

GLEAMS OF LIGHT

Vol. 11

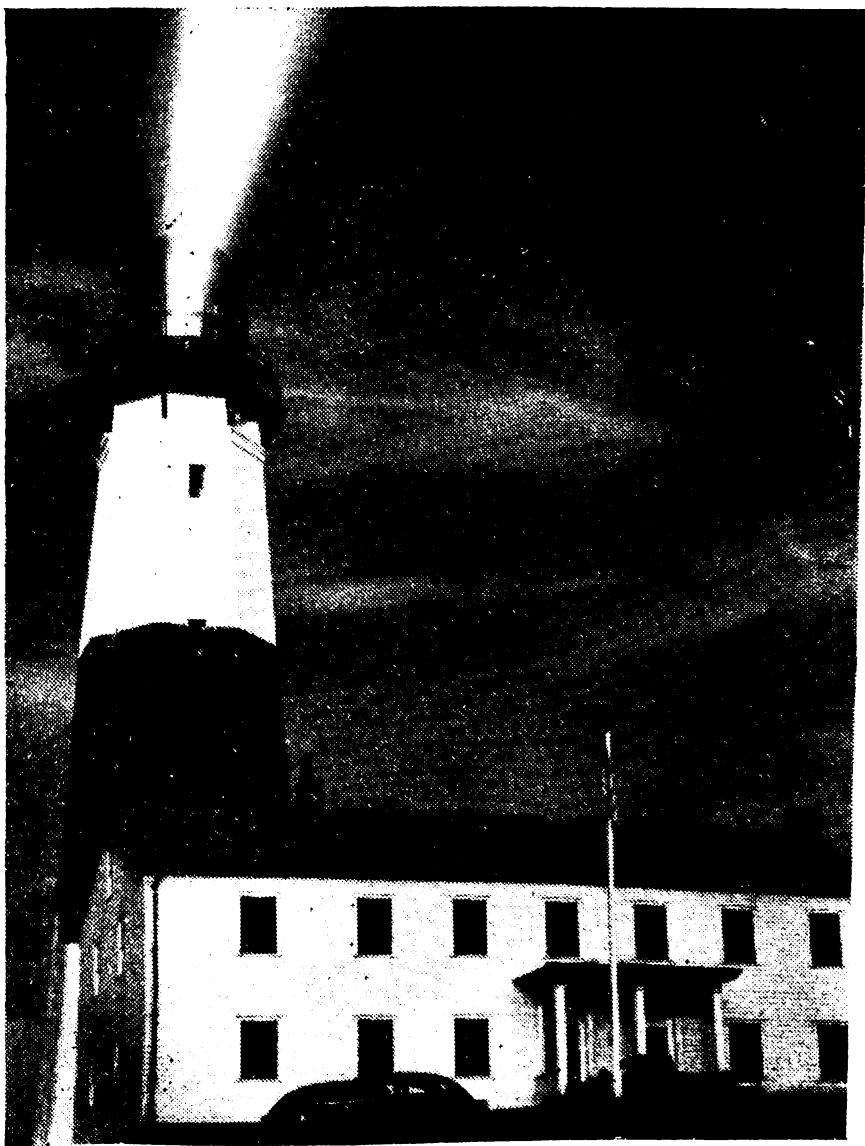


G. MORRISH

114 CAMBERWELL ROAD, LONDON, S.E. 5



GLEAMS OF LIGHT



“ Watchman, what of the night ? ”

January

THE ancient Romans called one of their gods Janus, from whose name we have the name of our first month in the year. This Janus was believed to look in both directions, forward and backward. At the beginning of any year, of any month, of any week, and indeed of any day it is a good thing for each one of us to look both forward and backward.

Can we look forward with certainty? As we face what lies ahead, are there doubts and fears within us? The certainty or uncertainty we feel as we look forward springs from the result of our look backward. Can we look back to the day when we accepted the Lord Jesus as our own Saviour, trusting in His completed work, His death, the shedding of His blood, His burial and His resurrection? If we can look back upon this, we can, with the assurance of the support of the Holy Spirit, look forward with confidence. Now is the time to have the problem of your sins and sinful state resolved. If you desire to look forward with joy you must be able to look back to what the Lord Jesus has done for you. Seek His presence now in repentance and you will be able happily to face the future.

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

Do You Know Your Bible

1. Where does it tell us of a man who carried his sword on his right hip because he was *left handed*?
2. Where does it tell us of a company of men all *left handed* who went to battle yet they were so skilled that they never missed their mark?
3. Where does it tell us of another company of men who went into conflict using both right and left hands with stones and arrows?
4. Where does it tell us of a king when he stretched forth his hand it dried up? What was his name? Who restored it?

The Spider's Web

“THE spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces.” (Prov. 30. 28.)

How often we see a spider's web! In all sorts of places we find them. On a misty morning the moisture gathers on them and makes them show up, so that we cannot help noticing them. In the dark at night we sometimes walk through a web, and the sticky feel of it makes us rub our faces. Once several people were sitting in a meeting when suddenly, from the roof, came a little spider hanging on his thin thread of silk. Down and down the spider came until it rested on the head of a man. Then this spider ran backwards and forwards, across the man's hair, leaving a thread of silk as it went, almost as though the man had a web in his hair! At last the man rubbed his hand over his hair and the spider, trusting to its silken thread, went farther back and came down on the hand of a lady who was sitting behind. This lady felt something on her hand and, without looking, rubbed the other hand on top, with the result that the little spider was killed.

It may surprise you to know that some of the spider's silk is really stronger than steel would be if drawn out to a thread of the same thickness. God in His wisdom and love gave the spider a silk to serve every need. God knew that the spider would need a special kind of silk to form the framework of the web, and another for the lines on which it runs from the centre. A spider has more uses for its silk than an engineer has for steel. “My God shall supply all your need.” (Phil. 4. 19.) Next time you see a spider in its web stop and think of the wonderful way in which God has provided for every need.

David said, “God is my strength and power: and he maketh my way perfect.” (2 Sam. 22. 33.) All these little insects get their strength and power from

God. How good it is to know that God takes notice of the tiniest insect!

I wonder, dear children, whether you get YOUR strength and power from God. If you trust in God He will give you the shield of His salvation, and He will make your way perfect. In His love for you He gave His Son, Jesus, to meet the question of your sinful nature—the question of all those naughty little acts which grieve those who love you. When God sees repentance and love for Jesus in your heart He forgives you and looks at you as clothed in His righteousness. Just as the spider delights to make its web and use the silks, so will you, as soon as you give your heart to Jesus, love to use the wonderful things which God in His love has given to you. When troubles come along you will be able to “Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he SHALL strengthen thine heart.” (Ps. 27. 14.)

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them ALL!

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath done all things well.

Lancing.

E. F. MARLOW.

The Watchman's Message

AS I write, the evenings are getting darker and the nights get longer, but whether short or long the morning dawns eventually through the goodness of God who at the beginning separated the night from the day. In another sense of speaking we are all living in a night scene. You may ask, “How?” People were never more intelligent and enlightened, civilisation seems never to have reached before the peak at which it is now. Then how *can* it be dark?

We are not heathen. The real fact is that man, and the world he has built around himself has put the Lord Jesus—the Light of the world—out of it. When you put the light out in a room at night you have darkness, and this is just what has happened to the world in which we live. Because man has put the Light outside, then both man and his world are plunged into moral darkness, and because of it we all have naturally got at a distance from God.

But where will it all end? This is where the watchman comes in. An earnest call once was heard that said, “ Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? ” Now when a thing is repeated quickly like this in Scripture it means that special notice is to be taken of it.

Now the watchman refers to the testimony of the Holy Spirit of God, and we do well to listen and attend to His voice. Well, what *is* going to happen to this world and its darkness? The watchman replied, “ The morning cometh, and *also* the night.” If Jesus is Lord to you and you are enjoying the forgiveness of sins, and have been cleared by God of them and of the domination of sin in your life, and if you are enjoying peace with God on the principle of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, then for you, as for millions of others like you, you are happy to know that the morning of Christ’s coming and his reign of righteousness will soon begin. If, on the other hand, you have not bowed your heart to Him who died to save you, then you are in great danger of spending another night *far worse* than the present, an *eternity* of night with never a ray of hope of any other day-break. It is really too terrible to think of for very long; but there are only these two choices for you and me to make. I want to stir you up, if necessary, to think of your precious soul. The Lord Jesus died, suffering so much to save you, and you perhaps think so *little* of what He paid *so much* for. How serious this would be.

I will finish by using the words of the watchman, “ If ye will inquire, inquire; return, *come*.” You are

well advised to do it now. The morning of Christ's return for those who are His and the final just judgment of God on this world may well be much nearer than we think. Do please read the following Scriptures together with these remarks: Isaiah 21. 11, 12; Romans 5. 1, 2; 2 Thessalonians 1. 7-9.

C. E. WEAVERS.

Gosport.

Bible Journeys—11

The Journeys of Jesus

WE now reach the most important and precious part of our subject, for it concerns the Lord Jesus Himself and the journeys which He has undertaken on our behalf, and also those He is yet to make. All four Gospels tell us of the many fatiguing and unselfish journeys which He made in the land of Israel during His blessed mission, extending over three and a half years, for the purpose of relieving human need, visiting many towns and villages, and travelling long distances on foot through difficult and mountainous districts. For instance, in John 4 we read of a journey which He took from Judaea through Samaria on His way to Galilee and how, being wearied with the way He had come, sat just as He was at the fountain of a city called Sychar. The chapter contains the very interesting and touching story of His meeting and conversation with a poor woman who had sought in vain for happiness and satisfaction in this world, but who on this red-letter day in her life was to receive it in the gift of the living water which this lowly Stranger at the well gave to her. How touching it is to see that the Lord Jesus has thus been seeking every one of us in order that He might satisfy every longing and need in our souls.

Then in Luke 10 we have the wonderful story, in the form of a parable, of the good Samaritan (who can be none other than the Lord Jesus Christ Himself), of whom it said that *as He journeyed* He came

where the wounded man lay, and ministered to all his wants, binding up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, setting him on his own beast, and taking him to the inn and providing for his future care. All this is intended to reveal to us the character of the Saviour, who would serve us by coming right down to where we were in all our need, and undertaking for our whole case—our past, our present and our future.

In Mark 10 we read of the last journey made by the Lord Jesus in His suffering pathway that was to lead only to the cross. How affecting are the words in verse 32: "And they were *in the way* going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them: and they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid. And he took again the twelve, and began to tell them what things should happen unto him."

In Matthew 25. 14-30, we have the parable concerning a man who travelled into a far country, and before commencing his journey called his servants to him and entrusted to each certain talents in order that they might trade with them during his absence. I think this would suggest the present moment, for the Lord Jesus, forty days after His resurrection, ascended up far above all heavens leaving His own to make good use of what He has entrusted them with during His absence.

The very next journey that the Lord Jesus will make will be that described by the Apostle Paul in 1 Thessalonians 4. 16, 17, when the Lord Himself with an assembling shout, with archangel's voice and with trump of God shall descend from heaven to meet His saints (the dead raised and the living changed) in the air. I hope all my young readers love the Lord, and are looking forward to this meeting with joy.

Finally, in Isaiah 63. 1, we read of one who comes from Edom with deep-red garments from Bozrah and who is glorious in His apparel and *travelling in the greatness of His strength*. This refers to the return to this earth of the Lord Jesus in glory, and

to the solemn fact that His garments will be dyed with the blood of His enemies. What a striking contrast this is to the description of the lowly and gracious Stranger in John 4, to which we have already referred! If we are ready to meet the Lord when He comes for His own, we shall come again with Him when He returns to the earth in power and glory.

M. H. TUCKER.

Guildford.

Hands

What God requires— clean hands. (Ps. 24. 4.) *Man's state —* stained hands. (Isa. 59. 1-3.)

God's remedy — pierced hands (the hands of Jesus). (Ps. 22. 16.) *Man's hatred —* wicked hands. (Acts. 2. 23.)

God's attitude— outstretched hands. (Isa. 65. 2. Rom. 10. 21.) *Man's duty —* cleansed hands. (James 4. 8.)

God's support — right hand upholdeth. (Ps. 63. 8.) *Man's privilege* (when he is saved)—lifting up holy hands. (1 Tim. 2. 8.)

God's question to Moses and now to us
WHAT IS IN THY HAND? (Ex. 4. 2.)

God's judgment on the disobedient
BIND HIM HAND AND FOOT. (Matt. 22. 13.)

J. L. A. MUMFORD.
Boscombe.

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "Limberlost," Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



A Winter's Scene

Kodak snapshot

February

WE all know that this is the shortest month of the year. In some ways, too, it is the most testing of the year, with its cold days and nights and the dregs of winter still clinging to us.

What do you think of Mark's Gospel? It is the shortest of the four and in some ways the trials of Jesus seem to be emphasised. He suffers great pressure at the hands of men and God, and He goes through with all the suffering so patiently and thoroughly that He secures in the end those with whom He can work, for it says in the last chapter, "The Lord working with them." Do you realise that He wants you to work for Him, and, glorious thought, He is ready to work with us. The writer, Mark, whose history you should study, seems to say to us, "I lost a good deal of time earlier. I was not working for Him when I should have been, for I did not really know then how to work, but I've been brought back to Him and have seen how He works and I want to work like that myself and would urge you to do so too. Do it now, for time is short, so short that I have compressed the work of Jesus into only sixteen chapters that we might cover them quickly and be brought into the working party immediately." Follow Mark's good advice and you will have the joy of the Lord's personal and full support.

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

The Bush Fire

THE small village of Poto, 400 miles from Sydney, Australia, was in great danger. For weeks on end there had been a drought. Day upon day the burning sun had dried up the foliage and reduced the water supply. Great cracks appeared on the ground. Then, as the inhabitants looked westward, they saw an ominous black cloud by day and a lurid glow by night. It was a bush fire. Nearer and nearer

it came with terrible speed, eating up the dried foliage and making the air suffocating. Efforts that were made to stem or deflect the fire were vain. Women and children were hastily evacuated. How many a one looked back, and thought of their houses and cherished possessions that would soon perish in the flames.

But there was hope. Clouds—rainclouds—gathered in the sky which had been blue for so long. When the fire was within a few hundred yards, and the place was scorched by the heat of it, then the rain came pelting down with unusual fury. God's reserves in His creation quenched the fire in a very short while. How great God is! There is nothing that is beyond His control. How happy and thankful those people of Poto must have been to go back to their own houses again! How thankful we should be to God for His mercy and goodness to us.

“It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.” (Lamentations 3. 22.)

BETH MOUNTER.

All Bright

ANNE W., a little girl of about twelve years of age, who had recently trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as her own personal Saviour, and confessed Him as Lord, was taken seriously ill.

The grace of God that had saved and kept her now shone brightly in her. She not only loved to hear about the blessed Lord, but she loved to speak about Him. When told she was dying, she smiled with joy at the thought of so soon being with the Lord, and repeated, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.”

Her mother said, “The valley is not dark, dear, is it?”

“ Oh, no, mother, it is bright—it is beautiful! ”

“ Yes, the Lord Jesus has been through the valley and lit it up for you, my child.”

She said, “ Yes, I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come *unto me* and rest. I shall soon be at rest—at home. Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou art precious unto me! ”

As her sight grew dim, so that she could not see her kind devoted mother, she said, with a sweet forgetfulness of self, “ Don't *you* be afraid, mother; I hope I shan't frighten you,” and then, without a fear, murmur, or struggle, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

H. M. HOOKE.

“ *Do You Love Jesus ?* ”

WHEN I was a child I often passed a small building over the stone archway of which these words were carved :

“ Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.” (Ps. 34. 11.)

They are the words of a king, written for God, to all the children in the world. How happy for those who obey this call and these words!

Although I was very young, I quite understood the words of the king because every morning my mother gathered her children around her and read and taught us from the Bible to fear the Lord and to obey His word. We learnt the wonderful story about the Lord Jesus who came to this world as a little child to be our Saviour and King. He was the first and only child born without sin. He was perfectly good and holy. He was the Son of God who chose Joseph and Mary to care for Him while He was young, and He was always obedient to them, and a perfect example.

When He was about thirty years old He began to teach the people to fear to displease God. He preached the gospel, and warned them not to do wrong. He went about doing good, and did not

please Himself. His wonderful miracles and goodness made them feel bad, and very few people loved and followed Him, but many hated Him because of their wrong ways.

Suppose John in school sat next to George, who liked to disobey the rules and to do wrong things. John was just the opposite, and often told George it was not right of him, and that he would get punished if he went on doing wrong things. What would happen? George might hate John and wish he did not sit near him—and want to fight him! And so it was with the Jews, who disobeyed God's laws and rules, and did many wrong things. The teaching and warning of Jesus made them hate Him and they wished He was not in the world. They cried, "Away with him!" and they crucified Him.

But Jesus gave up His life on the cross. He died that we might live in heaven, if we believe in Him. His precious Blood was shed that our souls might be washed from sin and be "whiter than snow." (Ps. 17. 7.) Jesus rose from the dead and is in the glory on high, and coming soon to take all who belong to Him away from this world before judgment comes upon it. It will come because people do not fear and love Him. But some day He will reign, and then what a happy world it will be!

These things our mother taught us. But not all children are taught about Jesus, the loving Saviour, and to be *ashamed* to displease Him. The one who had the words of the king carved over the archway would have known this, and wished *all* children to fear to displease Him.

Johnny, about three years old, was staying with his mother at the seaside. One day they had tea with a friend who lived there, and as they talked together, Johnny's mother said. "I had been speaking to a little girl who was playing on the beach, and then I said, 'Do you love Jesus?' 'I don't know Him!' she answered."

Little Johnny looked up quickly, and in a very grave voice said, "Wasn't it sorrowful?"

Yes! Johnny, it was very sorrowful, that a little girl in England did not know about Jesus who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Then I remember little David when he was about six years old. He had been listening to one who was telling him about Jesus and His love. Presently she said, "I expect your mother tells you about these things?"

"Mother never speaks to me about Jesus!" was his sorrowful answer. Yet in his beautiful home she gave him so much of this world's things which all pass away. The love of Jesus never will.

So we see that, even now, there are children who do not know about the fear of the Lord, just as when more than two thousand years ago, the king wrote the words to the children, calling them to come and be taught. Most little readers of *Gleams of Light* have been taught about Jesus and many may have love for Him in their hearts.

Let all who do love Jesus be happy to tell others about Him and lead them to the "Fountain of Life"—for "the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life." (Prov. 14. 27.) That fountain never runs dry, and the life it gives is eternal. (1 Tim. 6. 19.)

Those who lay hold on it *with both hands* will not be caught by "snares of death" which are Satan's snares. How beautiful they look sometimes! But they are always in the wrong place! they are in the world: but the "Fountain of Life" is in Jesus—outside it! Do you love Jesus?

Tysoe.

E. ROBINSON.

"Rejoice in the Lord"

REJOICE in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice." (Phil. 4. 4.)

Have you ever noticed how much there is said in the scriptures about rejoicing? David, the sweet psalmist, in his thanksgiving to God, when the Ark was brought to Jerusalem, said, "Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord

and his strength, seek his face continually." (1 Chron. 16. 10, 11.) Having had experience with God, David knew that only those who know the Lord and seek His face can rejoice. The pleasures of this life, though they may last for a time, soon pass, but those who find shelter in the shadow of His wings, can rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and their joy no man shall take from them.

When the seventy returned to Jesus and told Him that even the devils were subject to them, Jesus told them rather to rejoice because their names were written in heaven. Then it says, "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth." (Luke 10. 21.)

After He had healed those with diseases and unclean spirits, Jesus, looking on His disciples, blessed them and said, "Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven." (Luke 6. 23.)

In spite of all the trouble to come the prophet Habakkuk was determined to rejoice in God, because he knew, that although God would execute judgment and wrath upon sin, He would come in in mercy and salvation. So he says, "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength." (Hab. 3. 18, 19.)

We can indeed rejoice that God has come in in salvation and mercy, for His beloved Son, Jesus, died on Calvary's tree for our sins. He vanquished the enemy on the cross, and now He lives at God's right hand, and what grace shines in His face as He tells us of God's love and mercy to those who obey His word!

Look away from earth's attractions,
All earth's joys will soon be o'er;
Rest not till your heart exclaimeth,
"I have Christ—what want I more?"

Lancing.

E. F. MARLOW.

POSSESSIONS

Shamgar had an Ox goad.	Judges 3. 31.
David had a Sling.	1 Sam. 17. 40.
Dorcas had a Needle.	Acts 9. 36-42.
Rahab had some String.	Joshua 2. 8-19; 6. 22-25.
Samson had a Jaw Bone.	Judges 15. 15-17.
Aaron had a Rod.	Numbers 17. 1-11.
Mary had some Ointment.	John 12. 3.
All were used for God.	Col. 3. 16, 17, 22-25.

Contributed by J. L. A. MUMFORD.

Gleams of Light volume for 1958, bound in cloth boards, 3s. By post 3s. 6d.
Scripture Searcher's Almanac, price 3d. By post 5d.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



“Lo, the winter is past . . . the flowers appear on the earth”

March

THERE is a military suggestion in the name of this month. Have you ever noticed, boys and girls, how often the word "Forward" comes before the command to march? If a dozen of you stood in single file and, at the call to march, decided to march backwards, I should think that very soon there would be disaster. If the person sixth in the line stumbles, and it is so easy to do that on uneven ground, it is almost sure to happen that the five who are actually in front of him but are following him in the backward march, will fall.

Are you going forward? The writer to the Hebrews says, "Looking steadfastly unto Jesus." If our eye is fixed upon Him we shall not stumble, we shall not disgrace Him or those who love and pray for us. When Peter looked away from the Lord and became occupied with the stormy waves around him, he began to sink. If we are to be preserved, we must look steadfastly upon Jesus. His finished work has laid the basis for our going forward, and has secured others to walk in rank too, so let us hear and obey Him when He says, "Forward, march!"

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

The Best Robe

THE father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. . . . And they began to be merry." (Luke 15. 22, 24.)

Maybe some boy or girl will ask, Who was this important person that was to have such care bestowed upon him? It was not a king, nor a great nobleman. No, it was a younger son who had wasted his living in a far country. Perhaps some will say, Why the best robe, and the ring and the shoes, surely he does not deserve them? True he did not

deserve his father's kindness, but he repented of his sin, and confessed that he had done wrong. The father rejoiced that his son had returned to him, so he lavished upon him the best he had.

"As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him . . . the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." (Ps. 103. 13, 17.)

All we, like this younger son, have taken the good things that God in His mercy has given us, and we have gone our own way, away from God, until we found there was a famine in the world, and we began to starve. God has the best robe ready for us as soon as we turn to Him in repentance. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." (Isa. 61. 10.) Jesus died on Calvary's cross to wash away our sins, so that we might be clothed WITH HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS. Our sins nailed His hands and His feet to the cross. Would this not urge us to use our hands and our feet for His pleasure? "Rejoice ye . . . and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven." (Luke 6. 23.)

It says, "they began to be merry." As soon as a boy or girl turns to Jesus there is joy in the presence of the angels of God. Would you not like to cause joy in the presence of the angels of God? There are hundreds and thousands of children wearing the best robe, and the joy in the presence of the angels is still continuing. Oh, join this happy crowd! Why will you stay outside until it may be too late?

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed!
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade!

E. F. MARLOW.

Lancing.

The Healing Touch

SOME time ago I had occasion to visit an osteopath. To explain this word very simply, an osteopath is one who works entirely with his hands, and some are able to do very wonderful things in putting back into position bones which through a fall or other causes have become out of place. When we remember we have twenty-six bones in the foot, twenty-seven in the hand, and more than two hundred in the whole body, we can understand how very skilful one must be in order to put a dislocated bone back into its right place, the result being that other organs in the body are able to do their work again.

At the close of one of my visits, I turned to him and said, "You must get a lot of satisfaction from your work, doctor."

"I do," he replied. "It is very rewarding, isn't it, to be able to make people so very much better, and often completely well?"

"I am reminded very much of the Lord Jesus, He healed by a touch, did He not?"

"Yes, but His was divine power," he continued gravely.

"I know," I replied, "because He is God, but His hands were rewarded with nails and a cross."

There was a silence after that, and on reaching home and thinking over our words afterwards, my thoughts turned to our precious Lord Jesus whose life giving touch was available to all.

We read in Isaiah 9. 6, "and his name is called Wonderful," and we have to go to the Gospels to read of the wonderful things that Jesus did.

Although the doctor of whom I am speaking has been able to effect many remarkable cures, and persons come to him from all over the country, he sometimes has to say he is very sorry there is nothing he can do, and they go away disappointed.

"They expect miracles," he said afterwards.

"Only the Lord Jesus can do those," I replied.

We read in Mark 6. 33, when the people saw Jesus going away, they ran together on foot out of all the cities and got there before Him, so anxious were they to be healed. And another time having laid His hands on everyone of them, He healed them. (Luke 4. 40.) No one who came to Jesus was ever disappointed. He never turned anyone away. But very soon those Holy, Loving, Healing Hands were to be stretched out upon the cross, nailed there by the hands of wicked men.

But such a cruel death He died!
He was by sinners crucified;
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

We are all sinners, boys and girls, however young we may be, and one sin is enough to shut us out from the presence of God for ever. But it was love, wonderful love, that led Jesus to die in our stead.

Death is the judgment of God upon sin, "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. 5. 8.) God loves us so much that He wants to have us near Him now and to live with Him eternally, but to make this possible Christ offered Himself as the great sacrifice for sin, and died "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." (1 Pet. 3. 18.)

Children, have you thanked the Father for giving His beloved Son to die for you? Have you thought of the Father's feelings when He saw His beloved Son so cruelly treated at the hands of men? Can you say with me, He is my precious Saviour, "the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. 2. 20.) Jesus said when He was here, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." (John 10. 9.) God in His great love has provided this wonderful way back to Himself, and all the warmth and love of the Father's house is open to you now through this wonderful Door. Will you come?

R. ROBERTS.

Linda's Last "Goodnight"

LINDA and Joy were twin sisters. They were very much alike, with fair hair and dark blue eyes. In fact they were so very much alike that you would never have been able to tell them apart but for one thing—Linda was a cripple! All her life she had been confined to her bed. She had never known the joy of running and skipping with other children and she would listen with wistful eyes to Joy's stories about school. Joy loved her sister very much. "I wish Jesus was here," she said one day, "I know He would make you better, Linda."

In the summer-time Linda's father would carry her out of doors and lay her on a couch under the trees. There she would lie for hours, content to watch the birds and flowers, or sometimes a little field mouse that would peep out from under the hedge. When Joy came home from school she would fetch her pet rabbit out of its hutch, and let it run about on the grass for Linda to see. Joy loved her pet rabbit very much. It was a grey and white one, and she called it Peter. Her uncle had given her the rabbit when she was quite a little girl, and it was now nearly six years old. One day when Joy went to the hutch to feed Peter she found he was dead. Mother found her some time later, sobbing bitterly under the oak tree at the bottom of the garden.

"Never mind, darling," said mother, "we will buy you another one."

But Joy refused to be comforted. "I never, never want another one," she said tearfully. "No other rabbit could ever take the place of Peter."

Summer went by and winter came and Linda's parents noticed a change in their little girl. She no longer seemed to want to play, but lay on her bed pale and thin, and even Joy's company did not seem to cheer her. The doctor came and left a long time afterwards with a grave unsmiling face, and when Joy passed by her mother's bedroom, she saw that

her mother was crying and that her father was trying to comfort her.

One night not long after this, when Joy went in as usual to say goodnight to Linda, she found her sister smiling and holding in one hand a small coloured picture of the Good Shepherd with the lost sheep upon His shoulder. "The Lord is my Shepherd," she whispered. "He is mine because He has found me; I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." She smiled again, "Goodnight, Joy," and as her sister bent to kiss her Linda whispered, "There will be no night where Jesus is."

That night Linda went to be with Jesus the One she had learnt to love. It was mother who broke the news to Joy. "We must not wish her back," she said softly. "She suffered such a lot, and Jesus took her to be with Him, where there is no more pain."

Joy stood quite still and the tears rolled down her cheek, "Oh, mother, mother," she cried, "give me something to love that will never die!"

"My poor child," said her mother, "everything here in this world has the stamp of death upon it, the dearest object may one day be taken from us by death. But turn your eyes upon Jesus, the One who died for you upon the cross, and who now lives for you. Death had no more claim upon Him. He waits to draw you to Him, to hold you in bands of love that can never be broken. It says, 'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

So Joy turned to Jesus! Sorrow had led her to Him, but accepting Him as her Saviour, she experienced the joy and comfort which He alone can give, and she learnt to prove His help and support in every circumstance. Dear children, I hope, like Joy, you will be led to the Saviour while you are young, finding in Him alone, true joy and satisfaction.

Alone, but never lonely,
With Jesus ever near,
Weary—yet not despondent,
With Him my heart to cheer.

He is a sure foundation,
He is a safe retreat,
Oh, to be found like Mary,
Submissive at His feet.

J. L. A. MUMFORD.

The Divine Presence

LO, I am with you always,
E'en to the journey's end;
I'll be your sure Companion,
Your Saviour, and your Friend.
So take My yoke upon you,
And learn My will to do;
I'll carry all your burdens,
And I will carry you.

A. R.

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "LIMBERLOST," Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



Paul before King Agrippa

April

MOST of us associate showers with April. There is something delightfully fresh about the month and many will know that a poet longed to be in England in April. I am sure the freshness and the showers are closely linked.

Now, my young Christian friend, fellow-believer in our Lord Jesus Christ, will you please examine yourself and say truthfully if there is freshness marking you today. I don't just mean to ask if you are happy and doing well at school, but how are you with the Lord? Writing to the saints at Philippi, Paul says, "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice." That would be an evidence of real freshness, rejoicing in the Lord. How fresh are you today in that way? How often we become stale and dried up, and we so readily if left to ourselves lose the joy in the Lord so necessary to keep us going.

This is where the showers come in. Where do the showers come from? Heaven, of course. Are we relying on the showers from above, that heavenly supply by the Holy Spirit which will without fail bring in freshness? Let's look up more and draw increasingly on that heavenly supply in view of joy and freshness being with us.

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

Is YOUR Name There?

I HAVE had much joy in the thought that our names are written in heaven. What repose! God makes no mistake; He knows whom He wishes to place there, and it will be suitable; we shall not be unfit for such a place. What joy! And if we have to wait, we have what heaven will not give—to work for the Lord where He is rejected, and to serve Him well."

J. N. D.

Bible Journeys—12

The Journeys of the Apostle Paul

IN the course of a fairly long life, the Apostle Paul must have covered many thousands of miles in the many journeys which he made, and which took him to all parts of the Roman Empire, a map of which will enable my young readers to follow more easily the various journeys and voyages to which I will now refer.

He was born in Tarsus, which was situated in the Roman province of Cilicia in Asia Minor, and which was a city of great learning. He doubtless travelled in his youth many times from this city to Jerusalem and elsewhere, and in his unconverted days he persecuted Christians *even to strange cities*, as he later on told King Agrippa as recorded in Acts 26. 11. It was while he was on one of these journeys and on the road to Damascus that the Lord Jesus met him, and caused him to become one of God's most devoted servants. From that time onwards, until his death by martyrdom, the Apostle Paul accomplished many journeys in the service of the One who had captured his heart, and in recounting his many hardships and sufferings in such service, he mentions among many other things in 2 Corinthians 11. 25, 26, the fact that he was shipwrecked three times, and had spent a night and a day in the deep, and his often journeying.

After his conversion he left Damascus and went into Arabia, and when three years had passed he went up to Jerusalem to see the Apostle Peter. The brethren there saved him from the Jews by conducting him to Caesarea, and then sending him to his native city of Tarsus, from which he was later fetched by Barnabas to go to Antioch, where they both laboured. He and Barnabas then took supplies to Jerusalem in a time of famine, and after they had returned to Antioch the Holy Spirit chose them to proceed on Paul's first missionary journey to the island of Cyprus, and afterwards to the cities of Perga in Pamphylia and Antioch of Pisidia and

several other places in Asia Minor. They then returned to the port of Attalia, whence they sailed back to their base at Antioch in Syria. (Acts 14 and 15.)

Paul's second missionary journey is described in Acts 16 and 17 following a special journey which he and Barnabas made to Jerusalem as recorded in chapter 15, where, alas, we read of a sad contention between them! This resulted in Silas, instead of Barnabas, accompanying Paul on this second journey, which lay, first of all, through Lystra and Derbe in Asia Minor and avoiding the provinces of Bithynia and Mysia, taking them to Troas on the west coast of Asia Minor. It was here that Paul had a vision which resulted in his sailing over the Aegean Sea to Samothracia, and then to Neapolis and then to the Roman Colony of Philippi in Macedonia, where occurred the very interesting events recorded in chapter 16, ending with the conversion of the prison jailer. The journey then continued through Amphipolis, Apollonia, Thessalonica and Beria, until Paul came to Athens, where he delivered a remarkable address on Mars' Hill. After leaving Athens he came to another great Grecian city known as Corinth, where he met Aquila and Priscilla, and where he laboured most successfully for a year and a half, for the Lord Jesus told him that He had much people in that city. Paul then travelled back to Jerusalem by way of Cenchrea and Ephesus to keep the feast, after which he again returned to Antioch. (Acts 16-18.)

Paul's third missionary journey took him through Galatia and Phrygia to Ephesus, where he stayed several years, and where perhaps his most important work for the Lord Jesus was done. A tumult in that city obliged him in the end to go over to Macedonia again by sea. He later sailed away from Philippi to Troas, where occurred the incident of the restoration to life of Eutychus. Paul's ship then sailed along the west coast of Asia Minor but, interestingly enough, Paul desired to travel on foot part of the

way for some reason. (Acts 20. 13.) At Miletus he sent for the elders of Ephesus, to whom he gave a solemn parting address. He then sailed on to Cos and Rhodes to Patara, where he changed to another ship bound for Tyre in Phoenicia, where he disembarked to stay with the disciples seven days. He then went on board ship again and came to Ptolemais, where he stayed one day with the brethren. Next day he came to Caesarea, where he stayed many days with the evangelist Philip and his four daughters. Although the brethren sought to dissuade him from going up to Jerusalem, he insisted on continuing his journey to that city, arriving just before Pentecost. (Acts 21.)

Paul's fourth missionary journey after a long imprisonment in Caesarea is very interestingly described for us in Acts 27 by the evangelist Luke, who was with Paul on his voyage to Rome, during which, as we may see from this chapter, they sailed in no fewer than three different ships, the second of which (a grain ship) was wrecked on the island of Malta. No lives were lost, the Lord Jesus granting to Paul all those that sailed with him. To make a long story short, he arrived at Rome, as recorded in Acts 28. 14, where he was glad again to meet brethren, and where he stayed two years in his own hired house, preaching and teaching, and receiving all who came to him.

I think we may infer from various other passages in Paul's epistles that he made several journeys after this, for he apparently visited Ephesus and Macedonia (1 Tim. 3), also Crete (Titus 1. 5) and Nicopolis (Titus 3. 12), and Troas and Miletus (2 Tim. 4. 13-20). He may even have gone to Spain, as he intended to do. (Romans 15. 24, 28.)

It is not given to every servant of the Lord Jesus to accomplish so much in the way of long journeys in His service, but we can at least pray for all who are able to do so, and we can also set them forward worthily of God on such journeys if they come in touch with us in their travels. (3 John 6.)

The present is a time of coming in and going out for the Lord's servants, but a time will come when, as we read in Revelation 3. 12, "he shall go no more at all out," just as the ark of the covenant of the Lord found a resting-place in the Temple after all the wilderness journeys, and the staves with which it had been carried were no longer to be seen.

M. H. TUCKER.

Guildford.

A Little Member

"The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things." (Jas. 3. 5.)

IT is remarkable that things which happen nowadays prove that what was written hundreds of years ago is just as true today as it was then. How very often today people, or children, say that they can do certain things without stopping to think whether they are able to do it or not. James when he wrote his epistle knew what an unruly member the tongue is, and how apt it is to boast. He says that every kind of beast and of birds and of serpents, and of things in the sea is tamed, and has been tamed: but the tongue can no man tame.

Solomon, the son of David, when he was asked by God what he would like God to give him, did not ask for strength nor for riches. He asked for an understanding heart so that he might discern between good and bad. "I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. . . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart." (1 Kings 3. 7, 9.) Solomon wrote many proverbs, and amongst them he wrote, "Boast not."

Now a certain boy nearly lost his life, and caused his parents much sorrow and anxiety, as the result of a boast to a friend, which he attempted to carry out, but could not. It seems that his father dug a well in the garden, and this boy boasted to his friend that he could jump over the top, but he could not and he fell twenty-five feet down the well. All that

could be seen of him for twenty-four hours was one hand sticking out of the sand. People worked hard to rescue him, but no one thought that he could possibly be alive. "WITH GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE" (Matt. 19. 26), and the earth is full of His mercy, and He delights in mercy. Through His mercy the boy was rescued alive, and when he recovered he confessed to his father his boast, and admitted that he could not do what he had said he could do. Think of the sorrow this thoughtless boast caused!

David said, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. . . . Keep thy tongue from evil. . . . The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." (Ps. 34. 11, 13, 15.) Yes, the eyes of the Lord are always upon the righteous; those who confess their sins and put their trust in the finished work of Jesus. His ears are open to hear their cry, and how He delights to hear us say, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord!"

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

E. F. MARLOW.

Lancing.

Only a Word

Only a word of anger,
But it wounded one sensitive heart;
Only a word of sharp reproof,
But it made the tear-drops start;
Only a hasty, thoughtless word,
Sarcastic and unkind,
But it darkened the day before so bright.
And it left a sting behind.

Only a word of kindness,
But it lightened one heart of its grief;
Only a word of sympathy,
But it brought one soul relief;
Only a word of gentle cheer,
But it flooded with radiant light,
The pathway that seemed so dark before,
And it made the day more bright.

Only a word for Jesus,
A word of His wondrous Love,
A word of His pardon and mercy,
That pointed the soul above;
Only a word, but God's angels
Greatly rejoiced that day,
For by only a word the Shepherd found,
The sheep that had gone astray.

THY WORD IS TRUTH

Psalm 119. 160 (N.T.).

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "Lamberlost," Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



The Express Train

May

THE merry month, the poets say.
How merry do you feel today?
How great is now your stock of joy?
Please answer, reader, girl or boy.

Make sure your joy will stand the test
Of time and death. On earth the best
Of things will fail. Why should you be
Like him whom Luke portrays? For see
Him with his farms, his crops, his wealth;
His words suggest the best of health,
As blithely to his soul he says,
"Eat, drink, be merry." Fool! He pays
That night the penalty so dread,
For ere the morning he was dead.

But Luke again soon after tells
A son's return, and joy that swells
A father's house. To him once sad,
"Let us make merry and be glad,"
The father says. Reader, return,
No longer love and mercy spurn:
But come and own your lack of worth,
And join e'en now in endless mirth.
It may be yours. What do you say?
How merry you could feel today!

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

The Best and the Greatest

WHAT is the best thing the Lord ever did for you?" asked a Christian of a little Irish
"He always did the best for me in every-thing!" was the quick reply.

"Well, what was the greatest?"

"He died for me."

Reader, can you say the same?

E. H. CHATER.

Judy's Folly

IT lay at the bottom of the stairs, a big carpet made up of squares in every colour you could possibly think of! It was quite different from any other carpet: it had a story behind it. It was called Judy's Folly. What a funny name for a carpet, you say. Yes, indeed it was.

It all happened because Judy hadn't any patience. She would spend all her pocket money on balls of wool, and begin knitting a jumper, or perhaps it would be a pair of socks for her daddy. But sad to say, before she had got very far, she lost her patience, and the whole thing was thrown in a drawer and forgotten, until at length Judy had a great assortment of half-finished garments and balls of wool in all the colours of the rainbow!

Now one day when Judy's mother opened the drawer and saw all this, she shook her head sadly and wondered what kind of person her little girl would grow up to be. She said nothing, however, but during the next few days some canvas and rug needles arrived from the shop, and mother began to make a carpet out of Judy's balls of wool. When it was finished it looked very pretty in all its different squares of colour.

"Judy," called mother, "come in here a moment; I have something to show you."

Judy came in looking curious and quietly her mother pointed to the rug. "Oh," said Judy, going a little red, "Oh."

"I shall call it Judy's folly," said mother, looking at her small daughter a little sadly.

"Oh, mother," said Judy, going still redder, "I had every intention of finishing the things, but"

"Yes, Judy, a very big but," said mother, "and in that word 'but' all the trouble lies. You know, darling, if you go through life leaving things only half done, I really don't know what will happen to you."

Well, children, you will be pleased to hear that Judy really did take her mother's words to heart, and from that day onward whenever she started a thing she saw it through until the very end. In fact she grew up to be a very determined little character. But if you go to Judy's house to this very day she will show you the carpet, which is still in good condition.

This story reminds me very much of a young believer. Having accepted Jesus as his Saviour, he sets off determinedly, resolving to let his light shine out clearly in a world of darkness. Do you remember what Jesus said to Peter? "Verily I say unto thee, That this day, even in this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice." Peter replied so earnestly, "Master, I would die first," and all the disciples echo his words, "Master, we would sooner die." Yet soon afterwards Peter was found warming himself by the fire in the middle of the court. He was among those who did not love Jesus. It is not wise to choose such company, children, far safer to keep near to those who love Jesus. The night was chilly! The red glare of the fire fell upon Peter's face, one of the maids could not help noticing how anxious he looked. "This man was also with him," she said, and Peter answered, "Woman, I know him not." But there was to be no escape for Peter that night, for another saw him and said, "Thou art also of them," and Peter answered again, "Man, I am not."

The night by this time was passing into the morning. Faintly came the sound of a cock crowing, but Peter did not remember the words of Jesus. Then once again a voice from the crowd said, "Of a truth this fellow also was with him: for he is a Galilean," but Peter said once again, "Man, I know not what thou sayest."

Just then for the second time Peter heard the cock crow, and the words of Jesus rushed into his mind. He turned, and there was Jesus Himself. He did not say anything to Peter, but just gave him one

sorrowful look. O Peter! That was all, and Peter remembered the word of the Lord, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice," and Peter with tears streaming down his face rushed out into the night, only it was to meet the morning, as someone has said.

Yes, Peter failed, and we all fail at times, but God is able to make us stand. (Rom. 14. 4.) So let us run with patience the race that is set down before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith: "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

J. L. A. MUMFORD.

Faith

Written for the older boys and girls

IN an old book about the things in the Bible it is told how a little girl was one day asked a question which she answered very well.

"What is faith?" she was asked.

Quickly she answered, "It is believing what God says, and asking no questions."

That was a true answer. God has said it: that is enough for faith!

In the Bible we read these words, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

A lad was on the roof of a very high building where several men were at work. He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling he was caught by a rope, and hung suspended in mid air, where he could neither get up nor down, and where it was evident he could sustain himself but for a short time.

The lad perfectly realised his situation, and expected that in a few minutes he must drop, . . .

At this fearful moment, a kind and powerful man rushed out of the building, and standing beneath him with extended arms, called out, "Let go the

rope, and I will receive you. I CAN do it. Let go the rope, and I promise that you shall not be hurt!"

The lad hesitated a moment, and then *without a word* quitted his hold of the rope, and dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer—his saviour!

This was a simple act of faith. The lad knew his danger; he saw his deliverer, and heard his voice. He believed in him, and letting go the rope fell into his arms, and was safe. He was saved by faith. The lad raised no arguments with the man who was ready to save him: he trusted him fully.

If you are not already saved, you are like that lad—fallen and hopeless in the world; and, although you may cling tightly to it, and the things in it, the moment will come when your hold will be loosened by death, and you will fall—where?

If you realise this, how thankful you will be to hear the voice of Jesus calling, "Come unto me;" "I will receive you!" (Matt. 11. 28; John 14. 3.) He is able, ready, and waiting to receive you, and to save you from falling into the depths of eternal woe.

Trust in Jesus and believe His word "without asking any questions!"

You cannot save yourself, and no man on earth, nor angel in Heaven, can save you: but Jesus CAN save you. He died for you, and lives again, and is ready to receive you into His open arms. Have faith in Him, and let go the rope of this world and your own will, and fall into His strong, everlasting arms!

Jesus will not fail you. He will receive you, and you will enjoy "the substance" of the things you *hoped* for! You will for ever praise and thank Him when you *see* the wonders and beauties of the things of which, by faith, you had "the evidence"—the things "which God hath prepared for them that love him." (Heb. 11. 1, 2; 1 Cor. 2. 9, 10.)

Believe what God says "without asking any questions."

E. ROBINSON.

The Express Train that took the Wrong Turning

ONE morning Harry ran into the playground exclaiming, "Have you heard about the express train that took the wrong line?"

Most of the children replied, "No," in surprise. But one quiet boy said, "It is quite true, and there were five hundred passengers in it!" Then they marched into school, and some of the boys asked the teacher if it really had happened.

"Yes," replied the teacher, "and I would like you to notice the details which I will relate to you. The train was probably driving at speed, so it would take the driver a little while to realise that he was on the wrong track. 'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel.' (Ps. 73. 24.) It is said that the driver and fireman first realised something was wrong when they saw unfamiliar sights and landmarks. Slowly and carefully they waited for orders. For nearly two hours they waited. 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' (Ps. 37. 7.) Then at last an engine was sent to pull the wandering train back to its main line route, and soon it was heading along its proper journey."

"But what about the five hundred passengers?" asked one of the boys.

"They had to wait in the train," replied the teacher. "It is said that a signal man mistook the train, and switched it on to a wrong line."

Dear boys and girls, are you SURE that you are on the right line, or are you speeding in the wrong direction? Have you set your face towards the Saviour who loves you, and who died to wash away your sins? Perhaps you say you are trying. You will not be saved by trying. Jesus has done the work, and you WILL be saved if you are LOOKING TO JESUS, and trusting. Remember, if you are on the wrong track, you may be leading others astray too. The five hundred passengers had to wait until the express

got on the right line. It is a serious matter to be on the wrong road yourself, and a very solemn thing to be hindering somebody else from speeding along the right road. "Look unto me, and be ye saved . . . for I AM God, and there is none else." (Isa. 45. 22.) Ask the Spirit to guide you to Jesus, the wonderful Saviour, then you will see familiar landmarks; landmarks which the believer knows so well—repentance, faith, peace, joy, obedience and love. If you do not see these landmarks, then you may be sure you are on the wrong track. Then do not delay, but pray without ceasing, and soon you will be taught the secret of faith, and each hour will bring you nearer and nearer to the Saviour, and you will be able to sing

Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
 For He is my Saviour from sin;
 I sing with such joy in my gladness,
 That Christ is now dwelling within.
 E. F. MARLOW.

Lancing.

Verses to Search for and Learn

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh."
 —James, ch. v. .

"The Lord is at hand."
 —Philippians, ch. v. .

"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."
 —Revelation, ch. v. .

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "Limberlost," Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



Cherry Ripe

Fox Photo

June

ONE of the outstanding features of this month is that it contains the longest day of the year. In the south of Britain, we have probably about seventeen hours of daylight, and in the north of Scotland about twenty. But in history there was a longer day. We read of it in Joshua, chapter 10, when the sun remained standing in the midst of heaven, and hastened not to go down about a full day. The period of light was preserved until the work of defeating the enemy was completed. It says in the Scripture, "There was no day like that before it or after it, that Jehovah hearkened to the voice of a man; for Jehovah fought for Israel." There was to be no rest until Israel was delivered.

Does not that remind us of the incident in Mark, chapter 10, verses 46-52, where, according to verse 49, the Lord hearkened to the voice of a man, and stood still until the man was delivered from his awful state of beggary and blindness? Jesus stood still: how touching that is! He had other things to do, for He was on His way to Jerusalem to suffer, to die, to shed His precious blood, to be buried, to rise again. All that was in His mind; but He wanted Bartimaeus to come into the gain of His great work, so that at his cry of need, Jesus stood still.

Have you a need? Jesus can meet it. Do you want the blessing? Jesus can bless you. And more than that, He is prepared to listen to your cry of need, whoever you may be, and to wait with you until the work of deliverance is complete, so that you can follow Him in the way. It is well worth while crying to Him, so if you are a needy sinner, cry out today and you will prove that the Lord hearkens to the voice of a man.

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

A Day by the Sea

ONCE every year Judy and Robin's parents took them for a day to the sea-side. How Robin and Judy loved the sea! They would save their pennies for weeks and weeks, and then, just before the great day came, Judy's father would unscrew the big wooden money-boxes, and Judy and Robin would count their piles of pennies. Robin would take all of his pennies to the Bank, and change them into shillings; but Judy would insist on putting all of her pennies into a large leather handbag because she explained it seems to go further in pennies.

Judy's mother told her she was very silly to carry the money about in pennies. "Robin is far wiser," she said. "You will find your bag very heavy to carry."

Judy, however, I am sorry to say, was a very strong-willed little girl, and she insisted on having her own way. She had not yet learnt that self-will is sin, and in direct opposition to the will of God. Do you remember that the Lord Jesus Himself said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God"? (Heb. 10. 9.) Yes, Jesus was subject to His parents in everything He did. It is a great moment in our lives when we learn what is "that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." (Rom. 12. 2.)

Judy and Robin enjoyed the train ride to the sea-side. Robin was a very placid little boy and took it all quite calmly, but Judy was so excited that she could not sit still.

"I can see the sea," she said, jumping up and down in her seat.

"You can't, Judy," said Robin, rushing to the window and turning a horrified face towards her. "You shouldn't say what isn't true."

"I meant in my mind's eye," said Judy, wisely. "You shut your eyes and try, Robin."

Robin obeyed. "All I can see is trains," he said, in a disappointed voice. "That's because you were

not thinking about the sea," said Judy impatiently. "Oh, dear, I do wish we would hurry up and get there! I don't know why everything we want takes such a dreadful long time to come."

"Because my little Judy must learn to be patient, I expect," said her mother, smiling. "If we had everything we wanted at once, we should never value it. Even in nature we value things by contrast; a lovely sunny day, because we know what a wet one is like."

"Yes," said Judy, "I suppose that is right," and for the rest of the journey she thought it over. I do wish I were more patient, she thought; I'm quite sure I never shall be. At length they arrived at the station, and with great excitement the children jumped out. Robin dropped his little wooden spade on to the line and promptly burst into tears. "Never mind," said a porter. "Just wait until the train pulls out, and I will get down and pick it up for you."

"Oh, dear, another wait!" sighed poor Judy.

"Another lesson in patience, Judy," said her mother, smiling down at the impatient little face.

At length they arrived by the sea, and Judy and Robin gave a shout of joy. How lovely the sea looked with the sun shining on it! The beach was almost deserted, and what few people there were on the beach were sitting high up on the banks.

"How funny," said Robin. "Let's go down to the edge, mother."

His mother took some chairs and they carried them down to the edge of the water. The children quickly undressed and made a dash for the water. How they enjoyed themselves! Neither of them could swim properly, but it was lovely to paddle and splash in the water. Presently their mother called to them to come out and dress ready for dinner.

"Oh, dear," said Judy, "how quickly the time flies. I'm quite sure we haven't had five minutes in the water, Robin!"

After they had dressed, Robin and Judy sat down on the golden sands to have their lunch. How peace-

ful the sea looked, the little waves gracefully breaking against the shore, and a gentle breeze carrying the little yacht along far in the distance. They had not been seated long, however, when without any warning the waves came up in an angry torrent, and carried them out to sea. Their parents were also carried out to sea in their deck-chairs, and all their belongings. A large boat was passing near to the shore, and a warning had been given to the people not to sit near to the edge of the water, but they had arrived after the warning had been given.

Judy and Robin could not swim very well, and they were very frightened! Judy could hear her mother shouting above the roar of the sea, "Never mind about the handbags, get the children." A few moments later a pair of strong hands pulled Judy and Robin to safety.

The two children stood on the beach dripping wet, and feeling very sorry for themselves. "Whatever shall we do?" said Judy's mother. "We have no dry clothes to put on you, and no money."

"Is my money lost too," said Judy, beginning to cry. "And it took me ages to save."

"I know what to do," said little Robin, and he knelt down on the sand, a little wet figure, and much to the astonishment of the crowd that had gathered he asked God to send them some dry clothes. He had hardly finished his prayer when a lady came over to them.

"I am staying at an hotel just opposite," she said kindly. "Will you let me fetch you some clothes for the children, and a hot drink? I'm afraid I have only boys' clothing, but it will be better than nothing for them."

So Robin's prayer was answered, and with Judy dressed up as a little boy they made their way home. Neither of them will ever forget their memorable day at the sea!

J. L. A. MUMFORD.

“*God's Lamb*”

WHEN visiting the country some months ago, I was impressed with the numerous little lambs. Although there were so many, each knew its own mother's voice. These lambs reminded me of the Lamb of God—our Lord Jesus Christ, who came here to do God's will. His pathway here was finished at the cross, when Jesus suffered for your sins and mine. We read in the Scriptures that “he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and was as a sheep dumb before her shearers, and he opened not his mouth.” (Isa. 53. 7.) The will of God was completed, and the way is made clear, whereby we can stand justified before God. Dear reader, will you not trust this Saviour?

At the time when the destroying angel was to pass over the land of Egypt, and kill all the firstborn, the Children of Israel were told to slay a lamb and put the blood on the doorposts and lintel. God had said to them, When I see the blood, I will pass over you. These Israelites were thus covered by the blood, and the destroyer passed them by; but they had to act in faith. Will you not put out the hand of faith, and claim Jesus as your own Saviour and Friend?

During the course of the Children of Israel's history many sacrifices were made to God, with which He was well pleased; but none of the beasts slain on Jewish altars could atone for sin. Sin in its totality was borne alone by Jesus when He suffered there on the tree. He, the Holy Lamb of God, was made sin so that God can freely forgive our sins; but we must accept Jesus as our Saviour each one for themselves.

Is He not worthy of your trust when He has done so much for you?

On the Lamb our souls are resting,
What His love no tongue can say;
All our sins, so great, so many,
In His blood are washed away.

R. M. AMBROSE.

A Lesson from the Robin

I OFTEN hear the robin sing around the chestnut tree;
No matter what the weather, there our minstrel's sure to be!
And, oh! he seems so happy all the day—his only care,
To chant his sweetest praises both on rainy days and fair.

But sometimes when I hear him singing in our chestnut tree,
Though joyous robin's music, there's a minor note to me,
As if, although so happy, he remembered sorrow too,
But his little heart's above it, as the sun's above the dew:

And thus the Lord would have me rise in spirit far above
All sorrow and all trouble, ever resting in His love;
And there with joy to praise Him so that all the trials here
But prove to me a blessing, since to Him they draw me near.

Sing on then, little robin, for you teach me how that I,
Like you, may in all weathers sing sweet praise to God on high:

Not only when my pathway lies beneath a sunny sky,
But when the storm and tempest all my faith and patience try.

And when dark clouds are hov'ring o'er my head which hides the light,
By faith I'd pierce the darkness that the Lord may fill my sight!

Oh, may I ever praise Him—like our robin on the tree—

No matter what life's weather, for the best it's sure to be!

ALL WE

LIKE SHEEP

HAVE GONE

ASTRAY

Isa 53, 6.

Gleams of Light back numbers, 50 assorted 3s. 9d.,
by post 4s. 3d.

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "Limberlost," Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



July

IN the north east of Italy there flows into the sea a river whose name is the Rubicon. It is not a great wide river like the Thames, Severn, Mersey, Clyde or Tyne, at which large vessels from all over the world put in, but to all outward appearances just an ordinary river. This stream, however, was an important boundary in the days of Julius Caesar, after whom this month is called, for the Rubicon separated the province of Gaul, which was under Caesar's command, from Italy proper, under the command of Pompey.

On the 10th of January, 49 B.C., Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon from the north, thus invading Italy, causing civil war. In crossing this stream he took a step upon which he could not go back. He thought carefully over the problem and, after much consideration, said, "Iacta est alea" (the die is cast), and led his men over, to become eventually master of all Italy, and the Roman provinces.

Have you taken the step yet? Are you still standing before your Rubicon wondering whether you should submit to the Lord Jesus or not, wondering if you should commit yourself to His people or not? It is a crisis in your life. The step over your Rubicon is not only to your advantage, but it is essential to your safety. To you young people Satan would say, "There's plenty of time yet. Make your decision for Christ when you are older." Beware of his charms and advice. He would rob you of the joy of belonging to the Lord Jesus. He knows once you cross you will never return to his clutches. Face this important crisis soberly now. Cross the Rubicon now in firm and full committal to the Lord Jesus and His people, and you will be full of joy now and eternally.

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

On the Rock

— for the older boys and girls —

THE important question for our souls is *not*, “How much faith have you?” but, “On whom does your faith rest?”

You may have heard the story of the Irish boy, Mike, who was on a ship that was wrecked. By some means he managed to reach a high rock, and he scrambled up its sides and sat on the top till he was rescued in a boat.

Some time afterwards a friend was talking to Mike about his adventure: “Were you not afraid,” he asked, “when you found yourself on that rock? Did you not tremble when you saw the waves dashing against it, and saw the tempest raging on every side?”

“Och, yer honour, is it ‘thrimblin’ yer speakin’ of?” replied Mike in his Irish brogue. “Many’s the time I thrimbled on the rock, *but the rock never thrimbled once!*”

Mark these last five words: “The rock never trembled once!” Take comfort from them! If by living faith in Christ you have been set upon the eternal Rock of Ages, Christ Himself (Isa. 26. 4, mar.), be sure of this: be your faith great or small, that Rock will never tremble. *You* may tremble upon it a thousand times a day, but *it* will never tremble. Mike’s safety depended, not upon the strength of his faith, but upon the stability of the rock.

Like Mike, many people, young and old, tremble when they need not tremble. They tremble on the Rock!

Are you trembling on the Rock? Mary, as we call her, often trembled on the Rock until she found out what a great mistake she was making. When she was about twelve years old she realized, and believed in her heart, that for her sins the Lord Jesus died instead of her. God said: “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” (Ezekiel 18. 4.) Mary knew very well

that she had sinned and how glad she was to know that Jesus had died for her: that He bore the punishment for her sins instead of her: that His precious blood cleansed her sins away for ever. She was safe on the Rock of Salvation (Psalm 89. 26) and that Rock towers above the waves of God's judgment for sin. But as time went on sad doubts crept into her heart. She began to tremble! She trembled at the thought of sin and death and she *felt* unsafe! She was not *sure* about her soul. Then came one Sunday evening when at school she and the other girls were taken to hear a Gospel address given by an earnest preacher. He spoke very clearly about the verse in the third chapter of the Gospel of John: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John 3. 36.)

He explained the meaning of the verse in this way: "It is not *shall have* everlasting life *if* you keep the law. It is not *shall have* everlasting life *if* you pray enough. It is not *shall have* everlasting life *if* you do good. No! There is no 'if' in that verse—it is 'he that believeth . . . HATH'."

As Mary sat and listened, her attention was riveted, and as if the message had come from the Lord Jesus Himself, it chased her doubts away, and she said in her heart, "I do believe in Jesus, the Son of God, so that I know now that I *have* everlasting life—I have it for ever!"

How glad it made her on that happy Sunday evening!

If you believe in the Lord Jesus, you, like Mary, can say, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust . . . for thou art my rock." (Ps. 31. 1-3.) If you are doubting and trembling, then ask yourself this question: "Do I believe in Jesus?" and remember "*He that believeth on the Son hath* everlasting life."

Why should you tremble and doubt? For it is the word of God "that cannot lie." (Titus 1. 2.)

E. ROBINSON.

Tysoe.

“God is Faithful”

(1 Cor. 1. 9)

WILLIE'S uncle was a sailor, and usually he had some interesting things to tell Willie about the sea. One morning Willie asked his uncle if he could tell him what was the sailor's worst enemy.

“The sailor looks on the shark as his worst and most fierce enemy,” answered his uncle.

“Oh, do tell me something about sharks!” pleaded Willie.

It was breakfast time, and they were having boiled eggs, and as he finished his egg Willie's uncle said, “Just as easily as I can crush this eggshell so can a shark crunch up a man's body. The terrible white sharks have great teeth, not in one row as ours are, but row behind row, so that as one set wears down the one behind moves forward, thus the shark is always ready for battle. The shark's teeth are as sharp as the sharpest knife.”

“What a terrible enemy!” exclaimed Willie.

“Yes,” replied his uncle; then turning to his Bible, he read, “‘And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, . . . and God saw that it was good.’ (Gen. 1. 21.) We must remember that God created all these things in His wisdom.”

Very few men have the courage to tackle a shark and the sight of a shark strikes terror into many a sailor's heart. Sometimes on dark nights sailors can tell that sharks are near their ship, for their scales throw off a faint light, which shows up in the dark. The sailors then are very careful not to run any risk of falling into the sea, because they know that it is very unlikely that anyone could rescue them, because the shark can swim so quickly that he would capture them before a boat could be put out for the rescue. The shark is very greedy and hungry, and it is said that he will swallow any articles from the ship; even a knife he will gulp up: but, strange to say, he will

not touch a feathered creature of any kind. The mouth of the shark is placed on the underside of the head, so he must turn over to bite a big object, and many a bold human swimmer has saved his life owing to this fact. It is believed that sharks are cowardly, because it is said that they will not attack a man who boldly kicks out at them in the water: but will have him with fatal sureness if he slackens. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." (James 4. 7, 8.)

Now we, on our journey through this scene, are pursued by an enemy more dangerous, cruel and greedy than the shark. We cannot resist this fierce enemy in our own power, but we can protect ourselves by turning to Jesus, God's beloved Son. Jesus knows those that trust in Him, and HE IS ABLE TO SAVE ALL WHO COME TO GOD BY HIM. Let us draw near to God, and then we can be strong and courageous, for the Lord our God will be with us to help us. "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you. . . . The Lord shall fight for you." (Exodus, 14. 13.)

E. F. MARLOW.

Lancing.

The Way of Salvation

ONE very stormy morning not very long ago I watched from a window in a small seaport town a most soul-thrilling sight. A terrific gale had been blowing all night, and the huge waves were dashing with great fury upon the storm-beaten strand. A crowd had gathered, for a boat was seen through the mist bearing towards the land. Could she gain the harbour? And as the question was asked, anxious eyes were strained to watch her movements.

First one tack, then another was tried, but in vain; then at length the last bit of sail was torn to ribbons, and with her broadside to the wind she came driving towards the rocks a hopeless wreck. The only hope

for the sailors was the lifeboat. Could it live in that angry sea?

The lifeboat was manned, and strongly and bravely did her crew pull through the waves, till at length they reached the wreck, and one by one the sailors were taken into the lifeboat, its prow was turned to port again, and all hands were saved.

Now those sailors were not saved by their own efforts; they could not reach the harbour. Salvation had to be brought to them from the shore which they desired to reach. In their case, see your own. If you want to reach heaven, salvation must come to you from heaven.

Salvation has come down from heaven, yes, down from the heights of glory to the low place where sinners were lying. The Son of God brought it. Sent by divine love, He came to rescue destruction-bound sinners from their danger and bring them into perfect safety. He made atonement for sin.

He offered Himself to meet all the claims of justice. He died for the ungodly, and in dying vindicated God's perfect righteousness and at the same time proved God's blessed love to guilty men. He is now raised from the dead and seated in heaven's glory, and THAT HEAVEN IS OPEN NOW and God is sending forth the glad tidings of a full salvation—of free forgiveness and eternal glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

“The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.” (Titus 2. 11.)

The Saviour is coming for all who believe;
The Star of the Morning “His own” will receive.
Oh, children, confess Him, the throne-seated Lord!
And you will be with Him where He is adored.

EXTRACTED.

IN THEE,

O LORD, DO

I PUT

MY TRUST

Ps. 31. 1.

Gleams of Light back numbers, 50 assorted 3s. 9d.,
by post 4s. 3d.

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "Limberlost," Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



By the Sea

August

I CAN easily picture the happy expression on many young countenances as this month dawns upon you. Holidays, you say, freedom, ease, enjoyment! Have a happy time by the sea, or in the country, or wherever you may be, by all means, and be refreshed by your holiday.

I wonder, however, how many of you, as you thrust away your school books and other reminders of sterner days, have become enrolled in the school in which there are no holidays, and not one pupil there wants a holiday. We read about this school in Acts 19, verse 9, where Paul separated the disciples from those who spoke evil of the way, and had them with him in the school of Tyrannus. Only disciples can enrol there. Are you a disciple of Jesus? In Acts it says that the disciples were called Christians. A real Christian is one who is being taught by the Lord Jesus, one who is disciplined to such a degree that he understands that in this school only one authority is recognised.

Are you sometimes wilful? Do you sometimes clamour for your own way? Young people, and others up to old age, sometimes rebel and try to enforce their own will. It is like playing truant from the school of Tyrannus for a believer to behave thus. Would you play truant from your ordinary school? Not only fear of the consequences, but the thought of the disgrace you would bring on your parents would preserve you. A boy does not want to disgrace the father whose surname he bears. In the school of Tyrannus, when the names of the pupils are called, it is the names of disciples over whom has been called the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. If we are going to urge our own way and play truant from this school, we are letting down those who love us best and have done so much for us, for has not the Lord Jesus given His life for us?

Thus we read in Acts 20, verse 6, that we spend SEVEN days with the disciples. No holidays! Full committal! For the present joy and future assurance there is nothing better.

Glasgow.

ROBIN BROWN.

Thy Brother's Boat

BRIAN and Edward were brothers. Brian was seven years of age, a rather delicate little boy, with fair hair and large blue eyes, that somehow always seemed too big for his little face. Edward was nine years older than his brother. He was a tall strong boy with fair hair and brown eyes. Brian loved his big brother Edward more than anyone else in the world, and there was nothing that he would not do for him.

One day Brian came running home from school in great excitement. "Oh, mother," he cried, flinging down his satchel on the chair in the hall, "what do you think—just guess?"

"I couldn't," said mother, looking up from her work and smiling at his excited face. "You'll have to tell me."

"Miss Harris is giving a special prize for the one who can say the fourteenth chapter of John without a mistake by the end of next week," said Brian breathlessly, "and the prize is a lovely book of Bible stories. I would like to win it."

"Well, you must have a good try," said mother, "there is no reason why you should not win it."

"Will you help me, Ted?" said Brian wistfully looking across at his big brother.

Edward looked up from his books impatiently, "You know very well I've only one week to my big exam, Brian," he said frowning. "Get one of your friends to help you!"

Brian's eyes filled with tears, and his sensitive little

face coloured up, as he turned without another word and ran upstairs.

“Ted,” said his mother quietly, “I wish you would be a little more gentle with Brian; he thinks such a lot of you.”

“But mother,” said Ted angrily, “you know I have those big exams coming off in a week’s time; I really must concentrate on my work.”

“When I was a little girl,” said mother gently, “we had a big Chinese proverb hanging up over the mantelpiece, it said, ‘Help thou thy Brother’s boat across, and, lo, thine own shall reach the shore,’ and I always used to put what it says in the Bible alongside of it, ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.’”

“Oh, well,” said Ted gruffly after a long silence, pushing his books aside, “I’ll go and find the little chap and tell him I’ll help him a bit.”

The days went by quickly, and at the end of the fortnight Brian came running home from school waving a large book high in the air, “I’ve won my prize,” he shouted and placed the lovely book on the table, and ran across to give his big brother a hug. “I said it without a mistake, thanks to your help,” he whispered.

“And Ted has good news too,” said his mother, smiling across at them.

“Yes, I’ve passed my exam with honours,” said Ted. “And what do you think the examiner set for the Scripture passage?” Brian shook his head.

“Why,” said Ted, laughing heartily, “the fourteenth chapter of John, and if I hadn’t helped you, I don’t think I should have known very much about it; I’ll never forget what mother said, ‘Help thou thy Brother’s boat across, and, lo, thine own shall reach the shore,’” and he gave his little brother’s hand an affectionate squeeze.

J. L. A. MUMFORD.

“How Manifold are Thy Works!”

(Psalm 104. 24.)

WE know that plants grow in the most wonderful way from seeds buried in the ground. Perhaps you may be surprised to know that plants work. Possibly you do know that the great oak tree with its thousands and thousands of leaves and its thick trunk was once a little acorn. A plant lives, eats, drinks, sleeps and works just as we do, although not quite in the same way. “O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.” (Psalm 104. 24.)

The wind, the bees, and the birds, all work for the plants: but they cannot feed the plants. Every plant is obliged to make its own food. “If any would not work, neither should he eat.” (2 Thess. 3. 10.) The roots suck in water from the soil and send it up to all parts of the plant. The chief workers are the leaves, it is their duty to supply all the needed food. It is only when the sun is shining that the leaves can work: when the clouds cover the sun, and at night, the plant rests. The leaves make the most of every ray of sunshine, and if you look at the ivy or creeper growing on a wall, you will see how carefully the leaves are arranged, so that each one may have its fair share of light and air. “Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.” (Eccles. 11. 7.)

Have you noticed the different shapes of the leaves? There are large leaves and small leaves; some round, others oval, star-shaped, or cut into all sorts of patterns. It is not by chance that the leaves are so different from one another. God in His wisdom made the leaves so that by their shape they can catch the sun's rays, and be able to do their work. Plants which usually grow where there is plenty of room, and so can get all the light and air they need, usually have a few big broad leaves. But those that

live in crowded places, and have to struggle for a place in the sun, have either narrow grass-like leaves, which take up very little space, or a great many leaves. These narrow leaves can more easily push their way to the light. "They looked unto him, and were lightened." (Psalm 34. 5.)

Now God in His love and grace has placed each one of us in just the place where He knows we shall get the most light in this dark world. Satan would try to make us believe that we should be much better somewhere else, and he tries all the time to deceive us. We ourselves cannot resist such an enemy in our own strength, whether we are young or old: but the Holy Spirit is here with us, and in us, to strengthen us and guide us, so that we shall turn to Jesus, "the light of the world." For Jesus overcame Satan in the three hours of darkness on Calvary's cross; where He suffered for you and for me, to bring us to God. Satan is a defeated foe, but Jesus has risen triumphant from the grave, and now He lives at God's right hand in glory, waiting to save and bless all who turn to Him in repentance, and confess Him their Lord and Saviour.

Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

Lancing.

Laws of the Lord concerning Birds

(Deut. 22. 6, 7.)

IF a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

The Owl—

and its Lesson

FROM things created we may learn
The ways of God toward us,
And if we ponder on His works,
It wisdom will afford us.

A special blessing on the birds
Our God bestowed who made them,
And we their habits should observe,
And laws He gave to aid them.

'Tis said an owl upon the nest
With care his mate doth cherish :
He never wanders far away
Lest by some chance she'd perish.

More timid she than he of foes,
He knows she loves him near her :
She watches as he comes and goes,
And brings her food to cheer her.

She patiently upon the nest
Sits full of hopes the brightest,
Soon fluffy owlets neath her breast
To see with heart the lightest.

And when he knows that danger's near
Her, with his wings he covers,
That 'neath his feathers she no fear
May feel while danger hovers.

Thus even from a bird we learn
The ways of God toward us,
And how from Satan's wily ways
He tenderly doth guard us!

He, like a bird, when danger's near
Doth spread His feathers o'er us;
There 'neath His wings, and out of sight,
We prove " He careth " for us!

Oh! may we all, both young and old,
Trust in the Lord for ever,
Whose watchful care will never cease—
No! Never! Never! Never!

E. ROBINSON.

FOR HE
CARETH
FOR YOU

1 Peter 5. 7.

Gleams of Light back numbers, 50 assorted 3s. 9d.,
by post 4s. 3d.

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should
be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "Limberlost," Lakewood Road,
Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS
OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell
Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



A Young Gleaner

September

FOR some time now the country districts have resounded with the chugging of tractors as the harvest has been brought in. Have you ever thought of God's harvest? What yield will He receive from you? What fruit does He now receive from you?

It is sobering to realize that, basically, the wheat is produced through death. The Lord Jesus said, "Except the grain of wheat, falling into the ground, die, it abides alone; but if it die, it bears much fruit." The Lord Jesus has died, and He has done so primarily for God's glory and satisfaction, securing a rich harvest for God, a harvest that will fill God's granaries eternally with what reminds Him of Jesus. But just as every grain produced owes its existence to the death of the grain that fell into the ground, so every person, every boy, every girl, secured for God's glory, depends entirely upon the death of the Lord Jesus for ability to give satisfaction to God.

Jesus did not die because there was a defect of any kind with Him. He was ever holy, spotless, separated from sinners. He died that you and I, who have been yielding pleasure to Satan, should be forever delivered from the power of Satan, and brought happily into a condition where we can yield pleasure to God. That pleasure we can yield now by taking full advantage, not only of the death and resurrection of Jesus, but also of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

There is a tremendous harvest coming when everything will be gathered in. The good will be for the divine pleasure eternally; the worthless will be consumed in judgment. Some may think they belong to the good, who, alas, will discover that they have not been relying on the blood of Jesus, without which there is no remission of sins! Now is the time to take full advantage of the finished work of the Lord Jesus, so that you will even now produce what is pleasing

to God and be accounted eternally among the good fruit the death of the Lord Jesus has secured.

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

Not Asking—Just Loving

PETER is five years old. Just before he gets into bed each evening he kneels down and sings,
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb tonight,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

There are three verses to this little hymn, do you know them? Jesus is pleased to hear you sing—or pray—to Him, and the boys and girls and grown-ups, too, that are really happy each day are those who do the things that please Jesus. There are many ways you can please Him, and I will tell you some more another time, if the Lord will. But till then, do remember that Jesus is so pleased to hear you sing a little hymn—or one or two lines of one—to Him.

Perhaps you cannot read yet? If not, do try and learn a little verse to sing. Some little boys and girls I know sing a hymn to Jesus after breakfast, and after tea too. You will find how happy He makes you when you do this!

One night after Peter had sung his hymn he stayed on his knees. His mummy wondered why, as Peter had said he couldn't pray yet, as he did not know what to say. Getting into bed, Peter said, "I was praying."

"What were you asking Jesus?" said mummy.

"I was not asking Him anything, I was just loving Him," replied Peter.

How pleased Jesus is when we just love Him, like Peter did! I expect you sometimes sit on mummy's or daddy's lap, not to ask them anything, but just to love them.

Jesus loves you so much too, and is always look-

ing down from heaven upon you, watching you and looking after you all the day and all night too, when everyone else, mummy as well, is asleep. How much we all need Him and how much we all love Him too! He does want us all to be loving and happy. Do you know this little verse?

Jesus wants me to be loving,
And kind to all I see,
Showing how pleasant and happy
His little ones can be.

Ask Him to help you to be loving and kind all the time, so that others can see how happy it makes us when we love Jesus, and ask Him to help us every day.

B. GILL.

Southall.

The Gentle Lamb

A LAMB is one of the kindest and most gentle of God's creatures. God often speaks of lambs. If you read chapter 12 of Exodus you will see how the Israelites, who were in bondage in Egypt, were to be set free. On a certain night God was to visit each household and slay the eldest of the family unless they had a lamb and used it as an offering, sprinkling the blood on the door-post so that the angel of death, when he saw the blood, did not enter that house, but would pass over it.

When John the Baptist first saw Jesus, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which takes away the sin of the world." And the next day looking at Jesus as He walked he says, "Behold the Lamb of God." (John 1.) Jesus died the cruel death of the cross for you and for me, and then He went up to heaven to be with God, His Father, and the angels and elders and living creatures worship Him with a loud voice saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." (Rev. 5. 12.)

Jesus will one day take up to heaven all those that

love Him, and they also will say with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb to receive all praise, glory and honour. Amen.

M. CAITHNESS.

Inverurie.

Shane's Violin

SHANE was a little African boy. He went to school each day. He learnt how to speak English. He learnt some of the songs we sing. He was taught how to read and write, and he loved school very much.

Shane was not a very clever little boy, and he often found his lessons difficult, but there was one thing he could do better than any of his playmates, and that was he could play the violin really well! He also had a beautiful singing voice, and when the other children listened to him they said it sounded like a choir of birds singing.

One day a distinguished looking gentleman came to the school where Shane was a pupil. He was a well-known musician! All his life had been spent in the study of music, but he had specialized in one branch of it, and that was the violin. He talked with each class and invited any boys or girls who could play the violin to present themselves at his house on a certain date in the coming month, and play to him. There would be a special prize for the one who played and sang the best.

Shane was extremely excited that day, as he ran home to tell his parents all about it. They agreed at once that Shane must certainly try for the competition! Shane began to practise very hard on his violin. He chose two pieces of classical music, and also his favourite hymn, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee." Shane loved to play this hymn more than any classical piece of music, because he loved the Lord Jesus, and knew Him as his Saviour, and in his soul was a precious link with the Lord Jesus which could never be broken!

At length the great day arrived, and Shane with many other boys and girls presented themselves at the great gentleman's house. They waited in a spacious hall until their turn came. Shane felt rather nervous as he looked round the beautiful hall, and silently he prayed for help, and almost immediately the words came to him, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

After several children had been in, a servant came through the massive swing-doors, and called Shane's name. He showed him through some thick red curtains into the gentleman's study. Shane shook hands shyly with the great man, who then sat down at the end of the room and invited him to play.

As Shane took his violin from its shabby little case with nervous fingers, a little voice inside him whispered, "Don't play the classical pieces, play 'Jesus, I my cross have taken'."

Shane began to play and sing the words rather nervously, but as he went on a strange sense of boldness filled him, and how clearly the words rang through the room.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Nakèd, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Shane played the six verses of the hymn right the way through. Then he finished! There was dead silence in the little study; without a word the gentleman got up and showed Shane out of the door.

"Well, Shane," said his mother when the downcast little boy arrived home, "how did you get on?"

"I didn't get on at all well, mother," said Shane, the tears rolling down his face. "The gentleman was

very angry and he showed me out of the room without a word."

"But didn't you play your pieces?" said his mother, in a puzzled voice.

"When I got into the room", whispered Shane, "a little voice said, 'Play "Jesus, I my cross have taken", so I played it right the way through."

"Oh, well," said his mother, "you did it for the Lord Jesus. Never mind if the gentleman wasn't pleased."

The weeks went by, and Shane had almost forgotten about the incident when one day a message came for Shane to go once more to the gentleman's house. Shane was rather frightened, but he decided to go. The servant showed him into the study again where a few weeks ago Shane had played his piece. The gentleman was sitting at his desk and he smiled at Shane as he came nervously in. Then he got up and placed his hands on Shane's shoulders, "Look at me," he said, and Shane, wondering, looked up. "My boy," said the old gentleman, "when you played your hymn to me a few weeks ago, I was very angry. Those words brought back to me vivid memories of a Christian mother, who sang those very words many a time to me. I have spent my whole life in the music world, and now at the end of my life I realize that there is something infinitely greater." He looked down at the small boy. "Through your hymn I have come to know the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, He has found me at last; I can truly say,

Perish every fond ambition

All I've sought and hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!

God and heaven are still my own."

"Go in for the things that really matter, Shane," he said, as he placed the prize in the little boy's hands.

Boscombe.

J. L. A. MUMFORD.

Verses to Search for and Learn

THE LORD JESUS AS A CHILD

“AND the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.”—Luke, ch. , v. .

“WIST ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”—Luke, ch. , v. .

“AND he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.”—Luke, ch. v. .

“AND Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.”—Luke, ch. , v. .

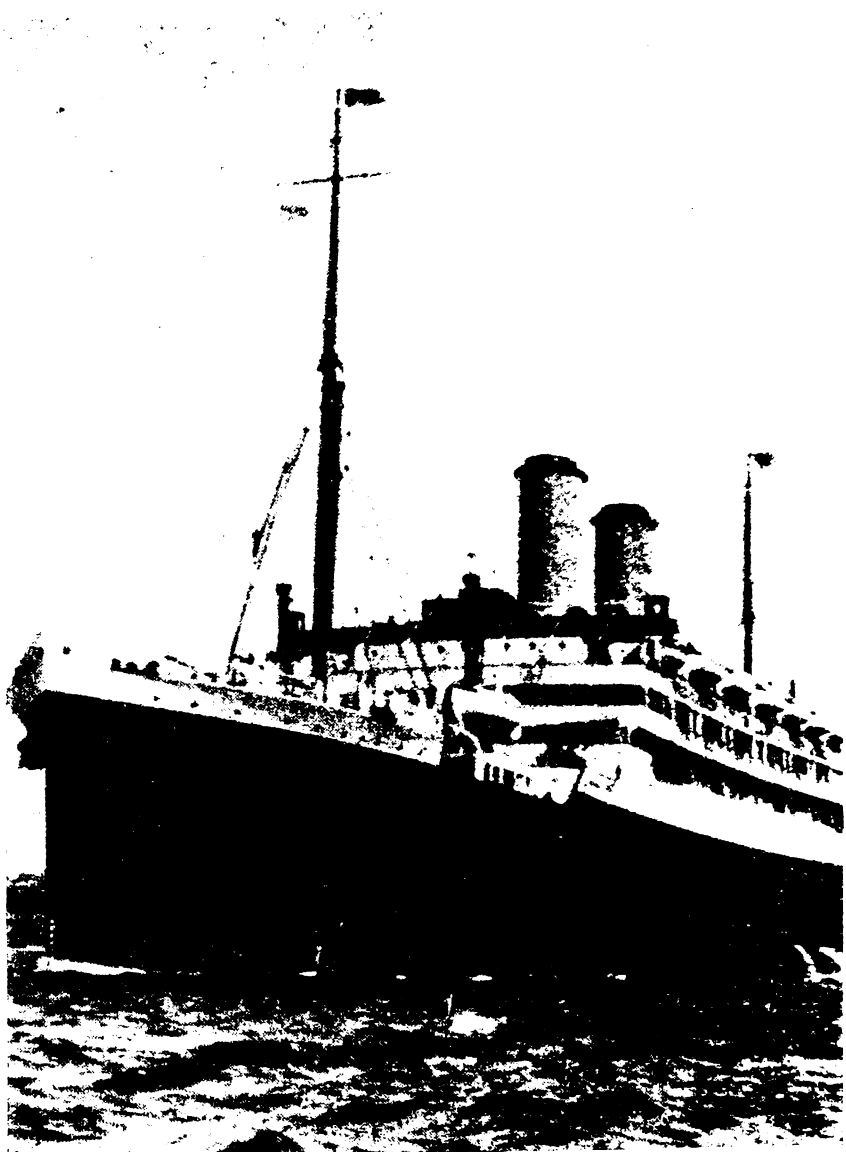
These verses speak of the lovely life of the Lord Jesus as a child. He was perfect then as He was ever perfect, and has shown a beautiful example to all children of obedience to parents. “Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing to the Lord,” is His word to children today.

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, “Lamberlost,” Lakewood Road, Chandler’s Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for “GLEAMS OF LIGHT” and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



On the way to South Africa

October

D ID you notice those leaves lying on the roadway today? With each fresh breath of wind more and more of these beautifully tinted leaves come down. Why remind us, you say, of the passing of the summer? Surely you have read in the word of God, in the eighth chapter of Jeremiah, of those who have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." What an admission of lost opportunities! You know that Isaiah's prophecy immediately precedes that of Jeremiah. The great evangelist of the Old Testament has expended his labours and his gift in the preaching. He has preached well, his messages are full of tender appeal, of promises to those who hear and of warning to those who turn away, and he has shown so clearly that salvation in a full way is available in another. But what has been the result? The time of God's boundless favour had for them come to an end; the reckoning was completed, and, woeful loss, they were not saved!

Dear young reader, are you saved? You know whether you are or not. Satan's friends tell you that you can never be sure. Don't, I plead with you, listen to them for another moment. Satan wants to blind you to realities until it is too late, when all who have been led by Satan will have to say, with all the conviction of undeniable reality, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." I shudder to think of the possibility of your having to say, "I had many opportunities, for I heard the word of God preached many times, and I am not saved." Before another leaf falls from the tree, before another moment passes, make sure that you are saved. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God has raised him from among the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. 10. 9.)

ROBIN BROWN.

Glasgow.

Come in

A CHRISTIAN mother was anxious that her small son should early give himself to the Lord Jesus, and urged him to do so, saying, "The Lord Jesus not only cares for and keeps us down here, but He saves all those who believe on Him and trust Him for all time and forever."

"But," said the boy, "how am I to know that?"

His mother said, "If you were alone in the house, and someone came knocking at the door and you knew that it was a friend, would you let him in?"

"Yes," said he, "if I could not reach up to the handle of the door, I would just shout, 'Come in!'"

"Yes," said mother, "Jesus is knocking at the door of your heart, will you say, 'Come in?'"

That made it simple for him, and he let Jesus into his heart, and then how he loved Jesus, who said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

Rest and peace we find in Jesus,
Children, will you let Him in?
As He knocks and seeks admission,
Let Him hear you call, "Come in."

M. CAITHNESS.

Inverurie.

The Great Rock

WE read in Isaiah 32, verse 2, "And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the storm; as brooks of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land." In Psalm 18, verse 2, we read, "Jehovah is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my rock, in whom I will trust: my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower." And again in Psalm 32, verse 7, "Thou art a hiding-place for me; thou preservest me from trouble."

As we think of these verses; what a wonderful sense it gives us of the stable and firm foundation upon

which we may place our whole-hearted trust. How good it is to be conscious of being under the shelter of that Great Rock, our Lord Jesus Christ. How great He is, for He is none other than God, and yet He came here in order that we might have that hiding place to turn to when trouble comes! Dear young reader, we long that you may know the joy it is to have Jesus to turn to as a shelter. Things do not seem so bad when we have Him to turn to, and He is always ready and willing to hear us when we turn to Him for help in our daily lives. What rest and assurance it gives us, as we confide ourselves wholly to His loving care!

Dear reader, turn to Jesus now, so that you may know the preciousness of being under the shelter of His precious blood. It is most necessary that we turn to Him, for soon those who love Him are going to be with Him for ever, and if we do not know Him as our Saviour, we shall not be caught up to be with Him when He comes to take all those who love Him to be with Himself. He is worthy of your love and committal to Him, for He died for you. Will you not give your heart to Him, and show your appreciation of what He has done for you?

The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure, whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land;
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm!

OLIVE R. BUCKLE.

Leytonstone.

THE One who was nothing to man is everything to God; and now He wants you and me to delight in the One He delights in.

Good Things

AFTER shopping in the mornings, my mother, on her way home, used to pass the School where we as children attended, and sometimes she would pause at the big iron gate of the School playground at the time of morning break. Other children's eager faces, besides ours, were pressed against the bars of the gate to see if their mothers were there also. Having made sure that it was our own mother there, I must confess that the first thing we looked for was mother's shopping bag, well laden with food for the family, bought from the market. Then came the usual cry from us, "Any good things in the bag, mother, any good things?" "I think there are," says mother, and her hand would find a juicy orange, a sweet apple, a pleasant banana, or a luscious plum, and pass it to us through the gate.

How many times over the years since then have I thought of mother's bag of good things. There are, of course, natural good things, and spiritual good things.

"He hath filled the hungry with good things." Who was it that made that remark? It was Mary, the mother of Jesus. Have you read all that she says in Luke 1. 46-55? It is a beautiful list, compiled by Mary herself, of great things and good things. Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

To magnify the Lord and rejoice in our Saviour God is a good thing.

"For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is His name."

To know God as the Mighty One and Holy, who has done great things to you, is a good thing.

"And His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation."

To know and appreciate His everlasting mercy is a good thing.

"He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."

To know His power to put down rulers from thrones when required, and exalt the lowly, is a good thing.

“He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.”

“The rich” in this case are those who do not acknowledge their need of His good things. “The hungry” are those who thankfully acknowledge that they do need His good things; and they receive them. God is well able to satisfy our soul hunger with good things.

A young man who worked with me in a City office once scoffingly said to me, “You Christians *miss* all the good things of life.” “My friend,” I replied, “you make a great mistake. There is a difference between what God calls good things, and what the world calls good things, and we have learned that God knows best. Only as you yourself become a Christian will you enjoy the precious things that Christ brings into the heart of each one that believes on Him; the blessedness of the forgiveness of sins, justification, peace with God, access into this grace (or favour) wherein we stand, hope of the glory of God, the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given to us, and reconciliation.” (See Romans 4 and 5.)

My office colleague listened, and then he did say, “Well, they *sound* like good things.” To which I replied, “They *are* good things.”

We also find that, in order that we might the better enjoy these good things from heaven that come to us through Christ, our God graciously provides for our natural needs day by day to save us any anxiety on that side. Who would not be a Christian, and be filled by God with all these good things?

F. A. WHITE.

Merton Park.

Wider than the Ocean

THE sea was calm and a lovely greeny blue in colour as the boat went steadily on its way through the tropical waters towards South Africa. It was midday and very hot. The gentle rocking of the boat had sent quite a number of grown-up people to sleep. Derek was not asleep; he sat beside his Grannie thinking of the car ride to Southampton, and wondering whether it was as hot in England.

During the first two or three days of the voyage, in the Channel and the Bay of Biscay, he had suffered with seasickness and wished he were at home. By the time the boat reached Madeira he began to enjoy life on board ship. It had been very interesting at Madeira to watch the crowd of little boats which came out and gathered round the big liner like bees round a honey pot! Also he enjoyed watching the brown boys diving into the sea for coins thrown by the passengers who stood round the rails of the decks above. Up on to the deck came sellers of all sorts of things.

The ringing of the tea-bell woke Grannie. How refreshing it was to have a cup of tea! After tea Grannie and Derek talked about Jesus and His wonderful love. His love is wider than the ocean, and higher than the skies above, and deeper than the deepest part of the sea.

“What a great love that must be!” exclaimed Derek.

“Yes,” replied Grannie, “that love led Him to Calvary’s cross to die for you.”

“Oh, why did Jesus die for me?” asked Derek.

“To wash away your sins and to make your peace with God,” answered Grannie.

When Derek was in his bunk that night he thought over what Grannie said about Jesus dying for him. All around was water with no land in sight. Suppose there was a storm and the boat was tossed about, what would happen to him then, why he might be

drowned! Grannie had told him that all children have precious souls for which the Saviour died, and that faith in Jesus was the only way to save that precious soul. Yes, he knew that Jesus' love is deeper than the deepest part of the sea, and Jesus died on Calvary to wash away his sins. What a wonderful gift of salvation so full and free! "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED." (Rom. 10. 9.)

On his knees beside his bunk Derek knelt and thanked God for His gift, and asked His forgiveness for all his naughty little ways. When Grannie came in he told her, "Jesus is my Saviour!" How glad Grannie was, and what joy there would be that night in the presence of the angels of God!

The weather grew hotter and hotter as they approached the Equator. In the day-time most of the people enjoyed the swimming pool, but at night it was too hot to sleep and Derek tossed and turned in his bunk, till in the quiet of the night he thought of the love of Jesus who suffered on the tree, and who now is seated at God's right hand in glory.

Dear boy or girl, what does Jesus mean to YOU? Do you know Him as the only Saviour who can save your precious soul?

Wide, wide as the ocean, high as the heavens above,
Deep, deep as the deepest sea, is my Saviour's love;
I, though so unworthy, still am a child of His care,
For His word teaches me that His love reaches me
everywhere.

E. F. MARLOW.

Lancing.

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "Limberlost," Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



The Wise Virgins

November

SOME of you may remember that little poem about this month, "No sun, No moon, No morn, No noon . . ." The poet goes on to express disgust with November. It is a month not many like, particularly those who live in cities, for November often brings fog. Darkness is bad enough, but in fog we seem to lose our sense of direction altogether. Experienced mountaineers will warn all climbers who become enveloped in fog not to try to go farther, for the tendency usually is to go round in circles, to become exhausted and to be beyond help when the search party does arrive.

You want the blessing. You would like to have the joy that you can see real Christians have. Have you found the real way to that everlasting joy, or are you like thousands of others, trying to find the way yourself, by your own efforts, and hoping that you will sometime arrive at the blessing? **STOP: STAY WHERE YOU ARE.** If you go on like that much longer, you will be exhausted with going round in circles. The blessing just cannot be attained on our merits, nor can our friends or our parents secure the blessing for us. There is but one way by which we can be saved. The search party has arrived to show you that way. Only by coming to the feet of Jesus as repenting sinners, and accepting the fact that because of our sins and our sinful state Jesus had to die upon Calvary, and that to provide atonement for us His blood has been shed, and that He has been raised from the dead and is now in the glory, can we find pardon, peace and joy.

Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee.

Come out of the fog now and into the sunshine of God's love. Turn a dismal month into one of joy, so that you can say, "No sighs, No tears, No doubts, No fears, because of Jesus, my glorious Saviour."

Glasgow.

ROBIN BROWN.

Can you Sing?

SOME time ago I had occasion to visit a Christian friend one evening. His young daughter had just had her supper and had gone to bed. But soon afterwards she called to her parents downstairs, asking if the visitor could come upstairs for a few minutes to see the Bible and hymn book which had been given her. Her parents answered, "Yes," so I went up.

"This is my room," said the little maiden, "and this is my handbag that holds my Bible and hymn book. Shall I show you one of my favourite hymns?"

"Yes, please," I replied.

"Well, it's this, 'CHRIST IS THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS.' Wait a minute and I will find it for you in the book. Here it is; I will read it to you:

Christ is the Saviour of sinners,
Christ is the Saviour for me;
Long I was chained in sin's darkness,
Now by His grace I am free.
Saviour of sinners,
Saviour of sinners like me,
Giving Himself as a ransom,
This is the Saviour for me."

She then inquired, "Can you sing?"

"Yes," I replied, "I can sing a little."

"Well," she said brightly, "let us sing it together." And together we joined our voices to sing that good Gospel hymn. I had no need to ask her if she knew Jesus as her own Saviour; it was plainly evident that He had won her young heart for Himself, and that she wanted others to know Him too.

After that, the little girl said to me, "Now I will show you another Gospel hymn I like. I have heard it said that it is a good Gospel hymn, and I think it is too. Look, there it is, you read it." So I read it.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Yes, I do," I replied. "It is very appealing, and its verses set out the precious truths of the Gospel

very simply and clearly. And now, little maiden, I must bid you good night; thank you for your helpful hymn lesson, I have enjoyed it very much."

I went home that night with my heart moved, as I thought of the precious love of the Saviour, that completely wins even the heart of a child, so that she can with such simplicity say to a much older person, "CAN YOU SING? Well, let us sing this hymn together:

Christ is the Saviour of sinners,
Christ is the Saviour for me."

Like most, I suppose, I have asked many children to come and sing with me, but it was a pleasant surprise when one asked me to come and sing with her. We do not sing enough. We should sing more to the Lord; and we should also sing more about the Lord. In this world of pretended gaiety, there are many persons around us suffering from heavy sorrows, deep disappointments, crushed hopes, and broken hearts. So let us sing, and sing with one another, of our precious Saviour and His love:

Loved with a love that's unchanging,
Blessed with all blessings so free,
How shall I tell out His praises!
This is the Saviour for me.

Soon shall the glory be dawning,
Then, when His face I shall see,
Sing, O my soul, in thy gladness,
This is the Saviour for me!

The Lord Himself will surely hear our singing. But it may also be that some burdened sinner with a troubled conscience will hear it, and come to know the Saviour. What a good thing that would be! I am quite sure that it would greatly gladden their hearts, and it would bring joy to heaven also. And, furthermore, they too could then sing with heart and voice the same hymns that we sing.

In conclusion, you will remember that it is written:

“A little child shall lead them.” It is also written: “I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live.” (Ps. 104. 33.) CAN YOU SING?

F. A. WHITE.

Merton Park.

Sure and Certain

IN regard to many arrangements and proposals which we may make in the course of our lives, whether we be boys or girls—or older ones also—we are all glad to be in some measure assured of their fulfilment and realisation, though, of course, we would never forget how all finally lies in the hands of God, and that His will is ever the deciding factor. To be sure and certain however in so far as it is humanly possible, is something we all naturally like, especially when it has reference to anything of a pleasing character, such as a holiday, for example, or some other similarly pleasing project.

If then, dear boys and girls, certainty is so welcome a feature in respect of any projects we may make, as bearing upon our little histories and lives in this present brief space of time, how much more so is it when we consider matters affecting our *eternal welfare and destiny*. Nothing surely could be more important than to be “sure and certain” as to all that lies ahead of us, affecting as it does the eternal blessing, or otherwise, of our precious, undying and immortal souls! How wonderful it is, that in this all-important matter the blessed God Himself has graciously made it possible for us to be quite sure and perfectly certain!

I wonder if you are quite sure, dear boy, dear girl, of your eternal future? What about your sins? God’s word says, “Be sure your sin will find you out.” (Num. 32. 23.) We cannot hide anything from God, and sooner or later our sins will have to be faced. How happy to face them before God—now. The Lord Jesus Christ, God’s blessed Son,

suffered and died upon the cross of Calvary, in order that God may be free to forgive and to bless everyone who now repents and confesses, and turns to Jesus, putting their trust in Him.

Oh, may every boy and girl, or even older ones, who may read these lines, be found among those who of a certainty know, and are sure of the blessing of their never-dying souls, having come to Jesus, and, in simple faith, put their trust in Him.

W. B. HARRIS.

Bristol.

“A Lamp that Burneth”

(Isa. 62. 1)

WE all know, do we not? that the use of a lamp is to give light. I remember once when travelling by coach at night-time across country how very dark it was. There were no street lamps, no lights in the houses, and no moon or stars to light the way. As we travelled along, hour after hour, in this pitch darkness, my thoughts went to the ten lamps mentioned in Matthew, chapter twenty-five. Each of the ten virgins had a lamp, and while they waited for the bridegroom they all ten slumbered and slept. Then at midnight, when everywhere was dark, the cry was made, “Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.” (Matt. 25. 6.) One can picture how those ten virgins would hurry to trim their lamps so that they might be shining brightly. But, alas, five of the virgins were foolish, for they had no oil in their lamps! It is not much use to have a lamp without oil, especially at midnight when everywhere is so dark! No one could see a lamp in the dark if it were not alight, and a lamp will not light and shine unless it has oil in it.

The five foolish virgins had to go to buy oil for their lamps, and so they were not ready when the bridegroom came. They that were ready went in

with him to the marriage; and the door was shut. The five foolish virgins were left outside!

Presently they came and said, "Lord, Lord, open to us." But he answered and said, "Verily, I say unto you, I KNOW YOU NOT." Jesus, when He was here said, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning." (Luke 12. 35.) Does not that show how very necessary it is to be always in readiness? When Jesus was in the world He was the Light of the world, and now He is seated at God's right hand in glory, and the Holy Spirit is here below to shed in our hearts His wondrous love, thus enabling us to walk here as "a lamp that burneth." The wise virgins could not give of their oil to the foolish virgins, nor can those who have the Holy Spirit give to those who have not. Each one must make room in their own heart so that the Spirit may dwell there.

Jesus died on the cross so that His precious blood should wash away our sins, but we need the Spirit's guidance so that we may shine with a clear, pure light in this world of darkness. Jesus looks down to see us shine; He knows when our light is growing dim, and He would gently urge us to "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." (Isa. 60. 1.)

We do not know the day nor the hour in which Jesus may come, but we do know that all who are not ready for Him will be left outside. Let us think seriously about our lamps, and if they are burning dim, let us pray for the Spirit's guidance and help, so that we may be found amongst those who are ready to meet Him when He comes. Remember, "the door was shut." May no boy or girl who reads about these lamps be left outside, but may each one be known to Jesus as "a lamp that burneth." Oh, do let us see to it that our lamps are burning with a clear, pure light, so that all around may be attracted to Jesus, "the Light of the world!"

E. F. MARLOW.

Lancing.

Verses to Search for and Learn

ABOUT THE LOVE OF CHRIST

“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”

Revelation, ch. ., v. .

“Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.”

John, ch. ., v. .

“To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”

Ephesians, ch. ., v. .

“Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us.”

Ephesians, ch. ., v. .

“As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.”

Revelation, ch. ., v. .

“The Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”

Galatians, ch. ., v. .

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

John, ch. ., v. .

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?”

Romans, ch. ., v. .

“Love one another, as I have loved you.”

John, ch. ., v. .

“The love of Christ constraineth us.”

2 Corinthians, ch. ., v. .

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, “Lamberlost,” Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for “GLEAMS OF LIGHT” and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT



Keystone Press

The Rescued Lamb

December

I REMEMBER being in Guildford some years ago in December and seeing a little church completely surrounded with a deep layer of pure white snow. There was a remarkable glitter about the snow, so dazzling white, so soft. Those who stood there could easily be seen because they were in colours so much in contrast to the unbroken white of the snow. It reminded me of the word spoken so many centuries ago by Isaiah, the great gospel preacher of the Old Testament, for he says, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Think how vividly scarlet stands out against the pure white background of the snow. Think how even one spot of scarlet stands out against such a white background. We have to realise first that our sins are not hidden. They are very prominent, standing out like dark objects in the snow, and calling out, like the leper of old, "Unclean! Unclean!"

I understand from those who manufacture coloured paper that after a quantity of scarlet or crimson paper has been produced the vats are used only for the manufacture of black paper, until every trace of the scarlet dye has disappeared. Now, as you know, black reminds us of death. The death of Jesus, Himself so perfect, so pure, has made it possible for every single sin, every stain, to be removed. Have all your sins gone in the death of Jesus? As God looks upon you, does He see you sheltered by the precious blood of Jesus, and brought into the glorious state of being justified in the light of the resurrection of Jesus? What whiteness, what purity! It is like the snow. Gone now and for ever every trace of sin and guilt, and by the Spirit the believer in Jesus is set up to move in righteousness and purity. That joy may be yours now, if you come repentant to the Lord Jesus and accept Him as your own Saviour. Do so today.

Glasgow.

ROBIN BROWN.

Bible Journeys—13

Our Own Journey

IN this, the last article on the subject of Bible Journeys, I want to speak first of all of a journey which we have all taken, then of a journey which God desires we should all take, and finally, of a journey which still remains for us to make.

In Luke 15 we read of a young man who, when he had received the portion of goods which his father gave him, took his journey into a far country and there wasted all his money until the time came when he had nothing left at all. I think that this is really intended to be a true picture of each one of us, for we read in Isaiah 53. 6, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way." In Romans 3. 23, we also read, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." What a sad story this is of every one of Adam's race, for a time comes in the life of each of us when it has to be truthfully said we have taken a journey away from God and gone our own way.

We must all be deeply thankful, however, that there is a *way back to God*, and that it is possible for us to make a *return* journey, as is indeed so blessedly shown in the story of the prodigal son in Luke 15, to which we have already referred. When this young man had spent all, a mighty famine arose, and he began to be in want, and he thought again of the abundance in his father's house. He then came to a very wise and blessed decision, for he said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Then we read that he arose and came to his father, and when he was a long way off his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and covered him with kisses. This parable shows that the way back for each of us is by way of repentance toward God and faith in our

Lord Jesus Christ, who Himself uttered this lovely parable. What a welcome God gives to all such!

I wonder whether all my young readers are prepared for the journey which we all still have to take to the other side of death, "the bourn from which no traveller returns." The story is told of a king who had a court jester of whom he was very fond, and to whom he said, "If ever you find a man more foolish than yourself, you can give your bauble to him." Some years later the king was smitten with a serious illness, and he knew only too well that his last day on earth was near. He sent for his jester and told him that he was about to go on a long journey from which he would never return. The jester then inquired what preparations His Majesty had made for such a journey. To which the king replied that he had made none. Whereupon the jester handed his bauble to his royal master with the words, "You are more foolish than I!"

The best and indeed the only way for us to prepare for this final journey is to turn to God, confessing our need of His salvation, and opening our heart to receive the Lord Jesus, the Saviour whom He has provided. Then it will be true to say,

When thy *journey* all is over,
Thou with Christ above
Shalt for ever be a trophy
Of His love.

Guildford.

M. H. TUCKER.

A Decision

A heart divided, can I serve Him so?
Dare I to this poor world for pleasures go,
To fill the precious hours, that hasten on,
On to eternity, when time has gone?

Nay, keep me blessed Lord so close to Thee,
That I, in earth's attractions, nothing see
To fascinate, or hold this heart of mine,
But serve Thee with a heart that's wholly Thine.

B. BARTER.

The Treasures of the Snow

(Job 38. 22)

MANY years ago there was a blizzard in England. All night a cold wind from the north-east howled through the bare trees and bushes and had piled the snow, which fell fast and thick, into drifts. When the day dawned, grey and cold, the country lay under a blanket of snow, whipped into ridges by the wind, "He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth. . . . He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy." (Job 37. 6, 13.)

Usually there is great excitement among young people and children when the snow falls. They spend many happy hours, wrapped in thick coats and mufflers, snowballing, tobogganing, and building snow-men. But for the birds in the garden the snow means bitter cold, hunger and thirst. The little birds have no warm coats and mufflers to protect them from the biting wind. But God puts it into the hearts of His people to scatter crumbs and scraps for them to pick up; and the wrens and tomtits creep into holes in the trees and crevices in the walls, and in amongst the thick ivy where the sparrows live. But the bigger birds, such as blackbirds and the thrushes, can find no such shelter, so they crouch under the bushes and puff out their feathers to try and make a blanket of air to keep them warm. "Thou hast been a shelter for me. . . . I will trust in the covert of thy wings." (Psa. 61. 3, 4.)

The sheep in the fields shelter together against the hedges, trying to keep one another warm. As the strong gale blows the snow drifts against the hedges and the poor sheep get buried and are smothered under the weight of the snow, and being so very very cold they cannot move. If they remained in the open field, although the wind would blow round them, they would have an opportunity of being found and rescued.

“Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?” (Job 38. 22.) Yes, the snow has its treasures: all God’s ways are full of treasures, and He has promised that those who seek SHALL find. He does not say they may find. No, it is a definite promise, If ye seek ye shall find. “For as the . . . snow from heaven . . . returneth not thither . . . so shall my word be . . . it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace.” (Isa. 55. 10-12.)

In the first chapter of Isaiah we have God’s gracious promise, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. . . . If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat of the good of the land.” David, a man who knew God as a holy and righteous God full of mercy and compassion, said, “My sin is ever before me. . . . Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.” (Psa. 51. 3, 7.) Oh, do come out into the open! Confess yourself a sinner. Jesus died for sinners: His precious blood was shed to wash away sin. Why die hidden in your sins? Jesus, God’s blessed Son, is waiting for you to confess Him as YOUR SAVIOUR and thus make your peace with God, and then you will be able to sing

Jesus loves me, this I know,
He will wash me white as snow,
He will keep me pure I know,
For I’m His lamb.

E. F. MARLOW.

Lancing.

A Letter from the Editor

My dear Readers,

As we are now at the end of another year, I feel I would like to express my very sincere thanks to all who have helped in the furtherance of this little magazine, both in contributing manuscripts and in its distribution. I am also deeply thankful for the

many prayers for God's blessing upon it. One letter which has cheered me greatly assures me that it is prayed for every day!

May I also thank those who have sent me constructive criticism from time to time, because it is my earnest desire to serve both parents and children by providing just that which will help them most, drawing out their affections towards our glorious Saviour and Lord. I would like to encourage any of my readers, old or young, who have received encouragement through the pages of this little book to write and tell me, so that I can rejoice with you, and I will endeavour to reply to every letter received.

Perhaps some of you would like a copy of *Gleams of Light* sent to a school friend, or some other acquaintance, regularly each month, and if you send your order with the annual subscription to the publishers, this can easily be arranged.

Yours very affectionately,

W. J. TAYLOR.

Verses to Search for and Learn

THE GIVING GOD

“He would have given thee living water.”

—John, ch. , v. .

“For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.”

—Eph. ch. , v. .

“For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

—Romans, ch. , v. .

“I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.”

—Revelation, ch. , v. .

WASH ME,
AND I SHALL
BE WHITER
THAN SNOW

Psa. 51. 7.

Communications, which will be acknowledged by the Editor, should be addressed to W. J. TAYLOR, "Limberlost," Lakewood Road, Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh, Hants.

1s. 6d. per annum (3s. 6d. post free). Please send all orders for "GLEAMS OF LIGHT" and books to the Publisher, G. MORRISH, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

Made and printed in England.