

**TRUSTY &
TRIED**



Trusty and Tried.



Trusty and Tried

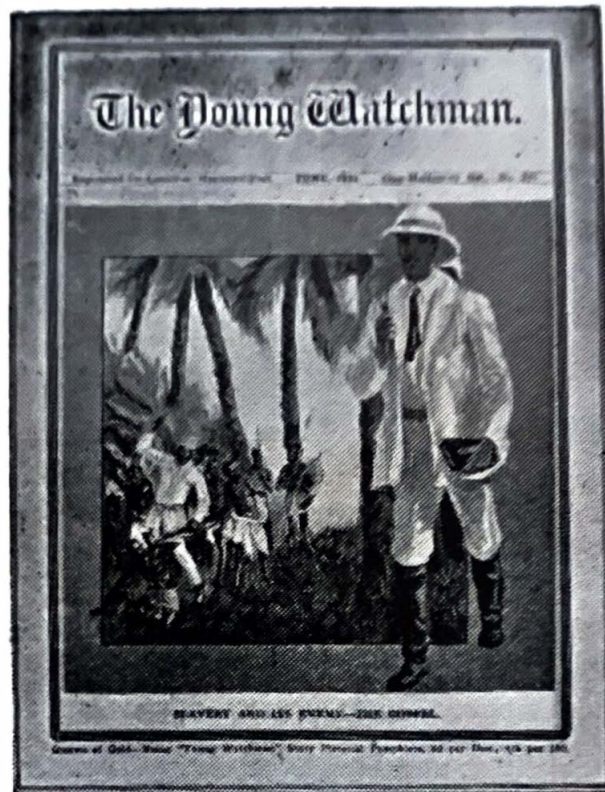
Splendid Stories
for Young People



ILLUSTRATED.



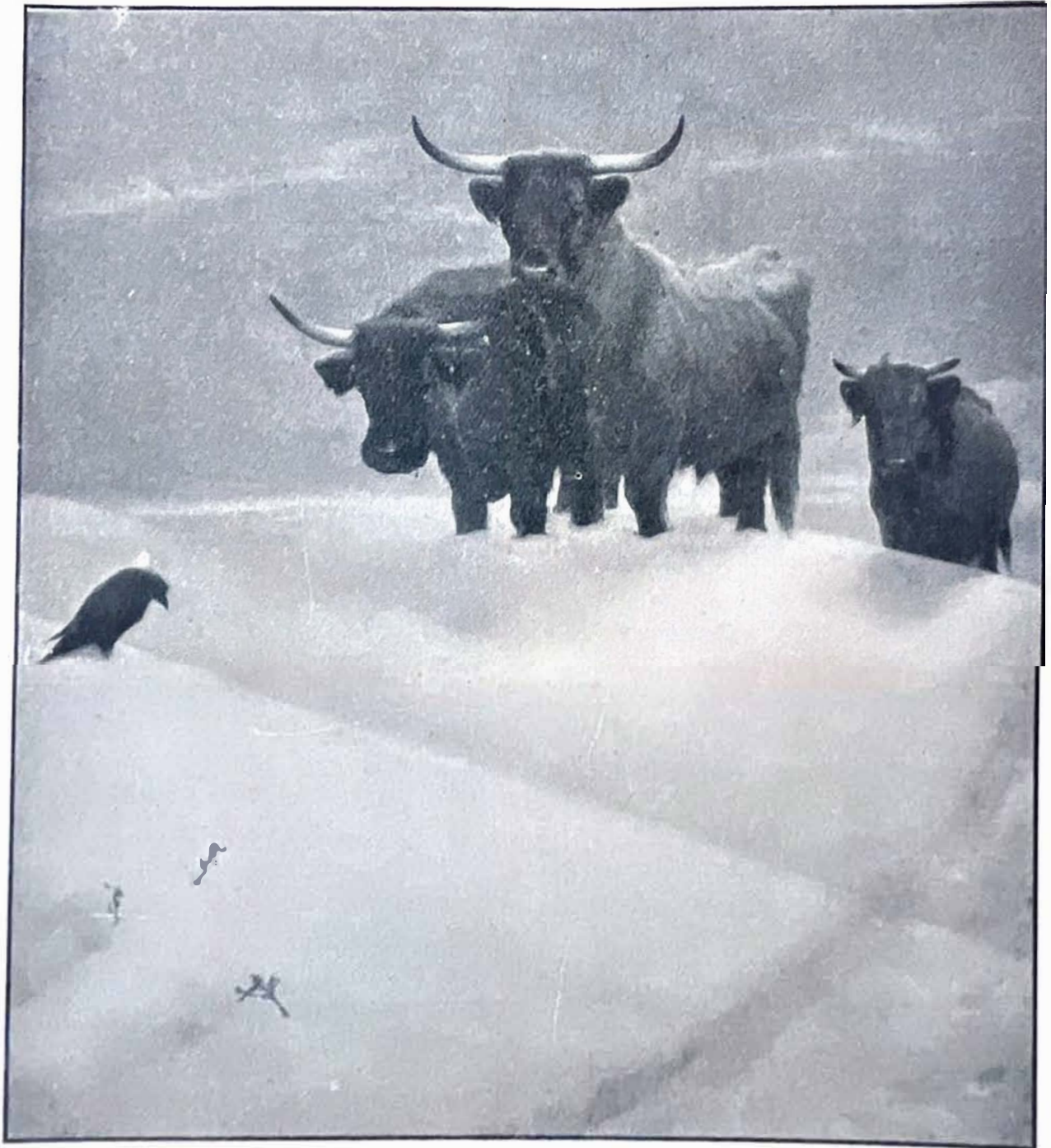
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Murdo, the Morven Cattle-Herd.



MURDO, THE MORVEN CATTLE-HERD:

The Secret of a Glad New Year.

THICK snow lay in the valleys, and the Hill of Morven glistened in its mantle of snow. Things generally were dull among the cottar and crofter folk, and there was little prospect of a change before the New Year holidays began.

Murdo, the Morven cattle boy, had been promised three days off, to go and see "his folk" in the neighbouring parish, which in the winter time could only be reached by the old-time sleigh, drawn by a farm horse. Now if the snow continued to fall and the roads were blocked, this would be impossible.

Even in these remote regions, far from town and city, there are those who think of their less-fortunate neighbours at such times, and do what they can to cheer their lonely lot by entertaining them. And where the love of Christ, and the blessings His Gospel brings with it to the souls of those who give it welcome, is known and enjoyed, they seek to impart the knowledge of the great salvation provided by God in His boundless grace for all, and proclaimed in the Gospel.

"The Merchant at the Cross-roads," as he was familiarly called—a good Christian man, who loved the Lord and sought to spread the Gospel—had pre-

pared a "Gospel Tea" in his store, and invited all the young folks around to "come and spend a happy evening" with him, and some friends from "the City" who would be there to address them.

This was something new. Dances and revels, cards and drunken sprees there had been in abundance, "Gospel Teas" never. And, through curiosity more than aught else, the young folks came, and Murdo, the cattle-herd was among them.

A plain, substantial tea, a warm welcome from "the merchant," and the real business of the evening began. Gospel hymns, clear-ring testimonies to the saving power of the Gospel, followed by an appeal to all who were yet unsaved, to come to a decision, then and there, to be the Lord's.

The Spirit wrought, souls were reached, and a good half-dozen of these simple country folk were definitely, decidedly converted at the Gospel Tea, or during the following week.

And Murdo was one of them. A bright decided case of conversion to God, whose life bore witness to the fact. It was simply grand to hear him tell in his native Doric, how God had led him to know the true secret of a "Glad New Year."



KAY PARK, KILMARNOCK, WITH BURNS' MEMORIAL IN VIEW.

WHITE AS SNOW.

SNOW, snow, snow, how fascinating as it falls, how beautiful it looks as, covering the earth it lays like a great white mantle and, how some of us just love to play about in it, enjoying the snowball match or the toboggan ride, making our footprints, and I have even seen the work of artist in picture and text, by the wayside in snow.

Do you know that, as those flakes come whirling down, they bring down soot and all sorts of impurities from the atmosphere,

leaving the air fresh and clean as nothing else can? Then as it lies upon the earth the farmer is glad, for it gently saturates the ground and causes it to receive nourishment, which enriches the soil for the growing of grain, in a way which no other treatment can! Also it protects the seed or bulbs, already sown, from the severe frost which may come along.

Oh yes, it is a wonderful gift of God.

But it is also very dangerous,

WHITE AS SNOW.

bringing disaster and death in its trail.

Great snow storms are frequent in some countries, holding up traffic, causing great inconvenience, sometimes blindness, loss of direction and even death.

In Colorado, during March, 1931, a party of children were being driven home from school in a 'bus when overtaken by a blizzard. They were unable to proceed and eventually frozen to death, along with the driver, who had made sacrificial efforts to save them all.

Again and again have travelers, simply laid down to sleep, when also it has become the sleep of death.

There are quite a lot of references to snow in the Bible, it is not unknown in the Holy Land.

And, do you know it is used in connection with the two opposites?

The first reference is to leprosy; and we know how the poor diseased leper had to leave home and friends because the disease was so deadly—"Leprous, white as snow!" How terrible something which appears so white yet

so deadly.

That is just like sin, so often appearances are deceitful, just as the Author of all sin, is spoken of as "an angel of light" (2 Cor. 11. 14), how careful we need to be lest we be led away by devices that appear to be free from all impurity, how prayerful we must be that sin may not lure us by its deadly whiteness!

But, snow also speaks to us of God's provision for sin. In Isa. 1. 18, a message comes from God, calling us to reason with Him; the sinless and the sinner! How can this be?

Ah, wondrous grace, God comes out in His dear Son, and takes the place of the sinner and, by His wonderful sacrifice on Calvary, is able to say, "Come—though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow."

Do you want to be amongst those "white robed ones," who shall perfectly praise the Lord of glory? You may, but you must first know your sins are washed away by the precious blood of Christ and become a child of God—"white as snow."

J. A. L.

GOD IS LOVE

HOW A BRAHMIN WAS SAVED.

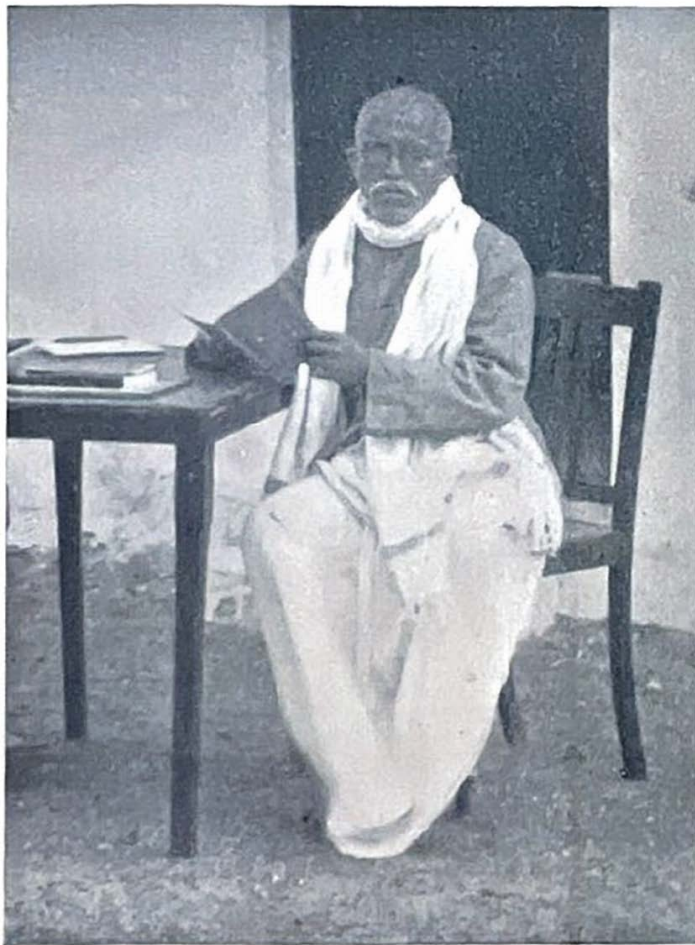
By Alex. Soutter, Malabar, India.

BORN a Brahmin and brought up in Brahmin surroundings, Kali Charan Chatterjee was well taught in the traditions of his caste, which is the highest division of the Hindus, the

ing love, and so studied the Scriptures that he won first prize at the Scripture examination of the school, receiving as his prize a beautifully bound Bible.

He with some other boys read the Word of God regularly. They were deeply moved as they read of the Saviour's love, His compassion, His gracious words, but like many others in India and elsewhere, they were unwilling to go any further. They did not want to face their state as sinners in need of the atoning blood. But a devout study of Romans 5. removed this doubt and hesitation, and they took their place as sinners and accepted Christ as their only Saviour.

Then came the need of an open confession. Just at that time the senior student of the school confessed Christ in baptism. A strong persecution burst upon him. Driven from his home and abused, he at last turned back. This



A BRAHMIN TEACHER.

priestly order. This Brahmin lad went to a high school conducted by missionaries, and there it was that he first heard the Gospel. He listened with deepest interest to the story of redeem-

ing love, and so studied the Scriptures that he won first prize at the Scripture examination of the school, receiving as his prize a beautifully bound Bible. He with some other boys read the Word of God regularly. They were deeply moved as they read of the Saviour's love, His compassion, His gracious words, but like many others in India and elsewhere, they were unwilling to go any further. They did not want to face their state as sinners in need of the atoning blood. But a devout study of Romans 5. removed this doubt and hesitation, and they took their place as sinners and accepted Christ as their only Saviour. Then came the need of an open confession. Just at that time the senior student of the school confessed Christ in baptism. A strong persecution burst upon him. Driven from his home and abused, he at last turned back. This disturbed young Chatterjee's mind for a time but the Lord's words in Matt. 10. 32 never left him: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my

HOW A BRAHMIN WAS SAVED.

Father which is in heaven."

Finally he resolved to follow the Lord fully. He left his home and went to another school for further study. From there he wrote telling his father his decision. His father at first could not believe it but when at length he saw his son's firmness and earnestness, he solemnly warned him of the consequences. It would mean being cast out of his home and cut off from his loved ones. No one can tell the sorrow and suffering these words cost the heart of the young believer, but he refused to look back, and he confessed the Lord Jesus in baptism.

Some time later one of his teachers, a godly missionary, was stricken down by cholera. A group of Christian young men spent the night preceding the

funeral by the body of their beloved teacher. This was to Chatterjee a most solemn occasion, and he there and then gave himself unreservedly to the Lord for whatever service He would appoint. His whole life showed the reality of this dedication. He had repeated offers of high positions, but to the end he continued to devote himself to the work of the Gospel. Many were blessed and saved through his ministry, and his godly life adorned the doctrines he taught. Having rested his all on the atoning blood for his soul's salvation, he pursued a straight course from his boyhood to the very end. The Saviour Who met and saved the young Brahmin, is able to meet and save you. Will you receive Him and confess Him?

A DIALOGUE FOR SIX TINY TOTS.

JESUS LOVES.

1st Girl—Listen friends and I will say, Jesus loves me every day.

2nd Girl—Yes, He loves me just the same; Jesus, what a lovely name!

3rd Girl—On the cross of shame He died, for us all was crucified.

4th Girl—He is risen far above, I am resting in His love.

5th Girl—Come to Him, He wants you too, all His lovely deeds to do.

6th Girl—He is coming by-and-by, to take us to Heaven on high.

All—Now you've heard us all to say, "Jesus loves us every day."

BIBLE CALENDAR.

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This month we commence a series of Bible Readings by which the whole of the Scriptures will be gone through in one year. This first page sets out the Bible in its order, which order we purpose following. We hope it will help many to prove that "all Scripture is given by inspiration and is profitable for doctrine."

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ORDER OF THE BOOKS.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
<p>I. The Pentateuch or Books of Moses</p> <p>Genesis Exodus Leviticus Numbers Deuteronomy</p> <p>II. The historical books from the Exodus to the captivity to Babylon</p> <p>Joshua Judges Ruth 1 Samuel 2 Samuel 1 Kings 2 Kings 1 Chronicles 2 Chronicles</p> <p>III. The historical books, after the restoration</p> <p>Ezra Nehemiah Esther</p>	<p>I. The Didactic books</p> <p>Job Psalms Proverbs Ecclesiastes Song of Solomon</p> <p>II. The prophets of the Assyrian period</p> <p>Obadiah Joel Jonah Amos Hosea Isaiah Micah Nahum</p> <p>III. The prophets of the Babylonian period</p> <p>Habakkuk Zephaniah Jeremiah Lamentations Ezekiel Daniel</p> <p>IV. The prophets of the Persian period</p> <p>Haggai Zechariah Malachi</p>	<p>I. The first Gospel and the Acts</p> <p>Matthew Acts</p> <p>II. The Second Gospel and the Jewish epistles</p> <p>Mark 1 and 2 Peter James Jude</p> <p>III. The third Gospel and the Pauline epistles</p> <p>Luke 1 and 2 Thessalonians 1 and 2 Corinthians Romans Galatians Ephesians Philippians Colossians Philemon Hebrews Titus 1 and 2 Timothy</p> <p>IV. The fourth Gospel and the other writings of John</p> <p>John 1, 2, and 3 John Revelation</p>

Through the Bible in one year. **JANUARY.**

Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—Genesis 1. to 2. 3	Job 1. to 2. 10	Matthew 1.
2—" 2. 4-25	" 2. 11. to 3. 26	" 2.
3—" 3.	" 4. 5.	" 3.
4—" 4. 5.	" 6. 7.	" 4.
5—" 6. to 7. 10	" 8.	" 5. 1-20
6—" 7. 11. to 8. 19	" 9. 10.	" 5. 21-48
7—" 8. 20 to 9. 29	" 11. 12.	" 6. 1-18
8—" 10. to 11. 26	" 13. 14.	" 6. 19 to 7. 6
9—" 11. 27. to 12. 20	" 15.	" 7. 7-29
10—" 13. 14.	" 16. 17.	" 8. 1-27
11—" 15. 16.	" 18. 19.	" 8. 28 to 9. 17
12—" 17.	" 20.	" 9. 18-38
13—" 18.	" 21.	" 10. 1-25
14—" 19.	" 22.	" 10. 26 to 11. 1
15—" 20. 21.	" 23. 24.	" 11. 2-30
16—" 22.	" 25. 26. 27.	" 12. 1-21
17—" 23.	" 28.	" 12. 22-50
18—" 24.	" 29. 30.	" 13. 1-23
19—" 25.	" 31.	" 13. 24-43
20—" 26.	" 32. 33.	" 13. 43 to 14. 13
21—" 27.	" 34. 35.	" 14. 14-36
22—" 28.	" 36. 37.	" 15. 1-28
23—" 29.	" 38. 39.	" 15. 29 to 16. 12
24—" 30.	" 40. 41.	" 16. 13 to 17. 13
25—" 31.	" 42.	" 17. 14 to 18. 14
26—" 32. 33.-16	Psalms 1. 2. 3.	" 18. 15-35
27—" 33. 17. to 34. 31	" 4. 5. 6.	" 19. 1-15
28—" 35.	" 7. 8.	" 19. 16 to 20. 16
29—" 36.	" 9. 10.	" 20. 17-34
30—" 37.	" 11. 12. 13. 14.	" 21. 1-32
31—" 38.	" 15. 16.	" 21. 33 to 22. 44

Through the Bible in one year. **FEBRUARY.**

Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—Gen. 39.	Psa. 17.	Matt. 22. 15-46
2—" 40.	" 18. 1-29	" 23.
3—" 41. 1-49	" 18. 30-50	" 24. 1-28
4—" 41. 50 to 42. 38	" 19.	" 24. 29-51
5—" 43.	" 20. 21.	" 25. 1-30
6—" 44.	" 22.	" 25. 31 to 26. 2
7—" 45.	" 23. 24	" 26. 3-30
8—" 46. to 47. 26	" 25.	" 26. 31-57
9—" 47. 27 to 48. 22	" 26. 27.	" 26. 58-75
10—" 49.	" 28. 29.	" 27. 1-26

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

SOON after the wise men departed from Bethlehem to return to their home in the far east, another of those bright angel visitors, who had announced to the shepherds the

murder of "The Holy Child." While Joseph lay asleep by night, the angel drew near, and said unto him, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there



birth of Jesus, was sent with a message to Joseph, the husband of Mary. God from His high and holy heaven, had seen the rage of Herod, and He knew the plot that he had laid for the

until I tell thee, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy Him" (Matt. 2. 13, R.V.). This startling message must have fallen very strangely on the ears of Joseph and Mary. Only a little

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

while ago they had been visited by the wondering shepherds of Israel, and later still, by the worshipping Gentile princes, whose treasures had been laid at the Infant's feet. Now, the king reigning in Jerusalem, only a few miles off, was seeking His life. Thus early would His parents learn that the world "knew Him not," and that it "hated Him without a cause." Thus early did Satan, the adversary and murderer, set his eye upon the Son of God, and seek His destruction. Joseph at once rose up, and took the Infant and His mother, and fled from Bethlehem during the hours of night. We can well imagine that it would be with saddened hearts that they passed through the gate of Bethlehem, and took a farewell look at the city of their ancestors. By the time Herod's soldiers had reached the city on their awful errand of bloodshed, the Holy Infant and His parents would be well on their way to Egypt. Of the details of this wonderful journey God has told us nothing; but there are many strange and absurd stories told by ancient writers about it, which they must have devised in their own imagination, such as—that the wild beasts bowed before them as they passed through the desert, and that roses sprung up at their feet. It is hardly needful

for us to tell our young friends, that these, and a great many other legends connected with the early days of Jesus, as well as with His sufferings and death, are not true. God has told us in His Word *all* that He wants us to know about these things, and it is very sinful for men "to add to His Words."

Egypt, as most of you are aware, is a country to the south of Palestine. The ordinary mode of travelling for the poorer classes, was by riding on asses. Our picture shows a mother seated on an ass, with her babe safely hid in her bosom, while the husband walks by her side. By the ordinary road, from Bethlehem to Egypt, they would pass near Hebron. It would be a journey of three or four days at least, before they reached the borders of the land where their forefathers had been in bondage under Pharaoh, and out of which Jehovah had redeemed them. There the mighty river Nile flowed broad and deep: the rushes growing at its side might remind them of the babe "drawn out" to become the deliverer of Israel, but the Holy Infant in Mary's arms was destined by God to deliver sinners from a "bondage worse by far," and to be "drawn out" from deeper waters—even to save their souls from hell.

A RIDE IN THE SNOW.

IT was winter, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. I was anxious to spend my Christmas holidays at the house of a friend, in a hilly part of the country, about twelve miles from where I lived. There was no railway to the place, the only means of reaching it was by a stage coach. So, early in the morning I set off on my journey. It was a cold, cheerless ride, and not in very choice company; some were half-drunk and rather troublesome, others were complaining bitterly of the slow pace of the horses. The driver was angry, and swore fearfully at the horses. On the box beside him, and not far from me, sat a nice-looking old man, who seemed very sad at the language used by the driver. He sat in silence, with his piercing eyes fixed on the swearing driver, who observed it and seemed ashamed. At length, unable to restrain himself any longer, he turned and said to the old man, "what makes you stare so at me, sir, what harm have I done you?"

"I was wondering how it would be with you when you had to meet God," said the old man quietly, "for He has said that for all these things He will bring you into judgment."

The words fell like a thunderbolt on the driver, and, I may add, on me. I never swore as he had done, but I had my fears

about meeting God. I thought everybody had, and tried to console myself that it would just be as well for me as for others. I would have my chance along with the rest. Still the thought kept me company all the way, and, I may say, spoiled my Christmas holiday. God shall bring thee into judgment, yes, no doubt He would, but what was I to do, or how could I escape it? I knew not of God's appointed way. Soon after, I came in contact with one, who tenderly and faithfully spoke to me about my soul, and pointed me to Jesus. I received Him as my Saviour, and now I know that I shall not come into judgment. That ride in the old stage coach I shall never forget, or the words of the aged man, whose face I have never seen again, but should know among a thousand. It was the voice of God to my soul, awaking me to see my danger.

My dear young friend, do you ever think of judgment to come? Let me re-echo the old man's question in your ear—"How would it be with you when you have to meet God?" Would it be eternal glory or eternal woe?

A Verse for the Little Ones.

Though only yet a little child,

My heart is black, by sin defiled;
But, trusting Jesus, this I know,
His blood has washed me white
as snow.

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

TWO SIDES AND TWO SOUNDS.

IN one of the royal residences of the Queen, there is a fine old organ. It is so placed that it performs double duty, being provided with two finger-boards. On one side is the great banquet hall, where, on great occasions, the organ peals out its strains to the assembled guests. On the other side is the royal chapel, where the same organ does service in Sundays during worship, by the operations of an organist at the other finger-board.

This organ with its two sides is not unlike some young Christians one meets at times. They have the two sides too—one for the world—and one for God.

They have a finger-board among the people of God, and another in the world. They come to the Bible Class and the Prayer Meeting, and sing God's praises so sweetly. If you see them from this side only, you would suppose them to be saints indeed. If the fervour of their words, and the sweetness of their songs on Sunday were to guide our judgment, we should conclude them to be "epistles of Christ, known and read of all men."

But what then? When we go round to the other side, lo, we

see the finger-board on the world's side too. They enjoy the world on *Monday*, and enter into its spirit with as much zest as they did the worship on Sunday. They can sing the world's songs, talk its gossip, and make companions of the unconverted, with as much evident satisfaction as they sing the songs of heaven, and company with the people of God.

They are what God calls "double minded" and of "double heart." A heart professedly for Christ, and a heart for the world. A side for Christians and a side for worldlings. Perfectly at home among the ungodly or the saints. Now this kind of thing is not what God wants at all. He wants His people to be wholly for Him, and not half for the world and Satan. He wants "our hearts," and not a bit of them. He says "present your *bodies* a living sacrifice"—not part of their energies, and reserve the rest for self-seeking, and worldliness. All our powers of spirit, soul, and body, youth, and time and talents are His by right, and we should *yield* them cheerfully to their *Owner*. Then there would be no finger-board on the world's side for it to play on; there would be none of our powers under its control.

Horatius and the Bridge.



THE FORUM, ROME.

HORATIUS AND THE BRIDGE.

LORD MACAULAY was a great historian and essayist. Some of the older readers may have read some of his interesting poems on history. Among his best are "Lays of Ancient Rome." In one of these lays he tells the story of the defence of ancient Rome against outside foes. This is what he wrote :

"Tarquin, the Proud, had been banished from Rome for his bad behaviour and he hurried for revenge. He found a willing ally in Lars Porsena, king of the neighbouring Etruscans. At the head of a huge army he advanced towards Rome and was quite near the city before the Magistrates realised that they were in great danger. A hasty meeting was called, and it was concluded that the only way to avert the danger was to cut down the wooden bridge which spanned the Tiber, on the banks of which the city was built. But there was an almost insuperable difficulty. The enemy was on the opposite side and would advance while the pillars of the bridge were being cut through. In only one way was there the possibility of escape. The bridge must be defended at the further side to prevent the advance of the enemy. But who would volunteer to do so? It would mean death, perhaps. Certainly the task was very dangerous. But

as often happens, the hour of need brought the man who was needed.

Horatius Cocles stepped forward and said that if he had the help of two more he would keep the bridge until the work was finished. Two brave Romans stepped to the side of Horatius and the three heroes crossed the bridge and held it against their enemies. Again and again the leaders of the attackers made desperate attempts to force the valiant three to give ground, but at every attempt they were defeated. At last the saws did their work, and every pillar but one was sawn through. What should the three do now? Retreat? Not while their work was unfinished. Horatius succeeded in persuading his companions to retreat while the bridge stood and he remained to hold the approach against the foe. He stood alone. The bridge fell with a terrific crash, and the heroic soldier was left on the far side, with the rolling Tiber behind him and the enemy in front. Undaunted he plunged into the river, and with full armour on, swam to the side of safety. What a welcome he had! Even his foes could not but admire the valour of a man such as he."

Now, what was it that made him risk his life thus? The poet puts these words into his mouth,

HORATIUS AND THE BRIDGE.

How can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

He thought of the deeds of his forefathers, and how could he be disloyal to their ashes buried beneath the city soil? He looked back to the city with its temples to their gods, and the thought of faithfulness to them inspired him to risk his life.

Can we not learn a lesson from this noble Roman? He knew nothing about the gospel and its power. He knew nothing about the love of God and the death of His Son Jesus Christ on our behalf. His gods were dumb idols, but he was true to them. And should not we be true to the God of heaven and to His Son? Why should we be ashamed to own His cause

or blush to speak His name? Christ is worthy of our loyalty, is He not?

And have not we worthy forefathers who risked everything that we might have freedom to worship God? In many places in our beloved land people are trying to steal away all the benefits for which many of our ancestors died at the stake. They do not read the Bible, they do not respect the Lord's Day, they do not listen to the gospel. But my young readers love the Lord, and remember the triumphs of their forefathers too much to act in this way, I am sure.

May we each trust Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of our sins, and then remain loyal to Him when others are doing their best to forget Him.

A. B.

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

This month we continue the series of Bible Readings by which the whole of the Scriptures will be read in one year. We wonder how many are following this with interest. Is it too much to let us know? A post card is all that is necessary.

Three readings **FEBRUARY—(Continued).** each day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
11—Gen. 50.	Psa. 30.	Matt. 27. 27-44
12—Exod. 1. 1 to 2. 22	" 31.	" 27. 45-66
13— " 2. 23 to 3. 22	" 32. 33.	" 28.
14— " 4.	" 34.	Acts 1.
15— " 5. 1 to 6. 12	" 35. 36.	" 2. 1-21
16— " 6. 13 to 7. 25	" 37.	" 2. 22-47
17— " 8.	" 38. 39.	" 3.

Three readings

FEBRUARY—(Continued).

each day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
18—Exod. 9.	Psa. 40. 41.	Acts 4. 1-31
19— " 10.	" 42. 43.	" 4. 32 to 5. 11
20— " 11. 1 to 12. 20	" 44.	" 5. 12-42
21— " 12. 21-51	" 45. 46.	" 6.
22— " 13. 1 to 14. 4	" 47. 48.	" 7. 1-29
23— " 14. 5-31	" 49. 50.	" 7. 30 to 8. 4
24— " 15.	" 51.	" 8. 5-40
25— " 16.	" 52. 53. 54.	" 9. 1-31
26— " 17.	" 55.	" 9. 32-43
27— " 18.	" 56. 57.	" 10. 1-23
28— " 19.	" 58. 59.	" 10. 24-48

Through the Bible in one year. MARCH.

Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—Exod. 20.	Psa. 60. 61.	Acts 11. 1-18
2— " 21.	" 62. 63.	" 11. 19-30
3— " 22. 1 to 23. 9	" 64. 65.	" 12.
4— " 23. 10-33	" 66. 67.	" 13. 1-25
5— " 24.	" 68.	" 13. 26-52
6— " 25.	" 69.	" 14.
7— " 26. 1-30	" 70. 71.	" 15. 1-21
8— " 26. 31 to 27. 19	" 72.	" 15. 22-35
9— " 27. 20 to 28. 14	" 73.	" 15. 36 to 16. 15
10— " 28. 15-43	" 74. 75.	" 16. 16-40
11— " 29. 1-37	" 76. 77.	" 17. 1-15
12— " 29. 38 to 30. 10	" 78. 1-31	" 17. 16-34
13— " 30. 11-38	" 78. 32-72	" 18. 1-22
14— " 31.	" 79. 80.	" 18. 23 to 19. 20
15— " 32.	" 81. 82.	" 19. 21-41
16— " 33. 1 to 34. 3	" 83. 84.	" 20. 1-16
17— " 34. 4-35	" 85. 86.	" 20. 17-38
18— " 35.	" 87. 88.	" 21. 1-16
19— " 36.	" 89. 1-18	" 21. 17-40
20— " 37.	" 89. 19-52	" 22. 1-21
21— " 38.	" 90. 91.	" 22. 22 to 23. 11
22— " 39.	" 92. 93.	" 23. 12-35
23— " 40.	" 94. 95.	" 24.
24— Lev. 1.	" 96. 97. 98.	" 25. 1-22
25— " 2.	" 99. 100. 101.	" 25. 23 to 26. 11
26— " 3.	" 102.	" 26. 12-32
27— " 4. 1-26	" 103.	" 27. 1-26
28— " 4. 27 to 5. 13	" 104.	" 27. 27 to 28. 10
29— " 5. 14 to 6. 7	" 105.	" 28. 11-31
30— " 6. 8 to 7. 10	" 106.	Mark 1. 1-20
31— " 7. 11-38	" 107.	" 1. 21-45

THE GOSPEL IN EUROPE.

IN the different European countries, systems of spiritual darkness and superstition have for centuries kept the people in ignorance of God's Truth, and denied to them the right to have the Word of God in their own tongue. Thousands upon thousands have never heard the Gospel

dom on religious matters in their countries, and that every man should have the right to choose for himself.

Doors are open into Europe, and there exists liberty to preach the Gospel and distribute the Holy Scriptures. The people are responding wonderfully, and



By courtesy of "The European Christian Mission."

even once in their lifetime.

As a result of the Great War, far-reaching changes took place in Central and Eastern Europe. Russian, Polish and other people, who had previously been ruled over by the Czar and the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, freed themselves, and formed themselves into separate countries. Thereupon, they decided that there should be free-

dom on religious matters in their countries, and that every man should have the right to choose for himself. Gospel meetings are crowded, and there are many conversions among JEWS and GENTILES.

The eagerness of the people to hear spiritual truth is evidenced by the fact that they come long distances to the meetings. Some of the people, seen in this picture, walked from their homes in outlying villages,

THE GOSPEL IN EUROPE.

distances vying from ten to thirty-five miles. Many were "born again" in this gathering as they listened to the Way of Salvation being made plain. The missionaries of the European Christian Missions never lack audiences, for the people have hungry hearts and longing souls,

and are crying out for God.

May the Lord grant such times of spiritual awakening in this more favoured land. We bespeak the prayers of Christian readers for this, and the Work of Grace presently experienced in these European countries.

A CRAFTY ENEMY.

I WONDER how many who read this will have seen for themselves the gentleman of whom I am writing. All who live anywhere near zoological gardens will most likely have done so, and probably have felt very glad that they were not nearer to him. I refer to that huge river reptile, the Crocodile. Aren't you glad, boys and girls, that the rivers of our land are not inhabited by these creatures? I am, and I think you will be even more so, after you have read this.

Away in Africa, the natives who live near the rivers, dread the appearance of Mr. Crocodile, for he has crafty ways, and many a lad has been caught by him while walking, unsuspectingly, along the riverside. Sometimes, too, a young woman has left her village, waterpot on head, and gone down to the river for water, but has failed

to return, owing to the reptile having claimed her as his victim.

Perhaps you may wonder how it is the crocodile manages to capture natives from the bank of the river. He has a well-known trick which he never fails to use should opportunity occur. Hovering underneath the water he may have spied a native standing on the bank fairly near to the water edge. Anxious to lose no time, he swims towards this native, but so quietly and steadily does he come that no one even suspects that such a dreadful foe lurks near; not a ripple disturbs the surface of the water. As soon as he reaches a convenient spot, quite close to the river brink, and near the unwary native, he switches his tail out of the water with dreadful suddenness, and swoops his prey into his waiting jaws.

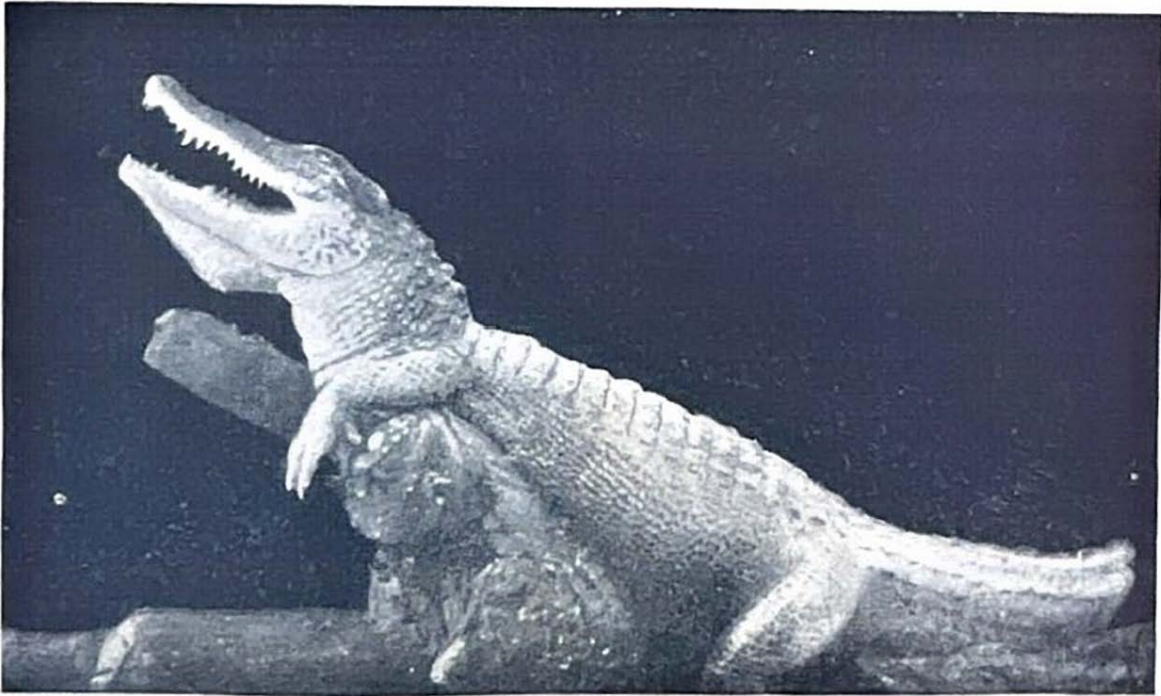
When you saw that huge,

A CRAFTY ENEMY.

sleepy-looking reptile at the Zoo, did you ever imagine him capable of such a crafty action? He looks far too lazy and heavy for such swift work, does he not?

Do you not see, too, that he bids us take warning. Not, of course, of crocodiles and their tricks, for—thank God—we need have no fear of them in this land

for his own. Many times he comes so disguised that we do not recognise him, and thus tries to lead us into sin. How lovely it is to know that once the Lord Jesus has saved us, Satan can never have us for his own, but he does often try to cause us to sin and thus dishonour our Saviour. How can we prevent



A YOUNG CROCODILE.

of ours. There is, however, another foe who is just as fearful in the spiritual sphere as the crocodile is in the physical. He comes just as quietly, too, and endeavours to get us into his grasp. I think everyone of you will know who this is. Even Satan himself, who is ever seeking to allure boys and girls and men and women, and take them

him having the victory? By taking the "shield of faith," by praying that the Lord will keep us close to Himself, and then we shall be able to "quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one." By also reading God's word, for the Bible is the "Sword of the Spirit," and with this weapon we shall be able to withstand the attacks of Satan. M. C.

THE SHUNAMITE BOY.

IN the days that Elisha the prophet lived, there was a rich farmer and his wife, who lived in a place called Shunem, in the tribe of Issachar. They seem to have been true lovers of the Lord, for they received His servant Elisha into their house, and had "a little chamber" built and furnished for his own use. They had lots of servants and fruitful fields, but they had no children. At length a baby boy was given them, and I am sure he would be greatly loved by the Shunamite farmer and his wife. But there was something happened to the child, that caused great sorrow in that home. It was the harvest time, and the reapers were busy cutting down the yellow grain. The little boy went out to the field, as boys are fond to do, and I daresay he got so interested in the gleaming sickles, and the merry reapers, that he sat down with his head bare under the burning eastern sun, and in a short time he got sunstroke. The sharp pain made the little fellow raise his hands and cry out, "my head, my head," and the cry speedily brought his father to his side, who told a lad to carry him home to his mother. She took him up on her knee, but he only grew worse, and at noon he died. His mother took him up to the prophet's chamber, and laid him

on his bed, and closed the door. Then she hasted away to Carmel and found Elisha there, who came to Shunem, and went up to his chamber where the dead child lay. Then he closed the door, prayed to the Lord, and stretched himself on the dead child, who very soon opened his eyes, and was raised to life and returned to his mother's arms. There are some lessons that we may learn from this true and touching tale of eastern life. The first is, that little children die, and sometimes very suddenly and unexpectedly. Who would have thought that the little boy who walked out to the cornfields so merrily in the morning would have been dead at noon. Yet so he was, and so may you. Are you ready to die? Would it be "well" with you, as this little boy's mother said it was with him? Would it be well with your soul? When the living prophet touched the dead child, and breathed into his mouth, he was raised to life. Elisha here is a type of the Lord Jesus, who only can give life to those who are spiritually dead—dead in trespasses and in sins. Has He given you life, my dear reader, or are you still dead in sin? You cannot raise yourself, nor can any one else, but He can, and He will, if you believe on Him.

THE SHUNAMITE BOY.



THE SHUNAMITE BOY RAISED TO LIFE.

A TEXT TO PAINT.

Colour with Paints or Crayons, paste on to a postcard, and send to Editor



GOD
IS
LOVE.

1 JOHN 4.8

QUESTIONS ON CONVERSION.

Question: What is Conversion?

Answer: The word means "a turning about," and is used in the Scriptures to describe that turning of heart and life toward God, which is manifest in all who have been born again. In unconverted days we "turned every one to his own way" (Isa. 53. 6); when born again, through believing the gospel, we "turned unto the Lord" (Acts 11. 21). This is conversion.

Question: How is it effected?

Answer: By believing on the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 16. 31); by receiving the Gospel (1 Thess. 1. 5-9); by being born again (1 Peter 1. 23). It is the result of divine

life being imparted to the soul (Rom. 6. 11); the turning to God from idols (1 Thess. 1. 9); from the lusts of the flesh, to do the will of God (1 Peter 4. 2).

Question: Can you give examples?

Answer: The following are examples of the conversion of open sinners from the Scriptures. Mary Magdalene (Luke 8. 2), manifest in her love to Christ and following of Him; the dying robber (Luke 23. 43), manifest in his confession of Christ in the midst of his foes; the jailer of Philippi (Acts 16. 33), manifest in his obedience to God in baptism, and love to Paul and Silas in hospitality.

LATE.

I REMEMBER, when I was a little boy, seeing a picture which interested me very much, as you know pictures often do please children. It showed the door of the village school closed, and a little boy, with a bag of books hanging over his arm, with his sister, looking up with woeful faces, at a little board with just one word of four letters written on it—"LATE." What a message it was to the two children—a message of sorrow and disgrace. Now, not long ago, I was speaking to some children, and we came to talk about the "doors" of the Bible. The first was the open door of the ark, and I think we must all see the grace of God in this, that the very first door in the Bible should be an *open* door. Just think what an *open* door means. It means at least three things: The first—*invitation*; the next—*room*; the third—*welcome*. Yes, the door of the ark (Gen. 6. 16) was an open door for guilty sinners to escape from the judgment of a holy God. You will perhaps remember that Jesus said in John 10. 9, "I am *the* Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." The door of God's ark—the *only* door—was a picture, a type of Jesus, the great Salvation Door. There is another storm of wrath coming upon sinners, but there is shelter provided.

But we also read of another "*door*," and this, like the one in the picture I saw, was a closed one. It is spoken of in Matthew 25. 10. Some there are who are ready, and who go in, others were unprepared and they were—LATE. Are you ready? You know that some persons have armorial bearings and mottos. I have read of one family whose motto was given them by the king, and it was, "*Ready, aye ready*." Jesus has given this grand motto to all His people—"They that were *ready* went in." If we had to supply the story to the picture of which I told you, it would be something like this:—These children started for school in good time, but presently they were attracted by the glitter of some new toys in the village shop. "There's plenty of time yet," says Johnnie. Then, as they pass up the pretty hedge-row, they stop to pick some of the flowers, and then they hear the church clock in the distance striking the hour. So off they run, only to come panting up to the door to find it *closed*, and the sad silent messenger on that board—LATE. Now, how they wish they hadn't stopped to look into the shop window, or to pick the flowers, for that closed door means going away in disgrace. But what will it be to find God's door of grace for ever closed?

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

SERVING THE LORD.

"TEACHER," said a young servant-maid to the Christian lady in whose Bible Class she had been converted, "I wish I could do something for the Lord; but you know I only get out on Sunday afternoons, and have no opportunity."

"O yes, Mary, you have many opportunities of serving the Lord," said the lady. "Will you open your Bible, and read Colossians 3. 22, 23? Read the verses aloud, please." And Mary read, "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God. And *whatsoever* ye do, do it heartily, AS TO THE LORD, and not unto men."

"There you see your opportunity for serving the Lord, Mary. '*Whatsoever* ye do'—whether it be blacking the boots, or scrubbing the floor, 'do it heartily, *as to the Lord.*' You are Mrs. W——'s servant, it is true, but you are the Lord's servant too, and in serving your earthly mistress well, you serve Him."

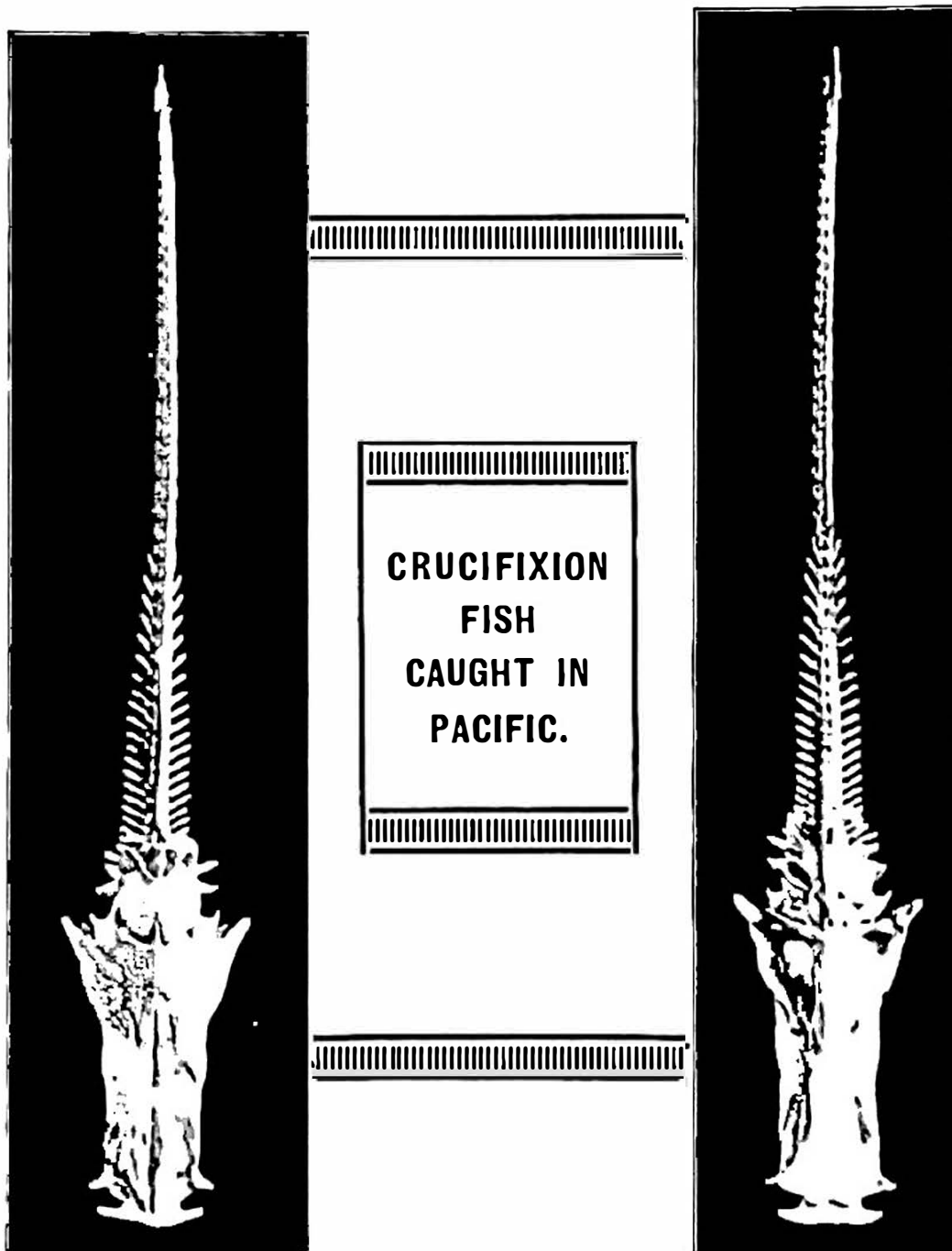
"I never knew that before, ma'm," said Mary. "I thought it was only when we were giving away tracts, and speaking to

people about their souls, that we were serving the Lord. Now I see that I may serve Him all the day."

"Yes, Mary, as truly as if you were a missionary preaching Christ in far-off lands. Your place of service is where the Lord has placed you, and if you serve Him faithfully in your chosen sphere, He will reward you at His judgment-seat."

Mary went away to her rather lonely place of service, with a new motive filling her soul. She formerly did her work only as for Mrs. W——, now she went to do it for the Lord as well. And what a difference she found. Instead of murmuring and repining, because she could not get to meetings every night, as some of the girls did, to give away tracts, and gather the people to hear the gospel, she joyfully stuck to her post in the kitchen, cooking and cleaning as if the kitchen was the Lord's. The work was a great deal better done, and Mary had more joy in the doing of it. So may it be with all who serve an earthly master. It is their privilege there to serve the Lord, and to do the ordinary routine of daily work as unto Him. Do it well, and do it heartily. This will make many a yoke easy, and many a burden light.

Reminders of Calvary.



REMINDERS OF CALVARY.

IT is rather significant that we should have so many reminders of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Look almost anywhere and we see objects which at once speak to us forcibly of "the old rugged Cross." At the joining of roads there is the signpost with its iron arms outstretched; high up on the church steeple, as if piercing the sky, is the sign of the Cross. Indeed, go where one likes, Calvary is not far away.

One of the most remarkable reminders is shown in the photograph which we reproduce. It is a picture of a fish which has an unusual name. It is called the Crucifixion fish, and was caught in the Pacific. If you look carefully at the view on the right side you will see that the bones at the base take the form of a figure hanging on a cross. If, however, you were to see the fish in reality, you would be surprised at the many things which remind us of Calvary. The view on the left reminds us of the seamless robe which the Lord Jesus wore.

This fish is in the possession of a Christian gentleman who sometimes takes it with him when he goes to address a meeting, and by using it as an object lesson he is able to present the story of the

Cross very forcibly.

God never forgets the Cross. Why? Because seated at His right hand is the One who hung upon it—the Lord Jesus Christ. In His glorified body He still bears the marks of Calvary. In His hands are the prints of the nails, and His blessed feet bear the marks of the iron. In His side there is the spear-wound.

When those of us who are the Lord's reach the "other side" which dear Fanny Crosby loved to sing of, we, like her, will know our Redeemer by "the print of the nails in His hand." These are the distinguishing marks of the Man of Calvary. They will ever remind the redeemed in glory of the price of their redemption, and will draw from their ransomed beings songs of worship to the Lamb now "crowned with glory and honour." Is it not delightful to meditate upon such a time?

But I want to remind my young readers that because God will never forget the Cross it will be a sad eternity for those who pass out of time without availing themselves of the sacrifice of Calvary. It is sometimes said that God is too good to punish sinners for ever, but we only need to think of what Calvary meant to Him and the

REMINDERS OF CALVARY.

blessed Lord Jesus Christ to rid our minds of such a foolish notion. Take your Bible and read the opening verses of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians; and you will grasp—but only very faintly—what the Cross meant to the Lord Jesus. You will also learn in a little measure what God thought about that Cross and the One who hung there. See what He has done! He has highly

exalted His Son and given Him a name which is above every name. At that name—the name which they wrote on the Cross—every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord.

Do you not think it would be wise, then, to bow the knee now to the Lord Jesus, and confess Him as your Saviour? I tell you it would.

J. S. B.

The Prize Essay on "The Early Days of Moses."

The Young Watchman, Nov., 1932.

The Early Days of Moses, from his Birth till his Fortieth Year.

By Ruth Honeywood (age 13 years), Bury St. Edmunds.

The king who ruled in Egypt after Joseph died feared that the Israelites would rise against him so he made them work as slaves. He also said "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river."

Exodus 2. 1-10. One woman had a son but she hid him for three months. When she could hide him no longer she made an ark of bulrushes and daubed it with pitch. She put her baby in this ark and hid it on the river bank in the flags, leaving him in God's hands. She told his sister, Miriam (Num. 26. 59) to watch the basket. Presently Pharaoh's daughter came to bathe in the river. As she walked along she saw the basket and told her maid to fetch it. In the basket she found the baby who was crying. She decided to adopt him, knowing he was an Hebrew. Miriam asked her if she wanted a

nurse for him and when she said "Yes," Miriam fetched her mother. The princess told the baby's mother to nurse him for her. When the child was old enough he went to Pharaoh's court as the princess's son and she called him Moses because she drew him out of the river.

Exodus 2. 11-15. When Moses was forty years old (Acts 7. 23), his brethren and he saw an Egyptian ill-treating an Hebrew. He looked around but saw no one so he slew the Egyptian and hid his body in the sand. The next day he saw two Hebrews fighting and remonstrated with them, but one said, "Who made thee our ruler, are you going to kill us as you killed the Egyptian yesterday?" Moses was afraid Pharaoh would discover his secret so he fled to the land of Midian.

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

This month we give the Bible Readings for the following month. We trust these are not only of interest, but of profit.

Through the Bible in one year. **APRIL.** Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—Lev. 8.	Psa. 108.	Mark 2. 1-22
2— " 9.	" 109.	" 2. 23 to 3. 12
3— " 10.	" 110. 111.	" 3. 13-35
4— " 11.	" 112. 113. 114.	" 4. 1-20
5— " 12. 1 to 13. 23	" 115. 116.	" 4. 21-41
6— " 13. 24-59	" 117. 118.	" 5. 1-20
7— " 14. 1-32	" 119. 1-40	" 5. 21-43
8— " 14. 33-57	" 119. 41-72	" 6. 1-29
9— " 15.	" 119. 73-112	" 6. 30-56
10— " 16.	" 119. 113-144	" 7. 1-23
11— " 17. 18.	" 119. 145-176	" 7. 24 to 8. 10
12— " 19. 20.	" 120. 121. 123.	" 8. 11-26
13— " 21.	" 124. to 127.	" 8. 27 to 9. 13
14— " 22.	" 128. to 131.	" 9. 14-32
15— " 23. 1-22	" 132. 133.	" 9. 33-50
16— " 23. 23-44	" 134. 135.	" 10. 1-31
17— " 24.	" 136. 137.	" 10. 32-52
18— " 25.	" 138. 139.	" 11. 1-26
19— " 26.	" 140. 141.	" 11. 27 to 12. 17
20— " 27.	" 142. 143.	" 12. 18-44
21—Num. 1.	" 144. 145.	" 13.
22— " 2.	" 146. 147.	" 14. 1-26
23— " 3.	" 148. to 150.	" 14. 27-52
24— " 4.	Prov. 1.	" 14. 53-72
25— " 5.	" 2.	" 15. 1-23
26— " 6.	" 3.	" 15. 24-47
27— " 7.	" 4.	" 16.
28— " 8.	" 5. 1 to 6. 19	1 Peter 1. 1-12
29— " 9. 1 to 10. 10	" 6. 20 to 7. 27	" 1. 13 to 2. 10
30— " 10. 11 to 11. 3	" 8.	" 2. 11 to 3. 7

HERE IS A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

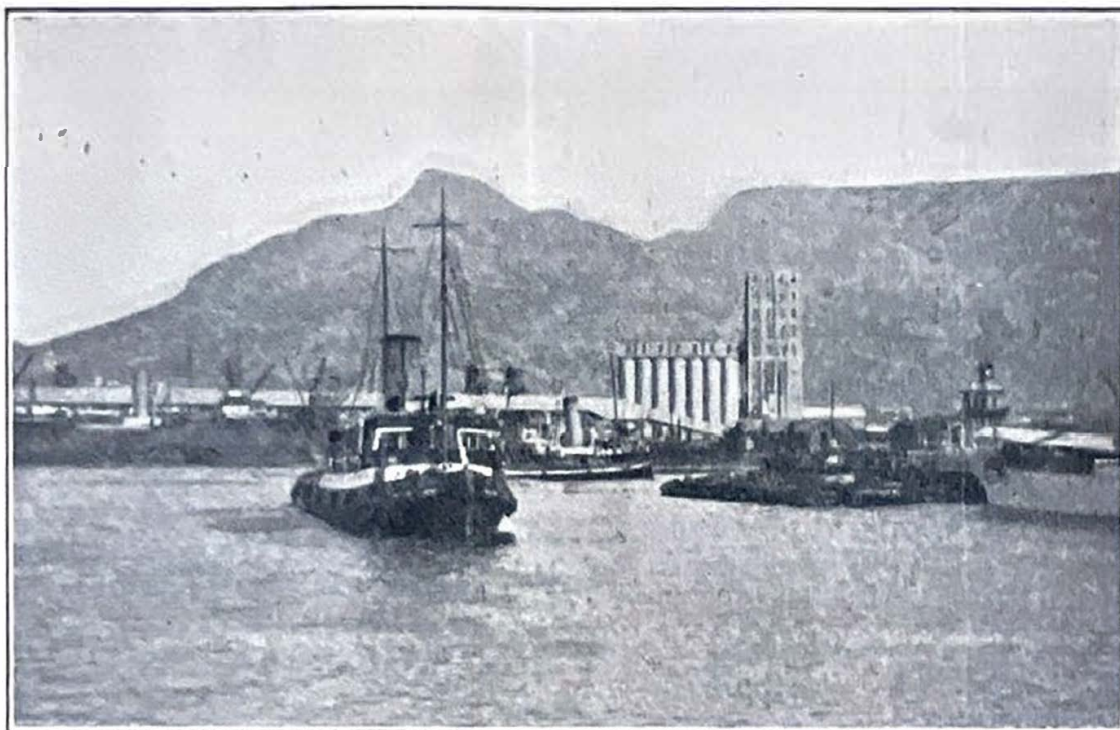
Dear Editor,—I get "The Young Watchman" every month. I have started reading the Bible according to the way it is put in "The Young Watchman."

I think it corresponds very nicely; and also my younger sister Eileen has started it too. Her age is eleven, and I am thirteen. I am on my way to heaven since I was eight years old. "On Christ the solid Rock I stand, all other ground is sinking sand.—I am,—I. G.

THE RESOUNDING GONG.

I AM wondering how many of you live near the sea, although I sometimes think that the wonder of it appeals more to those who do not. I suppose there are few of you who have not, at some time or other, spent a holiday at the seaside, and have sat

those floating cities, many of them able to convey hundreds of passengers for weeks over the water. Have you ever seen one? You who live near the docks, will doubtless have been over a liner, and as you saw all the wonderful little bedrooms, the



THE HARBOUR, CAPE TOWN.

on the shore looking away across the water and listening to the splash of the waves. If you have been on the sea for any length of time, I am sure you can never hear the voice of waves without thinking of the time you spent travelling over them. I know I cannot.

I want to speak, however, not so much of the sea as of those huge ships which sail across it;

large dining saloons, and comfortable rest rooms, I am sure you felt you would have liked to travel on one. Our picture is that of the harbour at Cape Town. In the background you can see the famous Table Mountain.

I want to take you in thought to the docks. It is morning, and we are about to go on board a large liner. It is to start that

THE RESOUNDING GONG.

day on a voyage expected to last many weeks. Everybody seems excited, especially the children. Cranes are busy lifting the luggage from the dockside on to the vessel. The little gangway leading to the deck is very narrow and in constant use as the passengers and their friends pass along it. When on board there is much hurrying up and down the corridors, and scanning of the numbers on doors, for each passenger must find his own cabin. Having found it, he enters and surveys the little room which is to be his home for some time ahead.

There is of course, much to be seen, friends are anxious to see all over the liner, and so the hours go by very quickly.

All this time, no one can tell who are passengers and who their friends and relatives. There is nothing at all to distinguish between them. Suddenly, however, all is altered. Above the babel of voices comes the sound of a huge bell. Oh! what a scurry follows. "Good-byes" are said; friends all hasten off, and all the time the bell goes on ringing out its message that the time has come for the passengers and their friends to part.

Do you know, boys and girls, that when I witnessed all this, I could not but call to mind a day which is soon coming when

there is to be a big separation. Those who take the place of Christians and yet have never really accepted Christ, are to be separated for ever from those who really love Him.

What was it that gave the passengers the right to stay on board after that bell had sounded? Why was it that all the relatives and friends had to leave? Just this:—Weeks before that day each one of the passengers had booked his or her passage. They had paid for their journey, and their names were entered on the list of passengers.

When the day comes and the trumpet of God sounds out, it is only those whose names are written in His book of life; those who have accepted the Saviour; who will be entitled to enjoy everlasting pleasure.

We do not know how soon this day is coming. We cannot tell when the last "passenger" will be received into the "ship of salvation," and when God's call will be heard to all His own. One thing is certain; just as the passengers on that liner had to make preparation beforehand, so with us, there is no time to lose.

The Lord Jesus has paid the full price, and we have only to accept Him as our Saviour and Lord, in order to have our names entered in God's book of life. Then all will be well.

MAHA-SANKRANTI.

IT is a beautiful night in February, and the air is heavy with the delicious fragrance of the incomparable pagoda-bloom, which is growing in the temple courtyard. On the shaded verandah the old priest is seated against a background of sculp-

This is the greatest night of the year, when the return of the sun, after the winter solstice, becomes apparent to the people of India. This return is hailed with rejoicing, and the ancient heathen custom is one with the root from which the present-day



COBRA MOUNDS.

tured relief, supposed to represent some of the innumerable deities of India. Before the door the earth is covered with beautiful designs in white tracery, and the same can be seen before every door in the town. Religious mendicants parade the streets beating gongs, and a native band not far away is indulging in an awful medley of sounds, called by the name of music.

Yuletide customs have sprung.

Early this morning the horns of the cattle were painted in brilliant colours, while round their necks were hung garlands and bells, and now, by the aid of every conceivable or inconceivable noise, they are being driven to a long lane outside the village. Before them a procession, accompanied by the blare of trumpets, and flaming torches, and headed by the old priest,

MAHA-SĀNKRANTI.

makes its way to the same spot.

With wildly droning mantras the aged priest approaches—what! Is this a god? Two small pyramidal mounds of earth, smeared with ochre, and decorated with flowers, as can be seen in the photograph? On one side, incense is burning before a little doorway, which seems to lead down into the very heart of the earth. Is this the abode of a god?

Between the mounds is dug a long trench, in which lies a great heap of brushwood, and all around the little shrine, the poor deluded devotees place offerings of food, fruit, and buttermilk, and the music begins again its droning monotony.

Suddenly an eerie hush falls over the crowd, as someone whispers: "The god is coming." The ranks tighten, and many move back in fear, as the cruel hooded form of a giant cobra, the incarnation of Wisdom, appears from the hole, its body swaying rhythmically to the music. The glare of the torches falls on its shining scales, as every head moves forward to watch its movements, and hands are clasped in worship. Such is the result of the time when another serpent-form spoke persuasively and deceptively in its offer of wisdom: "Ye shall be as gods, knowing . . ."

Then the priest sets a match

to the brushwood, and as the lurid flames leap upward the loathesome head is slowly withdrawn.

Now the fun starts, and the quiet starlight is rent with wild shrieks and yells, as the great herd of cattle is slowly forced onward, till as a body it enters and rushes through the flames, breaking into a wild stampede in the fields beyond. How very similar this is to the ancient rite forbidden to the Israelites: "Ye shall not . . . pass through the fire unto Molech."

Midnight is mingling with the small hours of the morning ere the crowds disperse to their homes, all fully convinced that, by their efforts, great blessing will rest on the coming year.

Reader, you do not live in a land steeped in such folly and superstition, but verily it shall be more tolerable for that land, in the Day of Judgment than for you, if you do not repent and turn to the Saviour of whom many of them have scarcely heard, for on you rests the responsibility of an open Bible, and a clear and oft-repeated Gospel message. Come now to the Source of true Wisdom, and accept the Salvation He has purchased for you; thus shall you be wise unto Eternity, and truly great blessings will rest on all your present and future.

F. C. M.

"BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

OUR picture represents a well-known scene in Palestine.

You remember how Jacob, when he wandered from his

father's home, came to Laban's fields, and found Rachel leading the flock to the watering. The description given of that pastoral scene is very beautiful, and aptly



"BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

describes an Eastern flock at the present time. It is as follows—"And he looked, and behold a well in the field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered the flocks" (Gen. 29. 2).

When Moses fled from the palace of Pharaoh, and wandered in the land of Midian, he sat down by one of these wells, and the daughters of the Prince of Midian came and drew water for their father's flock. The watering of the flock generally takes place in the cool of the morning, and again after the sun goes down in the evening. How grateful to the wearied flock must the cool, refreshing water be! How soon they would languish under the scorching rays of the eastern sun if they ceased to be led to the well of water.

Now, this lovely scene has its lessons for our souls. Like all the other parts of shepherd-work, the watering of the flock has its answer in the dealings of the Good Shepherd with His blood-bought flock. They, too, need to be watered as well as fed, else they will soon languish. The believer needs to be led to the watering, and it is part of the work of the Great Shepherd to lead him there. How sweetly the words of the twenty-third Psalm describe the experience of one enjoying this. "He leadeth

me beside the still waters."

Before the bustle of the day's work begins, and then again after it is past, how sweet and refreshing to the soul to be led by Him to those refreshing streams, there to drink afresh of the riches of His grace and love, and be refreshed in soul.

My dear young believer, do you know aught of this? It is sadly to be feared that many of the Lord's dear lambs and sheep live days without tasting the refreshing stream. Then they become barren in soul, and decline in spiritual life. They lose their early love, and become like the world. They need not, for the Lord has provided enough and to spare.

There are "streams in the desert" for all the flock, but they must be used. Individually, our souls must allow the Shepherd to lead us there, and in the quiet, alone with Him, He will there speak words of refreshing, which shall be as cold water to the thirsty soul. Thus refreshed and restored, the Lord's sheep and lambs will follow on along the desert way, happy and fearless, until the end is reached. Then, amid the bright, unfading fields of that evergreen country, "He shall lead them unto living fountains of waters," and the Shepherd and His flock shall rest together there.

THE RICHES OF CHRIST.

IT is truly wonderful how the riches of Christ satisfy the heart, and make it relax its hold of the world, with all its paltry pleasures. I have seen young men and young women, whose whole souls were set on folly, immediately they received Christ, turn their back on it all, without a single longing look behind them. So satisfying and heart-filling is Christ.

There lived in Dublin city, a poor crossing-sweeper. Day after day he stood with his broom in hand at the same corner, his highest ambition being to earn a few coppers to keep him living. Standing there one day, a lawyer came up and put a paper into his hand. It contained the news that a wealthy relative had died, and that he, being next-of-kin, was his heir. The poor man could scarcely credit it. But, there was the handwriting, and there the trustworthy signature. He allowed the good news to enter his mind, he believed the tidings were true, and he felt he was an heir. But what next? He left the crossing and forgot his broom, and he never returned to seek it. He hastened to claim the inheritance.

And so it is with the soul who believes the gospel, and receives Christ. He becomes an heir of

heaven. He acquires a title to an incorruptible inheritance, even the unsearchable riches of Christ, and so enamoured does he become with the new treasure, that he forgets all about the things he formerly thought great. He is occupied now with something better. Ah! yes, his soul has now a satisfying Portion, enough and to spare, so that he does not need the "former things." Once he hugged them, and would not part with them. The old sweeper valued his broom, and would have given fight if any one had tried to take it from him, but the new inheritance made it appear as worthless in his eyes.

Has it been so with you? Has Christ and His love become to you the portion of your heart. Have you been severed from earth by their power? Some speak of having Christ, and yet they go to the world's concerts, and seem to enjoy them. They sing of having an inheritance in heaven, but hold on to the old broom. Practically they say, "Christ is not enough, He does not satisfy." All heaven declares He is enough, and Christ-filled souls on earth join the strain, and sing—

"Jesus, Thou art enough,
The mind and heart to fill."

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

EATING AND GROWING.

ROBERT MOFFAT, the missionary, tells us of an African chief, who came to him one day in great distress because his favourite dog had eaten his New Testament.

"You need not grieve over that," said Moffat, "for I can easily find you another."

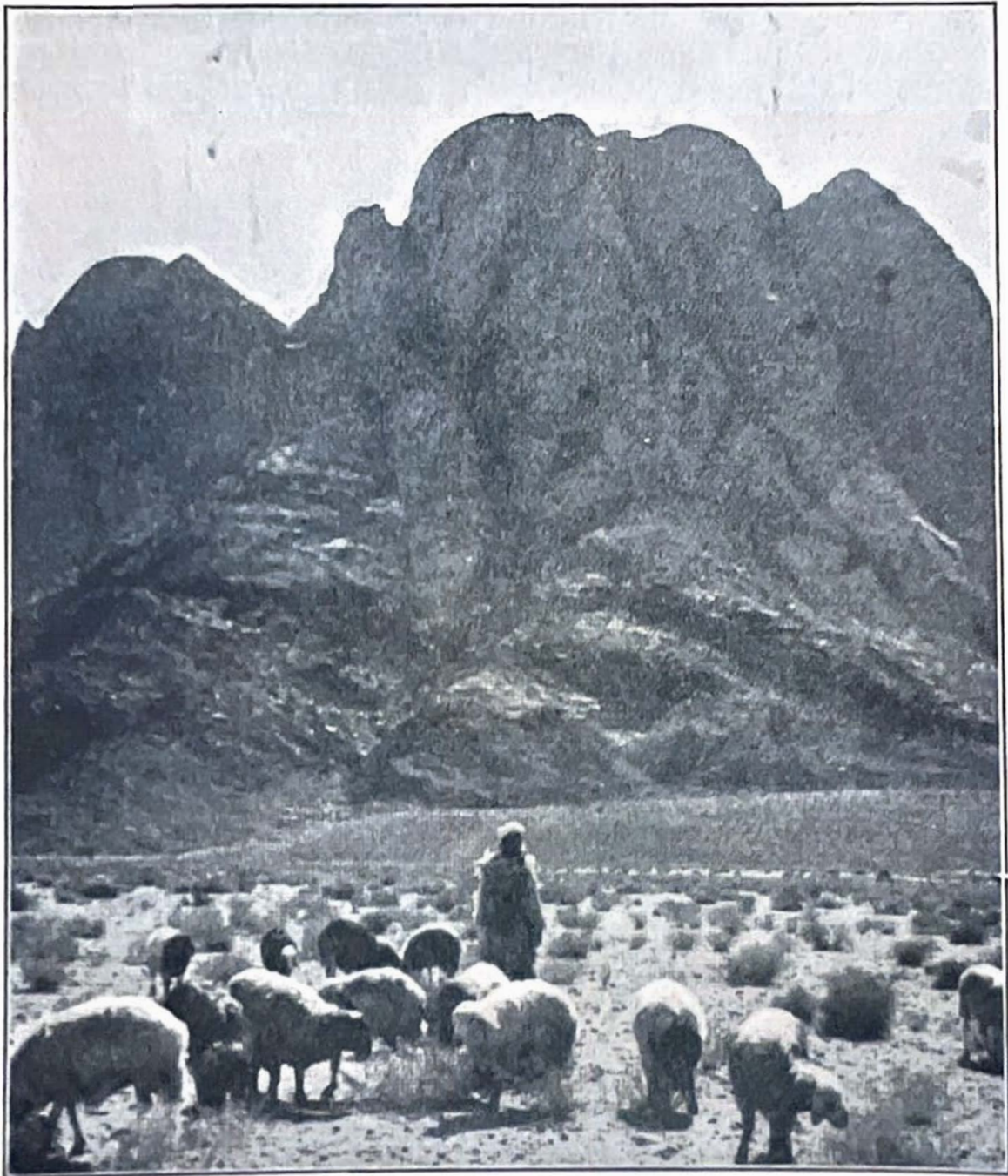
"Ah," said the chief, "I do not grieve because the dog has destroyed the book, but I fear the book will spoil the dog. The book he has eaten is so full of the words of love and kindness, and they will make him so gentle, that he will be of no more use for hunting."

Perhaps it was rather foolish of the chief to think that the words of gentleness that his dog had eaten would change its savage nature. But he had seen the effect of the Word of God among the people, in transforming the wild savage into a gentle disciple of Christ, and he supposed it would produce the same effects in his dog. Surely we may all learn something from this. When a sinner receives Christ as his Saviour, he gets a new nature implanted within him. It is begotten by the Spirit through the Word. This new Spirit-begotten nature, will soon

manifest itself, and bear its fruit, and "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering" (Gal. 5. 22). There will be a transformation of the whole life, and people will see it. This is the great badge of all who are truly saved. They bear the divine image; they are like the Lord. As the believer goes on eating the Word, and feeding on Christ as found therein, he assimilates more and more of that which is Christ's, and he becomes more and more like Him. Thus you see that the true secret of conformity to Christ, and of manifesting His holy, meek, and gentle spirit among friends and enemies, is not by trying to be like Him, but by feeding upon Christ in the Word. Putting on an outward show of love and gentleness is a sham: it must be formed within first.

Dear young believer, do you not sigh after more conformity to Christ? Do you not long to be more like Him? I am sure you do, and much more does your Father in heaven. But remember His way. It is by feeding on Christ. Then you will grow like Him. Can you say, like Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them?"

The Sacred Mountain of Shantung.



MOUNT SINAI, WHERE MOSES RECEIVED THE LAW.

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF SHANTUNG.

MORE than 500 years before Christ was born in Bethlehem, Confucius, the great Chinese teacher, was announcing maxims for good living which are frequently quoted to-day. He was a wonderful man in many respects, but he never claimed to be any more than a man. Since his death, however, millions of Chinese in succeeding generations, have practically deified him. All over that great country temples have been raised in his honour, and there the deluded people go to worship.

This marvellous man was born near Taishan mountain, in Shantung, and this mountain has become sacred because it is near his birthplace. Thousands of pilgrims visit the mountain, the ascent being made by a series of 7,000 steps. Those who cannot walk are carried up the tortuous way, and probably expect to find some help for their body and souls when they get there. It is a sad state of affairs. How we should pray for our missionaries who are endeavouring to teach the Chinese "the true and living way" of salvation.

I would like to tell you of mountains which we read of in the Bible. First of all there is Mount Sinai, where God gave the Law to Moses. That Law was broken time and time again.

But Jesus came, and He magnified the Law and made it honourable. He kept it, and even those who hated Him could find nothing against Him. There are some people yet who believe that if they keep the Law they shall have salvation. God does not say that. Here is what He says by His servant Paul in Romans three :—"Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight : for by the law is the knowledge of sin." The law shows us our shortcomings, and when we know these we discover how helpless we are. We are "without strength."

We read of the mount of transfiguration in Luke, chap. 9. Jesus took three of His disciples up the mountain for the purpose of prayer. While they were there Moses and Elias appeared and they talked with Jesus. Do you know what they talked of? The death of the Lord Jesus which would take place outside the city walls of old Jerusalem. I want, however, to impress upon you what God said concerning His Son on that occasion. Here it is—"This is My beloved Son : hear Him." We listen to many voices in these days, but sad it will be indeed if we should neglect to hear the voice of the Son of God. He is speaking to you NOW. Even as you read

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF SHANTUNG.

this He is inviting you to come to Him with all your sins, and accept Him as your personal Saviour.

You may question if He is able to save you. You need not, for you have only to turn to another mount to learn that He has given His life for your salvation. That mountain is Calvary. We can never doubt God's love when we turn our eyes there. Nor can we doubt the Saviour's love. Can you say like the Apostle Paul, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me"? I can say, "My sins were as high

as a mountain, they all disappeared in the fountain." That fountain was the soul-cleansing one of Calvary.

One other mountain. The Lord Jesus ascended into heaven from the mount of Olives. As surely as He went away, so surely will He come again. He is coming to receive "His own." Will you go when He comes? You will if you have accepted Him as your personal Saviour. He may come to-day! I ask you to be prepared. "NOW is the accepted time, behold NOW is the day of salvation." J. S. B.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Question: Was Judas Iscariot ever a believer in Christ?

Answer: John 6. 64, 70, 71, shews he was not. He was a devil, and at his death he went to his "own place" (Acts 1. 25). Nevertheless he was numbered with the apostles. He kissed the lips of the Son of God, and had his feet washed by His hands, yet he was a hypocrite. A solemn warning surely to all, to test the quality of their profession.

Question.—How can a young Christian, living in his father's house, where none profess to be converted but himself, best testify for Christ to his relatives?

Answer.—Chiefly by living a godly, consistent life amongst them. This would include obedience to parents, and gentleness to all. Such a testimony has often been used of God to lead whole families to Christ, without much speaking or preaching to them.

WHAT TO PREACH— AND WHAT TO BELIEVE!

God so loved the world that He gave His
Only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in Him
should not
Perish but have
Everlasting
Life.—John 3. 16.

(He)
made
(Therefore) we have Peace with God (Rom.
through 5. 1).
the
blood
of
His
Cross
(Col. 1. 20).

WE
PREACH
CHRIST CRUCIFIED
I
S
E
CROWNED

Love not the world,
Look to Jesus and
Live in Him;
Lean on Jesus and
Learn of Him.

R. G. MOWAT.

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

We are greatly encouraged to hear of our readers following and enjoying
this plan of reading the Scriptures.

Through the Bible in one year.

MAY.

Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—Num. 11. 4-35	Prov. 9.	1 Peter 3. 8-22
2— „ 12. 13.	„ 10.	„ 4.
3— „ 14.	„ 11.	„ 5.
4— „ 15.	„ 12.	2 Peter 1.
5— „ 16. 1-40	„ 13.	„ 2.
6— „ 16. 41 to 17. 13	„ 14.	„ 3.
7— „ 18.	„ 15.	James 1.
8— „ 19.	„ 16.	„ 2.
9— „ 20.	„ 17.	„ 3.
10— „ 21.	„ 18.	„ 4.
11— „ 22. 1-38	„ 19.	„ 5.
12— „ 22. 39 to 23. 26	„ 20. 1 to 21. 11	Jude 1.
13— „ 23. 27 to 24. 25	„ 21. 12 to 22. 16	Luke 1. 1-25
14— „ 25. 1 to 26. 51	„ 22. 17 to 23. 11	„ 1. 26-56
15— „ 26. 52 to 27. 23	„ 23. 12-35	„ 1. 57-80
16— „ 28.	„ 24.	„ 2. 1-21
17— „ 29.	„ 25. 1 to 26. 12	„ 2. 22-52
18— „ 30. 31.	„ 26. 13 to 27. 27	„ 3.
19— „ 32.	„ 28.	„ 4. 1-15
20— „ 33.	„ 29.	„ 4. 16-44
21— „ 34. 1 to 35. 8	„ 30.	„ 5. 1-16
22— „ 35. 9 to 36. 13	„ 31.	„ 5. 17-39
23—Deut. 1.	Eccles. 1. 1 to 2. 10	„ 6. 1-19
24— „ 2.	„ 2. 11 to 3. 15	„ 6. 20-49
25— „ 3.	„ 3. 16 to 4. 16	„ 7. 1-29
26— „ 4.	„ 5. 6.	„ 7. 30-50
27— „ 5.	„ 7.	„ 8. 1-21
28— „ 6. 1 to 7. 10	„ 8. 1 to 9. 10	„ 8. 22-39
29— „ 7. 11 to 8. 20	„ 9. 11 to 10. 20	„ 8. 40-56
30— „ 9. 1 to 10. 11	„ 11. 12.	„ 9. 1-17
31— „ 10. 12 to 11. 32	Song. 1. 1 to 2. 7	„ 9. 18-36

"AS A SHEEP BEFORE HER SHEARERS."

I EXPECT all you girls and boys are looking forward to your holidays when you can, for a time, leave school behind. Although school is important, and we need to learn all we can, it is still true that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Not long ago when I was on holiday, I visited a small farm

minded me of the words we read in Isaiah: "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." That was written of the Lord Jesus, and how true it proved to be! Although He was suffering unspeakably before those who were going to crucify Him, yet He opened not His mouth. He



situated amongst the beautiful hills of Cumberland, in the Lake District. This particular day happened to be shearing day, and all the sheep had been gathered into an enclosure where two men were busy cutting the wool. How quiet the sheep were! They made no sound, not even when they were clutched by the men and robbed of their woolly coats. They re-

could have called for legions of angels to rescue Him from His persecutors; He need not have suffered, but, because He was going to the Cross for you and me, He was dumb, and allowed the men to do what they would. Have you ever thought of that? How thankful we ought to be for all that He has done, and how we ought to trust Him more and more! R. H. B.

HOW ELSIE, JOHN AND JIM WERE SAVED.

ELSIE was only 8 years old when she was saved. It happened on a Sunday morning. Along with her two brothers, Jim aged 11 and John aged 14, she was at a meeting, and as the meeting went on Elsie began to cry. Her mother, thinking that perhaps she was ill, went home with her.

She found that Elsie was in soul trouble, and soon had the joy of reading God's Word, and pointing her to the Saviour. Elsie trusted Jesus there and then. When her brother John came home from the



meeting, she met him as he opened the door and putting her arms round him, she said simply, "John, I've got saved." Now John had often been convicted of sin, but he had now left school and started work, and was just on the brink of going headlong into the world and sin. This simple testimony touched his heart and during that afternoon kept ringing in his ears. Here was his sister, 6 years younger than himself, saved, and he still unsaved. About 6 o'clock that night, when he could no longer wait, he made known to his mother his desire to be saved. The Scriptures were read to him, but were well known, and after a short time

of prayer as he knelt before God, he repeated the words of the little hymn "Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come." So saying, he came to Jesus and accepted Him. There was much rejoicing in that home that night. But something else had still to give more cause for joy. Bedtime came and John and Jim went off to sleep together, but there was no sleep for Jim; he was now the only unsaved one under that roof. He was sore troubled, "what if the Lord should come," father, mother, brothers and sisters all gone and he left. He wept, until his brother John asked what was wrong and receiving no answer, with a burning desire to win his young brother for Jesus, John asked, "Would you like to be saved?" Through tears and sighs Jim answered "Yes." Up they rose and round the fire-side with the others in the home, the Scriptures were read to Jim, and he trusted Jesus. Thus, Elsie, John and Jim were all saved, on the same day, in the same way—by believing (Acts 16. 31); by the same Saviour.

More than 9 years have passed since this happened but all three have proved that the one who is able to save (Heb. 7. 25), is also able to keep (Jude 24), and will one day present them faultless before the presence of His glory. What a Saviour, He saves boys and girls, at all ages.

Dear boys and girls as you read this little testimony remember you too need to be saved. The same Saviour is waiting to save you if you will just take Him at His word when He says—"him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

J. M.

BE PREPARED!

I EXPECT all of you have seen how a cork will float when on water. It always floats about on the top, doesn't it? I am quite sure none of you have ever



seen a cork sink. It is this fact that enables a life-belt to be of real use in saving life and keeping people afloat when they are in danger of drowning, for life-belts are made of cork and therefore always keep to the surface

of the water. The little boys in our picture do not seem to be worrying about whether the life-belt will float, do they? Many a drowning person, however, has been saved by clinging to one that has been thrown to them. This is why life-belts, such as the one in the picture, are always at hand along the sea-front.

Now you will remember how we visited a liner on the day of her sailing, and saw how the passengers, after all their friends had left would settle down for their journey. I should like to tell you one or two things these passengers would notice at once. In a prominent place in the cabin—probably over the little beds—would be a notice explaining how to put on a certain appliance, which would also be in a corner

of the little room. This is a life-belt, something like the one in our picture, but flatter and more closely fitting. One of these is provided for each occupant, and there would also be certain rules to be carried out in

BE PREPARED!

case of necessity. Also a particular spot on the deck would be indicated as the boat-station for those in that cabin.

Generally, soon after a vessel sails, a signal is given, and each passenger is expected to put on the life-belt and make their way to their boat-station. They would find that a life-boat is suspended from the deck outside the large vessel, and would know that, should it become necessary to leave the vessel in mid-ocean, this boat is the one provided for them. We know that now-a-days, men have been able to so wonderfully build these large vessels, that it very seldom becomes necessary to use these life-boats or the belts either.

In spite of this, however, every precaution must be taken, and so we should find ourselves with life-belts on, gathered at our boat-station. Most likely one or two of the ship's officers would be among our party, for they divide up, some going with each group of passengers. In each of the life-boats, there is always a supply of food—maybe biscuits—although they may never be needed. Water also is always kept fresh in the kegs. I remember once seeing a sailor put some water in the kegs of one of the lifeboats, as I was sitting on the deck during a voyage. The day was beautiful, and the sea calm, and I smilingly

asked him if he thought the water would be needed that day. He told me they had to be prepared for the improbable.

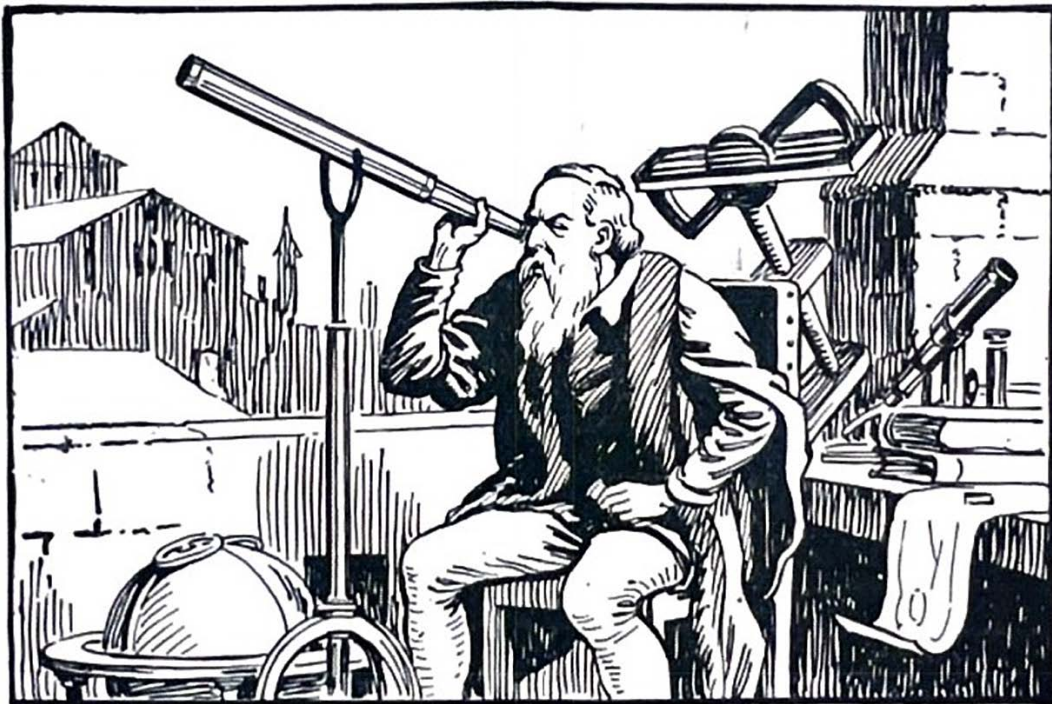
Of what do these things speak to us?—A warning! What made the sailor place that water in readiness although there was no prospect of it being needed? Why was it we had to be so particular about attending boat-drill, and had to don our life-belts, although the sea was perfectly calm and the vessel steady? Just two words will answer our questions. "Be prepared." Prepared for the storm that might arise; prepared for the possible accident.

Do you know that God bids us to be prepared. Not for something that may happen, but for something which will certainly happen. The day when a great storm will sweep over this poor world. Only those who are prepared will be safe in that day, for all others will be judged and condemned. We need to prepare now—in the days of calm, while God still pleads with us, for that coming day when God is to judge the world for its sin and unbelief. "How can we prepare?" you ask. By accepting God's provision for us in the Person of His beloved Son our Saviour. In this way, when the storm of God's wrath breaks, we shall be "in Christ," where there is "no condemnation." M. C.

GALILEO AND HIS TELESCOPE.

WE live in a day of tremendous discoveries and improvements, and it is a fact worth remembering that many of these had very small beginnings. Thus it was with the telescope. Galileo's instrument was exceedingly primitive. In fact it could only bring the ob-

Men to-day are searching the heavens and penetrating the secrets of nature as never before. And still there is much to learn. It is quite safe to say that there are powers in the universe which have never yet crossed the threshold of human imagination.



jects three times nearer than they really were, but Galileo improved matters to so great an extent that before long, through his telescope, ships which were fifty miles away looked only five miles off, and they could be seen quite two hours before they could be detected by the naked eye.

Since Galileo's day science has advanced with amazing rapidity.

But, after all, the *highest* of all knowledge is the *knowledge of God*. This must be since God Himself is the source of all true knowledge. It is a fact which is most clearly emphasised in the words of Scripture:—

"Thus saith the Lord: Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but

GALILEO AND HIS TELESCOPE.

let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord"—(Jeremiah 9. 23).

This is the highest height of knowledge—beyond this we cannot get. To know God personally and intimately means eternal life and blessing. How true it is that there is an aching void in the heart of man which none but God can fill!

Let us remember something which is of the utmost importance, namely, *The knowledge of God comes to us through Christ.* If the Lord Jesus Christ had never come into this world, we should never have known God.

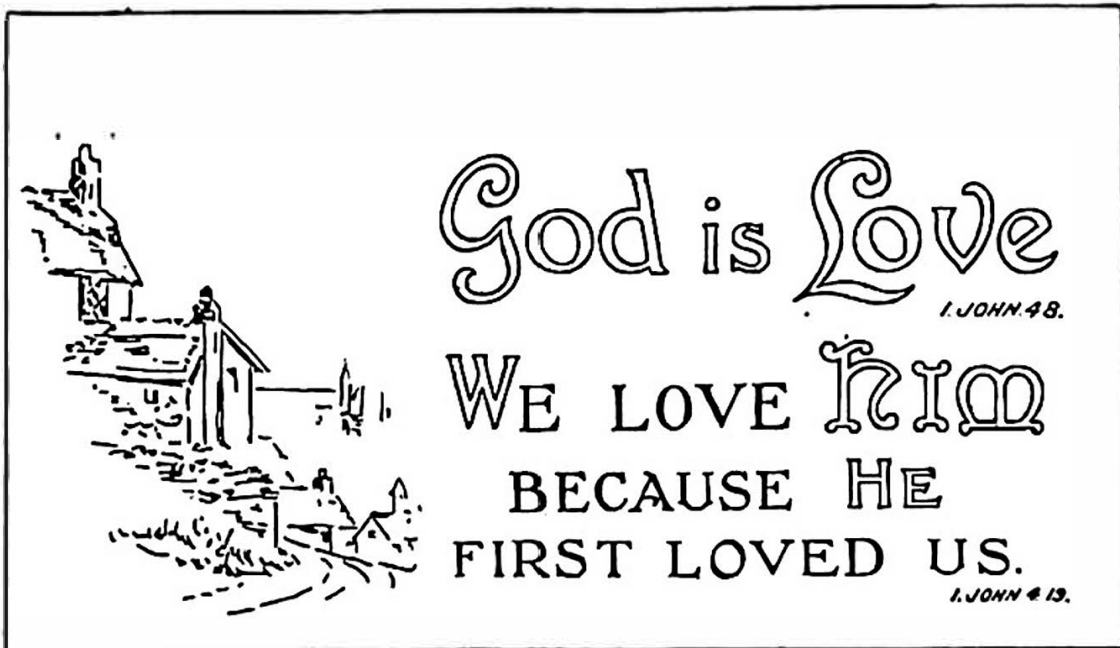
It is, of course, possible to know about God by means of nature, science, and reason, but we can only know God through Christ. Let us be very clear about this. The Lord Jesus once said,

"If ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also"—(John 8. 19).

That means that our attitude toward God is indicated by our attitude toward the Lord Jesus Christ. If we love God, it means that we love Christ. If we honour God, it means that we honour Christ. Therefore, it comes to this:—What is Christ to us? What is He to you, beloved reader? E. B.

TEXT TO PAINT.

Colour with Paints or Crayons as you think best.



I FEEL GOD IS THERE.

"WHY do you like to go to that little meeting in the old workshop, Johnnie?" said a father to his converted boy, who was in the habit of assembling with a few humble saints, to wait on God in prayer and worship, in a humble corner. The boy thought for a moment, then looked up into his father's face and reverently said, "because I feel God is there, father." It was a simple but a powerful reason for the boy's presence there with that little company. He felt that God was there. This was its attraction for the converted boy—the presence of God. It would be well for all who are the Lord's, if they tested their motives in going here and there, by the simple but searching test. Is it because I meet with God that I go to such-and-such a place. Is the presence of God—His conscious smile and nearness the magnet that draws me along. If this test were more frequently applied, it would save the people of God from many a fatal fall; and it would cause them to halt in many a journey. It would put a stop to many an expedition, and sever many a carnal tie. If the presence of God were the only attraction—and it is to the new man in each of us—the people of God would find themselves together and separated from the world. There would

be no mingling with worldly society, or taking part in worldly amusements. "Is God there?" would be the first great question, as each changing scene of life rises us, and seeks the Christian's company. If God be absent, then it is clear that His child has no business there. If there be that about the place or amongst the people, that the Word of God condemns and forbids, it is clear that His presence will not be there, and if God will not be there, surely His people would not want to be where He is not.

Christ has triumphed. Mark the rapture
That no artist here can capture,
When the soul receives salvation,
And to Christ would give oblation.

To the young as to the aged,
To the glad as to the jaded
Comes this possible salvation,
Comes the news of full redemption.

To the young. How blest the Message,
And what hopes its news would presage
Of the power thereby exerted,
And the evils thus averted.

Christ has triumphed. Let it echo,
Oh that every eye would sparkle
With the glint of full surrender,
Though their years may be but tender.

Christ has triumphed midst the schooldays
E'er the feet has crossed life's byways.
Oh the bliss that waits the parent,
When this victory is apparent.

Christ has triumphed. Can this glory
Be to you a sacred story;
Or has Jesus yet to find you,
And the hours pass quick behind you?

Christ has triumphed. Let naught hinder
That in sin your steps may linger,
He HAS purchased your salvation,
And accomplished your redemption.

Christ has triumphed, and in glory
You will know in full the story,
If on earth you claim the blessing,
And your sins you are confessing.

J. P. S. STRICKLAND,
"Ingleside," Park Rd., Swanage.

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

WALKING BEFORE GOD.

WHEN I was out the other day taking a walk in the Park, I noticed a father with his two little boys walking before me. The two little fellows were walking *behind* their father, and they were not behaving very well. Once and again they jostled each other into the flowerbed, and were reprov'd by their father. But no sooner was his back turned than they resumed their tricks. I noticed that the moment his eye was off them they claimed their liberty. This went on for some time. Then I saw the father turn round, and with the voice of authority, I heard him say, "Walk before me, boys." The two boys passed, and walked in front of their father the rest of the way. And I could not help remarking how changed their behaviour was then. They walked quietly and peaceably together, hand in hand, and there was no reproof required from their father. The changed behaviour was the result of the changed position. They were beneath their father's eye, and they knew it. The consciousness that they walked before him had a wonderful effect on them, and it had a lesson in it for me. Long ago, the Lord said to Abraham, His servant,

"Walk *before* Me" (Gen. 17. 2); and the same voice speaks still to us. We are called to live "in the sight of God and our Father" (1 Thess. 1. 3). We are told that "the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous" (1 Peter 3. 12). It is the believer's daily privilege to "walk *before* God," and when this is done, what a wondrous power it has over his life and ways. No ungodly companionships, or unequal yokes then. No turning aside into worldly bye-paths, so long as the soul is conscious of—"Thou God seest me." Little things of daily life in the school-room and the kitchen, are done so as to please Him beneath whose eye the saint abides. To please Him is the one desire. But when this is forgotten, and its power lost upon the soul, then backsliding and disorderly walk begins.

Dear young believer, make it your daily, hourly habit, to walk *before* God. Let nothing be done that you would not do as before the Lord. Read no book that you would not read with your Father looking on. Have no companion that you would not walk before Him in company with. Be found in no place that necessitates you to leave the presence, and to go from beneath the eye of your Father—God.

A Brave Little Maori Girl.



A BRAVE LITTLE MAORI GIRL.

A REMARKABLE people, both for physical strength and a certain mental alertness, are the Maoris, the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand.

The Maoris of to-day are not the warlike race they were in years gone by. In parts of the North Island there are goodly numbers of them to be found living quietly in their paha or villages tilling their land. They are easily reached with the Gospel and as a rule are willing to listen to it. They are very hospitable, but all attempts to make them religious apart from being "born again" have failed, as they ever must, and the Maoris to-day in common with every other sinner need the "Gospel of Christ."

Under the preaching of missionaries, many of the Maoris have been brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. A native chief, whose name was Pana, became a Christian, and, putting away his gun and spear, with which he had delighted in making war, he took for his companion the Bible, which he called his "new weapon of war." But with his fellow-men he now desired to be at peace. Before his conversion, he had a great enemy in another chief named Tawai. One day this man suddenly appeared, to

the alarm of Pana and of his friend the missionary. They thought, of course, that Tawai had come to fight. But it was not so. No, God's Holy Spirit had been at work in *his* heart also, and he had come to tell them that he was now a Christian, and that they must no longer call him Tawai, but "Moses," his new Christian name. Then he told them how this wonderful change had been brought about.

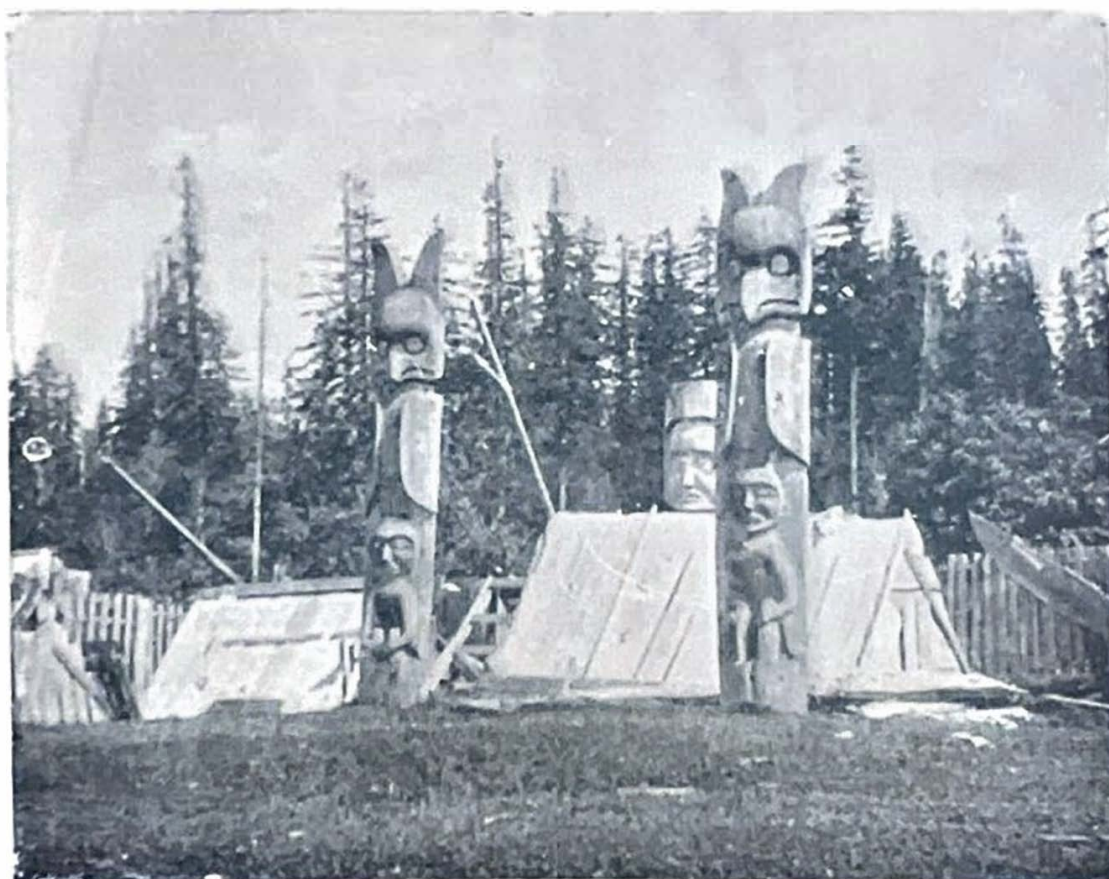
He had at home a slave-girl who had been taken from one of the mission stations. He had tried to make her forget all her Christian teaching, and had threatened to shoot her if she did not give up praying to God, But the brave girl still prayed on, and repeated to herself the lessons she had been taught. Her master was so surprised at her courage, that at last he asked her to *teach him* the truths she loved so much. This she did; and God so blessed the girl's teaching and example that her master was converted, and was baptized as a Christian. Then he went, as we have seen, to visit his former enemy, and found to his surprise and joy that Pana too was a Christian. That day was very happy for them, and also for their friend the missionary, who rejoiced to see them the next day standing

A BRAVE LITTLE MAORI GIRL.

together in the same class at school.

Is not the story of this little slave-girl something like that of the little captive maid who was such a blessing to her master, Naaman the Syrian? If *she* could be true and fearless, what about little free girls like some

you yourself have trusted Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour then start and let your light shine day by day? After all, it is not often other people who hinder you but *yourself*. If your own heart were really bright and glowing, the winds of difficulty would only make it



MAORI WHARES, WITH CARVED IMAGES.

of you who read these lines? Someone may laugh at you, but no one will threaten to shoot you, so you are better off than the little Maori maid. Perhaps you live in the house with someone who does not love the Lord Jesus. First of all be sure that

burn the more and brighter.

He wants your loving service day by day, so that you may bring honour and glory to Him; and, weak as you are, it is worth while to give yourself to the service of the One who has done so much for you.

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

Will you promise the Lord Jesus "To read your Bible every day?"
When you pray to God you speak to Him, when you read His Word
He speaks to you.

Through the Bible in one year.

JUNE

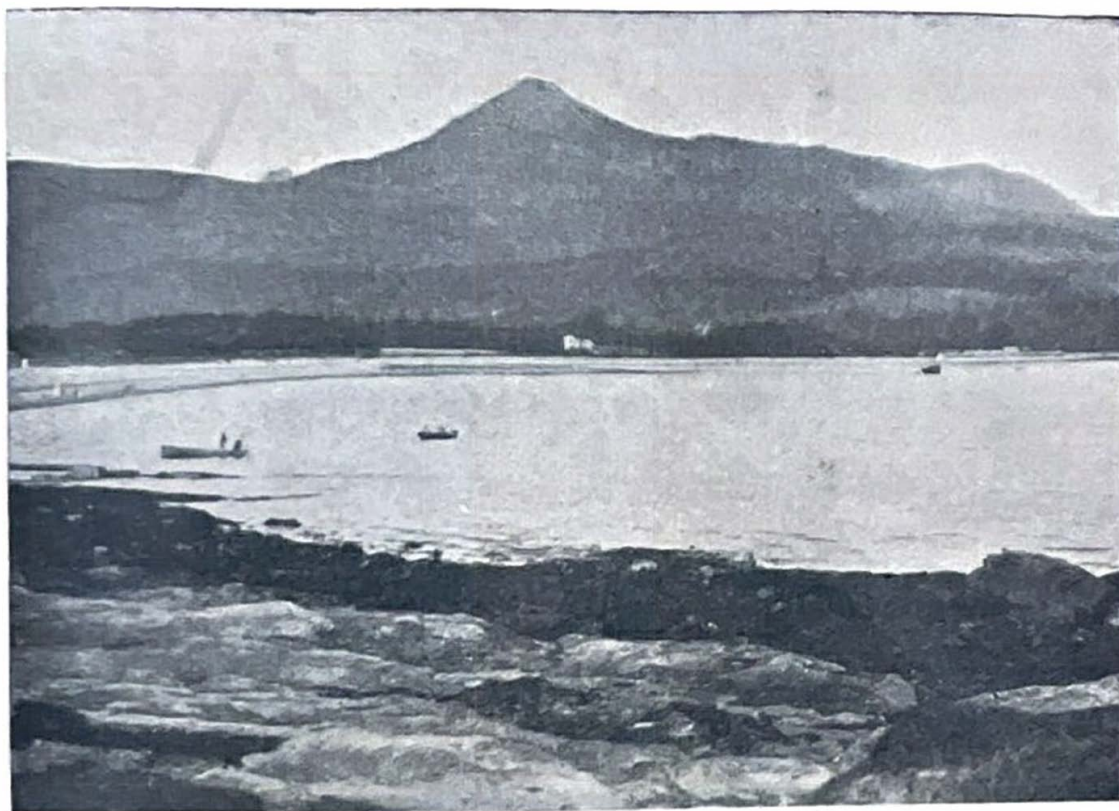
Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—Deut. 12.	Song 2. 8 to 3. 5	Luke 9. 37-62
2— " 13. 1 to 14. 21	" 3. 6 to 5. 1	" 10. 1-24
3— " 14. 22 to 15. 23	" 5. 2 to 6. 9	" 10. 25-42
4— " 16.	" 6. 10 to 8. 14	" 11. 1-13
5— " 17. 1 to 18. 8	Obadiah.	" 11. 14-36
6— " 18. 9 to 19. 21	Joel 1.	" 11. 37-54
7— " 20. 21.	" 2.	" 12. 1-21
8—22. 1 to 23. 8	" 3.	" 12. 22-40
9— " 23. 9 to 24. 22	Jonah 1. 2.	" 12. 41-59
10— " 25. 1 to 26. 15	" 3. 4.	" 13. 1-21
11— " 26. 16 to 27. 26	Amos 1. 2.	" 13. 22-35
12— " 28. 1-37	" 3. 4.	" 14. 1-24
13—28. 38-68	" 5. 6.	" 14. 25 to 15. 10
14— " 29.	" 7. 8.	" 15. 11-32
15— " 30. 1 to 31. 13	" 9.	" 16.
16— " 31. 14 to 32. 14	Hosea 1. 1 to 2. 1	" 17. 1-19
17— " 32. 15-52	" 2. 2 to 3. 19	" 17. 20 to 18. 14
18— " 33.	" 4. 1 to 6. 3	" 18. 15-43
19— " 34.	" 6. 4 to 7. 16	" 19. 1-28
20—Joshua 1.	" 8. 9.	" 19. 29-48
21— " 2.	" 10. 1 to 11. 11	" 20. 1-19
22— " 3.	" 11. 12 to 12. 14	" 20. 20 to 21. 4
23— " 4. 1 to 5. 12	Isaiah 1.	" 21. 5-38
24— " 5. 13 to 6. 27	" 2.	" 22. 1-30
25— " 7.	" 3. 4.	" 22. 31-53
26— " 8.	" 5.	" 22. 54 to 23. 12
27— " 9.	" 6.	" 23. 13-46
28— " 10.	" 7. 1 to 8. 4	" 23. 47 to 24. 12
29— " 11. 12.	" 8. 5 to 9. 7	" 24. 13-53
30— " 13.	" 9. 8 to 10. 5	1 Thess. 1

THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF BRODICK.

THE ancient Castle of Brodick, dates as far back as Fingal and his warriors. But it was Somerland who ruled in Argyle in the 12th century, who was the founder of the family of "Macdonald of the Isles." He wrested the Castle of Brodick

adherents, who (while preparing for his descent on the Scottish mainland, at a preconcerted signal of a fire lit at Turnberry Castle, on the Ayrshire coast), resided in a cave under the cliffs on Machrie. Drumadow Bay is still pointed out on that



BRODICK BAY, ARRAN, WITH GOAT FELL in VIEW.

from Norway and took possession of it, and the Macdonalds retained it, until the days of King Robert Bruce. It is said that Bruce lived for some time in a cave near, and from there raised his Standard, and had planned to seize Brodick Castle. This was entrusted to Sir James Douglas, one of Bruce's faithful

coast, and bears the name of "The King's Cave" to the present time. And the point from which Bruce crossed to Turnberry, is still known as "King's Cross." Other antiquities in Arran are the remains of Columbian relics on the Holy Isle, where there is a cell pointed out in which a noble witness for

THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF BRODICK.

Christ, of those early years, resided, whose name was Modan, and who had the reputation of having been a faithful evangelist of the Lochs of the Western shores and Isles of Scotland, under whose preaching, many of the islanders of his time, were converted to God. And it is on record that over a hundred years ago, a faithful preacher of the Gospel, who went personally round visiting the cottars and crofters of the Arran of his time, in and around Brodick, was the means of a great ingathering of young islanders to the Kingdom of God. It was a common ex-

perience of this old-time preacher to go from house to house, spending the night in one of the cots, or crofter's huts. The only light available at their meetings being a log on the hearth, and for heat in the winter time, a peat fire, around which the whole household gathered, to hear the wondrous story of a Saviour's love. It is sweet to think of these simple folk of Arran, in the years long gone by, being so evangelized, many of them truly converted, serving the Lord Jesus, by their simple and godly lives, among the glens and ravines of Arran.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Question: Will those who hear and reject the Gospel now, have any other chance given them of being saved, say after the Lord comes?

Answer: None that we know of. 2 Thess. 2. 10, 12, with Heb. 2. 3, seem conclusively to teach they will not. "Now is the day of salvation."

Question: Was Peter converted before he denied the Lord? If he was, what does Luke 22. 32 mean?

Answer: Matt. 16. 16-17 and Luke 5. 9-11, clearly show that Peter was regenerated and converted before his denial of the Lord; but he had backslidden, and needed to be

"turned again," as the R.V. gives it. A believer is regenerated once, he may be converted often.

Question.—What does the word "Millennium" mean?

Answer.—It means "the thousand years," and derives its origin from Rev. 20. 4-6. It is generally used to denote that period of future blessing during which Christ and His saints shall reign over the earth, and during which Satan will be bound. But the subject is too great for detail here. You will find much to help you on this and kindred subjects, in a book entitled "The Second Advent," by our late Editor, John Ritchie. The price of it is two shillings.

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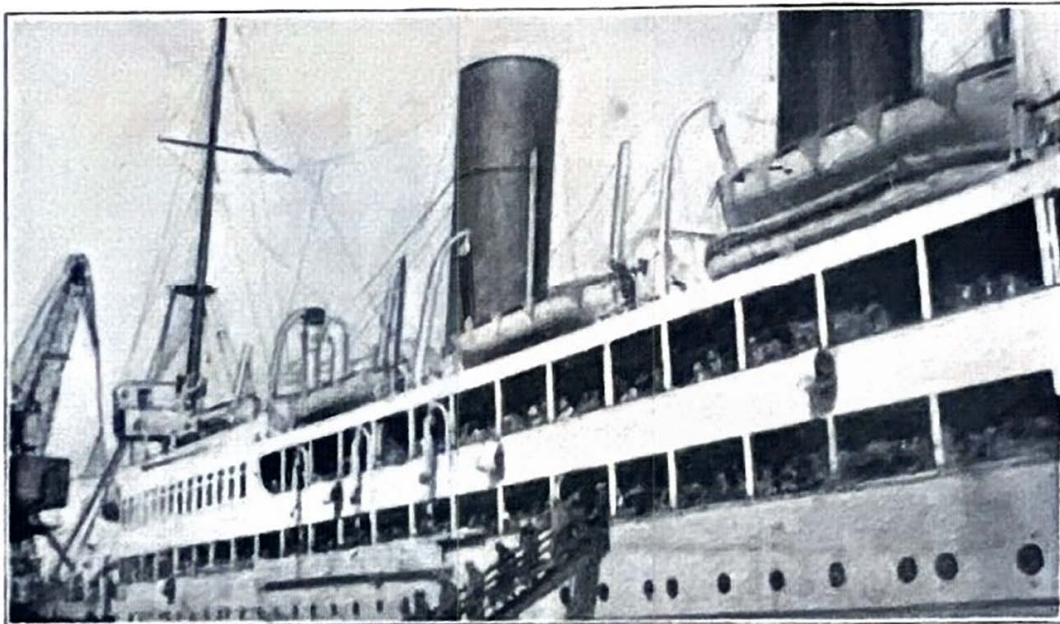
I am sure many of you boys and girls have read stories of people who have been shipwrecked and have landed on some foreign shore. No doubt you have followed with interest all their adventures, and very likely thought how much you would have liked to share them.

There is, however, a vast dif-

ference between what happens very often in these stories and real life. When a person wishes to enter a strange land, it is not just a question of landing. There are many other things to be thought of and attended to.

We will go once more in imagination on board a liner. This vessel is nearing a port of call, and the completion of the voyage

excitement as the time draws near. For the last time they leave their dear little bunks on which they have slept soundly for many a night. Hastily they pack their belongings which have collected round about the cabin, into trunks, locking these so that they are ready for removal. Good-byes are said to many a newly-found friend who is stay-



DISSEMBARKING.

CONTRABAND.

ing on the vessel, and then, almost before they are ready, their arrival at port will be made manifest as the vessel comes to a standstill. Oh, what a hurrying and scurrying follows!

Stewards, stewardesses, officials, and passengers, all seem to be running to and fro, and the next few hours are occupied to the full. All the luggage must be taken from the holds and cabins, and sorted out ready for the passengers to find when they land. At last all have left the vessel, except those whose journey has not yet ended, the baggage following the passengers in the tender—or small steamboat—which will have met the large liner. The vessel then can proceed on her way, and peace reigns once more.

Not so, however, for those who have just landed. There they are, with their luggage around them, waiting patiently for their turn to see the customs official. Very likely they will have to wait some time, but when their turn does eventually come, this is what happens. The official is given the keys of the various trunks, and informed of any goods on which duty must be paid. He then proceeds to open the trunks and turn over the contents. Maybe he will suddenly dive to the bottom and seize upon a packet which looks

—perhaps—a little suspicious. He will ascertain what it contains. If he is satisfied that nothing is among the luggage which is forbidden to that country, the interview will be over. If, on the other hand, he finds any articles hidden away which should not be there, the owner will be dealt with, and most likely will have to pay a large sum of money.

You see, then, boys and girls, it is not just a question of arriving, bag and baggage, in a foreign land, and then finding all easy. If there were certain things you wished to use while in that country, and they were among the list of dutiable articles, you would be compelled to pay customs, and some things you would, perhaps, be refused to import. I remember seeing a gentleman out of whose trunk an official pulled yards and yards of material which he had not declared. He was having great difficulty with the authorities.

Do you know what this brought to my mind. I thought of the fact that there is a city to which all wish to go, the Heavenly city, where we can spend eternity in God's presence. It reminded me that many will desire to enter this land, but will be unable to do so, because they will have the one thing which cannot possibly enter

CONTRABAND.

there. There is a verse I recalled in Revelation, which—speaking of that Heavenly city, says, “And there shall in no wise enter into it, anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.” Sin can never gain an entrance into Heaven, and so if we are to enter, we must be without sin. We must ask the Lord Jesus to take our sins away, and ask Him *now*. He is waiting to do this for each one who will trust Him. I do

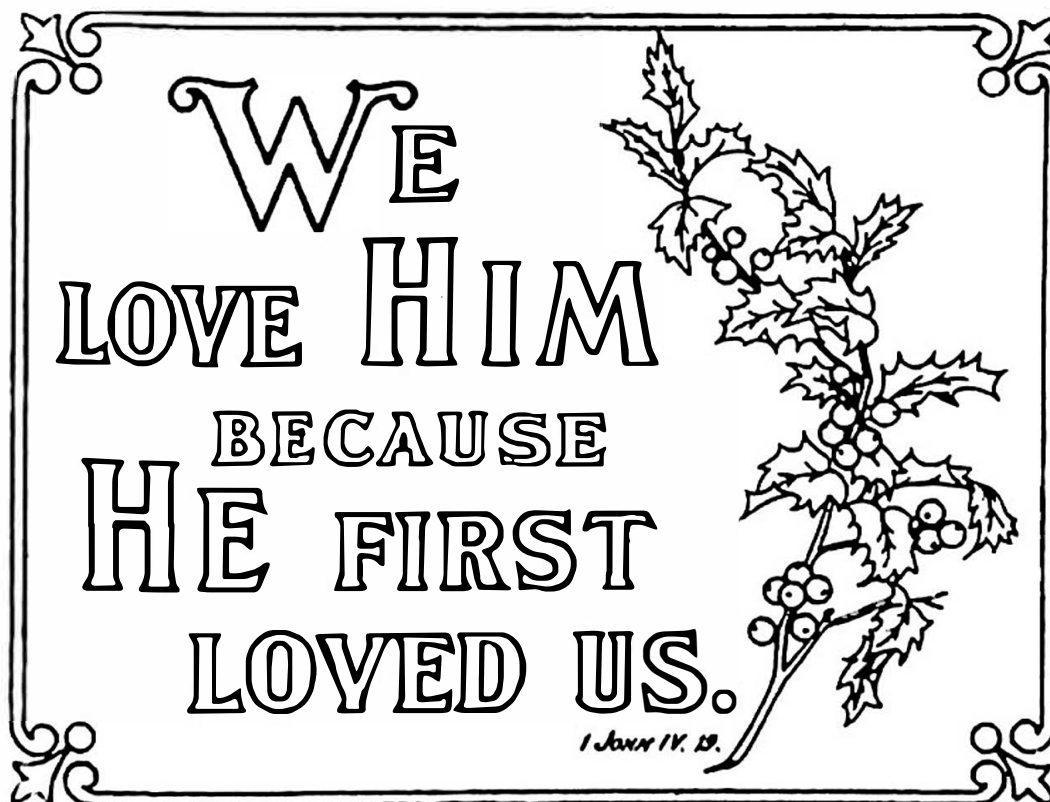
hope every one of you have “been to Jesus for the cleansing power,” for in His righteousness, we shall be able to enter into the Heavenly Home He has prepared for those who love Him.

M. C.

There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin,
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth,
Can ever enter in.

Jesus, I come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

A PAINTING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



Colour with Paints or Crayons

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS

Given in "The Young Watchman" for March.

A number of papers have been sent with answers to the Bible questions on "The Holy Scriptures," by readers in many parts of the world, and of various ages, ranging from twelve to twenty years. We are exceedingly pleased to see the deep interest taken in this important subject, and to note the intelligence and acquaintance with Scripture which the answers manifest. Surely there is no subject (except Christ Himself) that our young friends will find more worthy of their patient and persevering study than the Holy Scriptures—the sacred Books in which God reveals Himself and His ways to men. How privileged are we to have them in our hands, while millions of our fellow-travellers to eternity have never seen their holy pages, or heard the truths of which they speak. How important too it is, that our souls should have the glorious facts of their Divine authorship, their absolute purity, their eternal sufficiency, and their supreme authority deeply embedded within them in early days. Only thus may we, through God's preserving care, be saved from shipwreck on the many hidden rocks through which we sail on life's tempestuous sea. Many of our young friends who read these pages month by month, know little of this as yet. They are in the warm circle of home, surrounded with tender care. Loving hands minister to them and guide them safely. But, by-and-by, if spared, they will be launched on life's ocean for themselves, and then they will feel the need of even more than a father and a mother's care. They will have to meet the world in its many and deceitful

forms, and Satan in his craft and subtilty. God and His Word alone will be their safeguard.

For lack of space the answers are brief.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. 1 Peter 1. 23-25.
2. 2 Timothy 3. 14-16.
3. 2 Peter 1. 20, 21.
4. John 10. 34, 35. Spoken by Christ.
5. Matthew 19. 7; from Genesis 2. 24.
Matthew 5. 27; from Exodus 20. 14.
Matthew 5. 33; from Leviticus 19. 12.
Matthew 4. 7-10; from Deuteronomy 6. 16; 10. 20.
6. Romans 9. 7; from Genesis 21. 12.
Hebrews 3. 18; from Deuteronomy 1. 34-35.
1 Peter 2. 9; from Deuteronomy 4. 20; and many others are quoted.
7. 1 Timothy 5. 18.
8. Thirty-nine Books; about Twenty-five Writers.
9. Moses, Shepherd (Exodus 3. 1); Law-giver (John 1. 17).
Joshua, Moses' Minister (Exod. 33. 11).
Samuel, Prophet (1 Samuel 3. 20).
Nathan and Gad, Prophets (1 Chron. 29. 29).
Ezra, Scribe (Ezra 7. 6).
Nehemiah, Cupbearer (Neh. 1. 11).
David, King (1 Chron. 11. 3).
Solomon, King (1 Kings 1. 23).
Isaiah, Prophet (2 Kings 20. 11).
Jeremiah, Prophet (Jeremiah 1. 5).
Ezekiel, Priest (Ezekiel 1. 3).
Daniel, Prince of Judah (Daniel 1. 4); and, Ruler of Babylon (2. 48).
Amos, Herdman (Amos 7. 14).
Hosea, Joel, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi—Prophets. (occupation otherwise unknown).
- 10 & 11. Twenty-seven Books; Eight Writers.
Matthew, Taxgatherer (Matt. 9. 9).
Mark, Servant to Paul (Acts 13. 5).
Luke, Physician (Col. 4. 14).
John, Fisherman (Luke 5. 10).
James.
Peter, Fisherman (Matt. 4. 18).
Jude.
Paul, Tentmaker (Acts 18. 3).
12. John, James, Peter and Matthew, converted during the early part of the Lord's ministry, probably about A.D. 31; Mark, through Peter, later (1 Peter 5. 13); Paul, on the way to Damascus (Acts 9.), A.D. 35.

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

IT has been said by some one that "prayer is the mainspring of a believer's testimony." And you know the hands of a watch will soon stop if the main-spring should break. Well, I think, we might examine this main-spring a little more particularly to-night in some of its circles, and I trust it may be with profit to our souls. What we might call the *inner* circle of the main-spring, is *closet* prayer, and upon our soundness on this a good deal depends. One thing is certain, that is, that no believer will "go" well who neglects closet prayer. It is one of the *necessities* of a believer's existence, that he be at times *alone* with God. It does not do to be always in the crowd; not even working for God. The Master had His times of retirement. He left the crowd, and sometimes even His disciples, to be alone with God. Once, and again, "He departed into a solitary place, and there prayed" (Mark 1. 35). His last night on earth was spent in the solitudes of Gethsemane, *alone* with God. All God's most honoured servants had their closet-hours, where they were alone with God. Daniel, in Babylon, had his chamber with the win-

dow open toward Jerusalem where he retired to pray (Dan. 6. 10). Luther, and Baxter, were men of prayer; they prayed whole nights at times, and came forth from God's presence, to stand bold and fearless before their foes. You must learn to slay the lions and bears there, in secret first, young saints, before you can slay the Goliaths in public. Lots of young workers begin at the wrong end first. They try to do some big thing that everybody can see, but their service is only a flash of fireworks, which lasts for a very short time: then they disappear, and we hear no more of them. But the saint who begins in the closet, will one day make his mark out of it. Satan will do his utmost to hinder you from getting your seasons alone with God, if he possibly can, so long as you have any desire for them; for, when the desire goes, it is easy enough for him to get saints to neglect closet prayer. A good plan is to fix a time, and keep to it. Some would call this "legal"; well, never mind, David did it (see Psalm 55. 17), and Daniel (Dan. 6. 10), and we should not be ashamed to be in their company.

The outermost circle of our "main-spring" is the prayer

PRAYER MEETINGS.

meeting, where believers gather together to pray unitedly to God. We should always be there, if possible. The young believers in early days "continued steadfastly in . . . prayers" (Acts 2. 42). I like to see a lot of young saints at the prayer meeting. But I'll tell you what I often wonder at! Why many of them sit with closed mouths from one year's end to another? They open their mouths to sing, when the hymns are given out, but never to pray. I suppose fear keeps some of you from praying in the meeting, but you should seek grace to overcome it. It is a sin to "quench the Spirit," and when He begets prayer in our hearts, and prompts us to open our lips and utter it, when we refuse, then He is quenched, and we lose blessing. I know some of you "don't like" to open your mouths before so many of God's people who are older and wiser than you, but this is another device of the devil, to keep the napkin on your mouths. I am sure the saints, to a man, would praise God to hear your first lisplings, and if you break down—as many do when they first open their mouths in public—they would neither criticise you, nor laugh at you. I well remember my first prayer in public. It was at the close of a Gospel meeting, where a lot of my old com-

panions were. I felt pressed in spirit to pray, but the devil suggested that I would break down. There was a hot contest within for a few minutes. Then up started a young man at my side and prayed. He said, "Lord deliver us from the fear of man." My heart said, "Amen." Half-a-dozen newly converted, followed in short prayers; I noticed some of them shook. I tried it, uttered about six sentences, and stopped. But it was all right; the napkin was off, thank God! I long to see it off some of you; many would be glad, and you would be blessed in soul. Don't attempt to manufacture prayers, or imitate somebody else. Be real. Ask God simply and believingly for what you feel the need of, and then sit down. God does not hear us for our much speaking, and quoting Scriptures and reciting doctrines is not prayer. Another circle of the spring may be called SOCIAL PRAYER. When half-a-dozen believers meet together—say, in a house, it is a precious opportunity for united prayer, and when there is prayer, it lessens the danger of gossip and frivolity. May the Lord stir us up, dear young saints, to appreciate and embrace our privileges for prayer, thus shall we bear fruit; our leaf shall be green; and we shall lack no moisture.

The Golfer's Depression.



THE GOLFER'S PARADISE, TURNBERRY, AYRSHIRE.

THE GOLFER'S DEPRESSION, AND HOW HE GOT RID OF IT.

"**T**OO much worry, too many business cares, and too little exercise, is the cause of your trouble. Get a Season Ticket and play golf at the seaside three afternoons each week, and you will soon be all right." Such was the venerable doctor's prescription, given to a middle-aged patient, who had called to consult him about his failing health. There was nothing wrong so far as outward appearances go but for a considerable time the active man, the head of a thriving commercial house, had been troubled with depression, sometimes to such an extent as to render him unfit for business altogether.

No doubt business cares, and the heavy demands made upon such a man's mental and physical energies, with overwork and nervous strain may "run him down" without any other cause, but it is a fact nevertheless, that soul trouble and questions regarding the world to come and the meeting with God in righteous judgment, have more to do with such troubles than many are aware. And it takes more than medical skill to prescribe the remedy for a burdened conscience, an unsatisfied heart, and a soul awake to its condition before God, as unpurged from sin and unprepared for Eternity.

The merchant got his Season Ticket, became a member of a local Golf Club and carried out his medical adviser's counsel. While he was on the "course" chatting with affable associates he seemed to be cheerier, but whenever he came home and was alone, his trouble returned, especially at nights, and worst of all when he heard of some acquaintance or townsman's death. The real source of his trouble was this, he was not right with God, his sins were not forgiven, he was not saved, and he knew it. The early training of a godly home, the faithful testimony of a Christian brother, and the knowledge he had of the Word of God, combined under the Spirit's conviction to keep him from forgetting the great realities of sin, death, judgment and eternity, of which he had heard so much. Six months of golfing did nothing to remove his burden, or to give him peace. He went on a visit to his brother who lived in a coast town, and there he spent the week-end. On the Sunday evening he accompanied his brother to hear a well-known evangelist preach, and had the Gospel put before him with a simplicity and fulness and pressed home in such definiteness and earnestness as he

THE GOLFER'S DEPRESSION.

never remembered before. Possibly he had never so much known the need of it, but in grace the Lord met him, and the light of the Gospel entered his heart and was welcomed there. At once the burden and the depression were gone. Peace filled his heart. He was, to use his own words, "A new man in a new world," or as God's Word has it "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things

are passed away: behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5. 17). He returned to his home a saved and happy man, and has for years lived a godly life and served the One Whom he gladly owns as his Saviour and Lord, Who removed the burden of his sins and turned his depression into rejoicing.

Reader, if you so suffer, it is Christ you need. He saves and He satisfies.
J. R.



KENNEDY'S PASS, AYRSHIRE COAST.

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine,
for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—2 Tim. 3. 16.

Through the Bible in one year.

JULY

Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—Joshua 14. 15.	Isa. 10. 6-34	1 Thess. 2. 1-16
2— „ 16. 17.	„ 11. 12.	„ 2. 17 to 3. 18
3— „ 18. 19.	„ 13.	„ 4.
4— „ 20. 21.	„ 14.	„ 5.
5— „ 22.	„ 15. 16.	2 Thess. 1.
6— „ 23.	„ 17. 18.	„ 2.
7— „ 24.	„ 19. 20.	„ 3.
8—Judges 1. 1 to 2. 5	„ 21. 1 to 22. 14	1 Cor. 1.
9— „ 2. 6 to 3. 4	„ 22. 15 to 23. 18	„ 2.
10— „ 3. 5-31	„ 24.	„ 3.
11— „ 4.	„ 25.	„ 4.
12— „ 5.	„ 26.	„ 5.
13— „ 6.	„ 27.	„ 6.
14— „ 7.	„ 28.	„ 7.
15— „ 8.	„ 29.	„ 8.
16— „ 9. 1 to 10. 5	„ 30.	„ 9. 1-23
17— „ 10. 6 to 11. 28	„ 31. 32.	„ 9. 24 to 10. 14
18— „ 11. 29 to 12. 15	„ 33.	„ 10. 15 to 11. 1
19— „ 13.	„ 34. 35.	„ 11. 2-34
20— „ 14. 15.	„ 36. 1 to 37. 7	„ 12.
21— „ 16.	„ 37. 8-38	„ 13.
22— „ 17. 18.	„ 38. 39.	„ 14.
23— „ 19.	„ 40.	„ 15. 1-34
24— „ 20.	„ 41. 1-20	„ 15. 35-58
25— „ 21.	„ 41. 21 to 42. 21	„ 16.
26—Ruth 1.	„ 42. 22 to 43. 10	2 Cor. 1.
27— „ 2.	„ 43. 11 to 44. 5	„ 2.
28— „ 3. 4.	„ 44. 6-23	„ 3. 1 to 4. 6
29—1 Sam. 1.	„ 44. 24 to 45. 8	„ 4. 7 to 5. 10
30— „ 2.	„ 45. 9-25	„ 5. 11 to 6. 10
31— „ 3.	„ 46.	„ 6. 11 to 7. 16

READY!

WHAT a good thing it is to be "Ready."

There was once a king in a very difficult position, his own

against the son he loved, so on hearing that they might lay siege to the city, he called his loyal subjects to him and bade them



Lathmer, Cranmer and Ridley imprisoned in the Tower of London.

son had turned the hearts of many people against his father and led them to rebellion, hoping himself to occupy the throne.

The king was very grieved, not wishing to engage in battle

flee the city with him, and looked for their obedience; how his heart must have been cheered when they answered as one man, "thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord the king

READY!

shall appoint (2 Sam. 15. 15).—Ready for service!

A fisherman was one day so attracted by the news brought by his brother, about a Person with whom he had been staying, that he went to see for himself and, when later this Person asked him to become a follower, leaving his nets, he did so. He learned to love his new Master so much, that he declared on one occasion when danger threatened, "I am ready to go with Thee into prison" (Luke 22. 33).—Ready for prison!

A certain man, who was learned; a leader among men, who had wonderful talents, was full of energy, sought to accomplish great things for God, until one day he was convinced that he was pursuing the wrong course, and willingly sacrificed his leadership, his ideas, and surrendered all his talents, energy and knowledge to another. His service was unstinted, his efforts to serve seemed to know no limit, until at last when in prison for his service he said, "I am now ready to be offered" (2 Tim. 14. 6).—Ready to die!

History abounds with instances of loyalty, men and women suffering in service for those whom they have learnt to love and follow or for a cause dear to their own heart.

There is a call to-day for

ready service in the cause of truth and righteousness; and I ask are you ready to serve, even to death if need be, the Lord Jesus Christ who calls for hearts of love and obedience?

What a noble succession will ours: Stephen, Paul, Peter, the martyrs of Rome and Smithfield, men persecuted, imprisoned, dying—why? Because they had first learned that God was ready!

God ready? Ready for what? Listen to an old servant, "Thou art a God ready to pardon" (Neh. 9. 17). Ah yes, its a great thing to be ready, its a greater thing to know that, "The Lord was ready to save me" (Isa. 38. 20).

Never forget that when sin caused our undoing, it was God who came seeking. He it was who shewed readiness to forgive and to restore; He it is, who in Jesus Christ was ready to die for us, and bids us to the wedding feast "made ready" for all who love Him.

And lastly, when God revealed Himself in the Lord Jesus Christ, He assured His servants of another coming and exhorted them, "be ye also ready" (Matt. 24. 44) to welcome Him.

We cannot be ready to welcome Him unless our sins are forgiven. When forgiven, then comes the call to be ready—to serve, to die, for translation with Him on His return. J.A.L.

"THAT'S THE MAN FOR ME"; OR, THE MILL-GIRL'S SONG.

THE story is told, of a Christian gentleman, in an out-bound train from London. Into the compartment in which he was a mill-girl entered, singing a popular song, the words of which were all about a man, the

man yet," to which she replied, "No, I'm afraid they're few and far between." The Christian gentleman then remarked "I know a Man who answers in every respect to what you have been singing, I was speaking to



song describing the character the man must be,—he must be kind, he must be handsome, he must be rich, he must be loving, etc., every verse ending with the words, "And that's the man for me."

The Christian listened until she had finished, and then asked—"Well, have you found that

Him this morning, and moreover He has an interest in you, in fact He loves you." "Loves me?" she replied, to which he answered lovingly, "Yes, loves you." Her curiosity being now aroused, she asked "Well, what's his name?" "His name is Jesus," replied the Christian, to which nothing more was said, the girl

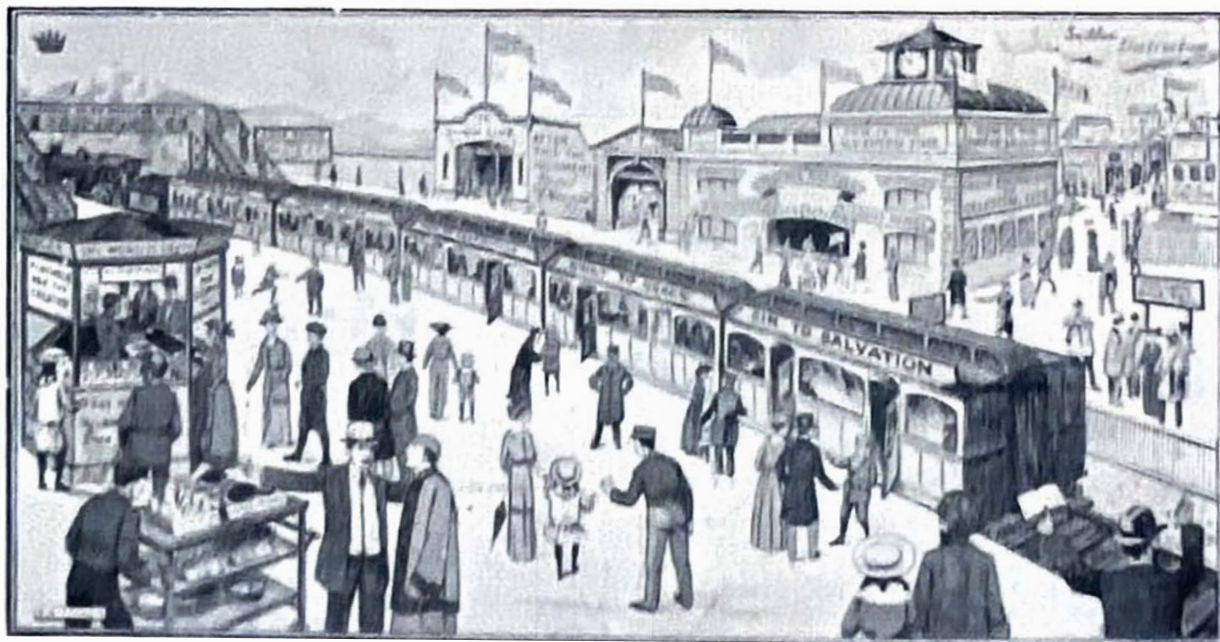
"THAT'S THE MAN FOR ME."

sitting quietly till the end of her journey, which was one stop before the Christian's. When the train came to a stop, she arose and went out. As she was closing the door she looked through the window and gently said, "And that's the Man for me."

My dear reader, permit me to tell you of "A Man" (see Isa. 32. 2) who has an interest in you; in fact He loves you. He loved you so much as to die on Calvary's Cross in order to purchase and procure both Salvation and Forgiveness of sins for you. Listen to the words concerning Him—"Be it known unto you . . . that through this 'Man' is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts 13. 38). You need forgiveness because by birth (Psa. 51. 5) and practice

(Isa. 53. 6) you are a sinner. If you die unforgiven, your eternal portion will be "the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15). But it need not be so, because the Lord Jesus has power to forgive sins (Matt. 9. 2 and Luke 7. 48). Presently forgiveness is preached in the Gospel (Acts 13. 38). If you will give heed to that wonderful message, and like the mill-girl say, "That's the Man for me," acknowledging your sin, receiving Christ as your own personal Saviour (John 1. 12), your guilty past will be blotted out, your present need abundantly met, and your future destiny secured for ever. "Hallelujah! what a Saviour."

Reader, is He yours? If not, why not? "This man receiveth sinners" (Luke 15. 2). S. L.



THE HALLELUJAH LINE.

DANIEL THE DARING.

THE stories of the grand old book, the Bible, never lose their freshness and power. We come to them time and time again to find ourselves reading them with an ever new delight.



The stories of Joseph, Moses, Elijah, Elisha, Daniel, King David, Paul, John Baptist, and "a great many more that I can't tell" have had an age-long appeal.

Now I want my young readers to learn something from the well-known history of Daniel, the daring. Most of you will already know that he was once

cast into a den of lions because he would not bow the knee to a golden image set up by King Darius. There is something remarkable in his life, however, before that event took place. We read in the first chapter of the book containing his name that "he purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat." Daniel then was only a slip of a youth, and while we are not told in the Bible why it was he refused to take it, we may readily assume that his conscience hindered him from doing so. He did not think it was the right thing to do, and therefore did not do it.

But you will observe that "he purposed in his HEART." If he had only purposed in his HEAD, as a great many youths and maidens do, he would in all likelihood have gone against his conscience. To those young folks who know the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, let me remind you that you will never be of any great service to God unless you purpose to do things in your HEART. The secret of the Apostle Paul's success, if I may so speak, was because he was a man who purposed in his heart. He "determined" to preach "Christ and Him cruci-

DANIEL THE DARING.

fied." God is not looking for brilliant boys and girls—he wants them too, though—but for faithful and determined boys and girls. When He gets such He can use them mightily!

Let us now think of the well-known episode in the life of Daniel. Into the midst of the lions he was cast because he who was a youth of purpose was a man of purpose. There he was beside the hungry animals, which could not touch him. Why? Because God shut their mouths. And what God shuts no man can open. Did you ever think of the shut mouths mentioned in the Bible? Do you know that *your mouth is shut* if you are a sinner? When the Apostle Paul wrote a long letter to friends at Rome he said that "all had sinned and come short of the glory of God." We cannot deny it because "every mouth has been stopped." We cannot argue with

God about it. Better far to believe God, and to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour.

Once we have yielded ourselves to Him we are as safe as God can make us. Others may tell us we are not saved, that we are still in our sins, but arguments never alter the Word of God. God gives us assurance and *closes their mouths* with the words of Romans 8.: "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifies." Our accusers are dumb!

Being born again, we need not fear the lions. God will protect us from the evil, therefore, fear not, He can close the lions' mouths that no harm can come by us. If you are the Lord's, rejoice in this; if not, accept Him now, and enjoy the many blessings which salvation brings.

J. S. B..



FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

NO HEART FOR THEM.

WHEN I was a very young Christian—young in years as well as in grace—I had the idea that I might be in all sorts of worldly company and worldly pleasures, if I *only* acted the Christian there.

I well remember how earnestly I strove to let them see that I could be a Christian, and enjoy myself like them. I remember praying earnestly before going to a volunteer shooting competition, that I might score higher than my equals, to show them that a Christian could be a good *shot*. I confess it did not yield me much comfort after; but I saw nothing better, and thought it was the best thing going. Mine was a strange sort of life, and had many ups and downs. Sometimes there was a rift in the clouds, and I had moments of the enjoyment of God within my soul, but they were only moments. When I had these happy seasons, perhaps early in the morning, I wished that I could *keep* them up during the

day, and earnestly tried to do it; but somehow, before I was in business half-an-hour, I seemed to forget all about the Lord, and the enjoyment of His presence was gone.

Soon after this, I was led into acquaintance with a young man of my own age and position in life. He was a Christian of a different type from me. I saw that before I was long in his company. His soul seemed always fresh and green. He had always something to say about Christ and His Word. I liked to hear him speak, and yet felt always condemned in his presence. I noticed that, when I introduced into our conversation anything about worldly amusements, he was silent. I asked him whether he thought "there was any harm in a believer taking part in such things." I shall never forget his reply. He quietly said, "I used to enjoy these things myself; but ever since Christ revealed Himself to me as the Portion of my soul, I have had no heart for them." I was dumfounded. Had he condemned me for having worldly

NO HEART FOR THEM.

pleasures, I was prepared to argue the point with him; but his confession of having "no heart" for them left me with nothing to attack.

I went home, and thought over his words. "No heart for worldly pleasures since Christ had revealed Himself." If that be so, I thought, there must be more of Christ revealed to him than to me, for I have not lost heart for these things. A struggle was going on within my soul: I was dissatisfied with myself: my Christian life seemed a failure. I fell upon my knees, and confessed before God my lack of enjoyment in the things of Christ. I asked Him to show me if I was indulging in anything that hindered my soul's communion with Himself. On rising from my knees, I opened my Bible, and my eye fell on the words, "*Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God*" (Col. 3. 2, 3). Had a voice from heaven spoken the words audibly to me, they could not have come with greater force to my soul. I saw in a moment where I was, and what my mistake had been. It was not that I had done this thing and that thing wrong merely; but the

whole drift of my life had been as one alive in the world, and my heart had not been set on things above. With what beauty the words shone out in living lustre before my soul. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." I saw my place and my treasure to be where Christ is, and you know where the treasure is, there the heart goes also. I understood now the words of my friend, and I could say, in measure with him, "I have no heart for worldly pleasures now." I found myself in something like a new world. I believe that I was born of God several years before. I had life, but no liberty. I am still a failing, faltering pilgrim here, but the Magnet is above, and thither I feel my heart going out to the One who loves and is living for me.

SATISFIED.

CHRIST not only saves, but He also satisfies. His blood removes the stain of guilt. His person satisfies the heart. "He *satisfieth* the longing soul" (Psa. 107. 9). "They shall be *abundantly satisfied*" (Psa. 36. 8). "I shall be *satisfied* when I awake with *Thy* likeness" (Psa. 17. 15).

Breakers of Bonds.



SIR THOMAS POWELL BUXTON AND WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

(From the Monuments in Westminster Abbey).

Men who devoted their lives for the extinction of slavery within British Dominions.

BREAKERS OF BONDS.

ONE hundred years ago—July, 1833—Wilberforce died. Three days before his death, the news for which he had worked, longed and waited was brought to him, namely, that the Bill had passed through Parliament which meant the release of slaves in the British Colonies. Two years previously slaves under the Crown had received their freedom, all this was largely due to the untiring persistent efforts of Wilberforce.

Hull City will be proud to celebrate the centenary of her Son, the benefactor of such a host.

Slavery is an awful thing, most of us have read of its terrors, possibly seen pictures of men, women and children shackled, driven from place to place, herded like cattle and made to work beyond their strength, none seeming to care or realize that each one had feeling, or power to think, much less a soul capable of response to love.

We thank God for men like Wilberforce, Livingstone, and others who have fought this evil and brought the joy of liberty to many of these poor, despised, ill-treated people.

It cost the nation 20 million pounds in compensation, but surely that was not too big a

price to set at liberty a host of men who, like ourselves were the object of God's redeeming love.

Wilberforce was a "Breaker" of prejudice, greed, bondage.

Then I remember the story of Moses how he under God's direction did a wonderful thing many years ago, when he faced Pharaoh repeatedly, desiring the liberty of the slaves in Egypt. And how at last he led them forth out of bondage to become the nation in, and by whom God revealed much of His will and purpose for mankind and, through them, in the fulness of time, gave His Son, the Saviour of the world.

Moses was a "Breaker" of Unbelief, pride, despotism.

Even so in many lands and in many ages there have been men and women, breaking the things that need breaking in order that better and nobler things may be built up, not the least of all, the building of character.

We have not yet done with slavery. There is a slavery rampant, worse and more destructive, the slavery of sin, of which Satan is the master. He, ever devising means to increase his hold; ever seeking to fasten more securely the shackles that hinder progress, liberty of mind, and action; and deluding by promise of gain, he leads here

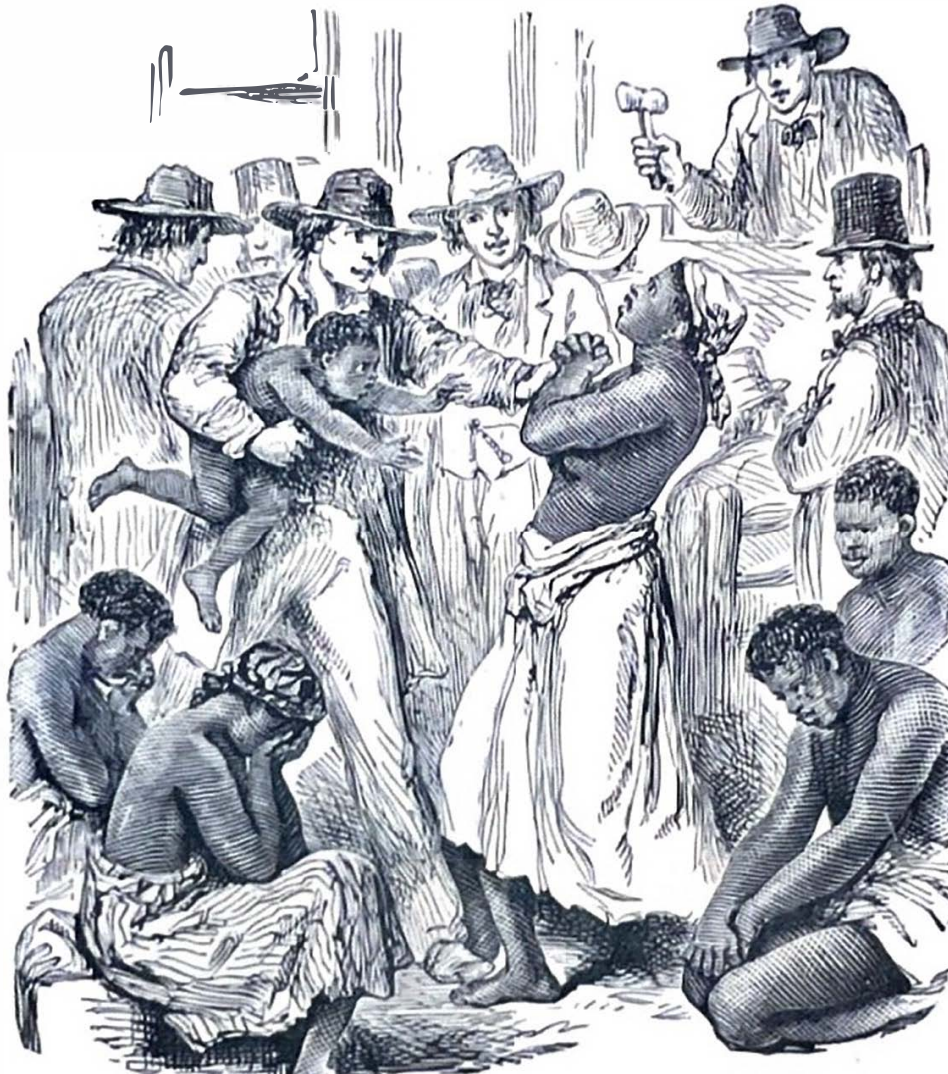
BREAKERS OF BONDS.

and there tightening his grip, until none but a super "Breaker" can deliver from certain death, death without hope of life hereafter.

God did not make us to be

breaking down the power of the Devil, the chains of habit, the bondage of the Soul, to give liberty, life, pardon, peace to all who entrust their case to Him.

"The Breaker," the sinless



AN AUCTION SALE IN THE SLAVE MARKET.

slaves, He has no pleasure in our bondage, nor our death (Ezek. 33. 11) and so a "Breaker" is provided who has "gone forth" (Mic. 2. 13, R.V.) to do the Father's bidding (Isa. 61. 1), and His own "love task" by

One, is able to destroy the power of sin, divert its penalty and finally deliver from its very presence. He, the Lord Jesus Christ, by His death on Calvary and resurrection from the tomb, has broken the chains of sin and the

BREAKERS OF BONDS.

bonds of death, Hallelujah! It was costly, not in terms of silver and gold, but with His own life blood we are redeemed (1 Pet. 1. 18-19), in order that His own impress or character may be upon us, befitting us for that building of which He is Himself the Corner Stone in which God Himself shall find delight.

Dear reader, are you still in

bondage to sin, a slave to passion a victim for death? Look to "The Breaker," the Lord Jesus Christ, trust Him, believe Him, for 'tis still true—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,

He sets the prisoner free.

His blood can make the vilest clean,

His blood avails for me."

J. A. L.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

DURING the Crimean War the wounded soldiers were in such a pitiable condition that an urgent appeal for nurses was announced. In consequence of this appeal Florence Nightingale was chosen to take charge of the large military hospital at Scutari. She found the hospital simply crowded. Supplies were short, and Miss Nightingale had the greatest difficulty in securing the necessary requirements from the official stores.

Rather than see the brave wounded soldiers perish for lack of food and medicine, she wisely brushed aside all rules and regulations, and simply helped herself to what she wanted. Within ten days of her arrival, dirt and confusion had given place to cleanliness and order. By her patient nursing and loving ministrations, a vast amount

of agony was alleviated, and many precious lives were spared.

But there is a grander story to be told than even that of Florence Nightingale, and that is the magnificent story of divine love to sinful men and women. God is infinitely holy, and yet He loves us. He is inflexibly righteous, and yet He loves us. His greatness and majesty are unsearchable, and yet He loves us. How grand! God loves everybody. Some may question this statement, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

One of the greatest truths mentioned in the Bible is this:—"The Lord is . . . longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9). What a comfort this is! He loves us as only He can love us. He seeks our highest welfare.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

However frequently and grievously we have sinned against Him, He is not willing that we should find ourselves eventually in a lost eternity. He loves the drunkard, the gambler, the

Let me give a loving suggestion to my reader. Write out on a slip of paper these words,
"The Son of God Who loved me, and gave Himself for me,"



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

swearer, the bandit, yes, and even the murderer. He hates the sin, but He loves the sinner. The Lord Jesus Christ suffered, bled, and died that we might be everlastingly saved, forgiven, and blessed. This is love indeed.

and each time after the word "ME" write your full name. You may then be able to understand more clearly whom it was that Christ loved and for whom it was He gave Himself.

E. B.

THE LATE GAVIN MCGHEE.

MANY of our readers and youthful searchers will readily remember the initials "G. McG." appearing frequently under articles and outline drawings in *The Young Watchman* columns. Our contributor was our esteemed brother in the Lord, Gavin M'Ghee of Lochwinnoch, latterly of Saltcoats.

he so faithfully served and fervently loved. It was in December, when he had so much work in hand for forthcoming Sunday School Socials, that we received the solemn news of his sudden homecall, and indeed felt bereaved to think that no more in time would we feel refreshed and encouraged by the presence



Gavin McGhee's Children's Service on the Sands at Saltcoats during the Summer of 1932.

A friend and lover of children, especially the poor, our brother was specially gifted in conveying the gospel to youthful minds by brush and pen, object lesson, and gospel song and story. The picture shews him in his element, addressing an interested crowd on Saltcoats sands during the summer of 1932. To-day, he rests from his many labours in the presence of his Lord, whom

of his buoyant personality.

From the midst of a life of activity and loving devotion, Gavin was called to higher spheres of service with these words on his lips,

"What a joy it will be,
When my Saviour I see
In that beautiful city of gold."

Our only consolation is in the assurance of a joyous reunion at the return of our risen Lord.

THE LATE GAVIN MCGHEE.

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above.
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come."

Surely such visitations have a voice for all of us, old and young alike. To the unsaved there comes the warning, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow for thou

With such clouds on our horizon we almost hear the midnight call, "Watchman, what of the night?" and the re-echoing answer, "The morning cometh, and also the night." Yes, morning so bright and fair for all the redeemed, but the night of outer darkness for all the rejectors of our Lord and His glorious gospel. Reader, are you ready?



THE LATE GAVIN MCGHEE AND HIS FAMILY.

knowest not what a day may bring forth." Make Gavin M'Ghee's Saviour, your Saviour too, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. To the believer in Christ comes the exhortation to be "stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Two possible events make life uncertain, your sudden death and the Lord's sudden return, both of which may occur at any moment. God in love to your soul made provision for all life's uncertainties at Calvary. Accept the gift of His grace, eternal life, by faith in the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ.

W. I.

POLISH SEEKERS AND FINDERS.

ONE hundred and fifty miles on bare feet! No, it was not a hiking feat, accomplished to win fame or the plaudits of creature admirers. The women and girls seen in our picture actually accomplished this journey, but with something higher in view than earthly fame or favour. Their peasant homes in

people to imagine that God and peace are to be found so far away." But alas, it is possible that those born in the midst of idolatry and steeped in superstition, will rise in judgment on those men favoured with gospel light and liberty. See Matthew 12. 41, 42. Has the reader ever had the same concern about sin



Poland were left behind, in order that they might find peace with God and forgiveness of sin at a religious shrine, 150 miles distant. But look at their countenance. How dissatisfied and disappointed they look. They failed to find the object of their quest after enduring much hardship and privation. And we of "lighted lands" are inclined to say, "how foolish of these poor

as those dear women and girls? How awful to think that we who are accustomed to listen to the plain declaration of the truth should be unconcerned about our soul's salvation. Our Lord said, "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required" (Luke 12. 48).

But there is a brighter side to our picture for faces shine to-day with the peace of God reign-

POLISH SEEKERS AND FINDERS.

ing in their hearts. Met by a servant of the Lord working with the European Christian Mission, these Polish peasants gladly heard the good news of the love of God, revealed in the gift of His beloved Son. To-day there is a wide open door in Eastern Europe for the gospel of Christ, and many are now rejoicing in the truth that God is revealed and known in the

person of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. In their own language they now rejoice to sing the well-known hymn :—

“Now none but Christ can satisfy
None other name for me;
There’s love, and life, and lasting
joy,
Lord Jesus found in Thee.”

Can my young reader truthfully join in singing this precious refrain?

THE YOUNG FOX.

A FOX, caught while very young, was kept chained in a yard, and by kind treatment and good feeding, became so tame, that the little chicks and goslings wandered around it without hurt or fear.

“Pretty little thing,” said a lady, “its a pity to keep that heavy chain dangling about it. I’m sure it does no harm, it ought to be set free.” So the collar was unbuckled and the young fox was set free, who, before he was many minutes his own master, made off with the best fowl in the yard, and has not been heard of since. So long as he was on the chain, he had wisdom to behave; but no sooner was he at liberty, than his real nature manifested itself in his actions. So it is with the flesh in a believer. It is there, but so

long as it is kept under, it is manageable. Remove the restraint, and out it bursts in all its natural wickedness. The flesh is no better in a saint than in a sinner, only, in the former, there is the restraining power of the Holy Spirit. But when that Spirit is grieved and the flesh gets its liberty, then the believer becomes its victim in an open fall. Therefore, dear young believer, give no liberty to the flesh, keep the fetters around its neck. No matter what appearances may say to the contrary. God says the flesh in a believer is hopelessly bad, and never will be better. It needs constant supervision, and always to be kept in the place of a suspect, on whom we have passed a vote of “no confidence.” “Make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof” (Rom. 13. 14).

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

"No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation, for the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit."—2 Peter 1. 20-21.

Through the Bible in one year. **AUGUST** Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—1 Sam. 4. 5.	Isa. 47.	2 Cor. 8.
2— " 6. 7.	" 48.	" 9.
3— " 8. 1 to 9. 14	" 49.	" 10.
4— " 9. 15 to 10. 27	" 50. 1 to 51. 8	" 11.
5— " 11. 12.	" 51. 9-23	" 12. 1-13
6— " 13.	" 52. 1-12	" 12. 14 to 13. 14
7— " 14.	" 52. 13 to 53. 12	Rom. 1. 1-16
8— " 15.	" 54.	" 1. 17-32
9— " 16.	" 55. 1 to 56. 8	" 2.
10— " 17. 1-31	" 56. 9 to 57. 21	" 3.
11— " 17. 32-58	" 58.	" 4. 1-22
12— " 18. 1 to 19. 7	" 59.	" 4. 23 to 5. 11
13— " 19. 8 to 20. 42	" 60.	" 5. 12-21
14— " 21. 22.	" 61.	" 6. 1-14
15— " 23. 24.	" 62. 1 to 63. 14	" 6. 15 to 7. 6
16— " 25.	" 63. 15 to 64. 12	" 7. 7-25
17— " 26. 27.	" 65.	" 8. 1-17
18— " 28. 29.	" 66.	" 8. 18-39
19— " 30. 31.	Micah 1. 2.	" 9. 1-29
20— " 2 Sam. 1.	" 3. 1 to 4. 8	" 9. 30 to 10. 21
21— " 2.	" 4. 9 to 5. 15	" 11. 1-15
22— " 3.	" 6.	" 11. 16-36
23— " 4. 5.	" 7.	" 12.
24— " 6.	Nahum 1.	" 13.
25— " 7.	" 2. 3.	" 14. 1-18
26— " 8. 9.	Hab. 1.	" 14. 19 to 15. 13
27— " 10. 11.	" 2.	" 15. 14-33
28— " 12.	" 3.	" 16.
29— " 13.	Zeph. 1.	Gal. 1.
30— " 14.	" 2.	" 2.
31— " 15.	" 3.	" 3. 1-14

WHAT THE STUDENT FOUND.

THREE students from the Divinity Church walked along Princes Street, Edinburgh, towards the Dean Cemetery, to see the grave of a fellow-student who had died a triumphant death a few weeks before. Chatting freely together, the subject of a personal and known salvation, certainty of forgiveness and peace with God came

ished his two companion students. One resented it, took refuge behind the able "Professors" and "Doctors," who taught otherwise. The other student was blessed by the honest testimony of his companion, especially the words "peace is already made by blood"! and that afternoon was to him the turning point of life. He was not actually converted then, but he set



Princes Street, looking East, Edinburgh.

up. Two of the students did not believe there was certainty of these things to be had on earth. The third was equally decided in his confession, that forgiveness of sins, personal salvation, and peace with God, were all present blessings. To clinch the matter, he added, "Peace has already been made by blood, the precious blood of Christ, apart from works of ours, and it is possessed by faith, as I personally know and have enjoyed for over three years."

That last statement fairly aston-

himself to search the Word of God as to whether such teaching was there, and he found that peace was made by the blood of the cross (Col. 1. 20), that salvation has been procured for sinners, is being proclaimed to them in the Gospel, and that "all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39) and that being justified by faith we have peace with God (Rom. 5. 1). He accepted it on God's terms, confessed Christ as his Saviour. Will you believe God's word!

J. R.

A CHIEFTAIN'S LOVE.

ON Culloden Moor there stands a cairn which marks the spot where brave Highlanders fell, when Scottish clans fought in the days of rebellion. A touching story of paternal love, illustrating a still greater love, is told concerning these stormy times. Macdonald of Scothouse, an old Highland chieftain who stood true to the Jacobite cause, had an only son, who was an officer in Lord

met; there was hard fighting and both lost heavily, until at last victory was with Prince Charlie's men. The Chevalier very anxiously awaited the news, and toward evening he heard a rap at his door. Guessing whose it might be, he rushed to open the door. There stood the aged chieftain with the tears again filling his eyes, this time tears of joy, tightly grasping a young stalwart soldier by the



"THE CAIRN," ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF CULLODEN, SCOTLAND.

Louden's English regiment, which was led at that time by the famous warrior, the Duke of Cumberland.

Soon after Prince Charles Edward arrived in Scotland, he gave orders to the chieftain Macdonald to lead an attack against the very regiment in which his son was an officer. The day before the battle, the aged chieftain met the Chevalier Johnstone, and melted into tears as he told him of his grief in having to run the risk of shedding the blood of his only son and heir. "You may be able to save him," said the Chevalier, "whereas, if you send another in your place, he may fall by his sword." The dreaded morrow came; the armies

arm. "I took him prisoner myself," said the chieftain, handing over his handsome son to the Chevalier. No sooner had they got inside the room than the father overcome with joy, threw his arms around the neck of his son, and sobbed, saying, "I have saved you my boy, I have saved you."

This touching incident reminds us of that greater love of which we read: "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Transcending all human love was the love of God. He loved His enemies. It was to save sinners that Jesus came (1 Tim. 1. 15). J. R.

The Owl:
The Bird of the Night.



THE TAWNY OWL.

THE OWL: THE BIRD OF THE NIGHT.

IT was a bright moonlight night, and I was sitting late in my room, overlooking a ploughed field. Suddenly a loud noise began outside, and looking round what should I see but a large owl, with his great eyes, small head, and long talons, close to my window. No doubt he was looking out for his prey, and if any young rabbit or partridge was about, it would soon fall under those great talons, from which nothing escapes. The owl is seldom seen by daylight. They hide in hollow trees, and ivy-covered walls, but when night comes down, they go forth under the cover of darkness, to seek their prey. His wings make no noise as he flies, so that there is no warning given of his approach. He swoops down on the tiny field-mouse, and little mole in a moment, and kills them with a single stroke of his beak. Wandering rabbits and belated birds share the same fate, if they are found by this Bird of the Night.

How like Satan!

You know, my young reader, that the evil one is ever watching you and waiting his opportunity, so that if you wander away from God, stray from His ordered paths, or seek pleasure in dark and evil ways, Satan is delighted, for you are then placing yourself within his reach.

Beware, he is seeking your destruction. Just as the Owl watches for its prey, in the night, in the darkness, so the enemy of God seeks and watches for the souls of men.

Jesus said: "I am the Light of the world." Also He said: "Men love darkness rather than the light because their deeds are evil." Exactly so. Satan keeps to the dark; all evildoers hate the light; but we who are the Lord's, are "children of the light," and should ever keep in the light of God's truth. Then shall we be free and escape Satan's snares.

But then there is also the other thought, death often comes upon dear boys and girls, like this Bird of Night, giving no warning of his approach, but suddenly snatches off his prey. Well it is to be ready at any moment: ready to die: ready to enter Eternity. How can this be? Only by having Christ: by being saved. Then whether death comes swiftly, or with slow and measured tread, you will be ready, for you will be more than a conqueror through Him that loves you, Jesus Christ, your Saviour and Lord, who overcame death, and spoiled its power. How grand to be thus ready to go!

Are you thus joyfully ready?

"WHO SAVED ME?"

The Story of a Rescue from a Watery Grave.

IT was a beautiful, bright day, and many were spending it by the sea-side. The waves sparkled in the sunshine, and, as far as the eye could reach, the sandy shore was a scene of pleasure and childish merriment, for it was a holiday, and many a weary

tide. There did not seem to be one anxious face; all was merriment. Yet there was one. A rough-faced, weather-beaten man paced up and down the sands near the water's edge, and with knit brows and half-closed eyes watched the movements of



ON THE BEACH.

mother was resting, and watching her children as they waded in the sea or played amongst the sand. Not a sad face was to be seen—all seemed to catch the sunlight and brighten into joy. Low down on the beach the children were gathering shrimps, or building castles in the sand, to be swept away by the rising

some boys who were bathing and swimming. The bright, warm, sunny day had made them unusually venturesome, and this man, known as "The Rescue," had warned them of a strong, southward-going current, and he trembled for their safety. He had been watching earnestly since the early morning, and as

"WHO SAVED ME?"

yet all had been well; no one but himself dreamed of danger, no face but his spoke of anxiety, and even his face was beginning to brighten with the hope that the day would close without an accident, when the cry arose from another quarter, down the beach, "A boy drowning!" Instantly the scene was changed. Every face became pallid, and the cry was echoed and re-echoed. "The Rescue" ran to the spot, and throwing off his coat and boots, plunged into the sea, and swam towards the place where the lad was struggling with the current. Ere he reached him, he had sunk, and not for some moments could "The Rescue" find him. At last they were brought in by a boat, which had been quickly launched to help them; but as the eager crowd caught a glimpse of the poor boy hanging with his head down on "The Rescue's" back, they said, "He is drowned." Some cried, "Is there any hope?" but the gruff seaman's voice said sadly—"I dinna ken—I fear not." Carrying the lad to the boat-house, "The Rescue" applied all the possible means for restoration, but to all appearance in vain. However, he determined to go on with the appliances, though it seemed like hopelessly working with a dead body, but after a little, signs of life ap-

peared. He watched earnestly to see whether the breathing would cease or strengthen, whether the eyes would open again, or remain for ever closed. After a time the eyes of the sleeper opened for a moment, and looking up, he asked the question, "Who saved me?" "I did," said "The Rescue." A look of gratitude was all the boy could give just then, and he closed his eyes and slept again. But the rough, weather-beaten seaman said, of all the rewards he had got for saving life, that was the best, for he remarked: "You see it was the first word he spoke. He said, 'Who saved me?'"

As I turned homewards, I thought of Him who is indeed "The Rescue," our Saviour and Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ who willingly laid down His life in order that we might be rescued from our sins and their penalty, which was eternal death. What a joy it must be to the Lord to see boys and girls trusting Him for their salvation and living a life of gratitude, loving and serving Him because He first loved them! Yet how few know Him as their personal Saviour! How few are saying, "Who saved me?" Why not trust Him now? Jesus loved *you* and gave Himself for *you*.

Will you not trust Him?

"BLACK DOUGLAS," THE HARVESTMAN.

"BLACK DOUGLAS" was the name given to the man, whether because of the dark colour of his skin, or because he resembled that bold chief of ancient time in his ways, I cannot tell. In any case he was "black" enough in more ways

sin and its punishment. In deep distress of soul, Douglas went to an open-air preaching held in the village near the farm, on a Sunday night, and there God's Gospel, the wondrous story of the Cross, reached and saved him. When Douglas returned to the



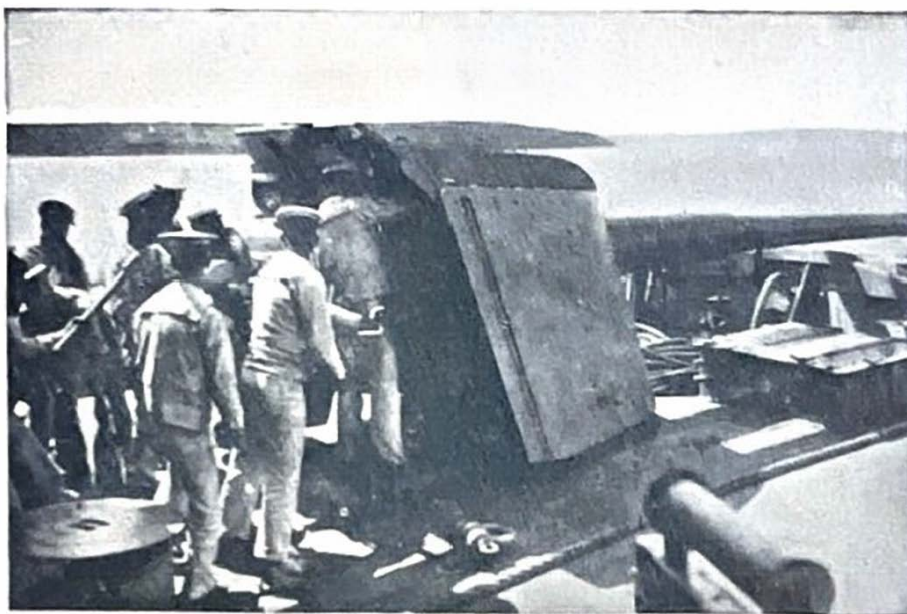
than one. A young harvester who had been converted during the summer, and sang the Lord's praises on the harvest field, came in for a good share of abuse from Douglas at first, but God used the truth, sung and spoken faithfully and fearlessly to awaken the man to a sense of

farm with the young harvester, both singing "Happy day," the farm folks were bewildered. They thought Douglas was "putting it on," but time told that he was really saved. Instead of swearing at his horse as he mowed the corn, he sang the "new song" of Jesus' love.

A FAITHFUL SAILOR BOY.

DURING a fearful battle at sea the gunners of one of the warships showed signs of failing courage. Captain James Haldane, who was in command, seeing it, swore at his men, and wished they might be sunk in perdition. A sailor boy overheard the captain's remarks, and was shocked at his blasphemy and defiance of God. After the

irresistable power and made him tremble before God. He was deeply convinced of his sin, and soon after he was converted to God. Through his instrumentality his brother Robert, who was at that time an infidel, was led to Jesus, and the two brothers, James and Robert Haldane, became two of God's most honoured servants of their time, and



engagement he walked up to the captain and courteously touching his cap, remarked, "Captain Haldane, God is the answerer of prayer; if He answers yon prayer of yours where will we all be?" Whatever the effect of the faithful sailor boy's testimony may have been at the time, we are told by Mr. Haldane himself, that the words afterwards fastened upon his conscience with

were used in winning many souls for Christ.

The sailor boy who had learned at his mother's knee the story of a Saviour's love, and whose young heart had been early won for Him, was not afraid amid that scoffing crew of godless sailors, to own Jesus as his Lord, and to speak the faithful word to his ungodly captain, which God was pleased to use.

CHILDREN OF PATAGONIA.

PATAGONIA or the southern part of "The Neglected Continent" as South America has been justly named is a bleak and barren country very little known, yet it forms part of that "so loved" world for which God gave His only begotten Son and for whose dwellers He has provided a full and free salvation of which only a very few have heard.

are taught at an early age to use these weapons and most of the boys and girls can catch wild birds and animals before they are ten years of age.

As the Patagonians live wholly by hunting, they are constantly on the move and can scarcely be found twice in the same place. They are not idolators in the sense that most uncivilized nations are



Sir Francis Drake was the first Englishman to set foot on Patagonian soil in 1578, and he describes the inhabitants as "tall Indians with bows and arrows, who never cut their hair, but make it a storehouse for all the articles they require, a quiver for arrows, a sheath for knives, etc."

The Patagonians live in huts named toldos which are mostly made of skins. They are bold riders and very skillful in the use of the bolas and lasso, both of which they use in hunting the lama and the ostrich. All the children

for they have no gods of wood or stone as objects of worship, but they believe there is a good spirit which dwells in the sun and an evil spirit which dwells in the moon.

It was to this neglected race that a young naval officer named Allen Gardiner, whose heart the Lord had touched, went forth with the Gospel in 1838. For almost twenty years he laboured among these people suffering great hardships and trials, carrying the glorious message of the Gospel over snow-clad mountains across swamps and

CHILDREN OF PATAGONIA.

rivers to the isolated Indian villages, and although but little visible fruit of his labour was seen we may rest assured that in the day of Christ's judgment-seat such labour will not fail of its reward.

In the annals of missionary enterprise there is no more touching story than that of Allen Gardiner's death after being shipwrecked and left alone on a rocky barren shore.

Verily, it is no easy task to enter the dark places of the earth with God's Gospel. Nothing but the love of Christ burning in the heart, could ever constrain a man to leave his home and kindred, with

all that earth holds dear, to go with his life in his hand, into the very citadel of Satan's kingdom, in which, by the chains of ignorance and dark idolatry, he holds millions of his slaves in captivity. And nothing but the almighty power of God can preserve the life of His servant in such scenes, where every moment the enemy is panting for his blood. Yet in such scenes, some of the grandest triumphs of the Cross have been won, and from such fields, some of the richest gems have been gathered by the power of the Gospel.

D. R.



TO LIVE WITH GOD.

When'er you speak, ask Him to
guide
That truth be always on your side.

When in your work, keep Him in
sight
That what you do may be done
right.

When disappointments come along,
Your faith in Him will make you
strong.

When evil thoughts are in your
mind,
He will an answer for you find.

When you are old and near life's
end,
He will remain your loving friend.

When troubles come thro' grief or
pain,
Put trust in Him—relief obtain.

When those we love are gone be-
fore,
His presence will their loss re-
store.

When you are sad—the future
fear
His everlasting arms are near.

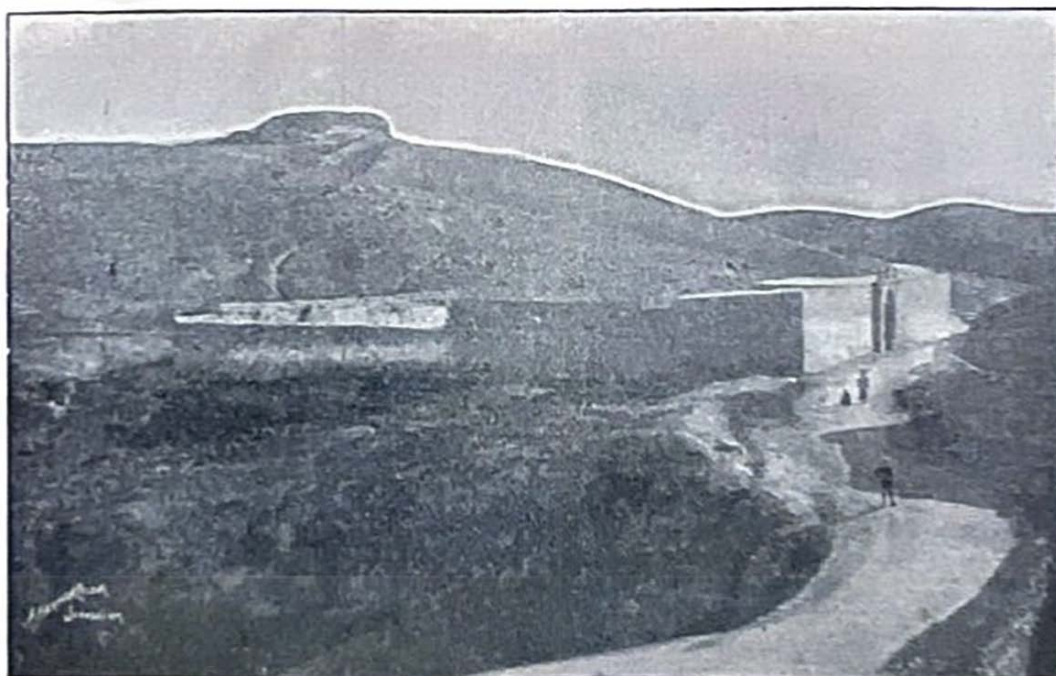
What'er you want—from day to
day
He will provide—He knows the
way.

J. N.

THE "INN" OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A CHRISTIAN worker who is on a visit to Palestine, writes, "Yesterday we left Jericho early, and on our way to Jerusalem we passed the *Good Samaritan Inn*, of which I send you a photograph. It stands in a lone, wild country, not yet free from robbers, who, when they have an opportunity, do for the unprotected traveller in these

from God, on the road to ruin, beyond which lies the judgment of a righteous God. Meanwhile he is robbed, stripped, and left helpless by the wayside, "without strength" (Rom. 5. 6), even if he had the will, to return. Priest and Levite pass, but help him not; no more can church ordinances or good works save a ruined sinner. To such the



regions, what was done to the man whose story is told us by the Lord in Luke 1. 30-35. How real it all seems to us as we stand amid its scenes! Yonder on the other side of Olivet is Jerusalem, the City of Peace, upon which the man turned his back and began to descend toward Jericho, the City of the Curse (Josh. 6. 26). Such is the path of the sinner; away

Son of God, the Saviour comes, all the way to where the sinner is, finds him, reaches him as he is, lifts him up and takes him to a place of rest and refreshment, cares for him there—all at His own cost, like the good Samaritan of the story. Sound it forth that "Jesus saves," not only from hell and sin and ruin, but brings the saved one up to glory.

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

"The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word is in my tongue."—2 Sam. 23. 2.

Through the Bible in one year. **SEPTEMBER** Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—2 Sam. 16. 17.	Jeremiah 1.	Gal. 3. 15.
2— " 18. 1 to 19. 8	" 2.	" 4. 1-20
3— " 19. 9-43	" 3. 1 to 4. 2	" 4. 21 to 5. 9
4— " 20.	" 4. 3-31	" 5. 10-26
5— " 21.	" 5.	" 6.
6— " 22.	" 6.	Eph. 1. 1-14
7— " 23.	" 7.	" 1. 15 to 2. 10
8— " 24.	" 8.	" 2. 11-22
9—1 Kings 1.	" 9.	" 3.
10— " 2.	" 10.	" 4. 1-16
11— " 3.	" 11.	" 4. 17.
12— " 4. 5.	" 12.	" 5. 1-21
13— " 6.	" 13.	" 5. 22 to 6. 9
14— " 7.	" 14.	" 6. 10-24
15— " 8. 1-30	" 15.	Phil. 1. 1-20
16— " 8. 31-66	" 16.	" 1. 21 to 2. 11
17— " 9.	" 17.	" 2. 12-30
18— " 10.	" 18.	" 3. 1 to 4. 1
19— " 11.	" 19. 20.	" 4. 2-23
20— " 12. 1-24	" 22.	Col. 1. 1-20
21— " 12. 25 to 13. 32	" 23.	" 1. 21 to 2. 7
22— " 13. 33 to 14. 31	" 25.	" 2. 8 to 3. 4
23— " 15. 1-32	" 26.	" 3. 5 to 4. 1
24— " 15. 33 to 16. 34	" 35.	" 4. 2-18
25— " 17.	" 36. 45.	Philemon
26— " 18.	" 46. 47.	Heb. 1.
27— " 19.	" 48.	" 2.
28— " 20.	" 49.	" 3.
29— " 21.	" 50.	" 4. 1-13
30— " 22.	" 51. 1-24	" 4. 14 to 5. 10

AGUSTUS TOPLADY'S CONVERSION.

OVER a hundred years ago, a young lad of sixteen strolled along a country road leading to Codgmain Farm, in Ireland. On one side of the little steading stood the barn, and over the door of it there hung a banner fluttering in the wind, with a plain Gospel text inscribed upon it. This arrested the lad's attention, and on making inquiry he was told that a "preaching" was to be there.

Agustus Toplady—for that was the young Englishman's name—was curious to hear what the preacher had to say. The hour of meeting arrived; the barn was filled with a company of simple peasants, and the preacher, clad in plain homespun, began his discourse. It was not a polished or eloquent address, such as the young Englishman had been accustomed to hear at Westminster, but the plain message of a full and free salvation through Christ alone was declared with no uncertain sound from the text, "Ye who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." The truth of God sank deep into young Toplady's heart, within twelve months, he was converted to God, confessing Jesus Christ as Lord and Master.

Twenty years later, Agustus Toplady sat at his desk, his heart

glowing with the same glad news he had heard in Codgmain barn, while his pen wrote the well-known hymn—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

which has been sung in every land, where Jesus' Name is known, and been the means of leading hundreds to the Saviour.

It was the favourite hymn of the late Prince Albert, which he asked to be sung to him as he lay on his dying bed at the gate of Eternity.

How many burdened hearts have found rest, while the words

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the Cross I cling"

have been sung. And how many weary workers *for* salvation have found out their mistake, and given up their useless toil, as they learned the meaning of the words

"Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands."

Long years ago, the unknown preacher of Codgmain barn, and the talented hymn-writer, have met in the rest above, where the title alone is the blood of the LAMB, but the double echo sounds in your ears to-day, reader, that there is no other Name, save that of Jesus, and no other title to salvation and heaven, but the precious blood.

THE TOURIST'S TESTIMONY.

A PARTY of English tourists visiting the Trossachs and the famous Loch Katrine—from which the city of Glasgow receives its water supply—admiring the rugged beauties of the scenery, picnicked on the Silver Strand, and before returning proposed a concert amid the romantic surroundings. Two tourists—both young men—visiting the Trossachs by themselves, happened to pass just

The bliss till now unknown
Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other Name for me.
There's love and life and lasting
joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

A strange uneasiness spread over the company, as the song began, but ere it was finished, every eye was fixed on the singer, and every ear alert to catch the words of



LOCH KATRINE WITH ELLEN'S ISLE.

as the quickly arranged concert ceased, and one of the company observing the strangers, called out, "Come along and give us a song." Although there only for the day, and in quest of health, one of these two Christian young men, walked into the centre of the circle, and uncovering his head, sang in a full strong voice—

"O Christ in Thee my soul has
found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace and joy I sought so
long,

his song. At its close, he told in a few well-chosen words, the story of his conversion, and commended the Lord Jesus to all the company, "in whom," said he, "there is salvation, peace, and pleasures for evermore, as I and my companion have proved"; then politely bowing, he joined his companion, and passed on. But that noble witness to the saving and satisfying power of Christ was not forgotten. Some were thereby led to know the Gospel of God's grace, and the blessedness of being Christ's, and having Christ.

The Schoolboys' Petition.



AN OLD PUMP BY THE WAYSIDE.

THE SCHOOLBOYS' PETITION:

The Story of an Old Pump by the Wayside.

FOR over two generations, the scholars attending a village School of the olden time—had drunk of the clear sparkling water which came from the rocky hills above, and was distributed to the villagers in unlimited quantity by means of an old wooden pump, with an iron handle (see illustration), which stood just opposite the village School—the only seat of learning in the parish. An iron drinking cup, attached by a chain, was used by all, while beasts of the field, and passing horses and donkeys, slaked their thirst from a wooden trough which usually overflowed with the same good water. It was free to all.

But as the old must sooner or later give place to the new, in pumps as in all else, there came a day when the old pump had to go. It was replaced by an up-to-date water supply, brought from a reservoir a long distance off, and distributed by scientific methods.

After it was all finished, and a big display made at the inauguration of the "New Water Works," it soon became known that, neither in quality or quantity was the new water anything like the old clear flow which had come from the high hills, giving life and health to the villagers for a century or more.

Typhoid fever broke out, and the school had to be closed for a time. The outbreak was traced to impure water, and investigation proved that with all the skill and money expended on the new supply, it was contaminated, and had to be given up. A petition was got up, and widely signed, especially by the older folks, demanding that the original water as it came from the "Hills of God," high in their majestic grandeur, might be restored to them, and the boys of the village school proceeded in procession to "the laird," and presented it, with the result that the "pure and crystal stream," of which their fathers had drank, was restored to them, and a pump—not just the same old pump—for pumps, like all the rest of man's good things, wax old and need renewing. But the living stream of God's providing flowed down and out the same as before.

Such is the simple incident of the village pump. Now for its counterpart.

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An aged preacher, whose locks had become grey in the service of his heavenly Master, had proclaimed the Gospel of Jesus Christ in all simplicity, with great freshness and much blessing, in a village hall, to old and young, for a quarter of a century

THE SCHOOLBOYS' PETITION.

or more. Very many had been turned to the Lord by means of his ministry. Weary souls had been led to find rest, troubled hearts to the enjoyment of peace, and thirsty ones to find in Christ that "living water" which satisfies the longing heart (John 4. 14), so that it sighs no more for earthly joy.

These services were extremely simple, the singing was self-taught, but very hearty, the building was plain but always clean, and goodly numbers who felt their need of the Gospel of God and the blessings it brings, came to hear the preaching of the man of God. And the "living water" flowed, bearing life and peace and joy to many a weary soul.

But a generation arose who wanted something more "up-to-date," and they agitated for this until they broke the aged preacher's heart, and sent him into retirement. Then they had their way. A new hall was built, an organ secured, a choir formed, and preachers of a new order took the place of the old. Great things were to be done,

but they did not "come off," so far as genuine conversions were concerned. And although all seemed to be progressing outwardly, the new-comers all gratifying themselves over the success of their "cause," it was painfully evident that the "ancient power" which had saved sinners, old and young in bygone days, had vanished.

But God has His own remedy in reserve for all man's failures, as He had in Eden for Satan's craft. One of the schoolboys who had been saved in early years, and had emigrated to another land, came back on a visit to his village home. He came back in "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ" (Rom. 15. 29), and began to preach it in the old-fashioned way on the village green. Large companies gathered to hear the old Gospel in fresh power, and a number of village lads and girls were brightly converted, and began to sing the old "Songs of Zion," with something of the freshness of Revival times. So the old Gospel received in faith, still brings life.

THE SOUL'S CHOICE.

O, can it be that I shall spend
Eternity in hell?
Shut up with all the vile of earth,
For evermore to dwell.

No light, no love, no rest, no peace,
Nor Gospel tidings there,

But never-ending grief and woe,
In darkness and despair?

The choice I make to-day will fix
Where then I am to dwell;
The Christ-accepter's home is—heaven,
The Christ-rejecter's—hell.

FLEEING FOR REFUGE.

OUR picture represents an Old Testament scene, which you will find told in Numbers 35. 10-15. An unfortunate man has unawares slain another, and he is being hunted by a relative of the slain person, who wishes

He will never question his safety, nor doubt God's Word.

Just as that man-slayer finds refuge in the city, so must every boy and girl find refuge in the Cross of the Lord Jesus, if they are to be safe from death—the



to avenge the death. He is nearing a City of Refuge, six of which were appointed by God, three east of Jordan, and three west. If he gets inside the gate, *he is safe*, and will be assured of a fair trial. With what relief he will pass through the gate!

wages of sin (Rom. 6. 23). Once "in Christ," the sinner's Refuge, you are safe. Listen to the Saviour's words—"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John 10. 28).

"I SERVE."

THE words that you so often see alongside of the Prince of Wales' feathers—"Ich Dien," mean "I serve." They are the

motto of the King's eldest son, and ought to be the motto of every son of God. Every saved boy and girl is a servant of God.

HOW THE PIERMASTER'S DEMAND WAS MET.

IT was our Summer excursion, and we sailed to a port, near to which is a pretty hillside, at the mouth of a calm Loch, to spend the day.

It is the custom to make a charge of a penny from each passenger passing over the pier.

A Glasgow gentleman passing, taking in the situation, asked the relentless man "how much for the lot," and the sum being named he paid, and they went free. "Now lads," said their benefactor, "you are free. Nobody dare say a word, for you are justified from all that stood



This charge in our case had been included in our fare, but some of the boys, not aware of the piermaster's rights, had gone on the pier during the day, to see a steamer discharge her passengers, and when they came opposite the piermaster's office he demanded a penny from each of them. They had no money to pay their dues, and there they stood detained, very much put about by their position, while the passengers passed along.

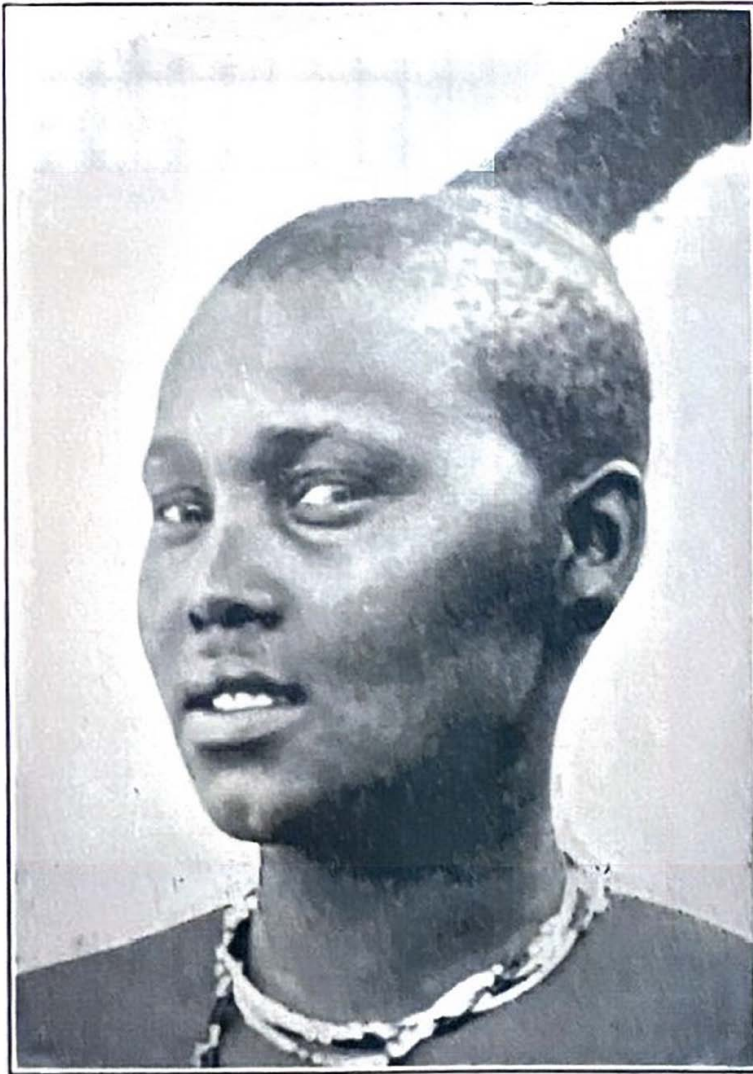
against you."

I never forgot that incident of our Summer outing, nor the words of the man that paid. I believe he was a Christian, and knew the real meaning of the words in Acts 13. 39: "All that believe *are* justified from all things." And so does the writer, for it was only a year or so later, that the words: "In whom we *have* redemption by His blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1. 7), brought peace and happiness to his own soul.

THE AFRICAN WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

IN dark places of the earth where the glad tidings of a Saviour's love have never been heard, how eagerly the people listen to "the old, old story," when it is first told to them in

in the words of the Gospel liberty with much intelligence and interest. When the missionary had finished, she said "It is the voice of God from heaven," and went away weeping with joy.



their own tongue. While a missionary was telling the story of the Saviour's love in a West African village one day, the people hung upon his words, and would scarcely go away after he had finished. One woman who had been a slave, seemed to drink

Time after time when the missionary returned to that village that woman was the first to welcome him, and from her joyous interest in the things of God, and her wonderfully changed life, he has no doubt whatever that she is truly born of God. She had never before that day heard the Gospel, but in her simplicity she received it as "the voice of God from heaven." She understood very little of what is commonly called "the plan of salvation," but, like the Queen of Sheba of ancient time, she heard a true report, and she believed it simply and unhesitat-

ingly. She listened to the story of redeeming love, and welcomed it as "the voice of God from heaven." And this it truly is. Though uttered by human lips, it is truly a voice from heaven, for it speaks the most wonderful words that ever came to men.

THE SADDLE-GAP.

HOLIDAYS! There was magic in that word that caused even the riotous pillow-fight to lose momentarily its universal attraction, as the three chums eagerly discussed innumerable plans for the enjoyment of the long anticipated vacations.

through the hot weather. You boys are....."

"Oh! never mind," interposed one of his companions: "You must join us. In any case, ours are not up till half the vacations are over."

* * * *



Their parents were labouring as missionaries on the plains of India, and the old school on the Western Ghats had become to them a second home. Still the inborn love of home drew them with an irresistible magnetic force.

"Awful hard luck," said one of them, whom we will call Walter, "I heard to-day that Dad and Mum are sticking it

And so the holidays commenced, with expeditions to all the favourite haunts, amongst which the "Saddle" could not be omitted.

The day was beautiful as they set out, and all seemed to be going well as they cycled along to the scene of many a boyish scramble. At last they were on the ridge.

"I shall jump across this gap,"

THE SADDLE-GAP.

said the boldest of the trio as he stood carelessly on a dizzy point, looking down into a wide and precipitous crevice which separated two massive boulders. "You remember we never had the pluck to dare it other years. Who's after me?"

The others hesitated, but were unwilling to be guilty of showing the white feather, so the proposal soon passed the vote.

Walter watched breathlessly as the two sprang the dangerous gap in safety, and then prepared to follow. One—two—three, and he was safely over! But no! alas! his feet gained the rock, but failed to grip the slippery sides. He struggled forward a step or two, and then was hurled over the fearful edge.

Horror seemed to petrify his companions, as they gazed at the limp body crashing from jagged point to point down that 20 feet of death-haunted chasm, and a stream of rich blood oozing down the rocks, completely paralysed mind as well as body.

At last one of them spoke, in a thin far-away voice very unlike his own. "I say, David," he said, "that's going to be a rotten business."

The other turned a scared, white face, for was he not chiefly to blame. "I wish we weren't all these miles from anyone," he said rather piteously. "We must

get him in somehow," he added, as with limbs they could not keep from trembling they scrambled down to their unfortunate companion.

Some hours later the Hospital doctor was bending over the still figure, as his firm, kindly fingers stitched up the long gash over the head, and set the broken arm, and all were relieved to know that at least the precious life had been spared.

* * * *

I see another chasm, and many are standing at its brink. Daily, hourly, every second, the world's great population draws nigh to its precipitous edge. It is the chasm of Death.

On the side a man is standing. His name is Good Resolution. "There is no need to go round by the Bridge," he says, "I shall easily jump to the other side. Who's after me?"

He jumps, and misses his foothold. Down, down, down he crashes, and far below, a great sea of fire and molten brimstone engulfs him in its living tongues of flame.

Others, blindfolded, do not see his doom. They follow, and are lost—for ever.

Another comes forward, vain Self-Confidence. Proudly he springs off—slips—and is gone. And the air is rent with the cries

THE SADDLE-GAP.

of those who follow him, who, as Death rends the bandage from their eyes, discover, though alas! too late, that self-confidence cannot save them.

Then come others—Agnosticism, Philosophy, Good Works, and even Religion, but they, and all who follow them, share the same awful fate.

And now One comes forward, on Whose face of sacred majesty is a look as of one who has suffered deeply. With a world of pity and sorrow in His tender gaze, He unbinds the eyes, first

of one, and then of another. Earnestly He points to the doom to which they are so fast hastening, and then to the safe Bridge He has provided, and says, with an infinite pleading in His voice: "Come after Me—I am the Way."

He is standing now with outstretched Hands, all scarred with the print of cruel nails. He is pleading now, reader, with you. Will you refuse Him? Oh! choose to-day whom you will follow.

F. C. M.

ORIGINAL ALPHABETICAL POEM.

By Miss M. F. Hamilton.

A stands for Agabus, who a dearth foretold.
B is for Barnabas, a piece of land he sold.
C stands for Candace, an Ethiopian Queen.
D is for Daniel, who interpreted a dream.
E is for Esther, who by a King was crowned.
F stands for Felix, who left the apostle bound.
G is for Goliath, who was by David slain.
H for Hezekiah, who was raised to health again.
I stands for Isaac, to an altar he was led.
J is for Jephthah, who from his brethren fled.
K is for Kish, the father of King Saul.
L is for Lucas, fellow-labourer, with Paul.

M is for Mephibosheth, who was very lame.
N for Nicodemus, who at night to Jesus came.
O for Obadiah, some prophets he did hide.
P stands for Peter, who his Lord denied.
Q is for Quartus, a brother in the Lord.
R is for Rebekah, who thro' the desert rode.
S stands for Samuel who ministered to the Lord.
T is for Timotheus, who believed God's word.
U for King Uzziah, a leper he became.
V is for Vashti, before Esther she did reign.
For W, X and Y, not a name can be found.
Z for Zedekiah, who with chains was bound.

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

"This Scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost
by the mouth of David spake before."—Acts 1. 16.

Through the Bible in one year. **OCTOBER.** Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—2 Kings 1.	Jeremiah 51. 25-64	Heb. 5. 11 to 6. 20
2— " 2.	" 24. 29.	" 7.
3— " 3.	" 30.	" 8.
4— " 4.	" 31.	" 9. 1-14
5— " 5.	" 27. 28.	" 9. 15-28
6— " 6. 1-23	" 21. 34.	" 10. 1-18
7— " 6. 24 to 7. 20	" 37.	" 10. 19-39
8— " 8.	" 32. 1-25	" 11. 1-16
9— " 9.	" 32. 26-44	" 11. 17-40
10— " 10.	" 33.	" 12. 1-17
11— " 11. 12.	" 38.	" 12. 18 to 13. 6
12— " 13. 1 to 14. 22	" 39.	" 13. 7-25
13— " 14. 23 to 15. 31	" 40.	Titus 1. 1 to 2. 8
14— " 15. 32 to 16. 20	" 41.	" 2. 9 to 3. 15
15— " 17.	" 42. 43.	1 Timothy 1.
16— " 18.	" 44.	" 2.
17— " 19.	" 52.	" 3.
18— " 20. 1 to 21. 18	Lamentations 1.	" 4.
19— " 21. 19 to 22. 20	" 2.	" 5.
20— " 23.	" 3.	" 6.
21— " 24.	" 4. 5.	2 Timothy 1.
22— " 25.	Ezekiel 1.	" 2.
23—1 Chron. 1.	" 2. 1 to 3. 15	" 3.
24— " 2.	" 3. 16 to 4. 17	" 4.
25— " 3. 1 to 4. 23	" 5. 6.	John 1. 1-18
26— " 4. 24 to 5. 26	" 7.	" 1. 19-51
27— " 6.	" 8. 9.	" 2. 1-22
28— " 7.	" 10.	" 2. 23 to 3. 21
29— " 8. 9.	" 11.	" 3. 22-36
30— " 10. 11.	" 12.	" 4. 1-30
31— " 12.	" 13.	" 4. 31-54

JEANNIE AND THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

JEANNIE D— came regularly to our Sunday School, and also to a children's meeting on Tuesday evenings.

The subject for the lesson of Sunday, the 18th March, was "The Blood of Christ," the children repeating the seven daily texts from the "Gospel Almanac and Text-Book" for the year. Feeling the subject to be of immense importance, I took it up again on the following Tuesday evening. I tried to show the children first that it was an absolute necessity that the blood should be shed; because, "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). We have sinned against God, and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). But we read that "it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17. 11); and the blessed Son of God came down and shed His precious blood to make atonement for our sinful souls. Sinners must individually appropriate that blood in order to be saved. Like the Israelite in Egypt who, after he had slain the paschal lamb, took a bunch of hyssop and dipped it in the blood, and sprinkled it on the lintel and sideposts of his door, according to the Lord's command: I urged upon the children the necessity of getting their souls sheltered beneath the blood, while the day of God's grace lasts, and warned them

against delay.

The children had all left the hall, and I was preparing to go, when I saw Jeannie D— standing on the steps, near the door, with one of the teachers. I asked if anything was wrong, and Jeannie replied, "No, sir; but I am determined not to go home until I can say that I am sheltered and washed in the blood of the Lamb." My heart was glad to hear it. I conversed with Jeannie for a good while, and it was very evident that she was truly desiring to be saved, and had been awakened to see herself a sinner for some time. I pointed her to Jesus as the only Saviour, and to His precious blood as the only shelter for her sinful soul.

I believe she accepted Christ, and trusted her soul upon His merits that night; and she has shown the fruits of it in her life ever since. She has left the school, and gone away to live among strangers; but we hear that she is going on happily. I had a nice letter from her some time ago, in which she says: "I never felt so happy before. I can say now that I am saved by the precious blood of Christ. God is love, and He will not say 'no' to any one, if they only trust in Him."

My dear young reader, have you, like this little girl, trusted in the precious blood of Christ?

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

TAKING IT PATIENTLY.

"I BELIEVE that young apprentice walking before us to be a real Christian," said a workman to his mate as they walked along from breakfast the other morning.

"What makes you think so, Sam; I'm sure a lot of these hymn-singing fellows are canting hypocrites?"

"Perhaps they are, Bill, but I know he isn't one of them. I saw him this morning stand as much abuse from a fellow working alongside of him, as would have roused the anger of half-a-dozen of us, and he had done nothing to cause it. Yet he stood and heard it all without saying a word, until the fellow that was ill-using him seemed quite ashamed of himself. I tell you, Bill, there must be something genuine about him before he could stand all that I saw and heard this morning. I was just thinking it was like our Saviour, when He answered nothing to the men that falsely accused Him. He has often asked me to go with him to his meetings, and if God spares me till Sunday, I'm going, I feel so drawn to the young fellow, after what I saw."

Sunday night came and Sam was there. Not only so, but the

workman who had so badly used the Christian apprentice lad was there also, and in all the audience there that night there were not two more attentive listeners than they. The Christ-like way in which the young believer had behaved when suffering wrongfully had commended the Gospel that he believed and preached. Here is a sphere in which we all may testify to the world that we are Christ's. Instead of turning on our revilers and reviling again, we have the privilege of testifying that we are Christ's by taking it patiently.

BIBLES FOR THE BLIND.

"YOU should all be like Bibles for the blind, lads," said a teacher to his class of Christian boys. The world is blind and cannot see the things of God, but as you mingle with them from day to day they ought to *feel* that you belong to Christ. See then that your ways are straight and according to the Book, otherwise you will cause them to stumble. How eagerly the world reads you too! If your unconverted fellow-workers see you doing something not straight, they will remember that for a long time, and every time the truth of God is spoken to them, the devil will bring that action of yours to their minds.

Gospel Ships of the South Sea Islands.



THE "JOHN WILLIAMS V."

GOSPEL SHIPS OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

TO-DAY a large number of servants of Christ are labouring in these scattered fields an area of something like 5,000 square miles, embracing hundreds of islands. Many mission stations have been established under various agencies, while those professing to have accepted the Saviour number hundreds of thousands, and many are the scholars in the schools.

That being so you can readily understand that the scene and labours of to-day are vastly different from what met the gaze of the early pioneers and martyrs.

One of the most interesting occurrences of recent years has been the launching on May 1st, 1930, of the new Missionary Schooner, the *John Williams V.* by the London Missionary Society, at the cost of £15,000.

The people are distributed over a vast area of ocean, many of them inhabiting tiny islets incapable of supporting more than a few families. Their life in the remote places of the sea is one of extreme isolation, and it needs the help of the friendly visitor. The missionary and the ship are joyously, even hilariously welcomed, not only for the manifest benefits of the Gospel, but also for the touch of fellowship with the world unseen beyond the sea's rim.

Since 1894 the visitation of the islands has been maintained with laudable regularity by the steamship "John Williams"—(the fourth vessel of that name) which was purchased and presented to the London Missionary Society by the children of its supporting churches. From Sydney harbour, where her home has been, she has traversed often 33,000 miles a year in a service which has made her famous in the Pacific as a Light-bringer and Peace-maker.

With the passing of time, merchant shipping companies are stretching out to new islands and some of the mission stations can now, it is believed, be reached by trading ships with such reliability that a special missionary vessel is not needed for them. But there still remains many islands which can only be reached by a smaller ship such as this latest, the *John Williams V.* a three-masted auxiliary motor schooner, 125 feet from stem to stern, with a depth of only 11 feet. It has accommodation for nine missionaries, apart from officers and crew.

Thus it continues a most romantic and remarkable line of successive vessels right from the time the *Duff* sailed for the South Seas in 1796. It was not till 1838 that the *Camden* succeeded the *Duff*, which was fol-

GOSPEL SHIPS OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

lowed shortly (in 1844), by the *John Williams I.* Twenty years later, 1866, the *John Williams II.* was launched, which also was wrecked, while the *John Williams III.* carried on from 1868 to 1894. In 1894, the Steamer *John Williams IV.* left the Thames for the now famous South Sea Islands, and has done valiant service.

It is small wonder that the memory of John Williams should be so signally honoured. He "counted not his life dear," recognising that "the servant is not greater than his Lord, neither he that is sent, greater than He that sent him" (John 13. 16).

And so could it be said of many others who have gone to the ends of the earth to proclaim the Good Tidings of Salvation.

May the living Lord raise up and furnish evangelists and labourers who will go to the lost and needy, out on the highways

and down in the byways, bringing God's good news to those who have never heard it, reaching forth to fields unevangelised, true virgin soil, waiting for the breaker-up and the sower. There are none too many pioneers of this sort, men who go forth, staff in hand, to proclaim the gospel in all weathers, to all men of all nations, seeking no one's patronage and fearing no man's frown, but working for God along the lines of His own declared will and purpose.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28. 19-20).

Foreword from "Among the Cannibals."
A thrilling story of Missionary life in the South Sea Islands. John Ritchie, Ltd. 1/-.

"MY SAVIOUR."

I'm just a boy turned nine years old
Though not too young I've oft been told,
To take the Saviour as my own
And let Him lead me safely Home.

My mother often from God's word
Has told me much of Christ the Lord,
How that He spake and it was done,
Forth came the stars, the moon, the sun.

My daddy says, birds, beasts and all
The Lord did make them, great and small;
The sea and all that in them is,
Were made by Him, they all are His.

I also learned at mother's knee
That Jesus died for sinful me,
That I was lost, by sin undone,
Yet loved and bought by God's dear Son.

How on the cross of Calvary
He died in pain and agony;

Bearing my load upon the tree
That I from sin might ransomed be.

Then how triumphant from the grave
He rose, and lives on high to save
The boys and girls who come to Him,
For cleansing from the guilt of sin.

This Saviour's mine and I am His,
All needed grace to me He gives
To keep me on the narrow way,
That leads to life and endless day.

Some day He's coming from on high,
I'll hear His shout and upward fly,
Like Him and with Him ever be,
The Blessed Man of Calvary.

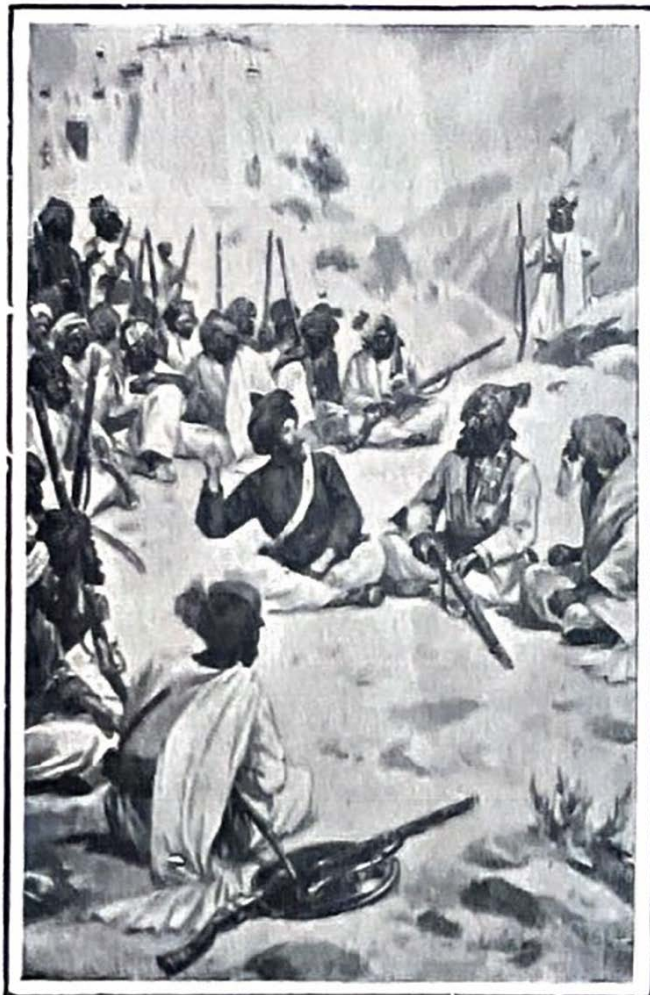
Dear boys and girls be wise in time,
Make now this precious Saviour thine;
Then live and work and speak for Him,
Till He shall call you home to heaven.

J. C.

A HORSE'S WARNING.

MANY years ago a party of Tartars were making their way through a thickly-wooded valley, when suddenly their leader's horse stopped short and refused to move. Coaxing and persuasion was of no avail, and the man became impatient and

instinctively sensed the danger and had tried to warn its master, but in his pride and obstinacy, the Tartar chief had ignored the warning and compelled the animal to proceed. If only he had paid regard to the warning the whole company would have been saved from death.



finally drove on his steed with kicks and blows.

A moment later the whole company was surrounded by enemies, and they were soon in the midst of a fierce conflict. They had ridden straight into an ambush and not a single man escaped alive. The horse had

have never listened to God's warning before, will you not listen now, and accept the way of escape, the salvation He freely offers? It is not His desire that any should perish, but rather that all might live through accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. F. A. TATFORD.

"BEHOLD, I STAND AND KNOCK."

IN the middle of the seventeenth century a lad of fifteen was listening to a sermon from the lips of the venerable John Flavel. The text was: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema" (*i.e.*, accursed). "Maran-atha" (*i.e.*, our Lord cometh) (1 Cor. 16. 22). The discourse was unusually solemn. When about to pronounce the blessing, the minister paused. "How shall I bless this whole assembly," he said, "when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus is anathema?" The congregation was deeply moved; one person fainted, and the young boy was much impressed. Shortly afterwards, he emigrated to America, where he became a farmer and prospered in

the world. His life was lengthened much beyond the usual term. When a hundred years old he could still work on his farm, and his mental faculties were unimpaired. But he was without God and without hope; he had been diligent in his business, but he had neglected his soul; he had laid up treasures on earth, but he had none laid up in Heaven (Matt. 6. 19).

One day, as he was resting in his field, his thoughts wandered back to his boyhood. He recalled Mr. Flavel's sermon — the last to which he had listened in his native land. It came back to him with wonderful freshness; and as the whole scene passed before his mind, and he remembered the affectionate earnestness of the



"BEHOLD, I STAND 'AND KNOCK."

minister's manner, the important truths which he delivered, and the effect produced on the congregation, a deep and sudden conviction of his own sinfulness pierced him to the heart. He felt that he had not loved the Lord Jesus Christ. He feared the dreadful *anathema*, and—urged on by a sense of his danger—he sought and found the Saviour Who casts out none who come to Him for salvation.

We know that there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over that aged repentant one. But what a solemn witness do those eighty-five years of Christ-rejection bear to the hardness and rebellion of a sinner's heart, as well as to the long-suffering love of a waiting God!

"Behold," saith Christ, "I stand at the door and knock." Oh, amazing sight! The great Creator—the Saviour, Whose hands were pierced for us, who came with blessings in those very hands to bless us, Whose Own house the heart is—kept standing without! Have *you* heard Christ knocking? And if you

have, have you opened and let Him in? Young people—and some old ones too—find this great difficulty; they resolve to be good—they try to be good; but always their badness gets the better of them. Yet if Jesus be admitted, *He brings goodness with Him*. He brings new love, new truth, new holiness; best of all, He brings Himself, Who is in Himself goodness and heaven. And He will cast out the bad things within—lies, anger, malice, hatred, envy, selfishness, pride. The Christless heart is full of plagues; plagues that will be plagues through all eternity if they are not cast out.

Some people are able to tell you when they first heard the knock of Jesus. But Mr. McCheyne once said to a little girl in Kelso: "Remember also there are *last* knocks." When the heart becomes hard and careless, then be afraid lest Christ should knock for the last time. You cannot tell how soon that will be. He will not always knock. There is no Saviour knocking at the door of any heart in Hell.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."—Rev. 3. 20.

TURNING WATER INTO WINE.

ONE day the Lord Jesus and His disciples were invited to a marriage in Cana, the story

of which is told in the second chapter of John's Gospel. After the marriage had been going on



NAZARETH GIRLS AT THE VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN.

TURNING WATER INTO WINE.

for some time the governor of the feast discovered that the wine provided for the celebration had all been partaken of. What was the worried man to do? He could not make any more, but there was One guest at the wedding who could—that One was Jesus. He did so, as you will find if you read the story for yourself.

Now I want you to observe that this was the beginning of miracles performed by Jesus, and He always begins by completely changing. We are all born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and can do nothing to help ourselves. So long as we do not trust Jesus—and Him alone—for salvation we remain in that condition. But, and I want to emphasise this, when we accept Him as a personal Saviour He completely changes us. He does not make us a *little* better. You have a beautiful example of this in another miracle which He performed, and of which you will read in the first chapter of Mark. Peter's mother-in-law was lying sick of a fever. Jesus was called, Jesus, the great Physician, and "He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them." Do you not see that Jesus did not make her "a little better," but completely cured her. In other words, He made

a new woman of her. When Jesus saves us He saves us completely; He does not make us better sinners than we were. Here is how the Apostle Paul puts it in 2 Cor. 5. 17—"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

If you have taken the Lord Jesus as your Saviour you need not worry about your sins so far as the punishment of them is concerned. God has blotted them out (Isaiah 44.), and they will be remembered no more. You once were clothed with the filthy rags of your own righteousness, but now you have been given a new garment. *That* is the righteousness of your Redeemer. You once were called "sinner"; now you have a new name. *That* name is "saint." Everything has been changed. You have a mortal body, that is, a body subject to death. That, too, will be changed when Jesus comes, "for our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall *change* our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body" (Phil. 3. 21).

"Oh what a change! In the flash of an eye,
When we shall meet with our Lord by and by;

TURNING WATER INTO WINE.

Into a realm where we never shall
die,
O what a changel! O what a
changel!"

If you are yet in your sins I want to tell you that you do not know what you are missing. You are staying away from your best Friend. In the first chapter of Mark we also read of a poor leper who came to Jesus in all His need, saying, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Then we read that Jesus touched him and healed him. There was little wonder that the glad man told everybody he met that he had been cured. But I imagine he told them more than that. He would tell them that Jesus *touched* him—him the foul leper. He found not only a great Physician; he found a great Friend, and he would never forget that touch. We who have trusted the Lord Jesus have found in Him not only a Saviour, but a Friend; one who can lay His helping hand upon us in all our trials and troubles. We have found that

"There is grace and power
For each trying hour
By the touch of His hand on
mine."

A dear old Scotswoman was one day visited by a collector for a well-known institution. The old lady went to a drawer and took out a small sum of money which she handed to the

collector. After taking the money the collector lifted a paper which covered what was on the table. To her great surprise she found in a cup instead of tea, water. She reasoned with the old woman that it was not fair of her to deny herself her own tea to help others. She could not find the water so refreshing. "Ah," said the aged Christian, as her wrinkled face lit up with the glory of heaven, "He mak's it taste like wine."

Oh that I could persuade you, dear young reader, that in refusing the Lord Jesus you are shutting out of your life "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." He can give you "beauty for ashes," here, and I can assure you He is keeping the best wine till the last, till the time when we reach the further shore.

"So let us now take heart and go
Cheerfully on through joy and
woe."

J. S. B.



What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but
Jesus,
There's no other way but His
way.

Why not come to Him now?

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

"But those things, which God before had shewed by the mouth of all His prophets, that Christ should suffer, He hath so fulfilled."—Acts 3. 18.

Through the Bible in one year. **NOVEMBER.** Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament—II.	New Testament.
1—1 Chron. 13. 14.	Ezekiel 14. 15.	John 5. 1-23
2— " 15.	" 16. 1-34	" 5. 24-47
3— " 16.	" 16. 35-63	" 6. 1-21
4— " 17. 18.	" 17.	" 6. 22-40
5— " 19. 20.	" 18. 19.	" 6. 41 to 7. 1
6— " 21.	" 20. 1-44	" 7. 2-30
7— " 22. 23.	" 20. 45 to 21. 32	" 7. 31 to 8. 11
8— " 24. 25.	" 22.	" 8. 12-30
9— " 26. 27.	" 23.	" 8. 31-59
10— " 28.	" 24. 25.	" 9. 1-17
11— " 29.	" 26.	" 9. 18-38
12—2 Chron. 1. 2.	" 27.	" 9. 39 to 10. 18
13— " 3. 4.	" 28.	" 10. 19-42
14— " 5. 1 to 6. 11	" 29. 1 to 30. 19	" 11. 1-27
15— " 6. 12-42	" 30. 20 to 31. 18	" 11. 28-54
16— " 7.	" 32.	" 11. 55 to 12-19
17— " 8. 9.	" 33.	" 12. 20-50
18— " 10. 11.	" 34.	" 13. 1-30
19— " 12. 13.	" 35. 1 to 36. 15	" 13. 31 to 14. 14
20— " 14. 15.	" 36. 16-38	" 14. 15-31
21— " 16. 17.	" 37.	" 15. 1-16
22— " 18. 19.	" 38.	" 15. 17 to 16. 15
23— " 20.	" 39.	" 16. 16-33
24— " 21. 22.	" 40.	" 17.
25— " 23. 24.	" 41.	" 18. 1-27
26— " 25.	" 42.	" 18. 28 to 19. 16
27— " 26.	" 43.	" 19. 17-42
28— " 27. 28.	" 44.	" 20.
29— " 29.	" 45.	" 21.
30— " 30.	" 46.	1 John 1.

A GLAD SURPRISE.

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

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

Several months after, a man knocked at the door of the house where the young tract distributor lodged, and asked to see him. The face seemed familiar, but he could not remember where they had met before. "I struck your arm at the race-course gate, and knocked your tracts

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

Not Quantity but Quality.

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

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

A ROYAL ANSWER.

I HAVE been thinking to-day, lads, of the answer given to the Babylonian monarch by the three young princes of Judah, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, when they were asked by him to worship the great image of gold set up by him on the plain of Dura. I think we might call it a royal answer, not simply because it was made by three princes, but because it has the royal ring of reality about it. It was short and to the point, and there was no possibility of anybody mistaking what it meant. Said they, as they stood all alone before the angry monarch—"Be it known unto thee, O king, that *we will not serve thy gods*" (Dan. 3. 18). How it must have cut him to the heart, and we know it did, for he was "full of fury" (verse 19), against the three noble youths who had dared to obey their God in spite of the king's commandment. We think the words of their glorious confession that day should form a watchword for every young believer. "We will not serve thy gods" would be a grand confession to make every time the world asks you to "bow down" to its ways. Nothing pleases the world better than to get a believer to share in its follies and

sins; and nothing fills the world with fury sooner than a decided "*we will not*" from the lips of a child of God. We are satisfied that an honest and straightforward confession of this sort is the only safeguard of a believer in the midst of worldliness. A half-and-half muffled confession carries no weight with it: it leaves the unconverted in doubt as to what you mean, and when they see you hesitating in your decision, it emboldens them to press their claim a second time. But the ringing "*we will not*" settles the matter at once and for ever. The world knows full well that it need not try to "persuade" any one whose mind is made up after this fashion as to the course he is to take, and as a rule, the world leaves him alone. It is the undecided, wavering class of saints that the world "hangs" on, with its persuasive invitations to come down and join its ranks, and with such, sooner or later, the world succeeds. Young saints, be decided. Learn to give a decided "*we will not*" to all that is not of God. This will please God better than great efforts made in His name. Faithfulness to Him in little things is within the reach of us all, and will gain the Master's "well done" in that day.

The Dying Miner and the Life-Look.



THE DYING MINER AND THE LIFE-LOOK.

DOWN in the deep, dark coal pit, Willie Smith, a miner lad, was led to the Saviour, through words read to him in the light of his "Davy Lamp," by a Christian fellow workman, who had ever since his own conversion prayed for and sought to lead Willie to the Lord. Kneeling together, the two happy lads thanked the God of heaven together for giving them Life in Christ. Then they joined in singing, until the pit rang with the echo—

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.
Then look, sinner, look, unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

A group of miners gathered around, to see what had happened, and heard from Willie's own lips the story of his conversion, how it was "not by *doing*, not by *feeling*, but just by *looking* unto Jesus who died on the Cross for sinners." Prophets, evangelists, apostles say the same, for there is only one Saviour and one way of salvation, the same in all time and for all men. "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. 45. 22). "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

A loud report, followed by a cloud of smoke, told that something serious had happened in

Pit No. 9. Crowds of screaming women rushed toward the pit-head, and soon the sad news spread through the "Rows" that an explosion had bereft several families of their bread-winners. Badly burned and bruised by a falling stone, was Willie Smith, only a month a Christian, and just beginning to testify the Gospel, which had become the power of God in his own salvation, to others. Laid on a stretcher at the pithead, his eyes glazing in death, his lips were seen to move, and kneeling by his side a fellow-workman heard the dying lad whisper—"Look to Jesus on the Cross. O, I am glad I took the Life-look down there in the pit, and He saved me. I do not fear death. I am going to the land of the living, to see the Lord and be with Him for ever." Then a pause, a deep, solemn silence, while the dying miner lad gained strength for a last effort, a last testimony. "Look to Jesus, lads; He is mighty to save." It was all He had strength to say before he passed from that scene of darkness and death, up to the "land of the living" as he rightly named it, to be with Christ. Reader, do you know what it is to take the life-look? Have you looked to Jesus, the crucified Saviour? If not, "Look now, and live."

WHAT DOES CENOTAPH MEAN?

THERE stands in Whitehall, London, a monument of architectural dignity and striking design called the Cenotaph. It was unveiled by King George V. on November 11th, 1920, on the second anniversary of the signing of the Armistice between the Allies and Germany. For over four years the men of these

mortal combat, and make peace.

The British nation wanted to remember those who had fallen in the fight. All over the land money was subscribed freely that War Memorials be erected in memory of the dead. There will likely be one in your city, town or village. The Cenotaph in Whitehall is the nation's re-



THE ARMISTICE CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH, LONDON.

nations had been grappling at each others' throats for supremacy. Millions of precious lives were sacrificed on the altar of Mars. Millions more wept for friends whose "familiar faces" they would see no more. Hearts were broken with grief, family circles were broken, and it was a day of rejoicing, when the nations agreed to cease their

membrane stone. There it stands in all its quiet dignity, a silent witness to the terrible price of war, and each recurring Armistice Day a Memorial Service is held, when wreaths from all classes—Royalty to ragged urchins—are tenderly placed at its base "in fond remembrance." There the nation remembers.

Now what does Cenotaph

WHAT DOES CENOTAPH MEAN?

mean? It means an empty or honorary tomb. No person is interred there. Does that not remind us of another empty tomb—the new tomb in which the body of the crucified Saviour of the world was buried. “He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death” (Isa. 53). With tender hands Joseph of Arimathæa, and Nicodemus, he who came to Jesus by night, took His body from the rugged tree, wound it in linen clothes, and laid it in the new tomb in the garden near where He was crucified (John 19. 38-42). Then rolling the great stone against the mouth of the sepulchre they departed. The Pharisees and rulers came to Pilate, and asked him to make that great stone secure, for said they “His disciples will come by night and steal Him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead.” So the stone was made secure, and soldiers set to watch that the disciples—honest men—would not become thieves.

It was all in vain. On the third, the appointed day, Jesus Christ, who was “crucified in weakness” was raised by the power of God. “He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”

An empty tomb! Blessed words! Young Christian friend

“If Christ be not risen” your faith is in vain, “If Christ be not risen” you are most miserable. Are you? Certainly not. You are as happy as the day is long. The Man of the tomb is now the Man of the throne. You have spoken to Him, and He has heard and answered you. No, no, no, you are not miserable!

Unsaved young friend, the tomb is empty, the throne is filled. That means He has power to save. Yes, to save you. Do you believe it? “He whom God raised again, saw no corruption. Be it known unto you . . . that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sin” (Acts 13. 38). Listen to something more, the empty tomb teaches. “He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that *He hath raised Him from the dead*” (Acts 17. 31).

Because Christ has been raised, because the tomb is empty and the throne filled, He will judge you if you neglect His salvation. It is a solemn truth. There will be no salvation then. Now come to Him, and the empty tomb will always be a precious thought to you.

J. S. B.

A NOTABLE VICTORY.

One of Mr. G. Soltau's thrilling experiences with D. L. Moody, the great evangelist.

AMONGST the most remarkable scenes I ever witnessed was one in East London during the visit of Moody and Sankey. The hall was in the centre of a dense working population, where men by the thousand toiled in workshops and factories. One Monday evening had been reserved for an address to atheists, sceptics and free-thinkers of all shades.



D. L. MOODY.

At that time Charles Bradlaugh, the champion of atheism, was at his zenith, and hearing of this meeting he ordered all the clubs he had formed to close for the evening, and all the members to go and take possession of the hall. They did so, and five thou-

sand men marched in from all directions.

The service commenced earlier than usual, Mr. Moody asked the men to choose their favourite hymn, which suggestion raised many a laugh, for atheists have no song or hymn. Mr. Moody poured in a broadside of telling, touching incidents from his own experience of the death-bed of Christians and atheists, and let the men be the judges as to who had the best foundation on which to rest faith and hope. The great mass of men, with the most determined defiance of God stamped upon their countenances, faced this running fire; but when the sermon was ended one felt inclined to think nothing had been accomplished.

At the close Mr. Moody said: "We will rise and sing 'Only trust Him,' and while we do so will the ushers open all the doors so that any man who wants to leave can do so; and after that we will have the usual inquiry meeting for those who desire to be led to the Saviour." I thought, "All will stampede and we shall only have an empty hall." But instead, the great mass of five thousand men rose, sang, and sat down again, not one man vacating his seat.

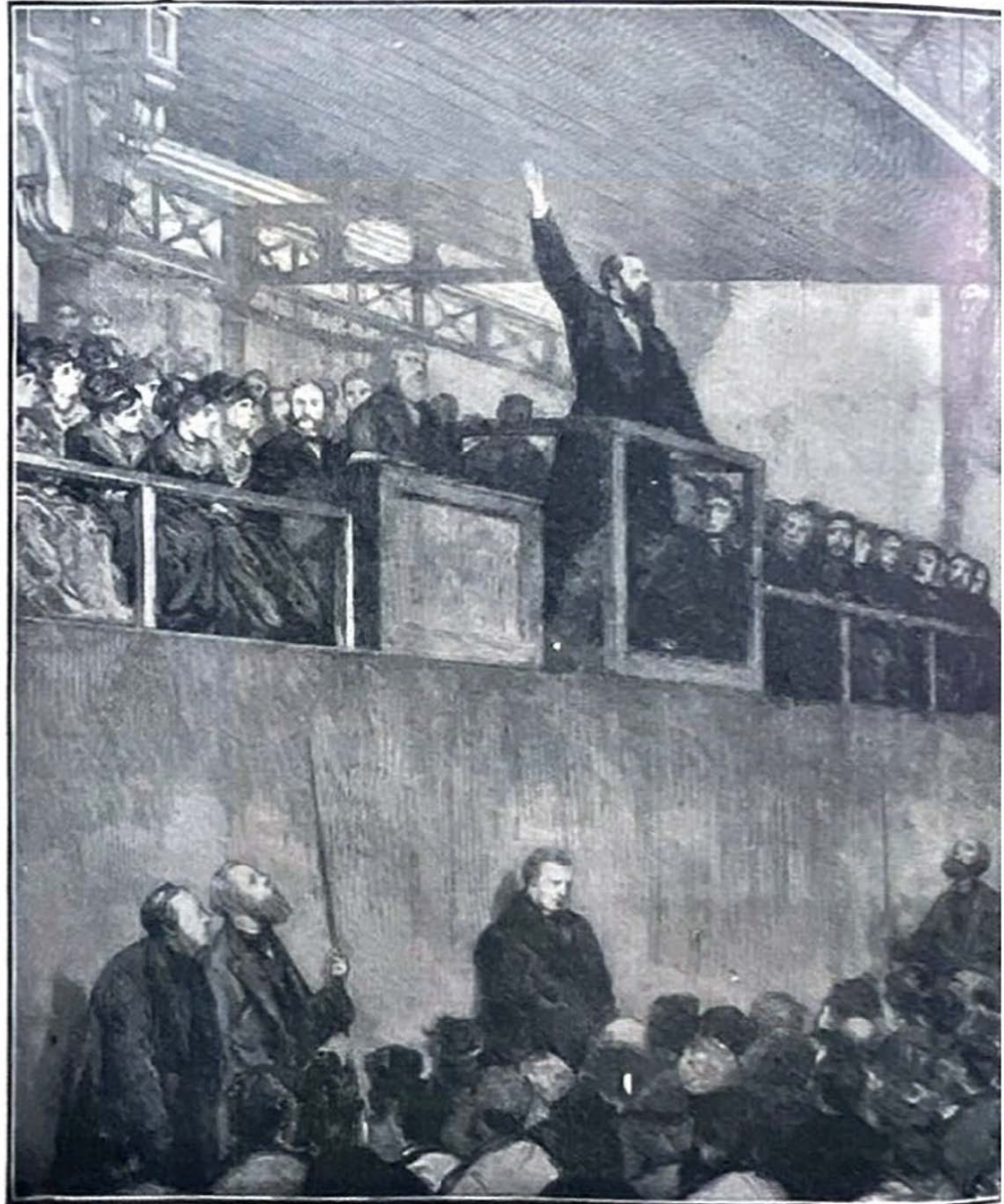
Mr. Moody then said: "I will explain four words—receive, be-

A NOTABLE VICTORY.

lieve, trust, take HIM." A broad grin pervaded all that sea of faces. After a few words upon "Receive," he made the appeal, "Who will receive Him? Just say, 'I will.'" From the men standing round the edge of the hall came some fifty responses, but not one from the mass seated before him. One man growled, "I can't" to which Mr. Moody replied, "You have spoken the truth, my man; glad you spoke. Listen, and you will be able to say, 'I can' before we are through." Then he explained the word believe, and made his second appeal, "Who will say, 'I will believe Him'?" Again some responded from the fringe of the crowd, till one big fellow, a leading clubman, shouted: "I won't." Mr. Moody, with tenderness and compassion, said, "It

is 'I will' or 'I won't,' for every man in this hall to-night."

Then he suddenly turned the attention of the whole meeting to the story of the Prodigal Son, saying: "The battle is on the will, and only there. When the young man said, 'I will arise,' the



AGRICULTURAL HALL

The largest hall ever

A NOTABLE VICTORY.

battle was won, for he had yielded his will; and on that point all hangs to-night. Men, you have your champion there in the middle of the hall, the man who said, 'I won't.'" I want every man here who believes that man is right, to follow him and

to rise and say, 'I won't.'" There was perfect silence and stillness; all held their breath, till as no man rose Moody burst out: "Thank God, no man says, 'I won't.' Now who'll say, 'I will'?"

In an instant the Holy Spirit seemed to have broken loose

upon that great crowd of enemies of Jesus Christ, and five hundred men sprang to their feet, their faces wet with tears, shouting: "I will," "I will," till the whole atmosphere was changed and the battle won. From that night till the end of the week nearly two thousand men joined the army of the Lord. They heard His "rise and walk," and they followed Him. The permanency of that work was well attested for years afterwards, and the clubs never recovered their footing. God swept them away by the power of the Gospel.



LINGTON, LONDON.

led by the evangelists.

OUR BIBLE CALENDAR.

"And He said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me."—Luke 24. 44.

Through the Bible in one year. **DECEMBER.** Three readings a day.

Old Testament—I.	Old Testament II.	New Testament.
1—2 Chron. 31.	Ezekiel 47.	1 John 2. 1-17
2— " 32.	" 48.	" 2. 18-29
3— " 33.	Daniel 1.	" 3.
4— " 34.	" 2. 1-23	" 4.
5— " 35.	" 2. 24-49	" 5.
6— " 36.	" 3.	2 John
7—Ezra 1. 2.	" 4.	3 John
8— " 3. 4.	" 5.	Revelation 1.
9— " 5.	" 6.	" 2. 1-17
10— " 6.	" 7.	" 2. 18 to 3. 6
11— " 7.	" 8.	" 3. 7-22
12— " 8.	" 9.	" 4.
13— " 9.	" 10.	" 5.
14— " 10.	" 11. 1-20	" 6.
15—Nehemiah 1. 2.	" 11. 21-45	" 7.
16— " 3.	" 12.	" 8.
17— " 4.	Haggai 1.	" 9.
18— " 5.	" 2.	" 10.
19— " 6.	Zechariah 1.	" 11.
20— " 7.	" 2. 3.	" 12.
21— " 8.	" 4.	" 13.
22— " 9.	" 5. 6.	" 14.
23— " 10. 11.	" 7.	" 15.
24— " 12.	" 8.	" 16.
25— " 13.	" 9. 10.	" 17.
26—Esther 1.	" 11.	" 18.
27— " 2.	" 12. 1 to 13. 6	" 19. 1-10
28— " 3. 4.	" 13. 7 to 14. 21	" 19. 11 to 20. 6
29— " 5. 6.	Malachi 1. 1 to 2. 9	" 20. 7 to 21. 8
30— " 7. 8.	" 2. 10 to 3. 6	" 21. 9 to 22. 5
31— " 9. 10.	" 3. 7 to 4. 6	" 22. 6-21

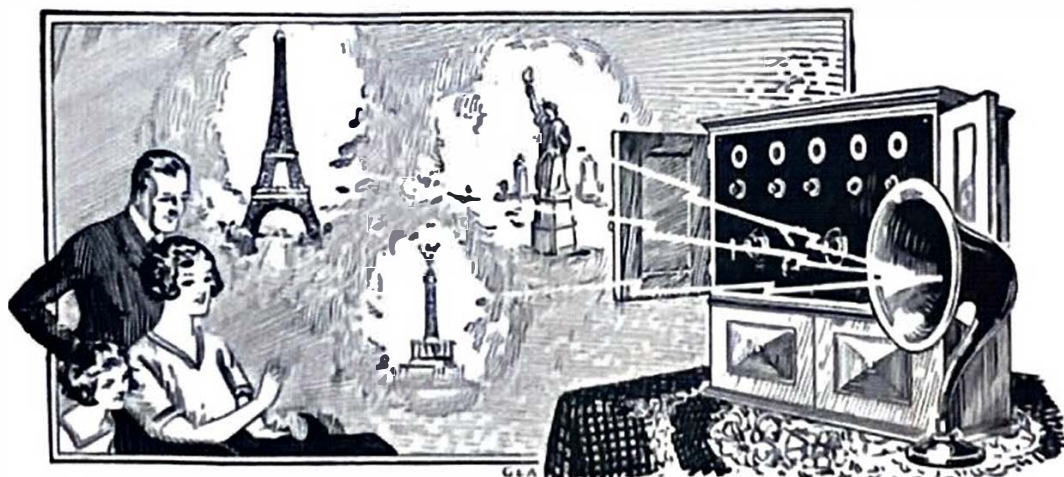
ARE YOU LISTENING IN?

DOUBTLESS the radio is the greatest marvel of our day. It has been stated recently that 100,000,000 people in fourteen countries listened to the same radio programme. London, now the hub of the broadcasting world, was the centre from which the programme was transmitted to more than 100 stations.

There are nearly five million wireless licences in force in Great Britain and N. Ireland.

in these days, but He has "cast Himself into a book"—the Bible. In that wondrous Book we meet with what the late Dean Farrar described as "the mighty formula" of "thus saith the Lord."

"I can't see the use of reading the Bible," remarked a soldier lad to a Christian worker, "Of course I understand the use of prayer." "Well," was the reply, "in prayer you speak to God, but in the Bible God speaks to you.



How eager many people are to listen-in. Interesting and good as some—we cannot say all—of the radio items are is it not strange that so many people fail to realise there is a yet more marvellous broadcasting? Almighty God is speaking to man!

Think for a moment! Could anything be more stupendous or wonderful? You and I may "listen in" to-day to messages from the eternal God, Creator of heaven and earth. True, God does not speak audibly to man

Surely one is as important, as necessary, as the other?"

"Oh," he said, "I never saw it like that before."

"My heart standeth in awe of Thy word," exclaims the Psalmist. Why? Because he realised it was God Who spoke the "Word." "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and it is "written for our learning." It is sad to move about our land—the land of an open Bible—and meet countless numbers of people who are utterly ignorant

ARE YOU LISTENING IN?

of God's truth. Hence thousands of them are swept into the ranks of Christian Science, Theosophy (so-called), New Thought, and many other false religions that abound to-day. It is very solemn. They are in great peril, for, with the Bible in their midst, they are "without excuse."

It is not too much to say that nothing can save our, or any country, from disaster, but a mighty listening-in of the people to the Word of God.

"Do you think it is any harm to play billiards on Sunday?" asked an officer of the merchant service of a friend of his.

"What does it matter what I think?" was the wise reply. "What does God's Word say? That is the point."

"The Bible does not say it is wrong to play billiards on Sunday," he argued.

"True! But it does say, not 'finding thine own pleasure on My holy day,' she answered.

"Where is that?" he asked.

"Isaiah 58. 13," she said.

He got up hastily, and fetched a Bible, and found the passage. Silence reigned for a few moments. Then in a voice full of surprise and seriousness he turned to his brother officers and said, "I say! It's here!"

Yes, and there are many other things in that sacred Book,

which maybe some of us have hitherto utterly disregarded. Well may our souls be filled with awe, if it is so, for it is Almighty God Who speaks the Word.

Reader, possibly you are not one of the 4,475,000 people who possess a wireless licence. If so, it matters little after all. But this is what matters supremely—*have you listened-in to God?* God has broadcast a wonderful message to the whole world. This is it—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life"—John 3. 16. A Canadian soldier had these lines summing up John 3. 16 written in his pocket book.

*"God loved, God gave,
I believe and I am saved."*

Best of all it was his own happy experience. Is it yours?

God has also broadcast some words of warning to the sinner. Here are some of them:

"The soul that sinneth it shall die."

"After death the judgment."

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Oh, be wise, listen in! Come to the Saviour of sinners and claim His great salvation.

E. E. H.

LYDIA, THE SINGER OF THE VALLEY.

IN a lovely valley of mid Wales, Lydia spent her childhood and early days. Her parents were godly people of the old Methodist school, and delighted to tell their children of the wonderful days, when under the preaching of the Wesleys thousands flocked to hear the Word of life, and when the valley rang with the praises of Immanuel's Name. Lydia was a sweet singer, and the people around the doors would gather to hear her sing their favourite hymns. It was an evil day when a band of strolling musicians came to the village where Lydia lived, and charmed by her rich, though yet untrained voice, persuaded her to join them. By this time her father had died, and Lydia, like some other girls of sixteen, thought she was old enough to choose for herself. She left the pretty valley of her childhood and her widowed mother's happy home, and was taken to London. There she passed through many scenes which I need not describe, and by the time she was eighteen, was appearing in a music hall as one of its singers. It was while she was there that she dropped in one Sunday evening to a theatre, where Richard Weaver, the converted Lanca-

shire collier, was preaching the Gospel with great power and blessing. As Weaver stepped on the stage he struck up a hymn which happened to be one well known to Lydia, which she had learned at her mother's knee. There was something in that song which melted her heart, and before it was finished, she felt the big tears coursing down her cheek. At the close she was among the seekers, and that night as the clock of St. Paul's chimed the hour of midnight, she found herself on the streets of London alone, but saved with an everlasting salvation. She feared to join her companions, so started off by the first train to her mother's home. What a meeting there was between the mother and daughter. Lydia did not hide her light, but began at once to testify for her Lord in the valley. Her simple method was while sitting knitting by the wayside, to strike up a hymn, and in a very few minutes a crowd of the villagers gathered around, to whom she told the story of a Saviour's love. And God owned her service of song to lead many a weary soul to the Saviour, who will be her crown of rejoicing in that day. Reader, do you know Christ? Can you speak and sing of Him as yours?

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

A YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE.

A CHRISTIAN lad from the country had gone to town to fill a situation in a merchant's office. Previous to his leaving home, his godly father had prayed with him, and warned him of the hidden rocks and snares of city life, and the many forms of temptation he there would have to meet, of which he had known nothing in his quiet country home. On the morning of his departure, his mother gave him a Bible, and with all the tenderness of a mother's heart, she said—"Henry, my boy, make this your guide, and seek no other." Henry felt himself among strangers, and the first night he could have taken the train home. Never before did he so know the value of a Christian home and godly parents, as he did that first night after he was deprived of them, and placed among strangers. When he sat down alone he remembered his mother's advice, and sought help and guidance from God through the pages of His Word. After reading his daily portion he was strengthened, and it was well for him too. Just after he had finished reading, a knock was heard at the door, and one of the young men from the office walked in, smoking a cigar. "Good even-

ing, Henry," he said, "I was passing, and I thought I might look you up, and ask you to come along with me; you are a stranger to the town and will want someone to guide you until you get to know it a bit. I am going to the theatre, so come along with me." Henry's face flushed, and he felt a little uneasy as to how he ought to answer. Then, as if strengthened by God especially for it, he raised his head and boldly said—"No, thank you, I do not go to theatres. I have a Guide beside me here, which I was consulting just before you came in, and it warns me against that path." The young clerk was amazed, and with a sneer, replied—"It must be an old wives' guide you've got then, for all the young fellows go to the theatre." "No," said Henry, "it was written by the wisest man that ever lived," and, reaching his hand forth toward his open Bible, he said—"There it is, and I will read you what it says." Raising his Bible—his mother's gift—in his hand, he read aloud—"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men" (Prov. 4. 14). Laughing, the young man turned and walked from the room. Henry was left alone, happy because he had pleased God.

A Brave Young Scottish Martyr.



A BRAVE YOUNG SCOTTISH MARTYR.

IT was on a bright morning, in the year 1676, that a Scots lassie, simply clad in her national dress, was seen tripping along a country road in the Lothians, toward the City of Edinburgh. Her name was Marion Harvie, and the place of her birth, Borrowstounness, then a village on the River Forth. She had been brought up in a godly home, and taught to read and reverence the Book of God, the Bible. But Marion, like others of her time and ours, cared little in her early girlhood for the Gospel of Christ and the great salvation it makes known to all (Mark 16. 15). She tells us, in a testimony given in her twentieth year, that she read the Scriptures "with much aversion," and "was a blasphemer" at the age of fifteen. But a change was wrought in her shortly after. She had heard, in the fields somewhere in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, one of the persecuted preachers, whom King Charles II. had forbidden to preach within his kingdom, tell the story of Jesus and His love, and her sins came before her as a thick cloud, standing between her soul and God. And on a later occasion, while visiting in the country, she heard Richard Cameron, another of the persecuted preachers, speak from the words, "The Lord will speak peace to His people," and

it was evidently at that time that she learned God's way of salvation, and rested her weary soul on the finished work of Christ, who "made peace by the blood of His Cross" (Col. 1. 20). She entered on the knowledge of salvation, and became a confessor of the Lord Jesus (Rom. 10. 9), speaking of herself as "a brand plucked out of the fire," and that to her the love of Christ was "better than life." But these were dark days in Scotland, and the faith of the young believer was soon to be tested. It is easy to be a confessor of Christ when all is fair and bright, but it is in the hour of the fiery trial that the true gold shines out in its brightness. While Marion and a few others were on the way to a field-preaching in Fife, in which Donald Cargill and others of the Lord's witnesses of that time, were to take part, a party of soldiers, hid by the wayside, near Queensferry, seized several of the little company, and took them as prisoners to Edinburgh. Among these, was Marion Harvie, the young maid-servant of Borrowstounness. Cast into prison, and there threatened with all kinds of torture, she maintained her peace of mind, and confessed to her inquisitors, who charged her with being misled by ministers who had taught her treason, that it was "Christ

A BRAVE YOUNG SCOTTISH MARTYR.

Himself by His Word who had taught her." On January 17th, 1681, she was brought before the Justiciary Court in Edinburgh, and sentenced to be taken to the Grassmarket, the place of execution, and hanged. The last testimony of this bright young witness for Christ, which has been preserved, is full of expressions of gratitude that she was to be honoured to lay down her life for the Gospel's sake. Here are some of her words: "I desire to bless the Lord for my lot. What am I, or what is my father's house, that God should have called me to seal His truth with my blood. It was but little of Him that I knew, when I came to prison, but He has told me that because He lives I shall live also, and His Word has said, 'I am He that blotteth out thine iniquity for My own Name's sake.' I have found Him in everything that hath come my way, ordering it Himself, for His own glory. I bless Him that thoughts of death are no trouble to me. He hath made me as willing to lay down my life for Him, as ever I was willing to live in the world."

On the morning of January 26, 1681, the young martyr was led out to die. Many in the vast crowd were moved to tears as they saw the fair young maiden, just in her twentieth year, stand

at the foot of the ladder leading up to the rude scaffold, singing a Psalm, as an eye-witness says, "with much composure and joy." As she ascended the steps, she said, "O, my fair One, my lovely One, come away," and in a few moments more, her Spirit passed from that guilty scene, to be with Christ.

The times of martyrdom, after such a fashion, are no more with us. But wherever a heart has been opened to receive the Son of God as Saviour, to confess Him Lord, and to own Him in life, there His Word will be honoured, His truth upheld and His Name confessed. Is it thus with the reader? Is this Saviour yours? And can you truthfully own Him so, saying, "the Son of God who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *ME*"? (Gal. 2. 20). This is the true beginning of Christian life, and the only real starting-place on the heavenly road. Christ received and His Gospel believed.

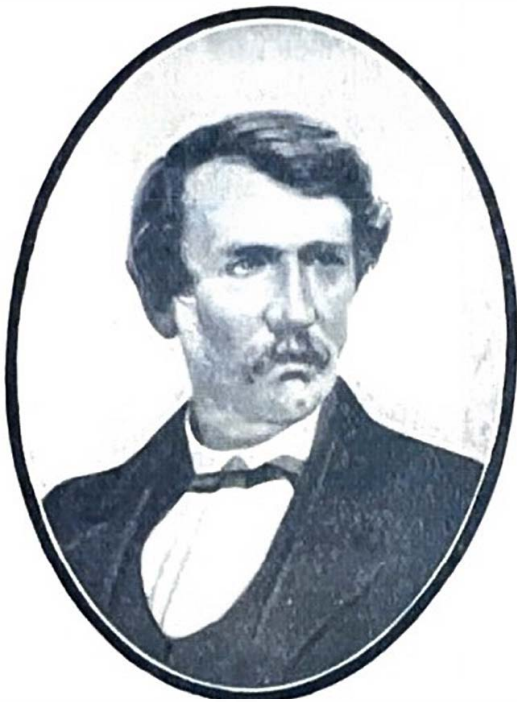
For God so loved the world,
He gave His only Son,
That whosoever Him believe,
Eternal death should shun.

Gaze on His thorn-wreathed brow,
Behold the crimson tide
Flow from His head, His hands, His feet,
And from His open side.

He shed His precious blood
To cleanse thy every stain;
If thou believe, it will thee cleanse,
Nor shall one spot remain.

THE INSPIRATION OF A GREAT LIFE.

LAST year our June issue was a special one on David Livingstone, with particular reference to the National Memorial at Blantyre.

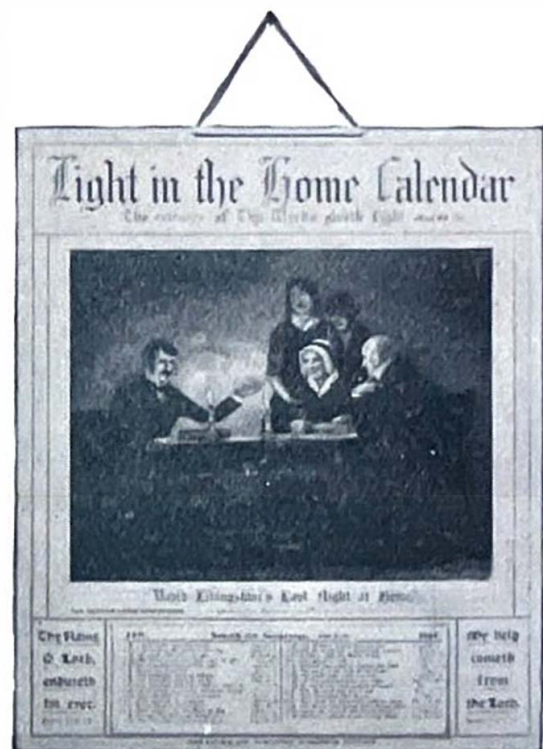


Since then many of you will have seen the splendid collection at the Memorial.

Interest in the great Missionary-Explorer, his life and work, never ceases. I was reading the other day Henry Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World," and he therein refers to the influence of Livingstone's life on the natives of Africa. Though they could not understand him, yet they knew by his life and actions the sense of love, the prompting motive of his life.

And how did Livingstone get

this tremendously powerful influence? Come with me to his home, see him on his last night ere he departed for that great unknown land, and you will see him reading and expounding the Scriptures to the home circle on that farewell occasion. It was because he drank deep of the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, locking God's word in his heart, allowing Him to permeate his whole life, that he became so greatly used of God to the uplifting and salvation of the sons of Africa.



This farewell scene, painted and hung in the National Memorial, has been reproduced and printed on Art Card, in full colours, for the Light in the Home Calendar, 10 by 12½ ins. Twopence net.; 2/6 per doz.; 17/- per 100. Localised to order. Apply for terms to the publishers, John Ritchie, Ltd., Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock.

EARLY GOSPEL LABOURS AMONG THE PEOPLE OF DEMERARA.

ONE of the early Gospellers in Demerara, was Alfred



A CENTIPEDE. Less than natural size.

Gardiner, a London postman, who became interested in the native Indians and the oboriginals through receiving some account of the early work there. About 1872, he gave himself to

the Lord for this work, and going forth with his wife, located at Matara, where he acquired quickly the Arcurak tongue, and was soon able to preach to the people in their own language. His wife began a school, and taught that generation to read the Scriptures. Travelling by canoe to villages on river banks, through dense forests, infested by venomous reptiles, he plodded on, often gaining the ear of Arcurak Indians, in their war-paint, after a fight. And God blessed his services to natives of various tribes extending 400 miles on the Bervice River. "In deaths oft" in swamps, from alligators, snakes, and other deadly reptiles. But his life was preserved, until he fulfilled his course. He fell asleep at Matara, after a few days' illness. His grave is still seen on the edge of the forest there.

In 1844, D. French went out to the Demerara River, and settled not far from Georgetown where the work spread to Craig, Hyde Park, Carmoonie Creek, Queenstown, Danielstown, and other places, Mr. and Mrs. Huntley also laboured in the Gospel, and in gathering the natives in assemblies of believers, after the

EARLY GOSPEL LABOURS.

Scriptural pattern (Acts 20. 7), many of which may yet be seen in the Colony. Mrs. Huntley, up to near her end, travelled long journeys, with only a single guide, an Indian boy, in a small

own lives dear to themselves that they might finish their course with joy. This, not a few of them were enabled to do, and the work still goes on, with much encouragement.



MISSION HOUSE AT QUEENSTOWN, ESSEQUIBO.

canoe, ten feet long, bearing the Gospel to Indians on the river banks. Missionary life on the lines of God's Word is no romance, but a life-work, actually laying down the life for the Gospel's sake. And in British Guiana there have been true labourers who counted not their

We hope to give further articles on the work in this quarter of the globe.

May it exercise readers to consider their position; first, in relation to their salvation; second, in relation to service for the Master. Remember, sonship first, service second.



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

CHRISTMAS is a time of giving. At this season of the year we like to give our friends and others gifts. I wonder can any of our young readers tell how the wonderful custom of giving at Christmas began? Various suggestions may be given, but when we come to the Word of God we find that the first Christmas gift was made by God Himself, and it was none other than His well-beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who when on earth referred to God's gift in the following words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

In this verse we have God's part and your part. God's part was, "He loved and gave," and

your part is to "believe and have."

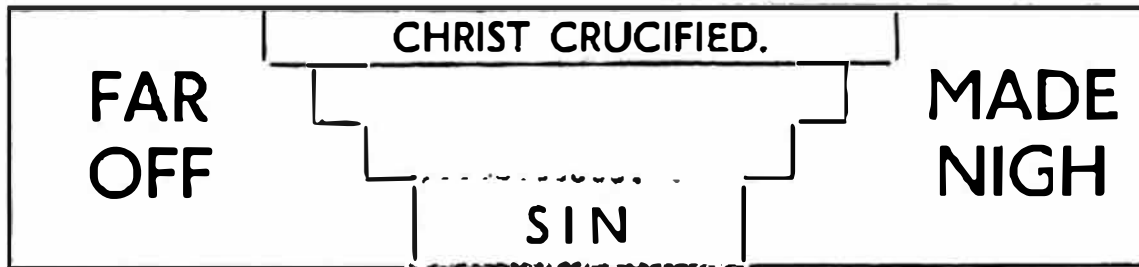
Now dear girls and boys, shall we think of two things concerning the greatest and best gift ever bestowed upon mankind. God's first Christmas was :—

I.—A PROMISED GIFT.

When our first parents sinned in Eden's garden, God spake about His Gift as the "Seed of the Woman" (Gen. 3. 15), and as the years passed the words spoken concerning the coming Saviour became clearer and clearer, until it was seen that He would be born as :—

The seed of Isaac—Gen. 21. 12.
 The seed of Abraham—Gen. 22. 18.
 The seed of Judah—Gen. 49. 10.
 The seed of David—2 Sam. 7. 12.
 The Son of God—Psa. 2. 7.
 The seed of Jesse—Isa. 11. 12.
 The Saviour—Isa. 19. 20.

FAR OFF MADE NIGH.



A Dialogue for six boys or girls.

Requirements:—Two large pieces of thin wood about 5 ft. high and 2 ft. broad, or make two frames the stated measurements and cover with cloth, making one black and the other blue, printing (far off) on the black, and (made nigh) on the blue. Each of five boys to have bars with words on them as follows:—1, PAY—2, PRAY—3, GOOD WORKS—4, TEARS—5, CHRIST CRUCIFIED. Each coming in, in turn and holding up bar to the audience, until finished reciting. No. 5 bar should be made longer than the rest, so as to reach across the chasm between the (Far Off and Made Nigh). The boy named “perplexed” comes in first and takes the bars after the boys have recited, and tries them across the chasm when his part suggests. This boy should have a card fastened on his back with word “perplexed” on it.

Perplexed comes in with a bar with word SIN on it and places it along the foot of the chasm.

Perplexed:—

When Adam and his wife, called Eve, lived in a garden gay,
There came a serpent to beguile, and take that part away;
He was successful in his plan, resulting in the fall,
By one man, sin has entered here, we're sinners one and all.
Our sins have made a distance great, between our souls and God,
We travel on the paths of sin, which many more have trod:

(Points to chasm).

You see the distance sin has made, we're far off as you see,
So now we all sit down and die, for ever lost to be.

1st boy with word PAY on bar, addresses Perplexed thus:—

I beg your pardon friend, look here, I have a way mine own,
I have a lot of money earned, I'll pay my way right home;
I'll distribute my £ s. d. to mission work abroad,
To hospitals, infirm'ries too, by this, I can please God.
So now you see my plan has won, it reaches right across,
I knew that this would do for me, that I would know no loss.

Perplexed then trying the bar recites thus:—

I knew your way would never do, it's not by paying gold,
The Gift of God is free as air, that's all that I've been told,
If you could pay your way to Heaven, and if that was the way,
Where would the poor get gold to bring, just tell me now I pray;
The rich would buy, the poor would die, that way would never do,
We'll wait a little while and see, if other ways are true.

2nd boy with bar with word PRAY, comes in holding it up to audience, recites:—

I know a way, I have it here, it's PRAY. God answers prayer.
For every night I go to bed, I pray. I would not dare
To lay my head upon my bed, and close my eyes in sleep,
Until I've said a word or two, to God, that He will keep
Me through the night of darkness drear, until the morning light,
So that's my way, the right one too, I'm sure that this is right.

FAR OFF MADE NIGH.

Perplexed takes bar and recites thus:—

Your way seems right, your way seems good, but it can never reach,
It's far too short, it will not do, you cannot this one preach:
To pray is good, but first things first, prayers cannot bridge this span,
What then will do, to bring us nigh, can there not be a man
Who'll make a bridge both safe and sure, o'er to the other side;
That we may dwell in Heaven's light, in glory to abide.

3rd boy comes in with bar with words GOOD WORKS on it.

Look here young friends, this way I've tried, for fourteen years and more,
I'm sure this way will carry us, to Heaven's eternal shore;
If we live good, day after day, what more then can we do,
To love our neighbours, foes as well, and prove aye to be true.

Perplexed takes bar and recites thus:—

Well here you go, I'll try your way, I've tried two ways before,
And they have failed me every time, I'm trying now no more:
(Tries the bar).

I just imagined it would fail, this way is short as well,
How can I then be saved from sin, can somebody here not tell:
I want to know my sins forgiven, I want a way made clear,
I am a sinner far from God, I'm lost for aye I fear.

4th boy comes in with TEARS, and recites thus:—

Nay listen now, you've reached a point, you are perplexed I know,
It's tears you need to shed each day, before that you can go
To Heaven above with all its love, from sin and death set free,
Weep now and God will save your soul, as He has saved me,
I once was lost in sin and shame, I wept, and wept again,
And still I weep to God in Heaven, the God who's aye the same.

Perplexed takes bar and recites thus:—

Thank you my friend, I feel relieved, I think your way is sure,
I'll give it a trial, I'll weep like you, for I can't pay, I'm poor,
This is the simplest way I've known, the best too, I can find;
So now I'll try it, then I'll be contented in my mind:
(Tries it across).

Ay; failed again what can I do, I'm nearing journey's end,
I'll soon be passing from this scene, without one single friend.

5th boy comes in with CHRIST CRUCIFIED. This bar is the full length, thus reaching across, this boy holds the bar himself until the end of the third line, and then puts it on.

Lend me your ear, the way I've here; your works have been in vain,
Your tears are shed without a cause, you need not have more pain,
Christ is the WAY; the TRUTH; the LIFE. He bridged the gulf for all,
Who will be simple to believe, accepting Mercy's call.
He died for all on Calvary's tree, His blood, it was the cost.
He lives that they who trust His name, will never more be lost;
Cease all your works, shed no more tears, and keep your money too,
By faith take Jesus as your friend, He'll save you through and through.

Perplexed:—

I see it now, this is the way, I've longed to hear this news,
The years I've lived, I've lived in sin, and all God's love abused,
I'll now take Jesus as my friend, I'll gain the other side,
By faith I'll rest upon His word, near Him I will abide.
(At this point crosses over).

1st boy now recites thus:—

These many years I've tried in vain, by paying I have tried,
I see it now as clear as day, a Saviour once has died,
I'll cross as well, I'll take this way, 'tis simple as can be,
For Jesus died for all mankind, and Jesus died for me.
(Crosses over).

FIRESIDE TALKS FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

"SHEEP WITH GOATS' MANNERS."

A DORSET shepherd, taking a flock of sheep from one part of the country to another, was sadly annoyed by their unruly conduct. They entered every open gate, devouring the crops as they passed along. Where there were no gates, they put their heads through the fences and shared the pasture of the neighbouring farmers as they passed by their fields.

The shepherd was accosted by a farmer who met him on the road, and declared they were "the most unruly sheep he ever saw, if so be they are sheep at all."

The perplexed shepherd was, no doubt, ashamed of his flock, and holding down his head, replied—"No doubt they are sheep, sir, but I must confess that *they have goats' manners.*"

That simple remark applies to more than the Dorset shepherd's unruly flock. There are some who profess to be of the flock of Christ, the sheep for whom He shed His precious blood, whom He is leading home to heaven, who, by their unruly conduct, earn for themselves the credit of having "goats' manners." Not all who profess to be saved and on the way to

heaven are really going there. Many are only professors, but not possessors of Christ. They did not start at the Cross. They have not been born again. They will never reach the heavenly city. Sooner or later, they will drop out of the ranks of the blood-bought flock, and return to their own company. These being goats, must of necessity have "goats' manners" all through. Their conduct must be in agreement with their nature. A flimsy profession of being Christ's does not avail to alter the current of their lives. They have no Christ, and without Christ there is no true Christianity. But there are others who no doubt *are* the Lord's. They have been born again; they are possessors of a new life and a new nature. Yet of them the world has to say that they have "goats' manners." They do not follow their Shepherd. They do not hear His voice. You see them often in forbidden paths; inside the fields of the world's pleasure. Think of one of Christ's sheep at a concert; in a ball-room; on a race-course! Surely this is "goats' manners." How the world takes notice of such conduct! How the devil uses it to stumble sinners. They say-- "So-and-so says he is one of

"SHEEP' WITH GOATS' MANNERS."

Christ's sheep, but he just does as we do." His "goats' manners" are a dishonour to Christ. The world has a quick eye to see what is inconsistent with a Christian profession. It soon "spots" one acting out of tune with what he professes. Indeed, "goats' manners" are by far the greatest hindrance to the progress of God's blessed Gospel. Are you one of Christ's sheep, saved and on the way to heaven? Do you follow Him fully and closely? This is the happy path. Those who follow Christ, will never need to go to the world for pleasure. He satisfies. His pleasures are better far than anything the world has to offer. But if you go into the world, and share its follies and its sins, you will be miserable yourself; and others who see your unseemly ways will point the finger of scorn at your "goats' manners."



SINGING FOR JESUS.

A Bible Class of young girls, all converted, are busy learning some new Gospel hymns, and as soon as the good weather comes, they will go out on Saturday afternoons with their teacher, singing the Gospel in the villages. Several earnest brethren go with them and preach. This is happy work.

THE TONGUE; Or, the Two Fountains.

Oh, tongue of mine,
What sin is thine!
Transgression oft repeated;
Well knows the heart,
How keen the smart,
By thoughtless words out-meted.

Wild and untamed,
Divinely named,
"The most unruly member";
No single day,
Loose mayest thou stray,
From Janus to December.

Twain fountains pour
Through thee their store
Of waters, often merging;
This pure and bright,
That dark as night
Now parting, now converging.

Our life's clear rill,
It's source, the hill
Of Zion high and holy;
Where'er it flows,
The lily grows,
Adown the vale so lowly.

The older stream
Springs up, I deem
From sin's polluted centre;
Sterile and bare,
All places, where
It's evil waters enter.

My Lord I pray,
That every day
While here on earth I tarry;
Thy power may keep
That fountain deep,
Within its limits narrow.

Oh, tongue of mine!
I would resign
Thee to my Saviour's keeping;
Then streams of grace
Will flow apace,
And joy replace the weeping.

A. W. P. S.