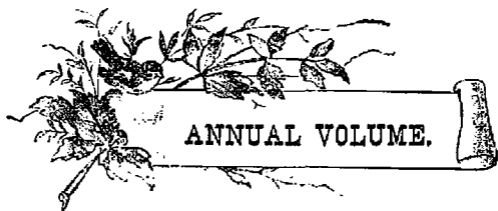




The
Children's
Message.



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Brave Little Nellie

FAR away from here, in a beautiful country, there are some very high mountains. They are so high that the tops of them are often hidden from sight in the clouds, and covered with snow, even when it is quite warm down below.

On the sides of these mountains there are many precipices, that is to say, steep, rugged rocks.

There was no bridge for the people to cross by between these mountains until one day a great piece of rock broke off the mountain above, and, after crashing down, lodged between two precipices. *Now* the people could cross over; and for some time after this happened they used to pass from one precipice to the other.

On the side of the mountain stood a little cottage, and in it there lived with her father a little girl.

One day when she was running about, gathering flowers, perhaps, or climbing the sides of the mountain, she heard the neighbours say that the bridge of rock I told you about had been shaken by a tremendous storm of the night before, and was no longer safe.

Little Nellie ran home quickly, and when her father returned from work, said to him, "Don't go by the rock again, father; the people say it is very shaky, and will fall if anyone treads upon it."

"Stuff and nonsense," said he, "it is safe enough, I must go that way this very night, Nellie; I don't listen to what people say." Then he seemed to forget all about what she had said.

His little girl was silent. But later on in the day, she said, "Father, I wish you would let me go with you to-night, where you are going. Please do."

Now her father was very fond of Nellie, and liked to have her with him, so he said, "Yes, you can come if you like, though it will be rather late for such a little girl to be out."

So she trotted along by his side, and at last said timidly, "Father, if you were to die to-night, where would you go?"

"I am sure I don't know," he said, feeling rather surprised at her asking him such a question.

"Well, but father, if you died to-night would you go to heaven?"

"Yes, I suppose I should," he said, wishing to quiet her.

"Because I know I should go there if I died," she said. "God's Bible tells me so. Jesus died for me, and put away my sins, and I should go and live with Him in heaven."

The man took little notice and seemed lost in his own thoughts.

They walked on a little way, and soon the rocky bridge came in sight.

Scarcely noticed by her father, little Nellie ran on before, till she came to the great rock. She thought, "It might bear my weight if it does not bear Father's, so I will try it, to see if it shakes." There it still hung, looking very dangerous; but her little heart was filled with a brave, fond love, and she set first one foot and then another upon it. It shook, it swayed, and then went down with a great crash, down into the deep gulf beneath. Nellie's body went too, but in one moment her spirit was safe with the dear Lord Jesus whom she loved. She trusted in Him, and knew that He who died on the cross for her would take her directly to be with Himself for ever.

Happy, brave little Nellie! When she heard her father say that he would go over the rock that night,

she was afraid that it might give way, and she feared that if he were killed, his soul would be lost; that he would go down to hell for ever, for he did not love and trust the Saviour. So Nellie tried the great rock to see if it were safe. She willingly died instead of her father; she gave her life for his.

I expect as she walked along she prayed that God would touch his heart and bring him to Jesus, and I am sure her prayer was answered. How sorry must her father have been that he had not taken more care of her.

What would you think of him if he just looked down and saw her little dead body at the bottom of the precipice, and yet walked home and forgot all about it? You would think him an ungrateful, hard-hearted, wicked man, and yet some little children I know are worse than that.

There is One who came down from a bright, beautiful home to this dark, sinful world; One who loved little children and took them in His arms and blessed them, and at last He took the place and punishment they deserved, and suffered a much more painful death than little Nellie did, and bore sin in His own body on the tree, put it all away, rose from the dead, and went back to His Father in heaven; and now from the bright glory He looks down, and invites all the children to come to Him. He tells them in His Word that His precious blood can wash them from all their sins, and that though they have naughty hearts, and do not deserve to go to heaven, He will pardon them, and take them there if they believe what He says, that He has finished the work for them; that it was all done—done long ago. And yet many have heard the beautiful story of Jesus' love, and have never once really thanked Him from the bottom of their hearts.

He is spoken of in the Bible as a Rock. The

rock I have told you about was unsafe, but Jesus, the Rock of Ages, cannot be moved. If your little feet are safely planted on this Rock, all the storms of life cannot move you.

I expect Nellie's father cried when he saw her little body, and thought of her great love for him. He can never see her here again, but one day he will meet her up above, where there is no parting, and no sin, if he is washed from his sins in the blood of Jesus.

Nellie died for some one who loved her. Jesus died for us when we did not love Him. He died for His enemies. Can you turn away from Him any longer, when He so lovingly invites you?



The New Year.

SAID a child to the youthful Year:
 "What hast thou in store for me,
 O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer—
 What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
 Their treasures: the winter's snows,
 The autumn's store and the flowers of spring,
 And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,
 Dear child—but the last and best
 Thou must get from Christ by a faith divine,
 If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?
 'Tis a conscience clear and bright,
 Of a soul forgiven whom God can lift
 To His Home of Love and Light.

C. H.

THOUGHTS FOR THOUGHTFUL BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE CORD that never binds is discord. The cord that does bind is concord.

A CHRISTIAN should sit and not stand on his dignity.

“ WISE MEN ” came to Jesus when He was born ; they are still doing so.

THE MOST difficult word, often, to pronounce is NO.

A FLASH of temper never makes us shine for God.

DIFFER in opinion, but never differ about opinions.

THE BOY who is ruled by the Spirit will rule his own spirit.

IT is a bad time with the Christian when he has a good time with the world.

BACKBITING is impossible if we stand shoulder to shoulder for Christ.

WE MUST “ be strong *in* the Lord ” if we would be strong *for* the Lord.

THE SNAIL sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe.

SCHOLARS are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing saving their own ignorance.

THE STING of every reproachful speech is the truth of it ; and to be conscious is that which gives keenness to the invective.

FAITHFULNESS in little things is not a little thing.

REVENGE.—A boy hurts himself by injuring me. Shall I injure myself by injuring him ?

THE LOWER the foundation of humility is laid, the higher shall the roof of honour be.

HUMILITY.—He who has other graces without humility is like one who carries a box of precious powder without a cover on a windy day.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE is to know how little can be known.

The Prodigal Son.

DEPARTURE
DISSIPATION
DESTITUTION
DEGRADATION
DECISION

THE story of a prodigal boy, who got tired of his home, and wanted to be his own master. We will write down first a big "D," which will serve as the initial for all the five stages of the prodigal's history.

First—there was his *Departure*.

He turned his back on his father and his father's house, and went off along his own way. This is just like the sinner. He takes his own way (Isa. liii. 6), and although it looks bright, its end is death (Prov. xiv. 12).

Dissipation follows departure.

He has nobody to control or hold him in check now, so he goes the whole way in sin. Plenty of money, company, folly; but this has its end. And what an end it is!

Destitution. "He began to be in want."

So must every sinner one day, either now or in Eternity. Can he be worse? O, yes. He tries to "better" himself, by becoming a slave to a farmer of the country where he had gone. And he sent him to feed his swine.

Degradation of the worst kind to a young Jew!

Yet he has to bear it, and not even then could he get food to eat. O, how hard sin and Satan are as masters! You never see a child of God or

servant of Christ left to perish like that! It was then, when at his worst, he remembered his father and home, and said—"I will arise and go."

This was *Decision*.

And there must be such decision with you, though you have not gone so far in sin as this prodigal. You need to be brought to God, to be saved. And the moment you see your *need*, and *decide* to come as a sinner to Christ, who "receives sinners" (Luke xv. 2), you will be saved, and be able to sing—

"Though clad in rags, by sin defiled : the Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled, O Lamb of God, in Thee."

J. R.



JESUS.



JESUS is Author (that is, Beginner), and Jesus is Finisher. As the hymn says, "All the way 'long it is Jesus."

Has the *past*—the salvation day, the beginning of new life—been so beautiful, so blessed, that you want to keep it from passing into the past?

Think like this—If the beginning is so sweet, what will the *continuing* and the *end* be? "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The Saviour who saves will keep. The One who said, "Come to Me," says "Learn of Me."

The *coming* was precious; how sweet will be the *learning* at His feet, and the *walking* in the light of His countenance.

And the "*Finishing*," how glorious it will be. After a life of service for Jesus—going about doing good as He did—and seeking His glory, to go in to see Him.

S. S.

The Shield of Faith.

(Eph. vi. Read it.)



EVERY Christian is a soldier, whether it be a man, a woman, a boy, or a girl. Each has a powerful and cruel enemy, and so the Apostle bids each one to take up the whole armour of God.

We read that when the great giant, Goliath, stepped forward to meet David, "one, bearing a shield, went before him"; but David's small stone struck the giant in the forehead and brought him to the ground. If he had held the shield himself, he might have seen the stone coming, and raised the shield and saved his life; but the "one bearing the shield" did not help *him*.

Satan always tries to induce us to trust to another "going before" having the shield of faith; but each one for himself or herself must take it. That is, another person's faith can never save *you*, nor can you act upon another person's faith. Do not think that because someone you know has stood firm in temptation, therefore *you* are safe. *You* must take the shield of faith and hold it up.

Then you must see to it that you have the right shield. Years ago, when the Chinese were fighting against the English, they brought paper shields and held them up, but, of course, they were no protection. The bullets of the soldiers went easily through the paper shields, and found the men behind them.

It will be of no use holding up a shield of feelings or fancies, instead of the Shield of Faith.

It will not be even enough to say, "I know it is true, because my friend, or my teacher, or the preacher has said it"; but when we can say, "*God*

has said it," and we trust *Him*, nothing will ever pierce that shield.

In olden days the people would sometimes fix a piece of tow upon the point of the arrow, then dip it in some spirit and set light to it, and then send it flaming through the air to set the enemy's tents on fire, and burn up his goods. So Satan sends his fiery darts to poison our hearts, or burn up all our joy, peace, and comfort. But the shield of faith will not only save us from them, but quench them, too.

The first fiery dart that Satan threw in this world was well aimed; it hit a woman in the head. You know who that was—it was the first woman. Satan said, "Hath God said?"

Since that day, Satan has aimed many a fiery dart at people's heads. He says to a boy,—

"Is the Bible true? Can you understand how this verse is true?"

"No," says the boy.

"Then," says Satan, "it is *not* true."

What should the boy do then? Lift up the shield of faith, and say "It *is* true, because God says it."

Then Satan casts *this* fiery dart at the *heart*, "God does not love you, or He would give you lots of things you have not got." Quench this fiery dart with the shield of faith, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Then Satan will sometimes aim his fiery darts at your *knees*, and say, "God does not hear your prayers;" but then place the shield before you with, "Jesus has said, 'Ask and *ye* shall receive.'"

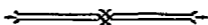
Again, he aims a dart at your *feet*, and says, "You are sure to fall soon, and will perish at last."

Now let the shield of faith cover your feet and say, "God's Word declares *He* is able to keep you from falling," and, "My sheep hear My voice . . . and they shall *never* perish."

J. E. C.

To _____

Our Little Readers.



IF you are converted,—that is to say, if you are turned from sin and Satan and the world to God, we want you to help us all you can—

(1). In circulating our little Monthly, and thus making it known.

(2). In giving us all the good advice and counsel you hear and have.

(3). In praying, night and morning (don't forget), that God will greatly bless our work.

We hope to continue to make the Magazine as interesting and as anecdotal ("story-telling") as consistent (agreeing) with the truth of the Gospel; but sometimes, in our pages, you may meet with "hard reading." Well, never mind. Read away. A feast wholly composed of tarts and sweets is scarcely healthy, is it?

Some children, in their reading, remind us of the little boy who was so fond of plum cake that he asked his mother to make him one *all of plums*.

That wouldn't do, would it? A good meal is mostly made up of plain, solid food, seasoned with a little salt, and sometimes tinctured with some pepper or mustard, or even with a few drops of vinegar. You know what we mean?

Well, we hope to be as juicy, spicy, tasty, and as illustrative as practicable (useful). In the Gospels we find Jesus continually illustrating—"Whereunto shall I liken this generation?" In the Acts, however, we have less of this kind of instruction, and in the Epistles less still. In trying to help young souls, we believe that it is best to begin with the elementary (simple) methods of teaching adopted by the Lord in the twilight of Christianity.

To insist that "our old man is crucified with Christ" (), and so forth, is right enough for grown-up believers, but children need "nurture and admonition" () to start with. In our families we tell the little ones to do and not to do many things, without explaining our reasons, which, however, they understand in after life.

Hence we give Christian children the general precepts (rules of action) of Scripture bearing upon every-day life, but do not go much into the hidden doctrine, though we seek, like the Master, to unfold the doctrine "as they are able to bear it" ().

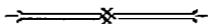
For instance, we say to them, "If you feel your own weakness and ignorance and look to Jesus prayerfully for strength and wisdom, you will be kept from grieving Him."

It has been wisely noticed that we do not have wood-cuts, &c. (engravings or pictures), in the classics, but rather in the primers and spelling-books. Well, we want to help you little ones thus in Divine things, though we have no room in our columns for any other than word pictures.

We hope to continue the "Parables, &c.," each month, but in the future we shall take them *only from the Bible!* "Zacchæus," in our last issue was from the pen of an old German named Krummacher, and may, or may not have been true. Its moral is very beautiful. I don't think Zacchæus ever forgot the tree from which he first saw the Saviour; do you? I am quite sure we shall never forget "the Tree" () whereon Jesus died, and which brought us to Him, and Him to us.

If you have not yet seen that Tree, dear child, see it now. By faith, look to Jesus on the Cross, and look to Jesus on the throne, and begin "a happy new year," with Him as your Heavenly Lord and Friend and Guide. Good-bye. S. J. B. O.

Our Monthly Class.



Questions:—See spaces within brackets ().

Memory Text:—Rom. i. 16.

Writing Exercise:—Seven "One accords" in the Acts.

For the very little ones. FIND AND FILL:—"T . . . s . . n . h .
L . r . w . . h . l l t . i . e h . a . t ."

Parables, Allegories, &c.—No. 6.

12 Copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent to the boy or girl who gives the best explanation of

The Parable of the Good Samaritan.

(Luke x. 30-37.)

SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS, ENIGMAS, PUZZLES, &c.

(12 copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent for the correct and the best written answers to the following puzzles.)

No. LXI.

Bible Enigma.

Alone wast thou : the wilderness
All barren round thee spread ;
And yet in weakness and distress
To thee a great one fled.

Scanty the help that fugitive
Could hope from such as thee !
But whatso'er thou hadst to give
Thou gavest cheerfully.

No. LXII.

Bible Word Riddle.

My first you will find in the fold ;
My second—a consonant hold ;
My third is two letters—T. A. ;
My fourth now you surely can say ;
My whole you can read every day.

No. LXIII.

Square Words.

A heathen god. The father of a treasurer. Our first parent.
Offered in sacrifice.

No. LXIV.

Diamond Puzzle.

A Consonant. Not dry. A bad man. A bad woman. Babel.
A girl's name. A consonant.

No. LXV.

Missing Links (Bible Text).

"For _____ Lord _____ I _____ I _____
both _____ my _____ and _____ them _____."

No. LXVI.

Transposition.

A A I A N M B D.

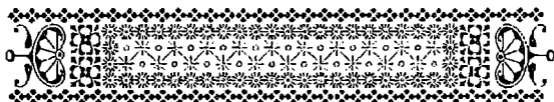
Answers:—No. LXVI.—Two fishes. No. LXVII.—Nabal. No. LXVIII.—Lost. No. LXIX.—Amaziah. No. LX.—Prov. xxv. 21.



CORRESPONDENCE.

The monthly rewards have been sent to *Edith Stewart*, of Adelaide, and *Ruth Crosby*, of St. Kilda, and *Frances Weatherhall*, of Ararat. Nicely written and correct replies have been received from:—D. and E. Denny, Amy Stead. Florence and David Dickenson, Jack Buckland, Sam Heslop, M. and A. Fotheringham, John Ollson, Hulda Johanson, Hyalar Johanson, N. Sudler, May, Jas., Beatrice, and Roy Flett, Vera Neeson, Ivy Beck. May Flett wants to know the meaning of the six cities of refuge. Answer next month.

Further answers will be given (n.v.) next month.



Four Little Things.

(PROVERBS xxx. 24-28.*)



THE ANTS.

NO't strong, O Lord, are we ;
Yet hast Thou given us grace,
Before the winter storms shall come,
In heaven, our everlasting home,
Our treasure safe to place.

THE CONIES.

A feeble folk are we,
A weakly little flock ;
Yet have we, Lord, no cause to fear,
For our defence and shelter near
Art Thou, th' Eternal Rock.

THE LOCUSTS.

No earthly king have we,
To move beneath his sway ;
Yet onward steadily we go,
Passing through scenes of night below
To realms of cloudless day.

THE LIZARD.

Despised of men are we ;
Yet with faith's hand we cling
To Thee, the Lord our Righteousness,
Whose blood has given us such a place—
The palace of the King !

EVERY LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

We praise the sovereign grace
Which did the plan devise,
Whereby the little ones and weak,
The poor in spirit and the meek,
Should be " EXCEEDING WISE."

(*The word "spider" should be "lizard.")



Lost and Found.



A LITTLE lost girl was once picked up on the streets, and taken to a Foundling's Home.

For want of a name, she was called "*Mary Lost.*"

When she grew up to years of understanding, she was converted by believing on Jesus as her Saviour. She then had her name changed to "*Mary Found.*"

As she said she was no longer lost, but saved by Jesus, she thought "*Mary Found*" was a more fitting name, you see.

Have you, dear child, been found by Jesus? Without Christ you are *lost*, remember. But Jesus said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." C. K.





“All Aboard.”

HERE in Colorado our days are bright, clear, and genial. It scarcely ever rains here, and but seldom snows, although we are five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Whilst we have many advantages in the way of climate, we sadly miss the dear familiar faces of home friends, and lack many spiritual blessings enjoyed by them.

This country is wild and unsettled. As I look out of my cottage window I can, on the right hand, see the rugged, snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, still the home of the wolf, bear, and elk; and, on the left, nothing but a desert, like a vast, smooth sea, as far as the eye can reach, which will not produce a tree without artificial watering, and was, until recent years, the track of the Red Indian, the buffalo, prairie dog, and rattlesnake.

In such a country we hear many strange stories. One touching incident I would like to narrate to you. A little boy, whose parents died a long way out in the country, thought if he could get to town he would be likely to meet with someone who would give him work, and assist him in gaining a living.

How to get there was the difficulty. He wished to reach Chicago, but that city was many hundreds of miles away—further than Edinburgh is from London. Even if his little legs would carry him, he dared not attempt to walk, as wild beasts might devour him.

The roads are not so well marked as in England, and there were no sign posts to guide him. Certainly the train would carry him, but then he had no money to pay for a ticket. Notwithstanding all the difficulties in the way, he set out for the nearest railway depôt.

The train was long in arriving; when it did come he jumped on to the cars and took his seat. After travelling some distance, the guard—or, as he is called in America, the conductor—came round and asked for the boy's ticket.

"Please sir," he replied, "I am a poor farm boy, and have neither ticket nor money to buy one."

"Then you must get off the cars at the next depôt," said the guard.

When the train stopped, the boy got off, but stepped on again as the engine started.

Astonished on his next round to find the boy still in his seat, the guard said, angrily, "Didn't I tell you to leave the cars when they stopped?"

"Yes, sir, and so I did, but, as you did not tell me to stay off, I got on again," piteously answered our little friend.

As a matter of duty, the official felt obliged to insist that next time he must understand that, not only was he to get off, but to remain off until he could purchase a ticket.

At the next stoppage the boy left the cars, and stepped on to the platform with a sad heart, and watched the busy scene around him. A moment before the train started, the conductor, as usual, stretched out his arm and shouted, "All aboard." At this the lad's face brightened up, and as quick as lightning he jumped into the train, taking his accustomed seat.

Away the engine started. Meeting him the third

time, it is easy to understand that the ticket collector was more than ever amazed, and, addressing the boy in severe terms, said,—

“Now, didn't I tell you to get off, and keep off the cars?”

“Yes, sir, and so I did, but just as the train was moving you stretched out your hand towards me and shouted, ‘*All aboard*’; I thought “*all*” meant me, so I jumped on again.”

Overcome by the child's earnestness and evident desire to reach Chicago, struck also by his quick perception in taking advantage of every opportunity that offered to carry out the great desire of his heart, the guard could not refrain from smiling, and this time patted the boy's head, saying, “Well, I suppose we must carry you right through now to Chicago,” and allowed him to remain until they reached that city.

Now, dear children, whilst I do not think the orphan boy was right in riding on the train without a ticket, it was his taking advantage of and at once profiting by the guard using the little word “*all*” that struck me so much, and made me think how often God uses that word in His gracious invitations to sinners.

In the first place He tells us that “*all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God” ()—that means you and me.

Then, speaking of the way He has made provision for us, He says, “Christ died for *all*” ()—that is, for you and me.

The result of believing what God says, we learn in another Bible invitation, which says, “Come unto Me, *all* ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (), and the righteousness of God, by faith of Jesus Christ, is “unto

all and upon all them that believe" ().

You cannot doubt that God means *you*, since this wonderful salvation which Jesus worked out for us by His death on the cross is for *all* who believe. Now, the question is, do you believe, *first*, that you are a sinner; *second*, that without the forgiveness of sins you never can be saved; *third*, that Jesus is your own Saviour, that He died for you—yes, you—your own self? If you have not yet, seriously and in the heart, received the Lord Jesus, let me beg you to do so without a day's delay.

The poor orphan boy had much to discourage him—you have everything to encourage. Your soul's eternal welfare urges you to accept Jesus as your Saviour at once. God wants you to receive Him; your teachers press you to do so. The Scriptures say again, "All things are ready; come" (). The poor boy was told to go—you are invited to *come*. I will pray God to save all the dear boys and girls who may read my letter from the Rocky Mountains.

C. G. D.

FORT COLLINS,
COLO., U.S.A.



God's Arm.—"Teacher, who holds the sky up?" asked a little girl of her governess. "God holds it up, Georgina," was the answer. Georgie thought a moment, and then said, "Why, teacher, how His arm must ache!"

But Georgie was wrong. God's arm never tires, and can do even a greater thing than supporting the sky; God's arm can hold up a sinner who trusts in Him, though earth and hell try to crush him.

Little reader, is God's arm around you? (Deu.)

The Honey-Guide.



AMONG the birds of Central Africa the "honey-guide" seems almost designed as a type of the Christian Gospel worker. The "honey-guide" is an extraordinary bird. How is it that every member of its family has learned that all men, whether white or black, are fond of honey?

The instant the little fellow gets a glimpse of a man he hastens to greet him with the hearty invitation to "*Come*," as M. Cia translated it, to a bee's hive and take some honey. He flies on in the proper direction, perches on a tree, and looks back to see if you are following; then on to another and another, until he guides you to the spot.

If you do not accept his first invitation, he follows you with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bee's hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. Our men generally accepted the invitation, and the birds never deceived them, but always guided them to a hive of bees, though some had but little honey in store.

We will not go into any curious inquiries as to the motive and purpose of the "honey-guide." We would rather see in its singular proceeding a lesson for ourselves. To us has been given the knowledge of a treasure "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey from the honey-comb." And to us there is committed the function of the "honey-guide"—to lead the starving and weary to Jesus. If they do not accept our first invitation let us persevere with pressing importunities, until at last they taste of the Gospel, and their souls are filled as with marrow and fatness.

W. G. B.

“None Other Name;”

Or, The Blind Man on the Bridge.

(ACTS iv. 12.)



UPON the bridge a blind man reads
The Book which God hath given,
To tell us of the way of life
And guide our steps to heaven.

Along the rais'd lines see his hand
Is moving to and fro,
While on the busy London street
The passers come and go.

And thus he read:—“To men below
None other name is given
To save them from eternal woe
And bring them Home to heaven.”

“None other Name;”—“None other Name.”
His hand hath lost the text.

“None other Name;”—He cannot find
The words that follow next.

Some smiled to hear the poor blind man
So oft repeat the same,
As o'er the page his finger crept;—
“There is none other Name.”

But one there was who listening stood,
And heard in different frame;
These words went straightway to his soul;
“There is none other Name.”

By acts of worship he had tried
To ease his troubled mind,
For rest and comfort often sighed,
But no relief could find.

'Twas all in vain that he had sought
 To lead a better life ;
 By sin he had been overcome,
 And baffled in the strife.

Mistaken had been all his hopes,
 And false had been his aim,
 Because he had not known this truth :
 "There is none other Name."

"All works, all goodness," murmurs he,
 "All merit I disclaim ;
 Christ only can my Saviour be ;
 'There is none other Name.' "

"I trust alone in Him who died,
 And bore my sin and shame,
 Christ crucified—Christ glorified ;
 'There is none other Name.' "

"Oh may Thy love, within my soul,
 Burn with a deathless flame ;
 My Saviour, Thou hast made me whole,
 'There is none other Name.' "

"Thou Lamb of God, for evermore
 I'll praise with loud acclaim,
 The glory of the heavenly land ;
 'There is none other Name.' "

Peace steals into his troubled breast,
 By faith the blessing came ;
 And still there rings within his soul
 The music of that Name.

Oh, sinner, if you seek His face,
 Your theme shall be the same,
 And you shall know, when saved by grace,
 "There is none other Name."

“Yon lovely Man.”



MANY years ago a poor idiot boy was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways.

Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked, “What ghost or goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?”

“Neither the one nor the tither, laddie,” he replied. “I was just having a few words wi’ Him that neither yersel’ nor I can see, and yet wi’ Him that sees the baith of us!”

The poor boy was talking to God, while the careless wise ones laughingly said, “He is talking to himself.”

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the preacher, and making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said—

“Please, sir, let Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi’ the Lord Jesus.”

He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded, “Oh, preacher, if ye but kenned how I love Him, ye wud let me go where He’s to sit at table!”

This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and

moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near, and drove good horses.

As the service proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor boy, and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length, however, after partaking of the elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands and buried it almost between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another spoke to him, but he made no reply, until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said—

"Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile fro' his eye and a word fro' His tongue; and he's afeared to speak, lest he lose memory o't; for it's but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes *yon lovely Man*. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

The boys looked on in wonder, and one whispered to another, "Sure he's no longer daft! The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treacle" untasted; and after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the

poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man."

And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Ay, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more! Oh, ay! but this is a bonny loft, all goold. The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night!" And then his voice grew softer and softer, till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbouring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And beside all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before, since the parish paid his keeping. But to-night, when he came in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live; I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him.'"

"Noo, Molly, replied granny's guest, "doesna' that remind ye o' the words o' our Lord Himsel', when He tell'd them that bid Him eat, 'I ha' meat to eat that ye know not of'? Who'll dare to say that the blessed hand that fed the multitude when they were seated upon the grass, has na' been feeding the poor Yeddie as he sat at His table?"

"Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face of yon lad as he cam into the cot! It just shon, and at first, even afore he spoke a word, I thocht he was carrying a candle in his hand! I e'en hope he brocht the blessing hame wi' him to 'bide on the widow."

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her pillow

to perform his humble tasks herself. She brought peat from the stack, and water from the spring. She spread her humble table and made the "porritch;" and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply.

She called again and again, but there was no sound. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand on his head, but instantly recoiled. While she was sleeping, the crown of the ransomed, which faded not away, had been put upon his brow. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, and as he slept, he had gone to be with Him—to be with "*yon lovely Man.*"



"WE KNOW."

"We know that we have passed from death unto life"—().

WHEREVER there is uncertainty there is weakness and fear.

Suppose a man to be lost on a wide moor one dark night, and after wandering for hours he comes to a sign post. Eagerly he climbs it and strikes a light, only to read, "Perhaps if you go this way it will lead to A——." How disappointed he would be. "I want to know for certain," he would say. John wrote his Gospel "that we might believe," and his Epistle that believing "we might know."

S. S.

One who loved me and took my place.



PAPA said to me gravely and sadly, "Carrie, you must get off your chair, and go and stand outside the door for five minutes."

I got down, choked back the sob that rose in my throat, and without venturing to look into papa's face, I went outside the door, and it was shut against me.

The moments seemed very long and silent; but the five minutes were not nearly over, when the handle of the door was partly turned, and Johnnie's curly head peeped out.

Both his arms were round my neck in a minute, and he said, "Carrie, go in, I'll be naughty instead of you;" and before I had time to say a word he had pushed me in, and shut the door.

There I stood, with my eyes on the ground, and feeling so red and so uncomfortable, not knowing whether I might go up to the table; but papa took me by the hand, and led me to the table, and kissed me, and put me on my chair; and I knew I was forgiven just as much as if I had borne all the punishment; but oh! how I wished that Johnnie might come in.

When the five minutes were up he was called in, and then papa took us both,—me, the poor little naughty child, and Johnnie, the loving brother—and folded us both in his arms, and I sobbed it all out—the repentance, and love, and gratefulness—whilst we were held close to that loving heart.

And now that I look back to that little scene, it seems a very typical one, for the years went by, and I found myself outside another door, separated from God the Father, sin having come in between

my soul and Him, till I saw One who loved me come and take my place, and put me into His place of nearness, and I was forgiven for Christ's sake.

I knew, too, the Father drew me close to His divine heart of love, and there with the Lord Jesus, who has died for me, I am in perfect peace. C. A.



Our Monthly Class.

Questions:—See spaces within brackets ().

Memory Text:—John v. 24.

Writing Exercise:—"I am" five times in *PSA. cxix.*

For the very little ones. FIND AND FILL:—"C..i..t d..d f..
t..e u..g..d..y."

Parables, Allegories, &c.—No. 7.

12 Copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent to the boy or girl who gives the best explanation of

The Parable of the Lost Sheep.

(Luke xv.)

SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS, ENIGMAS, PUZZLES, &c.

(12 copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent for the correct and the best written answers to the following puzzles.)

No. LXVII.

Buried Proverb.

1. "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid" (*Prov. iii. 24.*) 2. "Only by pride cometh contention" (*Prov. xiii. 10.*) 3. "When the wicked cometh, then cometh also contempt" (*Prov. xviii. 3.*) 4. "Then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work" (*Eccles. viii. 17.*) 5. "All that cometh is vanity" (*Eccles. xi. 8.*) 6. "He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame" (*Prov. x. 5.*) M. A. B.

No. LXVIII.

Scripture Enigma.

Gen. xxii. 17 ; *Psal. xxxii. 7* ; *lxxiii. 24* ; *Matt. vii. 26, 27* ;
2 Pet. iii. 8, 9.

1. My first is a pronoun, by which I may call
Jehovah my Refuge, my Life, and my All ;
And thus in my psalms of thanksgiving I sing—
"Thou shalt guide with thy counsel, to glory shalt bring."

2. When Abraham was challenged his offspring to count,
My second was shown him to tell the amount;
And yet should a man build his hope on the same,
'Twill cost him his soul, and his folly proclaim.
3. My whole 'tis the years that God reckons one day,
Though men will regard it a needless delay;
But this shows His patience, withholding His rod,
To give men repentance, and bring them to God.
- W.L.

No. LXIX.

Scripture Acrostic.

A servant, and a friend of a famous prophet.

1. A district from which Solomon gave twenty cities to Hiram.
2. The mountain opposite Gerizim. 3. A friend of David, called the Archite. 4. A man who is said to have watered where Paul had planted. 5. The scene of Elijah's greatest miracle. 6. One of the places from which people came to hear Jesus when He preached from the ship.
- G.W.B.

No. LXX.

Double Acrostic.

Two of the Patriarchs.

1. Part of Palestine described as being a place for cattle.
2. Abigail's son. 3. The great Philistine idol.
- G.W.B.

No. LXXI.

Missing Links (Bible Text).

" — art thou O — before — thou — — —
a — — —."

No. LXXII.

Transposition.

A L L I I M H L S I .

No. LXXIII.

Cryptogram.

My 7 5 6 is an orange. My 2 3 6 is a part of my body. My 4 8 7 is likewise.

Answers:—No. LXI.—The Juniper Tree. No. LXII.—Lamentations. No. LXIII.—Baal, Abda, Adam, Lamb. No. LXIV.—Jezebel. No. LXV.—Try again. No. LXVI.—Aminadab.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Answered (D.V.) next month.



“That’s me, that’s my prayer.”

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH

A POOR Hottentot in South Africa lived with a God-fearing Dutchman, who kept up family prayer daily.

One day the latter read from Luke xviii.: “Two men went up into the temple to pray.”

The poor savage, whose heart had been touched with the finger of God, looked up with deepest interest as those words fell from the reader’s lips, and whispered, “*Now I’ll learn how to pray.*”

The Dutchman continued until he had reached the words, “God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men,” when again the Hottentot whispered—“*No, I’m not; I’m not as other men; BUT I’M WORSE.*”

Again the Dutchman read, “I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.” And again there was a whisper—

“*I don’t do that; I can’t pray like that.*”

The reading was continued until they came to “the publican, standing afar off.”

“*That’s where I am!*” cried the poor African.

“Would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven,” read the other.

“*No more can I,*” said the Hottentot.

“But smote upon his breast, saying God be merciful to me, a sinner.”

“*That’s me; that’s my prayer!*” cried the poor creature, aloud now, being too deeply moved to confine himself to whispers, and smiting on his dark breast, he prayed, “*God be merciful to me, a sinner,*” like the poor publican had done, and he at once became a saved and a happy man.

The word was “mixed with faith”—how truly, how simply! He *appreciated* it, and thus it was he *appropriated* it, and he was saved by the blood of Christ. Dear reader, *are you?* W.R.



“That I may win Christ.”



AT a Sunday-school gathering the other day, simple prizes were offered to the children for running races. Amongst the runners in one race was a little girl, who had a bun in one hand and a mug in the other.

“Child,” we cried, “you cannot run like that.”

But she did not wish to risk her present possessions for the prospect of a future prize, so she clung to her treasures, yet would not forego the hope of gaining the reward. She entered the race, with bun and mug: what her fate was it is needless to relate.

That little child in the race is too much like many a believer, to be altogether forgotten by us. How many resemble her! Hands full of the things of this life! and hence, though entered for the race, too encumbered to run, only creeping along to glory.



The Little Fisher Boy.

(A word for Sunday-school teachers and scholars.)

THERE were two or three reasons why I did not wish him placed in my Sunday-school class.

But here was the overtasked superintendent standing before me, asking, in an almost imploring tone, if I couldn't take "just one boy more," and I understood at once I was not the first teacher to whom he had made application that day in behalf of "the little Wilson boy."

Then, on seeing the child, my heart relented. His clothes were old and ill-fitting, and his mat of golden curls in their rich abundance hung over and almost into his lovely blue eyes. Another of Christ's poor little ones, I thought, and the child was admitted.

He behaved pretty well that Sunday, although once, when my back was turned, some sly piece of mischief caused a smile to circulate rather freely, I somehow felt, at my expense.

Sometimes the dimples in his cheeks would cease their play for a moment or two, while I told some little story with just enough wholesome excitement in it to catch his attention, and at such times the child was rarely beautiful. I used, at such times, to vaguely imagine how sweet he would be were he my boy, appavelled like other well-dressed boys, and trained and pruned in a Christian home—and then I was so sorry for him because he was motherless;

but, alas! the next moment the squeak of some child at his side would attest to the accuracy with which he could insert a pin-point or direct a sly pinch, right in the midst of my exciting little illustration, too!

One Sunday the lesson was about Christ's love for little children. I spoke of how parents loved their children, and how Sunday-school teachers loved their scholars—good scholars—yes, and the naughty ones too; and how Jesus loved them best of all; but here I was interrupted by the little Wilson boy, who asked wonderingly:

“Say, teacher, do you love us when we are naughty?”

I replied that I certainly did, and went on to tell how Christ, although grieved by the naughtiness of little children, loved them still, and wanted to forgive them and save them. I really thought I was impressing him for once, and I was just thinking what a nice lesson he was learning, when all at once I heard an ominous littlerattle, and the next moment he suddenly jerked a little tin box from his pocket, asking with a jubilant smile,—

“Teacher, want to see my fish-hooks?”

Oh dear, it *was* discouraging to see the whole seven of them all at once scrambling and pulling to see the contents-of the little tin box! Of course my stern protest caused its speedy disappearance; and after the school was ended I talked long and kindly with the child who so strongly tried, yet attracted me. I remember perfectly that during my talk he interrupted me to know if I didn't love mackerel, and I admitted certainly that I did, and knew boys must like the sport of catching them; but urged the little fellow to lay aside all such considerations, and try to be good, while in the Sunday-school class,

and he said brightly on parting:

"Good-bye, teacher; I'll be awful good next Sunday! Jesus will help me."

Next Sunday! Dear child!

On Wednesday the "auntie" sent for me to come as soon as I could to see her—that was all the boy said who brought the message; perhaps she thought I would not wish to go if I knew more. But on entering her lowly home I saw it all at a glance.

There, on the low bed, lay the little Wilson boy, all too quiet at last.

The mat of shining curls still shaded the snowy forehead, and clustered about the pulseless temples; the rare little circlets lay as ever about the babyish cheeks, and on one a dimple showed plainly; but the blue eyes were closed forever.

He was drowned.

By the side of the bed, carelessly thrown on a small table, was a string of fish—mackerel; and still clutched in one hand was a familiar object, the sight of which tears blinded my eyes completely—it was the little tin box.

Groups of boys stood round the room, and the "auntie"—I was glad now there was no mother to gaze on the scene—the not unkindly "auntie" hastened to explain with a quick gesture towards the fish:

"He catched them for you, ma'am; he said as how you liked them, and he was a-goin' to fetch them to you himself to-night."

It was just as well that at that moment I was totally unable to reply, for one of the boys standing by was eager to tell his story, so he began excitedly:

"Yes'm; and he wasn't quite dead either when we took him out, for he said in a funny, weak-like voice—you see he was almost gone—"Teacher said

that Christ loves and will forgive little boys, even naughty boys!' and then he smiled a little," the boy added.

So, after all, the child did hear what was said on that last Sunday, and it sank into his precious little heart; and little as I dreamed of such a result then, it comforted him, and the thought dimpled his cheek, at those last moments—poor dying little boy!

Well, it was years ago, but from that time to this I never have shown reluctance at receiving one more child into my class. And when my boys whisper and play in Sunday-school I never feel discouraged; but if on certain occasions the boys are specially trying, and I need something to increase my faith and patience, I've only to go to a locked drawer of my bureau, and look for an instant on a little tin box with five fish-hooks and a matted curl of yellow hair inside, and I see it all over again, as plainly as I saw on that Wednesday afternoon, the still sweet face of the little Wilson fisher boy.



The Water-Spider.



THERE is an interesting creature called the water-spider, from which, I believe, we can all learn a lesson. Although it breathes air, as its name implies, it lives in water, and thus exists in an element which would be death to it, unless it obtained supplies of air from above.

It is just so with the Christian. He lives in an atmosphere where his new life cannot be supported without a constant supply from above.

How does the spider manage to live, do you ask? Well, it builds a waterproof bell-shaped house under the water, the opening pointing downwards, then it rises to the top of the water and takes in a deep breath of air, thus obtaining a large bubble under its body, which it takes with it beneath the water, and releases under its bell-shaped house. The bubble rises, but cannot go any further than the top of the house, and, remaining there, forces some of the water out. This the spider continues to do until all the water is expelled, and its house is well furnished with air from above.

Now, if you wish to live a really bright and useful life for the Lord Jesus in this world, you must learn the water-spider's lesson, and daily draw your supplies from the Heavenly source whence your new life came. Oh! how bright the world would be if all the Christians daily furnished their houses with the atmosphere of Heaven. Why, all our unconverted friends, if they only saw such happiness, would want to know the secret of it, which we could tell them was the knowledge of the Lord Jesus. It is His presence which will make Heaven the happy place it will be, and it is the present enjoyment of His presence which gives the joy of Heaven here.

Daily draw a big bubble of the atmosphere of Heaven into your life, by rising the first thing in the day into His presence, speaking to Him about all your difficulties, joys, and sorrows; tell Him everything: ask His advice in all you do; keep nothing from Him; ask His blessing on your daily work; and whatsoever you do, do it heartily as to the Lord. So will you be able to live in this deadening world for Him, because you daily draw your supplies from above.

Barclay of Ury.

[Barclay of Ury was an old and distinguished soldier, who fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany, many years ago; but when he got converted, as a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace in Scotland.]

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth, and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging earlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answered not with bitter word,
Turned not he for chiding.

Came a troop with swords a'swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Kide him down!
Push him! prick him! 'Thro' the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd,
Cried a sudden voice and loud,
"Barclay! ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who, with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud, "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord,
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Though the foe may slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
And a look of pity:
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!"

"Speak the word, and master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon Lanecers,
Smiting thro' their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end,"
Quoth the Laird of Ury;
"Is the feeble servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear with patient frame
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?"

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friends falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with ours accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Happier, I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

"Through this dark and stormy night,
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
To the Tolbooth prison;
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen.

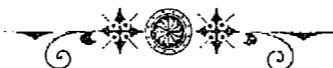
Not in vain, Confessor bold,
Unto us thy tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age, on him who strays,
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Faith's assurance sweet can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Plough of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed.
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, in faith, with many a tear,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with gospel grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



“How to show it.”



THERE was a lad once who returned from a children's service, and, running gladly up to his little sister, said:

“Oh, Annie: I've got a new heart.”

“Have you?” said his sister, “I wish you would show it to me.”

He hardly knew what to say then, for he did not understand how he could show it to her.

James tells us how:—“I will show you my faith by my works” ().

Only a Match.

A Chat with the Little Ones.



DO you see, children, what this is in my hand?
 "A little end of a burnt match."

Yes, so it is. Well, it has shown me what a great deal a tiny thing can do, and, as you are but little people, it may do you good if I tell you all that this match has done, and then you will not wonder if it should now look so worn out.

When I came into the Boys' Hall to light up for the evening meeting, I groped my way to the chimney-piece, where I knew there was a matchbox. I soon had my hand on it, but when I opened it I felt at once there was only *one* match in the box—and what if it refused to light? What if it could think and reason, and, as it were, say to itself: "It is quite ridiculous to expect a poor little thing like me to light up all this big room; I shall not attempt it, but will just go out at once as soon as I am struck, as so many of my companions have done."

You know that is the way some girls and boys who love the Lord Jesus reason, when, in some position where it is not easy to confess the Lord and to shine for Him, they find themselves without any Christian companion.

Happily my little match had a brave heart. No sooner was it struck than it burnt up well, and, in less time than it takes me to tell you, it had lit a long candle that stood alongside the matchbox, and having done this, it rested a bit, for I blew it out, so that it should not burn all away at once.

Now, thought I, here is a grand lesson for little Christian people. Let them get hold of someone

bigger and light them up for God, like Andrew, who found his brother Peter, and brought him to Jesus. Peter made a bigger light than Andrew ever did, but how lovingly he must ever have thought of the brother who brought him to the Light? And Jesus would not forget about it either, would He?

“And now the candle is going to do all the work!” you exclaim.

No, it is not. There is work for the little people all the way along. The Lord has His servants “both small and great,” and none of them can do the work of the other.

Why, if I had taken that candle to light the lamps I should have sent the wax all down into the works, and made such a mess. No, the match was badly wanted. Round the room we went together, and at every lamp the candle lit the match afresh, and the match quickly lit up the bright duplex lamp, and then rested awhile until the next lamp was reached, and so on, until the room was a blaze of light, and my dear, brave, little match was worn down to the poor, wee, blackened end you laughed at when I showed it you; while its long comrade did not look much the worse for wear, as it went back on the chimney-piece until it should be wanted again.

Now, you will none of you say that you cannot understand my lesson, for it is so easy! It is just this, “Two are better than one,” as it says in the Bible, and you dear lads and little maids, who belong to Christ, must look round and see who among your friends you can win over to Him; and then you will be able to work together, to bring in others again to shine out for Him in this dark world.

And, dear children, remember that if a little match does not do the right thing, it is very dangerous when it is doing the wrong. I want to

impress on you that each one of you has great power for good or for evil, so take care who gets hold of you, and for whom you spend yourself.

The other day, a match was used to light a cigarette by a careless young man in a large hall. Then the reckless fingers threw it down still burning, and it fell between the chinks of the boarded floor, ready to do any mischief that came in its way. And it found plenty of help, as little people always will when they are on a like errand. Some wee chips of wood and a little dust were quite enough to keep the fire smouldering, and, in the dead of the night, when the hall was empty, and all around slept, suddenly the whole place was in a blaze, and before the flames could be extinguished there was a terrible loss of valuable property. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Do be sure that all your influence, and all your powers are spent on the *right* side, on the *Lord's* side, and then your little life will not be in vain.

Jesus will use the boys and girls who come to Him, for His glory; He will bid them shine "first of all for Him," and only by-and-by, in Eternity, will it come out how much such little lights have done for Him in this world of sin and sorrow.

A.P.C.



THE SURE FOUNDATION.

JESUS CHRIST (1 Cor. iii. 2).

A DYING Christian was asked by a friend, "Is your faith strong?"

The reply came, "No, but *Jesus* is."

She was resting on *Him alone*.

Are you?

The Foolish Soul.

“There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.”—().

ONCE in Scotland, far away from the glens of the highlands, a company of sportsmen sat at lunch, when one of them spied, on the face of a great precipice opposite, a sheep on a narrow ledge of rock.

He pointed it out to the rest, and one of the attendants explained how that the sheep had been tempted by the show of green grass to jump down to some ledge a foot or two from the top of the cliff. Soon it would eat all the grass there, and, unable to get back, there was nothing for it but to scramble down to some lower ledge. There, in turn, it would finish what there might be, and have to jump to some ledge yet lower.

“Now it has got to the last,” said he, looking through the field-glass, and seeing that below there went the steep cliff, without a break, for two or three hundred feet.

“What will happen to it now?” asked the others, eagerly.

“Oh, now it will be lost. The eagles will see it, and will swoop down on it, and, maddened with hunger and fright, it will leap over the cliff and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.”

It is just the terrible picture of the foolish, youthful soul that goes astray. Step by step, and such an easy step at first, only a little way down. But such a long way back, and often no way back at all. So goes the foolish soul, and has reached the first ledge.

And now the day creeps on, the foolish soul says

scornfully: "What nonsense to mind what people say! Please yourself; do as you like. Don't let old notions tyrannise over you. Jump down here, it is delightful lower down, the pasture so fresh and delicious."

Far up the height stands *Wisdom*.

What voice is that?

"Oh, it is only the voice of Jesus: we can hear what He has to say to-morrow. Come along."

Now the day sinks into the cold grey eventide. Black clouds gather; a storm is coming. Suddenly comes the darkness. Far off the thunder mutters amongst the hills. Now through the gloom there plunges the lightning. The wild winds howl as if impatient for the prey, and the wild rain beats. Hark! what is that? Some wild cry rings from below, then it is hushed—hushed for ever, and the end has come, and now no help can avail.

The foolish soul is lost—lost forever.

Oh, young souls—Oh, children dear, heed the warning, entreating voice of the Saviour, and avoid the path of folly and sinful pleasure. Follow Jesus, who says, "I am the Way" ()—the Way to heaven and eternal bliss.

M. G. P.



The Schoolboy's Prayer.

LET your prayer be that of a Rugby boy, found in his desk after his death—"Oh, God, give me courage that I may fear none but Thee."

Christian Arithmetic.



NOTATION.—The epistles of Christ . . . written, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God ().

Numeration.—“So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom” ().

Addition.—“Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity” ().

Subtraction.—“Let us put off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light” ().

Multiplication.—“Mercy unto you and peace and love be multiplied” ().

Division.—“Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you” ().



Our Monthly Class.



Questions:—See spaces within brackets ().

Memory Text:—Isa. i. 18.

Writing Exercise:—Seven times “me” and “my” in Psa. xxiii.

For the very little ones. FIND AND FILL:—“J...s ...l.”

Parables, Allegories, &c.—No. 8.

12 Copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent to the boy or girl who gives the best explanation of

The Parable of the Sower.

(Matt. xiii.)

SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS, ENIGMAS, PUZZLES, &c.

(12 copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent for the correct and the best written answers to the following puzzles.)

No. LXXIV.

Scripture Enigma.

1. A day for which we should take no thought.
2. One of King David's mighty men.
3. The wild beast that Samson slew.
4. The animals that drew the Ark of God home.

The first and last letters give the names of two gifts offered without money and without price. J. E. B.

No. LXXV.

Cryptogram.

6 7 3 5—trouble. 1 2 3 5—never satisfied. 2 4 5 3—never in a mess. 5 3 5—color. 3 8 4—to banish. My whole a famous Jew.

No. LXXVI.

Square Words.

An offering. A deadly sin.—Both notable rivers.

No. LXXVII.

Bible Word Puzzle.

My first does not every time mean the same,
My second, to-night, as yours you will claim,
My whole was a Jew, come, tell me his name.

No. LXXVIII.

Transposition.

H M H E E C S

No. LXXIX.

Missing Links (Bible Text).

" — a — upon the — of — men that — and
— — for all the — that be — in the —
thereof."

Answers:—No. LXVII.—Prov. xi. 2. No. LXVIII.—Thousand.
No. LXIX.—Gehazi, Elisha. No. LXX.—Gilead, Amasa, Dagon.
No. LXXI.—Zech. iv. 7. No. LXXII.—Sbelemiah. No. LXXIII.—Philippi.

CORRESPONDENCE.

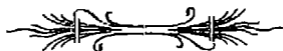
Monthly Rewards—*Eunica Edwards*, of Nelson, N.Z., and *Amy Stead*, of Petersham, N.S.W.



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In the States and N.Z., 50 copies, 1/9; 100 copies, 3/4; and pro rata per annum.

Editor's Address:—SAMUEL J. B. CARTER, Ballarat, Victoria.



“Remember now.”

(Eccl. xii.)



WHILE seasons fly,
And health and strength are given,
Set thy bright eye
And ardent heart on heaven.

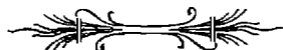


LIFE'S MORNING HOUR.



LORD! in life's morning hour
We bring our hearts to Thee;
As dew upon the opening flower,
So may Thy blessings free,—
Thy tender love, Thy watchful care,
Fall on our hearts, and linger there.
And help us, too, to tell
The love that we have found!
Like that fair-blossom'd dew-filled bell
Sheds a sweet odour round,—
So we, Thy little flowers, would bloom,
And shed around heaven's sweet perfume.

E. M. S.



The Bible.

THE most wonderful book the world has ever seen, or will see, is the Book of God—the Bible.

It is the *oldest* book. The five books written by Moses were written at least a thousand years before the first historian, Herodotus by name, wrote his first book; and seven hundred years before Rome was built.

It is the *truest* book. Other books may err; the Bible cannot; simply because its Author is the eternal God—the God who cannot lie. All that He says is truth.

It is the most *widely circulated* book. It is estimated that there are over 200,000,000 Bibles, in 350 languages, in existence at the present time. Placed side by side, they would form an area of 700 acres. Placed end to end, they would make a line 17,000 miles long.

It is the most *hated* book in the world. Infidels, scoffers, scientists, critics—all oppose, and seek to deny or destroy, the Bible. It has been burnt, imprisoned, exiled, and prohibited; yet it exists, and is more read to-day than ever.

It is the *best loved* book. Men have laid down their lives for it; purpled the heather on Scotland's hills with their blood; died in Italy's valleys, in Spain's inquisitions, in Rome's prisons, rather than give it up. The rack, the gallows, and the stake have each failed to make the Lord's saved ones give up, deny, or cease to love the Bible. God is its Author, Christ its Theme, the Spirit its Teacher, the heart its home, the world its field. It is to be revered, read, believed, obeyed, treasured in the heart, practised in the life.



The Gift and the Giver.*

(A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHAT.)

SOME years ago I went to see a poor woman who was ill with bronchitis. As she was very poor, after talking with her for some time, I asked her if she had no friend that could help her a little.

"No," she said, "she had none; all were dead, all were gone."

(And how often we think the same when things don't go as we wish. But we *have* a Friend after all.)

"Are you quite sure you have no friend?" I said.

"Well, the only one I know of is Queen Victoria," was the surprising answer; "but I'm sure she has forgotten me, it's so long ago."

(Are you in the same case? Do you say, "It's such a long time since I have ever really spoken to God. It seems almost useless to go to Him now.")

"What does Queen Victoria know of you?" I asked."

"It was when she was a young lady about sixteen that the sailor who steered her boat at the Isle of Wight, who was a great favorite of hers, was taken very ill, that I nursed him until he died, and at the

* From an excellent little book, bearing this title.

same time she said she would never forget me."

(And will God ever forget *you*, children? What does he say in Luke?

"A... n... f... s..... s....f...t.....f.....a... n...
o... o... t... i...f..... b..... G....? F... n...
t..... y... a... o... m... v..... t... m... s....."
Luke.....

No! the forgetting is all on our side.)

"Well," I said, "I'm sure she will be as good as her word. Shall I write to her for you?"

"It's no use," she said, "it's so long ago."

I did not agree with the poor woman, but said nothing, and went home and sat down and wrote a letter to our late Queen, bringing the facts before her, and telling her how poor and needy the old woman of seventy was.

The letter was only put in a plain envelope, but it was directed to

Her Majesty Queen Victoria,

Balmoral,

Scotland.

(Prayer is just as simple, and just as wonderful.)

The Queen answered me.

In a few days I got a large envelope, sealed with a huge black seal, with the Queen's arms on the envelope, addressed to me, and I opened it. It contained a gracious letter and a money order for the poor woman. Oh, how delighted I was, for now I had got a gift from the Queen's own heart to offer her, which I knew she needed.

(And I feel very happy in writing these lines to you, for I have got such a magnificent gift from

God—all for you. What does it say in Matthew?
 “*H... m... m... s..... y... P..... w..... i... i... ..
 h..... g... g.... t..... t.... t.... a... h... ?*”—
*Matt.....and I know you need it. You may
 be rich in money, but you are poor without
 Christ. You may have everything to make you
 happy in this world, but you have nothing for
 the next if you have not Christ.)*

Next morning I put the letter in my pocket and started off for the poor woman's house. I walked quickly enough, for three reasons:—

First, I had got a gift from the Queen. Secondly, I knew the woman needed it. And, Thirdly, I knew she would gladly take it.

(Now, I have a gift from God for you, for

“*T g . o . G... i . e..... l... t..... J.....
 O..... o... L.....*”—Romans..... I know
 you need it if you have not got it. But would
 that I knew that each dear reader of these pages
 would surely take it in simple faith. Do take it
 straight from the hand of Christ, straight from
 the heart of God.)

I knocked at the door, and was shown into the little bare room occupied by the poor woman and her husband, who, though over seventy, was still working as a gardener.

“How are you to-day?” I said, quite innocently.

“Oh, very bad; I shiver dreadfully this cold weather, and my cough shakes me to pieces.”

After another word or two, I thought it was time to offer the Queen's gift, so I just put my hand in my pocket, and said,

“Can you read?”

“Oh, yes, with my glasses.”

“Well, here's something that may interest you,” and I pulled out the letter and gave it to her.

She put on her glasses, and with her aged hands

trembling all over, held up the letter to read it. The first line was enough. The mingled look of blank astonishment and of speechless thankfulness I shall never forget. It was a great luxury to me to see how the Queen's letter was received.

(How will you receive the King's letter to you?

The first line is enough:—

“*H... w... w... f... o... t... h... w... b... f... o... i...*”—Isaiah..... Take out the “our” and put in the “my,” and appropriate the verse from this moment for yourself.)

By degrees she read through the Queen's gracious letter, and the tears fell fast and thick.

(I wonder if they will fall from your eyes as you read this wonderful letter to you:—

“*P... c... o... o... p... w... u... h... a... w... h... s... w... a... h... T... L... h... l... o... h... t... i... o... v... a... I... p... t... L... t... b... h... H... h... p... o... h... s... u... d... h... b... t... S... o... m...*”—Isa.....)

Then she took up the money order, and said, “Praise the Lord! Only last night I was shivering, and thought, ‘Whatever shall I do this winter for clothes; and He said to me, ‘I took care of you last winter, and will care for you this;’ and so He has.” But, oh! how kind, how good of the Queen; I never thought she could remember me. But what am I to do with this order?”

“You must do two things,” I said. “Can you write your name?”

“Oh, yes, well enough, only my hands tremble so.”

“Well, before ever you can get the money, you must sign your name here.”

(This was the grand secret that flashed on me when I was only thirteen years old—that I had never signed *my name* to any of God's orders.

He had said—

“*W..... b..... i.... H.... s..... n... p.....
b... h..... e..... l.....*”—John.....

“*T'..... t..... m... i . p..... u..... y.... t
f..... o . s...*”—Acts

“*C..... J e..... i..... t... w..... t...
s..... s.....*”—1 Tim.....

But I had never put my name to any of them, and never had got any good from them. The promises of God won't save you unless you take them for yourself; as it says—

“*H... t... h... r..... h... t..... h... s... t... h...
s... t... G... i . t...*”—John.....)

“Have I to do anything else?” she said.

“Yes; you must say who it comes from. When they ask who sent it, say ‘Queen Victoria,’ and then the money will be paid to you.”

(And, my dear child, God's precious gift is offered you just now upon the same terms.

“*I... t... s..... e..... w... t... m..... t.... L.....
J... a... s..... b..... i . t... h..... t.... G.....
h... r..... h... f... t. d..... t..... s..... b....
s.....*”—Romans.....)

As I left the woman rejoicing in the gift, she said, “I will not tell my husband; it might excite him too much.” But next time I went I asked—

“What about the husband?”

“Ah!” she said, “I had to tell him. I couldn't keep it in.”

(And you will do the same if you just simply accept Jesus as *your* Saviour now. You will be quite unable to keep it in.

Did the neighbours know anything about the gift? Of course they did. Don't you think the bright new shawl and the warm dress told the tale?

Once the gift is really received, the fruits are sure to follow; hence

“*E..... g..... t..... b..... f..... g..... f.....*

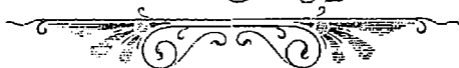
w..... b... t..... f..... y . s..... k... t....."—
Matt.....)

* * * * *

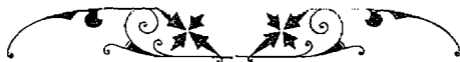
I am sure that none of you can receive this blessed gift of salvation and a Saviour without showing a real change in your life and ways. The great mistake is to think that the change should come first. No; the shawl followed the gift. Will you take this simple gift from God of the pardon of all your sins because you *now* believe His word that Christ has been wounded, bruised, punished, crucified, forsaken, put to death for you and instead of you? Oh! believe this now, and tell God you have accepted His gift at last. Amen.



Morning Hymn.



“THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep.
Saviour, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
Each fault forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.”



Blackboard Lesson.

Ears

OPEN. (Job xxxvi. 10.)
 TO HEAR. (Mark iv. 9.)
 TURNED AWAY. (2 Tim. iv. 4.)
 CLOSED. (Acts xxviii. 27.)

A LITTLE hymn which our boys and girls sometimes sing, begins—

“Two little eyes to look to God:
 Two little ears to hear His Word.”

“Eargate” is one of the entrances, perhaps the principal, to man’s soul, and, of course, Satan tries to keep hold of that gate, if he can. It was by listening to Satan that Adam fell, and then Satan took possession. So it is by hearing God’s Word that sinners are saved, and thus escape from his slavery. “Incline your ear” (), says God. Bend it forward, and listen. “Give ear to My words” ().

God has given you an *open ear*, so that you can hear His Word.

But it is one thing to have an ear, and quite another to have an *ear to hear*. I have seen boys and girls, while the Word of God was being spoken, amusing themselves and one another with something else, all the time. They had no “ear to hear”—they did not “hear His voice” ().

Others *turn away their ears* from the truth; they do not want to hear it, or to be saved. Sad it is to see them getting more careless and heedless day by day, until they *close their ears* altogether, lest they should be converted to God.

How sad will be the ear-opening of such, when they will be aroused at last; but, alas! too late. Do not linger, do not trifle.

J. R.

The Telescope.



ON the top of a hill was an orchard, and in one of the trees was a boy stealing apples; another boy was at the bottom of the tree, on the watch to see that nobody found them out.

Nobody was near that they could see; but that did not prove that no one saw them; for, seven miles off, a professor of astronomy was examining the setting sun with his telescope, and the hill happened to come within its range—the action of the boys, the very tell-tale look on their faces, attracted his notice. He found them out. There was no escaping the great eye of his telescope looking full upon them. They little thought of such a thing.

But there was another Eye upon them, a greater and more searching Eye, and that Eye followed them. It was God's Eye. And His Eye is on all. It sees in the night. It sees out of doors, it sees indoors. It sees us, too, and knows where and who we are. The professor did not know the boys, but God does know. (Read Psa. cxxxix.)



The Echo.



I STOOD before some towering rocks, and called my child's name. The echo answered that dear name, and then all around there arose a repetition of the name I loved to hear.

The Christian, young or old, is but "a voice;" he repeats the name of Jesus till the hard heart hears and echoes back its sweetness—"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

The Dormouse.

HERE is our little russet-colored friend fast asleep; it is hard indeed to wake him. The children will throw him up, and catch him in their hands, but on, on he sleeps unconcernedly. They will straighten him out of his ball shape, but he heeds them not; on he sleeps. Really, it seems as if almost anything can be done to our pretty little dormouse without awaking him, so cosily is he curled up in his warm fur.

Ah! it is winter! It is the cold that has enwrapped him in this deep sleep. Lay him out before the fire, and see how soon he will thaw into a bright, cheery existence.

Why do we speak of our little dormouse? Well, it is because, may be, that amongst our readers there is a little believer curled up, as it were, in his own fur, and fast asleep.

What is to be done? Such need awaking, for is it not written, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead?" (Eph. v. 14), and a Christian asleep is, to all outward appearance, a dead sinner. He is bidden first to awake, and then to leave the company in which he is found.

But what is to be done? Try violent measures? No, such will avail little. Here is the awakening secret—lay him out before the fire, get him into the warmth of God's love, and then instead of being selfishly taken up with his own things, he will become diligent in love to others.

What is it to be thus rolled up? It is simply being absorbed by our own interests, selfishness, and self-occupation. Fill the heart with Christ, and His love will constrain His followers to do as He did.

Little Things.



ONLY a little word,
Breathed in a gentle tone:
Yet did the one who heard,
Its love and sweetness own.

Only a little smile,
Lighting a homely face;
Yet did it reconcile;
And soften by its grace.

Only a little deed,
Done for the Saviour's sake;
Yet did it meet a need,
And glad a sad heart make.

Only a little touch
Of sympathy and love;
Yet it accomplished much—
Pointing a soul above.

Only a little thought,
Born in a lowly mind,
Yet lasting good it wrought;
So wise it was, and kind.

Only a little look,
Bright with encouragement;
Yet fear away it took,
And faith and courage lent.

Ah! 'tis such little things—
The trifles of each day—
Which speed us, as with wings,
Along the upward way.

“Pray without Ceasing.”

()

ONE of the most important things for a young believer to learn is not only to pray, but the manner in which he must expect answers to his prayer.

While God has promised to answer *all* the prayers of His people, it must be subject to certain very simple and loving rules.

For instance, if, in a fit of depression, Elijah asks to die, should God answer? Or would it not be more loving to let Elijah take some food and then sleep, as God did? I think we shall all agree God answered that prayer in the very lovingest way.

So my prayers must be always laid at God's door, and left for Him to answer in the best possible way for me, and every one will be answered.

Then we are in such a hurry, always. For example, Peter wanted Christ to let him die with Him straight away. But Jesus did not let him then. Years afterwards he died for Christ, after a long life of service and work for Jesus.

What a good thing for Peter that he did not have that prayer answered straight away.

So God answers our prayer at the best possible time. He knows when it is good for us to wait.

In Belgium, at a place called Han, there is a hill, in the side of which is a small opening. When we got inside there were miles of wonderful caves. For two hours we wandered along the passages and into the great “salles,” or underground halls, glittering with a thousand crystals, and beautiful with rich tracery, formed by the hanging stalactites. Never had we seen such wonderful sights, hidden as we were, deep in the hillside.

Strange fish inhabited the lakes in these caves, and bats clustered in the dark corners, making quaint noises as we passed.

At length we came to a river that ran its course in the darkness of the caves, and getting into a boat we rowed smoothly along the surface, singing—

“ When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.”

Then there was silence, and our guide put out one light after another until we were in thick darkness, drifting we could not tell whither. We were told to look straight ahead, and though it was dark, our eyes looked on into the blackness.

Then came a sight we could never forget. Silently, and almost it seemed without motion, the boat drifted till we saw the sweet light of day. At first a feeble streak, then a soft pale reflection on the water, and then on the bosom of the river we passed out into the full day. Truly “the light was sweet, and it was a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun.”

Often have I thought of this journey when things seemed dark and the way blocked.

When difficulties are so many that the heart grows faint and says, “It’s no good, I shall give up,” dear young Christian, then is the time to commit thy way to the Lord.

Pray—though not a way of escape seems possible.

Pray, though it is perfectly dark, and it all seems no use. Then is the time for trusting; and in His own way, in His own time, God will lead you out of the darkness.

Then pray, pray much, pray in faith, and the light will soon appear. The Lord will come to your rescue.

(Exchange).

No Appetite.

I SAW a letter written by a young invalid who had been sent to Madeira to escape the rigour of a Scottish winter. It glowed all over with praises of the place; the climate, the landscape, the friends, the food—all were of the best. Even with the matter of health there was neither sickness nor pain.

But one plaint, not loud but long, ran through the letter like its woof; the key-note of its melancholy cadence was, "I have no appetite to eat and drink. If the appetite would return, I should be well."

The next mail brought intelligence that she was dead and buried. In the midst of plenty she died of want—not want of food, but want of hunger.

This is the ailment of which many souls are dying in the city and land to-day—no appetite. Wells of salvation are flowing and overflowing, and flooding the land. The proclamation everywhere resounds: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Yet many perish for want of thirst.

And the bread of life is offered to all, yet millions turn away from it with contempt. Christ and His salvation are sweet to one, and tasteless to another.

W. A.



“IT SHALL LEAD.”

“IT SHALL TEACH.”

“IT SHALL TALK.”

(PROV. vi. 20-23.)

“MY son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

“Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.

“When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awak-est, it shall talk with thee.

“For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.”



• His only Match. •

“**W**HEN the excitement, occasioned by the discovery of gold at Pike’s Peak, first broke over the country, a young man, fired with a desire to be in the field of the new Eldorado, bought an Indian pony, got together a few things, slung them in a little bag behind him, and set off.

After two days he came to a long stretch of barrens—about forty miles—which he must cross. Heedless of any thought of danger, early with the rising of the sun, he started across the sterile desert. It was a beautiful day, clear and cold, the path through the tall grass was well marked, and for hours the ride was made with pleasure and good speed. A little past noon the sky became overcast with dull, gray and flying clouds. Nothing for a time was thought of this, but presently the snow began to fall—at first a few stray flakes, then faster.

The first thought of anxiety began to creep into that young man’s heart. Then with increasing anxiety came increasing sense of cold.

But now another horror came. How or when he knew not, he had suffered the pony to step aside from the fast-filling path. But he could easily find it again. A pull of the bridle to the right, a hundred yards in that direction, but no path; then a pull to the left, a hundred yards or more in that direction, but still no path; now a standstill. Where was he? No sun in the sky to show the direction, no path under foot, no compass—for that had not been thought of; darkness, like prison walls, gathering about; blinding snow falling all about, clinging to him like a winding-sheet; the cold now piercing to the bones; the conviction now fastening upon him, 'I am lost in the snow-storm on a trackless prairie.'

Then thoughts of death came and pressed him hard—thoughts of mother in the far-away Southern State—even the thought, 'Would his body ever be found?' Then the mental scenery was shifted and Eternity opened up before his vision. The great White Throne was set. Heaven and hell were in view. There was the rejected Saviour seated as Judge. Then thoughts of his sins. He was going to die and go—*where?* Not to heaven—he knew he was not fit for heaven. He had rejected Christ. To hell—alas, where else? He remembered his mother's prayers, his Sunday School

teacher's counsel, and the Bible given to him which he had despised.

All this time the cold seemed not to abate. The pony was wandering aimlessly about. Then came the fatal sense of drowsiness. This awakened him to fear. He had been dreaming and freezing. Now terror seized upon him. Leaping from the pony, or rather tumbling off, he gathered his numb limbs under him as best he could, and began to stamp on the snow and beat about with his arms until circulation was again felt.

Then with the instinct of self-preservation the thought of a fire occurred. Instantly falling down on hands and knees, groping in the now darkness and snow, he began to pull up large handfuls of grass, and, beating the snow off, lay it in a pile. Then, as God would have it, his hands fell on a little, low brush growth—a kind of hazel bush. Quickly breaking its little branches and laying them on the pile of grass, the thought came, now a fire and all will be well; a piece of newspaper for kindling, and then *a match*.

A Match! The heart almost stopped beating. Did he have a match? Many had he used in lighting pipe and cigar, but did he have any left? Instantly finger and thumb went into his vest pocket. For a moment hope died and then revived. Yes, there was a match, but just one! One little sulphur

match—only one. That young man's life, and perhaps his Eternity too, were wrapped up in that match. For should that fail him, he might die in his sins and go to hell. From a frozen prairie to a burning hell. No pleasing contemplation that.

One match! what do you suppose would have bought from him that match? One hundred of them could be bought in the next settlement for a cent, and yet if Pike's Peak, with all its stored wealth, could have been crumbled into diamonds and laid at his feet as the price of that match, he would have laughed the offer to scorn. Why? Because it was a match? No; but because it was the *only match he had*. If that failed him he was a lost soul.

When he drew the match across his sleeve his heart had well nigh stopped beating! Do you wonder that his eyes almost started from their sockets as he watched with a great lump in his throat that little pale blue flame, as it seemed now to die out and then struggle for life, until at last—oh, thank God—it red-dened into fire and kindled the paper waiting to receive it, and the fire was built that saved his life.

His only match! What did he do with the stump? Ah, if I had the charred stump of that match I would have framed it and hung it in my study, and I would have written this

legend under it, '*His only match—it saved him.*' ”

* * * * *

Little reader, your salvation does not rest on “your only match,” but—

It does rest on your *only day of grace*—“Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation” (). Next year, next month, next week—to-morrow, may be too late. Come now to Jesus.

It does rest on your *only believing the Gospel*. “Only believe” () said Christ to one of old, and He says it to you. By no other *means* can you be saved. He does not say, “Pray,” “Resolve,” “Work,” but “only believe.”

It does rest on your *only Saviour*—Jesus. “Besides me there is *no Saviour*” (), says He, and again: “There is *one Mediator between God and men*” (). Oh, remember that there never will be a second Saviour to atone for the guilt of rejecting the first Saviour. He is the *only Saviour* of sinners—*your only Saviour*.

Boys and girls, remember it well, you are living in your *only day of grace*; you have within your reach your *only means of salvation*; it is “only believe;” and Jesus is just now offering Himself to you as *your only Saviour*.

S. J. B. C.



“Twelve Years.”

AT “twelve years” old the Saviour stood
 Within the temple fair,
 Amongst the learned of Israel’s land,
 Assembled there.

At “twelve years” old the daughter dear
 Of Jairus passed away,
 And at the Saviour’s word was raised
 To greet the day.

“Twelve years” the suffering woman spent,
 Her life all ebbing fast;
 She touched the Saviour’s garment hem,
 Her suffering passed.

“Twelve years.” How many children dear
 Ere then the Lord have known,
 And some in peace and holy joy,
 To Him have flown.

And many a child around us still
 At “twelve years” old is found
 Rejoicing, though so young, to know
 The Gospel’s sound.

True Wisdom’s ways are better far
 Than gems and glittering gold;
 Oh! children, none need be unsaved
 At “twelve years” old!

A. M.

The Bible.

THE most wonderful book the world has ever seen, or will see, is the Book of God—the Bible.

It is the *oldest* book. The five books written by Moses were written at least a thousand years before the first historian, Herodotus by name, wrote his first book; and seven hundred years before Rome was built.

It is the *truest* book. Other books may err; the Bible cannot; simply because its Author is the eternal God—the God who cannot lie. All that He says is truth.

It is the most *widely circulated* book. It is estimated that there are over 200,000,000 Bibles, in 350 languages, in existence at the present time. Placed side by side, they would form an area of 700 acres. Placed end to end, they would make a line 17,000 miles long.

It is the most *hated* book in the world. Infidels, scoffers, scientists, critics—all oppose, and seek to deny or destroy, the Bible. It has been burnt, imprisoned, exiled, and prohibited; yet it exists, and is more read to-day than ever.

It is the *best loved* book. Men have laid down their lives for it; purpled the heather on Scotland's hills with their blood; died in Italy's valleys, in Spain's inquisitions, in Rome's prisons, rather than give it up. The rack, the gallows, and the stake have each failed to make the Lord's saved ones give up, deny, or cease to love the Bible. God is its Author, Christ its Theme, the Spirit its Teacher, the heart its home, the world its field. It is to be revered, read, believed, obeyed, treasured in the heart, practised in the life.

“The Day of Reckoning.”



IT is the custom in a school with which I am acquainted, for each pupil to have a report-book, in which the teachers keep a daily register, both of his conduct and the progress he makes in each particular branch of study.

The report is taken to the parents every day to be duly examined and signed, and very happy it is for a boy who really desires to please his parents well in all things, to bring home his book with a fair number of good marks. If they should all be good, how rejoiced he is to meet his father's approving smile. On the contrary, if they should be *bad ones*—ah! I have seen a little boy who has lost a mark for conduct, come in, throw down his book, and run out of the room to avoid meeting his parents' gaze.

By-and-by comes *the day of reckoning*; at the “breaking-up” it will be seen who has had the greatest number of marks, and so deserves to receive the first prize. I can fancy how many little hearts are beating with anxious expectancy as the day draws nigh; and I think, too, some of the naughty boys will wish that they had always thought of *the day of reckoning*.

If this little book should meet the eye of any little boy who may be in a school like the one I am speaking of, I should like to ask him one question. Suppose the teachers were to make a new rule, that no boy in the school should receive a reward of any kind unless he could bring a perfect mark for everything, do you think any boy would get a reward

then? I think I can answer for every boy in the school.

You would say, "No, it would be of no use trying; for do what I will, I am sure to make a mistake sometimes; either my sum is not correctly worked, or I have misspelt a word, or I make a smear on my copy-book, or (which is worst of all) I break through the rules of the school, and lose a mark for conduct. Oh, no, I am sure there is not one of us would get the reward then."

Did you ever think there is another day of reckoning coming, when every one—*you* among the rest—will have to appear before *God*? Did it ever occur to you what sort of marks you will have to present before Him? God is *holy*—He is *just*—He cannot look upon sin; so that if you really stand in His presence approved, it must be with all good marks.

Did you ever think of this? Against every word, every thought, every action, must be written, *perfect, perfect, perfect*. The Word of God says, that "Who-soever sinneth in one point of the law is guilty of all," and the sentence is, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Now, do you think you will stand? I think I can hear you say. "I am sure I shall not; for if I cannot, with all my trying, get all good marks at school, I know I cannot bring all good marks to God."

No, you cannot; there is not a child in the world who can, nor a grown-up person either; you cannot bring even one good mark to God. Does this solemn thought awaken a desire in your heart to know what you must do? Listen a little while, and I will tell you something further of God. When I told you He is a *holy* God, it is not all I have to tell: if it were, you might well despair; but I have good news

to tell—He is a God of *love*. He looked down upon this world of helpless sinners, who could do nothing good, and His heart pitied them, though He hated their sins, and He sent His own beloved Son to bear the penalty of sin. The blessed Jesus did no sin; there was no bad mark against Him. God said of Him, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Why, then, did He die? Ah! it was that *sinners* might be able to stand before God without any bad marks against them. His name is "Jehovah Tsidkenu," which means "The Lord our righteousness." ()



JONATHAN SPAKE GOOD OF DAVID.



"JONATHAN," it is said, "spake good of David" (1 Sam. xix. 4). Jonathan was a genuine man. He delighted much in David, and he delighted in *thinking* well of David.

"Love," it is written, "*thinketh* no evil." Sometimes we think evil, but have more sense than to utter it, in case the utterance of it may come back in evil upon ourselves: but love does not even *think* evil of a brother.



Some days after, Flossie was fidgetting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossie was in a bad humour—nothing pleased her.

“Please don’t, Flossie,” said her mother, over and over again. “You make me very uncomfortable. If you don’t stop worrying you must go away by yourself.”

Flossie sat down by the window, pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

“I’m like that little grain of sand, mother, don’t you think so?” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“I’m not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother; I love you truly, and I would not hurt you as that sand did me for anything. The sand couldn’t help itself, but I can, and Jesus will help me.”

Remember, dear children, what the Saviour said, “Without Me ye can do nothing.” Look to Him, and He will save you from temper and every other evil temptation, and make you a joy to others and not a trouble.



DON'T SQUEEZE IT.

A. DEER, BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN, 1888.

A LITTLE girl was wondering what was the matter with her thumb, and complained that it hurt *every time she squeezed it*. Her mother advised her *not to squeeze it*. “But,” she responded, “*if I don’t squeeze it, how can I tell whether it hurts?*” This little girl may be taken as a sample of the human race. How we nurse our wrath, and cuddle our grievances, and are continually squeezing them to see if they hurt, instead of leaving them all with Jesus.

“Yield yourselves to God.”



A LITTLE boy of mine came to me one day when I was lying down. Whether he thought I was not well, and in some way wanted to help me, I do not know; but he came and said very tenderly:

“Mamma, I am going to give you something.”

“Thank you, dear,” I said, “I shall be glad to have you give me anything.”

So, looking around the room, he said, “Mamma, I will give you all the pictures in this room.”

“Thank you, darling,” I said.

Then looking around, he said, “And I will give you every book,” and again I thanked him; and then he seemed to grow taller, he was getting a taste of the joy of giving, and he never stopped until he had given me everything in the room. The last thing he gave me was the carpet. How happy he was when everything had been given! Yet he did not give me a thing that did not belong to me.

And that is what Scripture calls “Yielding yourselves unto God” ()—giving to God what belongs to Him; and yet it makes us so happy, so rested.

Oh, how many times has the picture come back to me of the happy child who had given me all that belonged to me!

And is God pleased when we give Him His own? Most certainly He is. Shall we ever learn that *not* to own is the way to possess?

What is the motive power? “Thanks be unto God for *His* unspeakable Gift” ().



Our Monthly Class.

Parables, Allegories, &c.—No. 10.

12 Copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent to the boy or girl who gives the best explanation of

The Parable of the Mustard Seed.

(Matt. xiii.)

SCRIPTURE QUERIES, &c.

(12 copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent for the correct and the best written answers to the following questions, &c.)

Questions:—See spaces within brackets ().

Memory Text:—See cover.

Writing Exercise:—Seven times "one accord" in the Acts.

FIND AND FILL:—See preceding pages.

No. XCII. *Transposition* (Bible name).

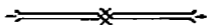
STCA AHRUSHI.

No. XCIII. *Buried Proverb.*

1. "The pride of thine heart." 2. "He passed by." 3. "Wait only on God." 4. "Him that cometh to Me." 5. "Cast out the scorne and contention will cease."



Trembling over the fire.



A FRIEND of ours was relating to us his walk over Vesuvius. Sulphur and smoke rose up out of the crater as he looked down, though the volcano was quiet. Even on a still day, to glance but for a moment into the smoke of the fire rising up out of the bowels of the earth, is a fearful sight. As our friend turned away, a man with a great stone in his uplifted hands called to him, but the ground burning to his feet, and the sulphur and smoke rising up around him, urged him along, and he did not stop at the man's call.

Then the man pitched the great stone to the earth with all his force, and immediately the ground shook and trembled all around, and it seemed as if the whole surface might give way and all be swallowed up in a moment in the flames below. Trembling over the fire beneath him, our friend hurried away.

What a voice to the unsaved sinner! Man, you are just over eternal burnings! Sometimes you have felt the terrors of hell and have trembled. You have looked, as it were, into the fiery future, and then you have hurried away. Perhaps at this moment you have a fresh sense of eternal woe, but, say you, "No more, no more; I must away from this."

Like the man with the stone, we cry to you, "Stop!" but no, you turn away. Then hearken: "After death the judgment." These are awful words. The very ground on which you tread trembles. This life is but the thin crust, that may give way at any moment, and you may be plunged into Eternity.

A Song of the Lowly.



OH, make me, Jesus Saviour,
 More apt in pleasing Thee;
 Guard Thou my whole behaviour,
 That, walking in Thy favour,
 Thy will my way may be.

Thou seest, LORD, how slowly,
 Thy little one doth learn;
 Oh! Saviour, meek and lowly,
 When shall I know Thee wholly,
 And cease aside to turn?

Oh! for a closer cleaving,
 LORD Jesus, to Thy side!
 All other counsels leaving,
 Self-will and its deceiving,
 Vain thoughts and subtle pride.

LORD Jesus, be Thou ever
 Alone before my sight:
 Ties, nature weaves, *may* sever!
 But "bands of love"—no, never!
 Wrought, as they are, in light.

Dear Saviour, I would ponder
 Thy perfect, patient ways!
 It wearies me to wander;
 Direct my footsteps yonder—
 Where all is love and praise!



How I was Converted.*

UP to the time that I was six years old I have no remembrance of any religious ideas whatever. Even, when taken to see the corpse of a little boy of my own age (four years), lying in a coffin strewn with flowers, I did not think about it otherwise than a very sad and curious thing that that little child should lie so still and cold.

But from six to eight I recall a different state of things. The beginning of it was a sermon preached one Sunday. Of this I even now retain a distinct impression. It was to me a very terrible one, dwelling much on hell and judgment, and what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God. No one ever knew it, but this sermon haunted me, and day and night it crossed me. I began to pray with a sort of fidget and impatience, wanting and expecting a new heart, and to have everything put straight and be made happy, all at once.

Every Sunday afternoon I went alone into

* By the Authoress of "Precious, precious blood of Jesus," and other sweet little hymns. Adapted from her Autobiography.

a little front room, and there used to read a chapter in the Testament, and then knelt down and prayed for a few minutes, after which I usually felt soothed and less naughty. Once, when a little friend was spending a few days with me, she being my only little visitor, I did not like any omission, and so took her with me, saying a few words of prayer "out of my head" without any embarrassment at her presence.

I think I had a far more vivid sense of the beauty of nature as a little child than I have even now. The shade of a tree under a clear blue sky, with a sunbeam glancing through the boughs, was beautiful to me then. But I did not feel happy in my very enjoyment; I wanted *more*. I do not think I was eight when I hit upon Cowper's lines, ending

"My Father made them all!"

That was what I wanted to be able to say; and, after once seeing the words, I never saw a lovely scene again without being *teased* by them. One spring I kept thinking of them, and a dozen times a day said to myself, "Oh, if God would but make me a Christian before the summer comes!" because I longed so to enjoy His works as I felt they could be enjoyed.

I can almost see myself in my tiny bedroom, kneeling on the chair, leaning on my

little arms on the window-seat, and feeling as if I wished I had something to lean my little heart on, too. Sometimes I watched the clouds and wondered all sorts of things about them, and especially wished I could reach the splendid white ones which looked like snow mountains that could be climbed and rested upon. But I found in a book that they were only vapour like the others, and that there would be nothing to rest upon and look down upon, only dismal thick mist and rain. Poor me! there are other bright things besides shining clouds, which when reached are only mist and tears.

I know I did not love God nor understand His love to me; the very thought of Him frightened me; but sometimes a feeling not unlike love would make me go to sleep with a wet pillow. Going to bed I would determine I would try to think about God, hard as it was; and after I lay down, as my thoughts did not flow at all naturally heavenward, any more than water flows upward, I forced them into a definite channel by a half whisper, "How good it was of God to send Jesus to die!" was my usual beginning, while I by no means felt or believed that wonderful goodness.

Nevertheless, it usually ended in my crying most heartily because I was so bad and He was so good, and because I didn't and

couldn't love Him when He even died for sinners.

Then came the great break in the current of my outer life, and with it a development of the inner. When I was thirteen, to my great delight, I went to school.

My sister, Maria, took me, and we reached Belmont quite in the evening.

The girls were singing their evening hymn prior to the weekly address of their chaplain. It sounded very sweet and soothing.

The text was in Samuel, which I forget; but the two leading ideas were, that we should begin the new half-year with the Saviour who loved us and gave Himself for us, and in a spirit of helpful love one toward another. It was a rather long address, but it was the keynote of my prayer that evening as I knelt for the first time beside my little school bed, so white and curtainless.

It was not long before I felt that our Principal - Mrs. T 's teaching was something more than common, she longed and prayed that none might leave her roof unimpressed by the love of God, and it was to a great extent fulfilled.

She prayed and spoke with us, together and individually, with a fervour which I have never since seen equalled. The result is what might be called a *revival* among her young charge.

It must indeed have been a heart of stone that could resist her sweet, holy pleadings. Besides, we had pious teachers who often spoke on the best things to us, and had little meetings for prayer weekly in their own rooms. And there were many Christian girls too, easily recognised by their "walk and conversation" (1 Pet.), almost by their very countenances; these I knew "took sweet counsel together" (Psa.), and I envied them and longed to *dare* to share it.

Mary——was one of these; we were a great deal together, and I longed to be able to speak and tell her how unhappy I often was; but it was long before I summoned courage. At last I did.

"Mary, dites-moi, est-ce que vous aimez Dieu?" (We always had to speak French.)

She looked almost surprised, there was no doubt about the matter with her. "Oui, certainement," she said, "je l'aime plus que je ne pourrais vous dire."

Then I burst into tears and sobbed out, "Eh bien, c'est cela que je désire tant, et moi je ne le puis pas!"

The ice was broken, and dear Mary spoke very sweetly to me.

"Pouvez vous ou voulez vous dire que vous êtes encore un petit enfant?" "Oh, oui, je sais que je ne suis qu'un enfant." "Alors, écoutez! Jésus disait, 'Suffer the little chil-

dren,' etc. C'est chaque petit enfant qui doit venir à Lui, chaque petit enfant qu'il appelle, qu'il veut embrasser."

She begged me to go to Jesus and tell Him I wanted to love Him and could not, and then He would teach me to. The words of wise and even eminent men have since then fallen on my ear, but few have brought the dewy refreshment to my soul which the simple loving words of my little Heaven-taught schoolfellow did. But as yet they were only as a "very lovely song" (Ezek.), though I loved to listen to them, and acted upon them in darkness and trembling.

November came, and with it a marked increase of anxiety among undecided, and earnestness among decided ones. I remember a feeling of awe stealing over me sometimes, at the consciousness that the "power of the Lord was present" (Luke) among us. As day after day passed on, one after another might be observed (even though little or nothing were said) to be going through the great sorrow which seemed to prelude the after-sent peace.

As I heard of one and another speaking in such terms of confidence and gladness, my heart used to sink within me, it seemed so utterly unattainable. I had prayed and sought so long, and yet I was farther off than these girls, many of whom had only begun to

think of religion a few weeks before. It was so very dark around me: I could not see Jesus in the storm or hear His voice. They spoke of His power and willingness to save, but I could find nothing to prove that He was willing to save *me*. Yet I drank in every word, and they were many, that I heard about Jesus and His salvation, and I came to see that it was Christ *alone* that could satisfy me.

The climax came in about the first or second week in December.

Diana was the sunbeam of the school, and a most particular friend of mine. I, and most others, always supposed that her charming disposition and general sweetness arose from a purer and deeper fount than could dwell in her own nature; yet she never spoke on sacred things, though she seemed as faultless as a child could be.

For some days previously she had mixed as little as possible with others, though apparently unintentionally, and there had been a slight depression about her which, though probably unnoticed by others, struck me.

That evening, as I sat nearly opposite to her at tea, I could not help seeing—nobody could—a new and remarkable radiance about her countenance. It seemed literally lighted up from within, while her voice—I wonder

whether it was as musical to others as to me?—even in the commonest necessary remarks sounded like a song of gladness. Something was coming, I was sure. Diana was not the same.

As soon as tea was over, she came round to my side of the table, sat down by me on the form, threw her arm round me, and said: "Oh, Fanny, dearest Fanny, the blessing has come to me at last. Jesus has forgiven me, I know. He is my Saviour, and I am so happy! Only come to Him and He will receive you."

Yes, she had found peace, and more than peace—overflowing, unspeakable joy; yet, even in the first gush of its shining waters, she thought of those around. She told me how, while everyone had supposed her to be a Christian, she had not been so, though she had been seeking and praying for a long time; and how, that day, the words "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (Mark) had struck her suddenly, and she had thought them over all day till the time came when she could be alone with Him who spoke them; and then came the joyful power of believing in the love and might of that gracious Saviour, and His death-bought pardon.

From that time till the spring, I date a course of seeking, inconstant and variable.

One evening, however, I remember it was

twilight, I sat on the drawing-room sofa alone with Miss C——, and told her how I longed to know that I was forgiven. She asked me a question which led to the hearty answer that I was sure I desired it above everything on earth, that even my precious papa was nothing in comparison. She paused, and then said slowly: "Then, Fanny, why cannot you trust yourself to your Saviour at once? Supposing that now, at this moment, Christ were to come and take up His redeemed, would not His call, His promise, be enough for you?"

Then came a flash of hope across me, which made me feel literally breathless. I remember how my heart beat. "I *could*, surely," was my response; and I left her suddenly and ran away upstairs, and I flung myself on my knees in my little room.

I was very happy at last. I could commit my soul to Jesus (1 Pet.), and I did. I could trust Him with *my all for Eternity*. Then and there I committed my soul to the Saviour, I do not mean to say without *any* trembling or fear, but I *did*—and earth and heaven seemed brighter from that moment—*I did trust the Lord Jesus as my Saviour*. For days my happiness continued. For the *first* time, my Bible was *sweet* to me, and the first passage which I distinctly remember reading, in a new and glad light, was the fourteenth

ONE WRONG BRICK.



SOME workmen were lately building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. In laying a corner, one brick, either by accident or carelessness, was set a very little out of line.

The work went on without its being noticed, but as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built the more insecure it became.

One day, when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, there was a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in the ruins. All the previous work was lost, the material wasted, and, worse still, valuable lives were sacrificed—and all from one brick *laid wrong* at the start.

The workman at fault in this matter little thought how much mischief he was making for the future. Do we ever think what may come of one bad habit, one brick laid wrong?

Young friends, you are now building for Eternity. How important to see that all is kept straight. But look first to the foundation!—Jesus Christ is the only sure basis to build on (1 Cor.). The bricks—the habits of your life—may be straight enough, but if the foundation you build upon is not Jesus only, the whole thing must fall (Mark).

A SONG OF SALVATION.

(Tune—"Ring the Bells of Heaven.")

TRUST in Christ the Saviour,
Children, glad and free,
And be His through all your earthly days:
In His gracious favour
He would have us be,—
Basking in His bright and living rays.

(CHORUS)—Lord, Thy words of grace are still our plea—
"Suffer little ones to come to Me."
Drawn by Thee we come, Lord, fold us to Thy heart—
Life and strength and peace and joy impart.

Look to Christ the Saviour,
Children, and be strong
Strong as kept by His Almighty hand;
From the right ne'er waver
When enticed by wrong,
Look to Christ and you for Christ will stand.

Think on Christ the Saviour,
Children, think again
How for us He left His Home of love,—
Born here in a manger,
Free from sinful stain,—
Lived and died and rose and went above.

Work for Christ the Saviour,
Children, work away,—
Work for Him for all He's done for you.
Let some loving labour
Sanctify each day;
Much there is that little ones can do!

Sing of Christ the Saviour,
Children, ever sing.—
Swell Hosanna's chorus to His Name.
Lip, and life behaviour,
Both should sweetly ring
All around His everlasting fame.

S. J. B. C.

**"Shew me thy ways. O Lord;
teach me thy paths. Lead me
in thy truth, and teach me."**

(Psa. xxv. 4-5)



**"The Lord
satisfieth the long-
ing soul, and filleth
the hungry soul
with goodness."**

(Psa. cvii. 9.)

Our Monthly Class.

Parables, Allegories, &c.—No. 11.

12 Copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent to the boy or girl who gives the best explanation of

The Parable of the Pounds.

(Luke xix.)

SCRIPTURE QUERRIES, &c.

(12 copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent for the correct and the best written answers to the following questions, &c.)

Questions:—See spaces within brackets ().

Memory Text:—See cover.

Writing Exercise:—Psa. xxiii.

FIND AND FILL:—See preceding pages.

No. xciv. *Transposition* (Bible name).

L U H T H H E B E E M J D A

No. xcv. *Buried Proverb*.

1. "The love of God toward us." 2. "My lips shall praise thee." 3. "The heart of the righteous studieth." 4. "We know not what we should ask for." 5. "This is acceptable to God."

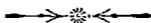
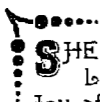
CORRESPONDENCE.

Monthly Rewards:—Ruth Gaal, Newtown, Sydney; May Trimmer, Newtown, Sydney; Alice Mai, Pohangina, N.Z.; Gladys Colville, Petersham, N.S.W.



“Still Upward;”

Or the Christian's prospect.



SHEAVES after sowing, sun after rain,
Light after mystery, peace after pain,
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after trial, sweet rest at last.

Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb,
After earth's sorrows, rapture of bliss,
Blest was the pathway leading to this.



“It is time to seek the Lord.
They that seek Me early shall
find Me.” (Hos.....; Prov.....)

Free.

MEMORIALS OF THE REV. JOHN CALVIN
"The Lord's freeman . . . Christ's servant."—1 Cor. vii, 22, 23.
REVISED EDITION OF THE MEMORIALS OF THE REV. JOHN CALVIN

THE foe no fetter may impose,
The Son has made us free;
O teach us in Thy strength to claim
Our blood-bought liberty.

Yet there are bonds—thrice blessed bonds
We must not, will not, break;
Thy sovereign will to which we bow,
Thy "yoke" we love to take.

"We love Thy service, Master, Lord,
We will not go out free;"
Thy dying love constrains our souls
To sweet captivity.

O blessed paradox of faith!
O mystery divine.
We only can be wholly free
As we are wholly *Thine*.

Light.

WHO does not love the light? Who "rebel" against it? (Job)

Well, the Bible tells us of some people who *hate* the light (John).

Does not that sound strange? Yet it is quite true, and you will soon see the reason why. When the Lord Jesus was down here, He said, "I am the Light of the world" (John). But wicked men did not like that the light should shine upon their evil ways (1 John); and so they tried to put the Lord Jesus out of the world, that they might be left to go on in darkness.

Now, if you were doing something naughty in a dark room, you would not like your mother to come in with the candle in her hand; but if you were an obedient child, and doing just what she had told you to do, you would not mind, however bright the light might be.

So, too, if at school you had done your sewing or written your copy very neatly, you would be glad that your teacher should see them in broad daylight; whereas, if your stitches were big, or your copy-book smeared,

I think you would be glad if the day were growing too dusk for her to see very plainly. Ah! remember you can never hide from God, however you may try to hide from your fellow-creatures. Let me tell you of one who tried to do so, and how he was found out.

It was on a public occasion, in a pretty seaport town, when a number of people were collected in an enclosed park, and when every one had to pay before entering the gate, that a naughty boy who wished to escape payment climbed over the wall.

Just then a vessel which was not far from the shore threw out her search-light, discovering to view what the naughty boy was doing.

Oh! don't you think he would be ashamed? And if before men, what will it be when every secret thing is brought out before God in the day of judgment? (Eccl.).

The best thing for you to do is to confess your sins to God at once, and He will forgive you, because Jesus died to save sinners (1 Tim.).

Suppose, now, that you had a bad pain, and that you felt very weak and ill, you would wish to ask some good doctor to try to cure you. But would you hide from the doctor any of your pains and troubles?

No; you would try to explain everything to him, so that he might understand your

case, and do his best to cure you. Just in the same way, do not be afraid that God should search every corner of your heart. "God is Light" (1 John), but "God is Love" (1 John) too; and though you cannot remember all your sins, He knows every one of them. But He has so loved us, in giving His Son to die for us, that He wants to save and bless us and give us the joy of knowing that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin" (1 John).

C. G.



"Here I am."

"MOTHER," said a dying child, "I am going to heaven."

The little voice had a ring of assurance in it.

"Mother"—again the faint, trembling ring of joyous assurance from the little one, scarcely five—"I am going to heaven; and when I get there, I shall *run* to the Lord Jesus and say, *You said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' and, HERE I am.*"

The next day at evening the little one was with the Lord.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

(REV.).



THERE is a City bright,
 Closed are its gates to sin;
 Nought that defileth
 Can ever enter in.

There Jesus calls to me,
 Though I am far away;
 I may believe Him
 In this bright gospel day.

His precious blood was shed
 To wash away my sin;
 Cleansed and forgiven,—
 Thus may I enter in.

Saviour, I come to Thee!
 O Lamb of God, I pray—
 Cleanse me and save me,
 Take all my sins away.

Lord, make me from this hour
 Thy loving child to be,
 Kept by Thy power
 From all that grieveth Thee.

Then in the snowy dress
 Of Thy redeemed I'll stand,—
 Faultless and stainless,
 Safe in that happy land.

Praying while the sun shines.



A LITTLE girl who suffered greatly during thunderstorms was told by her mother to pray when she felt afraid.

One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she told her mother that praying during the danger brought her no relief.

"Then," said her mother, "try praying while the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear."

The child did so, and when another storm was raging, she said sweetly: "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now."



THAT TELL-TALE BIRD.

TOMMY wondered how mother knew he had been playing truant. The fact was he came home to dinner rather too early; but mother put it down to a little bird that told.

Next day she saw Johnny with half a brick in his hand, waiting for that bird, and there was nothing short of murder in his eye.

Thus sinners act towards conscience and the Word of God, the faithful preacher, and even to the Holy Spirit. We read of some who "resist the Holy Spirit" (Acts). Take care you don't "resist."

ment— the ring of his voice— which touched the mother, and she said,

“Next Sunday he will be there.”

He came —he was the only boy in the class—and when the young teacher told him the story of Jesus and His wonderful love for us he was converted.

As in after-life he told us the story, the tears were in his eyes, and he said,

“Let me tell you the rest. Years afterwards, I was called to see a man who was dying. As I entered his room he called me to his bedside. and said, ‘Come just as near as you can.’ I took his head and pillowed it on my arm, and we talked. He said, ‘Teacher, has not this been a wonderful work?’ His voice was almost gone, but he still talked. Soon his wife sprang up and cried, ‘He is dying!’ I held him closer and kissed him, for I loved him.

“That was the boy I led to Christ.”

The hymn, “Must I go empty-handed?” was written by one dying in his youth, without one single soul to his credit. When the shadow of death fell across his face, a watcher by his bedside expressed concern for his happiness or his fear of death. He quickly answered,

“Oh, no, not that. I am not troubled about that; but must I go empty-handed?”

C.

Be sure your sin will find you out.



THIS story was told on the death-bed of one who had been much used of God, as he handed a piece of paper to his sister as a treasure he had long valued, and that had been the means of leading him to Jesus forty years before.

He was only a little boy when one day he stole from the cupboard a piece of cake he had been expressly told not to touch. He took it to bed with him, but whilst eating it he fell asleep with the half-eaten cake between his fingers.

Later on, when his good mother came for a good-night look and kiss, there was the little sinner caught red-handed.

In the morning when he awoke he found the cake was still in his fingers, but neatly folded in white paper.

On it in his mother's handwriting he read the solemn words, "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num.).

Not a word was said—never till the close of his life did he mention it, but then he told his sister, as he gave her the paper, how he had kept it hidden deep in his desk. Years had passed away, and still the solemn words had remained until he sought to know "the Way" (John), in which sin, so sure,

so certain to find the sinner out, could be forgiven, and the memory of it blotted out.

He learned in due time that One who had never sinned, and was without sin, had taken the sinner's curse (Gal.), and borne the sinner's sins (1 Pet.), and that for his sake the sinner turning to God in His name received forgiveness, and the sin was blotted out. Sin found the sinner out, but the Saviour found the sinner, and having borne his sins, bade him believe the goodness of God, which says "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more for ever" (Heb.).



Explanatory.



Simile.—Resemblance between two objects, as "The righteous shall flourish as a palm tree."

Metaphor.—Putting one thing to explain another, as "Ephraim is a cake not turned."

Symbol.—One object put to represent another, as "Buried with Him by baptism unto death."

Type.—Same as symbol, only it relates to a future antitype, whereas symbol refers to a past or present thing.

A SON OF GOD.

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY tells that once in the heart of dark Africa a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. It clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word, only "I am a son of God; I would not steal!" This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries laboring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun, and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station where they stopped they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went to the missionary for instructions, and by his direction it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who, though brought up in all vileness and theft and sin, had come to realise the glorious dignity of a Divine paternity, and say, "I am a son of God; I would not steal."

Little one, are you a son of God by faith

in Jesus Christ (Gal.), and because you have received Him (John)? If so, ask Him to help you to act like one. Then you will *show* what you are. (Luke)



“Miracles of Grace.”



THE lady sat with her native class,
 Teaching them what a miracle was:—
 “And you,” she suddenly said, with a smile,
 “Yourselves are a miracle.” Think awhile:
 If your grandsires came to the land again,
 And, instead of the faces they looked on then,
 Saw you, happy and somewhat wise,
 Hope on your foreheads, love in your eyes,
 Would they own you for kin of theirs,
 Dark with cruelties, shames, despairs?
 What is the power that lighted you so?
 “We see it!” said they, “’Tis Jesus, we know.”

The lady herself (who told me the tale)
 Added, “Oh, far over hill and dale,
 As we enter the butts on our way,
 There is no need of a friend to say,
 ‘Here there are Christians, from sin set free.’
 For at a glance we gladly see
 That love and hope and holy grace
 Kindle a light on the dusky face—
 Wicked and gloomy once they were;
 Now so peaceable, kindly, fair,
 Frank and beaming so happily;
 The change is a miracle, plain to see.”

(Adapted.)

“Search and See.”

(12 copies of *The Children's Message* will be sent for the correct and the best written answers to the following questions.)

SAMUEL 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 Pet. 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.)

Where was want changed to plenty in time of national distress? (2 Kings)

What is it all have full of deadly poison, and which no man can tame? (Jam.)

F. G. T.

Our Monthly Class.

Parables, Allegories, &c.

12 copies of *The Children's Message* for the best explanation of

The Parable of the Pearl.

(Matt.)

SCRIPTURE QUERIES, &c.

(12 copies of *The Children's Message* for the best answers.)

Questions:—See spaces within brackets ().

Memory Text:—See cover.

Writing Exercise:—Psa. cx.

FIND AND FILL:—"L . . e . t . . o . . e."

No. xcvi. *Transposition* (Bible name).

E M S L A U

No. xcvi. *Buried Proverb.*

1. "Whom the Lord loveth he correcteth." ().
2. "A man's heart deviacth his way." ().
3. "The turning away of the simple shall slay them." ().
4. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." ().
5. "A fool hath no delight in understanding." ().
6. "A fool's mouth is his destruction." ().
7. "The thoughts of the righteous are right." ().
8. "In the way of righteousness is life." ().
9. "A fool layeth open his folly." ().
10. "Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness." ().
11. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." ().

CORRESPONDENCE.

Monthly Rewards:—Beatrice Flett, Warrnambool; Jack Buckland, Mooc; Elsie McKay, Sydney.

Good Answers:—A. Fotheringham, W. Baldwin, Ivy Beck, G. and A. Colville, P. Gaal, L. Trimmer, D. Denney, Nellie McKay.



Past, Present, and Prospective.




MY *past*, how depraved! a Soul still
 unsaved;
 A Conscience oft roused, yet fettered
 with sin;
 A Will unsubdued, though Heart and
 Mind craved
 And sighed to have filled the dark void
 within.

But *now*, what a change, thro' trusting
 in Christ,
 My Conscience is purged; my Will is
 at rest;
 My Mind is renewed; my Heart is
 sufficed;
 My Soul grace has saved, enfranchised
 and blest.

My *future*, how vast! Lord, hasten it
 fast—
 "Caught up" with Thine own, with
 Thee to appear,
 And reign when in peace all nations
 shall cast
 Their wealth at Thy feet, who rules
 every sphere.

S. J. B. C.



SIX SHORT RULES
For Young Christians.

BY BROWNLOW NORTH.

1. Never Neglect Daily Private Prayer.

And when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers (Heb. xi. 6). Never ask God for anything you do not want. Tell Him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you; and then ask Him, for Christ's sake, to make you what you ought to be (1 John i. 9, 10; ii. 1, 2).

2. Never Neglect Daily Private Bible Reading,

And when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. (John v. 39.)

3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Christ.

Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for Him?" (Matt. v. 13-16.)

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong,

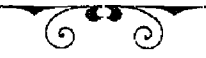
Go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it (Col. iii. 17). If you cannot do this, it is wrong (Rom. xiv. 23).

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians,

Or argue that because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may (2 Cor. x. 12). You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow Him (John x. 27).

6. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word.

Ask yourself, "Can what I feel be true, if God's Word is true?" and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar (Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10, 11).



Bessie's Difficulty.

“ Only a step to Jesus—
Why not come and say:
‘ Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away.’ ”

“ **H**AVE you done that, dearie? ”

Bessie was singing the words softly to herself as she sat on the piazza in the twilight of the summer evening.

“ Why, that’s just what troubles me, auntie, ” whispered the young girl, as Aunt Margaret came near and asked the question.

“ What troubles you, Bessie? ” She passed her arm around and drew her closer.

“ That about giving yourself away to the Saviour, Aunt Margaret. I’ve done it a great many times, for I really want to belong to Him, but somehow it don’t seem to make much difference. ”

Bessie was shy, little given to showing her feelings or speaking of herself. The quiet beauty of the hour had probably drawn her to express herself, and Aunt Margaret was glad to encourage her. Her mother had died a year before, since which time the sensitive girl had had few to interest themselves in her

until this aunt had come to have charge of the house.

"I don't quite understand you. It surely ought to make a great deal of difference in any one. He promises His love and pardon and peace to all who trust Him, and the having of all this must mean a great deal."

"But, Auntie, how can I know if I have all these?"

"Do you believe Jesus?"

"Why, to be sure I do."

"Well, Bessie, He says: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' If you believe in His Word, you know He will give you all these if you come to Him—you know it because He says it."

"But," Bessie still looked anxious and unsatisfied, "I have tried it, Aunt Margaret, and it must be that I don't do it right, for I feel just the same after it as I did before. If it were only something we could see and take right hold of, it would seem more real, wouldn't it?" Aunt Margaret smiled.

"Ah, you poor little thing, is that where you have been stumbling? Listen, Bessie, if your father should come home and say to your brother, Herbert: 'I have given to you to-day a section of land; the papers are in my safe, and it is legally yours'—would he know whether it was his or not?"

"Oh, yes, he would be sure of it if papa said so."

"But what if Herbert should say: "I don't feel as if it were mine, father, because you haven't put it in my hand so I can see it and touch it?"

"I know what you mean now, Aunt Margaret."

"My darling girl," she went on tenderly, "*Believe* what the Lord says, *because He says it*. He loves you, and will never deceive you."

Little reader, do you remember a text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee"? (Isa.).

Yes.

Well, what is the reason given?

"Because he trusteth in Thee."

Exactly. "Perfect peace," or feeling happy, is the result of *trusting* in Him.



Bad Books.

A GENTLEMAN in India, while searching for a book, felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin. He took no notice of it; but soon his arm began to swell, and in a short time he died. A small, but deadly, serpent was afterwards discovered among the Books. So many receive in a pernicious book, a wound, which, though it seems but slight, proves fatal to the soul.

Will you receive it?


GOD
OFFERS 
SALVATION AND
PEACE TO
EVERY 
LITTLE ONE.



S. J. B. C.



Where God is.



“**D**OCTOR, I want you to get me well by Sunday!” said a dear little lad, not yet five years old, suddenly stricken with a fatal disease.

“Why, my boy?” asked the kind doctor.

“Well, you know, teacher showed us the tabernacle last Sunday. We saw all the outside, but there was a curtain, and teacher said the priest went in behind it to speak to God, and she’s going to show us about it next Sunday. Oh, doctor, shan’t I be able

to go? I do so want to see inside where God was."

The doctor had walked to the window, while Charlie was speaking, but now came back, and laying a caressing hand on the child's feverish brow, said softly, "Next Sunday, dear, you may see the place where God is."

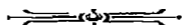
Next Sunday he had passed away—the little white crib was empty. Little Charlie had passed from earth to "the place where God is."

C.



The Two Trees.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."—MATT. vii. 16.



A FRIEND of mine had to go in for an examination. He was taken with others to a park and there had to give the names of the different trees as they were pointed out to him. Now as it was winter time, and not a leaf, flower or fruit was to be seen on many of them, this made it very difficult, and no wonder that he gave some trees the wrong name.

What an easy task it would have been could he only have seen each one's fruit hanging upon it. In a meeting of girls and boys how hard it is to pick out among the bright

attentive faces those who are the children of God.

God knows, because He can see their hearts, but it is only by their fruit we can distinguish them. "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right." (Prov.)

"In this the children of God are manifest and the children of the devil. He that doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother." (1 John)

The Lord Jesus tells us of two things that are impossible :

1. A good tree *cannot* bring forth evil fruit. ()
2. A corrupt tree *cannot* bring forth good fruit. ()

That is very simple. Who would ever go to a thistle to gather figs? Yet how many boys and girls are trying to get good fruit out of a sinful heart? The one is just as impossible as the other.

Supposing the thistle were planted in a greenhouse, and great care taken of it, and a lot of trouble expended on it, would it then be any nearer being figs than before? Not a bit, neither can all the care and cultivation of a lifetime produce out of a sinful heart any good thing.

The Lord Jesus says in another place that out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts,

deceit, pride, foolishness, and many more evil things. These things are the fruits which show what the heart is like. (Matt.)

What sort of fruit do you bring forth? I fancy someone says, "Well, some bad and some good." But God says that is *not possible*, for if a tree has evil fruit it shows that the tree is corrupt, and a bad tree *cannot* bring forth good fruit.

What you really are in the secret of your heart must shew itself in your ways, and in your influence upon other people; and what you may think is good is not really so in God's sight.

Then is it no use trying? Surely not; for who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? How, then, can anyone bring forth good fruit? There is only one way, and that is by becoming a new tree, or, rather, "a new creature in Christ Jesus" (2 Cor.).

Then it will not be long before the new life will begin to show itself, and the good tree bring forth the good fruit. What will the fruit of the new life be like? *The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance* (Gal.).

These are the natural results of the new life of faith in Jesus. You cannot *make* fruit, it must grow naturally. These things—love, joy, peace, are not seen in an unsaved boy or

girl. It needs one who is born again to really *love* a disagreeable person. Real love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God (I John). So it is with the other fruit. *Joy*, real lasting joy, is unknown to all but the Christian. There is no *peace*, saith our God, to the wicked. But the saved one can say: I have peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, and His peace keeps my heart and mind. A peaceful, happy life is the fruit of trusting Jesus.

There is an Old Testament prophecy which says, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree" (Isa.). So it is with the Christian. Instead of the old life, with its evil fruits of disobedience and selfishness, will be seen the new life with its fruit of love.

But remember always that your new life is *in Christ*, and apart from Him you can do nothing. He will never cease to give you the grace you need daily and hourly to walk in newness of life.

So reckon upon Him, trust Him, and you will see how true it is that those who abide in Him and He in them bring forth much fruit. And others will see the fruit and recognise the tree, that it is "the planting of the Lord that He may be glorified" (Isa.).

E. G.

What makes us happy ?

(Tune in "Golden Bells," No. 363.)

DO you know what makes us happy,
When so many hearts are sad ?
We are little friends of Jesus,
That is why we are so glad.

CHORUS.

We are little friends, we are loving friends,
We are happy, happy little friends of Jesus.
We are little friends, we are loving friends,
We are happy all day long.

Jesus loves the children dearly,
In His Word He tells them so;
Once He took them up and blessed them,
Many, many years ago.

We are little lambs of Jesus; 1
He our Shepherd kind and dear
Speaks, and though we do not see Him,
In our hearts His voice we hear.



(NOTE.—"There is a City Bright," page 102, was also taken from
"Golden Bells," No. 415.)



Three Blessings.—*Life* (2 Cor. ii. 16), *light* (iv. 4), and *liberty* (iii. 17). Are they yours?



Who have the *veiled heart* (2 Cor.)
and the *blinded mind* (2 Cor.)?

Jesus, the Key.



A CHRISTIAN father writes that one day he was returning to his home from one of his journeys, and wanted to take with him a present for his children. He selected a dissected map.

When he gave it to his two girls he said, "Now, if you can put this together, you will know more of geography than if you studied a book."

They worked patiently, but at last one of them arose, saying, "I cannot put it together."

Suddenly the elder one discovered that on the other side of one piece of the map was a man's hand. Curiosity prompted her to turn over another piece, and there was part of his face. Then, her fingers working rapidly, she turned over every piece of the map, and called to her sister, saying, "There is a man on the other side; let us put the man together first."

Soon the figure of the man was completed, and when the map was turned over, every river and lake, every mountain and plain, was in the proper place.

This is the secret of Bible study. Let the Man, Christ Jesus (), the Son of God (), be the key. Jesus in Genesis is the same as Jesus in Revelation. The

fact is, there is one Name that binds the Book together. Learn the meaning of that Name, and you have got hold of the key to the Bible.



What can wash away my Stain?



WHAT can wash away *your* stain, do you think? It all depends on what kind of stain you want washed away.

If you have had a fall in the mud, and your face is stained with dirt, soap and water will do it.

If you have brushed against some wet paint, a little turpentine will remove the stain.

If you have inked your fingers while writing in your copy-book, rub them with pumice-stone, and the stain will soon disappear.

If it is tar that has blackened your hand, ask mother for a piece of butter, it will make your hand clean again.

But if you say that it is not your hands or face that are stained, but *your soul*, and that it is *sin* that has caused the stain, then there is *only one thing* that can wash it away.

Do you know what it is? Search and see for yourself. You will find it if you read I John i. 7.

H. P. B.

“Shut thy Door.”

“Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.”
(MATT. .)

A LITTLE boy used to go up into a hay-loft to pray; but he found that, sometimes, persons came up and disturbed him; therefore, the next time he climbed into the loft, he pulled the ladder up after him. The boy thus entered into his closet and shut the door.

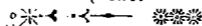
The meaning is not so much the literal entrance into a closet, or the shutting of the door, as the getting away from earthly sources of distraction, pulling up the ladder after us, and keeping out anything that might come in to hinder our secret devotions.

I wish we could always pull the ladder up after us when we retire for private prayer; but many things try to climb that ladder. The devil himself will come up to disturb us if he can; and he can get into the hay-loft without any ladder. But Jesus will help us if we look to Him.



“Faint, yet Pursuing.”

(JUNG. .)



F AINT, yet pursuing;
Weak, yet subduing;
Strength still renewing,
Christ's ever viewing.

“Search and See.”



HOW did God seek to reconcile the world to Himself? (2 Cor.).

What did Christ die to deliver us from? (Gal. .)

How many times did Joseph weep?

Who said, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian”?

David said in the Psalms he hid something. What was it? where? and why?

How many hours did Christ suffer?

Where was it that those who believed on Jesus were first called Christians?

What is the whole armour of God?

Tell us 7 things the Lord hates.

Had Herod seen Jesus before Luke xxiii.?

Name 6 things which we should “think on.”

What ornament in the sight of God is of great price?

How many miracles in John’s Gospel?

What is said in the Acts about Lydia’s heart?

What is said in the Acts about Simon’s heart?

Whose face was like the face of an angel, and why?

Give two verses that say, “The Lord knows the hearts of all men.”

Our Monthly Class.

Five Divisions Each division offers 12 copies of *The Children's Message* for the best answer.

1st Division:—Explain Jotham's parable of the trees.



2nd Division:—"Search and See" (preceding page).



3rd Division:—*Writing Exercise:* Rom. x. 1-10.



4th Division:—No. xcviII.—*Transposition* (Bible name).

L T R M Z Z A A H H I E U K H

No. xcix.—*Buried Text.*

1. "For this my son was dead."
2. "Who is he that condemneth?"
3. "My beloved is mine and I am His."
4. "Who is this that is born King of the Jews?"
5. "My Lord and my God."
6. "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Memory Text:—See cover.



5th Division: *Questions:*—See spaces within brackets ().

CORRESPONDENCE.

Monthly Rewards:—May Trimmer, Newtown, Sydney; Samuel Page, Ellerslie, Vict.; Ivy Beck, Ascotvale, Melbourne; Jas. S. Baker, Northcote; Ruth Gaal, Newtown, Sydney.

Very good Answers:—Emily Larkin, A. Fotheringham, Gladys Colville, Jack Buckland, David Denney, Belle Denney, Wilfred Baldwin, L. Trimmer, Bella Geddes, Nellie Robb, H. G. Johanson.



Soul Suicide.



“BREAKERS AHEAD!” Sharply and sudden the cry rings out on the midnight air. The wild winds tug and strain with redoubled fury against the vessel’s stern, as if possessed of demon life, and fearful lest their purpose of destruction should be foiled.

The vessel does not change her course. Like an arrow she cleaves the inky waters. Right ahead the foaming breakers boom and thunder.

“Breakers ahead! Starboard the helm!”

No answer at the wheel. The rigging rattles, and the wind shrieks weirdly among the shrouds. There is no splash of anchors, no scuffle of hurrying feet, the sails remain unfurled.

A minute more and the gallant ship is on the rocks, a wreck, a ruin. The breakers beat in mad glee against her riven sides, while between their thunders the waters sigh a sad requiem for *the mad mariners*.

Like an ill-starred vessel, with Satan at the helm, this Christ-rejecting world speeds swiftly on its way to certain doom. Like madmen, worldlings will not hear of judgment, or, if they hear, they but respond in jokes and laughter.

Progress is their boast. Progress there is, but *whither?* To the awful apostacy of the last days; to the daring impiety of an infidel age; to the wailing of wild affright when God shall rend the heavens, and the Son of Man shall come in clouds and flaming fire for vengeance.

O worldling! fly from the coming wrath. Escape this world’s impending doom, for God has pronounced its end. “Upon the wicked He shall rain snares,

fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: *this shall be the portion of their cup.*"

* * * * *

"Look! look! a danger signal."

The red light gleams along the shining rails. Behind its lurid glare the bridge is gone. It lies beneath the boiling waters in the river bottom, a mass of twisted bars and broken flanges.

Around the nearest curve a single locomotive tears wildly on. The driver hears his fireman's cry, he sees the warning light, but he pulls the throttle wide open.

The whistle does not shriek; the air-brakes do not grind against the whirring wheels. Like some living monster, goaded on to madness, the rocking engine dashes wildly on. It whizzes past the flashing signal. On, on it tears! The river's brink is reached; there is a plunge into the dark, and in a moment the mangled body of *the mad driver* lies mingled with the wreckage of the locomotive.

So, unsaved reader, you are driving on to ruin; aye, to sure damnation. You see the danger signals, but you do not stop. The red-light warnings of God's Word you will not heed, though they flash their message, "*turn or burn,*" across your downward path.

Jesus saves; His blood can cleanse; trust Him *now* for peace and pardon.

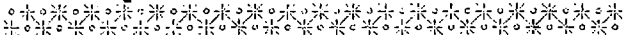
C.K.





The Way.

(MATT. vii.)



YOU have often heard of the Two Ways. But have you ever considered on which you were journeying? I want to make it plain, so shall suggest you take a piece of paper and pencil and draw a letter **Y**. I think from this we can trace life's journey.

Of course we shall begin at the bottom, and my first question shall be: Where were you born? God's Word tells us "in sin." In our infancy we were not conscious of this, yet too often mother saw proof by temper and disobedience.

You are no longer infants, but have come to "the days of thy Youth." Notice our letter **Y**, we have reached the division of ways, or the place where "two ways meet." Stop! Stop and consider. "Remember *now* thy Creator" (Eccl.).

Choose this day which journey you will take. Do not continue to the left, or Broad Way, though it may look the easiest because the gate is so wide; take heed, it leads to destruction. Yes, a life begun and ended in sin brings Death.

“Enter ye in at the Strait Gate.” This is God’s will for you. He calls and says: “Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die.” Have you hearkened to His call? (Ezek.)

Can I hear you say, “But I have not been very bad. The way I am going *seems right*. I try to be good, and I generally say my prayers and read the Scripture?”

“There is a way that *seemeth right* unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death” (Prov.). Our own way, though we may think it right, is not the way to Life. Don’t forget, to go *our own way* is to go astray. “All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way.”

The other day a little girl was watching with me some sheep in a field. They were not happy to stay where they were, and tried to get out. I said to my little companion, “Why are they doing so, because—*they want to?*” Yes, we are like them, turning our own way, each because we want to. It is self-will—it is *sin*.

To think anything you can do or be can lead you into the Narrow Way is such a mistake. You are forgetting the Lord Jesus Christ and His Work. He said, “I am the Way; no man” (boy or girl) “cometh unto the Father but by *Me*” (John).

E.C.

Why we love Him.

A LITTLE girl was playing with her doll in a room where her mother was busily engaged in some literary work. When she had finished her writing, she said, "You can come now, Alice, I have done all I want to do this morning."

The child ran to her mother, exclaiming, "I am so glad, for I wanted to love you so much."

"But I thought you were very happy with dolly."

"Yes, mother, I was, but I soon get tired of loving her, for she cannot love me back."

"And that is why you love me—because I can love you back?"

"That is one why, but not the first or best why."

"What is the first and best why?"

"Because you loved me when I was too little to love you back."

Mother's eyes filled with tears as she whispered—"We love HIM because HE first loved us" ().



Is It Yours?

"EARTH has a joy unknown to heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight."

Three Pillows.



WHEN I visited one day, as he was dying, my beloved friend, Benjamin Parsons, I said, "How are you to-day, sir?"

He said, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows—infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom."

Preaching in Canterbury Hall, Brighton, I mentioned this some time since; and, not many months after, I was requested to call upon a poor but holy young woman, apparently dying.

She said, "I felt I must see you before I died. I heard you tell the story of Benjamin Parsons and his three pillows; and when I went through a surgical operation, and it was very cruel, I was leaning my head on pillows, and as they were taking them away, I said, 'Mayn't I keep them?'"

"The surgeon said, 'No, my dear, we must take them away.'"

"'But,' said I, 'you can't take away Benjamin Parsons' three pillows: I can lay my head on infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom.'"

FAITH.

THE Puritans speak of faith as a recumbency, a leaning. It needs no power to lean; it is a cessation from our own strength, and allowing our weakness to depend upon another's power. Let no man say, "I cannot lean;" it is not a question of what you can do, but a confession of what you cannot do, and a leaving of the whole matter with Jesus.

Telling of Jesus.



A CHRISTIAN lady went to pay a visit to her brother. One day she observed her little nephew stopping in the midst of his play and eyeing her closely.

"What are you thinking about?" inquired the lady.

"I have been thinking if you love Jesus, auntie. Do you?"

"Yes, dear."

"But you never speak of Jesus, auntie."

"We may love a person without talking about him."

"Why, Auntie, you love to talk of mamma and papa and me, don't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"And yet you speak no word of Jesus. If you loved Him, auntie, would you not speak of Him sometimes?"

The lady never forgot her little nephew's rebuke.

The boy's reasoning was sound: "If you loved Jesus, would you not talk of Him sometimes?"

Most assuredly so, for "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If we abide in Christ and keep ourselves in the love of God, "we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard" (Acts). Love to Jesus moves us to speak of Him.

“Search and See.”

GIVE 4 verses in one chapter (Acts) that say “He was taken up.”

How many times is “I am” found in John’s gospel?

Who was the first we read of that “found grace in the eyes of the Lord”?

In the Epistle to the Hebrews we read of three Appearings—past, present, and future. Where are they?

What did the apostle state to be the gospel in the Corinthians?

What gifts do we read of in the 12th chapter of Romans?

What do we read about the Spirit in the 8th chapter of Romans?

In whom are they said to joy who have peace with God?

What scripture says “The joy of the Lord is the strength of His people”?

Who were told by the Lord Jesus Christ that they should die in their sins?

What is that which the wicked can never find, but is promised to all who come to Jesus?

What woman was told by the Saviour that those who believed on Him should never die?

Who were the Nethinims?

F. G. T.

“Think on Me.”

“Think on me when it shall be well with thee” (Gen.).

THIS is what Joseph asks of a fellow-prisoner; and I suppose we all know that in the simple story of Joseph we have a beautiful picture of Jesus.

We find him here in prison, although he had “done nothing amiss” (Luke).

Well, he asked this favour, and a very small favour it was, of one for whom he had done so much. How like Jesus, who says, “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth” (Eccl.).

Jesus wants you to remember Him to think on Him now, to-day, when it is well with you. Even wicked people think of Him when they get into trouble, it comes natural for them to do so then.

Let me tell you a story: A little boy was one day walking along a country road with a little girl. Suddenly they saw some wild cattle rushing towards them, and they were dreadfully afraid.

What were they to do?

Suddenly the little boy remembered that he had forgotten to pray to God that morning, and he thought that he could not therefore expect the Lord to take care of them.

Hesitating a moment, he then fell on his knees on the roadside and prayed for protection.

The cattle did not hurt the children; but when the danger was over the lad was ashamed of his fear, and instead of thanking the Lord, he persuaded his companion to tell nobody about him having prayed as he did.

I was that boy, and although it is many years ago now, I often feel how mean I was. But, oh! how many there are who still act like I did.

Children, let us own Christ's claims and our need of Him while we are young and well and strong. Do not let us forget Him, and only remember Him when we are compelled to do so by sickness or some other trial or difficulty or danger.

Perhaps some of you can sing: "*It is well—it is well with my soul.*" If so, Jesus not only says, "Think on Me," but also "*Make mention of Me.*" Oh, if you love the Lord, do not be like the chief butler, of whom it is said: "Yet he did not remember Joseph, but forgot him."

Again I say to every little reader, do not put off thinking of Jesus till you are dying, for "now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor.). Think on Him *now*, and speak of Him, that He—like Joseph—may be exalted.

“Zealous of good works.”

—————

“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 .)

—————

IT is quite true that the Lord Jesus died so that you and I might, by-and-by, go to heaven; but that is only a part of God's truth. He died also so that “He might purchase us for His own possession.”

Not only when He takes us to be with Himself in heaven, but now, while we remain in the world, we are His own people—peculiarly His own—because He has bought us with His own blood.

Have 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, for His own peculiar possession,

and is so desirous that you should not be stained with sin and evil while you are in this world.

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 not the same as other boys and girls.

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 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 so 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 the Bible calls "good"?

And 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 be on the watch for opportunities of doing good, because we know it is God's will for us, and so that "men may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in Heaven" (). W. H. S.



Seven "without's" in Hebrews.



1. Without *fault* (on the cross) ().
2. Without *blood* ().
3. Without *faith* ().
4. Without *holiness* ().
5. Without *chastisement* ().
6. Without *mercy* ().
7. Without *sin* ().

Our Monthly Class.

Five Divisions. Each division offers 12 copies of *The Children's Message* for the best answer.

1st Division:—Explain the Parable of The True Vine.



2nd Division:—"Search and See" (page 137).



3rd Division:—*Writing Exercise*: John i. 1-5.

No. 100.—*Scripture Acrostic*.

1. That which the fowls of the air never do.
2. That which we are to redeem.
3. One who opened not the gate for gladness.
4. The first well dug by Isaac's servants.
5. A captain of the host of Syria, a leper.
6. That which we are to do freely.
7. That which we are to forgive men.
8. That which shall be rolled together as a scroll.

The initials give that which we are to ascribe unto God.
The finals give that in which God's strength is made perfect.

S. B.



4th Division:—No. 101.—*Transposition* (Bible name).

A A H N O E J B D

No. 102.—*Buried Text*.

- "Let him take up his cross" ().
 "Things freely given to us" ().
 "Love one another out of a pure heart" ().

No. 103.—*Scripture Puzzle*.

Whose name means "Sorrow at his birth?"
 And whose "My God my help has been?"
 Whose mother "Asked of God" her son?
 What on a palace wall was seen,
 There written by the hand Divine,
 To mark a king's "Divided" power?
 And who when brought to Jesus Christ,
 Was named "A stone" that very hour?
 Initial letters then will give,
 A Name which sinners know so well.
 It tells a Saviour's grace and power,
 To save from sin, from death and hell.

Memory Text:—See cover.

5th Division: Questions:—See spaces within brackets ().

No. 104.—*Scripture Enigma.*

Afar they watch my whole arise,
Its summit seems to touch the skies :
" When all is done," the crowds exclaim,
" Then shall we make ourselves a name ! "

Remove a letter, and behold !
A shepherd issues from his fold,
With blood devoutly draws he nigh,
Himself, alas ! how soon to die.

Remove a letter still, and now
Before an idol-god they bow ;
To wood and stone is worship paid,
And men adore what men have made.

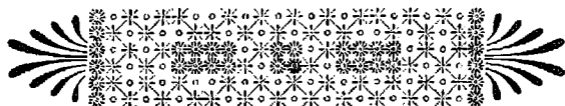
Remove a letter yet once more,
We see an altar stained with gore ;
And he who built it named it thus,
To teach a precious truth to us.



CORRESPONDENCE.

Monthly Rewards:—Hulda and Hjalmar Johanson, Bowhill, S.A. ; R. Hulme, Picton, N.S.W. ; Eliza Piper, Carlton (E. P's. is very good indeed) ; Jancy and Fred. Chesterfield, Kirkenong, N.S.W. ; Maud Little, North Melbourne.

Good Answers:—Albert Campbell, David Denney, Belle Denney, Gladys Colville, Andrew Colville, W. Baldwin, Amy Stead, Elsie and Nellie McKay, Samuel Page, James and Roy Flett, Warrnambool, Flora Piper, Nellie Griffin.



Art Thou a Christian?

Or, "Hast thou a name that thou livest, but art dead"?

(REV. iii. 1.)

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."—COL. iii. 1, 2.

ART thou a Christian? Then thou with Christ art dead,
 Yea, risen, and seated, too, at God's right hand,—
 A child of Heaven, by the Spirit led,
 A pilgrim and a stranger in the land.

"What meaneth, then, this bleating of the sheep—
 This lowing of the oxen in mine ear"?

These Canaanitish sights and sounds that keep
 Suspicion on the rack, and wake the fear

That thou art not what thou wouldst fain appear?

Ah, things unseen are cheap, things seen are dear—
 The former far away, the latter near.

With Jesus *dead*? Then why art thou alive
 To worldly pleasure, power, pomp, and fame?

Why dost thou after earthly riches strive,
 And cast dishonour on His holy Name?

With Jesus *dead*? Alas! beyond His grave
 Is never found what thine affections crave.

With Jesus *risen*? Then, why seek below
 To quench thy spirit's thirst with streams that flow
 From earthly springs, that yield not bliss but woe?

With Jesus *seated* high on God's right hand?

Why build thine all then here upon the sand?

Aha, thy treasure and thy heart are *here*!—

Yes, *here* in this vain lower sphere.

A soaring eagle truly thou wouldst be

If names and things did evermore agree.

Thou art a mole, if ways and habits tell—

For thou dost delve where men's affections dwell;

Yes, thou dost burrow in this blighted earth,

Which shows too well what thy profession's worth.

A child of God? the Spirit as thy guide?

What spirit then conducts thee to provide

For thy proud flesh that should be mortified?

In business, dress, in house and equipage,
 Furniture and talk—"all that is the rage"—
Thy leader is "the spirit of the age."
 In tone and manner, buying, getting gain,
 In seeking pleasure or in shunning pain,
 In haste for riches, tastes and trappings—all
 That stamps the world—the difference is so small
 'Twixt it and thee, that keen-eyed judges say
 There *is* no difference, 'tis the other way.
 A pilgrim and a stranger in the land?
 And yet thou art in Sodom—and thy lot
 Where Lot cast his!—Thou takest here thy stand
 Where Satan revels, and God is forgot;—
 Where all beneath thy feet is burning hot
 With judgment fires, that will soon outburst
 On place and people still by sin accurst.
 A CHRISTIAN? Nay, *renounce thy name* or be
 A man whose name and character agree.

"With You Always."

THE sea of Galilee may picture the Christian's life to us. The surface was smooth at times, rough at times, asking for toil in rowing at times, affording propitious sailing and successful fishing at times, and at times awakening fear. But change as it may, Jesus was there with His people. His way may vary, but He is always with them there or joins them there. He may at times be prospering their nets, directing their labours, asleep as though he heeded them not, the companion of their gentle passage across, or walking in strength over what was too much for them. But still He is with them: whether sailing, fishing, rowing, or buffeting the wind in fear, He is ever with them.

J. G. B.

“Surely I come quickly.”

(REVELATION .)

THE Lord Jesus Christ is coming again. I was once speaking on this subject to two little boys, and the younger of them (about five years old) said, “I hope He will not come before May, because my birthday is then, and I expect to have a lot of presents.”

That little boy put his toys *before* Jesus. I do not mean that it is wrong for little children to enjoy playing with their toys: all quite right; but, if they love them *better* than Jesus, it shows that they have never known (or, at least, have forgotten) *His great love*.

And what else did that little boy's remark show? It showed that he did not know that there are *better* pleasures in heaven than toys, or anything else that earth can afford: for there

“Everlasting joys are found,
And pleasures never end.”

I think I remember saying something to him about these *better* pleasures, and that we read in Psa. : “At Thy right hand there are pleasures *for evermore*.” Also in Proverbs we hear the voice of Wisdom speaking (and Wisdom there is the

Lord Jesus Christ Himself), and He says, "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment; that I may cause them that love Me to inherit *substance*, and I will fill their treasures."

We read of a young man who loved his *riches* better than Christ (Mark). He had done playing with toys, but he put something else between his soul and Christ. And so it is with everyone who does not know God and His Son Jesus Christ. They have *something* in their hearts which they value more than God and His great *love*, and Scripture calls this an "*idol*."

Why is it, dear children, that we prefer other things to the knowledge of the only One who can make us *truly* happy? It is because we are *all*, by nature, far off from God; we are born with sinful hearts; we are sinners; and it is because we *are* sinners, and *do* like our pleasures, our riches, or our toys, better than the presence of God, that the Lord Jesus Christ came to die for us.

Some little children have come to Him—they *believe* on Him, and are washed white and clean in His precious blood.

And do they wish Him to come? Oh, yes! They love Him because He first loved them (1 John). If you love any one very much, do you not want to see them? Suppose father and mother have been away, do

you not *watch* for them if you are told they are coming home that very day?

Well, the Lord Jesus says, "Behold; I come quickly." We do not know *what* day, but would you not like to be *ready*, through His precious blood and finished work, for that day, and to know that you will have the everlasting pleasures which He can give?

I am sure little *believing* children down here are happier than others, even in their play. They *know* the kind and great Friend who gives them all things, not only their toys; and they have light hearts, because Jesus has taken away their burden of sins.

A. E. P.



Seven Years Old.



A LITTLE maiden stood trembling, weeping, timidly knocking at the door.

"Come in," said a cheerful voice.

The door handle slowly turned, and there she stood, sobbing with emotion.

"What is the matter, my dear child?" said the sympathising servant of Christ.

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "*I have lived seven years without Jesus!*"

She had just been celebrating her seventh birthday.

For Ever.

HERE was a little boy who began to think about what comes after this life.

He went to a churchyard, and looked at the graves. Some of them were very long. He measured them, and found that they were for grown-up people. Some were middle-sized. Then he measured, too, and felt sure that they were much too big for little boys of his height. But presently he came to some very little graves, much shorter than he was, so he felt sure that, young and small as he was, he, too, might die, and, if he died, he wished to know where he should go.

It is only the body that dies: the soul lives on for ever. The little baby child that was put into the ground will, by-and-bye, be raised up from the grave, and body and spirit will be again joined in one, and the body raised up out of the grave will never die again, but live for ever.

Did you ever try to think what is meant by "for ever"? Suppose you were at the seashore, and began to carry away, one by one, the grains of sand to a place a mile inland, how many years do you think it would take to carry away all the sand from the seashore? If you were to count the grains of sand that you can put into your hand at once you might reckon many, many hundreds of

them, and I am sure you would have to live to be very, very old indeed in order to carry away many handfuls of sand. And what would you have done? You would only have made a little hole, and carried away a few grains, while the seashore would look just the same as before you began. If the sand upon the shore were all carried away, grain by grain, it would take millions and tens of millions of years to do it; but even all that long time would be as nothing at all to "for ever."

You will live for ever—long after the world has grown old and worn out, as we read in Heb. i. (); long, long after there is "no more sea;" long, long after "the earth and the heaven have fled away, and there is no place for them" (Rev.). Where will you be? Some will be with the Lord in heaven, and then it will be always joy, nothing but joy. No one will be tired of being in heaven, for we are never weary of love, and the love of God and of Jesus will render us happy for ever. But some will be lost. They will be in hell—the place of darkness.

It was to save us from this dreadful place, and to bring us to His Father's home, that Jesus came to this world and died upon the cross. If you are trusting in Him, He will, before long, take you to be with Himself, to be with Him for ever.

“It is Well.”

(2 KINGS .)



W^HERE'S beauty in the bright blue sky,
 A On earth is the reapers' glee,
 'Tis harvest time in Jehovah's land,
 And the corn by the breeze is gently fann'd,
 Like the waves of a golden sea.

But sorrow shall wait on the reaper's mirth,
 The lord of those fields shall sigh;
 One only boy
 Was his father's joy,
 The boy that day must die.

For the sun looked forth in his morning pride
 On the child with a scorching ray;
 "My head, my head!"
 'Twas all he said,
 'Twas all the child could say!

And see, they have come, and borne him home,
 And he sits on his mother's knee;
 But who can tell
 How her countenance fell,
 Her altered boy to see!

He knows her not with his dull fix'd eye,
 On her bosom he pillows his head;
 When the sun shines bright
 From his noontide height,
 The boy on her knee is dead.

But faith within the mother's breast
 Shall calm her agony:

“The God who gave
Is the God who shall save,
And give back my boy to me.”

Though sad her heart, the lamp of hope
Shall light its innermost cell;
The son lies dead
On the prophet's bed,
But the mother can say, “It is well.”

* * * * *

'Tis well with the mother, 'tis well with the boy,
His breath and his life are restored;
The child is awake,
Let her hasten and take
To her arms this new gift from the Lord.
And I know it is well with the children of God,
Naught them from Himself shall sever;
Whether Christ shall soon come,
Or they're laid in the tomb,
'Twill be well with His people for ever.
They fear not the arrow that flieth by day,
Nor the plague which stalks in the dark;
The sun shall not smite,
Nor the moon by night,
Those who shelter in Jesus the Ark.
They fear not to die, for the deep, dark grave
Is a bed where their Saviour has lain:
They sink not to hell,
But with Him they shall dwell,
For He's coming to raise them again.

—*Sir Charles Brenton, 1855.*

“Be Content.”

()

ONCE upon a time a young Christian was walking down a street, having a very sorrowful countenance. It was not that he had anything to make him look so miserable, far from it. He knew he was washed from his sins in the precious blood of Jesus Christ, and that heaven was his home, while, as regards this life, he certainly was in the enjoyment of as many riches as most are.

Well, as our young friend walked down the street, he lifted up his eyes, and before he could guess who it was, saw a gloomy-looking youth coming to meet him. “You *are* dull-looking,” thought he. When suddenly he found himself before a great looking-glass exhibited in a shop window. Mr. Long-face was himself! That looking-glass did him no end of good as to contentment.

Real contentment must begin with the humblest things. I think children who are contented with the little things of their everyday life, will, without doubt, be so when great difficulties arise.

How contented with the trouble God sends them have I seen some children in pain and suffering upon their sick-beds! So patient, so humble, so gentle! I knew a dear boy who was laid aside from his usual

play for years, but he was the sunbeam of the family, his father told me—ah! and told me with tears, too, for his dear boy loved the Lord Jesus.

So it is written, "Godliness with contentment is great gain" (1 Tim.). For, dear Christian boys and girls, it is of small use speaking about our Lord and Saviour if we do not live like those He has made contented. You see, your parents cannot give you all that you might wish for. Perhaps they have not it to give; perhaps they know what you wish for would be injurious.

God gives each of His children just what is best, and withholds from them what He knows would injure them. If we are walking in the love of our God and Father, we shall be content with such things as we have. There is no sight more sad than a grumbling child of God.

Now, keep in view what God has done for you. You may say "the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad" (Psa.). Think of His favours to you, and of His mercies, and I am sure you will shine for Him as a contented child.



He who thinks his place is below him, will certainly be below his place.



The obedience of the heart is the heart of obedience.

may be ugly, he will only do you good. Go back to your planting, little one."

"There's a trouble come into my life!" cried the child, now grown to womanhood. "I cannot bear it. I'm afraid of it."

"Fear not, my little one," said the soft voice of her God and Father, "I have sent it for your good. You do not know what it is for now, but by-and-bye you shall see how it was to help you get rid of some enemies in your own heart, which you could not get rid of alone. The trouble is hard, my child, I know, and you do not like it, but fear not. It cannot hurt you, it can only do you good. Go back and be cheerful, little one. When the trouble shall have done its work and gone, you will be glad for it, and feel that it was good."

Yes, "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Rom.).

"Mind your own Business."

()

TWO reasons have been given why some persons don't mind their own business: One is, they haven't any business; and the other, they haven't any mind. There may be some truth in this. Think about it. Look up the text.

“Who is my Neighbour?”

JESUS told the young lawyer what his duty was according to the law of God; it required him to love his neighbour!

Did he do this? He did not, and he knew he did not. So, we read, “He, willing to justify himself, said, Who is my neighbour?”

In reply, the Lord Jesus, in the beautiful parable of the good Samaritan, shewed that He Himself—Jesus Himself—was his neighbour. Did he love Him? Alas, no.

Dear soul, Jesus came to where the poor sinner lay in all his helplessness and ruin—came to *you*—came to save you and bless you. Do you love Him? Have you felt and acknowledged your need of Him? Have you recognised and owned Him as your Neighbour? Have you known His grace and goodness as a Saviour?

Ah! it is this—the sense of His love to you—it is this alone, which will make you love Him—the Heavenly Stranger, who came from heavenly glory to be neighbour to *you*.

A. Le S.

Our Monthly Class.

Five Divisions. Each division offers 12 copies of *The Children's Message* for the best answer.

1st Division:—Explain the Parable of Luke xix. 12-27.



2nd Division:—“SEARCH AND SEE.”

The wisest of men was a carriage builder. (i.) What was the name of the vehicle he built? (ii.) What were the materials he built it of? (iii.) What are the materials symbols of?

What is the strangest bird's nest we read of in the Bible? What bird built it? What was the name of her companion? What are the two birds emblems of, and why did they choose this place?

To build and establish a house properly, three things are required. What are they?

Three good things are the portion of a good man from God, and three bad things are given to a wicked one. What are they?

God puts three of the greatest men of the Old Testament together. What are their names, and what was it that specially made each one of them great before God?

ASCOT VALE.

H. B.



3rd Division:—*Writing Exercise*: John iii. 1-3.

No. 105.—*Scripture Acrostic*.

1. The name of a precious stone mentioned in Revelation as being part of a breastplate.

2. A stone mentioned by one of the prophets as being used for windows

3. The stone mentioned by Ezekiel as appearing in the likeness of a throne.

4. The jewel with which St. Paul says women are not to adorn themselves.

5. The stone to which the rainbow round the throne is compared.

6. The stone whose value is not so precious as that of wisdom.

All these stones are mentioned as forming part of the New Jerusalem. The initials give the name of one of the foundations.

S. B.



4th Division:—No. 106.—*Transposition* (Bible name).

H M A A A I E S

No. 107.—*Buried Text*.

"I love Thy law; it is my meditation."

"Of Him and through Him and to Him."

"Thy sleep shall be sweet."

(The buried text is in the Psalms.)

No. 108.—*Scripture Puzzle.* Two celebrated Queens.
Double Acrostic.

1. What should belong to God alone.
2. The father of James.
3. The father of Elisha.
4. The king who had fifteen years added to his life.
5. A town especially noted for its wickedness.
6. The fifth son of Jacob and Leah.

G. W. B.

Memory Text:—See cover.



5th Division: Questions:—See spaces within brackets ().

No. 109.—*Scripture Enigma.*

1. *This* was the sign of love a traitor chose,
To show their victim to his eager foes.
2. When Israel lay waste, rejoiced *this* land;
Therefore shall it be wasted by God's hand.
3. When to rebuild God's house the Jews were sent,
Among the chief priests, *this* man also went.
4. Mourning and fasting by *this* river's side,
The prophet saw a sight, to men denied.

A king you'll find if you my finals take;
Initials his father's name will make.

B. L. B.

—*—*—*—
CORRESPONDENCE.

Monthly Rewards:—Ivy Beck, Ascot Vale, Melbourne; S. Frame, Marrickville, Sydney (send your address); A. R. Cairns, Dunedin, N.Z.; Mary Roulston, Milburn, N.Z.; Willie Strawbridge, Parkville, Melbourne.

Good Answers:—Ruth Frame; Samuel Page; Ruth Gaal; Bella Geddes; R. and P. Hulme; F. Chesterfield; A. Campbell; D. and B. Denney; Nellie Seidler; Lottie and May Trimmer.

N.B.—Kindly leave envelope open at ends; mark "MSS. only," and get it weighed at P.O. (2oz. 1d.). We were heavily surcharged this month for Newtown and other replies.

Children and grown-up helpers are invited to send in questions, acrostics, &c., for *Our Bible Class*. Answers must in every case be found in the Bible.



“Fishers of Men.”

(ISA. lvii. 20; MATT. iv. 18-22; LUKE v. 1-11; JOHN xxi. 1-12; 1 THESS. ii. 19-20.)

GOSPEL fishers—would you be?
Says the Master: “Follow Me”!
Brethren, are you willing?

Sit not still and idly wish,
Up and gird and toil and fish,—
All your baskets filling.

Sail and tackle first prepare,
Overhaul your boats with care—
See to their condition;

Mend your nets spread them above,
Sun them on the shores of Love
For your gospel mission.

Then, when sounds the onward word,
Let your fisher zeal be stirred—

Forth to launch with singing;
Some may doubt and stay behind,—
Shake their heads, but never mind—
Sure the full home-bringing.

Boldly cleave the troubled wave,
Safe, since near, and strong to save
Is your Lord and Master;
If Hell shake the vessel's keel,
Foam and lash and make her reel—
Only speed the faster.

Let the anchor now go free,
And look up expectantly—
Further guidance seeking;
“Let your nets down for a draught
On the right side of the craft”—
’Tis the Master speaking.

Let them down with hope elate,
But be patient—trust and wait
His good will and pleasure;
You shall fill your baskets yet,
But *He* first must fill each net
With the sea's rich treasure.

Prayerfully, then, scan the sky,
 Till He flashes from on high
 Yet another token;
 Lo! He signals o'er the main—
 "Draw the nets now in again,
 Filled, but still unbroken."

Is it more than you can do?
 "Beckon" to your "partners'" crew—
 "Lend a hand we pray you;"
 Who could list to such a plea
 And yet dull and heedless be—
 Fishermen, what say you?

See, they sheet and rudder seize—
 Run before the gospel breeze,
 Down they now are sailing;
 Theirs the love to help to win
 Sinners from the depths of sin;
 Hark! they now are hailing.

Give them back the answering call,
 Up the crowded nets then haul—
 Heart and hand united;
 Oh, what joy, when gospel toil
 God rewards with gospel spoil,
 Toil so well requited.

Oft, though, *we* see *small* success,
Much to balk and to depress—
 Wind and tide and weather;
 But, when rightly understood,
 We discern how, still, for good
 All things work together.

Master, when to Thee we rise,
 With what joy,—what glad surprise—
 With what deep emotion
 We shall meet in that bright place,
 Those we sought and won, through grace,
 From the world's dark ocean.

S. J. B. C.

A Mother's Prayers.

IN a small town in Normandy, named Jouarre, there once stood a famous nunnery, long since in ruins, but still remembered as the home of Charlotte de Bourbon.

Charlotte was born in the middle of the sixteenth century, and her father was the Duke of Montpensier, of the royal house of Bourbon. His property had become reduced, and being unable to give his daughter a dowry equal to her rank, he (a stern, proud Romanist) resolved that she should enter a nunnery.

This resolution was very distressing to the child's mother on many accounts, but especially because she had her eyes opened to the errors of Romanism; and, by the grace of God, she had been brought to know the truth as it is in Jesus. As she was unable to change her husband's mind, she made the best use of the time during which her dear child was yet to be left in her charge by instructing her in the blessed truths of the gospel, spending many hours with her over the Word of God in her private chamber,

where mother and daughter often wept and prayed together.

At the early age of thirteen Charlotte was 'torn from her dear mother's arms, and taken by her father to the nunnery of Jouarre. There, in accordance with the gloomy system of Romanism, her hair was cut away, her dress was changed to coarse linen and hair-cloth, a cord was tied around her waist, and with downcast looks and heavy heart she trod the stone-bound cloister by day, and at night rested on the floor of her tomb-like cell.

A few years passed away; her loving mother had fallen asleep through Jesus; and, beset on every side by false teaching and example, Charlotte began to be, not only in some measure reconciled to her condition, but partly to believe that her self-denial and sufferings were well-pleasing to God, and that the reward for a life of what was really useless seclusion would be certain glory in heaven. But her mother's prayers, though almost effaced from her memory, were not forgotten before God. The time was at hand for the long-delayed answer to be given, and that too when, according to all appearance, the nun of Jouarre was entirely established in self-righteousness; for so high a character had she acquired for piety and self-denial that, notwithstanding being still very young, she was raised to the lofty position of

Lady Abbess, and head of the whole convent.

Light shone suddenly into that dark nunnery in the form of Protestant tracts. The Lady Abbess read them, and their teachings brought back again to her mind the loving words which her dear departed mother had spoken long years before in her private chamber at home. The large Bible, and the precious truths read therefrom by a voice now silent in the grave; the prayers, the tears, the exhortations, the happiness of her childhood, were all revived in her memory as fresh as if but of yesterday.

The Spirit of God wrought conviction of sin in her heart, and she fled as a lost sinner to Christ, the only Saviour. Counting her own supposed righteousness but as filthy rags, she looked to His shed blood as that alone which had power to put away her sins; and no blind man whom Jesus healed rejoiced more to see the sun than did the Abbess of Jouarre when the light of the gospel beamed thus brightly on her soul. Charlotte de Bourbon was a child of God through faith in Christ Jesus.

But now, how was she to break her gilded chains as the Lady Abbess of a Romish convent?

For a nun to quit a convent in those days, and "return to the world," it was almost certain death—and that, too, by one of the

most cruel methods that the malice of false religionists could devise. When captured, the unhappy prisoner was first subjected to a mock trial before a secret tribunal of monks, and then carried to a dungeon—where a niche in the wall had been previously prepared—in which she was placed with a loaf of bread and a jug of water; and a wall being built up in front, she was literally entombed alive, and left to perish miserably. There have been found, from time to time, in the crumbling walls of ruined monasteries, skeletons of persons who have been so entombed.

How then should Charlotte de Bourbon escape? In this thing also her mother's prayers were to prove effectual. It was in the year 1572 that the noise of war was heard around Jouarre. It came nearer and nearer, to the very doors of the convent. In vain did the nuns supplicate their images. The gates were assailed by an infuriated soldiery, and broken open. The nuns, driven in terror from their cloistered home, sought a temporary shelter in the neighbouring woods.

Charlotte de Bourbon was free. The proud self-will of her ducal father had caused her to be imprisoned; but the believing prayers of her gentle mother had "broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder." Not all the power of Romish superstition, with a Bourbon to back it,

could hinder the fulfilment of a lonely *Christian* mother's prayers for her helpless child. Vain had been all the efforts of the enemy of souls to destroy the seed sown in early years by a mother's voice, and watered by her tearful supplications; vain the enticements of a gaudy religiousness; vain the stone walls and iron gratings of a gloomy convent: the snare was broken, and the poor prisoner escaped (Psa.).

Adopting various disguises, she fled through France. Her danger was great; her detection was death, or, at least, lifelong confinement; and often was she on the eve of being discovered. But her mother's prayers were her protection still. After many narrow escapes she at length, by the goodness and mercy of the prayer-answering God, reached Heidelberg, in Germany, where there were Christians glad to receive and able to protect her from the baffled rage of the Romish priesthood, and the vengeance of an angry and bigoted parent. Here she made a public renunciation of the Romish religion.

That a lady abbess, the daughter of a duke, and of the royal house of France, should sacrifice everything for the truth's sake, and contentedly enter into obscurity, was a cause of joy to those who loved the Lord, while it was a source of bitter vexation to the pride of the Bourbons. She was not, however,

long allowed to remain in the obscurity she had chosen; for William, Prince of Orange, hearing of the piety and self-sacrifice of Charlotte de Bourbon, and being himself a Protestant, solicited and obtained her hand in marriage. In this way, raised to a position higher than that which she had for the Lord's sake resigned, she became an example alike to the noble ladies of her court and the lowly mothers in their families. And if the meekness and charity and devotion that characterized the whole after-life of Charlotte de Bourbon were blessed to any, it too was traceable to the teaching and prayers of that mother who, in the childhood of this eminent woman, had sought to lead her to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not" ().

As Princess of Orange, and the highest lady of rank in the Netherlands, she had a wide sphere of opportunity for adorning the Christian profession, and thus giving glory to Him who had loved her and redeemed her with His own precious blood. And when at last the time of her departure to be with Him arrived, she committed her spirit into His hands with a confidence and an assured hope which could proceed from nothing but faith in that all-cleansing blood (1 Peter ; 1 John).

Surely a Christian mother's prayers and

teachings and example proved an unspeakable blessing to the sometime Abbess of Jouarre!

It will interest our readers to know that Charlotte de Bourbon, Princess of Orange, was an ancestress of the present King of England. Her daughter, Louisa, was the wife of Frederick IV., the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and grandmother to Sophia, Duchess of Brunswick, who was the mother of George I. of England, whose great-grandson, the Duke of Kent, was the father of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. Therefore, the reigning Sovereign of Great Britain derives his descent, in the providence of God, from one who, but for a mother's early prayers, might have lived and died the Abbess of Jouarre.

"NOT SLOTHFUL."

()
NOT TO BE USED BY ANY OTHER PERSON WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

DO nothing, and you will soon be in the way of doing worse than nothing.



Early impressions are not easily erased; the virgin wax is faithful to the signet, and subsequent impressions seem rather to indent the former ones than to eradicate them.

Saint the Sky First.



AN artist of rare skill
 And genius manifold,
 Did not outline the picture, till
 In tints of blue and gold,
 Upon the canvas lifted high
 He spread the colours of the sky.

And when the sky was done,
 He painted all below
 To match in every hue and tone,
 Until it seemed as though
 The very shadows were in love
 With colours copied from above.

But when the work begun
 Was finished, 'twas so fine
 They did not think of sky or sun,
 But only how divine
 The landscape was: how cool and sweet
 The spot where lights and shadows meet.

Yes, let the sky come first;
 This is the lesson taught.
 That life-time is, alas, the worst
 Whose sky is latest wrought,
 Though, finished with the greatest care,
 Something is always lacking there.

God first and earth the last!

This is the golden rule
Which has controlled, for ages past,
The pupils of God's school;—
Then smallest touches lightly given
On earth and sea are toned to heaven.

Look up—paint first the sky,
Begin thy task with One
Who died, who lives, enthroned on high—
God's universal Sun.
Thus shall thy life-work brightly glow
With heavenly beauty here below.

(Adapted by the Editor.)



“To every Man His Work.”



IN looking over the list of names in a State prison register, some time since, I noticed, under the head of “Occupation,” that it was written against ninety out of every one hundred names, “No trade.” The old proverb is thus proved true that, while the devil tempts a busy man, an idle man tempts the devil.



It will cost something to follow the Lord Jesus; it will cost much more not to do so.

Blackboard Lesson.

Cords of **SIN**
of **SCARLET**
of **LOVE**
— **THREEFOLD**
of **SILVER**

OUR subject is "Bible Cords," and in order that Eyegate as well as Eargate may be engaged, I will write the texts on the blackboard, and hang these cords alongside of them. First of all, we have a thick *black* rope to represent the **CORDS OF SIN** (Prov.

), by which all the slaves of sin are bound. How hard and thick and strong it is! None of you could break it. Look! while I tie it round this boy's arms. There now! See how helpless he is. Not one bit more than the sinner—than each of you yet without Christ. O, to think of that thick black cord binding sinners for ever! And it will, unless you get it off in time. **A SCARLET CORD**

(Jos.) was the token of salvation and deliverance. It is an emblem of the death of Christ, of His blood shed to atone for sin. You will never get deliverance in any other way. Now see these pretty *blue* cords—**CORDS OF LOVE** (Hosea). Blue is heaven's own colour. How gently the saved

one is drawn along the heavenward road, upward, homeward—"drawn by love that knows no measure." Then this **THREEFOLD CORD** (Eccles.) is the blue, scarlet, and purple combined—love, redemption, glory. If you believe in the *love*, and trust the blood, you will reach *the* glory. **THE SILVER CORD** (Eccles.) loosed, untied from the tent, tells us of that hour when all must leave the earth, saved ones to be with Christ, lost ones to perish.

When your silver cord is loosed—it may be soon—where will you be then? This is *the* great question for each, for all.

The Chariot of Fire.

(1 KINGS)



AS two boys were talking about Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire; one said, "Wouldn't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?" "No," replied the other, "not if God drove." Fear not, believer. The way God takes is the best. You may be going to heaven in a fiery chariot of pain and affliction, but God holds the reins of thy life in His hand. Fear not.

Satan's object with the Christian is that he should be as little of a Christian as possible.

Our Monthly Class.

Five Divisions. Each division offers 12 copies of *The Children's Message* for the best answer.



1st Division:—Explain the Parable of the great Supper.



2nd Division:—"SEARCH AND SEE."

In one verse we read of 3 things that need chastising, and 3 instruments that are used for that purpose. What are they?

In one verse we are told that a wicked man makes known his wickedness in 3 ways. What are they?

How many men do we read of in the Bible who showed their courage by fighting and killing wild beasts?

How many brave women do we read of in the Bible, and how did they show it?

Who was it that owned the most horses in the Bible? Did he displease the Lord in having them? Give Scripture proof.

How many men in the Bible do we read of who sought in vain to get away from the presence of the Lord?

ASCOT VALE.

H. B.



3rd Division:—*Writing Exercise*: Rom. viii. 1-4.

No. 110.—*Scripture Acrostic.*

1. This was the chorus of the heavenly host.
2. 'Tis come, but sinners like the darkness most.
3. This shout, like mighty thunders arose.
4. 'Tis lost in victory, most dread of foes.
5. This offering with our prayers should always blend.
6. Title of Him, whom God in love did send.
7. From this King's house, 'twas said Messiah should spring.
8. This does He make for us, our Priest and King.
9. What time must man the day of grace accept?
10. By whose great power in safety are we kept?
11. A place where Jesus of His love did tell,
When resting for awhile by Jacob's well.

The initial letters written will proclaim,
The joyful news that Christ to publish came.

4th Division:—No. 111.—*Transposition* (Bible name).

H M A R E I J E

No. 112.—*Buried Text.*

1. "I beheld till the thrones were cast down."
2. "Satan hath desired thee to sift thee."
3. "Crumbs which fall from their Master's table."
4. "Thy word is settled in heaven."

(The Buried Text is in Luke.)

No. 113.—*Scripture Puzzle.*

1. A son of Saul, by murderous hands who died.
2. A race, Lot's children, thorns in Gilead's side.
3. The father of the ninth apostle named.
4. One as great Moses' father only famed.
5. To Jesus, as the Christ, who Peter brought?
6. Who, Zimri punishing, the kingdom sought?
7. A place where Christ in breaking bread was seen.
8. A sage in Jewish law, Paul had his pupil been.

Of 2, 6, 8, *initials* two you use ;

Of third name, four ; of fifth name, three ; then choose

One of the rest : a title there will be,

Or claim, which in Isaiah we may see

Unto Jehovah thrice, in substance, given ;

And twice by Christ assumed, speaking from heaven.

Memory Text :—See cover.

**5th Division:** *Questions*:—See spaces within brackets ().No. 114.—*Scripture Enigma.*

Who is this Jewish prophetess, who receives five royal messengers, and boldly dares to tell them terrible truths which they must carry back to their anxious sovereign as a reply to his inquiries?

(The initials of the subjoined will give the answer to the above.)

1. The outwitter of the keen Ahithophel.
2. The fine gold that formed the girdle of the majestic figure in Daniel's vision.
3. The name by which St. Mark designates St. Matthew.

4. The idolatrous tribe omitted from the "sealed ones" in Revelation.
5. The prophet who foretold the imprisonment of Paul.
6. That which precedes honour.

F. M.

No. 115.—*Missing Links* (Text in Isaiah).

"The _____ also shall _____ their _____ in the _____ and _____ among _____ shall _____ in _____ One _____."



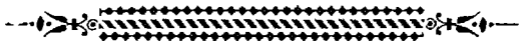
CORRESPONDENCE.

Monthly Rewards:—Arthur Braden, Ashfield, N.S.W.; W. Alsopp, Picton, N.S.W.; Amy Freeman, Bendigo; Florrie Williams, Burwood, N.S.W.

Good Answers:—Ivy Beck, Ina Alsopp, Frank Sanderson, Ruth Williams, Gladys and A. Colville, J. S. Baker, Mary Fotheringham, W. Baldwin, Belle and David Denney, Roy Flett, Willie Strawbridge, Lizzie Brown.

N.B.—Kindly leave envelope *open at ends*; mark "MSS. only," and get it weighed at P.O. (2oz. 1d.)

Children and grown-up helpers are invited to send in questions, acrostics, &c., for *Our Monthly Class*. Answers must in every case be found in the Bible.



Jesus.



MANY names are dear, but His is dearer,
 How it grows more dear as life goes by!
 Many friends are near, but He is nearer,—
 Always what we want and always nigh.

Jesus! Jesus! let us ever say it,
 Softly to ourselves, as some sweet spell;
 Jesus! Jesus! troubled spirit, lay it
 On thy heart, and it will make thee well.

S. M. E.

THE NEW YEAR.



SAVIOUR, we enter the year
Breathing a prayer and a song ;
Counting on Thee to be near,
Safely to lead us along.

Calmly we face the strange road,
Under Thy sheltering care,—
Fret not, nor darkly forebode
Troubles we never may bear.

Simply we leave to Thy will
All its dim windings and length,
Confident Thou wilt be still,
Daily our Refuge and Strength.

Free from misgiving and dread,
Veiled though the future may be,
Peacefully onward we tread,
Trustfully leaning on Thee.

Ere the year lengthens or goes,
Sweetly the Home-call of Love
Life's little journey may close—
Gather us round Thee above.

Beautiful Star of the day!—
Herald the flush of the dawn ;
Lord, stoop and catch us away—
Bring in that fair New Year's morn.

S. J. B. C.



HOW SIN POISONS.

THE Duchess Isabella, wishing earnestly to obtain some object, was instructed by the crafty court astrologer to kiss day by day for a hundred days a certain beautiful picture, and she would receive the fulfilment of her wish. It was a sinister trick, for the picture contained a subtle poison, which stained the lips with every salutation. Little by little the golden tresses of the queenly woman turned white, her eyes became dim, her colour faded, her lips became black ; but, infatuated, the suicidal kiss was continued until, before the hundred days were complete, the royal dupe lay dead.

About Being Good.

I WAS writing at an open window last week, and just outside was a bright, active little fellow of seven or eight, who seemed to be all arms and legs as he ran and jumped and threw himself about in his merry play. For a change in his diversion he came up to my window and watched my pen as it was busy with a letter to one of my young friends.

"Are you a good boy, Harry?" I asked, looking up at the bright face and sparkling eyes at the window.

"Oh no," was the reply. "I can't be good. I tried once. I sat quiet for five minutes without breathing. My father thought I couldn't, and gave me a shilling." And then he added confidently, "I did breathe once, only he didn't see me!"

Perhaps you will smile at Harry's idea of being good, but many boys and girls, and, I think, some fathers and mothers, too, suppose that stillness is goodness, and that the best way to make a child good is to put him to bed.

But the serious truth for all to learn is, that sleeping or waking, "there is *none good* but one, that is, God" (Matt.). Young people often tell me that they would like to be good, but this exactly shows that they are not good, and that they know it too. A strong healthy boy does not want to be well, and if a boy were really good he would not desire to be so. However, Scripture makes it all plain enough when it says, "There is none that doeth good; no, not one" (Rom.). This is not what father or mother says, but what God says, and the sad truth is, that however good a boy may be toward his friends, until he is saved he is not good toward God.

Would you say a man was honest who paid his grocer and milkman but never paid the butcher or the baker? Can we call a boy good who answers readily to the call of parent or teacher, and yet never comes to Christ, even though he may be called a hundred times? Is a girl kind and grateful who is pleasant toward others, and yet has always slighted her kindest Friend who came down to the cross to save her? Dear little reader, you are bad now; if you do not come to Jesus, will you grow better or worse? Ah, you cannot become better. How dreadful to grow worse! Think of this, dear child, without Christ, your heart will grow harder,

you will be more self-willed, your conversion will become more difficult, and your path, however bright in this world, will be like the beautiful road in the island of Java, which leads to the Valley of Death.

No, you are not good, and the worse you think you are the nearer the truth you will be. Nor can I encourage any boy or girl who reads this to *try* to do better. Trying is weary, disappointing work, as the little girl found who set about making herself good by keeping the commandments.

"I try to keep them," she said sorrowfully, "but I can't, the commandments do break so easily."

Do not try to improve yourself. It is *saving* you need, dear young friend. Which comes first, being good or being saved? Being saved comes first, and there will never be a grain of goodness in you for God until you trust the Lord Jesus, and are forgiven and made a possession of the Holy Spirit. Let this be to-day, for now is the day of salvation.

But can a saved boy or girl be good? Yes; Joseph was a good man (Luke), so was Barnabus (Acts), and the apostle Paul was persuaded that the believers in Rome were "full of goodness" (Rom.); moreover, goodness is one of the fruits of the Spirit (Gal.). But no

saved person will ever say he is good, or even think so, if he is properly instructed. God gives a young believer His Holy Spirit to make him like Christ, but who would ever think of saying "now I am like Christ!"—for that is what being good really means. When the Holy Spirit is in your heart you long more than ever to be good, but I would be sorry to hear you say you were good.

To fancy you were good, and to begin talking about it, would show that you were satisfied with *yourself*. It is much better to be satisfied with Christ, and to think and speak of *Him*. Then you will become good without knowing it, and when the Lord Jesus appears you will at last be good, and only good, for you will be like Him, and with Him for ever (1 John).

J. N. B.



THE UNFAILING HAND.



A TRAVELLER following his guide amid the awful Alpine heights, reached a narrow, but terrible precipice. The guide, holding on to the rock with one hand, extended his other hand over the precipice for the traveller to step upon, and pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said, "*That hand never lost a man.*"

Such is the hand of Jesus. Read Jno. x. 28.

Come to the Saviour.

☉OME to the Saviour, come!
 While life is in its spring;
 Give to thy God the choicest gift
 That thou to Him canst bring—

The gift of thy young heart,
 Before life's hopes and fears
 Have thrown around thy youthful form
 The drapery of years.

Perchance earth's scenes are bright,
 And seem to thy pleased eye
 A brilliant pathway of delight,
 Where untold pleasures lie.

But, though it be so *now*,
 So 'twill not *always* be;
 Time beareth all things on its tide,
 And therefore beareth thee.

Ye cannot, if ye would,
 An instant stay its course;
 It sweeps us to Eternity
 With a resistless force.

Come to the Saviour, come!
 Then He will be thy Friend,
 And life be but the vestibule
 To joys which ne'er shall end.

Go Direct to Jesus.



A SCOTTISH nobleman lived a very retired life, and left his affairs very much in the hands of others.

Donald, one of his tenantry, rented a farm, upon which his forefathers had lived for above two hundred years. The lease which he held was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald a renewal, wishing to put the farm into the hands of a friend of his own.

Poor Donald tried every argument in his power with the steward, but in vain; at length he bent his steps to the castle, determined to make his case known to his lordship. Here again he was repulsed; the porter had received orders from the steward, and refused him admittance.

Donald turned away almost in despair, then resolved upon a bold measure, as his only chance of success. He climbed the garden wall in an unfrequented part, and entered the house by a private door. At length he approached the private apartments of the nobleman.

He heard a voice, and, drawing near, found it was his lordship's, and that he was engaged in prayer. Retiring to a short distance, he waited till the prayer was concluded, and could not but hear his lordship pleading

earnestly with the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, for their intercession in his behalf. At length his lordship ceased.

Donald, who had stood trembling with anxiety for the result, now gently knocked at the door.

"Come in," was his lordship's reply; and Donald entered.

"Who are you, man? What do you want?" was the inquiry.

Donald stated his case.

The peer listened, was touched with the tale, and having heard something of Donald, assured him of his protection, and that his lease should be renewed. Many artless, but earnest, thanks followed, and he was departing, when a thought of anxiety for his noble master occurring to his mind, Donald returned, and spoke thus:

"My lord, I was a bold man, and you forgave me, and have saved me and my poor family from ruin. Many blessings attend you! I would again be a bold man if I might, and say something further to your lordship."

"Well, man, speak out."

"Why, my lord, I was well-nigh a ruined man; so I was bold and came to your lordship's door, and as I stood there, I could not but hear your lordship praying to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, and you seemed un-

happy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking the Virgin Mary and St. Francis will do you no good, any more than your lordship's steward and porter did for me. I had been a ruined man if I had trusted to *them*, but I came *direct* to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if your lordship would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, who will do no more for your lordship than your lordship's steward and porter would do for me, and just go *direct* to the Lord Jesus *Himself*, and pray to Him for what you need, He will hear you, for He has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden;' and again, 'Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out.' Will your lordship forgive me, and just try for yourself?"

It is said that his lordship was struck with this simple argument, and that he afterwards found what a poor penitent sinner, trusting in Jesus, will always find—pardon, peace, and salvation.



“**There** is a friend.” “A friend is never known till needed.”



Be careful.—“A word and a stone let go cannot be called back.”

“Ye Shine as Lights.”

HOW we love light! There are some people who “feel so much better on a bright day,” and the very birds seem to sing loudest in the sunshine.

Are there any little ones reading this who are “Afraid of the dark?” I remember how frightened I used to be until I learnt that verse: “The darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.” Will you remember this the next time you are alone in the dark? Jesus is *just* as near you as He is all through the day.

Let us think a little about light. It is free to all: we pay nothing for it.

Light *makes things grow*. Do you remember the story of the little girl, who, by putting her geranium in the sun every day, won a prize, though she lived in a garret and had no greenhouse to keep it in?

Then light brightens, and cheers up the sad and the sick; it goes into every place with the one mission—to send away the darkness. That is what Jesus came to do, and He wants to shine into our hearts to drive away the darkness.

Light also *reflects* itself. Jesus wants you

to shine for others; He wants many little light-bearers who reflect His glory.

When I was a little girl I had a very dear friend who was always obliged to lie in bed; for years she could not leave it, but she had so much light in her heart that it did every one good to go and see her. In all her pain and suffering she shone so brightly for Jesus.

I could tell you much about her, but this little remembrance of what she said one day may help you as it helped me. She was talking to me about Matt. v. 14, 15, that we were to be "lights" to others, and she said, "I think the last part of verse 15 is just meant for you and me: 'It giveth light to all that are *in the house*,' for you are only a little girl still, and I am so ill, but Jesus means us to shine in our *homes*."

And then I said to her a little hymn she loved. This was the first verse:

"Jesus bids us shine with a pure clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world of darkness so we must shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine,"

Once on board ship there was a cry of "Man overboard!" and a rush of helpers to the side of the ship.

A passenger in his berth below thought what he could do to help; he seized his candle and held it steadily to the port-hole of his cabin, and afterwards had the joy of

learning that the little gleam it gave was the means of saving the drowning one.

Dear little ones, if the light is *inside*, let it *shine out* very brightly; you cannot *help* shining if you live close to Jesus, for He will "make His face shine upon thee," and you will then reflect His light, just as the moon reflects the light of the sun.

A. M.



Cheerful Christians.



GOD bless the cheerful christian! man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely.

What the sun is to nature—what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful believers in the house and by the wayside.

They go unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their silent mission, brightening up others around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them: we love the glance of their eye, the tone of their voice. The little children find them out, oh, so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knotted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and, laying a confiding little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

Our Monthly Class.

Five Divisions. Each division offers 12 copies of *The Children's Message* for the best answer.

1st Division:—Explain the Parable of The Mustard Seed.

2nd Division:—"SEARCH AND SEE."

On 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?

One verse, in which 4 different colors are mentioned, tells us how fully the Lord is willing to cleanse people from their sins.

In one verse we read of 6 things, which, if a man observed, a great blessing was promised.

How many days did Moses fast?

We read of a man who prayed 3 times a day, and always looked one way when he did so.

Who was the richest man we read of in the Bible, and what was the amount of gold that came to him in one year?

ASCOT VALE.

H. B.

3rd Division:—*Writing Exercise: Jno. x. 1-5.*

No. 116.—*Enigmas on short prayer from the Psalms.*

1. Vain is thy pride, thy boast, *Assyrian King!*
2. To *this great name* still Israel's children cling.
3. *Thou'rt* brave and modest, yet they do thee wrong.
4. *Fair maiden* e'en in weakness thou art strong!
5. A queen's adopted sire, an upright Jew.
6. The land whence march'd God's people not a few.
7. Muzzle not *this* that treadeth out the corn.
8. A mineral from distant regions borne.
9. The place from where the precious ore was brought.
10. A faithless wife who traitorously wrought.

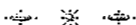
M. E. B.

No. 121.—*Scripture Enigma.*

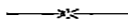
Two words which the preacher told his son to write on the table of his heart.

1. That which an ant prepares in summer.
2. That which his enemies could not find in Daniel.
3. The name of Abraham's great-great-grandfather.
4. That which we are told not to do to our neighbour's house, etc.
6. The days in which the wise man tells us to remember our Creator.

J. E. B.

No. 122.—*Missing Links* (Text in Ezra).

"Give us _____ in His _____ that _____
 God _____ our _____ and _____ us a _____
 _____ in our _____"



CORRESPONDENCE.

Monthly Rewards:—Mury and Janet Roulston, Milburn, N.Z.; Jack Buckland, Moa, Victoria; Hilda Prout, Bendigo, Victoria; George R. and Andrew Cairns, Dunedin, N.Z.; Ruth Fraine, Sydney

Good Answers:—Ivy Beck, Amy Freeman, Belle and David Denney.

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Clocks:

• • A Gospel talk with boys and girls. • •



WHAT is a clock for?

(Chorus) "To tell the time."

Of course, and very important it is that a clock should tell the correct time. Can you tell me the name of a clock which always gives the proper time, a clock that never gets out of order?

(A boy) "The Town Hall clock."

No, that stopped for an hour last week.

(Several) "The Station clock."

No, that is not always reliable. Try again.

Come, speak up.

(Chorus) "The Post Office clock."

Wrong again. Even the Post Office clock needs to be regulated, but the clock I speak of is

GOD'S GREAT CLOCK,

and it never varies.

Ah, you give it up. Well, let me ask you another question. How did people tell the time before clocks were invented? Come, you ought to know that.

(A little girl) "Please, sir, by dials."

Right you are. Now, you know what a dial is. It is an instrument which shows the time of day from the shadow of a style or a raised pointer on a graduated metal surface, but a dial is of no use

unless the sun is shining, is it? A dial takes its time direct from the sun, and never errs. Now, can you tell me the name of God's great clock?

(Chorus) "The sun."

Right at last. The sun is God's perfect time-piece, and for six thousand years it has been going without a hitch, and faithfully admonishing and warning men as to the flight of time. Of course, we know that really it is the earth rushing on in its orbit, and spinning round on its axis which moves, but I am not teaching Astronomy this afternoon, and so I speak as the Bible speaks, in a way that you can all understand.

The sun, then, is God's unerring clock, as all admit, for there is not a timepiece on earth which is not directly or indirectly regulated by it. When the sun rises it says, "Another day of opportunities has begun;" and as it climbs across the sky it seems to cry, "To-day is a day you never had before, and you will never have again;" and when it sets it whispers, "Another day has gone—gone for ever." Oh, children, let God's universal clock teach you a lesson on the solemnity of time.

Remember, too, that

SATAN HAS HIS CLOCK

also, and take care you are not deceived by it.

Satan's clock has a long name of no less than five syllables—PRO-CRAS-TI-NA-TION, but his clock has one great defect—it is *never right*.

Boys and girls, God's time for you to be saved is *now*; but Satan puts his clock "*slow*," and placing it before the eye of your mind he says, "See, there is *plenty of time*." By and by you are laid on your deathbed, and want to be saved, but the deceiver then puts his clock *on*, and hisses in your dying ear those awful words, "*Too late*."

Now I want to speak to you of—

SEVEN
—DIFFERENT KINDS OF—
CLOCKS

made by human hands.

The first is called—

THE DUMMY CLOCK.



This clock is at the Railway Station. Indeed, in some stations there are a score of them. They are not *real* clocks, though very much like the genuine one. What are they used for?

“To tell passengers what time the trains start.”

Right, my boy. The hands on the face of the “dummy” clock can be turned backwards and forwards, and remain stationary at the will of the time porter. The thing is a hollow sham, as its inside proves, and I never look at it without thinking of the poor hollow professor of religion who is outwardly so like the true *possessor* of Christ, and who yet possesses Him not.

Dear child, whatever you are, do not grow up to be a “dummy” Christian. A true clock has a true inside. Take care that you are right inside—in your soul, I mean. God always begins His work *inside*. Have you been “born again?” (John). Turning over a new leaf and outwardly reforming your *life* will not do; you need “a new *heart*.” If you are not a Christian in heart you are not one at all, so do not profess to be one in life. Do not be a hypocrite.

Perhaps you ask, “How am I to get this new heart?”

Said a tiny boy to his mother, “Oh, mother, I’ve asked God so often for a new heart, and He hasn’t given me one, that I’m afraid He has given them all away.”

But Tommy was mistaken, for soon after, instead of *asking* for a new heart, he *received* Jesus as his Saviour, and received *with Him* a new heart and every other Gospel blessing.

A professing Christian, then, who has not Christ is a "dummy" Christian; the face, the hands, the figures—everything in the outward life which meets the eye may seem right, but inside all is vanity. He has not God's word (John) and love (Rom.) and Spirit (1 John) abiding in him.

Has a "dummy" clock any pendulum?

(Several) "No."

No. If you put your ear to a dummy clock you hear no movement—no tick, tick, tick, which tells of a real work going on inside. And so with the "dummy" Christian; there is no living movement within him, no sound of praise and prayer in his soul. A dummy Christian is only "a make believe." My young friends, never be that. Be real.

But there is another clock, which I saw only last month—

THE CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS.



Where do you think I saw it?

I was in the Flinders Street Railway Station, and looking up at the tall clock which has stood for years at the bottom of Elizabeth Street, I found it had no hands. I was disappointed, for I wanted to know the right time. I learnt afterwards that some workmen were taking it down, as they were beginning to build Melbourne's great central railway terminus.

A clock without hands! Of what good was it? None at all. It might be all right, even inside, and

also in working order, but, lacking hands, it was useless.

Ah, we meet with some folk—and some little folk, too, who are very much like this clock. We do not know what to make of them. They may be real Christians, but they do not *show* it. I wonder if there are any here this afternoon.

Children, if we are really God's clocks on earth, let us *show* the correct time. "There is a time for every purpose," says the wise man. (Ecc. iii.) Yes, there is a time to laugh and to play; and a time to be grave and to work; a time to speak a word for Jesus, and a time when it is best to be silent; a time to be patient and meek, when taunted or tried for Christ's sake; and a time to be bold and determined, when it is a question of confessing the Saviour. Oh, keep correct time. Ask the Lord to regulate you, then you will always speak or show the right thing at the right time.

The hands of a clock only *speak* when the clock strikes, but they ought always to *show*. Young believer, always *show* what you are. Look up the following texts; don't forget:—"I will *show* you my faith by my works." (Jas.). "Learn first to *show* piety at home." (Tit.). "*Show* the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end." (Heb.).

Now for another clock—

THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED.



This clock had hands, and wheels, and springs, and all else which go to make a perfect clock, but it had grown weary in well doing, and stopped. What was the cause, can any one say?

(Chorus) "It wanted to be wound up."

Yes, it was run down, and needed to be wound up. Now, we meet with a number of "run down"

Christians, who need to be "wound up." Working for God is exhausting to the soul, and if we do not ask Him to wind us up, we shall soon stop working altogether.

How does God wind us up?

Shall I tell you? By private prayer and Bible reading, and by attending the meetings. Neglect these, and you will soon cease to be a witness for God.

Whenever you feel "run down" in soul look up to God for fresh power and grace; but you cannot honestly do this if you refuse to allow God to put His key into your soul, and to wind you up at His *appointed seasons*.

Make it a fixed rule, then, which you are resolved by His grace never to break, that you will seek God's face alone three times a day. If you only spend *five minutes* at a time on your knees you will find it such a help. Neglect not secret prayer. It is the mainspring of the Christian life. Let no fears or suggestions about being "legal" shake you out of this holy determination to have certain *regular* seasons of retirement with the Lord.

A clock, to be kept in order, must be wound up *regularly*, and so we all need to have our souls wound up regularly—pray regularly, read the Word regularly, attend the meetings regularly. If it be otherwise, the best of us will soon get spiritually "run down," and become as useless and despised as a clock that has stopped.

THE CLOCK THAT GOT WRONG.



This clock had also stopped, but it was no use winding it. There was something wrong with its inner mechanism. I could not tell what was the matter, so what do you think I did?

(Several) "Took it to the watchmaker."

Yes, and the clocksmith took it to pieces and gave it a good cleaning, and set it going again.

This clock reminds me of the backslider, or the Christian who has gone wrong in his soul.

Is there a backsliding boy or girl here this afternoon? You once took the place of a Christian, and perhaps you still do, but you are not happy. You can neither look God in the face, nor your fellow believers. You do not need winding up. All the winding possible will not remedy your inward condition. You need a thorough cleaning of conscience and heart.

How did you get wrong? Perhaps it was through evil companionship; or a lack of watchfulness and prayer; or through winking at little faults which soon increased in size. Well, there is only one remedy. Get into the presence of God alone, and ask Him to set you right. He only can do it.

Have you ever seen a working model of the great Strasburg clock? I once saw one in Brisbane. Every quarter of an hour, when it struck, there was a procession of the twelve Apostles, and a representation of Satan capturing Judas, and trying to get hold of poor Peter; and a little cock came out and crowed three times. Oh, it was very wonderful and interesting.

Well, it is said that once the custodian and maker of the original clock in Strasburg Cathedral had some differences with the authorities and left the place. Shortly after, the clock stopped. People wondered and complained, and the authorities engaged the most skilled silversmiths and mechanics they could obtain, but every effort and means to set the clock right was in vain. No one understood it but its maker, and at last they had to appeal to him. After some persuasion he returned to his

old post, and in an hour the clock was going all right again.

Ah, it was only the maker of the clock who could set it in order.

And so, when the soul gets wrong, there is only One who can adjust and put in order its mighty wheels and complicated workings. That One is its Maker and Owner. Oh, let us go to Him whenever we get wrong—and the best of us get wrong sometimes, don't we, and need to be set right again?

But there is another clock I want to tell you of—

THE CLOCK THAT LOST TIME.



This clock is continually "losing," and often has it caused people to miss trains and appointments. But those who know it do not put much reliance in it now. They have learnt its weakness, and that it is not to be trusted.

Dear young friends, be careful not to lose time. Think how precious and short it is, and how swiftly it goes. Suppose you lost a shilling, would you not chide yourself for being careless and foolish? But you are even more foolish, if, in a week or a day, you idle away or lose a shilling's worth of time.

"Millions of money for moments of time," cried the dying Elizabeth. Oh, now in the flush and beauty of life's fair morning, use your time for God, and so lay up treasure for Eternity. Christ has bought you and yours, and your time belongs to Him.

Of course, you need leisure for rest and play and healthy recreation. God does not want you to be "a book worm," or "a milk sop," or "a mope." But, still, remember, your time is His, and you ought not to spend a moment without His approval

and blessing. If you do, you will lose time, and lost time can never be recalled.

Now, I will not keep you much longer; but there is another clock I must refer to.

THE CLOCK THAT WENT TOO FAST.



This clock was a trouble. We tried to regulate it, but to little purpose. It was always forging ahead. So, what do you think we do now?

(Voices) "Put it back."

That's it. Every now and again we put the hands back. If a clock had feeling it would be much pained at being put back. You see when it is dealt with thus, its inside is twisted and turned the wrong way. So, it is most painful and humiliating for us to be put back; but if we go too fast, God must and will do so.

Boys and girls, do not go too fast in the things of God. You may get on *too* quickly. "Cant" has been defined as "An old Christian's head on a young Christian's shoulders." There is an old Christian's staid and chastened piety, and it is beautiful and attractive in one who is up in years. But there is also a glad and buoyant piety befitting youth. The one is like a deep, broad river at the end of its journey as it nears the sea; the other reminds us of the little sparkling leaping streamlet as it leaves the bosom of its mountain home.

Can you find a Scripture text which says, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child?" (). Remember it, and do not try to be "a young old brother" or "a young old sister." Live for God; Oh, live *for* God, but live *as* a happy Christian child.

John speaks of "little children" in the family of God, as well as of "young men" and "fathers."

Be content for the present with being "a little child," and do not dress yourself up as, and assume the manners of, "a young man" or "a father."

Of course, you should "grow in grace." (1 Pet.), but "grow like a cedar in Lebanon" (Hos.), and not like Jonah's gourd, "which came up in a night and perished in a night." (Jonah). Do not try to go too fast.

Now for our last clock. We began with the dummy clock, which I trust will never represent any of us. We close with

THE ILLUMINATED CLOCK,



which we all ought to be like. This clock is not common, neither are the Christians it represents as plentiful as could be desired. The illuminated clock is not seen at home, or in the shop or office, but in the steeple of the City Hall and other Public Institutions. There it is, shining amid the darkness, and telling those who enquire what is the hour of the night.

Years ago such clocks were lit by candle light; later by common gas; later still by the incandescent light; and now some of them are illuminated by the electric light. Oh, to be like the electric lighted clock, shining afar amid the gloom of this world's night.

God's clocks ought always to shine. Moses shone in a very dark hour (Exo.); and so did Stephen (Acts); and so should we (2 Cor. iv.). The next time you read your Bible get a Concordance, and see how much it says about shining for God. I hope you sometimes study your Bibles *topically*. You know the meaning of that adverb? Studying *topically* means studying with reference to a particular subject. Well, take

up the subject of *shining*, and see what the Bible says about it.

Boys and girls, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." (Rom.). Soon the opportunity for such shining will be gone. There are

NO CLOCKS IN HEAVEN,

for there is no time there, nor is there any night in that blessed abode. (Rev.). There are

NO CLOCKS IN HELL,

for there is no time there, nor is there any light in that terrible place. (Jude).

Let us then shine while we may, and not hinder the light of the Gospel, which has shone into our hearts, from shining out to others. (2 Cor. iv.).

May God help us to shine like illuminated clocks in this dark world, and thus warn others of how quickly time is going, and how near is the day dawn of Eternity.

Now for a few lines of original verse, and then I have done:—

Never be like a "dummy" clock,
 Nor like a clock that "has no hands;"
 Neither be like that useless block—
 A clock that's "stopped," and idle stands.

Lose not the time, 'tis fleeting past:
 Never be like a clock that's "slow,"—
 Nor like a clock which goes "too fast."
 Always the time correctly show.

Be watchful, too, lest you "get wrong"
 Like clocks that need the clocksmith's care.
 Rather be, should the night prolong,
 Like clocks illuminated fair:—

Then beams of light and love divine
 On all around you'll brightly pour,
 And tell the time, as thus you shine,
 Till time and clocks shall be no more.

