

RIPENED FRUITS

From the Garden of Grace.

Gathered by Many Hands in Many Lands.



Fully Illustrated by Photographs and Engravings



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Ripened Fruits
FROM THE GARDEN OF GRACE.

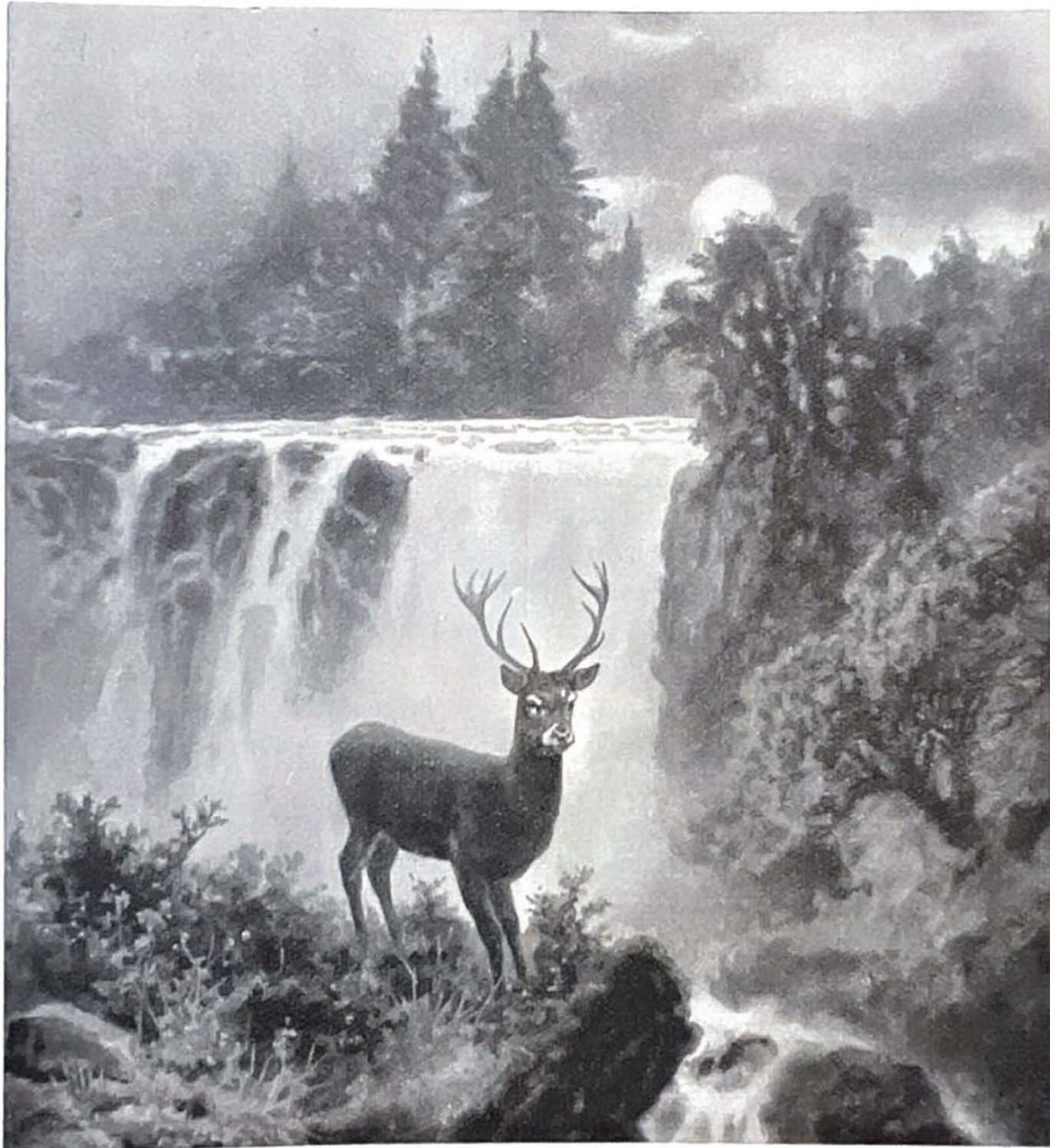


"GATHERING WILD FLOWERS IN THE WOOD."

Photo: Wallace, Sidmouth.

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THE MAID OF GALLOWAY.



"AMID WILD, MAJESTIC SCENERY IN THE MOONLIGHT."

THE MAID OF GALLOWAY;

Or. The RELIGION of her FATHERS.

SIXTEEN hundred years ago, Ninian and his helpers evangelised the sparsely-populated wilds of Galloway, and won for Christ and Christianity, by means of the Gospel that they preached, the first converts from Druid altars and barbarianism. In these far-off days, the villages may have rung with the songs of sinners saved by grace, and the voice of prayer gone up to heaven from the mud huts in which these ransomed sinners dwelt.

In the stirring times of the Covenanters, these hills and glens were the scene of many a "Conventicle," where Christ's persecuted followers gathered on the green sward, under the canopy of heaven, to worship God, and to hear His Word. On a peaceful Sunday afternoon in 1686, while James Renwick, Scotland's last martyr, was preaching Christ, a band of Claverhouse's cavalry appeared, and rudely scattered the worshippers, who fled along the glens to hide among the heather.

Tales of cruelty and oppression, which make the blood run cold, are still told by the descendants of these persecuted Christians, to their children around the glowing firesides of Galloway, and it is to be feared some are proud of the faith and

faithfulness of their progenitors, who have no faith to confess of their own. Grace does not run in the blood, nor is salvation handed down from sire to son. The individual sinner must have to do with God, to personally receive the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and be born again in order to become a true Christian.

On a fine moonlight winter night, we drove through these wilds to preach the Gospel in a village, where it is said some of the Lord's servants found a refuge in these "killing times." The scenery was extremely grand in the clear moonlight, and we could hardly keep from contrasting our safe and peaceful journey to speak of the same Christ whom the Covenanters preached, with the rough times they experienced in these very scenes.

A large kitchen with a glowing fire was our meeting place. The congregation consisted chiefly of farm-servants, out-door labourers, with a sprinkling of the "upper ten," whom I afterwards learned were the sons and daughters of well-to-do farmers in the parish. A straight and simple Gospel talk on the third chapter of John was the sermon, and in order to give it point and make it stick, I told the story of my conversion; how I was a religious sinner,

expecting to get to heaven by my own efforts, proud of my righteousness, until God stripped it from me, and shewed me that I was a lost sinner, awaiting judgment, and needing to be born again. I scarcely hoped the message would be favourably received by some, but one's comfort in such circumstances is, that God's Word finds its way to hearts knowing their need, and to others, making them feel it. At the close, there was no great haste on the part of the people to go away. I took that as a token that God had opened the hearts of some, as He did that of Lydia in Philippi, during that first Gospel meeting ever held, so far as we know, in Europe (see Acts xvi. 10-15). I was scarcely prepared, however, for what God had in store for us at the close of that simple gathering. A farmer's daughter, whose earnest, intelligent face I had watched throughout the meeting, came up to me as she was leaving, and said, "I have found out to-night what I never thought of before, that I have been trusting in the religion of my fathers, and expecting to be saved because I am a descendant of those who sealed their testimony with their blood, without being born again. My family for generations has gloried in the faith of the martyrs, but so far as I am concerned, I see quite

clearly that I have had no faith." Knowing how important it is that such a condition should not be trifled with, and that anything short of being saved through reposing in Christ, and receiving Him as a personal Saviour is dangerous, I pressed home the truth with a few weighty words of invitation and warning, and asked the question, "What are you going to do now with God's Christ, whom He has given to save you, and whose finished work upon the Cross is the procuring cause of your salvation?" With deliberation, and in hearing of her brother, who stood a short distance off, waiting, she said "I have received Him already, and I am going to tell Jim here and the rest of them at home, what peace has come into my heart with the knowledge of Christ as my own Saviour." That New-Year week was the beginning of days of grace in that household, and for many days the light that was kindled that night shone out, and guided others to the Saviour. Do not rest in a hereditary religion, in your own righteousness, nor in any other refuge of lies, but as an individual sinner, claim and confess Christ Jesus the Lord as your personal Saviour. Conversion is the cause and the start of a happy life.

HOW GOD SAVED ANDREW HARPER.

HALF a century ago at Carbella Farm, in the parish of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, Andrew Harper was born. Within sight of the farm where he spent his early years, is Airs Moss, the hiding place of many a hunted Covenanter, during "the sad killing times."

Yonder, to the right of Carbella, stands Richard Cameron's monument, marking the spot where that aged fearless champion of the faith fell, praying, "Lord, spare the green and take the dry." Brought up amid such surroundings and taught the doctrines of the Book of God in his early years, it might have been supposed that

young Harper would have grown up in the faith of his fathers. But whatever the privileges of early years, sinners need to be "born of God," to resist sin, and live the Christian life. Apart from this, they are at the mercy of every foe, and their own natural hearts which are

deceitful and desperately wicked (Jer. xvii. 9), can only lead them away from God, and further into sin. And so Andrew Harper found it, for by the time he had reached manhood, he was a worldling, caring only for its pleasures, vainly seeking to find therein satisfaction to the heart.

Tired of the daily monotony of country life, he enlisted as a soldier, and as soon as the period of his training was over, he was sent to South Africa, where the first Boer war was shortly to break forth. Hemmed in by the enemy for three months, his regiment suffered much privation, and Harper

found that the life of a soldier was not just the "easy time" he had been told it was. In the mercy of God, he came through unhurt, and received a medal and bar. Ranking now as a corporal, he was sent to India, where he saw life in other aspects, but was no nearer to



ANDREW HARPER, OF SHETTLESTON.

satisfaction amid the sins of Asia, than he had been in Africa. His time having expired, he returned to his native land, a wiser although still an unsaved man. He had learned that the world has nothing in it to satisfy the heart, and thus weary of his search for pleasure in the broken cisterns of the earth, he was ready for Christ. At this time, he was brought into contact with some who knew and manifested in their lives the reality of having Christ and His salvation, and who made it their habit, to speak to others of that which was giving their own hearts joy and gladness. By means of their faithful testimony, Harper was convicted of sin, and in deep distress of soul.

The late A. B. Gardiner of Glasgow was at the time preaching the Gospel in the place. Harper and he met one day in the house, and the earnest soul-winner spoke long and earnestly to the awakened man pointing him to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29), telling him, that it was not for the *good*, but for the *bad* that Christ died, as it is written, "while we were yet without strength, in due time, Christ died for the ungodly." Then the evangelist knelt down to pray, and the seeking sinner knelt by his side. At the close, and after a long conflict with

the powers of darkness, who never surrender their prey without a struggle, Andrew Harper rose from his knees, and said—"I will take Jesus Christ as my Saviour." No doubt this was the great crisis of his life; the moment in which he was "born of God" (1. John v. i), and passed from death to life (John v. 24). But he did not enter upon the enjoyment of peace with God, and liberty of soul, in the knowledge of his salvation, until the following Lord's Day morning, when sitting as an onlooker, while believers commemorated the Lord's death in breaking of bread, he saw fully and clearly, that through the death of Christ, he had life, and that there was now "no condemnation" (Rom. viii. 1) to him now being "in Christ Jesus." Thus saved, and set on the way to heaven, did not hide his light beneath a bushel, but let it shine. He delighted to speak of Christ to all, and from his lips, many old and young heard the story of redeeming love. In the villages, by the wayside, and in the Sunday School, he told of Christ, from a heart overflowing with the joy of his salvation. And when, after a short but happy life of service, he lay down to die, there was no cloud, no dark foreboding, no uncertainty about the future. He passed in to the Lord's presence in triumph.

THE WESTMORLAND SHEPHERD LAD.

HE walked eleven miles through the rain, to be present at a Sunday evening meeting in the Lake district, where an old schoolmate of his was to preach Christ. He got a farm labourer to look after his sheep by the lake side for that

“great change” was wrought. He got a seat in the front. When the young preacher came in, his eye fell on his old schoolmate, and going right up to where he sat, he shook hands warmly with the country lad, whose face reddened at the unex-



afternoon, and hurried away. What do you think caused him to go so far? Just this. Ever since he heard of his former schoolmate being converted and preaching Christ, he had been in soul-trouble, and he was anxious to see the lad who had been his companion, and to hear how the

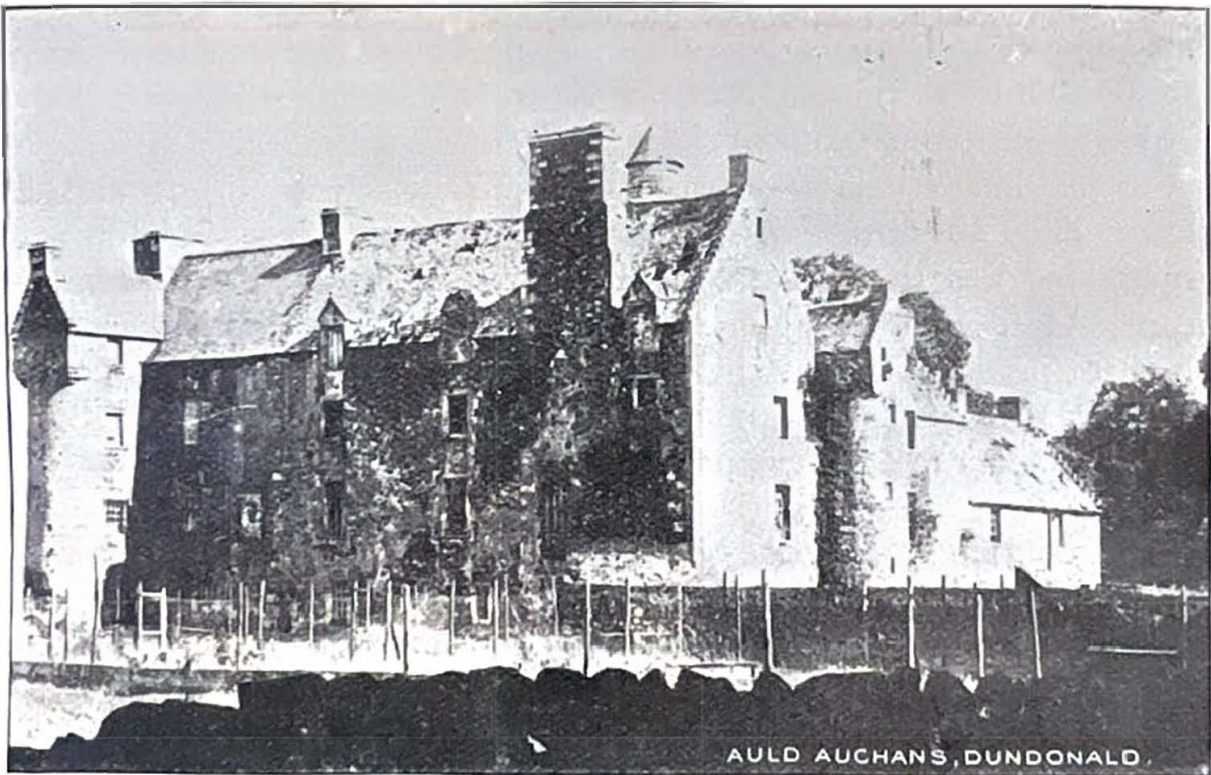
pected greeting. As the testimony to God's saving grace, and the Gospel's power to save was earnestly given, the shepherd lad was visibly affected, and frequently wiped the tear from his ruddy cheek. At the close, he decided to receive Christ, and went home rejoicing.

AULD AUCHAN'S CASTLE.

Or, THE PICTURE OF THE EXILED PRINCE ON THE WALL.

STANDING on the edge of a wood in Ayrshire, is the deserted and decayed castle of Auchans, with its crow-stepped gables and balustrated towers. It bears the date of 1644 when it was built; and for many generations was the

a strong supporter of the Jacobite cause, and when its fortunes were lost, she retired from society life with a broken heart, taking up her residence in this ancient castle. Up to the end of her life, she maintained the right of the Stewarts



AULD AUCHANS, DUNDONALD.

AULD AUCHAN'S CASTLE, AYRSHIRE.

residence of a rich and noble family of these feudal and troublous times. History informs us that within these ancient walls, there lived in the early part of the 18th century, a lady, who in her early years was known as "Susanna the Beautiful," daughter of the laird of Culzean, and afterwards Countess of Eglinton. She was

to the Scottish throne. Her convictions cost her much, and as she waited for her rightful king to reign, it is said, she kept a portrait of the exiled Prince Charles Edward so hung in her bedroom, that it was the first object her eyes saw when she awoke in the morning, and the last before they closed at

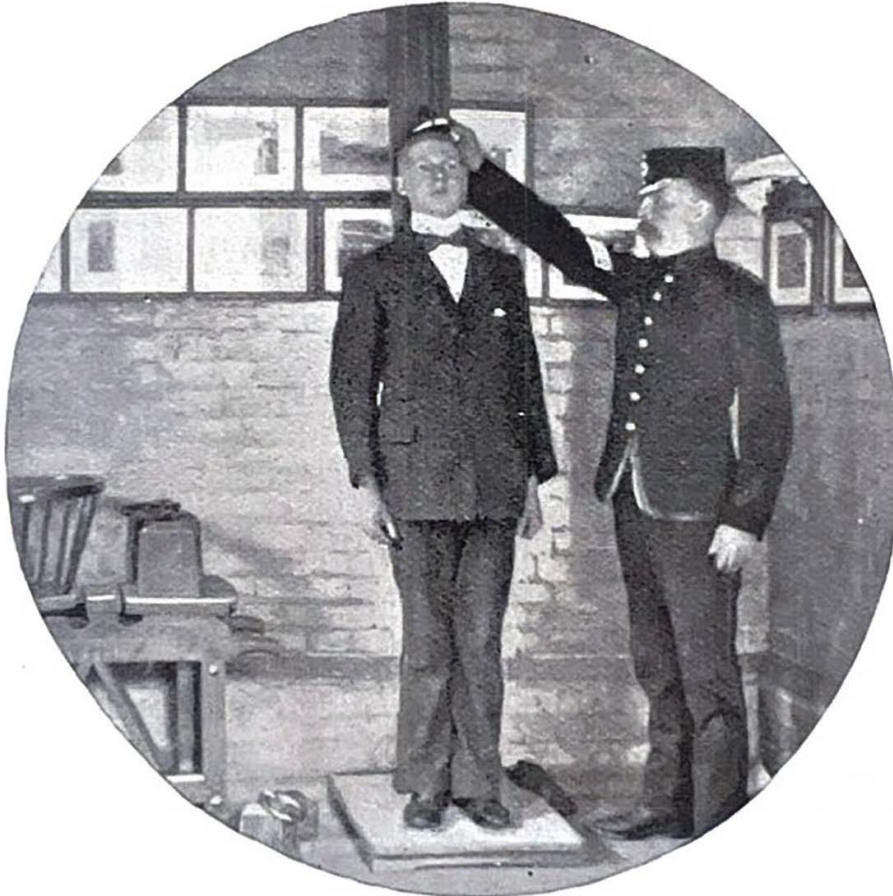
night. She died within the old castle in the year 1780, at the advanced age of ninety-one, still confessing herself a subject of the exiled king. During the long period of her retirement from the world's society and residence in this ancient castle, she was often asked to join in the pageants of kings, and mingle with the gay world in which she once shone, and which she then loved. But to every advance of the gay world she gave a definite refusal, for to her king's courts and royal favour had no attraction. Her exiled king was the object of her heart and to him and him only, whether present or absent she rendered her allegiance. And thus she lived and died a true subject of him who she regarded as her rightful though exiled king. Without expressing any opinion of the Stewart's right to reign, the conduct and confession of this noble lady, may serve to illustrate the principle of loyalty to One, who although exiled from the kingdom, which is His by right, shall one day reign, and be acknowledged by His loyal subjects Lord of all. The Lord Jesus, whose right as King has been denied Him by the world, has been crowned and seated on the throne of God. For the present He is an exile from the world, and His people—all who are saved by grace (Eph. ii. 8) and one

with Him in life and spirit, severed from the world which has disowned Him by His Cross (Gal. vi 14) gladly own Him as their rightful Lord (Phil. iii. 9) and while He is absent, enthrone Him in their heart, as the supreme object of their love. Happy would it be, if all who confess Him as their Lord, and say "whom having not seen we love" (1 Pet. i. 9) would like the loyal lady of Auchans, see their Master's face as they wake each morning, saying, "We see Jesus" (Heb. ii. 9) and live "Looking unto Jesus" (Heb. 12. 2) as the object of their love and devotion all the day. Only by occupation with Christ, where He now is in heavenly glory, is the heart kept true to Him, and the place of rejection with Christ and loyalty to Him maintained in a world that cast Him out and hates Him still. But you need to know Him in order to love Him, and to be saved by Him before you can own and serve Him. Conversion must precede discipleship, and no one can be on the Lord's side here or hereafter, but on the ground of having come to Him as a lost and guilty sinner, trusting in the blood that cleanses from all sin. Believing in Him as your Saviour, you become His, and then constrained by love to Him, go forth to own Him as your Lord among men.

SHORT OF THE STANDARD.

THE chance of a lifetime, lads," said the wily recruiting sergeant, as he stood amid a circle of young men and lads belonging to our village, extolling the glories of His Majesty's forces, especially of the "Greys," to which he belonged.

was glad to get out of sight in a hurry. One of the tallest and likeliest of the group, who stood half a head higher than his fellows, went to the sergeant-major of the Greys, and offered himself as a recruit. Immediately he was led into a little



After the sergeant had finished his story, a little fellow, very short in stature, known in the village as "The Mite," spoke up, asking some of the qualifications necessary, which caused a general laugh, and brought out some uncomplimentary remarks about "The Mite being a Captain in the Greys," so that the tiny man

room where he was put under the measuring apparatus, and found to his dismay, that he was half an inch short of the required height ; so he found himself in the company of "The Mite"—short of the mark. God has a standard, and when you are tested by it, the result is—"All have sinned and come short."

HARRY'S SIGNBOARD ; or, The Light that Shone.

HARRY was converted in our Bible Class at the age of fifteen. He had a godless home. Not one there had a bit of sympathy with him, but rather persecuted and

mocked the happy Christian lad. At our New-Year Tea, a word was spoken on "shining for Jesus," and the speaker said "all could not shine like the great lighthouse on the rock, but all might 'shine like the candle in the home' (Luke xi. 33), and 'like the glowworm in the night.' Some who cannot preach, can fix a text card on the wall, and let it shine as a little light here for God. Who knows what it might be used to do in leading sinners to the Saviour." That stuck to Harry, and when at the close of the meeting, each was presented with a Text Almanac or Calendar for the year, to take with them to their homes, Harry chose one with a Gospel Text, which he pinned above his bed. On rising next morning, there was great laughter over "Harry's signboard." "It shews everybody whose side I am on at any rate," said the lad quietly, and there it hung, and was looked at many a time by his weary mother, who had many a burden, and knew not as yet the One, who says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Before many months, his younger sister was saved, then his mother, and last of all, his father. God used the dear lad's testimony, who always owns and honours His Word.



MARY CAMPBELL OF ARGYLE :

THE STORY OF A GREAT REVIVAL.

NEARLY a hundred years ago, a simple Highland lassie, named Mary Campbell, left her Argyleshire home and came to Glasgow to fill the humble sphere of a general servant. Glasgow in those days was not the great commercial city that it is now. Houses, surrounded by gardens and green fields lined the southern bank of the river Clyde, and it was in one of these that Mary served. Her master and mistress were true Christians, and sought to make known to others the Saviour's Name. From the first night that Mary was under their roof, they sought to lead her to Jesus, and before many weeks had come and gone she was converted to God. Her heart's desire then was to carry the good news to her native parish, and especially to her own brothers and sisters. There were no railways in those days, or steamboats plying on the Firth of Clyde, so it was more difficult than it is now to travel long distances. "You can pray for them Mary, and ask God to prepare their hearts for the Gospel message, for you know we are told that 'the preparations of the heart' is from the Lord (Prov. xvi. 1.) and the soil must be prepared, before the seed will grow," said the godly mistress.

Mary was thus encouraged to put her confidence in God, and to seek by earnest prayer the salvation of her kindred, and the sequel shews she did not seek in vain. When the Spring term came, Mary was allowed a holiday to visit her parents, and started on her journey barefoot and simply clad, singing in the gladness of her heart, praise to God. When she reached her Highland home, she began at once to witness for the Lord, and her simple testimony was wonderfully blessed. First, her own friends were interested and awakened, and one of her sisters was converted. Then others living in the same hamlet were saved. There was no lack of Bible knowledge among the people, they were most zealous in their Sabbath-keeping and attendance at church, but conversion, the new birth, being saved and knowing it, were things unheard of in that Highland parish. Mary told from door to door the story of her conversion, and had a busy week, till the day came for her return to her place. Her younger sister accompanied her on the way back to Glasgow for several miles helping Mary to carry her basket. When the time came for the sisters to part, Lizzie sat down by Mary's side, and cried bitterly. "Take Jesus as your

Saviour, Liz, and you'll go home happy," said the simple Christian girl to her awakened sister—and Liz did accept Him, and went home rejoicing. Mary had taken home with her a copy of "Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted," a book which has been used to arouse many to the reality of judgment to come. This book passed from one to another, until it reached the parish minister, who was an unconverted man, and dark as night in regard to God's way of salvation. The reading of this book was used to his conversion. He then translated it into the Gaelic language, and read it from house to house among the people. The result was, that hundreds were aroused and many saved. How Mary Campbell—who by this time was a young woman, still in Glasgow—rejoiced to hear of that work of grace in her native parish, and how her heart glowed in thanksgiving to God, when on the occasion of her next visit home, she found scores of companions saved and rejoicing in the Lord. What a mighty instrument for God one saved and devoted soul may be, even in a lowly sphere. Reader, the first thing is, to get Christ yourself—you can do nothing for others till then—and when you are safe for eternity yourself, then seek like Mary Campbell to lead others to the

Saviour. Testify to brothers, sisters, relatives and companions, what the Lord has done for your soul. The same God who used the barefooted Highland lassie to be the instrument in awakening her native parish, will, if you give yourself to Him, use you.

A GREAT INVITATION.

"**C**OME UNTO ME," the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, is the One who speaks. He knows how burdened, how weary, and unsatisfied you often are. He sees how you fail to get the satisfaction and rest that you vainly seek, first in one thing, then in another. He looks upon you now. He speaks to you, "*Come unto Me*" all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew xi. 28). You have His invitation now before you. How will you treat it? You will never have another like it. The world has no such rest to offer. It cannot be found in sin. Satan has no rest, and there is no rest in hell. If you obey Christ's invitation now, you will receive it at once from Him. If you believe His Word, you will enter into rest. But if you refuse and reject it, you will go on a burdened, weary sinner through life, you will die a Christless death, and you will be tossed about a restless sinner throughout eternity.

THE CHOIR LEADER'S RESOLVE.



"WHEN THE SISTERS NEXT MET, THE DECISION HAD BEEN MADE."

THE CHOIR LEADER'S RESOLVE.

I WILL sing no more there. If uneducated men are to be allowed to say such things as that, I shall never darken the door again." The words were spoken angrily, with a considerable display of feeling, arising from wounded pride and possibly something deeper—conviction of sin. The speaker was a fashionably-dressed young lady, and the words were spoken to her cousin, at whose home she had called that Monday forenoon, to express her indignation at some words spoken by the preacher of the previous evening, in the West-end church in which she was leader of the choir. They were to the effect, that "some whose voices lead the praise of worshippers on earth, will never share the song of the redeemed in heaven." The arrow went home; it disturbed her conscience, and made her angry, so angry, that she resolved that she would never enter the place again. This she had come to tell her cousin, who, when she heard it, quietly said "The preacher was quite right; he only said what the Bible teaches, and we need not find fault with the truth." That unexpected reply so exasperated the angry cousin, that she turned on her heel without saying one word, and walked from the house. It is sometimes a good sign when

opposition is thus manifested toward the plain message of God's truth, and indicates at least, that it has reached the sinner's conscience. Strange as it may seem to some who do not trace God's ways in grace with sinners, the very message of that Sunday evening, which had so enraged the one cousin, was used to the conversion of the other. Convinced of her need of the new birth, she had "looked" to the uplifted Saviour on the Cross, the great antitype of the serpent of brass (John iii. 14-16), and received life eternal through that look. This accounted for the testimony she had given, which, however feeble, was on the right side, and shewed the new life was in her soul. Days passed; the meetings went on nightly, and quite a number of the "better class," so seldom reached, were saved through the simple Gospel proclaimed by the man whom the choir leader had branded as "uneducated." On the last night, to the surprise of her cousin, the choir leader came in and sat near the door. God's Word faithfully spoken reached her there, and she was found a humbled sinner, seeking salvation at the close. Converted to God that night, she took her stand on the Lord's side, and the two cousins now serve Him together.

THE COXWAIN'S WORD; Or, THE HELPLESS MAN MUST BE SAVED FIRST.

QUON a stormy night, in which the wild waves beat in fury against the Isle of Man rocks, a Norwegian ship named the *St. George* struck the fierce headland, that lies behind Peel Castle rock, and became a wreck. The sound signal was fired, and Charlie the coxwain of the Peel lifeboat, with his gallant crew went out to rescue the perishing passengers of the Norwegian barque. The lifeboat reeled on the top of a tremendous sea, and swept past the shattered wreck, upon whose bulwarks stood shivering in the raging storm, twenty-two helpless men and women, waiting for deliverance by the hands of others. They could do nothing, give nothing, not even help in their own salvation. It must be wholly the work of others, or they must perish, and in that they exactly represent the sinner in his ruin, his helplessness and his danger, stranded on the sea of life, ready to perish helpless to do anything for himself and wholly at the mercy of the God he has forgotten and sinned against. When this is known and owned, there is deliverance nigh at hand.

"How many are you?" shouted the coxwain of the lifeboat, when they came within speaking distance, "Twenty-three" was the answer back. "I can see only twenty-two"

shouted the coxwain, "The other man is dying in the hold, no use saving him" shouted the Norse captain. "There's not a soul of you will leave the wreck until that dying man is brought on deck, and put on board this lifeboat" cried the Manx coxwain, and he meant it. With strong arms, the helpless man was carried by the noble Manxmen from the wreck, then women, children, and last of all the captain was safely brought to shore. It was a thrilling scene, and all the more to those who knew and remembered that the rescuing mariners were the kinsmen of those who were in danger, the original inhabitants of Manxland, being Norwegians, and their first king a Norse, named Gorry. Now in their helplessness, their kinsmen rescued them from a watery grave. The thrilling story of the brave Manxmen risking their lives to save their helpless and perishing kinsmen, is but a feeble and imperfect picture of the Son of Man, who came forth in the greatness of His might to seek and save the lost and helpless sons of men ruined in sin, and sinking in their helplessness into a lost eternity. Blessed be God, none need perish, not even the dying sinner, nearest to his doom and ready to perish.

THREE THINGS TO TAKE.

A Blackboard talk with my Bible Class.

TAKE

the Water of Life freely (Rev. xxii. 17).

My yoke upon you (Matt. xi. 29).

up his cross daily (Luke ix. 23).

SALVATION.
SERVICE.
SUFFERING.

THERE are three things that the Lord Jesus bids you "take," and if you take them in the order here given, you will be in possession of three of God's most precious gifts, namely, *Salvation*, *Service*, and *Suffering*. God begins with us as sinners, thirsty, wearied, and unsatisfied, under sentence too, condemned already. How glad would yon thirsty traveller under the scorching sun, with burning sands beneath his wearied feet be, if some one came to his side with the cool refreshing draught, and said, "Take." This is just what God is doing to sinners. "The *gift* of God is eternal life," and He is saying to each one of you to-day "*take*." Some think they must *buy*, by giving God prayers and good works, but all the while they are refusing to *take* His gift. This is the soul-damning sin, the *rejection* of Christ. All other sins may be forgiven, but the deliberate refusal of God's Son, in Whom is life, rings the knell of the sinner's doom. Sinners now in hell would gladly "take the water of life" now, but no such

word shall ever sound in the abodes of the lost. Their day is past: their doom is fixed. But to those who do take the gift of life, the Saviour-Lord, Whose now they are, comes forth again, and this time He says, "Take *My* yoke upon you." These words are for those who have received the gift of *life*. Now they are to live *for* Christ, and the "yoke" is that of obedience. It was this same yoke that Jesus wore when He served His God down here. Surely none will shirk or fear to *take* it. He will not *force* it on you. He bids you take it, and you will find the wearing of it perfect freedom, for His "yoke is easy" and His commandments are "not grievous." But the wearing of the yoke will rouse the anger of the ungodly, and cause them to oppose you. Perhaps your own kindred may make you a cross, but here again the Lord comes to your help, and says—"Take up your cross:" there it lies, do not shirk it: do not fear it, "take it up," boldly, firmly, and press along the way, toward the "crown."



“ONE WAS OUT ON THE HILLS AWAY.”

A SHEPHERD lad who kept his uncle's sheep on the Galloway Hills, came to the old town of Ayr for a holiday. It was at the time of the races, and the whole town was astir. After all the sights had been seen, and the most of his money spent, Willie was wandering listlessly along the street when he heard the sound of singing. There had been plenty of ballad singing down at the race course, but this was something different. As he drew near, he saw a circle of young lads standing at the mouth of the “Vennel” each with a book in his hand. They were singing the beautiful hymn called “The Ninety and Nine,” which is so full of the tidings of a Saviour's love, and it was sung that night by a band of young believers in the freshness and ardour of their first love to Christ. Willie had never heard anything like it before. Somehow or other he felt greatly moved, and before

he was aware, the tears coursed down his ruddy cheeks, which for fear they might be seen, he wiped away with the sleeve of his jacket. But others quickly followed.

One of the lads saw that Willie was “caught” and invited him inside the hall to hear the gospel. Willie needed no second invitation, he gladly went in, and there the favourite hymn was sung again, with greater power and melting tenderness than before. The shepherd lad, so familiar with toils and dangers in following and seeking his wandering sheep, seemed to see in the song-parable himself as lost to God, “out on the hills away.” He sobbed aloud, convicted of sin. Loving hearts yearned for the lad's conversion, and while prayer ascended to the throne, one young man opened the Bible and pointed Willie to Jesus. In simplicity he believed the good news, and returned to Galloway saved and rejoicing.

SAVED IN A BACKWOOD SHANTY.

FORTY years ago I left my home in "Ould Ireland," and came to the backwoods of Canada to seek my fortune. My life for the first two years was a hard one. I often wished myself back to the tidy cottage home

God. Trouble came, and I was brought low. In a wooden shanty on the lake side, I was left to die, and knew I was not ready to meet my God. My mother had put a Bible in my box. In my distress, I searched



A PRESENT DAY CANADIAN HOME.

in Co. Antrim, but that could not be. My parents had gone to heaven, and there was no one to receive me if I had gone. I was only a lad in the days of the '59 Revival, but well I remember the remarkable meetings and the testimonies. I grew up unsaved, and came to Canada without

for and found the Book of God, and read it to find what my soul sought for—salvation. God who saw me there at an end of myself, saved me by His sovereign grace. It was Isa. i. 18, that let the light into my soul. I am happy in God's love to-day, and in our home, His Name is loved.

A NIGHT IN A GLASGOW PARK

IT is twenty-seven years ago since the incident I am about to relate happened, yet the scene is as fresh before me as if it had happened yesterday. Nor is it ever likely to be forgotten, for it marked my second birth and start

park in the suburbs of the city to reach my work, and as I passed along the walk with high trees on both sides, I became aware that a figure was walking a few yards before me. It was too dark to make out whether the strangely-clad person



A GLASGOW PARK ON A WINTER MORNING.

for heaven, and the rescue of one from the jaws of death, who has long ago joined the company which no man can number, who are "with Christ" in paradise.

It was a bleak wintry morning, and the light was just breaking in the east. I had to pass through a

was male or female, old or young; but as I quickened my steps, and came alongside, I found a young woman with dishevelled hair, thinly clad, with a shawl loosely thrown around her shoulders, and her feet bare. At first, I thought she might be some homeless wanderer, who had

sought refuge under the shrubbery for the night, but a closer inspection of the shivering figure convinced me that she was of another class, and that her presence there at that early hour, in such a condition, had some sad, mysterious meaning.

I ventured to say the morning was cold, and that she was out early. Bursting into a paroxysm of weeping, she answered, "Yes, and the water in yon pond, in which I intended to drown myself, is colder still: I might have been in the bottom of it now, and my soul in hell." The words were spoken in broken accents, and with deep, awful earnestness. They went to my heart. I drew close to her side, asked the cause of such a terrible resolve, and drew from her in a few words, the story of her life, which need not be repeated here. She had set aside the counsel of her Christian parents, and taken her own way, and after enjoying the fickle friendship of the world for a brief period, had found disappointment. Heartsore and miserable, she had left her lodgings, with the purpose of ending her misery in committing suicide by drowning. After spending some hours wandering in the cold night, she was, by Divine mercy prevented from the fulfilment of her purpose, by some lines coming to her memory, which

in her childhood she had learned at her mother's knee. Looking up at the twinkling stars in the calm heavens above, she found herself repeating:—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."

"You will not be there," said a voice from within: the result of early teaching of the Word of God. "No, I will not be there, nor shall I ever meet my Christian mother again," was the response of her awakened conscience. She turned her back on the dark waters, to the edge of which the great tempter had led her, and with a shudder at the thought of what might have been, she was returning, when I overtook her. I was too agitated to say much, but advised her to get something warm, and go to bed immediately. As I hastened along, after parting with her, the words she had spoken about her soul, and where it would have been, came back to my mind, and fixed themselves upon it. I had not thought of my eternal destiny, or of my state before God, but that day the question was raised within my conscience, and never stifled, until I was able to say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation" (Psa. xxvii. 1.) How I was converted, I will tell in a few words. An evangelist from

America was holding services in St. Andrew's Hall, to which I and my sister went on a Sunday night. The Word spoken was used to shew me I was a helpless sinner, unable by any work of mine to save myself. At the close, I was spoken to by a Christian worker, and pointed to John iii. 16; v. 24, and other Scriptures, through which I saw that by believing in Christ I was saved, and possessed of life everlasting. As I was rising to leave, a hand was laid on my arm, and looking up, I saw a young woman standing by my side. She smiled, as she grasped my hand, saying:—

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

I recognised the voice, last heard by me in different scenes. The speaker was the same young woman I had met that dark morning, some months before. But O, how changed! On her countenance was a settled peace. Inward joy lit up her face. She told me she had been led to Christ soon after that sad morning, and was now at peace with God, and satisfied with her portion in Christ. We often met after that, sharing the joyful service of leading sinners to the Saviour, and now she is with Him in heaven. Wonderful indeed are God's ways in providence and grace, ever working for the eternal salvation and blessing of those upon

whom His love is set, and for whom His Son shed His precious blood. Reader, if you do not yet know Christ, delay not to receive and confess Him as your Saviour and your Lord. You will never be at rest, never be satisfied, until you know the Son of God to be your own personal Saviour. The world has nothing in the way of happiness to give. At best, its joys are only a bubble: they burst, and leave the heart unsatisfied. The great Adversary, who at first seeks to lure the sinner on, by strewing pleasures in his path, becomes the hard task-master at last, urging his victim on to death and hell. Only Christ can save, and He alone can satisfy. To all who come to Him (John vi. 37), who look to Him (Psa. xxxiv. 5), who believe on, and confess Him (Rom. x. 9), there comes salvation, peace and joy unspeakable (1 Pet. i. 8). New life enters the soul, new desires spring up in the heart, a new path, with new company opens up, and old things pass away. If you would know what these things truly are, let your choice be made, and your decision to be Christ's, recorded to-day. It must be no mere vow or resolution, such as the reformed sinner makes. This would be of no value to cleanse from sin, or bring you to God. You need Christ. Receive Him as God's gift.

Bright Testimonies from Young Believers.

The Best New-Year.

I was brought to Christ on New Year's Eve, and I can truly say, this has been the happiest and best New-Year I ever enjoyed. I was saved through resting on that glorious word in 1 John iv. 10, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." I used to think I must love God in order to be saved, but I saw there that He loved me, and not my love to Him, but His love to me is what provides salvation. I am trying now to lead my brothers and companions to the Saviour."

Happy Evenings Over the Word.

"Six of us, all recently converted, and all working in the same mill, meet in the house of one of our number every Tuesday evening, to read the Word of God. We have very happy evenings together, and find that these little Bible Readings are a great help to us spiritually. There are so many hard questions asked by our fellow-workers in the mill, some of them with the intention of puzzling us, but we simply give them a text from God's Word, and that soon sends them away. They will argue any length of time, but do not seem to be able to meet the

simple Word of God quoted. That is just like what we read in Matt. iv. 11, when Jesus said to the tempter, "It is written;" he went away."

Seeking to Reach Others.

"There are a great many lads and young men in this town who never go to any place where they would hear the Gospel. A few of us have begun a *Tract Band*, and go round the streets every Sunday evening, giving out Gospel messages. We sometimes get laughed at, but many receive them, and we have heard of them being taken home and read there. The Word of God will not return to Him void, so we go on sowing the seed."

A Missionary Class.

"Some of the young men lately converted here have a kind of Missionary Class once a week. Its object is to get all the information they can about the dark places of the earth, their population, spiritual condition, and how the Gospel has been carried to them. We take up a different country each night. We read all the literature we can find about it and its early missionary workers, and each say a little about it. In this way we get to know a great deal that is deeply interesting, which helps us to pray more intelligently for those labouring there."

ROYAL GRACE; or, THE GALLEY SLAVE SET FREE.

IN days long gone by, the Duke of Osseena, Viceroy of Naples, was visiting the King of Spain. He was on board of one of the galleys, and, as a mark of honour, was given the right to liberate any of the prisoners there.

Before the Duke left, he wished to make good use of the honour which had been conferred upon him, so he called several of the prisoners before him, and inquired as to the causes of their detention there.

The first man said he had been unjustly judged; that he was entirely innocent of the charges made against him, and that he ought to be set at liberty.

The next prisoner said, that false witnesses had risen up against him, and in order to cover their own guilt, had blamed him for their crime, and that he suffered unjustly.

The third was an old man, with a life-long sentence recorded against him. When asked as to his crime, he held down his head, and with shame confessed that he was guilty of all that had been laid to his charge, and that he got no more than he deserved in being sent to the galleys for life.

Giving the officer a meaning look, the Duke said—"Turn this wicked fellow away, lest his presence among

so many innocent and upright people should pervert them." The man could scarcely realise that he was thus set free, yet so it was, and pouring his thanks at the feet of his gracious deliverer, he went forth to live a loyal subject of his king. How strange, you may say, that the confessedly worst man in the company should be liberated, and those who, according to their account of it, had been unjustly judged, were reserved in chains! The simple answer to this is: All the others justified themselves and condemned others; but this man condemned himself by owning his guilt, and honoured the law of his country by owning its justice in his condemnation, and so royal grace was shown toward him, and he was set free.

The same was true in the days of the Lord's earthly ministry, and is true still. The self-righteous Pharisees rejected the counsel of God against themselves; they justified themselves before men; they sought to make out that they were better than others. On the other hand, the publicans "justified God," owning themselves *sinners* in need of mercy (see Luke vii. 29-30, viii. 13), and Christ saved them, and set them free. And it is the same now. What keeps sinners, old and young,

from being set free by the delivering power of the Gospel, and made to rejoice in the knowledge of their salvation is, that most of them are, by far, *too good* for Christ. It was "sinners" that Jesus came to seek and save. It was the "ungodly" for whom He died. It was "enemies" that He reconciled to God. Only those who answer to these names have any claim to the great deliverance He came to give. Are you of those who are willing to take the low place, the place of the confessedly guilty sinner? "Of course," you say, "we are all sinners."

Yes, but that just shows that you are not quite willing to go into the dock alone and answer—"Guilty." You want to have others beside you, whose guilt will somewhat palliate yours, or at least somewhat screen you from the shame of your position. But this will not do with God. He must have an individual acknowledgment of your guilt. "*Thou art the man,*" says God. Are you willing to own, "Behold, *I am vile*" (Job xl. 4); "*I am a man of unclean lips*" (Is. vi. 6); "Against Thee, Thee only, have *I sinned* (Ps. li. 4).

There must be individuality, and no hiding in a crowd. *You* are an individual sinner: *You* need an individual Saviour; and Jesus Christ is both able and willing to save and set you free this very hour. His

grace waits upon you. The only open question is—*are you willing to take your place as a godless, guilty, and good-for-nothing sinner, and allow Him to save you on the ground of sovereign grace alone? Can you truly say—*

"I take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim?"

"THE MAN WHO SET US FREE."

DURING the Indian Mutiny, a soldier's wife and two little children were held as prisoners within the walls of a city, with many others. When hope had almost died, the welcome sound of music reached her ear, and brave Havelock and his soldiers had come for the relief of the prisoners. It was only a short time after, that the brave General died. Years rolled on. The soldier, his wife and children, were safely home in their native land. One day their mother took them into a room, and drawing aside the curtain that covered it, showed them the picture of a soldier in uniform. With tears in her eyes, she said to the children—"That is the man who set us free." "I love him for doing it," said the little girl. "So do I," said the boy, "and if he lived now, I would go and thank him."

This touching incident reminds us of One who died to set sinners free from a greater bondage.


THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDER.



"THE CHILD SANG THE WORDS AGAIN AND AGAIN."

THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDER;

Or, "WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER."

 SWELTERING day on the burning sands of the Soudan: Mahmoud's zareba is in view; and the order has been given by Sir H. Kitchener, the British General, that the rebel stronghold must be stormed at daybreak. In the firing line of the advancing Seaforths there are many gaps; dead and wounded men strew the slopes, as the shout of victory rises from the invading host, now within the zareba, with the rebel leader, a prisoner in their hands. It was a dearly-bought victory, for, when the roll was called at the close of the action, it was found that some of the bravest and best-loved officers and men of the Seaforths lay cold in death's embrace. Amid the stifled sobs of surviving comrades they were laid to rest in the sands of the Soudan, to await the resurrection of life or of judgment. In the ranks of the Seaforths was a young soldier, who had enlisted to escape the godly influence of a Christian home and a mother's prayers. Charlie was spared. He passed through the Atbara and subsequent battles unscathed, returning at the close of the campaign to Scotland; and when his period of service was over, to his native village in the Highlands. He had seen life in many

forms and under many conditions, but yet unsaved, he was still unsatisfied, and his restless heart just as weary, or worse, than on that day when he enlisted and left his village home to "see the world." Charlie was clever and willing to work, and soon found a situation in which he had to travel from farm to farm, and among labourers and workmen's houses. Known to have passed through the stirring scenes of the Soudan, he was often asked to relate incidents of the campaign, none of which had fixed themselves so vividly on his memory as the storming of the zareba of the rebel Mahmoud, in which so many of his comrades fell. And that day, as he afterwards told it, God spoke loudly to his heart, at the side of his comrades' grave.

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Seated on Charlie's knee, in a cottage where he often called in the course of his travels, the little six year old girl of the house, sang in a sweet childish voice—

"When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll . . . is called up yonder,
I'll be there."

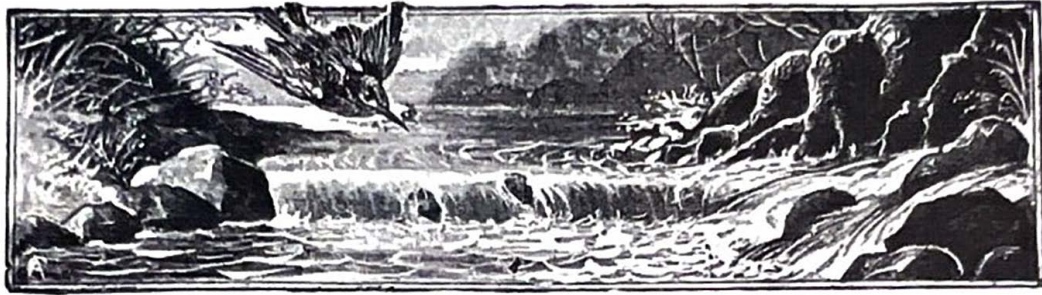
It was the child's favourite hymn, and she sang it to everybody. Unknown to her, it had touched a tender chord that day in the ex-soldier's

heart. The roll-call of the Soudan, when many of his comrades were not "there," but dead on the battlefield, came back with force to his mind, and now also the question, "when the roll is called up yonder, will you be there?" Never wholly at ease, Charlie's conscience was again awakened, and this time a deep sense of sin and his need of Christ, laid hold of him. He was days, weeks in soul trouble, with no one to open his mind to. In his distress he made some allusion to the child's hymn, next time he visited the cottage, and the godly mother gathered from what he said, that his thoughts were on eternal things. She gave him a book to read, which had led her own soul into the light, and Charlie gladly accepted and eagerly read "The Blood of Jesus," in which he learned God's way of salvation, and entered into peace. The next time he called at the cottage, lifting the child on his knee, he said, "sing," and to the mother's astonishment, the deep bass voice of the ex-soldier blended with the child's sweet voice, in—

"When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there."

"You seem to have learned that hymn well, since you were here last," said the Christian wife and mother, when the song had ended,

hoping in this way to open conversation on the great subject of personal salvation. "Yes, I like it, and it's true; for by God's grace my soul is saved and my sins forgiven, all through the Blood of Jesus," said the happy man. Charlie was truly converted, and in his own village, among those who knew him best in his former days of ungodly life, he confessed Christ. His life bore witness to the fact, that he had been born of God, and those who came in contact with him, said and owned it. He was a wonder to many, and there were not wanting those who would have gladly seen him stumble, and gloried in it. But the grace that saved—kept; and the saved man went on in the Lord's ways. And now, in a North Canadian village, with others who left the heather hills of their native land, he tells to sinners of the precious blood which cleanses from all sin, and gives assurance to all who trust it, that when the roll is called up yonder, they'll be there. Will you? You need to be saved by grace (Eph. ii. 8), cleansed by blood (Heb. x. 18), and delivered by Divine power (Col. i. 13), before you can be there. Don't put it off till tomorrow, but enrol at once. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.



A GAMBLER'S CONVERSION.

DURING a mighty work of grace in the town of Brantford, Ontario, a young gambler was converted. In a miserable state he had crept in unseen to a place where God's Gospel was being preached night after night. First, the arrow of conviction pierced his soul, and made him tremble as he thought of meeting God. Then the good news of a Saviour, able and willing to deliver him from the penalty and the power of sin, on WHOM he cast himself and was saved. Coming out into the dark street, he remembered that, at that hour, his former associates would be playing cards in their club. His first impulse was to run past the door, but this seemed cowardice. Why not go in and tell them what God had done for his soul. Lifting up his heart to God for strength and courage, he entered the familiar door, not without a sense of fear, as he remembered how often he had stumbled out at that door drunk. Walking up to a group who sat playing whist, he was

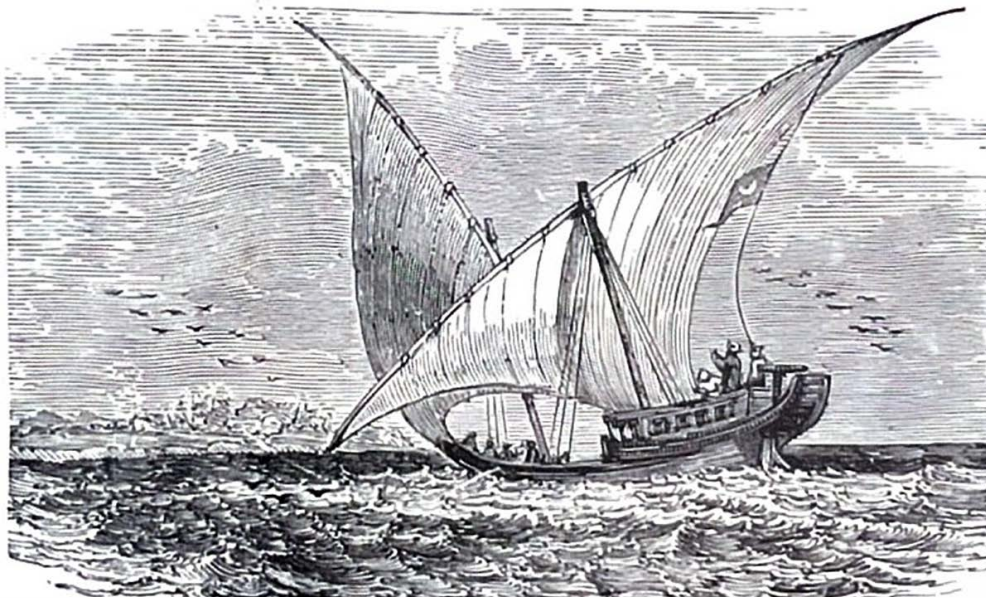
asked to "take a hand," to which he answered, holding up both hands -- "No, gentlemen: these hands have handled the cards a thousand times, but by the grace of God, they shall never do so again. They have got a new master, and will henceforth be used alone in the service of Jesus Christ." A great shout of derision rose at this statement, and one of the players called for "a sermon from the new parson." To this the young convert boldly answered: "I am not here to preach a sermon, but as I have helped some of you on in the path of sin, I considered my first testimony to the saving power of the Gospel of Christ should be given in the place where I have so long served the devil." The gamblers were struck dumb, and it is said several of them were afterwards converted. God always blesses honest confession, and faithful testimony to His saving grace and power. If that grace has saved you reader, spread it abroad to others.

LIBERTY TO THE SLAVES.

ON the West Coast of Africa a British gunboat was ordered to follow after a slave Dhow and capture it, so as to set free a number of negroe slaves that were on board. Lieutenant Cooper, a British officer who was leader of the expedition, while on the way to the rescue, received a bullet in his breast from the slavers and sank back on the thwarts dying. His men wanted to return to shore, hoping thereby to save his life, but the noble officer whispered, "Go on boys, never mind me." The slave Dhow was captured, and

while the chains with which the slaves were bound were being struck off, the life-blood of their noble deliverer was ebbing out. Their deliverance cost him his life: their liberty was secured at the cost of his blood. There has been a greater deliverance brought for the slaves of sin and Satan at a greater cost. Jesus the Son of God came forth from the bosom of the Father to

deliver sinners from their bondage and their doom. He came to give deliverance to the captives, and to bring them to heaven. But it cost Him His own blood to purchase their freedom. Have you ever thanked Him for yours, or do you reject His blood-bought freedom, and by your own will remain in the service of Satan? You can never



AN ARAB SLAVE DHOW.

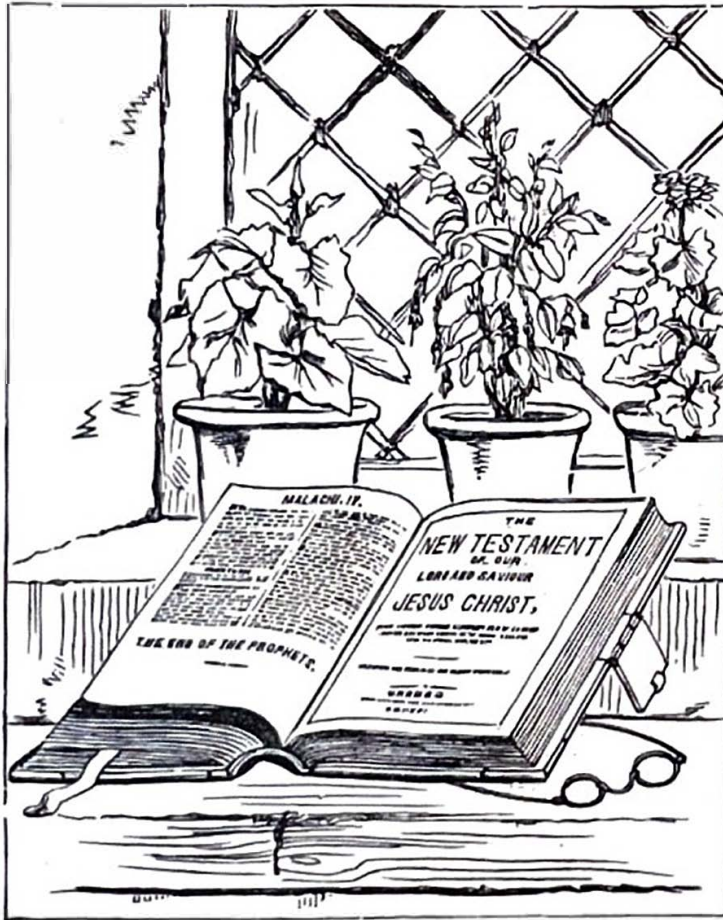
be saved in any other way. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii. 4). It is by Jesus only that the sin-bound one is made free. Only trust Him. Faith always sings—

"What Jesus is and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea;
It never deals with *sinful* self,
Or *righteous* self in me."

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD AND THE BOOK.

IN a lone cottage on the edge of a wood, not far from the King's Highland home, there lives an aged man, who for fifty long years has been a diligent reader of the Word of God. "The Book," as he calls the Sacred Volume, always lies on a

shepherd far up among the wilds of Lochaber, that he was "born again." God Himself did it, and He used His own Word without any human instrumentality; far from kirk or chapel up there among the heather. From that day he has been a lover



small table near the fire-place, with his spectacles on the top of it when not in use, and when the old saint sits down to rest, he seldom rises up without "getting a morsel" from God's Treasury. He is a true lover of the Word, and delights to tell that it was through "reading the Book" over fifty years ago, while a

of "The Book," and he declares he "never tires reading it." And need we wonder, for when one has life, he needs food, and the "born again" man delights to say "Thy words were found, and I did eat them" (Jer. xv. 16). Even the newborn babe—one just converted—desires "The sincere milk of the word," that he may "grow thereby" (1 Peter ii. 2). If you have no desire for, no real love of the Word of God, the reason most likely is, because you have no life. If you have no love for the Book of God, the reason

must be that you are not in love with its Author, or with the Lord Jesus of whom it speaks. If you do not know Him on earth, and own Him as your Saviour and Lord here, how can you expect to dwell with Him for ever in heaven? You need to be born again to have life Divine in you; then you will love the Word.

A SUMMER EVENING AT DUNURE ; or, SAVED AND SATISFIED NOW.

IN a summer Sunday evening, a Gospel open air meeting was being held in the fishing village of Dunure on the Ayrshire coast. It was a peaceful evening: the waters of the Firth were calm and glassy,

Gospel went forth freely and was listened to with reverent attention. It was one of these seasons which bring to mind the Gospel's first triumphs on the lake shore of Galilee, when the first disciples of the Lord



THE FISHING VILLAGE OF DUNURE, AYRSHIRE.

and the setting sun threw his parting beams like a sheet of gold across the sea. A group of fishermen and their wives stood in a circle around, and groups sat at all the doors along the rows, within sight and hearing of the preacher. A sense of the presence of God was felt, and the

were saved and called from their boats and nets to company with and follow the Lord Jesus. What He in the days of His flesh did then, His Gospel in the Spirit's power does among sinners still, calling out of darkness into light, and "from the power of Satan unto God."

At the close, a stalwart fisherman belonging to the village, handed me a letter, saying, "If you think fit, you might read that testimony to the people. It may be used of God to clinch the message just given." Hurriedly glancing through the letter, while a hymn was being sung, I found it was a simple but definite testimony from one who had been there the previous Sunday evening, and while listening to the Word, had been brought to the Lord, to receive Him as a personal Saviour. Spending the week-end with a friend in the village, he had heard the Gospel, and to use his own words "found it was the very thing I needed, and had long sought for." He had tried Reformation, Religion, Templarism and other remedies, all of which failed to give him the peace and satisfaction his conscience, awakened to a sense of sin before God, had vainly sought in them. But the Gospel of Christ, which tells of a finished and accepted work done for sinners and on their behalf, to atone for sin and to satisfy the claims of offended justice, for their salvation, fully met his need. Believing, he saw therein the answer to all God's righteous demands, and the resting-place for his troubled soul, and as a sinner conscious of his need, he came as he was and there found salvation rest and peace. Now from

his highland home at the head of one of the famous lochs, he sent his testimony to God's saving grace to those who had led him into contact with the Son of God in that little village by the sea. As it was read that Sunday evening, there were tears on more than one sun-burnt cheek, and from the lips of more than one converted fisherman, came the words "Praise God." How wonderful are the ways of God! He brings this religious, sincere, but unsaved and unsatisfied man, from his Argyllshire home, on a visit to friends in the out of the world fishing village of Dunure, and while there, meets him with the simple but ever effectual message that "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6), and that there is in virtue of that death, salvation for sinners, as they are, where they are, and now. The same Gospel is for you, and if you believe it, you will prove in your own soul its saving power and be able to testify—"I am saved and satisfied now," as surely as the man who passed from death to life that summer evening in the village of Dunure. But the other part of God's message must also be told. To those who believe not the Gospel, but go on in their sin and self-chosen way, God most solemnly gives the warning, "Behold ye despisers and wonder and perish."

Talks on Gospel Types.

AN OFFERING OF DOVES.

THE Old Testament is God's great Picture-book. There, we have the Gospel, not only preached,

but illustrated by a set of pictures, which have always been a very delightful as well as a fruitful field for the young folks to explore. Under these types and fore-shadowings of olden time, lies the Gospel, by which the sinner may be saved. I think we might spend a profitable half-hour each

evening over some of these wonderful pictures, especially such of them as bring prominently before us our need as sinners, and how God has met that need in the Person and work of His beloved Son. How very

early in the Bible do we read of sacrifice and blood-shedding. The first two boys that ever lived, had each his altar, and on one of these altars there was blood and sacrifice. Abel offered a lamb for a sacrifice to God. After the earth had been destroyed by a flood, and Noah had come forth from the ark, his very

first act as he stepped on the new world was to build an altar, and offer sacrifice to God. All down through the Jewish age, we read again and yet again, of the blood of lambs and goats being shed at the altar of the Lord. All this has a voice to us. It tells us in clear, distinct tones, that

man is a sinner; that he deserves to die; and that the only way of salvation and deliverance is, through the death of Another. I think we may see this still more fully, as we consider the first of this long gallery of types,

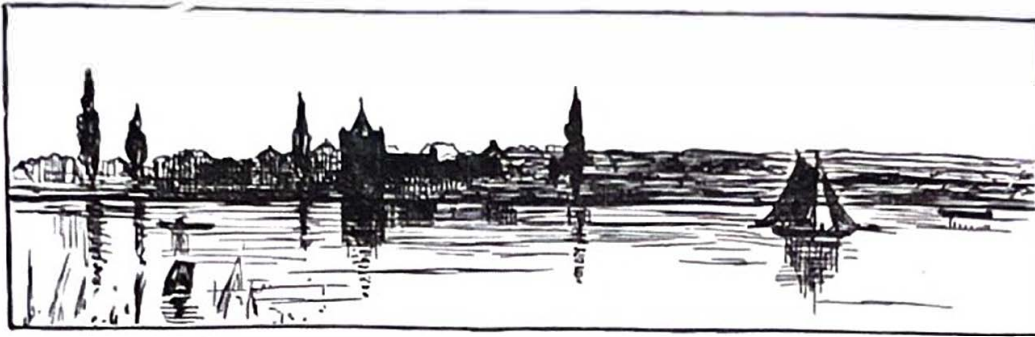


namely—"The Offering of Doves." I call it the first, because it is connected with the birth of a little child, and shows us, that in our nature we are unclean, and that our very existence calls forth the law of sacrifice.

Every mother in Israel was commanded by God to go up to the temple, forty days after her first-born boy was born, and there "present him to the Lord." At the same time she was to bring a sacrifice to be offered on Jehovah's altar. If rich, it might be a lamb, but if the parents of the child were poor, and "not able to bring a lamb," then "two turtle doves" had to be brought (Lev. xii. 8). One of these was offered as a sin-offering, the other as a burnt-offering to the Lord. We may learn from this, that only through sacrifice can a sinner be brought to God, only through the death of Christ, can the youngest be saved. There are no "innocent children," as people foolishly say, we are all "by nature the children of wrath," and apart from lives of ungodliness, we need to be saved by the death of Another. The sufficiency of the sacrifice of Christ is beautifully foreshadowed in the one dove being offered as a burnt-offering, all for God, and the other as a sin-offering, for the needy sinner. In the death of Christ there is both that which satisfies the heart of God, and meets the need of the sinner. Has it met your need, dear children, or are you

still afar from God, unsaved, unsatisfied?

The second time we hear of the offering of doves, is in connection with the cleansing of the leper. It is not now a fair babe being brought into the temple of the Lord in his mother's arms, but a loathsome leper, shut out from the camp, with a patch on his upper lip, crying, "Unclean, unclean," a sad but true picture of the sinner, openly the victim of sin and corruption. But he is about to be cleansed, and brought back to God, and here again "two turtle doves" are offered as a sacrifice (Lev. xiv. 22). The fair and harmless dove—the very emblem of gentleness, purity, and peace, and the appointed type of Him who was "holy, harmless, and undefiled;" the meek and lowly Lamb of God, dies for the loathsome leper: the clean for the unclean: the undefiled for the loathsome, and only thus can the leper be brought to God. What a Gospel shines forth from the lovely type! Here we have the Son of God, the Lord from heaven, fairer than the sons of men; dying in the stead of a vile, corrupt, and ungodly sinner; the Just for the unjust: the Holy for the unclean. Not only so, but, just as the offerer who brought his offering of doves to the priest of old, was looked upon as accepted in his offering: the value and worth of the sacrifice was counted his, so the sinner who now believes in Jesus and trusts His precious blood is counted "clean every whit," and is "accepted in the Beloved."



THE UNHAPPY CALIPH.

IT is said of the Caliph Abdalrahah, that he spent above three million pounds upon his palace and gardens. He lived in magnificence, and was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horsemen, attired in uniform studded with gold. Did all this make him contented and happy? Did his affluence and honour give him peace and satisfaction? I suppose many of those under him thought it did, and envied his lot. But let him tell us himself how it truly was with him. In a manuscript found in his chamber after his death, the following is written in his own hand:—"I have now reigned about fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honour, power and pleasure, have waited at my call; nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have numbered the days of *pure and genuine happiness* that

have fallen to my lot; **THEY AMOUNT TO FOURTEEN.**" And then the great man adds the following word of advice to others:—"O man, place not thy happiness in this world."

It is very unlikely that you will ever attain to anything like the Caliph's position of wealth and honour, but even were that possible, you see it would not give you genuine satisfaction and pleasure. There would still be something wanting: the heart would not be at rest. "None but Christ can satisfy." Solomon, the wise and wealthy king of Israel, found the world in his day exactly the same as the Caliph did: all "vanity and vexation of spirit." But when he sang of the pleasures to be found in Christ, he was able to say, "I sat down under His shadow with *great delight*, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." Here was true satisfaction. Have you found it, reader? You never will in the world, search for it where you may. In Christ alone it is to be found.

THE BRAVE COXSWAIN.

THE wild seas broke over a struggling barque making hard for the harbour, but to those on shore it was but only too evident that she was to be dashed upon the rocks on the east side of the harbour's mouth. The lifeboat was got quickly out, and manned by her gallant crew, she made off to the rescue. The barque was reached, and not before time, for it was found when she was boarded, that captain and crew were so exhausted by their long exposure to wind and waves, that they were utterly unable to guide the vessel. The man at the helm had fallen at his post, and the helpless barque was drifting at the mercy of winds and waves, whither-soever she might.

The coxswain of the lifeboat stepped on board followed by his men, and taking the vessel's helm, he guided her safely to her anchorage in calm waters within the harbour. amid the cheers of a crowd that stood on the shore.

On the following Sunday evening a row of young sailors sat on the front bench in a small hall not far from the harbour, listening to the Gospel. One intelligent young man with a strong Irish accent said at the close, to one who asked him, if he was a Christian, "I've tried it hard, sir, but cannot guide myself

rightly." "How true that is my young man, but I know One who can save and guide you too," was the reply. "How that?" asked the young Irishman eagerly. "Just the same way that the coxswain guided you into the harbour three days ago. You were all helpless, and unable to do anything, but you allowed him who came out to save you, to come on board your vessel and take the control of it into his own hands. And didn't he bring both it and you all safely into port? The Son of God has come forth from the glories of heaven to seek and to save the lost, and if you allow Him to enter your heart and take possession and control of you, He will bring you as surely and safely to glory, as the brave coxswain of the lifeboat brought your vessel into port." "That's something new to me," said the sailor, "I never heard it put like that before."

The last time the ship was in our harbour, that young sailor called upon me to say that he had accepted Christ as his Saviour and Guide. "I just allowed Him to take the helm, sir, and He is doing grandly in steering me straight for the harbour. But I could never steer myself."

No, nor need any of you try it. You need Christ, first to save, then to steer you to the heavenly harbour.

IN A SWISS BOARDING SCHOOL.



THE GIRLS DUG THEIR FLOWER PLOTS.

IN A SWISS BOARDING SCHOOL.

FORTY years ago, two bright girls walked arm in arm in the garden of a Swiss boarding school, after digging their flower plots, which in that old-time school was part of their training. They were conversing about their prospects in life, as young girls will, planning their future, and painting their paths in glowing colour. The toll of the school bell summoning them to indoors for the night, cut their conversation short, and scampering across the green lawn, they narrowly escaped being "shut out" till after prayers, which involved a penalty. It might have involved much more to have been absent that night as the sequel shews. Usually the godly headmistress conducted the evening reading and prayer; but on this occasion, a niece of hers—the daughter of an English minister of State, who was on a visit to the mistress, who had been her governess in earlier years, read the chapter, which was the third of John, and contrary to custom, made brief comments on each verse as she proceeded, to the astonishment and possibly the amusement of the schoolgirls, who had never heard anything of that kind outside the church on Sundays. At the close of the chapter, the visitor told the girls how, that while in Dublin a

few years after leaving school, she had been "born again," by "believing on Jesus Christ as a present and personal Saviour," and how, ever since her conversion, she had been happy in "the assurance of a present salvation, and the prospect of a home in heaven." As the girls passed along the corridor to their dormitories, various opinions were given of the young English lady's testimony, some calling it "presumption," others "Methodism"; but on two young minds at least, that testimony to God's saving grace, and to the joy of being *in* Christ and *having* Christ, had a different effect. The two schoolgirls who had walked in the garden discussing their future path, had by means of that glowing testimony to Christ's saving power, from the lips of one whose heart knew and enjoyed it, their thoughts turned in a new direction for true happiness, and both of them, shortly after, while conversing with the English peer's daughter, received Christ, and yielded their hearts to Him. That was a red-letter day in their history—as it is with all who have personal dealing with God and receive the love-gift of His Son (John iii. 16)—and with transfigured lives, they returned to their English home to bear witness there to the Christ who had saved them.

THE FAITH OF A PRINCE.

WHEN King Edward was the Prince of Wales, he, in his younger years, was a pupil of the distinguished scientist, Sir Lyon Playfair. One day the Prince and

"Certainly," replied the Prince.
"And do you trust me and believe my word," asked the scientist.

The Prince answered "Yes."
"Will you dip your hand into this

cauldron of boiling lead, and ladle some of it out?" asked Sir Lyon. For a moment the Prince hesitated, then he replied, "I am sure you would not ask me to do anything that would permanently injure my hand, and if you tell me to do it, I will." The professor then carefully washed the Prince's hand with ammonia to remove any grease that might be on it, and then, unhesitatingly, taking the professor at his word, and implicitly relying on his knowledge, the Prince plunged his hand into the cauldron of seeth-



KING EDWARD, AS PRINCE OF WALES.

his teacher were standing beside a cauldron of melted lead, which bubbled and boiled in an alarming manner, being intensely hot. "Has your Royal Highness implicit faith in science?" asked Sir Lyon Playfair.

ing lead, and brought out all that he could lift.

"Did you feel it?" asked Sir Lyon. "Not in the least," replied the Prince. It is a well-known scientific fact, that the human hand,

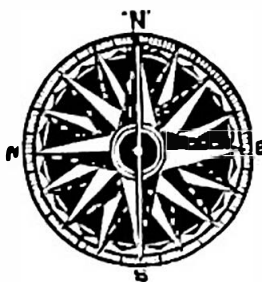
properly cleansed, may be placed without injury in boiling lead. The moisture from the human skin protects it from being burned.

This striking incident well illustrates first, the assurance the Gospel preacher has of the genuineness and power of his message. Sir Lyon Playfair had no shade of doubt regarding the reliability of his ascertained fact in regard to the safety of the Prince's hand in the cauldron of lead: he had proved it. So Paul made known his Gospel to the Thessalonian people "in much assurance" (1 Thess. i. 5). He knew what his message was, and what it could accomplish. So he spoke it with the utmost confidence. Those preachers who have little faith in the Gospel they make known, need

hardly expect to gain many converts by means of it. The true soul-winner can say, "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Then upon such reliable testimony the sinner reposes with confidence. The Prince knew his teacher: he had perfect confidence in his knowledge, therefore he could trust him and plunge his hand into the molten lead at the professor's word. So the sinner believes God, and hearing His Word say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31), casts himself simply, fully, unreservedly upon Him, proving His grace to save, His blood to cleanse, and His power to keep. Have you thus taken God at His word, reader, and committed your soul to Christ?

THE SAILOR AND HIS COMPASS.

WRECKED in a storm; I, with three others, floated on a raft for a day and two nights on the sea, expecting each moment



to be swallowed up. We were far from land, and had only a few provisions. I had a small pocket compass, which I had carried in my pocket ever since I went to sea, which my shipmates had laughed at

and called a toy. To it we owed our lives. It enabled us to pilot our frail raft in the direction of land, and by keeping to its guidance, we arrived on the third day faint and famishing, but safe in port. I have since then been led to the Saviour, and I carry a little New Testament in my vest pocket, side by side with my compass. Some scoff at me, others smile at my simplicity, but I stick to my two compasses—one for the soul, the other for the sea.

THE BANNER ON THE WALL.

IT was only a sheet of paper, blue ground and white letters, but the man's eyes were fixed upon it from the moment he entered the little hall with its plain white-washed walls. He read it over and over until—as he afterwards told us—it was deeply “graven on his memory.” But he did not know who the “Me” was, or what it was to “Look.” He needed, like the Ethiopian in the



desert, some one to “guide” him to Jesus (Acts viii. 31-35). And who do you think was his guide? Just his own little girl, who had come home from her class in the Sunday School that very night, saying “I am saved.” Her simple testimony aroused him to think, and without telling any of them, he slipped into “Amy’s Meeting,” and came home in deep soul trouble. The Word of God which he had heard and read, was used by the Spirit to show him his sin and his need of salvation. “How did you get saved, Amy?” was his first question. “’Cause I’m looking to Jesus, father,” was the grand reply. “What way looking, Amy? You can’t see Him!” “But

teacher says looking is just trusting; same as we look to you to give us clothes, and to mother to give us food.” That was the golden key to unlock the mystery. To “look” to the Lord Jesus for salvation was just to trust in Him, to depend upon Him, to take Him at His word. Dan was the sinner, Jesus was the Saviour, and he had only to “look.” And Dan the collier did look, and God saved him. There is a wonderful power in the Word of God. Looked at, read, preached, it is God’s own instrument for salvation. Thus it has been to thousands, who were once careless, godless, unconverted sinners; but a ray of heaven’s own light shone out from the lamp of Truth, God’s eternal Word which is His instrument used in the awakening and salvation of sinners, and they first saw themselves, then Christ the Saviour as the One who “came to seek and to save the lost” (Luke xix. 10), and that just suited them. Do you know Jesus as your personal, present Saviour? Have you looked to Him like Dan the collier? Are you looking to Him now, confessing Him as your only Saviour, owning Him as your sovereign Lord? This is to be saved, to be God’s child, Christ’s disciple, heaven-born and heaven-bound. And there is no other way of salvation.

HOW JIM THE STABLE BOY WAS CONVERTED.

A CHRISTIAN groom, whose sleeping apartment was shared by a country youth, who wrought in the stables, read a chapter of God's word, sang a hymn, and prayed



before going to bed every night. Some of the servants who had no fear of God or love for His Word, threw stones on the slates, rapped at the door, and made other disturbances to annoy the Christian ;

but he went on reading, singing and praying, and they, possibly ashamed, and any rate defeated, ceased to trouble him. Jim, the stable boy, who at first was among the scoffers, and remained outside until the praying was over, began to come in early, and willingly listened to the groom reading the Bible. By and by, he knelt while he prayed, and before long was converted. Then two voices were heard singing, and the servants whispered, "Jim is converted." He did not hide it, but boldly confessed Christ as his Saviour. The groom helped Jim, leading him on in the ways of the Lord, and before long they began a weekly meeting for the preaching of the Gospel in a labourer's house on the estate, and God used their efforts in the salvation of several members of that family. Jim became a gifted and able preacher, and on a Canadian farm, where he has lived for

many years, his light still shines, and his lips tell forth the story of redeeming love. If you have not been converted, turn now to the Lord, receive Him as your Saviour. Then go forth testifying of Him.

THE BRAVE ETON SCHOOLBOY.

WHO has not heard of Eton and its famous school, founded by Henry VI., surrounded | gone forth to make their mark in the world, in honourable service for the Lord at home and in distant lands.



ETON SCHOOL, FOUNDED BY HENRY VI.

by stately trees, near to the noble river Thames, and within view of Windsor Castle, the royal residence of Britain's kings and queens. Some who began life here, have

It was just a few years after the young Queen Victoria had been crowned, that Coleridge Patteson left his country home for Eton. His godly mother, at whose knee

he had learned his first Bible lessons, and from whose lips he had first heard the story of a Saviour's love, giving him her parting blessing, and begging of him to read his Bible every day while at Eton. This, "Coley"—as he was familiarly called—promised to do, and was able to tell her when he returned home on his first vacation, that he had been joined by several other lads, although as he honestly admitted to his mother, they were sometimes afraid they might be "caught" by some schoolmate, and kept a copy of Shakespeare on their table, and an open drawer under it, so that when a knock came to the door, they might conveniently drop the Bible into it, and pretend to be reading Shakespeare. You may smile at their cowardice, but I may tell you, that neither Coley Patteson nor his companions were yet personally born of God, they had not yet accepted and confessed Christ as their personal Saviour, but were simply acting according to their parents' desire—a commendable thing for all young people to do.

It was on a summer day, during one of his early sessions at Eton, that the young Queen Victoria was returning from a function of state in the City of London. Passing through Windsor on the way to the Castle, in her carriage, through rows

of Eton schoolboys lining the way, Coley was pushed forward by the crush behind, and nearly fell in front of the wheel of the royal carriage. Just then, the gloved hand of the young Queen was stretched out from the royal carriage, and Coley was raised by it out of danger. The procession passed on, and as the young student afterward said when telling the story, "I had not even time to thank the Queen." It was about this time that another hand, the right hand of the Lord, which saveth sinners (Psa. cxviii. 6), lifted Coley Patteson out of the mire of sin, and set his feet upon the Rock of Ages. This we know by the testimony he ever afterwards bore to the grace of God, and the Name of the Lord Jesus. On one occasion, while at the Oxford University, one of the older students proposed to sing a song of questionable character; Coley nobly protested, firmly saying, if such a thing were done, he would leave the room. On another occasion on the cricket field, he stood up for a comrade who had been scoffed at by some, because he acted in strict righteousness. In these little acts, the lad's noble character, and his loyalty to truth and right, which is so essential in the true Christian, came out. This saved and brave Eton lad, became the missionary-martyr of Melanesia.



£40,000 *for the Days of Youth again.*

I WILL give forty thousand pounds to you doctor, if you will give me back the strength and lightheartedness of my boyhood," said a wealthy merchant to his family physician in a stately mansion in the South of England. But the skilled physician shook his head, for he knew well that he was unable to restore to his patient what he desired. Ten days later the rich man lay in his coffin, and his forty thousand pounds had become the wealth of another.

You may think that forty thousand pounds was a very great sum to offer for a restoration of the vigour and lightheartedness of youth, but it was just because the wealthy man was convinced of its great value. Once he had been a light-hearted boy such as many are now, but he had passed on through the busy years of life to old age, with its feebleness, and cares, and it may be he had been so engrossed in the making of

money and in love of the world, that he had neglected the greatest of all life's concerns, namely, the salvation of the soul. And so he was prepared to give up his immense wealth to any one who would restore to him the days of youth again. But that was impossible as he must surely have known.

If such days are still yours reader, see that you do not fritter them away, neglecting the great salvation which God has at infinite cost provided for you. He wants you to have it, and to enjoy it all through life, and not only as a thing to die with. Yet alas! how many treat it so, and then when life's last hour draws near, find that they have spent their energies and their best days on trifles light as air, and that they have nothing to look forward to in eternity in which they can rejoice; no Christ, no heaven, no home in glory.

HEAVEN BELOW.

LITTLE Annie was humming away at a favourite hymn to herself, as she walked about in the house doing her work, and she was so enjoying it, that her face was lit up with a happy smile. Her mother noticed it and passed the remark, "Surely you are in heaven to-day, Annie." "No, mother," said Annie, "but heaven has come down here to me." Yes, blessed be God, the believer has the God of heaven, and Jesus, who is the light and joy of heaven *here* with Him now (John xiv. 23. And surely this is heaven come down to cheer us on the way to heaven. Children all believe that heaven is a happy place, but the devil has got many so deceived, that they think it would be a very miserable journey to reach it, and that a Christian must be very grave and sad, having no joy or happiness. But such is not the case; yea, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." There are none so truly happy as those who are saved and on the way to glory. They fear no condemnation for the past, it is all forgiven. They dread not the future—it is unfading glory, eternal love, unmingled joy, and now in the present they have Jesus with them, and His presence makes them happy. Is this happiness yours, reader?

DO YOU EVER PRAY?

FATHER, do *you* ever pray?" asked a little girl, the daughter of a thorough man of the world, as she came home from Sunday School one evening. "Teacher says that all God's people pray, and ask God to save their little ones, do *you* father?"

"Don't bother me, child," said the father, who was evidently annoyed at the little girl's pointed question. "You and your teacher may go your way, and I'll go mine."

"But, father dear, which way are you going? Teacher says that only those who are saved, and walking in the narrow way, will get to heaven." The word reached his conscience: he knew it was true, and although he was a religious professor of the ordinary kind, and went to church on Sunday, his prayerless home and worldly walk, too plainly told that he had no Christ. The dear child's question was an arrow from God, and it led to his conversion.

How many, both young and old, might be asked the same question? Reader, do *you* ever pray—not say your prayers—but pray? A little hymn says—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath ;"
and if you can live prayerless, it is a pretty sure sign that you are lifeless :
that is, that you have no Christ, and that you are not saved.

THE CITY MERCHANT; or, Certainty a Necessity;

A CITY MERCHANT sat in his room going over his morning letters. Having finished, he rang the bell for his clerk, and gave his orders. "Close this account,"



"write an acceptance of that offer;" "send receipts for these payments;" and such like. All was definite and decided; nothing in that business was left to haphazard or chance. In things belonging to the world and to business, men see the need of decision and certainty: nothing less will satisfy. It is well when concerning eternal things, the same good rule obtains. Uncertainty in things eternal is folly.

The city merchant sat in his accustomed pew on Sunday, while a strange preacher filled the pulpit—

strange in more ways than one, for he preached to that rich and fashionable congregation what they seldom heard,—a free, full and present salvation, instantly, and with the assurance thereof, the moment Christ was received as Saviour. In clear decisive tones the preacher said, "Uncertainty in business, indefiniteness and indecision on the Exchange, are not regarded as virtues: men want to have certainty and full assurance in regard to buying and selling, and no one blames them for that. But we claim for the soul what is allowed for the body: for eternity, what is yielded to time: for the Gospel what is the rule of the market—namely, definiteness, decision, certainty. You ought to be as sure of your salvation, of the forgiveness of your sins, and of your title to heaven, as you are of your business transactions." That word arrested the merchant. He saw that it was madness to be going into the eternal world, he knew not how, or where. He was thoroughly aroused. He went to his splendid home, but not to rest. That word had come to his soul as the message of God disturbing his false peace. An old family Bible long neglected, was brought from its hiding-place, and there the awakened man found rest to his soul in Christ.

A YOUNG SAILOR'S TESTIMONY.

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

WE arrived in Mauritius all safe, and I received your very welcome letter two days after. I never enjoyed a letter from you so much before, for I never cared for the little "lecture" you gave me on previous voyages. I am sure my dear mother will be happy now, knowing that her "dear boy" is gathered into the fold. I suppose you little thought that I would be a child of God after being such a bad boy. How I value every word my mother sends to me now! What a glorious thing to know that we are safe for Eternity! And it just shews that God saves the worst of the worst when He saved me. What a feeling of serenity a child of God has when dangers threaten! It is not easy to keep one's colours flying in the fore-castle, where there is so much profanity and sin. But the Lord is able to keep. When you are before His throne in prayer, ask for strength and guidance to be given me away here, surrounded by Satan's followers on every hand, and that I may be enabled to testify for the Lord. An English steamer came in here last Sunday, and while she was lying outside the harbour, the



second and third mates, two apprentices and myself went out to her in the boat and sang a few hymns, which the passengers seemed to enjoy very much. It was a very calm evening, and—"It is well with my soul" sounded grandly. I see a number of "coolies" on board a French mail boat lying close to us, and as soon as they get up in the morning they kneel on the top of the awnings fore and aft the ship, and pray to the sun as it rises. What an example for us who are the children of God, not to be ashamed of our Lord, or to own His Name. Your loving son in the Lord.

GEORGE E—.

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

MEMORABLE MAY DAYS.



Wallace, Sidmouth. J

GATHERING PRIMROSES ON THE HILL-SIDE.

MEMORABLE MAY DAYS.

PICKING primroses and daises for the celebration of the old time "May Day" feté, a group of happy girls shouted and sang on the edge of a wood. Blithe and happy in the gay morning of life, they knew no care, nor had they any serious thoughts about the life beyond the present. Scampering down the green hill-side toward the village, they were more than astonished to find that since they had left in the morning, a bright new canvas tent had been erected on a field, and a tiny flag flying from its centre pole bore the words, "Gospel Tent." It was the first of its kind that had ever been seen there, and the children were all curious to know what was to be done inside. Posters on the walls made known that nightly services were to be conducted under the canvas, for young folks and adults. For a time, few of either went, and it was rumoured, that the villagers had been warned not to go. The visit of a band of young men one week evening, who came to help the preachers, and sang in procession through the village, aroused much curiosity and interest, and that night the tent was filled with young people to hear "the boy preachers," as they had been named. The clear and ringing testimony of these bright and happy young be-

lievers, all saved by grace and on the way to glory, was used to break in on the indifference of the young people, and to bring some of them to Christ. The work went on, and many were saved. Scarcely a household in the place was without a new-born soul, happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven. The tent was soon too small for the crowd that gathered; some from curiosity, others, in true soul anxiety to see the work of grace, and hear the Word of God. It was a splendid sight to see on the hill-side, decked in its early summer verdure, spotted with flowers, hundreds of old and young seated, listening to the Gospel of the grace of God, and to hear the song of praise ascend from many who had been born of God during these memorable May days. Has such a spiritual Spring-time come into the heart and life of the reader? There is nothing so beautiful, so heaven-like on earth, as a young heart won by the love of Christ, a young life devoted to God and His service; a young man or maiden, saved by grace, and set on the way to glory. And blessed be God, this joyful experience is within reach of all. There is no mystery about the way in which it is effected; the Gospel believed, and Christ received, brings salvation, life and peace.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF AND THE RESURRECTION.

IN the centre of a group of Bechuanas, Bushmen and Kaffirs, Robert Moffat, the Scotch missionary stands preaching the Word of God. His subject is "The Resurrection," and he is telling them of the rising of the dead of all ages, and the judgment which will follow (see

faithful missionary continued to preach "Jesus and the Resurrection," and God used the message to bring one and another to the Saviour. Even the proud and cruel chief Makaba, confessed the Saviour's name, and after witnessing a good confession, died in the



KAFFIRS OF SOUTH AFRICA ON A JOURNEY

John v. 26-29). Makaba, the dusky chief who had listened with great attention, rose up at the close, and staring at the missionary, held up his hands in amazement, saying, "Do not tell me the dead shall rise again. I desire not to hear it, I have slain thousands in battle, I desire not to hear they will all live again." The

certain hope of a resurrection to be with Christ. No sinner in his sins, unsaved and unforgiven, can look forward to death, resurrection and judgment, without fear. How can they, when God has said that in that coming judgment day, He will bring "every work into judgment, with every secret thing."

"THIS IS THE VERY THING I WANT."

I HAD been troubled about my soul for ten or eleven years, ever since I was a girl in the Sunday school. As I became older and got into company, pleasure drove my convictions partly away, but I seldom lay down at night even in my most careless years, without

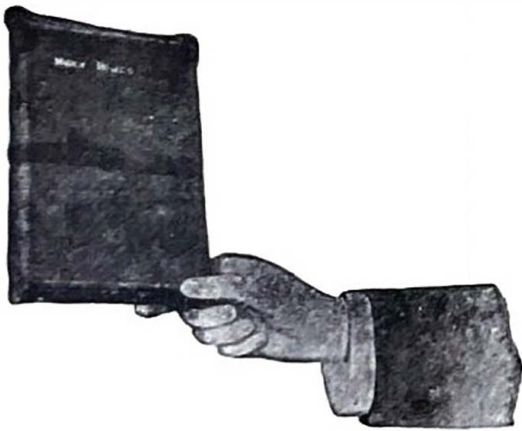


thinking of the great eternity beyond. I had two companions who professed to be converted when we were school-girls, but first one then another of them married worldly husbands, and went further into worldliness than ever. I do not think either of them ever was "born again," and so their course was not much to be wondered at, but the enemy used it to "sop" my conscience, and to make me indifferent. I went for a few weeks to live with an uncle in the country. While there, I met with a farmer's daughter, a bright cheerful girl, who invited me to stay with her for a few days. I found she did not go to

balls, or read novels, and I said, "I wonder how you put in the winter up here, you must be very lonely." Laughing, she replied, "O no, I am never lonely. I never know what it is to be without company or without plenty of happy work." I wondered, and asked if she could give me a recipe for cheerfulness, for unless I was in company, I felt miserable. "Well" she said, "I can well understand that, for I once was exactly the same, and tried everything I could think of to make myself happy, but got no relief. One day sitting in my room I came across a booklet, the title of which was, "This is the very thing I want." It was the story of an Indian who had tried many pilgrimages and penances to get rid of a burden on his conscience, but all in vain. One day he heard a missionary preach the Gospel from the words, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' 'This is what I want' said the troubled man, and going to the missionary he heard more of Christ and became a believer in Him. After reading the story, I said to myself, 'and this is just what I want too.' Well I cast myself on the Lord Jesus, receiving Him as my Saviour, and I have been saved and satisfied ever since." Reader, I commend Christ to you.

A NOBLE MOTTO.

FREDERICK of Saxony, from whom Prince Albert was descended, was a pious, Bible reading prince. He had as his motto, the five letters, V. D. M. I. Æ. They were on the plates he used at his table, on the ornaments of his palace, and on the livery of his servants. All in the royal house, and those who came to it as visitors, knew their meaning, and that they expressed the faith of the honoured prince. These five letters represent



the Latin words, VERBUM DEI MANET IN AETERNUM, which means, "The Word of God abideth for ever." Truly a noble motto, which all who love the Lord, and own the Bible as His Holy Word should fearlessly, confess and boldly display. All other books, being of human origin, are liable to err, their authors being men, must die; their subjects may lose interest, but the Book of God, whose author is the Ever-existing One, is absolutely perfect; all its

words are Divine, and like its author it endureth for ever. Not one word, either of grace or judgment, will pass away. The Lord Jesus said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away" (Matth. xxiv. 36). All must be fulfilled. What a mercy to have such a Rock to rest the soul upon. The sinner reposing on that word, can say without fear, "I know that what God says, He will do, for His Word is eternal, like its author; it can never pass away, it endureth for ever."

Sir Walter Scott, on his dying bed, in lovely Abbotsford by the silver Tweed, said to his son-in-law, "Bring me the Book," "What book?" enquired Mr. Lockhart. "There is only one Book, the Bible," said the dying poet. The Psalmist King who sat on Israel's throne thousands of years before, had said, "Thy Word is very pure, therefore thy servant loveth it (Psa. cxix. 140). Make the Book of God, that ever-enduring Word, your guide and counsellor. Believe what it says about yourself, (Rom. iii. 10-19), and about the Son of God, (Rom. v. 6-8), and about the way of salvation (Acts xvi. 31). Then go forth walking in its light (Psa. cxix. 128), keeping its precepts (Psa. cxix. 128), and obeying its commandments.

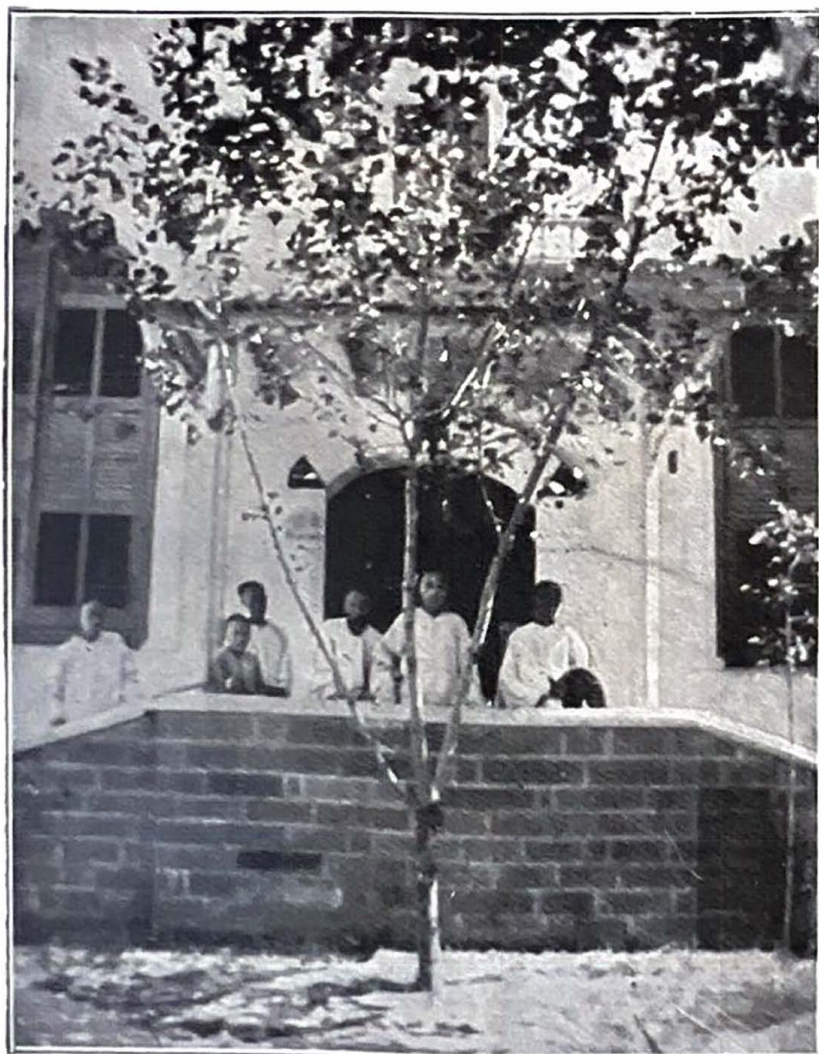
The Chinaman's Confession ; or, The Book and the Heart.

IN a plain four-square room in one of the crowded towns of North China, which the natives speak of as "The Jesus Hall," a group of middle-aged Chinese sit

us from our earliest years, is all so new and so wonderful, that those who hear it for the first time sit in wonder and amazement. But the Word of God has "teeth"; it takes

hold of the human conscience and searches the human heart as no other book, or message can.

At the close of one of these simple Gospel services, an intelligent Chinaman, named Mr. Li, said to the preacher in presence of several of his friends and acquaintances — pointing with his finger to the Chinese Bible — "The writer of that Book knows my heart." He had discovered that the Word of God was more than a human book, that it was a "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," and that it must therefore be God's Book (Heb. iv. 12); the word of Him



GOSPEL HALL, WU-CH'EN, CHINA.

listening to the Word of Life. It is all so new to them, that it is not easy to restrain their exclamations of wonder as the simple service proceeds. To nearly all of them, "The old, old story," so familiar to

who says, "I the Lord search the heart" (Jer. xvii. 10). Sometime after, Li came again, and heard the way of life, and this time the Word was received into his heart, and he confessed Christ as his Saviour.

CHARLIE'S FIRST PRAYER.

SAVED when a school-boy of fourteen, Charlie Read became junior clerk in a merchant's office. His master had much confidence in the young clerk, and treated him with great kindness. His only son, a bright boy of seven

kept him close by them all the time, but just as they were preparing to return, a bird flew out of its nest on the green hillside, and Frank eager to get a sight of the nest, scrambled up the sward, and missing his foothold, rolled down to the foot of the



"HIS FACE WAS WHITE, AND HIS EYES CLOSED."

years, was much attached to Charlie, and being the only child of his parents, and without playmates, the young clerk was often asked to spend an evening with his little friend. On a Spring holiday, Charlie and his sister took little Frank to the seashore for the day. They

steep slope. Charlie and his sister saw the mishap, and in a moment were at his side. The little fellow was more frightened than hurt, but his face was ashy white, and his eyes closed. What were they to do, far from home, with night coming on? They knew no one in the

place, and the railway station was some distance off. Charlie's heart sank: he had never been in such a plight before. Then he suddenly remembered the words, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee" (Psa. l. 15). Bending his knee, he said to his sister Annie, "Let us ask God," and in a few simple words, the dear boy poured out his soul in prayer to high heaven in the day of his distress. It was Charlie's first prayer. He had prayed in his own room no doubt, and joined with others in the prayer meeting, but this was the first time, that in conscious need, he had called upon God in the day of trouble, for deliverance. There is a wonderful peace comes to the heart, after casting its care upon God (Phil. iv. 6, 7), which those who pray believing only know. Charlie had cast his burden on the Lord, and he had the confidence that his cry was heard. In a few moments the answer came. Frank opened his eyes, the flush of health returned to his cheeks, and with a glad heart, Charlie carried him to the train. That first call upon God and its speedy answer, was a great day in the young believer's history. He learned to bring God into his life, to consult him on everything, and to-day as an honoured servant of Christ, and an earnest soul-winner,

Charlie proves the reality of the promise, first proved that day long ago on the sea-shore. He, like Samuel of old, is known as one who calls upon "the Name of the Lord" (Psa. xcix. 6). Frank, saved in early years, is a bright light in his own sphere, and sister Annie, who has never forgot that Spring holiday and its deliverance, is an earnest Sunday-School teacher, and a woman of prayer! What a privilege it is to pray! To have a God near at hand, upon whom you can "call," not only in the "day of trouble," but every day, and in every path of life. To acknowledge God in "all" our ways (Prov. iii. 6), and to know His guiding hand in every path of life, is one of the highest and happiest privileges of the children of God. The poor worldling, living "without God" (Eph. ii. 12), knows nothing of it. He is at the mercy of every wind and wave, like a rudderless ship without a compass on a stormy sea. How many youths launched thus on the sea of life, have become wrecks for time and eternity; ruined in body and soul by the crafty foe. The only safe, the only sure, the only happy life is that of the Christian. And it begins by receiving Christ as your personal Saviour (John i. 12), by confessing Him as your Lord (Rom. x. 9) by being a possessor of His life.

THE MARTYR OF ST. ANDREWS.

YOUR picture shews the ruins of the Castle of St. Andrews, behind the walls of which, on the left, is "The Bottle Dungeon," in which some of the Lord's servants



were confined before their martyrdom. On a bright May morning in the year 1546, George Wishart, a young Scotch nobleman, a devoted Christian, and a fearless preacher of the Gospel, lay in that dark dungeon awaiting execution. The ungodly Cardinal, whose word in these days was law, had ordered that he should be hung, and then burnt at a stake. Calm and fearless, Wishart thrice knelt beside the wood, and prayed. The executioner was so overcome, that he fell on his knees, and asked the martyr to forgive him, as he was not guilty of his death. Wishart kissed his cheek, saying, "There is a token that I forgive thee." While the fire blazed around the martyr's body, he said, "This flame hath scorched my body, but hath in no

wise daunted my spirit; but he who now gloats over my sufferings from yonder window, shall, before long, hang from it." The Cardinal lay on rich cushions at a window in the tower on the right side of the picture, watching the martyrdom. Wishart was soon released from his sufferings, and at home in the presence of the Lord. How different was the death of the guilty Cardinal. A band of men entered his room at three o'clock in the morning, killed him with daggers, and hung his body out at the window, where so shortly before, he had gloated over the death of the Lord's martyr. To this day, that window is seen, and known by the name of "Beaton's Window."

The manner in which the ungodly Cardinal met his death, is not to be justified, for it is not the work of any of God's people to take vengeance on their enemies. That should be left to God. But in case any should presume to stretch forth their hand against the feeblest of the lambs of the Lord's flock, a terrible woe has been pronounced (Matt. xviii. 6).

"Vengeance belongeth unto the Lord," and, sooner or later, He will "repay" the ungodly for all their ungodly deeds, especially those who have injured or slain His blood-bought people, who are dearer to Him than the apple of the eye.



A CLEAN WAY.

THE question is asked in Psalm cxix. 9—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" and the answer given is—"By taking heed thereto, *according to Thy Word?*" On the day of our conversion, we were made "clean every whit;" cleansed from all our sins, and set on the way to glory. This washing never needs to be repeated: it is "once for all." But between the day of conversion, and the day of the believer's entrance to heaven, there is the pilgrim pathway; the daily walk through a world filled with defilement and corruption. In order that his "way" may be "cleansed," God has given him His Word. The "plain path" in which the Father desires His children to walk is there marked out, and warning given concerning the snares and pitfalls that lie alongside that path. By "taking heed" to his way according to that Word, the child of God is preserved from the surrounding defilement that he would otherwise easily come in contact with, and have his communion with God disturbed and broken. But, be it remembered, it is only as the Word

is obeyed, that this is secured. It is not enough to know the Lord's way; it must be trodden. He not only requires to see the tempter's snare, but to avoid it—to flee from it. Some seem to try how near they can walk to temptation without falling into it, but the believer who "takes heed" to his way, by the warnings of the "Word," will give it as wide a berth as he possibly can. He will "abstain from *all appearance* of evil" (1 Thess. v. 22). This, dear young saints, is the safe and happy path. If you want to have the sunshine of the Lord shining upon you, as you journey along to your home above, then let every step of your way be ordered and controlled according to God's Word. Follow wherever it leads you. Keep clear of all that it warns you of. Thus, O Lord, shall our way be cleansed, by "taking heed thereto, according to Thy Word."

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

I RESOLVED over thirty years ago, by the grace of God, and as His power enabled me, to take no step in my heavenly pathway, until I saw it clearly marked out for me in the Word of God, and I can say, to God's praise, on looking back over the road I have trodden, that this has saved me from many a snare." [A good resolution for a young believer.]

TERRY, THE BIRD-CATCHER.

TERRY had lived for many years without God. He had not been to hear the Word preached since he was a boy of seven. At that age, he lost his mother, who was a godly woman, and had sown in his young mind the story of Jesus and His love. For over fifty years it seemed to be buried, and Terry



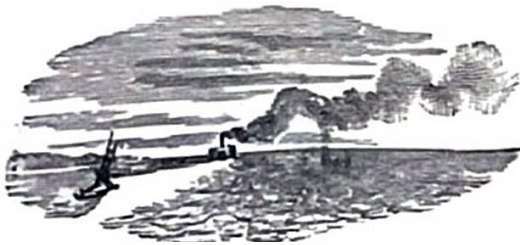
lived like a heathen. Sunday and Saturday he was in the fields and woods catching birds, and nobody seemed to care whether he went to heaven or hell.

On a Sunday afternoon, two young men were in the country distributing tracts, and speaking a word for the Master, as they had opportunity. They came across Terry in a field, and asked him if he would have a

tract. "Can't read it," was Terry's curt reply, but the truth was, he did not want to read it, or anything else that spoke of God. "That's a pity," said one of the young men. Seeing you are not particularly busy, perhaps you will allow me to sit down and read it for you." Without waiting for an answer, he sat down by Terry's side, and began to read the story, which happened to be that of a man's conversion, who was not unlike Terry himself—a great sinner. Through believing in God's love, and receiving it to his heart, he was converted to God. "Is that true?" was Terry's first question. "Perfectly true," said the Christian worker, "and what's better still, Christ can do for *you* what He did for that man." Terry looked in wonder. The memories of days long gone by, seemed to come back to his mind, and, raising his sleeve to wipe a tear from his cheek, he said, "My mother told me that, but I had forgotten it." That night Terry sat in the Gospel Hall, listening to God's message. People who knew him wondered, still more, when, a few nights later, he boldly confessed he was saved by the grace of God. His great regret was that he had "served the devil the best of his days." His constant cry to others was—"Come to Christ to-day."

RUN DOWN.

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



was, by hazarding life for the sake of pleasure. The four young men in a lug-sail boat had been watching for the passing of a steamer. in order to get the tossing of her "waves." While enjoying this, their favourite joy of the sea, they failed to observe that another steamer had put off from the pier, and was coming in the direction where they were. The captain blew his whistle, and every effort was made to alter the course of the steamer, but all in vain. The sailing boat was run down, and its four occupants sank with it, into a watery grave. The sad event cast a gloom over the whole district, and I hope may be a warning to others. It vividly and solemnly illustrates how thousands of wordlings, old and young, are "run down" to death and hell, while in quest of pleasure.

Lured on by one enjoyment, then by another, how many there are, who give no heed to the warning voice that tells them to flee from wrath to come. Suddenly and unexpectedly death overtakes them, and they are hurried into eternity, Christless and unprepared. Reader, are *you* ready to meet God? If death should suddenly overtake you, and eternity unfold its portals to receive you, would you go to be with Christ? If not, where?

THE TROUBLED SEA.

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

* * * * *

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

The Boating Party on the Lake.



THE BOATING PARTY ON THE LAKE.

THE BOATING PARTY ON THE LAKE.

AS I sit under the verandah of my South Australian home, watching the young people boating in the bay, I am reminded of my early years in England, and of the difficulties and struggles I had as a school girl of sixteen, when I was in deep anxiety of soul, seeking to know the way of salvation and peace.

I was awakened to think about eternal things at the death-bed of a dear companion, who was called into eternity at the age of fifteen. We were bosom friends, and had often talked together as we walked to and from school, of our prospects in life, building "castles in the air." When I was led into the room in which she lay in her coffin, to take a last look of her remains, the question flashed into my mind, "If your body lay in that coffin where Lily's lies, where would your soul be?" From that hour my peace was broken. I was in touch with eternal things. The Spirit of God was convicting me of sin. The Lord was loosing my bands from worldly things and leading me by a way that I knew not to Himself.

I knew that Christ was the only Saviour, and that His "precious blood" (1 Peter i. 19) shed on Calvary for my sins, alone could cleanse and fit me for heaven. But how to get a personal interest in the work of the Cross and to know that I was saved, was to me the supreme difficulty. All who spoke to me said it was "by faith," and that I had "only to believe" and I would be saved then and there. I thought I did believe, and so far as giving assent to the doctrine of the Gospel is concerned, I surely did, but I had not "trusted" (Eph. i. 12) in the Lord Jesus, I had not "committed" myself unto Him (2 Tim. i. 12)—which is the true meaning of "believing," as I learned from reading my Greek Testament in John ii. 24 with iii. 16,—and therefore I had no assurance and no peace.

Want of trust had seemingly always characterised me. I was told that as a little child learning to walk, I screamed when I was left to stand alone, afraid to use my legs lest I should fall. I remember when a young girl, I went for a holiday to my uncle's home in the

country. My cousins would have me to go with them for a row on a lake in the grounds, but I was unwilling to trust myself in the boat, and clung to the branch of a tree. "You let go that branch and trust yourself to me Clara," said my cousin, "then I will be responsible for your safety." I was very unwilling, but at last I did let go the rotten bough, and sat down in the boat. Within fifteen minutes, we were speeding across the lake, and I was as peaceful and happy as my cousin who sat by me. My confidence had grown, and my fears passed away.

It is exactly the same in the great and all-important matter of our salvation. To trust in Christ, to rely upon His finished work, to believe His sure and unerring word is to be saved. But this believing, this trusting, involves letting go all to which we cling, all in which we hope, letting ourselves drop as it were wholly on the Son of God and His power to save. There are some—and I was one of them—who act in the same way as one learning to swim often does, keeping one foot on the sand as a kind of safeguard

against sinking. But in order to float, you must commit yourself entirely to the water. I found it so in my salvation. Never shall I forget the hour, under the glowing Australian sunset, that as a guilty helpless sinner, I yielded myself wholly and just as I was to Jesus the Saviour, believing He would save me because He "came to save sinners" (I Tim. i. 15). Taking Him at His word I said—

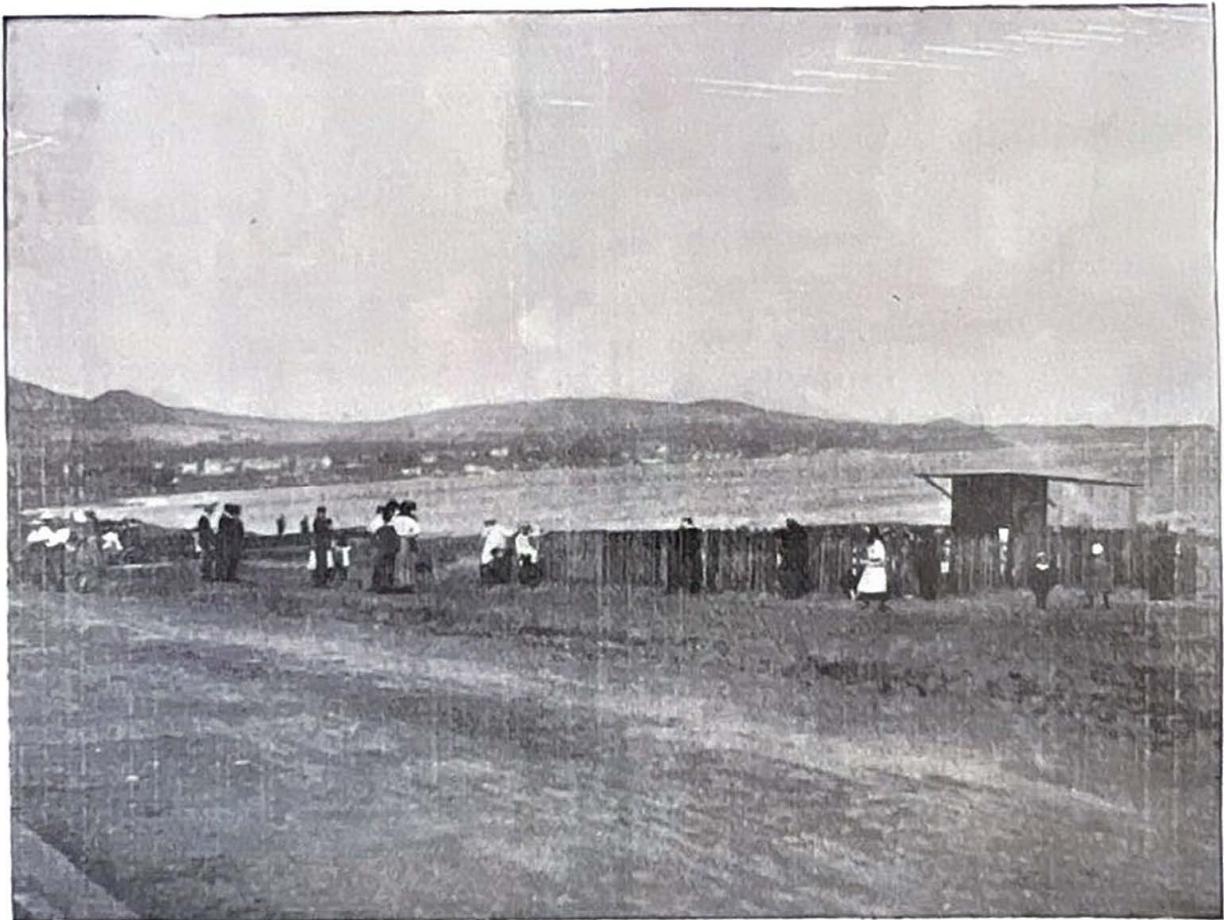
"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
BECAUSE THY PROMISE I believe,
O Lamb of God I come."

I knew He did receive and save me then, and I have had the assurance, peace, and joy of His salvation ever since. Do not be afraid to trust yourself to Christ. "He is mighty to save." And is as willing as He is able. He never turns away one who truly comes to Him. He never gives up or surrenders one who trusts Him. His Word is—"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." Let your confidence be in Him. Say, "Behold, God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2). Reader, have you trusted Him?

ON LEVEN SEASHORE.

TWENTY-ONE years ago, on midsummer day, I wandered along the sea-beach of Leven, a sad and weary sinner. Lover and friends had been removed by death from me,

and others ridiculed the truth. As I walked slowly along the shingly beach, the waves breaking softly at my side, I remembered the lines of Dr. Bonar's hymn, sung often in my father's



THE SEA-BEACH, LEVEN, FIFESHIRE.

life was a burden, and I wished myself dead and done with it. But then there was a world beyond, an Eternity I had to enter. I had learned this from my early teaching, and knew it was so, although some denied

house in the days long gone by, but not forgotten. They were:—

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

I was "weary" enough, and "sad" too at heart. I had been sorely disappointed. The world had not given me what I sought. I longed for rest and satisfaction. As these words passed through my mind, I saw both were to be found in Christ—I had simply to come. But would He receive me? Yes, "as I was." For His own words were: "I am not come to call

the righteous, but sinners" (Matt. ix. 13). I saw in a moment that this included me, for I was a sinner. I just gave myself over to Christ, yielded myself to Him, trusting His Word, and I knew He had received me. Peace flowed into my heart, gladness followed, and I have proved through all the years, that Christ can save and satisfy. Blessed be His Name.

HOW THE INDIANS RECEIVED THE GOSPEL.

WHEN David Brainerd, the Apostle of the North Indians, began to preach Christ to a tribe in New Jersey, his congregation consisted of four women and a few children. This was a small beginning, but God's work often so begins. These young people were first saved. Then they began to tell others of the Saviour, and they became interested. One after another heard of Christ, Soon in the wigwams of Cressweeksung



there was a circle of redeemed and happy souls, singing the Saviour's praise and showing forth His virtues in lives worthy of His Name. Saved themselves, they gathered around the missionary, and testified by taking the side of Christ's servant, that they had been born again. Have you? Your own conversion is the first great necessity. This experienced, what a blessing you may be to your family, your companions, your neighbours, and the world! Receive Jesus Christ, God's Son (John i. 12) as your Saviour, confess Him as your Lord (Rom. x. 9), then go forth and serve Him.

A WEST AUSTRALIAN LAD'S CONVERSION.

I WAS born in Goulburn, New South Wales. When a boy, I was nearly drowned, a com-

not ready. In His mercy He spared me. When twelve years old, I came to the goldfields of



West Australia, and there had another warning. When I began work I soon got in with companions and served sin and Satan. In this way four years of my life were wasted. A Christian lad invited me to a meeting in Oddfellow's Hall, Perth. There I heard the Word of God, and it took hold on me. I went again and on the third night I re-

ceived Christ and was saved. I can say it is good to be saved. I ring my bell now, and invite others to hear the Gospel.

panion pushing me into the baths. As I sank, the thought flashed through my mind—You must meet God. I knew I was

HOW LAUSANNE WELCOMED THE GOSPEL.

IN the early stages of the Reformation in Switzerland, the lovely city of Lausanne, on the shores of the blue Lake of Geneva, refused an entrance to

their eyes and set them free from the ignorance in which they had been kept for centuries. But Geneva had received the Gospel, and was



the Gospel and its preachers. The fine old city with its proud bishop, its grand cathedral, and army of bigoted monks, had no desire for the people to hear that which would open

now a free city. The Council of Berne, under whose authority the Pays de Vaud had passed, determined that the priests of Lausanne and the Gospellers should meet, and in the pres-

ence of those able to judge, give a statement of their teachings. William Farel, a well-known preacher, whose name was a dread to the Roman bishops, accepted this proposal, for he had long desired to let the Word of God come in contact with the doctrines of Rome. But the priests had no desire to meet their opponents in open discourse; they preferred more subtle methods. The Emperor Charles V., whose sympathy the priests had enlisted, forbade the proceedings, but the Council of Berne and the people of Lausanne, who were anxious to hear both sides, turned a deaf ear to the royal mandate, so the day of the great discussion was fixed. That was a great day for the beautiful old city on the vine-clad hills of the Pays de Vaud, looking down on the blue lake. High up on the hills stood the famous cathedral, with churches, convents, and monasteries all around. Down the steep hills were sunny vineyards and green, shady meadows. In a dark corner of a winding path near by, stand some ill-looking men, waiting for the Gospellers from Geneva, posted

there by the priests to waylay and murder them. But the plot failed, the murderers were arrested and sentenced. Then the Gospellers entreated for them, and they were pardoned. Sunday, October 1, 1536, was a great day for Lausanne. The great cathedral was filled from end to end. Scaffoldings were put up, and an immense crowd filled the whole available space. What brought them there? It was to hear, what few of them had ever heard, the Gospel of Christ simply and definitely made known from an open Bible, by men who knew and had personally proved its saving power. Priests had kept them in darkness. The Bible had been denied them. The Gospel had been smothered with tradition and idolatry. Farel preached to the great congregation, full, free, present salvation through Christ, apart from works or merit of man, and the clear-ring old Gospel in the Spirit's power went forth for the first time for centuries in Lausanne. Next day the battle began in earnest. On one side sat an array of 174 priests with a number of monks, on the other, half-a-dozen plain

gospellers. Farel was the first speaker, followed by Viret, both declaring the gospel in simplicity, and claiming the authority of the Word of God as being above that of the church. A priest rose to reply for his side. He refused to debate, to him the voice of "the church" was supreme. The Bible he said has "no authority, except that it is approved by the church." To this the great assembly gave a manly dissent, and again Farel preached, priests and people listening to his discourse with interest. Then they dispersed, the priests returning to their homes, some to preach the Gospel as they had heard and received it in Lausanne that day. On no occasion during the whole progress of the Reformation, had so many sinners been saved as on that moment-

ous day. Rome lost her hold. The inhabitants of Lausanne cleansed the city of altars, images, and crucifixes. The great image of the Virgin, called by the priests "Our Lady of Lausanne," was reduced to atoms. The golden treasures were sold, and the results used to found a school, where the Word of God might be studied and taught. The door thus set wide open, has never again been closed. The Gospel has been proclaimed in the fair city for three and a half centuries, many receiving the message, and rejoicing in a present known and enjoyed salvation, which is proclaimed in the Gospel (Eph. i. 12) to all people, and which all who believe know and enjoy as a present possession joyfully confessing "The Lord is my light and Salvation" (Psa. xxvii. 1).

THE WORD THAT ARRESTED ME.

IT was the one word "Eternity," in bold blue letters on a cottage wall, that first made methink of my latter end. I was very ignorant of my



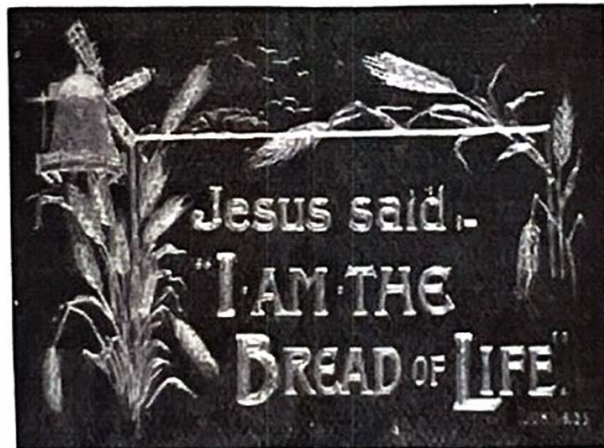
need, and also of God's Gospel. The working man who lived in that humble abode spoke to me of Christ, and I bless the Lord that by means of the words of Isa. liii. 5, I learned that Jesus died for me.

A YOUNG BELIEVER'S TESTIMONY.

I WAS brought to Christ at the age of sixteen, while working on a farm. My master was a Christian man and took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of his servants. He conducted family reading every night in the farm kitchen, and all the servants were expected to be there, and I believe he spoke to each separately about their own salvation as well. When I was saved, he gave me a nice Pocket Bible with my name written on the fly-leaf, and under it the text, Jer.

xv. 16—"Thy words were found and I did eat them." As he handed them to me he said: "Now Johnny, if you are to grow in grace, and be a healthy and happy Christian, you will have to eat your daily bread out of this Book. The new life that you received cannot get on without food, and what it feeds on is all found in God's precious Word. My advice to you is, get a portion out of it each morning before you go out to

your work, and be sure you do not neglect prayer and the Word of God. They are as necessary to the soul as your daily food is to your body." I I never forget that dear man's advice. I regret to have to confess that some days I have neglected to read my Bible, and they have been unhappy days, for when the soul is not right, things go all wrong. I have proved in my experience the blessedness of feeding on Christ as He is set forth in the Word, getting some-



thing new about Him each day, as the manna came fresh from heaven, and was gathered and eaten by the people of old in the desert. Never allow any service, any company, or even any good book, to hinder you from reading and meditating on a portion of God's Word daily. This is the secret of all spiritual strength and progress heavenward. It is only those who read God's Book that are of use in His Service.

NEWS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD.

IN a bright Spring morning, the postman's knock was heard at "Sunny Lodge," which was quickly answered by the gardener's wife, who with her husband had been its tenants for twenty years. "Good news from Ben, I hope," said the postman as he handed a letter bearing a foreign post-mark. The gardener, who was working in front of the "Lodge," overheard the remark and throwing aside his spade, hastened towards the door where his wife stood with the letter in her hand. "A letter from Ben," she said proudly, and well she might, for Ben was an only son, greatly beloved, who had taken his degree, and gone as an army doctor to the Soudan War. Quickly the envelope was opened, and found to contain only half a sheet of paper. This was so contrary to Ben's custom, that they feared something must be wrong. Their fears were confirmed as they read, in a strange handwriting, that Ben had been wounded and lay in a desert hospital. The sad tidings brought a dark cloud on the dwellers in "Sunny Lodge," for they believed the sad news, and it filled them with sorrow and anxiety for their beloved son. A month of great anxiety passed, and again the aged postman was seen hurrying up the path to "Sunny

Lodge." With a trembling hand the gardener's wife received the letter, which she almost feared to open. But to her joyful surprise, it was from Ben himself, telling of a rapid recovery. Tears of joy flowed from her eyes, for she believed the good news, just as she had believed the bad news a week before, and believing she was made glad. Believing the first letter filled "Sunny Lodge" with gloom: believing the second letter filled "Sunny Lodge" with gladness. The believing was the same in both cases; so were the believers, but the subject was different, and so were the effects. Keep this in mind, you shall know why presently.

* * * * *

A stranger passing "Sunny Lodge" one day, handed in a printed Gospel message, which was thankfully received, with an invitation to "Come in and rest." In a few minutes the gardener, his wife, and the stranger were in earnest conversation on the all-important question of how a sinner may be saved and how he may know it. "I cannot understand how any body can be sure of being saved," said the gardener. "Just by believing God," said the stranger. "If you received a letter from a foreign land, written by a trustworthy person, saying some one whom you loved was ill, how would

you *know* it, would it not be by believing?" "Yes," said the gardener, looking over to his wife, who gravely nodded her assent. "And if the following mail brought a letter telling of his recovery, how would you know that he was better, would it not be by believing, just in the same way?" "Yes, sir," said the gardener, wiping the tear from his eye. "Then I believe God, in exactly the same way. He told me first in His Word that I was a lost sinner, on my way to a lost eternity; believing that, made me anxious. Next I learned from the same Book that God loved me, that Christ died for me, and that eternal life and salvation were sent me as the free gift of God (Rom. vi. 23; Titus ii. 11). Believing this made me glad, and," added the stranger, "so it will do for you, good bye." The illustration of the letters, used no doubt by Divine direction, was as the feather to the arrow, and carried the truth of God home to the consciences of the tenants of "Sunny Lodge." They learned that day for the first time from God's Word that they were *lost*, and *believing* it they were anxious, and blessed be God ere many days passed by, they believed God's Gospel, and believing, they were *saved* and made *glad*.

Reader, do you believe God?
If not, why not?

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

YES, unsaved reader, there is danger around you. The wrath of God is above you. The depths of hell are beneath you. You have sinned against heaven, and the wages of that sin is death. You need not try to forget it. To close your eyes to your impending doom will not deliver you. The warning voice of God says—"Escape for thy life." There is a place of safety. There is a refuge for the sinner. Only one. That refuge is in Christ. It is not in the Church: not in religion: not in sacraments: not in reformation. You may hide yourselves in these, but the judgment of God will fall upon you. In Christ alone, under the shelter of His precious blood, there is safety. Escape to that refuge. Life and death are in the issue. You may suppose that there is plenty of time: that you need be in no haste. This is one of Satan's soul-ruining lies. The time is short. The arrow of death may soon lay you low. "Escape for thy life."

WONDERFUL LOVE.

When angels sinned, no Saviour came
To rescue or atone;
No precious blood, no saving grace,
By them was ever known.

But man—poor man—ah! when he fell,
The heart of God was moved,
And for rebellious, erring man
He gave His own Beloved.

The Service on the Sea-beach.



"I spent the time on the beach reading a novel."

The Service on the Sea-beach.

IN an elegantly furnished room in the suburbs of London, two young ladies sat engaged in earnest conversation. They were cousins. Both had been brought up in gay society, and for the world. God, in grace, had met the elder of them in a very remarkable way, and brought her to Himself. The whole course and manner of her life had been so manifestly changed, that the younger cousin, hearing of it, had come up from her Devon home to see her and satisfy her curiosity, for she declared that she never would believe that "a gay girl" like her cousin Marion had "become religious." The cousins had been companions since childhood, very intimate, sharing in full measure the world's follies, in which they had walked together. It was a great shock to the younger girl to hear of her cousin's conversion, and losing no time, she hastened to see her. Marion met her, as usual, at the railway station, and welcomed her in all the warmth of her former love, bright and cheerful as ever, but with a new and settled peace on her countenance. Eva

watched her eagerly as they walked along the avenue, but could discern no trace of the religious recluse she had expected to find. The only incident during their walk which indicated to Eva that something had happened was, when she made mention of a gay scene in which they both had shared, Marion simply replied, "It was very disappointing, after all." After tea, they had a long walk together, and on their return, while seated in Marion's boudoir, she told her cousin the story of her conversion, which was, briefly, as follows:—

"You remember, when I was at the seaside last summer, how I sprained my ankle climbing on the rocks. Being unable to walk far, I usually spent the afternoons sitting on the sea-beach reading a new novel, or watching the children at play. In a corner, not far from where I sat, a Children's Service was held in the afternoons. At first I took little notice of it, but when the circle of sweet voices sang, I sometimes dropped my novel to listen. One afternoon an Oxford graduate told how

he was brought to Christ while a godless and careless youth, by means of the words, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners' (I Tim. i. 15). He said, 'These nine words shewed me what I had not known before, namely, that I was to be saved as a sinner, and not as something better.' These remarkable words took hold on me. They opened up to me an entirely new view of Christianity. I had thought only of religion as it is seen in attendance at church. Here it was set before me in a personal Saviour, and in a known and enjoyed salvation which brings present peace and joy to the heart. I got a Bible, found the words of I Tim. i. 15, and believing them, as the Oxford student told us he did, for myself, and as given to me personally, I found a strange peace come to my heart. As I sat on the seashore listening day after day, I saw more fully that my salvation was in Christ alone. A young lady, who was an earnest worker in the Children's Services, sat down beside me one afternoon and told me how she had been brought to Christ as a girl at these Services, and

how peaceful and happy her life had been since. She gave me a booklet, which set forth very simply the way of salvation from the words of Isaiah liii. 6, where it is said all our sins were laid upon the Lord Jesus. As I believed this, peace came to my heart, then gladness, and I have been happy ever since in the assurance that Jesus is mine."

Day after day the cousins talked on the same subject, as they had opportunity, and before the month's visit of Eva to her cousin's home was over, she too was saved by grace and able to join with Marion in singing, as none but those who know the love of Christ can truthfully sing—

"Oh, this glorious ecstasy—

Glorious, infinite, Divine!

What shall move or trouble me?

I am Christ's, and He is mine."

Reader, do you know anything personally of such a Saviour? You require to be saved, because you are a sinner, and "these nine words," which brought life and peace to the Oxford student and the London society girl, will, if received to the heart, bring like blessings to you.

A Trip to Vesuvius and its Memories.

WE anchored in the lovely Bay of Naples. Vesuvius with its cloud of smoke was in view, and we were told had lately been in eruption. Some of our party must see it, and

carried, as our photo shows, to the top. Here two thousand feet above sea level, what a view is spread to meet the eye, and how many lessons it conveys to the mind. Down in the



HOW WE REACHED THE TOP OF VESUVIUS.

driving by Resina reach Vesuvius Station. There they joined the Funicular Railway, with its strange but comfortable carriages, which took them to within a few hundred yards of the crater. Then they were

valley are the ruins of Pompeii, its empty villas, and deserted streets, bearing witness to the great overthrow in A.D. 79, when, without warning, Vesuvius threw out its rivers of streaming lava, burying Pom-

peii, Herculæum, and Stabile and their inhabitants. There they lay for nearly seventeen hundred years until 1748, when the ruins of Pompeii were discovered and unearthed. Herculæum is at present being excavated. What sights these ruins reveal! The baker at his oven, the watchman at the gate, the gay company at the banquet, all found as they were overtaken by the "sudden des-

truction which came in a moment" upon them there. How solemn are the lessons these ruins teach! How strikingly they forecast the coming day when in a moment, the judgment of God will come upon this Christ-rejecting world! Only those who are above the judgment will escape the terrors of that time, and all who are now "in Christ" (Rom. viii. 1) will be safe then.

My Best Companion.

I AM living in a village among the Westmoreland hills, far from my home and the circle



of happy Christian lads, who were my companions. I feel the lack of

Christian company, for up till the present I have not met one, old or young, who has any desire to speak of the things of God and Eternity. But I have a good companion in my pocket Testament, which I never knew the real value of until I came here, and was cast upon the Lord, and His Word for my

daily supply of spiritual strength. I rejoice to find in the Word of God all that I need to enable me to live happily, and power to testify in my life, as well as by my lips, for the One who saved me when a lad long ago in the Sunday school. The Christian has the best of it here and hereafter. Here he has Christ with him day by day; in heaven he will be with Christ for ever.

What do you say to this, dear young friend? Have you Christ as your personal Saviour, and the Word of God as your daily guide? You cannot pass through life safely without Christ.

THE CONVICT'S ESCAPE.

A CROSS the fields from our day school there is a large convict prison. One morning while we were on the play-

A number of us boys joined in the chase, and were away from school all that forenoon. At mid-day the convict was

captured, and brought back, heavily handcuffed to prison. Our master, in reproofing us for leaving school, sought to impress upon us the hopelessness of escaping the grasp of law, and the punishment of sin, by the incident of that morning, and although forty years have come and gone since, I have not forgotten the prisoner's escape, the chase and capture, and the look of despair



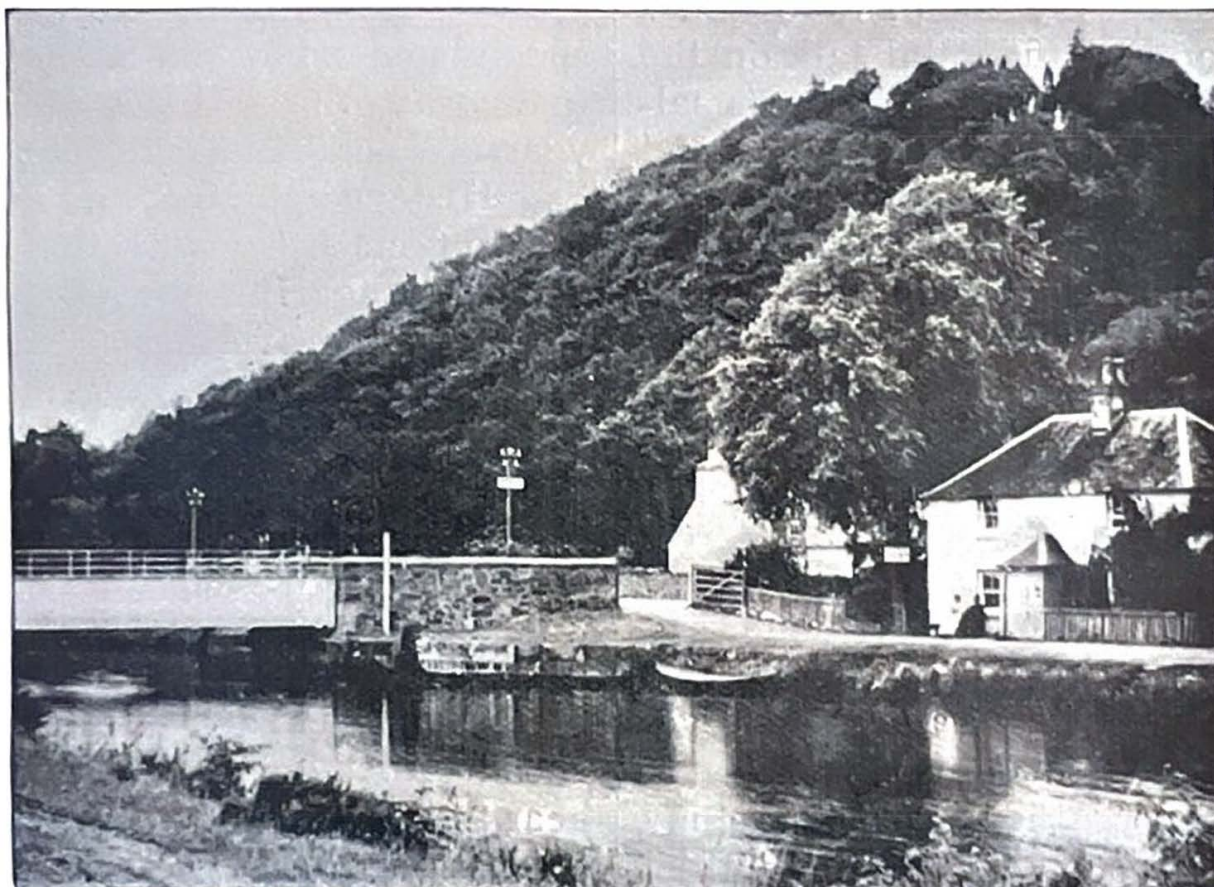
ground, a loud cry was heard, and looking in the direction from which it came, we saw two warders running across the fields. A convict had escaped.

on the man's face as he entered these great iron gates. There is little chance of evading human law. There is no escape from the judgment of God.

A TRIP THROUGH THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

I HAD been in business in a big Glasgow warehouse for seven years, and my health began to fail. The doctor said I must take a holiday, and ad-

accepted her companionship. We started on the Friday, had a lovely sail to Ardrishaig, and had on board the steamer an excursion party from Greenock,



A SCENE ON THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

vised a trip by sea. I was a bad sailor, and decided to go by the Kyles of Bute, through the Caledonian Canal, to Inverness. An assistant in the warehouse who got her holidays at that time, offered to accompany me, and I gladly

who sang hymns all the way. We reached Oban in lovely sunshine, and stayed one night, leaving next morning by Fort-William and snow-capped Ben Nevis for Inverness. Our sail along the Caledonian Canal will ever be remembered by

me, not alone for its splendid scenery, but because of a great experience — I may say the greatest of my life—which I had during that long summer day's sail. Seated on the deck of the small canal steamer, Annie (my companion) and I had a confidential talk on the great subject of the soul's salvation and the future life, and it was by means of the Gospel simply set before me by my dear fellow-employee that I saw the way of salvation, and accepted Christ as my own Saviour. You may think I had been brought up a heathen, or that I was irreligious and fast living, but this was not so. I led a moral life, and was strictly religious. No theatre or place of gaiety had ever been frequented by me. Indeed, I prided myself on my rigid adherence to the Puritan faith in which my parents had brought me up, never suspecting that I was in anything short of being a Christian, only had you asked me if I was saved, I would have told you "Nobody can be sure of that." As we sailed along, Annie told me something of her early life. She had spent her childhood

in the Highlands, and could describe the places as we passed them. As a girl of fifteen she lost her mother, came to live with an aunt in Glasgow, and had a hard and unhappy life for several years. I could scarcely restrain my tears as she related what she suffered in the way of privation in these years. "But," said she, "God had His eye upon me, and He brought me by a way that I knew not, to Himself. Major W.D. Whittle, of America, was preaching in the city, and several girls in the workroom where I was then, went to hear him, and told us they were converted. We laughed and teased them, but somehow I could not get rid of the thought that there was reality in it. I accompanied one of them to hear the Major, and the Word spoken convicted me of sin. I had a very unhappy week, until the next Sunday evening, when I heard him again on the words: "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." He shewed us simply and clearly that our salvation was not in any works or merit of ours, but in the blood of Christ, shed on Calvary, and that the mom-

ent a sinner comes under shelter of that blood, putting his trust in it for salvation, that God says he is safe, and will never come into judgment. (John v. 24). I saw then the way of salvation, and although I was afraid to say it just then, for fear I might be mistaken, I trusted my soul to the blood of Jesus, and I believe I was saved that night. From then till now I have been at peace with God, happy in the assurance that He saves and keeps—not that I deserve it, but by His grace alone.” I listened to Annie’s story with deep interest, and when she finished I asked her many questions, as to how she *felt* and what made her *sure*. She said: “It is the blood of

Jesus that saves, and it is the Word of God that assures. Feelings must not be trusted, they are so changeable—one day bright, the next day dull—but God’s Word is ever the same.” I had many a talk with Annie during our holiday, and on looking back, I believe it was while passing through the Caledonian Canal that I “passed from death to life,” through believing the Gospel and simply trusting my soul to Christ. Many years have come and gone, Annie is no longer near me, but the Lord to whom she led me that day is with me still, and I can sing like the Psalmist, “The Lord is my light and my salvation” (Psa. xxvii. 1).

“NOT YOUR TIME, BUT MINE.”

I WAS on a holiday in the country. The friends with whom I was living arranged to drive me to the nearest railway station to catch the morning train. Much to my surprise, the train was seen leaving the platform while we were a hundred



yards from it. I challenged the station master for starting the train before it was time. Pointing to the clock, he said, “It is not your time, but mine, that I go by.” I discovered then that my watch was slow. “Not your time, but mine,” reminds me that God’s time, not ours, is the period of man’s salvation. Of yours, reader.

Believers Kept by God's Power.

Afternoon Talks to a Class of Christian Lads—I.

THERE are four brief texts, in two couplets, which I wish you to find and *mark* in your Bibles now, then *meditate* on when alone at home. They are as follows:—

"KEPT by the power of God" (I Pet. i. 5).
"KEPT for Jesus Christ" (Jude 2, R.V.).

This is the first couplet. It tells of what God is doing for His people. It is the divine side of this great truth. There is a human side also, which we will look at next, but it is always best to begin with God's side, and see what He is doing for us.

When a sinner believes on the Lord Jesus, he is saved at once and for ever by "the power of God," which is vested in "the Gospel of Christ" (Rom. i. 16). By a power outside of himself altogether he is delivered from the bondage of sin, the service of Satan, and the course of the world. The believing sinner becomes God's child (I John iii. 1), the

Father's gift to the Son (John xvii. 2), who receives, and will never surrender or cast him out (John vi. 37). As a saved one, he has many and strong enemies, but none of them can pluck him out of the place of security in which

grace has placed him, in the hands of the Father and the Son (John x. 28). He is "kept," guarded as with a strong garrison, by "the power of God." He simply trusts: God safely keeps. Such is the ground of his security. Because of this, the young-



est and feeblest believer can confidently say he has salvation and eternal life now, and will be in eternal glory (2 Tim. ii. 10) by and by. All this is made sure to him in grace, and can never fail, because it is the work of God and due to Christ. All who are born again are "kept for Jesus Christ," and He will present them "faultless in the presence of His glory."

IF THIRSTY HE WILL DRINK.

A FARM-SERVANT after the days ploughing was leading his horses home to the stable. As was his custom, he took them to a stream of water which ran close by the farm yard, and the thirsty horses bowed down their heads and drank. A Christian farmer passing in his gig remarked to the servant "you may take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink." "No, Sir," was the servant's quick reply, "but if he is thirsty he needs no 'making;' he is glad enough to get at the water."

"Quite right," said the farmer smiling, "and it's exactly the same with the water of life; if you are thirsty you will drink. You will 'take' it 'freely' as the Book says in Rev. xxii. 17. No more passed. The farm-servant thought that was a strange statement: a peculiar turn for the conversation to take, and possibly the very strangeness of it, caused it to stick to his memory, as the Christian farmer had meant it to do. When he led his horses up to the stable, he told the rest of the men of the strange saying, and they had a laugh all round, and indulged in not



a few uncomplimentary remarks about the "revival" farmer. Still the words clung to him who heard them, and he could not forget them. He had not drunk of the water of life, although he had often enough of it, and been led as it were to its brink, yet had come away without drinking. Was he not a greater fool than his horses? Evidently he was, and that was what haunted him. In a neighbouring "barn" there was a Gospel meeting the following Sunday

night, and contrary to his usual custom — which was to spend the Sunday reading novels, or in his bed. George was there, and God

through the preaching of the Word, caused him to see his deep need as a sinner. He was thirsty then, and gladly stooped down to drink of the water of life. Have *you* yet drunk of it reader, or are you not thirsty? In hell there will be thirst, but no water. Now is the time to drink while it flows freely. To-morrow you may be in eternity, far, and for ever beyond the reach of God's free, full and present Salvation. To-day, then, while you may—

"Stoop down, and drink, and live."

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

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

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

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

Fairer than the Flowers.



Photo—Wallace, Sidmouth,]

"Gathering wild flowers in the wood."

Fairer than the Flowers.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON was walking one day with a friend in his garden talking on subjects of public interest of that time. The poet's friend was an ardent Christian, and never failed to testify for the Lord wherever he was. Pausing for a moment in their conversation, he took the Poet Laureate by the arm, and quietly asked, "What do you think of Jesus Christ?" Tennyson pointed to a flower blooming in all its beauty by the pathway and said, "As the sun is to that flower, so Jesus Christ is to me." That was a noble answer. Without the sun there would have been no leaf, no bloom, no beauty there. Without Christ there is no true Christianity, no life, no loveliness, nothing beautiful to God.

"Let us take a bouquet of flowers to old Nannie. She is lying ill in her house on the burnside," said the eldest of a group of girls who had been gathering wild flowers in the woods. Nannie had the repute of being a fortune teller. She lived alone. The neighbours kept aloof and taught their children to shun her. The girls

walked into the low-roofed cottage, and found Nannie in bed. They lit her fire, made her a cup of tea, tidied up her house, put the flowers in a jug of water by her bedside, and sang, before they left:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The aged woman listened with deep interest to the words, all so new and so strange to her. "Who is He who does it?" she asked, and the girls told in their simple way that He is the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, who died and lives to welcome all who trust Him. Then they left Nannie alone with the beautiful flowers, telling of their Creator's power, and the words of Gospel grace testifying of a Saviour's love. These were the first messages of God to that sin-hardened heart, in which visit after visit deepened the work, until Nannie at length confessed "Jesus is the Sun of my heart, my own dear Saviour." Now she is in that heaven of which Samuel Rutherford sang:

"There the Red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume."

PATTY'S PONY; or, "She Kicks."

PATRICEA was promised a pony on her twelfth birthday. A neighbouring farmer had one for sale, and Patty accompanied by her father went across to see it. The

Miss Gerty," said Patty's father. "Oh, no," replied the girl hum-
orously; "I am glad to get rid of her, because she kicks." These last words changed the whole aspect and stopped the



pony was pretty, could trot well, and was highly commended by the owner. Just as the bargain was being concluded, the youngest daughter joined the group in the farmyard, and was introduced. "You will be sorry to lose your pony,

sale. Part of the truth had been told, but not the whole. So it often is in eternal things. The sinner's ruin and God's judgment are hid, and many are thus deceived. But the whole truth must one day be known, here now, or in eternity.

YOUNG JEWESSES IN THE LAND OF ISRAEL.

OVER forty years ago, a Scotch Christian lady was much exercised in heart about the spiritual needs of young Jewish and Moslem girls

twelve named Hannah Wakerly, who from her teacher's lips heard the way of salvation, received Christ as her personal Saviour, and at the age of 18



in Palestine, and leaving home and friends, she began a school for girls in Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, on the seashore, some sixty miles from Jerusalem. Her first pupil was a girl of

went, as she herself expressed it, "to be with Jesus." Since then many young Jewesses and Moslems have there heard the story of redeeming love and gone forth to witness for the

Lord in many lands. Our photograph shows a group of young Jewesses—with one little boy, brother of one of the girls, in front—and their teacher Mual-lineh Adele. Some of these girls, like their race, have been wanderers in many lands, but here they are now well cared for and taught the way of life

and peace. May many of them be saved to shine as lights in the land where Jesus lived and died; and you likewise, reader, in the sphere where you now are. You need salvation as surely as these, for you it has been provided and “to you is the word of this salvation sent” (Acts xiii. 26).

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER AND HER MOTHER'S RING.

LEAVING the old parental home for a foreign shore, an only daughter was presented with a ring, which her aged



mother then placed on her finger. The ring bore the word “Mizpah,” a word taken from the memorial of Jacob and Laban, when the words were spoken “The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another (Gen. xxxi. 49). The godly mother prayed and yearned for the girl’s conversion, while she alas! forgot her early teaching, and went into the world, drinking deep of its pleasures, forgetting God and the interests of her soul.

In a ball-room, amid gay forms decked in flashing jewels, she sat one evening. The “Mizpah” ring which she constantly wore on her finger, was observed. One raised her hand, and examining the ring, asked what the word meant. The meaning of the word, so strange in such a circle was given, and the astonished listener remarked: “If I had got such a ring from a Christian mother, I would not be here.” These words went like an arrow to the conscience of the prodigal daughter. She left the gay scene, hurried along the deserted streets alone, and reaching her home fell on her knees, owning herself a sinner before her God, then and there receiving Christ as her Saviour.

A Governor's Fatal Choice.

PAUL, a servant of Jesus Christ, in bonds for his Master's sake, stood before Felix, who, with his wife Drusilla, had entered the judgment hall to hear Paul state his case. If they expected from the apostle a flattering address, they

scorns His offer of pardon. Felix listened until he could stand it no longer. The apostle's words burnt into his conscience so that he trembled, but to him the message was not "convenient"; it interfered with the sin which he hugged to his bosom,



were soon to be undeceived, for as a faithful witness Paul preached unto them "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He spoke to them of God's holiness and the hideousness of sin, warning them with solemn voice of the terrible judgment awaiting the sinner who refuses God's mercy and

and rather than part with his sin he closed his heart to the Spirit's pleading. "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee," was the response of the conscience-stricken but impenitent sinner. Reader, accept Christ now. God says "*To-day.*" To-morrow may be too late!

Days of Grace in the Isle of Arran.

I N the early years of the last century, the rugged but picturesque Island of Arran was inhabited by a people who had sunk into gross indifference to spiritual and eternal

the biggest parish of the island, named Kilmory, was greatly concerned about the state of the inhabitants, especially in their low spiritual condition. He had no access to any of



VILLAGE OF CORRIE, ISLE OF ARRAN.

things. Severed far from the mainland by sea, with few facilities for communication with the great world, they were far behind alike in secular and spiritual things. A godly man named M'Bride, who lived in

the great ones of earth to plead their cause, but being a man of faith and of prayer, he had unbounded confidence in God and in His power to work mighty wonders amongst the spiritually dark and godless

islanders. Walking around the island on foot, he visited the few godly people who were known to him, and invited them to come together at stated times for prayer, to call upon the Lord (Ps. iv. 14), and pray for a spiritual awakening among the people. These simple prayer meetings began in the Spring-time of 1812 and continued throughout the summer. People began to be interested, and numbers came to country houses and barns to hear the Gospel. Young men and maidens crossed the heather hills, and sailed in small-boats across the bays to hear the Word. Apart from any human instrumentality in the form of brilliant preaching or attractive services, but in answer to united fervent prayer, scores of people were deeply awakened about eternal things, and many were brought to Christ, to receive Him as their Saviour (John i. 12) and confess Him as Lord (Rom. x. 9). In the month of August, at a gathering of those who had received blessing, over three hundred of the islanders confessed Christ and took their places as His disciples before men. The voice

of praise and prayer was heard in almost every dwelling, and as the young fishermen went out to sea, the echoes of their glad new song—the song of redemption through the blood of the Lamb, and of salvation by grace—was heard by friends on shore. There is no power the world has ever known, no message men have ever heard, which can transform the character of a sinner, and change the life of a community, as the Gospel of Christ believed and the Son of God received. The young people of the island, hitherto neglected in Scriptural teaching, were taught to read the Word of God, and Bibles, although at that time high in price and difficult to get, were read to eager listeners around the glowing hearth in the long winter evenings. If you would share the blessedness and the joy of true Christianity, you need to know as your personal Redeemer, Saviour, and Lord, Christ in whom it has its source and spring. A mere nominal Christianity is of no value; a profession without possession of Christ gives no true happiness here and no title to heaven hereafter.

A Flower with a Sting.

WHEN a boy, I went to spend my vacation with my grandfather, who lived in the country. After showing me round his house and garden, we came to a plot of beautiful white flowers. "Now, Willie,



said my grandfather, "I want to warn you not to touch this plant, for although the flowers look beautiful, the leaves are poisonous." I promised not to touch it, but somehow that plant fascinated me, and each day found me admiring its beauty. One day I thought I would see

if it were possible that a plant so harmless looking could be poisonous, and plucked one of its leaves. A sharp, stinging pain in my hand soon made me realize that my grandfather's words were true, and that my

hand was poisoned. I tried to hide the pain, but at last it became so severe that bursting into tears I ran off to my grandfather and told him what I had done. He was grieved at my disobedience, but at once bandaged my arm and in a few days it was quite better. I shall never forget the lesson I learned that day, and since then I have found that sin acts in the same way as did that poisonous plant. Its

flowers may attract, but after its "pleasures" have passed away there remains the sharp, stinging "wages," the end of which is death. God in His matchless love has provided a remedy for the poison of sin. It is the blood of Jesus Christ. Let your trust be in it.

How Believers are to Keep Themselves.

Afternoon Talks to a Class of Christian Lads—II.

WE have seen how God keeps His people, and how safe they are who are in His keeping. We will look to-day at some words which tell us how we are to keep ourselves. This is the other side of the truth; in no sense contradictory, but equally needed. Here are two texts:

"KEEP yourselves in the love of God"
(Jude 21).

"KEEP yourselves from idols" (I John v. 21).

At the time of conversion, the believing sinner is brought into the circle of Divine love (I John iv. 16).

He is loved with the same love wherewith the Father loves the Son (John xvii. 26; xv. 9), and the love of God is shed abroad in his heart (Rom. v. 5). It is in this element that the new life develops, and the new-born saint thrives and grows. But he must "keep" himself in it, like the fish in the sea, as the iron in the fire. The Lord Jesus tells us how He kept Himself in His Father's love, and how

we are to keep ourselves in it. The process is very simple. It is this: "If ye keep My commandments ye shall abide in My love, even as I have kept My Father's commandments and abide in His love" (John xv. 10). Obedience, the keep-

ing of His words and of those of the Son, is the way to abide in the love of the Father, to give Him joy in us, and to have the joy of His presence with us (John xiv. 23). But when the love of the world is allowed to come in, and its

"things" to steal the heart, then the Father's love ceases to be in that believer in the sense of which the former verses speak (see I John ii. 16). Keep yourselves in His love. Nestle close to the heart that loves you. Make it your first business to do the thing that pleaseth Him, and thus the fellowship of love will be maintained. He is a holy and a jealous Lover, and will have no rivals, no equals.



A WONDERFUL PASSAGE.

AN earnest preacher of the Gospel named Guthrie, who lived and laboured for Christ in the parish of Fenwick, a few miles from Kilmarnock, lost his way while



riding across a moor one dark wintry night. Guthrie believed in God's direct guidance in all such matters, so he laid the reins on the horse's neck, and asked God to guide him aright. After many weary miles, the horse halted in front of a small farm-house, in the window of which, late as the hour was, there was a light. Tapping gently at the door, he asked if he might be allowed to sit by the fire till morning dawned; a request which was readily granted.

He was informed that the mistress of the house was dying, and that the Romish priest was by her bedside administering the last sacra-

ments of the church to the dying woman. Mr. Guthrie said nothing until the priest had retired, then going forward to her bedside, he spoke to the dying woman of the finished work of Christ, and of the peace that had been made by the blood of His Cross. The dying woman who had never heard before the glad tidings of salvation, drank in the truth, and rejoiced in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, and of salvation through Jesus' Name alone. The man of God remained till the morning, and saw the newly-saved woman triumphantly depart to be with Christ.

Arriving at his home in Fenwick the following day, he said to his wife, "I have seen the greatest wonder of my life during the last twelve hours. I came to a farmhouse on the hill, where I found a dying woman in the darkness of a state of *nature*. I had the joy of seeing her enter a state of *grace*, and in the morning when I left, she had entered a state of *glory*."

Surely that was a quick passage. In nature we all are, as she was—dead in sins, dark and without hope. The Gospel proclaims salvation by grace and eternal glory.

THE HERO OF THE SCHOOL.

IN a boys school in England some years ago, there was a remarkable work of God. It began in a very simple way. A boy from the country came to school, a bright, decided Christian, and by the loving counsel of a godly mother, he determined not to hide his light but let it shine. He began to confess Christ in a quiet way among his schoolmates, and to tell them of the blessedness of being saved. At first, they laughed and made fun of it. Some said, they would very soon "knock it out of him," and they missed no opportunity of seeking to molest him. But the Christian schoolboy went on his way, testifying for Christ, and living a consistent life before his comrades.

By-and-bye, the opposition began to die out, and one and another became interested. They would ask questions, and get the loan of his books to read. Not long after, one boy was found weeping about his sins, and our young friend had the joy of pointing him to the Saviour. Soon another, and another followed, until

the greater part of the boys in that school were led to Christ, all through the instrumentality of that happy, decided schoolboy. You may ask how he managed to reach his schoolfellows with the Gospel message, for, as some of my readers may know, it is no easy matter to get a lot of schoolboys to listen. Well, he watched his opportunities.



Sometimes in the evenings, after lessons, he would be seen walking quietly in the fields, with his arm around a schoolfellow's neck earnestly conversing about the salvation of his soul, and in this quiet way, he was able to reach most of the boys. After a few were brought to Christ, they had a prayer meeting among themselves, and now and then an anxious one was led to Jesus there.

How they loved and respected him then: even the boys who remained unsaved, were heard to say that he was "The Hero of the School." There are none so truly brave as those who are "Soldiers of Jesus Christ."

In the Busy Harvest Time.



IN THE BUSY HARVEST TIME.

In the Busy Harvest Time ;

Or, The Garioch Farmer's Second Reaping.

THE waving fields of yellow corn were falling fast beneath the reapers' scythes, on a Garioch farm, as two strangers appeared at the door of the farm-house, on a warm September afternoon. Strangers were seldom seen in that distant glen, so the curiosity of the reapers, who were resting for a half-hour after the mid-day meal, was aroused. Who could they be? What would they be wanting? were questions asked by one and another, as they saw the two men enter the farm kitchen at the invitation of the farmer's wife. The youngest of the harvesters—a bright lad of seventeen, from a neighbouring village—shook his head knowingly and said, "I know who they are; they are the two preachers who converted my brother Willie, and they are here seeking the barn to hold a meeting. That's what they do in every place they go to." The young harvester's surmise was not far wrong. The two men were indeed the same as had "converted"—or, to put it more correctly, brought the

Gospel message which had been the means of the conversion of—his brother Willie, and, although he knew it not, they were there in answer to the young believer's prayer, that the God who had reached and saved his soul, might awaken and save his younger brother. Wonderful are the ways of grace, and many the links in the chain by which the sinner is reached in his far-off and alien condition, to be brought to God and salvation. The farmer whose crops were being gathered in that September day, had a brother in another parish, in whose barn the Gospel had been preached, and many, old and young, saved. He had asked the two evangelists to visit his brother's farm, and seek the use of his barn to preach in, and he had prayed that God would open his heart to give it, so that he and his household, who were all religious, but still without Christ, might hear the truth that shews the sinner his need, and the Gospel that reveals Christ to meet it. The barn was

given, and the first preaching of the Gospel in it was on the following Sunday evening. Curiosity brought many; the presence of a band of farm servants and harvesters from the neighbouring parish, said to be "new converts," caused others to come, so that the two dozen or more plank seats were filled with eager, reverent listeners. All through the autumn, these Sunday evening meetings were continued, and God blessed His Gospel to the salvation of many. The farmer, his wife, two daughters, and Willie's brother, were all gathered into the kingdom, saved by grace, and set on the way to glory. In place of the ordinary "Harvest Home" dance at the close of the harvest, a "Thanksgiving" was held in the farm kitchen, and then after supper one after another told what the Lord had done for their souls. The happy farmer closed his testimony to the Gospel's saving grace by saying, "We have had two harvests this season, one of grain and another of sinners saved, and I can say the second is by far the richer, because *it is for Eternity.*" Yes, blessed

be God, so it is. Some who were gathered to Christ by the Gospel then, are with Him in heaven now, others are preaching Christ in distant lands, while some are shining out in their daily lives, in the old sphere, the new life they then received. What a mercy it is when the Gospel comes to a place, a house, a heart! What possibilities, what circles of untold blessing may result from a single heart opened to Christ, to give heed to His Gospel (Acts xvi. 14), to receive Himself as Saviour (John i. 12), and confess Him with the lips as Lord (Rom. x. 9)! What the full result, the ever-increasing stream of blessing to families, communities, and nations, resulting from a single true conversion to God, no heart can conceive, no tongue can tell! If you would be a channel of eternal blessing to your kindred, your companions, your generation, you must first be born again (John iii. 3), saved by grace (Eph. ii. 8), and blessed "in Christ" (Eph. i. 3) yourself. And this you may be now. There are no impossible conditions. "All that believe *are* justified from all things."

The Alpine Sunset and the Herdsmen's Call.

SUNSET in the Alps is very beautiful. The glowing sun in the rose-tinted west, shedding his last beams on the

the slope takes up his shrill pipe and in clarion tones sounds out, "Praise ye the Lord!" His neighbour herds-



A SWISS VALLEY, WITH "THE MATTERHORN," 15,000 FEET HIGH, IN THE DISTANCE.

green valleys, while the high mountain tops rise in their grandeur, covered with perpetual snow. As the sun sinks from view, the herdsman on

man takes up the call and responds, "Bless ye the Lord!" And so the call and its answer sounds from hill to hill, all along the line. Then each head

is uncovered, and the knees of every Christian herdsman bow in silent prayer. Again the final "Good-night!" is sounded, and the weary herdsmen lie down to rest. To praise God for salvation, to thank Him for the gift of His Son (John iii. 16), to bless the Lord for the present knowledge of sins forgiven (Ps. ciii. 1, 2), and to pray for preservation and safe keeping (Ps. xl. 11; xvii. 8), are

the daily occupation of all who know Christ, as they are the joy and strength of the Christian life. The Christian herdsmen on the Alpine slope, the believing toiler in the busy city, the born-again sailor on the mighty deep, are equally near to heaven, and may send up the sigh of need and the song of praise to the throne from whence all true help doth come.

The Seal Fisher's Story.

GIVING his testimony to the saving power of Christ, in a meeting in Dundee, a young seal fisher told how



he was saved by grace, and made to know the blessedness of having "peace with God" (Rom. v. 1), while sailing in Polar seas, with great icebergs all around, in danger of being hurled into the eternal world

at any moment. Several companions had died, others were sick, and he had lost all hope of ever seeing his native land again. "Then it was," said the sturdy seaman, "that I turned in my distress to God, whose word I had been taught when a boy in the Sunday school. It was a cowardly thing to do, to come to God in the time of my sore distress, when I thought death would overtake me in these lone and awful regions, but God is so full of mercy that He did not turn me away, even then. He is a 'God ready to pardon' (Neh. ix. 17), ever willing to save."

The African Chief and His Idols.

A CENTRAL African chief in Kazomba, among whose people the Gospel has been working its wonders, sent a message to the missionaries to come to his village and tell the

ence of his people buried it in the river. Now he comes to school with his entire retinue, to learn to read the Word of God, looking so happy. The burning of the fetishes told to



AN AFRICAN RIVER AND BRIDGE.

way of life. In wondrous grace, the heathen chief was convicted of sin, and confessed Christ as his Saviour. A fortnight after, he burned his idols, and the following week he brought his "divining basket," and in pres-

all the people of a new life within, and a new God henceforth to be the object of his worship. Nothing but the Gospel of Christ believed, and the Son of God received to the heart, can effect such a triumph.

How I Know that Jesus Died for Me.

AS a lad, I was sorely perplexed with the doctrine of Election. It was preached in the parish where I lived, in such a way as to make it impossible for any to be saved

the Gospel message, as it is recorded in His Word, to my ears. A number of young men on holiday held an open-air meeting on the 'Common' close by our village, on a summer



AN OPEN-AIR MEETING ON THE "COMMON."

except those for whom Christ died, and they seemed to be a very select and holy few. The result was that I became sceptical. God only knows how far I would have gone, and what the end would have been, had He not in His mercy sent

Sunday afternoon. A goodly number of the villagers attended. I went, out of curiosity, and stood a good way off. One read John iii. 16, and remarked that "'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son,' meant, that there was

not one present but was included in 'the world,' and therefore 'loved' by God." I said to myself, "That means me." The second speaker read Romans v. 8: "While we were yet SINNERS, Christ died for us," and added, "If you know yourself a sinner, then you can say, on the authority of this verse, 'Jesus died for ME.'" That was another ray of heavenly light to me. A third read Acts xiii. 39: "All that believe ARE justified," and remarked, "If twenty persons here, believe that Jesus died for them as sinners, then God says these twenty persons 'ARE justified.'" I never heard the way of life made so clear before: I have not heard it made clearer since. I forgot all that I had heard

of man's reasonings about election, and all that I had said against God, and what I had wrongly thought to be His Word. The truth, plainly, simply, and I believe powerfully spoken by these three young men, who knew its saving power themselves, cleared my mind of all the false ideas that lodged there, and at the same time reached my heart as God's message. That afternoon, at that little open-air meeting, I, as a sinner, believed that Jesus died for me, and was saved. It is twenty years ago, but it is as fresh and new to-day, and the salvation and new life it brought, remain the same. Praise the Lord! If you want to be saved, take God's Word for it, as I did.

The Blood upon the Gold.

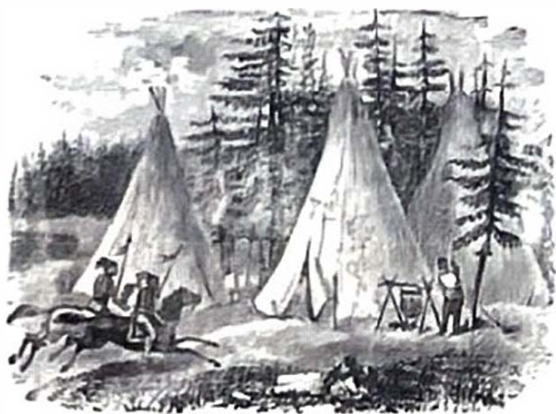
IN the holy place of God's ancient tabernacle stood the golden altar with its four horns of gold. Once a year a blood stain was put upon these horns (Exod. xxx. 6)—a spot of blood on the shining gold.



The message borne by that blood to us is, that none can enter God's presence now as a worshipper, or go to dwell in His heaven hereafter, save in virtue of Christ's death trusted by the soul. The blood is the only title to the glory. Only the sinner who is made clean from sin, enters there.

How the Naga Warriors were Won.

EDWARD Payson Scott, an earnest young missionary, resolved to carry the Gospel to a hill tribe of Indians named the Nagas. He picked



up a little of their language, and set out on his mission. The British resident officer warned him of the danger of such an undertaking without a military escort. "I am a messenger of the Gospel of peace, and armed soldiers would defeat my object," said the noble missionary. So he went up to the mountain village alone. When the wild Nagas saw the white man approaching, they formed into battle line, with their weapons raised for assault. Then they advanced to meet him. Calm in the knowledge that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about" His people (Psa.

xxxiv. 7), the Lord's ambassador began to sing, in the Naga language—

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

When the Naga chief heard the words of that song of the Cross, he ordered his men to lower their spears, and in a moment they lay in the dust. The whole line, with their chief leading, drew nearer as the missionary went on singing—

"Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?—
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

Before the hymn was ended, they sat crouching at his feet, The chief asked him to remain and tell them more of that wonderful Saviour, which he did, and the Word was used to the winning of some of these wild warriors to the Saviour. There is wonderful power in the story of the Cross to melt the heart and win the sinner to the Saviour. It retains all its ancient force, and becomes, in reality, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Christ for All Our Need.

Evening Talks to a Class of Christian Girls—I.

WE need to know Christ first as our *Saviour* (Luke ii. 11). We need a Saviour because we are sinners by nature and by practice, and God has provided a Saviour, "a Great One" (Isa. xix. 20), in His Son.

To confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, is to be saved (Rom. x. 9). Then it is the believing sinner is set on the way to heaven. There he needs a *Shepherd*, and finds that he has One living to lead and to defend him all through the journey. Truly, "The Lord hath been mindful of us." How sweet it is to look up to heaven and be able to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want" (Psa. xxiii. 1). At the time of conversion we are brought to this Shepherd (1 Pet. ii. 24), and the secret of peace, of progress, and of prosperity all along the Chris-

tian life is, to hear His voice and to follow Him all the way (John x. 27). Then the Lord Jesus in glory is our *Great High Priest* (Heb. iii. 1). We need one to sympathise with and to succour us, and this He is well

able to do. He knows what it is to be tried, to get the cold shoulder from His friends, to suffer for doing the will of God. Up in glory, He "feels" for His tempted and suffering people here, and He saves them daily (Heb. vii. 25) from all the dangers of the way. Then He is His people's

Lord. They are His, He owns them, and as His possession He rules them. They are in "the kingdom of God's dear Son" (Col. i. 13), where the law of Love holds sway. His people call Him "Lord Jesus," and own His authority by doing His will. Professors call Him "Lord," but do *not* do the things that He says (Matt. vii. 21).



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE IRISH SOLDIER; OR, ROYAL GRACE.

DURING the Crimean war, a young Irish soldier was doing duty in one of the advance trenches. A shell fired from the Russian battery opposite, burst close to where he stood, and carried away both his arms and legs, yet, wonderful to say, his life was spared, and by careful nursing, he recovered sufficiently to be able to return to England. After his arrival there, he was taken to the royal palace to be presented before Queen Victoria. He was wheeled in a small carriage made for him, into the presence of the Queen, and

the Prince Consort, with the officers of the household. When the Queen saw the maimed but noble soldier seated in his little carriage, she went forward to him, and kindly laid her hand upon his shoulder. Then she asked him if he had a home or any friends. Looking up with a smile, the helpless soldier said, in his broad Irish accent, "Sure, your Majesty, I don't need any other

friend when *you* are my friend." This expression of confidence so pleased Her Majesty, that she gave orders to have the brave soldier cared and provided for at her own personal expense.

This is an illustration of, and yet a contrast to, the grace of God. This man had served his sovereign and country faithfully; but the



OSUOKNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

sinner is a rebel and an enemy to his God. Yet God has set His heart upon the sinner, and in spite of all that he has been and is, God has been moved with compassion for

him, and has provided a Saviour, a Friend, and a home for him. What would that Irish soldier, wounded, helpless, and friendless, have been thought of, had he refused the royal bounty, and rejected the royal grace bestowed upon him? Yet this is exactly what many are doing every day with the grace of God. Reader, are *you* one of the number? Have you received it?

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

PASSING alone a country road one sultry day, I saw a cottage on the edge of a wood, and being thirsty, I knocked at the door and asked a drink of water. "Come in and rest yourself while I get it fresh from the spring," said an aged woman, clad in a homespun dress, with a snow-white cap on her head, such as one seldom sees worn now.



In a few minutes she returned with a jug filled with cool clear water from "the spring," which I remarked reminded me of the text, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country" (Prov. xxv. 25). I was scarcely prepared for the old lady's remark, which followed. "Yes," said she, "and the good news that Jesus died for sinners, has come from heaven

above, down to earth. Isn't it a wonder that folk do not take it in, and have their soul-thirst quenched?" I said "yes, it is a wonder, but thank God, some have taken it in. Have you?"

"Forty years ago," was the prompt reply, "and I have rejoiced in the knowledge of my salvation without a break all these years."

I could only say, "Praise the Lord." There in that lone corner was a saint of God, one of the Lord's hidden ones, little known beyond her own door, yet well known in courts above, for she was a daughter of the God of heaven, saved for forty years, and although poor in this world's goods, rich in faith, and truly happy. As I said "good-bye" to the aged saint, I wished that some

of the world's great ones could have had but her happy smile as she pointed upward and said, "We shall meet up there."

Yes, she had Christ, and she was saved and happy. Are you? You may have all that the world can give, the pleasures of sin in all their fulness; yet if you have no Christ no salvation, you are far from being happy.

The Westmoreland Sheep Farmer.



"He gathered his sheep together."

The Westmoreland Sheep Farmer.

It was the last of our holidays among the Fells of Westmoreland. The Christian farmer in whose house we had spent a happy month was up early that morning, and to our surprise had gathered his sheep together from the slopes and hillsides on which they were scattered. It was a fine morning, only an ominous cloud rested on the top of the mountain, and the eye of the farmer, accustomed to read the signs of coming weather, saw in that cloud the forecast of a storm. So he hastened to bring his flock into shelter before it came. Scarcely had he returned with his threescore of pretty, newly-shorn sheep and lodged them safely in the fold, when a fearful thunderstorm broke in all its fury on the hillside. Up among the rocks where the sheep had been, the lightning flashed in awful grandeur, and the thunder rolled in loud, alarming peals, which seemed to make the rocks quiver and the houses shake. "We were none too soon," said the genial farmer, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, after his hurried effort, "but they are

all under shelter, thank God." Then turning round to us with a look of tender pity on his sun-bronzed face, he said, "I hope we are all under the shelter of the blood of Jesus, and safe from the more awful storm of the wrath of God, which is shortly to burst upon this world. There is no time to lose in getting into a place of safety, for it will come in an hour when least expected." With the black thunder-cloud hanging over us, and the elements raging without, these words seemed wonderfully real, and they took such a hold upon me that I never forgot them.

Three months later, while sitting under the Gospel's sound on a Sunday evening, as the speaker spoke on the "Blood on the Doorposts in Egypt" (Exod. xii. 1-16), and showed from the ancient type that all who, by faith, repose upon the blood of Jesus, once shed for sinners (Rom. v. 8) on the Cross, are safe from wrath (Rom. v. 8; 1 Thess. i. 10) and delivered from judgment (John v. 24), I simply appropriated by faith, the great provision God has made in Christ, and was saved.

The Story of the Princes in the Tower.

ON a summer day, over four hundred years ago, a royal barge sailed along the sparkling waters of the River Thames, until it stopped oppo-

this event, another royal youth, a few years older, had been led within these gray walls, and was virtually a prisoner in the old fortress. His name was

Richard V., and he was the rightful King of England. But a traitor was scheming for the crown, and although they knew it not, the two lads of tender years were doomed to die at his hand.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the young King's uncle, was a man of great ambition and resource. When he heard of the death of his brother, Edward IV., he hastened to swear allegiance to the young King, and professed a



"They roamed the shadowed corridors."

site the gray walls of the Tower. From the barge a lad of slender form, clad in a prince's robe, was led within the massive gates, and then all was silence.

Only a few months before

great affection for his royal nephew. But he was a traitor, and wanted the crown for himself. On the day appointed for the coronation of the young King, the Duke of Gloucester

conducted him clothed in a robe of blue velvet, and lodged him with all the honours of royalty in the palace of the Tower, appointing himself as his nephew's protector. The King's younger brother, Richard, Duke of York, remained with his mother at Westminster. Sailing along the Thames in a barge, Gloucester, accompanied by a number of nobles and prelates, demanded that the young prince should be handed over to his care, for safety; and his mother, seeing the uselessness of resistance, hastily embraced and kissed her boy, then ran away and hid herself to conceal her grief.

Richard was made a prisoner in the Tower beside his royal brother. There the two lads were left alone to roam the shadowed corridors and narrow stairways of the fortress, wondering at the strange conduct of their uncle, who had proclaimed himself King of England, and with all the pomp of a rightful king was then on his way to Gloucester.

As the two princes stood before the window of a turret facing the setting sun, they were startled by a challenge

from the guard at the gate just below. Suddenly a man on horseback, travel-stained as if he had come a long journey, appeared, and showing his credentials, was immediately allowed to enter. The visitor was Sir William Tyrrel, sent from Gloucester by the self-made King, with orders to Sir Robert Brakenbury, the Governor of the Tower, to deliver up the keys to him. This the kindly Governor, who had been a true friend to the royal youths during the six weeks they were in his care, was obliged to do, although it was with a heavy heart, for he feared the worst.

In the dark hours of that night, Tyrrel climbed the stairs leading to the bedchamber of the princes, and snatching a pillow from under their heads pressed it over their faces until both were suffocated. Great grief filled the country when the murder of the young King and his brother became known, and many who feared God predicted that vengeance from heaven must quickly overtake the man who was the cause of the tragedy of that fatal night. Two years after, Richard was deserted by his friends in

battle, and was found dead on Bosworth Field, pierced by innumerable dagger thrusts through his heart. "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord" (Rom. xii. 19).

• • • • •
"You are going to be a duke,

and made a king and a priest to God (Rev. i. 5), in the days of his health. Now he was passing away from any earthly dukedom to his higher royal state in heaven. No enemy could deprive him of that kingdom and crown, for death



THE TOWER OF LONDON AND THE RIVER THAMES.

and I am going to be a king," said the dying son of one of the dukes of Hamilton to his younger brother, who stood by his bedside. He had been saved by grace, loosed from his sins in the blood of Christ,

can never enter there. The humblest, weakest believer in Christ, who only trusts Him, and is "saved by grace" (Eph. ii. 5), has a kingdom and a crown "reserved in heaven," which no usurper can touch.

The Crofter's Stolen Sheep.

A SKYE crofter who had a few sheep, missed one of them one evening. His suspicions were that a man passing with a flock of sheep had

was able, the missing sheep. This she at once did, and calling the sheep by its pet name, it recognised her voice, and at once moved toward the speaker,



allowed it to follow, and when out of sight driven it in among the rest. This he stoutly denied when challenged. The crofter's wife was taken by the parish constable to the place where the suspect's sheep were penned, and asked to point out, if she

bleating, to reach her. The crofter had his sheep restored, and the thief was punished. It is said of the Lord's sheep that "they know His voice" (John x. 4), and that when they hear it "they follow" Him (John x. 27). This is the true sheep mark of the saved of the Lord: it distinguishes them from the world and the Christless professor.

You may readi-

ly discern whether you belong to Christ or not, by applying this test: Do you hear and love the Lord Jesus, and do you cleave to and follow Him? There is a life link and a love link between the saved sinner and the Saviour.

George R. Masson, of Footdee.

NEAR to the mouth of the famous river Dee, which rises far up among the hills

lage of Footdee. Fifty years ago it consisted of two squares of whitewashed, red-tiled, low



GEORGE R. MASSON, EVANGELIST, OF FOOTDEE.

above Balmoral Castle, and empties itself into the German Ocean, stands the fishing vil-

houses, inhabited by fishermen and their families. The fisher folk of that time were ignorant

and superstitious, living without God, in all sorts of sin. In the year 1861, the village was the scene of a remarkable work of grace, under the preaching of Donald Ross, in which hundreds were born of God and set on the way to heaven, some of them becoming earnest and honoured preachers of the Gospel.

Among the converts of this memorable season was a young sailor aged twenty-two, named George R. Masson. Although young, he had seen a bit of life, having sailed as a seaman across the Atlantic and to the frozen shores of Greenland on a whaling schooner. But life in sin, without Christ, did not satisfy the heart of the young sailor. He found salvation and satisfaction in the Christ of God, set forth in the Gospel, as proclaimed in the village schoolroom on the "Square" that January night in 1861. Conversion and the confession of being saved were not so common then as now. Whoever confessed Christ as a personal Saviour in these days was a marked man, and came in for a full share of rough handling, sometimes of hot

persecution, at the hands of his fellows. There were no "hole and corner" converts in the Footdee revival. You had either to be out and out on the Lord's side, openly among His people, or in the ranks of the enemies of the Cross of Christ. This was a means of "hardening off" the young converts, men and women, who nobly took their place with Mr. Ross and others, visiting the villages along the coast, preaching and singing the Gospel.

Among the brightest witnesses of that time was young Masson, who became a diligent reader of the Word and an acceptable preacher of the Gospel. When the second revival of 1862 "broke out" in Footdee, he and others converted the year before, were able to take part in the meetings. These continued without a break for two whole years night after night, many being led to the Lord. There were some remarkable scenes during these times, and many extraordinary incidents. On one occasion Masson sat near the door of the school, next to a well-known character, a baker of the village, who professed

himself a sceptic. At the close of his address, Mr. Ross was in the habit of asking some of the converted fishermen to pray. On this occasion he said in commanding tones, "Pray, Masson; and pray for the baker!" This put the young believer "on his mettle," and he did pray for the sceptic.

In 1870 he went forth as an evangelist, preaching the Gospel chiefly in the northern counties, and God blessed his labours in the conversion of many. Night after night we have heard him tell the story of redeeming love in melting tenderness, and storm the consciences of the careless with solemn statements of "the terror of the Lord" and the certainty of coming judgment. He had a love for young people, and under his preaching very many known to us were led to the Saviour. We well remember, in the early years of our Christian life, holding his hat while he preached Christ on the Market Square of the town where we lived, and how he encouraged the group of us who stood around, by asking us to sing—

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross."

For the long period of thirty eight years he travelled through the British Isles evangelising and preaching the Word, visiting from door to door, and speaking personally to old and young on eternal things—the northern counties, the Orkney Isles, and occasionally the busy towns on the Tyneside being his principal fields of service, and in all of them his children in the faith, those led to Christ by means of his service, are to be found. He was a happy, hearty Christian, his cheery face glowing with the expression of the joy of his heart, just what "the Gospel of the glory of the blessed [happy] God" (1 Tim. i. 11, R.V.) imparts to those who in their hearts receive it and with their lips confess it.

After a short but painful illness, just five weeks after his return from a preaching tour on Tyneside, he passed from the village of Footdee to rest with Christ in heaven, where he waits the fair morn of resurrection and reunion with loved ones gone before and others still below, the glorious foregathering of the redeemed of the Lord of every land.

David and Jonathan:

A Friendly Talk with a Group of Village Lads.

I REJOICE to hear that you have all been lately converted to God, and that you are not ashamed to confess Jesus as your Lord. I am going to speak to you for ten minutes about the companionship of two young men of ancient Bible times, from whose life story we gather many valuable lessons. Jonathan was the son of King Saul, a brave young warrior and a man of faith (1 Sam. xiv. 27, 45). David was a shepherd lad, but God's chosen and anointed King (1 Sam. xvi. 13), the victor over Goliath of Gath in the valley of Elah (xvii. 50)—fair type of Christ who overcame the great adversary of man and took his armour (Luke xi. 22), stripping him of his usurped authority (Heb. ii. 14). It was when David came up out of the great conflict that Jonathan, gazing in admiration on the victor, had his "soul knit with the soul of David and loved him"



(chap. xvii. 1). This is how the heart is won to Christ. "We love Him, because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). As we see His love manifested at the Cross (1 John iv. 10), the believing heart is "knit" to the Lord. This is true conversion. Nothing less than the

heart won is real: all else is mere lip profession. Next we are told that Jonathan stripped himself of his royal robe, that which he was naturally proud of, and all his armour, giving the whole to David. Here is

true surrender and beautiful devotion. Have you given up anything you value for Christ? This is the kind of conversion that tells. The Lord needs out-and-out young men who will give their best to Him and His service, not the mere leavings, after self and the world have had their portion. May Christ be thus "worshipped, glorified, adored," by all who own Him as their Saviour and Lord!

SAVED IN THE BARRACKS; A SOLDIER'S STORY.

WE were under orders for foreign service, and all was bustle and excitement. Our good old friend the Scripture reader—who had himself been in the ranks, came in one afternoon, and had his

us would never return. "It's good to be ready for eternity lads, aye ready; then it does not matter where you have to go, or how great the dangers you have to face. I've seen men picked off in the act of



READING THE WORD IN THE BARRACKS.

usual fifteen minutes' talk. We all liked the old man, most of us respected him, although we often were anything but attentive listeners to his words. That afternoon he was particularly earnest in what he said, for no doubt he knew some of

blaspheming their God; others sing ing His praise. Christ is the only Saviour, the best Friend, and the kindest Master. I know it, I have proved it, and would commend Him to you, lads. It would be grand to be saved and in His keep

SAVED IN THE BARRACKS.

ing before you go out to the distant land."

Whatever others thought, I felt the force of the old man's words. I had heard the same story from my godly father when a lad, but heeded it not. Now I felt in some measure my need. How I wished that the old man's Saviour was mine. I had heard that two or three in my company were Christians. They met somewhere to read and pray, but I did not know where. Up till then I had no desire to know. They were laughed at and called "the saints." I had sneered at them myself, for what I could not tell. I know now that the natural heart hates everything that is of God, and everybody who knows God and Christ. I was in deep soul-trouble, really anxious to be saved.

I found out the little meeting, got a hearty welcome, and one of the men told me how he was saved by looking unto Jesus. That seemed simple enough, but for all that I did not see the way of salvation just then. It was the future I feared, lest I should take the name of a Christian and disgrace my profession. I knew from past experience that vows and resolutions would not keep me from sin. But here was something entirely new, something I had never thought of before; not a pledge to keep, but Christ to save

and keep me. That was just what suited me. So as the hymn says—

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

I have had many a conflict with sin and Satan since Jesus saved me that day, and but for His keeping power, I would often have been overcome, but in the hour of strong temptation, I just cast myself upon Christ, as I did at the first, and He never fails or forsakes me. We know not when the call may come to go, but whether sooner or later, I know that I am ready, for the blood of Jesus has cleansed me from my sins, and made me ready for His presence.

To all my fellow-soldiers and former companions, I commend the Lord Jesus Christ. He is willing to save, and able to keep. He is just the One a sinner needs. He is "mighty to save." No power on earth or hell can tear one from His grasp. He never gives up the sinner who comes to Him: no never. He clings to the one who trusts Him, with all the love of His heart, and strength of His arm. There is none like Jesus. Will you prove His power?

'Tis not weeping, 'tis not praying,
'Tis not doing saves the soul,
Look to Jesus, and His power
Will that moment make you whole.

The Apple-Tree in the Orchard.



Photo ; Wallace, Sidmouth.)

DRAGGING THE TREE TO THE SAWMILL.

The Apple-Tree in the Orchard.

IN the happy days of my boyhood there stood in an orchard near to our school a tall apple-tree. In the early Spring it was laden with apple-blossom, but in the Autumn, when the fruit should have been abundant, it yielded nothing. Year after year the owner of the orchard pruned it and dug about it, in the hope that it would repay his labour by bearing fruit. But he was disappointed. Not an apple grew on that fair tree. On a late Autumn afternoon, as we were coming out of school, we heard the sound of an axe, and looking toward the orchard, we saw two men chopping the uncovered roots of the fruitless apple-tree to sever it from the ground. Then a rope was fixed around its trunk, and while we stood looking on, it was brought to the earth with a crash, to have its branches lopped off and burned. Not long after, we helped to drag it out to the sawmill in the wood, to be sawn asunder. Never again did that fruitless tree raise its head among the apple-trees of the orchard: it was hewn down and cast forth as a cumberer of the ground. Think of that.

An Evangelist's Solemn Message.

"**CUT** it down: why cumbereth it the ground?" (Luke xiii. 7) was the text which Brownlow North, a converted nobleman, preached from with great solemnity on a Sunday evening in my native town. I was a lad of only sixteen years. I had been brought up religiously and taught to say my prayers night and morning. I was well acquainted with the Scriptures, but I had not been born again. As the evangelist went on to describe "the fruitless professor," from the parable of that barren tree, he cried aloud: "There are some here to-day who have been in the vineyard for years, like that barren tree, cumbering the ground. Had others been in their places, hearing the Gospel, they would have received it and been saved. How long will God suffer the fruitless professor to continue?" Then in a voice of tremendous earnestness the evangelist cried: "To-night God may send forth the sentence, 'Cut it down!' Where will you be then?" These words came like a bolt from heaven to my conscience. I had never thought of my state

before God, my fruitless, Christless life before. Now it stood before me in all its emptiness. I felt I was that fruitless tree, and living and dying as I was, my doom was sealed. All that night I lay awake, afraid to close my eyes lest the awful word, "Cut it down," might be fulfilled in me. The following evening Mr. North preached again, this time on "A Present Salvation." He told from Isaiah lv. 1, how God was calling, inviting, beseeching, all to come and be saved, without money or price, just as they are, without preparation or goodness of their own. How my heart grasped at that word, "Hear, and your soul shall live!" I did hear, and believed that God sent His Son to die for me, a sinner (Rom. v. 6), that Jesus' blood cleanseth all who believe from all sin, and, as the preacher pointed out so simply from John v. 24, "He that heareth and believeth H-A-T-H everlasting life." I was brought to Christ, and His salvation to me, that night forty years ago. Yes, saved as a lad of sixteen, and planted anew to bring forth fruit, not in my own strength, but in the grace of God.

A Procrastinator's Sad End.
SITTING by my side on that Sunday evening, hearing Mr. Brownlow North, was a companion. We were in the same employment, and spent many of our evenings together. I believe Harry was awakened that evening, but he hastened away as soon as the service was over. I asked him to accompany me to Mr. North's meeting on the Monday night, but he said "No, the chaps would laugh if they saw us there." After I was saved, I tried to get Harry to go with me to hear the Gospel, and often spoke to him about eternal things, but he always said, "There's time enough for these things: we are but young yet." Poor Harry! Not long after, he took typhus fever, was unconscious for a week, and only regained the power of speech a day before his death. "Oh that I had taken Jim's advice and got saved, but it's too late now," he said to his weeping sister. Next day Harry passed away. It is a solemn thing to trifle with God, to put off the great business of the soul's salvation. Do not risk it, reader, but make your decision to-day.

The Great Cow Tree of Peru.

NEAR the foot of the great Andes Mountains, which traverse the west coast of South America, there is a long stretch of barren rock. In the midst of this arid wilderness, a tall, graceful tree, with broad leaves of a brownish colour, stands erect and majestic. I was greatly astonished to see it, and rose early the following morning, just after sunrise, to sketch this wonder of nature under the deep blue sky. While I was so engaged, two Indians came toward where I sat, one carrying a big bowl, the other a hatchet. This aroused my curiosity, and I wondered what they were going to do. The younger Indian raising his hatchet, chopped a cavity in the side of the tall tree, and I noticed a stream of liquid pour forth, of the colour of milk, which the other Indian



caught in the large bowl. I was told that the tree was known to the natives as the "Cow Tree," that the liquid which it gave forth tasted like milk, and had been used by the dwellers in that lone region

ever since the days of Humboldt, the renowned naturalist, who discovered it, and who speaks of it as "the greatest wonder of nature." There in the wilderness it stands, with its life-sustaining flow pent up, ready to give it forth to "whosoever will," without money or price. How like the

Christ of God and the Gospel which God has sent in His Name among the sons of men! You only need to come to Him and "take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17), or in the words of Isaiah lv. 1, to "Come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."

Saved on Wimbledon Common.

I WAS aroused to think about eternal things in my class in the Sunday School, while my teacher was speaking from the parable of "The Prodigal Son," one afternoon. I was in sore distress for some weeks, my proud heart being

took and thanked him. Walking along, reading as I went, I came upon these words, "You may be saved just as you are, and where you are, by simply trusting your soul to the Lord Jesus Christ. He says He will not cast you out" (John vi. 37).



CLASS OF LADS WITH THEIR TEACHER ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

unwilling to yield to God and say, "I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight" (Luke xv. 18). On a Saturday afternoon, after coming from my work, I wandered out on Wimbledon Common, very unhappy. A young man passing handed me a tract, which I

I saw that if that were true, He would save me. I do not know how it happened, but I found myself saying half-aloud:

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul."

And then it was that peace filled my heart. I know that I am Christ's and He is mine.

An American Girl's Decision.

I WAS brought to the Lord out in the West. Two of my companions perished in the earthquake and fire at San

to my mind what I had often heard about the panic that will come upon sinners in the judgment, when they will cry out

"Rocks, fall on us and hide us" (Rev. vi. 16). God spared me, and showed me I was not ready to meet Him. My parents and two of my brothers are Christians, and they must have seen I was in distress. They told me of Jesus, the sinner's Refuge, and to Him I fled (Heb. vi. 18). He took me as I was, and I have His Word that He will not cast me out (John vi. 37). I am saved and happy now. His



AN AMERICAN BIBLE CLASS ON HOLIDAY.

Francisco, and I had a narrow escape, having left the doomed city ten days before the disaster. When I read the account of it in the papers, it brought

Word is sweet, His work is a delight. Seven of us, all lately saved, are in a Bible Class, which is a great help to us in our spiritual life.

A Prisoner of Ancient Rome.

HERE we stand this afternoon in Rome, the city of the Cæsars, once the mistress of the world. Yonder is what remains of the once great Colosseum, the vast Flavian

some thrilling stories of Christ's noble witnesses in these sad times. The one I am to tell you happened in later years, when the great Colosseum was in ruins, much as you see it now.



RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LATELY ON THE SPOT.

Amphitheatre, which is said to have seated 87,000 spectators, often to gaze on the last moments of martyred Christians thrown to the wild beasts, while the emperor and his guests looked on. There are

It was on an Autumn afternoon, in 1559, that a prisoner lay in a dark, damp dungeon not far from these ruins. He was a Scotsman by birth, and had been seized by the officers of the Inquisition, charged with

the deadly crime of heresy, and after a hurried, mock trial he was condemned to death. But John Craig—for such was the prisoner's name—was not afraid, nor would he recant his faith to save his body from being burnt at the stake on the morrow. As he glanced through the bars of the narrow window of his cell, he exclaimed, "To-morrow this tyranny will end; they have shut me up from preaching Christ, but they cannot shut me out of heaven!" How was he so sure of that? you may ask. I will tell you. He was once a Dominican monk, seeking salvation in sacraments and by means of his own penances and self-denials. But while searching for a book in the great library of Bologna, he found some of the writings of the great Swiss Reformer, John Calvin, and the light of the Gospel of Christ then entered his heart and soul. He learned that salvation was not to be earned by works of his, but in virtue of the finished work of Christ upon the cross (John xix. 30), and that the salvation which grace thus brings to all men (Titus ii. 11) is for sinners as they are, without

merit of their own, to be received by faith in Jesus Christ alone (Rom. v. 1). No sooner had the Scottish monk learned the way of salvation, and received the power and joy of it in his own soul, than he began to make it known to others. This aroused the indignation of the priests, and as Craig refused to cease his preaching or to hide his light, he was seized—as thousands before had been—and condemned to die at the stake.

When the grey light of morning dawned, he arose from his stone pillow to await the death summons. A low murmuring sound, which gradually grew louder and clearer, fell upon the prisoner's ear, until the noise of a multitude of voices hurrying to and fro in shouts of triumph was distinctly heard. What could it mean? A few moments of suspense over, the door of his cell was thrown open, and in the voice of a friend who had visited him during the nine months of his imprisonment he was told that he was free.

The tyrant Pope Paul IV. had died and gone to his account that morning, and the

people, weary of his intolerance, had risen in rebellion against the family of Carafa, their first work being to rush to all the prisons and set the martyr-captives free. Craig was at first bewildered by this sudden change from condemnation to freedom, as the sinner who believes the Gospel is when for the first time he knows and realizes that he is "not condemned" (John iii. 16), and that now there is "no condemnation" to him because he is "in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1). But unlike the believing sinner, whose liberty is secured against all possible traps of his great adversary, the liberated preacher was conscious of the danger that existed, and kept himself hidden in lonely places. Craig sought refuge in a desolate forest, through which a brook flowed. There like the prophet Elijah, in days long before, he drank of the brook and communed with his God. But no ravens brought him bread and flesh to eat, and he was hungry. Wondering why God should leave him thus to suffer, and seeking guidance on his future path, he was awakened from his reverie by a

rustling among the bushes close by. Looking up, he saw a dog coming up to him with something in its mouth. The animal fawned about him for a few minutes, and then opening its mouth let a purse drop at his feet. Craig started up in alarm, thinking the dog's master must be near. But nobody appeared, and the dog having left in the direction from whence it came, the Lord's hunted servant lifted the purse, and accepting it as sent by God to supply his need, went onward with a thankful heart. Arrived at Vienna, the Emperor, Maximilian II., who knew him, received him favourably, giving him letters of safe conduct through Germany to Scotland, where he was welcomed by true friends of the Reformation. And when John Knox began his life-work in the city of Edinburgh, he had as his principal assistant and trusted co-worker John Craig, the man whom God had so wonderfully delivered out of the hands of the Inquisition on the morning of that day in which he was to have been burnt at the stake. He fell asleep in the year 1600, at the ripe old age of eighty-nine.

What the Blood of Christ Does for Us.

A Talk with a Senior Class of Sunday Scholars.

I REJOICE to hear from your teachers that most of you have been converted—some only a few weeks ago—and that others who have not yet confessed Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Lord (Rom. x. 9) are anxiously seeking the way of life and peace. In the hope of helping all, I will speak to you for fifteen minutes on Four things the Blood of Christ does for us. Get your Bibles, a pencil, and slip of paper, and jot them down. Remember that “blood” always means—life poured out, life yielded up to God in sacrifice.

1. Atonement—“It is the blood that maketh an atonement” (Lev. xvii. 11). The high priest sprinkled the blood on the mercy-seat. This the blood of Christ has done Godwards, satisfying God’s claims. He is the propitiation (1 John ii. 2), and by His death we have been reconciled to God (Rom. v. 10).

2. Peace—“Having made peace through the blood of His Cross (Col. i. 20). We could not “make our peace with God.” No works of man could do it. Jesus put away sin and made peace by His blood.

3. Justification—“Being now justified by His blood” (Rom. v. 8). Declared righteous and set free from all charges in God’s courts. What a deliverance is this! And when God thus justifies the believing sinner, “who is he that condemneth?”

4. Sanctification—“Jesus, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood” (Heb. xiii. 12). To sanctify means, to set apart for God. All believers are taken out of the world to be God’s own possession (Titus ii. 14). They are set apart unto Him. If you remember this, it will help you to keep yourselves from companionship with the world and the ungodly.



THE HIGH PRIEST
AT THE ALTAR OF INCENSE

PATTY AND DICK, THE HAPPY SCHOOLBOYS.

DURING a remarkable time of blessing in Ulster, the son of a nobleman, whose heart had been won for Christ, held meetings among the young. In barns and in school-rooms, in the green fields, and by the river side, he preached Christ to crowds of attentive and deeply-interested schoolboys and school-girls.

At the close of his address one evening, he invited all the boys and girls who wanted to be saved to stand up. For a long while none of the children moved, although many were in deep anxiety of soul, only they were afraid of their companions' sneers.

Patty and Dick, the sons of two neighbouring farmers, sat next each other; they were intimate friends, and school-companions, nearly the same age, and very much of the same disposition. They were both anxious to be saved, but shy to own it before so many. When the young nobleman gave a second invitation for any who were "desirous of being saved to stand up," Patty slowly rose to his feet, and in a moment more, Dick was standing by his side. What a sea of faces were turned toward the two boys! Yet no one laughed. Many were glad, for now that the ice had been broken, others less courageous fol-

lowed; and many, both boys and girls, decided to be the Lord's that night. Patty first saw the light, believed on the Lord Jesus, and had left the meeting to return home, but was anxiously looking behind him in the direction of the schoolroom for Dick, who soon overtook him, rejoicing that the Lord had saved him also.

Next morning Patty and Dick were wending their way along the road that leads from their country homes to the village school, both saved and happy. The glen through which they passed rang again, as their voices blended in singing

"I know my sins are all forgiven,
Hallelujah to the Lamb;
And I am on my way to heaven,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb."

As they drew near the village, Patty said to Dick, "Shall we tell the boys we've been converted, Dick, whenever we go into the playground, or wait till dinner-time?" Dick hesitated. The desire to tell them at once was uppermost in his mind, but to "wait till dinner-time" might be the easiest way, he thought; and Satan was of that opinion too. The whispered suggestion was almost adopted, when the lines of the hymn crossed Patty's mind—

"Now will I tell to all around,
What a dear Saviour I have found."


PATTY AND DICK, THE HAPPY SCHOOLBOYS.

"No; we must confess Christ at once, Dick; it won't do to leave it till dinner-time. Come and let us ask God to give us courage not to be ashamed of Jesus." Drawing Dick by the arm to the roadside, they knelt down together by the mossy bank, and asked the Lord to strengthen them to confess His Name, and to give them courage among their schoolmates; and the God who heareth the raven's cry, heard the prayer of the two schoolboys that first morning of their Christian life. They arose strengthened, and happy. When they reached the playground quite an ovation awaited them. "Here comes the two converted chaps," shouted above a dozen voices, as Patty and Dick made their appearance, and, nothing daunted, they made reply, "Yes, here we are, saved, and on our way to heaven; how many of you are going with us?" The schoolboys hardly expected a rejoinder like this; they thought "the two converted chaps" would blush, or more probably deny that they had been converted, to escape their sneers. But there they were, openly confessing themselves the Lord's: their faces beaming with joy. At play-time quite a circle gathered around Patty and Dick, to hear the story of their conversion, and "how they got it." "It's as simple as A B C,

lads," said Patty. "You have nothing to do at all. Jesus said, 'It is finished.' You have only to believe on Him, and He says you are saved, and have everlasting life. That's how Dick and I have been converted; and it's the same for you."

That was the beginning of days of grace in that village school. Many of the boys and girls were saved; some of them are now in heaven, while others are on earth, following Jesus "in the way." Reader, the Gospel by which Patty and Dick were saved is all-powerful to save you. It will, if you believe, for there is no respect of persons. If you believe that Gospel in your heart this day, it will be the power of God to your immediate salvation as surely as it was that day, long ago, to "PATTY and DICK, the Happy Schoolboys."

NEARING THE GATE.

" AM nearing the gate of paradise, Johnnie, and expect to be inside in a few days more at the longest. I tell you, it's grand to be on the confines of Eternity: saved by the grace of God, and cleansed in the blood of the Lamb." Thus wrote a dying lad to his companion. Reader, if you should be *suddenly* brought to "the confines of Eternity," could you say it was "grand?"

Hettie's Christmas Gift.



"She heard the tick of her new watch."

Hettie's Christmas Gift :

The Story of a Brother's Letter and a Sister's Conversion.

A PRETTY silver watch, sent by her eldest brother, who is in California, was delivered to Hettie on Christmas Eve. It was a beauty, and not alone for its value, but likewise for the love that chose and sent it, she prized her brother's gift, and showed it to all her young friends and companions. But there was an accompanying letter which Hettie kept private, and no eye saw it save her mother's. It was a loving and earnest message from Charlie, her brother, to begin the New Year a "new creature in Christ." He reminded his sister how they had both at a very tender age been awakened to know their need of a Saviour; how they feared to receive and confess Christ because of the "names" their schoolmates would call them; how he had left the parental roof unsaved, and might, but for the mercy of God, have been a prodigal and a wreck for time and eternity in the land to which he had gone. Then he told how God had met him, and by the loving and faithful dealing of a Christian young man in the same store, he had been led to

receive Jesus Christ (John i. 12) as his Saviour and confess Him as his Lord (Rom. x. 9) before men. The letter concluded with a solemn, earnest, loving appeal not to "put off" the day of her decision to be the Lord's, but "before the last sands of the year run out, trust in the Lord and yield yourself to Him, to be His for time and eternity."

That message kept Hettie company through all the busy scenes and gatherings of that Christmas week. She was in real anxiety of soul, not so much from fear as from knowledge of the fact that in being unsaved and without Christ, she was missing the happiness her brother had entered on the enjoyment of, and she felt there was a gulf, deeper and wider than the Atlantic Ocean, which severed them now. And so there truly was, and is, between brother and sister, child and parent, where one is "in Christ" and the other "in sin," unforgiven and unregenerate.

The last night of the year had come, and in that night, the closing hour. In former years Hettie had "waited up"

with her brother to "see" the New Year come in. Now he was far away in California, on the Pacific coast, saved and on the way to heaven, while she was alone in the old home. Her mother had gone on a week-end visit to a relative, only the maid-servant was in the house that night. As the midnight hour drew near, Hettie left the cosy parlour and went to her own little bedroom. Lifting the watch, her brother's Christmas gift, which lay on the dressing-table, she saw that it was within half an hour of the year's close. A very solemn feeling took possession of her mind. She knew that Charlie would be thinking of her, perhaps praying for her that night. She had his letter before her; the ticking of the watch reminded her that the year was passing, its "last sands," spoken of in her brother's letter, were running out. In twenty minutes the words of Dr. Bonar's hymn would be fulfilled of that old year:

"Another hour has struck,
With solemn note and slow,
Another fragment of time's cliff
Rushed to the vale below;
Another of earth's streams
This moment ceased to flow."

Hettie knelt by her bedside. She had never been taught a "form of prayer," but her godly mother had often prayed *for* and *with* her, telling her that when she received Christ as her personal Saviour, and was born again and indwelt by the Spirit of God (1 Pet. i. 22; Gal. iv. 6), she would be able to pray for herself. Hettie knew the Gospel, and that the way of salvation is by believing in Christ, but she needed to make it a personal matter, to come and appropriate Christ for herself and her own salvation. Kneeling there, alone with God, she did thus accept Him, and yield herself to Him to be saved from her sins, and born of the Spirit. There was no exciting experience, nor any great flush of new-found joy. She simply reposed her full weight as a sinner on the Saviour. That was all. And it was enough. The Word testifies, "He that hath the Son HATH life" (1 John v. 12), and Hettie believed it, because God had said it. Peace then filled her heart: "the great transaction" was done. The sands of the old year ran out, but Hettie was a new creature. Are you?

A Noble Chinese Soulwinner.

IN a suburb of the ancient city of Foo Choo, in China, a man might have been seen some years ago standing at a half-open door listening to

Day by day this intelligent Chinaman stood at that half-open door listening to the Word of life. The two missionaries, afraid their hearer



A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.

something going on inside. The house at which he stood was a room opened by two earnest servants of Christ who had left their homes in England to go forth with the Gospel message to the far east.

might be frightened away, let him come and go for several weeks without making any approach toward him for personal conversation, until one night of his own choice he came in at the close of the meeting and

said, in his own language, "I never heard of Jesus Christ, until I came here. I did not know that there was such a God as you tell of, who loves sinners and saves them." Then with a look of intense anxiety on his face, he added, "Are you sure that He will save a sinner like me?" "We are glad to be able to answer your question in Christ's own words," said one of the missionaries. "He says, 'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost' (Luke xix. 10), and the apostle Paul, who was himself a sinner saved by grace, has written, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief'" (1 Tim. i. 15). "But I have been a gambler, an opium smoker, and a sorcerer," said the man. "His name was called Jesus, because He would 'save His people from their sins,' and He is able to save you from these sins. He surely will if you trust Him and yield yourself to His power," said the missionary. The inquirer turned away greatly astonished, and was seen no more for some time. Weeks later, he appeared at the Mission Room, his face

radiant with peace, saying, "I know now that Jesus can save me from my sins, for He has done it." Day after day he came, and grew in the knowledge of God and His Word. He expressed a desire to go to Hok-chiang, his native place, to preach the Gospel. Warned of the danger, he said he could trust God to preserve him, and he went. God blessed his testimony to the saving power of Christ, to many. But his enemies conspired against him, and making a charge, to which they bribed false witnesses to swear, he was brought into court, and the heathen judge ordered him to be flogged with 200 stripes, which were inflicted with a bamboo rod on his back. Almost dead, he was carried to a missionary's house, where a Scotch doctor lovingly attended to his wounds, and in the Lord's mercy he recovered. Immediately he was able, he began to preach Christ, and for fourteen years he continued to do so. Worn out in Christ's service, but unwearied of it, he still testified in Teng-tieng till the day of his death. Nineteen native preachers owe their conversion to his testimony.

The London Shop Girl's Decision.

HEART-SORE and weary, a girl of nineteen wended her way from a shop in the City to her home in Highgate. She was the child of Christian parents, had been brought up in the fear of the Lord, and

but Ella was still undecided and unsaved. "Where will it all end?" was the question that rose in her mind as she walked sadly along the street. Just then a song rose on the evening air. As she drew



A CLASS OF GIRLS AT THEIR TEACHER'S HOME.

was familiar with the letter of the Scriptures. She was a member of a Bible Class which had been out on the previous Saturday at their teacher's home. Several of the girls had been brought to Christ, and were expressing their joy in the new life that afternoon,

near the singers, she heard the words, clear and distinct:

"Then what will you do with Jesus?
O what will the answer be?"

That was God's message to her heart. She resumed her walk, but suddenly halted and said: "My answer is—Christ for me." She does not regret her choice.

Faith's First View of the Cross.

JOHN BUNYAN'S allegory of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' describes the sinner in his guilt, as living in The City of Destruction, over which judgment hangs (John xii. 31), while he is "condemned already" (John iii. 18). Shewn

who are as destitute of the knowledge of God and the way of life as he himself. One clear light shines amid the gloom, the words of the Eternal God, whose entrance giveth understanding to the simple (Psa. cxix. 130). One distinct



"Bless'd Cross! Bless'd Sepulchre! Bless'd rather be
The One who there was put to shame for me!"

by means of the Word his need and danger, he bestirs himself; the burden of his sin is felt and owned (Job xl. 4; Luke v. 8), and the cry of his sin-burdened conscience is, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30). At this point many false counsellors and blind leaders of the blind appear, eager to direct this awakened sinner,

voice is heard and recognised by the soul as a testimony for God. It points the sinner away from himself, his sins, and his righteousness, to Another—to Jesus the Son of God, sent into the world to be the Saviour (John iii. 17). Its testimony is, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). "Christ

Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15) That Saviour meets the sinner as and where he is. The Cross is not far off, with long experiences lying between, but near. He has only to look and live. The words of the Saviour are, "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. xlv. 22). And the moment that the sin-burdened sinner "looks," his burden falls off. When he believes that "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6), and therefore for him, the cords of his sins (Prov. v. 22) are broken; he is "loosed from his sins" (Rev. i. 7, R.V.) by the blood of Christ, and stands "justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39) before God. This is the moment of moments in a sinner's history. It is faith's first view of the Cross, in which Christ is accepted, His work relied on, His sacrifice seen to be a ransom given to God for all (1 Tim. ii. 6), and personally trusted, the individual heart exclaiming, "Who loved ME and gave Himself for ME" (Gal. ii. 20). The sins gone to be "remembered no more" (Heb. x. 17), the sinner "born of the Spirit" John iii. 5), he starts on the

heavenward journey "a new creature in Christ" (2 Cor. v. 17), at peace with God, standing in grace and looking for glory (Rom. v. 1-3). He finds others who have passed through the same experience, who have been at the same Cross, and are joined to the same living Lord, journeying to the same home. These are his brethren, his companions (Psa. cxix. 63) and fellow-pilgrims (1 Peter ii. 11). They have to travel through an enemy's country, in which are many dangers and snares, with slimy serpents seeking to devour (2 Cor xi. 2), and roaring lions to frighten (1 Peter v. 8) from the path. Their safety consists in "holding a straight course" (2 Tim. ii. 15, R.V.) along the path which is clearly marked out in the Guide Book sent by their heavenly Lord for the safe guidance of all His pilgrims as they travel from the Cross to the Glory. And the Comforter who is with them, gives them understanding of the way (John xvi. 13), and strengthens them to walk therein (Eph. iii. 16). Yonder in the distance is the Heavenly City, to which they will be warmly welcomed.

The Roman Leader and the Eagle.

IN the year 55 B.C., Julius Cæsar, with a fleet of eighty vessels filled with Roman soldiers, anchored off the coast of Britain. The Roman conqueror had come to invade, and if possible appropriate the country. When Cæsar saw the

Roman eagle, called upon the men to follow the well-known symbol of victory. Instantly over twelve thousand warriors poured down the sides of their galleys, their armour gleaming in the setting sun of that September day, throwing them-



"He seized the Roman Standard and went forward."

forest of barbarians with their spears bristling in battle array, he hesitated in ordering his heavily-armed soldiers to disembark, lest they should have to meet their opponents in the sea. The leader of the tenth legion, seeing that there was delay which might prove to be a disaster, leapt into the sea, and holding aloft the

selves upon the horde of rude Britons, who fought desperately, but were overpowered by superior numbers. The result of that evening's work was that Britain for the time was conquered by Rome. There are hearts and homes which the Son of God desires to own. Who will seize His standard and bear it on in His Name?

The Believers' Daily Salvation :

A Tea-Meeting Talk to a Band of Young Converts.

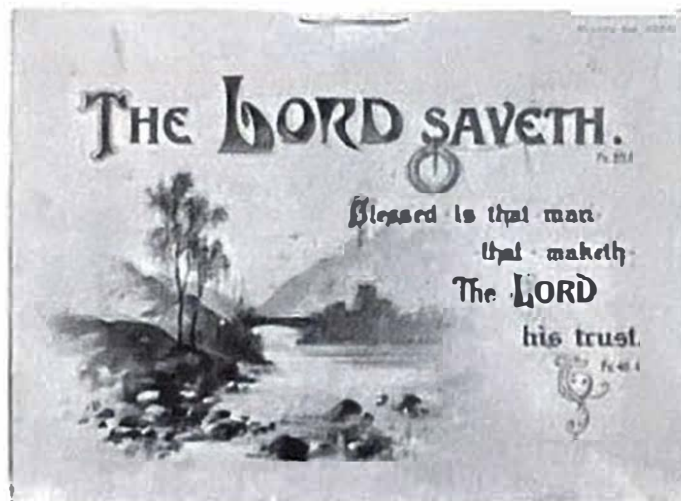
IT was when we had learned our own helplessness, that we came to the Lord Jesus, casting ourselves upon His might and saying, "I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2). Then we proved His saving grace and power. It is in exactly the same way that, as sinners saved by grace and on the way to glory, we prove His saving, keeping and sustaining power from day to day. The believer can say, "I have

been saved (2 Tim. i. 9), I am being saved (Heb. vii. 2), I shall be saved (Rom. xiii. 11)." He has been saved in virtue of the Cross (1 Cor. i. 18); he is being saved by the power of the living Lord upon the throne (Rom. v. 10); and he shall be saved by the coming Christ in the hour of His second advent (Heb. ix. 28). Truly we may say, ours is a "great salvation" (Heb. ii. 3). On the Divine side, the security of the believer is

assured in many aspects in the Word. His life is "hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3); he is "kept by the power of God through faith" (1 Pet. i. 5). There is a very beautiful word in Romans v. 10 (R.V.), where it is said "we shall be saved *in* His life"—that is, kept safe in

the life of the Son of God on the throne. This does not imply indifference in the Christian. He is saved as he trusts in the Lord (Psa. xxxvi. 40); he is de-

livered out of temptation (2 Pet. i. 9) as he is godly; he saves himself (1 Tim. iv. 16) as he continues in the Word of God. The life of the believer is a life of faith in the Son of God (Gal. ii. 20), daily trusting, daily proving Christ's saving power. Here is a beautiful word, which I give you as a talisman to carry into your daily life: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."



Short Papers for Young Believers.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE LORD;

OR, THE NURSERY-MAID'S MISTAKE.

"**D**ID you ask the Lord about it, Nellie?" said a Christian girl to a companion who had engaged herself to a Roman Catholic mistress as nursery-maid, and who was prohibited by her mistress from going to a Bible Class for young believers on the Lord's Day afternoons, where before she had received much help and instruction in the things of God. "You know, Nellie, the Word says—'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He *shall* direct thy paths.' I have always found it true, that the Lord does so order my paths, and give me situations in which I have the privilege of doing His will, and assembling with His beloved people, since I learned to acknowledge Him, and seek His guidance in the matter of service. I once had the same difficulty as you have, but it was owing to my taking my own way, and not seeking guidance from Him in the choice of a place." The girl hung her head, and with a tear in her eye, answered, "No, I did not ask Him about going to this last situation. I thought it would be so nice, and

so much better than my last one, that I engaged before I thought of praying about it at all." "I thought so, Nellie; and now you are reaping the bitter fruit of following your own desires, without the guidance of the Lord. You must just bear it patiently now, and confess your sin to Him who is faithful and just to forgive. But, O, remember, my dear sister, that the truly happy path is to acknowledge the Lord in every step of life. There is nothing too small for Him to order, and such is His love for us, who are His loved ones, that He delights to choose for us, when we leave Him to do it."

The lesson was not lost on the young servant maid. She never forgot it in her after-life. That engagement without asking guidance from her Lord, and the trials she had to endure as the fruit of her own choosing, taught her that it is a bitter thing for a Christian to move along life's path, without in all our ways acknowledging the Lord. It is no uncommon mistake among the Lord's redeemed ones so to do. But it is an evil way. The world, of course, arranges its affairs without acknowledging the Lord. Those who "know not the Lord," and cannot therefore seek His counsel, choose their situations according to their own desires, but it should not be so with the children of God.

UNDER THE HEALING TREE.

MORE than two hundred years ago a party of Spaniards travelling through South America were attacked with fever. One of their number became so ill that, no longer able to carry him, they were compelled to leave him behind. They laid him under a wide-spreading tree, with a supply of food, near a pool of water. The sick man thus left, apparently to die alone, was very thirsty, and in his extremity crawled to the pool, to find the water bitter and nauseous. This seemed to extinguish all hope.

He gave himself up to death, and considered that he was beyond all hope. Strange as it may appear, that bitter draught allayed the fever and removed his pains, and gradually his strength returned. When he joined his company they were astonished, and eagerly enquired by what means he had so quickly been healed. "Simply by drinking the bitter waters of

the pool," he replied. "The effect was instantaneous, and although I mourned being left by that pool apparently to die, I found in its waters life and health."

The entire company returned to see the wonder-working water. They found that the tree under which he had been left was the cinchona. Its leaves and pieces of its bark had fallen into the pool,

making its waters an infusion of quinine, which restored the dying man and led to the use of that famous medicine which has saved



so many lives. There is a tree which brings healing to the sin-sick soul: it is the Cross, the tree on which the Son of God expired. Made known in the Word, laid hold of by faith, appropriated by the sinner, the death of Christ gives life and breaks the power of sin and death. But the water must be drunk, the Word of God received, the Gospel believed, in order to prove its power.

