



THE

YOUNG WATCHMAN.



VOL. II.

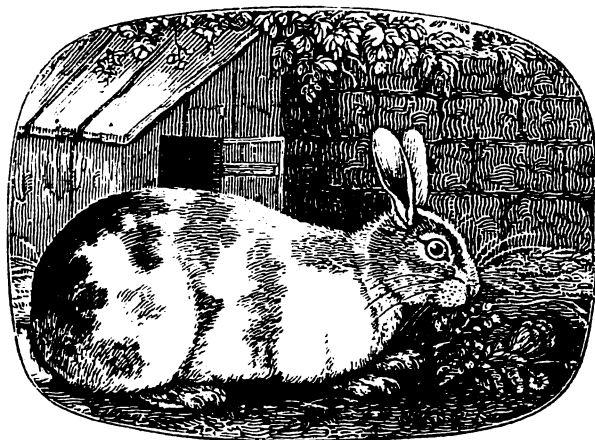
— FRONTISPIECE —



The Young Fisherman; or, Confessing Christ.

(See page 38.)

THE
Young Watchman.



JOHN RITCHIE, 20 PRINCES STREET, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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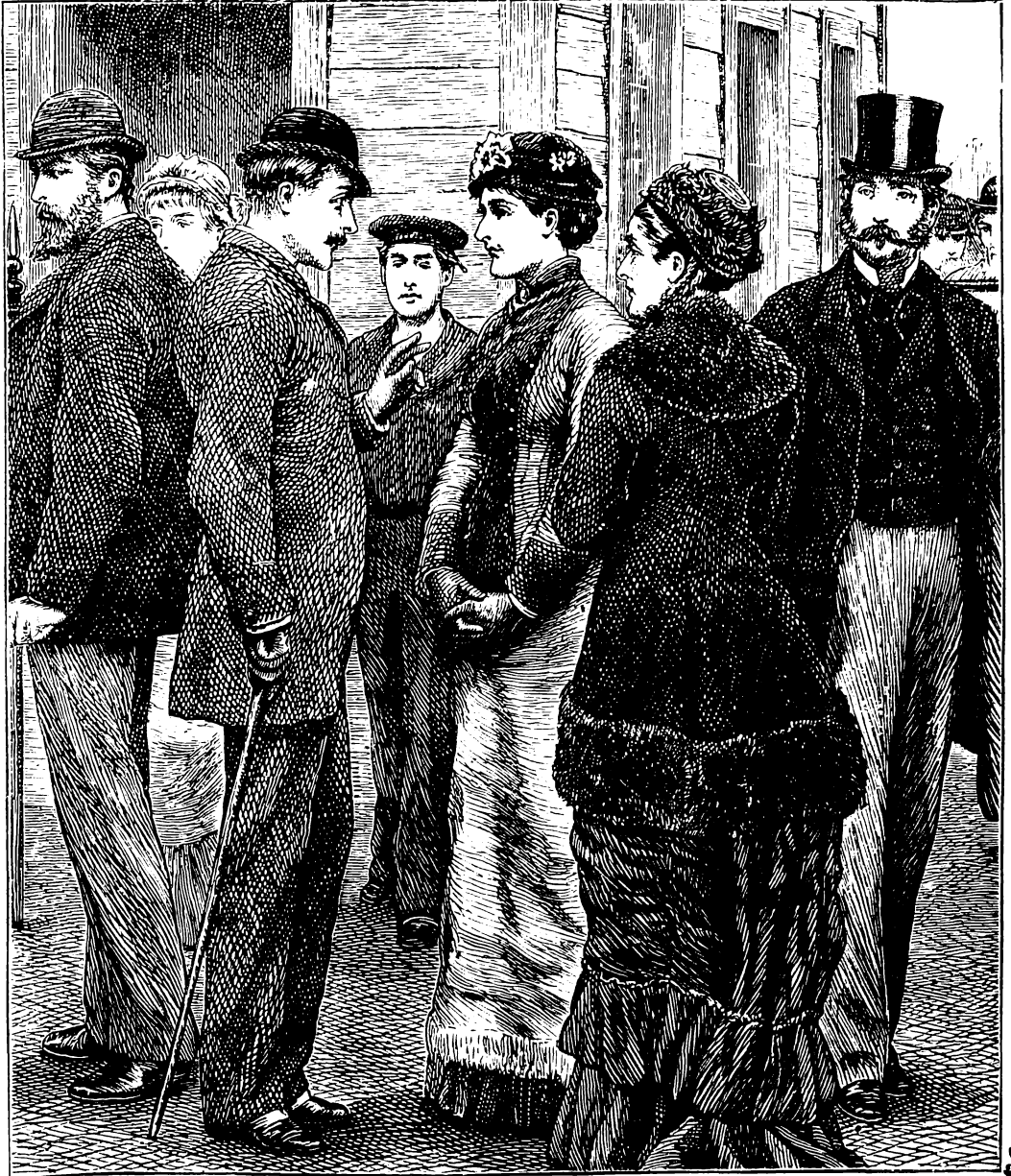
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The Young Watchman.

No. 13.]

JANUARY, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



A FAREWELL VISIT; or, ARCHIE'S CONVERSION.

A FAREWELL VISIT;
Or, ARCHIE'S CONVERSION.

ARCHIE had been away on his summer holidays, and he had spent what young men call a "jolly time." It was, no doubt, a grand change from the crowded city, with its smoke and dust, to be away out in the country, breathing the fresh air, and seeing the beauties of nature. Now it was all over, and Archie felt unsatisfied. He was about to return to the old drudgery of city life, heartsore and cheerless, and he hardly knew why. He came home to his native village to spend the Sunday among his friends, and to take farewell with a much-loved brother, who was in feeble health, and about to sail for a foreign land. His brother was converted to God, and he was one of God's witnesses who did not fear to show his colours. He had often spoken to Archie about his soul, but apparently with little effect; and it was a grief to him to leave in the land of his childhood, his younger brother yet without Christ. No doubt many an earnest prayer had been winged to the throne of God for a blessing on that last visit; and the God who honours faith, and answers prayer, was watching over the unhappy youth, and working

conviction within his soul, which would bring him, like the prodigal, "to himself" and then to Christ.

Evangelistic Services had been going on every night for a week in the village, and Archie's brother had decided to spend his last evening in the fellowship of the gospel of Christ. He invited Archie to accompany him; and, more out of love to his brother than to the gospel, he went. The word went forth that night with power, especially the message of the "terror of the Lord." The doom of the Christ-rejector; and the long sad farewell to heaven, and to friends who had their home and portion there, were spoken of. Archie's heart was reached, and his conscience was aroused. Seated by the side of his heaven-born brother, whom he loved, he yet felt there was a chasm between them. His brother loved the Lord: he did not. There was a deep, settled peace filling his brother's heart, over which the solemn message of judgment to come had brought no ruffle; while within his bosom there was the raging storm of an awakened conscience. His sins came up before him, and he knew that he was not ready to meet his God. His brother was going away, and they might never meet again on earth, nor in eternity either, for they were going to different places—his brother to

heaven : he to hell. The devil tried hard to persuade him to "put it off" that night. He brought up before him all the fun and mirth that he would lose, all the company he would have to give up, and the like. The devil always presents the black side, and hides the bright. He only knows the wrath of God himself; he cannot tell His love, or describe the joy of being saved. It was a struggle for a moment, but presently it was over; and Archie stood up, with the tears rolling down his cheeks in floods—tears of joy and gladness too they were—and he, together with his rejoicing brother and all the rest of us, sang with heart and lip and voice—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Archie's soul was saved for eternity, and he took his stand openly on the Lord's side from that very hour.

The two brothers walked home together rejoicing in the Lord. They were linked now by a double bond, brothers in the flesh and in the Lord. When they reached their home the glad news was quickly communicated to the parents, who greatly rejoiced over their younger son's return from the far country. Their tears and songs were mingled to-

gether, and the God of Salvation was thanked and praised.

Next morning I was down at the railway station. Archie was there, with his sister and some friends, to see his brother off; and he was telling everybody of his soul's salvation. Archie still goes on his way rejoicing in the Lord. He is serving the Lord and spreading His gospel here; while his brother, improved in health, is doing the same work in a far off land; and they will both rejoice, I know, if any one who reads this should be led thereby to decide for Christ, and get saved for eternity.

Why should it not be you, reader? Have you any real reason for remaining in the ranks of Satan's service? Is his service sweet? Will his wages be pleasant? He cannot give you more than he has for himself, and that is only hell-fire and banishment from God. If you serve the devil here, you must live with him hereafter. You cannot change your company in eternity. You may in time, but let it be to-day. To-morrow is too uncertain: to-morrow you may be dead. Why will ye then delay? Let your choice be made: let it be—"Christ for me."

A NEW-YEAR'S QUESTION.

"HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE?"

2 Sam. xix. 34.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THIS will be the greeting upon many a lip as friend meets with friend at the opening of another year. From the depths of our heart we re-echo the words, and wish for all our readers—"A Happy New-Year." But we must tell them how this can be; for, in spite of all the fond wishes of friends, there are thousands who know not where this happiness is to be found. It is not in the world. The cup of worldly pleasure yields no such satisfying draught—that we know. The race for fame and gold affords no such abiding joy. The pleasures of sin are only "for a season;" and then they pass away for ever, and leave the soul in endless sorrow. Christ alone can give the sought for joy, and He does give such happiness and superabounding bliss to all who know Him as their own and only Saviour. "Happy art thou, O Israel, a people *saved* by the Lord;" and "*Happy* is *that* people whose God is the Lord." Reader, do you really wish to be happy? Does your heart sigh after abiding pleasure? Then let your New-Year's gift be the Son of God, with the pleasures and the joys that are for evermore. Only thus can you know, as God would have it, "a happy New-Year."

"Take salvation,
Take in now, and happy be."

Stories of Scottish Martyrs.

PATRICK HAMILTON.

AMONG the first of those who proclaimed the gospel of the blessed God, and sealed his testimony with his blood, in Scotland, was a young man named Patrick Hamilton. This youth is said to have been of royal descent, and a cousin of James V., then king of Scotland. He was of a noble disposition, and superior mind. His relatives intended that he should fill a place of honour in the church; and, while he was little more than an infant, the Abbey of Ferne was conferred upon him. Such a prospect of wealth and greatness would be greatly prized by a young man of his standing and ability; and it appears that, like Moses in the court of Pharaoh, he pursued his studies, and became mighty in words and in deeds. But the Lord had marked out a path for young Hamilton very different from that which his relatives had designed for him—a path of greatness in the church too, but not such greatness as the world can esteem or admire. He was a chosen vessel for the Master's use, and by him the light of the gospel torch was to illumine many souls in dark and superstitious Scotland.

In order to complete his studies, Hamilton visited Germany. This was about the year 1526. The University of Wittemberg was at that time famous as a seat of learning, and thither the steps of the young Scotch student were directed. How wonderful are the ways of God in preparing His servants for the work whereunto He has called them, and in bringing them into contact with those influences which He has designed to leave a lasting impression on their minds and characters! Such was the visit of Moses to Horeb, where the Lord appeared to him in the burning bush; and where, in the lonely solitudes of the desert, He equipped him for his life-work as the deliverer and leader of Israel. Such was Elijah's sojourn at the brook Cherith; John the Baptist's early life in the desert; and, greater than all, the boyhood and early manhood of Jesus at Nazareth. Away from the turmoil of the world; far from the confusing sounds of its political and its religious controversies, they were taught in the school of God, and came forth possessed of His mind. Such was Patrick Hamilton's visit to the University of Wittemberg. There he met with Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon, men of God, and leaders in the glorious work of the Reformation; and from their lips he heard the gospel of the grace of God, and

believed it to the saving of his soul. It appears that he remained at Wittemberg for some time, no doubt profiting in his soul by the fellowship and teachings of Luther and Melancthon; and he then proceeded to Marbourg, where he was under the tuition of Francis Lambert. But young Hamilton's heart was in his native land; and now in possession of the knowledge of Christ in his own soul, he longed to return and speak of Him to his own countrymen. No sooner had he reached Scotland than he began to preach the Word with earnestness and power, and the people flocked to hear him from all quarters. Not yet twenty-five years of age, of graceful appearance, combined with a most winning and persuasive manner, his influence became widely felt; and the words of truth and power which fell from his lips made their mark among the people. This was too much for Satan to allow to go on without opposition; and so he stirred up the Popish clergy against the young herald of the gospel.

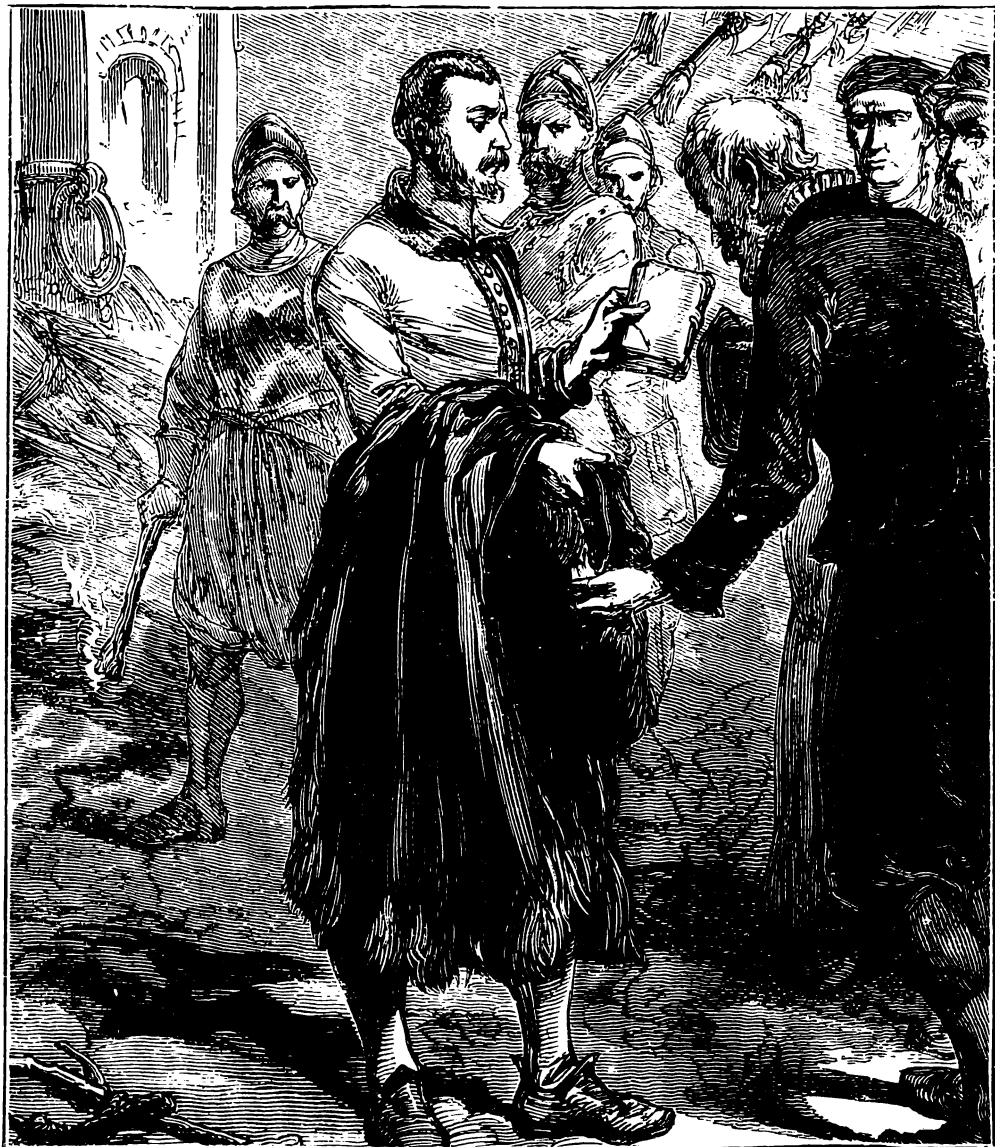
James Beaton was at that time the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Primate of the Church. He was a crafty, cruel man, of great determination. This man, hearing of Hamilton's acceptance with the people, and fearing his own downfall, at once began to lay plans for

the destruction of the young preacher. Afraid lest the young king might not sanction the death of his cousin, the Popish clergy arranged that he should go on a pilgrimage to Ross-shire, while they carried out their murderous plan. Hamilton was then invited to St. Andrews, under the pretence of having a free conference with the bishops and clergy on religious subjects. A friar named Campbell was appointed to be the instrument of his destruction; and this man, pretending to be a friend of the truth, drew forth from Hamilton what he believed and preached, and went and told it to the bishop. That night he was apprehended and lodged in the Castle. The next day he was brought before the Archbishop, with a large company of bishops, abbots, and friars, charged with heresy; and, after a mock trial, he was condemned to death. Afraid lest his friends might appeal to the king to spare his life, they arranged to have him burnt at the stake that very day. Such was the inhumanity of the leaders in the professing church of that dark day, and such their hatred of the gospel of God. All this must have been a severe test to the young and noble Hamilton. Yet he does not seem to have faltered. Heavenly courage and Divine strength were given him to witness a good confession, and to

leave behind him a powerful testimony for God. Early in the afternoon the pile was prepared in front of the College of St. Salvador, and an hour or two after, Patrick Hamilton, accompanied by a few faithful friends, left his prison to die for Jesus Christ. As they were preparing to bind him to the stake, he took off his outer garment, and gave it to his servant, saying, "This stuff will not help me in the fire, yet it will do you some good." Fixing his eyes on the heavens, he commended his soul to God, while they kindled a train of gunpowder to light the pile. The friars stood around, molesting him, and calling upon him to pray to the Virgin, reminding us of how their predecessors stood around the Cross of Calvary. For six long hours he was kept at the stake in intense suffering. Nevertheless, as one who witnessed the scene has testified, "he gave no sign of impatience, nor did he call for vengeance on his murderers." Calm and peaceful, the young martyr raised his voice amid the smoke, and said, "How long, O Lord, shall darkness cover this realm?" His last words were: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," and Patrick Hamilton, the first of Scotland's martyrs, was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." The bishops thought that they had succeeded in ex-

tinguishing the light of the gospel ; but the effect of Hamilton's death was exactly the opposite. Many

were stirred up to speak with boldness the truth of God ; so much so that one told the bishop he should



PATRICK HAMILTON AT THE STAKE.

“burn the rest in cellars, for the smoke of Patrick Hamilton's body had infected all upon whom it blew.”

Reader, accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and then fear not to suffer shame for His sake.



Foundation Truths.

THE NEW BIRTH.

THE doctrine of Regeneration, or the New Birth, is one of the foundation truths of God's Word. Like the A B C of the alphabet, it stands at the very fore-front of the things of God. Men, women, boys and girls, must all be born again before they can make any progress in the knowledge of Christ, or take a single step on the way to heaven. It is deeply important, therefore, that we should all exactly know what God says about it. We would like to trace the subject a little with our readers, along the pages of the Word of God.

Now, will you take your Bibles, and open them at the third chapter of the gospel according to John? Here we have the story of a Jewish Rabbi who came to Jesus one night, and heard a great deal about the new birth. In fact, it was to this man that the great foundation truth of regeneration was first told out in all its fulness, and it was to this educated, religious, and moral man, that the mighty sentence was first uttered—"Ye must be born again."

If it had been possible for any one to become a child of God with-

out the new birth, surely Nicodemus was the man. He was by birth a Jew—by religion a Pharisee—and by education a teacher in Israel; a man of blameless life and moral character, without a doubt. Yet the Lord laid the axe to the very root of the tree when he told him, "Ye must be born again." It must have cut him very keenly, and wounded his pride, to hear from the lips of Him whom he had come to congratulate as a worker of miracles and a teacher sent from God, that he was outside the family and kingdom of God; and that he could not enter either, by education or religion, but only by second birth. And this is just how it stands with every one of us. By natural birth we are all outside the kingdom of God, and inside the kingdom of Satan. We are of our father the devil, and do his works. Possessed of a carnal mind and a deceitful heart, hateful and hating. Enemies of God—not subject to His law, nor in nature can we be. This shows the absolute necessity of the new birth. We have all been born in sin; we all need to be "born of God." Birth is the beginning of life. Natural birth begins a life to self and sin; spiritual birth begins a life to holiness and to God. There can be no life to God apart from spiritual birth. By natural birth we were introduced to a family

on earth : by spiritual birth we enter the family of God. Absolute, therefore, are the words, "Ye *must* be born again."

Reader, have you experienced this change? Have you been "born of God"? Has there been a moment in your past history when you began to live anew? Natural birth and natural excellencies are not enough. You may be amiable, you may be moral, you may be religious ; but have you been born from above? If not, you are a child of wrath, and an heir of hell. You cannot go to heaven, for you have no fitness to be there. You have no nature to enjoy God ; nor eye to see the glories of His kingdom. "Except a man be born again, he cannot *see* the kingdom of God."

What, then, is this new birth? It is not reformation ; it is not becoming religious ; it is not "turning over a new leaf;" it is not the gradual improvement in any phase or form, of the old man. Man by nature is unclean and vile, and "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one" (Job xiv. 4).

No amount of cultivation or outward pruning can change the nature of a plant or tree. Cultivate a crab-tree as you will, it will only bear crabs. Transplant and prune a thorn, it will be a thorn still. You cannot make a crab-tree bear plums,

or a thorn-bush roses. The nature remains unchanged, and must bear its own fruit. So with the sinner. The tree is corrupt, and so must be the fruit. The heart is "desperately wicked;" its issues cannot therefore be the fruits of the Spirit. Outward appearances may vary, but the inward condition is the same in all. The dutiful child and the prodigal, the benefactor and the murderer, are equally unfit to dwell with God, for "there is no difference." Do you object to this, or do you kick against it? Well, it's quite common so to do, but that does not alter it. The truth remains the same whether you receive it or reject it ; and the clear, ringing, absolute announcement remains : "Except a man be born of *water* and of the *Spirit*, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

What is this new birth? It is a birth from above : a *re*-generation : the implanting of a new life : the impartation of a new nature. It is a new creation—a new man—the germ of a new existence before God. It cannot be effected by man's will or by man's efforts (see John i. 13). It is the work of the Spirit of God through the Word. "Born of water and of the Spirit." Water here is not baptism : it is the *Word*. So we read, "Being born again by the *Word of God*" (1 Pet. i. 23); and

"Of His own will begat He us with the *Word of Truth*" (James i. 18). And again, "Now ye are clean through the *Word*" (John xv. 3), and "The washing of *water* by the *Word*" (Eph. v. 26). This, then, is how the new birth is effected. When the sinner accepts God's record concerning His Son, he receives this new, eternal life (1 John v. 12). When he believes that Jesus is the Christ, he is born of God (1 John v. 1). It is not received by looking within, but by looking direct to Christ, as the bitten Israelite did to the serpent on the pole.

Reader, have you looked to Christ? Have you believed on Him who died to save you? Have you received Him as your own personal Saviour? If you have, the testimony of Scripture is, that you are born again—that you are a child of God (John i. 12; Gal. iii. 26).



Short Papers for Young Believers.

ROBERT'S TRIAL;

Or, ASHAMED to KNEEL DOWN.

IT was the summer vacation time, and boys and girls were enjoying themselves in the green meadows and the woods.

A Christian boy who had gone to stay for a few weeks with his uncle, had been out the most of the day with his cousins. He had not been

often away from home before at nights, and on the first evening of his visit he felt it rather strange. However, his uncle and aunt were very kind to him, and sought to make him feel at home. Bed-time came, and, without either reading the Word of God or prayer, the family separated for the night. Robert thought this was very strange, because at home he had been accustomed to hear his father read the Word of God, and then they all knelt down to pray. There was nothing of this at his uncle's, as, alas, is the case in many a professing Christian's home.

Robert's uncle and aunt said "good-night," and Fred, his cousin, seizing hold of his hand, said, "Come along, Robert, you and I are to be bed-fellows;" and the two boys went upstairs together to a nice little chamber, which Fred called "his own room." Fred undressed first, and without bowing his knee in prayer, he jumped into bed. Robert was sorely tempted by the devil to do the same. He sat musing and wondering what he should do; and for a few minutes a severe struggle went on within his soul. He knew that it was his privilege as a child of God, to kneel down and give thanks to his Father for His care throughout the day, and he felt a strong desire to do it. But then what would Fred, his cousin, say? He might laugh at him, and tell the rest, and that would be hard to bear. He thought and planned, and at last resolved to sit up until his cousin was asleep, then he

would kneel down and pray. But a voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "You are a coward, and ashamed to own your Lord." Fred had no inclination to sleep, and kept calling on Robert to come to bed. At first he hesitated, but, lifting up his heart to God for courage, he said to his cousin, "Yes, Fred, I am coming; but I will kneel down and pray first." "Pray," said Fred, and turning himself round on his pillow, he went off to sleep. Robert knelt down, and, with a good conscience and uncondemning heart, he made his requests known to God. That night left its impression on his after life: he never yielded to shame again. No matter where he was or with whom, he let it be known that he belonged to Jesus Christ, and his decision saved him from many a snare and device of Satan. I dare say such times occur in the lives of many young believers. It is a test of one's courage, no doubt, to kneel down and pray in the presence of others who may be unsaved and prayerless, but it ought never to be shirked. In fact, on that little matter may depend a very great deal indeed. If you just allow the devil to triumph the first night, by being ashamed to kneel down, he will be sure to gain great victories afterwards. You will give him a good start in seeking to eclipse your testimony for God altogether. Young believer, never be ashamed to show your colours, or to bow your knees in prayer, no matter who may be looking on.

Questions.

QUESTION XIII.—*A Young Believer sometimes distressed with doubts and fears as to her salvation, wishes to know whether a truly converted soul would have evil thoughts and desires coming into mind while engaged in prayer, and whether the Lord will hear her prayer when in such a state?*

ANSWER.—The "flesh" in a believer is no better than in an unconverted sinner. It remains unchanged in its character, and it never will be made better. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be" (Romans viii. 7). "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9); and "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts" (Matt. xv. 19). This is the true character of the "old man" in a believer, and so it will remain. But in every child of God there is also the "new man," created according to God (Eph. iv. 24) and in His image, and there dwells within him the Holy Spirit, who wages war against the flesh (Gal. v. 17). The believer is thus a complex being, the evil and the good being both within him, and the result is a conflict. The evil thoughts and desires come from the *old*: the desires after God come from the *new*. Like the raven that went forth from Noah in the ark to feed upon corruption, so do the desires of the carnal mind; but, like the gentle dove, the new man has his delight in the Lord, and, strengthened by the Spirit, seeks after Him in prayer. The flesh within, and the devil without, combine to hinder this, and to keep you back from prayer. Nevertheless, you are invited to "draw near," and in everything by prayer and supplication to make your requests known to God (Phil. iv. 6). "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them (Psalm xxxiv. 17). Do not be cast down or discouraged, but come boldly to the throne of grace, and there you will "obtain mercy, and find grace to help in *time of need*" (Heb. iv. 16).

Words to Workers.

THE WARMING APPARATUS.

A WELL-KNOWN servant of Christ was showing to some friends a building where work is carried on for the Lord. After showing them the various rooms where Gospel Services, Sunday School, and such like were held, he said, "Now come this way, and I will show you the warming apparatus." The friends followed, expecting to see some gigantic stove or boiler; but when he opened the door, and went into the room, they found a number of Christian workers on their knees, pouring out their hearts to God. It was the prayer-meeting night; and there was that little company gathered to lay hold on God for blessing on their own souls, and for power to carry on the work of God. No doubt this is "the warming apparatus." When the heart grows cold, it is because the hour alone with God has been neglected; and when the work of conversion in the Sunday School ceases, and the workers fag and drop off, and everything gets cold and formal, it is high time to inspect the condition of the "warming apparatus." There is need to be asking, How often have I been in the secret place with God this week? How many were down at the prayer-meeting the other night, and was there any warmth in it? No wonder that things grow cold and formal when "the warming apparatus" gets out of order.

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"THE YOUNG WATCHMAN."

An Illustrated Magazine for the Young,

CONTAINING short and pointed Gospel Papers, Incidents, and Addresses, given in Children's Services, Sunday Schools, &c.; and also, simple Papers for Young Believers, especially for those young in years.

"THE YOUNG WATCHMAN" is published at the beginning of every month, and the price is ONE HALFPENNY per copy. It will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union, at the following rates, *post or carriage free*:

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JOHN RITCHIE,

20 Princes Street, KILMARNOCK,
Scotland.

The Young Watchman.

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FEBRUARY, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

IT is a real pleasure to drop in and spend a half-hour with old Mrs. R——, or, as she has been familiarly known for years, Granny R——. She is truly one of the Lord's jewels, and it is most refreshing to the soul to hear her tell the story of the Lord's dealings with her.

I had a few minutes to spare one afternoon, so I took a run up to see her.

She was sitting in her big arm-chair by the fireside, and lying on a table close by was her large-type Bible. She could hardly see to read it with her spectacles on, but when any of God's people went in to make a call, she often got them to read her a chapter, and then she would sit for hours and muse over it, all alone. I found she had been musing on one of her favourite portions about the "blood" that afternoon, and the soul of the aged saint was enjoying the deep peace that Jesus' blood had procured for her, and her heart was so filled with His joy, that she could not "hold her peace."

After answering a few questions regarding her health, she began to tell the story of the Lord's dealings with her, and how He saved her soul, and brought her to Himself. I

will give it in her own words, as near as I can remember them:

"I am now eighty-five years old, and yet it is only two years since I was converted. During my younger days I was gay and thoughtless. As I grew older, I became more religious, and went to the Church. I became a member, and took the Sacrament, and was just such-like as the rest of them. Yet, with all this, I had not got the *right thing*. I had never come to the point. I was trying to live well, and doing my best, and I aye thought I would come at it some day. But no, no, it grew darker and darker, and worse and worse. There was nobody to tell me the right way; and, you know, there was nothing said about being born again in my young days. I never heard anybody say that they were saved, and the ministers did not explain to us. O, it was a long and dreary time, and it aye grew darker. I really did not know what to do; I was almost in despair, and thus time went on. Very soon after I came here to live, they began to speak to me about my soul's salvation. I came to see my lost condition more clearly than ever; but I learned, too, that it was for sinners that Christ died, and *finished the work*. O, it was the *finished work* that let me see it. It was something entirely new to me to know that the

work was *done*, and that I had only to believe. What peace and joy filled my soul when I saw that. I could not describe to you how happy I was after that. I cannot thank the Lord enough for His goodness to me. He spared me, and saved me at the age of eighty-three; but, O, I regret that I was so long in coming to Him. I am sad when I think that so many years were spent in sin. What a blessing it is to be converted young."

Here the aged saint paused and wiped the tear from her furrowed cheek. She saw around her the happy faces of her three grandchildren—two girls and a boy—all saved, and on the way to heaven. They had been brought to Christ during the fair morning of life, and they were now enjoying His smile, and walking in His ways. It had not been so with her. She had lived for Satan and the world in her youth; her days of vigour had been spent groping in darkness, and only in the evening of life had she come to Him who satisfieth the longing soul. She had been a loser, and the memory of her long and wasted life made her yearn to see the young brought to Jesus.

Pausing a moment, I said, "I am going to see some children to-night, Granny, have you a little message for me to take to them, about the Lord Jesus and His salvation?"

Glad of the opportunity to thus serve the One she loved, she said, "Tell them not to leave it over until they are old, for it is a grand thing to have Jesus all along."

And I would re-echo the words to you, my reader, "It is a grand thing to have Jesus all along." Have you got Jesus? Is He *your* Saviour? and has He saved and satisfied *your* soul? There are few who live so long as Granny R—; fewer still who are converted so late in life as she, and you see how she regrets being so long without Jesus. Do not think of putting off your conversion until you are older. *You may die*; what then? If you live, it will be hopeless and unhappy; fearing to die, and dreading eternity and the judgment. Earth's fleeting joys and hopes may glitter brightly along life's path, but not one of them will suffice to light up the gloom of a Christless death-bed, or to give joy in prospect of a near eternity. Christ alone can do this; and if you, in this, the morning of your life, receive Him as your Saviour, Friend, and Lord, His blood will cleanse your soul, His love will win your heart, and, come life or death, you will be able to sing—

"Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine."

DO NOT LOSE YOUR SOUL.

THERE lived some time ago, in the city of York, a gay and thoughtless girl. She received one day a sudden summons to come home and see her mother die. With all haste she prepared, and set off on the sad errand. When she arrived, her mother was just breathing her last; and, beckoning her daughter to her side, she whispered into her ear the words—"Do not lose your soul." These were the last words she uttered on earth. She died, and went to be with Jesus. For a time the words kept ringing in her ear, and the gay and thoughtless girl was led to think about her soul. The thought of her soul being lost for ever kept her for a time uneasy; but, like the early dew, her convictions died away, and she plunged again into the sea of frivolity and indifference.

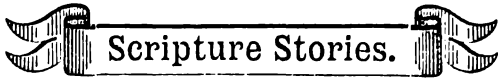
One Sunday evening, she went to hear the gospel. The preacher spoke on the value of the soul, and warned his hearers against its loss. Nothing seemed to lay hold on the careless girl until, in closing, the preacher said, "*Do not lose your soul.*" In a moment it brought to mind her mother's dying words, and that last farewell when she stood beside her dying pillow. Realities of heaven and hell came back with all their

power and force before her mind; she trembled with terror at the thought of passing into eternity with a lost soul, to endure the agonies of the damned. Words long forgotten were brought fresh to her mind concerning Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost. She knew the gospel well, and she then and there accepted the Son of God to be her Saviour, and her soul was saved. Months after, the servant of Christ who preached that night was asked to go and see a dying girl. It was her, and she welcomed him to her side with joy, and said—"I desired you to come that I might tell you that I heard your warning word, and *Christ has saved my soul.*"

I would repeat to you, my reader, the warning words, "*Do not lose your soul.*" If you die and sink down to hell a lost soul, you will never have another chance of recovery. You will be a lost soul for ever. Lost to God and heaven: lost to yourself and eternal joys: lost in the gloom and deep darkness of the pit of hell. In the light of these awful realities, I would press home, with earnestness, the mother's dying message, "*Do not lose your soul.*"

—:O:O:—

The moment the sinner *believes* in Christ—that moment he is born of God. The believing is ours: the work of regeneration is God's.



DEATH of the FIRST-BORN.

IN Egypt's land there was darkness deep,
Enshrouding the course of the Nile's
broad sweep ;

Enwrapping alike, in its sable pall,
The peasant's rude cot and the princely hall.

It was midnight hour, but all unaware
That the angel of death was hovering there ;
Though judgment was threat'ning, the people
slept,
And none o'er their households a vigil kept.

Yet the hope of their hearts, their first-born one,
The child of toil, or the heir to the throne ;
Though at eve he was gently hushed to rest
By the voice of song, or by love caressed ;

When that midnight came, with its charge of
death,

As flowers that fade at the north wind's breath,
The lips of each loved one grew pale and chill,
And the pulse of life in each heart stood still.

Oh ! sad was the sorrowful wail that woke
All Egypt's land ere the morning broke ;
For death had invaded each home that night,
And quenched, in a moment, the household
light.

No time for farewell, or the last fond kiss,
They never had dreamed of anguish like this ;
Nor station, nor rank, one life had saved,
When the sword of wrath o'er the land was
waved.

For no lamb had been slain, no blood-stained
door

Had bidden the angel, in grace, to pass o'er ;
Unsheltered and guilty, in judgment's dread
hour,

Where then was their glitter, their pomp and
power ?

But in Israel's homes on that self-same night,
There was peace and joy, there was life and
light ;

They slept not, but watched as the moments
flew,

For the word of their God they deemed was
true.

By faith they had sprinkled the lintel stone,
For that was the signal, and that alone,
That could turn the destroying sword aside,
Else their first-born, too, without hope, had
died.

They were saved by the *blood*, and they calmly
fed

That night on the lamb that had died in their
stead ;

And they watched for the morning's dawning
light,

That from Egypt's land they might take their
flight.

There's a darker night that is yet to come,
And deeper the shades of its terrible gloom ;
More hopeless their anguish, more guilty their
state,

Who have coldly neglected salvation so great.

'Twill be well for those who, like Israel of yore,
Are hidden from wrath by the blood-stained
door ;

Who have washed their garments from every
stain,

In the blood of the *Lamb*, for sinners slain.

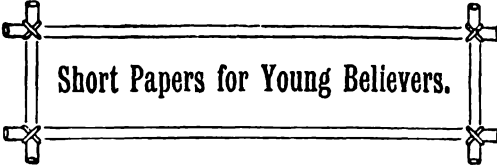
That night will have terrors, but not for those
Who Jesus are trusting in sweet repose ;
A morning of glory will burst on their eyes,
That will fill their hearts with a glad surprise.

Then hasten while yet it is called to-day,
And shelter from *judgment*, while yet you
may ;

Flee, quickly flee from the wrath to come,
And escape by the blood from Egypt's doom.

THE INDIAN'S DELIVERANCE.

AN aged Indian chief, who had spent his early life in idolatry and bloodshed, was awakened to see himself a sinner going down to hell. He set to work to deliver himself, but it proved a failure. His own description of it is—"I was in the mud, and I tried hard to get out. The harder I tried, the faster I sank into it. Deeper and deeper I went down, in spite of all my efforts. I thought it was all over with me; then I gave the death yell, and at once I found myself delivered and safe in Jesus' arms." Reader, are you trying to save yourself from sin by efforts of your own? You will find it to be a hopeless job. The more you try, the deeper into the mire of sin you will sink. Jesus the Son of God is able to deliver you; but you must cease all efforts of your own. You must, as the Indian put it, give "the death yell," and commit yourself entirely to Christ Jesus. Then He will speedily appear for your deliverance; and you will sing, "He has taken my feet from the mire and the clay, and has set them on the Rock of Ages." Then His mighty arm will be outstretched to save you; and He will lift you up, and set your feet upon a rock, and put a new song in your mouth, even praise unto our God.



Short Papers for Young Believers.

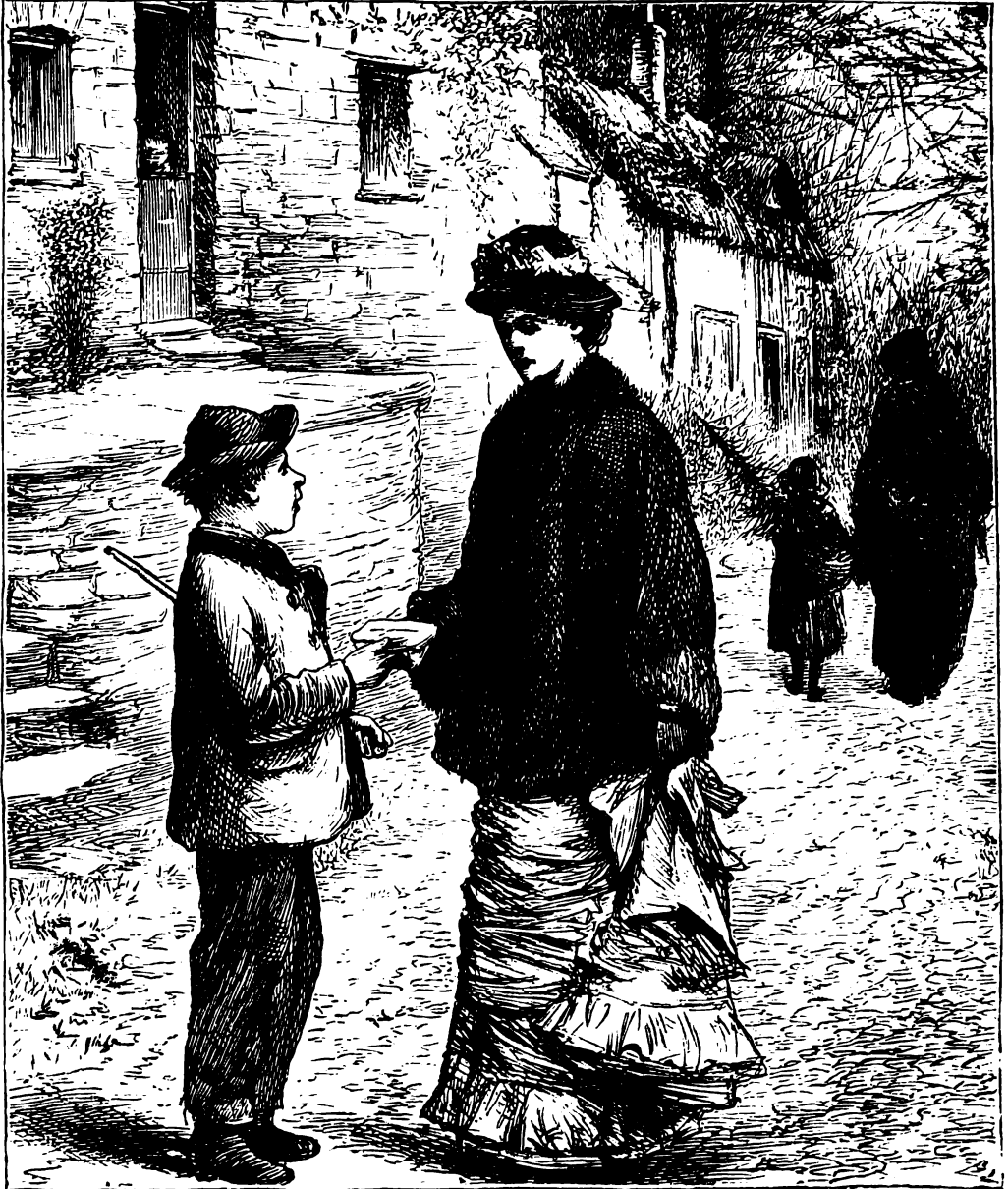
"PLEASE."

I WAS walking along a country road some years ago, and met a little boy. He stopped close by my side, and, looking up earnestly into my face, he said—"Please, will you accept a little tract, and please will you read it?" I hated tracts, and made it a rule not to receive them from anybody, or to read them, but the little boy's earnest look, and especially his twice repeated "please," quite overcame me. I took the little tract and thanked the boy. When I got home, I read it; and the Lord graciously blessed the message it contained, to the salvation of my soul.

My dear young believer, be encouraged to go on sowing the seed of the Word of God. If you cannot speak for Jesus with your lips, you can, like this dear boy, give the gospel to be read, and do it with all the courtesy of a servant of the King of kings. When you present the King's message, do not forget to say "please." Let the world have no excuse for refusing the message by the want of politeness on the part of the one who brings

it. The Lord will look after the seed thus sown in faith, and watered

by prayer, and in the coming hour of the joy of harvest, both sower



and reaper shall rejoice together. The "meekness and gentleness of Christ," coupled with the boldness

and courage of faith, will gain many an ear hitherto closed against the Gospel.

THE WELSH BOY.

TWO servants of Christ were travelling along a country road in Wales one Saturday afternoon. They saw a boy coming on behind them with a large book beneath his arm. Ascending one of the mountains, he was soon lost to their view, but, on sitting down to rest, they were attracted by a sound coming as from above them. Climbing higher, they saw the boy kneeling upon the grass with the book open before him. It was a Bible, and he had gone up there that he might read it upon his knees, alone with God. Then he closed the book, and prayed, and they heard him plead with God most earnestly for the unsaved in the village down in the valley, and that God would bless the preaching of the gospel on the following day, to the conversion of many souls. Then the dear boy took up the Bible, and returned to his home. What a lovely sight was that praying boy. How angels must have gazed upon that mountain top with joy, as they beheld that little saint upon his knees. Perhaps he had no closet, and, like his Master, he sought the mountain's solitude to commune with God.

Dear young believer, do *you* ever pray in secret? Do you seek to have a little while alone with God to meditate on His Word, and to pray for your unconverted friends and schoolmates, as did that praying boy?



Foundation Truths.

CONVERSION.

CONVERSION to God is a grand reality. It is not a metaphor, or a figure of speech, but a genuine and experimental reality, enjoyed within the souls, and manifest in the lives of those who are in possession of it. We would like to say a little on the subject of genuine conversion, as it is found in the pages of holy Scripture, with the earnest desire that it may be made a blessing to the souls of those who are already converted to God, and that it may be used in showing the unconverted their need of this great change.

In a former paper, we were looking at the subject of regeneration, or the new birth; and we saw that it was an internal thing, wrought within the soul by the Spirit of God. Conversion and the new birth are not just exactly the same, although they are very closely related. Conversion is an outward, manifest thing: something that men can see and look upon. It is the result and the fruit of being born again; the open manifest proof that one has been truly created anew in Christ. We cannot see the new birth, but

we can see conversion. Conversion means "a turning round about," or, as a soldier once put it when some one asked him what he meant by being converted—"It means, right about face, and then forward." The affection of the heart, and the whole current of the life, is thenceforth turned God-ward. God becomes the object, and the world loses its hold. New pleasures fill the heart; new employment is found by the hands; the feet walk in new ways.

There are certain insects whose early existence is in the mud of rivers and stagnant pools. By-and-by they receive an inward force, which brings them up to the surface of the water; and quickly then they get wings, and rise up into the air to delight in the warmth and sunshine, never more to return to the mud of the pool. In unconverted days, the sinner lies in the mud of the stream; he may crawl from place to place, but he cannot rise. By believing the gospel, he is born of God. A new life is communicated; and the result is, that he leaves the world, and rises to God. This is true, genuine conversion, and God's Word declares that it is absolutely necessary in order to enter His kingdom (see Matt. xviii. 3; Acts iii. 19). The Scriptures insist on the necessity of conversion as truly as they say—"Ye must be born

again." There must be the manifest turning to God, as well as the spiritual birth. No matter what you may be naturally, you need to be converted to God. You may be amiable, affectionate, and even religious; but you cannot rise out of the mud unless you have received divine life. People may say they have been born again, but that is not enough. Where is the proof of it? Where is their conversion? Have they been turned to God? Are their lives and ways converted? This is the point, and we must individually face it. There must be genuine, divine, manifest conversion to God, else there can be no place in God's kingdom, no obedience to His Word, and no entrance into heaven at last.

Reader, let me solemnly ask you, in passing, Have you been thus, in reality, converted to God?

We will now look at a few examples of divine conversion. We read in 1 Thess. i. 9 of a people there who had believed the gospel of God. The result of this was, that they "turned *to* God *from* idols, to serve the living and true God." Here was genuine conversion. There was a turning "*to*" and a turning "*from*"—a positive and a negative side. They turned "*to* God"—they turned "*from* idols." Not merely from idolatry to Christianity, but

“to God.” Lots of people leave the world in one shape to join it in another; they give up pleasure, and turn religious; they give up gaiety, and become reserved; but this is not conversion. There is no God in this. The heart has no object; it remains unsatisfied. No wonder that many who profess to be converted go back to their former ways, when they have got nothing better. Like the dog, they go back and eat up their vomit. But, why? Simply because, like the dog, they have got nothing better to eat, else they would not have gone back. When a soul gets Christ, it can say, like the prophet, “What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard Him and observed Him” (Hosea xiv. 8). Ah! yes, that’s it. A soul that has Christ needs no pressure to give up the idol or leave the world. Like the child who has an old broken toy in his hand, and who will not part with it, the unconverted soul must hug its lusts and pleasures; but, let that child be presented with a new and better toy, he will throw the old one away, thinking nothing about it. The new is better, and the old is forgotten. But this is not all. They began to serve a new Master—“To serve the living and true God.” They had been serving sin and the devil: they now serve the living God. They own His claims, and

obey His Word. We read of some at Antioch who believed and “turned to the Lord” (Acts xi. 22). People could not see their believing; but their turning to the *Lord*, to own Him and serve Him, was manifest to everybody. Now, this is conversion according to God. It consists of a turning from idols—a turning to God; and then, as a converted one, going on to serve the living God, and to wait for His Son from heaven.

Beloved reader, is this the case with you? Has your heart been turned to God, to find in Him its portion? Has there been a genuine, downright turning from your idols? Has the link between you and the world been fairly cut, and are you satisfied without its follies because you have got Christ? Are your habits and ways converted, and is your dress and your company such as those of a pilgrim on the way to heaven ought to be? Test the reality of your conversion; measure it by the Book; and may all of you, who are truly the Lord’s, enjoy within your souls, and manifest in your lives before men, the reality of genuine conversion to God.

—:◊:◊:◊:—

FAITH.

“No faith” (Mark iv. 40).

“Little faith” (Matt. xvi. 8).

“Great faith” (Matt. xv. 28).


 LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

To the Editor of "The Young Watchman."

I WRITE to tell you of my conversion. I was saved on the 19th of September, 1883, about seven o'clock in the morning. My father had been speaking to me about my soul, and I was anxious, but I was not saved. What led me to decide for Christ, was that letter of William D. C——'s, in the July number of "The Young Watchman." I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ now, and I am saved and happy. I was received into fellowship with the Lord's people last Lord's-day morning. I do hope that a great many more will be brought to Christ early. I go on my way rejoicing in the Lord."

I remain, yours truly,

DONALD M. R. C——.

Sydney, Australia,
29th Oct., 1883.

—:◊:◊:—

I AM sure you will be glad to know that Jesus has saved my soul. I am very happy, and I wish all to come to Him while they are young. I had been seeking the Lord for three years, and often longed to know that my sins were forgiven. I knew that I must be converted before I could go to heaven. I could not sing "Safe in the arms of Jesus" without crying, and wishing that I was truly safe.

I repeat Scripture texts every morning. The morning that I found

peace with God the texts were—"In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me" (Psa. cxx. 1). "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37); and, "This is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life" (1 John ii. 25). Now I *can* say—

'I've found a Friend; oh! such a Friend,
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.'

If it be the will of the Lord to spare me, I will try and bring others to Him. I like the *Young Watchman*, and so much more since I have been converted. A kind lady brings me one every month.

CHARLIE ——, aged 9 years.

Questions.

QUESTION XIV.—"A Sunday Scholar" asks, "Is it right to tell an unconverted sinner to give his heart to God?"

ANSWER.—God does not ask the unconverted sinner to give Him anything. He asks him to be a *receiver*—not a *giver*. It is, therefore, wrong to tell one unsaved to give his heart to God—because it puts both God and him in a false position. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son" (John iii. 16). "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (John i. 12). Here God is the *giver*, and man the *receiver*. When the sinner receives Christ, he becomes a son of God, and as such, the words, "My son, give Me thine heart" (Prov. xxiii. 26), may be applicable to him. But he must become a son, before he can act as one. There is great evil wrought by taking portions of Scripture which belong only to the children of God, and applying them to all and sundry alike, and we ought to carefully guard against doing this.

Words to Workers.

MANY LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

IT is, no doubt, a most pleasing and happy thing to be in the midst of a great revival time, much more so than to plod away from week to week in the Sunday School, or in district visitation work, with little apparent fruit. There is joy and rejoicing when sinners are coming home to God in crowds, and when the enquiry meetings are thronged with seeking souls. Who would not enjoy being there to point the weary ones to Jesus? But there are other departments of service equally needful, and, I would add, equally acceptable to the Lord. The diligent teacher, who plods and prays for her class from week to week, setting before their souls the great salvation, and sowing in the young and tender heart the seed of the Word of God, holds a high and honoured post in the Lord's vineyard. It may not seem so for the moment, but, when the many links in the one great chain of a sinner's conversion to God are all revealed, we shall see, methinks, in many of them, that a mother's words, and a Sunday School teacher's loving appeals had very much to do, and these will be duly estimated and rewarded by the Lord. We may think that he who led the seeking soul into peace and liberty has been the "means" of that soul's conversion, but the Lord can trace the other links, and He will reward each worker "according to his own labour" (1 Cor. iii. 8). Therefore "let us not be weary in well doing."

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The Young Watchman.

No. 15.]

MARCH, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



MURDOCH MACLEOD ; or, " I'm Waiting for Thee."

MURDOCH MACLEOD,

Or, "I'M WAITING FOR THEE."

THE little town of Huntly in Aberdeenshire has been the second birthplace of many of the saints of God. During the great awakening, over twenty years ago, evangelistic meetings were held in the Castle Park belonging to the late Duchess of Gordon, and many precious souls were saved for eternity there. For a long summer day thousands of men, and women, and children too, would stand, or sit on the green sward under the canopy of heaven, listening to the story of redeeming love, and, even when the shades of evening fell, they were loath to go. A large canvas tent was pitched for anxious and inquiring souls, and under its shadow many wiped away their tears of sorrow, and sang the glad new song. There are many yet alive who remember these joyous gatherings, and numbers who were converted there, together with those who preached the word, and pointed the weary ones to Jesus, have joined the ransomed host above.

Murdoch Macleod, the boy of whose conversion and triumphant life and death I am about to tell, was born a few years before these great gatherings began. He may have been there, while yet a child, and seen the almighty acts of the

Lord, and if he was, I am sure he never could forget them; but whether he was there or not, he had doubtless heard about them. Young men and women who had been converted there, were teachers in the Sunday school where Murdoch went, and from their lips he early heard the wondrous story of the Cross. The people said that Murdoch was "always a good boy." By this they meant that he was a loving and obedient boy, and that he never scoffed or jeered at the gospel of Christ. But withal this, Murdoch was not converted; he was a lost and guilty sinner in the sight of God, and, as he afterwards said, "my soul was not saved, and I was just on my way to hell." Ah yes, it is quite possible for one to be very kind and amiable, and even religious, and yet remain without Christ. The broad road has a clean side as well as a filthy, and there the amiable and religious walk, a long way apart from rude and profligate boys and girls, and yet the end of that clean path is destruction—the blackness of darkness for ever.

It was during the month of January, 1872, that Murdoch was really awakened to see himself a lost and guilty sinner. He had been attending the Sunday school for years, and saying his prayers night and morning, yet he did not, until then, believe

that he was lost. During the winter of 1872, many of the young in Huntly were brought to Christ. Night after night in private houses and in public buildings, crowds of boys and girls were found eagerly inquiring "What must I do to be saved?" and many were truly and manifestly born of God. Some of Murdoch's companions had been saved, and he was invited to go with them to a meeting held in a private house, and that night he passed from death to life, through the words of John iii. 36—"He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." Murdoch believed that the Son of God had died on the cross for him, and he was saved. "Jesus says, I have everlasting life, and Jesus must know," said Murdoch, and so, resting on Christ for salvation, and on His word for assurance, he went on his way rejoicing. When doubts or fears assailed his soul he very soon got rid of them, by grasping afresh in simplicity, that grand assuring word—"He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life," and instead of looking *in* to his own heart, or inspecting his *feelings*, he rested simply on Christ, and thus his feet were on *the* rock immovable and sure. He took his stand boldly and at once on the Lord's side, and hoisted his colours to the mast-head; and it would be well for all who are really saved if they would do the same. There can be no real happiness in trying to hide the light beneath a bushel. Take your stand boldly and fearlessly among the people of

God; and although you may have to stand the laughs and jeers of Christless souls, you will be amply repaid for it all, for the joy of the Lord will be your strength.

Murdoch and a few other converted lads, were in the habit of going home from the meeting singing hymns along the road, and when their old companions laughed at them, and called names after them, he used to say—"Never mind lads, sing louder, and praise the Lord," and the little band of young disciples went on their way, singing with melody in their hearts unto the Lord:—

"By floods and flames surrounded,
We now our way pursue;
Nor shall we be confounded,
With glory in our view."

They prayed and laboured for the salvation of their old companions, and the Lord used them to the conversion of many. Murdoch wrote texts of Scripture on scraps of paper, and gave them away, or dropped them on the pavement, as he walked along. Thus in his humble and lowly sphere, did he sow the seed, and spread the joyful message of a Saviour's love for several months. But the Lord had need of him. He took ill one day, and was confined to bed. It was not supposed to be anything serious at first, but he gradually became weaker. Yet he murmured not. His lowly couch became his sphere of service now, and many a weary heart was cheered to see the grace of God displayed in the suffering but happy boy. He had a word for every one who came

to see him, and earnestly did he warn the unsaved against rejecting Christ, and lovingly did he entreat them to flee from the wrath to come. As his end drew near, his desire for souls increased. He asked the whole family to gather together around his bed, and tenderly embracing them, he asked them one by one "are you really saved?" When they individually told him that they were, he exclaimed in ecstasy of delight—"Well that's grand," and lying back on his pillow like a labourer whose work was done, he raised his eyes to heaven and sang—

"I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord ;
I'm waiting for Thee,
For Thy coming again."

He sang the first four lines, and then feeling his strength exhausted, he turned to one of his sisters and said, "try it, Amy," and, although her heart was too full to sing, Amy did "try it;" but before the next four lines were finished, Murdoch's ransomed spirit was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." The meeting that Murdoch loved so well, was being held at that very hour, and the sad tidings of his departure was publicly intimated. Many of those who knew him wept aloud, and two of his companions, too much overcome to stay, left the room, and kneeling down together in an old ruin, they poured forth their hearts to God in prayer, that their comrade's death might be blessed in leading many more to Jesus. Over a hundred came to look on his remains the following Sunday, and

one who was his bosom friend, unable to restrain himself, cried out while bending over the coffin—"Murdoch's in glory, and I'm going too." The day of Murdoch's funeral will be long remembered. Old men walked with bowed heads, wiping the tears from their eyes, behind the coffin, and hundreds followed it to the tomb. It was an heir of God, whose precious dust they were bearing, and the King of kings Himself was there. When they reached the open grave, the coffin was reverently lowered, and one of his companions prayed. Then the whole company sang together—

"Now with triumphal palms they stand,
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky."

The sobs of the great assembly were heard afar off, and many stood until the last green sod was laid upon the grave, where his body rests until the gathering shout be heard on the fair resurrection morning, when he, with all who sleep in Jesus, and they who are alive and remain unto His coming, shall rise together in the full image of their Lord, and meet to never part again.

My dear young reader, what think you of all this? Have you, like this dear boy, been converted to God? Do you know the One who saved his soul and caused him to triumph, as your own personal Saviour? Can you look forward, with certainty as he could, to be for ever with the Lord? Would you be able to sing in view of death and on the confines of eternity, "I'm waiting for Thee."

"MOTHER JACK."

THE SLAVE WHO WAS TWICE SET FREE.

MRS. JACK, or, as she is more familiarly called, "Mother Jack," is a dear old Christian woman living in Georgetown, Demerara.

She is supposed to be above ninety years of age, but, in spite of her

advanced life, she is remarkably strong and well. At the present time she is acting as cook in a Christian household, in which capacity the writer made her acquaintance.

On one occasion the old coloured lady referred to her past life, and narrated various incidents connected with it. Speaking of the time when



she was in slavery, she said that rumours of their probable freedom had caused among the slaves the greatest possible emotion; but, when their liberation became a certainty, their excitement and delight knew no bounds.

Said Mother Jack, "We seed de Massa come to de place, and he

telled us dat we be free; and de slaves dey just did holler. Dat was a great thing for me; but O, massa, massa, I'se get something dat be better dan dat de same year—I'se get my soul saved, and dat be a better freedom than de tother." And Mother Jack was right. It was indeed a joyful freedom, when

the fetters of a cruel bondage were broken, and she was loosed, never more to be held a captive to man. But this release, great as it undoubtedly was, is not comparable to that deliverance from the power and dominion of sin, which Mother Jack afterwards experienced. I am sure she would tell us that this was the greatest event of her long and eventful life, for then it was that Jesus freed her from Satan's chains, and enabled her to sing of free and eternal redemption.

I know well that the majority of those who read this, cannot sympathise with Mother Jack in regard to release from bodily slavery. They never were in slavery to man. But how many are the slaves of sin, and how few have known in their own experience that emancipation in which the old black woman has so long rejoiced! It is a solemn, and should be a very stirring fact, that all the unconverted abide in Satan's kingdom. They are his slaves, and they must do his bidding. If they die without deliverance, they will be his slaves for ever. But there is emancipation offered. When Jesus was upon the earth, He spoke of Himself as the sent One of God "to preach deliverance to the captives" (Luke iv. 18). And Paul was sent to preach the gospel, and to turn men "from the power of

Satan unto God" (Acts xxvi. 18). The gospel of God's grace contains that which emancipates the poor sinner from the devil's thralldom, and makes him Christ's freeman instead.

But it only accomplishes this for the one who believes it. Reader, have you been delivered from Satan's power? Have you accepted the liberty which God, in infinite love, has provided for you? Mother Jack did this, and, consequently, she was able truthfully to sing—

"My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me.
Hallelujah to Jesus' name."

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SALVATION, and THINGS THAT ACCOMPANY IT.

An Address to a Bible Class.

I SUPPOSE many of you profess to be saved, and on the way to heaven. The subject I have on my mind to speak to you of, for a little while, is "SALVATION," and some of "the things that accompany salvation" (Heb. vi. 9). Now take your Bibles: I will give you a lot of texts, and I want you to jot them all down; and when you go home, get alone with God, and meditate on them. You unsaved ones, listen

attentively, and may God bless His word to your salvation.

Salvation is a glorious word. The first time we get it in the Bible is in Exodus xv. 2. There it comes from the lips of a band of saved and delivered captives on the shores of the Red Sea; and the last time we find it in the Bible, is in Rev. xii. 10, where it comes from the very throne of God.

1. "THE AUTHOR OF SALVATION" (Heb. v. 9). "Salvation is *of* the Lord" (Jonah ii. 9). *He* is "the God of salvation" (Psa. lxxviii. 19), and *it* is "the salvation of God" (Acts xxviii. 28). Man had nothing to do in originating it, nothing to do in obtaining it, nothing to do in bringing it. It is all *of* God, and *from* God. God is the Giver: we are receivers. Sinners are slow in learning this. They pray and work, and do all sorts of things, to manufacture a salvation of their own. God's salvation is finished. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost accomplished it at Calvary. Have you really learned this in your souls, dear boys and girls? You will never be saved until you do. You remember Jonah in the whale's belly. He vowed and prayed, but it was all of no use. The moment he cried, "Salvation is of the Lord," he stood on dry ground, a delivered man.

2. "THE GOSPEL OF SALVATION" (Eph. i. 13). The Gospel is God's,

good news to sinners: it tells of salvation. Let me illustrate this. A number of men and women were taken prisoners by a rebel. He locked them up in a dark dungeon to die. A mighty prince came with his armies and conquered the rebel, breaking his power, and gaining a glorious victory. Tidings of this reached the prisoners in the dungeon, and a message was sent direct from the prince, telling them how he had conquered their enemy, and obtained their deliverance. The message was "the gospel of their salvation," and presently they were free. Jesus has bruised the head of Satan, and spoiled his power. "To you is the word of this salvation sent" (Acts xiii. 26).

3. "THE WAY OF SALVATION" (Acts xvi. 17). You have known these things for years, yet some of you are not saved. You would like to be saved; but you say, "I do not know the way." Well, let us hear what God's Word says about "the way." The governor of a Macedonian prison became very anxious about his soul one night. He wanted to be saved, but he did not know the way. Two of the prisoners were servants of Christ; and he went into the prison, and asked them, "What must I *do* to be saved?" Now notice the answer; it is just the same to you as it was to the jailer. It was this, "*Be-*

lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This is very plain and clear, is it not? "*Believe,*" this is God's way. Not pray, repent, do; but "*believe.*"

"Only believe, and you shall be saved,
And heaven is yours for ever."

4. "THE KNOWLEDGE OF SALVATION" (Luke i. 77). Some people say that no one can *know* that they are saved till after death; but what does God say about it? Listen: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may KNOW that ye HAVE eternal life" (1 John v. 13). This is surely plain enough. Whoever would think of questioning that a person may *know* their souls saved, in the face of a verse like this. "K-N-O-W that ye H-A-V-E eternal life." I am quite sure I have it. I *know* that I have it, because God says so. Some say, "I must feel happy first." Ah! that is just where you err. You must *have* it before you can *know* it, and you must know it before you can feel it. I *have* salvation by believing. I *know* that I have it, because God says it, and I am *happy* because I know it. Do not wait till you feel happy, but take God at His word, and say—

"I do not *feel* my sins are gone,
I *know* it from THY Word alone."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRESSED FOR ETERNITY.

A LITTLE girl lay dying in a dingy court in the Cannon-gate, Edinburgh. A servant of Christ who went to visit her was greatly surprised to see her so happy. He inquired, "What is the secret of your joy and happiness, my dear child?" The little girl replied—"Jesus makes me happy, sir, and He has dressed me for eternity." "What do you mean by being dressed for eternity, my child," inquired the visitor? "O, sir, I remember you told us once, when preaching, that Jesus dressed all His saved ones in a beautiful robe of righteousness, and that He would lead them safely through the gates of death into His bright and heavenly home. Now, sir, Jesus has saved me, and dressed me, and that is what makes me so truly happy." No wonder that the dear child was happy. She was dressed for eternity, and ready to depart.

My dear young reader, are *you* dressed for eternity? Are you ready for the City with the golden street and the jasper wall? You know it is a holy place, and the dwellers there are clothed in raiment white and pure. No stain of sin can ever enter there. The white-robed throng who tread its streets, are all clothed in righteousness divine. They were made accepted in the Beloved, and thus were they dressed for eternity.

Stories of Scottish Martyrs.

 THE EFFECT OF
 PATRICK HAMILTON'S
 MARTYRDOM.

THE news of Patrick Hamilton's martyrdom quickly spread throughout Scotland, and many began to inquire what the doctrines were, for the preaching of which he had been condemned to death. Thus were many made to hear the gospel of the grace of God, and some of them to embrace it, and to renounce the doctrines of popery. The death of the young martyr did probably more in one day to forward the work of the Reformation in Scotland, than a long lifetime of preaching would have done. So deeply lulled to sleep with the fatal opiates of popery were the people, that it required something extraordinary to awaken them, and the Lord seems to have used His beloved servant's death to bring this about. Instead of the few who knew the gospel being terrified into silence, as the bishops had expected, they were stirred up and emboldened to preach the truth of God both publicly and privately among the people. Some of the monks and priests, even, were converted to God through the word thus preached.

Henry Forrest, a benedictine in the monastery of Linlithgow, who had been brought to Christ through Hamilton's preaching, was among the first to make a bold confession

of his faith in Christ. He owned that he possessed a New Testament, and that Patrick Hamilton had died a martyr. Some one told this to the bishop, who replied—"He is as bad as Master Patrick, we must burn him." Unmindful of the remark made by one, that he ought to burn the heretics in cellars, he planted the stake on a high hill in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews, where the people in the counties of Angus and Forfar might see the flames, and Henry Forrest, Scotland's second martyr, died there for Jesus Christ. How sweet it is to think of those two young men, the one of whom had led the other to Jesus, being now at rest in the presence of their Lord. The cruel scorn, the pain and suffering of a shameful death, are now for ever past, and they rest in the calm of the paradise of God, until that fair morning dawn, when He, for whom they suffered thus, shall lead them forth in triumph, to share His glory and His throne. May the young believers of the present time, be endued with the same spirit of devotedness and fidelity to Christ. It is true there is no such test of faithfulness now, as the stake, at which those two dear servants of Christ were burnt; but there is the same hatred of the gospel in the hearts of men, and the same allurements in the world to draw the heart away from Christ, and from the path of obedience and suffering for His sake.

Alesius, a canon of St. Augustine at St. Andrews, who had been present at the trial of Hamilton, and

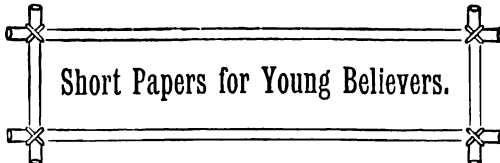
had also witnessed his heroic death, was brought to Christ, and began to preach the gospel. The canons were enraged at this, and laying hold on Alesius, they cast him into a dark unwholesome dungeon, where he was confined for about a year.

Alexander Seaton, a monk of the Dominican order, and confessor to the king, was also brought to see that salvation is through believing in the Lord Jesus alone, and not by works, or prayers, or penance; and this he publicly preached in the Cathedral of St. Andrews, at Lent, in the year 1532. Thus in the very centre and seat of the power of popery, did the gospel sound forth in the following clear and ringing words—"Faith, laying hold on the mercy of God in Christ, can alone obtain for the sinner the remission of sins. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness; and no one is able by his works to satisfy divine justice. For how many years has God's truth been darkened by the traditions of men." The people were astonished to hear such preaching. They had been accustomed to hear that pilgrimages and penances, with a weary round of dead formalities, were absolutely necessary to salvation. Now they heard the gospel of a full and free salvation through Jesus Christ and His finished work, and the tidings gladdened many a heart. But this was too much for the bishop and his associates. "This bold man is putting Hamilton's trumpet to his mouth, and we must proceed against him," said the cruel

primate. Seaton was a favourite at the Court, and they were afraid for a time to use any extreme measure against him. The bishop, however, succeeded in prejudicing the mind of the king, and Seaton had to flee for his life. Thus were the Lord's witnesses hunted to death, and to strange countries, for the gospel's sake. About this time many were burnt at the stake. Norman Gourlay, a student at St. Andrews; and David Straiton, a gentleman belonging to Forfarshire, were condemned at Holyrood, and burnt alive at the Greenside, Edinburgh, in August, 1534; and four years later, five other martyrs were burned on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. While the Lord was thus, by suffering and by death, gathering home His loved ones to Himself, their persecutors were also being hurried into the eternal world.

Campbell, the friar who acted as traitor to Patrick Hamilton, and who stood molesting him at the stake, is said to have died within a year, in a most distracted condition, fearing to enter eternity, and dreading the wrath of God. James Beaton, the blood-thirsty bishop of St. Andrews, also passed into eternity, and was succeeded in office by his nephew. Thus did the lives of the Lord's servants and their persecutors close on earth, and thus did they pass into the eternal world; the saved of the Lord to their rest and home above, and the enemies of God and the gospel, to the dark abyss of the lost.

Reader, in which of the companies will you spend eternity?



Short Papers for Young Believers.

WORLDLY PROSPERITY.

WHEN Johnnie G—— was first converted, he was very bright and bold for Christ. The lads in the warehouse all knew that Johnnie was a believer, because his light was shining for God. His life and ways testified that he was real, and although the rest of the lads annoyed him a bit at times, yet they all respected him. In course of time the Lord used him to the conversion of several of them; and it seemed as if the very house of the man of the world was blessed for Johnnie's sake, as was the house of Potipher of old. A year or two rolled on, and Johnnie's apprenticeship was over. He moved to a better situation in the great city. He had a better position, with a larger salary, and the sun of worldly prosperity seemed to shine upon his path. But what then? He was not so happy in his soul. He had not the same clear testimony for Christ, and his desire for secret prayer and reading the word of God was not so great, as when he was a poor apprentice lad. The fact of the matter was this: *the world had got the place of Christ in Johnnie's heart.*

He had left his first love, and ceased to do his first works. Worldly prosperity led to worldly ambition; and worldly ways and company followed. Johnnie is, no doubt, the Lord's, but he has lost his early joy and early devotedness to Christ, and he will be a loser at the judgment-seat.

My dear young believer, beware of the advances of the world, and of its smile. Never allow the claims of Christ, and the condition of your soul, to be pushed into the rear by worldly prosperity, and take care your business or your lessons, do not rob you of your quiet hour alone with God in the closet.

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Questions.

[There have been a number of questions sent us, which are rather of a private and personal character, and which, if answered through the pages of "The Young Watchman," might not be for general edification. But if our young friends who have sent them, would kindly send us their names and addresses, we would try and answer their enquiries by letter.]

QUESTION XV.—*Is it right for a young believer to travel by rail with a half-ticket, when he is above the age?*

ANSWER.—Most certainly not. It is simply defrauding the Railway Company, and, in the sight of God, it is dishonesty. It is written—to believers—"Let us walk honestly" (Rom. xiii. 13); "Having your conversation (*i.e.*, manner of life) honest among the Gentiles" (1 Peter ii. 12). It appears that this is quite a common practice among young people whose ages are only a year or two beyond the mark; but, no matter what the unsaved do in such things, the child of God must not copy their ways: he is called to "adorn the doctrine of God in *all* things."

Words to Workers.

PREPARED AND FURNISHED.

IN order to be an efficient and successful Sunday school teacher, it is necessary to be prepared and furnished for the work. Some who attempt teaching in the Sunday school come sadly short in this, and, as a consequence, they fail in keeping the attention of the children, and in being instrumental in their salvation. During the week they seldom think or pray about the children, the lesson, or the work; and when Sunday comes, it is hurry, and bustle, and meetings, right on from the time they get up in the morning till within a few minutes of school time. The children are there waiting for the bread of life to be broken among them, but the teacher has nothing to give. He has neglected to take anything *in*, and of course he can give nothing *out*. He opens his Bible, and hunts from Genesis to Revelation for a subject. He must say something. The hour has come, and, like the clock, he must strike, but he has in reality nothing to say. In his extremity, he turns to the third of John, and hammers away at the same thing that he was at last Sunday. His soul is cold and dry, and the children pay no attention. Now, God will not be served in this slipshod manner, nor will He command His blessing upon it. God must have reality. He must be served with the "spirit," and with the "whole heart." We are far from advocating the preparation of addresses, or the making of "cut and dry" essays, wherewith to lecture the children; but, in order to serve God acceptably, there must be the prepared heart, and the soul furnished with the Word of God. *Ezra prepared his heart to seek the law that he might do and TEACH it (Ezra vii. 10);* and Joshua was commanded to meditate in the "book," that he might have "good success" (Josh. i. 9). May the Sunday school teacher "addict himself to the work;" may he seek in "the secret place" the "prepared heart;" and may he be equipped and furnished with the Word of God. So "thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have *good success*."

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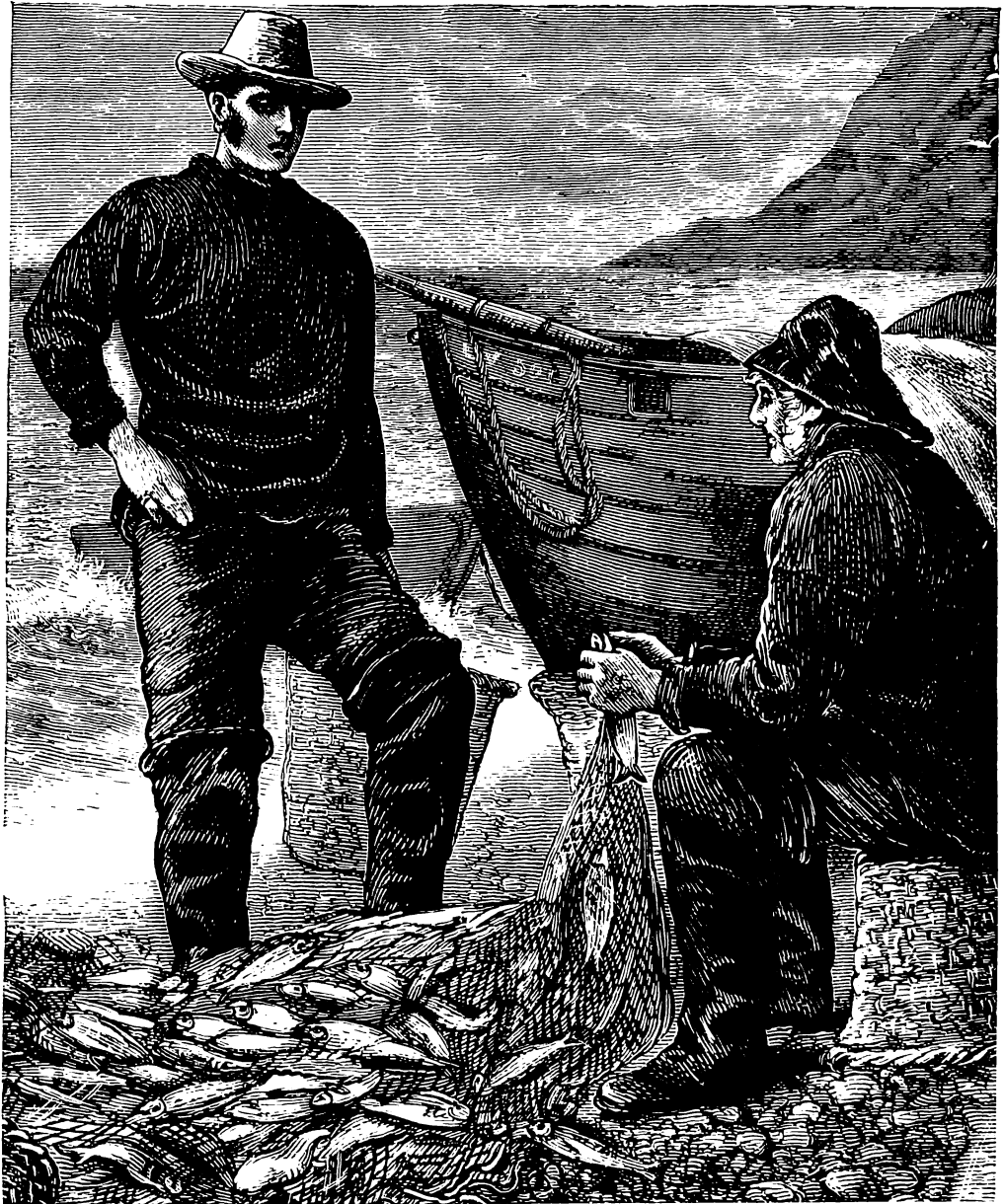
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THE YOUNG FISHERMAN ; Or, CONFESSING CHRIST.

**THE YOUNG FISHERMAN ;
Or, CONFESSING CHRIST.**

THERE was a mighty work of God going on among the towns and villages along the north-east coast of Scotland. In some of the sea-ports and fishing villages, meetings were held almost without intermission for months; and it is believed hundreds were truly converted to God. Fishermen did not go to sea in some of the places for weeks, so deep was their concern about their souls. Whole families were brought to God, and many of them live to the present hour, bearing witness by their lives, that it was the work of God the Holy Ghost.

In the village of B——, many of the young were turned to the Lord. Young men, notorious for card-playing and drinking, were now singing the praises of the Lamb, and labouring earnestly for the conversion of their former companions in sin. Young women, who formerly attended dancing-halls and such like, were found together working for the Lord, and inviting people, from door to door, to come and hear the gospel. God was working, and there was a people willing in the day of His power.

Old William B——, the fisherman, who with his wife had been converted years before, had got a fresh stirring

up, and were praying earnestly for the conversion of their eldest boy, a fine young fellow, very kind and affectionate, but as careless as Satan could make him about his soul. So long as the old couple were pretty cold and worldly themselves, they did not trouble themselves so much about his conversion; but now that they had been warmed up, and brought to see things from God's standpoint, they realised somewhat of the danger of their Christless so, and this made them earnest in seeking his salvation. At the first he would not go near the meetings, do what they liked, coax him as they would. But by-and-by several of his companions were converted, and he was led, possibly through curiosity, to see what was going on at the meetings. He saw young men like himself there happy in the Lord. No doubt some of them had to stand a good deal, for they were nicknamed and laughed at by the ungodly. Still they seemed to take it well, and withal seemed happy. Jamie thought to himself they had the best of it, and if he could be converted without making a great ado about it, he was quite willing it should be so. He gave the word a good hearing, and it appears he believed and received the gospel while in the meeting. But he was determined to keep the secret within his own bosom

for a day or two at any rate, until he saw how it would turn out. So when he came home not a word passed. His father and mother were afraid to ask too much, for fear they might put him from going back. So Jamie got off to bed. He seemed subdued and quiet, and they hoped he might be thinking about his soul at last. All next day Jamie was very quiet, hardly said a word to anybody; and when evening came, he left the house without saying where he was going. He went to the meeting, however, but his parents had not seen him. It was a night of great blessing, and many of the young men were testifying what great things the Lord had done for their souls. How Jamie's father and mother longed to hear the voice of their boy among the number! One after another had told the story of their conversion, or prayed, and the faint-hearted were encouraged to own their Lord, and confess Him with the mouth. Jamie sat and heard it all, but he was far from happy. He had been saved from death and hell; his feet had been set upon the Rock; but he refused to allow the Lord to put a new song in his mouth.

How could he be happy? I am sure no one will, if they attempt to hide the grace of God, or refuse to own in open, full confession the claims of Christ as their Lord and

new Master. There was a struggle going on within Jamie's bosom between the flesh and the Spirit, and the devil was whispering into his ear all sorts of fables and lies, about what the folks would say if he prayed and all the rest of it. It lasted for a few minutes longer, and then Jamie got on his feet, and said, "Let us pray." The people looked at one another astonished, and Jamie went on to thank God for saving him the night before, and prayed for grace not to be ashamed of Christ. His parents could hardly believe their ears; and, immediately he had done, his mother ran up and embraced him before all the people, and wept for very joy. The cloud was quickly dispelled from Jamie's soul. He was filled with joy, and has gone on in the ways of the Lord, following on to know Him.

No doubt there are many like Jamie, the young fisherman, before he confessed Christ. They are in bondage and darkness, because they have not confessed Christ before their friends and companions. They may believe with the heart, but they have not yet confessed with the mouth the Lord Jesus, and the consequence is, they are not happy. No doubt it is well, in days of empty profession and sham conversion, to be very sure you have got something to confess. But we are persuaded

there are many, and especially among the young, who lack the joy of God's salvation, and have no real testimony for the Lord, because they did not at the time they first believed, make confession of their faith, and stand boldly out for the Lord. Some are hindered by the fear of man, and others are bound hand and foot with the world's grave-clothes. Life they have, but no liberty. The light is beneath the bushel, and those around hardly know what to make of them. They are neither thorough worldlings, nor out-and-out confessors of Christ. It ought not to be so. A clear and open confession has a wonderful effect in losing the bonds of old companions and of worldliness. When once they see you are determined to be the Lord's, and to boldly and fearlessly follow in His ways, they soon leave off inviting you to join them.

Reader, how is it with you? Do you confess Christ with lip and life? Perhaps I ought first to ask, do you *possess* Him? Is He *your* Saviour, your own personal Deliverer? You must possess Christ before you can confess Him. This is the only true starting-point. You must begin here, if you would be Christ's witness on earth, and His companion in heaven. But if you have received Him as your Saviour, shrink not back from owning Him as your Lord and Master.

GOD'S TREASURES.

NEW^S for little children!
Hark! how sweet the sound,
Rolling in its fulness,
To earth's furthest bound;
News of God's salvation—
News with blessings—
Saving, helping, cheering—
Wondrous words of life!

Love for little children,
Sent from God's own throne;
Love—how sweet the tidings—
Each can make his own;
Love that maketh happy,
Love that maketh blest;
Love that gives the weary
Full and perfect rest.

Peace for little children,
Peace from God on high,
Brought by Christ, the Saviour,
When He came to die;
Made in Calvary's darkness,
Sealed with Jesus' blood,
To the world proclaimed—
Perfect peace with God.

Joy for little children,
O, such perfect joy!
Not like earth's enchantments,
Full of earth's alloy;
But a joy that resteth
On foundations sure,
Joy—for God hath said it—
Which must e'er endure.

Strength for little children,
Leading each along;
'Tis the weak and helpless,
Jesus maketh strong;
On they journey singing
Strong in Christ alone;
His right hand sustaining—
Every moment known.

Rest for little children,
Rest as passing on,
While the "rest remaining"
Beckons them along;
There the peace is perfect,
There the rest endures:
Hear it! All these treasures
Faith in Christ secures!

JEANNIE,
and
"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

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

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

Lord's command: I urged upon the children the necessity of getting their souls sheltered beneath the blood, while the day of God's grace lasts, and warned them against delay.

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

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

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



MOSES.

THE Book of Exodus opens with a sad story. A cruel king, called Pharaoh, had issued a decree that all the baby boys of Israelitish parents should be cast into the River Nile and drowned. The little girls were permitted to live, but the boys must all perish. What a cruel edict was this, and what sorrow and sadness it must have brought to many a mother's heart.

At the time when Pharaoh's edict was in force, there lived a little family in the land of Egypt. They were of the tribe of Levi. The father's name was Amram, and the mother's name was Jochebed (Exod. i. 1; vi. 12). They had a daughter whose name was Miriam, and a little boy called Aaron; and soon after the cruel edict of the king went forth, another baby boy was born.

We are told that he was a "goodly child," and "exceeding fair" or "beautiful to God" (Acts vii. 20). How the fond mother's heart must have ached as she gazed upon the lovely babe, and remembered that he was doomed to die in the waters of the Nile. But putting their trust in God, the parents hid their babe for three long months. Then came a trying moment for the mother. Tak-

ing the babe in her arms, she hastened to the banks of the Nile, with her daughter Miriam by her side. Was she going to drown her babe according to the king's commandment? Ah, no! her heart was trusting in the living God, and she knew that He would save her baby boy. Halting near to the royal palace of the king, she took a little ark of bulrushes which she had prepared, and into it she put her precious child. Imprinting, as we may guess, a warm kiss upon his cheek, she closed the lid, and put the little vessel among the flags by the river's brink. The mother hastened to her home, and Miriam stood afar off, to watch the little ark.

Presently a princess, with her maids, was seen coming down from the royal palace. She was the daughter of the king, and was coming to bathe in the waters of the Nile, according to the Egyptian custom at certain of their festivals. She saw the little ark among the flags; and, sending one of her maids to fetch it, the lid was opened, and a weeping babe was seen. Whether she was captivated by the beauty of the child, or whether her heart was touched with sympathy, we do not know; but she at once decided to adopt him as her son. Miriam, who had doubtless watched with a beating heart the opening of the little ark, came forward, and volunteered to

find a nurse. She ran for her mother; and, in a few minutes more, Jochebed had her infant clasped to her bosom. He was saved from



death; preserved by Jehovah's care; drawn out, as in resurrection, from the waves of death; and the name of Moses, which means "drawn out," was given him. How wonderful are the ways of God, and how marvel-

lous are His works. He saved that baby boy from death in the waters of the Nile. He allowed his godly mother to nurse him without fear, and to tell him of the God of Abraham; and when he had grown up, he was permitted to live within the palace of the king, because the Lord had need of him on a far-off future day, to bear His message to that very palace, and to deliver His people from bondage.

He passed through death and resurrection in a figure in that little ark, in order that he might live to serve Jehovah and His people.

Now, my dear young friends, there is a lesson here for you. Like that baby boy, you are condemned to die. You have sinned against God, and the wages of sin is death. You must either die yourself, or pass through death in the person of another. You cannot save yourself any more than could that helpless babe; but an Ark of safety has been provided. Jesus is that Ark. His death, like the pitch, will keep out the billows of death: and you will be drawn out from death and judgment if you trust in Him. Outside Christ, you are exposed to death and judgment; in Christ, His people are safe and secure, and one day soon will all be drawn out from their graves, or from earth, and caught up in resurrection to meet their Lord.

**SALVATION,
and
THINGS THAT ACCOMPANY IT.**

An Address to a Bible Class.—(continued).

THE next thing we will look at is—

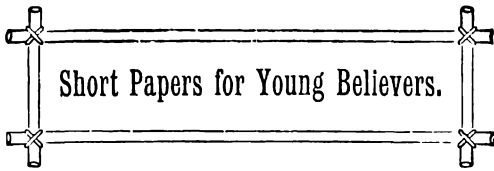
5. "THE JOY OF SALVATION" (Psa. li. 12).—I daresay there are some who have salvation, who never had the joy of it; and there are a good many more, who once had the joy of salvation, but who have lost it. Now, dear children, I am sure that God wants all of you who are saved to have this joy. He wants you to be happy. The gospel of salvation is "glad tidings of great joy;" and when a sinner believes the gospel, and receives the knowledge of salvation, he is bound to be happy. When the people of Samaria first received the gospel, we are told, "There was great joy in that city" (Acts viii. 8). I am sure some of you think that if you received Christ, you would have to pull a long face, and be very grave and sad; but it's all nonsense. Was the prodigal made a grave long-faced young man, when he came back to his father's bosom and his home? Indeed, he was nothing of the kind; for we read, "they began to be merry." Ah, yes! and we do not read of the joy coming to an end; it goes on and on, deepening and increasing in the

case of all who walk with God, until the fulness of joy at God's right hand is reached. But why is it that some of you who are saved have not this joy? Well, I think I can tell you. Some look to their frames and feelings for it. When they *feel* saved, then they are happy; but when their feelings go wrong, they are down in the mud again. But feelings have nothing to do in the matter. What the Book says is this: "Rejoice in the *Lord* always; and again I say, rejoice" (Phil. iv. 4). And again, "I will joy in the *God* of my salvation" (Hab. iii. 18). Not in a changing set of feelings; but in the unchanging God who loveth us, and will love us for evermore. But how comes it that some who were once bright, happy Christians, have lost their joy? Well, the most common cause is, that they have been trifling with sin; or that worldliness has drawn their souls into the darkness. At any rate, their communion with God is broken; a cloud rests above their souls. They walk in the dark; miserable-looking creatures, unhappy and unsatisfied. Now the way to put the matter right is just this, that you confess to God fully and freely whatever you have been doing that has displeased Him. Tell it out honestly and unreservedly. Drag out the thief who has robbed you of your joy into the light, and

have him judged. Then your soul will be brought into the light, and the joy of God and His salvation will be restored. But, remember, the only path leading to restoration of soul, is downright honest confession, and complete renunciation of the sin that led and keeps your soul away from God. Walking in His light and love, your joy will abound and increase. "These things write we unto you, that your joy may be *full*" (1 John i. 4).

6. "THE HOPE OF SALVATION" (1 Thess. v. 8).—Not "hoping to be saved," like those who have not been born again, but "looking for that blessed *hope*, and the appearing of the glory." Waiting for Him who is coming to call us to Himself, and to bring with Him salvation in its fullest sense, even the redemption of our body. We *are saved*, as to our souls, by His death upon the cross. We are *being saved* as to our walk, through His life for us now in heaven; and we *shall be saved*, as to our bodies, when He comes again. Blessed, glorious "salvation of God," with all the blessed things that accompany it! Thrice blessed are those who have it, and who can say, like aged Simeon, "Mine eyes *have* seen Thy salvation" (Luke ii. 30).

Dear children, are you all possessors of this salvation? Can you honestly and truthfully say, "Behold, God is *my* salvation; I will trust, and *not* be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2).



OPPOSITION BROKEN DOWN.

WILLIE was converted in the city of Glasgow, while serving his apprenticeship in one of the large warehouses there. He wrote home at once, and told his parents what had taken place, and they were not over-well pleased about it. They were both religious in the usual way, and went to the church pretty regularly, and they were anxious that their boy might follow in their steps, and be preserved from evil company away in the large city. Had he told them that he had become religious, it would have pleased them fully, but they were rather "cut" when he wrote that he had been saved, and had stopped going to worldly singing-classes and musical entertainments. His father wrote off a long letter at once, giving him counsel, and warning him against going "too far," lest he might be hindered in his business, or rendered unfit for a place in "society."

This is quite the world's way of thinking. The man of the world can do with as much religion as enables him to make money and

enjoy pleasure, but no more; and he wonders that any young man could think of having any other view of the matter. But the saved one has got Christ, and this makes all the difference, and so Willie went on his way rejoicing in the Lord.

By-and-by Willie's apprenticeship was over, and, before going to a new situation, he went home for a few weeks' holiday. He was very happy at the thought of being back among his friends and former schoolmates, that he might tell them of the great salvation, and testify for Christ in his native village. But these bright hopes were destined to receive a sudden blight. Before he had been home for many hours, his father took him aside, and told him that he would not be allowed to preach or associate with the few who were like-minded with himself in the village. If he wanted religion, he might go to church with him, and he considered that was quite sufficient. Willie felt it keenly, but he saw that as a son his duty was submission. He went to the Lord, and poured out his heart to Him in fervent prayer, and strength was given from on high to sustain the cross. But if he was hindered from publicly testifying for the Lord, he could not be hindered from letting his light shine within the home. His soul was exercised for grace to

give a clear testimony there, and he was marvellously helped. Before many days had come and gone, his presence there was felt; and the testimony of his quiet, godly life and walk, produced a great effect in that worldly house. Opposition and prejudice were broken down, and Willie's tongue was loosed to speak for God, and his word was blessed to the salvation of some within his father's house. He was soon permitted to attend the meetings, and to keep company with the few despised saints; and fruit remains to the present hour of Willie's visit to his native village.

My dear young believer, are you hindered from publicly testifying for Christ? Take it cheerfully, and live with God in secret. If your soul is right with God, and your life and walk a witness for Him, it will leave its mark even among your opposers; and when the Lord's set time has come, the waters will divide, and opposition will be broken down.

CRUMBS.

"*HE LEADETH ME*" (*Psa. xxxiii. 2*).

Led *out* from the world (John x. 3; Heb. viii. 9).

Led *on* through the desert (*Psa. lxxviii. 53; xxxiii. 3*).

Led *into* the glory (*Psa. xliiii. 3; Rev. vii. 17*).

Questions.

QUESTION XVI.—*What is the meaning of Hebrews x. 26, 27?*

ANSWER.—These verses trouble many young believers, especially shaky ones, and they are a sort of terror to people who have doubts and fears sometimes. It does them good to get a shake, and if they are on the Rock, they will not be shaken off. This epistle was written to *Jews*, some of whom were saved, and some were only professors. Both classes are addressed. If one "forsook" the company of the saved who assembled around Christ (see verse 25), and went back to the company of ungodly Jews, who offered sacrifices and denied Him, it proved that he was an "adversary," and would with them be destroyed. But no true believer would do that, consequently this cannot apply to such. A backslidden *saint* may be forgiven and restored (see *Psa. li. ; 1 John i. 9*); but an apostate professor of this stamp may only look for judgment.

—:◊:◊:—

QUESTION XVII.—*Do you think a child of God should be a member of a choir, who sing at oratorios and such like?*

ANSWER.—It is a dangerous position for a believer to occupy, and one which, if in a good state of soul, he would have no desire for. It involves in most cases an unequal yoke with unbelievers. We see frequently the names of concert singers and pantomime players advertised to lead the singing of the "Messiah." What a child of God could have in common with that we do not know? And even were they all converted, it is a piece of solemn mockery to entertain a crowd of ungodly sinners by a musical performance based on the agonies of Calvary. May the Lord preserve our dear young believing friends and all His saints from association with such unhallowed mimicry.

Words to Workers.

A WORD FROM AN OLD STONE-BREAKER.

A SERVANT of Christ was walking along a country road one day. He came up to an old man on his knees breaking stones for road metal. In course of conversation the Lord's servant remarked, "I wish I could break the hearts of sinners as you can do these stones, but I find some of them are very hard." Looking up into his face, the old man remarked, "Perhaps you have never tried it upon your knees, when every other way failed," and went on with his stone-breaking again. There was a searching word in that simple remark for all who seek the salvation of souls. All who go forth in service for the Master, must meet with hard cases, where the word falls as on an iron conscience, and an adamant heart. There is nothing too hard for the Lord; but He must be laid hold of in prayer. Here lies the secret of power to break hearts. Are you discouraged and weary in your work, dear fellow labourer, seeing little fruit, and much opposition? Try it on your knees. Many a hard heart has been melted down, and many a citadel of Satan stormed, by a simple word, spoken by lips that had moved in fervent believing prayer in the closet, before going forth to the field.

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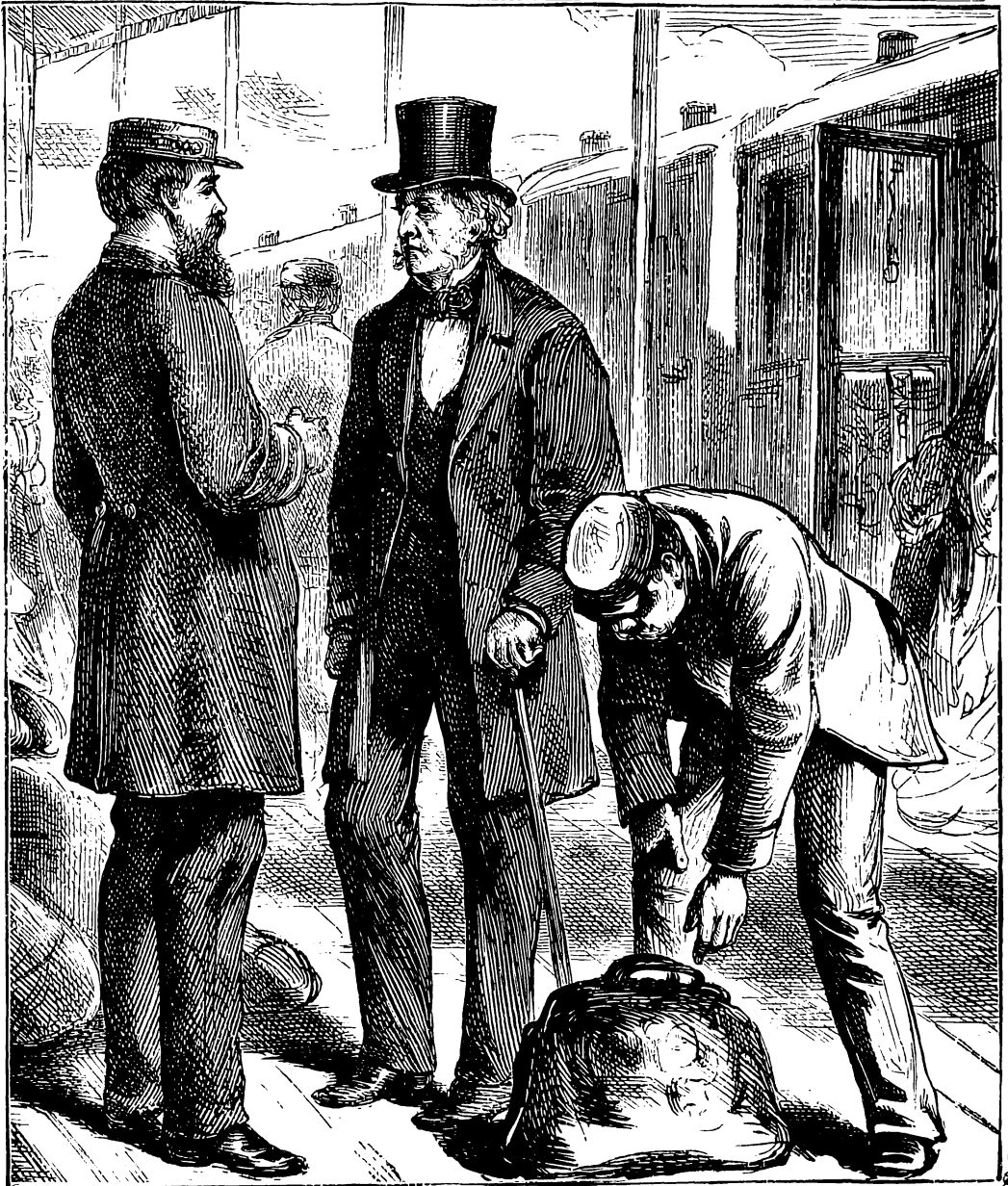
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MAY, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE RAILWAY GUARD.

THE RAILWAY GUARD.

“JOHN DUNLOP, the railway guard, has been crushed to death between two waggons at Kilmarnock station.”

Such was the news whispered among a circle of young men in the city of Glasgow, who were companions in Christ, and fellow-workers in the spread of His blessed gospel. In this little circle John Dunlop filled a place, and was esteemed and beloved as a devoted and active worker for Christ. But his voice is hushed, his race is run, his work and testimony for Christ are finished, and he is now at rest in Paradise with his Lord. Well it was for him, too, that he was ready, for the Master's call was sudden and unexpected, and there was no time given at the last hour of life to prepare for eternity. Nor was it needed, for the Christ in whom he trusted had made him ready—fully ready—for the place he was so suddenly summoned to fill up there, where

“Loved ones in Jesus have passed on before,
Resting in glory they weary are no more.”

The following brief account of how the Lord saved him, then kept him, and finally took him to Himself, is given, in the hope that God may bless it in leading you, reader, if unsaved, to Christ; and, if a believer,

to increased devotedness to the One who has bought you with His blood.

Chap. I.—FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

“You might come to the Victoria Hall and hear the gospel, John;” but John was not inclined to cage himself up in any such place for a whole evening, and at first he stoutly refused, but after several fervent appeals from the loving heart that gave them, John consented, and fixed the night himself. The Word of God, spoken in the power of the Holy Ghost, awakened him to see that he was a sinner deserving wrath, and John Dunlop trembled at the prospect of meeting his God. This was the great crisis of his life. He was brought face to face with God, sin, judgment, and eternity. That night he was unable to sleep, and the whole of the following day he was in agony. How he longed for the evening that he might go and hear the gospel's joyful sound. At the close of the meeting, one who watched for souls came up to him, and, putting his arm tenderly around his neck, began to speak to him about the love of God to sinners, and the freeness of salvation. His Bible was open at John iii. 16, and with his finger he traced the lines as John read them slowly. It was just what he needed, and on that Rock where multitudes of weary ones have

found their rest, he trusted his soul. In after years, when speaking of the Lord's grace in saving him, he often said, "I just read it this way—God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that JOHN DUNLOP (I am one of the 'whoso-evers') believing in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There the weary sinner and the sinner-seeking Saviour met; and there was joy in heaven that night over John Dunlop's conversion to God. Reader, may I ask you, in passing, has there ever been joy there over your's?

Chap. II.—WAYSIDE SERVICE FOR THE LORD.

John was employed as a guard on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, between Glasgow and Carlisle. One day, having an hour or two to wait at Carlisle, he was walking along the street, seeking some little service for his Master. Jamie —, a well-known character, was singing ballads at the corner of a street, and as John passed by he said to him, "O, Jamie, man, if you were only converted, you would have something better to sing about than that." A Scotch farmer standing near overheard the remark. He had come to Carlisle that day on business, and for some time the greater business of his soul's salva-

tion had given him much concern. He felt inclined to go up to Dunlop and open his mind, but was ashamed. The devil keeps many a soul from Christ by this means. After his business was over, the farmer was coming along the street, and again he saw Dunlop. This time he determined he would speak to him, but felt a difficulty in introducing the subject. Summoning courage, he walked across, and, addressing Dunlop, said, "Do you know Mr. —, a friend of mine, in Glasgow?" "No, sir," replied the guard. There was a moment's silence, after which Dunlop, guessing there must be some cause for such an inquiry, quietly said to the farmer, "May I ask you, sir, if you have peace with God?" "Well, to be honest," replied the farmer, "I have not." The two walked on together toward the station, conversing freely together about the great salvation, and so eagerly was the farmer drinking in the word that he entirely forgot about his train. For two hours more they stood or walked about the platform, but still no deliverance came. The time for another train had come, and the farmer had to go, still unsaved. Dunlop gave him a little book, and so they parted; the farmer burdened with the weight of sin, the guard inwardly labouring in prayer for his salvation. The

train was speeding on its way across the border, when the farmer, putting his hand in his pocket, took out the little book. His eye fell on the words on the title page—"God says I am saved." He sat musing over them. "*God* says I am saved"—does He? Where does He say that? said the farmer to himself. Instantly the verse came to his mind—"He that believeth not God hath made Him a *liar*, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And *this* is the record, that God HATH given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John v. 10, 11). "I must either believe God or make Him a liar," said the farmer to himself. "I cannot say He's a liar, so I must believe His Word. Christ died for sinners; in Him alone I trust; and *God says I am saved*. It must be true if He says it." Before the farmer reached his station he was rejoicing in the knowledge of God's salvation, and in that knowledge he rejoices still. Reader, are *you* making *God* a liar, or do you believe His faithful Word? You must do either the one or the other. If the former, you are still a son of darkness and an heir of hell: if the latter, a child of light on the way to heaven.

Chap. III.—CALLED HOME.

The train left Glasgow in the morn-

ing, as usual. When it reached Kilmarnock certain waggons had to be detached and others coupled on. While Dunlop was engaged coupling two waggons together they became buffer-locked, and he was crushed between them. Willing hands made every effort to rescue him, but it was useless. When the waggons were unlocked, the body of John Dunlop fell down; his spirit was absent from it, and present with the Lord. He was suddenly called, but he was ready; *ready* because the blood of Christ had purged his sins and justified him before God; *ready*, also, because his light was burning before God, and shining before his fellow-men.

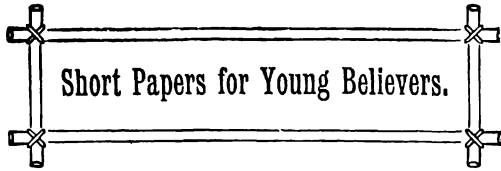
Reader, how is it with your soul? If you were suddenly called, are you ready? Would it be to you as it was to the railway guard, "absent from the body and present with the Lord;" or would your Christless soul, unpurged from guilt, depart to the darkness and the woe of hell? I beseech you to face the momentous question. Concentrate all your attention upon it, and rest not a moment until you have it satisfactorily settled—settled before God and for eternity. And may the Lord's redeemed ones sow the seed, and buy up opportunities of pointing souls to Christ, remembering that "the time is short."

THE YOUNG COACHMAN.

HE was a bright and cheery young man, and went in, heart and soul, for the world. The only trouble he seemed to have was, that his aged mother kept at him continually about the state of his soul, and told him of death and the judgment. He threatened several times to leave the house, unless she ceased to "bother" him about these things; but faithfully and lovingly she continued to press home upon his heart and soul the great realities of eternity. He made up his mind to leave. A suitable situation was offered him several hundreds of miles from his mother's cottage, and he availed himself of it. Not long after he entered on his new situation, he was asked to get ready the carriage for a drive. His master, instead of entering the carriage with the rest, took his seat on the box beside the coachman. "He will be anxious to see how I drive," thought the young coachman; and in a few moments they were off. Before they had gone far, the gentleman whispered to the coachman beside him—"Tell me, is your soul saved?" He was perfectly bewildered and terror-stricken. He had come all the way from his former situation to be out of the reach of his mother's words; and now, on the very first

opportunity, his new master greets him with the question—"Tell me, is your soul saved?" The young man was deeply awakened, and said, "I could run away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God." The master told him of the great salvation, and he got saved. Writing home to his mother the joyful news, he said, "God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul." It may be that the reader is the child of many prayers and entreaties, and yet unsaved. Perhaps you would be glad to escape like this young man, and be out of their reach; but you cannot run from God. Remember, you *must* meet Him some day, if not now, at the judgment. You may struggle to free yourself from the grasp of His message of grace, and thrust away the hand of love that would willingly deliver you from Satan's power; but "you cannot get away from God." The mercy-seat, where now he seeks in grace to meet you, will be exchanged for the awful judgment throne, and you must then meet God. The voice that shall call the dead from their graves to judgment knows no denial. Your soul, if Christless, then must obey its call, and, reunited with your body, appear before the great I AM.

Careless sinner, what shall then become of thee?



THE LITTLE SOUL- WINNER.

ALADY was brought to Christ in a lonely part of New England. She had no one to converse with about the things of God and eternity, or to bow the knee with her in prayer, but her own little girl, who was only about ten years of age. It was not long until the little girl also received Christ as her own personal Saviour, and her young heart was very soon filled with the love of Christ, and with a desire to bring others to Him.

One day while they were speaking together of the blessedness of being saved, the little girl, in the joy of her heart, exclaimed, "O, mother dear, I wish I could tell everybody how grand it is to have Jesus. Do, please, let me go and tell the old gentleman who lives near us, about Him." "Ah," said the mother, "he will not listen to you, my child; the people just laugh at me when I speak to them, and say it is all a delusion." But the child's heart was full of divine compassion for souls, and she would not be put off. She ran to where the old gentleman

lived, and found him in or near the house; and in her own simple childish way she began to tell him of the Lord Jesus and of His power to save. No doubt it was with great simplicity that she told the story, but it came from a warm and Christ-filled heart. Had one older in years attempted such a thing, stern resistance would have been given, but Annie's simple word found an entrance to his heart, and the tears flowed down his furrowed cheek. When the child saw it, she said, "Please do not be sorry, for Jesus died to save you. He has saved my dear mother and me, and we are very happy; I am sure He will save you too, if you trust Him." The Lord opened his heart to receive the message, and not very long after he believed, and passed from death to life. He had lived for the world, and the salvation of his precious soul had been sadly neglected; but the arrow of the Lord had winged its way to his heart, and the proud man was brought low before the word of the Lord's little one. The whole neighbourhood got to hear of it, and many came to hear the word for themselves. Within a fortnight fifty souls professed to find peace in Christ. Behold how great a matter the little fire had kindled, and what a glorious work of grace that blessed child was made the honoured instru-

ment in beginning, and what a crown of rejoicing will be hers in that day! Beloved young reader, if you are

saved yourself, do not be satisfied to go to heaven alone. Seek to win some soul for Christ, and begin at



once. Set your heart upon it, and God will give you the joy of winning some companion's or relative's soul

for Christ, and great shall be your joy, and bright your crown, when Jesus comes again.

**JERICHO;
Or, THE SCARLET LINE.**

THERE was once, in the ages long gone
by,
A city with ramparts and walls so high,
That it seemed to the traveller's wondering
sight
To embrace the sky in its airy height.

It was built in a country wondrous fair;
The evergreen palm waved its branches there,
While the eastern sun threw a tinge of gold
O'er the burnished dome of its temple old.

But, alas, that city so nobly built
Was tainted with crimes of the deepest guilt;
Vain idols were worshipped at every fane,
While God they cared not in their thoughts
to retain.

Yet His love delayed for many a year
The avenging hour, which at last drew near,
For God's terms of peace they had proudly
spurned,
And His messengers back from their gates
had turned.

The king and his warriors gazed from their
height
On the host of Israel, encamped in sight,
And lightly they laughed as they thought how
the foe
Would vainly attempt their strong towers to
o'erthrow.

They could not believe that their stately street
Would echo the sound of the alien's feet,
Or that stranger hands would bear away
The spoils they had won in many a fray.

Said the king, "Let the gates be closely shut,
That no one may enter, and none go out,
For aught else, my people, you need not fear,
You are safely and strongly guarded here."

Do you ask, surprised, were there none believed?
Were *all* by the pride of their hearts deceived?
Had God not a witness in that dark place?
No trophy from thence of redeeming grace?

Yes, there was a woman, whose life had been
A sad, weary tale of reproach and sin;
Yet she, in her heart, God's message believed,
And into her home His people received.

The report of His power had reached her ear,
And filled her heart with an anxious fear;
She tremblingly thought of the wrath to come,
And Jericho's awful impending doom.

The messengers spoke, "There is life for you,
Bind fast in your lattice this token true;
When that scarlet cord shall meet the eye,
The avenging judgment will pass you by."

She *heard*, she *believed*, and without delay
She hastened the Word of Life to obey;
Her fears were all gone, for by oath and by
word

Salvation and peace to her house were secured.

But the swift stream of time flowed on apace,
Six days passed by, they were days of grace,
For God is long-suffering and slow to wrath,
He takes no delight in the sinner's death.

The morn of the seventh day dawned at last,
Then with rending shout and with trumpet
blast

The walls fell down with a thundering sound,
And war's desolation reigned around.

All, all were slaughtered save those within
That humble house with its scarlet sign;
All inside its portals had safety found,
When Jericho's ruins bestrewed the ground.

Ah, say, has *your* faith, like Rahab's of old,
On the word of the God of truth laid hold?
Can *you* say, the Saviour of sinners is mine?
Have *you* bound in your heart the scarlet line?

For the day of the Lord is near at hand,
And who before Him may abide to stand?
When trembling nature shall quiver with fear,
And the earth depart like a hunted deer.

Those *only* who now, in this day of grace,
Have found in the Saviour a hiding place,
Will be saved from the wrath by His power
divine,

The blood of the Lamb is their scarlet line.



Foundation Truths.

JUSTIFICATION.

“HOW, then, can man be justified with God?” (Job xxv. 3). This was a question asked by Bildad, the Shuhite, of his friend Job more than three thousand years ago, and it is *the* great question uppermost in the mind of every Spirit-convicted sinner.

It is of eternal importance to the soul that this question should receive an authoritative and divine answer, and nothing short of this will satisfy a truly awakened conscience. Blessed be God, we have had this given direct from God Himself, and He has caused it to be recorded in the pages of His holy Word so very plainly that nobody need be in any doubt about it.

Justification—or how the sinner may be accounted righteous before God—is one of the grand foundation truths of God’s Word, and we would ask our young friends to take their Bibles and search with us a little about it. We will, first of all, look at a few Scriptures giving a view of the sinner’s natural state in the sight of God.

“There is not a *just* man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not” (Eccles. vii. 20). “There is

none *righteous*, no not one” (Rom. iii. 10). Now, it is very clear that none of us are naturally righteous. Parents sometimes say to the children, “You are a good boy,” but it is all nonsense. There is *none* good, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. This is God’s estimate of the best and loveliest child of Adam that ever lived, and He further tells us, that “the *unrighteous* shall not inherit the kingdom of God” (1 Cor. vii. 9).

“How, then, can man be justified with God?” Certainly not because he is good or righteous; for we have seen he is the reverse, and because of this, he is unfit for God’s kingdom and under condemnation. You have seen a man brought up for trial before the judge. He is first charged with the crime, then the witnesses are called, and he is either acquitted because he is innocent, or condemned because he is guilty. The sinner has been on his trial, and he has been found guilty (see Rom. iii. 19). God, the holy Judge, has condemned him. Think of this, you unsaved ones—you are condemned already. In mercy, God delays the execution of the sentence, but it is pronounced, and at any moment you may be hurried from earth to hell—the place of the sinner’s punishment. Can nothing be done to set the culprit free? So far as the sinner is con-

cerned, nothing. A condemned murderer's good behaviour in his cell cannot alter his sentence. No more can the sinner's future goodness (even if he had any) atone for past offences. So all hope is cut off on that ground, for the Judge Himself has declared that "by the *deeds* of the law there shall no flesh be *justified* in His sight" (Rom. iii. 20). The culprit is in his cell, justice has locked the door and keeps the key, and the terrible word "CONDEMNED" is branded upon the lintel. Now, it is just in this state of things that God comes in; and it is here, at the door of this condemned man's cell, that He proclaims the glorious truth of justification. Before I tell you how, permit me to ask if you know this man within the cell. Does he bear any resemblance to yourself? Unquestionably, "thou art the man." Do you say "Amen" to this? Do you acknowledge that this is your own personal condition? Do you admit the equity of the sentence, and justify God in thus condemning you; or do you seek to justify yourself and find fault with God? If the latter, I have nothing more to say to you, nor has God; but if the former, "I have a message from God unto thee." It is God's own answer to the question—"How, then, can man be justified with God?"

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE ONES. |

THE following letter is from a little girl who was spoken to at the close of a meeting some years ago. Her two sisters were, unknown to her, in the hall the same evening listening to the story of Jesus and His love. At the close, they all found themselves sitting in the "enquiry room," on the same seat. The three professed to receive Christ, and all went home together rejoicing, to tell what great things the Lord had done for them. Agnes is the youngest, and I think the brightest of the three.

"I thought I would like to write you a few lines. I am still believing, and happy. I am getting the better of my *feelings* now, but they troubled me a good deal at first. I just tell Satan that God says I am saved whether I feel it or not, but he often gives me a call, and seeks hard to make me believe that I was happier serving him. But I know better, for I am on the narrow way that leads to heaven. I often longed to be a *real* Christian, and I tried all I could to become one. I prayed that God would give me salvation, and hoped he would do it. This was what I thought believing meant, but I know now that I *have* everlasting life. I know that middle bar

(Christ) you spoke of, that kept all the boards of the Tabernacle together, is *mine* and I am His. It seems a new life: sometimes I hardly know what has come over me, all seems so new. Trusting I may be kept by Jesus faithful to the end, then I know I shall receive the crown.—I am, yours, &c.,

“AGNES H——.”

What say you to this, youthful reader? Was Agnes happier when she served the devil, as she puts it, than she is now? Nay, verily. She declares “it seems a new life,” and so in very truth it is. Nor is this all: she is on the way to heaven, where deathless, endless pleasures are in store for all the Lord’s redeemed ones. How does it stand with you? Is this new life, with its attendant joys and prospects, yours? Has the One who saved her soul that night saved yours? or, are you still refusing to allow him to do so, and hurrying on to death and hell?

—:◊:◊:—

CRUMBS.

“PLACES TO WALK” (*Zech. iii. 7*).

“Walk *before* God” (*Gen. xvii. 1*)—
REALITY.

“Walk *with* God” (*Gen. v. 22*)—
COMMUNION.

“Walk *after* God” (*Deut. xiii. 4*)—
OBEDIENCE.

Questions.

QUESTION XXII.—A “Sunday School Teacher” asks—“*Do you think it right to give the children prizes?*”

ANSWER.—Judging from the frequent inquiries made on this subject, it seems to be a matter of exercise among many Sunday School teachers. It would not be wise to lay down a hard and fast line, or to legislate on a subject like this; still a few hints may be helpful to some. There is, no doubt, a deal of evil wrought by adopting the world’s method of giving prizes in the Sunday School. An unhealthy competition, with its jealousies and strifes, springs up among the children, which is destructive of all spiritual power and blessing. But we need not copy the world in this or in anything else. God Himself gives prizes (see *1 Cor. ix. 24-26*; *Phil. iii. 14*), and if we act upon *His* principles in the distribution of ours, we shall not surely err. But all difficulty might be obviated by giving little *gifts* to the children; either making all alike, or giving according to their age and attendance, without inciting either rivalry or jealousy. Many teachers do so at Christmas and New Year time, and the plan works well. But this and other details must be left to the teacher’s own discretion. Only let them be encouraged, and deny yourself a bit to do it. They value what they get. The book you give may cheer in lonely hours in distant lands; and when far away from home and kindred dear, and the early days of Sunday School, it will be treasured and read when others are forgotten. Let it be clear, sound *gospel* for the lost, or wholesome food convenient for the Lord’s little ones.

Words to Workers.

EXPECTING AN ANSWER.

IT was a season of great drought in England, and the crops were being withered up for want of rain. A number of godly people met together to pray that the Lord might give rain. Among others came a little girl carrying under her arm a big umbrella. Some one asked her what she meant by bringing an umbrella in such a beautiful day. The child looked up into his face, and with earnestness said, "I thought when we were praying to God for rain I should want it." And so she did; for, on the way home, the rain came down in torrents, and the little girl found the use of her big umbrella. There was only one in all the company who really expected what she prayed for; the others seemed very doubtful. It is often so with the people of God when they meet to pray for spiritual blessing. How often have Sunday School Teachers met to pray for the conversion of their children, and gone away just as they came, and no blessing has followed, because there was no expectancy. Let the girl's big umbrella teach them a lesson. Expect what you pray for, and God says, "According to your faith be it unto you" (Matt. ix. 29).

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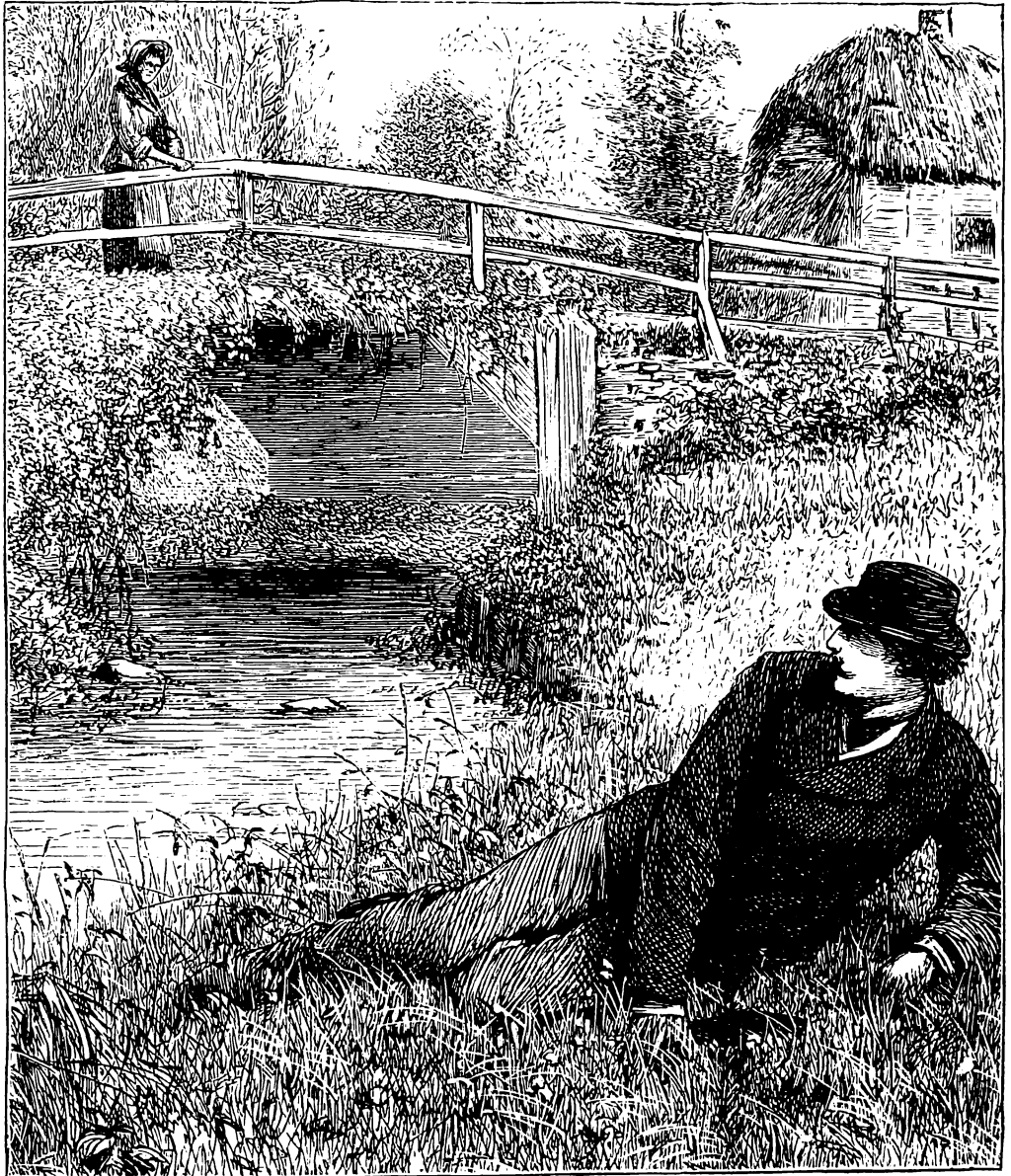
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[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE SCEPTIC; Or, ALONE WITH GOD.

**THE SCEPTIC;
Or, ALONE WITH GOD.**

MATTHEW FINDLAY was a sceptic, at anyrate he said so. But, perhaps, some of our young readers may not know what is meant by a sceptic. Well, he is a man who tries to doubt everything, and particularly the Bible, with all the solemn realities of eternity. He seeks to persuade himself that there is no heaven and no hell in the future, and no sin or salvation in the present. He seeks to bring everything to the bar of reason, and believing himself to be a competent judge, he rejects and denies everything that he cannot understand. The most of those who profess to be sceptics are poor miserable creatures. Their theories fail to give them peace or happiness, and many of them have, in the hour of death, acknowledged that they did not believe what they had professed and advocated in life. Matthew had drunk in the serpent's lie. When he was quite a young lad, he read and discussed what others more wicked than himself had written; and, when he got hold of a simple believer, he sought by every means to puzzle and perplex him. Poor, unhappy soul! Yet he clung to his "principles" as he called them, and considered they were impregnable.

But the Lord loved him in spite of all his wickedness, and the Shepherd who followed the wandering sheep was following Matthew, although he knew it not. There were a few earnest Christian young men in the village where he lived, and they agreed to pray to God for the salvation of his soul. Long and earnestly did they seek to reach him with the truth, but with no effect. The devil had got him so thoroughly in his grasp, and had so skilled him in the art of self-defence, that the sword of the Spirit seemed to fall as on a rock, whenever it was used against him. But there is nothing too hard for God, because He is the Almighty.

A servant of the Lord came to the village to preach the gospel, and Matthew was invited to go. Thinking it would be a good opportunity for attacking the preacher, he went with all his armour on. But the arrows of the Lord are sharp, and one of them at least found an entrance between the joints of his harness. He struggled hard to resist the solemn truth that he was a sinner on his way to death and judgment, but it stuck to him. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." The words rang in his ears, and followed him to his home. He had a few words with the preacher at the close, but beyond a sneer and one sharp retort, he

offered no resistance, and was glad to get away. It was all very well so long as he kept out of the reach of the power of God's truth, but when he was brought face to face with God, the theories and fancies of Voltaire and Paine proved but a poor foundation. When the dark waves of death and the realities of eternity surround the deluded soul, they vanish altogether, and leave it to its fate. He slept none that night, and was glad when morning dawned. Next day his mind was in a tempest: he did not know who or what to believe. He dreaded the prospect of another sleepless night, but what was he to do. His "principles" did not admit that he should call upon God to help him, or seek any comfort from His Word, and the "principles" themselves had failed to give him any. He was almost in despair, and ready to take his life. He would have done so, but he remembered that "after death" comes "the judgment." He got hold of an old Bible, put it in his pocket, and wandered out from the village, and down to the river-side, where he would be alone. Lying there on the green grass, he took out the book, half afraid lest any passer-by might see him. In his agony, he cried to God to help him, if help was possible; and, if the Bible was His Word, to give

him something out of it to ease his troubled soul. He opened the Book, and read that God is love; and that He had manifested His love for sinners in giving up His Son to die for them (1 John iv. 10). The first ray of heaven's light had dawned within his dark and sinful soul, and although the darkness was hovering around it, God had said, "Let there be light, and there was light." The love of God was a theme altogether new to him, and the more he thought about it, the firmer hold it took upon him. Although yet dark on many things, the one glorious and mighty fact had entered his soul that *God loved him*, and its power transformed him into a new man. Unconsciously almost he sought the company of the people of God, and broke with his former associates. I well remember meeting him one night at the close of a meeting, and as he related to me the facts I have just given, his whole frame shook with emotion. "It is only a few months," he said, "since I sat in this hall a disciple of Voltaire, with my soul unsaved, an enemy of God and of His gospel. Now I am here saved by the grace of God, a monument of mercy, and I cannot describe what strange emotions are within me as I remember all the past." No doubt it was a wonderful change, and people saw and owned it. He

became docile and gentle as a lamb, and his delight was in the law of the Lord. People said there must be something in conversion when it had effected such a change in Matthew Findlay. For over a year he went on in the ways of the Lord, in his own quiet way diligently spreading the gospel that he once opposed. A young man, with whom he spent much of his time, had arranged to meet him early on a Lord's-day morning. They were to go to a neighbouring village to spend the day with the people of God there, and preach the gospel. At the appointed hour he was at the meeting place, but Matthew was not there. He went up to his house, and knocked at the door, and was surprised to hear that Matthew had been taken ill the night before. He went forward to his bed and spoke, but no answer was given. He saw his face was pale, and his eyes closed. It was only the cold clay that lay there: Matthew Findlay's ransomed soul had peacefully departed to be with Christ.

Reader, this tale of God's deep compassion, and most wondrous mercy to a sinner and an enemy, has been told to show that God can save the blackest sinner. The God who plucked this brand from hell's dread flame, who saved and kept him, and at last called him home, is able to do like things for you, and He will, if you trust yourself entirely to Him. But if you allow the devil

to deceive you, and allure your soul into his refuge of lies, you will be damned eternally, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

—:o:o:o:—

THE DYING QUEEN.

I WILL give millions of money for a minute of time!" cried the dying queen, Elizabeth, of England, as she lay upon her couch, surrounded by riches and grandeur. Ten thousand dresses were said to be in her wardrobe; a kingdom, on which the sun never sets, lay at her feet; but they could not add an hour to her life, nor purchase for her a "minute of time." She passed into eternity, leaving them all behind her. Thus dies the worldling and the pleasure-seeker. They put off and off the salvation of their souls, leaving the "great question" to be settled within the last few minutes of their earthly life, then they cry in vain for time to settle it, and sink down to hell unsaved.

My dear young reader, how is it with you? Are you leaving the salvation of your soul to be settled on a death-bed? It is awful folly so to do. The pain-racked body, the fevered brow, and the reeling mind, all battling with death, are ill-able to deal with God about sin and salvation. Better far to settle the question now, for "now is the day of salvation."

THE THREE LOOKS.

An Address to Children.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved" (Isa. xlv. 22).

"Run the race . . . looking unto Jesus" (Heb. xii. 1, 2).

"Looking for that blessed hope" (Tit. ii. 13).

HERE are three texts all about looking. The first is for the sinner: the other two for the believer. We will call them—

1. The *Sinner's* look.
2. The *Runner's* look.
3. The *Watcher's* look.

The whole three looks are "unto Jesus."

The first, to Jesus the *Dying* One.

The second, to Jesus the *Living* One.

The third, for Jesus the *Coming* One.

We must take them in their order. The sinner's look comes first, because by nature and by practice we are all sinners, and need to be saved. Remember, dear children, you cannot be runners or watchers until you have been saved. I will give you

three short Bible stories to illustrate those three looks.

The first is in Num. xxi. 4-9. It is a story of man's sin and God's salvation. The children of Israel sinned, God sent fiery serpents to bite them, and many died. The wages of sin is death. You have sinned against God, therefore you must die. This is very solemn, and

ought to arouse you careless boys and girls to think. It did make them think, and when they saw the dead bodies of their friends lying around, it carried conviction to their consciences, and they said, "We have sinned." God heard that confession, and He provided salvation for them. Moses



was commanded to erect a pole and to make a serpent of brass, and put it up where everybody could see it. Then the people were all told to look at the serpent, and every one who did look was made perfectly whole. What a strange

way of curing them this was, but it was God's way and that was enough. The serpent on the pole seemed to say to all the men, women, and children, "Look unto me and be ye saved," and many of them did look and they were saved. You see in the picture there are old men and little children all looking, and all getting cured in the same way. Now all this has a voice to us. You remember the words in John iii. 14, 15, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness so must the Son of Man be lifted up;" and He has been lifted up to die for sinners. Now mark what follows, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was a very simple thing to look at the serpent, and it is just as easy to look to Christ. But some one may say, "How can I look to Christ when He is not here?" Quite true, dear children, you cannot see Him as they saw the serpent, but He explains what looking means in the verse just quoted by calling it "believing," and you all know what believing means. Suppose I said, "I will give every boy here, to-night, a book as he goes out, would you believe me?" (Yes sir, by the boys). "And you would all be looking to me for the book would you not?" (Yes sir, by the boys). Quite so. Well Jesus says, "Look unto Me and be ye saved." Are you looking? Do you believe that He died for you upon the cross? Then He says you "shall not perish."

Next we have the *runner's* look. Some of you have looked for sal-

vation, and you are now starting on the heavenly race. The runner must have an object before him, he must have a mark to keep his eye on. Now this mark is Christ—Christ exalted at God's right hand. We read of one in Phil. iii. 13, 14 who was in the race, and we see what his object was. It was Christ. He counted everything dross for Christ; he threw every clog and weight aside, and pressed on to reach Christ. He had companions, and a grand place in the world before his conversion, but he threw them all aside for Christ. Now, if you saved ones want to make real progress, if you mean to gain the prize, you must break off with worldly companions, and leave off worldly habits, else they will hinder you. Do not look at what this one does, and what that one does, but run straight on looking unto Jesus. He is the *example* as well as the *object* of the runner. When you are in doubt what to do, ask yourself, "What would Jesus have done?" Press on, "looking unto Jesus."

The last is, looking *for* the coming One. He has promised to come again as the Bridegroom and take His bride. Turn to Gen. xxiv. 61-66, and you will find a beautiful picture of one looking for her bridegroom. As Rebekah journeyed along the desert looking for her Isaac, so may we who have been saved by a look to Jesus dying for us, and are now being kept by looking to Jesus living for us, be continually watching for Jesus coming for us. Soon we shall see His face, and dwell with Him in His happy home for ever.

THE AGED PILGRIM AND HER FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

IN a distant country village,
 In a garret lone and cold,
 Lay a pale and dying woman,
 Sick and poor and very old,
 Life's last tide was slowly ebbing,
 And 'twas then I heard her say :
 "He's my Shepherd, true and tender,
 He's been with me all the way.
 Had I voice like yon bright angel,
 I would use it all to tell
 How He came to seek the sinner,
 And to rescue me from hell ;

How He tenderly embraced me,
 Washed my guilty stains away,
 Set me on the way to heaven,
 And came with me all the way.
 He was with me in the sunshine,
 Filling life's glad hours with song ;
 He was with me in the darkness,
 When the hours were sad and long.
 On the hill top, in the valley,
 Through each changing year and day,
 He, my true and faithful Shepherd,
 Has been with me all the way.



Now my journey's almost ended,
 And thrice welcome is my home,
 In the bright and golden city,
 With the rainbow-circled throne.
 And I know He'll bid me welcome,
 At it's pearly gate to-day,
 Take my hand and lead me onward,
 All along the shining way."
 Then the voice was hushed in silence,
 And unloosed the silver cord,
 She had passed within the portal,
 To the presence of her Lord.

But the echo lingers near me,
 I can hear it e'en to-day :
 "He, my true and faithful Shepherd,
 Has been with me all the way."
 To the dear and youthful reader
 I commend this Shepherd true ;
 He who kept the aged pilgrim
 Will as faithful be to you.
 If you trust him in your childhood,
 In life's latest hour you'll say :
 "He's my true and faithful Shepherd,
 He's been with me all the way."

Stories of Scottish Martyrs.

GEORGE WISHART.

IN spite of the determined opposition of the clergy, the gospel rapidly spread throughout Scotland, and many of the nobility became obedient to the faith. It was no easy thing in those days for men of rank to openly confess Christ; for it made themselves and their property an easy prey to the clergy, who were glad of the occasion to enrich themselves, and bring them into favour with the king. During the summer of 1544 another witness appeared for God. This was George Wishart. He was the son of Sir James Wishart, the laird of Pittcarrow, in the Mearns. He had been hunted from his home by the Bishop of Brechin six years before, and during that time had been in the University of Cambridge. There is no account given of how this young nobleman was brought to Christ, but he seems to have been in possession of the gospel when he returned to his native country in 1544, and he began immediately to preach it to the people with remarkable power. In Montrose and Dundee crowds gathered to hear him, and it is said that for hours at a time, he would declare the gospel message with such sweet-

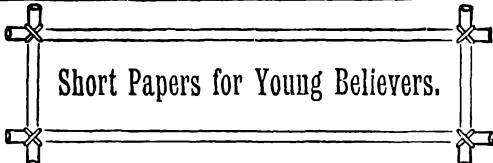
ness and tenderness, weeping as he spoke, that his hearers were melted unto tears to a man. He was bold as a lion for the truth, and openly denounced the errors and corruptions of Rome. The cardinal came to hear of this, and ordered him to cease; and Wishart, not desiring to raise a tumult, withdrew, and proceeded to Ayrshire. While preaching there, he heard that the plague had visited Dundee, and that many were dying. Filled with compassion for the people's souls, he hastened to preach the word to the dying multitudes. When he reached Dundee, he found the plague-stricken were removed outside the Eastgate, and the healthy inside. To reach both with the word of life, he mounted the top of the gate, and preached from Psalm cvii. 20—"He sent His word and healed them." The poor plague-stricken people drawing near to the gates of death heard the word, and many confessed having received life and salvation. But all this could not escape the enemy's notice. A priest named Wigton was hired by Cardinal Beaton to assassinate him. He stood listening in disguise with a dagger hid beneath his cloak, and as Wishart came down, prepared to kill him. But the preacher seeing the stranger, and suspecting him, walked up, and, with his right hand, grasped the dagger. The assassin fell at his feet,

and the people rushed to seize him, but Wishart put his arms around his neck and forbade them to hurt him. He was now a marked victim for the stake, and every means was taken by the cardinal to apprehend him. The days of Wishart's preaching were now almost over, and the honour of sealing his testimony with his blood was nigh at hand. He was apprehended at Ormiston House by a troop of cavalry at midnight, and conveyed to St. Andrews, where he was hurriedly arraigned before a tribunal of priests and condemned to death. The civil power refused to have any hand in his martyrdom, and so the cardinal and his men acted themselves. A stake was erected in front of the castle, and the balconies were covered with silk and cushions, where the cardinal and his friends might recline and witness at their ease the awful spectacle. Such was the scene without. Let us now look within the castle, where the beloved servant of Christ lies condemned, and within an hour or two of the peace and joy of paradise. Peaceful and calm he rose from his last sleep, and, after a season of prayer, he remembered the death of his Lord with a few of his friends. A little later he was led by two deaths-men to the stake, dressed in black, with an iron band around his waist, his hands tied behind his back,

and a rope around his neck. He quietly knelt down before the pile and commended his spirit to God. Then he arose and addressed the people. He said—"I suffer this day, not sorrowing but with a glad heart. This grim fire I fear not. My soul shall sup this night with my Saviour, for whom I suffer thus." He was then bound to the stake, and the fire was kindled. The cardinal was on the balcony gazing on the scene. The dying Wishart fixed his eyes upon him, and said, "He who, in such state, feedeth his eyes with my torments, shall be hanged out at that same window." The rope was immediately tightened, and George Wishart's body was soon reduced to ashes, and his ransomed spirit in the presence of his Lord.

The cardinal was assassinated within his palace the same year, and his body hung from the window where he had reclined to witness the martyrdom of the beloved Wishart. Thus passed away one of Jesus Christ's most faithful witnesses of that dark day, and also one of the bitterest opponents of Christ's gospel and of his beloved saints—each to his own company, and to his eternal destiny.

Loved ones gone to rest for aye,
In the Saviour's fond embrace;
Christ-rejectors spurned away,
Never more to see His face.



Short Papers for Young Believers.

PETE AND THE DUCKS;
or,
The Temptations of the Devil.

AN old negro named Pete after he was converted was very much troubled with the temptations of the devil, and the lusts of the flesh within. His master, who was an ungodly man, saw that he was very downcast and sad one day, and asked him the cause.

"Oh, massa, I be such a great sinner," said the unhappy Pete.

"You are a great fool to trouble yourself about that, Pete," said the master. "You never see me going about brooding over my evil heart as you do; I never have any of these temptations and troubles that you speak about." This only increased poor Pete's sorrow, and made him worse.

One day his master was out shooting ducks, and Pete was with him carrying the bag. The master fired at a lot of ducks, and some fell dead; others were only wounded. "Run, Pete, and catch these wounded ducks," said the master, and Pete ran and caught the wounded game. On his return to his master, he was smiling and chuckling away to himself in evident delight.

"What's the matter, Pete?" inquired the master.

"Oh, massa," said the negro, "I know now why de devil does not trouble you as he does me. You

see dese dead ducks dere lying on de ground. That's like you, massa. De devil has got you sure, and he does not trouble keeping a watching you. You are all safe in his grip. But dere's me, a running away from him, and he keeps a chasing and a running after me all de time."

It was a quaint way to put it, no doubt, but there was truth in the negro's allegory of the dead and wounded ducks. So long as a sinner is dead in trespasses and in sins, he has no trouble with the temptations of the devil, for he is safe in his keeping. There is no conflict within him between the flesh and the Spirit, for he is dead; and in the grave there is no pain and no struggle. But immediately a sinner escapes from the power of Satan, and receives divine life and the Spirit of God to dwell within him, that moment the devil sets his eyes upon him and seeks his fall, and the flesh within him wages war against the Spirit. Indeed, it is one of the distinctive marks between a mere professor and a truly heaven-born soul, that the one is pursued and tempted by the devil, and the other is not. The hypocrite and mere professor go on smoothly, while the true believer is emptied from vessel to vessel, hunted and pursued by the powers of hell. But it's all right, young believer. The devil knows he has lost you, and he seeks to annoy you as much as he can. Keep your eye fixed on Jesus; gird on the whole armour of God; use the sword of the Spirit; give him "thus saith the Lord" full weight, and the Lord will give you the victory.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A LITTLE girl who had been awakened to see herself a sinner, called at the house of her teacher, to ask him the way to be saved. When she reached the door, her courage failed, and, sitting down on the step, she began to cry. The servant found her and took her into the house, and the master, guessing what might be the cause of her sorrow, took her into a room, and very lovingly and simply told her the way to be saved. In less than an hour, Amy's tears were wiped away, and her little heart was filled with joy and peace. She ran all the way home, so eager was she to share the joy with her parents. When she reached the house, she bounded into her mother's arms, exclaiming with delight, "Mother, I am saved!" Her mother was herself a believer, but so cold and worldly that she could not heartily rejoice with the heaven-born child.

"I am afraid you are too young yet to openly profess being converted, lest you go back to the world," said the mother. "You had better wait till you are a little older, then you will understand it better, my child."

The little one's heart fell, and her eyes filled with tears. She had not counted on a reception like this from her christian mother. For a moment she felt sad and discouraged; but, wiping the tears from her eyes, she looked up to her mother, and quietly said—

"But, mother dear, cannot Jesus keep me now, as well as when I am older, and has He not said that He will carry the lambs in His bosom?"

The mother was silent. She felt ashamed, as well she might. The child of faith had committed her soul to Him who is able to *keep* as well as to *save*, and she knew that He would do it.

My dear young believer, be not discouraged if cold looks and discouraging words are given you. Jesus is able to keep and to carry you, even unto hoary hairs. "Underneath are the everlasting arms," and you cannot fall through them. Therefore, rejoice and be glad.

Questions.

QUESTION XXIV.—*Please explain Matt. xxiv. 13: "He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved." Does it mean that if a believer does not continue faithful to the end of his life, he will be lost?*

ANSWER.—The salvation here spoken of is not the salvation of the soul at all. The Lord is here speaking to His disciples of that period of extreme suffering, which will come upon the earth, after the Lord has taken His dead and living saints to heaven. They will be safe within the Father's house, and beyond the possibility of falling away, before this period begins. But the Lord will have his witnesses amid the terrors of that hour, and they who endure the suffering to the end, will be saved for an earthly kingdom. The "end" is the end of the age, and not the end of life; and the "saving" is for earthly blessing. Concerning the security of the believer now, we read that his life is hid with Christ in God (Col. iii. 3). He has eternal life, and can never perish (John x. 27). Not his faithfulness, but the faithfulness of God and Christ is his security.

Words to Workers.

TO THE RESCUE.

THE fire-alarm sounded, and the firemen turned out with the engine, and began to move in the direction of the burning house. It was evident, from the cool way in which they moved along, that they were more than half inclined to believe it was a false alarm. Presently they turned a corner and entered another street, and just then a bright gleam of fire burst out from the roof of the burning house. The effect on the firemen was immense. Every nerve was strained, every arm at work. "Don't you see the light, men?" shouted the driver, and on they drove to the rescue of human life. Next morning's papers told that their work was crowned with success. Worker for Christ, are you cold and indifferent about souls? Do you drag along in your service with little energy and zeal? "Don't you see the light" in yonder filling hell? Does the wail of lost souls not sound in your ear? You *once* had the chance to tell them of Jesus, and pluck them from the burnings; now that chance is gone for ever. What about those now within your reach? Have you warned them of their danger? Have you sought to rescue them from the ever-burning flames? "Rescue the perishing!" Begin at once. To-morrow may be too late.

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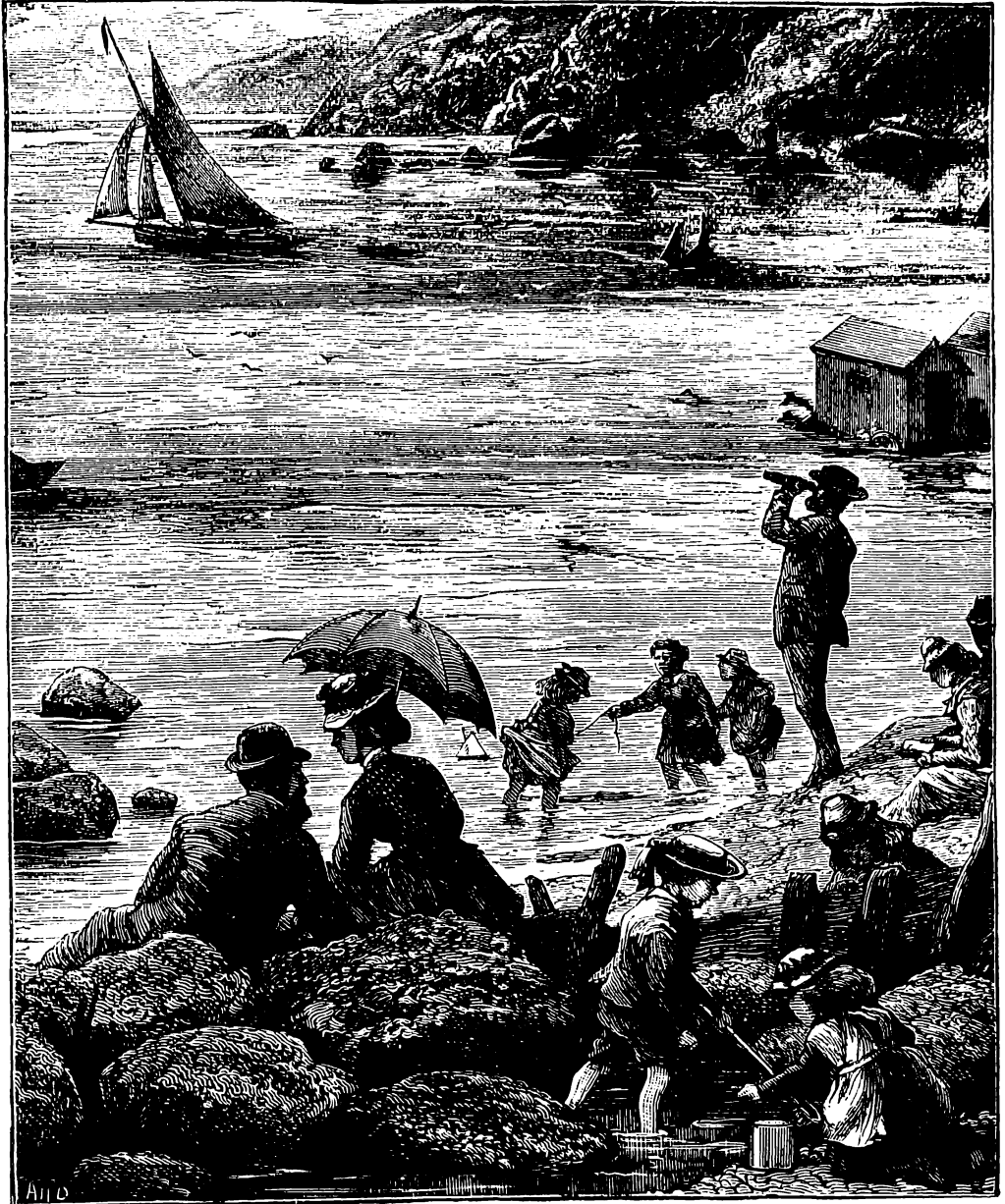
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IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

“OH, mamma,” said little May, as she ran up the beach, the tears starting from her eyes, “Oh, mamma, will you speak to Lionel; he has thrown my beautiful red bucket into the sea, and I shall never see it again.” Burying her face in her mother’s lap, the little one began sobbing as if her heart would break.

Naughty Lionel was spoken to very seriously by his mother, who was both grieved and angry at his unkind conduct towards his little sister, and he was sent into the house to spend the afternoon in his own room; while poor May was comforted by being told that perhaps her nice red bucket could be got for her again.

The next morning, as May came down to breakfast, she leaped for joy to see the lost bucket upon the hall table, its face looking so nice and clean, and its cheeks so rosy, after having had such a good sea bath. Catching it up, and running into the breakfast-room, she found her father, who told her that he had gone down to the beach on the previous evening, and waited till the tide went out, which enabled him to recover the lost bucket with the aid of his walking-stick.

Giving her father a great hug and many kisses, May exclaimed, as she emptied some shells from her pocket into the bucket, “Wasn’t it well that it only fell into shallow water.”

Yes, little May, it was well, for had your lovely bucket been thrown into the deep, deep sea, you could never have seen it again.

Now, my dear little reader, suppose that instead of it being a pretty plaything thrown into the sea by a naughty brother, it had been some horrid nasty thing which May wanted to get rid of, and had asked Lionel to throw away into the sea, don’t you think she would have been sorry when the tide went out to see that horrid thing once again? I am sure she would.

If something is to be completely got rid of, and put out of sight *for ever*, it must be cast into “the *depths* of the sea,” far, far off in the mighty ocean, where, as it sinks down miles deep, it can never be seen again.

Now, *you* have a number of horrid things which, unless you get rid of them, will sink you down into a lost eternity. I mean your SINS. Every naughty thought, word, and action of yours, every untruth, every disobedience. These, like so many mighty mill-stones, will sink you down to hell for ever, unless you listen to what God has to say to you in His glorious gospel, and like a

poor, helpless sinner, as you are, take salvation from Him as a free gift through the Lord Jesus Christ, whose precious blood can make the vilest clean.

But, you say, "What can I do with these sins of mine?" Do! Why you can do nothing! But when you believe the gospel, God will undertake the *doing*. He will save and forgive you according to His promise, and as in the beautiful passage at the top of this paper, "He will cast ALL your SINS into the depths of the sea" (Micah vii. 19). They will never be seen any more, nor will He remember them; for He says concerning all who believe on the Lord Jesus, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. x. 17).

It was for this very purpose that the dear Saviour the Lord Jesus came into the world, and died on Calvary, that sinners like you and me might be loosed from their sins, and made happy in the love and favour of God.

Believe in Him now with your heart; put your whole trust in His precious blood, and you will then be able to sing—

"I have found a precious Saviour,
He has washed *my* sins away;
Now rejoicing in His favour,
I am happy all the day."

THE ITALIAN SOLDIER; Or, REDEEMING LOVE.

IN the year 1848, a fierce war raged in Italy, and the beautiful valleys of that country were covered with the wounded and the dead.

A young gentleman, the son of two fond parents, was called by the law of conscription to leave his happy home and join the army. His father, who was a man of wealth, offered a large sum of money to obtain a substitute, but all to no purpose. The day arrived for the young man to say farewell to his parents, and, amid their tears and grief, he took his departure. A cousin of the conscript's—a young man with a generous heart, whose parents were both dead—was touched at the sight of the parents' grief, and volunteered to take his place. Going up to the conscript's office, he took his cousin by the hand, and said, "Cæsare, I will go to the battle-field and fill thy place; and if I should die, only remember that I have loved thee." At first the young soldier refused, but his cousin would take no denial, and they went together to the officers of war, to have the substitution confirmed and legally settled. Dressed in the conscript's uniform, he went to the field of war, and in one of the first battles he was

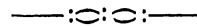
slain. The grateful heart of the conscript raised above his grave a monument to his memory, bearing the following touching epitaph:—

The Redeemed Conscript,
 CÆSARE MANATI,
 to his voluntary substitute,
 CARLO DONALDI.

That memorial of a cousin's love was read by many tearful eyes. Surely the redeemed conscript could never forget that noble cousin who loved him and died in his stead. The spot where lies the dust of his willing substitute must be hallowed in his sight for ever. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Such is the utmost limit of a human love, but the love of Jesus exceeds and outshines it by far, for Jesus died for His *enemies*. He left the realms of bliss above and His happy home on high, that He might die for lost and ruined sinners. He took the sinner's place, and willingly died in his stead. Need it be wondered then that those who are saved by His death love Him in return?

My dear young reader, have you ever thanked Him for His love in dying in your place? Has your heart been won, and your affections drawn to Jesus? There was never love like His, nor shall there be

such love again. You will never find another who will love your soul as He. He loved you then, He loves you now; and if you will trust Him with your soul even to-day, He will save you at once, and make you sing redemption's song with heart and voice now and for evermore. But if you turn coldly away, despising His love, and refusing to accept His offered grace, you will pass on to the judgment to be punished.



TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

TWO little boys, who loved the Lord, were sitting in the house amusing themselves with some toys. A lady visitor, as she was leaving, said to them—

"Well, boys, I daresay you are fond of your treasures?"

"Yes, ma'am," said one of them, "but these are only our *playthings*; our *treasures* are in heaven."

Happy the child who can truly say concerning all the passing things of earth, "These are only our playthings; our treasures (Christ, glory, home, and loved ones gone before) are in heaven." Reader, is it so with you? Have you a treasure in the heavens? Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.



ON THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

THE following lines were written by a dear boy of sixteen. He had been converted in very early years, and his delight was to tell to others what a dear Saviour he had found. In feeble health, he went during the summer to a lovely part of Wales; and while there, living on the banks of the Clwyd, and his spirit nearing the bright, eternal shore, he penned those sweetly solemn lines, to let loved ones left behind him know, how peaceful was his spirit in view of entering the eternal world. How it cheered the hearts of his mourning friends, when they returned from laying his body in the tomb, to find these lines in his pocket-book, along with many others, telling of his joy in the Lord.

His beloved father told the story of this dear boy's conversion, and repeated the following verses at a large meeting of children, and many who heard were brought to Christ

that night. Father and son have now met in the presence of Jesus, the "mighty to save."

Oh! I have been at the brink of the grave,
And stood on the edge of its deep, dark
wave;
And I thought in the still, calm hours of
night,
Of those regions where all is ever bright,
And I feared not the wave
Of the gloomy grave,
For I knew that Jehovah was "mighty to
save."

I have watch'd the solemn ebb and flow
Of life's tide, which was fleeting sure tho'
slow;
I've stood on the shore of Eternity,
And heard the deep roar of its rushing sea;
Yet I feared not the wave
Of the gloomy grave,
For I knew that Jehovah was "mighty to
save."

And I found that my only rest could be
In the death of the One who died for me;
For my rest is bought with the price of blood,
Which gushed from the veins of the Son
of God;

So I fear not the wave
Of the gloomy grave,
For I know that Jehovah is "mighty to
save."

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

WHAT a joyful time in Israel was the year of jubilee. How many hearts and homes it gladdened as it came round every fiftieth year. Shall I first tell you a little about it, and then try and gather up some lessons from it for you. If you take your Bible and turn to the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus you will find an account of this wonderful year.

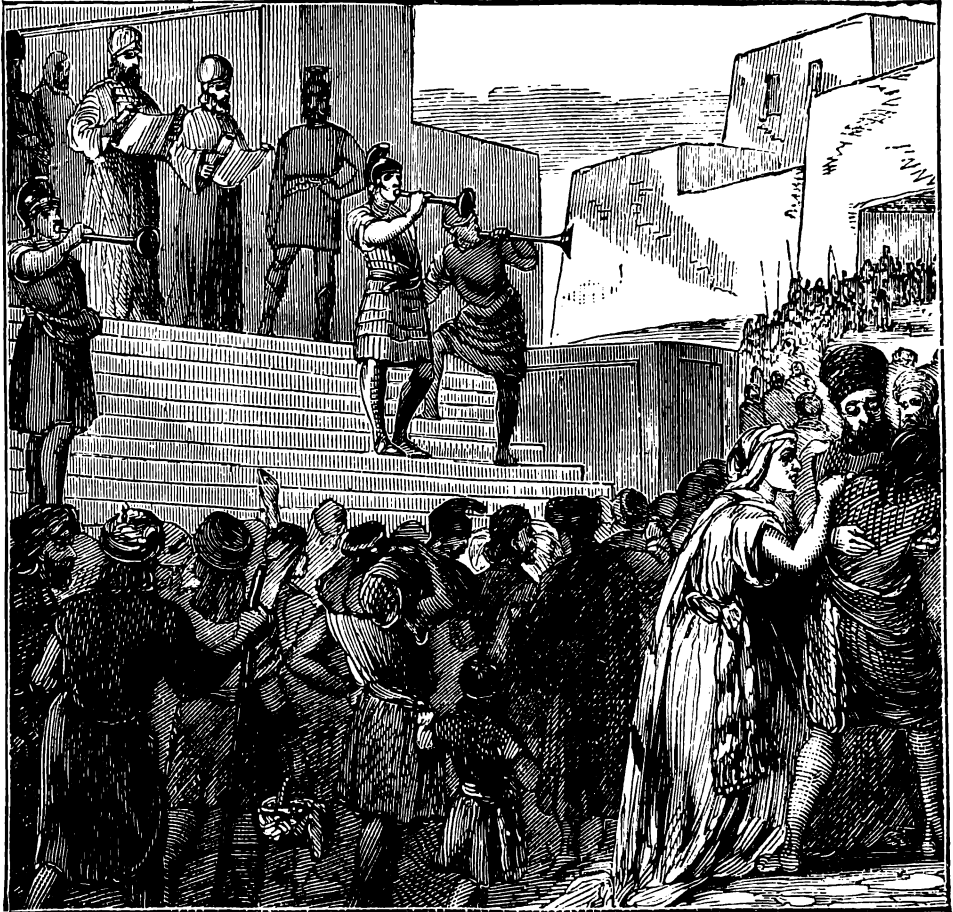
Some of the people of Israel became poor, and had to sell the possession that God had given them in the land of Canaan, and others of them became so very poor, that they sold themselves as bond servants. Now this was a very sad state of affairs, and it must have brought great sorrow to the people's hearts. It must have been very trying for children and parents and brothers and sisters to be parted from one another and sold, and to see their once happy home and inheritance occupied by strangers. But this state of things was not to go on for ever. If neither themselves, nor any of their friends were able to buy back their inheritance for them, it was to be restored to them for nothing in the year of jubilee, and all those who had sold themselves as bond servants were to be set free and return "every man unto his

possession" and "every man unto his family." With what eagerness would the bond slave and the exile listen to hear the trump of jubilee sound, and how its thrilling notes would gladden his soul as it told out his freedom. How quickly would he throw off the galling yoke of the bond-man, and with hurried pace hasten back to his long loved home. There the scattered and exiled family would meet, and greet each other with joy.

But, you may ask, how was all this brought about, and by whom was this joyful deliverance wrought? Certainly not by the poor bond slave, for he had nothing to give. The year of jubilee was the year of God's grace to the poor and the needy, and it began on the day of atonement (see Lev. xxv. 9). The first blast of the trump of jubilee was sounded on the very day that the blood of atonement was sprinkled within the veil. Just as if God had said to the people "I give you all this not because you deserve it, or because you have wrought for it, but because the blood has been shed. It was liberty and restoration on the ground of redemption. The people had only to hear the joyful sound, and enter upon the purchased possession. Now I hope you have been able to follow the story thus far. I will now try and tell you what it speaks to us. Like

the poor Israelite, we have all become slaves, and we have all forfeited our inheritance. We have become slaves to sin and Satan, and we have forfeited heaven. But God has found a ransom" (Job xxxii. 24).

That ransom was the precious blood of His own Son, shed upon the cross. Because of the shedding of that blood, the gladsome sound of the trump of jubilee is *now* sounding in the ears of sinners far and near



"deliverance to the captives" (Luke iv. 18) and "forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii. 38) to the guilty. All who hear and believe the gladsome message are "redeemed from the curse" (Gal. iii. 13), and "freed from their sins" (Rev. i. 6) by Jêsus'

blood, and they shake off their fetters and journey towards their homes in heaven.

Reader, have you heard the sound of the trump of grace, and is the freedom yours.

"The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransomed sinners home."

JUSTIFICATION.

(Continued.)

THE subject of justification is presented to us in the Scriptures in various aspects. Believers are said to be—

Justified by God (Rom. viii. 33)—The Author.

Justified by grace (Rom. iii. 25)—The source.

Justified by blood (Rom. v. 8)—The ground.

Justified by faith (Rom. v. 1)—The principle.

Justified by works (James ii. 24)—The evidence.

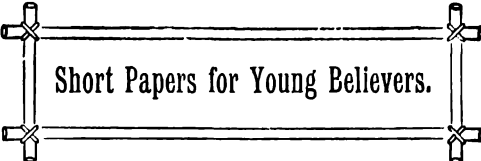
“It is God that justifieth” (Rom. viii. 33). The Judge takes up the culprit’s cause, and determines to righteously set him free. Not merely to pardon him, but to constitute him a righteous man in the eyes of justice. There is a vast difference between pardon and justification. A judge might pardon a thief—he could not justify him, but God justifies the sinner. *How?* “*By His grace?*” He does not deserve it, yet God does it. He is not personally righteous, yet God accounts him righteous. He is ungodly, yet God “justifies the ungodly” (Rom. iv. 5) He is “justified freely by His grace” (Rom. iii. 24). But how can God do this? If the sinner deserves death, he ought to die. Why should he, then, live? The answer is—because Another has filled his place. He *has* died: he has been executed in the person of a Substitute. “*He is justified by blood.*” The Lamb of God was personally righteous; He had no guilt of His own; yet in that dread hour when He stood for us,

it was with the sinner’s guilt imputed to Him. “The Lord hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all” (Isa. liii. 6). “He hath made Him to be *sin for us*” (2 Cor. v. 21). He was personally “Jesus Christ, the righteous,” yet for us He was counted sin. We are personally sinners, yet for His sake the believer is counted righteous. Every claim was met in full by Christ’s death, and the resurrection was God’s own proof of His perfect satisfaction. By this means God is a just God, and the Justifier of the ungodly. His throne is established in righteousness, and grace may flow out to the sinner unhindered. But how does all this become mine? The sinner is “*justified by faith.*” “*All that believe are justified from all things*” (Acts xiii. 39). This is the sinner’s side of it. He must believe in order to be justified; and he that believeth not shall be damned. But what is this believing? It seems to puzzle many *what* they are to believe, or *how* they are to believe. It is not so much *what*, or *how*, as *WHOM*. “Abraham believed *God*, and it was counted to him for righteousness” (Rom. iv. 3). Faith takes God at His word; it believes what God says, without sign or evidence. It doesn’t look for evidences externally or internally; it takes no note of frames or feelings. “God says it” is enough for faith.

Faith links the soul with Christ. A banknote is only a piece of paper, but it represents the true gold. The moment a sinner believes on the Lord Jesus Christ he stands accepted in Him, and all the value of His work is counted to that sinner's credit before God.

This closes the Godward side of justification, and this answers Bildad's question. If you are an awakened sinner, reader, desiring to know how *you* may be justified with God, it will answer yours also. But there is another question asked by James, and it opens the manward side to the truth. Suppose a man "*say* he has faith" (James ii. 14), asks James, how are we to know it? Of course, God knows whether he has or not, but how are men to know it? *By his works.* This is the evidence. Faith alone justifies before God, but that faith will *work* by love and bear its fruit before men.

And now, beloved reader, how stands it between your soul and God? Are you justified or condemned. There is no intermediate position. You are at this moment either the Lord's freeman, proclaimed judicially righteous before God in His holy courts, and, as a result, living "soberly, righteously, and godly" before men, or you are among the unjust, who are "reserved unto the day of judgment to be punished" (2 Peter ii. 9).



Short Papers for Young Believers.

THE MORNING PORTION.

BREAKFAST was over, and little Henry was sitting by his uncle's side, waiting for the other members of the family to gather together for the morning reading of the Word and prayer.

Many little boys would have been impatient to get away to play, but Henry was not. He was a saved little boy, and he felt the need of a morning portion of the bread that strengthens the soul.

"How many breakfasts do we need, Henry?" asked his uncle, laying his hand on the little fellow's head. Henry thought for a moment, then, looking up into his uncle's face with a smile, said—"Two, uncle: one for the body, and one for the soul." "Quite right, my boy," said his uncle, "our spiritual life requires its food as well as our bodies; and if I should hurry out to my work in the world, or you to your lessons or play, without first getting 'our inner man renewed' we should soon become very carnal and worldly." By this time the other members of the family had gathered together, and they all sat down with open Bibles to enjoy the morning portion.

My dear young believer, are you in the habit of "breakfasting" thus? Do you give your soul a morning portion? Do you have a little while apart with Jesus, for prayer and meditation on the Word? I am sure your soul needs it; and in order to be a healthy, happy, and decided believer, you must take care to have a morning portion. You remember how the Israelite went forth early in the morning, and filled his omer with the bread that God had rained down from heaven. God *gave* it, but *he* gathered it. "That *Thou* givest them *they* gather" (Psa. cxiv. 28). We are told concerning our blessed Lord, that when He lived at Nazereth it was his *custom* to go into the synagogue to read the Scriptures. There, in the early morning, the boy Jesus would be seen wending His way from the carpenter's house to the place where only "the Book of the law" was to be found. No doubt it was His joy to muse over the Book of God, as morning by morning His ear was opened to hear (Isa. l. 4). Now, I fear that some who are truly saved have long neglected this. They hurry out in the morning without opening the Bible, or visiting the mercy-seat. They go out into the world without having seen the face of the Lord or heard His voice. Need they wonder that their souls

are barren, and their joy in the Lord is small? Their light is dim, their walk so like the world. But, is there not a cause? Indeed there is, and very often it has its rise in the neglect of closet prayer and reading of the Word of God in the morning. If one morning be allowed to pass without the morning portion, the next goes by more easily, and soon the appetite declines. The desire for prayer and the Word of God dies out, and the "desires of the flesh" assert their claim. Communion is broken, the soul departs from God, and the poor backslider drifts into the spirit and ways of the world. Let us earnestly watch against the enemy's wile. Let us cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart, gathering our manna fresh each morning from His Word, and then, in the strength of that bread, going forth to live for Him.

—:o:o:o:—

Sir Matthew Hale says, "If I neglect my morning reading of the Word and closet prayer, nothing goes well with me all day."

—:o:o:o:—

JAMIE, a little factory-boy, got his "morning portion" out of his twopenny Testament by reading a verse at every lamp post as he went to work at six in the morning.

BIBLE SEARCHING.

IN order to help our young readers to a better acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, and to encourage them in the useful habit of *searching the Word*, we have this month, after much consideration, put in the following Bible questions, and we hope there will be a thorough hunting-up to find the answers. We do not believe in Bible "puzzles" or "enigmas," or anything that would seem to make an entertainment of the blessed Book; but we think "Bible searching" may be encouraged, and in a form adapted to our youthful readers, without incurring any such risk.

It is well to be acquainted with the Holy Scripture in the days of youth; well to have the mind stored with the truths and teachings of the inspired Book; better still to know Him of whom they speak as Saviour and Lord in the sunny morning of life. For it must ever be remembered, that knowledge of the Word is not enough apart from Christ.

Now let us see how many of our young friends will find the answers. Of course they must do so themselves, and have no help from father or mother, or anybody else. Write the answers as neatly as possible in your own handwriting, on a sheet of paper, giving the places where they are found, with your name, age, and full address. Put it in an envelope addressed—

BIBLE SEARCHING, <i>The Editor of "The Young Watchman,"</i> 20 Princes Street, Kilmarnock,
--

and post before the 20th of July. Or, if Sunday-school teachers would like to make a local use of these questions for their classes, they might collect all the answers, and send them in one envelope. We will not say anything just now about prizes, but very likely some little token of approval will be sent to those who answer the questions best, and the answers will appear in the "YOUNG WATCHMAN" for *September*, if the Lord will. Other questions will follow.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- Who* at a grave once wept, and heaved a sigh?
- Who* saw his master taken up on high?
- Who* wept before the Lord in silent prayer?
- Who* turned to Moab to seek a portion there?
- Where* David met and fought Goliath bold?
- Who* bought and paid a grave by Hittites sold?
- Who* died before his sire where he was born?
- Whose son and daughter lived to weep and mourn?

- The *king* who went with Ahab to the fight?
- The *boy* whose father chased a host by night?
- The *birds* that brought a prophet's daily fare?
- The *man* who stayed the rain by fervent prayer?
- The *mother* unto whom the Lord did send relief,
- When in the desert in an hour of grief?

In the first letter of each name you'll spell
 A title of the Lord you know so well,
 Reminding man that he had nought to give,
 But that a Substitute would die that He might live.

* * * *

Reader, would'st thou be saved? then trust this Name;
 If saved already, trust it still the same;
 He will provide, thine every need supply,
 Then take thee safe to glory by-and-by.

Words to Workers.

PUPIL TEACHERS.

"WHAT is a pupil teacher, mother?" asked a little boy one day when he came home from school. "A pupil teacher is one who teaches others while he is himself being taught by the master," was the mother's reply. I thought to myself this was a very good description of what every Sunday school teacher and servant of God ought to be. In order to be an efficient teacher or successful soul-winner, you must yourself be a pupil in the Master's school. Learning the Lord's mind in communion with Himself, you will be able to teach the truth to others. Sitting oft, like Mary of Bethany, at Jesus' feet, listening to, and drinking in His words as His disciple, you will become the bearer of His message to others. O, how sweet to be a pupil in His school, and to come forth fresh from His presence, clothed with His spirit, and filled with His words, to speak a word in due season to the needy ones who come to hear. The blessed Lord Himself, when here in His path of service, was the Man of the opened and the listening ear. Morning by morning His ear was opened to hear, and thus had He the word in season to speak to him that was weary (see Isa. l. 4). He spake to others what He heard from His Father (John viii. 26), and those whom He called to be His ambassadors in a dark and evil world, were first His "disciples" in order to become his "apostles" (see Luke vi. 13). They were taught in order to teach; and so, beloved, must it be with us, else our teaching and preaching will be shallow, theoretical, and void of power. Therefore, let us be often with Himself, sitting as pupils at His feet, waiting for His message—watching for the beck of His hand, to send us some errand, or to carry some word from Him to the lost and the needy, whose souls we seek to win for Him.

"THE YOUNG WATCHMAN"

For Distribution during the Holidays.

During the next two months many of our readers will be away on their holidays in the country and at the sea-side. They will have many opportunities for preaching the Gospel, holding children's services, and distributing gospel literature among old and young.

We have adapted this month's "WATCHMAN" specially for this purpose, and prepared an extra supply, so if any of our friends should want supplies for distribution during their holidays, we shall be glad to send them parcels to any part of the country, at the following *special* rates, post or carriage extra:—

50 copies, 1/9; 100, 3/3; 250, 8/; 500, 15/.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a few hundreds of last year's "Watchman" remaining. They may be had in Assorted Packets, for distribution, at *Half-price*, as long as they last.

SAMPLE COPIES.

We shall be glad to have the help of all our readers in making known THE WATCHMAN among their friends, in places where it is as yet a stranger, and will send a packet of sample copies—*post free*—to any of God's people who will hand them to Sunday School Superintendents, and others labouring among the young, if they send us their name and address.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We shall continue to send to all our subscribers, the same number of copies monthly as have been sent this month, unless we hear to the contrary.

In the case of any alteration of address or quantity, kindly let us hear as early as possible.

Remittances may be made either by postal orders or in postage stamps; and from America in paper currency—the dollar note being equal to four shillings.

If there be any inaccuracy in receiving your monthly parcels, or if there be any error in the name or address, kindly let us know as early as possible.

The monthly parcels are all sent out post or carriage paid, unless where otherwise arranged.

"THE YOUNG WATCHMAN."

An Illustrated Magazine for the Young,

CONTAINING short and pointed Gospel Papers, Incidents, and Addresses, given in Children's Services, Sunday Schools, &c.; and also, simple Papers for Young Believers, especially for those young in years.

"THE YOUNG WATCHMAN" is published at the beginning of every month, and the price is ONE HALFPENNY per copy. It will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union, at the following rates, *post or carriage free*:

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JOHN RITCHIE

20 Princes Street, KILMARNOCK,
Scotland.

The Young Watchman.

No. 20.]

AUGUST, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



OLD HANNAH AND THE SCAPEGOAT.

OLD HANNAH AND THE SCAPEGOAT.

OLD Hannah lived in a cottage by herself, and had done so for years. Her friends were all dead or gone to other lands, and, so far as this life was concerned, she had not much to cheer her. She earned her living by sewing and knitting for the well-to-do folks in the village, and many of them employed her. Everybody knew old Hannah to be a very honest and respectable person, and Hannah knew it too, and prided herself a good deal, in telling others about her "moral life," and "what a good upbringing she had got."

Poor woman, she had not then got a good look at herself in God's mirror, else she would have had less to say in her own favour, and more about the holiness and grace of God.

But the Lord loved old Hannah's soul, and He sent the arrow of conviction to her conscience by His own chosen messenger, and in His own way.

There was a servant maid who lived near to old Hannah's cottage, and the two were great friends. Katie often looked in to see old Hannah, and to have a chat with her. She was good company, and had any number of stories to tell, and of the kind that young girls of the world are fond to hear. Of course,

there was no allusion made to spiritual subjects; for, although old Hannah could talk religion fluently when she liked, she had a time and a place for everything.

One evening Katie called in to see her old friend, as she had often done before; and yet it was not as before, for she had a new story to tell her that night, and one of an entirely new order. She opened the door, and walked in. Hannah was sitting by the fire in her chair knitting, and, with her usual frankness, she asked Katie to sit down. A few minutes passed in silence, then Katie said, rather shyly—"I have got my soul saved since I saw you last, Hannah, and have been anxious to tell you about it all day." The old woman dropped her knitting in a minute, and began to stare at the girl in bewilderment. She hardly knew what to make of it, or whether she was joking or mad. But the maid relieved her mind by continuing—"I have been at the meetings, just now being held nightly in the — Hall, and there I met the Lord, and He saved me; and I wish I could tell you how happy I am. I have been wondering whether you would like to come with me to-night. I will be very glad if you do, and will see you home again in safety."

The old woman was fairly surprised; however, out of respect to

Katie's invitation, on the spur of the moment, she promised to attend the meeting. She did not say anything in opposition to Katie's confession of Christ, but after she had left, Hannah said it was "pretty like presumption for a young girl like her to say she was saved, when an aged matron like herself could only 'hope for the best,' and 'wait till the last day' for the issue." As promised, she went to the meeting, and listened to the gospel as she never had done all her life before. It was a bit of religious duty that she rather liked, to "go to church and hear a sermon;" but the servant girl's clear and powerful testimony to her personal salvation, had given the subject a practical turn that it never had before, in Hannah's mind at any rate. She listened attentively to the Word, and it cut her right and left. The need of being born again, and the absolute worthlessness of the sinner, with or without religion, were long and earnestly dwelt upon, and the Spirit of God carried the word of awakening home to her heart. Then came the story of God's love to the sinner in giving His Son to die; the finished work of that Son upon the cross; and the complete and eternal sweep that God makes of all the sinner's past transgressions the moment he believes on Christ. The bit about the "finished work" and

the "blotting out of sin" seemed to take the firmest grip of Hannah's mind. She had heard all the rest before, but this was something new. The preacher had used the illustration of the scapegoat bearing away to a land not inhabited *all* the iniquities of the people of Israel, to show how completely Christ had borne away the sins and iniquities of the believing sinner. "And when once the scapegoat had left the camp, with the dreadful load upon its head," said the preacher, "the iniquities of the people were gone to return no more, and when sought for, they could not be found. In like manner have the sins of every believing sinner been put away, as far as the east is from the west, and cast behind God's back, to be remembered no more for ever." Hannah was fairly arrested by the words, and when she got out, she began to speak freely to Katie about the "new view" she had got of the thing. "I never saw it like that before," she said; "I always thought we had to pray that God would pardon all our sins, and live in hope."

"Yes, Hannah," said Katie, "I used to think so too, but I see now that the Sinbearer has carried them all away, and that *praise* instead of prayer, and *assurance* instead of doubt, should fill our souls."

No doubt the truth had found its

entrance into Hannah's heart, and the first ray of the gospel had given her light. Katie and she walked home together. They sat till a late hour talking, and Hannah declared "she saw it all clearly" before Katie left.

Next morning Katie asked me to call and see how the new-born soul was getting on. I found Hannah sitting by the fire in great perplexity. She had gone to bed brimful of joy and peace, believing that her sins were all put away for ever; but, as she lay awake thinking over the years of her life that had been spent afar from God, Satan whispered, "How can a sinner like you expect God to save you?" and all her sins seemed to come before her like a cloud, obscuring the light and plunging her into darkness again.

"But why should you heed Satan, Hannah?" I asked; "I'm sure you know that he never speaks the truth about these things."

"Ah, but he did," said Hannah, for I know that all the things that came to my mind last night are too true."

"Yes, but what about the scape-goat that we were hearing about last night? Don't you remember that your sins were all laid upon Jesus, and that He bore them away out of God's sight for ever? If that be so, why should you lament and brood over them?"

"But they are not gone from my sight," muttered the downcast woman, "my sin is ever before me."

"But *who* brings it before you, Hannah: is it God or the devil, think you? God says He has "cast behind His back" (Isa. xxxvii. 17) the sins of every sinner who believes on Christ, to be "remembered no more" (Heb. x. 17). Now, in the face of this, do you think that God would really bring up all your past sins to torment you?"

She looked up into my face; her eyes filled with tears, and she calmly but firmly replied, "No, no; it could never have been God, for *He* says they are all gone. It must have been the enemy who gathered them together and brought them back to me last night. I have been looking to myself and not to Christ, but I'll stick to God's Word for it, and never mind the accuser."

Peace and joy again filled Hannah's soul, and the enemy was defeated.

Many anxious ones are held in the same snare. They look *back* at the past, and *in* to their own hearts, seeking there some ground of peace. God points the awakened and sin-burdened soul to Christ the sacrifice, and to the work of His cross. There sin was gathered, borne, judged, and punished; and, for all who believe on Christ, it is gone from God's sight, forgiven, blotted out for ever.

THE ONLY LADDER.

I WAS walking along a country road one night on the outskirts of the town of Birmingham. It was past six o'clock, and the workers were leaving the factories and journeying towards their homes. A boy came up alongside of me, and, after a little conversation, I found he was going to the same village as myself. He told me he worked in one of the large factories, and was on his way home. Poor little chap, he had a hard life of it. Away to work at five in the morning, and did not reach home till seven at night. I asked if he was at the Sunday school. He said, "Yes."

"And what do they tell you there, my lad?" I asked. "Do they tell you about Jesus who died to save you, and take you to His happy home in heaven?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "of course they do, and I know that He is the chief ladder to heaven."

The answer was so strange, that I could hardly suppress a smile, and the little fellow evidently observed it, and went on—

"But we must say our prayers, and keep the commandments, and be good as well, and then we will go to heaven at last."

"And who told you that, my boy?" I asked.

"Our teacher, sir; and he says

that is what the Bible says," replied the lad.

I tried to show him that Jesus was the *only* ladder, and that "keeping the commandments and being good" had nothing to do with his salvation at all. But he stuck to his point—it had evidently been firmly fastened in his little mind—and he would not hear of anything else. Now, I thought it was very sad that a little boy should be told of such a false and unscriptural way of getting to heaven, and I fear there are many others who hear and believe the same kind of gospel. But it is not the gospel of God. The salvation of God is not partly by Jesus and partly by keeping the commandments." It is by "Jesus only" that a sinner gets to heaven. He is the *only* ladder, and you must put your whole weight on Him alone.


My dear young reader, are you trusting partly to Christ and partly to "saying your prayers" and "keeping the commandments"? The latter two are rotten steps on another ladder, the top of which reaches not to heaven. Lift your feet completely off them, and trust wholly to Jesus.

"This ladder is long, is strong and well made,


Stood thousands of years, and is not yet decayed;

'Tis so free of access that all may go up,
And angels will guard them from bottom to top.

All glory to Jesus who died on the tree
To raise up a ladder to heaven for me."



Scripture Stories.



JONAH.

THERE lived, long ago, in Gath-hepher's green vale,

Where vines in luxuriance grew,
A prophet who spake in the name of the Lord,
Both threatenings and promises true.

God spoke to His servant in vision one night,
And told him to go far away,
With warnings of wrath to Assyria's land,
And these were the words he should say :

"Yet forty more suns shall rise and decline
Till Nineveh's glory shall fade;
Destruction's wild torrent will roll o'er her towers,
Her walls in the dust shall be laid."

But Jonah was timid, and feared very much
To announce such tidings of dread;
I cannot, he thought, take a message like this,
So down to the sea-coast he fled.

A ship he found ready, the tariff paid down,
Was soon in his berth fast asleep,
And soft winds fast wafted the ship far away,
O'er the waves of the treacherous deep.

All nature was smiling, no danger seemed near,
As o'er the blue waters they sped;
The light evening breeze scarcely fluttered the sail,
And the stars hung their lamps overhead.

But swift as an eagle descending the plain
On pinions as black as the night,
A tempest came driving the surges along,
Till the billows ran crested with white.

The sailors were brave, but they trembled with fear
As the cargo they overboard threw,
And strained every sinew to make for the shore,
But louder the stormy wind blew.

Each called on his idol; no idol replied;
They were powerless to hear or to save;

Then 'woke up the prophet, and wondered that he
Still slumbered 'mid danger so grave.

He arose from his sleep, looked around in dismay,
For he knew his transgression alone
Had brought on their path the wild hurricane's roar,
And death for his sin must atone.

Then briefly he told to the sailors his tale,
And spoke of the God he adored;
But said, "If your ship and your lives may be saved,
You must throw me at once overboard."

They listened in wonder, but could not believe
Their lives by such means could be saved,
So rowed yet the harder to come to the land,
But vainly the danger they braved.

So at last, with regret, the prophet they took,
And cast in the dark rolling deep;
That instant the ocean was hushed into calm,
Like infancy cradled to sleep.

But God who is merciful found out a way
His poor erring prophet to save,
So prepared a great whale to swallow him up,
As one out of sight in the grave.

Now Jonah alive, yet entombed in the fish,
With waters above and around,
Groped blindly about in his prison, but there
No way of escape could be found.

What horror of darkness now entered his soul,
Sleep no longer sealed up his eye;
From ocean's dark depths, where the brown seaweed waves,
To God he directed his cry.

Three days and three nights he most earnestly prayed,
Till finding such struggles in vain,
He learned that he could not by efforts of his,
The wished-for salvation obtain.

When worn all and weary, with strength spent and gone,
Almost dying, he faltered the word:
"My doing, my praying, my tears cannot help,
Salvation is *all* of the Lord."

That instant the whale, as commanded by God,
Cast Jonah all safe on the shore ;
He left in a moment that dungeon so dark,
To re-enter its gloom never more.

As face answers face in the mirror of truth,
Some souls their own image may trace,
And find in this wonderful story of old
How God has thus pictured their case.

Like Jonah they sinned, and by nature they
strayed
Afar in destruction's broad path ;
Not dreaming of judgment, but slumbering on,
Till roused by the terrors of wrath,

All guilty they trembled, self-judged and con-
demned,
Bowed down with their burden of sin ;



And fondly they dreamed, by repentance and
prayers,
God's *gift* of salvation to win.

Till, finding no life by such deeds could be
gained,
They heard the sweet word, " It is done ; "

That instant their darkness was changed into
light—
That moment their victory won.

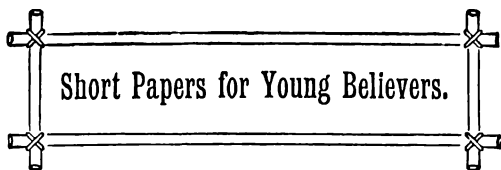
And now, as they joyfully follow the Lamb,
They ever should echo the word,
And shout the glad tidings wherever they go—
Salvation is *all* of the Lord.

ONE TO LOVE WHO WILL NEVER DIE.

FANNY and her little brother were very fond of each other; they loved as brother and sister ought to love one another. But Fanny's little brother fell sick and died. His little body was put into a coffin, and buried in the cold dark tomb. How poor Fanny missed him, and how keenly she felt the loss of one who was so dear. Lonely and sad she wandered from place to place unsatisfied and weary. The object of her love was gone, and she felt there was no one to live for now. Going up to her mother, weeping bitterly, she said, "Mamma, can you tell me of one to love who will never die?" Dear child—what depths of meaning are in her question, and how aptly they express the longing desire of the unsatisfied heart of a sinner. "One to love who will never die!" Reader, this is what your soul seeks after, whether you be young or old. You want an object upon which you can let your affections rest without a moment's hesitation, and without the shadow of a doubt. But there is no such object here on earth. Its fairest forms are subject to change, its brightest prospects wither and die—

"Death, like a shadow, rests on all below,
Its brightest landscape wears a tint of
woe."

Earth's fondest friends depart and leave us. Death robs us of the objects of our earthly love, and snatches from us the dearest of our earthly treasures, leaving the heart-strings sore and bleeding, and, in despair, the longing soul cries out, "Can you tell me of one to love who will never die?" And such an one is Jesus. He only is the One who will never die, and whose love will never grow cold. Earthly lovers oft deceive and change, but Jesus never does. Earthly loved ones die and leave us, but He abideth ever. What a portion for the human heart, what a portion for the soul's affection. My dear young friend, is this Jesus yours? Have you one to love who will never die? Has your youthful heart a Lover upon whom it can concentrate its warmest love without a shadow of fear? Such a friend is Jesus. It may be your earthly loved ones have been taken from you like Fanny's brother, and laid in the cold and silent grave, and you miss them much. But He whose loving heart I tell you of, the risen Christ of God, shall never die again. He is alive for evermore, the Prince of Life: the Victor over death. If you trust Him now to save your soul, and to win your young and tender heart for Himself, He will be "One to love who will never die."



Short Papers for Young Believers.

LONGING FOR HOME.

I WAS travelling the other day in a third class railway carriage. Sitting next to me was a gentleman with a little girl on his knee. When the ticket-collector came in to inspect our tickets at a junction, I observed that the ticket presented by the father of the little girl bore the name of a station a good many miles away, and I thought to myself, "that pretty little girl must surely be weary after so long a journey." I looked into the child's face, but I could see no trace of weariness or discontentment there. Her pretty black eyes sparkled with delight, and she smiled and chatted away so merrily. Every now and again she whispered something into her father's ear, which I did not catch, save the two words "home" and "mother." As we drew near the end of the journey, her little heart seemed to get warmer at the prospect of seeing her mother and reaching her home, and the expression of her joy and delight was plainly visible in her countenance. I heard her father say to a lady who sat near him, that his little girl had been away living among strangers, and that he had gone that morning

to bring her home, and, clasping the dear child fondly to his bosom, he added, "*and she's quite full of it.*" Ah, yes; and there was no mistake about it. It was not a theory, but a joyful happy hope to her, that she was going to her *mother* and her home. I thought to myself, the Lord's redeemed ones are going home—home to their Father's house on high, where the One who loves them best shall bid them welcome and clasp them to His bosom—home from the place of their sojourn among strangers to their fatherland, and to the company of loved ones gone before. But, dear young believer, are you *full of it*? Does the blessed hope of seeing Jesus, and of being soon with Him, make your spirit yearn, and your face to beam with joy? or, has the world, and the strangers among whom you have been living, so engrossed your attention that there is little real heart-longing to be with Jesus and loved ones at home? A fairer home and a warmer welcome awaits the saints of God than could possibly have awaited that happy child, and yet her ardent affection and joyous hope would put many of us to shame. But, Lord, in spite of it all we shall soon be there—

"One moment twinkling, quick and bright,
 And we, caught upward through the air,
 Shall shine in Thy transcendent light,
 And ever Thy heavenly image bear.

"I MUST SAVE MY SISTER."

A LARGE factory had caught fire, and an immense crowd of people were gathered. It was a most exciting scene. A number of the workers had escaped from the burning building, and were standing in the crowd watching the rapid progress of the fire. It was whispered with bated breath, that in the upper flat there was still a number of young girls remaining, and that all possible way of escape had been cut off. Suddenly a number of them appeared at the windows, wringing their hands in agony, their faces blackened with smoke. A young woman at that moment dashed through the crowd toward the entrance, crying, in piteous tones, "My sister is not saved; I must save my sister, I must save my sister." Some advised her not to venture near the flames, others tried to hold her back, but it was of no use. She wrenched herself from their grasp, and disappeared amid the smoke and flame, crying, "I must save my sister." She was seen no more. Suddenly there was a fearful crash, and the roof gave way, carrying with it into a raging furnace the whole of those who remained. Doubtless the noble heroine perished in the attempt to save her sister's life. Does this sad story not reflect on many of us who have been saved?

There are many of our brothers and sisters, our schoolmates and friends, in danger of a more awful doom. They are unconverted to God, unwashed from their sins, and in danger of hell fire. The unquenchable flame is right beneath their feet—dying, they would drop into it. God has saved our souls: we stand upon the sheltering rock: hell and death have no dread for us. But can we stand and see our friends and kindred perish without making some effort to save them? Shall they sink down to the ever-burning flame unwarned? Surely not. Then let the Lord's redeemed ones bestir themselves. Plead with God for your Christless friends. Plead with them for God. Set life and death before them; do it earnestly, tenderly, faithfully. Seek to get them alone—alone with God. Beat not about the bush: go straight to the point. Eternity is at the very door; therefore begin at once.

—:o:o:o:—

SERVICE.

"Whose I am, and Whom I serve."

ACTS xxvii. 23.

"Serve the Lord with *all* thine heart" (Deut. x. 12).

"Serve Him with a willing mind" (1 Chron. xxviii. 9).

"Serve the Lord with gladness" (Psa. c. 2).

"Serve Him in truth" (1 Sam. xii. 24).

"Serve God acceptably, with reverence" (Heb. xii. 24).

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

I SAW two little boys talking together in the after-meeting one evening. One of them had his Bible in his hand, and I saw him turn over the leaves as if looking for some particular portion. Having found it, he put his left arm tenderly around his companion's neck, held his Bible close up to his face, and pointed out with his right hand a verse on the open page. They read it over carefully together, then both smiled and shook their heads, as in satisfaction. I wondered who they were, and what would be the theme of their conversation. So, going up, I sat down beside them. I found that one had been saved for some time; the other only the night before. His little friend had brought him to the meeting, and at the close had pointed him to Jesus. Now he was giving him a cup of the "milk" of the Word, such as a new-born babe in Christ requires. The verse they had been reading together was Deut. xxxiii. 27—"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." They left the room together happier than kings: the younger because he had received strength; the other because he had been his helper.

How sweet it was to see this dear young worker—first winning a sinner

to Christ, then seeking to help his new-born brother in the Lord. My dear young believer, do you seek thus to serve the Lord? It is happy work, and will have a rich reward.

Questions.

QUESTION XXV.—"A. R., aged 12," asks—"Is it pleasing to the Lord for a young believer to play with unconverted boys at school?"

ANSWER—The Scriptures plainly teach that believers are not to make *companions* of the unconverted, or be "unequally yoked" with them. It is of great importance, therefore, that our young believing friends should seek companions and playmates among those who truly love the Lord. They may please the Lord in their hours of play as well as in their hours of study, and their games may be so arranged as not to grieve the Lord. The ways and words of many of the unsaved are sadly pernicious, and believers mingling with them copy their manners. But there is no need to leave the school or the playground because the unconverted are there. It is one of the spheres where the believer may shine for Jesus, and I am sure that, if the young believer keeps this before him as his object—to please Christ—he will be careful not to mingle with boys whose ways and manners are corrupt, and displeasing to the Lord. The godly life of many a schoolboy, in the school and in the playground, has been the means of leading others to the Lord, while the worldly ways, the un-Christlike language, and the ungodly companions of others who, nevertheless, profess to be saved, are a reproach to the name of the Lord.

Words to Workers.

COLD-HEARTEDNESS.

THE greatest bane possible to a believer is coldness of heart. It is the deathblow to everything connected with service for the Lord. It damps zeal, withers energy, and causes everything to drag heavily. Cold-heartedness is a disease common to all believers: it attacks most of them at some period of spiritual life. Some rally, others succumb, and these latter suffer for life from a chronic form of the disease. It is pitiful to see them dragging along. There is no energy in their work; no pungency or power in their words. Sometimes an epidemic sets in: whole communities suffer at once. Sunday School superintendents and teachers, district visitors and preachers, all suffering at the same time. The disease is plainly marked by the following symptoms: A prayerless closet, a neglected Bible, a guilty conscience. Among Sunday-School Teachers, it is often indicated by being "late," absent from their classes, losing their scholars, and the absence of conversions. Among preachers, it appears in long speeches without pith or power, borrowed phraseology, long theological prayers, and counterfeit conversions. It is infectious, and is often caught by keeping company with backslidden believers, and by contact with the world. If taken at any early stage, the progress of this fatal disease may be arrested, but if it be trifled with, until it assumes the chronic form, it is well-nigh hopeless. Those consciously affected should repair at once to their closets, and make a full confession of their condition before God, asking Him who searcheth the heart to lay His finger on the seat of the disease, and show them from whence it comes. Then, if there be honest dealing with God, and with the sin or sins that cause the heart to depart from the living God, He will heal the "broken in heart" (Psa. cxlvii. 3), giving a "whole heart" (Psa. cxix. 10) wherewith to seek Him, a "true heart" (Heb. x. 22) wherewith to draw near to Him, and a heart filled with divine love (Rom. v. 5) wherewith to serve Him.

"THE YOUNG WATCHMAN"

For Distribution during the Holidays.

During the present month many of our readers will be away on their holidays in the country and at the sea-side. They will have many opportunities for preaching the Gospel, holding children's services, and distributing gospel literature among old and young.

We have prepared an extra supply of this month's "WATCHMAN," so if any of our friends should want supplies for distribution during their holidays, we shall be glad to send them parcels to any part of the country, at the following *special rates*, post or carriage extra:—

50 copies, 1/9; 100, 3/3; 250, 8/; 500, 15/.

BACK NUMBERS (Assorted), at Half-price.

SAMPLE COPIES.

We shall be glad to have the help of all our readers in making known THE WATCHMAN among their friends, in places where it is as yet a stranger, and will send a packet of sample copies—*post free*—to any of God's people who will hand them to Sunday School Superintendents, and others labouring among the young, if they send us their name and address.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We shall continue to send to all our subscribers, the same number of copies monthly as have been sent this month, unless we hear to the contrary.

In the case of any alteration of address or quantity, kindly let us hear as early as possible.

Remittances may be made either by postal orders or in postage stamps; and from America in paper currency—the dollar note being equal to four shillings.

If there be any inaccuracy in receiving your monthly parcels, or if there be any error in the name or address, kindly let us know as early as possible.

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"THE YOUNG WATCHMAN."

An Illustrated Magazine for the Young,

CONTAINING short and pointed Gospel Papers, Incidents, and Addresses, given in Children's Services, Sunday Schools, &c.; and also, simple Papers for Young Believers, especially for those young in years.

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JOHN RITCHIE

20 Princes Street, KILMARNOCK,
Scotland.

The Young Watchman.

No. 21.]

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE YOUNG NURSE; Or, THE BEAUTIFUL IDEAL.

THE YOUNG NURSE; Or, THE BEAUTIFUL IDEAL.

AT the close of the Evangelistic meeting, one Sunday evening, a Christian servant-maid came up and asked me to speak with a fellow-servant of hers, who was down in the other end of the hall. "I do not think she is very anxious, but the Lord may give you a word to speak that will arouse her," added the girl.

I accompanied her to one of the back benches, and found an intelligent-looking young woman sitting with a Bible on her knee. She was nurse to a family in town, and had been asked to come and hear the gospel, that night by the Christian girl who was her fellow-servant.

I sat down beside them, and, after a few minutes' conversation, I asked the young woman if her soul was saved.

She seemed rather astonished at being asked such a question, and I saw the colour mount to her cheek. People do not like being asked so plainly about the state of their souls; and not unfrequently they get angry, and make their exit. To my surprise she kept her seat, looked at me several times without speaking, and at last said, "I cannot answer that. I heard all that you said to-night about salvation, it seems quite plain, and a very beautiful ideal thing, no

doubt; but I have never yet seen anybody who had got possession of it. I have been acquainted for years with some who preach about it, and I have sought earnestly to obtain it for myself, according to their prescription, but without success, and now I have come to the conclusion that however pretty the theory may be, the thing itself is not attainable here." The words were spoken calmly, and ended with a sigh. She evidently believed what she said, and was not so careless as to the state of her soul, as her companion had supposed. The devil often gets people to assume a careless appearance to hide their real condition, and such was the case with her.

"I am glad to have your mind so plainly, but I am perfectly sure that you are entirely mistaken. God's salvation is not a theory, but a grand reality, and I have been saved and on my way to heaven for the last eleven years. I do not *think* so, I am *sure* about it, and what makes me so sure about it is because God says so in His word."

The young nurse looked at me in amazement, and then at the girl who had brought her, who, desiring to bear her testimony to the grace of God, broke in by saying, "And I am saved, too, Nellie, and so may you, if you will just accept of it."

The simple testimony of the ser-

vant-maid was used to drive the arrow of conviction deeper into her soul, and to bring the tear to her eye.

"Now," I said, "here are two of us at least, who are in possession of the salvation of God, and we are both enjoying it. How can you say, in the face of this, that salvation is an 'ideal thing,' and that it is unattainable here?"

She sat in silence for a few minutes musing, then addressing the girl by her side, she said, "Well, Jeanie, I have tried hard to get it: I have prayed, and wept, and read my Bible. I have tried to live like a Christian, and asked God to help me, and yet, somehow, I seem further away from it than ever. I never heard anybody say before that they were sure of being saved. I would give all that I possess if I could say the same; but its of no use, I've tried it often, and it has always failed;" and, at the memory of her struggles, she covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"I do not wonder, Nellie, that you have failed to obtain salvation, for you have been seeking for it where it's not to be found. You have been seeking it in yourself, instead of in Christ, and now the devil is trying to get you to believe, that there is no salvation at all. That's just like him! You first tried it yourself alone, that failed; then you

asked God to help you, that also broke down, for God doesn't *help* to save anybody; and now you have concluded there is no such thing as salvation at all. But there is a grand, eternal salvation provided for sinners, and you need not offer to give all you possess to obtain it, for God is offering it to you for nothing, and you may be in possession of it tonight, providing you are willing to receive it on God's own terms."

Nellie's attention was fairly secured now, and, wiping the tear from off her cheek, she said, "I *am* willing, and would gladly receive it, if I only knew how."

"Well, let us open the Book of God, and hear what He has to say about it." And we all drew close together, and opened our Bibles at the epistle to the Romans, chapter three. We read together verses nine to eighteen, giving God's own picture of the sinner.

"Do you believe that these verses give a true description of your condition, Nellie," I asked, "for it is well that you should begin at the right end first?"

"O yes, I know that I am just what God declares me to be. I am a sinner, and, moreover, a very vile and guilty one."

"Would you subscribe your name to all that black list of iniquity, as being a true description of yourself?"

“Yes, it’s *all* true, every word of it, about me; *I* am the sinner described in the verses we have read.”

“Now, let us turn to chapter five, verse eight, and we read, ‘But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us.’ Here we have the good news of the Gospel, telling us with the same authority, that God loves the sinner described in chapter three, and that Christ died for him. It does not say that God loves *good* people, or that Christ died for the *righteous*, as we would naturally suppose, but it tells us that God’s love, and Christ’s death, are for *sinners*. This is good news in very truth, and I would ask you now, do you believe that God loves *you*, even at this moment, and that Christ died for you, yourself, as if there had been no one else to love or to die for, in the world?”

“Well, the verse says that it is for *sinners*, then it surely must be for *me*. I have always believed that Christ died for sinners, but I have never looked at it as being for *me*, personally, and for my salvation.”

“I never saw it in that way before. I always thought that I had to live a religious life, and strive against sin, before I could be saved; but, according to these verses, I have nothing to do for salvation at all.”

“No, nothing! The Son of God

who came into the world to save sinners, has finished the work of your salvation, and His perfect work requires nothing of yours added to it. The claims of God’s holiness and justice have all been fully met, and the moment you believe that Christ’s death was for you, and accept of Him as your personal Saviour, God Himself declares that you ‘*are* justified from *all* things’ (Acts xiii. 39), and that you ‘have passed from death to life’” (John v. 24).

“I never saw it like that before,” said the young woman, and the very expression of her countenance told that the light of the Gospel had cast its rising beam within her soul. “I have been groping in the dark, but I see it all now. Salvation is in Christ alone. I am saved by what *He* did for me, and I know it, because God has said it in His word.”

We praised the Lord together, and the servant-maid, with her new-born companion and sister in Christ went home rejoicing and praising the Lord.

I have often met the young nurse since that eventful night, and have sometimes asked her if the salvation of God be a “beautiful ideal thing,” or a divine reality? She has frequently answered, “It is *very* real, thank the Lord, and I only wish I had known and enjoyed it years ago.” Reader, is it real to you?

THE DYING TEACHER.

THE accompanying lines are a little tribute of affection in remembrance of Mary R—, a young believer who has gone to be for ever with the Lord. She was converted to God in very early years. She took her stand boldly on the Lord's side, and was received into fellowship with His saints ere she reached her thirteenth year: and at the early age of twenty-two, while busily engaged at her profession as a teacher in the schools, the Lord sent for her to join the company of the redeemed above.

Dear young saint, she was early planted by the Lord's right hand, and during her little hour of witness-bearing here, her leaf was green, and now she lives with the Lord she loved in the fair paradise of God.

She lived with Christ, and loved His Word: her delight was to speak of Him to others, and her words, together with the quiet testimony of a godly life, were blessed to those around her. The Master's call was sudden, but she was ready—fully ready. Only a week of suffering, and then with tearless eye, and unfaltering voice she sang on the border of eternity her parting song—

“Farewell mortality—Jesus is mine,
Welcome eternity—Jesus is mine.”

and passed away to be with Him. Some of her closing notes of triumph

are interwoven in the following lines, which, may the God of glory bless to each youthful reader's soul.

A maiden in her youthful prime
Had laid her down to die,
Though health but lately flushed her cheek,
And sparkled in her eye.

The summons came, and she with joy
Bade earthly hopes farewell,
For Christ had been her early choice,
With Him she longed to dwell.

“You do but hinder me,” she said
To loved ones standing near,
Who vainly sought, by human skill,
To save that life so dear.”

“Nay, do not deem that I am weak,
I'm strong through Jesus' love,
The One who suffered death for me,
Will bear me safe above.”

“On Him my soul's salvation rests,
He is my whole desire;
He saved me from an endless death,
From everlasting fire.”

“Farewell fond dreams of youth, your smiles,
Shall tempt this heart no more;
A surer light now guides my barque
To Canaan's tranquil shore.”

“Oh, yes, I shall be better soon,
But only over there,
When I shall reach the glory-land,
And breathe its holy air.”

“My throbbing brow no more will ache
With midnight's studious toil,
Nor once will sin's defiling touch,
My spotless raiment soil.”

She sung the farewell parting hymn,
Sweet words, “Jesus is mine;”
They told how she had found in Him
A portion all divine.

Thus Mary fell asleep, but yet,
E'en from her silent grave,
It seems as if she spake of Him
Who came the lost to save.

As if she yet with pleading voice
Would strive young hearts to win,
To trust in Him whose precious blood
Can cleanse from every sin.

That they, like her, might early find
In Christ their heavenly Friend,
Whose love would cheer their earthly lot,
And keep them to the end.

LITTLE DOT'S ANSWER.

I WAS speaking to a lot of little boys and girls one night about the importance of coming early to the Lord Jesus for salvation. A number of the children hung their heads and said nothing. Very likely they were thinking that there was plenty of time yet. Ah, yes! and this is how Satan, the great enemy of your souls, is deceiving some of you, and leading you down to his dark and hopeless abode. Just before closing, I asked the children a question. It was this—"When should you come to Jesus?" Little "Dot" (as she was called), who was sitting near me, looked up most earnestly into my face and said—"Just now." I thought that was very true and beautiful, and what was better, she really meant it; for although "Dot" was only a little girl, six years old, she *had* come to the Lord Jesus, and trusted Him with her soul, and He *had* saved her.

Have you, my dear young reader, come to Him and has He saved you? If not, I earnestly ask you to listen to the words of dear little Dot, who, from her little heart, only re-echoed the desire of the great and loving heart of Jesus. And come and trust Him "*just now.*" Satan says "*to-morrow.*" God says "*Now.*"

SAND AND ROCK.

An Address to Children on the Sea Beach.

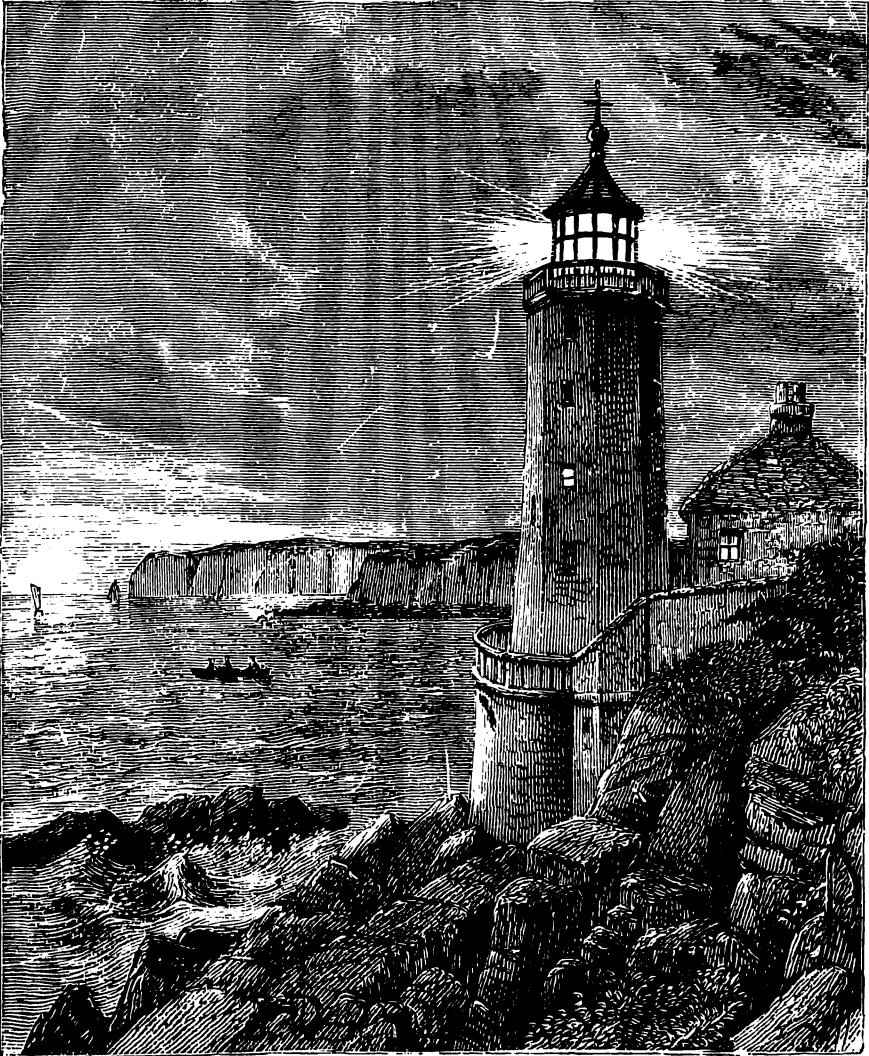
THERE are lots of you here just now spending your holidays by the sea-side. I am sure you are enjoying the change, from the crowded city with its busy school-rooms and lessons, to be here romping among the rocks and building castles on the sand the whole day long. I think some of you will remember having read in the New Testament, that when the Lord Jesus was here on earth, He sometimes got a lot of people together on the sea-shore, and told them many wondrous things concerning life and death, sin and salvation, heaven and hell.

Now, if you will kindly give me your attention for a little while, I will tell you a story, once told by the Lord Jesus, and recorded in the Gospel by Matthew, chapter vii. 24-27. The illustrations used, are both right before your eyes just now—the *sand* and the *rock*.

I will speak about the sand first, next about the rock. Now you all know that sand is a very useful thing for many purposes, but it is very insecure as a foundation. None of you would ever think of building for yourselves a home upon the shifting sand of the sea-shore, would you? But the Lord Jesus tells us of a "foolish" man, who once built for

himself an house, and chose the sand for a foundation. So long as the fine weather lasted it stood very well, and possibly looked very nice ;

and I daresay the man would be well pleased with it, and think he had secured for himself a good covert from the wintry blast. By-and-by a



storm began to rage. The stormy winds began to blow, and the angry waves to beat against his house, and down it fell, and "the fall of that house was great." So you see the sand is a bad foundation. I once saw the spot where a great lighthouse

stood. The people say it was a splendid building, but, alas! the foundation was insecure. One stormy night it began to totter, and nothing now remains but a heap of stones. It was built upon a bad foundation.

But there was another man who

also built for himself an house, and he built it upon a rock. The stormy winds and waves beat hard against it, but still it stood. The rock sustained the storm, and the house stood firm and sure. Look across the bay, and see yon lighthouse. It has stood the wintry blast for years, and you see the reason why. It is built upon a rock. Now there are some of us here to-day, who have our hopes of present and eternal bliss founded upon a Rock. That Rock is Christ. Christ the firm and sure foundation, the Rock of ages—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. We once hoped for joy and peace apart from Him, but found it not. We sought for rest and security, but none was found until we trusted Jesus. Now we can say, "He only is *my* Rock and *my* Salvation." And when the storms of life beat hard against us, or even the waves of death itself, our happy souls will still sing out—"The Lord is *my* Rock, *my* Fortress, and *my* Deliverer" (Psa. xviii. 1). How many of you can now truthfully join to sing—

"On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Now all this has a very solemn voice to you. I will try and tell you what it means. Every boy and girl here to-day is a builder. You are all busy building hopes of future happiness for time and eternity, upon some

foundation; and I fear that some of you are building them upon the sand. Here is a boy who hopes to be rich: another wants to be great, and have honour and fame surrounding his name; a third looks forward to a life of pleasure. But all these hopes are built upon the sands of uncertainty. Death may come, to some it will, and sweep these fair hopes away. Where, O where, dear children, will your hopes be then? Lost and gone, to return no more. There are others who are more foolish still. They build their hopes of being in heaven for eternity on the sand. Some of you think you will be there because you "say your prayers," and "go to church:" others because they have godly parents and a Christian home. These are foundations of sand: they will be swept away by the storm of coming judgment; and all who have built their hopes of heaven upon them will be lost for ever. Escape and flee, dear children, while yet you may, to the Rock of Safety.

—:○:○:○:—

THE HAPPY CHILD.

How happy is the child
Who loves the Saviour's name,
In whose young heart the fruits of grace,
Love, joy, and meekness reign.

Whose young affections all
Are set on God's dear Son;
Who loves the Lord for what *He is*,
And what *He*, too, *has done*.



Short Papers for Young Believers.

THE SERPENT'S BITE.

THERE was once a keeper in the Zoological Gardens, of the name of Gurling. He had charge of the serpents and other dangerous reptiles. One evening he had been drinking with a friend who was about to leave for a foreign land, and came back to the Gardens excited and drunk. In this state, the devil made him believe that he was a snake-charmer, and that he could handle the most poisonous and dangerous reptile without fear. He took a Morrocco vemon-snake from its cage and put it round his neck. Happily for him it did not arouse itself to bite. The men remonstrated with him and pointed out the danger, but he laughed them to scorn. Next he seized a cobra, and laid it in his bosom. Being torpid with the cold it seemed to sleep. He took it by the body and was about to swing it round his head, when, lo, in a moment it struck him between the eyes and the blood flowed forth. He cried for help, and when it came he murmured, "I am a dead man." He was carried to the hospital, and, within an hour he was in eternity. The wound was but small, but the

poison of the serpent's bite was there, and it rapidly spread throughout the body.

I would apply this to ourselves as believers. It is a similitude of the fate of those who lightly trifle, and loosely play with sin. In a moment of unwatchfulness, while the heart is gone from God, the devil presents sin in some attractive form. Perhaps a little folly, or the satisfaction of some fleshly lust. It seems harmless and unlikely to hurt. "Others have often indulged and escaped nothing the worse," the tempter whispers in the backslider's ear. He yields, and nobody knows anything about it. The tempter whispers, "Do it again," and, emboldened by his last success, he once again takes the serpent into his bosom, and commits the secret sin. This time it takes a grip, and he falls beneath its power. Its effects are rapidly spread throughout his whole moral being, conscience, heart, and mind are all defiled. He tries to shake the habit off, but cannot. It has become his master, and he, by grieving the Spirit of God, and sinning against his conscience and the light of God, has in the meantime become its slave. An open fall, bringing dishonour on the name of God, and many tears and bleeding hearts to His people, with sorrow upon sorrow to the poor backslider

himself ensues. Thus have fallen many of God's mightiest men, fallen to rise no more as witnesses for God.

Young believer, beware of trifling with sin. Once you trifle with it, it will master you. God has not promised to preserve you if you wilfully yield to its power. As certainly as you satisfy the flesh, it will demand to have more. Once on the slippery incline you cannot stop yourself, and you have taken yourself out of God's hands. The first morsel of indulged sin may be sweet, but at last, it "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." O, the years of sorrow, the blighted lives, the rivers of tears, that have followed a single moment of indulged sin. May the Lord preserve us by His grace and keep us close to His side, under the shadow of His wing.



THREE PRAYERS.

- "*Keep* me as the apple of the eye (Psa. xvii. 8).
- "*Keep* the door of my lips" (Psa. cxli. 3).
- "*Keep* me from evil that it may not grieve me" (1 Chron. iv. 10).

THREE PROMISES.

- "The Lord is thy *Keeper*" (Psa. cxxi. 5).
- "He will *keep* the feet of His saints" (1 Sam. ii. 9).
- "Able to *keep* you from falling" (Jude 24).

THREE PRECEPTS.

- "*Keep* thy heart above all keeping" (Prov. iv. 23).
- "*Keep* yourselves in the love of God" (Jude 21).
- "*Keep* thyself pure" (1 Tim. v. 22).

NO HARM IN IT.

"**B**UT I don't see any harm in it," said Robert, when I spoke to him about keeping company with some worldly young men. "They profess to be religious, and I don't see any harm in walking with them."

"Perhaps not, Robert, but I know that there was a time when you could not have done it; you were living in communion with God then, and you would have found the company and conversation of these young men unpalatable and unprofitable to your soul. If you can now find something to please you, in their carnal, worldly talk, you have surely come down from the mount of communion with God." Robert hung his head, for it was sadly true that he had "gone down" in his spiritual condition, and become a "backslider in heart," and this was the true reason why he could not see "any harm in it." It is a very bad indication when a believer seeks to justify his conduct by saying, "There is no harm in it." It shows that he has ceased to look at things from God's standpoint, and "come down" to man's way of reasoning. One living near to God would rather ask himself, "Will this be pleasing to God?—would the Lord Jesus have done this?" Tested by this standard, you will see "harm" in many things where carnal minds see none.*

BIBLE SEARCHING.

IT has greatly cheered us to see the deep interest our readers have taken in the "Bible Searching." It has taken us several hours to open and read through all the papers that have been sent us containing answers to the "Bible Questions" for July, and we are quite sure it must have cost the writers many more hours to find them. But never mind; time could not be better spent than in searching the Holy Book, and becoming acquainted with its sacred pages, and we are confident, that none of our youthful readers will ever regret having denied themselves an hour or two of some pleasure or pastime, to search the Scriptures for these answers. Many of you will be anxious to know whether your answers were correct. We are very glad to say that a number of them were *perfectly correct*, and beautifully written; a number more are very nearly correct, and a few have done their best to hit the mark, but have barely managed to do it. The following are the names of those whose answers are wholly correct. Some are written more neatly and carefully than others, and the ages of the writers vary. Taking all this into account, we give them in what appears to us to be their order of merit. *

1. G. C. C. Ross, Rathgar, Dublin; aged 9.
2. Beatrice M'Phail, Elgin; " 11.
3. Earnest Roberts, Milverton; " 10.
4. Mary S. Colville, Dalmellington; " 12.
5. Alice S. Roberts, Milverton; " 12.
6. Alexander Russell, Motherwell; " 11.
7. Bernard C. P. Walters, Warwick; " 14.
8. John Anderson, Motherwell; " 15.
9. Mary Gunning, Dalmellington; " 14.
10. Jeannie Crombie, Dalmellington; " 15.
11. Barbara Ruddoch, Orton; " 14.
12. J. G. Hill, Manchester; " 15½.

To each of the above, we have sent a little gift or prize.

A number have only *one* mistake, and altogether, the Bible Questions for July have been answered remarkably well.

We give the paper sent by G. C. C. Ross, who is the youngest of the twelve whose answers are correct.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

J-esus.	John xi. 35.
E-lisha.	2 Kings ii. 21.
H-annah.	1 Samuel i. 13.
O-rpah.	Ruth i. 15.
V-alley of Elah.	1 Samuel xvii. 2.
A-braham.	Genesis xxiii. 17-18.
H-aran.	Genesis xi. 28-29.
J-ehoshaphat.	1 Kings xxii. 4.
I-saac.	Genesis xiv. 15.
R-avens.	1 Kings xvii. 6.
E-lijah.	1 Kings xvii. 1.
H-agar.	Genesis xxi. 19.

JEHOVAH—FIREH—"The Lord will provide." Genesis xxii. 14.

If the Lord will (James iv. 15), we hope to give in the October *Watchman* two sets of Bible Questions, one for those under, and another for those above 12 years of age.

Words to Workers.

CONVERSIONS EXPECTED.

"DO you expect conversions every time you speak to sinners?" asked a well-known servant of Christ of a young man, who had come to him complaining bitterly that he had seen no fruit of his labour among the lost. "Well not perhaps *every time*; but I thought there might be *sometimes* a soul saved," said the downcast worker. "I daresay that may be the reason you have seen no fruit; you have not been expecting it; and God says, 'according to thy faith be it unto thee.'" There is a great deal of work, and lots of preaching, but how few expect to see sinners converted to God there and then upon the spot. How many thousands of children hear the gospel every Sunday from their teacher's lips, and yet how few expect and really look for the conversion of the children. Is God able to convert the children? Is He willing? Then we may rest assured the hinderance is not in God. Let us see if it be not in us. A Sunday school teacher said to another, as they walked to school together, one afternoon—"I believe God will convert some of my scholars to-day. I have enjoyed such nearness to Him in prayer about them, and have been able to lay hold on God's promise for their salvation." That very afternoon, four boys in her class passed from death to life, and they have gone on following the Lord ever since.

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, *believe* that ye receive them, and *ye shall* have them" (Mark xi. 24).

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OF

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JOHN RITCHIE

20 Princes Street, KILMARNOCK,
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The Young Watchman.

No. 22.]

OCTOBER, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



LIZZIE, THE DAIRYMAID; Or, THE SCORNER'S DOOM.

**LIZZIE, THE DAIRYMAID;
Or, THE SCORNER'S END.**

LIZZIE A—, her sister, and brother, lived together in a little farm which had been left them by their parents, in a lovely glen near the foot of one of the Grampian mountains in Scotland. James attended to the farm, Lizzie looked after the cows, and her sister minded affairs in the house. They were very comfortable as regards the life that now is, and keen enough to add a little to their stock of worldly gain; but for the wants of the soul they cared nothing.

Their mother was a Christian, and bore a bright and clear testimony to the grace that saved her, even when on her dying pillow; but this, instead of melting them down, and leading them to think, seemed only to harden them the more.

Lizzie, especially, seemed hostile to the Gospel. I had endeavoured several times to reach her conscience with the Word, but on each occasion she either met me with a sneer, or brought up the failings of some child of the kingdom, to excuse her own neglect of the salvation of her soul. How skilfully the devil thus diverts the attention of his victims from their own dread condition, and hides from their eyes the unquenchable flame to which they hurry on.

It was sad to see her so careless, and for the awakening of her soul we often longed and prayed. The Lord was working mightily among the peasantry in that distant glen, and several of the young folks in the neighbouring farm-houses had been converted to God.

The changed lives and conversation of the young believers, seemed to produce for a time some impression on the careless girl, and she was at least less rude than before. We hoped it was the beginning of soul anxiety, and I have no doubt, that then the Spirit of God aroused her to the solemn fact that she was a sinner, lost and on the way to hell. But, alas! like many more, she trifled with her convictions, and they left her only more hardened than before.

Lizzie now became an open scoffer, and seemed to find her delight in attacking the people of God, and heaping abuses upon them. Poor girl, she little knew how dear they were to God, and how quickly His avenging hand would come heavily down upon her unprotected head. The Word of God seemed to lose all hold upon her. So much was this the case, that when the most solemn warnings, coupled with the gentlest entreaties, were sounded in her ear, she turned them into frolic and blasphemy.

Fearful condition for a soul to reach; yet in these days of full and clear declaration of the Gospel—when many, both young and old, may be said to grow harder beneath its beams, like bricks in the sunshine—I fear not a few, alas! have reached it.

Reader, are you a mocker? Have you reached the condition of sitting in the seat of the scornful to mock God and the verities of His Word? I beseech you to think for yourself a moment. Think of the doom that God has pronounced upon the head of such—the eternal doom of the oft-reproved and the scoffer. “He that being *often reprovèd*, hardeneth his neck, *shall suddenly* be destroyed, and that WITHOUT REMEDY” (Prov. xxix. 1).

Things went on at the little farm much as before, only Lizzie daily became more hardened in her sin, and careless of her soul. She left the house one morning to milk the cows, singing cheerfully. Long absence caused her sister to wonder what had become of her, and she went out in search of her, when lo! what a sight met her gaze. There, fallen on the ground, by the side of her milk-pail, lay her sister, her face pale, and a stream of blood flowing from her mouth. Not faint, or in a fit, as she at first thought, but *dead*—yes, dead! and her Christless soul

gone to its doom. Once awakened, often warned; but, by these and other of God’s dealings with her, only the more hardened. She was suddenly cut down like a cumberer of the ground, and her untimely death and doom, carry with them a solemn warning to souls who are now neglecting or rejecting God’s offered grace.

Reader, if you are among the number, will you give heed to the warning voice. Whether you openly reject the Gospel and make the subject of salvation a theme of scorn, or, whether it be a secret contempt you bear to Christ, His salvation, and His people, you will not, you cannot escape.

In spite of all, the God against whom you sin, loveth you, and would fain win you from the side of Satan and of sin, to Himself. For this He gave His Son to die; and for this He sends His good and joyous Gospel oft to your ear, and by the voice of His Spirit seeks to reach your soul. Long and earnestly has He sought to save you; loathe to give you over, He seeks you still, in spite of your indifference and rejection of His love; but His mercy will come to an end, and the fierceness of His wrath will then burn against you. Voices from above entreat you to be Christ’s; and voices from the depths of hell warn you against coming thither.

MARY IN THE INFIRMARY.

MARY L.— came regularly to our Sunday School, and was a most attentive child. Always there in time, and able to repeat her texts correctly, the teacher was fond of her, but felt grieved at heart that she and some others of her class should come and go, from Sunday to Sunday, without giving any clear evidence that they had been truly born of God.

The teachers met for special prayer, and they asked the Lord to make it manifest whether the girls were really saved or not. If they were God's children, to make them more decided for Christ, and more separate from ungodly companions; and if unsaved, to undeceive and awaken them. The Lord in His holy heaven gave ear to their cry, and, in course of a few weeks, great things were done for eternity among the children. Some of them, who possibly may have trusted Christ before, but were not clear, decided Christians, got deliverance, and stood boldly out as witnesses for Christ; and others, who had been careless and Christless, were now rejoicing in the Lord. Among these was Mary L.—. Her former quiet, and at times despondent and sad-like face, now wore a happy smile, and the lesson now was more eagerly gone over than before. The folks

at home, although unsaved, could not help seeing the change, and they were heard to say that, "Mary was no doubt a changed lassie." It is well when parents do thus bear witness to their children's faith, and sad indeed when they have to say the opposite of any of their children who profess to be the Lord's. Conversion to God will surely be seen in the joyful obedience of a child to its parents. But the reality of Mary's new found joy was soon to be tested, and her faith to be exercised in another sphere. She was a fragile child, and had been often sick. Not long after her conversion, she took ill, and had to be removed to the infirmary. After a careful examination, the doctor's decided to perform an operation upon her, and one of a very painful nature. They feared she would object, or become nervous with fear; but the tidings had the opposite effect. She was calm, and even joyful. One in attendance asked whether she feared the pain. She said, "O no, I have asked *my* Jesus to share it with me, and to be near me, and I know He will." Happy child! alone, yet not alone, in that ward, where groans and tears were often heard, but seldom such a confession as this. And He did stand by her in that trying hour, and His grace enabled her to triumph over the pain, and to come through the sore trial joyfully. She yet lives, and joys in the God of her salvation.

THE OFFICE-BOY'S BIBLE.

A CHRISTIAN boy, who had spent his early days in the country, went up to the city to seek a situation. He was a lover of the Book of God, and his delight was to meditate in its precious pages.

He called at one of the large places of business, and was told they were in want of an office-boy. The master took him into his room, and asked him several questions, which were answered to his satisfaction. He said to the lad, "I think you will suit me very well, and if you have satisfactory references, I will engage you." The simple country boy, unacquainted with the customs of city business, had only brought a single letter from a friend, telling who he was. He opened his carpet bag to look for it, and, as he did so, his Bible dropped out on the floor right before the master's eyes. The boy blushed, picked it up, and put it into his bag again.

"What book was that, my boy?" asked the master.

"It was my Bible, sir," said the boy rather shyly.

"And what do you intend to do with a Bible in this great city?"

"I hope to read it, sir," replied the young believer.

"That's right, my lad," said the master. "If you read the Word of

God, and seek to do what it commands you, that will be sufficient commendation for me." The master engaged him there and then, and God blessed the Christian boy, and made him a blessing to others in that office. His Bible had been his friend to introduce him to his new situation, and he made it his companion and counsellor while he was there. He was not ashamed to let it be known that he read the Word of God when he was an office-boy; and, before many years had passed, he was a partner of the firm. He carried his Bible in his pocket wherever he went, and sought to obey its precepts, and to be guided by its commands in every department of his life, and the blessing of the Lord was upon him.

Are you ashamed to carry a Bible, or to let it be known that you love to read it? I am afraid that many are, and this is one of the reasons that they are so easily led away by worldly companions. If any of the unconverted caught them reading the Word, they would be ashamed. They would throw down the Book, or put it into their pocket. My dear young believer, do not let it be so with you. Let the Bible be your signboard, and never take it down. If you take a firm, decided stand, and let it be known that you are not ashamed of Christ, or to read the

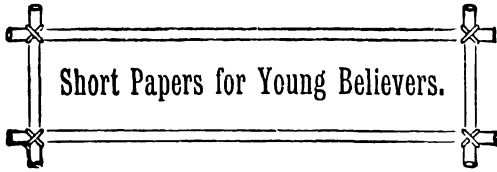
Word of God, you will find that the worldly ones will soon drop off and leave you. They will see that you are not ashamed of your colours.

Therefore, let the blessed Book be your daily companion. Leave it not behind you when you go among worldlings. Go into no company



where your Bible would be kept out ; let there be no path in your life that you would fear to test by the Book of God, and do not cease to open it and meditate therein, in the pre-

sence of God. Thus, delighting in the law of the Lord, you shall walk on safely, and, by the words of His lips, you will be kept from the paths of the destroyer.



SHINING FOR GOD.

WHEN the Lord Jesus saved our souls, and called us by His grace, He might have taken us to glory at that very moment. So far as our fitness to fill a place in that holy, happy home is concerned, we had it then, as much as now, for the believer's title to heaven, at any moment, and any stage of Christian life, is Christ Himself, and He is ever the same. But He had wise and holy purposes to work out, in and by us, in leaving us here, and, among the rest, He wanted us to be as lights for God in this dark world of sin.

So long as He was here Himself, He was "the light of the world." "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John i. 6). True, the most of them closed their eyes against its shining, and to this day, the god of this age, even the devil, is blinding the minds of men against the Gospel's light. Yet God in His rich grace has not withdrawn His light from this poor world; He has deposited it *in* His saints, and He bids them shine. The very life divine is in every soul begotten of

God, and from that soul a light should radiate out for God. They are meanwhile, left as light-houses on earth's dark shores, to light sin-tossed souls to Jesus. It was written concerning all the Philippian saints, and it ought to be true of saints today "among whom ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the Word of life." Do you feel the weight of this dear young believer. You are, or ought to be a light-bearer for God among men.

A traveller who visited the famous lighthouse at Calais, asked the watchman, "What if one of the lights should chance to go out." "It is impossible, sir," the watchman replied. "Out on yonder ocean there are ships passing to and from all parts of the world. Sometimes in the dark nights I look out to sea, and feel as if the eyes of the whole world were looking at my light. Should my light burn dim or go out, the effects would be disastrous, and I should hear of my neglect from all parts of the world. It cannot go out, sir: no, never." The watchman felt the importance of his post: and he was burdened with the sense of his responsibility.

Young believer, there are many eyes fixed upon your light. Friends and foes around are watching you narrowly, and if your light should burn dimly, or go out, disastrous re-

sults will follow. You have openly declared yourself a Christian, and those around you expect to see in your life and ways the light of life. When they see frivolity in your ways, and hear from your lips conversation like their own, they naturally conclude that your Christianity is a sham. But a quiet, steady, unobtrusive life and testimony for God cannot be hid, whether it be in the day-school, the kitchen, or the warehouse. It will make its mark for God; and although unconverted men will never patronize God's true witnesses, they will be forced to own and respect them. So it was with John. He was a burning and a shining light, and the people had to own that "he was a prophet:" even Herod, who hated the truth, said he was a "holy man and a just." Reader, is it so with you? "Let *your* light *so* shine before men."

Are you shining for Jesus, dear ones?

Shining for Him all day?

Letting the light burn always

In lessons and in play?

Shining in happy gatherings,

Where all are loved and known?

Shining where all are strangers?

Shining when quite alone?

Shining because it shineth

So warm and bright above,

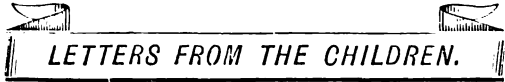
That you *must* let out the gladness,

That you *must* show forth the love?

The LAMP in the WINDOW.

CLOSE by the sea, on a rugged and dangerous coast, there lived an aged widow. Shipwrecks were common there, and oftentimes during a stormy time, the widow would be startled by the cries of perishing mariners. One night, during a fearful storm, the lonely widow lay awake. Her thoughts were with the tempest-tossed mariners, who at that very moment might be struggling for life within a few yards of her cottage, and she feared the tidings that the morning light might bring. Could she do anything for them? She lay awake considering. Suddenly a thought came to her mind. Her cottage stood high on an elevated spot, and her window looked toward the stormy sea. She trimmed her cottage lamp, and, lighting it, placed it in her window. It might warn some mariner off the dangerous rock; and if any shipwrecked crew lay near, it would tell of a refuge for them. She did so every night during her life, and it had the desired effect. Many a mariner blessed God for the widow's lamp.

My dear young believer, "Let *your* light *so* shine." You may be in a humble sphere, but if the light of Christ's Gospel shine out from your life and ways, as did the widow's light from her only window, some lost and wandering sinner may be lighted to Jesus through its beam.



LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN.

THE following short testimonies to the grace of God in saving boys and girls, are selected from a large number which have been sent by our young readers. It would be impossible to insert in *The Young Watchman* all the letters that we have received, but we hope to give extracts from some of them from time to time. We have heard that some of the previous letters have been used of God in leading some, who were halting between two opinions, to decide for Christ. May He use the following more abundantly :—

TO THE READERS OF "THE YOUNG
WATCHMAN."

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I had been anxious about my soul for a good while. I thought if the Lord Jesus should come to take His saved ones home to heaven, I would be surely left behind and lost.

The first Sunday of June, I went to the Sunday School as usual. After lessons were over, a boy stood up and told us that he had been converted. He told us how it happened; and, as he was speaking, I just believed on the Lord Jesus, and He saved me. I hope many more will believe on Him, and they too will then be saved, for He says, "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish."

LIZZIE H—.

The testimony of this boy was used of God to lead Lizzie to Jesus. It is good to occasionally have a testimony

like this: God uses it to clinch the nails driven by the teacher, but wisdom is needed to show *who* should testify, and *when*. Whoever does so, should be a genuine Christian of good report.

A DEAF AND DUMB MUTE'S
CONVERSION.

This is a very remarkable case. It shows how God's blessed Gospel is His power to save, even one who never heard it with the outward ear. We have had the pleasure of meeting with the writer of this testimony, and have no doubt he is born of God, and on the way to heaven :—

"I was saved about two and a half years ago. I was convicted of sin, when learning to read the Bible. I used to tell others with me about their souls. The text that gave me peace was—"This is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." I am saved and happy."

He has been the means of leading several deaf and dumb boys and girls to a meeting held for them by a devoted gentleman, who has a great interest in them, and who is himself deaf and dumb. It was very interesting to meet them all at tea one night, and to have their testimonies, given by the fingers spelling out the words.

Will they, who have never heard the name of Jesus with the ear, or uttered it with their tongues, be saved to sing His praise in glory; while you, who have both heard and spoken of His name and His salvation, perish in sin and unbelief?

BIBLE SEARCHING.

AS we promised last month, we now give two sets of Bible Questions, the answers to which our readers will, no doubt, set themselves again to find. We hope that even a larger number will try it this time. You will see there are two sets of questions—the first to be answered by those who are above twelve years of age, and the second by those *under*. This will give the little ones a better chance, and we shall expect to receive a lot of answers from our very young readers. Of course you all understand that you must find the answers for yourselves, and not receive any help whatever. There are quite a number of our readers in America, and, in order to give them plenty of time to send their answers, we will not ask you to send them so soon as last time. But all the answers must reach the Editor before the *first of November*. Enclose in an envelope, with your name, age, and full address, and send by post, addressed—

BIBLE QUESTIONS, <i>The Editor of "The Young Watchman,"</i> 20 Princes Street, Kilmarnock,
--

The names of those whose answers are correct will, God willing, be given in the *Watchman* for January, 1885.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

For those ABOVE TWELVE years.

Long ages past, before the Saviour came,
 The seers and prophets loved His blessed
 Name;
 And God, through types and shadows, let
 them see
 The Christ who was to die on Calvary.

Some of these types are *things*, and some are
men,

And others *birds* and *beasts* on hill and plain.

A *King* who lived in peace while others fought,
 And to a wearied warrior blessing brought,
 A *feast* once kept within an alien land;
 A *house* once built on earth at God's command.
 A *chest* which in a heathen temple stood,
 And brought a heavy judgment down from
 God.

What daily came in silence down from heaven;
Who asked not riches, but had riches given.
 A *sum* once paid to ransom and atone;
 A *beast* led out to live and die alone.

What served its day, and then by God was
 torn;

Whose doom was fixed ere he himself was born,
 Yet lived he still, and lived to see the hour
 When his destroyer fell by God's own power.

Search in the *Bible*, and you'll find the name
 Of all these types of Him for e'er the same;
 Then give the antitypes, which you will see
 In the New Testament, with types agree.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

For those UNDER TWELVE years.

A *Boy* who served before he knew the Lord;
 A *King* condemned by God—slain by the
 sword.

A *Merchant* who was saved and faithful found;
 A *Queen* who disobeyed, and lived uncrowned.
 An *Artisan* whose fellow-workmen preached
 the Word;

A *Town* where doors were opened by the Lord.
 A *Country* only once in Scripture found;
 A *Bird* who leaves her eggs upon the ground.
 A *Soldier* once a heathen, but who came
 To know the Lord and to confess His name.

The capitals of all these names combined
 Compose a word, which you must try to find
 Recorded in the *first* redemption song,
 And in the *last* the saints its sound prolong.

Words to Workers.

WORLDLINESS.

"I WISH my class of girls were more decided for Christ," said Miss F— to one of her fellow-labourers in the Sunday School. "They all profess to be the Lord's, but really their dress and conversation are so worldly, that one is afraid it may only be a profession." Miss F—'s fellow-labourer was rather astonished to hear the remarks about dress and worldliness come from her, for her own carnality and gaudy dress was a continual cause of sorrow to all the spiritual and godly workers. So, laying hold of the opportunity, he remarked, "Yes, Miss F—, it's very sad, and must be very grievous to the Lord, to see dear young believers so like the world. Some of us have been feeling it, and searching our own hearts and ways before the Lord, to see whether we set before them a good example; for, no doubt they learn more from what they *see* in us, than from what we teach them; and, if we are to be used in leading the young believers out from worldliness, we must be well rid of it ourselves." Miss F—'s conscience felt the force of the word, and next Sunday she came to the school humbled in soul, and stripped of her superfluous ornaments and worldly attire, and her scholars felt there was a power and sweetness in her words there had never been before.

We must be right ourselves, before we can set others right, and God will not use His people to communicate to others, what they do not know themselves. The Moses who led Israel out from Egypt, was the same Moses who gave up a place in Egypt's palace forty years before; and if we would be used of God in cutting the world's trammels that bind His saints, we must be clear of them ourselves. There must be example as well as precept.

To be ready early in October,

The Children's Almanac

AND

BIBLE SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK for 1885.

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Compiled by the Editor of The Young Watchman.

With a portion of Scripture for daily reading throughout the year.

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JOHN RITCHIE

20 Princes Street, KILMARNOCK,
Scotland.

The Young Watchman.

No. 23.]

NOVEMBER, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE LABOURERS' SUPPER; Or, THE REJECTED TEA.

THE LABOURERS' SUPPER; Or, THE REJECTED TEA.

IT was winter, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. Labourers and fishermen stood in groups about the corners of the streets, with their hands in their pockets. They had not been able to work for several weeks, and as a consequence, the barrel of meal was in many cases near its bottom. Some of them were positively in want, and notwithstanding the relief given by several of the benevolent people of the town, the need was far from being met. Haggard, hungry-looking men were patrolling the streets, and children were going from door to door asking for bread. There was a free supper provided in one of the halls where the Gospel is usually preached on the Sunday evenings, and at the invitation of a number of Christian ladies, who went to the street corners and invited them, many of the men came, and partook of a hearty supper. The Gospel of the grace of God was afterwards preached, the occasion affording a splendid opportunity for pressing home in a simple way the supper of Salvation, provided by the God of all grace for lost and needy sinners. (See Luke xiv. 16.) The meeting was over about ten o'clock, and most of the people gone home.

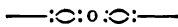
Only a few of us remained in the Hall to "square up" the tea things. We found that a lot of bread had been left, and several gallons of good tea, and we thought it a pity to waste these, when so many quite close to us were in need. So, notwithstanding the late hour, we packed the bread into a basket, put the tea into a large watering-can, and set off full speed to one of the lowest neighbourhoods in the town. The first building was a large tenement, where perhaps a dozen families lived, and we could see by the lights in the windows that most of them were still out of bed. There were four doors on the ground floor; two on each side of the passage. We advanced slowly in the darkness with our burden of bread and tea, and knocked gently at the first door on the left. It was opened by a half-dressed woman, who eyed us rather suspiciously—for which we could not blame her. We told in a few words our mission, and asked for a vessel to hold so much of the tea. At this she laughed outright, and slamming the door disappeared. Nothing daunted, we tried door number two. It was opened by a girl who immediately accepted our gifts with thankfulness. To save a journey up the dark, rickety stair, leading to flat number two, we got into the passage, and as

loudly as we could, consistent with the hour, we shouted—"Tea, sugar and bread, for nothing"—"Tea, sugar and bread, for nothing." In a moment, half-a-dozen doors were flung open, and twice as many eyes were peering over the balustrades right above our heads. Seeing we had secured their attention we said in a lower tone—"We have brought you some nice hot tea with sugar, and some bread, and it's all for nothing, come away and bring empty vessels with you, first come, best served."

The announcement had a peculiar effect upon our audience: some laughed, some raged, and there was a general call for one "Jean" who lived somewhere up there, who it was supposed would enjoy the hoax, and possibly pay the perpetrators for their trouble. Jean appeared, but not quite as they supposed she would, for she brought in her hand a large earthen jar, which she got filled with good tea to the brim, and returned up the rickety stair quite elated. The fact was this, Jean was in want, and when she heard the news of "tea and sugar for nothing" she thought it was worth testing at any rate, and she came and was supplied. When Jean reached the top of the stair there was a crush around her, to see what she had got, and some even

wanted to taste the contents of her jar, but Jean squeezed her way through, closed her door, and, no doubt, was soon enjoying her tea. Now there was a general rush for vessels, and in a moment down stairs pell-mell came men, women and children, clad in all sorts of costumes, to receive the tea, and in three minutes every drop of it was gone. Just as we were leaving the house with our empties, the door on the left opened, and out came the woman who had refused to have it at the beginning demanding some of the tea. We told her it was too late, and reminded her that she had refused it; whereupon she began to tell us that she was "a hard-working woman, didn't drink, and was more deserving of it than some of those who had got it, and besides, both she and her children were 'regular attenders' at our meetings, and surely *they* deserved to get something." We told her the tea was for *everybody* so long as it lasted; she had an offer of it and refused, and now it was gone, and no amount of meeting-going could bring it back again; and there, in the darkness of that wintry night, we had the opportunity of warning her, and others who had gathered around, against the rejection of the Lord's salvation now brought to their very doors, but soon to be beyond their

reach. Standing there in the darkness with her empty pitcher in her hand, while others of her less righteous neighbours were feasting within on what she had refused, she seemed to feel the power of the Word, and I hope she gave heed to the warning voice. Reader, you may smile at her folly and say she got what she deserved, but what about yourself? How are *you* treating the gift of God? Have you responded to *His* invitation? or are you a Christ-rejector and a despiser of His salvation? Depend upon it, you will want to have it when your day of grace is gone, and the hour of your damnation come. When the company of the saved are safe within the marriage hall in the presence of the Bridegroom, some who have refused His grace will knock and plead for entrance then, but in solemn and awful tones, the words will be echoed in their ears—"Depart from Me, I never knew you."



TREASURES.

WE all like to have a treasure, don't we, dear children? something valuable that we can call our own, and that we know belongs altogether to us. There are many men who will do a great deal to find some of the wonderful treasures hidden away in the diamond fields of the world. They buy a

piece of land, and toil there for long weary months perhaps, without finding even one of the precious things they value so much. Still they go on seeking, in the hope of finding a stone that will prove to them a fortune; but, oh, how often are they, who like others toil for the uncertain riches of the world, doomed to disappointment.

Well, did you ever think that if men have treasures, so has the Lord in Heaven. Look at Mal. 3-17. There we read, "They shall be Mine, in that day when I make up My jewels." His jewels are not of gold, silver, or precious stones, but sinners who have been purchased and redeemed by His blood; these are what He calls His "*special treasure*." Oh how sweet it is to belong to Jesus; to be able to say, "He is mine and I am His." Yes, we may lose our jewels here below, but the Lord never loses what is entrusted to Him; once His, we are His for ever! When He comes to gather together His gems, will you dear little reader be among His "special treasure"? Have you given yourself to Jesus, and can you say, "I am His?" If not, ah! then, there is no place for you in the great treasure-house above.

"Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty
Bright gems for His crown."

“WE ARE GOING TO FLIT.”

SO said little Janet, a child of scarce five summers, to a visitor who had just come in. “Indeed,” said the visitor, looking surprised, “and where are you going?” “Oh, do you not know that Jesus is coming to take us all up to live with Him in Heaven?” This was a very pleasant thought to dear Janet, she often asked questions, and talked about the coming of the Lord. It was, indeed, a great reality to her, and filled her little heart with joy.

Yes, dear young readers, there is a great flitting day coming, and it may be near. The same Jesus who was nailed to the cross of Calvary, who was laid in the cold tomb, who rose from the dead and ascended to God’s right hand, He whom all the angels worship continually, is coming back again. He will at first come only to the air, then the trumpet will sound, and all those who have died in Christ will rise up from their graves, and those of the saints who are alive will be changed as quickly as your eye can twinkle; then, all together, those who had died, and those who will never die (John xi. 26), shall go up to meet with Jesus in the air, each one shining like Himself—for when we see

Him, we shall be like Him. Every one who has been washed in the precious blood will be there on that happy day. Not one left behind (1 Cor. xv. 51), for He knows every heart that is trusting in Him, and He says, “They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels.” Dear young friends, let me ask you in love, where would you be were the Lord to come this very day? Would you go up with the saints to be for ever with the Lord, or would you be left behind to weep in hopeless sorrow. There will be many separations on that day. Children will be left without their parents, and, in some cases, parents without their children. Some will lose brothers, and some sisters; some will be taken and others will be left.

Dear little Janet, though too young to understand many of these things, yet understood that Jesus loved *her*, and that His blood had washed her sins away. She loved Him, and looked for *Him*. She wanted Jesus, and Jesus wanted her, and very soon He sent the angel of death and took her happy spirit to be with Himself. Her flitting day came early, but she was ready and waiting. Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, your flitting day—either the Son of Man or death—may come.

The LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

THE tread of the war-horse was heard in
the land,

For the Syrian soldiers, a ruthless band,
Had marched into Palestine's sacred domain,
And wrought devastation in hamlet and plain.

They took from her home, and from all that
was dear,
A poor little maiden, who trembled with fear ;
They carried her off, never more, it might be,
The home of her fathers, or country to see.

She thought of her mother, and sadly she wept ;
Her dreams were of home, when at evening
she slept ;
For though in the captain's own splendid
abode,
Her heart was away with her people and God.

But He who remembers each sparrow that flies,
Regarded with pity the captive's deep sighs,
And so touched the hearts of her captors that
they
With gentleness over her wielded their sway.

She felt all their kindness, and cheerfully strove
To render the true-hearted service of love,
And sometimes, while tending her mistress,
would seek
In her own simple way of Jehovah to speak.

The captain, her master, was wealthy and
great,
And lands by his sword had been won for the
State ;
To the king only second in honour and power,
Of Syria's chivalry he was the flower.

But one great distress overshadowed his life,
And often brought tears to the eyes of his wife ;
It withered their pleasure and blasted their joy,
Of their glory and fame 'twas a fatal alloy.

For Naaman, the hero exalted so high,
Seemed likely 'ere long as a leper to die ;
The hot fevered blood coursed its way through
his veins,
His skin was disfigured with leprosy's stains.

The captive was touched by their hopeless
distress,
And spoke to her mistress of one who could
bless ;

"Oh, would that my master God's prophet
would find,
He would heal him, I know, he has power
and is kind."

The lady looked up through her tears quite
amazed,
Hope gleamed in her eye, on her maiden she
gazed ;
Then spoke, "Tell me where can this prophet
be found,
He will go, though it were to the earth's
furthest bound."

"He dwells in the country from whence I
have come,
And oft in Samaria makes he his home ;
Yet no certain dwelling-place marks his abode,
He goes far and near in the service of God."

To her husband she hasted the tidings to
bring,
Who, hearing, immediately went to the king,
Requesting at once to be sent on his way,
For a case such as his could but ill brook delay.

With the royal consent and a numerous band,
He was soon on his way to Palestine's land ;
And as quite befitted such brilliant estate,
They drew up their reins at the king's palace
gate.

But God for a refuge was there all unknown ;
For wicked Jehoram, who sat on the throne,
Bowed only to idols of silver and gold,
And thought that this embassy evil foretold.

In the midst of their mutual distrust and
dismay,
A messenger came from Elisha to say—
"That the stranger may know there's a pro-
phet indeed,
Who has power from above to meet all his
need.

He must leave the gay palace, for God is not
there,
No healing he'll find in its sin-tainted air ;
To the place of my dwelling with speed let
him haste,
There only the goodness of God he can taste."

The message they heard, and departed once
more,
And soon the cortege was surrounding the
door,
Where they eagerly waited, impatient to view
The great things the prophet, they fancied,
would do.

But what was the mortification and shame
Of Naaman, when only a messenger came,
Who told him to go to the Jordan's steep side,
And seven times bathe in its swift-flowing tide?

"Go wash in the Jordan! what need I have come
On such a long journey, so far from my home?
Abana and Pharpar, both rivers quite near,
Are better than Jordan, their waters more clear."



So despising God's message of grace in his
heart,
He turned in a rage from the place to depart;
But his servants, much humbler and wiser
than he,
Could not with this foolish decision agree.

"Dear master," they said, "if the prophet had
bade [thee made,
Thee do some great thing, or a charge on
How prompt and how willing thy service had
been; [clean?"]
Why not when he says, just go wash and be

He listened, then yielded, and turned him
again

Toward the far-stretching verdure of Jordan's
broad plain ;

Then tremblingly stood at the brink of its
wave,

Preparing at last in its waters to lave.

His servants, so faithful, all anxiously stood,
And watched as he dipped and emerged from
the flood,

Till the waters had seven times over him
passed,

Then with joy they beheld he was cleansed at
last.

Yes, the old things had passed, and all was
made new,

To his leprouse state he had bidden adieu ;
With love to the God who had healed him he
burned,

And back to the once-depised prophet he
turned.

They met, and embraced, for now they were
one,

Both worshipped the God who such great
things had done ;

Then gratefully Naaman the prophet besought
To accept from his hands the rich gifts he
had brought.

But Elisha would teach him yet one lesson
more,

And therefore no gift will accept from his
store ;

God's priceless salvation he will not thus spoil,
For Naaman is saved without treasure or toil.

He returned to his home and his people to tell
How Israel's great God had done all things
so well ;

And an altar of earth brought from Canaan
he raised,

Where daily the God who had healed him he
praised.

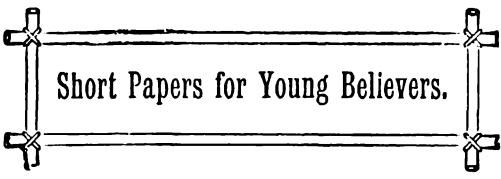
How happy the young captive maiden would
be,

Such a change in the household of Naaman
to see ;

And many, it may be, in glory will stand,
Through her witness for God in that dark
heathen land.

PRAYING BEHIND A WALL.

I REMEMBER hearing from a
Christian man, that, when he
was passing with a cart along the
road one day, he saw a boy behind
a wall engaged in prayer. He was
so much interested that he stopped
his horse, went over the wall quietly,
and listened. So occupied was the
little fellow that he did not observe
him, but went on in the simple, ear-
nest outpouring of his heart to God.
The breathings of that dear babe in
Christ were made the means of
making that man to think about his
soul, and he was afterwards con-
verted to God. It is the believer's
privilege to pray to God at all times
in all places. There need be no
formality about it. Just breathe out
to God the story of your need, no
matter where you may be. Some of
the prayers recorded in Scripture, to
which God gave great and mighty
answers, were offered in strange
places. Daniel's was at a river's side ;
Hannah's in the temple ; Jacob's by
a brook ; Elizer's at a well ; Nehe-
miah's in a palace, while he handed
the king his cup ; Peter's on a house-
top ; Paul's in the Philippian stocks ;
and the blessed Lord's in a garden
and on a mountain. There is direct
communication between a needy
praying soul and heaven ; therefore,
let us not restrain prayer before God,
but let our cry go up into His ear,
from all places and at all times.



Short Papers for Young Believers.

**LOSING OUR PLACE AS
WITNESSES.**

THERE is a possibility of the young believer losing his power to witness for God, and ceasing to have a hold on the consciences of men. The devil watches for his opportunity to blight the believer's testimony, and to close his mouth; and he very often succeeds by tempting him into some forbidden path, or getting him to do some deed unbecoming a follower of Christ. Then the world laughs at him, calls him a hypocrite, and points to his inconsistent conduct. His conscience owns the charge, and his mouth is shut. When the world charges us falsely, it hurts us not; we can go on witnessing for God in the very face of the false accusation, for the "righteous is bold as a lion." But when the charge is true, it is otherwise. The conscience then is defiled; our heart condemns us, and our testimony for God is at an end for the time, and very, very seldom, has it ever much effect in that same circle again.

The children of God should, therefore, very zealously watch against, and constantly seek grace

from God to keep them from, such ways as would cause them to lose their place as God's witnesses. How very sad it is to see some, who were once a power for God, in their warehouses and school rooms, and among their friends at home, now a stumbling-block and a byword among the unsaved. When any one speaks to them about their souls, they take refuge behind the inconsistent professor and say—"Look at So-and-so, he was once like you, and see where he is, and what he does now." The beginning of the path that leads to this sad pitfall is oftentimes very deceptive, and that the young believer may be on his guard, we give the following instances.

Willie B—— was a Sunday school teacher, and sometimes preached the gospel too. He was very earnest, and God blessed him to the conversion of many. Bye and bye, Willie went to business and formed new companionships there. They asked him to play cricket and tennis with them, and Willie, who was getting cold in soul, "did not like to refuse," and so he made a bargain, that if they would go to the gospel meeting with him, he would play a game at cricket with them, and so he did. He was far from happy, and vowed he would'nt go again; but his feet were in the net. Next day, two of the unsaved were heard

saying one to the other, "I wonder that Willie went into such a company yesterday, surely he will never talk about our worldliness again." And Willie's conscience felt the rebuke, and his testimony for God was gone. How could he witness against what he did himself.

Miss M——, when first converted, spoke to every one around her about Christ, and so disgusted her worldly friends, that they would hardly come near her. Possibly she did some unwise things, to reach their souls, but her heart was right with God, and when that is so, He bears with, and blesses in spite of, all our blunders. Bye and bye she became acquainted with one who was a professed believer, but of another type. She thought Miss M—— "was not taking the best way to reach her friends, and suggested that if she would make companions of her cousins, and take part in their harmless amusements, she might gain their confidence and be the means of good to them." This is the kind of sophistry that the devil uses to seduce the Lord's witnesses from their place of real power and influence for God. We can only be the channels of blessing to others when we are right with God ourselves, and no believer can be living in communion with God, who associates with the world, and makes compan-

ions of the unconverted. Miss M—— believed the tempter's lie, and the end of it was, she was found sitting at a worldly evening party, dressed as gaily as any worldling there: while the unconverted young girls who knew what she had professed to be, were whispering to one another in corners of the room, and wondering whether "she had anything to say for her Jesus to-night." But, alas! concerning that dear Name, her tongue was silent. For a time her conscience was uneasy, and when she knelt down before the Lord at night, she felt ashamed. But unless there be honest confession of our wanderings, and a prompt renouncing of the sin, the devil gains the victory; and so Miss M—— got settled down in semi-worldliness, and latterly she fell in love with, and married a worldling.

Dear young believer, if you want to have a clear and decided ring in your testimony for God, flee from the very appearance of evil. Avoid every questionable path, and shun the company of those whose influence would lower the tone of your spiritual life.



SEEK not how near the world you can walk without defiling your garments, but let the line be clear and broad that marks your separation from it.

JOTTINGS

From a Sunday School Teachers' Conference.

“OUR School has doubled its numbers during the last six months. This is mainly due to the efforts of two workers who go out every Sunday afternoon, while the other Teachers are engaged with their classes, and gather in new scholars. There are plenty of children to be found, who go to no Sunday-school, and many of these are now constant attenders.”

“We had a series of special nightly meetings for the children last winter. A number of brethren, from various places, who serve the Lord among the children, and who have a heart and ability to speak to them, gave addresses, and there was much blessing. Three or four professed faith every night, and most of them go on steadily and happily.”

“We have a young believer's Bible Class for boys, and another for girls, and there is a great interest manifest among them in the searching of the Word.”

Questions.

QUESTION XXVI.—*Does “Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life” (John v. 39), mean, that a believer cannot know, but only think that he is saved?*

ANSWER.—These words were not spoken to believers, but to Jews who “believed not” (see verse 38). They professed to have a great esteem for Moses and the Holy Writings, while they rejected Him of whom these Writings testified—even Christ. They *thought* their eternal life was sure, because they gave heed to the letter of the law, and kept the traditions. But it is only—“He that hath the Son,” that “hath life,” and such do not need to think that they have it, for God has said—“These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have ETERNAL LIFE” (1 John v. 13). So “We *know* that we have passed from death to life” (1 John iii. 14).

Words to Workers.

FISHING FOR MEN.

“COME ye after Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men” (Mark i. 17.)
 “Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt *catch* men” (Luke v. 10). These were the words with which the Lord Jesus greeted the two Galilean fishermen, Simon, and Andrew, his brother, on the day that He called them to serve Him. They apply to all who go forth with Christ's gospel among needy souls, whether it be as preachers, visitors, or Sunday-school Teachers. The great aim before the fisherman is to “catch” fish, and nothing short of “catching men” should satisfy us. But there are certain hinderances to successful fishing, and so there are in the great work of catching men.

There was once upon a time, that a sportsman went out to fish in a Highland stream. His long boots, large basket, and hat full of artificial flies, seemed to indicate that he was a fisherman of no mean rank, and the manner in which he kept casting his line on the stream, showed that he had considerable ability. But in spite of his splendid outfit and his talent, his basket was empty, and not a fish would bite. Across the stream, half hid behind a rock, was a barefooted boy, with a hazel stick in his hand. No cap on his head, or basket on his shoulder had he, but at his feet there lay a row of splendid fish which he had caught; and all within a few minutes, and before the talented sportsman's eyes. There was certainly nothing *special* about the boy, only this, that he had fish and the gentleman opposite had none. It seemed strange and rather aggravating; so at last putting pride to one side, he condescended to ask the boy, whether the fish were all at his side of the stream, or what was the secret of his success. The boy's reply was short, but practical. In Highland dialect, he quietly said—“Nae fears, but the fish will come tae your side, if ye stan' like me, but mind this, *if ye want tae tak' fish, ye maun hide yersel'.*” This is true in fishing for souls. *Self* exalted is one great hinderance to success in soul winning. The frequent use of the capital “I” in preaching: the display of *our* eloquence, *our* cleverness or *our* knowledge will gain nothing for God. All this is *flesh*, and the Holy Spirit will not use what God has condemned. Exalt Christ: speak of Christ, and hide self. One who caught many souls said—“We preach not *ourselves*, but Christ Jesus the Lord.”

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AND
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Compiled by the Editor of *The Young Watchman*.

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We shall be glad to have the help of all our readers in making known *THE WATCHMAN* among their friends, in places where it is as yet a stranger, and will send a packet of sample copies—*post free*—to any of God's people who will hand them to Sunday School Superintendents, and others labouring among the young, if they send us their name and address.

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JOHN RITCHIE

20 Princes Street, KILMARNOCK,
Scotland.

The Young Watchman.

No. 24.]

DECEMBER, 1884.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



LIZZIE; Or, THE TWO CHRISTMAS WEEKS.

LIZZIE;

OR,

THE TWO CHRISTMAS WEEKS.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS WEEK.

IN a little seaport town on the Firth of Clyde, there lived, a few years ago, a little girl, whose name was Lizzie. She was the eldest of the family, and had a brother and little sister younger than herself. Her mother loved the Lord, and ever since Lizzie's baby-days she had been earnestly praying that the Lord would early save her little girl. It was a trial to her mother's faith and patience, to see her growing up beside her yet unsaved, and she sought every means to bring home to her soul the solemn verities of sin and judgment. For a long time the truth seemed to gain but little hold upon her conscience, and she heard as if she heard it not. The first time I remember seeing her was when she was a little over ten years of age, and I thought then she was one of the most careless young girls I had ever seen. She came every night to a children's meeting, bringing her younger brother with her, but it was no easy matter to get a word spoken to her individually as to the state of her soul. The very moment that the first meeting was over she made a dash for the door, dragging her little brother behind her, lest any of

the Lord's people might get hold of her and speak to her. We always allowed her to go without any attempt being made to detain her, for we must not *force* the young heart open to receive the Gospel, or too prematurely urge upon a soul not fully awakened to see its need before God, a confession of receiving Christ. No doubt there has been, and is much harm done, and more especially among the young, in urging them to profess a faith that they little understand, and to say they believe the Gospel before they have learned their own sinfulness in the sight of a holy God. Better far to patiently keep the solemn truths of their ruin and danger before them; earnestly and lovingly seeking to lead them to Christ, but leaving room for *God* to save their souls; for we must ever remember that there can be no conversion, and no new birth, apart from the quickening of the Holy Spirit.

Days and weeks sped on, and still Lizzie came to hear the Word, and still she kept aloof from Christ. Many of her schoolmates were being saved, and they were praying for, and speaking to her. At last the first sign of anxiety was seen, and the once careless Lizzie's face wore an anxious look. Deep down within her soul, the Word of God was doing its work of conviction, and she

could hide it no longer. Lizzie kept her seat at the close of the address one evening, with her head bowed, and the tear in her eye. I spoke a few words to her, and she sobbed bitterly.

“O, how I wish I was saved,” she said.

“Well, Lizzie,” I said, “I am very sure that God wishes your salvation too, and I know that He will save you to-night if you are willing to be saved in His way; but I must remind you, Lizzie, that God will not step out of His own appointed way to save anybody. You must receive Christ to be your own personal Saviour, and believe that He died on the cross for your transgressions. You know He says in His Word that ‘Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,’ and I know He means what He says. The only open question between your soul and God to-night, Lizzie, is whether you will *receive* or *reject* the Christ of God. On your decision hangs your soul’s salvation or its damnation. I must now say good-night, and leave you to settle it with Him.” And she did settle it that night, and there was joy in heaven over her salvation, and Lizzie’s soul was filled with joy and peace in believing. It was Christmas time, and to Lizzie and her mother it was truly a time of joy. The

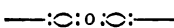
world was feasting and jesting in supposed commemoration of a rejected Saviour’s birth; but Lizzie, with her young companions in Christ, were rejoicing with the heavenly host, as did the Bethlehem shepherds over a Saviour found.

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Lizzie went on her way rejoicing, and her conversion was manifest to all who came in contact with her. She had been sometimes very wilful and perverse at home; now she was so docile and obedient. Her obedience to, and desire to help, her mother, was one of the marked fruits of the new life in Lizzie’s soul, and surely so it ought to be in all the children of faith, when God has said, “Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing to the Lord” (Col. iii. 20). But the Lord was soon to call her to her home above. She was always a slender, weakly child, and, a few months after her conversion, she caught a cold. It settled on her lungs, and consumption followed. She suffered much, but murmured not. From her lonely couch the song of praise went up to God’s own throne, and from her lips the solemn word of warning to the lost. The children often called to see her as they came from school, and she had a word for each of them. Her

little fellow-saints seemed glad to be often with her, as she neared the glory land, and she liked them to read to her portions of the Word, and to sing hymns. She quietly fell asleep in Jesus on the last week of the year, and as the children were spending their Christmas and New-Year holidays, her body was laid in the silent tomb to await the morning of the first resurrection.

My dear young reader, how is it with your soul? Are you ready to die? Is your soul cleansed from sin, and fit for the holy paradise of God? If not, I earnestly and lovingly beseech you not to delay any longer in receiving Christ. Before another Christmas comes, you may be called, like Lizzie, to die, and well would it be for your soul, if like her, you were ready.



THE STAIN OF GUILT.

DURING the still hours of night, a band of thieves broke into a house in the city of Edinburgh. When the morning came, the owner found that much valuable property had been stolen, and immediately informed the police. When they came to examine the house, they found that the thieves had escaped by a window, and that one or more of them had

been wounded. Blood stained the window and the grass around. They had found a clue. Drop by drop the blood was traced along the avenue, then along the pavement. Up one lane and down another, the blood-stain led them, until they reached an open court. Then up a flight of steps it stopped at the door of a house. They entered and found there a man with a bleeding hand. His face grew ghastly pale as the officers of justice told their errand. He pleaded ignorance of the crime, but the silent witness of the blood-stain stood there against him. He could no longer deny it, and so justice seized its victim and found the stolen articles with him. And so shall the sinner be found out.

Reader, remember it is written, "Be sure your sin will find you out." You may try to cover it, but "it will find you out." You cannot hide it from the living God. If you die without forgiveness, your secret sins will meet you in the judgment. But God awaits in grace to cover your sins. A shower of snow would have hid the blood-stain from the sight of justice, and presented its own purity to the eye. So it is with the sinner who owns his guilt before God and flees to Christ for forgiveness—trusting in His blood alone.

HULDAH'S DEATH-BED.

DID you ever stand, dear young reader, beside the bed of one who was dying? The body once so strong and active, now lying wasted by sickness and disease; the eye once so bright with health, now glazed and expressionless, and the heavy, laboured breathing, all telling the one tale—that the end is near. And this is an every-day reality, for men and women, boys and girls, are dying and passing into eternity, to spend it in heaven or hell.

It was my lot to stand by the side of one young in years, who died a short time ago; and, as she left no doubt in the mind of any who witnessed her departure, that for her to be “absent from the body” was to be “present with the Lord,” I thought I would like to tell you a little about her.

Huldah S—— was about sixteen years of age when she received Christ as her own Saviour, and was born again (John i. 11, 12), for, like all who are really saved, there was a time and a point in Huldah's history when she “passed from death unto life” (John v. 24).

When Huldah was about sixteen years of age, a sister, who was a Christian, took occasion to speak with her plainly about her soul, warning her faithfully of her guilt

and danger in rejecting Christ; and telling her that, should she die as she was, in her sins, she would be lost for ever. This God used to the awakening and salvation of Huldah's soul; and, from that time forward, the Word of God was her sole delight, and the company of those who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, was eagerly sought and enjoyed.

A few years passed by, and Huldah was suddenly laid upon a bed of sickness. At first her friends found no cause for alarm, but it became apparent in a short time, that the Lord was soon to take her to be with Himself. The tidings that she could not recover was a message of joy to dear Huldah, and, from that time, her incessant talk was of the prospect before her of soon seeing the One who died for her.

Two nights before her death, she called her friends around her, as she said she wished to speak with them before she got too weak to do so. Father, mother, and friends gathered in the room, and to one after another she spoke plainly of death, judgment, and eternity. To the one who had been the means of her conversion, she said, as she drew near to kiss her—“Dear R——, I am so glad you spoke to me about my soul that time, for now I have Christ, and I am going to see Him

and praise Him for ever." To another she put the solemn, pointed question, "If you were to die to-night, are you ready?" "Well, Huldah," was the reply, "I can't say I am, but you know I have always tried to be a good girl." "That won't do," she answered, "you must be born again; it is *Christ* you need!" The next day, a sister, who had been unable to be with her the night before, came to see her; and, as she twined her poor, wasted arms around her sister's neck, she said, "O! dear A——, I am just going to see Jesus, and I want to see you there; and He says, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37). He loves you, and wants to save you. Yes, yes—

'Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to
redeem;

Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree;
Oh! I am certain that Jesus loves me!'"

As night drew on, the fever increased, and with it delirium. Father, mother, sisters, and friends were all forgotten and unrecognised—only one Name was known and remembered, and that was the name of Jesus.

"Do you know Jesus, Huldah?" was asked her at one time when the fever was at its height. Reason seemed to return at the mention of that precious Name.

"O! yes," she answered, "I know Jesus; He died that I might live."

"And you will see Him soon?" they said inquiringly.

"Yes, yes!" was the happy response, "I'll see Him face to face to-morrow morning."

"And what will you do when you see Him?" they asked.

"I'll just fall at His feet and praise Him for evermore," she replied, as a happy smile lit up her face.

"But, Huldah, why should *you* praise *Him*?"

"Just for His wondrous love in dying for me," she answered.

Here the conversation ended, and the delirium continued to increase, until near morning, when it seemed to exhaust itself, and she quietly passed away into the presence of the Lord.

Now, dear young reader, this is an instance of how the Lord gives grace and strength to those who trust Him, so that, in prospect of meeting God, they can calmly rejoice. Thrice happy soul, who, having Christ, has nothing now to fear, for "He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John v. 12).



A VERSE for the LITTLE ONES.

Jesus left His home on high,
Came to earth to bleed and die;
Suffered on the cruel tree,
From the curse to set me free.
Jesus, I on Thee believe,
To my heart Thyself receive,
Thou alone my Saviour dear,
I will trust Thee without fear.

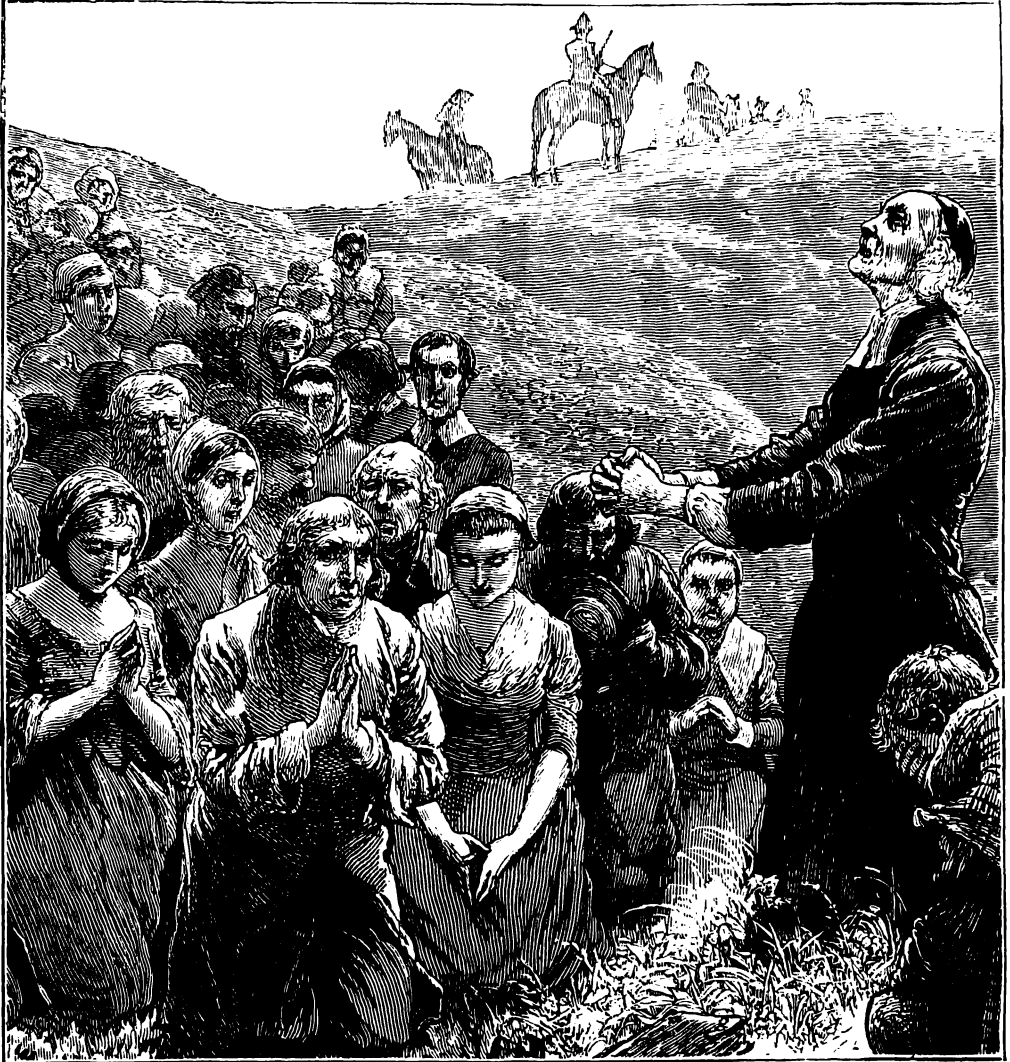
Stories of Scottish Martyrs.

ALEXANDER PEDEN.

DURING the times of persecution in Scotland, it was com-

mon to meet for the worship of God, and to hear His Gospel preached, in the open air. These meetings were called conventicles.

They were forbidden by the king, and generally held in some sequestered glen, or on some solitary moor-



land, to conceal them from the eyes of the persecutors, who scoured the country on horseback, commissioned by the king to seize as prisoners, whoever they found engaged thus. While the conventicle was being held

in the glen, watchers were stationed on the surrounding hills to warn them of the approach of the persecutors, and very often the voice of praise and prayer was suddenly hushed, and the congregation rudely scattered, fleeing for their lives before a company of bloodthirsty troopers.

Many of those who preached the Gospel had to leave their families, and live in caves and other secret hiding-places, for the king and his prelates had issued a decree commanding that "all who convocate or conduct such conventicles in the fields be punished with death." Many were slain, and others were, by remarkable deliverances from the hand of God, kept alive to bear further witness for the truth. There are some strange legends told of these times that we can hardly credit, but many of the records are authentic, and although our lines are cast in more pleasant places and in more peaceful times, the people of God may well be encouraged to steadfastness in the faith, and fidelity to God and to His yet rejected Christ, by the remembrance of His goodness and faithfulness to those true men who trusted in, and lived for, God.

The name of Alexander Peden is intimately associated with these times. He was a man of God in whose life many remarkable events

occurred. He, along with some three hundred and fifty ministers, were ejected from their homes in the dead of winter, and denounced as traitors. From that time until the day that the Lord took him, he seems to have had no settled dwelling-place; he lived like those of whom it is written, "they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." At one time working on a farm and sharing the bed of a plough-boy, who objected to have him as a bed-fellow because he prayed all night. At another, living all alone in the solitudes of Glendyne. While living at this latter place, he ventured out one lovely summer day to visit an aged man of God who lived in a moorland cottage near. The two spent the day in happy fellowship, and after sunset Peden left to return to his lonely cave. As he was quietly trudging along the foot-path, leaning on his staff for support, several troopers came in sight. He tried to run, but found himself too feeble, so he crept into a cavity covered by long grass, close by a stream, and lay trusting himself to God. The troopers dashed on across the stream, the hoof of one of their horses coming so close to his hiding-place that it grazed his head, and buried his bonnet in the earth. At another time, in Galloway, he was, with some others, pursued among the hills. It

seemed as if their escape was impossible, so closely did the enemy pursue them. Kneeling down among the heather, Peden said, let us pray; and there he poured out his heart to God, saying, "Lord send them after those who have strength to flee, for our strength is gone. Twine them about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of Thy cloak over old Sandy and these poor things, and we'll keep it in remembrance, and tell it to the commendation of Thy goodness." A thick cloud of mist came rolling down from the hill-top, and shrouded them from their pursuers. He gave his last public testimony at Collinwood, and soon after retired to his brother's house at Sorn, in Ayrshire, where he was born. There he lived in a cave dug out of the earth, and covered by a willow tree. One morning early he left it and came to his brother's house. His sister-in-law met him at the door, and asked him where he was going. He replied, "I have done with the cave, it is discovered, but there is no matter; within forty-eight hours I will be beyond their reach." And thus it was; for, within two days his toils were ended, and his spirit was absent from the body and peacefully resting in the presence of the Lord. A company of troopers lifted his body from the tomb, and ruthlessly carried it to Cunnock, where "Peden's tomb" may still be seen.



Short Papers for Young Believers.

NOTHING UNWORTHY OF
A KING'S SON.

WHEN the great French revolution broke out, the young Duke of Orleans fled for his life to a quiet village in Switzerland, where he took a situation as assistant schoolmaster. By-and-by he was called to the throne of France, under the title of Louis Phillipe. The Swiss villagers were astonished when they heard who had been among them, and some who had lived near him were heard to say one to another, "When he lived here among us, he did nothing unworthy of a king's son." This was a good testimony to the young prince. Could the same be said of you, young believer, by those among whom you live? You are a son of God, and an heir of glory. One day soon, you will be called to sit down with Christ upon His throne; but, in the meantime, you are here, and you ought to be "the son of God without rebuke" in the midst of those among whom you live. But is it so? Is the world obliged to say, as they look upon your ways and acts from day to day, as they said of Gideon's brethren, "each one resembled the children of a king" (Judges viii. 18).

A PARTING WORD.

WE have now to pen a parting word, and say "good-bye" to another year. It seems so short a time since we heard the new-year's greeting, and now its days and hours are well-nigh run. Thus quickly, almost unconsciously flows on life's rapid stream, bearing us on its bosom to the great for ever—the eternity beyond. Some who stood alongside us on last new-year's morning, are absent from our circle now; their places are empty here on earth, and filled in heaven or hell. Some of them we know have gone to that fair land, where Jesus welcomes His weary ones to rest, and where earth's toils and tears are all unknown. They claimed Him as their only Saviour—many of them in early years—they owned Him as their Lord and Master during their days of Christian life, and now they rest and wait with Him until He shall lead them forth in triumph, to welcome those who are alive and remain.

Some who read these pages month by month will remember this year for ever, for during its course they have been born of God. Their second birthday is in 1884. Thanks be unto God. Would that it were so with all our readers, but the painful fact remains that it is not. Some of you are still unsaved, unpardoned, and unprepared to meet your God. Nearer to the dark and woeful hell of the lost, than at the beginning of this year. This is an awful thought; surely enough to startle and awaken you to concern about your soul. Another year's end will come,

but, O, what changes will it bring! The grave may then have closed above your lifeless clay; O, what if the gates of hell have closed upon your hopeless soul? It is not so now—thank God there is time yet to flee to Jesus. Time to hasten to His feet, and, owning yourself a sinner, claim Him as your Saviour, but none to spare; no, not an hour.

—:~::~:~::~:—

TO OUR READERS.

THE present issue completes the second volume of *The Young Watchman*, and the second year of its circulation as a monthly magazine. We most heartily thank the friends who have co-operated with us in this little service, by contributing to its pages, by circulating the magazine, and by bringing it under the notice of others. When first we thought of sending forth the little paper, it was merely to supply a local need; but before the first number was in print, we were convinced that the same need was more widely felt, and so *The Young Watchman* was sent broadcast everywhere. From the beginning up to the present, the circulation has slowly, but steadily increased. Even now it is by no means large, compared with the tons of positively godless literature that monthly find their way in among the young folks, carrying moral corruption wherever they go. But we do not despise the day of small things, but rather take courage and praise the Lord for many tokens of His smile and blessing. During the year we have received many letters from parents and Sunday school teachers,

telling of the conversion of children through reading our pages, and of restoration of soul in the case of others who had left their early love. To God be all the praise.

In looking forward to another year of the issue of *The Young Watchman*, we would ask the renewed and vigorous co-operation of the people of God, and their earnest prayers that it may be kept fresh and savoury; that the truth of the Gospel may go forth with increased earnestness and power to the lost, and a helping word to the lambs of the Lord's flock. Eternity is drawing near with all its verities, both to saint and sinner, and our day of labour will soon be past. Dark clouds of infidelity and ungodliness are thickening overhead and around. The path that our young folks will soon have to tread in the world, is beset with dangers great and many, and it will be well for them, if now their souls are saved, and their minds and hearts well stored with the truths of God's most holy Word. This is the only antidote and preservative for either young or old.

The "Bible Searching" has been much appreciated by the children, and they have manifested great interest in it; it will be continued from time to time if the Lord will. As many of our readers are no longer children, but young men and women, we hope to open a page of the magazine for them, and ask them to write short papers on Bible subjects, and Bible biographies. This will lead them to search the Scriptures for their own soul's good, and we trust it may accustom those of them who

are the Lord's, to communicate what they find to others.

We would earnestly ask the reader to help us in increasing the circulation, and thus the spread of the truth. If your own soul has derived any benefit from the little paper, try and get others to read it. Many are the ways that we may thus scatter the seed. The following plans, well worth imitating, have been adopted during the past year by some of our subscribers. A Sunday school teacher gives one to each of his scholars monthly, and asks us to post a copy to each of his former scholars now scattered through England, Switzerland, and America. A district visitor leaves a copy in every house, once a month, with an invitation to the Gospel meeting and Sunday school. The result is an increase in numbers and interest. Some who labour among the children would like to circulate the little paper, but lack the means; others who have the means lack the opportunity and the time to circulate it. Surely the one might help the other. We have to thank several unknown friends, who have during the year entrusted us with sums wherewith to supply the magazine free to those unable to buy it, and these have very thankfully received them. We shall be glad to send a sample packet to any of our readers, post free, who wish to make it known in places where it is yet a stranger.

NEW ORDERS.

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