

Joyous Years



JOYOUS YEARS

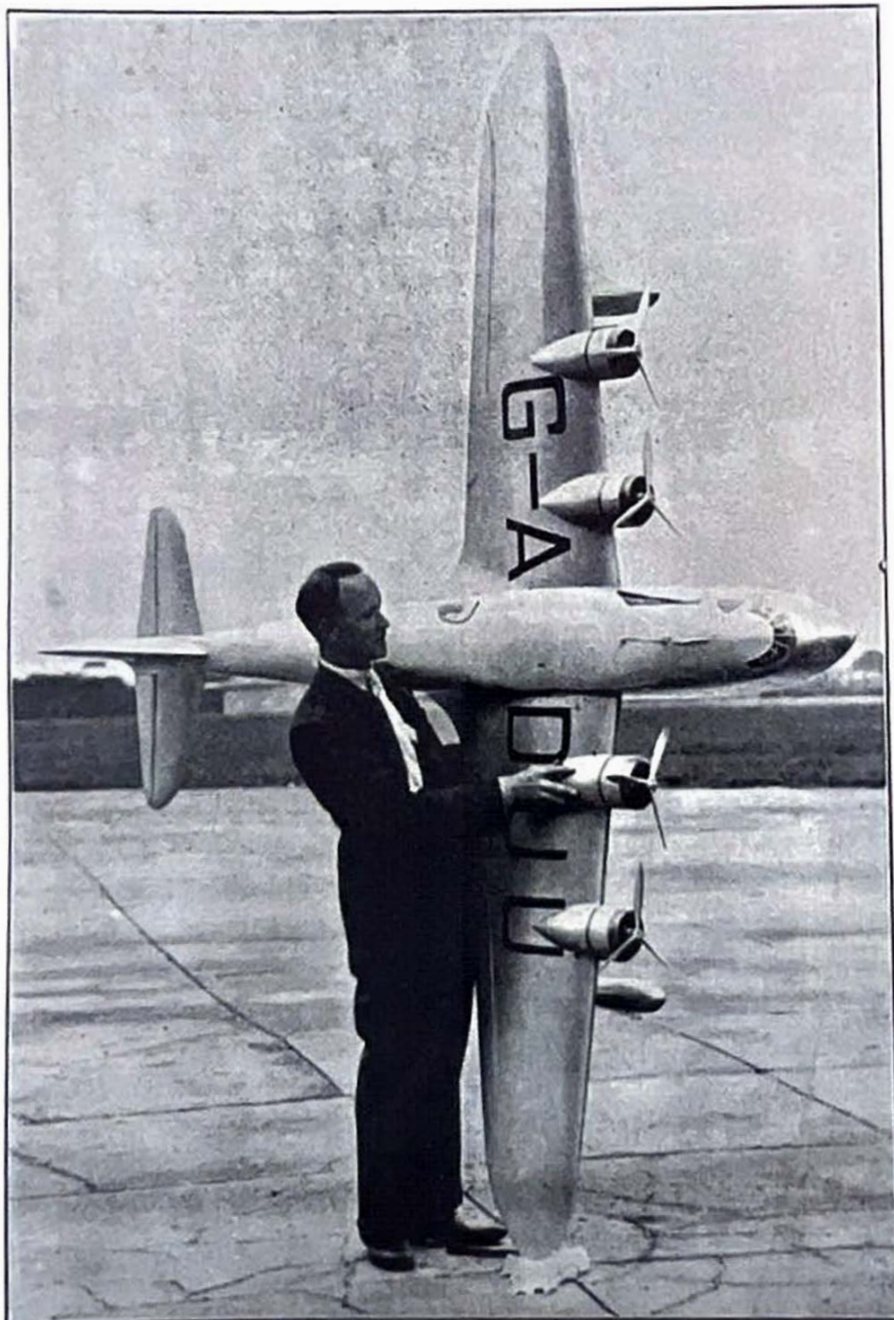
Illustrated Gospel Articles
for Young and Old



PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
JOHN RITCHIE, LTD., Printers and Publishers of Christian Literature,
Kilmarnock, Scotland.

Y. W., 1938.

„ The Editor's „ Opening Message.



Day by Day.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
When our hymns in school we raise,
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

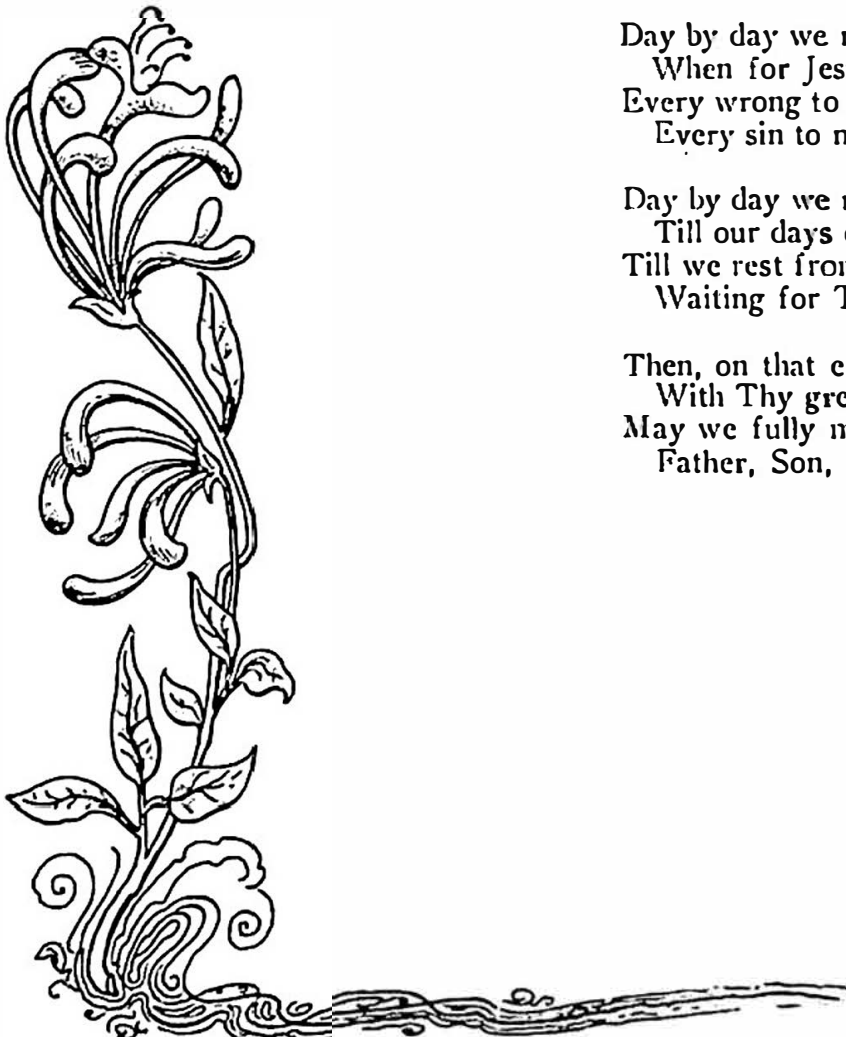
Day by day we magnify Thee—
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy Day in peace.

Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemed host,
May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
—Canon Ellerton.



A Happy New Year !

IN wishing all our readers "A Happy New Year," it is with the desire that all may know that real happiness of which the psalmist speaks in the first psalm. Only six verses make up this very fitting introduction to the Book of Psalms, and may we ask our young readers to commit them to memory during the first month of 1938. Of course you will not find the word "happy" in the whole psalm, but Hebrew scholars tell us that the very first word, translated "blessed," in the original language means, "very happy."

Now, surely this is interesting for all young people, and older people too, for all desire to be "very happy" if this is really possible. Yes, right here in God's book is a true prescription for true happiness, and yet, how many there are who listen to other voices, and seek happiness in other directions, only to find in the end disappointment and dissatisfaction. If you are an ungodly person, you cannot be truly happy, and this we say by experience and on the authority of God's Word. Look at the fourth verse of the psalm again, "The ungodly are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." This is a true-to-life picture of all who seek their joys in earthly babbles now, and alas, will be a fitting description of their end in judgment. Then take special note of the first three verses, and rest not until you know the true happiness of the person whose "delight is in the law of the Lord."

How time flies ! Here we are in 1938 A.D., but what it holds for us is known only to the Lord. There is a growing conviction among God's people that the "rapture" cannot be long delayed. When that happens *The Young Watchman* will cease to be issued. If for this reason this should be the last number, would reader and writer meet in the air? The raptured saints will make the most marvellous flight of time, and that without the aid of man's devices. Swifter than the wings of time, or aeroplanes, the raptured hosts of the redeemed in Christ shall rise to meet their Lord in the air, to

be for ever with Him. Is this your hope? Look at the lovely model on our cover page. Measuring almost 10-ft. wing span, it displays exact details of our latest ocean air liners which have crossed Atlantic east to west in 10½ hours. A great achievement for modern science, yet to be entirely eclipsed when the Lord Himself shall descend to rapture Home His own.

"This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you" (Exod. 12. 2). Thus spake Jehovah to His servant Moses when giving final instructions regarding the deliverance of the children of Israel from Egypt. Thus commenced the Jewish sacred year, breaking right into current time, and forthwith dating the years of God's patient dealings with them, from that momentous year of their deliverance. That was the month of their salvation, and is a figure of that time in the experience of every child of God, when they pass out of death into life. For Israel, as for the converted sinner, this beginning of months was the beginning of a new-life experience.

The Christian is spoken of as "a man in Christ, a new creature, old things having passed away, all things being made new." If until now my reader knows nothing of this new experience, what better time is there than the present for making the great decision? All ahead is so uncertain for every one out of Christ, but all ahead is sure and certain for every one who in Christ is a new creature. We trust that by believing in Him this may be to you the "beginning of months" of joy and happiness in Christ Jesus, enabling you to truthfully sing :

"Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day."

The Editor would be glad to hear from any of his readers who can date their conversion during 1937. A helpful booklet will be sent to all such addressing him at "The Watchman Office, Kilmarnock."



ALEXANDER PEDEN



ALEXANDER PEDEN was born about 1626 near Sorn, in Ayrshire, where he spent his boyhood. He was for a time schoolmaster at Tarbolton. Later he became

A Minister,

and was sent to New Luce in Galloway in 1659. He was there until 1662 when he was

taken farewell of his flock he went out into the darkness of the night—a long dark night of twenty-three years—a wanderer over moors and mountains, having taken joyfully the spoiling of his goods (Heb. 10. 34). Peden seems to have been very much

Like Elijah.

Both were men "subject to like passions as we are" (Jas. 5. 17). They were men of faith (1 Kings 17. 1) and prayer. Both seemed to be capable of great endurance (1 Kings 18. 46); they both were lonely men (1 Kings 17. 3 to 19. 10), and they had to flee before their enemies (1 Kings 19. 3). Both will enjoy the Redeemer's Glory forever. He had many narrow escapes but was eventually made

A Prisoner

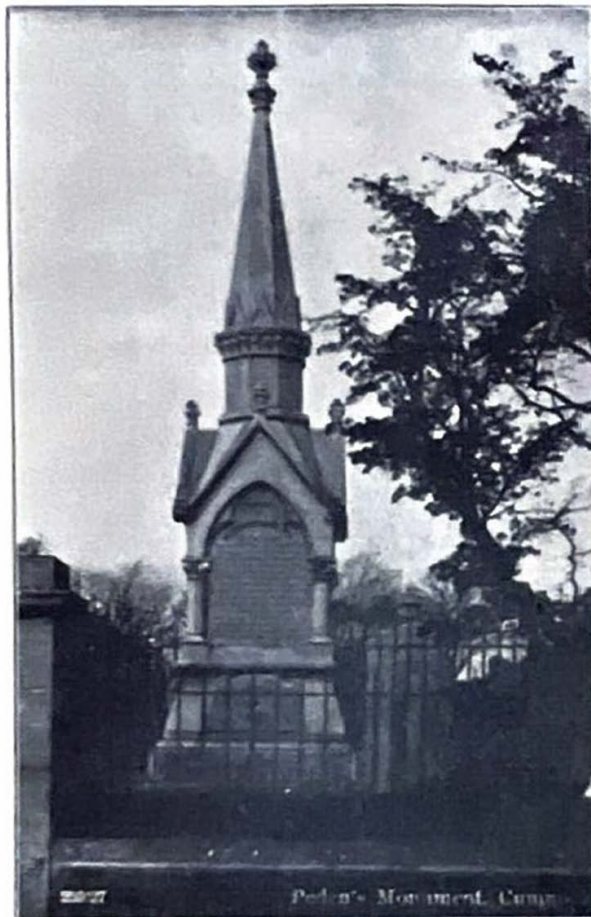
in 1673 in a house near Ballantrae, Ayrshire, and sent to the Bass Rock for five years. Peden foretold many things which came true hence he was called

"The Prophet."

Some say it was mere "sagacious foresight"; but the author of "The Scots Worthies" says, "Although these things are now made to yield to the fashions of an atheistical age, yet we must believe and conclude with the Spirit of God, that the secrets of the Lord both have been, are, and will be, with them who fear His Name." He was, too, a

Man of Prayer.

Upon one occasion when pursued by the enemy, he said to his friends, "Let us pray, for if the Lord hear not our prayers we are all dead men." Then he prayed, "Lord, this is the enemies day. Hast Thou no other work for them, but to send them after us? Cast the lap of Thy cloak over Old Sandy and their poor things and save us this one time; and we'll keep it in remembrance and tell it to the commendation of Thy goodness." Immediately a mist came down enveloping the countryside and hid them from their enemies, so enabling them to escape. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will



[Photo, Connell], Cumnock

"outed" by Act of Parliament. On his last Sunday there he preached from the text, "Therefore watch and remember, that, by the space of three years, I ceased not to warn every one." When he left the pulpit for the last time, he knocked upon it three times with his Bible, saying, "In my Master's Name I arrest thee, that none ever enter thee but such as enter as I have done, by the door." Jesus says, "I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be SAVED" (John 10. 9). Peden had entered in by that Door and was saved. Having

deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Psa. 50. 15). But alas! alas! there were

Divisions

even amongst the Covenanters. Peden, says one, believed "the misrepresentations of some false brethren concerning James Renwick whereby he was much alienated from him," and so, says another, "They stood apart, these leaders in one army." How sad. Backbiters! False brethren!! Division!!! But when Peden lay dying he sent for Renwick, who hastened to him. When young Renwick entered—he was only twenty-three—the old warrior said, "Are ye the Mr. James Renwick there is so much noise about?" "Father," said the young man, "my name is James Renwick, but I have given the world no ground to make any noise about me." "Sit down, sir," said Peden, "and give me an account of your conversion and call." Renwick told the aged pilgrim the whole story. Peden said, "You have answered me to my soul's satisfaction, and I am very sorry that I should have believed any ill reports of you. But,

sir, ere you go, pray for me." Then Renwick prayed most fervently for the dying man. Peden took him by the hand, drew him to him and kissed him; then he in turn prayed for Renwick that he might be steadfast to the end. His prayer was abundantly answered. Renwick bravely sealed his testimony with his life's blood in 1688 in Edinburgh, and was the last of the Covenanting Martyrs. Truly, "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (Jas. 5. 16). Peden was

Buried

in the parish of Auchinleck. His corpse was lifted later, carried to Cumnock and hung upon the gallows, then buried at the gallows foot. But the Hill of Reproach became "holy ground," and everybody wanted to be buried beside Peden, so the gallows foot became the cemetery. There his body lies "until the day break, and the shadows flee away" (Song 2. 17); but Peden himself, although "absent from the body" is "present with the Lord."

D. McCULLOCH.

Bible Study Outlines

By Raymond H. Belton.

THE INCARNATION.

John 3. 16.

The Fact—"He gave His only begotten Son."

The Motive—"God so loved the world."

The Outcome—"That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

* * *

Isaiah 53. 6.

Comparison—"Like sheep."

Comprehension—"All we."

Condemnation—"Have gone astray."

Consolation—"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

* * *

Romans 8. 28.

Certainty—"We know."

Comfort—"All things work together for good."

Combination—"Work together."

Comprehension—"All things."

Condition—"To them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

JESUS ONLY.

Jesus only let me hear,
That I may to Him draw near;
Jesus only when I'm sad,
Jesus only when I'm glad,
Let me hear Him only.

Jesus only let me see
Ever, always near to me;
Jesus only by my side,
Jesus only as my guide,
Let me see Him only.

Jesus only let me serve,
For His pure and perfect love;
Jesus only all the day,
Jesus only all the way,
Let me serve Him only.

Jesus only, let Him be
My sole hope and my sole plea;
Jesus only be my song,
Jesus only all along,
Jesus, Jesus only.

F. G. Thornhill

(A Christian native of Trinidad).



MEN OF LETTERS

XI.—ROBERT BURNS.

NOTHING more clearly reveals what men are than the manner in which they spend their leisure time generally or occupy themselves on special occasions. Those who are strangers and sojourners in the earth, having their citizenship in the Heavens, engage themselves with matters in keeping with the Place whither they are going. Those who are of the earth, having their hopes centred thereon are occupied with pleasures and pastimes that are valueless apart from this present life. To them a special occasion is but another opportunity for enjoying the pleasures of sin that are only for a season. One such special occasion dear to the hearts of many Scotsmen is the twenty-fifth day of January each year. On that day, alas, many Scotsmen the world o'er indulge in an inebriated, alcoholic adulation of their National Bard to the hurt alike of body and soul.

Robert Burns was born at Alloway, near Ayr, on January 25th, 1759. Through his mother he was descended from Covenanting stock, his great-grandfather having fought alongside Richard Cameron at Aird's Moss. His father was a man of principle and uprightness, who desired that his children should have whatever culture and knowledge might be within their reach. His parents were typical of a class once common enough in Scotland but now fast dying out. Burns did not have an abundance of schooling in his youth, but his father supplemented by his own efforts what he did get and the boy was a ready scholar. In order that he might

be acquainted with good literary English, the Old and New Testaments had a big place among his school-books. Thus it happened that he had a fair knowledge of the Scriptures and he was no stranger to the Gospel story. Years later in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," he summed up the Christian theme as telling

"How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in Heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head."

He had to work hard as a farmer's son, yet read diligently as he had opportunity, for in his day there were no cinemas or football-matches to eat up time that could be better spent. His first song was written in his fifteenth year, and from then on he wrote verse, until in 1786 the famous Kilmarnock edition of his poems was published. This publication brought him some popularity, and in November of that year he arrived in Edinburgh. His life there was not all it might have been, and in 1788 he



ROBERT BURNS

took over the farm of Ellisland on the banks of the Nith. Before the end of the next year he was in employment as an exciseman. He, on his own admission, was not a stranger to the taverns of his day, and some hold that this weakness shortened his days. An attack of Rheumatic Fever in the end of 1795 seriously impaired his health. On July 4th, 1796, he arrived at the Brow-Well Spa on the Solway in an effort to promote his health, but

to no avail. His last fortnight on earth was spent there, and it is known that he read his Bible daily during that period. But alas, his sun was setting. He arrived home in Dumfries on July 18th, and three days later he was gone.

It is easy to praise or blame Burns according to your outlook. Some there are who accuse while others excuse. The Christian does neither, nevertheless he points a lesson much needed by all admirers of the poet. That is, that it is better to be warned by his experience than enticed by his example. Yet it is in the very nature of things that men should be more affected by the latter than the former, for men love what God hates—SIN; and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23).

In one of his later poems Burns wrote:

"Life is but a day at most
Sprung from night in darkness lost."

His day lasted some thirty-seven years. With some it lasts less and with some it lasts more. Whether it be short or long it is the day of God's grace and of man's responsibility. Its comparative shortness only makes it more needful that man make good use of it. It is like a vapour that for a little appears then just disappears. But

it need not be lost in darkness. It is still true that "the path of the righteous is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. 4. 18, k.v.). And though by nature, "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 10), yet to every unrighteous one is manifested a righteousness of God that is witnessed by the law and the prophets (Rom. 3. 21). "Even the righteousness of God through faith in Jesus Christ unto all them that believe" (v. 22). All who believe are justified freely by God's grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. The death of God's Son enabled God to shew His righteousness at this present season, and in doing so, shew also that Himself is just and the justifier of every one that is of faith in Jesus (Rom. 3. 26). A man therefore is justified by faith, accounted righteous, apart from the works of the law (v. 28). The end of such is not darkness but the brightness of glory.

My reader, "life's little day ebbs swiftly to its close." Will it be lost in darkness or will it be as a morning without clouds? It is as you determine. God invites you to trust in His Son and become a child of the light, an heir of glory. Despise not His kindly invitation but trust Christ now.

W. H.

For Faithful Followers

The Gain of Idol Breaking.

IT is related that when Nahmoud, the conqueror of India, came to a celebrated temple, he was entreated by the priests to spare the idol that stood in front of the temple, and was offered a large sum of money to buy him off.

He paused a moment, and then replied that he would rather be remembered as the destroyer of idols than as the seller of them. He then lifted his mace, and dealt the image a blow. His example was followed by his retinue; and presently, under pressure of the blows rained upon it, the

idol, which was hollow, burst open, and discharged a veritable stream of precious stones, far exceeding in value the amount of the ransom offered by the cunning priests. For every idol the Christian destroys he gains more than he loses. Some troubles would be avoided if self-denial were practised. Every idol destroyed means fresh strength for the inner life and a greater sense of God's approval.

Real success in the Christian life is sure, provided we are prepared to pay the price.

E. A.

PAIRS.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

WE always think of some things and people in pairs, don't we? For instance, if you think of a cup, you connect it with a saucer; or of strawberries, your mind turns to cream.

So it is also with people. If we speak of David we think of Jonathan. Now you all know a lot about David, but perhaps not quite so much of Jonathan.

Really he was a wonderful character. A type of man not often found, because he was so self-less. I like that word, for it is such a contrast to self-ish.

A good idea to pause here and think: "Which word describes me?"

Jonathan instead of thinking about his position, his rights and his future, thought more about David and was willing to give up everything for his friend. One day Jonathan stripped himself of his possessions to give them to David (1 Sam. 18. 4). He always said kind things about David (1 Sam. 19. 4), and when David was in great peril, Jonathan went to him to encourage him (1 Sam. 23. 16, 17), knowing all the time that David would take the place that really seemed to belong to Jonathan. He was willing to step aside for his friend. And this was, not because Jonathan was a weak character, no indeed. Read

1 Sam. 14. 1-15 and you will see that Jonathan was a man of courage and faith, but he was "all out" for David because he loved him.

How splendid if we loved our Saviour so much that we were willing to let anything go that we may please Him. If self reigns in the heart, we shall want all for ourselves; if Christ reigns we shall want Him to have all.

Another pair in the Bible I want you to consider—Cain and Abel. You know the sad story well. I wonder when Cain began to be jealous of Abel. Most likely when they were quite small boys, for big crimes start from small beginnings. If evil is allowed in our hearts we can't say where it will end. Jealousy is like an ugly weed in the garden, which will choke all the good plants if left alone.

Poor Cain was very angry that God was pleased with Abel and not with him; I think he wanted people to think: "How religious Cain is."

What a contrast there is between Cain and Jonathan. One so full of self-seeking and jealousy and the other so free from it. We must not think lightly of one jealous thought. Perhaps the temptation comes when we see someone doing better at school than we do, or looking more attractive than our-



JONATHAN AND DAVID.

selves. Take care. That jealousy will work your ruin, spoil your character and destroy your peace of mind. It is a plague in the heart. Do you know the plague of your own heart? (see 1 Kings 8. 38). It is a good thing if you do, for it is the first step towards getting cleansing. Tell the Saviour all about it. Seek the cleansing that He gives and look to Him for victory and the power to enable you to esteem others better than yourself.

Remember the Lord Jesus died to put away your sin and *He lives* to save you

from the evil of your own heart. Trust Him. "By His death and endless *life*, Jesus saves."

And oh, the peace that comes from being willing to let someone else take the first place while you come—perhaps not second—but a long way behind.

But that won't make us careless in our work. Peg away at your job, and if you can't be brilliant in the eyes of the world you can win the Master's "Well done." He never misjudges, and He notices every tiny effort to please Him.



WORDS OF THE WISE

Think before you speak, think before whom you speak, think why you speak, think what you speak.—Eliza Cook.

* * *

The tongue is, at the same time, the best part of man and his worst; with good government, none is more useful, and without it, none is more mischievous.—Anacharsis.

* * *

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

—Lavater.

* * *

Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known instrument of manual husbandry; let home be home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality; and so of the rest. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say; and, within the rules of prudence, say what you are.—Dean Alford.

* * *

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has uttered.—From the French.

* * *

A civil denial is better than a false promise.
—Edward P. Day.

* * *

Half the vices in the world rise out of cowardice; and one who is afraid of lying is usually afraid of nothing else.—Froude.

We always weaken whatever we exaggerate.
—La Harpe.

* * *

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.
—Pope.

* * *

One broken promise brings twenty doubts; therefore, a man should thoroughly consider what he undertakes before he makes a promise.
—Anon.

* * *

A mind this is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.
—Robert Burns.

* * *

Above all things, always speak the truth; your word must be your bond through life.
—Haliburton.

CANADIAN PROVINCES.

(3)—SASKATCHEWAN.

S tupendous it doth seem!
A bove every great theme.
S weeter than loveliest dream!
K ing of all kings—He came
A s Saviour! Christ His namel
T o suffer death and shame.
C ould any other one
H ave such a work begun?
E ven God's only Son
W ho was His chief delight—
A s Saviour came! Well might
N ow all be heart—contrite.

A. P. A.

"MONTHLY" LESSONS
FOR THE YOUNG.

:: JANUARY.

By J. S. Borland.

DO you know how January got its name?

It is derived from an old Roman god named Janus. This god was represented with two faces, looking behind and before, with a key in one hand and a staff in the other.

It was the two-faced god. I wonder if we can learn any lessons from that. I think we can. There are some folk who are two faced. I do not mean that they have two faces, and I know that the boys especially do not want to have any more than one: that is enough to wash! What I mean is that there are people who act and speak differently as the occasion suits them.

You have met boys and girls like that, haven't you? They come and tell you a story about some other person. Then you say something about that person. The friend that told you the story goes to the third person and pretends to be his friend. He tells him what you said about him. Then you know what happens—there is a jolly row about the business!

Anybody who acts in that way is said to be two-faced. Indeed they have a face for everybody, and you are better never to put confidence in them.

Do you recall the story of Sir William Wallace, the great Scottish patriot. He was betrayed by Sir John Menteith, who posed as his friend, but at heart was his enemy. Sir John is now known in history as "False Menteith." Then there is

The sad story of Judas Iscariot,

one of the twelve disciples of the Lord Jesus. You know how he lived close to Jesus, was treated as an honest man by the other disciples, and allowed to be their cashier. He kept the money bag. But nearing the end of the earthly life of the Lord, Judas turned traitor. Some tell us that money got such a hold of him that he was prepared to do anything to get it. He became Mr. Facing Two-Ways. He went out from the Last Supper, made friends with the enemies of Jesus, and sold his best Friend for thirty pieces of silver. I wonder

what Judas thought as he looked into the face of Jesus when he kissed Him! And I wonder what Jesus thought!

I think I hear some boy or girl saying: "I would never do that." Are you sure about it now? Well, let us turn to another story.

There was Peter—earnest, eager Peter. He was one of the disciples too. He was always, as we sometimes say, "sticking up" for the Master. He said HE would never deny Him; HE would never forsake Him. He even drew a sword in His defence. That was Peter facing one way!

Something happens. Jesus is betrayed by Judas. He is led to the judgment hall. John is there. Peter is there. Jesus is there, the centre of hate. Peter is asked if he is a disciple of Jesus. He says "No." What is he doing? He is showing another "face." Three times he denied his Lord. Then the cock crew, and Peter remembered. What did he remember? He remembered the words of Jesus. He remembered that not so long since he had shown a different face. Jesus looked on Peter. Peter looked on the face of One who had not changed. He went out and wept bitterly.

A Girl made Peter "Turn Face."

It was a young girl who made Peter deny Jesus. Think of it! He was not threatened with violence. He would not have been imprisoned if he had taken sides with Jesus. I do not think he had anything to fear physically. Yet there he was—the man who but a few hours before had defied the mob that had come to take his Master—"turning his face" for a harmless girl.

If you are a Christian, a follower of the Lord Jesus, I want to give you a word of warning. You are not likely to fail in the big tests of life which you imagine now would overwhelm you, but you are more liable to fail in the little things which you think you can overcome in your own strength. You will show what you are before the crowd, but perhaps will fail before

the individual. Remember Peter! If you had told him that a maid would bring about his downfall he would have smiled at the very idea. I think we all know how difficult it is at times when travelling alone just to let others see by our words and actions that we are on the Lord's side. Suppose you are travelling in a railway train and you are engaged in conversation. The person who speaks to you may blaspheme the name of Christ. What face would you show them?

Would you say, very quietly yet very definitely—"I do not mind you talking to me, but would you kindly not take the Lord's Name in vain, I love Him?" Or would you act as if you had no love for Him? It is little incidents like these that test us. Whatever you do, do not face two ways. Do not be a hypocrite, suiting yourself to the company in which you happen to find yourself. Be true, be straightforward, be honest with yourself and others. *And remember Peter!*

TREASURE SEEKING FOR THE YOUNG

PROFITABLE EVENING
OCCUPATION.

No. 12.—QUESTIONS.—SERVICE.

1. Who will the Father honour? John 12.
2. Is it possible to serve two masters? Matt. 6.
3. How did Paul serve the Lord? Acts 20.
4. How should we serve? Rom. 7.
5. Who do not serve the Lord? Rom. 16.
6. Why the necessity for a purged conscience? Heb. 9.
7. Why the necessity for grace? Heb. 12.
8. What is our reasonable service? Rom. 12.
9. How should servants work for their masters? Eph. 6.
10. How should believing servants work for their believing masters? 1 Tim. 6.

11. Does God take account of service? Rev. 2.
12. Will there be service hereafter? Rev. 22.

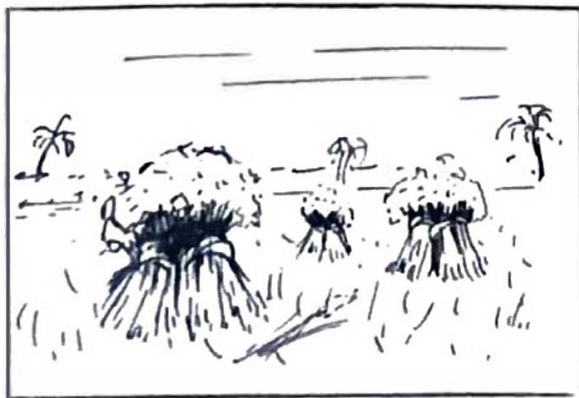
No. 11.—ANSWERS.—DISCIPLESHIP.

1. Luke 14. 26.
2. John 8. 31.
3. John 13. 35.
4. John 15. 8.
5. John 20. 20.
6. Acts 11. 26.
7. John 13. 5.
8. Matthew 10. 24.
9. John 1. 37.
10. Luke 22. 11.



PICTURE LESSONS FROM THE WORD OF GOD.

Find out and fill in the verse and reference depicted in these sketches. Teachers will find valuable lessons for development in this series.



Ruth 2.



Exodus 2.

The Heart of a Child.

By H. N. KONKLE, OF THE MISSION TO LEPERS.

THE heart of a child, who can read it? Who can measure its clinging affection, its dread of loneliness, its many hopes, its frequent fears, its sorrows and its joys? Fresh from the hand of its Creator it needs the tenderest of our care. In many homes it receives that care in fullest measure. But what shall we say of the home of direst poverty, their children of neglect, and the children of leper parentage?

It is hard enough to refuse admission to

A father, a mother and a baby lived happily together until the father became sick with leprosy. After four years the leprosy gained such headway that even the man's wife could bear it no longer. She disappeared, leaving the boy with the father. He, with his repulsive-looking body, had no opportunity to earn a living. So out into a strange, unfriendly world, he and the little chap went to beg a livelihood. For hundreds of miles the tiny mite followed his daddy. They begged by day, and at night slept in ditches, under trees, or in firing places beneath the houses of unsuspecting Koreans. We are pleased to state that in due time they arrived at one of our Leper Homes and were admitted. Had there been no Leper Home what would have become of this little lad? We leave you to decide.

While in the Orient it was my privilege to visit several of our Leper Homes. At one Home there were 450 inmates and 200 beggars with every one a leper, lined up on either side of the road in front of the gateway, pleading with us to take them in the Home and care for them. The Home was filled to capacity and there was "no room" for even one of that number to be taken in.

It was a sight I can never forget, and has been written indelibly on the wall of my memory. Among the beggars was a little girl about eight years of age who came and walked in front of us, sometimes beside us, and sometimes behind us, saying, "Take me in and give me life! Take me in and give me life!" and while we entered the gates she remained outside with the others. We looked over the various buildings, saw the grounds, examined the work that was being done, and in the course of two hours we returned to the gateway. The 200 leper beggars were still there and the little girl joined us once more walking in front of



All of these children were lepers when they came to our Home, but through our recent treatments they are now all symptom-free of the disease. Further information obtained from The Mission to Lepers, 7, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

Leper Homes to adults because there is "no room," but how pathetic it must be to turn away children for the same reason? Missionaries, however, often have to do so, and when they do, where can the children go but to the old life of begging once more? What future can there be for such, who are so sadly afflicted? In your life of luxury and ease have you ever taken time to consider the condition of others with their privations, suffering from leprosy and outcasts because they are not wanted by their friends? Our Lord said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God."

us, then beside us and part of the time behind us, saying, "Take me in and give me life! Take me in and give me life!" She followed us through the line of lepers and until we came near the wharf, then she went back. I said to the missionary, "I wish we could admit the little girl to the Home. He replied, "Yes, I wish we could, but not to-day as there is no room. Probably in course of a few days we may be able to take her in." You can scarcely realize the feeling of missionaries when they have to turn away such beggars because there is "no room." A child has a heart, and just as much feeling as an adult, and yet in a number of cases they cannot be admitted to the Homes as there is "no room."

Such cases might be multiplied, but this will be sufficient to give you some idea of

the sad plight of many children who are afflicted with leprosy, cannot be admitted to the Leper Homes and have no place to go. In our different Homes to-day we are supporting 900 healthy children of parents who are lepers and in our Homes, also a large number of leper children, several of whom, through our treatments, are pronounced symptom-free of the disease and placed in the wards with the healthy children. Many of these children grow up to become useful citizens, while some of them become Evangelists and Christian Workers. Is such a service worth while? The results speak for themselves and prove the worthiness of the work of The Mission to Lepers. We wish it were possible to have larger Homes so that more of these unfortunates might be taken in and supported.



Our Monthly Chorus.—No. 26.

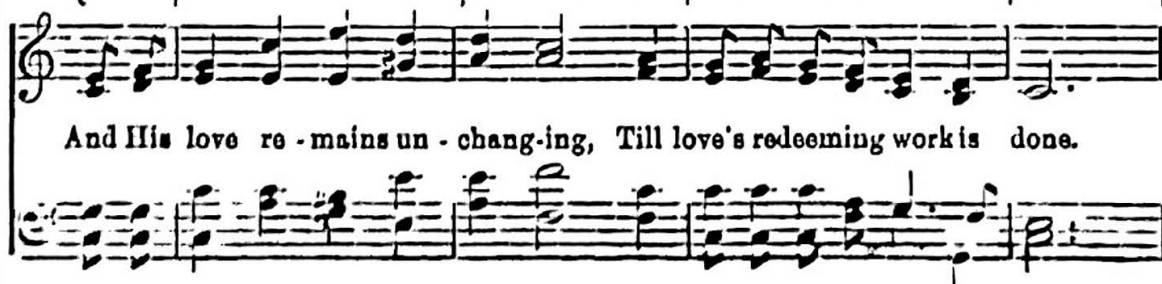
God went on Loving the World

Words and Music by DR. F. G. CAWSTON, of South Africa.

KEY { : ḍ . r | m : m | f . m : . f | s : — | — : f . m | r : r | r : m | r : — | — }



{ : m . f | s : ḍ | m' : r' | r' : ḍ | — : l | s . l : s . f | m : r | d : — | — ||



After Naval Battles.

IN the month of December, 1914, after the Battle of the Falkland Islands had been fought and the enemy ships had been sunk, the following incident took place.

The British ships immediately made their way to the scene of wreckage, where many enemy sailors were still alive, some clinging to spars, others on rafts, but all exposed to the cold Arctic weather conditions then existing.

There was another danger; wild fierce albatros were swooping around, attacking the poor helpless men in the rising swell of the sea.

I wonder, boys and girls what the thoughts of those unfortunate men were? To whom could they look for salvation?

Death below them, death above them, and could this be another death approaching them as the small boats lowered from the British ships were manned and steered towards the struggling survivors?

Boys and girls who know not the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, are just like those poor fellows, without hope, and with the wrath of God abiding on them, John 3. 36.

Hoping against hope, the men joined voices in their cries for help, and their hopes ran high when they realised that the British seamen were coming to save them.

The boats were soon filled with the men, who were then taken on board the warships. Now these men were saved from a watery grave by their enemies, out of human pity for them, but note what the Bible says about God's love towards us in our lost condition, "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 6). This to save us from a greater death.

The rescued men were given food, clothing and woollen blankets, and allowed to

occupy a part of the ship until the ships' return to England. They also had liberty to walk about the decks, but this liberty was a limited one, for on reaching England they were put ashore as prisoners of war.

What a lesson we may learn by contrasting their liberty with the provision and liberty which God gives by the Lord Jesus Christ through the Gospel. "If the Son therefore shall make you free ye shall be free indeed" (John 8. 36). Free from the law of sin and death, and instead of being

servants of sin unto death, we become servants of righteousness unto life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

There is no limited liberty about God's salvation; sweet it is to be saved from a watery grave, but sweeter far to be saved from a Christless grave, and this salvation

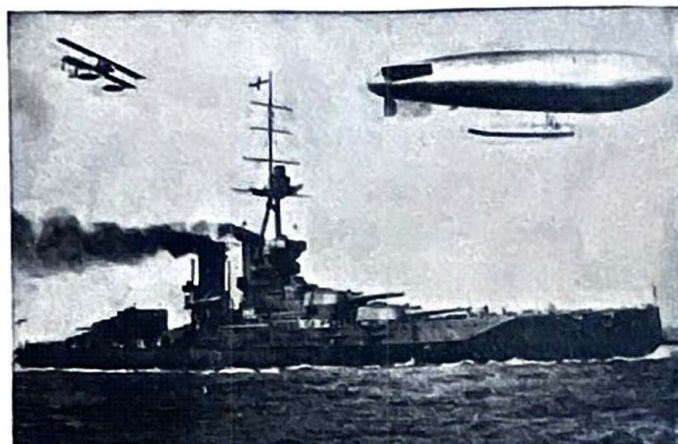
is yours by taking Jesus Christ as your Saviour. He saves from the penalty of sin, and also from the practice of sin, because His blood atones and His Spirit gives power.

You may have read the story of the sinking of the *Hogue*, *Cressy* and *Aboukir* off the east coast of England in the early stages of the Great War. This story is told by a survivor of a touching incident when these three ill-fated cruisers were torpedoed by enemy submarines:

"Two sailors took hold of a piece of wreckage, but knowing that it would only bear one, one man remarked to the other, 'Mate, death means life to me; you are not converted: you hold on to the spar and save yourself; I'll let go; good-bye.'"

Assuredly, my young friends, there is something to be desired in being converted to God, in having one's sins forgiven, and one's thoughts and actions directed Godward. Have you surrendered to Christ?

W. H. C.



Life In and For Christ.

BY THE LATE JOHN RITCHIE.

IN his natural state, the sinner is dead in trespasses and in sins (Eph. 2. 2), and "alienated from the life of God" (Eph. 4. 18). He exists, and will continue to exist for ever, but is destitute of spiritual life. "Dead while she liveth" (1 Tim. 5. 6), are words which aptly describe all the unregenerate. The prodigal, while away from his father and his home, is said to have been "dead" (Luke 15. 24), for separation from God by sin is spiritual death. To those who are religious, but unregenerate, the Lord says, "Ye have no life in you" (John 6. 33), and to the unbelieving and impenitent, who will not obey the Gospel, the solemn word, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36), excludes all hope of a change beyond the grave, and gives the lie to the devil's favourite doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked, being preached throughout Christendom, and widely accepted by those who are ready to catch at anything to salve their conscience and help them to forget God.

No life can be imparted to the soul by ordinances, as thousands are vainly taught to believe. There is not a shred of Scripture authority for the figment of "Baptismal Regeneration," either as practised in the Roman and Anglican churches, or in the smaller communities that have borrowed the rite and modified it to fit their own theories, with much the same result. Whether the babe is made an "inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," or "ingrafted into Christ," or merely brought into "the visible church," it is assumed in all that something has been done to make it different from others, and this "something" evolves into the assumption that "the baptized" is God's child, and is therefore to be regarded as having life and being a Christian, unless some lapse renders the sacramental "grace" void. And thus great Babylon is built of "brick for stone" (Gen. 40. 4). The "membership" of Christendom's churches is largely composed of unregenerate, lifeless professors. Let them hear the Lord's Word again and again, "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7).

CHRIST THE LIFE-GIVER.

"In Him was life" (John 1. 4), and "the

life was manifested, and we have seen it" (1 John 1. 2). The Eternal Son, co-equal with the Father, who has life in Himself (John 5. 26), came into the world to give life to those who are dead in sin (John 5. 25). He only is the Life-giver, as He will be the Judge. As Son of God, He gives life; as Son of Man, He will execute judgment. But before that life could be imparted to others, He must die. Like the rock in the desert, which had to be smitten ere its waters flowed to the thirsty host (Exod. 17. 6), so the Son had to die, to give His life a ransom (Matt. 20. 28), to lay down His life and take it again (John 10. 17), ere He could give it away to others. Now the Gospel proclaims life to the dead as surely as pardon to the guilty. The written Word sets forth the dying and living Christ, that believing sinners "might have life through His Name" (John 20. 31). And the testimony of the Life-giver Himself as to how this life is received and enjoyed, is full and clear: "He that heareth My Word, and believeth Him that sent Me, *HATH* eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life" (John 5. 24, R.V.). Thus the believing sinner is in present possession of eternal life: he does not hope for it, he does not pray for it—he "hath" it; it "abideth" in him. And the record of the Word is given that we may "know that we have eternal life" (1 John 5. 13). There is therefore no room for doubt; it is not presumption to believe and enjoy it, nor is doubt and fear a "sign of grace," as some in gross ignorance affirm.

And this life once received can never be lost: it is eternal and indestructible. As one quaintly says: "It can neither be burned, drowned, nor hung." The Lord's own word concerning all who possess it, is: "They shall *never* perish, and no one shall snatch them out of My hand" (John 10. 28). Neither inward decay nor outward violence can deprive them of it.

As to its *Source*, "this life is in His Son" (1 John 5. 1); its supply (Phil. 1. 19) is in them, as they receive it by the Spirit, as a well (John 4. 14), and through them as channels, rivers of life flow out to others (John 7. 38).

DIVINE LIFE IN THE BELIEVER.

As the iron in the fire absorbs the element in which it abides, and soon manifests the glow of the fire in the iron, so the believer "in Christ," who is his life (Col. 3. 4), is not only saved [kept safe] in His life (Rom. 5. 10, R.V.), as the element in which he abides, "hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3. 3), but he "lives" (2 Cor. 5. 15) henceforth in the power of that life unto Him whom he owns as Lord and Christ. It was this that the apostle had in view when he wrote: "Not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2. 20). The life thus possessed is essentially the same in all; the "babe" and the "father" alike share it. But there are varied stages of its development. Some are advancing, some retrograding. One desires the milk of the Word, and grows thereby (1 Pet. 2. 2); another neglects his Bible, reads light literature, feeds the flesh on novels, and gives hours to the perusal of the newspaper, thus "making provision" for the flesh (Rom. 13. 14). The life in such is stunted, and, as among the Corinthians and Hebrews (1 Cor. 3. 1; Heb. 5. 13), an unhealthy infantile state ensues, which is common enough, marked by that unweaned condition, which can only receive the first principles of God's Word (Isa. 28. 9), and has no exercise of soul in anything beyond that which concerns their personal salvation, and that which makes them "happy," constantly needing to be nursed, shepherded, and cared for; whereas full grown saints, in a healthy and prosperous condition (3 John 2), are exercised daily in their "Father's business" (Luke 2. 49), and live, not wholly occupied with their own things, but also to give a helping hand to others (Phil. 2. 4, 26, 30). God has provided for His people "all things that pertain unto life and godliness" (2 Pet. 1. 3), so that it is not to any one's credit to be undeveloped, or "weak and sickly." Life in the invalid in the hospital is in an abnormal condition, invaded by disease, whereas life in the athlete in the stadium is in overflowing measure, fit for the conflict and the race. This is what we should seek after; it is the great lack and the root cause of all the weakness among God's people at the present hour. Outward reformation and better equipment are of little value if the secret springs of life are vitiated or diseased.

LIFE IN MANIFESTATION.

Where Divine life is, it will assert its presence. Its marks and manifestations may easily be recognised. "Whosoever is begotten of God doeth no sin, because His seed abideth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God. In THIS, the children of God are manifest" (1 John 3. 9, 10, R.V.). It is not that they are perfect, that they have no sin in them—for he who says so deceives himself (1 John 1.. 8)—but sin is no longer the law of his being, he practiseth it not. In days of flippant profession and vaunted attainment, such words are solemn and searching; they go to the root of the matter. If one is not a "doer of righteousness"; if he does not love his brother, who is begotten of the same Father (1 John 5. 1), he is "not of God" (1 John 3. 10), says the Word, let him be what he may.

The new life is for the present in the old vessel, in a mortal body, subject to death, groaning for deliverance. Such is the present sphere of its manifestation (2 Cor. 4. 11). The members, once the tools of sin, are to be yielded to God, and used in His service, "holding forth the Word of life" (Phil. 2. 16) to others.

LIFE FOR CHRIST.

"For to me to live is Christ" (Phil. 1. 21); "We live unto the Lord" (Rom. 14. 8); "They which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him" (2 Cor. 5. 15), are words which tell of the Object of the believer's life. As the flower turns to the sun, and the ship answers to the helm, so the outcome of Divine life in the soul is "unto God"; it produces fruit after its kind. As the source, so are the streams. Man may put on the garments of outward profession, but he cannot grow the fruit of the Spirit on a stock of nature. True devotion and discipleship without, can only result from the life of God in possession. The true longing of that heart in which the life and love of God abide will ever be:

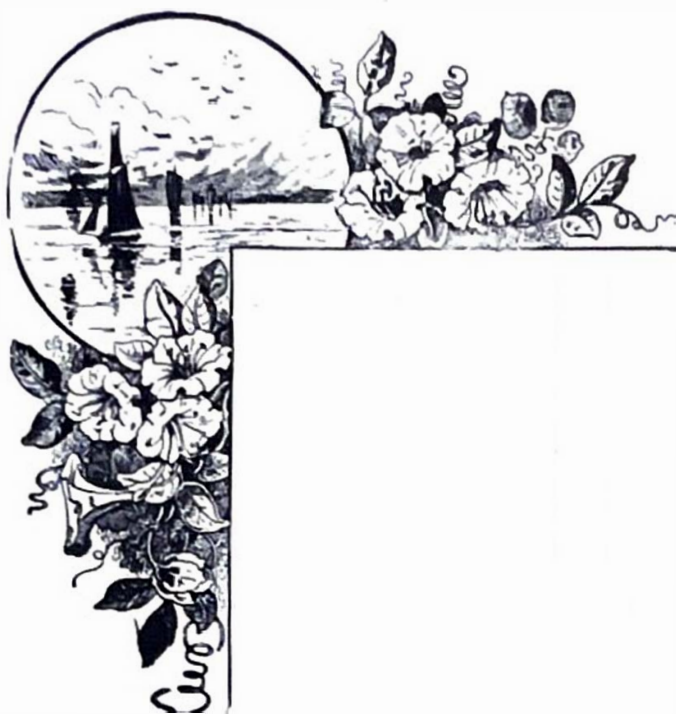
"Nought that I have, mine own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever."

(Continued on page 31).

The Blind Reader of the Gospel.



BLIND WEST AFRICAN GIRL READING ST. MARK'S GOSPEL FROM BRAILLE.



“Acknowledge Him”

(Prov. 3. 6).

In way of pleasantness and ease
In ways of happiness and peace,
In ways where joy and hope abound
And, where love's influence is found,
“Acknowledge Him.”

In ways of grief and deep distress,
In ways where trials sore oppress,
In ways beset with toil and care
In ways where Satan would ensnare,
“Acknowledge Him.”

Each moment as it flies along,
Each hour, as varied duties throng,
From this time on, thro' all thy days,
Whate'er thy lot, “in all thy ways,
Acknowledge Him.”

Acknowledge Him, for He can see
The path that must be trod by thee;
And thou, His child, He'll not neglect,
But will, in love, thy path direct
Life's journey through.

J.A.L.

EDITORIAL.

FROM the Midlands of England, Northern Ireland, and the North of Scotland, we have received interesting letters from three of our readers. All three are the same age, 16 years, and are each rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We are glad to be able to send a copy of a book written specially for converts by Mr. C. S. Kent of the London "Times," to these young believers, and still extend the invitation to any reader who has found the Saviour during 1937 to apply for a copy.

Very commendable is the practice of our young lady correspondent in England, and others might follow her example by carefully collecting their monthly magazines, and when finished with, send them along to children less favoured. There are poor village Sunday schools, hospitals, and other institutions where the stories would be eagerly read and the good seed of God's Word sown in virgin soil. Sow beside all waters. It is gratifying to hear from two lads of sixteen, one converted on 23rd November and the other on 15th December. We hope that all such will give heed to the Apostle's exhortation in 1 Pet. 2. 2, "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." Many are the problems facing the young Christian in these last days, "but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10. 13). At any time, we shall be glad to hear from any young Christian, who may write in full confidence regarding the trials and triumphs of their daily life, and where possible, as helped of God, we would seek to help such in the ways that be in Christ. In addressing your letters to The Editor, where advice or help is desired, mark envelope "Personal Attention."

A Christian school-master recently remarked that it was easier for young people to write about intimate matters than to talk about them. He was cheered to hear from a former pupil, who although almost twenty years, was still too shy to mention the fact that her life was greatly influenced for good while under his training, and that

since leaving school she had decided for Christ and was exercised about serving her Lord in the foreign field. Needless to say, he felt a further responsibility to assist her in her present exercise. The same school-master affirms that there are more saved in their teens than during any other period of life. Our observations confirm this statement, and we feel it most important to remind our young readers that "time is earnest passing by." Before it becomes more difficult, with the claims of a busy life should you be spared, make Christ your choice and be saved and happy for time and eternity.

I do not suppose there are many blind school teachers in English speaking lands, but our front picture shows one in British West Africa reading to a class of young people from the Gospel of Mark in "braille." By this system of raised points and the sensitive touch of the fingers the blind can be trained to read, bringing into their otherwise dark existence much of the "light of life" which others with all their faculties can more readily enjoy. We feel sure that the face of our coloured friend would brighten with hope as she read the story of blind Bartimæus in the tenth chapter of Mark's Gospel. What joy to know the One who alone can dispel both physical and spiritual blindness. Fanny Crosby, who wrote many beautiful hymns although blind, exalted in the thought that the first face she would see would be that of her Lord, and with this thought wrote the beautiful hymn, "I shall know Him, by the print of the nails in His hands." How far can you enter into the truth of her wonderful words:

"I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the
other side,
And His smile will be the first to welcome
me."

"How my full heart will praise Him for the
mercy, love and grace,
That prepared for me a mansion in the sky."

When you see the Lord face to face, as
see Him you must, oh, that it may be with
a smile He will greet you, is the sincere
hope and prayer of your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

Builders all are we.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

HAVE you noticed what a lot of building is going on in our country? Houses springing up everywhere. I expect sometimes you have watched a builder at work, perhaps some man making a wall, and seen how the highest wall, as well as the low one, is made by adding a brick at a time. A brick is such a small thing but each brick must be well made and properly placed if the wall is to stand.

I wonder what sort of a builder you are.

"Why," you say, "I haven't left school yet, how can I be a builder?"

But you are, you are making a building of some sort. You are building a character. What is character? It is that which you really are, not what people think you are, that is reputation, which is quite another matter sometimes.

And every little thing you do, or don't do, makes your character, so as every brick in the wall matters, likewise your thoughts and actions matter immensely.

To put it in a practical way, suppose every day you give way to a little bit of laziness, you build up a lazy character. or if you indulge in unkind, jealous thoughts, you are being made like that, rather an ugly sort of building, don't you think? A brick at a time makes the wall, an action or thought at a time makes the character.

Do you know the story of the building in Nehemiah's day? The wall of Jerusalem, God's city, was broken down and a lot of people under Nehemiah started to build it.

One man began near his own home (Neh. 3. 10). That was a good idea. Do the thing that's nearest, begin with home duties. Another man wasn't content to do just his duty, he wanted to do a bit extra, so he did another (Hebrew, second) piece. It's the extra bit that counts for so much in God's service, and he did it earnestly.

Then some girls helped (v. 12), so there was work for all, not only the big, strong men, but the girls too, and they kept at it through many difficulties, until it was finished (Neh. 4. 6).

It is easy enough to begin a piece of work but quite another to stick it to the end.

Now can you get your Bible and read 1 Cor. 3. 9-15. Paul wrote that he was a master-builder and others were building too, building for God a house for Him to dwell in. His Temple. We should like it to be beautiful for Him. Where does He dwell? In the lowly and contrite heart.

What would you think of the man who in building a wall every now and again put in a handful of straw or hay instead of



THE BUILDING OF THE WALL (Neh. 3.).

a brick? The wall would soon come to grief. We are building for Eternity, and if we want a building that will last and bring glory to God, we must be careful how we build. All the selfish deeds are like the hay or straw that spoil the wall or the house, but all that is done to please God is like the gold and silver that will last. Every day the little actions make the edifice.

Now for a very important thought. What is the first thing to do if you are going to build a lasting sure strong building?

Some boy says, "I know. A good foundation."

Quite right. The man in Luke 6, who built a fine house on the sand saw it blown down when the storm came. All our efforts and good deeds will fail if we have not a

good foundation, that is a mistake lots of people make.

Look again at 2 Cor. 3, verse 11.

Jesus Christ is the foundation of all who truly believe in Him.

He must be your foundation for life and character, as He is of the Church which is not a building made of material stones, but of living stones, that is every soul that trusts Him for salvation.

Start with Him. Ask Him to come into your heart and show you what He did for you on Calvary. He only can give you new life, because He died for you and bore the punishment for sin.

Then ask Him to make you a wise builder, building that which will last for Eternity.

God bless you.



For Faithful Followers

OUR THOUGHTS.

A THOUGHT is as real as a stone, and far more important. Thoughts are things, and God sees them. We have no more right to think what we like than to say or do what we like.

All changes in life and character commence with a change of thought. Repentance, without which no one is saved, is a change of mind about God and about ourselves, leading us to take our true place before Him and to be willing to commit ourselves to the Saviour.

Evil thoughts spring from the heart, and are often aroused by bad books and bad talk. An idle mind is the devil's workshop.

The mind is a field in which we are constantly sowing thought-seeds, and there is bound to be a harvest. We cannot help being influenced by what we think about, and we are influenced by it in proportion to the amount of attention we give to it.

Of course, thoughts are slippery things, and hard to hold. We must make effort to bring the wandering thoughts back to their posts of duty.

Ask God to help you to think *His* thoughts after Him. Pray for a sound mind. Think soberly (Rom. 12. 3); try to form a just estimate of yourself. Be on your guard against prejudice. Try to see things as they really are; and lay stress on the really big things of life.

Bring *Christ* your mind, so that He may control and use that wonderful instrument. Put your *best* thought into Christian living and service.

In Philippians 4. 8 we have a list of things we should think upon; and all these find their perfect expression in the Lord Jesus. By being occupied with Him and His truth we shall learn to *think up*.

E. A.

"MONTHLY" LESSONS
FOR THE YOUNG.

:: FEBRUARY

By J. S. Borland.

FEBRUARY is the shortest month of the year, and the only month which changes its number of days. February of this year has 28 days, but in the year 1940 it will have 29 days, and for this reason 1940 will be called a leap year. You should know that a leap year can always be divided by four. So what we want to learn about February is that it is the month of

The Added Day.

I remember when I was at school we were given an extra week's holiday because there was an epidemic of measles. We had been free from lessons for a little over six weeks, and had enjoyed the long summer days to the full. Yet that extra week was better than those that had gone before. Why? Because it was an extra; it was something which had been added. Every day of that week we enjoyed our freedom because by right we should have been at school learning grammar, Latin, French, and other subjects which tried our patience and our temper. Oh, the joy which added things give us!

Have you ever gone into a shop to buy sweets? I am sure you have. For a long time you looked in the window wondering what you should buy. Would it be sweets at four a penny, or sweets at eight a penny? You decide to buy the sweets at four a penny, thinking that they will be better, but all the time wishing that you could get eight for your penny. You enter the shop, and ask the shopkeeper for the four-a-penny sweets. One, two, three, four, the shopkeeper counts them. Then to your great surprise and delight you see him put another sweet in your bag. He must be making a mistake, you think, so you say, "Please, Mr. Smith, I should only get four sweets for a penny." The shopkeeper smiles, and says, "Oh, I know that all right, but I am giving you the extra sweet because I am glad you have patronised me and I want you to buy more out of my shop."

Does that extra sweet not taste better than the other four? You see, when you have eaten your four sweets you have had

full value for your penny. By right you should have no more to eat. Ah, but there's the added one!

Jesus Loves to Add Things.

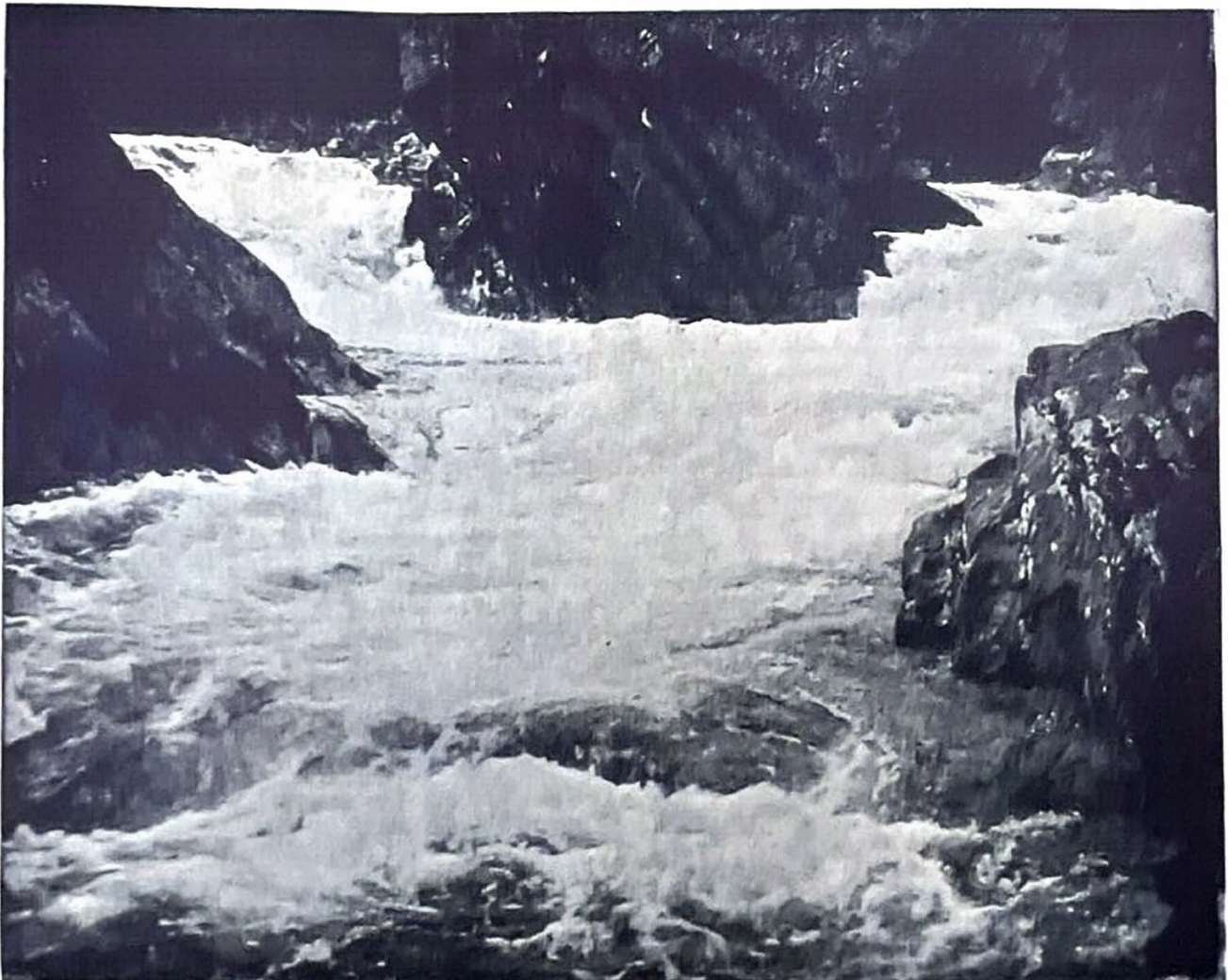
Now I like to think that the Lord Jesus often gave people "extras" when He was here on earth. We read in the second chapter of John's Gospel that He and His disciples attended a wedding feast. The guests had a splendid time of it, but something happened to mar their joy. The governor of the feast had made a miscalculation, and the supply of wine ran out. The governor was at his wit's end, for he had no extras from which he could draw. The mother of Jesus was informed of the predicament. What did she do? She told Jesus. Said she—"They have no wine." Then Jesus commanded that they fill the waterpots with water, and when they were brought to Him He turned the water into wine. There was an abundant supply. And didn't that "extra" wine taste delicious? Of course it did. So delicious was it that the governor of the feast, not knowing where it came from, went to the bridegroom and said—"Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

I wonder if you know anything about the "added" joy (for wine is the symbol of joy) which Jesus can bring into the life of those who love and serve Him? I know there is joy in life without Jesus Christ, but it is not a lasting joy, for the Bible tells us that the pleasures of sin are but for a season. Ah, but when we know the One who turned the water into wine we begin to live life in all its fulness. One who experienced this wrote:—

"Heaven above is softer blue
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen,
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with richer beauties shine,
While I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine."

Turn to another incident in the New Testament, in Mark, chapter 2. Here we read of a sick man who was carried to a house where Jesus was by four of his friends. His friends wanted Jesus to cure him, to restore him to health and strength. If Jesus would just do that the friends and the sick man would be very happy. But Jesus did more than that. He made the sick man whole—and *forgave him his sins!* Here, you see, the forgiveness of sins was added. What an addition! What an "extra"! Physical soundness is a great blessing, but not so great as spiritual soundness. Have you got it?

God is always willing and ready to add something, but sometimes He can only do it if we allow Him. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," said the Lord Jesus, "and all these things (temporal blessings) shall be added unto you." In other words, put God first, and He will give you all the "extras" of life. This spiritual life begins with faith, but we must keep adding to our faith. Here is what Peter says about it:—"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."



"February fill dyke,
Either with black or white."

Lest We Forget.

By
Raymond H. Belton.

XII.—Thomas Cranmer.

A VERY worthy place in the list of martyrs must be found for Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, one of England's foremost and most learned reformers. He was born in Nottinghamshire, in 1489, and, after receiving lessons from the parish priest, went to Cambridge at the age of fourteen. Here he devoted himself to study, being particularly interested in the religious controversies of the time, and, in 1523, he was made a Doctor of Divinity.

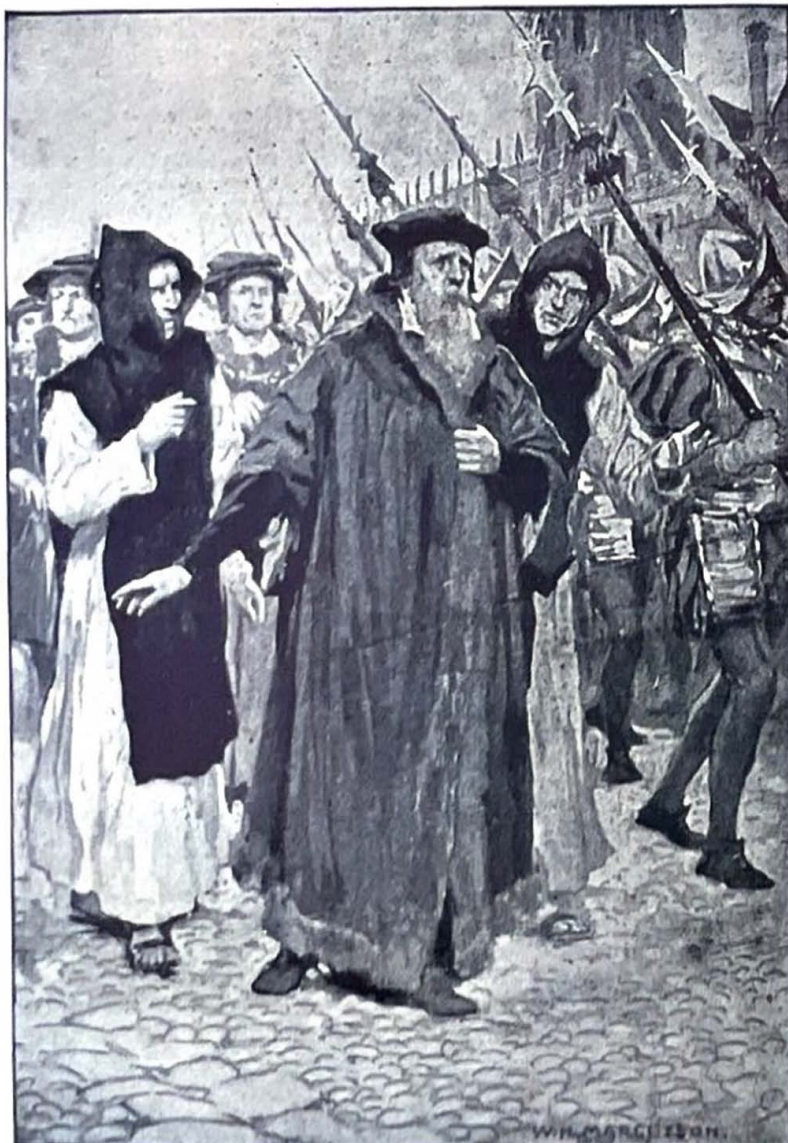
In the years that followed he rose to

positions of importance, and, eventually, in the reign of King Henry VIII, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. His influence was brought to bear to further the doctrines of the Reformation, and to oppose those of the papacy. It was his influence that was largely responsible for the separation from the Church of Rome, and for the dissolution of the monasteries.

His work as a Reformer cannot be overestimated, and the changes he brought about in the Church were numerous. He was largely responsible for the Bible becoming an open book, and for copies being placed in the parish churches. His English Prayer Book displaced the services in Latin, and many changes were made in public worship. Many of the Romish practices were stopped, and were replaced by evangelical forms of service.

As we have noticed in previous articles the work of the Reformation progressed still further in the reign of Edward VI, but received a most severe set-back under Queen Mary. It is not surprising, therefore, that Cranmer found himself in trouble when the Queen came to the throne. Not only was he thrown out of office, but he was put in prison, along with others who shared his beliefs.

He was called upon to renounce his beliefs and to acknowledge the Pope. This he refused to do at first. He was then threatened with death by burning if he would not recant, and offers of honourable positions were held out to him if he would but sign a declaration that he had given up his Protestant faith. In a weak moment he actually signed the paper.



CRANMER ON WAY TO STAKE.

It must be remembered that, at this time, Cranmer was old and weak, and, before judging him, we must ask ourselves as to what we would have done in similar circumstances. But, praise God! he repented of having signed the paper.

His enemies had no intention of saving his life, in spite of their promises, and he was taken off to die at Oxford. They were disappointed in him, however, for, instead of adhering to his recantation, he boldly affirmed that he was still, and would die, a staunch Protestant. The closing words of his address, made just before his death, are here quoted :

"And now I come to the great thing that troubles my conscience, more than any other thing I ever did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truths which I thought in my heart, for fear of death and to save my life, if it might be; and all such things which I have written or signed

with my own hand since my degradation I now proclaim untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended, in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished, for if I may come to the fire it shall be first burned. And as for the pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrines."

As might be expected, these words filled his enemies with anger. With little loss of time the aged Cranmer was taken to the stake. Dressed in a long robe he was chained to the stake, and people stood by to see how he would die. True to his word, he stretched out his hand in the flame, crying, "This hand hath offended; oh, this unworthy right hand!" The flames increased, and, in his agony, he lifted his eyes to heaven with the prayer of the first Christian martyr on his lips—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

So died Archbishop Cranmer, but his work lived on, and lives to-day.

Our Monthly Chorus.—No. 27.

We Will Hit the Trail

W. D.

Copyright, 1937, by Wm. Dillon

Wm. Dillon

The musical score is written for a four-part chorus (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the chorus, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line, which includes a first ending and a second ending. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

We will hit the trail to the un-touched tribes, We will hit the trail to the

un-touched tribes: We'll pray and give or go, We'll let the heath-en know that

Je - sus - died for them. We will Je - sus died for them.



MEN OF LETTERS

XII.—THOMAS HARDY.

DURING the late autumn and winter of the year 1865, a young man wended his way to the Old St. Pancras Churchyard, London, every evening about 5 o'clock. Whether his presence was noted we know not, but in any case it was not grief that caused Thomas Hardy to spend an hour each evening in the churchyard. The Midland Railway Company were driving a cutting through Old St. Pancras, and hundreds of coffins and large quantities of bones must of necessity be removed. In the past, some of those engaged in this work had not been too scrupulous in carrying it out. Rumour had it that many bodies had never been re-interred, and bags of bones had found their way to bone-mills. The Bishop of London's representative, an architect, decided that to prevent this he would set a watch, and as T. Hardy was one of his assistants he was one of those appointed to be in attendance on this matter daily.

Thomas Hardy was born at Higher Bockhampton, Dorset, on the 2nd June, 1840. The first six years of his life he was hardly expected to survive, but at eight years of age he was reckoned strong enough to be sent to the village school. At twelve he was learning Latin under a clever head-master at Dorchester, and at fifteen he was receiving lessons in French, and studying German with the help of a periodical entitled, *The Popular Educator*.

When he was sixteen he began as a pupil in an architect's office, and during this period found time for some acquaintance with the Greek language. In 1866 Hardy began to send verses to magazine-editors, but without success. Five years later his first book, a novel, was published practically on his own responsibility, and from this beginning Hardy went on with steady success. His abilities as a writer and poet brought him fame, and for years be-

fore his death he was recognised as one of the greatest writers of the twentieth century. He died on 11th January, 1928.

When Hardy was a pupil-architect in Dorchester, he had a fellow-pupil of Baptist connection named Bastow. This youth became deeply exercised about Bible truth, and had himself immersed according to the Scriptures. This, coupled with his earnestness, so impressed Hardy that he began to think about adult baptism. As a member of the English Church he had been sprinkled as a child under the pretext of baptism. Hardy appealed to the vicar of his parish about the matter, but he was bewildered and could give no help. He approached the curate of another parish, but he was no better fitted than the first to help Hardy in his difficulty. He then got as many books and notes on the subject as he could, and although appalled at the feebleness of the arguments for infant christening he determined to "stick to his own side," the Church of England, although, as his wife says, "at some cost of conscience." As a result (to quote his wife) "his convictions on the necessity of adult baptism gradually wore out of him," while frankly admitting "that there was not a shred of evidence for infant baptism in the New Testament."

Hardy's experience of and attitude to divine truth are not exceptional. Many like him have been deeply impressed by truth from God's Word, but because they did not obey it the impression wore off through time. Infant baptism in any form is a destructive delusion. Multitudes having undergone it are deceived into thinking that they have a privileged position above other sinners or that thereby they have become members of Christ and heirs of salvation. But as Hardy discovered and confessed there is not a shred of evidence for it in the Bible, yet many like him stick to their error until they become impossible to

reach with divine truth at all. Like Pharaoh of old they harden their hearts against the truth of God, and the passage of time strengthens their rebellion.

Perhaps our reader has been under deep impression by the Spirit of God through the Word of God. We pray you give heed to that impression and act upon it. No one in touch with the Bible but has been under conviction at some time in his life. It is the business of the Holy Spirit to do this and leave men without excuse (John 16. 8-11). If you cling to something that has no foundation in fact as Hardy did your impressions will wear off. But remember you had them. Why not receive with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save your soul (Jas. 1. 21). Do not simply

hear the word but do it. God commandeth all everywhere to repent (Acts 17. 30). This also is His commandment, "That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another" (1 John 3. 23). Peter the old said, "He (Jesus in Resurrection) commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is He which was ordained of God the Judge of quick and dead" (Acts 10. 42). What they were commanded to preach you are commanded to obey. In your obedience lies your salvation present and eternal. Repent and believe the Gospel. "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life, but he that *obeyeth* not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth upon him" (John 3. 36, R.V.). W. H.



The Redeemed Rabbit.

WHEN I was a boy at school, a companion of mine had a pair of splendid rabbits, of which he was very fond. During the dark hours of night someone entered the "hutch," and stole one of them. After long searching, he heard that his lost rabbit

was exposed for sale, among others, away at the other end of the town, so off he went to claim his own.

When he arrived at the place he saw his rabbit, and was about to carry it off, when a voice called out, "You cannot take away that rabbit without paying for it; it's mine." The boy ran off home, and told his father what had happened, who at once saw the state of affairs, and gave him sufficient money wherewith to redeem the captive rabbit. The price was paid, the rabbit was set free, and restored to its original owner.

Oft as I remember this story of early days, I think how aptly it illustrates our condition as sinners. Sin carried us away from God, and we became captives to Satan. Moreover, the law was against us, for we had broken it, and earned its curse. Only by redemption could we be set free, and this redemption price Jesus paid in His own blood. No boy or girl need remain in Satan's kingdom any longer. Yet many do. They love their sins, and refuse to go free and return to God. Yet Jesus says, "Return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. 49. 22).



The Indian and the Serpent.

AN Indian missionary who was with us told the following story. In the garden behind his house, in Southern India, a cobra hid itself among the grass. While some coolies were in the garden working for the missionary, they saw the cobra coiled around a banyan tree. Rushing into the house they gave the alarm, and very soon

the nest or hole where the cobra lives, and during the night she comes out and partakes of them.

Well, while the people stood looking, the venomous creature raised its head, faced the people all round, and began to uncoil itself. Then no doubt it would have at once sprung upon some of them. One fearless



A HINDOO SNAKE-CHARMER.

a number were gathered around. You know the cobra is the most dangerous kind of serpent known. Its bite is certain death within a very few minutes, so you may guess the people are very much afraid of coming into contact with it. Yet so common is it in parts of India, it is estimated that over forty thousand die every year by its poisonous sting. You will wonder when I tell you that this deadly creature is one of the objects of worship in India. The poor deluded Hindoos bring offerings of milk, eggs and fowls, and place them close by

Hindoo, seizing a long stick, held down its head, while with his left hand he caught it by the tail—the only safe way of handling a serpent. Then passing his right hand quickly along, he caught it tightly by the head, and to the horror of those who stood around, opened its mouth, cut out its two poisonous fangs without allowing it to do him a bit of harm. Then he lifted it in both hands, and walking into the street, began to amuse the people by letting it loose and catching it again. He knew that its power for evil was gone, that it could not kill

anyone, now that its poisonous fangs were destroyed. There are certain men in India, called "snake-charmers," who make those reptiles perform at the sound of music, but they are careful to see that their fangs are taken from them first. These strange customs are very foolish, and only those who know not God would find any delight in them. Yet they may serve to teach us a great lesson. The Word of God has said—"The sting of death is sin" (1 Cor. 15. 56), and when a sinner unsaved, unregenerated, and unpardoned, meets death, it is a deadly serpent with the full power of its sting. Is

it any wonder that sinners—old and young—fear death? Would you care to find yourself in the coil of a cobra with its sting? But for the Christian, the believer in Christ, death has been disarmed; it has lost its sting. Christ Himself took it away for all His people, so that each one of them can triumphantly sing—"O death where is thy sting?" (1 Cor. 15. 55). There was great dread among the people when that deadly cobra had its poisonous fang, and so well there might; but greater far is the fear of the Christless sinner to meet death—the last great enemy, in full power.

Treasure Seeking for the Young.

PROFITABLE EVENING OCCUPATION.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 1.—QUESTIONS—GOD. (Part I).

1. How does Scripture define God? (John 4.
2. Is there only one God? Deut. 6; Isa. 44; 1 Cor. 8.
3. How many Persons are there in the God-head? John 10; John 16; 2 Cor. 13.
4. Has anyone seen God? John 1.
5. Is it possible to see God? Exod. 33.
6. Can He (a) see, (b) walk, (c) sit? (a) 2 Chron. 16, (b) Gen. 5, (c) Isa. 6.
7. Can He (a) repent, (b) be angry, (c) be grieved? (a) Gen. 6, (b) Deut. 29, (c) Psal. 95?
8. Name some of His attributes. (a) Psal. 145, (b) Deut. 32, (c) 1 Tim. 1.
9. Show that God is (a) Omnipotent, (b) Omniscient, (c) Omnipresent. (a) Jer. 32, (b) Job 34, (c) Psal. 139.
10. Is He changeable? Psal. 33; Psal. 119; Heb. 1.

No. 12.—ANSWERS—SERVICE.

1. John 12. 26.
2. Matt. 6. 24.
3. Acts 20. 19.
4. Rom. 7. 6.
5. Rom. 16. 17, 18.
6. Heb. 9. 14.
7. Heb. 12. 28.
8. Rom. 12. 1.
9. Eph. 6. 5.
10. 1 Tim. 6. 2.
11. Rev. 2. 19.
12. Rev. 22. 3.

—Berean.

DEBTORS.

"I am debtor, both to the Greeks and the Barbarians: both to the wise and to the unwise" (Rom. 1. 14).

Beloved, we have a debt to pay,
A love-debt to our fellow-men;
The time to pay is life's brief day,
Let's pay it then.

The gospel story they must know,
The fulness of redemption's plan;
This is the love-debt that we owe
To every man.

The time is short, the debt is great,
Each creditor in danger lies;
Be ready then for any fate,
Arise! Arise!

What forfeits in that reckoning day
When face to face we meet our Lord,
No trophies at His feet to lay,
Debt undischarged!

How bright we'll shine e'en as the stars
Forever with our Glorious Lord,
For trophies won—some wet with tears,
Our debt discharged.

F. G. Thornhill.

CANADIAN PROVINCES.

(4)—MANITOBA.

Mercy, God's mercy calls to-day
And asks you not to strive and pray;
Never to come in your own way.
In Christ alone the path you'll find
To God!—to Heaven—for all mankind.
O! listen to His loving voice.
Believe God's Word! You shall rejoice;
And ne'er shall you regret your choice!
A. P. A.

Uncle Sam's Letter.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

In the household of Rajah Kalirarian, of Dacca, there was a full-grown tiger, which used to go about loose on the premises. When quite young, an English doctor had drugged it and taken out all its teeth and its claws. The tiger was thenceforth treated as a big cat, and was patted and played with during the day, while at night he was chained up outside the entrance to the lady's apartments. The animal had, of course, to be fed on soft food, and boiled goat's flesh, rice, and vegetables were the chief items of his diet. On one special day the two natives whose duty it was to feed and

for months and years, at the very first opportunity the tiger showed that from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail he was every inch a tiger, as wild as the day he was found, unchanged and unchangeable.

But, you say, boys and girls are not tigers. Of course not; but they are wild, sinful, by nature and by birth, and no amount of training or reforming will ever make them anything else but sinners. Have you ever seen a little puppy leopard? It is a pretty fawn colour when young, but when it grows older little spots come, and the Bible says the leopard cannot change them. Just the same with boys and girls: little

babies' hearts and minds are clean like a nice piece of white paper, but they are not very old before spots come: temper, disobedience, and so on.



attend to the tiger, thought it would be grand fun to let him kill one of the goats which were brought for his food. This he at once proceeded to do by striking it a blow with one of his huge fore paws. Having thus found that he had the power to kill, he manifested that he was a tiger still, for, on a small boy approaching him the next morning he suddenly came down upon him and crushed him to death. Of course he paid the penalty at once, for he was instantly shot.

With teeth extracted, claws drawn, preserved from flesh food, patted and fondled

Once upon a time Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of a number of men, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." That word "converted" means changed. So the Lord Himself tells us, although we have a sinful nature, He can change us. We cannot do it ourselves. We may be refined, courteous, nice, and even lovable young folk, and every sensible person likes to see these marks of character, but be clear on this vital point: the only way to get God's nature is to take Jesus to be your Saviour. For this reason He died upon the Cross. "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."

With kind regards to you all from

UNCLE SAM.

(Continued from page 16).

LIFE IN PROSPECT.

"In *hope* of eternal life" (Tit. 1. 2); "The end eternal life" (Rom. 6. 22, R.V.), view this life in its fulness and finality, when in the coming resurrection state the believer will enter upon life in a new sphere, in a body fitted for its full enjoyment and manifestation, a fit vessel for its display, as the present vessel is not. In that coming hour of victory, when, at the shout of the returning Lord, those who are "alive and remain" shall be changed in a moment, "mortality" will be "swallowed up of life" (2 Cor. 5. 4), while in the case of the dead

in Christ, "death will be swallowed up in victory" (1 Cor. 15. 54). In that fair land to which we hasten, everything shall be full of life, and death will be known no more. The "river of life" for ever flowing, the "tree of life" for ever blooming and fruiting, traces of sin and death for ever gone from God's fair creation—the New Jerusalem with its deathless, fadeless beauty; the new heaven and earth "wherein dwelleth righteousness"—will all be the pleasures which are at God's right hand, even "life for evermore."

'Such is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these pilgrim tents,
And quit this desert land.'



The Work of God in the Saint :

Its Commencement, Continuance, and Consummation.

BY THE LATE JOHN RITCHIE.

(Read Phil. 1. 6; 2. 12, 13; 4. 21).

TO the sinner in need of salvation, we preach "Christ crucified" (1 Cor. 2. 2). To the soul in quest of peace with God, we point to the finished work of Christ, where peace was made through "the blood of His Cross" (Col. 1. 20). As the bitten Israelite was directed to an object outside of himself—the brazen serpent on the pole—for healing, so the sinner is pointed to the Son of Man, "lifted up," for life (Num. 21. 7-9; John 3. 14, 15). It is not on some internal experience, or work of the Spirit in him, that the believing sinner relies as the ground of his peace and the cause of his salvation, but on the finished work of Christ, the one great Sacrifice of Calvary offered once for all, and for ever accepted and abiding in its value before God in heaven (John 19. 30; Heb. 1. 3; 10. 12). Reposing on the work done FOR him by Another, and confessing with the mouth Jesus Christ as his Lord (Rom. 10. 9), he is saved (Acts 16. 31). Many who have been taught to look to Christ thus for salvation (Isa. 45. 22), and to run the Christian race "looking off unto Jesus" (Heb. 12. 2), are preserved from the many "Sloughs of Despond" and "Doubting Castles," into which others fall who have been taught that they have to

look for "evidences" of their faith in inward experiences.

The work of Christ FOR us, which is perfect and never to be repeated, and the work of the Spirit IN us, which is progressive and incomplete, must be carefully distinguished, if peace with God and progress in spiritual life are to be known and enjoyed.

The Epistle to the Philippians is essentially an epistle of Christian experience. In the great prayer of the Lord Jesus in John 17. He makes a threefold petition to the Father on behalf of His people: "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be perfected into one" (v. 23, R.V.); to which the answer is given in the great and glorious truths made known in the three Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, and Ephesians—Philippians answering, "I in them" (Christ in His people); Colossians, "Thou in Me" (the fulness of the Godhead in the Son); Ephesians, "Perfected into one" (the union of all the members in one body, growing into a perfect man). This work of God IN His people is set forth in the Philippian epistle in three distinct stages: in chapter 1 its *Commencement*; in chapter 2 its *Continuance*; in chapter 3 its *Consummation*.

In Acts 16 we have the story of Paul and

his fellow-labourers' first visit to Philippi, and of the firstfruits of the Gospel in that city. First, there was Lydia, a seller of purple of Thyatira, far from home, yet finding time to attend a small prayer meeting on the Jewish Sabbath by the riverside—a devout woman, a seeker after God, yet never having heard the Gospel, she was still unsaved. That the Spirit of God had been striving and dealing with her before that day, there is no reason to doubt. He convicts of sin (John 16. 8, 9) and sets apart from the crowd (see 1 Pet. 1. 2, where sanctification is "unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood") souls convinced of need and seeking after God, sometimes long before they know deliverance and salvation. It was while in this condition that we read of Lydia, "Whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended to the things that were spoken" (Acts 16. 14), and hearing the Gospel from the lips of Paul, she believed and was saved. That day there was a work "begun in" her—inaugurated, as the word "begun" in Phil. 1. 6 implies—by the Divine Spirit, who had previously operated upon her unto conviction, but had now regenerated (John 3. 5) and sealed her (Eph. 1. 13), becoming Ancienting, Earnest (2 Cor. 1. 21) and Indweller in her heart (Gal. 4. 6). This subjective work of the Spirit in the believer, although not the ground of his peace, must not be ignored, as it often is in this day of theoretic evangelism and shallow conceptions of conversion, followed by little progress in Christian experience. Apart from a healthy inward condition and a progressive growth of spiritual life, there can be no true obedience to God or efficient service for Christ. The law of God's kingdom is, that trees of His planting take "root downward" first, in order to "bear fruit upward" (Isa. 37. 31): they are "planted in the house of the Lord," to "flourish in the courts of our God" (Psa. 92. 13).

The "saints at Philippi," of which the first was Lydia, followed by the woman who was indwelt by a demon, and the jailor with his house, had a good start. They were soundly converted, immediately confessing Christ as their Lord in baptism, fearlessly taking their place in association with the persecuted preachers. A clear start like this is of immense importance. If those truly converted do not separate themselves from the world, make a "clean cut" from their

former companions, throw over the notions they had of "religion" in their unconverted days, and become companions of God's people, "continuing steadfastly" in the doctrine of the Word and the fellowship of those who honour and obey it, they do not and cannot make progress in spiritual life, or increase in the knowledge of God.

Three Scottish sailors had imbibed too freely in a village tavern, and late at night had to cross a ferry in a small-boat to reach their vessel. Two took the oars, the third the helm, but after rowing for a full hour, they had not reached the other side. In the grey light of morning, and with returning sobriety, they discovered that all their energy had been spent in vain: they had not moved from their moorings! "An nae much wunner, lads," said the helmsman; "for we didna pull up our anchor!" There can be no real progress heavenward so long as believers are anchored to the present evil world, or unequally yoked with the ungodly. "Loose him and let him go" (John 11. 44), is the word that applies to those who have life, but lack liberty. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8. 32), is God's way of deliverance. The saints at Philippi were "free born" (Acts 20. 28), and from "the first day" (v. 5) gave a good account of themselves in manifesting their "fellowship in the Gospel." And that "good work," begun in them, did not cease (nor should it in us), until its final consummation "in the day of Jesus Christ." Thus you see its commencement is on the day of regeneration; its completion in the day of glorification.

THE WORK PROGRESSING.

Although the apostle and his fellow-labourers were unable to continue long with the infant church (chap. 4. 15) at Philippi, having been "shamefully entreated" (1 Thess. 2. 2) and hurried away (Acts 16. 40; 17. 1) to other fields, the saints went on with God and His Word, owning Christ as their Lord, so that the work begun in them continued steadily. The apostle is able to say that if they obeyed in his "presence," when he was with them, they had continued to do so "much more" since he left them (chap. 2. 12). This is a good record. Often when the evangelist goes, the "revival" collapses like a house of cards, and the

(Continued on page 47).

RUNNING THE RACE.



THEY'RE OVER NOW, AND ALL TOGETHER.

EDITORIAL.

THERE they go, how fleet of foot and even pace, they're over now, and all together, the hurdle is left behind. How pleasant to watch such good performance with apparent easy action. Yes, they are boys in the vigour of youth with plenty of practice and training behind them, and we like to think that this pleasant pastime has not merely pleasure as its object, but the training of the lads for a healthy and robust manhood. What a blessing to enjoy a healthy body and a sound mind.

This is a day when much time and thought is devoted to physical culture, and realising the necessity of maintaining a healthy population the authorities in most countries have encouraged and provided training facilities for the rising generation. We would wish that there was a corresponding concern for the spiritual wellbeing of our young people, and a recognition of true values in the light of eternity. Physical fitness is desirable and good, but at best is only temporal, a fact which the apostle reminds young Timothy when he wrote that "bodily exercise profiteth for a little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come" (1 Tim. 4. 8).

But I am attracted by that picture of the young athletes, and feel it has another lesson for us. Look at their equipment and think of their achievement. One moment the hurdle is before them, the next it is behind. There is no running round, but with manly effort it is cleared and onward they bound towards the goal. How this illustrates life's triumphs over the many obstacles which beset our pathway. Are my readers living triumphantly or is there that sense of defeat so common among us? What about your equipment? Has there been that necessary stripping so essential to victory? Has the burden of sin been laid aside and are you "running with patience the race set before us looking unto Jesus?" Here is the secret of overcoming life's difficulties and being able to rejoice in being more than conquerors through Him that loveth us. How important too, to start young, before the rolling years have heaped their load upon you and the net of sin has so entwined, that only with great difficulty it is possible to break with habits formed,

and trust in the all-sufficient Saviour.

We continue to hear from various readers who have recently trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and know the joy of sins forgiven. Each one receives a helpful booklet, and it would give us joy to hear from others with a short account of their conversion. Some forget to give their age, a helpful point in determining the nature of booklet to send. Ages range from nine to seventeen years, and we would like to give extracts from various letters but space forbids. Our youthful correspondent of nine tells how he was troubled about the Lord's return at any moment for those who are saved, and the dread of being left behind when his loved ones would be taken. It reminded the editor of his own experience and the troubled nights he spent in boyhood days. Nine years of age and saved, how grand. Go on James, give God that life which He has saved, and He will make you a blessing. Our last letter came from a sick bed, where a young woman of seventeen has waited for over a year. In her illness she has found the Saviour and He means so much to her. Yes, "profitable unto all things," in health or weakness, He proves the faithful Friend, and is able to sustain all who trust Him. Dorothy writes as follows, "As I was reading Romans 10. 9, my eyes were opened to see the reality of the verse. I believed God's word and rested my soul on it and am happy in the assurance from God's word that my sins are forgiven. Since then (18th January, 1937) as I lie on my sick bed I have been comforted and sustained by God's word and able to wait with patience for my recovery if it is His will." Sweet testimony, the Lord bless it to all our readers and let all who can remember Dorothy in prayer. Should any of her more fortunate sisters desire to write her, we will forward your letter.

"Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God" (Heb. 12. 1, 2).

Two Masters.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

A LARGE number of men were marching along a road, bent on a raid-expedition. Among them was a young man following his master, feeling oh! so ill. Presently he could go no farther, and his hard master cared nothing for his suffering, but left him to die.

"We can't be hindered for a worthless slave," probably he said, "we must haste to the city where only women and children are left in charge, we shall find them an easy conquest."

It wasn't long before they reached the city, where the women had watched their men-folk buckle on their armour and go off with flying colours. They could do nothing but wait hoping for their return, and now, here came the enemy!

How the women must have caught up their babies and sought to hide but all in vain. They were all carried off captive and the flocks too, not only that, but if they looked back, they saw their homes burning.

I can think that one woman would say to another, as they walked along, driven by their conquerors, "Oh dear, if only David hadn't gone away, this would never have happened."

While another would say, "Don't be down-hearted, he'll come back and soon come to

the rescue. It's a blessing they haven't killed us all."

It was rather wonderful that those fierce bad men had not killed anybody, not even a child; but they must all have felt frightened and sad.

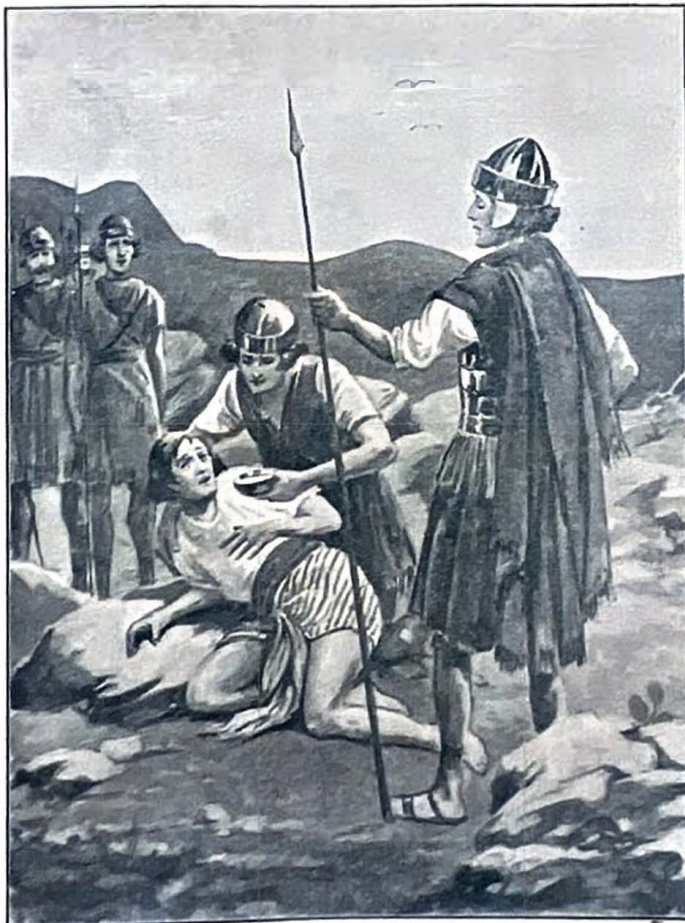
It was only three days after David had gone that he and his men returned. How lovely to be home again. What a welcome they would get. But directly they reached what used to be their beautiful city they must have exclaimed with horror. They soon saw what had happened. An enemy had been there, and hunt as they would among the ruins, not one wife, not one child could they find.

Then the men got very angry. One could understand them feeling angry with their enemy, but they blamed poor David and

seemed to think it was his fault. What a row there would have been had David retaliated and answered back, but he remembered how many times God had helped him in tight corners, and now he sought God and His help.

I wonder how we re-act to trying circumstances. Do we get angry and storm as these men did? Or do we pray and seek God's help?

We might just think about that for a moment. When things go wrong, or somebody does us an



1 Samuel 30.

injury, what do we do?

God did not fail David in his trouble. He guided him what to do. It was wise of David to ask for guidance. The natural impulse would be to rush off to the rescue, but David had learnt that it was easy to make a mistake and it was better to ask God first.

So six hundred men started off to find the enemy. But which way were they to go? How could they tell? Wasn't it splendid that God had provided for their need and over-ruled that cruel master's action for good. There in a field they found the sick lad. It would not have been surprising if these men had said: "We can't waste our time looking after this lad, we have something more important to do."

But no. They stopped to give him water. Oh, how eagerly he drank, for he had had no water for three days. The water revived him and he was able to eat some figs and raisins and then he could tell them his story.

Quite soon he led David and his men to the enemy's camp, where the people were carelessly feasting and dancing, little thinking that judgment was drawing near.

David got back all, not one little child or one goat was lost. It was not in vain that

David had sought God in his trouble.

We don't wonder that David wrote these words: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee." That was just what he had experienced. And God is the same to-day. We, too, can call upon Him in trouble. All down the ages, ever since, people have been doing this and always finding God "a very present help in trouble."

Don't you think that young man must have served David faithfully ever afterwards? He had found a good master instead of the old cruel one.

His history reminds me of ourselves. He was lost, sick and dying. He was a slave, and an enemy to David. He was found by David and saved from death, and he lived to serve David.

We are sinners, lost and in danger of eternal death, enemies by nature to Christ. Isn't it a sad thing that the natural heart does not love God? But He loves us and sent His Son to save us by His death. Now He offers us life and salvation and sets us free from our old master, Satan, to serve Him.

I am sure that young man was exceedingly happy in his new life, and so are we, if we come to Jesus and seek His salvation and service.



XIII.—The Death of Queen Mary, 1558.

By RAYMOND H. BELTON.

IN our previous articles we have noticed something of the terrible persecutions that took place in the reign of Mary, and how bravely the martyrs suffered for their faith. There is very much more that could be said, for this period of history is so full of incident, but enough has been said for the present to remind us of the great debt we owe to those who were faithful unto death.

All Mary's efforts were wasted. For five years, to quote the words of Hume, she displayed "obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge and tyranny," only to find in the end that she had failed in the purpose for which she set out. Three years of her short reign were spent in active persecution, but she merely aroused within the English mind a hatred of everything

connected with Papal authority. "Neither Wyclif, Colet, Henry VIII., nor Cranmer made England Protestant, but the creatures of Rome—the Jesuits, the Inquisition—and the spectacle of that heartless and satanic cruelty which dyed the market place of Oxford, the stones of Smithfield, and the village-greens of Kent and East Anglia with the loyal blood of Englishmen." (*The Giant Masquerade*, by F. C. Raynor).

There were some who fled from before the face of persecution. At Geneva there settled a band of devoted and learned men, which included John Knox, Miles Coverdale, William Whittingham, Anthony Gilby and Thomas Sampson. These men, with the probable assistance of Beza and Calvin, produced a revised version of the English Bible, and the result of their labours was published in 1560, being known as the "Geneva Bible." This was one of the ways in which good came out of these evil days.

In political affairs the reign of Mary was equally disastrous, and, as had been feared, England was dragged into war with France. Victory was gained at St. Quentin, but this was eclipsed by the loss of Calais which had been held for over two hundred years. This caused widespread regret, and was a grief to the Queen from which she did not

recover. She is supposed to have said, "If my body were opened when I am dead, the name Calais would be found written on my heart." In "A Child's History of England," Charles Dickens has commented on this. "I should have thought," he says, "if anything were written on it, they would have found the words—'Jane Grey, Hooper, Rogers, Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and three hundred people burned alive within four years of my wicked reign, including sixty women and forty little children.' But it is enough that their names are written in heaven."

Possessing no child Mary was forced to acknowledge Elizabeth as her successor, and it must have been a grief to her to realise that, not only had she failed in her intentions, but that she would be followed by a friend of the Reformers. While Mass was being said at her bedside the unhappy Queen died on November 16th, 1558, and was ushered into the presence of the Eternal before Whom she had sent so many of her victims. She was practically unmourned, and the accession of Elizabeth was greeted with enthusiasm.

Thus died Queen Mary, and thus ended one of the blackest periods of oppression in the history of the people of England.



GENEVA.

The Changing and the Unchanging

CHANGES are constantly taking place in the experience of men upon earth. Some of these changes are more noticeable than others yet the most important changes often pass unnoticed save by a few. In no particular is this more true than in the language we use day by day. It is continually changing, yet how few notice this. We use words to-day that were unknown a hundred years ago. Words that were common then seem strange to us now. New inventions call for new names; new theories and teachings invite new expressions, and so those who are older can agree with Caxton who wrote in the fifteenth century: "Our language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was a boy."

The translation of the Scriptures into English in 1611 is a notable example of how language changes. There are words therein that we seldom use now. There are others that have lost the meaning they had then and they convey to us a meaning quite unknown to the authors of that "noblest monument of English prose." To-day in every-day conversation we use words that are not to be found in the Bible. And it is

certain that further changes will take place in our language in view of the increased communication with peoples of other lands and the introduction of new features in man's world.

But there are three things revealed in the English Bible that have not changed with time. They are: (1) God's *description* of man; (2) God's *desire* towards man; and (3) the means He has *devised* to reach man.

The Bible *describes* man as a sinner, without hope and without God (Eph. 2. 12). It is laid to the charge of Jew and Gentile that they are all under sin (Rom. 3. 9). Men are born in sin and shapen in iniquity (Psa. 51. 5). There is none that doeth good, no, not so much as one (Rom. 3. 12, R.V.). To the men of His day God's Son said, "If ye die in your sin where I am ye cannot come" (John 8. 21, 24). God *desires* that men should be freed from sin and become servants of righteousness (Rom. 6. 18). His will for men is that they should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth (1 Tim. 2. 4). The apostle Paul's earnest desire and prayer to God for Israel was that they might be saved. As God's servant Paul's desire was but a faint re-

reflection of the more perfect desire of God not only towards Israel but to all men.

God has *devised* means whereby the banished ones may not be cut off from Him for ever (2 Sam. 14. 4). He has *provided* a Saviour for man in the person of His Son. Through His cross-work, blood-shedding and resurrection, He has *procured* a salvation that satisfies the deepest need of man. The good news of that salvation is *presented* in a message of words



READING THE CHAINED BIBLE.

that the sinner is entreated to receive. One of the first Gentiles to hear the Gospel was instructed by God to send for one who would tell him *words* whereby he and his house should be saved (Acts 11. 14). The words he heard concerned Jesus of Nazareth whom men slew, hanging Him on a tree; whom God raised up and gave Him to be made manifest (Acts 10. 39, 40). "To Him bear all the prophets witness that through His name *every one that believeth*

on Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43).

We entreat our readers to receive these words now and they will bring you a joy that remains as they did for those who first received them. Then will you for very joy sing heartily:

"Accepted I am in the once-offered Lamb,
It was God who Himself had devised the
plan;
Hallelujah, Thine the Glory."

W. H.

OUR MONTHLY CHORUS.—No. 28.

I HAVE A SAVIOUR

Words and Music by A. KIDDELL.

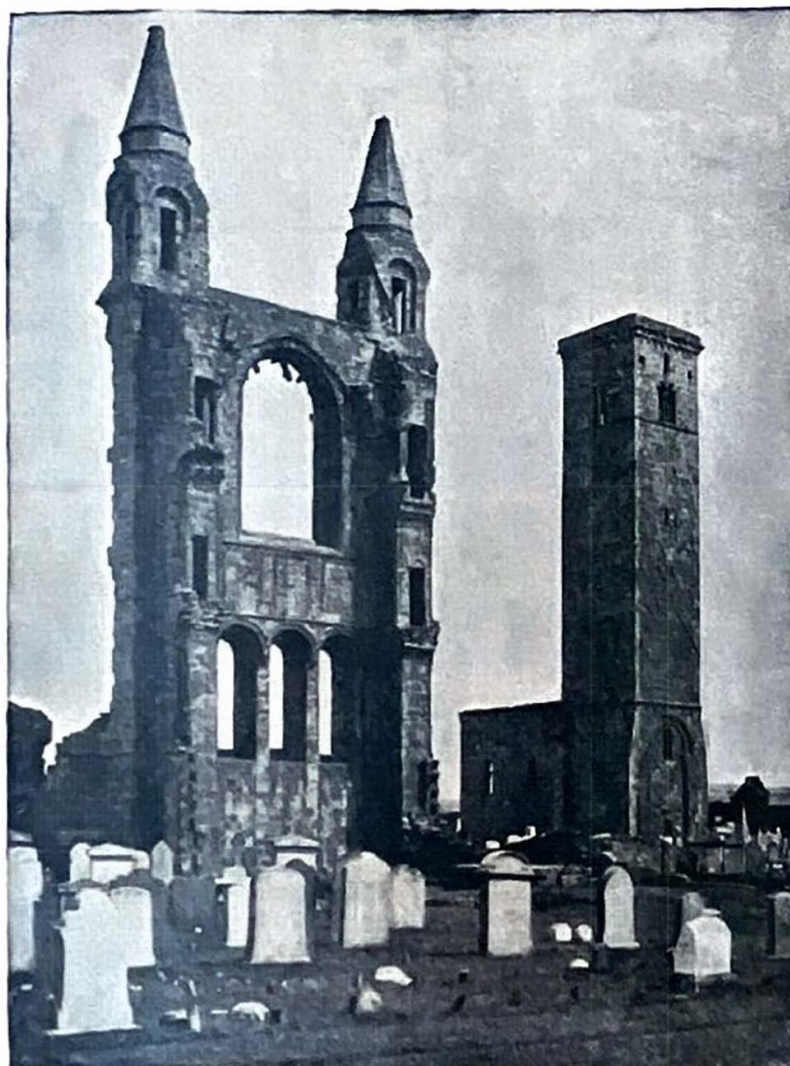
Don't { | n : - : - | re : - : re | n : - : - | d : - : - | s : : l : t : | r : - : d | t : - : - | - : : }
 I have a Sa - viour, Al - ways by my side,
 { | f : - : - | r : - : t : | f : - : - | r : - : - | s : : l : t : | r : - : re | n : - : - | - : : }
 Through cloud and sun - shine, He is my Friend and Guide;
 { | n : - : - | re : - : re | n : - : - | d : - : n | n : re : n | s : - : d | l : - : - | - : : }
 When fierce temp - ta - tions, And tri - als sweep o'er my soul,
 { | l : - : - | t : - : l | s : - : d | f : - : m | l : - : - | t : - : - | d : - : - | - : : }
 I'll e - ver trust my life To His con - trol.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD was a native of Nisbet, Roxburghshire. When a boy he attended school at Jedburgh from which he went to Edinburgh University, where in due time he was made Professor of Philosophy. Later he became minister at

Anwoth,

in Galloway in 1627. There he laboured with great success; rising about three o'clock in the morning he spent "the whole time in reading, praying, preaching, writing, catechising, visiting, and other duties." He both planted and watered but God gave the increase and many names in Anwoth were written in the Lamb's Book of Life.



St. Andrew's Churchyard where Samuel Rutherford was buried.

From here in 1636 he was banished to
Aberdeen

for Non-conformity. But if Rutherford perforce had ceased to preach he began to write. It was during his banishment in Aberdeen that he wrote his famous "letters," which have been such a blessing to the Lord's people. They can still be had in book form entitled "Samuel Rutherford's Letters." The apostle John too was banished to Patmos, ceased to preach, took up his pen and wrote his letters to the seven churches of Asia. Paul also from prison wrote his choicest epistles—Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians. Truly, "All things—imprisonments, disappointments, trouble, and seeming defeats—work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8. 28). Therefore if you are in trials or difficulties do not be discouraged, His word to you is "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter" (John 13. 7).

After two years Samuel Rutherford returned to his beloved Anwoth where the people again flocked to hear him. He was a man greatly beloved. From thence, after a short time, he went to

St. Andrews

in 1638, as Professor of Divinity. Private meetings for Bible Reading and Fellowship (Acts 2. 42) were abounding in the land about this time and certain ministers through the

General Assembly

in 1640 tried unsuccessfully to stop them, but Samuel Rutherford who, like Apollos, was "an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures," said, "What the Scriptures do

warrant, no Assembly may discharge; but private meetings for religious exercises, the Scriptures do warrant, for it is written, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another' (Malachi 3. 16) and 'where two or three are gathered together in My Name there am I in the midst of them'" (Matt. 18. 20). Rutherford was one of the Scots ministers appointed in 1643 to the

Westminster Assembly

This was the Assembly that produced the Catechism, and it was at this time that he published his book "Lex Rex—the law and the King," and to this day its principles are the basis of the democratic government of our beloved country of Great Britain, so that, although it is fashionable to-day in certain quarters to sneer at the Covenanters it is nevertheless true that the people of these islands owe their liberty in no small measure to these men of God. King Charles, when he saw this book, said it would never get an answer. It did. The parliament of 1661 answered by fire when they had it burnt publicly at the Cross of Edinburgh. Soon after the Restoration of Charles II. and the burning of Rutherford's book, "Lex Rex," the author himself was summoned to appear before parliament. When the summons arrived he was in bed very ill and replied, "Tell them I have got a summons already before a Superior Judge and jury, and I behove to answer my first summons, and ere your day come I will be

where few kings and great folks come." During his

Last Days

when visited by some of his brother ministers, he said, "My Lord and Master is the chief of ten thousand, none is comparable to Him in Heaven or Earth. Dear brethren, do all for Him, pray for Christ, preach for Christ, feed the flock committed to your charge for Christ, do all for Christ: beware of men pleasing—there is too much of it amongst us." And when some spoke to him of his faithfulness in the ministry he said, "I disclaim all that; the port that I would be at is redemption and forgiveness through His blood. Glory to Him in Emmanuel's Land." Thus died the famous Samuel Rutherford on 19th March, 1661, and had death not robbed him of the honour he would certainly have been the first martyr of the Scottish Covenanters, an honour which fell to the Marquis of Argyll two months later.

Reader, what port would you be in at? Are you like Samuel Rutherford trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ (Eph. 1. 12-13), in Whom we have redemption through His Blood even the forgiveness of sins (Eph. 1. 7)? or are you climbing up some other way, like a thief and a robber, trying to steal into Heaven (John 10. 1). The Lord Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—John 14. 6.

D. McCulloch.



AMBITION.

O Lord, let my ambition only be,
To do the work which Thou hast planned for
me;

What thou wilt have me do I humbly pray
That I may fully know from day to day.

To please thee, Lord, be that my only aim,
To honour and to magnify Thy Name;
To walk with Thee my pilgrim's journey
through,
And to have Thy smile on every thing I do.

Thy precious love, be that, the only power
That moves my heart each passing day and
hour;

Thy glory, Lord, let that the object be
For which I strive to labour here for Thee.
F. G. Thornhill.

An Original Acrostic by a Young Reader.

Contributed by Kathleen Beattie, aged 16 years

My first is in Jairus, who's daughter was dead,
My second in Midianites, who from Gideon
fled,

Third is in Calvary's great blessing to earth,
My fourth is found only in God's precious
Word,

Fifth is in thousands whom Jesus did feed,
And sixth find in Luke a physician indeed.
My last not in Paul but Agrippa you'll see.

The whole is a title of one who doth save,
Redeeming his people from sin and the
grave.

Uncle Sam's Letter.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

I wonder if you have heard the story about the pet donkey. I was such a little boy alongside my big brothers, and they often told me I was like a donkey, and I thought it was because we both liked a good dinner, but when I grew older and went to school I heard the teacher say his class of boys and girls were as stupid as donkeys and just as stubborn. "Oh," I said, "I can see now why they say children are like donkeys, because they are stupid and stubborn." But one day at Sunday school the teacher told us that God said we were like donkeys too. How strange that seems! Fancy nice-looking boys and girls like donkeys with their big ugly ears, dull eyes, and dirty colour. In order to understand it we

must fancy we were living three thousand years ago in Palestine, and I will try to show you a picture of what you might often have seen then.

Away in Bethlehem village there lived a very poor man and his wife and little children. The man owned a donkey to carry his loads, and had a great deal of trouble to find food enough for them all, the donkey included. But one morning the children were all in high spirits, laughing and jumping for joy, for in the night, while they were all fast asleep, a tiny little baby donkey had been born! Oh, how pleased they all were, stroking it and hugging it, and all wanting to give the little fellow some of their breakfast! Even the baby must be carried out to pat the little donkey's head, and they are all talking of the fine fun they

shall have with their new playmate. I expect they could hardly learn their lessons the first few days, because their thoughts were so fixed on the baby donkey.

But the children noticed one day the father and mother looked sad. What can be the matter with them? they said to each other. At last little David said: "Mother, what is the matter? Are you ill this morning?" And Rachel said: "Father, why don't you eat any breakfast?" Then the mother could hardly keep from crying, and said. "Oh, my children, we are so sorry, but your father has to go to-day and take your baby donkey to the priest, and we are sadly afraid that his neck will have to be broken."

Then the children all cried and wanted to know why their pet must be killed? "Because we cannot get a lamb to redeem him with, and he must be either redeemed or destroyed." So away went father leading the donkey to the priest, after the children had all patted him and stroked



him, and bid him good-bye. "Where is the lamb to redeem him with?" asked the priest, "Oh, priest, I am so poor, and cannot buy a lamb, but please spare the donkey's life as the children are so fond of him." "Alas, alas! I cannot; as the law of God is that he must be redeemed with a lamb, or else be killed, for the word is: 'And every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck, and all the first-born of man among thy children shalt thou redeem'" (Exod. 13.). So the baby donkey and baby boy or girl both needed a lamb to redeem them. The meaning of the word redeem is to purchase back. The Bible tells us the donkey is an unclean animal, and it needed a clean lamb to die for it, and we are unclean also because we are sinners and God's Lamb, Jesus, had to die for us to purchase us.

This poor man no doubt would have brought the lamb to the priest to redeem his children (because all the lambs offered for sacrifices in the Old Testament spoke of Jesus). Now he is too poor to get one to redeem his baby donkey, but just as he is about to hand it over to the priest to have it's neck broken a rich man, dressed very grandly, came to bring some offering to the priest. Seeing the poor man in tears,

he asked what was the cause of his trouble, and when told, he said, "Oh, poor man, I have great flocks of sheep, hundreds and hundreds, and I will gladly give you a lamb to redeem your donkey with." Oh, how glad the poor man was, and how he would thank his kind, rich friend who helped him in his trouble!

Soon he led the little donkey back home, and the children, who were on the look out, would cry: "Mother! mother! look at father; he is coming down the hill with our little donkey, so he has not been killed." Oh, what a happy day it was for them all, and those children would often talk about the kind man who had redeemed their pet donkey.

The donkey was condemned to die, but was redeemed by the blood of the lamb, who was killed instead. We sinners who are condemned, and deserve to die, have been redeemed by the Lord Jesus Christ.

I am sure you have enjoyed this nice story, and you will be saying I am so glad the kind man gave the poor father of the children a lamb to redeem their pet baby donkey, but think also how kind God was to give His Lamb Jesus to die for us all, and thank Him.

With love to you all, from

UNCLE SAM.



Treasure Seeking for the Young.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 2.—QUESTIONS—GOD. (Part II).

1. When did God end His work, and when did He rest? Gen. 2.
2. What did He make? Neh. 9.
3. Why were all things created? Rev. 4.
4. What do the heavens declare? Psal. 19.
5. What fills the earth? Isa. 6.
6. How was the sea divided? Psal. 74.
7. Where did light and darkness come from? Isa. 45.
8. What does God use for a chariot? Psal. 104.
9. To whom did God give dominion over His works? Psal. 8.
10. How will the heavens and earth be destroyed? 2 Pet. 3.
11. How does He witness to men? Acts 14.
12. Does He control the affairs of men? Dan. 2.

No. 1.—ANSWERS—GOD. (Part I).

1. John 4. 24.
2. Deut. 6. 4; Isa. 44. 6; 1 Cor. 8. 4.
3. John 10. 30; John 14. 16; 2 Cor. 13. 14.
4. John 1. 18.
5. Exod. 33. 20.
6. (a) 2 Chron. 16. 9; (b) Gen. 5. 24; (c) Isa. 6. 1.
7. (a) Gen. 6. 6; (b) Deut. 30. 20; (c) Psal. 95. 10.
8. (a) Psal. 145. 17; (b) Deut. 32. 4; (c) 1 Tim. 1. 17.
9. (a) Jer. 32. 17; (b) Job 34. 21; (c) Psal. 139. 8, 9, 10.
10. Psal. 33. 11; Psal. 119. 89; Heb. 1. 11-12.

—Berean.

"MONTHLY" LESSONS
FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

:: MARCH.

By J. S. Borland.

CAN you hear them! They are marching marching on, with their spears and shields in hand. Who are *they*? They are the soldiers of old Rome, heroes of many campaigns, victors in many a stern battle. In fancy I see them now going along some rough road which will lead them to the enemy's land, for March was the time when they went forth to war. It was the time of campaign, the time when Mars, the god of war, called them.

They have gone now, these soldiers of a fallen power. They have marched to their graves, some covered with martial glory. Only a few of their great leaders are remembered; the rank and file—the fighting men—have lived and died as if they had never been. I want to bring them back to life again, those marchers of the past. I want to hear them speak. I wonder if they have anything interesting they can tell us. I wonder if they have a lesson for us of the twentieth century. Yes, they have.

Life is a Campaign.

They would tell us first of all that life is a campaign, it is a warfare from the cradle to the grave. We only cease to fight when we cease to live, or, better still, we only cease to live when we cease to fight. There are foes for all of us to face. They march against us in youth, in young manhood and young womanhood, in old age. With Christ as Captain of our salvation we will defeat them, but they will come again, perhaps more slyly and more determinedly as the years pass on. To defeat the foe when young, gives us courage and strength for future encounters, for do we not sometimes sing—

"Every victory will help you
Some other to win."

Boys and girls, do remember that if you yield to temptation once, you are likely to yield again. On the other hand, if you, by faith in our exalted Lord, gain the victory over temptation once, you are likely to gain the victory again.

"Ah," I hear someone say, "but it is often a hard battle." I admit that it is, but have

I not said already that when we cease to fight we cease to live! I mean by that that we are only existing when we do not fight against sin. We are like the straw on the current of the river—a dead thing. There is evidence of

Life in Resistance.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you (James 4. 7).

Perhaps you have heard the song "The way the wind blows we'll go." That's the way of the worldling. I for one don't want to go the way the wind blows unless it blows in the right direction—towards goodness and God. I want to be worthy of the name of MAN. I want to do MANLY things, and I know I will need to fight to be able to conquer. I know something more—that I have God on my side. During a long French campaign two young soldiers were heard by older soldiers to complain of the hardships which their General was asking them to endure. One of the old soldiers said—"You do not know your father (the General) or you would not complain. He never asks his soldiers to suffer without some purpose." In our fight for right we have God with us. And, "God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10. 13).

In his trial, the Apostle Paul received assurance from the Lord, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

CANADIAN PROVINCES.

(5)—ONTARIO.

O I taste and see that God is good!
N o meat is like His heavenly food.
T aste and be satisfied!—my friend,
A nd then, until your life shall end
R iches eternal you shall find,
I f Christ you seek with heart and mind,
O I taste and see that God is kind!

A. P. A.

THE PLEASURES OF SPRING.



THE SPRING OF LIFE.

THE PLEASURES OF SPRING.

SPRING is in the air and all of nature stirs. The meadows and the hedgerows begin to wear their new green mantles, while the warble of the birds and the skipping of the lambs delight our hearts and remind us that the God of resurrection is faithful to His promise.

With the passing of the gloomy days of winter and the coming of the lengthening days of spring, the feet of our young folks lighten and soon the mirth of the old familiar playfields is revived and enjoyed with youthful zeal and zest.

Our snapshot is of such a corner, and the "boys in mid-air" congratulate each other at finding their old friend the gnarled branch as active as ever. There it has hung for several seasons, within jumping reach of an acrobatic fraternity, and void of foliage which is never allowed to grow, seems to exist only for the pleasure of others. Quite a useful purpose you say—to exist for the pleasure of others. Yes, in what measure does your life answer to this purpose of the old gnarled branch? What pleasure do you afford your parents, your teacher, your companion? Does the eye of God, penetrating where earthly friends can never see, find any measure of pleasure in your life?

In the Bible we read of another Branch giving infinite pleasure. This was one of the names given to the Servant of Jehovah in the Old Testament. The promise is given in Zechariah 3. 8, "Behold, I will bring forth my servant the Branch," and this servant is further referred to by Jehovah in the beautiful language of Isaiah 42. 1, "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth." That these scriptures were fulfilled in the Person of the Lord Jesus is very clear from His own words in the New Testament, and by the testimony of God the Father from an open heaven. After the silent years of His boyhood and manhood, when He was baptised in Jordan, the heavens were opened, and a voice said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." As a boy of twelve years, when He attended the feast of the passover at Jerusalem, you will remember how Mary found Him in the temple, when He said, "Wist ye not that I

must be about My Father's business?" That "business" was ever before Him, and for over thirty years, as Jesus of Nazareth, He did always those things which pleased the Father. Only He could ever say, "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." The most wonderful life ever lived, in which no flaw was found, and yet the end of it here on earth was a cross of shame and suffering.

Will my reader kindly refer to Isaiah 53. 5 and there find the explanation. "He was wounded for *our* transgressions, He was bruised for *our* iniquities: the chastisement of *our* peace was upon Him; and with His stripes *we* are healed." It was all on *our* account, that *we* might be healed. Oh, the mystery of the love of God! Have you thanked Him yet; have you accepted the suffering Saviour as your own? This is the secret of a truly happy life, a life that will give pleasure to God and bring blessing to others. It is lived by faith in the risen Lord, who came as Jehovah's Servant, who gave infinite pleasure by His unswerving obedience to the Father's will, becoming obedient even unto the death of the Cross.

We continue to hear from various readers who have thus accepted the Saviour, but strange it may seem that none of them are over seventeen years of age. Surely this is a pointer to the difficulty of being saved in later years. For all, now is the day of salvation! Get saved young and enjoy life. Our young friend William Aitken, aged fifteen years, saved on 9th January last, referring to the joy of salvation, says he "would not give up his Saviour for all the world." How splendid, but better still to ever realise that the Saviour will never give up those who trust Him. "They shall never perish," are His own words. William would like a pen friend in either Africa or India—a young man between fifteen and twenty years of age who knows the Lord. Now get linked up and enjoy Christian fellowship together. Your letter addressed to him c/o The "Watchman" Office, Sturrock St., Kilmarnock, will be re-directed.

Wishing you all Heaven's richest blessing.

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.



MEN OF LETTERS

XIII.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, evangelist, arrived in America in the year 1739. He had permission at first to preach in some churches, but clergymen taking a dislike to him refused their pulpits and he preached in the fields. Although assuring his hearers they were half-beasts, half-devils by nature, they yet admired and respected him, and his preaching had a wonderful influence, for psalm-singing families were to be found in every street as a result.

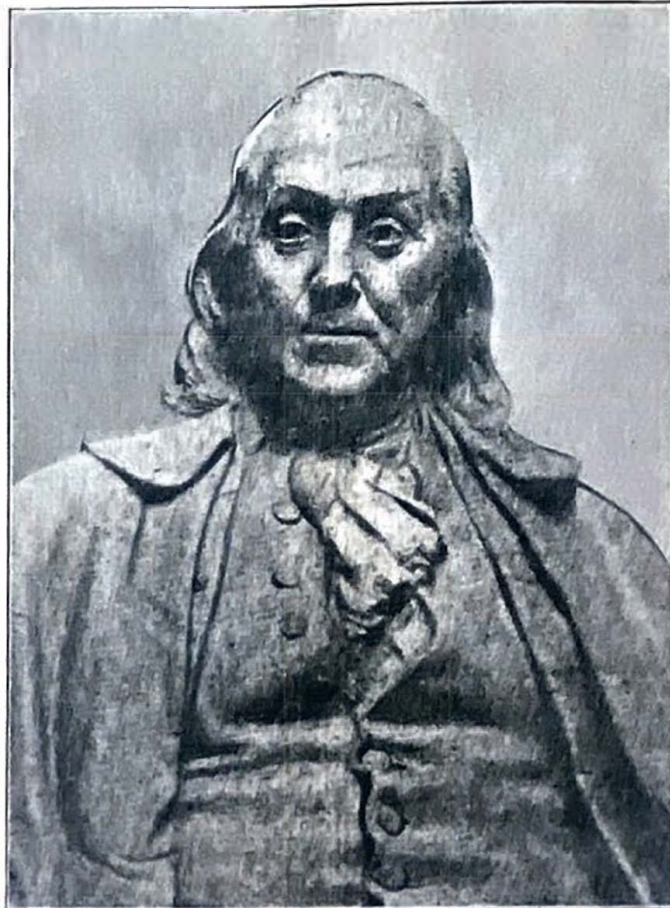
Observing the plight of orphan children when on a visit to Georgia, Whitefield decided to build an orphanage in Philadelphia, and in his preaching appealed for money for this purpose. Some of his hearers thought the orphanage should have been built in Georgia, and when Whitefield rejected this suggestion they determined to withhold their assistance. Among them was a man named Benjamin Franklin who yet confesses to being overcome in his intentions by Whitefield's oratory. On one occasion he was present at one of Whitefield's meetings, having in his pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars

and five pistoles in gold, but determined to give nothing. As Whitefield proceeded, however, he began, he says, "to soften and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January 6, 1706. He was the tenth child of his mother and the fifteenth of his father who had married for the second time. Franklin's education began at home, was continued at school, and ceased when he

was ten years old. He read whatever he could find in the way of books, the first he ever purchased being John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. His literary career began when he was fifteen and in his brother's employment who was a printer.

From such small beginnings the life of Benjamin Franklin progressed through hardship and poverty to the heights of fame. When he died on the night of April 17, 1790, he was justly honoured as a man of science, a man of letters and the trusted ambassador of his



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

country.

A simple incident in his boyhood days taught Franklin a lesson that remained with him through life. When a child of seven his friends on his birthday filled his pockets with coppers. On his way to a toy shop he was charmed with the sound of a whistle that he met by the way in the hands of another boy and gave all he possessed for one similar. His family mocked at his foolishness until vexation overcame his pleasure in his whistle. Writing many years later he confessed that the lesson of the whistle remained with him. His experience of life led him to judge that people who went after ambition, popularity, wealth, pleasure, appearance and other earthly vanities were paying too much for their whistles. "In short," he wrote, "I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles."

The only way to get a true estimate of the value of things is to get God's valuation upon them. "Great possessions" on earth are not to be compared with treasure in heaven "where no thief approacheth, neither

moth corrupteth" (Matt. 19. 21, 22; Luke 12. 33). "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment" (Luke 12. 23). He who puts the interests of his body above the interests of his soul is paying "too much for his whistle." What shall a man give in exchange for his life? The salvation of the soul was only made possible through the death of God's Son. That is the value that God puts upon one individual. Nothing less than the giving up of Him who was God's beloved and infinitely precious One could procure salvation for the most insignificant of earth. Of what priceless value then is the salvation He offers to all who believe on His Son! The greatest that earth can afford is not worth a whistle in comparison.

What are you, my reader, accounting of more value than God's salvation in Christ? What earthly bauble are you allowing to occupy your attention to the exclusion of God's Son and His salvation? Be entreated to exercise wisdom and "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). If you neglect to do so an endless, joyless, hopeless eternity will forever remind you that you paid "*too much for your whistle.*" W. H.

TREASURE SEEKING FOR THE YOUNG

PROFITABLE EVENING
OCCUPATION.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 3.—QUESTIONS—CHRIST. (Part I).

1. Who was He declared to be (a) by God; (b) by man; (c) by demons? (a) Matt. 3; (b) Matt. 16; (c) Mark 1.
2. Where did He come from? John 6.
3. Where was He born? Luke 2.
4. What name was given to Him? Matt. 1.
5. Did the prophets declare His birth? Isa. 7; Isa. 9.
6. Did the prophets declare His birth-place? Micah 5.
7. Did the prophets declare His name? Isa. 7; Isa. 9.
8. Did the prophets declare His death? Isa. 53.
9. What trade did He learn? Mark 6.
10. What was His real business in youth and manhood? Luke 2; Heb. 10.
11. Was He loved or hated? John 21; John 15.

12. Was He ever (a) weary; (b) thirsty; (c) hungry; (d) sleepy? (a) John 4; (b) John 4; (c) Matt. 4; (d) Matt. 8.

No. 2.—ANSWERS—GOD. (Part II).

1. Gen. 2. 2.
2. Neh. 9. 6.
3. Rev. 4. 11.
4. Psal. 19. 1.
5. Isa. 6. 3.
6. Psal. 74. 13.
7. Isa. 45. 7.
8. Psal. 104. 3.
9. Psal. 8. 6.
10. 2 Pet. 3. 10.
11. Acts 14. 17.
12. Dan. 2. 21.

—Berean.

Witnessing for Christ.

THERE are many ways of witnessing for Christ. When young Saul of Tarsus was saved he was told that he had been chosen to bear the Lord's Name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel—in other words, to be a witness.



Our blessed Saviour expects all His followers to be witnesses for Him (Acts 1. 8). What a splendid witness the little captive maid was in Naaman's home (2 Kings 5. 3, 4).

In our picture we have a dear brother in Canada who witnesses for His Master by means of "Text Carrying." You will notice the boy with the cycle is quite interested. You are not to suppose he cannot see the texts from where he stands, for he can. The banners have texts on both sides, and no doubt our young friend is reading them and perhaps thinking of them.

Will you read the texts on the two banners and allow them to speak solemnly to your heart.

It was a great joy to learn from our friend the "Text Carrier" of his interest in *The Young Watchman*. He quite frankly states it is the best magazine for children he has ever seen; and do you know, he sends every month many copies to boys and girls away in British Columbia, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. What a good work! May the Lord bless him in his witness for "Himself," and may he abundantly bless the boys and girls who receive the magazine as well as all our many different readers in so many different parts of the world.

The Saviour is calling to one and to all
To come and be cleansed from their sin;

Delay not a moment; respond to His call;

Begin now to "witness" for Him."

G. G.

Nothing to Pay, to Do, or to Fear.

Nothing to pay? No, not a whit.
Nothing to do? No, not a bit.
All that was needed, to do or to pay,
Jesus had done in His own blessed way.

Nothing to fear? No, not a jot.
Nothing unclean? No, not a spot.
Jesus Himself is the sinner's resource,
Peace He has made by the blood of His Cross.

Heroes.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

HOW we all like reading about heroes and better still if we get a chance to see one. People will stand in a street for hours, if a man or woman who has done some brave deed is likely to come along. I expect many boys and girls like to day-dream about some great thing they mean to do some day. If you want to read about heroes, the most interesting stories are to be found in the Bible.

We have always loved the story of brave David who killed Goliath, but did you know Goliath had four brothers, all giants, who were killed by ordinary men?

One was called Ishbi-benob, and one day in battle when David has been fighting hard and had got very tired indeed, this giant was just going to kill him, but David's nephew, son of his sister, came to the rescue, and killed the wicked giant, who had attacked David.

Then a man, called Sibbichai, slew another brother of the giant family whose name was Saph, and El-nathan killed Lahmi, and finally the last of the brothers was slain by another nephew of David.

I think that pride was a family failing among the giants; they thought they were so strong they could defy God's servants but they were mistaken. There are strong men to-day who think the same, but there will come a time when they too

will find they are wrong.

A very clever man who had great schemes for the success of his life and failed in the end said on his death bed: "I have come to the conclusion, that any plan of life that leaves God out, is bound to end in disaster, sooner or later."

What kind of hero do you most admire? What great deed would you like to do?

Perhaps some boy says: "I shall never be a hero. I'm not clever or very strong, I shall never have a chance."

You are mistaken. You can be the greatest kind of hero there is. Really great.

Do you know the words in Proverbs 16. 32?

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The boy or girl that does that, is one of God's heroes. The boy who when taunted and sneered at, can give a cheerful answer; the girl who, when treated unkindly, can hold back a remonstrance and smile; when pride and jealousy are overcome, these young people are great in the sight of God.

Ruling one's own spirit is no easy task. The natural tendency to anger, jealousy, deceit and all other evil things is as great a foe as any giant, and we can only conquer, if we, like David, are putting our trust in the Living God. He it is Who



1 Samuel 17.

must fight in us, and for us, and He will, if we trust Him.

You want to be one of God's heroes, great in the sight of God, and all the angels

in heaven, although unknown on earth, then come to Jesus, tell Him all about the giants in your pathway, your own spirit greatest of all, and ask Him to dwell in your heart, and make you a true hero for Him.

Our Monthly Chorus.—No. 29.

TRAVELLING HOME

Words and Music by A. KIDDELL.

Don't { :m :f₁ | s:-:-|fo:-:-|s:-:-| :m :f₁ | s:-:-|d:-:-|l₁ | t:-:-| :r₁ :m | f:-:-|r:-:- }

We are trav-'ling home To a man-sion so fair, We are trav-'ling

home, We shall meet Je-sus there, If our robes are white when the

cross we lay down, Then the smile of Je-sus, And the vic-tor's crown.

Copyright 1932 by Alfred Kiddell.

If you can't stop others' tongues, stop your own ears.

Some men will believe nothing but what they can comprehend. And there are but few things that such are able to comprehend.

—St. Evremond.

Every day we live is a page in life's diary, and we'd all be more careful what we wrote on that page, if we remembered that it can't be rubbed out.

Actions speak louder than words, but looks often speak louder than either.



THE OSTRICH.



THE ostrich is sometimes called by Arabs of the desert, "the camel-bird," because it somewhat resembles the camel in appearance.

Besides being the largest of birds, it is swifter than all running animals. It has a long thin neck, with a very small head. Its eyes are covered with large lashes, which enable it to have a very keen vision. It cannot fly with its wings; but they are of great use to it when rapidly bounding over the desert sand, which it only touches with its toes. Some of the African ostriches take

a stride of over twenty feet, and can run at the speed of an ordinary railway train. The ostrich is hunted by the Arabs for its feathers, which are of great value. The ancient Greeks of high rank, wore ostrich plumes in their helmets.

This bird was known in the days of Job. "She lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider," thus showing the great speed with which it runs. She scoops out a hollow in the sand, and there lays her eggs; then she goes away in search of food, and leaves them where they may

be crushed, but the process of hatching still goes on under the burning heat of the sun's rays. She sometimes leaves a number of eggs outside the nest, where they are liable to be broken. In this she is used as a contrast to the bird that closely watches her young, and is so unlike God, who cares for, and watches over the youngest and feeblest of those who put their trust in Him. Whoso trusteth Jehovah shall never perish.



AN OSTRICH FARM IN SOUTH AFRICA.



CANADIAN PROVINCES.

(6)—QUEBEC.

Q uench not the Spirit of the Lord.
U nder His guidance God's own Word
E ver shall satisfy your soul;
B e ever under His control.
E ndless shall be your peace and joy;
C hrist's service then your blest employ.

A. P. A.

A CONCISE AID TO BIBLE STUDY.

"Personal Bible Study," by Ernest Barker.

Anything that tends to encourage bible-reading and meditation is to be welcomed. We are sure that anything that comes from our brother's pen is likely to be valuable, as in listening to him from time to time we have realized that "the word of God was dwelling in him richly," and that his own experience would be likely to help others.

Issued from "The Watchman" Office at the moderate price of 2d, it can with all confidence be placed in the hands of young Christians.

"MONTHLY" LESSONS FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

::

APRIL.

By J. S. Borland.

APRIL, the fourth month of the year, takes its name from a Latin word meaning "I open." It is the month of resurrection when Nature bursts into life and when the singing of the birds is heard in the land. We feel happy and joyous, for we know that the winter is past and the long, pleasant days of summer are near at hand. There is love and laughter and hope in April, and hearts beat strong, for the opening of the flowers and the bursting of the hedgerows in the country lanes speak to us and tell us that God is in heaven and all is right in creation.

Have you ever thought of the seasons of the year and how they answer to the life of man? You, young friends, are now in your Springtime—the season of hope, when you dream dreams and see visions. Life lies before you with all its possibilities and its opportunities. I wonder what you are going to do with that life of yours—that life which will one day have its Autumn and Winter season, and you will reap what you have sown. If you give it to God and spend it in His service you will have an abundant harvest, and when the mellow days come and the sun is sinking low in life's sky a heavenly radiance will flood your soul and at "eventide it will be light."

I would therefore ask you to think much of the Springtime of your life—the season of sowing, and ask you to

"Scatter seeds of loving deeds
Along the fertile field,
For grain will grow from what you sow
And fruitful harvest yield."

There are three things which I want you to remember about April. I have told you of one already: it is the month of sowing. Then it is

The Month of Showers,

and the month of sudden changes. I am sure you all know that "April showers bring May flowers," and there are one or two lessons that I want you to learn from that. First, that we cannot do without the rain. I know that you sometimes wish there was no rain. It spoils many an outing and keeps

you indoors when you want to be wandering in the woods or romping in the fields. But then, if there were no showers there would be no flowers, and I am sure you all want to see the beautiful flowers grow in the garden and by the roadside and in the woods. Don't you, now?

Well, let us try to look at life that way. Do you ever feel grumpy? Do you ever complain when little vexations come? Are you annoyed when mother is not feeling too well and you have to help with the housework when you would rather be out playing, or reading a thrilling story, or doing some nice needlework? Have you felt that way? That's just the "April showers" in your life! They fall upon you to "bring May flowers." It is God seeking to produce in your life the flowers of Love, Patience and Goodness? Will you allow Him to make the garden of your soul beautiful with blooms which are sweet-smelling to Him? Or will it be otherwise? You must not forget that the showers which bring the flowers also make the weeds grow. And any gardener will tell you that weeds grow very easily and very quickly. So the showers which fall upon your life may bring forth weeds! Think seriously about that! When everything goes "dead wrong" you may become cross and pettish. If you do, then there will be no flowers in your garden—nothing but weeds! You will become unloving, distrustful, selfish. And what a harvest you will have in the Autumn!

The Poor Boy and the Rose Bush.

Some big folk imagine they can live without God. What foolishness! It is God who sends the sunshine and the rain, and the harvest's golden grain. We are all dependent upon Him, and if you want to live a beautiful life then it will only be as you allow God to come into your heart. A gardener who was an expert grower of roses once gave a rose bush to a poor boy who lived in a back court. He told him how to care for it. He was to put bone, hair, and soap suds in the soil and beautiful roses would grow. The boy did that, but the rose bush began to die. He came very

sorrowfully to the gardener and told him what had happened. The gardener went to see the rose bush, and knew at once why it was withering. The boy, thinking he was doing right, had boxed the bush in. He wanted to protect it. The gardener exposed the bush to the light and air, and in a few days it began to revive. What mistake had the ignorant but well-meaning boy made? He had shut out the things which God gives! Boys and girls, you must let God work if you want to produce a beautiful life.

Then April is the month of sudden changes. One minute there may be bright sunshine, and the next rain. Sunshine and rain; that's April. Life is very like that, isn't it? Everything is going well with us,

the world is a bright and happy place to live in; then there comes a big black cloud and the joy and sunshine disappears. It is in these changing moments that many people fail. So long as everything is going well with them they can sing a sweet and joyous song, but when sorrow and calamity enter their life—ah, that's a different story!

What is the Christian's stay in this changing world? Surely it is the fact that God never changes. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Because there is change and decay all around us we must have the unchanging One with us. So let our prayer be—"Oh Thou, who changest not, abide with me." Is this unchanging One your friend? If not, come to Him now.



Springtime.

(Song of Sol. 2. 12).

The winter is past and the springtime has come—

A little less darkness, a little more sun.
The flowers will appear, and the birds they will sing,

The world will rejoice and with melody ring.

How good is our God, who the seasons doth plan,

And causes the earth to bring forth fruit for man;

He sends us the sunshine as well as the rain,
And fills our glad hearts with sweet hope once again.

The spring brings a message from God to each one;

There can only be life through the death of His Son;

For He as the corn of wheat fell into the ground,

And now a great harvest for God will be found.

The Lord gave His life: on the cross He did die.

But God raised Him up and exalted Him high,
And promised to Him every knee yet should bow.

Oh, yield to His claims and be wise: DO IT NOW.

Accept Him as Saviour: new life from Him take;

He'll blot out the past and the power of sin break.

Life's springtime and summer to you He will bring,

And cause your glad heart with His praises to sing.
G. G.

BY A NATIVE CHRISTIAN IN BRITISH WEST INDIES.

PRAY—and—READ.

P rivate
—Matt. 6. 6.

R egularly
—Psa. 55. 17.

A lways
—Luke 18. 1.

Y ieldingly
—Matt. 26. 39.

R egularly
—Psa. 1. 1-2.

E arnestly
—Acts 17. 10-11.

A ttentively
—1 Tim. 4. 13.

D istinctly
—Neh. 8. 8.

Dear child of God, take time each day to pray
That you may safely walk the narrow way;
Take time to read God's Word in private too,
That you may know each day what you should do.

And as you read take time to meditate;
That to your soul the Spirit may relate
More about Jesus and His boundless love,
Whom better we shall know in heaven above.
—F. G. Thornhill.

BIBLE STORIES.



Lines Suggested by Picture
— on —
"Light in the Home" Calendar.

Around a cosy ingleneuk,
A picture rare I see;
Two bonnie bairns are nestling close
Beside their mother's knee.

The Bible stories told to them,
Though old, seem ever new;
Those tender, earnest, tones they hear,
With love are mingled through.

She tells them of a Saviour's love,
The gentle Shepherd's care;
And, gazing in the flickering flames,
They see a vision there.

The fair young mother lives again,
In memory, childhood's days;
When, at her parents' knees, she learned
Her baby-songs of praise.

A whispered prayer escapes her lips,
That He will guard and guide
Her darlings safely on through life,
And keep them near His side.

(Mrs.) A. Martin,

Kilmarnock.

SOME REASONS FOR NOT SMOKING.

By Andrew Stenhouse, Missionary in Chile.

1. Because we have never known a good reason for beginning the habit.

2. Because we could not smoke to the glory of God (1 Cor. 10. 31).

3. Because the Word of God commands us to "make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof" (Rom. 13. 14).

4. Because the will of God is our sanctification (1 Thess. 4. 3), which means cleansing ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit (2 Cor. 7. 1).

5. Because it is our reasonable service to present our bodies as "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God" (Rom. 12. 1).

6. Because it is not good to be brought under the power of any habit (1 Cor. 6. 12). If it is difficult to give up, that is all the more reason why it should be given up, for this proves that one is under its power. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

7. Because the glory of God and the need of perishing souls require us to give a good

testimony. Our testimony is better if we are able to say that Christ has freed us from every evil habit.

8. Because our example is bound to influence others (Rom. 14. 7). Those who smoke with moderation give a more dangerous example, because others think they can do the same but often become slaves.

9. Because our own happiness depends upon not allowing anything which makes us feel condemned (Rom. 14. 22). Christians who smoke usually attempt to hide their idol on the approach of a fellow-believer. The mediocre spiritual experience of "smoky" Christians is not God's plan for us.

10. Because "whatsoever is not of faith," but a doubtful indulgence, "is sin" (Rom. 14. 23).

(With this filthy habit on the increase among young and old of both sex, we hope to include further "reasons" as affecting the slave physically in future issues.—Ed.).

UNCLE SAM'S LETTER.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

I am going to tell you a school story this month. Two big boys, Bob and Jack, who went to the same school as I attended, were great mates, and they promised to help each other in the times of school days' distress. Jack said, "If the teacher calls you out, Bob, to give you the cane, I will come with you, and between us we can manage him." "Good oh," says Bob, "and I will do the same for you." It was not long after these promises were made before Jack transgressed and the teacher picked up his long cane, and called, "Jack H——, come out in front," and to the surprise of all, Bob picked up his slate and walked out, too. The teacher said, "What do you want, Bob?" "You touch Jack H—— and you will soon see!" The teacher without any hesitation ordered Jack back to his seat. The order was obeyed immediately and poor Bob declares to this day he never received such a thrashing before nor since. Jack H—— proved to be an unfaithful friend, but all boys are not like him.

A Christian teacher tells the following story:— Once when I was a teacher in a large school I had to reprove a pupil for inattention and disobedience. My words failing to produce an effect upon him, I was obliged to resort to punishment and accordingly I told him to stand for a quarter of an hour in a corner of the schoolroom.

As he was going a boy came to me and requested that I would allow him to take the place of the lad who had offended. This request surprised me a good deal. However, I contented myself with observing that if I granted his request he should pass the whole of the time in the corner, "and," I added, "a quarter of an hour is very long when one must spend it in punishment." These words did not shake him. I then pointed out to him the disgrace which attaches to a child who undergoes punishment, telling him that to all visitors who might enter the school he would appear a naughty boy. Nothing, however, changed his purpose and I allowed him to take his companion's place in the corner.

When the quarter of an hour had ex-

pired I released the little boy, and asked him if it was his companion who had induced him to take his place.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Do you not think that he deserved to be punished?"

"Oh! he deserved it."

"What then, has led you to bear this punishment in his place?"

"Sir, it is because I love him."

The other children had listened with deep interest to this conversation. I then called the disobedient boy, and raised the question if I ought not to punish him, even though his friend had been punished.

In a moment there was almost a clamour of protestations. A multitude of voices cried out, "Oh, sir, that would not be right! That would not be right!"—"not just," added one.

"Why would it not be just?" replied I.

"Has not your schoolfellow disobeyed?"

"Yes, sir, but you have allowed Brown to be punished in his place; you should not therefore punish him."

"Does what has just happened recall anything to your minds?" I said.

"That the Lord Jesus bore the punishment of our sins."

"What would you call Brown now?"

"A substitute."

"One who takes the place of another."

"Whose place has Jesus taken?"

"That of sinners."

"Brown told us that he wished to take his schoolfellow's place and be punished instead of him, because he loved him. Can you tell me why Jesus wished to die in the place of the sinner?"

"Because He loved us."

"Exactly, and it would not have been just for me to put the naughty boy in the corner after having punished Brown in his place."

"We learn that God cannot punish any sinner who believes in Jesus Christ as his Saviour; He will never do so; for the Bible says that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

With best wishes from UNCLE SAM.

Things Possible and Impossible.



TOM AND HIS TADPOLES.

The Editor's Letter.

BOYHOOD days are happy days. It seems but as yesterday since the writer was enjoying his youthful leisure in the meadows by the river side. What memories stir as we look at "Tom and his Tadpoles." After school hours, and on holidays, a chum and a rod, over the plank and up the glen, the ripple of the burn and its slippery boulders, eel and trout, birds, rabbits, squirrels and the open field-drain with its tadpoles, all surrounded by sweeping hills and sheltering trees. What days were these, when food, and friends, and lessons were forgotten, until the gathering shades reminded us "time's up," and we sauntered back to our village home by another path.

Looking back, we thank God for these boyhood days spent amidst His fair creation, and feel that our town and city friends have missed much of the real joy of "nature's child." Away from the rush of traffic, and without the artificial amusements and alluring picture shows which corrode and corrupt the youthful mind, the country child seems to respond more easily to the call of God, having lived in an environment which ever declares His eternal power and Godhead.

As boys, we loved to watch the development of the tadpole to the frog. With the sunny days of early summer, the spawn among the reeds began to heat, and soon the little creatures of head and tail were seen to swim about among the muddy water. In a few weeks the little legs appeared and later the young frog ventured forth upon the bank. This change of form is called metamorphosis and is observed in the generation and development of various insect and small animal life. How minute and wonderful are the works of God as seen in the lowest forms of life and creation. Here man in wonder must confess of a truth that "with men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible."

When our Lord spake the words just quoted, he referred to higher order of life than mere physical form, and it was in reply to the question by His disciples, "Who then can be saved?" More wonderful than all physical change, is the inward spiritual change which takes places when the sinner

is made a saint, and given a life with which to glorify God here, and suited ultimately to dwell forever in the immediate presence of his Lord. The apostle Paul wrote to Roman citizens who were called saints (Rom. 1. 7), and magnified the grace of God that made them such, by penning the precious words, "But God commendeth His love towards us, in that, *while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). From this we see that saints were once sinners and that sinners may become saints. Only with God is this possible, because of His love and on the ground of the death of His Son. What a change, do you know it?

On the 7th September last, Dora accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She now writes of her joy in believing, and says that the Lord Jesus means "everything" to her. If any of her sisters in Christ would like a pen-pal we shall be glad to re-direct your letter or send her address. Dora is 17 and lives in Lancashire. From the same county we hear from another of our readers who was speaking on the 'phone to one of her pen friends in Scotland recently. This friendship started through "The Young Watchman" and, in the will of God, will result in a holiday together in Scotland this year. The girls anticipate with joy the moment when they meet for the first time, but both look forward to a more wonderful moment for them, when together they see their Saviour face to face. How good to know, that although unseen we may talk with Him now without the aid of a telephone, be assured that nothing whatever can prevent our meeting when He returns to receive His own.

Now remember the sinners who became saints and let not this glorious change be unknown to the reader. It comes through believing the gospel of Christ and is the work of God in the soul (See Rom. 1. 16), and remember that you are included in that "every one." Unsaved reader, believe and be saved.

With every good wish,

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

MY CONVERSION.

By W. Hoste, B.A.

[I]t has been my delight in preaching the Gospel to refer sometimes to my conversion, but never till now have I attempted to give a brief account, in writing, from the beginning, of the Lord's gracious dealings. Now by request I do so, and as I look back on a long life I can truly say, "that He hath done it."

I started life with the greatest advantage a boy could have—the blessing of Christian parents, whose first desire was to bring up a large family "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

We were early taught to read and reverence the Word of God and believe it unhesitatingly, as one still does to-day. We were all members of the "Church of England," and of course all christened as infants. Later we were taught the Catechism, which asserts that in our baptism we became children of God. With blessed inconsistency however our parents warned us against the deadly heresy of "baptismal regeneration" and taught us that we could only become children of God through receiving Christ by faith (John 1. 12). Later on I was publicly baptised in Mr. Charrington's Hall, in the East of London, on profession of my faith.

It was when I was a boy of ten that the Lord first spoke to my soul. We were living in Jersey, where my father was then quartered, looking out on Fort Elizabeth in the bay. One week-end a Christian clergyman, a Mr. S. of Dorking, was staying with us on deputation work, and my father asked him to take the children to the Sunday afternoon Bible reading. He readily consented, but chose a strange subject, and one that most people would say a most unsuitable one for children, the judgment of the nations in Matt. 25. 31-41, where we read that all nations will be gathered together before the Lord, when He comes in

glory and that He will divide them, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats, and will say to the former, "Come ye blessed of My Father!"—to the others, "Depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" Then our teacher said—"Everyone will be on the right hand or on the left: which side will you be on?" With my present light I do not think the good clergyman rightly explained the passage, but his question was right, and it went home to my conscience. I felt sure that as I was then, I would be on the wrong side!

A night or two later I determined not to go to sleep till I was saved. However it takes a good deal to keep a little boy of ten awake, and next day I woke still unsaved. However, I made up my mind to try and be a better boy, for what other way could there be! Accordingly one day I thought I was improving and then I seemed to fall back again. And yet so strong is the self-righteousness of the human heart, that I was not dis-

couraged, for we love the way of Cain—our own self-righteousness, which is in God's sight as filthy rags. Three or four years later I was confirmed by the late Dr. Ellicott—bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, as the diocese then was. I went in for it earnestly; I fully expected a blessing, but it did not come to me that way. God however was leading me to the great crisis of conversion. One day I was alone, thinking I suppose, of these things, when a familiar verse crossed my mind: "The wages of sin is death, but the *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). One word struck me in a new light. Can it be that heaven is a gift? I asked myself, then if it is I will take it, and then and there I looked up to God and told Him I would take His gift. At that moment a



conviction flooded my soul that I had found what I had so long been seeking—eternal life, and then another thought crossed my mind:—This is a salvation worthy of God: He does not sell His salvation, He gives through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Since then one has learnt other lessons—the *ground* of God's salvation. Christ received when He died, the wages of sin, which I deserved: "He died for our sins . . . He was buried and the third day He rose again" (1 Cor. 15. 3, 4). On the ground of this He *justifies*. I belong to Him, I am bought with a price. I am called to live

for Him, to serve Him—He *sanctifies*. And then I find the emptiness of the world and of all that it has to offer—Christ alone can fill the heart. He *satisfies*.

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

William Hoste went to be with Christ on 1st March, 1938, at the age of 77 years. His testimony recorded above was written after 60 years' Christian experience.

X.L.C.R.

WHAT do these letters mean? It is a word and it is correctly spelt too. Funny, isn't it? Did you ever see a word spelt like that? It is not even in the dictionary. However, new words are constantly being coined but this is an old one spelt in a new way. The words in the dictionary are alphabetically spelt, shall we say, but this one is phonetically spelt, that is, it is spelt by its sound. Now what do you make of it? Many business people advertise their wares with phonetically spelt words. Here is an example—N.R.J., which means "Energy." Now what of X.L.C.R.? Here it is, "Excelsior." It means "higher still," not only "high" but "higher still." Excelsior! That is ambition. Many people are ambitious in the things of this life. Perhaps some of you who read this will be sitting for your "highers" this year, and I do hope you will succeed. That's the same principle, isn't it? Excelsior! Then you leave school and still your motto is Excelsior! Higher still!!

Perhaps at this point, and in order to keep ourselves evenly balanced, we should likewise keep in mind the words of the Lord Jesus, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul" (Mark 8. 36), and again, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6. 33). This is God's way, dear reader: first things first. God's righteousness is Christ (1 Cor. 1. 30). Make Him your own, your very own, by accepting Him to be your Saviour, for as He Himself says

He is far more important to you than the whole world. "This ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone" (Matt. 23. 23). Christ first, your career next.

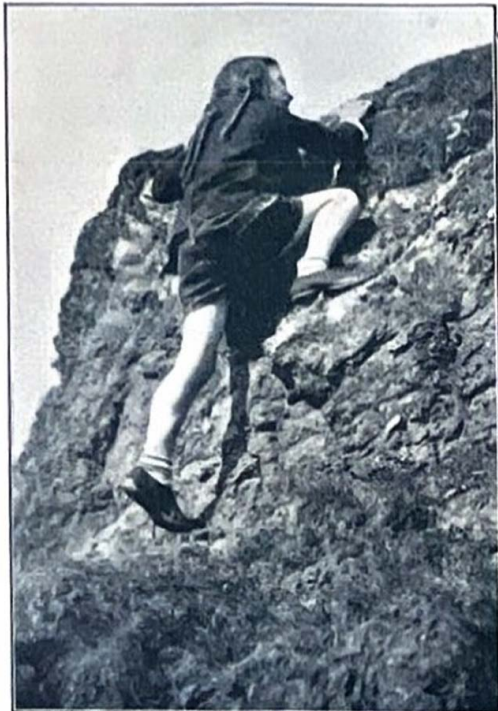
Then let us be ambitious in the Christian life too. The apostle says, "Wherefore we are ambitious, that, whether present or absent we may be well pleasing to Him" (2 Cor. 5. 9. R.V.). I think Paul expresses it beautifully when he says, "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3. 13-14).

This is the real meaning of Excelsior, onward and upward, and it was his motto all through life. He strove to preach the Gospel where it had never been preached before (Rom. 15. 20), he was ever lengthening his cords" (Isa. 54. 2), ever reaching out to the regions beyond (2 Cor. 10. 16), going where he had never been before, Damascus, Antioch in Syria, Antioch in Pisidia, Troas, Macedonia, Philippi, Athens, Rome, and he even intended going as far west as Spain (Rom. 15. 24). Excelsior!

I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day;
Still praying as I onward bound,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

But this ambition of Paul's was not obtained without opposition. If you make Excelsior your motto (and why shouldn't you?) you will have obstacles to overcome and

opposition, perhaps, on the part of some you thought were your friends. Joseph's greatest enemies were his brethren (Gen. 37. 4). David, too, had the same experience (1 Sam. 17. 28), and of our Lord Jesus it is written, "neither did His brethren believe in Him" (John 7. 5). Paul had to escape from Damascus over the wall let down in a basket, he was stoned, was flogged, betrayed by false brethren, and eventually forsaken by all, he stood alone, neverthe-



EXCELSIOR!

less, he says, "the Lord stood by me," and "if God be for us who can be against us?" (Rom. 8. 31); then when the time came for him to depart out of this life he could say triumphantly "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness" (2 Tim. 4. 8). Excelsior!

But all do not excel. Of Reuben it is said, "unstable as water thou shalt not excel." Reuben had some fine traits in his character, he and Judah were the only two of Joseph's brethren who possessed a little of the milk of human kindness (Gen. 37. 21 and 26), but he lacked firmness, he was too easily led away, "unstable as water thou shalt not excel."

By way of contrast we read of a woman who excelled. Yes, women, young and old, may excel. The wise man writes, and he

should know, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." "Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all" (Prov. 31. 10-29). Excelsior! Although this passage refers to a married sister, yet there are spiritual and moral excellencies in it that the unmarried, young and old, may aspire to. The Holy Spirit speaking also through the mouth of Peter says to women that "a meek and quiet spirit in the sight of God is of great price."

In the scriptures we read of those who also excelled in music, strength, wisdom, dignity, edification. Excelsior! Excelsior!! Excelsior!!!
D. McC.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

O to be more like Jesus
As I pass through the world to-day!
O to be more like Jesus
To say what He would say!
O to be more like Jesus
My pilgrim's journey through!
O to be more like Jesus
To do what He would do!
O to be more like Jesus
In my service here below!
O to be more like Jesus
To go where He would go!
O to be more like Jesus
To yield to my Father's will!
In joy or pain like Jesus
To be obedient still.

Some day I shall be like Jesus
Without this body vile;
But O to be more like Jesus
During this "Little While."

F. G. Thornhill.

Trinidad.

CANADIAN PROVINCES.

(7)—NEW BRUNSWICK.

N ow let us praise the Saviour!
E mmanuel is His name—
W ho came to earth from Heaven:
B ecause He loved He came.
R eaders, He loved us greatly
U nlovely sons of men.
N o wonder angels marvelled:
S uch love surpassed their ken.
W hen He was born in Bethlehem,
I nstead of palace there,
C hrist came into a manger
K ept for the horses' fare!

A. P. A.

The Barrel of Meal.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

THERE the barrel stood in the widow's kitchen. Time and again it had been full to the brim, but now it was nearly empty. The widow's face was grave as she looked in one morning and noted that only a handful of meal remained.

In former days it had been an easy matter to buy another supply but not now. The reason the barrel was empty and she could not buy more, was because there was a famine in the land, and the reason there was a famine was because there had been no rain for three years, and the fields that should have been first a lovely, soft green, with springing corn, then a rich, dark green and finally a golden yellow, as the grain was ripe for harvest, were dry, bare and cracked with heat and lack of moisture. And the reason there had been no rain was because the nation had turned away from God and were worshipping useless idols, who could neither hear nor answer prayer. God had to bring them back to Himself, so He withheld His gracious, beautiful gift of rain to make the people think and repent of their evil ways.

Now, on that morning, when the widow peeped into the barrel and found it nearly empty, a man of God drew near to her town and presently the two met just outside the

town. God's hand was leading them both, so things happened just at the right moment. The widow was picking up sticks when Elijah, the man of God, caught sight of her and spoke to her.

"Please give me a drink of water," he said.

And she very kindly went to get the water.

Then Elijah called after her: "Please bring me a little bread as well."

The widow stopped and told him how things were with her. How she had only a little meal and oil left, and was now going to make a cake for herself and her boy and then they would have to starve.

But Elijah said: "Make me a cake *first* and the meal will last out."

So the woman did what he said. And the next time she went to the barrel, she found

just as much meal there as before. Was it not splendid? And so it was all the time of the famine. Just enough and no more. That was a good thing, for if God had sent a big supply all at once it might have caused a lot of trouble among the neighbours, who may have wanted to steal from her.

What a good thing it was that the woman believed God's word. It *was* God's word, for Elijah said: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel" (1 Kings



1 Kings 17.

17. 14). Her belief and obedience brought her great blessing.

Do we believe all that God says to us? Perhaps we like to believe the promises, but when we read what He says about sin and judgment, we would rather not believe that message. We do not like to think of that word: "After this the judgment." But it is better to face it and remember that while God gives us warning, He also shows us a way of escape. Jesus said: "He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation" (John 5. 24), that is, shall not come into judgment.

Then the words "Make me *first*," remind us of Christ's own words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6. 33).

If we have heard Christ's words and believe on Him, that is, just trusted ourselves to Him for time and Eternity, we shall love Him and want to put Him first. Then we shall find God is the same to-day as He was then, caring for our daily needs, able to make the little last out, helping us in all the troubles of life and understanding us in a way no one else can.

It is a splendid thing to trust God, and life is only at its best when we listen to His word, obey Him and walk in His ways. What a lot of suffering came to the children of Israel, this terrible famine, and many other things, because they turned away from God.

We want to be like the sunflower that always turns its face to the sun; keep your face turned towards God and you will find He makes you happy and blesses you.

An Original Hymn.

In Memoriam: Wm. Hoste, B.A., 1st March, 1938.

AFTER THE DARKSOME NIGHT

DOH is B \flat .

Words and Music by R. G. MOFFAT.

1. Af - ter the dark - some night, Dawn-eth the morn-ing bright;
 2. Af - ter our cares are o'er, Then joy for e - ver - more;
 3. Af - ter the cold, cold tomb, Af-ter death's si - lent gloom;
 4. Then in that land so fair, Love-ly be-yond com - pare;

Af - ter the mists are cleared a - way— Com-eth the per - fect day.
 Af - ter some part-ings on the strand—Meet-ings in Glo - ry - land.
 Af - ter grim Jor-dan's waves are past— We shall reach home at last.
 Safe by our Sa-viour's bless - ed side, We shall be sat - is - fied.

Copyright: J. Ritchie, Ltd., 1938.



MEN OF LETTERS

XIV.—R. L. STEVENSON.

ON a mountain-top in far-off Samoa there is a tomb-stone with the following verses inscribed on it :

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

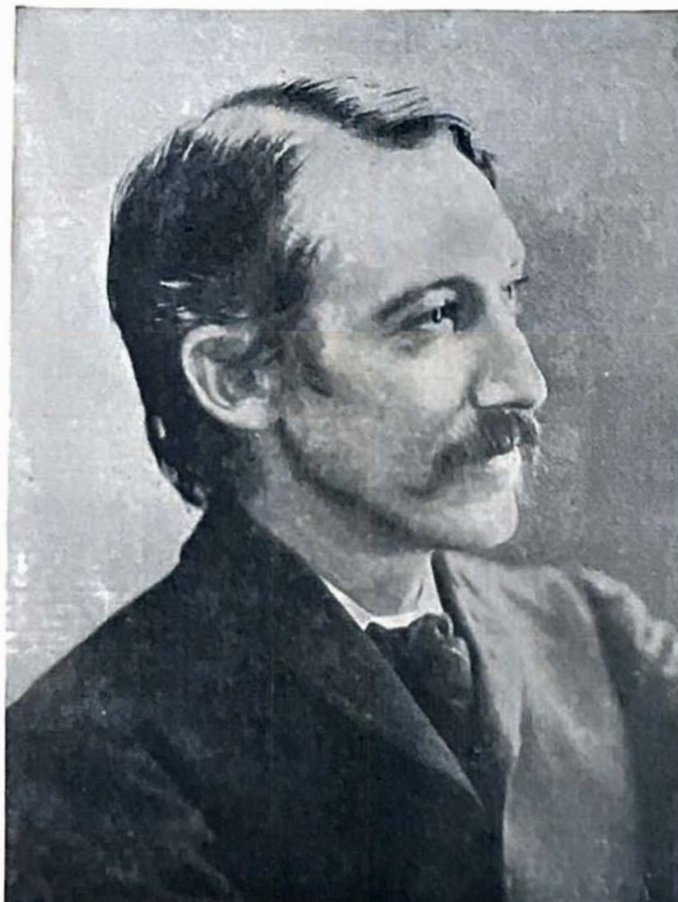
The stone marks the grave of the author of the verses, R. L. Stevenson, one of the most popular of Scottish writers.

Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, November 13th, 1850. His family for generations back were engineers, his grandfather achieving fame as the man who built the Bell Rock Lighthouse. As a boy he was of a delicate constitution, and the tender care and devotion of his nurse, Alison Cunningham, were in a measure responsible for his continuance in life. As it was, his life was lived in a state of chronic ill-health. This accounts for his interrupted education. Nevertheless, in 1867 he

went to the University. He was intended to study engineering like his forebears, but he neglected his studies in this direction, the meanwhile cultivating that taste for letters that seemed to be part of his nature. In 1874 his first contribution to the Cornhill Magazine was published and in the years that followed, book after book came from his pen. But ill-health was never far from him, and led him to change his quarters from England to Switzerland, then back to England, then to America and then for three years he sailed the South Seas in a chartered yacht. He settled ultimately at Apia, in Samoa. Here on Monday, December 3rd, 1894, he took suddenly ill and died

at ten minutes past eight in the evening.

Stevenson has left many records of his travels behind him and one incident that happened during a visit to Cumberland in 1871 has an interest for spreaders of the Gospel. He had been out walking near Cocker-mouth and sat down to rest on a heap of stones by the wayside when he was accosted by an Irish beggar-woman who, with a child, was seeking alms. As they conversed together Stevenson noticed a tall man with a high white hat and darkish



R. L. STEVENSON.

clothes walking rapidly towards them. The stranger spoke to the woman first, enquiring if she were a Catholic or a Protestant and if she could read. Giving some sweets to the child he dismissed the woman with some tracts about Biddy and the Priest, and the Orangeman's Bible. Then, as Stevenson confesses, he turned and tackled him with great solemnity. He told Stevenson that a gig accident had led to his conversion and then, having examined Stevenson, he selected some suitable tracts and gave them to him, bade him God speed and went on his way. Writing of the incident later, Stevenson says he could make fun of what the man said but when he wrote the subject it no longer appeared in a jesting light.

Nothing seems more foolish in the eyes of men than the giving out of Gospel tracts. General Gordon often went out walking with his pockets full of tracts. Climbing a stile he would put one on the top bar with a stone on it lest the wind should blow it away. His subalterns watched his progress through field-glasses. Lord Radstock handed tracts to the members of fashionable Society as they rode their horse in Rotten Row. "That madman Radstock!" was the answer given when one asked who he was.

These dear men, like the man who gave tracts to R. L. Stevenson, knew that great possibilities lay in a single tract. The breath of God upon it could make it live in the experience of any reader. Many a one had received Eternal Life through the instrumentality of a tract. And yet, such are men that even a beggar who would jump at a copper will refuse Eternal Life from God.

My reader, it still pleases God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe (1 Cor. 1. 21). The preaching of Christ crucified for sin and raised for the justification of him who believes in God's message of salvation (Rom. 4. 25). Whether that preaching be heard by the ear or read from a tract matters not. The great thing is that it be believed. It may be that this paper, poor as it is, may under God, be the means of your salvation, but again, we repeat, you must believe. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Believe, believe and yet again believe. Believe now. "Because if thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised Him from the dead, that shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9. R.V.).

W. HARRISON.



TREASURE SEEKING FOR THE YOUNG

PROFITABLE EVENING
OCCUPATION.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 4.—CHRIST—(Part 2).

1. By what other names is He known in Scripture? (a) John 1, (b) John 1, (c) John 14.
2. Find the passages which declare Him to be Prophet, Priest, King. John 4., Heb. 5., John 18.
3. Find the first prophecy concerning the work of Christ. Gen. 3.
4. Why did He come from Heaven? (a) John 6. (b) Luke 19.
5. Did He complete His work? John 17.
6. What did He say? John 19.
7. What declares Him to be the Son of God? Romans 1.
8. Did He believe the Old Testament Prophets spoke of Him? Luke 24.
9. Did the Jews expect Him to come? John 1.

10. What did He do when He finished His work? Heb. 10.
11. What is He doing now? Romans 8.
12. Has He more work to do? John 14.

No. 3.—CHRIST (Part 1.)—ANSWERS

1. (a) Matt. 3. 17; (b) Matt. 16. 16; (c) Mark 1. 24.
2. John 6. 38.
3. Luke 2. 15.
4. Matt. 1. 21.
5. Isa. 7. 14; Isa. 9. 6.
6. Micah 5. 2.
7. Isa. 7. 14; Isa. 9. 6.
8. Isa. 53. 8.
9. Mark 6. 3.
10. Luke 2. 49; Heb. 10. 9.
11. John 21. 15; John 15. 25.
12. (a) John 4. 6.; (b) John 4. 7; (c) Matt. 4. 2; (d) Matt. 8. 24.

"MONTHLY" LESSONS FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

::

MAY.

By J. S. Borland

MAY arrives clinging to the rain-soaked garments of April. It comes with a smile on its face and laughter on its lips. The sunshine which it brings transforms life into a thing of beauty and it has been well named

The Merry Month.

As I write this little message to you I can see in imagination little lambs skipping in the fields with the very joy of living. Children dance round the maypole on the village green, boys and girls make the woods ring with innocent laughter, and even older folks have lost the cares of life—they have gone whistling down the wind—as they watch their happy offspring crown the May Queen.

I want you all to be merry and bright not only in May, but all through the year. I can tell you how you may be. It is not a secret I am giving away. Thousands of boys and girls know it, but perhaps you don't. Well, here's how. Make Jesus Christ your Friend. Give Him your heart and your life. Of course I know that boys and girls—and grown ups too—think if they do this, they will need to go about with a face as long as a fiddle and they will never be able to enjoy themselves again. Oh dear! that's not true. It is the Christian who has real joy and happiness in life because the source of it is God, and God is the God of happiness. He is the God of peace, of joy, of hope, of satisfaction.

"Ah but," says someone, "how can I get in touch with God?" Listen and I'll tell you! Through Jesus Christ. How do I know that? Because Jesus said so. Here are His words—"No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." I know a lot of big folk who say they are Christians and yet they have not the joy of God in their lives. That seems strange, doesn't it? Yet it is easily explained. And what is the explanation? Simply this—they are not Christians! There is a big difference between saying and being. Simply stated, a Christian is a person who has come to God through Jesus Christ. And why was Jesus Christ

here? Of course it was to be a Saviour. A Saviour of whom? Sinners is the answer. So when we come to God through Jesus Christ we come as sinners and say to Him

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

Then, and then only, can we call God our Father, for the simple reason that we become His children, and being His children we know He has a fatherly care over us, and can joyously say—

"I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me."

Then May is

The Miracle Month.

Look at the hedgerows now! How beautiful they are in their garments of green! And the gardens, too! See how little green plants are pushing their way up through the soil to peep at the sun! Flowers nod in the gentle breeze and turn their faces towards the sun's rays. Life! Life! Abundant life everywhere! In a few weeks miracles have happened in every garden, every hedgerow, every wood and field everywhere!

In April I put small green peas in my garden. I hid them in the ground, but now tiny stools are seen, and next month I will be eating peas. I would put about fifty peas in the ground: next month I will have hundreds. What a miracle!

Do you know what happened to the peas I planted? They died. If they had not I would have reaped nothing. Listen carefully now, for Jesus is speaking. He says—"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." He said that to people who did not want Him to go to the Cross. They did not want Him to die, but if He had not died there would have been no life for you and me. He not only died and was buried: He rose from

the tomb! Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
There has been no miracles like the resurrection of Jesus Christ, for it will effect the lives of millions who have accepted Him as a Saviour. They shall yet be where He is. It will effect the lives of millions who refuse Him, for He will be their Judge. The proof of this is His resurrection.

One thing more. May is
The "Moving" Month.

Many people remove from one house to another in May. That reminds me of a scripture which says, "Be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel." Young friends, do not fail Jesus Christ. If you trust Him as a Saviour, live for Him. Let nothing shake your faith or come between you and Him.

SOME MORE REASONS FOR NOT SMOKING.—*continued.*

By ANDREW STENHOUSE, Missionary in Chile.

11. Because smoking is known to cause serious diseases such as cancer, arteriosclerosis and heart trouble. The accelerated pulse is caused by the paralyzation of the small capillaries, hindering the complete circulation of the blood.

12. Because the lungs of an average person contain upwards of 600,000,000 cells, of delicate tissue, which are constantly demanding pure air to oxygenize the blood. Upon this process life depends, and the deliberate inhalation of smoke cannot be considered anything but a sin. In a certain degree it is the sin of gradual suicide.

13. Because smoking spoils the voice for singing or speaking. Singers and orators know this and abstain for the sake of worldly advantage.

14. Because tobacco contains a narcotic principle which, although it calms the nerves momentarily, leads to a gradual weakening of the whole nervous system. The nervousness and irritability of smokers when they cannot obtain the "weed" is evidence of this.

15. Because all tobacco contains nicotine, which is a deadly poison. A single drop on the tongue of a dog or a horse is sufficient to cause death in a few minutes. Savage Indians

used this poison on the points of their arrows.

16. Because it can be proved that this poison permeates the system of a habitual smoker. It has been found that the water in which a smoker had bathed himself contained sufficient poison (eliminated through the pores of the skin) to kill small insects which were dropped into it.

17. Because tobacco has its legitimate uses as an insecticide for plants and animals. An infusion of tobacco may be used for washing floors to rid them of vermin. This legitimate use demonstrates the unsuitability of its application to human beings—and that internally.

18. Because the poison acrolein, formed by the combustion of cigarette paper has a violent action upon the nerve centres and produces degeneration of the brain cells.

19. Because certain important industrial concerns, requiring efficient workmen, refuse to employ smokers. Thomas Edison, the famous inventor, refused to employ any man who smoked, because he wanted the highest mental, nervous and optical efficiency.

20. Because, amongst students, the proportion of those who are successful in examinations is always greater in non-smokers.

We hope to include still further reasons from the Christian's standpoint in a future issue.—[Editor].

ETERNITY. By Daniel Wueffler.†

Eternity! How long art thou!

To thee we wing our onward flight,
As flies the arrow from the bow,
As bounds the war-steed to the fight,
Fleet as the courier skims the ground,
Or winged vessel homeward bound.

Eternity! Thou endless Day!

If once in every thousandth year
Ther came a bird, and bore away
A single grain from off this sphere,
Till all had vanished, hill and plain,
Eternity would still remain.

Eternity! How long thou art!

If from the eye, each thousand years,

One solitary drop should start,

Till ocean's cup o'erbrimmed with tears,
Till earth with all her hills was drowned,
Still art thou there, without a bound.

Eternity! that man is wise

Who oft and rightly thinks on thee;
The flesh he rules, the world defies,
And this his fervent prayer will be:
Lord, try me here, as seems Thee best,
So may I reach Thine endless rest.

(Abridged).

† In these days, when so many try to forget the stern realities of this life, and the life which lies beyond, it is interesting to read a poem such as this, by one of a former generation. It was written by Daniel Wueffler, who was born at Nurnberg, in 1671, and died in 1683.
R. G. M.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTER.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Now the fine weather is coming father and mother will be busy in the garden attending to seed sowing, and I suppose you will be helping. Every boy and girl should be glad to help to sow the seeds; I think it is nice work for you. Our talk this month will be about a garden each boy and girl has of their very own. It is called "the Garden of Character" and is just like the flower and vegetable garden in one way—weeds grow best. Nothing looks worse than a dirty, neglected garden. The very sight of it makes us feel miserable, does it not? The character garden of many boys and girls has made homes miserable too. Be careful what seed you sow.

I have heard little children just learning to talk using swear words. When boys and girls are young it is like the springtime of life, and the seeds grow quickly in their character



garden. Have you discovered the seeds of disobedience, self-will, selfishness, anger, pride lying, cheating, unkindness and uncleanness beginning to grow? These are a few of the many weeds, and what ugly plants they are! So the character garden needs weeding.

At a meeting for children the speaker illustrated the power of sin to bind men with evil habits thus: He invited a boy to come and take a seat on the platform, and telling him it was only a piece of cotton, he tied him to his chair and told him he was a prisoner. At this the boy sprang up, laughing at the feebleness of the cord that bound him. It was quite easy to break. A second time he was bound, this time five or six strands of cotton tied him to his seat. Again he sprang up, or attempted to, for at the first try he was held down by the cotton. A second effort, however, easily re-

leased him. Then twenty strands of cotton bound him, and it took a struggle to get free. Then a hundred times the cotton was wound round him, and he was a prisoner! All his efforts were in vain, and the other children laughed at his discomfiture. Is there a girl named Grace here? Yes. Come and cut these cords with a knife, and set the prisoner free.

So the lesson is learned, "Tis grace that sets us free." When sin has fast bound us, at first weak, but daily growing stronger with constant indulgence, till at last bad habits become our master. The best time to check weeds in the flower garden is when they are young, because the longer they are allowed to grow the stronger they are, and they rob the flowers of their food. It is just the same in the character garden. Check bad habits before they grow. If a boy begins to steal lollies out of an open tin in a shop, he will soon pick up a pocket knife near by, and by the time he is a man he will be an expert burglar.

Some years ago in New South Wales a young, smart-looking man came to me in great distress. He said, "I never had a chance in life; my mother was a bad woman, and I was not wanted. She never sent me to Sunday school, and I knew nothing about God or Jesus. When quite young I sold newspapers outside picture shows. At the age of 12 the police caught me stealing in a shop, and I was sent to a reformatory amongst a lot of wicked young men, and they taught me how to be an expert burglar. After five years I was let out, and I made a companion of Jack —, the housebreaker, and we together robbed many homes, but I was caught. I am only thirty years of age now, and half of my life has been spent in goal. The policeman is watching me now. I have to report at his office in this town every day. I have no friends, and life is not worth living. Could this Jesus you speak about help me?" You see, dear boys and girls, this poor lad's character garden had proved to be a garden of evil habits, and the seed that had been sown yielded its own fruit.

To his great surprise I said, "I know Jack — well. He is one of my best friends, but he is not a burglar now. He spends all his time visiting the poor and sick, telling them about Jesus." "What," he said, "big Jack — religious now?" "No," I said, "he is a Christian, and that is far better than being religious. He heard the Salvation Army people preaching in the street of Melbourne, and one of them spoke about John 3. 16—how God loved the sinners and gave Jesus to die for them. Jack believed it, and since then he has led hundreds to trust his Saviour." "And what about Jack's character?" He was a bad one when I knew him." "Well," I said "God has made a new Jack — of him, and he has a beautiful character garden now."

With best wishes from

UNCLE SAM.

WATER OF LIFE.



EDITORIAL.

I AM sure that most readers will have often heard the old adage, "We never miss the water till the well goes dry." What is more plentiful than water, and what is there that man or beast require more for physical life and refreshment than this very common element? The air we breathe is perhaps the only other necessity for life which is more plentiful and freely bestowed by our bountiful Creator. And are we not inclined to take such blessings in their plentitude



with little thought or gratitude for their bestowal?

The month of April this year was unusually dry, and in most places in Britain the proverbial April showers were looked for in vain, with the result that growing crops are dwarfed and vegetable prices have soared. The position in certain rural districts was so acute that special meetings were arranged for prayer to God that He would grant the refreshing showers to a parched and barren land. Devoid of rain, our pleasant land would soon become a wilderness and habitation thereon would become well nigh impossible. Shall we ever remember then our indebtedness to water in every phase of our busy life. Indeed,

without water there can be no busy life, and this fact is amply demonstrated when we consider the location of our greatest industrial centres. How many important cities can you think of without a waterway? When Jerusalem becomes the metropolis of the world, it will have what it does not have now—an extensive waterway bringing ships to its very gates. We believe this, because God has said it in His prophetic word, and should our youthful readers desire to obtain further information on this point, we will be glad to hear from them. When next you turn on the tap, please remember what a priceless blessing you receive in that colourless, odourless, tasteless stream with which you cleanse yourself externally and internally.

We are favoured this month in obtaining pictures of our dark-skinned friends in Rhodesia, and I would like you to note the burdens being carried. The girls on our frontispiece have been to the well and are returning with their jars atop. See how erect they walk, and it is said that they are more beautifully developed than the boys because of this exercise of water carrying. They are not yet favoured by having the water at the end of a tap, but their westernised dress would almost suggest that this other modern convenience may soon reach them also. The picture recalls a scene in Palestine of which we read in John 4, and the words of Jesus on that occasion when He addressed the woman at the well and said, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Think of it, a satisfying, never ending supply of life within, is what the Lord Jesus promises to give. To illustrate this everlasting life, He calls it water, which would tell me of its necessity to obviate eternal death, and in its action, He refers to it as an internal springing well, telling me of its fulness and perpetual satisfaction. No wonder the woman said, "Give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." Her trouble was recurring thirst, and the difficulty she had in quenching it. How aptly does this express the dissatisfaction

of life apart from God, a condition so prevalent and which can only be met by the fulness of blessing our Lord is able to bestow. Have you got it yet—that everlasting life—that gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord?

The inside picture of the boys is very interesting indeed. It was sent by a lady missionary in proof of delivery of ten parcels of gospel literature printed on the same machines and despatched from the same office as *The Young Watchman*. Through the kindness of a Christian gentleman this generous supply of literature was gifted to the missionary, but the point

arrived when delivery had to be accepted before the gift was of use. Just like any other gift, including "the gift of God," all must be accepted to be enjoyed. Will Christian readers join in prayer for blessing on the literature as it is freely distributed, asking that many may through its message receive the water of life in all its fulness.

I trust that every reader will with Horatius Bonar be able to sing :

"I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."

THE EDITOR.



Some Outline Lessons.

A BLACK ETHIOPIAN (Jer. 13. 23).

You have seen him, with his black, shining face, thick lips, and wooly hair, many times. Did you ever see him washing his face, or his hands? What did that do for them? Did it make the skin white? No, no, not a bit. It only made it shine the blacker. Suppose the young negro took soap, aye Pear's, Sunlight, and the whole lot of them, and rubbed, rubbed, rubbed, until he was tired, it would still remain as black as ever. Do you know the reason why? Because black is its natural colour. Yes, that's it. He was born with a black skin; his father and his grandfather had the same, and so, no matter how hard he washes, or how much he wishes, it will remain black to the end. I know something exactly like that Ethiopian boy's face. It is your heart! Perhaps you don't think so, but it is, all the same, and God says, you cannot alter it, you cannot change it. It is "desperately wicked," and "only evil continually." One who got a good look of herself in God's mirror said—"I am black" (Song 1. 5), and another called himself "the chief of sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Whenever you meet a black man on the street, mind our lesson for to-day—"By nature the children of wrath, even as others."

A SPOTTED LEOPARD (Jer 13. 23).

How pretty he looks lying in his cage. One would think him to be as tame and docile as a pet dog. But it's all in appearance. The sight of blood will rouse him up, and make

him howl. A gentleman once got a leopard cub, and brought it up like a pet dog. He thought he could tame it. One afternoon he was lying on a couch half asleep, and the little leopard lay beside him licking his hand. All at once it started up, stared at him, and made to fly upon him. What had happened? Only this, that its rough tongue had taken the skin off his finger, it had tasted blood, and that seemed to set up its savage nature. The pretty spots on its skin are birth spots, and the savage nature underneath is unchangeable. And that spotted leopard, with his bright spots, and his savage nature, is just like the sinner. No nursing, no cleansing that man can give, will ever make a sinner a saint. Let us remember the words of our Lord, "Ye must be born again."

A LAMB WITHOUT BLEMISH.

Ah, now we have a difference. A lamb, white, spotless, gentle, easily led. It licks the hand of him who sheds its blood: it offers no resistance. Jesus is called "the Lamb of God" (John 1. 29). He was holy, gentle, spotless, pure. The holy child, the gentle, obedient boy, the sinless man, and at last the Lamb, "led to the slaughter." He laid down His spotless life, poured forth His precious blood, to redeem and to cleanse the black, guilty sinner, and isn't it wonderful: whoever believes on Him, is made white, as white as snow, and though their sins are like crimson, they are made as "wool."



MEN OF LETTERS

XV.—EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE word "agnostic" came into the English language late in the nineteenth century. The man who introduced it, T. H. Huxley, coined the word from a Greek inscription, "Agnosto Theo," which Paul the Apostle saw on an altar in Athens. In our English Bible it is rendered "To the unknown God" (Acts 17. 23). The agnostic holds that we can know nothing of God, of unseen things or of a future life. Acceptance of this teaching leads to an attitude to life for which the Bible also affords the best description. That is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" (1 Cor. 15. 32; Isa. 22. 13).

A poem written by an eleventh century Persian poet and translated into English by Edward Fitzgerald, also in the nineteenth century, helped to set forth agnostic ideas in an attractive way. Of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's *Rubáiyát* it has been said that it is "probably the most beautiful and stately presentation of Agnosticism ever made." Most people have heard the lines.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint and heard great argument
 About it and about: but evermore
 Came out by the same door as in I went.

The Gospel of Hopelessness is well proclaimed in another verse.

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
 And those that after some To-morrow stare,
 A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
 "Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

Edward Fitzgerald was born at Breafield, near Woodbridge, on March 31st, 1809. His father was M.P. for Seaford. The family had wealth and lived in a measure of splendour. Fitzgerald went to

school at Bury St. Edmunds in 1821, and five years later he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He took a degree in 1830 and drifted out into the world to live an aimless, leisurely life which ended only with his death. He did some writing, and his translation of the Persian poet appeared in 1859.

On June 13, 1883, on his way to Merton Rectory, he visited his old school at Bury. He retired at 10 o'clock that evening, and when a servant called to rouse him in the morning it was found that he had passed away peacefully in his sleep.

Every man sooner or later finds himself up against the Christian experience of salvation. Fitzgerald was no exception. In John Bunyan's town, Bedford, there was an evangelist named Matthews, who made a great impression upon him. Matthews, besides preaching, baptized converts by immersion in a reservoir near Naseby. "He believed in Jesus Christ and had no misgivings whatever," confesses Fitzgerald. "His sermons," he wrote, "shook my soul." On one occasion in his chapel, "he called at the end of his grand sermon on some of the people to say merely this, that they believed Christ had redeemed them; and first one got up and in sobs declared she believed it; and then another, and then another—I was quite upset—all poor people: how much richer than all who fill the London churches."

Many like Fitzgerald have been impressed by the Gospel. They have had a desire for salvation but have never enjoyed it. They never got farther than desiring it. And that is not enough. They never sought after it. David desired to dwell in the house of the Lord but he also said, "That will I seek after" (Psa. 27. 4). Zacchæus put his desire into action. "He sought to see Jesus—and climbed up into a sycamore tree to

see Him" (Luke 19. 3, 4). The shepherd's desire towards the lost sheep would have accomplished nothing but he went after it till he found it (Luke 15. 4, 5). The Lord Jesus desired to save the lost and so the Son of Man came to seek—the lost (Luke 19. 10).

Has our reader sought salvation? "Seek

and ye shall find" (Matt. 7. 7). "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near" (Isa. 55. 6). If you seek Him, He will be found of you. Time is precious. To men of old the Lord said, "Ye shall seek Me, and shall not find Me; and where I am ye cannot come." Seek Him now. W. HARRISON.



Our Monthly Chorus———No. 30.

THE GUTTERMOST TO THE UTTERMOST

DOUBT IS DEAD.

Words and Music by R. G. MOWAT.

{ : m , f , | s , : — | - . l , : s , , m , | d : — | — : s , , d | r , , r : r , , r }
 Je - sus saves, . . . He ful - ly saves, From the dark-ness of de -
 Je - sus saves, He ful - ly saves,
 { | r : s , , d | m , , m , , r | d : d , t , | l , : — | - . d : t , , l , }
 spair, To a Home with Him up there. Je - sus saves, . . . He ful - ly
 Je - sus saves,
 { | s , : — | — : m , , r | r , r , r : r , , r | t , t , t , : l , , t , | d : — | — ||
 saves, From the Guttermost to the Uttermost Je - sus saves.
 He full - y saves, He full - y saves.
 Copyright: J. Ritchie. Ltd.. 1938.

LOST.



FOR THE VERY
SMALL PEOPLE.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

THE shepherd led his sheep on many different paths throughout the day, finding for them the best pasture, and the coolest water. He did not drive them as shepherds do in England, for he was an Eastern shepherd, and the sheep knew him and followed close behind him. All except one silly, little sheep. He loitered, and then wandered a short way to what looked like a particularly nice clump of grass. Then he went further still to another clump, the sun was shining and the sky was blue, the sheep was quite happy until the shadows began to lengthen, the sun disappeared and a little wind blew cold. Then the sheep looked around for the others, and for the kind shepherd, but alas! they were nowhere in sight, and the poor little sheep grew frightened. He cried loudly and ran here and there, but it was all no good, the sheep was LOST. Some big, bad birds hovered overhead, watching the sheep, and thinking presently it would die and then they would have a supper of that lost sheep.

Meanwhile, the shepherd had led his flock to the fold for the night, and as they entered by the door he counted them.

One, two, three, and so on until he got to ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. He stopped then. Oh dear! there should have been one hundred. One was LOST.

What do you think the shepherd did then? Did he say: "I'm tired I can't go and look for that silly sheep. It is his own fault"?

No, indeed. He went off at once, all the way back over the rough, stony tracks, up and down the hills, calling, calling the lost sheep by its name. How long did he seek? Till he found it, and then because the poor, frightened sheep was so tired with running about trying to

find the way home, the shepherd picked him up and carried him, and the shepherd's heart was glad because he'd found his little lost sheep.

This is such a lovely picture story, and it has a meaning for us, because we are like the sheep and Jesus is the Good Shepherd. I wonder if you are a little LOST sheep, or if Jesus has found you. LOST is such a sad word, it means loneliness, danger, suffering, and in the end death. I am so glad the Good Shepherd found me when I was quite a little lamb and He wants to find you. He is calling you. Answer back, won't you? Now right away say: "Here am I Good Shepherd." Ask Him to make you His little lamb and carry you safely in His arms. Then one day He will gather us into



Luke 15. 1-7.

His beautiful Fold, where we shall be happy for evermore. Just tell Him now, that you want to belong to Him and not be LOST any longer. He will hear what you say and find you quickly and make you His own.

It cost the Good Shepherd such a lot to come and seek us. He came all the way

from Heaven and trod such a rough road for us. It cost Him His life before He could save us. There was no other way, so He died; that just shows how much He loved us and how much He wants you and me.

You won't disappoint Him, will you?



Stories of Indian Children.

BY HANDLEY BIRD.

DON'T you think that the most beautiful thing in God's world of nature is a little child? I am sure you will agree with the wee lass who replied to the question "What is stronger than a lion?" "Why love is"; and when again asked "What is sweeter than honey?" replied, "*Our baby.*"



These two most wonderful things, love and lovely babies, are to be found in all the world. The Indian baby smiles and crawls and crows just as your baby does in Britain, and all our brown babies "cry in English," that is, all babies speak the

same language. Some Indian children live in great cities and some in tiny villages—some in high houses, some—by far the most—in tiny huts with mud walls and a leaf roof. The children are the chief joy and interest in every Indian village home, and the mothers love and wash (or oil) them, dress them in a silver or brass jewel, often their only garment for the first three years, and perhaps a flower in their well oiled hair; and feed them with bits of their own food, and the fathers make them strange dolls of wood with ugly faces—but not any more ugly than your Teddy bear, 'Golly wog' or rag doll.

Most of the boys, with a very few girls, go to school and learn the A.B.C. and their "tables"; but nearly all both boys and girls have to work as soon as they can walk and talk. The village children are taught to throw straight when tiny tots. Sometimes their food for the day, a ball of rice with some hot red "pepper" and rancid butter, is tied in a cloth and put on the roof-beam high above their little heads, and they can only get it by throwing stones and knocking it down; hunger soon teaches them to throw straight. Then they may be put on a high platform of bamboo poles in the middle of the corn-field with a big pile of stones, and all day long in the hot sun they must stay there and throw stones at the parrots and crows that come to steal the grain or fruit, and when a little older, all night to keep away human thieves. Or they get out in the morning early with their father's buffalo or goat and have to follow

it all day long while it feeds, and to keep it from straying into the grain and standing crops, for there are few hedges and fences in the fields in India. You must remember that India is not a little country like Britain, and that one part is different from another, and the people do not all do the same things or in the same way, or speak the same language. In the south it is always hot, or hotter, while in the north, 2000 miles away, it is sometimes very cold, and so most of the boys in the south only wear a cloth, like a long towel, round their waists, but in the north the boys wear "shorts" and coats or shirts, and the Mohammedan boys wear long trousers. Of course if your clothes are only a long piece of cloth you cannot have any pockets, but the Indian children can tuck away in the folds of their cloth their slate pencils, sweets, string, and other treasures they possess. During the famine in North India we would not give the boys pockets to their cotton coats as they hid all sorts of good

things to eat on the sly and so made themselves ill—so they used to pull a thread out of their cloth, and tear a piece off the end of it, and then with a big thorn for a needle sew a pocket on the inside of their cloth.

Alas! a great many of the children in India are not taught that it is a sin to steal or lie, and if a boy can steal some fruit from the fields or bazaar and bring it home he is often called a clever child and rewarded by his mother, but if he should be caught and beaten by the owner his parents will be very angry with him for being such a fool and give him another whipping. *You* know what sin is! and have learned to fear to do wrong because in happy Britain we have for hundreds of years had the Bible in our homes, but poor India has not had this blessed book and knows nothing of a holy God and His dear Son and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. In India they are taught that their dreadful gods steal and lie, and so they do the same.

(Other "stories" will follow).

THE SIN-BEARER

† (Johann Heerman).

What didst Thou, Jesus, dearest One
That on Thee such a doom should go?
What crime, what error, hast Thou done,
To call for such a woe?

I see Thee wreathed with stinging thorn,
And scourged and mocked as One accurst;
While on the Cross the sponge in scorn
Points at Thy dying thirst.

What brought these sorrows on my Lord?
My sins, alas! and only they:
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, that incurred
The doom I see Thee pay.

'Tis marvel still; that such should die—
The Shepherd for the sheep atone!
Guilt takes the Holy and the High,
And stamps Him for its own!

The Holy dies, Who never swerved;
The sinner lives, from God who strayed;
Man flees the death himself deserved,
And God is held instead!

Unbounded love! beyond compare!
To hail this deadly anguish all!
That I the world's delights should share,
While Thou must drink the gall.

Then shall my love, begot by Thine,
Surmount the world, and nerve my will
To keep life to this one design—
Thy pleasure to fulfil.

† The author of this sacred lyric, Johann Heerman, was born in Rauden, Wohrlau, in 1585. He was crowned a poet at Brieg, in 1608, an honour which was richly deserved. He was a man of whom it was said that he could not remember one day in his life when he was quite well. Yet he was devout, and his hymns breathe a spirit of sweet trustfulness, and are rich in experience. He died in 1647. The above beautiful and impressive hymn is inspired by Augustine's meditations.

—R. G. Mowat.

A GOAT WITH A BURDEN (Lev. 16. 12).

Here is a goat. Who is that man standing with his hands upon its head? That is the priest. What is he laying upon the goat? All the sins and iniquities of the people. Then he sends the goat away, with the great burden on its head into the wilderness, and all the people stand and look on. How glad they must be to see it go, for every step it takes, removes their sins the further from them. That goat reminds us of Him who "bore our sins," and carried them away "as far as the east is from the west."

Boys and girls, can you say in your heart, "He did it for me." "God, who knew them, laid them on Him, and believing, I am free."

“Margaret, I Love You!”

MARGARET lived in Coalsnaughton, which stands high in the little county of Clackmannanshire. Every morning she could look across to the lovely Ochil Hills to the north of her happy home.

When fourteen years of age, however, Margaret one day was so seriously ill, that she had to be motored to Stirling Infirmary, where she was operated on for appendicitis. Her Uncle Willie, who kindly conveyed her in his car, noticed that no Bibles were to



be seen near her little bed, so he left one in her locker there.

Now, though Margaret had been reared in a Christian home, and was a bright, lively child—so *happy* in a sense—yet she had not yet yielded to the Saviour's love; but, when lying very ill, she *realized* that love in a wonderful way indeed. Ere she had been a week in hospital, Margaret accepted Christ. One Friday her mother came to visit her, and found her looking *exceedingly* happy.

“Oh! ma, I'm saved! and I'm *so happy!*” she said in delighted accents.

Perhaps equally happy was then her mother, who enquired as to how her daughter got converted.

“Oh! it was like this,” said Margaret; “I said:

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

Then I heard Jesus say, ‘*Margaret, I love you.*’” Then she added earnestly, “And He said it loud!”

But that was to be the last night on earth for little Margaret Snadden. The One whose voice she had heard was soon to take her to His heavenly mansions above. During all that night the anxious mother sat by her bed-side, and, ere Margaret became unconscious, comforted her, assuring her little girl that she would not leave her.

Not long afterwards, Uncle Willie peeped round inside the screens which were drawn around her dying bed, and asked his little niece if she were trusting in Jesus.

“Oh! yes!” Margaret replied, “and I'm so happy!” Then she began to sing,

“I lost it on Calvary's hill.
It rumbled and tumbled until
It rolled out of sight,
I was happy that night;
I lost it on Calvary's hill.”

These were the last words uttered ere this little maiden entered Eternity, but an Eternity of everlasting happiness!

During the short period which elapsed between her conversion and her death, Margaret had also sung,

“I'm happy to-day, so happy to-day!
In Jesus' love I'm happy to-day.
He's taken all my sins away;
And I am so happy to-day!”

Happiness she knew, therefore, in a very vivid sense, *while on earth*; so it is impossible to imagine her eternal happiness now.

Perhaps someone who reads this story of Margaret's great joy, desires also to come to the Saviour who alone can give everlasting happiness. If it be so, do not then delay; come to Him

“Guilty, lost and helpless,”

and He shall make you whole indeed!

A. P. A.

"MONTHLY" LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG . . .

::

JUNE.

By J. S. Borland

OF all the months of the year I think June is the most delightful. The sun gets out of bed early and is loth to go to rest. Flowers bloom in the gardens, bees hum as they go about their business, and the gaudy butterfly flits from one place to another in the sunlight. The air is balmy, and at the coast and in the country multitudes of children romp and play to their heart's content.

But there is something which takes place during the month of June which, while most of us know, we seldom take notice of it. I wonder if you can tell what I am thinking of? It is simply this—the days begin to shorten in June. We reach the longest day round about the 21st of the month. Then gradually, very gradually, the days become shorter. The sun rises later and sets earlier. The change is not noticed at first, but as each day comes and goes we realise that we have reached a turning point, and that the long nights of winter are not far away.

Turning Points.

Now let us think for a little on turning points. I believe most of you will have read of great men and women who had turning points in their lives. Something happened and the whole outlook and manner of their life was changed. There was Robert the Bruce, for example. You know the story about him and the spider. Hidden in a cave, he watched a spider spin its web. Time after time the industrious spider failed to get a thread where it desired it. But it did not become downhearted at its many failures. That little spider kept on saying—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." So it kept on trying, and it succeeded.

Bruce, downhearted and discouraged, watched it, and seeing how patience and persistence triumphed, he took heart again and came forth from his hiding place to fight for Scotland's liberty. That was one turning point in his life.

Then there is the beautiful story of Count Zinzendorff, the father of the Moravian Mission. One day, having an hour to spare, he entered an art gallery. As he walked

leisurely through the place, looking at the pictures, he came at last to one which showed Christ hanging on the Cross. He looked long and intently at the painting. As he looked the big tears rolled down his cheeks, as he thought of the love of God and the sufferings of the Saviour. The sight of that picture and all that it conveyed made him change his way of living. He gave his wealth for the spread of the "dear old story of a Saviour's love." That turning point in the Count's life brought blessing to thousands.

One day a young man went into a little chapel. He took a seat in the gallery, and listened to a simple, yet earnest, sermon preached by a working man who was deputising for the minister. He was exhorted to "Look to Christ and live." He did it. That was the turning point in his life. He saw thousands "look and live" during his lifetime, for that young man was Charles Haddon Spurgeon, often called "the Prince of Preachers."

Watch How You Turn.

The instances which I have given were all turning points which brought blessing. But there are turning points which bring shame and sorrow. The story is told that when the remains of David Livingstone were being laid to rest in Westminster Abbey a poor man asked someone who was watching the procession—"What great man is being buried to-day?" He was told that it was David Livingstone, the Blantyre boy who had become a great missionary and explorer in Africa, and who was now being honoured by his country. The poor man wept. Then he told a sad story. David Livingstone and he had been in the same class at the Sunday School. Livingstone had chosen to serve God and humanity; he had chosen to live for self and sin. He had turned the wrong way, and he bitterly realised it when life's end was near.

A mother, who had not heard from her son in London for many years, went from her home in Scotland to search for him. After a while she found him—in a den of gamblers, playing cards! She was almost broken-hearted as she looked at his sin-

marred face and blood-shot eyes. What had led him to a life like this? His mother was surprised and pained when he put the blame on her. "It was you," he hissed, "who first taught me to play at cards." That had been a friendly and innocent game in their own home. But the seed had been sown, and almost without knowing it the young man had taken the wrong turn.

Young folks, watch your company and pursuits! A very little thing can turn you from the "paths of righteousness." Once you have turned you will find it difficult to retrace your steps.

One other thing about the month of June. It is the wedding month. And who does not like a wedding? It is an occasion for rejoicing. I wonder if you have ever read in the New Testament of Jesus attending a wedding? Well, He did, and His presence brought joy to the company. The wine for the feast had run out, but He gave them an abundant supply by turning water into wine. Some day, perhaps, you will be married. Will you remember what Jesus did at the wedding feast? And will you let Him come into your life then and make it happy? I hope so.

TREASURE SEEKING FOR THE YOUNG

PROFITABLE EVENING OCCUPATION.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 5.—QUESTIONS—THE HOLY SPIRIT (Part 1).

1. Is the Holy Spirit a person? John 14.
2. Is He one of the Godhead? 2 Cor. 13.
3. Is He Eternal? Heb. 9.
4. Is He Omnipresent? Psa. 139.
5. Is He Omniscient? 1 Cor. 2.
6. Is He Omnipotent? Rom. 15.
7. Is He holy? Luke 1; Eph. 1.
8. Can He be (a) grieved, (b) resisted, (c) quenched? (a) Eph. 4, (b) Acts 7, (c) 1 Thess. 5.
9. Give some of His Titles (a) Isa. 11, (b) John 16, (c) Heb. 10, (d) 1 Pet. 4.
10. To what is He likened? (a) Matt. 3, (b) John 5, (c) Acts 2, (d) John 7.

No. 4—ANSWERS—CHRIST. (Part 2).

1. (a) John 1. 1; (b) John 1. 29; (c) 14. 3.
2. (a) John 4. 19; (b) Heb. 5. 6; (c) John 18. 37.
3. Gen. 3. 15.
4. (a) John 6. 38; (b) Luke 19. 10.
5. John 17. 4.
6. John 19. 30.
7. Rom. 1. 4.
8. Luke 24. 27.
9. John 1. 41.
10. Heb. 10. 12.
11. Rom. 8. 34.
12. John 14. 3.

—Berean.

"Oh might I win from the Burning Flame."

A YOUNG man in the North of Ireland, who was saved when very young was killed almost instantly in a car accident at the age of 25. He had a good testimony and when the accident happened he was on his way to speak at a Gospel meeting. Before leaving for the house he sang:

"Some day the silver cord will break"
repeating over
"And I shall see Him face to face,
"And tell the story saved by grace."

He was picked up and taken to the hospital when the accident happened, and in a brief three hours passed in "To see His Saviour face to face, and tell the story saved by grace." After his death the following poem was found in his pocket—

Oh might I win from the burning flame
Some soul in sorrow and sin and shame;
Teach them to trust in the Saviour's Name—
Rescue some perishing soul!

Oh might I melt some poor frozen heart
With love Divine, till the tear-drops start,
As they behold Thee as Thou art—
Tenderly seeking lost souls!

Oh might I walk in the World's harsh light,
Washed in the Blood, with my garments white,
Jesus my all and my heart's delight—
A witness to perishing souls.

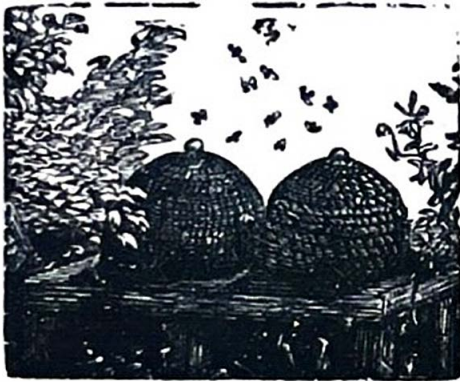
Master, I yield Thee my life to-day,
Help me to labour and watch and pray;
Make me a blessing upon Life's way—
Use me to perishing souls!

UNCLE SAM'S LETTER.

Dear Boys and Girls,

This month I am going to tell you about a young boy (Tommy) who grew to know the Saviour. God gives every boy and girl a wonderful piece of string called the memory, and it is the only thing that ties the past to the present. Just try to think what we should be like if we had no memory. Why you could not remember your own mother's face the minute she turned her back, and you would not know where to find your home, and it would be impossible for you to learn at school.

One day a minister pulled Tommy's memory string by asking him how and when he became a Christian, and Tommy after tying the past to the present by means of this wonderful string said, "It was when the bee stung Mother."



"When the bee stung Mother? Tell me what you mean, my boy."

"Sir," said the lad, "I have a mother who for some years told me what Jesus had done for me, but I never really understood and realised how He had taken my place, and died in my stead, until one summer's afternoon when playing at the door of our cottage. Mother was ironing in the kitchen, at the door with her sleeves turned up upon her arms. Suddenly, whilst I was playing around the doorstep a bee came buzzing round and round my head. It seemed determined to sting. I was frightened and tried once or twice to flap it away with my handkerchief, but round and round my head it came, closer each time. At last, in despair, I ran inside to get rid of my enemy, and made for my mother, who had been watching my efforts to free myself from my opponent, and with a cry I hid under her long white apron.

"Amused at my fear, but with motherly care, she put her iron down and, with a smile, placed her arms outside, as it were to assure

me that I had full protection. The bee settled upon one of her bare arms, and before she realised that it was not wise to let the angry little insect remain upon her, the bee had stung her so deeply that the poor thing was unable to draw out its sting, and in an exhausted state crawled slowly down her arm.

"My mother, who felt the sting sharply, was taken aback, but looking at the bee crawling down her arm, a thought struck her which was the means of my salvation.

"She said to me, 'There you may come out now; the bee has stung mother instead of you; come out, and look at it crawling on mother's arm. It cannot hurt you now.' Timidly I lifted the apron, and put my head out to see. There was the bee crawling still slowly down mother's arm, and mother, pointing to the sting higher up, said, 'There it is; it has stung mother instead of you. You may play with it now; it cannot sting again; see its sting in mother's arm. Poor creature, it has only one sting.'

"Half afraid and a little sorrowful for my mother, I looked at the sting. My mother then went on to explain to me how I might play with the bee now, and even take it in my hand as it could not sting twice and therefore could not sting me now. She well applied the lesson explaining to me how it was a picture of what she long had told me about Jesus having taken my place and been punished in my stead.

"I had learned and often repeated that verse, 'By His stripes we are healed,' but I never understood until then with the bee and the sting before us that it was just a picture of what Jesus had permitted to be done to Himself—to be punished instead of us who deserved to be punished; and how if we claimed that He had taken our place and been punished in our stead, we could not be punished. The law having punished Him in our stead it was powerless now to punish us. Yes; and how true these three short lines: 'Payment God will not twice demand; first at my bleeding Surety's hand, and then again at mine.' That moment of realisation. I shall never forget it. It was all so clear now. I saw and understood for the first time what mother had for long taught me, how that God would not punish me, because He had already punished Jesus in my stead. Yes, sir, it was when the bee stung mother. I have rejoiced from that moment in believing and being assured that Jesus died for me on Calvary."

With best wishes,

UNCLE SAM.

WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO ?



BUSY COUNTRY COUSINS.

EDITORIAL.

I WONDER if our youthful readers have heard the saying, "Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do." To be usefully employed is one of the greatest blessings anyone can enjoy. The wise man who wrote the Book of Proverbs says in chapter 21, "the desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labour." There is much valuable instruction in this 21st chapter and our readers are asked to slowly read it and mark the verse of our quotation.

Have you a hobby, like the little lass of our front picture, which not only interests you, but fills some useful purpose? To spend one's spare time in the vain pursuit of pleasure only never imparts the joy of life which useful service gives. Try to be employed in such a way that others will also appreciate your pastime, and let young folks endeavour to be faithful and helpful to their parents and their homes.

When looking at our frontispiece, we are reminded of a model maid who served so acceptably that she gained the confidence of her mistress to the extent of even conversing about private family matters, and was thus used of God in bringing blessing to her master. And although she remains unnamed, the story is so important that it finds a place in Holy Scriptures. You can read it for yourself in 2 Kings 5, and as you do so, please note the important place given to the servants.

There are many lessons in this Old Testament story for all of us. The little maid is indeed the heroine, and we can only imagine with what joy she awaited the return of her master from Israel on this occasion. On one of his former visits to Israel as leader of an enemy army, he had ruthlessly torn from her home and loved ones this girl of tender years, who by her faithfulness to God and her mistress, was ultimately "to return good for evil."

Although a prisoner in a foreign land, obliged to serve in a heathen home, she confessed her faith in the true God and spoke highly of His prophet in Samaria. The results of her testimony are surely an encouragement for all who know the Lord to confess Him to others. Only a *little maid*, but in God's hands, a means of blessing to a *great man*. Only a *captive*

slave, but a means of blessing to her captor, *Captain Naaman*, and through him, to his wife and home also, and all because she confessed her faith. Will each of us who *profess faith*, ask ourselves when last did we *confess faith*? Here is a striking example of God choosing "the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

Let us contrast with her the leper captain to whom her testimony was blessed. He was a *great man* (v. 1), accustomed to do *great things* (v. 13), but made some *great mistakes*. Directed to the prophet he went to the King, when instructed by the prophet to simply dip in Jordan seven times for cleansing he was enraged, having thought the cleansing ceremony would be something spectacular, and the place of cleansing in his opinion was much inferior to that which his own land could offer. Since the details most accurately explain divine truth as to salvation it is important to note the following. Get into touch with the right person for cleansing. You are directed to the Lord Jesus Christ. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." "Neither is there salvation in any other." Obey God's word entirely. "He that heareth my word and believeth Him that sent me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into judgment but is passed out of death into life." The cross of Christ is the only place for cleansing from sin—"the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The opinions and ordinances of men will avail nothing in the matter of your soul's salvation—"salvation is of the Lord."

So our captive maid is an example for those who believe, while Naaman's experience is instructive to all who "think with themselves" and doubt the Word of God. I like verse 14. A lovely picture of conversion. (1) He went down. (2) He obeyed. (3) He was changed. (4) He was clean.

May we all observe that willing hands can be a means to open hearts hitherto fast closed to God and the Gospel and seek in whatever our hands find to do, to do it heartily as unto the Lord.

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

A Lonely Wanderer

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

IT was such a lovely spot, and the shades of night were falling. Just the time when the wild beasts in their dens began to stretch and yawn after sleeping all day, preparing to go out and prowl around to find their prey. No one was about, no tent, no house anywhere near, nothing but rocks, stones, and shrubs, when there came along a young man, with a stick in his hand (Gen. 32. 10). He had travelled some distance that day and now the sun had set, he wanted to find a resting place for the night, but there was nothing better than the ground for a bed and stones for a pillow, so he had to make the best of it, and just lie down where he was.

The first night away from home, how his thoughts must have gone back to the place he had left that morning. Father, mother, and brother, besides the many servants who cared for the flocks. How he missed all the stir and bustle of the busy household, the evening meal and the evening worship. His thoughts could scarcely have been happy ones for it was his own fault that he was exiled from home. He had been deceitful and false, had wronged his twin brother, and deluded his father, consequently because the peace of the family was marred, he had been sent away from home.

Did he think of God? I wonder, and remember his father's faith. Jacob, for that was the young man's name, knew God was the God of his father Isaac, for he had said to Isaac a short time before, "The Lord *thy* God" (Gen. 27. 20).

Whether Jacob remembered God and sought His protection that night we don't know, but we know that God thought of him and was gracious to him. When sleep came God sent him a

dream, a wonderful dream. Jacob dreamt he saw a ladder reaching from earth to Heaven, angels of God were ascending and descending on it, and the Lord stood at the top, and spoke to Jacob, saying precious words, promising great things, but most comforting of all was the assurance that He, the Lord, was with him, poor wandering Jacob, and would keep him wherever he went.

When Jacob awoke he said: "Surely the Lord is in this place," and it was no wonder he made up his mind that the Lord must be his God henceforth.

Yes, it was true that God was in that place and there was a connecting link between failing, sinful Jacob and the glory



Gen. 32. 10.

of Heaven.

Is it so to-day? Yes, God is just where you are and the connecting link is the Cross of Christ. Because He died on the Cross to make an atonement for our sin, to bear the punishment we deserved, a way has been made for us to go to Heaven. Only one Way, no other is needed, salvation through the death of Christ. He was wounded for us, by His stripes we are

healed. And by that one Way we may draw nigh to God every day, all day with our needs, the Way is opened up to God by the Cross, our Ladder up to Heaven. Have you come by that Way?

"As to the (lonely wanderer) this wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me, a ladder up to Heaven.

"Well, Your Fortune's Made."

THESE were the words with which I was greeted the morning after my conversion by my employer, Mr. John Davidson of Gowanwell, Aberdeenshire, and believing the particulars connected therewith will be of interest and benefit to others, I now record them with that end in view.

I was one of a family of six brought up in humble circumstances. My mother was a true Christian but did not enjoy the liberty of a full salvation, chiefly because of erroneous teaching that "no one can be sure of the possession of eternal life." The Scriptures emphatically teach that we can know (John 3. 16; Rom. 10. 9, etc.). One of the greatest joys the writer has had was when that dear mother entered fully into the liberty of her glorious inheritance in Christ.

But although not enjoying complete deliverance in former years, my mother sought most diligently to instruct and teach her family, and to this end the Bible was read

morning and night in the home while we were made to memorise portions thereof. This proved most irksome to me, and at the age of thirteen I was engaged to work on a farm where I soon learned to love the intoxicating cup. This in turn led to brawling and fighting, in which I was soon looked upon by my companions as a front ranker.

My sorely tried mother was crying to God for her wayward boy and the answer was about to be given in a wonderful way. With others (through no fault of mine) I had been dismissed from my situation, and one of the servants at Gowanwell, wishing to be relieved from his engagement, asked me to take his place. Though unwilling to serve at a farm where I knew there was a vigorous Christian testimony, I ultimately agreed to go, but my mother and sister wept saying such good people would not have me about their place. However, a month went past and the Christians acted very wisely. I was neither pressed nor spoken to but mention was made of me to the great God with whom these people were on easy speaking terms. Their life greatly impressed me. I had been among a wild and lawless set of men and the contrast was most marked. The people were friendly and kind beyond anything I had ever seen and out of respect I eased off in a great measure, my sinful habit of swearing. My mother noticed this and spoke of it when home at the weekend, but I was annoyed, for I had then no wish to be a Christian. In this mood I lay down to read the first thing that came to hand, and it turned out to be about a man, who through an accident, was dying without hope. I suddenly felt that with all my boasted courage I also would be afraid if called to meet God.

On the following Wednesday night the farmer's wife (Mrs. Davidson) gave me a copy of "The Young Watchman," the stories in which all spoke to me. A fellow-workman twitted me about growing serious and said I "surely was not taken up with that stuff." I responded by throwing the periodical at him and rose to pass out to the "chaumer." I went to bed but could not sleep, tossing restlessly and wondering whether after all there was something in this being saved. Before coming to Gowanwell I had heard and had been inclined



A RECENT PHOTO OF THE WRITER.

to imbibe infidel notions, and now what was I to do?

It was clear my new associates had something I had not and I was perfectly sure my foreman was a happy man; indeed he was the finest chap I had ever worked with—so manly unselfish and kind. What was I to do? All next day I wanted to get alone with this man and unburden my mind to him, but circumstances did not allow this. The tempter however suggested I should get a bottle of whisky, join my old companions on Sunday, and forget all about it. Alone in the afternoon I fought this suggestion and resolved that with God's help I never would go back to the evil life again. After the day's work was over I sought out my foreman and with great difficulty, told him my condition. He had felt I wanted to tell him something and great indeed was his joy when he knew what it was. "Bob" he said, "if you died now where do you think you'd go?" I said, "I suppose to Hell." "Ah man," he said, "You're just the kind Jesus came to save."

He then went for a New Testament and we retired together to a lonely spot on the hillside where he explained as best he could God's way of salvation. I had never prayed but it seemed natural for me to say, "Sandy, will you pray for me?" and together we knelt at the back of the dyke (fence) and he poured out his heart to God for me. We rose from our knees and he said, "I can't tell you more; you must do the rest." He left me, going and sitting down some distance away. Like another I was left alone and felt alone—a sinful lad consciously in the presence of the great God. What I had heard from the Bible that evening

had proved to me beyond doubt that God loved me, that Christ had died for me and, more, that if I would accept His great salvation procured for me by the blood of the Saviour, He would accept me as His child. All my heart went out in yearning to be at peace with God, and as a poor sinner I humbly believed God's word and in prayer, tried to tell Him so. I rose from my knees and went to my companion saying, "Sandy, it's done; I've trusted the Saviour."

I now had one desire to try and be worthy of the One who had done so much for me. Old things had passed away and all things had become new. "To him that worketh not but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4, 5).

Thirty-five years have rolled past since that never-to-be-forgotten experience and I still know Whom I have believed (2 Tim. 2. 12).

On the morning following my acceptance of Christ my companion contrived to leave word at the farm as to what had happened, and Mr. Davidson, coming to me during the forenoon, asked whether it was true? I looked in his eyes and replied it was, when he grasped my hand, exclaiming, "Well, your fortune's made."

The fact that I had accepted Christ as my Lord and Saviour spread rapidly, and everybody seemed surprised that a sinful pleasure-seeking youth like me should have so suddenly "turned Christian," but they little knew:

"I'd found a Friend, Oh, such a Friend,
Who bled and died to save me;
And that not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me."

R. Donald.

Our Monthly Chorus———No. 31.

— THE GOSPEL SHIP. —

Words and Music by Seth Sykes.

CHORUS. *R.*

1st time.

I'm sail - ing home to Can - nan's hap - py shore, I'm sail - ing home with
sail - ing home, sail - ing home hap - py sail - ing home, sail - ing home

D.S. — sail - ing home, I soon shall furl the sail, My
sail - ing home, sail - ing home, (the sail,

2nd time.

Fine.

ma - ny, many thou - sands are I'm jour - ney past, safe home at last, With - in the vale.

{ | r' : - d' it : | s : : it || 1 : it | d' : - | s : d' : s : - so | 1 : - it : - | d' : - | - ||

[Copyright by Seth Sykes, Glasgow, 1931].



MEN OF LETTERS

XVI.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

SCRIBBLING in the margins of books is a common habit with many readers. It is quite excusable if the books are one's own, but not if they belong to another. Most libraries have a clause warning against the practice for it is a bad habit, and a bad habit, one imagines, ought never to be commended. Human experience tells us, how-



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ever, that what may in one person be distasteful, may in another be desirable.

S. T. Coleridge was given to scribbling in the margins of books that did not belong to him. At least one man of genius commended him for it and took pains to let others know of it. "Reader!", wrote Charles Lamb, "lend thy books to S. T. C., for he will return them with usury. He will enrich them with his annotations, and thus tripling their value. I have had experience, and I counsel thee. Shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, critic, philosopher and poet, was born at Ottery St.

Mary, Devon, on October 21st, 1772. He was the youngest son of a clergyman who died before Samuel was nine years old. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and later at Jesus College, Cambridge, but left the latter without taking a degree. He lived for a short time in London, then at Bristol, and later, Clevedon. In 1798 he visited Germany with the Wordsworth's and there studied the German language. On his return to England he lived for a time at Keswick, and about this time he began to take Opium to relieve the pains of rheumatism and neuralgia. The evil habit had a baneful effect upon him but happily, for some years previous to his death he was free from it. To the end of his life he lectured and wrote on a variety of subjects and also was famed for his conversational gifts. He died on July 23rd, 1834.

Among the treasures in the British Museum is a book entitled "Private Thoughts," by Thomas Adams. Coleridge had it at one time, and in the margin written in pencil is the following confession by him.

"For a great part of my life I did not know that I was poor, and naked, and blind, and miserable. And after I did know that, I did not feel it aright. But I thank God I feel it now somewhat as it ought to be felt. Stand aside, my pride, and let me see that ugly sight, myself. I have been deceived all my life by sayings of philosophers, by scraps of poetry, but most of all by the pride of my own heart, into an opinion of self-power, which the Scriptures plainly tell me, and my repeated failures tell me, that I possess not. It is the design of the religion of Jesus Christ to change men's views, to change their lives, and to change their very tempers. Yes. But how? By the superior excellence of its precepts? By the weight of its exhortations, or by the promise of its rewards? No. But by convin-

cing men of their wretchedness, and guilt, and blindness, and helplessness. By inculcating the necessity of the remission of sins, and the necessity of super-natural light and assistance, and by promising to the penitent sinner, and by actually conveying to him, these evangelical blessings."

Coleridge is an example of the many who in every age have discovered their condition and need before God. Others besides him have left on record their feelings at that discovery. "Behold, I am vile," said Job (Job 40. 4). "Woe is me!" said Isaiah the prophet, "for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips" (Isa. 6. 5). "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord," cried Peter the apostle (Luke 5. 8). "God be merciful to me a sinner," was the heart-cry of the poor publican (Luke 18. 13). It is to such repentant ones that the evangelical blessings

of remission of sin, and super-natural light and assurance are conveyed. God is not against the sinner but for him, and in proof of this has sent His Son, the Saviour of the world (1 John 4. 14).

The death of Christ and His blood-shedding on the cross were for sin and apart from shedding of blood is no remission (Heb. 9. 22). "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 20. 21) are the necessary exercises that bring the blessings of the Gospel to the sinner. Every one is invited by God and encouraged by abundant Scriptural examples to do this for his own eternal good. Our reader may even now take his place with all who say

We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.

"Whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sin" (Acts 10. 43).

W. H

TREASURE SEEKING FOR THE YOUNG

PROFITABLE EVENING
OCCUPATION.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 6.—QUESTIONS—THE HOLY SPIRIT (Part 2).

1. Why was it necessary for the Lord Jesus to go away? John 16.
2. Why was the Comforter sent? John 14.
3. Where does He dwell now? (a) 1 Cor. 3, (b) 1 Cor. 6.
4. What is His work in the world? John 16.
5. How does a man enter the Kingdom of God? John 3.
6. What is His work in the saints? (a) John 14; (b) John 16.
7. What is His work in the Church? 1 Cor. 12.
8. When is a person sealed with the Spirit? Eph. 1.
9. With what has a believer to be filled? Eph. 5.
10. How does a believer know he is indwelt by Christ? 1 John 3.
11. How do we know we are children of God? Rom. 8.
12. How were the Old Testament Scriptures given? 2 Peter 1.

No. 5.—ANSWERS—THE HOLY SPIRIT. (Part 1).

1. John 14. 26.
2. 2 Cor. 13. 14.
3. Heb. 9. 14.
4. Psal. 139. 7-13.

5. 1 Cor. 2. 10.
6. Rom. 15. 19.
7. Luke 1. 35.
8. (a) Eph. 4. 30; (b) Acts 7. 51; (c) 1 Thess. 5. 19.
9. (a) Isa. 11. 2; (b) John 16. 13; (c) Heb. 10. 29; (d) 1 Peter 4. 14.
10. (a) Matt. 3. 16; (b) John 3. 8; (c) Acts 2 3; (d) John 7. 38, 39.

—BEREAN.

CANADIAN PROVINCES.

(8)—PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

P rince of all earthly kings!
R edeemer from on high!
I mmanuel—God with us—
N ailed on a Cross to die!
C an we now fathom this?
E 'er 'tis God's mystery!
E ver we might have been
D oomed in Eternity.
W onder of wonders!—He—
A bove the earth and sea—
R enounced His Palace—Home;
D escended through the air—
I n love to all mankind—
S in's penalty to bear.
L ove such as this shall e'er
A mystery be. And He
N ow at our God's right hand
D elights in you and me!

A. P. A.

WASHING.

AT a farm-house, in a very small village that did not even boast a shop, a man called one day to demonstrate and try to sell a washing machine to the farmer's wife. He was certainly very voluble, so much so that the woman's son standing by compared the run and force of his tongue as something akin to Niagara Falls. "Madam, you cannot buy a better washing machine anywhere." "This will do the job for you. Give you hours more leisure. I guarantee this machine to wash clean the dirtiest overalls, even if they are covered with grease and oil." "Oh! you will wish when you have used it a few times that you had bought one years ago, and it is so very simple to use, almost your smallest child can use it." "Madam, you can pay cash, or have it on the hire-purchase system, I am sure you will never regret it if you buy one." The good woman thought of wash-days so simplified by the machine, thought what a blessing it would be if only it was as efficient as the would-be salesman said it was. She thought also of the outlay and what a waste of money it would be should the machine prove a failure.

The demonstrator who was determined to sell, asked for hot water and dirty clothes, took off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves, and in a short time clothes that had been dirty, were hanging on the line drying, and cleaned. The machine had done the job. Turning to the young man who had shown such interest in the washing process, he said, "There is not a better washing-machine anywhere, this machine will wash anything."

The young man looked at him and said, "I can tell you of a better washer than even your machine, and of things cleaned that your machine would not clean." "I do not

think you can sir," he said. "Yes I can," replied the young man, "You are full of very ugly, dirty stains, known to God as sins, and no amount of washing, or washing-machines can cleanse you from them, but, 'the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin' " (1 John 1. 7). "That is a far better washing than any machine can give, and only the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ can cleanse a soul from sin."

The washing machine demonstrator was obliged to admit that the washing away of sins was beyond the power of his machine.

Dear soul, whoever you may be, do you wish to be made perfectly clean from your sins? Have you not often said, "Oh! I know I am not what I ought to be," or, "If I had my time over again I would do so differently to what I have done." By saying these things you admit that you are unclean, that you are sinful, and not right with God. Dear reader, is not that so? "Wilt thou be made whole?"

Please notice a few points from this true story of the washing-machine.

Said the demonstrator, "Madam, you cannot buy a better washing-machine." The glorious truth of cleansing from sin is that it does not have to be bought at all, it is absolutely free to you, because the Lord Jesus Christ paid the price at Calvary with His own Precious Blood. "This will do the job for you." It is perfectly true that you have nothing to do and nothing to pay, simply to own yourself a lost sinner and accept the salvation and cleansing that God so freely offers you through the finished work of His Blessed Son at Calvary.

"I guarantee this machine to wash clean even the dirtiest overalls." The writer of this story once felt he was the dirtiest soul



JAPANESE WASHING IN THE STREAM.

on earth, his sins seemed to be so very numerous. Perhaps, dear soul, you feel like that. I can whole-heartedly commend to you the all-powerful, and all-efficient way of cleansing, for I have experienced that "the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth me from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). "Your smallest child can use it." Thank God that the way of salvation and cleansing is so simple that a child can understand it, and that "wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein" (Isa. 35. 8).

It is not only to believe that you are a sinner, that you already know, but that Jesus Christ died for you, and accept that. The farmer's wife thought of the mistake it would be should the washing-machine prove a failure. You too, perhaps are thinking that if you accept the Saviour you might after all be a failure. That is Satan's lie to you, but you never would be a failure, you could not be a failure in God's hands, for

you would be "kept by the power of God" (1 Peter 1. 15).

Think of the many Christians in the world who to-day are witnesses to the saving and keeping power of the Saviour.

One more sentence I wish you to notice. "You will never regret it." God loves you, dear soul, and longs for you to be saved from hell, and I can assuredly say that when you have accepted the way of salvation as offered by God, through that finished work at Calvary, you will never regret it.

The washing-machine was bought, the farmer's wife said she wished she had had one years before. Like that, when you have accepted salvation you will say you wish you had accepted the Saviour long years before. It is all-important that you should do that, and be cleansed from sin. To refuse this marvellous salvation is to sign your eternal death warrant. E. H. G.



"Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee."

By Ludwig Andreas Gotter.†

Lord of Hosts! how shall I render
Fitting honours to Thy Name?
May Thy spirit, kind and tender
Fan my soul into a flame.
Vainly my poor heart endeavours
To recount Thy boundless favours:
Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
Mighty King, for ever be.

When I think, Almighty Father
Of my sins that grieved Thee sore;
How I've never ceased to gather
Blessings from Thy boundless store;
How Thy wounded love, relenting,
Waited still for my repenting—
Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
Mighty King, for ever be.

Father, Thou my soul hast tended
With unmatched, unmingled grace!
Jesus, Thou hast me befriended,
Dying for our guilty race!
And through Thee, O gracious Spirit
All these blessings I inherit!
Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
Mighty King, for ever be.

Endless thanks and boundless praises
For Thy help, thus far, I owe,
Forward still through life's dark mazes,
Led by Jesus, let me go,
Till He guide me safe to Heaven,
Then, O Father, shall be given
Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
Thanks to all eternity!

† The author of this inspiring hymn, Ludwig Andreas Gotter, was born in Gotha, in the year 1661. His father was First Court Chaplain there, and he, himself, afterwards rose to the responsible position of Councillor. By nature, he was self-effacing, but was piously fond of extolling the matchless virtues of his Lord and

Saviour. So modest was he that it was only with difficulty that he could be induced to pass on his writings to others. His full list of two hundred and thirty-one hymns is still preserved in a prominent Library in Germany. He died in 1735.

"MONTHLY" LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG . . .

By J. S. Borland

::

JULY.

WHEN I was at school I was taught Latin. I cannot say I enjoyed it very much, but as the school authorities thought it was necessary for my proper education I had to do my best to learn it. Now that I have been left school for very many years I have forgotten almost all the Latin I learned.

This reminds me of a story concerning a farmer who sent his son to college. He wanted him to be well educated, and make a name for himself as a famous scholar. The son, however, had different ideas from his father. He went to college, but did not learn very much. He had a gay time away from home, and spent on pleasure the money his father allowed him for education.

When the holiday time came round he went back to the farm prepared, of course, to answer his father's questions regarding his education.

After father and son had been talking for a little while, the father said: "An' whit ha'e ye been learnin' a' the time, my boy?"

"Oh, dad," replied the gay young student rather gushingly, "I have been learning Latin."

"An' whit'll be the Latin for horse?" asked the father.

"Horsibus," replied the son.

"Verra guid," said the father.

"An' whit'll be the Latin for hen?"

"Henibus, dad."

This young student knew the Latin for anything his father asked him! He simply put "ibus" at the end of the English word. The father listened patiently to the nonsense talked by his son, then said to him: "There's a forkibus. Pit the heyibus intae the cairtibus, or I'll bre'k it owre yer backibus."

You see, the old man was not so easily fooled as his son imagined. He knew Latin too!

I have told you that story to impress upon your mind that the month July, the seventh in the year, is supposed to take its name from Julius Cæsar, the great Roman general. If you get Latin at the school you will have read the wonderful story of

him and his mighty conquests in your Latin books. Julius Cæsar said many things, but all I remember now are three words he spoke when referring to his conquest of Britain. Do you know them—

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

These Latin words mean—"I came, I saw, I conquered." They were uttered centuries ago, and now mean little or nothing to us who are no longer under the power of Rome. We are a free people, ruled, I think, wisely and well, and enjoy liberties which few people in other countries enjoy.

Be that as it may, I want you to remember the famous words of a famous man whenever you think of July. But I do not want you to associate them altogether with Julius Cæsar. I want you to think of them as being spoken by a greater than Cæsar or any other man who ever lived. I want you to think of them as being spoken by Jesus. Of course you must remember that you will not find in the New Testament these words as coming from the lips of Jesus, Who spoke as never man spoke. Yet, while Jesus did not say—"I came, I saw, I conquered," that is exactly what He did.

I think most of you will have sung that delightful children's hymn:—

"Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame,
Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His Name,
Coming for me, for me."

The story of Bethlehem, of the angel choir, of the shepherds, of the inn and the manger, and of the wise men, is one of the most beautiful ever told. When the King and Queen came to Edinburgh, the Scottish Capital was gay with bunting and rich with colour. Thousands of cheering people lined the streets to welcome their Majesties. That is how a King should enter a city. But when the King of Kings came to this "low ground of sorrow" no earthly choirs sang His praises; the only earth-born sound was the lowing of the cattle in the stalls.

He knew that He would be "despised and rejected of men," yet He came. He came because it was the Father's will. He came

to the world to work out salvation.

When He was here on the earth He saw men as no one else had ever seen them. Others had only seen the external things. They saw beauty and ugliness, actions and habits. But He saw differently. He looked into men and women's hearts; He could read their thoughts. He knew what was in man. Men could not hide from His penetrating eyes. He could read hatred in the heart against Him, yet—and this is the wonder of it all!—He loved men just the same. Yes, loved them so much that He

went to the Cross and died for their sins.

Many thought that was the end of Jesus. He would be buried, and, out of sight, He would be out of mind. Ah, they did not know Him! He was the mighty Conqueror of death. The third day He rose from the tomb, triumphant and to triumph.

Julius Cæsar died. He was buried. He never rose again. But Jesus ever liveth. He came and saw and conquered, and those who make Him their Friend and Guide will be victorious in life. It cannot be otherwise. Will you take Him as your Saviour?



SOME MORE REASONS FOR NOT SMOKING.

By ANDREW STENHOUSE, *Missionary in Chile.*

1. Because we are made a spectacle, not only to the world, but to angels (1 Cor. 4. 9). A Christian who smokes must be a sad spectacle to those heavenly witnesses.

2. Because man, being made in the image of God, should preserve his dignity, and the Christian more so. The expulsion of smoke from the mouth reminds us more of the image of Satan (Rev. 9. 17).

3. Because smoke in the nostrils is, in the Bible, a figure of what is offensive and abominable (Isa. 65. 5).

4. Because the smoking habit dulls moral sensibilities. It engenders selfishness in all classes of people. Smokers generally show no consideration for other people.

5. Because eminent authorities have testified that smoking produces criminal tendencies. All, or nearly all, juvenile delinquents are youth who had begun to smoke early in life.

6. Because smoking favours drunkenness. Converts who have been victims of both habits have found that if they do not give up smoking they are liable to return to drink. Smoking produces nervous depression, and this in turn demands the stimulus of alcohol.

7. Because every Christian is a steward and must give account to his Lord for the use he has made of the money with which he has been entrusted. Converting it into smoke is worse than laying it up in a napkin (Luke 19. 20).

8. Because the work of evangelization calls for every available penny. To buy tracts instead of cigarettes is much more profitable.

There will be souls in heaven as a result of such investments when the puffs of smoke will be long forgotten.

9. Because we often sing, and ought to be able to sing truthfully:

"All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood."

10. Because we would not like to be found smoking when the Lord comes. "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure" (1 John 3. 3).

THE BURGLAR'S ARREST.

A young man was entering a house by a window to commit a burglary when his eye fell upon a card on the wall bearing the words, "Jesus only." The Spirit of God fixed them on his conscience, and he fled from the place. Unhappy, he scarcely knew why he roamed the streets, until attracted by singing, he entered a hall where the Gospel was preached, and there, as he was, the Lord met and saved him. He is now a diligent Christian, and an earnest preacher.

He who shows the right path to one who has gone astray, lights the other's lantern from his own.

Nothing is so infectious as example, and we never do any great good or great ill which does not produce the like.

—La. Rochefoucauld.

Uncle Sam's Letter.

Dear Boys and Girls,

During a long dry summer in the north-west of America, a prairie fire sprang up in a district where there were many settlers; it raged along the country burning in its course many farmhouses, and in some cases the farmers and their families were unable to escape. After the fire had passed over, a relief party rode out from a neighbouring town to see if anyone had perchance escaped the flames and would be requiring relief. Riding past a charred cottage one of the men saw what appeared to be a black hen sitting on the ground. On going up to it he found that it evidently had been a hen, but was quite dead, the head and back being burnt to almost a cinder. The bird sat

in such a striking way with her wings spread out that he gave her a kick with his foot, when three little chickens ran out. Bravely the poor mother hen had covered them in face of the roaring fire, and choosing rather to be burnt to death than one of them should perish.

This story shows us how the Lord, who planted this instinct in the heart of the timid hen to defend her young in the hour of danger, would bring with great force to our memory His words as He wept over Jerusalem: "How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not." Had the little chickens taken no heed to their mother's cry of "Chick, chick, chick,"

when she saw the fire coming, or had they said to themselves, "We shall be safer in the farmhouse than with our poor weak mother," they would all certainly have perished. This is just what the Jews did and what so many are doing to-day. They said: "Who would be so weak and foolish as to go to Jesus for salvation? We have our grand temple and all our temple worship; surely if we are not safe here, where else can we be safe?" But the Roman armies attacked the temple and fire came along and it was all destroyed. Yet the few who believed in Jesus then and the few who believe now who have taken refuge under the shadow of His wings will be eternally safe.

The story of the hen ends in her dying for her three chickens, but not so with the story of Jesus. He has been raised and possesses all power in heaven and on earth. He is alive to-day, and although He is in heaven preparing places for all who have trusted Him, He knows all about the boys and girls down here, their names, where they live, and knows all about their sins, too, if you have not definitely believed. His death and suffering were for them.

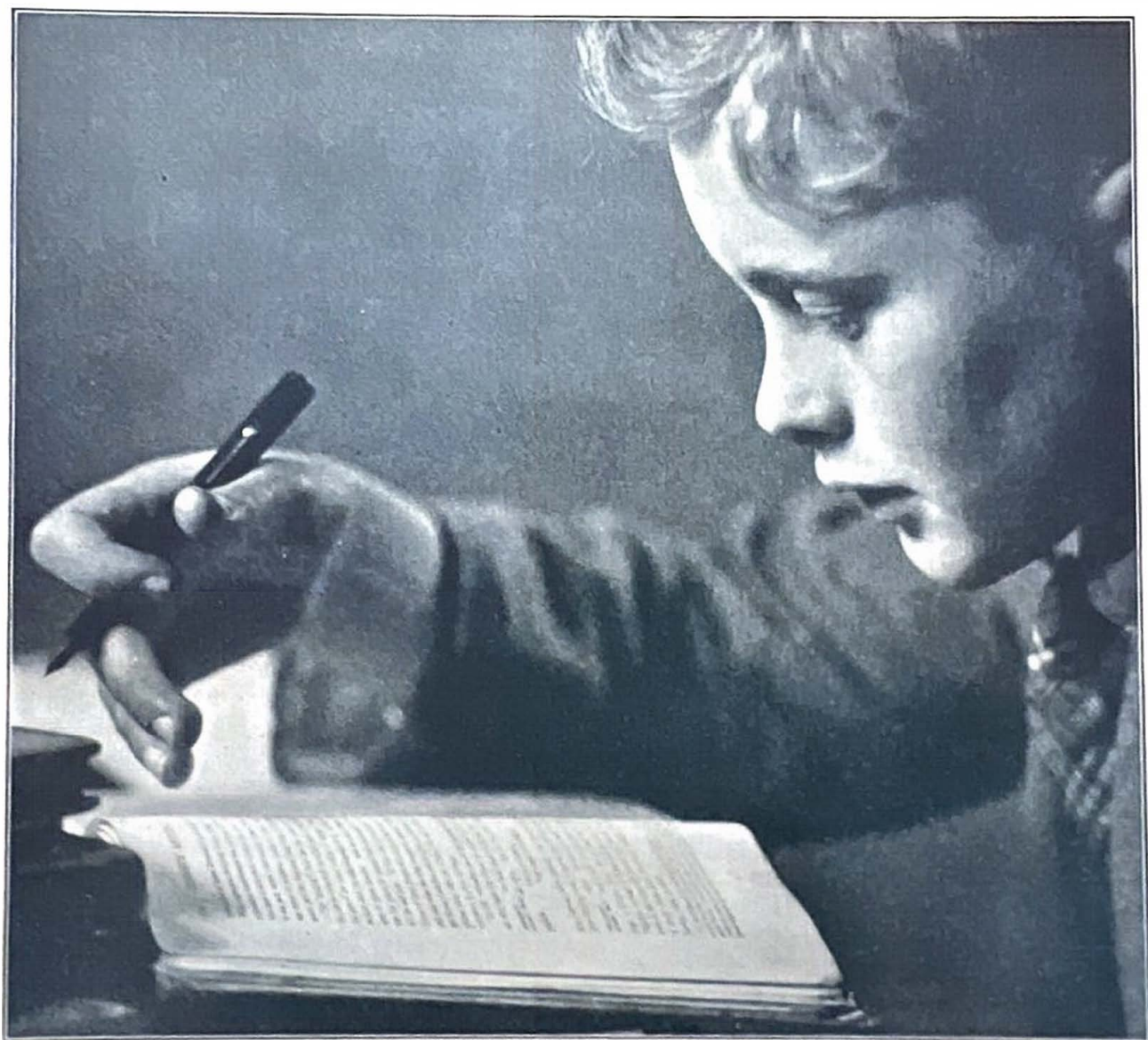
Have you heard the Master weeping o'er the
sinful hearts of men,
With a love that knows no sleeping, calling
loudly unto them
As the hen beneath her feathers soothes the
little one's alarms,
So Jesus runs and gathers all who want Him
to His arms.

With love from,

UNCLE SAM.



READING.



READING

WHAT a blessing it is to be able to read.

Have you ever thought how much of life would be lost if you were unable to read. As you move about the daily round, try and note how often your eyes are used in reading some word of direction, instruction or warning. You will be amazed to discover how often your eyes alight on LETTERS, and with what apparent ease the mind grasps their significance.

When the Bible was first given to the people of England to be freely read, very few of the poorer classes were able to read, and because of this, together with the prohibitive price of books, those desirous of hearing the Word were obliged to gather in the churches and listen to the Scripture Reader. Four hundred years have winged their flight since then, and what changes have taken place in the learning, light and liberty of the people. Truly, "the entrance of Thy word giveth light." To-day a child under six is able to read the Bible, and it is remarkable how much of the Scriptures have been translated into the simplest form of words enabling the youngest reader to fully understand. Then, too, think of the price at which the Scriptures are sold, making it possible for the poorest to know the truth of God. A gospel portion may be had for a penny, the whole New Testament for twopence, and the complete Bible for 1s. 3d, in splendid clear type and small bulk. All this points to the goodness of God and our great responsibility in acquainting ourselves with His will.

How often do you read the Scriptures? Even for improvement in education, the Word of God is invaluable, but our young readers are requested to read the Scriptures with a desire to learn more of God and His will for them. Think of it, your Creator and Sustainer, has a purpose for your life and has written same in a Book that you might learn His will as you thoughtfully read therein. The Psalmist knew something of Divine direction when he said, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path." If you want to think, act, and go aright throughout life, then "know the scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation." Timothy, to whom the Apostle Paul addressed these words, was privileged above many in that from his earliest days the Holy Scriptures

were constantly before him through the faithfulness of his mother and grandmother.

Since the Apostle's day, there have been many great men whose names shine on our page of history, who have acknowledged the power and worth of God's Word. A few of literary fame are Sir Walter Scott, John Ruskin, John Milton, William Wordsworth and Charles Dickens. Others could be added, but for the present we wish our young people to ponder over the message of Charles Dickens to his youngest son when the youth was leaving home for Australia. He wrote thus:

"I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child—because it is the best Book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided."

These are words of wisdom, worthy of the notice of every young person. In the midst of your holidays, don't forget your Bible.

We were delighted to hear from Peter Mathews of British Columbia, and learn of his conversion in March of last year. The Editor, as a young man, had a somewhat similar experience as Peter, in that it pleased God to use the preaching of the Gospel in his own home to bring him into the light. We called them "kitchen meetings," and there was a homeliness and intimacy about them that is perhaps lacking in the more formal order of Gospel service. What a blessing such "kitchen" or "cottage" meetings have been to many souls. We would be glad to hear from others who have been led into the light within their own homes. Let us be forever thankful for parents whose hearts and homes have been opened to the Gospel, and seek by the grace of God to follow their example.

It will be a pleasure to send a helpful booklet to any young believer who has found the Saviour since January, 1937, and who cares to write a short account of their conversion. Others have been helped in this way.

Your loving friend,
THE EDITOR.

The Boy who said "No."

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

WE all like nice things to eat, don't we?

It is not easy to say "No thank you," to some delicious dainty, but we read in the Bible the story of a boy who did this.

It was a sad time for the Children of Israel. They had turned away from God, and in consequence, sorrow visited their land.

An enemy came and besieged Jerusalem and one of the following events was that a number of lads of noble birth were carried away captive into a strange land. A terrible thing to happen to any land. We can imagine how sad they all felt, exiled from home and friends, but nothing or no one could separate them from the God Whom they served.

There in that foreign land, the king gave orders that for three years the boys were to be educated and prepared for court life. In order to promote growth and health they were to be well fed. Food and wine from the king's house was to be their daily ration.

Now it seems, that either the food was that which was forbidden by Mosaic law, or else it was connected in some way with the worship of idols. It was customary among the heathen to offer a small portion of food and a few drops of wine to the gods, as a sacrifice, thus dedicating the whole meal to them.

One of these captive lads, whose

name was Daniel decided that he could not eat this dainty food and by so doing acknowledge the false gods, so he asked the headmaster to excuse him. This man had grown fond of Daniel and he listened patiently to him, but he hesitated to grant Daniel's request, for fear he himself should be accused of disobeying his king.

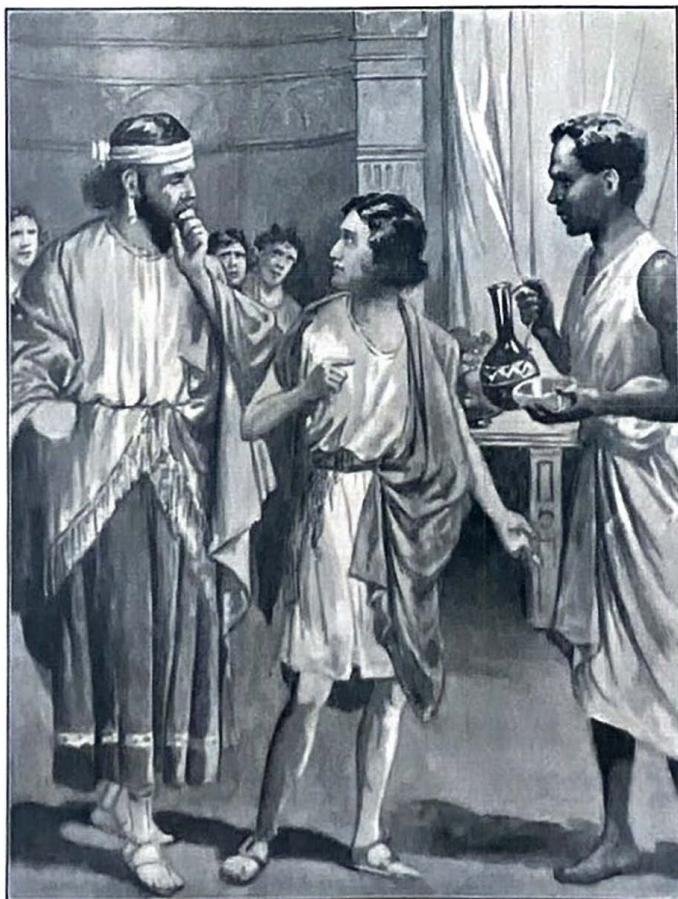
Those old heathen monarchs were very powerful and often at the slightest provocation would say, "Off with his head." So this headmaster was afraid to allow Daniel and his three friends to give up the food that was ordered, with the idea that it would make them strong and beautiful.

However, Daniel made a suggestion. Would he let them live on pulse and water for ten days? (Pulse was a grain or seed, perhaps something like lentiles). And at the

end of the time see how they looked.

The headmaster agreed to this. How brave these boys were to keep to this plain diet, when the others were having savoury dishes and dainty sweetmeats, but they wanted most of all to do the right and please God. And God honoured them, the food suited them well and they looked splendidly fit at the end of the ten days, so they went on all the time having these simple meals.

Well, we are not surprised that God blessed Daniel. He had a long life and was kept true to God through the



Daniel 1.

many temptations in the land. History tells us that he saw eight kings and many changes in the government and in spite of enemies and dangers he served God and was kept in times of peril. I think one of the secrets of Daniel's beautiful life was that he prayed. Three times a day he got alone and told God everything. He began each day with God, paused in the busy day to seek

God at noon, and finished each day with another interview with God.

Do you want your life to be beautiful, useful and pure as his was? Follow his example, seek God daily. It is only He, Who can make you strong to stand against temptation and keep you through all the changing scenes of life.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

HOW pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.
Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.
It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?
Ah! would my flock from thee might learn
How days of grace will flee;
How all an offered Christ who spurn
Shall mourn at last, like thee.
And was it beside this very sea,
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou Me?
My lambs and sheep, then feed."



It is not that the fig-tree grows
And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
Once spread its fragrance there.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
These days are past—Bethsaida, where?
Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand!
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand
And every fragrant hill.

Oh, give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold Thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both Thine and mine.

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE
(Written by the Sea of Galilee).



MEN OF LETTERS

XVII.—Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE word, "Crossword," came into general use in the year 1924, if we are to believe the Oxford Dictionary. "Crosswords," which have helped to increase the demand for Dictionaries of the English language, are a twentieth century innovation. Time was when dictionaries were very scarce. One of the earliest and most famous is that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which was published in 1755 in two volumes, bound and priced at £4 4s. Some of the definitions in it are curious. *Pastern* is defined as *the knee of a horse*. A lady who asked Johnson how he came to produce such a definition was told, "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." *Oats* he defined as "a grain which in England is given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

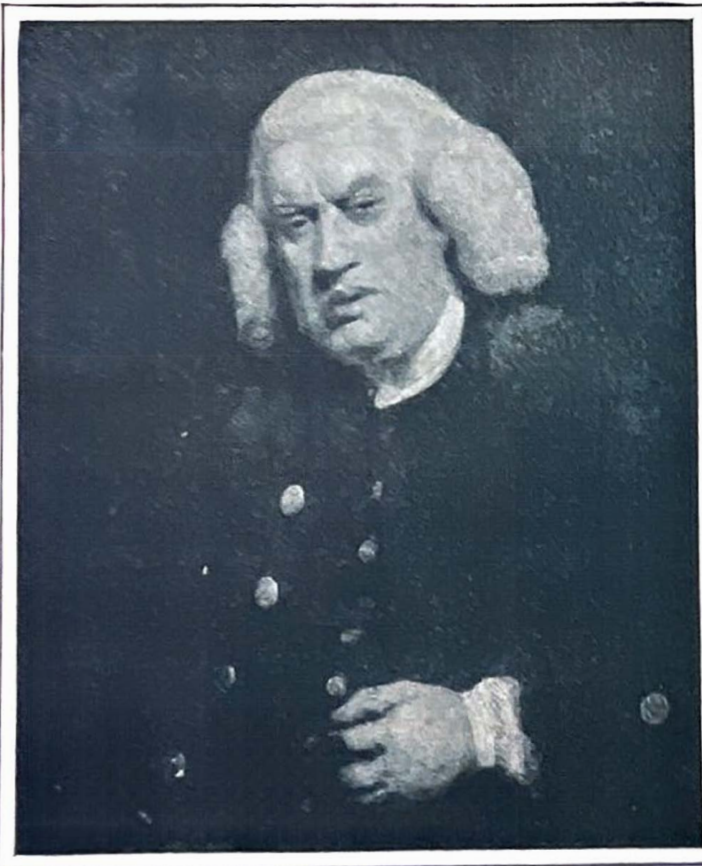
One who heard this definition retorted: "Yes, and where else will you see *such* horses and *such* men."

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, in 1709. His early education was acquired at three Lichfield schools and then at Stourbridge.

When he was sixteen he left school and spent two years at home before going up to Pembroke College, Oxford, which he left after about two years' residence. He was employed for a short time as an usher in a school, but was glad to be free of it, and in 1733 he settled in Birmingham. Here it was that he began literary work in a small way. He opened a school near Lichfield but it failed in eighteen months, and he betook himself to London. There, in time,

he made his mark as a writer. There also he first met a young Scotsman from Auchinleck named James Boswell, who has made Johnson's name a household word wherever English is spoken. Johnson had a tender heart with a rough exterior. His kindly acts were many. When one expressed surprise at his kindness to a certain worthless person, Goldsmith remarked, "He has now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson." He died in London on December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

During his last illness, Johnson expressed to one of his doctors, Dr. Brocklesby, his desire that he might become a Christian in Johnson's sense of the word. "My dear doctor," he said, "believe a dying man, there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God." Such a testimony has value for those to whom it is borne and is comforting to those who bear it. It is a far cry from John the



Baptist to Samuel Johnson, but the Lamb of God is the connecting link. John, the first to point out the Lamb of God that beareth away the sin of the world (John 1. 29), suffered a cruel death in prison shortly after (Mark 6. 16).

Whether one dies cruelly in prison like John, or peacefully at home like Johnson matters little, provided one knows the Lamb of God. The enslaved Israelite in Egypt had commandment from God concerning three important things. He was to slay an unblemished lamb, sprinkle its blood as God appointed and shelter himself behind the blood-sprinkled door. That done he was as safe as God could make him. His salvation was of God. God was his Saviour. If he disobeyed he perished, and he alone was responsible. And so to-day. The slaying of God's Lamb at Calvary and His

bloodshedding is the divine remedy for sin. Every one who believes in Him who died and rose again is sheltered eternally from God's judgment which is about to come upon this Egypt world. The question for our readers is the same as for Dr. Johnson's physician. "Are you saved and sheltered through the sacrifice of the Lamb of God?" If not, then "Behold, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). The day and the Lamb are both for your benefit. See that you make the best use of your divinely-given opportunity.

The Lamb of God upon the tree
Was slain to set poor sinners free,
He bore the dreadful penalty
That we might life obtain. W. H.

Our Monthly Chorus—No. 32.

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD

Words and Music by R. G. MOWAT.

Key: G. { :m | s :— | s :— | s :— | :m | f :— | f :— | f :— | :— | m :m | m :m }

A gar - den fair, with Je - sus there, May our lives be
A gar - den, garden fair, with Je - sus, Je - sus there,

glow - ing with His beau - ty rare; Faith - ful and Lov - ing, O -

be - dient and Wise, Ear - nest, and Re - li - ant, Strong to win the prize.

RUHINI'S GIFT.

BY HANDLEY BIRD.

WHAT a noise; and no wonder, for nearly 2000 women and girls living within the walls of Mukti (salvation) orphanage all talked at the same time as loud as they could after Indian fashion, and laughed and cried and sang and scolded—but then dear old Ramabai was very deaf and heard nothing of the din around her. She was herself a Brahmin widow whom God had saved and then sent to gather other widows of all ages from five years old to fifty, for there are 20,000 little widows under five years old in India.

It was very near Christmas, and did not Bai (mother) always give her large family a treat and presents at that time? But a dreadful thing was whispered from girl to girl till the "secret" reached the smallest tot—"there were no presents this year!" "Oh dear! what can have happened!" But they were all agreed there was only one thing to be done—they must pray about this sad trouble. Then one day the word went round

"a box of dolls has arrived." It was really true for Jeeva had seen the head of one of them poking out of the packing, and it had yellow hair and blue eyes and such bright pink cheeks, but the box was such a small one! there could not be more than ten or twelve dolls altogether! and nothing more happened till one day "mother" called every one to come into the great school-house, and there she told them the sad news, "there would be no treat and presents this

year." Even the babies, who did not understand a word, looked solemn and sad, indeed one of them began to howl. But Bai had a new kind of tamash (treat) to propose—if they could not *receive* presents this year, why should they not all *give* a present instead; it would give much more pleasure, she was sure. So it was decided with many smiles and much rejoicing that every one would try their hardest to get a present for the treat on Christmas Day, which was to be given to the Bible Society

for the new Marathi Bible they were printing. At once all the girls were as busy as bees getting ready their presents for the great occasion. Such a mixture! bags of money from those able to go to the farm and work, vegetables from their own little gardens, brass cooking or drinking pots, whose givers were going to use earthenware pots instead, like an outcast or beggar, new saris from girls who had determined to wear their old cloth another six



RAMABAI AND TWO HELPERS.

months and give their new one to God, great bundles of hay to be sold to the farm manager for the buffaloes' feed, laborously picked up by handfuls from the almost grassless plain; sewing, knitting, carving, bead-chains made of polished berries from the jungle, and bags of rice saved day by day from their own food. It made a wonderful heap when piled up in the middle of the great hall.

"No! nothing, nothing!" She was talk-

ing to herself as usual, and the teacher smiled as she listened. It was only Ruhini, not yet five years old, but she was very much in earnest. "Every one has something to give for the tamash but Rhuini has nothing, just nothing," she said to herself sadly, "but you were given one of the dolls, you can give that." It was conscience that was using Ruhini's lips and speaking aloud to herself, "Oh, no, I *could* not give dollie, I have never had one before." "But you *could* give her if you would," she replied to herself, and so the fight went on. How would it end?

At last the great day came, and with rejoicing and smiles and songs, together with prayer and thanksgiving, the gifts were brought and laid in a heap. Ramabai first rose from her seat on the floor and put down her offering in the centre of the floor, and then came the teachers and older ones, till it came to the babies' turn, who each toddled up and laid her love-token with the rest. At last Ruhini dragged her-

self off the ground and solemnly, and with unwilling steps, went up to the pile and suddenly with averted face thrust the precious doll among the other gifts and ran back to her place covering her face with her hands. There was a sigh of relief from those who knew what a struggle she had been having. Ruhini had conquered! and all were—— But, oh look! she has changed her mind and is going to take back her doll! Very deliberately the little brown girlie went up to the heap of presents and dived in among them till she fished out her dollie. No one said anything, though many thought "poor Ruhini she has repented of her gift." Little did they know. The small face was full of smiles as she tenderly kissed her dear dollie on both cheeks and then very deliberately and gladly laid it down with other of God's gifts and trotted back to her companions radiant with joy. No, Ruhini would not give to her Lord grudgingly, it should be willingly and gladly. He should have her best. So Ruhini conquered, there was joy in heaven.

The Bible, a Unique Book.

By S. LAVERY, Lisburn, Ireland

IN view of the fact of the celebration of the fourth centenary of the giving of the English Bible to the English people in their own tongue, the following facts concerning the Grand Old Book, the Holy Scriptures may be of interest and help to readers of *The Young Watchman*.

The words spoken by David regarding Goliath's sword, "There is none like that; give it me" (1 Sam. 21. 9) could also be said about "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God (Eph. 6. 17). Amongst the many reasons why the Bible is unlike every other book, and therefore *unique*, we select the following.

There is none like the Grand Old Book for its:

(1) *Authorship* of (a) Old Testament, "Thus saith the Lord" or its equivalent occur hundreds of times, hence God claims the authorship of His own Word. (b) The New Testament; Gospels, read John 14. 23, 24; The Acts, chaps. 11. 34, 35; 13. 26-46;

The Epistles, 1 Cor. 2, 12, 13; The Revelation, chap. 1. 1, 2.

(2) *Inspiration*. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" (2 Tim. 3. 16). These five English words represent one Greek word, Theopneustos, meaning "God-breathed."

(3) *Writers*. These include Kings, Princes, Prime Ministers, Prophets, Judges, Shepherds, Servants, Farmers, Fishermen and Tentmakers, over 40 in all.

(4) *Age*. In making the Bible, God was engaged 1,500 years.

(5) *Circulation*. There is only one Book in the world never off the printing press, which has been circulated in its millions in hundreds of languages: it is the Bible.

(6) *Persecution*. There is no other book in existence upon which have been levelled such opposition from kings, church rulers, Romanists, infidels, unbelievers, etc. etc., yet the Grand Old Book is still alive, which

Book is "the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter 1. 23).

(7) *Compilation*. The Bible is a library of books, 66 in all, all bound together in perfect harmony.

(8) *Preservation*. Despite the efforts of Satan through his servants to extinguish the Bible down the different ages, God has seen to it that a complete copy of the Scriptures has been handed down to His people.

(9) *Unity*. There is entire unity throughout the One Book, containing 66 separate volumes. In Genesis is seen the germ, in Revelation the fruition.

(10) *Readers*. What other book numbers amongst its readers those who have read, and do read the precious pages of the Bible.

(11) *Power*, in salvation over individuals and Nations. Without the Bible individuals and Nations would be in moral and spiritual darkness.

(12) *Contents*, in relation to God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, Salvation, the Nations, and the Future.

(13) *Freshness*. Many changes have and are taking place in the world, yet the words of the Scripture are as powerful and forceful to-day as when they were penned hundreds of years ago. Truly the Word of God never grows old.

(14) *Language*. Lord Macaulay said of the English Bible, "A Book which, if everything else in our language should perish would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power." It is a literary masterpiece towering supremely above all other literary works.

(15) *Evidences*. There are Internal and

External evidences that the Bible is the Word of God. Regarding the first, think of the witness of Christ to the Scriptures, John 5. 39; Luke 4. 16; 24. 27. Regarding the second, the saved sinner is a striking proof. See 2 Tim. 3. 15. The Believer can say with the poet, "I know the Bible to be the Word of God, because it finds me."

(16) *Guidance*. The Bible is the *only safe and sure guide* by which man can be guided through this changing world, hence the Christian can safely follow its fixed light until he (or she) enters the glory.

(17) *Indispensability*. Many books can be done without, but we cannot do without the Bible. Hence it is an indispensable Book.

(18) *Enemies*. The enemies of the Bible have been and are very many, and how solemn to know that it is the only Book in the world that shall judge all who have despised its authority, and its witness to the Lord Jesus Christ (read John 12. 48).

(19) *Titles*. There never was, or will be any book called by so many titles as the Bible, amongst which we find the following: "The Scripture" (John 10. 35); "The Living Oracles" (Acts 7. 38); "The Oracles of God" (Rom. 3. 2); "The Holy Scriptures" (2 Tim. 3. 15); "The Word of God" (1 Peter 1. 23); "The Scriptures" (2 Peter 3. 16).

(20) *Message*. What other book has such a wonderful message as the blessed Bible, think even of only one of its many thousands of verses, *viz.* John 3. 16, which has been used in the conversion of multitudes of sinners of every class. Oh! what a message! Thus the Bible is *unique*, supreme, and incomparable in every respect.

"FRIENDSHIP WITH JESUS."

The testimony of a young believer who was led to Christ through Brothers A. and S. Burnham and is still enjoying "Friendship with Jesus."

Six years ago, sinful, wandering, lost,
By every wave of "false religion" tossed;
He sought me, Who came the lost to win;
I found Him; He loosed me from my sin.

Power, He gave, to become a child of God,
Pardon, and peace, and cleansing, through His Blood;

Along the path of six glad glorious years,
I've walked with Him; He loosed me from my fears.

Grace, He has given, to live above the strife,
And pleasure of the world; Dead to it's life,
Buried, and risen, living to Him,
Elected to serve Him, a priest, and a king.

Satisfied only, when doing His will,
Seeking His wondrous commands to fulfil
Endued with His Spirit, lost in His love,
Living the glory of Jesus to prove.

Daily, the depths of His Grace I explore,
Daily, His mercy I prove o'er and o'er,
Years cannot tarnish, time but increases,
The depth of rapture of "Friendship with Jesus."

SUCCESSFUL FISHING.

PERCY and Jimmy—two little Scotch brothers—came from an old fishing stock; their great-grandfather was a godly old fisherman and as he trawled for shrimps in Wigtown Bay his cheery voice often broke forth into a spiritual song which could be heard far over the water.

Their grandfather followed a like occupation and while he can still "spin a yarn," he can tell in no uncertain way how the



Lord saved him and delivered him from the dread abyss which awaits all who reject God's love-gift, offered freely in the gospel.

No rain had fallen for weeks and the "burn" (which, when in spate, yielded respectable catches, and occasionally a "whitey" direct from the sea) had become a mere trickle.

Old disused tyres of motor cars and bicycles; tins—from which had, long ago,

been extracted the syrup or treacle, were in evidence everywhere, even the dangerous edges of broken bottles showed up.

As I passed over the little bridge spanning the "burn," I met the pair swinging along with jackets off, sleeves rolled up and feet and legs bare.

I was prompted to ask, "where bound to-day?" Without hesitation Percy informed me in one word "Fishin'!"

Looking at the conditions around I rather sceptically remarked—"Fishing for what?" and quickly came the reply—"For fish, of course!"

"But," I protested, "fish live in water," which brought forth the rejoinder, "I ken that!"

I passed on, with the warning that broken glass was rather a danger to bare feet, and not a little amused at the confident manner of the youthful pair.

Returning an hour or two later I encountered Jimmy, and suggested he had spent long enough in a vain endeavour and would better wait till the fish had water to swim in; somewhat scornfully he replied: "We've caught some," and, to my great surprise, he held up three or four little spotted beauties, adding by way of emphasis, "Percy kens hoo tae catch fish!"

Let us from this learn a spiritual lesson—and I appeal specially to the young folk; the two little lads were on pleasure bent and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Do not make the mistake of many who imagine that acceptance of Christ as Saviour will mean "good-bye" to all the good things of life; never was there a greater fallacy, and the truth is well proved in the lines of the hymn:

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen;
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine
Since I know, as now I know
I am His and He is mine."

God wants to make you truly happy, and to prove how greatly He loved you He sent His well-beloved Son into this sinful world

to make atonement for your sins; the Holy Spirit knocks at your heart's door; will you yield to His gracious entreaty and come just as you are so that you may experience true joy and happiness now and in the years to come.

To those young folk who have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour—Have you ever thought seriously on the words of the One who said, "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men"?

Percy and Jimmy, though so young, were intent on catching fish; with indomitable courage they set forth to an apparently hopeless task.

Prepared, to the extent of divesting themselves of every hindering garment, they went to the task light of heart and untrammelled by sporting gear but with determination and expectancy.

They succeeded where others, who might

have scorned their simple methods, would have failed. They risked the dangers of broken glass and searched diligently in the little pools around the stones on hands and knees.

In our little service—those of us who have been redeemed by the precious blood of God's dear Son—do we shew equal courage by going forth into the dry and barren wastes to seek for souls, or are we easily dissuaded from our purpose?

The successful fisher is he who, when one method fails, has faith to attempt another, and we read—"Without faith it is impossible to please God."

May you and I emulate Percy's and Jimmy's example and, in prayerful dependence on God the Holy Spirit, may we persevere in seeking to catch even small "fish" to the glory of God.

JOHN CLACHRIE.

TREASURE SEEKING FOR THE YOUNG

PROFITABLE EVENING
OCCUPATION.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 7.—THE DEVIL.—(Part 1.).

1. Is he a real being? Matt. 4.
2. Has he other names? (a) Luke 11., (b) Rev. 20., (c) Rev. 9.
3. Is he a dignitary? Jude.
4. Has he power? (a) Luke 4., (b) Heb. 2.
5. Has he assistants? Matt. 25.
6. Of whom and what is he Prince? (a) Matt. 12., (b) Eph. 2., (c) John 14.
7. Where did he once dwell? Luke 10.
8. Where does he dwell now? Job 1.
9. Has he access to God's presence? (a) Job 1., (b) Rev. 12.
10. Can he assume various forms? (a) 2 Cor. 11., (b) 1 Peter 5., (c) Rev. 12.
11. Can he take possession of men? (a) Luke 22.
12. Can his angels take possession of men and women? (a) Luke 8., (b) Luke 8.

No. 6.—THE HOLY SPIRIT—(Part 2).

ANSWERS.

1. John 16. 7.
2. John 14. 16.

3. (a) 1 Cor. 3. 16; (b) 1 Cor. 6. 19.
4. John 16. 8.
5. John 3. 5.
6. (a) John 14. 26; (b) John 16. 13, 14.
7. 1 Cor. 12. 6-11.
8. Eph. 1. 13.
9. Eph. 5. 18.
10. 1 John 3. 24.
11. Rom. 8. 16.
12. 2 Pet. 1. 21.

—BEREAN.

CANADIAN PROVINCES.

(9)—NOVA SCOTIA.

N ever sinner came to Jesus—
O ld or young, or rich or poor,
V ery sorrowful or lonely—
A nd he found a closed door.
S inners were the Saviour's treasure!
C alvary the place where He
O f His will endured God's censure,
T o ransom and set them free.
I nto Hell, why will you turn?—
A ll His loving kindness spurn!

A. P. A.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTER.

Dear Boys and Girls,

I would like to tell you about a remarkable boy. You may not think he is nice looking, but he has the same kind of heart as thousands of children I have met. I carry his photo, and it is a copy of one taken by God's camera. Did you know God took photos? I have given this boy a nice name, "Alex." I took his photo to a big school, and had the joy of telling sixty boys and girls in the 7th grade about him.

I began by asking all the good boys and girls in the class to stand, and they all stood! Then I showed a picture of Alex stealing a gentleman's watch, and they looked quite disgusted. "Now," I said, "how many times do we need to steal before we become thieves?"

Hands went up and a girl said, "Once, sir."

"Hands up all those who have stolen sweets, fruit or cakes."

They looked at one another, but soon every hand went up. I said: "You must all be thieves. Just fancy a class of sixty nicely dressed boys and girls all thieves! When Alex went home, do you think he told his parents about the watch he had stolen?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Quite true, he never mentioned it. What would we call a girl or boy who acted so?"

A girl replied, "A deceiver."

"Yes, he deceived his parents. Think for a moment. Have you ever deceived your parents?"

A pause and hush. Soon every hand is raised. "Fancy a class of deceivers, just like Alec." A look of shame came over their faces.

"Night came on, and soon after Alex went to bed he heard a knock at the front door. Who do you think was there?"

"A policeman, sir."

"Yes." He said, "Is there a boy named Alec living here?"

"Yes," said his mother, "he is in bed." The policeman walked into the bedroom, and said: "Alex, did you steal the gentleman's watch?"

"What do you think Alec said, boys?"

"No, sir."

"Well he told a lie, did he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hands up all those who have told one lie or more." All hands went up!

"You told me you were all good children, now you admit you are thieves, deceivers and fibbers. What an awful picture! But this is the true photo taken of all our hearts by God's camera, the Bible. In Jeremiah 17, verse 9, we read, 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' and Matthew 15, 19 shows the photo more distinctly.

"Did you know God had a policeman at

school? He comes every day, and also goes to your homes. His name is the Holy Spirit. He takes account of all we say and do. How careful we should be.

"After Alex told a lie about the watch, the policeman searched his clothes, and, sure enough, it was in his trousers pocket. The boy was then arrested, and taken to the court. When the Magistrate asked him if he was guilty, what do you think he said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, children, he had to own his guilt, because the policeman was listening and had the watch. So Alex was sent to prison. His uncle heard of him being there, and found he could get him released for the sum of ten pounds. Out of love and pity for his nephew he paid the money, and the boy was told the good news. Do you think the boy was pleased?"

"Now, dear boys and girls, the Bible teaches us that this world is like a big prison, and the Devil has all the people bound, but somebody came a long way and paid a great price to get us out of prison. Who can tell me the name of that person?"

A girl said, "Jesus."

"And how much did He pay for us?"

Another answered, "He died for us."

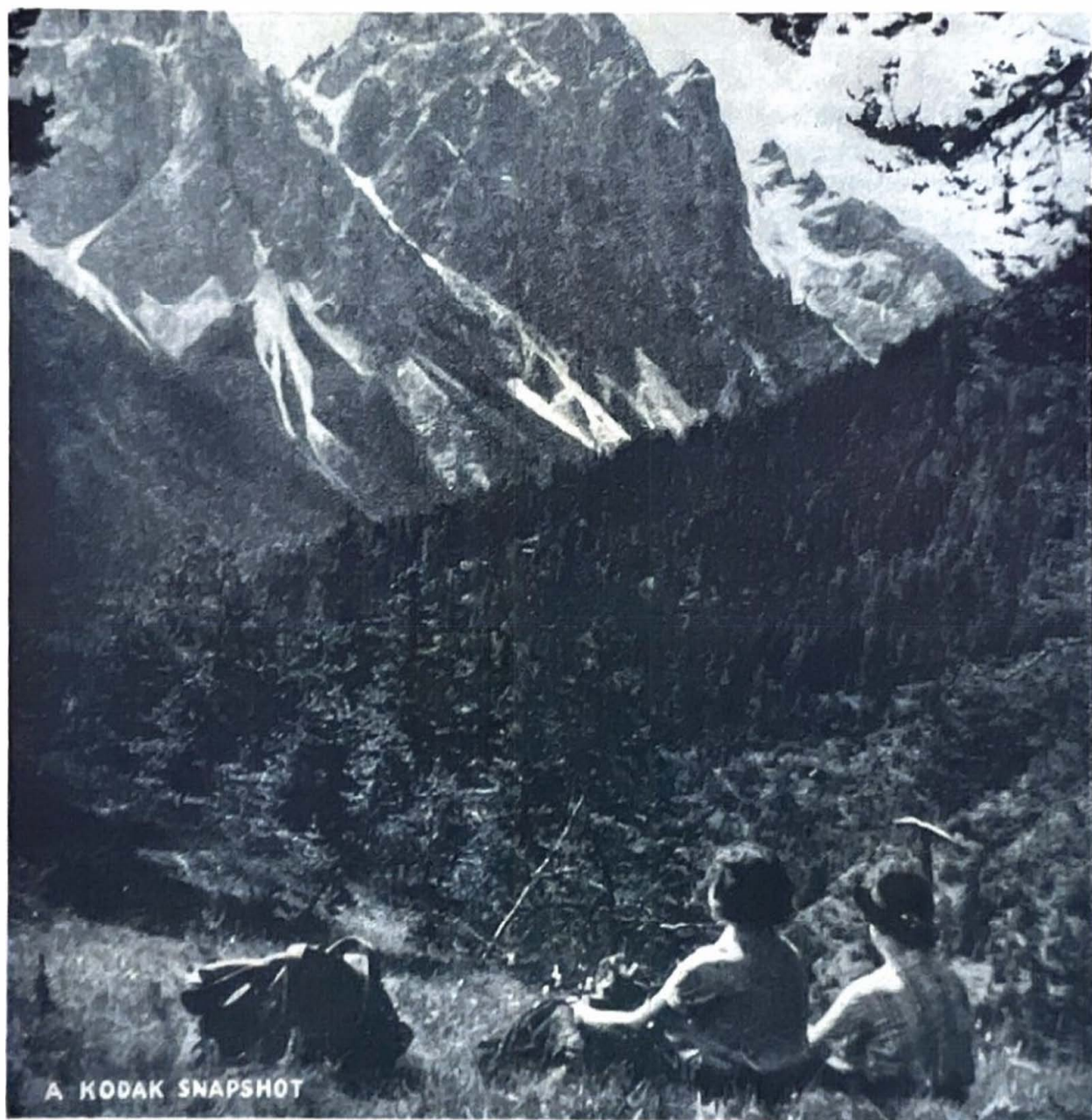
"Now, every boy and girl listen carefully. I am going to ask you a question, and remember God's policeman is listening. How many of you have thanked Jesus for dying for your sins?" Three hands out of sixty were raised.

Dear boys and girls, reading this simple lesson, have you really believed that Jesus died for you, and have you said, "Lord, I thank you?"

Remember, God is going to have a court-day. He tells us the small and great are to be judged (Rev. 20, 12). Small people will perhaps be boys and girls, ten or twelve years of age; the great, clever men and women, and, of course, all others will be included. How is He going to judge them? Does the Bible tell us? Yes, in this same verse 12 we read that God will open books. Even now God's policeman is getting evidence for the great judgment day. Not only will God have a book of records of our deeds and thoughts, but, I believe, He will have the Bible too. Read in 1 John 5, 8, "And another book was opened, which is the book of Life."

Do you know that God has a place in this book for the names of every boy and girl on earth? He is waiting for you to trust in Jesus, because only those who are saved can have their names in that book. **UNCLE SAM.**

RESTING.



RESTING.



FOR most of us the holiday season for this year is now over, and I trust with pleasant memories remaining of a happy time of change and rest. The greater the change the better the rest for mind and body, a fact which is appreciated by town and city dwellers, who seek retreat among country glens and hills, or beside the shimmering sea. What a pleasure it is to leave behind the din of traffic and the rush of the busy street and find ourselves in the wide open spaces breathing the pure ozone and the sweet-scented breeze from the fields. This is rest of a kind, giving that sense of relief to lung and nerve which is so beneficial to our physical well-being.

But even in such pleasant pursuits there is found the necessity to rest. A look at our mountaineers on the front page will fully illustrate this fact. The path has been long and winding, and now can only be traced beneath the undergrowth on the hillside. It is heavy going, and now that a vantage spot is reached with the grandure of the mountain scene before them, they decide to rest. The more pleasing the prospect the sweeter the rest, and so the climbers lay aside their haversacks in full view of the glories of creation. Gazing upon the splendour of the snow-capped peaks and the forest pines, the soul is convinced that behind it all there must be the master mind and creative hand of Almighty God, and with the Apostle agree that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."

Yes, we are so constituted that we find the ever recurring necessity to rest. In life's young day, there seems a never-ending supply of life and energy, so much so, that for some small folks it seems difficult to be still. And yet, at the end of the day, how welcome that quiet rest. How thankful we should be for the comforts of a home and the rest of mind and body it affords. Such temporal blessings are among earth's greatest boons, and I trust our youthful readers will greatly value the time that God

hath decreed for this purpose, and flee the desire so prevalent to-day to spend the hours for sleep in the doubtful dens of worldly pleasure. It is the purpose of Satan to deprive you of the rest which God hath given for both body and soul, and his tactics are most subtle for the young and unwary. Life is impossible without rest, and to enjoy life to the full, either in a physical or spiritual sense, we must obtain rest. Don't be deluded by the promise of "seeing life" in the mad rush of pleasure all around. Like a bubble, it bursts in the grasping, leaving nothing to satisfy. The impatient pursuits of the giddy worldling is evidence of the truth that "the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Isa. 57. 20, 21).

We have said already, "the more pleasing the prospect, the sweeter the rest." If this is true in the physical realm, it is also true in the spiritual. What is real rest, and where is it to be found? Deeper than the physical frame, there can be experienced a rest of soul, which is based on a knowledge of peace with God.

Does my reader, young or old, know this blissful rest? One meaning given, for the word "rest" is "a cessation from motion or labour," and this most fittingly conveys the truth to the troubled sinner's heart. How many there are who strive and work for peace with God, while all the time peace has been made by the Lord Jesus Christ. He hath made peace by the blood of His cross, and still invites the sinner to come—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Here is soul rest and the basis of eternal rest which is the portion of all who come and trust in Him. What a pleasing prospect, affecting both soul and body, in time and in eternity.

Come to Him now and enter into rest.

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR



MEN OF LETTERS

XVIII.—JOHN KEATS.

IN the old Protestant cemetery in Rome a stone marks the tomb of John Keats, the English poet. On the stone is an inscription chosen by Keats himself which reads: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The inscription is the choice of one who was disappointed in ambition, in life, in some of his friends, and perhaps most of all in himself. But his countrymen no longer consider the inscription an accurate one. As with others Keats is now accorded a measure of fame that he knew nothing of in his lifetime. A century after his death another disappointed man commented on this. In his "Journal of a Disappointed Man," Barbellion wrote: "We all admire

Keats now, but what if he had been the boy next door."

John Keats was born at Moorfields, London, on October 31st, 1795, and was educated at Enfield. His father died, the result of an accident, in 1804, and his mother of consumption six years later. He left school in his fifteenth year and was apprenticed to a surgeon, and later was in St. Thomas's Hospital. At the Apothecaries Hall, in July, 1815, he passed with credit an examination, and the following year he was appointed a dresser in Guy's Hospital. He became acquainted with literary men, and as a result forsook surgery to devote his time to poetry.

On the night of February 3, 1820, he suddenly coughed blood. "I know the colour of that blood," he said to a friend who was at hand, "it is arterial blood. I cannot be deceived in that colour. That drop is my death-warrant; I must die." He recovered from this attack for a little but renewed symptoms returned later and his doctor advised his removal to Italy. He landed at Naples on October 31, and proceeded to Rome, where he was attended by one, Dr. Clark. After much suffering he died there on the 23rd February following, in his twenty-fifth year. His last words were, "Lift me up. I am dying—I shall die easy. Don't be frightened; be firm, and thank God it has come." He was buried on Monday, February 26.

John Keats was not a Christian, yet in earlier life he was tending to religion, as one who knew him testified. The influence of a companion forced religious thoughts from his mind, however, and later in a letter he has to lament, "Nothing in this world is proveable." That attitude has always been common among men. Alas, nothing can be proved to anyone who makes up his mind that nothing is proveable. The fault lies not in the proof but in the attitude



of mind that is adopted. I may set before you infallible proof of Christianity, but I cannot give you eyes to see it. And God Himself will never open the eyes of anyone against his will. Elisha in Dothan was surrounded by horses and chariots of fire, but his servant saw them not until the Lord opened his eyes in answer to Elisha's prayer (2 Kings 6. 17).

The life, death, resurrection and ascension of the Son of God are clearly proveable. Proof is offered of everything that was accomplished for God through Christ. The place and manner of His birth were known beforehand (Micah 5. 2; Isa. 7. 14; Matt. 2. 6; 1. 23). His work in life was marked out for Him ere He came (Isa. 61. 1; Luke 4. 18). The manner of His death and who should die with Him was also foretold and fulfilled (Isa. 53. 7, 8, 9, 12; Mark 15. 27, 28). The circumstances surrounding His death and the behaviour of His murderers came to pass as God had promised (Psa. 22. 1, 18; Matt. 27. 35, 46). The provision for His burial was according as it was forewritten (Isa. 53. 9; Matt. 27. 57-60). The God who promised these things and proved them was no less careful about the time He should be in the tomb and His resurrection (Psa. 16. 10; Jonah 1. 7; Matt. 12. 40; 28. 6; Acts 2. 25-32). But even God will not force a man to see what he is deter-

mined not to see.

The day is coming, however, when the reality of these things will be evident to all. But it will be too late for Gospel-rejecters to profit then. When Peter was freed from prison and appeared at the gate of John Mark's mother's house, the girl who saw him told those inside but they believed not. Her testimony was true but could be refused. Unbelief was impossible when Peter appeared before them (Acts 12. 12-16). So with Christ. The witness of those who ate and drank with Him after He rose from the dead (Acts 10. 41) may be refused now, but the day of His appearing draws on and there will be no unbelievers then. Every knee shall yet bow to Him and every tongue confess that He is Lord to the glory of God (Phil. 2. 10).

The testimony God offers now is to be received by faith. Christ who has died for sin and risen above can be known now to him who has faith. Everything is possible to faith. Forgiveness of sins, eternal life, the friendship of Christ and the certainty of future glory with Him are the possession of all who trust Him now. You will want to do it some day, but it may be too late. God's time is now. "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2. R.V.).

W. HARRISON.

Treasure Seeking for the Young.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 8.—QUESTIONS—THE DEVIL

(Part 2).

1. Name the lusts of the Devil. John 8.
2. What did he do to the Lord Jesus in the wilderness. Luke 4.
3. What does he try to do with Christians? (a) 1 Peter 5, (b) 2 Tim. 2.
4. Can he quote Scripture? Matt. 4.
5. Does he like men to hear the Scriptures? Matt. 13.
6. Why does he blind the minds of men? 2 Cor. 4.
7. Can he hinder the work of God? 1 Thess. 2.
8. Is his power now broken? (a) Heb. 2, (b) Col. 2.
9. Can he be successfully resisted? James 4.
10. Can he be captured and bound? Rev. 20.
11. For whom was the everlasting fire prepared? Matt. 25.

12. Will the Devil have company in the Lake of Fire? (a) Rev. 20, (b) Rev. 21.

No. 7.—ANSWERS—THE DEVIL—(Part 1).

1. Matt. 4. 1; Matt. 4. 11.
2. (a) Luke 11. 15; (b) Rev. 20. 2; (c) Rev. 9. 11.
3. Jude 8, 9.
4. (a) Luke 4. 6; (b) Heb. 2. 14.
5. Matt. 25. 41.
6. (a) Matt. 12. 24; (b) Eph. 2. 2; (c) John 14. 30.
7. Luke 10. 18.
8. Job 1. 7.
9. (a) Job 1. 6; (b) Rev. 12. 10.
10. (a) 2 Cor. 11. 14; (b) 1 Peter 5. 8; (c) Gen. 3. 1; Rev. 12. 9.
11. Luke 22. 3.
12. (a) Luke 8. 2; (b) Luke 8. 30.

Stories of Indian Children I Have Known.

BY HANDLEY BIRD.

SUCH a little boy he was, brown of skin and bright of eyes and as quick and agile as his father's kids. All day long he sits by the great tank or lake and watches the goats feeding and buffaloes wallowing in the mud, and at night he climbs up on the old buffalo's back and rides home on his uncomfortable seat—for a buffalo's back bone can be very sharp and uncomfortable. So you will see that Pilgrim had lots of time to think and he often thought about himself and his sin, for young as he was, he had learned much wickedness in the heathen village in which he lived. He saw himself dead—laid upon the bier carried to the burning ground and his body burned to ashes and wondered, Where shall I be then? What would the Judge say to him then? If only he knew which of the gods would be *his* judge!—but there were so many of them, and he was told that they were great men who had died long ago—then how could a dead man help him, a little village boy who had never been to school and who knew nothing about Salvation or heaven?

And then one day, coming home with the animals, Pilgrim saw a strange sight. She was really a woman though she was dressed so queerly, he had never before seen a woman with boots on, or with that funny thing on her head, but strange thing of all, her face and hands were *white* and her hair was not black like all the 350,000,000 people of India! But she was speaking to his mother in Tamil, and Pilgrim squeezed in amongst the women crowding around Mem-sahib and learned that a school for small boys was to be opened in the village very soon. And so it came to pass that this little boy learned to read and better still, learned to know how God, the one great and only true

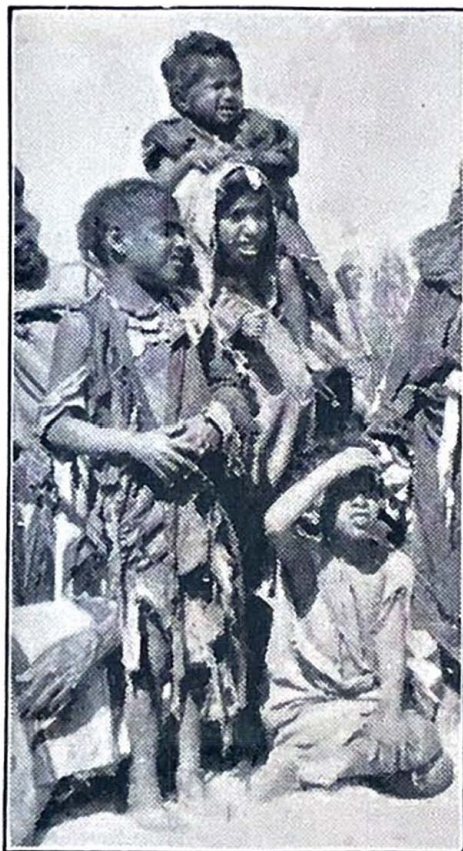
God, was good and kind, and loved all men, even though they were naughty, and because He loved them He had sent His own dear Son down to the world to become a man and to die for sinners. O how good it sounded, was not this just what he had longed for and little Pilgrim drank in this gospel and thanked God for Jesus and His precious blood and called himself Christ's boy. He parents laughed at first, for "would

he not soon tire of religion." But the young Christian did not tire of following his Lord, and then he was beaten and starved, but nothing would induce him to worship the ugly black and oily stone his family prayed to. So Pilgrim was forbidden to enter the house, for a Christian would defile it, and for long he had to eat his food, and sleep, alone on the verandah, but he was happy and continued to witness for his Lord to all his friends.

There was one thing that troubled him however. He read in his Testament that believers in Jesus should be baptized but when he asked his father's permission for this he was well thrashed. But Pilgrim

persisted and one glad day to his great joy his father gave his consent and wrote it on a slip of paper for Pilgrim to take to the missionary.

We had a most happy meeting; the Indian Christians and the girls from the orphanage sang hymn after hymn as we marched from the meeting-room and stood at the lake side. One after another went into the water, were buried under it, and came out rejoicing. Pilgrim could hardly wait his turn and went leaping into the water, splashing it all around and his face shone with holy joy as in the name of the God he loved he was immersed in the water.



From that day he grew in grace and usefulness, and after some years, became a teacher of other boys and a preacher of Jesus' Gospel, and had the joy of bringing both his father, mother, brothers and aunts to Christ, and they were also baptized and brought into the assembly.

I wish I could stop here, but alas, poor Pilgrim! Now I sorrowfully find him an

enemy of those who led him to Christ. Puffed up with pride, he fell into sin, and refusing to confess, he soon grew hardened in rebellion against God, and so Satan has made use of him to turn hearts away from the truth instead of leading them to Christ. Now we wait and pray that he may again be led to repentance like the prodigal son in Luke 15.



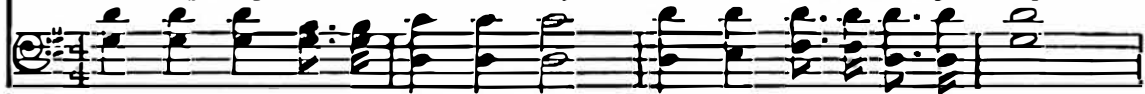
Our Monthly Chorus——No. 32.

Stop! Caution! Go! (Conversion)

Words and Music by R. G. MOWAT.



Stop! stop! stop! on the down-ward way, Heed the caution while you may;



Turn a - bout and start for heav'n, You may know your sins for - giv - en, If you



go (Oh! if you go) to Je - sus, To Je - sus go to - day!



"MONTHLY" LESSONS .
FOR THE YOUNG . . .

SEPTEMBER

By J. S. Borland

I HAVE forgotten most I learned at school. Nevertheless there comes into my mind little snatches of poetry which were "rammed in, crammed in" by teachers who seemed to believe that "children's heads were hollow." One of these little snatches was about September—

"Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in a cool September morn."

The words occur in a poem about Stonewall Jackson of America, but for the moment we are not concerned with the military General or Barbara Fretchie. We are going to think of September.

I often liken September to the visit of a friend. You know how you look forward to a dear friend visiting you. They have so many interesting things to tell you, of the place from which they come, of the things they see and do, that you wish they could stay with you for ever. They bring sunshine into your life, make you feel so happy, and then—how sad it is—they have to bid you good-bye. Only one thing seems to cheer you on an occasion like that. Your friend, with his hand clasped in yours, promises to come back soon. That takes the pain out of the parting, for you know, that if all goes well, you will see him again and rejoice once more in his presence.

You will remember that thus our Lord comforted His own when about to leave them, saying, "If I go . . . I will come again and receive you unto Myself."

I would like to call September

The "Good-bye Month."

It is summer taking farewell. The long, happy days of sunshine are bidding us good-bye, and September is the month which shakes hands with us. The sun may shine brightly, and the days be warm and pleasant, but away at the back of the minds of some people there is the thought of parting, and thinking of the future they fail to enjoy the present. The prospect of winter's chilly winds, the rain and the snow, tend to make them lose the joy of living.

I hope you are not a person like that. I hope you do not live in December when you should be living in September.

I once read of a very miserable man. He spent his days in fear. He was sure something dreadful would happen to him. He would not go near a tall chimney-stalk; it might fall on him. He was afraid to cross a street—a car would knock him down! He would not mix with a crowd—he would be crushed to death! The poor fellow lived for years like that, but nothing serious ever happened to him. He wasted his life by worrying.

You are young, and perhaps you do not worry like the man I have told you of, but still when September comes you feel sad. You know you must say good-bye to your summer sports and games, and spend much of your time indoor. If September reminds us that the winter lies ahead, does it not also remind us that we have had a summer? Do not forget that now! And do not forget that if there was no winter you would not appreciate the summer. I remember reading long ago a piece of poetry four lines of which went something like this:—

"If all the days were sunshine
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The splashing of the rain."

If September closes the door of summer and opens the door of winter it says, "I will come back again." If it leads us into a dark corridor, it would whisper in our ear: "A little further on and you will come into the sunshine."

Visiting their new home a mother, accompanied by her little son, was making a tour of inspection. "This is a very dark passage," she said to the boy, as they explored a corridor. "Aye maybe it is," agreed the boy, "but it's bonnier faurer ben." And taking his mother by the hand he conducted her to a room at the end of the passage. There the sunlight was streaming in, brightening everything with its presence.

So, boys and girls, as September shuts the door on the bright sunshine, listen and

you will hear a voice say as you walk along the corridor of winter—"It's bonnier faurer ben."

And as you go on your journey through life will you make Jesus Christ your Friend? There is no winter season but what He can brighten with the sunshine of His love. He has promised to be with His own at all times. He will never say "Good-bye." So as September shakes hands with

us and leaves us to face the wintry months let us remember that there is One who never leaves and never forsakes. And, best of all, He gives us a wonderful prospect. "In My Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." And should we walk in "death's dark vale" He will take us by the hand and say—"Fear not, it's bonnier faurer ben."



How God Saved one of India's Daughters.

THE eldest child of a high-caste Hindu, who was converted to God, and became a witness for Christ, Soonderbai Powar, was taught the *doctrines* of the Gospel, but, like many in India who have turned from idolatry and nominally embraced Christianity, she was not born again. For you must know there is a vast difference between



HIGH-CASTE INDIAN WOMEN.

having a knowledge of Christianity and possessing Christ as a personal Saviour. This the young Indian had to learn, as you may yet have to learn, reader, and the sooner you do learn it the better. But Soonderbai Powar did not rest satisfied with a mere Christian profession of Christ. When little more than a girl she was convinced of her personal need of a Saviour, and definitely brought to the Lord Jesus, in whom she found life and peace according to His own Word—"He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life" (John 3. 47), "Being justified by faith we *have* peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1). No sooner had Soonderbai known the joy of being saved than she began to confess Christ and make Him known to others. First, among the women that wrought in her father's fields at Poona, to whom she read the Bible and told the story of Jesus and His love. Then in the Zenanas of Bombay, where thousands of India's widows live as prisoners without a ray of love or hope to lighten their darkness.

And now she spends her strength in leading India's daughters to the Saviour, to whom she came herself as a sinner many years ago, and who welcomed and saved her, as He will welcome you, reader, if you will cast yourself upon Him just as you are, claiming Him as yours.

HIS OWN WAY.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

WHAT a splendid young fellow he seemed! No idle moments in his life, full of energy and readiness to work. His widowed mother must have been pleased with him, and especially so when the king took notice of him and employed him in his service and made him an overseer (1 Kings 11. 28).

Then one day when Jeroboam had gone off to his work in a new coat, he met a prophet who told him of a wonderful future that was to be his. Jeroboam must have been amazed. To be a king over the ten tribes of Israel. Marvellous! What a reward for industry. The prophet told Jeroboam that if he would hearken to God's commandments and walk in His ways, God would prosper him.

Now it looks as though Jeroboam was an impatient man, it is not easy for an energetic person to wait for God to act, Jeroboam must see what he could do for himself, so he rebelled against the king (1 Kings 11. 26). He set to work to fulfil God's promise and of course got into trouble and had to flee into Egypt. His self-will brought disappointment and he must have had some sad hours in exile.

But God's Word was sure and the time came when Jeroboam was made king over the ten tribes, as the prophet had said.

Now comes the sad part of the story. Again Jeroboam acted for himself without consulting God. He was always feeling he must scheme and plan, instead of trusting God to do what He had said he would do. If only Jeroboam had obeyed God and left the problems to Him, this would have been a different story. He imagined a danger. It occurred to him that if the people went up to Jerusalem to worship, their hearts would go after Rehoboam, the king who was reigning there over the house of Judah.

We can picture Jeroboam with a puzzled frown on his face thinking "Now what can I do to prevent this?"

He calls in some counsellors (1 Kings 12. 28) and some one had a brain wave, "Make two golden calves and persuade the people that it is too far for them to go to Jerusalem to worship, they could worship the calves one in Dan and one in Bethel."

Jeroboam must have known God's command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. thou shalt not bow down to them." He ignored this and "devised out of his own heart," a fast day and the worship that "made Israel sin."

Even then God did not give Jeroboam up. In two ways he sought to win him to repentance. First God sent him a warning and Jeroboam saw three mir-



1 Kings 11. 28.

acles. The altar was rent, Jeroboam's hand was paralysed and then healed. But Jeroboam remained unchanged.

Next, God let sickness come into his home. Would that touch Jeroboam's heart? His son was ill, a boy whose heart had turned to God. God took notice of this child and saw his desire for good. God sees into the heart of even a child. And now in His gracious mercy he took the boy away from the evil of the world around him, into a Land where there was no sin, no sickness, no sorrow.

Surely this trial ought to have revealed to Jeroboam something of the self-will and evil of his life, and brought him humbly to God. But no! The young man who started life so well, with the opportunity of serving God and bringing blessing to the people, is the man of whom it is written many times "He made Israel to sin."

What an epitaph! What a warning for all young people to-day. Life lies before you. What are you going to make of it? Are you going to be set on having your way or going God's way?

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

Life can only be beautiful, worth-while, a thing of blessing, as we seek God, follow Him, open our hearts to His gracious Presence and obey His commands. Beware of the first wrong step. One ill leads to another.

Jeroboam's life that should have been for God's glory and the good of Israel, was a snare to others and the cause of sin and disaster. It might have been; it should have been; God meant it to be; good and true. Self-will made it evil.

It is a sign post to us bearing the word: "Danger."



Dorothy's Home call: or, An Interested Reader's Death.

AT the beginning of March of this year, many readers of *The Young Watchman* would probably be interested to read the testimony of a girl named Dorothy, in "Editorial." Here are her words: "As I was reading Romans 10. 9, my eyes were opened to see the reality of the verse. I believed God's Word and rested my soul on it, and am happy in the assurance from God's Word that my sins are forgiven. Since then (18th January, 1937) as I lie on my sick bed, I have been comforted and sustained by God's Word and able to wait with patience for my recovery if it is His will."

An invitation having been given, via the Editor, to sisters to write Dorothy—as a pen-friend apparently—the writer took advantage of this, and has never regretted doing so. Little did she think, however, that this correspondence was to be such a short one, for it was *not* the will of the Lord that Dorothy should recover.

On July 26th, 1938, she went to be with Christ.

Deeply interesting it is to peruse some pages Dorothy wrote, revealing her sweet spirituality. From her first letter: "I have found Christ a never failing source of comfort, and He has sustained me in my sickness. As I was always used running about and enjoying myself, I find lying in bed a little trying, but I know it is all for the best, and in His good time He will restore me if it is His will. I only pray He will give me patience to wait His appointed time.

"I will now answer your questions:—

- (1) Favourite hymn—"One there is above all others, Oh! how He loves."
- (2) Favourite Old Testament Book—Psalms.
- (3) Favourite New Testament Book—John.
- (4) Favourite Missionary—David Livingstone.

- (5) Do I like poetry?—Yes, very much so.
- (6) Do I like music?—Yes, organ music best.
- (7) Have I any brothers or sisters?—Yes, I have two brothers whose names are Willie and David, and one sister, her name is Lily."

At the close of this letter Dorothy wrote :
 "I thought you might like this little verse
 so am passing it on. I think it is very nice.



DOROTHY AND HER NEICE.

'If the path I travel leads me to a cross;
 If the way Thou choosest leads to pain and
 loss;
 Let the compensation daily, hourly be—
 Shadowless communion, blessed Lord with
 Thee.'

Perhaps readers will now be interested to learn some things Dorothy wrote in the *last letter* I received from her, dated 5th July. She mentioned a bad cough, and that the doctor had given her tablets for it, at the commencement of that epistle. Further on, Dorothy went on to say : "Truly God does not leave His people comfortless nor homeless. We may not be able to see clearly His leading at first, but His ways are best. Here is a verse on Isa. 42. 16 :

'Ask not how thy God will do it;
 Simply trust His love and might;
 Have we not His gracious promise,
 "I will make the darkness light".'

"Sometimes He has to give us sorrow, pain, sickness and disappointments, for if we got it all smooth we would be prone to forget Him and get interested in the things of this world. When we are in trouble we always look to Him for He is our only source of help, and He loves to hear His children cry to Him for their needs, and to hear them thanking Him when they are supplied."

The next letter to arrive from Dorothy's home was from her sister Lily, who, after introducing herself, wrote : "It is in our great sorrow I am writing these few lines to you, for since you got my sister's last letter she has passed from our midst. Absent from the body and present with the Lord, which is a great blessing and comfort to us to know she is better off now than ever we could do for her."

After describing Dorothy's great suffering, and her peaceful end, Lily also said something which *must* comfort all her friends, who love the Lord Jesus :

"We all miss her a lot, and there is a vacant place in our home which nothing could fill, but we have the joy to know that we who are alive and know the same Saviour, will one day meet her in that bright home above, where there will be no more parting."

Dorothy was only in her teens when she died. Perhaps some one who now reads of her, will very soon be summoned into Eternity. O! may her Friend be yours!—the One whose presence meant so much to Dorothy Greer, yet who loves you *just the same!*

From her happy home in Ireland, where she learned of Jesus' love,
 Dorothy has gone forever—to a better Home above.

There no more long nights of sickness shall our sister ever know,
 Happy she with Him she trusted, when she suffered here below.

A. P. A.

Happy indeed are the people who read their Bible, and love the Book, and happier still are those who know the Saviour and Lord, of whom it speaks and carries out its teachings.



XIV.—CAEDMON. BY RAYMOND H. BELTON.

THIS year celebrations are being held in all parts of the country to thank God for the gift of the Open Bible, and in remembrance of the year 1538, when, by order of the king, the Bible was placed in every parish Church in England. It is difficult for us to realise all that this meant, but it was an answer to the dying Tyndale's prayer, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

Once, when the writer was in business, he was approached by a fellow-clerk with the request, "Have you a Bible you can give me?" This seemed a strange request coming from one who had hitherto shown no interest in spiritual things—indeed, quite the reverse. He went on to explain that he was getting married, and that he and his wife-to-be thought that their home would not be complete without a Bible; they had no intention of reading it but just wanted to feel that they had one at hand.

Is not that the attitude that so many people adopt to the Word of God? (Is it perchance your attitude?) They knew it to be no ordinary book; they regard it with something akin to superstition—but the thought of reading it never comes to their minds.

We cannot over-estimate the importance of the written Word of God, and there can be no growth in spiritual life unless we feed upon it constantly. May God help us that our interest in the Bible celebrations will be something more than mere emotional appreciation of past heroes, who died to give us the Scriptures, or a mere intellectual understanding of historical facts; may it be a desire to saturate ourselves with God's own Word.

How came we to obtain the Bible? It was not always available as it is to-day. You can go to a shop and buy one for a shilling, or, possibly, even get a copy free

from a society, but it was not always so. Men and women have worked, suffered, and some of them even died that we might have the Word of God in our own tongue, and also the liberty to read it. In previous articles we have noticed something of the labours of such men as Wycliffe and Tyndale, and it is unnecessary to repeat what was said then, but there are a few others we ought to remember if our story is to be complete.

Right back in the seventh century there was a man raised up by God to keep alive knowledge of some of the Bible stories. Caedmon was a cowherd, of Whitby, Yorks—a man of little learning though of great piety. The story is told of how, when (as was the custom) the harp was passed round after supper, and songs were composed and sung by members of the company, Caedmon would withdraw, feeling ashamed of his inability to provide anything for the benefit of his friends.

One night he was asleep when he heard a voice telling him to sing. "What shall I sing?" he asked. "Sing about the beginning of all things," was the reply. And, in his dream, he composed verses which, when he awoke, he was able to remember, and he found from that time forward that he had the gift he had formerly lacked. He devoted the gift, which he realised was from God, to spiritual purposes, and he rendered several passages from the Scriptures into verse.

Caedmon cannot be termed a translator, and his attempts would perhaps be thought very crude to-day, but what a privilege was his, and who can estimate how great was his influence? His were the earliest attempts to give the Word of God in language understood by the people, and, as his verses were learned and sung by others, knowledge of parts of the Scriptures was spread.

MENDING.



MENDING.



OUR cover photograph is of girl workers mending nets at Lowestoft in readiness for the gathering of the autumn herring harvest from the sea.

There is much of interest surrounding the fishing industry, and to the reader of Scripture, quite a lot of association with the times of our Lord by Galilee. When we think of "mending nets," our minds at once reflect on the account of the calling of the first disciples. The "gospels" record that our Lord chose His first four disciples from among the fishing nets. The first two, Simon and Andrew, were working together, "casting a net into the sea," while James and John were together "mending their nets" when they heard the voice of the Son of God, and they "followed Him." This is all very significant, and we like to think that these honoured men were chosen from among the hardy sons of toil. To be a true disciple of our Lord Jesus necessitates "hard labour" in one form or other, but a rich reward in that day when He will say "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." May we appeal to our believing readers to covet that "well done" and continually inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

But "mending" has another thought for us. These nets have already been in use, and contact with the swelling currents of the ocean together with the weight of the "catch" and hauling, has found the weak spots and broken the mesh. To be of further and continual use, the fishing nets need constant inspection and repair. And how suggestive this is to those who would be "fishers of men." My youthful Christian friends will find in the surge of life where we seek to serve our Master, that there are many defects in our gear which will often require that self-examination so necessary if we are to continue in useful service for our Lord. The Christian's repair shop is in the secret place, in the presence of his Lord where the life can be reviewed in the light of His word. May we, like the disciples, hear and obey His voice when He says, "Come ye apart and rest awhile."

Some of us used to think of "mending" in a different way. It may be that numerous readers still think of their own efforts in the process of mending their lives. The writer often tried in early life "to mend his ways," not without a measure of success for a time, but always followed with that lapse which meant that the "latter state was worse than the first." And my reader, too, will vainly try to improve the state of the soul, if there has never been that inward change which is produced by God alone. What a revelation it is to see oneself as seen by God in Romans 3, "They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." All hope of "mending ways" is forever abandoned when a seeking soul discovers its true state before God. Like the potter's vessel marred in the making, the only hope for the anxious soul is to be made "another vessel" as seems good to the Potter to make it. And herein lies the secret of inward satisfaction, "If any one be in Christ he is a new creature, old things pass away, behold all things become new." Has my reader this "new" experience, this new life, this new outlook? May the Lord enable you to surrender to Him who alone can "make all things new."

Kathleen Beattie of Blackburn who enjoys writing to her "Young Watchman" pen-friends, would like to get into touch with someone near at hand, with a view to arranging an occasional visit. As a young believer, Kathleen desires fellowship with others likeminded, and any Lancashire letter to her, c/o "The Young Watchman" Office; will be redirected.

A verse for every reader to ponder and obey. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. 3. 5-6).

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

Canadian Penfriends' Conversions

No. 1.—OLIVE PHILLIPS.

Collected by A. P. Allan.

"HE *does* lead us on step by step and we follow, sometimes wondering and inclined to falter, but thank God,

'He knows, He loves, He cares.
Nothing this truth can dim.
He gives the very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him.'"

So writes Olive, whom you see just ready to take her father's tea out to him in the field. Away to the far west, living on Vancouver Island, this girl tells of how she came to know the One whose love won her



heart. She writes, concerning *her conversion*, thus:—

"I had been brought up in a Christian home and under the sound of the Gospel, but I had never been thoroughly roused (although I had felt some strivings within) till I was eleven years of age. Then my special girl friend was saved one Sunday, and the next week was a miserable week of fighting and striving going on in my heart. Surely the Spirit of God was working! I was restless and unhappy.

"The following Sunday my dad took the Gospel meeting at night, and I could hardly sit in the chair. I kept my head bowed low,

and cried nearly all through the meeting, but my heart was hard and I would not yield. I knew not what to do. As the meeting ended and I had calmed myself, I rose, and, looking back saw my sister sitting weeping. She kept her seat when the others rose and passed out of the hall. I went and sat in the car, and one of the young brethren spoke to my sister, and she was saved that night.

"My folks could see I was upset, and after we reached home daddy had a talk with me, and sought to point me to the Saviour, but it was useless. I could not grasp the simplicity of it, and went to bed with my burden still weighing heavily upon me. Grace, my sister, was peaceful and happy.

"Next morning, I arose and went to school and threw it off somewhat, but the following day we were detained from school, and I was upstairs determined to settle it then. I thought it over and over, hunted up John 5. 24 and Romans 10. 9, and as I read those verses, I suddenly realized how simple it was, and I said in my heart, 'I do believe, I'm saved'; but no feelings of overpowering joy swept over me as I had expected, and then I began to doubt, so I wrote on a piece of paper and threw it downstairs to my sister, as I felt I could not face anyone. I asked her if you had to feel any different to know you were saved. She wrote on it and sent it back that the only thing to do was believe; feelings would not save me.

"I sank on my knees by the bed, and as I yielded myself to the One who loved me, my heart was filled with a quiet, lasting peace, and the full assurance of sins forgiven. That was nearly four o'clock on the 15th day of April, 1930. There were six others saved not long after, and on July 26th, 1931, nine of us were baptized and met the following Sunday to remember the Lord till He come.

"I have only one sister who is twenty-one and no brothers, so we are all now on our homeward journey. I love that hymn, 'Will the circle be unbroken?' Do you know it? I haven't got the words to it now. Your favourite hymns are mine too. I also like,

'Only a sinner saved by grace,' and 'I will never, never leave thee,' and 'God will take care of you.' Do you know the one, 'There's no disappointment in Heaven'?"

Here are some interesting extracts:—

"I love to study Ruth and Naomi in the Old Testament, also Abraham and David. In fact all the Old Testament patriarchs are interesting and instructive, aren't they? The Bible is a Book that never grows old.

You can always get something fresh from it. Isn't the world in a terrible state to-day?

"The time is very near when this poor old world will have a new Ruler; when those of us who are God's children will be caught up to meet Him in the air to be forever with Himself; when the day breaks and the shadows flee away. 'Even so come Lord Jesus.' May He come soon."



Bible Conference from Bulgaria.

MANY of our readers in this and other countries will be interested in this group picture from Bulgaria. Those gathered are attending a Bible Conference, and we learn from Mr. S. Stephanoff, who is kneeling in front row second from right, that quite a work of grace goes on in that country.

Recent national laws prohibit missionaries from other countries being actively engaged in Gospel work, but Mr. Stephanoff as a

Bulgarian subject edits a monthly paper which has a circulation of 2000 copies. Besides this, thousands of Gospel tracts and booklets have been recently printed and circulated throughout the country. Let those who know the value of such work unite in prayer for our brother and his fellow countrymen who seek to witness amidst much opposition to the saving power of the Gospel of Christ, and while the day of opportunity remains with us, may we be found diligent in service for the Lord.



At the Sound of Music.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

IT was a wonderful band. There were wind instruments and stringed instruments, and the bandsmen stood in a vast plain, waiting for the moment to come, when by a sudden outburst of harmony they would lead the people in worship.

There was an enormous crowd of people gathered in that spot. Princes and captains, judges and sheriffs, rich and poor; and in the centre of the plain stood an immense golden image. It was ninety feet high and nine feet broad, and the king's decree was, that at the sound of the music, everyone should fall down and worship the golden image. The penalty for not obeying this decree was to be cast into a burning, fiery furnace.

When the bandsmen started to play, as with one sweeping movement, all in that mighty crowd fell on their faces in worship of the image.

All? No, not all. Three young men stood erect. How noticeable they were among those prostrate forms. People began to talk. "Who are they?" "Foreigners!" "Those Jews."

Some of the people were without doubt jealous. These Jews had been given important posts in Babylon. Now was the chance to pull them down from their positions. So some of them lost no time in rushing off to the king to tell tales. Directly the

king heard the accusation he was extremely angry.

"Bring them to me at once," he ordered, and the three young men were seized and hurried off to the king.

The king seemed to have a certain amount of respect for these, his ministers, and was willing to give them another chance. He might have said, "Fling them into the furnace." But instead he asked them if what the others had told him was true. And then he offered to have the ceremony repeated so that they could then fall down and worship the image.

But to his astonishment the young men calmly stated that they would not serve the king's gods. God could deliver them, but if not they were willing to suffer for the sake of Him whom they loved.

The king's rage was then terrible. He called for his mighty men and gave the order which was quickly carried out.

We can be quite sure those young men knew the Scriptures, and I wonder if a verse written by Isaiah came to their minds just then, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned," for these words were going to be fulfilled for them.

Their enemies bound them so tightly, that they could not stand, when they were flung into the flames. They fell



down in the

scorching heat. But in a moment the fire burnt the ropes that bound them, and they sprang to their feet and walked around.

And with them walked the Son of God.

Instead of the furnace being a place of torture it was a place made glorious by the presence of the Son of God. Oh, how happy those men must have felt walking with the Saviour, safe in His keeping, every moment was full of joy. They must have been sorry when the king called them to come out. So it all came right for the young men who stood for God, among the ones who knew Him not.

Things are different to-day. We are not in danger of a fiery furnace, but does it sometimes happen that we shrink from doing the right and standing out against the wrong because we are afraid somebody will sneer, somebody will laugh at us?

The God who enabled these three men

to stand firm will enable us, if we trust Him, and He will be with us in the trial, if it comes.

It is better to have His smile than all the favour of the world. A fiery furnace with Him is better than a king's palace without Him. "His Presence is salvation." "In His favour is LIFE." He says, "Be strong." "Fear not I will be with thee."

I like to think that perhaps many people in that great crowd worshipped the One True God for the first time that day, because of the fearless witness of these young men? Anyhow, the heathen monarch, when he saw that the Son of God walked with the men in the fire, acknowledged and blessed God.

"Stand up for Jesus," and not only will you be blessed yourself but others will be blessed through you.

Treasure Seeking for the Young.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 9.—QUESTIONS—ANGELS—(Part 1).

1. By whom were they created? Col. 1.
2. Who is their head? 1 Pet. 3.
3. Who is their Chief? Rev. 12.
4. Are they numerous? (a) Psa. 68; (b) Heb. 12. 22.
5. Are they (a) wise, (b) strong, (c) mighty, (d) holy, (e) curious, (a) 2 Sam. 14, (b) Rev. 5, (c) 1 Thess. 1, (d) Mark 8, (e) 1 Pet. 1.
6. Can they (a) speak and touch? 1 Kings 19; (b) fly? Rev. 14.
7. Can they rejoice? Luke 15.
8. Can they worship? Rev. 7.
9. Can they praise? Psa. 148.
10. Can they fight? Rev. 12.
11. Are there special groups? 1 Tim. 5.
12. Are they liable to sin? 2 Pet. 2.

No. 8.—ANSWERS—THE DEVIL—(Part 2).

1. John 8. 44.
2. Luke 4. 2.
3. (a) 1 Pet. 5. 8; (b) 2 Tim. 2. 26.
4. Matt. 4. 6.
5. Matt. 13. 19.
6. 2 Cor. 4. 4.
7. 1 Thess. 2. 18.
8. (a) Heb. 2. 14; (b) Col. 2. 15.
9. Jas. 4. 7.

10. Rev. 20. 2.

11. Matt. 25. 41.

12. (a) Rev. 20. 10; (b) Rev. 21. 8.

—Berean.

"SO LOVED THAT HE GAVE."

A child in Luther's time, had been taught to think of God only with dread, as of a terrible judge. In her stern home, the name of God had been mentioned only to terrify and frighten her. But one day, in her father's printing office, she picked up a scrap of paper, and found on it the first words of this verse, "God so loved . . . that He gave . . ." The remaining words were torn off; but, even in this mere fragment, there was a new revelation to her. It told her that God loved the world, loved it well enough to give something. What He gave, she did not know; but it was a great revelation for her to know that He loved the world enough to give anything to it. The new thought brought great joy to her heart. It changed all her conception of God. She learned to think of Him as one who loved her, as her Friend, ready to give her rich gifts and all good, and this brightened and transformed her life. We have the whole wonderful verse. We know what God gave—the most costly and precious gift in all the universe—and the full revelation should fill us with unutterable gladness and joy.

—J. R. Miller.



XV.—THE VENERABLE BEDE.

BY RAYMOND H. BELTON.

WE owe the story of Caedmon (which we noticed last month) to the Venerable Bede, a pious and learned man of God, who was born about the year 673. Most of his life was spent at Jarrow. Not only was he clever but very industrious, his labours resulting in the production of forty-five books. We owe him a great debt for his Ecclesiastical History, apart from which our knowledge of early English history would be very limited.

Most of his writings were in Latin, but he determined, with God's help, to give the English people the Gospel of John in their own language. He accomplished this task, but only just in time.

At the time he was working at the translation he became very weak and ill, but he pressed on, determined to finish.

"There is one chapter more, master," said one of his young scholars who was helping him.

"Take thy pen and write swiftly," was the reply.

Throughout the day the young man wrote at Bede's dictation, until he said, at last: "There is but one sentence more."

"Write quickly," was again the injunction.

"It is finished now, master," the young man said at last.

"Thou sayest truly—it is finished," and the aged saint of God sank back on his pillows, and, with the words of the *gloria* on his lips, passed into the presence of God.

This was only a small part of the Bible rendered in the language of the people, but how precious it must have been to those privileged to read it!

The next translator was King Alfred the Great, for he did far more important things than merely burning cakes! He was most anxious that his people should have some knowledge of God's Word, and he rendered

parts of it into their language and sought to rule according to its precepts. He translated the Commandments; the Lord's Prayer and part of the Acts of the Apostles, and was engaged on the Psalms when he died.

There were several others who rendered different parts of the Bible into anglo-saxon, but England had yet to be given the complete Bible. But God was preparing the way for this, the greatest of all treasures, to be placed in the hands of the people.

IT'S ONLY FATHER!

A story of some little children alone during a thunderstorm relates that each gave a favourite Scripture verse. One of them chose, "The Lord of glory thundereth," and when she was asked why she gave these words, she said: "Once I heard a great noise when I thought I was alone in the house, and I was so sorely frightened that I screamed with terror. My father was near and he called, 'Don't be afraid, Margie; it's only father.' Now when it thunders and I begin to be afraid, God seems to say to me, 'Don't be frightened, Margie; it's only Father,' and all my fear vanishes."

—Dr. J. R. Miller.

READING THE BIBLE.

When Robert Moffat was starting for a situation in England, his mother accompanied her boy part of the way from his Scottish home, and as they parted she asked him to make her a promise. "I only ask you to read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and another every evening." He kept the promise he then made. In his new surroundings, amongst often careless companions, he regularly read his Bible; and the fruit was seen in after years, when he himself went as a missionary to the savages in untrodden regions in Darkest Africa.

Saved in the Heart of the Earth.

IN recording the story of my conversion to God in the "bowels" of the earth, I must speak of some events that led up to that glorious moment. Born of Christian parents, I had the inestimable privilege of always being under Christian influence. My father and mother were earnest Christians, and had ever an open door to the Lord's servants. Under their guidance I was early instructed in the "foundation truths of the Gospel." Many times in my youthful days, enjoying boyish escapades, thoughts of God and eternity rolled over my soul, and often I became very troubled. I knew sooner or later that this great question would have to be faced, as it inevitably must in every life. I well remember the night when the first great struggle took place in my soul. Discussion on the imminence of the Lord's coming had been the topic in the home one Sunday evening, and on retiring to rest, the fear of being left behind to face the awful vengeance of God's wrath gripped my heart. Tossing and trembling on my pillow was increased by my father coming to the bedside, and whispering, "Two shall be in one bed, the one shall be taken, the other shall be left"; my brother having confessed Christ some time previously. It was with a promise to save my conscience, that on my bed I decided at an early date to confess Christ; but, alas, like many others the pleasures of the world choked the seed, and I continued in sin for many years, despite that promise. At an early age I started work in the mines, and in the dense darkness of the coal-mine God began to stir my soul to consider eternal realities. On one occasion an explosion occurred in the "section" where I laboured. Many were burned, but fortunately I escaped. The explosion, with its resultant noise and flames remains indelibly impressed in my memory. The thought then arose, "What if this is the end? Where would I go?" I knew full well that to die without Christ I must be eternally lost. Some time later while working on a "drift" at a place where a tremendous "fall" of roof had taken place, my father and myself were underneath the low workings "stowing" away the debris, when above our heads the whole place began to quake and tremble, resembling thunder in its sound. Those who labour in the mines

know full well what this means. We were trapped! There was no way out because of falling stones. My two brothers were outside of the troubled area and ran for two other men, who hurried round to where we were, but were unable to assist us in any way whatever, exclaiming, "W., we are sorry for you, but we cannot do anything." What a moment for me! The pains of hell got hold of me and nothing but judgment and eternal torment was before me. My father prayed earnestly that God would allow us to get out in safety, and there on the rock pavement he pleaded with his God. The quaking ceased, and in a few short moments I was outside breathing more freely, but ever piercing my soul was the appalling thought; if I had not escaped, I should have been damned for all eternity. The scene lived in my soul, until about two years later, when working at the coal face, waiting on trucks coming to take away our coal, my father spoke to me, saying, "What about your soul? Are you ready to meet God?" I broke down and confessed I was not ready, and all was not well with my soul. He pointed me to that Blessed Saviour who bore sin's awful penalty in agonies and blood on Calvary's cruel tree; he declared the love of Christ for my soul, and would I not, in view of His glorious sacrifice and atoning death, receive Him as my Saviour. Worldly pleasures with their glamour and attraction had by then a fierce grip on my life, but love, mighty and wonderful conquered all.

Love that no tongue can teach,
Love that no thought can reach,
No love like His!
God is its blessed source,
Death ne'er can stop its course,
Nothing can stay its force.

I yielded myself there and then in the dim light that illumined the galleries of the mine, to Christ my Saviour and Lord. To my companions I confessed Christ, declaring,

My old companions fare ye well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I go with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Will you go?

The blessed peace that has been mine since that moment can be yours too, my

dear reader. The powers of hell are marshalled to defeat the Son of God in His desire for your soul; you are aiding them in their nefarious design. Why not claim Christ to-day as the refuge for your soul?

There is wrath ahead; He is willing to save. Are you willing to be saved? Trust Him now, for "Him that cometh unto Me," says Christ, "I will in no wise cast out."

R. McP.

A Joyful Harvest Time.



I AM thinking to-day of a Tweedside farm, on which I spent my holidays, the last year of my school-life, before I came to the great city to enter on my business apprenticeship.

It was a quaint out-of-the-way place, and the farm was noted for its fine crops, and its orchards of luscious fruit. The harvest was in progress when I arrived, and the flowing fields of golden corn looked lovely in the Autumn sunshine.

The remembrance that sticks to me most of all, of that harvest time, is a long walk and talk I had with the farmer's son, a young medical student, from the University of Edinburgh, who was at home during his vacation, preparing for his final examination, which was to take place in October of that year. He was a couple of years my senior, but we became fast friends.

One Sunday evening, while walking out together after the evening Service, he broached the subject of what he called "personal salvation," and remarked that he was glad he got "the great question" settled before he went to College, for, said he, "of

all circles I have ever been in, College life is the least calculated to cause one to think of God, and Christ, and Eternity." I was completely astonished to hear that saying, and I ventured to say so. I shall never forget the student's answer. Halting on the footpath, he said in slow and solemn words, "If I had not learned from the Bible that I was a sinner, and that Jesus Christ is the sinner's Saviour, while at home on this quiet farm, and by the grace of God received Him as *mine*, before I entered the College gates, I verily believe I would have been an infidel before now, for there is nothing there that leads one's thoughts to eternal things."

That night I lay awake thinking on the words, and I cast myself as a sinner on the Saviour, and received the assurance from His Word, that as one who had come to Him, He could not "cast me out" (John 6. 37).

A definite decisive choice to be the Lord's, and a personal acceptance of Him as Saviour, Redeemer, and Lord, is the right starting point of a truly happy life. Is the reader in possession of this happy life now?



MEN OF LETTERS

XIX.—CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB, the English essayist, was born in London on the 10th of February, 1775. Out of seven children born to his parents he was the youngest of the three who survived childhood. Before he was eight years old he had acquired some rudiments of education at a local school, but from eight until he was fifteen he was a pupil of Christ's Hospital. While there he found a friend in S. T. Coleridge who was also a scholar of Christ's Hospital. When Charles Lamb left school he found employment first with the South Sea House from which he transferred to a clerkship in the East India Company. He hated his work but continued for thirty-three years to give satisfaction and retired with a pension. A strain of insanity in the family had serious results for him. In September, 1796, his sister Mary in a fit of madness wounded his father and slew his mother, and from then until his death Lamb made the devoted care of his sister his constant charge. The death of Coleridge in 1834 severed one of the ties that bound him to life. Five months after that event, walking along the London Road, he stumbled over a stone and in falling slightly wounded his face. Erysipelas set in and he passed away on the 27th of December.

When Lamb and his sister lived in Inner Temple Lane they had gatherings of literary friends on Wednesday evenings at which great discussions took place on different subjects. On one occasion the discussion turned upon "Persons one would wish to have seen." W. Hazlett who was present, and later wrote an essay on the subject records in it an incident that occurred. Several great names had been mentioned, and when someone mentioned the name of Christ, Charles Lamb said: "If Shakespeare was to come into the room we should all rise up to meet him; but if that Person was to come into it we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of His garment."

With all the respect for the person of Christ that seems to lie in Lamb's remark there is something vital lacking. He views Him only as a figure of the past. Other great men have made the same mistake and multitudes are making it to-day. No one who is conscious of the living, abiding presence of Christ will say, "If Christ were to come." "If" is a little word that in this connection shews where men are in their thoughts about Christ. "If" is quite in order in speaking of the great men of every age but not when speaking of Christ. There are no "ifs" with regard to the possibility of Christ's coming. He is the greatest Figure of the past, of the present, and of the future. He is the first and the last and the Living One, who lived and became dead and is alive for evermore (Rev. 1. 11, 18). "Every spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is *come* in the flesh is of God" (1 John 4. 2, R.V.); The deceivers are "They that *confess not* that Jesus Christ *cometh* in the flesh" (2 John 7).

A lady who heard Lamb's remark, wrote Hazlett, "seemed now to get uneasy at the turn the conversation had taken." There is always someone made uneasy when Christ is introduced. It is better to be made uneasy in time than to be for ever uneasy in Eternity. It is profitless to consider Christ merely as a Person whom one would wish to have seen. He is the one Person whom every human being is bound to see. To see Him in the character of Judge with your sin upon you will be a dreadful experience of uneasiness. But that need not be. He can be known now as a Saviour from sin and a companion along life's journey. Very soon He will be manifested when every believing soul shall be like Him for they shall see Him as He is (1 John 3. 2). Would you not like to be of those to whom the Beloved Disciple wrote, "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake" (1 John 2.

12, R.V.). And again, "These things have I written unto you, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, even unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God" (1 John

5. 13). To have forgiveness of sins and eternal life is the assurance that you will see that Person and sing His praise for ever.
W. H.

The Little Hebrew Maid.

[From "LAYS OF LIFE AND HOPE," by Wm. Blane. Revised reprint including "The Atonement," and many other sublime poems. Now ready. Price 2/- net].

One day a little Hebrew maid,
Who from the place of safety stray'd,
Was stolen by a ruffian band,
And carried to a foreign land.

They took her to a palace fair,
Where men of might and honour were,
Where she became a little slave
To serve the wealthy, proud and brave.

But she had heard her parents speak
Of Him who helps the poor and weak;
She loved the Lord who answers prayer,
And knew Him present everywhere.

The miracles His prophet wrought
Were oft the subject of her thought;
To others, too, she longed to tell
The power of Him she loved so well.

For in that palace no one knew
The Lord with whom she had to do;
They worshipped gods their hands had made,
Of lifeless idols were afraid.

Her master was a man of might
Who led his people in the fight,
And from Oppression's cruel hand
Delivered once his native land.

He from the king had honours great,
Proud lords upon his word did wait;
To distant lands they spread his fame—
Naaman, the Syrian, was his name.

But though he was so rich and great,
It was his sad, unhappy fate
To be a leper—vile, unclean,
Unfit in public to be seen.

He lived alone, apart from all
The splendour of his palace hall;
No one with him would eat or drink—
His nearest friends did from him shrink.

To great physicians he applied;
No remedy was left untried
Which wealth and honour could procure—
But nothing can a leper cure.

Now this was told the little maid,
And after she had kneeled and pray'd
She to her mistress said one day,
In her own simple, childlike way:

"Would that my lord in Israel were,
And with the mighty prophet there!
For God is with him, and I'm sure
That he his leprosy would cure."

This message reached great Naaman's ear,
Whose heart was glad such words to hear,
And soon, with pomp and presents grand,
He started for fair Israel's land.

There, when his pride was humbled low,
And he had washed in Jordan's flow,
His flesh became as pure and clean
As he a little child had been.

Nor was his body only cured,
For he the man of God assured
That henceforth he would serve the Lord,
Whom previously he had ignored.

When to his palace he return'd,
The former idols soon were spurn'd—
All through the words the little maid
In faithfulness for God had said.

A LITTLE CHILD'S TRUST.

I was one day about to cross the street in one of the great London thoroughfares. It was very crowded, and a little girl all alone was much puzzled as to how she was to get over. I watched her walking up and down scanning the faces of those who passed, to see if there was any whom she could trust, but for a long time in vain. At last she came to me and, looking timidly up into my face, whispered, "Please, sir, will you lift me over?" That little child's trust was the greatest compliment I ever had.—Earl of Shaftesbury. How much more will God honour faith in Him!

"MONTHLY" LESSONS .
FOR THE YOUNG . . .

:: OCTOBER

By J. S. BORLAND.

OCTOBER was the eighth month of the year with the Romans, and I want you when you think of this month to think first of all of other words we use which are derived, or built up, from the same root, "octo," eight.

Let us think of "octave." That is a musical term, and tells us of the scale from doh to doh, or C to C. Within the compass of this scale we have the foundation of all our beautiful hymn and song tunes—the martial music which stirs our blood, the plaintive notes which bring the tears to our eyes, the sweet chords which make us feel happy and gay.

Now when you put October and music together you are led to think of a helpful lesson in life. Who would think of singing in October? Is it not the month that reminds us that winter is fast approaching, that soon King Frost will be on the throne and we will be troubled with cold hands and toes and will feel the chill breath of winter on our faces? That is not a very cheery prospect, is it? And perhaps you think you are quite right in saying that the month of October should never be linked with music or singing.

Well, now, let us see if you are right. You have heard of the Children of Israel. At one time they were taken captive into Babylon; they were strangers in a strange land. Shall we say they were living in an October atmosphere—cold and cheerless, with the darkness enveloping them. Poor people! They were very sad and sorrowful. They thought of the days of their freedom, when they basked in the sunshine of God's favour; and when they compared their present and past state a big lump came into their throats, and it choked their song. Their cunning fingers ceased to strum the harp strings. They were silent and sad.

How could they sing the Lord's song in a strange land? How could they console themselves with the music of the harps? They were so oppressed by thinking *where* they were and failed to think of *what* they were.

We often make the same mistake. We who are the children of God by faith in

Christ Jesus often get so occupied with our circumstances that we get downhearted and sad, we go about with long faces, and our hearts are sore. We are so sad, so sorrowful, and like the Children of Israel we cease to have music in our hearts and our harps become silent.

Of course, I want to impress upon you that this state—this state of not being able to sing in the October days of our life—is the result of making the same mistake as the poor captives in Babylon. We are thinking too much of *where* we are and not *what* we are.

Music in the Soul.

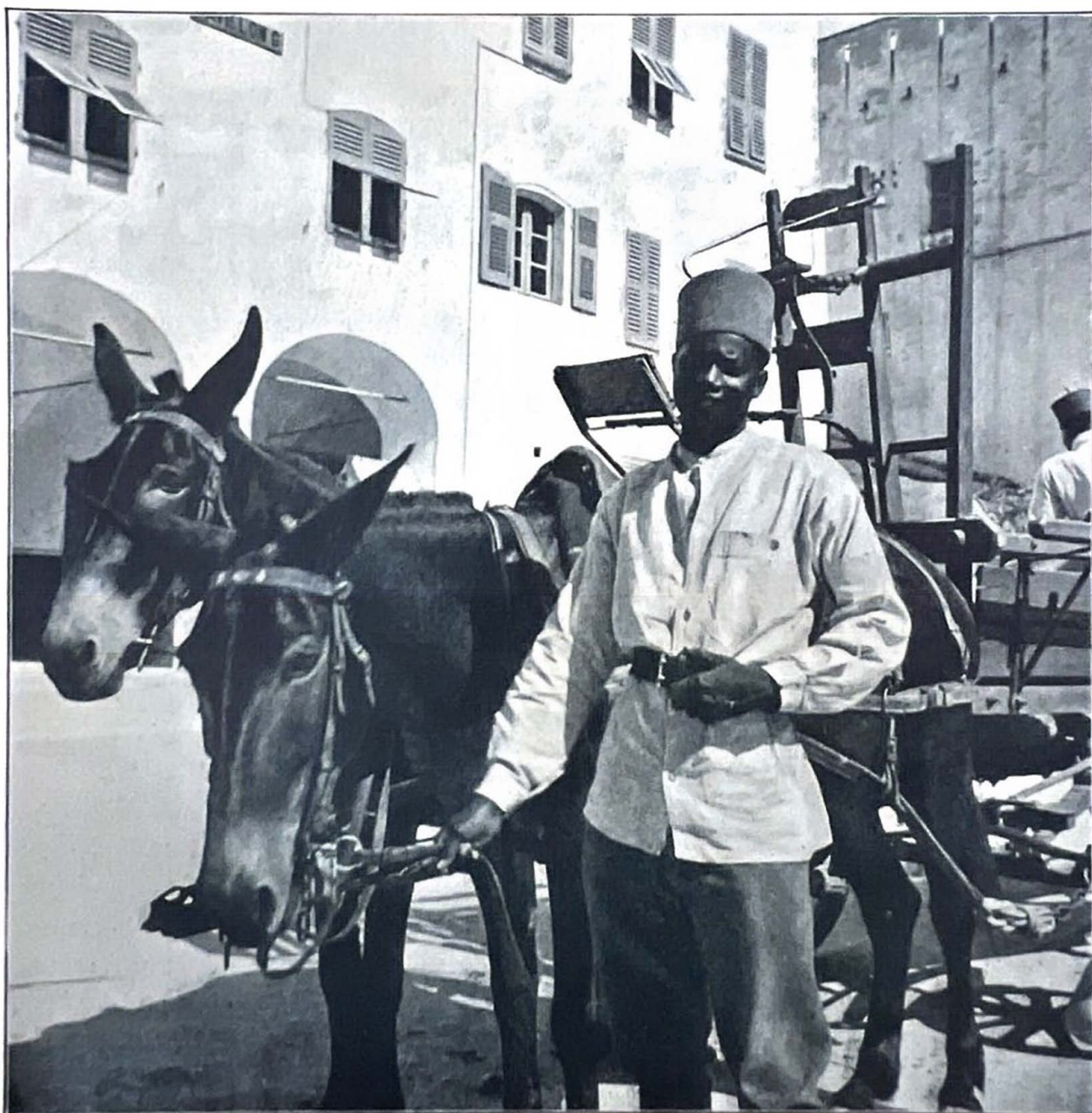
But perhaps you are saying—"Oh, well, that may be true enough, but can you tell us of people who had music in their souls when the October days were upon them?" Of course I can. Come with me to a prison in the city of Philippi. All is dark without, all is dark within, for it is the midnight hour. Away in the heart of this prison lie two men. Their backs are bleeding, for just a little while before they had been lashed with a whip. What had they been doing to receive such a punishment? They had been telling men and women of the Lord Jesus, and how He died to save their souls. Many of the people did not like their preaching, and so they were taken prisoners, beaten with stripes, and cast into a dungeon.

Surely that was October time for them, and naturally you would not think they would be happy. There were no harps and no willows in the prison, but there were two men who had good lungs. And so they sang praises unto God. What a song! It was sweeter in the ears of the angels than all the great symphonies of earth.

Music in October! Ah yes, that is what we want to learn, boys and girls. We can have a song in our hearts in the dark, dull days if we belong to God. I like what one hymn-writer has said about this music in October:—

There is never a day so dreary,
There is never a night so long,
But the soul that is trusting Jesus
Will somewhere find a song.

SMILING.



SMILING.



OUR dusky friend, the muleteer of the front picture, lives in the sunshine, and this is reflected in his countenance. But in addition to the sheen of his skin there is the smile of satisfaction on his face which reveals an inward condition. It may be that his business has been good or that present prospects are pleasing, or merely the fact that he is having his photograph taken determines his happy expression. You know how we all like to appear nice in a picture; but look at the mules; what do they care for a camera?

Looking at our North African friend reminds one of a line in a well-known hymn—

"I'll carry my sunshine with me everywhere
I go."

What a blessing we would be to others if our inward state was always such that wherever we went our smile would prove infectious. There is much need all around for this kind of sunshine to brighten the sad lives with which we come into contact. In this connection I wonder if you have read the true story of a little girl, published in our rewards, entitled, "Merry-all-the-Time"? It is written by her mother and makes worth-while reading.

Reading in an autograph book, I came across these lines many years ago and have never forgotten them.

The thing that goes the furthest towards making
life worth while,
That costs the least, that's worth the most,
Is just a pleasant smile. So smile!

I was then a very young Christian, rejoicing in my new-found joy, and added the following lines to that autograph album—

They surely can afford to smile
Who know their sins forgiven,
And merely tread this "little while"
In going home to heaven.

Yes, contrary to the general belief, that to be a Christian means drawing a long face, it is true that the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ has a satisfaction which the worldling does not know, and the natural smile of the Christian rejoicing in his Lord is

more infectious and enduring than the vacant grin of the unbeliever who is occupied with this world's empty pleasures.

How often you have heard the saying, "The face is the window of the soul." The wise man in Proverbs 15. 13 says, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," and this gives us a clue to the real secret of happiness. Have you a light or a heavy heart? If you still carry that burden of sin on your conscience, yours is indeed a heavy heart, and not a ray of heavenly sunshine can be reflected therefrom. Sin, which is self-will, separates from God, and that thick cloud must be reflected in a sad or sullen countenance. When Cain in his self-will was not accepted by God, he "was very wroth and his countenance fell." What unhappy results this had for himself and his brother. Read Genesis 4 and be warned against "the way of Cain." It need not have been so with him, had he hearkened unto the voice of the Lord. In verse 7 of this chapter the Lord reveals an abundant provision in "the sin-offering crouching at the door" (literal rendering). For him as for Abel, an innocent substitute could still be offered, but foolish Cain would have none of it. How like the many to-day who refuse God's mercy offered in His Son as the one substitute able to atone for sin and remove the burden of guilt from the sinner's heart. There is nothing but "woe" for those who persist in going down "the way of Cain" (read Jude 11), and finally their lot will be with the lost where never a ray of sunshine or a heavenly smile will lighten the gloom of eternal night.

By accepting the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, you accept "The Light of the World" and may shine for Him everywhere you go. This is the calling and privilege of the children of God, "shining as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life" (Phil. 2. 15, 16).

May every Christian reader be deeply exercised about this great and glorious service as the days darken around us,

Love to all,

THE EDITOR.

TRUSTING JESUS.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

A LITTLE blind baby! What a pitiful sight! How sad it was for him, as he grew older, never to have seen the lovely flowers, nor the smile on his mother's face. The days passed in absolute darkness for him, until one day Jesus Christ came along the way, and saw the blind man begging, and gave him sight.

The man had no idea who Jesus was, not even His Name. Jesus was just a kind, good man to him. Presently he began to think this One who had done so much for him must be a prophet. But Jesus wanted him to know much more and came to him, and revealed Himself to this poor ignorant man as the Son of God. He asked the man a question. "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

And the man simply couldn't help responding with belief at once.

Many years ago a little girl used to listen to preachers who often quoted the text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

She did want to be saved, and she used to say to herself: "What is it to believe? I wish I could believe. How do you believe?"

It was a great puzzle to her. I wonder if some boys and girls have this problem to-day? Shall we think about it?

How do we believe? Supposing you are going to take a journey by train. You look in a time-

table and see that a train will start at a certain time for the place to which you are going. You accept that statement of fact and act upon it. That is believing the timetable.

Let us suppose another thing. You are coming home from school and you meet someone who is quite a stranger to you, and that person stops you and says: "Hurry home, there are strawberries and cream for your tea."

You go on your way thinking: "I wonder if that is true? How should she know?" You hope it is a fact, but you don't altogether trust the stranger's word. But it is quite another matter, if mother meets you at the door and says: "We've got strawberries and cream for tea to-day." Now you are sure. Why? It is easy to believe mother, because you know and trust her.

You don't stop to think: "I wonder if I believe what mother says."

The question is—Who is it we have to believe? Think. It is JESUS. Is it safe to trust His word? Oh yes, yes!

You trust the time-table because it is reliable as a rule, you trust mother because you know she is true. Now can't you trust Jesus in the same way? He never deceived any one. His word is absolutely sure. Don't think too much about your faith, but think about the Faith-



BLIND MAN BEGGING.

ful One. He says: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." You come, he takes you into His fold. He will not fail you.

As you learn to trust Him you will wonder how you could have ever doubted Him and His Word. He is absol-

utely worthy of your *trust*, which is just another word for *belief*. Can you look up and say: "I can't doubt Jesus. I do believe in Him and what He did for me. He died on Calvary because of my sins and to bring me salvation. Of course I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and so I am saved."

Canadian Penfriends' Conversions

No. 2.—MARION HUTCHINSON. *Collected by A. P. Allan.*

ONE September night in 1936 a car drove up to the home of a young girl, which was to carry her away to Toronto, to the Canadian National Exhibition. Marion was about to leave her father and mother for scenes of worldliness, where the name of Christ was not regarded as "the sweetest name on earth," for at that time she loved "the pleasures which are but for a season" (Heb. 11. 25).

But, after she kissed her mother good-bye, Marion—perhaps to her own surprise as much as his—kissed her father for the first time in her life! She saw his eyes fill with tears, the reason for which she could not *then* understand, although a lump came into her own throat as she hurried into the waiting car.

Ah! little did Marion realize that evening the intensity of that father's desire for her welfare! More than two years previously he had been lying helpless as the result of an accident, when God had spoken to him, and, to use Marion's words later, "told him to pray for his daughter." Then he had come in contact with an earnest Christian who had prayed for the healing of his body—effectual prayers which had availed much. Now he was home, wonderfully, although not altogether, restored—but his daughter was unsaved. Nevertheless, that Christian father did not know that ere another day would pass the Holy Spirit of God would use *the kneeling posture of an old lady* by her bedside to cause Marion to think seriously. Far away from her home, in the house of a friend, she was strangely moved at the sight; for, hitherto, private prayer had been a thing quite outside this young girl's life.

At the end of January of the following year, evangelists came to conduct special meetings in the town near Marion's home;

and, as he who had prayed for her father's restoration was amongst the most enthusiastic there, it was little wonder that that fond parent should desire his daughter to attend those services.

Marion did not, at first, yield to his wishes. How the enemy of souls endeavours to deceive with insinuations that gospel services are detrimental to happiness! One day, however, a friend of Marion's said, "Why don't you go if your father wants you to go? I was there a few nights ago and liked it."

A promise was made, and several times Marion accompanied her friend: sometimes she even went alone to the meetings. One Sunday evening she was saved! Then her *life* was changed! Marion later wrote, in words of testimony:

"I am so glad for the moment when Jesus said to me, 'Just now you must choose between Me and Satan, between eternal life and eternal death.' Praise God, I said, 'Jesus, I'm coming with You.' Just at that moment I caught a vision of Calvary's Cross, and thereon hung Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. On His head was a crown of thorns; His hands and feet were bruised by nails that pinned Him to that cross. There in His side was a spear-wound and His body was bruised. How could I reject such an One?"

"Then I fled to the foot of the old rugged cross, just as I was, without one plea but that His blood was shed for me. It was there that Jesus heard my cry and I received pardon for those sins of mine. Praise God, my sins are remembered no more; they are lost in the depths of His fathomless love, and remembered no more.

"E'en yet to-day I can see Jesus plodding wearily up Golgotha's Hill, going to that glorious but terrible death that He chose—but He carried my sins with Him there. Then He was erected upon that cross—they crucified Him, the King of kings and Lord of lords, but Jesus said, 'Forgive them,

for they know not what they do.' He died of a broken heart."

Hundreds of girls to-day are thirsting as Marion once did—for *the Living Water*. But where are they drinking? Alas! at broken cisterns which *hold* no water—for it only runs through. Marion describes her past life as being "many weary years of heartache and distress."

But she was wise. She drank of the Living Water which *alone* can satisfy, and

takes away the love of sinning as well!

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one
Stoop down and drink, and live':

"I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."

[Extract from "In Life's Morning," by A. P. Allan. A new prize book of true stories and original poems by this children's authoress. Cloth Boards, Illustrations. 1s. 6d., by post 1s. 10d.].

A REMARKABLE RECORD!

FROM North Braddock, Pa., U.S.A., we received this photograph of Miss Annie Donnachie some time ago. She had then completed twenty-five years' attendance at one Sunday School with only one day's absence owing to sickness. We wonder if there is another better Sunday School attendance record in any part of the world, and would be glad to learn of such, or other outstanding records which might be published to encourage our young people to continue right into womanhood and manhood in their attendance at Sunday School or Bible Class. Too often they feel "grown up" at fourteen years of age, and find other attractions to lure them away from the Word of God. Let godly teachers everywhere be exercised about this problem and seek to retain contact by every commendable means. In our work among young folks let us be enthusiastic and real, young life responds to reality especially in the matter of presenting the Gospel.

EDITOR.



THE INCOMPARABLE CHRIST.

HE came from the bosom of the Father to the bosom of a woman. He put on humanity that we might put on divinity. He became Son of Man that we might become sons of God. He came from Heaven where the rivers never freeze, winds never blow, frosts never chill the air, flowers never fade. They never phone for a doctor for *there* no one is ever sick. No undertakers and no graveyards, for no one ever dies—no one is ever buried.

He was born contrary to the laws of nature, lived in poverty, reared in obscur-

ity; only once crossed the boundary of the land, in childhood. No wealth nor influence and had neither training nor education. His relatives were inconspicuous and unimportant.

In infancy He startled a King; in boyhood He puzzled the doctors; in manhood ruled the course of nature. He walked upon the billows and hushed the sea to sleep. He healed the multitudes without medicine and made no charge for His services. He never wrote a book, yet not all the libraries of the country could hold the

books that could be written about Him. He never wrote a song, yet He has furnished the theme of more songs than all song writers combined. He never founded a college yet all the schools together cannot boast of as many students. He never practised medicine, and yet He healed more broken hearts than all the doctors far and near.

He never marshalled an army, drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun, yet no leader ever made more volunteers, who have under His orders, made rebels attack arms or surrender without a shot being fired.

He is the Star of Astronomy, the Rock of Geology, the Lion and the Lamb of

Zoology. The Harmonizer of all discords and the Healer of all diseases. Great men have come and gone yet He lives on. Herod could not kill Him, Satan could not seduce Him, Death could not destroy Him, the grave could not hold Him.

He laid aside His purple robe for a peasant's gown. He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor. How poor? Ask Mary! Ask the Wise Men! He slept in another's manger. He cruised the lake in another's boat. He rode on another man's ass. He was buried in another man's tomb. All failed but He never. The ever Perfect One—He is the Chief among ten thousand. *He is altogether lovely.*

(Author Unknown).



“No Waiting This Side To-Day.”

YOU may see this notice in a street in Sudbury, Suffolk. You no doubt can guess for whose benefit it is there. And you know what is the message which this



short article is about. Yes, another reminder that delay is dangerous, and that NOW is the day of salvation. Will you act upon it and do what you know you ought to do, THIS TIME?

You know that TO-MORROW is all the while changing into TO-DAY, and TO-DAY is all the while slipping away into YESTERDAY. The time will never come when you can say, “Now it IS to-morrow.” It is like trying to run upon your shadow that lies along the ground before you; it moves on just as fast as you move, and keeps just so far off. You can never overtake to-morrow. As soon as you come to it, it will be TO-DAY, and then what is now to-day will be yesterday.

The time to come to Jesus is just now. Let there be no waiting. While you are unsaved, you are on the wrong side, on the side of disobedience and of danger. NOW THEN DO IT.

E. A.



XVI.—WYCLIFFE AND THE BIBLE.

BY RAYMOND H. BELTON.

FOLLOWING upon the Norman Invasion, 1066, great changes gradually but surely took place in the language, and the old Anglo-Saxon was supplemented by the Norman French. It is easy to see that, while the language was in upheaval, no translation of the Word of God was possible, but, when it had at last settled down, God raised up a man to give the whole of the Bible to the people.

As we have dealt with the life of Wycliffe in a former article in this series, it is not necessary to go into details concerning his life. He was born in Yorkshire, in the year 1324. He proved an apt scholar, as well as a man deeply taught in the things of God. All his life was spent in upholding the evangelical doctrines, and he is well called, "The Morning Star of the Reformation." His writings and sermons brought him into conflict with the Church authorities, but, in spite of many threats upon his

life, he was preserved to accomplish his great task of translation.

In his fight for the truth of God he realised that the people would best be able to refute error if they had a knowledge of the Bible, for it was because of the ignorance of the Scriptures that so much error abounded. He worked hard until the whole of the Bible was translated from the Vulgate into the quaint English language of his day. He translated the New Testament by himself, Nicholas Hereford assisting him with the Old Testament.

Wycliffe also exercised a mighty influence through his preachers, whom he sent throughout the country preaching and teaching, and thus spreading the knowledge of the precious book he had translated.

His death took place in the year 1384. He was taken ill while he was conducting a service in his church at Lutterworth, and died soon afterwards. His enemies rejoiced but they could not prevent the influence of Wycliffe's life spreading throughout the country, and that in a day of much spiritual darkness.

Wycliffe was followed by Richard Purvey who made a revision of his Bible, with the aid of several scholars. This revision was widely circulated, perhaps even more so than its original. "The fact that 170 copies have survived the persecutions of men, and the wear and tear of time is a strong testimony to the large numbers which must have been in circulation" (Dr. F. J. Hamilton).

Thus was the Word of God translated in the language that all could understand, and, although the art of printing had not yet been discovered and circulation was necessarily limited, the sowing of the precious seed produced a great harvest.





MEN OF LETTERS

XX.—LORD MACAULAY.

LORD MACAULAY, the famous Essayist, Historian and Poet, was born of Christian parents on October 25, 1800. His mother, seeing his face for the first time, expressed her desire for her son by repeating the following lines from Isaac Watt's cradle hymn:

"Mayst thou live to know and fear Him
Trust and love Him all thy days.
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise."

His father, Zachary Macaulay, was the son of a Highland clergyman and a member of an evangelical party known as the Clapham sect. He named his son Thomas Babington, after a friend of his own of whom he said: "I never think of him but my thoughts are drawn to that Saviour with whom he first made me acquainted."

From his third year young Macaulay read continuously, and so amazing were his powers of memory that he could retain practically all that he read. He was writing verse when he was eight years old, and his epitaph on Henry Martyn, the devout missionary to the Persians, was written in his thirteenth year.

Here Martyn lies. In man-
hood's early bloom
The Christian hero finds a
Pagan tomb.
Religion, sorrowing o'er her
favourite son,
Points to the glorious
trophies that he won.
Eternal trophies! not with
carnage red,
Not stained with tears by
hapless captives shed,
But trophies of the Cross.
For that dear Name,
Through every form of dan-
ger, death and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a
happier shore,
Where danger, death and
shame assault no more.

With such parents as he had it followed that from childhood, Macaulay was acquainted with the Bible. When he became famous that acquaintanceship became very noticeable. His writings and speeches are studded with quotations and references from the Bible. His writings were distributed throughout the earth, but their subject-matter was quite different from that suggested to him in early life by his father who once exhorted him to "buy and distribute useful and striking tracts as well as Testaments among such as can read." His tastes were in another direction and he engaged in many spheres of life in most of which he earned the respect of his countrymen. He died on December 28th, 1859.

Lord Macaulay was acquainted with the Scriptures, but never once does he confess (as his father did) that he was acquainted with the Saviour. Acquaintance with the

Scriptures may only lead to your condemnation but acquaintance with Christ is salvation. The rich man was acquainted with the Scriptures "and in hell he lift up his eyes being in torments" (Luke 16. 23). The Jews were entrusted with the oracles of God (Rom. 3. 1). They revered the letter of the Scriptures and murdered the Saviour to whom the Scriptures bore witness. Knowing the Bible won't save you: knowing Christ will. You may know the sayings of the Christ but do you



LORD MACAULAY.
(National Portrait Gallery).

know the Christ of the sayings? The Bible is only a mere book if read apart from faith in Christ. If you know Christ every word of Scripture has Divine authority for you.

Are you acquainted with Christ? Can you say with Job, "My Redeemer" (Job 19. 25), with David, "My Shepherd" (Psa. 23. 1), with Thomas, "My Lord and my God?" (John 20. 28). Paul said, "I know Him whom I have believed" (2 Tim. 1. 12, R.V.). Can you say that? It is only by believing that you can know Him. He can be known to you if you receive His word

and believe the record of God concerning Him. He died for you because He loved you. We who believe can say, "We love Him, because He first loved us" (1 John 4. 19). He whom we believe said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him" (John 14. 23).

It is good to be acquainted with the Scriptures but again let us ask, "Are you acquainted with the Saviour?"

W. HARRISON.



Our Monthly Chorus——No. 33.

'KEEPING ON' Chorus

Words and Music by WILLIAM GUMMER, 1937.

Keep singing, with Christ at your side: Keep

trusting, whate'er may be-tide; Keep hop-ing, in

His love a-bide: Just keep-ing on with Him.

**"MONTHLY" LESSONS .
FOR THE YOUNG . . .**

NOVEMBER

By J. S. BORLAND.

NOVEMBER has never enjoyed being called pleasant names. The Saxons called it "Wint-monat," or "Windmonth," because of its association with winds and storms.

The Romans regarded November 11th as the beginning of winter, and on the 13th they held a banquet which they called the Banquet of Jupiter, and Jupiter somehow has an unenviable association with rain.

One Bishop referred to November as "the dreadful month," and Robert Burns, Scotland's national bard, opens his poem, "Man was made to Mourn," with the line "When chill November's surly blast."

Thomas Hood, the poet, could not get past the first two letters in the month, and so he wrote a poem about November like this :

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way—"

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine; no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
NOVEMBER.

Now you don't expect me to say something good about November after all these nasty things have been written about it, do you? Well, I will. If Burns or Hood had lived now they, too, would have written something good about the month. Their pens would have been employed to remind us that it is

The Month of Remembrance.

Many things have happened since these two poets died, chief of which was the Great War with its tale of sorrow, suffering and sacrifice. Fathers and sons went forth to war where the Flanders poppies grow. Many never returned. They sleep in foreign soil, but they come near to us—very near—on the 11th of November, the anniversary of the signing of the Armistice

which brought the horrible war to an end. On the 11th of November, when all is quiet and hushed at the eleventh hour of day, we bow our heads and silently remember them.

It is well that we should, for they laid down their lives for their friends, and for love of home and honour. The two minutes' silence was instituted "lest we forget," as we are so apt to do in the hurly-burly of life.

There was Another who made a great sacrifice. He gave His life for His enemies. "Not for those who ever loved Him, did the Lord of Glory die." He died—laid down His life—for those who hated Him. And if we love Him, it is because He first loved us.

Now He knew that men and women—yes, and boys and girls, too—would be apt to forget Him and His great love and sacrifice as the years rolled on. So He gave them something by which they could remember Him. I suppose you know what it was? Did He arrange for a marble monument? Did He ask someone to write His biography? Did He request a painter to transfer His physical likeness to canvas? No, none of these! He wanted to live in men's hearts and not in their heads, so He arranged a very simple means of being perpetually remembered. He instituted a feast of which He intended His own to partake, for to them He said, "This do in remembrance of Me."

This Feast of Remembrance reminds us of several "no's," just as November reminded the poet of some. I want to tell you some of the "no's."

First of all it reminds us that there is "no more sacrifice for sin." Jesus, my young friends, will never suffer again. He made an eternal (complete and ever-availing) sacrifice. For those who trust the merits of His precious blood there is "no more remembrance of sin." Happy are those who can sing—"My sins were as high as a mountain, they all disappeared in the fountain." Where are your sins? And will God ever punish us for our sins if we accept Jesus Christ as our Saviour? Let us shout the answer in triumph like Paul—"There is therefore now no condemnation

to them who are in Christ Jesus."

Oh, blessed "no." We are travelling to a country where we will not grow old, where there shall be no more death, no more weeping, no more pain, no more sorrow, no more sighing, no more parting. And the Lamb, who was the bleeding sacrifice, and who wants us to remember Him on

earth, will be there—"the glory of Immanuel's Land."

Shall we hear Him say this November day again—"Remember Me."

And shall we reply—

"Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember Thee."

For the Social Gathering.

WHAT WE ARE TAUGHT.

(A Recitation).

ATTENTION please! We wish to speak,
And as our voices may seem weak,
To hear us, well, you must keep quiet
(This you will manage if you try it),
And listen for a little time
And we will show in simple rhyme
What we with others big and small
Are taught at school in Shiloh Hall.

Our lesson-book's the Word of God,
That fount of safe instruction,
Which tells us how the sin of man
Has brought about destruction.

It tells us how the grace of God
Has wrought to bring salvation
Within the reach of all who would
Escape sin's condemnation.

We learn how God's dear Son came down
To seek and save the lost;
Of how He wore the thorny crown
And died upon the cross.

The Bible says He rose again
From out the grave where He had lain.

That seated at His Father's side
He lives for all for whom He died.

If we this word by faith believe
Life everlasting we receive,
God's Holy Spirit dwells within
And gives us power to conquer sin.

Thus we are taught that so we may
Be saved while it is called to-day,
That when the Saviour comes again
We, too, with Him may live and reign.

All sing—

Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
Oh bring Thy free salvation nigh
And take me as I am.

And take me as I am,
And take me as I am,
My only plea, Christ died for me,
Oh take me as I am!

—W. Harrison.

Treasure Seeking for the Young.

SECOND SERIES.

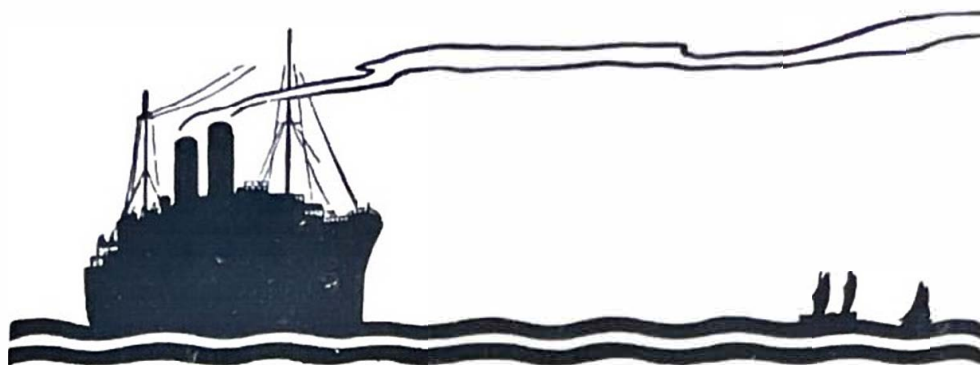
No. 10.—QUESTIONS—ANGELS—(Part 2).

1. Are they spirits? Psalms 104.
2. Are they messengers? Acts 27.
3. Are they protectors? (a) Psalm 91; (b) Matthew 18; (c) Matthew 26.
4. Have they power over animals? Daniel 6.
5. Can walls, bars, gates or chains hinder them? Acts 12.
6. What did they do with Lazarus? Luke 16.
7. What will they do in a coming day? Matthew 24.
8. Do their words stand sure? Hebrews 2.
9. What are they not allowed to do? Jude.
10. Could they help the Lord Jesus? (a) Matthew 4; (b) Luke 22.

11. Will they be judged? 1 Corinthians 6.
12. Have they to be worshipped? Colossians 2.

No. 9.—ANSWERS—ANGELS—(Part 1).

1. Colossians 1. 13-16.
2. 1 Peter 3. 22.
3. Revelation 12. 7.
4. (a) Psalm 68. 17; (b) Hebrews 12. 22.
5. (a) 2 Samuel 14. 20; (b) Revelation 5. 2; (c) 1 Thessalonians 1. 7; (d) Mark 8. 38; (e) 1 Peter 1. 12.
6. (a) 1 Kings 19. 5; (b) Revelation 14. 6.
7. Luke 15. 10.
8. Revelation 7. 11.
9. Psalm 148. 2.
10. Revelation 12. 7.
11. 1 Timothy 5. 21.
12. 2 Peter 2. 4.



*My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread through all the earth
abroad,
The honours of Thy name.*



REJOICING.



REJOICING.



LAST month our little talk was on "smiling." As a companion to that let us think this month about "rejoicing."

We have given this title to our frontispiece, and I am sure our readers will agree that the picture presents a scene of rejoicing. Taken on the night of 30th September, 1938, at the door of No. 10 Downing Street, the photograph presents the Prime Minister of Great Britain with his cabinet ministers being cheered by a London crowd. What an expression of relief, the one thought being that of thankfulness, the horrors of war having been averted as a result of the Munich Agreement. For his untiring efforts Mr. Chamberlain has been hailed The Ambassador of Peace, while from every quarter of the globe and from all classes of society he has received expressions of profound gratitude for the courage and self-sacrifice displayed in his great achievement. We thank God for His over-ruling power, and pray that we may be spared the ravages of war, so long as His blood-bought Church is upon this sinful scene. While our land has been spared, let us remember others less favoured; and pray for all in such distressing circumstances. To those who know what war means there is always cause for rejoicing at the maintenance of peace.

On 25th December there is celebrated throughout Christendom the advent of the Lord Jesus Christ, that occasion being rightly regarded as a time of great rejoicing. Did you ever think that real joy came from heaven? We love to reflect on that glorious moment when heaven opened over Bethlehem at the birth of Jesus, and the message came down to men as a message of "great joy." The arrival of God's Ambassador of Peace is heralded by angels, the veil which hides them from the natural eye being withdrawn, and for the moment the heavenly visitant converses with men face to face. Do you wonder that there was fear among those shepherds, but listen—"Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Such was heaven's message to

earth. Fear was to be displaced by "great joy" because a Saviour was born. Thus the source of joy is the Saviour, and this was evidenced wherever He went and proved by all who received Him. Can my reader rejoice in the knowledge of Christ the Lord as his personal Saviour? None need be without this "great joy," for the message was to "all people," but the Lord is not a Saviour to anyone whom He has not saved, and so all who are still unsaved know not this "great joy." Ask yourself the question now, do I know my Saviour?

Multitudes rejoiced in His presence as He went about Galilee preaching . . . and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. Read the closing verses of Matt. 4.

"The blind rejoiced to hear the cry
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'"

What a transformation for a blind man to immediately receive his sight. Look at that man of Luke 18. From sitting by the road-side begging, we see him following Jesus into Jericho, glorifying God with all the people. And do you wonder that Zacchæus in the next chapter should desire to see Jesus who He was? What a surprise was in store for the little man hid among the branches, but it ended with joy, for "he made haste and came down and received Him joyfully."

But you say, that was all right when Jesus was near at hand—can He give joy now? Yes! After He had died and rose again and returned to the Father in heaven, we learn of this same "great joy" being experienced where His Gospel was preached. "Philip went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ unto them . . . and the people gave heed . . . and there was great joy in that city" (Acts 8. 5, 8). And further on we learn of an African eunuch who heard the same message in the desert, and in such barren surroundings he found the joy that Jerusalem with all its religion could not give, for he believed, was baptized, and "went on his way rejoicing." Read the story for yourself in Acts 8. No other book has a message of joy like the Bible. If you wish to rejoice forever, you must be fit to enter heaven and join in the

eternal song of the redeemed, and this is only possible by receiving the Saviour who made it possible when He died for you. Continue to neglect Him and finally you will be eternally lost, to experience eternal woe without one joyful note to cheer the gloom and sadness of those who spurned the Saviour. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Repent in time, and "have the joy-bells ringing in your heart."

Elsie Steedman, a Scottish girl of seventeen years, who delights to read the "Watchman" and pass it on to a friend, would like

an overseas pen-friend about her own age.

Elsie was brought to know the Saviour at the early age of seven, and corresponds with quite a number of friends in the British Isles. Addressed c/o The "Watchman" Office, Sturrock Street, Kilmarnock, first letters will be re-directed, enabling friends to get into direct touch.

How many readers can speak of conversion before twelve years of age? We will be glad to hear from all such and pass on some helpful literature. Let us hear from you.

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

LIZZIE'S BEST CHRISTMAS.

IN a little seaport town on the Firth of Clyde, there lived a little girl whose name was Lizzie. She was the eldest of the family, having a brother and sister. Her mother loved the Lord, and ever since Lizzie's baby-days she had earnestly prayed that the Lord would early save her little girl. It was a trial to her mother's faith and patience, to see her growing up beside her yet unsaved, and she sought every means to bring home to her soul the solemn verities of sin and judgment. For a long time the truth seemed to gain but little hold upon her conscience, and she heard as if she heard it not.

The first time I remember seeing her was when she was a little over ten years of age, and I thought then she was one of the most careless young girls I had ever seen. She came every night to a children's meeting, bringing her brother with her, but it was no easy matter to get a word spoken to her individually as to the state of her soul. The very moment that the first meeting was over she made a dash for the door, dragging her little brother behind her, lest any of the Lord's people might get hold of her and speak to her. We always allowed her to go without any attempt being made to detain her, for we must not *force* the young heart open to receive the Gospel, or too prematurely urge upon a soul not fully awakened to see its need before God, a confession of receiving Christ.

Days and weeks sped on, and still Lizzie came to hear the Word and still she kept aloof from Christ. Many of her school-mates were being saved, and they were

praying for, and speaking to her. At last the first sign of anxiety was seen, and the once careless Lizzie's face wore an anxious look. Deep down within her soul, the Word of God was doing its work of conviction, and she could hide it no longer. Lizzie kept her seat at the close of the address one evening, with her head bowed, and the tear in her eye. I spoke a few words to her, and she sobbed bitterly.

"O, how I wish I was saved," she said.

"Well, Lizzie," I said, "I am very sure that God wishes your salvation too, and I know that He will save you to-night if you are willing to be saved in His way. You must receive Christ to be your own personal Saviour, and believe that He died on the Cross for your transgressions. You know He says in His Word the 'Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,' and I know He means what He says. The only open question between your soul and God to-night, Lizzie, is whether you will *receive* or *reject* the Christ of God. On your decision hangs your soul's salvation. I must now say good-night, and leave you to settle it with Him."

She did settle it that night, and there was joy in heaven over her salvation, and Lizzie's soul was filled with joy and peace in believing. It was Christmas time, and to Lizzie and her mother it was truly a time of joy. The world was feasting and jesting in supposed commemoration of a rejected Saviour's birth; but Lizzie, with her young companions in Christ, were rejoicing with the heavenly host, as did the Bethlehem shepherds over a Saviour found.



MEN OF LETTERS

XXI.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was 1897. In England there were scenes of great rejoicing and much thanksgiving was offered to God for His goodness during her long reign. But there were also serious happenings to give cause for anxiety. It was a year of woe in India, where battle, plague and famine prevailed. The nation was within two years of the South African War. It was not unlike 1938 in some respects. People were worrying as to where the government leaders were guiding them. The present Prime Minister's father who was Colonial Secretary was accused of trying to force a war policy on the country.

These circumstances affected different people in different ways. In one striking case it caused a well-known writer to write a poem which is now regarded by many as a hymn. The *Times* of London published Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional." The first verse is not unrelated to conditions at the end of this year.

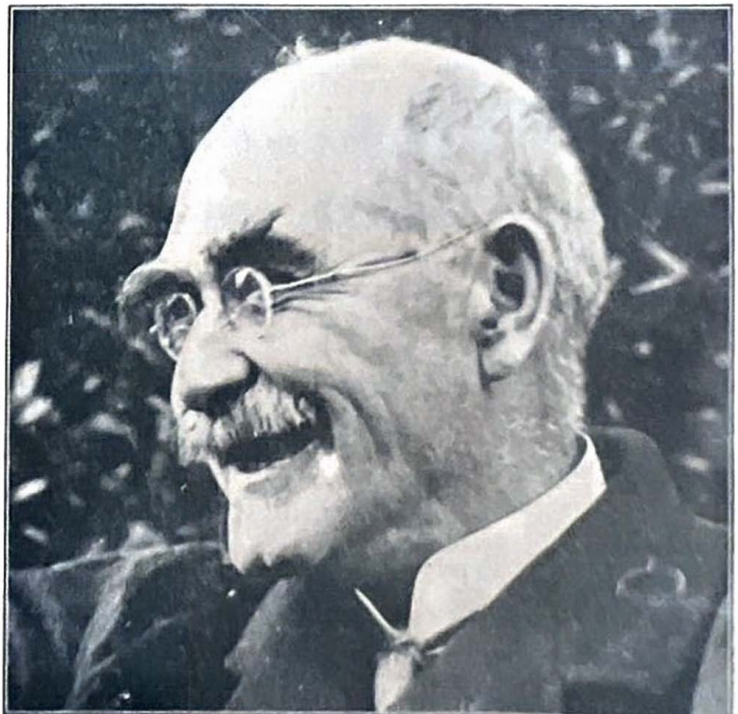
"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice
A broken and a contrite heart.
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Kipling was born at Bombay, India, on December 30, 1865. He was educated at North Devon, England, and returned to India where he worked as a journalist. While engaged in journalism he wrote stories and poems that brought his name before the public. He wrote of army life in an entertaining way, and his love for his country and his patriotism made him popular with many. He earned a world-wide reputation. He passed away on January 18, 1936, in his seventieth year.

Kipling was once asked an un-

usual question in unusual circumstances. Oxford University was conferring degrees on certain prominent citizens, and Kipling went to see the ceremony. One of those to receive a degree on this occasion was the Rev. William Booth whom Kipling had met previously. When he saw Kipling, Booth with his robes on him strode across and said to him, "Young fellow, how's your soul?" It would be interesting to know what Kipling's answer was, but it is not recorded. Probably he did not answer at all.

How would our reader answer that question? What about your soul? In God's Word we learn that the soul may prosper as well as the body. We learn also that it may be lost or saved. Moreover, we learn that all the world is not to be compared in value to one soul. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul" (Matt. 16. 26). Not one soul could have been saved had not



RUDYARD KIPLING.

the Lord Jesus, God's Son, provided salvation by His death on the cross. Every saved soul has come to Him and believed on Him. Their believing is called believing "unto the saving of the soul" (Heb. 10. 39).

The Gospel is a message of salvation for lost souls. "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). Noah and his family were saved *in* the ark *from* the waters of the flood. "The ark—wherein—eight souls were saved by

water" (1 Pet. 3. 20). Christ is God's Ark to-day. Every saved soul is in Him by faith safe and secure.

Are you in the Ark? Is your soul saved? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). For if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9).

W. HARRISON.



Our Monthly Chorus——No. 34.

L.S.D. (Love So Divine)

KEY G. Words and Music by R. G. MOWAT.

{ .s, d :d | d m :- m | r d :d .l, | s, :- .s, d :d }

'Tis L. S. D. by God to sin - ners giv'n, For you and

{ | d m :- m | s m :r d | r m f | s :- s | l s :- m }

me Paid at the Bank of Heav'n; And the poor in spi - rit will

{ | r d :d .l, | f :- l | s :s | l s :s f m :r ,r d :- }

yet in Glo - ry shine, Re - deem'd by Je - sus in His Love So Di-vine!

The following alternate words may be used for this tune:

The old-time Gospel is still the same to-day,
The road to Heaven is still the narrow way;
And the door's still open, and all may enter in:
"The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin."

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

By BETH COOMBE-HARRIS.

IT really was a pity! It was a beautifully situated city, every thing delightful, but there was one great drawback, the water was "bad" (2 Kings 2. 19—Darby translation).

Now we all know how important it is to have good water to drink. Illness always comes if the water is bad, if it is "good for nothing."

Something must be done about it, so the men of the city went to the prophet Elisha and just told him about it. They simply stated the case, without making any direct request; they evidently thought God's servant could help them, and they trusted him to do the best for them.

It is most interesting to see what Elisha did. He did not suggest boiling the water or filtering it through charcoal, both good things to do, he went right to the root of the matter. See, he and the men go forth carrying a jar of salt, away out of the city to where a little spring bubbled up. "He went forth to the source of the water" (Darby translation). And there Elisha cast in the salt and said: "Thus saith the Lord, 'I have healed these waters; there shall not be from hence any death, or barren land.' So the waters were healed."

That spring, no doubt looking so innocent and attractive, seems to me like a picture of boys and girls. That sounds a hard thing to say,

but alas it is true! The spring at the source was bad and Jeremiah the prophet wrote these words: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Out of the heart come many bad things, temper, selfishness, pride, untruthfulness, deceit. Like the city that looked so pleasant and the spring so innocent, we too may look quite attractive, and it is only when the Holy Spirit works in our heart that we begin to realise that we are not really as good as we look.

What is to be done about it? Like Elisha we must get to the source to put things right. It was no use trying to improve the water, and it is no use trying to make our outward actions good. We need to pray: "Create in me a clean heart, O Lord."

We often pray: "O God help me to be a good boy or girl," and I am sure the

Heavenly Father understands the child's prayer, but I think we want something deeper. We need that the Lord Jesus shall really come into our hearts to change them, to make us new beings, cleanse us at the source, and then the outside deeds will be pure and true. We cannot do this for ourselves, only the Saviour can, but if we sincerely come to Him and say: "Lord Jesus, please come into my heart, make it new, cleanse away the evil by Thy precious blood," He will do it and keep us day by day.



2 Kings 2. 19-22.

"MONTHLY" LESSONS . FOR THE YOUNG . . .

DECEMBER

By J. S. BORLAND.

WELL, boys and girls, here we are at the last month of the year—December! December, with its snow and sleet, its cold winds, only occasionally tempered by a sun which appears to be afraid to shine. I wonder what lessons we can learn from it! Can we find anything good to say about it? We'll see!

Let us think of it as the

Month of Snow.

I think all boys and girls like to see the snow falling gently, and covering the earth with a beautiful mantle of white. And what rare sport it brings! Snow-balling and sledging, and building queer looking fellows in the backyard. But when the rain comes, and the snow dissolves! Ah, that's a different story! Slush, slush, everywhere! The feet are cold and damp, and many of us change our opinion about the snow which we watched falling like myriad of fairies from the sky.

But don't be too hard on the snow. It has a purpose to serve in the scheme of God. I need not tell you of all the uses of

the snow, but there is one I want you to remember. It enriches the ground, and prepares it for the days of sowing.

Snowing—sowing! That's it! Remember they are closely related not only in the realm of Nature, but in the realm of the spirit. Have you ever asked yourself why Britain is "Great"? Would you think the weather which we have in this country has anything to do with it? Great thinkers say it has. In many other countries in the world they have summer nearly all the year round. Now we are told that the people in these lands are not nearly so energetic as the people who live in countries where the weather has extremes—seasons of heat and seasons of cold. The heat makes them listless if not lazy.

In our country, however, when winter comes, and when the snow falls, we have to make an effort to do things. You know how you have to tear yourself from your bed on a cold winter morning. And how you run and play to keep yourselves warm by sending the blood bounding through



NIAGARA IN WINTER

your veins. So you see the winter makes you energetic, and as I have said already some wise men tell us that it is the foundation of Britain's greatness.

Now, let me ask you who are the best Christians? Do you think it is those who have no winter—no time of snow—in their lives? I don't. History proves that the noblest Christians are those who have had to face the cold, cold blast. The persecution of the Church has always been a blessing in disguise. It has taken the dross from the silver.

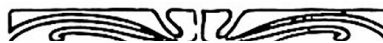
Perhaps many of us would be better Christians if we knew more about what it is to suffer for Christ's sake.

Then I want you to think of the snow preparing the ground for the great and bountiful harvest which is to follow. You are young, and you do not fully appreciate the necessity for a winter-time in your life. You do not understand why God allows hardships and suffering to come. Yes, and perhaps it is hard for you to think of God as a God of Love. Young friends, never question the love of God in the light of Calvary. His well-beloved Son suffered there, but God loved Him just the same as when He was with Him in heaven. The Cross, might I say, was the winter-time of Christ. But the Spring, the Summer and the Autumn have followed. To-day, Jesus Christ is seeing the travail of His soul and is rejoicing in the knowledge that He is bringing many sons to glory—the fruit of His sorrow and suffering.

Think of Him when you are passing through those winter experiences of the soul. God has something good behind it. Let Him work quietly and patiently. As Cowper has said—"The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower."

Then there is the lesson for the unsaved to learn. The Psalmist once prayed—"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Whiter than snow! Can anything really be whiter than snow? Of course there can. The snow is not pure. As it falls from the clouds it collects the impurities in the air, and when it reaches the ground it may seem very pure, but watch it when the thaw comes, and the snow is turned into water. Would you like to drink any of that snow-water? I am sure you would not, for it is far from being crystal clear.

Now God uses this figure of the snow to teach us how He cleanses the sinner. He makes the penitent sinner "whiter than the snow." There are no smirches or impurities where the blood of Jesus Christ has been applied, for it cleanseth from all sin. I wonder if God sees your heart pure and clean, whiter than the snow? It can be if you trust the merits of the cleansing blood. And your heart cannot be cleansed of its sin any other way. Then come to Jesus Christ to-day—this day in the last month of another year—and receive cleansing and forgiveness from God's hands, and enter the New Year happy in His love and determined to serve and follow Him and lead others to the cleansing fountain.



ETERNITY!

Eternity! Even as a sphere

No end and no beginning shows,
No first, no last in thee appear,

Thou hast no start, thou hast no close.
Thought's baffled pinions vainly try.
To sweep thy range, Eternity.

Eternity! How long, how wide

A ring whose ever-widening round
Expanding still, as cycles glide,

Finds not, and ne'er shall find, a bound.
Dread ring! thy centre's name is "EVER,"
While thy circumference is "NEVER."

Reader, what is your hope for eternity? That man is wise, as the poet writes, who oft and rightly thinks on that future when time shall be no more. May you be able to look forward with calm assurance, and this be your confession:

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

BIBLE READING AND BURGLARY.

Burglary insurance differs between Boston, New York and Chicago—so does daily Bible reading in the schools. In Boston the Bible has been read daily in the public schools for sixty-five years—burglary insurance is \$12.00 per 1,000. The New York Schools (we learn from "The Gideon") have had daily Bible reading for twenty-two years—burglary insurance is \$22.00. In Chicago it is \$27.50, but the Bible has been excluded from all the schools for thirty years.

Mark the nations, the cities, the homes and the hearts where the Word of God is honoured and lived—they are easily found, for "them that honour Me, I will honour."

Don't depend on the schools. Read the Bible at home.



XVII.—THE GREAT BIBLE.

BY RAYMOND H. BELTON.

"**L**ORD, open the King of England's eyes," was the prayer of the dying Tyndale—a prayer that was abundantly answered.

In September, 1538, the command was issued that a copy of the Bible was to be "set up" in every parish Church in the country. The edition of the Bible used for this purpose came to be known as the Great Bible, or sometimes the Chained Bible, because copies were chained to the desks for safe keeping. Some copies still remain.

The Royal Decree was issued in the following quaint phraseology:

"Ye shall provyde . . . one boke of the whole Bible of the largest volume in Englyshe, and the same sett up in summe

convenyent place within the said church that ye have cure of, whereas your parishners may most commodiously resort to the same and rede yt; the charges of which boke shall be ratablie born between you the parson and the parishners aforesaid, that ys to say, the one half be yowe, and th'other half by them.

"That ye discourage no man pryvely or apertly from the readinge or hearing of the same Bible, but shall expresslye provoke, steve and exhorte every parson to rede the same, as that which ys the verye lively worde of God, that every christen man is bownde to embrace, beleve and folowe yf he loke to be saved; admonyshinge them neverthesse, to avoid all contention, or altercation therin, and to use an honest sobrietye in the inquisition of the true sense of the same; and refer th'explication of obscure places to men of higher judgement in Scripture."

The effect of the reading of the Bible was apparent. The people could now see for themselves what God had said in His Word, and errors in doctrine, life and worship could be detected. Before the work of the glorious Reformation was to have free course England was yet to



READING THE "GREAT" OR "THE CHAINED" BIBLE.

pass through a period of darkness and persecution, but the setting up of the Word of God, with Royal authority, was a mighty event, whose influence cannot be overestimated.

"England," wrote J. R. Green, "became

the people of a book, and that book was the Bible."

JUST THE BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS.

"The Steep Ascent." An exciting story dealing with the troublous times of the Marian martyrdoms. By Raymond H. Helton. From John Ritchie, Ltd., Kilmarnock. 1/6 (1/10 post free).

Treasure Seeking for the Young.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 11.—QUESTIONS—MAN.—(Part 1).

1. Why did God create man? Rev. 4.
2. How did God create man? Gen. 1.
3. How did God make woman? Gen. 2.
4. What material did He use in creating man? Gen. 2.
5. Is man a threefold being? 1 Thess. 5.
6. Name three of man's faculties. (a) Rom. 10; (b) Rom. 12; (c) Lev. 1.
7. Where did God put man? Gen. 2.
8. Over what did man have dominion? Gen. 1.
9. What was man's work? Gen. 2.
10. Could he converse with God? Gen. 3.
11. Could he do as he pleased? Gen. 2.
12. Did he obey God? Gen. 3.

No. 10.—ANSWERS—ANGELS.—(Part 2).

1. Psa. 104. 4.
2. Acts 27. 23.
3. (a) Psa. 91. 11; (b) Matt. 18. 10; (c) Matt. 26. 53.
4. Dan. 6. 22.
5. Acts 12. 6-10.
6. Luke 16. 22.
7. Matt. 24. 31.
8. Heb. 2. 2.
9. Jude 9.

10. (a) Matt. 4. 11; (b) Luke 22. 43.

11. 1 Cor. 6. 3.

12. Col. 2. 18.

—Berean.



Marion Hutchinson, the subject of last month's "Canadian Penfriends' Conversations," No. 2.

An Essay on God's Way of Salvation.

By Irene Snape, aged 11 years.

After listening to an address, the children of Blurton Sunday School were asked to write an essay, and this is what Irene Snape wrote:—

We read in the Bible, and the Bible is God's message to the world, that God looked down and saw that the people were very, very wicked, and something must be done to save them from sin and death. Their sins were so bad that no gold or jewels or anything else could pay the price for them. Jesus came on the earth a perfect one in every way. He was gentle, loving, obedient; He healed the sick and the tormented, and He raised the dead. He was the Son of God. The time came when the price had to be paid, and what did God do—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have

everlasting life."

The price was paid when Jesus Christ was nailed to the cross at Calvary, when they nailed His hands and feet and pierced his side, and the blood flowed from his side—the blood which paid the price for all our sins. So it is on the blood of Christ alone that salvation can be had, only trusting on the blood of Christ.

As we are all born in sin, so we are all sinners, but God's way of salvation for every sinner is by trusting in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin;

He only could unlock the gate of heaven and let us in.

OUR CURIOUS MEMORY.

WE try hard to remember, and in spite of our efforts we fail. This is not surprising, but it is a surprising thing that we remember many things we try to forget.

Robert Quillen says this :

"When I was a small boy, it was an adventure to play in one of the village livery stables—chiefly, I suppose, because it was forbidden.

"Playing there, unnoticed by the habits of the place, I frequently heard stories that were not meant for juvenile ears. They were, for the most part, without wit or humour, and the loud guffaws that greeted them were a tribute to unadorned filth.

"These stories entered the clean mind of a boy and made a definite physical mark on his brain cells, as the recording needle makes a lasting impression on a phonograph record.

"That was thirty years ago. I have forgotten many of the rules of grammar and arithmetic so unwillingly learned during that period, but these vile stories still recall themselves at intervals and shame me with their rottenness.

"Think of living for thirty years with

something unclean inside your head ! Think of having in one's mind a host of filth that no art known to men can remove. Use my mind as I will—store it with knowledge and wisdom as best I can—never can I remove from my brain cells the impression made in my boyhood.

"Don't make the mistake I made—that countless others make. Shield your brain from all uncleanness. If you are tempted to see a play or read a book or listen to conversation that isn't clean, ask yourself this question : 'Is this the kind of thing I wish to store in my brain to be my life-time companion?'

"You can't clean a brain after the dirt enters.

"You wouldn't let filth touch your body if you knew it would cling there all your days."

These nasty things that cling so tenaciously to our memory have a way of intruding themselves, like a wet dog, at most inappropriate times. To my young friends especially I would say : Cut this out and read it from time to time.

—Uncle B.—"Grit."

At the Foot of the Cross.

By Paul Gerhardt.*

Here, World, thy great Salvation see
Suspended on the bitter Tree;

Thy Life consents to death!
The Prince of Heaven, the Virgin-born,
Bids hail to pain, contempt, and scorn,
Without a murmuring breath.

Stay near and mark these locks of gore;
That sacred body mantled o'er
With blood and deadly dew;
While pangs of keen mysterious smart
Transfix that pure and loving heart
With anguish wholly new.

Who smites Thee thus, O Stainless One!
Around whose head unclouded shone
The Father's love serene?
In Thee alone of human kind
No crime, no taint of guilt we find,
No spot without, within.

The deed is mine, my sins it was!
I and my sins conspired to cause
That mortal grief of Thine;

My sins, which swell in number more
Than all the sand on ocean's shore
Transpierced Thy heart divine.

My surety Thou hast freely stood,
And paid my ransom with Thy blood,
From death to set me free.
Divinely silent hast Thou borne
Hate, torture, taunt, and wreath of thorn,
All for my sins and me.

By what dear ties to Thee I'm bound,
Through whom I have Salvation found!
Here at Thy feet I fall;
My body, spirit, all I'll raise
One life-long gift of grateful praise:
Though little, 'tis my all.

The author of this tender Passion-hymn was Paul Gerhardt, who was born in 1606, or 1607, in a town in Saxony, where his father was burgomaster. He died in Lübben on 7th June, 1676.

The theme of the hymn is based on Lam. 1. 12: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto Me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger."

R. G. M.

The GUIDING STAR.



*When they saw the star, they rejoiced with
exceeding great joy.*

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,

Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down.
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

—William Chatterton Dix.

