



The Children's Message.



All we, like sheep,
have gone astray; we
have turned every one
to his own way; and the
Lord hath laid on Him
the iniquity of us all.

—Isa. liii. 6.

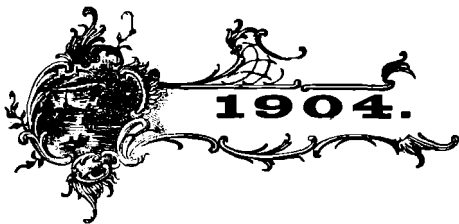


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That Troublesome Log.

ALL the boys about know Jimmy the darkie. If he is not very handsome, and his brown face is not unusually clean, yet there is intelligence in his bright eyes that interests you in the boy, and makes you look at him again.

Anyone would have looked twice at him yesterday, for, as he went along the street, he was hugging a log of wood in his arms, carrying it much as you would a baby; then he would put it under one arm, and again shift the weight to his shoulder.

There might not be anything very remarkable in seeing a boy carrying a log. Perhaps it was for the scanty fire at home? No, the log was to serve another and quite different purpose just then, for, lo, it was bound with a chain, and the chain was fastened to the boy's foot! Jimmy had to carry that log about with him all day yesterday as a punishment for playing truant from school! Queer ways have been found for correcting naughty boys, but I thought Jimmy's father

had hit on one of the queerest I ever heard of.

And yet do you think Jimmy the darkie is the only boy that has to carry burdens on account of naughty conduct? Ah, there are people all around us who would carry logs for a lifetime if they could thus get rid of the heavier weight of well-remembered and unforgiven sins. Boys, girls, believe me, sins are very heavy to carry. King David tells us about his, that as a heavy burden they were too heavy for him. (Psa. xxxviii.).

Have you found out the weight of one sin yet? You cannot put it on the scales and reckon the weight by pounds or tons *avoir-dupois*, but one sin, one lie, one wicked act, is heavy enough to sink you for ever in the lake of fire if it is not taken away. How great is the burden of sins upon your young soul! I hope you feel it.

Then our little friend, burdened as he was, with that troublesome log, could not get rid of it. He must carry it with him wherever he went all through that unhappy day. He could not run about with the other boys; he must go where his father sent him, and at every step be reminded of his bad behaviour and its consequences.

Ah, sin is both a burden and a bond, and God says that the wicked shall be holden with the cords of his own sins. (Prov. v.)

You are as helpless in your sins as Jimmy with his log and chain, and unless someone breaks the chain for you and takes away the load, you certainly cannot free yourself.

How glad Jimmy must have been when night came, and the chain was unfastened. Let us hope that he will conclude that school-work is better than carrying logs, and obedience is to be preferred to punishment.

Is there a boy or girl who reads this page who is carrying a heavy load, and unable to get free? Dear young friend, do you recollect that sin of yours with pain? Does its weight oppress you? Are you afraid of having to carry it in your bosom till at last it carries you down to a dark eternity?

Then let me tell you there is One who loves sin-burdened boys and girls, and who Himself became the Sin-bearer that they might bear their sins no more.

" He bore on the tree
The burden for me,

And now both the Surety and sinner are free."

Jesus is risen from the grave and now He says, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi.). Yes, Jesus calls you to Him. Go with your sins, your chains, and all, and He will give you rest. He will tell you how on the Cross He bore your sins that you might be pardoned, relieved, and set free for ever.

“ Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree ” (i. Peter ii.).

J. N. B.

His Mother's Bible.

—*—

IT is said that the Steamer “ Scotia ” once picked up a dozen shipwrecked sailors in mid-ocean. Among them was a boy of twelve years.

“ Who are you ? ” said the captain.

The answer was: “ I'm a Scotch boy. My father and mother are both dead, and I am on my way to America.”

“ What have you here ? ” said the captain, as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body.

“ It's a rope,” said the boy.

“ But what is that tied by this rope under your arm ? ”

“ That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that.”

“ Could you not have saved something else ? ”

“ Yes, sir, but I could not have saved anything else and my Bible as well.”

“ Did you expect to drown ? ”

“ I thought it very possible, sir, but I meant to take my mother's Bible down with me.”

More Rose Pillows Wanted.

IN some parts of Italy, as soon as a peasant girl is married, she makès a fine muslin bag. In this bag she gathers rose leaves ; and year after year other rose leaves are added. Then when she dies, that bag of rose leaves is the most fragrant pillow for her head in the coffin.

Dear, little reader, you have another bag—another year, given to you : then crowd in the rose leaves of love and kind deeds, and you will, year by year, add to the comfort of your last pillow, and if you die before Jesus comes, you will lay your head upon the Saviour's breast, and He will close your eyes here, and open them in heaven.



“TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT.”

A WEARY and discouraged woman, after struggling all day, cried :

“ Everything looks dark, dark.”

“ Why don't you turn your face to the light, aunty dear ? ” said her little niece.

Sweet child ! Sweet lesson ! Christian, old or young, turn your face to the light, and you will be always bright—“ They looked unto Him and were brightened and their faces were not ashamed ” (Psa. xxxiv., R.V.).

Seven W's.



WHO' quaint may be the theme we choose,
 We speak not simply to amuse,
 Do not the lessons, then, refuse
 Taught by these seven "W's."

YOUR WORDS :

Both good and bad, they rise, they slip,
First from the heart, *next* from the lip,
Then forthwith on their mission trip,
 To heal and help, or wound and nip.

YOUR WILL :

Oft stubborn, restless, wayward too,
 So rash to plan, to say, to do ;
 Grace only can "stiff will" subdue ;
 Ask God to give that grace to you.

YOUR WISHES :

Heed them ! or you may pout and fret
 For what will fill you with regret.
 'Tis better sometimes *not* to "get"
 The thing on which your heart is set.

YOUR WRONGS :

Forgive ! Nor dark resentment nurse ;
 To brood o'er wrong but makes it worse.
 A timely text, both true and terse,
 Is Romans xii. : the nineteenth verse.

YOUR WORK :

Look up, and God will shew you it ;
 And give you strength, and moral grit,
 And daily school and make you fit
 To do it well—yes, every bit.

YOUR WAY :

The Lamp of Truth is shining bright,
 It gracious beams around unite
 To flood your earthly path with light,
 And guide your little steps aright,

YOUR WANTS :

Spread them before the Throne above,
 And leave them there—nor one remove ;
 But fold your heart-wings like the dove,
 And rest, assured that "God is Love."

S. J. B. C.



and sweeter, but, like Cissie's tea, they "won't come sweet!"

(1) *Our lives are not naturally sweet.* Solomon said, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness": and in the story of Ruth you may remember how Naomi said, "Call me not Naomi (pleasant), but call me Marah (bitter)." Selfishness, falsehood, peevishness, pride, envy, are like bitter tea-leaves that make our lives distasteful to ourselves and others.

(2) *Nor will stirring make them sweet.* Perhaps some of you have been *trying* lately to be sweeter in your temper, purer in your life, kinder in your words. But Cissie found all her stirring useless, so all our resolving and doing will fail to make us pure and holy. No amount of digging and pruning can make the fruit of the crab-tree pleasant; and no amount of training, even in the sheep-fold, can change a wolf into a lamb.

(3) *But what stirring will not do, sugar will.* The mother knew the cause of the bitterness and the remedy as well, and the lump of sugar did in a minute what the stirring would not have done in a month. So we need the sweetening influence of the love of Jesus in our hearts before they can "come sweet." Yes, when we trust in Him as our Saviour—when we trust in and accept His love, then His love comes into our hearts

and lives, and we feel the difference, and our parents, teachers, brothers, sisters, friends, all detect it too.

(4) *Now we may stir*; for what was useless before is now necessary. We cannot work for our salvation, but having learned to love Jesus, we can work for Him.

(5) *This will make the sugar dissolve and spread*, and soon our whole lives and homes will be full of the love of Jesus; because others will want to know the blessed secret of our sweet and happy life.

"Why is it, my dear," said Dr. Doddridge to his little daughter, "that everybody seems to love you?" "I don't know, papa," she replied, "unless it is because I love everybody." This is the secret of all lovable and happy lives, for dropping the lump of sugar into others' lives sweetens our own.

Kind deeds pay back a hundredfold,
Like good seed freely sown;
And sunshine made for other hearts
Is sure to warm our own.

This is true. Think on it, will you? Now, I want you to learn a text which I will write in big characters so that you all can read it—Jesus said:

**"LOVE ONE ANOTHER
AS
I HAVE LOVED YOU."**

Remember it is the love of Jesus which makes our lives sweet.

G. E. M.

Gather up the Fragments.



SOME years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked timidly :

“Please, Master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?”

“Why, yes,” said the artist. “The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them.”

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year by year went by and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a storeroom little used, and in looking round came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the

rubbish. He brought it to light, and to his surprise found it to be a noble work of art, nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

“What great artist can have hidden his work in my study?” he cried.

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep dye flushed his face.

“What is this?” cried the artist. “Tell me what great artist has hidden this masterpiece here!”

“O, Master,” faltered the astonished boy, “it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away.”

The child with the artist soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God. God does not give many of us great things to do; but it is the odds and ends of everyday life which He sets us to pick up and make morally beautiful and glorious.

“GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS,”

Jesus still says,

“THAT NOTHING BE LOST.”

Search *and* See.



WRITE out what the Lord Jesus said of the days of Noe.

Whom does Jesus call His brother, and sister, and mother ?

Give the names of the women mentioned in "the generation of Jesus Christ."

By what prophet was it foretold that the Kingdom of Messiah should be an everlasting kingdom ?

Where are the words "a sceptre of righteousness," by whom used, and to whom applied ?

On what occasion was a "golden sceptre" held out by a monarch to invite approach to the royal presence ?

At what time and in what way was his dying request complied with ?

Name the offerings brought to Christ by the "wise men from the East." By whom and on what occasion was He styled "King of the Jews ?"

How often are the words "Fear not" to be found in the Book of Genesis ? By whom was each spoken, and to whom addressed ?

What are we told Jesus did in a "solitary place ?"



In what way may we look upon the rainbow as a token of the mercy and long-suffering of God?

"I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord," were words used by Jacob on his death-bed. Give a short account of an aged man, who not only WAITED for, but SAW the salvation of God.

What is the meaning of "Talitha cumi?"

NOTE.—The "Monthly Class" is discontinued for the present.



I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

—ISAIAH lxi. 10.



The Christian Pilgrim's Home-call.



“TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow ;
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
With lowly reverence bow ;
There's one in that poor shed—
One on that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that humble roof,
Lo ! Death doth keep his state ;
Enter—no crowds attend ;
Enter—no guards defend,
No servants wait.

That garret, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands—
Lifting with trembling hands
A dying head.

Yet is no terror there,
But confidence and peace :
The soul rests in the Saviour's love
Till He sends sweetly from above
The glad release.

Oh, change !—oh, wondrous change !
Burst are the prison bars ;
One moment *there*, so low,
So agonized ; and *now*—
Beyond the stars.

Oh, change !—stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod.
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.”

“Not as Men Pleasers.”

“Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.”—Eph. vi. 6

PASSING through the chambers of the factory at Sevres, we observed an artist drawing a picture upon a vase. We watched him for several minutes, but he appeared to be quite unconscious of our observation. Parties of visitors passed through the room, glanced at his work more or less hurriedly, and made remarks; but he, as a deaf man, heard not, and, as a dead man, regarded not.

Why should he? Had he not royal work on hand? What mattered to him the approbation or the criticism of passers-by? They did not get between him and the light, and therefore they were no hindrance, though they certainly were no help.

“Well,” thought we, “after this fashion should we devote our heart and soul to the ministry which we have received of the Lord.” Bowing over our work, scanning earnestly our copy, and laying on each line and tint with careful, prayerful hand, we should finish the work which the Lord has given us to do, without regard to friend or foe. The Sevres vase retained no impress of the onlooker’s gaze; the result of the worker’s skill would have been the same if he had been altogether unseen and unknown.

Human criticism can help us but little, and human approbation, if listened to, is dangerous indeed. Let us forget that we are judged of men, and henceforth live only as under the Master’s eye, absorbed in doing His will, and seeking to accomplish His work for His glory alone.



Your Name and Address.

“ This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”—1 TIM. i. 15.



I DARESAY you have heard the story of a little boy, 9 years old, who went one night with his father to a meeting.

As they walked along the country lane, the father said, “ Now, Johnnie, I want you to pay great attention while I am speaking, because in the address I mean to mention your name.”

“ My name! father, what shall you say about me? ”

“ Oh, you must wait, my boy, till you hear the address.”

So Johnnie fixed his eyes upon his father, and listened very quietly until the service was over, when, as they were walking home together, he said—

“ Father, you forgot to mention my name.”

“ No, Johnnie, I said it more than once. Walk quietly along. Now try to understand

what I mean."

After walking in silence for some distance, the little boy said softly, "*I think* I know what you mean, father. Was it when you said, 'sinner'?"

"Yes, my dear boy, for that is indeed your name."

I don't think Johnnie will ever forget that walk, and the nice talk he had with his father.

Do you, dear little reader, know your name? Perhaps you are not aware that both your name and address are put down in the Bible; but such is the fact, for your name is *sinner*, and your address is the *world*, and both are mentioned in the verse at the head of this chapter.

But there are so many children who do not know their names, like the little boy, three and a half years old, who took up the Bible and said—

"Shall I read to you, auntie?" and then pretended to read as follows:—

"God—says:—I—am—a—wery—dood—'ittle—boy."

Now the little fellow could not read at all, having invented this in his own brain, but his aunt soon stopped him, saying—

"You are quite wrong, for God says you are a very bad little boy."

You see he did not know his own name.

Do you know your name ?

Now I will tell you a very dreadful story of a lady, who went to have her photograph taken. After taking the portrait, the photographer was surprised to find that a number of little black spots came on the face.

He tried again, but with the same result. The lady could not understand it at all, *but after two days she became very ill with small-pox*, and in a week was dead. She had the disease and did not know it, but the bright light of the sun discovered the black spots lurking beneath the skin. And I have known the bright light of God's Holy Spirit to show to thousands of boys and girls that they had the dreadful disease of SIN lurking in their hearts—a deadly, soul-destroying disease.

Now some children look upon SIN (say the sin of disobedience, or the sin of telling lies, or the sin of being selfish or ill-tempered) as a *little, trifling matter*. But God's Word teaches us that SIN is a very horrible thing indeed, and in the sight of God, is far worse than the terrible marks of small-pox.

Listen, then, to the good news that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. It is a faithful saying, a true saying, and worthy of all acceptation. Will you accept this great salvation now ? Will you send up the earnest prayer, " God be merciful to ME a sinner ? "

S. S.

driver as he passed through. The whole turn-out was such a very sorry contrast to the spick-and-span appearance of the fire-engines and men.

But I could not help thinking that, after all, the humble service of the milk-cart, taking it all the year round, was as valuable to the community as the dash and "go" of the fire-brigade. It was months since a fire-engine had been needed in that street, and then only to serve one house, but the milk-cart was required by every resident every day, week in and week out.

It is not always that which makes the most outward show that is necessarily the most useful. A boy or girl may be very brilliant on certain occasions, and yet be really less useful than others who are less "showy," but who humbly seek by God's grace to continually please Him and help others in little every-day services of love.

G. E. M.

THUS saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.—JER. vi. 16.

missed and seen! The boat is launched, and the oars they clank in the rowlocks. The slave-drivers are in hot pursuit! Ah! but the rough, kind skipper on the bridge, wrapping his pea-jacket more tightly around his burly form, spies the escaping slave.

“Ease her round a bit, my hearties, and meet the poor nigger. They’l catch him, No! To the boat and pull like mad, he’s worth saving, he is, that plucky chap! Pull; lads, pull!”

The sailor’s boat’s alongside now, and the poor slave is dragged in over. “Back, quick!” and the sea and sky are now swimming around him as he sinks exhausted, a huddled heap, but saved!

The slave-drivers come cheekily up in their rocking punt, and they hail the man-of-war. “That’s our slave escaped! He’s ours! look at the weals of our whip on his back! look at the marks of our rice field chains! the links yet dangle from ankles and wrists! he’s ours, branded, marked, ours to bring back, and ours we’ll take!”

“Eh!” sings out the captain, “What flag’s that at the top of the mast? That’s the Union Jack, and before you take this slave from below it, the whole floating Navy of Britain will steam to your sun-baked shore, and riddle it with shell, before this slave can be touched by your slave-driving claws!

Back as you came, double quick, or I'll help you with a shot in your stern ! ”

Ah, that was me ! Slaving in the rice fields of sin was I ! hoeing along in the heat of the plain of hell was I ! manacled, gyved and bound was I ! Groaning an echo weird and wae to the clinking of the devil's chains, the veriest slave my soul, forlorn, despairing, and lost. But, “happy day,” on the horizon relief appeared, and a vessel bore down to the terrible shore, and lo, the blood-stained banner of the Cross of Christ waved its welcome to my weary soul, and I lifted myself from the swamps and fled and plunged into the deep with a cry for help. “Lord, save me, I perish.” Help came, salvation came, the Lord walked on the wave and brought me on board. After me came the infernal crew from that shore of doom, with the commission to bring me back to my chains, and hailed this good ship “Conversion,” and tried to wrench me from the Saviour's grasp. Satan said, “He's mine. Look at my brands upon him, the marks of my chains. Sin in his heart, sin through and through him, inbreathed and born, he belongs to me, and mine I'll take.”

“What ? Take me from Christ ? What flag is that above me on high ? It's the flag of heaven, the ensign of Calvary's Cross, the colours of a ransoming, keeping God. None

can be taken from the foot of the Cross, for Jesus has said—"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." "

"Once in Christ, in Christ for ever,
Nothing from His love can sever."

"Free from sin," its loathsome presence and power in conversion to God. Are you, my little hearer, thus free this day? Converted are you—saved, liberated, blessed?"

J. R.



Street Education.



A CITY missionary visited an unhappy man in gaol, waiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education. It was my *street education* that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer. Oh, sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

THE CURSE.

THE CROSS.

THE CROWN.



IF you were suspended over a precipice by a chain of *ten* links, how many of these links would need to break before you fell to the bottom ?

Nine ?

No ; *one*. Yes ; you would just go down as truly if one broke as if two, five, seven, or nine broke. This is what the Scripture means when it says, “ Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is guilty of *all* ” (James ii. 10). He that breaks one of the ten commandments is a law-breaker as truly as he that breaks all the ten again and again. Difference of degree there may be, but difference of fact there is none.

A **Curse** equally rests upon the one-point offender as upon the all-point offender. In proof whereof hear God’s declaration :—
“ CURSED is every one that continueth not in *all* things that are written in the Book of the Law to do them ” (Gal. iii. 10.)

But the Gospel message is that Christ “ was made a CURSE for us ” when He hung

upon the tree—when “ He became obedient unto death, even the death of the **Cross** ” (Phil. ii. 8), so that instead of wrath there is now peace proclaimed to guilty sinners through Him.

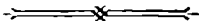
“ On the Cross of Calvary
Jesus bore the Curse for me.”

Then, instead of looking forward to the gloom and doom of the lost, I look up and see Jesus raised from the dead, “ CROWNED with glory and honour ” (Heb. ii. 9), and I look forward to that time when, through grace, I shall receive a **Crown** of glory that fadeth not away ” (1 Pet. v. 4).

HY. P.



Mechanical Religion.



IF any of you have ever passed certain shops where sewing machines are sold, you may have noticed some nicely-dressed wax figures, like big dolls, which appear to be turning the machine-handles. (Mind you look out for them next time you go to town.)

I heard of a little girl who was so impressed with the novelty, that when she got

home she placed her dolly's hand on the handle of her mother's "Singer's," expecting the machine would begin to move! She did not know that the one in the shop was turned by electricity, and that it was the *machine that worked the figure*, and not the figure that worked the machine.

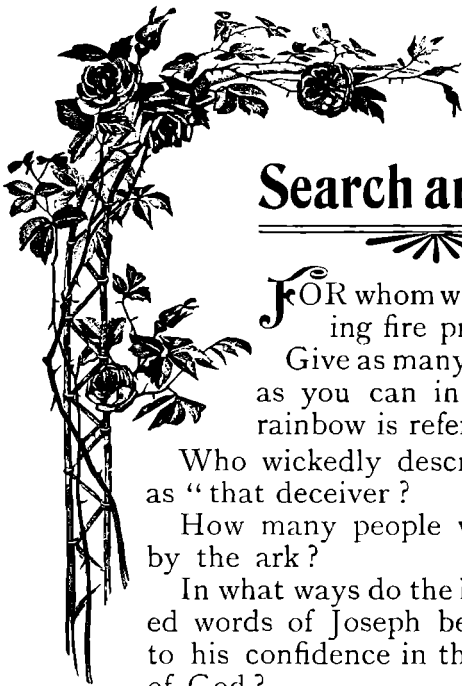
The force that moved the machine was bestowed by an electric current connected with it, and as the machine moved, so the doll's hand moved with it.

I suppose you think "she must have been a silly child," and, perhaps, she was; but out of her foolishness let us try to learn a little wisdom.

The machine moving the doll is very much like some people's religion. Custom, routine, church-going, &c., make them appear as if they had life and divine power; but when these things stop, or when the persons are moved away from favourable religious associations, *they stop*, and thus show that they are still "dead in their sins" (Col. ii. —). True believers—small and great—are "born again," and have the Holy Spirit, and thus they possess a power within which enables them to live and work for God, whatever may be their outward circumstances.

G. E. M.





Search and See.

FOR whom was everlasting fire prepared ?

Give as many Scriptures as you can in which the rainbow is referred to.

Who wickedly described Jesus as "that deceiver ?

How many people were saved by the ark ?

In what ways do the last recorded words of Joseph bear witness to his confidence in the promises of God ?

On what occasion were the words, "I cannot speak, for I am a child," used by a prophet ?

What rich and powerful monarch expressed his estimate of himself in almost the same words as the prophet just referred to ?

From what book in the Old Testament did the Lord Jesus quote three times when He was tempted of Satan ?

What scripture did Satan only partially quote ?

What prophecy of Isaiah did the Lord apply to the Scribes and Pharisees when He called them hypocrites ?

What reason is given for the Lord's utterance of the words " I thirst ? "

Name the disciple who smote the servant of the High Priest. Also give the name of the servant.



" I am Thine. "

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**L**ORD, I am Thine! O joy surpassing sweet  
 By night, by day, my happy lips repeat,  
 Casting me lowly at Thy blessed feet.  
 Lord, Thou art mine, and I am Thine!

Lord. I am Thine! E'er time's clock had struck one,  
 Before creation's work was e'en begun  
 The Father chose and gave me to His Son;  
 His free design, I should be Thine.

Lord. I am Thine! the purchase of the blood  
 That from Thy side for my transgressions flowed,  
 And paid the countless debt Thy captive owed;  
 Oh price divine that made me Thine.

Lord. I am Thine! My choice and Thine agree;  
 My heart was drawn with golden cords to Thee,  
 And since I saw Thee on the glorious tree.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine.



## Changing Masters.




**A**WAY yonder in Delagoa Bay there was a slave mart, where men and women were bought and sold. The slave often changed hands. He had one master to-day, and another master to-morrow. But a change of masters made no change in his bondage. He was still a slave. Thus it is with the slave of sin. He may change masters; but, if out of Christ, he is still a slave. Many a one who has been a slave to the drink demon, has thrown off that master; only, however, to be as really the slave of covetousness, or to come under the dominion of a blinding self-righteousness. You may, by some means, have gained an outward victory over a besetting sin, and be flattering yourself that you are no longer a slave. But you have only *changed masters*—that is all. You are still a slave. You must have Christ. You must be set free by the Son of God, by Whom alone is true liberty.

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### EARTH AND HEAVEN.



**F**LOWERS that bloom to wither fast;  
 Light whose beams are soon o'ercast;  
 Friendship warm, but not to last, —  
 Such by Earth are given.  
 Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade;  
 Find the light no cloud shall shade;  
 Trust a Friend that ne'er betray'd, —  
 These are found in Heaven.



## Sharp Things.

**T**HE Christian life is made up, for the most part, of sharp things. As no robe can be made without pins and needles, so the moral guise of Christian character cannot be perfected apart from the daily prick of petty trials. It is the little things which help to make those "garments of needle work" (Psa. xlv.)—"the fine linen garments of the righteousness of saints" (Rev. xix.), in which the saints shall be displayed in glory hereafter.

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## The Passing Away.

**L**IFE wanes: we are passing away. On every hand we see weeping parents, brothers, sisters. Love's tie is sundered. The smiling infant and the venerable guardian, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free, the oppressed and the oppressor, all are laid side by side, all are passing away. Like the daffodil, "which decays so soon," as Herrick says:

"We have short time to stay as you;  
 We have as short a spring,  
 As quick a growth to meet decay,  
 As you or any thing.  
     We die,  
 As your hours do; and dry  
     Away,  
 Like to the summer's rain,  
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again."

*Anon.*



# Finger-prints.



**D**O you know what we mean by “Finger-prints”?

“Finger-prints!—Finger-prints!” says a smart little boy, “of course. Didn’t I leave my finger-marks on my copy-book last week? and teacher said I was a ‘slovenly little fellow;’ and gave me a rap over the knuckles that I won’t forget in a hurry.” “Yes,” says a little girl, “and I, too, know the meaning of finger-prints, for I left my finger-marks yesterday on my new, clean pinny, and mother was very vexed, and told me that I ought not to be so careless and untidy.”

Ah! but the finger-prints we are going to speak to you about are far graver, deeper-dyed, and more lasting than any of which you know anything. Thousands of people make them, but not by accident, as you did the ones to which you referred. No; these

persons are compelled to make them, and, when once made, every care is taken that their finger-prints shall never be obliterated.

We refer to the sure method now used in the police system to identify wicked people—habitual criminals as they are called. A piece of smooth metal (generally a kind of flat tin dish) is coated with printers' ink, and the criminal is made to press his or her fingers on it. Now, you know, don't you, that "printing ink" is very thick?

"Yes," says a lad, "my father is a printer, and the ink that he uses is so thick that I cannot write with it, or even paint with it."

Just so; hence when the tin plate receives the impress of the prisoner's fingers, all the delicate lines of the fingers are photographed on the ink, and thus, in this strange way, the personality of the law-breaker is preserved in a manner that no likeness of head and shoulders can accomplish. Henceforth it can be proved in a moment that the criminal is a criminal, and also *who* the criminal is, and *what* the criminal's past has been.

Perhaps you say: "How is that?"

Simply because *finger-prints are never alike*—they always differ! It is officially stated that out of millions of finger portraits which have been taken, not one is exactly like another. My finger-prints and your finger-prints can never be mistaken for one an-

other's, nor for the finger-prints of anyone else.

Boy, girl, do you know that every day, every hour, every minute since you were born you have been making finger-prints for Eternity? Oh, be serious for a moment, and think on this startling fact! Everything you have done; every deed—small, or great; bad, or good; seen, or hidden; has been imprinted on the book of God's remembrance, and will be a sure witness against you hereafter. Each transgressor, at the judgment seat, will be recognised by what he or she has done! Sinners then will not be able to deny their sins, for every sin will bear the likeness of the sinner, and give unmistakable proof of who has been guilty of committing it. It has been said that, "Sins like fowls come home to roost," which is just a quaint way of illustrating the Bible truth, that every evil will ere long return to the evil-doer. See Num. xxxii. 23; Prov. v. 22; and 2 Cor. v. 10. (Read the texts). There are no duplicate sins or sinners, even as there are no duplicate finger-prints or finger-tips! Every tiny fault and every huge crime which a sinner now commits leaves its convicting impress, not on a man-made, ink-covered metal plate, but on the imperishable and righteous parchment of God's holy judgment records, to be revealed in the judgment day.

Last year a great robbery was committed in a nobleman's west-end London mansion. At first no clue could be found as to who were the robbers. But presently a clever detective found the print of the fingers of one of the midnight burglars, which the robber had left on a candle that he held as his companions were breaking open a safe. These finger-prints were found to be identical with those of a well-known criminal, whose finger-print had been preserved by the authorities. The result was that his haunts were examined, and ere long he and all his associates were convicted of the robbery by a chain of evidence of which his finger-prints were the first link.

Evil men who prey on society and fear the law dread the witness of their finger-prints. They have been known even to cauterise the tips of their fingers, and otherwise partially destroy them, in hope of eluding justice. Their efforts, however, have been vain, for when the skin has grown again, out have come the tell-tale finger-lines, linking them with their former misdeeds, and marking them out as "suspects" and "gaol-birds."

All this may seem stern and gloomy truth, but we shall not regret having enforced it if our youthful readers will take heed to its tremendous moral. No one by any *human* subterfuge, device, or effort, can escape the

consequences of his sin. The only way of escape is the old gospel way. The one and sure remedy for wicked finger-tips and finger-prints is found in Jesus as an accepted Saviour. By His death He put away all the sins of those who trust in Him, and now as risen and ascended, He gives to the fingers of their souls *new finger-tips*, that enable them to make *new and beautiful finger-prints* of which they shall never be ashamed.

Ah! happy the boy and the girl whose characters are known by their kind, true, noble, pure, unselfish, Christ-like deeds. How glad they will be when they stand before God by and by and see that all their old finger-prints have been blotted out by the blood of Jesus; and how they will rejoice as they hear His word of approval for all the new finger-prints which His grace and truth have taught them to make.

Dear child, may God form in the growing "inner man" of your little soul new finger-tips, so that in your everyday life you may leave behind you fair and lovely new finger-prints, which shall eternally witness that you have lived here for the salvation and blessing of your companions, and for the glory of your dear Saviour.

Will you bow the head and heart, just now, and ask Him that this may be so?

S. J. B. C.

# “There is No Difference.”



**D**O you like strawberries?

Imagine a scene like this:—One fine afternoon in July, a mother enters the room where Robert and Arthur, Nelly and Fanny are playing, and places a large plate of ripe strawberries on the table. The children exclaim, “Oh, what fine strawberries! Mamma, please give us some!”

The lady replies, “Not now, my dears; if you are good children, and don’t quarrel at your games, I will give you some for your tea.”

So the children go on with their play, wishing that tea-time would make haste and come, while the lady opens her work-basket and begins some embroidery.

Presently there is a knock at the door, and Mamma has to go into the drawing-room to see a lady, but before going she charges the children not even to touch the strawberries, which they all promise not to do.

But before many minutes have expired, Robert says, “Oh, Nelly, don’t they look nice! Just look at this, is it not a splendid big one?” And as he turns the plate round, one falls off on to the table.

Nelly picks it up and places it back on



the plate, when Arthur says, "There, Nelly, you have touched them, and Mamma told you not to do so!"

"Well, I did not mean to," says Nelly, "it was all Robert's fault; he made me do it, and now I have a good mind just to eat the one that I touched;" and in a moment it is in her mouth! Then she feels quite ashamed of herself, as Arthur cries out, "I shall have one now!" And he takes one, then another; then Fanny six, and Robert ten!

"Mamma is coming," cries Nelly, "I shall tell her you have taken them." And as the lady enters, she cries—

"Oh, Mamma, Robert has eaten *ten* of the strawberries, and Fanny six, and Arthur two!"

"Oh dear, what bad children! and did you take any, Nelly?"

"Only *one*, Mamma!"

"Then you are just as bad as the rest; you are all very wicked children. I shall punish you by giving you only a piece of dry bread each for your tea, and sending you all to bed at once."

Would not that lady be quite right in saying to her husband, "There is *no difference*; they are all alike—disobedient, naughty and dishonest children,"

Now, some of our little readers may have

broken all the ten commandments, like Robert who took ten of the strawberries; some may have broken six, and others only one or two, but God says of the whole human family, "There is *no difference*; for all have sinned."

But He also says (Rom. x. 12, 13), "There is *no difference* . . . for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For *whosoever* shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

J. S.



## Don't act a Lie!



**A** MAN and his son were on a railroad journey together. While the little fellow was gazing out of the open window, his father, just in fun, slipped the hat off the boy's head in such a way as to make his son believe it had fallen out of the window. The boy was very much upset by his supposed loss, when his father consoled him by saying that he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled, and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad seized his father's hat, and, flinging it out of the window, shouted, "Now, papa, whistle your hat back again."

# “The Accepted Time.”



“**T**HEN don't wait for any other time. Believe now.”

The youth, however, still seemed to hesitate,—“I have not yet conviction enough,” he faltered.

“Then it cannot be the ‘accepted time’?”

“But I have not faith enough yet.”

“Then it cannot be the ‘accepted time’?”

“Well, sir, I—I—I do not feel right.”

“Then it cannot be the ‘accepted time’?”

“But it seems to me it is too easy and too quick,” he said.

“Then it cannot be the ‘accepted time,’ and the Bible must have made a mistake?”

“But, sir, my heart is full of doubts. I cannot be saved now.”

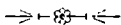
“Then it is not the ‘accepted time’?”

The youth here became greatly embarrassed. The suspense was painful. But at last he inquired, “What shall I do?”

“Believe that ‘now is the accepted time,’ and put your simple trust in Christ, and God will accept you: not for what you are, or for what you have done, but because of what He is, and what He has done.

“But remember, ‘*Now* is the accepted time’ (2 Cor. vi.), to-morrow may be too late.”

## Dolly's Mistake.



A LITTLE girl was put to bed one night, and some time after her parents heard a big bump on the floor.

Running upstairs to ascertain the cause, they found the tiny mite scrambling back to bed; and when her mother asked—

“Why, Dolly, how was it you fell out of bed?”

She replied, tearfully, “I fink I *went to sleep too near where I dot in!*”

Dear little friends, do not let Dolly's mistake be yours. Do not be content with living on the edge of the Christian life, as near to the world and forbidden things as you can, but be out and out for Jesus, living as near to Him as you can. Then you will never fail!

G. E. M.

## Room to Grow.



A MAN who has a vine sees one day that the grapes on the bunches are growing very close together, so he gets a pair of scissors and snips out some of the fruit. Our first thought might be, “What a foolish thing to do! Fancy cutting out and wasting grapes like that!” But he does it that those

that are left upon the bunch may *have room to grow*, so that they may become large and full and sweet.

Are you a converted boy or girl? If so, perhaps there are some things in your life which are not evil in themselves, but they may hinder the growth and development of nobler and more beautiful qualities; so perhaps God, in His great wisdom, may take them away. Yes, and He may take away even some of His mercies from you; but He will give you in return such an abundance of His grace, that your life will be fuller and more fruitful than otherwise it could ever have been.

G. E. M.



## To Parents, &c.



**H**E who checks a child with terror,  
Stops its play, and stills its song,  
Not alone commits an error,  
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it,  
Active life is no defect;  
Never, never break its spirit,  
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,  
Thinking it would cease to flow?  
Onward must it flow for ever;  
Better teach it where to go.

# A Baby's Penny Rattle



SUPPOSE that I went to a big girl, 14 years old, on her birthday, and, putting into her hand a parcel carefully wrapped up in several papers said, "It is your birthday, I believe: so I have brought you a little present, which I feel sure you will like very much."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. S——. How very kind of you to think of me"—this, of course, while she was untying the string and taking off the papers.

But now imagine the look upon her face as she finds that the beautiful present is nothing but a baby's penny rattle!

"You don't look pleased, my dear. Why, I thought you would find such amusement in shaking this rattle?"

"Indeed, I don't want such a thing; you may take it away!" she would exclaim.

"But you liked it once."

And the real Christian, who is following Jesus fully like Caleb, looks upon the pleasures of the world very much as the big girl looks on a baby's rattle. We loved the world once, but

"Its pleasures NOW no longer please,  
No more delight afford,  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have known my Lord."

J. S.

# Search & See.

**G**IVE the names of those who took the spices to the sepulchre.

What happened to the guests of Adonijah when they heard Solomon was anointed king?

Three arks are mentioned in Scripture. Name them, giving chapter and verse. Explain briefly in what way each was a place of safety.

Where does God dwell now? Quote from 2 Cor. vi.

Moses loved and sought to deliver his brethren. Why do you think that in his first attempt he set about a right thing in a wrong way?

In what way would the land of Egypt, where the rainfall was exceedingly scanty, owe its fertility to the annual overflow of the River Nile?

Give references showing that Jesus prayed—(a) Early in the day; (b) Late in the evening; (c) In the night.

For what purpose did Moses pray to God, "Show me now Thy way?" Was this prayer answered?

# Share your Blessings.

"As it is written, He that had gathered much had nothing over; and he that had gathered little had no lack."—2 COR. viii. 15.

**B**RETHREN! Fresh around us lies  
Sparkling in the silver dawning  
Of the sweet and dewy morning,  
Daily Manna from the skies.

Rise, and let us early feed;  
And, sufficed, we shall be able,  
From our Father's desert table.  
Bread to give to those who need.

Many sigh to be relieved:  
Poor, and hungry, and afflicted;  
Let us give them, unrestricted,  
All our baskets have received.

Nothing "over" should remain:  
We should gather, this confessing—  
We are blest to be a blessing,  
We but get to give again!

Oh, for strength to gather "much"  
For the weak who gather "little";  
Or, who gather not a tittle—  
Grace will share with even such.

May our sympathies expand  
With the love which has provided—  
Equally to be divided—  
Food for all our pilgrim band.

Then we shall not count and hoard,  
But with kindly fellow feeling,  
Help and cheer and sunny healing  
With a free hand cast abroad.

And our God will give us more  
When, with emptied hands, dear brothers,  
We *again* seek grace for others.  
Not for selfish stint, or store.

And our praise with theirs we'll give  
To the One Who ne'er forsakes us,  
For the love which daily makes us  
Share our blessings while we live.

S. J. B. C.



# The Evangelist.



**H**E held the lamp of truth at night  
So low that none could miss the light,  
And yet so high that men could trace  
That vision fair—the Saviour's face ;  
Thus though the lamp was held between,  
The hand that held it ne'er was seen.

He held the pitcher, stooping low,  
To thirsty, dying souls below :  
Then raised it to the weary saint,  
And bade him drink, when sick and faint !  
They drank—the pitcher thus between—  
The hand that held it ne'er was seen.

He blew the trumpet soft and clear,  
That trembling sinners need not fear ;  
And then with louder note and bold,  
To raze the walls of Satan's hold !  
The trumpet coming thus between,  
The hand that held it ne'er was seen.

But when the Master says, “ ‘ Well done,  
Thou good and faithful servant ’—Come !  
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,  
Lay down the trumpet—leave the camp,”  
The servant's hand will then between  
The Master's welcome hand be seen.

# The Christian.

- As to faith—A believer (Acts v. 14).  
As to birth—A heavenly citizen (Phil. iii. 20).  
As to salvation—A saved sinner (1 Tim. i. 15).  
As to character—A saint (Rom. i. 7).  
As to influence—A light (Phil. ii. 15).  
As to communion—A friend (Jno. xv. 5).  
As to knowledge—A disciple (Jno. viii. 31, 32).  
As to conflict—A soldier (2 Tim. ii. 3).  
As to dependence—A supplicant (Eph. vi. 18).  
As to patience—A sufferer (1 Pet. iii. & iv.)  
As to experience—A pilgrim (Heb. xi. 12-16).  
As to progress—An imitator (Eph. v. 1, 2).  
As to testimony—A voice (Jno. i. 23).  
As to example—A model (1 Thess, i. 7).  
As to responsibility—A servant (1 Cor. ix.).  
As to relationship—A child (1 Jno. ii. & iii.)  
As to standing—A son (Rom. viii.)  
As to prospect—A king (Rev. v. 10).  
As to security—An overcomer (Rom. viii. 33-39).  
As to affection—A worshipper (Rev. v. 8).  
As to humility—nothing (1 Cor. iii. 7).
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## “His Shadow.”

**I** SEEM to see five pictures:—

1st. Under the shadow of a rock in a weary land (Isa. xxxii. 2)—close to Him.

2nd. Under the shadow of a tree (S.S. ii. 3)—closer to Him.

3rd. Under the shadow of His tabernacle (Isa. iv. 6)—closer yet.

4th. Under the shadow of His hand (Isa. li. 16)—closer still.

5th. Under the shadow of His wings (Psa. xvii. 18)—nearest of all.



## *Harold's Letter.*

**N**OT long since, there appeared in a London newspaper an advertisement for a clerk.

But it had the striking and most unusual stipulation that among other qualifications he must be "a decided Christian." Many applicants offered themselves for the post, but when asked to give "a reason for the hope that was in them," concerning Christ, scarcely any could do so.

These facts were brought to the notice of a Christian gentleman, who related them to his children, asking how they would have replied, had they been in such a position. It was suggested that their answers should be written, and in a few minutes the eldest boy, Harold, a lad of 12, handed his father a paper containing these words:—

"I am a Christian because I know and trust Jesus. I want to be a missionary,

and work in His service, and to do all I can for Jesus. I love Him because He first loved me and has done so much for me.

W. HAROLD OLLIVER.

P.S.—I feel I can trust Him at any time.”

A few weeks later that young Christian lay dying of diphtheria, and as his father asked him tenderly—

“Are you able to trust Jesus now?” Instantly there came the ready response—  
“Oh yes, papa.”

And so the little body was “laid to sleep by Jesus,” the freed, happy spirit is “at home,” with the Lord.

Children, this is a true story of a little school-boy, like many who may read this paper. Suppose the pointed question were put to *you*—“Are you a Christian?” what answer could you give? And if still further you were asked—“How do you know that you are a Christian?” what answer could you give?

Consider the question seriously, quietly, alone with your own heart and with God—God Who reads the secrets of all hearts, and Who gave the Saviour. Ask yourself, “How am I treating the Lord Jesus Christ? Can I say I know and trust Him?”

Well do I remember the thrill of joy which went through me when first I could give a clear, decided answer to that enquiry. It

was just a year after I had first known the Lord Jesus, and I was having a music-lesson with a dearly-loved teacher, when she suddenly said—laying her hand on mine—“My child, I hope you love the Lord Jesus Christ?” “Yes,” I said, “I do.”

“I mean, you know Him as your own personal Saviour,” she continued, and again I replied “Yes,” and then she went on to tell me what Christ was to her: dearer than all the world beside.

I once asked a little five-year-old girl—“Enid, what would you do if the Lord Jesus came in at that door?” “Oh, she said, “I should run to Him.” Yes, that is what you might do, could we see His Blessed Person here, visibly among us; but He Himself has said: “Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed,” and you may now, by faith, “*run to Him,*” and He will receive you.

Then you will “run after Him,” as one said of old—“Draw me, we will run after Thee” (S.S. i.). You will “follow Jesus” on earth until, like Harold, you reach Him in Heaven, there to rest for ever in His presence.

That you may do so is the sincere wish and prayer of,

Your loving friend,

K. A. H.

## Four Bible Plants.

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THE BLEEDING MYRRH.  
THE LOWLY HYSSOP.  
THE LOVELY LILY.  
THE PRICKLY THORN.

**The Bleeding Myrrh** (Song v. 5). The emblem of a dying Saviour. The word means "bleeding—flowing." It was sweet-smelling. It flowed from the tree where it was placed. It is said to have been used in the East by a rejected lover, who anointed the handles of the door that was closed against him. All this tells of Jesus, the Lover of our souls, Who died. He was pierced for us. His blood flowed for sin. How can any reject His love, or close their heart's door against Him? Have you opened yours? Can you say—

"As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,  
Such is a dying Christ to me."

**The Lowly Hyssop** (I Kings iv. 23). The emblem of *faith*. It was the smallest of plants of which Solomon sang (I Kings iv. 33). It was used to dip in the basin of blood and sprinkle the lintel and door posts. (Exod. xii. 22.) It was weak in itself, but

grew out of the strong wall. So does faith take hold of the precious blood of Christ for salvation, and cling to Him, the mighty One, for security and strength.

**The Lovely Lily** (Song ii. 2). Emblem of Jesus, and of a saint. White and pure: lowly and lovely.

The blessed God sees all who are in Christ, spotless and fair. They are made white in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. vii. 14). They keep themselves unspotted from the world (James i. 27). The babe Moses was "fair to God" (Acts vii. 20). So are all the saved. They become Christ-like, meek and lowly. And the day is coming when they will be glorified and made like unto Christ perfectly (1 John iii. 2). How grand to be saved when young.

**The Prickly Thorn** (Heb. vi. 8). God's picture of a sinner. "They shall be all of them as thorns thrust away" (2 Sam. xxiii. 9). "Whose end is to be burned" (Heb. vi. 8). Fit only for the fire. No fruit to God: no beauty. They die as they lived, in sin, and pass into Eternity, unwashed, unforgiven. How sad the end! How awful the doom and destiny! Would you escape it? Then flee to Jesus *now*.

J. R.



## Saying His "A B C" to God.

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."  
—ROMANS viii. 26.

**T**HE bells were ringing for people to go to church, while the little shepherd boy was obliged to keep watch over the sheep. But in his heart there grew up a longing to pray to God, as they were doing in church.

He had, however, never been taught any prayer, and so, kneeling down, he began, with closed eyes and folded hands, saying the alphabet "A B C D," and on to the end.

"What are you doing, my little man?" said a gentleman, passing on the other side of the hedge.

"Please, sir, I was praying," replied the boy.

"But why were you saying your letters?"

"Why," said the little fellow, "I didn't know any prayer, only I felt I wanted God to take care of me and help me to take care of my sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew He would put it together and spell all I wanted."

"God bless you, my little man! He will; for when the heart speaks right God understands what the lips say."

"He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 27).



# Upheld.

“Hold thou me up and I shall be safe.”



**A** CHRISTIAN Monk lived in olden days—  
 In faith and humility ;  
 Much did he pray, and much did he praise,  
 For he feared the Lord, did he.

This monk he drank from a broken cup,  
 A cup without foot or stem ;  
 Till the brothers all began to see,  
 'Twas a sign for each of them.

At last one spake in his simple way :  
 “ We cannot thy thought divine ;  
 We give thee another cup to-day,  
 We like not this whim of thine.”

“ Good brother,” he gravely made reply :  
 “ This cup is a sign for thee,  
 It never can stand, tho' oft it try,  
 Unless it is held by me.

“ In the Holy Book, God tells us all—  
 God help us to understand—  
 We are only safe from slip and fall,  
 As held by His gracious hand.”

S. T. F.

## “No More Sorrow.”

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A MAN, well nigh crushed with sorrow, and who was a stranger to God, was hurrying into a railway station through a street where the gospel preaching had been greatly blessed.

A poor boy, who had lately been made happy by coming to Christ, was sitting on a doorstep, singing to himself the words of the little hymn,—

“There'll be no more sorrow there,  
There'll be no more sorrow there.”

The man was startled. *He* knew of no place where there would be no more sorrow, but if there were such a place, oh that he might find it. “Where is it there'll be no more sorrow?” said he to the boy. The child smiled, and sang on—

“In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no more sorrow there.”

The man passed, and took his place in the railway carriage. But the words of the hymn rang in his ears, and would not leave him. A world where there will be no sorrow! He pondered it over. It was the message by which the Holy Spirit created in his soul desires after God, and led him to the Saviour, Who will bring all who trust Him to “Heaven above”—the Father's House, where a Father's hand shall wipe away every tear from every eye. “There'll be no more sorrow there.”

# Officer Robert.



**R**OBERT was kept in the house by a cold, so he flattened his nose against the glass, and watched a military procession pass by. They were in very gay uniform, with very bright buttons, and kept step beautifully.

Robert watched until the last glimmer of their brightness disappeared around a corner; then he turned with a sigh to watch his mother place pies in the oven, and said to her, "I would like to be a soldier."

"Very well," said his mother, "then I would be one."

Robert stared at her a few minutes, and then said, "Would be what?"

"Why, a soldier. Wasn't that what you said you wanted to be?"

"Well, but how could I be?"

"Easy enough; that is, if you ask God for His grace and put your mind to it. A soldier's life is never an easy one, of course."

"But, mother, I don't know what you mean," Robert said.

"Don't! You haven't forgotten the verse we spoke and prayed about this morning — 'Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city?' It takes real soldier-like fighting to rule the spirit, I can tell you."

"Oh," said Robert, and he flattened his nose against the glass again.

"But, mother," he said at last, "I didn't mean that kind. I would like to be an officer, and have some soldiers under me."

"Nothing easier by God's grace," said the mother. "There are your ten fingers, and your eyes, and that troublesome tongue, that hates to obey. I'm sure you have soldiers enough to control. I pity any officer who has as troublesome ones."

Robert laughed. He had had so many talks with his mother that he understood her very well; yet this was a new way of putting it. He stood a while thinking about it; then he said to himself, "With the help of Jesus, I will be an officer in God's army." And then, lifting up his heart to God, he prayed that he might indeed be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and that his soldiers under him might do God's will. Then he wondered what orders he should have to give them first.

Poor fellow! In less than ten minutes from that time he knew.

He went to the sitting-room to find that baby Carrie had been there before him. There lay his birthday book on the floor, some of the loveliest pictures in it torn into bits. His photograph album was on the sofa; but chubby fingers had tugged at

mamma's picture until it lay loose and ruined, and papa's page was gone entirely.

Oh, how angry was Officer Robert. He wanted to run after Carrie and slap her naughty fingers; she was almost two years old, and ought to know better. He wanted to run to his mother, and with red face and angry voice tell his story of wrong, and demand that Carrie be whipped. He wanted to bury his head in the sofa cushions and cry just as loud as he could roar. Why did he do none of these things? Just because he remembered in time that he was an officer in the Lord's army, and had soldiers that must obey. And, moreover, that *he* had a Captain—"the Captain of the Lord's host" (Jos. iii.), Whom he must obey, and Who had told him to be forgiving and patient, and "slow to anger."

"Halt!" he said to his feet as they were about to rush away; and they instantly obeyed. "Stop!" he said to the tears, as they began to rush in torrents up to his eyes; and back they all went, save one little straggler who rolled down his nose, and was instantly wiped out of existence. In short, the boy, by God's grace, proved himself a good soldier, for that time at least. He even sent his feet upstairs presently with a rosy-cheeked apple for Carrie, and bade his arms give her a loving hug, which they did.

Mamma found out all about it, as mammas almost always do; and when papa came home at night, what did he do but bow low and say, "Officer Robert, I am proud to salute you. I hear you have fought a battle and *won*." Then gravely he added, "Thank God, my boy, that you have taken your stand as 'a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' Trust Him at all times, and He will enable you and your soldiers to win every battle."



## *Kept.*

**A** LITTLE boy who was delicate and not strong on his legs had to wear irons, and he was constantly falling down.

One day his mother said to him, "Do you know, if I were you, I should ask Jesus to hold me up;" and she taught him that text, "Hold THOU me up, and I shall be safe." After that she often heard the little fellow saying the words as he ran about, and he had fewer falls.

By and bye the warm summer days came, and the boy neglected to say the prayer. But one day at the commencement of winter, they were all seated at breakfast, when a lady who was staying with them looked out of the window, and observed, "Why I do believe it's snowing."

In an instant the boy had jumped down from his chair, and rushing over to the window, he cried, "Oh, yes, mother, it is snowing; *now* I shall have

to say, 'Hold Thou me up.' "

What an ungrateful little boy he was only to seek God when he needed Him. Yet we can learn a moral from him. As the snow made him think of the slippery places, and he remembered his danger and need of help, so the dangers around us should lead us constantly to breathe the prayer, "Hold Thou me up."

Laura A. B. Snow.



## *Search and See.*

**W**HO were the three people in Bethany who are spoken of as "being loved" by the Lord Jesus?

Ps. cxviii. Quote three things the Lord is—all found in one verse.

Ps. cvix. 145-176. What prayer occurs four times?

Ezra i. Why was it King Cyrus willingly helped to build God's House?

By what Divine measure did the Lord say that He loved His people?

What was the reason why the chief priests wished to put Lazarus to death, after he had been dead and restored to life?

Whom did Jesus say the Father would send to "teach you all things"?

What verse teaches us that Jesus was loved by His Father before the beginning of the world ?

Who prophesied "concerning Judas" ?

Ps. cxix. 33-56. What did the Psalmist delight in and love ?

Ps, cxix. 57-80. Find five prayers beginning with "Let."



**T**HEY that trust in the Lord  
shall be as as mount Zion,  
which cannot be removed, but  
abideth for ever.—Ps. cxxv. 1.



**T**HOU art good, and  
doest good ; teach  
me thy statutes.

Psa. cxix. 68.



# “Thy Brother's Blood.”

(A Missionary's Dream.)



**T**HE tom-toms thumped straight on all night, and the darkness shuddered round me as a living, feeling thing. As I lay half-asleep, half-awake, I looked, and I saw, as it seemed, this:

That I stood on a grassy sward, and at my feet a precipice broke sheer down into infinite space. I looked, but saw no bottom; only cloud shapes, black and furiously coiled, and great shadow-shrouded hollows and unfathomable depths. Back I drew, dizzy at the depth.

Then I saw forms of people moving single file along the grass. They were making for the edge. There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another little child holding on to her dress. She was on the very verge. Then I saw that she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step—it trod air. She was over, and the children over with her. Oh, the cry as they went over!

Then I saw more streams of people flowing from all quarters. All were blind, stone blind; all made straight for the precipice edge.

Then I wondered, with a wonder that was simply agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. Then I saw that along the edge there were sentries set at intervals. But the intervals were far too great; there were wide, unguarded gaps between. And over these gaps the people fell in their blindness, quite unwarned; and the green grass seemed blood-red, and the gulf yawned like the mouth of hell.

Then I saw, like a little picture of peace, a group of people under some trees, with their backs turned towards the gulf. They were making daisy chains! Sometimes, when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air

and reached them, it disturbed them, and they thought it rather a vulgar noise. And if one of their number started up and wanted to go and do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down. "Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for God's time to go! You haven't finished your daisy chain yet. The time has not come to evangelise the heathen."

Then came another sound like the pain of a million broken hearts wrung out in one full drop, one sob. And a horror of great darkness was upon me, for I knew what it was—the cry of Blood.

Then thundered a Voice, the Voice of the Lord: "AND HE SAID: THE VOICE OF THY BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIETH UNTO ME FROM THE GROUND."

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke. The tom-toms still beat heavily, the darkness still shuddered and shivered about me; I heard the yells of the devil-possessed outside the gate, and I knew the deeds of blood being done.

God forgive us! God arouse us! Shame us out of our callousness! Shame us out of our sin!

(Adapted.)

## "Such as I have."

(Acts iii. 6.)

**S**UCH as I have I give; it is not much,  
 Said one who loved the Master of the field;  
 Only a quiet word, a gentle touch  
 Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield  
 No quick response. I tremble, yet I speak  
 For Him who knows my heart—so loving, yet so weak!



## How to be Saved.

THE sea was calm and quiet; and the sailors were practising with the life-saving apparatus when two young people came running up eagerly.

“Shew us how to be saved, do!” they cried both at once.

The sailors agreed, and very soon an object lesson was given of the way lives are saved in stormy weather.

First the rope has to be fixed, and this is done by firing a rocket with a line attached to the wreck; then a stout rope is drawn from the land to the ship, and then a sort of cage is made in which those who are to be rescued are drawn along the rope to land.

Going over it on a sunny day with laughter and fun was but a poor picture of what takes place when life hangs in the balance, when high waves threaten to dash the ship to pieces, when not a moment must be lost, and when the journey is undertaken in the teeth of an awful storm and often through mighty waters, but it is to be “saved,” and

that means so much to the perishing that no trouble is too great to face.

From many a sin-wrecked heart goes the cry, "Shew me how to be saved."

First there had to be the line fixed, and this in figure means that first One must come from God to our sin-smitten earth. He has been, He has died, and He has returned to the Father. The line from earth to Heaven is fixed and ready.

And the Lord Jesus is Himself the Way. The sinner must believe on Him to be saved. Just as those who wish to be saved from a wreck must get into the cage and there rest while they are drawn to land, so the sinner casting himself upon Christ rests in Him, unable to save himself. He is saved by another.

## "Jesus Only."

→ ←

**I**F thy soul would be distressed,  
 Look around;  
 Care and trouble, strife, unrest  
 There abound.

If thy soul would sorrow know,  
 Look within;  
 How unlike thy Lord art thou—  
 Prone to sin.

But if thou would'st joy in love,  
 Restful be;  
 Turn the eye of faith above,  
 Jesus see.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

## Who was Rich?

“IF I were only as rich as he is!” muttered a boy who had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly dressed boy leaving a baker’s shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

“If I were only as rich as he is!” said the boy with the fresh loaves as he saw another boy on a bicycle munching candy.

“If I were only as rich as he is!” sighed the boy on the bicycle as another boy rolled past in a pony-cart.

“If I were only as rich as he is!” grumbled the boy in the pony-cart as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

“If I were only as rich as he is!” this lucky fellow wished as his father’s yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he spied one day a young prince attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

“If I were as free as that boy is!” impatiently growled the young prince, thinking of the boy in the yacht.

“If I could drive out alone with a pony and nobody to take care of me but myself!” thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

“If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!” longed the driver of the pony.

“How happy that boy with the basket looks!” said the boy on the bicycle.

“If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!” said the baker’s boy. “I’m sick and tired of bread.”

Which one was rich?

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## “Meet Me.”

**A Tombstone that points to Heaven.**

**A** SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher who some time ago passed to her reward contrived to continue this blessed work of pointing the way to heaven, even though her body was in the grave.

Over her grave in the churchyard is erected a simple column, surmounted by the carving of a hand, the index finger of which points directly upwards towards heaven, whilst on the cuff are written the two words, “Meet me.”

The grave is still frequently visited by her scholars, and there is every reason to believe that they are giving heed to their beloved teacher’s earnest injunction. Many other persons besides visit the grave, and have their thoughts directed by the tombstone toward the realms of bliss. In short, the finger pointing ever upwards, with the simple inscription on the cuff, acts as a powerful evangelist, and has led not a few to the Saviour, and to the land of light and love.

## The Power of Little Things.



**A** CURIOUS experiment was witnessed in a gun factory. A great bar of steel, weighing five hundred pounds, and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain.

Near by was also suspended a common bottle-cork by a silk thread.

The purpose was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible.

The cork, however, was swung gently against the steel bar and the steel bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again for ten minutes, and lo! at the end of that time the bar gave evidence of feeling uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later, and the chill was followed by vibrations. At the end of half an hour the great bar was swinging like the pendulum of a clock.

No one is mighty enough in his own energy of will to feel secure, if he is exposed to a constantly repeated influence for evil. The constant beating of a raindrop has often worn a hole in a stone; and the constant hearing of low views of honesty, of virtue, of truth, of spirituality, though at first offensive and opposed, has in the end taken away many a Christian's vigour and sapped his strength.

## Blackboard Lesson.

**FIVE GOLDEN MICE.****FIVE SMOOTH STONES.****FIVE BARLEY LOAVES.****FIVE BURNING LAMPS.**

**Five Golden Mice** (1 Sam. vi. 4). What a strange circle they make! What do you think they were sent for? As a trespass offering to Jehovah from the lords of the Philistines. You smile: so well you may. But these poor idolaters knew no better. So they thought these five golden lifeless creatures would please Him. But it is not so: He requires a living, spotless lamb. Nothing else could atone for sin! Of whom is that lamb a type? OF JESUS: yes, Jesus is THE Lamb of God. No golden gifts, no works, no prayers. The Blood of the Lamb alone to take away sin.

**Five Smooth Stones** (1 Sam. xvii. 40). Gathered that morning by David, the young shepherd from the little brook, as he crossed it. With one of these pebbles, the great giant Goliath of Gath was brought to the ground. God uses little things, aye, and



little people, too, to do great work for Him. A little captive maid, and a little child, were His honoured instruments. See that you are always ready, clean, and smooth for the Master's use.

**Five Barley Loaves** (John vi. 9). Do you know who carried them? A little lad in the crowd. Perhaps his mother put them up in a neat parcel that morning for his own "lunch," for he was to be away all day at a great open air meeting, held by Jesus at the lake side. That little lad's five loaves fed five thousand persons. He gave them up: the Lord Jesus took them up and blessed them. If you are saved, give Him what you have: He will bless it and use it for the feeding of many.

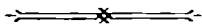
**Five Burning Lamps** (Matt. xxv. 4). Not great electric lights, but simple little lamps, well trimmed and shining clear. Every saved boy and girl is a lamp. God has put life into them, and that life is to shine.



## Find the Texts.

Peter was hot, and Peter was cold ;  
 Peter was timid, and Peter was bold ;  
 Peter was weak, and Peter was strong ;  
 Peter was right, and Peter was wrong.

# Two Threepenny Pieces.



**T**HERE is great power in little things, and there is no place where the power of little things can be so well employed as in God's work. What a little thing a threepenny piece is, how easily it can be spent or wasted on trifles, and yet what results may follow!

Now let me tell you about two threepenny pieces. One was not employed in God's work, and it did a great deal of harm. The other was so employed, and it did a great deal of good.

There was once a threepenny piece lying on the floor; an idle boy picked it up, and although he knew it was not his, he put it in his pocket, and thought it was nice fun to spend it for his own gratification. Not long after this he stole a shilling, and so went on till he became a confirmed thief. At last, in one of his robberies, he committed murder, and was condemned to death. In his confession, he said that he looked back to his first theft of the threepenny piece as the beginning of his downward course, and all his misery and crime.

There was another threepenny piece: this was not stolen; it was given to a little boy who loved the Lord and who resolved to employ

it in God's service. He bought some tracts with it, and had them put into a box of things that was sent to a missionary in India. The son of a great man in the interior of India was staying at the house of the missionary; the wife of the missionary taught him to read, and gave him one of the little boy's tracts. The reading of the tract was the means of his conversion to God. He saw by it he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour.

When he went back to his mountain home he began to evangelise among the people of his native place, and in one year from that time fifteen hundred people in that neighbourhood had given up the worship of idols, and had confessed Jesus as their Saviour.

Surely no one is too young to help on the good work, and no effort too tiny, but that God's richest blessing may rest on it.

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## Don't Look at it.

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**I** ONCE learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog and say, "No," and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. He seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong; so

he always looked steadily at my father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us one day, and he said: "There is a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face."

Yes, this is the good old way; do not look at temptation. "Avoid it, pass it by." When the thought of doing wrong in any way comes into your heart, you may be sure it comes from Satan; so do not look at it, but look up to Jesus and ask Him to keep you, and you shall be more than conqueror over every temptation, through Him that loves you.



## Four Rooks.



"**T**HERE are some rooks in yonder tree," said my farmer friend; "I will take my gun, and see what I can do."

Quietly walking under cover of the hedge, he reached the unsuspecting birds, aimed, fired, and one fell.

"Cut off without warning," I said, as I picked up the dead bird, and thought of sudden deaths.

Other rooks flew away, not without good "*caws*," and "*cause*;" but, looking up into the foliage of that ash-tree, we saw one silly fellow sitting there, perfectly unconcerned; he had warning; he had

seen his mate shot; yet he remained in the place of danger.

Lifting his gun a second time, my friend's straight aim brought down this second bird, making me think of boys and girls, men and women, who, though they know the danger of sin, continue therein.

A third rook had flown into a neighbouring tree, whither my friend and his gun followed. The bird had so far escaped; but now he flew back into the fatal tree, from which two of his mates had fallen. How like many, who take warning, and for a time quit their sin; but only to return again, and die like this third rook.

"We want one more, and then we shall be able to have a pie," said the farmer; so we walked across the field to where a fourth rook still lingered. He had so far escaped; but he had not escaped far enough, and seemed to represent the lingering ones who hesitate, and fail to flee away to Jesus.

This bird was alarmed, and so needed to be approached with caution. He appeared to be boasting of his superior wisdom, as he flew from tree to tree. "Poor things! I am not so foolish as to stop and be shot like those three stupids."

But while he was thus boasting, his enemy was creeping along on the other side of the hedge. "Bang!" went the gun, and the lingerer fell through the tree to the ground.

As I carried home those four birds, I felt they were four silent preachers. Satan is out with his gun, and there is no safety for any of us until we rest in the branches of God's salvation. Be warned! Escape! Linger not! Once in Christ, no shot of the enemy can hurt; but there is safety nowhere else.

W. L.

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# One Candle.

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**A** TENDER and beautiful story of lowly faithfulness is told by a late writer. It was on one of the Orkney Islands, where a great rock, Lonely Rock, dangerous to vessels, juts out to the sea.

In a fisherman's hut on this island coast, one night long ago, sat a young girl, busy at her spinning-wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds. All night she toiled and watched, and, when morning came, one fishing-boat, her father's, was missing. Half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found. His boat had been wrecked on Lonely Rock.

The girl watched her father's body, after the manner of her people, till it was laid in the grave. Then, when night came, she arose and set the candle in the casement, that the fishermen out on the waves might see. All night long she sat in the little room, spinning, trimming the candle when its light grew dim. After that, in the wild storms of winter, in the quiet calm of summer, through driving mists, illusive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that coast was never one night without the light of that one little candle.

As many hanks of yarn as she had spun

for her daily bread she spun still, and one more, to pay for her nightly candle. The men on the sea, however far out they had gone, were sure always of seeing that quiet light shining to give them safe guidance.

Who can tell how many hearts were cheered and lives saved from peril and death by that tiny flame, which love and devotion and self-sacrifice kept there through the long years ?

J. R. M.



## *Search and See.*



**S**AMUEL had anointed one king ; where was he sent to anoint another, and why ? (1 Sam. )

What is sin ? (1 John )

What are the results of faith in Rom. v. 7 ?

How were the Israelites fed in the wilderness ? (John )

What did Balaam foretell about the Israelites ? (Num. )

What is the difference between Luke xix. 10 and 1 Peter v. 8 ?

How many times is grace mentioned in Heb. vii. ?

Jesus made a request in John's gospel. What was it ?

What is the difference between Luke v. 11 and Mark xiv. 50?

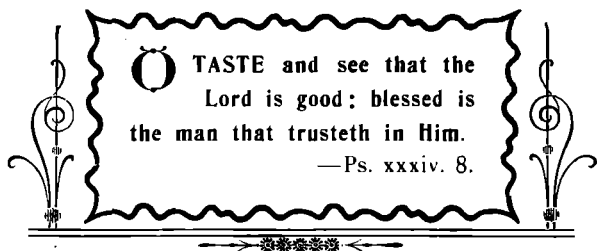
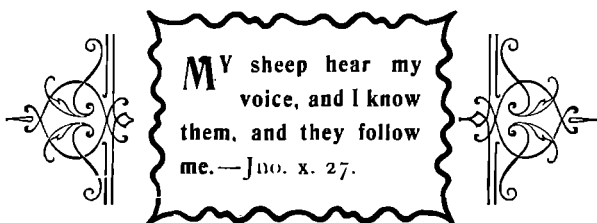
What took place when Moses finished the tabernacle? (Ex. )

Why are the Jews scattered all over the world? (Rom. )

What is covetousness called in one of the Epistles? (Col. )

ASCOT VALE.

F. G. T.





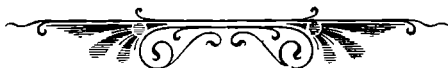


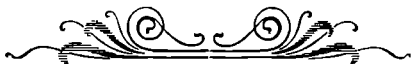
# The Celestial City.



**J**ERUSALEM the glorious, the joy of God's elect,  
O dear and future vision that eager hearts expect.  
Jerusalem exulting, on that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, and love thee evermore.  
I trust not in my merit; I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction; a child of wrath am I.  
But yet on Christ I venture, and trust on Him my stay,  
That those perennial guerdons He'll give to me some day.  
The one and only Saviour, Who made me and Who saved,  
Bore with me in defilement, and from defilement laved—  
His grace, sweet grace celestial, doth all its love display,  
And David's Royal Fountain purge every sin away.  
O mine, my golden Zion! O lovelier far than gold,  
With laurel-girt battalions, and safe victorious fold!  
O sweet and blessed country, Oh shall I see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed country, Oh shall I win thy grace?  
I have the hope within me to comfort and to bless,  
That by His grace I'll conquer; O tell me, tell me, Yes.  
Exult, O dust and ashes! the Lord shall be Thy part,  
His only, His for ever, thou shalt be, and thou art.

*From Bernard of Cluny.*





# “What think ye of Christ?”



## **Youth.**

Too happy to think—there's time enough, sure.

## **Manhood.**

Too busy too think—of gold I want more.

## **Prime.**

Too anxious to think—toil, worry, and fret.

## **Declining years.**

Too aged to think—old hearts harder get.

## **Dying bed.**

Too ill now to think—weak, suffering, and lone.

## **Death.**

'Tis too late to think—the spirit has flown.

## **Eternity.**

Forever to think—God's mercy is past,  
And I into hell am righteously cast  
To weep o'er my doom which for ever must last.





## The Tower that Fell.

**T**HE Campanile at Venice, built hundreds of years ago, stood in the Piazzette, the largest square in Venice, and was the great landmark of the town.

I remember so well going up it. There were no steps inside, but a slope gradually ascending until you got to the arches near the top, through which you got a lovely view of the strange city built in the sea, a city with no horses and carts, no streets except the narrowest of passages behind the stone palaces and houses, all water, so that you can step from the door of the house into a gondola, as the strange black boats are called, and row for hours up and down the water-filled streets.

One morning a little while ago there was a crash, and a mighty cloud of dust rose into the air. With scarcely any warning the mighty tower had fallen to the ground.

There lay the confused mass of stone,

masonry, bricks and rubbish, all that remained of the famous pile from which it is said Napoleon the Great, after having ridden his horse up the slope to the top, gazed with wonder on the picture below.

All, all in ruins that once famous tower! What had happened? The foundation had given way. Unexpected and sudden was the collapse. Great was the fall of it.

God in His word speaks of

### **A SURE FOUNDATION,**

one that will never give way. It is Christ, and those who believe in Him are builders, building their lives upon a firm and safe rock.

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

The foundation is the beginning of a building, that upon which it rests.

When God speaks of Christ as a foundation, He wishes us to begin with Christ for our lives.

First, coming to Him as our Lord and Saviour, for it is Christ alone who can save, and once saved, beginning to live a life which is all resting on Him. All for Jesus. All in Christ. This life will stand the test of time and Eternity.

Let me explain by showing a life built on the sand.

Let us call the boy Tom. He has been brought up well, and he is, in his own eyes,

a good boy, who disdains anything wicked, and determines to be noble, and true, and good.

So he starts life. What is his foundation? Self-confidence.

He fears nothing, and trusts in his own heart.

Alas! the foundation gives way. He didn't mean to sin, but he was deceived. One little sin began to show itself like a crack in the great tower that fell, and then soon all was shakey, and he knew that his life was not well-pleasing to God, and that if death came upon him his tower would not stand.

So Tom's foundation is unsafe, and he is lost unless he builds on the sure foundation.

But how simple is that life which begins thus—

Jesus I do trust thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul,

and then day by day is built up in Him.

When death finds a boy in Christ, it cannot shake his foundation.

(Anon.)



## A GOSPEL MEMORY TEXT.

*To find, fill in, and learn.*

THE S.....of M.....is come to s.....and  
to s..... that which was l.....

Luke, chapter....., verse.....

## The Heart makes the Wish.



TWO little Indian boys, to whom the missionary, going back and forth on his errands of love, was a familiar figure, were talking the other day as to what they would like to be and to do when they were men.

One exclaimed: "I wish I could be a preacher. Then I'd go and tell everybody all the good things I know."

The other hesitated for a while. It seemed to him the very best wish had been made. But suddenly his face brightened, and his shrill little voice rang out with a note of triumph:

"I wish I could be a horse and trap; I'd carry the preacher to tell the good things." Those who heard it didn't laugh. They knew the earnestness of the heart from which it had come—a heart willing to be anything so that the "good things" might "go" to others—willing to be even the preacher's horse and trap if he couldn't be the preacher!

The heart will make the wish. Whatever is in it will come to the lips and make itself felt and seen in deeds of love and usefulness or to the contrary. Whenever the heart is running over with earnest desire to serve and please the Lord Jesus, the one to whom the heart belongs is not only wishing all the

time to show the love, but is willing, like the little Indian boy, to do anything, to be anything, however humble, to prove its sincerity.



## Shining.

WHEN I was in Switzerland last year it was such a pleasure to go up into the woods behind the famous Castle of Chillon, and there to watch the setting sun cast a path-way of golden glory for many miles along the Lake of Geneva. And when the heavily laden barques, that brought over stone from the quarries on the French side to the Swiss side of the Lake, were carried by the evening breezes into this path of gold, their grey sails were transformed by the kiss of that setting sun into wings of gold, and in this gorgeous reflected beauty they continued all the while they lay upon that streak of light. Their beauty was not their own, it was only borrowed from the sun.

And in like manner, dear young believer, your life may be, should be, transformed, if you walk in the light, so that *His* beauty and holiness may be reflected from you, and it is thus we may shine for Him,

“ You in your small corner, and I in mine.”

**A LOST COIN.**

**A LAMP AND A SWEEPER.**

**SWEEPING AND SEEKING.**

**FINDING AND REJOICING.**

**S**OME of the stories told by the Lord Jesus are called "parables." Do you know what a parable is? A little boy once said—"It is an earthly story having a heavenly meaning." Our Bible story to-day is one of these parables, about a woman who lost and found a piece of silver. The story is in Luke xv. 8, 9.

**I. A Lost Coin.** Yes, it was lost: not on the street, or out in the fields, but in the house. Not far away, yet entirely lost to its owner. This lost piece of silver is just a likeness of the sinner, of every boy and girl. You are not away, lost in the paths of open sin, like the drunkard and the openly ungodly, but you are lost to God. As your Creator, He has a claim upon you, but by sin you have become lost: yes, already lost, and unless you are found now in this "day of salvation," you will be lost for ever.



2. **A Lamp and a Sweeper.** Just look at them. Here is a woman, with a lighted lamp or candle in one hand, and a sweeper in the other. Hid away among the dust in some corner of her house, the lost piece of silver lies. It is not perhaps of much value (only about  $7\frac{1}{2}$ d.), but she must have it. Her "ten pieces are imperfect without it, so she has lit her candle, and taken her sweeper in hand, to make a diligent search. This woman is a picture of the true church, the company of the saved, whose work for God on earth is to seek the lost. Not only the heathen, but those who, like this silver coin, are lost in "the house;" those who have heard the Name of Jesus often, who know the way of salvation, but who are still unconverted to God, still lost. See how the light flashes! When its bright ray falls on the silver, that will shew where it is. This is like the Spirit of God convicting of sin. Some text from God's Word falls on the ear, or comes into the mind, as the candle of the Lord (Prov. xx. 27). This is God using His Word, the light of His Gospel, as by His Spirit, to search for the sinner (Zeph. i. 12).

3. **Sweeping and Seeking.** She swept and sought diligently till she found it. There is a word here for the earnest parent, teacher, and soul-winner. There must be earnestness, diligence, persistent labour for

the conversion of souls. The woman swept, made the dust fly, turned everything over, seeking for the lost coin. It is often disagreeable work disturbing the sinner in his lost condition, but it must be done. Sinners must be aroused and warned; soft and smooth work is no use. The light must flash: the sweeper must stir up. The first stage of real conversion is awakening and conviction of sin. Have you been aroused, or are you still undisturbed, at peace in your sins?

4. **Finding and Rejoicing.** She found it. Joyful news. How grand when a sinner is saved: a lost one found. How the parent, the teacher, the soul-winner rejoices! And the "friends" are told all about it. We have been in such joyful scenes. Has there been joy in heaven and joy on earth over *your* conversion?

J. R.



## FOUR BIBLE BOYS

Who had godly mothers.



A King, a farmer's son, a prophet, and a preacher of the Gospel.

Write down their names, see what word the initial letters spell, and ask yourself—Is it I?

# Keep the Soul on Top.



**W**E are told of a little boy who was asked by his mother on returning from Sunday School what he had learned in his class.

“Well, mamma,” said the little fellow, “I have learned that it is always best to keep the soul on top. Teacher said so, and taught us a verse that means that.”

“What was the verse, darling?” said the wondering mother.

“I can’t remember it, mamma, but that’s what it means, anyway.”

The mother thought long, and finally by dint of questioning found it was Paul’s declaration, “But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.” And tears came to her eyes as she thought the little son had gotten the larger meaning of the text in his homely interpretation, “Keep the soul on top.”

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*What Bible Seaport is this?*

A E S A B I T H D



## A Good Example.



**A** FATHER told his son to set up some bricks on their ends, in a line, a short distance apart. "Now," said the father, "knock down the first brick."

The boy obeyed. The fall of that brick made the others fall, too. The father then said, "Raise the last brick, and see if the others will rise with it."

They would not. Once down, they must be raised singly.

The father now said, "I have given you this object-lesson to teach you how easy it is for one to lead others astray, but how difficult for him to restore them, however sincere his repentance may be."

A dying man, whose life had been badly spent, exclaimed in agony of mind and heart, "Oh, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!"

It could not be. He was not able to put forth his dying hand to stop the evil he had done. His body could be buried, but not his influence.

Dear lad, set a good example to others and begin, if you have not thus begun, by receiving and confessing Christ as your Saviour. Then, as a Christian lad, set a Christ-like example to others. Seek to influence them

for their good. Remember you have an influence for God or for Satan. "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity" (1 Tim. iv. 12).

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## "God bless my Mother."

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A LITTLE child with flaxen hair,  
 And sunlit eyes, so sweet and fair,  
 Who kneels when twilight darkens all,  
 And from whose loving lips there fall  
 The accents of this simple prayer:

"God bless!—*God bless my mother!*"

A youth upon life's threshold wide,  
 Who leaves a gentle mother's side,  
 Yet keeps, enshrined within his breast,  
 Her words of warning—still the best;  
 And whispers, when temptation-tried—

"God bless!—*God bless my mother!*"

A white-haired man who gazes back  
 Along life's weary, furrowed track,  
 Sees one loved face—in heaven now!—  
 Hears words of light that led aright,—  
 And breathes, with reverential brow,—

"How blessed!—*how blessed my mother!*"

# “Please Shut the Door.”

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**A** LITTLE girl, seven years old, stayed one night to the after meeting at the close of a children's service.

The text that night was, “Behold I stand at the door and knock,” &c. (Rev. iii. 20), but this little one said she did not understand how to *open the door* to Jesus.

So a friend explained that if she *wanted* the Lord Jesus to come into her heart, and *invited* Him, He would come at once. So the little girl knelt down by a chair and invited Jesus to come into her heart and be her own dear Saviour. On rising from her knees she said that she believed He **HAD COME IN.**

So, after a little more conversation, the child asked if she might go home, and started for the schoolroom door, but after standing still for a few moments, she walked back and knelt down again by the chair. Then, putting her hands together and closing her eyes, she said reverently,

“Please, Jesus, now you're in, **SHUT THE DOOR, Amen.**”

Was not that a beautiful prayer? She wanted her new-found Saviour to stop always in her heart; she wanted her heart to be closed against the world and Satan.

J. S.

# SEARCH AND SEE.

**W**HAT offering could not be offered by itself ?

In whose days was the earth divided ?

Who said that Jesus should die for the nation ?

Who planted the first grove mentioned in the Bible ?

Who said, "Come up to us," and were destroyed ?

What was the difference between what Abraham and Jacob bought ?

Who desired death in preference to going into the land of Canaan ?

What feasts were all the males in Israel to attend ?

When was it sought to put a man to death for eating honey ?

At the time of what feast was it suggested that Jesus should show Himself to the world ?

Who was sent to deliver Israel, and was made by them a judge ?

When were 12 stones taken out of a river, and 12 put into a river ?

When did the people of Israel complain against Moses for bringing them out of Egypt ?


What are the feasts of Jehovah ?

What army at one time only had two swords ?


Where was a spear held at arm's length till a city was destroyed ?

ASCOT VALE.


F. G. T.



**T**HE Lord is my rock, and my  
fortress, my deliverer; my  
God, my strength, in whom I will  
trust.—Ps. xviii. 2.



**D**ELIGHT thyself also  
in the Lord; and  
he shall give thee the  
desires of thine heart.  
—PsA. xxxvii 4.







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WHEN I SEE THE

IT IS WRITTEN:

THE

IS NO REMISSION.

REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS **BLOOD** Even the FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

WITHOUT SHEDDING of I WILL PASS OVER YOU

OF

JESUS CHRIST

HIS SON

CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

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# Little Daniel;

Or, Just say Jesus.\*

**I**MAGINE to yourself an old-fashioned cottage very small and very plain, whose little windows are shaded by clear white curtains, and whose door-stone is always clean and smooth. The path to the garden-gate is very straight and narrow, and lined on each side by rose-bushes. Some one who has an eye to beauty—for the smallest bit of ground can be made beautiful—has wheeled sparkling red sand from the shore, and spread it all along.

The fresh sea-breezes blow over the hilly ground, for it is only a mile from the ocean.

Now you have the cottage and the gravelled walk, I will describe the garden. It was very small, but large enough to hold a great variety of choice flowers. A few apple trees, a very low, choice peach tree, and bushes of currants and blackberries grew there—the latter struggling against and over a pretty white paling. The road that led to the busy city was much travelled by flaring coaches of red and black, and was often filled with carriages and stately equipages, full of ladies and gentlemen, passing and repassing.

Sometimes little girls would shout as they came in sight of the red cottage,—I forgot to tell you it was red—for they became accustomed to see at one of the windows a pale, patient face of one who could not move round among the roses, and the helpless limbs could never bound over the green sward. It was a pretty face; sickly, to be sure, but

\*So many inquiries have been made for this touching narrative that we are constrained to re-print it. Copies as a booklet can be had from our Office. Price per post, 25 for 1/6; or 6/- per 100.

there a God-sent patience rested.

Can, then, a sickly face look lovely? Yes, but that is when heaven's peace has entered it. Did you ever see an alabaster vase, white as the snow-drift, clear as the drop of dew through which the red of the flower is visible? And have you known any one to place a little lamp within that vase? Oh! what a glow of pure, soft amber there was made by the little light shining through the vase! Well, when some sick faces have grown very clear, very pure, like the vase of alabaster, God puts the light of His love within, and everybody cries, 'What a soft glow! how beautiful!'

But there was often another face seen beside that of the sick child. Oh! it was such a rosy, round ball of a face, and the eyes laughed and the cheeks dimpled—for it was health that gave it beauty.

The boy with the rosy face was called Charley; the lame, sick child, two years older—though no one would have thought it—was named Daniel.

Little Daniel's father was dead, and his poor mother was greatly tried. Yet she was cheerful and quite happy, in spite of the weakness of poor little Daniel, who had never been well. She knew that the earth was made to stay in but a little while, and that if her sweet boy died, he would go to be with Jesus—go to be always beckoning her to the land where flowers fade not, and treasures are never lost.

She had most precious proof that the boy was a child of God. She had taught him the Scriptures from his infancy—she had led him to the feet of the Saviour, and had been enabled to explain away all his little doubts, and strengthen his sometimes wavering faith.

One day there were more visitors than usual to the beach. It was a warm, glowing noon, when a carriage stopped in front of the widow's house, and springing therefrom, a child of eight summers came up the little gravelled walk to the cottage door. She was the daughter of luxury—her dress and air of extreme fashion proved that—but at the same time, her manners were winning, and her face very gentle and pretty.

'If you please, may I have some water?' asked the child.

'Wouldn't you rather have milk?' asked Mrs. Marks.

'Oh! yes, indeed!' said the little one, eagerly; 'and I may stay just as long as I please to drink it? for poor papa, he's so very ill and tired, he must wait ever so long. See, the carriage has stopped under the great tree by the gate.'

The child drank her milk, and then, with an amusing familiarity, she untied and threw off her bonnet.

'You're sick too, are you not?' she asked, as she took her position by Daniel's side, drawn thither by the sweet expression on his pale face.

He smiled for a reply.

'I've seen you ever so many times as we drove past,' she continued, 'and father always says that you look like a picture in a rough frame. Don't you get tired of sitting?'

'Not with mother,' said little Daniel, with a smile.

'Don't you? and yet dear father is often weary and unhappy, though he owns everything!'

'Does he love Jesus?' asked little Daniel.

'What! love who? Jesus! do you mean our Saviour? Oh! I don't know; I expect he does; but he never says anything about Him.' 'Do *you* love Jesus?'

'I guess I do, for Jesus loves me!' cried Daniel. 'I don't know what I should do if I didn't; for much as mother loves me, she can't keep awake with me, and Jesus is by my bedside watching'

'Jesus watching!'

'Oh, yes!' and under the thin white dress, the little chest dilated, and the large, soft eyes were suffused with a luminous splendour 'Jesus comes. He's there, I *know* He is! for though it's so dark, and I can't see the bed posts or the white quilt, I see Jesus, and something so sweet comes into my heart! And so, when I hold my hands out and whisper, "Jesus," His warm, beautiful love covers me all over. Oh, yes! I know Jesus comes—I *know* He does!'

Who, looking upon him there, his white brow uplifted, his smiling eyes fastened upon the blue heavens, could doubt but he saw and held communion with the Lord?

'Oh! I wish my father could see Him at *his* bedside!

But then he keeps a light all night; perhaps He only comes in the dark. I hear him groan sometimes when I wake up. I wish he *could* see Jesus'—but then her sad eyes dropped as she said, 'He couldn't be with you and him at the same time, you know.'

'Oh yes! He can be *everywhere*. He'll *always* come—tell your father I say so: tell him I only have to say *Jesus* in my heart, and He's sure to come and make me forget my pain.'

'I'll go and tell him now—this minute.'

As the little girl had said, her father was out under the shadow of the great elm tree. They had placed the carriage cushions so that he rested comfortably; and now his sister stood near, humming a gay air, and his wife, little Lilly's mother, knelt, bending over the invalid, smoothing back the brown tresses.

'What in the world is Lilly running from the house in that style for?' cried Ellen Irving, the sick man's sister. 'The child will be heated to death,' she added, as breathlessly the beautiful little girl drew near and cried,

'Oh, dear father—that little sick boy in there says if you'll *only* say "Jesus" in your heart, He'll be *sure* to come and make you forget your pain.'

The invalid looked with cold eyes—the mother gazed with a strange expression gathering over lip and brow—the fashionable sister stopped the gay carol—all seemed struck.

'Oh, father!—he looks so happy!' cried the child, 'and he's a *great deal* thinner than you are—just as pale!—but he says that though he has been always sick, he don't mind it much, you know; because in the night he sees Jesus stand by his bedside, and He fills his heart full of love, so that he never once thinks of his pain. Now, father—you say "Jesus," and perhaps He'll come just so to you.'

'Stand out of the sun, Lilly,' replied her father after another long pause; and his lips trembled so that he could scarcely say it. 'I believe we had better go now,' he added, lifting himself; 'come, Lilly, help father into the carriage.'

'Oh, father, *just* say "Jesus!"' repeated Lilly.

'Well, well—wait awhile, dear, wait awhile—perhaps I

will—I must see first—I must think first—ah! now we are snugly seated in the carriage. Do you believe the little boy would like to have you bring him a pretty plaything?’

‘Perhaps so,’ said Lilly, diverted from her previous train of thought; ‘but he can’t play much, he can’t even walk.’

The carriage rolled slowly into the city—slowly along the streets, and stopped, at last, before a beautiful house in the centre of a square. The mansion had marble steps in front, while the handles and the plate of the door were of silver, and glittered in the light.

Up every step the sick man took from that luxurious carriage to the elegant chamber where his couch stood waiting for him, a voice seemed to ring in his ears, ‘Oh! father, just say Jesus!’ Sweet music would not drown it, although his wife sang and played for him. The sight of the fairest pictures that ever made sunshine on the walls of any house could not shut them out. Like three little angels, fresh bathed in the light of glory, moving hand and hand through the portals of his brain, they came to and fro, continually whispering, ‘Just say Jesus!’

‘Oh! that he *could* just say Jesus.’ The word was so strange to him! to him—the man of ease, of wealth, of fashion. Almost any other name would seem less out of place on his lips. He who had thought of nothing but the world till within a few short months—to whom life before that had seemed eternal; he who had sipped of pleasure in almost every land; who had drank the red wine in France and Italy; sung the song of the *Bachante*; shuffled cards at the brilliant tables of the Parisian saloons; danced and shouted in the carnival of Venice; he to say Jesus!

Again and again, as he tossed on his couch through the night, he wished he had not stopped before that little red cottage. He could see it so distinctly, and the pale, sad face always at that one window! He could see the child of his adoration flying down the gravelled walk, her cheeks pink-tinted, her golden hair tossed by the wind in clouds and curls; he could hear—oh! yes, too plainly—the childish voice, saying to him, ‘Just say Jesus.’

THE good mother in the little red cottage sat busily at work on some shirts she was making for a neighbour. At the window where the fair invalid used to sit, and where he had for so many years watched the sights along the road, there stood only an empty chair—his chair—the patient Daniel's, who, through all his sufferings, had so lightened and made cheerful her labours. Now the invalid lay beside her on a little low bed. He hardly moved, but his bright, unearthly bright eyes watched her.

'Mother,' he said, and his voice was as full, clear, and beautiful as ever, "I shall learn in heaven what this beautiful feeling means that comes whenever I think of Jesus. And I shall learn how He can be everywhere, shan't I, mother? Mother, do you believe we can *ever see* angels?"

'I don't know, darling—yes—' she hesitated, adding softly, 'we see them in the flesh sometimes.'

'Because last night—I might have been just the least mite asleep, I don't know—but all at once this room was covered with shining stones, and from every stone there came a bright light. The sun that shone in from the door did not seem as it does now, but was all twisting and trembling, just as the water does when we see it away off. And then—oh! it was so beautiful!—right in the middle of the room there stood an angel. I thought I asked her what she wanted, and she said, "Jesus has sent me to take you home." Then I knew it would not be many days before I should go to heaven—and slowly all the light faded out of the stones—and when I opened my eyes the room was still and dark.'

'It was a sweet dream, my boy,' said the good mother.

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'Hurrah! mother, Danny, there's that carriage stopped out here again, and that little girl is coming in with a gentleman. I must get my hands washed;' and off bounded Charley to the pump.

Presently the round, red cheeks of the pretty child appeared, the bright eager eyes searching for the sick boy. 'Oh! father, there he is; he's lying down; come in.'

'Be polite, my little girl,' said a voice, very gravely and

gently; you do not tell the lady who your father is.'

'This is Mr. Irving, my father,' said Lilly, smoothing her smiles in her little face.

The mother dusted a chair for the gentleman. He was a very noble, handsome-looking man, was Lilly's father. Now that disease had touched it, it had paler and more thoughtful tints.

'My dear madam,' he said kindly, as he seated himself, 'my little Lilly here would not let me rest till I promised to come out and see you.'

Meantime Miss Lilly had deliberately taken off her little bonnet, possessed herself of an unappropriated stool, and carried it to the couch of the sick child, where she now sat.

'Has your child never been well?' asked Mr. Irving.

'Never, sir, he was sickly at his birth.'

'My little daughter seems much impressed with the fact that he is very cheerful and happy.'

'He is both, sir,' was the reply; 'and he suffers much pain, and that constantly. The only complaint I have ever heard him utter,' she said softly, 'was yesterday, when his agony was very severe. He exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I *do* wish the dear Jesus would take me now."'

The dark eyes of the stranger grew moist as he listened, and said: 'He is indeed comforted if he has *any* supporting hope—dark days and cheerless days are mine.'

'Perhaps, sir,' said Mrs. Marks, in her own quiet way, 'you have not learned that it is *good* to suffer, and that Christ sometimes leads us to Himself through thorny roads.'

'But, madam, is He good in giving to that poor little creature anguish and pain all his life? That child never rebelled against Him—why lead him thus?'

'You can talk with him yourself, sir, and judge,' said she, 'he is *my* teacher and comforter in a great many things; and dark will be the day, sir, when this house sees him go.' Grieving, the mother turned away, and the sick man drew near to the sick child.

'Well, my little boy, how is it?' he asked kindly; 'don't you get tired of lying here?'

'Sometimes,' sir, replied the child with his sweet smile.



'But do you never long to use your hands and feet?'

A quick, bright flash illuminated the beautiful face. 'Why, don't you know it won't be long before I have a great deal better hands and feet than these?'

'I don't *know* it, my child; how can I know it?'

'Why, Jesus says so; don't you know Jesus?'

'The man was inexpressibly affected; 'I'm afraid I don't know Jesus as you do, my little one.'

'It's easy,' he said, with a bright smile,—'It's good!'

There was soul in the way he said it.

'Easy for *you*, my child; but not for me.'

'Why, it's only "Come unto Me," you know,' said little Daniel. 'Don't you see? It's only "Come unto Me." Mother, please you say the verse for the gentleman.'

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," said Mary Marks, softly. 'It means weary of sin, weary of a guilty conscience, weary of apologising for it, and weary of self.'

There was another silence, then up spoke little Lilly.

'Pa wants to feel happy in the long black nights.'

'That's Jesus, too,' answered the boy promptly. 'That's because He comes to me; and, when I ache the most, I can smile and sing to myself softly my little hymn:

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on His breast I lay my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

'My dear little boy,' said the man, as he lifted his head, 'you have done me good. I see that all those who have lost all hope in the world can be happy, and even triumphant. Oh! for his faith!' he added turning to the mother; 'I would give half my fortune—yes, all, to be able to lay serene and cheerful as he lies there to-day.'

'My dear sir, it need cost you nothing,' said the mother, in her straightforward way. 'Salvation and peace are without money and without price. It is only, look to Christ and live. We are not saved by our own works, but simply by believing on what Christ did when He died on the cross.'

'Now, father, can't you say Jesus?' asked Lilly, springing

to her feet, thinking all his sorrows past. The question came so suddenly, came with a flood of sweet and bitter recollections, that the man burst into tears. Then, finding himself unable to regain his self-control, he beckoned to Lilly to accompany him, and together they left the cottage.

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‘**H** dear!’ said Ellen Irving, sighing, as she threw down her book; ‘how dreary and lonesome the house seems! I do wish brother could get well.’

‘I’m afraid he’ll never get well,’ said the wife of the invalid. ‘To think, one year ago, he was all life, all animation. Let me see, we were in Naples, weren’t we?’

‘Yes; and what glorious times we used to have! Oh dear! and it’s so gloomy now, I can’t think of one cheerful thing. It’s dull in the morning and dull at night, and the world seems like a grave. Lilly, child, what are you doing?’ she cried, as the little girl, her face flushed, her hair flung in disorder, appeared at the door, dragging a mammoth book, beautifully gilded and shining in the light.

‘It was so heavy,’ said Lilly, still tugging at her task. ‘You take it up, won’t you, on your lap.’

‘For pity’s sake, child,’ said her mother pausing, before she left the room, ‘what are you going to do with that great Bible?’

‘Why, I want aunty to find something for me,’ said the child, who had seated herself at Ellen Irving’s feet.

‘What shall I find?’ asked her youthful aunt, smilingly.

‘Where it says, “Come unto Me.” The little sick boy told father, and I want to find it so that father can read it.’

‘You strange child, how can I tell where it is?’

‘Why, don’t you know? Havn’t you *read* the Bible?’

Ellen turned the leaves abstractedly: ‘Isn’t it somewhere in the New Testament?’ she queried of her sister-in-law.

‘I suppose so, though I’m sure I don’t know. I read everything else,’ replied the fashionable mother.

‘Why, how strange!’ exclaimed Ellen; ‘I have opened the book right there. Well, Lilly, I’ve found it—what now?’

‘Oh!’ and Lilly darted from her seat, but soon returned bringing a hymn-book, very large, and quite as beautiful as

the Bible. 'Now please to find the hymn where it says,

"Jesus can make a dying bed."

'Bless me! child, you make me nervous,' said the girl, shuddering. 'What do we want to hear about dying beds?'

'But poor little sick Danny *sings* it when Jesus comes to him in the night,' persisted the child; 'and if father learns it, perhaps he will sing it.'

'Lilly! what are you talking about?' asked the young lady, a strange feeling creeping through her.

'About Jesus!' was the prompt reply.

'Well—I'm sure—it's very well on Sundays. Hadn't you better go and play?'

'No,' said Lilly, just as promptly. 'I told father I'd find him the place of "*Come unto Me*," and "*Jesus can make*;" and now you just look for the hymn, please, while I go after Sarah to carry up the book.'

Away she went, and that blessed name rang through Ellen's brain. 'Jesus!'

'It is strange,' she murmured to herself, 'that I have never thought of it in this connection before.'

'Here is Sarah—she will take the book to father,' cried Lilly, entering the room with one of the domestics; and soon the wasted invalid was earnestly reading the Word, while his little daughter, perched at the foot of his lounge, fixed her bright eyes upon him as if the happy moment would come while he read, when he could say "Jesus."

\* \* \* \* \*

**L**ITTLE Daniel grew weaker every day.

'Mother,' said he, one day, 'won't you read me that "Jerusalem" piece?'

She hushed her sorrow, and taking from her drawer a little book, she read:—

#### MOTHER, SING JERUSALEM.

A child lay in a twilight room, with pallid, waxen face—  
A little child, whose tide of life had nearly run its race.

But ere it closed, he whispered low, 'Sing, mother, sing,' and smiled.  
The pale one knelt beside the couch—'What shall I sing, my child?'

'Jerusalem, my happy home,' the gasping boy replied;  
And sadly sweet the clear notes rang upon the even-tide.

'Jerusalem, my happy home, name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end in joy, and peace and thee?'

And on she sang, while breaking hearts beat slow, unequal time—  
They felt the passing of the soul with that triumphal chime.

'Oh when, thou city of my God, shall I thy courts ascend?'  
They saw the shadows of the grave with his sweet beauty blend.

'Why should I shrink at pain or woe, or feel at death dismay?'  
She ceased—the angels bore the child to realms of endless day.

The widow's voice ceased also.

'Do you think'—little Daniel's voice was fainter—'do you think the angels will come after me?'

'Yes, darling, I have no doubt they will.'

'Oh, mother, Jesus is with me!'

She kissed the damp forehead, and dried the thin hands between her own palms.

'Mother, it will be better for me to go to my heavenly home than to live here.'

'Yes, dear, if it's God's will,' replied Mary.

'And does it make you feel bad to give me up?'

'No, my child'—the mother's voice was low—'for I give you into better hands than mine.'

Little Charley was put to bed, and the widow prepared to sit all night by the side of the lovely sufferer. It was a beautiful moonlight night—vivid as the dawning day—and the soft beams lay on the white counterpane that covered the child. They had sweet messages to give between them, and the moments were hallowed. Most beautiful grew the child as the strange presence grew nearer.

Many times he murmured 'Good-night, dear mother, till to-morrow;' and often did she think she saw the shadow that comes but once. At last he spoke no more, but smiling peacefully, dreading the change as little as his sleep, he fixed his full blue eyes upon her, and gradually the light faded out of them—into heaven.

It was a beautiful death-bed—a translation, rather.

'To suffer no more,' she murmured, as she wept, and kissed the eyes she had closed. 'Oh! my dear one! I would not call thee back. No; I could not call thee back.'

When little Charley sprang from his bed in the morning, and wondered at the stillness of the room, his mother took

him gently to where the sleeper lay, kissed his rosy lips, and said, softly, 'Try to bear it, Charley; remember you are all mother has left.'

'But my *dear* brother! I *want* him!' cried the child.

'Ah!' said the mother, sighing, 'heaven wanted him too.'

\* \* \* \* \*

HERE was sorrow in the stately mansion as well as in the home of the cottager. The steps of the servants had grown more noiseless day by day, and before the door was spread the thick, soft tan, that no sound of hurrying wheels might disturb the sick man so near his end. At last there was no hope; the doctor had said that recovery was impossible. Mrs. Irving was in despair. Never before had she waited upon the bed of disease; it was a new experience to her—a trial fraught with horrors. She had loved to shine in the gay ball-room, in the splendid theatre, but she had never been prepared to meet trouble in any form. Now she must stand and see the end of earth; she must realize that she was born for something besides living. She must think whether, had that time come to *her*, she had been prepared to give up the company she so loved, the pomps, and vanities, and shows she so delighted in; whether here the gay laugh would be fitting—the dazzling jewel—the costly robes—the sneer at things sacred. Oh, how great the contrast between that watcher, surrounded by obsequious nurses and servants, and the lowly woman, and the little child!

Nell, too, little Lilly's aunt Nell, was strangely disquieted. There had come to her some dim longings for Christ. The question recurred to her mind again and again, 'Do *you* love Jesus?'

Lilly, the little child, seemed the only person who retained composure at that eventful time.

One day he called for Lilly, and as she came in, he whispered for the first time, a heavenly smile making his face brilliant: 'Daughter, I can say "Jesus," now.'

'Oh, father, I'm so glad!' cried the child, leaning over to kiss him. 'I'll go and tell my little lame boy. And does

Jesus come and talk with you?'

'Yes, darling, He talked with me all last night.'

'Didn't I tell you so!' cried the child, in triumph-tones. 'And how does He look, father?'

'Too glorious for mortal lips to describe, little daughter. Thank God, I shall soon see the brightness of His glory!'

The child bent over more closely, as she whispered:

'Will mother seek "Jesus," too?' 'Ask her, my lamb,' replied her father; 'tell her He smooths the pillow of death.'

Mrs. Irving heard it, and wept unrestrainedly. This child, whom they had devoted to the world, would she lead them all to Christ?

'Can you say "Jesus can make?"'

'Yes, darling'; and he repeated it slowly.

'Oh, that is *so* good!—and now you will get well?'

'No, darling, father is going to heaven,' he replied.

'What! going to leave me—to leave your little Lilly?'

'Not all alone, Lilly, for I leave Jesus with you, and some time you will come to me.'

'When, father?' The child was very earnest.

'When Jesus calls you. Can't you give me up to Him? Oh! my Lilly, I wish I had learned to say "Jesus" before.' Tears of joy bedewed the sick man's cheek.

Lilly went out into her aunt's room. 'My child! where are you going?' asked her aunt.

'Going to tell my lame boy papa can say "Jesus."'

'But, my dear, it is no time to go,' said her aunt.

'Papa told me I might. I asked him, and he said, "Go, Lilly, it will comfort the dear boy." So they are coming with the carriage.'

'But, Lilly, your father is very, very ill.'

'Oh! but he's got Jesus—he told me so; he don't *need* me any more—he don't need *anybody*.

After a little silent crying, her aunt arose, attired herself plainly, and, procuring some jellies and other delicacies, she entered the carriage.

But when they arrived at the house, however, the extreme quiet, and a something unwontedly sad in the expression of Charley's usually merry face, struck Lilly's

aunt with the fear that she had only left the dying to see the dead. As they stepped over the threshold, the evidence was before them, for, lying on the humble bed, strewn all over with roses, the gifts of little children who had loved him, lay the white face of little Daniel.

Lilly stood near, her hands clasped, her expressive countenance reflecting every shade on that of the mourning mother's. Her aunt looked in silence and in awe.

'Will he know that my father can say Jesus?' asked Lilly, solemnly.

'Perhaps so, dear,' said the widow, smiling through her tears. 'He spoke of you, of your father, too, last night.'

'Did he? Oh! what did he say?' asked Lilly.

"Tell her to put her trust in Jesus, and to serve Him."

These words sank deep into the heart of Lilly's aunt. The light she followed she now saw was false. Poor, blinded soul! For the first time she thought, and the Holy Spirit wrought in her soul, and she said, through tears, as the little girl was seated in the carriage beside her,

'Lilly, you and I will seek Jesus.'

\* \* \* \* \*

† IT was a beautiful day, that on which two funeral trains wound their way to the pretty cemetery. One was composed of humble people, a village procession on foot, following the body of dear little Daniel, the widow's son. The other glittered in all the pomp of wealth, and carriage after carriage drove with stately pace behind the splendidly draped hearse. In consequence of an expressed wish of Mr. Irving, the little boy who had been instrumental in his conversion was to be buried in his own family tomb; and now they were together on the green sward, side by side—the rich and the poor—the man of grasping intellect and the precious little child.

And there the mourners were gathered, standing silent, respectful, while the man of God spoke to them in eloquent words of time and of eternity. Afar off, the blue sea could be discerned, and sunshine streamed and birds sang.

'They have gone to God,' said the preacher pointing to

the silent forms of the dead, 'the little child and the strong man in his prime. And it is a beautiful fact, that a word spoken by this now unconscious sleeper, was the means of strewing the dying pillow of our brother with blessings.'

"I have only to say Jesus in my heart," said the child who is singing in triumph in heaven, "I have only to say 'Jesus,' and He's *sure* to come and make me forget my pain." 'Was there ever a brighter, a nobler illustration of Christian faith? This little child said "Jesus," and Jesus, wrapped in the garments of His glory, came to the lowly bed, and in His holy embraces pain was lulled to sleep. "I have seen the beauty of all countries," says the man as he sinks into the arms of death; "I have tasted of all pleasures, but never have I known, in all the hours of my transport, anything so blissful as the love of Christ that fills my soul in these dying moments."'

Much more was said, while the great crowd listened, and many a man and woman of fashion felt beside the hallowed dead how empty were their lives, and how like shadows the pleasures they pursued!

\* \* \* \* \*

Sometimes the widow, with Lilly, goes to the quiet cemetery to place roses on the tomb where their dear ones rest. And Lilly always reads, with humid eyes, the simple inscription to her father's memory:

||—————||  
 || **"JUST SAY JESUS."** ||  
 ||—————||

Can *you*, the little reader of these lines, say *Jesus*? What does Jesus mean? Saviour! Can you then look up in His face and say, from your heart, Jesus—Saviour? Is He *your* Saviour?

Do not reply, 'tis yet too soon  
 To look to heaven or think of death;  
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
 And life is nothing but a breath.

W. N. (Abridged).



# Muthania—The Saviour.



“To illumine the scroll of creation,  
One swift, sudden vision sufficed!  
Every riddle of life worth the reading  
Has found its Interpreter—*Christ.*”

“**N**ICHAN,” said an inquisitive young fellow, pointing at something as we reached Ukamba land. We concluded that meant “What is it?” and so said “Nichan” and pointed at his bow. He answered “Uta,” and we jot down our first words of Kikamba. And so, day after day, we fling out “Nichan” until we have mastered several thousand words. How we longed to preach to them!

For two years and a half I was baffled in my effort to obtain one word—*Saviour*. Never had it seemed so sweet and beautiful! All those weary months I had tried to give out the glad message in labored sentences for want of this single word. Hour after hour I have sat with Kikubi and others trying in vain to get it. One day I had five persons in my room explaining, but to no avail. At last it came. With the master passion tugging at my heart, I went to the men’s fire and listened as they recited the day’s incidents.

A brother, Kreiger, had been badly torn by a lion, and Kikubi was the means of his rescue, and he told the story of it. He went through it all eloquently, but without using the word I sought after. Finally he remarked, “Bwana nukuthaniwa na Kikubi”—the master was saved by Kikubi. I could have leaped for joy, but being afraid of losing my precious possession, I changed the verb to the active form and said, “Ukuthania Bwana—You saved the master. This proving correct, I said, “Why, Kikubi, this is the word I’ve been trying to

get you to tell me many days, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus, the Son of God, came——” “Oh, yes,” he said, and the black face lit up, “I see it now, I understand, Jesus came to kuthania (to save) us from our sins and to deliver us from the hand of Muimu (Satan).”

Never did sweeter words fall from mortal lips. The treasure was discovered at last, and weary prospector, lighting suddenly on a rich gold reef, never felt keener emotions than did I, the lonely missionary, when for the first time I was able to frame that matchless word “Saviour” in a new tongue. And, besides, it was the first real evidence I had in all those months that the message spoken in such conscious weakness was understood.

Next day, Lord's Day, I was singing a hymn I had just made, when Kikivi came to say a crowd wanted to hear me. I went out with all the joy bells in my soul ringing, and sang for them. But I wanted to preach, to set before them my new discovery. Muthania: Saviour—it rang through my being like sweet music. When I began to speak, Kikivi asked about the resurrection, which was encouraging. His question answered, he surprised me still further, saying, “Master, let me talk a little.” I gave him leave, and in a truly marvellous way he told out the old, old story. I listened in amazement.

It brought to me a revelation as well. In the light of that experience it seemed as though I had never before known the meaning of the word “Saviour.”

I had spoken of it from childhood; had preached it for years, but somehow it became luminous with meaning that night. Over against the frightful need which settled down around me, there flashed a light unutterable and a scarred hand traced in letters of glory “MUTHANIA.”

(Anon.)



## The Reign of Terror.

“**D**OWN with the Aristocrats!” This cry rang through France about the close of the eighteenth century, and with it there broke upon that unhappy land the most terrible storm of bloodshed, and unbridled crimes and murder that history records. The common people, long oppressed and down-trodden, starved and beaten by the wealthy classes, rose against their oppressors, and, with mighty, irresistible force, overwhelmed and slaughtered them. The King, Louis XVI., himself was captured, and, with his beautiful wife, Marie Antoinette, thrown into prison to await a mock trial and a cruel death. The goals were speedily crowded with Aristocrats and their wives and children, while their palaces and houses were ransacked and burnt. The whole land ran riot, and murder everywhere prevailed.

One of the most terrible periods of this Reign of Terror was perhaps the month of September, 1792.

The lust for bloodshed had increased as the days progressed, and the mob became impatient of the slow progress of formal trial which preceded the murder of each of its victims. They raged outside the prisons, armed with swords, spears, knives, and such other improvised weapons as they could obtain, and cried aloud for the blood of their hated enemies.

Accordingly, the jailors entered the prisons with lists of Aristocrats, who, said they, "were to be transferred to other prisons." Each man, as his name was read, stepped through the doorway of the prison, only to be met by the awful sight of a hundred sabres raised to hew him down. Retreat was impossible, and in another moment his mangled corpse was thrown upon a pile of others who had met a like fate. Many of the highest nobles of the land were among those who passed unarmed into the hands of that awful mob. Many a gentle lady, too, followed her husband through that Gate of Death.

Countless incidents are told of this dreadful time; many of them of a most touching nature.

In one room of the Abbaye Prison lay three gentlemen, trembling to hear the cries of the

victims in the street below, and fearing greatly for their own safety. "Towards three in the morning," writes one of them, "the killers bethink themselves of this little room, and knock from the court. 'What can be done? Is there no means of escape?' My companions thought they perceived a kind of loft overhead. But it was very high, only one could reach it mounting on the shoulders of both the others. Three in peril of an awful death and only a possible escape for one! Which should die and which should live? One of them said to me that my life was more useful than theirs; I resisted, they insisted, no denial! I fling myself on the neck of these two deliverers; never was scene more touching. I mount on the shoulders of the first, then on those of the second, finally on the loft; and address to my two comrades the expression of a soul overwhelmed with natural emotions."

The following story is yet more pathetic. Some months after the incident above related, in the prison of Saint Lazare lay Lieutenant General Loiserolles, one of the French Nobility, and his son. They have escaped the massacre of September, but await with hopeless dread the inclusion of their names in the daily list of those to die by means of the guillotine.

One night the turnkey entered, list in hand

as usual, and, amid breathless suspense of all present, read aloud the names of the doomed to die.

Of a sudden the General heard his son's name called. The boy lay sleeping at his side, tired out. What should he do? In an instant the brave General stepped forward and replied: "I am Loiserolles." The different Christian name went unnoticed, and the old man passed out to die, leaving his son lying sleeping peacefully, unconscious of what had passed. About two days afterward the Revolution ended, the prisons were thrown open, and young Loiserolles went free. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Was ever greater love displayed than in the above two stories? On one occasion, yes.

Nearly 2,000 years ago there lived One Whose love was purer, and deeper, and more marvellous than was ever seen before or since. He came to men who hated Him, abused Him, despised, rejected, and, at length, slew Him; and yet these very men He so loved that He took their place and died in their stead. General Loiserolles died for one whom He loved and who returned his love to the full, but "God commendeth His love toward us, in that *while we were yet sinners* Christ died for us."

The General saved his son from an unjust sentence of death. Christ died to save us from the just recompence of our deeds. The justice of God is satisfied by the death of His Son, and He proclaims to all who will receive it a free pardon for their sins. This pardon is for you. Have you received it yet? You have perhaps often repeated the words:

“I believe in the forgiveness of sins.” Is that forgiveness yours yet?

Saul of Tarsus hated and persecuted the Christians of his day, he hated and despised the name of Jesus. Yet later in life we find that same man speaking from a full heart of “the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me.”

What had produced the change? He had come to know that the very Jesus, Whom he had persecuted, loved him all the time; that He, God's only begotten Son, had suffered in his place, and borne his sins on Calvary. He believed the good news, and thenceforth gave to Him the only return possible, the whole love of his heart.

If you, too, came to know and believe in the One Who loved you and gave Himself for you, I am sure you also would give Him all your heart. Have you done so?

Children, can you say: “We have known and believed the love that God has toward us?” (1 Jno. iv.).

M. G.

## Five Points for Young Converts.



**F**IVE things, if remembered,  
 Will help you each day ;  
 Obeyed, they will keep you  
 From going astray ;  
 Though Satan may tempt you  
 And trials betide,  
 You surely will conquer,  
 In peace will abide.

“KEEP LOOKING TO JESUS,”  
 He never can fail,  
 And walk in His footsteps  
 In every detail ;  
 The world's vain allurements  
 Will vanish from sight,  
 By “looking to Jesus,”  
 Your Saviour and Light.

“READ DAILY YOUR BIBLE,”  
 If you would be strong  
 To witness for Jesus  
 And overcome wrong ;  
 The Author, The Book, and  
 The doer abide,  
 But they who neglect it  
 Will surely backslide.



"PRAY, PRAY WITHOUT CEASING,"

Cleave closely to Him  
 Who keeps you and fills you  
 With joy to the brim ;  
 There's nothing so great that  
 Our God cannot do,  
 And nothing so small but  
 He'll undertake too.

"CONFESS HIM TO OTHERS,"

And thus you may win  
 Some soul from the bondage  
 And darkness of sin ;  
 What help can you better  
 To all recommend,  
 Than Jesus your Saviour—  
 The needy one's Friend ?

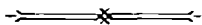
"DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS;"

He did all for you ;  
 Your joy find in willing  
*His* sweet will to do.  
 So seeking to please Him  
 Through life day by day,  
 His presence shall gladden  
 Each step of your way.

J. Mcl.



# The Heathen Hindoos.



I WOULD like to tell you about several Hindoo boys and girls whom I took particular notice of at the Kondanpur Festival.

The first was a little boy, totally blind, who sat by the roadside at the entrance of the fair. What do you think he was doing? He was calling out at the top of his voice for money. Yes; he was a little blind beggar. He was so earnest about his business, and kept on shouting, "Give me money," "Give me money," at the same time moving his hand up and down to attract more attention.

The condition of this little boy spoke to me of all childrens' condition without God. They are blind and helpless, and need Jesus to open their eyes, and to send them on their way rejoicing. Sheep for sacrificing were on one side of the boy, and a drink shop on the other. These made his case appear sadder, as showing forth some of the fruits of idolatry.

Another day I saw a little girl near the goddess' temple. She was not begging, but *leading*. Perhaps you wonder what I mean by this. Well, I will tell you. As I went along I saw a woman lying in the dust, so I watched her. She kept lying down and getting up again about every half-minute.

She was measuring her distance, with her face to the ground, till she should reach Ambabai's temple. The little girl, perhaps this woman's daughter, was pointing out the way, and showing the poor woman where she should fall down next. Oh, how sad it was to see them; Now, I want you to be little gospel "pointers" and "leaders" to show weary sinners, not the false ways of evil and superstition, but Jesus, as the way to God, and thus lead "their feet into the way of peace."

During the fortnight that the festival lasted, many boys and girls, and even babies, were taken to the temple to be presented to the goddess. It was a painful sight to see them as they wended their way thither. They held their hands together as if in prayer, and "holy men" kept pots of flaming incense resting on their heads during the procession. Their faces and legs were smeared with red and yellow powder, and a grain like rice was stuck on their foreheads. Drums were beaten, and pipes played by men in front of the processions. Friends and relatives, with gifts of cocoanuts, cakes and sweets, and a sheep for sacrifice, followed.

Whilst selling the Scriptures, I saw some little boys shivering in the bright sunshine. What was wrong? They had been bathing in the holy well to get rid of their sins. It was a farthing for each bath. Ah, how many

“shiver” in Christian lands, even in the very sunshine of gospel love and light, just because they prefer to pay their own way, and bathe in the chill waters of their own righteousness and legal efforts, instead of accepting God's free Gift—Jesus.

Dear boys and girls, perhaps some of you have not as yet received Jesus as your Saviour. If this is so, how can *you* pray for those who have never heard of Him? Think about this, and come to Him without delay, for He is waiting, yea, *longing*, to receive you.

My heart was gladdened on several occasions, when bright faced boys stepped up and bought copies of the Gospels. We sold some right in front of the temple, and in sight of a place where we had seen little children stooping down and kissing the feet of Ambabai's “holy men.”

Children, all who love the Lord Jesus, *pray*, PRAY, PRAY—for us.

Your affectionate friend,

H. M.

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## **REMEMBER.**

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“Remember now  
thy Creator in the days of  
thy youth.”

## “Yield yourselves to God.”

**A**LADY whom I know was away from home on a visit, when she received quite a long and nicely written letter from her baby girl who had never learnt to write. The mother at first couldn't understand it, but after looking at it carefully, she saw traces of her husband's writing. The little girl's father had held the pen in the baby's hand and by his strength moving her hand the letter was written. In the same way our blessed Lord wants us to put ourselves completely under His control, and then through His strength in us we shall be able to overcome all difficulties, and say like Paul: "I can do all things through Christ Who strengtheneth me." F. W.

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## Jesus Loves Me.



**J**ESUS loves me! Yes, to-day  
 He told me, not out loud you know,  
 But just as true He told me so;  
 And right away I answered too,  
 "O dear Lord Jesus, I love *you*!"  
 And I am glad as glad can be,  
 That I love Him, and He loves me.

# Salvation.

DO not think that God's salvation is just merely a salvation that saves us from the punishment which our guilty past deserves. It does that and much more also.

What would you think if you were drowning in the sea and a strong man came out to your rescue and brought you safely to the shore, but directly he got you there, threw you down on the beach and left you there, wet through and shivering with cold? You would be grateful to him, no doubt, for having saved you from death, but he would only be half a saviour if he did that and no more. You would expect him to see that you were taken to a place where you could be given fresh clothes, the food you needed, and where everything would be done to prevent you suffering harm through your accident.

It is just so with God's salvation. He has made ample provision not only for getting rid of our dark, guilty, past, but also for enabling us to overcome all our sins, until, by and bye, he will take us to be with Himself for ever.

Even before the Lord Jesus Christ was born into this world God had said that His

name was to be called Jesus for "He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21). You, dear young Christians, are one of His people, and His name was called Jesus because He was going to save you, and His other people, from their sins.

Be careful then to seek the strength of Christ with which to overcome sin. And let this be so especially in the case of what you may call "little sins." You remember the story of the Israelites going up to fight against Ai, and you know how they—God's own people—were defeated. One reason (though not the only one) was that Ai was a little city, and the people thought they were quite strong enough to overcome it by themselves. It is sometimes so with young Christians. They would seek the strength of Christ with which to overcome any great sin that might beset them, but for the *little* sins they think they need not seek God's strength, and therefore they yield to them.

God says—

**Sin shall NOT have  
dominion over you.**

(Rom. vi. 14.)

J. S.



# Search and See.



**W**HAT does the apostle John say was his reason for writing his gospel ?

Who was Jerubbaal, and what did his name mean ?

How many times, as recorded by John, did the Jews try to stone the Lord Jesus ?

How long did Saul reign over Israel ?

HARCOURT.

E. M. B.



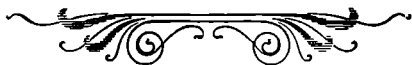
Teach me, O Lord,  
the way of Thy stat-  
utes ; and I shall keep  
it unto the end.

—PSA. CXIX. 33.





# A Word for Jesus.



HAVE you not a word for Jesus?  
Will the world His praise proclaim?  
Who shall speak if ye are silent,  
Ye who know and love His name?  
You whom He hath called and chosen  
His own witnesses to be,  
Will you tell the gracious Master,  
“Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?”  
“Cannot!” though He has forgiven,  
And your sins snow-white has made;  
“Cannot!” though His strength He offers,  
Though He says, “Be not afraid!”

Lord, Thou knowest that we love Thee,  
And to prove our love would lay  
Our true, deep desire before Thee;  
Open Thou our lips to-day.  
Many an effort it may cost us,  
Many a heart-beat, many a fear,  
But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen,  
And Thy help is always near.  
Give us grace thus to confess Thee,  
Vanquishing our faithless shame,  
Feebly it may be, but truly  
Witnessing for Thy dear Name.



# “Living Water.”



**B**E not like sacred wells—green mossed and deep  
 As ever summer saw,  
 Whose cooling waters are both free and sweet,  
 Yet men must come to draw :  
 Rest not in selfish ease ; be not content  
 When others ask, to give,  
 Keep not thy wealth of blessings thus unspent,  
 Nor self-contained thus live.

But be like those springs which bubbling burst  
 To follow dusty ways,  
 Which run with offered cup to quench his thirst  
 Where the tired traveller strays ;  
 That never ask the meadows if they want  
 What is their joy to give :  
 Unasked, their life to other lives they grant ;  
 So self-bestowed they live !

For God supplies all like the ocean wide,  
 Wherein all waters fall,  
 Which girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,  
 Feeding and bearing all,  
 Which broods the mists which sends the clouds,  
 Which takes again to give. [abroad,  
 Give, thus, as gives the loving heart of God,  
 And thus for others live.

*(Adapted by the Editor.)*





## The Soldier and the Lion.\*

**T**OWARDS the close of the last century a wild and careless young fellow, named William Stephens, enlisted as a soldier. After a time he was ordered off to Africa with his regiment, and, while there, had the following strange experience.

One afternoon, as a few of the soldiers were going through a forest, William somehow got separated from his companions, and could not succeed in his efforts to find them. On, on, on, he wandered, vainly trying to get out of the forest, but every step seemed to entangle him more and more in its mazes. At last the day began to wear away, and the shadows crept on the scene. Poor Stephens was getting very tired and hungry, and wished himself safely among his comrades at the camp. But still he toiled on, hoping against hope that he might escape from his dangerous position, until at length the dark night came

on, and with it the cries of wild beasts seeking their prey.

At length our soldier friend was quite exhausted, and feeling unable to walk any further, crept into a cave and lay down to rest.

Let us hope that he slept peacefully in his strange bedroom !

But no ! William Stephens was not to get any sleep that night, for before many minutes had passed he was startled by a *roar*, and soon afterwards another and louder one made his blood run cold. Looking out of the entrance of his cave, he saw by the moonlight an immense lion coming towards him ; and then the truth flashed into his mind that he was resting in a lion's bedroom !

Quicker than I can write he decided what to do ; he must pretend to be asleep, as this was the only chance of the wild beast sparing him. So he lay perfectly still with his eyes closed, and presently with a terrific roar, that seemed to make the very ground shake, the lion bounded in. Stephens felt his hot breath upon his face, the lion licking him all over, as the poor fellow feared, preparatory to tearing him in pieces.

Then Stephens cried out to God in real earnest, and begged that he might be delivered from the paw of the lion, and promised that if his life were spared, he would become

a Christian, return to England, and preach the Gospel. God heard the cry of the poor soldier, and shut the lion's mouth. He laid quietly down by the side of the man, having probably eaten a heavy supper, and soon went off to sleep; but before doing so he put his paw on Stephen's chest, and gripped his shoulder with his claws as though in a vice, seeming by this act to say, "I'll have you for my breakfast in the morning, and will take good care you don't run away in the night."

Oh, what a time of suspense and agony this was for the soldier, and he did plead with all his heart that he might get away from the powerful beast! At last, when the lion appeared to be sleeping very soundly, Stephens managed to extricate one arm, and gently unlocked the claws from their terrible grip, his heart beating very fast, as may be imagined. Would the movement wake the monster? If so, one stroke from that great paw would instantly dash his brains out. But no! his strange bedfellow did not wake, so he slowly tried to move the heavy paw from his chest, and at last laid it down on the ground. The next thing was to creep out of the cave without making the slightest noise, and this God enabled him to do, and thus to make his escape.

I am glad that none of my readers were

near enough to hear the lion roaring with rage in the morning, when he found to his mortification and disappointment that his breakfast was gone, but we can well believe that he made all the little birds tremble in their nests.

But did Stephens forget the promise he made to God in the time of his distress? No, indeed, for he returned to England as soon as he was able to do so, and at a little prayer meeting in his native village, told the thrilling story of his adventure, and how he had promised to be a Christian, concluding by asking them to plead that he might have full assurance of salvation. You can imagine what joy this gave the good people, and what earnest prayers followed; how some gathered round him and told him the old, old story of the Saviour's love; how He came from Heaven on purpose to seek and save lost sinners—how He lived a blessed life of sorrow; how He who made the world had not where to lay His head; how He was falsely accused, insulted, spat upon, ridiculed, crowned with thorns, mocked, cruelly beaten, and at last nailed to the cross between two thieves. They told him how He prayed for His murderers, saved the repentant thief, bore the jeerings of the mob, and at last cried, "*It is finished*;" how He was laid in the grave, but rose again, and went back to Heaven, after

He had told His disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature (Mark xvi. 15); and how those who trust in His name shall receive forgiveness of sins (Acts x. 43). They told him how he was really under the paw of the roaring lion of hell, a more terrible one by far than the sleeping one in the cave, but that Christ had come to destroy the works of the devil, and would deliver him if he only trusted in Him. So William Stephens fell down on his knees in that little schoolroom, which I know well, and cried to the Lord to give him peace, just as he had cried for deliverance from the African lion, and the Lord said, "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven."

From that time he became a valiant soldier of the cross, and fought manfully under his Saviour's banner, until at a good old age he went home to be with Christ, and receive his reward.

Stephens was buried in the little village where he had lived and laboured for Christ, and I have stood beside his grave surrounded by a crowd of children, who were delighted to hear the story of his encounter with the lion.

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

J. S.

## Search and See.



WHERE do we read about 29 knives ?

What was the prayer of Jabez ?

What became of the Brazen Serpent which Moses made in the wilderness ?

Twice Solomon speaks of "A good name." What does he say ?

HARCOURT.

E. M. B.

## CURVES.



IT is said that in building the Pennsylvania Railroad the engineers who laid it out were paid by the mile, and consequently they put in many curves which ought to have been avoided. Hundreds of trains and thousands of passengers and tons of freight have had to go round those curves every day for fifty years, causing an enormous and ever-increasing loss ; but now the railroad is cutting out these curves and straightening the line at an expense of millions of dollars.

Every bad habit which is put into life when it is being laid out is a curve. The line of life is at first flexible and movable, and by God's grace can be run straight for the glory of God ; but once it is embedded and ballasted in the soil and rock of habit, it becomes a fixture, and may become a finality.



Boys and girls, get your hearts renewed by God's grace, and that grace will form habits which you will never have to undo.

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## A Prayer in the Pillow.



**O**NE night the mother of two little girls was away at bedtime, and they were left to do as they would. "I am not going to pray to-night," said Lilian, when she was ready for bed. "Why, Lilian?" exclaimed Amy, with astonishment.

"I don't care; I am not going to. There isn't any use." So she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt and prayed. The little prayer finished, and the light extinguished, Amy crept into bed. There was a long silence; then Lilian began to turn restlessly, giving her pillow a vigorous thump, and saying crossly: "I wonder what is the matter with this pillow?" Then came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of the bed: "I guess it's 'cause there isn't any prayer in it."

A few minutes more of restlessness, and Lilian slipped out of bed and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful, and the two little girls slept. Is there a prayer in your pillow when you go to sleep at night?

## Doubting Thomas.

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“TOM, when you first turned to the Lord Jesus, did He save you then?”

“Oh, yes, I believe He saved me right enough then.”

“How did you know that, Tom?”

“Why, because He said He would in the Bible. His word is, ‘Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.’”

“And could you say you were certain, just after you came to Him then, that He had saved you?”

“Yes, I could say that then without any doubt.”

“Well, now, Tom—think before you answer this question—what made it possible for you to be saved just then?”

“Why, because Jesus died for me on the Cross.”

“Quite right, Tom; and God put away all of your guilt and sin because Jesus had died to purchase your pardon, and God forgave you because of His death. But how did you know it?”

“I knew it simply because I believed what the Bible said.”

“Well, Tom, if the Bible said it then, does it not say it now?”

“Of course it does: the Bible never changes.”

“Exactly, Tom. Now you yourself have told me this—that when you turned from sin to God you were saved because Christ had died, and you knew it because you believed the Bible. Now, certainly the work of the Lord Jesus has not altered or changed in any way, and the Bible is the same as it always was, so why not believe Him and His word now, and be assured that for His sake God has put away all your sin.”

“But,” says Tom in a very low tone, “I am afraid I have done many wrong things since I first came to Him.”

“Then, dear boy, those wrong things should at once be confessed to God, and put away; but if you believe God's written Word they need not hinder your knowing that you are, in Christ's name, forgiven, for He has declared that ‘If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.’”

W. H. S.

## Find and Learn.

SEVEN verses in Proverbs begin with the words: “The fear of the Lord.” What are they?

E. M. B.

# “All She Had.”

(MARK xii. 41-44.)



SUCH a funny thing was told to me,  
Which now I tell to you,  
What a child as poor as poor can be,  
For the heathen tried to do.

The story of the widow's *mite*  
Had taught this lesson good :—  
Each gift is blessed in Jesus' sight,  
When we've done what we could.”

“Next Sunday,” said the little child,  
“I've dot two mice for oo.”

“Two mice!” the teacher said, and smiled,  
“What with them can I do?”

“I've dot my own two mice,” she said,  
“My cont'ibution these ;

You said, oo know, dat wid *two mice*  
De dear Lord once was p'eased.”

Hushed was the rising merriment ;  
The two mice soon were sold ;  
Truly for them the rich ones spent  
Their silver and their gold.

Ah ! how they raised and raised the price,  
All for the mission store !  
So big a price for two small mice  
Was never paid before.

Thus, sure enough, the gift was blessed,  
The giver's heart made glad ;  
And so grew " more than all the rest,"  
That poor child's " all she had."

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## The Glass.

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**A**S I walked down the street in the bright sunshine some afternoons ago, a small boy was enjoying himself by catching the sun's rays in a small mirror, and throwing its blaze of light around so as to fairly blind those on the street. Another little boy, supposing that this reflection was wrought by an ordinary piece of glass, tried to catch the sun's rays, but with no success. His play-mates told him that his glass was all right, and he laboured diligently, but there was no reflection.

Here is a splendid picture of our poor hearts. The difficulty in our failures is not with God, any more than the difficulty in the sun's reflection was with the sun. The difficulty is always down here. The sun is all right, God is all right. But the heart must be like the polished mirror, or it cannot reflect around the glory which shines in the face of Jesus.

# New-born Babes.

"As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word."—1 Pet. ii. 2.

**W**HEN I was a boy I used to eat a good deal more than I do now; indeed, my mother would sometimes say, "I do believe that boy will have indigestion," but my father would reply, "Oh, let him eat, he is a growing boy;" and so I generally had good solid meals. Yes, a good appetite is a good thing for growing people. If we are not growing or are not well, we do not eat so much, and it is the same in spiritual things. "Ye therefore as new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word that ye may grow thereby." A desire for food is the sign of life; dead people do not want to eat, do they? And so, when we are born again and have the new life, we want the new food. We did not care for the Word of God before, but now we do care for it; in fact, we hunger and thirst for it.

Of course there may be life and yet a very poor appetite; this shows an unhealthy state. Are you in that state? Have you lost your appetite for God's Word? Or do you really enjoy communion with God over His Word? This is as it should be. (Read:—Ps. cxix. 162, Jeremiah xv. 16, Job xxiii. 12.) Did you have your breakfast this morning? Yes, you say. Well; I hope you had both break-

fasts ; never be satisfied with the one for the body only.

As children of God we ought to grow up in the spiritual life ; we must not, like some, just always remain mere babes, but go on and grow more like the *Lord Jesus* every day.

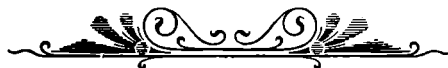
Have we lost our appetite for God's Word? You know if boys and girls have lost their appetite for their ordinary food, it is sometimes because they have been eating things that have taken their healthy appetite away. And of course if people will read novels or the sensational books, so many of which are published now, then it is no wonder that they do not care for God's Word, and that is the reason.

But perhaps that is not the case with you—there is another cause in your case, and it is this : you have neglected to feed your soul, you have starved the new life God has given you. If either of these are true of you, just go and tell the Lord about it, confess the failure, and He will forgive ; the go to the Word and feed on it. Feed on *it*, did I say ? I should say feed on *Him*, for it is Christ we feed on in the Word of God. He said, "I am the Bread of Life" (John vi. 48). The corn of which our bread is made has to be ground in the mill before it can be made into bread, and before the *Lord Jesus* could be the bread of life, "He was

wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." For sinners He went through the millstones of God's wrath and God's justice against sin.

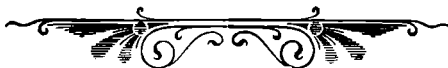
Oh, do not miss Christ when you read your Bible. Ask God to show Him to you by His Holy Spirit. Look for Christ in the Word and you will find Him. Meditate upon Him, this will feed your soul, and you will grow more and more like Him.

A.W.F.



Being justified freely  
by His grace through  
the redemption that is  
in Christ Jesus.

—ROM. iii. 24.





## Stay upon God.

“Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.”—ISA. l. 10.

“**I**N fierce storms,” said an old seaman, we can do but one thing, there is only one way; we must put the ship in a certain position and keep her there.”

This, Christian, is what you must do. Sometimes, like Paul, you can see neither sun nor stars, and no small tempest lies on you; and then you can do but one thing; there is only one way. Reason cannot help you. Past experiences give you no light. Even prayer fetches no consolation. Only a single course is left. You must put your soul in one position and keep it there. You must stay upon the Lord; and, come what may—winds, waves, cross seas, thunder, lightning, frowning rocks, roaring breakers—no matter what, you must lash yourself to the helm, and hold fast your confidence in God’s faithfulness, and His everlasting love. R. F.

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## “The Great Unwashed.”

“**T**HE great unwashed!” Ugh! we know them from afar, and we are glad to increase the distance. But they are the counterpart of a still larger class who never spiritually wash to be clean—a generation that is not cleansed from their filthiness, and yet are pure in their own eyes. How repulsive such are to those made white by God’s ablutions! And yet, as the cleanly housewife will

stoop to the unpleasant work of removing defilement, or the surgeon will undertake a distasteful duty in order to relieve pain and promote cure, so the child of God will seek out the morally unclean in order that they may be washed from their foulness.

But the saint himself may be among the unwashed. Then he is not fit company for those who make regular use of God's means of daily cleansing, and if he himself is unconscious of this, they are not. Let the defiled one hasten to wash and be clean, so that he may not affect the rest injuriously by his presence. Then, when purified again, let him keep himself clean by constant recourse to the sprinkling (Num. xix.) and the laver.

J. N. B.



## “As Unknown.”



† IN thy small nook still toil unknown,  
 † Thy simple work unnoticed do—  
     Unnoticed do it even though  
 Some deeds less brave than thine have flown  
 Where fame's proud trump is loudly blown.  
     Work—still work on for Jesus' sake,  
     Do what thou canst for hearts which ache,  
 And He some day thy work will own.  
     And when He counts His treasures o'er  
     Upon Eternity's bright shore,  
     It may be He will value more  
     The fragrance of thy lily's bell,  
     Shed richly in its hidden dell,  
     Than stars whose praise the ages tell.



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## The Little Bugler.\*

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**I**T was during my Indian service—stirring times, too, ripe with mutiny and murder.

At that time I had in my regiment a little bugler. I had often noticed him as being too fragile and delicate for the life he had to lead; but he was born in the regiment, and we were bound to make the best of him. His father, as brave a man as ever lived, had been killed in action, and his mother had just drooped and died six months later.

She was the daughter of a Scripture reader, a delicate, refined creature, and had brought up the boy strictly, according to her light. In spite of her chapel-going propensities, she was generally liked and respected, and the boy was her image; but as he liked better going to prayer meetings with her than joining in the horse-play of the other boys, he was not popular, and suffered from many a coarse taunt and mocking gibe.

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\*This article was printed in *The Message* some years ago.

After his mother died—I heard all this afterwards—his life was made a misery to him by the scoffing sneers and ribald jokes of the men whose butt he was.

About two years later, when little Willie Holt was fourteen years old, the regiment was bivouacking some miles from camp for rifle practice. I had intended leaving the lad behind, thinking him too delicate for such work—the ground was swampy and unhealthy—but my sergeant-major begged hard ‘to take him along.’

‘There is mischief in the air, Colonel,’ he said; ‘and rough as they treat the lad—and they do lead him a life—his pluck and his patience tells on ’em, for the boy is a saint, sir; he is, indeed.’

I had a rough lot of recruits just then, and before we had been out a fortnight several acts of insubordination had been brought to my notice—those were ticklish times—and I had sworn to make an example of the very next offence by having the culprit flogged.

One morning it was reported to me that during the night the butts, or targets, had been thrown down and otherwise mutilated, and the usual practice could not take place. This was serious indeed, and on investigation the rascally act was traced to a man or men in the very tent where Willie Holt was billeted, two of them being the worst characters

in the regiment. The whole lot were instantly put under arrest, to be tried by court-martial, when enough evidence was produced to prove conclusively that one or more of the prisoners were guilty of the crime. In vain were they appealed to to produce the man, and at last I spoke :

‘ We have all heard the evidence that proves the perpetrator of last night’s dastardly act to be one of the men before us.’ Then turning to the prisoners, I added :

‘ If any one of you who slept in No. 4 tent last night will come forward and take his punishment like a man, the rest will get off free ; but if not, there remains no alternative but to punish you all, each man in turn to receive ten strokes of the cat.’

For the space of a couple of minutes dead silence followed ; then, from the midst of the prisoners, where his slight form had been completely hidden, Willie Holt came forward.

‘ Colonel,’ said he, ‘ you have passed your word that if any one of those who slept in No. 4 tent last night comes forward to take his punishment, the rest shall get off scot free. I am ready, sir, and please may I take it now ?’

For a moment I was speechless, so utterly was I taken by surprise ; then in a fury of anger and disgust, I turned upon the prisoners.

‘ Is there no man among you worthy of

the name? Are you all cowards enough to let this lad suffer for your sins? for that he is guiltless you know as well as I.' But sullen and silent they stood, with never a word.

Then I turned to the boy, whose patient, pleading eyes were fixed on my face, and never in all my life have I found myself so painfully situated. I knew my word must stand, and the lad knew it too, as he repeated once more, 'I am ready, sir.'

Sick at heart, I gave the order, and he was led away for punishment.

Bravely he stood with back bared, as one—two—three strokes descended. At the fourth a faint moan escaped his white lips, but ere the fifth fell a hoarse cry burst from the group of prisoners who had been forced to witness the scene, and with one bound Jim Skyes, the black sheep of the regiment, seized the cat as with choking, gasping utterance he shouted:

'Stop it, Colonel, stop it, and tie me up instead. He never did it, but I did,' and with convulsed and anguished face he flung his arms round the boy.

Fainting and almost speechless, Willie lifted his eyes to the man's face and smiled—such a smile. 'No, Jim,' he whispered; 'you are safe now; the Colonel's word will stand.' His head fell forward; he had fainted.

The next day, as I was making for the

hospital tent where the boy lay, I met the doctor. 'How is the lad?' I asked. 'Sinking, Colonel,' he said quietly. 'What!' I ejaculated, horrified and startled at the words.

'Yes, the shock of yesterday was too much for his feeble strength. I have known for some months it was only a question of time,' he added; 'this affair has only hastened matters.' Then (gruffly), 'He is more fit for heaven than earth;' and with suspicious moisture in his kind old eyes, he stood aside while I passed into the tent.

The dying lad lay propped up on the pillows, and half kneeling, half crouching at his side was Jim Skyes. The change in the boy's face startled me; it was deathly white, but his great eyes were shining with a wonderful light, strangely sweet. The kneeling man lifted his head, and I saw the drops of sweat standing on his brow as he muttered brokenly:

'Why did ye do it, lad? Why did ye do it?'

'Because I wanted to take it for you, Jim,' Willie's weak voice answered tenderly. 'I thought if I did it might help you to understand a little bit why Christ died for you.'

'Why Christ died for me!' the man repeated.

'Yes, He died for you because He loved you, as I do, Jim; only Christ loves you

much more. I only suffered for one sin, but Christ took the punishment for all the sins you have ever committed. The punishment of all your sins was death, Jim, and Christ died for you.'

'Christ has naught to do with such as me, lad; I'm one of the bad 'uns; you ought to know.'

'But He died to save the bad ones, just them. He says "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Dear Jim,' the earnest voice pleaded passionately, 'Shall thy Lord have died in vain? Listen! He is calling you. He has poured out His precious life blood for you. He is knocking at the door of your heart. Won't you let Him in?'

The lad's voice failed him, but he laid his hand gently on the man's bowed head.

Standing there in the shadow, I felt my own heart strangely stirred. I had heard such things once, long, long ago. Thoughts of the mother I had idolised came floating back out of the dead past, and the words seemed a faint echo of her own.

How long I stood there I know not, but I was roused by a hoarse cry from the man, and then I saw Willie had fallen back on his pillow, fainting. I thought he was gone, but



a few drops of cordial from the table at his side soon revived him. He opened his eyes, but they were dim and sightless. 'Sing to me, mother,' he whispered, "'The Gates of Pearl"; I am so tired.' In a flash the words came back to me. I had heard them often in the shadowy past, and I found myself repeating them softly to the dying boy—

Though the day be never so long,  
It ringeth at length to evensong,  
And the weary worker goes to his rest  
With words of peace and pardon blest.  
Though the path be never so steep,  
And rough to walk on and hard to keep,  
It will lead, when the weary road is trod,  
To the Gates of Pearl—the City of God.

'Thank you, Colonel,' he whispered, 'I shall soon be there.'

His tone of confidence seemed so strange to me, I said involuntarily, 'Where?'

'Why, heaven, Colonel. The roll call has sounded for me; the gates are open, the price is paid.' Then softly, dreamily he repeated, as if to himself:

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.

Then once more he lifted his eyes to mine: 'You will help him, sir?' he breathed, laying his hand feebly on the head of the man still crouching at his side; 'you will show him the way to—the—Gates—of—Pearl.'

As each word fell haltingly, fainter and yet fainter came the breath from between his parted lips. Suddenly a glorious light flashed into his dying eyes, and with a radiant, happy cry, he flung his arms as if in welcome: 'Mother!—mother!'

His voice rang out, thrilling the heart of every man who heard it. Then gradually the weak arms drooped, the light faded from the shining eyes, and the brave spirit of the martyred boy had fled to God.'



## A New Heart.



**W**HAT is the use of an apple tree if it never bears any apples?

And what is the use of calling yourself a Christian if there is no fruit seen in your life, no change in your conduct?

A boy went home from a meeting one evening, and told his little sister that he had got a **NEW HEART**.

"Have you," she innocently replied, "then please show it to me!"

And that is just what all Christians have to do, to show in their changed life and conduct that they have got a new heart.

# “Be Not Dismayed.”

The Story of William Hunter, who was not afraid.

THE boy martyr of Brentwood was William Hunter. He was burned because he would not believe in the Roman Catholic lies about the Lord's supper—professing to turn a piece of bread into the true God.

A god of paste, the wafer god,  
They wickedly adore;  
“Dead idols,” saith our Living God,  
“Thou shalt not bow before.”

He was brought before Bishop Bonner, that so-called “priest,” and yet he was not dismayed. He knew God was with him. Listen to his noble testimony as they led him to the stake. It is simply told as follows in “The Light that never went out.”

“Wilt thou recant thy saying that Christ's body is not in the sacrament of the altar,” asked Bishop Bonner.

The young man refused. So he was put in the stocks in his lordship's gate house, and given but a crust of bread and a cup of water for his sustenance during the two days he remained there.

Afterwards the Bishop sent him to the convict prison, and cruelly commanded the keeper to put upon him as many irons as he could bear without killing him outright.

In the end he was burned at the stake at

Brentwood.

When it was day the Sheriff set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the Sheriff's son to him, and took him by the hand, saying, "William, be not afraid of these men who are here present with bows, bills, and weapons prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned."

William answered, "I thank God I am not afraid." At this the Sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

While on his way he met his father, who spoke to his son, weeping and saying, "God be with thee, son William; and William said, "God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be happy."

So William went to the place where the stake stood, but the things were not ready.

Then William kneeled down and read the fifty-first Psalm.

Then said the Sheriff, "Here is a letter from the Queen (Bloody Mary). If thou wilt recant thou shalt live, if not thou shall be burned."

"No," said William, "I will not recant, God willing."

He then rose and went to the stake and stood upright to it. Then came the bailiff and made fast the chain about him.

Then William, seeing the priest, and per-

ceiving how he would have showed him the book, said, "Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them good people, and come away from their abominations, lest you be partakers of their plagues."

Then said a gentleman present, "I pray God have mercy upon his soul." The people said, "Amen, Amen." Before this, fire was put to the fagots.

Then William flung his Psalter into his brother's hand, who said, "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death."

And William answered, "I am not afraid."

Then he lifted up his hands to heaven, and said, "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit;" and casting down his head again into the smoke he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

It was a dull, dark, overcast sort of morning when Hunter suffered, but he, looking up to heaven, cried out, "O Son of God, shine upon me," and just then the clouds parted and the sunshine shone down to where the young martyr was standing.

Thus he proved the value of that word, "Be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

FRITZ WOOD.



# Talking with Jesus.



**I**T is not only when we are on our knees, telling Jesus all our wants in prayer, or sitting in some quiet corner, reading His Word, that we may speak to Him, and hear Him speak to us. But all through the day it is the believer's privilege to be "talking with Jesus."

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

“The shortest road between two places,” says one, “is to have a pleasant companion.” Such a companion is Jesus. Do you know what it is to walk with Him thus, my dear young brother and sister? Is He to you a Jesus far away in the heavens, or, a Jesus walking close by your side? True, He is both, but many know Him far off, and not nigh at hand. Others, like the two who journeyed to Emmaus, walk and talk with Him all the day, and sup with Him when “the day is far spent.” He *abides* with them.

This is what makes the pathway to heaven so joyful, even amidst opposition and scorn. It is because Jesus is in it, walking with His loved ones, and “talking with them by the way.” This is the secret of some being always warm and ever bright. It is because they walk with Christ, and although their sphere is humble, or even in poverty and pain, they never complain or murmur. They tell Jesus all their woes, and so they have none to speak of, to anyone else.

Thus it may be with you, dear young believer. But is it so? or do you keep company with sinners, and walk in the counsel of the ungodly? You cannot walk and talk with Jesus and with the ungodly too. O, no. “How can two walk together except they be agreed?” and Christ and the world are not agreed.

## Search and See.



**O**N what mountain will the feet of the Lord stand when He comes back to earth again ?

What will happen to the mountain when His feet touch it ?

In one verse we read of six things, which, if a man observed, a great blessing was promised.

How many days did Moses fast ?

ASCOT VALE.

H. B.



Shew my Thy ways,  
O Lord ; teach me Thy  
paths. Lead me in Thy  
truth, and teach me.

—PSA. xxv. 4, 5.





# Longing and Listening.



**T**O stretch my hand and touch Him,  
 Though He be far away ;  
 To raise my eyes and see Him  
 Through darkness as through day ;  
 To lift my voice and call Him—  
 This is to PRAY !  
 To feel a hand extended  
 By One who standeth near ;  
 To view the love that shineth  
 In eyes serene and clear :  
 To know that He is calling—  
 This is to HEAR .

S. W. D.



## “We Believe and are Sure.”



**A** MAN of subtle reasoning asked  
 A peasant if he knew,—  
 “Where is the internal evidence  
 That proves the Bible true ?”  
 The terms of disputative art  
 Had never reached his ear ;  
 He laid his hand upon his heart,  
 And simply answered, “HERE.”



# Eventide.



**I**N the eventide of prayer,  
When the flowers have shut their eye,  
And a stainless breadth of sky  
Bends above the hill of care,  
Then my God, my chiefest Good,  
Breathe upon my loneliness :  
Let the shining silence be  
Filled with Thee, my God, with Thee.

When the fields of thought are still,  
After words have been all day—  
Busy, earnest, anxious, gay :  
Testing patience, love, and skill.  
When each eager effort dulled,  
Sweet the soul to rest is lulled :  
Let the shining silence be  
Filled with Thee, my God, with Thee.

When the will bends low and meek  
On the pure white altar stair,  
When in bliss beyond compare  
It beholds, but cannot speak :  
When in shading of the eyes  
Love obtains its richest prize :  
Let the shining silence be  
Filled with Thee, my God, with Thee.





## “That’s the Man for Me.”

IT is now more than twenty years ago that I was travelling in the west of England. I had taken my seat in the corner of a carriage in a train leaving the city of W——, when there came along the platform two bright, merry-looking country lasses, aged about nineteen or twenty, evidently returning from marketing, who, full of fun and laughter, bounded into the carriage and took their seats. “Oh look!” said the one nearest to me, “here’s a jolly song I’ve got. Just listen.” And then she proceeded to read with infinite zest and merriment the words of a jingling rhyme, which described with considerable cleverness an ideal sweetheart or husband.

There were many verses, each one ending with the words, “*And that’s the man for me!*” The song pictured him an embodiment of all manly virtues, good, true, brave, honest, and kind; gentle, tender, without suspicion, unwilling to take offence, but

quick to resent injury to the one he loved, everything, in fact, that could command a young girl's admiration and love; and their delight was great, as, with shouts of laughter, the last line of each verse was repeated, "*And that's the man for me! And that's the man for me!*" When the song was ended, and the merriment a little subsided, I turned to the reader and said, quietly, "Well, and have you found that man yet?"

"No, I should think not," she said, laughing again.

"Yet," said I, "He has been seeking you, following you, and asking for your love a long time.

With wide opened eyes she looked doubtfully, as wondering what I might mean; and then her eyes fell, and she said softly, "Yes, I know what you mean."

"Do you know what I mean?" I asked. "What do I mean?"

"I know," she said, quietly.

"But what do I mean?" I asked. "Whom do I mean? Do I mean the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I suppose so," she said.

"Yes," said I, "He is willing to be to you all that you have been saying, and a very great deal more, if you will but trust Him."

"Ah," said a man sitting opposite, "the young lady was pretty quick to pick up your

meaning, sir."

And for a moment I thought I had a sympathizer; but I soon found he was a sceptical scoffer, full of objections and disputations, to which, until we arrived at the next station, I was replying by endeavouring to state and repeat the simple truths of the Gospel.

Here, however, the two girls alighted, and I shall not soon forget the face, flushed with excitement, of her of the song, as, turning round in the doorway of the carriage, and fixing her large bright eyes on the man, she said, with a voice full of emotion, "Well, sir, you can say what you like, I only know I believe it, *I make Him my choice.*"

She disappeared in the dusk of the evening, and I saw no more of her.

Did she really then make her choice, and decide for Christ? Did she not? Shall I not meet her at God's right hand? J. A.

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**“How shall we  
escape if we neglect  
so great salvation?”**  
(Heb. ii. 3.)



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# “In Good Form.”



**I**T does not seem quite right to call life a game—except that it should be happy and a real good time. Cricket is a game, for often there is nothing lost or won over it; but life is a serious business, and the soul is in the balance, but nevertheless it is like a game at cricket.

Tom was exceedingly proud of himself. He had made a big score in the principal match of the term. His people were down to see it, and were delighted.

He was talking it over with his little sister, who thought him no end of a hero, and his explanation to her (I don't know if she understood it) was this:—

“Well you see I'm in jolly good form this term.”

“In good form!” That's what made me think life was like a game at cricket. May you be “in good form” for your life. You see every ball is an opportunity. You may fuddle it if you are in bad form, or you can score off it if you are in good form.

The better form you are in the better you can score.

Did you ever learn this text: “Exercise thyself unto godliness?”

Ah! here's a serious game of cricket—“godliness.” If a Christian lad is in good

form, and has exercised his heart unto godliness, oh what a score he may make! He uses every opportunity for God. But come now, you young cricketers, are you godly?

None play to win if not. How can you "*live godly*" or "*exercise thyself unto godliness*" if you are unsaved, still in your sins, and do not know Christ? Your wickets fall every time, clean bowled by sin and guilt.

But listen! If you are one of the godly, a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus, may I ask, Are you in good form?

Have you "*courage*" to stand for Christ in every circumstance?

What a sorry sight it is to see a cricketer "funkt" or "miss" a sharp ball.

Have you *a keen eye*, watching both against sin and for opportunities of doing good, and of witnessing for Christ?

It needs a keen eye to play cricket well. Sometimes a boy is in bad form through *neglect and carelessness*. How is it with your heart? Is it warm with love to Christ? Happy in Him? Strong through His grace? Earnest in resolve to do always what is well-pleasing?

Are you like Tom, "in good form"? If so, seize every opportunity for Christ; be instant in season and out of season—exercise thyself unto godliness—in short, score off every ball.

# Damon and Pythias.

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**R**ARELY, indeed, is such friendship seen now-a-days, as existed between Damon and Pythias; not only did it endure during the sunshine of prosperity, but it was a love that remained firm during the withering winds of adversity.

For some reason, not now known, Pythias fell under the displeasure of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, called by Cicero, the Elder. While far from home, wife, and family, he was taken prisoner, and condemned to death for conspiracy. Pythias pleaded that he might be allowed to return home once more to arrange his affairs, being at the same time desirous to bid farewell to his loved ones.

The king appeared willing to accede to his request, provided that he could get a substitute—one that would take his place in the dark dungeon, and who also, in the event of his not returning by a certain day, would agree to suffer on the scaffold.

At this juncture, the heart of Pythias might well have failed him, had he not been able to rely upon the friendship of Damon, a native of Syracuse, who willingly came forward as surety for Pythias. Damon was incarcerated in the prison, while the condemned man was released for a time only, that he might return at no distant date, so



that the sentence against him might be carried out. You may be sure there was an affectionate parting as the one entered upon his self-imposed punishment, while the other, mounting a swift horse, sped on his sorrowful homeward journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

The time drew near for his return, and every preparation was made for a public execution. Damon finding that his friend does not return so soon as expected, instead of thinking that Pythias has proved faithless, feels that some unforeseen event has hindered him, and only hopes that he may be longer delayed, in order that he may die in his stead. At last, the day for the execution arrives, and Damon, 'mid the lamentations of his fellow prisoners, is led out to bear the punishment, as surety for Pythias.

The king is there, and so is the executioner. Damon is brought on to the scaffold, and, amidst the gaze of a vast concourse of people, the headsman, sword in hand, prepares to carry out the death sentence; but, just at this moment there is a commotion at the fringe of the multitude. A short delay takes place, and Pythias—bleeding, haggard, and travel-stained—limps up to the scaffold. There he explains his delay, caused by swollen streams carrying away his horse, and how he had, at the danger of his life, made his way on foot

through many perils.

Then ensues, between the two friends, a contest as to which shall die on the scaffold: Pythias pleading that he was the one that was sentenced, and, therefore, on him should the executioner perform his office, while Damon sought to die for his friend who, he said, had arrived too late.

Tyrant as Dionysius has been called, yet he could not help being greatly affected by such a friendship, and declaring that one who had made such a friend cannot be a conspirator, he commands both to go free, and seeks to be admitted also as one of their friends.

Such is this beautiful and familiar story in ancient Grecian history. It touchingly portrays the height to which human love can attain. Yet I have known of greater love, for in former days I was a conspirator against a great and mighty Monarch. He had indeed never injured me, yet was there bitter hatred on my part towards Him, and even while I was still in rebellion against Him, He sought in many ways to win my love, but for long enough to no purpose. I was condemned to perish, and should soon have been past hope, when I learnt that Another had not only offered to die for me, but had really taken my place and suffered for me; when I learnt who this was—even the King's only Son and Heir—I laid down

my arms, and was reconciled to the One I had before looked upon as an enemy.

Do I speak in enigmas? See in God this mighty Monarch who gave His Son, His only One, to die for His enemies. As it is written, "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet, peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Romans v. 7, 8). There are but few cases known of one willingly daring to die for his friend, but never was there one, except the Lord Jesus, who would die *for his enemies*. Does such love recommend itself to you? Do not forget that you also are, by nature, His enemy. Remember that Jesus was wounded for our transgressions (Isaiah liii. 5), upon Him did the sword of justice fall.

If, when Damon sought on the scaffold to die for his friend, Dionysius had agreed to his request, Pythias, as he left the place of execution, would have been able to say, "He died in my stead." He could then walk about without fear of punishment, knowing that his substitute had taken his place. So, the one who believes in Jesus can say with joy and thanksgiving—"He bore MY sins in His own body on the tree; by His stripes I AM healed" (see I Peter ii. 24). Can you say this?

F. W. F.

## “Bought with a Price.”

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**H**AVE you ever bought a cricket-bat with your own money? If so, how careful you have been with it, haven't you?

You have watched it when other boys have been using it to see that they were not doing it any damage; and you have been *so* careful over it because it was your own peculiar possession.

Or have you ever had a new doll given to you? Do you remember how careful you were with that, and how jealous you were lest it should come to any harm when other girls were handling it? That was because it was your own peculiar possession.

Just in the same way the Lord Jesus Christ has died to purchase *you*, dear boys and girls. “Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works” (Titus ii. 14).

He has bought you, at such tremendous cost, that you might be used in His service here, and might show by your conduct and your actions that you are His.

When you first came to the Lord Jesus, you came with so many sins,—evil tempers, ugly passions, unkind thoughts, and many other evil habits; but now, those are to be

things of the past, and you are to show by your life that you have been redeemed "from all iniquity" and from "this present evil world," and that you are the peculiar possession of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Have you never seen a bright new penny? You know how clearly the image of the sovereign stands out, and how plainly it can be seen by everyone; but after the penny has been in circulation for a few months, the brightness wears off, and after some years the image of the sovereign is worn off, and sometimes you can hardly tell whose image has been there.

I have known some boys and girls like that! When they first came to the Lord Jesus there was *such* a change in their lives. Everything seemed different. The image of the Lord Jesus was stamped upon everything they did.

But after a little while the image began to wear off, and now it is hard to tell to whom they really belong. They at first grew careless in little things—neglected their Bibles and prayer, went with thoughtless companions, and soon quite forgot that they had been purified unto Himself to be "zealous of good works."

But, thank God, this need not be. We may constantly bear His likeness.

Will you see to it that you are *zealous* of

those works which God in the Bible calls "good"?

It is not only that we should *do* them, but that we should be *zealous* of them, that is, watchful and earnest to do them. Let us then be on the watch for opportunities of doing good, because we know it is God's will for us. Then men will see our good works and glorify our Father Who is in heaven.

W. H. S.



**"I will instruct thee."**



A LITTLE boy was playing chess with his uncle, who was far cleverer and more skilful than he. His father sat at a little distance watching, and was rather amused to find that before each move, his child jumped off his seat and ran to him, saying, "What shall I do now?" It was hardly the fair way of playing, but it is a good lesson in living.

Oh, that God's children would at each move, at each step, pray, "Lord, what shall I do now?" for the promise is, "*The meek will He guide in judgment,*" that is to say, He will show them what to do.

# A Life's Prayer.



TRUSTING Thee our Lord and Saviour,  
 Thou wilt guard us all our ways :  
 Mould our lives—make our behaviour  
 Full of all Thy love and praise,—  
 Praise for light so brightly shining  
 On our steps from heaven above,  
 Praise for mercies daily twining  
 Round us golden cords of love.

Jesus, for Thy love most tender,  
 On the cross for sinners shown,  
 We would praise Thee, and surrender  
 All our hearts to be Thine own.  
 With so blest a Friend provided,  
 We upon our way would go,  
 Sure of being safely guided,  
 Guarded well from every foe.

Every day will be the brighter,  
 When Thy gracious face we see ;  
 Every burden will be lighter,  
 When we know it comes from Thee.  
 Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us ;  
 Give us strength to serve and wait,  
 Till the glory breaks before us,  
 Through the city's open gate.

J. D. B.

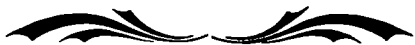


## Look at the Gauge.



**I**N an engine-room it is impossible to look into the great boiler and see how much water it contains. But running up beside it is a tiny glass tube which serves as a gauge. As the water stands in the little tube, so it stands in the huge boiler. If the tube is half full, so the boiler is half full. When the tube is empty, so is the boiler.

Do you want people to know that you love God? Your love for others is the evidence of your love for God. They read what is registered in the tiny tube. Love is the gauge.



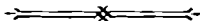
**"It is time to seek  
the Lord. They that  
seek me early shall find  
Me." (HOS.....; PROV.....)**





# As to Guidance.

(For Young Believers.)



THERE may be many things in regard to which you have difficulty in knowing exactly what you ought to do. "Ought I to go to parties now that I am a Christian?" perhaps some timid little Christian says.

Now in these, as in all other things, it is quite possible for young Christians to get into a bondage in which God never intended His children to be. He has called us into liberty. His grace has not hedged us round with rules: "Thou shalt not do this," or "Thou shalt not do that," but it has given us a new nature which leads our desires out towards Him, and makes us *want* to do the things that please Him; and He has promised that "If any man will do His will *he shall know*" (Jno. vii. 17).

In many cases the young Christian need never be in doubt as to whether a thing is right for them or not. If the Christian be a child under control, where there is no actual sin involved, the will of mother or father must be taken as God's will for the Christian child. The Word of God is plain: "Children, obey your parents." As God has placed your parents over you, He expects a full obedience to all their wishes, unless, of course, to obey means actual sin. Even where your parents' wishes are not the same as your own, or where you do not like doing the thing your parents wish, still God expects a glad obedience, and will take it as given to Himself, He has said: "If ye love me ye *will*."

But when in doubt, and your parents express no particular wish one way or the other, or if you are

not under parental control, and you are free to act as you please, let there be earnest waiting upon God for His guidance—and remember that He has three principal ways in which He makes known His will to His people.

1.—*The Bible*, which is a written revelation of God's will. Let that be diligently searched, with earnest prayer, in all times of doubt.

2.—*His Spirit*, whom He has promised shall guide us into all truth. God's Spirit acts usually through God's Word, but sometimes you may feel convinced that a certain course is God's will for you, though you may not be able to tell exactly how you know it. At such times be quite sure there is nothing in God's Word to the contrary, and be much in prayer, that you may make no mistake. He has said: "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me."

3.—*Our daily circumstances*. Sometimes, when you are in doubt, God will so order things over which you have no control, as to make things quite clear. An illness, or the weather, may make it impossible for you to do what you had planned. Instead of murmuring at these things because they upset our own arrangements, let them be gladly accepted as God's will for us, and as one of His ways of leading and guiding us in the path that His love sees to be best for us.

One word more. In all things be quite sure that you are "ready to obey." Oftentimes we ask for guidance, having already made up our minds as to which way we are going to take. Let there be the "willing spirit," and the readiness to follow wherever God leads, and you will find that the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.



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## \* The Secret Giver. \*

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I WAS recently having tea with two little people, aged six and seven respectively. They were discussing Santa Claus, and the elder, who was a little girl, said she believed it was mother who put the things in the stockings in the night, and that there wasn't really any Santa Claus at all.

I could see that the little boy had never thought of that, and was quite surprised when the little girl laughed at her own little brother because he had called up the chimney at home to tell Santa Claus that he wanted a wheel-barrow for Christmas.

Now I am not going to say anything about the supposed Santa Claus, who brings the Christmas presents so silently in the night before Christmas-day, but just a word about the real Santa Claus.

He lived, many years ago, in a foreign country. He was not called Santa there (although he was one of God's saints, *i.e.*, a

sinner saved through the precious blood of Jesus), but was afterwards called Santa (or Saint) by men who admired his good works.

He used to find out secretly who among his neighbours were poor and in need; if any little children needed clothes, or old people, bread; and when he had found out, he would make up a bundle, sometimes of goods and sometimes a purse with silver in it, and at dead of night, when no one was about, and people were fast asleep in bed, he would steal off to the poor home, and, if the window were open, throw in his gift and make off; or, if the window were closed, he would send the gift down the wide chimney, so that in the morning they found it lying in the room.

At first no one knew who had sent the gifts, until at length he was discovered in his midnight walks, and when anyone received a gift in the night, they said that Santa Claus had been. And so, "he being dead, is yet spoken of," for he had learned a lesson from God Who "seeth in secret," and loves to bless and give in secret (Matt. vi. 4).

Have you not often wondered why, when you have asked God for things, no angel has come to bring them? And when you have asked God to enable you to please Him (as most children do), you have often seen no difference, no great sign, no great change has come. Why is it?

Because God loves to deal with you in secret.

Those who believe God, and look simply to the Lord Jesus, receive their request. It is always given—but how? As silently as the snow fell the other day, as secretly as the light stole into your window this morning. Yet how beautiful the snow looked, and how sweet the light was to the eyes after the darkness.

All God's gifts are given as secretly as old Santa Claus gave his. They may, they often are, made public after they are received. But the soul must deal personally and secretly with Christ. Do you want forgiveness, peace of conscience, power over your sins, more love, zeal, faith. You can get them all secretly from Jesus if you will go to Him in secret. "The secret of the Lord, which is with those that fear Him."

I wonder what secret gift you will have at Christmas time?

Will you not think of the Great Secret Giver of every good, Who gave Jesus for you, that with Him He might be able to give you every blessing?

**"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift."**



## God's "Thank You."



**L**ITTLE Jack was only four years old, and a great pet of mine.

One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the garden. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face was very hot. When, at length, he returned to the house, I said to him: "Jackie, what have you been doing?"

The tears came into his eyes, as he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Frank; I worked dreffly hard for him, but he never said 'Thank you' to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt so sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night when I put him in his little cot, he said to me, "Aunty, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but I told Jesus all about it, and now I am not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Frank thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside of me I have such a *nice, good feeling*. It always comes when I've been kind to anyone; and do you know, Auntie, I've found out what it is?"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

Throwing his arms around my neck, he whispered: "It's God's 'Thank you.'"

# A Little Prayer.



**G**OD make my life a little light  
 Within the world to glow,  
 A little flame that burneth bright  
 Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower  
 That giveth joy to all.  
 Content to bloom in native bower  
 Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song  
 That comforteth the sad,  
 That helpeth others to be strong,  
 And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff  
 Whereon the weak may rest,  
 That so what health and strength I have  
 May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn  
 Of tenderness and praise.  
 Of faith, that never waxeth dim,  
 In all His wondrous ways.



# Bobby's Trust.



**M**OTHER, there's to be a meeting to-morrow night for boys and girls, and Johnnie Black has been giving away tickets at the school to-day, inviting everybody to come. Will you let me go? Johnnie Black says it will be out in good time for us to do our lessons after we get home, and I would like to go." Bobby was greatly excited, and in dead earnest about going to the meeting; and when his mother gave her consent for him to go, his joy knew no bounds. The thing was new, no doubt, thereabout. There was only the one sermon on Sunday, and it was a pretty dry affair for lads like Bobby, who believed in something stirring. But there was another reason for Bobby being so anxious to get to the meeting. Johnnie Black, his school companion, was a converted boy, and had several times spoken to Bobby about being ready to die, and prepared for Eternity, and these things had troubled Bobby not a little. In fact, he was in real soul trouble, dreading to meet God, and afraid to think of death. But there was nobody to point him to Jesus, except Johnnie Black, and he was not able to "clear it up" to him very well.

The meeting night came, Bobby was there, so was Johnnie Black, and a whole lot more



of the boys. Bobby listened as for life, but he could not make out what "*believing*" was. He *tried* to "believe," but he never was sure whether he had "believed right" or not. At last the speaker said, "Can any of you lads swim?"

"Yes," answered a number of voices, Bobby's among the rest.

"How did you learn? Was it by keeping one foot on the bottom?"

No: but by casting yourselves entirely upon the water, and trusting yourselves to it. And it's just in that way you must be saved. Not trying to trust Jesus, and keeping a hold of yourselves, or your own good works, but by casting yourselves wholly, solely, on Him, and on Him alone. Then Jesus will save you, and you will know it too, and thank Him for it."

Bobby saw the way in a moment. Just the same as when he was learning to swim in the river. He must commit himself to Jesus. He did, and he was saved.

What a happy journey home it was, and how he ran into his mother's cottage and told her he had "trusted Jesus, just like swimming, and was saved."

Dear reader, have *you* trusted Him, "just like swimming?" or do you keep one foot still on the sand.

J. R.

# Billy's Answer.

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**I**N our school-days, it was the custom once a year for the "inspector" to come round and examine the various classes. It was always a busy time before the "inspector" came, drilling us up in our lessons, that he might be able to report well of our school.

In those days, the Bible lesson was a matter of considerable importance, and we had to answer a great many questions from the Bible on whatever subjects the inspector thought fit to ask them. It was always an anxious time for the master, especially while the younger ones were being examined. I remember one inspection day, we were being questioned on the "Life of Paul."

"Who was Paul?" asked the inspector.

"The chief of sinners," said a little fellow.

This answer seemed to take the inspector by surprise, but he said nothing. In a few minutes he returned to the top of the class, where Billy, the boy who had given that answer stood.

The next question was—"Paul tells us he was a Pharisee: Who were the Pharisees?"

"People who had a religion without Christ," was Billy's answer.

The inspector looked at the master, shook his head, and Billy was asked no more

questions. I believe the lad knew more about it than either the inspector or the master, for time has proved Billy to be a *true* Christian, and he was saved in his very early days. His answers were right, although he got no prize that day for them.

People read and admire the lives of Paul and the other Apostles, and generally miss the principal part of them, that is, their conversion to God. This is the first step in true Christian life, apart from which none can truly serve the Lord on earth, or go to dwell with Him in heaven.

Billy, working diligently with his hands by day, now delights to preach Christ at night to those around him. How grand to be saved in early days! Dear reader, are you?

J. R.

## Bible Questions.

**WHAT** does the prophet Jeremiah say of the human heart?

What did the Lord Jesus say of the evil of the heart when He was on earth?

Why does the Lord search the heart?

To whom was it said that his heart was not right in the sight of God?

Who prayed "Create in me a clean heart, Oh God"?

What is said of the man who trusts in his own heart?

Where is it written,—“Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also”?

## The Family Likeness.



**Y**OU remember that when Gideon asked the two kings of Midian, "What manner of men were they whom ye slew at Tabor?" They answered, "As thou art, so were they; *each one resembled the children of a king*" (Judges viii. 18). Then at once Gideon understood that they had slain his brethren. They bore the family likeness. They had royal dignity and manners about them. Their enemies saw and owned their kingly gait. There was no mistaking of it.

And so it should be with the children of God down here on earth. But is it so, dear young believers? Yes, so far as the purpose of God is concerned, it is. He hath predestinated us "to be conformed in the image of His Son" (Rom. viii. 29), and in the day of Christ, that bright coming morn of resurrection, "we shall bear the image of the heavenly" (1 Cor. xv. 49); "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2). There will be no mistake about the family likeness then: all heaven will see it; own it; and admire it" (2 Thess. i. 10).

But what about the family likeness now? Do we *now* "resemble the children of a king?" Do our friends and foes alike identify us as the brethren of Christ, the sons and daughters of heaven's great King? In the workshop,

at the desk, in the schoolroom, on the street, do our lives, our ways, our words, our deeds, bear the heavenly character.

This is the point: Whom do I resemble? Do I make those around me think of God, and Christ, and heaven, when they see me? This is how God desires it to be. He says, "Ye are my witnesses," left in the world to represent an unseen God, and an absent Christ. Set like the street lamps, in dark and dingy corners, to shine for Jesus, and to shew forth His praises. What a privilege! What a responsibility! Just think of the honour. That will help you. Next, we will see *how* the likeness is developed—how we become Christlike, and what often hinders it from being manifest now, that we belong to Christ.

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## A CHILD'S LOGIC.

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"**D**O you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted baby from his crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mamma."

# “Clean Hands.”



ONCE there was a boy whose mother noticed that he was constantly washing his hands.

As this had not been at all his custom up to that time, she asked him why it was.

“Why,” he said, “I want to be very strong; and I read in my Bible ‘*He that hath clean hands shall grow stronger and stronger.*’

Of course it is a good thing to keep the hands well washed, and I was very pleased to find one boy who came to Christ at our children’s meeting, and who had been very dirty before, start the habit of keeping his hands and face and clothes clean. Indeed, when I saw him some time afterwards I scarcely recognised in the tidy clean boy, the rough dirty little fellow I had pointed to Jesus.

But “clean hands” means much more than that. I think it includes it, for God wishes His people to be clean in everything. But it has a deeper meaning. It means our habits or ways. The way we use our hands.

But to keep our hands clean when defiled, we must use “pure water” (Heb. x.) If you look at Ephesians v. 26, you will read of “the washing of water by the word.” The Word of God is the pure water. It is the only pure water. Other good books help, but the Bible is the “laver” of the soul.

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