in the habit of dancing. We could point out, in reply, that the dancing of the Israelites was an expression of joy—they danced *because* they were happy, not to *make* themselves happy. But enough!

Is the young friend reading this one of the many who engage in the above-mentioned "pleasures?" Let him be reminded of the words of one who tried every pleasure



## What Means that Word "Except?"

under the sun, and summed them all up as "vanity of vanities." "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccles. 11. 9).

See then the forcefulness of the words of the Saviour of men: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." The man who despises *childishness* must himself become *childlike* before he can be in a position to receive God's salvation; that is to say, his natural pride must be humbled, his wisdom and his independence must be relinquished, and he must submit to the ruling of Him who said, "Ye MUST be born again."

It is the privilege of a little child to live in absolute dependence upon the wisdom and care of his parents. He



does not pay for his food and raiment. So likewise the converted man discovers that salvation cannot be earned or merited; it is the free gift of One who has secured it for every believer. Like a little child, also, he learns to trust implicitly the Word of his Father, and desires to live in willing obedience to every exhortation, warning, and invitation.

Reader, have you the *childishness* of the worldling, or the *childishness* of the true Christian? Do you trust in Christ alone for salvation? Do you renounce your own righteousness and plead the all-atoning sufficiency of the death of the Son of God?

Do you realise the absolute necessity of the new birth? If you can answer these questions definitely you are a converted soul. There cannot be, indeed, any other way of being made fit for Heaven, and, as a matter of fact, no unconverted person could possibly be at home in Heaven. How can they who never seek the Saviour here expect to find enjoyment in His presence hereafter?

C.W.

## WHEN THE CURFEW RINGS.



[ HAVE heard a wondrous story,  
It has filled me with delight,  
Made me think how Christ, in Glory,  
Suffered for the "sons of night."  
Cromwell, hard and stern, unbending,  
Did a traitor one day try,  
Found him guilty and condemned him  
On a certain day to die.  
Rigid, calm, the prisoner listened  
To the sentence passed, and knew  
No repeal would ever reach him,  
Cromwell's word was tried and true.  
But his wife, good, faithful creature,  
'Neath the dreadful sentence reeled;  
Then, recovering her reason,  
Down before the Cromwell kneeled.  
"Spare! my lord, ah! spare him to me,  
Guilty! yes, but God forgives;  
Spare him! and from this day, truly,  
Faithful to my lord he lives."  
"Useless! woman; useless pleading!  
Hear ye yonder steeple bell?  
When on that day rings the Curfew,  
Surely strikes his dying knell."  
In his cell a weary prisoner  
Waits in darkness and in gloom  
For the Curfew Bell to call him  
Forth to meet his waiting doom.  
Curfew came—no bell was ringing—  
People stared in blank dismay;  
Never once had Curfew failed them,  
Who had dared to disobey?

### When the Curfew Rings.

Far, far up the steeple toiling,  
Climbed a woman, fair and slight;  
Murmuring as she still ascended,  
"Curfew must not ring to-night."



OLIVER CROMWELL, THE GREAT PROTECTOR,

Who ordered the Curfew Bell to ring at a certain time each night. He was born in 1599, evidently underwent the great change in 1638, made Protector or Ruler in England in 1653, and died in 1658. On his deathbed he said "I would be willing to live to be serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people." Follow this great man's example, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved (Acts 16.31). hyp.



## When the Curfew Rings.

As the great bell loomed above her,  
Up she sprang and caught the tongue,  
Then the ringer, deaf and aged,  
Back and forth the woman swung.  
Ceaseless swinging; never ringing;  
Till at last the bell-pull stopped,  
And the woman, faint and bleeding,  
From the silent bell-tongue dropped.  
Now to Cromwell comes the story  
Of the jailor's sorry plight:  
"Prisoner was to die at Curfew—  
Curfew did not ring to-night."  
Then a woman, weak and fainting,  
Begged to speak in Cromwell's ears;  
And before his stern face kneeling  
Told her story 'mid her tears.  
As she spread her hands before him,  
Mutilated, bruised, and torn;  
Just a shade of wonder softened  
Cromwell's hardened gaze of scorn.  
Woman! you have dared defy me,  
Still—my word must faithful be;  
Curfew *did not* ring, and therefore,  
I must set the prisoner free.  
But such love, so brave, so noble,  
Well deserves its rich reward;  
You have saved your husband, woman!  
Cromwell, too, has kept his word.  
This the story as 'twas told me,  
Does it make you think of Him,  
Bruised and bleeding, weak and wounded,  
That your pardon He might win?  
That He shed His Blood so freely,  
Gave His love, unasked, unearned;  
Weep! to think how oft you've grieved Him,  
And His Blood-bought pardon spurned.  
Think of it—this wondrous story—  
Then compare what Christ has done;  
Do you think *she* earned devotion?  
Then has Christ *your* heart's love won?

J. A. W. HAMILTON.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS OWN PAGES.



**W**HATEVER can the man in Eastern garb be hunting for? Well, get the Book with all the splendid Eastern stories and look in Matthew for

**Scripture Painting, No. 9.** After reading story, paint picture in any colours you think best and post to Editor as per next page. All papers received in any one month are put together.

**Question Studies, No. 9.** (1) Who does he represent to-day? (2) What does the New Testament say he is seeking? (3) What does the thing sought for speak of?

The Saviour walking on the Sea was depicted in No. 8. He made the sea, He calmed the sea, He walked on the sea.

**Original Searching for big and little boys and girls, No. 326:**

A Queen was driven from her throne  
For insubordination;  
Another Queen was placed thereon  
And crowned with jubilation.  
Please name the Queens, the King, the place,  
In graceful recitation;  
And if you win the "Searchers'" race  
You'll get some commendation.

T.B.

**Answer to No. 325.**—Sodom (Gen. 19. 24), Abishai (2 Sam. 23. 18), Mesopotamia (Gen. 24. 10), Solomon (Prov. 13. 24), Obed-edom (2 Sam. 6. 11), Naaman (2 Kings 5. 12).—SAMSON.

**50 Awards** in connection with *Boys and Girls Almanac*, for filling in texts: No. 1, William Wiggins, Malvern; 2, Constance Wyatt, Wellington; 3, Alister MacRae, Raasay; 4, Winifred Hart, Haughley Green; 5, Willie Lindsay, Glasgow; 6, Annie Milcon, Aberlour; 6a, Frances Reid, Clydebank; 7, Alec. Reid, Clydebank; 8, Kathleen England, Norwich; 9, Peter M'Connachie, Aberlour; 10, Albert Hinds, Troja, Jamaica; 11, Alice Keir, Aberlour. *Completion in next No. Almanac for 1922 nearly ready.*

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TEXT.



THE circus had fallen into the hands of Christian workers. It was late Saturday evening when they obtained possession, and as a service was to be held on the following Sunday, much had to be done in covering some things hardly helpful to devotion, putting up texts, and arranging seats. The ladders were just being put away, and the friends going to their homes, when the good schoolmaster hurried up with a large text.

"Too late," said some; but he pleaded so hard that he gained his point.

"Do put it up somewhere; I have worked at it many days, praying over every letter. I am sure it will be blessed."

Over the door was a vacant space, and there the text was placed—white letters on a red ground—"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The schoolmaster was satisfied, and in the darkness of the night sent up many a petition that the word of the Lord might be owned.

Sunday afternoon came, and with it the congregation at the circus. Among the visitors was a man and his wife, who stepped in to see the wonderful change in the old place. Their eyes roamed hither and thither, and their hearts too, until at length the schoolmaster's text was noticed.

"What's that over there?" said the man; "it wasn't there before." His wife read out the words—"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The singing, the sermon, the service, made little impression; but the schoolmaster's text lodged.

"SIN," thought the man, "I have the experience of that in my heart and life. I have defiled myself and all around me. 'CLEANSING,' that is what I need, to have all this filth removed, and to be made pure. Is such a thing possible?" He repeated the text, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Could he be included in that little word "us"?

He began to think seriously of these things. Sin after sin came up before his mind, but over all stretched the blessed text—"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

Blood represented punishment—and punishment cleared from guilt; so, if Christ was punished for his guilt, that punishment, or blood, cleansed all the sin that deserved punishment. He believed, and he was clear. W. L.



## A PURITAN GIRL'S TESTIMONY.

I started to read novels. I would place one inside a magazine or some other book to blindfold the friends in the house.



THE LITTLE PURITAN.

## A PURITAN GIRL'S TESTIMONY.



MARY belonged to the times often called Puritan, when the men dressed as you see this studious gentleman in initial, and the young ladies something like front picture. Yet they were good people and loved the Word of God. Very many of them knew their sins forgiven. Here is a testimony given by a girl just like the one pictured. It reads best as she wrote it, so we will let her tell it herself.

"I would like to tell you how the Lord saved me. It is about three months since I passed from death to life. I was under deep conviction for about six months. My parents were both saved, and I had often been spoken to about my soul's eternal welfare, but I seemed to grow up indifferent to all their teaching. I started to read novels, and although they have been taken from me and destroyed the desire grew so strong that I would place one inside a magazine or some other book to blindfold the friends in the house.

"I was going on as usual when it pleased the Lord to bring me face to face with death. As I looked at that loved one lying there 'asleep in Jesus,' for it was not death, it was only the 'shadow' he had passed through, I asked myself the question, Where would my soul have been if that had been me? I knew I would have been lost.

"The conviction wore off, and I was just much the same till a well-known teacher came. During the meetings I was awakened to see my lost condition. I waited to the after-meeting one night when a friend came and spoke to me. He read several portions of Scripture, amongst which was Isaiah 53. 5, 6 and John 5. 24 (turn up and read). He pointed out to me how that the Lord Jesus *had suffered in my place*, and by accepting the provision God had made I would be saved. Thank God I did accept Him, and have the assurance that I have passed from death to life."

Such is the simple testimony of a young person just as it was written out at the time. Such is the experience of many of our readers, who through simple faith in the Lord Jesus, *know* their sins are forgiven, and rejoice in the hope of the Coming again of our Lord. Write out your conversion story and send it to the Editor.                   HYP.

## A NEW ZEALAND GIRL'S DREAM.

IN far away New Zealand,  
Beneath a sunny sky,  
A group of school girls clustered  
Upon a hill side high.  
Where, on its highest summit,  
A school-house stood alone,  
Surrounded by a garden,  
Where bright-hued flowers had grown.



THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN NEW ZEALAND.

The first-form girls had gathered,  
The teacher's voice was heard:  
"Dear girls, the Home of Jesus,  
Which is in Heaven prepared,  
Is full of light and music,  
And love, and joy, and peace;  
So free from sin and sickness,  
There separations cease.



## Annie's Dream and Its Sequel.

Our Saviour is soon Coming  
For those who hear His voice,  
Whose sins are all forgiven  
By making Him their choice.  
If He should come to-day, girls,  
To call us far away,  
Are *all* who stand around me  
Quite ready for that Day?  
Yes! all, save one, was ready,  
But pleasures held her fast,  
Poor Annie would not listen  
When told they would not last.  
One night when she was sleeping,  
While moon-beams round her played  
Her school friends in a room near  
Together for her prayed.  
While they prayed she was dreaming,  
The Lord came for His own,  
To lead them into Glory,  
And she was left alone.  
Awaking then in terror,  
She felt her dream confirmed,  
For every bed was empty,  
From hers she quickly turned.  
Through corridors she wandered,  
Not knowing what she did,  
Until she heard some voices,  
Whose forms the darkness hid.  
"Lord Jesus, come and save her,"  
She, listening, heard them say;  
Into the room she entered,  
And knelt with them to pray.  
She cried, "Lord come and save *me*;"  
At once the answer came:  
"I seek and save the lost ones,  
*Thy* precious soul I claim."  
So Annie, too, is ready  
When Jesus comes for her,  
And finds her greatest pleasure  
In loving service here.

V. REESON.

THE  
TIME  
IS  
SHORT

THE  
LORD  
IS  
AT  
HAND

# THE CLASS REGISTER.

Page 7.

REGISTER.

Teacher, W. H. B—

REGISTER No.	ADMISSION No.	DATE OF BIRTH.			NAME.	ADDRESS.	MAY-JUNE.				
							1st Week.				
							Days.				
							30	31	1	2	3
		D.	M.	Y.			M	A	M	A	M
1	2275	27	7	02	Armen, Wm.	30 Pool Rd.	//	0/	//	//	//
2	1921	23	8	97	Altome, Stanley	14 Kew St.	//	//	//	Left.	
3	2296	5	4	02	Burley, Edmund	23 Crewe Rd.	//	0/	//	//	//

MY little girl, eight years old, is always asking me for a piece of paper—a big sheet, she says. Now, what do you think she wants it for? Why, to make a register, and then pretend she is teacher and play at school. I expect a good many of my readers are fond of doing the same thing. Well, here you have on this page an exact copy of a page in a real school register, and you can see what it is like, and try to make one like it, only putting in the names of children you know, can't you?

Look at the register and see what's put down about each one of you. There's your admission number into the school; there's how old you are and when your birthday is; there's your address, and there, farther on, are your late marks, your early marks, and your absent marks. In fact, in the register there's all about you. Do you know that God knows all about you, too? Only, His knowledge is perfect. Every sin He remembers. Every time you failed to do what father said, every time you told a lie, every time you got in a temper, every time you said a wicked word or laughed when someone else did so, every time you were cross with your baby sister, are all black marks against your name, and God remembers it all. Suppose He should punish you for all these sins, wouldn't it be dreadful?

But God has a register, too. Not like the one at school, but He tells us in His Book about it, and there must be millions of names in it. Turn to the very last Book in the Bible, and in the last verse of chapter 20. Ah! there it is, "The Book of Life," and in the last verse of the next chapter, "The Lamb's Book of Life." You will also find it in other verses if you look for them.

## The Class Register—An Object Lesson.

Well, whose names are on God's register? Why, all those who have eternal life by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. All those for whom He died. All those whose sins have been put away through faith in His Blood. All who can say—

"All my sins were laid upon Him;  
Jesus bore them on the tree;  
God, who knew them, laid them on Him,  
And, *believing*, I am free."

Is your name, young friend, in the Lamb's Book of Life? If not, why not make sure it is by trusting the Lord Jesus now. I'll tell you why you ought to make sure. You see that boy marked left. Well, the other day I had to write against a boy's name "dead," and he was but five years old. So you see even boys and girls die sometimes, and you need to make sure that your name is on Heaven's register so that you'll be able truthfully to sing, "When the Roll is called up yonder, I'll be there." W.H.B.

### THE MAN WHO STOOD PRAYING.



"THE Pharisee stood and prayed thus: GOD, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are" (Luke 18. 11). Does the picture of him, drawn from life in Palestine, not look as if he was satisfied with his goodness. "The publican (or taxgatherer)...smote upon his breast, saying, GOD be merciful to me a sinner" (v. 13). Which do you like in the divinely drawn picture? Which are you like in real life? A self-satisfied Pharisee, not needing a Saviour, or a contrite publican, needing the mercy of God through the Saviour's Blood. One went home *condemned*, the other "went down to his house *justified*" (v. 14). Take the sinner's place, claim the sinner's Saviour, and you will be "justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39). Do it now. hyp.



## NEARING THE END OF THE YEAR.



**A**T this time some may be like the man in the picture, pursuing a course from which they should have turned months before. Let this picture speak loudly. Turn to **NUMBERS**, read the story.

**Picture Painting**, No. 10, giving good heed whilst you paint with crayon or any material at hand. When done, post to Editor as over. All papers received during the month are put together, so post yours at earliest. The picture also gives us

**Question Studies**, No. 10. (1) Who is the man riding? (2) What is the animal doing? (3) What lesson has the story for us?

**The Pearl of Great Price** which a merchantman found hid in a field (Matt. 13. 46) is picture No. 11. (1) The Seeker is Christ. (2) The pearl is *you*. (3) The pearl found tells of the *sinner* found by the Saviour. Is that *you*? If not, come to Him now, just as you are, and be found, saved, and blest.

**Original Acrostic**, No. 327. *Composed by Murray Clarke, age 12.*  
 My *first* a man before whose feet great Saul of Tarsus had a seat.  
 My *second* is a wicked King who greatly made Israel to sin.  
 My *third* a man whom Saul did call, and sent him on the priests to fall.

My *fourth* was a great prophet bold, who oft of Christ the Lord  
 My *fifth* a man whose friend Tobiah did speak against good Nehemiah.

The *Initials* and *Finals* make a short text in John's Epistle.

*Answer to No. 326.*—Vashti, Esther, Ahasuerus, Shushan.

**Bible Band Names**, in connection with *Boys and Girls Bible Band*: 2984, Thomas Newall, Whitehaven; 2985, Allan Jones, China; 2986, Wilfred Turner, Aberdeen; 2987, Rhoda Hood, Beaulieu; 2988, W. Scales, London; 2989, Charles M'Ewen, Annsborough; 2990, Phyllis Gault, Bury St. Edmunds; 2991, Thomas Eastoe, Aylsham; 2992, Alice Ward, Wirksworth. *Who will be 3000?*

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE BIBLE.



NO name is better known, and no portrait is more familiar wherever Scotsmen dwell on the face of the earth, than that of Sir Walter Scott. His "Waverley Novels" have found their way into every corner of the world, and been translated into every language of importance. His "poetical works" have been sung and recited wherever civilised language is used. Yet though he made his name and won enduring fame by

*fiction*, it did not even suffice for himself in his last moments, for, shattered in fortune and health, he turned at last to *fact*—the great facts of the Word of God.

Lying in lovely Abbotsford during his last illness, he said to his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, "Bring me the Book." "What book?" asked Mr. Lockhart. "There is but *one* Book," replied the famous author. "Read to me out of the Bible." And he was right, for whatever may seem to satisfy during life, "God and the Word of His grace" alone can satisfy in death and in eternity, "and as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27), it is well to be prepared for the day of reckoning. Works of fiction may do to waste the moments of Time; words of truth and grace alone can prepare for the myriad moments of Eternity. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." Let into your heart the glorious truth that "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). Put your name into the all-embracing "whosoever," and you will be saved.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever," therefore remember the dying testimony of Sir Walter Scott, "There is but *one Book*"—read it and believe it, and you will be right for Time and right for Eternity.

HYP.



## QUEENIE'S NEW YEAR.

A messenger was sent off at once, and the little girl was discovered hiding upstairs in the cottage.



"HER FAVOURITE."



## QUEENIE'S NEW YEAR.



QUEENIE DALTON was a little girl who lived in a happy home. Had you seen her playing with her toys or her favourite kitten you would have thought that if any one had a "Happy New Year" it was Queenie.

But was she truly happy? Let us find out.

Miss Rawlins, a lady friend who was living at Queenie's home at that time, was also very fond of the little girl, for she had a most affectionate disposition, and would often throw her arms round Miss Rawlins, saying, "Oh, I *do* love you so!" But Queenie had one naughty habit which distressed her friend, and once, when she came to practice, Miss Rawlins said gravely, "It's no use saying you love me if you don't try to cure that bad habit." The child said nothing, but finished her practice and went out. But she did not appear at the usual time, so Miss Rawlins inquired and found that she was not in the house. Everybody became alarmed, as she seldom went out alone.

Suddenly the thought struck Miss Rawlins that possibly she might have gone to a cottage, where she had sometimes been taken to visit a sick child. So a messenger was sent off at once, and the little girl was discovered hiding upstairs in the cottage.

It seemed that she had first run to an old barn, about a mile from her house, intending to spend the night there, but she was too frightened to stay, so she went to the cottage to ask the good woman what she should do.

"Why did you run away and frighten us so dreadfully, dear?" Miss Rawlins asked, when at last the little wanderer was safe at home. "Because I am such a wicked girl," Queenie said, sobbing, "I don't deserve to live at home, and I meant to go away for ever." The poor child cried as if her heart would break, while her kind friend did her best to soothe her, telling her how freely she was forgiven, and at last Queenie sobbed herself to sleep.

I wonder what would have happened if she had never been found. How much better it would have been if, instead of running away, she had gone to her kind friend and said, "I have sinned; I am sorry; forgive me."

## Queenie's New Year Escapade.

Perhaps you are hiding from the Saviour? He is seeking you to save you and bless you. Will you, if you have not already done so, accept the Saviour's message: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Will you come to Him now, and find rest and peace for evermore. F.B.

### "IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."

CHARLES and William were bosom companions. They met frequently in the city; to-day they had met at the coast. "A lovely morning, a good long sail." What could be more enjoyable! Agreed at once. They set out, they enjoyed themselves, they spent a pleasant day, till, nearing a well-known and dangerous point, a squall struck them, the boat upset, they were launched



"OUT FOR A GOOD, LONG SAIL."

into Eternity. "In the midst of life we are in death." "We know not what a day may bring forth." How important, then, that we get right with God, get ready to meet God, and be able to say, "God is my salvation, why should I fear to die?" But why introduce accidents and death into the midst of holidays? Because it is often on holidays that such events occur. More liberty is taken, more freedom is felt, and more risks are run. Are not the daily papers full of proofs of this? How needful, then, to be "saved," to know that you have a house on high, prepared by the Saviour who saved you. HYP.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO A RAG-ROOM.

ONE day the late QUEEN VICTORIA visited a paper mill, and was conducted over the works. When she saw the filthy, dirty rags in the "rag-room" she exclaimed, "How can these ever be made white?"

"Ah, madam," replied the owner, "I have a chemical process of great power by which I can take the colour out of even those *red rags*."

A few days later the Queen found lying upon her writing-table a lot of the most beautifully polished paper she had ever seen. On each sheet were the letters of her name—"V.R."—and her likeness. There was also a note, which ran as follows:

"Will the Queen be pleased to accept a specimen of my paper, with the assurance that every sheet was manufactured out of the dirty rags which she saw, and I trust the result is such as even the Queen may admire.

"Will the Queen also allow me to say that I have had many a good sermon preached to me in my mill. I can understand how the Lord Jesus can take the poor heathen, and the vilest of the vile, and make them clean, and how, though their sins be as scarlet, He can make them white as snow. And I can see how He can put His own Name upon them; and just as these rags may go into a Royal Palace and be admired, so poor sinners can be received into the palace of the Great King."

Do *you* know what it is thus to be cleansed from your stains of scarlet dye; to have Christ's Name written upon you; to be made fit for His abode of light? Is it possible that you never seriously think of these things? Can it be that you have never realised that you *are* deep-dyed with the stains of sin, and that your *only* hope lies in the power of Christ's blood?

Will you not from your very soul utter the plea of the penitent: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow" (Psa. 51. 7)? Then remember, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7), and that nothing that defileth shall ever enter Heaven.

Cleansed from your sin, you will be called by His Name, you will be a *Christian*; and your happy heart will rejoice in being made meet to be a "partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. 1. 12). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" NOW. H.P.B.



## The Queen's Visit to a Rag-Room.



Queen Victoria, when a little girl, helping a poor beggar. No wonder she became

### **QUEEN VICTORIA—"THE GOOD WHITE QUEEN."**

Born at Kensington Palace in 1819, succeeded to the British Throne in 1837, married Albert, Duke of Saxony, in 1840; died January 22, 1901. On being asked by an aged Highland woman near Balmoral—"Will your Majesty meet me in the Paradise above?" the Queen replied, "Yes, by the Grace of God and the all-availing Blood of Christ, I'll meet you there." See that you are saved by grace, through Precious Blood, and so made sure of being in the Paradise of God.

HYF.

## SPECIAL NEW YEAR PAINTING.



**H**ERE is a picture of long, long ago. It has been of interest all the years between. It is of interest to-day. It should interest you. Who is the man? What are they doing? Where are they going? Search the Scriptures. Read the Story. Paint the Picture. Await decision as to Awards. Begin now.



## THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

A VIENNA paper gives a report of an interview between one of its representatives and Miss Rockfeller, the daughter of the famous American millionaire.

"Now tell me," inquired the reporter, "as you no doubt belong to the class of the most envied of all women, whether I may presume that you are happy?"

Miss Rockfeller replied: "Happy! Can one buy happiness with money? Are there not many things to make us



BROADWAY, LOOKING SOUTH, NEW YORK CITY.

unhappy which money cannot change? And then, are not the spoiled ones more sensitive to the principles of life than others? No, I AM NOT HAPPY, and you may tell it to all and sundry who envy me."

How true is the Scripture that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing" (Eccles. 1. 8). It is a very great mistake to suppose that those who are rich are necessarily happy. The more one has of this world's goods the more he longs to have. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver" (Eccles. 5. 10).



## *The Millionaire's Daughter.*

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As has been often said: "A man is never satisfied until he has a little more than he has." Neither wealth, nor fame, nor social position, nor the world's applause can satisfy the thirst of an immortal spirit. A man may strive to be rich, and obtain what he is in quest of, but riches will not make him happy. Men of the world are only happy when they forget facts, and Christians are happiest when they remember them.

An unsaved millionaire cannot be happy when contemplating the thought that at death he must leave all his treasures and pleasures behind him. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out" (1 Tim. 6. 7). Nor can it afford him joy when pondering the fact that "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). He knows he must meet God and give an account to Him for the deeds done in the body. He knows that heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and he is not prepared. He has only lived for time and has neglected eternal matters. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3), and he has never experienced such a change.

There is only one way of being happy, and that is by becoming a child of God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. God's blessed Word shows us that the truly happy are those who are saved by grace. "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord" (Deut. 33. 29). Those who know God as their Father, Christ as their Saviour, and heaven as their home, are the only ones that have a right to be happy. "Yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Psa. 144. 15). We would urge and entreat the unsaved reader to cease trying to obtain lasting happiness by drinking at the world's brackish waters. Your soul's thirst can never be quenched at such streams. None but Christ can so satisfy. He not only saves but *satisfies* the deepest longings of the heart.

"Blessed [happy] is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance" (Psalm 89. 15). Receive the glad tidings of great joy regarding Christ and the work He accomplished, and you will be among the happy people of Psalm 32. 1: "Blessed [happy] is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered," and as you think of the future you will say with the Psalmist: "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. 16). A.M.

## WHAT IS WHITER THAN SNOW?

The man of wealth and man of the world replied, "No, my darling, there is nothing whiter than snow."



"A SNOWBALL FIGHT."

## WHAT IS WHITER THAN SNOW?



ALBERTA was the six-year-old daughter of an English nobleman. Many a romp in the snow with "Duke," the favourite dog, and her sister and brother, had they revelled in, and many a snowball fight had she enjoyed; so that when the nurse taught her the prayer, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be *whiter than snow*" (Psa. 51. 7), she had an anxious desire not only to know but also to understand the meaning of the words. The children had thought "Duke" pure and clean after his weekly wash, but when he got out in the snow he almost looked as if he was a doggie member of the great unwashed. They had laid their lovely linen handkerchiefs on the snow, and it seemed almost to make them look unlovely. Yet here was something "whiter" than the "whitest" thing she knew. "Whiter than snow?" This took hold of the mind of the little miss. That night, finding her father alone, she ventured in childlike tones to ask, "Father, do you know anything *whiter than snow*?" Surprised at such a peculiar question, the man of wealth and man of the world replied, "No, my darling, there is nothing whiter than snow." "Oh, but there is, father," responded the little one. "What is it, then, my child?" now eagerly questioned the fond parent. "Father, a soul washed in the blood of Jesus is *whiter than snow*!"

Amazed at the earnestness of his loved child, annoyed at the introduction into his family of such distinctive views, he inquired who had been instilling into Lady Alberta's mind such things. Finding it was her devoted and faithful nurse, he immediately sent for her and asked if she had been teaching her young charge such religious views. On admitting that she had taught her the Snow Prayer and other precious truths from the Bible, he informed her that such could not be permitted under his roof, and ordered her to leave the house at once. The pity is that her father or her mother had not themselves



## What is Whiter than Snow?

told little Alberta "the old, old story" of Jesus and His love—the sweetest tale on mortal tongue, sweetest note in immortal song.

Not long after this stirring event a Royal Prince, said to have been His Majesty King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, paid the nobleman a visit. Great preparations were made for the reception of Royalty, none of the members of the household looking forward with more delight to the coming of the Prince than little Lady Alberta. One day during the Royal stay she ventured into the Prince's apartment. The illustrious visitor felt drawn to the sweet little child, and spoke kindly to her. After timidly prattling with him for a while, she suddenly stopped and said, "Prince, do you like guesses?" "Yes, dear; what is it?" "Prince, can you tell me what is *whiter than snow*?" Ah, here was something different to State problems, international alliances, worldly wisdom, great inventions, or questions of the hour. A child's simple puzzle! "*Whiter than snow*? I have never heard of anything whiter than snow. Have you?" "Yes, Prince," modestly replied the little maiden, "A SOUL WASHED FROM ALL ITS SINS IN THE BLOOD OF JESUS IS WHITER THAN SNOW." May the child's testimony teach King and subject alike to take up the prayer of Israel's King, "Wash *me*, and I shall be whiter than snow."

The nobleman, after his fit of anger at the question when first asked, had begun to inquire, "Am I washed in the blood?" The question addressed to the King once more brought the subject vividly before him. Was it possible that *he* might be whiter than snow? He began to search the Scriptures. Therein he read 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*" (Isa. 1. 18). Therein he learned that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). Then he realised that though his sins were "blackier than coal" (Lam. 4. 8), yet the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour, had appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself on the Cross of Calvary (Heb. 9. 27). In simple faith he "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ" and found the promise true, "*thou* shalt be SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). Will you "do likewise" even at this moment?     HYP.

## THE OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE.



SEE the mighty ocean heaving, tossing high,  
With its mighty billows surging to the sky;  
And the little ripples, onward as they go,  
One behind another, in their ceaseless flow.

But the mighty ocean never can run dry,  
Though the sullen billows heap up to the sky,  
And the little ripples never cease to come  
Racing to the shoreline as if to their home.

This is just what God's love is to you and me,  
Flowing ever onward like the mighty sea.  
Just now look at God's Son on Mount Calvary,  
Dying there for sinners on the cruel tree.

If you trust this Saviour He'll forgive your sin,  
Then at last to Heaven you'll be welcomed in.  
Accept God's Salvation, flowing full and free;  
Join our ranks as Christians this Anniversary. D.E.B.

### CLINGING TO THE WRECK.

BY an early hour one New Year's Day morning news reached Whitehaven that a few miles down the coast a vessel was sinking about a mile from the shore. A number of brave men set out to see if they could rescue any of the poor sailors. When they reached the place where the vessel was they saw that part of the wreck was still above water, and to it was clinging a man, the sole survivor of a crew of four. The side of the vessel was speedily

## The Man who Clung to the Wreck.

reached, but though the men in the boat shouted to the poor fellow to let go his hold of the mast to which he was clinging, it was of no use, he still remained clinging and heeded not. At last one of the men in the boat swam through the surging waves, and laying hold of the man unloosed his numbed frozen hands and brought him safely to land.

Is not this just what poor sinners are doing? Clinging to a wreck; death on all sides, and they themselves just ready to drop into the terrible abyss? But the Lord Jesus comes with His offer of salvation and of life.

Stop clinging to a wreck in the midst of the storm; just drop into the arms of love that are stretched out to save you. Do you feel too weak to go to Jesus? Then just loose your hold on what will be certain death to you ere long and *trust* yourself to Him who has gone through the terrible death of the Cross that He might save you. C.A.



COMPLETELY WRECKED AT LAST.



## LITTLE CHARLEY'S KISS OF PEACE.



A S day followed day, so did hope follow hope in the mind of a bright boy about eight years of age, as he asked his nurse, "Do you think I shall get *quite* well?"

Charley, the patient, suffering from pulmonary consumption, was an inmate of

one of the London hospitals, at times visited by a preacher of the Gospel of the grace of God, who appreciated that even very young persons, knowing themselves sinners, can be saved by grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (Eph. 2. 8). The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple (Psa. 19. 7). It was through reading this very "law of the Lord" in the Psalms that light shone into his enlightened heart. He specially meditated, in his child-like way, upon those wonderful words: "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him" (Psa. 2. 12).

Charley thought about that expression time after time. When the preacher left one afternoon, thinking he and the fragile form might not meet as usual on earth again, he momentarily turned his head, put his hand to his mouth, and blew a kiss. The boy had known a mother's affection shown by the blowing of a kiss, and instantly it crossed his mind that it was to be a signal of affection to the risen Lord in Heaven.

When the preacher next entered the ward his eyes were filled with tears as he heard how Charley had passed away. "Did he say anything, nurse?" "Yes, sir; just before he died he said, "Tell the gentleman I have kissed the Son."

Have you "kissed the Son?" Why not *now*? A.D.

## FOR BUSY HANDS AND HAPPY HEARTS.



**A** GAIN we go speeding forward into another year. The years seem to fly faster and faster. Yet it is good for those who can sing, "A year's march nearer Home"—the Heavenly Home. By a definite act of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as my own Saviour I am "saved" (Acts 16. 31), and made meet for that Heavenly Inheritance.

**Picture Painting No. 12** is given here. If you do not know what it is, look at the Gospel of John, chapter 3, then in the Old Testament for the story itself. Paint in any colour

you think best, post to Editor as on next page. All paintings received *each month* are put together, so you have an equal chance whenever you post.

**50 Prizes for All** were mentioned in last No. Trust you are taking a great interest in these. They are for children, parents, teachers, and *all*. Papers from Britain have to be sent to Editor by March 1, and from all places abroad by April 1. Awards will be named in *Boys and Girls* afterwards.

**Original Acrostics for Boys and Girls** who love to search their Bibles. No. 329.

Two kings invaded Israel's land,  
But to their own pursued and slain.  
A boy was asked to slay them both:  
The latter of the two now name.  
A prophet who the future told  
In words arresting and sublime;  
He shows the Saviour's path of woe,  
And yet a coming glorious time.  
Two Grecian letters linked with Him  
Who suffered on the Cross of shame,

They tell He will be and He was:  
The latter of the two now name.  
Two priests who offering to the Lord,  
The fire of God in judgment fell  
Because unholy was their flame:  
The former see if you can tell.  
Initial letters tell a mount  
Beloved of God in days of old:  
A wicked king the last will show;  
Whose doom by prophets was foretold.

C.W.N.

**Answer to No. 328.**—Captive Maid, Naaman, Gehazi, Elisha (2 Kings 5).

**Boys and Girls** continues steadily on its course for the year. It has been blessed to the salvation of not a few. Pray for many more.

## IMMEDIATE SALVATION.



OW long does it take to be saved? Just the same amount of time as it takes to believe the record which God hath given of His Son. *Believing* is an act: it is a thing done in a moment. Therefore God's salvation is an *immediate* salvation. Praise His Name! This is the very salvation needed by a guilty world. Man's way to be saved is on the principle of *works*. God's way to be saved is on the principle of *faith*. Now, what does Scripture say as to "faith" and "works" in obtaining peace with God? It matters very little what *man* says. What does *God* say? That is the great question. He plainly declares that He saves the sinner on the principle of *faith*. In Romans 3. 28 we find it stated in the clearest possible manner that "a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." Then again (Rom. 5. 1), "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." Then, again, we read that God hath set forth Christ Jesus for a mercy-seat *through faith* in His blood (Rom. 3. 25). *Faith* is simply believing the word of another. If a statement is made by one whom you know to be truthful, you believe him: that is to say, you *put faith* in his word. Now, that is faith, although only in the word of a man. But "if we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater" (1 John 5. 9). If you believe what man says, how dare you doubt what God says? God calls on you to believe *Him*—to put faith in *His* word—to believe the record He has given of His Son; and, in believing, the divine assurance is given that you shall "have life through His name" (John 20. 31). Then, let the question be asked—Dost thou believe on the Son of God? By Him "all that believe" are justified from all things. Are you of that happy company who are justified from all things? But how were they justified? Scripture answers, "*Through faith*." They had no merit of their own to bring. They pleaded the merit of another—even of God's spotless Son; and God accepted the plea! Remember that your works, your tears, your prayers, cannot avail to wash out a single stain of sin. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3. 20). There is none other name than the name of Jesus, whereby you must be saved. Therefore, let your own worthless name be utterly and for ever cast aside, and rest on the merits of Him to whom God hath given a Name which is above every name (Phil. 2. 9). w. s.



## THE DOG WHICH SAVED FORTY-ONE LIVES.

The strange and sad part of Barry's unique story is this, that while he saved forty-one persons he lost his own life when attempting to rescue the forty-second man.



"BARRY."

## THE DOG WHICH SAVED FORTY-ONE LIVES.



THE American *Geographic Magazine* recently devoted a goodly section of one of its issue to the subject of dogs and their deeds, and the following story of "BARRY" is well worth repetition and preservation. Barry belongs to that breed of dog known to the world as of the St. Bernard stock. This famous dog, during his lifetime, actually saved forty-one human beings from being frozen to death. Of course he did not save them all at once, but at different times, with an interval of relaxation between each rescue. Whenever a snowstorm commences these devoted dogs become very excited at the prospect of saving poor men from a terrible death. They leap and bark, and bound, and show every sign of impatience should their dispatch outside the monastery walls appear to be delayed. God has gifted the great dogs with wonderful scent, so that they can discover a person, although he be buried many inches beneath the thick snow.

But the strange and sad part of Barry's unique story is this, that while he saved forty-one persons he lost his own life when attempting to rescue the forty-second man. Some one may be ready to ask, "How could that be?" Well, the man he was endeavouring to save KILLED HIM. Barry scented him out beneath the snow, and then dug him out with his paws. Then he licked the man's hands and his face with his rough, warm tongue; and when the man revived he opened his eyes and saw this huge dog bending over him. This startled him so, and supposing Barry was one of those ravenous mountain brutes, he cautiously drew his long, sharp knife from his girdle, and plunged it into Barry's heart. With a sharp, short shriek the poor dog rolled over on his side, staining the pure, white snow with his bright, red blood.

News of the death of Barry was conveyed to the monastery. The people went out and bore in Barry's body with every sentiment of affection and esteem. They buried him within the building, and erected a tombstone over his grave, on which was inscribed the following words:



## The Dog which Saved Forty-One Lives.

TO "BARRY," THE HEROIC.  
HE SAVED FORTY-ONE LIVES AND LOST HIS OWN  
LIFE WHEN ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE THE  
FORTY-SECOND.

Now, let me ask this question: Why did this man do this terrible thing? Because he misunderstood the dog's purpose and mission. He thought the dog had come to *devour* him, while in actual fact the dog had come to *deliver* him. And this is just where the spiritual application fits in. Boys and girls have wrong thoughts of God and of Christ, put into their minds and hearts by Satan. Like the man in the parable of the talents (see Matt. 25. 24, 25). "I knew thee that thou art an *hard* man." This is what Satan is constantly whispering into our ears: "God is hard! Christ is hard!" Whereas it is "the way of transgressors that is *hard*." Had God been hard He never would have given His Son to die for us (Rom. 8. 32). If Christ had been hard He would not have died for us (Gal. 2. 20). Trust Him now and be saved. T.B.

### "HAS GOT IT."

AT a children's meeting a short time ago I was speaking about John 5. 24, in which the word "HATH" occurs. Now "*hath*" and "*hope*" are quite different words, and they do not mean the same thing. HATH does not mean HOPE, and HOPE does not mean HATH. While *hope* refers to something we *have not*, *hath* refers to something we *have*.

Some persons read this twenty-fourth verse of John 5 as though the word "hope" were in it, but it is not. We will print the verse and you will then notice, as did the children at the meeting, that the word "hope" is not there. Here is the verse: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." No, the word "hope" is not in the verse; but there is the word "hath" in it, for it says, "*hath* everlasting life."

Well, that is just what we were speaking about at our children's meeting, and as I knew there were some little ones present who did not know what the Lord Jesus meant when He uttered those words I asked the question, "What



## "HATH—HAS GOT IT."

is the meaning of the word *hath*? Does it mean hope? for the Lord says, 'hath everlasting life.'" "No, it did not mean hope to get," several answered. "Then what does it mean?"

For a moment or two there was no reply. There were children present who knew what the word meant, but they did not quite know what to say. However, the silence was soon broken by a boy who had been very attentive at our meetings; he seemed a very happy little boy I thought, and he answered, "Has got it."

The answer gives the meaning in a simple way. "Yes,"



THE QUESTION ASKED AT THE CHILDREN'S MEETING.

I said, "it means present possession, or, as you have expressed it, has got it. This Scripture tells us that he who believes *has* everlasting life—*shall not* come into condemnation, but *is* passed from death unto life."

You will remember that it is the word *hath* that is in that verse—not the word *hope*.

Many children believe in their hearts—they trust in the living, loving Lord Jesus, and are saved—saved, not because they have done any good, oh, no! They know they are sinners; but they believe in Him who died to save sinners and they are saved. They have heard and believed His Word. Have you *believed*? Have you *got it*? R.K.

## "WANTED, A CHRISTIAN."

SOME time ago there appeared in a city newspaper an advertisement for a clerk, with the unusual condition that he must be "a decided Christian." A number applied for the place, but when asked for "a reason for the hope that was in them" concerning Christ, scarcely any could give a Scriptural answer.

These facts were brought to the notice of a Christian who related them to his children, and asked them how they would have replied. He asked them to write their answers. HAROLD, a boy of twelve years old, gave the following answer:

"I am a Christian because I love Jesus, and want to be a missionary, and work in His service, to do all I can for Jesus. I love Him because He first loved me, and has done so much for me."—Harold W. Olliver.

Harold was a school boy, like many who will read it. Suppose the question were asked of you, "Are you a Christian?" what answer would you give? And if still further you were asked, "How do you know that you are a Christian?" what answer would you give? Consider the



question very quietly, alone with God and your own heart. God reads the secrets of all hearts. How are you treating the Lord Jesus? Can you say you know Him? I well remember the thrill of joy I had when first I gave a clear decided answer. It was just a year

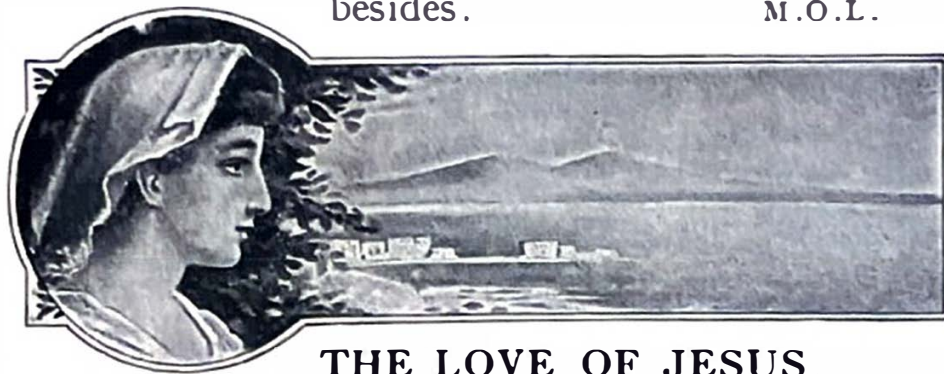
HOW WOULD YOU HAVE ANSWERED?



## “Wanted—A Christian.”

after I first knew the Lord Jesus. I was having a music lesson with a dearly loved teacher, when she laid her hand on mine and said, “My child, I hope you love the Lord Jesus Christ?” I answered, “Yes, I do.” “I mean, you know Him as your *own personal Saviour*?” she continued; and again I replied, “Yes,” And then she went on to tell me what Christ was to her—dearer than all the world besides.

M.O.L.



### THE LOVE OF JESUS.

A YOUNG woman went to a meeting in Dundee, where she heard the children's hymn:

“ I am so glad that our Father in Heaven  
Tells of His love in the Book He has given:  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see—  
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves even me.”

While this hymn was being sung she began to feel for the first time in her life that she was a sinner. All her sins came up in array before her; and so numerous and aggravated did her sins appear that she imagined that she could never be saved. “The Lord Jesus cannot love me,” she said in her heart; “He can not love a sinner such as me.” She went home in a state of great sorrow, and did not sleep that night. She earnestly sought relief in her distress, and learned to her astonishment and her joy that the Lord Jesus could love sinners, that He did love sinners—nay, that He does still love sinners. She saw in the light of the Word of God that it was for sinners that Jesus died and for none other. When she learned this she, too, began to sing:

“ I am so glad that Jesus loves *me*,  
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves even *me*.”

and became in every respect a consistent disciple of the Lord.

L-W.



## MARCH ALONG WITH THE MONTH.



**S**IGNS of Spring are once more visible in the trees and hedgerows "While the Earth remaineth" (Gen. 8. 22) and seasons come and go. But when the Earth is burned up there will be no more spring, no more summer, no more seasons. How good to have the sunshine of God's love in the heart, so that whatever comes "it shall be well with the righteous." Look to Jesus now and be saved (Isa. 3. 10)

Picture Painting, No. 13.—A well-known story in the Bible. If you look in Hebrews 11 you may

find the clue to the tale in the Old Testament. Set to work and paint it any way, with any material, then post it to the Editor as on next page. All paintings received each month are grouped together, so that you have an equal chance for a prize.

50 Prizes for All, mentioned in January number. Papers from Britain must be posted at once; papers from other parts should be posted by 1st April. Awards in *Boys and Girls* later.

Original Acrostics continue to find searchers of the Grand Old Book. Here is No. 330.

Name *one* who, in a foreign land,  
Became a mighty lord,  
With servants round on every hand  
To heed his slightest word;  
Who though once poor and quite unknown,  
A mighty prince did die;  
Then tell me *when* they buried him,  
And *where* his bones do lie.—J. A. W. H.

Answer to No. 329.—Zalmunna (Judges 8. 20, 21); Isaiab; Omega (Rev. 1. 11); NadaB (Lev. 10. 1, 2)=ZION; AHAB.

Monthly Awards (October).—*Acrostic*: Linda Kirkpatrick, Dunadry; *Rearranging Squares*: Frank Nash, Thornton Heath; *Painting*, Gabrielle Maud Chapman, Watford; *Answering Questions*: Robert Cumming, Glasgow.

## WHERE HAD THE NEEDLE GONE?



HAND PHOTOGRAPHED BY X-RAYS.

MAGGIE was a machine-hand in one of the large dressmaking establishments in the city. She had complained of a pain in her hand for some days, but no trace of any sore was visible. A small finishing-off needle could not be found; where had it gone? To connect the sore hand with the missing needle seemed too ridiculous. Yet as the pain increased and medical aid was called in, it began to be suspected that the little piece of steel had forced its way into Maggie's

hand. At last it was decided to try the Rontgen Rays. That wonderful invention was brought to bear on the injured hand; and what the careful eye of the surgeon could not detect, the X-Rays revealed—the needle buried in the fleshy part of the thumb. A light had been found capable of unmasking the hidden secret.

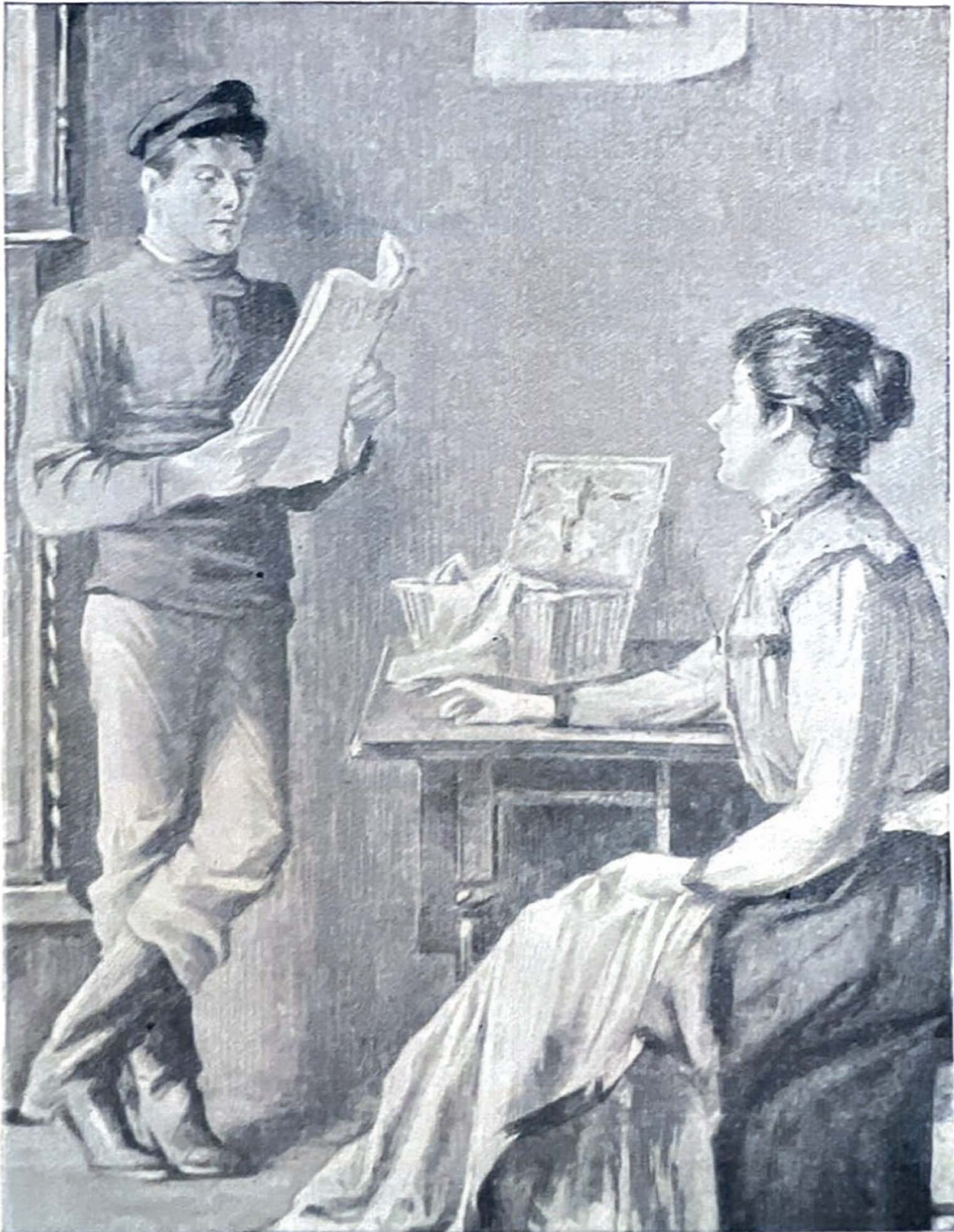
Shall we tell of another secret? not in the hand, but in the heart of the reader; a secret that would not be divulged to any friend, however dear, or doctor, however able. You know it! Yet the rays of the Judgment Day will make it clear, for "there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known" (Luke 12. 2).

Better far to haste to the place called Calvary, and by faith get all thy sins revealed and removed by the X-Rays of the Lamb of God than to retain them and have them all made naked and bare before the bar of God. Which shall it be—sins revealed at Calvary, and *pardoned*? or, sins revealed at the Great White Throne, and *punished*? nyp.



## HOW SANDY MADE HIS CHOICE.

He went down on his knees and told God in a few simple words that he believed the message of salvation, and that he had made his choice.



'SANDY'S CHOICE.'



## HOW SANDY MADE HIS CHOICE.

SANDY was born on the southern shores of the Moray Firth, brought up by Christian parents, attended the Sunday school, was spoken to about his soul by his mother and others, but grew up into young manhood without being saved. He attended Gospel meetings where the way of salvation to lost sinners was plainly put forth, and though he sometimes said he would like to be saved, he still remained serving the devil. By and by some of the members of his family were converted, and though Sandy still rebelled against God, his mother expressed the belief that he would be saved, and she might yet hear him preaching the glorious Gospel.

After a long experience at sea, during which he was more than once almost lost, Sandy at length left his home and went to work in the city of Glasgow. At first he was so taken up with his new surroundings that he seldom thought of eternity. Indeed, it was seldom he heard the Gospel, so intent was he on sight-seeing, and Sunday was the best time for that purpose.

Two or three years afterwards Sandy got married, and settled down in Glasgow. He then began to think of where he would be in eternity, and was at times so troubled that it was with difficulty he could fall asleep. When writing to his mother he told her his condition. She sent him good reading, but still he could not find peace. Being of a somewhat practical mind, Sandy reasoned something like this: "If I am to be saved, why not now? Nobody knows how long they have to live, and even if I live to be an old man, am I to give Christ the dregs of my life for what He has done for me? That would be very mean. No; I must be saved now, while I may be of some use to Jesus." This was about the end of the year, and he desired to begin the new year as a saved man.

Still the new year came and went with Sandy unsaved, though he was nearing the kingdom. Sitting alone on Saturday night, the 11th of January, he was reading and thinking of the all-important question. He resolved to take the decisive step that night, as he felt the Holy Spirit striving with him, and dared no longer refuse. Turning up that well-known portion, John 3. 16, he read it over two or three times. He knew that many a one had found rest through this very portion, and why should not he?

## How Sandy Made His Choice.

"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." "I'll believe it," said Sandy, and with the open Bible before him he went down on his knees and told God in a few simple words that he believed the message of salvation, and that he had made his choice.

Sandy is now saved and happy. His only regret is that he did not decide for Christ years ago. Come, make your choice.

A.J.



SANDY HAD MANY ADVENTURES AT SEA.

### "FATHER KNOWS."

"JOHNNY, don't you think you have got as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his brother who was standing with open arms receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You've got more than you can carry now." "Never mind," said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice; "my father knows how much I can carry."

How long it takes many of us to learn the lesson little Johnny had by heart, "Father knows how much I can carry." No grumbling, no discontentment; but a sweet trust in our heavenly Father's love and care that we shall not be overburdened,

L-W.

## HOW NELLIE WAS CAPTURED.

I KNEW a little girl who had a very bad habit. She could not keep her fingers off other people's things. From this she got to pilfering, and then to lying, and, unfortunately, she was never "caught." Others were suspected and made unhappy, while "good" little Nellie went unpunished. It seemed a shame to suspect such a "pattern of goodness," as somebody described her.

But nurse did not altogether believe in Nellie's "goodness." She was an upright Christian woman, and one day when she found that several small things had disappeared from her room she decided not to mention this to anyone, but to pray about it instead. Besides, nurse thought of another little girl in the same house who had many a time cried herself to sleep because some people thought she was a thief. The child was perfectly innocent, and nurse felt sure of it. So nurse prayed.

Days passed, Nellie became miserable. She looked decidedly nervous and unhappy whenever she was spoken to. The usually bold look disappeared from her face. Indeed, she seemed to want to get away from people, and she looked quite ill.

Sunday came. Nellie made up her mind not to listen to her Sunday school teacher. Miss James spoke very earnestly to the class about "the sinfulness of sin." The wages of sin is death," Nellie could not help hearing, and she could not forget it. How miserable she was! She knew she had sinned, but she was going to "turn over a new leaf." She did wish Miss James would stop. But no, there was that word "death," and the teacher rather dwelt on it. The little girl started and turned pale; she was really alarmed. Then she heard, "But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Eternal life! A life of peace and happiness, a home in Heaven, and the loving protection of our Heavenly Father throughout eternity. Which will *you* have?—God's gift or the wages of sin. One you *must* have. "How sorry I feel," said Miss James, sadly, "when I scan the faces of those who are earning the wages of sin. I should like to go to them and say, 'Do listen, *you* can have this if you will,' and I would teach them 1 Peter 1. 9. Can you girls repeat it?"

How Nellie's heart thumped as she listened! She looked eager. How she longed for peace!



## How Nellie was Captured.

"Confess your sins *now*, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you are at once forgiven and made clean. It *must* be true, for God Himself says so. You do want forgiveness, don't you?"

Miss James seemed to be looking straight at Nellie. The little girl burst into tears, and before her teacher had time to speak she was *gone*. Next day there came a note. It was a full confession of her guilt. "I have told Jesus everything," she wrote, "and I know He has forgiven me. I never knew before I could be forgiven at once, and I can scarcely believe it because I am so very, very wicked. It seems too good to be true. I *will* try to please Jesus." And she did. The bright, happy face was enough to prove that she was still serving her Saviour when I last saw her.

Never rest till *you* know you are saved.

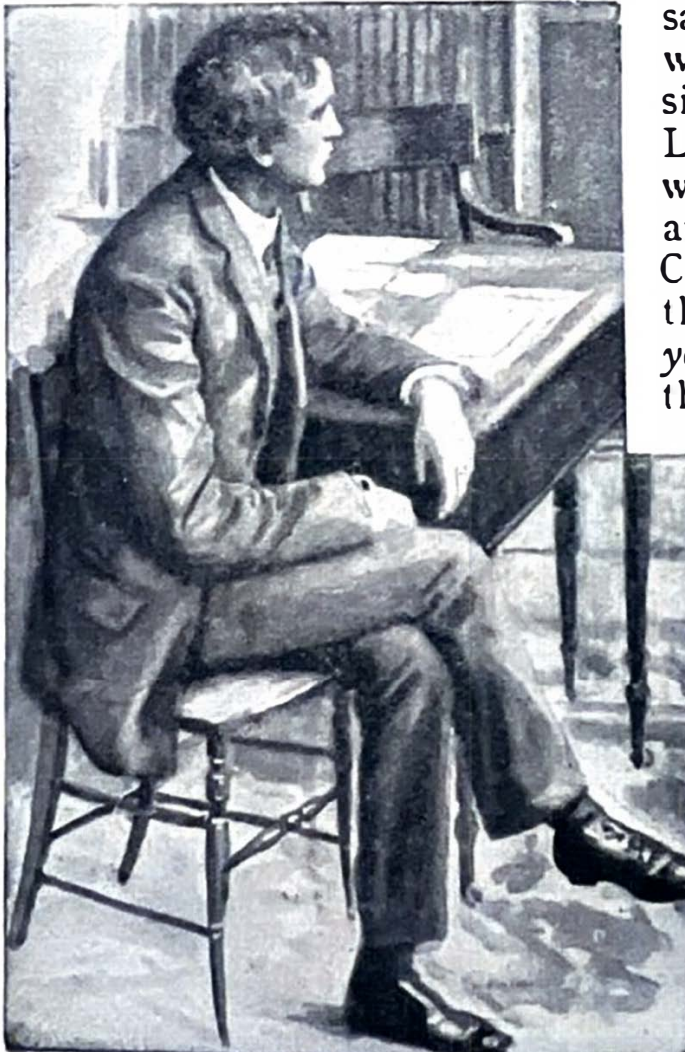
A.M.G.



IT WAS A FULL CONFESSION OF HER GUILT.

## MAY I BELIEVE IT?

"WHAT is the matter?" I said one day to a young man who was looking very gloomy. "Ah, sir, my sins!" he replied. "What about your sins?" "I shall be lost," he said. "Can you read?" "Yes." "Will you read this verse, 'All we like sheep have gone astray?' Have you gone astray?" "Yes, and am very unhappy." "And we have turned every one to our own way," I continued; "you have turned to *your* way, for God says, 'All have turned to their own way.'" With tears in his eyes the young man admitted he was one of those who had turned to their own way. "Now," I said, "will you read the next line? '*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all*' (Isa. 53. 6). Is that true?" "Sir, may I believe it?" said the young man. I replied, "You will be lost if you do not believe it; but if you believe, you shall be saved." His face became radiant with joy as he said, "I believe."



"Then you are saved?" "Yes." He was saved through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who had loved him, and died on the Cross for him. As the Saviour died for *you*, will you follow this young man's example, trust Him now, and you, too, will be saved and happy —ever more. Neglect this great salvation and you will never know what *true* peace of soul is either in this life or the life to come. This is a great question. Face it and settle it now. W.S.



## ADVANCE ALONG WITH APRIL.



**A**PRIL showers soon will be falling. They refresh the earth. Showers of blessing have been falling in many places. I wonder if each of our little readers have had a share, especially of the greatest of all blessings — "Everlasting Life." This may be *yours*, it may be yours *now*, it may be yours for *nothing*. "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life (Rom. 6. 23). Take it now and happy be.

**Picture Painting, No. 14.**—Ah! I know what this picture is. Well turn to the Gospel of Luke, chapter

10, and read the story, paint the picture in proper colours (you know how), and post to Editor as on back page. Awards each month for painting.

**50 Prizes for All.**—British papers have poured in; foreign papers should be posted at once. As soon as examined some of the answers will appear in *Boys and Girls*.

**Original Acrostics** are very good at quickening the memory as to where things are mentioned in the Word of God. No. 331.

A letter *each* from *Russia*,  
From *France* and from *Japan*,  
From *India* and *Portugal*  
Please take, I'm sure you can;  
Next, one from far *Bahamas*,  
*Mexico*, and *Brazil*,  
*Africa*, *Greece*, and *China*,  
From *Italy* one more still.  
When put together in a row  
An exhortation they will show  
Which, carried out, would help set free  
Those lands away across the sea.

P.M.

**Answer to No. 330.**—(1) Joseph, (2) After the wilderness journey, (3) At Shechem (Josh. 24. 32).



## IN A RING OF FIRE.



AN ungodly European was once trying to convince a convert in India that his religion was of no use, and that he never would be any the better for it. "What, after all," said the scoffer, "has your Jesus done for you?" "He has saved me!" said the native, with great animation; "He has saved me!" "And what is that?" said the European. "Step with me to the door," was the reply, "and I will show you."

So saying, he took him outside of the house, picked up a quantity of dry

leaves and straw (of which there were plenty close at hand), and made a large circle of them. He then sought for a worm; and having found one he placed it in the centre of the ring. Forthwith he applied a lighted match to the material that surrounded it, the scoffer looking on all the time with no little astonishment. As the heat of the fire approached the poor worm, it began to writhe and to show symptoms of distress, but could not get out of the burning ring. The man darted his hand through the smoke, plucked the worm out of its dangerous position, and placed it on the green grass, out of reach of all danger.

"There," said he, "that is what the Lord Jesus has done for me: I was exposed to the flames of hell—there was no possibility of escape; I was condemned and ready to perish, and He rescued me by dying for my sins, thus snatching me as a brand from the burning; and given me a place near His heart."

Can you thus speak of yourself as **SAVED** by the death of Jesus? Are you able to say, like the poor native, "**HE HAS SAVED ME**"? If not, we entreat you to come now, as a sinner, to Jesus, who is at the right hand of the Majesty on high, and He will give *you* rest. Take shelter in His blood, and *you* will be cleansed from sin, and delivered from the wrath to come. Hear ye the gracious words of God: "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6).



## HOW TWO LADS PARTED.

He went on his way rejoicing in the mighty love of the blessed  
God, and to-day he longs to point others  
to the Lord Jesus.



"ONE OF THE LADS."

## HOW TWO LADS PARTED.

THEY were firm friends. From early youth they found their pleasure in each other's company. Whether in a device for evil or in expression of tender sympathy they seemed to possess minds that were parallel.

Two lads, both of godly Christian parents, who had directed their feet in the way of life. Each attended a Gospel preaching and a Sunday school regularly. Years passed which found them continually together. But they were destined to part, at least for a few years.

One Sunday evening they both attended the Gospel preaching as usual. To one it was a savour of life unto life, the preaching of the Cross was the power of God, but to the other it was still foolishness. The preaching over, they left the hall, to all appearance both as indifferent as ever. But with one it was to be a night never to be forgotten. The light of God had searched his conscience and heart, laying bare his sin, and robbing him of all indifference. His boasting had fled, his bubble of pride had burst. God was having His way, ploughing up the heart and conscience, causing sin to appear in all its awful hideousness.

Three nights and three days this continued, at the end of which he would have given up in despair; but God, who had blessing in store for him, opened his blinded eyes to see the reason of all his despair. All in a moment the darkness passed, the light broke into his heart, while in faith he saw the Saviour had died for *him*. As one on the verge of eternity he received the message, and peace and joy filled his heart, and that night he lay down to sleep, which in his anguish of soul he had not done for three whole nights and days. He went on his way rejoicing in the mighty love of the blessed God, and to-day he longs to point others to the Lord Jesus. But what of his friend? He went out of the hall, after hearing the same preaching, rejecting the Saviour, to continue in the paths of sin.

Let me ask what about you? It may possibly happen that you are one such as he. You had a friend who found Jesus as his Saviour, and since then you have parted to continue in the paths of sin while your friend is to-day rejoicing in the wondrous grace of God. That same Saviour is for you. Trust Him now and be happy for eternity. Register your decision in Heaven. s.



## THE MESSAGE ON THE STONE.

THERE is a stone in North County Down, on the shore at Strangford Lough, which is called the Butter-lump, or Giant Stone.

Many years ago the writer, with another young believer, painted a text of Scripture on this stone as follows: "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" (Amos 4. 12). During the many years that have rolled by thousands of persons have seen these very important words and have read them, both young and old, rich and poor. Some of the great and

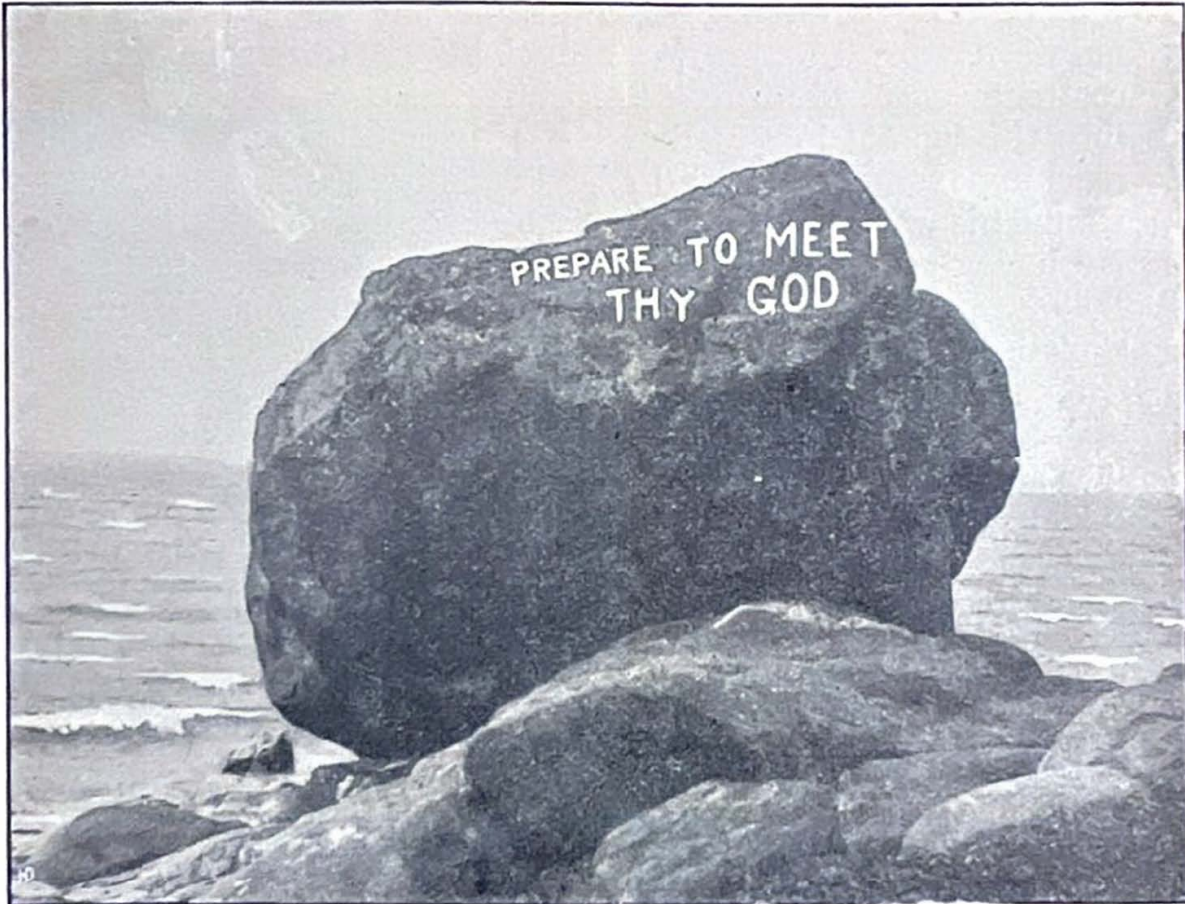


PHOTO OF THE STONE ON THE SHORE OF STRANGFORD LOUGH.

noble of earth have read these very solemn words, and some of them have passed the boundary line of Time into Eternity.

The word "ETERNITY" appears also on the other side of this big stone. You are travelling to Eternity. Where will you be in Eternity those years that have no end? Heed the message. Look away by faith to yonder Cross and see the Lord Jesus Christ dying for you and say:

"Jesus, I will trust Thee, | Guilty, lost, and helpless,  
Trust Thee with my soul; | Thou canst make me whole."

C.M.C.

## WHY THE ARABS QUARRELLED.

ABOUT a hundred years ago a gentleman named Mr. Owen was commissioned by the East India Company to bring two valuable packets to England. The first part of his journey was by water from Calcutta to Bussora, near the Euphrates. This voyage, which seems so short in the present day, took him rather over two months.

From Bussora he had to travel overland to Aleppo, so he joined a caravan which was going across the Arabian desert. But before starting he was obliged to don the picturesque Arab dress, without which it was considered unsafe for any European to travel in that district. His costume consisted of a pair of blue cloth trousers, tucked into the tops of long yellow boots; over all a loose gown reaching to the heels, and edged round with blue fringe. Round his waist he wore a silk sash, also edged with fringe. He had a red-and-white striped turban, and underneath it a blue or orange-coloured silk handkerchief. A scimitar, something like a broadsword, hung by his side, and he stuck a brace of English pistols into his sash. Thus attired, he set off on his long journey, and met with many interesting incidents by the way.

One of the most exciting, which might have cost Mr. Owen his life, occurred when they were about halfway across the desert. Four scouts usually rode ahead of the party, and one afternoon they came upon a bullock, which was so terrified at the sight of human beings that it fled, and it was all they could do to keep up with it. However, they persevered, for fresh meat was scarce, and after a long chase they succeeded in tiring out the animal and drove it in triumph into their next camping ground.

Unfortunately a fierce quarrel arose out of this incident, for each of the four men who had discovered the bullock claimed it for his own. Two of the four were sheiks, and Mr. Owen, noticing their angry looks, ordered his interpreter to bring him word at once if his presence was needed. He then went to his tent to write, but very soon the man came running to him. "Come quickly, sir," he cried, "the sheiks are preparing to fight." Hurrying after the interpreter, Mr. Owen soon saw, to his horror, the two men standing with drawn scimitars, having already measured their ground for a combat. He was the only



## Why the Arabs Quarrelled.

Englishman in the caravan, and he realised in an instant how great was his danger, for unless this fight were stopped it would end in a quarrel throughout the camp, and he knew that these wild people would think little of person or property when once their passions were aroused.

By the time he reached the sheiks he had decided what to do. Rushing between the angry men, just as one raised his scimitar to strike, Mr. Owen threw up his hands, and called on them to desist. They paused a moment, amazed at his boldness. He cried out, while the interpreter translated rapidly, "Don't fight! Let there be no bloodshed! I will buy the bullock for twenty paistres, and the money shall be equally divided between the four men who



AN ARAB HALT IN THE GREAT DESERT.



## Why the Arabs Quarrelled.

found it. You may all come to my tent and settle it at once if you will promise that there shall be no more quarrelling." To his intense relief the sheiks agreed, and sheathed their scimitars. The money was quickly paid and divided, and the four men kept their promise honourably. The quarrel was at an end.

How much this incident reminds us of One who nobly gave up His precious life for those who were His enemies and who would not listen to His words. Not a paltry number of piastres or a mere sum of money, but—wonder of all wonders!—the Lord Jesus "gave His *life* a ransom for many." Have you surrendered *yourself* to the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you His? F.B.



### JESUS!

JUST a little one I am,  
But I was born in sin;  
My Saviour died upon the Cross  
To bring the wanderer in.  
Eternal is the life He gives  
To His unworthy child,  
And though He died, in Heaven He lives,  
For God is reconciled.  
Sure and steadfast is God's Word  
Which make these blessings known;  
If I but trust my risen Lord  
He claims me for His own.  
Unseen by us He lives above  
To mediate our cause,  
Before the Father's throne of love  
Until the morning dawns.  
Saviour and Lord of all who trust,  
The God who sent Him down  
To earth to die for unclean us,  
To make us all His own.

H.V.

## FOR THE ACTIVE—NOT THE INDOLENT.



**B**OYS of long ago were evidently just like boys, aye, and evidently just like girls, too, of to-day. They needed a friend and counsellor. And the remarkable thing in the same Counsellor who advised this lad, clad in Eastern garments, is willing and able to act as a Friend and Guide to all our readers in all lands. You know who that is. But do you seek Him while He may be found?

**Pictures to Paint, No. 15.**—You knew the last picture quite easily But who is this? Is it Daniel, or Joseph

or Timothy, or——? Turn to 1 Samuel 3. Read the true description, answer as he answered. Then paint with all your power, send answer to Editor, and awards will be announced later. Never mind where you live. All have an equal chance for a prize.

**50 Prizes for All.** Almanacs are being steadily examined, and awards will be intimated at earliest moment. Continue to answer acrostics, etc.

**Original Acrostics** have been given in *Boys and Girls* for 34 years . . . What searching these must have entailed! What pleasure they must have given! So we continue to supply. Here is No. 332.

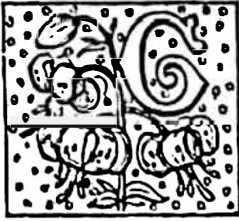
A man who owned a piece of land  
Where once a dreadful plague was  
A royal buyer sought the spot, (stay'd;  
For which a goodly price was paid.  
A prince who feared the living God,  
And chose to leave his palace home,  
Henceforth in desert scenes to live  
And through the wilderness to roam.  
A servant in a palace name  
Who hid some prophets in a cave;

He daily bread and water brought,  
And thus contrived their lives to save.  
A king who brought destruction dire  
Upon his people and his throne;  
His sons were slain. A blinded man,  
He died far from his friends and home.  
Now place the letters first in line,  
A prophet's father they will tell;  
His name is very little known,  
His son's we all remember well.

C.W.N.

**Answer to No. 331.**—"SEND THE LIGHT."

### THREE SAVED THROUGH ONE BOOKLET.



GOSPEL Meetings were being held in Ballywatermoy, Co. Antrim, and a spirit of interest in eternal matters had been created among the people in the village. One day while visiting the home of a young man named Archibald Hamilton, who had regularly attended the meetings, and who was evidently impressed, the preacher, on leaving, handed him that little soul-winner in booklet form, *God's Way of Salvation*, which was thankfully received, and a promise given that it would be carefully read.

But he was not to have the first reading of it, as his sister Gracie, aged 14, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, and in whose heart there had arisen a longing to know the Christ whom the earnest young visitor had so warmly commended, immediately secured it on the departure of the visitor. Anxiously she read its pages, seeking for light and longing to know if it contained anything which would bring peace to her troubled and burdened conscience, and ere she laid it down, she had found the peace and the Saviour she sought in the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 16. 31).

Meanwhile, her brother had gone to bed, but not to sleep, and in the early hours of the morning, in deep anxiety of soul, he arose, searched until he found the booklet which had so recently been blessed to his sister, and read steadily through it until the glorious light of the Gospel of Christ dawned upon his darkened heart and flooded his soul with heavenly joy. Rejoicing in his new-found salvation, he returned to bed, and slept with a sense of security that he had never before experienced. On awaking he communicated the news of his conversion to his sister, who had entered the kingdom but a few hours before him, and together they praised God that He had thus brought them to Himself.

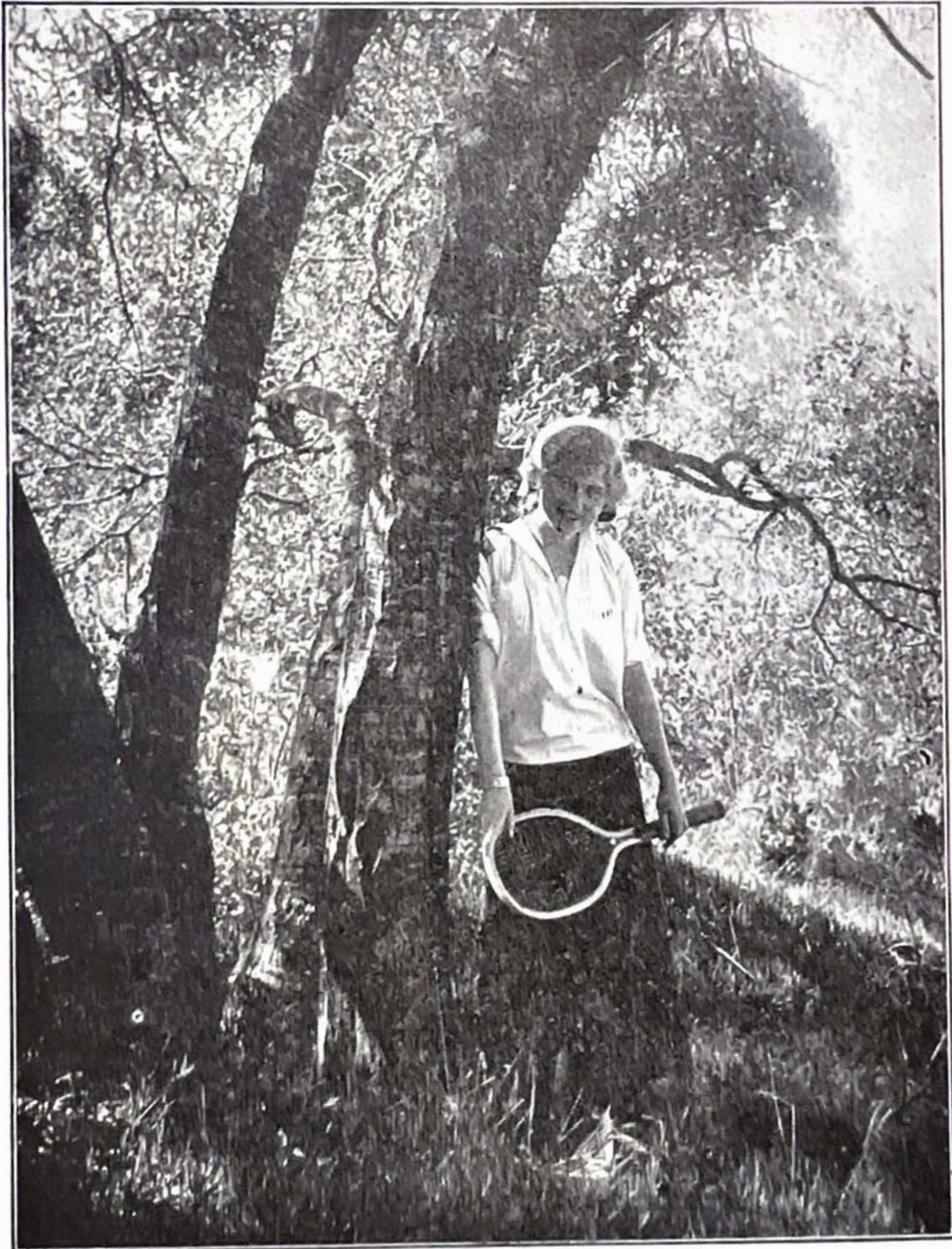
Determined that the little messenger, which had proved such a blessing to them, should be kept in circulation, the sister handed it to a companion, named Fanny Lewis, who lived two miles off, and she had afterwards the unspeakable joy of knowing that through its perusal her companion had also been led to believe on and know the Lord Jesus, "Whom to know is life eternal."

The reader of this may not have seen a copy of the booklet, which was so signally blessed to the salvation of three different persons, but the opportunity is afforded him of deciding for the Christ of whom the booklet testified. R.M.Jr.



## HOW GOD SAVED AN AMERICAN GIRL.

"Well, I wish the Lord would come before morning."  
When I heard this I cried, "Oh, mother, if Jesus comes  
before morning I won't go with Him to Heaven."



HER HAPPY FACE

## HOW GOD SAVED AN AMERICAN GIRL.



AN American girl whom I knew was one of the brightest I have met. Look at her happy face, then hear the story of how she passed from darkness to light, from death to life.

One Sunday night, at the close of a Gospel meeting, a servant of the Lord said, "If any one goes out of this meeting unsaved, he or she will be trampling the Lord Jesus under his or her feet." As I was passing out of the hall door I thought to myself, what a terrible thing it was to trample Jesus under my feet!

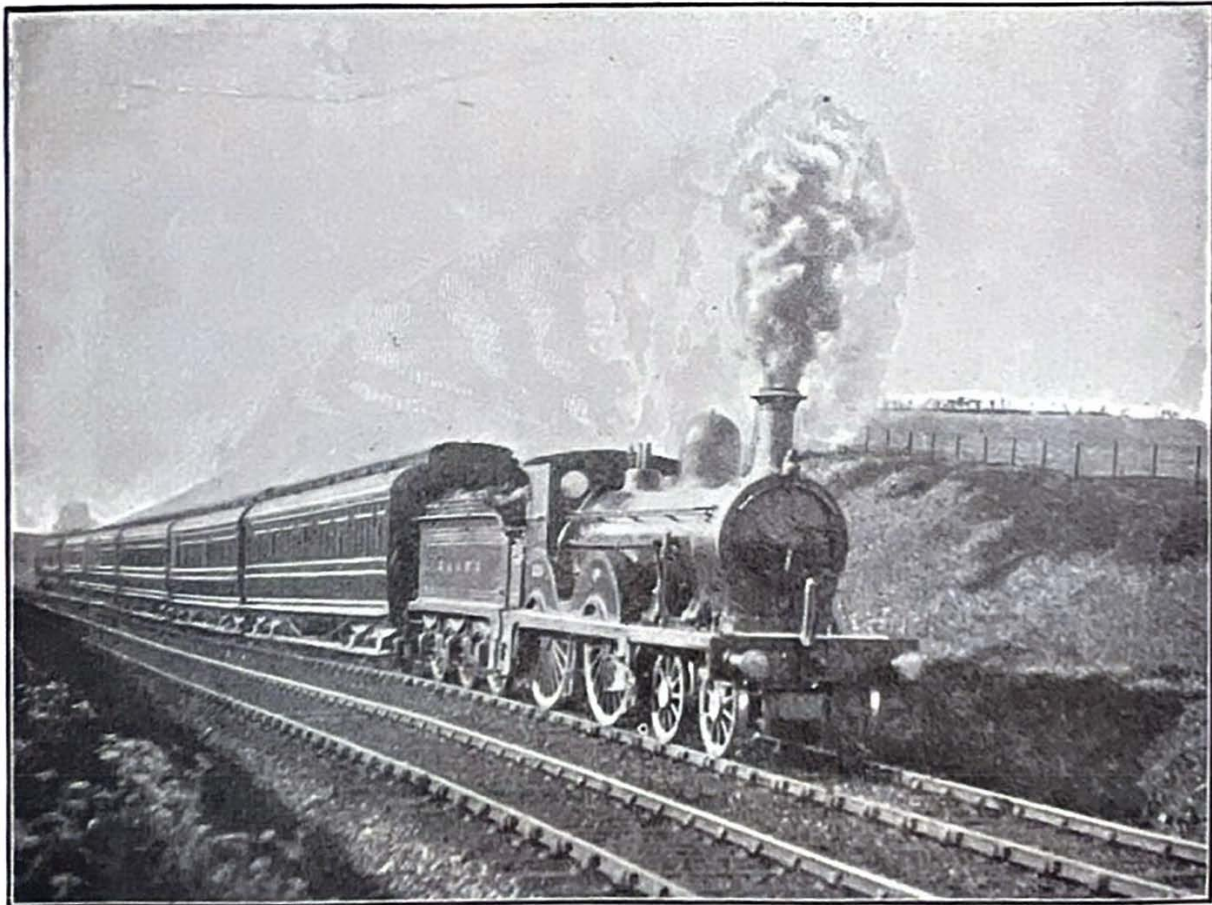
Two weeks after that I was very much troubled about my soul, but did not wish any one to know it. I did not go to the meeting that night, and to put away the thought of eternity, I began to play. For the time being I forgot the fact that I had to die and pass into eternity to meet a holy God; but when bed-time came I was deeply troubled again, and began to wonder how I could be saved.

As I lay awake—for I could not sleep—I heard father and mother talking in the next room about the Lord's Coming. Father said, "Well, I wish the Lord would come before morning." When I heard this I cried, "Oh, mother, if Jesus comes before morning *I won't go with Him to Heaven.*" Father answered and said, "It is your own fault, because you won't receive Jesus as your Saviour." Mother brought a lamp and gave me a Bible. I opened it and read the 5th chapter of Romans, but the light did not come from that. Then I turned to John 3. 16, and read it thus: "For God so loved (*name in*), that He gave His only begotten Son, that if (*name in*) believeth on Him"—I stopped here and asked mother what that word "*believeth*" meant, and she replied, "If I said I would give you a cent you would take me at my word, would you not?" I answered, "Yes." "Well," she said, "the Lord Jesus offers you the gift of eternal life; don't you think He'll give it to you?" At that moment I grasped the truth, that the Lord Jesus died that I might have eternal life; and could finish the glorious verse, "that if (*name in*) believeth in Him, (*name in*) shall not perish, but (*name in*) shall have Everlasting Life." Now I am satisfied with the Lord Jesus, and happy in the knowledge that my sins are all forgiven, and understand the meaning of "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16.31).



## How God Saved an American Girl.

Surely if a little American girl was saved and satisfied by the Lord Jesus Christ, any other girl, or boy either, may be the same. Will you read Romans 3, verses 20 to 23, and learn your lost condition; then read verses 24 to 26 and learn how God saves the lost; then put your name into John 3. 16, and you may say as she says, "I am happy in the knowledge that my sins are all forgiven." Will you accept the Lord Jesus Christ, and will you do it now? *hyp*,



"A FRIEND AND I JOURNEYED BY TRAIN."

### ARE YOU "ONE" OR "FIVE?"

AS a friend and I journeyed on by the train the following conversation took place between my companion and another passenger: "Are there many Christians in Bilton?" asked my friend. "I'm afraid not," was the reply. "Indeed; are they not all Christians in Bilton?" "Oh, no; Bilton is a very corrupt place. In fact, I should not think there would be more than *one* Christian to *five* who are not." "And which class do *you* belong to; the ones or the fives?" "Well, I couldn't say that I am



## Are You Among the "Ones" or the "Fives?"

among the ones." "Then you are not a Christian—you don't know your sins forgiven; and if you are not of the 'ones,' you must be of the 'fives,' and therefore on your way to eternal woe."

Suppose you had been in the train and had been asked the question, would you have been among the "*ones*" who are saved, or the "*fives*" who are unsaved? Which are you *now*?

F. B.

### BLONDIN AND THE BOY.

MANY years ago, Blondin, the renowned tight-rope walker, frequently performed feats of so striking a character as to excite the amazement and admiration of all beholders. On one occasion, for instance, he walked across a rope stretched across the centre transept of the Crystal Palace, at the height of about one hundred and fifty feet, and on the way across he stopped and cooked an omelet.

On another occasion Blondin traversed a rope at an equally dizzy height over a shipbuilding yard (the owner of which had a brother who was known to the writer), when an immense concourse of people were collected to witness the exciting scene; he not only walked steadily across it himself, but actually carried a man on his back, whilst the crowd, with bated breath, gazed at him, awe-struck and wondering; and great was the relief of all when the famous gymnast stepped down on solid earth with his living freight.

Blondin noticed a lad of about eleven years of age gazing at him with amazement as he descended from his perilous path; going up to the boy, he said, "You saw me carry that big man across, do you believe I could take you?" "Of course you could," replied the boy; "he was a big man, and I'm only a little chap."

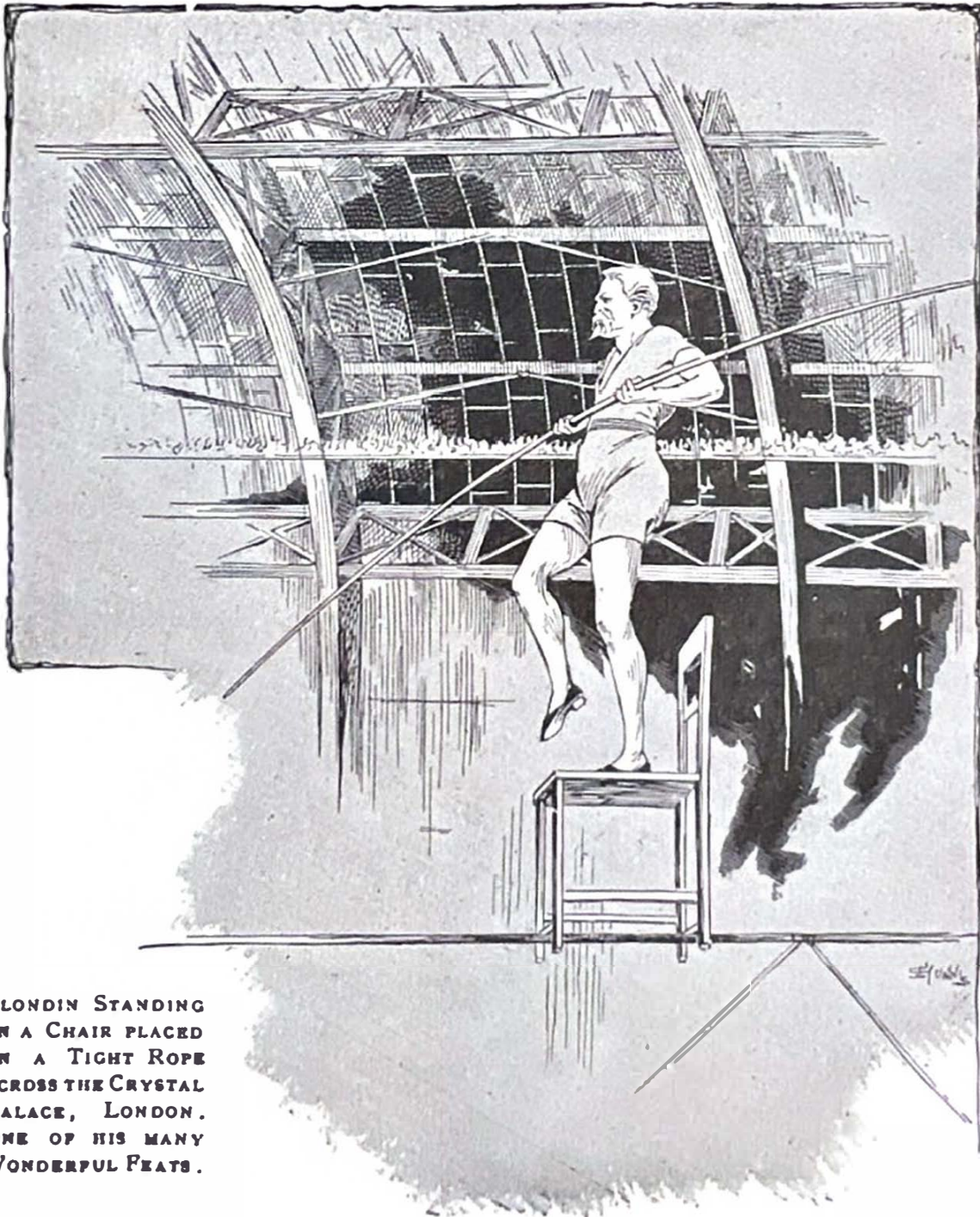
"Well, jump up, my lad," said Blondin, and suiting the action to the word, he bent down for the boy to climb up. But though he had said he *believed* Blondin could bear him safely across, he was by no means willing to *commit* or *trust himself* to the wonderful gymnast, and with a hesitating "N-o-o, thank you," he was off as quickly as his feet could carry him, and was lost in the crowd.

We gather from this incident the difference between the boy *believing* that Blondin was able to carry him and *committing* himself to Blondin to take him across.

## Blondin the Acrobat, and the Boy.

It is just the same as regards numbers of young folks who say they "*believe*" in the Lord Jesus, but yet have never definitely *committed* or *trusted* themselves to Him.

It is still true—"To as many as received Him, to them gave He the power (or privilege) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on (or *commit* themselves to) His Name" (John 1. 12). May we each be willing to take His simple way of Salvation! L. T. MACKINLAY.



BLONDIN STANDING  
ON A CHAIR PLACED  
ON A TIGHT ROPE  
ACROSS THE CRYSTAL  
PALACE, LONDON.  
ONE OF HIS MANY  
WONDERFUL FEATS.

## HOW BERTIE GOT HIS PRIZE.

FROM school, with merry ringing shout,  
Our Bertie bounded in—

“Look, mother, look, I am so glad  
This handsome prize to win.

For early I at school have been  
Each Sunday through the year—  
Had marks for lessons, conduct too,  
I knew I need not fear.

But I’ve been thinking, mother dear,  
Of what my teacher said;  
He looked at me so lovingly,  
His hand laid on my head.”

“Bertie,” he said, “we’re glad to give  
The prize you’ve earn’d so well;  
But list to me a moment, for  
I have good news to tell.

I have a Friend who loveth, more  
Than earthly friends can love;  
He tells me I shall share His Home  
Of glory bright above.

My Saviour is the Friend I mean,  
His love is full and free;  
He tells me in His blessed Word,  
A prize He’ll give to me.

He bought it me and paid the price,  
When His own life He gave,  
To make atonement for my sin,  
My priceless soul to save.

And gladly from His hand I’ll take,  
His *gift* of love to me,  
And praise His Name and join the song  
Of those His death set free.”

“Mother, I know I’ve trusted now  
My teacher’s changeless Friend,  
The glad new song I’ve learned to sing,  
Of love that ne’er will end.” N-B.



“THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN  
A BROTHER” (PROV. 18. 24). THIS FRIEND IS  
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. IS HE YOUR FRIEND?



## SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



**W**HATEVER is this man doing? Look behind him on the hill and you will guess. Ask teacher or consult a Bible Dictionary as to the ways and habits of *shepherds* in the East.

**Picture to Paint** as above, No. 16.—Use any colouring matter or method you judge best or have at hand. No. 15 was little Samuel before the Lord, saying, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth" (1 Sam. 3. 9). Have you ever said this to the Lord Jesus? Send to Editor at any time, as all copies received are put together each month so as to give each one an equal opportunity for a prize.

**Original Acrostics** for boys and girls, No. 333.—Sent by E. Jones, aged 18. Put in references if old enough.

Who said he was of saints the least,  
And also was of sinners chief,  
The wife of one in Egypt, who  
In time of famine gave relief.  
A son of Gera, who threw stones  
At Israel's King, and cursed Him too.  
One of the twelve, who grieved the Lord,  
When he said words that were not true.  
What servant ran away from home,

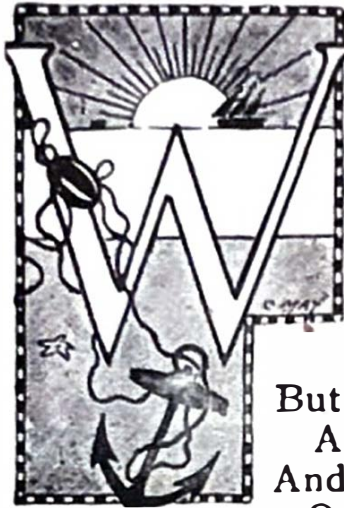
Whom Paul the apostle did restore.  
A Queen who disobeyed her Lord,  
And for this act was Queen no more  
The mother of a man who learned  
The Scriptures in his early youth.  
A woman hid some spies, for which  
She and her house were saved from death.  
Initial letters name a feast,  
With Jewish people not the least.

**Answer** to No. 332.—Araunah, Moses, Obadiah, Zedekiah—**AMOZ** (Isaiah 1. 1). Begin on the Acrostic to-day.

## MIGHTY TO SAVE.

"A Saviour, and a great one" (Isa. 19. 20).

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom 10. 9)



HO cometh thus from Edom,  
With garments stained and dyed :  
Upon His brow are thorn prints,  
A spear wound in His side ?  
'Tis I, who speak uprightly,  
The Mighty One to save,  
Who gloriously have triumphed  
O'er Satan and the grave.

But why are stain'd Thy garments  
As though with wine that's red ?  
And whence those wounds that mar Thee  
On hands, feet, side, and head ?

The winepress I have trodden,  
With no one there to cheer ;  
These wounds to Me were given  
Upon the desert drear.

But *why* Thy weary treading  
The winepress all alone ?  
And *why* the diresome conflict  
Thou seemest to have known ?

For thee, for thee, poor sinner,  
The grapes of wrath I trod ;  
And bore the brunt of battle  
To bring thee back to God.

For thou from Him hadst wandered  
In sin's destructive ways ;  
And Satan strove to have thee  
With him through endless days.

But I thy foe have conquered,  
His kingdom overthrown ;  
And thus to thee, poor sinner,  
Unbounded love have shown.

Now, since I thus have suffered,  
And braved the worst for thee :  
Pray, hearken to My question—  
Say, sinner, "Lov'st thou Me" ?

J. C. J.



## WAS IT FOR "BIG" OR "LITTLE" ONES?

"O teacher, I was wondering whether Jesus cares for me or not—do you think He does?" asked the little girl, the tears coming to her eyes.



CARRIE AND HER CHUMS.



## WAS IT FOR "BIG" OR "LITTLE" ONES?

CARRIE was a happy country girl, with a pair of black, sparkling eyes and bushy hair. She attended a Sunday school held by a Christian lady, who told the little children the story of Jesus and His love.

One day Carrie came to the school downcast and sad. The kind teacher took the little girl apart from the other children, and said to her, "My dear Carrie, you look very sad to-day. What is the matter with you?"

The little girl looked up mournfully in her face and said, "Because, teacher, I've been thinking about what you said." "What were you thinking about, Carrie?" said the teacher. "O teacher, I was wondering whether Jesus cares for me or not—do you think He does?" asked the little girl, the tears coming to her eyes.

"Yes, Carrie, Jesus loves you. Did He not come down from His happy home to show His love for sinners? And did He not say, when He was down here, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me?' How, then can you doubt whether He loves you? Can you repeat the verse that tells you so, Carrie?"

Carrie repeated the verse slowly, which she had learned, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark 10. 14). "Well, Carrie, who do you think that means, you or me? Is it *big* folks like me, or *little* ones like you He invites?"

The little girl clapped her hands with delight, and said, "It's for me, teacher, and not for you; for you are not a child; it's for me, for me! Jesus loves me. I know it now!" From that day Carrie believed that the Lord Jesus loved her, and she loved Him in return.

Now, if this little girl was so anxious to know if the Lord Jesus loved her, why should not you? Perhaps you have often sung:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

Well, then, let me ask you, have you, like Carrie, believed the glad tidings and received His love into your heart? Have you said, "It's for me, for me!" and come to Him trusting His love, and accepting Him as your own and only Saviour? If you have you will love Him in return, and follow Him, saying, "I love Him, because He first loved me."

Mo. L.

## OLD EBBIE'S HAPPY DAY.

I WAS visiting among some cottages in Shetland one afternoon previous to holding a Gospel service, and came upon an aged Christian woman who was nearing the end of her pilgrimage. Her poor body was swollen and suffering, but the joy of the Lord filled her heart. Before leaving I sang her one of the believer's Hallelujah songs:

"Glory, glory, Jesus saved me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb;

| Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!"

The dear soul could scarcely contain herself with joy



OLD EBBIE AT THE DOOR OF HER THATCHED COTTAGE.

and kept shouting, "Glory, Glory, Jesus saved me," for some time, and then added, "Oh! what would old Ebbie do now if she had not Jesus?" But old Ebbie *had* Jesus, and He made her happy in prospect of soon entering eternity. How would it be with you? If not ready for "Glory" come to Jesus just as you are and He will save you, keep you, and land you in Heaven at last. Come NOW.

A.S.R.

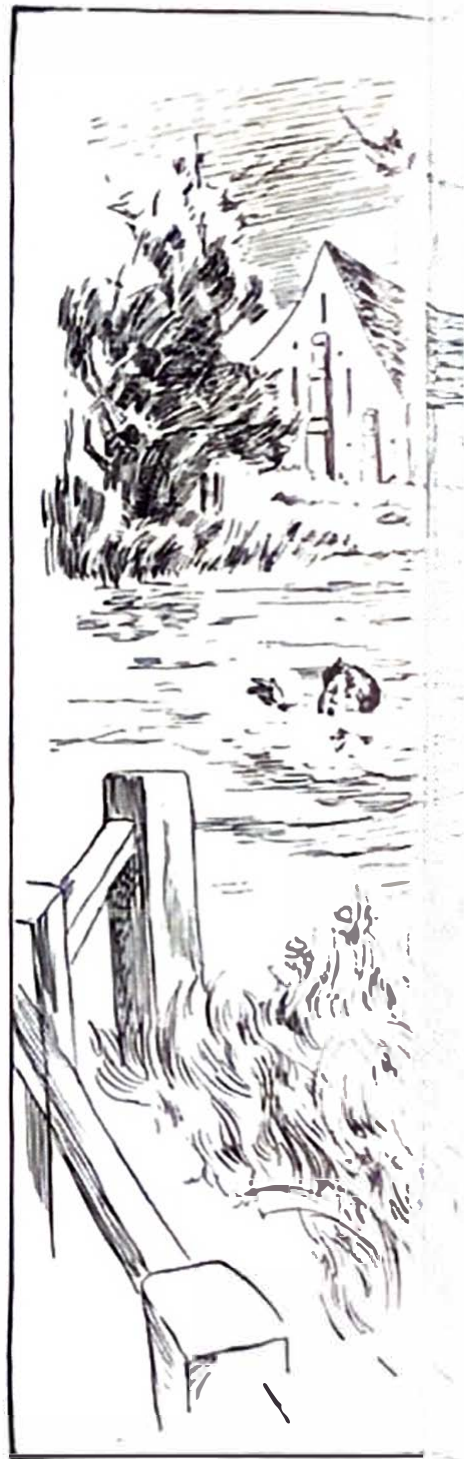
## "LET GO, JAMIE, AND I'LL SAVE YOU!"

SOME time ago a number of young men were bathing in a river which at some parts is very deep. It was suggested by one of the number, who was himself a strong swimmer, that he would swim across the river carrying another young lad on his back. Accordingly the two young men entered the water, the one on the back of the other, and started for the other side. When about mid-stream the young lad, who had his arms around the neck of the one who carried him, evidently became timid, and began to cling to the other rather tightly, with the result that the swimmer began to struggle for freedom, the one on his back clinging the more tenaciously to his neck. A third young man who was on the bank of the river saw the danger, and swam to the rescue. Reaching the drowning lads, he cried to the one who was clinging so desperately to the other, "Let go, Jamie, and I'll save you!" but to no purpose. Jamie would not let go, but clung with firmer grip to his drowning comrade, with the sad result that both sank and were drowned.

Like that young man, many young folks are clinging to something with the vain hope that it may be the means of saving them. Some are clinging to their moral standard of character; others are clinging to the hope that God will be merciful at the end, and look over the sins and failures of a past life; and yet, as we read the Scriptures, we learn that any so believing are just as hopeless, so far as getting saved is concerned, as was that young man clinging to his drowning comrade.

The saddest part of our incident is that

DURING the summer season, ring tales of boys being drowned, often, alas, through Hence the need of "CAUTION"



well as in the more important Both picture and story illustrate of the Saviour, "The Son to save that which was lost till you are sought and saved"



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ent matters of Eternity. state the wonderful saying Man is come to seek and (Luke 19. 10). Rest not

## "Let Go, Jamie, and I'll Save You!"

there was one who stood by ready to save if he would only let go. There is to-day no need that any sinner should perish. A Saviour, "mighty to save," has come to the rescue. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). What He asks the perishing one to do is to cease clinging to anything and everything of human merit, and cling implicitly to Him. He gives His word that the sinner who trusts Him shall "*never* perish" (John 10. 28).

Regarding that young man who swam to the rescue of the drowning men, he was willing to save; yet his ability to do so might have been questioned. Not so with the Saviour Christ Jesus. He is both willing and able to save every one who will trust Him, no matter how vile. If unsaved, turn your eyes away from anything of your own doing, and fix your gaze by faith on Him who "suffered, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). Look and live *now* !

J.G.

## PEACE WITH GOD.

"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1).

PEACE with God—O glad possession!  
Each redeemed one's portion sure.  
All the gathered hosts infernal  
Could not shake it—'tis eternal!  
Ever shall Christ's work endure.

When a guilty, ruined sinner,  
In his need, receives God's Son,  
Then immediately he's pardoned—  
He is saved, his sins are gone.

Grasp the gift, then, *through believing*,  
Only think! *yours for receiving*—  
Do not miss it, burdened one!

J.M.

## "LET GO, JAMIE, AND I'LL SAVE YOU!"

SOME time ago a number of young men were bathing in a river which at some parts is very deep. It was suggested by one of the number, who was himself a strong swimmer, that he would swim across the river carrying another young lad on his back. Accordingly the two young men entered the water, the one on the back of the other, and started for the other side. When about mid-stream the young lad, who had his arms around the neck of the one who carried him, evidently became timid, and began to cling to the other rather tightly, with the result that the swimmer began to struggle for freedom, the one on his back clinging the more tenaciously to his neck. A third young man who was on the bank of the river saw the danger, and swam to the rescue. Reaching the drowning lads, he cried to the one who was clinging so desperately to the other, "Let go, Jamie, and I'll save you!" but to no purpose. Jamie would not let go, but clung with firmer grip to his drowning comrade, with the sad result that both sank and were drowned.

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The saddest part of our incident is that

DURING the summer season there are constantly-recurring tales of boys being drowned whilst bathing in lake, pond, river, or sea. Sometimes it is by pure accident, often, alas, through carelessness or mere bravado. Hence the need of "CAUTION" in the things of time as



well as in the more important matters of Eternity. Both picture and story illustrate the wonderful saying of the Saviour, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). Rest not till you are sought and saved.

## "Let Go, Jamie, and I'll Save You!"

there was one who stood by ready to save if he would only let go. There is to-day no need that any sinner should perish. A Saviour, "mighty to save," has come to the rescue. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). What He asks the perishing one to do is to cease clinging to anything and everything of human merit, and cling implicitly to Him. He gives His word that the sinner who trusts Him shall "never perish" (John 10. 28).

Regarding that young man who swam to the rescue of the drowning men, he was willing to save; yet his ability to do so might have been questioned. Not so with the Saviour Christ Jesus. He is both willing and able to save every one who will trust Him, no matter how vile. If unsaved, turn your eyes away from anything of your own doing, and fix your gaze by faith on Him who "suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). Look and live now!

J.G.

## PEACE WITH GOD.

"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1).

PEACE with God—O glad possession!  
Each redeemed one's portion sure.  
All the gathered hosts infernal  
Could not shake it—'tis eternal!  
Ever shall Christ's work endure.

When a guilty, ruined sinner,  
In his need, receives God's Son,  
Then immediately he's pardoned—  
He is saved, his sins are gone.

Grasp the gift, then, through believing,  
Only think! yours for receiving—  
Do not miss it, burdened one!

J.M.



## LESSONS FROM BIBLE ANIMALS.

LEOPARD..... Jer. 13. 23	SERPENT..... Rev. 12. 9
LION..... 1 Peter 5. 8	SOW..... 2 Peter 2. 22
LAMB..... John 1. 29	SHEEP..... 1 Peter 2. 25

FROM the above six Bible animals, a solid foundation can be laid for a very useful lesson. Outline the lesson by putting down the first letters of each word, with clear reference opposite. Select six readers. Other scholars are listening for the missing word.

**LEOPARD.** There is an impossibility found in the text, namely, the changing of the leopard's spots. The reason being that they are birth marks. We also are born with a nature which loves sin, therefore we need to be "born again" (John 3.3). Only one way for this (John 3.15).

**LION.** Here the lesson is of the powerful enemy. Satan is presented as a destroyer. Our only protection is in fleeing to Jesus. (Illustrate by 1 Samuel 17. 34.) Only One could defeat Satan (Heb. 2. 14).

**LAMB.** The above two truths of our *natural* evil, and of Satan's *power*, form a background for the presentation of Christ as the Lamb. All the sacrifices formerly offered would not take away sin. But here we are called to look at Jesus as the Sin-bearer. On the Cross His blood was shed, which cleanseth from all sin (1 John 1.7; Heb. 9. 22).

**SERPENT.** Here our great enemy is presented, not in his destructive, but his *seductive* character (Eph. 6. 11). He led our first parents to distrust God through a false story, thus accomplishing the downfall of the race. God now presents life and salvation to those who trust in Christ. Wrath must be the doubter's portion. Satan, as the serpent, is once again at work, corrupting the Gospel.

**SOW.** If a sow is washed it doubtless will be an advantage to its appearance; but the nature that loves the mire will be *unchanged*. Those who only profess and are not "born again" are compared to this animal.

**SHEEP.** No boy or girl but can distinguish between the two. Those who have come to Jesus are spoken of as sheep. Jesus is their Shepherd, who gave His life to set them free from everlasting death. It is those who have returned from their own way to Him that cause joy in Heaven (Luke 15). Urge a return now. Js. Fs.



## THE BUSY HIVE OF BOYS AND GIRLS.



**J**ULY is associated with the seaside. Here is a well-side view of long, long ago. How different to the fountains and wells of our own land and our day. Who was the man? What was the name of the woman? How was she rewarded for her kindness? Read the story in Genesis, then take up

**Picture Painting No. 17.**—You have plenty of robes and other things on which to put strong Eastern colours to make picture ablaze with brightness. No.

16 was an Eastern shepherd swinging an instrument to call his sheep together.

**Original Acrostics** for boys and girls, No. 334.—Sent by Frank Wyatt, aged 10.

My *first* was a man after God's own heart,  
 My *second* a man who kept back a part,  
 My *third* a General of leprosy healed,  
 My *fourth* went to meditate in a field,  
 My *fifth* a prophet who did not die;  
*Last*, a man whose sons had a service high.  
 Initials give name of a godly man  
 Who did what was right in a foreign land.

**Answer to No. 333.**—Paul (Eph. 3. 8); Asenath (Gen. 41. 45); Shimei (2 Sam. 16. 5); Simon (Luke 22. 54-62); Onesimus (Philemon 1. 10); Vashti (Esther 1. 10-12); Eunice (2 Tim. 1. 5); Rahab (Josh. 2. 3, 4).—PASSOVER (Exod. 12).

**A Mother's Secret.**—Some one asked a mother, whose children had turned out very well, what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said: "When in the morning I washed my children I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I gave them food I prayed that they might be fed with manna from Heaven. When I put them to sleep I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." *Show this to mother.*

## THE FRENCH ATHEIST'S TERROR.

A VIOLENT storm overtook a vessel on one of the American lakes. Among the passengers were Volney, the French atheist, two English gentlemen, and several ladies. The danger became imminent, but no one exhibited such terror as Volney, who threw himself on the deck, now imploring, now cursing the captain, and reminding him that he had engaged to carry him safely to his destination. At last, as the probability of their being lost increased, he loaded his pockets with dollars, and prepared, as a last resource, to swim for his life.



One of the Englishmen remonstrated with him on his folly, pointing out that he would sink like a piece of lead with so great a weight. After this Volney became so noisy, and was, besides, so much in the way of the sailors, that they pushed him down the hatchway. He, however, soon came up again, having lightened himself of the dollars, and he once more threw himself on the deck, exclaiming with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "Oh, my God! my God! what shall I do?"

"What, Mr. Volney!" said one of the passengers; "so you have a God now!" Volney replied, with trembling anxiety, "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" He then became so ashamed of himself that he hid from his fellow-passengers, who had previously heard his boastful scoffings against Christianity.

It is comparatively easy, when in health and safety, to protest loudly against the possibility of the existence of a God; it is altogether another thing when grim death stares one in the face. Ah! be wise, and recognise the truth in time. God is, and your eternal interests depend on your relation to Him. By nature and through actual sin you are His enemy, and there is but one way to that reconciliation with Him in which lies our safety. Unbelieving reader, will you take Christ as your Saviour now? "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

CHEYNE BRADY.



## PLEASURES WHICH LAST.

"It doesn't matter what kind they are, they get stale after a bit; but then they pass the time away, and you're only young once in your life."



"FLORRIE."



## HOW FLORRIE GOT PLEASURES WHICH LAST.



NELLIE was one of a large staff of servants in an old-fashioned country house. She was a bright Christian girl, and longed to do something to win others to the service of her Master. Hence it happened that Florrie, the new maid, on the very first Sunday in her fresh situation, was invited to accompany Nellie to her Bible class. "Well, really, I don't mind if I do," said light-hearted Florrie, who was already well known in the servant's hall as a high-spirited, laughing girl. "It's awfully slow on Sunday with nothing to do. Still, I don't complain. I had a lovely dance my night out this week, when I went with Nancy Bell to the Assembly Room; and she knows where we can get a good game at cards, when there's no dancing about. I'm glad our evenings out fall the same night."

"But," said Nellie, gently, "do you really like doing these things? I mean, do they really make you happy, Florrie?" "Oh, yes, they're well enough for the time," was the quick reply; "pleasures don't last; it doesn't matter what kind they are, they get stale after a bit; but then they pass the time away, and you're only young once in your life."

"The Bible tells us about 'pleasures for evermore,' said Nellie shyly, "and I know what it says is true." "Oh! you're a little saint," said Florrie, breaking into a ringing laugh; "you are years older than your age; wait until I get an old woman, and my knees are too stiff for dancing, and my hands too much crippled with rheumatism to hold playing cards; perhaps I might turn saint too then—just for something to do, you know."

"Nellie looked smilingly upon the bright, young face which came so close to hers, and gave it a friendly kiss as she said, "Well, I am glad you are coming to my class. You will like our teacher, and some of the girls have lovely voices. We have a good time, I can tell you, with our hymn-singing; and you can stay to tea if you like, and go to the evening service afterwards."

Florrie "liked" the class well enough to go of her own accord the following Sunday; and was interested in finding

## **How Florrie got "Pleasures which Last."**

a stranger in the place of the usual teacher. She smiled at Nellie, who sat beside her when the subject chosen for the address was "Joy—Lasting Joy."

"You know," said the speaker, "with some, as it tells us in Proverbs, 'even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness;' but for those who live in the presence of the Lord there are 'pleasures for evermore.' Come now, I am sure you would all like to



**How Many Orphan Boys and Girls are here shown?**

Six months' admissions into Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Page 7.

be in possession of lasting pleasures? Well, I will tell you how they may be yours. First, you must find your way into 'the Presence' where these pleasures abound. How can this be done? The Lord Jesus Christ when on earth said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me' (John 14. 11). Personal contact with a personal Saviour makes joy not only possible, but our very own possession.

"I'm going to stay to tea, then maybe I will go to

## How Florrie got "Pleasures which Last."

evening service afterwards," she said to Nellie, as the class broke up, adding, "I don't mind confessing to you I am downright miserable. I do wish the pleasures I've been so content with were more like those pleasures we've been hearing about."

The evening's service deepened the impression made upon Florrie in the afternoon. She was alone, Nellie having had to return to the Manor after the class-tea, as it was not her "evening out." Oh, how she longed, and longed, to get rid of that weight at her heart! She knew—no one could bring it more home to her—she knew that she was a sinner in God's sight, and that no unforgiven sinner could dwell in His presence, nor could there be any possibility of joy for her while so conscious of sin. Oh! what was she to do? How could things ever get right?

Stay, what was the preacher saying? He was reading from his Bible, and he read and re-read the words. It was no fancy; they must be there—the very ones, of all others, which Florrie most desired to hear: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body upon the tree, that we, having died to sins, might live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter 2. 24, R.V.).

Nellie was sitting reading in the servants' hall when Florrie came in with a face beaming with a new-found joy. They were alone in that part of the room. "I've seen the light, and I have lasting joy," whispered Florrie.

For answer Nellie burst into tears, as she said in trembling tones, deepened with joy: "I have been praying for this. Oh, Florrie, but this is good news!" G.S.R.

## THE LAWYER'S WISE ADVICE.

A FARMER waited upon a celebrated lawyer for advice that would benefit him throughout his life, and who, in return for the payment of a fee, received a slip of paper upon which was written, "Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day." On arriving home he found his hay ready for loading, but as it was late in the day his wife and workmen advised putting off the work until "the morrow." The lawyer's advice, however, settled the matter, and the last load of hay was safely housed before nightfall that day. When the sun had set a furious storm broke over the country, the river over-



## The Lawyer's Wise Advice.

flowed, and his neighbour's hay, which had been left in the fields for carrying on the morrow, was swept away by the flood. The lawyer's advice was well worth the fee that he demanded, and the farmer proved this constantly, for by acting upon it he became a rich man.

I am not a lawyer, so can give the same advice to you for nothing. **"Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day."** It will not always be summer, so the bee must gather the honey while the flowers bloom. It



"THE LAST LOAD OF HAY WAS SAFELY HOUSED BEFORE NIGHTFALL."

will not always be the bright day of salvation, nor will the beams of God's grace always shine about us. So wake up and seek the blessing while you may.

You mean to be saved, to have Jesus for your Saviour some day. *Do it now*; do not tread the road of By and By, for it leads eventually to the town of "Never." The Holy Ghost saith: "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3. 7, 8). "Now is the day of salvation," Accept the Lord Jesus and **"DO IT TO-DAY."** J.T.M.

## THE STORY OF THE PASSOVER LAMB.



'T WAS long ago—in Egypt's land,  
Of sunny skies and river grand;  
A quiet spot 'neath palmy shade,  
A natural and enchanting glade..

A peaceful scene it was, and fair,  
Some children and a *lamb* were there;  
The children loved it, though the pet  
Was scarcely four days with them yet!

It came when Rachel did it call—  
Its playful gambols charmed them all;  
It lay on Leah's lap and slept  
As if still by its mother kept.

But Reuben's brow was pensive set  
As oft he gazed upon the pet;  
He was his father's eldest lad,  
What father told him made him sad.



How that the God of Heaven's wrath  
Was almost ready to burst forth  
To slay the firstborn through the land  
Unless preserved by what He planned!

Said Leah, "Reuben, why so sad?  
Play with our pet, 'twill make you glad."  
"Oh, no," said Reuben, tearfully,  
"That lamb to-day must die for me."

"Our prophet says the Angel Death  
At midnight will his sword unsheath;  
Will enter every house to slay,  
And only blood his hand will stay!"

Then father came, and with a knife  
Bereft the precious lamb of life!  
And with some hyssop smeared its blood  
On lintel posts, as God had said.



The children wept to lose their pet;  
They understood it not as yet;  
But when they heard the Midnight Cry  
They knew their brother was "*passed by*!"

Reuben, he did not fear nor dread,  
"For see," cried he, "the blood is shed;  
The blood has been applied," said he,  
"That lamb has died *instead of me*!"

This lamb prefigures God's dear Son,  
And what on Calvary was done!  
The hyssop-faith, which promptly takes  
The Blood of Christ—shed for our sakes!  
And if we take it saved are we  
For time and all Eternity!

F.C.G.

## STILL BUSY WITH THE BIBLE.



**H**OW to kill a lion! At least, how a lion was killed long ago! You could do the same if you had the same power and were in the same circumstances. Read the romance in the Book of Judges, then set too with

**P**icture Painting, No. 18.—You know the colour of a lion; then there are the robes, the sky, etc. Use ink, crayon

paint, or any pigments you prefer. Post to Editor at earliest. All copies received each month are judged together, so all have equal opportunity of an award. No. 17 was the well-known story of Eleazar and Rebecca at the well.

**How many faces are in the photo?** See page 3 of this number. These represent the number of orphan boys and girls received into Dr. Barnardo's Homes every six months. No wonder it is the largest family on earth. **How many are in group?** Prize to nearest correct answer from *boy* and from *girl*. Cards preferred. Just put: "..... Barnardo Boys and Girls," with name and address on card, send to Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, by August 31 from Britain, and by September 30 from abroad.

**Original Acrostic, No. 335**, as supplied by boys and girls themselves. This is by Reggie Catton, Norwich, aged 10. Send *yours* with the answer.

Where did the Israelites come to water?  
Whose seed was as the "stars of Heaven?"  
What *man* did oft the Christians slaughter?  
What should forgiven be "seventy times seven?"  
Whom did Solomon thrust away?  
What *king* did try the Lord to slay?  
Initial letters placed in a row  
Name a place where water gushed to and fro.

**Answer to No. 334.**—David, Ananias, Naaman, Isaac, Elijah, Levi.—**DANIEL.**

**Your Soul.**—If the globe were one mass of purest *gold*, the stars as many *jewels* of the finest order, the moon were a *diamond*, and the sun a *ruby*, these all were less than nothing compared with the value of *your* soul.



## A TRAP OF THE ENEMY.

"WHAT'S to be, *will be*, so never mind about the future."

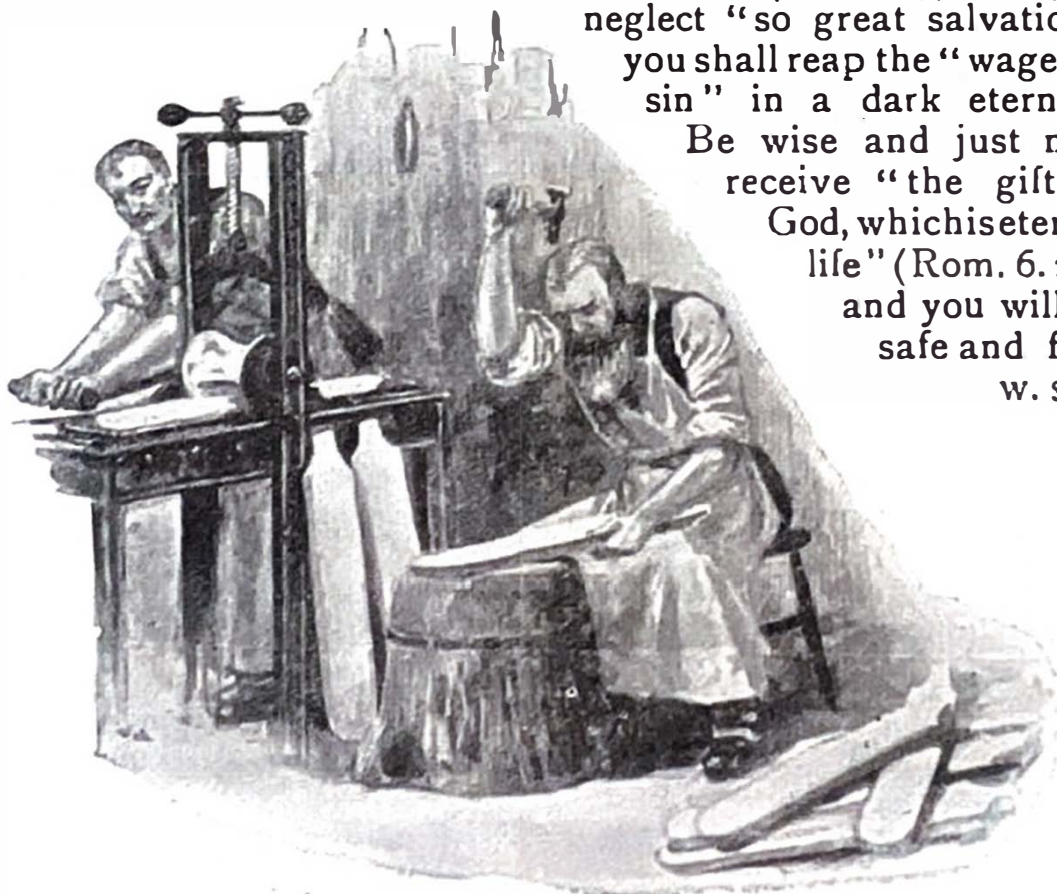
This is about the poorest reasoning that Satan could possibly bring up; for he is the one who does bring it up, and for the purpose of taking souls the more surely down to the lake of fire. And some people are so simple as to conclude that, "If I'm to be saved, I will be saved, and if I'm to be lost, I'll be lost; while all the foundation they have for it is that "What's to be, *will be*." Now, just consider the matter for a moment. Do people ever show such stupidity in the affairs of this life? Do you see the workman, for instance, sitting down on Monday morning and saying, "There's no need for me to work, for if I'm to get my dinner I'll get it—'What's to be, *will be*'"? Or do you see the farmer making himself cosy at the fireside while his fields are in weeds, and comforting himself with the thought that if there is to be a fine crop of wheat in harvest time there *will be* one, for "What's to be, *will be*"? You would say of such an one, If he waits on in that way till harvest time, he will find a crop of *weeds*, but nothing more, and no "ifs" about it, for he will just reap what he sows. Exactly, and that is the very truth which God has plainly laid

down in His book, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6. 7). If you neglect "so great salvation"

you shall reap the "wages of sin" in a dark eternity.

Be wise and just now receive "the gift of God, which is eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23). and you will be safe and free.

W. S.



## WAS MARY MAD OR GLAD?

"Mother, I have been wondering whether we or Mary are mad?" "That's what I have been thinking," was the mother's reply. "If Mary is right, we are mad, and the Bible seems to be on her side."



THE HAPPY PAIR.

## WAS MARY MAD OR GLAD?

THE first time I saw Mary and her sister Lily I thought them the happiest pair in the place. Yet it had not almost been so, for Mary, the eldest of the two, was supposed to be mad! Shall I tell you the story?

Previous to "the happy day" that fixed her choice on Christ, her Saviour and her Lord, she was wretched enough. Her misery was caused through her eyes being opened to see that she was a guilty sinner on her way to perdition. Through special services held in the neighbourhood, Mary had been led to see that the Lord Jesus Christ died for her sins, and by believing on Him they were all forgiven. Then she understood the meaning of Psalm 32. 1, 2: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity."

When Mary obtained rest to her heart, and peace to her conscience, she could not keep the good news to herself, and told her mother and sister what God had done for her, and yet, strange to say, they were far from being pleased. The fact is, they looked upon those who said that they were "saved" as boasting; still Mary maintained that she was "born again," and knew that her sins were forgiven. As the young convert spoke from a full heart of God's mighty love, Mary's mother and sister began to think that her mind had given way, and after consulting several physicians they obtained certificates granting permission to remove her to a private asylum.

Mary's sister had but little sleep the night preceding the contemplated removal. In the morning she said to her mother, "Mother, I have been wondering whether we or Mary are mad." "That's what I have been thinking," was the mother's reply. "If Mary is right, we are mad, and the Bible seems to be on her side. We will put off her departure for to-day." It is unnecessary to add that Mary was never placed in the "madhouse." On the contrary, her mother and sister were awakened by the Holy Spirit to see that *they* were "mad" in refusing to accept of God's "great salvation," which He had so long been pressing on their acceptance as a free gift; and when a friend of the writer's visited the house some time afterwards he found Mary's mother and sister and a room full of their relations rejoicing in Christ as their Saviour. A.M.



## WHO DID ALL THE HARD WORK?



A CHRISTIAN was in the habit of visiting a home for tramps and poor people. One day he saw a poor cripple boy slowly and painfully climbing the stairs. There was something so forlorn about the appearance of the lad that he felt irresistibly impelled to speak to him. Accosting the boy, he asked his name. "Alonzo," was the reply, adding, "Most people call me Lonie, for short." On being asked where his home was, he said, "I live wherever I can; I have no home."

In answer to further inquiries he told a very sad story. His father was dead, his mother was on the tramp, obtaining occasional employment, but more often begging, and leaving Lonie to shift for himself. His pale, pinched face told a sad tale.

The Christian worker, after hearing his story, asked how his soul prospered. "Your body is in a very weak state, and you say that the doctor has told you that you have not long to live. You will soon have to leave the world behind, but, tell me, where are you going?" "I don't know, sir. I have a great work to do ere I can hope to go to Heaven." "Will you tell me what that work is?" "I have to work very hard, sir, or I won't get to Heaven when I die." "How do you expect to do so much in your feeble condition?" Bursting into tears, Lonie exclaimed, "I can't do it! I can't do it! Is there no hope for me?" "Did you ever hear of the Lord Jesus, Lonie?" "I know He is in Heaven, sir."

The gentleman explained the Gospel to the boy, and read the sixth verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." "Why, that's

## Alonzo, the Happy Cripple.

like me," interrupted Lonie. "We have turned every one to his own way." "That's like me again. I often take my own way." "Then listen to the end of the verse," said the gentleman, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Did He, really? Does it say that my iniquity was laid on Jesus?" "Indeed it does," said the worker; "that is what the Lord Jesus came to do."

"Oh, I see it, sir!" exclaimed Lonie; "I see it now! *Jesus has done all the hard work instead of me.* Can it be really true? I know that Jesus came to save sinners. I am a great sinner, and surely He came to save me." "Yes, and if you believe Him, God says you have everlasting life." Overcome with joy, Lonie said, "Oh, how good of Him to do all that for me! And to think of Him loving such a good-for-nothing fellow! I always thought God must hate me."

The gentleman spoke to him again and again, and on each successive visit found him rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. One day he missed Lonie, and on inquiry learned that he was dying. The gentleman went to see him, and found him nearing the end of life's journey. He had no fear, however, of the future. Christ had borne his sins on the Cross of Calvary, and he had the assurance of God's Word that he was safe for eternity. Ere they parted, never to meet again on earth, Lonie said to his friend: "You told me often that the Lord Jesus was coming to take His people home. I am going first, and I shall be watching and waiting for you." Perhaps Lonie never heard the Gospel of God's matchless grace until he heard it from the lips of the Christian worker. And the first time that he heard it he believed it, and passed from darkness into light, from death unto life. Perhaps you have often heard the "old, old story," and never believed it? How exceedingly sad if this is so. Whatever you are



or have been, it is certain that God loves you. His amazing wealth of love was abundantly expressed at Calvary. He died to save you from everlasting misery and despair. "Behold the Lamb of God which *taketh away the sin of the world*" (John 1. 29). A.M.

## LESSONS FROM AN OMNIBUS.



MORE commonly called a 'bus, because it is easier to say. How often we clip our words; thus we say "mack" for mackintosh, "phone" for telephone, and so on. For the lesson have a picture of a 'bus. A model of a London or other motor-bus would be attractive, especially if it can be made to move at intervals during the address. See to look out good Gospel texts for each point named.

1. **MEANING.** Omnibus means "including all." It is for the use of the public, and all may travel in one as long as there is room and the fare is paid. No one has the right to stop your using a 'bus under these conditions. *Lesson:* God's salvation is for all. No one will be denied. There is no fare to be paid, "Jesus paid it all." There is room for every boy and girl as well as for grown-up people. "Whosoever will" may enter (Rev. 22. 17).

2. **ENTRANCE.** To travel in a 'bus it must be entered willingly. It is easy enough to enter as a step and rail is provided. There is only ONE STEP into salvation—FAITH. It is a step out of SELF and into JESUS.

"Only a step to Jesus, | Then why not take it now?"  
Have you taken the step? It is the most important step,



## Lessons from an Omnibus.

3. **WRONG WAY.** Some boys, and even girls I fear, jump on the step whilst the conductor is on top, so as to get a free ride. They are not doing what is right, and run the risk of an accident. Ah, lots of people think they are saved, and go with true Christians to Gospel services, Chapel, and Church, but unless they have taken the step of FAITH right into JESUS CHRIST they are not saved. They may appear to be Christians, but appearances are often deceptive. There is danger and death in delay!

4. **DESTINATION.** This is clearly shown on the 'bus; there can be no mistake, and it is lit up at night. So you have a destination; there are only two! Do you show your destination by your life, words, and actions? No boy or girl should be ashamed to show their destination if they are trusting in JESUS. Are you bound for HEAVEN?

5. **ROUTE.** This is all fixed, the driver knows each road and turning. It is all mapped out for him beforehand. If you are God's children all your life is mapped out for you—up hill and down dale. There is no need to worry about the way. First make very sure you are Christ's own by faith in Him (John 5. 24), then rejoice that "God will take care of you."

6. **POWER.** 'Busses used to be drawn by horses—that was power *without*. Now they are driven with power *within*, motor spirit. Have you not often felt the power of the engine whilst in the 'bus? God gives power within the heart. It is His Holy Spirit. Have you that Power? You cannot do right of your own accord; however much you may try, you will be sure to fail. But you can be "kept by the power of God" (1 Peter 1. 5).

7. **ADVICE.** All sorts of good advice inside and outside a 'bus. Read the advertisements! They tell you what is best for all sorts of purposes. I have seen the following on the back of 'busses:

"**Safety first.**" "Sow risks, reap accidents." "Be wise, use your eyes." "A moment's patience saves days of pain." "Some die for want of thought." All good enough advice, but the other day I saw the following words inside a 'bus: "Come unto Me. all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). That is the best advice? Will you come to Jesus? Urge to "safety at once" by accepting the Lord Jesus. H.T,

## KINGS AND QUEENS AND BOYS AND GIRLS.



ONE of the most interesting stories in the Bible concerns a king whose name begins with A, and a queen whose name begins with E. Now you must not be told any more or it will not be a *searching*. Get your Bibles, read the true romance, then set to with **Picture Painting**, No. 19.—Paint the pair and the surroundings as you judge best, and with the best materials you have, then post to Editor of *Boys and Girls*. You can send at any time, as all papers

received each month are grouped as one. No. 18 was Samson killing the lion.

**Two Young Folks** in the first two stories are both good examples for our readers to copy. The Lord Jesus is the best Friend to have in health or sickness, youth or old age, time or Eternity. Is He *your* Friend?

**Original Acrostics.** No. 336.—Here is a study supplied by one of the older friends of *Boys and Girls*, who used to help when young and now sends this acrostic specially made for *Boys and Girls* by one of her daughters. Such friends are worth having, are they not?

(1) A short *Epistle*, written by the Apostle Paul; (2) A *name* by which God is known in Revelation; (3) A converted *publican*; (4) A *town* in which the Apostle Paul reasoned with the Jews; (5) One whom Paul calls "our *helper* in Christ" in Romans; (6) *One* who came to Jesus by night; (7) One of the *twelve* apostles; (8) A *son* of Ruth; (9) *One* out of whom seven devils were cast; (10) *One* whom Paul calls "a servant of Christ," who laboured fervently in prayer.

Put together all the first letters of the words and you will have an invitation that the Lord Jesus sends out to ALL. D.H.

**Answer to No. 335.**—Marah (Exod. 15. 23); Abraham (Gen. 15. 5); Saul of Tarsus (Acts 9. 1); Sin (Matt. 18. 21, 22); Abiathar (1 Kings 2. 27), Herod (Matt. 2. 13, 16).—MASSAH (Exod. 17. 6, 7).

## **"ADMIT THE BEARER—A SINNER."**

"SO, John, you've got fairly into the kingdom. You have been long seeking, how did you get in at last?"

"Oh, it was the simplest thing in the world; it was just by presenting the right ticket. I held it out, the door was opened, and I was in. And the strange thing is, I found that the ticket of admission had been in my possession from childhood, and I had carried it in my breast pocket for the last twelve months, and never had the sense to use it."

"That is strange, for you were so anxious to get in. What kind of a ticket was it, and what was written on it?"

"Why, it was as plain a ticket as you ever obtained for a public meeting, and it had nothing on it but the words:

**"ADMIT THE BEARER—  
A SINNER."**

Luke 18. 18, 14.

"Was that all?" "Yes. And what kept me so long from getting in was, that I always *added* something to the words on the ticket, when I presented it. Whenever the Lord saw anything of my adding, it was refused. The first time I went, I wrote at the bottom, 'But not so great a sinner as many of my neighbours.' That would not do, so I rubbed it out and put down, 'But is doing the best he can to improve.' That would not do either, so I became more anxious, and prayed and wept awhile, and then added 'Who is praying and weeping for his sins' Even that wouldn't do. After that I began to despair, and wrote down, 'Too great a sinner to be saved.' That only made matters worse, and I had almost given up, when I looked at Christ and heard Him say, 'I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved' (John 10. 9), and 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' (John 6. 37), as well as those precious words, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely' (Rev. 22. 17). I looked again at that parable of the Pharisee and Publican, and saw that it was *simply* as *a sinner* that he went and was justified. He did not make his sins too great to be forgiven, nor too little to need forgiveness. He went just as he was, 'a sinner,' and trusting to the promised grace of God, he went down to his house 'justified.' I remembered that Jesus had said, 'I came to call sinners to repentance,' so pulled out the old ticket, and without adding a word, presented it. It was accepted, and I entered." Reader I go thou and do likewise, and, as God is true, thou wilt be justified.



## WAS HIS MOTHER REALLY WORTH IT?

One day, when in the town among the shops with father, he had seen a nice vase, but its price was half a crown.

Oh, dear, fancy saving up 30 pennies!



"A COUNTRY BOY."

## WAS HIS MOTHER REALLY WORTH IT?



A COUNTRY boy was very anxious to buy his mother a present for her next birthday, so he decided to save up all his pennies for this purpose. And he had his eye on such a lovely present. One day, when in the town among the shops with father, he had seen a nice vase, but its price was half a crown. Oh, dear, fancy saving up 30 pennies! Never mind, he would have a good try, and so he saved his pennies week after week until he had the right amount. When his father was going to town again Johnny gave him this money, and asked him to get this vase for him. Of course his father was quite surprised at this request, and especially at Johnny having saved up all that money, and so he said to Johnny, "Isn't it a lot for you to spend on a birthday present for mother?" But listen to Johnny's reply, "Yes, father, but she's worth it." That's what every boy and girl thinks about mother, isn't it?

But we find in the Bible that Someone is "worth it." It says in Revelation 5. 12, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Of course the Lamb is Jesus, because you will remember that John the Baptist said of Him, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Now, if Jesus is worthy, what can we give Him to show that we really believe it?

We can give **ourselves**, can't we? We can love Him because He first loved us; yes, loved us so much as to die on the Cross of Calvary for us. If we really believe this and trust our Lord Jesus for salvation we are giving ourselves.

And we can give our lives; indeed, if we truly give ourselves we cannot help but give our lives.

And lastly, we can give our **praises**. Paul says, "In everything give thanks;" yes, everything we do we can do cheerfully and with a glad heart, and when other boys and girls see how happy we are they will want our Saviour, too.

May our present to the Lord Jesus be these three things, and then when we all get to Heaven we shall be in that great choir which no man can number, singing still the old song, "WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN." H.G.W.

## WHAT A BLIND MAN SAW.



[T was a hot and sunny day—just one of those days when going across one of the Kentish downs makes you long for a cool, shady tree, and makes the temptation to sit down under the tree fairly irresistible.

I was walking along the road over Barham Downs in Kent,

the very stones of which seemed to give back the fierce heat that beat down everywhere, when I came upon a man sitting by the roadside on the bank reading a book which was spread open on his knees.

"Silly fellow to try his eyes by reading in such bright sunlight," thought I; but as I drew nearer I found that the man was reading with his fingers instead of his eyes. Yes, he was blind, and his book was one of those with raised types, which have proved such a boon to many a poor possessor of sightless eyes. "Good morning, friend! You have something to read which interests you. Where did you get hold of such a good book?" "Yes, sir, it is interesting. A lady in Dover lent it to me. It's the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' sir."

I sat by his side much interested, and after some further talk remarked, "What a beautiful day it is! It seems a pity you can't enjoy a day like this as I can." "Well, sir, I can enjoy it very much more than you think I can. I can enjoy the prospect of this lovely country as much as yourself! You see that clump of copper beeches over there? Aren't they lovely with the sunshine on the leaves? They've such a fine rich brown colour! And, look there," he continued, pointing to the left, "that road up there takes you through one of the prettiest woods in the county.



## What a Blind Man Saw.

Do you see the fine old Tudor house at the foot of the hill? It's a fine building, with its red bricks and its ivy-covered gables and its mullioned windows."

I looked in the various directions pointed out by my companion, and then at him in surprise. "Why, my friend, I thought you were blind!" "So I am, sir; I've been blind ever since I was a young child."

"But how is it you are able to describe the scenery round so accurately?" "Well, sir, I have some little idea of colour and distance, and, you see, sir, there's a young fellow who lives in our village and often comes and sits down beside me during his dinner hour, and he tells me all about the views and the scenery, so that all the objects round are quite familiar to me."

"Then you believe all he tells you; are you not afraid of his telling you what is not true?" I asked. "No fear of that, sir," was the hearty response; "I know him too well. He wouldn't tell a lie," and a bright, confident smile came over the old man's face.

After a little more talk I said good-bye, and went on my walk, but my talk with my blind companion had set me thinking. Shall I tell you my thoughts? They were:

"How much all this is like the Lord Jesus Christ. As that blind man *heard* and *believed* what an unseen friend told him, so we *hear* the Lord Jesus, *believe* in Him, and are saved. Then our blind eyes cannot see, our hearts cannot conceive the things God has prepared for them that love Him. But by faith we can see some of the glories of that heavenly land, for has He not told us, 'In My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you?' (John 14. 1) True, our eyes have not seen, but 'He is faithful, His Word is true.' 'We have not followed cunningly devised fables,' and one day our eye 'shall see the King in His beauty.'"

J.C.H.W.

## WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.



It was in eighteen forty-seven  
When first I knew my sins forgiven.  
Jesus Himself makes life worth living;  
I keep taking, He keeps giving,  
Hidden within the Rock once riven,  
Heaven all the way to Heaven. T.F.

## A LITTLE WORD WITH A BIG MEANING.



MAKE large *red* letters on cards in *black* as shown. Letter S made like a snake, with open mouth and sting. Colour red, because it denotes danger, seen a long way off, and deepest dyed.

JUST three letters: S I N, but oh! what a great deal they mean! In them we read the cause of every sorrow, every pain, every tear, and every death. For by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin (Rom. 5. 12). What is sin? Well, the first letter is S It sounds like "*hiss*," the hiss of the serpent, and it looks like one, too. Does not that teach us who is the cause of sin? Was it not Satan who first tempted Eve to sin against God, and did he not come in the form of a serpent? (Gen. 3. 1). Our next letter is

I so now we have "Satan and I." Did you ever notice that Satan did not take of the "Tree" himself, but enticed Eve to do it. And so he wants our company that he, working through us, may carry out his designs by getting us to commit sin. Our last letter is

N (*place letters so—S I N*). And now we can see that Satan is "IN"—in our hearts. What an awful fact, and yet how true (Eph. 2. 2).

Now what does sin do? (*Place card with TINGS after letter S.*) Sin stings worse than any snake, and its sting is fatal, "For the soul that sinneth it shall die." It stings in life. Many are bearing the marks of sin now.

Then sin is strong. (*Place card with TRONG after S.*) The writer once took a big boy at a meeting and tied his arms with red tacking cotton. He easily broke it at first, but when it was wound round him many times he could not. How like sin! The older we grow the stronger sin grows. It may be the silken thread of pride, or the coarser threads of big ugly sins. They are equally strong.

(*Now place IN and card with BRED on.*) Sin is inbred. We are born in sin, and we grow in sin. Yes! the sweetest baby that ever was born was born a sinner.

## A Little Word with a Big Meaning.

(*Now place card with F E C T S on after I N.*) Sin infects. It is highly contagious. Like leprosy it is unclean, and makes everything it touches unclean. There is no plague we ought to shun more than sin. It not only affects us, but those with whom we come in contact.

(*Add card with C U R S on to I N.*) Sin incurs, that is, it renders us liable to the judgment of God. God hates sin, but loves the sinner, and He has said "Though hand join hand sin shall not go unpunished." That was why He punished His Son, because He was made to be sin for us, that we might be made the opposite of sin—righteousness. How nice to know that the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin! He is able and willing to save from the power of sin, cleanse from its defilement, and deliver from its penalty.

W.A.

## MORE ABOUT JESUS.

WHEN the *Blood* of Jesus  
Sprinkles all within,  
Rests the burdened conscience  
From its load of sin.

When the *love* of Jesus  
Floods the willing heart,  
Hateful thoughts and selfish  
Hasten to depart.

When the *power* of Jesus  
Strengthens heart and will,  
Chains of sin are broken,  
Passion's storm is still.

When the *Word* of Jesus  
Dwells within the mind,  
Food, and light, and guidance  
For the path we find.

And when this *same* Jesus  
Soon shall come again,  
We shall then be like Him,  
And with Him shall reign.

GEO. GOODMAN.



## HEROES BRAVE AND TRUE.



**W**HAT boy or girl does not admire the heroes and heroines of the Bible, of history, or of our own day? Hence we select for this month's

**Picture Painting**, No. 20, one of the greatest heroes of all ages. You surely can tell his name and where his story is given in the Bible you love so well. Paint any colour, put *reference*, with your name, age, and address, at foot or on back of picture, and post to Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow. Awards duly announced. No. 19 was Queen Esther before Ahasuerus (Esther 5. 2).

**Original Acrostic**, No. 337.—Very soon we will have given 400 of these interesting searchings. What turning of Bible leaves! What activity of little minds concerning Bible persons and things! Surely all for the good of memory and of truth. Here are eleven questions, the initials of the answers will give an important truth:

A *name* in Genesis 24. 29.  
A *word* in Revelation 1. 8.  
A prophetic *book* of one chapter.  
A *name* in 2 Samuel 15. 23.  
The prophetic *book* of a herdman.  
A *name* in Numbers 26. 33.  
A woman's *name* in Acts 9. 36.  
A *name* in Luke 16. 24.  
The longest prophetic *book*.  
A *name* in Numbers 13. 14.  
A *name* in 1 Samuel 1. 9.  
The first letter of each word gives  
God's message unto you.

J. A. W. H.

**Answer to No. 336.**—Colossians, Omega, Matthew, Ephesus—Urbane, Nicodemus, Thaddaeus, Obed—Mary Magdalene, Epaphras. "COME UNTO ME" (Matt. 11. 28).

**Monthly Awards.**—**MAY** Selection. *Acrostic*: Muriel Hawkins, Bristol. *Rearranging Squares*: Muriel Calverley, Orillia, Ont. *Painting Picture*: Harry Allen, Birmingham. *Describing Picture*: Frances Share, Walsall Wood.

## THE YOUNG ACTRESS.



A YOUNG actress, who had earned the applause and admiration of many by her beautiful voice and clever acting, was on her way to the theatre, where she would again win the plaudits of hundreds, yet she felt unsatisfied in spite of her success. She would be growing old soon, her voice would be going, and — well, there was something further on still, there was death — and what should she do when that drew near? There was the great score of sin to be settled — ah! — perhaps it was

that that caused the heavy heart to-night. Suddenly through the hum of the busy city there broke the clear ring of children's voices singing in the street; they were close beside her, and the words fell distinctly on her ear:

"Depth of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

"There for me the Saviour stands, [hands  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His  
God is love, I know and feel—  
Jesus lives, and loves me still."

It was a new, a strange message, to the sin-sick soul, and the young actress listened eagerly to the words. When they were finished, she asked the children to repeat them, which they did over and over again; then giving them a few pence she passed on, with the lines ringing in her ears and heart. As she stepped upon the stage of the theatre, her thoughts were far away from the audience around her. She opened her lips and almost unconsciously the words rang out:

"Depth of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for Me?"

They were followed by an astonished silence — the actress turned and left the stage — left the theatre, and hurried out into the darkened streets, never pausing until she had reached the room she had so lately quitted; there, with the door locked, she threw herself upon her knees and accepted that "depth of mercy" that had been reserved for her, and gave herself, body, soul, and spirit, to the One who had died in her stead.



## JULIA'S SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

One day she slipped away with Miss Crane's Bible in her hand, determining to read it for herself while the rest of the family were at luncheon. Sitting near the window, she began her search for truth.



"BUT HOW?"



## JULIA'S SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

LIFE opened very brightly before young Julia, the loved child of parents whose one desire was her happiness. But, sad to say, they sought it for her in a world which could never satisfy her soul. Happily, amid the whirl of pleasure-seeking, there was one good counter-acting influence for Julia in the ministry of Dr. Reid, whose week-day classes for young ladies she also attended.

Julia watched the words and actions of her elders, and, not being satisfied with what she saw in several, she came to the conclusion that only her mother, her governess, and Dr. Reid were really in the path that leads to Heaven.

One day she slipped away with Miss Crane's Bible in her hand, determining to read it for herself while the rest of the family were at luncheon. Sitting near the window, she began her search for truth. She opened the Book at Genesis, and read through chapter after chapter, and was deep in its perusal when the bell, calling her to her studies, rang, and the step of her governess was heard. At that very moment her eyes rested on a marked passage in Miss Crane's Bible. It happened to be the only one that was marked. It was this: "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness" (1 John 5. 19). Hastily shutting the Book, Julia returned it to its place, thinking within herself, "Yes, they are of God, and I am of the wicked one." She saw that there is a distinction between the saved and the unsaved.

That same week Dr. Reid gave the young girls of his Monday class this subject for their study, "All are sinners;" and he told them to bring from the Bible some texts proving that such is the case. This much displeased Julia, but, feeling obliged to give him one, she selected this: "There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not" (Eccles. 7. 20).

Years fled away. Julia had grown to early womanhood, and turning to man all the time, the question before her was, "How shall my soul escape judgment?" Thus it continued with her until one afternoon, while sorrowfully going home from the Sunday school, a voice, as it were from Heaven, suddenly said to her, "How do you know that you are your mother's child?" She stood still and answered, "Because she tells me so, and all her actions prove it." Then the voice said again, "And do not Mine?"

## Julia and Her Happy Day.

Did God not tell her of His love, did His own Son not prove it, could she not believe in Him? At once, and aloud, Julia answered, "They do, Lord; Thou art my Father and my God." Thus in the quiet country lane God spoke rest to her. Jehovah-Jesus, the Lord whose mighty arm had dried up the sea, had, in His tender love to a poor, anxious soul, dried up her tears. The joy of her deliverance, after the years of bondage, was such that she was enabled at once to make a stand for her loving Saviour and Lord.



JULIA WITH HER COMPANIONS ON A HOLIDAY.

Since that bright day on which God spoke peace to her soul Julia's faith has not wavered, for she rests on the Saviour according to the authority of God's Word. Her great delight is to tell to others how that He had set her feet on a Rock, and put a new song in her mouth.

If you are yet out of Christ, Julia would invite you to accept God's blessed gift, that you may be set free from the bondage of sin and self, and be devoted to the service of Him who paid such a price for your redemption. J.M'C.

## "ONCE, TWICE, THRICE!"

"ONCE, twice, thrice!" What Bible text is that? Turn up and read Job 30. 14, "God speaketh *once*." I remember when God *once* spoke to me about my soul and about my sins.

Out fishing, I fell into the water. I felt myself going down, down, down; the water closed over my head, and the last thing I remembered was that I had got hold of a *large stone at the bottom* and was clinging to that. When I recovered consciousness I was safe on the bank, rescued by a strong deliverer who had plunged in to save me.

You think it was foolish of me to lay hold of a stone to keep me from sinking, but I know many young people who think that because they go to Sunday school, and learn verses from the Bible, they will be sure to go to Heaven. What you really need is a Deliverer, and Jesus has come from Heaven to save you. Will you trust Him? or will you still cling to your own doings, which can only sink you lower and lower into a lost eternity?

"God speaketh once, yea, *twice*," and the second time He spoke to me was when I grew up to be a big boy of fourteen. I then lived by the seaside, and had permission to take out my father's sailing boat, becoming quite expert with sail and oar, as a seaman's son should be. On Sundays I often took a full boat of children to the Sunday school, thus saving them a long tramp round the bay, although our boat was not quite so full as shown in photo.

One day after I had got my "crew" safely landed, and was standing on the gunwale pushing off, somehow or other I lost my footing and fell overboard. It is very remarkable how many thoughts cross the mind in a moment of danger, but what came before me then was how often I had heard the Gospel, and that I was still unsaved. God spared my life then, and I was rescued a second time from death, but conscience was now thoroughly aroused, and the still small voice kept saying, "If you had been drowned where would your soul have been?" Full well I knew where, but I did not want to yield myself to God, and the reason was—I did not know His love.

I thought I could make myself fit for God, but I soon became convinced that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I never knew the power of sin till I tried to regulate it, and then I found that sin



## Thrice Delivered from Death.



A BOATFUL OF CHILDREN.

Photo Wallace, Sidmouth.

was a master. In short, I learned that I was a sinner on the road to destruction, and that, with all my "doings," I was utterly unable to save myself. So one night in

## Once—'Twice —Thrice.

my own room I got down before the Lord and cried, "Lord, I give it up. I cannot save myself. If I am to be saved at all, *Thou* must save me," *and there and then He did*. Like a flash the light broke upon me, and I saw that He had just been waiting for me to give up my struggling and *accept* His Salvation. "As many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John 1. 12).

As a helpless and guilty sinner I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I was saved. I rose from my knees and praised the Lord. I was so happy that I wept for joy. From that moment everything seemed changed, for I was changed myself. The old bondage was gone for ever, and I rejoiced in a Saviour known; eternal life possessed. E.L.O.P.



### BOYS, DO RIGHT!

NEVER mind if you are laughed at when you do what is right. The time will come when those who do the wrong will be the sufferers. Thirty years ago a little boy who was on his way to the Sunday school was tempted by some boys to have a ramble in the woods on the Lord's day. He firmly replied, "No!" That little boy is now a man, and has cause to thank God for earthly blessings and prosperity. God has blessed him. Boys who dishonour the Lord's day become bad men—a sorrow to their parents and friends, and a disgrace to their country. The Bible says, "It shall be well with the righteous" (Isa. 3. 10).

BOYS, DO RIGHT!

L-W.

## DO YOU LIKE SUN OR SNOW BEST?



**I**N a month like this most of us would like to be in the land depicted in the picture, although even there, there were dangers, as your Bible will show if you turn up the story of the little boy who went out in the sun. Make it

**Picture Painting**, No. 21, use your imagination as to Eastern colours in dress and sky, paint it bright and beautiful, then send to Editor and await awards. All pictures received any month are put together, thus all have equal chance for a prize irrespective of time or distance.

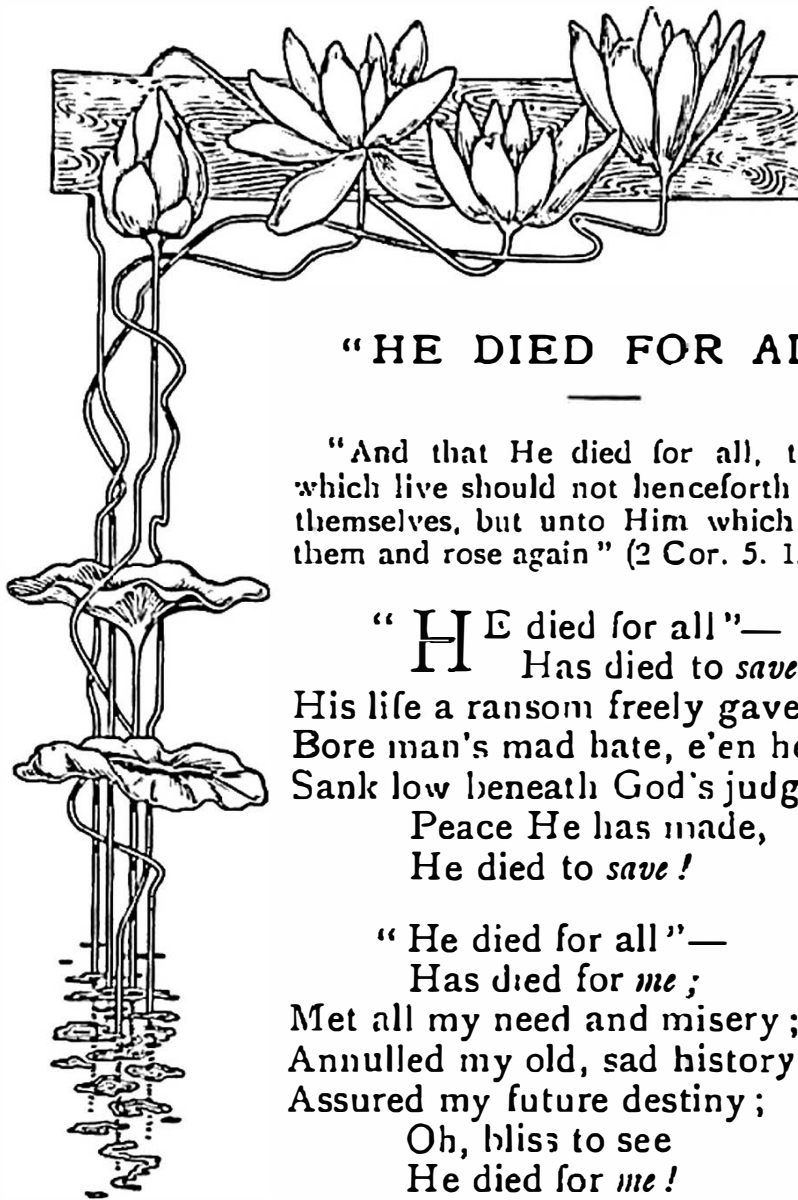
**Scripture Acrostics** for diligent searchers, No. 338.—A study in the books of the Book of books:

1. The book that ends with "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes."
2. The book that begins with "Now these are the names of the children of Israel."
3. A book—the first chapter ends with: In the beginning of barley harvest."
4. One book of several that begins with "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God."
5. A book—its second chapter ends with "He shall be called a Nazarene."
6. A book—its eighth chapter ends by saying, "They shall be driven to darkness."
7. A book that ends with the words: "Saith the Lord thy God."
8. A book that ends with "Saith the Lord of Hosts."

The answer is the name of a prophet who said, "Behold I am a child, for I cannot speak." J.C.

**Answer to No. 337.**—Laban, Omega, Obadiah, Kidron—Amos Noah, Dorcas—Lazarus, Isaiah, Vophsi, Eli "LOOK AND LIVE" (Num. 21. 8; John 3. 14, 15).





## "HE DIED FOR ALL."

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"And that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again" (2 Cor. 5. 15).

"**H**E died for all"—  
Has died to *save* ;  
His life a ransom freely gave ;  
Bore man's mad hate, e'en hell did brave ;  
Sank low beneath God's judgment wave ;  
Peace He has made,  
He died to *save* !

"He died for all"—  
Has died for *me* ;  
Met all my need and misery ;  
Annulled my old, sad history ;  
Assured my future destiny ;  
Oh, bliss to see  
He died for *me* !

"He died for all"—  
Has died for *you* !  
Endured sin's just and awful due ;  
Brought thus God's love and light to view ;  
From high now wafts the message true !  
Your soul to woo—  
He died for *you* !

"He died for all"—  
The great the small ;  
But *only* saves from sin's dark thrall  
*Those* who in faith before Him fall !  
The rest His wrath shall soon appal.  
Heed, then, the call—

"He died for all !"

S J. B. C.

## HOW TO RIDE A CYCLE.

At last you venture to trust yourself entirely to the cycle, pedal steadily, and on you go. A fall or two may follow, but you have learned to "commit" yourself to the machine.



"ON YOU GO."

## HOW TO RIDE A CYCLE.

WHICH of us has not had that peculiar sensation of riding a cycle for the first time. After a number of trials you get on the way, wishing you could keep one foot on the ground and the other on the pedal. At last you venture to trust yourself entirely to the cycle, pedal steadily, and on you go. A fall or two may follow, but you have learned to "commit" yourself to the machine.

In watching novices I have often thought what a picture of Salvation. We try to do a bit and let the Lord Jesus do the other bit. We want one hand on self and the other on the Saviour. But at last we realise that it must be wholehearted trust in Christ or no trust at all. Like Paul, we "commit" ourselves to Him (2 Tim. 1. 12), trust and do not fear, and steadily march on our way to the Promised Land. Say *now*, "I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. 12. 2). HYP.

## A YOUNG SOLDIER'S VICTORY.

"YOU have a good brain-box, and you ought to make a good man." Such were the words of a well-known worker to a young recruit who had come to her Soldiers' Home. But with all his brains he was a wayward lad, for brains without grace too often lead men away from God rather than toward Him.

"You have a good brain-box," rather won the young soldier, and wayward as he was, he wanted to make a good man, so he determined to frequent the "Home" and hear how it could be brought about.

The "Welcome" in the High Street was frequented by many of his young comrades, and many a happy hour he put in there. Companionship was a great item in the making of a good man, and here he found the best of companions.

The singing, too, was influencing him, and young soldiers do like singing, especially if they choose their own hymns. One favourite was:

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the Cross."

Sunday afternoon was always a great time, when the young fellows gathered around the Word of God and then had tea together. After the tea came a Gospel address, when the peace terms were proclaimed from the King of



**“You Have a Good Brain-Box.”**



MANY A HAPPY HOUR WAS PUT IN THERE.

kings to all who had rebelled against His rule. And it came to pass that these good things got into that good brain-box, and into the heart, changing an enemy into a child, through faith in the Christ who died and rose again. God was beginning to make a good man of him.

Then came the testing. He joined his battalion and found himself in a barrack-room with some sixteen others; but he wrote to say that he was “getting on well,” and “leaning hard on Christ.” God had indeed made a true man of him, faithful and true to the flag under which he had enlisted.

W.L.

### **“FIFTEEN SHILLINGS OR SEVEN DAYS.”**

SHE did not look like an habituée of the Police Courts as she stood in the dock of a Glasgow Court, with head bent and tears of shame coursing down her cheeks. A young woman—not long out of her teens—she now found herself in the grip of the law, with a stain upon her character that time could never remove. It was the old story of a wayward girl, tired of home restraints, breaking the ties that bound her to home and purity, and going out into the city to taste “the pleasures of sin.” As she was led from the bar, after sentence had been pronounced upon her, and took her place among the other prisoners now awaiting removal to the prison, her distress brought tears

## How Mother Paid the Fine.

to eyes that had long ceased to weep for their own sins.

Soon the prison van appeared, and a short journey brought her within the gates of the prison. A little later and the door of a narrow cell closed upon her and shut her up to four bare walls and to thoughts that were bitter and more burning than the tears she still shed. Could she but live those weeks over again! Could she but undo the past! Why had she not listened to the warnings that a good mother had so often given her! And now it was too late, and the future held out no hope to her! Such were the thoughts that passed in quick succession through her troubled mind.

The following day an aged woman, whom the passing years seemed to have treated none too kindly, sought her way to the Fiscal's Office in the city. Her inquiries soon confirmed her fears. It was true then that her daughter was now a prisoner of the law! Could she obtain her release? When she learned that payment of a fine would bring liberty to her erring child hastily the money was paid over, and the story told of a long walk many miles from a country district to town to save the railway fare, so that nothing might be wanting of the full sum that would meet the demands of justice.

The Fiscal's Clerk wrote out the liberation order: "Be good enough to release prisoner — who was convicted of the crime of theft at the Justice of Peace Court, Glasgow, on — and sentenced to pay a fine of fifteen shillings or suffer an alternative of seven days' imprisonment. And with this precious document clasped tightly in her hand—a document that would open the way to liberty for her child again—she made her way to the gates of the prison, and soon an erring but now repentant child and a forgiving mother were clasped in each other's arms.

Young friend, may I ask how stands it with you? Are you conscious of having "gone astray?" (Isa. 53. 6)—conscious of laws—God's laws—wilfully and persistently violated? (Rom. 1. 32), that you also stand condemned? (Rom. 3. 19), and soon—sooner, perhaps, than may be known to you—the sentence will be carried out? (Rom. 2. 8, 9), and your doom sealed for ever (Matt. 25. 46). But, stay! Is there no hope of deliverance from this dread sentence? No love that will equal that of the

## How Jesus Paid it All.

mother for her sinning child? Praise God! Yes! Love stronger than a mother's (Isa. 49. 15). Love that has found its expression in a gift to the world of an only Son (John 3. 16). Hear the words: "Deliver *him* from going down to the pit: I have found a Ransom" (Job 33. 24). Will you accept His pardon?

Will you believe that His death upon the Cross—the



HER EVIDENT DISTRESS BROUGHT TEARS TO MANY EYES.



## Fifteen Shillings or Seven Days.

ransom price—frees you for ever from eternal death?  
Will you trust Him now? Will you live for him in the  
future? If so, you will live with Him to all eternity, and  
through the everlasting days your glad song will be—

"He bore on the tree, the sentence for me,  
And now both the surety and sinner are free." R.M.



### COME IN AND GO OUT.

A LITTLE girl, not very old,  
Knelt down one night to pray:  
I give you here the very words  
Her mother heard her say:

"Dear Jesus, come into my heart  
And take out every stain;  
But, mind, as soon as you *come in*  
You must *go out* again."

This is the way big sinners act  
When they invite the Lord;  
For Christ to stay there all the time  
To them appears absurd.

But Jesus will not come like that,  
So if you truly pray  
To Him to come and enter in,  
Be sure He comes to *slay*.

T.B.

## THE LAST MONTH OF THE YEAR



brings with it the greatest of all questions, Have I fled from the wrath to come or am I still sitting at ease? The persons in the picture were urged to "flee." With what results?

**Picture Painting, No. 22** (as given above). No. 21 was the little boy who went out in the sun (2 Kings 4. 19).

**Special Season's Searching, No. 339.** At the close of one year and the commencement of the next, it is well to survey the whole **Alphabet** of Bible characters and things.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>A</b> was a monarch, who reigned in the East. Esther.....     | <b>L</b> was a proud one, who had a great fall. Isaiah.....            |
| <b>B</b> was a Chaldee, who made a great feast. Daniel.....      | <b>M</b> was a nephew, whose uncle was good. Colossians..... Acts..... |
| <b>C</b> was veracious, when others told lies. Numbers.....      | <b>N</b> was a city, long hid where it stood. Zechariah.....           |
| <b>D</b> was a woman, heroic and wise. Judges.....               | <b>O</b> was a servant, acknowledged a brother. Philemon.....          |
| <b>E</b> was a refuge, where David spared Saul. 1 Samuel.....    | <b>P</b> was a Christian, greeting another. 2 Timothy.....             |
| <b>F</b> was a Roman, accuser of Paul. Acts.....                 | <b>R</b> was a damsel, who knew a man's voice. Acts.....               |
| <b>G</b> was a garden, a frequent resort. John..... Matthew..... | <b>S</b> was a sovereign, who made a bad choice. 1 Kings.....          |
| <b>H</b> was a city, where David held court. 2 Samuel.....       | <b>T</b> was a seaport, where preaching was long. Acts.....            |
| <b>I</b> was a mocker, a very bad boy. Genesis.....              | <b>U</b> was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong. 2 Samuel.....      |
| <b>J</b> was a city, preferred as a joy. Psalm.....              | <b>V</b> was a cast-off, and never restored. Esther.....               |
| <b>K</b> was the father, whose son was quite tall. 1 Samuel..... | <b>Z</b> was a ruin, with sorrow deplored. Psalm.....                  |

## NEW LIFE AT THE NEW YEAR.

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As the old year was dying and the new year was dawning I passed from darkness to light. Through some of my friends who were saved I heard of special meetings one hundred miles away, but miles were nothing to me, the question that absorbed my mind being—Can I find rest for my troubled soul? As meeting after meeting passed, my distress increased, and no words that were spoken seemed to help me. Hanging on the wall before me were several Scripture texts, among them that searching one: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Though the words of the preacher failed to reach me, this scripture was like a shining light in a dark place, removing from me every hope of reaching heaven apart from the new birth. Deeper and darker did my distress increase until I could say, like Robert Murray M'Cheyne:

"When free grace awoke me by light from on high,  
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;  
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be."

Even as I passed to and fro among the Lord's people, partaking of the meals so bountifully provided, the thought impressed me that I did not deserve the food. The meetings in due time came to an end, but I was still in darkness and distress, hell with its horrors being before me, and like the Philippian Jailor my heart was asking the question: "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 31).

In that dark hour of my distress God graciously, by His Spirit, led me to look to the cross, there to behold Christ Jesus as the Sin-bearer. I saw that He paid the debt when He died upon the tree. Rising to my feet, I began to sing:

"I do believe it! I do believe it!  
I'm saved through the blood of the Lamb,  
My happy soul is free,  
For the Lord has pardoned me,  
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!"

Let me ask, are you born again? If not, why not now look from self to Christ? Receive Him as your Saviour. Believe in Him and you too will be able in truth to sing and say, "I am saved through the blood of the Lamb." "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." J.W.I.



## DID GOD SEND HIS SON FOR ME?

"I've been to the meeting, and a gentleman has been telling us how God sent His Son to die for us, and if we only believe on Him we shall have everlasting life."



A BOURNEMOUTH BOY.

## DID GOD SEND HIS SON FOR ME ?

THE Hall, known to most Christian visitors to beautiful Bournemouth, was full of young folk of all ages. The speaker took for his subject that afternoon John 3. 16, and to make it more forcible, he wrote it in large letters on a blackboard:

**"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).**

He told them of God's love in sending His own Son to die for them, so that they might have everlasting life. Then, just as he was telling them, a little girl of eight summers got up and said, "Please sir, did God send His Son to die for *me*?" The tears were rolling down her cheeks. "Oh, yes, my dear!" said he; "God did send His Son for *you*. He sent Him so that you might have everlasting life." "So that I might have everlasting life!" said the little girl. "Yes, if you will only believe on Jesus and what He has done." "Then I *do* believe." "Do you? Then you *have* everlasting life." "I have it! I have it!" said she, amidst her tears. Many more that afternoon were broken down through that little girl's confession.

Now, let us follow the little girl home. She is full of joy, and, running into her mother's arms, she exclaims "Mother, I have it! Mother, I have it!" "What have you got, my child?" "Why, mother, I have got everlasting life. I've been to the meeting, and a gentleman has been telling us how God sent His Son to die for us, and if we only believe on Him we shall have everlasting life."

The child began to quote John 3. 16. The mother, bewildered, exclaims, "Where is that, my child?" "Why, don't you know, mother, it is in the Bible—John 3. 16?"

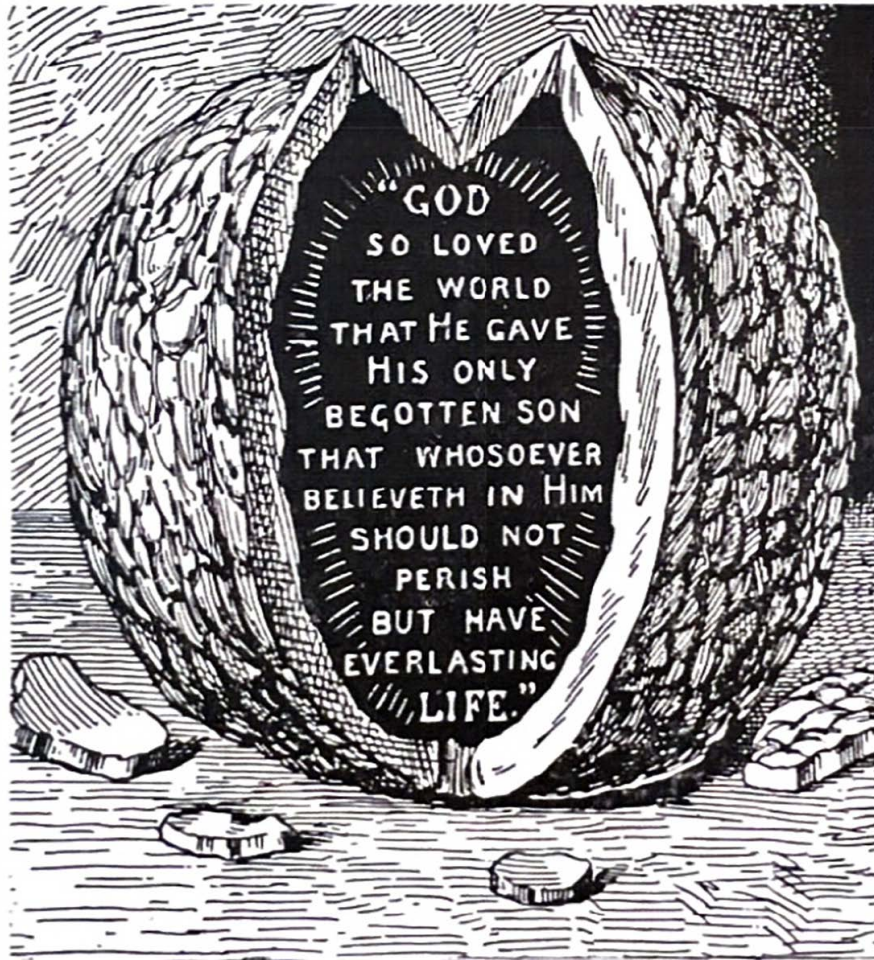
The mother breaks down, tears begin to flow freely. Says she, "Come, my child, let us go in next door and see what Mrs. Southerne says." Again the child tells her story, till the neighbour too is in tears. "Is there a meeting to-night, child?" said they. "Oh, yes! at such-and-such a time, and the gentleman wants you to go too." "We will go," said they, "and hear more of these things."

At the appointed hour they went. They heard for the first time of God's love in sending His Son to die *for them*.



## A Bournemouth Story—A Bournemouth Boy.

They heard they were sinners, afar off from God, They believed the message, and the result was both mother and her neighbour went home rejoicing that they had got eternal life. Now let me ask: Have *you* got everlasting life? Do *you* know what it is to feel your need of Jesus? He has died for *you*, He loves *you*, and wants to bless *you*. Then come to Him now. Trust in what He has done, and all will be well. E.W.



### IF HE WERE COMING TO-NIGHT.

"HOW good it would be if He came to-night!" These words fell on my ears as I looked up from the book I was reading. "If *who* came to-night?" I wondered if we were going to have a visitor and my curiosity was aroused. As I listened I found that it was the Lord Jesus my two friends were talking about. Quick as thought the answer rose in my mind, "Oh, no! it would not be good if He came *to-night*, for I am not ready to meet Him."



## If the Lord Jesus Comes To-Night!

Right well I knew that the Lord Jesus was Coming back again, and that only those whose sins were forgiven would go with Him, and that those who were not ready would be left behind for judgment.

But "Coming *to-night*"—somehow I hadn't even thought that possible. And as for death, was I not young, and well, and likely to live a great many years yet? So I believed what Satan said: "There was plenty of time yet." After thinking over it a few moments I turned to the book I had before thought so interesting, to find that it had now lost its charm, and in my ears were ringing the words, "*Coming to-night, Coming to-night.*"

Days and weeks passed, and instead of getting rid of the feeling, I got awakened to see the danger I was in. I used to think I was no worse than other girls, and a great deal better than some, and while I knew I was not converted, I really meant to be—some day. Many a night I lay awake unable to go to sleep lest the Lord Jesus should "*come*" and I should be "*left*" behind.

One Sunday evening I went to a Gospel meeting. On previous occasions I was glad when the preaching was over. To-night I listened to every word as for my very life, yet nothing the preacher said seemed to meet my case. At the close a gentleman said to me, "Do you know the Lord Jesus?" Then he took up the Bible I had been reading so diligently during the past months, and read from Isaiah 53, making it personal, thus, "He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities, the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and by His stripes *I am healed.*" That night I learned that the Lord Jesus had died for *me*, but yet I could not say that I was saved. I tried to *feel* before I had learned to *know*. So what God said was true.

This continued for some weeks. On Sundays I was hoping; on Mondays I was doubting, until at last I was almost despairing of ever knowing the peace I longed for. But at length, when I think I must have done everything I could to hinder Jesus from saving me, I shut myself in my room and told Him how I had tried to make myself better, and how I had failed, and that if He would just take me *as I was* I would give myself to Him. As I knelt there in the deep consciousness that I was in the very

## Are You Ready to Meet Him?

presence of God, the words from Isaiah came into my mind,  
"I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine." J.O.



THEY WERE LOOKING FOR AEROPLANES OR SOMETHING IN THE SKY. IF THE LORD  
HAD COME, WHAT THEN?



## A NEW YEAR PICNIC.



YOUNGER CHILDREN OF NEW LYNN SCHOOL, NEW ZEALAND.

ALTHOUGH we are away in what might be termed the uttermost parts of the earth, we are glad to say that we still get the *Boys and Girls*, and they remind us very forcibly of happy days spent in Sunday school work in Paisley. We have a fine school here of about one hundred boys and girls, and, best of all, not a few of them are rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

On 29th January we had our annual picnic. We all assembled at the hall about 7.30 a.m., and after much laughing and squeezing we all managed to get seated in the large motor buses that were to take us to our destination, a delightful drive through lovely country, and then into a large roomy field with plenty of shady trees. Very soon the teachers and others had the refreshments ready, and as the young folk seated themselves in companies upon the green grass, just like the people of Mark 6, we all sang heartily, "There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus" and "It was *your* sins and *my* sins that nailed Him to the tree." Then after thanks had been given to God for the lovely weather, the safe journey, and the good things provided, all set to and made short work of what was set before them. After a day's real enjoyment, a tired but happy company sang their way home, deeply thankful to our Heavenly Father for all His goodness to us.—JOHN M'LEAN, New Lynn, Auckland, N.Z.



## THE KNOWLEDGE OF SALVATION.



AMONG those who professed conversion at the evangelistic services in W—— was Miss Reid, a maiden of sixteen or seventeen summers, whose mother did not look upon the preaching or the preachers with kindly feelings. Though a professor of religion, like most respectable people in W——, Mrs. Reid had never been “born again,” and, in fact, ridiculed the idea that any one could

be certain of salvation whilst “down here.” She attended Church, took the communion, said her prayers, and helped on the “good cause” by subscribing to this, that, and the other scheme of her denomination. But “one thing needful” was lacking in her case—conversion to and by God.

Mrs. Reid heard her daughter’s testimony, but maintained that it was the height of presumption for any one to say that he was saved until he came to die or reached the glory. Multitudes of persons who pass muster as Christians when asked how long it is since they were “born again” assert that “NO ONE CAN TELL.” If the reader is one of this class, and carefully reads the New Testament Scriptures, he will see that the early Christians were “saved,” “converted,” “born again,” and knew it. It is a very popular doctrine with unbelievers that “no one can know that he is saved ;” but God’s Word completely refutes such a theory.

When Miss Reid accepted of Christ she became deeply anxious about her mother’s conversion. Again and again she asked her to go with her to the meetings. “Mother, I don’t like to go alone,” she used to say ; “come with me, and keep me company to-night.” Her earnestness and perseverance were ultimately rewarded by having the joy

of her dear one's presence at one of the Gospel services. After a hymn and prayer, the evangelist read a portion of the third chapter of the Gospel of John, basing his remarks on verse eighteen : " He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already ; because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God." In the course of his address he showed that the congregation was divided into two classes—believers and unbelievers ; that all who really believed on Christ were "*not condemned*," and that those who did not believe on Him were "*condemned already*." There was no middle position, and each one present belonged to one or the other. In searching, burning words he spoke of the happy position of the believer, and of the terrible condition of the unbeliever. He also urged those who intended retiring to rest that night unconverted, to take a pen and write on a slip of notepaper the awful words, " CONDEMNED ALREADY," and place it over the head of their beds, so that if they died before the morning their friends would know where they were, and would put no lying epitaph on their tombstones, stating that they had gone to heaven. Mrs. Reid left the meeting place very much in the condition that Naaman the Syrian left Elisha's servant when told to " wash and be clean "—in a rage. She had not been accustomed to hear such pointed preaching. On retiring to rest that night she could not sleep. The Holy Spirit was striving with her, desirous that she should renounce her religious profession and take the place of a " lost " sinner. Again and again the words rang in her ears, and laid hold of her heart and conscience—" CONDEMNED ALREADY ! " " CONDEMNED ALREADY ! " Her eyes were opened and she accepted God's verdict as to her state. Having believed what God said *against* her, she believed on Christ who died to save her from eternal woe. Then she knew that by believing on Him who bore sin's penalty and paid sin's ransom she was " not condemned," but " justified from all things."

If *you* are unconverted, even now you are " condemned already." Don't believe Satan or your own heart : condemn yourself, and justify God at once. " Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and you will be saved on the spot ; for God justifies ungodly sinners who believe in the finished work of His beloved Son (Rom. 4. 5).

A. M.