

No. 3. Vol. XV.

MAR., 1910.

# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR THE  
YOUNG



OFFICE OF GOSPEL STORIES  
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He, casting  
away his  
garment...  
came  
to Jesus.

Mark x. 50.



# Gospel Stories

## For the Young.



### AN OBJECT LESSON ON BOWS.

**B**OWS and arrows are amongst the earliest known weapons used for both hunting and warfare. They are mentioned in the first book of the Bible.

Hunting was not at first either cruel or wrong, but really necessary for two reasons. First to supply food from the flesh of birds and beasts thus killed with arrows, and secondly, to prevent wild beasts increasing so fast to the great danger of mankind. For if none were slain the numbers would so multiply that they would often kill men for the sake of food.

Even as early as Genesis x. Nimrod is spoken of as being a "mighty hunter before the Lord," and in Genesis xxvii. Isaac directs Esau to take his quiver and bow and go hunting, that he might make savoury meat for his father, such as he loved.

3-1910.

Then in Genesis xlviii. when Jacob was blessing Joseph's sons, he spoke of the portion of his inheritance that he had taken out of the hand of the Amorite with his sword and with his bow.

Now, will you turn to 1 Kings xxii. 34, where we read of

#### a bow at a venture.

A great battle was taking place and one man, of whom the Lord's prophet had said he should fall, had dressed himself in another man's clothes, so that he should not be known, and thinking thereby to escape notice; but what God foretells always comes true, and He directed the arrow shot at a venture, that is to say, shot by a man who could not see or know where it would strike, and that arrow struck the man in disguise between the joint of his harness, and he was slain. He was the king of Israel, although he tried to appear another man, and thought by so doing to turn aside the words of the prophet who had told the king that he would be killed in the battle.

Then there is a touching incident in the lives of Jonathan and David when they had to say farewell the one to the other. Jonathan took his bow and for a sign he shot

#### three arrows in the fields.

This was to let David know that he must not come again to the palace lest Saul should kill him. And after a boy had gathered up the arrows David and Jonathan met for the last time. They kissed each other and wept on each other as a sign of the great friendship there was between them.

We might almost call this the bow of love and friendship, but the next one that I shall refer to is a bow of a very different kind. It is found in Hosea vii., where the Lord is mourning over the wickedness of the tribe of Ephraim, He says they are like

a deceitful bow,

for they return, but not to the most High. Many strange things are there said about Ephraim to illustrate the ways in which they had turned away from God and sinned against Him.

Many other references to bows and arrows might be quoted from the scriptures, but I shall only refer to one more and that speaks of

the bows of mighty men

being broken ; the words were spoken by a woman named Hannah, the mother of Samuel, in her prayer to the Lord, thanking Him for giving her a son, and closing the mouths of all those who had taunted her with having no children. She could now praise the Lord and say the bows of the mighty men are broken.

### CHILDREN PLAYING.

**N**EARLY every one in this world in which we live is looking forward. The boys and girls look forward to when they shall be grown up and leave school—when they will begin their life work in whatever line of things their mind is set upon. Whether to enter a merchant's office or be apprenticed to some trade or occupation.

And as the future opens out to us it is very often quite different from what we had expected.

There is only one book in the world that can really tell us of things to come and that is the Bible. It not only speaks of eternity but tells us of things that are yet to take place on this earth. Scenes of joy and gladness as well as times of terrible judgment.

Our picture shews a time of blessing yet to come when children, full of fun and gladness, shall play together in the streets of Jerusalem.

And also that old men and old women shall dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man shall have a staff in his hand for very age. You will read about this in Zechariah viii. 4, 5. The city that has so often been destroyed will be rebuilt, peace and prosperity shall dwell there.

The children shall be very happy, and neither shall disease or warfare take away the people, for they shall live to a great age. God has said it and He will perform it, but in the meantime there are other and greater blessings for us in the present day, even spiritual blessings. We want those who read this magazine to get God's salvation, and that not by our being good or doing something for God, but by believing what God has done for us through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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### FATHER, FORGIVE.

**T**HE blood of Abel cried,  
 For vengeance from the ground ;  
 The precious blood of Jesus gives  
 A nobler, sweeter sound.

"Father, forgive," it cries,  
 "They know not what they do."  
 Children, this gracious dying prayer  
 Was offered up for you.

"Forgive them," though their sins  
 Against them loudly cry :  
 For them I offer up Myself,  
 In love for them I die.

"I bear their curse and shame,  
 I bear it on the tree ;  
 Forgive them, Father, in Thy love,  
 I die to set them free." H. B.

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### THE STORY OF WILLIAM QUARRIER.

#### II.

#### "WAIFS AND STRAYS."

**W**HATEVER William Quarrier did, even as a boy, was done "heartily." His early apprenticeship had been a hard school, but he had worked bravely on, and by the time he was fourteen he



had learnt his trade (shoemaking) so thoroughly, that he was able to earn good wages. Up to that time his mother and sisters had had no home of their own, and his first care was to do something for them. A very small and low-rented house was taken, a few cheap, second-hand chairs, tables, and other useful things bought; and with thankful and happy hearts William, his mother and youngest sister settled down into what was a real home. William did not always work at the same place, or for the same employer.

One day, when work was somewhat

and she soon felt really interested in the youth, and asked him if he went to any church or chapel on Sundays. His reply was that he did not (the Sunday-school had been given up). She then asked him if he would not like to go where she went, and told him that he would always be welcome to a seat in her pew.

From that time William became a regular attendant at a church where the gospel appears to have been faithfully preached. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." The youth heard, believed, and though he did



IN THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM.

slack, William made a round of several shops where boots and shoes were made and sold, and in so doing called upon a lady, Miss Hunter, who carried on a business on her own account. At first she was half afraid to engage a workman who in both age and appearance was still a boy, but something in his modest and respectful manner pleased her greatly, and she decided to try him; he was punctual at his work, and did it so well and quickly,

not, as many have done, pass through weeks or months of soul trouble, he took his place before God as a sinner needing salvation; and as the "love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost," he rejoiced in Christ as his own trusted Saviour.

He never lost the desire formed in the days of his own deep poverty to be "good to puir laddies," but, for him, the time to attempt great things had not yet come, so

he was wisely content to do small ones. When about seventeen years of age he took a class of rough lads in the Sunday-school, and was able to induce not only his scholars, but several young men to attend gospel and other meetings.

#### He was not without home cares.

Bravely as his mother had toiled to keep a home together for her children, she was still a stranger to the saving grace of God, and a great longing for her salvation arose in the heart of her son; but when he ventured to speak to her on the subject, it made her so angry that he felt he must not, for a time at least, repeat the attempt. But if he could not gain her ear, or touch her heart, there was One who could; and in earnest, believing prayer for his mother's conversion, he turned to God. Six years passed, and then came the answer, and mother and son rejoiced together in the pardoning love of God.

By the time Mr. Quarrier, as we must now call him, was about twenty-three years of age, he knew quite a number of very poor boys; some had very wretched homes; others who had no homes at all, but often slept under waggon, or in the shelter of railway arches, were still worse off. How he longed to help them; but money to rent and furnish a house in which a few of the most needy might find a home would be needed, and out of his wages as a journeyman shoemaker he could not hope to save enough. After much thought and prayer, he made up his mind to begin business on his own account. So, though only in a small way, a boot and shoe shop, with the name of William Quarrier on its sign-board, was opened. Soon after his marriage, he paid a holiday visit to London, and was deeply interested in the work of the "Shoeblock Brigade," then newly formed.

"Why not begin one in Glasgow?" he asked himself, and on his return, put the same question to his friends. It would provide employment for poor lads, who were then only idling about the streets, and falling into bad ways. He did not get

much encouragement. Some said, "A Shoeblock Brigade might be very well for London, but Glasgow was not London. Who would stand in the street to have their boots blacked? The lads would soon get tired, and run off, and even if such a thing could be made to work, they would require uniforms, and outfits of boxes, brushes, and blacking, and all these things would cost money." No one seemed quite willing or ready to help, so at last Mr. Quarrier determined to act upon the advice given him by a kindly old gentleman who had said, "Mr. Quarrier, if the work is to be done, *you will have to do it yourself.*"

And so in faith in "the living God," the work was begun. The first thing to be done was to find the boys. Well did Mr. Quarrier know where to look for them. In the worst and poorest parts of the town, hanging about railway stations, in low lodging-houses, often in the company of tramps, beggars and thieves. To these and many such places Mr. Quarrier went, giving all he could find an invitation to meet him at his own house one afternoon in the following week.

#### It was an invitation to tea!

a real tea at a gentleman's house! It seemed too good to be true, but though not without some misgiving that it was "not all square," between forty and fifty accepted the invitation. Once inside the house, they found they were to have a real good time. A plentiful meat tea, followed later by an equally good supper, had been provided, and the kindness with which they were treated made them feel at home at once. The plan of the proposed brigade was put before them, they were all ragged, and almost without exception hatless and shoeless; all they needed in the way of clothes and outfit would be found for them, but they were to pay their own way. The lads looked at each other, but none of them had any money. How could they?

C. J. L.





### "UNTIL HE FIND IT."

(The verses to be filled in by the reader.)

"**W**HAT man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after **THAT WHICH IS LOST**, until he find it?" (Luke xv. .)

"That which is lost." What an awful thing to be lost, how unhappy we are when we find out that we are really lost and that we cannot find our way. It was at a seaside town where a little girl of six years had been taken by her parents to spend a nice summer holiday. She enjoyed herself very much, for not only was she able to play on the beach, but she had all those she loved with her; father, mother, brothers and sisters. One day something happened that made her very unhappy, she had wandered away from her loved ones and was lost. Oh, how unhappy she was. There in a strange town where she knew no one and no one knew her.

How much she was like the little sheep of which the Lord Jesus speaks to us. He was a good Shepherd. He was so good that He said to His disciples:

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." (John x. .)



"UNTIL HE FIND IT."

Because He was a good Shepherd He loved the little sheep who were lost. When speaking to a lot of sinful people He told them about a good shepherd who had one hundred sheep, but one day one of them strayed away; the little sheep wanted to have its own way and so far did it go that at last it was really lost. The shepherd missed it very much so he left the ninety-nine to seek the lost one. On he went, he did not stop when he got tired, but searched and searched, such a long time, and did not go home "until he found it"; and then he put it on his shoulders rejoicing. How good and kind was that shepherd. When he got home he called "together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." (Luke xv. .)

When the Lord Jesus told the publicans and sinners that story He just gave a picture of Himself.

God had said many years before that "all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." (Isa. liii. .)

Our own ways are wicked ways, and though they seem right to us, God says that they lead us to death and judgment. God did not want us to go far away from Him, in our own ways, so He sent Jesus, who is His own Son, all the way from heaven down to this sinful world so that He might save us from our own ways and lead us into the ways of the Lord which "are right." (Hosea xiv. .) When Jesus came here there was no room for Him and when He grew up to be a man they hated him without a cause. In spite of all this His heart of love still went out to sinners whom He had come to save. God is a holy God and cannot have any sin near Him, so Jesus went to that cruel cross of Calvary where wicked men nailed Him. Then it was in order to save us from our own ways of sin that "the Lord . . . laid upon him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. .) There He bore the judgment of God against our many sins so that God might be able to pardon us and make us fit to live with Him eternally. It was

when Jesus died on the cross that He showed us what a good Shepherd He was, and that He loved His sheep so much that He died for them. He is now alive and sitting at the right hand of God, but He still loves those that are His, for He says: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." (John x. .)

May each one of my little readers be able to say TRULY in their hearts: "The Lord is MY shepherd," and then we "shall not want," neither need we fear any evil, and shall "dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." (Psa. xxiii. .)

H. C. S.

### THE WARNING DISREGARDED.

**A**T one of the seaside places on the south coast a young friend of mine had been staying for a time. He was fond of bathing, and might often be seen enjoying a swim in the sea, far away from shore.

On one occasion, however, he went to a more lonely spot, where bathers seldom went because there were sunken rocks just covered by the water. In order to prevent accidents to strangers, a large board had been placed there with one word on it. The word was—

"DANGEROUS."

It was painted in large letters so that no one could fail to see it.

My poor friend, however, took no notice of the board. He had made up his mind to bathe there, and being a good swimmer thought he had nothing to fear. He therefore took a bold plunge from a point of rock that jutted out, but, alas! it was a fatal dive, for he never rose again. He must have struck his head on the rocks beneath the water and been killed.

"Oh, how foolish," you say, "to disregard the warning," and that is just what we would say to any unsaved readers of these lines, who have been warned of judgment to come, but have never yet turned to Christ that they might live.



## "IN DENS AND CAVES OF THE EARTH"; or,

How they kept the Faith in Bohemia.

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN THE POULTRY YARD.

**I**F our poultry yard was not large, it was well stocked. Mother took a real pleasure, perhaps not unmixed with pride, in feeding and rearing the broods of soft, downy chickens and ducklings that were the special pets of my brother and myself. From the time I was old enough to trot about after mother, I had helped to feed the fowls; but for the last year or two I had been trusted to supply their wants almost entirely alone. It could not have been more than two or three days after the coming of our neighbours that, early one morning, as I stood surrounded by a numerous and hungry family of ducks and chickens, all picking up the corn I throw to them by handfuls, as if fattening was the one business of all sensible, well-behaved ducks and chickens, while a pair of tame doves perched on my shoulder and fed from my hand, I heard my name called, and looking up, saw Greta leaning over the garden wall. "Oh, Christine!" she exclaimed, "I have been watching you for at least five minutes, and now I am longing to come and help you; do let me, it looks so delightful. I really must come." In another moment she had climbed the low wall and was by my side.

**She was a bright, lively girl;**

and I felt pleased and flattered by her friendliness, who had never had a girl friend. I took her to see Casper's rabbits, and pointed out my white hen, a gentle, pretty bird, that always came at my call, and would follow me about the house and garden; while Greta, in return, told me about her town-life; she was charmed with "Verney," for though it was not so grand as their house in Prague, it had the charm of novelty, and she was ready to enjoy to the full the greater freedom of country life. "Here," she said, "I can run about the garden in my morning wrapper and straw hat; in Prague I could not stir half-a-dozen steps without having Juele, our French maid, running after me with some such speech as: 'My young lady must permit me to change her dress; she cannot go out without her gloves; madame would be shocked were she to hear of such a thing.' I was just getting sick of it all, when my father bought "Verney." I mean having a good time here, and the children would never tire of running up and down stairs,

and playing hide and seek in the cupboards; they have a play-room at home, and lovely French and German toys, but they seemed to think chasing each other along that winding passage at the foot of the stairs far greater fun."

"But, Christine," she continued in a more earnest tone, "I want you to do something for me. I want you to be my friend, I shall tell you all my secrets, and you must tell me all yours. I have been so lonely at times ever since Lucilla went away to school at the convent.

**I lost my sister then;**

for though she will for the next two years spend her holidays with us, she has set her heart upon being a nun, so the convent will always be her home. Editha is a dear little thing, but she has been so often ill, that we have all petted and made a baby of her; so that I do not find a companion in her. My mother has promised me that she will ask yours to allow you to visit us very often, perhaps to-day, and you *must* come. Of course I know you are a little heretic, mother told me that, but I am going to convert you. Father Jacques says it will be a good work, but you need not say a word about this to your mother, or she might not let you come, and that would spoil all; and be too tiresome, just as I have made up my mind that we are going to be such friends and so happy together."

Later in the day a servant brought a note for my mother. It was from madame, who asked as a favour to herself, that Casper and I might be allowed to spend the afternoon at "Verney." The troubled look I had noticed before came back into her face, and she sat for a few minutes in silent thought. At last she said, "Christine, your father and I have foreseen this, and talked and prayed about it. We feel we cannot prevent all intercourse between our neighbours and ourselves, to do so would only hasten the day of trouble which we believe is not far off, and yet to allow you to cross the threshold of 'Verney' seems almost like casting my children into a den of lions. I must give you one word of warning; no, it is more, it is a command: Do not talk about our little gatherings for prayer and Bible reading; and if you are asked the names of those who share our faith, have the courage to tell the truth, and say you are forbidden by your parents to give them. Young as Greta is, she has begun to go to confession; anything you say to her may, and most likely will, be repeated to Father Jacques, and he will use all the information he can get to injure our brethren and sisters. And be sure, Christine," she added in a low, pleading voice,

"that you have no secrets from me. Tell me everything."

A strange feeling of uneasiness came over me, as I remembered how Greta had spoken of her desire to convert me. Ought I to tell mother of our talk in the poultry yard? The voice of conscience whispered loudly, "Yes;" but I only held down my head, and was silent. If I told mother perhaps she would not let me go to "Verney," and I wanted so much to see Greta's home, and to be her friend; and how could I be so unkind to her as to tell the first and only secret she had ever asked me to keep. Going to "Verney" need not, should not, make me a Roman Catholic. And so my first wrong step was taken. How bitterly I had cause to regret it in after years, and how those dearest to me had to suffer for my sin, I must reserve for a later chapter.

We went in the early afternoon. Mother stood in the porch, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching us with such a tender, wistful gaze, as we went up the freshly-gravelled garden path. Greta, all smiles, and wearing such a pretty dress of white muslin, with bows of blue ribbon, met us at the front door, and took us at once to her mother's private room; turning a deaf ear to Juele's whisper that her lady was resting, and ought not to be disturbed. Madame received us most kindly, and said, "I was afraid Greta would be lonely here, and after the first few days say 'Verney' was too dull, but you will try to make her happy; will you not, Christine?"

"I will if I can, madame," was my answer; but I wondered how I, poor little girl, the daughter of a village doctor, who had very few possessions of my own, could add to the happiness of the young lady of "Verney," who seemed surrounded by all that money could buy. The room in which we were looked almost like a fairy-land. Pretty things of which I hardly knew even the names met my eyes on every side. I noticed the tall silver crucifix of which my mother had spoken, and longed to ask why, as the sun was shining brightly, two large wax candles were burning before it.

But Greta was impatient to have me all to herself, and soon took me away to her room; Casper being claimed by Editha and Carl, and went off with them to inspect some small gardening tools just arrived from Prague, and afterwards to be shown their toys.

Greta's room looked out upon the front garden, and was furnished with great taste. A beautiful painting attracted my attention; it was that of a sweet-faced woman, who held a lovely little boy of about a year old in her arms; the child seemed to be fondling a dove. It was

a very pretty picture; but I could not understand why, on entering the room, Greta should kneel for a moment and cross herself before it.

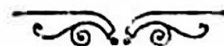
She noticed my look of surprise, and said playfully, "Ah! I see I shall have a great deal to teach you, so I will give you your first lesson now. That is a picture of the Virgin Mary and Child, the infant Jesus, you know. It is a very valuable painting. An exact copy of one at Rome, said to have been painted by one of the great masters. Father paid a high price for it, and gave it to me a year ago, on the day when I made my first communion. I know a great deal about you heretics. Juele told me, for once when she was quite a little girl, she lived with some relations who were heretics; they tried to make one of her, but it was too 'triste,' no music, no flowers, no pictures, no sweet-smelling incense, no anything bright and beautiful."

"But we have the Bible," I found courage to say. "Yes," Greta replied, "And I heard Father Jacques telling my father that is just the reason why so many heretics will not enter the true fold. You will read for yourselves a Book which was only intended for priests to read. The Holy Catholic Church explains to her children all it is good for them to know. But we will not talk any more about these things. Come, I have so many things to shew you."

C. J. L.

### QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. How will Jesus come again from heaven?
2. Who said "We ought to obey God rather than men"?
3. What hour was the hour of prayer in the temple?
4. Who went up on the housetop to pray?
5. In whose house, on a certain occasion, were many gathered together, praying?
6. In what city was the keeper of the prison converted?
7. Who preached a sermon from Isaiah liii. (Esaiah) and which verse was his text?
8. What well-known and oft-quoted words of the Lord Jesus do we read in Acts which are not mentioned in the Gospels?
9. Mention the three divisions of Moses' life (from Acts), and where he was during each.





## YOUNG GLEANERS' PAGE.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—

Some very hearty letters have been received from the various hospitals to which the Scrap-books were sent, and I am asked to convey to those who made them the warm thanks of both the nurses and the children. "The little invalids greatly appreciate them."

Many of the answers last month to questions Nos. 8 and 9 were very good; the one I have printed for No. 8 is yours, John Wyllie, and I do not think it could have been put better. Others, however, have not read the questions carefully, and so have given wrong answers, especially to No. 8. Several also said that "manna" was what the children of Israel had to eat in Egypt! The correct answers to the January questions were accidentally omitted, as I daresay you noticed. You will find them in this time, as well as the February ones. I hope you all keep a copy of the answers you send in, and check them with the printed ones.

As some who live abroad seem troubled about their answers arriving so late, I may say to you dear Gleaners in other lands, that there is no need for you to be anxious about that. Your answers will be dealt with quite separately, and prizes given once a year. All you have to do is to send off the answers as soon as you can after you receive the book (that is to say, within a fortnight, or at the most three weeks). Leave the rest to me.

Next month the questions will be on the first Book of Kings. My love to you all, including the new little Spanish Gleaners.

Yours affectionately, J. E. H.

### RULES—to be read carefully.

1. Gleaners under 10 years of age (on 1 Jan.) to do the first 5 questions only; under 12, questions 1 to 7; 12 and over, all the questions.
2. Find the answers out of a reference Bible, without any help from parents or friends. The use of a concordance, or other book of reference, is not allowed.
3. State clearly the answer to each question, as well as the chapter and verse. Write your full name, *age on 1st January, 1910*, and address, at the top of the paper. Keep to this age right through the six months. *Special marks will be given for neatness.*
4. Post answers on or before the 17th of the month, addressing the envelope thus: "Gleaners," 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.
5. **Prizes** will be awarded twice in the year; in July, and again in January.

### FEBRUARY GLEANERS.

#### Age 12 Years and over.

**First Class.**—William Bartlett, M. Birks, E. Blackman, Mary Bodman, C. Bolton, G. Bolton, D. Bristow, L. Burch, Doris Butcher, O. Cartwright, Jessie Clark, D. G. Colston, B. Collings, Janet Craig, G. Crossley, Irene Crowte, M. Crowte, J. Diack, H. Douglas, Eudora Dove, G. V. Dove, L. Fleetwood, A. Fowler, M. Frost, A. T. Grant, Louisa Grant, Elsie Gray, P. M. Greenaway, A. Gilchrist, V. Harlock, Edwin Harvey, C. W. Hodges, G. Hodges, James Henry, M. Henry, W. Henry, N. Hiles, Alice Hill, M. Hill, N. F. Hopper, Ph. Hunt, D. M. Jenkinson, I. G. Jonkinson, E. W. Johnson, Jessie E. Jones, Ruth Kennard, E. Lintott, D. A. Loader, Olive Long, Sarah McKay, F. Marsh, Mary Marsh, S. Martin, C. Michel, J. Michel, W. L. Michel, M. M. Middleton, J. Milne, C. Muckle, A. Munster, C. E. Munster, Edith Norrish, E. Offord,

Eva Osborne, Walter Page, F. J. Redfern, Dora Rocca, S. Rooves, A. Reynolds, H. Roadnight, M. A. Roadnight, C. Sandford, G. R. Simms, Robert J. Smith, R. Snow, Ben Spratt, O. Tapp, E. Temple, F. Tromans, M. D. Tromans, M. J. Tydeman, H. Turroll, A. Uden, A. M. Valentino, Ena Valentine, E. Watts, Herbert Watson, Elsie Wells, M. Wennerdale, A. F. Willows, May Wicks, A. Williamson, Jessie Woollett, John Wyllie.

**Second Class.**—Willie Anderson, L. Bensfield, L. Brodrick, L. Bowden, W. E. Brian, A. Cameron, Annie Cameron, R. Cameron, W. R. Cameron, J. Campbell, C. M. Chapman, A. P. Child, N. Chivers, W. Cole, Flo. Cook, C. Cotton, A. Dawkins, D. Fleetwood, M. A. Furzo, F. B. Gould, W. J. Gregory, R. M. Groombridge, John Gulley, C. Hamilton, E. Handy, M. L. Hill, May Holmes, J. Marsh, E. E. Mead, E. A. Melhulsh, H. Mopham, J. N. C. Murray, E. Norrish, A. Pearman, C. Pezey, J. Phillip, E. M. Pope, L. Reiner, M. Reiner, E. G. Richards, Alex. Ross, P. Samways, R. Sargent, M. Satchwell, E. Saunders, Fred E. Siddaway, Poggio Smith, A. Stephen, Th. Swanson, N. Thompson, G. Tillbrook, May Topless, Alec. S. Tuffin, M. E. Waller, M. E. Ward, W. H. Weatherston, M. Willis, Ruth Wood.

#### Age 10 and 11 Years.

**First Class.**—Mary W. Allen, A. Bensfield, Amy Blowers, M. G. Bodman, G. Boswell, C. A. Burningham, D. V. Butcher, Jack Carter, Phoebe Champnoy, V. Chivers, Fred Clark, M. A. Clark, D. M. Cooper, Essie Cook, B. A. Crosscombe, D. Crossley, V. Crowte, F. R. Curtis, E. J. Davies, L. Diack, John Dickson, J. Dobbs, Joy Drew, L. H. Drew, A. H. Drown, W. I. Eayrs, R. E. Elliman, Lily Evans, John Fleetwood, L. Fleetwood, A. Fleming, Dora Fox, G. Frizzello, M. Gamble, V. Gates, J. E. Gray, Robert Gray, S. Gregory, H. Harlock, John Harlock, J. Hayes, M. Hofter, N. Hewetson, C. B. Hill, Horace Hill, Ph. Hill, Isabel Humphrey, Vernon Humpidge, C. Ingley, Elsie James, H. H. Jordan, John Kennard, (7) Kennard, Madge Lake, E. A. Legge, J. W. Leggett, K. Lethbridge, Emmie Linsell, R. C. Long, Jennie Mallett, W. Marsh, G. W. Marshall, A. H. Matthews, G. A. Miller, H. Mitchell, Peter Morton, H. S. North, W. Orton, W. Parker, W. Preece, John Pring, G. M. Purdom, Wm. Raynor, E. K. Richards, H. Ross, G. Saunders, Alec Sims, H. M. Simms, F. H. Smith, M. Smith, Doris Stone, E. M. Tapp, Robert Tapp, M. Taylor, W. L. Taylor, S. Tester, E. Tillbrook, F. M. Trowbridge, Elsie Tuffin, F. S. Tuffin, Thos. Turrell, M. Vicat, A. Watson, M. Way, N. White, W. Wigginton, E. Wiso, Geo. Youngson, "W. Hartlepool."

**Second Class.**—Bob Abernethy, Molly Beesley, C. M. Bird, Kathleen Child, S. Cucknoy, Thos. Cundy, D. Daggett, May Davidson, W. Duerdon, Flo. Hill, D. Holmes, Isabel Humpidge, Chas. Leftley, R. McAllister, A. Monger, F. Putmore, E. Roadnight, Geo. Saint, L. G. Scott, E. Simms, T. D. Snow, D. Swindell, R. E. Taylor, Ivy White, Lois White.

#### Age under 10 Years.

**First Class.**—Cowan Adams, C. J. Allen, May Blackman, F. H. Bodman, D. Boswood, D. Buckler, V. A. Burningham, E. Burton, R. Burton, Grace Clark, Jonn Davis, Doris Dible, H. E. Dove, G. W. Eayrs, J. T. Ellis, Gladys Eustice, Wm. Fleetwood, Jane Fleming, D. Freeman, Mary Ford, John Frizzello, A. J. Furzo, N. Gray, W. Grayston, H. Greenaway, W. Groombridge, M. C. Grummitt, E. Harlock, Helen Hayno, Jessie Jones, F. H. Jordan, A. E. Leggett, E. M. Lethbridge, J. Loversuch, W. Lewis, Eric Martin, M. Melrose, V. Mephum, A. E. North, Grace Paul, M. Pearmain, E. Penn, D. Preece, Dorothy Price, A. G. Raynor, W. Rodrup, D. Reynolds, D. Saunders, G. D. Scott, Wm. Semplo, M. V. Shaw, R. Slade, P. Spratt, W. Spratt, Edwin Taylor, Nellie Taylor, W. H. Trowbridge, Lois Warren, Malcolm Watson, Winnie White, Annie Williams, Aug. Williams, Dorothy Williams, Geo. Williams.

**Second Class.**—Violet Abraham, E. R. Allen, A. E. Blair, Percy Chapman, M. Cuckney, R. Drown, D. Gray, V. Kevie, L. Manssuer, E. Mitchell, M. Pethy-

bridge, S. Phelps, G. D. Scott, Gerly Topless, Ev.  
Tudlin, M. E. Wilson, Ed. Wright, P. E. Wright.

**Answers from Abroad.**

*Australia*—Doris Cooper (two), Rowena Roberts,  
Nellie Stewart, Gerlie Wilkinson.

*Canada*—Anne Davidson, James Davidson, Nettie  
Davidson, Winnie Doubleday, Dorothy Mackie, Ralph  
Mackie.

*Canary Islands*—Christopher Hower.

*India*—Camilla Samuels, Ivy Samuels.

*Jamaica*—Veta Sandford.

*Spain*—Alejandro Aruini, Conchita Gill, Francisco  
Ortiz, Maria Petit, Fernando Salas, Josefa Vidal.

*Tasmania*—Eleanor Stollery, Roy Stoll.

*United States*—Berence Rosenberry, Earnest Rosen-  
berry, Cecil Knowles, Olive Shipman, Willie Stollery.

**Answers to January Questions.**

1. Brother. John i. 40; or vi. 8.
2. Nicodemus. John iii. 1, 2.
3. Mary Magdalene. John xx. 14 to 18
4. That ye love one another, &c. John xiii. 34.
5. Bread of life. John vi. 35 and 48.
6. John the Baptist. John v. 35.
7. When Jesus met the blind man. John ix.  
1 to 4.
8. Passover. Chap. vi. 4; Tabernacles vii. 2;  
Dedication x. 22.
9. John i. 37, 38, 43; vi. 2; viii. 12; x. 4, 27;  
xii. 26; xiii. 36, 37; xviii. 15; xxi. 19,  
20, 22.

**Answers to February Questions.**

1. Numbers 6. 24, 25, 26. (To be written out).
2. The Cloud. Numbers 9. 17-23.
3. Moses. Numbers 10. 29.
4. Fish, cucumbers, melons leeks, onions and  
garlick. Numbers 11. 5.
5. That they might remember and do all God's  
commandments and be holy. Numbers 15. 38-40.
6. 123 years. Numbers 33. 39.
7. Numbers 32. 23.
8. "The spies searched the land for *forty days*,  
and because of the unbelief of the children of  
Israel, God gave them this punishment that they  
were to wander *forty years*, a year for a day."  
Numbers 14. 34.
9. Aaron and his sons, alone, were to be priests.  
Numbers 3. 3, 6, 10. Korah, not content with his  
service as a Levite, sought the priesthood *also*.  
Numbers 16. 9 and 10.

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