

BUILDING ON THE ROCK





SEASIDE DELIGHTS.

Building on the Rock

An Illustrated Gospel Volume

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“Come again, soon.”



“Come again, soon.”

ONE Thursday evening during the summer, a little family stood at a busy railway station of a large seaside town. Father had been down for the day to spend it with his wife and two little children, and now the time had arrived for him to return to London, and they had all come to see him off. I expect they had all had a happy day-together on the sands and all were very sorry that the parting time had come.

Suddenly the engine whistle warned them that the train was coming in. Father kissed his little family and then turned to get in the train. The little boy ran after him and with tears in his eyes touched his arm. “Can I come with you, Dad?” he asked. “Oh, no, you must stay and take care of Mother,” said his father. “I do want to come with you,” he pleaded. He was trying hard not to cry, but he felt very sad, and the tears would come, for he could not bear to think that his father was going away again and leaving them all behind. But his father wanted him to have a good holiday by the sea, and he had to go back to work, so he gave him another kiss and said goodbye again.

“You’ll come again, won’t you, Dad?”

“Yes, my boy.”

“You’ll come again soon, won’t you?”

“Yes, all right. Goodbye!” And then he was gone.

The little boy had waved to his father as long as it was possible to see him, but now he had to turn back to his

mother. Of course he would still have plenty of fun playing on the beach, but he felt sad because his father would not be there to share in his pleasure, and he simply longed for the day when his father would return.

Oh! I wonder how many of you boys and girls are really longing for the Lord Jesus to return. You know the disciples felt sad when they saw Jesus go back to heaven. They loved Him so much that they were unhappy when they thought that perhaps He had gone for ever. But their hearts were comforted when the angels spoke to them and said, “This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.”

He has not come yet, but He may do so any day, and only those who are ready for Him will hear Him come and go to be with Him. Those of you who are putting off the salvation of your souls, who have not yet had your sins washed away, remember that there won’t be time when Jesus comes. He will come in the twinkling of an eye, and if you are not ready you will be left behind. “Behold, now is the day of salvation.”

And those of you who do love the Lord Jesus, are you watching for Him to return? He does not want you to look sad and be miserable, but it must grieve Him that so many people are so occupied with their earthly pleasures that they quite forget Him and are not really *longing* for Him to come.

May all of you, dear readers, be both ready and watching for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

What became of the Stowaways.

I EXPECT you all know what a stowaway is. He is a person who goes aboard a ship without paying his fare, and hides away till the ship is well out to sea. This is to try to get a free passage to the place the steamer is bound for. There are not many cases now-a-days as the gangways are carefully watched, and when one is discovered he is usually put off at the first port of call and sent back.

Not long ago on a liner from Australia bound for England, a family of stowaways was found asleep on the deck ! There were a father and mother and three small children. They had walked aboard when no one was looking and wanted badly to be taken to England. But that was not all ! Another family of three sisters was soon discovered hiding in a room below.

What was to be done with them all ? They had no money to pay their fares and the captain could not take them free. He must put them off at the first port. It seemed very hard but it was right and just.

As I thought of this, it struck me that perhaps some of you were trying to get to heaven without having your fare paid. But that won't do. God's claims must be met or you can never enter there. And the sad fact is that you are utterly unable to pay the fare yourself. You have no good deeds of your own. You are a sinner and everything you do is stained with sin, so that nothing you can do is of any merit in the eyes of God. So if it depends on you in any way you will never enter that bright home above.

Well, to return to our stowaways. There seemed to be nothing for them but to be put off the ship as soon as possible. Then something happened. The other passengers offered to pay for some of them. Ah, the captain could not refuse to carry them to England if their fares were paid ! So the money was paid down and those who shortly since were stowaways, afraid to be seen and hoping they might get to England, were now passengers, with the rights of passengers, and the right to be carried to England—not because of anything they had done, but because others had paid the fare. Those who were not paid for were put off at the first port of call.

How like saved sinners ! Jesus has paid the fare for us. He shed His precious blood to redeem us and believing in Him we are saved. Now instead of fearing and hoping that God would pass by sin and let us into heaven, we know that we have a right there through the work of the Son of God. He died for sinners and on the cross He cried "It is finished." He had finished the work of redemption and opened a way into heaven itself for all who believe on Him.

Reader, is your fare paid ? Are you doing your best or depending on your good deeds to satisfy God ? You will never get to heaven in that way. Your good deeds are of no value in the eyes of God. But He asks nothing from you now but simple faith in the Saviour He has provided. Will you take Him as your own ?

" He paid the debt !
He paid it with His blood ;
Each claim He satisfied—
All that we owe to God,
He paid the debt ! "

A Chinese Poster.

I HAVE in my possession the poster of which this picture is the reproduction, and I expect you will be interested to hear how I got it. It was brought over from China by a missionary who had been there many years, and had often pasted up this kind of poster on walls and sides of houses and preached to the people from them. When he came over he had a few among his luggage and he gave this one to me.

When I saw it I did just what you feel like doing, that is, I asked questions about it. What is it all about? What is the writing all round and on the book? I expect you will like to know the answer to these questions.

Well, the poster presents the Bible as "food" or "bread." The picture at the bottom is of a colporteur coming to a house where they are having a meal, and he holds up a New Testament and asks, "Sir, have

you eaten of the spiritual Food?" referring to the Book he holds in his hand. Ah! here is a question for us. Have we read the Bible to-day? Do we value it as our food? There was one of old who said that he esteemed it more than his necessary food.

Oh! that we might value it more and study it more; we should then prove the truth of what is written down the right side of the poster where we read, "To study the Scriptures will increase your spiritual strength." We all know we take our daily food to make us healthy and strong, and so God has given us His Word that we might feed upon it and so become strong for Him here in this



Kindly lent by "Young China."

world.

Do you ask, "What is the book at the top of the picture?" It is like an opened Bible, and written in large clear Chinese characters is that verse we read in Luke 4. 4, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every

word of God." Oh, if this is a message for the Chinese who bow down to idols, is it not also a message to us here, where Bibles are to be found in nearly every home, and yet are so often neglected and not read? Can we not thank God that we live in the land of the open Bible? But what are we doing with it? Do we let it teach us? It is able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

As we were looking at this poster and other similar ones, the wife of the missionary said to us with tears in her eyes, "These make me feel home-sick for China." She just longs for the time when she will be able to return and tell the Chinese again of Jesus the precious Saviour, because she knows the truth of what is written down the left hand side of the picture, where we read "To proclaim the Lord's doctrine will save the people."

I wonder if you are saved; whether you have yet taken the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and confessed His Name. The verse at the top right hand corner reads "I am the food (or bread) of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger." John 6. 35. Oh, if you have not yet come to Him, come to-day, and He will fill and satisfy your heart.

Trusting the precious Bible,
Reading the written Word,
Searching its sacred pages,
Learning of Christ the Lord—
This is the path of blessing,

Thus may we God obey.
Oh! then let us look in the blessed Book
At the morn and the close of day.

Tune: C.S.S.M. Choruses 119.

Safety in Numbers.

THAT is often true. Weak nations have often made alliances with strong ones for their own protection against powerful neighbours. Wolves hunt in packs; and elephants and other wild animals keep together in herds as a protection against their enemies of the forest or the field. If a traveller wishes to cross the desert or a piece of country infested with robbers, he joins a caravan and so feels safe from danger. And in times of danger or trouble most people like to be in the company of others.

But the saying is not true when it is a question of escaping the punishment of God for doing wrong. No doubt the people whom Noah warned said to themselves, "It is true we are doing wrong, and deserve to be punished, but everybody's doing it." Yes, but although they sinned together, they had to die one by one. A boy in the class will sometimes break the rules and get into mischief in order to win the applause of the other boys, and because he thinks he won't be found out in the crowd. But although the master may make a mistake, God never does, for His word says, "The soul that sinneth *it* shall die."

We sin one by one, and in order to escape the punishment due to us, we must come to the Saviour one by one. Each one must take for himself or herself the gift of God. Don't lose yourself in the crowd. God has His eye on *you* and wants to bless *you*.

An invalid Christian man who was anxious about the salvation of his little daughter, said to her one evening, "My dear, bring me my medicine."

The request was of course promptly obeyed.

"Now, dearie," said he, "drink it."

"Drink it, Father?"

"Yes, dear, drink it."

"But, Father, it will not do you any good if I drink it."

"No, my child, it will not. And now listen. Just as you cannot take any medicine for me, so I cannot take Christ for you. I can pray for you, and speak to you; but remember, you must take Christ for yourself."

You must take Christ for yourself. Your safety does not consist in numbers, but in having the Saviour.

A New Year's Promise.

Through another year of mercies

We have each been safely brought;

Day by day fresh blessings bringing

From the One Who slumbers not,

Nor forgets us.

His is love that changeth not.

God in love has all things given

For us richly to enjoy,

But His greatest gift is Jesus:

May HIS praise our tongues employ.

Trusting Jesus

Fills our hearts with peace and joy.

As the New Year now we enter

May we trust Him day by day,

Leaning on His blessed promise,

"I am with thee all the way

To protect thee:

I will be thy Guide away."

Young Believers' Column.

I WANT to pass on to you an acrostic which I saw some time ago. You will find it easy to remember and I believe it may prove a real help to you.

Four Acts in a Christian's life.

Admit the Lord Jesus into your heart.

Commit your all to Him.

Transmit the message of His love to others.

Submit your will to His in everything.

Let us go over these four *acts* one by one. The very first act which brought us immediate blessing was that one which answered to the well-known lines of that hymn which we have so often sung—

"Have you any room for JESUS,

Him Who bore the load of sin?

As He knocks and seeks admission,

Sinner, will you let Him in?"

The moment you swung open the door of your heart and admitted Him, what blessing was yours! He had often knocked before and sought admittance, but the latch had to be lifted by you, and once you let Him in you proved what a Saviour you had found. Yes, we have a wonderful Saviour—One Whose love led Him to die for us, and Whose love followed us every step till we were led to Himself, and then we find His love is ever the same, faithful, full and free.

Have we ever regretted *that first act*? I'm sure we have not, and what is more, it has only led on to the other *acts*, each of which, as we shall see later, brings more blessing with it.



The Lost Foxhound.

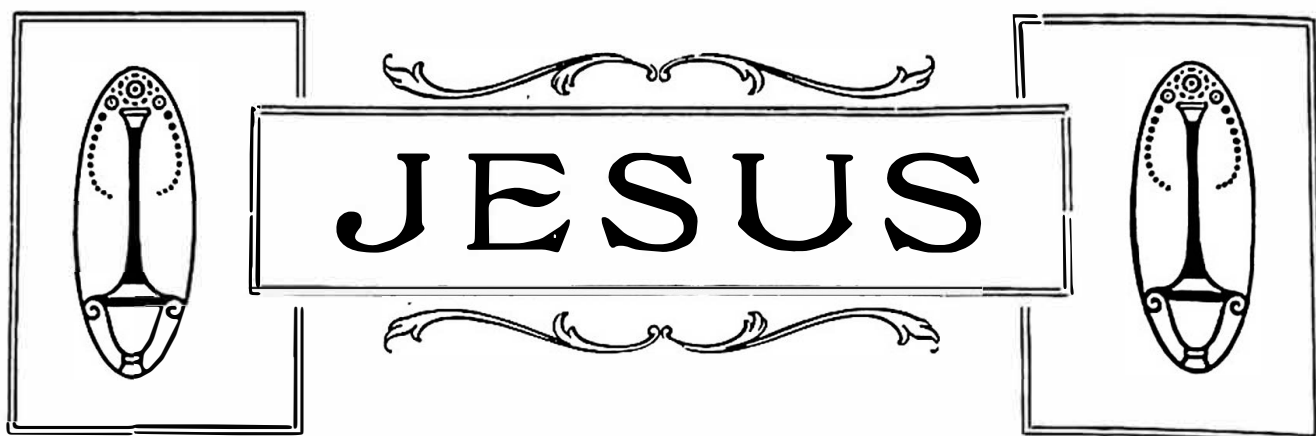


WHAT a strange sight to see on board a liner ! A number of dogs being exercised ! How you boys and girls would love to have watched them ! They were valuable foxhounds being taken by ship from England to India.

After their exercise on deck was over, to the dismay of those in charge of them, one of the foxhounds' was missing ! The dog's collar was hanging empty but the dog was nowhere to be found. They hunted everywhere, but at last they gave up the search and told the captain of their loss. The dog must certainly have fallen overboard.

The captain was a kind man, and as soon as he heard what had happened, he turned his ship round in search of the lost dog. They went back a long way and had almost given up hope. But just after the vessel turned round to continue her journey the lost dog was seen a short distance away. How pleased everyone was ! They lowered a boat, and the poor dog was hauled aboard very exhausted. At first they thought it would die, but they looked after it well and it quite recovered.

What a lot of trouble was taken to save that dog ! No doubt they knew it was a valuable dog and they did not want to lose it. But boys and girls are of far more value, for they each have a soul within them which will live for ever. The Lord Jesus knew the value of our souls, and He came all the way from heaven to die for us. Unless He had borne the punishment of our sins, our souls could never have been saved. But He loved us so much that He died for us. He is living now in heaven, and He wants you to believe in Him ; then He will take you one day to live with Him for ever.



Why did HE come?

To seek the lost	-	.	-	<i>Luke</i> 19. 10.
To save sinners	-	-	-	<i>1 Tim.</i> 1. 15.
To give life	-	-	-	<i>John</i> 10. 10.

How does HE save?

By His suffering on the cross	-		-	<i>1 Pet.</i> 3. 18.
By His death	-	-	-	<i>1 Cor.</i> 15. 3.
To the uttermost	-	-	-	<i>Heb.</i> 7. 25.

From what does HE save?

From sin	-	-	-	<i>Matt.</i> 1. 21.
From wrath	-	-	-	<i>Rom.</i> 5. 9.

When does HE save?

Now	-	-	-	<i>2 Cor.</i> 6. 2.
This day	-	-	-	<i>Luke</i> 19. 9.

HOW THE MISSING GLASSES WERE FOUND.



How the Missing Glasses were Found.

THE children had had a splendid morning. Directly after breakfast, accompanied by Mother, they had rowed across the lake to Blueberry Island. This island was covered with blueberry bushes, and the luscious berries were just at their best. They had wandered from one bush to another filling their pails and baskets until the whole island had been picked over. Then with pails brimming over, in spite of the many berries eaten by the way, they jumped into the boat to row back to the farmhouse where they had been spending the last fortnight of their holidays.

How quickly the days had passed, and now here was the last one and to-morrow would see them speeding back to the city and to school! Well, it was some consolation to have such lots of berries to take home and how good the blueberry jam and blueberry pies would taste!

Some hours later, when the children were out in the orchard, Mother came to the door and called to them, "Children, I have lost my glasses, and I am afraid they must have fallen from my bag when we were over on the island this morning."

This was a serious loss, as they knew the glasses had been specially made for Mother in England, and without them she could not read or sew.

"Well, Mother dear," said Grace, "we must all row over to the island and search for them." "But it seems hopeless to search for so small a thing amongst all those bushes," said Charles,

"and besides it will soon be getting dark." "But we can row across anyway," said Henry, who dearly loved to row and welcomed any excuse for another hour on the lake.

The children turned and began to race down to the little beach, but Mother quickly called them back. "Before you go, children, let us go inside and ask God to guide you in your search, for He tells us, 'In everything' to make known our requests to Him, and to ask Him for the wisdom we need." So they went upstairs to Mother's room and knelt down while Mother in a few simple words asked God to allow the lost glasses to be found, and she did not forget to thank Him for all the happy days spent in that lovely countryside.

Then the children rushed down to the lake and loosed the boat, and quickly sped across the water to Blueberry Island. "I've brought my rod," said Henry, "because when the sun begins to go down it will be too dark to search and I can fish."

As soon as they reached the island they spread out to search amongst the trees and bushes. The two youngest went off together and as they walked Grace said to her brother, "You know I don't believe it would have been any use searching among so many bushes if Mother had not prayed about it, but now I think we are sure to find them, don't you?" "Yes," he agreed, "somehow I feel sure we will."

Just then, raising his eyes, he saw something in a bush near by glitter in the rays of the afternoon sun. "There they are, I think" he added,

and running over to the bush, sure enough, there were the missing glasses hanging on a low branch.

A loud shout quickly brought the others over, and when they saw the glasses they all marvelled that the search should have been successful in so short a time. Then with one accord they gladly started for home, anxious to let Mother know that her prayer had been answered.

The boy who found the glasses has now grown to be a man, but very often in times of difficulty he has remembered the lesson learnt that day. He has himself often proved that no request is too small to make known to God, for the Word of God tells us, "Be careful for *nothing* ; but in *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Phil. 4. 6.

But perhaps some of you will say, "Mother is always telling us to be careful," so let us find another verse that will explain what this carefulness means. It does not mean that we are to be careless and indifferent to what we are taught, nor to what happens to us, but that if we are trusting in the Lord Jesus we do not need to be full of care and worry.

Do you remember reading about when Peter was in prison waiting to

be put to death ? The night before he was to be brought out to die he was sleeping soundly. Wouldn't you think that he had good reason to be full of care and worry ? How was it that he could sleep ? It was because he knew that he was still safe in the care of God. Perhaps he thought of Psalm 4. 8, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep : for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." That night God delivered him, and many years later when writing a letter to those who knew the Lord Jesus, he wrote these words, "*Casting all your care upon Him ; for He careth for you.*"—1 Pet. 5. 7.

The Power of Prayer.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love which never fails
When earthly loves decay.

But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."

Prov. 3. 5.

Once too often.

EMILY came from a very poor home. Her clothes were always old, and often ragged, and her face and hands usually wanted washing. Her mother went out to work, so she was not able to go home every day to dinner; instead she packed her up a little parcel to take to school.

When the other children were at their homes, sitting round the table and enjoying a nice hot dinner, little Emily would sit on the doorstep or in a corner of the playground and open her packet. It did not take long to eat the crusts of bread and jam her

mother provided and then she was at a loss for something to do, as her little companions would not have returned for a game. So Emily amused herself; she used to go out into the high road and jump on the back of a cart to be taken for a ride.



Occasionally the driver would catch sight of her and using his whip, make her get off quickly. More often she was unnoticed, and would manage to hang on for a long time. If the cart stopped suddenly or went round a corner unexpectedly Emily would

have to jump off, perhaps in the midst of the traffic and dodge about to get on the pavement. Then she would have to wait for a returning vehicle to take her back to school, and she had many narrow escapes while racing down the middle of the road trying to overtake a cart.

Many, many times was Emily warned

against her dangerous game. She simply loved it, and no threats or warnings seemed the least use. She saw no danger, and she wanted to enjoy herself. If the cart took her too far away, or she couldn't manage to catch one, Emily was late for school

in the afternoon, but no scoldings, no punishments made any difference, and she got quite tired of being told that one day she would be sure to have an accident.

Emily's teacher left the school, but one afternoon she went in to see the children, and on looking round she missed one familiar face.

"Where is Emily?" she asked.

"In hospital!" several children replied.

"In hospital? Why? What is the matter with her?"

"Oh, her usual game. She was riding on the back of a cart—fell off—and was run over by a motor car coming behind, and was badly hurt."

Poor little Emily! She had done it once too often. She was sure that nothing would ever happen; she had taken no notice of all the warnings and now she was bearing the consequences of her foolishness.

Dear boys and girls, do not shut your ears to the warnings of judgment to come. God has appointed a day in which He will judge this world, and if you have not taken shelter under the precious blood of Christ now, while you have the chance, it will be too late to be saved then.

I can imagine some of you turning over the page and thinking to yourselves, "Oh, I've heard all that before." But it is our earnest desire that you should pay heed to the warning before the danger comes. If only Emily had listened to the kind friends who warned her she would not have met with her serious accident.

The Lord Jesus knew that God could

not look upon sin and rather than you should be punished for your sins, He bore the punishment of them, nearly 1,900 years ago, if you will only believe that He suffered on the cross in your stead.

**"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IF
WE NEGLECT SO GREAT
SALVATION?"**

A Night of Terror.

I WAS brought up in a Christian home. My father and mother knew the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and often talked of Him to us children. Especially did my father often talk of the Lord's coming, of how He might come at any moment to take to Himself all those who believe in Him and have their sins forgiven. This subject always alarmed me. I was in fear that the Lord would come and I should be left behind, for I knew I was not ready to go.

One night, after one of these talks, I went to bed but not to sleep, as I was so troubled. At last I sank into a restless sleep as I had often done of late. Suddenly there was a tremendous noise as of a great explosion. I sprang from my bed, shaking with fear. What could it be? Then like a flash it came to me. "The Lord has come and I am left behind for judgment."

Terror-stricken and trembling I put on a few clothes and opened my door. The house was as silent as the grave, as I groped my way downstairs to my parents' room. At each step my terror increased. I felt sure that when

I reached my father's room I should find him gone. Foolishly I knocked at the door, never expecting to get a reply. Strangely enough I did not think of my mother at all. When she opened the door, she exclaimed, "What is the matter?" "Oh," I cried, "is Father there?" "Of course he is here," she replied. "Oh, but Mother, are you sure? Do let me see him." To calm me, she let me look at Father quietly sleeping in bed.

I went back to my room and cried to God to save me, to give me the assurance of sins forgiven, so that if the Lord should come, I should be caught up together with His own. Thank God, He heard me and I found peace in believing. I am now over seventy years of age, but I have never forgotten my night of terror and thank Him for it.

There really was an explosion that night in the town where I lived, which woke me up, although my parents did not hear it. But God used it to my blessing. I learned to believe in the Lord Jesus, Who put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and now I am waiting for that glorious moment when I shall be caught up to be forever with Him.

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. 24. 44.

Young Believers' Column.

Four ACTS in a Christian's Life.

Admit the Lord Jesus into your heart.

Commit your all to Him.

Transmit the message of His love to others.

Submit your will to His in everything.

WE were looking recently at the first act in our Christian life, which was fraught with so much blessing to our souls, when we *admitted* the Lord Jesus into our hearts. Now let us look at another definite act which is also followed by much blessing.

The apostle Paul writing in 2 Tim. 1. 12, says, "I know **WHOM** I have believed, and am persuaded that **HE** is able to keep that which I have *committed unto Him* against that day." He certainly had acted on this—*Commit your all to Him*, and he was persuaded that what he had thus committed was safe.

How much have we committed in glad surrender to Christ? What about our **HEARTS**? Are they wholly committed to Him? He will keep them if committed to His care. What about our **HANDS**? Are they surrendered to Him to do His bidding? He would have us commit our hands to Him. What about our **LIPS**? Are they committed to Him to keep? The Psalmist could say, "Keep the door of my lips," and He will if we commit them to Him. What about our **THOUGHTS**? Is every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ?

We have committed *our past* to Him, what about *our present* and *our future*?

"Not my own!" to Christ my Saviour

I, believing, trust my soul;

Everything to Him committed.

While eternal ages roll.



"One of His Lambs."

IT was Sunday evening. Jessie and her sister were sitting as usual listening to the Gospel story.

The speaker this night was a stranger to them, and Jessie seemed to listen more than usual as he told in simple words that she could understand, of the good Shepherd, Who came from heaven to find His lost sheep.

She had put her trust in the Lord Jesus, and she knew He had washed her sins away in His precious blood, and as she sat there she had a great longing to let the preacher know that she was saved. Just before the meeting ended there rose from her heart a little prayer that he would speak to her, and that she might be able to tell him that she belonged to the good Shepherd.

The closing hymn was sung ; a prayer was offered and the meeting was over. Jessie's heart beat quickly as she rose to leave the Hall. She was a very shy little girl, and yet she did so want to tell someone that she was saved. The preacher stood at the door and with a smile and a handshake he said goodnight to all.

As Jessie came near him, he looked down at her and said kindly, as he shook hands with her, "And are you one of His lambs?" "Yes, I am," said Jessie, with a smile, so pleased that her prayer had been answered, and I think the preacher knew that the words came from her little heart.

I would like to ask each of my little readers the question that the preacher asked little Jessie. "Are you one of Jesus' little lambs?" If not, won't you let Him find you to-day? He died to save you and make you His own.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do **RIGHT ?** Gen. 18. 25.

The word of the Lord
is
RIGHT.

Psa. 33. 4.

The statutes of the
Lord are
RIGHT.

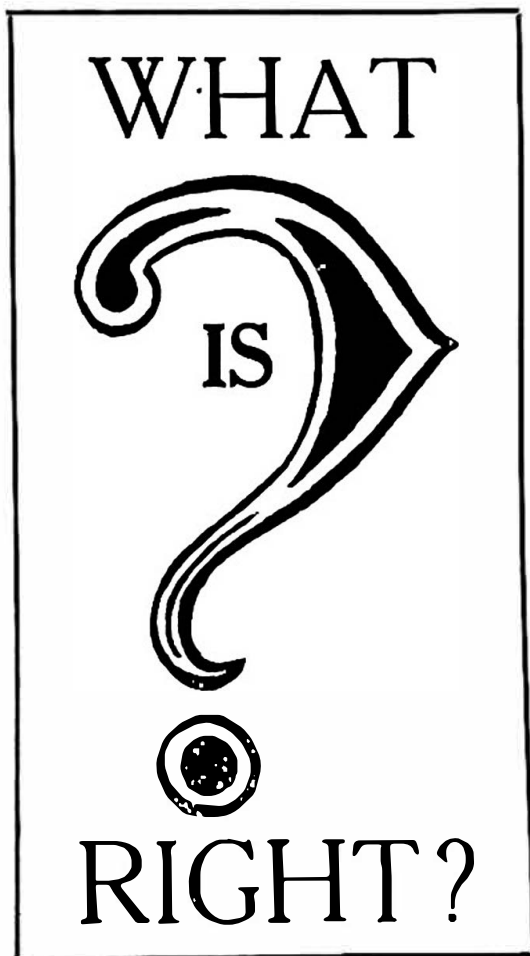
Psa. 19. 8.

The ways of the Lord
are
RIGHT.

Hos. 14. 9.

I the Lord . . .
declare
things
that are
RIGHT.

Isa. 45. 19.



A God of truth
and without
iniquity, just and
RIGHT
is **HE.**

Deut. 32. 4.

I know O Lord that
Thy
judgments
are
RIGHT.

Psa. 119. 75.

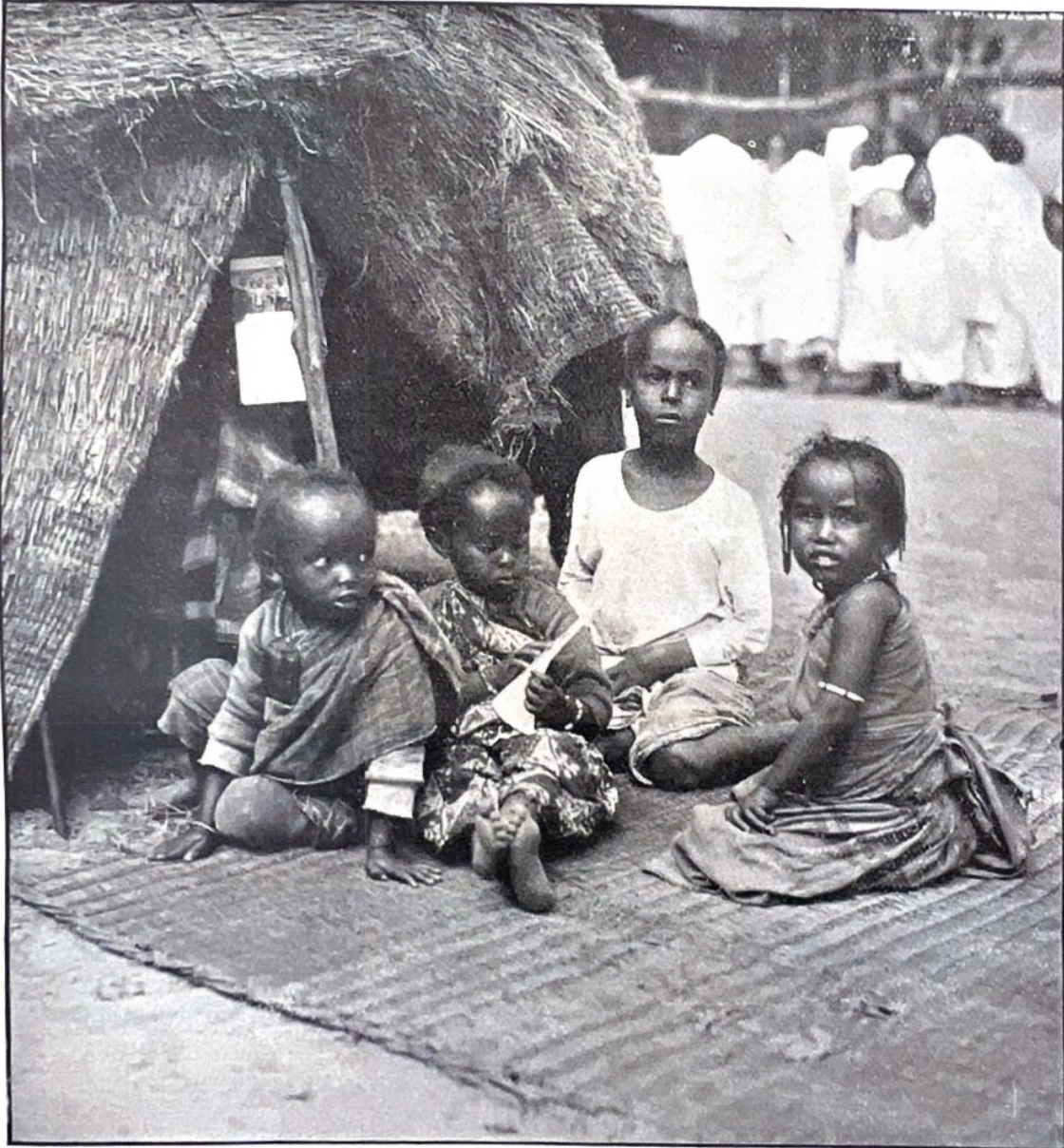
Children, obey your
parents in the
Lord :
for **this** is
RIGHT.

Eph. 6. 1.

I esteem all
Thy precepts
concerning all things
to be
RIGHT.

Psa. 119. 128.

Three Little Homes



By courtesy of Keystone View Co.

AFRICAN CHILDREN.

Three Little Homes.

SOME years ago a Christian lady went out from England to a part of Central Africa where no white woman had ever been before. Two African boys who had learnt to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, went "up country" with her. They were glad to go and help the lady to tell others of His great love. They used to stay for a time in a village and tell the people and then go on to another.

In one village where they stopped a long time there were three little huts close together by themselves, where three brothers lived. Little round huts they were, with a hole at the side for a window, and a larger hole in front for a door. Inside the huts it was more dirty and wretched than words can describe; but the Africans were quite content with their homes; they had never known anything better.

After a little while two of the three brothers, amongst others in the village, learnt to know the Lord Jesus. They listened to what the lady said, for the boys who were with her made them understand what she told them. They soon began to want to live like she did, and to have clean, bright homes too.

The two boys went to help them, and together they cleaned out one of the huts, and burnt all the dirt and rubbish from inside, and cleared round the window and the doorway, so that the light shone full in, and when you looked inside everything was clean and bright.

Then they went to the second hut to help the next brother. He started and cleared away a bit of the rubbish from near the doorway and the win-

dow, so as to let a little light in, but he would not turn out any of the dirt inside the hut, and as you looked in you only saw more plainly how dirty it was!

The third brother would have nothing to do with the light at all, but decided to live on in his dirty old hut in the dark.

Before they moved on from that village the lady showed the people the three huts, and told them that each of them was like one of those little homes, and asked them which they wanted to be like. I am sure my readers will understand what she meant. When the Lord Jesus was here on earth He said, "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness." John 12. 46. Yes, many can say,

"My Saviour died in darkness
That I might live in light.
He closed His eyes in death, that mine
Might have the heavenly light.
He gave up all His glory
And came down here for me;
He took the sinners' place that He
The sinners' Friend might be."

Surely those who know the Saviour's love, and a little of what it cost Him to put away our dark sins, will not want to go on in sin any longer. Let us be like the man in the first little hut, and as the light of God's Word shines into our hearts ask Him to help us to live for Him.

If we have taken the Lord Jesus as our Saviour it should be seen in our ways that we belong to Him. Then we shall not be like the man in the second hut who only let the light show up the dirt which was inside.

May none of my readers be content

to go on in the darkness away from the Saviour like the man in the third little hut.

“The entrance of Thy words giveth light.” Psa. 119. 130.

“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” Matt. 5. 16.

The New Boy.

ONE summer evening, many years ago, a new boy arrived at a boarding-school in Wales. He was the son of Christian parents, although he was not a Christian himself. You must not think that he was a heathen boy, or a very bad one, in fact, as boys go, you would probably have thought he was pretty good. But he was not converted—he had not yet given his heart to the Lord Jesus; and what was still more sad he did not see his need of a Saviour.

Although his mother had tried to persuade her boy to put his trust in the Lord Jesus while he was young, he had never bothered about it. Later on would do, he thought; it had never entered his head that the Lord Jesus wanted him.

Alfred went off to his new school quite excitedly, and was eagerly looking forward to the fun he expected to have with the other boys. On being taken to his bedroom, he found that the boy with whom he was to share it had already arrived. He enquired if Alfred was the new boy, and then suddenly asked, “Are you a Chris-

tian?” This was a question that Alfred had not expected, and it certainly seemed a strange one to be greeted with by a school-fellow so suddenly. As Alfred did not know the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, he had to reply, “No.” His companion who was saved, and who was anxious that others should be as happy as himself, stared for a moment at Alfred, and then said, “But wouldn’t you like to be?” Alfred replied carelessly that it wasn’t much use wanting to be one, as he never could be, even if he tried.

The older boy then said, “We have a little Prayer Meeting in the schoolroom this evening. Will you come, or would you like us to pray for you?” Alfred answered, “Oh, you can please yourself about praying for me; it won’t do me any good.”

His companion then went downstairs, and as Alfred had nothing to do he undressed and went to bed. But he could not go off to sleep, although he shut his eyes and pretended to be asleep when the other boy came up to bed, for he didn’t want to be spoken to again. He was soon in bed and soundly asleep, and Alfred lay and glared at him envying him in his peaceful slumbers. “It’s all very well for you,” he muttered; “you can go to sleep and I can’t, for you are all right, and I’m all wrong.” He was beginning to feel very uncomfortable, and for hours he lay tossing about and wondering why he could not rest peacefully like his companion.

Then the story of the Gospel came into his mind, for he knew it all—how that Jesus had suffered for his sins on the cross, that He died and rose

again, and that all that was left for him to do was to put his trust in the finished work of Christ, and take the salvation offered to him so freely. He thought that if he were ill and were told to take some medicine, he would do so *at once* in order to get better, so why put off the question of his soul's salvation. Then and there he knelt up in bed and took Christ as his Saviour, and then feeling as if a great load was taken off his mind he lay down and went to sleep.

After breakfast the following morning, when most of the boys had left their seats, one of the masters came and sat down beside him. "I am so sorry to hear that you are not a Christian, Alfred," he said. "We were praying for you last night."

Alfred immediately answered, "But I *am* a Christian." The master was surprised and said, "Then why did you tell one of the boys last night that you were not?" "Because I wasn't then!" replied the boy. Still more puzzled, the master asked him to explain and Alfred told him all that had happened in the night, when he had given his heart to the Lord Jesus. As he was relating it all to the master the verse came into his mind, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. 10. 9.

Alfred now was a happy boy, for whereas he had been lost, he now knew that he was saved for all eternity. May you find out before it is too late your need of a Saviour, and become as happy as Alfred.

"Thou God seest me."

JUST four words from God's Holy Book were hanging in a frame over the bed. A very old lady, lying there, was telling me how precious they had been to her all through her long life. Her mother, long years ago, had told her the story of poor Hagar, who in *her* trouble cried to God, when no one else was near.

As I sat writing a letter for the old lady to a friend who had lost her husband, I asked, "Can you send her a nice text to comfort her?" She replied at once, "Oh, yes! Tell her about Hagar and 'Thou God seest me.' That will do her good." I suggested some other verse that might be more suitable at this time of sorrow, but she still wished me to send her choice. And in earnest tones she explained, "You see, it works in two ways. It tells me He is near to help and bless me, and it also keeps me from doing things which will not please Him! A great comfort and besides that a warning and a safeguard!"

She had worked the text and put it up there, so as to have it always in mind, and feed on it. I really think it is a good plan of hers, and this is why I tell you about it, and I am going to suggest that we write it on a card, and let it be in some place where we shall see it often.

"Thou God seest me."

Be like my old friend, who from a child has known the Scriptures, and they are now, in her old age, the joy and rejoicing of her heart.

Where is your Name written ?

WHILE spending an hour or so in the British Museum not long since, I came into the Manuscript Room. It is very interesting as it has some very old copies of the Bible which are all written by hand and beautifully illuminated, done in the days before printing was known. These Bibles took years to write sometimes and are very valuable. In those days Bibles were very scarce and only very rich people could have one of their own. How thankful we should be that in these days we can each have a Bible to read as often as we like !

But do we value our Bibles ? It says in Psa. 119. 105, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." This means that the Bible, which is the Word of God, will give us guidance for every step of our lives and lead us safely to heaven if we believe it.

Passing on through that room, I came to another which had a great many copies of old letters and documents in glass-topped cases. These letters were written long ago by ever

so many different people in different lands and at different times, and copies of them are kept to let us see how the people wrote and what they wrote about.

One of the first I noticed was a letter from Queen Victoria to thank a lady for a Bible she had sent her. The Bible had belonged to General

Gordon, a brave Christian soldier. When he was killed in Egypt, while seeking to do his duty for his Queen and country, his Bible and journals were sent home to England, and his sister gave Queen Victoria his Bible as a present. This letter then tells how much she valued this Bible. Her signature at the end is just as you see it printed here, showing she wrote it with her own hand.

We know she loved the Word of God for its own sake and knew the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour, so that, although her letter crumbles into dust and perishes, yet she will live for ever with Him. The Bible tells us that those who trust in the Lord Jesus have everlasting life, and have their names written in heaven, which is much better than

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, which is the name 'Victoria'.A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, which is the name 'Edward'.

having it in the British Museum. It is only those whose names are written in heaven who can ever go there. What about you? Is your name written there? Oh, make no mistake about it. It is most important to be sure. God says that those who depart from Him shall be written in the earth. That means all remembrance of them will be forgotten. Their names will be blotted out. I hope you will all see to it that through believing in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, you will know your name to be in the Lamb's book of life.

The other signature here is that of Edward VI. He was only a boy king, but he honoured the Word of God. When a young companion once stood on a large Bible, in order to reach up to something high up, Edward reproved him for standing on the Book. I wonder if my young readers reverence the Bible. Do be careful how you treat it. Remember it will live when all else has passed away. Edward VI.'s signature, too, is in the British Museum, but after it has faded away the Word of God which he learned to honour will still remain. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away." "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

I hope that each of my readers will not rest till they know they have eternal life, and that their names are written in heaven in the Lamb's book of life. They can only be there if your sins are washed away in the blood of Jesus. Take Him as your Saviour and He will give you the assurance that *your* name is inscribed in heaven.

Young Believers' Column.

Four ACTS in a Christian's Life.

Admit the Lord Jesus into your heart.
Commit your all to Him.
Transmit the message of His love to others.
Submit your will to His in everything.

WE have already considered the *first act* of admitting the Lord Jesus into our hearts, and the *second act* of committing our all to Him, now we come to the *third act*, that is, "Transmit the message of His love to others.

This is a happy service for all those who know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. We want to make known His love to others, and the way to do this is to keep in touch with Him.

You will remember in Mark 5 we read of the man who had the legion. After he had been delivered from Satan's power, he is found sitting, clothed and in his right mind, and when Jesus is about to leave he desires to go with Him. But the Saviour says, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." He was to transmit the message of His love to others.

We, too, have experienced that the Lord has done great things for us. He has borne the judgment of our sins; He has tasted death for us; He now lives to intercede for us, and He is soon coming to take us home to be with Him for ever. Should we not seek to tell forth and shew forth what He has done for us?

"Tell what the Lord hath done for you,
Speak just a word for Jesus."



The Strong Arm.



VERY little children learn to trust the Saviour, and He loves to keep and bless them.

Long, long ago some mothers brought their little ones to Jesus and He laid His hands on them and blessed them. Jesus loves the little ones. They have a special place in His heart. Do you love Him? Have you trusted Him as your Saviour?

If you have, He will never let you go. In all the rough places, the difficult ways, the slippery paths you must meet day by day, in your home life, your school life, your future life in this world, you will have a sure arm of strength on which to lean.

One day, when the roads were all icy and very slippery, a little girl was out walking. She was rather timid, for you know unless you can run and slide how difficult walking on the slippery paths is. "Frightened I slip," cried the little one. "Take my arm. Here is a strong arm for you," replied the lady with whom the little girl was walking. The child took the offered arm, trusted to it, leant on it and went on her way safe and happy till she reached her home.

What made the difference? The child had not changed. The state of the roads had not changed. Nothing had changed, but the child was leaning on a strong arm quite outside herself. The strength of another kept her and brought her safely through to the end.

So the Lord Himself will keep each one, boy or girl, who trusts in Him. His is a strength and power outside of you, above you and yet for you. He wants you to lean on His arm all along the road till He brings you home to Himself in heaven. Only trust Him. *He will never let you go!*

A decision must be made sometime.

WHY NOT NOW ?

NO man can serve two masters : for either he will hate the one, and love the other ; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Matt. 6. 24.

Choose ye **THIS DAY** whom ye will serve. Josh. 24. 15.

Why not choose now ?

How long halt ye between two opinions ? If the Lord be God, follow Him : but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word. 1 Kings 18. 21.

Why not answer now ?

I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing : therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live. Deut. 30. 19.

Why not decide now ?

The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life : and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on Him. John 3. 35, 36.

Why not believe now ?

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ? Heb. 2. 3.

A HAPPY IDEA!



A Happy Idea !

SPRING is here ! How welcome after the cold long winter, and how we do rejoice to see the lovely spring flowers. Already they are beginning to show themselves, and who does not enjoy a bunch of primroses or violets from the woods ? Some of our young readers are very fond of gathering flowers and so I want to tell you what a lady used to do each springtime.

She was a district visitor, and each year she made it her custom to take a bunch of wild flowers to each of the houses she visited, and attached to each bunch there was a text-card containing some precious portion of God's Word.

One beautiful day in spring, she and a company of young friends visited a lovely valley near her home. It was a happy party and they did so enjoy the time spent, and many were the shouts of joy as they came upon especially nice clumps of flowers. They went home laden with primroses, violets and bluebells, and were able to arrange no less than sixty pretty bunches of flowers, tying a text to each bunch.

Our friend took them round to the houses where she was a well-known visitor. When she had gone to them all, she found she had some flowers over, and while wondering what to do with them a voice seemed to say, "Take them to the cottage hospital." Now the hospital was fully two miles away and being tired, she excused herself inwardly, when again she seemed to hear, "Take them to the cottage hospital." The flowers were

beginning to droop by this time, so she thought, "I can hardly offer the sick people these flowers, and they will be still more faded by the time I have walked to the hospital." Then for the third time the words sounded close to her, "Take them to the cottage hospital."

"This is not my work but God's," she said to herself. "He surely bids me take His flowers and His messages of mercy to this special place," and at once she started off. Arriving there she met a young girl who used to go to her Bible class, and she begged her to put the flowers in water to revive them and then to give them to any who might care for them.

Some months later she met this girl again, and she greeted her with, "Will you take some more flowers to the hospital ? You do not know how much good those did that you took before. I wished I had enough for each patient. It was so strange but each one said, after reading the text, that it was just the very message that suited her need."

Do you ask why I put "A Happy Idea" as the title of this story ? It is because I thought we might act on that verse which says, "Go and do thou likewise."

Whose I am.

NINETEEN hundred years ago a crowd was pushing its way through the streets of an Eastern town, to a house where a little girl, the only little girl in the family, was dying. Her father had come to fetch

One to see his child, Who was in the centre of that crowd which pushed and jostled one against the other as they went. *He* knew what *He could* and *would* do for the little girl.

Amongst the crowd was a poor woman who had heard of the wonderful things *He* had done for many sick and sorrowing men and women, so she thought she would squeeze through the crowd, and touch *Him* unnoticed, get healed and slip away again ; so she tried. No one else had been able to help her ; she had spent all her money to get well, and no one could do her any good, but she knew that if she could only get to *Him*, the One going down that street, *He* could make her well.

She made her way through the people and touched the hem of *His* clothes, and was cured instantly. Oh how wonderful to be well after twelve long years of suffering ! She turned to slip away unnoticed, as she had come, but her Saviour stopped and looking round asked, " Who touched Me ? " No one answered, so *He* asked again. A man near by said, " Why look, so many are crowding and pushing, how can you ask ' Who touched Me ? ' " Then the poor woman saw that she could not go away like that, so she fell at the Saviour's feet and told *Him* all about it.

And now we learn why *He* stopped. *He* knew *He* had made her well ; *He* had come such a long journey and gone to such infinite pains to do it because *He* was so sorry for her, and *He* wanted her to know she belonged to *Him* now. So *He* just said, " Daugh-

ter," and that was enough to show her she belonged to *Him*. But so that she should not be afraid *He* said, " Be of good comfort : thy faith hath made thee whole ; go in peace." And *He* knew quite well what it was going to cost *Him* that she might be saved and go in peace. *He* had to shed *His* precious blood on the cross, but *He* was willing because *He* wanted her, and many like her, so much.

Reader, that same Saviour is coming soon, so soon, to raise the dead and change the living who belong to *Him*, but *He* has not come yet. And while we are on the way multitudes throng and press all around, but *He* knows exactly which of us has come to *Him*. Do you know that no one but *Himself* can give you eternal life ? Have you slipped through and touched *Him* by faith, and are you trying to get away from *Him* and go your own way, having taken eternal life from *Him*, without owning that you belong to *Him* ? *He* wants us to know that relationship now, wants us to live as *His* own now, because we are going to live with *Him* for ever.

Do you think that woman was sorry that she stopped and fell at *His* feet, and heard *Him* tell her she belonged to *Him* ? I am sure she was glad, and those who know *Him* as their Saviour can say from their hearts—

" I love to own, Lord Jesus,
Thy claims o'er me divine ;
Bought with Thy blood most precious,
Whose can I be but Thine ? "

" Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price : therefore glorify God in your body." 1 Cor. 6, 19, 20.

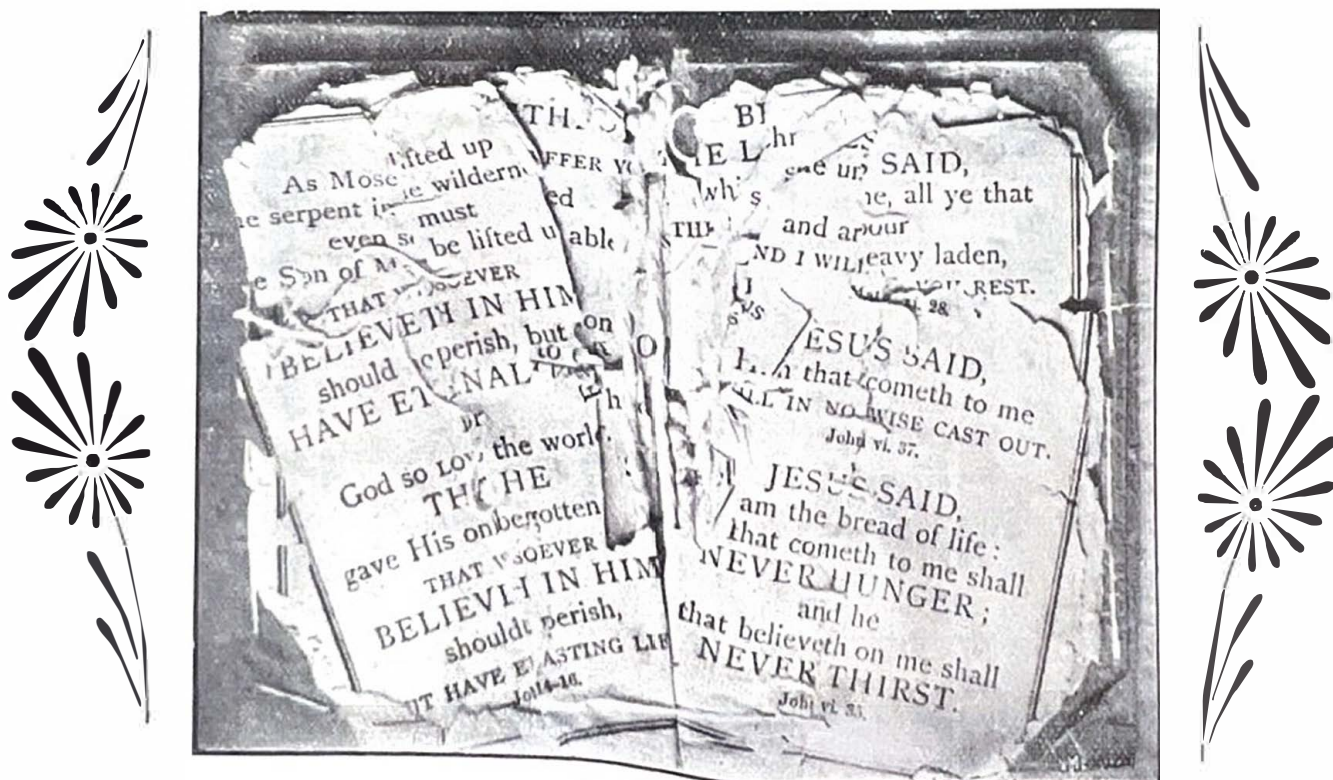
"Ragged Jack."

WHEN you read this title I expect you will think that my story is about a poor little boy, but you will be surprised to hear that "Ragged Jack" is not a boy at all! It is the name that was given to the little book that you see a photo of here. But you will wonder how it became so tattered and torn, so I will tell you.

Many years ago this little book was

one spoke words of cheer to her heart as she read them.

After a time she was taken ill and had to be removed to a hospital. She took with her her much loved Bible and the little book of verses beside other little treasures. For a long time she was very ill and could not read at all. When she began to get better she longed for her Bible but it was gone. She had been moved



given to a poor Christian woman, and she used to read it every day, for it had a few verses out of the Bible for each day of the month. Some of the texts spoke of God's great love in giving His own Son to die for us, while others told of His watchful care over those who trust Him, and each

to an institution and now all that she possessed of God's Word was that little book of verses. How she treasured it! She was by this time able to be up though not well enough to go home, and she carried her little book with her every day for fear it should be taken away from her. But the

pages began to tear, so she carefully sowed them together with silk and put a paper cover on, and called it "Ragged Jack." When at last she obtained a Bible she still treasured her little book, and read its messages daily.

One day she received a letter from a friend and to her surprise on opening it she found a new copy of her little book. She was so overjoyed that she wrote off at once to her friend and told her the story of "Ragged Jack." Not long after this her friend went to visit her, and before they parted she gave her the much treasured little book just as you see it in the picture. Now that she had a new book for herself she was willing to part with the old one, and her friend treasures it now for she likes to think of what a comfort those verses were to her friend all the time she was without a Bible.

I wonder how many of you who have Bibles of your own value them and read them each day. Have you through reading God's Word discovered that *you are a sinner*, but that Christ Jesus came into the world *to save sinners*? And has He *saved you*? If He has, then I am sure you have also found out that the Word of God is your only guide through this world, and that you need to read it every day in order to get food for your soul and guidance for your pathway.

"Thy Word is very pure: therefore Thy servant loveth it."

PSA. 119. 140.

Lost and what came of it.

SOME years ago two friends had gone to a pretty place in the south of England to spend a holiday. On the evening of their arrival they set off together to explore the place near where they were staying. They walked on for some time enjoying the beauties of the country, when, deciding that it was time to return, they discovered that they had lost their way, and neither of them knew in which direction to go.

One suggested following a certain path, which they did, but found that this only led them still further away. Seeing no one to ask the way they wandered about for some time, when a young soldier came in sight, and walking straight up to them said, "Can you tell me where I am and how I can get back to the town? I have lost my way."

The friends soon explained that they were in the same plight and together they tried again, and presently came to some familiar landmarks, and were able to find their way from there.

As they were walking along trying to find the way the young soldier remarked, "This reminds me of that verse in the Bible, 'Ponder the path of thy feet and let all thy ways be established.' " At once the friends, who knew the Lord as their Saviour, asked him if he was a christian, to which he hesitatingly replied, "I hope so. I try to be, but it is not easy to be a christian in the Army."

He went on to say that he had attended Sunday School in his younger days, and that he had tried to remem-

ber what he had been taught, and to live as a christian. A conversation followed in which the friends endeavoured to point out that we can *know* as a sure and certain fact that we are saved and belong to the Lord Jesus by simply believing on Him. If we are resting in the work done for us on the cross of Calvary, there is no need merely to *hope*, but we can know *without a doubt* that all our sins are washed away and that we have a right to the title of *christian*.

The young man was expecting to be ordered for foreign service shortly, probably the next day, and only God knows the result of that night's meeting. Before parting the friends gave him some little books and many prayers have since been offered on his behalf.

What a precious word of instruction the young soldier's text is to those of us who belong to the Lord. "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established." Prov. 4. 26. And there is another verse in Psa. 119, which says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." I remember while staying in a country place some time ago, and wishing to go out in the evening when it was dark, a lighted lantern had to be brought and carried close to the ground to guide our feet into the right way. So God's Word is a light for us through this dark world, to lead us in paths that are pleasing to Him.

Let us who are the Lord's, take His Word as our guide and make the Psalmist's prayer our own, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths that my footsteps slip not." Psa. 17. 5.

Young Believers' Column.

WE were recently noticing the importance of these first three lines :—

Admit the Lord Jesus into your heart.
Commit your all to Him.
Transmit the message of His love to others.
Submit your will to His in everything.

Now I want you to think a little about the last line. This word is rather a testing one, but if we know the Lord as our Saviour, we shall find wonderful blessing in acting upon it.

It is our wills that are so often the cause of trouble and if we follow them we shall soon be dishonouring the One Who has loved us and given Himself for us. Hence the need to submit our wills to Him. It might be asked, How am I to know what the Lord's will is? This we shall discover by looking into His Word, and we shall find, if we wait on the Lord about it, that the Lord will make known His will to us as we search the Bible.

Have you ever noticed those wonderful words of the Lord Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane? We see Him there on His knees in prayer, anticipating all that that dreadful cross would mean to Him, and He prays, "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done." Luke 22. 42. We know that cup was not removed, but on the cross He drank that dreadful cup of judgment for us. And now we are saved through Him, and surely we would seek to make the language of the Lord Jesus our language, and be able to say at all times—

"*Not my will, but Thine, be done.*"



“I saw her.”



YOU all know how difficult and dangerous the crossing of roads is becoming in these days of swiftly driven motors, and how much safer and better it is to stick close by Mother or some grown-up friend.

The other day a little girl had evidently crossed at a busy corner by herself, and then, though she was safe on the other side, began to cry because she did not *feel* safe as she could not see her Mother. Kind people gathered round to ask what was the matter ; but soon her Mother, carrying a baby nestling safely in her arms was beside her and the little eyes were quickly dried, and her Mother said, turning to those around, “ She was all right when she knew *I saw her.*”

So it is with many of you dear little people. You belong to the Lord Jesus, to the Good Shepherd Who carries the lambs in His arms but you meet with troubles, perhaps through your own naughty little ways, and then instead of looking to Him you look at yourselves, and wonder if you really are safe. But He never changes and it is not you who hold on to Him, but it is *He* who has *His eye on you*, and holds you in His safe keeping for time and for eternity. He says of His sheep, “ I know them and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.”

“Happy are the children
Who trust in Jesus’ name ;
Although they cannot see His face,
He watches over them.
Safely on their Shepherd’s breast
All His little lambs may rest.”



“The Unsearchable Riches of Christ.”

Eph. 3. 5.

WHAT ARE THEY ?

RICHES OF HIS GOODNESS. Rom. 2. 4.

“Abundant in *goodness*.” Ex. 34. 6.

“The *goodness* of God leadeth thee to repentance.” Rom. 2. 4.

RICHES OF HIS FORBEARANCE. Rom. 2. 4.

“Christ Jesus, Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the *forbearance* of God.” Rom. 3. 25.

RICHES OF HIS LONGSUFFERING. Rom. 2. 4.

“I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all *longsuffering*, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting.” 1 Tim. 1. 16.

RICHES OF HIS KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM. Rom. 11. 33.

“The mystery of God; and of the Father and of Christ ; in Whom are hid all the treasures of *wisdom* and *knowledge*.” Col. 2. 3.

“He hath abounded toward us in all *wisdom*.” Eph. 1. 8.

RICHES OF HIS GRACE. Eph. 1. 7.

“The only begotten of the Father, full of *grace* and truth.” John 1. 14.

“The *grace* of our Lord was exceeding abundant.” 1 Tim. 1. 14.

“That in the ages to come He might shew the *exceeding riches* of His *grace* in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.” Eph. 2. 7.

“Unto me . . . is this *grace* given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Eph. 3. 8.

RICHES OF HIS GLORY. Eph. 1. 18.

“The riches of His *glory* on the vessels of mercy, which He had afore prepared unto glory.” Rom. 9. 23.

“The riches of the *glory* of His inheritance in the saints.” Eph. 1. 18.

“God would make known what is the riches of the *glory* of this mystery . . . which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.” Col. 1. 27.

“My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in *glory* by Christ Jesus.” Phil. 4. 19.

The Brave Chinese Fishermen



FISHERMEN'S TEMPLE IN CHINA.



A CHINESE FISHING JUNK.

The Brave Chinese Fishermen.

ALL night a strong wind had been blowing and the junk, or Chinese sailing ship, had sailed along the south coast of China at good speed, and when morning broke we were nearing the mouth of the river which marked the end of the journey.

Ahead of us were black, lowering clouds, and we could see many little fishing boats hurrying in from the open sea to escape the storm which was evidently coming. Whilst we watched, the wind increased to a gale and the waves were lashed into spray, and the little boats hastened to take in some of their sails for fear of capsizing.

At the mouth of the river are dangerous sandbanks, half burying jagged rocks which at full-tide are covered with water. At this time the rocks were only partly covered and the water boiled and foamed around them.

As the boats neared the river mouth they crowded together to enter the narrow channel which would bring them safely past the dangerous shoals. Suddenly an exclamation from one of our sailors drew our attention to one of the smallest boats. Evidently in their haste to get into the river the fishermen had misjudged their position, and had come too close to the perilous rocks, and were now helpless in the grip of the waves.

Quickly the tossing waters did their cruel work and the mast came crashing down as the little craft began to break up. The five fishermen in the boat stood up and apparently implored some of their comrades speeding by to come to their rescue, but it seemed that none dared to face the storm-

beaten waves. The large junk on which we stood watching the terrible scene was unable to approach closer owing to the treacherous sandbank, and it looked as though the poor fishermen must be left to their fate.

For a moment the little boat disappeared from view as though swallowed up, but again it appeared, but, alas, now there were only three men left clinging helplessly to the sides of their sinking boat. Truly they were in a terrible position, facing an almost certain death in the angry waters, and the Bible tells us "after this the judgment." But have you ever realised that the position in which you stand, even as you read this, is just as serious, if you do not know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Death and judgment await all who have not trusted in that loving Saviour Who has already gone into death to bear the judgment for all those who put their trust in Him. Those who have trusted in Him and know that their sins have been washed away in His precious blood can sing joyfully,

"Death and judgment are behind us,
Grace and glory are before."

As we sorrowfully watched that doomed boat sinking lower and lower in the waves, we suddenly saw that another little boat, which had already passed into the safety of the river mouth, had turned about and was speeding back towards the rocks.

It seemed impossible that a boat could sail into the midst of those tumbling waters and come out whole, but on it went until right amongst the rocks, and it looked as though every minute it also would be smashed to

pieces. It went on until almost alongside the sinking boat and then before we could see how they had done it, the three half-drowned fishermen had left their sinking boat and were safely on board what was truly a "lifeboat" for them.

Then the little boat came sailing out of the foaming waters, away from those jagged rocks and on towards the haven in which they would find safety from the storm.

What noble fellows those were to risk their lives for their friends! You remember the words of the Lord Jesus, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But the love that He had for you and me was greater than man's love, because He laid down His life for us "when we were enemies." He died for us in order that we might have life. When we think of such love as His, surely, as the apostle Paul says, His love "constrains" us, not to live just for ourselves but for Him Who died for us.

Can you say for yourself, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me"?

"I am the Door."

WILL you come and visit an Eastern sheepfold with me? I want to show you the meaning of the words at the head of this paper. You would see first a large space enclosed by a fence. This fence is made of rough stones of all sizes, piled up one on another, and being so laid as to fit closely together. They

are about twelve feet high. The way into the fold is formed by an archway of stones, but *no door*.

The shepherd brings his sheep into the fold at evening time, and counts them to see they are all there. If one is hurt or lame he rubs it with oil and comforts it. A shepherd in the East knows his sheep well. They are not killed quickly as they are in England, but live with him several years perhaps. He gives them names, which they each know quite well. He has a special call for his sheep and they know it, and his voice. If a strange shepherd gives the same call, they run away frightened. They do not know his voice.

At night when all the sheep are safely in the fold, the shepherd still watches over them. To do this he lies down under the archway. Then no robber or wild animal can get in without going over his body. If he is very tired and in danger of going to sleep, he gets a man to watch for him, but the shepherd still lies in the doorway and is still *The Door*.

Now I wonder if you understand the words of the Lord Jesus when He said, "I am the Door of the sheep." He has told us He is the good Shepherd Who cares for the sheep. "All we like sheep have gone astray." Will you let the Lord Jesus take you into the fold? Have you yet heard His voice calling "Come unto Me"? He gave His life for the sheep—for you, if you will accept Him as your Saviour.

"I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved." John 10. 9.

The Swallows' Window.

"Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee." Job 12. 7.

"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming: but My people know not the judgment of the Lord." Jeremiah 8. 7.

WE very seldom see storks wild in this country, and we never see cranes, but we sometimes see

turtle - doves and every year we see the swallows doing the same now, as God's prophet Jeremiah watched them do hundreds of years before the Lord Jesus came down here on earth.

Every April and May the swallows come to our country from North

Africa, Egypt and Palestine, and every October they meet together ready to go back to the warm countries for the winter. When the swallows come we know summer is almost here, and when they go we know winter is coming.

They know the time to go. God, Who made them, gave them the instinct, and they leave their nests and the places where they have caught the gnats and the flies all day, which

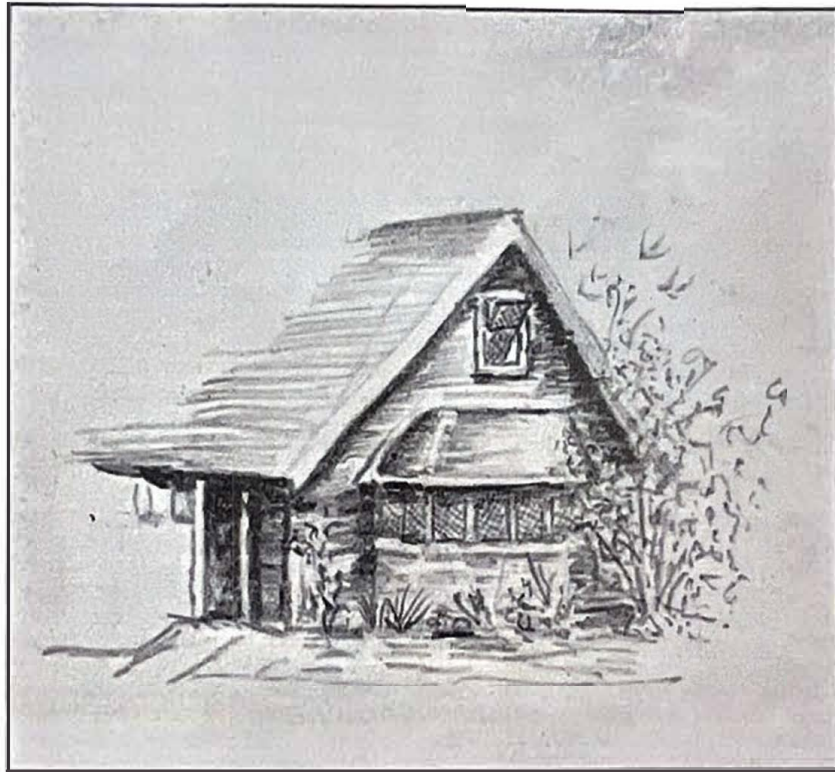
they feed their young on, and they will even leave their late broods of young ones sometimes, because they know it is time to go. And yet God has to say that though His birds know, His people for whom He has done so much more, do not know His ways and purposes and commandments. God has spoken in His Word; He has sent the Lord Jesus in His infinite love and grace to die for men, women and chil-

dren. He has told us He is coming back very soon to take all who believe in Him to live with Him for ever in a much better country, where sorrow, sin and pain can never come, for God must judge this world because of sin and the rejection of the Saviour, and

yet many go on as if they knew nothing about it.

"The stork in the heaven, she knoweth,
Crane and swallow observe too their times,
And shall *we* be less ready than they
For transit to happier climes?"

In an old house in the country there was a large hall. It had low windows all round it, but there was one little window high up near the roof. There were large beams in the hall to support



the roof, and in the fork of two beams a pair of swallows built their nest year after year. Back they came to the same spot, and they used to fly in and out through the little window which was always kept open for them.

The children who lived in the house loved to watch the swallows come in May, and get the nest ready, and then see the parent birds feed the baby ones. Four or five little heads would come up out of the nest and open their beaks as the father or mother flew in at the window with a fly for them.

One summer the swallows were late settling on the nest, and the children with their father and mother went away to the sea while the baby birds were tiny, and they forgot to tell the gardener, who took care of the house, not to shut the swallows' window.

The gardener forgot about the swallows too, and one day, not long after the children were gone, there was a bad storm and he shut it. The mother bird was inside with her babies, and when the children came home they found her quite dead on the nest with all the babies dead too! Oh! how sorry they were to think they had forgotten about the window. Poor little swallow! the others all went back to a warm country but she and her babies were prisoners. The other swallows must have noticed it, perhaps the father did, for no swallows ever built in that hall again. It had seemed quite safe, and they had built there many years, but you see it was not safe, and the swallows knew it and never trusted it again.

Reader, will you be a prisoner when the Lord Jesus comes to take all His

redeemed ones to His better country? God's Word says, "He shall be holden with the cords of his sins." Proverbs 5. 22. But it says too—Jesus says it Himself—"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8. 36.

"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12. 40.

The Prisoner's Request.

A CERTAIN gentleman had two large gospel texts hanging in his sitting room for many years. The texts were, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

He was in the habit of visiting the city prison to speak to the prisoners of Jesus and His love, so it came to his mind to take the texts there, thinking that God might use His word for the blessing of souls. In due course the texts were taken and hung in a large women's dormitory, where on Saturday evenings the Matron held a little meeting for the women.

One Saturday evening the visitor noticed a woman lying in bed at the far end of the room and asked about her. "Oh," said the Matron, "she is a prisoner who has just been brought in. She is very ill." So the gentleman went up to the bed and began to speak to the poor woman. She fixed her dark eyes on him and listened earnestly as he told her of the love of Christ, Who died to save her, a sinner,

and shed His blood to wash her sins away and make her whiter than snow.

The next Saturday the Matron said, "Do you remember the sick woman you spoke to? Well, the next day she asked to have her bed moved up to the end where the texts are. After some time she called me, and said, 'Do you see that? God says "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and Jesus said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I have come to Jesus and His blood has washed all my sins away. Please get all the women together here, that I may tell them.' "

The Matron did as she requested. The women came round the poor woman's bed and she told them how God had forgiven all her sins, although she had been a wicked woman, for "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The next day she was moved to the hospital as she was so ill, and the following day she died; but for her it was far better, for she went to be with the Saviour, Who had died for her.

Reader, you may not have done so many wicked deeds as this woman did, but you too are a sinner. God says, "All have sinned." Do *you* know the blessedness of the one whose sins are forgiven? You may know it now by putting your trust in the Lord Jesus and His finished work at Calvary. His blood was shed to put away your sins. Let it cleanse yours. Then you will be able to join in the song of praise, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . to Him be glory."

Young Believers' Column.

HOW does the coming of the Lord affect you? His last message to us is, "Surely I come quickly." Do we believe it? Do we really expect the Lord to come? If so, we shall be seeking to please Him while we wait for Him.

I was reading recently of a traveller who was being shown over a beautiful estate in the north of Italy. He was charmed with the beauty and perfect order of the garden which reflected great credit on the one who kept it, and the gentleman's thoughts naturally travelled from the servant to his master for whose eye no doubt the garden was thus kept in such order. What was his surprise then to learn that during the twenty-five years that the gardener had worked there, his master had only visited the place four times, and not at all for the last twelve years; while the steward who was responsible to give the master's orders lived at a distance and never came at all.

"One would think you were expecting your master to-morrow," observed the visitor. "No, **TO-DAY** sir, *to-day*," was the faithful servant's answer.

Is this how we are acting? Are we doing our work in such a manner as though we were expecting our Lord to-day? He has promised, "Surely I come quickly," and He has told us to occupy till He comes. Are we living as though we were not expecting Him at all, or can we say the thought before our hearts is—

"**PERHAPS TO-DAY**"?



What the Postman said.

MABEL, a little girl of seven, was staying with her Mother at the seaside. It was holiday time so most of the day was spent playing on the shore. But Mabel's Mother did not want her little girl to forget what she had learnt at school, so one day when she was indoors she told her to practice writing.

Mother gave Mabel a Bible and said she could choose any verse she liked and copy it out. Mabel was very pleased, and after choosing her text, she sat down and copied it out in her very best writing. It took her quite a long time, as you little ones will know, for as she was only seven years old she could not write very quickly.

When she had finished it she took it to show to Mother. I expect you will be wondering what verse Mabel chose. It was this :—

**“GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE
GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER
BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT
HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.”**

Mother was very pleased with her little girl, because she had written the verse very nicely, and she was pleased too because Mabel had chosen such beautiful words.

Just as Mother was reading the verse, there was a knock at the door and the postman called with the letters. He was a christian man so Mother showed Mabel's writing to him.

“Why, those are the words of Jesus, and your name is there,” he said. Mabel thought he had made a mistake, for she knew she had not written her name in the verse. So the postman explained that it was the word “whosoever,” and that it was his name and Mabel's name and everybody else's name too.

And now, dear little reader, have you found out that your name is in this verse? Are you among those who believe in Jesus? Do you believe that God sent His only Son into the world to die for you? If you do, then you have everlasting life.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, yes!
Jesus died to set poor sinners free.
You say, ‘How do I know it?’
John three sixteen will show it;
That big word *whosoever* just means *me!*”



WHERE
DO
YOU
PUT
YOUR
TRUST?



A COMMAND.

Put your trust in the Lord.

Psa. 4. 5.

A PROMISE.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.

Psa. 2. 12.

A RESULT.

They were helped because they put their trust in Him."

1 Chr. 5. 20.

A CONFESSION.

In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.

Psa. 31. 1.

Bought with Blood.



Bought with Blood.

MOST of you children who read this will probably often have heard in your Sunday School, or perhaps at children's meetings, about the Lord Jesus Christ having shed His precious blood for us, and perhaps you have not always quite understood what it meant.

I recently saw a little story that will I think help us to see what God's Word means when it tells us about being "Redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ," as it does in 1 Peter 1. 18.

An Englishman travelling in Africa, many years ago, with a long retinue of wagons and servants, saw a native boy running frantically towards him, evidently in great fear of a lot of men who were chasing him. He ran right up to the white man's wagon as if to take shelter there. Just as he came up, those who were following him came up close too, and their leader, a chief, tried very hard to reach the lad. "Let me get at him," he shouted, "he has bewitched my son." For you know these poor natives believe a lot in bad spirits and false cruel gods; so many of them have never heard of the true God, Who loved us so much as to give His Son to die for us.

The Englishman of course tried to shield the poor slave. "I will buy him," he said, "how much do you want for him?"

The native chief continued to storm with rage, saying "I don't want money for him. I won't sell him; I want blood. I will kill him." And with that he fitted an arrow to his bow and

savagely shot at the poor slave who was cowering down behind the man who tried to save him.

Quick as thought the white man threw his arm in front of the poor boy and the sharp arrow struck his arm and made a deep wound in it.

When the chief saw this, his face fell and he looked rather as if he were afraid of what might happen. It was all very well, he thought, to kill a slave whom nobody cared for, but it was another matter to wound one of the white men. Perhaps soldiers would be sent to punish him, or take away his cattle or even his life. So he looked crest-fallen. The white man said, as he drew out the arrow, "You did not want gold, eh, you wanted blood? See, here it flows before your eyes. But you must give account for it."

"Oh, Son of the ocean," said the chief, "my heart is sad, for I did not mean to hurt you."

"But you have," said the white man. "I have bought your slave by my own blood. Give him to me, and there shall be peace between the black man and the white man."

The chief was glad to escape, as he thought, so easily, and readily consented to this plan. Then the slave boy whose name was Gara came up to his new master and kissing his feet, said, "Gara, whom you bought with your own blood, will be your faithful slave for ever."

"Oh, no," said his rescuer, "you are free. Englishmen don't have slaves."

"Free?" said the poor boy, hardly able to believe his good fortune. "Oh then let Gara serve his massa. You have bought me."

This story reminds me of a very sweet verse that some of us know—

“ When blood from a victim must flow,
This Shepherd by pity was led
To stand between us and the foe,
And willingly died in our stead.”

It was kind of the white man to offer to buy the slave. It was much more noble of him to catch that arrow on his own arm ; but how much more has Jesus done for us, seeing that He has actually *died* for us on Calvary's cross to save us from our sins and from Satan. So God's Word tells us in the verse we quoted at the beginning of this story that it was not silver and gold by which we can be redeemed, but by “ the precious blood of Christ.” God thinks so much of it that He calls it “ precious ” blood. Now, dear boys and girls, is it “ precious ” to you ? If you trust the Lord Jesus to be your Saviour, you too can know the joy of being sheltered by His precious blood, and can sing from your heart—

“ Precious, precious blood of Jesus
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for *me*.”

Gara served his master for many years, and learned to know Jesus as his Saviour too. He would often say, “ Massa saved me from my cruel chief, but my Lord Jesus saved me from cruel Satan. Massa saved me by his blood for this world, but my Lord Jesus saved me by His blood for heaven and from eternal punishment.” You, boys and girls, have no cruel chief to be saved from, but you do need the precious blood of Jesus to wash your sins away.

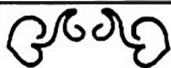
On Eagles' Wings.

“ Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou . . . tell the children of Israel ; Ye have seen . . . how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself.”—Ex. 19. 3, 4.

“ As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings : so the Lord alone did lead him.”—Deut. 32. 11, 12.

HAVE you ever seen an eagle ? “ Oh yes ! ” some of you will say, “ in the Zoo.” There is an eagle in the Zoo, but he looks so sad, you would hardly know him to be the king of birds, though he is. A prisoner, chained to a stake, and miles and miles from his home, with his feathers all bedraggled, and his great wings useless ! For an eagle's home is in the wildest parts of the mountains, and his nest is on the topmost rocks, where it is almost impossible for anyone to go.

He is stronger than most, if not all of his foes, and his wings measure eight feet across when stretched out. His nest is made of rough sticks and mud put together on the rock, and when the young birds are old enough, the mother stirs up the nest to make them learn to fly. There are only one or two young ones in a nest, and she flutters round them to try and make them copy her. They are very slow to learn though, and so she pushes them out of the nest to make them learn, and as they fall, she swoops down under them and catches them between her wings, so teaching them to fly. If they get tired, even when they have learnt, she will carry them in this way, so that anyone shooting from below must hit the mother first, and they are safe.

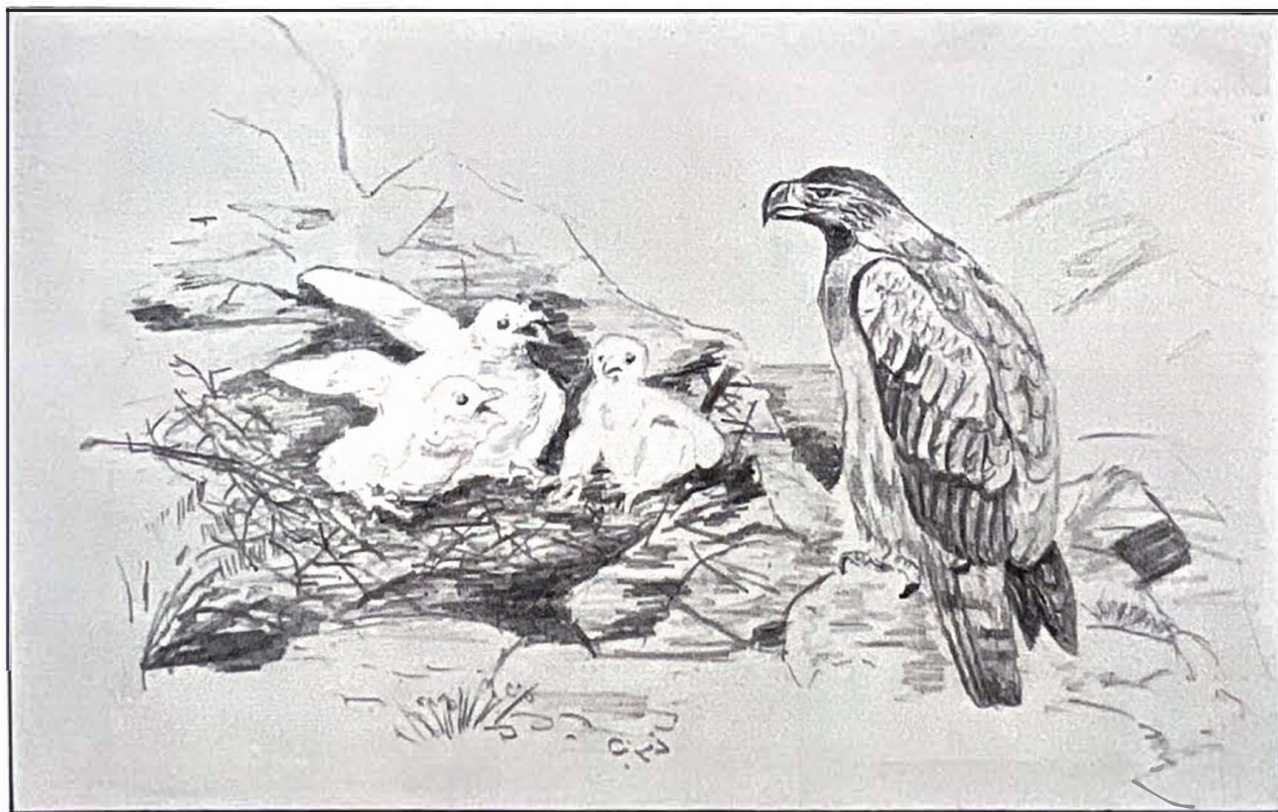


God's servant Moses, who wrote those words about the eagles, must have watched the great birds when he was up in the mountains alone with God, for he was often up there in all the loneliness and grandeur of God's mountains, and saw and heard what no one else ever did. Yet God's Word says, "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth" (Num. 12. 3), but "the meek will He guide in judgment: and the meek will He teach His way" (Psa. 25. 9). And God made known His *ways* unto Moses, that is, *why* and *how* He did things, and His *acts*, just *what* He did, unto the children of Israel. (See Psa. 103. 7.)

It would take too long to tell you all the story of Moses, from the time

he lay a helpless baby boy in the little bulrush ark on the river in Egypt—the forty years he lived in king Pharaoh's house—the forty years he lived in the desert, and how he then delivered God's people from the bondage of Egypt, and led them forty years through the wilderness to the promised land of Canaan, God taking care of them and teaching them all the time, as He says, like the eagle does. But Moses had failed once, when he struck the rock because he was so angry with the people's rebellious grumbings, when God told him just to speak to it, for water to come, so God told Moses that he must not go into the promised land himself, but He would show it to him.

Moses went up a high mountain, Nebo, it was called, near Jericho, and



God showed him all the land He was giving to the children of Israel, stretching out before him to the sea, a land which God cares for ; His eyes are always on it from the beginning of the year to the end of the year, He says (Deut. 11. 12). When he had seen it all, Moses died up in the mountain as God said he must, and then God buried His servant in the valley below. No one saw the funeral, and no one knows where the grave is, for God has not told anyone.

But we read of Moses again, standing on one of those mountains long, long years afterwards, for a little while. The One of whom Moses wrote (Deut. 18. 18) had come, and come to bring a people He loved back to God, and it was going to cost Him His life.

We read in Luke 9. 28-35 how he stood with God's prophet Elijah, and three of the Lord's disciples were there too, and they spoke of the great redemption by the death of the Lord Jesus which was going to take place at Jerusalem, to set a people free from Satan's bondage of sin and death. No wonder we read that the eyes of God were on that land all the year, when it was there His own beloved Son was to be crucified to bring His people back to Himself. "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."

And all the journey home to Himself we know His love and care for us, of which the eagle's care for her young is a picture. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Deut. 33. 27. And the

Lord Jesus tells us in Luke 16. 5, and in John 10. 28, just how safe are His own.

" Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul doth rest."

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might *bring us to God*." 1 Peter 3. 18.

The Chinese Student's Saviour.

SOME months ago I was travelling in another country and saw many trees and fruits that do not grow in China. I thought how nice it would be to have those trees at home, so when I returned to China I brought a number of various kinds of seeds and gave them to a Chinese friend who had a large garden.

About four months later I visited my friend's garden and asked him how the seeds were growing. He took me to a large seed-bed where they had been planted, but, alas, many of the rows were quite empty.

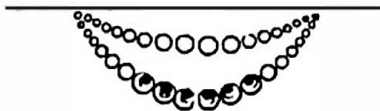
Wondering why no plants had sprung up I took a stick and began to dig in the soil, and very soon dug up a pretty grey brown seed which I remembered I had very much admired when first I saw it in Siam. The seed was just as pretty and glossy as when it had been planted ; its hard shell was unbroken and there was no sign of root or sprout, so that it was easy to see why no plants had grown.

A few evenings later we were reading in 1 Corinthians 15 ; that wonderful chapter in which the Spirit of God

teaches us so much about the resurrection. In speaking of verse 36, "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die," I told the story of the foreign seeds which did not sprout.

There were several young students listening, one of whom was a believer in the Lord Jesus. When I had finished speaking he jumped up and read again verse 36 and John 12. 24. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Then looking at his companions, he said, "You often laugh at me because I trust as my Saviour One Who was put to death without making any effort to save Himself. You say you would trust in Him if He had shown His power and prevented His enemies from killing Him, but these verses show why He was willing to die and be buried. If He had not died He would have been the only One righteous before God, but because He died, now I and all who trust in Him as their Saviour have the forgiveness of their sins and are righteous before God. He is my Saviour because He died and rose again."

You have probably often seen little trees sprouting from acorns and other seeds but have you ever thought of them as pictures that God has given to help us to understand the truths of His wonderful Word? Does it not show the love and graciousness of God to make these important things so clear and simple for us?



Young Believers' Column.

THE following incident was recently sent me by a friend. He writes:—"It is many years since I knew that I was saved. I was only a boy, yet one thing remains in my memory connected with it.

"I had confessed the Lord, and in my new-found joy was hastening home to tell my people, when I was stopped by one of my school-fellows, with the words, 'I say, is it true you have got converted?' I was so taken aback by the suddenness of the question, that scarcely knowing what I said, I replied, 'You should not take notice of all you hear,' and then I ran on. I had hardly left him when I realised that I had really denied the Lord. My heart was filled with terror. I thought I was lost for ever. I did not know the beautiful words of John 10, 28, 29, 'My sheep . . . shall never perish.'

"I reached home, but shrank from meeting my people, so I hastened through the house and in a deserted fowl-shed I wept bitterly. I cried to the Lord for forgiveness. After a long time of prayer and confession I had a sense in my soul that He had forgiven me. I went forth and at once confessed the Lord to my people and to my schoolmates and others.

"Since then I have travelled the world over, and in places of business, social and home life whenever a shrinking from the result of testimony for the Lord came over me, my first failure came to my mind, and He has kept me in His pathway."

"Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." 1 Pet. 3. 15.



In Time.



LITTLE girl who had won a prize, was told that if she went to a certain place at a given hour she would receive it. "And was she in time?" her mother was asked. "Oh! yes, she was early, and she was well rewarded by receiving a beautiful doll."

Well, it is quite right to be punctual, and all children would take care to be in time for a prize, even though, however beautiful, it cannot last for ever. But how many of you are taking care to be in time for what *God* is *offering*—not something *you* have *won*, but that He is giving freely to all who will take it—something that lasts for ever. "The *gift* of God is *eternal* life."

And what is the time and what is the day that God has fixed? He says, "Behold *now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of Salvation." That little girl went for her prize on the day she was told to come; she did not wait till the next day. Are *you* going to be in time for *God's Gift*?

**"Take salvation—
Take it now and happy be."**

Tomorrow may be too late.

I KNOW.



I KNOW that my REDEEMER liveth.
Job 19. 25.

I KNOW that THOU canst do everything,
and that no thought can be withholden from
THEE. Job 42. 2.

I KNOW that whatsoever GOD doeth, it
shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it,
nor anything taken from it: and GOD
doeth it that men should fear before HIM.
Eccl. 3. 14.

I KNOW WHOM I have believed, and
am persuaded that HE is able to keep that
which I have committed unto HIM against
that day. 2 Tim. 1. 12.

TOO LATE.



By courtesy of Keystone View Co.

Too Late.

HOW happy the children in our picture look ! Can you guess where they are going ? Off to the seaside for their annual Sunday School outing. They have been looking forward to this day for ever so long, and now it has actually come they are just full of excitement, and are making plans as to how to spend the day at the sea.

Now I want you to leave the children in the train and go back to the railway station they have just come from. Here you will find a little girl who is anything but happy, in fact she is crying bitterly. She arrived at the station **TOO LATE** and found she was left behind ! Poor little girl ! I do not know just how it happened ; perhaps her mother was late with breakfast, or perhaps she loitered on the way to the station but one thing I do know, and that is she missed the treat because she was *not in time* for the train.

Now it is very important to be in time on treat day, and I do not suppose that many who read this would be so foolish as to be late, but have you come to the Lord Jesus yet ? If you have not, one day it may be said of you "**TOO LATE.**" Oh ! how sorry you would be then. In Luke 13. 25 we read these words of the Lord Jesus, "Many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the master of the house has risen up and shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us ; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not."

Do not be so foolish as to let the opportunity the Lord Jesus is giving you now of trusting Him, slip by. He is coming ; we know not how soon, and then it will be *too late* to come to Him. You have nothing to do for salvation because the Lord Jesus did all that was necessary when He died on the cross. To-day He is a living Saviour and once again He is saying to you, "Come." Will you not answer Him from your heart in the words of the well-known hymn ?

" Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
Oh Lamb of God, I come ! "



THE EYES OF THE LORD.

THE EYES OF THE LORD are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. Prov. 15. 3.

THE EYES OF THE LORD run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him.
2 Chron. 16. 9.

THE EYES OF THE LORD are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry.
Psa. 34. 15.

THE EYES OF THE LORD preserve knowledge, and He overthroweth the words of the transgressor. Prov. 22. 12.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

WHAT THEN ?

"The Lord . . . saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."

AN old man, crowned with honours nobly earned,
Once asked a youth what end in life he sought.

The hopeful said, "I would first be learned ;
I would know all that all the schools e'er taught."

The old man gravely shook his head,

"And when you've learned all this, what then ?" he said.

"Then," said the boy, with all the warmth of youth,

"I'd be a lawyer, learned and eloquent,

Appearing always on the side of truth,

My mind, would grow as thus 'twas early bent."

The old man sadly shook his head ;

"And when you've done all this, what then ?" he said.

"I will be famous," said the hopeful boy ;

"Clients will pour upon me fees and briefs.

'Twill be my pleasing task to bring back joy

To homes and hearts near crushed by darkest griefs."

But still the old man shook his reverend head ;

"And when all this is gained, what then ?" he said.

"And then I will be rich, and in old age

I will withdraw from all this legal strife ;

Known in retirement as an honoured sage,

I'll pass the evening of an honoured life."

Gravely again the old man shook his head ;

"And when you've done all this, what then ?" he said.

"And then ?—why then I know that I must die ;

My body then must die, but not my fame ;

Surrounded by the fallen great I'll lie,

And far posterity will know my name."

Sadly the old man shook again his head ;

"And after all of this, what then ?" he said.

"And then ?—and then !"—but ceased the boy to speak,

His eyes, abashed, fell downward to the sod ;

A silent tear dropped on each blooming cheek.

The old man pointed silently to God ;

Then laid his hand upon the drooping head,

"Remember, there's a place beyond !" he said.

Washing a Piece of Coal White.

SOME time ago a gentleman took a parcel done up in brown paper to a children's meeting, and naturally enough this parcel caused an amount of curiosity among the children. After various questions as to what the contents might be, he opened the parcel and showed a large lump of coal, and from that, with his Bible open, he spoke to the children.

His desire was to show them that our hearts are black as coal through sin, and that each one of us needs cleansing if we want to go to heaven where the Lord of glory is.

A gentleman once offered a prize to any child who would wash a piece of coal white. I expect all my readers laugh at the very idea of such a thing. But would you believe it, these children tried to win the prize, and each one brought a piece of coal that they had

endeavoured to wash. One boy actually tried all the morning. He had used cold water, then hot water, then soda, and lastly monkey brand, but needless to say the coal remained as black as ever.

By this simple means the gentleman sought to show that sin cannot be washed away by good works or prayers or anything we can do. Just as the Scripture says, "Though thou wash

thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord." Jer. 2. 22.

There is only one remedy for sin, and that is the precious blood of Christ.

Will you turn to that verse in 1 John 1. 7? "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

I wonder how many of my young readers are cleansed from their sins in the blood of Jesus.



Unto Him that loved us, and washed
us from our sins in His own blood . . .
to Him be glory and dominion for ever
and ever. Rev. 1. 5, 6.

How I reached the City.

WHEN I was a small boy and read in the Bible about the "chariots of God" I used to think how nice it would be to see one and ride in it, but I want to tell you how once God sent, not a chariot, but a motor car for me to ride in.

You will remember that we read in 2 Kings 6. 17 that it was in answer to prayer that the young man with Elisha had his eyes opened to see the Lord's chariots, and it was in answer to prayer that the Lord provided a motor car for me to ride in.

A good many years ago I was living on a farm about twenty-one miles from a large city in Canada. Seven miles from the farm was a village from which a motor bus ran into the city. There was a bus every hour during the day but none after eight o'clock in the evening.

One Saturday night I wished to go to the city to spend the night, as I had promised to teach a Sunday School class early next morning. The farmer with whom I lived offered to drive me to the village so that I might catch the eight o'clock bus, but as he was in a great hurry to return home, when we reached the outskirts of the village I jumped out and said I would walk on to the bus-stop as I was fifteen minutes early.

When I reached the place where the bus usually waited there was no bus there so I sat down to await its arrival. After some minutes a man passed by and said, "It is no use your waiting. The bus filled up before the hour and went off, and there won't be another to-night."

This was bad news but I thought, "Perhaps I will see a car going to the city which will take me in," so I asked the man where would be the best place to see the cars passing to the city. "No chance whatever of a car to-night," he replied, "this is market-day and everybody has gone to the city long ago. At this hour all the cars will be coming back." Two other men had joined us and they said the same thing.

However as I felt I must get to the city I said I would walk along the road until a car overtook me but they said "It's no use your hoping for a lift to-night, there is not likely to be a single car going in."

As it was now dark and I had a heavy bag to carry I did not like to think of having to walk the whole fourteen miles, but I commenced to trudge along the dusty highway and as I walked I prayed that the Lord would provide means for me to ride.

I had walked about a mile and passed many cars returning from the market when I heard a large car coming along rapidly behind me and thought, "Those men were wrong; I will surely get a ride now." Then I thought, "If this is in answer to my prayer they will stop and offer me a ride," so I walked on and made no effort to stop the car. As it came nearer however I could hear loud voices quarrelling and realised that the men in it were intoxicated, so I was not surprised when they rushed by without any offer of a lift.

That certainly was not the car the Lord meant me to ride in but I felt even more sure that one would be provided. After walking perhaps

twenty minutes longer I began to wish my bag were not so heavy, and stopped for a short rest. Suddenly a bright light shone over a rise in the road behind, and a car fast drew near, so I picked up my bag and walked along towards the city. The car quickly came up behind and I heard the driver put on the brakes and come to a stop. Then as I continued to walk along, a cheerful voice called out, "I say, don't you want to ride?"

"Yes, I certainly do, if you are going to the city."

"Good," he replied, "I had unexpectedly to go in to-night and was wishing for someone to ride with me as I hate driving alone, but I thought there was not much chance that I would find anyone to join me."

So I climbed in and was speedily driven along almost to the door of the house where I was to spend the night.

"You were an answer to prayer!" I told my new friend and explained that I had been told that it was useless for me to hope for a car going to the city that night. "With God all things are possible," and He wants us to call upon Him for all our needs. Those who have trusted in the Lord Jesus for their salvation have the joy of being able to call upon God, as children to an all-loving and all-powerful Father, a Father Who delights to bless His children and give them everything they need to make them truly happy.

In Is. 65. 24 there is a wonderful promise to God's people in a future day, but even nowadays His people prove that He often hears and answers our prayers while we are still praying.

Young Believers' Column.

THERE is just one thought I want to bring before you in reference to Stephen. We read that "he being full of the Holy Ghost, *looked up* stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and JESUS." Acts 7. 55.

Oh! what a need there is for us to *keep looking up*. Through grace we have looked to Jesus for salvation and know Him as our Saviour, now we constantly need to be looking unto Him, if we would be here for His glory.

A captain of a vessel one day came on deck to find that his little son had climbed to the top of the mast. He stood watching, fearing that every moment the boy would turn dizzy and let go his hold. If he looked down at the deck he would surely do so; around would be just as bad. So he shouted, "Look *up*, *keep looking up*!" The little fellow obeyed, and fixing his eyes on the sky, was able gradually to let himself down the mast, till he safely reached his father.

Is there not a voice to us in this little incident? We all remember what is written about Peter when he was walking on the water to go to Jesus, "But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid: and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me." Was it not because he looked around at the waves that he began to sink? If he had kept looking up to Jesus he would have been all right.

"Oh, fix our earnest gaze
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,
That with Thy beauty occupied
We elsewhere none may see."



Who took the Plums ?

FREDDY and Gracie were having a game together while their Mother and Granny were talking. Granny had come to pay them a visit, and Mother had so many things to tell her.

Presently the children heard her say, "Oh, I must show you the jar of beautiful plums I have in the cupboard." So saying, she went to the cupboard to get out the plums. What was her surprise to find that the jar was empty ! What could have happened to them ?

Mother did not know, but Freddy and Gracie knew very well, for when their Mother was out of the room they had eaten all the plums !

How guilty they felt now, and how they wished they had never touched them. They had forgotten that although no one was in the room, God's eye was upon them, and He knew all about it.

There is a verse in the Bible that tells us, "Be sure your sin will find you out," and this little girl and boy were finding out how true it is.

Mother called the children to her and asked them if they knew anything about the plums. Freddy remembered that he had been told that when he had done wrong he must own up at once and not try to hide it. So looking up into his Mother's face, he answered, "Yes, Mother, Gracie and I ate them all up, every one."

Of course Mother was very sorry that they had been so naughty, but she was pleased that they had owned up, and so she forgave them both.

Let us try to remember that God's eye is always upon us, and He sees all we do, and hears everything we say. And let us not forget that He is ready and willing to forgive us if we own our sins to Him.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1. 9.

HOW SHORT ! HOW LONG ! HOW OFTEN !

“Remember HOW SHORT my time is.” Psa. 89. 47.

At the longest our time here is but short ; how are we spending it ? Are we frittering it away ? Have we settled that momentous question asked by one of old :—

“HOW LONG halt ye between two opinions ? if the Lord be God, follow Him : but if Baal, then follow him.” 1 Kings 18. 21.

Considering the shortness of our time here, we do not want to hesitate to settle this question. The Lord demands our confidence, our love ; why not then follow Him ? Hesitate no longer, for listen to His words to some of old when He was here in this world :—

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, HOW OFTEN would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ! ” Matt. 23. 37.

To this city He called in vain ; has it been so with us ? Have we heard His voice ? His tender love lingers in patience calling us to Himself, how often must He do it before we yield ourselves to Him ? What will your answer be ?

The Gardener's Text.



The Gardener's Text.

"Every little flower that grows,
Every little grassy blade,
Every little dewdrop shows
Jesus cares for all He made.
Jesus loves, and Jesus knows,
So we need not be afraid."

"COOK, what does CONSIDER mean?" Peter had come to spend the summer holidays in an old house near the sea. He was up early the first morning and came downstairs into the kitchen where cook was getting breakfast. Over a fireplace in one corner of the room, was carved in clear letters, "Consider the lilies how they grow." Peter wondered why it was there, and what it meant.

"That's the gardener's text, my dear," said cook. "He carved it there for us on winter evenings many years ago, and he could tell you a deal about it." "What does it mean?" asked the little boy, looking intently at the words. "I think the gardener carved it very well." "You go and talk to him," said cook. "He's down the garden, and he will tell you more than I can about it."

So Peter ran off to talk to the old man, and soon asked him about the text. "*Consider* means *think carefully*," he answered. "We are to think carefully about His lilies, because He made them to show us many things. He made you and me as well as the lilies, and one thing He tells us is, that if God cares so much about His lilies, to make them so beautiful, we may be quite sure He will take far more care of those He sent His Son to die for. Look, I'll show you something," said the old man, going over

to a big red lily and gently moving away the earth deep down from beside the stem, he showed Peter the bulb and the roots. "Lilies won't grow in dry ground. They need to have what we call a damp subsoil, so that their roots don't get dry, because that is what makes them grow, and you and I cannot have eternal life and grow, if our hearts, the part that no one else sees, don't trust in the Lord. And like this lily looks up at the sun for light and warmth, so we must look up to heaven for all we need.

"When you go indoors you look at the two pictures in the seventeenth chapter of Jeremiah and you will see what I mean." "I did not know there were any pictures in Jeremiah," said the little boy, "but I'll look." "They are in the fifth and sixth verses, and in the seventh and eighth, as clear as anything," said the old gardener. "My son was out in Palestine during the war, and he went all over the country where the Lord Jesus stayed when He was here. He saw plenty of the lilies He spoke about, growing amongst the grass, still; beautiful crimson flowers, brighter than a king's robe, as He tells us, 'even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

Peter's mother called the little boy in to breakfast, so he had to run indoors. "I'll come and see you again," he shouted, as he ran in, "and learn more about the lilies." As soon as breakfast was over he went to the big Bible to find the gardener's pictures in the seventeenth chapter of Jeremiah. Have you seen them?

“How may I know my sins forgiven?”

SOME years ago at a hospital for consumptives a visitor used to go and preach the gospel in the wards where the patients were too ill to leave their beds. Some of the patients from other wards used to come in and listen to the gospel. Amongst them there was a young girl of about fifteen years, who always seemed very interested, and used to come as close to the speaker as possible as though she did not want to miss a word.

One day as the visitor was leaving the building, he heard footsteps behind him. On looking round, he saw this girl, so he turned and asked if he could do anything for her. “Yes, please Sir,” she said, “how may *I* know my sins forgiven?”

You can imagine how pleased the gentleman was to talk to her. She had been awakened by the Spirit of God to realise that she was lost—a sinner needing a Saviour—and it was an easy matter to point her to the Lord Jesus Who took the sinner’s place at Calvary that all who believe on Him may have everlasting life.

The visitor turned to John 5. 24 which most of us know so well. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” The young girl drank in the truth and was able to rest on the words of Jesus and to know that she had everlasting life. She now rejoiced in what He had done for her.

As the weeks went past, her illness became more severe, and she was confined to bed, and then her friends took her from the hospital to try if a change of air would help her.

The visitor used to miss her bright face and one day he asked how she was getting on. The nurse said she had just come back very ill indeed, and that the gentleman could see her. He gladly went to her bed and when she saw him she looked very pleased although so very weak and ill. When he asked if she was happy in Jesus, she sadly shook her head. So the visitor reminded her of what the Lord had done for her and of His changeless love, and as he spoke, the thin little face became brighter and regained its old-time happiness.

The gentleman was so thankful that the Lord had sent him just then to see the dying girl, so that he could comfort her just when she needed it so badly. Shortly after he saw her, she passed away to be with the Saviour Who had so loved her as to die for her, and Who was waiting to receive her to His bright home above where “there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.”

How would it be with you, if you were in the place of that girl? Have you ever asked earnestly “How may *I* know my sins forgiven?” If not, then do it now!

“The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” ROMANS 6. 23.

Romans 10. 9.

"O H, that is my favourite verse," I think I hear some of you saying, as your eye rests on our picture with Romans 10. 9 above it. I can guess too that the reason you like this verse so much is because it was the special one used to your salvation. Well, if this is the case, I am sure you will like to hear of a girl I know who got blessing through the same verse.

Freda lived in the country and the scene in our picture was quite a familiar one to her. In the village where she lived some gospel meetings were held and Freda attended them regularly. She listened very atten-

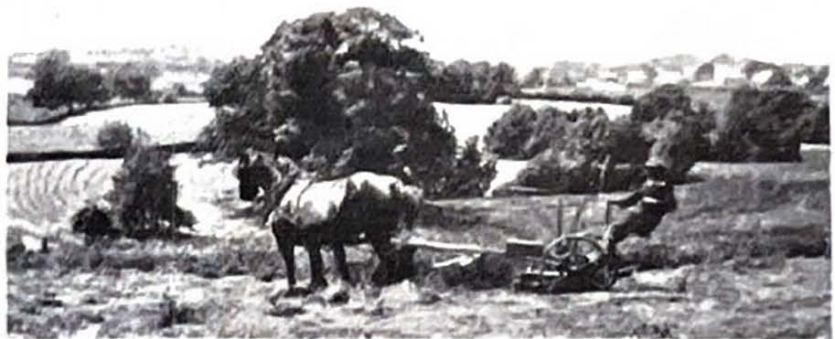
tively and a longing came into her heart to be saved.

One day I called at her cottage to take a Testament which I had promised her. I stayed and talked to her for a little while and then I said, "Freda, are you saved?" "No, I am not," she said. "Would you like to be?" I asked. "Oh, yes, I should," was the answer.

We opened the Testament I had just given to her at Romans 10. 9 and I read these wonderful words, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

I explained to her that the Lord

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



Mowing near Ashurst.

Jesus had done all that was necessary for our salvation when He died on the cross, taking our sins upon Himself, and bearing all the judgment we deserved because of them. I also pointed out that He is now in heaven, God having raised Him from the dead, and our sins are no longer on Him or He could not be in God's presence.

After a little more conversation she just took God at His word, and could say with truth that she was saved. Freda was not ashamed to confess her Lord, and she showed by her ways as well as her words that she had been bought with the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, and now she belonged to Him.

Four years after in a letter to me she wrote, "It was four years yesterday since I first trusted Christ. Every time I read my Testament I think of that day and thank God for sending you that afternoon."

If any who are reading this have a longing to be saved, just do as Freda did—make Romans 10. 9 your own by believing what God says there and *you will be saved.*

"To know Him is to love Him."

A MISSIONARY who was returning home after many years' service in the Congo, was taking leave of one of his scholars. The little lad, a boy about ten or twelve years of age, had given his heart to the Lord Jesus, and taken Him as his Saviour,

and he was feeling very sad at the thought of losing the one who had told him of this wonderful salvation.

"Oh! teacher," he said, "how I wish I was going to England with you. It must be almost like heaven to live where everybody loves Jesus!"

The missionary hardly knew what to say to him, but he felt he must be honest and tell the lad that he did not mean that everybody loved Jesus.

"Oh!" said the boy, "I thought you said that everybody in England knew all about Jesus." "Yes, so I did," said the teacher, "but they do not all *love* Him." "Why!" exclaimed the lad in astonishment, "To know Him *is* to love Him."

Dear children, how much that boy thought of Jesus, and what an honour *he* thought it to know about Him. He lived in a country where until recent years the name of Jesus was never heard, and even when God's people tried to take the news of the gospel, they were badly treated and driven out. We in England hear the old, old story told over and over, and so often we hold it lightly and sometimes forget it altogether.

Just think quietly and carefully of that boy's words, "Why! to know Him *is* to love Him." Get to *know* Jesus and you too will *love* Him. Take Him as your Saviour and get to know something of His wonderful love to you, then your heart will flow out in love to Him, and you too will join with that Congo boy in saying, "Why! to know Him *is* to love Him."

"I love Him because He has first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree."

Young Believers' Column.

I BELIEVE there is an important lesson for us in the incident of Peter walking on the water, recorded in Matthew 14. 22-33.

You will notice on reading the account that Peter first wanted to be sure that it was the voice of Jesus that he heard; then, assured of this, he fearlessly got down out of the boat to go to Him.

This seemed a bold thing to do, but the point is that the Lord of heaven and earth had said "Come" and we should always bear in mind that obedience to Him will never bring us to disaster.

For example, supposing you have recently been saved, brought to trust Jesus for salvation, and you realise that there is a path to walk which is honouring to Him—that the Lord is saying "Come ye after Me"—but you hesitate to take the "plunge" and make a really decided stand because you fear you will "sink" and so make a hopeless mess of things. But dear young christians, the *Lord* is able to keep you in the way to which *He calls* you; then go forward, leaving the consequences with Him.

But you will say, "Peter began to sink in the water." True, but why was that? Was it that the sea got rougher? No, for that matter it is no easier to walk on smooth than on rough water. The reason was that he looked at the sea instead of at his Lord. Probably the thought crossed his mind, "This is a very presumptuous thing to do," and, looking round at the great waves about him, his heart

failed him and he began to sink. But it was the *Lord* Who had said to Peter "Come" and it is always perfectly safe to obey His call.

So it is with us; if we get occupied with our circumstances and difficulties instead of with the Lord and His power and glory, we're sure to fail; whereas if we simply keep our eyes on Him and obey His Word, *He* will support us.

It is good to see, however, that although it was Peter's own fault—and it always is our own fault when we "begin to sink"—yet *immediately* Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him. Isn't that lovely? Then what does our gracious Saviour say? Is it "You've brought this all on yourself"? No, He says, "O thou of little faith, wherefore did'st thou doubt?" Could you not trust *Me*?

May we each know what it is to go on simply in obedience to our Lord, trusting Him to guide and to keep us.

"Doubt not for His Word is stable,
Fear not for His arm is able."



Three Pictures.

I look unto the heavens,
And scan the starry space,
And view their ample vastness,
As picture of His grace.

I sound the deep, deep ocean,
From bark that floats above;
And find unfathomed fulness,
A picture of His love.

I see the golden sunset,
When toil and turmoil cease,
And in its restful promise
Find picture of His peace.



The Milk Boy.

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

SWEETLY wafted on the early morning breeze, the words of this well-known hymn came floating in at the open window.

Who was singing so early? It was the milk boy, a little chap of about ten years. At home or at Sunday School he had learned the hymn which was bringing cheer and sunshine into his own young life, and into the lives of those who heard him.

The Lord Jesus Christ, seated at God's right hand in heavenly glory, looks down in love on little children.

When the Lord was on earth, mothers brought their little children to Him. The disciples wished to send them away, but the Lord would not allow this. "He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them." Mark 10. 16.

Dear children, you receive daily blessings at His hands—health, home, happiness, kind friends, playmates—more blessings than you can count. The greatest of all His blessings is to know that you are one of His saved ones. He wants you to come to Him and be blessed eternally.

He loves you so much that He gave Himself to die on Calvary's cross for you. Have you thanked Him for shedding His blood for you? If so you can sing in truth the milk boy's hymn:—

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



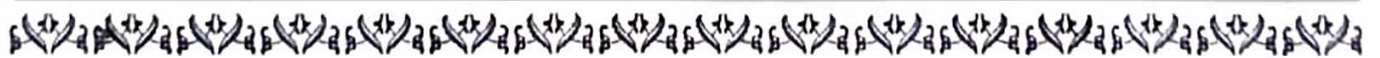
"**T**HUS saith the LORD; Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the LORD.

For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited.

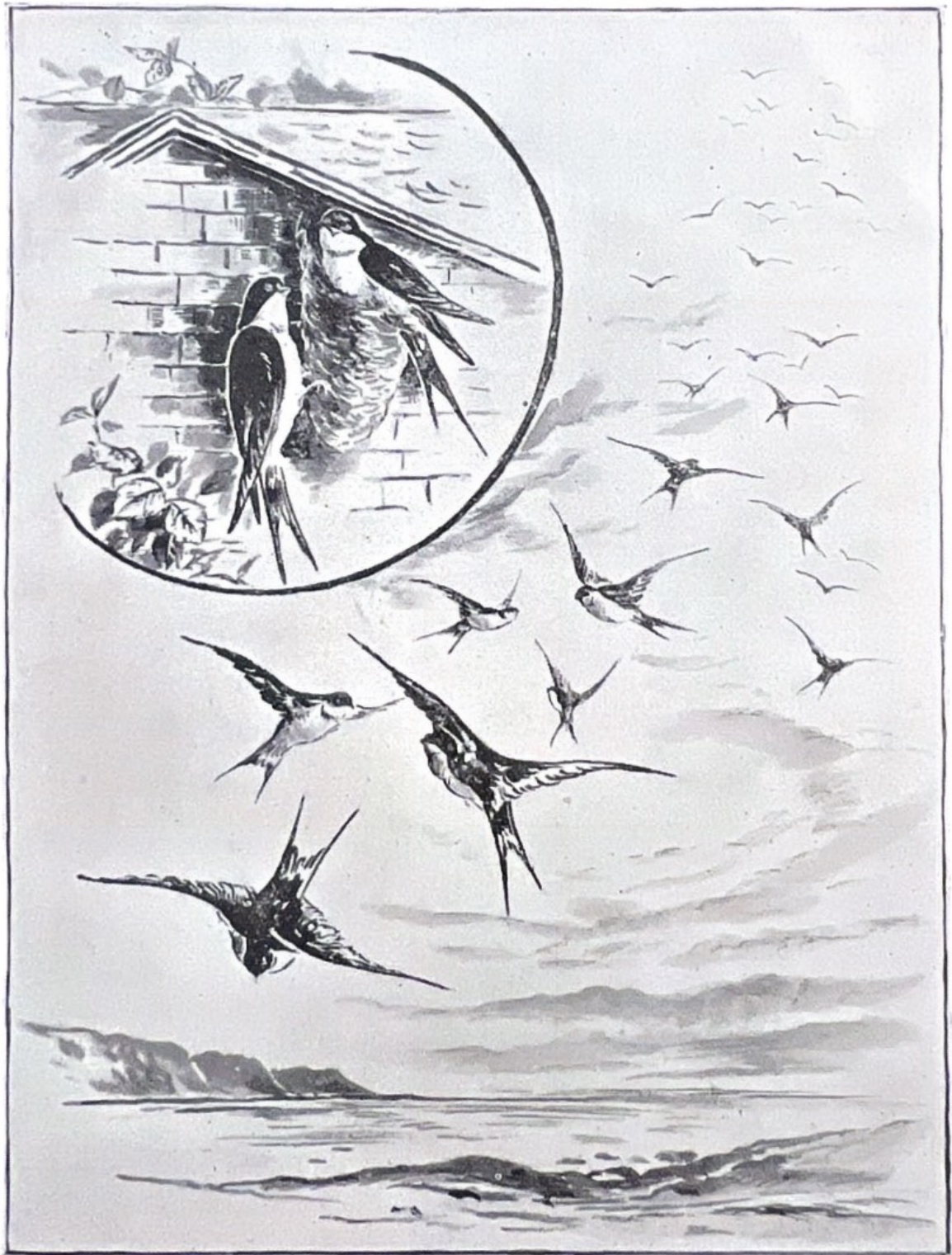
Blessed is the man that trusteth in the LORD, and whose hope the LORD is.

For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

Jeremiah 17. 5—8.



The Swallows' Return.



The Swallows' Return.

SEE the swallows in the summer
Making nests beneath our eaves,
Twittering, flitting like the shadows
In and out among the leaves.

But when autumn days grow cooler
They prepare to take their flight
To the distant lands of summer,
Where the skies keep warm and bright.

When the winter comes upon us
Not a swallow you will find ;
All the swallows go together
To a warmer southern clime.

Children, are you like the swallows,
Ready any time to go
To that land of summer sunshine
Where the streams of gladness flow ?

Soon the winter-time of judgment
On this earth will surely come.
Oh, how awful then the portion
Of each one who shares its doom !

But when that fierce judgment cometh
Not a christian here will be,
For *each one* who trusts the Saviour
Safely then with Him shall be.

When the Saviour comes to fetch us
To the brighter realms above,
Will you be among the number
Whom He'll take to share His love ?

Jesus died to make us ready,
Shed His blood to wash us white ;
Trusting Him we're fit to enter
That fair home of love and light.

"Let your Light so shine."

A LITTLE steamer was passing down a broad muddy river in South China towing behind it a heavily laden junk crowded with men, women and merchandise. All on board were feeling happy at the thought that in a few hours they would reach the end of their journey.

Night came on and the passengers sought what space they could to sleep, some spreading their mats on shelves arranged around the sides of a bare hold, others, more fortunate, sleeping in rough berths in small cabins arranged in the high poop at the stern of the junk.

Suddenly a number of shrill whistles from the steamer awakened many of the sleepers and they climbed up on top of the merchandise piled high on the deck to see what was the cause of the disturbance.

It was four o'clock and still dark, but they could see that they were now out in the open sea and their junk was being tossed on the waves but not moving forward, also the lights of the steamer were not moving.

On the junk the sailors were running about shouting excitedly and the alarmed passengers learned that the steamer had run aground on a sand-bank and that the junk was at the mercy of the waves which were pounding it roughly.

Soon they had fresh cause for fear for the sailors discovered that the ship had sprung a leak and the water was fast coming into the hold. They commenced to pump but the water rose more rapidly than they could pump it out and the junk was gradually settling down in the water.

Then the sailors began to throw overboard the cargo and quickly about a thousand cans of kerosene and other goods piled on the deck were cast into the sea. This however had very little effect and passengers and crew realized that their danger was great, for the junk was old and rotten and could not long bear the hammering of the waves.

As these boats never carry lifeboats there was no way for the people to help themselves and escape from their danger, their only hope was that their peril might be discovered by some other ship which would come to save them.

Probably many of those poor Chinese had fired crackers and burned incense before their family idols before setting out on their journey, but now they realized that their idols were useless to help them in their danger and their hearts were filled with fear.

In the midst of the confusion and panic one young man and his wife sat quietly on their berth with their two little babies sleeping soundly between them. Other passengers and some of the crew noticed them and wondered how they could be so quiet in the midst of the fear and danger. At last a sailor asked the question, "Mr. Chung, why is it you are not afraid, don't you know the ship is likely to break up and there is no way for us to escape?"

"I know there is danger," was the reply, "but we have prayed to our Heavenly Father and He has power to save us out of the danger. We know our lives are in His hands, so we do not need to be afraid."

"Did you ask your God to take care of us all?" one of the men asked, and

Mr. Chung assured them that he had and told them that though they did not know the true God, He knew and cared for them. He also told them that he believed God would make a way of escape for them all.

Not long after this the day began to break and the wind and waves to moderate and then in the distance two large fishing junks were seen sailing towards them.

The fishing boats soon realized their distress and came to the rescue and within an hour the passengers and their belongings were safely removed from the battered junk and were once more on their way towards Yeung Kong whilst other boats came to help save the junk and its cargo.

Without meeting any further danger the fishing junks a few hours later sailed into the mouth of the Yeung Kong river and in a short time the passengers safely reached their destination.

As they parted some of them came up to Mr. Chung and said, "Thank you for praying to your God to save us; we thought we would surely lose everything and be thrown into the sea."

How thankful he was that the knowledge of God's love and power had kept him confident and unafraid so that he was able to be a witness to those around, and as he said "Good-bye" to them, it was with the prayer that God would use the remembrance of their narrow escape to awaken them to realize the danger of their souls, without God and without hope in the world, that they might turn to the Saviour and trust in Him for their eternal salvation.

Charlie Christian.

IN one of the large hospitals in London, there is a small ward which is kept for children who have to come to hospital for one or two nights to have tonsils and adenoids done. Older children come one week and little ones the next.

One week Tony and Betty came with six other little ones. They were very frightened for they had never been away from home before. "Be brave and do just what nurse tells you," their mother told them. "Betty won't mind so much if you are with her, so don't cry Tony," she whispered.

Tony was only a very little boy, but he made up his mind to do as his mother said and help Betty. The first evening it all seemed very strange to both of them, but they soon went to sleep. Betty was in a cot one side of Tony, and a little black boy, with tight black curls, called Charlie Christian, was the other side of him.

Charlie's father and mother had

learnt to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, from an English missionary, in Africa, so they gave their baby boy that name.

On the second evening, after they had had the operation, nurse came round to each cot and tucked them up, then she shaded the light, and told them all to go to sleep, which most of the children did very soon.

But Tony could not go to sleep; his throat was very sore, and home and mother seemed a long way away, and try as he would, tears were very near. Betty could not go to sleep either, and she was sobbing quietly in the next cot. Poor Tony, he did not know what to do, he felt so bad, and the night seemed

as if it would never go, and how could he stop Betty crying?

Presently up came the black curly head from the other cot, and Charlie Christian sat up and whispered across to him, "*Did you pray?*" "No!" Tony had forgotten! He had quite forgotten that though they were far



away from home and mother, there was Someone Whom they were not far away from, Someone Who was watching His little children all the time, though they could not see Him.

"Betty," whispered Tony, "Betty, stop crying; we never prayed." Very softly, so as not to wake the others, Charlie Christian and Tony shut their eyes and both prayed, as they always did at home. Betty shut her eyes too and listened, and then all three children lay quietly down and very soon sleep came.

Jesus was watching them; Jesus was listening as they told Him all about everything, so they no longer felt alone; they knew He would take care of them.

In the morning Tony and Betty were much better, and by the afternoon were able to go home, but little black Charlie did not get on so fast. He had to stay for another week in hospital; perhaps the good Shepherd wanted him there to remind someone else to pray.

Did you pray this morning, or did you hurry past the open door into God's presence to meet the day by yourself? Jesus tells us so much about praying. He says we "ought always to pray." Luke 18. 1. And He tells us to pray to our Father in our rooms "in secret" (Matt. 6. 6), for we can tell Him everything, even what we can tell to no one else.

When we speak to anyone, we look at them, or people would say, "How rude that boy or girl is!" But we shut our eyes when we speak to God because we cannot see Him yet, and if we are looking at all the things

around we cannot think what we are saying to Him, or remember Who it is we are speaking to.

"The Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper He can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known
Whatever they may be."

Angry.

WHAT answer would you give to the following question which lately was printed on a board in a main thoroughfare?

"IS IT WORTH WHILE TO BE ANGRY?"

I am sure you would all say, "Of course not." Yet how many of us do get angry about very little things; and though we may be sorry afterwards, yet we would have been wiser not to be angry. It does not mend matters or make things easier for ourselves or for others; and besides, those of us who love the Lord Jesus, and who belong to Him should remember how it grieves Him to see any of His children angry.

God once said to a messenger of His, "Doest thou well to be angry?" (Jonah 4. 4.) Then He showed him how selfish he was, for he was angry because what had given *him* comfort was destroyed, and because *his* work seemed to have gone for nothing. God also showed him, that while he was

making so much of that, he was not thinking of what was of all importance—the salvation of never-dying souls.

Is it not often so with us? We think so much about the little things of this life, and of our own comforts and happiness and pleasures here (which, though quite right, all pass away) that we get angry if anything interferes with them; and, what is still sadder, these trifles often keep us from thinking of what is of much more importance—of what alone brings real happiness and joy into life—to know that our souls are saved through the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Are *you* going then to make much of trifles that are not worth, or will you put before everything else the salvation of your never-dying soul? If you know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour then seek to lead others to Him and not dishonour His holy Name by giving way to angry feelings; but seek to follow in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Be ye kind one to
another, tender-
hearted, forgiving
one another."

Eph. 4. 32.

Young Believers' Column.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5. 16.

SURELY these words speak to the hearts of each of us who through grace know the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, and exhort us to shine brightly here in this dark world for Him. There was a time when we were once darkness, but now we are "light in the Lord," and the scripture adds, "Walk as children of light."

A speaker was recently referring to this subject, and he said, "Don't be a spark but a flame." I think we need to be reminded of this. A spark soon goes out and gives no lasting light, but a flame gives both light and heat. The Lord spoke of John the Baptist as a burning and a shining light, and this is just what we want to be.

If we hide our light under a bushel or under a bed, no one will see the light. And there is a danger that business or pleasure or slothfulness might hinder our testimony here for the Lord Jesus. Oh! what need for watchfulness there is!

If we desire really to be shining brightly here in this world, it will not be accomplished by looking at ourselves, but it will be by being occupied with Jesus. Do you remember how brightly Stephen shone for His Lord and Master?

I believe we see the secret in Acts 7. 55. We read there, "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and JESUS."

May each of us know more of this.



“Free and for nothing.”

WHILE out for a walk one summer evening, we came across a group of merry children playing together in a country lane. We had some magazines with us with a picture on the front page, so going up to one of the little girls I said, “Would you like to have a little book?” She looked up at me and said, “How much are they?” “Oh, you don’t have to pay for them; they are free and for nothing,” we answered.

The little girl smiled and said she would like to have one, and the other children held out their hands, all eager to have one too. If they had had to pay for them I do not expect any of those boys and girls would have had a book. But as they were free, all they did was to take one and say “Thank you.”

It is just in the same way that we may have God’s great gift of eternal life. If we had to pay for it, then a great many of us could never have it. But God says, “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye buy and eat . . . *without money and without price.*” Isa. 55. 1.

Just as those children took the books, so you can have eternal life by simply taking it from God’s hand and thanking Him for it.

But because we can have it “without money and without price,” we must not think that it did not cost anything. God had to give His own Son to die and bear the punishment which we deserved so that He could offer us His wondrous gift. “The gift of God is eternal life.”

Have you received it yet?

THEN AND NOW.

.....

THEN His face was so marred more than any man.
Is. 52. 14.

NOW His face is radiant with the glory of God.
2 Cor. 4. 6.

THEN His head was crowned with thorns.
John 19. 2.

NOW He is crowned with glory and honour.
Heb. 2. 9.

THEN His feet were pierced. Ps. 22. 16.

NOW All things are put in subjection under His
feet. Heb. 2. 8.

THEN His hands were nailed to the cross.
Ps. 22. 16.

NOW His hands are lifted up in blessing.
Luke 24. 50.

THEN He was made a little lower than the angels.
Heb. 2, 9.
Angels ministered to Him. Luke 22. 43.

NOW He is made much better than the angels.
Heb. 1. 4.

Telephone Messages.



Telephone Messages.

WHAT a useful thing the telephone is! Why, we can scarcely imagine how people used to manage when there were no telephones. If our plans are suddenly changed, or we have some news we want to send to our friends, or some arrangements have to be made in a hurry, we fly to the 'phone and how soon we find ourselves speaking to the very person we need.

It is so easy too; even a child can use the telephone. I know a little girl who is quite useful in sending messages through the 'phone when her mother is busy. Sometimes when our telephone bell rings I hear a childish voice saying, "Will you come to tea with us to-day?" and I know it is this little girl with a message to me from her mother.

Do you know that verse in the Bible that says, "*Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear*"? Isa. 65. 24. That is even quicker than the telephone. It seems wonderful to us that we can be miles and miles away from someone and yet we can hear his voice, and he can hear ours. But the Lord Jesus knows even our thoughts, and though He is now in heaven, we can send a message to Him far quicker than we can send one through the telephone.

Have you ever sent a message to Him and received an answer? David tells us in Psalm 34 that he did. Speaking of himself he said, "This poor man *cried*, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

Sometimes when we lift the receiver and give the number, we hear the words, "Line engaged." That means that someone else is speaking to the person we want to reach and we have to wait and telephone another time. But that never happens when we send a message to the Lord Jesus. However many other people are speaking to Him, He is ready to listen to our cry. He has His children all over the world, and they are constantly sending up their petitions to Him, and He never tires of listening.

But some of you may never have really from your hearts sent up a cry to Him. Perhaps you have not felt a need of it. I was dressing one Sunday morning when our telephone bell rang. It was a very unusual thing on a Sunday, and we were afraid it meant bad news, and this it proved to be. A little boy we were very fond of had been taken ill in the night, and had been rushed off in the ambulance to have a serious operation. The boy's father had sent us the message as soon as he could, but long before that many petitions had gone up from the father and mother to the One Who is always caring for us, for they felt their need of Him, and He loves us far more than any earthly friend. And did the Lord answer their cry? Yes, He comforted their hearts and enabled them to leave their boy in His loving care while the doctor was performing the operation, and then how pleased they were to hear that it was all over and the little fellow was brought safely through.

The Lord always hears our prayers and answers them too, but not always

in the way we expect, but always in His own time and way.

Some of us have the telephone in our houses, but many of us have to go to a telephone call office or some other place if we wish to telephone, but how different if we want to speak to the Lord Jesus. Just whenever we want to and just wherever we are, we can speak to Him and He is always ready to listen to what we have to tell Him.

If you have never sent up a cry to that Saviour yet, will you not do so now? You need Him, for you are a sinner, and He is waiting to hear from your lips the cry, "I have sinned." Then how quickly will come the answer, "Your sins are forgiven you." 1 John 2. 12.

May those of us who know Him let Him often hear us speaking to Him, for He wants us to tell Him everything, our joys as well as our sorrows.

The King.

"When the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the Name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions. And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones: and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart." 1 Kings 10. 1, 2.

FAR across the desert, and up through the wild country lying between Ethiopia and Palestine came that great queen of old; a distance of many hundreds of miles to the wisest and richest king that ever reigned on this earth. She came to see for herself his greatness and magnificence which she had heard about, and

to hear his great wisdom. When she arrived and had seen him in his grandeur, and all his servants and possessions, and when she had told him all she had been thinking about, and had asked him all the questions to prove if what she had heard was really true, she had no more spirit left in her. All she could say was, "*The half was not told me!*"

What would she say to those who have heard of a far greater and wiser King than even Solomon, and who never came to Him, though they had no long journey to take as she did? "The queen of the south shall rise up in judgment with this generation and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold a greater than Solomon is here." Matt. 12. 42.

She told him all that was in her heart. Have you told Him all that is in your heart, commencing with your burden of sin? "Solomon told her all her questions." You may have heard many conflicting reports about the King and His service; have you asked Him to show you the truth about it all from His own Word, for He answers all your questions there?

Have you seen *His wisdom*? In creation all around you; His flowers, His birds, His stars, and sun and moon, His storms and wind and sea; but above all, His remedy for sin and sorrow and death. Have you ever seen a little of "the house that He has built"? "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee." Psa. 84. 4.

Have you tasted "*the meat of His*

table”? Have you drunk of that living water of which He told the woman by Sychar’s well? John 4. 14. “He that cometh to Me shall never hunger.” John 6. 35. I know that honey is sweet, but I cannot prove it to you if you will not taste it yourself. Have you seen “*the sitting of His servants*,” at His feet, hearing His Word? Luke 10. 39.

Have you watched “*the attendance of His ministers*”? Those who go out to serve Him whenever and wherever He may send them to tell others of His love. And “*their apparel*”! He has clothed them with the garments of salvation, and covered them with the robe of righteousness. Isa. 61. 10. They go out in “the armour of God” (Eph. 6. 11) and they wear the sign of His discipleship—they love one another. (John 13. 35.)

Have you ever watched “*His cup-bearers*” as they give to one and another cups of cold water for His sake, ministering to His sick or suffering people? (Matt. 10. 42.) And oh! have you seen “*His ascent by which*

He went up to the house of the Lord”? Look, we can see it in Luke 23 and 24. Think what it cost, for He would not go back alone. “I go to prepare a place for you,” He tells us. Where did He go to prepare it? To the cross, so that we might dwell in His house for ever with Him. He “became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him.” Phil. 2. 8, 9.

If you have come to Him and seen it, like the queen of Sheba you will exclaim, “Happy are Thy men, happy are these Thy servants, which stand continually before Thee, and that hear Thy wisdom.” It was, she said, because God loved His people for ever, that He gave them such a king, but it was because He “so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son” that we might live with Him for ever. And He is “*not far from every one of us*.” Acts 17. 27.

“Oh! had I power to tell of Him Who died for
me,
Then Lord, each throbbing heart should swell,
All eyes look up to Thee.”

“If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” Rom. 10. 9.

God's Gift.

IT WAS at a children's service last winter. The hall in the little village was nicely filled with children who used to come time after time to listen to the Gospel story, and to sing the hymns and choruses the speaker taught them.

This evening the gentleman wrote upon a blackboard the words we have here in our picture. The children listened well as he explained that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." God gives us salvation as a gift.

The preacher wrote the letters G I F T down the board, but did not at first fill in the words. He asked the children what "G" might stand for. They guessed "GREAT" quite quickly. Yes, salvation is indeed a great gift. In order that we might be saved, God gave His only and well-beloved Son to die for us. God could give no greater gift than that. How much He must have loved us! "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

When the children tried to guess what "I" stood for, they were puzzled—and no wonder, when we look at the

big word which the gentleman wrote. What does "INDISPENSABLE" mean? None of the children knew, so the gentleman explained that it means "cannot be done without," and made the children repeat it several times so that they could tell father and mother when they went home that God's great

gift cannot be done without. If we are ever to be saved and happy in heaven we must take God's salvation. We must have the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, and know that our sins are washed away in His precious blood, or we shall never be with Him in glory.

"FREE" is the next word and we all understand what that means. We don't have to pay for salvation or work for it. God gives it freely, because of what the Lord Jesus has done. We have nothing to do but take it, but it cost the Lord Jesus everything for He had to give up His life.

Then lastly is the word "TAKEN." I wonder if that is true of each one of my readers.

Have you taken God's great salvation? Have you accepted the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? If you have then you are saved and know the happiness of having your sins forgiven.



GOD'S GIFT.

Great

Indispensable

Free

Taken

But, if not, oh do not delay! You dare not trifle with your soul's salvation. God offers it now as a gift, but you may put off accepting it till too late. "Now is the day of salvation."

If we have taken God's gift, let us not forget to thank Him for it, and for all His love.

Salvation.

Salvation! Oh salvation!

Endearing precious sound!
Shout, shout the word "Salvation!"

To earth's remotest bound:
Salvation for the guilty,
Salvation for the lost,
Salvation for the wretched,
The sad, and sorrow-tossed.

Salvation for the aged,
Salvation for the young,
Salvation e'en for children
Proclaim with joyful tongue:
Salvation for the wealthy,
Salvation for the poor,
Salvation for the lowly,
E'en life for evermore.

Salvation without money,
Salvation without price,
Salvation without labour,
Believing doth suffice,
Salvation now—this moment!
Then why, oh, why delay?
You may not see to-morrow,
Now is salvation's day!

Young Believers' Column.

A PARTY of mountain climbers was ascending the snow-clad Alps. As usual they were all connected with ropes so that if one stumbled the rest might hold him up. All of a sudden one of the party took a false step and his feet slipped from under him. But for the rope that attached him to his comrades, he would have gone over the precipice and been dashed to pieces. That rope, however, saved him and he almost instantly regained his footing, but the jerk on the rope had caused two of his companions to fall, and without power to help themselves, they slid swiftly down to the very precipice he had been saved from.

As they went over the edge, the rope broke. He was saved himself, but his false step cost his friends their lives. What bitter reflections this poor man must have had! But what to compare to the believer who through his fall or careless walk is the means of leading others into sin, and although he himself may be restored, cannot undo the effects of his failure!

It is well for us to remember that "none of us liveth to himself." Rom. 14. 7. Our lives are read by others, and how many have been led to the Lord or to think about their souls by the consistent walk of a believer in the Lord Jesus. But oh! the sadness when through the backsliding of such an one, others are hindered from coming to Christ, and led further into sin.

"Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of those which observe me." Psa. 27. 11. (margin).



What made Dolly Happy.

DOLLY was ten years old. Her home was not like the nice home that most of my little readers have. Her mother was very poor, and had to work hard. But the sad part was that the money she should have spent on her little girl, often went into the public house.

Dolly often used to run about the streets in wet weather with boots that badly needed mending. One day she was taken very ill with rheumatic fever through getting her feet wet, and she had to be taken off to the hospital.

She was very very ill, and when the doctor came to see her he shook his head, for he was afraid that Dolly would not get better.

Before she was taken ill, Dolly used to go to Sunday School. There she heard of the Saviour Who loves little children as well as grown-up people, and Who died to save them. She not only listened to the story of Jesus and His love, but she trusted Him as her own Saviour, so she had nothing to fear even though she did not get better.

But Dolly did not die. Very slowly she began to improve, and after a long time she was able to go home again.

Everyone was sorry to say "Goodbye" to her. She had been so patient all through her long illness. When anyone asked her how she was, she used to look up with a bright smile and say, "A little better, thank you," even when she was very ill. The Lord Jesus helped her to be a little light for Him there, and to show to those around her how happy He had made her even while she was suffering.

Perhaps you have never been very ill and thought you were going to die, but you need a Saviour, and the Lord Jesus is waiting for YOU to trust Him. Won't you do it now? Then you too can be a little light for Him in this dark world.

“INCLINE YOUR EAR, AND COME UNTO ME, HEAR
AND YOUR SOUL SHALL LIVE.” Isa. 55. 3.

STILL the gospel message is being sounded out far and wide,
and just as when the Word was preached in the days of the
apostles there were various results, so it is now.

What effect has it had upon you ?

*Those who listened to the
message by Stephen were* **HARDENED** Acts 7. 55.

*Those who heard Peter on
the day of Pentecost were in* **EARNEST** Acts 2. 37.

*King Agrippa although in-
terested in Paul's preaching
was only* **ALMOST PERSUADED**
Acts 26. 28.

*The Ethiopian eunuch be-
lieved the preaching of
Philip and went on his way* **REJOICING** Acts 8. 39.

Take heed therefore how ye hear.
Luke: 8. 18.

Shooting the Big Sioux Rapids



Shooting the Big Sioux Rapids.

FOR thirty-nine years an Indian had successfully navigated the big Sioux rapids in an open boat. It was his custom to take on passengers if any would venture and were willing to pay a small amount for the privilege. It is surprising how people, otherwise sensible and prudent in ordinary matters will risk their lives to enjoy what they call a "thrill." The Word of God says "Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee." Prov. 2. 11.

While employed on a large construction job close to the rapids I often went down to view the rushing curling waters, which in many places are so shallow as to expose the bed of the river. One can realise that such waters are very dangerous. There is of course a channel that is deep enough for some boats to pass through, but it requires much skill to keep in it, the surging current adding to the difficulty.

Two members of the construction firm doing business on the river had made plans with this Indian to shoot the rapids on the next Sunday morning; the time being set. Somehow the alarm to awake them failed to work that particular morning, which caused these two men to miss their appointment that day. What was their surprise when later in the day they heard that, that very morning, the Indian had been upset and drowned with all his passengers!

To me this was no accident, but one of those mysterious workings by which

God accomplishes His purposes for good. Surely this should have been a warning to these two men. If they had got up in time that morning their bodies would now be lying somewhere beneath those rushing waters. And if they did not know God and the forgiveness of their sins, their bodies would now be waiting that time which is spoken of in the Bible, "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it . . . and they were judged . . . and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. 20. 13, 15.

God's mercy was shown towards these two men in withholding them from their folly, for He is "not willing that any should perish."

In our frontispiece you will see the two men standing just where the Indian of our story was drowned. May this be a warning to those of you who have not yet accepted the Lord Jesus as your Saviour. Do not put it off any longer but come now to Him and take from His loving hand the salvation which He is still offering you. You may not have another opportunity.

One of those men has since passed out of this scene, but before doing so he acknowledged his need of a Saviour. The other is still undecided after more than twenty years.

"He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Prov. 29. 1.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16. 31.

A Chinese Boy's Answer.

SOME Chinese children were recently asked the question, "Have you faith?" They wrote their answers, and one boy replied "Yes, I have faith in the Bank of China, because I believe it can be trusted."

The Bible tells us we are justified by faith, and saved through faith. This boy in China has real, true faith. Will it justify him? Will it save him? I think I hear you say "No; faith in the Bank of China won't save anybody." That is true. Faith in the Bank of China or faith in the Bank of England will not save anybody. It might save their money, but certainly not their souls.

But what about the verse in the Bible that tells us we are saved through faith? Is that verse not true? Here is a boy with real faith, and yet not saved. How can it be? Again, I think I hear you say, "But he has not faith in the right Person. It is faith in Christ that saves us." Yes, that is the point. It is the Person in Whom we have faith Who saves us, not our *faith*. All the faith in the world will never save anybody, unless that faith is in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now suppose somebody gave this boy in China 10,000 dollars and he had great faith in the Bank of China, but did not put his money in the bank, and the brigands came to his house, would his faith save that money? No, it would not. It is useless to say we have faith unless we act upon it.

I suppose that nearly every boy and girl in England believes that the Lord

Jesus Christ is able and willing to save them; in just the same way this boy believes the Bank of China is able and willing to care for his money. But, sad to say, every boy and girl in England has not put his or her soul (more precious than all the world) in trust with the Lord Jesus Christ. That is what it means to have faith in Christ, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

The apostle Paul had done this, and he wrote "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." 2 Tim. 1. 12. I do not expect that you "know" the Bank of China, and so I do not expect you to have faith in it. You do not *know* that it is able to keep what you might commit to it. But you do *know* that the Lord Jesus is able to keep what you commit to Him. Then let me ask you, have you committed your soul to Him? If you have never done so, you may have a great deal of faith, but it is not saving faith, and you are lost. If you have gone to the Lord Jesus and committed your soul to Him, you are saved. You may have very little faith, but it is *HE*, and not your faith Who saves you.

The boy who wrote that answer might have great faith in the Bank of China. I might have very little faith in the Bank of China, but if we both committed our money to the bank, his money would be no more safe than mine. It is the bank that cares for the money, not my faith in the bank.

And again, if the Bank of China failed, that boy's money would be lost, even though he had great faith in it.

If Christ could ever fail, we would be lost, in spite of our faith in Him. But HE can never, never fail. "Ho failoth not." Look off unto Jesus. Look away from your faith to Him, and remember He is able to keep what you have committed unto Him against that day.

An Audience of the King.

MANY years ago the queen of Madagascar was a worshipper of idols. Later in her reign she became a christian. While she was still heathen, some of the chief men in the palace gave up their idols and became christians. The heathen queen gathered these great men and some of the other officers together, one day, and said to them, "I am aware that some of you are numbered amongst the 'praying people.' I have no objection to your joining them if you think it right, but remember, if you do so, I expect from you a life and conduct worthy of that profession."

She realised that, outwardly anyhow, they had joined the service of the Lord of all the earth, the King of kings, and so she expected them to behave as His servants. But she called them the "praying people," and she was right, for they could not behave any differently to other people unless their King helped them.

When one of the king of England's ambassadors or ministers is leaving England for a foreign country, we read in the papers, that he "had an audience of the King this morning."

He will have gone to Buckingham Palace and spoken with the king alone, about the place he is being sent to. The king will have spoken to him about it, and the dangers and special difficulties of the work he will have to try and carry out, in the king of England's name, in that foreign country.

He will have some of the king's subjects and his interests to care for there, and the native people will judge of English ways and England's king by the way his minister acts. If he is a good servant they will want to know more of his country, his king and their ways.

He will have to write despatches home when he is out there, and the king will follow what he is doing, for he takes interest in what his servants are doing all over the world; and when they serve well and faithfully he honours them and gives them greater responsibilities, and when they come home he may send for them to see him again.

The King of kings sends out His ambassadors and ministers into hard and difficult places every day, but they can have an audience with Him first. Some have to go to very strange countries. Some are very young; some are very old. Some think it would be very much easier to serve in another place than where they have been sent. Some are well and strong, and some have to lie still in bed for a very long time. But the King knows exactly why He sends each servant of His to their particular place, and He sends them just where He most wants them to be.

He knows all they have to do, all

the hard work and disappointments, and sometimes pain and loneliness that they have to meet. He watches them the whole time, and they may speak with Him about it all at any time and He will be ready to listen.

"Not many mighty, not many noble, are called" in His service (it does not say "not *any*" though) and they have no medals or decorations yet, but they know their King has said, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am, there shall also My servant be: if any man serve Me, him will My Father honour." John 12. 26. "Behold I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give to every man according as his work shall be." Rev. 22. 12. He will

present them "faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." Jude 24.

"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matt. 25. 23), He will say to those of His servants who have been "faithful in that which is least." Are we "faithful" servants? We cannot be faithful in our own strength; we must have an audience of the King very often.

What would you think of a British minister who refused to go to Buckingham Palace to see the king, because he was so busy getting read to sail? No one would think of such a thing!



By courtesy of Photochrom Co., London & Tunbridge Wells.

Then what would you think of a servant of the King of kings who goes out into a new day without speaking with his Lord, and tries to face an unknown country and unknown difficulties alone, because he had not time to have an audience with the King of kings?

"When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." Psa. 27. 8.

"Jesus, Master Whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live for Thee alone.

Jesus, Master, Whom I serve,
Though so feebly, and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil.
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

John 5. 24.

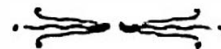
Young Believers' Column.

"MOTHER, I have the key," were the words which met the ears of a loving mother, who for four days had watched her dying child. "What key, darling?" asked the mother, wondering whether her daughter was still wandering, as she had been delirious the whole of the previous night. "The blood of Jesus," was the answer. Ah! what a key this is! That which will open heaven to the sinner and the blessed title of those who read this column who know what it is to have trusted the Saviour, and rejoice in the possession of that key of which we have spoken.

But have you also the key of perfect peace here while on the road homeward to glory? Do you ask what it is? Let me turn you to Isa. 26. 3, "Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he *trusteth* in Thee." *Confidence* in the One whose precious blood has given you a title to glory, will keep you in perfect peace while here below.

His eye is ever upon you. You are the object of His love and care, and now He wants your heart to be stayed upon Him. Joy or sorrow, illness or health, success or disappointment, all can be taken from His hand, and resting in Him the mind will be kept in peace above the circumstances, and you will be able to sing—

"I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."





What Charlie missed.

ONE day a father called his five children to him and said, "I am going away from home ; perhaps I shall be away a long time. What would you like me to bring you when I come back ? You may all choose something."

The children looked very pleased, and the eldest girl came close to her father and whispered, "I should like to have a canary in a pretty cage." "Very well, you shall have it," said her father. Mary clapped her hands with delight. Then the biggest boy said, "I should like to have a spade, so that I can dig in the garden." Another child said, "Father, I want a hoop," and Emmie, a tiny little girl said, "Please bring me a new dolly."

"Yes," said their father, "you shall all have what you have asked for. I promise to bring them when I come home." But there was one boy named Charlie, who had not asked his father for anything. When the other children wanted to know the reason he said, "Oh, I thought that very likely Father will forget or change his mind, and so it is no use asking."

In the Bible, God's precious Word, He has made a great many promises—promises for boys and girls as well as grown-up people. But unless we believe them they will not do us any good. Some of the promises were given us by the Lord Jesus Himself when He was on this earth. Here are three of them :—

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." John 6, 37.

"He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." John 6, 47.

"I will come again and receive you unto Myself." John 14, 3.

When the father of those children came home, he called them to him and said, "Come here and get your presents." Sure enough, there was a lovely yellow canary for Mary ; a spade for John, a hoop for Janie and a nice new doll for little Emmie.

But what about Charlie ? There was no present for him because he did not believe his father's word. He was bitterly disappointed when he saw the nice presents that his father had brought the other children.

I hope none of you little ones will be like Charlie and miss God's blessings because you do not believe He means what He says.

“HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT, They are new every morning.”

LAM. 3. 22, 23.

When He met the leper we read :—

“JESUS, moved with **COMPASSION**, put forth His hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will ; be thou clean.”
Mark 1. 41:

When He met the widow of Nain going to bury her son, it says :—

“When the LORD saw her, He had **COMPASSION** on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier : . . . and He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.”
Luke 7. 13, 14.

When He met the two blind men we read :—

“JESUS had **COMPASSION** on them, and touched their eyes : and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed Him.” Matt. 20. 34.

When He looked on the hungry multitude He said :—

“I have **COMPASSION** on the multitude. . . . I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way.”
Matt. 15. 32.

Our Privilege.

“Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the LORD hath done for thee, and hath had **COMPASSION** on thee.”
Mark 5. 19.

Awakened by an Earthquake



By courtesy of the Keystone View Co.

Awakened by an Earthquake.

A FEW months ago England was shaken by an earthquake. Multitudes of people were alarmed by it. Many were so afraid they did not dare to go to sleep again that night. We wonder if any of them were so awakened by the shock that they found their way to the Lord Jesus, the solid Rock of salvation.

You will remember that it was an earthquake which opened the prison doors, and loosed the prisoners' bonds when Paul and Silas were in prison at Philippi. One man and his household at least found salvation through that earthquake.

Some parts of the world are subject to more frequent shocks than others. Certain parts of China in recent years have suffered disastrous earthquakes, resulting in the loss of thousands of lives. The following is the story of how one soul was saved through such an earthquake.

Farmer Feng lived in a small village on a very pretty and fertile plain nestling among the mountains of Yunnan, sometimes called the "Switzerland of China." A zealous evangelist bookseller came that way visiting the villages. Farmer Feng bought one of the Scripture portions he offered for sale, and also had a conversation with him. Among other things he read in this little book was a passage which told of "earthquakes in divers places." (Read Mark 13. and find this passage for yourself.) Somehow this was impressed on his mind, without doubt by the Spirit of God. Just about that time a violent earthquake shook the district. The village where Farmer

Feng lived felt the shock severely, but did not suffer the worst consequences. The centre of the earthquake was another small plain some 20 miles distant where the city of Sio was in great measure destroyed. City walls fell down, houses collapsed, great cracks opened in the earth, and over 2,000 people in the neighbourhood were killed.

The effect of all this on Farmer Feng was to awaken him to action. He turned again to the Scripture portion which had so distinctly spoken of earthquakes. Surely, he thought to himself, there must be some truth in this book, and he must find out more about it.

He set out on foot and walked the 30 miles which brought him to the shores of the lovely Yunnanfu lake. Another journey of 30 odd miles by crowded Chinese junk during the night landed him at the city of Yunnanfu. There he searched until he found the "Jesus Hall," and Colporteur Fan who had sold him the little book.

That day the missionaries of the "Jesus Hall" had set apart as a rest day. They had hired a small boat for a trip to the quiet restful slopes across the northern end of the lake. As of old, after a busy spell, the Master had said to them, "Come ye apart and rest awhile." As of old also others came following, not multitudes perhaps, but Colporteur Fan and Farmer Feng who was to be the beginning of multitudes. Feng was hungering for more of the Bread of Life. He had never met the missionaries before, and it must have been a strange experience for him to

come on to the missionary boat. There that day, and for the next day or two also in the city, he found food for his soul. He went back on his homeward journey rejoicing in the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. Like the jailor of old he had come bowing down and asking "What must I do?" and had been pointed the way, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

And so it proved. The blessing not only reached Feng, but his whole house, and others in his village and district. Meetings for prayer and worship began in his home to which others came and found the Saviour. Away up amongst the high mountains near which his village nestled were many tribal villages where Feng had friends. His new found joy must be shared with them. So Feng himself became a messenger of the glorious Gospel, and took around with him Scripture books such as had led him into the light. The tribes-people in that area who received their first message of the Gospel through Farmer Feng, could be numbered by the thousand. He was used too as one of the first messengers to bring souls to Christ in and around that city of Sio which suffered so heavily by the earthquake which had awakened him to seek the Truth.

Don't wait for an earthquake or any such catastrophe to awaken you to the Truth. You might perish in the midst of it. What then? God has spoken, and how graciously and invitingly He has spoken to us as Hebrews 1. 1 tells us "by His Son." Oh! let us heed Him, and obey that still small voice

within which urges us to accept Him even "to-day." Thus shall you be lifted up upon the Rock and be able to build thereon as did Farmer Feng.

" Build on the Rock, the Rock that ever stands.
O Build on the Rock and not upon the sands ;
You need not fear the storm or the earthquake
shock ;
You're safe for evermore if you build on the
Rock."

The Leaf-cutter Bee.



Photo by H. Main, F.E.S.

I wonder if you have heard of the leaf-cutter bee. Sometimes in the summer time you may see in the garden, rose leaves with semi-circular pieces cut out of them, just as if cut with scissors. Perhaps it never occurred to you that a bee had been at work, and had done its work much better than you could have done it.

Some boys and girls do their work carelessly but the bee is not like that. If you watch carefully near a tree which has its leaves cut in this way, you may be fortunate enough to see the bee at work. It has very sharp little jaws and cuts through the leaf ever so quickly. It is very particular too, and usually rejects a leaf which has a bad bit in it, or if it cuts through the midrib (by mistake, I suppose) it stops and looks for another leaf. So

you see the bee doesn't do its work just anyhow !

I have seen boys and girls who do their work well when the teacher or master is watching them, but if no one is looking they do it very badly. But we must remember that the Lord's eye is always on us and He sees us all the time. If we know Him as our Saviour, we want to please Him, don't we ? "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord." Col. 3. 17. If we think of Him, we shall want to do our very best, so as to meet His approval, whether anyone else sees us or not.

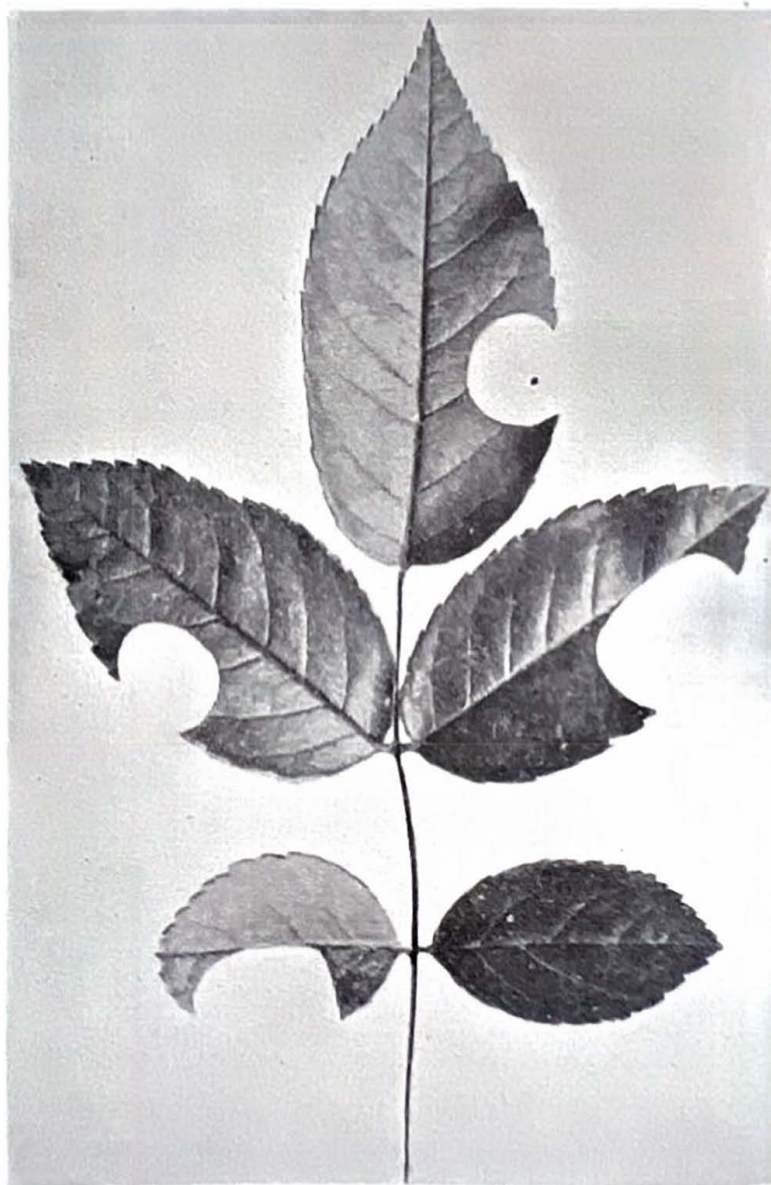
I expect some of you are wondering what the bee wants with leaves. Well, it uses them to make its nest. When it has cut round and is giving the last little snips, it seizes the cut piece between its front legs and whenever the piece is free, it flies off with it. Sometimes you may see the bee resting to re-arrange its little burden before it gets home.

Now don't you think our bee is a very clever little creature ? God has suited it for the life it leads and the work it has to do. It makes me think of the verse "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works ! In wisdom hast Thou made them all : the earth is full of Thy riches." Psa. 104. 24.

" All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

God not only made the insects and animals but He made you and me. He *cares* for all His creatures, from the greatest to the tiniest, but how much

more does He care for us ! He *cares* for them but He *loves* us, and He not only provides for all our needs day by day but He has given His own Son to die for us, so that we may have our sins washed away and be fit to spend eternity with Him in heaven. Have you ever thanked Him for all His love ?



From "Marvels of Insect Life."

Photo by H. Main, F.R.S.

“Follow His Steps.”

(1 Peter 2. 21-23.)

IF we were to take a ship from London we could reach Palestine in about eight days; or if we were to go by train we should get there quicker; while if we went by aeroplane we could be there in two days.

We could walk through the very country where the Lord Jesus lived when He was here on earth nineteen hundred years ago. We could see Bethlehem where He was born, and Nazareth where He was brought up. We could walk by the Sea of Galilee where He so often walked, and we might watch a storm come down suddenly from the mountains, just as it did when He was there in a boat with His disciples.

We could follow His steps through the cities and villages on the long journey from Galilee to Judea. We could see the city of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, where He saw it and wept over it. Yes, we could see it—“the city God had chosen to place His Name there” (2 Chron. 6. 6)—where God had told Abraham to offer Isaac—the city David captured and called after himself (2 Sam. 5. 6-10), where the plague was stayed (2 Sam. 24. 15-25), where Solomon’s temple was built, the most wonderful temple ever erected on this earth. God said, “Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually,” for He looked on to the mighty sacrifice to be offered there, when He should give His only Son to die for sinners and they would write His Name on the cross outside that city’s wall. We could see it all

and should indeed feel that it was the Holy Land.

Much of the country and many of the customs of the people have changed very little in all these nineteen hundred years. But even if we did see it all, we should only feel that Jesus is not there now, and we need not think, “Oh! if only I had lived when He was here, and had been able to see Him and go about with Him,” for though we cannot see Him, He is just the same to-day as He was then. “Jesus Christ THE SAME yesterday,” when He was here on earth; “to-day,” now at this very moment, “And for ever,” all through the unending ages of eternity.

“I need not grieve I did not live in days so long ago.

Time has not changed His loving heart; He’s just the same I know

As when He welcomed sin-sick hearts, none ever turned away,

He called them, healed them, loved them all,
And He’s the Same to-day.”

And we can follow Him now just as surely, IF WE KNOW HIM AS OUR SAVIOUR, as His disciples did of old. Not by walking the paths He trod in Palestine, but by doing what He has told us to do and by learning to do everything in His way. Perhaps it will only look a very little bit like His way at first, so little like it that no one but God would notice it was like Him at all. But there are things we can do which will remind everyone of the Lord Jesus, and if we ask Him He will show us them, and teach us how to follow Him. He says, “Without Me ye can do nothing.” Oh! how often He said, “Follow Me.” He knew no one would be disappointed who even left everything to follow Him, and they

never have been. But we must begin at the beginning and not forget that almost all we read of Him for thirty years is that He went and dwelt at Nazareth with His parents and was subject unto them. (Luke 2. 51.) And yet He was the Lord of all! Are we obedient like that to those whom God has set over us? We shall be, if we follow His steps.

“Follow Me.”

“And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And He saith unto them, Follow Me . . . and they straightway left their nets and followed Him.” Matt. 4. 18-20.

“Bright the morning sunshine, night’s long toil
is o’er,

Now the weary fishers rest upon the shore;
Sweeter than the music of the rippling sea
Is the voice that calls them, ‘Rise and follow
Me.’

Master, still Thou callest; help me now to say,
‘Gladly I will follow, lovingly obey.’”

“Who is this that calleth? ‘Tis the Shepherd
true;

He that bids you follow, gave His life for you.
Whither will He lead us? *In the steps He trod,*
By the narrow pathway, daily nearer God.

Master, still Thou callest; help me now to say,
‘Gladly I will follow, lovingly obey.’”

“I am the Light of the
world: he that followeth
Me shall not walk in dark-
ness, but shall have the
light of life.”

John 8. 12.

Young Believers’ Column.

RECENTLY a gentleman was signing his name to a receipt. After doing so he pointed to his signature and said “I am very proud of that name. You couldn’t have a better—George Anthony. ‘George’ after my father’s father and ‘Anthony’ after my mother’s father, and I am very proud to have them.”

The gentleman to whom he was speaking said, “But I have a better name. Mine is Samuel John.”

“You are right,” said the first speaker, “for your name is after two very wonderful men in the Bible.” Then speaking very earnestly he said “Samuel was dedicated by his mother to the Lord from his birth; were you? Dedicated to the Lord, Samuel served Him all his life; do you? John leaned on Jesus’ bosom; do you? He knew the sweetness of communion, and could speak of the wonders of His grace; can you?”

Those standing near went away silent and subdued, while a christian who heard all that was said felt what an opportunity had been used for the Lord.

Now young believers, is there not a word for us in this? The disciples were first called “christians” at Antioch, and through grace that is your name. Then you can look forward to the time when Jesus our Lord will write on His people “My new name.” (Rev. 3. 12.) This we know will be after He has taken us to glory.

While we wait for that moment may we seek to be like Samuel who served the Lord, and like John who knew communion with the Lord, leaning upon His bosom.



A Good Memory.



HIS afternoon I went to see an old lady who is ill, and has to be in bed almost all the time. But this doesn't make her sad and miserable, because she knows the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She is so bright and happy and is always ready to tell of the Lord's love to her. While she lies there all alone she speaks to Him and He speaks to her.

You may be wondering what I mean when I say that Jesus talks to this old lady. She doesn't hear a voice speaking aloud to her, you know. No ; the Lord Jesus speaks to us now through His Word, the Bible.

If we want to send a message to someone who lives a long way from us, we send them a letter. So God's Word is like a letter. In the Bible we read how much He loves us, and how He sent Jesus to die for us. Then we read too how Jesus is now in heaven watching over all those who trust in Him, whether they are old or young.

When this old lady was a little girl she learnt a lot of hymns and verses. Now she is old and cannot read for herself, but the Lord brings these verses to her mind, and they are such a comfort to her.

Although she is eighty-seven years old, yet she can remember what she learnt when she was a little girl about five or six years old ! I don't suppose you little ones think when you are learning your verses for Sunday School, that if you live to be old, you will most likely still remember those verses. How important it is then to learn them well !

Did you know that it is ever so much easier to learn when you are young ? That is one reason why we need to learn as much as possible of God's Word now, and not wait until we grow up, for it will be much harder then.

Will you all try to remember what I have told you about this old lady and her good memory when you learn your verses next time ?

Jesus loves the little Ones.

Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones ; Won - drous was the
love That brought Him down from glo - - ry, In
His bright home a - bove, To save poor lit - tle ones.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Jesus loves the little Ones." It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system covers the first line of the hymn, the second system covers the second line, and the third system covers the third line. The music is in a simple, accessible style suitable for children's hymns.

Jesus seeks the little ones,
Wand'ring far in sin.
They little know the patient love
That seeks their souls to win,
And save lost little ones.

Jesus died for little ones,
On that dreadful tree ;
And then what bitter pain He bore,
And untold agony,
To save poor little ones.

Jesus lives for little ones
In the heav'n above,
And ne'er forgets the precious lambs,
Who've trusted in His love,
And are His little ones.

Jesus thinks of little ones
All the night and day,—
And all the time they're sleeping,
And while they are at play,—
And guards His little ones.

Soon He'll take His little ones
To live in His home,
So safe with Him forever,
And nevermore to roam ;
Ah ! happy little ones !