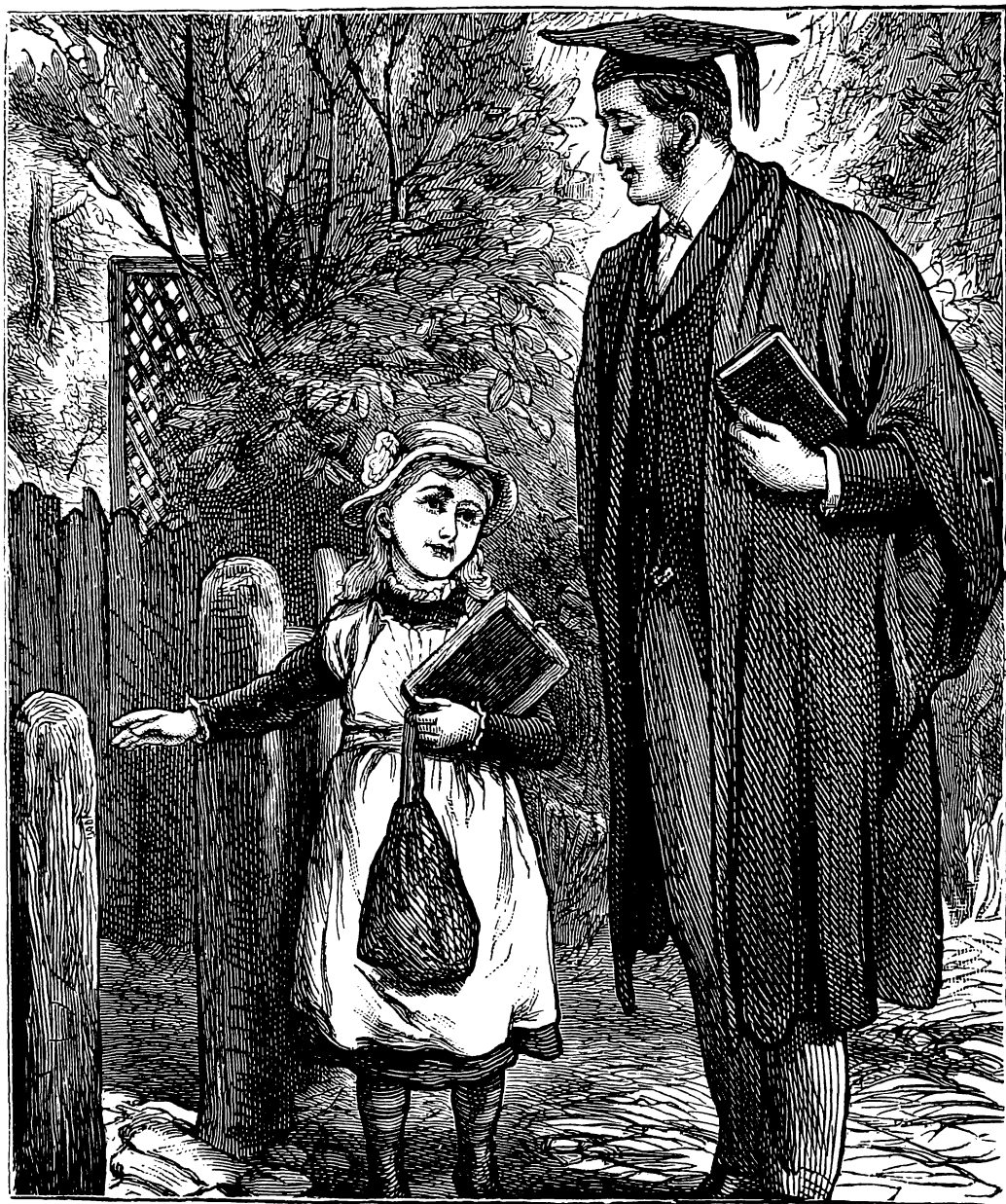


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THE  
Young Watchman.

—\*—  
VOL. III.

# FRONTISPIECE.



THE IRISH GIRL AND THE DOCTOR.

*(See page 62).*

THE

# Young Watchman.



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*ILLUSTRATED.*  
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JOHN RITCHIE, "THE YOUNG WATCHMAN OFFICE," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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# The Young Watchman.

No. 25.]

JANUARY, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE APPRENTICE BOYS.

## THE APPRENTICE BOYS.



WILLIE, ANDREW, GEORGE, and JOHN were companions. They were all orphans, all absent from home, and all at trades in the same town.

Nearly alike in age, and so much alike in circumstances, the four boys seemed naturally drawn together in mutual friendship. They had been earnestly warned before leaving their homes, against keeping company with profane and wicked youths, and against card-playing, gambling, and the like, and to these affectionate warnings they had given heed. It would be well for all our young men and youths when they remove from under the parental roof and from the circle of a happy home, to begin life in the world, if they would do the same. How many fair and promising young men are annually wrecked and ruined, in health and character, in body and soul, for time and eternity, through frequenting the haunts of the gambler and the drunkard, and these are now sown broadcast through every city, town, and village in the civilized world, under flattering titles, and surrounded by fair attractions.

The boys were mercifully preserved from such haunts and company, and so far as moral life and conduct are concerned, they were patterns to those around them. But they were all unsaved as regards their souls; unregenerated in their nature, and unfit for heaven.

Spiritual things were at very low ebb, in the town where the boys were serving their apprenticeships. Most of the people, young and old, seemed to sail along quietly and smoothly; one and another dropping off in death, but leaving little impression upon those who remained. There was a Young Men's Christian Association in the place, but it had degenerated into a sort of "Debating Association" where all sorts of subjects—secular, political, and sacred—played their part, with little, if anything, that would arouse a sinner to concern about his soul. The boys went there and they liked it; beyond that it did nothing for them. But, if the people of God decline in soul, and fail to do the work entrusted to them, of winning souls for Christ, God can find others to do His work and so He always does.

The boys were walking down the street one night, when a placard on the wall attracted their attention. It intimated that Gospel Addresses would be given each evening the following week, in the Town Hall.

This was something very unusual, in their day at least, and the boys simultaneously said, "Let us go."

#### CONVERSION.

Sunday evening came, and three of them were there. It was a wonderful meeting. The preacher was a young man belonging to a neighbouring town, who had himself been recently converted. Full of first love and zeal for God, his soul inflamed with compassion for the lost, he spoke with an earnestness that fairly secured the attention of the boys, and before he had finished his address, they were all deeply convinced of sin, and truly anxious to be saved. At the door they quietly said "good night," and each hastened to his lodgings, there to meet with God, and to deal with the great question of his soul's salvation. John was the first to pass from death to life. That very night, in the solitude of his bedroom, with his Bible open before him at the third chapter of John and his finger on the last verse, he accepted the Lord Jesus to be his Saviour, and believed the Word of God. Five nights after, Willie trusted his soul to Christ while walking alone on the road, and Andrew, whose master was a believer, and who had been wonderfully stirred up at the meetings, was saved in the workshop while his

master was reading a gospel book in his hearing. Only George now remained, and for his conversion the other three laboured and prayed. He was in reality anxious about his soul, but he wanted to feel a change of heart before he believed God. On a Sunday night, while the boys were on their knees praying for him in his lodgings, the words of Isaiah liii. 8, were brought to his mind, and through them he believed God's testimony concerning His Son and was saved. The unbroken circle was now the Lord's. The four boys were now brothers and companions in Christ; children of the same Father, more closely attached and united now, than they had ever been before; fellow-heirs, and fellow-travellers to heaven.

How blessed it is to be saved, and especially to be saved in early days. How happy is the youthful heart that has Christ for a portion!

Reader, is this portion yours? Have you received Christ as your own personal Saviour? If not, will you do so to-day and your soul shall be saved.

#### SPIRITUAL BABYHOOD.

The boys took their stand at once and openly, on the Lord's side. They had a good deal to suffer from the ungodly youths of the town, but they bore it patiently. They were always

glad when the evening came, that they might meet together and help each other. When there was no meeting they spent the evening reading the Scriptures, singing hymns, and speaking together of Christ, and things that concern His kingdom; or, as it very often happened, they would go together to the house of an old bed-ridden saint, whose long experience and knowledge of her Lord, enabled her to help them much. The hallowed hours spent beside that lonely saint will never be forgotten, for it was there that they learned their early lessons in the school of God, and there they were equipped and furnished for the service of the Lord in after days.

In the fine summer mornings, the boys rose early, and met by the river side to read the Word of God or some helpful scriptural book, before they went to work for the day, and by feeding on the manna gathered in these morning hours, they were strengthened for the battle of the day. Well would it be for every young believer to begin the day thus with God, and with His Word.

Reader, if you are a believer, are you in the habit of seeking the Lord's face and of gathering the manna fresh before the bustle of the day begins, or do you sally forth into the world's commotion, prayerless and barren in soul.

#### SERVICE FOR THE LORD.

The boys began to serve their new Master in lowly spheres. They were poor and had no money to buy tracts, but they wrote gospel texts on slips of paper, and laid them down by the way-side, where the passers by might read them. They had meetings among the children, and the Lord blessed their efforts to the conversion of many. An aged saint suggested that they might have a meeting once a week in her cottage. This was a great undertaking, and it was prayed over for many days. It was with fear and trembling that they attempted to open their mouths for the first time there, to tell the story of redeeming love; and while one was speaking, the others earnestly prayed for Divine power to help him. Thus were they fellow-labourers in the Gospel of Christ. The first night the Lord saved a young man's soul at the meeting, and gave them in him another companion and helper; and thus it went on for weeks and months. The four boys have grown up to manhood. George has gone to live in Canada; the other three are here, still following the Lord, preaching His gospel, and winning souls. They do not regret their early choice, but often thank the Lord that He saved them when they were apprentice boys.



## A NEW YEAR'S DECISION.

**I**T was the last day of the year, and the last hour of the day. There lay in a lonely room a girl apparently dying. She was young, and only a few short weeks before had been moving in a circle of gay and worldly society.

“Has the old year run out, mother dear?” she asked, as she clasped her mother’s hand and wept. “Not quite, my darling,” said her mother, “but why do you ask that?” “I was thinking of my past life. How like the barren tree whose owner said ‘cut it down.’” “But, mother dear, was there not something said about letting it alone another year?” The family Bible was brought, and the solemn and touching story of the barren fig tree was read to her. “Yes, that’s it mother. O, I wish God would spare me another year as He spared that tree! Do you think He will?” “I cannot tell you, Lucy dear; we will in a few moments enter on another year, and I would earnestly ask you to accept Jesus as your Saviour, and enter it a new creature in Christ.” The clock struck twelve, and Lucy feebly said, “Lord Jesus, I accept Thee to be my Saviour;” and that moment she passed from death to life, and after a few months of joy and peace, she went to be with Jesus. It was to her, “a happy new year.” Reader, et it be so thus, to you.

## MAGGIE AND ROVER.

**M**AGGIE lived in a country farm-house, a little distance from the town. She was sometimes sent with letters for the post, and other errands among the shops in town; and wherever she went, Rover, the big watch-dog, always accompanied her. He was very fond of Maggie, and would walk close by her side the whole way. There was no fear of anybody interfering with her so long as Rover was by her side, or if they had attempted to do so, they would have dearly paid for it. And well did Maggie know this, and so she placed full confidence in her keeper. Even in the dark nights, she would come and go without the slightest fear, so strong was her confidence in Rover’s protective power. This went on for several years, until Maggie had grown up to be a big girl, and shall I tell you what then took place?

It was a very sad day at the farm when it became known that Maggie’s father had died. He was a saved man, and loved the Lord Jesus, and so he went to be with Him. But they greatly missed him at the farm, and especially Maggie. She had often heard her father speak about going to heaven, and how a sinner could be made fit for that holy place; and he had earnestly prayed

before he died that they all might be saved, and meet him there. Now he had gone, and Maggie at least was beginning to think about her soul. She loved her father so much, and it came to her one day while thinking about him in this way: "What if I should never see my

father again? He was saved, and he has gone to be with Jesus; and I too must be saved, else I cannot go there." Such were Maggie's thoughts, and daily they gave her more concern. She knew the Gospel well, and very often thought she believed on Jesus; but still the fear remained, that after all she might not get to heaven.

One Sunday night, she went to hear the Gospel preached. The message that night was exactly what she needed; and the preacher clearly showed, that when once a sinner puts his trust in Jesus, he need not fear, for God will save and keep that soul secure for ever.

Isaiah sings, "I will trust, and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 3); and David says, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me" (Psa. xxiii.).

Maggie saw it all. She used to trust herself so implicitly to Rover



coming along the road in the dark nights, that she feared no evil, and so surely she might trust the Lord Jesus with her soul and fear as little. And so Maggie trusted herself to Jesus, and she was saved. The fears and doubts were all gone now, for she knew that a mightier than Rover was

now her Friend and Keeper, even Him who has said, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness" (Isa. xli. 10).

Dear young reader, have you trusted your soul to Jesus.



Bible Themes Illustrated.

REDEMPTION.

**T**HIS is a big word, but I will try and break it down for you a little, that you may be better able to understand it. To redeem, means "to buy back," or, "to dismiss because of a ransom paid."

There was once an English gentleman on a visit to the Southern States, during the time of slavery. As he passed an auction mart, he saw a little girl put up for sale, and she was crying bitterly. The gentleman was moved with compassion for the little slave, and asked her price. It was a large sum, but he paid it, and received her discharge written on parchment, which he handed to her. She was now free because the ransom price had been paid by another, and so full of thanks was her little heart, that she followed the English gentleman along the street, crying aloud, "*He redeemed me*"—"HE redeemed me."

This may help you to understand what is the meaning of redemption.

Now if you look in your Bible, you will find two texts telling us of redemption in different aspects.

1. The redemption of the soul (Psa. xlix. 8).
2. The redemption of the body (Rom. viii. 23).

We are all by nature the slaves of

sin, both in our souls and in our bodies. This is why we need to be redeemed. When God made man at the beginning, his soul and his body were free from sin, but after he believed the lie of Satan, and sinned against God, his soul became defiled by sin, and his body subject to disease and death.

But God did not leave him in this terrible bondage. He provided a Redeemer. All down through the Old Testament times, God was keeping this before the people by types and shadows. Thus, you may remember how the first-born son of every Hebrew household in Egypt, must either be redeemed by the blood of a lamb, or slain by the sword. We are told that even the firstling of an ass had to be redeemed, or have its neck broken. This was very humbling, for it put the bright intelligent boy, the light and pride of his father's house, on the same level as an ass. Both were unclean, and both must either be redeemed or destroyed. We are all in the same condemnation, but in our case God has provided the ransom. "He sent *redemption* to His people" (Psa. cxi. 9), and this was found in the precious blood of Christ. All who believe on Him can say, "in whom we *have* redemption through His blood" (Eph. i. 7), and they sing, "Thou *hast* redeemed us to God by Thy blood" (Rev. v. 9).

How blessed it is for the sinner thus to be set free, to be redeemed from "the curse" (Gal. iii. 13), and from "all iniquity" (Titus ii. 14). There can be no true happiness in the bondage of sin, but once the soul is set free it finds its joy in God.

A little boy was coming along a country lane one morning with something tightly clasped to his bosom. A stranger walking, came alongside of the boy and saw it was a little bird. "Why do you keep the pretty bird a prisoner," said the stranger, "you ought to let it go free." "Not likely," said the little chap. "Will you sell it, then," said the stranger. "Yes," said the boy. So the price was paid, and the redeemed bird was set free. It soared into the heavens and soon began to sing. And thus it is with those whom Jesus has set free. They rise to seek their joys above, and sing redemption's song.

But the "redemption of the body" is yet future. Many of the Lord's redeemed ones have fallen asleep. Their bodies were laid in the cold tomb, and never yet have they been raised out of it. But in that glad moment when Jesus comes again, He will cause the dead in Christ to rise in bodies of glory, and He will change the bodies of all His people who are alive on the earth, and make them like His own.

## Short Papers for Young Believers

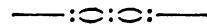
### WORLDLINESS.

**ONE** of the greatest hindrances to the spiritual growth and usefulness of young believers is worldliness.


Some, at the time of their conversion, fail to make a "clean cut" between them and the world, and the consequence is, they never get on. It's hard to tell whether such are the Lord's or not, but one thing is perfectly clear, and that is, that they make no progress. A Chinese girl's foot is put into an iron shoe soon after her birth, and, of course, it does not grow; and some who profess to have been born again for years, are in the same deplorable state. The world, in some of its varied forms, has got its iron fetter around them, and there they are, dwarfs as regards spiritual stature, maimed and halt as regards godly walk. The devil doesn't care particularly what form this worldliness takes, it is enough for his purpose that the believer becomes practically useless by its power. One goes wild with dress, and spends hours in her dressing room instead of her closet; half-an-hour before the looking glass arranging her dress, before she goes

to a meeting, and not half-a-minute before the throne of grace searching her heart. It is positively shameful to see young men and women, and even boys and girls who profess to be the Lord's, seeking to run apace with worldlings in gaiety and fashion. Some of them spending pounds on gaudy dress and trifles; not even pence for God: having costly jewellery and borrowed hymn books, silver-mounted walking sticks and tattered Bibles. People sometimes say, "O, it matters little about these things if the heart's right." Quite so, but then the heart is not right, else these would'nt be there. As an honest man once said, "if you see a fox's tail peeping out of a hole you may be sure the fox is within," and if these things be outside, they generally indicate pretty nearly what's within. Flee from these things. Seek even in your dress to take God into your confidence. Consult Him, and He will put you right. Worldly company is another "iron shoe." If a young believer make companions of religious professors, of questionable repute, they generally bring him down to their own level, and the devil accomplishes by their means what he never could, by an out-and-out worldling. If you want to prosper in your soul, shun the companionship and ways of such, my dear young believer. Pray for, and

seek to help them, but walk not with them. Seek to walk with God; dwell in His presence; feed on His Word. Thus, you will grow like the palm tree, and like the cedar of Lebanon. Your soul will be happy, and you will have no heart for the world. Jesus will be your joy, and you will be careful even in little things to please Him. The Lord bless you, and make His face to shine upon you, and give you peace.



### SOMETHING BETTER.

 LITTLE boy got hold of a knife one day and was grasping it tightly by the sharp blade in his hand. His mother saw the danger and tried to take it from him, but this only made him grasp it more firmly. She seized an orange, and held it up before him, and, in a moment, he raised his little hand to grasp the orange, and, unconsciously, the knife fell out. He was so occupied now with the orange, that he forgot all about the knife. He had got something better.

This is just how God takes sins and worldly habits away from us. Those who have no Christ cannot give up the world: it is all they have. But when Christ is received: how quickly then these things are let drop. This is the cure for worldliness. My dear reader, have you tried it?

## NARRATIVES OF CONVERSION.

WRITTEN BY THE YOUNG FOLKS.

**W**HEN I was seven years old, my soul was awakened to a sense of its exceeding sinfulness. My mother endeavoured to impress on our hearts the realities of eternity, and I became so frightened at the thought of death and hell, that often my head tossed wearily on the pillow, when I ought to have been sleeping.

My mother was particularly anxious that we should not be mere professors, and her constant pleading was, "don't be hypocrites! Christ is a reality; eternity is a reality. Don't say that you are saved until you have accepted Him." I knew that I was a lost sinner, quite unfit to dwell in God's holy presence, and as I witnessed the joy of those who knew all their sins forgiven, my wretchedness increased. This unhappy condition of soul lasted several months, until one night at the close of a gospel meeting, I was urged as a guilty sinner, to claim the guilty sinner's Saviour. I realized what an awful portion mine would be, if God dealt with me as I deserved; but believing His Word which says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15), I thanked Jesus that He had suffered instead of me, and went on my way rejoicing, in the full assurance that God's righteous claims had been fully met, and that all my sins were forgiven for Jesus' sake. On reaching home, I ran upstairs, exclaiming joyfully, "Oh! mother, I am really saved now: I'm not a hypocrite, I know that my sins are forgiven." Many years have passed since then, but still my song is:

"I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb."

Dear unsaved reader, are you afraid

to stand before God? "Perfect love casteth out fear" (1 John iv. 18). Accept God's gift—Jesus who died, the Just for the unjust—and you will truthfully say, "I love Him because He first loved me;" then, instead of fear, your sweetest song will be—"the Lord returneth, and when I see Him I shall be like Him."

SARAH U—.

December, 1884.

## HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



THE SCAPEGOAT.

— (Read Lev. xvi. 5-22.)

**A**LL the peoples' sins were laid  
On the living scapegoat's head;  
Then he bore them far away,  
On the great atonement day.

Jesus thus for me became  
Bearer of my curse and shame,  
When He was led forth to die  
On the cross of Calvary.

All my sins on Him were laid;  
I believe what God has said,  
Now my soul is counted free,  
By the Saviour's death for me.

*Commit the Verses to memory.*

**BIBLE SEARCHING.**

**T**HE two sets of Bible Questions given in the October number of *The Young Watchman* have been taken up with great interest by the young folks. We have received nearly one hundred answers altogether, from readers in all parts of the world, whose ages range from six to fifteen years. The questions were somewhat difficult, and it must have cost the little ones many hours of diligent Bible searching to find the answers. All things considered, the questions have been answered remarkably well, especially by the little folks under twelve. We give the names of those whose answers are correct, but there are twice as many whose answers are almost right—many having only *one* mistake. One who answers correctly says, he “got a little help from father;” and another, that her “sister found the chapter and verse.” Now, while we are much pleased with their honesty in telling us this, we must adhere to the arrangement, that is, the answers are to be given entirely by the children themselves. Some of the older ones have all the types, but have failed to give the antitypes. A number have given both correctly, except the answer to the last question, which is rather a difficult one; and some of the younger ones have given the right names, but the wrong texts.

We thank our little friends most heartily for their diligence, and pray that the blessed truths concerning Jesus and His great salvation, which have been before them in these Bible searchings, may be treasured within their souls.

**ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS**

*FOR THOSE ABOVE 12 YEARS.*

The following have answered correctly :—

Janet Russell, Motherwell,	-	age, 14 years.
Albert Page, Warwick,	-	" 13½ "
Alexander Russell, Motherwell,	-	" 12 "
Barbara Riddoch, Orton,	-	" 15 "
Marion Doyle, Manchester,	-	" 14 "

W. B. Rendall, Kirkwall,	-	-	age, 16 years.
Jeannie Gray, Troon,	-	-	" 13 "
Alice Roberts, Milverton,	-	-	" 12 "
Robert Gray, Troon,	-	-	" 15 "

<i>Types.</i>		<i>Antitypes.</i>	
Melchisedec,	Gen. xiv. 18-20.	Heb. vii. 1-17.	
The Passover,	Ex. xii. 3-9.	1 Cor. v. 7.	
The Temple,	1 Kings vi. 14.	{ John ii. 21; 1 Cor. iii. 16.	
The Ark and Mercy-Seat,	{ Ex. xxv. 10-18. 1 Sam. v. 2-4.	{ Heb. iv. 16; Ps. xl. 8; 1 John ii. 2.	
The Manna,	Ex. xvi. 14-21,	John vi. 32-35.	
Solomon,	2 Kings iii. 13,	Lu. i. 32, 33; xi. 31.	
Half-Shekel,	Ex. xxx. 12-15.	1 Peter i. 18, 19.	
The Scapegoat,	Lev. xvi. 22.	{ John i. 29; 1 Peter ii. 24.	
The Veil,	2 Chron. iii. 14.	Heb. x. 19-20.	
Moses,	{ Ex. i. 22; ii. 15; xiv. 28.	Acts iii. 22; Matt. ii. 16; Heb. ii. 14; iii. 5-6.	

**ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS**

*FOR THOSE UNDER 12 YEARS.*

S-amuel,	1 Sam. iii. 7.
A-gag,	1 Sam. xv. 3-33.
L-ydia,	Acts xvi. 14, 15.
V-asthi,	Esther i. 9-19; ii. 17.
A-quila,	Acts xviii. 1-3.
T-roas,	2 Cor. ii. 12.
I-ndia,	{ Esther i. 1. (Iturea, Lu. iii. 1; Illyricum, Rom. xv. 19.)
O-strich,	Job xxxix. 13, 14.
N-aaman,	2 Kings v. 1, 13, 15.

**SALVATION—Exod. xv. 2; Rev. xix. 1.**

The following have answered correctly :—

Annie Cormack, Dunbarton,	-	age, 10 years.
Alice Page, Warwick,	-	" 11 "
David Gray, Troon,	-	" 11 "
Andrew M'Gaw, Inverurie,	-	" 11 "
Earnest Roberts, Milverton,	-	" 11 "
John Davidson, Gowanwell,	-	" 11 "
Alex. Ingram, Fyvie,	-	" 11 "
Louisa Bull, Warwick,	-	" 11 "
W. B. Doyle, Manchester,	-	" 10½ "
John Hill, Manchester,	-	" 11½ "
Jessie M'Leod, Orton,	-	" 9 "
Peter Hynd, Troon,	-	" 10 "
Thomas Gardiner, Troon,	-	" 9½ "
Mary J. Tucker, Crediton,	-	" 11 "

To each of the above names we have sent a little prize. If the Lord will, the next Bible searching will be given in **THE YOUNG WATCHMAN** for *March*.

## Words to Workers.

### HOW the SCHOOL WENT DOWN.

IT was a cold Sunday afternoon in December, yet quite a number of the little folks were down at the School in good time. Little Jeanie was there, wrapped up in her mother's shawl, she had come well-nigh a mile; and delicate Charlie was there too. But few of the teachers turned up that afternoon. Miss A— thought it "looked like snow," and so she did not venture out; but later the same evening she had a nice walk with a friend. Brother D— had been working very hard all the week; he thought that none of his class would venture out in such a day, and Mrs. D— (his wife) thought he would be quite justified in staying at home, and so he did. His dear little scholars were there like sheep without a shepherd. But God was at the Sunday School that afternoon, and He helped some of the teachers who were there in a remarkable manner. Several of the children were converted. There was joy in heaven, and also among the few devoted workers who were there. The absentees lost it all, and they lost the half of their children too; for when the children told at home that "teacher was absent," father and mother thought "it was no use sending them again." And so in this way the benches got thinned, and the School "went down." The Lord's work among children requires devotedness, diligence, and determined sticking to the work. Those who have no heart for it, who feel it to be a drag, and who wish they "hadn't a class," should "clear out" forthwith, and leave room for God to send others whose efforts He will bless to the conversion of souls.

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# The Young Watchman.

No. 26.]

FEBRUARY, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



CHARLIE IN CANADA; Or, A MOTHER'S BIBLE.

## CHARLIE IN CANADA;

Or, A MOTHER'S BIBLE.



SOME years ago, a young lad, the only son of his widowed mother, was about to leave his home in Scotland for the far west of Canada.

It was a sad hour for Charlie's mother when she saw the cab drive up to the door, and then one after another of Charlie's boxes and traps were carried out from the home of his childhood. Then there was the parting hug and kiss, and many a blessing and fond wish for the welfare of her darling boy. She was not so much concerned about his temporal welfare, for he had kind friends out there who had promised to look after him and find a situation for him. But she was greatly distressed to see him leave the quiet country home, to go forth into a godless world with his soul unsaved, and with, apparently, little desire after its welfare. But the widow's trust was in the living God. She put a Bible into Charlie's trunk, and earnestly besought him to read it. He had been taught from his earliest days the great and blessed truths of the word of God. When quite a child, he gave marked attention to them, and seemed deeply interested about his soul; but as he

grew older, and formed companionships with other boys, he gradually showed less interest in the things of God; and this went on until, at the last, he would hardly listen to the gospel at all. This was a great grief to his dear mother. It almost broke her heart to part with him in this condition, for she feared that when he landed in Canada, among worldly people, that he might become more careless still. The only refuge of her soul was in the faithfulness of God. She had sought to bring him up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and, "from a child he had known the holy Scriptures;" still he was not saved, and, so far as men could see, there was no desire now to be. But God has His own ways of working, and it is a remarkable fact that, in the case of many of the children of godly parents, their conversion has taken place just immediately after they left the parental home. Possibly at that time the parents were led to cry to God more anxiously for their salvation, and they themselves, now far away from home and dear ones, remembered much that had been said to them in days long gone by.

Charlie arrived in Canada, and was welcomed by his friends in the far west. The lovely country, the new sights, and the complete change of everything seemed, for a time, to

wholly engross him. By-and-by the novelty of all this wore off, and Charlie got settled down to real life. His work was by no means hard, and he had all that he required, so far as comfort went. Still it was not nearly so grand to be out in the wide world as he had pictured to himself; and, somehow or other, he was not satisfied. There was still a craving in his bosom for something that he had not got. What it was he could not easily describe, but it increased day by day. It was not home-sickness exactly, it was not pain, and what it was he did not know. He sat one evening, all alone in his room, thinking of his dear mother, and the happy early days at home. One thing after another flashed across his mind that she had told him, particularly about the emptiness of all earth's cisterns of happiness, and how true lasting joys were only to be found in Christ. He sat thinking about these things for hours, then about his own soul, and its need of a Saviour. The storm within his bosom increased, until he could stand it no longer. His eyes filled with tears, and he dropped upon his knees. O, could his mother but have seen that sight, how it would have cheered her lonely heart; but God in His heaven above saw it, and angels around the throne were waiting to celebrate his

second birth. But it had not yet come. Charlie opened his trunk and took out his mother's Bible—not as he had so often carelessly done when at home, but now to seek the way of peace. The texts and portions so often read at his mother's knee came readily to his recollection, and he turned them up and read them. He had often carelessly done so before, without feeling his need, now he took them home to his own soul, and, by the word of God, his faith laid hold on Christ, and he was born of God (see John i. 12-14; 1 John v. 1). The tidings were quickly conveyed in a long letter, written by himself, to his mother, whose heart, I need hardly say, was filled with praise, while his was filled with joy. He was happy now, and soon began to serve the Lord. He had seen, in his mother, a true example of what a Christian is, and now he seemed instinctively to become a follower of her faith. Quietly he began to serve the Lord by gathering one and another into his lodgings, and speaking to them personally about their souls. It was a dark ungodly place, with few, if any, true believers in it. But soon the Lord began to work, and one after another was, through his instrumentality, saved; then a wave of blessing rolled in, and quite a number passed from death to life.

A servant of Christ, who recently visited that far-off western village, says, "I found there the happiest, healthiest, and most active company of new-born souls gathered together, that I ever met in my life, all of them, I may say, the fruit of that mother's Bible and earnest prayer."

Mothers, pray on and labour on for the conversion of your sons and daughters. "*In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.*"

And you, unsaved children, who have been, and still are, the subjects of such prayers, will you not, like Charlie, come to Jesus now? Do not think that your godly parents can take you to heaven with them, or that you can reach it on the credit of their faith, unless you be born again yourself. You need Christ, and why should you tarry away from Him any longer? Every day is so much time lost, and solemnly would I add, every day leaves you more hardened in sin, further from God, and nearer to a lost eternity.



### THE WAY TO THE PIT.

**A** YOUNG lady was on her way one evening to the Kingstown Theatre. As she drew near the building she saw blazing in large jets of gas above a door the words, "*The way to the pit.*"

She stood still on the pavement and looked at the words for a few minutes. She knew there was another pit where lost and Christ-rejecting souls in anguish dwell, and God fixed her thoughts upon it. "Am I going to the pit?" she said to herself. Quietly the answer came from the blazing gas-jet sign to her soul, "The way to the pit." She went no further, indeed she could not. That night was the turning-point in her life. Standing on the pavement, opposite that haunt of profligates and sinners, God showed her the absurdity of professing to be a follower of Christ—a nominal Christian—and treading the way of sinners, and she fled to Christ and claimed Him as her Saviour. Her after-life proved that her conversion to God was real, for she had no more desire for the theatre. Christ had saved and He also satisfied her soul.

Reader, are *you* on the way to the pit? Test yourself and see. Who are your companions? What are your desires? If you walk in the company of the ungodly now, how can you hope to tread the golden streets with saints and angels in eternity. If you tread with light and giddy steps the way that leads to death and hell, it is vain to hope that you will join the company of God's redeemed at the end of your journey.

THE TWO SISTERS;  
Or, "ONE SHALL BE TAKEN  
AND ANOTHER LEFT."

**T**WO girls sat side by side one evening hearing an address on the coming of the Lord. They were sisters, very like each other in appearance, yet how different in their state before God. One had Christ, the other had not: one was saved and waiting for the coming of her Lord from heaven, the other trembled at the prospect of meeting Him in judgment.

On the way home, as they walked along the road, the Christian girl said to her sister by her side, "I felt to-night how solemn it was to be unsaved, and how fearful a thing it would be for you if the Lord should come and find you as you are. We should be parted for ever: I would be taken up to be for ever with the Lord, and you would be

left to suffer the judgment of God as a Christ-rejector." The unsaved sister made no reply although she evidently felt the force of her sister's words.

The sisters slept together in the same room that night. After they had gone to bed, the Christian girl

lay awake thinking of the text, "there shall be two in one bed, one shall be taken and the other shall be left." She was burdened in heart about her sister's soul, and could not sleep. During the night she arose and knelt down in a corner of the room to plead with God for her sister's salvation. While she was thus



engaged, her sister awoke and missed her from her side. Suddenly the words she had heard the previous evening came to mind, "There shall be two in one bed, the one shall be taken and the other shall be left." "The Lord must have come: my sister is gone and I am left." She

arose in a state of excitement, drew aside the curtain and looked out, but saw nothing. Turning round, her eye fell upon her sister kneeling in prayer, in a corner of the room. She quietly knelt down by her side. They clasped each others hands, and before rising from their knees the unsaved girl had trusted her soul to Jesus, and He gave her life and peace.

How sweetly and unitedly could these two happy sisters in the flesh, and now in the Lord, join in that early morning hour in singing—

“ I am waiting for the dawning  
Of the bright and blessed day,  
When the darksome night of sorrow  
Shall have vanished far away ;  
When for ever with the Saviour,  
Far beyond this vale of tears,  
I shall swell the song of worship  
Through the everlasting years.”

My dear reader, what will the coming of the Lord do for you? Will you be caught up to meet the Lord in the crowded air 'mid myriads of His saved ones, all of whom once came to Him as lost and helpless sinners and trusted Him for salvation, or will you be left among the Christ-rejectors, to suffer the wrath and vengeance of God?

If you are not saved, do not linger away from Christ another hour, but, like the girl of whom I have told you, trust Him at once with your soul, and He will save you and make you to wait for His coming again.

## THE RED SEA.

WHAT a change it must have been to the many thousands of Israel to be encamped in the wilderness. Far away from the dirt and noise of the brick-kilns of Egypt, and delivered from the galling yoke of slavery too. How the boys and girls who had been born in slavery, and accustomed to the bitter bondage, must have enjoyed the liberty of romping about at perfect freedom along the shores of the Red Sea, watching the ebb and flow of its deep blue waters. No doubt it was a wonderful deliverance, and I think they would all be very happy together during the first stage of their desert journey. And so it generally is with those who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and delivered from the power of Satan and the world, to become pilgrims to glory. But there are difficulties and enemies, as well as joys and blessings, to be met with by those who are saved, as they journey on the way to heaven, and I think those that the Israelites encountered, are, in some respects, similar to ours. While they were encamped at Piha-hiroth, near the coast of the Red Sea, they looked behind them, and saw Pharaoh, with six hundred of his war-chariots, coming out after them. They knew quite well that

they were no match for these skilled warriors, and, if they were recaptured and led back to Egypt, they knew well what torture they might expect from their merciless master Pharaoh.

And so they cried out for fear. They did not know that Jehovah, the mighty God who had redeemed them, was on their side, and that not a child of their number would



perish at Pharaoh's hand. And it is sometimes like this with souls who have been newly saved. Satan and the world threaten to lead them back to their former ways and old companions, and they, feeling their

own weakness compared with the strength of Satan, cry out for fear. But the Saviour who shed His blood to redeem the sinner also destroyed the power of Satan, and delivered all who believe from his authority

for ever. He will never be able to recapture the feeblest lamb of Jesus' flock.

The trembling Israelites were told to "fear not," but, "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Then the Lord divided the deep waters, and opened a dry path in the midst of them, for the people to pass through, the waters towering on either side like great walls of crystal. And do you think they were afraid to venture on such a path? Nay, verily, for we are told that "by faith they passed through the Red Sea" (Heb. xi. 29). I imagine I see the children tripping along that wonderful road, amazed but fearless. Led on "like a flock," we are told, "by the hand of Moses and Aaron" (Psa. lxxvii. 20), until they reached the other side. Pharoah and his horsemen rushed on after them, but O how different it was with them. The Lord was against them, and, while they were ploughing their way through the sea in darkness, with broken chariots, He brought back the sea to its place, and engulfed them in its flood. Not a mighty warrior of Egypt was saved, and not a babe of Israel lost. No wonder that there was a burst of song now from their lips instead of a cry of fear, for they had seen all their enemies sink like lead in the mighty waters, to rise no more. And so it

is, dear children, or ought to be, with all those who are the Lord's. They may well rejoice and sing praise, for their great enemy, the devil, was defeated by Jesus in the tomb. Death was the great citadel of Satan's kingdom. No one had ever been able to break its power. Enoch and Elijah went to heaven without passing through its portal, but none had entered the grave and broken its bars. But Jesus did. The Lord of Life entered the dark waters, and it seemed as if they had closed over Him, as they had done over others. But on the third, the appointed morning, the Conqueror rose, and death and Satan were both defeated. The least of Christ's flock are now beyond their power. A life eternal has been secured for them that Satan cannot touch, for their life is hid with Christ in God. But upon all who are unsaved, the deep dark waters of death and judgment will roll down in all their power, and there will be none to help.

The Lord is risen; the Red Sea's judgment flood

Is passed, in Him who bought us with His blood.

The Lord is risen: we stand beyond the doom  
Of all our sin, through Jesus' empty tomb.

The Lord is risen: with Him we also rose,  
And in His grave see all our vanquished foes.

The Lord is risen: beyond the judgment land,

In Him, in resurrection-life, we stand.



## Short Papers for Young Believers

### RUNNING FROM SIN.

**A** LITTLE girl of tender years put in her appearance one evening at a class for young believers, and requested to be admitted as one of its members. The one who taught and watched over it had not been accustomed to have any so young among the number, and, in order to test the child's sincerity, she asked, "But why should you wish to join us in our Bible-study, are you not a sinner?"

"Yes," replied the little girl, "I am a sinner."

"And what was you before you were converted, then," asked the teacher.

"A sinner, too," replied the child.

"Then there is no change."

"Ah, yes," said the little girl, "Jesus has made a great change. Before He saved me I was a sinner running *after* sin; now I seek to run away from it." How simple and yet how true was this description of the experience of an unconverted sinner, and a sinner saved by grace. Before conversion the whole bent of the life is after sin and worldliness. There is no desire for Christ or things above. There is no resistance against sin. The sinner runs along the course of

the present evil world, led on by Satan and the desires of the flesh and mind. Sin and Satan reign supreme. But when Christ comes in, the tide is turned. There is a new life begotten within. New desires spring up, and new longings are begotten within the soul. The "former things" are no longer sought after: the world loses its hold: old companionship are snapt: sin becomes loathsome, and the young believer flees from it. There is a complete turn right about to God, from sin. Instead of indulging sin and enjoying it, the soul recoils from it as from a venom-snake—and "runs from it" as the dear child put it. Not that there will ever be sinlessness, that is, absolute freedom from sin within, and from its desires and lusts—but it will not be allowed to have its way as once it had. There will be a hatred of, and fleeing from it, and if, in an unwatchful moment, the believer fails to "run from sin," and gets defiled in soul by contact with it, he will never rest, until, with broken heart and contrite spirit, he bows and makes confession of his failure to God and gets his soul restored to communion. And this is one of the great distinctive marks between the children of God and the unconverted. The one "runs after sin," the other "runs away from it."

## OBEYING GOD'S ORDERS.

“**C**OME on Willie, like a man,” shouted several lads to one who was coming along the pavement, opposite the door of a billiard-saloon. “Come on, man, and see what’s going on inside, there’s no harm in it.” But Willie stoutly refused to go. They tried him again and again, and, at last, Willie said, “It’s no use, lads, I’ve got orders not to go, and I cannot disobey them.” “*Orders,*” shouted the boys, “what orders have you got, let’s hear them.” “Yes,” said Willie, frankly, “that I shall,” and pulling a Book from his pocket, he read—“Enter not into the path of the wicked man: avoid it, pass not by it: turn from it, and pass away” (Prov. iv. 14). “These are God’s orders, lads, and I’m going to keep them,” and so he did, and walked away.

Now, that was noble of Willie, and that is just what every child of God ought to do when he is asked to join the ungodly in their sports, or to go and see them at them. God’s orders are very plain on this subject.

My dear young believer, do you obey God’s orders as promptly and freely as Willie did? Prompt and uncompromising obedience is your only safe-guard against being caught by the wiles of the devil.

## NARRATIVES OF CONVERSION.

**T**HE first time that I was brought really to think about my soul, was during an illness that overtook me very suddenly. How earnestly I prayed that God would spare me and give me another chance. I was taken to the infirmary soon after this, and there my anxiety increased. I feared lest I should die, and my soul go to hell. The dread of judgment never left me. My pillow was often wet with perspiration as I thought on these things, and my soul seemed to feel the very pains of hell. I got a little better, and was able to be out of the infirmary. I resolved to turn over a new leaf, live better, and say my prayers regularly; and so try and make amends for my past foolishness. I bought a Shorter Catechism to let me see how far wrong I had gone, and how I had broken God’s holy law; but that did me no good. I went to hear a sermon on Sunday. The text was, “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.” I thought that would do for me, for I missed the meaning of it altogether.

One night when I was sitting in the house thinking about my sins, there was a text came to my mind, that I had seen hung up in the ward of the infirmary in which I lay. It was this, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” The little word, “ALL,” took my attention. “All sin.” I saw in a moment that it included mine, and that, bad as I had been, the blood of Jesus was powerful

to cleanse all my sins from me. I believed God's word concerning the value of Christ's blood, and believing, I was justified and had peace with God.

It is five years since this took place, and during these years, He has kept me, and been with me. I know well that I have an evil nature within, which, together with the temptations of Satan, would lead me away from God; but, "His grace is sufficient for me."

"I know my sins are all forgiven,  
And I am on the way to heaven."

## HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



### THE BIBLE.

(2 Timothy iii. 15).

**T**HERE is a Book, a holy Book,  
By God to sinners given,  
To show the way of life and peace,  
And mark the path to heaven.

It tells me of my lost estate,  
All guilty and defiled;  
It says I must be born of God,  
E're I can be His child.

It tells me of the Lamb of God,  
Who died upon the tree,  
To bare the wrath and curse of God,  
And set the sinner free.

This Book shall be my early guide,  
My lamp to give me light,  
My spring of joy in life's glad day,  
My comfort in its night.

*Commit the Verses to memory.*

## Questions.

QUESTION XXVII.—L. C., a young Christian, asks, "*Is it wrong for a believer to wear jewellery? Did not Abraham's servant put earrings and bracelets on Rebekah, and would this be any guide to us now?*"

ANSWER.—The commandments of the Lord concerning the manner of His people's dress and adornment, are very plainly given in 1 Tim. ii. 9, 10; 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4. We would earnestly commend these Scriptures to the prayerful consideration of all our young believing friends. Judging from the attire of many, they would seem to be much neglected, and it is not the will of God that they should be so. They are as truly the commandments of the Lord for His people's obedience as, "Let him that stole, steal no more." We think they speak very simply, and they just say this, that God's people are not to wear "gold or pearls or costly array," and that they are to wear "modest apparel." We know that some have a way of "explaining" and "spiritualizing" these verses, which makes them mean that believers may wear a pair of golden earrings or a gold chain if they like; but this is simply wresting the word of God, and very likely because they want a decent excuse for disobeying it. We think it just means exactly what it says, and that God, our Father, wants His sons and daughters who love His word, to obey it in this little matter, in the letter as well as in the spirit of the text. It is quite possible that a hypocrite may be found hiding beneath a very plain dress; but we think it is impossible that a humble soul, living in communion with the Man of Sorrows, would be found beneath a gaudy one, or decked with jewels and costly array, for the purpose of drawing the world's admiring eye towards her; and we think that jewellery put upon the person, cannot be for any other purpose. It fosters pride, and leads to worldliness. The case of Rebekah would hardly do as authority for wearing jewels now: she lived in an age when no such commandments as the above had been given.

## Words to Workers.

### TEACHING BY PRACTICE.

IT is not only on the Lord's-day, during the hour for classes, that we teach the little ones the things of God, and set the Gospel of Christ before them, but, by our life and walk during the other six days of the week, we either do this or the opposite. Children are keen observers. They narrowly watch the habits and ways of those who speak to them about the salvation of their souls, and they form their opinions of their teachers by what they see, rather than by what they hear from them. If any of the children happen to see their teacher walking in the company of the ungodly, or perhaps enjoying a bit of fun on the sly, or flirting as the world would do, how can it be expected that they will listen, or have respect to the words of such a teacher on the Lord's-day. We are persuaded that such teachers are a positive curse rather than a blessing. They drive the children from the things of God with disgust, and make them scoffers. But, on the other hand, how mightily does the lovely and consistent life, the godly walk, and the Christ-like spirit act in clinching the spoken word, in the young and tender heart. May the lives of all who speak the Gospel be as the picture to the story, so that, while they *listen* to the words falling from our lips, they may *see* in our lives and ways that we are "adorning the doctrine."

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AND  
BIBLE SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK for 1885.

Two Editions of this little Almanac have already been sold, and still a number of our friends are waiting for copies. In order to meet their demands, we have decided to print a *Third Edition*, so that, by the time you read this, we will be able to supply *The Children's Almanac* as before, and at the same price.

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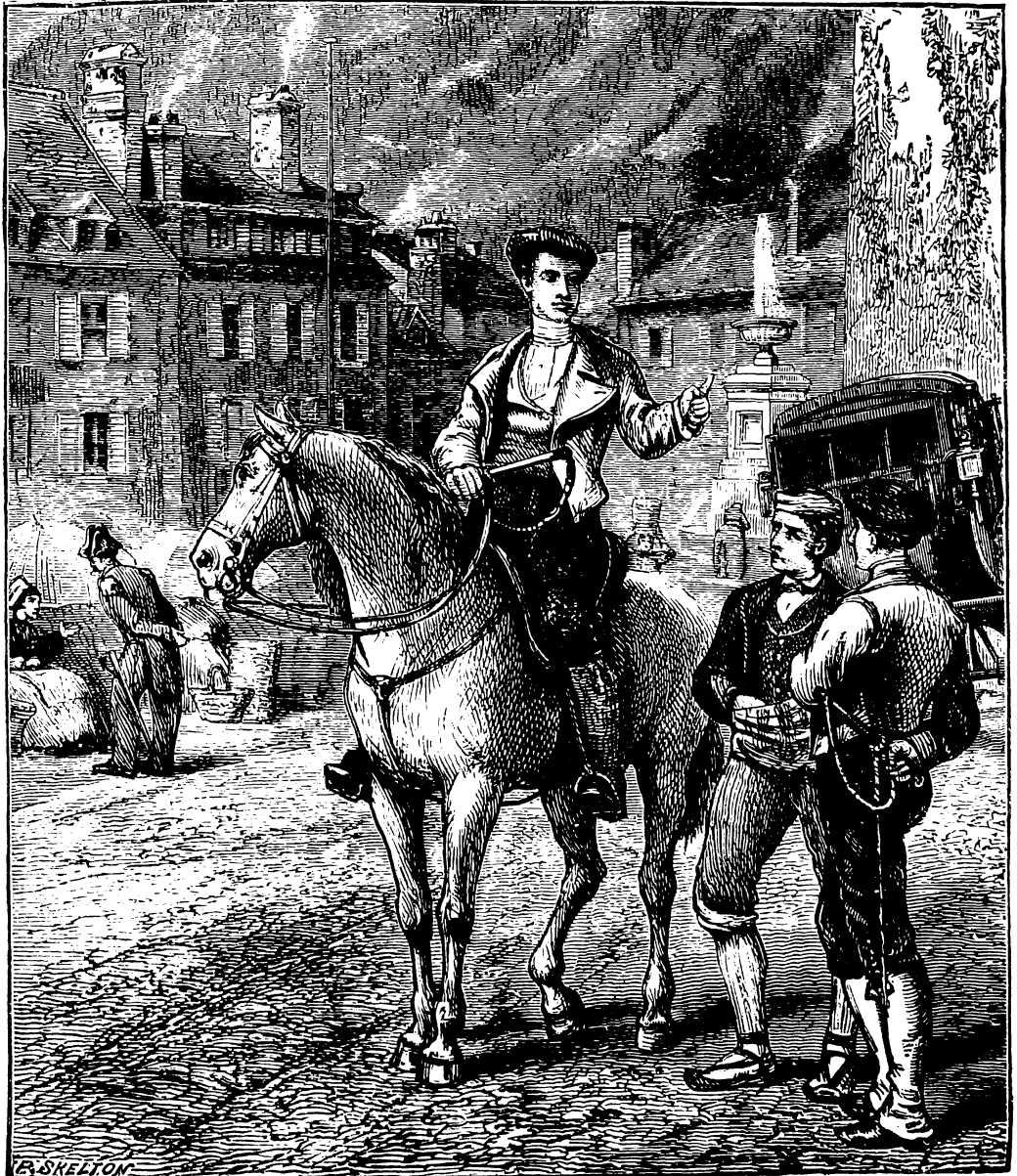
20 Princes Street, KILMARNOCK,  
Scotland.

# The Young Watchman.

No. 27.]

MARCH, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE SWISS PEASANT; Or, THE DOOM OF GOLDAU.

THE SWISS PEASANT;  
 or,  
 THE DOOM OF GOLDAU.

IT was a lovely morning in the month of August, 1806, and the little village of Goldau, beautifully situated on the shores of the Lake of Zug, in Switzerland, lay bathed in golden sunshine. Clusters of ripening grapes hung in rich profusion on the vines, and the corn-fields, laden with the yellow grain, looked like waves of gold, fanned by the gentle breeze.

The Rossberg raised its towering head behind, and under its protecting shadow the simple villagers passed their days in peace. The only disturbance they had ever known, was caused by a stranger, who had scaled the mountain peak, and, after making a careful examination of the projecting rock, declared it was insecure. "The apparent stability and strength of that projecting rock," said he, "is a delusion. It consists of rounded pieces of rock cemented together, and only supported by light soil underneath, which the rains and water-springs within the mountain will one day wash away, and then, with one mighty crash, the Rossberg will roll down into the valley, carrying death and desolation in its course." For a time a panic reigned among the villagers of Goldau, and some through fear removed to other

parts of the valley, but the vast majority of them got settled down again to live in peace.

On the morning mentioned above, the villagers were peacefully pursuing their various occupations in the market place, or sitting by their cottage doors in the sunshine. Just then a young Swiss peasant entered the village in an excited state, and addressing some who stood idly discussing various topics, he said—"Good morning, neighbours, have you heard the news? The top of the old Rossberg was seen to move this morning."

"Quite likely," said an old man, coolly, who sat smoking his pipe close by. "I have oft-times said it would, and mark my words, young stranger, before you are as old as I am, you will see the top of yonder mountain lie at its foot. I may not live to see it, but it will surely come."

The old man filled his pipe afresh and sat still enjoying the scene, and the young peasant passed on. He, with the others, seemed to regard it as a theory, and he acted accordingly. Yet there was awful truth in the statement of the young peasant, for the top of the Rossberg had indeed moved that very morning. The recent heavy rains had loosened the ground beneath, and that very day the huge rock moved out of its bed, and rolled down with a noise

like thunder into the lake beneath, burying completely the lovely village of Goldau, and carrying over eight hundred souls into eternity. Not one seems to have been spared to fully describe the doom of Goldau. When the young peasant returned, the old man who had so surely predicted the danger, but postponed its fulfilment, was gone among the rest. His knowledge of the coming event had gone for nothing. It had not moved him to fear, or caused him to flee for his life, and so he perished among the unbelieving villagers.

There is in this most solemn incident, a parable of greater things. It aptly represents the manner in which sinners treat the long predicted hour, when Jesus Christ shall come to this world in judgment, to crush His foes and to punish the rejectors of His gospel. The village basking in the sunshine represents the world, so fair and lovely, so full of pleasure, and so heedless of its doom. The tottering crag of the Rossberg ready to crush it at any moment, may remind us of the solemn fact, that there is a judgment to come, and the unwary villagers hurled to death at a moment when they least expected, alas, to fully shew, that when the long predicted judgment falls on the Christless world, there will be many found saying "peace and

safety" when the sudden destruction comes upon them. Only those who now escape from the ranks of Christ's enemies, and flee to Himself as their only Refuge and Hiding-place, shall be safe and secure in that dread hour of doom. Instead of being crushed by the falling of the "stone cut out without hands from the mountain" (Dan. ii. 34-45), they will come with Him glorified, and of His triumphant royal train, they will form a part.

My dear reader, how stands it with your soul to-day, and how will the coming of the Son of Man in judgment affect you. No doubt you have often heard and read of the certainty of the coming of that day, but, like the old man of Goldau, you may comfort yourself with the thought that it will not take place during your life-time. But it may, and if not, in your case death will only hasten your doom. The judgment of God hangs over your head, propped up by long-suffering love to your soul, and when the hand of God removes the prop, it will crush down upon you with awful force and haste.

But there is yet time to escape, and the refuge is near. "A Man shall be as an hiding place" (Isa. xxxii. 2), "even the Man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 15); and of Him it is said even this very hour, "this Man receiveth sinners" (Luke xv. 2).

## HEAVEN BELOW.

**L**ITTLE Annie was humming away at a favourite hymn to herself, as she walked about in the house doing her work, and she was so enjoying it, that her face was lit up with a happy smile. Her mother noticed it and passed the remark, "Surely you are in heaven to-day, Annie." "No, mother," said Annie, "but heaven has come down here to me." Yes, blessed be God, the believer has the God of heaven, and Jesus, who is the light and joy of heaven *here* with Him now (John xiv. 23. And surely this is heaven come down to cheer us on the way to heaven. Children all believe that heaven is a happy place, but the devil has got many so deceived, that they think it would be a very miserable journey to reach it, and that a Christian must be very grave and sad, having no joy or happiness. But such is not the case; yea, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." There are none so truly happy as those who are saved and on the way to glory. They fear no condemnation for the past, it is all forgiven. They dread not the future—it is unfading glory, eternal love, unmingled joy, and now in the present they have Jesus with them, and His presence makes them happy. Is this happiness yours, reader?

## DO YOU EVER PRAY?

**F**ATHER, do *you* ever pray?" asked a little girl, the daughter of a thorough man of the world, as she came home from Sunday School one evening. "Teacher says that all God's people pray, and ask God to save their little ones, do *you* father?"


"Don't bother me, child," said the father, who was evidently annoyed at the little girl's pointed question. "You and your teacher may go your way, and I'll go mine."

"But, father dear, which way are you going? Teacher says that only those who are saved, and walking in the narrow way, will get to heaven." The word reached his conscience: he knew it was true, and although he was a religious professor of the ordinary kind, and went to church on Sunday, his prayerless home and worldly walk, too plainly told that he had no Christ. The dear child's question was an arrow from God, and it led to his conversion.


How many, both young and old, might be asked the same question? Reader, do *you* ever pray—not say your prayers—but pray? A little hymn says—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;" and if you can live prayerless, it is a pretty sure sign that you are lifeless: that is, that you have no Christ, and that you are not saved.





## Scripture Stories.



### DANIEL.

'T WAS the silvery reign of the Persian power,  
Whose banner waved proudly from Shushan's tower,  
'Twas their conquering swords that then graced the walls  
Of its sculptured dome and its marble halls.

Around the throne of Darius the Great  
Were warriors, counsellors, lords of state;  
But no one so high in his favour stood  
As the aged premier, wise and good.

Over three score years, while many a change  
Had swept o'er the empire, both sad and strange,  
He had guided the state, while Babylon's might  
Had set like a star in one hour of the night.

'Mid the crash of arms and the fall of kings  
He had safely dwelt 'neath Jehovah's wings;  
Still calmly, faithfully filling his post,  
Though kingdoms were falling and sceptres lost.

But the lords of Persia eyed with hate  
This Daniel, who sat in the royal gate,  
And they could not endure the thought that they  
Would ere long be obliged to own his sway.

For Darius, they knew, had meant that he  
Soon, over the realms, a prince should be;  
So they eagerly watched, with jealous mind,  
If, perchance, in his work, some fault to find.

Said they to each other, "Our efforts fail,  
Against him we shall not this way prevail;  
But, scanning his actions from day to day,  
We find that he often retires to pray.

"The claims of his God he would, doubtless,  
own  
Before e'en a mandate from Persia's throne;  
'Tis only through this we may compass his fall,  
Whate'er the decree, on his God he will call."

Their plot thus laid, to the king they repair,  
With flattering speeches his mind prepare,—  
"Oh, king, live for ever, we ask of thee  
To sign with thy pen a royal decree,

"That for thirty full days no prayer be made  
To gods or man, to invoke their aid;  
But that all thy subjects, both bond and free,  
Present their petitions alone to thee.

"We also direct in this law, that they  
Who will not thy sovereign command obey,  
When found and convicted, shall, there and then,  
Be cast, without fail, in the lions' den."

The king, not suspecting their deep design,  
To this terrible law affixed his sign;  
But little he knew how this thoughtless deed  
Would soon cause his heart with sorrow to bleed.

The lords were triumphant—for well they knew  
That the brave old man to his God was true;  
So under his casement they daily crowd  
To list, while he pours out his heart aloud.

No cowardly compromise Daniel knew,  
But widely open his window threw;  
No secret disciple of Christ was he,  
But carried his standard that all might see.

Like wolves of the evening that scent their prey,  
His enemies hasted from thence away;  
In the ear of the king they quickly relate,  
The breach of the law by his statesman great.

Darius grew pale, for now he descried  
The intrigue their cunning could scarcely hide;  
Yet he laboured hard, from morn till night,  
To obtain for Daniel a full respite.

But all was in vain, for the law had been made,  
Which must be kept, or the penalty paid ;  
So in sorrow he ordered his warlike men  
To throw him at last in the lions' den.

Yet hope dimly lighted his troubled heart  
As he said to Daniel, " though now we part,  
We may meet again in the morning hour—  
Your God may preserve you from all their power."

They part—the one to the dismal cave,  
Where he seemed to sink in a fearful grave ;  
And the king, that his law unchanged might stand,  
Sealed the stone to the door with a trembling hand.

Oh, sad was that night in gay Shushan's bowers,  
No sweetly-toned dulcimer chased the hours,  
In fasting and sorrow the time went past,  
Till the streaks of dawning appeared at last.

Away went the king from the palace then,  
And hastily sped to the dreadful den,  
" If Daniel still lives,"—in his heart thought he—  
" His God shall be worshipped, henceforth, by me."

" Oh, Daniel," he cried, with a quivering voice,  
" Has the God, whose service thou mad'st thy choice,  
Been able to save His servant indeed,  
Has His arm been thy shield in the time of need?"

He list'ned, then trembled with glad surprise  
As a well-known voice to his own replies,  
" Oh, king, live ever—my God, last night,  
Has kept me safe from the lion's might.

By an angel hand their fangs He bound,  
That on me no scratch or wound is found,  
Unbroken the slumber, and calm the sleep,  
When the God of Israel watch doth keep."

Transported with joy the king gave the word,  
Which Daniel to freedom at once restored,  
Nor need he now fear a future decree,  
From the Medo-Persian law he was free.

Its utmost demands he had fully met ;  
At the king's right hand he was nobly set ;  
Above all the princes his seat was raised,  
And his God by the king's command was praised.

That morning brought gladness, but not to all,  
For Daniel's accusers, both great and small,  
Down into the den of the lions were driven,  
And quickly to atoms their bodies were riven.

May *we* not see in this story portrayed  
A type of *Him*, who sin's penalty paid?  
God's law he fulfilled ; bore its curse on the tree,  
Now, trusting in Jesus, the sinner is free.

Though low in the silence of death He was laid,  
Yet God raised Him up in power from the dead,  
And with Him all those who trust in His name,  
To share His high seat and glorious fame.

The law has no power o'er Him or o'er them ;  
Those whom it once slew it cannot condemn ;  
But free-born sons now walking in light,  
The law of their God is their daily delight.

But the day of vengeance comes on apace,  
Then alas for those who despise His grace,  
Like Daniel's accusers, their doom is sure ;  
And who may the heat of God's wrath endure?

Then fly to the cleft of the Rock once riven,  
Accept of the gift so freely given ;  
Drink *now* from the fountain of life divine,  
And bright as the sun in that day you'll shine.

## LOST IN THE WOODS.

**I** WANT to tell you about a little boy, whose name is Bobbie, who was lost and found.

It was the summer holiday time, and boys and girls were romping about in the green fields. The schools were all closed, and there was no lessons to prepare, so that they had the whole long summer day to themselves, and their parents thought little about them being absent from home for hours.

Well, it got afloat among the young folks, early one morning, that a menagerie of wild animals was expected in the town that day, and that they would come from another town some ten or twelve miles off. This caused great excitement among the boys particularly, and little bands set off to meet them. In one of the companies was Bobbie, who had slipped away, with some boys a good deal older than himself,

without letting his parents know anything about it. Now, this was very naughty of Bobbie, but you will soon hear how he paid for his wilfulness. Mile after mile the boys trudged along the road, expecting, as they turned each corner, to catch a sight of the great waggons containing the wild beasts. Afternoon came, and




still there was no appearance of the beasts, and, by this time, the boys were both tired and hungry. Some of the bigger boys set off in search of food, and promised to come back and share it with Bobbie and some of the smaller ones, if they were successful in procuring it. Long and eagerly did

Bobbie and one or two like him sit waiting for the boys. But no boys, no food, no menagerie made their appearance. The sun had set, darkness was coming down, and many weary miles lay between them and their homes. How they wished that they had not come, but,

that was no use; there they were, and they must make up their minds to return. It was by no means a pleasant journey, for, in addition to the long road, some of them feared what awaited them at home. However, a start was made to return, but before they had gone far, Bobbie broke down. He was both tired and hungry, and he began to cry. The others considered they had quite enough to do with themselves, and so they walked on and left him. It was now dark, and Bobbie's parents were becoming anxious about him. It became known that the boys had gone away to meet the wild beast show, and they anxiously waited for their return. At length they made their appearance, footsore, hungry, and disappointed, but no Bobbie was there. Bobbie's parents were now frantic with grief. The little boy was lost, they knew not where, and they were sure he must be both hungry and cold. A band of men with lanterns set off in search of the lost boy, guided by some of the boys who had been part of the way and returned early. Long and eagerly did they search along the wayside and in the woods, and at last, to the joy of his father's heart, Bobbie was found lying asleep beneath a tree. He had cried himself asleep, poor little fellow; as he sat in the darkness all alone. In a moment he was

clasped to his father's bosom, taken to a house where he was warmed and fed, and then carried home all the way to the town. There was great joy that night when "lost Bobbie" was carried in, and many a kiss and hug he got.

Oft, as I think of this tale of school days, it reminds me of something else; something that is very like it, and that is the path of the sinner. By this I mean the path of each one of us, for we are all sinners, all away from God, and in a dark and Godless world. Not able to find our way back to God, and not able to go even if we did. Many are asleep and lost, like Bobbie in the wood. But God has gone forth to seek the sinner. Jesus, who was God the Son, came down to this sad world to seek and save the lost, and He has saved many boys and girls. He found them weary, hungry, and unsatisfied; perishing in their sins. He lifted them on His shoulder, rejoicing and brought them back to God, to joy and peace. Now, I wonder if He has found you, my young reader, or, if you are still lost. You must be either lost or saved, there is no middle condition. If you are not quite sure about it, O, do not linger in uncertainty any longer. Jesus is seeking you, longing to save you." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."



## Short Papers for Young Believers

### A SOCIAL EVENING.

**A** NUMBER of young believers were gathered together one evening in the house of a friend. There was one young lad there, who made no profession of being a child of God, and it was partly on his account that the company had been invited, in the hope that some word might be spoken that would reach his conscience, and lead him to think about his soul. After tea, the evening's intercourse began, and unfortunately for the young lad's sake, and for the spiritual welfare of the rest, it was not of a very healthy kind. There was nothing coarse or vulgar said, but the conversation was of that light and jocular order, which is so hurtful to the believer's soul, and so grieving to the Spirit of God. Led on from one thing to another, one of the company began to imitate the eccentric manner and speech of an aged servant of Christ, well known and loved for his work's sake. This caused great merriment, and the whole company, with the exception of the unconverted lad, had a hearty laugh all round. At a rather late hour, the company separated, after spending what would be called

“a social evening” together. As they were walking along the street, the unconverted lad said to the one who had so largely contributed to the evening's entertainment, “Whatever made *you* tell these funny stories, I thought you was a Christian?” There was no answer, and the rest of the road was trod in silence. But the young man felt the keen edge of that question in his conscience, and he went home to his closet, to confess his sin before God, and that night's lesson was not forgotten in after days. It is a common custom among young believers to spend such evenings together, and we believe it is not of God. There are some houses hot-beds for rearing tale-bearing and evil-speaking. You may easily know them. Carnal professors and backsliders club together there. The failings and inconsistencies of this one and that one, are talked of, and thus “roots of bitterness” arise, and defile many. Better far, when a few of God's people meet, either by invitation or casually, to speak together of “things touching the King,” and to embrace the opportunity of strengthening each others hands in God. Evenings spent in happy intercourse over an open Bible, are most helpful and enjoyable, but those half-religious, half-worldly evening parties are a snare of the devil, and ought to be avoided.

## Letters from the Young Folks.

To the Editor of "*The Young Watchman*,"

**D**EAR SIR,—Please pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, but I should just like to tell you that I am saved.

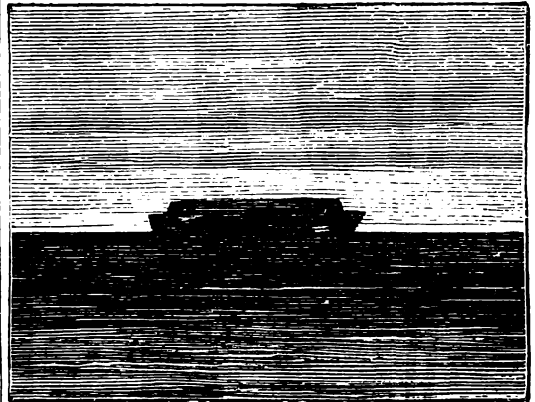
It was at Christmas 1883. I had *The Young Watchman* given me on Christmas day, and through reading its pages I saw the light. Believing in Jesus, I passed from death to life. One of the pieces that struck me most was that one "Mary and Maggie;" indeed I believe it was it that helped me to decide. I am so glad that you ever published the *Watchman*. I hope many more of its young readers may know the love of Jesus, "which passeth knowledge." It is so sweet to have Him-for a Friend, instead of being His enemy even in this life, and ten thousand times better to look forward to being with Him for ever. What a glorious salvation God has prepared for us, yet how many will rather work for it, than have it in God's own way. How lovely it is to be saved while young, before the heart gets hard with the world. I have got the volume for 1884; I think it is very nice. Thank you very much for the "Short Papers for Young Believers."—Yours respectfully and thankfully in Jesus,

CLARA A—.

Here is one who has been saved through the simple instrumentality of a little book, possibly given as a present by some friend. She read it, she believed the Lord's message, and her soul was saved. I wonder if it has

been so with you, reader. I fear some of the young folks get books and magazines, and forget to read them, and others read the stories, and then lay aside the book, and there is the end of it. But this one received the truth into her heart, trusted her soul to Jesus, and she is happy now. My dear young reader, will you not follow her example and do the same.

## HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



### THE ARK.

(Gen. vii. 11-23.)

**I**N days of old when Noah lived,  
Men went so far astray;  
A nightly deluge came from God,  
And swept them all away.

But Noah and his house were saved,  
They lived when all were dead;  
The ark in which they calmly sailed,  
Endured the storm instead.

Another day of wrath will come  
Upon the sons of men,  
When all who have God's love despised,  
Must feel His anger then.

But Jesus is the ark of God,  
Where all who will may fly,  
To find in Him salvation now,  
And glory by and by.

Commit the verses to memory.

## BIBLE SEARCHING.

**T**HE time has now come, when, according to our promise in the January *Watchman*, we give other two lots of Bible Questions, for which, we feel sure, many of our young friends will be eagerly looking. Now, let us see how many will dilligently set themselves to work, and find the answers. Please remember that every boy and girl must find them wholly for themselves, and receive no help whatever from parents or teachers. It was quite a pleasure to receive so many papers last time, giving the answers correctly, and we shall hope to see even more this time. You will notice that we have given one set of Bible Questions to be answered by those above *ten* years of age, and a second set of very easy questions for the younger ones. We hope this may encourage the very little ones to go to work Bible searching too, and we shall be disappointed, if we do not receive from them, a right big bundle of letters containing answers.

Now, in order to give plenty of time, we will not ask you to send answers before the end of March, but they must all be posted, so as to reach us not later than the first day of April. Write the Answers as plainly and neatly as you can. Give your name, age, and full address, and send by post addressed—

## BIBLE SEARCHING.

*The Editor of "The Young Watchman."*

20 Princes Street,

KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS

To be answered by those under ten years of age.

*A place* where Jesus often went to pray,  
*A mount* on which His feet will stand one day,  
*A boy* who kept his father's sheep of old,  
 And slew a bear and mighty lion bold.  
*Who* was expelled from home when he was young,  
*Who* in an inner prison prayed and sung.  
*Where* Isaac went to pray at eventide,  
 And wait the coming of His longed-for bride.  
*Who* fed the prophets in a lonely cave,  
*Where* God prepared His servant's hidden grave;  
 The *eldest* brother of a shepherd king,  
 Who loved Jehovah's name and praise to sing.

The capitals of all these names will show  
 A short and simple text, most children know.



## BIBLE QUESTIONS

To be answered by those above 10 years of age.

*Who* sought to slay a Medo-Persian King?  
*Whose* life but for a moment joy doth bring?  
*Where* Israel in the desert fought and won.  
*Who* shared a feast with God's beloved Son?  
 A *town* whose people should have been dispelled,  
 But who remained because God's people failed.  
 A *priest* who from captivity returned.  
 A *king* who in his pride God's warnings spurned,  
 And who mid revelry and impious boast,  
 His life, his glory, and his kingdom lost.  
*Where* an apostle prayed at noon one day.  
*What* did a disobedient prophet pay?  
 The *place* where Jesus died that we might live,  
 The *order* of His priesthood also give?  
*What* Cyrus made the first year of his reign,  
 Commanding that God's house be built again.

*Initials* of the answers then will spell  
 A title of the Lord you know so well;  
 The *final* letters shew what Jesus is,  
 To all the Bible-searchers who are His.

## A Word to Sunday School Teachers.

*By the Editor of "The Young Watchman."*

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## Words to Workers.

### WHEAT AND CHAFF.

A FARMER and his boy were walking in the fields one day just before the harvest. "Father," said the boy, "how is it that some of the stems hang down their heads, while others are so erect and nice." "Come, my son, and we shall see" said the father, and with that he plucked two ears of corn; one of the erect fine-looking ones, and one of the others whose heads hung down. "Now, my boy, don't you see that this one, holding up the fine-looking ear, is empty-headed, there is nothing in it but chaff; but this one with the bowed head is full of golden grain." Now, it not unfrequently happens that among Christian workers you see what answers to the two stems of corn. The empty ones who have little or nothing in their work but chaff, are very fond of showing off both it and themselves, while those who are truly abiding in Christ and bearing much fruit, say nothing about it.

When a worker makes a great ado showing off his work; continually blazing about his exploits, and giving prominence to his efforts, you may safely conclude there is not much weight of true grain in it, though a lot of chaff. Fruitful souls and true soul-winners will not require to call attention to their work; yet will they be well known, for, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

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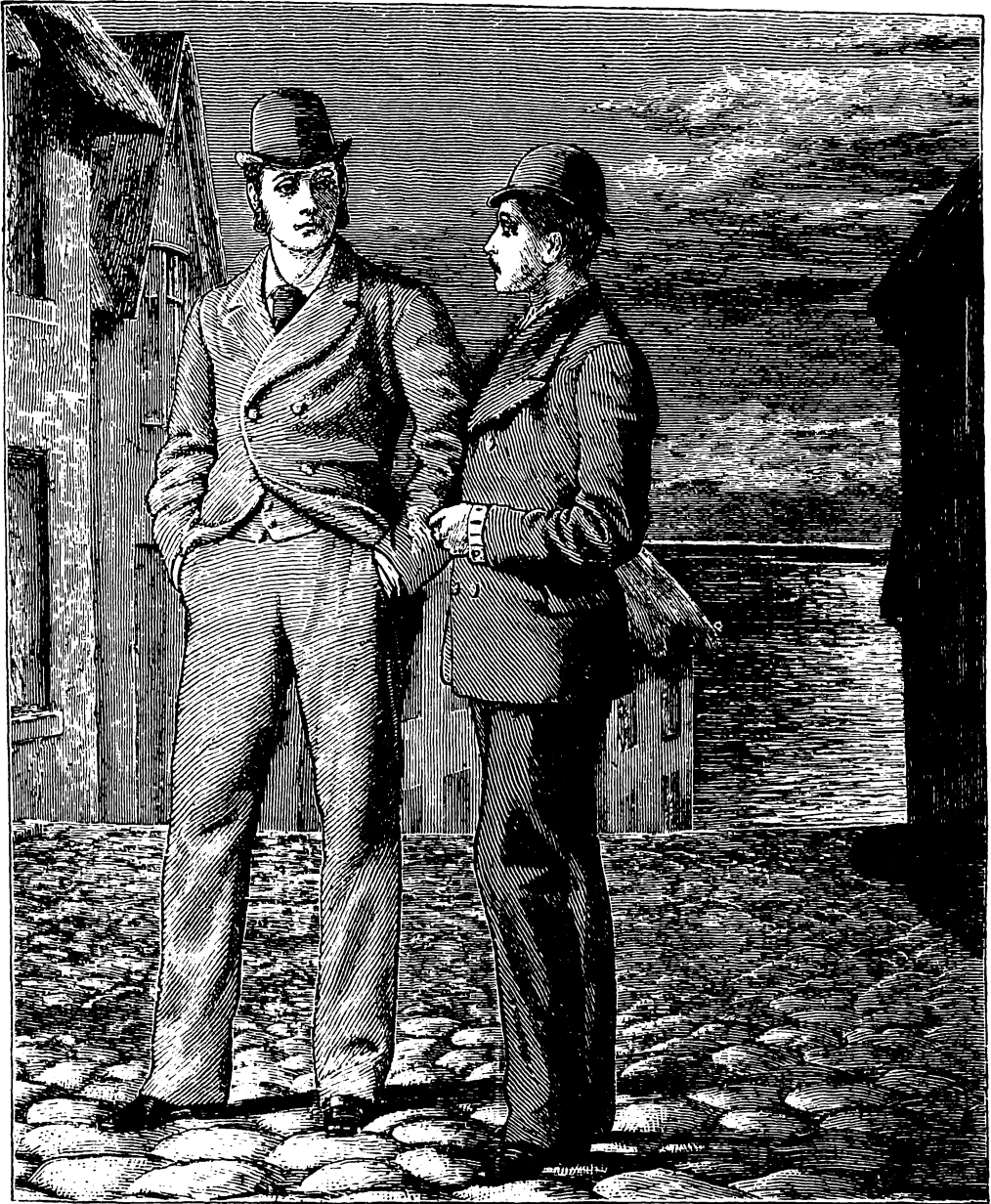


# The Young Watchman.

No. 28.]

APRIL, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE GLOOMY BALLROOM ; Or, A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

**THE GLOOMY BALLROOM;  
Or, A MOTHER'S PRAYER  
ANSWERED.**

“**M**OTHER, I have promised to go to the ball to-night, so you need not sit up and wait for me: I will not return home until to-morrow morning.”

The speaker was a tall and handsome youth of nineteen, the only son of a godly mother, and she was a widow. He was a kind and affectionate boy, and generally did what his mother desired; but some of the other lads in the warehouse had invited him to the annual supper and ball in connection with some of their clubs, and he had not the courage to refuse to go. In the depths of his heart he felt he had done wrong in accepting the invitation, for he knew it would grieve his mother very much to think that her much-loved boy, for whom she had so long and earnestly prayed, and for whose salvation she daily looked to God, was mingling in the giddy and godless crowd on the floor of a ball-room, exposed to all the temptation, and hearing and seeing all the ungodliness and vice that are generally the accompaniments of such scenes. The widow's heart sank within her as she heard the words, and long and earnestly did she seek to expostulate with him

against going, but it seemed to have no effect. As he was leaving the house, his mother laid hold on his arm, and tenderly said in broken accents, “Well, my boy, it seems you will not listen to your mother's counsel, and I am not able by any other means, to keep you back; but, while you are in that ungodly company seeking to enjoy yourself, and to forget God, I shall be on my knees praying that God may disturb your conscience, and save your soul.”

He left the cottage not very well pleased, and certainly not very happy. The evening came, and the ball commenced. A gay and giddy throng were there, and every heart was bent on pleasure. Expectations were high for an evening's entertainment of the very best kind, and everything was there as they thought, to secure it. But instead of the usual frolic and spirit, there was an unaccountable gloom seemed to hang over the whole affair. Nothing seemed to go smoothly—nobody seemed to be in their element, or to enjoy it. One said to another, “Whatever can be wrong amongst us to-night; everything seems to be out of joint. We never had such a dull evening as this before.” The widow's son was standing near, and overheard the remark. His mother's parting word flashed quickly through his mind, and he hung his head. “I know what's wrong,

he thought to himself, my mother will be on her knees praying that God may spoil our evening's enjoyment, and convert my soul."

He took up his hat, and with another walked out of the room into the dark night. Miserable and unsatisfied, they walked about till grey morning: then he went home to his mother's cottage. The tear was in her eye as she met him, and he found she had been praying for him the whole night. How ashamed he felt, but that was not all, he might have easily pledged himself under the impulse of the moment, never to return to such company any more, and yet remained as Christless and unconverted to God as ever. But his sins were now before his soul. He had got a sight of himself as a guilty sinner, unfit for the presence of a holy God, and he now desired to be saved. How gladly did his aged mother point him to Jesus, and that day he accepted Him to be his own and only Saviour.

There was joy in heaven, and joy in the widow's cottage too that day over the wanderer's return. Faithful is the Lord in answering the prayer of His people; therefore, for the conversion of loved ones yet unsaved, let us pray and not faint. In ways and at times most unlikely the answer may come; therefore, let us watch and wait.

Are you a pleasure seeker, reader? You will miss it one day, if not in a ball-room, on a dying pillow. How will you do, and to whom will you flee for solace then? Earth's gay scenes will fade away—its pleasures will come to nought: but he who has Christ, has lasting joy, abiding peace, and eternal glory awaiting him at God's right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore.



### THE RIVET-BOYS.


**T**HERE are employed in the large shipbuilding yards on the Clyde a great many boys called rivet-boys. When the great steamships are being built, these little fellows assist the rivetters in their work. If you have ever been in the vicinity of an iron shipbuilding yard, you may have heard the sound of the hammers all going, making fast the rivets in the great iron plates. At a distance the noise is very great, but you can well imagine how much more so it must be inside the vessel. Well, I have been told by some of the rivet-boys, that when they first went to work in the yard, the noise of several hundreds of hammers was very disagreeable, and made them nervous and sleepless at nights. But as time wore on, they got so accustomed to the sound, that they could go snugly to sleep in the

vessel, while the men were at work, and the hammers all a-going.

I think this very forcibly illustrates the effect that the oft-repeated warnings of God's Word have upon many an unconverted boy and girl. When first they hear of God's coming wrath, and of the awful judgment that awaits the sinner, it makes them very uneasy. I have known some who were afraid to fall asleep at nights lest the wrath of God might burst upon them before the morning. I have seen them weeping, and asking how they might be saved. But how quickly these impressions passed away in some. They seem to have got so accustomed to hear of judgment to come, until now it does not move them. They sleep while the solemn warnings and the loving entreaties of God's Word are uttered in their hearing, as if they heard them not.

My dear reader, are you one of this class? Have you become hardened under the sound of God's Word, uttered, it may be, day after day, by a godly father or mother; or, Sunday after Sunday, by your teacher in the Sunday School? Is your soul at ease without Christ and in its sin? Awake! if death find you so, you will be lost; shut out from God and heaven, and sent away to spend a woeful eternity in the lake of fire.

## THE FATHER AND HIS BOY; Or, THE EYES OF THE LORD.

 A MAN who was in the habit of stealing his neighbour's corn, took his little boy of eight years of age with him one night to hold the bag. Before commencing to fill it, he got up on the fence and looked all round, to see if the way was clear. Then taking the bag from the boy, he began to fill it. "Father," said the child, soberly, "you forgot to look one way." Startled with fear that he had been seen, he said, "Which way, child?" "You did not *look up* to see if God was taking notice of you, father." The child's words had an overwhelming effect. He could not take a single handful of corn, and it is said that he went home a convicted sinner, and was soon after converted to God. Now, dear children, I want you to think a little about God seeing you. It is a solemn, and ought to be a very searching fact, that "the eyes of the Lord are in *every place*, beholding the *evil* and the *good*" (Prov. xv. 3). "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth" (1 Chron. xvi. 9). And "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. iv. 13). You cannot hide your sins from God. At school, at play, by night, by day, "*Thou, God, seest me.*"

## THE DYING SAINT; or, Faith's Resting-Place.

**H**E had served the Lord for many a year, and witnessed a good confession. Now he lay waiting for the Master's call, into the rest and joy of His own immediate presence. But the clear and ringing testimony of his faith is echoed on to us still. Reader, may God bless it to our soul. Whether you be young or aged, living or dying, may his soul's resting-place be yours, even "the precious blood of Christ."

THE tide of life was ebbing fast,  
Its sands were nearly run ;  
The river's brink was gained at last,  
His work on earth was done.

Yet as the sun with lingering beam,  
Ere sinking into rest,  
Illumes with beauteous golden gleam,  
His pathway in the west.

So this dear dying saint, whose way  
Long shone with fervent light,  
Seemed pausing at the close of day,  
Ere setting from our sight.

Faith's noble fight he long had fought,  
Oft God's great love would tell ;  
And many souls through him were brought  
To drink of life's clear well.

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,"  
Had been his motto true,  
While skilfully the Spirit's sword  
From day to day he drew.

A stranger called one day, who sought  
To speak kind words of cheer ;  
Such words as he had doubtless thought,  
Would best befit his ear.

"What comfort it must bring to you,  
To think how many a year  
You've served the Lord with purpose true,  
Still walking in His fear."

"Nay, nay," replied the dying one,  
And flashed his soul-lit eye ;  
"Speak not of *works* that I have done,  
Bring not their record nigh."

"No comfort could my spirit find  
In springs of such alloy ;  
No peace flows thence into my soul,  
*They* are no source of joy."

"The blood, the blood, the precious blood,  
That is my *only* plea ;  
This *only* gives me peace with God—  
*That Jesus died for me.*"


"The blood of Christ has cleansed my soul  
From sin's defiling stain ;  
His stripes have healed me, I am whole,  
And I with Him shall reign."

Oh, if like precious faith be thine,  
Dear reader, young or old ;  
It is a passport all divine  
To walk the streets of gold.

No angel guard will bar the way  
To those fair realms of light,  
If you, while it is called to-day,  
Thus wash your garments white.

Then trust the blood, the precious blood,  
Of Christ for sinners slain ;  
Be reconciled through Him to God,  
Ere He returns again.

## THE PASSOVER.

 HE picture on the opposite page represents an Israelitish father, in the act of sprinkling the blood with a bunch of hyssop, upon the side posts and lintel of his door. The boy holding the bason, which contains the blood of the lamb, is his first-born son. See how anxiously he looks at the crimson drops as they fall from the hyssop bunch, upon the sides of the door. And so well he may, for in that sprinkled blood is the security of his life. It was only four days ago that Moses, the servant of God, told them to go to the flock and select a lamb. The pretty little thing, with its snow-white fleece, had been kept for four days amongst them, and now, on the evening of the fourteenth day, the father had taken a knife and killed it. Yonder by the door it lies dead, and that bason held by the boy contains its blood. At the door of every household in Goshen the same thing was done, and the golden rays of the setting sun must have fallen on many thousands of blood-stained doors that evening. An hour or two later, and there was not a child to be seen in the streets. Doors were all closed, and in every house there was a feast being kept. It was a wonderful night, and I am sure the little ones did not soon forget it.

Now, shall I tell you a little more particularly about it, and then try and show you what it teaches us.

The Lord was about to deliver His people from their long and bitter bondage. He had told Abraham that his seed should serve the Egyptians for four hundred years, and at the end of that long period He would judge their enemies, and bring His people out with great substance. (Gen. xv. 13, 14.) Now, that time had come, and the Lord had told Moses that at midnight He would pass through, and smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt. This would have been a sad announcement to the households of Israel, had it not been coupled with a way of escape. But they were told that, on every house where Jehovah saw the blood sprinkled on the door, he would "pass over it" and the first-born there would not be slain. This is why it is called the passover. I think you will better understand now, why the boy in the picture should be so deeply interested in the sprinkling of the blood. It was life or death to him. The poor Egyptians whose doors had no blood on them, had a dead child in every house, for Jehovah passed through at midnight and smote the Egyptians, as He had said. So you see the blood on the door was *the* all-important thing. The first-born might have

been a nice, amiable boy, or a loving, obedient girl; but if there had been no blood on the door, they must have died as surely as the child of the idolatrous Egyptians. Had you been living in the land of Goshen that night, would you not have made sure that the blood had been put on your door? I think I

hear you say "yes." Well, but there is something in which you are quite as much interested where you are. The same God who pronounced judgment on the first-born of Egypt has told us of another judgment yet to come. It will burst on the world as a thief in the night. But there is time yet to sprinkle the blood. *We*



do not need to kill a lamb, for "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us" (1 Cor. v. 7). His precious blood has been shed; but have you trusted yourself to its shelter? Faith is like the bunch of hyssop—it appropriates the blood; that is, it *trusts* it. Have

you, my dear young friend, trusted that blood? Are you, like the first-born of Israel, underneath its shelter, safe and at peace with God; or, like the first-born of Egypt, under the sentence of death, which may fall upon you at any moment?



## Foundation Truths.

### ETERNAL LIFE.

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**T**HE very moment that the sinner believes on the Lord Jesus, he passes from death to life (John v. 24). That moment he is "born of God" (1 John v. 1). He becomes a possessor of "eternal" life (John iii. 36). He can never lose that life again, or return to death in sin, else it would not be "eternal" life. He receives it from God as a "gift" (Rom. vi. 23), and not as a *reward*. Had it been held out as a reward for obedience, it might be lost. "But God hath *given* to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John v. 10). Where is it? "In His Son." Ah! then it is secure. Yes, quite secure; for the believer's life is hid *with Christ in God*" (Col. iii. 2). No one can touch it there—not even the devil. It is "hid *with Christ in God*." Think of that. "*With Christ!*" Can sin or Satan be *with Christ*? Can foes from earth or hell steal what is "*in God*." Nay, verily! Then the believer's life is sure. His life is "bound in the bundle of life *with the Lord*." "Because *I live ye shall live also*" (John xiv. 19) is the Lord's assuring word to

all His saints. Surely this is enough. We need ask no more. Christ and His people are so intimately connected that "he that is joined to the Lord is *one spirit*" (1 Cor. vi. 17). Closer than this He could not be. Then why should some have doubts and fears, and dark forebodings, as to the future? just as if it were possible that a believer might perish after all. I think this arises very often from mingling, or attempting to mingle, things that differ. We read of a "crown of life" to be given to those who are faithful unto death (Rev. ii. 10), and to such as "endure temptation" (James i. 12). And these texts are sometimes taken as if they spoke of "eternal life" which is the *gift* of God. But they do not. They speak of "the *crown* of life" to be given as a *reward* to such as gain it. But a *gift* and a *reward* or prize are two different things. You simply receive a gift without doing anything for it, but you work for a reward. Through unfaithfulness, many will lose it, but not the life. Vasthi, the queen of Persia, by disobedience lost her crown, but not her life. May it be yours, young believer, not only to have life, but to tread the "path of life" (Psa. xvi. 11), to daily drink at "the fountain of life" (Psa. xxxvi. 9), and, by and by to wear the "crown of life."





## Short Papers for Young Believers

### SERVING THE LORD.

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**N**OT only on the Lord's-day, but every day of the week, it is the believer's privilege to be serving the Lord. Serving Him in the kitchen or in the nursery: serving Him in the workshop or in the field. Whatever your position and your work may be, there is your sphere of service for the Lord.

Some of the Lord's little ones are nursery maids: spending their days it may be, attending to a lot of fractious ill-tempered children, whose naughty ways and words are ill to bear, and sadly tax their patience. But how sweet it is to know that the eye of the Lord is over them even there, taking notice of all that goes on, and if they serve Him faithfully He will not forget it.

It may be, some have masters or mistresses who are difficult to please, nevertheless, you are told to serve them *heartily* "with *goodwill*, doing service to the Lord and not to men" (Eph. vi. 7); and if they should be unsaved and ungodly, it makes no difference. The believer is the Lord's servant, and if His Master should send him to serve in some

ungodly house, as he sent Joseph to the house of Potiphar, and the little maid to the house of Naaman, it is still the Lord that he serves. And the Lord is worthy of being *well* served. The rooms will be kept tidy, the clothes well washed, and the children well attended, if it be "done heartily to the Lord." The office-boy will be there in time, and the apprentice will keep as busily at work when his master goes out, as when he is in, for he is not an "eye servant," but one serving under the eye of God. If the master should ask him to do something unpleasant to him, he will not refuse because he "doesn't like it;" if corrected, he will not "speak back," because the Lord tells him to be obedient to his master in "*all* things, not answering again" (Titus ii. 9).

What a power it would have over the ways and habits of all who serve an earthly master, if their daily work was done as service to the Lord. As old George Herbert sings—

"A servant with this clause,  
Makes drudgery divine."

and no doubt so it does, and it cheers the lonely one to know that the Lord knows all about it. Do not murmur or repine, but remember you are under the yoke with One who took the "form of a servant," and who said, "I am among you as He that serveth" (Luke xxii. 27).

## DO IT WELL.

**W**HATEVER you do—even the very smallest act of service—do it well; do it as under the eye of the Lord, and in view of the judgment-seat of Christ, where true service will be rewarded. If you have served your earthly master or mistress worthy of God and faithfully, then you will hear “well done” from the Master’s own lips. Never mind if your lot in life be very mean in the eyes of men—fill it for God, and do your work well.

Two young men were candidates for the same situation. The one who was rejected, sought to throw contempt upon his rival by saying—with a sneer loud enough to be heard all over the room, “He was once my father’s shoeblack.” The other heard the remark, and smilingly said, “Yes, and didn’t I black them well.” There could be nothing said by his opponent to the contrary, and so it went to the young man’s credit, and the other slunk away.

A young girl was brought to the Lord one evening in a Gospel Tent in Glasgow. She served as under-housemaid in a worldly family, and when it became known that she had professed conversion, they tried to tease her. But her mistress gave the following testimony to a lady

who called to enquire after Mary’s character and abilities as a servant, previous to engaging her. “Mary was rather careless for a time, but ever since she professed to be a child of God, her work has been very differently done. The rooms have been well done, and Mary has been a truly good, and trustworthy girl.” You see she began to do her work as under her new Master’s eye, and with the desire to please Him.



## HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

(Numb. xxi. 6, 9.; John iii. 14. 15).

**B**ITTEN by the fiery serpents  
Many dying lay;  
But the Lord, who loved the people,  
Then did say:

“Make a brazen fiery serpent,  
Put it on a pole;  
Whosoever looketh on it  
Shall be whole.”

We, by sin and Satan wounded,  
Helplessly did lie;  
But the Son of God from heaven  
Came to die.

Lifted up in pain and anguish,  
He was crucified—  
Jesus bore the sinner’s judgment  
When He died.

Now exalted high in heaven  
Ready to forgive,  
Whosoever trusteth in Him  
Then shall live.

—  
*Commit the verses to memory.*

## Letters from Young Believers.

"IT is just a fortnight since God, in His great love and mercy to sinners, shewed me by His Holy Spirit the way of salvation. I have a desire within me to do something now for the cause of Christ, or, in other words, I want to be a useful worker in the Lord's vineyard. With that object in view, I think I could best begin by distributing a few tracts among my many Church-going friends. . . . Would you kindly send me three hundred? I am just sixteen years old, and only an apprentice, else the order would have been larger; but if God sees fit to give me more money, the order will be larger next time.

I am, your brother in the Lord,  
SAMUEL T.—"

January, 1885.

Here is one only a fortnight converted, investing his spare pence in Gospel tracts to give among his relatives. May God abundantly bless them to the awakening and conversion of many. May others of our young believing friends be stirred up to follow his example.

If the *pence* entrusted to us by God be misspent on trifles, we need hardly expect that He will entrust us with more. Dear young believer, how do you spend your spare pence? What have you ever done for the millions of lost souls around you, and in far off lands? Are you spending on gaudy dress and ornaments, what might carry the Gospel to those needy souls? A leaflet or little book given to a fellow-worker, or enclosed in a letter to a friend, may be owned of God in their conversion.

## Questions.

QUESTION XXVIII.—Was Timothy converted when he was a child?

ANSWER.—We are told in 2 Tim. 3. 16, that "from a child (literally, a babe) he had known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," but there is nothing said about him being converted then. We know that there may be clear knowledge of the Scriptures, and yet no faith; and, no doubt there are many of the young,—especially the children of believing parents—who know the Gospel well, but have not been "born again." From the fact that Paul calls Timothy his "*own son* in the faith" (1 Tim. 1. 2)—we think it more likely that Timothy *believed* the Gospel, and *decided* for Christ on the occasion of Paul's first visit to Lystra (see Acts xiv. 20-22; xvi. 1, 2). There is a notion abroad that the children of believers may *secretly* become Christians very young in some way different from other sinners, but it is a fatal error. The new birth takes place when Christ is received, and where divine life is, it will be *manifest*. Until it be so, children should be dealt with as unsaved, and to do otherwise is to help Satan to make them hypocrites. No doubt Timothy's early training, and the unfeigned faith of his mother and grandmother, were all owned of God, but these did not do away with the necessity of the new birth, nor cause it to take place in any mysterious way in Timothy, or in others who have similar privileges.

THE names of all who have answered correctly, the Bible Questions given in *The Young Watchman* for March, will appear (God willing) in next month's magazine.

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## Words to Workers.

### GOSPEL LITERATURE.

ONE of the many agencies that God is using in the conversion of souls, and for the help and edification of His saved ones, is the circulation of Gospel literature. This is an age of reading, more particularly amongst the young. It is well to take advantage of this while it lasts, and give them something to read that will be for the present and eternal welfare of their souls. Let it be such as we can honestly expect the blessing of God upon. Let us see that what we put into the hands of our young friends in the Sunday school, be books and leaflets that contain the Gospel of God, and give a clear and certain sound on the great foundation truths of God's Word. Many of the books offered for sale for this purpose do not. Others muffle and obscure the Gospel, and co-mix it with error, telling the children to "pray for salvation" &c. Religious novels there are in abundance, and sensational stories founded on fact and highly coloured. But how can we expect the blessing of God on these? He who says, "Speak every man *truth* with his neighbour," cannot bless lies. Books should be adapted to those who receive them: Gospel for the unsaved: milk for babes in Christ: plain, homely words for the conscience and the heart, ministering Christ and dealing with matters of daily life and walk. Let us scatter far and wide the precious seed with no stinted hand, and water it by prayer. Soon the great Sower will come again with rejoicing—bringing *His* sheaves with Him. The full results of *our* sowing we shall then see, and share with Him the joy of "bringing in the sheaves."

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# The Young Watchman.

No. 29.]

MAY, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE FATAL CHOICE.

## THE FATAL CHOICE.

**I**N a lovely Highland glen, surrounded by rugged mountains, far away from the noise and commotion of the busy city, Maggie A—— and her parents lived. She was the youngest of the family, and the only one at home. Of a genial spirit, and possessed of a winning manner, Maggie was a general favourite in the glen; and wherever there was an evening's entertainment among the simple country folks, she was pretty sure to be there. Pleasure was her idol, and she spared no pains to avail herself of it.

One who visited that lovely glen was sore at heart to see the young folks growing up without concern about their souls, and to see the old folks dying and passing into eternity without a ray of hope to light the shades of death. They went to church once on Sunday, and that was the week's religion of the many. Eternal realities, save in theory, seemed to be unknown, and the stranger's soul yearned for the opportunity to sound the trump of gospel life and liberty. A door was opened of the Lord, and the gospel there was preached. Tidings "of the new doctrine" and the strange preacher, spread throughout the glen, and people came from far and near, some on horse-back, some on foot

for miles, to hear the Word. Eternity alone will show the full results. Several of the young folks were manifestly saved, and others were deeply anxious. But you may know that in the country, where everybody knows each other, it is no easy matter for a young person to stand forth and own anxiety about the salvation of the soul.

And thus Maggie found it. Within her soul, deep down, the Spirit of God was convicting her of sin; and, much as she sought to drown His voice, amid the many pleasures of the world, she could not get rid of the thought that she must die and meet God. Weeks passed on, and still her anxiety increased. The world seemed to lose its charm, and pleasure its power to fascinate her heart for a time. The closing meeting came. - It was on a Sunday evening, and some will remember that night for ever. Many were there bowed down with anxiety of soul, and others were rejoicing in a newly-found salvation. Maggie was there, and two of her companions. She sat with her head bowed down, evidently in deep concern about her soul. The tear stood in her eye, and then coursed down her pretty cheek. Jesus Christ, His love and happy service, with a heaven of glory and of unfading joy, were there on the one side; then over against

them on the other stood the world, with all its promised pleasure, and its cup of promised earthly bliss. Which was she to choose? She could not have both, that she knew full well, and it seemed as if the hour had come when her eternal choice had to be made. It was the day of her visitation, and heaven and hell waited for the issue. It was a solemn time, and one felt that God was very near. Decisions were made for eternity, and transactions passed between souls and God that hour.

Maggie sat with her head bowed. Her two companions kept staring at her, and seemed restless to get her away. O, how the devil watches his opportunity to wreck a soul as it nears the haven of rest, and how often he succeeds through the fear of a companion's sneer. Maggie rose and left, with her two companions; and we felt within our souls that she had made her choice. Whether for Christ or the world, we knew not. Next day, an aged relative, one who had long yearned over her soul, saw her, and heard from her own lips that she had rejected Christ and chosen the world. This was soon manifest by her return to mingle with the giddy throng, and by all anxiety having apparently left her. Poor girl, as we saw her pass and repass the spot

where she made her choice for eternity, we could only think of the sadly solemn lines—

She hath chosen the world and the giddy crowd,  
 She hath chosen the world and an endless shroud,  
 She hath launched her bark on life's troubled sea,  
 And her all is afloat for eternity.

But it quickly eluded her grasp. A week or two after she took fever, and in three days' illness she was in eternity. In a little church-yard near the mountain foot, her body mingles with the dust. The world rolls on as if she ne'er had lived; her name and memory will soon be forgotten, and Maggie's christless soul has gone to its doom.

My dear and youthful reader, let me make a loving and fervent appeal to your soul in the light of this sadly solemn incident. Are you bartering your soul's salvation for the pleasures of the world? Are you allowing Satan to drag you away from Christ and heaven, by his fair but false promises of a long and mirthful life down here? But you must meet God. You must grapple with death, and face eternity. The bright and beaming eye that reads these lines may soon be glazed in death. The ruddy cheek may soon be cold and pale. And when the death-dew lies upon your marble brow, when eternity unveils itself before your soul,

believe me the world will look poor and empty then. Companions of life's merry hours will be far away, and you will stand *alone* on the edge of the deep dark wave. How will you do *without* Jesus then? Where will your soul unpurged from sin be fit to dwell? *You know*. You need Christ, and now He waits to save you. To-day He bids you come. You need not wait: you must not linger. Life and death are in the balance; therefore, choose life.

—:o:—

### THE SUPERINTENDENT'S QUESTION.

**T**HE Superintendent of a Sunday School was passing round the classes one afternoon taking the spiritual census of the school. Sitting down beside one girl, he asked, "Shall I put down your name as one who has faith in Christ?" Rather taken aback at this pointed question, she answered, blushing, "I'm afraid not." "Then," he said, "I shall have to put you down as having no hope." He did so, closed his little book, and moved on.

But that faithful word was lodged as an arrow in her conscience, and she could not forget it. "My name is down in his book," thought the girl to herself, "as having *no hope*, and I fear it's true. What if the same should be written in the book

of God for ever?" Soon after this, she received Christ as her Saviour. Then she could say with truth, "I 'rejoice in *hope* of the glory of God'" (Rom. v. 2).

And this is just how it stands with you, reader? You either have faith in Christ, or you have no hope. Now pause a moment, I beseech you, and consider in which of the two conditions you stand before God. Think of the solemn words, "having no hope." Do they apply to you? "No hope" in life—"no hope" in death—"no hope" in eternity. In hell, dire despair holds sway, and hope is unknown. No ray of hope will ever shine in on the gloomy regions of the lost. Say are you journeying thither? It must be Christ or hell.

—:o:—

### THE SCHOOL-BOY'S LOVE; or, THE WILLING SUBSTITUTE.

**M**ANY years ago, when I was a boy attending the village school of Kilmaurs, in Ayrshire, there was an incident took place in the school that often comes to my mind. I would like to tell you boys and girls a little about it, and then show you what it illustrates.

A little girl in the school had disobeyed, and was called up to the school-master's desk to receive pun-



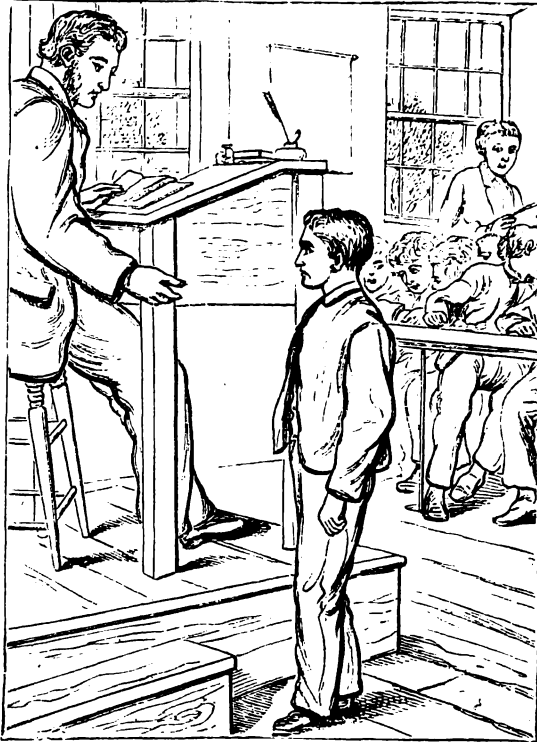
ishment, She rose from her seat, very reluctantly, weeping bitterly. But her sorrow and tears could not blot out her offence, neither could they save her from the rod. Just as the school-master was about to punish her, a little boy rose from his seat, and

walking up to the desk, politely said to the school-master, "Please, sir, will you allow me to bear the punishment instead of her." "But," said the master, "You have done nothing wrong, why should you bear the punishment? This girl has disobeyed, and she must bear it herself."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but I love her, and would like to bear it for her." So the guilty girl, and the innocent boy were allowed to change places. She was permitted to return to her place, and he was permitted to bear what he desired, to set the one whom he loved free. He became a willing substitute for the girl, and the rod came down on his hand instead of

hers, and she returned to her place without suffering any punishment at all.

Now, my dear children, I think you all understand my story, and I will try and tell you now what it illustrates.



We all, like that little girl, have broken the laws of God by sinning against Him, and therefore He must needs punish us. You know if there were no laws and no punishments at school, the children would soon do what they liked, and disorder and anarchy would presently prevail. And so God has a law, and who-

ever transgresses it must be punished, and He tells us "the wages of sin is death." Now, if this had fallen upon us, we should have been sent away into the lake of fire, to suffer the wrath of God, and banishment from His holy presence for ever. But Jesus, the Holy Son of God, saw us in our guilty and condemned condition, and His heart was moved in


pitiful love for us. He left the realms of glory bright, and came down to the sad world—not to condemn but to save sinners. He willingly offered Himself a substitute to suffer in their stead, and God accepted Him. Then on the Cross “He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities.” The sword was uplifted above His head, and although He had done no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth, yet He was bruised and punished as if He had been the guilty one. The reason was, because He stood as our substitute. And so Jesus died for sinners. Now He is raised from the dead and received up into glory, and all who believe on Him are free from punishment as He is free. When that little school-boy returned to his seat, his hands sore with the rod, having received all the girl’s punishment, he was free, and so *she* was free. And so is the sinner who believes on Jesus.

“He bore on the tree, the sentence for me;  
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.”

When He stood amid His doubting disciples on the morning of His resurrection, He showed them His pierced hands, just as if He had said, “Why should you doubt and fear any longer, the pain and sorrow is all past for Me, and therefore past for you.”

## THE WORDLESS BOOK.

*An Evening Talk with the Little Ones.*

 HAVE a new book here to show you to-night, children, and it’s rather a queer sort of book, too. It has only eight pages, and no pictures, no letters. Still it tells us a great deal, and I shall be glad if each of you learn its simple lessons.

The little book was produced: it was very thin, and had only eight pages. The first two were *black*, the next two *red*, the third *white*, and the last *gold*.

“You see what a variety of colours there are, and each of these pages tell us a different story. Whoever designed the little book had remembered, I daresay, that many little ones are too young to be able to read, and so he put the truths in *colours* instead of letters.

The first page is jet black, and the meaning of it is *sin*. Sin is a dark, hateful thing in the sight of God, and our natural hearts are just like that black page. They are full of sin and all uncleanness. There are three little texts we might all repeat together to keep the meaning of the black page in our memories.

1. We are all as an unclean thing.
2. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.
3. All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

Now, I think you will admit that

sinner with black, deceitful hearts like this, whose actions and ways are dark and wicked, are very unfit to dwell with a God of holiness and



light, or to enter that blessed place where nothing enters that defileth. So we learn from the first page of our little book the solemn truth that we are sinners, and unfit to dwell with God in heaven.

Now, turn over the leaf. Here we find a page all *red*, and this speaks to us of *blood*.

We hear a great deal about blood in the Old Testament. Blood on the door-posts of the houses in Egypt: blood sprinkled on the mercy-seat: blood flowing around the altar, and blood sprinkled on the unclean leper for his cleansing. Now, what did all this mean, and why did God ask that so much blood should be shed? The reason was this. Men were sinners, and the "wages of sin is death." Nothing short of blood-shedding, that is, death, could atone for sin, and God was constantly keeping this before the people. The reason why so much blood was shed was because "the blood of bulls and goats could not take away sin." It needed—

"A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they."

Ah, yes, and that sacrifice was found in Jesus, God's Holy Lamb. His blood is called "precious blood," and because of its preciousness no other sacrifice will ever be offered. And why did Jesus shed His precious blood? It was to take away the black, hateful thing called sin. Ah, yes, dear children, and to fix this firmly in our minds we shall now repeat together three texts about the blood.

1. Without shedding of blood is no remission.
2. The precious *blood* of Christ.
3. The *blood* of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

The third page of our little book is *white*, that is the opposite of the first page which is black. This white page speaks to us of purity or righteousness, and reminds us of the "white robes" of those who are to stand before the throne. But how is it possible for a sinner with a black and sinful heart to be made white and clean like this? The answer is "the blood of the Lamb." You see the red page comes in between the black and the white, shewing us, I think, that the only way in which a black sinner can be made white is by trusting Jesus' blood. Now, I wonder if you are all trusting in that blood? Nothing else can make you clean. There are three short texts concerning those who have been washed from their sins in the blood of Jesus, we might now repeat together.

1. Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.
2. Now ye are clean.
3. Thou art all *fair*, my love, there is no spot in thee.

The last page is *gold*, that is *glory*. The "eternal glory" in which those who have been made white shall ever dwell. The streets of the city are of pure gold: the redeemed shall ever tread them. Feet all clean: garments all white: hearts all pure. Crowns on every brow: tears all wiped away: no night—no sorrow—no farewell. "For ever with the Lord." May you all be there!



## Short Papers for Young Believers

### WAITING.

---

**T**HE peaceful inhabitants of one of our inland villages were thrown into a state of intense excitement the other day by an announcement that a royal prince was to pass through the village on the following day.

Early the following morning, men and women, and even crowds of children were moving to and fro, all dressed in holiday attire, and eagerly looking for the coming of the prince.

It was rather uncertain at what hour of the day he should pass, so they were all astir and on the outlook at early morn. By noon the street was lined with eager crowds; every wall was filled with watchers; and there they stood, hour after hour, fearing to go home lest they should miss a sight of the prince. At last their hopes were realized. The prince with his attendants came in sight; there was a general shout from the watching crowd; and they all had the privilege of seeing the prince and hear him speak. He passed along in his carriage, to where he was going, and the people returned to their homes.

Oft do I picture to my soul the coming of another Prince in grander state than this—even the coming of Jesus, Son of God, and King of kings. He said before He left this world that He would come again, and immediately He entered the heavens, two shining ones were sent to tell His wondering saints that He would come unchanged, and blessing them as when He went away. Later still He spoke from heaven Himself, and said, "Surely I come quickly."

His coming is nearer now than then. Should this decrease, or whet the watchful spirit? Ah, well we know what ought to be, but let us search our hearts and see what is. Are you waiting, dear young believer, for the coming of the Prince? Would you be glad to hail His advent if He came this hour, or would you shrink ashamed before His eye? Not that you fear His wrath, but would you be quite at ease were He now to come and find you as you are? How about the company you keep, the books you read, the way you spend the passing hours? Would He be able to say "well done" to you for these, or does your conscience say the opposite? It is well that we should accustom our souls to questions and hearts-searchings like these, and that we should trim our ways, and scan our practices in the light of His coming.

### FULL OF THE BIBLE.

**A** YOUNG sailor boy was one day tempted by an ungodly shipmate to take a glass of spirits, but he stoutly refused. The sailor said it would'nt hurt him, but Jack still stood firm with a purposed heart.

"What is your objection to it," asked the sailor? "I don't take it, because God's Word forbids me," said the boy. "Ah, yes, that's all right enough when you're at your mother's fireside," said the sailor, "but at sea you know there is allowance made." "God's Word says, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil,' and that is just the same at sea as on land," replied the faithful boy. The tempter, defeated, turned away sneering at the boy. A day or two after, another sailor tried the same game with the young believer. "You need'nt try *him*," said the sailor who was standing by, "that chap's *full of the Bible*, he won't drink," and so they let him alone. It was good for the dear boy that he was "full of the Bible" as they called it, for by the Word of God he was preserved from the temptation of the devil. The Word of God was dwelling richly within his soul, and in the hour of temptation he found it—as did his Lord and Master when in conflict with the devil in the desert—a sword in his hand wherewith to meet and conquer the enemy.

Young believer, if you wish to be victorious in the hour of trial, your soul must be well girded with the truth of God. As the sailor put it, you must be "full of the Bible," but if you daily neglect that blessed Book, and fail to take into your soul its holy truths, you will fare badly in the hour of temptation.

### BIBLE-SEARCHING.

**ONCE** again our young friends have been hard at work Bible-searching. Day after day the post-man brought such a bundle of envelopes marked "Bible-searching," that when the first of April came, it looked like a big job to begin to examine them. This is always a pleasant task, however, and it was particularly so this time, because there were so many answers from the little searchers under ten. We fully hoped that the set of simple questions given, would bring a lot of the little folks on the scene, and in this we have not been disappointed. In fact, there are considerably more of them than of the older ones, and better still, the largest number of papers giving correct answers come from those under ten years of age. So we say, "well done" to the little ones, and hope they will go on and "dig deeper" in the blessed Book that produced such a nugget as the answer to their set of questions—"God is love."

The set of questions for the older ones was more difficult than any they have yet had, initials and final letters both being required in the answers;

and although some have not quite managed to give the right answers, a number have, and some of these show much acquaintance with the blessed Book and are beautifully written. May the answerers individually know Jesus and trust Him in their early days.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS

By those *above* 10 years.

Initials.		Finals.
T	Teresh, . . . Esther ii. 21.	H
H	Hypocrite, . . . Job xx. 5.	E
E	Edrei, . . . Numb. xxi. 33.	I
L	Lazarus, . . . John xii. 2.	S
A	Accho, . . . Judges i. 31.	O
M	Melicu . . . Neh. xii. 14.	U
B	Belshazzar, . . . Daniel v. 30.	R
O	On the housetop, Acts x. 9.	P
F	Fare, . . . Jonah i. 3.	E
G	Golgotha, . . . John xix. 17.	A
O	Order of Melchisedec, Heb. v. 10.	C
D	Decree, . . . Ezra vi. 3.	E

Initials.—“THE LAMB OF GOD” (John i. 29).

Finals.—“HE IS OUR PEACE” (Ephesians ii. 14).

The following have answered the above questions correctly. They are given in the order of their merit :—

Robert Gray, Troon, . . .	aged 15 years.
Annie Cormack, Dumbarton, . . .	“ 11 “
Albert Page, Warwick, . . .	“ 13 “
Beatrice M’Phail, Elgin, . . .	“ 12 “
Jeannie Gray, Troon, . . .	“ 12 “
Charles Dunbar, Elgin, . . .	“ 12 “
Thomas, Hynd, Troon, . . .	“ 14 “
William M’Phail, Elgin, . . .	“ 15 “
John Hynd, Troon, . . .	“ 12 “
Peter Hynd, Troon, . . .	“ 11 “
Barbara Riddoch, Orton, . . .	“ 15 “
Lizzie Young, Orton, . . .	“ 12 “

Five others have given the right answers, but the wrong texts. This is a pity, because in every other respect they are right, and beautifully written.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS

By those *under* 10 years.

G-ethsemane, Matt. xxvi. 36, with John xviii. 2.	
O-livet, . . . . .	Zech. xiv. 4
D-avid, . . . . .	1 Sam. xvii. 34.
I-shmael, . . . . .	Gen. xxi. 10-14.
S-ilas, . . . . .	Acts. xvi. 25.
L-a-hairoi, . . . . .	Gen. xxiv. 62, 64.
O-badiah, . . . . .	1 Kings xviii. 4.
V-alley in Land of Moab, Deut. xxxiv. 6.	
E-liab, . . . . .	1 Sam. xvii. 13.

Initials added give—“GOD IS LOVE” (1 John iv. 8).

The following have answered correctly :—

Mary Tringham, Warwick, . . .	aged 9 years.
Emily Scott, Dublin, . . .	“ 9 “
Jessie M’Leod, Orton, . . .	“ 9 “
Maggie Young, Orton, . . .	“ 9 “
Agnes Forbes, Govan, . . .	“ 9 “
Charles Carruthers, Glasgow, . . .	“ 9 “
Annie M’Phail, Elgin, . . .	“ 9 “
Alice Thomson, Penrith, . . .	“ 9 “
Mary Smith, St. Helens, . . .	“ 9 “
Beatrice Barlow, Maidenhead, . . .	“ 9 “
Thomas Russell, Motherwell, . . .	“ 9 “
Mary Ingram, Fyvie, . . .	“ 9 “
Thomas W. Snaith, Kirkby Stephen, . . .	8 “
Thomas Mackie, Glasgow, . . .	“ 9 “
Ruth Doyle, Manchester, . . .	“ 8 “
George Bryson, Annan, . . .	“ 9 “
Muriel Battersby, Blackrock, . . .	“ 8 “
Frederick Page, Warwick, . . .	“ 8 “
Charles Harvey, Lugar, . . .	“ 8 “

Two have given the answers correctly but omitted to give the texts: three are above the age, being over ten: three forget to give the text,—“God is love:” two say they got “a little help”—and on other two, papers there is unmistakeable evidence of helping hand having been given. A number have only one mistake, and a few papers came to hand “too late.” A little gift or prize has been sent by post to those who have answered correctly, and whose names are given above.

## Words to Workers.

### A WORD IN SEASON, AND ITS FRUIT.

A WEARIED worker, who had seen but little fruit of her labour, was sitting all alone one afternoon musing over her work, and seeking to find out what might be the cause of its apparent fruitlessness. Just then a little boy entered the place where she was sitting, and the Spirit of God prompted her to speak to him about his soul. She hesitated, and began to reason that she was a stranger, and he might take it amiss. (How the devil watches every opportunity to stifle the voice of God's Spirit, both in saint and sinner.) But it lay like a burden on her soul, and she could not get rid of it. She rose and, crossing over to the boy, began to speak to him kindly about his soul. The boy listened attentively, and the tear stood in his eye. What the result of that word would be she knew not, but she felt it was a word from God, and she had spoken it at His bidding, and her soul was now at peace.

Years rolled on, and that Christian lady found herself in a strange city on a Lord's-day evening. She went to hear the gospel preached that evening. The preacher was little more than a youth, and as he read over the opening hymn, she imagined she had seen his face before. During his address, he related the story of his conversion, and you may guess her astonishment and joy on hearing from his own lips that the preacher was none other than the boy to whom she had spoken that day, many years ago, and that God had used the word in leading him to Jesus. There he stood now converted to God, a herald of the cross, and their meeting that night was as the joy of harvest. Be instant in season out of season. Where God gives you a word, and presses it on your heart, speak it out. God has a purpose in giving you that word. If we refuse to run His errands at His bidding, He will find others who will, and lay us aside.

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# The Young Watchman.

No. 30.]

JUNE, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



THE IRISH GIRL AND THE DOCTOR; or, Safe in the Cleft of the Rock.

## THE IRISH GIRL AND THE DOCTOR;

Or, SAFE IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK.

**T**HERE lived in the northern part of Ireland, a good many years ago, a little girl whose name was Mary. She was little more than a child when the great awakening in Ulster began, at which time so many of the young were brought into the kingdom of God. Her parents had either been at that time themselves converted, or, if they had been believers before, they were at that time aroused from worldliness and backsliding, and restored in soul to God. They became anxious next about the soul of their little girl, and earnestly prayed that she might be brought early to God. Their prayers were heard, and Mary was awakened to see herself a lost and helpless sinner. Soon after, she believed with her heart the glad tidings of the Gospel, and was saved. The change was manifest too, in her speech and ways. She loved to speak of the One who had saved her, and to tell among playmates and friends what great things Jesus had done for her soul.

Coming along the road one afternoon, she was overtaken by a gentleman, a doctor of the law, who at

that time opposed the work of God, and did not believe that any one could know of their soul's salvation until the last day. They began to converse together freely, and in the course of the conversation, he heard from Mary the story of her conversion. The learned man was deeply interested, and marvelled not a little at the clear, intelligent manner in which she was able to speak of the Gospel of Christ. In order to test her a little, he said—

“But what makes you so sure that you are saved, Mary?”

“Because my feet are on the Rock Christ Jesus, sir,” said the little girl.

“But is there no danger, think you, that you fall? You know there are many who have said as much as you, and after all they fell through it, and went back to their former ways?”

The child paused for a moment, then looked up, and said, “Yes, sir, but we cannot fall through the Rock, can we?”

“Well no, not exactly that; but may you not fall off it then?”

Brightening up and smiling, not a little astonished at the great man's ignorance, Mary again replied, “Sure, sir, and that cannot be either, for the Rock has been cleft from above, and Jesus has put me into the cleft.”

Here the two parted, but the great man could not forget the

answers given by this happy, saved child. She was truly one who knew the Lord, and was taught of Him. And thus it is with all who are in Christ Jesus. Their feet stand upon the Rock—eternal, unmovable—even on Christ Himself. Stormy waves and angry billows may dash all around them, but these cannot move the Rock on which they stand. The word of Jesus is “Yea” and “Amen” to all who have put their trust in Him for salvation, and it is this—“I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand” (John x. 27).

Then tell me are *you* in that Rock, my dear young friend? Can you truthfully say, like Mary, that your soul is in the cleft of the Rock? Have you fled for refuge to the pierced side of Jesus? There is room for you there, and He bids you come. But, O remember, so long as you stay away, you are exposed to a terrible storm that will soon burst in all its fury on the Christ-rejecting world—the storm of God’s righteous wrath for the rejection of His Son. There is yet time for you to escape. Time for you to be sheltered from the coming wrath, but no time to trifle.

“Flee to the Rock, where the soul may  
hide;

Flee to the Rock, in its cleft abide.”

## A HOLIDAY AT RHYL.

IT was the summer holiday time, and the lovely watering place of Rhyl was crowded with visitors, young and old. Happy services for children were daily held on the beach, where hundreds sat under the glorious sunshine, listening to the sweet story of Jesus and His love. The weather was splendidly fine during the month of July, with the exception of one day, which was the most wet and gloomy I ever saw.

Not a person was to be seen on the beach the whole day long, and the few who had to venture out of doors, ran quickly along the parade, armed with umbrellas, and wrapped in cloaks, amid the drenching rain. Notwithstanding all, about fifty of the children and young folks gathered in the school-room, for the children’s service. Some of them, wearied of being kept in the house the whole day, were perhaps glad to get out on any plea; but, I think, a few at least were there because the Lord was dealing with their souls, and shewing them their need of a Saviour. Amongst the fifty, was a young girl, whose name was Nellie. She had come for many days to the meetings on the beach, and seemed to like the singing of the pleasant hymns. But, Nellie had no joy or peace in her heart, for she was not saved.

We had a deeply solemn time with the children that gloomy day, and many of them seemed anxious to be saved.

I spoke with Nellie a long time, and shewed her from the Bible how Jesus came to save naughty, sinful girls like her, and the Lord opened her young heart to receive the Word. She trusted her soul to Jesus, and peace and joy filled her heart. That gloomy day at Rhyl was her second birthday, and the beginning of a bright and happy life. I had the pleasure of meeting Nellie three years after at Llandudno, and she told me that ever since that stormy day at Rhyl, the Lord had kept her happy. She has had many a hard fight with sin, and many a sore temptation to resist, but the arms of Jesus have been around His lamb, and He has preserved and kept her.

My dear young reader, has such a day ever come in your life's history—a day in which you were sad and downcast, as you thought of the many sins you had committed against a God of love, and of the years in which you had despised and rejected the One who gave His life to save you? And have you, like Nellie, known a happy day, when, by trusting the Lord Jesus, the load of guilt rolled off your heart, and the peace and joy of heaven filled it to overflowing?

## BABY'S DEATH.

**S**HE was the joy of the house, but the Lord took her away. Her little brothers and sisters missed her very much, and the house seemed dull and cheerless without her childish prattle and merry laugh. The day before she was buried, the little body lay in its coffin, cold and silent. Some sweet flowers lay upon her bosom, and a sweet smile seemed to remain on her cheek. Then, there was a last look, and the lid was fastened down. A man of God read some suitable verses from the Book of God, about Jesus taking the little ones up in His arms, and gathering the lambs in His bosom: and he said baby would be there. Then he asked father and mother, and her brothers and sisters, if they would join baby there, and if they were ready to die, and he said that unless they were washed from their sins, by the blood of Jesus, they would never meet her again. Then the coffin was borne away, and mother and the children cried bitterly. That day will never be forgotten, for it was the means of leading that whole household to Jesus.

Dear children, some of you have little brothers and sisters in heaven! But will you meet them there? Not unless you have been saved, and your sins all washed away.

## THE FOOTSTEPS OF SPRING.

**S**TEALTHILY, stealthily, onward they creep,  
Waking the daisy from winter's long sleep;

Painting soft hues on the butterfly's wing,  
Beautiful, beautiful, footsteps of spring.

Merrily, merrily, over the lea,  
Sending the lamb in its innocent glee;  
Teaching the lark its sweet sonnet to sing,  
Beautiful, beautiful, footsteps of spring.

Silently, silently, from the cold earth,  
Bringing the primrose and violet to birth;  
Making the woodlands with music to ring,  
Beautiful, beautiful, footsteps of spring.

Hopefully, hopefully, wait we to see  
This earth fully blest, Lord Jesus, in Thee;  
Watching, in faith, to the promise we cling,  
Beautiful, beautiful, footsteps of spring.

Tenderly, tenderly, as falls the dew,  
Children of light, He is coming for you;  
Unpictured gladness His advent will bring,  
Beautiful, beautiful, footsteps of spring.

Suddenly, suddenly, He will appear,  
Quickly as lightning flash, vivid and clear;  
Then groaning creation exulting may sing—  
Beautiful, beautiful, footsteps of spring.

## WHERE JESUS LIVES.

**W**HERE does Jesus live, children?" asked a teacher of his class one Sunday afternoon.

"Please, sir," said a little boy, who had been recently converted, "He lives with me, down in our ally now."

And this answer was quite correct, for all who have received the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, have the promise of His presence with them, He says, "Lo, I am with you alway."

Is He with you, dear child?

## Bible Themes Illustrated.

### FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

**W**HOSOEVER believes the Gospel now, receives the forgiveness of all their sins, and they may know it as certainly as the woman who knelt at Jesus' feet in the Pharisee's house, and heard Him say, "Thy sins *are* forgiven" (Luke vii. 48). Now let us see how all this comes about, and how we may know it.

As sinners we are guilty and condemned. Righteously we deserved nothing but death and judgment. But Jesus died, that the grace of God might reach us righteously. When God raised Him up from among the dead, He exalted Him in heaven to give "forgiveness of sins" (Acts v. 31). This was one of the honours that God conferred upon Him, and He forgives all who own their guilt and trust His name. Long ago, a royal prince was being conducted through the galleys in France where the convicts are. As a mark of honour, he received authority to discharge one of the convicts. The story of one after another was heard, and all of them justified themselves. False witnesses and judges were blamed for their imprisonment.

At last one aged prisoner was brought. He was suffering a long sentence, and he said it was righteous. He owned his guilt in full: condemned himself and justified the law. "That's the man I'll set free," said the Prince, and the self-convicted man received his freedom. This is the kind of sinner whose iniquities Jesus forgives. It is the sinner who owns his guilt: not the self-righteous, or those who justify themselves.

And this forgiveness is proclaimed with the authority of God in the familiar words, "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the *forgiveness of sins*, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38-39). Strange that so few believe the Royal proclamation. When the Government of North America proclaimed the freedom of the slaves in the Southern States, thousands believed the proclamation, and counted themselves free men from that very hour. And some who have heard the Lord's proclamation have believed it too, and now they sing—

"I know my sins are all forgiven,  
And I am on my way to heaven."

But some have not believed. We have read of an aged slave who, instead of believing the proclamation and accepting her freedom, went and consulted with a friend of

her cruel master's, who advised her to remain as she was. And thus many treat the Gospel. Instead of believing God, they consult their own hearts which are in league with the devil, and believe them instead of God. But "let God be true, and every man a liar;" and God says the believer's sins are "all forgiven" (Col. ii. 14).

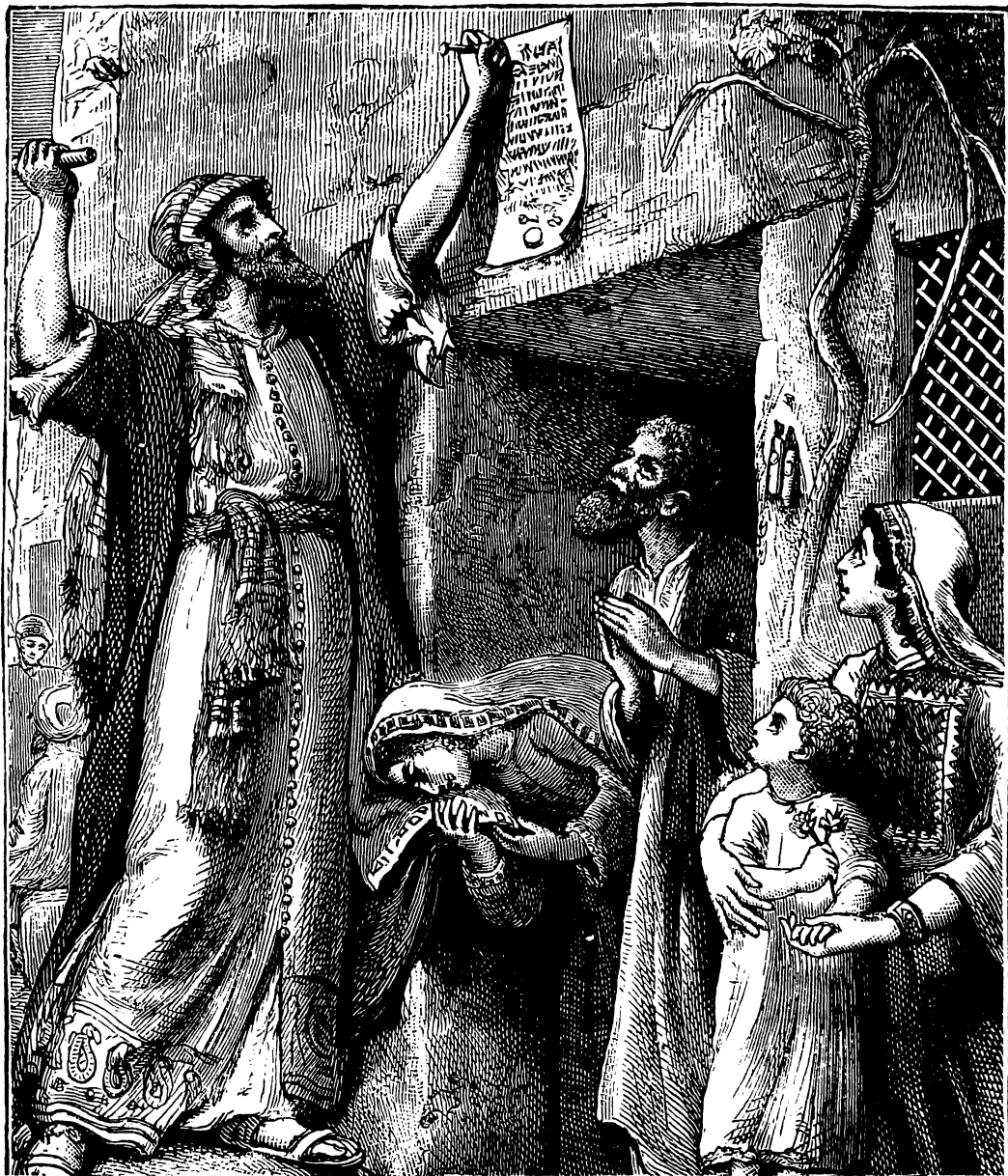
"Blotted out as a thick cloud" (Isa. xlii. 22).

"Cast behind God's back" (Isa. xxxviii. 17).

"Removed as far as east from west" (Psa. ciii. 12).

"Remembered no more" (Heb. x. 17).

Surely this is enough for faith. Take the comfort of it home to your soul then, and doubt no more. But you may ask, What if doubts and fears again arise? The picture on the opposite page illustrates an ancient Eastern custom, that when a man became so poor as to be unable to pay his debts, if his creditor should forgive them, the cancelled bond was nailed above the door of his house by the creditor's own hand, to let his forgiveness be known. How gladly would the bankrupt debtor welcome that sight. How his eyes would gaze upward to the document; and, should doubts and fears arise in his heart, the sight of that cancelled bond would hush them all to rest. And when *we* had "nothing to pay," *He* "frankly forgave us." He charged Himself with our debts: He took the bond.



“For He became our Surety, and what *we*  
could not pay,  
He paid *instead* and *for* us, on that one  
awful day ;  
Then God released the Surety to shew the  
work was done,  
And Jesus’ resurrection declared the victory  
won.”

His presence in heaven is the sign  
that the believer’s sins are gone.  
And we have the written Word down  
here beside us, telling us, “Your sins  
*are* forgiven you for His Name’s  
sake” (1 John ii. 12).

## Short Papers for Young Believers

### THE MASTER ALWAYS IN.

“GIVE me an extra half-yard, Willie; your master is not in, and nobody will ever know anything about it,” said a customer to a draper’s apprentice, who was serving her with some cloth.

The lad looked at the woman, and respectfully, but firmly replied, “My Master is always in, and He knows everything.”

The woman quite ashamed like, shrunk away, muttering something about Willie’s “religion.”

But that was a noble answer of Willie’s, and it was perfectly true. Willie was a believer, and he had learned to do his work behind the counter in the presence of His Master, Jesus Christ, and He was “always in.”

It would be a great blessing to all the Lord’s saved ones, if they would thus seek to live and serve as in the very presence of the Lord, conscious that His eye is ever looking on. It would be a powerful corrective too, for many little inconsistencies that are apt to occur among the Lord’s people. Mary, the nursery maid, is in want of a few pins for her own personal use, and not having any of her own at the moment, she wonders

how she’ll do. Suddenly she remembers that her mistress has gone out to do some shopping, and so she slips upstairs and helps herself to a dozen of hers. Some one will say, this was a very small affair, quite true, but still Mary wouldn’t have taken the pins if her mistress had been looking; and I am quite sure that if Mary had remembered that her Master was “always in,” she wouldn’t have done it either. What she could not have done with ease in the presence of her earthly mistress, would she have done in the presence of the Lord? I trow not. But Mary had not been living consciously in this presence: she had forgotten that the Master is “always in.”

Bob, the message boy, is sent off with a basket of goods to a customer, and while he is in the street where his master’s window is, he walks smartly. But once he gets round the corner he slows his pace, then stops and looks at boys playing marbles. Now, Bob, who professes to be saved, would not have done this, had he remembered that His Lord and Master’s eye was on him, round the corner too. Had he been carrying his earthly master’s goods consciously as a servant of the Lord, and with the desire to please his “Master in heaven,” I’m sure he would have done his work well, aye, and smartly too.



When we were boys at school, sometimes the master would leave the class-room for a few minutes; and the moment we were sure he was out of sight, everything went in an uproar. The boys talked, laughed, and played all sorts of tricks. But the moment the master's step was heard, there was a sudden hush, and every boy was found immediately in his place and at his lessons. The master's presence, and the consciousness that his eye was on the boys, kept them in order; but when they got from under that eye, and away from that presence, then the disorder began. But our Master is always in: His back is never turned. "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous," and "He withdraweth not His eyes from them" (1 Pet. iii. 12; Job xxxvi. 7).

My dear young believer, seek to live and walk in the daily consciousness of this. At school, at home, in the office, and in the work-room, seek to remember that "the Master is always in."

It has a wonderful power over the habits and ways of the people of God, when they seek to walk and live as under the eye of the Lord, and it preserves them, too, from falling into the crooked ways of the world, and doing such things as brings dishonour on that worthy name by which they are called.

## NARRATIVES OF CONVERSION.

"**I** LOST my mother at the age of eleven, and my father when I was fourteen. They were both devoted Christians, died happy, and no doubt they went to be with Christ. They often spoke to me about my need, and told me of Jesus 'the mighty to save.' Many earnest prayers were offered too for my conversion, and for my only brother's. But my dear parents both died without having the joy of seeing us born of God.

The next part of my life was sadly dark and sinful. God has blotted it out and forgotten it, and so well may I, so I need not unveil it further than to say—

'A wretched brand on hell's dread brink,  
Just trembling there I stood.'

Seven years ago I was invited to attend some meetings being held in the town where I then lived. I went and heard an eloquent and earnest man preach temperance and the gospel. At the close of his address any who were anxious to be spoken with, or to take the pledge, were asked to remain. Under the impulse of the moment I waited, and a gentleman spoke to me. I cannot remember all that he told me, but it was chiefly about reformation and taking the pledge. I was almost forced to take it, but when I did, I knew full well that I needed more. They said it was a 'step' in the right direction, and I ought to take it. Then I was asked to 'testify.' But I had really nothing to say. How could I say my soul was saved for

eternity for it was not? Still I was counted as one who had received *blessing* at the meetings. O how I longed for some one to deal with me about my soul, and to speak plainly to me the gospel. But no one did. The meeting ended, I was reformed but not saved. I felt all the old desires burning within me still; and the devil whispered, 'You are a hypocrite, and your day of mercy is past.' I cannot describe what I have passed through since then. Once and again I stood on the edge of the pier, within an inch of committing suicide. Only for the love I had for my brother I should have done it; but God prevented me.

I was leaving the train one night when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, I turned and saw a Christian whom I had heard preach the gospel. He asked if he might walk along beside me, and before we had gone many yards he asked if my soul was saved. I was dumfounded, and could scarcely speak. As we walked along together, I felt he was a true friend, and so I told him my whole life's story. He sympathised with me, told me he had met others in a similar condition, and told me that Christ wanted to have me still, and just as I was. As we parted, he said he would pray for me. Not just then, but some time after, while lying awake upon my bed, I saw in a moment that my part was to trust myself to Christ just as I was, and He had promised to save me. I did, and peace then filled my heart; the storm was hushed into a great calm, and bless His name, He is precious to me still.

I believe the pledge and the sham conversion mislead me—it was there I missed Christ. Had I but taken Him then instead of the pledge, how much I should have been saved; but in spite of all He took me in and made me His."

Reader, pledges and reformation will not do. By these the devil may deceive you, but they cannot save you. You need Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

—:—

### BIBLE KEY-NOTES.

#### EPHESIANS—"IN LOVE."

Before Him in Love, - - -	i. 4.
Rooted and grounded in Love, -	iii. 17.
Edified in Love, - - -	iv. 16.
Walking in Love, - - -	v. 2.
Speaking in Love, - - -	iv. 15.
Forbearing one another in Love, -	iv. 2.

—:—

### ETERNITY.

**C**OUNT the blades of grass that glisten  
 Early in the morning dew :  
 Count the leaves of every forest, -  
 Under heaven's dome of blue :  
 Count the grains of sand that gather  
 On the shore of every sea :  
 Count the gold and silver blossoms,  
 Spring has scattered o'er the lea :  
 Count the shadows quickly falling,  
 In the evening's fading light :  
 Count the stars that gleam and twinkle,  
 In the firmament by night.

When your counting all is done,  
 Scarce Eternity's begun,  
 Children ask, "Where shall I be  
 During that *Eternity*?"

*In heaven*, where Christ and angels dwell,  
 Or wailing with the lost *in hell*?

## JOTTINGS

*From a Conference of Sunday-School Teachers.*

“**A**S I came along in the train, I saw a man ploughing. He had three horses in his plough, and they seemed to have hard work. The ground was fallow; it had been overgrown with thorns. Ours is such a work, and we must make up our minds for hard and downright earnest labour. It is not a pastime, any more than pulling the plough was for these horses. But the reaping time will come. Comparatively easy work, too, it is. In goes the sickle: no pulling required. Then the joy of harvest.”

“Over 100 out of 160 children search for the daily texts in the “Children’s Almanac.” The teachers all see an increased interest among the children since this begun, and over half-a-dozen have by this means been led to decision for Christ.”

“We have a weekly Teachers’ Meeting, at which we read over together the subject for following Lord’s-day, and get it well into our own souls. This has been a real help to many of the young teachers, and I may say to all of us.”

“Never absent yourselves from your classes without providing a suitable substitute, and even that as seldom as possible.”

## Questions.

[Several very interesting and important questions have been sent us by young believers, chiefly on matters concerning their individual paths of service and witness-bearing for the Lord. It is truly marvellous in our eyes to see the deep exercise of soul that some of these questions bespeak unto pleasing of the Lord, and that too in very young disciples. We shall endeavour, as the Lord may give help and light to deal with these, to answer them briefly from time to time through the pages of *The Young Watchman*. But as our space is somewhat limited, our young correspondents will need to exercise a little patience perhaps before they receive answers to their queries.]

QUESTION XXVII.—*Is it right for a young believer to go to a class to learn dancing and deportment?*

ANSWER.—The evil associations of such things would be a sufficient reason for a child of God not to go. Moreover, a believer in a healthy condition of soul would have no heart for such a thing. Just imagine one of the Lord’s “peculiar people” (1 Pet. ii. 9), of whom He has said, “They are not of the world even as I am not of the world” (John xvii. 16), whirling on the floor of a dancing school amid a mixed crowd of young men and women! Could anything be a greater contradiction? Is such a training for God or the devil? Is dancing of the Father or of the world? Unquestionably the latter. Then your course is clear. Have nothing to do with it. But we can imagine the difficulty with some young believer lies here. Their parents may be people of the world and they wish their children to be trained for the world too, hence they wish them to attend a dancing school. Now what is the child to do? We believe that, in nearly every case, if the Christian child made it a matter of constant prayer, and then, in the spirit of meekness, told the parents of her desire to be relieved from it, on the ground that she feared it would displease God, God would overrule, and they would not force it. But, if otherwise, then God has the first claim, and He must be obeyed, come what may. The opposition raised against one who desires in these things to please God is “no strange thing.” It is the old road; the royal path of suffering for Christ. The path in which Mordecai walked when he refused to bow to the Agagite, and of the three Hebrew youths who would not worship the image. But what is its reward? God always honours faithfulness here and in heaven. Only make sure that you suffer for righteousness’ sake, and not for stubbornness of your own.

Questions, and all other communications, in future to be addressed to

JOHN RITCHIE,

“The Young Watchman” Office, Kilmarnock.

## Words to Workers.

### THE FAITHFUL TEACHER.

SHE was over seventy years of age, and had conducted a Sunday afternoon class for young folks, in a country hamlet far up among the hills, for many years. She had several miles to walk, in storm and sunshine, to reach it. One wintry day, a dreadful storm was raging. She hesitated whether it would be wise to go in such a day, or whether any of the young folks would venture out. Then the thought crossed her mind that some one might, and not find her there. She wrapped her waterproof around her and started off amid wind and sleet, and reached the place to find one solitary youth as her audience. But she was helped of God to speak to him faithfully and lovingly about his soul. She came home in the evening, tired but happy, having the inward testimony that she had pleased God.

Years after, she received a letter from a dying young man, asking her to come and see him. He was the solitary scholar of that stormy Sunday. He had long been convinced of sin, but tried to stifle the voice of God by saying to himself that most who professed to be Christians were hypocrites. He went that day to see whether she was sufficiently in earnest about their souls to come out in such a day, and God met him and saved his soul. Now he lay a waiting soul at the gate of heaven, fruit of that aged teacher's self-denial and faithfulness. God honoured it in making her the winner of his soul, and God always honours the devotedness of those who serve Him with the whole heart, but eye service and sham He hates.

## The Young Watchman

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

Many of our readers will be released from lessons and business during the next few months, and moving about in the country. This will give them an opportunity of circulating the Gospel amongst persons and in places where a stirring Gospel magazine is seldom seen. Others will be preaching in the open air, holding Children's Services by the seaside, &c., where a Gospel magazine is always well received.

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JOHN RITCHIE,

"The Young Watchman" Office,

KILMARNOCK, Scotland.

# The Young Watchman.

No. 31.]

JULY, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.

## A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.

COME with me across the deep waters of the Irish Channel to the pretty Isle of Man, where so many weary toilers go every summer seeking health and pleasure. How lovely the Bay of Douglas looks this bright July morning, the sunlight dancing on the water, which is so clear that one can see the white stones lying in the bottom of the bay. Groups of merry children are delighting in all the pleasures of wading and building sand castles, while above the promenade sweep the fashionable crowd.

But what are all those people doing near the iron pier? Let us go and see. Oh! it is a Children's Meeting in the "Sands Cathedral." What an interesting sight! In the centre tier of seats are the "tinies," many of them without shoes or stockings, having just come from paddling along the edge of the waves. In the next two rows are the older girls and boys, and the outer ring is composed of adults. Here comes a rush of children, pushing in to see what is going on, and yonder sits a couple at a distance listening. Little hands are eagerly stretched out for hymn sheets; then all join in singing—

"If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad."

Quite a thrill passes through the up-

grown ones, as the tinies sing, very softly—

"He is gently calling, little ones like me." A short prayer follows, then all eyes are fixed on the speaker, who so simply, that even the smallest can understand, tells the sweet story of the love of Jesus, who left His home in heaven to come down and die for sinful boys and girls, and who is ever seeking the lost ones. How intently they listen! Sea, sand-castles, and all forgotten; while in many little hearts—ah! and big ones, too—comes the consciousness of sins unforgiven, and a longing to have those sins put away. Then comes the closing hymn, followed by a short prayer, that the seed sown may take root in some prepared hearts.

As the children dispersed with their much-prized "picture leaflets," one little girl was going slowly towards the town, wishing that she knew her sins were forgiven. Presently the speaker overtakes her, and asks a question. Soon the confidence of the little one is won, and the way of salvation put more plainly before her; and there on the sands, Ida trusts the Saviour who has done so much for her. The peace of God fills her heart, and she goes to her home rejoicing.

Months roll on. Ida is away in her own pretty home in England, but amidst all her play and lessons,

she loves and follows Jesus. Soon a great sorrow comes. Her dear grandfather, who was one of Ida's greatest treasures, is called away to a better land. Ida now finds Jesus is with her in trouble—a Friend who never leaves nor forsakes her.

As the years pass on, Ida has to leave home for a distant boarding-school. Will Christ be able to keep her, among all the temptations of school life, do you think? Listen. She says, "I have chosen a motto for this year, namely, 'What would Jesus do?' and I find an answer to it in, 'Even Christ pleased not Himself' (Rom. xv. 3), and I am trying to act upon it." Thus she is going on, feeding daily on the Bread of Life, and shining for Him who is able to *keep*, as well as to *save*, all who put their trust in Him.

Have you, dear young reader, ever come to Jesus as a helpless, lost sinner? If not, do not put off any longer. Perhaps you have been thinking, "If I do trust Jesus now, I shall not keep on trusting." Oh, don't let Satan deceive you with this vain excuse, for Jesus will keep you if you will only let Him. He says, "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them *eternal life*; and they shall *never* perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 27).

## FROM MID OCEAN TO HEAVEN.

**T**WO little girls were in the habit of going with their mother to a Sunday evening Gospel Meeting. Oftimes as the story of the love of Jesus was told out, the tears would gush down their ruddy cheeks. But the feelings may be moved without the conscience being reached. Children weep as they read the story of Jesus' painful suffering, just as they do while reading the story of Joseph's wrongs inflicted by his brothers. In either case, the conscience is left unbroken. Thus it was with the two little girls of my story. But one night the word of God came in power to their consciences, and they wept because of their sins. It was that night they both believed on Jesus. Their young and tender hearts were won by the sweetness of Jesus' name, and they both took a bold and decided stand on the Lord's side.

Some time after this, the mother and her two little girls set sail for a foreign land. All happy in the Lord, and rejoicing in the hope of meeting loved ones already on that foreign shore, they bade farewell to companions here, and sailed away from England's strand.


In mid ocean a large vessel came into collision with the one in which

they sailed, and she almost immediately sank. Through the efforts of the crew, a few of the passengers were saved, among which was the mother of the two little girls. But they, in the confusion of the moment, got separated from her, and both of them were drowned.

The loss of her two precious children was a sad blow to the mother's heart; but, even amid her tears, she was comforted to know that they were without doubt with Christ in heaven. They were saved on earth, and wasn't it well, for they had no time to get the great transaction done in the commotion of life's last moments on board that sinking ship. Nor did they require it, because all was done before.

And is it so with you, my dear young friend. You too may be called to eternity suddenly. Say are you ready? Are you fit to meet God as you are, think you, and would you be in heaven if now the call should come?

### A PRAYING MOTHER.

 AN aged saint and servant of God, now gone to be with Jesus, visited some years ago the place of his nativity and childhood's days. Friends and playmates of early days had gone, and many changes had taken place. But the room in which he slept that night,

was the same as when he slept in it as a boy forty years before.

"Even the furniture," he says, "remained as it was when I was a boy. My busy thoughts would not let me sleep; I lay thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of morning streamed through the little window, and my eye caught sight of the very spot where forty years ago my sainted mother took my hand, and said, 'Richard, my dear, kneel down with me.' I seemed to hear the tones of her voice. I burst into tears, and rising, I fell on my knees on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked the Lord for giving me such a mother."

Children who have a praying mother are blessed with one of heaven's choicest gifts. Do not slight her tender yearning heart, or turn a deaf ear to her words of entreaty, as she seeks to lead you to Jesus. One who breaks a mother's tender heart, and coldly spurns her love for his soul, is sorely hardened by sin, and far along the downward road to death and hell. There is no voice so tenderly sweet to tell of Jesus as a mother's. Give her the joy then, dear children, of leading you to Him in the days of your youth, and do not turn a deaf ear to her loving entreaties, or coldly spurn her fervent appeals.



## THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

**T**HERE are many beautiful stories told in the Bible about shepherds and their sheep. In eastern countries the occupation of a shepherd is very common. Abel was a "keeper of sheep," and Joseph, Moses, and David were all shepherds. Palestine, in the days of the Lord's life on earth, was a pastoral country. The hills and valleys were "clothed with flocks" (Psa. lxxv. 13), and He often chose His illustrations and parables from the shepherds and their sheep. In the tenth chapter of John's gospel Jesus calls Himself by the name of the Good Shepherd, and speaks a parable about the sheepfold and the sheep. There are many precious things for us to learn there. Shall we try and gather up a few of them?

But first of all I must tell you something about the sheep and the sheepfolds. In eastern countries, the sheep are not quite the same as our sheep here, nor is the work of the shepherd the same.

The sheepfold or shepcote, is an enclosure made in the field or open country, somewhat like a yard with a stone wall around it. Into this fold the sheep are gathered in the evening, and there they remain during the night. In some cases it

is partly covered to protect them from the cold and rain. The shepherds keep watch over their flocks by night, to protect them from the wolves and other beasts of prey, otherwise they might come and devour them. The life of a shepherd is one of constant watchfulness, self-denial and danger. Jacob, while he kept the flocks of Laban, his father-in-law, says, "in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night: my sleep departed from mine eyes" (Gen. xxxi. 40); and David encountered the lion and the bear, while keeping his father's sheep "in the backside of the desert."

The eastern shepherd does not *drive* his sheep as our shepherds do here; he *leads* them. In the morning, "when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them." The porter opens the door of the fold, the shepherd leads the way out, and the sheep follow. Every sheep in the flock has a name, and when the shepherd calls the sheep by their names, "they know his voice and they follow him." The picture on the following page, shows the door of a Jewish sheepfold, which the porter has opened, and the shepherd is leading out his flock to the pastures for the day. If a stranger were to call the name instead of the shepherd, the sheep would take no notice, for "they know not the voice of strangers." The shepherd knows

his sheep, and the sheep know their shepherd. In the evening, after grazing on the hills or plains all day, he calls them together, and leads them home to the sheepfold. As they enter by the door, they pass beneath his rod, and he counts them one by one, to see if they are all there. You remember in the parable of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the flock ought to have counted an hundred, but only ninety and nine passed under the rod. One was amissing "Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender shepherd's care."

The shepherd uses a rod and staff. They are the instruments of his service. With the rod, or crook, he numbers, rules and rescues the sheep. When the robbers come, they climb over the wall to "steal and kill and destroy the sheep," but a truly good and faithful shepherd would rather die defending his sheep than allow one of them to perish thus. An hireling, "whose own the sheep are not," but who only serves because of what he gets, and who has no personal love for the sheep, would run to save his own life, and leave the sheep to perish by the robber or the wolf; but the good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep.

Now, if we keep these things in remembrance, they will help us to understand some of the things we may read in the Bible about Jesus

as the Shepherd, and ourselves as the sheep.

There are three characters in which Jesus appears as the Shepherd in the New Testament. He is called—

1. The *Good* Shepherd (John x. 11.)
2. The *Great* Shepherd (Heb. xiii. 20.)
3. The *Chief* Shepherd (1 Pet. v. 4.)

As the **GOOD** Shepherd He died on the Cross. "The good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep" (John x. 11).

As the **GREAT** Shepherd He arose from the dead, and now lives in heaven to feed and care for the "little flock" of His sheep down here.

As the **CHIEF** Shepherd He will come again, and give crowns of glory to all those who have served Him and cared for His sheep and lambs during the period of His absence from this world.

How blessed to have such a Shepherd, and to be one of the lambs or sheep of such a flock. Can you say, my dear reader, that this Shepherd is your Shepherd? Can you honestly say, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd?" Not "our," but "my" Shepherd; your own personal Saviour, Defender, and Leader? The One who has brought you from your wanderings and your sins to Himself, and out of the world that lieth in the wicked one, into the blood-bought flock of the saints of God? You may easily test yourself by this—"My



AN EASTERN SHEPHERD LEADING OUT HIS FLOCK.

sheep *hear* my voice, and I know them and they *follow* Me." He leads His flock *out* from the company of the ungodly, and away from the vanities of the world, *into* the green

pastures of God's presence, and communion through the Word, and *on* to the eternal glory. We shall have something to say about the sheep next month, if God will.

## Short Papers for Young Believers

### THE BOYS' PRAYER MEETING.

"**M**OTHER," said Johnnie A——, "would you be willing to let a few of us have the use of the big room on Wednesday evening for a prayer meeting? A number of the boys who have been recently converted bade me ask you."

"I'll be very glad, Johnnie, to give you the use of the room; but you don't mean to stay away from the usual prayer meeting on Tuesday night, do you?"

"O, dear no, mother; we'll go there too. But we've been thinking it would be nice to have a little prayer meeting, just among ourselves, you know, with none of the big folks at it; because we do not like to open our mouths aloud and pray before so many in the big prayer meeting."

"All right, my boy, you shall have the room with all my heart, and I hope you will have a time of real prayer and blessing together before the Lord."

Wednesday evening came, and about a dozen of the boys came together, and had a quiet hour by themselves in the big room, with


the door locked. Some of them opened their mouths in prayer for the first time that night. It continued every Wednesday during the winter, and God blessed the little prayer meeting abundantly, and the power of it was felt all over the village. The young believers were kept fresh and green in soul by waiting there together before the Lord, and drawn close to one another in the bonds of true companionship in the Spirit. Some, whose first lisplings as babes in Christ, were tremblingly uttered in that little prayer meeting, are now proclaiming the Gospel fearlessly to the crowd, and mingling their petitions with fellow-saints in the big prayer meeting.

Many of the Lord's little ones are ashamed to open their mouths for the first time before a large company, and so they remain dumb for life. They are there regularly, but not a word of audible prayer escapes their lips from one year's end to the other. The "fathers" in Christ do all the praying, and the "babes" sit in silence. But this ought not to be. Surely nothing can be more grateful to the ear of God, than to hear His youngest children lisp His name in prayer, and call Him, "Abba, Father." If an earthly parent loves to hear his infant child for the first time say "father," can

it be less pleasing to our Father in heaven? And if it be joy to Him, it is blessing to the young believer, aye, and to all the saints of God. What would become of the prayer meeting if all the young believers were dumb? Where will the men of prayer of the next generation come from, if those who are now babes don't get their mouths opened.

But you must make a start, and the example of Johnnie and his companions is well worth imitating, in the fear of the Lord. At anyrate, don't be afraid to open your mouth in prayer. Don't mind if some throw cold water on you, and discourage you; and don't be put out if others criticise your prayer; and never mind if you can only pray short, perhaps only half the time of brother So-and-so. Long prayers are not always a sign of spirituality in the offerer, or a source of blessing to others. Ask what you feel the need of, and stop when you're done. Shun formality and unreality in your petitions. It is not to be "heard of men," but to the ear of your Father in heaven that your prayer should be made. God bless the young believer, and make him a man of prayer, both in secret and in public. Thus shall he grow up in spiritual stature, and be able to share the burdens and toil of active service for the Lord.

## JOHNNIE'S FAITH.

 LITTLE boy who attended a Sunday School in Edinburgh said to his teacher one day, "Teacher, I wish my sister would read the Bible."

"Why do you wish that, Johnnie," asked the teacher.

"Because sir, if she would only read God's Word, I think she would soon be saved; and next time there is a prayer meeting, you might ask prayer that my sister may begin to read the Bible," said the boy.

The teacher was much pleased with the boy's earnestness, and confidence in the power of prayer, and assured him that the case of his sister would be mentioned for prayer next prayer meeting night.

Prayer meeting night came, and the teacher gave out that a little boy present desired prayer that his sister might begin to read the Bible and be saved.

Johnnie rose after his sister had been prayed for, and left the room. His teacher observed it and wondered what it meant. Next day, when Johnnie came to school, the teacher spoke to him about it.

"Please sir," said the boy, "I did not mean to give offence, but I felt such a desire to see my sister reading the Bible for the first time, that I could not sit any longer.

Dear boy! he believed that God was the answerer of prayer. Dear young believer, do you? "Continue in prayer, and *watch* in the same with thanksgiving" (Col. iv. 2.)

## Letter from a Sunday School Teacher.

To the Editor of "The Young Watchman."

**I** SEND you the following narrative of a soul's conversion to God through His blessing on the pages of your little magazine:—

"There lives in this town a young girl, well known to the writer. Some little time since, there was considerable excitement in the town, by means of the operations of one of the so-called 'Armies.' Many of the young people professed to be converted. This young girl went to the meetings, and became interested about her soul's salvation. Some one got hold of her at the close of one of the meetings, led her up to the front, and intimated that she was a convert. For about a year she continued to go to the meetings, and keep up a profession of being converted.

"She was suddenly laid upon a sick-bed, and for a long time it was uncertain whether she would recover. During these days and nights of suffering and weakness, far removed from the excitement of 'Army' meetings, she had opportunity of testing her profession of Christ, and, through God's mercy, she found out in time that she had been resting on the *sands* of feeling, and not on the *Rock* Christ. She had missed the mark where many, it is to be feared, have missed it, and rested on something short of Christ. Then once having taken the profession of being a Christian, they cling to it, although within their souls they have many doubts of its reality. A Chris-

tian, who was employed by the same master, visited her one Lord's-day, and she opened up to him her true condition. Told him she had got her eyes open to the falseness of her profession, and longed to have her feet on Christ, the solid Rock. Long and earnestly did he speak to her of Jesus the mighty to save, and, as he was leaving, he handed her a copy of "THE YOUNG WATCHMAN." The awakened girl eagerly opened it, to see if any ray of light might thus reach her soul. The number was that one containing the story of one who found peace through reading the fifty-third of Isaiah. Just as she was reading it, the light dawned upon her soul. She saw that Jesus was wounded for *her* transgressions, and she trusted Him. The whole household soon heard of it, and others too. The Lord raised her up again, and she goes out and in amongst us, a faithful and consistent Christian girl."

It is to be feared that not a few have, like this young girl, been cheated by a sham conversion. They have been carried away with excitement and sensation, but have no Christ. This may do well enough for days of health. Religious pastimes suit some, and they can go on in them long, without being born again. But a death-bed and near eternity tests all. Nothing but Christ will stand there. Reader, how is it with you? Is it a profession of conversion, or Christ you have as a Saviour of your soul?

## BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

ADDITION—2 Peter i. 5-7.

SUBTRACTION—I Peter ii. 1; Heb. xii. 1.

MULTIPLICATION—2 Peter i. 2.

DIVISION—2 Cor. vi. 17 with Ex. viii. 23.

PRACTICE—John xiii. 17.

## BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

WE hope, God-willing, to open a page of the "THE YOUNG WATCHMAN" occasionally, for short Bible Biographies to be written by the children themselves. We hardly expect that the younger of our readers will be able to do much in this (the Bible Searching will be continued for them), but, we fondly hope that the elder ones will interest themselves in it. That it will prove a real blessing to those who do, we cannot doubt; first, in leading them to carefully search the Holy Scriptures for themselves; next, in helping them to communicate to others what they find, and may God, by His Holy Spirit, quicken His Word in the souls of those of the searchers who are yet unsaved, and fructify it in the hearts of those who are already His. The subject of the first of these short biographies will be

"SAMUEL."

Papers must be wholly composed by the children themselves; they must not exceed one column of the magazine, or about 250 words; they must be distinctly written on one side of the paper only, and the name, address, and age of the writer given. The writer of the best paper will receive a prize. All papers to be addressed—

## BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

*The Editor of "The Young Watchman."*

KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

And they must be posted so as to reach us before the *First of August*.

## Questions.

QUESTION XXVIII.—*Do you consider it right to use a hymn book in our Sunday-schools, in which there are to be found many unscriptural hymns.*

ANSWER.—Most decidedly not. If it would be wrong to teach the children evil doctrine in the classes, it cannot be right to ask them to sing it in the hymns. Even should the worst of the hymns remain unused, they are there in the book where the children can read them and imbibe their evil teachings, corrupting their young minds from the simplicity of the Gospel of God, and acting as a powerful antidote to all the truth they may hear from the lips of their parents and teachers.

Leaving aside the many pithless, pointless, sentimental hymns now so commonly used, it is beyond all doubt that not a few of the popular evangelic(?) hymns with the pretty tunes contain fundamentally false doctrine, contradictory of the plainest teaching of the Word of God. No such book should be adopted in the Sunday-school, and if such a book has been used in the past, it should straightway be expelled as a teacher of evil doctrine.

## THE SACRIFICE.

**U**PON an altar built of stone  
The sacrifice was laid,  
The offerer stood and saw it burn  
To ashes in his stead.

A sinner, guilty and condemned  
Before his God was he;  
Yet, in his spotless offering,  
Accepted and set free.

So Christ, the holy Lamb of God  
Was lifted up to die;  
Himself the costly sacrifice  
That brings the sinner nigh.

I bring no other offering,  
I seek no other plea,  
It is enough that Jesus died  
And rose again for me.

## Words to Workers.

### NOT ENOUGH OF CHRIST IN IT.

**A**N eloquent preacher in one of our large cities, prepared and preached an elaborate sermon against infidelity, specially for the benefit of an influential and wealthy member of his church, who was supposed to be rather sceptical. The man listened to the finely arranged discourse unmoved and unconvinced. His little girl came home from the Sunday School the same afternoon, and he noticed that she had been crying. "What made you cry" asked the father? "O father," said the little girl, "teacher was telling us about the sufferings of Jesus on the cross, and how He came down from heaven to die for sinners. And do you know this, father dear, He died for *me*?" The tears gushed down her rosy cheeks as she uttered the last sentence, and the eloquence of the little one whose heart had just been won for Christ, melted the hardened sceptic. That evening he asked the prayers of God's people for his soul's salvation.

Not many days after he was saved, and when telling the story of his conversion afterwards in the presence of the minister who had preached against infidelity, he said, "it was that little child's simple words that reached my heart." The minister was astonished, but when he went home to his study and read over the sermon, he said to himself, "There was not enough of Christ in it." Ah, that was the lack. There had been little of Christ in the preacher, consequently little in the sermon, but the dear child whose little heart was burning with love to Jesus, could not help speaking of what was so precious to her, and God owned that word to melt the hard heart of her father. My dear fellow-worker for Christ, if you desire to see the children won for Christ, O then speak of *Him*. Lift up *Christ*. And O remember, that the secret of drawing others to Him is, *that your own soul be living in the enjoyment of what you speak*. The words of one whose heart is filled with Christ, must be heard. If you find little fruit from your labour, may the cause not be this, there has "not been enough of Christ in it?"

## The Young Watchman

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"The Young Watchman" Office,  
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KILMARNOCK, Scotland.



# The Young Watchman.

No. 32.]

AUGUST, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



EDDIE'S FIRST LETTER.

## EDDIE'S FIRST LETTER.

**C**HILDREN, as well as big folks, are fond of letters. When the postman's knock is heard, everybody's interest is aroused. If the little folks should be expecting letters, there will be a rush to the door. Some of us big folks can remember how pleased we were, the first time the postman brought a letter with our own name on the envelope, and the letter inside *all* to our very own selves. The following letter was sent to a little boy, only five years of age, named Eddie, just after he had recovered from a dangerous illness.

It will, no doubt, interest our young friends to read it, and we trust that it may be blessed of God in leading some of them to Jesus.

"MY DEAR LITTLE EDDIE,—I am so glad that you are quite well again, and at home. God was very, very kind, to take such care of you, was He not? But He has done even more than that for you, for He gave up His own dear Son, whom He loved so much, to leave His own beautiful home in heaven, and to come down here and live in this world for a long time, amongst us naughty people. All the time He was here, He never did one single wrong thing, nor had one single wrong thought, and yet, at the end of the time, He let God *punish Him* for all the wrong things that *we* have done, so that *we* might not have to be punished! He, Jesus Christ, God's Son, had the punishment that we naughty people *ought* to have had, and all just because *He loved us* so much. Only think of it! Did ever anyone else love you like that? Well,

then, you know, after Jesus had died on the cross, God, His Father, was so very much pleased with Him, and made Him alive again, and took Him back to heaven, and there He has been ever since, loving and blessing people all the time. Don't you think God deserves that we should trust Him with our whole heart, for His love to us in punishing His own dear Son instead of us, and should we not also love that Son who was willing to be punished for us? Your little sister, Emmie, and my three darling children (your cousins) live now with Him in heaven, and oh! how happy they are, and how glad *He* will be when His saved ones are all there together. But you know, dear Eddie, all the people in the world will not be there, for some will not believe on God's dear Son who bore their punishment for them; and then, of course, if they will not *believe in Him*, *He must* punish them for *that*, and could not take them into His beautiful, bright home.

"Give my love to your dear mamma, grand-mamma, and aunt. I think they have all believed what God says about Jesus, and have let Him save them from being punished for their sins—but you can ask them if they are quite sure about it. Your little cousin, Harry, used to love to be told about Jesus, though he was younger than you are. But I expect he knows more than I do about Jesus *now*, and so does your little sister, Emmie. Good-bye, dear Eddie.—Your ever loving

"AUNTIE."

The following reply was written by Eddie himself:—

"DEAR AUNTIE,—I thank you very much for your nice letter. It is the *first* I have had, and I shall keep it for a long time. *I love Jesus*, who *died* to *save* me. *I shall be glad* when I see dear Emmie, papa, and my cousins. Love to all, "EDDIE."

And now, my young reader, I should just like to ask, "Do *you* love Jesus, who died to save you?" Whether you do or not, I am sure *He* loves *you*, for the Bible tells us, that when He was on earth, He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," and He was quite displeased with the "big people" who wanted to drive the little ones away. He said too, "It is not the will of My Father in heaven, that *one* of these little ones should perish." I am quite certain that He is just as loving *now*, for He tells us He *never changes*, but is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Would *you* be one of *His* own little lambs, to be carried in His bosom? Then you must come to Him, and trust Him with your soul, then you will be saved, and love Him in return.

—:—

### CHRIST OR GOLD; Or, THE TWO MINES.

**T**HE following lines were found amongst the papers of a dear young man who recently fell asleep in Jesus.

He had been to the gold diggings, where he amassed a large fortune. But gold is a very uncertain, as it is an unsatisfying treasure. He was robbed of it all, and left in sickness.

The hardships he endured at the mines, brought on an illness by which

he was brought to the gates of death. How poor the world with all its glitter looked then, and how worthless seemed its riches in the light of a near eternity. During the progress of his disease, the young man was led to Christ. His soul was saved, and his heart satisfied by the "unsearchable riches of Christ." The following lines are the experience of his soul, while hunting as a worldling for the treasures that moth and rust corrupt, and which thieves break through and steal, and of the treasures he found in the love of Christ.

"I deemed that contentment was bought  
with gold,  
So I went to the land where the rich tide  
rolled,  
And I eagerly sought, 'mid disease and  
death,  
To grasp it: nor feared I the withering  
breath  
Of the damp chilling mine  
Where I saw it shine;  
Nay, I laughed, when I found that such  
wealth was mine.

But it fled, and it left me diseased and worn,  
And I grieved 'mid a night which would  
know no morn,  
But I was not deserted, for Jesus came,  
My soul from the power of Satan to claim,  
And He opened the mine  
Of His love divine,  
And His Word made it gems round my  
soul to shine.

O how softly He whispered, "'tis Mine to roll  
The burden of sin off the weary soul;  
How sweet was my freedom, relieved from  
the load,  
And He gave me a name—'twas a 'son of  
God,'

And He said, 'In its mine,  
Leave earth's gold to shine,  
The riches of grace are eternally thine.'"

## ROSIE AND NELLIE.

---

**R**OSIE and Nellie were sisters. Their father and mother loved the Lord, and from their very earliest days the two little girls had been taught to read and reverence the Word of God. Their father's business led him often away from home; and, during his absence, the long winter evenings were spent in hearing Bible stories from their mother's lips. It was a double joy when their father came, to get seated one on each knee, and to hear him read the daily portion from the Book of God. These were happy hours, and the precious seed thus sown was deeply imbedded in their young and tender hearts. But Rosie and Nellie were yet unsaved, and the Word, to all appearance, had but little power over them. They were merry girls, full of glee, and it seemed as if their souls' condition gave them no concern. But great changes were in store for the two girls, changes that they had little thought of.

Their father left home as usual one morning. He was to be away for some little time on business, so they were up to bid him good-bye. He kissed the two little girls, hoped they would be obedient to mother while he was away, and promised to bring each of them a nice present when he returned.

But the Lord had willed it otherwise. Just about the time that they expected to hear of his home-coming, the sad news was brought that he had suddenly died. It was a sad, sad blow to the poor mother, and to Rosie and Nellie too. They wept as if their hearts would break. And, O, how they missed him. Everything seemed so lonely now without father. But the words that he had spoken to them were not forgotten. They were fresher now than ever. Often would they sit and speak together of the "daily portions," and the texts that father gave them. They knew that he had gone to be with Jesus, for he was saved, and now they both longed to be saved and ready to join him there. What joy it brought to the mother's heart, when they came home from a meeting one night, and told her they had both received Christ. The mother and her two little girls have many happy evenings now, and they look forward with joy and hope to that glad hour when they shall meet their dear father again, and other loved ones who have gone before, to dwell for ever with the Lord.

Will you be there, my dear young reader? Will you join the friends and loved ones who have gone to heaven? Not unless you are saved. But this may be, for Christ has died to save sinners.

## ISHMAEL;

or,

## The WELL in the WILDERNESS.

**F**AR away from the home that gave him  
birth,  
Where oft he had played in his boyish  
mirth,

A youth sallied forth by his mother's side;  
The one joy of her heart, her hope and pride.

From his curly locks of the raven hue,  
Half hiding the dark olive brow from view;  
From the glance of his eye so bold and wild,  
Shone out the soul of the wilderness child.

That morning, his father, with aching heart,  
Had watched him with blithe, bounding steps  
depart;

But the farewell sentence he could not speak,  
As the tears rolled down o'er his furrowed  
cheek.

Full oft, for his son, in faith he had prayed,  
And God had for Ishmael a promise made,  
That He would exalt him, and raise his name  
As head of a nation to earthly fame.

Ere yet he was born, an angel had told  
His life would be that of an outlaw bold,  
A prince in Arabia's pathless sand,  
Dreaded chief of a warlike, hostile band.

Now away on his untried path he goes,  
Surrounded, it might be, by treacherous foes;  
But evil he fears not, from old or young,  
While his trusty bow from his shoulders hung.

Thus they journeyed on, till the sultry sun  
To the highest point in the arch had run,  
Then gladly the lonely travellers stayed,  
To rest, for awhile, in some rocky shade.

Of a frugal meal they would now partake,  
And their thirsty lips with pure water slake;

A well-filled bottle provided this cheer,  
For no fountain, or flowing brook was here.

So travelling and resting each day they went,  
Till there store of water at last was "spent;"  
Too well does Arabia's ranger know  
What meaning lies hid in these words of woe.

In that sandy desert no help seemed nigh,  
For each "wady" they crossed was parched  
and dry;

Not a shadow on which the eye might rest,  
By the noonday glare so sorely opprest.

The frightful simoon might around them sweep,  
Yet their onward journey they still must keep,  
Though lakes in the distance looked clear and  
bright,  
It was but the *mirage* that mocks the sight.

Hope died out at last, when poor Hagar laid  
The exhausted youth 'neath a shrub's cool  
shade,

When to a short distance she sadly crept,  
Where she lifted her voice and loudly wept.

Her tears freely flowed in this hour of grief,  
Yet, strange that in prayer she found no relief;  
She had seemed to forget the God of grace  
Who met her before in a lonely place.

But the lad she had left alone to die,  
To his father's God had addressed his cry;  
Hope's anchor had entered within the veil,  
Though nature and all her resources might fail.

It was only a feeble, quivering cry,  
But there came from heaven a quick reply;  
Soon an angel's voice fell on Hagar's ear,  
Arresting the sob and the falling tear.

"What aileth thee, Hagar, why such distress?  
Fear not! for the Lord will both save and  
bless;

The cry of the lad was heard from on high  
When so lonely left in the shrubs to die."

“Go now, quickly, arise, and lift him up,  
Learn hence, on My faithful word to hope,  
For he shall not die, but live to be  
The sire of a people both great and free.”

In that moment, with newly opened eyes,  
She beheld before her, with glad surprise,  
A well of water, deep, sparkling, and bright,  
And bounded toward it with wild delight.

She hastily stooped to its crystal rill,  
And quickly her bottle, from thence, did fill ;  
Then sped like an arrow, on wings of joy  
With the precious draught to her darling boy.

She watched with a pleasure, she could not  
speak,  
As health's hue returned to his pallid cheek,  
Till his eye, with its wonted lustre shone,  
And a smile replaced the weary moan.

The desert, henceforth, became their home,  
And Ishmael loved through its wastes to roam ;  
No archer with him in the hunt could excell,  
When chasing the hart or the graceful gazelle.

And though ages since then have rolled along,  
Still those pathless wilds to his seed belong ;  
Great empires have risen and fallen again ;  
But the Arab, unconquered, still holds the  
plain.

How sweet, in this story of early days,  
The kindness and truth of our God to trace ;  
Faith's feeblest whisper will reach His ear,  
The poor and the needy will find Him near.

He has opened a fountain, where all who will  
May stoop down and drink at its living rill ;  
Who thirst for this water are blessed indeed ;  
Who, taught by God's Spirit, have felt their  
need.

Who drinks of its waters will thirst no more  
For this earth's poor joys or its treasured  
store ;  
This well-spring of life in the soul will rise,  
Till it finds its level beyond the skies.

## THE TABERNACLE.

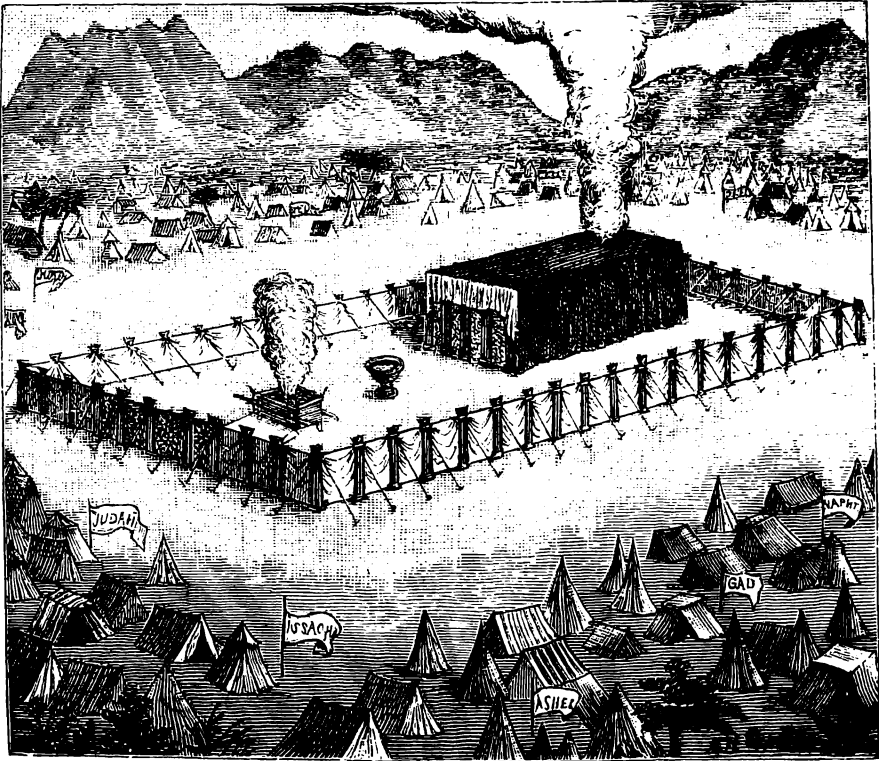
WHAT a wonderful sight it must have been to look upon the camp of Israel in the desert. Let us suppose that we are standing on the top of a mountain in the desert of Sinai, and looking down on the valley beneath. As far as the eye can see, there is the “great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions” (Deut. viii. 15), stretching itself out. Sand and barren rocks, with here and there a green spot. But what is this right down underneath us? It looks like a great city of tents, and there are men, women, and children moving in and out amongst them. And see that large enclosure in the very centre, with something like a great pillar of smoke rising from its western end! What is all this?

Well now, let us see if we can find out from the Bible something about this wonderful camp, and that sacred enclosure in its centre. I am sure we shall all be very much interested to know something about it.

These tents are the present dwelling-places of God's people, the children of Israel. God has brought them out from the land of Egypt, and He is leading them onward to a new home in the land of Canaan. It will take them some time to reach it though, and the journey would be

too great for them. So God who is guiding them along, has bidden them halt for a time near the foot of Mount Sinai, and during the time they have been resting there, they have built that beautiful tent in the centre. You should have seen how busy they all were, until they got it

finished. It took them nine months to build it, and all the materials were given by the people as free-will offerings to God. There never was such a building seen on earth before, in fact, nobody on earth would ever have thought of such a house. The pattern came down from heaven



from God, and everything about it was designed by Him. He took His servant, Moses, up into the mount, and gave him full directions how everything was to be made.

And why do you think God was so much interested in this building? It was because He was to dwell in it.

It was to be His wilderness dwelling-place amongst His redeemed people. You will try and remember that, won't you? The Tabernacle, that is the name of it, was God's dwelling-place; the first one He ever had on earth. God does not dwell in the world; sin has shut Him out from

there, but wherever there is a child of God, that is, one who has been born again into the family of God, and brought out from the world, God dwells and walks with him. Now the children of Israel were nationally His people, and they had been "severed from other people" (Lev. xx. 26); to be a "special people unto Himself" (Deut. vii. 6). He shewed His delight in them, and His love for them, by coming down to dwell in their midst, to provide for all their wants, and to defend them from all their enemies. What a happy people they might have been, when they had such a God among them. The pillar that rests on the western end of the Tabernacle, and spreads itself like a canopy all over the camp, is not smoke, it is the pillar of cloud, the symbol of God's presence with His people. When the daylight fades away, and the darkness comes down, that pillar of cloud will be changed into a pillar of fire, so that there will be no darkness there. God is the light of His people, and so long as they have Him abiding with them, they will never be in darkness.

It is truly blessed to be one of God's people then, is it not? To have God so near, and to know that He is so deeply interested in everything that concerns us. But it is an all important point for each of us

to make very sure that we are individually one of the people of God, else these precious things will not be ours. Are you, my dear reader, one of God's people? Test yourself and see.

We shall look next at the various parts of Jehovah's dwelling-place.

### Short Papers for Young Believers

#### HELPERS ONE OF ANOTHER.

"**G**OOD-BYE, Willie, don't forget eight o'clock on Lord's-day mornings now!"

"All right, John, I'll join you then, and I—— and A—— won't be so far apart, *via* the mercy-seat, will they?"

The guard blew his whistle, and in a few minutes the two companions were lost to each other's view. They had both been converted at the same time, and much of their spiritual infancy had been spent in each other's company. They had met for prayer and reading of the Word of God at eight o'clock on Lord's-day mornings, and the quiet hour had been much enjoyed by both the boys.



Now, one of them was leaving for a situation in the city, and they had agreed to continue the morning hour of prayer, and though sundered afar in person, to meet in spirit at the mercy-seat, and pray for one another. Many a happy hour they had together there, and God blessed the lads, and kept them fresh and green in soul.

How good it would be if young believers were thus helpers of one another; praying for, and strengthening each other's hands in God. How happy and truly blessed are such companionships. Dear young believer, do you enjoy aught of this? I mean, do you know the blessedness of having true companions in Christ, with whom you can share your joys and sorrows, and in whose company and fellowship you spend your spare moments? or, do you keep company with the unconverted? Are you a helper of your fellow-believers? or, are you a drag and a hindrance to their growth in grace? Either the one or the other, we all must be, and the first thing is to be in a right state of soul ourselves—to be right with God. Then, like the clouds which, when they are full, empty themselves on the earth, making everything fresh and green, we shall be a blessing to our fellow-believers, and the unconverted around, will take knowledge that we have been with Jesus.

## GROWING LIKE HIM.

IT is a common saying, that we become like those whose company we keep." This is true, in the highest sense, of those who "keep company with the Lord Jesus." They become like Him: they reflect His character. As they walk in His company, day by day, "with open face beholding His glory," they "*are changed into the same image*" (2 Cor. iii. 18). As they listen to His voice, and follow in His steps, others take *knowledge* of them that they "have been with Jesus." Thus it was with Moses, after he had been forty days and forty nights on the mount, alone with God. He came down among the people, his face shining with the glory of God. Others saw it, and knew where he had been. So it is with some now. When you meet them, there is something so Christ-like about them. Their words, though few, are full of blessing; their very spirits savour of the presence of God. We know easily where *they* dwell, and whose company *they* keep. Like ships bearing spices from afar, their savour points them out; they do not need to advertise themselves. The same principle holds good of our companions. We become like them. What a blessing many a young believer has found in a truly godly companion! One who lived near to God, and whose aim in life was to lead others into "the secret place." Seek such a companion, dear young believer. But there is another side to this. A carnal, worldly believer can drag a spiritual one down to his own level, if he keeps company with him, and how often this is done. How many once bright and happy saints have been led into backsliding, through keeping company with foolish talkers and light, flippant professors? Shun the company of such, and seek the companionship of Christ.

## THE GOSPEL ALPHABET.

- A** is for *Adam*, by whom came death and sin ;
- B** is for that *bondage* which, as sinners, we are in.
- C** is for *condemnation* : justice says that we must die ;
- D** is that dark *damnation* which to sinners hasteth nigh.
- E** is for *everlasting*, which the life of saints will be ;
- F** is that long "for ever" of eternal misery.
- G** is for *grace*, by which alone a sinner is forgiven ;
- H** is the *holiness* divine which fits a soul for heaven.
- I** stands for *I*, myself, a sinner vile and dead ;
- J** is for *judgment* due to me, but borne by Christ instead.
- K** is the *kindness* shown to me when first to Christ I came ;
- L** is the *love* that cleaves to me from day to day the same.
- M** is the *mercy* which pursues my steps along the way ;
- N** is the *new song* which I sing to Jesus every day.
- O** is for the *obedience* Christians render to the Lord ;
- P** is the *peace* which keeps the heart of all who love His Word.
- Q** is for "*quickly*," that sweet word, which tells the Lord is near ;
- R** says be "*ready watching*," so as not to blush or fear.
- S** is "*salvation*," full and free, for whosoever will ;
- T** is the "*time accepted*," which in mercy lingers still.
- U** is the *unbeliever* who treads the downward path ;
- V** is the *vengeance* of the Lord, the fierceness of His wrath.
- W** is the holy *Word of God*, our light along the way ;
- X** is the *cross* which saints must bear for Jesus every day ;
- Y** is for *youth*, that happy time in which to turn to God,  
'Ere earth's bewitching charms have lured along the downward road.
- Z** is the *zeal* that saved ones have to serve and please the Lord,  
Arranging all their walk and life according to His Word.

## Letters from Sunday School Teachers.

"**T**HERE is a little boy in our Sunday School who has recently been brought to decision for Christ, through reading one of the articles in *The Young Watchman*. I will tell you briefly how it happened.

He came home from the Sunday School one evening, and sat down to read *The Watchman*. When his mother (who is a believer) came home from the evening meeting, she found him sitting reading and weeping bitterly. She asked what was the matter, and he told her that he was very unhappy about the state of his soul. He said he had been reading in *The Watchman* about the conversion of a little girl, who, previous to the time of her salvation, had been much afraid of death, but who, immediately she trusted Jesus, had that fear taken away, and rejoiced in the assurance of living with Christ in heaven. 'And if I die as I am, mother, I will not go to heaven, but to hell,' sobbed the boy. His mother left him reading. Next morning he was up very early, reading his Bible. He said that he was 'not afraid to die now, because Jesus had died for him, and taken his sins away.'

During the forenoon he came to his mother, and asked her for a half-penny. When asked what he was to

do with it, he said, to buy paper, that I may write and tell of my conversion to *The Young Watchman*. There is every evidence that the little fellow is truly saved, and the folks at home see the change." We should pray for, and expect blessing on, the magazines we give to the young folks, as well as on the words we speak to them.

Parents and teachers, do *you* look for this? Do you give the children the books and magazines with this object in view, or is it a monthly custom, with no exercise of soul or prayer to God?

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## HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

### THE PASCHAL LAMB.

(Read Exod. xii. 13).

**T**HE Paschal lamb was slain,  
The blood was sprinkled o'er  
With bunch of hyssop on the posts  
And lintel of the door.

The first-born son was safe,  
Jehovah's word was true,  
"Whene'er I see the blood-stain there,  
I will pass over you."

And thus the Lamb of God,  
So holy, spotless, pure,  
Came down from heaven and shed His blood  
To make my life secure.

On Him alone I rest,  
His blood, my only plea;  
His word the blest assurance gives—  
No wrath shall fall on me.

*Commit the verses to memory.*

## Questions.

QUESTION XXIX.—*Would it be right for a young believer to engage as nursery-maid in a family where she would be prohibited from meeting with the people of God, or in any way following the Lord?*

ANSWER.—It would be a serious thing for any of God's dear children to willingly put themselves under a yoke which would hinder them from obeying the "commandments of the Lord." We do not think that any situation could be of God's providing, if it became necessary for the believer to deny the Lord and His people, in order to fill it. Some of God's dear lambs may find themselves in worldly families, where they are, to a great extent, hindered from following the Lord fully, but this is not by their own choice. They desire to do the Lord's will, but, for the time being, they are hindered. But it would be an entirely different thing for a child of God to enter a situation, making a bargain with the world, to constantly forsake the assembling of the saints, at the desire of a worldly mistress. We believe this would be dishonouring to God, and disobedience to His Word, and clearly such a place as that would not be for a believer. Alas! how many there are who run to and fro, engaging themselves to all and sundry, without any exercise of soul, whether it will please God or not. But those who make it their first concern to please Him, and not to benefit themselves, will find, that God has plenty of good situations to give to His people, where they will be able to serve Him, and have liberty to do His bidding. There will be difficulties, and there may be persecution, but God will be near to help. May you be preserved from the path of conformity to the world, which is now so popular, and may Christ's claims over you have your first concern. Seek to please Him; and He will look after you, and provide for you.

## Words to Workers.

### A TIME OF DEARTH.

THERE is sometimes a season of dearth sets in among the people of God. Everything seems barren and dry, and there is a want of energy and vitality about everybody. The singing is heavy, the prayers long and formal, the preaching cold and clear, but very pithless, and hits nobody. Conversions are rare, and nobody seems to feel the want of them. Things are quiet, very quiet, for the devil keeps his goods in peace, and he can afford to let things go on smoothly. By-and-by some one gets stirred up, and begins to cry to God. He gets to the hill-top like Elijah of old, and cries for rain. Others soon feel the effect, and the ice begins to move; by-and-by a general thaw sets in, and God's people get stirred up and revived. You can see their faces beam; the prayers are prayers, and the singing praises now, the preaching too has point and power, and sinners are awakened and saved. But, what is the cause for all this change? It must lie with God's people, for we know that declension and barrenness are not brought about by God. The cause is simply this: the dearth was the result of getting away from God, and the return of springtime and harvest, the result of getting back to Him again. Is there barrenness and dearth? Then explain it as you may, the root cause is, that God's people have got away from Him, and the first step toward a remedy is just this: "Return unto the Lord thy God." Then the Lord is heard saying, "I will heal their backsliding: I will be as the dew" (Hosea xiv. 1-4).

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[ONE HALFPENNY.]



RONALD, THE HIGHLAND BOY; or, THE OUTSTRETCHED ARM.

## RONALD, THE HIGHLAND BOY;

Or, THE OUTSTRETCHED ARM.

**T**HERE is only a step between the unconverted sinner and an awful hell. Only the breath he draws which may stop at any moment, and then his doom is sealed for ever. He is suspended as by a brittle thread in mid-air, while there surges beneath, the raging billows of a hell of torment and of woe. The moment that brittle thread, called life, is snapped, the Christless soul drops into the yawning gulf, to endure the wrath of God for sin and Christ-rejection.

There is a story told of a Highland boy, that may help to make this solemn fact more vivid to the minds of some, and also shew the means of deliverance.

There lived in one of the Western Isles of Scotland, St. Kilda by name, a godly widow and her only son. Though quite a youth, he was his mother's only support, and her only comfort. As a means of livelihood, Ronald sometimes gathered sea-birds' eggs upon the neighbouring cliffs, and either sold them to visitors, or used them as food for himself and his mother. This was necessarily a work of great danger; first, because of the dangerous cliffs on which the eggs were found, and next, because the sea-birds were in the

habit of attacking any one who sought to disturb their nests.

Ronald set off one morning to the cliff, accompanied by several companions, and provided with a strong rope to lower him down, and a knife to defend himself against an attack from the birds.

The one end of the rope was fastened firmly around his waist: the other was made fast on the cliff above. Then he was gently lowered until opposite the nests. At that moment a bird flew at him. To defend himself he drew the knife. But to his horror and alarm, instead of striking the bird, he ran the glittering blade half through the rope, by which he was suspended from the cliff. There he hung suspended by the few remaining strands of hemp above that deep abyss. He uttered a shrill cry, which was heard by his companions above. It was an awful moment for the Highland boy. Inwardly he prayed that God would save him. His companions above began with fear and trembling, to gently draw in the half cut rope, which by the boy's weight was gradually becoming thinner. He looked above to the blue heavens; then down to the chasm beneath; next at the straining rope. Another and then another of its strands give way; he hears the wild shriek of his companions above, as they draw him up, all but paralyzed

with fear. Then his brain reels, and he becomes insensible. Just at the right moment, and as the last strand of the rope unravels by his weight, a strong hand from above grasps him, and Ronald, the Highland boy, is saved—saved from death by the hand of another—saved at the last moment, just before he had dropped into the dark abyss beneath.

And now, my dear young reader, what think you, does this true incident speak to you? Has it not a voice of warning to your soul? You are suspended over the gulf of hell by the slender cord of life. Day by day its strands give way: even now there may be but one remaining. Then your doom will be sealed, and your soul lost for ever. Do you really believe this? If you do, how can you live another hour in such a position? The present moment is yours, the next you may be lost—lost for ever. The arm of the Lord is not shortened, that it cannot save; it is now outstretched and ready to deliver you from going down to the pit. The only open question between your soul and God is, are you willing to be saved—saved in God's appointed way, and saved now? You may be saved; you shall be saved if you allow God to do it. But if you refuse the arm outstretched, then the last strand of life's cord will snap, and you will drop into hell.

## NOT DISAPPOINTED.

I HEARD an aged Christian say, the other day, "It is between sixty and seventy years since I received Christ as my Saviour, and I have not been disappointed in Him. He has done all for me, and been all to me that He promised, when, as a youth, He made Himself known to me." And had you seen the aged pilgrim's happy, contented look, and the beam of joy on his furrowed cheek, you would have felt there was truth in what he said.

Yes, he had not been disappointed in Christ. Can you tell me anyone who ever was? I have known a goodly number who were thoroughly disappointed in the world. In the days of their youth they wanted happiness. The world promised to give it, if they would "go in" heart and soul for it. So the bargain was struck, and in for the world they went, served it faithfully, and came to the end of their journey. What then? Were they satisfied? Nay, verily! Some of them died in misery, all of them in uncertainty, and unsatisfied. Not so the Christ-filled soul.

Reader, you will be disappointed in the end, if you sell your soul to the god of this age for his promised pleasure. Miserably disappointed. But if you receive Christ, He will not disappoint you.

## TINA'S HYMN.

**T**INA was a sweet little singer. She was too young to be able to read, but at the Sunday-school she had picked up a couple of verses of the children's favourite hymn—

“Shall we gather at the river?  
Where bright angels feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide for ever  
Flowing by the throne of God.”

In sweet silvery tones, the dear child sang it morning, noon, and night, and never seemed to tire of the sacred sound.

Sitting by herself, singing over the first verse one day, she suddenly started up in the middle of it, and running to her mother, she caught hold of both her hands, looked up wistfully into her face, and said, “Mother, dear, shall *we* gather at the river.” The “we” was strongly emphasized, and the mother felt the force of it, but put her off with an evasive answer. Poor woman, she had no certainty that she would be there. The cares of her family seemed quite enough, and more than enough, to occupy her from morning till night, and these things seldom troubled her.

But Tina's question turned her thoughts to a world beyond the present, and for the first time she began to wonder if she would be among those who will

“Gather at the river,  
Where bright angels' feet have trod.”

The following day, Tina took ill, and was put to bed. Her sweet voice was hushed, and her mother missed it. Nothing serious was suspected at first, but as night drew on, Tina became worse. Her favourite hymn was not forgotten even then, for she kept repeating over and over the line:

“Shall we gather at the river?”

and young as she was, she was helped of God to give a clear and ringing testimony, that she was going there to dwell in Jesus' country, where tears are all dried up, and singing never ceases.

Two days later, dear Tina passed away to be among those who will “gather at the river,” and her mother, not long after, was saved. Then she could sing her daughter's favourite hymn, and did so with joy and truthfulness—

“Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.”

Will you be among those gathered at the river, my dear young friend? I know you hope to be! I'm sure you would like to be there! Well, that's right, but then you know, sinners unwashed and unforgiven cannot join that happy throng. You must be washed from your sins, and made white and clean. And Jesus' precious blood can make you white. Trust it, and like Tina, you will be able then to sing—

“Yes, we'll gather at the river.”



## THE YOUNG SAILOR'S BIBLE.

**I**N one of our foreign trading steamships there was a sailor boy. Before he left his home in England, he was presented with a Bible, and the giver earnestly desired that he would read a portion of it every day. He was not then a

converted boy; but, in obedience to the desire of his friend, he began to read his daily portion. Some of his ship-mates were godless men, and when the sailor boy sat down to read the blessed Book, they laughed and scoffed. But

still he persevered, and the truth of God, carried home to his heart by the Spirit, convinced him of his sin. He saw from God's holy Word that he was a sinner unfit for God's holy heaven, and in constant danger of perishing eternally. How eagerly then he searched the Book for some ray of hope and comfort, and it was not long until

he got both. He read of Jesus, and His death for sinners on the cross; and how the vilest, through His precious blood, may be forgiven, if they only believe in Jesus. He believed the Gospel, and his soul was saved—yes, saved on the mighty deep, thousands of miles from land, in that great ship, amid scoffing sailors. And God helped the boy

to confess His Son before them, and to continue daily to search the Scriptures. The power of the boy's testimony was soon felt among the godless men, and one after another became anxious to hear what the Bible said about them and about how



they might be saved. What a joy it was to the sailor boy to take his well-thumbed Bible, and read to them God's way of salvation! He would sit by the side of their bunks, and read to them the precious Gospel of God. Even the captain himself became concerned about his soul, and asked the boy to sit by him, and read the Bible.

## SHEEP GOING ASTRAY.

**T**HE touching parable of the lost sheep, in the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel, is a true picture of the sinner's path. The silly thing stole away from its kind and rightful owner, and from the safety of its peaceful fold, to seek happiness in a path of its own choosing. It turned its back on the tender shepherd, setting at nought his care, and rebelling against his rule. And this is just what we all have done, for "all we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. liii. 6).

Man was once within the happy fold, and under the peaceful rule of God his Creator. But Satan came, and held forth his bait, promising man more happiness than God was giving, if he would only yield to him, and become his for ever. He did not say so openly, but this was his real object; and alas! by his subtilty he succeeded in beguiling away man from his God, and in leading him into the path of sin. Then, just as sheep follow one another into forbidden and dangerous paths, men and women have followed on in the "way of transgressors" from that day till now. And children are on the same track; for the path of rebellion against God begins in earliest days. The very nature that we bring with us into the world

is "enmity against God," and "not subject to His law;" so that Satan finds an easy prey in any one of us. Do not forget, dear children, that you are all described in this story of the wandering sheep. It is a true picture of every one of you; not only of the openly wicked children who lie and steal, but of all; for God's Word declares "there is no difference."

As year after year rolls over your heads, Satan is leading you further along this path of sin. He lures you on by many charms, to the awful gulf of hell, which lies at the end of the road.

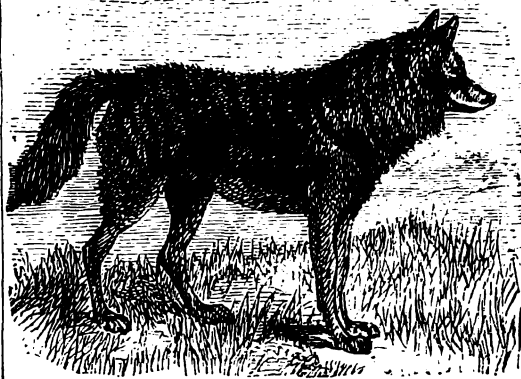
I remember hearing of a shepherd missing one of his lambs, away on the mountains in the Highlands. After long and patient searching, he found it in a pleasant nook, surrounded by flowers. It had travelled along to that pleasant spot, and became so enamoured with it, that it had no desire to leave it again. But close by, there was a steep cliff, overgrown by flowers, and wolves lurking around. And Satan makes the way of life so pleasant that you like it. There are pleasures and sights so grand, and he promises more as you proceed. He paints before the youthful mind what wondrous things are in the future, and so deceives the Christless, helpless soul, on to its doom. God is all but forgotten:

death and the judgment are seldom thought of, and sin becomes sweeter day by day.



But look at that wandering sheep again for one moment. Night is coming down, and it is far from the fold, and near the dangerous cliff. Flowers, once so bright, seem shrouded now in gloom; and wolves begin to raven for their prey. Lonely and desolate now, it begins to bleat for some one to help. And it is sure to be so one day with every sinner. Pleasures will not always last, for we are reminded in God's holy Word that the "pleasures of sin" are only "for a season." When life's gay and giddy hours are gone, they fade and die; and then, when the moment draws near that the soul must pass away from earth, with all its fair and charming scenes, unto the great for ever—the eternity that lies beyond—the gloom of death

casts its shadow o'er them all, and Satan eagerly waits for his victim. Go to the death-bed of some of the pleasure-seekers of earth, and you will find that what I write is awfully real. The wanderer has run his course, now he is at its end; and he finds himself bereft of all his hopes, and, like the wandering sheep, solitary and alone. Dying without God: without a ray of hope to cheer the tomb: bewailing his folly: dreading to meet his God.



Reader, contemplate the bare possibility of such a death-bed being yours. Suppose for a moment that the person described above is *you* yourself; that *your* last hour has come; that you are on the brink of death's dark wave. Now tell me, how would it be with your soul? Would you be friendless and hopeless, or have you a Friend in Jesus? Is He your Shepherd? Are you in His tender bosom, or out on the dark hills, wandering in sin, an alien from God?



## Short Papers for Young Believers

### HOLDING ON.

**Y**OUNG believers are sometimes troubled with doubts and fears as to the ultimate safety of their souls, and not unfrequently they fall into the hands of those who, instead of helping them out of their difficulty, only plunge them deeper into it by a misrepresentation of the ground of the believer's eternal security. Certain religious people talk a great deal about "holding on to Christ," "continuing to the end," and such like, that they would make it appear as if the security of the believer depended upon himself, rather than upon Christ.

Now it is surely of the very utmost importance that every child of God should "hold on to Christ," or, as the Scripture better puts it, that "with purpose of heart" we should "cleave unto the Lord" (Acts xi. 23). But is this to be done in order to secure the eternal salvation of our souls? Nothing of the kind. The security of the believer's soul is in the Lord's keeping, and, consequently, it is perfectly safe. Does He not say so in the well-known words, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall *never* perish;

neither shall any man pluck them *out of My hand*"? (John x. 27). Had it been left to us, we should have soon forfeited it. If it depended upon the strength of the grasp that the believer has of Christ, he never could have spoken of his eternal salvation without a doubt. He never could have said what "the chief of sinners" said to his son Timothy, "God, who *hath* saved us" (2 Tim. i. 8, 9). But, praise God, the security of the believer depends not on the grasp that *he has of Christ*, but on *the grasp that Christ has of him*. Will His almighty hand ever relax its grasp? Shall man or demon pluck His jewel from His hand? Never. Shall His love ever fail?


"Not the shadow of a turning,  
Knows the eternal love divine;  
Pity in Thy bosom burning,  
Made me, keeps me, ever Thine."

A Christian lady, lying at the gates of death, was visited by a friend, who sought to comfort her by saying, "I hope you will hold on firmly to Christ all the way; and that even as you pass through the dark valley, you may not lose your hold." Poor consolation, sure enough, to a soul on the confines of eternity. But the shield of faith was there, and the dart, doubtless aimed by Satan, was averted. Quietly looking up, with a calm and peaceful smile, the dying saint raised her wasted hand, and said, "I fear this

poor hand would but feebly hold on to anything." Then she opened the powerful hand of her husband, who sat by her side, and laid her wasted hand in his, and said, "But this one can, and my Lord has said, 'I, the Lord thy God, will hold *thy* right hand, saying unto Thee, *fear not*'" (Isa. xli. 31). She could add no more, but it was enough. Blessed be God, that's just how it stands. Christ's hold of the believer will never relax; therefore, he is everlastingly saved, and shall never perish. Will this make him careless? Nay, verily. He will cling close to his eternal Lover, and go up from the wilderness "leaning on his Beloved."

—:—

### SLIPPERY PLACES.

 FATHER and his little daughter were walking along together one frosty morning. The streets were clean and dry, near to where they lived, but as they advanced nearer to the town, they became very slippery. Jeannie, who had been walking by her father's side, drew closer and took hold of his hand. As the danger of falling increased, she grasped her father's hand more firmly, relying more on his strength, and less on her own. Her foot slipped, and she nearly fell, but her father's powerful arm upheld her. Looking up into his face, and

evidently feeling that her hold of him was too feeble, she said, "Father dear, *you* take hold of *my* hand, then I shall not fall." He did so, and Jeannie walked on confiding in her father's faithfulness and strength. She knew now that she could not fall, for her father's strong hand upheld her.

There is a lesson here for the young believer. There are many slippery places on the homeward journey, where "the feet were almost gone, and the steps had well nigh slipped" (Psa. lxxiii. 2). Times and circumstances of peculiar temptation in which the believer walking in his own strength, and out of communion with God, will be sure to fall, and where, alas, many have fallen, and been sorely bruised. It was a slippery place where Peter stood in the palace of the high priest, and his heart being away from God, and his eyes off Christ, he fell. Daniel and his companions stood in slippery places in the palace of Babylon, but they drew near to God in the day of their temptation, and His hand upheld them, and "led them on safely, so that they feared not." It was so with Joseph in the house of Potipher too: sore temptations encompassed his steps there, but he "took hold" on God's strength, and conquered.

My dear young believer, it is written, God is "able to keep you

from falling" (Jude 23), but, in order to prove His strength, you must "commit thyself unto the Lord," and be led and guided by His hand. "Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot *shall not* stumble, for the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken" (Prov. iii. 23, 26).

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### BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

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In response to an invitation given in *The Young Watchman* for July, to write a short Bible biography on "Samuel," we have received twenty papers.

Most of these are nicely written, and all of them are within the limits named. Some of the papers are written by young folks under 12, and others are by writers over 15. There was nothing said as to age, because we wanted all our readers to have the chance of trying it. However, we daresay some thought they were "too big," and others that they were "too little," and so they did not send their papers.

After carefully going over all the papers, we think the one given opposite is, all things considered, the best; and so we have sent the writer a little prize. Some of the others are nearly as good, and others have made mistakes. One little boy says, "Samuel was sent to anoint David at Saul's death." This is hardly correct, for Samuel himself was dead before Saul. It was after Saul's *rejection* by God, that David was anointed, but Saul lived for years after that, and persecuted David.

May the writers of these papers all, like Samuel, "know the Lord," and "grow before Him" in their early days as Samuel did. May they all be "born again." This

is the only door into the family of God; and children with praying mothers, like Samuel, need to enter by it just in the same way as the children of idolaters and drunkards. Do not forget that, dear children. Many of you are well acquainted with the Scriptures; you have much knowledge of the written Word; and some of you may even be attempting to serve the Lord before you *know* Him, even as Samuel did. But the new birth must come first. You need life to serve: you must know Christ to follow Him. Happy the child who in early days listens to God's call, believes His gospel, loves His Word, and serves Him faithfully.

---

### SAMUEL.

**S**AMUEL was the son of Elkanah and Hannah. Hannah had no children for a long time, and this made her very sorry. So she prayed to the Lord, and said, if He would give her a man-child, she would give him back to the Lord all his life. The Lord heard Hannah's prayer, and gave her a son, whom she called Samuel, which means, "Asked of God."

While very young, she took him to the house of God at Shiloh, and left him in the care of Eli the priest. Always when Hannah went to the yearly sacrifice, she took him a coat. In his youth, God appeared to Samuel, and told him all that would happen to the house of Eli for the wickedness of Eli's sons. Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him,

and he judged Israel all the days of his life. His principal acts were—

1st. The anointing of Saul, son of Kish, in obedience to the word of God, when the people desired a king, that they might be like the other nations.

2nd. Sending Saul at the command of the Lord to slay *all* the Amalekites, and *all* their cattle; and reproving Saul, who spared Agag the king, and the best of the cattle.

3rd. The journey to Bethlehem, and anointing there of David, the son of Jesse, in the stead of Saul, who, for his disobedience, was rejected by the Lord from being king.

Samuel died, and was mourned for by all the Israelites, and they buried him in his house at Ramah.

M. E. NAU,

*Aged 11 Years.*

## JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES.

**J**ESUS left His home above,  
Full of mercy, grace, and love,  
Came a Saviour-God to be,  
For the little ones like me.

He was once a little child,  
Pure and holy, meek and mild  
Now I know that He will be  
Kind to little ones like me.

Weary heads were laid to rest,  
On His loving, tender breast;  
Just to show that there will be  
Room for little ones like me.

Jesus, I on Thee believe,  
To my heart Thy love receive;  
Cleaving ever close to Thee,  
Keep a little one like me.

## Questions.

QUESTION XXX.—“A Sunday School Teacher” asks, “*Can you suggest any mode of teaching young children who are unable to read?*”

ANSWER.—In most Sunday Schools there is an “Infant Class,” comprised wholly of little children who are unable to read. It is best to have them in a separate room by themselves, and this gives an opportunity for the teacher using such methods of communicating the truth to them as he may deem expedient, without disturbing the rest of the school. Some teachers give short texts and verses of hymns to commit to memory, and by this means the precious truths of God’s Word are treasured up in their young minds even before they can read it for themselves.

Scripture narratives told in a simple and interesting manner, help to keep their attention and to illustrate and enforce the gospel. Some use Scriptural pictures for the very little ones (it is well to see that they do not *misrepresent* the subject they are designed to illustrate) such as the Brazen Serpent, the Passover, &c. It is only little by little that they can take in, so the lesson should not be long or wearisome.

It is amazing how much of God’s Holy Word many of these little ones know, and better still, not a few give unmistakable evidence of having been “born again by the incorruptible seed of the Word of God.”

## The Children’s Almanac

### And BIBLE-SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK.

Frequent enquiries are still being made for this little Book, although the year is more than half-run. There are a few hundreds still remaining, which, so long as they last, we can send to those who wish to replenish their classes with them, at Half-price—2/ per 100.

We may say that, God willing, we hope to issue this little Almanac again for next year.

## Words to Workers.

### THE LOST REWARD.

"I AM going home to Jesus, I have no doubt about that. His blood has cleansed me, and His Word is yea and amen, but I've no joy in looking forward to His judgment-seat, for I've lost my crown. Others who have lived and suffered for Jesus here, will have a rich reward, but I have lost mine. I loved the world too well, and I've spent my strength more to make money than to serve God. It cannot be undone, but I warn you not to do as I have done."

He had once been a diligent worker for Christ. In the days of his youth, he was a zealous soul winner, but after he got into business for himself, and got married, he settled down. Not that there was ever anything outwardly wrong, for he attended the meetings pretty regularly, but the sap was gone from his soul, and his zeal for Christ and souls had declined. He thought it right to "stick in to business" and so he did, but he gave it the first place and God's service the second. Now in the light of a near eternity, he saw his mistake, and owned it. No doubt he is now with Christ, which is "far better;" but it was a solemn and a searching word of warning he left, especially to those who are in danger of following in his steps. How easily and unconsciously almost, one might say, it is to slip down the hill, and allow worldly affairs to drive God out of His place in our hearts. Business and other things become our masters, instead of being our servants, and loss, eternal loss, follows. The Lord preserve His saints from the respectable and fashionable sin of worldliness—love of money—which saps spiritual life, damps real energy for God, and deprives the believer of his sweetest privilege here, and his bright reward in heaven.

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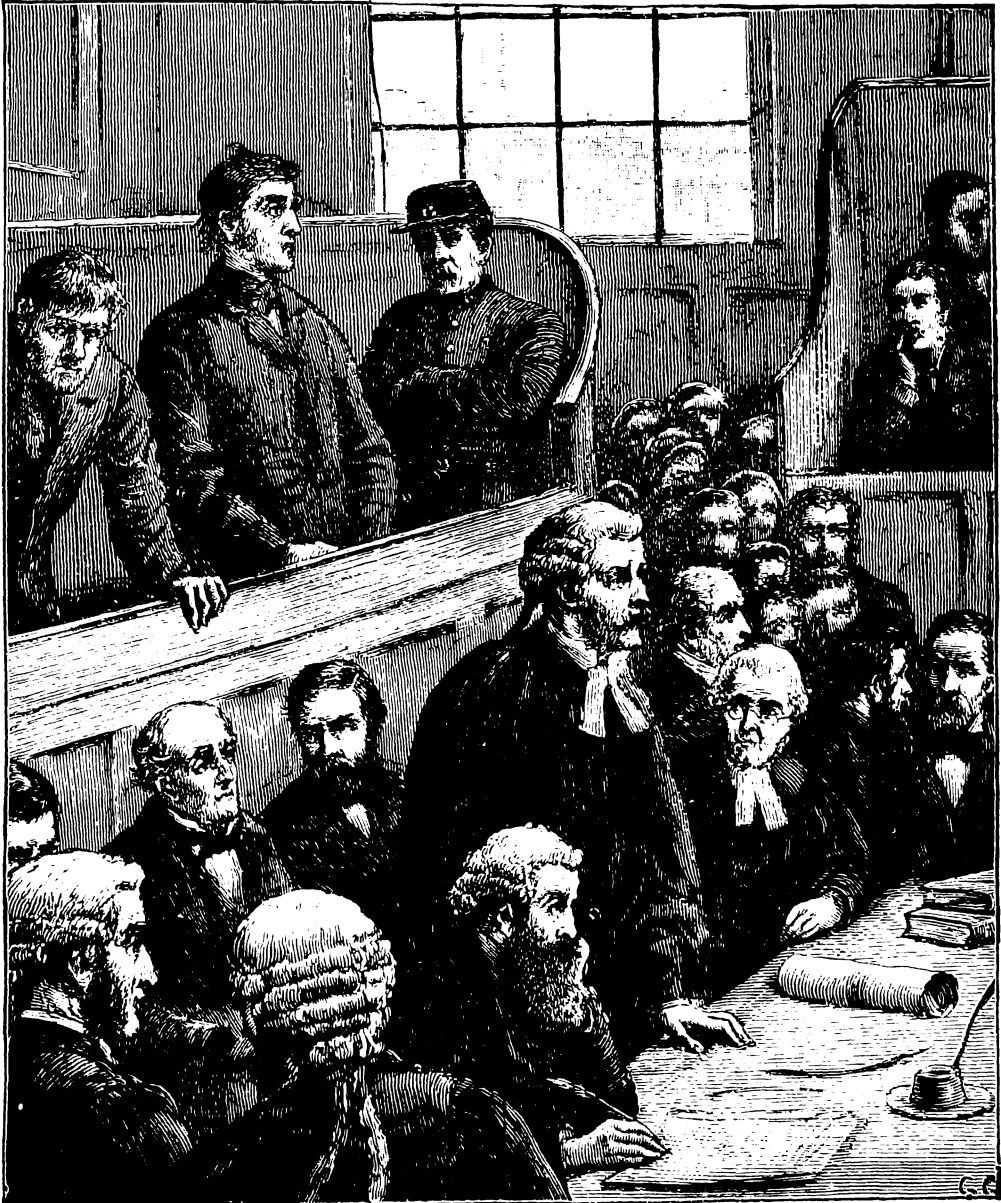


# The Young Watchman.

No. 34.]

OCTOBER, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



WILLIE, THE GAMBLER.

## WILLIE, THE GAMBLER.

**W**ILLIE B—— was a widow's only son, the light and joy of her heart. He was a bright and happy boy, and a general favourite in the place where they lived. When school days were finished, he went to business, and succeeded so well that, in a few years after his apprenticeship was over, he was the possessor of a thriving business of his own. It had been his mother's constant entreaty, that he should never enter a public house or a gambling saloon, and for a time he carefully avoided both. But the tempter came; companions in years, moving in his own circle, some of them his former school-fellows and playmates, pressed him hard to go with them to the theatre, and he yielded and went. Not at first without a struggle, for his mother's words came up again and again before him, and he wished he could get out. He felt greatly ashamed, as he looked around him and saw the godless company in which he was, and he vowed he would never cross its threshold again. But a soul without Christ, battling with sin and Satan, is no match for either. Resolutions made in nature's strength are snapt like Samson's withs; and so poor Willie went from bad to worse. From the theatre to the billiard-room, thence to the

public house and the haunts of the gambler; step by step down the slippery path that leads to ruin of health and character, and thence to death and hell. At the fair age of two-and-twenty, he was an adept in sin, had broken his mother's tender heart, and lost all respect for himself. His business was neglected, his evenings spent in the worst of company. Often vowing he would never cross the threshold of a gambling-house again, but as often breaking his vow. Tossed like a feather on the crest of the billow, restless and unsatisfied. How sad to think of the thousands thus. Are you one of them, reader? Perhaps not yet quite so far as Willie B——; but are you on the same road? Do you associate with the godless? Do you hunt for pleasure? Do you seek satisfaction in the gay and godless mirth of a ballroom or a theatre? Then, I tell you candidly, you shall never find it there. The devil has none for himself, therefore, none to give to others. "There's none but Christ can satisfy." But, read on.

Willie was recommended to leave the town, in hope that he might be severed from his companions, and get a fresh start in another city. With tears and trembling heart, his mother accompanied him to the railway station, saw him seated in the train, and returned to her lonely home, to

pour out her prayers and tears before the Lord for her prodigal boy. And God, in his holy heaven, looked down upon that kneeling widow, and her cry came up unto His ear. She could not sleep that night, her thoughts were with her absent loved one; for, spite of all his sin, she fondly loved him with a mother's tender heart. Sounds of revelry were heard on the street, and she felt thankful that he at least would not be there. Next day she anxiously waited for tidings of his safe arrival, but it came not. Later in the day, as she walked along the street, a young man met her and told her that Willie was in prison. How could that be possible? Simply, thus. After she had bidden him "good-bye" at the station, his companions had flocked around him, and persuaded him to leave the train. He did so, and joined them in their revelry and sin. During the night, a quarrel took place, and Willie was apprehended, charged with fighting, and sentenced to imprisonment. The widow's heart sank within her; her boy was in a prison cell. Fain would she have visited him there, or suffered in his stead; but that could not be. She must seek her soul's repose in laying hold on God for his salvation.

Late one evening, his familiar step was heard on the stair. Subdued and pale, trembling all over with

excitement, he slipped in, and sat down by the kitchen fire. The tear stood in his eye (the first for many years), and seizing his mother's hand, he said, "Mother, I never read the Bible, I may say, until last week in that awful cell: I never prayed in all my life before, but I believe Jesus met me there and saved my soul, mother, and O, how much ashamed I am of all the past!" The tears gushed forth, and ran down his cheeks, and the mother's arms were locked around her redeemed and converted boy. The sight was one on which angelic hosts looked down with joy and wonder, and hell stood back defeated and disarmed. It was the reaping of a mother's faith, the triumph of the grace of God, the witness that He lives to answer prayer. And did it last, or was it real, you may ask? It did: it was the work of God, and "whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever." He took his stand on the Lord's side, and the last time I saw him was at the close of a gospel meeting, busily engaged pointing an old companion to Jesus, the Rest for the weary.

But how few who tread the path of sin with open eyes, and hardened heart against the love of God, are ever saved.


Count not on a conversion in a prison cell or in a dying hour. Risk it not. God is a Sovereign, and He

will not always be mocked. He is able now to cut you down, and usher your soul into eternity. Turn, then, from the hellward way at once, to Jesus. Unsaved one, I appeal to you. Are you getting true satisfaction in the world? Does pleasure really fill the void within? You know it does not. Ah! then, it never will. You have tried the world again and again, but there is no new thing under the sun. There is no satisfaction in it. On a sick-bed it vanishes. In death it is gone. Christ is ever the same. Claim Him as your Saviour, Lord, and Portion. Then your heart will sing—

“ Now I have found a Friend,  
Jesus is mine.”

—:—

## THE LITTLE GIRL and HER DYING GRANDFATHER.

 LITTLE girl, whose grandfather was an inmate of an Asylum in the West of England, was permitted often times to visit him there. The old man's sight had failed him, so that he was quite unable to read. But the little grandchild, when she visited him, would read portions of the Scriptures to the aged and dying man. One day she sat reading the first

chapter of the first epistle of John. As she finished the words of verse 7, “ And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,” the aged man stopped her, and, raising himself, earnestly inquired, “ Is that there, my dear? ”

“ Yes, grandpa,” answered the child.

“ Then read it to me again; I've never heard the like before.”

She read again—“ And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

“ You are quite sure it's there? ”

“ Yes, quite sure.”

“ Then take my hand, and lay my finger on the passage, for I should like to feel it.”

So the little girl took the blind man's hand, and placed his bony finger on the seventh verse.

“ Now read it to me again,” and again the child with her soft, sweet, gentle voice read the precious verse.

Then the old man said, “ If any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of those words— ‘ And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all (*all*) sin.’ ” And then the old man drew his hand from the book, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed away into eternity.

My dear young reader, is your soul resting by faith on the precious blood of Christ?

## THE SCHOOL EXCURSION.

ON a dull September morning, a school excursion landed at a small watering-place on the Clyde. The depression of the weather did not at all seem to affect the spirits of the children. They tramped merrily through the gate at the end of the pier, and proceeded at once to the park put at their disposal for the day.

I had been sitting for a considerable time on a bench at the side of a boathouse, along with some others, watching the children at their games. Suddenly we were startled by a loud cry; and, looking round, we saw a little boy struggling in the water. He had wandered away from the rest, down to the end of a small pier; and, while there trying to pull in a rowing boat, he overbalanced himself, and fell into the sea. Running to the spot, I was able to catch the little fellow by the wrist, as he was disappearing beneath the waves. On pulling him out, it was discovered that he had a small piece of rope clutched tightly in his hand. By a little care, he soon recovered; but I do not think that he soon forgot the narrow escape he made that day of the school excursion.

I want you, my dear young reader, to consider with me a few points in this incident. How uncertain is

life. That little fellow did not think, as he left his father's house in the morning so full of hope, that he would have been so near a watery grave. Yet it was so. And none of us have a lease of life. Death may come at any moment, even in the midst of mirth and pleasure. Then let me ask, Are you prepared for death? Are you saved? Then, again, you are like that boy, helpless, and unable to save yourself. The drowning boy in his extremity had clutched at a bit of floating rope, thinking it would save him, just as some of you are hoping to be saved from hell by something you think a good work. So long as the little boy clung to the piece of rope, he could not take hold of the hand that was put forth to save him.

Now the Lord Jesus, with His mighty outstretched arm, is near you, and both able and willing to save you. You are a helpless soul, sinking down to hell in your sins; but He is willing to lift you out, and set your feet upon a Rock. But are you willing to be rescued? Then trust yourself to Him. Lay hold of His hand to-day, lest He withdraw it, and say, "Because I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hand, and no man regarded: . . . I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh" (Prov. i. 24-26).

## THE LOST ONE FOUND.

**W**HEN the shepherd numbered his flock, as they entered the sheep-fold one evening, he found that they only counted ninety-nine, instead of an hundred. One was wanting. It had wandered away from the rest of the flock, and now the night is coming on, and it is out in the desert, solitary and alone. If the prowling wolf, or the blood-thirsty panther cast their eyes upon it, they will soon make short work of it too. And poor, helpless thing, it cannot defend itself either, or run away from these powerful foes. Just like a sinner, away from God, wandering in the world, and exposed to Satan, who is always prowling about, seeking whom he may devour.

But, yonder by the sheep-fold stands the shepherd, and see, he is preparing himself for a journey. Where can he be going at such a late hour? He casts his eye across the wilderness. Surely he must be looking for the lost wanderer? Ah, yes, that is just what he is doing. He cannot rest without that missing sheep, naughty though it be. His heart is set upon it, and now he is going away to search for it. His love for that missing sheep is so true and real, that he will brave the dangers of the desert, its robbers and its

beasts of prey, and take his life in his hand. So, forth he goes. Mile after mile he has to go, and as he goes, he tenderly calls out the wanderer's name, and listens to hear its bleat. Up one hill and down another he goes "until he finds it."

How sweetly this oft-told story of the shepherd's love for his lost one, speaks to us of the work of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, and His deep eternal love for lost and wandering sinners, such as we are. He left His home above, so bright and fair, where angels, who had never sinned, surrounded Him and obeyed His voice, and came down to earth to seek the lost and wandering sinner. He knew full well what the journey would be; He knew how cruelly men would treat Him, but His love was too great to be turned aside. Well might it be asked—

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,  
Are they not enough for Thee?

But the Shepherd made answer—"One  
of Mine

Has wandered away from Me,  
And although the road be rough and  
steep,

I go to the desert to find My sheep."

You will notice, too, that it was the shepherd *who sought* the sheep, *not* the sheep who sought the shepherd. Sometimes you hear people say that they are "seeking the Lord;" but the truth of the gospel is, that "the Son of man is come to seek and to



"HE LAYETH IT ON HIS SHOULDERS REJOICING" (Luke xv. 6).

save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). The sheep had no part in the seeking. *It was the wanderer: the shepherd was the seeker.* He did not go so far, and then it came to

meet him; but he went on "*until* he found it." Blessed be God! he went the whole way, and there was nothing left for the sheep to do, but just allow the shepherd to pick it

up. But it did not run away from him, and spurn his seeking love; it allowed him to *find* it. And he did find it, and laid it "on his shoulders rejoicing."

Now, have *you* been found by the Good Shepherd, my dear reader, or are you still wandering away and refusing His loving hand outstretched to save you? See that sheep on the shepherd's shoulders in our picture. How secure and happy it is now. It lies on his strong shoulders, and I am sure he will not let it fall. And as he carries it along, he sings with joy, and the sheep is happy too. And so are all who have allowed Jesus to save them. They are safe for ever. The shoulder is the place of power, and they are "kept by the power of God." And he is carrying it "home." Home to dwell with Himself. And sinners saved by Jesus are being carried along to His home, to dwell with Him for ever, and never wander more.

Reader, will you be there? Can you sing—

"Jesus *my* Shepherd is,  
 'Twas He that loved *my* soul;  
 'Twas He that cleansed *me* by His blood,  
 'Twas He that made *me* whole;  
 'Twas He that sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep;  
 'Twas He that brought *me* to the fold;  
 'Tis He that still doth keep!  
 No more a wandering sheep;  
 I love to be controlled;  
 I love the tender Shepherd's voice;  
 I love the peaceful fold."

## SHEEP CROSSING THE RIVER.

*A SCENE IN PALESTINE.*

**A** MISSIONARY who lived and laboured in Syria and Palestine for thirty years, gives the following beautiful description of an eastern shepherd leading his flock across a river, of which he was an eye-witness. It has its lessons for us. He says, "Yon shepherd is about to lead his flock across, and—as our Lord says of the good shepherd—you observe that he goes before, and the sheep follow. Not all in the same manner however. Some enter boldly, and come straight across. These are the loved ones of the flock, who keep hard by the footsteps of the shepherd. Now others enter, but in doubt and alarm. Far from their guide, they miss the ford, and are carried down, some more, some less. Notice these lambs. That weak one yonder, will be swept quite away, and perish in the sea. But no! the shepherd himself leaps into the stream, lifts it into his bosom, and bears it trembling to the shore. I once saw flocks crossing the Jordan to "Canaan's fair and happy land," and there the scene was even more striking and impressive."

Who can think of such a scene as this, and not remember another river, even the Jordan of death, which some of us must soon, it may be, cross. But for all who are the sheep and lambs of Jesus' flock, it will be a safe and pleasant passage. He passed through its depths before them, and will lead them through in triumph.





## Short Papers for Young Believers

### TAKING OFFENCE.

**W**HEN you see a child of God keeping company with the unsaved, it is always a sign of a very bad condition of soul. If one who once loved the fellowship of saints, suddenly or gradually gives them the cold shoulder, and makes common cause with the world, you may depend upon it, their heart is away from God. The devil may fill their mouth with a plausible excuse for this kind of conduct, and he generally does. Somebody must be blamed, and the saints generally get a full share of it. They were either cold, or proud, or too particular. They failed to show their love, or perhaps went home without shaking hands with Mary, and mightily offended her; and, in order to take vengeance on them, she "takes the pet," and won't come to the meetings; takes offence at God, and goes off to the world. But what does all this show? Just this, that Mary is either a backsliding saint, or a hypocrite. If she had been right with God, she would have taken her grievances to Him in prayer. She would have called upon the Lord in the day of trouble, and rolled her

burden upon Him, and He would have sustained her; but to give such excuses for going back to the world, is adding hypocrisy to sin. But a little time brings all to light. If Mary be God's child, He will bring her back to Himself and to His people, humbled and confessing her sin. Its perfectly clear that no true child of God can long remain in a condition like this. They cannot settle down in this backsliding state, and go on, hand in hand, with the world. The Lord wont allow them to remain, even if they could. He will bring them into trouble. Look at Abraham down in Egypt, and Peter in the palace. They had both got off the track, but neither of them were very comfortable in their new quarters, or amongst their companions. They could not "settle down," and "make themselves at home" in the world. The life of God within them cried out for deliverance, and conscience thundered out against their ways. So they confessed their sin, and returned to the Lord, and to the fellowship of His people. And so it will ever be. The one who errs from the way will be brought back. If she never does come back, perhaps it was God's way of ridding His people of a deceiver, and in all cases, it is well to mark God's dealings, and be careful not to hinder them from taking full effect.

## NARRATIVES OF CONVERSION.

I ATTENDED the Sunday school in the Bethel, and was often anxious about my soul. I had several remarkable escapes from death; being all but drowned and killed. One dark winter morning, I was sitting on the bulwarks of a steamer, checking the cargo. A sling of long angle bars was being raised out of the hold, and, as it cleared the hatchway, the vessel listed, and it came sweeping over to where I sat, smashing a cask of bleaching powder, which, for a moment, stayed its progress, and gave me time to jump on deck. Then it went smashing into the bulwarks, where, a second or two before, I had been sitting. How I trembled as I stood upon the deck, and looked upon that sight. Thoughts of eternity took hold upon me. What if I had been killed? Hell seemed real and near. For many days after this, I cried for mercy. One night I went to bed in a terrible state of anxiety about my soul. I tossed up and down, afraid to close my eyes, lest I should open them in the place of darkness and woe. I got up, and fell on my knees on the cold brick floor, and cried to God to have mercy on my soul. I felt a desire to go to an aged Christian man, and tell him the state of my soul, but Satan whispered, "it's after twelve o'clock, you must not go so late—wait until to-morrow." I listened, yielded, put it off, and never went. A stranger came to town, to hold meetings. I went, out of curiosity. The text that night was, "Why sit we here until we die" (2 Kings vii. 3). I was again aroused about my soul. I met a young man one night, and opened out my mind to him. He told me his soul had been saved, and that if I would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as the One who died for me on the Cross, I would be saved also.

For an hour he stood telling me of God's salvation; and, as a drowning man lays hold on a rope, I laid hold of the Gospel of God's salvation, and I was saved. I had everlasting life (John iii. 36). I had passed from death to life (John v. 24). What a transition! My soul knew it, and after thanking the young man, I said, "good-night," and we parted. What a journey home it was that night. Sometimes running: sometimes walking: singing and praising God for saving my soul. Next morning, everything seemed new: the very trees seemed to praise the Lord. Ten years have passed away since that memorable night, and, as Samuel Rutherford says, "I think aye the longer the better, of my royal and worthy Master."

Reader, have you been converted? Has any such night been in your past history, when you met God, and had dealings with Him about your soul? If not, tarry no longer. Death may speedily end your course. Judgment and eternity then, and where?

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## BIBLE SEARCHING.

HEREWITH we give a set of Bible Questions for the little ones. Let them set themselves to work with all diligence to find the answers, which, as before, they must wholly do themselves, without any help whatever. It may take a little time for some of our younger friends to get them all, but, then, the long evenings are coming on, and it will be a nice and profitable occupation to find, say, one of the answers each evening until the whole are found. Now, let us see how many will go to work, and do not forget to have them all posted before the first of November. Enclose in an envelope, and address—

## BIBLE SEARCHING,

"The Young Watchman Office,"

KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

Give name, age, and full address, and the answers in your own handwriting.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS

For Children under 10 years of age.

- A *city* in the promised land, where giants dwelt of old?  
 The *grandsire* of an exiled king whose palace was a hold?  
 What shall the nations cease to learn when Jesus reigns as king?  
 Whose grandson to an aged saint his books was told to bring?  
 Whose uncle Canaan viewed in faith, nor feared its giants strong?  
 A *servant* of the church, who did to Antioch belong?  
 Whom God did smite with leprosy for covetousness and lies?  
 Where everlasting burnings are, the worm that never dies?  
 The *father* of a publican, whom Jesus called one day  
 To leave receipt of custom, and follow in the way?  
 What God brought out of Egypt, and planted in the land?  
 Who was beguiled by subtlety to break the Lord's command?  
 Whose father and his mother died the day that he was born?  
 Who mocked the builders of the wall with hatred and with scorn?  
 The *king* who bought Samaria's hill, and built a city there?  
 A lovely *flower*, to whom the Lord His people doth compare?  
 A *prophet* of the Lord who saw God's throne, and cried, "undone" ?  
 A *name* which God in judgment gave to Adam's eldest son?

Who walked with God three hundred years in holy faith and love,  
 Then passed away, not seeing death, to dwell with Him above.

\* \* \* \* \*

Search for those names, and give the place where each of them you find;  
 The book, the chapter, and the verse (and write them neatly, mind).  
 Combine all the initials, and you'll have a solemn word,  
 Once asked by one of eighty years before his earthly lord;  
 A question which in youthful days we all should ponder well  
 Its answer full—an endless heaven, or an eternal hell.

## The Children's Almanac

AND

## BIBLE-SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK

For 1886.

ENCOURAGED by the warm reception that our little Almanac found at the close of a bygone year, and by many testimonies since then, from parents and Sunday School teachers, of the Lord's blessing upon it among the children, we have prepared it for another year. It is in the hands of the printer, and we hope it may be ready early this month. We have added one or two new features to it this time. There is a Bible Lesson for Sunday School Classes, for every Sunday in the year, of a Gospel character, and the seven texts for the week being all on one subject, they may be used as a Bible Class subject as well, if preferred. The Bible-Searching for the Texts was rather a heavy job for the younger ones in their present form; so, in the new Almanac you will notice we have given the book, and left an empty space for them to fill in the chapter and verse. The young folks will be able to find them easily now, without the help of a Concordance or Text-Book.

We shall be glad to send *sample copies, post free*, to any of our friends who may wish to see it themselves, or make it known to others.

"The Gospel Almanac," compiled by us for the last six years, and published at 40 Sauchiehall St., Glasgow, will not be issued for the coming year, it being considered unnecessary to issue both. Most of its features, however, have been incorporated in "The Children's Almanac," which is equally well adapted for general circulation, and only half the price.

**Words to Workers.**

**THE WANT OF THE TIMES.**

**T**HE chief want of the times is men of God. Men like Stephen, "full of faith and power," whose words will "cut to the heart" (Acts vii. 54), whether men receive them or not. Men like Barnabas, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Then we should see *much* people added to the Lord" (Acts xi. 24). Beloved worker, has He such in you? We have plenty of preachers, but "few men of God." Lots of workers, but not many soul-winners. Machinery in abundance, but little fruit. Clear heads, but cold hearts: much intelligence, but little grace. But we are not straitened in God. "Power belongeth unto God," and He says, "From *Me* is thy fruit found." God Himself is the remedy. Let us lay hold on Him, and expect great things from Him. He is waiting to fill us, but there must be a vacuum: He must have clean and empty vessels.

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# The Young Watchman.

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[ONE HALFPENNY.



THE EMPEROR AND THE OFFICER; or, WHO WILL PAY IT?

## THE EMPEROR AND THE OFFICER;

Or, WHO WILL PAY IT?

**A** CHRISTIAN, who served in the British Navy, during the Crimean war, has told us the following authentic incident, which, in some respects, illustrates what Jesus did for sinners, when He died upon the cross. During the reign of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, there was a young officer in his army, and attached to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, who had ruined his name and fortune by gambling. He had spent all his money, and was deeply in debt. While on duty one night in the guard-room of the Palace, he began to sum up his liabilities. Taking a sheet of paper, he noted down one bill after another, until he had well-nigh filled the sheet. On adding them all together, he found that they amounted to five hundred roubles. It was a sad sight to the young officer; he could not ignore it, for it was undoubtedly his; he could not pay it, for he was a bankrupt; and his only prospect was imprisonment and disgrace. He looked again at the sum-total on the paper; it was five hundred roubles sure enough, and seizing his pen, he carelessly wrote across the paper, underneath the sum-total, the words, "*Who will pay it?*" Musing over

his folly, he fell fast asleep, with the paper lying beside him. It was the Emperor's custom to visit the guard at certain unknown times, to ascertain whether they were doing their duty. As he passed along, accompanied by an officer of the guard, he entered the room where lay the young officer sleeping. The Emperor's curiosity was aroused, and he went forward and raised the paper lying at the sleeper's side. He saw the state of the officer's affairs at once, and, taking up the pen, he wrote underneath the question, "*Who will pay it,*" the one word, "*Nicholas,*" and immediately left the room. Instead of pronouncing sentence of death (which, in ordinary cases, would have been done) upon the sleeping officer, the Emperor, by subscribing his name to the document, undertook to pay off the heavy debts. Imagine the officer's surprise; first of terror, that he had been caught asleep; next of joy, when he became aware of the Emperor's grace in pardoning his crime, and paying his debt. The day came when he was called to pay his debts or suffer imprisonment. He was, of course, unable to do the former, and so disgrace and imprisonment were the only alternative. But the Emperor did not forget his pledge. He visited him in his disgrace, paid all his debts, and set the bankrupt

free. Surely if there was an officer in the Russian army who loved his Emperor, and who served him with devoted heart, it was he, from that day forward. This story is only a faint picture of a sinner's condition, and of a Saviour's love and grace. That long list of debt is like the sinner's guilt. The bankrupt officer is like the sinner himself, who has "nothing to pay" (Luke vii. 42), and who has, by disobedience, forfeited his very life. The grace of God, in undertaking the sinner's case, by far exceeds the Emperor's; for, in the Emperor's case, it only cost him gold; but, "God so loved the world, that He gave His *only-begotten Son*" to die, in order that the sinner's debt might be righteously paid. The salvation of sinners was the most costly thing of all the works of God, for it cost God His only Son.

Add heavens to heavens in endless hosts,  
 All these but cost His breath;  
 But I cost God His only Son,  
 And live by Jesus' death.

Surely he who has been saved at such a cost, will love the Giver much, for he has been "much forgiven," and surely his ransomed life and time will be given, and heartily given without reserve, to the One who loved him. How have you been treating this wondrous grace and love divine, my dear reader? Has Jesus' willing death, His groans

and tears, His precious blood once shed to save your soul from the eternal prison-house of the damned, awakened no cord of thanks within your soul? Do you still sleep on in cold indifference to His love, and to the pardon God preaches in His name. If such be the measure of His love, and of the indebtedness of those who are its objects, who can tell what shall be the depths of the doom, and the measure of the punishment, which shall be justly meted out to those who wilfully despise it?

—:o:—

## ASLEEP!

*A Word to Young Men and Young Women.*

**A**RE you asleep as regards the state of your soul? Asleep on the way to death and the judgment throne. Asleep, with your soul unsaved, your sins unpardoned. Asleep, suspended by the brittle cord of life, above the flames of hell.

You are wide awake in business. Shrewd enough in money-making. All alive in pleasure. But, utterly careless, absolutely indifferent as to how you will meet God, and where you will spend eternity. Has Satan lulled you so to sleep, that you have become unconscious of these stern realities? Has the world so drugged you with its cup of pleasure, that these things have no part in your

thoughts, no place in your calendar? Can you rise each morning, go to work each day, and lie down each night without thinking that you must stand before God; that your secret, hidden life, your midnight acts, must all be unveiled, unmasked, and exposed before the awful blaze and majesty of His holy throne? Can you look forward to that hour when you must let earth's business and its pleasures stand aside to grapple with death, single handed; when you must enter the swelling of Jordan; and, prepared or unprepared, willing or unwilling, meet your God? Men treat these great events as idle tales, and account them among the fancies of the future. Heaven to them is a day dream; Hell, a myth; Eternity, a theory. But could the veil be drawn aside one moment, that hides from mortal eyes the world to come, and one glance into that sphere, where all is real be had, it would be seen that men are fully awake to these realities there. There is no sleep in hell; no drowsiness in the realms of woe. Full consciousness is traced on every face. Memory is wide awake. Conscience has its full sense, adding to the ever-increasing torment, the ever-continued agony and despair of the damned.

Reader, these things are no fancies; they are real. Real as the

God who utters them; real as the souls that endure them. Let not Satan, the adversary, the deceiver, the destroyer of your soul, lull you to sleep over them longer. He urges you on in pleasure's pleasing path, but veils its end. It ends in hell. He points to men of wealth and fame who trod the path before, and gained ambition's prize amid the plaudits of their fellow-men, forgetful of their God; but he hides their lonely, miserable death-beds, and drowns the echoes of their dying cries for mercy on earth, and their wails of remorse in yonder hell. These things are real, that your soul knoweth right well. Your conscience vindicates the truth of God, and arouses you up to think. God would fain awaken you; in His grace, He seeks to arouse you to concern about your soul. He knows its value; sees its danger; estimates its loss. How long wilt thou refuse to listen to His voice? It sounds clear and distinct in thine ear to-day, saying, "Flee from the wrath to come"—"Escape for thy life"—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow"—"Ye must be born again."

#### AN INVITATION.

*"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*

Matt. xi. 28.



## THORNS IN THE PILLOW.

**M**ABEL'S mother used to sometimes tell her, when she was disobedient during the day, that the remembrance of her naughty doings would be "a thorn in her pillow" at night. But Mabel was too young at first to understand the meaning of "a thorn in her pillow."

When she grew a little older, she went to visit her grandmother. It was so jolly all day to be out in the fields, chasing the butterflies, and gathering posies. But night came, and Mabel was put to bed. Her grandmother peeped in to see her before she retired, and found the child asleep, with a tear on her cheek. Next morning when Mabel got up, her grandmother said, "I fear my little girl was home-sick last night, after she went to bed, for I saw a tear on her pretty cheek." "Oh, no, grandmother dear, it was not that." "What was it then?" Mabel hung her head. There was something causing her to be uneasy, and she was unwilling to let it be known. At last, clasping her arms around her grandmother's neck, she burst into tears, and said, "There was a thorn in my pillow last night, grandmother; for, as I lay awake, thinking of my dear mother far away, I remembered how disobedient I had been to her, and she so kind, and I was very unhappy."

There are many little boys and girls like Mabel. They do not think of the wrong of disobeying their parents and sinning against God, until they are far away from them; then it becomes a thorn in their pillow; they wish they had not done it. They pay little heed to the loving words of their teachers in the Sunday school; but, one day, far away on some distant shore, they wish they could just hear their voices but once again. And thus it will be with souls who have despised the gospel, and rejected Christ, in eternity. There will be "a thorn in the pillow" of every Christless one in hell. Remorse will lay hold in relentless power on every despiser of the love of God. Memory will bring the past to mind. The slighted opportunities of salvation: the stifled convictions: the quenched anxieties.

O, my dear young friend, do not fill up your pillow thus with thorns. Depend on it, your sins will prick your conscience sooner or later, in time or in eternity. Do not slight the Son of God, or despise His love any longer. This will be the sharpest thorn in hell. A slighted Christ—a despised salvation.



**AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.**

*"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"*

H. c. ii. 3.

## THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

**T**HERE is a beautiful Scripture in Isa. xli. 11, about the lambs of the flock. Speaking of the Lord's Shepherd care, the prophet says, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom." The lambs of the flock, you see, have a place of special nearness, they are carried in the Shepherd's bosom. The very weakness and febleness of the little lamb draws out the shepherd's special care, and instead of allowing it to walk behind him like the other sheep of the flock, he takes it up, and carries it in his bosom, near his heart.

Our picture shows a little lamb laid in the shepherd's bosom. There is no fear of it perishing or getting cold there. One who has travelled in those eastern lands, where the shepherds, even now, tend their flocks as they did in the days when Jesus lived and walked in Palestine, says, that he has seen the shepherd take up the little wearied lamb, and tenderly lay it in his bosom, as if it had been a babe, and then, calling it by its name, he would talk to it all the way home.

Now, just as there are lambs in every earthly flock, so there are

lambs in the Lord's own dear flock. There are "little ones who believe in Him," of which He says, it is not the will of His Father in heaven, that one of them should perish (see Matthew xviii. 14). There are boys and girls who have been converted in their early days, and brought from their wandering on the downward road, back to God, and to walk in His ways. People sometimes speak as if all the little ones were lambs of the Lord's flock, but this is surely wrong. Until children have been found by the Good Shepherd, and brought to His fold, they are on the way that leads to hell. We cannot be too clear about this. Some children are very nice and amiable, but this does not make them lambs of the Lord's flock. O, no. They must be saved just as others. Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from his childhood, but he needed to be "saved" by Jesus, just as Saul the persecutor, and we know that he was (see 2 Tim. i. 9). Now, has it been so with you, my dear young reader? Do not slip over this too hurriedly. It is absolutely necessary that you be saved as a lost sinner, before you can be one of the Lord's little ones. And He tells you in His own Word how this can be. He says there are "little ones which believe in Me" (Matt. xviii. 6). This is how lost sinners become lambs of the Lord's

flock. They believe in Him whom God has sent to save sinners, and it pleases God to "save them that believe" (1 Cor. i. 21). Then He raises them to His bosom, and



A LAMB IN THE SHEPHERD'S BOSOM.

presses them close to His loving heart. None are so happy as they, and none so truly satisfied.

A traveller in Eastern lands says,

"Some of these lambs and little sheep keep constantly by the shepherd's side, and they are his special favourites. He is constantly distributing among them choice portions, which he gathers for the purpose. These are the contented and happy ones. Others run from bush to bush, searching for delicacies, and only now and again lift their heads to see where the shepherd is." This is very like the lambs of the Lord's flock. Some are always happy because they live near the Lord. Like the little ewe lamb of Nathan's parable, which did eat of its master's "own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom" (2 Sam. xii. 3), they live day by day in communion with the Lord. Their heads are pillowed on His breast, like the disciple whom Jesus loved. They cleave to their Shepherd. But there are others who care little for His company. They are too often seen in the company of worldlings to have much time with their Shepherd. They run hither and thither, finding little pleasure either in Christ or the world. They try to have both, but enjoy neither, and so it ever must be. Is it so with you, dear young believer? Do *you* keep close to the Shepherd, and get choice portions from His hand, or are you carnal and backsliding, hunting after worldly things?

## Short Papers for Young Believers

### ROOM FOR CHRIST.

“**I** AM determined not to go into any company, where there is no room for my Master,” said an aged saint and servant of God. His decision is a good one, and might be adopted with profit by every child of God. He was, naturally, of a very genial disposition, and in his younger days his company was much sought after. But in these days, although a Christian, he never spoke of Christ, unless he happened to be in a circle of friends where he was sure the subject would be quite acceptable. He could make himself all things to all men in these days. He studied to be agreeable to the company in which he was, and he thought, that by so doing, he might impress them with the amiability of Christianity. He sometimes felt rather sore, when Christ, His people, or His Word, were made the subjects of contempt, and when the weaknesses and failings of some faltering brother of his were talked of with apparent triumph by worldlings: but he feared to raise his voice in defence of the truth, and so remained in silence. By-and-by, the Lord spoke to him through His Word, and aroused him

to see his place in Christ as accepted and created anew, and also his place as Christ’s representative and witness down here on earth. Theoretically, he knew these things before; now they came with power and unction to his soul, and completely changed his views on everything. It was like a second conversion. Now he saw that his business here was not to please men and vainly hope by hiding his light to win them, but to please Christ. Now he saw that Christ had left him on earth to be His witness at all times and in all places, and not only where everybody was of the same mind as himself. From that day forward he began to speak of Christ wherever he got an opportunity, and he soon lost “caste” in the worldly circles where he used to move. They ceased to ask him to their evening parties, not because they disliked him, but they did not like his Master who now accompanied him. And this is the grievance still. You may depend upon it, that if a believer in Christ is found to be “good company” in a worldly circle, it is because there is not much of Christ about him. If you, my dear young brother or sister in Christ, find yourself being sought after in worldly company, it is because you leave Christ outside the door. Do you suppose that Paul, or Timothy, or any other of Christ’s true witnesses

would have been a welcome guest in that evening party the other night? I trow not. Nor would you, if you had not left Christ outside, and come down for the occasion, to the level of the world. You may explain it as you like, but this is the root cause. Neither worldlings nor carnal professors of religion would seek your company, if you were an honest witness for Christ. They would soon give you the cold shoulder, and cease to claim kindred with you. There is no need to be affected or unpolite in our dealings with worldly people. The believer need not *make* himself disagreeable. He has only to take his stand, firm and clear as the dear aged saint, and say, "I am determined not to go into any company where there is no room for my Master," and he will soon find himself in the same path as his rejected Lord.

—:o:—

### GOOD PREACHING.

**U**NDER whose preaching were you converted, Mary?" said a lady to a young girl who has recently been brought to Christ. "It was under my aunt's practising," said the girl, smiling. "What do you mean by your aunt's practising, Mary?" enquired the lady. "Well, ma'am," said Mary, "my aunt is a very dear Christian, and her life is so

beautiful and Christ-like, and it so impressed me with the reality of being a child of God, that I could find no rest until I knew her Saviour to be mine."

This is the most powerful way of preaching Christ, and in this kind of preaching every believer may share. And this is, moreover, the great want of the times. A life that preaches Christ to all around. It may be in the humbler sphere of the kitchen, or the workshop, but no matter where, it will leave its mark. Sinners may turn away their ears from the truth preached by the lips, but they cannot close their eyes to a life that bears the spirit and character of Christ.

My dear young believer, does your life preach Christ to those around you? Has any of your friends and kindred been led to Jesus by your "practising," as the girl put it? Or, even if they have not, do they see in you such a pattern of true discipleship to Christ, that they are left without excuse? Alas! in many cases it is otherwise. The haughty spirit, disagreeable manner, and irritable temper so often displayed, drive others away from Christ, and cause His doctrine to be blasphemed. "Let *your* light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

## Letters from the Little Folks.

**T**HREE brethren in Christ, whose business leads them to move from one town to another, gather the children together, and tell them of Jesus and His love. Of late, God has blessed their labours to the conversion of many of the little ones. The following letters are from a little boy and girl, who were converted in the early part of the present year, in the south-west of England.

### FROM A LITTLE GIRL.

"DEAR —, I write you a few lines, to let you know that I was brought to Jesus in the beginning of March last.

'I came to Jesus *as I was*,  
Weary and worn and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He *has* made me glad.'

I do praise the Lord that He has saved a little girl like me by His grace. Now—

'I'd give my mind to Jesus,  
To think upon His Word,  
That I may learn His holy will,  
And truly love the Lord.  
This will I give to Jesus,  
Who gave Himself for me;  
Thus would I show my love to Him  
Who died on Calvary.'

Yours, ALICE G—."

### FROM A LITTLE BOY.

"DEAR —, The verse through which I found peace was, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. xi. 28). It was on Sunday the first of March. Before that, I knew Jesus to be a Saviour, good and kind; but now, praise the Lord, I can say, He is *my* Saviour. I believe that He died for *me*, and His blood has washed away *my* sins.

Yours, JOHN —."

This little boy and girl have decided for Christ. They have received Him as their personal Saviour, and He has saved them. Have you thus received Him? You *must* either be a *receiver* or a *rejector* of Christ. WHICH?

## Questions.

A NUMBER of deeply interesting and important questions have been sent us from time to time, bearing on the subject of "Sunday School Management." Our correspondents must be losing hope of ever getting answers to them. The corner for "Questions" would grow too rapidly, and so we must keep a watch on it. And our friends will bear in mind, too, that as *The Watchman* is distinctively for the children and young folks themselves, the subjects of the "Questions" need to be for general help and edification to them. On this account, we have been hindered from giving to our dear fellow-labourers any little word that might help them on these subjects. But we see a channel opening, through which we hope, as the Lord may help, to answer these questions. On another column, you will find the preliminary notice of a little magazine for the teachers themselves, which we trust may be in their hands during next month. It will be one of its objects to consider such questions, and we would ask our friends not only to send the queries, but such of them as, by long experience in the work, can send answers, to do so. The "Questions" for the young folks will be continued as before, in *The Young Watchman*.

QUESTION XXVI.—"What time of the day do you consider the best for daily reading of the Word?"

ANSWER.—The morning, if at all possible, before the bustle and distractions of the day begin. The Israelities gathered the manna fresh every morning, and when the sun waxed hot, it melted. When once lessons, letters, and business arrangements for the day, get into the soul, they drive away the desire for quiet meditation and prayer. You may have little time in the morning, but the Lord knows your circumstances. If you have only *five minutes*, use them. Some who only get their "*text*" in the morning, read during the breakfast hour, or at night. Secure some part of the day at least, and abide by it, else Satan will ingeniously contrive to cheat you out of it.

## New Magazine for Sunday School Workers.

WE hope, if the Lord will, to have ready about the end of the present month, the first number of a little Magazine for Sunday School Workers, and others serving the Lord amongst the young.

During the last few years, the Lord has been arousing His people to the important work of seeking the conversion of the young. One of the results of this reviving has been, a great addition to the ranks of those seeking to win souls in the Sunday School. The majority of these are themselves both young in years and in grace. They have not had much opportunity yet to search the Scriptures for themselves, and sometimes they get disheartened. There are some in lonely places, too, isolated and alone with their little class, who need a word of cheer.

There is felt to be a lack of godly sympathy and fellowship in the work of Sunday Schools, not so much perhaps for want of heart, as for the lack of opportunity to show it. Lately, conferences of Sunday School Teachers have been held in many large centres, and these have been found to be a stimulus and a genuine help, to those who were privileged to attend them. But only a very limited number can find it convenient to come together thus—the bulk of Sunday School Workers have their only spare hours on the Lord's-day, and at other times they seldom meet, or have an opportunity of interchanging thoughts on the subject of their work.

It has been suggested by several, that a little magazine, wholly devoted to this branch of the Lord's work, might in some little measure, through God's blessing, supply this lack. It might, at the same time, become a link amongst the many who are seeking in simplicity, and according to the principles of God's Word, to serve Him in the Sunday School; and also a medium through which they might converse with each other on all practical points connected with their work, and thus become helpers one of another.

We would, therefore, invite the loving co-

operation of all our fellow-labourers amongst the young, in the conducting of this little paper, both in their prayers and practical energies, and in making it known to others. We hope to give a series of plain and practical papers on Sunday School Management, Notes and Gleanings on all practical details for the help of Teachers. One or two pages will be open for suggestions and contributions for general edification. Short and suggestive Notes on Bible Subjects, specially for the help of young Teachers, will be given; Questions and Answers on all important points; Requests for Prayer and Praise, and Reports of Work amongst the Young; Notes of Conferences, &c. The price will be One Halfpenny per copy. The help of Superintendents is specially requested in making the little paper known in their Schools; and, for this purpose, specimen copies will be sent post free.

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# The Young Watchman.

No. 36.]

DECEMBER, 1885.

[ONE HALFPENNY.]



AN OLD YEAR'S EVE IN EDINBURGH.

## AN OLD YEAR'S EVE IN EDINBURGH.

**I**T was the last night of the year, and the busy streets of Edinburgh were thronged with a motley group of men, women and children. According to an ancient Scottish custom, children were wandering from door to door asking for their "hogmanay," while pleasure lovers and ribald jesters were crowding into the pantomime and public-house. A stream of people were wending their way toward the Assembly Hall, where a watch-night service was announced to be held, in connection with the gospel meetings, at that time being conducted in the city by the two American evangelists, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. Watch-night services are by no means uncommon on the last night of the year. They have been kept up for many years in almost every town and village in the kingdom; and the people of God have found it good and pleasant to meet together thus, to praise the Lord for mercies past, and to anew, devote themselves to Christ their Lord, and seek His help for time to come. But there was an unusual interest manifest in the watch-night service of this old year's eve; and the crowd, so largely composed of young people, making their way to the place of meeting,

indicated something more than the keeping of an ancient form.

Edinburgh had been visited by a day of special grace and blessing. By the power of God, hundreds had been awakened to flee from coming wrath, and many had passed from death to life. Night after night, souls had been pointed to Jesus for rest and peace, and the songs of many new-born souls echoed through the hall that night. A young girl of seventeen, belonging to the north of Scotland, but who had come to Edinburgh for her education, was among the foot-passengers, moving toward the Assembly Hall. It was an unusual place for her to spend the last hours of the dying year. She had been accustomed to the pleasures of the world, and although young in years, she had seen enough to convince her that no abiding satisfaction was to be found in them. She had been sitting alone that afternoon thinking over her past life, its wasted hours, its lost opportunities, its broken resolutions and unkept vows; and then, forward in the distance before her lay eternity and the judgment. The prospect of having to live, then to die, and after both, to meet God, weighed heavily upon her soul, and she sighed heavily, as for relief. She was weary of her present life, sick and tired of worldly pleasure, and longing for true rest to

her conscience, and satisfaction to her heart. How many more are like her, if they would only own it?

She went to the watch-night service, in the hope of getting something there to meet her need. After praise and prayer, a short word was spoken on seven "I wills" uttered by our blessed Lord. One of the seven was, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will* give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). God blessed that word to the weary girl. She saw there where rest was to be found, and, like a wearied child laying its head on its mother's bosom, she rested her soul on Jesus, and *He* gave her rest. It was the moment of her second birth, and she passed from death to life. That last night of the year was Maggie Lindsay's last night in the kingdom of darkness. She passed across the line, into the kingdom of the Son of God's love, and into the light and liberty of that kingdom.

Reader, have you passed across that boundary, or do you still abide in Satan's realm, a servant of sin and an heir of hell?

The new year's morning was the dawn of a new life to Maggie. The night before, she said to one, "I feel miserable, and the New Year seems opening in darkness." But the darkness and the misery had now fled, and fulness of peace and joy now filled her heart. She was born

of God, and the Holy Spirit now indwelling her, as God's new-born child, shed love divine abroad within her heart, and caused her peace to flow as a river. Maggie was in a new world; not the melancholy one she used to picture Christians as being in, but a land of "pure delight." The rising sun seemed to be brighter, and nature itself lovelier. The burden was gone, the fear of meeting God was gone, and Christ was all. Others quickly saw it too, for where divine life has entered a soul, it will soon be manifest. One who knew her says, "From that night, her face shone with a new radiance, and everybody saw she was a new creature. Nor did she endeavour to hide it. When she came home from the meeting, she clasped her hands in an ecstasy of delight, and told of the salvation of her soul." It was well that she did so; and it would be well with all who have received Christ, if they confessed Him with the mouth, among their friends and kindred. When her governess returned from the Christmas holidays, she ran to meet her at the door, and, clasping her arms around her, said, "O, Miss —, Jesus is mine." The new life began to manifest itself in Maggie in other ways. She loved the Word of God, and sought to spend her spare moments over its pages. Trashy novels and light literature had lost their charm;

and, to a Christ-filled heart, they ever will.

Maggie's school-days were finished, and the time had come for her to return to her home in the Highlands. On a Tuesday morning, at 6-30, she stood on the platform with a few of her friends and acquaintances, ready for the journey. At 6-35, the train for the north steamed out of the station, Maggie waving a "good bye" from the window, and then, after taking a last look at the city of her second birth and school-days, sat down alone. She opened her hymn book at a favourite hymn, which begins—

"There is a gate that stands ajar."

As the train neared Manuel Junction, a dreadful collision occurred, by which many of the passengers were hurried into eternity in a moment. Others were fatally injured. Among the latter was the homeward-bound school-girl and young disciple of Christ, Maggie Lindsay. She was found lying on the green bank close to the scene of the catastrophe, with her legs broken and otherwise fatally injured. The open hymn book was found near her, stained with her blood. She was carried, along with other sufferers, to a cottage near, where every attention was given her; but, so far as recovery was concerned, there was no hope. Maggie was fast going home. Nor did she lose her new-

found joy amid these hours of bodily pain; on the contrary, it increased and overflowed. One who watched by her pillow says, "her joy in Christ was beyond description. She sang with a countenance beaming with unearthly joy in her last moments—

'O depth of mercy can it be  
That gate was left ajar *for me.*'

Repeating again and again, '*for me, for me.*' And as the last echo of the music died away, Maggie closed her eyes and went to be with Jesus, where her ransomed spirit rests, until the morning of the first resurrection." Thus amid life's sunny hours, when all was bright, at the very age when girls are looking forward to enter on the path of life, was she suddenly called into eternity. Well for her it was that she was ready—fully ready! Well that she did not, on that last night of the year, dash headlong into folly, to drown the voice of God, and stifle her convictions.

Reader, how is it with you? Are you ready to meet God? Are you fully decided for Christ; out-and-out a Christian? See that you make no mistake about it. Now is your golden opportunity; lay hold of it then, and decide for Christ. You will never repent it, neither here nor hereafter. But if you trifle with the living God, and spurn His love and grace, your soul may be hurried into eternity, Christless and hopeless.

## CARRIE, THE LITTLE ITALIAN GIRL.

**C**ARRIE was a happy little Italian girl of ten years, with a pair of black sparkling eyes, and curly hair. She attended a Sunday-class conducted by a Christian lady, who told the little Italian children the story of Jesus' love. One day, Carrie came to the class, downcast and sad. The kind teacher took the little girl apart from the other children, and said to her, "My dear Carrie, you look very sad to-day, what is the matter." The little girl looked up mournfully into her face, and said, "Because, teacher dear, I've been thinking about what you said." "What was you thinking about, Carrie?" said the teacher. "Oh, teacher, I was wondering whether Jesus cares for me or not; do *you* think He does?" said the little girl, the tear coming to her eye. "Yes, Carrie, Jesus loves you: Did He not come down from His happy home to shew His love for sinners? And did He not say, when He was down here, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me'? How then can you doubt whether He loves you? Can you repeat the verse that tells you so, Carrie?" Carrie repeated the verse slowly over, which she had learned at school—"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and

forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark x. 14). "Well, Carrie, who do you think that means, *you* or *me*? Does Jesus invite big folks like me, or little ones like you, to come to Him?" The little girl clapped her hands with delight, and said, "It's for *me*, teacher, and not for you; for you are not a child, it's for *me*, for *me*. Jesus loves me, I know it now." From that day, Carrie believed that Jesus loved her, and she loved Jesus in return. She became a lamb of the Good Shepherd's flock, and followed Him. Now, dear children, if this little Italian child, who had so few opportunities of knowing and hearing about Jesus, compared with you, was so anxious to know if Jesus loved her, why should not you? But, perhaps you know quite well that Jesus loves you, for you have often sung—

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

Well then, let me ask, have you, like Carrie, believed the glad tidings, and received His love into your heart? Have you said, "It's for me, for me," and come to Him trusting His love, and accepting Him as your own, and only Saviour. If you have, the result will be that you will love Him in return, and follow Him, saying, "I love Him, because He *first* loved me."

## GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS.

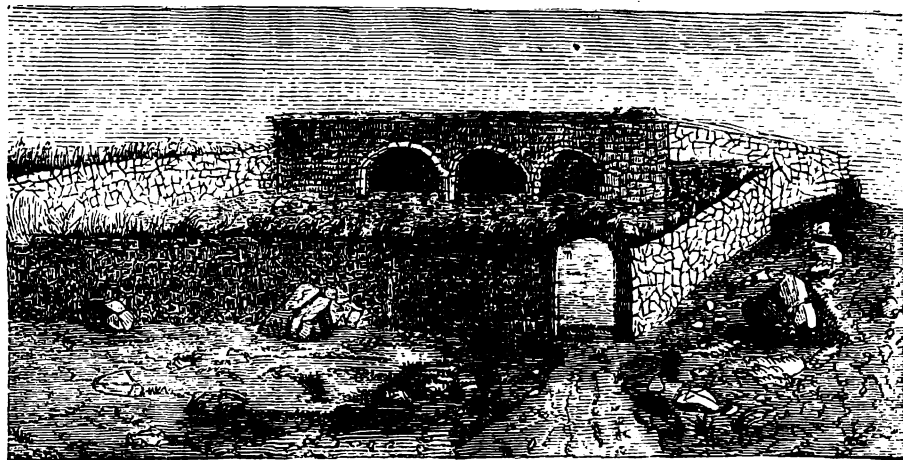
**W**E have been looking at various parts of a shepherd's work in connection with his flock, as used in the Word of God, to illustrate the work of Jesus, the Good Shepherd. He seeks and rescues the wandering sheep. He carries the lambs in His bosom. Here we have Jesus seeking and saving the sinner, and tenderly caring for the young believer. But there are other parts of shepherd-work as well. There is a beautiful passage in Ezekiel xxxiv., in which Jehovah likens Himself to a shepherd. After He has sought and found His scattered sheep, and separated them from all the peoples, among which they had wandered, and brought them into their own land, then He says, "I will feed them in a *good* pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their *fold* be, there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a *fat* pasture shall they feed." And even the youngest of us can repeat the beautiful twenty-third Psalm, where we have the Shepherd care of the Lord so sweetly expressed in the words—"He maketh me to *lie down* in *green pastures*, He leadeth me beside the *still* waters." Now, this is just what we need after we are saved. The believer needs food and quiet rest, and Jesus pro-

vides both. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." That means, He will provide them with food. He will lead them to where it is to be found, then they must gather it for themselves. It is the shepherd's business to look out for green pastures for his flock. In Palestine, as the spring advances, the shepherds lead their flocks higher up the mountains to fresh and greener ranges. There they remain and feed them. And so would the Good Shepherd do for the sheep of His pasture. He does not starve His sheep. "He maketh me to *lie down* in *green pastures*." To "lie down" is the emblem of perfect rest, undisturbed repose. "Green," or, as it may be rendered, "fresh-budding pastures," speak of the sweetness and freshness of the Word of God to the soul of the believer, who allows Jesus to lead him to these evergreen fields. Do you enjoy aught of these, my dear reader? If you are a believer, a sheep of Christ's flock, it is your privilege to do so. If you do not, there must be a cause. The green pastures are provided for all the flock, but some go hunting in other fields. They go to the valleys of the world, and seek their pleasures there, instead of finding them in companionship with Christ, His people, and His Word. They lose taste for the fresh-budding

promises and hopes set before them in the blessed Book, and some turn away to musty novels, and light and frivolous literature. "They may be sheep, but they have goats' manners," as the Dorset shepherd said of some of his sheep, who overleaped the fences, and stole his neighbour's corn. Does this apply to you? Have you lost taste for God's Word,

and gained an appetite for the world? Ah, then, you are away from the Shepherd's side, for you know, "He *maketh*" those who follow and abide with Him, to "lie down."

Do you see in our picture, this enclosure with the sharp stones along the top? This is a mountain sheepfold, where the sheep are safely gathered and protected during the



A MOUNTAIN SHEEPFOLD IN PALESTINE.

night. They huddle close together, and the shepherd watches them during the hours of darkness. So you see, they are as safe by night as by day. Well, too, would it be for the dear sheep and lambs of the Lord's flock, if they huddled more closely together, and found their companions among their fellow-saints alone during the night. But "the night is far spent, and the day is at hand." And He, who, as the Good

Shepherd, died for the sheep, who as the Great Shepherd feeds and leads them, shall come at the break of day as the Chief Shepherd to lead His blood-bought flock out from their wilderness enclosure, into the eternal glory of the paradise above. And there "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them and lead them to living fountains of waters." Reader, will you be there?

## Short Papers for Young Believers

### TALKING WITH JESUS.

**I**T is not only when we are on our knees, telling Jesus all our wants in prayer, or when we are sitting in some quiet corner, reading His Word, that we may speak to Him, and hear Him speak to us. But all through the day, it is the believer's privilege to be "talking with Jesus." It is said of Moses and Elias, when they appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration, in company with their Lord, that they were "talking with Jesus." This will be our employment in heaven, but it may begin down here. It may be carried on in the warehouse and the office, amid life's busy scenes. Converse with Christ may be enjoyed in the kitchen and the nursery; in the market-place as well as in the prayer-meeting. If our work, or even play, be of such a character as is well-pleasing to the Lord, we need not lose His company while we are thus engaged. He wants to be ever near us, to share our joys and sorrows. He delights to hear our cry go up in the hour of need, and He welcomes our note of praise in the day of the gladness of our hearts. Thus, "talking with Jesus," our homeward journey will

be bright. "The shortest road between two places," says one, "is to have a pleasant companion." Such a Companion is Jesus. Do you know what it is to walk with Him thus, my dear young brother and sister? Is He to you a Jesus far away in the heavens, or, a Jesus walking close by your side? True, He is both, but many know Him far off, and not nigh at hand. Others, like the two who journeyed to Emmaus, walk and talk with Him all the day, and sup with Him when "the day is far spent." He *abides* with them. This is what makes the pathway to heaven so joyful, even amid opposition and scorn. It is because Jesus is in it, walking with His loved ones, and "talking with them by the way." This is the secret of some being always warm and ever bright. It is because they walk with Christ, and although their sphere is humble, or even in poverty and pain, they never complain or murmur. They tell Jesus all their woes, and so they have none to speak of, to any one else. Thus it may be with you, dear young believer. But is it so? or do you keep company with sinners, and walk in the counsel of the ungodly? You cannot walk and talk with Jesus and with the ungodly too. O, no. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" and Christ and the world are not agreed.



## A RIGHT DECISION.

I LEFT my room, one Friday night, to have a walk. As I was walking along, I met a young clerk in the employment of a firm close to my office, with whom we do business. I had met him in the office once or twice before. He seemed a nice young fellow, and was very refined and amiable. As we walked along the street, he pointed to a house, well known as a place of amusement of a very low kind, and asked me if I would go with him there for the evening. I was astonished. He saw it, and remarked, that "the place was not so bad as people called it," and urged me to go. Young in years, and very young in grace, as I then was, naturally social and fond of company, a stranger in the town, too, I hesitated a moment. The tempter said, "Go, and if you don't like it, you need not stay." I found myself actually walking along with the young man, although I had given him no answer. I felt a crisis had come, perhaps *the* crisis of my life. I stood, I prayed inwardly for strength to resist the devil, and I was strengthened. Looking my companion straight in the face, I said, firmly, "No, I'll not go, I'm a Christian," and wishing him good-night, I wheeled about. My soul was filled

with joy as I walked along, and although a stranger in the great city, I felt God was very near me. Nor was this all. As I walked along, I found out a Young Men's Meeting, where over two dozen young Christians were met to search the Scriptures together. I ventured in. What a welcome I had there. I found myself at home, and there I am at home still. Praise be unto God.

### Letter from a Mother.

"IT is with pleasure that I write to thank you for *The Young Watchman*. It was through its pages that God led me to see myself a lost sinner, and the way in which I could be saved. My husband had been converted for some time, and often spoke to me and warned me of my danger. In the article, 'One shall be taken and another left' (February number), I saw myself. Our little boy brought home from Sunday-school, *The Young Watchman* for March. On reading the poetry on 'Daniel,' I came to the lines—

'God's law He fulfilled, bore its curse on the tree,

Now trusting in Jesus, the sinner is free.'

I saw it all, and trusted Jesus as my own personal Saviour. I do trust *The Young Watchman* may find its way into many homes. I meant to have written and told you this long before now."

The father adds, "Accept my warmest thanks for your little Paper. It has been a blessing in my home. We always look for it."

## 1885. A CLOSING APPEAL.

AND now, dear reader, we have reached the close of another year, and must pen our parting word—our last appeal. The onward march of time reminds us that we are nearing eternity, that great forever, into which we must sooner or later pass. The closing year has seen the birth and death of thousands. The grave has closed o'er many a loved and well-known face. Play-mates and school-fellows have been taken from our side, and laid in the dust of death. Death has received the bodies, and hell or paradise the souls of these departed ones. Momentous thought! And the hour is in the future, nigh or distant, when it shall be so with *you*. Yes, *you*, your very self, shall meet and deal with these great realities. *Your* body and *your* soul must one day part company too, and mortal life must end. Weeping friends will bury your body in the dust, but what about your soul? Where will it go? Not to death, not to sleep. It will go to paradise to be with Christ, or to the hell of departed lost ones—the hades of the damned. Its present condition determines where. Is it saved or not? Has the precious blood of Christ cleansed its guilty stains away, and fitted it to dwell in His holy presence? This is the all-

important question, and with all the earnestness of our being, we urge on you to face it. How can you go to the house of mirth and mingle in the scene of pleasure with a soul unsaved—a soul unfit for heaven? How can you sing and smile, and enjoy life, with the sword of judgment unsheathed above your head, and the flame of an ever-burning hell beneath your feet? Are these things real? Yea, they are the verities of God, who cannot lie. They are real as God is real. Then arouse thee, O, undecided one. Time is quickly flying. Its sands are sinking fast. Death is hovering above. The judgment-throne is looming ahead. Eternity drawing near. Soon, very soon, the day of grace will end, and *your* last chance will then be gone. “The time *is* short.” Awake to the eternal interests of thy soul, ere it be too late. Thank God, there is time now. *Now* is the golden moment within your reach. Christ is ready to save you *now*. God is *now* inviting. The Spirit is *now* convicting. Are you ready *now*? Are you willing to accept God’s gift of life? Do it now, even now. You began this year, this day a Christless soul, you need not end it so. Christ is waiting, ready, willing. Are you? O, then, make haste! “Escape for thy life.” “Flee from the wrath to come.” Quickly, for “*the time is short.*”

## Questions.

QUESTION XXXII.—“*Do you think it wrong for a young believer to play cards, simply for amusement and not for money?*”

ANSWER.—There is nothing inherently wrong with the cards, any more than with a cricket ball or marbles, but the playing of cards is inseparably connected with vices and evils of the darkest kind. Card-playing, begun for amusement, has, in many cases, given a taste and ability for gambling, and the result has been the ruin of body and soul. The very connections of the game would surely be repugnant to a spiritual soul, to one in communion with God. And what of its effects on others. Suppose an unconverted one happened to look in and see a company of young Christians playing cards, what could he think? Would it be in keeping with the exhortation “Let your light so shine before men, that they may *see your good works* and glorify your Father, who is in heaven”? Card-playing we consider to be a low, demoralising game, intimately connected with vice, and leading on to gambling and ruin, with which a child of God should have no connection whatever.

### TO OUR READERS.

THIS month's issue completes the third Volume of “THE YOUNG WATCHMAN.” With heart-felt gratitude to God, we raise our *Ebenezer* and say, “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.” He has been pleased to use these humble pages in the conversion of souls, and as a word of help and cheer to the dear lambs of His blood-bought flock. And not only among the children, but we have been cheered to hear again and again of “fruit unto God” among the parents and friends of the little ones, through these pages. To Him, *from* whom are all things and *to* whom are all things, be all the praise.

We heartily thank our friends and fellow-helpers for their continued fellowship through-

out another year, both in contributing articles to its pages, and in scattering it abroad. We acknowledge with gratitude the valuable co-operation of Sunday School Superintendents and Teachers, by stirring up and encouraging the young folks to search for answers to the Bible Questions given from time to time.

If the Lord will, we hope to continue “The Young Watchman” for the coming year, and most earnestly do we desire the renewed fellowship of the people of God in prayer and active help. We shall be glad to receive short articles, giving a clear and certain sound in the Gospel. True narratives of conversions, and incidents illustrating the Gospel, suited to our pages.

We hope to begin in the January number a “Bible Class” for those who are more advanced in years, and shall be glad to see the Bible subjects vigorously worked out. Each of the members of this Class will receive a number under which their contributions may appear. The Bible Searching will be continued, and we hope to give a series of short and simple papers for the *very little ones*, on “Bible Children.”

Will you, dear Christian reader, help to make the little paper known among friends and neighbours. There are many homes into which no Gospel Message ever comes, either for young or old. It would be a happy service for many young believers, to take up a needy district in their town or village, and leave a copy at every house. Many opportunities would be thus afforded for personal dealing with souls, and the cost of the papers would not be much—not half the sums spent by many in extravagances of personal adornment. Our days of Gospel service, and of sowing the good seed, will soon be over, the harvest gathered home, and sowers and reapers rejoicing together.

We shall be glad to send packets of “The Young Watchman,” free by post, to any who desire to bring it before friends and fellow-workers.

**New Orders.**—We shall be glad to have orders for the coming year as early as possible.

We shall continue to send to former Subscribers the same number of copies as formerly, unless we hear to the contrary.

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We shall be glad to send *sample copies, post free*, to any of our friends who may wish to see it themselves, or make it known to others.

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