



LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

(SEE P. 97).



L

O V I N G

W

O R D S

For Youthful Hearts.

Illustrated.

EDITED BY
L. LAURENSEN.



VOL. VI.

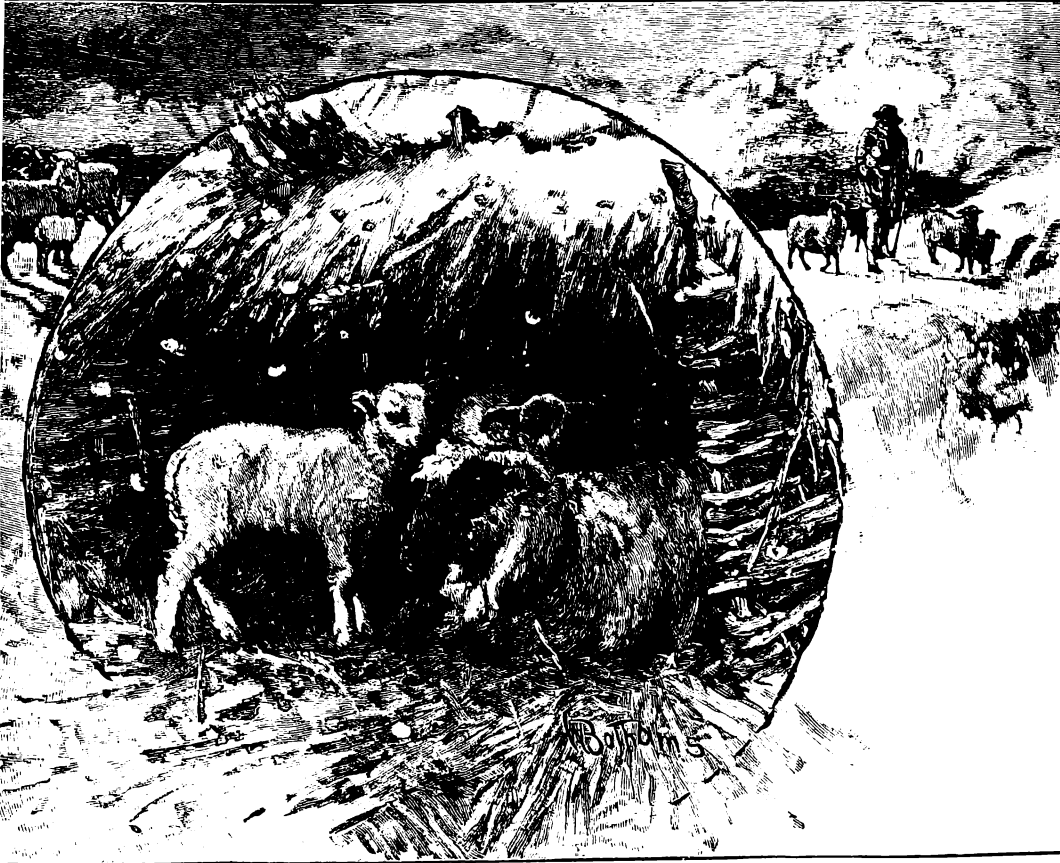
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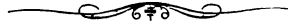
Loving Words

FOR YOUTHFUL HEARTS



"He reckoned them that night, but there was one awanting."

“How a Kerry Boy Saved the Sheep, and How the Lord Saved Him.”—Luke xv. 1-7.



DEVOTED minister of the Gospel, who has since gone to his rest, among other incidents, related the following:—

“One of my first curacies was in the County of Kerry, one of the wildest districts of that picturesque county. The parish extended over a wide space of ground, and was very thinly populated. My parishioners’ homes were few and far between, and most of them difficult to reach—either perched on a rocky mountain-side, or else sunk in boggy hollows, still more troublesome and laborious to approach. Education, also, had scarcely reached these remote districts, so that few even of the Protestants could read or write, and I grieve to add that their religious condition was very low. They were also miserably poor, depending chiefly for their subsistence on the cultivation of a small plot of potato ground, or a field or two of oats. As, in the time I speak of, there were no roads, nor even a bridle path in my parish, I had no other way of reaching my people but on foot, so that the task of instructing them was one of no little difficulty. I was beginning to think my task nearly hopeless, when a circumstance occurred which, like a ray of sunshine on a dark and cloudy day, seemed to give me at once hope and encouragement.

“I was seated one evening, at the close of a cold February day, in my little parlour in the farm-house where I lodged, when a knock was heard at the door. My landlady, having answered it, told me that a very poor man, unknown to her, wished to see me. Of course I gave him instant admittance. I had never seen him before, and he appeared to me a most desolate looking being. He introduced himself by asking pardon for interrupting me at that unseasonable hour, but he had one son, he feared the boy was dying, and he was most anxious that I should visit him. As it was late now, I replied that it should be one of my first cares the next morning to call to see him; but he was not to be put off in this way, urging his request by the unanswerable argument of immediate necessity. He declared that just before he quitted home to seek for me, the boy had been seized with a fit of coughing, which his mother feared would have ended him; he had got over it, but she dreaded lest another like it might

be the last. I therefore rose immediately, and, wrapping my cloak around me as a defence against the bitter mountain wind, prepared to follow my conductor, my conscience rebuking me for not having sooner made the acquaintance with this family, of whom I now heard for the first time. But, on arriving at their cabin in the mountain side, I could scarcely feel surprised that I had not discovered it before. It was a complete Robinson Crusoe's hut, shut out from the rest of the world so entirely, that, until I was close upon the door, I had not discovered the trace of human habitation. We entered the miserable hovel. I looked around me and at first saw no sign of any one except an old woman, who sat crouching over the embers of a peat fire. She rose as I entered, and, with the natural courtesy of the Irish poor, offered me the low chair, or rather stool, on which she had been seated. I thanked her and passed on to the object of my visit. In one corner of the hut, on a heap of straw, lay the poor boy. I approached and saw a young lad, about seventeen years of age, evidently in a state of extreme suffering and exhaustion, and it was to be feared, in the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, but he opened them on my approach, and stared at me with a kind of wild wonder, like a frightened animal. I told him as quietly as possible who I was and why I had come, and then put a few of the simplest questions to him respecting his hope of salvation in that eternal world, to which it was evident he was now hastening. He appeared totally unconscious of my meaning. On pressing him further, and speaking to him kindly and affectionately, he looked up, and I discovered from the few words he uttered that he had heard something of a God and future judgment, but he had never been taught to read. The Holy Scripture was a sealed book, and he was altogether ignorant of the way of salvation; his mind on this all-important subject was truly an utter blank.

"I was struck with dismay, and almost with despair. Here was an immortal soul on the very verge of eternity, and not a moment to be lost. What was I to do? I therefore raised up my heart to the Great Counsellor, and asked my Heavenly Father, for Christ's sake, to direct me, and to open to me a way to set forth the glad tidings of salvation, so as to be understood by this poor boy.

"I looked down upon him with an eye of pity, and I thought his countenance softened towards me, as I said:—

"'My poor boy, you are very ill; I fear you suffer a great deal.'

"He replied with difficulty, 'Yes, I have a bad cold; the cough takes away my breath, and hurts me greatly.'

“‘Have you had this cough long?’ I asked.

“‘Oh yes, a long time, near a year now.’

“‘And how did you catch it? A Kerry boy, I should have thought, would have been reared hardily, and accustomed to this sharp air.’

“‘Ah!’ he answered, ‘and so I was, sir, until that terrible night—it was about this time last year—when one of the sheep went astray; my father keeps a few sheep upon the mountain, and that’s the way we live. When he reckoned them that night, there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it.’

“‘No doubt,’ I replied, ‘you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire to the cold mountain blast.’

“‘Oh, that I did; there was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through and through; but I didn’t mind it much, I was so anxious to find father’s sheep.’

“‘And did you find it?’ I asked with increasing interest.

“‘Oh, yes! I had a long weary way to go, but I never stopped until I found it.’

“‘And how did you get it home? You had trouble enough with that too, I daresay. Was it willing to follow you back?’

“‘Well, I didn’t like to trust it, and, besides, it was dead beat and tired, so I just laid it on my shoulders and carried it home that way.’

“‘And were they not all at home rejoiced to see you when you returned with the sheep?’

“‘Sure enough, and that they were. Father and mother, and the people round had heard of our loss, all came in next morning to ask us about the sheep, for you must know that the neighbours, in these matters, are mighty kind to each other. Sorry they were, too, to

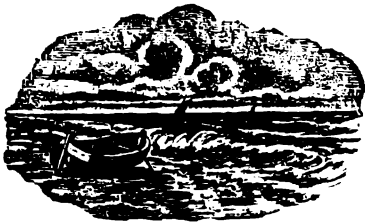
hear that I was kept out the whole dark night; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was, I caught this cold. Mother says I will never be better, God knows best; anyways, I did my best to save the sheep.’

“‘Wonderful! I thought, Here is the whole Gospel history: the sheep is lost; the father sends his son to seek for, and recover it; the son goes willingly, suffers all without complaining, and in the end sacrifices his life to find the sheep; and when recovered, he carries it home on his shoulders to the flock, and rejoices with his friends and neighbours over the sheep which was lost, but is found again.

“‘My prayer was answered; my way made plain; and by the grace of God I availed myself of this happy opening. I explained to this poor dying boy the whole plan of salvation, making all use of his own simple and affecting story. I read to him the four verses in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke’s Gospel, where the care of the shepherd for the stray sheep is so beautifully told, and he at once saw the likeness, and followed me with deep interest while I explained to him the meaning of the parable. The Lord mercifully opened not only his understanding, but his heart also to receive the things spoken. He himself was the lost sheep; Jesus Christ the good Shepherd who was sent by the Almighty Father to seek for him, and who left all the glories of that Father’s heavenly kingdom to come down to earth and search for him, and other lost ones like him; and as he, poor boy, had borne without murmuring the freezing snow storm and the piercing wind, so had the blessed Saviour endured the fierce contradiction of sinners against Himself, and the bitter scorn and insult heaped upon Him, without opening His mouth to

utter one word of complaint; and at the last had laid down His precious life that we might be rescued from destruction, and brought safe to our everlasting home. Neither will He trust His beloved ones, when rescued, to tread the perilous paths alone, but bears them on His shoulders rejoicing, safe to the heavenly fold. My poor sick lad seemed to drink it all in. He received it all; he understood it all. I never saw a clearer proof of the power of the Divine Spirit to apply the words of God.

"He lived but a few days. I had no time to read or expound to him any other portion of Scripture. At times we could hear nothing with the stifling, rending cough; at others he slumbered heavily for a little, but whenever he was able to think and listen, those four verses satisfied and cheered him. He accepted Christ as his Saviour. He died humbly, peacefully, almost exultingly, with the name of 'Jesus, my Saviour and my Shepherd!' the last upon his lips."



HE IS WILLING.

FAR out on the West coast of Scotland, sixty miles from the mainland, its shores washed by the wild billows of the North Atlantic ocean, lies the lonely island of St. Kilda.

In the cliffs which almost surround this sea-girt place, thousands of sea birds have built their nests where they can rear their young in safety, undisturbed by the footsteps of man.

Communication with the mainland can only be had at rare intervals, and the mail arrives only once a fortnight.

A missionary visiting this secluded spot some time ago, held a series of Gospel meetings for the simple islanders.

One day he met an old blind man, and spoke to him of the love of God; telling him that although his natural sight was gone, yet it would be well if the eyes of his understanding were opened to see Jesus who said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John viii. 12).

"I trust they are," he replied. "What then do you see?" asked the preacher, "I see," answered the dear old man, "that I am blind, that in myself I am a ruined sinner, but Christ is an almighty Saviour."

"But what if He is not willing to save you," said the missionary. "Willing," said he, "would He die for sinners if He were not willing to save them? No! no! sir." How strong and firm was the faith of this aged Christian! He reasoned that if Christ died for sinners, then of course He is willing to save. We read of a poor leper, in the gospel of Luke, who came to Jesus and said, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." He was sure the Lord was able to cleanse him, but he doubted His willingness to do so. Jesus answered, "I will: be thou clean."

Dear young reader, the Lord Jesus is willing to open your eyes and show you that you are lost and ruined—a guilty sinner before Him—and that He alone can save you.

Trust Him now for salvation, and then you will be able to say with the man we have been hearing about, "I was blind, a lost ruined sinner, but Jesus is an almighty Saviour, and He has saved me." Can you say that? W. D.

ISHMAEL—A BIBLE LESSON.

THERE was great rejoicing in the house of Abraham one day. A feast had been made, and many friends were present sharing Abraham's joy over Isaac, the child of promise which God had given him in his old age.

But there was one there who did not

Some mocked after they heard Paul speak of the resurrection of the dead; others said, "we will hear thee again," but we never read that they got another opportunity. You will also remember the terrible judgment which overtook the children who mocked at Elisha. There came forth two she-bears out of the wood and tare forty and two of them.



She saw a well of water.

participate in the happiness around him. "Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian mocking." Ishmael, proud of his position as the eldest son, did not enter into Abraham's joy, and instead of being in communion with his father, he got into the position of a "Mocker." It is a dangerous thing to mock either at the things of God or the people of God.

Ishmael, for his sin, was driven out of his father's house, and became a wanderer. You may not have sinned in the same way as he did, but if you have not trusted the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, you too are wandering, for "all we like sheep have'gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." Not only was Ishmael afar from his

father's house, but he was perishing of thirst, for the water was spent in the bottle, and his mother Hagar cast him under a shrub and went and sat down a good way off, for she said, "Let me not see the death of the child." And she sat over against him and wept. What a sorrowful picture—a perishing son and a weeping mother! How different now is Ishmael from the proud, mocking lad of the previous day! Repentant now, and deserted by all, he cried to God, and God in wonderful grace, heard and saved.

You may find a true picture of your own history in this Old Testament story.

YOU HAVE SINNED.

YOU HAVE WANDERED.

YOU HAVE THIRSTED.

But have you yet found out your lost state, and cried to God as Ishmael did?

When Ishmael repented of his sin, God pointed out a well of water which

Satisfied his thirst, and
Saved his life.

Jesus is the Saviour of sinners, and He gives to all who are athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. Those who drink of this world's pleasures thirst again: those who are saved by Jesus drink of the living water and never thirst again. As He said to the woman of Samaria, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Not only was Ishmael saved and satisfied, but we find that afterwards God was with him and cared for him; and if you come to Jesus now He will not only save and satisfy your present need, but make known to you the rich grace which will keep you every step of the way, and never leave you till you are brought safely home to the Father's House, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

M. L.

JOHN KNOX AND HIS TIMES.

THE faithful preaching and martyr death of George Wishart had not been in vain. The Gospel of the grace of God, so zealously proclaimed by that devoted evangelist, had produced a real and lasting revival among the common people, which was to have deep and far-reaching results. This had its effect in opening the way for more wide-spread instruction in divine truth; and those who were desirous of being thus taught, had soon the privilege of such teaching, for God, who of old sent Peter to Cornelius, was preparing the man He was about to use to further the cause of Christ in Scotland, at a time when wickedness seemed to come in like a flood. That man was John Knox. He had taken refuge, as we have seen, in the castle of St. Andrews, to be safe from the plots of Archbishop Hamilton, who had put a price upon his head, and when the castle fell before the combined efforts of the Regent's army and the French fleet, Knox, in direct violation of the terms of capitulation, had been shipped off to the galleys.

We can have little idea of all the suffering and misery entailed upon the wretched men who were sent to this worse than penal servitude, but the following description by a writer on the subject will enable us to realise something of what Knox endured during the space of nearly two years before he was released. "The galleys were long craft, rowed by forty or fifty oars a-piece. Able-bodied vagrants, convicts, and the worst off-scourings of France were swept into these floating prisons. The long, low undecked waist of the ship was packed full of rowers, five or six of them chained to each oar. The labour of rowing was terrible. From the great

length of the oars, the rowers had to rise to their feet at every stroke. They wrought stripped to the loins, and along the centre of the galley ran a gangway, on which the 'forcers' walked up and down with a long whip in hand which they mercilessly applied to the naked backs of the rowers, whenever they thought that any oar did not keep touch with the rest. In the hold there was a low dark room, entered by a scuttle about two feet square. This was the hospital; it was so low that the deck above was only *three feet* from the sick men's faces as they lay on the bare boards. The stench was so horrible in this dismal hole that slaves stricken with disease often chose to keep at their oar till they dropped and died rather than enter it."

Such was the place, and such were the masters under whom Knox acquired part of his education, but in the midst of it all we see his unflinching faith and trust in God, calmly waiting for the time when He would deliver him and send him forth into His service. Here he learned meekness in the endurance of wrong, self-control, patience, and also that resolute resistance to everything evil which comes out time after time in his after-life. He would tolerate no shams, neither in men nor things; what he insisted on was *reality*. One day a gorgeously painted lady, a figure of the Virgin Mary, was brought aboard to be kissed, but when presented to Knox, he gently said, "Trouble me not, such an idol is accursed, and I will not touch it." "Thou shalt handle it," said the officer, and violently thrust it into his face. Knox, seeing no other alternative, promptly used the opportunity and cast it into the sea, saying, "Let our lady save herself; she is light enough; let her swim."

The galley in which Knox was confined returned to Scotland in 1548 accompanied by the French fleet sent to repair the damages wrought by Protector Somerset at the Battle of Pinkie. Anchored off the Fife coast, a fellow-prisoner pointed out to him the steeple of St. Andrews, and asked him if he knew the place. Knox was worn down by fever and thought to be dying, but raising himself, he said, "Yea, I know it well, for I see the place where God first opened my mouth for His glory, and I am fully persuaded that I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall again glorify His holy name in the same place."

Knox was liberated in 1549, and went to England. Here he and others were employed by Cranmer, then in power, to go into the various districts where the Romish clergy were most opposed to the Reformation and preach the Gospel. Knox was appointed to Berwick. This work he entered into with much zeal and fervour, with a deep sense of the love of Christ to lost sinners, and of the grace of God in providing salvation without money and without price. He was not content with the district allotted to him, but travelled round the surrounding country as far as Newcastle, "in season and out of season preaching the Word."

In December 1553 we find him in London. King Edward had died in July. Lady Jane Grey, after a reign of ten days, had passed from the throne to the prison; from the prison to the block, and Mary Tudor is queen. Night is settling down upon England to be lighted only by lurid gleams from the stakes of the confessors and martyrs of Jesus Christ. Protestants were allowed till the 20th of December to "change their opinions," after that it was to be "turn

or burn." Knox knowing that the time was short, preached on. "I have no time to answer your letter," he wrote to a friend, "for I must preach every day as long as this poor, weak body will allow." At last at the urgent entreaties of his friends he returned from London and arrived at Dieppe in January 1554. The same year Mary of Guise was appointed Regent of Scotland.



For Little Folks.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

TOMMY'S father promised to get him a tree. So one day the carrier brought one in his van, such a glossy, smoothed-leaved holly, with large clusters of bright scarlet berries. By and by the holly tree was covered with many flags, reflectors, coloured glass balls, tiny wax candles, and boxes of sweets. Jumping jacks and all kinds of pretty toys dangled from its branches or reposed beneath its shadow. Visitors called to see and praise the tree. On a certain day quite a lot of little girls and boys were invited, and a bright time they spent dancing and laughing round the Christmas tree until they were tired. Then came the great event of the evening. A bag was passed round with slips of paper rolled up, on which the names of

the many pretty things were written, and what each drew he received. Of course, all laughed when Fred got a baby doll, and Annie a whistle, and when Mary got a whip and Harry a cradle; but all were highly pleased, and went merrily home, after bidding each other good-night. Next morning Tommy awoke very tired, and felt quite sad when he saw the room all in confusion—torn cracker papers, broken soldiers, and burnt Chinese lanterns. In a short time the glorious tree itself faded, the scarlet berries withered and fell off, and it had to be carried away in the dust cart. Nothing lasts in this world; the brightest and best fade and die. Few of that merry company are still alive, and those who remain are now very old. Dear young friends, do not set your hearts upon either play or pleasure, "for childhood and youth are vanity," which means they soon pass away; but think that your young life here is just a passing through to another long life beyond the grave to Heaven, where Jesus lives, where all is love, light, and song; or everlasting fire, where Satan and his angels are, where all is hatred and darkness and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Make very sure that you have the mighty Lord Himself for your Redeemer and Friend, and then you will be sure, whenever you leave this earth, of entering the soul's bright home, where all are washed from their scarlet sins in His most precious blood. There will you see the Tree of Life, which never fades, in the midst of the Paradise of God, whose fruit is life eternal, and whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations (Rev. ii. 7, Rev. xxii. 2, 14).

T. R. D.





The Robin

AN OBJECT LESSON.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast is one of the most popular of our song birds, and a great favourite with all our *Tiny Folks*. He is not so pert as the sparrow, but he is quite as bright and cheerful. Every English heart and home has a warm welcome for this little friend. Almost every thing about this sweet songster is attractive. His confiding nature, inquisitive look, happy song, beautiful plumage, useful life, and homely ways make him a bird loved by all.

Courage, patience, hope are some of the lessons this humble friend is sent to teach us. He seems to say, "Be busy. Be bright. Be brave, and all will be well. *Trust, sing, and wait*. The darkness will pass away and the summer will come again."

1.—THE ROBIN'S USEFULNESS
teaches us to **Be Busy**.

The life of the robin is a very active one. *Push, perseverance, progress* are some of the features of his wonderful life. He is a good gardener, busy builder, wise worker, and faithful protector; and without his useful service the gardener's efforts would almost fail. So the bright life of the robin is a constant object

lesson upon industry. His wholesome counsel is "*Be busy*," for this is one of the great secrets of a happy, useful life. Yes,

If you want to be **Healthy** - Be busy.

Prov. xiii. 4.

If you want to be **Holy** - - Be busy.

2 Peter. i. 5-8.

If you want to be **Happy** - - Be busy.

2 Peter iii. 14.

If you want to be **Honoured** - Be busy.

Prov. xxii. 29.

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord" (Rom. xii. 11) is the New Testament counsel, and the activity of the robin teaches us the same lesson.

2.—THE ROBIN'S CHEERFULNESS
teaches us to **Be Bright**.

The robin's song is a very cheerful one, full of tenderness, beauty, and sweetness, and although somewhat lost in the general chorus of the summer songsters, it is most welcome and cheering during winter months, when the voices of almost all other birds are silent. Let us, like the robin, praise the Lord. Count His mercies. Sing His praises. Tell of His goodness. Proclaim His greatness, and pass on the story of His love to others: the 145th Psalm will guide and help us to this cheerful service. Oh, the power of happy song! Numbers have been *saved, cheered, and comforted* in this dark world of sorrow by the gladness of song. Let us then be bright like the robin.

3.—THE ROBIN'S TRUSTFULNESS
teaches us to **Be Brave**.

The world is full of living teachers; the robin is one of the wisest of them. The lessons suggested by this faithful little teacher are many—confiding faith, patient hope, and abiding love (or con-

stant friendship). The robin is a remarkably confiding creature. He trusts us for his food when the stores of nature are closed against him by frost and snow ; he keeps hopeful and bright in the dark days of trial, and, like a faithful friend, he stays with us all the winter, when other birds leave us for a warmer clime. These virtues in the robin illustrate the powers of a really happy life Faith in God (Mark xi. 22), Hope in L: (Heb. vi. 19), Love in Labour (1 Th 3), Faithfulness in Friendship xviii. 24), and Diligence in T ii. 10).

spake that a great multitude believe
 "Speaking boldly in the Lord" (A

GLO

Apollos.

spake and
 Lord
 believe
 p^l



In-flow.

come unto M

Out-flow.

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 flow rivers o

Life-flow

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Spiritu

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Now there was in the Yoruba country, Western Africa, by a river-side, a wide expanse of land, and under one of the trees was a large cave, which was frequented by robbers; but for some time the robbers cleared off the neighbourhood. A poor black girl, who had thought of converting to the Christian religion,

heathen ornaments and charms with which her arms and feet were covered. "Do not mind them," answered Susannah, "they need not hinder you, nobody will observe them." And at last the Christian and the heathen went together to the meeting house.

How new it all was to the poor ignorant black! The attention, the reverent behaviour, the prayer to an unseen Being, the beautiful words of the preacher, astonished her greatly. But when the preacher began his sermon she listened in wonder and delight to the words of the Cross, the like of which she had never before heard. And as he went on to describe her ornaments; one after another she dropped them gently on the ground. She had ended not one when she thought she wanted of such a Saviour of whom she had never before heard and keep and live and keep and live and death?

Her regular attendant, and she was baptised. But there was a young girl named her *Omalu*, who she had owed a great deal of money, and she had no means of paying it. Her little girl in the neighbourhood soon found out her money and her joy was

that she had been baptised. She had only had a little money, but when she had seen the heathen

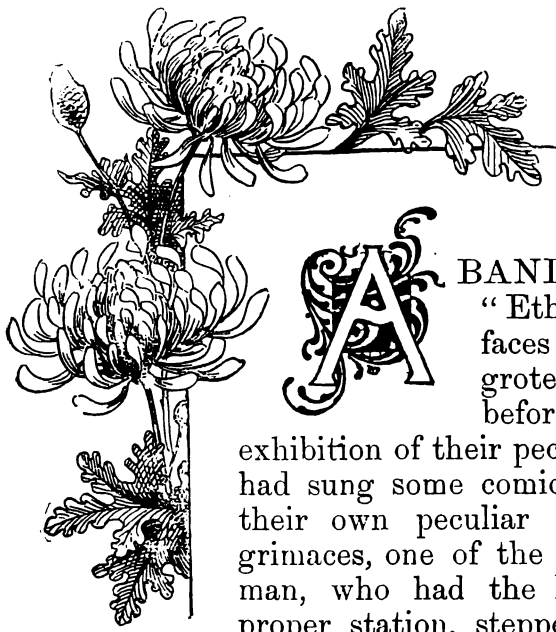
the people from black Africa, it is to the Lord





"Now, Jem, speak up! and earn your shilling like a man."

"That's You, Jem!"



A

BAND or "troupe" of young men, called "Ethiopian Serenaders," with hands and faces blackened, and dressed in very grotesque costumes, arranged themselves before a gentleman's door one day for an exhibition of their peculiar "performances." After they had sung some comic and some plaintive melodies, with their own peculiar accompaniments of gestures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall and interesting young man, who had the look of one who was beneath his proper station, stepped up to the door, tambourine in hand, to ask for a few "dropping pennies."

The gentleman, taking one of the Bibles out of his window, thus addressed the youth—

"See here, young man, I will give you a shilling, and this book besides, if you will read a portion of it among your comrades there, and in the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he chuckled out to his mates; "I'm going to give you a public reading."

The gentleman opened at the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and pointing to the eleventh verse, requested the young man to commence reading at that verse.

"Now, Jem, speak up!" said one of the party, "and earn your shilling like a man."

Jem took the book, and read—"And He said, A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader, as well as in the strangeness of the circumstances, that lulled all to silence; while an air of seriousness took possession of the youth, and still further commanded the rapt attention of the crowd.

He read on—"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

“That’s *you*, Jem!” ejaculated one of his comrades; “its just like what you told me of yourself and your father.”

The reader continued—“And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.”

“Why, that’s *you* again, Jem!” said the voice. “Go on.”

“And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.”

“That’s like us all!” said the voice, once more interrupting; “we’re all *beggars*; and might be better than we are. Go on, let’s hear what came of it.”

The young man read on, and as he read his voice trembled—“And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger? I will arise and go to my father.”

At this point he fairly broke down, and could read no more. All were impressed and moved. The whole reality of the past rose up to view; and in the clear story of the Gospel, a ray of hope dawned upon him for the future. His father,—his father’s house,—and his mother too; and the plenty, and the love ever bestowed upon him there; and the hired servants, all having enough; and then *himself*, his father’s *son*; and his present state, his companionships, his habits, his sins, his poverty, his outcast condition,—all these came climbing like an invading force of thoughts and reflections into the citadel of his mind, and fairly overcame him.”

That day,—that scene,—proved the turning-point of that young prodigal’s life. He sought the advice of the Christian friend who had thus providentially interposed for his deliverance. Communications were made to his parents, which resulted in the long-lost and dearly-loved child returning to the familiar earthly home; and, still better, in his return to his Heavenly Father!

“Yes, there is One who will not chide nor scoff,
But beckons us to homes of heavenly bliss;
Beholds the prodigal a long way off,
And flies to meet him with a Father’s kiss!”

And doubtless, there was joy in the high Heaven, and in the presence of the angels of God, over that poor prodigal, who through the sweet story of the Gospel, had found a heavenly as well as his earthly home.

He had been dead but alive again, and was lost and found. In that charming fifteenth of Luke the Lord "spake this parable," not three, but one, illustrating in three aspects the one purpose of God to save — Father, Son, and Spirit. The Father in the fondness of His heart and largeness of His love comes last—and eternal; they began at His command to be merry, and the music and the dancing goes on for ever. The Spirit is shown in the lighted lamp in the midst of the world's darkness, the woman is the type of the people of God through whom He works in seeking dead souls. The Son is seen in the shepherd, seeking until He finds that which was lost. Oh, who could doubt the love of God and the welcome of every sinner that repenteth? Have you repented yet?

JOHN KNOX AND THE QUEEN REGENT.

MARY of Guise was at heart a bigoted papist, yet she had won the affections of the protestant party by befriending them from the severity of Arran after his apostacy, and it was by this means she had succeeded in procuring his resignation.

Now that she was in power, she courted their influence by promising to support them against the clergy. Thus the policy of the Regent gave liberty to Christians to meet in private for the preaching of the Word and exhortation, though at heart she cared for none of these things. The bitter persecution in England under Queen Mary led many to flee into Scotland where they became a help to their brethren by their zeal for the truth and their desire to further the Gospel among the common people. But the favour of the Queen Regent had a very different effect on the Lords of the Congregation

(as the nobles who favoured the Reformation came to be called); they sought to please her by going to mass, and attending the outward services of the papists. This conduct brought out a strongly-worded warning from Knox. "Arme yourselves," said he, "to stand with Christ in this shorte batell: for avoyding ydolatrie your substance salbe spoillit: but for obeying ydolatrie heavenlie ryches shalbe lost: for avoyding of ydolatrie ye may fall into the handis of earthly tirantis, but obeye, man-teaneris, and consentaris to ydolatrie sall not eschape the handis of the liveing God. Hes not the maist part of the sanctis of God from the beginning entered into rest be torment and troubillis. Did God comforte theme and sall He despyse us, gif in fighting aganis iniquitie we follow thair footsteps? He will not."

But when the Regent found her power firmly established, she threw off the mask and gave them a rude awakening by summoning four of the protestant preachers to appear at Stirling and answer to a charge of heresy and rebellion.

The nobles remonstrated, and reminded Mary of her promises. She replied, like a true Jesuit, that "princes are not to be expected to keep their promises unless it suits their own convenience," and that she would "drive every preacher from Scotland, though they preached as soundly as St. Paul." Nevertheless, at this time she yielded, departed from the diet, and forbade the preachers to appear; but when the day arrived she ordered the summons to be called, and the prescribed to be outlawed for not appearing.

At this time Knox returned from the continent and arrived in Scotland in 1555. He was invited to Ayrshire, and preached every day wherever he found

an open door. But the Roman clergy hearing of his arrival, cited him to appear before them in the Blackfriar's Church at Edinburgh. Knox feared God too much to fear man, and set out to be present at the diet; but the priests were afraid to bring the matter to an issue.

Knox arrived, but found that his enemies had departed, and, finding no accusers, he quietly went up into the pulpit and preached the gospel to the multitude who were gathered together to see how the matter would end. For the following ten days in succession, he preached to large audiences from the same place. Next year we find him back in Geneva. In 1559 he finally returned to Scotland. The clergy immediately proclaimed him an outlaw and a rebel, and put a price upon his head, but the nobles protected him from their violence, and arranged a meeting at St. Andrews. Knox preached in the villages along the Fife coast by the way, and arrived in St. Andrews on the 9th of June. The Archbishop, hearing of the gathering of the nobles, dashed after them with two hundred horse; but, finding them stronger than he expected, fled again for his life, leaving a message for Knox "that if he dared to preach from his pulpit, a dozen bullets should light upon his nose." The nobles were intimidated, but Knox said, "As for the fear of danger that may come to me, let no man be anxious, for my life is in the hands of Him whose glory I seek. I desire the hand or weapon of no man to defend me; I only crave audience." Next Sunday he preached without interruption, and continued to do so for some days longer. In July we find him in Edinburgh, and, when the army of the nobles had to retire to Stirling before the combined forces of the Queen Regent and

the French auxiliaries, we find him with them, telling them in blunt, plain language that they had failed because they had forsaken the Lord and put their confidence in man. "When we were few in number we called upon God, but since our strength has increased there has been nothing heard but 'This lord will bring us so many hundred spears,' and 'If this earl be on our side, no man in that district will trouble.' Let us unfeignedly return unto the Lord, for it is the Eternal Truth of the Eternal God for which we contend, and it shall finally prevail, though it be resisted for a season." Next year help arrived from England. The French troops in Leith were forced to sue for terms of peace. A treaty was signed in Edinburgh whereby the foreign soldiers were withdrawn, and the Queen Regent, wearied out and heart-sick of the struggle, died in Edinburgh Castle on the 10th of June. Feeling the end to be near, she sent for Lord James Stuart and told him she was sorry for Scotland and for her own share in Scotland's sufferings, and asked forgiveness of all whom she had wronged. Lord James advised her to see the preacher Willocks. She did so, and listened to him with much attention, but afterwards sent for a popish priest and died a "good Catholic." Her bigotry was supreme,—a determined opposer of Christ; an oppressor and persecutor of His people, and a hater of His Word. She became the patron of a party whose members were unscrupulously wicked, whose actions were relentlessly cruel, whose system of fraud and falsehood was a disgrace to intelligent humanity. She lived to see her power broken, her hopes blasted, and her schemes defeated, and died in darkness and despair. Verily "the way of the wicked He turneth upside down." L. L.

Able and Willing to Save! or, The Loss of The White Ship.



EVERY sinner, whether young or old, needs a Saviour. Many do not know or will not acknowledge their need, and, alas! in refusing the Saviour are lost for ever. But every sinner needs a Saviour whether they know it or not.

Now God has provided
A Saviour for Sinners,

and this Saviour is both WILLING AND ABLE to save all who put their trust in Him. So that none need despair: if they feel their need they may freely come and find all they need in Jesus. It is not sufficient that the Saviour is willing to save: that alone would not do; He must be able to save as well. A well-known incident from history will illustrate this.

Henry I. of England, with his son William, the heir to the throne, had been spending some time in France, receiving the homage of the barons of Normandy, which was then a British possession. They were about to return to England when a celebrated sea-captain, Thomas Fitz-Stephen by name, came forward and begged the King to cross the channel in his vessel—"The White Ship."



WRECK OF THE WHITE SHIP.

The King had already chosen his vessel, so could not accompany Fitz-Stephen, but he allowed Prince William and his company to sail with him.

The King set sail, leaving the White Ship to follow later. Foolishly the Prince opened cask after cask of wine, and until midnight the sailors drank freely, while upon the deck of the vessel the Prince and his gay companions danced in the moonlight. When the vessel was ordered to start, amongst the fifty sailors who manned her there was not one sober.

At midnight they shot out of the harbour of Barfleur. The sea was smooth, all sails were set, and everything seemed to go merrily for a time; when suddenly

the splash of oars gave place to a terrible crash, and the stillness of the night was broken by an awful cry from three hundred lips. "The White Ship" had struck upon the rocks, a great rent had been made in her side, the waters were rushing in, and she was going down.

Fitz-Stephen hastily lowered the boat and forcing the Prince and a few nobles into it, he said, "Push off quickly, the land is not far off, the rest of us must die."

They plied the oars, and swiftly through the water they sped, leaving behind them the terror-stricken people on the sinking ship. They had not gone far, however, when the Prince heard the voice of his sister Marie calling bitterly for help. This was too much for him, for he loved his sister, and he cried, "Row back again at all costs; we must save my sister."

They rowed back to the side of the wreck, and William held out his arms to catch the Princess, but at that moment so many jumped into the boat that it was overturned, and at the same moment "The White Ship" went down.

One man only escaped to tell the story, and when the sad news reached the King he fainted away, and was never seen to smile again.

Here then we see that the Saviour's power must be equal to His willingness, or He will not suit us. Thank God,

The power of Jesus is as great as His love,

and both are put forth to save sinners.

Princess Marie cried out for help, and her cry of distress, borne across the waves, reached the heart of her brother. He hastened back to rescue her from death but could not do it, and lost his own life in the attempt. What a contrast is this to what we find in the gospel story.

The need of sinners brought Jesus down from Heaven. "This is a faithful

saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). He went down even to death that He might save the perishing. Mighty love moved His heart and led Him to leave the palaces of glory for the suffering, and shame, and blood of Calvary.

His down-coming proves His willingness to save.

But is Jesus able to save? Thank God, He is able; for He has been raised from the dead, and has gone back to Heaven again; and if His blessed down-coming proved His willingness to save, His going back again to Heaven in resurrection life proves His power.

"He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more."

During the Peninsular War, the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, by brilliant strategy administered a crushing defeat on Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's greatest generals. Soult abandoned all his stores and artillery, and made a headlong retreat towards the bridge of Amarate, but found that Wellesley had already secured that way of escape. His position was desperate; the British were hotly pursuing, and the destruction of his army seemed imminent. It was then that Soult heard that there was still a bridge—the Ponte Nova—by which he might escape the British, but this was held by the Portuguese. If his army was to be saved this bridge had to be secured; so, sending for Major Dulong, a brave officer, he explained to him the situation, and ordered him to take with him one hundred and twenty-five men and endeavour to capture the bridge. "If you are successful let me know immediately; if you fail you need not send, your silence will be enough." The

Marshal's order meant,—Do it, or die in the attempt. Dulong started on his desperate undertaking and succeeded, thereby opening a way of escape for Soult and his army.

Now had not the blessed Saviour succeeded in accomplishing redemption's work, He would have been for ever silent. No gladdening message of a way of salvation from eternal destruction would ever have reached the trembling sinner's ear. Had not Jesus come forth in resurrection we should have known that salvation was impossible. But He could not fail. He died but rose again; and

His resurrection proves beyond a doubt His power to save, and in resurrection He is not silent. He came forth to proclaim pardon and peace to all who will have it, and His voice of mercy sounding forth in the gospel tells of the way of salvation opened, and also of His power to save. You have read of how He came into the midst of His disciples in the upper room, and said, "PEACE UNTO YOU," showing them His hands and His feet. He was not silent. His wounds and His words spoke of love, and peace, and victory; and to-day He is just the same, and all who trust in Him receive the same peace and salvation.

Let Him, then, hear the cry of need from your heart, and you shall prove that He is both willing and able to save even you.—From *Historical Incidents* by J. T. M. See advertisement on cover.

A Solemn Fact.

There is a way for any sinner to KEEP out of Hell. There is no way to GET out of Hell.

Jesus says, "I am the Way." But the rich man in Hell was told that there was "a great gulf FIXED."

"ONCE."

"**D**ID you ever attend the theatre?" said a young man to a blue-eyed maiden, who hung on his arm as they promenaded the streets of New York, one mild evening in October. The girl's cheek crimsoned, as she answered the interrogatory in the negative, and added—

"My mother has taught me from childhood that it is wrong to attend such places."

"But your mother formed, perhaps, improper prejudices, from exaggerated accounts given by others; for I have often heard her say she never attended one in her life."

He spoke eloquently of the drama, comedy, and tragedy, and dwelt with pathos on the important lessons there to be learned of human nature.

"Go with me *once*," he said, "and judge for yourself."

Persuasion and curiosity triumphed over maternal precept and example, as she hesitatingly replied—

"I'll go but once."

She went, and in that theatre a charm came over her like that which the serpent sent forth from his dove-like eye. She went again and again, and from that house of mirth and laughter she was led to one from the portals of which she never returned.

Around a centre table, where an astral lamp was shedding its mild light, sat three girls, one holding in her hand a pack of cards. At the back of her chair stood a young man who for years had successfully resisted every effort made by his companions to induce him to learn the characters of cards.

"Come," said she, "we want one to make out our game. Play with us once, if you never play again."

Her eye, cheek, and lip conspired to form an eloquent battery, which sent forth its attack upon the fortress of good resolutions in which he had long stood secure, until it fell like the walls of an ancient city when jarred by the fearful battering-ram. He learned the cards and played. A few weeks afterward I was passing his door at a late hour, and a candle was shedding its dim light through the window. Since that time I have looked from my chamber nearly every hour of the night, from the close of day till early morn, and seen the light faintly struggling through the curtains that screened the inmates of that room from every eye save His who seeth alike in darkness and noonday. Gaming brought with it disease, and death came just as he numbered the half of his threescore years and ten. During his last hours I was sitting by his bedside, when he fixed on me a look I shall never forget, and bade me listen to his dying words—

“I might have been a different man from what I am; but it is now too late. I am convinced that there is a state of being beyond the grave; and when I think of the retribution which awaits me in another world, I feel a horror which language is inadequate to describe.” These were among the last words he ever uttered.

The junior class of a Southern college had assembled in a student's room to spend the night in riot and debauch. Amid the crowd was one who had never recited a bad lesson since his matriculation. In his studies he was “head and shoulders” above the class. That day he had failed. A shade of the deepest gloom came over him, and he was melancholy. But the wine and jest passed round while he felt like Lucifer in Eden,

where all was joy and gladness around him. Said a classmate—

“Come, Bob, quaff this bumper, and it will make you feel bright as a hermit's lamp.”

The tempter whispered in his ear, “Drink once, and forget the past.” A powerful struggle seemed to be going on in his mind for a moment; but at last he silently shook his head, and, retiring from the room, gave vent to a flood of tears. That boy never drank—not even once. He took the valedictory, and is now president of a college.

Once! Oh, on this slender point hath turned for weal or woe the destiny of a deathless spirit. Cæsar paused but once on the banks of the Rubicon; but it was a pause like that which nature makes when gathering her elements for the dread tornado. Eve ate the forbidden fruit but once, and her countless posterity have felt the fearful consequences resulting from so rash an act. Reader, remember ONCE.

“And as it is appointed unto men ONCE to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many.” He hath promised, saying, “Yet ONCE more will I shake not earth only, but also Heaven.

“Almost is Worth Nothing.”

THESE solemn words were spoken by a child of Spain named Paz or Peace. When young, she was brought to trust in Jesus to save her, and very earnestly she tried to tell others of Him. She used to read portions of the Bible and gospel tracts to her mother, who was very careless and unconcerned about her soul. More than once, after reading to her, and urging her to come and trust, as a poor, guilty sinner, to Christ alone to save her,

the child would say in reply to her mother, who would try to put her off, "Mamma, do not forget that 'Almost is worth nothing.' Woe to him who shall die almost believing; he is altogether lost." This poor woman gave very little evidence of being saved. As Paz was walking with her mother on a visit to her grandmother, on the road she became so suddenly ill that she had to be lifted home in a carriage, and thus she died. Poor little Paz, when she saw her dear mother gone she wished to go too. Are you ready to die? Are you washed in the Saviour's blood? Are you altogether a Christian? "*Almost is to be lost.*"

WHAT WILL YOU SAY THEN?

WHILE Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in America, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said:—

"I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely:—'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say, Yes. What will *you* say, sir?"

When he stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that, as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so: and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept, too; and when they separated, the words, "What will *you* say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till it brought him to the Saviour.



For Little Folks.

"HOW TO BE HAPPY."

"Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee,
O people saved by the Lord?"

WHAT a beautiful verse! I want you to see what it was that made these people so happy. It was because they were saved by the Lord. A dear little girl came into the Sunday-school at — one day. After asking her name, age, &c., the teacher said: "What Sunday-school do you come from?" "Oh," said the child, "from — Church." "And why did you leave it?" "Because they make me say I am a *miserable* sinner, and I am *not*," was the little girl's answer. This dear child was *happy* because she knew Jesus as *her* Saviour. David says, in Psalm xxxii., "Blessed (or happy) is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." Ah! that is the secret of true happiness. Are *your* sins covered, my young reader? or are you trying to cover them up, and vainly thinking that by doing your best you will after all be accepted by God? Speaking to a little boy (only nine years of age) a short time back, I tried to show him from God's Word that he was a sinner. At length he owned it, but after a moment's pause added, "But I have just got a card this Lent from the clergyman to collect money for the poor." How many besides children think that by their own

good work they can obtain God's "free gift." What a mistake to make! Jesus alone can save you, dear reader. Can you say, by God's grace, "Happy am I, saved by the Lord?"

FREDDIE AND THE SNOW.



FREDDIE was going to start on a long journey, to be away for a long while from his home and all his brothers and sisters. I thought I would have a talk with him, to see if he was afraid of anything happening to him on the journey. So I said to him, "Freddie, suppose an accident should occur, do you know where you would go if you were killed?"

He smiled and said, "Oh, yes."

Then I said, "Can you tell me where?"

What do you think he said?—

"To Heaven."

Well, this little boy said he was going to Heaven, so I said to him, "How do you know you would go there?"

Then he said, "Because Jesus washed my sins away in His blood."

Ah, Freddie knew the way to that beautiful place. What was it that Freddie knew? Why, he knew if he came to Jesus, and believed on Him, he would be saved, and so he had come.

Dear little children, will you come to Him now, this very minute?

It does not matter how small you are or how weak you are, you may come, for the dear Saviour Himself said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."



Teachers' Page.

TAKE THE LITTLE
LAMBS TO JESUS.

How often have those sweet words of Jesus been repeated in the hearing of Christian parents, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and *forbid them not!*" Is it not true that many Christian parents do *forbid* their little ones to come to Him, because they have so little faith to pray for their immediate conversion? The writer has a lovely group of little ones gathered around him every Lord's Day. Many of them are the children of Christian parents.

Surely the teacher ought to expect the sympathy and heart co-operation of these parents while he is labouring to bring these precious little lambs to the fold of the Good Shepherd. But he cannot repress the conviction, that in most cases parents are only expecting him to sow the good seed of the kingdom with the hope, and perhaps the confidence, that it will spring up after many days. And he is often fearful that his poor services sometimes lessen the amount of faithful effort that would otherwise be made by parents if they did not have the infant Sunday School teacher to share the responsibility. These things ought not so to be. The Church must have more faith in the conversion of little children. "According to your faith, so be it unto you," says the Saviour. Christian parents, you may be assured

that the influence of the Holy Spirit is now moving upon the hearts of very little children—your own little ones, perhaps, though you may be unconscious of it. Do not by your unbelief forbid them *now* to come to Jesus.



A WOUNDED HARE.

SOME gentlemen were out near Culloeden, not very far from Inverness.

They were chasing a hare, and enjoying that sort of sport: I do not admire it myself; I would not chase a hare for anything. When they were chasing the hare, and they were running this way and that way, it was doubling and turning heels overhead, and was bleeding, and was almost giving in to the pair of hounds, when it came to where a little cottage stood. The cottage was inhabited by my own grandfather, so that I know all about the story. The hare jumped in at the open window, and took refuge underneath a bed in the room. Well, the good old man went and shut the door and shut the window, and, when the gentlemen came up with the hounds, they demanded that the hare should be sent out to them that they might renew their sport. But the old man, the master of the house, was an independent sort of character, "No! no! the poor hare has sought hospitality at my hands, and hospitality she shall have," said the old highlander. And the gentlemen had to go their way; he would not deliver up the hare to them for sport.

Oh! if there is a little tenderness like that in a *man's* heart, what is the tenderness that dwells in the heart of *Jesus*? If you take refuge in His bosom, will He deliver you up to the care of the devil?

J. M.



PATMOS.

THE island of ancient Patmos, now named *Patino*, lies in the Ægean Sea, about thirty miles west from the coast of Asia Minor. The coast line is very irregular, having many bays and capes, so that its circumference is variously estimated from 15 to 28 miles. On account of its stern and desolate nature, the Romans made it a convict station, and to this place "the disciple whom Jesus loved," John the evangelist, was banished by the Emperor Domitian about A.D. 95 or 96. Tertullian, the historian, states that his banishment took place after he had been miraculously delivered, unhurt, from a vessel of flaming oil into which he had been cast. Patino contains a massive monastery, founded in the 12th century, dedicated to St. John, built by Alexis Commenes, containing 50 monks; and a natural grotto in the rock, in which tradition says John received the heavenly vision, and wrote to the seven churches in Asia. A small chapel has been built over it, decorated in the usual tawdry fashion of the Greek churches, with pictures, coloured lamps, and incense. The island has no trade, though the climate is delightful, and sheltered bays afford good anchorage. The population is about 2000. Only a small part is under tillage. All necessities are imported.



With a loud voice Anthony shouted, "I don't believe it."

“I Don't Believe It.”

ANTHONY H—— had been faithful to his country during a long service in the Marines. He had been all over the world, and had fought in many engagements, out of which he had come unscathed. Anthony was at the time of our acquaintance with him a pensioner, and had occupation as a night watchman. He had several hours during the day to himself, and much of his time was spent in skittle playing, and in drinking. He was so given over to the service of sin and Satan, that his wife, who herself was unconverted, became anxious as to what would become of him. If she could induce him to attend a religious meeting he might be reformed, she thought, and through her he was induced to attend some Gospel services. There the Spirit of God convicted him of his state as a lost sinner, and so wrought upon him, that both skittles and drink lost their charms, and his sin-burdened conscience almost drove him to despair; he saw no hope for himself—one of the worst of sinners—and felt that everlasting doom must be his end.

There was a late sergeant in the Royal Artillery living near Anthony, John Lawson, and he had learnt that there was no peace to be found out of Christ. Having passed through the dangers and temptations of a soldier's life, Lawson loved to labour amongst soldiers, and was the means in God's hands of leading many of them to the Lord. Hearing of Anthony's condition, he called on him, and sought to point him to the Saviour. Anthony could not read, so John read to him. The old marine listened intently as his friend read out these wonderful words, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Again Lawson read, “‘God so loved the world’”—and, looking at Anthony, said, “‘This includes you’”—“that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever’—and that means you amongst the rest—you, Anthony H—— ‘believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

Anthony was fairly astonished; he raised His brawny hand above his head, and brought it down on the table before him, saying at the same time, “I don't believe it.”

Without argument, Lawson read again, “‘God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever’—and that means

you—'believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,'” when again, with a loud voice, Anthony shouted, “I don't believe it,” as his strong fist came down once more with a crash upon the table.

A third time the words were repeated, but they seemed incredible to the old marine, who had never heard the story of God's love, and he exclaimed, with more warmth than ever, “I don't believe it.”

Lawson, who was wise to win souls, seemingly changed the subject, and said, “How long were you in the army?”

“Twenty-one years and fourteen days,” was Anthony's prompt reply.

At this the sergeant lifted his fist, and, bringing it down on the table, said, “I don't believe it.”

“Do you think I would tell you a lie?” returned Anthony, angrily. “It was twenty-one years and fourteen days.”

“I don't believe it,” returned Lawson, dryly.

“Wife,” cried Anthony, “bring me the parchment.” Lawson took the discharge from her hand, quietly asking the old marine if he had ever read it, and if he believed it. Anthony replied that others had read it to him, and that he believed what he had heard.

“How is it that you expect me,” said Lawson, “to place confidence in the word of man, while you yourself refuse to believe the Word of God?” and then again opening his Bible, he once more read the same golden text.

Anthony's eyes and heart were now opened, and he joyfully exclaimed, “I see it all! I believe it! I believe it! thank God.”

From that hour the words he had heard filled his soul with joy during his night watches—he became very anxious to read them for himself, and, instead of sleeping in the day, he would lie on his back, and learn to spell out John iii. 16. His wife bought him a spelling book, but he cast it aside, saying he would learn to read out of no book but the Bible, and John iii. 16 should be his first lesson. He at once began to preach to his wife, who through God's mercy received the blessed truth, and now their great joy is to read together, and to tell others of the reality of God's love, as told in their precious verse.

Friend, you may have read it many times. Do you believe it? w. r.



Willie,

AND

How He Loved Jesus.

WILLIE was a poor, sick boy, who had been a great sufferer for a long time. For more than two years he had lain on his bed, unable to move more than his head and his hands. A good, kind minister, whom we will call Mr. Norton, used to go very often to see him. One day he was talking to him and said, speaking of a boy in his Bible Class, "James loves his Saviour; do you, Willie?"

"Yes, sir," said Willie, "I think I do a little, but not as I ought."

After Mr. Norton had gone Willie was very unhappy, and cried. The next morning he was grave and thoughtful, but seemed happy. Willie grew very much worse, and every one thought him dying. He asked for Mr. Norton, but he was away from home, and was not expected back for a few days. At last he came, and great was Willie's joy at seeing him. He said to him, "Oh, sir, I have been wanting to see you so much. Every day I prayed to God to let me live till you came home, because I had something I wanted to tell you, and He has answered my prayer."

"What did you want to tell me?" asked the minister.

"Only this, sir, that I love Jesus now with all my heart, and He has made me so happy."

Thankful, indeed, must Mr. Norton have been as he heard these simple words from the sick boy, and when he left, it was, doubtless, with the thought that they were the last he should hear from

his lips on earth. But, greatly to the surprise of all, Willie became better for some months, then again he grew worse, and we saw that the end was near. He suffered great pain, but was always patient, and sometimes he would say, "Jesus helps me to bear it; He suffered so much more for me." Not long before he died, he said, "Don't fret, mother, I love you very dearly, but I love my Saviour best, and I am going to Him." Soon after saying these words Willie fell asleep in Jesus, aged fifteen years. Now, dear children, one word to you. Can you say, as dear Willie said, "I love Jesus with all my heart"? If so, you are indeed happy; if not, do now believe the Lord Jesus, and He will put His Holy Spirit into your hearts to teach you to love Him.

H. A. I. S. M.

The Emperor's Reproof.

It is related of Napoleon, that when Marshal Duroc, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very improbable story, giving his opinion that it was true, the Emperor quietly remarked: "There are some men who are capable of believing everything but the Bible." This remark finds abundant illustration in every age. There are men all about us, at the present day, who tell us they cannot believe the Bible; but their capacities for believing everything which opposes the Bible are enormous. The greediness with which they devour the most far-fetched stories—the flimsiest arguments—if they appear to militate against the word of God—is astonishing.



**"We're Saved!
We're Saved!"**
or,
**The Relief of
Lucknow.**

IN all English history there is no story more thrilling than one that comes to us as authentic in connection with the relief of Lucknow; and I must give it to you to illustrate your great danger if unsaved, and the pains that God has taken in order to save you.

You have all read of the Indian Mutiny, and of the terrible bloodshed that followed the rising of the Sepoys against their British officers in the year 1857. Revolting indeed were the deeds enacted during those terrible months; yet, amid all the treachery and slaughter, wonderful fortitude and bravery were displayed by the handful of English men and women. Some of them I doubt not, were sustained through their sufferings by the grace and love of the Lord Jesus Christ, for they knew Him as their Saviour.

It is a good thing to be a Christian, for Christians have a joy that worldly adversity cannot spoil, and a power from Jesus in Heaven to sustain them in every trial.

The Sepoys besieged Lucknow in the



HIGHLANDERS ENTERING LUCKNOW.

month of May; and until the end of September the siege lasted.

Awful were the sufferings of the little garrison and their wives and children. Famine and pestilence thinned their ranks from within, and the fierce foe threatened them from without. Help, long-looked for, was despaired of, and they almost gave up all hope of being saved. Forlorn indeed they must have been as day after day came and went, only to find and leave them again in greater danger than ever.

And do you know, dear young reader, that this is but a feeble illustration of your danger if you are still without

Christ. YOU ARE A SINNER. And your sins, like a host of foes, are against you, and will certainly bring about your eternal condemnation if they are not put away.

Then God's Word tells us that Satan goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. He is your enemy, and you need saving from his power.

You have sin within you. Eternity is ahead of you. The sins you have committed deserve God's righteous judgment. How great indeed is your danger! Oh! that you would wake up to it, and then you would look eagerly for salvation, as the little garrison in Lucknow did.

In this death-beleaguered city there was a corporal's wife, named Jessie Brown. Throughout the siege she had been in a constant fever, but at length she fell asleep on the stones of the street. Suddenly, with a wild scream, she awoke, and, after listening for a moment to some sound that had fallen upon her ear, she cried: "DINNA YE HEAR IT? DINNA YE HEAR IT? IT'S THE SLOGAN OF THE HIGHLANDERS. WE'RE SAVED! WE'RE SAVED?"

Those around her were perfectly bewildered. For a moment their faces brightened and they strained their ears to catch the welcome sound, but instead they only heard the cannons' roar, and they one and all sank into worse despair.

But Jessie Brown persisted that she really heard deliverance at hand. "Courage! courage!" she cried. "Hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them all. The Campbells are coming! D'ye hear? Will ye no' believe it noo? They'll come through fire and water, never fear."

"Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last,

Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the pipers' blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving,
Mingled woman's voice and man's:
God be praised! The March of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

There could be no doubt about it now. The weird shrillness of the Scottish bagpipes sounded above the booming of the guns and was heard by every ear.

Salvation was just at hand.

Through a veritable storm of bullets, Brigadier Havelock and his brave Highlanders forced their way, until, with a loud and ringing shout of triumph, they reached the streets of the city.

Touching it must have been to have seen the meeting between the delivered and the deliverers. Those Highlanders, with tears streaming down their rough cheeks, caught up the children in their arms and pressed them to their bosoms, while round them thronged the men and women of the garrison, eager to express their gratitude and to listen to the story of the amazing hardship they had passed through to save them. And do you think that those people would ever forget their deliverers? I think not!

Now let me tell you that One has come to save you. He came from Heaven to meet the foes and overcome them that He might deliver you. Jesus could not fail in what He came to accomplish. Jessie Brown had great faith in the Campbells when she cried, "Never fear." Yet they might have failed, but Jesus could not. His love was great, and His power was great as well, and His love led Him to endure the fire of wrath against sin, and to pass through the waters of judgment. *Truly Jesus went through fire and water that He might save sinners.* Now the news of salvation is brought to you—not of a salvation still to be accomplished, but of

a glorious work already finished. Boys, if you will trust in Jesus you shall be saved. Your many sins shall all be forgiven. Satan shall have no more power over you. Instead of going to Hell, Heaven shall be your home for ever.

And Jesus wants to press you to His heart of love, as those brave Highlanders embraced the delivered children of Lucknow. Oh! don't reject Him. Let Him save you. Think of all His wonderful love in coming down from Heaven, and, as you think of all this, put your confidence in Him. Then, like Jessie Brown, you will be able to say to those who have trusted Him too,—

**"Never Fear,
We're Saved! We're Saved!"**

J. T. M.



**For
Little
Folk**

LIZZIE.

LIZZIE L— was a child of four-and-a-half years old. An evangelist visited her native town of C—, Scotland, and set up his canvas tent on the town links. Lizzie spent much of her time on these links with her little playmates, and when the "good man's show," as she called it, came, they all attended the children's service in the tent.

There the thought of *Jesus' love to her* came with a power as great as it was new. No words were more often upon her lips now as, "Jesus loves Lizzie, mammy." In pure, childish joy she would, when, as

she thought, alone and unobserved, clap her little hands, and say to herself, "Jesus loves little Lizzie." Sometimes she would be overheard telling her little baby brother, as if he should understand and enter into her joy, "Yes, Willie, Jesus loves little Lizzie."

On the Lord's Day, seeing the people going to hear the Word of God, she went to her mother, eagerly asking that she might be dressed to go. None from that house had ever gone, but so earnestly did she press her mother to get her ready, that her mother promised when she got a new dress for her she would not only let her go, but would go with her.

Thinking over her lack of a new dress, and that such a thing should stand between her getting to a place where she could hear about *Jesus*, she said to her mother, "Well, mammy, father won't bring me a new dress, but *Jesus* is going to give me a dress."

"Did you tell her of these things?" we asked the mother some time after. "No, I did not," was the reply. "Who, then, spoke to her of them?" The mother did not know.

Wishing to know if the dear child knew anything of prayer, we asked, "Did Lizzie pray?" "Oh yes," was the reply, "and even when she was so very ill with the croup in her wee throat, I did not wish to remind her of her prayer, lest the effort to pray should hurt her, but she herself remembered it, and prayed so sweetly."

Art thou a believer? Then let the truth that thrilled Lizzie's heart be more heartily and fully received by thee.

Oh, what love! To have provided such a Saviour; and now He offers Him to thee with all that He is.

"Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

John Knox and Queen Mary.



THE man of God is called upon to stand for the truth, not only in the face of open opposition and persecution, but more so when Satan appears as an angel of light, when evil is called good, and when the love of

many is waxing cold. Then, indeed, is the faithful servant called upon to show that he is not ignorant of the doings of the enemy of souls, that, living by faith, he is ready to fight the good fight of faith, and witness a good confession for Christ Jesus. Under the regency of Mary of Guise, Knox had been persecuted, banished, outlawed, a price set upon his head, and assassins hired to slay him. Under the government of Mary Stuart, he had the grief of seeing many who walked uprightly in time of persecution turning aside in time of peace, to make servile courtiers, for worldly advancement, to a vain and dissembling woman. He, himself, by turns was threatened and fawned upon, publicly accused and privately slandered, but nevertheless, the great Reformer went steadfastly on, doing the work put into his hands, and ever seeking to advance the cause of Christ in Scotland.

Mary Stuart arrived in Scotland on the 19th of August 1561. She had been brought up in France—the most polluted court in Europe: a place where every

vice was cultivated, where every virtue was ridiculed, and for the brief period of eighteen months she had been partner of the throne. Her uncles, the Duke of Guise and Cardinal of Lorraine, had engaged her to devote herself heart and hand to the extirpation of the “new



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

opinions” with fire and sword, if need be; and with this purpose she came to Scotland. She refused to condescend to examine the subject of difference between papist and protestant. She scorned to hear the preachers, and so wilfully did

she shut her eyes to the truth that she would not even allow them to lay before her in writing the ground of their faith. But the protestant party was now in power, and she had to conceal her real designs until a time came more favourable for their execution.

Nevertheless, the people were captivated by the charms of their young queen, and the first night she slept in Holyrood she was awakened by a serenade under her windows—not very successful as music, and all the more distasteful to Mary because the people were singing psalms. Next Sunday she ordered mass to be said in her chapel, upon which Knox said “he was more afraid of one mass than of ten thousand armed enemies.” There was just cause for fear. In the Netherlands, multitudes had been put to death under Charles V. and his more wicked son Philip II. In France, the followers of Jesus were being persecuted by the Guises. In Spain, the martyr piles still continued to blaze, and in the sister kingdom of England they had newly gone out with the death of Mary Tudor. Knowing the knowledge of the truth to be the only safeguard from error, Knox continued to preach with increased energy twice every Sunday and three times during the week in the great building of St. Giles, which was crowded by interested listeners. From some of his writings which have come down to us, we learn that in his preaching he gave forth no uncertain sound. Heaven and Hell, salvation and judgment, justification by faith or condemnation through unbelief, were to him solemn realities. Death by sin, and life by Christ alone, were the cardinal points of his doctrine. No mere set of opinions, whether protestant or otherwise, were sufficient. There must be regeneration

through the work of the Spirit, producing new life in the soul, and from this new life Knox looked for new *conduct*—the “fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God.” Knox had settled in Edinburgh in 1560, and the house he inhabited may still be seen in the High Street. Over the west front is the inscription, “Lufe God above al and your nighbour as yourself.” A stair leads up from the street to the audience hall, in which is a window, called the “preaching window,” because from it Knox was in the habit of addressing the people assembled in the street below. Underneath this window are the words, “DEUS ΘΕΟΣ GOD.”

Mary having set her mind upon subduing Knox and bending him to her will, summoned him to the palace. In one of their many interviews, after a long conference, she charged him with teaching the people a different religion from that allowed by their princes. He replied that true religion derived its origin from the eternal God, and that if subjects were bound to frame their religion according to the will of their rulers, the Hebrews would have been of the same religion as Pharaoh.

The papists feared that Knox’s appeals would shake the Queen’s constancy; the protestants hoped she would be won over to attend the preaching at least, but Knox thought differently. He says, “Her whole proceedings declare that the Cardinal’s lessons are so deeply printed in her heart that the substance and the quality are like to perish together.”

The news of the massacre of Vassy, which took place in France at this time, brought much joy to the papists. One Sunday morning the Duke of Guise had surrounded their meeting house, where about 1200 Huguenots—as the French

Christians were called—were gathered together, and the troops bursting open the doors, with cries of “Kill, kill,” the work of butchery began. When it was over the soldiers gathered together the Bibles and hymn books and burned them. About eighty persons—men, women, and children—were slain, and several hundreds wounded. When tidings of this exploit of her uncle reached Scotland, Mary gave a grand ball in the palace, and this unseemly mirth called forth the stern rebuke of Knox, who said that “princes were more exercised in dancing and music than in hearing or reading the Word of God; and that they delighted more in fiddlers and flatterers than in the company of wise men, capable of giving them wholesome counsel.” As to dancing, he said it was “a gesture more becoming to mad, than to sober men, and that those who danced for joy at the misfortunes of God’s people would soon have their mirth converted into mourning.” Next day he was summoned to the palace, ushered into the royal chamber where the Queen sat with her ladies and counsellors, and accused of having spoken irreverently of Her Majesty. Knox bluntly told her that if she refused to hear the preacher herself, she must depend on the false reports of flatterers, but that for her benefit he would repeat the substance of what he had said. Thereupon she was compelled for once to listen to a sermon, though much against her will. Mary could find nothing faulty in his discourse, and was reluctantly compelled to let the bold preacher go free.

We next find Knox in the West, visiting with untiring energy the different Churches, and seeking to confirm the Christians in the faith of Christ.



Teachers' Page.

WHO ARE THE WISE-HEARTED?

“He that winneth souls is wise” (Prov. xi. 30).

How often this answer is heard when a Christian is asked to take a class in the Sunday School—“Well, really, I do not think I am fitted for the work.” When we hear this, our thoughts always go back to the making of the tabernacle. Of course it is quite true that there was then as there is now, specially gifted servants of God. “And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See, I have called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship . . . and I, behold, I have given with him Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan: and in the hearts of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee” (Exod. xxxi. 1, 2, 3, 6). But besides those who got a special commission, there are mentioned “the wise-hearted.” Who are they? Chapter xxxvi. 2 gives us the answer: “And

Moses called Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whose heart the Lord had put wisdom, *even every one whose heart stirred him up to come unto the work to do it.*" Not one of these servants had wisdom of his own to fit him for the Lord's work, but not one was denied it, whose heart stirred him up. And what will lead to heart-stirring? 1st—Drinking into the love of Christ. "The love of Christ constraineth us" (2 Cor. v. 14); and 2nd—divinely given thoughts as to what it is for souls to perish. May our hearts and many more be stirred up to come unto the work to do it. And may we not only do the work, but do it according to God. The Lord was very jealous that the work should be done in His way. Once and again He said to Moses, in substance, "See that thou make all after the pattern which was showed thee in the mount." The pattern can only be got in the mount. "The Lord's presence." What is very sweet to see about these workmen—they went on with their work *until it was finished*; and then, "Moses did look upon all the work, and, behold, they had done it as the Lord had commanded, even so had they done it: *and Moses blessed them*" (Exod. xxxix. 43).

A. C.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

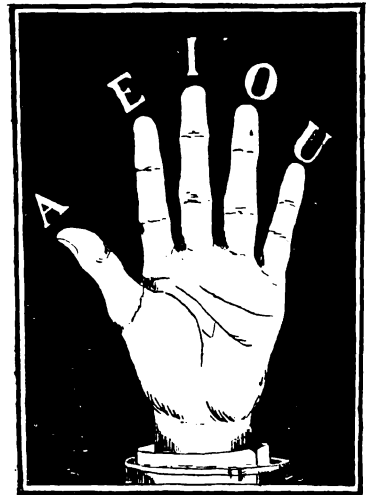
John v. 37.

AN ACROSTIC.

- | | | |
|---|----------|---------------------|
| S | olemnly | 2 Cor. iv. 2. |
| E | arnestly | Josh. i. 8. |
| A | nxiouly | 2 Kings xxii. 8-13. |
| R | egularly | Acts xvii. 11. |
| C | arefully | 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17. |
| H | umbly | Jas. i. 21, 22. |

Vowel Invitations.

TO-DAY I propose to give you a Vowel Lesson, and the subject will be the glad one of "Invitations." It is a happy thing to invite to a party, a treat, or a magic lantern exhibition, and happier still to *accept the invitation*, which, having once been a little chap, I remember something about. I was invited by letter, and accepted the invitation. I believed, I went, I was rewarded. Now, I wish you to hear and obey God's invitations, and you will have the reward



of Eternal Life. The first vowel letter is A, and the invitation runs:

"**Acquaint now thyself with Him**" (Job xxii. 21). This means to get to know the Lord. It is said of little Samuel that, though he was a very well-trained lad and in a holy position, up till the time God spoke to him, "Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord" (1 Sam. iii. 7). Nor could he, until he had met with Him and been called by Him. Do you know the Lord? What will be

the result of knowing Him? "Be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee." But to go on to the second invitation, beginning with E. It is a hearty welcome to every one of us:

"Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness" (Isa. lv. 2). A rich feast indeed for a hungry soul. Abundance for the poor in spirit is found in Jesus. He is the Fulness, the Bread of God, the Satisfaction. Salvation, rest, joy, and eternal life are found in Him. "Eat, O friends." If ye eat not ye must die. If you lacked food for many hours, oh how gladly you would receive and eat the plainest fare. Our brave soldiers in Africa have for many hours been oftentimes without food, and how they welcome whatever comes. I know one who received a cake of gingerbread sent by kind friends to him in the trenches at Ladysmith. He cut it into six pieces, one for each comrade, and it was a treat. May God make you hunger for the bread of life. Next starts with I:

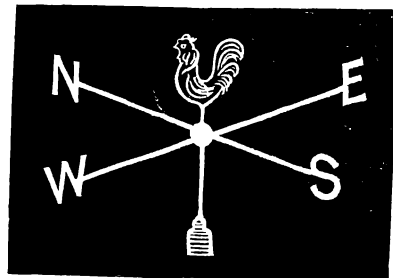
"Incline your ear and come unto Me" (Isa. lv. 3). It is so sad to notice how the ear is turned away whenever Christ is spoken of, or the danger of remaining unsaved; but talk to people of the war, the elections, the weather, or the latest scandal, and the ear pricks up and all is attention. The sweet voice of Grace calls, "Come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live." Many have "come," and "live" and praise the Lord. I heard a soldier tell of his conversion to God forty years ago in the island of Vido. He has a lively remembrance of it still, and praises God. If you have ever been converted *you will know it*; if not, then obey the next invitation:

"O taste and see that the Lord is good" (Ps. xxxiv. 8). Some can talk

about the Lord, but that is not enough. You must *experience for yourself*. A fine seedcake is on the table; a piece is offered to you, but you must taste it to prove it. Then you can recommend it to others. A little chap was given a lump of sugar. He crunched it up, and cried with sparkling eyes, "Pine." It was among the first words he had uttered, and he meant it for "Fine." It is "fine" to be saved by grace, and enjoy Jesus and His love. "O taste and see" for yourself, and you will realise that "the Lord is good." I will end my address, not by an invitation, but by a precious declaration commencing with the vowel U, and though on my little finger it is not a little truth:

"Unto you, O men, I call, and My voice is to the sons of man" (Prov. viii. 4), for "to you is the word of this salvation sent." May it be a message of God unto thee, for it is all wrapped up in Christ Jesus the Lord. Oh, believe in Him and confess His worthy Name. By believing in Him as your own personal Saviour and dedicating yourself to His noble and worthy service, your days will be full of Heaven's sunshine and your path that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

T. R. D.



Where in the Bible is the North, South, East, and West wind mentioned?

Unheeded Warnings.

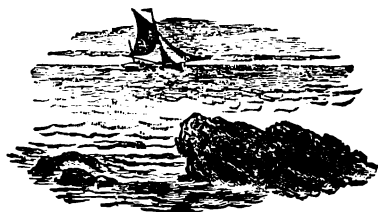


“Went on it—went through it, and was drowned.”

UNHEEDED WARNINGS.



IBLE History tells of a wise old king who had been warned of an ambush which had been laid for him by his enemies, and we read that "he sent and saved himself there not once nor twice." But



there are a great many people who think they are too wise to be warned, and they often pay very dearly for rejecting sound advice.

In sailing once through the Orkney Islands we noticed at the entrance to each harbour a number of buoys, or floats, and saw that the captain was very careful to steer just as these danger signals directed. Had he neglected to do so, he would have run his vessel upon the sunken rocks which were there though we did not see them.

Now God in His Word has laid down a number of signals for young people, to warn them to shun the danger, and to direct them in the safe path. One of these we find in Eccl. xii. 1, "Remember now thy Creator *in the days of thy youth*, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." God has revealed Himself to us now not only as our Creator, but as a Saviour God, and the Lord Jesus invites you to come to Him while young. As I write I have specially before my mind those of you, my readers, who are fast ceasing to be children—whom the ceaseless flight of time is fast carrying on to manhood and maidenhood, and I wish to ask you earnestly and faithfully—**Are you saved? Are your sins forgiven?** Have you trusted Jesus? Are you living for Him, or for the world? These are important questions, for your eternal destiny is at stake. It is not enough to say, "I have Christian parents and been brought up in a religious way." Have you been converted? "Except ye be born again ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." Many lives have been lost because of warnings unheeded. I remember of a schoolboy who went off with his companions to a skating pond. A part of the ice was thin, but neglecting the warning voice of others he went on it—went through it, and was drowned. You, my reader, if unsaved, stand as it were upon thin ice. If the frail cord of life were to snap you would be plunged into a lost eternity. How sad is the loss of a life, but

How solemn is the loss of a soul!



Fishing Boats in a Storm.

Some months ago from a fishing village in the north twenty-two fishermen were drowned. How did it happen, you say? The morning was fine, but the barometer was low, and indicated a coming storm. Some of these weather-wise old fishermen, however, thought that they knew better, and put off to sea. Others followed their example. Suddenly the winter storm descended, lashing the ocean into a whirlpool of raging waters, and their frail boats could only flee before it. Four boats and all hands were overwhelmed by the fury of the gale. The hours of Saturday crept slowly by and darkness settled down over the stricken community. Anxiety had given place to grief. In most cases hope deferred had made the heart sick. On Sunday morning all eyes were turned to the horizon, as a solitary sail was seen slowly crossing the Sherrie Firth, and fishermen and friends crowded down to the pier intensely anxious to hear news of loved ones. Alas! all the incoming boat could show were six caps picked up on the beach of the small island on which they themselves had been cast ashore.

You can imagine how eagerly the fisher folks scanned these sad relics to see if by them they could ascertain the fate of those who had left them but two short days ago. You may also try to picture the grief of poor Maggie N—— when she realised that in one terrible night she had lost a newly wedded husband, four kind brothers, and her father; all of whom had sailed away in the same boat. How very, very desolate poor Maggie felt no words of mine can ever describe; but again I say, my

dear young reader, how much more solemn it will be if you **set out upon the voyage of life without Jesus, and lose your soul.**

The barometer said, in effect, "Because there is a storm coming—Beware!" God says, "Because there is wrath—Beware!" But at the present moment there is grace—grace for every guilty one. Neglect not so great salvation.

I read once of a man who was stationed to open and close a railway swing bridge across a river. A vessel coming up stream asked the keeper to open the bridge. "The express is due in half an hour, and my instructions are, not to open till it has passed," said he. However the captain was in haste and he bribed that bridge-keeper, and told him there was plenty of time. The man yielded; the bridge was opened, but the tide was against the vessel, and she took longer to pass than he expected.

The keeper was in an agony of suspense. At last she was clear, but, to his alarm, the whistle of the fast approaching train sounded upon his ears. He seized the levers and strained till the muscles of his arms stood out like knotted cords. His utmost efforts were in vain. The machinery moved but slowly. On came the express, and with one wild plunge into space the flying engine left the metals and crashed with its living freight into the river. The scene never faded from the memory of the faithless bridge-keeper. He became a maniac, and the only words he ever uttered during the remainder of his life were, "If I only had"—

May we complete the sentence. If he had not listened to the voice of the tempter these lives would have been saved. But many listen to the tempter who says, "There is plenty of time," and by so doing lose their precious souls.

We might gather together from the page of history many unheeded warnings, but, dear young reader, let not this warning be unheeded by you—

Do not set out upon the voyage of life without the Lord Jesus as your guide.

Do not be content to live another day without the knowledge of sins forgiven, and peace with God. Do not spend another moment in the service of sin.

Time is gliding swiftly by,
Death and judgment draweth nigh,
To the arms of Jesus fly,
Be in time.

Oh! I pray you count the cost,
Ere the fatal line be crossed,
And your soul for ever lost,
Be in time.

L. L.

LOVING HINTS ❁ ❁

FOR BOYS. ❁ ❁

Seven classes of company to be avoided.

1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Lord's Day or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane and filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who are of a cruel disposition; who take pleasure in sporting with and maiming animals and insects, and robbing birds of their young.



JOHN KNOX BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

IN 1566 France and Spain concluded a peace with the object of "rooting out the new heresy." Just as Herod and Pilate were made friends together over the condemnation of the Lord Jesus, so Catharine de Medici—one of the most wicked women that ever lived—patched up a peace with the cruel, vindictive, and bigoted Philip of Spain, who was responsible for the unjust murder of nearly 100,000 of his subjects—the followers of Christ—in the Netherlands. The object of this agreement was that they might use their joint powers against the protestants, and exterminate every man, woman, and child who refused to worship the Roman idol. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, six years afterwards, was the outcome of this atrocious compact, when a beginning was made in Paris with the slaughter of Admiral Coligny and the principal leaders, who had been decoyed to the city by fair words and false promises of security, made, only to be broken. The work of death proceeded through the provinces till over 50,000 of the best citizens of France had been destroyed; their only crime being that they dared to differ from the teaching of Rome and sought to worship God in sincerity and truth.

Influenced by her uncles, the Guises, Mary readily became a partner to the scheme. The intentions of the papists were to reduce Scotland to obedience to the pope; next, to depose Elizabeth and seat Mary on the throne of England instead. The dagger of the assassin and the art of the poisoner were considered legitimate weapons, and the pope promised "pardon for all his sins" to the man who should succeed in assassinating

Elizabeth. But all those deep-laid plots came to nought, and the misguided Scottish Queen, in place of sitting upon an English throne, laid her head upon an English block, and her better qualities were lost sight of in the vices which she allowed to govern her life and conduct.

Meanwhile, she temporised. Smiles, caresses, and hypocritical promises were the weapons she used, until the majority of the nobles should be won over. With these weapons Mary was an adept. She made a show of favouring the Reformed party till the plot was ripe for the stake and the faggot, and her arts were largely successful. Many zealous professors grew cold to the cause of Christ in proportion as they courted Mary's favour; and the more they reverted from Christ, the more they grew in the queen's good graces. But there was one man who would neither be won by flattery nor silenced by threats. That man was Knox, and Mary having already measured herself against him, and found that neither her tears nor her frowns had the slightest effect upon his massive sense of righteousness, and that, to win her smile or escape her anger, he would not deviate one hair-breadth from the straight line of what he considered duty, she determined to bring him to the block. Events which took place shortly afterwards placed her enemy in her power. In 1563 she had taken a journey to Stirling, and while the queen was away, mass was openly celebrated at Holyrood, and some of the turbulent spirits among the protestants, offended at these proceedings, burst into the chapel and asked the priest how he dared to be so *malapert* in the queen's absence. Mary, when she heard of this, was indignant, and ordered two of the protestants to be brought to trial. Fearing this was only a beginning to measures

still more hostile, some of the nobles induced Knox to write to the principal gentlemen interested in the case, to be present at the trial. Knox did so, and one of the circular letters came into the hands of the queen. This she laid before the Privy Council, who, to her great delight, pronounced it treasonable. Knox himself was now brought to trial, and great was the anxiety on the part of the people as to the result. The queen took her place at the head of the counsel with much dignity, but seeing Knox standing uncovered at the foot of the table, she forgot herself and burst into loud and unbecoming laughter. "That man," said she, "has made me weep, and shed never a tear himself; now I will see if I can make him weep." But Knox, however, was made of sterner stuff. The proceedings began, and Knox was asked if he was sorry for what he had done. He replied that before he could be sorry he must first be taught his offence. "You shall not escape me," said the queen; "is it not treason to accuse a prince of cruelty?" "Is it lawful, madam, for me to answer for myself, or shall I be condemned unheard?" "Say what you can, for I think you will have enough to do," said the queen exultingly. "I desire then," said Knox, "of your grace and of this honourable audience, whether you do not know that the obstinate papists are deadly enemies of all such as profess the gospel of Jesus Christ, and that they most earnestly desire the extermination of them, and of the true doctrine taught in this realm." The queen was silent; her conscience told her that the words of the fearless confessor were true, but the lords answered with one voice, "God forbid that ever the lives of the faithful stood in the power of the papists, for sad experience

has taught us what cruelty lies in their hearts." Knox proceeded and told the queen that the papists who had her ear were dangerous counsellors, and such her mother had found them to be before her. "But," said he, "cast up the acts of your parliament; I have offended nothing against them, but I affirm that those who have inflamed your grace against the protestants are the children of the devil, and therefore must obey the desire of their father who was a liar and a manslayer from the beginning." This plainness of speech the queen and counsel were not in the habit of hearing. They liked not this rugged man's rugged way of calling things by their right names, and the chancellor interrupting, informed him that he was not in the pulpit. "I am in the place where conscience demands me to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I speak; impugn it whoso list," was his reply. After some further discussion he was told he might return home. "I thank God and the queen's majesty," said he, and withdrew. The votes were then taken as to his conduct, and he was pronounced *Not Guilty* by a large majority. Secretary Maitland was enraged, for he had assured the queen of his condemnation, and Mary was mortified and displeased at his acquittal, and "That nicht," says Knox, "was nyther dancing nor fiddeling in the court, for madam was disappointed of her purpose, quhilk was to have Johnne Knox to her will by vote of her nobility." L. L.

I am going to be like Christ in glory. Let me be as much like Him now as possible. He appears in the presence of God for us, and we are in the presence of the world for Him.

TEN MINUTES TOO LATE;

OR,

HOW THE PRINCE IMPERIAL LOST HIS LIFE.

STANDING amid the tall Tambookie grass, near a dry water-course in South Africa, was a small party of British soldiers; they were chatting together all unconscious of danger, when they were suddenly startled by wild yells and the crash of rifles. More than forty swarthy and blood-thirsty savages rushed upon them from the donga near; the soldiers escaped, but the commander—a brave young officer of kindly bearing—fell a victim, pierced by sixteen spear wounds.

This young officer was the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III of France. He had one great fault, and this fault cost him his life. We are told that when he was quite a boy he would plead for ten minutes' delay in almost everything, so that the Empress Eugene, his mother, used to call him, "MONSIEUR TEN MINUTES." He would want to lie in bed ten minutes longer when it was time to rise, and want to sit up ten minutes after his usual bedtime, and sometimes when too sleepy to speak he would hold up his ten fingers as representing the ten minutes' delay which he desired.

As the young Prince grew older this habit grew with him; he was known constantly to plead for "JUST TEN MINUTES MORE," little thinking how terrible an end this would bring him to in after years.

I do not know how the brave

Prince treated the matters which concerned his soul's eternal welfare, but I do know that some of my young readers are treating these matters as though they were not very important, and when pressed to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, they often plead a little delay, forgetting that **THAT LITTLE DELAY MAY ROB THEM OF HEAVEN FOR EVER.**

In the year 1879 war broke out be-



FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

tween England and Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, and the Prince Imperial went out with the British army to fight these fierce blacks. On the 1st of June of that year he was ordered off with seven soldiers under his command to find a camping-ground for the army. Having found a suitable place, and finished their work, they were ready for starting back to the camp, when a friendly native announced that he had seen a Zulu near the place. On hearing this the Prince

proposed that they should "let their horses graze just ten minutes longer," and then start back again. That ten minutes proved fatal to him.

The Zulus had been stealthily approaching the little party along the water-course, hidden from view by the tall grass, and now with yells of fury they rushed upon them. The Prince's horse took fright and galloped off, and he—left alone to face those fierce savages—was soon slain.

Let us learn a lesson from his sad end. I expect that some of you will be inclined to say that it was very foolish to delay so needlessly in the midst of so much danger; but to delay your soul's salvation is far greater folly; the Prince's bravery and prowess might have saved him from an untimely death, even when beset with foes, but nothing can save you from eternal woe if you neglect God's great salvation.

ETERNITY IS BEFORE YOU,

and, though young and strong, you may die very soon, and if you die without Christ you will be shut out of Heaven. What a terrible thing it must be to be eternally lost, banished from God's presence, to bear for ever His justly merited judgment. Oh! don't delay longer, lest you should be just too late to escape.

If the Prince had not delayed most likely he would not have perished, but there is no doubt at all in your case, my dear reader, if you delay not, but come now to the Saviour, **YOU SHALL NOT PERISH**, but be eternally saved. A way of salvation has been made, and though you are a sinner we can say to you, Jesus will receive you.

Jesus came from Heaven to die, that sinners both young and old might be saved. "This is a faithful saying, and

worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). Now because of what Jesus has done, the door of mercy stands wide open, and God invites poor sinners to come to Christ for salvation. There is no other way to Heaven, no other means of salvation. If you trust Him now you will be saved, but ten minutes' delay may put this wonderful blessing beyond your reach for ever.

THE LORD IS COMING!

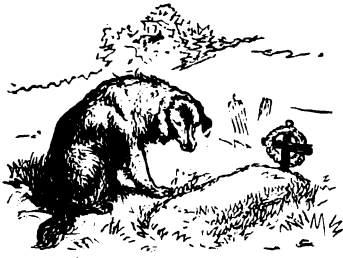
Coming to take His ransomed ones home to glory, where fulness of joy and eternal pleasures will be theirs. Every one who has trusted Him will be taken then, but if you have rejected the Saviour or merely neglected this salvation, you will be left behind, shut outside, and for ever lost. "When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us: and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are . . . DEPART FROM ME" (Luke xiii. 25-27), then you will be **TOO LATE** for every joy and for every blessing; **THE DOOR SHUT** and you outside for ever. Oh! trust in Jesus now, and be saved, lest this come upon you. J. T. M.

AN ANALYSIS OF MOTIVE.

Some go to Church to take a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go there their time to spend,
Some go there to meet a lover,
Some go there a fault to cover,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod—
The wise go there to worship GOD.

THE DOG.

AN OBJECT LESSON.



THE tamed dog, to which we are all accustomed, is a general favourite, both from his fidelity and love to please, and it is difficult to connect him with his brethren the wolf, the jackal, and the fox. He, however, has the same nature as they—furious and flesh-devouring, resentful and unclean. He has an evil nature, like man, but is very susceptible to kindness, and when won is a true friend. Instances are many in which the dog has saved his master's life, and pined to death over his grave. Several British regiments have favourite dogs, and the soldiers sometimes honour them by special burial. An interesting graveyard of dogs can be seen in the battlement of Edinburgh Castle, with their names carved on stones. Man soon found out how useful and necessary the dog was to him, as skilful in hunting, brave in watching, and affectionate at home. With only two exceptions, however, is the tamed dog alluded to in the Bible. Job talks of "the dogs of my flock," with whom he would not rank a low class of men, showing that in that remote age they served for watching as collies do in other lands. And in Mark vii. the little dogs under the table eat the children's crumbs," showing their place in the house. So much did some masters love

their dogs, that they brought crumbs from feasts to their dogs and fed them by their own hands. Poor Lazarus in the parable would have shared these crumbs, while the kindly dogs licked his ulcers. The dog has a wonderful curative virtue in its saliva, which very ancient writers refer to. In general, however, the dog in its wild state is referred to in Scripture, and was to be reckoned *unclean*. The Egyptians worshipped the dog under the name of Anubis, and its very carcase was embalmed; and the Lord's condemnation of this habit can be seen in Deut. xxiii. 18. In most eastern cities often great numbers of wild dogs or jackals are found, who, however, act as the scavengers in eating up all impure refuse, and hence are an untold benefit to society. So valued are they that a person killing one is fined a *piastre*. In Africa the jackals and hyenas eat up all the dead bodies. The savages habitually leave those they execute to lie where they fall, and the ravenous dogs eat them, grinding with their strong teeth the very bones. The blood of innocent Naboth, and the impious Ahab and his guilty Jezebel were alike lapped up by the dogs, who even eat the flesh and bones (2 Kings ix. 38). To call a person a dog was a great insult, and yet so much were domesticated dogs in favour in Arabia that their name was given to sons and daughters, being *Celb* and *Celba*, both derived from the *Heb*



root *Kaleb*. A prince of Judah was called *Caleb*, and one of King David's sons *Chileab* (2 Sam. iii. 3). In the New Testament the metaphor "dogs" is applied to false teachers (Phil. iii.), who were like the wolves in sheep's clothing Jesus warned about. And in Rev. xxii. 15, "But without are dogs, . . . and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Here it is an evident allusion to the jackals who prowled outside the eastern city walls. It presents an awful contrast to those "who have right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city." "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God." There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, working abomination or a lie, but they which are enrolled in the Lamb's book of life. Dear young readers, will you be there? Only those can enter who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. vii. 14, i. 5, 6).

T. R. D.

SWEET INCENSE.

THE tabernacle of old had beautiful curtains, and all inside the holy place was made of gold. There was a golden ark, a golden table, a golden altar, and a golden candlestick; and there were priests offering up costly sacrifices every day, and burning sweet incense for God to smell.

Now, I have heard of a house of God where there are none of these costly things. In London there is a wood-shed, and the worshippers there have no gold and no incense; they are poor, ragged boys, who meet together to pray to God in the name of Jesus; and yet in this shed there is that which is worth more than the tabernacle of Shiloh with all its golden vessels and its costly offerings. Tell me how this can be? Jesus is

there, and He is God's only begotten Son, and these believing boys belong to Christ and have His Spirit dwelling in their hearts and making them His temples. And Jesus is more precious to God than all the gold of temples made with hands, and the prayers offered in His blessed name are sweeter to God than the sweetest incense that Aaron's sons ever burnt. How are we sure, however, that Jesus is in such a little boys' prayer-meeting? You have answered right—"Because Jesus says, in Matt. xviii. 20, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.'"

TEACHERS' PAGE.

"CONVERTED YOUNG, OR NEVER."

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

ARE we really in earnest as to the conversion of the young? Is the Church of God alive to the value of a child's soul? Do we expect to see our children brought to Jesus *now*, or are we not rather content to sow, vaguely looking for the harvest at some future period? Witness the number of petitions in our prayer meetings for grown-up sons and daughters. Witness the indifference, almost amounting to opposition, on the part of some to Sunday School effort. Dear brethren, these things ought not to be so. We insert the following extract from the pages of a contemporary, and trust these striking facts may be the means of leading us all to renewed effort and deeper devotion in the cause of Christ. We may not all be able to speak from a public platform, or teach a Sunday class, or give of our substance to the work, but we can all *pray*. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that *He* would send forth labourers.

ARE you a saved father, mother, guardian, or tutor? If so it may startle you, and, perhaps, make you a little incredulous, when I say, that if the little ones committed to your care are not converted in youth, it is *most* probable that they never will be converted at all! I use the term conversion in its full sense, and in proof of the foregoing solemn and alarming warning, I quote from other pens, wielded by those whose life work has been among the young.

"The importance of the conversion of children cannot be over-estimated. Modern life is like a hot-house, producing early moral development, either for good or evil. Most people are converted *young or never.*"

"Some 1400 Christians were recently asked as to the period when they were saved. 1100 were converted under twenty. 180 were converted between twenty and thirty: 35 between thirty and forty; 14 between forty and fifty; 8 between fifty and sixty; over sixty, only 2."

On another occasion at a huge Sunday School Convention in U.S.A., one of the great audiences was tested. It was found that more than 2000 were converted under twenty years of age; 103 between twenty and twenty-five; 41 between twenty-five and thirty; 23 between thirty and forty; 2 between forty and fifty; and over fifty years old, 2. Only 171 were over twenty years of age at conversion out of at least 2200 Christians!!!

Mothers and fathers, think of that.

A devoted evangelist much used in Gospel work, says—"For more than three years I have kept a record of those professing conversion in my meetings. Of 3108 converts, only 412 were over twenty; a larger proportion than is usual, but still how small! Such facts

teach their solemn lesson to all parents, teachers, and Christian workers. The great harvest is to be gained among the young; and with multitudes it is—be converted *early or never.*"

In view of the momentous issues at stake, I ask you, my brother and sister, Will you aid, by prayer and word and deed, to bring the Gospel into the hearts and homes of the little ones? S. J. B. C. (*From "The Message."*)

ANITA'S ADVICE ;

OR,

HAVE YOU ANY FAITH?

A LITTLE girl pupil, about eight years old, came to school in Spain, crying. Being asked why she wept, she said, "My little brother is very ill, and the doctor said that he will die." A little orphan named Anita, looking at her, said, "And hast thou prayed to the Lord Jesus that He may restore him?" "No," was the reply. "Rememberest thou what Mr. Banyard told us of that child who prayed to the Lord Jesus for an egg? Very well, do not weep, but go and pray to Him for thy brother, and He shall heal him." The next day the little girl came in a happier mood, and Anita, before any one else, asked her, "How is thy brother?" "Oh, much better," was the reply. "Did you pray to the Lord Jesus?" asked she. "Yes." "And hast thou given Him thanks since?" "No." "Ah, then, go and give Him thanks like the child who prayed for the egg—after receiving it he said, 'Thanks, Lord Jesus for the egg'—and you ought to thank Him for your little brother."

"In everything by prayer and thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus."

"DO YOU SHINE?"

A LITTLE boy, seven years old, learned to repeat, "O for a heart to praise my God." He began early to trust Christ, and I think the beautiful old hymn became a prayer, for when three or four years older he obtained an exhibition at school, his good mother heard him, when kneeling by his bed, praising God for the £30 prize he had brought home that day.

Dear children, read and study the Bible every day; the Holy Spirit will teach you its meaning. Do you remember young Timothy? Paul wrote a beautiful letter to him, and said, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." As you read and pray, you will see that there is something you can do for Jesus. A mother had been telling her little child about the life and death of Jesus Christ, and the great work He was doing in saving us all. The mother's words sank into the child's heart; she ran into the bedroom and on her knees, lifting up her hands, she prayed, "Dear Saviour, it seems a very great work Thou hast got to do; if I could help Thee, please let me!"

Here is a story, said to be quite true, about a little kitchenmaid. She heard an address on the subject of shining for Jesus—

"You in your small corner, I in mine."

The next morning she set herself with

new vigour to do her work. First she made the boots so bright that the cook noticed it. The girl looked up and said, "Yes, I am trying to do them well, for I have been learning about shining—'You in your small corner, I in mine.'" Then the cook, in her turn, thought about it and resolved to take more trouble to do her work well. Very soon the young mistress noticed how nicely she cooked the dinner. "Why, yes," she replied, "it was the little kitchenmaid made me think of how we could shine, 'You in your small corner, and I in mine,' and so I have been trying." Now the young lady had a class in the Sunday School, which she had been teaching in a half-hearted way with little result. So she began to wonder if there was not a lesson for her in the little maid's verse. She put real thought and prayer into her teaching, her scholars became interested, and in a little time there was a great change in her class.

Now the minister had noticed this change, and he called to say so. "Well," said the young lady, "it all came about through the girl in the kitchen, who said we must shine, 'You in your small corner, I in mine.'" She told the cook and the cook told me." The simple words went straight to the heart of the minister, for he was aware that he had become cold in his work for Jesus. So earnestly did he strive and pray, that very soon there came quite an awakening among the people. And blessing, far and near, was the result of the little maid trying to shine for Jesus.





“In the office she frankly told of her conversion.”

Nettie's Confession;

A TALE OF DECISION.

IN her early years Nettie, like many children of Christian parents, had shown considerable interest in the things of God, even passing as one who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. When, however, she mixed with other children at school, and afterwards attended special classes, her piety became questionable. Her godly mother loved her child too well to allow her to rest in the delusion that she was a “born again” (John iii. 3) believer, and gave her plainly to understand that she regarded her as yet unsaved and in need of God’s “great salvation.”

On one occasion her mother when talking to a visitor was led in strong terms to enlarge upon the awful consequences to the Christ rejecter, and the endless sufferings of the lost in the lake of fire (Mark ix. 44, 46, 48; Rev. xxi. 8). Nettie was present. About a year afterwards her mother asked her to go and hear Dr. M'K——, an earnest preacher. She promised, but broke her word. Next day, however, she said, "I will go to-night, but do not ask me to go again." The subject was: the second coming of Christ, His glorious Kingdom the hope of His people, but the death knell for the unrepentant. Nettie was visibly affected, even to tears. At the close of the meeting some one wished to talk with her and invited her to stay to an after-meeting, but her mother advised to let her go and "let the Spirit do His own work." When her mother reached home later in the night, another daughter opened the door telling her that Nettie was in a terrible state of mind. And it was so, for the spirit of conviction of sin had seized her. She lay prostrate upon the floor in great spiritual distress, writhing in agony, and cried out, "What can I do? What can I do to be saved?" She then owned that since the time she heard her mother describe the suffering of the lost she had no peace night nor day. The loving parent earnestly prayed and read the Scriptures with the now conscience-stricken girl, laying special stress upon two texts, John v. 24 and Rom. x. 8-11. Nettie, after a long struggle and stumbling over the very simplicity of God's blessed word of assurance, saw the light and the grand definiteness of "he that heareth," "believeth," "hath" "everlasting life," "shall not come into judgment," "is past from death into life." The mother, a real evangelist, wise to win souls, pressed that "believing" and "confession" must go together, "for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession unto salvation." Nettie's choice was made. Christ was hers, and she had been redeemed by His precious blood; through grace her good witness followed. She began where Jesus told the healed demoniac to begin, at "home" (Mark v. 19). When her father came in to dinner next day she went to him, Bible in hand, and told him that she now possessed the Son of God and had everlasting life (1 John v. 11-13) and urged him to "come to Jesus" as he was then and there. He was a decent church-going man but did not know the Lord, but he was moved by his daughter's earnest confession and appeal, even unto tears.

Nettie's great snare, and we believe a serious hindrance to many, had been reading works of fiction which fill the mind with foolish fancies and

destroys the taste for more solid literature. But here the fruit of the new life came out, for when a friend called with two novels she firmly declined, saying that now that she had Christ He was enough, and she felt that such reading could neither help her nor be consistent with her profession.

In the office where she was employed were several clerks to whom she frankly told her conversion. This took many of them by surprise, as she had already been dubbed "the Christian" on account of her moral conduct, but now that she boldly confessed "the Name" which is above every name (Phil. ii. 9-11) she was not regarded with favour. Dear Nettie was soon to be put to a severe test. A special concert had been arranged amongst the firm's employees, and tickets were provided by the principals for each. Of course the young disciple's tender conscience would not allow her to go, but her mates compelled her to go and return the concert ticket to the master. In fear and trembling she went and quietly told him that while she thanked him for the ticket, that now she had become a Christian, she could not consistently go to the worldly entertainment. The result was very different from what was anticipated. He told her that he admired her courage in being true to her principles and hoped that she would continue.

Dear young believer, be out and out for Christ. He only is glorified by distinct confession and faithfulness to His holy word.

Nettie, by grace, still goes on in the fear of the Lord which is not only the beginning of wisdom but the end of it.

What, and where are you? Don't say, "I do not know," for you do know whether you are saved or lost. Under the judgment of God as a sinner, or justified freely by His Grace. Let me commend Christ to you, He is altogether lovely (Cant. v. 16), altogether the Saviour (Acts. iv. 12), and whom He loveth He never leaveth (Heb. xiii. 5). May you take encouragement and example from Nettie's decision and be happy to confess Jesus. "This is my Beloved and this is my Friend" (Cant. v. 16; Gal. ii. 20).

Christ is still the rejected Lord in His own world. You have only to name Him to find it out, but you will have grace given you for each step of faith here, and His praise at His coming. "Well done! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." T. R. D.



DEATH OF JOHN KNOX.

Two years after the events narrated in our last chapter, the queen was betrothed to Darnley. The Earl of Murray and many of the principal nobility objected to a man who could be "either papist or protestant as it suited him," and Mary, finding that nothing would bring them over to her party, dismissed them from her presence with taunts and reproaches. At the age of twenty-three, on a mid-summer day in 1565, she was married; and from that moment the steps of the misguided queen led rapidly downwards through a series of follies and crimes, each of which brought greater troubles in its train than those it was intended to cure. After six months of married life she found that "she hated Darnley as much as before she had loved him." He, in turn, became jealous of the Vatican agent, Rizzio, and one Saturday night a dark tragedy took place in Holyrood. Rizzio was slain in the queen's apartments. He who had plotted the death of thousands meets with a bloody death himself.

Henceforth Mary lived only for revenge. Outwardly, she masked her hatred until everything was ready for another tragedy, and then, one Sunday night in February 1567, we find her seated by the bedside of her sick husband, promising that "all should be forgotten and forgiven," and that they should live together—as in the happy days of old. About midnight she left him to "attend a ball in the palace." When she arrived at Holyrood, Bothwell left on his dark mission, and next morning the dead body of the king was found in the garden. Three months afterwards she was married to the murderer of her lawful husband. Another month, and at Carberry Hill

the guilty pair met the nation in open rebellion against such high-handed wickedness. Bothwell escaped, but Mary was made prisoner and confined in Lochleven Castle. Truly, "the way of transgressors is hard."

The Earl of Murray, called "the Good Regent," was now elected to govern for the young king, and by his prudence and ability the country was again reduced to quietness. When Mary escaped from captivity, she met the Regent's forces at Langside, and being once more defeated was forced to flee. This time she took refuge in England, where after a lingering imprisonment of nineteen years she was finally brought to the block.

Mary Stuart had often been warned by the faithful, if stern Knox, of the danger of her course. She lived in a day when the truths of Scripture were faithfully preached by many of her protestant subjects, but she slighted the warnings, scorned the preachers, refused to read the Scriptures for herself, lived only for pleasure, and circumstances alone hindered her from being a bitter persecutor of God's people. The Regent Murray was an earnest, God-fearing man who sought to do that which was true and right in the high position he had been called to fill, and Knox now seeing the popish idolatry, as he thought, rooted out, and Christianity the professed religion of the nation, felt that his work was done. He was now an old man, and his life of incessant labour had told heavily on a constitution never very strong. But the papists soon found means to murder the Regent at Linlithgow, and this awakened Knox from his dreams of ease. The body was brought to Edinburgh, and Knox preached the funeral sermon from the text, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Three thousand persons sat before him

dissolved in tears as he described the Regent's virtues and bewailed his loss. Knox's grief at this event brought on a stroke of palsy, and his enemies hoped he would preach no more, but he recovered, and during the civil wars which followed between the king's and the queen's party, he continued to preach in St. Giles as often as his strength would permit. Obnoxious to both parties by his fearless denunciation of evil, his life was often in danger, and one evening a musket ball was fired through the window at which he was in the habit of sitting. It happened that he was in a different part of the room at the time, and so escaped the assassin's bullet.

After a short visit to St. Andrews we find him back in Edinburgh in 1572. Here he learned with deep distress of the murder of many of his acquaintances and friends in France during the massacre of Bartholomew. But his grief speedily gave way to indignation, and he caused himself to be conveyed to the pulpit, where he summoned up his strength to thunder forth, like some Hebrew prophet of old, the vengeance of Heaven against "that cruel murderer, the King of France." The French Ambassador, Le Croc, resented Knox's plain speech, and requested the Regent Morton to silence him. But Morton, believing that Knox had spoken only the truth, refused to interfere. Thereupon Le Croc, in much umbrage, took his departure. When tidings of the massacre reached Rome it was received in a different manner. The Pope ordered a day of solemn thanksgiving and *proclaimed a year of jubilee.*

On the 9th of November he preached for the last time, and afterwards, "leaning upon his staff, he crept down the street to his house," from which he never came out again alive. A few days afterwards,

feeling the end to be near, he sent for some of his elders and deacons, and the words with which he addressed them give us the keynote to the man's character—the object of his life. "The day now approaches," said he, "when I shall be released from my great labours, and shall be with Christ. And now God is my witness, whom I have served in spirit, in the gospel of His Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the gospel of the Son of God."

On Monday, November 24th, he fell asleep. His body was buried in the Old St. Giles Churchyard, and the Regent Morton, standing at the head of the open grave, said, "There lies he who never feared the face of man." By the side of Morton's wreath, we place another of modern manufacture. Pope Pius IX. in 1877 bewailing the loss of Scotland, says, "That savage apostate Knox, perverted Scotland by the protestant heresy, and won it over to a sect which repudiates all hierarchy, and admits only simple presbyters all equal among each other." A small plate of metal, with the initials "J. K.," let into the pavement of Parliament Square, now marks the last resting place of John Knox.

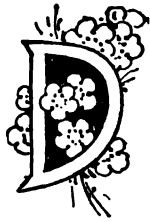
Knox was a stern man, but he lived in times that called for stern methods. He was a strong man for he had the truth of God at his back, and energized by divine grace, he hesitated not to attack the strongholds of evil, and not only pull them down, but—what was of more importance—set up instead the knowledge of the truth as revealed in the Word of God.

L. L.



CHARLIE COULSON; The Dying Drummer Boy.

(ABRIDGED.)



DURING the American war I was surgeon in the United

States Army, and after the battle of Gettysburg there were many hundred wounded soldiers in my hospital. One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months in the service, and being too young for a soldier, had enlisted as a drummer. When my assistant-surgeon and one of my stewards wished to administer chloroform previous to the amputation, he turned his head aside and positively refused to receive it. When the steward told him that it was the doctor's orders, he said, "Send the doctor to me."

When I came to his bedside, I said, "Young man, why do you refuse chloroform?"

He laid his hand on mine, and looking me in the face, said, "Doctor, one Sunday afternoon, in the Sabbath School, when I was nine and a-half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust Him then; I have been trusting Him ever since, and I know I can trust Him



now. He is my strength and my stimulant; He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg."

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him a little brandy. Again he looked me in the face, saying, "Doctor, when I was about five years old my mother knelt by my side, with her arm

around my neck, and said, 'Charlie, I am now praying to Jesus that you may never know the taste of strong drink; your papa died a drunkard and went down to a drunkard's grave, and I promised God, if it was His will that you should grow up, that you would warn young men against the bitter cup.' I am now seventeen years old, but I have never tasted anything stronger than tea and coffee, and as I am, in all probability, about to go into the presence of my God, would you send me there with brandy on my stomach?"

The look that boy gave me I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I respected that boy's loyalty to his Saviour, and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier—I asked him if he wished to see his chaplain. "Oh, yes, sir," was the answer.

When Chaplain R—— came he at once knew the boy from having often met him at the tent prayer meetings, and taking his hand, said, "Well, Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this sad condition."

"Oh, I am all right, sir," he answered. "The doctor offered me chloroform, but I declined it; then he wished to give me brandy, which I also declined; and now, if my Saviour calls me, I can go to Him in my right mind."

"You may not die, Charlie," said the chaplain; "but if the Lord should call you away, is there anything I can do for you after you are gone?"

"Chaplain, please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible; in it you will find my mother's address; please send it to her, and write a letter and tell her that since the day I left

home I have never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's Word, and daily praying that God would bless my dear mother; no matter whether on the march or on the battlefield."

Turning towards me, he said, "Now, doctor, I am ready, and I promise you that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg, if you will not offer me chloroform."

While cutting through the flesh Charlie Coulson never groaned, but when I took the saw to separate the bone the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all that I could hear him utter was, "O Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now." He kept his promise, and never groaned.

That night I could not sleep, for whichever way I turned I saw those soft blue eyes, and when I closed mine the words, "Blessed Jesus, stand by me now," kept ringing in my ears. Between twelve and one o'clock I left my bed and visited the hospital, a thing I had never done before, unless specially called, but such was my desire to see that boy. Upon my arrival there I was informed by the night steward that sixteen of the hopeless cases had died, and been carried down to the dead house. "How is Charlie Coulson: is he among the dead?" I asked.

"No, sir," answered the steward, "he is sleeping as sweetly as a babe."

Five days after I had amputated that dear boy's arm and leg he sent for me, and it was from him on that day I heard the first gospel sermon. "Doctor," he said, "my time has come; I do not expect to see another sun rise, but, thank God, I am ready to go, and before I die I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew; you do not believe in Jesus;

will you please stand here and see me die, trusting my Saviour to the last moment of my life?" I tried to stay, but I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a Christian boy rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate, so I hurriedly left the room. About twenty minutes later a steward, who found me sitting in my private office covering my face with my hand, said, "Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you."

When I entered the hospital I saw he was sinking fast, so I sat down by his bed. Asking me to take his hand, he said, "Doctor, I love you because you are a Jew; the best Friend I have found in this world was a Jew."

I asked him who that was. He answered, "Jesus Christ, to whom I want to introduce you before I die; and will you promise me, doctor, that what I am about to say to you, you will never forget?"

I promised; and he said, "Five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul."

These words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing him the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself and think of nothing but his Saviour and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was, "Well, my dear boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep, "safe in the arms of Jesus."

Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during the war, but I only followed one to the grave, and that one was Charlie Coulson, the drummer boy, and I rode three miles to see him buried.

That dear boy's dying words made a deep impression upon me. I was rich at

that time, so far as money was concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt towards Christ as Charlie did; but that feeling cannot be bought with money. Alas! I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier's little sermon, but I could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin, but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years, until, finally, the dear boy's prayer was answered and God converted my soul.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. x. 13).

M. L. R.

LITTLE LAMPS.

LAMPS are used to give light when evening comes. It would not be at all pleasant to have no light after the sun goes down, would it? God's beautiful sun makes everything bright and cheerful by day, and when night comes we light our lamps. Now, dear children, do you know that each of you can be a light, a bright light in your home? You say, "How can I be a light?" Every little boy or girl who is washed in Jesus' blood and loves Him can be a light shining for Him, by being loving, obedient, and kind to father and mother and every one in the house—trying to make all around you happy and glad. If you do this, asking God's help, you will indeed be a bright light in your home, showing to all how Jesus makes you loving, bright, happy, and useful. Now, which of you will begin to-day to shine for Jesus who loves you all so much?

C. H.

"MAN, JESUS CHRIST IS SORRY FOR YOU."

It was not quite train time, and among the waiting passengers a gentleman walked to and fro in the station, holding his little daughter's hand.

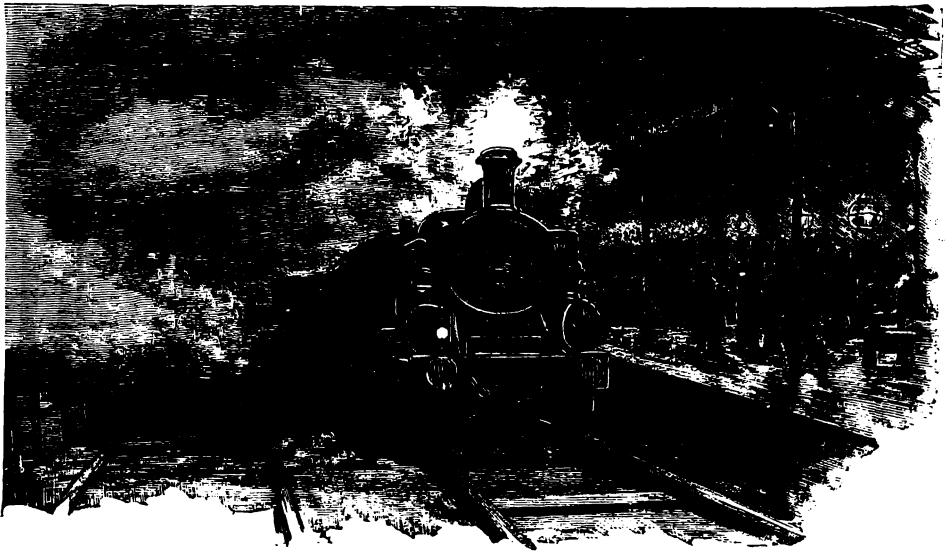
A commotion near the door attracted the general attention, and several officers brought into the room a manacled prisoner.

It soon became known that he was a notorious criminal who was sentenced to prison for twenty years.

in her self-forgetful earnestness, and this time the prisoner dropped his self-defiant eyes as he listened, and a slight tremor passed over his hard face. Then her father called, and the little child went slowly away, looking back pityingly.

Presently the train came in, and the prisoner entered it quietly, and during the journey he gave the officers no trouble.

Upon their arrival at the prison his



PRESENTLY THE TRAIN CAME IN.

The little child looked at him, first with wonder and horror; then, as she saw the settled, sullen gloom of his countenance, a tender pity grew on her sweet face, until, dropping her father's hand, she went over to the prisoner, and lifting her eyes to his face, she spoke a few low words.

He glared upon her like a fiend, and she ran back half afraid to her father's hand. But a moment after she was at his side again, pressing nearer than before

conduct was most excellent, and continued to be so.

Inmates of that prison having terms of twenty years and over are allowed a light in the evenings, and it was observed that he spent the time in studying the Bible. At length some one asked how it came that he brought with him such a reputation for wilfulness, since he had proved himself quiet and well behaved. "Well, sir," said he, "I'll tell you."

"It was when I was waiting in the

station, before I came here. A little mite of a girl was there with her father. She wasn't much more than a baby, and she had long shiny hair flying over her shoulders, and such great blue eyes as you won't often see.

"By and by she let go her father's hand and came over to me, and says she, 'Man, I am sorry for you;' and you wouldn't believe it, but there were tears in her eyes! Something appeared to give way inside then; but I was proud and wouldn't show it; I just scowled at her blacker than ever.

"The poor little dear looked scared like, and ran off to her father; but in a minute she was back again, and she came right up to me, and she says, 'Man, Jesus Christ is sorry for you.' O sir! that clean broke my heart. Nobody had spoke to me like that since my mother died, years and years ago. I'd hard work to keep the tears back, and all the way down here I was just thinking of mother, and many things she used to teach me when I was no bigger than that little baby—for I'd a good bringing up, though more's the shame to me. Well, the whole of it is, sir, I made up my mind I would never rest till I found my mother's God; and 'O sir,' he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face, 'O sir, He's saved me,—He's saved me?'"

The man is still a prisoner; and no doubt the little child is growing up, the sunshine of some happy home, not knowing that her childish words led a soul to God.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10).

Teachers' Page.



WORK AMONG CHILDREN.

How is it that some seem to get on so much better than others with children and young people? Is this entirely due to special aptitude on the part of the former? or is it a thing that may be acquired by any one?

These are questions of vital importance to any one who desires to serve the Lord among the young, whether it be in the Sunday School or elsewhere, and I should like to express a few thoughts upon the subject.

1. Always show love and affection to the children. It may be hard at times, but if you train yourself for only six months, you will find two things,—First of all you will have gained the affection of every child under your charge, and secondly you will discover that was what at first irksome has so grown upon you that it comes quite natural.

2. Never pass by any of your scholars or those you wish to help, without a smile or nod of recognition. Shake hands and have a word with them if possible, but let it *always* be a kind word, even if reproof be necessary.

3. When you are at their parents' houses, never treat the children as though beneath your notice. They are nothing of the kind. They are well worth taking notice of.

4. In the case of very little children give them a pat on the head, or take



them in your arms, or toss them up into the air. The effect of *touch* reaches their little hearts wonderfully, and I am bold to say that you have not completely won their confidence, if they have never felt your *touch*. If you have won their confidence, it will show itself in their having quite enough courage to go and take your hand in the street unasked. Till this point is reached, don't be satisfied with your attainments.

5. Never lose your temper with them, whatever the circumstances. If I lose my temper in school, I am undoing in ten minutes time, what has cost better men than myself many long months of work, so don't you do it.

6. Absolutely avoid partiality. Treat all alike whether rich or poor. Be very careful as to this. The Master was no respecter of persons. If anything, show most love and affection to the troublesome, noisy lad who irritates you.

7. Shake hands and have a kind word or two with every new child who comes to the school. Never forget this, for if they feel they are *welcome* they will be happy right away from the start. Let them know you are glad to see them.

It will be readily observed that there is *one* thing running right through the above hints. It is *love*, for love is of God, and if I want to work for God and for eternity *love must be the basis of operations*. Nothing else will do it.

The Lord Jesus Himself touched the children that were brought to Him. Let us do the same.

He took them up in His arms, and surely we cannot do better than follow His blessed example.

Who will deny that the gentle, loving touch of His blessed hands went home to those dear children's hearts far more than any words could have done to those that were so young?

Even so let us in our words and by our touch show the dear little ones that we love them, and great will be our reward.

They see you love the Word of God. They will honour it at first perhaps out of love to you merely, but in the end it will lay hold of them. And in a thousand ways you will find your love to them reacting upon yourself, growing in intensity, and leading you into new ways of helping them. "Necessity is the mother of invention" truly, but love will go further in this direction than ever necessity could do.

You will soon find that it is not enough to love the scholars. You *must pray* for them. Indeed the two things run together. True love to the children, which is of necessity of God, will go back to God. Water seeks its own level, and love does the same. Its level is the heart of God, and it *will* return to its source.

F. K.



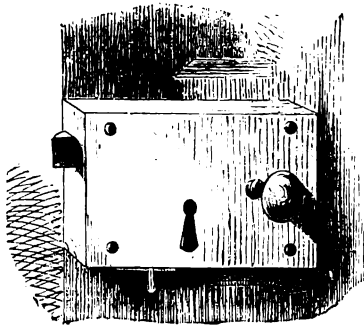
ALL FOR ME.

ONE evening as little Mary was getting ready for bed, her nurse was reading to her about the love of Jesus, how He allowed wicked men to smite Him, and spit upon Him, and at last to nail Him to the cross, because He loved us and wanted us to go to Heaven and live with Him for ever. Tears were running down Mary's cheeks, and she was asked why she cried. "Oh!" she said, "did Jesus do all that for *me*?" "Yes, all for you, dear."

And, now, dear little ones, Jesus did it *all* for you too, so won't you each one love this dear Jesus who loved you so much that He died for you?

C. H.

LOCKS AND KEYS.



THERE are big locks of hindrance upon the hearts, lives, and lips of God's people, which prevent them enjoying His grace, manifesting His love, or loving His service. There are also Keys of Truth, which, when applied by the Holy Spirit, can open the hardest lock, remove the greatest hindrance, and bring the greatest blessing.

1. **The Old Lock of Doubt.** Faith is the Key.
2. **The Rusty Lock of Diffidence.** Love is the Key.
3. **The Broken Lock of Despair.** Promise is the Key.
4. **The Hard Lock of Difficulty.** Prayer is the Key.
5. **The Dead Lock of Delay.** Power is the Key.

The power of sin, evil habits, and deadly fear fill the heart with doubt, but the Key of Faith will open the hardest lock.

Acts xvi. 14-31; Rev. iii. 20.

Love is the Key for rusty locks.

Acts iv. 20; 2 Cor. v. 14; 1 John iv. 19.

The Key of Promise brings us into liberty.

2 Pet. i. 4.

Prayer will overcome every difficulty.

Phil. iv. 6.

The Promises of God were the Keys used by Bunyan's Pilgrims to open all the doors in Doubting Castle.

FOR LITTLE FOLK.

THE STORY OF NOTO.

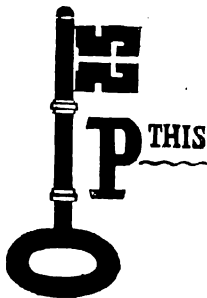
WE have received the following account of the death of little Noto, a Bengalese boy, who early learned to love and trust the Saviour:—

We have had a sad loss in the death of little Noto, but I think I can safely say he has only gone before. Noto lay ill a long time before he died, and begged to live for his poor mother's sake; he was her pet son. The day he died his sister said, "Noto, ask Jesus to let you live." He replied, "No, sister; don't tell me to say that any more; it is not His will." When dying he said to her, "Oh! sister, look, Jesus, dear Jesus, has come to take me; good-bye; say you will come soon to join me. Oh! sister, what a bright and shining light Jesus has brought with Him. I cannot see any of you; it is quite dark." He died saying, "Jesus, dear good Jesus, I am going to You."

Willie and I were constantly with the poor fellow. He never drank his medicine or had any food without first asking a blessing on it, and as to praying, he was doing so as often as he could. The room was crowded to suffocation where he was dying. The people were telling him to say, "Haurri bole" (calling on their god). He turned round to them all, saying, "No, no; don't say that; say Jesus. The lady says those that believe in the Lord Jesus will go to Heaven. . . ." He died with a bright smile on his face, and his death has been a wonder to all. They all exclaimed, "We have never seen such a death amongst us heathen people." May God grant that we may all die like him.

J. J.

PLEASE



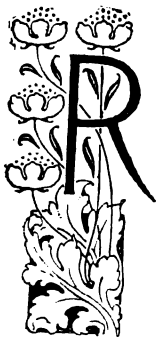
IN MIND.

FRIENDSHIP

A College Boy's Sad End.



"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROVERBS xvii. 17.



RECENTLY a Rossall College boy attended chapel one Sunday, and shortly afterwards shot himself through the heart. The following is part of his farewell letter to his friend :—

“ Dear Oliver,—I am now sitting to send you a few lines for the last time in my life. You must forgive me. Keep my watch and chain just as a remembrance. I am thoroughly tired of school life, and I am very glad it is coming to an end.

I am very sorry that you were in the Sanatorium just at the time I wanted to spend my few days on earth peacefully with you. You might think that I was not kind, or that I didn't like you, because I have not been to see you in the Sanatorium, but it is a very hard thing to do, and I know I should not enjoy speaking to you when I knew what was going to happen.

*“ I dare not tell you what I was going to do, because you would have told me not to, and then I should have to pull through this miserable school life. I shall be shut up in a coffin for ever. As long as I get buried with my father and mother I shall be quite happy. Dear Oliver, make the best of your life, and live peacefully, and think that when you do die that I am waiting to meet you in Heaven. I think that you have got a photo of me in the white waistcoat. Well, I am afraid I must be drawing my last letter to a close, bidding you ‘good-bye’ for ever,—I remain, your loving friend,
F. W. L.”*

This shows his friendly spirit, for school-boys have a natural drawing to some one for a chum ; but it is wise to choose one who fears God, and to have “ the fear of the Lord ” in your own heart. We cannot tell the cause why this poor lad committed the sad and wicked act ; perhaps from an overworked brain. Though it be right to work and use the talent we have, this incident shows how necessary it is to have a *right motive* for living—viz., for God's glory, not our pleasure merely. Thus in moments of great trial or depression, we should not stifle conscience, nor listen to the voice of Satan. I would like you boys to read Proverbs. There we see that the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life. Romans, chap. iii., shows how our members are abused where this fear is not. Life is brief, so be earnest. Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, sums it up as “ all is vanity,”

and warns youth (xi. 9 ; xii. 1). Note the contrast between false and true pleasures in the following :—

The pleasures of sin for a season (Heb. xi. 25).

At Thy right hand (where Jesus is) are pleasures for evermore (Ps. xvi. 11).

If you heed Solomon's advice in Proverbs and Ecclesiastes you will save yourself much bitter experience. The writer knows a school-boy's life is full of trials and temptations. Should a boy find that he has not the mental abilities others have, let him be content. I wonder how Oliver, the boy's friend to whom he wrote hinting about what he intended to do, regarded the Lord Jesus : whether he knew the One who is described in Proverbs xvii. 17 as " a Friend loveth at all times, and a Brother is born for adversity ; " " There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. " Who else can this *Friend* be but the *Lord Jesus* who is " the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever " ?

Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us ;
Oh, how He loves !

The desire for companionship is both quite right and natural. The following incident, though most amusing, shows how this desire came out in quite a young lad. He was a new boy at school. When half-holiday came, it brought with it pocket-money, threepence—not a very large sum to divide. Going up to a boy who had been longer at school, he offered him a penny to be his friend for the afternoon, and accompany him to the village " tuck " shop, there to spend their wealth. I need scarcely say that Christ does not offer His friendship in that way. With the loving heart of a perfect man, what He gives He gives freely and readily. As God, He is *too rich* to take ; and you, His creatures, are *too poor* to give. He gives freely. " He gave Himself for our sins. " But, dear lads, before you can know and enjoy the friendship of that true and present Friend, He asks you in tender words to come to Him for salvation : being sinners you need a Saviour. When in this world He had those whom He called friends (John xv. 13, 14), and false friends who forsook Him (Ps. xxxviii. 11 ; lxxxviii. 18), and one who, though he was called " Mine own familiar friend, " played Him false by betraying Him into the hands of bitter enemies (Ps. xli. 9). May you come to Him who suffered untold agonies on the Cross because of sin, and whose precious blood can wash away those sins which perhaps make you feel miserable.

It was always thought a great honour for the boy at my school who carried off the gold medal. But, dear lads, do you know that the Son of God who in grace came down very low, won an honour and glory far beyond a gold medal? The Father knew rightly what He deserved and what He has done, and put Him in the highest place in glory—at His own right hand, crowning Him with glory and honour. Simply believing in Him you will find His yoke easy and His burden light, and be experimentally able to sing—

Now I have found a Friend,
 Jesus is mine ;
 His love will never end,
 Jesus is mine.
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though human friendship cease,
 Now I have lasting peace,
 Jesus is mine.

P. R.

+✠ TRIBULATION ✠+

[The word tribulation is derived from the Latin verb "tribulo," I afflict, crush; or the noun "tribulum," a threshing flail.]

"We also boast in tribulation, knowing that tribulation works endurance; and endurance experience, and experience hope; and hope does not make ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which has been given to us" (Rom. v. 35 N. T.) See also Ps. cxix. 75; Lam. iii. 33; Heb. xiii. 6-11; 1 Cor. iv. 17; Rom. viii. 18 N. T.; Acts xiv. 22.

The winnowing flail, with its strokes of pain,
 Seems as though it would rend the wheat in twain;
 But the Husbandman loveth the golden grain,
 He'll not let one stroke be bestowed in vain.

Since love guides His hand each stroke must be sure,
 Though medicine's bitter, 'tis meant to cure;
 And He giveth grace that we may endure,
 While He faithfully works till His grain be pure.

He knoweth the "afterward" that's in store,
 And how His afflicting Hand we'll adore.
 As we praise Him, e'en for the threshing floor,
 At home in His garner for evermore. E. B.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?—'Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed.'

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?—'Every man shall give account of *himself* to God.'

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ?—'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?—'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'

5. Is it because I fear that I am too great a sinner?—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

6. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not hold out?—'He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.'

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?—'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?—'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'

9. Is it because I am trying to save myself by morality, or in any other way of my own?—'There is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.'

10. Is it because I do not clearly see the way to be saved?—'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.' 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John iii. 16).

A SACRIFICE OF LOVE;

OR,

HOW PRINCE EMILE'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

MOST of my readers will have heard of the great Napoleon Buona-parté, and how, after subduing almost the whole of Europe, he marched with a magnificent army into Russia, intending to conquer that country. He hoped to make Moscow (which was then the chief city in Russia) his headquarters, and there he took his soldiers. On his approach the Russians fled from the city, but before doing so they set fire to it, and when Napoleon arrived he found it deserted and ablaze. The wooden houses burned quickly; the flames defied the efforts of the soldiers to extinguish them; and before long, Napoleon, who had hoped to gain a great triumph, had to abandon the city and return to France, outwitted and disappointed.

So it is with everything in this world. No matter where men go for satisfaction they meet with disappointment, and even if they do gain what they desire, it is only to prove that **THE GREATEST WEALTH OR PLEASURE OR FAME**

Can never give true joy.

Amongst Napoleon's officers was a brave young soldier named Prince Emile,



NAPOLEON ENTERING MOSCOW.

of Hesse Darmstadt; he was captain of a thousand hussars, and they loved him dearly, as the following story will prove.

When the French army started back for France the terrible Russian winter had set in, and the poor soldiers who had

started from home in such high spirits died by thousands on the road back again.

Prince Emile's regiments suffered severely. Some were killed by the intense cold, others by the Russians who constantly harassed the retreating army, and last of all in crossing the river Berezina all but ten were swept away. These ten remaining soldiers rallied round their captain, determined to stand by him while life lasted. For days they marched on, afraid of lying down to sleep, lest in their sleep the cold should prove fatal to them. But at length they were so completely overcome with fatigue that they could go no further, and the Prince gathered them round him and said, "As long as I have been able to overcome the desire for sleep I have made you watch with me; now the need of rest overcomes me; if God will . . . He will wake us in the morning." He lay down and soon fell asleep. When he awoke the following day, refreshed by the rest that he had enjoyed, he found himself in a thatched shed, warmly wrapped in what proved to be the coats of his faithful men.

Their love for him would not allow them to forsake him, and they had stripped themselves and covered him, that he might not be frozen to death.

Where were they? and, How had they been able to endure the cold of that terrible night? were the questions that flashed through his mind. Rushing out of the shed in search of them, he found them **STRETCHED OUT ON THE COLD SNOW OUTSIDE, HALF NAKED AND FROZEN TO DEATH.**

His devoted men had died for him; they had given up their clothes, which might have saved their lives, to save his; and you can no doubt understand something of what he felt as he gazed upon their stiffened bodies. They must have

loved him to sacrifice themselves thus for his sake, and surely he would never forget their wonderful devotion.

But I have a story of far greater love than this to tell you. The love of the Son of God outshines every other love, and the sacrifice that He made is the greatest that the world has ever seen. Don't throw away this book because you have heard of it many times before. If it is an old story it is the most wonderful story of love ever told, and the best part of it is, that it is for you.

Emile's soldiers died for a generous captain who loved them well.

Jesus was slain for His foes,

and it is a deeply solemn thing for you to remember that if you have not yet trusted Him **YOU ARE ONE OF HIS FOES**, and if you refuse to trust Him, you will die in your sins; then the judgment which His foes deserve will be yours for ever. But "**CHRIST DIED FOR THE UN-GODLY.**" Even before we had being, He, in His great love, went to the Cross that we might be saved.

Prince Emile did not ask his men to die for him. While he slept, altogether unconscious of what they were doing, they stripped themselves that he might live. So the blessed Lord did not wait until we sought him. He stripped Himself, and came down from Heaven to die, because He desired to save us even when we had no desire at all for Him. Oh! this was great love, and this love is unchanged: to-day He desires to bless and save you. **THOSE TWELVE, FOURTEEN, OR SIXTEEN YEARS OF SIN CAN ALL BE FORGIVEN**, because of what He has done. His precious blood is able to wash away every stain, and He desires to fold you in the arms of love and give you everlasting joy. Jesus alone can do this, and

He wants to do it now. Oh, trust Him, take Him as your Saviour, then you will be able to say—

“He loved me, and gave Himself for me” (Gal. ii. 20). J. T. M.

RAMON.

A LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

RAMON is the name of a dear boy in Barcelona, whom the Lord has taught to know Him. He is about 10 years old, and though his mother loves the Lord, his father is very bitter against Christ and His people. Although his son attends school much against his will, he has said that his greatest delight would be to see the house where they meet engulfed or burned up and all destroyed.

Dear Ramon dare not be seen reading his little Bible before his father, because at times he has beaten him and threatened him very much. The boy is clever, and he was at great pains to paint a pretty text for the wall, with the words, “Believest thou on the Son of God?” and he presented it to his father, who was at first pleased with his labour, and also asked his friends to see it; but soon he added, “Everything pleases me except these words.” Next year Ramon painted other two different, and his mother hung them also on the wall. His father said to him, “Don’t make me any more presents of that kind, for you have always to put in these words which I hate.” It is indeed very sad to see such hatred in the heart toward the Lord. But the blessed Lord is able to protect him in spite of his father’s threats. Will all of you who really love the Lord pray to Him to convert Ramon’s unbelieving father? “Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, it shall be done.”

AN ORIGINAL VERSE.

“FATHER,” said a little boy about five years old, “would you like me to say some verses to you?” “Of course I should. Come up on my knee, and say them to me,” said his father. “I’ll say three, father; one Auntie learned me, and one H—— learned me, and the other I made myself: it is about Heaven,” said the little fellow. “All right, say on,” said his father. So he began—

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.”

Then—

“Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.”

Then he paused, a little shy to say *his own* “verse,” but soon began—

“I am naughty and sinful,
What I do is wrong,
But Jesus’ precious blood can wash my sins away
And let me go to His beautiful home on high,
Where there is no sorrow nor pain.”

How do you like his verse, dear little ones?

SEVEN

THINGS WE ARE ENJOINED TO SEEK.

- 1.—Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. Matt. vi. 33.
 - 2.—Seek the Lord, and His strength. I Chron. xvi. 11.
 - 3.—Seek ye out the book of the Lord. Isa. xxxiv. 16.
 - 4.—Seek good, and not evil. Amos v. 14.
 - 5.—Seek those things which are above. Col. iii. 1.
 - 6.—Seek ye My face. Ps. xxvii. 8.
 - 7.—Seek peace, and pursue it. Ps. xxxiv. 14.
- “He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.”

The Life Story of William Tyndale,

THE BIBLE TRANSLATOR.



WYCLIFFE'S life and teaching, but more especially his translation of the Bible into the English language, had been the means of

making the Gospel known to many, but as we have seen in a previous chapter, a Bible written out by hand was a very expensive book. Few people were able to purchase even a portion of it, and fewer still, the whole book. The priests also devoted themselves to seize and destroy every copy they could find, so that in a short time there was a danger of the Bible becoming as unknown to the people as if a translation had never been made.

But Wycliffe's work had not been in vain. Like the sower he had gone forth with the good seed which is the Word of God, and though some had fallen on the wayside hearts of the adherents of Rome, and some on the thorny ground of intellectual and political life, yet much of it had taken root in the hearts of the common people who "heard him gladly." One hundred years afterwards, when Tyndale's New Testament appeared, we see, in the eagerness with which it was welcomed, a proof of the lasting character of the work of that faithful old contender for the truth—John Wycliffe.

But during that period persecution raged with unabated violence against suspected *Lollards*. Parliament enacted among other acts already in force, that all "judges, justices, and magistrates shall take oath to make inquisition for *Lollards*, and that they shall issue warrants for their apprehension and delivery to the ecclesiastical judges, that they may be acquit or convict by laws of the

holy church." All found with English books, or suspected of "Wycliffe's learning," were apprehended. The priests could pardon any sin but the sin of heresy. That must be purged by fire. Soon the new act brought forth fresh victims to the insatiable cruelty of the false church. Among the many who were counted worthy to suffer for His name, we read of John Claydon who was found in possession of a book called the *Lanthorn of Light*. Light the priests could not tolerate. It exposed their dark deeds. In 1415 they burned both John and his book. William Taylor, a priest, who had learned better knowledge than Rome could teach him, was burned in 1422. Another priest, named William White, was converted, and went about the country preaching the truths he had learned from Wycliffe's writings. He was arrested and tried at Canterbury, but his courage failed when he saw before him the fiery death, and he confessed and abjured his heresy. However, instead of peace, his recantation only brought him remorse and sorrow because of his failure, and we are not surprised, to find the ex-priest in a short time preaching Jesus Christ with more zeal and diligence than before. Arrested and brought before the Bishop of Norwich he was condemned, and this time went joyfully to the fire. Even amidst the flames he exhorted the people, and told them to remain steadfast in the doctrine he had taught them, but as he continued to speak, a servant of the bishops smote him a cruel blow on the mouth, and forced him to remain silent: thus he meekly yielded up his spirit.

By and by the fierce and bloody Wars of the Roses began, and those in high places got other work to do than persecuting Lollards. During a period of the war when the White Rose of York was in the ascendancy, a Lancastrian family under the assumed name of Hutchins, came to reside near Berkley Castle, in Gloucestershire. When the Lancastrian party was in power they resumed their original name, and a son born to them in 1484 was named William Tyndale. The

accession of Henry VII. to the throne of England in 1485 put an end to the thirty years of civil war which had wasted the kingdom, and men had time to think of other things than mere brute fighting. Accordingly when young Tyndale grew up he was sent at an early age to the University of Oxford. How men were trained for priests in these days Tyndale himself records. He says, "In the Universities they

have ordained that no man shall look at the Scriptures until they be trained in heathen learning eight or nine years, and armed with false principles with which he is clean shut out of the understanding of the Scriptures. And when he taketh his first degree he is sworn that he shall hold none opinions condemned by the Church." Tyndale found nothing to satisfy him in all this "perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds and destitute of the truth," but

his time was not entirely spent in this vain pursuit. Here he became acquainted with the Greek and Latin New Testament, published by Erasmus, at Basle, in 1516. Erasmus had for some time been professor of Greek at Oxford, and had published a book called the *Praise of Folly*, exposing the evils of the monastic orders; but, timid as he was learned, he had retired to the Continent dismayed at the storm he had raised. Tyndale's acquaintance with the New Testament

marked the turning-point in his career. In it he found that which could meet his conscience and satisfy his heart. It was the means of his conversion; through the living Word he was born again. Having learned the truth, himself, he began to lecture in public on the book which had been the means of his own salvation, that others too might know the Saviour of whom it spoke. But Oxford would have none of



WILLIAM TYNDALE.

that, so he retired to Cambridge. Here he met Thomas Bilney, soon to become a fervent preacher of the Gospel and a martyr for Jesus Christ. For years Bilney had been seeking salvation, and as he knew of no other way he regularly went to the priests—but how shall the blind lead the blind? His confessor prescribed fasts, vigils, masses, and indulgences which cost poor Bilney a great deal of money but gave him no rest. His purse got empty and his conscience knew no peace.

At last he began to doubt whether it was not for their own interests that the priests denounced the Greek Testament as the "source of all heresy." Romish doctrines were losing their hold on Bilney; he went to the house where the Testaments were secretly sold, bought one, and with fear and trembling shut himself up in his room to read—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Bilney thought over the words he had read, and as he meditated, the Holy Spirit opened his eyes to the only way of salvation. "*Jesus saves. Jesus Christ saves sinners. Jesus saves me,*" exclaimed Bilney. Now he saw that his fasts and vigils were "destroying instead of saving him," and born from above by the power of the Spirit of God, Bilney had turned from the study of law to study the New Testament and learn of Jesus.

In 1521 we find Tyndale back in Gloucestershire. He had completed his studies, and was now engaged as tutor to the sons of Sir John Walsh, at Sodbury Hall. Perhaps in few other places could he have been brought into more direct contact with the evil practices of Rome, than in this retired spot which was much frequented by priests and friars. For fifty years four Italian bishops placed in succession over the diocese had surrendered it "to the pope, to the monks, and to immorality." A resident collector from Rome had power from the pope to pardon the sins of murder and theft on condition that the criminal *shared half his profits* with the pontifical commissioner. Rome cared not how she got money, provided only she got it. We narrate these details only to show how debased and darkened the minds of men

may become when unenlightened by the Word of God; and when the light shines in what fierce opposition is raised in the human heart, because its evil deeds are exposed. "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."

Dear reader, you are either in the light or in the darkness. If you have been enlightened by the grace of God, let the light shine out before others. If unsaved there is salvation for you. "Now is the day of salvation." L. L.



How They Came to Jesus.

As the children were leaving their Sunday School, one afternoon last July, the superintendent gently placed his hand upon the shoulder of one little boy, saying, "Are you trusting in the Lord?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Would you like to trust Him?" asked the good man, tenderly.

"Yes," said the little fellow, and with such deep earnestness, that the kind superintendent was convinced Willie was really longing for the knowledge of salvation through Christ.

That same evening Willie was listening attentively to a preacher, reading a portion from John xx., who, at the end of verse 27, at the words, "Be not faithless, but believing," paused and said, "Be not unbelieving, but believing."

These words were impressed upon Willie's young and tender heart.

At the close of the service, the boy, together with his brother, remained, by the wish of his superintendent, to speak with the preacher. Willie's whole frame quivered with emotion, as he owned how he had been long desirous of salvation. And then the four knelt down together.

"O Lord, save me!" prayed Willie, and he repeated after the preacher these well known words—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee:
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Without a storm was raging, and the rain was descending in torrents, but within poor Willie's heart there was a storm scarcely less fierce.

"What hinders you from accepting Christ, and obtaining salvation through Him, Willie?"

"I want a sign to know that I am saved," he replied.

"If you had offended me, and I told you I forgave you, would you believe my words, or would you ask me for a sign that I had forgiven you?"

"I would believe you without a sign," the boy answered.

"Can you not believe God?"

"Lord, may I not be faithless, but believing!" he sighed.

"Jesus says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,'" was whispered to him.

"Lord, I come to Thee, and ask Thee to save me!" was his response.

"Jesus says, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' Just tell God that you come in the name of His Son."

"O God, I come to Thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and ask Thee to save me!" said the little boy earnestly.

Above the fury of the storm was heard that simple petition, and the Lord spake peace to Willie's soul.

"I am saved!" he said. "Lord, I thank Thee for having saved me! Lord, I pray Thee to keep me from evil, and to save my dear brothers!"

Now, Tommy, who had remained silent, began to pray aloud too, and, with childlike simplicity, followed the prayer of his much-loved superintendent, repeating each sentence after him, word for word.

"Jesus is so loving, and gracious, and tender," said this servant of Christ to the little boy; "cannot you trust Him?"

And Tommy told the Lord he could do so; and then all rose from their knees, and stood and praised the Lord.

"Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord."

While we thank God that Willie and Tommy are now happily conscious that they are safe for time and for eternity, beneath the shelter of the blood of Christ, let us ask you, dear young readers, whether you have fled to Him for shelter, who is indeed a hiding-place from every storm.



Teacher's Fellowship Meetings at Edinburgh.

WE have pleasure in giving a few notes of the Spring Meetings, which we trust will be useful to our readers. The meeting for prayer opened with the hymn, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." Several special requests were made for workers amongst the children at home and abroad, and we realised the presence of the Lord with us. The evening meeting commenced by singing the plea, "Convert our children, Lord." There were four brethren addressed the meeting. We give the salient points, which were as follows:—D. C. read Ezekiel i. 1-14. It was a proper start to be by the river *Chebar*. *Chebar* means *power*. Power to serve can only be had in the presence and company of the Lord. The cherubim are emblems of the Lord's activity in government. These are said to have "straight feet." It is good in service to have straight feet, to go straight forward, right on. Of young Josiah, who was only eight years old when he commenced to reign, it is said, "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left." Mark, too, that they were like the sole of a calf's foot. How *silent* the fall of a calf's foot. Go quietly about your service—no noise or bustle. The four faces may teach us also. In the man's face, wisdom in instructing and ruling; the lion's face, courage in our testimony; the ox, patience; the eagle, penetration and heavenly-mindedness. Lastly, the cherubim's wings were "joined one to another," teaching unity of action. Let us be perfectly joined together in one heart and one soul (Acts iv. 32).—R. W. read Judges vi. 36-40. The Midianites had filled the land of Israel "as grasshoppers for multitude." The Lord's people had sinned, but He was preparing a deliverer in Gideon. We find him thrashing wheat by the wine press—a very good preparation it is to get "the wheat." When the Lord calls him he is very reluctant to go, pleading, "My family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." Low thought of self is good. He then asks for a sign. First the Lord shows He has accepted a meat offering—the perfect serving Christ. Then Gideon pleads that dew be on his fleece only. This was granted, showing how one is to be full of the Lord's blessing and power, for he wrung the dew out of the fleece, a bowlful of water. Next he prayed for dew all round,

save upon the fleece. This also took place, showing that the blessing of the Lord can be extended all round in answer to the plea of faith. Gideon would feel a proud man at the head of 32,000 people. "These," God said, "are too many for *Me*." So after proclaiming that every faint-hearted should return and not go on to battle, only 10,000 remained. On to the water brook they came, when the Lord again said, "I will try them for *thee* there," and only 300 were retained. The lamp, the pitcher, and the trumpet were the weapons of warfare. We need the broken vessel that the light may shine out of us while we blow the trumpet of testimony. Not even a sword in their hand, the victory was complete. It is out of weakness we are made strong, illustrated by the barley cake smiting the tent in the midst of the host.—E. A. called attention to Ezekiel's "vision of dry bones" (chap. xxxviii.) as encouragement in the Lord's work. The Bible is a wonderful library of 66 volumes. They treat on many subjects—history, geography, morals, and theology. We need be at no loss for illustrations, and well furnished by what we can find in them. So we can gather a lesson from the heap of "dry bones," for we have no power to give life, but Ezekiel was bid to prophesy unto the wind, which is an emblem of the Holy Spirit—the wind which "bloweth where it listeth"—the only quickener and energizer. Very often souls showed themselves more careless and indifferent just when they were nearest being blessed. This we may have noticed over and over again, but the Lord says that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

T. R. D. read Exodus ii. 9—"Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." He called attention to four points which might be helpful in Sunday School work. 1st. "This child." Every child was precious. He had an eternal destiny before him, and would become a power for Satan or for God, for evil or for good. There were *great possibilities* in the child, but they required to be developed. A teacher might do this. A servant of God visiting a school noticed a boy standing apart from the rest. He inquired why he thus stood. "Because he is so stupid. I can make nothing of him," was the reply. The visitor laid his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, and spoke a few loving words. The words stirred the boy to the depths of his soul, and gave him a fresh start. By God's grace he was saved, and became an able expositor of Scripture, Dr. Adam Clarke. 2nd. "Nurse it." Only *love* leads to the patience of instruction. The babe was in a mother's care. 3rd. "Nurse it for *me*." The daughter of Pharaoh was the greatest lady of the land, but we have to nurse and train the children for God. He asks for the service, and He gives wisdom and grace for it. 4th. "I will give thee thy wages." There is blessed compensation in the Kingdom by and by, and even on earth, how sweet to see the fruit of our toil in the young confessing the Lord, living for and serving Him. That child became the greatest of the prophets (Deut. xxxiv. 10), and the leader of Israel. God only knows the results of simple, loving service for Him amongst the children. T. R. D.



"This is a Birthday Present."

A Birthday,

And what Happened in it.



IT was the birthday of a little servant girl in a house where I was staying, and as several of the inmates had kindly given her presents, wishing her a happy day, and many happy returns of it, I purchased a Bible for her, and, in the afternoon, found an opportunity to present it. She was alone in the scullery, and giving her the book I wished her every happiness. She thanked me, and curtsied.

“How long is it since you were born?” I asked.

“Sixteen years to-day, sir,” she answered.

“And how long since you were born again?” I continued.

The girl hung her head and gave no answer.

“You say it is sixteen years since you were born. Cannot you tell me how many have passed since you were born again?”

I could see her breast heaving as she attempted to answer me, but words would not come, although she tried to speak; her feelings could not be restrained: she burst into loud convulsive sobs, which were followed by a flood of tears. Laying her head down on her arm upon the table she gave full vent to her sorrow. When the girl had partly recovered from her emotion, I asked why she was so deeply affected by my question. In answer, she told me she was an orphan, that her father and mother had loved the Lord. She added; that since her mother died, no one had spoken to her about her soul.

“My child,” I said, “how glad I am that God has begun a good work in you.”

“Oh, sir, don’t imagine that, for I am very wicked, and seem to get worse.”

“But,” I asked, “did you not say that you longed to be born of God, and to be saved from sin?”

“Yes, indeed, I do,” she sobbed.

“And do you think Satan would give you that desire?”

“Oh no,” she answered, “I am sure he would not.”

“No,” I said; “neither would you yourself desire this, for the natural heart is enmity to God, and delights in sin. Depend upon it, God is graciously working in you by His Holy Spirit, convincing you of sin,

and showing you your need of a Saviour, and now, I feel sure, you will be made heartily willing to accept Jesus, the Son of God, for your own Saviour."

"I don't know that," she said, "but I do want to be saved."

"Well," I said, "may God help you to understand His way of salvation. I suppose you have been trying your own ways, in praying to be good, and to give up your sins, and in fighting against Satan.

"Yes, I have been trying to be better."

"But," I continued, "my child, God does not expect you to save yourself, for He has declared that you cannot take away one stain of your sins, but He has provided His beloved Son to be your Saviour, and He now declares that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin. 'The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Now, to make it simple to you, you know what a gift is; you have had several to-day, and you have been made happy by receiving them. I have just given you this Bible. When I held it out to you, you understood what I meant by saying, 'This is a little birthday present,' and you simply took it, and said, 'Thank you, sir; it is very kind of you.' You did not need to prepare yourself to take the gift, nor do you require to work for it, or to pay for it. You know that a gift means something for nothing—something given by one out of kindness, and that nothing is required from the person to whom it is given, but just to receive it. If there were anything more, it would not be a gift. Do you see?"

"Yes, I understand that."

"Then," I said, "God assures you that the salvation you desire, which includes the forgiveness of sins, eternal life, the new birth, and all spiritual blessings, is His gift through Jesus. If you desire these things, you must be willing to receive them from God, as a gift from a loving friend, for He will not sell them—they are too precious, and have cost Him too much. You know He had to deliver to death His beloved Son, in order that He might freely give us eternal life. Can you follow me in this?"

"Yes, I know it must be as you say. I cannot give Him anything; if I am to be saved, He must do it all."

"But has He not done all? Yes, He has given His beloved Son for us, and Jesus has died, bearing our sins and their penalty. He has settled the whole question of sin and of our salvation; so that God can now offer to the poor, lost, undone, hell-deserving sinner, life eternal as a

gift, because of what Christ has done. I have gladly accepted His great gift myself, and received Jesus as the Son of God and my Saviour, to my heart. And now, my dear child," I said, "what say you to accepting Jesus and eternal life, as a gift from God to-day—now—and making this a double birthday, for as many as receive Him become the children of God?"

"I am quite willing," she answered.

"Yes, I believe you are, with all your heart, willing to receive Jesus. Suppose, now, you tell God what you have told me—that you are willing to receive His gift, or, better still, just tell Him you accept His gift, and thank Him for it."

We knelt down together, and the little scullery maid thanked God for salvation through Jesus' death and blood, accepting Him as her own Saviour.

Some years after this I was invited to preach to a large congregation of working people. On making enquiries as to why this door had been opened to me, I found that it was through a young woman's desire, who witnessed a good confession, and was a diligent worker for the Master. In speaking with her, I found her to be the servant-maid of my story. She referred to the conversation in the scullery on her sixteenth birthday, and rejoiced in the anniversary of her two births.

Reader, have you considered this—"Born once, die twice; born twice, die once?"

Two things are absolutely necessary for your salvation—two "must be's"—the first is accomplished: "The Son of Man must be lifted up:" the second, "Ye must be born again"—is that also an accomplished fact?

J. S.



WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his word, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Because she could not go out to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she brought the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child should be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

LOVE TO CHRIST.

WHAT IS IT?

"PAPA," said a little girl to her father,
"when you want to be with Somebody
always, more than with anybody
else; and want to look at Him, and
want to talk with Him and to trust
Him and please Him, and you find you
can tell Him lots of things you couldn't
tell anybody else if you tried, you know;
what does it mean?"

"It means, dear child, that you love
Him very much."

TERRORS IN CHINA.

FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES.

It is a terrible experience to fall into the hands of a Chinese mob. Inoffensive, good-natured men are roused to frenzy by evil insinuations against foreigners, and, intoxicated with excitement, are capable of most fiendish atrocities. As a child of eight, I was

winter. To make the small mud-walled hut more comfortable for us, he covered the damp earthen floor with boards. This was instantly resented by the suspicious Chinese. "Why should a man place boards over his floor unless there was something underneath which he



VIEW OF A CHINESE STREET.

taken by my father, an American missionary, into the interior of Shan-tung, to the district now occupied by the Germans. My mother had died a few months before, and my father, anxious to pursue promising work in the interior, took his three children (of whom I was the eldest) and a faithful Chinese nurse to a town four days' journey from Chi-fu. In this place he intended to spend the

wished to conceal?" The old story that the missionary had kidnapped and murdered Chinese children was again widely circulated. It was asserted that he had made a miraculous medicine of their hearts and eyes, with which he could bewitch the Chinese into believing his new religion. The children's dead bodies must therefore be concealed beneath that carefully laid wooden floor. The in-

creasing hostility was observed with great anxiety, and after being twice stoned in the market-place, my father concluded to flee to the country seat, twelve miles distant, where he would claim protection as an American citizen. We started at midnight. It was impossible to procure animals to convey us, so a few native Christians took their lives in their hands and carried the little children on their backs over the dangerous road to partial safety. I remember distinctly our stealthy creeping through hostile villages, afraid that at any moment the barking dogs might bring our enemies upon us, and our crouching in the early dawn beneath the shelter of a clay tank, while a distant wheelbarrow creaked slowly out of hearing. We managed to reach our destination in safety, and remained for a few hours in an obscure inn in the suburbs. With great difficulty a cart and two wretched animals were procured, and at the end of a week's travel over miserable roads we were at home again. A light realisation of the danger we had escaped came into my childish mind when we were met outside the city wall by the foreign residents and native Christians of Chi-fu, who with streaming eyes praised God for our deliverance. It was afterwards learned that the next morning after our escape—only six hours after our departure—a furious mob of men came to our little house, tore up the wooden floor, looted our furniture, and would undoubtedly have killed us had we fallen into their hands.

What our experience was in these days has been the experiences of hundreds of Christians during the past year. Many have succeeded in escaping with their lives, but others have been called upon to face death, and have bravely done so,

rather than deny Christ, suffering untold insults and tortures for the name of Jesus.

We who live in Christian England are not subjected to the same outward violence as Christians in China often are, but real faithfulness to Christ will, even here, always bring with it the scorn of the world and the slights of those who are Christians by profession only, for they that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.

F. C. H.

What He Was, and What He Is.

A fflicted,	Isa. liii. 7.	O ppressed,	Isa. liii. 7.
A nointed,	Acts x. 38.	O vercomer,	Rev. iii. 21.
B ruised,	Isa. liii. 5.	P ut to grief,	Isa. liii. 10.
B eloved,	Matt. iii. 17.	P re-eminent one,	Col. i. 18.
C rucified,	Mark xv. 35.	Q uickened,	1 Pet. iii. 18.
C rowned,	Heb. ii. 9.	Q uickener,	John v. 21.
D espised,	Isa. liii. 3.	R ejected,	Isa. liii. 3.
D elighted in,	Isa. xliii. 1.	R aised again,	Rom. vi. 4.
E steemed not,	Isa. liii. 3.	S mitted,	Isa. liii. 4.
E lect,	Isa. xlii. 1.	S uccourer,	Heb. ii. 18.
F orsaken,	Mark xv.	T antried,	Luke xxiii. 35.
F ulness of Godhead,	Col. i. 19.	T rusted,	Luke xxiii. 42.
G azed upon,	Luke xxii. 48.	U plifted,	John iii. 14.
G lorified,	1 Pet. i. 21.	U ndefiled,	Heb. viii. 26.
H ated,	John xv. 25.	V ilified,	Matt. xii. 24.
H ighly exalted,	Phil. ii. 9.	V ery high,	Isa. lii. 13.
I ll treated,	Mark xv. 19.	W ounded,	Isa. liii. 5.
I mage of God,	Heb. i. 2.	W orshipped,	Rev. v. 12.
K issed,	Luke xxii. 48.	X amined,	John xix. 19.
K ing,	John xix. 19.	X tollid,	Isa. lii. 13.
L owly,	Matt. xi. 29.	Y ielding,	Isa. i. 5, 6.
L oved,	John x. 17.	Y ea and Amen,	2 Cor. i. 18, 19.
M ocked,	Mark xv. 31.	Z ealous,	John ii. 17.
M ighty to save,	Isa. lxiii. 1.	Z ion's King,	Ps. ii. 6.
N umbered,	Isa. liii. 12.		
N amed above every name,	Phil. ii. 9.		

BOSOM FRIENDS.

— 1860 —

ADA and Isabelle, when little girls, were what are called "bosom friends"—when one was to be seen the other was never far off, and, what was more remarkable, they never had the least little quarrel; and yet, for all that, neither of them loved the Saviour—they lived their little lives without Him. But God in His love was watching over these two children, and was about to reveal His Son to them before the evil days came.

It happened in this wise. A Sunday School teacher, having failed to persuade them to attend the school in which he taught, thought that probably he might succeed in getting them to come to his Bible Class, and that thus two souls might be won for the Lord. They both came, and seemed very much interested, and soon became quite attached to their teacher, who always managed to bring in a little word for those who had not yet come to Christ.

One evening as he walked home with some of his scholars, he asked them, by the way, some questions concerning their soul's salvation.

Turning to Isabelle, he said, "Can you say that you are now on the narrow path?"

"Oh yes, indeed I can," was the prompt reply.

"Is it because you are a good girl?"



BOSOM FRIENDS.

asked he, wishing to make sure that she was not resting on any false hope.

"No, no," she replied, almost crying at the thought. "If you only knew how miserable I have been because of my sins!"

"Then you have found out that you are a sinner?"

"Yes," the child answered.

"Tell me how it came about."

"Well," said Isabelle, "for a whole week I have been so unhappy, and I kept saying to myself, 'I wish I could say I am saved,' but I was so afraid it would be telling a lie; and then, while you were speaking to us, the Lord seemed to say to me, 'Isabelle, you are wishing

for something which I am offering you, and all you have to do is simply to take it.' At once I saw it all clearly, and I did take it, and many thanks to the dear Lord Jesus, and I'm so happy now!"

So teacher and scholar rejoiced together.

But my young reader will wonder what became of our little friend Ada. Well, I must tell you how this good news affected her.

The evening Isabelle had spoken to him, the teacher was pouring out his heart in thankfulness to the Lord, who had seen fit to use him to turn a soul to righteousness, and at the same time his little scholar was in her room with a troubled look on her face. She was thinking of her dear friend, Ada, who had not yet trusted the Saviour. In the midst of her sorrowful thoughts, a quiet voice seemed to say, "Pray for her; prayer will be answered; it was answered for you."

Was there ever a real prayer left unanswered yet? Before Isabelle rose from her knees, Ada was tossing restlessly on her bed. Thoughts had come into her mind which had never been there before. Her friend, thought she, was heavenward-bound, but where was she bound? The little girl wished it were morning, so that she might run and tell Isabelle that she wanted to go with her to God's beautiful home. Her thoughts ran on, until at last she fell asleep and dreamed that Isabelle had gone to Heaven, and that she herself was left outside the gate!

Ada took the earliest opportunity to seek her friend. Isabelle saw her coming, and ran quickly to meet her, and asked whether anything was wrong, and what it was that had brought her out so early.

"I cannot bear the thought of you

going to Heaven without me, Isabelle," said Ada.

"So you are willing to come, too, darling Ada?"

"Yes, but how can I come?"

Then Isabelle pointed her friend to the Lord Jesus, who alone can save. After a while the light from above dawned upon her soul. And now these two friends are both heavenward-bound.

"When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,

That your dear Saviour may be their Saviour too;

Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,

And prayer will be answered; 'twas answered for you."

L. V.

Life and Times of William Tyndale.

SIR JOHN WALSH was a man of considerable importance, kept a hospitable table, and the priests and idle monks, ever fond of good cheer, took full advantage of his generosity. The church dignitaries cared little for their duties, but a great deal for their revenues, and they soon saw that if Master Tyndale's "opinions" were received, their illegitimate gains would be gone. The learned doctors and lordly abbots warmly disputed with him as to his presumption in daring to differ from "Holy Church," but Tyndale, with his Greek Testament ever by his side, had a way of testing their arguments by what was written in "The Book," so as to leave him master of the field. "That is the Book that makes heretics," said they. "The source of all heresy is pride," replied Tyndale. Not content with merely exposing that which was false, he busied himself in making known that which was true, and devoted himself to preach-

ing the Gospel in the villages near by. Extending his journeys as he had opportunity, he visited Bristol and preached to large audiences which gathered to hear him on the college green.

His teaching had its effect too on his patron Sir John, and the priests and monks soon began to find that their welcome at the manor house was not so hearty as heretofore. This they ascribed to Tyndale's influence, and having been defeated in argument they resorted to force. The Chancellor of the diocese cited him to appear and answer to certain charges which had been made against him. Tyndale went, and knowing what was before him, "prayed heartily to God to strengthen him to stand fast in the truth of His Word." We get a glimpse of the judicial procedure of these days from what he tells us of this court. "When I came before the Chancellor," he says, "he threatened me grievously and reviled me, and rated me as though I had been a dog; and laid to my charge things whereof there could be none accuser brought forth, *as their manner is.*" To this invective Tyndale made a calm reply which only exasperated the Chancellor all the more, but as they could not produce one witness to substantiate their charges, he escaped out of their hands and returned home to Sodbury. The priests next tried to "convert" Tyndale, and engaged a learned churchman to visit him and convince him of his errors.

We know little of what took place at this interesting interview, except that the evangelist's Testament was more than a match for all the churchman's logic, and when he saw that the Word of God only exposed the evil of his own doctrine, he exclaimed, "We had better be without God's laws than the pope's."

Tyndale, shocked at such irreverence, warmly replied, "I defy the pope and all his laws, and if God spares my life I will cause the boy that drives the plough to know more of the Scriptures than all the priests in England." He had decided on his great work, the translation of the Bible into the language of the people, and devoted all his spare time to this one object. But when the priests got knowledge of his design, their opposition, smouldering before, broke out into so fierce a flame that he was forced to leave Sodbury. "You cannot save me from the priests," he said to Sir John, "and I should be sorry to bring you into trouble; permit me to leave you." Taking with him his papers and his precious Testament, he bade good-bye for ever to the place where two years of his life had been pleasantly and profitably spent, and became an exile and a wanderer, that he might give to England the Bible—the knowledge of the Word of God. Tyndale went to London. He vainly hoped that the learned Bishop Tunstal would accord him patronage and encourage him in his design, but he had yet to learn not to put his faith in princes. Tunstal received him coldly and listened to his plans, but told him that his house was full, and dismissed him. "Alas!" said he, "I have been deceived: there is nothing to be looked for from the bishops: Christ was smitten on the cheek before the bishop: Paul was buffeted before a bishop, and a bishop has turned me away: but I hunger for the Word of God, and I will translate it whether they say so or no: God will not suffer me to perish." Repulsed by the Bishop, he found a home with a Christian merchant named Humphrey Monmouth, who received him into his house and provided him with the opportunity of prosecuting

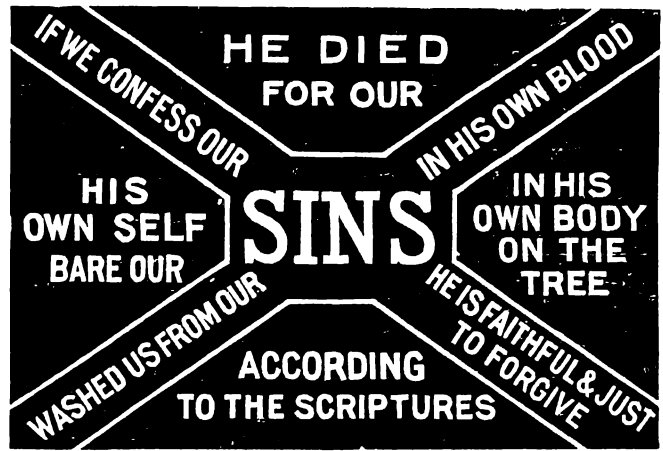
his labours. Here he met John Fryth, whom he speaks of as "his dear son in the faith," and who, at a future day, was to die a martyr for the truth of Jesus. Meantime he rendered valuable assistance to the translator, and daily the two shut themselves up in a small room in Monmouth's house to render the Greek Testament into English. They were making rapid progress, and Tyndale hoped soon to see his sheets printed, when events took place which showed him that there was "no room, not only in the bishop's palace to translate the New Testament, but that there was no place to do it in all England."

Two years before Tyndale arrived in London, Luther's books were beginning to be introduced into England, and in such numbers too that the clergy took alarm, and condemned every copy they could lay hands upon to be seized and burned. Aleander, the papal nuncio in Germany, had prohibited the printers from publishing any of Luther's works in the Empire. "Very well," said the printers, "we shall send them to *England* then." And to England they came. The *Theses* of 1517, the *Explanation of the Lord's Prayer*, the *Epistle to the Galatians*, the *Babylonish Captivity of the Church*, and others were translated into English, imported by the enterprising merchants, who found it a profitable, if a risky trade, and circulated through the country by an elaborate system of colportage. The clergy did everything in their power to stop the growing evil. Even King Henry himself entered the lists, and wrote a book against "that arch-heretic and child of the devil, Martin Luther, who had ventured to resist the authority of the Pope." Writing to Louis of Bavaria, he exhorts him to "seize and exterminate this Luther, and

unless he repents, to deliver him and his books to the flames." A copy of the King's book, beautifully bound, was sent to Rome, and the Pope, to show his gratitude to the messenger who brought it, gave him *his toe to kiss*. To Henry too something must be given, and a bull was issued bestowing upon him the sounding title of *Defender of the Faith*. Henry was in raptures. A sumptuous entertainment was given. The heralds proclaimed the King's new title, and Wolsey said mass. The Court jester, entering in the midst of these proceedings, asked the cause of his joy. "The Pope has just named me *Defender of the Faith*," said the King. "Ho! ho! good Harry," replied the fool, "let you and me defend one another, but let the faith alone to defend itself." The "fool" was the wisest man in the company. Henry, to show his zeal, immediately began to persecute all who differed from Rome—to destroy the faith instead of defending it. In Lincolnshire was found a small community of Christians who were wont to meet together on Sundays and at other times, as they had opportunity, to read a portion of the Gospels, or spend the time in prayer and exhortation. Books were few, and those who possessed a copy of the Gospels or one of the Epistles would secretly lend them to their friends that they might commit portions to memory, and in turn pass them on to others. One, John Scrivener, a faithful colporteur, was entrusted with this task, and carefully conveyed the precious volumes to those who thirsted for the life-giving word. Here was a field for Henry. Officers suddenly appeared in the district, and many arrests were made. The sufferings they had to endure for being found in possession of the Bible we shall see in another paper.

SINS— A BLACKBOARD LESSON.

SINS are the outflow of the evil nature which every one born into this world has by birth. Even the sweet, innocent-looking babies who grow with delight have this bad spring within, from whence bitter waters are sure to flow. At the same time, every sin is hateful to the holy God, who will punish it with His everlasting displeasure. In the gospel is revealed how God deals with our sins. He condemns them once for all on the cross in the person of His own Son. All repeat the blessed words which are across the board, "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24). The question may arise, "How can we know and be sure of that?" Repeat the text down centre of board, "He died for our sins according to the scriptures." Now, the words, "According to the scriptures," give the sure record of the fact that Jesus died for our sins. The wages of sin having been paid to Him—*death*. The sinner who really trusts in Him is justified. But there is no forgiveness save on God's terms for any one, be he sinner or a child of faith. The terms you will read in the words sloping from the left corner, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (1 John i. 9). This requires us to humble ourselves, owning our guilt, and in true contrition, then the Lord shows Himself



"ready to pardon." There is one text more, part of the anthem chanted by worshipping hearts, "Unto Him that loves us, and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Rev. i. 5-6). This shows two things, that it was Christ's *love* which made Him die, and His precious *blood* which has power to cleanse. Oh! every one should trust this altogether loving and powerful Redeemer. Do you? There is no other who can save you, and no salvation from your sins, save in the blood shed for the remission of sins. Your sins may shut you out from Heaven and God in Hell for ever, but if you look by faith to the glorified Christ, and confess your guilt, you can hear Him say to your soul, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace." T. R. D.

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**"THROUGH THIS MAN
IS PREACHED UNTO YOU
THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS:
AND BY HIM
ALL THAT BELIEVE
ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS"**
(Acts xiii. 38).



For
Little Folk.

SING, DADA, SING.

MANY true and sweet stories we have given of dear little children, who have heard and believed in the precious name of Jesus. I will now tell my readers of my little grand-daughter.

The dear child was only two years and eleven months old. She had a Christian father and mother, and nothing gave her more joy than for them to sing together in the evening, while she sat on her dada's knee, as she called her father. This little child fell very ill last February—she was taken with a distressing cough, and during this time of suffering her father would often propose to sing after her cough was over, which greatly pleased her, and then her voice would rise louder than those of the others! During her illness, there was one hymn that was most precious to her—

Jesus loves me! this I know, for the Bible tells me so.

Little ones to Him belong—they are weak, but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me! yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me—the Bible tells me so.

This verse was on her tongue so long as she could get breath to utter it. "Yes, Jesus loves me! yes, Jesus loves me!" she never tired to sing.

The last day of her little life, her

father felt sure his darling was soon going to be with Jesus, and as he watched her short breathing, she looked up, and said, "Sing, dada, sing."

"Shall dada get the fiddle and sing, dearie?" said he.

"No, dada, no; sing 'Jesus loves me,'" she answered.

He then said, "Shall dada play the piano, and sing, dearie?"

"No, dada, no," she answered again: "sing 'Jesus loves me, this I know.'"

And as her father sang the verse, her dear, sweet voice surprised them, so loud and strong it was, and she sang the verse through with her father.

The little eyes were fixed upward for a long time; a stranger who was looking at her, asked what the child could see, and what her fixed gaze meant. "She was looking at Jesus," replied the mother.

Dear children who read this story, remember this dear child, and when you read your Bible, or sing hymns in the Sunday School, learn to know the truth therein contained in your hearts. Ask the Lord Jesus to teach you His love. We are strangers, but I pray for all who read this story, for the Lord Jesus loves little children.

F. T.

TEXTS IN THE MEMORY.

MANY blessed consequences flow from having the words of Scripture in the memory. We cannot always have our Bibles in our hands, especially if our calling leads us to manual labour.

When you walk by the way, good thoughts will be prompted, and evil thoughts will be shut out by some good word of God turned over in the mind. Choose your text in the morning with this view.



"Playing round the dreaded cannon."

PEACE.



REAT BRITAIN had long been enjoying rest from foreign enemies, when about two years ago her peace was broken by the intrusion of an enemy on her South African possessions, and the call to arms ran through the length and breadth of her dominions. Victory and defeat have since followed in quick succession. The blood of many of her noble subjects has been shed, and the consequences of a prolonged war have followed

in its train, bringing deep sorrow to thousands of homes, once perhaps bright. The enemy's power, at first thought to be insignificant, has proved to be otherwise, and a disturbance which it was hoped would be speedily quelled has been dragged out week after week and month after month, taxing the resources of the Mother Country to their utmost. And now shall it be gainsaid that from every heart proceeds the wish felt, if not uttered, "Oh, for peace!"? This will, of course, necessitate the terms of its being entered into by the opposing parties and arms laid aside. When peace has been proclaimed the instruments of warfare will be laid aside, and even children may play in safety around the dreaded cannon, which before had been used to hurl death and destruction upon opposing hosts.

Reader, have you ever thought of a peace of much deeper importance than one connected with earth and with time?

We do not mean peace with one's neighbour, happy as that is, nor satisfaction with one's character before men, important as that may be.

A man asleep in his house whilst it is all in flames is enjoying peace of a kind, but it is not the kind we have before us. Such a man needs, we are assured, to be aroused and pointed to the means of escape, which, if wise, he will promptly avail himself of.

But, coming nearer to our point, Israel had got very far away from the Lord in their day, and become idolaters. All their approach to God outwardly was useless whilst their sin was unconfessed and their hearts far from Him. The prophets, unfaithful, made light of their sin, saying, "Peace, peace," when there was no peace. They should have pointed to

Jehovah, and told them He was the Physician who had the balm of Gilead or right way of pardoning them. What a voice for us to-day! May I ask you if you have

PEACE WITH GOD?

Before you can wish for this, it is needful to see how God views you. Thus, in Rom. iii. 10-23 you are proved to be a

PEACE-BREAKER.

There we see how all have lived to "themselves" instead of to God, have broken His laws, and dishonoured His holy Name. All the world is proved guilty before God: "none righteous—no, not one;" all who have come short of His glory are lost. Thus, there is no excuse for you; your mouth is closed. Do you bow to this verdict? If so, do not turn to a

FALSE PEACE,

like the man found sleeping in the flames, or like Israel, with her outward forms and ceremonies, thinking to avert the flames of judgment of a holy and righteous God. That is but a human way, so all your efforts to amend and put away the past are useless. Those who tell you to trust to prayers, tears, almsgiving, pilgrimages, keeping the law, &c., are saying, as it were, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." "There is no peace to the wicked." But, thank God, there is One who has already done the needful work to meet all the righteous claims of God, as well as your guilty condition. It is Christ who therefore is the

PEACEMAKER.

Among the many who came to Him for blessing when He was on earth was a woman who had for twelve years been suffering from a disease—picture of sin. She had spent her all on cures and on doctors, but they could do her no good. Tired of her ways of relief, she came to Christ the Physician, who cured her at once. As perfect Man, in view of facing the awful question of sin, to meet God's claims and enable Him to eternally bless man, He says three times to His Father, "If Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Then on the cross, before the universe, when suffering for sin, and therefore God's face was turned from Him, and darkness was over all the earth

for three whole hours, He cries, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Yes, Christ, the Son of God, has made peace by the blood of His cross, and to Him we would direct you. Is such a love as His to be trifled with? His words are, "Look to Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else besides—a just God and a Saviour." He is the Physician whose precious blood cleanses from all sin. The very best of men are all sinners, so cannot die for others, having their own sins to answer for. All they can do is to point you to Jesus, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, yet was a friend of publicans and sinners; who did no sin, who knew no sin, and in whom was no sin. Being God, glory be to His Name! He knows all men and how far you have got away. He is light, but He is love also. And now God asks you to be a

PEACE-TAKER.

For in raising Christ from the dead He has shown Himself perfectly satisfied with Christ's work, and with the One who did it, by putting Him at His own right hand. Christ Himself, as conqueror of death, on His resurrection from the dead, having thus robbed death of its sting, declared, "Peace to you." He left peace (John xiv.) for us to take—a peace which the world knows nothing of. Do you believe God? Will you rest in Christ and believe God has raised Him from the dead? Do your heart and mouth go together in confessing Him? Can you truly say, "Jesus, THOU ALONE are worthy"? If so, you are a peace-taker. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Yes, peace since every claim is met,
Lord Jesus, by Thy blood;
And Thou our peace art risen and set
On high by God."

HE IS OUR PEACE

—that is, Christ in glory as the object of the believer's heart. When you know Him thus, you will then have the blessed privilege—yea, a duty of love to others—to be a

PEACE-PROCLAIMER.

For how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet—once not in the way of peace (Rom. iii. 17)—of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, "Thy God reigneth!"

The time of

UNIVERSAL PEACE

referred to in this prophecy will not come till Christ, who is now despised by man, returns to reign as Jehovah Shalom, and suppresses the power of Satan, the usurper, the god of this world. But before then, God is gathering out a people through the preaching of the Gospel. When this is done, there will be terrible judgments on the Christ-rejecters left behind, and on Israel for crucifying Him and telling Pilate they would be responsible for shedding the blood of their Messiah; for God will put all things under His feet. The true ones, however, of Israel and Gentiles who have never heard the Gospel will be brought through the judgment to people the earth, and Christ shall reign with His saints over it. All shall then know the Lord from the least to the greatest (Isa. ii. 4, xi.).

O reader, put not off the question of knowing such a peace till it be too late!

I ran across to my mother's bedroom door, gently knocking, and heard her voice say, "Come in, Maggie." I rushed in, threw my arms around her neck, and said, "I'm saved."

"I was just expecting it, lassie," she said, "for I have been praying for your deliverance all this day."

There was great rejoicing the following morning when Mr. Mathieson came down, and a letter was sent off that day to my father.

I can remember well on his return from Ireland, how he took my arm and led me into his study before he had touched his tea, to hear from my lips the story of my conversion, which I always say was brought about through that lovely Bible story of the Scapegoat.

I am writing thousands of miles from that old ivy-covered manse in the quiet Scottish glen; my dear parents have joined the Lord's honoured servant Duncan Mathieson long ago in Heaven, with many more of my friends and kindred. But while time has wrought its changes, the Saviour to whom I came that day long ago is still the same, and the peace that filled my heart that hour when I came to Him, and cast myself upon Him, remains unchanged. As the years go by, I praise Him more and more for drawing me by His love, and making me His own in those early days, ere the cares of life begun.

Reader, may I ask you the question that was asked me long, long ago. Are you saved? If not, why not? "This Man receiveth sinners."

THREE SWEET THINGS.

Sweet to feed upon His Word.

Sweet to dwell in His perfect love.

Sweet to think of my home above. R.

Life and Times of William Tyndale.

WE saw last month how Henry VIII. in his zeal for Rome had suddenly become a persecutor of the Christians, and those found in possession of the Scriptures were arrested and brought before the magistrates.

Some recanted: some were tied to a post in the market-place, while the executioner branded them on the cheek with a red-hot iron. Others were considered worthy of death, and among them the colporteur Scrivener. When the pile was ready his weeping children were dragged forward, the torch forced into their unwilling hands, and they were compelled to light the faggots of their own father's death pile. The priests also made inquisition in London for all who should possess Luther's books and tracts, and Tyndale thereupon fearing that the stake might put an end to his life before his translation was completed, determined to leave London and retire to the Continent.

The generous Monmouth gave him ten pounds, equal to nearly fifty pounds in our day. Other friends of the gospel made up a like sum, and taking his unfinished sheets and his Greek Testament he went on board a vessel and sailed to Hamburg in 1524. He knew what fierce opposition his work would raise, but he was determined that England should have the New Testament in spite of the Clergy. "The priests," he said, "when they had slain Christ set poles to keep Him in His sepulchre, that He should not rise again: even so have our priests buried the Testament of God, and all their study is to keep it down that it rise not again."

From Hamburg Tyndale proceeded to Wittenberg where he spent some time in

THE SCAPEGOAT.

HOW THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER GOT PEACE.

MY early years were spent in a country manse surrounded by tall elm trees. In front of the house was a large green field which was known as "the glebe," at the foot of which flowed a silvery stream of clear cool water which came down from the hills. Life was

place when absent from home. They usually paid a good deal of attention to me, being an only child, but I do not remember any of them ever speaking to me plainly and pointedly about my soul. Perhaps they assumed my father had done so often, which was true; but a



THE SCAPEGOAT, BY HOLMAN HUNT.

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simple and happy in our home. My father was the parish minister, and from my earliest days I can remember his earnest appeals, oftentimes with tears, to the people, to "Flee from the wrath to come."

During my schooldays, frequent visitors came to assist my father, or to take his

pointed word from a stranger often drives the truth home to the conscience.

In the year 1860, my father heard of the great Revival in Ireland, and went across there to see the work of God, and to share in the happy service of leading awakened sinners to Christ.

On one of the Sundays during the time he was away, Duncan Mathieson, the Scotch Evangelist, came to take the services. He preached twice, and I remember that many were weeping in the church. When Mr. Mathieson came home it was late, and I remember hearing him tell my mother that "several young folk had entered the kingdom." They were both very happy, and my mother said she would write father next morning, and tell him the good news.

"Is your ain lassie converted?" said Mr. Mathieson to my mother, looking across the room to where I sat. "You'll better ask her," was my mother's reply. As I heard that, I shook with terror, for although I had been brought up religiously, and had heard the way of life ever since my childhood, I knew quite well that I was not converted.

Mr. Mathieson crossed the room, sat down beside me, and asked, "Maggie, are you saved?" I made no answer, but buried my face in my handkerchief, and cried. I believe the Spirit of God had been showing me my sinfulness and my need of a Saviour for some time, and the letters that were coming from my father in Ireland, telling of the many who were being converted there, helped to deepen my convictions and impress me with the fact that I also needed to be converted. Mr. Mathieson's question seemed to bring me to the point, and I felt that the hour had come when I must face the great realities of eternity, and make my choice between the world and Christ.

"Would you like to be saved, Maggie?" asked Mr. Mathieson, and unable to restrain myself longer, I said through my tears, "Yes, I would, but I am too great a sinner ever to be saved." And these words were not sentiment, for I felt that moment that no guiltier sinner than I

ever stood before a holy God. My very good points, in which I had prided myself, seemed the worst of all, and I saw there was nothing for which I was so fit as an eternal Hell.

"It's a mercy you see it, lassie," said Mr. Mathieson cheerfully, "for when a sinner sees and confesses that, there is no great distance between that soul and the Saviour." Then he opened his Bible and read, "Who His own self bear our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24), using as an illustration the scapegoat, on whose head the sins of all the people of Israel were laid, before it was sent away into the wilderness. He showed how Jesus was offered to bear our sins like that, and took the punishment due to them Himself, and how He bore them all away from before God's face.

I saw, as I had never done before, that the work was finished, all done for me by Another, and that nothing remained for me to do, but only to cast myself as a lost and helpless sinner on Christ as my Saviour. I believe that while sitting there on the sofa, I did in my heart trust myself to Jesus, but I had no joy or sense of deliverance such as I had heard of others receiving immediately, and so I feared to say anything about it. We all retired to rest. When I got to my little room all alone, I fell on my knees, and told God that I did then and there, just as I was, come to Christ, and give myself over to Him, believing He would receive me. That very moment peace filled my heart; not a mere feeling, but a sense of rest, such as we enjoy when we have committed ourselves to one in whom we have confidence. I could have sung that moment—

"I know my sins are all forgiven,
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
And I am on my way to Heaven,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb."

I ran across to my mother's bedroom door, gently knocking, and heard her voice say, "Come in, Maggie." I rushed in, threw my arms around her neck, and said, "I'm saved."

"I was just expecting it, lassie," she said, "for I have been praying for your deliverance all this day."

There was great rejoicing the following morning when Mr. Mathieson came down, and a letter was sent off that day to my father.

I can remember well on his return from Ireland, how he took my arm and led me into his study before he had touched his tea, to hear from my lips the story of my conversion, which I always say was brought about through that lovely Bible story of the Scapegoat.

I am writing thousands of miles from that old ivy-covered manse in the quiet Scottish glen; my dear parents have joined the Lord's honoured servant Duncan Mathieson long ago in Heaven, with many more of my friends and kindred. But while time has wrought its changes, the Saviour to whom I came that day long ago is still the same, and the peace that filled my heart that hour when I came to Him, and cast myself upon Him, remains unchanged. As the years go by, I praise Him more and more for drawing me by His love, and making me His own in those early days, ere the cares of life begun.

Reader, may I ask you the question that was asked me long, long ago. Are you saved? If not, why not? "This Man receiveth sinners."

THREE SWEET THINGS.

Sweet to feed upon His Word.

Sweet to dwell in His perfect love.

Sweet to think of my home above. R.

Life and Times of William Tyndale.

WE saw last month how Henry VIII. in his zeal for Rome had suddenly become a persecutor of the Christians, and those found in possession of the Scriptures were arrested and brought before the magistrates.

Some recanted: some were tied to a post in the market-place, while the executioner branded them on the cheek with a red-hot iron. Others were considered worthy of death, and among them the colporteur Scrivener. When the pile was ready his weeping children were dragged forward, the torch forced into their unwilling hands, and they were compelled to light the faggots of their own father's death pile. The priests also made inquisition in London for all who should possess Luther's books and tracts, and Tyndale thereupon fearing that the stake might put an end to his life before his translation was completed, determined to leave London and retire to the Continent.

The generous Monmouth gave him ten pounds, equal to nearly fifty pounds in our day. Other friends of the gospel made up a like sum, and taking his unfinished sheets and his Greek Testament he went on board a vessel and sailed to Hamburg in 1524. He knew what fierce opposition his work would raise, but he was determined that England should have the New Testament in spite of the Clergy. "The priests," he said, "when they had slain Christ set pole-axes to keep Him in His sepulchre, that He should not rise again: even so have our priests buried the Testament of God, and all their study is to keep it down that it rise not again."

From Hamburg Tyndale proceeded to Wittenberg where he spent some time in

the society of Luther and Melancthon. Afterwards he went to Cologne where he hoped to get his translation printed. Taking lodgings in an obscure part of the town to avoid observation, he placed his manuscripts in the hands of the printer, Peter Quental, and soon had the joy of seeing the first sheets of the first printed English New Testament. But his joy was of short duration. Dean Cochloeus found out his secret and procured an order from the Senate forbidding the printer to continue the work, but Tyndale learning of this interruption succeeded in procuring the printed sheets, and hastily leaving Cologne proceeded up the Rhine to Worms. When Cochloeus and the officers arrived at the printing house they found that the "apostate had taken the abominable papers and escaped." The dean took care to apprise Henry VIII. and warn him of the danger England was exposed to. "The New Testament in English is about to be sent to your people," said he. "Give orders at every seaport to prevent the introduction of this most baneful merchandise." Such was the way the priests of Rome spoke about the Word of God. The Scriptures must not be read by the people. This was the dogma of the false church then, and she is the same to-day. Generations have succeeded each other, yet in each there has been manifested that implacable, untiring opposition to God which was begun by Satan in the Garden of Eden, and in every age since he has found men willing to be his instruments for evil in the world. Civilisation and so-called progress have not in the least modified the policy of Rome to the Word of God. Writing to his bishops and clergy in 1824, some time after the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Pope Leo XII.

says, "Ye are not ignorant that a society commonly called a Bible Society, is audaciously spreading through the earth : and that . . . it endeavours with all its might, and by every means, to translate, or rather corrupt the Holy Scriptures into the vulgar tongues of all nations. . . . We exhort you to remove your flocks with care and earnestness from this *fatal pasture*."

In 1870 Pope Pius IX., after the loss of his temporal power, was forced to be the unwilling witness of the "audacious" Bible Society, upon which his predecessor had poured his unqualified condemnation, opening a depot in Rome itself ; but his power was now limited, and he could only express his hatred to the Word of God by warning all "good catholics" to beware of the "pernicious literature" issued therefrom.

In 1890 a Christian lady in Edinburgh offered to give a Bible to an Italian who lay in the Calton Jail, charged with murder, but the Roman Catholic Canon who visited the jail *would not allow him to accept it*. Many more particular instances might be cited, but these three are enough to prove our point. The opposition to the truth in the nineteenth century is not one whit less than it was in the sixteenth.

After a voyage of four or five days Tyndale arrived in Worms. Four years previously, Luther, in the same town, had stood before the Emperor and the Diet, and single-handed had said, "I cannot recant ; here stand I ; I can do no other ; God help me." God had indeed helped him, and delivered him from those who sought his life, and God was watching over and protecting His servant Tyndale, from all his enemies until his work was done. At Worms he found a printer in Peter Schoeffer who was in-

terested in his work, and soon six thousand copies — three thousand in *octavo*, and three thousand in *quarto* — of the New Testament were on the way to England. Notwithstanding the warning of Dean Cochleus, the opposition of King Henry, and the hatred of the priests, the books arrived and were distributed all over the country. Then the partisans of Rome took counsel together and issued an edict with the concurrence of the king that “all these books, containing most *pernicious poison, were to be burned.*”

The Bishop of London enjoined all in his diocese who possessed English Testaments to deliver them up under pain of excommunication, and Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, did likewise. But as Testaments did not come in fast enough to make fires with, they tried a new plan. Large sums of money were expended in buying up all the copies they could lay hands on, and on one occasion nearly a thousand Testaments were burned at St. Paul's Cross. Such was the way the Word of God was treated by the men who called themselves the spiritual guides of the people. Only one complete *octavo* copy of the first edition of Tyndale's Testament is now known to exist; it is treasured in the Baptist College of Bristol. A fragment of the *quarto* edition, printed at Cologne, is also to be seen in the British Museum.

But the bishops had over-reached themselves; the money, that had been spent in buying up the books, only provided the translator with means for printing another and more carefully revised edition. The Dutch printers also, finding it a profitable undertaking, issued several editions on their own account, all of which were successfully shipped to England and Scotland, and eagerly bought up by the people.

In 1534, Tyndale issued a new and revised edition, correcting the various

errors which had crept into the text through the ignorance or carelessness of the foreign printers, and this is substantially the same translation as we now possess in our Authorised Version. To this edition was appended a number of expository marginal *glosses* or comments; but in some of these he made more direct application to the abuses of the times, as in 1 Thess. iv. 11, “That ye study to be quiet and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands,” he says, “A good lesson for monks and idle friars.”

L. L.

THE GREAT MASTER.

“I AM my own master!” cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to dissuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; “I am my own master!”

“Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?” asked a friend.

“Responsible—is it?”

“A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the look-out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail.”

“Well.”

“To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them, they will master you.”

“That is so,” said the young man.

“Now I could undertake no such thing,” said his friend. “I should fail sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. ‘One is my master, even Christ.’ I work under His direction, and where He is Master all goes right.”

For the Boys.

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.

MICROSCOPIC slides take much care in making, and to the thoughtful mind show God's wonderful works in creation. Every boy who can afford it should have a microscope, and note the works of the Infinite. We give a few examples of what is little known:—

For instance, there is a German named Moller, whose preparations of the tiny shells from the depths of the ocean are famous all over the world. Of these shells, which are so small that a thousand would not cover your finger-nail, Messrs. Watson showed the writer a slide which contained 1600 specimens. To the naked eye they looked like tiny grains of dust. Under the microscope the change was startling. Every row showed out as clearly and level as the stones in a wall. The grains of dust became pearly shells of exquisite shape and design, and under each was its name, reproduced by photography, and as clear as the type on this page. If you want to buy a slide of this kind, it will cost you £100; and, considering that every one of these shells is of a different kind, it cannot be said to be dear.

A butterfly's wing is covered with feathers, just like those of a bird, only, of course, far smaller. One of Messrs. Watson's slide-mounters makes a speciality of pictures done in butterflies' feathers and beetles' scales. A slide of this kind, in which the unhelped eye could see nothing but a little fleck of dust, glowed out under the lens as a cock and hen beautifully painted in natural colours. Four hundred and thirty-four different butterflies' feathers were used in making this picture. Another slide of this kind showed a vase of exquisite flowers. This

took eight hundred and fifty-three feathers and scales in its construction, and costs the purchaser £2, 12s. 6d. The artist, of course, works under the microscope. The brushes he uses consist of split horsehair, fixed each on a separate handle.



TEACHER'S PAGE.

EXCUSES.

IT is a true saying, "A bad workman has always an excuse." He blames his tools as bad; the weather as too hot or too cold; his head aches, or he forgot. On the other hand, to the earnest workman, he makes his tools serve him. His work rules the weather, and his ailments are made light of or forgotten in his desire to accomplish his end. We have been pained at the lame and trivial excuses for absence from Sunday School by teachers who profess to serve the Lord Christ, and are sure of this that their "love is oft-times low." Even nominal superintendents of Sunday Schools find reasons for disbanding the School. Let us ever remember that each one of us influences those with whom we are associated for good or ill. The Lord rouse us to be more whole-hearted, simple-minded, loving and real. In each scholar we should see a subject for salvation, a trophy for Christ, an object for love. When in real soul earnestness, difficulties will vanish, and instead of seeking reasons to cover our laziness and self-ease, we will seek for reasons why we should ever be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. "For as much as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

For Little Folk.

IF YOU PLEASE.

"AUNTY," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them willing to do what I ask."

"What is the key?" asked her Aunty.

"It's only one little word—guess what?"

But Aunty was no guesser.

"Aunty, it is *please*," said the child.

"If I ask one of the big girls at school, 'Please show me my parsing lesson?' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter what it is, she takes her hands out of the suds, and does it. If I say, 'Please, Uncle, do this for me,' he says, 'Yes, Pussy, if I can.' And if I say, 'Please, Aunty—'"

"Well, what does Aunty do?" asked Aunty herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like mother, and that is the best of all," said the little girl, throwing her arms around Aunty's neck, while a tear filled her eye.

Now that gentle-hearted little girl was finding, in her every-day life, the meaning of our Saviour's words, when He said, "Blessed are the meek." She found that blessing in the good that her meekness did to herself.

TRY IT.

A TRACT put in a letter, folded with thoughtful care,

And sealed with earnest longing, and a short heart-spoken prayer;

Commended to the Saviour, and sent forth on its way, His changeless loving kindness, His faithfulness to say;

Not much to give to Jesus, easy this work for Him, But the world is growing older, and faith oft groweth dim:

And the time is passing over, and it needs that some should stand

And do small things for Jesus, with free unsparing hand.

SEVEN PRECIOUS THINGS FOR THE BELIEVER.

Saved	Acts xvi. 31.
Forgiven	Acts xiii. 38.
Justified	Acts xiii. 39.
Peace	Rom. v. 1.
Eternal Life	1 John v. 11.
Sealing by Holy Ghost	Eph. i. 13.
Glory with Christ	Col.

If all the "shalls" in Scripture meant "perhaps,"
And all the "haths" meant simply "hope to have,"
I well might doubt.

But since the loving God means what He says,
and cannot lie,

I trust His faithful word, and know that I
Shall surely dwell throughout eternity
With Him I dearly love, e'en Christ Himself.

J. W. H. N.

TEXTS IN THE MEMORY.

When you are at work, you may derive unspeakable profit and comfort from ruminating on some savoury portion of God's Word.

When you are at prayer, texts of Scripture in the memory will aid your devotion by awakening right feelings, suggesting seasonable requests, and prompting to suitable expressions. Thus you join the "Word of God and prayer."

When you retire to rest, or lie awake during the night-watches, or sit beside the sick or dying, you may taste the sweetness of many a gracious portion, and may say, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul."

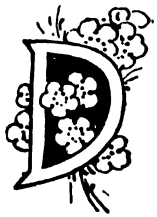
When you are in pain, fear, sorrow, or sudden peril, one verse of the Bible may be like a star to the benighted mariner.

Oh, be persuaded to make it a part of every day's duty, to commit to memory at least one new verse, and fail not to store them up like treasures in your minds.



“Played with all his might in playtime.”

Little Scotch Granite.



IF you ever have a bit of cloth that you thought clean until sometime it happened to be laid near a new piece, and you then saw it was soiled? In a similar way people discover facts about themselves sometimes, as Burt and Johnnie Lee did when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. They were “pretty good boys,” and would have been angry if anybody had called them deceitful. Well, when their cousin came,

they were delighted. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he recited finely. At night, before the close of school, the teacher called a roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." Then Willie understood that he was to say "ten" if he had not whispered during the day; he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you 'zero,'" said the teacher sternly; "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say, 'I haven't,'" said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied very hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his own account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to; yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown much quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of "disgrace." Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and "story-tellers." They talked him over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I tell you that I want to give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.



✧ FOOD FOR THOUGHT ✧

MAN IN THE FLESH.

INWARDLY.

"Their inward part is very wickedness"
(Ps. v. 9).

HEART—"The heart is deceitful above all things" (Jer. xvii. 9).

MIND—"The carnal mind is enmity against God" (Rom. viii. 7).

IMAGINATION—"Every imagination only evil continually" (Gen. vi. 5).

THOUGHT—"All their thoughts are against Me" (Psalm lvi. 5).

ALTOGETHER—"Every man at his best state is altogether vanity" (Ps. xxxix. 5).

OUTWARDLY.

"Ye outwardly appear righteous" (Matt. xxiii. 28), *but God says of thee*

HEAD—"The whole head is sick" (Isa. i. 5).

EYES—"Their eyes have they closed" (Acts xxviii. 27).

EARS—"Their ears are dull of hearing" (Matt. xiii. 15).

MOUTH—"Their mouth is full of cursing" (Rom. iii. 14).

LIPS—"The poison of asps is under their lips" (Rom. iii. 13).

FEET—"Their feet are swift to shed blood" (Rom. iii. 13).

WILLING, BUT UNABLE ;

Or, A Soldier's Bravery.

WE sometimes sing, "Christ is the only Saviour, mighty to save," and I wonder how many of the boys and girls who read *Loving Words* can not only say that He is mighty to save, but that He has saved them. How blessed to can say truthfully, "Jesus is my Saviour." Let me tell you about two dear little boys who lived in a country village not many miles from Edinburgh. They were just like some of you, the elder being about ten or eleven, and the other a few years younger. It was in February of this year, and there had been some days of hard frost, and a little pond near their home was frozen over. No doubt the boys thought they would have some fine fun on the ice, so they started for the pond, which was some distance from the roadway. Having reached it, they were enjoying themselves to the full, sliding on the clear smooth ice, when a man passing on the road warned them to keep off, as the ice was unsafe. Of course the two brothers saw no danger, and the slide was so nice, therefore they took no heed, but just went on again as soon as the man was gone. Ah! better would it had been for them had they listened to that warning voice and obeyed it. But no, it was unheeded. Suddenly the ice gave way, and the two little boys were struggling in the water. They cried for help, and a soldier, just newly returned from the War in South Africa, heard them and hastened to the rescue. He had risked his life fighting his country's battles, and endured all the privations of the siege of Ladysmith; and now once more he risks it to save those two drowning boys. He entered the pond, and had almost reached them,

when he found himself stuck fast in the mud. He could not get free, and was sinking. Bravely he made desperate efforts to reach the boys, but all in vain, and no more could he save himself from his perilous position. Loudly he cried, and help came at last. A man with a van drove along the road, and losing no time, he unfastened the reins from off his horse, and rushed to the pond. He was too late to save the dear boys, for they had sunk to rise no more. He threw the reins to the brave soldier, who managed to get hold of them, and then with great difficulty he was pulled out. But what of the two boys? Ah! their little bodies were got out some time after, and carried home to their sorrowing parents, but their spirits had passed away. A few days later the village school was closed, and the scholars followed their little companions' bodies as they were carried to the grave. How their little hearts ached with sorrow as they stood in the old churchyard surrounding the open graves, and one little fellow wept as if his heart would break. How sad it was indeed, and how deeply it should speak to the boys and girls who were there. May it speak to you, dear reader, for remember you need a Saviour, just as they did. Not to save you from a watery grave, but to save your precious soul. Thank God there is one for you, and He is mighty to save. Not like that brave soldier who was so willing and anxious to save those two young lives, but was powerless. Ah! Jesus is a mighty Saviour. He saved the chief of sinners, and He can save you. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief" (1 Tim. i. 15). Won't you trust that loving Saviour who died for

you, and now invites you to Himself? Those boys felt they needed a Saviour, and therefore they cried. Do you feel your need of Jesus as your own precious Saviour? If not, I warn you that without Him you shall perish eternally. You are not too young to die, and you know that after death there is the judgment for those that do not know that loving Saviour. Just think what it would be to die without Jesus, after all the loving invitations you have got to come to Him, and that He would have to say, "Depart from Me, I never knew you." Do not stay away any longer, but come just now and He will save you and make you happy. Then you can serve Him here, and soon He is coming to take all His dear people to be with Himself in that bright glory for all eternity.

R. M., Jr.

The Believer's A.B.C.

Accepted in the Son below'd,
Before the Father's face,
Bless'd with all blessings now in Christ,
According to His grace.
Complete in Him in whom there dwells
The fulness e'en of God,
Deliver'd from the fear of death
Through Jesus' precious blood.
Elect according to God's will,
Ere time its course began.
Foreknown as sons, ere earth was form'd,
Or stretched was Heaven's span,
Giv'n by the Father to the Son
To be His special prize.
Heirs of the same inheritance,
How wond'rous in our eyes!
Indwelt by God the Holy Ghost,
The present Earnest giv'n,
Joy of His heart, whose face we soon
Shall gaze upon in Heav'n;

Kept by God's pow'r unto the day
When Christ shall be reveal'd,
Led safely by the Comforter,
By whom it is we're seal'd.
Made meet to be partakers of
The saints' inheritance,
Never to perish,—in His hand,
And none can pluck us thence.
Ordain'd to bring forth fruit to Him
Whose pow'r sustains us still.
Predestin'd to be like Him made
According to His will.
Quicken'd with Christ and rais'd with Him,
We wait to see Him come,
Radiant with glory, us to greet,
And take us to His home.
Sav'd in the Lord for ever sav'd,
To us the grace is giv'n
To gather to His name below,
Soon round Himself in Heav'n.
United to our Head above,
By God the Holy Ghost,
Victorious in our Saviour, Lord,
In Him alone we boast.
While here below, be it our joy,
His banner to sustain,
'Xpress His character, and shine
Until He comes again.
Yielding our members as His tools
To work His holy will.
Zealous our Lord alone to serve,
His pleasure to fulfill.

HAVE WE ALL LEARNED THIS LESSON?

J. V.

REFERENCES.

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Tyndale's Arrest and Imprisonment.

— 1620 —

TYNDALE'S work was now done. Eight years before, he had written, "In burning the New Testament they did none other thing than that I looked for: no more shall they do if they burn me also, if it be God's will it shall be so." His enemies, who had long been endeavouring to get him into their power, were now about to be successful. Under the sanguinary Henry VIII., his friends Bilney and Fryth had been cruelly martyred in London. Many others had suffered death for being found in possession of a New Testament. But still the books came pouring in. The priests were unable to cope with the evil. The printing press defied them all. So it was decided to bring the translator to the stake, and thus, as they thought, strike at the root of the evil. Needless for us to enter into all the details of the pretended friendship which masked the treachery and cunning employed for this end. Needless to add that Romanism, injustice, and fraud always go together.



ARREST OF TYNDALE.

Suffice it to say, that under the guise of friendship and goodwill, he was decoyed from the house of his friend Poynitz, with whom he was residing in Antwerp, and so skilfully was the treacherous design carried out, that before his friends knew of his arrest, he was securely lodged in the gloomy dungeons of the Castle of Vilvorde.

The laws of Charles V. against "heretics" in the Low Countries were very concise. "Men were to be beheaded, women *buried alive*, and the relapsed *burned*." Before a Romish tribunal, with such a code of laws to enforce, there was little hope for so illustrious a prisoner as Tyndale. And besides the Emperor's edict, Pierre Dufief, the Procureur-General, was specially anxious to get a conviction against his prisoners, because *he got a share of their confiscated goods*. One who had good reason to know him describes him as a man "whose cruelty was equal to his wickedness." But there was to be some respite. For sixteen months he lingered out a dreary captivity, and during that time we learn that "the power of his doctrine and the sincerity of his life were such that his keeper, the keeper's daughter, and others of his household were converted." Like the Philippian jailer of old; we can imagine Tyndale's keeper alone with his prisoner asking that all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?" and then—his eyes opened to the truth of justification, through the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Another—rejoicing in full and free salvation.

Winter was coming on, and Tyndale, sitting alone in darkness and cold, wrote to the Governor of the Castle, "I entreat your Lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus, that if I am to remain here during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me, from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head . . . a warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggins: my overcoat too is worn out. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evenings, for it is

wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study; and in return may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul."

Our sympathies go out to this devoted servant of Christ, in loneliness, darkness, and cold, yet anxious to spend every moment to advance the glory of God. He had previously translated and published the five books of Moses, with the book of Jonah, and now in his prison he set himself with a brave heart to finish the translation of the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures, and had proceeded as far as the end of the Books of Chronicles when his trial came on. His manuscripts are then said to have been secretly sent to his friend John Rogers, in Antwerp, who finished the books of the Old Testament, and printed a complete edition of the Scriptures, known as "Matthew's Bible."

Tyndale's trial took place in 1535. His chief accuser was a Dr. Tapper, a determined enemy of Tyndale, and for his share in this judicial murder he was rewarded with the sum of about fifty pounds, and afterwards appointed by the Pope, Chief Inquisitor in the Low Countries. But what will his reward be when "*He maketh inquisition for blood, who remembereth them, and forgetteth not the cry of the afflicted*"?

Among a number of similar charges, Tyndale was accused of having maintained,

That faith alone justifies.

That to believe in the forgiveness of sins, and embrace the mercy of God

offered in the Gospel, is sufficient for salvation.

That he denied the existence of purgatory.

That men should neither pray to the Virgin nor the Saints.

Every one of his assertions traversed the traditions of Rome, and for the man who dared to differ there was no toleration. "Confess your errors or die," were the terms of Rome. But Tyndale was little likely to confess. His life had been spent in the cause of Truth, which he loved far better than life itself, and he looked forward to his martyrdom with a calm and steadfast trust in God, knowing it to be the door through which he would pass from earth's troubles to Heaven's rest, and be henceforth at home in "the Father's House."

He knew whom he had believed, and he anticipated the moment when face to face he would see the Lord that loved him and whose presence had made even his dungeon bright, notwithstanding the loneliness, darkness, and cold.

Young Christian, what are you doing for Jesus? He is a Master worth serving, worth living for, worth suffering for. The past is behind you. The future may never be yours. If you would do anything for Jesus do it NOW. L. L.



FOR
LITTLE
FOLK.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

"**B**LESSED are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John xx.

29). The exercise of faith without sight is beautifully illustrated by an anecdote from "Cecil's Remains." His little daughter was one day playing with some beads, which delighted her wonderfully. He told her to throw them into the fire. "The tears," said he, "started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. 'Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do anything which I did not think would be good for you.' She looked at me a few moments longer, and then, summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire. 'Well,' said I, 'there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now.' Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home I opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears with ecstasy. 'Those, my child,' said I, 'are yours, because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads into the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what faith is.'" I know of nothing that could more clearly illustrate my idea of faith than this beautiful incident.

Had the father bought the larger toys first, and told the child to exchange the smaller ones for them, she might have been obedient and grateful; but she would have manifested no faith. It was when the spirit of filial love overcame every other impulse, and enabled her to act in view of things unseen, that her faith revealed itself. To act toward God, in any case, as she acted toward her father, is faith.

WILLING TO SAVE, BUT NOT ABLE.

A TOUCHING story is told of an incident which occurred some years ago during a short voyage taken by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in the Royal Yacht from England to the Continent.

Soon after leaving the shores of her island home, the eyes of Her Majesty were directed to a small bird, which hovered near the ship, doubtless lured from the land by the bright hues of the silken flag, bearing the royal arms of England, which floated gaily from the mast-head. As the white cliffs gradually faded from sight, the little bird, wearied of its flight, sought a resting place upon the sea, which looked like a sheet of glass, mirroring the bright colours of the flag; but as its feet touched the glassy floor, and found it wet and cold, the little creature quickly rose again. Now it makes for the silken flag and tries to settle there, but the flag rises and falls upon the gentle breeze, and it seeks a resting place in vain. How much that little bird reminds me of that soul of yours, which, like that weary bird, has wandered far away—lured, perhaps, by something that has promised to yield you satisfaction, but proved itself utterly false. Your eyes have been attracted by the brightly-coloured

Pleasures of Sin ;

but, remember! they are but "for a season," and can afford no resting place.

The little bird now circled round the flag, and Her Majesty, with tearful eye,



watched the little creature as its plaintive cry reached her ears. She longed to save it, and begged the sailors to try and help the tiny creature. Glad to do her bidding, they sought in every possible way to entice the foolish little bird from the flag, and allow itself to be rescued; but all was in vain, the frightened little thing flew away, their efforts only causing it greater distress. At last they desisted, and stood watching for the end.

Weary and faint grew the tiny creature; again it seeks rest upon the water, again upon the silken flag, but in vain—at last it drops exhausted upon the deck quivering in its death throes. England's Queen quickly took the poor little bird in her hand, and gently smoothed its feathers, hoping that, even now, she might be able to restore and save it; but all in vain, the eyes are fixed in death, and it is beyond the aid of even Britain's Empress. Untold wealth was at her command, immense power at her

disposal, yet there she sat, pitying, but powerless,

Willing, but not Able to Save.

It was only a little bird, but England's monarch wept as she thought of that little life so ruthlessly sacrificed—a victim to vain deceit. Dear young reader, a greater than England's Queen is deeply interested in the welfare of YOUR SOUL! Need I tell you His name? Nay, it is so familiar to you.

JESUS,

the Son of God—the Lover of your soul, is

Able and Willing to Save.

Do not trifle with these matters.

Seek not a resting place for your soul in aught under the sun, lest you prove to your eternal cost how vain has been your confidence; but let Christ and His all-atoning work be your only trust, then you shall know a joy this world is a stranger to, and can neither give nor take away; a deep, divine joy known only to those whose sins are forgiven, and in whose hearts the love of God has been shed abroad (Rom. v. 5). Reader! Jesus said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). WILL YOU COME?

J. W. H. N.

"If you were to die to-night where would you go?"

THESE were the words that aroused Mary's conscience as she sat reading a book one fine evening in autumn. The writer had been telling of the happy deaths of some young people, and then asked the question at the top of our story, "If you were to die to-night where would you go?" Mary sat and thought

a while, and then quietly closed the book and went to her room. Falling on her knees, she told the Lord she was not fit to meet Him, and asked Him to take away her sins for Jesus' sake, and make her His own child. God heard her prayer, for He is always more ready to hear than we are to pray, and Mary went to rest with the sweet sense of sins forgiven. When she awoke next morning, she felt so happy. All seemed changed. She thought the birds sang more sweetly, and the sun shone brighter, and the earth seemed brighter than ever before. And those beautiful verses in Rom. viii. 15, 16, 17, were often in her mind, "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," &c. She felt God was her Father and Jesus her own Saviour, and wished everybody loved Him too.

Dear young readers, you will never be really happy till you trust the loving Saviour. Give yourselves into His keeping to-night. He is coming soon to take those who love Him to be with Himself for ever. If He should come to-night would you be amongst those who would meet Him in the air, or would you be left behind? Which? E. C.

JESUS' LIGHT.

"SHALL I leave you the candle?" asked Mary's aunt, as she kissed the child good-night. "No thank you, Auntie," replied the little four-year-old, "I've got Jesus' light."



The Church and the Children.

By a Sunday School Worker.

A SPEAKER on the Sunday School question said at a recent meeting—"Unless our Sunday School scholars are increasing at the rate of 37,000 a year we are not keeping up with the growth of population."

The Census returns of the present year give an increase in the population of the United Kingdom of over three millions for the last ten years, and it follows on the basis of calculation announced by the speaker quoted above that there ought to be **370,000** more children in the Sunday Schools to-day than there were ten years ago. But is it so? On the contrary, instead of *increasing*, the number of scholars is *decreasing*. That is, notwithstanding the enormous growth of population, there are fewer scholars in our Sunday Schools to-day than there were ten years ago—a matter surely for serious reflection on the part of every Christian. Statistics recently published by the Church of England—the largest denomination in the country—confirm this, as also other published tables and personal observation.

We are face to face with this fact then, that

These 370,000 children,

besides the vast mass hitherto outside

the pale of Sunday School effort, are growing up uncared for and unreached by the various agencies now at work.

In presence of the facts stated above, no words of ours are needed to prove that the Church has failed in her duty to the children, but our object is to seek to stimulate the zeal of those already engaged in work among the young, and also to induce Christians who hitherto have not felt their responsibility to the Master in this work, to ask the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The word for to-day is as of old—

"Look ye!" "Go ye!"

What, then, is the object of the Sunday School, and why are we anxious to secure the attendance of the children?

In the first place let it be clearly understood that the Sunday School is not primarily intended for the children of Christian parents, for the parents themselves are responsible to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and nothing can ever remove this responsibility from them. Yet, if their children attend the School, good and well. Many have been converted there, and parents and teachers rejoice together. Paul planted: Apollos watered: God gave the increase.

Broadly speaking, the object of the Sunday School is to provide for the young what evangelistic meetings provide for older people—that is, a clear statement of the way of salvation, and an appeal for personal decision for Christ. Of course the methods chosen and the language employed will be such as are suitable for young minds, but the aim is, and should be, the conversion of the young to God, and the help of those already blessed.

We say we are anxious to secure the

attendance of the children at our Schools, because there is more likelihood of them being converted there than if left playing in the street. Some Christians excuse their own idleness by saying that God is sovereign, and will reach whom He will. While this is perfectly true, yet it is only stating half a truth, for God who has ordained the end, has also *ordained the means*. "How shall they believe except they hear, and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Our responsibility is to use the means (Esther iv. 14), and in this paper we speak of that responsibility.

Let us ask in passing, Do we, as teachers, really *expect* to see our children converted to God? We ask the question advisedly, because we have come across some teachers who *do not*. Let us be honest with ourselves, and we shall find that Sunday after Sunday we have spoken to classes of unconverted boys and girls, and never expected a single conversion, and we have got exactly what we did expect—*none*. The teacher who succeeds in transforming a group of wild lads into a well-behaved class has accomplished much. The teacher who succeeds in instilling into their minds the letter of Scripture has accomplished more; but, *if there be no higher aim*, we say unhesitatingly, both are failures. Both have failed in the supreme object, to which all else should be subservient, if they do not aim at, and labour for, the conversion of each individual member of their classes. Over how many classes, think you, might be written large the words—"He could there do no mighty works because of their unbelief"?

WHY, then, are these 370,000 children allowed to grow up without being brought under the sound of the Gospel in the Sunday School? We reply,

Because we have lost the sense of the value of a soul.

We talk of the fulness of the Gospel and the importance of entering into it, and then—settle down content with our own blessing, or if we have any pity for those outside, that pity seldom resolves itself into *action*, and we are content that it should be so. Where is the sense of responsibility for the salvation of the lost? Where is the sense of our responsibility of even making known to them the message of love? Many children grow up in the slums of our large cities and never hear the name of Jesus except in blasphemy. Where is that Christlike yearning for souls, illustrated that morning on the Mount of Olives by the blessed Master Himself as He beheld the city and *wept over it*? If the Christian's highest aim is to do the will of God, surely here is a test for our highest attainments.

A deeper sense of the love of Christ would put an end to our sloth. We have ever found that where there was a real *heart for Christ* there was always a *hand for His work*. The love of God in a human soul manifests itself in a threefold way. It goes upwards to God, outwards to His people, and down to the lost. Oh for a deep-down sense of Divine love in our souls that will lift us up out of our theorising, our self-pleasing, and our self-seeking, and enable us to give more, both of ourselves and of our substance, to the cause of God.

(To be continued.)

THE USE OF TALENTS.

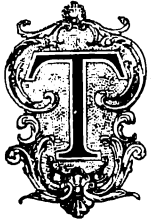
It was the man with *one* talent, not the man with *ten*, that made the failure. Use your *one talent*—brother, sister.



Alfred and his mother.

Ten Hundred Years Ago.

A STORY FOR BOYS.



TEN hundred years have passed away since the death of King Alfred the Great. In these far-off days England was in a very different condition from what it is to-day. The country was divided up into a number of little kingdoms, and Alfred's father was king of the West Saxons. Part of this country we now know as Wessex. In some of these little kingdoms Christianity had been preached, and there were numerous Christians. But sworn foes to Christ and Christianity now began to appear in the heathen vikings. These northern pirates, from the coasts of Scandinavia and the shores of the Baltic, swept down in their armed galleys upon the coasts of England. Owing to their want of unity, the English rulers were unable to withstand the ravages of these cruel raiders, who defeated their armies one after another, and overran their territories, putting to death indiscriminately men, women, and children, with the utmost barbarity.

These Norsemen were worshippers of false gods. They imagined these gods were fierce and cruel, and tried to be like them. We *know* that our God is kind and loving and merciful. Do we try to be the same?

There was one grand feature in the character of these wild rovers—they were magnificently brave. Cowardice they hated with all their souls. And there is a lesson here for our boys. There is as much need in the world to-day for moral bravery as there was in that day for physical prowess. At school we want boys who have the courage of their convictions. Boys who can do and dare for God and the right, in spite of the laugh of school-fellows or the sneers of evil-doers.

To be a follower of Jesus is to be an overcomer, but to be an overcomer you must follow Him *closely*. Boys who almost seem as if they were apologising for being Christians are not of much use in the ranks of Christ's great army. If you, my young reader, are of that stamp, you will be afraid of the world. If you are out and out for Jesus, the world will be afraid of you. Your companions may laugh, but they will do so from a safe distance.

Our first lesson is from the brave vikings. Our second is to be from the gentle Alfred. One of the many names given to him is very beautiful. He is called Alfred the Truth-Teller, because he loved the true and

pure and right. His motto when he became king has been pithily expressed by the poet—

“Live pure—speak true—right wrong.”

The measure of success he achieved in doing these three things has earned for him the title of “Great,” for only good men can ever be truly great. In these old days very few people could read and write. Even the children of kings had not the same opportunities for learning as the poorest child has in our day. One day Alfred’s mother showed her four little boys a manuscript book or roll, containing part of the Psalms, and to encourage them to learn quickly she said,

“I will give this beautiful book as a prize to whichever of you learns to read it first.”

Although Alfred was the youngest, he made up his mind to win the prize, and ran away to a kind old priest and asked him to teach him to read. The old man promised, and day after day Alfred might have been seen studying the queer old Anglo-Saxon characters, not in least like our modern English, till he could read quite well. So you see it is wonderful what can be done when we really *try*. I do not think Alfred was very familiar with that little tyrant—*I can’t*, who rules over so many boys and girls.

Delighted with his success, he went to his mother and claimed the prize, which she gladly gave him, pleased to see that her youngest boy had so much perseverance.

I think Alfred must have learned more from that old manuscript than merely to be able to read, for we learn that as the boy grew up “he became convinced of his sins, and would rise from his couch at daybreak and even at midnight, and go forth from the crowded dwelling-places to pour forth his soul to God in prayer for the pardon of his sins, and for victory over the temptations that beset him.” I wonder if you have ever been convinced of being a sinner in the sight of a holy God, and your need of salvation and cleansing through the precious blood of Christ. Alfred did not know so much about the Bible as we do, but what part he had he made good use of. He wrote out many of the Psalms into a little book, which he ever afterwards carried in the folds of his robe, to read when opportunity offered, and at night he put it under his pillow.

Alfred’s father died, and his three brothers one after another came to the throne, lived out their short, stormy days fighting the national enemy, and died, leaving the Danes, when Alfred became king, more firmly established in England than ever. A great battle had been fought at

Ashdoun by Ethelred, Alfred's last surviving brother, shortly before his death. The victory had been gained chiefly by the bravery of Alfred, who fearlessly attacked the two terrible kings, Hingwar and Hubba, leaving the armies of the "jarls" to be dealt with by whoever would. The rout was complete, and in memory of the event the gigantic figure of a horse, the Saxon standard, was cut upon the side of a hill, which still bears the name of the White Horse Hill. Now, however, Alfred's brave brother was dead. The men of Wessex were grown weary of fighting, and still the swarms of the Danes continued to invade the land. These were dark days for England, for the old chronicler tells us that the Norsemen "drove many of the inhabitants beyond the sea, many they subdued, and forced the rest to obey them, except King Alfred." When Alfred saw that he could no longer make head against the invaders, he retired to the isle of Athelney amidst the marshes of Somersetshire, accompanied by his faithful wife Elswitha and their three children, with a few followers, to wait for better times. Here they spent a period of much privation and even destitution. One day a beggar came to the door of the hut and asked for a piece of bread. Alfred looked up from the book he was reading, and asked Elswitha to give him something. She brought out a small loaf, saying, "This is all we have, and if those who are out fishing return empty-handed, we shall be in sore need." Alfred, however, rose up, cut the loaf in two, and gave half to the beggar, saying, "He who fed the five thousand with five small loaves will not suffer His children to want."

Guthorm, the Danish leader, was seeking everywhere for Alfred, and at last

they had to leave their retreat; but driving Alfred out of Athelney only drove him into action, as Guthorm soon found to his cost, for men began to gather round their trusted leader, and in a short time he found himself able to fight the Danes again. In one of these encounters Guthorm's wife and children were taken captive by the Saxons, but Alfred, instead of killing his prisoners, as the Danes always did, sent them back to the camp of his enemy uninjured, and even would not accept a ransom for their persons. Other fierce battles had to be fought before Guthorm would admit that he was beaten, but at last he was totally defeated at Ethandune, and afterwards he agreed to settle down and live peaceably with his victorious neighbour, so Alfred generously allowed him the province of East Anglia for himself and his followers. Guthorm became a firm friend and faithful ally. He even renounced paganism and came to Alfred to be baptised, but whether he became a real Christian or not I cannot tell you. Anyway, I want you to become a real Christian.

Soon Alfred was firmly established upon his throne and set himself, not only to protect his people, but to "feed them with a faithful and true heart, and to rule them prudently with all his power." He divided his income into four parts, and with his usual generosity he devoted one part to charitable objects and to the advancement of Christianity and learning. He had a curious rule which would be as applicable to the twentieth century as to the tenth. "Give neither much to him who needeth little, nor little to him who needeth much. Deny not him who needeth something, nor give to him who needeth nothing."

One of the most important works

Alfred undertook was the translation of the Latin Bible into English, or rather Anglo-Saxon. He got together a number of learned men for this purpose, but we do not know that they accomplished more than a translation of the Gospels and the Psalms.

Alfred died on the 27th of October 901, just one thousand years ago. He was beloved by his people while he lived, and they sorrowed for his loss. In these old days when the world was young, belief in the supernatural was more common than in our sceptical age, and for a long time the people believed that Alfred would come back again to deliver them from their enemies. Now we know that Alfred could not come back, but we do know that

Jesus is coming again.

Are you ready to meet Him? He was once here on earth as the Man of Sorrows. He died for sins once. He rose from the grave and ascended to the Father's right hand, and some day soon He is coming back again. Those of us who know Jesus as our own Saviour are looking and longing for that day. Like the Thessalonians, we have been "turned to God . . . to wait for the coming of His Son from Heaven, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come."

Dear young reader, will you be found among the waiting ones when Jesus comes again in glory? Oh! make sure that you are not among those who knock at the *shut* door when it is too late. "Flee from the wrath to come." L. L.

THE HAPPY MAN.

THE happy man was born in the city of Regeneration in the parish of Repentance unto life. He was educated at

the school of Obedience, and now lives in the plain of Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs of Self-denial. He wears the garment of Humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the robe of God's Righteousness. He often walks in the valley of Self-abasement, and climbs the mountains of Spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on Prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has meat to eat which the world knoweth not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the Word.—Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies! Happy is he who has gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, self-judgment in his breast, true humility in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy the life and glorious the death of such an one. In order to attain which—believe firmly, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holy, die daily, watch your heart, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for glory!



LIP SINS.

"O Lord, keep the door of my lips."

PSALM CXXI. 3.

*If you your lips would keep from
slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, to whom you
speak,
And how, and when, and where.*

The Double Choice ; or, Salvation and Suffering.

HERE is a story told in Russian history, the details of which are somewhat as follows. The Czar had died suddenly, and there were two claimants of the throne. To one of these—a princess—one of the ministers of the empire went at dead of night. Announcing to her the death of the Czar, he said, "You must come at once and take possession of the crown."

The princess saw many difficulties connected with such an exalted position, and she hesitated and would have refused altogether, but the minister said, "Sit down, princess, for one minute, and consider.

YOU MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO COURSES. You may wear the crown of all the Russians—you may reign as Empress and have the homage of the whole nation on the one hand ; or you will be thrown into prison, with all its attendant horrors, and eventually be brought out to die. That is the other side of the question, and to-night your Majesty must choose between the two."

The counsellor brought the glories of one course and the suffering of the other



"I STEP ACROSS THE LINE."

so vividly before the mind of this Russian princess that she did not continue to hesitate.

She chose the Crown. Was she not wise? I am sure you agree that she was.

Now there is one of two destinies before every reader of this page, as there was before this princess. You must take your choice, and you must do it speedily. I need not tell you that

eternity lies before you; you know it well. At the Sunday School and in the Gospel meeting this solemn fact has often been pressed upon you. You know, too, that in eternity there is Heaven and there is Hell. Now, consider. Which of these two destinies will you choose? Need I ask such a question? Surely no one in his senses would deliberately say, I choose Hell. Yet many find themselves there for ever, not because they wanted Hell, but because they delayed and delayed and delayed until it was too late to choose Heaven. Let me put the two sides of the question side by side for your consideration.

The forgiveness of sins.
Present peace and joy.
HEAVEN—its crowns and
harps and songs, and
above all, the presence
of Jesus, His love, and
the light of His counte-
nance.

DEATH—The judgment
that your sins deserve.

HELL—The gnawing worm
and quenchless flame.
Darkness, sorrow, and
woe for ever and for
ever.

Oh! which shall be yours? Make your choice now. You will never have a better moment than the present. Your heart will grow harder as time speeds on, or you may be gone in a moment, and then all would be settled and sealed with you for ever.

Decide at once.

You know the way to Heaven. Jesus said, "I am the Way." He died upon the cross that Heaven's gates might be opened wide for you; and His precious blood can make you fit for that unsullied home of light.

There is forgiveness. There is mercy. There is salvation. It is to be had through the Lord Jesus Christ. Whosoever believeth in Him shall be saved. If you will trust Him now your name shall be enrolled in Heaven among the saved.

"Oh, love unbounded, grace how free,
Heaven's gate still open stands for thee,
For thee, for thee,
Stands open wide for thee."

When you have chosen Christ as your Saviour, you have settled the question as to your destiny. His work secures Heaven for you, and delivers you from the Hell that you have deserved. This work Jesus accomplished alone, and He accomplished it perfectly; and your soul's salvation depends entirely upon Christ's work, and not upon yours at all.

But now, having made your choice for eternity, I would ask you to choose again.

There are two classes of Christians in this world. One class are *disciples indeed*: they confess and follow the Lord in spite of scorn and persecution. The other class love not the path of discipleship. They seek ease, and fear to stand for Christ because of the consequences. To which of these two classes will you belong?

You may have read of Francisco Pizarro, the great Spanish soldier. We are told that, when on his way to the discovery and conquest of Peru, his soldiers got disheartened because of the great difficulties which they had to encounter. Disease and famine tried them sorely, and at length some of them talked of returning to their homes in Panama.

Pizarro would not force them to follow him, but he himself determined to press on to Peru. He stood out before his men, and drawing a line on the ground with his sword, east and west, he told them that south of that line there were suffering, disappointment, and perhaps death, but in the end there was great reward for themselves, and glory for Spain. On the north side of the line lay Panama—their homes, whole skins, and bread and ease. "Castillians! choose as

befits you," he cried, "I return not backward. I step across the line."

They watched him for one moment, then one soldier strode after him, then a second, then a third, until fourteen men stood on the south side of the line. The rest returned to their homes.

These faithful fourteen stuck to Pizarro through many hardships, until at length, with the help of others who joined him afterwards, Peru lay conquered at his feet. Then was the time for their reward. They were amply repaid for all their suffering.

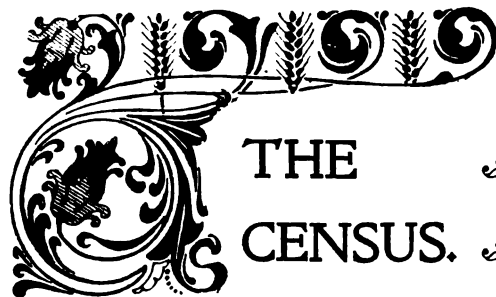
But in the midst of trial and scorn you will be sustained by the love and grace of the Lord Jesus, and your faithfulness will bring great reward to you, and glory to His peerless name. "It is a faithful saying . . . *if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him*" (2 Tim. ii. 12).

We delight to speak well of those we love, and if Jesus' precious love has touched our hearts, then we must love Him.

You would not join hands with those who spoke evil of your father or mother or brother; instead, you would want to defend them, and prove that what was said was untrue. Now in the school and the office and shop, there are those who hate the Lord Jesus and speak evil of Him. Christian boys, join not with them, but by your ways and words exalt the One who has loved you and given Himself for you. This is your blessed privilege now; you will not have it in eternity. If you miss it now, you will have missed it for ever. Oh! then step across the line. Decide not only to have Heaven at last, *but to follow the Lord Jesus now*, and, be sure of this, you will not be the loser. The crown of glory, the harp of gold, and the palm of victory await the disciple, and, above all, the

smile and the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. May His love and grace enable each young reader to trust and to follow Him.

J. T. M.



WE expect most of our young readers to remember that, towards the end of March this year, a large official-looking paper was handed in at their house, which father or mother had to fill up and return when called for on April 1st.

This was called a Census Paper, and contained a lot of questions as to the name, age, occupation, &c., of all the people in your house—your name amongst the rest. When all these papers were collected and enumerated, we learned how many people were in the United Kingdom, and to what extent the population had increased during the ten years that had elapsed since the previous Census was taken.

Now we propose to give here some of the questions, and to suggest answers of a different kind. We shall call this a

SPIRITUAL CENSUS.

Cols.	1	4	5	6	7	8
	Name and Surname.	Age.	Profession or Occupation. Where Born			
				Employer, Worker, or Own Account	At Home?	
1	JOHN SMITH.	12.	Sinner.	Worker.	At Home	In a World of and Abroad. Sin and Death.

We wonder if this really describes you. Your name may not be John Smith, nor your age 12: these columns you can fill in for yourself—but what about the other details? The late Mr. Richard Weaver was once asked, "What is your name?" "Sinner Saved by Grace," he replied. "Where do you come from?" "The City of Destruction." "Where are you going to?" "Heaven."

What about *your* occupation? You are a Sinner. Scripture says so, and your conscience tells you so. Whether you are young or old, your daily work is to sin. It is not pleasant to write this, nor is it nice for you to read it: but then it is a fact, and we are pointing out the disease in order that you may get it cured. That silly thought that you had just this morning was a sin. That naughty thing you said to Mary when she asked a piece of slate-pencil from you was a sin. That unkind thing that you did to Tom Watson was a sin; and if all these things have happened to-day, what about all the days and weeks and months and years that you have lived in the world?

You are a Worker. That means that

you are in some person's employment. (Scripture speaks of "Workers of iniquity," Luke xiii. 2.) Your employer is Satan. He brought sin into the world. He caused Adam and Eve to disbelieve God, to disobey God, and thus to exchange their life of happiness for one of sin and misery. Since then, girls and boys, men and women alike have been, alas! his, only too ready, tools to do his bidding, to sin against God, and to rush on to eternal ruin. Of course he hides himself; he does not show his hand; but he was the author of that foolish thought, the prompter of that cross word, and the instigator of that nasty action. You may say you could not help it. Do you know why? Because, just as surely as Teacher bids you work a sum and you have to do it, Satan bade you do these things, and you had to do them.

Lastly, you were born into the World of Sin and in Sin. As a result of that grievous sin in the Garden of Eden, all are born sinners. Then you say, "I am no worse than any other body." That is true, but your responsibility is to get out of that condition. To live in your sins, means to die in your sins, and to spend eternity in

your sins. The great question, therefore, is, How can you get rid of your sins? The answer is, Come to Jesus, for "the blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son cleanseth us from ALL sin" (1 John i. 7). He died to put sins away, and through simple faith in Him you may know today that they are all gone, that "your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake" (1 John ii. 12). Then instead of being black, you will be "whiter than snow." You will be converted from a sinner to a saint, from a child of Satan to a child of God, from an heir of wrath to an heir of glory. You will be unspeakably happy now, and you will have the glorious prospect of being with Jesus for ever and ever.

"If the Lord will," we shall suggest next month how you might fill up the paper if saved and bound for glory—are you?

W. B. D.

(To be continued.)

—*—



LITTLE ANKEY.

"LITTLE ANKEY" was born on 26th December 1879. His real name was Alexander, but his brothers found his name hard to pronounce, so he got to be called by the shorter name of "Ankey."

When very young he heard the story of Jesus dying on the cross for sinners, and he soon showed that he believed it, for his happiest moments were when talking about the Lord Jesus and His love for little children.

"Me love Jesus berry much," he said at one time.

"How much?"

"All that much," said the dear child, with great earnestness, extending his arms as far apart as he could stretch them.

On Monday afternoon, 3rd March 1884, little Ankey was accidentally scalded with boiling water. Whilst the servant girl, to whom he was particularly attached, was carrying him up from the wash-house, where the accident happened, in the midst of the burning pain of his poor wee legs, the brave little fellow looked up into her weeping eyes and said, "Don't cry, my sweetheart."

On Wednesday morning there was a change for the worse. It was evident his little brain was disordered. He did not recognise his sister, or any of the others who spoke to him. She had asked him many questions, to all of which he returned no answer. Only the little head turned uneasily on the pillow from one side to the other, while the hands were raised convulsively, as if to catch something.

At length she said, "Ankey, love, do you want to go to Jesus?" The fevered lips parted, and there came the answer, "Yes." Darling little boy, it was about the last word he uttered on earth. Shortly after twelve noon he had passed away—gone where he wished to be. "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

When little Ankey returned from Sunday School on the day before the accident, he gave his sister a small reward ticket to keep for him, saying, "Save it for me, next Sunday I'll get a big one." Next Sunday he was at Home.

Oh, may this simple narrative lead you to serious reflection, that the Saviour of "Little Ankey" may be known and trusted as your Saviour too. Jesus is waiting to save.

Teacher's Page.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHILDREN.

(Continued.)

WHY is it so difficult to get a worker for the Sunday School from amongst a company of Christians? (And only those of us who have tried, know just how difficult it is.) One says, "I can't promise to come regularly;" another says, "I stay too far away;" or, "I am afraid I am not fitted for it;" or even, "I don't believe in it." What! a Christian saved by grace, and does not believe in the salvation of the children! Yet such, alas! is sometimes the case. No doubt apparently substantial reasons can be given as to *why*, but we think nearly all the above excuses might be answered with one word—*self-pleasing*. How does this accord with what we sometimes piously sing?

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

But to give up our leisure time—no, that would never do at all! Look deeper below the surface still, and you will find that Satan will use every argument and try every means to tie our hands and hinder the work of God.

The gardener who wishes to train the sapling in a particular direction begins *when the plant is young*, and are we to expect that children who have been allowed to harden their hearts and sear their consciences in the paths of sin while young, will be more amenable to the call of the gospel when they become men and women? Nay, verily.

We say again, These 370,000 children are unreached because

We have lost the sense of the coming of Christ.

Of course we hold it as a doctrine and believe it because we find it in our Bibles, but head knowledge and heart affection

are two very different things. Heart affection for our coming Lord would lead our hearts out after what His heart is set upon. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and *forbid them not*," was spoken to disciples, and it is a fact that there are disciples to-day who may still be found among the forbidders. Many others are neutral. They have no ears—and shall we say, no heart?—for the claims of the children. With an injunction to "**go forth!**" we sit still. With a message of salvation to proclaim we hold our peace. We mean well: we intend to begin *by and by*—the adversary has a "convenient season" for saint as well as for sinner. God's time is ever *NOW*, and we have no other. Do you not think if we really knew that the Lord Jesus was coming before next Lord's Day, that our heart's love would not be stirred up to do a little bit of service for Him during this week? "*Occupy till I come*," and day by day opportunities are getting fewer and time is waxing shorter, and what about the souls of those we *might* reach did we but *try*?

We shall not soon forget the words spoken to us, as we stood by the bedside of a bright young Christian a short time ago. Claspings her hands and looking upwards, she said, "I know I am saved. I am not afraid to die for I am only going home, but, oh! if I had my life to live over again I would like it to be *all for Jesus*."

How many of these 370,000 children might be reached,

and would be reached, if we got a right understanding of the value of souls? The value of a child's soul, who can appraise it? Who can tell its worth? He who alone knows puts in the scales, as if for an object lesson, on the one side the whole world; on the other—a human soul, and

the question asked remains unanswered, because unanswerable. Conversely, to reach one soul might repay the outlay of a world of time, labour, and money; but we "have no time," the School is "too far away," and we "can't afford" the sixpence or shilling needed to pay the room-rent. One has said, "Bunyan's Christian had his back on the world: the modern Christian has often the world on his back."

It is important to carry the Gospel to the children; because the likelihood is that, if not converted young, they may never be converted at all. Probably 9 out of every 10 who read these lines were converted under twenty. Perhaps 8 out of every 10 under fifteen years of age. Some 1400 Christians were recently asked as to the period when they were saved. 1100 were converted under twenty; 180 were converted between twenty and thirty; 35 between thirty and forty; 14 between forty and fifty; over sixty, only 2. On another occasion, at a huge Sunday School Convention in U.S.A., one of the large audiences was tested. It was found that more than 2000 were converted under twenty years of age; 103 between twenty and twenty-five; 41 between twenty-five and thirty; 23 between thirty and forty; 2 between forty and fifty; and over fifty years old only 2. Out of at least 2200 Christians only 171 were converted when over twenty years of age. If these figures prove anything they show that God owns and blesses work among the young. The heart is more easily reached in youth, and if we were more in the mind of the Master, we would give more sympathy, more time, and more effort to this blessed work. We should then hear less about diminishing attendances and of difficulty in procuring workers.

We shall only be in the mind of the

Master as we "*consider Him.*" *He* loved the children. *He* sought the children. *He* called them to Him, and blessed them, and He is just the same to-day. Consider *Him*.

How many of these 370,000 children might be reached

if each of us now engaged in this work only succeeded in

Reaching one more ?

Surely this may be done, and it does not seem a large undertaking; but it won't be done if we merely sit still and wait for the children to come to us. Let us go to them, seek them, and bring them in. It won't be done if we don't visit that boy who stayed away from the class last month and has not yet come back. It won't be done if we stay away from our class through some trifling excuse and neglect to provide a substitute. It won't be done if we are late at the prayer meeting, or late at the opening of the School. It won't be done if we are not sufficiently conversant with the Scriptures to use them effectually and present them intelligently to our audience. But

It will be done

if we go forth with hearts for Christ and love for souls, determined to have one object—the glory of God; one aim—to reach the perishing; one desire—that the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified, as one and another of the dear children are led to say of Him, "He is my own dear Saviour." Let us arise then and go out *quickly* into the streets and lanes of our cities, and compel them to come in. Let us see in each scholar an object for love, a subject for salvation, a trophy for Christ, and an heir of glory.

"My class for Jesus:" oh! how sweet
To bring the dear ones round Thy feet;
And praise through endless years the grace
That brought us all to see Thy face—
My class, dear Lord, and me. L. L.



"Lizzie tripped gally over the fruitful fields."



THE sun was shining brightly through the window of a little Lincolnshire cottage. It was a Sunday afternoon in autumn, and the village children had assembled in the kitchen to hear again the oft-told story of a Saviour's love. What a pretty sight it was to see those bright, happy-faced boys and girls, all dressed in their best, and seemingly eager to hear about Jesus!

Let me ask you who read this story, Do *you* love to hear about Jesus—He who loves you so much—who died for you? How He does delight to see girls and boys really loving Him!

Well, the meeting was not a long one, and when it was over I told the children to keep the hymn-sheets we had been using. Now at the foot of the hymn-sheets was printed in large type, "The blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). The next Sunday I was far away from the little village, and soon the autumn passed, and cold, wintry weather came; and the icy winds blew until all the pretty brown and red and yellow leaves were torn from the trees, and nothing left but the bare branches. All the flowers were gone, and everything seemed cold and dull and dreary. But if it were dreary outside, what do you think it must have been inside one of the cottages in the village? There the cold hand of death had been laid upon a young life.

A girl who had attended the meeting I was telling you about, had gone from this world, never to return. Gone—gone—gone, never to return! Often had Lizzie tripped gaily over the fruitful fields and along the pleasant lanes; and the wind whistling round the cottage seemed to mock at the heart-broken mother as she rocked to and fro in her chair, with her apron to her eyes. Ever and anon a moan escaped her as she thought of her darling daughter gone for ever—never to see that bright face again—never to hear that light footstep nor that merry laugh. Presently she looked up and caught sight of the little one's Bible. How Lizzie had loved taking that Bible to the cottage meeting Sunday after Sunday! But she can never do that now—and again the hot tears began to flow as mother turned over page after page of the Bible. At last she found, treasured up among the pages, the hymn-sheet I had

given the child, and round the edge of the hymn-sheet Lizzie had written in pencil, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth me from all sin." Do you see how she had altered the verse? She had changed the "us," which means so many people, into "M—E," which meant nobody but herself.

Oh, how sweet! That dear little girl had learned to take Jesus as *her own dear Saviour*. Well might the mother rejoice that her little daughter had thus sought and found the Lord early in her youth, so that she could say, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth *me* from all sin." O boys and girls, it is not enough to say Jesus died for "sinners," or for "us;" but can you say, "He died for *me*?" It is not enough to say His precious blood cleanses "sinners," or cleanses "us;" but can you say, "It cleanses *me* from all sin"? Ah! if you only knew how Jesus loves you, you would not rest until you could truthfully say it.

Come now, be like Lizzie, take Jesus as your own Saviour, for His blood was shed for you. Then, like Lizzie, you will spend that long, long eternity in "the better world above,"

"Where all is peace and joy and love—
Oh, so bright!
And all are free from every care,
And Jesus Christ the Lord is there,
And saints of God and mansions fair—
Oh, so bright!"

Anon.



The Child's Work

OH, what can I do for my Lord?
I am foolish and small and weak;
And I know not what to do,
And I know not how to speak.

O child, there is naught you can do—
Sit down at His feet and be still;
But what He can do *by you*?
O child, He can do what He will.

He asks for your heart alone,
Then leave to Him all the rest;
For the smallest and weakest one
Is the one He can work with best.

He will work His mighty will
All through the livelong day
By the child who loves Him well,
Whether at work or play.

His love through your eyes will shine,
Till some sad hearts rejoice;
His tenderness move your minds,
Make music in your voice.

His name will be sweet on your lips,
As the flowers when the year is young;
He tells a tale of His love,
The best by a childish tongue.

For Jesus is still the same,
And He does His marvels still;
Even by His children small,
He works His glorious will.

Martyrdom of William Tyndale. ❀

ON Friday, 6th of October 1536, Tyndale was brought to the stake. A rope was passed round his neck, he was first strangled, and then his body burned to ashes. "Lord, open the King of England's eyes," were his last words, and he passed home to his reward.

It is no part of our purpose to enter into the details of the domestic history of the Court of Henry VIII., or of the causes which led to the political breach with Rome. Suffice it to say that two years after Tyndale's death the man who had been the most bigoted and abject worshipper of the pope *to further his own ends*, had become the most determined opposer of the pope and his claims, still *to further his own ends*; and the Bible which Tyndale had devoted his life to give to the people of England, and which the servants of the devil had so earnestly endeavoured to keep from them, was placed by Act of Parliament, and by will of the king, in every Parish Church, and "raised upon a desk so that all might come and read." England was now nominally a protestant country.

Immediately the prohibition was withdrawn, several editions of the Bible were printed in England, and now, all over the wide world, wherever the English tongue is spoken, may be found the result of Tyndale's life-work, that inestimable treasure, the Holy Bible.

But there are still "dark places" in the earth, and many of our fellowmen have never even heard of the Bible. Let us then be stimulated, by what these faithful martyrs of the sixteenth century did and suffered, to do more ourselves to spread the knowledge of the Grace of God as revealed in the Scriptures. And

there are still "dark places" and dark hearts in our own land, for Protestantism is not necessarily Christianity. A man may be a protestant without being a Christian. To protest against evil is merely negative. It is not enough to "*abhor that which is evil*," we must also "*cleave to that which is good*."

Christianity does not consist in a series of rites and ceremonies, however Scriptural, but in a real love for the Lord Jesus Christ. Where the Bible is known and loved, there is Christianity, for the Bible makes known the love of God revealed in the death of His Son.

But how is the Bible treated in this protestant country of ours to-day? It is instructive to notice the character of the opposition of the sixteenth century as compared with that of the nineteenth. *Then* the opponents of the Bible burned the Book, knowing it to be the Word of God, and determined at all costs to keep it from the people. *Now* the opposition to the truth has assumed a more subtle form. The doctrines of the Bible are ignored. The foundation truths of the Atonement, the necessity of the New Birth, and Justification by faith alone, are lost sight of, or disbelieved altogether; while reformation and morality are preached, instead of regeneration and faith. The Romish dogma of "human merit," against which the Christians of the sixteenth century so strenuously fought, has been resurrected in protestant England in the form of a gospel of "doing your best" as a means to merit God's favour, forgetting that "all our righteousness are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). Have a care, my young reader, that you do not build on such a false foundation.

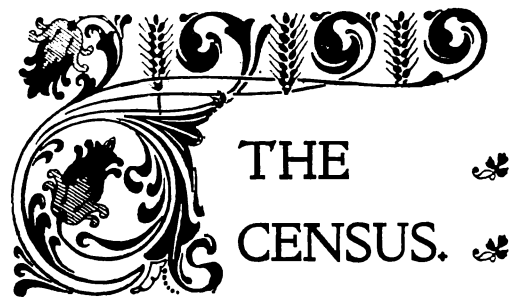
The Lord Jesus Christ is the
only Saviour,
His blood *the one way* into God's

presence. His death the one atonement for sin. His resurrection is the proof that the work is all completed, and the only thing in the world worth living for is His glory. You begin right now.

We are told by those who profess to be spiritual guides that the facts of creation as related in the Bible are only poetic fancies: that the books of Moses are only a myth: that many of the prophetic books were not written till after their fulfilment. Thus Satan, working behind the vain imaginations of men's minds, is seeking to undermine the authority of the inspired Word of the living God. "But we are not ignorant of his devices." All these things have been foretold by the Spirit, and to the child of God they only indicate that we are living in the "last days," when "men will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from truth, and shall be turned to fables." But all the opposition of man, backed by all the power of Satan, can never prevail against the Divine Word: it will only procure the just judgment of God upon the presumptuous opposers. Scripture abounds in warnings to men as to the danger of this unholy desire to alter the Word of God. Away back in Deut. iv. 2 we read, "Ye shall not add unto the Word which I command you, neither shall ye *diminish ought* from it." That Word speaks to the consciences of men, and points out their sin, and so they try to disprove it or to get rid of it altogether. When once this stage is reached, how sudden the downfall. Witness the state of the Roman Catholic community to-day. *Setting aside* the second commandment and other portions of Scripture forbidding image worship, has opened the door to

idolatry, Mariolatry, and other forms of God-dishonouring sin. *Adding* their traditions, and putting these upon the level of inspiration, has laid upon their shoulders a burden too heavy for them to bear, and the result is that, to-day, in nearly all Roman Catholic countries, those of the people who are not grovelling in superstitious ignorance, have developed into full-blown infidelity. Amidst all this confusion, Christians are called upon to be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, and to shine as lights in the world, holding forth the Word of Life.

L. L.



II.

THIS month we shall consider how the questions on the paper relating to the

SPIRITUAL CENSUS

might be filled up in the event of your being truly converted to God.

As in the last paper, you can fill in your own name and your own age. You may be younger than 10, but *you are not too young to be saved*. If, then, you have trusted Jesus, and had your sins washed away in His precious blood, you are a Christian. In Acts xi. 26 we read that "the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch." This is a very beautiful name. It means that the name of Christ is named upon *you*. Christ is

Cols.	1	4	5	6	7	8
	Name and Surname.	Age.	Profession or Occupation.		Where Born	
				Employer, Worker, or Own Account	At Home?	
1	MARY ROBERTSON.	10.	Christian.	Worker.	At Home and Abroad.	From Above.

the anointed or chosen One of God, and when here, He lived for God; now He is in Heaven, and God has chosen Christians to live here for Him. This is a high honour and a great privilege, but it means that our thoughts, our words, and our actions must be like Christ. The secret of being like Him is—*first*, to know Him; *second*, to love Him; and *third*, to be always in His company.

You will see from this that although, generally speaking, everybody professes to be a Christian, that is not the case. As before, you are a Worker (Scripture speaks about being "zealous of good works," Titus ii. 14), but you have now changed masters. The Lord Jesus Christ came to destroy the works of Satan (see 1 John iii. 8) and to set his captives free. It cost Him His life, but—blessed be His name for ever!—He gave it. How much He must love us! How much do we love Him?

The Christian not only knows that his sins are forgiven, but that he is delivered from the power of Satan, and that he is the Lord's free man. Now he works for the Lord. When you were unsaved you were a worker of iniquity both at home and abroad. John Smith was cross with Mary in the house, and he kicked Tom in the playground. You have now the opportunity to work for the Lord at home and abroad. With

cheerful countenance you help mother at home, keep baby, wash dishes, &c.; and mother will say, "I am sure Mary is converted, or she would not help me so nicely." Outside, you will be so kind to your companions, you will bring Lizzie along to the Sunday School, you will get your older brother to the Gospel Meeting, and when you have read "Loving Words," you will pass it on to some one else. "How can I do this?" you ask. By keeping close to Jesus. Bow your knee in His blessed presence in the morning, lift your heart to Him over and over again through the day, and yet again commend yourself to His tender care in the evening.

All this is the outcome of being born from above—that is, "born of God." People are usually said to belong to the place where they are born. We were sinners and belonged to the world, because we *were* born into the world in sin. We *are* Christians and belong to Heaven, because we have been "born again"—"born from above"—"born of God." Now our affection and our interest are all in Heaven, because Jesus is there, and we belong there. Very, very soon we will go there and be with Him for ever. Just now we want to get as many as we can to join us, and to know the joy of belonging to Jesus.

W. B. D.

(To be concluded.)

❀ The Coloured Man. ❀

A Reminiscence of the late Dr. J. C. Davis.

A FEW years since, a dear servant of the Lord—a coloured man—on his way from London to a town on the sea coast (where he was going on his blessed Master's service, and also with the hope of recruiting his health a little, which had become much worn down by arduous duties), entered a railway carriage, in which were several passengers. Having had to hurry to the station, he sat down, and, leaning back in his seat to recover breath, looked out of the window.

Presently the train moved on; and as they passed the busy crowds still left on the platform, he heaved a sigh at the thought of such multitudes of people rushing through this world without, perhaps, any concern about eternity or their immortal souls. It might be the heavy sigh, or his colour and general appearance, that attracted the notice of an elderly lady who was seated opposite to him, for he soon became conscious that she was regarding him with marked attention.

She said to her companion, "What an

interesting-looking person that is! he looks ill. What a fine race of people he must belong to! I wonder who he is? Do you think he is a Turk or a Hindoo?"

"I think he is an Indian," said the young lady. "I wish we could speak to him," continued the elderly lady; "I quite long to tell him the way to Heaven. How sad it is that such a fine, intelligent-looking people should bow down to images and stocks and stones! What a pity we can't speak to him! for he doesn't seem to understand a word we say." "Perhaps he may be able to read English a little, if he cannot speak it," suggested the young lady. "You might offer him a tract," said one of the gentlemen. The elderly lady opened her bag, and from a number selected one, which she presented to him



with a smile and motion to read it. He received the tract, bowed his thanks, and read it through in silence.

While he was reading it, they talked together about the desirability of increased exertion, on the part of this Christian land, to send the gospel to the

heathen, and much was said about the great good accomplished in various parts by missionary efforts, &c.

Availing himself of a pause in the conversation, our friend in good English, thanked the lady for her care for his soul, telling her it was an all-important object to him, adding, "I heard you say, madam, you longed to tell me the way to Heaven; have the kindness to tell me how I may be sure of going there—I want to hear that. This tract does not tell how I may be sure now that I shall be saved. It tells me to repent of my sins and to pray, but how can I know when I have prayed and repented enough? Can you not tell me plainly how I may be sure of getting to Heaven? Have you no other book that tells a poor sinner how he may get to Heaven?"

"Oh, yes," said the lady, "the Bible, which is the Word of God, was given on purpose to show the way to Heaven. *Read the Bible and pray*, and you will be sure to go to Heaven."

"Can you show me in God's Word where that is said? Where does it say that if I pray I shall go to Heaven? I want to be sure of that. Have you a Bible, madam? and can you point out the word which plainly tells how I may be sure of that?" She had no Bible in her bag. The other three passengers were appealed to for a Bible, but no one carried a Bible about with them.

At last our friend drew the precious volume from his pocket, and, holding it up, said, "Is *that* the book you mean, madam? If it be the Word of God, given on purpose to show the way to Heaven, it will surely give plain directions. Will you kindly show me where?" The lady took the Bible, and, turning over the leaves, confusedly said, "I do not exactly know where to find what I want

to show you, but it says if you *repent* of your sins and *pray earnestly* you will be saved."

"That does not satisfy me. How am I to know that I have prayed enough to satisfy God? Can you not point out one portion that is enough to rest upon?"

Turning to her companion, she said, "Can you find it?" She answered, "No." The poor lady asked the others in turn; and the Bible was offered to each with the entreaty that they would point out some portion that told plainly how the sinner was to get to Heaven. But all confessed their inability to recollect where such passages could be found.

The lady returned the Bible, and said, "Well, I cannot find the place, but if you will call upon the Rev. Mr. —, when you reach F—, he will tell you. He is a very good man, an evangelical clergyman; and he will be happy to direct you."

"But, madam, we may never reach F—. The train may run off the line, and we may be all killed. We may have a collision. Many things may happen; I do not know that I may live to see F—. Can none of you Christians tell a poor foreigner how he may be saved? You are moved with pity for his darkness and ignorance, can you not help him to the light?"

"I have told you you must *pray*," said the lady. "The Bible says so."

He took the Bible, and opening it at John iii. 14–16 read out the verses: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then John v. 24: "Verily, verily,

I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath everlasting life*, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life;" and Acts xiii. 38, 39; "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things, from which you could not be justified by the law of Moses."

"Are these the portions you mean, madam?" he asked.

"Yes, that is what I could not remember."

"But you told me I must *pray* and *repent*. This precious book tells me to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Praise to His name! The poor foreigner can trust that blessed word, and know he is safe for Heaven—safe through the work of that Lord Jesus Christ which was finished on the cross more than 1800 years ago; and is happy in knowing he is justified from all things, in virtue of that blood shed for sinners, and not by his own prayers and repentance—happy in knowing he has made peace by the blood of His cross!"

Can you thus speak of yourself *assaved*? If not, oh, turn to the sin-forgiving Saviour at once. Do not tarry, for if you put it off, the door of mercy may be closed and *you may be lost for ever!* Remember, to-day is the day of salvation; "*now*." If you trifle with God's salvation now, what can await you in the future but punishment and wrath?

Our coloured friend then proceeded at some length to set forth to his astonished fellow-travellers the love that led God to send His Son into this world to die for sinners, and the love that brought the Son to do the will of His Father. He

told them how He who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners—He who knew no sin, was "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen angrily; "this is no place for such holding forth. It is neither the time nor place, sir."

"When is the time, and where is the place, in this Christian land, for a Christian to speak of Christ?" calmly, but earnestly, he asked.

"Sunday is the time, sir, and the church is the place, but not a railway carriage. This is a very improper place."

They had reached the end of their journey, and they parted to meet no more on earth, for our beloved friend and brother was soon after taken to be forever with the Lord.



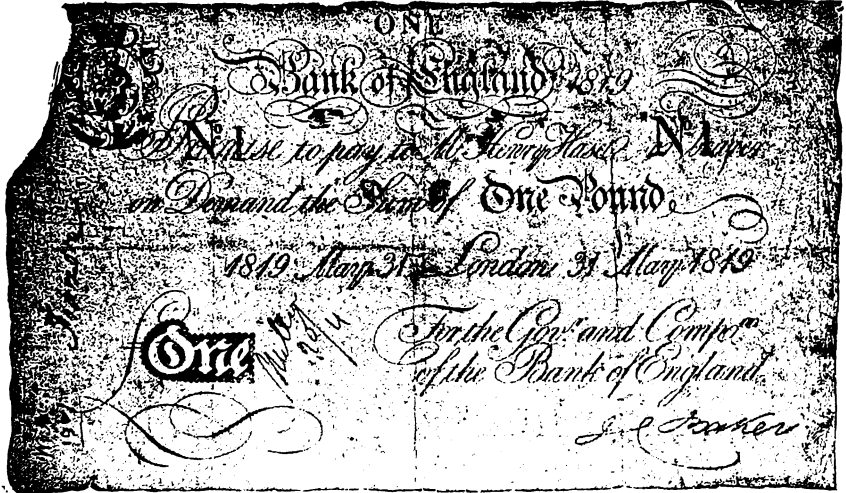
FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

WHAT IS SIN?

1. **The Work of the Devil.** 1 John iii. 8.
Opposition to God. Rom. i. 18.
2. **The Want of Obedience.** Rom. xiv. 23.
Opposition to Christ. Gal. ii. 17.
3. **The Wilfulness of Man.** John v. 40; 1 John i. 8.
Opposition to the Holy Spirit. John xvi. 8.
4. **The Wish of the Human Heart.** 1 John v. 17.
Opposition to Holiness. 1 John iii. 8.
5. **The Waste of God's Gifts.** Matt. xxii. 5.
Opposition to Love. Luke xiv. 18.
6. **The Wandering of the Lost.** Luke xix. 10.
Opposition to Light. John xii. 35.
7. **The Woe of the World.** Rom. iii. 23.
Opposition to Righteousness. Rom. v. 12.

✿ A Sermon on a Pound Note. ✿

"HERE it is, with a sermon on the back of it," said a friend to me a few days ago, as he handed me a one-pound bank note. Now a one-pound note is not of any value in itself, being only a piece of paper, but what makes it valuable is, that the bank promises to pay the bearer on demand the sum of twenty shillings for it. I turned up the back of my note, and on it I read these interesting lines—



"The piece of paper in your hand,
 Declares to you that on demand
 You twenty shillings shall receive.
 This simple promise you believe,
 It puts your mind as much at rest
 As if the silver you possessed.
 So Christ who died, but now doth live,
 Doth unto you the promise give,
 That if you on His Name believe
 You shall eternal life receive.
 Upon the first you can calmly rest—
 Which is the surest and the best?
 The bank may break—Heaven never can,
 'Tis safer trusting God than man."

I don't know who the writer was, but I am sure he was both a believer *and* a receiver. You will see that there are several interesting things about a pound note. There is the **Promise to Pay**. This promise is signed by the secretary or manager of the bank, and on the strength of this assurance men and women are every day content to receive, instead of a golden sovereign, only a

piece of paper. And because they believe the promise—

"It puts their mind as much at rest
 As if the silver they possessed."

Now, God's promises are just as definite, and are to be believed in just the same way. "This is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life" (1 John ii. 25). We *receive the life* when we *believe the promise*. If we do not believe the promise we cannot receive the life. The two things go together. If I do not believe the banker, I will not present the note, but the fact that I walk in to the bank counter, and simply say, "Change, please," shows that I have implicit faith in the promise. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater" (1 John v. 9).

Another thing about our note is that it is only paid **ON DEMAND**. This is faith in action. A note in your pocket will neither provide you with food nor clothing. General Washington once rewarded a North American Indian, who had rendered him some valuable scouting

services, by giving him an order on the United States Treasury for a life pension. Many years afterwards the old Indian died of starvation, and the General's order, wrapped up in parchment, was found hanging round his neck. Instead of presenting the paper and demanding the fulfilment of the promise, he had foolishly suspended it from his neck as a charm, and although the United States Treasury was both able and willing to pay the money, yet he never enjoyed it because he never claimed it. Many people treat God's promises exactly in the same way. The Indian might have been saved from much suffering and misery if he had only acted according to instructions. You may be saved from **eternal death** and made happy in the enjoyments of **eternal life**, and all the blessings procured for you by the death of Christ, simply by believing the promise of God. God has coupled up **RECEIVING** with **BELIEVING**. Believing on the Son is the only way of Salvation. It is simple enough to be understood by the most ignorant—so profound that it baffles the wisdom of the wisest. The words of the Lord Jesus were, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth in Me **HATH** everlasting life" (John vi. 47).

Look at these two columns—

WHEN

We believe the Banker's Promise and accept the money we have it.	We believe the Promise of God we receive Eternal Life and possess it.
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Promises in the Bible are something like notes in a pocket book. They do no one any good till they are made use of. Believing that Jesus died is a mere

fact of history, it will save no one. Believing that Jesus died for me is an act of faith and will save any one. Dost thou believe on the Son of God?

"The bank may break—Heaven never can,
'Tis safer trusting God than man." L. L.

"IS SATAN VERY STRONG?"

ABOUT five years ago, I was staying in B— with a lady who had charge of a little boy named Harry, whose parents were in India. He was quite young, being only six years old. One morning I was sitting by the fire in the dining-room, before breakfast, reading my Bible. Harry soon followed me there and interrupted my reading by coming straight to me and saying, "Miss L., is Satan very strong?" "Yes, very," I said, and continued my reading. A few minutes later came another question. "Miss L., is he stronger than I am?" "Oh, yes," I said, "much stronger." Harry, who did not relish the idea of defeat, said, "But is he stronger than God?" "Oh, no," I replied, "happily for you and for me, the Lord Jesus is stronger and has conquered him, so he is a defeated foe." "I see," said Harry, and for some time he appeared deep in thought. Then, coming to me again, he said, "But, Miss L., does Satan ever tempt you?" "Yes, of course he does," I replied; "he did not leave the Lord Jesus alone, so he is not likely to leave me alone, nor you either." "What do you do when he tempts you?" asked Harry. "What do I do?" I replied, "well, Harry, I just face him, and I say, 'Satan, you are very strong—much stronger than I am—but the Lord Jesus has conquered you for me, and I know it;' and you know Satan must depart at the presence of Jesus." "I am glad," said Harry; "I shall do the same when he tempts me."

* A STARTLING SIGN. *

WALKING up Rochdale Road, Manchester, or from top of a tram, the passenger may observe a very unusual sign-board upon the gable of a house upon the right hand side. We give a representation of it. It is truly a very startling announcement.

AFTER DEATH.

The indifferent may say, "I don't bother about it." The sceptic cries, "Who knows?" The saved sinner exclaims, "Praise God! Glory with Christ!" The timid soul says, "I am afraid, but hope for the best." A friend of ours preached upon the subject—"Heaven and Hell, by One who Knows." Who knows? The Son of God, the Christ, has drawn aside the veil in Luke xv. to show the Father's joy in Heaven, and Heaven's joy over "one sinner that repenteth," and the pangs and remorse of Hell for one who refused to believe "Moses and the prophets" and came to "this place of torment" in Luke xvi. But to return to the sign-board. The solemn fact is bluntly stated. After death

YOU GO TO GOD or GO TO SATAN.

Oh! reader, when you die to whom will you travel? To the father of lies (John viii. 44), or to the Father of lights (James i. 17)? Death is at the door. In an instant your pulse may cease to beat, and your doom be sealed. *Born a sinner, living a sinner, and dying an unrepentant sinner ends in a sinner's*

shroud, a sinner's Hell, and a sinner's portion in the lake of fire. Listen to the cry of mercy—

YOU MUST BE SAVED.

Christ *must* be lifted up (John iii. 14). His is the Name whereby we *must* be saved (Acts iv. 12). "Ye *must* be born again" (John iii. 7). Of mankind it is true. "We *must needs die*, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again (2 Sam. xiv. 14).

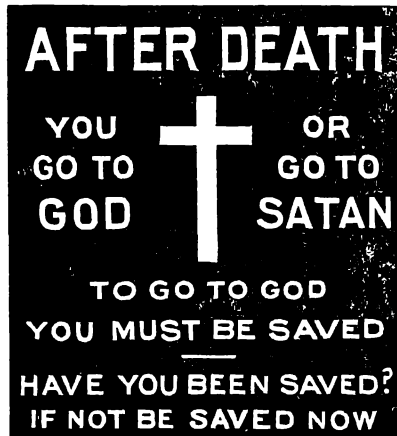
Have YOU Been SAVED?

Do not shirk the pointed question. You may not like it, but it *must* be answered, and answered *honestly*. God can save, and means to save, and by His Word gives the assurance of being saved to every one who "believeth on Him whom He hath sent." The concluding line is full of grace.

BE SAVED NOW.

God says "now," Satan says "never." The devil will do all in his power to ruin you. He goes about it subtly, giving you full play for the present. His "now" is filled with pleasures which you love—excitement, self-indulgence, and sin. He gilds the deadly potion, because he is the *destroyer* (Rev. ix. 11). God has shown His willing mind to save in the cross. There He yielded unto judgment His only-begotten Son. Divine love gave the Son; faith receives Him and is saved.

T. R. D.



in great trouble now, for there on the bed by the fire lay her eldest child very ill. Nellie was a pretty little girl, with lovely curls, only nine years old; but she was dying, and she knew it. I began to talk to her, and soon found that she knew well that she was a sinner. She told me she had done many very naughty things, and that she knew God was displeased with her for doing them. Dear young friends, like as a blot on a copy-book at school spoils the whole page, so one spot of sin makes the soul unfit for the holy presence of God. Nellie had been to Sunday School, and the first thing she learned there was that God saw all she did. One day her father left her to mind his papers. She sold one, and put the penny in her pocket, intending to spend it; but God was watching, and Nellie remembered this. She thought of her teacher's words—"God sees us always." So she took the penny out of her pocket, and when her father came gave it to him. Thus Nellie, though only nine years old, had found out that she had a wicked heart.

Poor child, there she lay in that miserable room, dying and afraid to die. I told her of the love of Jesus, and how He loved to bless little children just as much now as when He was on earth, and that His words were, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" (Mark x. 14). I asked the mother to kneel down with me, and I prayed for dear Nellie; then gave her a large Scripture almanac, in the middle of which was the text in Isaiah which I asked you to read and learn.

Next day I went again, but she was asleep: the almanac was pinned on the wall by her bed. Her mother said, "Nellie has been saying all night that her sins are like scarlet, but I told her they are not, and that she is a little angel." "Well," I said, "that is not right. Nellie is not an angel, Nellie is a sinner; Jesus did not die for angels, He died for sinners, so He died for Nellie, and she can have her scarlet sins washed whiter than snow."

Just then Nellie opened her eyes, and said, "O teacher! my sins are like scarlet." "Yes, dear," I said, "but Jesus' precious blood can wash them whiter than snow. You see our text says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.'" Then I told her of the love of Jesus in dying so that her sins might be all washed away, and that she might be made whiter than snow. I taught her a little prayer—"Lord Jesus, my sins are like scarlet, but Thou canst wash me and make me whiter than snow."

Next day I found her very weak, but she said, "I have said my prayer: Jesus has washed me, and I am whiter than snow." Her mother

was crying, and said, "But you do not want to die and leave us, Nellie, do you?"

"Don't cry, mammie," was the answer; "you ask Jesus, and He will wash you and make you whiter than snow, then you can come and see me with Jesus in His Home."

"Teacher, sing to me about Jesus." So I sang—

What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Oh! precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow!
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

For my cleansing this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

For my pardon this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Nought of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

He is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus! C. C.

TWO CLASSES: In Which Are You?

DEAR YOUNG CHRISTIAN,

Your history might be written in three words—

SOUGHT, SAVED, SENT.

How far have you realised it?

SOUGHT BY JESUS, and brought to God.

From distance to nearness.
From darkness to light.
Once an alien, now a child of God.

SAVED BY JESUS.

HE *died* to save you.
HE *lives* to keep you.
Saved FROM sin, death, and judgment.
Saved FOR holiness, life, and glory.

SENT BY JESUS to do His will.

SHINE for Him. LIVE for Him.
SING His praise. TELL His love.
SHOW what He has done for you.
SEEK to bring others to Him.
SERVE Him earnestly.

SHINING—TO GIVE HIM GLORY,
WORKING—TO PRAISE HIS NAME,
SHARING WITH HIM THE SUFFERING,
BEARING WITH HIM THE SHAME.

DEAR UNCONVERTED FRIEND,

Do you believe that

GOD LOVES YOU? His word says,

"God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners CHRIST DIED FOR US" (Rom. v. 8).

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18).

JESUS DIED FOR YOU.

"When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6).

"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. x. 9).

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN. Are you ready?

"They that were READY went in with Him to the marriage: and the DOOR WAS SHUT" (Matt. xxv. 10).

Dear reader, will you be

OUTSIDE OR INSIDE?

YET THERE IS ROOM: STILL OPEN STANDS THE GATE—

THE GATE OF LOVE: IT IS NOT YET TOO LATE;
ROOM, ROOM, STILL ROOM!
OH, ENTER, ENTER NOW!

THE DANGER OF DELAY;

Or, Mac Ian's Fatal Mistake.

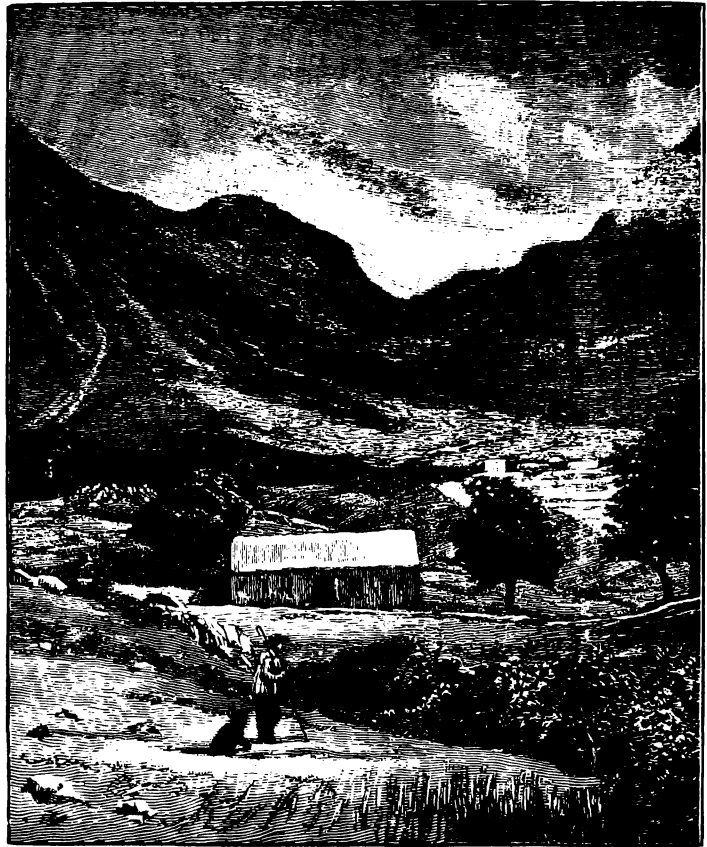
How often we find the sad consequences of delay recorded in history, and how many cases could be cited to illustrate the fact that procrastination is one of man's worst enemies.

We might fill a volume in recording instances where many lives have been thrown away because somebody was behind time. But I think we could not find any incident more striking than that which brought about the massacre of Glencoe.

Glencoe is one of the wildest and most dreary valleys in all the west of Scotland; mists hang continually over its grey and barren rocks, and the uplifted voice of the tempest and the weird cry of the wild bird are the only sounds that break the stillness.

This wild district was inhabited by a proud and brave clan, named the Macdonalds of Glencoe. In the reign of William and Mary the chief of this clan was an old man named Mac Ian; he was a rugged Highlander, with a spirit almost as untameable as the storms which so often raged about his home.

Mac Ian, like most of the Highland chiefs, sympathised with James II., who



THE VALLEY OF GLENCOE.

had been dethroned because of his adherence to Popery.

The Earl of Breadalbane had been appointed governor of Scotland, and on him fell the work of bringing about a peaceful settlement with these Highland chiefs; but he was hated by them, and many difficulties arose between him and them until it seemed almost impossible that his purpose could be carried out.

While things were in this state, the

English government issued a proclamation calling upon all rebel chiefs to take an oath of allegiance to King William before the 1st January 1692, and declaring all who failed to do so would be looked upon as traitors and treated accordingly.

All the chiefs took care to take the oath before the time appointed, but Mac Ian, who, in the pride of his heart, imagined that it would be a fine thing to be the last to submit. Accordingly, he put off doing so until the 31st of December, when he presented himself at Fort William. To his dismay he was told he must go to Inverary, as only a magistrate could receive the oath, and there were none nearer. Then, for the first time, the awful folly of his vanity dawned upon him, for Inverary was six days' journey from Fort William, and between the two places lay rugged mountains, snow clad and almost impassable. In his desperation the poor old man set out for Inverary, and reached that place on the 6th of January.

The day of grace was passed—he was behind time, and when the Governor of Scotland heard that he had not submitted at the appointed time, he determined on the destruction of the whole clan.

Treachery and infamy marked the carrying out of this order, it is true; but it never could have happened had not Mac Ian put off his submission until it was too late.

Early on the morning of February 13th the work of slaughter begun. Many of the Macdonalds were slain in their beds, and their chief paid the penalty of his folly by being one of the first to fall.

Let not this sad story from Glencoe's dreary valley of weeping be lost upon us. Let us not forget that procrastination brought about all the desolation and

death that were witnessed there on that fatal 13th of February; and, while we think of all this, let us remember that the loss of a soul is an infinitely greater loss than merely that of life, for the one is for eternity and the other only for time; and yet we know that many have lost their souls and Heaven for ever because they madly put off the question until it was too late.

Hear me out, for these things deeply concern you. God has sent forth a proclamation concerning His beloved Son. He has exalted Him to the highest place in Heaven, and just as the Highland chiefs could only have peace by bowing to King William, so now sinners can only have peace with God by bowing to the Lord Jesus Christ. For all who do bow there is forgiveness and eternal Heaven, but for all who refuse there is nothing but the devouring fire of everlasting judgment. *It is now the day of grace,* and in long-suffering mercy God is lingering over a rebellious world, and you may own Jesus as Lord and Saviour to-day; but, remember, **it may be too late to-morrow.** A man once told me that he would never bow to Jesus, but *he will*, in spite of his foolish pride of heart which made him speak thus; for God has so decreed.

Breadalbane, who had to bring about the subjection of the the chiefs, was hated by them all, and this, no doubt, kept Mac Ian from submitting



sooner. But there is no reason why you should not submit to Jesus, for He is all love, and has proved His love by dying for us, while we were enemies of God.

I would beseech you not to let this love of Jesus—so wonderfully proved at Calvary—be in vain as far as you are concerned; but bow your knee to Him, trust Him as your Saviour, and confess that He alone has a right to you. Then, washed from your sins by His precious blood, you will be ready for the glory of God, and you will have no fear of being too late for the blessing and Heaven.

How fearful will be the awakening of those whose love for the world has kept them away from Christ until the day of grace is passed! Alas! there will be many of this class. When the door of mercy is closed, they will stand outside with sorrow-charged hearts, begging for admittance; but there will be no mercy then! In righteousness that awful word "depart" will sound from within, blasting all their false hopes and sealing their eternal doom. Oh! look about you! See the danger of delay! Flee *now* to Christ.

"All things are ready, Come!
To-morrow may not be;
(O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee!" J. T. M.

THE CENSUS.

(Concluded.)

THE Census is taken once in ten years, and though the population of districts may vary—for example, there may be fewer in villages and more in large towns—it is taken for granted that on the aggregate there will be a marked increase on each occasion. Now the probability is that, when the next Census is taken, every one will be simply astounded at the tremendous decrease

in the number of persons everywhere. Large cities, small towns, tiny villages, obscure hamlets will all tell the same tale. The question will be asked, What has happened? Has a plague devastated the land? No. Have the people emigrated to improve their fortunes in other countries? No. As a matter of fact, both foreign and colonial neighbours will be in the same plight. What can it be? Ah! the Lord has come, and has taken to be with Himself the myriads of those who believed in His name. Fathers and mothers, boys and girls will have gone in great numbers. Father will be missed from the workshop; neighbours will wonder what has come of mother. Mary will be absent from school, and Tom will not turn up at the grocer's to run his errands. It will happen all at once, without warning—no earthquake, no sound that unsaved people will hear. Jesus has come into the air: His own people have heard His voice. The dear little treasures who have fallen asleep in Jesus—our loved ones who have gone before—will rise from the graves. We who are alive and remain, will join them. Together we shall meet the Lord in the air—a big, happy, glorified company—and be for ever with the Lord. For a time the world will go on just as usual, but the Holy Ghost will be gone, the Christians will be gone; there will be no hope of salvation for those who are left in the world—only a lost eternity will be in store for them. 1 Thess. iv. 16-18.

Now, Jesus may not come during the next ten years; on the other hand, it would not be at all surprising were He to come within the next ten minutes. Are *YOU* ready? In the last chapter of Holy Scripture (Rev. xxii.) He says three times, "I come quickly," so that

when it will be we cannot say, but of one thing we may be sure, it must be very, very near.

Dear reader, young or old, we have entered upon the last month of another year. Thank God you are still in life, and thank God it is yet the day of grace.

Let us ask you in conclusion, Will you close the year with Christ? You have gone on without Him, trifled with eternal realities, and risked that precious soul of yours too long already. Let us beseech you in His name, come as a guilty, lost sinner to Jesus to-day, believe in Him, rest upon what He has accomplished, and you will be saved. Should He put you to sleep, it will be but to take you home to glory; should He leave you here, it will be with a happy heart to live for Him; and should He come for you, whether to-day or whenever it be, it will be to have you with Himself in Heaven—a trophy of His wondrous death and an object of His eternal love. Once more then, as our last word to you this year—maybe forever—we would say, Come to Jesus, and come just now. W. B. D.

Teacher's Page.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

A WORKER said to us recently, "We used to have a Sunday School here, but for various reasons it was closed. The other Sunday I noticed a group of lads, who used to come here regularly, sitting in front of the Hall, well supplied with penny novels and playing at cards."


We strongly advise that worker to begin again right away, even single-handed if need be. If he can get no other helper he may rely upon the help of the Lord. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" We also herewith promise him a hundred copies of *Loving Words gratis* for his opening meeting.

Here was a shut door where there might have been an open one, and young lads who might have been listening to the Gospel, and carrying home Gospel papers to their parents, shut out to loiter about the streets and play cards. You may depend upon it, though we may not be interested enough in the salvation of the children to give away a Gospel tract, yet the enemy will see that the young are plentifully supplied with a class of literature which makes a mock at sin, encourages boys in evil, and leads them rapidly downward in the broad way to moral, social, and everlasting destruction. Many boys "club" their pennies, and are thus able to read a number of these demoralising papers every week.

It is high time to awake out of our lethargy, and endeavour to place something better in their hands. If we have been indifferent to the claims of the young in the past, let us be so no longer. If we have been in earnest in the past, let us face the future with redoubled energy, for time is passing and opportunities are getting fewer, but still the word is, "Occupy till I come."

Let us look for, long for, work for, and pray for renewed interest in the salvation of the young all over the country and all over the world. Many may criticise and find fault. Many will be quite ready to point out our mistakes and want to set us right. To such we reply like Nehemiah, when Gashmu sent for him to come down to the plain of Ono, "Oh! no, we are doing a great work. We cannot come down; why should the work cease?" Brother, sister, if you have got your work from God *stick to it*. Gashmu and his fellows will criticise. Let them. You preach the word. David encouraged himself in the Lord his God. You do likewise and *keep on with your work*. L.L.

**A DOUBLE EARTHQUAKE ;
OR,
“God Speaketh Once, Yea
Twice.”**

 ON the 18th September, Scotland was shaken in the north and east by an earthquake, repeated eleven days after, and causing much terror and damage.

The following are some of the particulars which have reached us:—

“The experience of the inhabitants of Inverness at a very early hour yesterday morning was of a kind that is, happily, uncommon in this part of the world. It was a dark and stormy night, and when practically all the people were slumbering in bed, and the town was at its quietest, sleepers were suddenly awakened with a rudeness which probably they had never experienced before. To the accompaniment of a deep rumble and a lighter rattle of furniture, crockery, and other household articles, the house seemed to be slowly but surely collapsing. The bed rose and fell like a boat in a stormy sea. The noise of the tumbling furniture became alarming, increased, as it was, by the crash of falling chimney cans, pieces of masonry, and other matter out of doors. When it was seen that the walls were not dropping in pieces, the writer was struck with the impression that the whole place was sinking into the earth. The shock of earthquake, which took place at twenty-five minutes after one, lasted but a quarter of a minute, but with the alarm it created, its duration seemed to be very much longer. A few minutes after the cessation of the tremors, people gathered in knots in the streets, and discussed the extraordinary event. Many of the women, lightly and hastily clad as they were, could not be persuaded

to return to their houses, and whole families sat up, or remained outside, for the rest of the morning, fearing another and possibly an even worse shock, which might reduce their houses to ruins. There was a recurrence of the shock in a greatly modified degree at 4 a.m., and a third shock, lighter still, at 9 a.m.

“The residences and farmhouses in the district surrounding Inverness also experienced the effects of the earthquake. Ness Castle, shook to its foundations, and all the ceilings are more or less damaged. A large cut glass chandelier in the drawing-room and several pieces of china were broken. Some of the buildings of the Inverness District Asylum, which stands on the sloping hill side of the Ness valley, were damaged, showing numerous cracks in the walls. The outhouses of many of the farms were knocked to pieces. The record of minor damages could be indefinitely lengthened, and the wonder is that, as the result of the disturbance, nothing more serious has to be recorded. All are agreed that had the first shock continued a little longer, the effects must certainly have been disastrous.”

Do some of our readers say, “We have often heard of earthquakes—that of Lisbon for example; or Port Royal in Jamaica—resulting in great destruction to property, and causing the death of thousands”? Do you think, then, that such are a matter of course, or by chance? What does God say? From one or two instances in His Word, we must conclude it is one of God’s ways of speaking to men, as Job puts it—“To keep back his soul from the pit, for He has found a ransom.”

At Philippi, where two of the Lord’s faithful servants had been imprisoned for preaching the precious Gospel, see

how God intervened by an earthquake to liberate His servants, and to work conviction in the hardened gaoler. His cry of anguish, "What must I do to be saved?" was met by the soul-soothing words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house"—leading to his conversion.

Are not many to-day just as callous of the Gospel call, though going to an endless Hell? God still delights in mercy, and judgment is His strange work. Heed the call through the recent earthquake: believe on His Son, and be saved.

When Israel, moreover, unconscious of their weakness, by reason of the flesh, to keep the law, undertook to do so, God shook Sinai (Exod. xix. 18), thus reminding them of what His power could be against the breaker of that law.

Others are content to take God's gifts, and heap up riches of the earth, whilst leaving God out of their calculations. Yet God tells them the earth shall wax old as a garment, and be folded or crumpled up as a garment; that things seen are but temporal;—yet in contrast with all this, speaking of the Son, "Thy throne is for ever and ever. Thou remainest, and art the same yesterday and to-day and for ever, and with Him are desirable riches."

Read carefully Acts xii. 25-29. Let every unsaved reader flee to Christ, obtaining in Him present and eternal security, and satisfaction for the heart. To those washed from their sins in His blood, His coming will be a most blessed event; while to those unprepared, it will be as a thief in the night, just like the recent earthquake, but more awful in consequences.

P. R.



FOR LITTLE FOLK.

Little Miss

"Wait-a-Minute."

LITTLE Miss "Wait-a-Minute" was a romping, blue-eyed, chubby-cheeked, little girl of five, with winning ways, and laughing eyes, and curly hair, and an inveterate habit of saying, "Wait-a-Minute." When mother said, "Now, then, Dolly, breakfast is ready; come at once."

"Wait-a-minute, mamma."

"Dolly, it is time for school."

"Wait-a-minute, mamma."

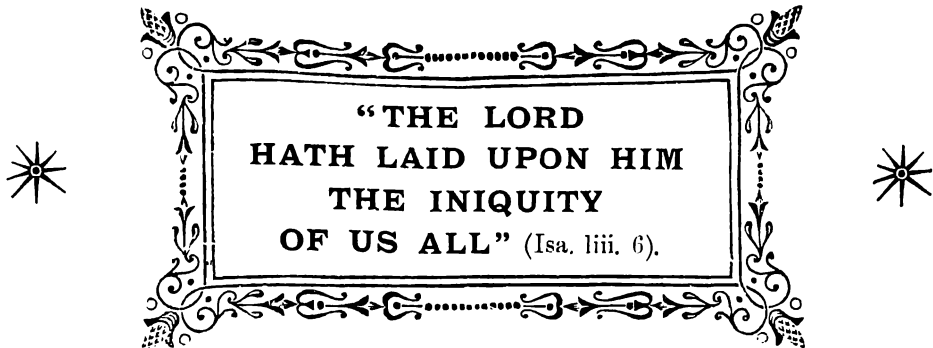
"Eight o'clock; Dolly Dimples must be off to bed."

"Do, please, wait-a-minute, mamma; I want to play with my toys a little longer."

I thought as I heard of little "Wait-a-Minute" that she was just like a great many other little boys and girls I know who are putting off coming to Jesus till they grow older. Jesus is calling you to Himself. He will put away your sins, and fill your heart with His love. He will keep you safely every day, and be a Friend to whom you can tell all your little troubles and cares. When you leave this world, He will take you to His beautiful Home, where trouble and sorrow never come, and where no one ever sheds a tear.

Do not say "Wait-a-minute" to the loving Lord Jesus. Do not let anything keep you from Him. The things that keep boys and girls, and men and women, away from Jesus are just like the little girl's toys; and then how sad when death comes and finds them unprepared.





Wanted!
Boys and Girls!

A BLACKBOARD ADDRESS.

WHAT have I written here? “**BOYS WANTED.**” Very likely you may have observed such a notice upon a factory gate or in a shop window. It means **WORK and WAGES**, two things which, as you grow older, you will know plenty about.

To-day I take these words as a *call from God*, from Heaven above, to lads on earth, because He wants them to yield unto Him the obedience of faith and leave the service of sin and Satan. If you have the fear of the Lord in your heart, it will make you become

BRAVE BOYS—Like David,

who did not fear the face of the lion and the bear, nor of 11-feet Goliath.

Temptations to sin have to be faced in the strength of the Lord by an emphatic “No.” He can give you courage to say “No,” which will save you from much sin. But do not let your “No” “have a Yes in it,” like some one I know. He can say “No,” but he is easily persuaded to consent. “My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.” Where is that

text? Real love to Jesus Christ will make you an

OBEDIENT BOY—Like Samuel,

who ran to old Eli when he heard the voice; or like Isaac, when he meekly carried the wood, and suffered himself to be bound upon the altar. It is an age of disobedience to parents, masters, and employers. The boy who does not obey never glorifies God. Even the boy Christ was subject to His parents (Luke ii. 25). The Lord wants

YOUNG BOYS—Like Timothy.

His father had been a Gentile, but his grandmother and mother taught him very carefully in the Hebrew Scriptures. Jewish boys of seven and eight could recite all the five books of Moses and the Psalms. How many chapters can you repeat correctly, or how few? Tell me the sort of boys the Lord wants, beginning with the letter S. “**STRONG!**” “**No.**” “**SMART!**” “**No.**” “**SKILFUL!**” “**No.**” God wants, here and now,

SINFUL BOYS—Like Esau or Manasseh.

Both these lads had God-fearing parents, yet the one despised his birthright, and the other became an idolater, bringing the Lord’s displeasure upon his kingdom. King Manasseh was afflicted and converted; he prayed to the Lord, and He

BOYS WANTED

Brave, Obedient,
Young, Sinful,

delivered him (2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13). He wants to *save* you, wash away your sins, pardon and justify you, *because He loves you*. Here, however, is another notice.

GIRLS WANTED.

Ho! my dear lassies, there is good news for you! You are wanted for Heaven—constant employment and good wages. As I have done with the word "Boys," so will I make an acrostic of the GIRLS. Tell me, Bessie, what kind of girls does God love and want. "Good girls, sir." Not so. Can you show me an *altogether good girl*? Ah! you may well hang down your head. The truth in the Gospel is that God wants

GUILTY GIRLS—Like Herodias' Daughter, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved, cleansed, and brought near to God through His precious blood.

IGNORANT GIRLS—Like the Ninevites, so that He may by the Holy Spirit teach you "the wisdom of the just" and the things concerning Jesus Christ. Mere worldly learning counts for nothing in the school of God. One of the first truths to learn is that you are "poor and needy," "lost and vile." When you have received grace, then you become a

READY GIRL—Like Rhoda, who ran to open the door when brother

GIRLS WANTED

Guilty, Ignorant,
Ready, Little,
Sincere.

Peter knocked. She was so happy in recognising his voice that she set off to tell the dear saints who were praying him out of prison. Ready, willing girls are agreeable to the Lord, and to every one else. These are the kind who are always cheerful too, just because they are not selfish. Shall I tell you another kind of girls who are wanted?

LITTLE GIRLS—Like the Captive Maid.

She loved and feared the Lord, and was not ashamed to tell her lady mistress of His prophet in Samaria. Little girls are all welcome to Jesus; they will find a warm and loving welcome from Him. What shall I write after S? Here is the word,

SINCERE GIRLS—Like Ruth,

who was no hypocrite. Oh! be real. Do not say, "I love Jesus," when you don't even *know* Him. Remember that He knows you right through, and sees you as you are. I pray, however, that each may be like the little girl who said to her aunt, "God does not see everything; He does not see my sins, auntie." She had been listening attentively to a sermon about the "scapegoat," who carried the confessed sins of Israel into a land of forgetfulness (Lev. xvi. 22). Get your Bibles and read Micah vii. 19, and just think whether God can see your sins which He laid on Jesus on the cross, or not.

T. R. D.