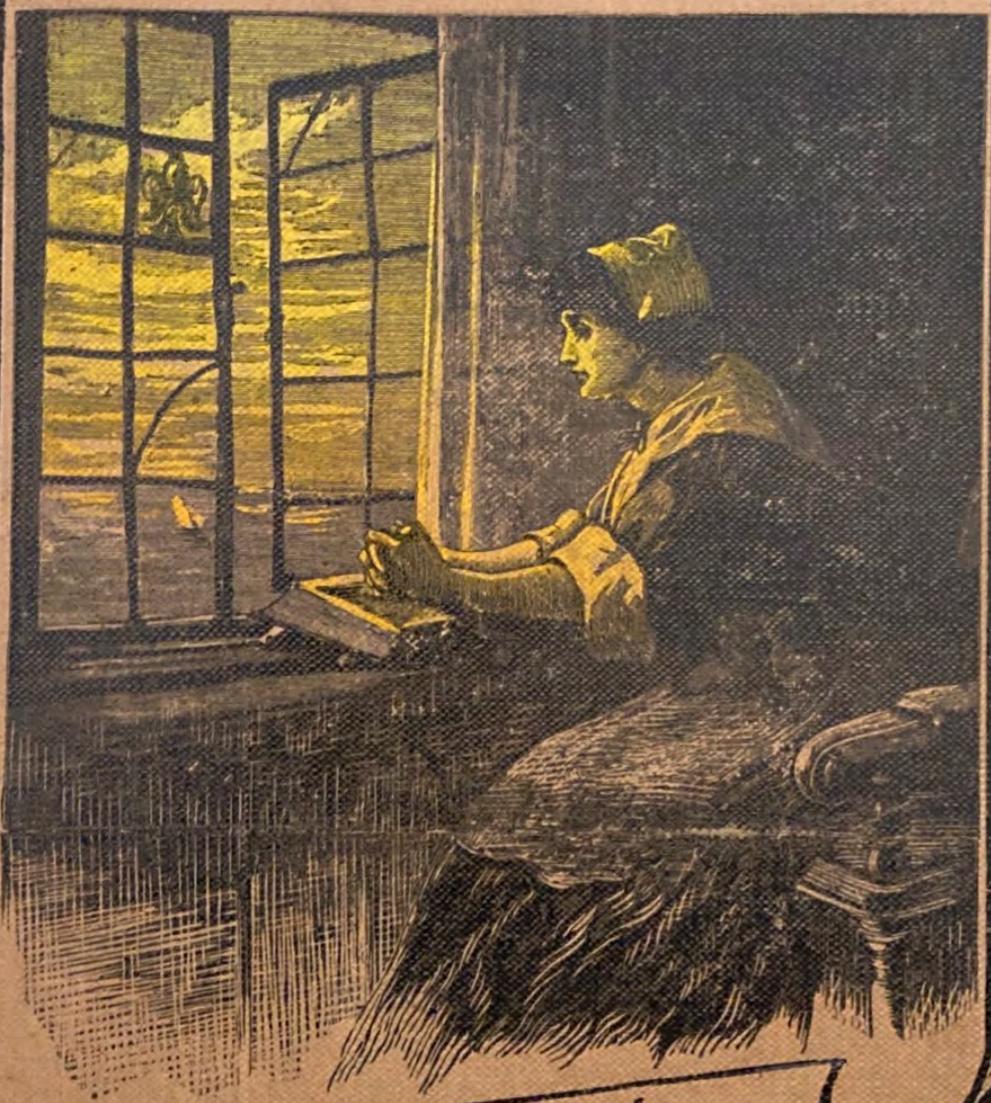


# The SPRINGING WELL

OR  
Waters that fail not.



Illustrated



# The SPRINGING WELL

or Waters that fail not.

ISAIAH lviii. 11.



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## PREFATORY NOTE.

—◆—

**G**OD has been very good to permit us to complete, and now to send forth, another volume of this paper. We have had abundant cause to praise Him for the help, encouragement, and cheer received from all quarters during the year now about to pass away. We have made many, many new friends in all parts of the world, but, best of all, we have felt all along that **THE LORD HAS BEEN WITH US.**

It is surely a solemn and yet a very blessed time in which we are living. There is much, without question, that is dark and dreadful occurring in the world, and men by myriads do, alas! reject the Word of God and refuse the blessed invitation of the Gospel; but, on the other hand, there never was an era in which there was greater eagerness manifested to listen to the simple preaching of Christ as the only Saviour of the lost and the weary-hearted sinner.

Christians everywhere ought to bless God for this, and to endeavour as the days go by to tell forth far and wide the unsearchable riches of Christ.

We have been gladdened beyond expression to hear from many of God's beloved children during the year, telling of blessing received to their souls through the pages of our humble periodical. We do thank God, and take courage. So many who have been perplexed and troubled in many ways have written assuring us that our Bible Portion month by month has proved just the identical message they needed to guide or strengthen their faith. Be not fearful or afraid, believer! God is with you; and although you cannot always *trace* His Hand, never fail to *trust* Him. The simple lines we sometimes sing are true—

“ Not now, but in the coming years—  
It may be in the Better Land—  
We'll read the meaning of our tears,  
And there some time we'll understand.  
We'll know why clouds, instead of sun,  
Were over many a cherished plan ;  
Why song has ceased when scarce begun—  
Why, then, ah, then, we'll understand.”

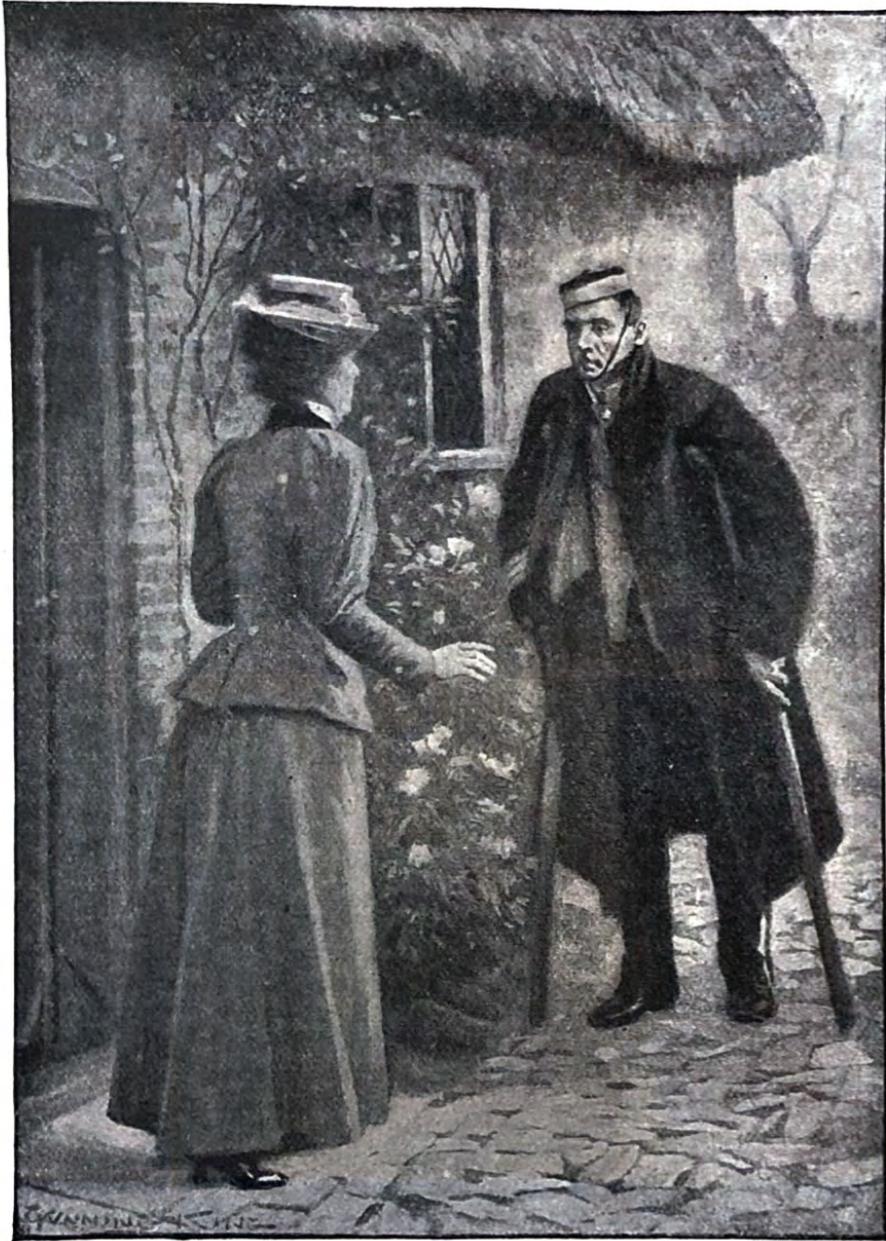
Our *first* desire is to make known the love of God to sinners. We want our fellow-men and women to be saved and to know the love of Christ. This object we constantly emphasize, and acknowledge with heartfelt gratitude that so many have testified how God has used the Gospel articles in our paper to bring salvation and peace to many readers.

We have told in our columns of the good work accomplished amongst the troops in South Africa, and through the medium of this Prefatory Note we tender our deepest thanks to every helper, and to all who have contributed to our special funds.

We are also very much indebted to those Christian friends who have sent papers for insertion, and to many subscribers who have manifested great interest in the welfare and success of our simple Gospel messenger. Indeed, to all who have aided us, whether by prayer or pen, or personal effort, we return our cordial thanks.

The present year closes under most hopeful auspices so far as our little paper is concerned. What will the New Year bring? We enter upon a new century also, and we feel there is a Voice calling to every faithful christian the wide world over to

“ Tell the glad story of Jesus who came  
Full of compassion, the lost to reclaim ;  
Tell of redemption through faith in His Name—  
Tell the glad story again.”



A STRANGE VOICE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

*See page 161.*



# The SPRINGING WELL

## or Waters that fail not.

“THOUGH THEY  
BE RED LIKE  
CRIMSON, THEY  
SHALL BE AS  
WOOL” (Isa. i. 18).

HOW constantly are we assured in the Scriptures that God pardons the sinner who trusts in the precious blood of Christ. The words are sweet and beautiful which say, “To Him (that is, to Christ) give ALL the Prophets witness, that through His Name WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHALL RECEIVE REMISSION OF SINS” (Acts x. 43); and further, in another place, it says that “Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered” (Rom. iv. 7); and yet again God declares in reference to those who trust to the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the Cross, that their sins and iniquities “He will remember no more” (Heb. x. 17).

The truly wonderful results of simple faith in the Word of God, and in the love of the Lord to a poor, weary, heavy-laden sinner, are surely vividly illustrated in the following story, which we give in the earnest hope and desire that God may use it to lead many a poor wanderer into the way of life, and teach them how true were the Saviour’s loving



words when He said, “HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT” (John vi. 37).

\* \* \* \* \*

"During the winter I was a guest of a Christian lady residing at a pretty village in Sussex. We sat talking of that happy time when the Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, and we shall be caught up to meet Him in the air, and be forever with Himself, when we were disturbed by a violent knocking at the door, accompanied by the sound of a man's voice singing a low song.

"Don't be alarmed,' said my friend, 'it is only Nat Wilson in one of his drunken fits; he will pass on directly, or the police will take him away.'

"Does he often annoy you in this manner?' I inquired.

"Oh yes, very often when he goes home this way.'

"But who is Nat Wilson?' I asked.

"He is one of the villagers,' replied my friend; 'he lives in the little white cottage by the beach, and for the last six years he has been a confirmed drunkard and infidel. His wife has been bedridden for the last twelve months with disease of the spine, and for the last two she has been anxious to see the minister; but Nat says that he will be the death of the man, whoever he be, who dares to go to talk to his wife about religion; and he abused dreadfully a Christian man who tried to see her, and refused to allow him to enter his cottage. When he is absent from home he locks his door, so that no one can get in until he returns, and for the last two months not a soul but the doctor has crossed the threshold of their cottage.'

"How dreadful!' said I. 'Do you think she is saved?'

"I fear not,' was the reply, 'and the doctor says she cannot live more than three months; but Nat will not let you see her; it is useless to make the attempt.'

"As it was getting late we separated for the night, but I could not rest; thoughts of this poor woman filled my mind. I pictured her lying, alone and neglected, in her little cottage, rapidly drawing near to eternity, and yet, as far as was known, *unsaved*; and I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and asked Him to send one of His servants to speak to her of Himself as the One who died for sinners, and who was their only Saviour and friend.

"In the morning, on opening my Bible, my eye fell on those solemn words, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me' (Isa. vi.).

"It was just the answer I needed to my prayer, and I determined to see Mrs. Wilson that morning if possible.

"The snow was falling fast when I set out, carrying with me some little dainties I thought might be

fancied by the invalid, and lifting up my heart to the Lord to incline her husband to allow me to speak to his wife, I reached the cottage.

"In answer to my knock, a gruff voice inquired, who was there. 'A friend,' I answered, 'do open the door: I want to speak to you.' Upon this the door opened, and Nat appeared, asking what was my business. I replied that I had brought some jelly for Mrs. Wilson, and asked if I might see her.

"But who has sent you?' he asked in surprise.

"My Master,' I answered.

"But who is your master?'

"He is the 'King of Kings.'"

"I know nothing of Him,' said Nat, looking much surprised; 'but where do you live?' I told him where I was staying, and he exclaimed, 'What! have you come all this way in the snow to see my wife? then come in, you shall not be disappointed,' and I thankfully followed him into the cottage.

"Such a scene of dirt and wretchedness I had never before witnessed; there was no fire in the grate, and scarcely an article of furniture in the room, and the poor woman was shivering with cold. 'Do you think you could light a fire, Mr. Wilson?' I asked; 'your wife is very cold.'

"I have not a stick in the house, and no means to obtain any either.'

"Don't lock the door,' said I, 'I will soon be back again;' and leaving him standing watching me, I hurried to the nearest place where wood and coal were to be obtained, and requesting them to be sent immediately, I returned to the cottage. In a short time a cheery fire was blazing in the grate, and Nat produced a small saucepan, into which I put some beef tea I had brought, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the sufferer enjoying a nourishing meal.

"How good it is of you to take so much trouble for me,' said the poor woman; 'what makes you so kind?'

"The Lord Jesus sent me to you this morning,' said I, 'to tell you He loves you so much that He came down into this world and died on the cross, bore all the punishment that was due to you as a sinner, and God has proved that He is satisfied with what Jesus has done, by raising Him from the dead and seating Him at His own right hand in heaven, and now the work is finished, and God can be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.'

"Oh, is that all true?' asked Mrs. Wilson. 'I have been a great sinner, and hated the very name of religion or anything good, and now I am dying, and I am afraid to die, for I have been an enemy

of God, and I know I deserve to be sent to hell, and why shouldn't He send me there? I am a lost woman, *yes, lost, lost!*

"'Thank God you know it,' said I, 'for I have a message for you; listen to this, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10); so, you see, Mrs. Wilson, it is those who *are lost* Jesus came to save. He wants to save *you*, just as you are; it gives Him greater joy to save poor sinners than any human mind can imagine; will you give Him this joy now, and let Him save you now? He is able to do it and He is willing; He waits with outstretched arms to receive you; He speaks to you and says, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). And "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

"'It is all very beautiful,' she said, 'but it is not for me, I am *too bad*, I have been *too wicked*; if I had only thought of these things when I was well and strong, there might have been hope, but I have lived an ungodly life, I never wished to be saved till I was told I must die, and now it is too late; my life has been spent in the service of Satan, and he will pay my wages in hell. Oh, it's too late! it's too late!'

"'It is true the wages of sin is death,' said I, 'but "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). God offers you His gift, Christ, instead of the wages you have deserved; it is not yet too late. Remember the thief on the cross; he had been Satan's servant or slave all his life, yet at the very last he turned to Jesus in simple faith, and said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" and Jesus, in His infinite love, answered him, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Will you not, Mrs. Wilson, come to Jesus as this poor thief came?'

"'Oh, that I might come!' said she, 'but you don't know how bad I've been.'

"'But Jesus knows all about it,' I answered, 'and He says, "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool"' (Isa. i. 18).

"'White as snow,' she murmured. 'Oh, how precious, how sweet; white as snow.'

"As it was time for me to leave her, I read the 53rd of Isaiah, and took leave of her; but as I reached the door she asked me to tell her once more of scarlet sins being white as snow; I did so, repeating also 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost,' and promising to come again to see her the next morning, if possible, I left her.

"The next day I saw her again, and the next, and the next; but still she seemed to linger, longing to be saved, yet fearing to take the truth to herself because she was so great a sinner.

"One fine morning, as I sat by her side talking of Jesus, she said, 'I believe I am the greatest sinner that ever lived.' 'Then come to Jesus at once,' I replied, 'for He says, "I came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance." And again, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us." And again, "While we were *enemies* we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son." And again, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the *ungodly*"' (Rom. v. 6, 8, 10).

"'Oh, do tell me more,' she exclaimed, 'that just meets my case; I've been ungodly, and an enemy, and a great sinner, but this gives me hope. Oh, tell me more!'

"I read the 3rd of John, from the 14th verse to the end of the chapter. At the end of the 16th verse she exclaimed, 'Oh, how kind it was of Him; how He must have loved us!'

"'Yes, indeed He did,' I replied, 'and all He asks us to do in order to be saved is to believe on Him, to trust Him fully, entirely.'

"'Is that all?' she asked, 'have I *nothing* to do?'

"'Nothing,' I replied, 'Jesus has done everything. On the cross He said, "It is finished," and if you try to add anything to what is finished, in earthly things, you only mar and spoil it, so in this you can add nothing to it, it is complete.'

"'Yes, now the work is finished,  
The sinner's debt is paid,  
Because on Christ the righteous  
The sin of all was laid. (Isa. liii. 6.)  
For God released our surety  
To show the work was done,  
And Jesus' resurrection  
Proclaimed the victory won.' (Rom. iv. 25.)

"'I see, I see,' she exclaimed; "'he that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life." Oh, do help me to praise Him; I can never thank Him enough; I do believe on Him; I do trust Him; oh, how I long to see Him to thank Him for His love, His wonderful love in saving me. I don't think there will be one soul in heaven who will sing so loud as old Dorothy, for I've been a greater sinner than any of them ever could be; oh, how wonderful it is that Jesus should love His worst enemy so much as to die to save her from eternal death; oh, what glory to think that very soon I shall be with Him. I can thank Him better than, when I see Him face to face.'

"Dorothy lingered only nine days after this, but

her faith never once wavered, for it was fixed, not on her frames or feelings, but on the imperishable word of the living God ; because He said it she believed it. I was with her as much as possible, but no one thought the hour of her departure was so near. I was with her in the morning at twelve, and at four in the afternoon a messenger came to tell me to go at once. I hurried to the cottage, and found her very near death, but rejoicing in the certainty that she was going to Jesus.

“‘ Read about “white as snow,”’ she said, and I did so. She lay still a moment, and then said, ‘ Let me say good-bye to you now, as I may not be able soon.’ I bent over her for a moment, unable to speak : she pressed my hand in hers and said, ‘ I shall meet you above, farewell ! God bless you, and make you a blessing to many others, as you have been to me.’ As soon as I could speak I read her favourite chapters, the 3rd of John, and 1st and 2nd of Revelation ; she smiled and said, ‘ That is where I am going ;’ then turning to her husband, who stood beside her, she said, ‘ Nat, will you come there ? If so, you must come to Jesus as a poor, lost, guilty sinner, and He will in no wise cast you out ; give up your false infidel doctrines. You are better off than I, for you can read the Bible for yourself ; oh, Nat, my dear husband, do believe in Jesus.’

“ And God blessed this dying appeal to Nat’s conversion, as we hope hereafter to tell.

“ For some time after this she did not know us. Once I asked, ‘ Do you know me ?’ She shook her head. ‘ But you know Jesus ?’ I added ; she smiled and said, ‘ Oh yes.’ Just before her spirit took its flight she looked up with a smile ; I bent over her, and asked her to tell us what she saw. ‘ Jesus ! Jesus !’ she replied, ‘ don’t you see Him ? Can’t you see Him ? Hark, He calls me. Yes, I come, Lord Jesus, I come to thee.’ Another bright, beautiful smile lit up her face, and with the name of Jesus on her lips she passed from this world of sin and pain and death to be with the One who had loved her, washed her from her sins in His own blood, and made her white as snow.”

THE gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. vi. 23). Wondrous words ! Blessed reality !

Have you never sung the line in that grand old hymn, “ Rock of Ages ”—

“ Nothing in my hand I bring ” ?

If your hands are full of your own doings, drop them all, I beseech you, at the cross of Christ ; and may God enable you to say to that blessed Saviour who once hung there between two thieves—

“ Simply to Thyself I cling.”



### JANUARY, OR THE WOLF-MONATH.

OUR Saxon ancestors called the first month in the year “ Wolf-Monath,” probably because the hard, wintry weather of January brought the hungry wolves which then dwelt in the forests of our country nearer than at other times to the abodes of men. Happily England is free to-day from wolves of this kind ; but the very thought of the keenness of our January weather makes us recollect that to many it is still a *Wolf-Monath*. How many of our fellow-creatures, for whom the Saviour died, are striving to-day to keep the wolf of poverty from their door, and through all their cheerless struggle know nothing of the sweetness of communion with the risen, ascended, and glorified Lord !

How very hard must be their fight, and when there is a weakly body, and scanty food and fire and clothing in the home, and perhaps the burden of debts and a loveless life—surely the gloom is very great. One longs to put forth the loving hand of help to succour and uplift such burdened souls. But, dear troubled ones, the very foundation-help needed by *every* unsaved soul is that of a SAVIOUR. And once saved, it is wonderful how all temporal burdens and difficulties get relieved ! Perhaps these words may be read by some one who is fighting life’s battles bravely, single-handed. Well, you need not toil single-handed any longer, for Christ is ready and willing to be with you. (Matt. xxviii. 20 ; Rev. iii. 20.) Do you know Him ? Have you been washed in the soul-cleansing blood of “ the Lamb of God ” ? Are you “ sitting at the feet of Jesus ” (the place of humility, of rest, of peace, of communion), clothed (with “ the best robe,” the garment of righteousness), and in your right mind ? If so, the storms of life cannot touch you there, for all is calm and warm with the great love of God.

There is an old saying that “ the *blackest* month

in all the year is the month of Janiveer"; and we all remember the adage, "'Tis darkest before dawn." Can we not apply these thoughts to the present great expectancy amongst Christians for the Lord's return? It is night in the world now. It is true the Holy Spirit is here: but the morning cometh—and *also the night*—when the day of grace will be over, and it will be too late to accept salvation.

The child of God is now a stranger and pilgrim. His life is not one of ease and rest and luxury—he is constrained to spend and be spent for the salvation of precious souls. Once when tempted to murmur over the hardness of my lot, the Lord blessed a little Bible study to me. I saw that *His* earthly life was one of toil and want and weariness, and that the lives of His faithful servants had ever been the same. Paul knew what it was to be hungry and cold and in need (2 Cor. xi. 27; 1 Cor. iv. 11). But he also knew what it was to have the best food and drink, and the most precious clothing. To have all, and to abound.

When we love the Lord Jesus Christ, and can look up and call God "Father," it makes all the difference—it is a new life to us, and the things which are not seen are then the more *real* to us.

Most people are now wishing one another "A Happy New Year," and it is a good wish. But to be a happy year it must be a "new" year. If in Christ Jesus we are new creatures, then indeed it will be a happy one, for we shall walk in "newness of life." But for the unregenerate there can be no "happy" or "new" year. According to man's division and reckoning of time we are beginning a *new* year and a *new* century; but man's numbers have no significance with God. An aged Christian was in my home last week. His natural years are nearly eighty, but he introduced himself as "a boy of nine!" He had only known the truth for that time of the words, "Ye *must* be born again." If my reader is a stranger to the Saviour, let me ask him to leave the pleasures of sin and acquaint himself with the Friend of sinners. Will you begin to daily use the snow-prayer—"WASH ME, AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW"?

Snow in January is seasonable. How often the Holy Spirit alludes to snow in God's Word! Coming down from Heaven and doing its work, it is a type of God's Word. (Isa. lv. 9—11.) What beautiful analogies there are in nature! Even little children and simple minds can find them. The quiet and stillness of a wood in winter is a *stillness full of God*. The beautiful things around are "*the thoughts of God*." (Ps. xcii. 4, 5.) The snow—how feeble, yet how strong! how pure and how beautiful! How solemn and beautiful it

is on the mountains of Switzerland, too high up for dirt or noise to reach it. Did you ever examine a single flake of snow as it fell on your sleeve by placing a microscope over it? If you will do so you will admire the infinite exactness in the smallest details which you have already beheld in some lovely flower. Each snowflake, light and soft, and falling to the earth with such noiseless gentleness that the wings of millions make no sound in the air—what can be more helpless, powerless, and harmless? But no force in nature bears witness to God's omnipotence more than the snow. It is lord of the sea and the prairie. In one night it can cover the engineering of a hundred years. Think of the dread avalanche, too!

Is not the snow a type of the man or woman or child who is put by the grace of God upon the ground of redemption? So feeble and so strong (2 Cor. xii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. i. 27; Heb. xi. 34). So pure and so beautiful (John xiii. 10; Rev. vii. 14; Eph. v. 27; 1 Peter ii. 9; 2 Peter iii. 14).

If we love God we shall love His works in nature, with a reverent and holy love unknown to those so-called students of nature to-day, whose will is to reject the written Word and God's well-beloved Son, but seek to find God (or a God) in His unwritten Book. For such poor deluded souls, strong in their own wisdom (1 Cor. i. 20), our hearts ache. The true students of nature can look up and say, "My Father made them all." The trees and the hedgerows, so full of memories, now bare and leafless: a cold world, save for the fir woods here and there, and the provision of evergreens for the shelter of God's birds. Does He not care for the sparrows? And you, dear, cold, lonely friend, may have the protection of the same Father, for did not His well-beloved Son say, "Fear not, ye are *of more value* than many sparrows?" Human flesh and blood may be lightly valued by the world's children, but not so by the One "Who loved us, and gave Himself for us!" The gift-giving just now reminds us of our Father's love. The poor around us take the gifts of the rich and are thankful, yet find it puzzling to take—*so appropriate* in exactly the same manner—God's great gift of the Saviour, and the wealth of His grace bestowed upon us from day to day. And yet it is so simple. Oh, "Fear not, Believe only."

ω. ε.

E. E. A.

"Is there not one for whom thy heart is yearning?  
Canst thou not pray and speak one word to him?  
Would it not give you joy to see one turning  
From all the paths of death and sin?  
Go forth at once, the love of Christ constraining,  
Weep, plead, and pray until that soul is won:  
Then you with songs of joy and praise returning,  
Shall hear the Master say, 'Well done'!"

### “HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.”

WE should never forget those who in days gone by have suffered for conscience sake. The liberties we now enjoy in this country have, in many instances, been purchased by such brave men and women at the cost of all they held dear.

We love to have them in remembrance, and to know that they were ready to surrender everything, and to leave the land they loved as much as we, rather than give up those principles which they believed to be in accordance with God's mind and Word. They were prepared to say as did the Apostles before the council, “We ought to obey God rather than men” (Acts v. 29).



AN OLD MEETING-PLACE NEAR BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

At different periods in our nation's story, men and women of this character have left their mark upon the age in which they lived; but perhaps none have done so more definitely than those who are known as the Pilgrim Fathers, who, in 1620, left our shores in the *Mayflower*, and founded the Pilgrim Commonwealth. Mighty issues, not only to the exiles themselves, but to our own people, and to those amongst whom they found a dwelling-place, have resulted from their determination to sacrifice even their lives, if necessary, in faithfulness to God and His truth.

We have had brought under our notice a truly magnificent volume entitled as at the head of this article, and through the exceeding courtesy and generosity of the society by which it is published, we are able to print two beautiful illustrations from the book, and to give several interesting extracts from its pages.

The author, Dr. Alexander Mackennal, says in reference to

### The Pilgrim Fathers at Boston :

“The associations of Boston in Lincolnshire with the Pilgrim Fathers are twofold. In the early part of the seventeenth century, that growing port on the Witham was the scene of the first attempt on the part of the members of the Church at Scrooby to escape to Holland.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Under a king like James I., and with bishops like Laud and Bancroft not only in power, but supported by the whole authority of king and executive, the humble Christians of Gainsborough and Scrooby were certain to fare but ill. So intolerable did their position become, that they determined to take refuge in the only European country where religious toleration was possible—in Holland. But whilst it meant fines, imprisonment, and possibly death to stay, escape was illegal, and had to be accomplished secretly.”

The attempt was, however, made, but failed through the treachery of the captain who commanded the ship they chartered, and they were brought back to Boston, and treated with the utmost indignity and dishonour.

However, in July, 1620, we read of

### The Pilgrim Fathers at Southampton.

Dr. Mackennal says:—“The *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower* both arrived, and there they remained till the afternoon of August 5, when they turned away once again to sea. These poor voyagers

waited and watched exactly fourteen days, and we can easily picture them walking up and down on the quay, or strolling into the town under one or other of the massive gateways that remain to this day.” William Bradford, writing about this on leaving Delfshaven, says: “Thus, hoisting sail with a prosperous wind, they came in short time to Southampton, where they found the bigger ship (the *Mayflower*) come from London, lying ready with all the rest of the company.”

The two vessels left Southampton, and after varying vicissitudes as they proceeded along the western coast, Dr. Mackennal speaks of

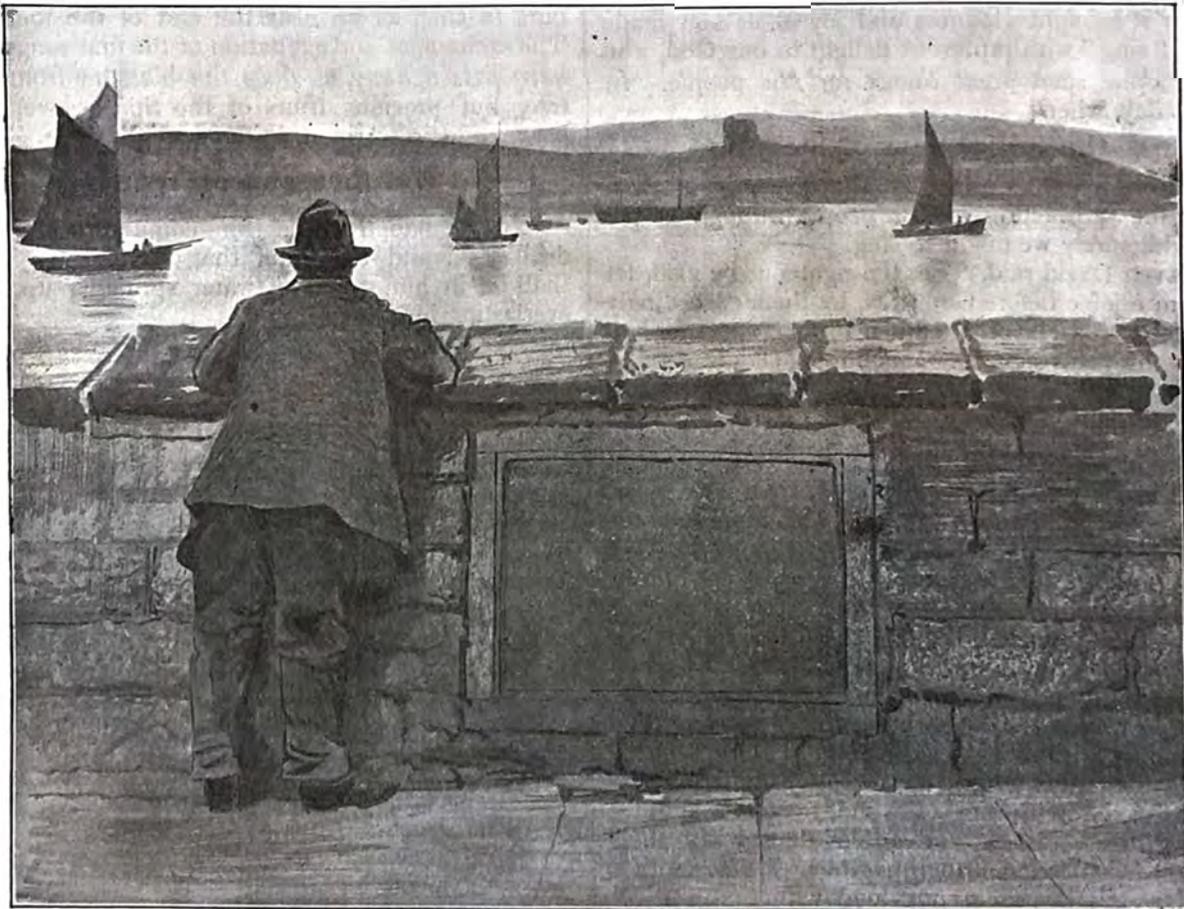
### The Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth.

He says:—“Unfortunately, we have far fewer details of the stay at Plymouth than of that at Southampton. They left Dartmouth on August 23. Again compelled to return, the two vessels made for Plymouth, but the date of their arrival is unknown. The *Speedwell* was abandoned, and

all who were fearful, or in the judgment of the leaders unsuited for the enterprise, were left behind. The *Mayflower* took in all extra stores that she could, and on September 6, 1620, with a freight of one hundred and two souls all told, started on her adventurous voyage."

We have not space to give further extracts from this splendid book. It contains ninety-three beautiful illustrations, and a fine coloured frontispiece, from original drawings and photographs, by Charles Whymper. It is printed exquisitely, and in every respect it is a perfectly unique volume.

But although we can say so much about the production of the book, it is the story itself that peculiarly interests us: we believe everyone would be the better for the perusal of Dr. Mackennal's graphic history of "The Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers." Such epochs should never be forgotten, and the author has once more brought most vividly the thrilling record before us. The cost of the book (thirty shillings net) seems considerable; but it is not greater than we should anticipate, considering the expense involved in the preparation of such an elaborate work.—A. H.



TABLET ON THE BARRICAN, PLYMOUTH, AT THE SPOT WHERE THE "MAYFLOWER" ANCHORED.

### THE STRANGE OLD CLOCK.

**T**HERE was an old clock we were acquainted with so eccentric in all its movements that it could seldom be depended upon. Its interior was in a strange condition, for, unless it was touched in a very peculiar way, any attempt to remedy its aberrations would only make it worse; indeed, our friend declared it was so testy an affair that his own temper was often lost in the vain endeavour to put it right.

And so it often is with Christians—they often err, and point the wrong way, through being so *touchy*; and not only so, but they make others point the wrong way too, who catch their spirit for a time while trying to put them right.

Perhaps the best way to deal with such persons is to pray for them, and to leave them to their aberrations, and to leave them in higher hands to be corrected.



**I'VE GOT IT—IT'S MINE—NOW.**

**O**H the force of that little word "NOW!" There was a miner who, hearing the Gospel preached, determined that if the promised blessing of immediate salvation were indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting to speak with the minister, and said, "Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' now?" "Yes, my friend." "Then pray with me, for I'm not goin' awa' wi'out it."

And they did pray, these two men, until the wrestling miner heard silent words of comfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; "I've got it now!"

The next day the village was in a state of terrible excitement. A frightful accident had occurred at the mines. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless body of the man who, only the night before, big and brawny, came to him to know if salvation could really be had now for the asking.

There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the miner's soul took flight; but in that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy, "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—'it's mine—NOW."

**COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.**

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

E. O. EXCELL

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - toss'd, When you are discouraged,  
 2. Are you ev - er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy  
 3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promi'd  
 4. So a - mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discouraged,

1. thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one,  
 2. you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,  
 3. you His wealth un - told, Count your many blessings, mo-ney can - not buy,  
 4. God is o - ver all, Count your many blessings, an-gels will at - tend,

CHORUS.

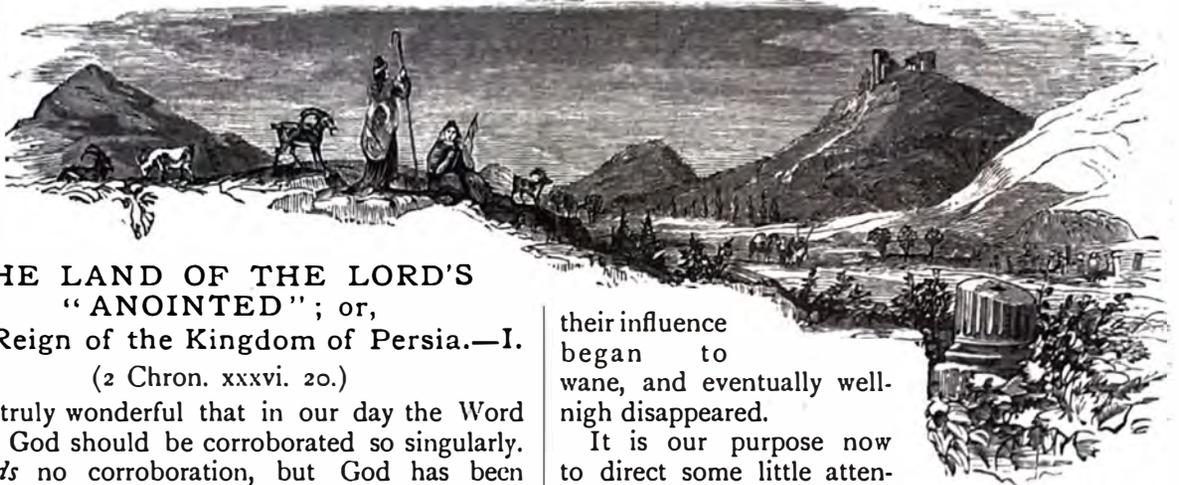
1. And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done. Count your blessings, name them  
 2. And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. Count your many blessings,  
 3. Your re-ward in hea - ven, nor your home on high. Count your many blessings,  
 4. Help and com-fort give you to your journey's end. Count your many blessings,

one by one, Count your blessings, see what God hath done; Count your  
 name them one by one, Count your many blessings, see what God hath done; Count your many

ble-sings, name them one by one, And it will surpri o you what the Lord bath done.

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WE hope to insert, as hitherto, every month the music and words of some piece, either original or taken from "Songs of Victory." We are promised various special compositions by Mr. Van de Venter, and other Christian friends.



THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,  
The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—I.  
(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20.)

IT is truly wonderful that in our day the Word of God should be corroborated so singularly. It *needs* no corroboration, but God has been pleased in the very era in which we live to let the stones cry out about His truth!

Is there any one who can fairly read the story of "the land shadowing with wings"—Egypt, the country concerning which there is so much in God's Word, without feeling that His Hand—God's Hand—has been displayed in all the marvellous record? It is being displayed now: the fulfilment of His Word has not only been evidenced by the decipherment of inscriptions and the discovery of marvellous monuments, but the renewed prosperity of the land of Egypt and its people is only a further proof that God has never forgotten His promise, or how He said, "Blessed be Egypt!"

Again, in the profoundly interesting chapters we have given in our pages concerning "the land of the Assyrian," who is there who can close his eyes to the great facts that are now before us in reference to Babylon, Nineveh, and the powerful peoples who lived on the borders of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers?

We want our readers to perceive, without any doubt, that God's unerring hand has been in it all. That although for a time the mighty conqueror may go on apparently triumphant everywhere, yet a moment comes when his power is broken, and the kingdom he fancies he has firmly established fades away like a dream, and his mighty cities and palaces are utterly gone, or only the colossal ruins remain to denote the transient character of the monarch's sway.

We believe that all these great powers, Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and later on, Greece and Rome, fulfilled their destinies for a time, and then practically ceased to be. There is ample evidence in the Scriptures of Truth that these kingdoms had in the mysterious counsels of God definite purposes to serve. This was accomplished, and then

their influence began to wane, and eventually well-nigh disappeared.

It is our purpose now to direct some little attention to another nation that figures largely in the Word of God, and occupies, in many respects, a remarkable place in Scripture history. We believe that what we have stated is particularly true concerning "the reign of the kingdom of Persia," and therefore we propose occasionally to devote a chapter to the history of this great nation, the people who overcame the hitherto invincible Babylonians, and took possession of the imperial city of which the great Nebuchadnezzar had proudly said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of *my* power, and for the honour of *my* majesty?" (Dan. iv. 30.)

This was the boastful declaration of the great earthly potentate; but a greater than he had other counsels, for, at that very time, events were in preparation for the ultimate destruction of his power, as it is written in the book of Isaiah, "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings TO OPEN before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut." (Isa. xlv. 1.)

We shall have more to say about these "two-leaved gates" in a future issue. At the time of the birth of Cyrus the country extended to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and probably, on the south, over portions of Assyria and Arabia. On the eastern side it included the land now known as Afghanistan, and on the north-west Media and Armenia were under the control of the Persian power. The country included within these limits is about as large as France. The southern part of it near the sea-coast has always been merely a sandy plain, and almost uninhabitable on account of the pestilential winds which blow from the desert of Carmania, as mentioned by Pliny and Strabo.

## Jottings about the Bible.

### HOW PROPHECY IS FULFILLED.

*"It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in, from generation to generation neither shall the ARABIAN PITCH TENT THERE; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there."*  
—Is. xiii. 20.

DR. CYRUS HAMLIN tells the following story. While he was in Constantinople, soon after the Crimean War, a colonel in the Turkish army called to see him, and said—

"I want to ask you one question. What proof can you give me that the Bible is what you claim it to be—the Word of God?"

Dr. Hamlin evaded the question, and drew him into conversation, during which he learned that his visitor had travelled a great deal, especially in the East, in the region of the Euphrates.

"Were you ever in Babylon?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, and that reminds me of a curious experience I had there. I am very fond of sport, and having heard that the ruins of Babylon abound in game, I determined to go there for a week's shooting. Knowing that it was not considered safe for a man to be there except in the company of several others, and money being no object to me, I engaged a sheik with his followers to accompany me for a large sum. We reached Babylon and pitched our tents. A little before sundown I took my gun and strolled out to have a look round. The holes and caverns among the mounds which cover the ruins are infested with game, which, however, is rarely seen except at night. I caught sight of one or two animals in the distance, and then turned my steps towards our encampment, intending to begin my sport as soon as the sun had set. What was my surprise to find the men striking the tents! I went to the sheik and protested most strongly. I had engaged him for a week, and was paying him handsomely, and here he was starting off before our contract had scarcely begun. Nothing I could say, however, would induce him to remain. 'It isn't safe,' he said. 'No mortal flesh dare stay here after sunset. In the dark, ghosts, goblins, ghouls, and all sorts of things come out of the holes and caverns, and whoever is found here is taken off by them and becomes one of themselves.' Finding that I could not persuade him, I said, 'Well, as it is, I'm paying you more than I ought to; but, if you stay, I'll double it.' 'No,' he said, 'I couldn't stay for all the money in the world. No Arab has ever seen the sun go down on Babylon. But I want to do what

is right by you. We'll go off to a place about an hour distant and come back at daybreak.' And go they did. And my sport had to be given up."

"As soon as he had finished," said Dr. Hamlin, "I took my Bible and read from it the 13th chapter of Isaiah: 'And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.'"

"That's it exactly," said the Turk, when I had finished; "but that's history you've been reading."

"No," answered Dr. Hamlin, "it's prophecy. Come, you're an educated man. You know that the Old Testament was translated into Greek about three hundred years before Christ."

He acknowledged that it was. "And the Hebrew was given at least two hundred years before that?"

"Yes."

"Well, wasn't this written when Babylon was in its glory, and isn't it prophecy?"

"I'm not prepared to give you an answer now," he replied. "I must have time to think it over."

"Very well," Dr. Hamlin said, "do so, and come back when you're ready and give me your answer."

From that day to this he has never seen him; but what an unexpected testimony to the truth of the Bible in regard to the fulfilment of prophecy did that Turkish official give!

### SILVER AND GOLDEN DUST.

ONE spring morning, on a common lying at some distance from gardens, we observed a bee flying heavily, and almost pressed down with the weight of sweetness and beauty it had gathered. Over its sombre-coloured body sparkled the silver and golden dust it had brought away from the blossoms where it had found the sweetness it had sought.

Happy example of a Christian, laden with the sweetness of heavenly things, and adorned with excellencies gathered up in searching after the beauties of God's Word!



\*\*\*\*\*  
 True Stories of God's Servants.  
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THE "PASSING AWAY" OF A  
 GREAT MISSIONARY.

THE arduous, self-sacrificing life of Judson came to a close when he was sixty-two years of age. He was worn out with work and sickness, and it was hoped that a voyage might tend to rally him. But he died on the voyage, and was buried at sea.

Some of his words during the last year of his life, when he was slowly dying, have been preserved, and it will be well to ponder over them. He said, "We cannot all be missionaries, but we may all be earnest Christians. We cannot all labour as earnest missionaries for Christ, but we may all help those who do."

He was known when studying the subject for his preaching to be, at times, so overwhelmed with its vastness as to weep over God's love, and even to be obliged to turn from the subject he had chosen and to select another, the marvels of which less overcame him! Such preaching, we may be sure, would be full of power!

He was most earnest in prayer, and looked on in faith to the conversion of children's children, and to the meeting of all the family in heaven. "As I have loved you, so ought ye also to love one another," was a precept continually in his mind, and he would often murmur, as though unconsciously, "As I have loved you—as I have loved you," and then burst out with the exclamation, "Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!"

One day during his prostration he looked up from his pillow with sudden animation, and exclaimed, "I have gained the victory at last. I love every one of Christ's redeemed, as I believe He would have me love them. Gladly would I prefer the meanest of His creatures, who bears His name, before myself. And now here I lie at peace with all the world, and, what is better still, at peace with my own conscience."

When his severe bodily sufferings prevented him from conversing, he would look up with a smile, and whisper, "Oh, the love of Christ—the love of Christ!" His favourite theme during the last months of his life was the love of Christ. Thus filled with Christ passed away one of the most earnest and most energetic missionaries to the heathen of modern times. Truly might this great and good man say in the words of old John Rutherford:

"I hail the glory dawning,  
 In Immanuel's land."

A NEW YEAR'S BIBLE STUDY.

"A little while, and He that shall come will come."—  
 Heb. x. 37.

"A FEW more years may roll;  
 A few more seasons come."

Yes, and when a few years are come, then shall we go the way whence we shall not return (Job xvi. 22).

Therefore, Be . . . ready, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not (Luke xii. 40).

Man's days on earth are but as a shadow (1 Chron. xxix. 15, Ps. cxliv. 4). As grass which the wind passing over, it is gone; the place thereof knowing it no more (Ps. ciii. 15, 16).

He is described as:—

A worm (Job xxv. 6)

A sleep (Ps. xc. 5).

As dust (Ps. ciii. 14).

As a mortal . . . crushed before the moth (Job iv. 17-19).

At his best state he is altogether vanity (Ps. xxxix. 5).

The curse of sin rests upon him—dust he is, and unto dust shall he return (Gen. iii. 19). But God has provided a ransom for his soul (Hos. xiii. 14). And the gift of eternal life to him that believeth on His Son (Rom. vi. 23). He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life (John iii. 36). He is the only Saviour, there is none other name under heaven whereby men can be saved (Acts iv. 12). To know Him is eternal life (John xvii. 3). Let none be satisfied until they are sure they are resting on His finished work, and no other foundation; for other foundation *can* no man lay (1 Cor. iii. 11).

He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him (John iii. 36).

Accept Him ere it be too late. Behold *now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation (2 Cor. vi. 2). The night is far spent, the day is at hand (Rom. xiii. 12), when Jesus Christ shall come to judge the quick and dead (Acts x. 36, 42). The books will be opened . . . and the dead will be judged out of those things which are written in the books, every man according to their works (Rev. xx. 12, 13).

With those who believe on the Son of God, though they were dead, yet shall they live (John xi. 25), and with them—

"A few more suns may set  
 O'er these dark hills of time;"

"And they will be with Christ above,  
 In their eternal home."

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God . . . and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is (1 John iii. 1, 2).

"A little while our Lord shall come,  
 And we shall wander here no more;  
 He'll take us to our Father's home,  
 Where He for us is gone before;  
 To dwell with Him, to see His face,  
 And sing the glories of His grace."

E. A. H.

PUT into one scale some hardships, self-denials, and conflicts,—and at the end of them heaven. Put into the other scale self-indulgence and a sinful life,—and at the end hell! Weigh the two; weigh them for eternity. Weigh them before God!



**"I CAN READ IT WITH MY LIPS."**

**A** BLIND girl had been in the habit of reading her Bible by means of raised letters in use for the blind; but after a while, by working in a factory, the tips of her fingers became so hardened that she could no longer with their aid read the precious promises. She cut off the tough skin from the tips of her fingers that her touch might be more sensitive, but still she failed with her hands to read the raised letters.

In her sorrow she took the Bible and said, "Farewell, my dear Bible, you have been the joy of my heart!" Then she pressed the open page to her lips and kissed it, and as she did so she felt with her mouth the letters, "*The Gospel according to St. Mark.*" "Thank God," she said, "if I cannot read the Bible with my fingers, I can read it with my lips."

Truly she could say, as the Psalmist of old, "I love Thy commandments above gold."

**OUR COMBINATION TEXT COMPETITION.**

WE have very great pleasure in giving the result of the above. We were gratified that so many young friends competed. The delay in giving the award has been occasioned through the time necessarily occupied by the adjudicators in examining the papers.

We are very sorry to find that very many of our friends failed in the second text, the correct reference to which is Luke viii. 42. This accounts for the absence of a *very great many* names from the list of those who gave correct answers.

Prizes awarded to the following for correct references, and for the best combination of texts:—

- 1—George H. Hancock, 43, Upper Brook Street, Ipswich, Suffolk.
- 2—Mary Avill, Park Lodge, Hythe, Kent.
- 3—F. Franklin, 35, Arundel Gardens, Notting Hill, W. Correct references were sent by the following:—
- A—A. E. Allen, K. Argles, C. Avill, E. E. Archer.
- B—M. C. Brooks, H. Butcher, J. E. Bolton, L. Blackman, W. Biddlecombe, E. E. Barnes, J. Benfell.
- C—M. Clark, W. Cochrane, S. K. Cooper, A. Creasey, M. Clinch, M. H. Corson, E. Card, E. M. Coleman, E. Chaplin.
- D—E. Dix.
- E—M. Evans.
- G—B. Gemmill, L. Gibbings, A. Goodwin.
- H—J. S. Harris, M. A. Houchen, A. J. Harbridge, G. W. Harris, K. Hawkes, J. A. Horsfield, A. Hake, E. Hart.
- M—E. Martingell, M. McCallum, A. Miller, A. Martin, E. Molden.
- N—F. E. Norridge, J. Niven, C. Newman, O. J. Niven.
- O—E. R. Orpen, F. M. Orpen.
- P—J. E. Pettman, — Perrens, A. Pettman, H. L. Pontis.
- R—L. Rycroft.
- S—M. Stone, — Steer, L. Stannard, A. Sims, T. E. Smith, G. Say, D. M. Stone.
- T—G. Thorp.
- V—B. Vick.
- W—F. Waspe, N. Webb, A. G. Watson, E. G. Wright, A. Watson, E. Wanstall, G. Woodman, A. C. Wilkinson.

**OUR SECOND COMBINATION TEXT COMPETITION.**

The following texts, suggested by George H. Hancock, Ipswich, are open for competition to friends of any age.

	<i>Where found:</i>
What saith the Scriptures?	Romans .....
All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.	Romans .....
God be merciful to me a sinner.	Luke .....
Your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake.	John .....
Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?	Acts .....
Preach the Word, be instant in season, out of season.	2 Tim. ....
I delight to do Thy will, O my God.	Psalms .....
Give me, I pray thee, a little water to drink, for I am thirsty.	Judges .....
If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink.	John .....
What hast thou done?	Genesis .....
Father, I have sinned.	Luke .....
The Lord also hath put away thy sin.	2 Sam. ....

Three Prizes, value 10s., 5s., and 3s. 6d., will be given to competitors of any age who quote correct references for the above and send the best lists of similar combination texts to "M. S. H.," care of the Editor "SPRINGING WELL," 14, Paternoster Row, London, by FEBRUARY 15TH. Not more than twelve texts to be given to form the combination.

**OUR THIRD COMBINATION TEXT COMPETITION.**

The following texts, chosen by Mary Avill, Hythe, Kent, are open for competition by young people not over 18 years of age.

	<i>Where found:</i>
To whom shall we go?	John .....
Come unto Me.	Matt. ....
Who will lead me?	Psalms .....
The Spirit will guide you.	John .....
Wherewith shall I come?	Micah .....
I am the Way.	John .....
Wilt thou go with this man?	Genesis .....
I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.	Matt. ....
Whither goest thou?	Genesis .....
I go to prepare a place for you.	John .....
I will come again and receive you unto Myself.	John .....
Even so come, Lord Jesus.	Rev. ....

Three prizes will also be given in this competition, as in the second notice above; only in this case the age must be stated. If competitors require their papers returned, a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed therewith. (This applies also to the second competition.)

The answers for the *third* competition must be sent in by FEBRUARY 15TH, to G. A., care of the Editor "SPRINGING WELL," 14, Paternoster Row, London.

If sufficient friends in the Colonies or abroad compete, special prizes will be given for the three best received up to MARCH 30TH.

### A LETTER FROM AUNT ALICE.

MY DEAR NIECES,

I write to wish you all a very Happy New Year! And while I pause, thinking what next I shall say to you, the words of a beloved one, long since in glory, come back to me: "It will be your own fault if it is not a happy one." I always think of these words each New Year's Day, when many dear friends are lovingly saying to me, "A Happy New Year to you."

It is just this, dear girls, if we make Christ our object, if we let Him fill our hearts and fill our lives, they will be happy lives and glad hearts. Shadows fall thick and heavily along the pathway, but His countenance is "as the sun shineth in his strength" (Rev. i. 16), and if you walk in the light of His face lifted up upon you, you will have joy, glad joy, in the depths of your soul, however dark the earthly shadows.

I fear I am writing rather sadly to you, but I cannot help thinking how much sorrow and anxiety there is just now in many thousands of homes, with this awful war raging in South Africa. I expect every one of you, like myself, will have some one you love, or at least know, who has gone to the front, and so the New Year cannot open very merrily for any of us, can it? We all seem to stand, facing death and eternity, with those dear ones for whom our hearts tremble, and it certainly is not "a time to dance"! Well, God bless you, dearies, whether in joy or in sorrow! Bless you in these solemn moments of anxious waiting; give you to be prayerful, thoughtful, loving, and unselfish; make you to be blessings in your homes, comforts to your dear parents; bright, true followers of Jesus, our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend! Do not forget that you have your battles to fight at home just as truly as our brave soldiers have to fight theirs out yonder, and be sure you make a good fight against sin, and self, and Satan. Remember—"Each victory will help you some other to win"! By-and-by we shall learn war no more (Isa. ii. 4), but enter into His presence, where there is fulness of joy.

Now I commend you to Him who crowns the year with His goodness (Ps. lxxv. 11), praying that 1900 may prove the best year you have yet lived, if He spare you to live through it!

Always your loving

AUNT ALICE.

### OUR LEPER FUND.

WE tender sincere and earnest thanks to all the generous donors to this beneficent work during 1899. We earnestly trust the Lord's abundant blessing may be with all who have helped to minister to the spiritual and temporal wants of the suffering lepers. We trust to be able to give in our next number some further particulars of the Mission and a statement of the administration of the funds so kindly remitted through the medium of our paper.

We are sure our readers will remember this work in prayer during 1900. The works will value this exceedingly.

We thank also those who have contributed as under:

	£	s.	d.
Grayshott .. .. .	0	5	0
B., Lachute .. .. .	1	17	6
A Friend, per Mr. Holness .. .. .	0	10	0
Teachers and Scholars Union Court			
Hall Sunday School .. .. .	1	2	4
S. S. Children, Gloucester, per Miss			
Humpidge .. .. .	0	5	0
J. C., Nottingham .. .. .	0	7	6
L. M., Bath .. .. .	1	0	0
A Friend, Colchester .. .. .	0	10	0

### OUR FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

WE are deeply grateful to those kind helpers who have responded to our appeal for funds to enable us to distribute our paper gratuitously in hospitals and elsewhere. We have received most urgent requests for quantities for Natal. Mr. T. C. C. Sloane, writing to us personally from Pietermaritzburg, specially asks for grants of the periodical for use amongst the British soldiers. There is a special arrangement for their careful distribution, especially amongst the wounded in the hospitals, who will gladly receive them. It will give us pleasure to send them out free of all expense. We shall be glad if our readers will supply the funds to enable us to send out 10,000 copies, the nett cost of which would be about £20.

We asked in our November issue for one hundred shillings to enable us to send 100 parcels to that number of hospitals. We have sent to 25, and thank those who have enabled us to do that, and we still have faith to believe that 100 friends will eventually respond. It is not a great number out of so many readers. We are sincerely thankful for the following amounts generously contributed:

	£	s.	d.
C., Ilford, 2s. ; C., Mansfield, 1s. .. .. .	0	3	0
A Friend, per Mr. Holness, 5s. ; A. T. P.,			
Reading, 5s. .. .. .	0	10	0
E. A. H. Clifton, 1s. ; W. B.,			
Plymouth, 1s. .. .. .	0	2	0
E. J. A. P., Portswood, 1s. ; Ezra viii.			
22, 2s. .. .. .	0	3	0
Mr. H., per Miss Holness, 5s. ; L. T.,			
Colchester, 1s. .. .. .	0	6	0
A Lady, per E. A. H. Clifton, 2s. 6d. ;			
L. M., Bath, 20s. .. .. .	1	2	6
G. E. M., Catford, 20s. ; Mr. S.,			
Hounslow, 1s. 3d. .. .. .	1	1	3
W. B., Roscrea .. .. .	0	1	6

### OUR BIBLE AND PRAYER CLASS.

WE are thankful to so many friends who have written desiring to be associated with this, and offering valuable suggestions as to the best methods of conducting it. We are still in communication with generous helpers, and feel that before we start we need to carefully and prayerfully consider the whole matter. Our many correspondents will therefore kindly wait patiently, and we hope, God willing, in our next issue to announce definitely the subjects and the manner in which the Bible study is to be managed. Meanwhile let every believing reader pray that God's blessing may guide and bless us in the selection of the Scriptures for reading.

### BIBLE LESSONS ON THE GOSPELS.

WE purpose, God willing, giving notes each month during 1900 on the International Series of Lessons on the Gospels. Many teachers and workers have desired that we should do so. We hope, therefore, to begin with February, and to arrange a plan whereby those who follow the simple study, month by month, can contribute papers on the lessons; for the best of which prizes will be given by the Editor.

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestions likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.



# The SPRINGING WELL

or Waters that fail not.

A PRINCE OF  
LONG AGO.

Frederick III.,  
Elector Palatine of  
the Rhine.—I.

BY FRANCES BEVAN.

**I**N the year 1515 was born in the Rhine province of Simmern, a direct ancestor of our beloved Queen. His father, John II., Count Palatine, owned besides Simmern the counties palatine of Veldenz and Sponheim.

The boy was called Frederick. He was strictly and carefully brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. Having a pious and simple nature, he became deeply attached to the Roman Church. He finished his education at the court of the Cardinal of Lorraine at Metz, in the palace of the Bishop of Liège, and lastly at the court of the Emperor Charles V. He was, therefore, surrounded by the highest examples of Roman Catholic teaching and practice.

But in the course of his travels he met from time to time with men who told him truths which cardinals and bishops had not known, or had refused to know. There was at that time a priest from Friesland, who was probably one of these men. He was preacher at the court of Hermann V., Count of Wied and



MELANCTHON ADDRESSING THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY AS HE SIGNS THE CONFESSION OF FAITH AT AUGSBURG, JUNE, 1530.

Archbishop of Cologne. Both the archbishop and his preacher, Albert Hardenberg, saw the need of a thorough reformation in the Church of Rome.

They set themselves in earnest to this work, and thus brought upon them the curse of the Pope and the anger of the Emperor Charles V. They were, however, the means of bringing many out of darkness into light, and from Aix-la-Chapelle and Wesel, as far as Lyons, the truth of the Gospel was spread by their means.

There was also another man who most probably crossed the path of the young Count Frederick when he was for a time with his friend Albert Hardenberg at Mainz. He was a man who must have won the heart of any who desired something better than to walk according to the course of this world. It was the beginning of a new life for many when they first met this tall, grave man, with his sweet but sad countenance. For he had suffered much, and was for Christ's sake an exile from his beloved country.

He was a Pole of an ancient and noble family, who had studied in Western Europe, and had returned to Poland a believer in the Gospel of Christ. He had met during his travels with Zwingli, and had lived for a time with Erasmus. "He is an example for all," Erasmus had said; "I, an old man, am all the better for my intercourse with this boy. As one old enough to be his father, I have learnt from him soberness of mind, temperance in all things, modesty, needful silence, discretion, purity. That which a young man should learn from an old one, have I learnt from John Von Lasky."

It was only for a short time that Von Lasky remained in Poland after his return there at the age of twenty-seven. He found there none who understood his desire for a holier life than that of the licentious Polish nobles. His family desired that he should have a bishopric, and this was offered him, with the show and pomp of a worldly life as the attraction which might win him from his simple godly ways. He, therefore, at the age of thirty-seven, left Poland, and devoted himself to the teaching and preaching of the Gospel of Christ. "The children of God," he said, "have no fatherland here below—their country is in Heaven."

Von Lasky, beautiful in countenance, extremely gifted in mind, marvellously attractive in manner, gentle and dignified, but very humble in spirit, was soon the beloved teacher of many who were beginning to turn from darkness to light in Germany, Holland, and England.

He is to be remembered by English Christians as being in his later life the founder of the English Presbyterian Church in London. He had been called to London to superintend the Church of the united Dutch, French, and Italian Protestants, who had fled to England from the persecution of

the Emperor Charles V. They found a safe shelter there during the reign of Edward VI. English Protestants joined themselves also to this Presbyterian Church, which was scattered during the reign of Mary, but was again revived and encouraged by English Protestants after her death.

Von Lasky would be to the young Count Frederick a kindred spirit. Frederick had a clear and quick understanding, and a high sense of that which was right and fit in practice. Moreover, he had an honest desire to know and follow the truth revealed to him by God. He had in his youth regarded the bishops and priests of Rome as the pillars of the church. But as he grew up amongst them he was astonished to find that their lives were examples only to those who desired to give themselves up to the pleasures of sin. He compared them with the holy, self-denying Von Lasky, and he asked himself whence came the difference. Von Lasky read, believed, and practised the Holy Word of God.

Frederick could not but see the worthlessness of man's righteousness and man's religion, and he turned to those who, like Von Lasky, walked in the narrow path of obedience to the Gospel, the life of Jesus manifest in their mortal flesh. He had passed from death to life, and God would make him to be in his turn a burning and a shining light in Western Germany.

He married amongst his Protestant friends. His wife, Maria of Anspach, was of a family foremost amongst the evangelical princely families of Germany. Many children were born to these Christian parents, and the cares of a large family led them continually to God in prayer, and stirred them up to the need of a holy life in all its details, as an example to their children.

Troubles came, too. A son of Count Frederick was sent to study at Bourges, in France. There the boy, so loved by his parents, was drowned in the river Eure. A young student who was with him risked his life to save him, but in vain.

The year after, the father of Count Frederick, John II., died. The old Count had remained a strict Catholic. He had seen with grief and displeasure that his eldest son had followed the "new religion"—the evil ways of Luther and Calvin. Frederick was a dutiful son; he had a tender love for the old father, and during his last illness was constantly with him. He took the opportunity of reading to the old man the Word of God, and he explained to him that the "new religion" was a name given by ignorant people to the old—the divine teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ and His apostles. The old Count listened, and saw his need of the Saviour of whom Frederick spoke. It

was an unspeakable joy to the son that the father was won by the affectionate entreaties of his children thus to believe the Gospel of the grace of God. "I see it now," he said; "all my hope is in the work of Christ, and it is a sure and certain hope." And so, rejoicing in his Saviour, Count John II. passed away.

Frederick continually gave thanks to God during the years that followed that his father had died in the faith. But the separation from those he loved was a bitter sorrow to a heart so tender and affectionate. At the same time, it led him more continually to Christ for comfort and strength.

Two years after the death of his father, died the Elector Palatine at Heidelberg, Ott-heinrich. Frederick, who was the next heir, took up therefore his abode at Heidelberg. He desired to be a kind and just prince, ruling over his subjects for the glory of God, and for their happiness here below and hereafter.

He took at once every means for making the Gospel known in his territory, and bethought him of those who might help him in this great work. He had had his eye for some time upon the young man who four years before had vainly attempted to save his boy in the Eure. This young man, Caspar Olevianus, had been brought up by a pious mother, and had been sent to study at Bourges in France, where he met with the son of Count Frederick. It was in the year that the poor boy was drowned, and during his studies at Bourges that Caspar was converted to God, at the age of twenty. Afterwards, because of his bold confession of Christ, he had been persecuted, and even imprisoned, but was released by means of the Elector Frederick. He was then twenty-four.

Frederick considered that he had found a treasure in this young man, and he was not disappointed. He made him, at the age of twenty-five, Professor of Philosophy at Heidelberg. This was in the year 1561, two years after Frederick had succeeded to the electorate. Soon after he made Caspar his court preacher, giving the professorship to another young man, twenty-eight years of age, named Zacharias Ursinus.

It was thought strange that the Elector should pass over older and more distinguished men and appoint these two young men to important posts. But Frederick considered that men who were taught of God were better taught than others who had only the knowledge which schools and universities could give them. And now, with the help of his two young friends, he began the reformation of Heidelberg.

The reformation in Heidelberg was not to be made by halves. Some would have said it was to

be made by doubles. Frederick had at first invited some Lutheran clergy to come and help in the work, but he found that they and the Calvinistic preachers were not of one mind as to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He listened to both sides, and was fully convinced that the Calvinist teaching was in accordance with the Word of God. He therefore agreed with Olevianus and Ursinus that the reformed Calvinistic teaching should alone be maintained in his dominions, and with it, the simpler form of worship that was in accordance with it.

The Catholic and Lutheran clergy were replaced by the reformed, whom he brought from Holland or chose from amongst the French Huguenots, who had fled from the persecutions in their own country. Many of the nobles and of the people resisted this change. Frederick, good and gentle as he was, remained immovable in his principles and his practice. The reformed taught the truth according to the Word of God, and whether they were approved or disapproved mattered not. In the Upper Palatinate, the Lutheran party was however the stronger. In the Lower Palatinate, and in his hereditary dominions, he carried out his plans of reformation fully and resolutely.

"All that is not in the Bible," said the Elector, "must disappear for ever:" altars, crucifixes, pictures, wafers, sacred vessels, consecrated fonts, Latin hymns and organs, festivals of the virgin and of the saints—all must go, and the Word of God remain.

In a letter to his son-in-law, the Duke John Frederick of Saxe-Gotha, Frederick wrote: "Altars were an ordinance of God, but He ordered them for the purpose of sacrifice. But whether it is befitting for us christians to regard the table upon which the Lord's Supper is spread as an altar of sacrifice, I leave to you, my dear son, who have more understanding than I, to consider. Shall we thus make of the Lord's Supper a sacrifice, as do the Papists? I for my part would allow, and would desire from my heart, that every altar, not only in the Lower Palatinate, but everywhere else where I have any authority, should be completely done away with. That is to say, I would desire to do it without troubling and confusing weak consciences. Thus I should be so much the farther from the Pope and his abominations. And you must admit, my dear son, that you never read in the Bible any command or hint, that people should be baptized in holy stone fonts. We are only told they are to be baptized with water—water either running or in some vessel. No font was used by the apostles and disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ."

And now, in order that the meaning of these changes should be well understood by all his subjects, the Elector set himself a task which few princes since the days of our King Alfred have ever attempted. He determined, with the help of his two friends, to write a book for his people.

It should be a confession of faith, and an explanation, in clear and simple words, of the truths of christianity. It should be a catechism.

When written, it should be carefully reviewed by the most learned and enlightened of his reformed pastors. And being then printed and published, it should be taught and explained in the churches every Sunday afternoon. This book is the celebrated Heidelberg catechism.

The task was committed to Ursinus to compare and translate Lasky's Dutch catechism and Calvin's Geneva catechism. These two catechisms were to form a groundwork upon which Frederick and Ursinus should compose a German catechism. Frederick revised everything written by his friends, and added his own explanations. It was to be his own catechism, for which he would be entirely responsible. It was to have Scripture proofs, given in full, with chapter and verse, for every answer.

Not only was it to teach the true faith of a christian, but it was also to explain in what way the teaching of Rome was contrary to it. The Elector was by no means disposed to follow blindly the advice and teaching even of his own preachers and professors—all must be compared strictly and carefully with the Word of God. "And it is needful," he said, "to warn people distinctly against the teaching of Popery and against all that still remains of Popery in the Lutheran Church."

This was his innermost conviction as a christian man and a christian ruler, and he therefore studied most carefully and thoroughly the Old and New Testaments, proving by the Word of God that idolatry must by no means be tolerated even in the mildest form and in the most trifling matters connected with the worship of God.

In the first edition of his catechism, Ursinus had written as follows the answer to the 80th question, which is "What is the difference between the Lord's Supper and the Popish Mass?" "The Lord's Supper," wrote Ursinus, "is a witness to us that we have complete forgiveness of all our sins through the one only sacrifice of Jesus Christ, completed once and for ever by Himself on the cross. It shows us also that through the Holy Spirit we are united in one Body to Christ, who is now ascended to Heaven to the right hand of the Father, and will be worshipped there in Heaven.

But the Mass teaches that the living and the dead have not the forgiveness of sins through the sufferings of Christ, except in so far as Christ is still daily offered up by the Mass priests. It teaches also that Christ is bodily present under the form of bread and wine, and is therefore in that bread and wine to be worshipped."

When the second edition of the catechism was to be printed, the Elector said, "I must add a word there," and though Ursinus objected to the addition, Frederick wrote, "And therefore the Mass is in fact nothing else than a denial of the one offering and passion of Jesus Christ, and is an accursed idolatry." And so the answer with the Elector's addition stands to this day in the Heidelberg catechism, which is, with the exception of the altered Augsburg confession, the only common confession of faith and manual of christian teaching of the whole reformed Church of the Palatinate from the Netherlands to Brandenburg and Prussia.

"He who does not know this catechism," writes Gœbel, "does not know the reformed Church of Germany, as it was, and as it is. It may be regarded in the full sense of the words as the blossom and fruit of the whole of the French and German reformation. It has the inward devotion of Luther, the clearness of Melancthon, the simplicity of Zwingli, and the fire of Calvin fused together in one. And therefore, passing over deficiencies, and a certain bluntness, we must regard it as the one sufficient and powerful confession of the reformed churches of the Rhine."

"This catechism," wrote the Elector, "is alone to be taught in my dominions. I solemnly exhort and command that it should thus be used, for the glory of God and for the good of my subjects. And I trust that for the good and welfare of your own souls you will thankfully accept it, and teach it according to the right understanding of it to the young in schools and churches. And I desire that from the pulpits it should be diligently taught to the common people, that they may learn it, practise it, and live it, for I have a firm hope and confidence that if the young people are taught from the first out of the Word of God, warned by it and nourished by it, the Lord will bestow temporal and eternal blessing, and amendment of life by His grace and power."

As may be supposed, Frederick's reformation and catechism very soon brought upon him the wrath of the Catholic and Lutheran princes of Germany. They determined that he should be excluded from the religious treaty of peace which had been signed at Augsburg in the year 1555. But the Elector maintained that he was bound to

use the authority committed to him by his God and his Lord, in making a thorough clearance of all that was contrary to His Word in worship and in teaching. He was also ready and willing to suffer joyfully, if needs be, for the truth which he had received from God—willing to sacrifice for it land, dominions, and life itself.

“The christian life of Frederick,” writes Gœbel, “was grounded upon a firm faith in the grace and power of God. It was a distinct and decided faith, entirely free from all fear of man, a fresh and joyful faith, which shone forth in him as in his pious brother-in-law, John Frederick of Saxony.”

For John Frederick had suffered for his faith, as had the Archbishop Hermann of Cologne. Both



THE ELECTOR'S PALACE ON THE RHINE.

had been deprived of their electorates and lands, and had stood firm as faithful witnesses to the truth.

The Lutheran and Catholic princes greatly desired that the same disgrace and loss should come upon the Elector Frederick. It was reported far and wide that severe punishments were in store for him, to be carried out at the approaching congress of the Reichstag at Augsburg in the year 1566, presided over by the Emperor Maximilian II. Frederick, as elector, would naturally be present there. His friends feared greatly that not only his electorate, but his life would be endangered. His brother, the Count Palatine, Richard of Simmern, implored him to stay away from the congress.

This was the answer he received: “I have a comfortable confidence in my beloved and faithful Father in heaven, that His Almighty grace will use me as an instrument in these last days to make His Name known in the Holy Empire of German peoples. I trust that He will allow me to confess it openly with my mouth and by my actions, as some time since my dear brother-in-law, Duke John Frederick of Saxony, the Elector of blessed memory, did before me.

“And though I am not so presumptuous as to compare my understanding with that of the saintly Elector, I KNOW, NEVERTHELESS, THAT THE SAME GOD WHO MADE HIM STAND FAST, AND MAKE A TRUE AND BOLD CONFESSION OF HIS HOLY GOSPEL, STILL LIVETH AND RULETH. AND I KNOW THAT HE IS ABLE TO HOLD UP A POOR AND SIMPLE MAN SUCH AS I AM, AND KEEP ME FROM FALLING, AND I AM CERTAINLY ASSURED THAT HE WILL DO SO BY THE POWER OF HIS HOLY SPIRIT. AND IF IT SHOULD COST ME MY BLOOD, IF MY GOD AND FATHER IN HEAVEN SHOULD BE PLEASED TO GRANT ME SUCH AN HONOUR, I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK HIM SUFFICIENTLY EITHER IN TIME OR IN ETERNITY.—FREDERICK.”

### GOD'S JUSTIFYING GRACE.

BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

“Whom He called, them He also justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified.”—Rom. viii. 30.

“It is God that Justifieth. Who is he that Condemneth?”

IT is well to fill our minds with Scriptures which establish us in God's justifying grace. And, first, let us never forget that God's grace reigns *through righteousness* unto eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord (see Rom. v. 21), and that we are “justified freely

by His grace *through the redemption* that is in Christ Jesus” (ch. iii. 24). God freely bestows His justifying favours on men, but He ever does so in righteousness—not indeed according to man's standard, but according to His own righteousness, which has been fully established and displayed in the death for sinners of our Lord Jesus Christ.

If we believe on God “that raised up Jesus, our Lord, from the dead; Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification” (Rom. iv. 24, 25), righteousness will be reckoned to us by God, and we shall receive the benefits of the fulness of Christ's death for our sins, and of His resurrection for our justification. By His death for our offences, we receive FULL ACQUITTANCE FROM THEIR PENALTY. He died for our

sins, hence we are free from the awful charge upon us for our sins. This is righteousness.

Again, Christ having died unto sin once, having once for all and for ever accomplished the work of our redemption, God raised Him from the dead. It was righteousness on God's part, when His beloved Son stood in our stead, that He should forsake the BLESSED SIN BEARER ; it was righteousness on God's part, when the sins had been borne and death endured, that He should RAISE HIS SON FROM THE DEAD. And since Jesus has borne our sins, God establishes to us the value of the death in all its atoning fulness, and since Christ is raised from the dead, no longer a Sin Bearer, no longer a Sufferer for sin, but the Victor, God establishes to us the value of His resurrection in all its justifying fulness. And thus grace reigns through righteousness.

As we humbly meditate upon this good news of God, "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" shines into our hearts (2 Cor. iv. 6). How mean and paltry are the schemes of man to obtain justification in the presence of this light ! What to us are a man's good works, his purgatorial cleansing for thousands of years, what indeed ? Such "righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Is. lxiv). We "glory in the Lord."

"God . . . justifies" us when we believe Him concerning His Son, and as a result "we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). And more, not only are we "justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), we have also "justification of life" (Rom. v. 18), for we have life in Him Who died for us, but Who is risen from the dead.

*With divine justification is divinely connected glory.* "Whom He justified, them He also glorified" (Rom. viii. 30). God's work is perfect and complete. The guilty sinner, instead of being condemned in righteousness, is justified in righteousness, and GRACE REIGNS THROUGH RIGHTEOUSNESS TO LIFE AND GLORY ! Step by step we are led on in The Way of Peace. Shall we not do our utmost to make this Way known ? It is unknown in lands where the Bible is not read, and when Bible teaching is disregarded in our own land this Way is unknown. What a call this is for christian workers !

We must add to these few words, that for the justified soul, justified in Christ Who is risen, there is NO CONDEMNATION (Rom. viii. 1), and NO SEPARATION (v. 35), for "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the Love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 39).

## THE TOUCHES OF GOD.

"The man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly, swiftly TOUCHED ME."—Daniel ix. 21.

"He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not."—Rev. i. 17.

HE touched the mighty wrestler, and his thigh  
Was in a moment powerless to stand.  
Sometimes we need that touch, that we may sigh  
In weakness, and God's greatness understand.  
(Gen. xxxii. 25.)

A band of men whose hearts the Lord has touched.  
Has He touched us, our heart, our inmost spring,  
That we thus follow Jesus and have vouched  
Allegiance to God's great anointed King ?  
(1 Sam. x. 26.)

Elijah had been brave—Baal's priests were dead ;  
But he, fatigued, lay down and dreamed of death.  
Then he was touched, and at his side was bread :  
A waking touch that raised again his faith.  
(1 Kings xix. 5-7.)

Job had lost all, and as he laid him down,  
A mass of sores, what said the brave, good man ?—  
"The hand of God hath touched me," and the crown  
Of faith was rightly placed—try his blest plan.  
(Job xix. 21.)

Dost feel thine insufficiency, and say,  
"I cannot speak, for I am but a child" ?  
So said a prophet ; but God came that way,  
And touched the lips, purging the once defiled.  
(Jer. i. 9.)

But there is one, a man greatly beloved,  
Who often knew this touch—it gave him feet  
And strengthened him, a human hand that proved  
The Son of Man. Will He that touch repeat ?  
(Dan. x. 10, 16, 18.)

It seems to grow more frequent, till He came  
Who touched the blind, the lepers—yea, the dead ;  
The God with hands of flesh : you know His name.  
"He touched me"—have the words by you been said ?  
(Matt. viii. 3-15, ix. 29 ;  
Luke vii. 14.)

Ask that first touch—the blood-stained hand can give  
The touch that bids a lifeless sinner rise.  
And should some after touch cause pain, believe  
The last sweet touch will summon to the skies.  
WILLIAM LUFF.

## IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

I AM told by men who have been in India that very often you will find a trail over a mountain and only one footprint, as if but one man had trod the path ; it is said that the chief goes on, and the tribe follow, putting their feet into his footprints. Our Chief has gone on before us, and left us an example. We are to follow in His footsteps, and we would have continual blessing if we did not go out of the path ; but we think our way best, and do not follow in His footsteps.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps"  
(1 Peter ii. 21).  
D. L. MOODY.

**OUR BIBLE PORTION.**

**THE LORD'S BLESSING.**

"AND GOD BLESSED THEM."—Gen. i. 28.  
 "Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee."—  
 Gen. xxvi. 24.  
 "Thou art now the blessed of the Lord."—Gen. xxvi. 28.  
 "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who  
 HATH BLESSED US."—Eph. i. 3.

**T**HE Bible absolutely teems with evidence of the desire of God to bless His people. There is not a patriarch of old to whom God did not give definite promises of blessing.

To Abraham, to Isaac, to Jacob, and many, many others, He declares expressly that He will be with them and bless them. He delights to bless, and His heart is full of lovingkindness to those who know Him. As soon as He created Adam and Eve in the garden, it is written, "AND GOD BLESSED THEM," and right on through the ages, and in the era in which we live, His purpose is to bless, and He hath blessed us

with all spiritual blessings in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus (Eph. i. 3).

"What cheering words are these!  
 Their sweetness who can tell!  
 In time and to eternal days,—  
 'Tis with believers well.  
 'Tis well when joys arise,  
 'Tis well when sorrows flow,  
 Or darkness seems to veil the skies,  
 And strong temptations grow.  
 But above all how well  
 When Jesus speaks the word,  
 And at the trumpet's sounding swell  
 They rise to meet their God!"

Look, dear reader, at these words from God's own book—

"The Lord bless thee,

"And keep thee;

"The Lord make his face shine upon thee,

"And be gracious unto thee:

"The Lord lift up His countenance

"Upon thee, and give thee peace."

Numb. vi. 22-27.

"In blessing I will bless thee." Gen. xxii. 17.

"I will keep thee in all places."

Gen. xxviii. 15.

"Neither will I hide My face any more."

Ezek. xxxix. 29.

"I will hear; for I am gracious."

Exod. xxii. 27.

"Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance." Acts ii. 28.

"My peace I give unto you." John xiv. 27.

The Lord bade Moses tell the priests to make the words in the sixth chapter of Numbers their

benediction on his people Israel; and this brings us to another pleasant thought, for if earthly priests were so taught, we know that our great High Priest, whom Aaron typified, does constantly bless the people of God. And more, He Who "hath made us kings and priests unto God" allows us as priests to bless in the name of our God.

The last verse of the sixth of Numbers says, "They shall put My name upon the children of Israel." We usually have our name put on what belongs to us. How glorious to have God's own name put on us, for we belong to Him. May His name be upon our hearts and be written on our lives!

Finally, the Lord declares,

"And I will bless them,"

and He ever keeps his word. **MAY WE EACH RECEIVE AND DELIGHT IN GOD'S BLESSING!**

**THE BLESSING OF THE LORD BE UPON YOU. WE BLESS YOU IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.—(PSALM CXXIX. 8.)**

**THE EMPEROR'S CHARTS.**

**I**T is said of the great Napoleon that he once possessed the finest set of charts—or, rather, maps—that were ever collected together. These maps were under the care of two intelligent officers, whose duty it was to be at the heels of the emperor during his rapid movements; and whenever they arrived at a resting-place, if it were only a cottage or a barn, they immediately spread out on a table or on the floor the map just then required. Over this map Napoleon would pore sometimes for hours. He had pins of various colours to represent his own forces and those of the enemy. These pins he would move to and fro, measuring distances, and calculating the time that must be expended on a march or a counter-march, until, his mind being made up as to the right course to be pursued, aides-de-camp were seen galloping in various directions, the result of which would be some brilliant manœuvre, to the surprise and defeat of the enemy.

What Napoleon's maps were to the great warrior, the Word of God will be to every one who as diligently searches and acts upon the Divine counsels and warnings there set forth. That Word will be a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path. It tells him of the true and living way, Jesus Christ the Lord, by whom mortal man can enter the presence of the everlasting God; and, being born again, can enjoy eternal life. In fact, it shows how man can realize his highest end—"glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever."

## THE LAND OF THE LORD'S "ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—II.  
(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20.)

**I**N our former article we referred to the fact that the great and powerful dynasties which existed in the earlier periods of the world's history, were manifestly raised up and used by God to work out His own wonderful purposes of grace to His chosen people in the first instance, and for the good and blessing generally of His creatures.

It is not our object in the consideration of this subject to deal particularly with the dispensational features of the interesting story; but with regard to the Assyrian and Babylonian and the Medo-Persian kingdoms, it is so obvious that God's directing hand was controlling the very existence and evolution of these kingdoms, that we do just



PORTAL OF A PERSIAN PALACE.

refer to the facts as recorded in the book of Daniel. The prophet, as he stood before the great monarch Nebuchadnezzar telling and interpreting his dream, said, "Thou, O King, sawest and beheld a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee, and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay."

Now it does not need any fanciful exposition to be assured what the true interpretation of the king's dream meant, for the same divine power that had enabled Daniel to unfold the dream enabled him to tell its exact meaning and significance. "THOU ART THAT HEAD OF GOLD," said the prophet, and therefore we know that the kingdom over which the Babylonian potentate ruled was the empire to which the servant of God referred. Then follows the reference to the power that should succeed the "Head of Gold," for the interpretation continues in precise terms: "And

after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee."

It is with this kingdom we are now more especially concerned. Man for a time may rebel against God. He may set Him at defiance. He may blaspheme His Name, but as surely as He lives and reigns and rules supreme in Heaven the reckoning day must come, and it came upon that head of gold with overwhelming, swift, and terrible retribution. The name of Jehovah had been made known in Babylon, so much so that the monarch issued a proclamation in these remarkable words, "NEBUCHADNEZZAR THE KING, UNTO ALL PEOPLE, AND NATIONS, AND LANGUAGES THAT DWELL IN ALL THE EARTH: PEACE BE MULTIPLIED UNTO YOU. I THOUGHT IT GOOD TO SHEW THE SIGNS AND WONDERS THAT THE HIGH GOD HATH WROUGHT TOWARD ME. HOW GREAT ARE HIS SIGNS! AND HOW MIGHTY ARE HIS WONDERS! HIS KINGDOM IS AN EVERLASTING KINGDOM, AND HIS DOMINION IS FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION." But this great king passed away, and Belshazzar, his son, reigned in his stead. In the high festival, surrounded by a thousand of his lords, he defies the God of Israel. "He brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God," and with "his princes, his wives, and his concubines drank in them. . . ."

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and just as the man of God had been divinely enabled to reveal the forgotten dream of the king, so now he was prepared to read the mysterious inscription on the walls of the king's gorgeous palace, "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN," and this was the interpretation of it, as recorded in Daniel, chap. v. verses 25—28:

MENE.—God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

TEKEL.—Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

PERES.—THY KINGDOM IS DIVIDED, AND GIVEN TO THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

And indeed, at the very moment that these scenes were being enacted within the gorgeous palace of the Babylonian king, the Persian troops were steadily marching along the dry bed of the river Euphrates into the very centre of the magnificent city. God's fiat had gone forth.

And so in Daniel v. 30, 31, it is said, "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom."

THE man who is not thankful does not know half the time whether he really has any God or not.

**INFLUENCE AND POWER.**

"THE chief secret of influence is character," says Dr. Buckley. "One who possesses a strong and good character is a mighty man. He may not have wealth or learning or office, but if he has a sound mind and a good heart he will move men and bless the world. History makes us acquainted with a few mighty men. They have ruled the world. The men of might are not kings and generals, but men of character. The real kings and conquerors have not worn crowns and carried swords, but they have had brains and hearts. When Moses stood before Pharaoh, who was king? Pharaoh wore the crown, but Moses was ruler. When Samuel stood before Saul, who was king? When Elijah stood before Ahab, who was the real king? When Paul stood before Agrippa, when John Knox stood before Queen Mary, when Luther stood before the representatives of the great powers of Europe, who was the real ruler? Germany owes more to Luther than to any king or general. Scotland owes more to John Knox than to any crowned head."

There is a vast difference between influence and power. The former is transient, the latter is permanent; the former depends upon the visible agencies of wealth, position, and fame; the latter is rooted in the unseen qualities which make for character and draws its living force from unfailing sources. Herod's influence was sufficient

**LOYALTY TO CHRIST.**

Dr. E. T. CASSEL

FLORA H. CASSEL

1. Up - on the western plain There comes the sig - nal strain, 'Tis loy - al - ty,  
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth a - round, 'Tis loy - al - ty,  
 3. Come, join our loy - al throng, We'll rout the gi - ant wrong, 'Tis loy - al - ty,  
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy - al - ty,

1. loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mus - ic rolls a - long, The Ring  
 2. loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring  
 3. loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Sa - tan's banners float, We'll  
 4. loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro - claim, Thro'

1. hills take up the song, Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 2. out the watch - word true, Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 3. send the bu - gle note, Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 4. out the world's domain, Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.

CHORUS. D.S.—Thro' loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 "On to vic - to - ry! On to vic - to - ry!" Cries our great Commander;

D.S.  
 "On!" We'll move at His com - mand, We'll soon possess the land,  
 great Commander; "On!"

[This beautiful melody is inserted through the kindness of R. L. Allan and Son, Glasgow. We hope to have it printed in a separate form, in a short time.]

to destroy John the Baptist: the latter's power was such as to destroy the despot's peace of mind.

## Jottings about the Bible.

### THIS BIBLE IS GOD'S BIBLE.

*"Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."*—2 Pet. i. 21.

THE Bible is the writing of the living God. Each letter was penned with an Almighty finger ; each word in it dropped from the everlasting lips : each sentence was dictated by the Holy Spirit.

Albeit that Moses was employed to write his histories with his fiery pen, God guided that pen.

It may be that David touched his harp, and let sweet psalms of melody drop from his fingers ; but God moved his hands over the living strings of his golden harp.

Solomon sang canticles of love, and gave forth words of consummate wisdom ; but God directed his lips, and made the preacher eloquent.

If I follow the thundering Nahum, when his horses plough the waters ; or Habakkuk, when he sees the tents of Cushan in affliction :

If I read Malachi, when the earth is burning like an oven : if I turn to the smooth page of John, who tells of love ; or the rugged chapters of Peter, who speaks of fire devouring God's enemies : if I turn aside to Jude, who launches forth anathemas upon the foes of God, everywhere I find God speaking :

It is God's voice, not man's ; the words are God's words ; the words of the ETERNAL, the INVISIBLE, the ALMIGHTY, the JEHOVAH OF AGES. THIS BIBLE IS GOD'S BIBLE ; and when I see it, I seem to hear a voice springing up from it, saying, "I am the book of God : man, read me : I am God's writing : study my page, for I was penned by God ; love me, for He is my Author, and you will see Him visible and manifest everywhere. . . ."

"HE HATH SAID" (Heb. xiii. 5). If we can only grasp these words of faith, we have an all-conquering weapon in our hand. What doubt will not be slain by this two-edged sword ? What fear is there which shall not fall smitten with a deadly wound before this arrow from the bow of God's covenant ?

"HE HATH SAID." Yes ; whether for delight in our quietude, or for strength in our conflict. "HE HATH SAID," must be our daily resort. Since "HE HATH SAID" is the source of all wisdom, and the fountain of all comfort, let it dwell in you richly, as "a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life." So shall you grow healthy, strong, and happy in the divine life.

C. H. SPURGEON.

### THE CONSEQUENCES OF NEGLECT.

THE Word of God does not say : How shall we escape from the condemnation of sin if we swear, if we cheat, if we steal, if we tell lies, if we commit murder, if we gamble, if we live in hatred of one another ? Neither does it say : How shall we escape punishment if we live without prayer, if we never read the Bible, if we break the Sabbath, if we keep bad company, if we indulge in foolish talking ?

But the question it does ask is this : "How shall we escape, if we *neglect* so great salvation ?" (Heb. ii. 3), and this is a question that demands far more general attention than it receives. Men who live wicked, and foolish, and vicious lives will get the due reward of their deeds. That is a fore-gone conclusion. But a man may be outwardly respectable, and religious after a fashion, and yet be utterly *neglectful* of God's salvation. How shall he escape ?

Have you ever faced this question seriously ? You don't need to *despise* the great salvation as the Jews at Antioch did, "contradicting and blaspheming," as atheists often do. Neither do you need to deliberately *reject* it to come short of obtaining it. All you need to do is simply to *neglect* it, and show a careless disregard to every appeal that is addressed to you. In this way you can assure yourself of condemnation. "How shall we escape, if we *neglect* so great salvation ?"

### GOD'S THRESHING-FLOOR.

"IN the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world" (John xvi. 33). Tribulation is God's threshing—not to destroy us, but to get what is good, heavenly, and spiritual in us separated from what is wrong, earthly, and fleshly. Nothing less than blows of pain will do this. The evil clings to the good, the golden wheat of goodness in us is so wrapped up in the strong chaff of the old life, that only the heavy flail of suffering can produce the separation.

DR. ROBERT MOFFAT, the South African pioneer missionary, when asked by a young lady to write in her album, wrote the following:—

"My album is a savage breast  
Where tempests brood and shadows rest  
Without one ray of light.  
To write the name of Jesus there,  
And point to worlds all bright and fair,  
And see the savage bent in prayer,  
Is my supreme delight."



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 \* True Stories of God's Servants. \*  
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THE CONVERSION OF DWIGHT L.  
 MOODY.

AT an immense meeting during the great Chicago World's Fair, this wonderful servant of God, who has just entered into rest, told the simple story of his conversion. He said :—

“Without the love of God no worker can succeed. It is the work of the Spirit to impart the love of God to the convicted heart. You cannot work yourself up to it. You cannot manufacture it. Do you remember how the love of God was shed abroad in your heart when you were converted? Ah, yes, you do remember it. So do I. I was converted in a shoe-store in Boston. Every time I go to Boston I go there. It is still a shoe-store. When I want a pair of boots I get them there. The place is memorable and sacred. I remember when I went out of the store that day after my conversion the world seemed a new creation. The air was sweet and full of song. The sun lovingly kissed my cheek. The breeze caressed me. Everything seemed new and full of love. Ah, the Spirit of God had shed abroad His love in my heart, and made all things new to me.

“Without a spirit of hope and cheer no one ever accomplishes much. It is the Spirit that imparts hope. One who is full of the Spirit is full of hope and cheer.”

At another immense gathering during that memorable mission he spoke as follows, and his words come with peculiar power and force now that his work on earth is ended. He said :—

“I would like to-day to press upon you this one question: ‘What shall I do with Jesus Christ?’ I cannot speak for the rest of you, but ever since that night of the great fire I have determined as long as God spares my life to make more of Christ than in the past. I thank God that He is a thousand times more to me to-day than He was twenty-two years ago. I made some vows after the Chicago fire, and I want to tell you that God has helped me to keep those vows. I am not what I wish I was, but I am a good deal better than I was when Chicago was on fire.

“Just as I was preparing to leave London the last time I was there, I called upon a celebrated physician, who told me that my heart was weakening and that I had to ‘let up’ on my work, and that I had to be more careful of myself; and I was going home with the thought that I would not work quite so hard. I was on that ill-fated

steamer, the *Spre*, and when the announcement came that the vessel was sinking and that there was no hope, and the stern sank thirty feet, and we were there forty-eight hours in that helpless condition, no one on earth knew what I passed through during that time, as I thought that my work was finished, and that I would never again have the privilege of preaching the Gospel of the Son of God.

“And on that dark night, the first night of the accident, I made a vow that if God would spare my life and bring me back to America, I would come back to Chicago, and at this World's Fair preach the Gospel with all the power that he would give me; and God has enabled me to keep that vow during the past five months. It seems as if I went to the very gates of heaven during those forty-eight hours on the sinking ship, and God permitted me to come back and preach Christ a little longer. And I would like to say that if there is a man or woman in this house to-day living under a broken vow, you had better, right here and now, in the presence of these people, resolve to pay your vows before God. Sometimes we wait for a calamity to strike us.

“When the Chicago fire struck me I was in the middle of my life—if I live out the time allotted to man. After the fire I just looked around, and I cannot tell you what a blessing that fire was to me. I think when calamity comes to us we ought to get all we can out of it, and if God has a lesson for us to learn, let us take the lesson. It may be that God has a wonderful lesson for us.

“I will venture to say that many of you here have been in this same state. You that are in the middle of life, look around and ask yourself whether your life is what it ought to be. Come to-day just for a little review, and look down along the way from whence you came. Do you not see some spot in your life where you have made a vow and have not kept it? You have said, ‘I will be a more consecrated man, or I will be a Christian;’ you have stood by the bedside of a dying mother and have said, ‘I will meet you in the better world.’ Are you going to make good that promise? Why not do so here, just at the close of this four hours’ meeting? Make up your minds that you will carry out that vow. It may be I am talking to a father or mother who has laid away a little child. When that child was taken away you said: ‘I am going to live a more consecrated life; I will not get rooted and grounded in things below, but I will rather set my affections on things above; I will make good my vow.’

“It is only a little while, a few months, a few years, and we will all be gone. May God help us

now to pay our vows in the presence of all the people. Come, now, while I am speaking, and just make a full, complete, and unconditional surrender to God, and say, 'Here am I, Lord; take me and use me, let me have the privilege of being a co-worker with Thee,' and there will be a fire kindled here that will burn into eternity. This hour, this minute, make up your minds that you are going to be from this time on the Lord's side. Go to your home, to your church, and give a ringing testimony for the Son of God. Go to work, do what you can for Christ, and there will be grand days for this land, and a blessed life for you, here and hereafter. May God grant it."

### "I HAVE A QUESTION TO PUT BEFORE YOU."

IT is told of an old minister that from the pulpit one day he said to his hearers: "I have a question to put before you. It is such a deep question that no man on earth can answer it. It is such a question that no angel in heaven can answer it. It is such a question that no devil in hell can answer it." And after a pause he added: "It is such a question that God Himself cannot answer it, and the question is this: 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?' " If this seems startling, it is nevertheless true. God cannot answer the question because He will never turn His back on His Son. The work of Calvary will never be repudiated by the God of Salvation. Outside the Name of Jesus Christ "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). Men who neglect the great salvation seal their own doom.

### A SOFT ANSWER.

WHEN still a boy-preacher, C. H. Spurgeon was warned about a certain virago, and told that she intended to give him a tongue-lashing. "All right," he replied, "but that's a game at which two can play." Not long after, as he passed her gate, she assailed him with a flood of abuse. He smiled, and replied in a beautiful Christian spirit, "Yes, thank you, I am quite well; I hope you are the same." Then came another burst of vituperation, pitched in a still higher key. He answered, still smiling: "Yes, it does look rather as if it is going to rain; I think I had better be getting on." The lady was silent; then she broke into a good-natured chuckle. "Bless the man," she exclaimed, "what's the use of storming at him?"

### OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.

*Golden Text.*—"Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. i. 21.

Read Luke ii. 1—16 and John i. 11—17.

#### READING ON THE LESSON.

1—5. The fulness of time had come that the Virgin should bear the promised Son, that God should send forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law (Isa. vii. 14; ix. 6; Gal. iv. 4, 5); but Mary, the chosen vessel to bring forth this promised Son, lived at Nazareth, perhaps seventy miles north of Jerusalem, and the child had to be born at Bethlehem (Mic. v. 2). Joseph and Mary, being of royal ancestry, for both were descended from David, the one through Solomon and the other through Nathan (compare Matt. i. 6, 7, and Luke iii. 31), had therefore to go to the royal town of Bethlehem to be enrolled. The wise men in Israel knew that their Messiah should be born in Bethlehem (Matt. ii. 4, 6), but they did not know how God would bring it about, nor did they dream that this decree of the emperor had anything to do with their Messiah.

6, 7. "She brought forth her first-born Son." And so it came to pass as Micah had said, and the Christ was born at Bethlehem. Money can generally find room, but they were poor, and so there was no room for them in the inn. No one cared specially for these two poor peasants from Galilee—that is, no one on earth—but all heaven was interested in them.

8. "Shepherds abiding in the field." These men seem to have been, like some other shepherds, as Abel, Joseph, Moses, and David, heavenly-minded men. They were not among the world's great ones, but they were great in the sight of God. They were not running here and there looking for some great thing to do, but were quietly abiding in their ordinary occupation.

9, 10. The angel of the Lord, the glory of the Lord, appeared to these simple shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem, announcing the birth of "a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

11, 12. "Unto you a Saviour." Or as in Isa. ix. 6, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." In the last verse the angel said, "I bring you good tidings." It is for Israel first, for "salvation is of the Jews" (John iv. 22), then for all nations. Israel is to blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit (Isa. xxvii. 6).

13, 14. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." The angels know nothing of glory to man. They love to cry "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain" (Rev. v. 11, 12). The seraphim veil their faces and cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts." The cherubim cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty (Isa. vi. 2, 3; Rev. iv. 8).

15. The angels returned to heaven. They know what it is to go and come as a flash of lightning (Ezek. i. 14), and we shall some day. When Daniel began to pray, Gabriel was told to go to him, and while Daniel was still praying Gabriel was by him (Dan. ix. 21—23). The shepherds said, "Let us go and see this thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known to us."

16. They came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the Babe, just as they had been told. Notice in chapters xix. 32; xxii. 13, they found as He had said. So it always has been and always will be exactly as God has said. Blessed are all who believe, for there shall always be a performance of the things told them by the Lord (Luke i. 45).



## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NIECES,

This is the last time I shall begin my letter thus, for I have a scheme on now which will take in all the dear boys, big and little, as well as the girls, and for the future my letter will be to them as well as to you.

I know some of the lads were a bit hurt that Aunt Alice did nothing for them, so now, boys, here is your chance, for this is to be just as much for you as for the girls, so let me see you come well to the front, and don't let the girls beat you.

There has been some talk lately in "THE SPRINGING WELL" about a Bible Class, and as no one else has taken it up, God helping me, I am going to. I do pray the Lord to make it a blessing to you and to me, and to give us all to be downright in earnest in studying our Bibles together, that we may find much profit and get much blessing. The class shall be divided into three:—

1. All over 18;
2. From 18 and under;
3. From 13 and under;

boys and girls in each division.

There shall be six prizes every half year—two in each division, one for the lads and one for the lassies.

I will give twelve questions each month. No. 1 division to try and answer *all*; No. 2, to answer any nine; and No. 3 to answer any six. You must all send in your answers by the end of the month, stating to which division you belong, addressed to

"AUNT ALICE,  
"The Grange,  
"Mansfield-Woodhouse,"

so that the result may be announced in the next but one number of "SPRINGING WELL"; for instance, the answers to February questions will be given in April, and so on, and your names will appear, and notice as to how many each of you have found correctly.

No concordance is to be used, and no help asked from others; but you may study any books on the subject, and use a reference Bible.

I think we shall find much to interest us if we begin right at the beginning of our Bibles, and start, where God starts with us, at Genesis.

It is so full of beautiful stories for our younger ones, and the hidden meanings of those stories are so wonderful for us older ones to search into together. I will try to find out all I can, and to tell it you in a simple and interesting way month by month, and you must all try your best to help and encourage me by answering the questions to the best of your powers.

I pray we may have many happy times thus together through this year.

I will now just say a few words about our first lesson, and then give you the twelve questions for this month.

The Bible is the most wonderful Book in the world, because it is a Divine Book; many men were employed to write it, but it has only one Author—and you will give a verse to prove that. It is a revelation of facts, which by faith we accept; it is Revelation of a Person, Whom if we do not accept we are lost for ever—"But as many as received Him to them gave He the right to become children of God" (John i. 12, R.V.): Christ the living Word is the key to this, the written Word, and if we read it rightly we shall most surely find Christ, learn Christ, and grow strong in Him.

As one long ago beautifully said, "God has never spoken more than one word, and that word is still unspoken—that word is Christ."

Genesis is not the history of all that God has done, but of what He wants us to know for our profit, and after the first verse of chapter i. He begins to tell us the history of how, nearly 6,000 years ago, He set this world in order for man to live in, and, as we know, for the blessed Saviour to die in for our redemption. This book is quoted no less than twenty-seven times in the New Testament, and alluded to thirty-eight times, so you see it is a very important book for us to study, being, as another has said, the seed-plot of the Bible.

I will add no more this month.

Always your loving,  
AUNT ALICE.

## QUESTIONS.

1. By whom was Genesis written?
2. How many books did he write, and what are they called as a whole?
3. What is the meaning of the name Genesis?
4. In which of St. Paul's epistles do we read "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God"?
5. Give a quotation from the Gospel of St. John showing that Christ endorsed the books of Moses as Divine.
6. What is stated in the Epistles to have been "before the foundation of the world"?
7. Find six passages from the Epistle to the Romans in which Genesis is quoted.
8. Give a text from the Epistle to the Hebrews proving that it is by faith we understand that God created all things.
9. Where is it said that "without Him was not anything made that was made"?
10. In what state was the earth found when God began to work?
11. What were the first words He then spoke?
12. Find a text in 2 Cor. commenting upon this, and telling us where God now commands the light to shine.

### OUR LEPER ASYLUM.

To the Readers of "THE SPRINGING WELL."

THE Mission to Lepers is now working in fifty-two stations, one of which is the Asylum for Lepers, at Calicut, in charge of Dr. Stokes (Medical Missionary). This is the Asylum which it is hoped the readers of "THE SPRINGING WELL" will be able in time *entirely to support*. It would rejoice the heart of the devoted workers who are labouring there to know that our readers were assuming the support of this station, and we invite them to fresh effort this year to that end.

Dr. Stokes writes from the Calicut Asylum pleading for help from the friends at home. He asks for "at least £25" with which to close the year 1899. One of our helpers, who undertakes to support a child (£4 a year), denies herself in many ways to do so—while often she puts a thankoffering into her box for preservation from dangers and accidents, in which God's protecting hand is clearly seen. Might we not do well sometimes to show our gratitude for dangers and doctors' bills escaped, by giving a thank-offering to the Calicut Asylum?

The necessity for a new building there is very great. *Patients are being refused for want of room*, and seen begging in the streets. Dr. Stokes has applied to the Municipality for help to erect another building in a healthy locality to accommodate forty in-patients. He sends us a touching account of two rescued children:—

"About three months ago a leper woman brought her two children, Uvichani, a girl of five years of age, and Govindan, a boy of eleven. They were half starved, the mother quite unable to walk. Her husband had died of cholera, and she was left alone to earn her bread as a servant; latterly she had been too ill to earn a livelihood in any way. . . . In so pitiful a condition I could not turn her away, and kept the children in a separate corner of the building.

"On relating this sad story to our missionary, I found he had already felt the *need* of a small Orphanage, and built a room for the purpose.

"The thin, sad faces of the children soon improved with care and food. When they left the Asylum for their new home, the parting between mother and children was very pitiful; and the mother was quite comfortless. Next morning the children were seen making their way to the Asylum in quest of her; they were brought back and restored to safety. They visit their mother twice a week, and carry the poor sufferers flowers, or greenery of some kind. The children play about with bright, happy faces, and thoroughly enjoy themselves in the compound! The poor mother is very grateful for all the kindness she

has received, and now seems earnestly desirous of becoming a christian."

Will the readers of "THE SPRINGING WELL," already generous with their help, make extra effort this year to support the Calicut Asylum? When brave, willing workers are found at the front of the battle, is it not the duty and privilege of those at home to help?

Many have heard of the noble life of Miss Reed, how with sweet resignation she set out for the work when she discovered she was suffering from leprosy herself, and of the unmistakable blessing which has followed. Those who have not, would do well to get a copy of her life from our publisher, and read the intensely interesting account.

### OUR LEPER FUND.

WE much regret we have only received one amount for this fund, but we trust, please God, our friends will pray about this beneficent work, and help as they are led. We have not space for the statement as to the funds this month, but we shall insert it in March (D.V.).

	£	s.	d.
P. A. M., Cheltenham ... ..	0	1	0

### OUR FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

WE desire to tender our very earnest thanks to all the generous friends who have helped to send out very considerable supplies of our acceptable paper to the soldiers in South Africa. We are sure many will read with the deepest interest Mrs. Osborn Howe's letter in the *Christian* from De Aar Junction. In it she says:—"As the Guards passed through, many copies of the 'SPRINGWELL WELL' were distributed. The eagerness with which hands were outstretched for them was remarkable. Not many days later scores of these men were in eternity."

We are now wishing to send 1,000 of the yearly volumes, and any friends who are pleased to help in this effort can have 120 copies for £5, or smaller quantities in the same proportion.

Amounts received as under:—

FOR SOLDIERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

	£	s.	d.
J. A. Spalding ... ..	0	5	0
M. S. C., Ashburne ... ..	1	0	0
(For Mrs. Osborn Howe)—			
Anon., Hull ... ..	0	10	0
H. N. B., Eastbourne ... ..	1	0	0
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J. G., East Dulwich ... ..	0	1	0
From Friends, Clapham, for General Distribution ... ..	0	10	0

✉ ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestions likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.



# The SPRINGING WELL

## or Waters that fail not.

### A PRINCE OF LONG AGO.

Frederick III.,  
Elector Palatine  
of the Rhine.—II.

BY FRANCES BEVAN.

IT was granted to Frederick according to his faith. He had a hard battle to fight at the Reichstag, as forty-five years before Luther had at Worms. It was proposed to deprive him of his electorate, and reports reached Heidelberg that he was already deposed—and in fact beheaded.

Before the assembled Congress the heavy charges were brought against him which were to decide his condemnation. He was then ordered to retire for a quarter of an hour to consider his answer.

At the end of that time he came back into the hall, followed by his young son, John Casimir: "My spiritual armour-bearer," said the Elector, presenting his boy to the Emperor and the Congress. John Casimir carried the weapons of defence—a Bible and the Augsburg confession.

The answer of Frederick was bold, short and clear, as follows: "I am still of the same mind and of the same belief as that which I expressed in person



THE ELECTOR BEFORE THE EMPEROR AT THE CONGRESS, AUGSBURG, 1546.

to your Imperial Majesty before I left this room. I still declare that in matters of faith and conscience I own one Lord and Master only, even the Lord

of lords, and the King of kings. I say therefore that it is not a parcel of flesh which I have to consider, but my soul and MY ETERNAL SALVATION. I AM UNDER THE ORDERS OF MY LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. AND IT IS DUE TO HIM THAT I REGARD MYSELF AS HIS: I AM THANKFUL THAT HIS I AM. I CANNOT THEREFORE CONCEDE TO YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY THAT YOU SHOULD EXERCISE ANY AUTHORITY OVER MY SOUL. GOD WHO CREATED IT MAY ALONE COMMAND IT. AS I have never read Calvin's books, as I call God and my christian conscience to witness, I am incapable of knowing what is meant by Calvinism. But as regards my catechism, I take upon myself the whole responsibility of it. It is well guarded by texts from Holy Scripture printed in the margin, so that it may not be controverted. All attempts to refute it have failed, and I trust with God's help it will remain as a steadfast witness to His truth. Moreover, I rejoice to know that my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has given a faithful promise to me and to all His believing people, that for everything which we lose here below for the honour and glory of His Name, it shall be made up to us a hundredfold in the world to come. And, in conclusion, I commend myself humbly and in all lawful obedience to your imperial Majesty."

Well was it said of this noble and joyful confession, that none grander or more solemn ever proceeded from the mouth of a prince. All eyes were fixed upon the fine face of the Elector as he spoke.

And when he had said his last word the Elector Augustus of Saxony stood up beside him, clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Well done, Fritz! You are a better man than any of us." And the Margrave of Baden looked round on the assembled princes and said, "Why are we falling foul of this prince? He is a better man than all of us put together."

None dared to answer. The Elector was never again called to account for his catechism. He was included in the Augsburg treaty, if not formally, at least without any further dispute. He was regarded from this time as the head of the evangelical States of Germany. And even the bitterest enemies of the evangelical churches honoured and respected him in due time as a rare example of a mild, benevolent, and wise ruler.

He had proved that he could stand firm as a rock when it was a question of faith and principle; he also showed that he could be gentle, patient, and tolerant in his dealings with others.

When Olevianus had wearied himself in disputes with a Lutheran pastor, and had given him up as hopelessly prejudiced, the Elector took up the matter. "We must explain things to him calmly

and clearly," he said. And by quietly proving to him the reasons of the difference between them, he succeeded in bringing the pastor to give up his errors and acknowledge the truth.

Frederick took the warmest interest in the evangelical churches of neighbouring states. He found a helpmeet in his labours in his second wife, a countess of Neuenar, widow of the Dutch Brederode, and sister-in-law of Count Egmont. He received with a warm welcome the fugitive Protestants from Holland and France, and did his best to make them a new home at Heidelberg, Frankenthal, Schönau, and St. Lambert. The industry and intelligence of these exiles proved to be a blessing to his land.

As the Duke of Anjou passed through the Palatinate on his way to claim the crown of Poland, Frederick took the occasion to speak to him with unsparing straightforwardness of the shameful proceedings of the French Court against the reformed christians of France.

In the case of his own dominions he saw clearly that he must come to a definite decision as to whether the Lutheran and the reformed churches should remain in connection with one another, or whether he should openly declare himself as the protector of the reformed churches, formally separated from the Lutheran body.

He found that this was an inevitable step if the reformed churches were to be preserved in purity of doctrine and worship from the errors of the Lutherans. Till now the reformed churches had been entirely shut out from State protection, and unrecognised as christian communities. Frederick placed himself boldly at the head of the reformed Calvinistic Protestants, and thus separated them finally from the half-reformed Lutherans.

From that time, therefore, till now, the Lutheran element has remained in the minority in the Rhine provinces. From the source of the Rhine in the Swiss Alps to the mouth of the Rhine flowing into the North Sea, the Calvinistic reformed faith was firmly planted. And in consequence much light and blessing spread amongst the neighbouring Lutheran churches. In later times, by this means, godly men, such as Spener and Bengel, were raised up amongst the Lutherans, and the later condition of the churches under their influence was better than the first. Frederick had been, therefore, a means of blessing, not of hindrance and stumbling, to those from whom he felt it his duty to separate.

So true is it that compromise always hinders, and faithfulness and decision are the way to help even those against whom the decision must be made. "All must be sacrificed," said the Elector, "for the truth's sake"—and God took him at his word.

His "spiritual armour-bearer," the most beloved of his sons, John Casimir, grew up a brave and godly young man. His father sent him with a body of troops to join in the war for religious liberty against the persecuting French; for the massacre of St. Bartholomew had roused the indignation of Dutch and German Protestants.

John Casimir came safely back after a victorious campaign. His father met him, and led him at once into the Court chapel, there to give, with him, public thanks to God. But another son, Christopher, immediately afterwards fell mortally wounded in the lost battle of Mooker Heide.

The Elector took comfort in the thought that his boy had laid down his life for the honour of God, and for the true faith—that he had died on a bed of honour. To his lords, who deeply mourned the brave young prince, he said, "Be of good courage. I know that my son has quitted himself as a man, and since it has been the will of God that he should fall in battle, I can truly say I would far rather that he died in a righteous cause far from his home than that he should have stayed at home and wasted his life in idleness, which is the pillow of the devil."

The Emperor Maximilian II., who was a tolerant and just prince, was greatly loved and respected by the Elector. Some time after the Reichstag, he paid a visit to the Palatinate. Frederick took the occasion to present him in person with a Spanish Bible.

"I offer a present to your Majesty," said the Elector, "which will, I believe, prove acceptable, for in this book the treasure of all treasures is contained, namely, the heavenly wisdom which directs emperors, kings, and princes in the way of righteous government, for their own happiness and that of their people."

Not long after, the news reached Heidelberg of the death of Maximilian. "Truly," said the Elector, "I, too, after sixty years, have had enough of the life here below, and gladly would I say with Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,' might I only before I depart speak a word to the young Emperor who enters on his reign, and might I once more see the electoral prince, my son Lewis, that I might talk over with both of them the right principles of christian government."

Soon after, he said to those around him, "I have lived long enough for you and for the church. I am called now to a better life. I have done my best for the church, as far as I could, but I have not been able to do much. God, Who can do all things, and Who cares for His servants, and Who cared for them before I was in the world, still lives

and reigns in heaven. He will not leave us orphans, nor will He allow my prayers and tears to have been in vain. He has heard the prayers and seen the tears offered up to Him in this room upon my knees for my successors and for the church."

Fourteen days after the death of the Emperor Maximilian, the Elector entered into the joy of His Lord.

Shortly before his death, he wrote out with his own hand a detailed, thorough, and humble christian confession of faith. "It is on this belief," he said, "that I rest my assurance of eternal blessedness, and I shall thus appear with a joyful countenance before the judgment-seat of Christ."

To Ursinus he said, "Let my dear Lord and Saviour call me when He will, I have a perfectly good conscience in Christ Jesus, Whom I have served, and I thank Him that in my churches and schools people are everywhere taught to look away from man, and are directed to Him only."

And soon after he said, "I am well held up by the prayers of God's people. It is time that I end my life down here, and enter into the true rest where my Saviour is."

He then asked that the thirty-first Psalm and the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel should be read to him. After the reading he prayed aloud, and passed joyfully and gently into the presence of his God and Saviour.

"The Elector Frederick III.," writes Gœbel, "was that which is so rarely found on thrones and in courts—a whole-hearted, decided, unadulterated christian, filled with joyful confidence in his Lord, and with heartfelt gratitude to Him for the grace which had saved him. The best witness to his christian joy is the Heidelberg catechism, which has every title to be called the Elector's own catechism, being prepared, revised, completed, edited, owned and confessed by him as his own."

His claim to the authorship of the catechism, with the help of Olevianus, and specially of Ursinus, was insisted upon by him in his dying confession of faith.

"To him alone," says Gœbel, "the whole German reformed church, and specially our reformed church of Westphalia and the Rhine provinces, are indebted for this catechism, and all the immeasurable blessing which it has brought since his days to thousands of souls. The inner life of the Elector Frederick is the source from which flows the glorious christian confession which forms the answer to the first question of the catechism.

"It is my only comfort and trust in life and in

death that I am not my own, but that I am Christ's ; that I belong entirely and wholly to my Saviour Jesus Christ, to Him Who paid the great debt of my sin completely with His precious blood, Who has delivered me from all the power of the devil, and Who so surely keeps me, that without the will of my Father in Heaven not a hair can fall from my head, and Who makes all things to work together for my blessedness. And thus through His Holy Spirit He has made sure to me the eternal life by which henceforward, my heart being made willing and ready, I may live to Him."

In this catechism, not free from human defects, but bearing faithful witness to the love and grace of God, Frederick III. being dead, yet speaketh. His voice, thus speaking, remained unsilenced when his son Lewis, regardless of his father's convictions, brought back the Lutheran worship into the lower Palatinate.

To this day the words of the godly Elector are household words in the homes of the reformed Protestants of Germany. To this day the children of the reformed churches are thus guarded from the errors which are now overspreading our own beloved country.

Amongst us, alas ! children grow up in entire ignorance of the difference between Roman Catholicism and the Bible. I have the testimony of an intelligent person, brought up in the schools of Protestant England, and living amongst the working classes of our manufacturing towns :

"Till long after I was grown up, I had not the least idea in what respects Roman Catholics differed from Protestants, nor, during all that time, *did I ever meet with anybody who knew it.*"

The important matter, however, is to know how far any profession of faith agrees with *the Bible* or differs from it. It is this which the Elector Frederick had at heart. It is evident that he compared all the teaching and practice around him simply and honestly with the Bible, even to the use of stone fonts, to which in themselves no actual evil could attach itself, but which, connected as they were with exorcisms and senseless rites, formed a part of the superstition displaying itself in "holy" buildings, "holy" vessels, water, oil, and "holy" ground.

We know how readily our own minds cling to that which is material, to that which the eyes can see and the hands can touch, rather than to the things which are unseen and divine.

"He endured, seeing Him who is invisible," was true in a remarkable manner of the Elector Frederick. Brought up in superstition, he turned from man to God, as he desired in his dying words that his people should do after him. Let

his voice speak to us and to our children, and may we follow him as he followed his Lord and Master, in simple and humble obedience and in joyful confidence !

It was the great-grandson of Frederick III. who married the Princess Elizabeth of England, daughter of James I. From her and her husband, the Elector Frederick V., is our reigning family descended.

There may be some who desire to know what became of the two friends of the Elector Frederick, who so truly mourned his death.

No sooner had the younger Elector Lewis succeeded to the Palatinate than he restored by force and violence the Lutheran worship. Olevianus was the first to pay the penalty of having been foremost in the thorough reformation made by Frederick III. Lewis at once removed him from his post as Court-preacher, in spite of the remonstrances and entreaties of his councillors. He forbade all correspondence and even conversation between Olevianus and the members of the University, all private meetings in his own house, and ordered that he should be treated as a State prisoner in the town of Heidelberg.

Lewis then dismissed from his post the lord high steward of his father's court, the reigning Count Lewis of Sayn Wittgenstein Berleburg, who had been a zealous reformer. Count Lewis succeeded in obtaining leave to take Olevianus with him to Berleburg "to instruct his sons in christian learning, and to teach them useful arts, also to give them lessons in foreign languages ; and when possible to preach the Gospel."

The Count had already in his mind a project, which he carried out some years later, assisted by the neighbouring counts of Nassau and of Solms. It was the foundation of a so-called "high school" for the sons of noble families. This school was opened at Herborn in the year 1584, and Olevianus was appointed to the direction of it.

For ten years he laboured diligently in this important post, and in the building up of the reformed churches.

The Count Lewis, who was, according to the "Berleburger Chronicle," "one of the most distinguished princes of the sixteenth century, a renowned and learned nobleman, whose like was not to be found in the Holy Roman Empire," took the lead in this work of reformation. "He was a special lover," says the "Chronicle," "of the Word of God, and had a zeal in His service which was a special gift of God granted to him."

Olevianus died at his post at the age of fifty. His last days were very peaceful and joyful ; he longed to depart and to be with Christ. His

last words were, as he laid his hand upon his heart, "Most sure." His son, who was lying ill at Spires, received the following letter written by his father three days before his death:—

"Dear son Paul, — I say with the patriarch Jacob, 'Lord, I wait for Thy salvation.' For I have now reached the point, when, as with the Apostle Paul, 'I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ.' To Him I commend you and entrust you, as once in your baptism, so now when I leave you to go to the Lord. I commend to Him also your dear mother, your brother and sister; to Him, and the Word of His grace. I would of all things have been glad to see you, but I would not urge you to come, for it is very cold, and your leg is not yet well. I made yesterday all arrangements which a good father should make. I now expect hourly to depart and be with Christ.

"Do not hurry to come here; we shall see one another according to God's covenant grace in the abode of eternal life. I commend to you your pious mother, knowing how much you love her. Care for your little brother Lewis as for my darling, and treat him gently and wisely.

"Seek not high things, but take a low place with low things, and order your studies so that they may be profitable to many. May the Lord bless your going out and coming in. Amen.

"And may your soul always trust in the free and gracious offering of the Son of God, always looking for the eternal inheritance assured to us in Christ. Amen."

In his will he said, "I commit my body and soul to my beloved God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, through the one eternal High Priest, knowing that He will be everlastingly my God, and the God of my seed after me, and that He will never be wroth with me according to His faithful oath to His believing people."

And what was the fate of Ursinus? He was deposed from his office by the young Elector Lewis as soon as he succeeded his father. But John Casimir, the faithful "armour-bearer" of his beloved father, bestirred himself to found at Neustadt in the Hardt a reformed school and college, calling to his help the preachers and theologians of the reformed church of his father.

Nearly all those who had held posts at Heidelberg betook themselves to Neustadt, amongst them Ursinus, specially invited by John Casimir. But after five years of labour, which proved too much for his delicate health, Ursinus died in the year 1583, aged only 48. He died in peace, rejoicing in his Saviour.

He had written some years before, "If you suppose that one cannot say with certainty of any-

one that he will be saved, you are right, if you are speaking of others. But as regards one's own salvation, such words in the mouth of a christian man are terrible, godless, devilish, and a blasphemy against God. Whoever it was who taught you that, taught you as the devil teaches, even should he seem to be a teacher sent from heaven. I will say further, if you are not sure before the end of your life here, whether you have eternal life, you can have no assurance that you will ever have it. God preserve you from this!

"For what is faith but this assurance which is the beginning of eternal life, which all must have whilst here below if they are ever to have it. What does hope mean? It means an assured expectation of eternal life in heaven, and thus your thought of uncertainty fills me with horror. Not for a hundred thousand worlds would I be so far from my Saviour Christ as not to know whether I am His or not. It would be a state of heathenism—the very threshold of hell. I am sure Luther and Philip (Melancthon) never taught thus. It is simply the assault of the devil, from which God preserve us."

SO WROTE AND SO BELIEVED THESE HOLY MEN OF OLD. THEIR WORDS SOUND STRANGE TO THE EARS OF THOSE WHO, IN THESE DAYS OF INDIFFERENCE AND LUKEWARMNESS, ARE CONTENT TO THINK ALL MAY BE RIGHT WITH THEM IN THE END—WHO DO NOT SEE, AND DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THE WORK OF CHRIST WAS A FINISHED WORK, THAT THE BLOOD OF CHRIST IS FOR EVER BEFORE THE EYES OF GOD, THAT THE LOVE OF CHRIST IS AN UNLIMITED, AN EVERLASTING LOVE.

BY FAITH IN HIM, IN HIS PRECIOUS WORK, IN HIS GLORIOUS PERSON, THESE SAINTS OF OLD WERE STRONG IN HIM AND IN THE POWER OF HIS MIGHT, AND THROUGH EVIL REPORT AND GOOD REPORT THEY BORE A FAITHFUL WITNESS TO HIS HOLY NAME. MAY SOME EVEN NOW BE FOUND TO FOLLOW THEM AS THEY FOLLOWED CHRIST, AND TO ESTEEM HIS REPROACH THEIR GREATEST TREASURE!

"The patriarchs and saints of olden days,  
The christians all unknown,  
Who bore the heat of persecution blaze,  
Or nameless cross alone—  
I see them crowned with glory,  
And shining from afar;  
To them the Lord their Saviour,  
Has given the Morning Star.

"Before the emerald encircled throne,  
The thousand choirs fall;  
Their song of praises echoing ever on  
Through Heaven's high palace hall.  
The throng that none can number,  
Of every race and tongue;  
Join like the mighty waters  
In that eternal song.'

J. M. MEYFART, (1642).

## A SURE REFUGE.

"But David encouraged himself in the Lord his God."—  
1 Sam. xxx. 6.

AND under what circumstances did David thus encourage himself in the Lord his God? Was everything going on smoothly with him? Were his enemies put to flight by his victorious armies? Was his throne established, his kingdom in peace, and his people at rest? On the contrary, he was in the direst straits! The city in which he dwelt had been destroyed by fire, his wives, his children, his goods and chattels, as well as the wives and families and belongings of the men who were with him, had been carried away by the enemy, and the very men by whom he was attended, and whose leader he was, "spake of stoning him," because of the troubles into which he had brought them.

Nor was this all: David was in these circumstances of difficulty because of his own unfaithfulness. What business had he in Ziklag? Ziklag was a Philistine city—Achish was a Philistine. How came the King of Israel to be dwelling among the Philistines? How came the great champion of "the armies of the living God" to be consorting with the very people whom he himself had charged but a little while ago with defying those armies? At this time he was ostensibly ranged on the same side as the giant who, with a sling and a stone, he had but recently slain. How can these things be?

Alas! it is an oft-told tale. Until his going down to Ziklag David had lived in close and happy communion with his God; although he was hunted as a partridge on the mountains, persecuted on all sides, his life continually and perseveringly sought by Saul, and dwelling in dens and caves of the earth, wherever he could find a brief shelter, still he had sought and found help and counsel from the God of Israel, who had never failed him, and many of his sweetest psalms, singing of the joy and peace and rest he found in the blessed consciousness that the everlasting arms were underneath and round about him, refer to this period of his career. But there came a time when David's faith gave way under pressure of circumstances, when he lost his confidence in God, took his case into his own hands, and went his own way. No doubt both he and his followers were weary with the constant struggle; they had their wives and families with them, and they longed for the peace and rest, the joys and comforts of home; and as they seemed unable to find these with the people of God, they sought them amongst His enemies. This is very sad! But have you, my reader, never done practically the same thing?

Have you never grown weary of the difficulties of the way—tired of the separate path which you must walk if you would walk with God; have you never lost confidence in God under any form of trial, and sought to find peace and rest in forbidden paths; never forsaken the Fountain of Living Waters and hewn out to yourself broken cisterns which can hold no water? Alas! how often is this the case with many of God's dear children?

We read in a previous chapter (xxvii. 1) that "David said *in his heart*, I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul; there is nothing better for me than that I should speedily escape into the land of the Philistines." What utter forgetfulness of the wondrous way in which God had hitherto protected him! What ingratitude for all his past mercies! Well, he goes to Achish, and takes with him his 600 men, who no doubt helped to secure him a welcome, and he asks for a place in which to dwell. Realise his position: *the Lord's anointed petitions a Philistine king for a home—a dwelling-place!* Look, too, at the deceitful part he is compelled to play. He has no thought of fighting against the Israelites; but he well knew that it was only as a supposed enemy of Israel that Achish welcomed him; hence David is obliged to deceive Achish. When David—as was the custom in those times—went out on a foraging expedition, Achish said to him on his return, "Whither have ye made a raid to-day?" Against whom have you been fighting? And David replies, with a lie in his mouth, "Against the south of Judah!" Whereas he had really made war against the Amalekites, the friends of Achish. Not only so, but in order that no news might reach Achish he caused every man, woman, and child to be put to death. Thus was David—child of God though he was—leading a life of treachery, deceit, and cruelty against the man whose bread he was eating, and this for sixteen months! How true it is: "The heart"—mine and yours, dear reader—"is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"

But the time comes when matters are brought to a crisis. "The Philistines gathered their armies together for warfare to fight with Israel," and Achish said to David, "Know thou assuredly, that thou shalt go out with me to battle, thou and thy men." Think what must have been David's feelings under such circumstances! Yet he is obliged to disguise his feelings, and he replies: "Surely thou shalt know what thy servant can do." How are the mighty fallen! The anointed King of Israel, the champion of the armies of the living God, going out to fight against those armies in company

with the enemies of his own people! Could anything be more humiliating?

But now that David is at his wits' end, God, as is His wont, interferes on his behalf. He moves the hearts of the lords of the Philistines against David, and they say to Achish, "Is not this David of whom they sang one to another in dances, Saul slew his thousands and David his ten thousands? Make this fellow return to the place which thou hast appointed him." Thus a way is opened for David to escape out of the terrible position into which his own unfaithfulness has brought him. But what must he have felt when Achish said to him, "Surely, as the Lord liveth, *thou hast been upright*, and thy coming in with me in the host is good in my sight, for I have not found evil in thee since the day of thy coming unto me?" How small and mean David must have appeared in his own eyes! But even here he is obliged to act the hypocrite, and he replies to these kindly expressions of confidence on the part of Achish, "But what have I done? and what evil hast thou found in thy servant so long as I have been with thee unto this day, that I may not go out to fight against the enemies of my lord the king?" And poor, deceived Achish answers, "I know that thou art good in my sight as an angel of God." All this to the man who had been living a life of cruel deceit and treachery for sixteen months? Ah, my reader! there is nothing too low and degrading for a child of God to sink into if he leaves the all-embracing shelter of the everlasting arms.

Well, David returns to his place; but he finds the enemy has been there, burnt the city with fire, and carried away his wives, family, goods and chattels, as well as those of his hitherto devoted adherents, who now "spake of stoning him," "because the soul of all the people was grieved, every one for his sons and for his daughters." Thus David was in the greatest straits; and we see that while God mercifully and graciously pardons his unfaithfulness, He yet chastises him for his sins. But it is extremely beautiful to notice at this part of the story the way in which God manifests the care He takes of, and the interest He feels in all that belongs to the man upon whom He lays His chastening hand. We are told, "*They slew not any.*" How contrary to David's own actions! He slew man, woman, and child, and left none to tell the tale! But the Lord protected David against his enemies, even in his backsliding ways: "*They slew not any.*" Notice, too, that while the Spirit of God tells us carefully that David's two wives were taken, going into all the minutiae of the case, as if to show His deep interest in all that con-

cerned His erring child, He also takes care to tell us afterwards that "*David recovered all,*" and again makes special mention of the two wives as being recovered. Thus, although David is severely chastened, yet it is "for his profit," and he really loses nothing except that which he had no right to—viz., Ziklag, which he had no business to have in his possession: the dross was consumed, but as the result of the trial the gold was refined. For we read that in his direst need "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." Why not have done this at first instead of going to Ziklag? And in whom could he encourage himself? Not in *himself*: he was the cause of all his troubles; not in his followers, for they "spake of stoning him." He could only look to the One who had never failed him. And well it is for ourselves when we are thus shut up to seek our encouragement in the Lord, and this even in the midst of our failures. May we not truly say with Peter, "Lord, to whom *shall we go*? Thou hast the words of eternal life" (John vi. 68). He is a very present help in time of trouble, a sure and certain refuge in the stormy wind and tempest. Have you, my reader, ever found this refuge? Whoever you are, there is no other shelter for you from the storms of this life, no other from the terrible storm of judgment and fiery indignation which is impending over this guilty world. More than 1800 years ago a loving invitation came forth from lips soon to be quivering in the agonies of the cross, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Surely, rest is what you are seeking, and if you have not accepted this loving invitation, your search has so far assuredly been in vain. Here, and here alone, is true rest to be found—rest of conscience, rest of heart, and a blessed rest that remaineth when all the trials and sorrows of life are over. This invitation is still held out to all who will listen.

"Soon that voice will cease its calling,  
Now it speaks, and speaks to Thee."

Soon, very soon, the Master of the House will rise up and shut to the door, then it will be said—

"Too late! too late! Ye cannot enter now!"

HOMELEIGH.

[The writer of this very beautiful article, who has often contributed most useful papers to our Magazine, entered into rest a short time after we received it. His earnest voice is hushed for ever upon earth, but he has gone into the presence of his Lord, whom he loved and served so well. We have other papers from the pen of our beloved friend, and these we shall insert in our pages as we have opportunity.]

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

### DWELLING IN SUNSHINE.

"Then King David sent and fetched him . . . from Lo-debar. So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet."—2 Sam. ix. 5, 13.

SOME christians seem to know but little of the sunshine, while others are filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Is it that some live more in the sunshine than do others?

We are sure that most desire to be in the sunshine, and we cannot deny that we often fail to be there through our own want of spirituality. Yet some fail to be there because they dwell so much in their own homes, as it were—in their own thoughts about themselves—their own poverty. Like Mephibosheth, whose good the king sought, they dwell in Lo-debar, the place of no pasture. Like him, too, they are infirm and feeble, for Mephibosheth was lame on both his feet.

But the king exalted him.

David brought Mephibosheth up out of Lo-debar, and gave him a place at his table, and there, in the palace and wealth of the king, he, who was still lame on both his feet, found abundance. The abundance was that of the king, the wealth that of the king, and, though still feeble and infirm in himself, the abundance and the wealth Mephibosheth experienced.

Speaking spiritually, the lameness and feebleness of the believer are no detriment to his enjoyment of the blessings of the Lord. The poorest child

is welcome to the sunshine,

and the Lord loves to bring up His Mephibosheths from their Lo-debars, and to fully satisfy their hearts, so that they can but say, each one, "My cup runneth over."

There can be no doubt that the happiest christian experience arises from dwelling in the love of God, or, to use another figure,

from feasting our souls

when at the King's table, and we may obtain a happy suggestion from these words, "So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet" (2 Sam. ix. 13). His home was in David's home—his constant repast was where David himself ate—yet for all that Mephibosheth was still in himself the weak man he had been from his infancy.

Hearing about the sunshine and being in it are not the same thing; but the hearing leads to seeking, and the seeking to dwelling. We find far more

than our hearts can conceive in the Scriptures: there the heart of God and of Christ are opened up to us. Let us take one short text upon *dwelling*—"GOD IS LOVE; AND HE THAT DWELLETH IN LOVE DWELLETH IN GOD, AND GOD IN HIM" (1 John iv. 16). Here is indeed a home for a Mephibosheth—the love of God! And this we know as its wonders are revealed to us in the Scriptures.

"Thus though worn, and tried, and tempted,

Glorious calling, saint, is thine;

Let the Lord but find thee emptied

Living branch in Christ the Vine!

Vessels of the world's despising,

Vessels weak, and poor, and base,

Bearing wealth God's heart is prizing.

Glory from Christ's blessed face."

### GAIN THE HEART AS WELL AS CONSCIENCE.

THE whip and the scourge may be righteous, but there is no winning the heart of man with these. Nor is it righteousness which reigns among the saints of God, but grace through righteousness unto eternal life.

"Alas! how many sins that might have been washed away (John xiii.) have been retained! How many brethren alienated for all time, that might have been won back to God and to us, because we have hammered at the *conscience merely*, with the heart ungained—with the heart, I may say, *almost unsought!*"

We have not overcome evil, because we have not overcome it with good. We have taken readily the judge's chair, and have got back judgment; but the Master's lowly work we have little done.

But how little yet do we understand that mere righteous dealing—absolutely righteous, as it may be—will not work the restoration of souls; that judgment, however temperate, and however true, will not touch, and soften, and subdue hearts to receive instruction that, by the very facts of the case, are shown not to be in their true place before God.

Man is *not all conscience*; and conscience reached with the heart away will do what it did with the first sinner among men—*drive him out* among the trees of the garden, to escape the welcome voice.

J. N. D.

I BELIEVE God greatly honours unflagging service, for an unwearied course of patient continuance in well-doing cannot proceed from natural energy, but must be sustained by His grace. A great many young people like to be engaged for a time in the Lord's work from love of activity or other causes. But the quiet, patient on-going of faithful obedience in days of suffering, as well as in hours of brightness, irrespective of human praise or blame, is what the Master values.

J. W.

THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—III.

(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20 ; Isa. xlv. 1.)

WE cannot read the story of the downfall of the mighty city of Babylon as it is recorded in the Book of Daniel without having the greatest interest awakened in our minds concerning the man by whom it was accomplished.

In any case, he must have been a remarkable individual. There is no doubt he was the man chosen to bring to naught the pride and arrogance of the impious Belshazzar, and yet it is quite clear that God works out His purposes by definite means. He sees the end from the beginning, and He had ordered that Cyrus should be the man not only to crush the power of the haughty Babylonian king, but to influence for good the position of His own people, who had been carried away captives to the banks of the great river Euphrates.

It will, therefore, be interesting to ascertain, as far as we can, what there is recorded as to the birth, boyhood, and subsequent career of the conqueror of the great Assyrian power.

The earlier history of the Persian Empire is shrouded in much that is merely legendary ; but unquestionably about the period of the birth of Cyrus its records began to assume definite shape, and are fairly reliable. At any rate, we believe there is very good authority for stating that the monarch whose name is so significantly and honourably referred to in the Word of God as the friend and benefactor of the people of God, passed the very early years of his life under circumstances that were singularly romantic and interesting.

It must have been about 600 B.C. that this notable man was born. His father was treacherously slain by the reigning king. His mother, who was the daughter of this cruel ruler, was imprisoned, and her life, as well as that of her newly-born little son, was only spared through the generous interposition of a wise councillor, who interested himself on behalf of the mother and her young son. These were troublous times in the history of Persia. Difficulties continually arose as to the succession to the throne. Not only were some of the border lands in a state of perpetual insurrection, but the very foundations of the empire were constantly threatened by internal dissensions. Anyway, it is tolerably certain that during one of these outbreaks some of the chieftains or rulers of the empire remembered the little lad who was born in prison, and they sent for him to place him upon the throne of the empire. It was in a distant



THE TOMB OF CYRUS.

part of the land that he had been born, and all the early years of his life were spent under the care and guardianship of his loving mother, who had been liberated from prison soon after his birth. There is not much evidence of any special training for the boy ; but his mother sprang from the noblest Persian lineage, and the lad was the scion of the royal house of Persia, and therefore there is every reason to believe that he would be carefully instructed, and possibly to some extent prepared even in those early days for the high destiny that awaited him ; but, as in the case of David, King of Israel, the circumstances in which he lived were humble, and he was inured by privation and toil for the endurance and courage he manifested in later years.

We can, however, speak with certainty that when the messengers went to find the boy he was discovered as a simple shepherd lad, along with the ordinary shepherds of the land, keeping sheep upon the mountains. Reared as he had been far away from the courtly associations of the capital, there was an openness and simplicity about the young man that soon won the hearts of the people, and before long he was not only the acknowledged ruler of Persia, but other kingdoms began to respect the authority of the man who now swayed the sceptre, and who seemed as one born to rule.

“NEVERTHELESS AT THY WORD.”

(Luke v. 5.)

THE Lord said to Simon Peter, “Let down your *nets* for a draught.” Simon replied saying, “We have toiled all night and caught nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the *net*.” Simon thought, no doubt, that he knew more about fishing than the blessed Lord; but he soon had to learn a lesson. The Master said distinctly, “Let down your *nets*,” but Simon’s faith was not up to that. “If we have been fishing all night and have caught nothing, it is not likely we shall want *nets* at all,” so one net will suffice, and he therefore answered, “I will let down the *net*.”

Ah, Peter, how little couldst thou fathom the mighty power of Him Who then sat with thee in the simple boat on the lake of Galilee! Why, man, the Master said “nets,” and thou hast taken one net, and what is the consequence? It is true it is cast into the sea, but what then? Why, it “inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their *net* brake.” So the Master was right after all. They needed *nets* assuredly, as He with unerring omniscience had foreseen. “And they beckoned unto their partners in the other boat that they should come and help them, and they came and filled both the boats.”

Christian friend, may we not learn a lesson from this? When the

Master speaks, shall we not be prepared to obey | depend upon it a far greater blessing is in store  
question? and, if we do, | for us than ever we imagined.

Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the  
2. Slight - est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants  
3. When the days are gloom - y. Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re-

1. need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort  
2. dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row  
3. pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

1. You can all be - stow, If you scat - ter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.  
2. You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.  
3. Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter sun - shine all a - long your way, Cheer and bless and  
Scatter the smiles and over the way,

bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

1st time. 2nd time.

This beautiful melody is inserted through the kindness of R. L. Allan & Son, Glasgow. It will be found in a new volume of song which we hope to have on sale before long.

## Jottings about the Bible.

### THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PENMEN.

*"Write thee all the words that I have spoken unto thee in a book."*—Jer. xxx. 2.

THE intelligent student of the Bible will find his acquaintance with what is written greatly enhanced by noting the characteristics of the penmen of the separate books, the diversities in their style of composition, and the influence of their surroundings upon their illustrations and arguments.

For example, a remembrance of the differences between the four gospels will serve to throw light upon much of their contents. Matthew refers, more than any other of the evangelists, to Jewish customs. He looks to the past, and shows the fulfilment of prophecy. He, too, furnishes the chief discourses of Christ.

Mark wrote for the Gentile converts. Hence, he gives explanations of Jewish customs when he refers to them. He does not preserve many of the Saviour's sermons; but he minutely describes the person and action of the Lord.

Luke penned his gospel to caution Gentile converts against errors concerning the Christ. He looks forward as much as Matthew looked backward.

John wrote to prove the divinity of Jesus. He records those discourses which treat most fully of the Saviour's pre-existence and eternal glory.

Matthew, Mark, and Luke approach the divinity of Christ from without, but John unfolds it from within. It must not be thought that the fourth gospel is supplementary. Its place and purpose are distinctive. It has been termed by Clement of Alexandria the *spiritual* gospel.

A familiarity with the customs of the time and place, when and where the books were written, a knowledge of the geographical positions where certain recorded events transpired, an understanding of the shades of difference between existing sects mentioned in the New Testament—these and many other matters will enable the reader to come with ever-growing pleasure and profit to the foundation of religious information.

There are two classes of Bible readers—the butterflies and the bees. The first class consists of those who read and content themselves with the fact that they have read this and that portion, but are no richer intellectually or spiritually for the effort.

The second class is made up of the favoured few, who find honey in the fair flowers of Revelation's field, and gather enough to enrich their hives. The first class consists of the formal, thoughtless, superficial readers; the second of the inquiring, intelligent, observing students.

### "BOUGHT, SOUGHT, TAUGHT."

A SHORT time ago I called on an aged christian who has spent the last few years of her life in a "Home." She spoke to me of her failing health and her sufferings, but soon changed the subject to a brighter one, telling of her glad anticipations of a "Home beyond," where sorrow and pain can never enter.

I remarked that her present rest of soul and future joy were all because the Lord Jesus had died for her and made atonement for her sins. At the mention of His Name her face lighted up, and almost shone as she exclaimed, "HE *bought* me! HE *sought* me! HE *taught* me!" laying peculiar stress on the word "He," as if she loved it and hugged it to her heart.

What makes her so happy? Not the beauty of the island where she lives, for, having lost the sight of her eyes, she cannot even see the view from the windows of the "Home." What makes her so happy? Not the power to go hither and thither to visit her friends and enjoy their society, for she has lost the use of her legs, and can only turn in bed by the help of the iron head of her bedstead, which serves her as a pulley.

Nothing external makes her happy; but her soul is joyful through sweet communion with the Lord, kept in "perfect peace," her mind "stayed" on Him. Reader, are you filled with the same happiness? "Trust in the Lord for ever;" believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, look away from self to Him, and then your joy, too, will be full.

He *bought* me!

He made me His own,  
The cost—His precious blood alone.

He *sought* me!

Wand'ring, lost, defiled,  
And made me God His Father's child.

He *taught* me!

Gave the Spirit true,  
The darkest paths to lead me through.

*Bought, sought, and taught,*

What want I more?  
Only to see His face on yonder shore.

H. L. R.

God gives joy in sorrow; and when the sad one sings through his tears, then the Lord comes out to him with new and more tender assurances, so that by his very hymn he is made more gladsome.

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 THE GOSPEL AT DE AAR  
 JUNCTION.

WE are deeply interested in the Gospel work being carried on amongst our soldiers in Africa under the auspices of the Railway Mission. It is a great pleasure to be able to give the following account of the services at De Aar Junction. Our readers will be specially thankful to hear of the Gospel services and other labours being carried on there; because we have heard from Mrs. Osborn Howe, telling how greatly "THE SPRINGING WELL" has been appreciated by the men. The "Railway Signal" says:—

"Looking about for a suitable spot on the boundary of the camp for an open-air meeting, Mr. Howe noticed the spacious back yard of a railway man's house, with its door opening on the military lines, its two shady trees, and ample water supply. Mr. Evans and his wife were quite willing to give it up for the use of the soldiers, and their help as well. The commanding officers readily agreed to have the yard placed within bounds to the soldiers, so nothing remained but to get it ready.

"On calm, warm evenings, nothing could be more delightful than the starry canopy of our Southern sky, but when a dust storm raged, filling the air with choking, blinding sand, followed by drenching rain, and the men sat still in their roofless home, preferring it to the shelter of their tents, Mr. Howe felt impelled to telegraph to our friend Rev. David Russell, begging him to secure a marquee. He lost no time in stirring up an interest among friends at Cape Town. The marquee was sent, and we are most thankful for it, and could not do without it, and yet our hearts are touched when we remember God's beginnings in the yard, when the first hymn rang out on the desert air, and the story of redeeming love was told to hundreds of men, who since then have been face to face with death. And how He upheld His servant, upon whom rested the burden of the work, and then sent to his assistance your missionary, Mr. Miller, whose help was not only timely, but of the utmost value.

"The marquee, pitched about twenty yards from the gate of the yard, is filled to overflowing for the meetings held nightly. At all hours of the day it is used by scores of men. Here the rough letter-box is a conspicuous object, and a worker is kept occupied with the sale of writing paper and stamps, letters in any quantity being sent to post, while he is constantly commissioned to forward money and write letters to loved ones in the home-land. Two camp tables are covered with literature, and attract many readers.

"After the hot sun sinks, and the cool night wind

comes, without which life in the Karoo would be intolerable, singing is started, led by Miss Cleghorn, for whose help in visiting the hospital, and in many other ways, we are deeply grateful. Far and wide the sound of hundreds of strong voices is wafted, some familiar refrain carrying its heavenly messages through the camp. The simple, solemn gospel address is delivered under the consciousness that many of the hearers are men whose days are numbered, whose feet are on the brink of eternity. Intense earnestness is depicted on many a face; the work of the Holy Spirit is going on in many a heart. The morrow is ever an uncertainty, so we sing 'God be with you till we meet again.' The last post sounds at 8 p.m. We rise and sing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' The volume of sound dies away. We plead with one and another to accept Christ, and pardon and cleansing through His blood. We say 'Good-bye' under the starry sky, for some will be away to the front at dawn."

### A BUNCH OF HYSSOP.

(Ex. xii. 22.)

*"He spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."—1 Kings iv. 33.*

"A BUNCH of hyssop"—just the common weed,  
 In great abundance growing;  
 God chose for use in Israel's hour of need,  
 When His salvation showing!  
 And many a bunch, unquestioning, dipped in blood,  
 Because the Lord had spoken,  
 Left that mysterious covenant-mark on wood,  
 His one true safety token.

A little faith—as common as the weed,  
 To God's dear Son directed,  
 Is precious, tho' it be a tiny seed,  
 Because it stands connected  
 With precious Blood which it appropriates—  
 The blood of Christ, atoning;  
 That covenant-sign for which His patience waits,  
 All else beside disowning.

"Purge me with hyssop, Lord," and make me clean!  
 May I be found complying,  
 With Thy blest terms, in lowly trust be seen  
 On Jesus' blood relying:  
 Its shelter is for me, and all who rest  
 In simple faith behind it;  
 Ah! what assurance when dark fears molest,  
 Do all Thy saved ones find it!

WINIFRED A. IVERSON.

Of all desirable things, we cannot seek anything to equal the blessing of God for our friends. The words, "God bless you," are three short words, but of the greatest import possible. We are glad to hear them from human lips when earnestly uttered; but when God Himself blesses His people they are of untold precious value.

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 True Stories of God's Servants.  
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## THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.

WE have read with the very greatest interest a missionary volume by Egerton R. Young. It is the story of the life-work of the Rev. James Evans, who was called "The Apostle of the North." We give just one extract from the book, which shows that just as God called John Eliot and David Brainerd to their work amongst the North American Indians, so he called James Evans to carry the tidings of the Gospel to the Red men of the Hudson Bay territories.

"All through Mr. Evans's missionary life, he firmly believed that this was the first great essential requisite for success. Preach the Gospel. Let the people, no matter how degraded and poverty-stricken, know that the first step in the upward direction was to realise their lost and undone condition, and their absolute need of salvation. Christ first in the heart, and then the after blessings of civilisation and education. This was James Evans's belief, and, of course, all his labours were thus directed. With the Word of God in his hand, he visited the people from wigwam to wigwam, and there patiently explained, in what might be called Bible Readings, the plan of salvation. As often as he could he gathered them in companies, and ceased not to preach unto them the glorious Gospel of the Son of God.

This scriptural plan was not in vain. Large numbers of the Indians renounced their paganism and gladly accepted christianity. Their conversion was real and genuine. The change was visible to all. Even white men, themselves far from God and righteousness, who at first sneered at the idea of the conversion of poor superstitious Indians, were compelled to admit that a marvellous change for the better had been wrought in them.

The news of the arrival of the praying-master, as the Crees called the missionary, extended far and wide. Soon deputations came from other places, who sat at his feet and listened with amazement and delight to this wonderful story of the love of the Great Spirit, Who, as a loving Father, had given His only Son to die for sinning men and women. Not only did they thus listen, but many of the men returned to their distant hunting-grounds, and gathering their families, together with their few possessions of nets and traps, came and pitched their wigwams at the fort, and there abode, that they might all hear these blessed truths

which promised peace and comfort to their long perplexed and troubled hearts.

The result was that the place assigned at first for the Indian village, which was just across the river from the fort, was found to be altogether too small for such numbers as were anxious there to make their homes, where they could constantly hear the blessed Gospel. Mr. Evans rejoiced exceedingly at these evidences of the genuineness of the work. He was eminently a practical man. As we have stated, his chief desire was to see the people at the Cross, seeking the blessed assurance of the Divine smile and favour. Then, knowing well how the awakened are aroused to wish a higher and better life even here, he was ever ready to extend the helping hand to aid in the material improvement. "Christianity first, then civilisation," was ever his motto. Consistently pursuing this course, his success at every mission he ever had charge of, showed the soundness of his judgment in this matter, which is so in harmony with the Word of God. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

—  
 THOU HAST BEEN OUR  
 DWELLING PLACE.

YOU cannot detain the eagle in the forest. You may gather around him a chorus of the choicest birds; you may give him a perch on the goodliest pine; you may charge winged messengers to bring him choicest dainties; but he will spurn them all. Spreading his lordly wings, and with his eye on the Alpine cliff, he will soar away to his own ancestral halls amid the munitions of rocks and the wild music of tempest and waterfall. The soul of man, in its eagle soarings, will rest with nothing short of the Rock of Ages. Its ancestral halls are the halls of heaven. Its munitions of rocks are the attributes of God. The sweep of its majestic flight is Eternity! "Lord, THOU hast been our dwelling-place in all generations!"

—  
 "THERE IS ANOTHER WORLD."

A GERMAN scholar lay dying. He had worked hard, and was leaving as a legacy to coming generations a book in which he supposed that he had proved, beyond doubt or question, that there is no life beyond the grave. Suddenly a "horror of great darkness" came upon him, and springing up in bed, he shouted, "There is another world," and falling back upon his pillow he expired.

F. H. F.



43. The Passover and feast of unleavened bread covered eight days (Lev. xxiii. 5—8). It seems to have been the custom to come and go in companies. Many from the same town would go together and be joined by others as they journeyed. It is a little difficult to understand how Mary could be willing to be separated from this Child.

44. Some day she will tell us how it was. It must have been with anxious hearts they sought Him that evening. I have read somewhere that it was the custom to leave the city late in the day, and make but a short journey the first day, so that if anything had been forgotten they might the more easily return for it.

45. "And when they found Him not they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking Him." It is not pleasant retracing steps that might have been saved or need not have been taken.

46. After three days they found Him in the temple. Had He been there each day? Where did He spend His nights? Who took care of Him? We shall know some day if necessary. Why did they not go at once to the temple to look for Him? Did they not know who their Child was and where they would be most likely to find Him? Did they forget to ask Him, Who is perfect in knowledge, to guide them? (Job xxxvi. 4; Prov. iii. 6.)

47. We may imagine how He would ask these men such questions as He afterward did, "What is written? How readest thou? Have ye never read?" (chap. x. 26.) And, comparing Scripture with Scripture, He would show them the simplicity of the Scriptures.

48, 49. "How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" The R. V. says: "In My Father's house," or in the margin "In the things of My Father." This, His first recorded utterance, would be a splendid motto for every believer. "About My Father's business."

50. "They understand not." If Mary understood not, we can hardly be surprised at the disciples not understanding (Mark viii. 17, 21; John xiv. 9). The only way to understand is to believe; the one thing He asks us to do is to receive His word (John xvii. 8; Heb. xi. 6).

51. He went cheerfully with them and was subject unto them. It has been said that the highest mission on earth is submission, and that one is not fit to be a foreign missionary or a home missionary who has not learned the grace of submission.

52. His mother kept in her heart His sayings even if she did not understand them (verses 19, 50), and we can do the same. This last verse 52 covers years 12 to 30: David "went on going and growing" (2 Sam. v. 10, margin).

### AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

I am glad to find so many of you, lads and lassies, joining my class, and to know that you will be looking out for our second Bible talk.

We shall not be able to pass on very quickly through the first chapter of Genesis, even if I only tell you shortly something about each day's work. For the sake of our dear elder ones I must linger a little over the first verses.

I want you to understand that "in the beginning" (ver. 1) has nothing to do with the six days of which we read afterwards. No *time* is

given in ver. 1. With magnificent brevity we are told that "God created." God alone exists from all eternity. This world did not exist until He made it. Creation may be as far away in the past eternity as men of science may prove it to have been, but, however far off, the fact remains (here revealed to us) that there was a *time* in which the Eternal God "created the heaven and the earth." "He spake, and it was done" (Ps. xxxiii. 9).

And He did not create this world in the state of disorder and chaos of which we read in ver. 2. God is "not the author of confusion" (1 Cor. xiv. 33), and, as we are told in Isa. xlv. 18 (R.V.), "Thus saith the Lord that created the heavens: He is God: that formed the earth and made it; He established it, He created it not a waste." It is not revealed to us why or how the earth came to be "waste and void" (ver. 2, R.V.). We have no inspired history of all the long ages that elapsed between verses 1 and 2, but whatever men may tell us of this vast period of time, they can never prove anything to contradict one word that God has spoken, for "every word of God is pure" (Prov. xxx. 5).

I think even the children of our class will see something of a parable in these first verses, for are we not all in darkness and gloom, with nothing in our lives fit for the eye of God, until He works in our souls by His Holy Spirit, and brings us out of darkness into His marvellous light?

And God saw that the light was "good" (ver. 4). He does not say that the darkness was good, because it is often spoken of in the Bible as a figure of wickedness and evil ways. Still we know that the darkness is a mercy from the Creator, interrupting our toil, and giving an opportunity for quiet rest. "Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour, until the even" (Ps. civ. 23); and, oh, how glad he often is when the setting sun tells him the day's task is finished! God, in dividing the light from the darkness, would have us learn that if we are "light in the Lord" we are to be holy and separate people, "set apart" (Ps. iv. 3), walking in the light, as He is in the light (1 John i. 7).

On the second day, God, as we may say, opened a path for Himself between the waters, that He might come in and bring in life, and all the fruits and results of life, of which we read on the third day. There can be no fruit until there is light and life; and this is true, not only in the great world of which our chapter speaks, but also in each one of our souls.

It was on the fourth day that God set the two great light-bearers (which He had long before

created) to rule the day and the night, and to order the times and seasons, the days and the years. Astronomers tell us that the sun is 92,700,000 miles away from us; but, obedient to the voice of God, it does its mighty work, "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race" (Ps. xix. 5). The sun is spoken of as a figure of the Lord Jesus, who will by-and-by arise to this poor sin-stricken earth as "the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings" (Mal. iv. 2); and He is to our souls now the life-giving Light of the world. I wonder can you all truly say as, thank God, I can—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'I am this dark world's Light:  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy days be bright.'  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of Life I'll walk,  
Till trav'ling days are done."

Always your loving,  
AUNT ALICE.

P.S.—The class is in three divisions—

1. All over 18, to answer all twelve questions.
2. From 18 and under, to answer any nine.
3. From 13 and under, to answer any six.

No concordance to be used, nor help given by others. Papers to be sent by the end of the month, addressed to

AUNT ALICE,  
The Grange,  
Mansfield-Woodhouse,

#### QUESTIONS.

1. In what epistle does it say, "God is light"?
2. In which gospel "every one that doeth evil hateth the light"?
3. Give a verse from Ephesians teaching those who are light in the Lord to have no fellowship with darkness, and one from 2 Cor. stating that light and darkness have no communion.
4. In which Psalm are we told that "the firmament sheweth His handiwork"?
5. Find a beautiful account of the work of the second day in one of the later Psalms.
6. What are we told are "the fruit of the Spirit"?
7. What did the Lord Jesus tell His disciples they were to do, in order to bear much fruit?
8. Find in Proverbs "the fruit of the righteous is a tree of life," "a wholesome tongue is a tree of life."
9. Where are we bid "cast off the works of darkness," because "the day is at hand"?
10. What three exhortations are there to the "children of day" in the First Epistle to the Thessalonians?
11. On what two important occasions in the Old Testament did God interrupt the order of the sun's daily course?
12. On what two solemn occasions did supernatural darkness come over the land?

#### OUR LEPER FUND.

We are deeply grateful to the many friends who have written to us in reference to this fund. We felt persuaded that the hearts of our readers would be touched by the record of the work given in our last issue, and we have not been disappointed. May the Lord grant an abundant blessing to those who have so generously helped, and accept our earnest thanks for the donations received as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Ayrshire ... ..	0	2	6
Teachers and Scholars, S.S., Assembly Rooms, Newport, I.W., per Mr. E. W. Tyler ... ..	1	4	9
Mrs. G., Epworth ... ..	0	1	0
A thankoffering for good health, Hull ... ..	1	0	0
Miss B. B. (for Dr. Stokes' work) ... ..	0	5	0
A. T. H., Guernsey ... ..	0	5	0
H. C., Evershot ... ..	0	7	0
A Friend, Stroud ... ..	1	0	0
F. B., Uxbridge ... ..	0	2	6
E. R., Alton, Ill., per Messrs. Loizeaux Bros. ... ..	1	0	0
Sunny Cot, Plymouth ... ..	0	2	6
F. F. S., Braintree ... ..	0	10	0
A. P. C., Notts ... ..	0	2	6
Teachers and Scholars, Symons' Place S.S., Chelsea, per Mr. H. Adams ... ..	1	0	0
A Friend, Brixham ... ..	0	5	0

#### OUR FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

It is with sincere thankfulness to God we acknowledge the receipt of the following donations for the circulation of the numbers and volumes of this Magazine amongst our soldiers in South Africa. The response to our proposal has been most prompt and generous, and we have already despatched considerable quantities of "THE SPRINGING WELL" and other interesting Gospel publications both to Cape Colony and Natal, and also to Pretoria for the use of the British prisoners there and for the wounded in the hospitals. The facilities given by the officials on both sides for the transmission and circulation of these messages of peace are so remarkable, that we cannot but feel that God's hand is in it, and we believe our friends will recognise that this is a wonderful opportunity to reach the heart of every man, whether Boer or Briton.

We have received for free distribution of "THE SPRINGING WELL" volumes, etc., and Gospel literature amongst the soldiers in South Africa, as under:—

	£	s.	d.
Dr. H. C. E., Biarritz ... ..	0	19	6
From a Friend ... ..	0	5	0
H. C., Evershot ... ..	0	3	0
From the meeting in John St., Monmouth, per Mr. G. H. Hayes ... ..	0	10	0
E. J. A. P., Portswood ... ..	0	5	0
Miss B. W., Bexley Heath ... ..	0	2	6
A Friend, Stroud ... ..	0	10	0
E. M., Plumstead ... ..	0	2	0
Lord, C., Thomastown ... ..	2	0	0
F. B., Uxbridge ... ..	0	2	6
A. P. C., Notts ... ..	0	2	6
A. G., Worcester ... ..	1	1	0
Miss E. (volumes), London ... ..	10	0	0

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.



# The SPRINGING WELL

or Waters that fail not.

## THE SAILOR'S CONVERSION;

or, "Buy the Truth, and Sell it Not."

(Prov. xxiii. 23.)

"IT is all moonshine," they say, and after seeing the face of the sailor who told the following story, I am half inclined to think there is some truth in the assertion, for his features were as round and bright as the moon itself. Such shining can only come from reflecting the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. But it was not always so with our friend

Let us listen to his story. It shows that all his good resolutions were of no avail, and that nothing but personal faith in a living Christ can give peace and true rest to a soul.

"I remember," he said, "coming home from the East Indies and taking £40 for my wages, but in a few days I had only threepence, and my mate only sixpence, left."

"That kind of thing did not make a bright face," I said.

"Indeed not," he replied, "and at another time I was at a dance and had nothing but a sixpence and half-a-sovereign, which I gave instead of the silver coin. As soon as I found out my mistake, I went to the man, who knew me well, and told him. He denied having had it, but I said—

"I only had the two coins, and here is the sixpence; you must have taken the half-sovereign.

"He looked in his till and in his pockets, but declared no gold had passed his hands. I was annoyed.

"You have got it," I said, "and you may keep



it now ; mind you make good use of it, for it is all you will get henceforth from this customer.'

"My wife says that's getting on for thirty years ago. Now I'LL TELL YOU HOW I GOT CONVERTED.

"Coming home from a voyage, I fell in with a young woman who was a Sunday school teacher. I don't know how it was she cared for me, but so it happened. She tried to get me to chapel, but it was hard work. At last she got me to the door ; it had a spring to it, so that it shut quick behind you.

"'You go in first,' I said.

"She did, and as the door shut, I slipped back. I thought I should have got into trouble for that ; but she forgave me and tried again, though it was not till the third time that she succeeded. Then I was going to drop into the first seat I came to.

"'No, come along,' said she, and took me right up in front of the preacher.

"'You've done it now,' says I.

"'Yes,' says she, quiet and pleased.

"They sang and prayed, and then came the text, 'Buy the truth, and sell it not' (Prov. xxiii. 23). This is a strange get-up, thought I, for I had been told it was 'without money and without price,' and now it was to be bought ; but as the discourse went on, I began to understand that I had not got this truth, whatever it was.

"And what is truth? Jesus said, 'I am the truth' (John xiv. 6). He also said, 'Thy Word is truth' (John xvii. 17). He said also, 'The truth shall make you free' (John viii. 32). Paul spoke of 'the truth of the gospel' (Gal. ii. 5), and said there was 'salvation through . . . belief of the truth.' 'That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness' (2 Thess. ii. 12).

"This is the truth of God. 'All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all' (Isa. liii. 6). 'Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God' (1 Pet. iii. 18). 'Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins' (Acts xiii. 38). 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts xvi. 31).

"This was how the preacher expounded matters, not only in the service but after, riding as he did over hedge and ditch—I mean over the seats—to have a word with one so anxious as I was.

"But I went to sea again without this truth, and was that wretched that three times I tried to commit suicide. At last we were driven in among some rocks fifteen miles south of Jersey, and were rescued by the coast-guard, and my mates were all

taken ashore to the one public-house, leaving me alone. In despair, I went to a patch of sand, and throwing myself on my knees, I prayed as I had never prayed before—

"'Lord, save me! Do something! Do anything!'"

He felt his lost condition, and that his total abstinence, good as it was, could not save his soul, and this made him in desperate earnest. If others had their eyes opened, they too would cry for mercy, for every unconverted one, the truth says, is "Without Christ . . . having no hope . . . without God in the world. . . . Condemned already. . . . The wrath of God abideth on him" (Eph. ii. 12 ; John iii. 18, 36).

As our sailor knelt, Jesus, who walked the shores of Galilee, came to that lone sandy beach, and said—

"Thy sins are forgiven thee : thy faith hath saved thee. Peace be unto thee. Follow Me."

When telling us of that happy moment, he said—

"I got up, and did not know myself. I said, 'Is it me? It cannot be'; and yet as I looked I said, 'Yes, it is me ; and yet it isn't me ; for I am a new man.' I had bought the truth, and I haven't sold it yet."

Then with a brighter smile than ever he added—

"Eighteen months after that, I "bought" that young woman who first took me to hear the Gospel preached, and certainly these are the two best bargains I have ever made."

"And it is all moonshine, is it?" said I. "Well, it is better to have such shining anyhow than the baneful influence of the 'Half Moon.' It brought these two a happy honeymoon, that has passed from its first quarter right up to now, and will give light in the darkness and blessing onward to daybreak."

It is an unspeakable blessing to have Christ. In storm and calm just to trust Him. This brought peace to our friends of whom we have been writing, and it will bring peace and rest of heart to you, my reader, if you also believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for the eternal salvation of your soul.

WILLIAM LUFF.

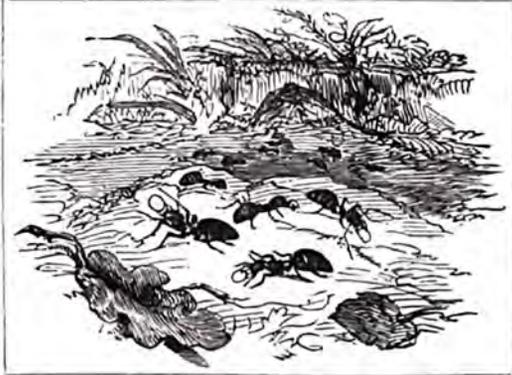
#### LOOK STRAIGHT BEFORE THEE.

"LET thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee" (Prov. iv. 25). Glory is ahead, fellow-christian—look right on ; "turn not to the right hand nor to the left." Be determined—more than ever determined—by the grace of God to live for Christ and for glory. Whatever others do, look right on, and keep right on.

**THE ANTS, THE CONIES, THE LOCUSTS, AND THE SPIDER.**

*"There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise."—Prov. xxx. 24.*

THE late Dwight L. Moody constantly dwelt upon the importance of noticing everything recorded in the Word of God, and how invaluable lessons can be found in the most remarkable verses.



He tells how he listened to an address upon the text we have quoted above, and we are glad to give the story, and to be able to print it as an illustrated Bible Reading. Mr. Moody said:—

"Some years ago I heard an Englishman preach from a curious text (Prov. xxx. 24—28):

'There be four things which are little upon the earth, But they are exceeding wise.'

'Well,' said I to myself, 'what will you make of these little things? I have seen them a good many times.'

"Then he went on speaking:

'The ants are a people not strong, Yet they prepare their meat in the summer.'



He said, 'God's people are like the ants' 'Well,' I thought, 'I have seen a good many of them, but I never saw one like me.' 'They are like the ants,' he said, 'because they are laying up treasure in heaven, and preparing for the future; but the world rushes madly on, and forgets all about God's command to lay up for ourselves incorruptible treasures.

'The conies are but a feeble folk, Yet make they their houses in the rocks.'

"He said, 'The conies are very weak things; if you were to throw a stick at one of them you could kill it; but they are very wise, for they build their houses in rocks, where they are out of harm's way. And God's people are very wise, although very feeble; for they build on the Rock of Ages, and that Rock is Christ.' 'Well,' I said, 'I am certainly like the conies.'

"Then came the next verse:

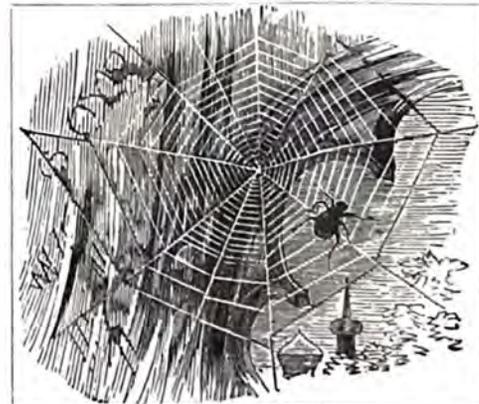


'The locusts have no king, Yet go they forth all of them by bands.'

I wondered what he was going to make of that.

"'Now, God's people,' he said, 'have no king down here. The world said, "Cæsar is our king"; but he is not *our* king; our king is the Lord of Hosts. The locusts went out by bands; so do God's people. By-and-by the great King will come and catch up all these separate bands, and they will all be one—one fold and one Shepherd.' And when I heard that explanation, I said, 'I would be like the locusts.'

"Well, he went on again:



'The spider taketh hold with her hands, And is in kings' palaces.'

When he got to the spider, I said, 'I do not like

that at all; I do not like the idea of being compared to a spider.' 'But,' he said, 'if you go into a king's palace, there is the spider hanging on his gossamer web, and looking down with scorn and contempt on the gilded saloon; he is laying hold of things above. And so every child of God ought to be like the spider, and lay hold of the unseen things of God. You see, then, my brethren, we who are God's people are like the ants, the conies, the locusts, and the spiders, little things but exceeding wise.'

"I put that down in the margin of my Bible," Mr. Moody said, "and the recollection of it does me as much good now as when I first heard it."

### THE FOUR LITTLE THINGS.

(Prov. xxx. 24-28.)

NOT 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.

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.

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.

Despis'd 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.

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."

A. M. H.

### THINK ON THESE THINGS.

"IF there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." So does the Spirit of God exhort God's people. Do not fill the mind with the unlovely, the unjust, the impure, but occupy it with whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. When little children run into a field of buttercups and daisies they do not search the banks for thistles and nettles, but fill their hands and pinafores with the flowers. Do not search out and think on evil, but fill the heart with good things, and think on them, and, so doing, the God of peace shall be with you.

### "I KNOW IT'S ALL RIGHT!"

MR. THOMAS THOMSON was a thorough-going Scotsman; and although many years had elapsed since he migrated southwards—where the wind blows soft and people are more passionate—he had lost none of that stern persistency and resolution which usually go to make up the character of Scotia's hardier sons.

He had, in the providence of God, taken up his abode in the suburbs of Bristol. The city of churches, as it is often called, lies for the most part in the valley of the river Avon; and it would be hard to find a community favoured with a greater proportion of ministers of a pronounced evangelical type than this glowing centre of religious activity.

One might well be astonished to find that in a city abounding with christian agencies Thomas Thomson was for many years a mere formalist, priding himself in his religious performances and bolstering himself up with a deceptive morality; yet such was his delusion.

Working as I was, in the same office, and for a considerable time at an adjacent desk, I had the opportunity of speaking to him as to the necessity of being assured that we are the children of God, and that our sins have all been blotted out: but he seemed utterly immovable, and on one occasion brought our conversation to a speedy and abrupt termination by saying—with an emphasis that was anything but gratifying to one's feelings—"I go to church!" as if that were an all-sufficient answer to the claims of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Though reliable and conscientious when sober, at intervals he yielded to the baneful influence of drink, and for days together was held under its fearful spell. His rule was, when under the effects of intoxicants, studiously to avoid any manner of work. This culpable idleness called forth many warnings from his employers, after which there would be a temporary improvement; but falling into the snare again and again, all his good resolutions proved of no avail.

Being a man of advancing years, this course of life began to tell on him physically; his health failed, and he was advised to resign his appointment.

This counsel he very wisely acted upon, which not only saved him the dishonour of being discharged as intemperate, but also secured for him a tolerable pension. He was not, however, long to enjoy his independency, for, with a constitution impaired by excesses, he had no strength to repel the attacks of disease. He had been ill a few months, when, one day calling at his home on business I saw his wife, and asked, "How is Mr. Thomson to-day?" She replied, "Oh, he

is very ill ; would you like to see him ?" I readily replied in the affirmative, for I had been longing that I might, by God's help, impart to him some word of consolation from the Old Story of Redeeming Love. Following Mrs. Thomson upstairs, I soon found myself alone at the bedside of my old acquaintance. There he lay, with face and form emaciated almost to a skeleton, and well-nigh past recognition. A great physical change had evidently taken place since last we met ; but I soon found to my extreme delight that a great spiritual change had also been wrought ; for after some little conversation about his sons, I said, with some hesitation, "Are you trusting in the Saviour now?" He raised his hand and said, "I know it's all right." My heart leapt for joy as he told how he was truly trusting to the finished work of Christ his Saviour on the cross for his eternal salvation. I knelt by his bedside and offered prayer and praise to Him who doeth all things well. Having to hurry away, I was about to shake hands, but that was not sufficient, for putting out both arms he grasped me round the neck, giving me an affectionate kiss ; and as we parted he said he would meet me in heaven. What a change ! Tears of joy filled my eyes as I left that house praising the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men. The gospel of God's grace proved blessedly efficacious even in the eleventh hour ; and a precious soul was snatched as a brand from the burning.

The following day I left the city, and ten days after the soul of Thomas Thomson passed through the portals of the grave into the presence-chamber of the King,

"Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven."

Are you, dear reader, looking *within* at your good intentions, or *without* into the world with all its pleasure and sin ? Oh, wherever you have been looking hitherto, from this moment "look up" ; for "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up ; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life." Look to Him, for only through Him can salvation, security, and true satisfaction be found. Look *to-day*, for to-morrow may be too late. "Look ! Look ! Look and live !" and you shall say, with Thomas Thomson, the converted Scotsman, "I KNOW IT'S ALL RIGHT !"

"Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives ;  
And know with assurance thou never canst die,  
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives ;  
Look ! look ! look and live !  
There is life in a look at the crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee."

F. J. L.

### SATAN'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath ?"—Job i. 10.

HOW little did Satan imagine when he gave utterance to these words that they would float down the stream of time for the comfort, support, and sustainment of the children of God throughout all ages ! But so it has been. How many a tried and sorrowing saint has been cheered amidst the heaviest trials by these very words ? The great enemy of our race has to acknowledge—much to his chagrin, you may be sure—that God has put a hedge about His children, and about all that they have, so much so that Satan, do what he will, cannot get at any one of them to injure him, or anything or any one belonging to Him without God's express permission, for "all that he hath" is enclosed in that wonderful "hedge," as well as himself.

We see in this beautiful picture the real, earnest care and consideration (humanly speaking) God gives to each of His children ; for, needless to say, all are loved alike by Him, all clasped to His heart with the same warmth, all brought near with the same blessed nearness ; there can be no difference as to this, for are they not *all*—one as much as another—like Christ in His sight ?

It is God who introduces Job as the subject of conversation ; it is He who asks : "*Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil.*" Is it not manifest from the very form of the question that God had "considered" His servant ? He had watched him in all his ways, and had found all these lovely traits in his character—"a perfect and an upright man." Now Satan does not directly answer the question put to him ; but it is evident from his reply that he, too, had "considered" Job. He had tried his best, in every possible way, to injure him, but he was obliged to confess that Job did not "fear God for naught" ; that wherever he made his attempt he found that insurmountable "hedge," and he had to give Job up as a hopeless case. Is this true of Job only ? Surely not ! There is an impenetrable "hedge" about the feeblest and most wayward child of God—the "hedge" of a changeless, infinite love, which has a righteous basis, enabling it to carry out all its sweet desires with reference to the one so loved. No foe can penetrate that "hedge."

But we have not only Satan's acknowledgment as to the existence of this hedge ; the history, as we follow it, shows the literal truth of what Satan said—shows clearly his utter inability to touch Job, or anything that he had, until permission was granted,

as it sometimes is, but always, as in Job's case, with some wise and loving purpose in view. Notice, although Satan has to make this acknowledgment of his powerlessness, his hatred is still the same, and he eagerly catches at the opportunity thus afforded him of afflicting Job in some way or other. "*Put forth Thine hand, now.*" Ah! then it is necessary before Satan can touch a child of God that God must "put forth" His hand! Surely this conviction should make us more submissive under our trials than we sometimes are. "*Put forth Thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face.*" How eager Satan is to get at Job! How true it is that he "*the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour!*" (1 Peter v. 8.) Evidently, here he can scarcely contain himself; nothing short of "*all that he hath*" will satisfy him.

Well, as already said, God had considered His servant Job, and while He saw many beautiful features in him He also saw that Job had great ideas of his own excellencies, and thought a great deal of his own righteousness. Job could say: "*When the eye saw me it gave witness to me.*" He had dwelt upon his good deeds with much complacency. With all his piety—and it was very real and true—Job had never truly been in the presence of God, had never come to a true and real knowledge of himself, and all the trials which befel him had this object in view, that he might know the deceitfulness of his own heart.

We see by the way in which he ends his discourse (xxix., xxx., xxxi.), speaking all through of his good deeds, that he rested upon the *fruits* of grace in himself, and that he was well satisfied. How different at the end of his trial, when he had been consciously in the presence of God! Then he could say: "NOW MINE EYE SEETH THEE, WHEREFORE I ABHOR MYSELF." This was what God wished to bring about as the result of all Job's afflictions.

Well, God allowed Satan to have what he asked: "*All that he hath is in thy power, only upon himself put not forth thine hand.*" Thus a little portion of the "hedge" is thrown down, only a little—"*upon himself put not forth thine hand*" keeps up the hedge everywhere else. And how soon Satan took advantage of the breach in the hedge! *In one day "all that he hath" is swept away!* But did Job curse God to His face? Indeed not! "*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord! In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.*" So far he came well out of the trial; but, had it ended here, Job would have been still more satisfied and well

pleased with himself! As a prosperous man he had been kind, generous, and sympathising; and now, in the depths of poverty, he was showing himself to be patient and submissive. Still, it would have been Job in whom he found his satisfaction; and God wished His beloved child to find all his springs in *Himself!* Hence the trial proceeds.

Here, again, we see that it was necessary God should "*put forth*" His hand before any further injury could be inflicted. "*Put forth Thine hand now and touch his bone and his flesh.*" How insatiable is the enmity of Satan! Again he is allowed to do as he asks, and again his precise limit is prescribed: "*Save his life!*" We know how soon the most terrible disease attacked him, and we know, too, that under the remarks of his friends, who did not understand his case, he broke down, cursed the day in which he was born, and made himself out to be more righteous than God, thus showing clearly that "*perfect and upright*" as he was, he had never truly been in the presence of God, never really fathomed the depths of his own heart.

It is then that God brings Job fully into His presence; he sees himself as he truly is, and we have the acknowledgment: "NOW MINE EYE SEETH THEE, *wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes.*" This is always the result of our being in the presence of God—we abhor ourselves; and it is then that God can act: as He did in this case, according to the desires of His own loving heart. May we all be more constantly in that presence, so that we may *each* be able to say—

"Yet sure, if in Thy presence,  
My soul still constant were,  
Mine eye would, more familiar,  
Its brighter glories bear.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And thus Thy deep perfections,  
Much better should I know,  
And with adoring fervour,  
In this Thy nature grow."

HOMELEIGH.

[Many friends have expressed thankfulness for the article "A Sure Refuge" inserted in our last issue; we are therefore very pleased to insert another by the same writer. The circumstances of the sudden home-call of our beloved friend have touched many hearts, and in response to the desire of various kind correspondents we feel free to state that our valued contributor was Mr. William Coultas, of Danbury, Essex. We have conveyed the sympathy of our christian readers to his dear wife and family circle.]

## GOD IS NOT MOCKED.

*"Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily; therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."—Ecc. viii. 11.*

THE following is a true incident related by an elderly christian woman residing in Northumberland: the person mentioned she actually knew. May it serve as a warning to the reader, for sometimes even in the wondrous day of His grace, God makes manifest His sore displeasure!

Four miners were card-playing on the Lord's Day in a frequented gambling place by the roadside, mingling with their conversation the most awful blasphemy. After a time, when their interest in the game was on the wane, they left their gambling and adjourned to an adjoining inn to drink. Whilst there, one of them, John B—, called upon the attendant to supply him with a quart of "Hell flames!" and should she be unable to procure this, she was to bring a quart of "Damnation!" Alas! vain man; his impious words and blasphemous demands were not only heard by the occupants of the tap-room, but they also reached the ear of Almighty God, who sometimes metes out immediate judgment against evil-doers.

Not many hours afterwards, the profane mocker returned to his usual work down the pit, and whilst there was overtaken by a fearful accident, which resulted in his being so injured that the physicians who were summoned could neither afford him relief nor prolong his life; and his last words ere he passed for ever the portal of time and entered eternity, were: "I am already suffering hell upon earth." The villagers declared that they believed it to be Heaven's judgment, and who shall say that they were wrong in their belief?

"As a tree falls so shall it lie;  
As a man lives so shall he die;  
As a man dies so shall he be,  
All through the days of eternity."

It is fools who make a mock of sin, blaspheming His holy name, speaking flippantly of such realities as hell and judgment, mingling with their oaths the name of the God of high heaven, and setting at nought His councils of love. Man, led on by Satan, may raise his puny arm in rebellion against God, only to find that it falls palsied to his side. He may haughtily toss his head in defiance of God, but he will sooner or later bow it with shame, as he learns that God, and not he, is Master of the situation. These but manifest the pride and rebellion of the human heart, the downfall of thousands, from which so few ever arise. God will punish sin, and cause His enemies to taste the bitterness of judgment and to feel His righteous ire. Perchance the reader of

these lines may say, "I know that I am guilty. I acknowledge that I have sinned grievously against God; but as the past cannot be recalled, how can I escape the bitter consequences of my many crimes, or is my case utterly hopeless?" There is but one answer to your question. Your only hope is in the mercy of God—the mercy that provides for you a way of escape, the mercy which flows out to the guilty transgressor, who believes in the Son of God, the mercy which blots out all transgressions, the mercy which you can avail yourself of now through faith in Christ. Does the prayer, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," spring up in your heart, and escape from your lips? If so, hearken to the voice of God saying: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

A. G.

## AS UNKNOWN AND YET WELL KNOWN.

THEY lived, and they were useful; this we know,  
And naught beside;  
No record of their names is left, to show  
How soon they died.  
They did their work, and then they passed away,  
An unknown band;  
But they shall live in endless day, in the  
Fair shining land.  
And were they young, or were they growing old,  
Or ill, or well,  
Or lived in poverty, or had they wealth of gold,—  
No one can tell;  
Only one thing is known of them—they faithful  
Were, and true  
Disciples of the Lord, and strong, through prayer,  
To save and do.  
But what avails the gift of empty fame?  
They lived to God;  
They loved the sweetness of another Name,  
And gladly trod  
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be  
Helper or friend,  
And in the joy of this their ministry,  
Be spent, and spend.  
No glory clusters round their names on earth;  
But in God's heaven  
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,  
And there is given  
A place for all who did the Master please,  
Though here unknown;  
And there, lost names shine forth in brightest rays  
Before the Throne.  
Oh, take who will the boon of fading fame!  
But give to me  
A place among the workers, though my name  
Forgotten be;  
And as within the Book of Life is found  
My lowly place,  
Honour and glory unto God redound  
For all His grace!

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

### WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

*"The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come."—Isa. xxi. 12.*

**T**HIS is a remarkable incident in the prophecy of Isaiah: "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" Is this an earnest inquiry? Is there sincerity in the cry that comes from Dumah? What think you, beloved reader? The watchman is upon the tower; all around him are inhabitants of the city peacefully slumbering while he paces the walls, ready to arouse them at the least evidence of danger; he looks far away into the desert, and it is all quiet and still. The stars shine above him in all their eastern brilliancy, and, except for his own footfall, not a sound disturbs the tranquillity of the night; but suddenly he hears a voice, and twice over the question is asked,

"Watchman, what of the night?"

Ah! my reader, is it not wonderful to think that, although the centuries have rolled on, man's heart of unbelief is just the same to-day as it was in the days of the great evangelical prophet of old. It is full of unbelief, and the scorner is as ready to scoff as he was when he called out of Seir: "Watchman, what of the night?" Notice the words in 2 Peter iii. 3 and 4. The Apostle says: "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying,

Where is the promise of His coming?

for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

This is the attitude of the worldling and the scoffer now, and it was exactly in that spirit that we believe "the burden of Dumah" called "out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night?" He was a descendant of Esau, an Edomite who cared not at all for the purposes of God or what His decrees were either about the blessing of His people Israel or the judgments He had foretold should fall upon their enemies. His forefather had sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, and now one of his kindred approaches the city, and with scorn and contempt utters the words we have cited.

But notice the watchman's answer,

"The Watchman said, The morning cometh!"

Oh! that is the joy of it—the morning cometh! Let

the worldling sneer, but believers know it is all well. Very soon indeed the "morning without clouds" will be ushered in, Our Lord is coming again! We are waiting for that glad time; our hearts are full of expectancy and joy, because "we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall SEE HIM AS HE IS" (1 John iii. 2). We are not always thinking of the "night," like this poor wanderer out of Seir, or like those who "love darkness rather than light," but we are waiting for the Morning Star, and through all the tumult of this world's sad story our hearts are resting on His own precious promises, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away" (Song Sol. i. 6). But the watchman says—

"The morning cometh, and also the night."

He faithfully declares that, although the "morning" cometh, yet the "night" is coming also. Oh! christian men and women, we ought to be very earnest about this. Do we believe it? Do we fully comprehend what is meant by the "night" so far as the future history of this world is concerned?—that time when the Gospel will no longer be heard; when the message of grace and love to sinners will no more be heralded forth; and judgment, swift, sudden, universal, will fall upon an unbelieving world. Oh! if we did fully enter into it, we should all be readier to be spent for our blessed Master's sake, and endeavour more earnestly to persuade men. How beautiful are the apostle's words: "Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness; therefore, let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." "I must work the works of Him that sent me *while it is day*; the night cometh when no man can work," said also our Lord Himself, and we desire that His solemn words should speak in power to every reader of these pages.

<p>" Work, for time is flying, Work with hearts sincere; Work, for souls are dying, Work, for night is near; In the Master's vineyard, Go and work to-day; Be no useless sluggard Standing in the way.</p>	<p>" In this glorious calling, Work till day is o'er; Work till, evening falling, You can work no more; Then your labour bringing To the King of kings, Borne, with joy and singing, Home on angels' wings.</p>
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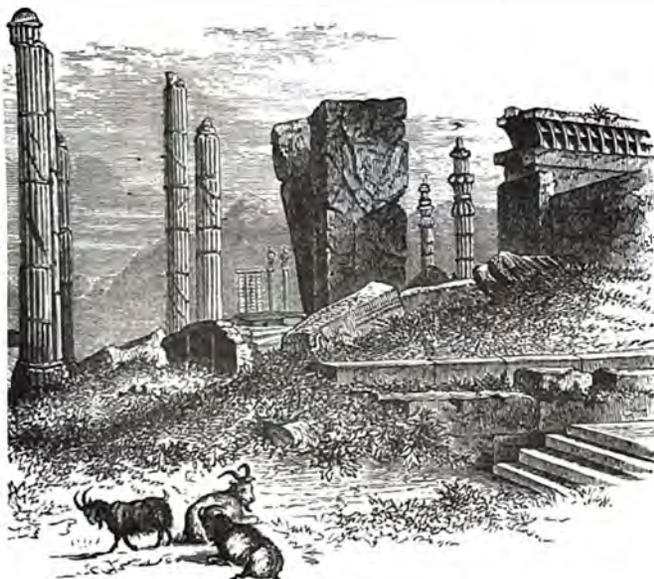
" There, where saints adore Him,  
Where the ransomed meet,  
Joy they show before Him,  
Bowing at His feet;  
Hear the Master saying,  
From His heavenly throne,  
When thy toil rewarding,  
' Labourer, well done! "

THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—IV.

(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20; Isa. xlv. 1.)

**B**EFORE Cyrus had occupied the throne very long he began to exercise a highly beneficent influence—education was encouraged, commerce with neighbouring friendly nations was cultivated, and the different provinces of the empire more definitely consolidated. Just at this juncture an event occurred which had a marked effect upon the history of the people, for about the time of the birth of Cyrus the kingdom of Media was assuming great influence and power, so much as to really threaten the existence of the great adjoining empire.



THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS—THE BURYING PLACE OF THE PERSIAN KINGS.

During the early years of the Persian monarch the power of Media increased, and that state attained its highest position of civilisation and power. The capital, Ecbatana, was surrounded by seven walls, and contained edifices and palaces of enormous size and splendid architecture; but very soon after the accession of Cyrus it became a question as to which kingdom should dominate in Central Asia. Cyrus, therefore, although very young, led an expedition against Media, and triumphantly subdued that power, and succeeded in uniting the Persian and Median branches of the Aryan race under one sceptre, and gave the name of his own country to the now united empire. Cyrus may, therefore, rightly be considered as the founder of the great Achaemenian line of the Persian monarchy.

After the union of the two kingdoms there is no

doubt the Medians vastly benefited the Persians by instructing their conquerors in the arts of peace and civilisation, and Cyrus encouraged this in every way possible, and as the people were brought into contact with other nations, the commerce and influence of the empire increased in a remarkable manner; indeed, there is no question that this advancement of the Persian people at this juncture in their history was intended by an overruling Power to be the preliminary fitting them for the high behests God purposed to work out through them. We might say, as another writer has done, that the position of Persia just at this epoch in her history can be compared to our own land at the time of the accession of William the Conqueror.

It would have been impossible in these eastern lands for peace to continue long. For a time after the subjection of the Medes, the acknowledged supremacy of Persia secured a period of rest; but it did not last very long. The love of conquest, it may be, had taken possession of Cyrus, and the victorious result of his first campaign filled his mind with the desire to subdue by force other surrounding nations. He had doubtless been told of the treachery and crime that had led to the assassination of his father, and he determined at this stage of his career to avenge his death. The death of the father of Cyrus had really been compassed by a ruler who had at that time asserted his authority over the Persian kingdom; but now Cyrus fitted out an expedition to invade the land where the descendants of that king lived.

On the north-eastern borders of the empire these Touranians dwelt, and against them the hosts of Persia advanced. Over and over again these wild Tartars, as in modern language we should call them, had invaded and overran and devastated the soil of Iran, that is Persia as now understood, but eventually they were always driven back to the terrible fastnesses of their own country. Cyrus, however, by dint of marvellous perseverance and endurance, entirely defeated them, and brought them to submit absolutely to his authority and domination. These people are referred to in scripture as Scythians, by which name they were known to the Greeks.

A MISSIONARY in Brazil said at a prayer meeting:—

“I thought that, living in the very midst of the great field of heathendom, one would surely be kept up by the sight of the appalling need before one's eyes. Now that I have had this experience myself, I see that it is not the sight of the need that gives power to the faint, but that all supply must be drawn from God Himself. There may be many others who have been deceived in the same way.”

A GOD-SENT  
EVANGELIST.

SOME years ago a famous lay preacher, a God-sent evangelist, was announced to preach. Great numbers had assembled, and, the hour having struck, the people were getting impatient. The preacher was in his bedroom, at the house of the farmer on whose grounds the service was to be held. The latter sent to summon him, but the servant returned saying he had got some one with him in his room, and was talking to him, and begging him to come with him, and was saying, "If you do not go with me I will not go up hence," or something to that effect. The godly farmer said, "Oh, it's all right! we shall have God's presence to-day."

And so they did. A remarkable power attended that day's ministry. Many were pricked to the heart, and cried aloud for mercy. It was the beginning of a long-continued period of spiritual revival, during which not only a multitude of sinners were converted, but the whole tone of the spiritual life of believers was raised, in personal devotion, attendance at services, active zeal, and righteousness of life.

THE WONDERFUL  
STORY.

WE give on this page a new and lovely hymn; the words are beautiful, and the tune sweet indeed! We want our readers to learn it and to sing it from their hearts.

We are sure it will be a blessing to them. It is taken from a new selection of sacred gems entitled, "Songs

## THE WONDERFUL STORY.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O sweet is the story of Je - sus, The won - derful Saviour of  
2. He came from the brightest of glo - ry; His blood as a ransom he  
3. His mer - cy flows on like a riv - er, His love is unmeasured and

men, Who suf - ered and died for the sin - ner—I'll tell it a -  
gave, To pur - chase e - ternal redemption, And oh, he is  
free; His grace is for - ev - er suf - fi - cient, It reach - es and

CHORUS.

gain and a - gain! } O won - derful, wonderful sto - ry, The  
mighty to save! } O wonderful sto - ry, O wonderful story, The  
pu - ri - fies me. }

dear - est that ev - er was told;.... I'll repeat it in glo - ry, The  
dearest that ev - er, that ever was told; I'll repeat it in

wonderful sto - ry, Where I..... shall his beauty be - hold....  
glory, The wonderful story, Where I shall his beau - ty, his beauty behold.

The Hymns, "Count your Blessings," Loyalty to Christ," and "The Wonderful Story," which have appeared in our pages this year, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled "Songs of Triumph." In paper covers 6d., post free 7<sup>3</sup>d.; cloth limp, 1s.

of Triumph." "Count your Blessings," as in the January issue, is also included in this collection.

## Jottings about the Bible.

### THE WRITINGS OF ISAIAH.

*"Moreover the Lord said unto me, Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen."—Isa. viii. 1.*

THE quality most conspicuous in the writings of the Prophet Isaiah is the wealth and brilliancy of his imagination. His thought constantly and spontaneously blossoms into imagery, and the images are no mere rhetorical embellishments, but are always impressive in themselves, and always the appropriate and natural expression of his idea.

No other Old Testament writer has the same power of picturesque and graphic description, or has at command such a variety of distinct and vivid impressions from Nature. His memory is stored with simple and homely pictures of rustic life, and these rise to his mind invested with a singular dignity and charm in the light of some inspiring and lofty idea.

The reapers in the valley of Rephaim, and the beating of the olive trees (xvii. 5), the ox and ass faithful to their master's stable (i. 3), the lion growling over his prey and defying the posse of shepherds gathered against him (xxx. 4), the subtle rent spreading downwards in the wall, until it falls with a sudden and terrible crash (xxx. 13), the deserted hut of the vineyard-watchers after the vintage is past (i. 8)—these are some of the images which his poet's eye had gathered from scenes familiar to every native of Palestine.

Nor does Isaiah's imagination fail him when he passes from the familiar to the stupendous, and calls up the destructive agencies of Nature to set forth the awful terrors of the day of Jehovah. The forest conflagration (ix. 18, x. 16), the inundating flood of waters (viii. 7), the thunder-storm (xxx. 30), the earthquake (ii. 19), furnish him with emblems, strikingly effective, of the final catastrophe in which the existing order of things is to perish.

On the other hand, there is a peculiar charm in the indistinctness of the descriptions of the latter days, where images of earthly comfort and security shade away imperceptibly into suggestions of a new creation, in which, to our minds, there is more of heaven than there is of earth.

"Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create; or behold I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy" (Isa. lxxv. 17, 18).—DR. SKINNER.

## OUR MISSIONARY COLUMN.

### GOSPEL WORK AND WORKERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WE have read with very great interest in "A Record of Christian Work" the following account of Gospel efforts that are being made amongst our brave soldiers and sailors in South Africa. It fills us with deepest thankfulness to God that He is owning the Gospel testimony of many of His servants there to the blessing of many, many souls. Let us pray for them and help them in every way we can. The article indicates how this can be done. The writer says:—

"Troops are arriving at Cape Town almost daily, and are being sent into the interior, while train-loads of wounded men are brought back to the hospitals. What opportunities are here to give these men words of comfort, or to send with them books which will show them, when facing death, the way to Christ and the life beyond!

"For some years at the Cape Town docks a Sailor's Rest has been maintained by the South African General Mission, and recently the missionaries have found many openings among the incoming vessels. While H.M.S. *Barrossa* was in dry dock, meetings were held for the blue-jackets and marines, and a solemn service the night before the boat left, attended by most of the men, was addressed by several who pleaded with them. Other splendid opportunities have been found when transports with over a thousand men on board lay over Sunday at the docks, and the workers were permitted to hold open-air meetings.

"One gentleman writes: 'God honoured this witness borne to Him, and it was a real pleasure to be able to bring a living Saviour to these brothers. We found a dozen or so christians in the regiment, and it was good to hear them start, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," as we bade them good-bye after the meeting was over.'

"Three of the members of the South African General Mission went to the front with the troops in December—one to Ladysmith, and two to the Orange River—and others are working among the poor people who have been forced to flee from the Transvaal, Natal, and Swaziland. One of the workers at Durban writes: 'Durban has changed its whole character within a few weeks. For months the influx of people from the Transvaal and Northern Natal has continued in increasing volume. When war

was declared the climax was reached, and shiploads of people poured in. Refugees tell terrible tales of suffering and privation experienced during their flight. Many of them journeyed for fifty hours without food, and suffering was keen in consequence. The streets are thronged with people, and the idle population is enormous and affords special opportunities for open-air evangelistic work. The attendance at our Sunday and Tuesday evening meetings has been very large in spite of the counter elements at work. The interest, attention, and response from the crowd assure us that God is working amongst us.'

"'God is working.' Shall not we work too? The need among the soldiers and these homeless people is great, and the war makes the work very difficult. Money is necessary to equip workers, and owing to the war two-thirds of the local financial help of the South African General Mission has been cut off. This means a withdrawal of some of the missionaries unless friends of South Africa will step into the breach and send help to the workers, who are reporting that 'our prayers are being answered and many are turning to God.' Can we neglect such opportunities?"

"Miss Ferguson, of the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, writes: 'Those who were the last to leave Johannesburg said it was a deserted city, something like a city of the dead; yet there are numbers of the poorer people there who will need loving ministry during this sad time.' Two of the Huguenot Seminary students have stayed at their posts in Johannesburg ready to brave any hardships that they may continue their work. Miss Ferguson further writes of several of the graduates of the Huguenot Seminary who learned somewhat of the spirit of its founder and leader, Rev. Andrew Murray: 'If we turn away to the north we see our little mission house at Kimberley. Two of our students are going in and out among the people, visiting in the homes of the whites, the Kaffirs, and the Cape coloured people. Mr. Liebenberg, the new missionary for Kimberley, is boarding with them, and there has been great joy in the camp, for they have seen precious souls entering into the kingdom of heaven, and the patient, faithful work done day after day has been bearing fruit unto eternal life.' And again she writes: 'Miss Kloppers went bravely back to Fordsburg, willing to be cut off that she might minister to those in need. Two others are with her, and in their neighbourhood are many who are in need of their daily bread. And looking beyond to Mochuli, in Bechuanaland, we see much of sorrow and suffering, famine, sickness, death, and great tribulation written upon the

records of the past year. BUT OUT OF SORROW HAS COME BLESSING; OUT OF DEATH, LIFE TO MANY A STRICKEN SOUL. These three missionaries at Mochuli are far beyond communication, and need more helpers. WHO WILL GO?'"

### THE STORY OF YOHANNE.

AMONG the students of the Huguenot Seminary, College and Mission Training School at Wellington, are many who would respond to this call were the necessary funds at hand. The daughters of the school are now scattered all over South Africa, and even up into Central Africa, carrying the gospel to the natives.

What are the results of this work? The turning of many to the Master, and the training of native evangelists who can take the Bible to kraals where the white missionary cannot go. The story of Yohanne Ratetebete, of Basutoland, is one in point:—

One day this man came to Mabile asking to be allowed to attend the village school at Morijah. This was granted, and a little while after he came with his wife and children. He had been in the service of a Dutch farmer living in the Orange Free State. When he first came to Morijah he did not even know his letters. He was so anxious to learn that he used to go and sit near the fountain when he knew that the young girls of the village were coming to draw water. He had his A B C leaf with him, and as each young girl came up he would say, "Just tell me the name of this letter and I will fill your bucket for you," or, "I will carry it a bit of the way for you." In this way he got to read very quickly. When he had learned a little arithmetic, geography, and could write, as he had an ardent wish to become a catechist, he was admitted into the Bible School for the training of evangelists. Shortly after entering this school he was taken ill, and thinking that he was going to die, he told his fellow-students that now should the Lord see fit to take him he was quite willing to go. Had not God granted him the great wish of his heart, that of entering such a school? And how delightful it would be to be taken from there straight up to heaven. When he left the Bible School it was to begin work in a Matabele village in the north of Basutoland. He has been eight years there, and is now beginning to get a few hearers to listen to his teaching. Most of the time when his little bell began to ring for Divine service it was the signal for a great heathen dance to begin. Quite lately he wrote to one of his teachers, "Oh! I am hungry and so thirsty, but it is hunger and thirst after the souls of these poor people."

True Stories of God's Servants.

A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.

DAVID BRAINERD was a christian philosopher, and he tried, and not unsuccessfully, to endure hardness as a good soldier, and not to cumber himself with too many wants as regards this world. When he began his ministry among the Indians he made a clean sweep of all those desires and attractions, which might otherwise bind him to a civilised community. He felt that if he meant to catch fish he must stand in the stream, and if he wished to win these poor Indians for Christ he must dwell amongst them as much as possible, as one of themselves. Of course, in those days, New England life had not the abundant comforts or luxuries to which a missionary has to say farewell in our times, but the sweet simplicity and severe regularity of those Puritan homesteads had much to hold the heart of a man of Brainerd's mould.

Henceforth, however, the wilderness must be his home, and instead of the meeting-house, the shadowy woods and dark ravines the places where he meets his God. In these solitudes he had high and inspiring communion, and amidst many hardships and perils he was able to rejoice in the compensation of the peace which passeth all understanding. He tells us his mind, under these trials, after a terribly arduous ride home one night in one of his missionary journeys:—

"About six at night," says he, "I lost my way in the wilderness, and wandered over rocks and mountains, down hideous steeps, through swamps and most dreadful and dangerous places, and the night being dark, so that few stars could be seen, I was greatly exposed. I was much pinched with cold, and distressed with an extreme pain in my head, so that every step I took was distressing to me. I had little hope for several hours together but that I must lie out in the woods all night in this distressed case. But about nine o'clock I found a house, through the abundant goodness of God, and was kindly entertained. Thus I have frequently been exposed, and sometimes lain out the whole night, but God has hitherto preserved me, and, blessed be His name, such fatigues and hardships as these seem to wean me more from the earth, and I trust will make heaven the sweeter.

"Formerly, when I was thus exposed to cold, rain, etc., I was ready to please myself with the thoughts of enjoying a comfortable house, a warm fire, and other outward comforts, but now these have less place in my heart (through the grace of God) and

my eye is more to God for comforts. In this world I expect tribulation, and it does not now, as formerly, appear strange to me. I do not in such seasons of difficulty flatter myself that it might be



BRAINERD PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

better hereafter, but rather think *how much worse it might be*, how much greater trials *others* of God's children have endured, and how much greater are yet reserved for me.

"Blessed be God that He makes the thoughts of my journey's end and of my dissolution a great comfort to me under my sharpest trials, and scarce ever lets these thoughts be attended with terror or melancholy, but they are attended frequently with great joy."

Thus had Brainerd found the secret of happiness, not in gratifying every craving of his heart, or by extinguishing those desires, but by glorying in tribulation, and thinking more of the mercy of God than of his own sufferings.

[From "David Brainerd: Apostle to the North American Indians."]

ALL efforts of the natural man to please God are like the offering of Cain which God could not accept, but the sinner who like Abel confesses his sin and accept God's way of sacrifice is accepted.

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 ✻ OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES. ✻  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 WHAT A WONDERFUL WORD!

SOME years ago, a shepherd was removing a flock of lambs along a country road in the county of Durham. As he passed a cottage a woman crossed the road to the well opposite, and, in a jocular way, said, "You might give me one of those lambs."

The shepherd, who was a christian man, replied, "There is a Lamb—God's Lamb—and you can have Him for nothing. 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'" And he passed on.



Thank God, the word uttered had passed in—yes, right in to that woman's heart, to do a work for God and eternity. "There is a Saviour, and you can have Him for nothing!" What a wonderful word! Reader, has it ever entered your heart?

The following year the shepherd passed the same way with another flock of lambs. He had entirely forgotten the above circumstance until reminded of it by the woman, who happened to

see him as he passed, and, recognising him at once, she said to him, "Eh, man, but that was a fine word you gave me that day."

"What was that?" asked the shepherd.

"Do you not remember," she replied, "twelve months ago, as you passed here, I asked you to give me a lamb, and you told me there was a Lamb—God's Lamb—and I could have Him for nothing? I knew nothing about God's Lamb then, but I've got Him now, and I know He has taken away my sins."

How blessed! The shepherd's word had proved to be a "word in season"; and, as the Scripture says, "how good is it!" and the shepherd had "joy by the answer of his mouth" (Prov. xv. 23).

### OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.

*Golden Text*—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."  
 —Luke iii. 4. Read Luke iii. 1—17.

#### READING ON THE LESSON.

JOHN, the herald of Christ, is now about thirty years of age (compare ver. 23 and chap. i. 26), and the story of those thirty years is briefly summed up in chap. i. 15—80. The civil and religious leaders of Jews and Gentiles are set before us in these opening verses of our lesson, but God they knew not. John, apart from the world and the world's ways, lives with and for God, and now receives from God his commission to go and preach and make ready a people prepared for the Lord (chap. i. 17).

3—6. Where God sends him, there he goes as the Lord's messenger, with the Lord's message. He is only a voice to be heard and not seen (ver. 4 and John i. 23), and as such he fulfils Isa. xl. 3—5, which is here quoted. Had Jerusalem received the herald of her King and then her King, she would have been truly comforted, and the Kingdom would have come; but as she rejected both herald and King, her comfort is delayed until He shall come again in His glory, preceded by Elijah (Matt. xxiii. 39; xvii. 11), and then all flesh shall see the salvation of God.

7—9. Multitudes came to him from Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins (Matt. iii. 5, 6), for one of the first works of the Holy Spirit as the word of God is heard and received is conviction of sin (John xvi. 8, 9). Until we know we are sick we will not want the physician; until we know we are blind we will not want our eyes opened: and the strange thing is that the multitudes are spiritually sick, and blind, and lame, and poor, and know it not (Rev. iii. 17); this is true of believers, for as to the unsaved, they are all dead and know it not (Eph. ii. 4, 5), but as the Word is preached the Spirit causes even the dead to hear (John v. 25).

10—14. As the people, the publicans, and the soldiers asked him what they were to do now that they had been baptized, he made it very plain that their new life was to be manifest in deeds, not in words. They were to show their sincerity by their love to others, by righteousness and by mercy. It is all beautifully and concisely summed up in Micah vi. 8. "Do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." All manner of work, however good it may seem, is simply nothing, of no account

before God, until the love of God has been shed abroad in the heart (1 Cor. xiii. 1—3). God having so loved us as to give Himself for us in the person of His Son, puts but one thing before the sinner who cannot by any means save himself, and that is the acceptance of His Son. Until this is done all else is vain, and condemnation is written upon all (John iii. 18, 36).

15, 16. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." As the people wondered whether John was the Christ or not, he told them of the One mightier than he, Whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose. He said he was not Elijah, nor that prophet, nor the Christ, but just one to herald and point out the Christ, and he loved to cry, "Behold, the Lamb of God!" He rejoiced to be the Bridegroom's friend and hear His voice, and to decrease that the Bridegroom might increase (John iii. 27—30).

17. The reference here to the harvest which is the end of this age (Matt. xiii. 39) makes us think that the baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire will have its complete fulfilment at that time also. It shall all be fulfilled. The chaff shall find the fire and the wheat His garner; the Kingdom shall come and the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord; it shall be at His coming again in glory.

### AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

I have been so pleased to receive such a number of nice, interesting and affectionate letters from you, along with your answers. I take great interest in everything you tell me, dear lads and lassies, big and little, and I pray heartily for you all. God bless you, and lead you on in His truth, and grant that you may be "*doers* of the word, and not hearers only" (James i. 22).

This month we read to the end of the first chapter of Genesis. Now as our last lesson turned very much upon *light*, our present one will be chiefly upon *life*. The youngest of our class can well understand that there are degrees of life, and of such we now read.

The beautiful flowers, that we shall soon see springing up in our gardens and hedgerows, are alive; but they belong to the life of the 3rd day, not to that of the 5th. Flowers live, sleep, and wake, and are very lovely and wonderful things, but the sweetest flower and the mightiest forest tree have, after all, a life inferior to the meanest "moving creature that hath life" (ver. 20). The fowls, the great whales, the little creeping things, with their marvellous instincts, their powers of loving and hating, and of going from place to place, how far above the life of grass, tree or flower!

Yet beautiful as all this teeming life must have been on the fair new earth that God's gracious moulding fingers were ordering, there was a further expression of life given on the 6th day; for after the

creation of all the beasts of the earth (ver. 24, 25), we are brought, as it were, into the council chamber of the Holy Trinity, to listen to the wonderful words: "Let us make man in our image after our likeness" (ver. 26). We read further in chap. ii. 7, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." This was a very different life to that given to the plants, or to the animals, fishes or fowls. It was the breath of God—the eternal God! And so man came into being having a life that could never end, that could never go out; whether for endless joy or for endless misery, it was there—an eternal existence! What a solemn thought! And if it was the final and highest expression of life of which we could speak, how awful to have such life, now that sin has come in, and that, after a brief stay in this world of sorrow, we are in danger of existing in the blackness of darkness for ever! No wonder that those who do not know Christ try to prove that death is the end of man.

Well, dear girls and boys, we will look for some verses about eternal life—the highest life of all—"life hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3), a life beyond the power of death, for the one who has it "is passed from death into life" (John v. 24). Have you all this life in Christ, dear ones?—the eternal life of those who are born of the Spirit into the family of God?

What a lovely world this must have been when God could look down upon it and call it all "very good" (ver. 31)! It is not so now, is it, dear children? You have only to look a very little way to see sin and sorrow going hand in hand. But oh! how sweet to know that, if we belong to Jesus, we shall by-and-by be where there "shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." Be very sure you do not miss getting there, dearies:

Now we must turn to the subject of the February questions, and I will close my letter.

Always your loving

AUNT ALICE.

I must make a few remarks before I give you the results, so that you may understand how you each receive the number of marks under which you will find your initials or names.

The 2nd and 3rd Divisions can only get nine or six marks, according to the rules of the division to which they belong; but at the same time I reserve to myself the right to give an extra mark in my private register to those who have answered the more difficult questions correctly, instead of picking out the six or nine easiest ones. The *half* marks are given where a double question (such as Nos. 6 or 7) has been answered half right. I also give in my register a good mark for extra neatness and care, and a bad mark for untidiness and carelessness—so take care.

As to our rules, I will just repeat that the class is divided into three:—

1. From 19 and upwards, to answer all twelve questions.
2. From 18 and under, to answer any nine questions.
3. From 13 and under, to answer any six.

The questions need not be written in full, but the answers should be, and every reference given.

The answers to be sent in before the end of the month, addressed to

AUNT ALICE,  
The Grange,  
Mansfield Woodhouse.

#### ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY QUESTIONS.

1. Moses.
2. Five; called the Pentateuch, from the Greek words *pente*, five, and *teuchos*, book; in scripture "the Law."
3. Beginning, origin or source, from the Greek word *genos*, birth or origin.
4. 2 Timothy iii. 16.
5. John v. 46, 47.
6. Ephesians i. 4; 1 Peter i. 19, 20.
7. Romans iv. 3, 17, 18; Romans ix. 7, 9, 12.
8. Hebrews xi. 3.
9. John i. 3.
10. "Without form and void, and darkness upon the face of the deep."—Gen. i. 2.
11. "Let there be light."—Gen. i. 3.
12. 2 Corinthians iv. 6.

#### QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. For what purpose did God specially prepare a great fish at a later day?
2. Find in the Gospels two occasions in which the Lord showed that He had dominion over the fishes.
3. What great King was made to eat grass as oxen?
4. On what occasion did God cause a plague of frogs, lice, and flies?
5. Where does St. Paul say that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men," and that "we are the offspring of God"?
6. Find in the Epistle of James that men are "made after the similitude of God."
7. In which Psalm does David speak of man's dominion over creation?
8. In which Epistle does Paul quote this, applying it to Christ?
9. Find verses in Job where man's life is said to be "like the days of an hireling," "swifter than a weaver's shuttle," "a shadow," "swifter than a post," passing away "as the swift ships," coming "forth like a flower, and is cut down."
10. Give in contrast to this seven verses from St. John's Gospel on everlasting or eternal life.
11. Where does St. John say "that ye may know that ye have eternal life"?
12. Where is it said that "he that hath not the Son of God hath not life"?

A reference Bible may be used, but no Concordance, and no help given.

We so regret we have not room in this column for the names of the competitors in the Bible Class; but if the members will refer to page 3 of the cover of the Magazine they will find the list of the number of marks already obtained by each reader.

As the letter relating to the work in South Africa occupies the space usually devoted to our Leper Fund, we are also obliged this month to acknowledge donations on page 3 of Wrapper.

#### OUR FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

We are certain our readers will be much gratified to read the following letter from Mrs. Osborn-Howe who has been, with other christian friends, labouring amongst the soldiers in South Africa and distributing the volumes and numbers we have been enabled to send out. We hope in our next issue to devote definite pages to the story of this interesting and blessed work for God.

STERKSTROOM,  
Feb. 16th, 1900.

DEAR MR. HOLNESS,

Your kind letters expressing so much sympathy and interest have greatly cheered us. We are very grateful to the kind donors of the volumes of the "SPRINGING WELL." I have arranged for copies to be distributed in all the divisions of the field forces, and to be placed in the base and field hospitals.

Here we are giving the monthly copies, and they are always gladly accepted. A quantity will be sent forward to our co-workers at the camps a few miles from here at the front.

We are thankful to note an earnest spirit of inquiry among many of the soldiers, and we believe a deep work of the Spirit is going on. Some are receiving life whilst the word is being preached without pressure or excitement; others go to the tents of the workers asking for help in finding the way of peace.

A short time ago we went to see one of the regiments of the 1st Division entrain. "THE SPRINGING WELL" had been distributed among the men, and I noticed a copy thrust into the belt of a corporal on duty, the title being very clearly visible. I spoke to him saying, "I see you are taking 'THE SPRINGING WELL' with you, I hope in your heart as well. Have you received the Gift of God, the Water of Life?" He shook his head. I continued, "The Lord Jesus said, 'If thou knewest the Gift of God thou wouldst have asked of Him and He would have given thee Living Water.' That gift is Jesus Himself. He alone can satisfy the heart." We were interrupted. The regiment belonged to the Highland Brigade, and a little later on was engaged in the fight at Modder River, and lost heavily.

We shall value the prayers of Christian friends more than I can express. I wish they could have seen our crowded marquee this evening and the numbers of wistful faces. The opportunity of reaching the soldiers is a glorious one. There is nothing to distract. In camp they have neither occupation nor amusements in the evening, and gladly come to the meetings.

With our warm thanks,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) M. S. OSBORN-HOWE.

We have received as under:—

	£	s.	d.
From Friends at Southall, per Mr. W.			
White ... ..	1	15	0
From Aberdeen ... ..	0	2	0
B. & M. C. D., Wootton-under-Edge...	0	5	0
Anon., Chelmsford ... ..	0	5	0
Miss H. Montpelier, Bristol ... ..	0	2	6
D. C., Erdington ... ..	0	7	0
S. L., Rotherham ... ..	0	5	0
"Peace," Rotherham ... ..	0	5	0
"M. R.," Modder River, Ladysmith...	9	6	0
"E. C." Greenwich ... ..	0	10	0

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.



# The SPRINGING WELL

## or Waters that fail not.

ARE YOU  
PREPARED FOR  
ETERNITY?

Or,

The Story of a Text.

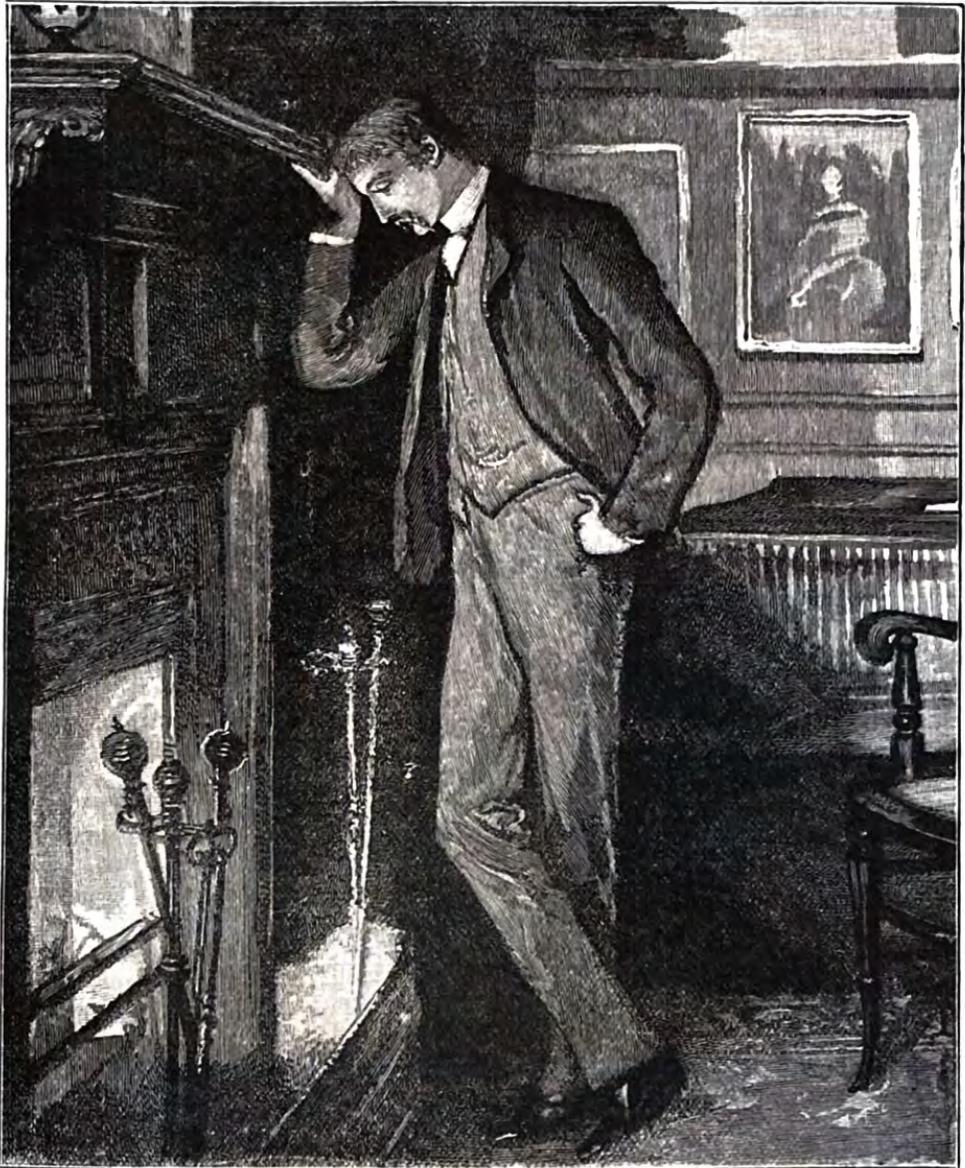
IT is an inexpressibly solemn fact that we *must* all meet God. The record runs in plain definite terms, "*So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God*" (Rom. xiv. 12), and moreover, in another scripture (Heb. x. 31) it declares that "*It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*" It is because of this we ask your earnest attention to the following article, which speaks of the text, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

In one of the suburbs of London, on a spring afternoon, a policeman was "on duty"; his attention was attracted by three men, who were going to a drinking saloon to indulge in the "pleasures of sin." On their way they made up their minds for a "lark," as they termed it, so seeing the policeman, they judged he would be a fitting object to practise their cleverness upon. One of their company, addressing him, asked if he could "give them something to do."

"Yes I can," he replied, "if you really want it."

"Very well, we do; what is it?" they replied.

This policeman, through the grace of God, had



"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" RANG IN HIS EARS.

learned in his soul the truth of the gospel, and it was his great delight to use opportunities like this to warn and entreat; so, turning to the one who specially addressed him, he solemnly and earnestly said: "Prepare to meet thy God."

Apparently unconcerned, they passed on to the saloon. Summer had mellowed into autumn ; autumn had faded into winter, and the circumstances I have related had passed away from the policeman's memory. He was again at his post of duty, when a young man accosted him, and offering a little book, asked if he would "read it."

"What about your own soul, are you right with God?" said the policeman.

The young man replied, "Yes," and asked if he recollected speaking to three young men, and recalled the incident above related, adding that the youngest of the three then stood before him. The words, "Prepare to meet thy God" had pierced his inmost soul. Wherever he went, for days, weeks, months, "Prepare to meet thy God, prepare to meet thy God," rang in his ears ; they disturbed his conscience, and at length awoke the inquiry, "How am I to prepare?"

Then he heard the gospel preached, how that God had prepared a way for the sinner "to be made nigh" and delivered from the wrath to come, and now, in answer to the question, "Are you right with God?" he could say with a joyful heart, "Yes ; all right," through the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary's cross.

Whilst writing the above, memory recalls another fact in connection with these solemn words. The races at a certain town were advertised to take place, when it occurred to a christian gentleman that placards, placed in prominent parts of the racecourse and main thoroughfares leading thereto, with the words, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD," on them, might be used of God to arrest the eye of some careless pleasure seeker.

Accordingly the placards were placed upon the ground. In due course the races took place, and the usual numbers flocked to witness them. Among them was a gentleman whose whole existence was spent in travelling from place to place to witness and take part in one race after another. As he passed along, intent only upon the issue of the race, his eye rested on one of the white placards, on which, in large black letters, were the words, "Prepare to meet thy God." They arrested him for a moment, but during the excitement of the scene the impression wore off. However, it returned with increased power after the day was over. In vain he tried to shake off the words ; go where he would, "Prepare to meet thy God, prepare to meet thy God," followed him, accompanied by the deepening impression in his inmost soul that he was not prepared. Whilst in this state of mind, "by chance," as men would say, by Divine Providence really, without which not a sparrow falls to the ground unheeded, it so

happened that this gentleman was detained in a town on a certain Sunday. As he strolled about unoccupied, he felt a great desire to go to some place to hear preaching.

He searched for some considerable time for a particular place, but without success, and was about to give it up in despair, when his eye caught sight of a building down a side street. He hastened to it, and took his seat among the congregation, when imagine his surprise, upon looking up he discovered that the preacher was his own brother!

From that time his convictions of sin deepened, and before long he was rejoicing in the knowledge of forgiveness through the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ ; and now, having been taught of God, he has learned that all that is in the world—"the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, and the lust of the eyes, is not of the Father, but is of the world" ; and he seeks to walk in holy separation from the world, living to please Him who has called him "out of darkness into His marvellous light." His desire—expressed to me not long since—is, that he may be found characterised by the three things that should mark all saved souls, viz. : righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Permit me to ask you reader, "Are you prepared to meet God?" Meet Him you *must*, whether you wish it or not, for it is written, "We *must* all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad" (2 Cor. v. 10) ; and God has decreed that "every knee shall bow," and every tongue "shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

To meet God unsaved is to ensure your eternal condemnation ; to meet Him unprepared will be everlasting woe ; to pass out of this world Christless, Godless, will certainly consign you to unending misery in the lake of fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Be warned, unsaved reader, ere it be too late, for "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that *obey not* the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. i. 7, 8). To-day He is sitting on His Father's throne. Now we have to do with a throne of grace. Now grace is reigning through righteousness unto eternal life (Rom. v. 21) ; and now it can be said,

"Who is a pardoning God like Thee,  
Or who has grace so rich, so free?"

Soon—*very soon*—Christ will sit upon His throne of judgment. Righteousness will reign then. The

day of grace will be over. Use, then, I beseech you, this wonderful moment of God's long-suffering to accept Christ, and be in earnest now before you lay this paper down, lest it should happen to you as it did to a young lady, whose father's house adjoined the racecourse where the warning note was raised, "Prepare to meet thy God."

It is more than probable that she had seen the very placards of which we have spoken; be that as it may, in a land of Bibles there is no excuse, but she preferred her own pleasures to anything else. She was looking forward with much pleasure to the opening of a new skating rink, where she anticipated considerable enjoyment. The eventful day arrived; a select company was present. Skill, taste, and wealth had combined to make everything attractive. The merry laugh and careless jest were heard, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, a pole connected with the building gave way. It struck the young lady a fatal blow, and her precious soul passed out of time into eternity. The summons from God had come so suddenly; that night her soul was required of her, and she was carried into her mansion a corpse.

The rink has since been closed, but not so her history, for Revelation xx. tells us that the dead, small and great, will stand before God, and the books will be opened, and another book, which is the book of life, and the dead will be judged out of the things written in the books; and death and hell will be cast into the lake of fire. If the summons were to come for you, reader, "are you prepared to meet God?"

- "Time is gliding swiftly by,  
Death and judgment draweth nigh,  
To the Blessed Saviour fly—Be in time.
- "Oh, I pray you count the cost,  
Ere the fatal line be crossed,  
And your soul, alas! be lost—Be in time.
- "Sinner, heed the warning voice,  
Make the Lord your final choice,  
Then all heaven will rejoice—Be in time.
- "Come from darkness into light,  
Come, let Jesus make you right,  
Come, and start for heaven to-night—Be in time."

### IF WE NEGLECT.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—  
Heb. ii. 3.

**T**HE greater number of the earth's millions are heathen; they have not so much as heard of the Living and the True God; most of the many millions of Christian people, who are of the Greek or Roman Churches, have not heard of God's way of salvation for sinful man; the

Protestant people alone possess the Scriptures, and the right, by their religion, to read them.

As you think over these facts, dear reader, and lay your finger upon your own copy of the Holy Scriptures, consider your favours and also your responsibility. Our favours bring to us corresponding responsibilities. The more favoured we are in our Christian surroundings, the more does God require of us. When we see earnest people kneeling before an image, kissing it, and praying to it, we shrink from their superstition. But let us not neglect to lay to heart our own personal responsibility to God, as taught and educated through His word to know that He requires from us our inmost heart service. When we recall the example of our Christian parents, the influence upon us of a brother or sister who died when we were young, the fervent preaching of the godly minis'ter, and the reading of God's word at family prayer, let us again ask ourselves, "How have we borne ourselves?" Shall we say, "How are we bearing ourselves in the presence of such advantages, such examples, such exhortations?"

The seed sown in early life seldom forsakes our hearts. Alas, if our hearts grow hard and dry on the seed so that it germinates not! Man's heart hardens by his yielding himself to the deceitfulness of sin. That which seems so small in its beginnings, grows to be the mighty force that grasps the heart like bands of iron.

Christian, whose once tender-hearted children are now gripped for destruction by these bands, pray on, and the bands shall be broken.

Reader. You must stand before God and render account to Him in your thoughts, your words, your deeds. Then will your responsibility be before your eyes. Yet, if on that day, you are not in Christ, your responsibility and God's judgment will meet. You will not be able to plead, as the heathen, ignorance of God's will; you will not be able to plead, as those who have never read the Scriptures, that you knew not what God had written, and the loving example, the tender words of your christian advisers and relations will then rise up in witness against you.

Oh! face the great reality. Be honest with yourself, and face it now.

Return unto the Lord, and He will heal, and to our God, and He will abundantly pardon. He is mighty to save. Great in mercy. Wonderful in grace. Alone in love. Repent you of your sins, and plead the unutterable love of His Son, as by faith you behold Him on Calvary, dying for sinners; yes, dying that you may live for ever in glory.

H. F. W.



“ON THE RUGGED HEIGHTS  
OF ENSLIN.”

A BRAVE BATTLE-FIELD PREACHER.

A TRUE, earnest christian cannot be a coward. He remembers his Lord, how He faced death for him, and this makes him brave. We have all read of the heroism and the fearlessness of “Havelock’s Saints,” and history abounds with illustrious examples of noble men who have served their country well, and at the same time have borne a magnificent testimony for their Master in heaven.

Here is one more. It is only a simple story told by the special correspondent of the *Daily News*; but assuredly this unknown battle-field preacher had a MESSAGE FROM GOD for his comrades, and, standing there between the living and the dead, we know that these solemn words,

“‘Prepare ter meet yer God!’

spoken “from the speaker’s soul,” will certainly not have been uttered in vain. The journalist speaking of this young soldier-preacher says:—

“Some London slum had been his cradle, the gutters of the great city the only university his feet had known,” and yet this is how he tells of the burning words he spoke in his Master’s Name.

“He was standing at eventide facing the rough and rugged heights of Enslin. The crimson-tinted clouds that emblazoned the sky cast a rugged radiance round his head and face, making him appear like one of those ancient martyrs one is apt to see on stained-glass windows in old-world churches in Rome or Venice. His feet were firmly planted close to the graves of the British soldiers and sailors who had fallen when we beat the Boers and drove them back upon the Modder River.

“In one hand he held a little well-worn Bible; his other hand was raised high above his close-cropped head, whilst his voice rang out on the sultry, storm-laden air, like the clang of steel on steel:

“‘Prepare ter meet yer God!’

“No one who looked at the neat, strong figure, arrayed in the plain khaki uniform of a private soldier, at the clean-shaven, square-jawed face, at the fearless, grey-blue eyes, could doubt either his honesty or earnestness.

“‘Prepare ter meet yer God!’

“To the right of him the long lines of tents spread upwards towards the kopje; to the left the veldt, with its wealth of grey-green grass, sown by the bounteous hand of the Harvester; all round him, excepting where the graves raised their red-brown furrows, rows of soldiers lounged, listening to the old, old story of man’s weakness and eternal shame, and Christ’s love and everlasting pity.

“‘Prepare ter meet yer God!’

“Rough as the thrust of a broken bayonet was his speech, unskilled in rhetoric his tongue, his periods unrounded as flying fragments of a shrapnel shell; yet all who listened knew that every word came from the speaker’s soul, from the magazine of truth. Some London slum had been his cradle, the gutters of the great city the only university his feet had known.

“Once more we heard the distant batteries speak to those whose hands had rudely grasped the Empire’s flag, and every rock, and hill, and

crag, and stony height took up the echo, like a lion's roar, until the whispering wind was tremulous with sound. Then all was hushed except the preacher's voice.

“ ‘Prepare ter meet yer God!

I've come ter tell yer all abart a General whose armies hold ther City of Eternal Life. If you are wounded, throw yer rifles down, 'nd 'E will send the ambulance of 'Is love, with Red-cross angels, and 'Is adjutant, whose name is Mercy, to dress yer wounds. Throw down yer rifles and surrender. No rebels can enter ther City of Eternal Life. You can't storm ther walls, or take ther gates at ther point of ther baynit, for ther ramparts are guarded 'nd ther sentries never sleep. When ther bugles sound ther larst reveille you will ever 'ear, 'nd ther Colonel, whose name is Death, gives the order ter march, you'll have nothink to fear abart, if yer bandoliers are full o' faith 'nd yer rifles are sighted with good works. Yer uniforms may be ragged, and you may not even have a corporal's stripe to show; but if yer can pass ther sentries fearlessly, you'll find a general's commission waitin' for yer just inside the gate. But yer can't fool with my General. Remember this, ther password is 'Repentance,' 'nd nothink else will do. The sentry on duty will see you comin', 'nd will challenge you. 'Who goes there?' 'Friend!' 'Advance, friend, 'nd give ther counter-sign!' If you say 'Good works,' you'll find 'is baynit up against yer chest. If yer say you forgot to get it, you'll be in ther clink in 'ell in ther twinklin' of an eye; but if yer say, loud 'nd clear, 'Repentance,' 'e will lower 'is baynit 'nd say, 'Pass, friend. All's well!' ”

### THE LOVE WHICH EXCEEDETH.

“ *And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him; for he loved him as his own soul. And they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded.* ”—  
1 Sam. xvii. 41.

○ TOUCHING scene of friendship rare  
Between two hearts that loved as one!  
Type of a Love beyond compare—  
The love of David's Royal Son.

So David drew the hearts of men  
To cleave to him with fervour deep,  
In strife, or flight, or mountain den,  
Where David was, their watch they keep.

One link—'twas Love—bound fast the heart  
Of David to each outcast man  
Who in his fortunes chose a part—  
Bound David to his Jonathan.

The hour of parting come, each sought  
The cup of tenderness to fill;  
Sore grief with faithful friendship wrought,  
BUT DAVID'S LOVE EXCEEDED STILL.

“ Swear to me of thy friendship,” saith  
The son of Saul, nor plead in vain;  
He knew it, faithful unto death,  
But craved to hear it told again.

Thus longs to hear the bride of Christ  
From His fond lips the oft-told tale  
Of anguish sore and love unpriced,  
The cross, the spear, the cruel nail.

The bitter cry, the crown of thorn,  
Lone grave within the garden sweet—  
And *then* the Resurrection Morn,  
Dear wounded side and hands and feet.

The love still hers in glory bright,  
The intercession on the throne,  
The walking softly in the light,  
Through priestly service for His own.

And that bright hope—no cloud between—  
Which gleams before her longing eyes,  
When He whom now she loves unseen  
Shall bid her meet him in the skies.

Shall not all this an answering thrill  
Of love within her spirit wake?  
And deep adoring worship fill  
The Father's ear for *His* dear sake?

HERE LANGUAGE FAILS. IN RAPTURE SWEET  
THE BRIDE'S FULL HEART CAN ONLY PLEAD  
WHILE LYING PROSTRATE AT HIS FEET,  
THAT DAVID'S LOVE MUST STILL EXCEED.

EMILY J. A. PEARSON.

### IT IS HIGH TIME TO AWAKE OUT OF SLEEP (Rom. xiii. 11).

THE Lord is ever sending His messengers to awake men out of their sleep—His Nathans with “Thou art the man!”—that sinners should be roused to cry, with David of old, “Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness.”

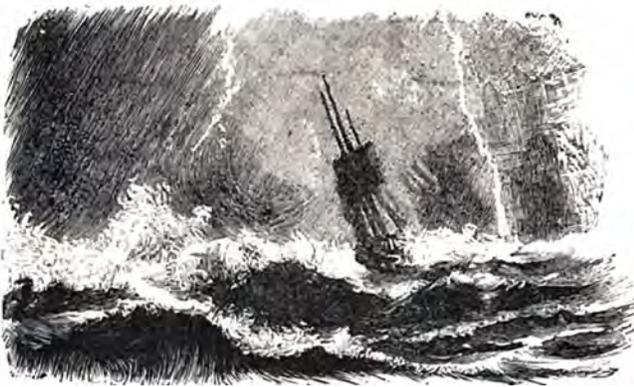
A young man walked into a gospel meeting. During the service, his attention was attracted by a black banner hanging up in front of the audience with the words, “The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.” In the course of the meeting the banner was turned, and these words confronted him, “Prepare to meet thy God.” God spoke to that young man in awfully solemn tones through that black banner, and woke him out of the sleep of death, and his conversion soon followed.

“ God calling yet? shall I not hear?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumber lie?”

It is possible to wake up when it is too late, and to hear the words, “Son, remember!” when every chance has gone and every opportunity slipped by, with the impassable gulf fixed, and hope for ever fled. May God in His mercy save us from such an awakening as that.

## NO SHIPWRECK ON THAT ROCK.

"I WAS preaching at Plymouth, and a request was sent to the pulpit to this effect: 'The thanksgivings of this congregation to Almighty God are desired by the captain, passengers, and crew of the *West Indiaman*, for their merciful deliverance from shipwreck during the late awful tempest.'



"It was with feelings of the deepest thankfulness we all lifted up our hearts in gratitude to God for His goodness, and on the following day I went on board, and entered into conversation with the passengers, when a lady thus addressed me: 'Oh, sir! what an invaluable blessing must personal religion be! Never did I see it more exemplified than in my poor negress Ellen during the storm. When we expected every wave to entomb us all, my mind was in a horrible state. I was afraid to die, but Ellen would come to me with all possible composure, "Never mind, missie, look to Jesus Christ. He made, He rule de sea." And when, sir, we neared the shore, and were at a loss to know where we were, fearing every minute to strike upon the rocks, poor Ellen said, with the same composure as before, "Don't be fear, missie; look to Jesus Christ, He de Rock. No shipwreck on dat Rock; He save to the utmost. Don't be fear, missie; look up to Jesus Christ."' "

"Of course I wished to see this poor, though rich, African. She was called, and in the presence of the sailors the following conversation took place:—

"Well, Ellen, I am glad to find you know something of Jesus Christ."

"Jesus Christ, massa! Oh, He be very good to my soul! Jesus Christ! Oh, He be very dear to me!"

"How long is it since you first knew the Saviour?"

"Why, massa, some time ago me hear Massa Kitching preach about the blessed Jesus. He say

to we black people, "The blessed Jesus come down from the good world. He pity we poor sinners. *We die or He die! He die, but we no die!* He suffer on the cross. He spill precious blood for we poor sinners." Me feel me sinner; me cry; me pray to Jesus, and He save me by precious blood. He very good; He save *me!*"

"And when did you see Mr. Kitching last?"

"Sir, the fever take him; he lie bed; he call we black peoples his children. He say, "Come round the bed, my children"; he den say, "My children, I go to God; meet me before God," and den he fall asleep."

"Oh, then, Ellen, Mr. Kitching is dead (he departed to his rest after about twelve months only of faithful service), is he?"

"Dead, sir? Oh, no! Massa Kitching no die; he fall asleep, and he sleep till the trumpet of the archangel wake him. Massa Kitching no die; he fall asleep!"

Would that all white people who profess to believe in Christ could give so good an account of their faith as this simple-hearted negro girl!

## THEREFORE BE YE ALSO READY.

WE must be on the look-out, too, for the coming again of Jesus Christ. As surely as He came as a babe at Bethlehem, nearly two thousand years ago, so will He come in glory from Heaven. We do not know when His advent will take place, and we need not concern ourselves with the exact time of His appearing; but it is unwise to ignore the fact that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. i. 8). "THEREFORE BE YE ALSO READY; FOR IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT THE SON OF MAN COMETH." To those who are prepared for His coming, there is no fear; that day will dawn with joy and gladness. To them everlasting happiness is assured. But those who are indifferent to God's message may well tremble. For it is written, "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night; for when they shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them" (1 Thess. v. 2, 3). This is the time when Christ comes for judgment—"the day of the Lord." How blessed it is when all fear of the coming judgment is for ever taken away!

"WATCH THEREFORE, FOR YE KNOW NEITHER THE DAY NOR THE HOUR WHEREIN THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

**“HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.”**

*“He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.”—Mark vii. 37.*

SO spake the multitude of Jesus. They had brought to Him a deaf man, who had an impediment in his speech.

The Lord took the man aside, and we see Him and the man alone. He put His hand upon him as He had been desired, then looked up to heaven and sighed, and speaking to the afflicted man, said to him, “Be opened.” And in a moment “his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.”

How many of God's own people are tongued! They do not, they cannot utter the praise of God. They never really say, “HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.” They do not really believe that they are children of God; they dare not say, “We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ”; they are not “giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”

If the Spirit of the Lord was found in His people, who can and do “speak plain,” and they took aside from the multitude the poor stammerers, and looking up to heaven, grieved that a child of God should not know and rejoice in the love of the Father, surely, more often, there would be deliverance. Only His finger can unstop the deaf ear, only His touch can loose the tied tongue,

He, and He alone, has the power to deliver.

But where His people have His sympathies, where they feel for souls in His affections, and, in measure as He did, sigh because God is not glorified, His power through them flows out by the Holy Ghost.

“His ears were opened.” “Faith cometh by hearing.” Yet how many hear but a sound, or hear not at all when the words of love are uttered in their presence! “He that heareth . . . and believeth . . . hath.”

As you listen with the outward ear to the words of Jesus and of His God, do you indeed hear in your spirit, troubled soul? Are you not often deaf spiritually to the words of God? Hence it is, you do not speak plain. Hence it is, your testimony to the efficacy, as applied to your own case, of His all-cleansing blood is so confused. “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son,

cleanseth us from all sin.” Do you hear the word ALL? “His ears were opened.” God frees the tongue by making His word enter the ear.

Now his tongue is unloosed, now the former stammerer not only dares to say, “HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL!” “My sins are forgiven,” but “He loved me, and gave Himself for me.” Such a testimony carries with it its own great force. A witness to the power and the love of Jesus fills those around with wonder; and they give the Lord the glory.

### HE WAS QUITE DEAF.

THE month of May had once more returned, the trees were again putting forth their summer leaves, the note of the bird, so long hushed, echoed in vale and hill; all was beautiful to behold, it seemed such a resurrection after the long, dark, winter months, and brought with it a deep sense of God's goodness and grace. It was during this month, in one of the most beautiful spots in the country, that an old man might have been seen walking slowly towards a level crossing on the railway. He could not hear the birds' sweet notes, for he was quite deaf. His head was bent, and he appeared quite indifferent to the lovely scene around him. One subject seemed to fill his mind.

He had been a hard-working man, and had acquired, by his industry, a little money; still the old man was not happy, for, although repeatedly warned and entreated, he had neglected God's free salvation. On he walked, and with head bent down reached the crossing, and as he was stepping on to the line, an express train came dashing along. The warning whistle was blown, but the old man did not hear it, and as he stepped off the last line the buffer caught him and hurled him to the side, dreadfully mutilating him.

Help was soon obtained, and the unhappy man was gently carried home to die. There he lay, groaning and writhing in agony, till the doctor punctured his injured parts and introduced several grains of morphia, which deadened the pain and gave him relief and rest.

The news of the accident soon spread through the town, and a servant of the Lord hastened to see the dying man and tell him of the Saviour who is willing to save, even at the eleventh hour.

“Oh,” said the dying man, “I am much better now, and hope to be about in a day or two, then I can think of those things.”

In vain did the christian beseech him to repent and be reconciled to God now, but he continued to refuse; the morphia had done its work and so

had Satan, and soon after he passed away. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

Unsaved reader, you are speeding on to eternity, every hour that passes brings you nearer to it. You, perhaps, know it, and, at times, feel it, but you deaden your pricking conscience by listening to fair promises of the deceiver. You shall have pleasure, he says, or money, or the glittering idols of the world; but if you go to the Lord Jesus you will have to become religious and give up all these things. Ah, reader, what are the amusements, the pleasures of the world, but the devil's morphia! All around, men and women are rendered insensible to eternal realities by it. Like the poor man who, because insensible to pain, fancied he was getting well, so are sinners deadened to the sense of eternal things by Satan's delusions, saying all is well, when, as a matter of fact, they are near eternal destruction.

Let this little anecdote warn you to come to the One who can alone give you true and eternal joy and peace. He bids you come, He wants to welcome you; His wound-prints tell His love, and from the heights of glory these precious words are spoken to you: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." w. s. w.

## ASSYRIAN SACRED SYMBOLS.

### The Bird and the Tree.

IN our former papers on this interesting land we were not able to refer to some of the sculptures, to which particular interest is attached. For example, there is a remarkable representation very commonly depicted on the slabs, which appears to symbolise the Divine presence. "It is a circle furnished with expanded wings of conventional form, within which is placed a human figure crowned with the sacred cap, but merging from the waist downwards into the spread tail of a bird." This mystic emblem is the protecting genius and companion of royalty, which was doubtless typical of the nation, hovering over the head of the king and with whom it is always acting in unison. When in battle, it holds a drawn bow with an arrow directed against the enemy; returning from the victory, the unstrung bow is held in the left hand, whilst the right is elevated as if in the act of blessing. If engaged in worship, the figure carries a ring, or raises the extended hand towards the king.

There is very little doubt that the Egyptian emblem of the "orb and wings" is the original of the Assyrian "Feroher," and substantially bears the

same import, both conveying the idea of the presence of a supreme deity, and probably derived from some dim reminiscence of the Presence of the Lord God betwixt the flaming cherubim that stood sentinel at the gates of a lost Paradise. The "Presence" too, from which Cain fled—a branded murderer, stained with a brother's blood.

There is, however, another equally interesting object commonly present in scenes of worship, and which usually occupies a position in a corner of the hall or chamber. This is a conventional representation of a tree, and consists of a highly floriated central stem, spreading out at the top like a palm tree, enclosed within a rude arch-headed frame, to which it is connected by interlacing branches and scrolls springing from honeysuckle ornaments placed at regular intervals round the frame. On either side of this tree is the king, twice repeated for the sake of uniformity, performing some religious rite, and behind him, on either side of the tree, is stationed a winged figure richly appalled, and holding in the uplifted hand a pine cone, the emblem of fire or some other sacred symbol, whilst immediately over the tree hovers the "Presence," or "Feroher," which is now pretty generally believed to be identical with "Baal" so repeatedly mentioned in the Old Testament.

This group cannot but remind us of the sword-girt cherubim which kept the way of the tree of life at the closed gates of Eden, and, indeed, the mystic figure represented, does really convey the idea of a tree seen through a gate, which latter is expressed by the arched frame in which it is enclosed.

Mr. Fergusson, in his treatise on Assyrian Architecture, considers this tree to be the object of idolatrous homage called in the Scripture Asshayrah, which has been rendered "the Groves," but which the learned Dr. Margoliouth considers to be incorrect, asserting that it should have been suffered to retain its Hebrew appellation, but remarking nevertheless that the Asshayrah *was* a symbolical tree, representing the host of heaven. Here then, doubtless, in the Feroher and sacred tree we may see represented the two famous idols, "Baalim and the Groves," which the children of Israel served "when they forsook the Lord and followed other gods of the people round about them."

We give a very exact illustration of the protecting genius and companion of royalty. This is precisely as the figure appears hovering over the chariot of the king as he is returning from some great victory.



THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—V.

(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20; Isa. xlv. 1.)

WITH untiring energy Cyrus endeavoured to extend the Persian Kingdom, and to exercise increased authority over all the bordering countries, and as soon as the conquests of the various nations, referred to in our last article, had been finally assured, he turned his attention to other and more distant lands.

There was a monarch ruling over certain States situated along the Western shores of Asia Minor who had attained considerable renown. In the first place, he was known to be the possessor of immense wealth, and in the next, he had accomplished much to advance the material interests of the people over whom he ruled. Moreover, he had united in his person the absolute government of a number of provinces that had each hitherto recognized its own little king. They really were small Greek dependencies, but this man Crœsus, King of Lydia, succeeded in compelling the Ionians, Dorians and other people all about that region to accept his rule and authority. Perhaps these facts excited the ambition of Cyrus and led him to determine to subdue, if possible, this powerful ruler; besides, the boundaries of the two kingdoms through the gradual absorption of territories into their respective empires, had gradually drawn the two nations much nearer to each other, until a conflict to decide upon the predominance of one side or the other became inevitable. Crœsus evidently foresaw this, and, as was customary in that day, consulted the celebrated Delphian Oracle as to the wisdom of commencing hostilities. He paid fabulous sums of gold to the crafty priestess of Apollo, and elicited the reply that has become proverbial as an example of subtily. He was told if he made war on Persia *an empire would be destroyed*. His army had in former wars proved invincible, and he imagined now that of course the empire to be destroyed must be that of Cyrus, and so he entered upon the campaign. Indeed, he was bold enough to declare war against him, and invaded his dominions. For a considerable time no very decisive results ensued; but ultimately the marvellous skill exhibited by Cyrus proved superior to that of his opponent. By a series of truly wonderful marches he forced Crœsus into a position in which he was compelled to fight a great battle, and at Thymbra his army was utterly defeated, and the remnant of it obliged to take refuge in the city of Sardis. After a short siege, however, he surrendered with all his troops, and the whole

of the Greek colonies which had been ruled by the King of Lydia came under Persian domination, and remained so subject for centuries.



THE RUINS OF ANCIENT SARDIS.

It is recorded to his honour that Cyrus acted most nobly towards Crœsus. He was taken to Persia, but was treated with the utmost courtesy and distinction, until he died at a very great age. Such was the end of this extraordinary man, whose wealth is even now spoken of with wonder, and has even passed into a proverb, for constantly we hear the expression now, "He was as rich as Crœsus," but like the poorest of the poor he had to die and leave it all, even if he were not bereft of it long before, when he became the captive of the great Persian king.

We have dwelt upon this event in the history of Cyrus, because we believe it to be only another link in the wonderful chain that seems to connect one incident with another in the life of such a man, so as eventually to bring about results which *must* occur in order that the prophecies of the Word should stand out manifestly fulfilled and unmistakable. What does Jeremiah say? Why, listen. About Babylon, the downfall of which was to be the culminating feature in the life of Cyrus, he says in chapter li., 27-29, "Prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms of Ararat, Minni, and Aschenaz. . . . Prepare against her the nations with the kings of the Medes, the captains thereof, and all the rulers thereof." We believe the events in the life of Cyrus we have previously recorded were just the preparations ordered by the Lord, so that His purposes regarding Babylon might be ultimately brought to pass. These nations of which we have been writing were being "prepared" for this consummation.

THE SURPASSING  
RICHES  
OF CHRIST.

THE Lord Jesus Christ is no longer here? He has left this earth, He is no more in this world. And why is this? Is it not in order that none might seek Him here below? but that with all the desire of our hearts we should seek Him *there, where He is*, in heaven, at the Father's right hand.

Thus does the Holy Spirit teach. Looking with the eye of faith, we see the Lord Jesus, we see Him who died for our sins, who rose again for our justification, who died in obedience to the Father, and who arose in triumph, alive with immortal life, who ascended in triumph to the right hand of the Majesty on high, who from thence gave great gifts, the fruit of His victory, the excellent graces of the Holy Spirit; who thus enriched His Church, which is His Body, by the gifts of ministry, and other gifts which should serve to that same holy ministry.

And this ministry was to be in order that the Church might know and understand the endless riches which it possesses in Christ, and in Christ alone.

SONGS  
OF TRIUMPH.

The volume from which the pleasing melody on this page is taken, contains, we are sure, many of the choicest pieces that have been issued for a long time, and we trust our readers will secure copies. It is published in paper covers at 6d.

(post free, 7½d.), and in cloth limp at 1s., or in cloth boards 1s. 6d., post free. They would be supplied at special rates in cases in which quantities were required for choirs or special services.

## Thy Boundless Love.

Rev. NEAL A. MCAULEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Be-hold the precious Lamb of God, Who died up-on the tree,
2. Be-hold the healing streams of grace, That from His side did flow,
3. Be-hold the cross He bore for me, Whereby He saved my soul;



1. That guil - ty sin - ners, such as I. Might thro' His grace be free.
2. I plunged beneath the crim - son flood, That wash - es white as snow.
3. His matchless grace shall be my theme, While countless a - ges roll.



CHORUS



Thy bound - less love I'll sing, Thy grace . . . so full and free,  
Thy boundless, boundless love I'll sing, Thy grace, Thy grace so full and free,



'Tis un - der Thy pro-TECT - ing wing, My soul delights to be. . . .  
delights to be.



The Hymns, "Count your Blessings," "Loyalty to Christ," and "The Wonderful Story," which have appeared in our pages this year, and also the one inserted this month, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled "Songs of Triumph."

## Jottings about the Bible.

### THE BOOK THAT BAD MEN HATE.

*"When Jehudi had read three or four leaves, he cut it with the penknife, and cast it into the fire that was on the hearth, until all the roll was consumed in the fire that was on the hearth."—Jer. xxxvi. 23.*

ONE reason why we believe that the Bible is the Word of God is the extraordinary and indefatigable pains taken by men of obscure integrity to get rid of the Bible. The things that bad men hate, it will, as a rule, be safe for good men to believe in. Men's hearts stain through on to their philosophy. It never ceases to be true that every one that "doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." Light always shows the spots. Bad men congregate under the shadows.

Men like to have the Bible vilified, because it eases a little the pressure on their conscience. It is always possible to gather an audience to listen to an unbeliever. Men do not want to believe, and are glad to hear the man that will meet them at the level of their wish. If they did not consciously stand beneath the Bible's reproof, they would hardly have an interest in hearing it maligned.

And we should win wondrous confidence in these staunch, sturdy Scriptures of God, if we could, for a moment, see this one volume standing up in all the serenity of its celestial powers, begirt by all the thousands upon thousands of panoplied books that have been sent out to beat it down.

The strength of a champion is measured by the strength of the men that are needed to overmaster him.

And yet, there was never a time when the Bible stood more evidently sovereign of the field, and sovereign of human hearts than to-day. The Bible has taken no detriment. The rents its enemies have made are hardly such as to reward the pains of their valour. As has been elegantly said, "They are like scratches on the stones of the Milan Cathedral, like the breaking of a single pane of its pictured glass. The great structure stands unimpaired, shining imperial in the serene Italian air."

And then these destroyers of the Bible give us nothing in its place. They belabour the poor Hebrews and scant fishermen who composed for us the Law and the Gospel, but never go about throwing their better wit and finer genius into the

work of making a Gospel that is superior. It was a motto of Napoleon's,

"To replace is to conquer."

These antagonists of the Bible will have to give us something in place of the Bible before they can break the power of the Bible. And if they have the courage to crush the fulcrum on which civilization has pivoted for forty centuries, what is the meaning of their modest hesitancy in setting up something that shall make the abstraction good?

When St. Boniface had hewn down the sacred oak worshipped by the savages in the tangled forests of Germany, he did not stop with destroying it, but when it was felled, built out of its fallen and splintered fragments the chapel of St. Peter, and in the room of the worship of Thor, the Thunderer, left the worship of Christ, the Crucified. "To replace is to conquer," and the theology of the forests fled back ABASHED BEFORE THE THEOLOGY OF THE CROSS.

And so with these destructionists: let them show themselves constructionists as well. Out of the ruins of the old, let them build us a comfortable little chapel of the new. It is but just; it is but honest; it is but the rendering of an equivalent. Removing old support, let them give us something in its place that heart and mind can lean upon, something that will go forward, beautifying the home, purifying society, cultivating kindly relations among nations, holding men in proper relations with men, developing character, repressing the baser passions, stimulating the finer ones, creating in men peace and joy, robbing the death chamber of its gloom, and the grave of its shadow, and suffusing life with that beauteous serenity with which the Word of God has been for three thousand years so triumphantly demonstrating its power to do. And so I believe the Bible is the Word of God, because bad men are so bad as to hate it, and brilliant wickedness is incompetent to offer anything in its stead.

### "WHERE THE DEEP WATER FLOWS."

A PASSENGER on board a Mississippi steamer was having some conversation with the pilot, who mentioned that he had been for twenty years on that line, upon which the former remarked—

"Then, of course, you are well acquainted with every point of danger along the whole passage?" "Far from it," was the pilot's reply, "but I know where the deep water flows."

May we, like this man, keep in the right track, thus avoiding the unknown rocks and quicksands on which so many have been wrecked!

**MY GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL  
YOUR NEED.**

THE slanting rays of the setting sun lit up the little cottage, and shone full upon the face of an old lady who was seated at the small round table in the middle of the kitchen. She was a very old woman, and she was nearing the gates of the celestial city, waiting on the banks of the river to be summoned by her King. Her big Bible lay open on the table. She had been reading the sixth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. Her spectacles now marked the place. "Behold the fowls of the air," she murmured in her quavering voice, "they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. . . . Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need. . . . Take therefore no thought for the morrow."

The sun sank lower in the west; the evening shadows were beginning to fall, but the light had not left that wrinkled face. The feeble hands stretched themselves up to the antiquated mob cap to feel if it were in its right place, then smoothed the creases from the white apron, for the aged pilgrim had a request to make known to God. The moment she uttered His name she felt He was with her, and she liked to look her neatest. "Heavenly Father," she murmured, "I want to ask you yet one more favour before I come home. I don't want to be worrying about 'food and raiment' like them 'Gentiles' in the sixth chapter, for you've given me everything I want in that way. I've enough food to last till Tuesday, but the rent, Heavenly Father, must be paid on Monday. I'm counting on you to send it by then, and I know I sha'n't be disappointed. I never have been yet, and I never 'specks to be."

Thus she went on, speaking to her Master as a child would speak to its father. This was her golden hour, her time for holding the "sweet communion" He has promised to those who "abide in Him." Did she doubt that her prayer would be answered? Never for an instant. She had trusted God for more than three-fourths of a century, and was now between ninety and a hundred years old, but no doubt of His love and care for her ever crossed her mind now.

Next day was Sunday, and in the little meeting-room on the hill a few simple-hearted worshippers were gathered together. One amongst them you could not help noticing; when he stood up to sing his fine physique and flowing beard made him conspicuous. Generally his voice resounded through the room, filling up every weak part in the harmony, and giving outsiders the impression that there were a goodly number of worshippers. But to-day

"the daughters of music" were low, for Jacob could not sing in the face of bodily indisposition. How many strong men, unaccustomed to physical infirmity can? When the closing prayer was being offered, a voice as from God spoke loud and clear in Jacob's soul. "Widow G. is in need of seven shillings, take her that sum this afternoon." The ailing giant was inclined to be a little bit wrath with his Master for choosing him for such an errand under the circumstances. He was willing to give the money, but it was a long, troublesome walk to the widow's cottage. Jacob tried to think that the voice meant nothing, but it was no good. The King's business required him, so he braced up his great frame for the effort, and the walk did him good. He tapped on the door of the cottage, and entered, as he had been accustomed to do when he was a boy. The old lady was not surprised to see him. "Oh! Jacob, boy!" she said, "so you've come to sing and pray with Granny once more on this side of the river." (He would always be a "boy" to her, though his hair was grey.) "Ay, Gran, I'm on the King's business this afternoon, and no mistake," he said. "The Master has sent you this." He placed the money she had petitioned for in her shaking hand, the exact sum. "Yes," she said, "its all right, I knew it was coming, Jacob, but I didn't know who would bring it." This remark from the aged saint clenched the evidence that Jacob had been chosen by God to be His minister, and this so cheered his heart that his bodily weakness was forgotten. "Let us praise Him," said Jacob, and the old lady joined her quavering tones with his—

"How good is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end."

I. F. Q.

**READING THE BIBLE.**

READ God's Word as He has written it, for the Bible means what it says. Read the Bible as God's word to you, your own self, for God is speaking to you by His word. Read the Bible prayerfully, for we cannot understand it save as He teaches us its meaning by His Holy Spirit. Read the Bible frequently, for the more often it is read the more joy do God's children find in reading it. There was a little boy who lived in the days when it was not lawful to read God's word. He learned five chapters by heart, and then his Bible was taken from him, when he said, "You may take away the book, but you can never take away from me the five chapters, for I have those in my heart."



## OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.

*Golden Text*—"I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist. But he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he."  
—Luke vii. 28. Read Luke vii. 18—30.

## READING ON THE LESSON.

18. "And the disciples of John shewed him of all these things." Matthew (xi. 2) says that John heard in the prison the works of Christ. This first verse of our lesson tells how he heard, and suggests to all disciples of Christ to be ever telling His wondrous works. Are you so glad that you have heard that you, with all your heart, want others to hear—those in the prisons, those in the heathen darkness?

19, 20. "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?" John had baptized Him, had seen the Spirit descend upon Him, had pointed Him out as the Lamb of God, and now this question. What does it mean? Is it for himself or for his disciples' sake that he asks it? Would he have these disciples of his made sure that Jesus was the Christ, that they might follow Him?

21, 22. "Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard." Thus said Jesus to John's disciples after He had done many works before them which only God could do, and preached the gospel to the poor as only He who spake as never man spake could preach it.

23. "And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." Does not this seem like a very special word for John, and indicate that John was somewhat offended? If you wonder at it, try and put yourself in his place.

24. "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" Thus began Jesus to speak of John after his messengers were departed. Some light upon this figure may be found in 1 Kings xiv. 15; Isa. xxxvi. 6; xliii. 3. It may be suggestive of weakness easily influenced, which John certainly was not. In Isa. vii. 2, trees moved with the wind is a symbol of fear in the heart.

25. "But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they which are gorgeously apparelled and live delicately are in kings' courts." John was not rich in this world's goods, his raiment being camel's hair and a leathern girdle, and his meat, locusts and wild honey (Matt. iii. 4). He was great in the sight of the Lord and sought only His approval, filled with His Spirit (Luke i. 15). He sought the hearts of men for God, that they might learn to welcome the Son of God when He came.

26. "But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet." By comparing Ex. iv. 16; vii. 1, we get one meaning of the term "prophet"—one who becomes the mouth or spokesman of another.

27. "This is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send My messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." While all the prophets spake of Him (Acts x. 43), it was given to John only of all the prophets to be His immediate forerunner and to see Him in the flesh and to point Him out as the Lamb of God and Israel's Messiah.

28. "For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist. But he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." When the kingdom comes, the least in it will be greater than John then was, and John himself in his glorified body at the resurrection of the just shall be greater than he ever was before.

29, 30. "And all the people that heard him, and the publicans justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John." The "people" and the "publicans" justified God, while "the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves." Christ truly came to seek and to save that which was lost.

## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

It is very pleasant to find you grow more numerous month by month, but such being the case, you must not be surprised that I cannot manage to write to you privately, much as I should like to, when I get such loving letters from you, dears. You must take it that what I say now is just meant for each one of you, for I earnestly pray God that it may be helpful to each dear lad and lassie. One little word though to Mary L. P., who begs me to cancel the rule that the children should have no help. I am so sorry to have to refuse to do so, dear Mary, but if you will think the matter over, you will see that it would simply mean that the child that had most help would carry off the palm from those who had least, and therefore who worked hardest. I hope you all agree with me.

We will now talk over Genesis ii. together. Be sure you read it carefully. The first three verses rightly belong to chapter i., telling us of God, the Creator, satisfied with His work, and resting on the seventh day; as one has said, "the rest of delight in love's desires accomplished." A rest that was soon broken into, for God cannot rest when man is sorrowful and suffering. That was how Jesus angered the Jews, for He told them on the Sabbath day: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work" (John v. 17). He found a man without strength and friendless, and the Saviour-God could keep no Sabbath.

Now, in this chapter we learn that God never meant man to be independent of Himself. It would not have been for his good or for his happiness that he should be so. He was indeed to have dominion over every living thing (ch. i. 28), but he was to own the supremacy of the Lord God. You now no longer read of God only, God the Creator; but of "the Lord God," *i.e.*, God in relationship with man, man owning Him as moral Governor, Master, and Ruler. And I am sure Adam was very glad to own the authority of this gracious Lord God, who cared for him so tenderly, even to the planting of a garden that would just suit him; for that lovely Eden did not come by chance, God arranged it on purpose for Adam (ver. 8), even as we read in John xiv. that the Lord Jesus has now gone "to prepare a place" for us when we leave this world by sin undone.

The Lord God gave Adam employment, for it is never to His mind that men are idlers (ver. 10), and He gave him a commandment to keep (vers. 16, 17)—a very simple one; it could not well have been otherwise, for it was a command to an innocent man. It was just a question of doing or not doing the will of God; and you

know how it ended in his doing his own will, and not God's, and that is *sin*.

But though Adam slighted God's authority He has not given up His claims on man. You will find a verse in Ezekiel which says, "*All souls are mine*," and we read (Rev. iv. 10, 11) that those who worship before the throne in heaven say: "Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

Well, dears, don't let us forget that there is nothing grander than doing the will of God. Perhaps, like me, some of you feel a bit downcast at times to think how little of anything big or grand there is in your life? Let us comfort ourselves by remembering that the angels, who "excel in strength," can after all only "do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word" (Ps. ciii. 20), that is, just obediently doing what God gives them to do, where He puts them to do it.

In the "deep sleep" of Adam (ver. 21), we have a faint figure of the awful death of the precious Saviour, who "loved the church, and gave Himself for it" (Eph. v. 25), who died that He might redeem to Himself that vast multitude who shall by-and-by share His glory as "the bride, the Lamb's wife" (Rev. xxi. 9).

At no less a cost could He have brought us into union with Himself, and God, who knew the end from the beginning, thus ordered that at the very outset of man's history we should have a wonderful figure of the sufferings of Christ, in order to purchase for Himself those who should in eternity sit with Him on His throne (Rev. iii. 21).

Alas! dear children, the fair garden of Eden with its sweet river is no more here! But there are yet the green pastures and the still waters for those who can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Ps. xxiii. 1, 2). Have you heard the Good Shepherd's voice? Are you of the sheep of His pasture?

Ever your loving,  
AUNT ALICE.

#### QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. Where does it tell us that the Lord Jesus lay in the grave on the Sabbath, and arose on the first day of the week?
2. Find in the Gospel of John that the Lord after His resurrection twice came where the disciples were assembled on the first day of the week.
3. Give three passages from the Revelations about the tree of life, quoting the last from R.V. if possible.
4. Where does David speak of the river that "shall make glad the city of God"?
5. Where is the last mention of the river of water of life?
6. Under what name did God reveal Himself to

Abraham, to Israel in their bondage, and to the disciples by the Lord Jesus?

7. Which Gospel tells us that the Lord Jesus was buried in a garden?

8. In what epistle is Genesis ii. 24 quoted, and to whom is it applied?

9. Where does Paul write that the Church is "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all"?

10. In what is the Bride of the Lamb arrayed to be ready for the marriage?

11. Can you find in Ezekiel "all souls are mine"?

12. Give four verses from 1st Epistle of Peter on doing the will of God.

A reference Bible may be used, but no Concordance, and no help given.

Answers to be sent in before the end of the month, addressed only to:

AUNT ALICE,  
The Grange,  
Mansfield Woodhouse.

#### ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS

1. 1 John i. 5.
2. John iii. 20.
3. Ephesians v. 11; 2 Corinthians vi. 14.
4. Psalm xix. 1.
5. Psalm civ. 6-9.
6. Galatians v. 22, 23.
7. John xv. 5.
8. Proverbs xi. 30; xv. 4.
9. Romans xiii. 12.
10. 1 Thessalonians v. 6-8.
  1. "Let us not sleep."
  2. "Let us watch and be sober."
  3. "Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on," &c.
11. Josh. x. 13; 2 Kings xx. 11; or Isa. xxxviii. 8.
12. Exodus x. 20; Luke xxiii. 44; or Matt. xxvii. 45.

#### OUR SOUTH AFRICAN FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

IT is only due to our kind helpers in connection with this paper to say, how grateful we are for all the generous support we have received in helping us to send gospel literature to the troops at the front. We felt it was a grand opportunity to reach the hearts of men, when they were face to face with death. We are sure God has graciously overruled even the dread consequences of this conflict to bring blessing to many a poor fellow who voyaged to distant Africa without any true knowledge of the Saviour. We have various splendid testimonies to this effect from different workers in the hospitals and in the field.

We have also been most anxious to be able to let the British prisoners at Pretoria have volumes of THE SPRINGING WELL, &c. These poor fellows must have a most isolated and tedious time, and we are thankful to announce that through the intervention of a friend whose name we are not at liberty to give at present, we have been enabled to send a first parcel through to the capital of the Transvaal, for the use of our officers and soldiers.

We hope to hear soon of its safe arrival and distribution, but as we could not provide copies for more than about one-third of the captives, we venture to ask our readers to aid us with funds to supply at any rate 500 more volumes. They would be sent free, and be charged at cost price, THAT IS, £5 FOR 120 COPIES.

We have been privileged to send large quantities of Bibles and Testaments, and copies of THE SPRINGING WELL, and other gospel books and papers for the soldiers and for the wounded in the hospitals, to—

- Mrs. Osborn-Howe, at De Aar Junction, Sterkstroom, and elsewhere.  
 Mr. Wheeler, Soldiers' Christian Association, Durban, Maritzburg, and elsewhere.  
 The Hon. H. Ball, care of Sir Walter Peace, Agent-General for Natal.  
 Mr. Garrioch and workers, at Modder River, and other places.  
 Mr. Jasper Smith, at various places on the frontier.  
 Miss Perks, Soldiers' Home for Troops entraining.  
 The Open Air Mission for the same, and to about twenty individual workers, scattered over the entire theatre of war.

The following letter from our friend Mr. Jasper Smith shows how earnestly the workers long for Bibles, Testaments, and good gospel books for circulation. Mr. Smith was a merchant in Johannesburg, but was obliged to leave when war broke out, and has since devoted his time to evangelistic and material labour amongst the soldiers. May God abundantly bless him and all others labouring thus for the eternal blessing of the men. Mr. Jasper Smith writes:—

DURBAN, NATAL,  
 March 18th, 1900.

DEAR MR. HOLNESS,

I have been with a friend (Mr. Playfair) for some months now at the front with our troops in Natal. We have been supplying our soldiers with writing material and religious literature, also holding meetings among them, with, I am pleased to say, very blessed results. We have had many cases of real conversion. The men face to face with death are in many cases under deep conviction, fully realizing the awful risk they run in further neglecting salvation, and in consequence are easily led to Christ. This is a terrible war; the losses on both sides have been heavy. The reverses our men have suffered, I believe, are good for them spiritually; their pride has been humbled, AND THEY NOW ARE LED TO LOOK UPON DEATH AND ETERNITY AS VERY REAL AND NEAR. I have for many weeks past contemplated writing you to ask if you could help us with some Bibles, Testaments, books, &c., &c., suitable for distribution among our men. I think that *back* numbers of THE SPRINGING WELL would be suitable. We have come to the end of the local supplies and funds. If yourself and friends in England can supply us with literature of a decidedly evangelical character, I shall be very glad to circulate them.

If you are able to supply me with such, will you kindly address to me, care of Messrs. Playfair & Co., West Street, Durban? I think the Shipping Companies would carry them free of charge. If any difficulty in this

connection, see Mr. Currie Smith of "The Castle Company."

I am now in Durban for a day or two on business, but return to the front immediately. I have taken a number of photos of interesting things connected with the campaign. If you care for them, I should be glad to let you have some for illustrating THE SPRINGING WELL, or perhaps a small book well illustrated on the spiritual side of the campaign could be got out.

Yours sincerely,  
 (Signed) H. JASPER SMITH.

We have received the following amounts for the Free Distribution Fund, several of the larger items being specific donations for particular places in South Africa:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. O. Berkwell ... ..	0	5	0
From a Friend, Shepherd's Bush ...	0	3	0
M. S. C. Ashburne ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. E., Camberney ... ..	0	2	6
W. H. B., London, for Mr. Jasper Smith's work ... ..	5	0	0
S., Plumstead ... ..	0	2	0
A. Z., Jersey ... ..	0	5	0
J. Y., Aldershot ... ..	0	5	0
"D. R.," Natal, Cape Colony, the Free State, and South African work generally ... ..	25	19	6
J. G. P. C. Hulme ... ..	5	0	0
Two Friends, Clapham ... ..	0	10	0
W., Norfolk ... ..	0	2	6

We shall be pleased to receive and forward parcels of Bibles, Testaments, and reliable Gospel literature, as well as further donations for the fund. The opportunity is most wonderful, and the call to God's people in this land most urgent.

#### OUR LEPER FUND.

WE tender deepest thanks to those who have helped this Fund. India cries aloud for help! Shall we not hear? The famine is awful, and the poor lepers. Oh may God give us hearts (as He does) to think of those who are suffering in that land.

Our friends will accept our sincere gratitude for the following:—

	£	s.	d.
C. H. & Family, Weymouth ... ..	0	8	0
A. Y. H., Chippenham ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. E., Camberney ... ..	0	2	6
"Z.," Nettlestone ... ..	0	2	0
F. F. & E. Z., Paddington ... ..	0	3	0
Two Friends, Clapham... ..	0	15	0
T. N., Ryde ... ..	0	2	0

#### EDITOR'S NOTE,

WE very much regret not to be able this month to give the names of successful competitors to the COMBINATION TEXT. The answers have been so numerous that our friends have not completed the examination, but will do so (d.v.) ready for insertion in the June issue.

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestions likely to render THE SPRINGING WELL increasingly useful.

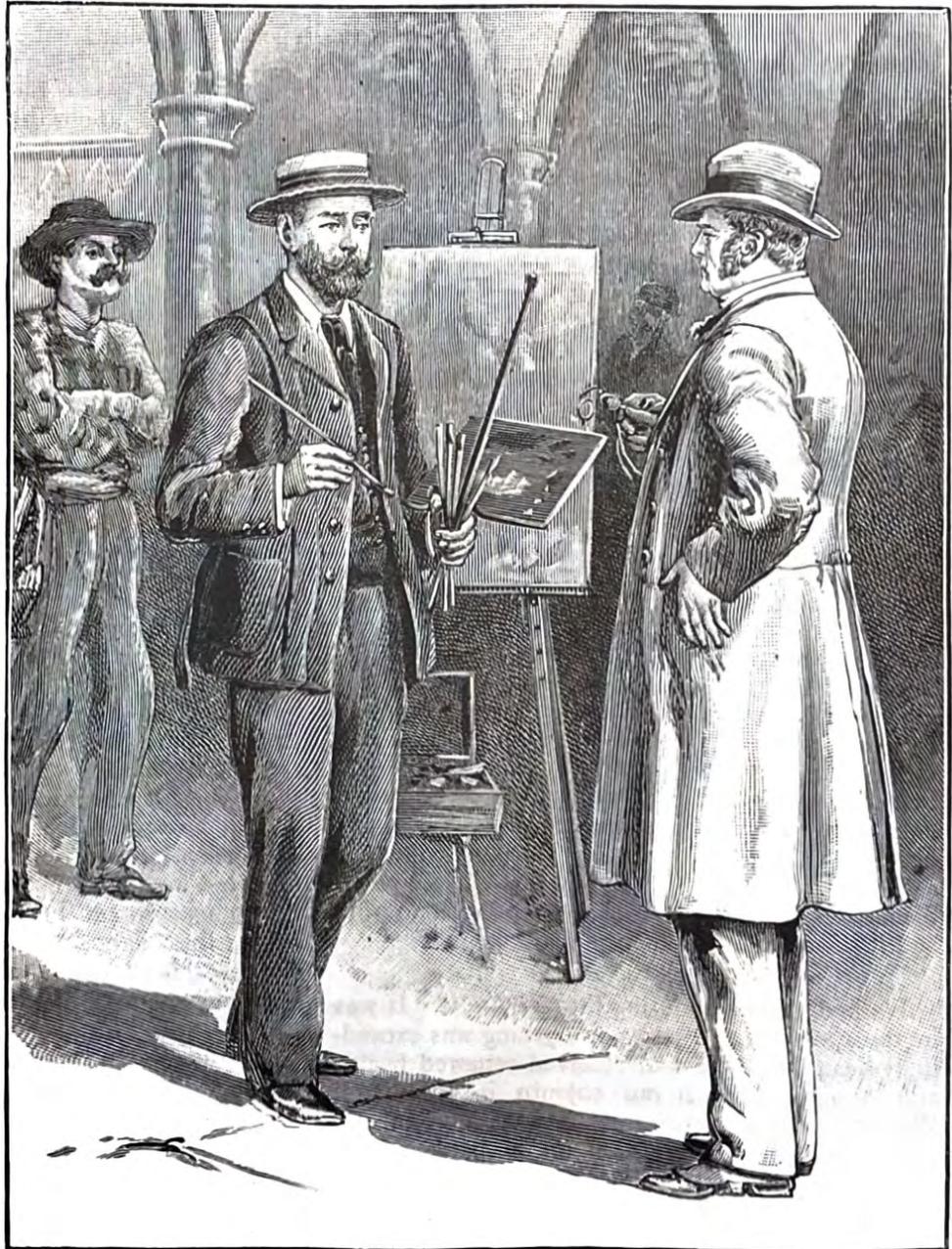


# The SPRINGING WELL

## or Waters that fail not.

A STORY OF  
VERONA AND  
VENICE; or,  
We Must Meet  
God.

WE have read the story of a young fellow who left his home and friends because he was always being spoken to about his soul; so he went from England and obtained an engagement in the North. Great, however, was his astonishment when almost the first question addressed to him by his new employer was: "Tell me if you are saved?" This startled him mightily, for, said he, "God has followed me to Scotland. I could get away from my mother but I cannot get away from God." It was true indeed; for years he had resisted the earnest entreaties of his devoted mother and friends, but this sudden question, coming so unexpectedly, went home to his heart, and the first letter he wrote to his mother was to tell her the joyful tidings: "God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul." We are sure the conviction is often borne in upon the minds of men that we cannot



get away from God—that WE MUST MEET GOD.  
We believe that such incidents are not un-

common. Men, much as they may desire to do so, cannot get outside the range of the presence

of God, and He chooses sometimes strange means to bring the careless and the sinful to a sense of this. David discovered the solemn reality of it when he was led to pen these words: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven THOU ART THERE; if I make my bed in hell, behold THOU ART THERE; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me" (Ps. cxxxix. 7—10).

Besides, how often are christian men and women, in the course of their lives, obliged to observe God's distinct direction and leading. We remember what appeared to be a mysterious instance of this some years ago. We were travelling in Scotland, and wherever we went we met a singular looking individual. When we reached a town far away in the western islands, or when travelling through some romantic glen, there he was! He seemed to be a solitary man, and at last we felt obliged to speak to him. Then we discovered why he had been thus strangely thrown across our path, and we are sure our words proved to be of interest and of mutual benefit and blessing. Truly is it written, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord" (Rom. xiv. 7, 8).

Another example of this repeated interposition we have especially upon our minds. We are apt to think that prodigals always wear rags and come home in wretchedness and ruin, but this is not so. There are thousands who to all outward appearance are all right, and have *apparently* never reached the extremities of the far country. They have never *seemingly* had to feed upon the "husks that the swine did eat," but it has been so AS FAR AS THEIR SOULS ARE CONCERNED. They may be all right externally, but as God sees, there is a canker at the core and they need to come to themselves fully as much as the young man who had "wasted his substance with riotous living."

\* \* \* \* \*

We had been wandering through Italy. It was in the spring of the year; everything was exceedingly beautiful. We had received renewed health and strength through our sojourn in that land. We reached the picturesque city of Verona one cloudless evening, and walked on the banks of the swiftly flowing Adige. There before us rose the famous amphitheatre, within the mighty arena of which we knew that many a martyr had suffered death for Christ's sake. Afterwards we ascended an elevation to get a better view of the vast ruin and of the beautiful city, bathed as it was in the glare and glory of the brilliant sunset. Just as we

were about to leave our point of vantage we noticed a gentleman, evidently an artist, just finishing his work for the day.

We had no desire to be intrusive, and at first refrained from looking very particularly at the painting, which, almost completed, still rested upon his easel. Whether he had an idea that we came from England we cannot tell, but in a polite way he asked if we did so, and inquired if we were specially interested in the city. This led to a pleasant conversation, not only as to the historic fame of the fine old place, but also about his picture. He was a man about thirty years of age, of medium height, thin, and active in appearance. He wore a straw hat with a red band round it, and had on a loose light jacket, and looked, as he evidently was, an artist and a man of education and taste and talent. We had walked together until we reached the interior of the old city, and were about to separate, when my companion said, "I like to meet friends from England: it reminds me of old days. I left home years ago and have never been back since, and don't mean to go." We asked the reason for this, and to our amazement ascertained that his father and mother were christians. "The real sort," he declared; "there was no mistake about that, but I could not stand it. They were always praying for me, and talking to me about my soul, and speaking about God and Christ and heaven and hell, and telling me I was a sinner, and I came away here, where a fellow can live without being perpetually bothered about these things."

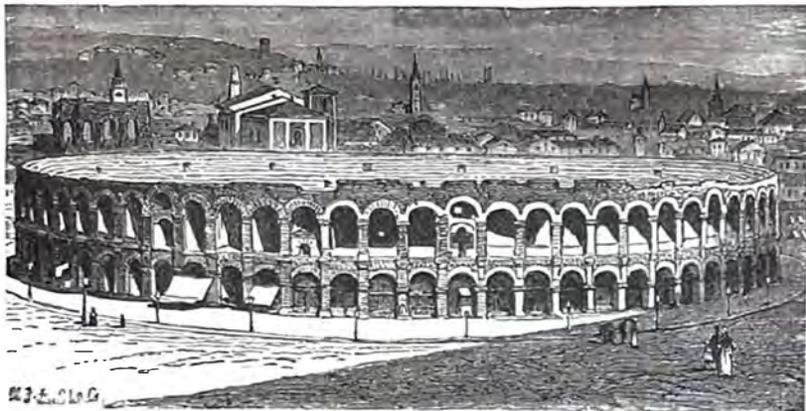
It was only a few more words we could exchange with our friend, but we told him as frankly as we could, that we believed his father and mother were right and that he was wrong, and that above all things else it was imperative and necessary that he should know the deep reality of these things concerning "God and Christ and heaven and hell." We said we might never meet again, but it would be an inestimable blessing if he were to become one of the "right sort," as he said his parents were, but that this could only be through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and in the work He finished "once for all" upon the cross of Calvary. We parted, and as we did so expressed the firm conviction that the time would come when he would know the inestimable blessings of a full and perfect salvation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not very long after the incident we have related we were in Venice. We had visited most of the historic places in that marvellous City of the Sea. The story of its wonderful origin had interested us for years, and much of its matchless history we knew well. We were acquainted with the perseverance and courage of its founders, and the heroism and

boldness of the brave men who made the influence of this little State felt throughout the known world ; but at last we were in the city itself, and were able to examine its beautiful buildings and wander at our will along its strange, silent waterways.

It is not our desire to speak particularly of these



THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA.

things in this article ; it is not the place, perhaps, to do so ; but we can say that any one who knows at all the records of the people of Venice cannot but have their hearts thrilled as they see for themselves, that which speaks of the earnest struggles of a brave nation for religious and national freedom. The very architecture of many of its splendid edifices is eloquent of this, to say nothing of the astonishing fact that the makers of Venice originally anchored their dwelling place deep down beneath the waves of the swelling Adriatic and, disciplined by adversity, gradually made for themselves a name that has been the wonder of the world. Indeed, as we stood before the cathedral of S. Mark, we felt in many ways it was the most unique structure in the world, because, for a critical period, issues that influenced the whole of Europe clustered around its majestic portals, beneath the sombre shadow of which Frederick Barbarossa, on July 23, 1177, submitted, alas ! to the authority of Pope Alexander III. The Emperor, kneeling at the feet of the Pope, exclaiming "*Non tibi sed Petro,*" to which Alexander proudly and authoritatively rejoined, "*Et mihi et Petro.*"

However, we had explored the principal places in the city, and were thinking of bringing our delightful sojourn to a close, when we were advised to rise before the dawn so as to see the sun burst through the eastern gates of the ocean and enwrap the city in its golden glory. One morning, therefore, we left our abode just as the first streaks of day appeared. Instead of the usual busy motion of a multitude of people passing to and fro, it was all quiet and still. After proceeding along a very

narrow street we emerged upon the unrivalled Place of S. Mark. The celebrated pigeons appeared to be astonished at our early appearance, and the officer guarding the lonely square clearly, after regarding us carefully, came to the conclusion, that we were a devotee on our way to the great cathedral for early orisons, but we hastened on to reach the Lido so as to watch the sun as he came up out of the depths of the Adriatic.

Those who are acquainted with this part of Venice know that between the Palace of the Doges and S. Mark's are two richly sculptured pillars known as the *Pillars of S. Jean d'Acre*. They were once part of a gateway, the possession to which was held in common by the Republics of Genoa and Venice, but in 1256 they came into conflict as to the owner-

ship. The Venetians conquered, and sent home the two pillars from Acre as evidences of their triumph. We were able to examine quietly on that early morning the marvellous tracery on these old trophies and to take a quiet and final survey of the grand Ducal staircase, the architectural marvels of which have been the delight and wonder of myriads of people of every country and clime. We had, however, just turned to pass out towards the Lido, from whence the broad expanse of the waters before the city is visible, when, to our pleasure and astonishment, there was our old friend of Verona standing by his easel all ready for work. He seemed delighted to meet us once more, and referred with sincere gratification to our former conversation. We expressed surprise that he was out so early in the morning, and ventured to say that he must be an enthusiast in art to rise so soon. As we spoke we observed he was eagerly watching the Campanile, the magnificent tower that stands in noble and exquisite proportions just in the foreground of the Piazza. "Yes," he replied, "I am obliged to be here now, for I AM WAITING FOR THE SUN TO RISE," and so he was, for hardly had the words escaped his lips before the bright beams of light began to play across the water and break upon the splendid specimen of man's genius just opposite. In an instant our friend was busy at his painting, for the whole scene became merged in the glory of the sun's rays. The morning light, calm and clear and marvellously beautiful, stole over palace and pillar and marble monument, and chased away the darker shadows of the gloom and revealed a scene of loveliness which can never be effaced from our memory.

We sat apart from our friend for some time so that he might pursue his work without interruption, but after a time he asked us to notice the fruit of his efforts, and there, sure enough, just as if he had caught the inspiration of the light, by a few bold artistic touches he had caused the deeper shadows in his picture to disappear, and had brought out all the wonderful edifices he had reproduced in it, illuminated with the light and glory of the beams of the rising sun.

We have often noticed how unbelieving men seem bound to refer to religious subjects. They seem unable to avoid it. A spell seems to be upon them in this respect. A christian once said to an infidel, "Why do you not leave the Bible alone?" And the answer came instantly, "Why, because the Bible will not leave us alone." Now this is true. If men go down to destruction it is their own fault. God's word warns; it entreats; it beseeches men to surrender. If they will not, the responsibility rests upon themselves. They will not in eternity be able to plead that they were never forewarned of their peril. So with our friend; although he professed to be a sceptic, he could not be at rest, and he turned instinctively to the topic the moment he had the chance. He assured us he had quietly thought over the matter and had "come to the conclusion that it was impossible to believe in the doctrines of christianity." We had a long talk to him, urged him for his soul's welfare to turn to God, spoke solemnly of eternity—of the long, long eternity into which he must enter some day, and earnestly exhorted him to accept the Saviour then; but it all seemed of no avail. We remember his last words at that time. "Here are you," said he, "an Englishman journeying about these towns—you seem to like it as much as other people, and yet you say you are a christian! I cannot understand it at all. I *can* understand any one turning religious and entering a cloister and spending their days in prayer; but you seem to move about and enjoy these things as much as I, and yet you know, as you say, that there are multitudes of your fellow-creatures passing along to eternal sorrow."

We told our friend how true it was that in many respects we were just like other men; that we loved that which was good and true and beautiful wherever these characteristics were to be discovered; that as we passed from place to place we recognised God's hand everywhere, in the mountains, in the valleys, in the broad swelling sea; and the great difference between us consisted in this, that we regarded whatever power or ability we had to appreciate His mighty works as coming direct from Himself, as He was

the Author of it all. And, moreover, that our faith as a believer in Christ sanctified all these gifts and caused our souls to live in perpetual gratitude to the great Giver of it all. "Why," we added, "your first words to us this morning brought a flood of thought into our mind. 'I am waiting for the sun to rise,' you said, and there was deep significance in that! It is true you meant the natural sun, and sure enough it came as God had ordained it should, bringing light to the earth, and gladness and glory all around, but, friend, before we part this morning let us say to you in all love and sincerity, what a day that will be, when 'the Sun of Righteousness' shall 'arise with healing in His wings,' and bring light and joy into your darkened heart and drive away the shadows and the shame of a life lived 'without God.'"

We parted once more, and strange to say neither of us referred to the probability of our meeting again; but as we hurried to our residence the thought was pressed upon us that the prayers of that godly father and mother away in England would yet be answered, and that they would surely hear that their son had yielded his heart to the Saviour and knew the inestimable joy and peace of a heavenly Father's boundless love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, we believe, our readers will be interested to go with us for a short voyage away from Venice. As we stand upon the Molo or upon the Piazzetta at the extremity of the Place of S. Mark and look across the waters, there far away in the distance rise the peaks of the mountains on the mainland, but in the immediate foreground are several low-lying islands that appear to rest upon the bosom of the sea. It is a lovely afternoon, and we can easily take a gondola and glide across the lagoon. We have heard of a noted cemetery upon S. Michele, and so we will proceed thither. As we are borne across the quiet waters the pinnacled city rises apparently out of the sea behind us, and gives us a vivid picture of "this veritable sea-bird's nest," as one called it thirteen hundred years ago. It is a strange experience to be thus swiftly and pleasantly steered over these tranquil seas. With exceeding rapidity and precision the gondolier seems, almost without effort, to direct the fragile bark to the point where we wish to land. We know there are upon this island one or two features of antiquarian and historic interest, and these we will visit first, and afterwards proceed to the great cemetery. Our boat is moored to the little landing place, and the boatman will patiently wait till our return, however long it may be, and so we examine that in which

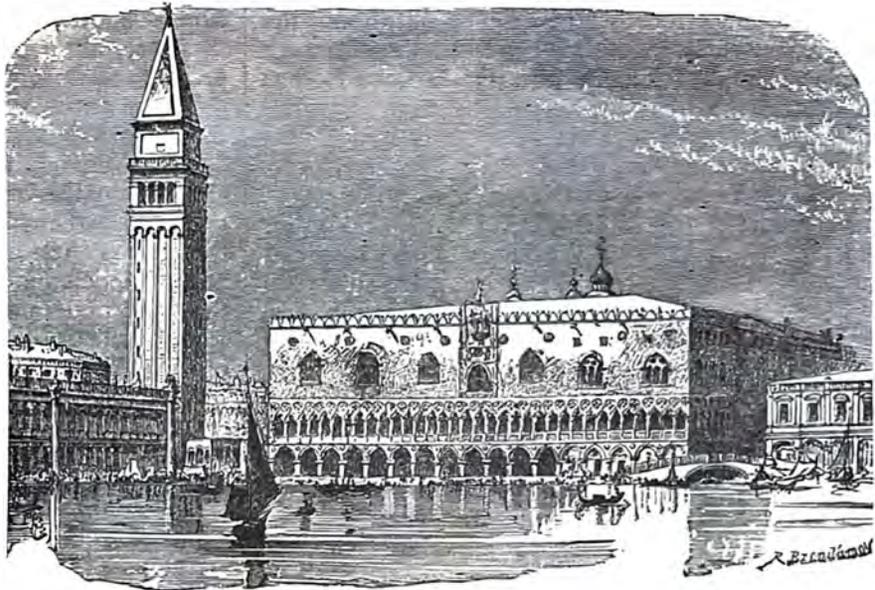
we are especially interested, and then enter the burying ground. Here rest the remains of countless thousands who have died in the great city yonder, and day by day, as it has been for centuries, the dead are being ferried over, some to await the Archangel's trump and to "be raised incorruptible" (1 Cor. xv. 52), and others to await that solemn time when the dead, small and great, stand before God" (Rev. xx. 12). Although it is a large place, we wondered to notice by the dates how for hundreds and hundreds of years vast numbers of the dead had been buried here. The tombs and graves were closely packed, and in response to our expression of surprise as to where room would be found for more it was said, "There is room enough yet for all Venice in it." However, let us make our way amongst some of these marvellous monuments. All that genius and art can do to beautify and perpetuate the memory of loved ones we see on every hand. Inscriptions telling of hope beyond the grave abound, and those who know God's Word at all must be struck by the manifold references to the certainty of resurrection and immortality. But, as it is everywhere upon earth, the tale told is that

"Death comes down with noiseless footsteps  
 To the palace and the hut,"

for the rich and the poor are all intermingled. The marble mausoleum and the nameless grave are all side by side and tell truly that "it is *appointed* unto men once to die." (Heb. ix. 27.)

But we walked round this silent place until the evening came on and we began to think it was time to return, when, as we reached a retired corner of the place, our astonishment was great to observe, leaning over a newly-made grave, our friend of Verona and Venice. He was apparently passing through the deepest grief, and we stood aside unobserved, and felt quite awed by the evident sorrow of the man. We approached and touched and startled him before eliciting any recognition, Then he seemed to be perturbed by such an exhibition of intense feeling that we asked him to explain it all, and he told us how recently his companion, one with whom he had travelled, with whom he had lived for months, who had

been his truest friend, had suddenly been taken away, and that evening, as he had visited his grave, the remembrance of all the pleasant companionship rose up before his mind and filled him



THE DOGE'S PALACE AND CAMPANILE AT VENICE.

with anguish that the link had been snapped, and that they were parted for ever.

We inquired about this friend, and found to our joy that at any rate he had confidence in God, that he recognized His being, and believed in the fundamental truths of the christian faith; moreover, we were assured that as he passed away in the stillness of his Venetian solitary chamber, he spoke to his friend earnestly about the future. He declared that the recollection of his early days came breaking in upon his heart. His mother's prayers for him, the exhortations of a godly clergyman, and grand and glorious promises of God's Word just came to him in the hour of his need, and like a wandering bird he found rest and perfect peace before he passed into the realms of eternal light.

It was clear that the death of this gentleman had made a deep impression upon our artist friend, and we thought it best to let God's Holy Spirit write even more deeply still upon the tablets of his heart the lesson he was clearly to learn from such a visitation. But one of those impulses came to us in which we believe we can discern God's leading, and we asked if we might pray with him, and there in that isolated cemetery, resting our heads upon the grave of this dear friend, we lifted our hearts to the God of eternal grace and prayed, that He would cause this trial to be a wonderful blessing to our friend, and that it might lead him

to see His inscrutable, mysterious Hand drawing him in this way to acknowledge, not only His power and greatness but also His exceeding love in the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ to die for sinners on the Cross. For the first time our friend seemed touched, and evinced some susceptibility about the future, but we left him once more with the assurance that we should rejoice to hear that he knew God as his Father, that he had accepted Christ as his Saviour, and that he realized the inestimable blessings of a full salvation through the precious blood of Christ.

Then we returned to the place where our boat was moored and found, as we expected, our patient gondolier waiting there. As we hastened across the placid glittering waters, great streaks of crimson and gold shot up far into the heavens, and as the sun went down the pointed, shadowy peaks of the great Alpine range far away stood out



THE SEA-GIRT CITY, AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

with wonderful distinctness, and the sea-girt city and the ocean, as far as the eye could reach, were enveloped in the indescribable effulgence of the setting sun.

We could understand how one wrote about that very scene—

“ So o'er the lagoon  
We glided; and from that fragile bark  
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark  
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,  
Its temples and its palaces did seem  
Like fabrics of enchantment piled up to heaven.”

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in the year 1893 that the incidents occurred that we have narrated. Five years later we were in London. In the interim we had never heard of our friend, but during the spring of 1898 we were taking part in a conference connected with certain missionary efforts, and to our intense delight we found that our companion of Verona and Venice was present and deeply interested in the movement. At the close of the meeting there was a mutual recognition, and in earnest language he told how God had met him and saved him and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus. We cannot dwell long upon this at any length, but he said that for over three years after our last interview in the cemetery at St. Michele his mind was darkened by sceptical thoughts and infidel difficulties; but one night, when alone in his chamber at Venice, he thought of his friend lying in the silent tomb. He remembered our prayer over the newly made grave. Thoughts of home crowded into his soul—his father's faithful life, his mother's affectionate care for him after all these years of rebellion; and then he added, “CHRIST CAME BEFORE MY SOUL, His lowly birth at Bethlehem, His life of mercy for men upon earth, His agonizing cry ‘*My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*’ when on the Cross, and then His death—all these things with which I had been perfectly familiar for years fixed themselves in my heart, indeed, that night

‘ I saw One hanging on a tree  
In agonies and blood ’

so vividly, that I bowed prostrate in His Holy presence and confessed my sins, and He came to me, spoke to me tenderly, saying, ‘My son! My son!’ and laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, ‘Fear not; I am the first and the last. I am He that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore.’ From that moment until this I have been rejoicing in God's wonderful salvation, and I praise Him for His love to me. And now how strange it is that we should meet here just as unexpectedly as it happened years ago. This is the first time I have been in the Metropolis since my return.”

The venerable father and devoted mother were in that meeting, and it filled us with a little of the foretaste of heaven to see how they rejoiced over their son who was dead, but was now alive again, who was “lost,” but now was “found.”

And now, reader, what about yourself? Have you “come home,” or are you still “in the far country?” If so, let us appeal to YOU in the Name of the Christ of God to say from your heart, “I will arise and goto my Father, and say unto Him ‘I HAVE SINNED.’” Then the inestimable blessing our friend of Verona

and Venice enjoyed will be yours, and you will know what it is "to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Can we not trace God's Hand in these incidents? Are we not certain that His overruling direction runs throughout the events from the beginning to the end, and perhaps there is profit to be obtained from the recognition of the Hand of God in it, as much to the christian concerned as to the wanderer who found indeed, at last, that "HE COULD NOT GET AWAY FROM GOD."

"There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,

No, not one! no, not one!  
None else could heal all our soul's diseases,

No, not one! no, not one!  
Jesus knows all about our struggles,  
He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,

No, not one! no, not one!  
No friend like Him is so high and holy,

No, not one! no, not one!  
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,

No, not one! no, not one!"

G. A.



WITH THE SOLDIERS AT BULFORD CAMP.

### THE PLACE OF REST.

"I AM the Door," said Jesus. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest." How precious are these promises to the weary sinner! True rest—rest of mind, rest of heart, rest of soul—can only be found in the Lord Jesus Christ; and whosoever would enter the rest of heaven, must first be partakers of the rest which Jesus gives on earth.

It was rest from his load of sin that Bunyan's pilgrim sought, as he hastened from the City of Destruction; and the burden fell from his back when he reached the Cross of Christ.

Come with your load to the Lord Jesus Christ; cast your burden upon Him. Your sin will bear you down unless you look to Jesus, your Sin-bearer. You will perish if you linger in the City of Destruction. There is no rest for you out of Christ; but one look at Him will give peace and joy that can be obtained from no other source.

### FROM SALISBURY PLAIN TO HEAVEN viâ SOUTH AFRICA.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

IN a belt of trees near Bulford Camp stood the canvas branch of the Soldiers' Home, Winchester; for Miss Perks and her sister believed in

following the troops to their manœuvres on Salisbury Plain.

Here the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Berks, the Dorsets, and others met night by night and sang, as only soldiers can sing,

"Sound the bugle for the muster!  
Summon every faithful soul!  
Mighty is the coming conflict,  
Ere it opens, call the roll!"

The conflict soon opened in actual warfare, and the men who sang with us under those peaceful fires were soon under deadly fire in South Africa.

We have before us a letter from one who was in our meetings again and again; but he would not yield to the Gospel. In song and speech from comrades and visitors he heard the message, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 20, 21). But he

surrendered not. Almost every night we sang together,

“Who are in God’s mighty army?  
Call the roll!  
Sound the signal! form in column!  
Call the roll!”

Many answered, but not this one.

Visiting the troopship on which his regiment was embarking, Miss Perks had a last word with him, and followed it with a letter, to which came the following reply:

“Praise the Lord! I gave my heart afresh to him on the boat, and two more with me came out on the Lord’s side, and I do praise Him for it, for there is no joy in the world like what He gives.”

From this it appeared that the young soldier was a backslider. How many such might well pray David’s prayer, “Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation” (Ps. li. 12).

“Dear friend,” he continues, “I can honestly say that when I wandered away from the fold, I was not happy till I came back; but, thanks to Him, He is always willing to forgive and take us in again. We had some happy times with our Lord and Saviour, and we do praise Him for it. He is a never-failing Friend, and He will always keep His children from harm, if we put our trust in Him. I do thank Him for His peace and joy. I have no desire to go back in the world again. Oh, it is glorious to trust Him for all!”

Then this happy one gives a word about others: “We have a happy band in our regiment, and also in other regiments up here at the front, and we are having such happy times with our Lord . . . Jesus is with us. He will never leave us, nor forsake us, bless His holy name!”

Before closing he asked, “Will you be so kind as to send me a small pocket Bible, as I have not got one, and am anxious to get one so that I can read God’s Word daily. We can’t get them here; if I could I wouldn’t ask you, and please send the price and I will forward on, and if it is His will that I should come back again I will come and see you. He knows whether we are or not; my all is in His hand, bless His Holy Name!”

He closed with rather a remarkable text, coming from the seat of war, Heb. xii. 14, “Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.”

The date of this letter was Dec. 15th, 1899. In March, 1900, Miss Perks was travelling, when a lady in the train passed her the paper. The list of casualties at once won her soldier-loving heart, and the first number and name that caught her eye was that of the writer of the above letter—“Died of enteric fever, Wynberg, March 14.”

Just above was the name of one of the comrades referred to as coming out for the Lord on board ship—“Died of enteric fever, Kimberley, March 15.”

“On the march some souls have fallen,  
And have crossed beyond the goal:  
Some were faithless and deserted—  
Who are left? Now call the roll!”

### THE RESURRECTION MORNING.

“They ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.”—John xx. 4.

HOW was it Peter failed to reach  
His Master’s empty tomb,  
Outrun by John, the more subdued,  
The first to reach its gloom?

Was it the thought—recurring now—  
Of his lamented fall,  
Did conscience stay him near the scene  
Which must his sin recall?

It might be; but those bitter tears,  
And agony of soul,  
Known to his Lord, would make him bold,  
When first he reached the goal.

Restored; ’tis now with chastened joy  
He penetrates the gloom,  
And—first to enter—finds it true—  
’TIS BUT AN EMPTY TOMB!

And soon the mourning saints around,  
So long depressed were cheered,  
As they were told their risen Lord—  
“TO SIMON HATH APPEARED.”

Thus darkness fled; the light had dawned,  
His presence vanquished strife,  
And saints were led to know the power  
OF RESURRECTION LIFE.

A. MIDLANE.

### A SHORT BIBLE READING.

“ALL OUR SPRINGS ARE IN THEE.”—Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

THE spring of—

1. Love—begotten of His love to us (1 John iv. 9).

2. Joy—for we joy in Him through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. v. 11); in whom . . . we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory (1 Peter i. 8).

3. Peace—for He is the God of peace (Heb. xiii. 20); we have peace with Him through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. v. 1); who has given us His own peace (John xiv. 27).

4. Gladness—for He has girded us with gladness; and put gladness in our hearts (Ps. xxx. 11; iv. 7).

5. Rejoicing—for He is our strength and song; and is become our salvation (Ps. cxviii. 14).

6. Adoration—for of Him and through Him and to Him are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen. (Rom. xi. 36).

“He is the spring of all my joys;  
The life of my delights;  
The glory of my brightest days;  
And comfort of my nights!”

1. He is the God of all comfort (2 Cor. i. 3).

2. In the night His song shall be with me (Ps. xlii. 8); He giveth songs in the night (Job xxxv. 10).

3. When I awake I am still with Thee (Ps. cxxxix. 18).

E. A. H.

**OUR BIBLE PORTION.**

**“LORD, HELP ME. LORD,  
HELP ME.”**

“Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, LORD, HELP ME.”—Matt. xv. 25.

**T**HERE are occasions when a broken sentence or a few simple words are more eloquent than a carefully-planned speech, and it is not difficult to conceive the pathos with which the words heading these remarks were uttered. The ominous silence with which a former appeal to the Saviour had been received together with the annoyance of His disciples were too much for the speaker, who, as a Canaanite woman, knew too well the regard in which her race was held.

Her heart could not long contain its emotions, which now found expression in the simplest language,

“Lord, help me.”

A contrast indeed to her former studied appeal, “Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David,” which had proved so unhappy, but that the Lord overruled it to bring out the bright points in the woman’s character.

She had no claim on the Lord as Son of David—if He was to meet her case it must be entirely outside the covenant of promise and wholly of grace, and when out of her heart this simple avowal of need was forced the Lord could respond.

These few moments proved a life’s education. She must clearly apprehend the ground on which the Lord could meet the yearnings of her heart. These He would not disappoint, but He must first show her that her thoughts were wrong. She was, however, deeply in earnest, and moreover had faith to accept in place of her own thoughts the Lord’s declaration of her own moral and social condition, and yet grasp the fact that she was in the presence of One whose Love and Power could surmount all barriers.

“Then came she and worshipped Him, saying,  
Lord, help me.

But He answered and said, It is not meet to take the children’s bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master’s table” (Matt. xv. 25—28).

Having taken her rightful place as unworthy of His blessing, the Lord, as it is ever His delight, commends in her that quality which was so gratifying

to His own heart. Content to be least in social rank of all around, He exalts her to the highest pinnacle in the realm of faith. “O woman, great is thy faith.” While being in her true place it enables Him to unreservedly assume His place as the Giver of all good as He tells her, “So be it unto thee even as thou wilt.” E.W.O.

“Is there any one can help us, one who understands our hearts,

When the thorns of life have pierc’d them till they bleed;  
One who sympathises with us, who in wondrous love imparts

Just the very, very blessing that we need?  
“Is there any one can help us when the load is hard to bear,

And we faint and fall beneath it in alarm;  
Who in tenderness will lift us, and the heavy burden share,

And support us with an everlasting arm?

“Is there any one can help us who can give a sinner peace,  
When his heart is burden’d down with pain and woe;  
Who can speak the word of pardon that affords a sweet release,

And whose blood can wash and make as white as snow?

“Is there any one can help us, when the end is drawing near,

Who will go thro’ death’s dark waters by our side;  
Who will light the way before us, and dispel all doubt and fear,

And will bear our spirits safely o’er the tide?

“Yes, there’s One, only One,  
The blessed, blessed Jesus, He’s the One!  
When afflictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll,  
And you need a friend to help you, He’s the One.”

**OLD PICTURES REFRAMED.**

“Apples of gold in pictures of silver.”—Prov. xxv. 11.

**K**EEP the body under, but the spirit up. Keep such company as God keeps. It is not *talking*, but walking with God that gives a man the denomination of a christian.

If we would not fall into things unlawful we must sometimes deny ourselves in those that are lawful.

We may expect God’s protection so long as we keep within God’s bounds. God never fails them that wait for Him, nor forsakes them that work for Him.

They that have God for their God have angels for their guard. This is a sure rule! God never takes anything from His people, but He gives them something better in the stead of it. When we first enter into the divine life, we propose to grow rich. God’s plan is to make us feel poor.

Much depends on the way we come into trouble. Paul and Jonah were both in a storm, but in *very* different circumstances.

WHAT TO PREACH.

THERE once came a preacher who wished to show us that there is a God. We answered, "Do you think we don't know that? Go back where you came from." Another came and said: "You must not steal, you must not get drunk, you must not lie." We answered: "You fool! Do you think we don't know that! Teach that first to the people you belong to! For who drink, steal, and lie, more than your own nation?"

After that came Christian Henry Ranch to my hut, and said: "The Lord of Heaven bids me say He will make you blessed and deliver you from your misery; for this purpose He became man and shed His precious blood. He died for sinners on the cross, and will pardon freely all who come to Him: for He has said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'" As soon as he had done speaking, he lay down quietly by my bow and tomahawk and slept as sweetly as a child.

"Ah," I thought, "what a man that is! I could strike him dead, but he has not a fear." I could not forget his words. I dreamed in my sleep of the blood of Christ shed for me. Thus, through God's grace, the awakening among us began. Therefore I say: Brethren, preach Christ our Saviour, preach His all-sufficient sacrifice, and tell of His death and resurrection, and exaltation to Heaven, if you would find an entrance among the heathen. The incident occurred in 1740.

Launch Out.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. Have you tell'd all night near the shore in vain? Push a - way from the shore, launch out;  
 2. Have your souls grown faint with the vigil long? Push a - way from the shore, launch out;  
 3. Je - sus bids to - day ev - ry wea - ry soul Push a - way from the shore, launch out;

1. Where the flood is deep cast your nets a - gain, Push a - way from the shore, launch out;  
 2. Put your trust in Christ, He will make you strong, Push a - way from the shore, launch out;  
 3. Hear His lov - ing voice, He will make you whole, Push a - way from the shore, launch out;

1. There a blessing waits for your souls to take, Haste a - way from the bar - ren strand,  
 2. Be no more con - tent with a mea - gre share From your Fa - ther's a - bun - dant store;  
 3. Leave the shore of sin with its shal - low - ness, It has noth - ing of life to give;

1. Toil no more in vain where the sur - ges break, Launch out is your Lord's command.  
 2. Ask Him large - ly now, He will hear your pray'r, And give till you want no more.  
 3. Look to Je - sus now, who a - lone can bless, Launch out on His grace and live.

CHORUS.

Launch out, launch out, Push a - way from the shore, Launch out, God's  
 Launch out, launch out, launch out, Launch out,

grace flows free, like a might - y sea, And the Mas - ter calls, "Launch out!"

The above Hymn, also "Count your Blessings," "Loyalty to Christ," and others which have appeared in our pages this year, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled, "Songs of Triumph."

It was told by Tschoop, a great Red Indian chief, and is a lesson for all missionaries.

THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—VI.

(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20; Isa. xlv. 1.)

AS we approach the consideration of certainly the most remarkable episode in the story of the life of Cyrus—namely, the capture of Babylon, the ancient capital of Assyria—it will be of interest and profit to notice what the Bible says of the people who, in the great valley of the Euphrates, possessed that wonderful city. It is very strange, but it is none the less true, that every christian who thinks even of the name Babylon almost instinctively shrinks from the mere mention of it. Now, why should this be? And more, we believe, that even amongst worldly people there is a certain undefined feeling of dread concerning the name and history of the place. Why should it be so? We are confident that it is because from its very foundation its whole history was synonymous with absolute rebellion against the living and true God. The actual occasion of the name BABEL was the result of God's solemn judgment of evil; and, moreover, whenever Babylon is referred to in Scripture, it is associated with positive iniquity and as a symbol of evil coalition.

The earliest reference to Babel is in connection with Nimrod. He was probably the first man who rose to distinction on the earth after the Flood. He was the grandson of Ham, whose sin had brought down upon him his father's curse: "Cursed be Canaan," said Noah, "a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren," and according to Gen. ix. 22 we know that Canaan was the son of Ham, and in Gen. x. 6 it is said "The sons of Ham were Cush . . . and Cush begat Nimrod; he began to be a mighty hunter *in the earth* . . . and the beginning of his kingdom was BABEL . . . IN THE LAND OF SHINAR." The following chapter in the book of Genesis tells of the first great confederation against God. "Let us build a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and LET US MAKE US A NAME, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." But God interposed: "Let us go down," He said, "and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth, and they left off to build the city; therefore is the name of it called BABEL." In these remarkable scriptural historical statements we have the origin of that city, which eventually proved such a powerful factor in the history of the world, and the capture of which

by Cyrus was verily a marvellous fulfilment of the prophetic Word, and so had a potent influence upon the destiny of other nations. If, then, we were asked why Babylon has figured so conspicuously as a symbol of evil power and influence, we should say it was because it was the actual representation of man, not only without God, but in wilful opposition to Him. This must sooner or later eventuate in the direct judgment of God, as it did in this instance. The evil rolled on in increasing volume



NEAR "THE WATERS OF BABYLON."

until one hundred years before it came to pass, Isaiah wrote, "IT (Babylon) SHALL BE SWEEPED WITH THE BESOM OF DESTRUCTION, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS."

THE LORD JEHOVAH IS MY SONG.

REMEMBER, believer, your life is to be a singing life. You are to be one of God's choristers, and there should be a continual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving going up from your heart, with which God will be continually well pleased. And there should be not only the offering of the lips, but the surrender of the life with joy. Yes, with joy, and not with constraint. Every faculty of our nature should be presented to Him in gladsome service, for the Lord Jehovah is my song, as well as my strength "Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord" (Col. iii. 16).

## Jottings about the Bible.

### THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF THE BIBLE.

"Search the Scriptures . . . they are they which testify of Me."—John v. 39.

**A**MONG the many characteristics of the contents of the Book of books, is the *prominence given to Christ*. It is said that a celebrated artist of ancient times constructed a shield of so remarkable an order that he worked his name into the device in a manner that it could not be removed. To erase the name you must destroy the shield. Thus is it emphatically with the Bible.

From Genesis to Revelation, the whole volume points to Jesus. He is the Alpha and Omega of the sacred writings. He is the centre and soul of the Book. A long illustrious line of patriarchs and prophets refer to what He will be and do; and the New Testament penmen discourse upon what He was and did. The very object of the Old Testament was to prepare the way for the coming Saviour; and the object of the New Testament is to prepare our hearts to trust and love the Saviour who has come. To whatever portion of Holy Writ we turn, we find Christ is the all in all.

The *historical* portions are narratives of the preparations made for His advent and the marvellous results which succeeded. The *prophecies* are burdened with truths concerning the coming One. "To Him give all the prophets witness." The *ceremonial* portion is deprived of all meaning without Him.

The High Priest in his gorgeous attire, the altar with its accepted sacrifice, the censer with its curling incense, the sprinkled blood, the shewbread and the scape-goat were but figures of the true—adumbrations of the approaching substance—types of the Divine antitype. The *doctrines* spring from or cluster around Christ, depravity looks imploringly toward a Deliverer; atonement tells of a Substitute; repentance sheds its tears at the feet of a powerful Reconciler; faith stretches forth her hands towards a Willing Helper; and the *promises* are all "Yea and Amen" in Him. They secure conformity to Him, comfort from Him, safety in Him, unending association with Him. They derive their fulness and freeness from Him. And the *practical* parts of the Book are also just as full of Christ from beginning to the end. He is the key with which to unlock the entire record.

### OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.

*Golden Text*—"And one of the Pharisees desired Him that He would eat with him. And He went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat."—Luke vii. 36. Read Luke vii. 36—50.

#### READING ON THE LESSON.

36. Jesus in a Pharisee's house, dining with him, is the picture now before us. He never thrust Himself where He was not wanted, but often went invited where He knew they had no love for Him. Ver. 30 says that the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves.

37, 38. Here is one who is conscious that she is unrighteous, conscious also that others knew that she was one of the town's unhallowed sisterhood. She has a deep sense of her sinfulness and faith in Jesus as the Saviour of sinners. She had a quick ear for anything of Him, for when she knew where He was she quickly came. He made her forget all others, so that she did not hesitate to enter Simon's house.

39, 40. Simon, who saw only the outward and judged others by himself, thought in his heart that Jesus could not be a prophet, else He would have known the character of this woman, and, knowing it, would not have suffered her to touch Him. Our Lord read Simon's thoughts, for He knows everything that comes into our minds (Ezek. xi. 5), and He told Simon He had something to say to Him.

41, 42. He told of two debtors, one of whom owed ten times as much as the other, but they were both alike in this—that neither of them had anything with which to pay his debts. Under these circumstances the creditor frankly forgave them both, and our Lord asks of Simon, "Which of them will love him most?" We can see in the story Simon and the poor, sinful woman, not that Simon owed less than the woman, but he thought he did. In his own estimation he was a very small sinner, if a sinner at all, when compared with this woman.

43. Simon answered that he supposed the one would love most who had been forgiven most, and the Saviour said, "Thou hast rightly judged."

44—46. Jesus had come at Simon's invitation, but Simon had offered no water for His feet, no kiss of greeting, no oil for anointing. There was not even a cordial welcome to his home for his invited guest and no evidence whatever of love or gratitude or devotion.

47. "*Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.*" One has said that the essence of her heart was distilled to bathe His feet, the glory of her head was unbound to furnish Him with a towel. She would have given kingdoms if she had had them, but she did her best, and He accepted it.

48. "*And He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.*" What a burden is for ever gone! What an eternal joy is begun when we know that our sins are forgiven!

49. "*Who is this that forgiveth sins also?*" When the sick of the palsy was healed, the scribes said, "Who can forgive sins but God only?" Oh, if they had only said from the heart, "This man must be God—God come to earth, as He promised" (Isa. xxv. 9; xl. 9, 10), what blessing they might have received!

50. "*Thy faith hath saved thee, Go in peace.*" With the assurance of the forgiveness of sins and that she had now peace with God, she might go in the consciousness of that peace to do whatever her hands might find to do for Him who had saved her. She entered the house of Simon the Pharisee as a woman of the city which was a sinner; she left it saved and satisfied.

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**True Stories of God's Servants.**  
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**THE MANUSCRIPT AND THE OLD  
 PILLOW.**

**J**UDSON had been working for many years at the rendering of God's Word into Burmese, and this most laborious effort was at last crowned with success; the years of toil of the translator and the heavy manual work of the printer were rewarded. An edition of five thousand copies of Matthew's Gospel, together with a tract and a catechism, were put in circulation amongst the seventeen millions of Burmah. They were well understood, and many began to call at the "mission house to inquire concerning the new religion."

How new to these heathen, who had never heard of an everlasting, ever-living God, of a Being who is love and light, and who loves men and whom men may love, and of man's immortality! In this world it will not be known how widely and how deeply the truth of God, thus circulated, entered the minds of the Burmans. The christian books affected people at long distances from Rangoon, where the mission was stationed, and persons travelled many miles to interview the missionaries.

After a time the Epistle to the Ephesians was also translated, as to which Judson says: "It is with real joy that I put this precious writing into the hands of the disciples; it is a great accession to their scanty stock of scripture, for they have had nothing hitherto but Matthew. I intend to give them Acts as fast as my eyes will allow." And it was a great joy to him to find that this translation was better understood than that of Matthew, though he had made it without any native assistance.

Here will be a fitting occasion to mention the marvellous way in which, some years after the time we are considering, Judson's translation of the entire New Testament was preserved. He had fallen a victim to persecution, and was imprisoned for Christ's sake. The manuscript was taken to Ava, and when he was cast into prison it was sewn up by his wife in a cushion which he made his pillow. After the lapse of seven months, when he, with his fellow-sufferers, was thrown into the inner prison, the old pillow was taken from him, but the jailor found it too hard for his own use, and flung it back to its owner. Again it was taken from him, and the mat that formed its covering stolen, and, as a worthless roll of hard cotton, the treasure was again tossed back into the prison. Here it was found by a christian Burman, who knew not what

it was, and was taken home by him as a memorial of his beloved teacher. Several months afterwards the priceless manuscript was discovered within the old pillow—the very manuscript which now makes a part of the Burmese Bible!

Judson gave the highest importance to the translation and distribution of God's own Word. He maintained that every man should read for himself in his own tongue the wonderful words of God, and thus he spent a great part of his earnest, self-sacrificing life in making known the Scriptures to the Burmans.

His tracts and his translations of the Scriptures spread far and wide, stirred up the deepest interest in his own times, and are still used of God in the wonderful work of the Gospel.

—

**CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY.**

**O**H, ungodly man, thou hast a claim to the love of Jesus Christ. Are you an ungodly man? Then the Lord Jesus Christ loves you. Some time ago there was a layman reading a chapter in a church; it was the second lesson for the day, and he read out boldly, without looking at the words he was reading, "In due time Christ died for the *godly*," and the minister said "Stop, stop, read that verse again, please?" He looked at the chapter, and he saw, "In due time Christ died for the **UNGODLY**." That layman said afterwards, "I never knew what the Gospel was until I was stopped as I read that verse, but now I see that Jesus died for me as ungodly."

Now does that describe *you*? Are you saying, "Oh, yes, I thought myself stronger than I am, but I have begun to find out latterly that all my best resolutions are broken, all my prayers come to nothing, and I am not advancing one bit"? Well, dear friend, hear this, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

—

"How do you account for the fact that Mohammed began his work six hundred years after Christ, and yet he has now more disciples than Christ?" asked a scoffer.

"Why," replied a christian, "because a man can be a disciple of Mohammed and not deny himself, nor have any cross. He can live in the darkest, blackest, foulest sin; but if any man will be a disciple of Jesus Christ, he must come out from the world, he must take up his cross daily and follow the Lord Jesus Christ." "Then said Jesus unto His disciples, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me, for whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."—Matt. xvi. 24, 25.



## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

I think the questions were too easy for April; so many of you have the full number of marks. I must try to puzzle you a little more, or there will be no deciding which of you have won the prizes! Yet we are startled by a quotation from *James* when an epistle by *Paul* was to be quoted, in answer to No. 8 question; and by the announcement, in another paper, that Nebuchadnezzar was "a king of the Jews." Read Daniel i., dear boy, and you will see who was this boastful and despotic sovereign that held the Jews in captivity.

We have a very sad story to study together this month, for Genesis iii. gives us the clue to all the sorrow, sickness, toil and death we see ever around us in this world where we "suffer grief and pain." It tells us how the devil induced man to believe his lie rather than the truth of God; to trust the tempter's professions of interest in his welfare, rather than the proved love of the heart of God.

The serpent was very "subtle" then (ver. i.); he is far more cunning now, after 6,000 years of practice in tempting people astray. Don't fancy that he will let any of you alone, dear ones, or allow you to escape from under his power without an effort. Pharaoh made a great fight to hold back the children of Israel when God said: "Let my son go, that he may serve me;" and all that followed is like an allegory of how the devil struggles to keep a soul from Christ. We have a terrible enemy, and we need to be sober and vigilant, resisting him as those who are "not ignorant of his devices" (2 Cor. ii. 11).

He still knows how to make a forbidden thing look pleasant to our eyes, a thing to be desired, and would persuade us that God is cruel in withholding from us anything we fancy. You will find in 1 John ii. 15, 16, a solemn warning against the love of the world. And the Holy Spirit takes up the three points by which the devil won his way with Eve (ver. 6). "Good for food," "the lust of the flesh;" "pleasant to the eyes," "the lust of the eyes;" "to be desired to make one wise," "the pride of life."

Ver. 8. Oh! that sad hiding from God! It was the first effort of the first sinners in the garden of Eden; it will be the last of the unhappy sinful ones when the great day of the wrath of the Lamb is come (Rev. vi. 16, 17). But there is no peace while sin is hidden (Ps. xxxii. 3), and no safety for the sinner until he is in God's hiding-place, so David says: "I flee unto Thee to hide me" (Ps. cxliii. 9). Do you know the sweetness and safety of having "your life hid with Christ in God"? (Col. iii. 3.)

Well, in Gen. i. and ii. we read of the wisdom and power of God the Creator; now we have to learn the "kindness and love of God our Saviour" (Titus iii. 4). You see they could not hide themselves and they could not clothe themselves. After all their attempts they knew they were not fit for God's eye or for God's presence, and His voice calls the guilty pair before Him in all their nakedness (ver. 9). What a mercy that He did! And what solemn questions He put to them, and how it all has to come out in His light! It will be so by-and-by for each one of us, when we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ (2 Cor. v. 10), and oh! how awful for any who at that day are "found naked"! (2 Cor. v. 3.)

God portioned out the punishment to each one as it was deserved. The curse upon the serpent, who had now usurped God's place, and his final overthrow foretold (ver. 15), in which we may read (as the bow in the cloud) of Christ, the seed of the woman, who should at last deliver us from him that had the power of death (Heb. ii. 14).

And so, as one of our poets has said,

"Man must work and woman must weep."

But there's a bright coming day when the tree of life (which is Christ) shall yield its fruit for the healing of the nations (Rev. xxii. 2), "there shall be no more curse," and tears shall be all wiped away by the hand of God.

In ver. 21 we read of the first death in this world—the death which was to provide a covering for the guilty pair. How solemn the lesson they and we are thus taught! We understand it by pondering such verses as 1 Peter iii. 18: "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," and 2 Cor. v. 21, "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that he might be made the righteousness of God in Him." But don't forget that *one* sin made man a *sinner*, a lost sinner.

Always your loving  
AUNT ALICE.

## ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

1. To swallow up Jonah. Jonah i. 17.
2. Luke v. 1—9, and John xxi. 2—8, or Matt. xvii. 27.
3. Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel iv. 31—33.
4. Exodus viii.
5. Acts xvii. 26, 29.
6. James iii. 9.
7. Psalm viii. 4—8.
8. Heb. ii. 7, 8, or 1 Cor. xv. 27.
9. Job vii. 1; vii. 6; viii. 9; ix. 25, 26; xiv. 2.
10. John iii. 15, 16, 36; iv. 14; v. 24; vi. 40, 54; etc.
11. 1 John v. 13.
12. 1 John v. 12.

## QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. Where are we warned that the devil goes about "as a roaring lion," and may come to us "as an angel of light"?
2. Where does the Lord call him the "Prince of this world"?
3. How did the Lord Jesus answer the devil when he tempted Him in the wilderness?
4. Which Old Testament saint was for a time specially handed over to be tried by Satan?
5. Find in Romans the promise that the God of peace shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly.
6. What will be his final punishment?
7. Where is it said "that all things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do"?
8. Find in Luke's Gospel that Jesus came to seek and to save that which is lost.
9. In which of the lesser prophets do we read that Adam transgressed the covenant? (Give marginal reading or R.V.)
10. In which of the offerings in Leviticus was the offerer given the skin of the victim?
11. Where do we read of those who are "without fault before the throne of God"?
12. In which of Paul's epistles are we told that those who obey not the gospel shall be "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord"?

The position occupied by the members of the Bible Class will be ascertained by referring to page 3 of the Cover of the Magazine.

I hope the dear children of our 3rd Division were comforted by the cards I sent giving them the "announcement," which by a sad blunder was left out last month. I am sorry the other divisions did not see how well the 63 younger ones had worked.

I must warn you that in future *no* mark will be allowed where chapter and verse are not given with the answer. The questions need not be written out in full, but the answers must be, or I privately give you a bad mark.

A loving welcome to Lewis Y. (Canada) who, in the 2nd Division, gets full marks (9) for February and March.

## OUR SOUTH AFRICAN FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

WE are sure that very many friends who have prayed for the workers in South Africa, and who have helped by sending donations to this fund will be gratified to read the following cheering letter written by our friend Mrs. Osborne Howe. We mentioned last month that we had been able to send volumes to the prisoners at Pretoria. Mrs. Howe writes:—

BLOEMFONTEIN,  
April 30th.

DEAR MR. HOLNESS,

Mr. Howe thinks the surest way of getting literature conveyed to the prisoners would be through the American Consulate in London and their Consul at Pretoria.

Our co-workers were as pleased as ourselves with the beautiful gift of bound volumes of "THE SPRINGING WELL." I trust they may all be distributed as you desired. . . . We are deeply grateful for your prayerful interest. We owe more than we know to the prayers of the Lord's people. I wish you and others who pray for blessing on the word preached could have looked into our "prayer tent" last night, and seen eleven soldiers on their knees all brought in during the last week or two. And a few yards off the large marquee crowded, many sitting on the ground where there was a foot or two of space—waiting for the gospel meeting to begin. About 1,000 are inside and outside the canvas at the largest of them, and this every night. At Bloemfontein we have two Homes open. God is using simple men and women for this glorious work. Lately we have had the help at De Aar of two or three earnest christian officers, one of them Col. Watson, the brother-in-law of Col. —, who may be known to you. "THE SPRINGING WELL" is so very suitable for the hospitals. With our united thanks and best regards,

Yours sincerely,  
M. S. OSBORN HOWE.

WE have received a multitude of letters from various friends who are interested in this good work. Very many have kindly given suggestions about the best method of reaching our soldiers at the front and in the hospitals. We are indebted to all these correspondents; but we believe the christian missionaries and workers who are labouring at the seat of war are doing their best by the Word or by Gospel books or the living voice to reach all they can with the glad message of God's love.

We are thankful to Lord Carrick, who writes as follows:—

"I send you a cheque for £5 to help to send volumes of 'SPRINGING WELL' to the British prisoners at Pretoria. Now that the winter is coming on in South Africa the men will be glad to get something to read, so it is most important to supply them with such reading as God can use to bring them to Christ, or to help them to live for Him. It is very cheering to read of the numbers of soldiers who have been saved since going out, and also of the christians who have borne testimony in their lives."

Another friend, Mr. A. Gardner, Worcester, also writes:

"Enclosed please find a small donation of 21s. towards the distribution of 'THE SPRINGING WELL' in South Africa. . . . Might I further suggest that a request be made known through your columns for the special prayers of christian readers, that God would especially bless the large quantity of Gospel literature which is sent out there from time to time to the awakening and conversion of many precious souls."

We think this friend's suggestion most valuable, and shall be thankful to receive and mention other special objects for prayer from believing friends.

We have had vast numbers of applications for supplies of the paper and for Gospel literature; but although we are deeply grateful to those who have sent, we had hoped to have had a freer response to our appeal last month; but it is all in God's Hands, He will order it aright.

## OUR COMBINATION TEXT COMPETITION.

AFTER considerable delay we are able to give the results of the last competitions. It is most gratifying to notice with what zeal our friends, both young and old, have searched the Scriptures.

Hundreds have, we are assured, derived pleasure and profit from doing so. We give below the names of the prize-winners. In many instances, however, no effort has been made to form similar combinations, as stated in the rules. Next month we hope to insert the best examples that have been sent, to form another competition, being the fourth of the series.

### PRIZE-WINNERS—SECOND COMBINATION.

- 1—C. R. T. Martin, Art Pottery, Southall, Middlesex; 1st Prize, 10s.
  - 2—E. A. Lillington, 10, Belgrave Villas, Cotham Grove, Bristol; 2nd Prize, 5s.
  - 3—Benjamin E. Diack, Pictillum Kemnay, Aberdeenshire; 3rd Prize, 3s. 6d.
- Highly Commended—C. F. Brooks and Kathleen W. Parkin.

### PRIZE WINNERS—THIRD COMBINATION.

- 1—E. G. Wright, c.o. E. W. Rice, 34—36, High Street, Haverhill, Suffolk; 1st Prize, 7s. 6d.
- 2—Sydney Goldfinch, 19, Station Road, Anerley, Surrey; 2nd Prize, 5s.
- 3—Mary Beard, 5, Brenner Street, St. Mark's Road, Eastville, Bristol; 3rd Prize, 3s.

The names of competitors who sent correct references in these competitions will be found on the Cover of the ordinary issue of this paper.

## OUR FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

We thankfully acknowledge the following amounts:—

	£	s.	d.
Lord C., Thomastown ... ..	5	0	0
A. G., Worcester ... ..	1	1	0
M. H., Gt. Dunmow ... ..	0	10	0
E. B., Winchmore ... ..	0	1	4

## OUR LEPER FUND.

WE are thankful to those who have not forgotten this Fund, and who have kindly contributed as under:—

	£	s.	d.
M. T., Aberdeen ... ..	0	10	0
From the Meeting, Berkswell, per Miss Alice Morris ... ..	0	10	0
W. S., Woodmancote ... ..	0	3	0
E. A. H., Bristol ... ..	0	1	0
Collected by E. A. B., New Brompton	0	6	0

## INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

M. T., Aberdeen... ..	0	10	0
A. E. C. & D., Bristol ... ..	0	5	0
E. P. J., Bristol ... ..	0	5	0
S. W., Bristol ... ..	0	5	0

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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# The SPRINGING WELL

or Waters that fail not.

A STORY  
OF  
TWO SOLDIERS;  
or,  
Peace, Perfect  
Peace.

ON going into a military hospital one evening, I was requested to see a man who was hardly expected to live till morning. I went to his bedside, and spoke to him of Christ Jesus.

"Oh yes, Jesus," he exclaimed in a tone of the deepest feeling, "He has had mercy on me, and has filled my soul with joy."

"But are you not in pain?" I asked.

"Yes, great pain — but I am so happy."

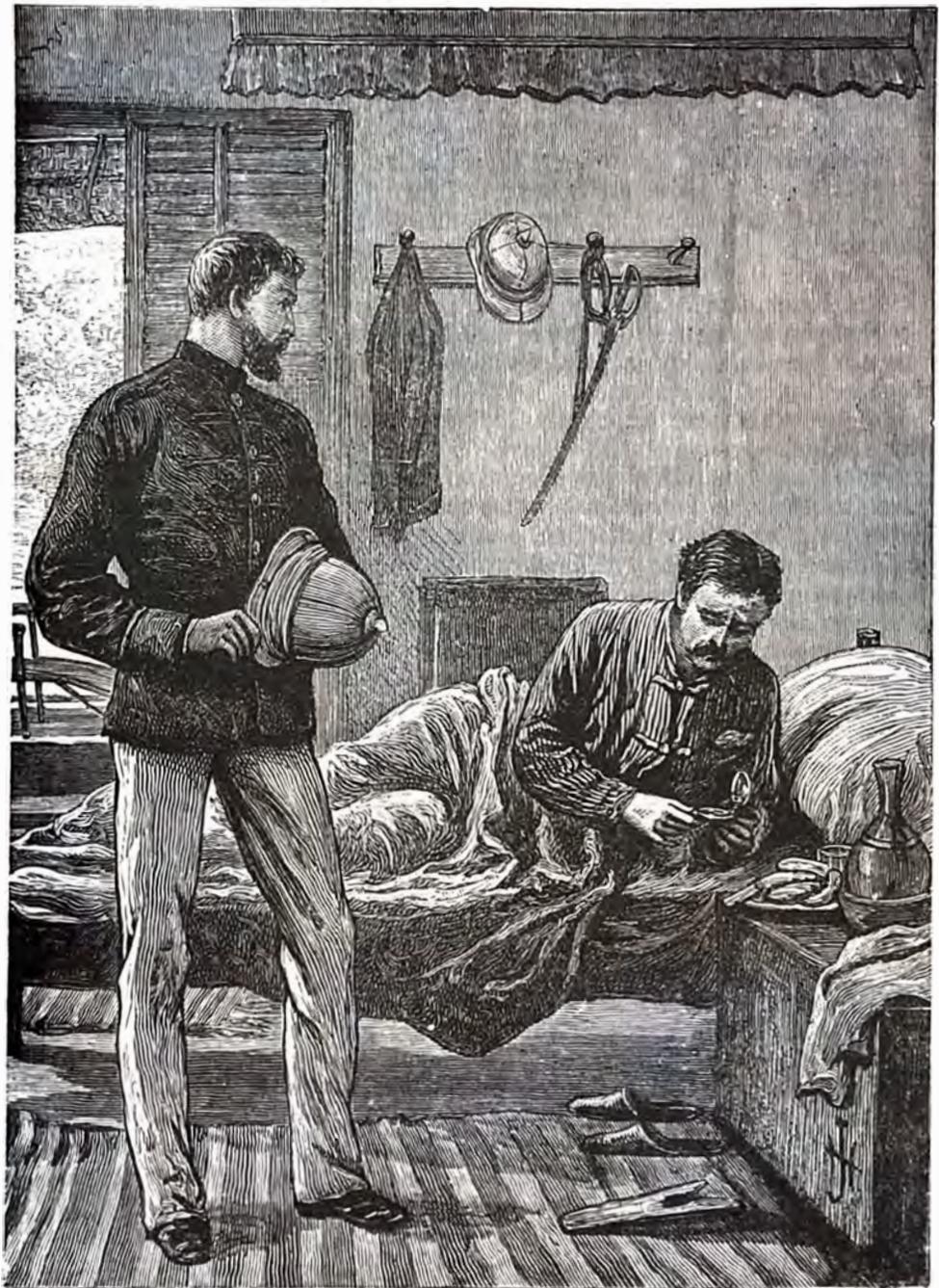
"Where are your friends?"

"Away in the West; but Jesus is my friend, and *He* is here."

Here was a rough soldier, dying, far from home and friends, among strangers, in a hospital where suffering and death were all around him, exclaiming in broken, half-uttered sentences—"I am so happy. I am not afraid to die. Christ Jesus has saved me. I trust in His blood." It was a scene not to be forgotten. I spoke to him of the many mansions which

the Lord had gone to prepare; and as I did so, he grasped my hands in his, now growing cold

in death, and showed his assent by tears of joy, and the most heavenly smile I ever beheld. The



realised *present* possession of eternal life and communion with Christ shone in that smile.

On leaving him, I was requested to see another man in the same ward. A noble-looking soldier lay there, prostrated by a temporary illness.

"I want to speak to you about *religion*," he said, as I stood by his bed. "I have made up my mind with an earnest resolve to serve God and do my duty—not with the feeble resolution of a boy, but with a man's determined purpose, that henceforward I will do right." At some length he told me what he was going to do—*his* vows, *his* purposes, *his* plans. All was about *himself*—not one word about Christ the Saviour.

Having listened to him quietly, I said at last—"Then you are at peace, my friend?"

"Oh no," said he; "my agony of mind only increases."

"Why so? Have you not kept your vows?"

"No, I cannot," he answered despairingly.

"Had you not better, then, try again?" I asked; "or can you think of no way of making up the account?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "I know not what to do," he said.

I could not but think what a contrast was this scene to the one I had just witnessed. *There* Christ, and what He had done, was everything, and all was perfect peace. *Here*, the poor sinner's thoughts and words were only of himself, and what he was to do; and nothing but sorrow and despair was the result. I thought of Adelaide Newton's remark, "For one look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ"; and I turned to the poor unhappy soldier, with a silent prayer that God would open his eyes to see the glorious truth which I was about to unfold to him.

"My friend," said I, "stop your vowing. Satan has enticed you on to one of his quicksands, where you are fast sinking down to hell. Your house is on the sand. You cannot be your own saviour. Listen to God's way of saving sinners. Jesus Christ—God manifested in flesh—came into the world to *save* sinners, not to *help* them to save themselves. His work was 'finished' on the Cross eighteen hundred years ago, and He has left you nothing to do but to receive the benefits of what He has done. 'He that *believeth* hath eternal life.' '*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"But must I not *do* something?" he asked. "Can I believe on Christ and become a child of God, and to-morrow go back to the world and live as the other soldiers? An easy way truly!"

"Stop, stop, sir!" I cried; "when you see a lamb rolling in the mire as the swine do, then, and

not till then, may Christ's sheep, who know His voice and follow Him, roll in the world's mire. Nay, sir, you know that though the lamb may stumble into the mud, he does not love it; his very nature shrinks from it. But the swine love to revel in the filth. Take Christ at His word. Trust Him as your Saviour, and you will soon join Paul in saying, 'Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid! How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?' When you become a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus, God gives you the heart of a child, so that you no longer love the sins you once delighted in."

"But you say 'only believe'; how am I to know that I do believe?" he asked.

"Not by looking into your own heart, and fixing your thoughts there." I answered, "any more than you can tell whether you have sight by closing your eyes to all around you, and then trying to discover, by self-examination, whether you can see. Look at this lantern. Do you see its brightness? Then do you not know that you have sight? It is not by shutting out all but your own feelings, that you can tell whether you have faith. Look at the light that shines on the Cross at Calvary, and see there, your Saviour, your Substitute, who, having no sin of his own, bore the punishment of sin 'in His own body on the tree.' 'He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.'"

"I see it, I see it!" he exclaimed, with a wondering joy. "I have been all wrong; I have been placing all my hopes of salvation on myself and what I could do, and not on the Saviour and His work for me. Yes, he *is* a Saviour—not merely a helper. He came into the world to *save* sinners. I see it!"

"Then look to Christ," I said solemnly, "and may His grace be with you!"

Next morning I found my soldier-friend thinking much of the Lord, but still puzzling himself as to his believing. "Must I not have happy feelings," he said, "before I know that I believe?"

"No," said I; "on the contrary, you must believe before you can possibly feel happy. Peace comes from believing, and not believing from peace. You are to believe, *simply because God says so*, and not because you feel happy. Were happy frames and feelings the foundation of your faith you would drift about at their mercy. But God's Word is a rock that cannot be moved." I then went on to show him that the way to find rest was not to be thinking about self at all, but to rest only on Christ Jesus. I repeated to him the answer of a rejoicing christian who, when asked by an infidel about her "easy way to heaven," and how many steps there were in it, replied, with glowing

face, "Just three, sir : out of self—into Christ—into glory!" and I assured him that it is when we are dwelling, not on the faith, but on the object of our faith, Christ Jesus, that we are brought into peace and joy in believing.

Once again I saw him before I left. The Holy Spirit had led him to Christ the Saviour. He believed God's record concerning His Son, and had thus become a child of God ; but he did not yet know this, and he needed, in order to enjoy conscious peace, to receive Christ's testimony concerning himself.

"Do you believe the testimony of God's Word concerning Christ? Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that God gave Him to be the propitiation for our sins?"

He answered, earnestly, "With all my heart I do!"

"Then can you not believe," I asked, "what God says concerning those who have this faith?"

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

I answered solemnly, in the words of Scripture—"No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost"; and, 'He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ *is* born of God.' 'He that believeth *hath* eternal life.' And observe, my friend," I added, "that it is not can have, or may have, or shall have, but 'HATH *eternal life*.' And now, having believed unto salvation, may I not leave you with the happy assurance, that you *know*, on God's testimony, you have eternal life as a present possession?"

After a pause, he raised his eyes, and said, with deep feeling—"Yes—you may! I HAVE eternal life by believing in Jesus Christ."

I visited the hospital the following week, and found my friend in peaceful consciousness of the redemption procured for him by the death of Christ. He was looking forward to an early recovery, and almost his last words were—"I want to get well, that I may show how faith in Christ produces the work which all my vows and resolutions before failed to do."

Such is the substance of a few conversations held in the military hospital shortly after a great battle.

Reader, which are you trusting—on Christ, or on your own *vows* and *resolutions*?

—♦—

"WOULD you like to know the sweetness  
Of the secret of the Lord?  
Go and hide beneath His shadow:  
This shall then be your reward;  
And whene'er you leave the silence  
Of that happy meeting-place,  
You must mind and bear the image  
Of the Master in your face.  
In His presence is salvation,  
In the shining of His face;  
Shelter sure in all temptation  
In this hallowed hiding-place."

### "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

AFTER my conversion, which took place in Paris, May, 1845, I had an earnest desire to impart to my friends the glorious truths of redemption that had become bright realities to me, and to this end used to hold meetings in our drawing-room, to which many came. At one of these, a gentleman who was newly married brought his wife. She might be about twenty years of age. The meeting being over, I spoke to her, and said, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" She gave no answer, but became very red, and was evidently very angry at my question, but the Lord used the word, and she became uneasy, and finally it ended in her conversion to God.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

On the return of the lady to England she became a diligent student of the Bible, and not a hearer only but a doer. Living in a flourishing agricultural town of some 10,000 inhabitants, she began to obey the command, "Let your light shine." Her labours among the people were owned of God, and many souls were born again, and when asked later how they came to a knowledge of Christ, the answer was, that this lady had been used of God in their conversion. Indeed, a godly colporteur who lives and labours in that town told me lately, "Sir, you would be surprised at the number of people who date their new birth to her." She became the mother of eight children, and died at the age of fifty-nine.

About ten years ago I visited her and her husband. She then said, "Do you remember asking me after a meeting in your house, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus?' I grew very angry, and would have liked to have told you my mind. But if you were to ask me the same question now, I would answer, 'I love Him above all others.'" This story shows the importance of holding forth the Word of Life. Last year, 1899, I visited this interesting family, and was shown two large Bagster's Bibles, interleaved in places, and so full of notes and comments that it would have been a pleasure to me to have made a study of their contents. I took a note of one passage, which embodied so exactly my own experience that I reproduce it. It is as follows: "Oh, my soul, thou knowest none so guilty as thyself, none so polluted and vile, for thou knowest none who have so sinned against light, against privileges, against compassions like thyself. Thank God He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

A daughter of this friend was converted at the

age of twelve, and her conversion is as remarkable as her mother's. She is now twenty-five years of age, and is carrying on the same blessed work of evangelising in the town where her mother had such success, and with like results. She is an earnest, self-denying, humble and active christian, and when I visited her father some months ago, I had the joy of speaking in the mission hall to a devout and attentive congregation. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

w. G.

### "SUCH REST, SUCH BLISS UNSPEAKABLE!"

(Col. iii. 3; John xvii. 22.)

MY home in God—how wonderful  
For ever there to dwell;  
Such rest, such bliss unspeakable,  
Beyond all words to tell.  
My life is gone—'tis only His,  
Jesus my all Thou art—  
He lives and moves, He prays and works,  
I live upon His heart.  
A home He sought, a heart wherein  
For ever to abide;  
He longed for mine, I gave it Him,  
And I am satisfied.  
And now He says, "Launch out, my child,  
Let down the net with me,  
My whispers hear, then go and tell  
What Jesus is to thee."  
A little while, my Lord, and then,  
Thy glorious face I'll see,  
And in Thine image perfected  
For ever I shall be.

M. H. B. C.

### WHAT SHE COULD.

A POOR old woman in China, who had been converted, but who seemed unwilling to be baptized, was asked why she hesitated.

"Why," she replied, with tears in her eyes, "you know that Jesus said to His disciples, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' Now, I am an old woman, nearly seventy years of age, and almost blind. I can tell my husband about Jesus Christ, and I can tell my son and his wife when he has one; I am willing to speak to my neighbours, and perhaps I can go to one or two villages, but I can never go to all the world. Now do you think He will let me call myself a disciple if I can do no better than that?"

When she heard that the Lord asked only for the best from each of His followers, and does not require from any one more than he can do, she said gladly, "Oh, then I am ready to be baptized whenever you think best."

What a blessing would result if all believers were only as faithful and conscientious as this old Chinese woman!

### "WE HAVE FOUND WATER!"

"And it came to pass the same day, that Isaac's servants came, and told him concerning the well which they had digged, and said unto him, We have found water."—Gen. xxvi. 32.

"For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."—Isa. xxxv. 6.

"A well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon."—Song of Solomon, iv. 15.

WHAT joyful tidings! In the wilderness of Beer-sheba (Gen. xxvi. 32) the servants of Isaac have just returned with the glad news, "We have found water."



IN THE WILDERNESS OF BEER-SHEBA.

We cannot understand the import of words like these unless we have lived under similar circumstances in desert surroundings, as did Abraham and his son Isaac. The value of a well, or *spring*—as in verse 19 (Heb. "living water")—can scarcely be overestimated in eastern lands. One might possess herds and flocks and wealth, but if these possessions did not *include* springs of water also, they were of comparatively little value (see Judges i. 14, 15). It was important, because life depended on a good supply of water. This was known alike by master and servant. Water was to them absolutely essential. This is true still, not only in a physical sense, but much more so in a *spiritual*. Two men had been exposed in an open boat for a whole day and night in a tropical region; on being rescued, they could just articulate—*very* indistinctly—the one word, "Water!" and point to their parched tongues. A little longer, and rescue to them would have been too late. Water gives life, and sustains it. Man in his spiritual *position* is in a *desert* as to

surroundings, dying of thirst as to his condition. To all such we cry aloud, and our testimony is—"We have found water," a well-spring of living water of which a man may drink and live for ever. *Where* have we found it? In a Person—the Lord Jesus Christ—we sought the living spring as needy, thirsty souls. He welcomed us with loving arms; we drank, and now we live. Isaac's servants had been *seeking* with much energy, and their search was successful, and their efforts rewarded. It is ever so (see Jer. xxix. 13).

They having found water, returned with the glad news to others; and shall we do less, who have found an eternal living spring? No! Never! We might expect the very stones to cry out did we cease to make known the fact that where we have slaked our thirst all may do so likewise.

I remember some years ago meeting an aged man carrying two pails of water up a steep hill. I said to him, "You have quite a hard task carrying water up this hill?" "Yes," he said, "I have." "You will want more to-morrow, I suppose?" "Oh yes," he said, "this will only serve for to-day, and to-morrow I must get some more." I then said, "Have you ever drank of the living water?" "Living water!" he said, "I never knew there was living water." I said, "Oh yes there is, and I have drank of it, and never thirst now." "Living water—neverthirst," he soliloquised; "then you ought to live up on top of this hill, as you would not want to come to get water from the well at the bottom." "Oh yes," I replied, "I should; just as you need that water for your body, so I should need it for mine." I then sought to show him that every man was a dying, thirsty soul, but that God invited all, "every one," and the "whosoever" to come unto Him and "take the water of life freely." He hastened on his way, like many more, not thirsting for that kind of water. How *many* act as that man did! They hear of a great need, and a wonderful provision to meet it, and yet it creates no desire. Dear reader, are you such an one? Dying of thirst, and don't know it—a fountain at hand and you give no heed. In love to your soul, we speak; there is a never-ending torment of thirst for those who die without having partaken of God's precious gift. Hear our testimony once again: "We *have* found water." It is to be found. Found now. By faith it is received. "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger"; and "He that believeth on Me shall *never* thirst." Millions have been supplied. "And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

### OLD MARY EAMES; or, A Cosy Corner in Somersetshire.

"CAN you make us a cup of tea?" The question has to be repeated by the writer at very close quarters into the ear of an old—a very old—lady, who leaning on her sticks advanced to meet us.

The scene is at Cottage Green, Selworthy, a charming retreat in a remote corner of Somersetshire, and the reader may imagine two travellers carrying their wardrobes on their backs, somewhat travel-stained and weary with tramping the dusty but beautiful coach road between Minehead and Porlock. They have been induced to leave the road and follow the sinuous course of one of the "loveliest and leafiest lanes in the county." They are rewarded by a brief sojourn in the sequestered spot that we now proceed to describe, partly in our own words and partly in those of old Mary Eames, who for the moment is our hostess.

"A cup of tea, sir? Yes, indeed, and at once! Come in, gentlemen, and sit you down. Take the settle, sir, and open the lattice if you would like the breeze." A good brew is soon on the table, accompanied by some more solid comforts. "I am very old, gentlemen," the old lady goes on to say, "eighty-nine years come next June. That's my master and mistress on the wall," pointing to paintings inscribed respectively, "Sir Thomas Acland" and "Lady Acland." On examining these we find that they date back to the early years of the expiring century. "They have both been dead a good many years. Their son, the late Sir Thomas, is on the wall just below them." Old Mary goes on to tell us that she is nurse to the other old people thereabout. The question naturally arises, Who are they? Surely, we thought, this old lady will have enough to do to look after herself. In reply to our inquiries, we are informed that this particularly favoured spot was set aside by the present baronet's ancestors as a haven of rest for his aged retainers and the poor, who are past work, of the parishes of Holincote, Luccombe, Porlock, Selworthy, and places as far afield as Bude, in Cornwall. Of a truth good influences are far reaching. There are seven delightfully quaint cottages in this secluded glen, embowered in roses and other flowers. The little community has its own water supply coming down the hillside from the everlasting springs; its green lawns, its bright flower-beds—attended for the most part by the inhabitants; its shady seats for their delectation, and the quaint church a few steps from their doors. Veritably a place where one could "rest and be thankful."

We stroll up the hillside under the cool shade

of the trees to the little church, and after examining its many interesting features we rest awhile on the slate slabs provided for the wayfarer, and spend a few moments gazing over one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys that it has been our lot to view—away and across to where, four or five miles distant, the bold and bare heights of Dunkery



COTTAGE GREEN, SELWORTHY.

Beacon appear to stand guard, in all their solemnity, over the orchards and "lush" meadows of the intervening country. As we reluctantly leave the spot (the setting sun having hinted to us that we must be going), the parting words of our aged hostess seem to ring in our ears, "Ah, sirs! some people say to us that they cannot imagine how we manage to live in this place," the reference being to its remoteness from the bustle of the outer world. But our visit to this favoured spot made us think that if those who live there know the Saviour and understand what peace with God really is, then the extreme purity of the air and the peaceful charm of their surroundings must of necessity tend to prolong and make pleasant the lives of these aged recipients of the good people's bounty. Verily, the lines have fallen to them in pleasant places, and we leave impressed with the conditions under which these worthy sojourners look to end their days, and could not help contrasting it with the lot of those who are obliged to spend their lives amidst the rush and turmoil of our great city. What a mercy it is if our hearts are at rest wherever our lot is cast! H. B. W.

### "COUNT YOUR MERCIES: NAME THEM ONE BY ONE."

ANY one day that you live, my brother, there is enough mercy packed away into it to make you sing not only through that day, but through the rest of your life. I have thought sometimes when I have received great mercies of God that I almost wanted to pull up, and to "rest and be thankful," and say to Him, "My blessed Lord, do not send me anything more for a little while. I really must take stock of these. Come, my good secretaries, take down notes, and keep a register of all His mercies." Let us gratefully respond for the manifold gifts we have received, and send back our heartiest praise to God, who is the giver of every good thing. But, dear me, before I could put the basketfuls away on the shelf there came waggons loaded with more mercy. What was one to do then, but to sit on the top of the pile and sing for very joy of heart.

C. H. SPURGEON.

### OLD PICTURES REFRAMED.

"Apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov. xxv. 11.

When Paul was a pharisee he thought he was blameless; when he was a christian, the chief of sinners; *before*, anything *but* Christ; *now* none but Christ.

A hypocrite is one that neither is what he seems nor seems what he is.

Some are proud of what they are, others of what they are not. Pride counts the gospel foolishness, but the gospel always shows pride to be so.

God had rather that His people should fare poorly than live proudly.

Humility is the mother of contentment. The deeper your self-abhorrence the easier is self-resignation.

None so high and glorious as Christ, yet none so meek and lowly.

God had rather see His children humble for sin than proud of grace.

A humble spirit is a charitable and quiet spirit.

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

### THE DAY OF THE RESURRECTION.

"Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"—Luke xxiv. 32.

ON the evening of this day two of the disciples had left the rest and bent their way toward Emmaus. Their hearts were sad. They reasoned as they talked together by the way.

One, only one theme was theirs—the suffering and the death of their Lord. And as they thus paced sorrowfully on, absorbed with their thoughts of Him, a Stranger drew near. Unconsciously He led them out. They told Him all that was in their hearts, minutely described their unbelief in the face of overwhelming testimony, and then upon their unbelief did they erect their shattered hopes for His eye to look upon!

Then this Stranger opened to them the Scriptures. He spake from the whole book, Moses, Psalms, and Prophets, and as he did so

Everywhere that book shone.

And though unbelieving words escaped their lips, their hearts burned within them as they listened to His words. Their eyes were holden, so that they should not know Him, but their hearts were deeply stirred.

"Abide with us," they said, as He made as if He would go further. Their hearts needed Him, He was their Comforter, their Refuge.

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me."

He entered with them into the house, and sat down with them. Had He not found them, and walked with them, to bring them into the position of being at rest with Himself? And then the evening meal was served, and as the Stranger—now, indeed their host—took the bread and blessed and brake it,

Their holden eyes were loosed, they recognised Him in the breaking of the bread, and in His giving it to them. And in a moment He was gone from their sight.

What could these two men do? Just what the women in the morning had done. Hasten back to the rest, and tell them the wonderful things they had seen and heard. We may be sure they were swift of foot on such an errand. And when

they reached Jerusalem, they found the disciples gathered together, saying, with one accord,

"The Lord is risen indeed."

And as they related how it had happened to them in the way, and how he was known of them in the breaking of bread, and as all hearts were full of the great reality, Jesus Himself stood in their midst, and said, "Peace be unto you." The Good Shepherd had sought out and gathered the sheep together. And as He, in His loving care, died in that day, so He delights now to reveal Himself to all who truly love and desire to serve Him.

### WHAT CAN I WISH THEE?

WHAT can I wish thee that has not been given?

The wells of Elim with its shady palms,  
A pathway straight that leads up to Heaven,  
A certain hope that all thy spirit calms.  
A tent in Mamre, in this desert drear,  
And heavenly visitants to entertain  
With holy reverence yet without a fear,  
Though judgment hangs o'er Sodom's guilty plain.  
And sweet communion!—power to intercede  
As with a friend—for such He deigns to be,—  
To speak to Him of sinners in their need,  
And plead that they His mercy still may see.  
Green pastures and still waters are thy way,  
A Refuge safe when stormy tempest lowers,  
The Shadow of a Rock in heat of day,  
A quiet resting place for weary hours.

These for the present need—thy pathway here;  
And for the future? Does its scroll unfold  
Aught that should cause the shadow of a fear?  
Nay! But it speaks to thee of bliss untold.  
It speaks of rest! A rest which shall remain  
When earth and its foundations melt away;  
It sings a song—how sweet is its refrain!—  
Of joy and peace through heaven's eternal day.

What can I wish thee then? Already blest  
With choicest gifts from heaven's exhaustless store—  
This is my wish—That thou mayest fully rest  
In Him who gives thee all, and prove Him more.  
Thus may thy years roll on, and day by day  
Thy pathway brighter shine as these pass by,  
Until thy journey on the narrow way  
Shall land thee safe where endless pleasures lie.

HOMELIGH.

*These sweet lines are by our late esteemed contributor and friend, Mr. W. Coultas, who not long since entered into rest.*

### SHOES OF IRON.

SHOES of iron are promised only to those who are to have rugged roads, not to those whose path lies amid the flowers. God will provide for the ruggedness of their way. They will have a divine blessing which would not be theirs but for the roughness and ruggedness. The Hebrew parallelism gives the same promise, without figure, in the remaining words of the same verse, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25). Sorrow draws comfort that never would have come in joy. For the rough roads there are iron shoes.

## ASSYRIAN SACRED SYMBOLS.

THE GODS NISROCH OR DAGON AND BEL.

**I**n a recent article we referred to various deeply interesting Assyrian tablets that have in recent years been brought to light. We were able to give a small illustration of the "bird" which appeared to have a remarkable symbolic significance, and now we give an engraving depicting the other singular symbol of the sacred "tree." There is no doubt the idea is, as we stated, that these strange figures guarded the closed gates of Eden, and indeed kept "the way of the Tree of Life." Of course, as in the case of other idolatrous representations, these figures only show how far even in this early stage of the world's history men had departed from the knowledge of the true God and had "made" a religion of their own.

We shall now give particulars of other sculptures which are full of symbolic meaning, and upon the origin of which we cannot fail to obtain light by a careful study of the Word of God in places where the idols "Nisroch" or Dagon, and the Chaldean Bel or Baal are referred to.

Assyria worshipped other deities, whose names we find mentioned both in the canonical and apocryphal writings of the Old Testament, and representations of several of these have been found among the sculptures that decorated the halls of the North-West Palace, and have been identified with Nisroch or Dagon, and Bel or Baal, and the Dragon.

A winged human figure with the head of an eagle is believed to represent the first of these, viz. "Nisroch." And the reason for entertaining the belief is partly grounded upon the meaning attached to the root "Nisr" which signifies "an eagle" both in the ancient and modern languages of the country, the same word, moreover, by some succession of ideas came to express "conquest" and "victory" in the Arabic and some of the cognate dialects of the Hebrew, and hence the conclusion arrived at is, that this eagle-headed figure is the god of victory—the particular deity of the great Sennacherib, and at whose shrine the humbled victor was assassinated by his sons after the miraculous destruction of his army.

Another divinity has been unmistakably identified with Dagon, the idol of the Philistines. This figure, whilst clad in the usual priestly garb and presenting the sacred cone, is without wings, and has for a headdress the head of a fish, the body

falling over his shoulders and down his back. We can scarcely hesitate to trace this mystic form to the strange God, or sacred Man-fish, described by Berosus, and stated by him to have emerged from the Erythrean sea and to have been the bearer of wisdom and civilization to the early Chaldeans.



It is generally supposed that Dagon is simply a deification of Noah.

Two remarkable figures, vigorously carved upon a large slab are peculiarly interesting from the novelty of the subject presented to us. A winged divinity is depicted in the act of hurling thunderbolts at a monstrous griffin, or dragon, with pointed ears, extended jaws and outspread wings, who turns savagely upon his pursuer. This remarkable sculpture seems to embody the doctrine of the co-existence and antagonism of Good and Evil, and we may have here "the origin of Ormazd, the eternal source of Light, and Ahriman, the Father of Evil, who in a continuous struggle divide the dominion of the universe." It is, moreover, highly probable that the victory of the Chaldean Bel, or Baal, over the Dragon is here represented.

## GOD'S ERRANDS.

**G**OD never asks us to go on His errands without telling us what to say. If we are living in fellowship with Him, He will impress His messages on our minds, and enrich our life with the appropriate utterance. Do any read these words who, like Moses, lack this royal endowment?—their words fall pointless and dead. Let them offer their lips to speak, not with the wisdom of human eloquence, but with the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost; and their appeal will not be denied. If only God's glory be our object, God's hand will be put forth to touch our mouth, and He will leave His words there.

THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—VII.

(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20 ; Isa. xlv. 1.)

WE cannot too urgently emphasize the undeniable fact that the whole scope of the life of Cyrus was foreseen and foretold by the inspired prophet Isaiah. As we mentioned previously, over one hundred years before the event came to pass, the destruction of Babylon was distinctly prophesied, and moreover it was to be accomplished by Cyrus.

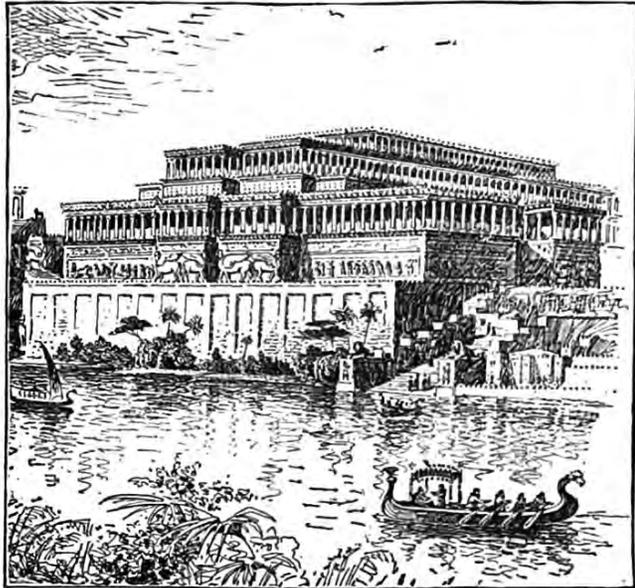
We are particular in directing attention to this, because we want our readers to perceive, that whatever men may determine in their minds, there is an overruling directing Hand above and beyond it all. Slowly but surely the determinations of the living God became manifest, and then all the plans and purposes of His creatures were proved to be futile and powerless.

A specimen or two of the most interesting of the Old Testament prophecies on this subject will show the weight of this argument. Look at Isaiah's predictions of the career of Cyrus. (See Isa. xlv. and xlv.) Isaiah penned this prophecy over 100 years before Cyrus was born, and nearly 150 years before Cyrus's conquest of Babylon. Three or four generations lived and died between Isaiah and Cyrus. The prophet could not have had any other means of knowing who Cyrus would be and what he would do than by the distinct revelation of coming facts by the Spirit of God.

What facts did Isaiah foretell? First he gives his name—Cyrus. Second, the point of compass of his birthplace. "I have raised one up from the north"—that is Persia. Third, Cyrus is afterward to call upon God from the east. Early in life, Cyrus was removed from Persia to Medea, which was commonly called the east. Fourth, the personal character of Cyrus is forecasted, "A ravenous bird from the east." This eagle-like bird typifies a man of war-like spirit, of rapidity of conquest, of heathen religion. "The righteous man from the east," signifies the justice and equity of his rule. Fifth, Cyrus's ignorance of the true God is foreshown in the words: "I have girded thee though thou hast not known me." Sixth, the conquests of Cyrus are prevised. "He gave the nations before him. He will subdue nations. He will loose the loins of kings." In Belshazzar's defeat and death these words were fulfilled, as well as the various suggestions as to the irresistible velocity of his conquests. One historian says: "He (Cyrus) had scarcely gained one victory before his tumultuous forces poured down upon

other battle grounds. Scarcely had one city fallen before he stood thundering at the gates of another."

Seventh, the downfall of Babylon is accurately described. "Evil shall come upon thee. Thou shalt not know whence it riseth. Thou shalt not be able to put it off. Desolation shall come suddenly which thou shalt not know." A swift and improbable calamity is here predicted. The military science of that day pronounced Babylon secure from any method of assault then known.



A PALACE ON THE EUPHRATES (RESTORED).

The king would not believe the story of the enemies' entrance to the city, even when his subjects were dying in the streets. The details of the siege are still more fully given: "I will say to the deep, be dry. I will dry up thy rivers. I will open before him the two-leaved gates. The gates shall not be shut." Now read Josephus and Herodotus and see how the facts verified these prophetic details. Babylon was a city fifteen miles square. Solid walls, over 100 feet high, and broad enough upon the top for four chariots to drive abreast, surrounded the city. The river Euphrates ran through the city as the Thames runs through London. Along on both banks of the river the same impenetrable walls stood as a protection to the city. Where the streets came down to the river bank on each side there were massive folding gates, giving access to the river and viaducts by day, which were closed by the guards at sunset.

God had said, "The gates shall not be shut" on that night when Cyrus with his mighty host marched along the bed of the river. They were *not* shut, with such consequences to the great city as we find recorded so plainly in the Word of God.

A SILENT  
SERMON.

A VERY devoted minister of Christ once took much pains, it is said, to prepare a sermon to convince a notorious infidel of the truth of christianity. But, in attempting to deliver this laboured discourse, he was so confused as to be compelled to stop and close the service by prayer.

This unexpected failure in one who had so often astonished the unbeliever with the force of eloquence, led the infidel to reflect that the preacher had been, at other times, aided by divine power. Happily, this reflection proved the means of his conversion, and subsequent devotion to Christ's service.

Thus God accomplished by silence what His servant wished to effect by persuasive preaching; and the preacher used afterwards to say that his *silent sermon* was one of the most profitable discourses that he had ever delivered.

"The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power" (1 Cor. iv. 20).

## WHAT GOD SAYS.

THE testimony of God is, that "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i.). The word of God alone is that upon which the sinner has to rest; and that word points to the blood, and tells of the blood as the token of the entire cleansing, entire forgiveness of the sinner who believes.

The Son of God did not leave the bright glory of His Father, and come down into the world of death in search of righteous people. He came to find sinners, to call sinners, to seek and save the lost; and He came down to this earth where there are none but ruined, lost sinners.

## Let the Sunshine In.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-  
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-  
3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of

out you, dark - er still with - in? Clear the darkened windows,  
answered by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened windows,  
dark-ness, dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows,

o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in.

CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunshine in;..... Let the blessed sunshine in;.....  
the sunshine in, the sunshine in;

Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

The above Hymn, also "Count your Blessings," Loyalty to Christ," and others which have appeared in our pages this year, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled, "Songs of Triumph."

## Jottings about the Bible.

### ALEXANDER DUFF'S BIBLE.

FROM the Cape of Good Hope there shoots out into the sea a sandbank, forty or fifty miles in length, making the sea shallower and more dangerous, and along which a tremendous current swells.

In the year 1830, an East Indiaman, called the *Lady Holland*, was making the then tedious and difficult passage to Hindustan. For a whole week the clouds had hidden the sun; accurate knowledge of the position of the ship had been impossible; the winds had blown fitfully and boisterously; three times the vessel had been beaten off her course, but by soundings on Saturday, the 13th of February, the captain knew that he had entered on this shoal.

It was hazardous to go on far in such doubt of his whereabouts, in such rough water, and in the grasp of such a current. He would turn the vessel back to sea by eight o'clock that evening, the captain said; then, having taken further soundings, he thought he might safely go on till ten o'clock, when he would surely turn back or heave to till morning. But when four bells sounded—ten o'clock—and the captain was just about to give the order to turn back, with a tremendous concussion the ship struck upon rocks—a jagged, cruel reef of them, over which the waves dashed so savagely that wave and rock together broke the vessel's back at once, and the forepart of her sank amid the breakers. The passengers, however, all escaped, and at last were landed upon a bit of sandy beach.

One of the passengers on board the wrecked ship was a young man, Alexander Duff. He was on his way to what proved to be such magnificent missionary service in India; and while the wrecked passengers were huddled in a hovel erected by searchers for penguins' eggs amid these rocks and sands, a sailor, walking along the little beach, noticed something cast up high and dry. Going to it, he found it to be a quarto copy of a Bible, and a Scotch Psalm Book, scarcely shattered, and with Mr. Duff's name written on both distinctly. That Bible and that edition of the Psalms were about the only books, out of a library of more than eight hundred volumes which this young missionary was taking with him to India, which were not swallowed up in the shipwreck or reduced to pulp. And—what is still more singular—this copy of the Bible had not been in daily use, but,

wrapped in chamois leather, had been packed in the boxes with the other books. They had been dashed to pieces or wetted into pulp. Here, in the poor hovel, he held the uninjured Bible in his hands, and read out of it to the drenched, chilled, but saved, passengers the 107th Psalm.

The experience made a profound impression upon Mr. Duff. It ruled his life. It was to him the voice of Providence declaring that, compared with all other books, the Bible was the supreme, supremely necessary book for India—for man.

And what a most real picture of the history of the Bible—this incident! To wreck the Bible, to make it pulp, though men have affirmed it done a thousand times, has been impossible. Out of every storm of higher criticism, so called, like Kuenen's and his school, or of lower criticism, like Tom Paine's or Voltaire's; or of scientific scepticism and denial, like Haeckel's and much of our modern so-called advanced materialistic thought; or of ecclesiastical proscription, like that of Rome; or of a fashionable and sensual neglect, like that of the upper classes in England in the eighteenth century—somehow, the Bible is surely seen to be the victor and not the victim of the storm.

### “I DO NOT FEEL HUNGRY.”

AS VERY aged christian in such deep poverty as to be no stranger to the pangs of hunger, living alone in a little back room, just waiting for the Lord to take her, said only a few weeks before she was taken home, “Somehow, when I am thinking of the dear Lord, *I do not feel hungry.*” This sweet and touching testimony was rendered the more impressive by the simple and spontaneous manner in which it was given. Never can it be forgotten, accompanied as it was with an earnest pressure of the hand. Surely this old saint was imbued with the spirit of her Master and Lord, who in the days of His flesh could say, “I have meat to eat that ye know not of.”

Truly He *does* give “songs in the night.”

“What though my joys and comforts die!  
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth;  
What though the darkness gather round!  
*'Songs in the night' He giveth.*  
No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
While to that refuge clinging;  
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,  
*How can I keep from singing?*”

LET us remember the words of the Apostle, “I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ . . . preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering” (2 Tim. iv. 1, 2).



**THE LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.**

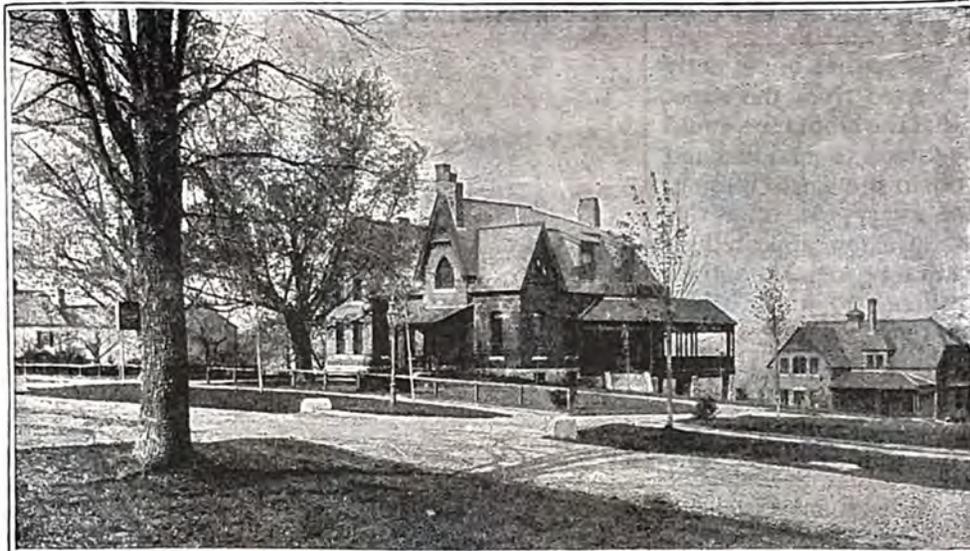
*"He that winneth souls is wise."*—Prov. xi. 30.

IT gives us unbounded pleasure to be able to commend to the readers of "THE SPRINGING WELL" the admirably written biography of the great evangelist, which has just been published.

name of Christ, and to own Him as Lord. We have heard it stated that the following words which influenced him greatly during all his life—"The world has yet to see what God will do, with, and for, and through, and in, and by, the man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him," were spoken by another servant of God, Henry Varley; and we

can understand how, absorbed as they were into the very soul and spirit of the man of God, a new era in his career of intense usefulness and blessing resulted from these few words spoken from his heart by a fellow-worker.

We regret that we have not more space to cite certain definite examples from the book itself to show how truly it was manifested that Dwight L. Moody was a GOD-SENT worker, but we hope to do so in a future number.



REVELL HALL, THE FIRST OF THE SEMINARY BUILDINGS.

With rare filial devotion, and true taste and tenderness, W. R. Moody, the preacher's son, has told the story of his father's remarkable life; and as we have read it, it has made us feel that God ordered that career from the beginning until its very splendid close, and that he was precisely like Wesley and Whitfield, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and many others, raised up to accomplish that work for the glory of his Master's holy name, which God purposed he should do. The hand of the Lord was manifestly upon him from the very early days of his history in the Connecticut valley until he triumphantly entered the gates of glory.

It is written in the Proverbs, "He that winneth souls is wise," and if ever this were true of any man it certainly was of Dwight L. Moody. What was the secret of his success as a worker as revealed in this volume? It was his absolute disinterestedness. He had no ends to serve but the blessing of his fellow-men; he had no axes of his own to grind. Like Henry Martyn, he was ready to burn out for God. With untiring earnestness and zeal and tact combined, he seems to have been from an early period of his life just filled with the power of God's Spirit, so much so that often when he spoke only with the simple and the natural eloquence of the man, hearts were bowed under the power of the Word, and thousands were ready to confess the

Through the kindness of the publishers, we are able to give an illustration from the volume. It represents the first permanent building erected under Mr. Moody's auspices, but the book is full of such engravings. It is most beautifully printed and bound, and is altogether such a publication as we delight to recommend both for personal use and presentation.

We cannot close this brief notice of this notable publication without reverting to the last moments of the life of this servant of God. It was to our mind exactly what we should have anticipated about him. Heaven must have been a great reality to the dying man as he said, "Earth recedes; heaven opens before me. No, this is no dream, Will. It is beautiful. It is like a trance. If this is death it is sweet. There is no valley here. God is calling me, and I must go. This is my triumph; this is my coronation day! I have been looking forward to it for years." Then, his biographer says, his face lit up, and he said in a voice of joyful rapture, "Dwight! Irene!—I see the children's faces," referring to the two little grandchildren God had taken from his life in the past year, and soon after this the man of God entered into rest.

[The official authorized "Life of Dwight L. Moody," by his son, W. R. Moody (with 116 Illustrations). Morgan and Scott, 10s. 6d.]

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES. \*  
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THE SUNSHINE FROM ONE  
 BRIGHT FACE.

ONE day not long since, as I chanced to be out in the street in a storm, I came to a number of people who were waiting somewhat impatiently for some obstacle to be removed from the street crossing. As it was evident that the hindrance would soon be out of the way, the crowd seemed inclined to wait rather than to go on to the next crossing, which was quite a distance away. All, however, seemed to be annoyed, while a few appeared so much out of humour as to attract general attention. Some expressed their impatience in words, while others only revealed it by their looks. In the midst of this unpleasant waiting, the little trill of a whistle was heard somewhere in the crowd. It was so clear and bird-like that it sounded very pleasantly, and we all looked to see who this happy one could be. We soon knew that the whistler was the little newsboy who carried a large package of papers, and could not very well get out of the crowd. Of course, he knew that it was no time to sell newspapers in the midst of a storm, when people were holding umbrellas, so undoubtedly he thought he might as well use his breath in whistling.

I caught a glimpse of the boy's face, and although somewhat thin and pale, it was as bright as a sunbeam, and had just about as much sweetness and beauty. I could see the looks on other faces soften as the people glanced at the boy.

"I guess you are the only happy one in the crowd," some one said to him.

"Yes, I am happy," was the quick reply.

"Say, little chap, just tell us the secret of your happiness on this unpleasant day," some one else said in a careless manner.

The newsboy looked up into the man's face so pleasantly that all knew he did not take offence easily, and so the fun stopped immediately. A man who seemed to know the boy then said :

"Yes, Sam, tell them why you are happy."

"All right, Mr. Mason, I will if you say so. One thing that makes me happy is because I am well enough to work and help my mother ; another is that people are so good to me ; BUT THE GREATEST ONE IS BECAUSE I AM A CHRISTIAN !"

Here the brave little fellow that dared to confess Christ in a crowd looked up with a brighter light still upon his face.

"I guess that you ought to be happy, Sam," the same man said again. "You evidently enjoy your

liberty after getting out of the hospital, even though you did leave one of your feet there."

We all looked down at the boy's feet, and while doing so he said in the same quick voice as before :



SUNSHINE IN TWO FACES.

"But I have a cork foot, and can use it so well that I often forget that it is not a real one."

Then, as if remembering some other important fact connected with the matter, he added :

"The christian people sent me to the hospital, and gave the money for my cork foot."

This was said in such an earnest manner that all were evidently impressed, and a silence followed until some one said :

"Say, good people, let us all buy a newspaper of this little chap."

In a moment all seemed to be getting their hands into their pockets, and soon Sam's papers were sold, and it was evident that something extra found its way into his hands.

"I think that you must all be christians, too," he began ; but seeing smiles upon several faces, he suddenly stopped. No one said anything, however, and he went on, "Thank you just the same, for you are very kind. I hope that you will all soon become christian men, as I think you will. It does not take one long to become a christian if he really trusts the Saviour."

Just then the street crossing was cleared, and the crowd passed along quickly in a good-natured way, for each had caught a little of the sunshine from one bright face among them. Sam slipped away, too, unconscious of the good he had done, but very happy because he had Christ in his soul.

## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

## MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

I am sitting under an old apple tree, in a sweet country orchard, writing my letter to you; and how I should like to have every one of you seated on the grass around me! What a large, happy party we should be, and how happy to speak face to face, instead of only knowing each other on paper! I have been praying that we may all meet by-and-by around the Lamb, in that great multitude, which no man can number, out of every nation, kindred, people, and tongue (Rev. vii. 9). And that brings me back to Genesis iv., which we have to talk over together this month, and to the religions that started then, and have divided the world ever since, and that will never be reconciled for all eternity: the religion of Cain, and that of Abel; the religion of the Lamb, and the religion of Works.

When I was a child I used to think it was very hard that God did not like Cain's offering, and perhaps some of you darling children will be thinking so to-day. For Cain must have taken a deal of trouble about it, and I expect it looked very beautiful, of splendid fruit and fairest flowers; and yet God did not like it, and He told him so.

Abel, on the other hand, did not toil at all: he just took a lamb from his flock, killed it, and brought it to God. It was not until after I was saved that I understood what was lacking in Cain's offering, and what was lacking in Cain's soul, which made him bring such an offering. First, what was lacking in his soul: he ignored the fact that he was born a sinner, a lost sinner, and that he and holy God could not meet, while sin was at his door (ver. 7). He was indifferent to the curse God had pronounced upon the earth (iii. 17), and as its fruits and flowers pleased his senses, he thought they should suit God too. We are told in 1 John that he was a wicked man leading a wicked life, and he had no conscience about it. 2ndly, what was lacking in his sacrifice: it was "the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11). And this Abel brought to God, for he had faith. He believed everything that God told him: about his own lost state, and about the need of another dying in his room and stead, for without shedding of blood there could be no remission, and so he "offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain" (Heb. xi. 4). And he lived a holy life, for we read his works were "righteous," fitting one who knew acceptance with God. Cain hated the faith, and the life that rebuked his own, and he rose up and slew his brother. He thought to stamp out the religion of the Lamb, and he seemed to succeed when he had killed its only representative. And the religion of Cain thrived, and thrives still, in spite of God's disapproving of it.

"*C'est la religion catholique!*" exclaimed a Roman Catholic lad, when I was speaking in a little French meeting of Cain's religion as the oldest in the world. But it is not only the Roman Catholics who follow Cain's religion. I think most of us start with it, thinking that by something we can do, and that we may call *good works*, we can win our way into God's favour, and "inherit eternal life" (Luke x. 25). But it is not the religion that it will do to finish with, although it has had its millions of followers all the world over, for if it brings a sacrifice unacceptable to God, it is valueless, however popular it may be. But Abel's Lamb, and the blood of the Lamb, can be traced as a scarlet line all through the Bible, until we come to Him whom John points out as "the Lamb of God, taking away the sin of the world" (John i. 29); and finally we read of that grand scene we began our talk

with, when "the army of the conquerors," which Abel headed up so long ago, will stand around the Lamb: a multitude that no man can number, whose names had been written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and who, though despised and unknown here, having "followed the Lamb," now enter into the home where the Lamb is the Light thereof. Ah! Cain's religion began first, and has sadly prospered; but Abel's will go on to all eternity, long after Cain and his followers have heard the awful words: "I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity" (Matt. vii. 23).

Well, "Cain went out from the presence of the Lord" (ver. 15), and he and his descendants made the best of this world; but you may be sure it was a very poor best, though they had cities, and lands, and cattle, and harps and organs, and beautiful and useful things; but they lacked "the blessing of the Lord," and "it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it" (Prov. x. 22).

And now our little lesson in the old orchard is ended, and I must set you your new questions, my dear lads and lassies, whom I love and for whom I pray.

Ever your loving

AUNT ALICE.

This will be our 6th set of questions, so when they are answered the question of prizes will have to be considered.

## QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. Give a verse from Romans stating that by one man sin entered into the world, and therefore death.
2. In which epistle is it said that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast"?
3. Prove by a verse from 1 John that Cain's life was evil.
4. Find in the last epistle the woe that is pronounced on those who go in the way of Cain.
5. Where is it said that "without shedding of blood there is no remission"?
6. On what occasion did Abraham say: "God will provide Himself a lamb"?
7. On what solemn night in Israel's history was the Passover Lamb first slain?
8. How many lambs were to be offered "day by day continually" under the law of Moses?
9. Where do we read of Christ as "a Lamb without blemish and without spot"?
10. Where is it said that Christ was "brought as a lamb to the slaughter"?
11. Where are we told that "not by works of righteousness which we have done" we are saved?
12. How many times is the Lamb mentioned in the Revelation? (References only may be given to this.)

No concordance to be used, or help given.

The answers to be sent before the end of the month, addressed only to

AUNT ALICE,

The Grange,

Mansfield-Woodhouse.

## ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

1. Matthew xxviii. 1-6, and other Gospels.
2. John xx. 19, 26.
3. Rev. ii. 7; xxii. 2-14.
4. Psalm xlvi. 4.
5. Rev. xxii. 1.
6. Almighty God, Gen. xvii. 1.; I am that I am—Jehovah, Exodus iii. 14; vi. 3; Father, John xvii. 25, 26, &c.
7. John xix. 41.
8. Ephesians v. 31—to Christ and the Church.
9. Ephesians i. 23.
10. Revelation xix. 7, 8.
11. Ezekiel xviii. 4.
12. 1 Peter ii. 15; iii. 17; iv. 2, 19.

## OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.

*Golden Text*—"For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him."—Mark vi. 20. Read Mark vi. 14—34.

## READING ON THE LESSON.

14. "And King Herod heard of Him. His name was spread abroad." In Matt. xiv. 1 the words are, "Herod the tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus." His works and His words were being talked about, or, in other words, that which God said and did through Him was noised abroad. How much, how little are you telling of the doings and sayings of Jesus to make His name known?

15, 16. "It is John whom I beheaded. He is risen from the dead." Why Herod should associate mighty works and one risen from the dead we are not told.

17, 18. "Herod himself had sent forth and laid hold upon John and bound him in prison." This he did because John had rebuked him because of sin in his life. Thus the righteous for righteousness' sake find imprisonment and death, while the ungodly prosper in the world. This perplexed David and Asaph (Psalms xxxvii. and lxxiii.), and many a righteous one before and since. All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution (2 Tim. iii. 12).

19. "Herodias would have killed him, but she could not." She was a murderess at heart, and therefore related to him of whom our Lord tells in John viii. 44. Instead of having a quarrel with him, the margin says she had an inward grudge against him.

20. "Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him." Although he heard him gladly and did many things, he was unwilling to break off his sins.

22, 23. A king's birthday party, with music and dancing, a sample of what the devil gives people to enjoy, and of the way he works out his purposes. Herod is carried away with this girl's dancing, and offers her anything she may ask.

24, 25. "And she went forth and said unto her mother, What shall I ask?" Did ever a mother make such awful request through a daughter? "The head of John the Baptist." Perhaps such request was never made in just such words, but it may be that many a mother has, like Athaliah, counselled her child to do wickedly (2 Chron. xxii. 3).

26. "And the king was exceeding sorry, yet for his oath's sake and for their sakes which sat with him he would not reject her." His honour in the eyes of others was of greater consequence than any question as to what was right.

27, 28. "And immediately the king sent an executioner and commanded his head to be brought, and he went and beheaded him in the prison." Thus the girl received on a dish the head of the man who was great in the sight of the Lord, greater than any man, even of woman.

29, 30. "And when His disciples heard of it they came and took up his corpse and laid it in a tomb." Matt. xiv. 12, says, "His disciples came and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus." The Apostles told Jesus all things, both what they had done and taught. Let us do the same.

## OUR NEXT COMBINATION TEXT COMPETITION.

We regret that we have not space to insert another this month; but if our kind correspondents will have patience, they will find one inserted in due time. We are glad of the interest manifested in those that have appeared.

## OUR SOUTH AFRICAN AND GENERAL FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

WE are certain that many kind friends will hear with thankfulness that since our last issue, we have been enabled to send to the soldiers in South Africa considerable quantities of Bibles, Testaments, and Gospel Books, besides numbers of this paper.

Through the generous help of the American Consul at Pretoria we were able to secure for distribution many Gospel messages to the prisoners, and subsequently to our troops when they took possession of the city. We have also sent further supplies to Mr. Jasper Smith through the Natal Government, to Mrs. Osborn-Howe, to the Cape General Mission, and to other centres of work in the Colonies.

We tender our heartfelt thanks to God for stirring up kind friends to help in the work. The need for continual effort will last a long time, for so many are in the hospitals, and so many must be stationed out there for many months yet. We shall be grateful to all who can aid us still in this service.

We thank those who have so liberally supported this effort to spread the knowledge of salvation even on the battlefield. We have not space for further letters this month; but we have most gratifying intelligence as to work done.

E., London, for Bibles, Testaments, Volumes, and Books already despatched to Pretoria, Bloemfontein, Durban, Mafeking, and other places in South Africa	£	s.	d.
...	50	0	0
R. M., Buxton	...	0	5 0
Mr. Robert H., Timaru...	...	1	0 0
A Friend, Chelmsford	...	0	5 0
A Friend	...	0	1 6
E. B., Winchmore Hill	...	0	1 0
S. W., Bristol	...	0	10 0
Mrs. Z., Los Angeles	...	0	4 0
A. V. H., Chippenham	...	0	3 0

## OUR LEPER FUND.

WE are deeply grateful to all who continue to remember this fund. We have just received interesting tidings from the asylum at Calicut, which we hope to give our readers in our next issue. Amidst the many calls now upon the generosity of friends, we do sincerely trust the poor lepers may not be forgotten.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Robert H., Timaru...	...	1	0 0
T., Nettlesome	...	0	2 0
A Friend, Guernsey	...	0	2 6
Mrs. Z., Los Angeles	...	0	2 0
Miss C., Mansfield-W.	...	0	3 6
G. M. H., Derby...	...	0	2 6

## INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

WE want to try to help a little in this awful calamity. There are six millions of our fellow-creatures dying of starvation in India. Who will contribute one shilling to help? Good, earnest christian men are working night and day to alleviate the distress. We are sure our readers will help a little for the Lord's sake. We shall be thankful to receive subscriptions, no matter how small. We have already received as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, Scarboro'	...	0	2 0
Per Mr. F. Mustow—Cootham Sunday School, 3s. ; Mission Hall, 12s.	...	0	15 0

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.



# The SPRINGING WELL

## or Waters that fail not.

### THE CAPTAIN'S MARKED BIBLE.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON was a frank, manly fellow, a good specimen of a Scotch skipper. Like most respectable persons in highly-favoured Scotland he was a professor of religion, but, alas! he had never been truly converted to God.

Mrs. Anderson was an earnest and decided christian, and was naturally anxious that her husband should become one too. Shortly after she had accepted Christ as her Saviour, the Captain's steamer sailed for a port on the Tyne, in which a devoted christian, a friend of the writer's, resides.

This gentleman was known to Mrs. Anderson, and she wrote him a letter, stating that her husband's ship was expected to be on the Tyne, and she had asked the Captain to call on him. She also expressed the hope that the friend would endeavour to have a talk with him on spiritual matters. On the steamer's arrival Captain Anderson paid

a visit to this friend of his wife's, who, after some general conversation, inquired of the Captain if he was saved. "I hope so," was the reply. How



"CAPTAIN ANDERSON BECAME CONVINCED THAT HE WAS UNSAVED."

often this simple inquiry proves a test to those who are uncertain, or undecided as to the salvation of their souls! So being desirous of ascertaining *the*

*ground of his hope* he asked a few leading questions, the result of which convinced him that the Captain was expecting to reach heaven on the ground of *his own doings*, instead of on the ground of *Christ's finished work*.

Multitudes of persons in these days of false liberalism and mock charity take the ground of being christians, but on being asked to give "a reason of the hope" that is in them (1 Peter iii. 15), they declare that they go to church, read their Bible, take the communion, try to "do their duty," and expect it will be all right with them at "the last." The reader may be upright, sincere, moral, conscientious and "religious," and yet if he is not "born again" he cannot see the kingdom of God (John iii. 3). There are, alas! numbers in these days of widespread profession who attend church or chapel, teach in Sunday School, visit the sick, engage in various charitable and benevolent works, who have never experienced the great change of conversion to God. "Except ye be converted," said the Lord Jesus, "and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). Where does the reader stand? Converted or unconverted, saved or unsaved, regenerate or unregenerate? Which? *Which? WHICH?*

Seeing that Captain Anderson was clinging to his own righteousness, which God's word declared to be but "filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6), Mr. Mac— sought to get him to renounce his profession and as a helpless and guilty sinner accept Christ. After conversing together for a considerable time the christian man took the Captain's Bible and put a pencil mark around the precious words of John vi. 47—

"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

On separating, he quietly said to the Captain, "I AM AFRAID YOU WILL MISS IT." What he meant was he feared that he would cling to his profession and thus refuse to take the lost sinner's place and claim the lost sinner's Saviour.

Captain Anderson, when alone in the cabin of his steamer that night, pondered the searching words that had been spoken to him by the earnest soul winner.

The sentence, "I am afraid you will miss it," was carried home in power to his heart and conscience. Was he a *real* christian? Had he ever experienced the *great change*? Was he prepared to meet a holy and righteous God? Had he ever been "born again"?

After much deep soul exercise Captain Anderson became convinced that he was unsaved, and consequently was a christian only in name. He

acknowledged in God's presence that he was lost and unable to do anything to remove the sentence of condemnation that was resting upon him as an unbeliever. (John iii. 18.) Whilst familiar with many of the great Bible doctrines, he had not yet laid hold of the soul-saving truth of the Gospel. He believed in the *necessity* of the atonement, but did not understand what Christ's death had accomplished.

One day, whilst his steamer was at a port in the Western Highlands, he opened his Bible, and his eye rested on the MARKED VERSE—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." He began meditating on the glorious words, "Verily, verily I say unto you." The speaker was the Lord Jesus, and what He said was of the deepest importance. "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." What was meant by *believing on Christ*? Did he not believe on Him? Had he not *always* believed on Him? Those who believed on Christ were in possession of "everlasting life." He had not yet obtained that priceless gift, *therefore* he had never really believed on Him. Those who believed on Christ were "justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39), but he was not in a "justified" state, *consequently* he was still an unbeliever. All who believed on Christ were "saved" (Acts xvi. 31; Rom. x. 9), but he was unsaved, *therefore* he had not truly believed on Christ.

From childhood he had been taught to believe that Christ died for "sinners," but believing *that* had done him no good. Believing that Christ died for *other people* could afford him no rest or peace to his troubled spirit. As he pondered the words of the marked verse the Holy Spirit revealed to him the blessed fact that CHRIST HAD DIED FOR HIM and borne the judgment due *to him*, and by *simply believing on Him* he was saved and had eternal life. Then for the first time in his life he could truthfully say—

"God loved, God gave,  
I believe and I have  
Everlasting life."

Though twenty years have come and gone since then, Captain Anderson is a happy believer, and rejoices in Christ as his Saviour and Lord.

Where does the reader stand?

If you have any doubt as to your salvation, give your soul the benefit of the doubt. A mistake on this point might prove fatal. Get down to the foundation, and see whether you are building for eternity on good works, happy feelings, church-going, sacramental observances, or on the "Rock of Ages."

"Upon a life I do not live,  
Upon a death I do not die,  
Another's life, another's death,  
I stake my whole eternity."

**"A LEPER, AS WHITE AS SNOW."**

WHEN Elisha, the prophet of Jehovah, gave the word of healing to Naaman the leper, he acted by divine authority, and served the Prince of Syria in a way that became God. Naaman had come to be healed, full of his own proud thoughts, and also burdened with a great reward for his healer. Elisha would not so much as show himself to the prince, but sent him a message from God, which, while it proclaimed to him perfect healing, humbled him to a degree. At length Naaman yielded: he went to the Jordan, and he washed, and he became clean.



On his return he stood before Elisha, proclaimed his belief in the power of the God of Israel, and besought the prophet to take a blessing of him! And though he urged his request, Elisha, in the name of Jehovah, refused. It would not have been consistent with God's grace to Naaman had a present been taken as a reward for the grace, and Elisha, as Jehovah's servant, was careful to guard his Lord's character.

But Elisha's servant had not learned God! Alas! though in close attendance on such a master as the prophet, he was in mind far from right and holy thoughts. "Behold," said he, "my master hath spared this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but"—and then he uttered the words the prophet used as God's spokesman with shameless presumption—"as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him."

So he hastened after the Syrian, who lighted down from his chariot, and came to meet him. Gehazi had a shrewd lie ready to cover his

covetousness, and Naaman gave him a costly gift, believing it was for some sons of the prophets that were paying the prophet a visit.

It is often remarked how one sin leads to another, and how the sinner tries to hide one iniquity by covering it over with another iniquity. Three of the Ten Commandments did Gehazi break in his short course of sin: He coveted; he took the name of the Lord in vain; he stole.

He came back with his riches, and full of fine prospects, "oliveyards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and menservants and maidservants," and having disposed of his wealth, he once more stood as servant before Elisha! There he capped all his evils by the familiar sin that is supposed to hide our wickedness from the eyes of our fellow-men—a lie. And in a moment the judgment of God fell upon him. "The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper, as white as snow."

This terrible descent from sin to sin arose from the heart being full of covetousness. The sin of the heart led to sins of action and of words, until the servant of the prophet, afflicted with the disease which is in the Bible typical of sin, was banished from the presence of the prophet.

We have also in this story a remarkable instance of God's way of leaving for its own explanation man's misrepresentations of His ways. Naaman would have to learn by the tidings of Gehazi's punishment of Gehazi's sin.

**THE NAME THAT IS ABOVE EVERY NAME.**

*"His name shall endure for ever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun."*—Ps. lxxii. 17.

*"A name which is above every name."*—Phil. ii. 9.

JESUS, my Saviour-Friend, my Lord and King,  
No name is there like Thine. The dearest,  
Sweetest name on earth cannot compare with Thine,  
Which tells the glorious thought of love, more pure  
And true than all of earth; of Love that gave  
Its all, that such as come to Thee might know  
The wondrous depth, the infinite length and breadth,  
The dazzling height of that grand love which passeth  
All that they can comprehend.  
Jesus, in this Thy name reveal Thyself more nearly  
Unto me, Thy child. Until the day that Thou  
Shalt come again, cause me daily to walk with Thee,  
Daily to hold sweet converse with Thee, "the Altogether  
Lovely."

Thus shall I ever prove the power of Thy blest name  
To save and keep e'en "to the uttermost." Make me  
A living witness to its power that all around  
May know that Thou dost live and reign  
Within the precincts of my soul. Let Thy great name  
Be ever glorified and mine be lost in Thine.

E. C. M. BARGERY.

### THE STORY OF CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.—I.

THE pioneers of christian missions have been, in every case, men qualified and called of God. In addition to other qualifications, they have been possessed by a burning love to the souls of the millions sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, and filled with ardent zeal for the glory of Christ in the salvation of the perishing multitudes of those lost in sin and degraded by ignorance and superstition, and willing to spend and be spent, and even to lay down their life for Christ's sake. To them the Gospel of the grace of God is the mighty lever to uplift the down-trodden and the miserable, the slaves of Satan, sin, and hell. Having proved in their own experience that the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," they know that what it has done for themselves it can do for others, and that however low men may be sunk in all ungodliness, God's gracious remedy can rescue and save them. They have been willing, therefore, to brave all dangers, to endure all sufferings, and sacrifice themselves that the way may be opened for the messengers of the cross, to carry the tidings, and as a part of God's great army, to march in and possess the land for Christ.

Captain Allen Gardiner was no exception to this; indeed the description answers to his character in every respect.

Allen Gardiner was born in the parsonage of Basildon, Berkshire (the temporary house of his parents, whose house in Oxfordshire was being rebuilt), in June, 1794, when George III. was king of Great Britain, and when France was suffering in the struggles of a godless revolution. His parents were godly persons of the middle class, and his training was that of a christian home. Though reared in an inland village, he early had a craving for a sea-faring life, and a love of adventure, which was fostered and fed by such books as Mungo Park's travels and adventures. At the age of thirteen he was entered as a cadet in the Naval College at Portsmouth, and after two years he went to sea as a midshipman in the *Fortune*, Captain Vansittart. His next appointment was to the *Phæbe*, a frigate of forty-two guns, and his first battle was between his own ship and the American vessel, the *Essex*. When the latter struck, young Gardiner and others brought their prize and her crew into Portsmouth.

By this time he had drifted into a reckless career, though he never forgot his mother's loving words and earnest prayers. The death of that

mother left a void in his heart, but instead of his turning to Him who alone could fill it, he mingled more freely with ungodly companions, and even began to imbibe sceptical opinions. Several rescues from death left one lasting impression on his heart. One day, however, while walking the streets of Portsmouth, serious thoughts took possession of him. A friend had been called away by sudden death. He resolved to purchase a Bible, and read it. He watched a bookseller's shop until an opportunity occurred for him to enter unobserved and make his purchase. Its perusal did not at once lead to conversion and decision to become a follower of Christ, but its light broke in upon his mind, and its truths distilled into his soul. His ship had orders to join a squadron and sail to India, and thence to China. While at Penang, he had two letters, one from his father, the other from Lady Grey, who had taken a deep interest in his welfare from the time he entered the Naval College. She had been a kind friend, and had deeply regretted his wayward course of life. Before he left on this voyage, she had several conversations with him, and had put into his hand a record of his mother's last illness. Her letter revived the impressions her conversation had made, and the pathetic records of his mother's closing days touched him deeply, and wrought by God's blessing lasting results. Before returning home, his ship called at Chili and he visited Santiago, in South America. Walking the streets of that city, he came upon the cathedral, the magnificence of whose ritual services as well as the levity of the monks and the selfishness of the priests, strongly moved him. A visit to the Inquisition at Lima, confirmed in his mind a strong repugnance to the system which fosters such gross perversions of christianity. This was intensified by a visit to Tahiti, as his ship returned to China. It was Sunday morning when the *Dauntless* cast anchor, and an atmosphere of peace and rest pervaded the place. There was no bartering on that day; and though christian missionaries had not long been settled there, the whole population had been fermented with christian influence. The large church, built by the king, and capable of holding six thousand people, was well attended, the worship was conducted with seriousness and decorum, and the children showed skill and understanding in answering the questions put to them. When the *Dauntless* arrived at Sydney, he was in poor health, and resolved to return to England to recruit his strength. Touching at Capetown on the way home, he records the great change that had been wrought in his heart and life.

## GUNGADHOR.

## A Good Confession of Jesus Christ.

GUNGADHOR was the first native of Orissa, in India, to confess Christ as his Saviour. This event took place in the year 1828. He was by birth a high-caste Brahmin, but having heard the Gospel preached by a missionary, Mr. Sutton, he was truly awakened to a sense of his guilt as a sinner in the sight of God, and that salvation could only be found in Jesus, through the sacrifice which He had made, by dying on Calvary. Mr. Sutton has recorded with what joy he, one day, while on a missionary journey, heard a voice singing words of which the following is a translation:—

“Oh, my soul, be steadfast! be steadfast! be steadfast.

Be not unsteady,  
The sea of love is come.

By the Name of Jesus thou wilt be saved;  
Oh, my soul, there is no Saviour but Jesus.”

It was the voice of Gungadhor, and thus did the awakened Brahmin turn his poetic powers, which had long been employed in the worship of those which are no gods, to the praise of Him who was God manifest in the flesh, and whose name JESUS is above every name. The date is preserved (23rd March, 1828) when, having found joy and peace in believing, he renounced his Brahminical office, and exchanged the adulations of his people for the reproach of Christ. He soon became a zealous preacher of the Gospel, and his labours were abundantly blessed. One day a crowd, composed of all classes and castes, assembled to hear him. (In brief explanation of the term *caste*, we would here say that by the Brahminical code, men are divided into the following orders or *castes*, with the most stringent rules for preserving them separate: *Brahmins*, or the priests; *Kshatriyas*, or the soldiers; *Vaisyas*, or merchants; *Sudras*, or labourers; and *Pariahs*, or the outcasts.) Gungadhor commenced his address by holding up a piece of chalk and saying: “Now, with this piece of chalk I am going to write down your sins.” And turning towards a Brahmin whom he noticed on the outskirts of the crowd, standing isolated, that the shadow of a Sudra should not fall upon and pollute him, he addressed him thus: “Brahmin, tell me one of your sins and I will write it down.” The Brahmin answered: “I am a holy Brahmin, and came from the mouth of Brahma. The holy Brahmin cannot sin. I never committed any.” Upon this Gungadhor made a big mark with his chalk on a stone and said: “I have put you down one for a lie.” He then turned and addressed a Sudra, and said, “Sudra, tell me one of *your* sins and I will put it down.” The

Sudra replied, “When I pass the holy Brahmin I do not feel the reverence towards him that I ought.” And Gungadhor scratched some of the chalk into powder with his thumb-nail, and let it fall on the stone in the semblance of a mark, saying: “I have put down the Sudra’s sin, but let us see if it is a real one.” Whereupon he placed his mouth near to the stone, and with a strong puff of his breath blew the powder away, adding, “No! that is no sin at all. Sudra, tell me a real sin.” The Sudra then replied, “When I pass the temple I do not make *puja*” (bowing with the hands placed together before the face) “to the idol.” Again Gungadhor repeated the action with the powdered chalk, and when this mark was also blown away, he said: “The Sudra will not tell us his sins, but I will tell him one. Sudra, have you a brother?” And the Sudra replied, “Yes.” “And are you always kind to him.” “No, sometimes we disagree.” “And do you love him then?” “No, sometimes I hate him.” “Then you are guilty of murder, for the Bible says (1 John iii. 15), ‘Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.’” And Gungadhor made a chalk mark, and went on to call to the remembrance of all the people those sins of which their consciences must accuse them, and made a chalk mark for each one. Then he turned again to the Brahmin, and said: “Brahmin, see all these sins of which we are guilty, and God can see thousands and thousands more. Oh, Brahmin, how can these sins be all put away?” The Brahmin answered, “Hethatis bathed in the Ganges is purged from all his sins.” Then Gungadhor turned to the people and asked them, “Do you know the crocodile?” And they said, “Yes.” He then asked them, “What does the crocodile live on?” And they said, “The dead bodies and all manner of things that he finds in the river.” He then asked the same questions about the shark, and received the same answers, and turning again to the Brahmin, he said, “Brahmin, are the crocodile and the shark clean or unclean?” And the Brahmin replied: “The crocodile and the shark are unclean.” And Gungadhor said, “Do you hear that? The Brahmin says the crocodile and the shark are unclean beasts, and they are always bathing in the Ganges.” Now, in India, the washing of clothes is done by men on the banks of the river, and Gungadhor then asked: “If you took a box full of dirty clothes to the washerman, but did not give him the key of the box, and he were to drag the box into the river and scrub the box all day long, and in the evening brought it on to the bank; if you opened the box would you find the clothes clean?” To this the people answered: “No, they would be dirtier than before.”

Then said Gungadhor, "When a man is bathed in the Ganges, the Brahmin says he is cleansed from his sins, but the Brahmin is only a man, and man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart, and God who looketh at the heart and knows all our sins, tells us there is only one remedy for sin, and that is the sacrifice which His own Son has offered when He died on the Cross, and that, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin'" (1 John i. vii.)

Gungadhor has long rested from his labours in the Gospel, but truly his works do follow him, and not only of his own family, but of others who through his preaching were "turned to God from idols," many are now preaching the same Gospel message, which it was his delight to deliver amongst the millions of Orissa.

"All to Jesus Christ are welcome,  
Many Hindus He has blessed ;  
Spread His name whose is the kingdom,  
Who can give the weary rest.  
So may India's sons and daughters  
Trust no more in Ganges' flood ;  
Come and drink the living waters,  
Turn from idols unto God."

T. J.

#### THE CERTAINTY OF THE RESURRECTION.

AN old man sat on his verandah one autumn evening with the son of a former school-mate. The visitor was a flippant young fellow, and talked much of his doubts about religion. The old man did not argue with him.

"It isn't worth while, Robert," he said. "You are only repeating what other men have suggested to you. You have not begun to think or feel for yourself."

Robert was insistent, and finally asserted that the doctrine of a future life was all a dream. "Death is death," he said. "When the breath goes out of the body the soul comes to an end."

His aged host led him into his library, and showed him a portrait on the wall—a noble, saintly face.

"Do you see her?" he said. "Can you guess what she was from her face—how high her intellect, how tender her nature, how near to God? I was her only son. She was, and as I have never married she always will be, the only woman in the world to me."

"Well, she is dead. And you say there is nothing of her left in the world—nothing? Why, look here, Bob. Do you see that bush in the yard? A common weed, with coarse leaves and

colourless flowers of no special use or beauty. But that weed grows in every country. It grew centuries ago; it grew before the Flood. It is the same now as it was then. It has come down through countless ages, seed after seed, the same growth, the same flower, the same thorns, unaltered.

"And if God," he said, rising in his earnestness, "if God has kept that little weed unaltered since the beginning of time, shall He extinguish the soul of my mother—the souls of all mothers—full of His truth and love, made in His likeness, who have done His work in the world? Shall the poor matter, in its meanest types, last, and the soul, which represents His intelligence and His Spirit, come to an end?"

So also is the Resurrection of the Dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power (1 Cor. xv. 42, 43). Thus writes the apostle, and the words speak very definitely of the certainty of the Resurrection.

#### WHEN THE TIDE CAME IN.

BLACK and foul the harbour lay,  
For no waves their way could win;  
But it gleamed, transformed and gay,  
When the tide came in.

Motionless the vessels lay:  
Locked the harbour-mouth within;  
Stranded there, and still to stay,  
Till the tide came in.

All my life disordered lay,  
Graceless and begrimed with sin;  
Oh! the change that hour of day  
When God's tide flowed in.

At its ease my small craft lay—  
Cramped a narrow space within;  
But it pulsed and sped away  
When God's tide flowed in.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Yea! the Holy Spirit came,  
His renewings to begin;  
Leaving nothing quite the same—  
Thus God's tide flowed in.

WINIFRED A. IVERSON.

#### "NEITHER DEATH NOR LIFE."

WHEN Hugh Kennedy of Scotland lay dying, he called for a Bible; but finding his sight gone, he said, "Turn me to the eighth of the Romans and set my finger at those words—'I am persuaded that neither death nor life.'" "Now," said he, "is my finger upon them?" and when they told him it was, he said, "Now, God be with you, my children; I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night;" and so he departed.

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

### A BRIGHT SIDE TO EVERY CLOUD.

"And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

**T**HE darkest cloud has a bright side to it, and even that which casts the deepest shadow across our path has a sunny face! Too often we see only the dark side with, it may be at times, a silver lining, but the silver lining should remind us that one side of the cloud is altogether bright. He who has ascended the mountain has seen

the bright side of the clouds;

he has watched their brilliancy as they hang above the valley under his feet. And how white have the little clouds then appeared, those flecks which ever and anon hide the sunbeams from the valley, those dark spots with silver rims!

The troubles of life have their framing of silver, their heaven-lit edges, but they have more—they have their bright side. To see this, the mountain must be ascended, for the valley does not give the view of their shining face. We need be above them, not under them, to see this. Our mountain is God's presence, nearness to Himself; the rays of light which make the heaven-side of the cloud bright are

His thoughts, His purposes, His plans.

We need grace to mount above our troubles to get God's mind about them, to be so near to Him that we may look down upon them. Not that earthly troubles will be the less sorrowful in themselves because of nearness to God, but they will be rejoiced in to His glory. "I take pleasure in infirmities," said the apostle; and why? Because the Lord in glory was magnified in the trial to which the apostle was subjected upon earth.

How many a believer is bemoaning the little troubles or worries of daily life! Climb the mountain, and you shall see that there is

a bright side to every cloud.

Seek that spiritual eminence, whence is seen the light of God shining upon the trouble. It is in these every-day difficulties that we are to glorify God. Seek that ye may live so in God's presence as to be above the power of your cares, rather than that you may have a fair sky and nothing to try your faith. Thus the very things which now are

dark to you shall be bright; they shall prove your nearness to God; in them it shall be seen that

the power of Christ rests upon you,

and those who formerly saw how troubled was your daily life, shall own the difference in you—the vast difference, which living near God on high produces, the change arising from being above the trial instead of being under it.

### TO WAIT FOR HIS SON FROM HEAVEN.

"For they themselves shew of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven."—1 Thess. i. 9, 10.

**N**O verse in the Word of God shows more clearly than this the attitude of the first Christians. The Thessalonian disciples could not have taken such a bold stand in thus waiting for God's son from heaven by any mere book knowledge. The apostles and teachers must have taught orally the doctrine of the second coming of our Lord, and the seal of the Holy Ghost had riveted the truths taught and received (ver. 6). This Epistle to the Thessalonians was the first written of all the epistles, and may have been the first New Testament scripture received by the Church at Thessalonica. Each chapter in the epistle concludes with some reference to the glorious truth, so "the gospel of God" must have included the doctrine of the second coming of the Lord.

The Apostle, in chap. i. ver. 3, introduces the theme, and says, "Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love and patience of [the] hope in our Lord Jesus Christ." He thus introduces the theme, and it proved a consolation to the suffering saints (chap. iv. 18).

The *character* of the waiting is signified in Rom. viii. 25: "But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with *patience* wait for it." There can be no doubt as to the return of the Lord. The event was in the future when the Apostle wrote to the Thessalonians, and it is the same now. There was expectancy and great joy to the Apostle and to his hearers, in the anticipation of the coming of Christ, because in the fulfilled promise those Christians would be his joy and crown of rejoicing "in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming." The heart constrained by love will not doubt the promise, though the Lord Jesus may apparently to us delay. "Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward, for ye have need of *patience*, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the *promise*" (Heb. x. 35, 36).—E. A.

THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—VIII.

(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20; Isa. xlv. 1.)

CYRUS captured Babylon by a remarkable stratagem. He was a military genius. Since he could not go through the walls, nor over the walls, he undertook to go under them. He dug an immense canal around the city, and turned the river Euphrates into it. Then he marched his army, in the night, under the archway and along the shallow bed of the stream. But this only brought his forces between the high and frowning barriers upon the river banks inside the city. Cyrus had provided scaling ladders, but Isaiah's God had done better than that. The two leaved gates stood wide open. Like the modern drunken policeman, the watchmen of Babylon had failed in their duty. Read the prophecy again: "I will dry up thy rivers. I will open the two leaved gates. The gates shall not be shut." Now read the following words upon a page of Herodotus: "If the besieged had known of the designs of Cyrus, they might have destroyed his troops. They had only to secure the folding gates leading to the river, and to have manned the embankments on either side, and they would have enclosed the Persians in a trap from which they could never have escaped. As it happened, they were taken by surprise." "As it happened!" Yes, it *happened* so, but one hundred and fifty years before, God had inspired Isaiah to pen the accurate prediction of how it would be accomplished.

Ah! surely the events that transpired in Babylon on that awful night when Belshazzar was slain and the triumphant Persian host entered the wonderful city, tell us that God does not forget. The reckoning time came when, in the midst of "a great feast," given to "a thousand of his lords," he dared to take "the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was at Jerusalem" (Dan. v. 1, 2), and with "his princes, his wives and his concubines," impiously drank therefrom! "They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone." But God, Jehovah "of the temple which was at Jerusalem," had prepared a swift and awful judgment, and it burst upon this blaspheming, idolatrous, immoral monarch and his people with overwhelming retribution. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand," and the countenance of the cowardly king was changed, "and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one

against another." Truly has it been written that "conscience makes cowards of us all." Once more we call to mind the solemn statement of the Word of God, which says: "IN THAT NIGHT WAS BELSHAZZAR THE KING OF THE CHALDEANS SLAIN" (Dan. v. 30).

THE ROBBER AS BAD AS THE  
REST.

A RUSSIAN convert, for breaking his heathen images, was sentenced to transportation to Siberia; to go on foot one thousand miles in chains, through the snow. A fellow-convert went to see him depart and cheer him as he left home and friends. To his astonishment he found the exiled man full of joy and praising God for the privilege of preaching Christ to his fellow-prisoners.

We are indebted to saints in prison for many valued treasures. Paul's sweetest epistles emanated from prison. John's Revelation was given from the lonely island of Patmos. Bunyan's immortal work was written in Bedford jail. Luther translated his Bible into German in Wartburg castle. In Aberdeen castle Rutherford wrote the letters that are a christian classic. George Wither, the Puritan poet, wrote many of his best pieces in prison. Montgomery wrote some of his poems in jail. William Tyndale, from Vilvorde jail; Annie Askew, from Smithfield; and Judson, from the Burmese prison, wrote comforting and inspiring messages; while Madam Guyon's sweetest poems and deepest experiences were the result of long imprisonment in the Bastille.

Is yours a chained hand and a prison life? There may be work for you even in the prison.

Three ministers, going into a town for evangelistic work, preached in the street. One after another they were arrested and imprisoned. They made so much noise singing and praying in their cell, that the magistrate ordered them to be separated.

Two of them were put into a cell with a robber, but they preached the Gospel to the robber, and he was converted.

Then there was more noise than ever. The magistrate said to the constable, "I told you to separate these men." "Well," was the answer, "I have separated them." "Separate them again." "If I separate them again they will all get it: the robber is as bad as the rest now."

WHILE it is much more pleasant to approve than reprove, yet we are told reproof is one of the things for which Scripture is profitable (2 Tim. iii. 16). "All Scripture . . . is profitable . . . for reproof."

WORDS OF  
WELCOME FOR  
EVERY ONE.

THE whole Bible may be summed up in one word "Come!" The entire book is only a letter of invitation addressed to wayward children, urging them to come home to a Father's house and a Father's heart.

The precepts of the Bible are intended to call attention to the invitations, and its warnings are only invitations in disguise, designed to force the mind to dwell upon the sweet words of welcome which everywhere gleam in such pleasant contrast with the stern rebukes and severe threatenings.

Upon one page we read the solemn warning, "Flee from the wrath to come," but right opposite we find such words as "Come, for all things are now ready," and again, "Ho! everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price"; while further on we read, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Then in almost the very last verse, just as the Divine Author was closing the Book, resting under its very seal as God's farewell message to a ruined world, we find that broad, all-comprehensive invitation, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Will there be any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the  
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bour and pray, Let me watch as a  
3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Living gems at His

1. sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there  
2. win-ner of souls: That bright stars may be mine in the glor-i-ous day, When His  
3. feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the ci-ty of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

1. be an-y stars in my crown?  
2. praise like the sea-billow rolls.  
3. be an-y stars in my crown. } Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,

When at evening the sun go-eth down? When I wake with the blest  
go-eth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?  
an-y stars in my crown?

The above Hymn, also "Count your Blessings," "Loyalty to Christ," and others which have appeared in our pages this year, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled, "Songs of Triumph."

"Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, COMETH UNTO ME" (John vi. 45).

## Jottings about the Bible.

### THE BIBLE IS AN ENDLESS BOOK.

THE Bible is inexhaustible. The more you read it, the more it grows upon you. The deeper you dig into this mine, the richer and more abundant the ore. The oftener you go back upon its thoughts, the more wonderful they seem. Every time you turn to it with earnest attention, you discover some new beauty, and are surprised at its never-failing adaptations. Luther likened it to a tree whose boughs were always full of fruit. The more you took off, the more there seemed to be.

There are chapters in it—single precepts, indeed—that might be elaborated into volumes. This is the reason why it has been so prolific of other books. Its great seed-truths, dropping here and there, have sprung up to enrich all the fields of literature. It has thoughts for the economist, it has thoughts for the man of business, it has thoughts for the literary man, it has thoughts for the reformer, it has thoughts for men living, and thoughts for men dying.

Mr. Gladstone says: "All the wonders of the Greek civilization heaped together are less wonderful than is the single book of Psalms." Two infidels were sailing by a desolate island, when one of them said, "Suppose you were condemned to live on this island alone and had the choice of but one book for your companion, what book of books would you choose?" The other said, "I would select Shakespeare, because of the variety of his themes." "Well, I wouldn't," rejoined the questioner. "Although I do not believe in the Bible, yet I would choose it as my companion, for the Bible is an endless book."

Endless! just so. Endless in resources, endless in its adaptations to human need, endless in the freshness and variety of its lessons, endless in its stores of comfort and wisdom. And yet I find that some of its writers were shepherds, some were fishermen, one was a herdsman, and one was a tax-gatherer. How, then, did it come to pass that they have given us a book of such inherent merit that it never wears out? A book which never grows old and which is most loved and honoured in communities where there is most intelligence? To find a satisfactory answer to these questions, I would not be surprised if we should be compelled to turn to the text in 2 Peter i. 21, and say: "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

## OUR BOOK COLUMN.

### C. H. SPURGEON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

WE are deeply thankful that Mrs. Spurgeon and her indefatigable coadjutor have been spared to complete this splendid record of the great preacher's life.

Without question, the period embodied within the limits of this concluding volume is the most eventful of all. The stand he took for the truth of God will never be forgotten, and it must be a source of intense thankfulness to those who were intimately associated with him, to take a retrospect as they have done of that crisis, and remember how earnestly he contended for the inviolate Word of God.

Those who follow the story closely can perceive how all this warfare for God tended to ripen his soul for glory, until he passed, like the westering sun, into the radiance of the eternal throne.

We thank God for such a man as much to-day as ever we did. We believe his works "do follow" him, and his voice speaks in many ways to the Church of God, and it will do so, for years to come, through his printed ministry, which is scattered the wide world over; and not in any means least, we are sure it will do so in many a household, through this wonderful monument to his memory, raised by tender, loving, gentle hands, and sent forth finished, certainly with God's blessing upon it.

The volume is replete with illustrations to the texts, and it is published at the same price and in the same attractive style as the earlier divisions.

\* "C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography." Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by HIS WIFE, and his Private Secretary. Vol. IV. 1878—1892. With illustrations, including *facsimile* reproductions, in many colours, and portrait. Price, 10s. 6d. (Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all Booksellers and Colporteurs.)

### MARY REED, MISSIONARY TO THE LEPERS.\*

THE readers of this Magazine need no stimulus to lead them to manifest sympathy with the work amongst the suffering lepers; but surely no one could follow the pathetic story told by Mr. Jackson in this volume without feeling the deepest compassion for these suffering people. God put it into the heart of Mary Reed to devote herself, body and soul, to their welfare, and those who read this book will find how wonderfully He has accepted her service for Christ's sake. It is very easy for us to sing—"Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee." But this lady has shown the reality of the language in her life of self-abnegation and love.

We should be thankful if every earnest christian could read the volume.

\* "Mary Reed, Missionary to the Lepers." By JOHN JACKSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. (Marshall Bros.)

### THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.\*

WE are charmed with this delightful story of missionary labours in the far, far-north. The devotion of this heroic man, and the determination he evinced to carry the glad news of the Gospel to the Red men of the Hudson Bay Territory, fill us with wonder, and makes us think that this noble servant of God went forth as truly in the spirit of the Apostle Paul as any one of whom we have ever read. The volume contains many capitally executed engravings, which give an additional interest to the book.

\* "The Apostle of the North" (Rev. James Evans). By EGERTON R. YOUNG. Cloth boards, 262 pp.; price 3s. 6d. (Marshall Bros.)

OUR MISSIONARY COLUMN.

WORK FOR THE MASTER IN  
HO-NAN.

DR. F. HOWARD TAYLOR, at the annual meeting of the China Inland Mission, gave a deeply interesting account of the work in China, especially in the province of Ho-nan. During his address he gave two remarkable instances of individuals he had dealt with in his medical missionary work. He said :

"I can never forget one patient who came to see me during the early months of the work. He was a young man, strong, muscular, with a fair colour, but with a strange appearance about him and a strange oppression that you could feel directly you came into contact with him. I began to ask him a question or two, but I soon ceased, for I could see what he was suffering from, and I said to him, 'My poor friend, there are not any medicines in the dispensary that will be of any use to you. There is not any medicine in the world that can cure your complaint.' 'Ah,' he said, 'I am not surprised to hear it. I have been told so by a good many doctors' (meaning, of course, native doctors). 'I was afraid that there was no hope, but I thought that I would just like to come to see whether you could do anything for me.' 'No,' I said, 'I cannot do anything for you, but I know Someone who can.' The poor fellow was possessed with a devil, and no human hand could help him ; no human means could relieve him ; but the power of the LORD JESUS CHRIST could save him, and we told him so. A dear aged brother, who since we left China has been called home to his rest, was sitting by my side, and I turned to him and said, 'Mr. Ch'en, will you take this young man into the adjoining room and tell him about the LORD JESUS CHRIST and how willing He is to heal and to save.' The old man was very ready ; his feet were continually 'shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace,' and he took the young sufferer—for he had been a terrible sufferer, as all demoniacs are. The trouble is exceedingly common in northern China, where we have been living—quite as common, I should think, as it was in Palestine in the time of our LORD when He cast out devils and healed the sick. So the old man took him into the adjoining room, and I could hear from time to time the sound coming out of the dear old man's preaching. The young man listened and drank in the grand old truths, and he believed them at the first

hearing, and before that little conference was ended the young man and the old saint kneeled down, side by side, and the LORD JESUS CHRIST was asked to stretch forth His Hands and lay hold upon the sufferer and to cast out the evil spirit—and He did so. The young man, who went in the picture of misery, came out, his face changed, beaming, and his figure erect, and one could see that he was a sound man, and we knew afterwards that he was a saved soul. Ah, friends, the power of the LORD to save is not lessened, and we have the joy of seeing it again and again in China.

\* \* \* \*

"There is one other case that I should like to speak of very briefly. I shall never forget it. I was called to see a patient. I went and I saw her. She had been suffering terribly for two or three days, and I had not been very long there before I found that I was too late to be of any service, and I had to tell the people so, and to come away. But oh, friends, I can never forget that scene : that little room, that patient. She was very near to the narrow river. She was suffering sadly, and I longed to be able to bring her suffering to an end. It would have been very easy if I had been called in even one day before, but now it was too late. She was too far gone, and I had to tell them so ; and I came home slowly with aching heart, for she had never heard of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and it was then too late to tell her of Him, and that same day that soul went out into the darkness."

“WATCHING WITH THE  
MASTER.”

ONE little hour for watching with the Master,  
Eternal years to walk with Him in white ;  
One little hour to bravely meet disaster,  
Eternal years to reign with him in light.  
One little hour to suffer scorn and losses,  
Eternal years beyond earth's cruel frowns ;  
One little hour to carry heavy crosses,  
Eternal years to wear unfading crowns.  
One little hour for weary toils and trials,  
Eternal years for calm and peaceful rest :  
One little hour for patient self-denials,  
Eternal years of life where life is blest.  
Then, souls, be brave and watch until the morrow,  
Awake, arise, your lamps of purpose trim ;  
Your Saviour speaks across the night of sorrow,  
Can you not watch one little hour with Him ?

WESLEY, who, it is said, preached three hundred times from the words, "Ye must be born again," was asked, "Wesley, why do you preach so often on, 'Ye must be born again'?" "Because," said Wesley, "Ye must be born again!"

## ILLUSTRATIVE GLEANINGS.

### WATERING WITH THE FOOT.

**T**O what does Moses refer in Deut. xi. 10? "For the land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs."

The reference, perhaps, is to the manner of conducting the water about from plant to plant,



and from furrow to furrow, in irrigating a garden of herbs. I have often watched the gardener at this fatiguing and unhealthy work. When one place is sufficiently saturated, he pushes aside the sandy soil between it and the next furrow with his foot, and thus continues to do until all are watered. He is thus knee-deep in mud, and many are the diseases generated by this slavish work.

Or the reference may be to certain kinds of

hydraulic machines, which were turned by the feet. I have seen small water-wheels, on the plain of Acre and elsewhere, which were thus worked; and it appeared to me to be very tedious and toilsome, and if the whole country had to be irrigated by such a process it would require a nation of slaves like the Hebrews, and task-masters like the Egyptians, to make it succeed. Whatever may have been the meaning of Moses, the Hebrews, no doubt, had learned by bitter experience what it was to *water with the foot*; and this would add great force to the allusion, and render doubly precious the goodly land which drank of the rain of heaven, and required no such drudgery to make it fruitful.—DR. THOMSON'S "Land and the Book."

### A SHORT BIBLE READING.

"Quiet resting-places."—Isa. xxxii. 17.

**A**LL within the circle of His presence. All in shade; and so refreshment is combined with rest.

1. In the shadow of the Almighty (Ps. xci. 1).
2. Under the covert of His wings (Ps. lxi. 4); covered with His feathers (Ps. xci. 4).
3. In the secret of His Presence (Ps. xxxi. 20)—(Italian version) the hiding-place of His face; covered in the shadow of His hand (Isa. li. 16).
4. Under His shadow (Cant. ii. 3); the shadow of a great rock (Isa. xxxii. 2).
5. In Himself (Ps. xxxvi. 7). "They that dwell under His shadow . . . shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine" (Hos. xiv. 7).—E. A. H.

### OLD PICTURES REFRAMED.

"Apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov. xxv. 11.

God will give us nothing for our sakes; but He will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.

It matters not who are our accusers if Christ be our advocate.

Nothing grieves Christ more than to have his love slighted; nothing pleaseth Him more than to have it accepted.

Every new sense of Christ's love adds new degrees to ours.

Were saints their own carvers they would cut their fingers. Whom God chooses the world refuses.

When a child of God thinks he can go alone, he is nearest falling.

A true christian may be weary *in* serving God, but he is never weary *of* serving Him.

The true tears of repentance flow from the eye of faith. A steadfast faith begets a constant peace.

If we are graceless here, we shall be speechless hereafter.

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**True Stories of God's Servants.**  
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**MASTER ROGERS AND  
 JOHN BUNYAN.**

*"A friend in need is a friend indeed."*

**J**OHAN BUNYAN was in Bedford gaol. There, daily, Master Rogers visited him; and when death opened the eyes of his beloved little blind daughter, and Mary Bunyan left the father she had never seen, and looked upon the King in His beauty, Rogers sat with his friend to comfort him during the agony through which he passed in consequence of the departure of his precious child. To Bunyan the anguish was the more intense, because she had died away from him, and without a kiss from his lips.

"Oh, Bunyan, but it was grand to be there," said Rogers. "I never knew what religion was until I stood by her death-bed. It was wonderful to hear her speak, and look upon her radiant smile. She spoke so of thee, and said, 'Tell him that my mother and I will watch by the golden gates until he shall come. I cannot kiss him now; but tell him Mary will not forget in the long happy time we shall be together in Heaven. I shall be there first, and shall have something to show him when he comes into the City.'"

"Would I were there now," groaned the strong man. "Oh, to look upon her for one little moment! My poor afflicted one, God knows how my heart bleeds for thee! Day and night I thought of her. She was interwoven into my being more than any other of my children. Oh, my child, my child! Strangers are laying thee in the sod, and I not by to drop a tear upon the coffin! Woe is me; the Lord deals strangely!"

"Nay, but there are many who followed her," said Rogers. "I saw many a strong man weep as he watched the coffin go down the street. Even old Strange, the drunken tailor, paused to doff his hat and say, 'I hate her father, but she was like an angel in Heaven come to bless our street. Blessed be the ground she trod upon.' Oh, Bunyan, my heart is full like to break that we shall hear her sweet voice no more."

And so in the little room over the gateway, in the gaol on the bridge in which Bunyan was now confined, the two friends wept in the bitter agony for which there is no human relief, when the bleeding heart seems to be hopelessly rent and torn. God comfort them, and comfort all who cry for the beloved voice that shall never speak to them again!

**OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.**

**GOLDEN TEXT**—"I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God."—Luke ix. 27. Read Luke ix. 28—36.

**READING OF THE LESSON.**

28. "And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings He took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray." The last of "these sayings," not only in the previous verse, but also in the verses immediately preceding in the parallel accounts in Matt. xvi. 28, Mark ix. 1, is that some of those standing by should not taste death till they had seen the kingdom of God; therefore in the transfiguration we may look for the fulfilment of that saying, and Peter so speaks of it in 2 Peter i. 16, 17.

29. "And as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistening." The other accounts say that His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light, shining, exceeding white as snow. The glory that was in Him shone forth for this little moment. When John saw him on Patmos, sixty years after His ascension, he saw His countenance as the sun shining, in His strength, His eyes as a flame of fire, etc. (Rev. i. 13—16), and so overpowering was the sight that John fell at His feet as dead.

30. "And, behold, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias." The only two others who had ever fasted forty days and forty nights—Moses on two occasions, and Elijah once (Deut. ix. 9, 18; 1 Kings xix. 8). Moses represents the dead in Christ, who shall rise first, while Elijah represents the living saints, who shall at the coming of Christ to the air be caught up without dying to meet the Lord (1 Thess. iv. 16—18).

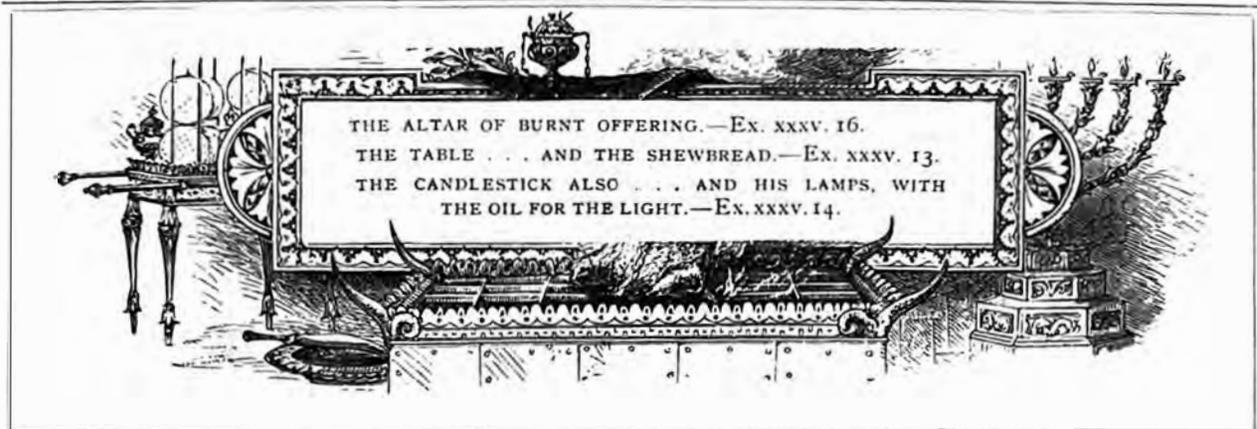
31. "Who appeared in glory and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." If we had not been told, how we should have wondered and have wished to know what they talked about! Now that we know, how much does it really interest us, and do we see that one of the greatest topics in heaven is the sufferings of Christ, and doubtless another is the glory to be yet revealed (Luke xxiv. 26; 1 Peter v. 1).

32, 33. The order of events was probably as follows: Jesus ascends the mountain to pray, with Peter, James, and John accompanying; while praying He is transfigured, and Moses and Elijah appear and talk of His exodus. The cloud overshadows them and they fear; God speaks, and the disciples fall down; Jesus touches them, and they arise and see Jesus only.

34. The story of the cloud in connection with the presence of God is one of the most helpful Bible studies, tracing it from being Israel's guide and oracle and protector and avenger in the wilderness to the ascension and return of Christ, with all the intervening references easily found in a concordance.

35. "And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is My Beloved Son; hear Him." Matt. xvii. 5 says that the voice added, after "Son," "in whom I am well pleased." The same voice and the same words as at His baptism, with the additional words, "Hear ye Him" (Matt. iii. 17). Moses and Elijah and all the prophets spake of Him (Acts x. 43), and unless we hear Him and not them we miss the right voice.

36. "And when the voice was past Jesus was found alone." Mark ix. 8 says that they saw no man with any more save Jesus only with themselves. What more could they need or desire, for "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and we are complete or filled full in Him" (Col. ii. 9, 10), and in Him we may be filled with all the fulness of God (Eph. iii. 19).



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 ✻ OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES. ✻  
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### WHAT IS A SUBSTITUTE ?

**T**HE one who takes another's place is called a "substitute."

I will endeavour to illustrate, by one or two simple anecdotes, what a *substitute* is. Then tell me, beloved reader, if you can truly say, "The Lord Jesus Christ is my Substitute" ?

In the town of Calais, many years ago, there was great distress and famine. A king with his army had besieged it. The inhabitants bravely defended their town, until at last they were dying of hunger, for the king's soldiers had built themselves huts all round the town, and no one could bring in any food. The day came when they were obliged to send a flag of truce, and ask the king what terms he would offer them if they gave up their town to him. The king's terms were hard. They were these : If six of the most distinguished townsmen would come out with ropes round their necks, ready to be hanged, he would let the others go free.

There was great excitement in the town. The question was, who among the inhabitants would offer themselves as "substitutes" ? Presently a brave man of high rank came forward, and offered to go out to the king ; his son, worthy of such a father, next stepped forward. Four other noble, brave-hearted men followed their example. The gallant little band marched out to meet the king, and saved their fellow-townsmen at the risk of their own lives.

As that town was in the power of the mighty king, so this world was under the power of a cruel enemy called Satan ; and he kept all the inhabitants in bondage through fear of death until, as we read (Heb. ii. 14, 15), Jesus came, and

"destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and delivered them, who through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage ;" for—

"As the serpent raised by Moses  
 Healed the fiery serpent's bite,  
 Jesus thus Himself discloses  
 To the wounded sinner's sight.  
 Mark the sacrifice appointed !  
 See Who bears the awful load !  
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's anointed,  
 Son of man and Son of God."

Christ bore the sinner's judgment, took the sinner's place, and this He did, not to save friends and fellow-townsmen, as did the brave men of whom I have told you, but, as we read in Rom. v. 8, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

You know Jesus is called "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). Picture to yourself a pure white lamb about to be killed, and then burned in the fire on an altar. Such a lamb was brought by a Jew of old, and he laid his hand upon its head, while he confessed the sins of which he had been guilty, and then they passed from the man to the little lamb, and the lamb's life was taken as a *substitute* for the man. These were what are called types or shadows to enable all who had faith to look forward to God's Lamb, the Lord Jesus Christ, for they all pointed to Him. We do not need a lamb *now*, for Jesus has died, and unlike those lambs, which could only shadow the putting away of sin, God's Lamb, the Lord Jesus Christ, has died once, and by one offering "He hath perfected *for ever* them that are sanctified."

"Declare the tidings all around,  
 God is Love.  
 And tell to earth's remotest bound,  
 God is Love.  
 Let men of every clime and nation  
 List to the Gospel's invitation,  
 And rise and take the great salvation—  
 God is Love."

## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

As I read the 5th chapter of Genesis, and thought what I could say to you about it, the words of 1 Cor. xv. 22 came to my mind: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." In these two sentences we have the lesson our chapter brings before us this month.

Like a passing bell rings out again and again the sad refrain, "*And he died.*" It is very plain that sin had brought in death, as God said it would. Long, long they lived in those olden times; but the last day and the dying hour came. Poor, sinful Adam's sons were indeed "in his own likeness, after his image" (ver. 3), and so "death reigned," for they were sinners, though they "had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression" (Rom. v. 14). That means they had had no law to disobey; it does not mean they were not sinners; but "where no law is, there is no transgression" (Rom. iv. 15). It is always a sin to do a sinful act; but sin "by the commandment" becomes "exceeding sinful" (Rom. vii. 13).

"The wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23), and so, however long the pay day was deferred in those days, it came at last, "*and he died,*" for "it is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. ix. 27). And this went on for about fifteen hundred years, from the sad day that Adam and Eve wept over the first death, and laid in the grave the body of the holy Abel, slain by his wicked brother!

Then (in ver. 24) came a sudden bright flash of light across the gloom! "Enoch walked with God," and did not die, for one glad day God took him, right into the fulness of joy of His own presence (Ps. xvi. 11). What a signal proof that the God Enoch knew and walked with was indeed "the living God"! He, who at a later day, as God manifest in the flesh "abolished death" for His redeemed, and "brought life and immortality to light through the gospel" (2 Tim. i. 10).

This was the first grand triumph of life over death; but there is a far grander day of triumph coming, in which not only one man but all that are Christ's shall be changed, and caught up to be "for ever with the Lord." When the Lord Jesus went away, He said distinctly, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself" (John xiv. 3), and His disciples expected Him and waited for Him. And you and I, who love Him, should be waiting for Him still. He has not pledged Himself that we shall not die, and many who have waited for Him have died, and are with Him now, "which is far better" (Phil. i. 23); but His word cannot be broken, and He will come back one day, and those that are "ready" will go in with Him to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb (Matt. xxv. 10), and shall never die at all. This was what Jesus spoke of to Martha: "Whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die" (John xi. 26), and it was the mystery Paul showed to the Corinthians: "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." It may well be called "that blessed hope" (Titus ii. 13), may it not, dear ones? I do pray that this hope may have more hold on our souls, and bear more fruit in our lives; for "He that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself even as He is pure" (1 John. iii. 3). We cannot be expecting any moment to see Jesus, "Whom not having seen we love" (1 Peter i. 8), without trying to be more holy and more like Him, for we should not like to be "ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John. i. 28), should we?

Well, it was a very evil day in which Enoch lived; for he was caught up to heaven only a little while before the flood came in judgment upon the ungodly, whom he had so fearlessly warned; it could have been no easy task for him to stand for God among the violent and wicked people

that lived in those days. And in the last days, before Jesus comes back, we are told that "evil men shall wax worse and worse" (2 Tim. iii. 13), and that there will be scoffers who shall laugh at the thought of His coming (2 Peter iii. 4), so that if we mean to bear witness for Him, and to walk with Him as Enoch did, we shall need much courage and much grace. But oh! dear lads and lasses, is there anything better worth winning than that approval which Enoch gained, "before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God"? My prayer for you is that of Paul: "I pray God your whole spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Your loving

AUNT ALICE.

Though the prize-winners of the last competition cannot yet be named, the result of the July questions not being known, still I would remind you that this month begins the second half-year's competition. I hope there may be many additions to my large party of nephews and nieces, and that some of the lads and lasses, who have flagged behind and sent in no papers the last few months, will brisk up and start afresh. I will repeat our simple rules for the benefit of our newcomers. The class is divided into three:

1. All over 18 (no restriction as to age), to answer all twelve questions.
2. From 18 and under, to answer any nine.
3. From 13 and under, to answer any six.

No Concordance allowed, nor help given by others, but a Reference Bible may be used.

The questions need not be written out, but the verses in answer should be, and the reference given to the Scripture quoted, or it gets no mark, even when correct. Put your name, and the division to which you belong, to each month's paper, and send it before the end of the month, addressed only:

AUNT ALICE,

The Grange,

Mansfield-Woodhouse.

The members in the younger divisions, who have had their birthdays since we began, and are now of the age for the division above them, will now move up, and must let me know they do so. Divisions II. and III. are at liberty to answer as many of the questions as they like, but can only receive the full number of marks of their division. I give an extra mark in my private register for neatness and care, and a bad mark for carelessness and untidiness.

## ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTIONS.

1. 1 Peter v. 8; 2 Cor. xi. 14.
2. John xii. 31; xiv. 30; xvi. 11.
3. By "it is written." Matt. iv. 4, 7, 10.
4. Job. i. 12; or ii. 6.
5. Rom. xvi. 20.
6. Rev. xx. 10.
7. Heb. iv. 13.
8. Luke xix. 10.
9. Hosea vi. 7.
10. The burnt-offering, Lev. vii. 8.
11. Rev. xiv. 5.
12. 2 Thess. i. 8, 9.

## QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. Where does it say that man has no power in the day of death, and "there is no discharge in that war"?
2. What man lived longer than any other, and yet died before his father?
3. Where are we exhorted to do with our might what our hands find to do, because there is no work "in the grave whither thou goest"?
4. Where do we read that "man that is born of a woman is of few days"?

5. Which of the prophets was taken, like Enoch, to heaven without dying?

6. Prove from two passages from two of Paul's epistles that the saints that are alive when Christ comes do not die.

7. In which of Paul's epistles does he refer to Christ's coming at the close of every chapter?

8. Where does he write of our rejoicing "in hope of the glory of God"?

9. Where are we told that our bodies will be "fashioned like unto His glorious body" at His coming?

10. Find passages in two epistles to prove that Enoch denounced the ungodliness of those around him, and that he had the testimony that he pleased God.

11. What crown is promised to those who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus?

12. How often in the last chapter of the Revelation does the Lord say He is coming quickly, and what answer does He look to us to give the last time?

### OUR FOURTH COMBINATION TEXT COMPETITION.

The following texts, suggested by E. A. Lillington, Bristol, are open for competition to friends of any age.

*Where found:*

I am a stranger, . . . and a sojourner.	Psalm
I (Jesus) was a stranger.	Matt.
The Lord . . . loveth the stranger.	Deut.
O that I knew where I might find Him.	Job
Ye shall . . . find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.	Jer.
I found Him whom my soul loveth.	Song Sol.
I am desolate, and afflicted.	Psalm
None of them that trust in <i>Him</i> , shall be desolate.	Psalm
I (Jesus) looked for some to take pity but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none.	Psalm
All men forsook me . . . notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me.	2 Tim.
How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord, <i>for ever?</i> how long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me?	Psalm
In a little wrath I hid My face from thee, <i>for a moment</i> , but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.	Isa.

Three Prizes, value 10s., 5s., and 3s. 6d., will be given to competitors of any age who quote correct references for the above and *send the best lists of similar combination texts*. Not more than twelve texts to be given to form the combination. Those under 16 may do six texts and send new combinations of six texts only. No Concordance to be used.

The answers for the *fourth* competition must be sent in by SEPTEMBER 15TH, to G. A., care of the Editor "SPRINGING WELL," 14, Paternoster Row, London.

If sufficient friends in the Colonies or abroad compete, special prizes will be given for the three best up to OCTOBER 5TH.

### OUR SOUTH AFRICAN AND GENERAL FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

OUR friend Mr Jasper Smith and other workers who have administered this fund in S. Africa are on their way home. Next month, please God, we shall have some interesting tidings to give our readers from those who have been working amongst the wounded and the dying. We thank those who have helped this month. Our applications for further help for distribution are very many, as for months there will be vast opportunity for service amongst those who are suffering from wounds or disease in the hospitals as well as amongst the many thousands who are still in the field. We have received as under with thanks:—

E. S. M., Catford, 20s.	J. M. J., Aberdeen, 5s.	...	...	...	1	5	0
R. M., Buxton, 1s. 6d.	E. B., Winchmore Hill, 1s.	...	...	...	0	2	6
Mrs. T., Aberdeen	...	...	...	...	0	1	0

### OUR LEPER FUND.

WE have received a most interesting account of the work at Calicut from Dr. W. Stokes. We regret that we have not room for it again this month; but we most earnestly commend the work to our readers. We fear the war has somewhat diverted attention from this urgent and constant need.

We have received the following amounts, with many thanks, for this fund:—

	£	s.	d.
J., Nettlestone, 2s.; E. S. B., Devon, 3s. 6d.	0	5	6
College St., S. S., Toronto, per J. W. Moir	0	10	0
M. A. C., 2s.; W. S. Seal, 5s.	0	7	0
Mrs. T., Aberdeen	0	2	0

### INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

WE are deeply grateful to those generous readers who have responded to our appeal and so freely sent the under-noted amounts. The few words we mentioned about this awful need seem to have touched the hearts of many, for which we thank God. May God bless the unknown "servant" at Penzance who sent 1s., and also "E. W.," Haverhill, for the tender letter sent with 1s.

	£	s.	d.
A Reader, Scarboro', 1s.; W. S. Seal, 1s.	0	2	0
A Servant, Penzance, 1s.; E. W., Haverhill, 1s.	0	2	0
E. H. W., Kensington, 10s.; "Lizzie," Pulboro', 5s.	0	15	0
J. L. & Family, Bervie, 11s.; W. T. Iron Bridge, 17s. 9d.	1	8	9
Elm St. S. S., Ipswich, per Mr. G. H. Hancock	0	8	0
Mrs. T., Aberdeen	1	0	0
L. G., Chadwell Heath	0	2	6
M. C., Ramsgate	0	2	6

### OPEN AIR MISSION.

A Friend, West Norwood ... .. 1 0 0

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestions likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.



# The SPRINGING WELL

## or Waters that fail not.

I'M NEVER  
LONELY NOW;  
or, God Loves  
Me.

By W. LUFF.

WHAT connection can there possibly be between a story of an old woman and the "Winchester Soldiers' Home?" This—that it shows the influence of the Lord Jesus Christ and His Gospel can make a soldier a true servant of his master, and fill his heart with the tenderness and patience of Christ.

Here is the simple narrative, as told me by Miss Perks one Sunday evening after supper at the Home.

Poor Mary lived in a village three miles from Winchester. When she was a girl, eight years old, a form had fallen upon her foot: this brought on paralysis of the heel, then of the leg, then of the back, until Mary was a helpless cripple. In addition to this, she entirely lost her hearing and her sight, while her speech was so impaired that she could only mutter through her teeth.

Here was trouble upon trouble; and now that she was sixty years of age she learned the greatest trouble of all—that she was without the knowledge of a loving Saviour, or any hope of heaven. What



"THE OLD BOOK IS STORED WITH SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY."

a pity that at eight years of age she had not sought and found salvation; then she would have had music in her deafness, and light in her blindness.

One day her sister found her in a corner muttering, "Misery! misery! me misery!"

This cry was constant by night and day for three weeks, "Misery! misery! me misery!"

She had found out, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that she was a sinner, and that God was angry with sinners—justly angry. How could she escape?

As her sister did not know, she asked Miss Perks to visit her; so she went. When the poor old creature was brought into the room and seated by the fire, her visitor's heart escaped in words of pity.

"She don't hear you, miss; she's stone deaf."

Then the lady saw she was also blind. Here was a difficulty. The story of life and joy filling her own soul, but the doors of vision and of hearing fast closed upon the soul before her.

"How do you make her understand?" was the question naturally put to the sister.

"Oh, miss! I push her, and make strokes and signs on her hand."

Could the lady preach the Gospel in this fashion? She would try. Of course she must begin with letters. Did the old dame know her A B C?

The sister could not tell, so she must investigate for herself.

Taking the one sound hand in her own, she traced a round *o*; then a *i*, and crossed it; then an *i*, dotted it. These letters were chosen as being definite, and anxiously did the writer of them watch for the result. It was fifty years since the pupil had been at school; few had troubled about her, as they called her "Idiot Mary"; so letters were things of the far-away past. Could they rise from the graves in which they had so long slept?

After tracing their outline upon the old and shrivelled palm many times, there came a sound—"Letters."

Here was something to begin with; so Miss Perks carefully wrote, letter by letter—

G-O-D.

The old lady was perplexed, and there seemed to be a block on the line. Further progress appeared impossible, until the writer discovered that the capital *G* was the cause of the difficulty. Mary did not know capitals, so a small *g* had to be substituted, and then the letters followed, and were understood.

A lesson to all teachers and preachers. Don't deal in capitals. Capital sermons and capital lessons are too often beyond the comprehension of those we seek to instruct.

And what did the letters spell?

"G-O-D L-O-V-E-S Y-O-U."

The pupil understood; but the blessed truth only clouded her brow, as she patted the teacher, and pushed her away, as if to make her understand—

"Yes, God loves *you*; but not me."

So the lesson had to be repeated with a slight alteration, by way of personal application,—

"G-O-D L-O-V-E-S M-E."

When the letters of this sentence had been traced upon the open palm, the hand was closed and put against Mary's own bosom, that she might take the comfort to her own old sad heart.

This was on a Thursday, and was enough for one day's instruction; so her visitor left her patting her own breast and lisping,—

"God loves me."

Had that lady any right to tell an old sinner of whom she knew so little that God loved her? Let the Lord's own letter of love answer.

"I have loved you, saith the Lord" (Malachi i. 2).

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him" (1 John iv. 9).

Saturday came, and again Mary was visited.

"Oh, miss!" said the sister, "I'm so glad you've come. Mary has not said 'misery' once since you were here."

This was good news: "perfect love had cast out fear." Mary certainly looked like a new creature, and after feeling her visitor, she described her as,— "Lady that prays."

A "good name," that is "rather to be chosen than great riches." Such words as "minister" and "missionary" were not in Mary's dictionary; she called all such "people that pray."

Many visits were afterwards paid, and it was true that Mary was converted.

Now the soldier comes upon the scene. He had recently been brought to Jesus himself, and the friends at the "Home" thought it would be good drill for him, as a soldier of Jesus Christ, if he visited old Mary.

So the dear fellow became her teacher, and by tracing words on her hand taught her,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Sweet indeed must have been the verse,—

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!"

This prayer was continually answered, for she said,—

"I'm never lonely now."

The patient soldier did not tire of his work : all his spare time was devoted to Mary, who soon learned another hymn,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast ;  
There by His love o'ershaded,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Her special favourite seemed to be the children's hymn,—

"I think when I read the sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children like lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with Him then."

After repeating these words in her own poor way to Miss Perks, she would add,—

"'Tis pretty, 'tis."

In her early days she had dreaded soldiers ; now they were her best friends. One day the late Lord Cavan visited her. She felt over his coat for braid ; and when she could not find any she seemed disappointed, and said,—

"No soldier."

About this time a portion of the Scripture, in raised type for the blind, had been procured, and Lord Cavan forwarded her other portions, till she had the Psalms, Mark, John, and Acts.

I have just had in my hands the Gospel of Matthew, out of which I could picture her reading,—

<p>'Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. xi. 28).</p>
---

In this way she found many things suitable to her own circumstances. The story of Christ giving sight to the blind, and of the lame man leaping and dancing, pleased her greatly. How wonderfully the old Book is stored with something for everybody !

These stories she would try to repeat to any neighbour who dropped in, and who might be able to understand her stammering speech. The recital invariably finished up with,—

"'Tis beautiful, 'tis !"

She always put marks in her portions at anything she particularly wished to show Miss Perks, until all the pages had marks.

She naturally had a great desire to see her kind friends, and as she felt their hands would comfort herself by saying,—“Shall see there.”

She did not like parting with those she loved, so they always had to write on her palm,—

"Come again soon."

She had three great marks of salvation :—Love for God's Word, love for God's people, and love for prayer.

"Pray ! pray !" she would exclaim to those who visited her, and, believing in their ready assent, she would drop upon her poor knees in a moment.

On one occasion Miss Perks took a lady to see Mary who had fur-lined gloves, which greatly amused the old saint. Turning them over and feeling them with her one hand, she whispered,—

"Mighty fine, I believe."

"What did she say ? Would she like them ?" asked the stranger.

"Very likely," replied Miss Perks ; "something to keep her hands warm would be nice."

"Then I'll send her a muff."

Her regular visitor doubted if she would know the use of such a thing.

However, the post brought it, and when next visited she was asked about the muff and its use. She had put her poor cold toes into it !

She was always grateful for these kindnesses, and wished to show it.

"What can I make for thee ?" she asked one day. She always said "thee." Miss Perks and her sister said they wanted some dusters at the "Home," and their old friend did her best to sew and hem one.

Thus many years passed by, and poor Mary lived on, showing what Jesus could do for an old sufferer. Sometimes she felt she was wearying her aged sister ; then she would say,—

"Thee been good sister to me. What will thee do without me ?"

But she would check the complaint by,—  
"Thee'll soon come too."

She lived to be over seventy. One day, as she felt unwell, her sister suggested some medicine ; but Mary said,—“No ; thee has kept me here long enough. If I take it I'll never die.”

Her home-going had come, from the friends of the "Soldiers' Home" here, to the friends in the "Saviour's Home" yonder.

"I shall see Jesus" was her last thought, as, whispering His Name, she gave three gentle sighs, and found her tongue unloosed to sing, and her ears unstopped to hear the music of those words first spelled below,—

### G-O-D L-O-V-E-S M-E.

"Behold what love, what wondrous love,  
The Father hath bestowed  
On sinners lost, that we should be  
Now called the sons of God !"

[This story can be had of our Publisher in a little book at 6d. per dozen, post free, 7d.]

### THE STORY OF CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.—II.

IT is interesting to observe how clearly Captain Gardiner realised that he was once a lost sinner away from God, but that now he was a saved man. He says :—

“The last time I visited South Africa, I was walking on the broad way, and hastening by rapid strides to the brink of eternal ruin. Blessed be His name who loved us and gave Himself for us, a great change has been wrought in my heart, and I am now able to derive pleasure and satisfaction in hearing and reading the Word of Life, and attending the means of grace.”

On reaching London, he called at the London Missionary Society's House, and bore testimony to what he had witnessed in Tahiti and the Society Islands.

He had himself resolved to be a missionary and asked to be sent to South America. His proposal, however, could not be acted on ; but he cherished the purpose to give himself to christian work, believing that he had a call from God, and devoted himself to prepare for it.

In 1823, he married, and after voyages in the *Jupiter* and the *Clinker*, as commander to England, remained in England about ten years, residing at Maidenhead, Clifton, Southsea, and New Duxford, Hants, and in the Isle of Wight. In 1833 his wife died, and he threw himself with increased ardour into christian work. The claims of South America now yielded to those of Africa, and he determined to set sail for the Cape, and push up the country to carry the Gospel to the Kaffirs and Zulus. His friends shook their heads and tried to dissuade him, but his resolution remained unshaken.

While on his voyage, he wrote in his journal : “Oh that, if it be Thy will, I may be a humble instrument in Thy hand for good unto their souls ! But I am as unequal as I am unworthy to do Thee any service. I know, O Lord, that without Thee I can do nothing that is pleasing in Thy sight ; but at the same time I thankfully believe that with Thee all things are possible. Save me from the falling yoke of my besetting sin, and bring me wholly to submit myself cheerfully to Thy yoke, which is indeed easy, and Thy ways pleasantness. *Having put my hand to the plough, may I never turn back. May Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness.*”

On the voyage Captain Gardiner made the acquaintance of a Polish refugee, who had adopted the name of Berken. To him Gardiner unfolded his plans, and Mr. Berken, being a christian man, and moved by a similiar spirit, turned aside from

his original purpose and threw in his lot with Captain Gardiner, who found him a valuable helper. Together or separately they visited many spots, chiefly in Zululand. Gardiner's conferences with the native chiefs were most friendly.

A new missionary station he called Culoola—to set free or loose from bonds. Here an old induna gathered his people to hear the white man's religion. During the sermon he put several questions to the speaker—

“Has Jesus Christ sent you ?”

“Yes ; I felt this in my heart, and I know my coming to teach you is pleasing to Him.”

“I suppose it will please Jesus Christ if we come to hear His words.”

“Yes, it will ; but still more if you believe and practise them.”

He had many stirring adventures among the Zulus, and was wonderfully preserved, by means of God's hand and his own tact and kindness, from a violent death, on several occasions.

To Gardiner, first of all, the whole district of Port Natal and Durban was originally ceded, and at his suggestion Chief Dingaru wrote to the King of England :—

“All the ground on which the white people about Port Natal have settled I give to the King of England. I give him the whole country between the Umgani river and the territory occupied by Faku, from the sea coast to the Quathlamba mountains.”

Gardiner laid the foundation of several missionary stations, and introduced one or more missionaries. But the outbreak of hostilities with the Boers, and the vigorous war of extermination which they had undertaken, assisted by the English from Port Natal, speedily closed all the doors for mission work, and the fierce tornado of a war of bitter and relentless retaliation swept Zululand clear of the beginning of Christian teaching which had been commenced at such cost of Christian love and labour.

### LOOKING OVER AND ABOVE.

IT is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. “Do you know,” asked Wesley, “why that cow looks over the wall ?” “No,” replied the one in trouble. “I will tell you,” said Wesley ; “because she cannot look through it, and that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them.”

## A HOP GARDEN STORY.

A HOP-PICKING farm is a lively spot on Sunday morning—washing, cooking, mending is the order (or disorder) of the day. Into such a scene two of us ventured with the Gospel message of life, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed" (Isa. liii. 5).

So as to make the truth interesting, even to the children, the speaker told about a picture he once saw in Bedfordshire. He had gone to visit a man who was ill, and while waiting in the parlour before being shown upstairs, saw upon the wall a picture of an African scene.

It was by the sea-shore, along which were crowds of black men and boys, all intent upon something in the water, at which they were throwing spears and stones and shooting arrows. It was a large mother elephant, and behind her, farther out in the sea, was her little calf, which she was hiding and shielding, standing between it and the enemies, and receiving in her broad back every missile. All along her haunches were wounding arrows and darts, but not one was in her baby: and while it kept behind her (and this she was insisting on by waving her trunk) it was safe.

Evidently the men had been hunting the elephant, and to escape she had taken to the water and was sacrificing herself to save the object of her love.

Whether the little pet was a transgressor the speaker did not tell us; but we were, and Jesus was "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." He became our shield, and the punishment of our sins, like darts, fell upon Him instead of upon us. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6). "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. v. 19). "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24).

"Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,  
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?"

Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,  
If His dying thy debt has not paid?"

Not only had our sins smitten Jesus, but the wrath of God smote Him that we might be spared. He had stood between God and man, just as the elephant stood between the strong foes and the weak one.



Photo by

A PARTY OF HOP-PICKERS.

[Symmons & Co.]

It had no strength to save itself: nor had we. "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6).

How sympathy was aroused as the preacher graphically described the pierced side of the old elephant, rent and bleeding with arrows, but not one arrow in the calf. It was a perfect salvation: so was ours (Zech. xii. 10). Oh how our shield was pierced! Thorns pierced His brow: nails pierced His hands and His feet: and a spear pierced His heart. Have we looked upon Him whom we have pierced! All the darts in Him: not one in the believing soul.

"Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred,  
But not one scar for me.

"Thy sinless soul's oppression  
Was all for sinners gain:  
Mine, mine, was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain."

What a great shield was that old elephant! she completely covered the little one. What a great Saviour we have! Just as the elephant mother was broader, longer and higher than her child, so, "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. v. 20).

The finishing appeal awakened a little mirth, as our friend supposed the youngster saved and back again in the woods examining the wounds that saved it, and trying to pull out the remaining

arrows. How it would love the dear mother who had shielded it at such cost! And should not we love Jesus, our Shield and Defender, who was not only wounded but slain to save us?

Love was the motive that kept the faithful creature true to her charge: and we must say of Jesus, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

Leaving this simple Gospel we went our way, and some few years after were in a hop-yard belonging to the same farm on a week day, when a woman recalled to the preacher the story.

"I shall never forget that elephant," she said, "God preached it to my soul, and I saw Jesus wounded for my transgressions." Her son, a tall young man, six foot high, had also been there. "He never forgot it," she continued, "for the Lord preached it to him."

Then with tears she told of his death, or rather triumph over death, as he sang with his last breath,

"Lifted up was He to die,  
It is finished was His cry:  
Now in heaven exalted high,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!  
"When He comes our glorious King,  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we'll sing,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

Are you behind that Saviour, hidden, covered, shielded, saved? Or is He behind you, neglected and despised?

Thank God, He who saves from sin and wrath is a life-long Protector. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Ps. xci. 1).

### A FEW HINTS ON THE PSALMS.—I.

BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

THE 150 Psalms are divided into five books. God, who made us, has elected to speak to us in different parts of His Word through the framework of numbers, and of this, the five books of Moses and the five books of Psalms are familiar examples. As to the number five and its relation to the human being, our construction as five-fingered and five-toed creatures, and our five senses are sufficient evidence.

In the Book of Psalms, according to Divine grace, the human element is most strongly marked. The form of song in which the book is cast testifies to the intensity of human feeling, while the songs themselves are mostly experimental. Its wonderful revelations concerning God in His character and glory, are expressed by the deepest desires and strongest comforts which can possess the heart of

man. We all know instinctively the vast difference in a hymn which is about God and of one which breathes itself out to God. The doctrine in each may be the same, but one may be merely abstract statement, while the other is experimental. God has selected much of the experimental as His medium for expressing His revelation.

The psalmists make known, as from their hearts, that which God had made known to them. The divine knowledge given, comes forth coloured by human feeling and affection—the ways of God with the individual soul; with Israel, in the past and future; with the nations; and with creation generally; and more still, the reality of what God is, man utters forth in songs and sighs in the psalms.

All true song to God results from the soul being filled with experiences of God, and these arise from faith in the revealed will of God. True song to God is ever the real and faithful voice of the soul.

The diversity of the experiences in the Psalms is divinely inspired. The truth is uttered. In this song book spiritual experiences are neither raised nor reduced to uniformity. None the less does the variety conclude in unity, the great end of every experience being triumph and an unbroken hallelujah.

Let the reader note the endings of each book, and how praise concludes every stage toward the final climax of joy. Also let him note the gradation of these endings, how they rise up to the hallelujahs of the whole earth filled with God's glory.

I. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting and to everlasting. Amen and Amen." (Ps. xli. 13.)

II. "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be His glorious Name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen.

"The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended." (Ps. lxxii. 18-20.)

The five books are here subdivided. The seventy-second psalm is "a psalm for Solomon"—the King of Peace in his glory, grandly foreshadowing Jehovah's.

### FORGIVENESS.

"I HAVE blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. xlv. 22).

"Complete atonement Christ has made  
And to the utmost farthing paid  
Whate'er His people owed;  
Payment God will not *twice* demand,  
First at my Bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine."

## A GREAT ASSYRIAN PALACE.

THE great Palace of Khorsabad was explored by M: Botta, and he made many valuable discoveries therein. It was built about 720 B.C., by Sargon, the king mentioned by Isaiah, and the ruins of the vast edifice furnish us with detailed and ample accounts of his reign. "Unfortunately," wrote Mr. Layard, "an inscription containing an account of a campaign against Samaria in his first and second year, has been almost entirely destroyed; but in one still preserved, 27,280 Israelites are described as having been carried into captivity by him from Samaria and the several provincial towns dependent upon that city." This remarkable palace has been so thoroughly examined, and the tablets so well explained, that a very fair idea can be formed of the appearance it presented when the great Sargon strode through its painted halls, and gazed upon the vast city from its broad and lofty terraces. The walls of the chambers and courts were lined with sculptured slabs as at Nimroud, representing various scenes and incidents in the monarch's life, among which, as might be expected, his victories play a prominent part. The portals are guarded by majestic winged bulls and lions, similar to those at Nineveh, and the sculptures and general decorations do not differ very materially in style from those of Nimroud, although their execution is rather more careful and delicate.

From the semi-calcined state of many of the slabs, and from the large quantities of charcoal and burnt *débris* with which the ruins are strewn, it is very evident that the palace was subjected to the action of fire, and in all probability it was included in the general conflagration when the city was destroyed in 606 B.C. Judging from what has been uncovered, this is, of all the buildings of antiquity, surpassed in magnitude only by the palace-temple of Karnac. This latter edifice, being built of imperishable stone, has withstood the attacks of time, whilst the former, constructed of far less enduring materials, has perished with the ephemeral dynasty to which its royal founder belonged.

Mr. Layard informs us that the walls of the palace recorded in sculpture what the inscriptions did in writing,—the whole history of Sennacherib's reign, and that in so complete a manner that, apart from the Scripture account of him, we are much better acquainted with his history than with that of any other Assyrian king. We would fain examine consecutively and in detail these remarkable and interesting sculptures, but we are not able to give space for this at present.

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

"What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?"—Matt. xxii. 42.

"We believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."—John vi. 69.

WHAT think ye of Christ," anxious and distressed soul? Why is it that you are in doubt and darkness? Have you ever considered that the reason is simply because you have such poor thoughts of Christ? Do you reply, "It is not so; my darkness arises from the sense of my own state"? Yes; but the state of your soul, which begets the darkness, is occasioned by your thoughts of Christ. Did you ever hear a troubled soul saying, "It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us"? With such God-given thoughts of Christ, doubts and darkness would be impossible. Christ in the heart and mind and dark thoughts of God's salvation cannot dwell together.

"What think ye of Christ"

as the Sin-bearer? Hear the Word of God, which tells us concerning Him that He "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter ii. 24). Do you believe this?

"What think ye of Christ"

as the One-offering? the One of whom we read that He, "after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God" (Heb. x. 12). Do you believe this?

"What think ye of Christ"

as the Life-giver? These are His own words—"This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life" (John vi. 40). Do you believe this?

"What think ye of Christ"

as the Preserver of His Sheep? of Him who said: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 28). Do you believe this?

CHRIST has died for and put away the sins of His people; He is carrying them through this world to heaven; presently He will transform them, spirit, soul and body to His own image.

## THE CRY OF THE MESSENGER.

WHEN the Messiah, who was "born King of the Jews" (Matt. ii. 2), was about to be made "manifest to Israel" (John i. 31), God sent His messenger before His face, crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight" (Matt. iii. 3).

This call, through John the Baptist, and its meaning were well understood by the people of Judæa, for in those days, as in Isaiah's, and as now, when a great personage is about to travel across Palestine men are told off to prepare his way. The loose stones that ordinarily bestrew the roads like stumbling-blocks, are removed—the rough places where the weather has worn off the soil, are made smooth, and the broken down parts of the roadway are built up. When the messenger of God proclaimed the coming of the Messiah, the paths were never truly made straight, for the stumbling-blocks remained about the way, and men were not ready in heart for Him.

While His kingdom tarries, may we not take up the cry, "Make His paths straight"? Away with pride and self-sufficiency; let there be true repentance, for the heart that would receive Christ in His gentleness and love needs to give all honour and reverence unto Him.

The day approaches when, coming in His glory, the call will ring out, "Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones!" for Israel shall yet

## 34 I shall See Him By-and-Bye.

FRANK CANNON.

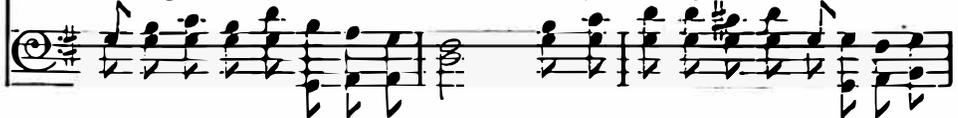
Mrs. W. V. BAKER.



1. When the course of time is finished, and the days of toil are o'er, When the
2. Then the promised crown of glo-ry He will place up-on my brow, As the
3. I am rea-dy for the summons, and the time is near at hand, I am



1. Saviour comes to call His waiting bride; I shall then ascend to meet Him, to be-
2. ho-ly angels sing their songs of praise; I shall stand within His presence with a
3. waiting for the Lord's re-turn a-gain; Come, O come, my blessed Saviour, from the



1. hold Him as He is, Ev-er stand thro' countless a-ges at His side.
2. pure and per-fect heart, Thro' the countless hours of long e-ter-nal days.
3. Father's throne above, In Thy glo-ry come, O King of kings, and reign.



## CHORUS.



I shall see Him by-and-by, In His ma-jes-ty on high, And His pier-ced hands



will lead me to the throne; I shall triumph by His grace, And be-



The above Hymn, also "Count your Blessings," "Loyalty to Christ," and others which have appeared in our pages this year, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled, "Songs of Triumph." Paper, 6d., post free, 7d.; cloth, 1s., post free, 1s. 2d.

be glorious, and the nations of the Gentiles shall fulfil this service for her, because Israel's King shall reign

in Zion: "Behold, thy Salvation cometh; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him! And they shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord." — Is. lxii. 10, 11.

"Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem." — Zeph. iii. 14.

### I shall See Him By-and-Bye.—*Concluded.*



### THE LAND OF THE LORD'S "ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—IX.  
(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20; Isa. xlv. 1.)

IT was in the year 538 B.C. that Cyrus entered Babylon. There is no doubt that, considering the defences of the mighty city and the civilisation and power of the people, this conquest was one of the most wonderful warlike achievements that has been recorded in any age, and apart altogether from the fact that we know God had specially designed that the subjugation of the Babylonians should be accomplished by Cyrus; yet at the same time it proves that he was one of the most able warriors the world has ever known. The dethronement and death of Belshazzar, as recorded in the scripture, seems, however, to have been but just one link in the chain that was, in the first place, to vindicate the holiness of God against the impiety of the fallen monarch and his people, and in the next to open up a way for the greater freedom and blessing, and the ultimate deliverance from captivity of His people Israel. God never forgot His chosen, and never will; and although they had fallen into idolatry, yet His heart turned tenderly towards them, and all their tribulation seemed to be simply a preparation for the time when they would again look to God and He would remember and deliver them.

Babylon had fallen, and Darius was placed by Cyrus over the kingdom. His heart was manifestly influenced by the testimony of Daniel the Prophet, and it is quite evident that as the captives dwelt in that "strange land" God's care was round about them, and His purpose was to bring them out, as He did from Egypt ages before.

With tenderest pathos does the writer of Psalm cxxxvii. refer to this period of Israel's captivity, saying—

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

"For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

No marvel that when the day of liberty and freedom once more came to them these same people could say, as in another Psalm:

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

"THEN was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. THE LORD HATH DONE GREAT THINGS FOR US; WHEREOF WE ARE GLAD."

In all these beautiful scriptures we can surely trace the Lord's hand dealing in mercy with His children, and it adds to the deep significance of it all that in Daniel x. 1, we read that "In the third year of Cyrus king of Persia a thing was revealed unto Daniel." This shows that through it all Cyrus, the Lord's Anointed, was not forgotten.

### OLD PICTURES REFRAMED.

"Apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov. xxv. 11.

If my lying here in Bedford jail will serve the cause of God, I will lie here till the moss grows upon my eyebrows, and my flesh drops from my bones. Let it be as God will.—*John Bunyan.*

When a man is joined to Christ, Christ says to him, as it was once said to the Levite, "Let all thy wants lie upon Me, only abide not in the street."

Contrivers of systems on earth are like contrivers of systems in the heavens; where the sun and moon keep the same course in spite of the philosophers.

I see the unprofitableness of controversy in the case of Job and his friends, for if God had not interposed, and they had lived to this day, they would have continued the dispute.

We hated God without a cause, and He loved us without a cause. Christ satisfied God to the uttermost, and therefore can save sinners to the uttermost.

The conversion of a sinner is a greater wonder than the creation of the world.

## Jottings about the Bible.

### AN AMBASSADOR'S TESTIMONY.

WHILE James Russell Lowell was Minister of State to England, he attended a banquet in London where there was profuse and bitter scoffing against the christian religion. Although Mr. Lowell, as a literary and public man, was never directly engaged in religious work of any kind; when he came to speak on that occasion, he made reference to these literary and scientific men who were "indulging in the amusement of going without religion." He said: "I will challenge such sceptics to find a place ten miles square, on the globe, where a man can live in comfort, security and decency, where he can find education for his children, reverence for infancy and old age, honour for womanhood or any sacred regard for human life, to which the gospel of Christ has not gone first and cleared the way, thus laying a foundation for such a condition of affairs. If they can find such a place, it will then be in order for them to emigrate thither and advocate their unfaith. Scoffers against religion," said Mr. Lowell, "are dependent on the religion they discard for every privilege they enjoy as citizens of a christian community, and a religion which proclaims an open Bible, and a crucified Christ, is preferable to any form of polished scepticism, whose votaries, trained and educated in schools founded on religious faith, now turn and attempt to kick down the ladder by which they have climbed up, and would live without God leaving them to die without hope." If sceptics had been in search of a location untrammelled by christianity, they might have found it in 1845 in the Fiji Islands, where infidels were bought and sold at that time. When so purchased they could be worked or beaten or eaten according to the taste of the buyer. But to-day men are not for sale in the Fiji Islands. Has the difference been brought about by infidel teachings? No, indeed. Scoffers at so much per night have never been in demand there, and that class are not found risking their lives among man-eaters. What has brought the change? There are a thousand christian chapels scattered over the islands, and 150,000 people attend church every Sunday. An English naval officer, speaking of a service he once attended on one of the islands, said: "I was very much impressed by the scene before me. Only fifteen years before every man I saw had been a cannibal. Close to me sat the old chief, Bible in hand, and spectacles on forehead, who was,

twenty years back, one of the most sanguinary and ferocious of this terrible land, and within twenty yards of me was the site of one of the fatal ovens, with the tree still standing covered with the notches that marked the number of the victims." The influence of the Bible, the Word of the Eternal God, had effected the wonderful change.

### THE FAMILY BIBLE.

THE following ode was written by a young man who emigrated to America, but who met with sad and trying misfortunes. In a foreign land he was brought to Christ and remembered the blessings he enjoyed under the roof of his godly parents. Let parents take courage and not faint in this "well-doing" of bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, for in due season they shall reap the fruit of all godly instruction imparted to their children from the Word of God.

A. H.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection  
Of youthful connection and innocent joy,  
While blessed with parental advice and affection,  
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high.  
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,  
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,  
And the richest of books, that excels every other—  
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
At morning and evening could yield us delight;  
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation  
For mercies by day and protection by night.  
Our hymn of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,  
All warm from the hearts of a family band,  
Hath raised us from earth to the rapturous dwelling  
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand—  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,  
My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more;  
In sorrow and sighing I live broken-hearted,  
And wander unknown in a far distant shore,  
But how can I doubt a bless'd Saviour's protection,  
Forgetful of gifts from His bountiful hand;  
Then let me with patience receive the correction,  
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand—  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

### THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

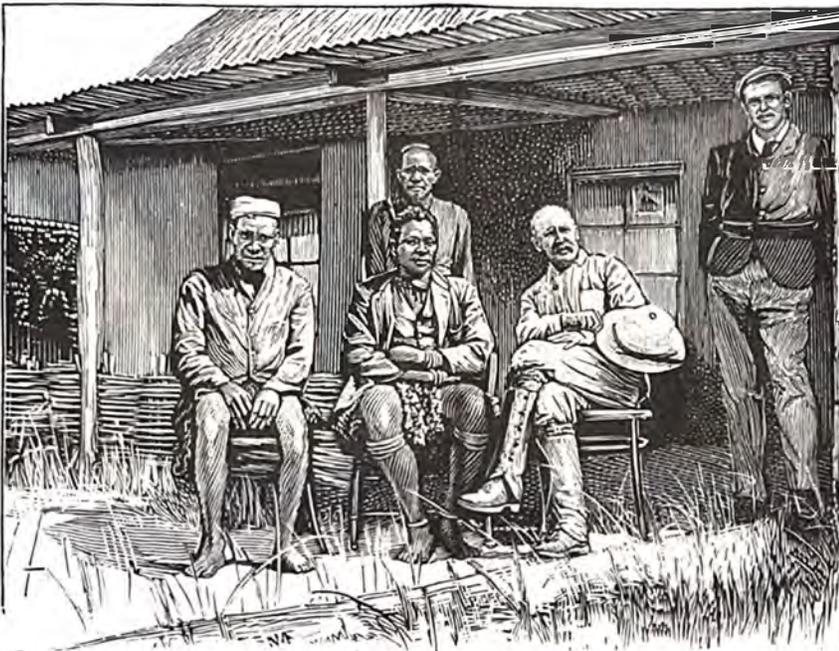
HOW simple it all becomes when God opens our eyes! The law demands justice; the Gospel delights in mercy, through satisfied justice. Moses blesses the law-doer; Christ Jesus pardons the law-breaker, the guilty, and saves the lost.

"I will sing the wondrous story  
Of the Christ who died for me,  
How He left His home in glory  
For the Cross on Calvary."

OUR MISSIONARY COLUMN.

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wars and rumours of wars, God's work still goes on all over the earth. It has been our exceeding privilege, especially during the last three years, to receive tidings from different workers stationed in various parts of the world, telling how pagan and heathen



and uncivilised men and women have heard the Gospel and have turned to God. Men, instead of being worshippers of stocks and stones, or fierce, cruel, barbarous savages, have been changed by the power of God's Holy Spirit operating upon their dark hearts into people as simple and gentle as little children. Nothing on earth but the Gospel can effect such a change. Let us praise God that we know this, and pray for every worker and every convert in lands far away. Amongst many other interesting communications, we have just received one from our old friend, W. Spencer Walton. We have known him for many years, aye, since first he was called to the Lord's service, and it is a great gratification to find he is still labouring on for the blessed Master. How long is it since he first went to South Africa under the auspices of the Cape General Mission? We cannot tell; but this we know, the Lord has used him to carry the message of salvation to many a tribe of natives in

that land, and just now he tells us how he entered Tonga Land as a pioneer of the Gospel, and established the first mission station there.

We give his letter below, which will be read with interest, and we have also reproduced a photo of our friend sitting with the King of Amatongaland, and doubtless telling him of the grace of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords.

Mr. W. Spencer Walton says:—

“DURBAN, June 29th, 1900.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“We received a grand parcel of tracts from your publisher this week, a real good supply of ammunition. Many, many thanks. They will be carefully and prayerfully used. God bless the messages of life to many!

“We have had many trying times in our little colony; but times of remarkable blessing. Many dear lads in our army have stepped over the line. We have worked for the last two months with the 1st Cavalry Brigade in Natal, and NEARLY 200 HAVE COME OUT ON THE LORD'S SIDE. During Ladysmith siege our dear missionaries did a grand work for God.

“I wonder if you will recognise your old friend in the enclosed photo. It is an interesting one; I am sitting next to the Tonga king. Last year I pioneered his district, and established the first mission station in British Amatongaland. Next May we hope to come home on

a much-needed furlough, and I am sure to find my way to Paternoster Row.

“Next month I am off again to British Amatongaland to settle about more stations. Pray for me, and ask for prayer. Much love, dear brother.

“Yours affectionately,

(Signed) “W. SPENCER WALTON.”

We are quite certain our readers will respond to this desire for prayer, and remember our brother in his missionary enterprise. Tonga Land will be found upon the east coast just below Delagoa Bay, and is bounded on the west by Swaziland, where our brother has been working from time to time.

CHARLES FOX suggests that there is one book of the Bible left unfinished, that we may add our little page to its glorious contents. The Acts of the Apostles was never concluded. It is a current history of the Holy Spirit. And it is ours to pass on the torch of Gospel truth, and therewith to light lost sinners back to God.

## ILLUSTRATIVE GLEANINGS.

### GRINDING AT THE MILL.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."—Matt. xxiv. 41.

"The sound of a mill-stone shall be heard no more at all in thee."—Rev. xviii. 22.

**T**WO women are sitting before the door of their house, upon a large piece of sackcloth, grinding on a hand-mill. I heard the ring of this apparatus some time before I saw it, and now I



understand what is meant by the preacher when he says, "The doors shall be shut in the street, when the sound of the grinding is low" (Eccl. xii. 4). Jeremiah also saddens the picture of Israel's desolation by adding that the sound of the mill-stone should cease; or again in Revelation, where it says, "The sound of a mill-stone shall be heard no more at all in thee."

From this onward through Philistia there are no mill-streams, and we shall not cease to hear the hum of the hand-mill at every village and Arab camp, morning and evening, and often deep into the night. I like it, and go to sleep on it as a child to its mother's lullaby.

Two women sit at the mill facing each other; both have hold of the handle by which the upper is turned round in the "nether" mill-stone. The one whose right hand is disengaged throws in the grain as occasion requires through the hole in the upper stone. Both retain their hold, and pull to or push from, as men do with the cross saw.

The words of our Saviour are true, for women only grind. I cannot recall an instance in which men were at the mill. It is tedious, fatiguing work, and slaves or lowest servants are set at it.—**DR. THOMSON'S** "Land and the Book."

## TIDINGS OF WORK AMONGST OUR TROOPS.—I.

### The Story of our Distribution Work in South Africa.

**A**S soon as the sad war broke out in South Africa we felt it would be a grand opportunity to bring the Gospel before our soldiers. We thought that all the time men are in circumstances of peace and comfort they may be inclined to forget the reality of eternal things, and to let the message of salvation pass by unheeded; but when trouble comes, when death steps in and places his icy hands upon some beloved relative or friend, then thoughts of eternity break in, and the future, with its tremendous issues, rises up before the soul and causes men to think.

We believe it has been so during the terrible campaign in South Africa. Of course, the sorrows attending such a conflict are fearful, the many precious lives sacrificed, the hearts agonised with grief through the loss of beloved friends, and the many homes saddened and desolated—all these things only speak to the christian's heart and lead him to long for the day when "war will be no more." But in the midst of it all, can we not see God's Hand? Can we not discern how He has graciously overruled in many ways for blessing, even during the continuance of the dreadful strife? Surely we can! In the first place, He put it into the hearts of men and women who know and love the Saviour to go out to the soldiers and to endeavour to help them on the very battlefield, by ministering to their bodily necessities, and above all by speaking to them of their soul's eternal interests. How many a man has had the Gospel story whispered into his ears as he lay wounded—dying—on the burning veldt, and how many have received the glad tidings into their hearts and then, freed for ever from the pain of their weary bleeding bodies, have passed gloriously into the holy presence of the Lord! Hundreds of good men and women have thus gone about the battlefields, and visited the tents and the hospitals, and God has abundantly and specially owned their labours.

This is the bright light amidst all the darkness, for without doubt in a most signal manner thousands of men who have been at the front, day by day, face to face with death in all its fearful aspects, have heard of Christ, have received Him into their hearts, and are now rejoicing in the knowledge of His unspeakable love.

Now, soon after some of these missionaries and christian friends began their labours they found they needed supplies of Gospel books and general christian literature to put into the hands of the

soldiers, after the services, or during the time they were confined in the hospitals. Some of them who knew our interest in the distribution of simple evangelical books, and who knew how often such a message reaches a man's heart when the personal appeal fails, wrote to us earnestly asking that literature of this character might be sent out. We therefore gave an intimation in the columns of this paper telling of the need, and it has filled us with intense joy and with gratitude to God that He has permitted us to help in this work.

Our friends responded to our appeal most promptly and generously, and we have been enabled to forward to all the principal places where our troops have been engaged splendid packages of the very best Gospel books we could find, and of Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, and marked Testaments, both issued by our own publishers and others — books such as we had faith to believe God would use, because they were written by those who had the love of Christ in their hearts. It therefore gives us exceeding pleasure to be able to state that God has used this simple service, and we have had tidings of hundreds of men who have confessed Christ and owned Him as Lord.

We feel it is due to those who have subscribed and helped, to make this known in order that they may rejoice with us and thank God. And in our next issue we shall give various extracts from the letters of different workers which tell how God has used the Gospel messages we have sent out.

### SAINTS AND SANCTIFICATION.

*"To them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints."—1 Cor. i. 2.*

DEAR YOUNG BELIEVERS,—Lately I have been thinking much on the words "saint" and "sanctification," and they took me back to my early days, and how little I then understood what those words meant, and how through this, my progress in the christian life was hindered.

Though now there are numberless books for the young, still most of the religious literature of to-day is for the sheep of Christ's fold, and the lambs are very often overlooked.

Food not suitable to the body will not assimilate, so what may suit a sheep of Christ will not do for His lambs, who want tender grass and milk. So I want to say to these a few words on saints and sanctification.

Have you ever been addressed as "a saint"? and have you felt startled and inclined to say, "Oh! I am not so good as that!" I once was asked by a worldling if "I had *turned* saint," and

I was so frightened at the lofty idea, that I answered, "I am a saved sinner."

Now, dear ones, if I was a "saved sinner," I *was* a saint, and I only got frightened at the word because I did not understand what it meant, or what God had said about it.

"Called saints" is applied to those at Corinth, 1 Cor. i., and they had not been very long converted, so had not *worked up* to saintship, but were put into that position by the fact of having accepted the gospel of the grace of God, and so were "sanctified in Christ," therefore called saints.

Now, just mark the difference it makes to be *put* into a position or to try to work *up* to it.

The Church of Rome has very many dead saints in its calendar, and they *achieved* the position by penances, fastings, and prayers, thereby taking away the glory from Christ of having washed them in His precious blood (if they were His), and placing them in the position of sanctified ones or saints.

Do you see the marvellous effect on your souls, and your christian walk, to know at the start that you are sanctified in Christ, that is, set apart, a saint, and from that moment you are responsible to live accordingly; for you must remember (what I am afraid many Romish saints forgot) that being through grace a saint, you are in a very responsible position, and your walk should be in harmony therewith.

When a soldier enters the army, he takes the place of one of the Queen's servants, and a true soldier will ever be careful not to tarnish the name or disgrace the uniform he wears. He becomes a soldier *first*, and then learns his drill. So a sinner must become a saint before he can walk as one, and so surely if a young believer takes the place of one sanctified by God, it will produce a careful walk and circumspect behaviour. There will be no asking, "Is there any harm in this?" or "May I join in that?" but rather would it be becoming a saint—one of Christ's servants.

GET CLEARLY INTO YOUR MIND THE WONDERFUL POSITION IN WHICH GOD BY HIS INFINITE GRACE HAS PLACED YOU, AND THEN IN HIS STRENGTH WALK WORTHY OF IT.

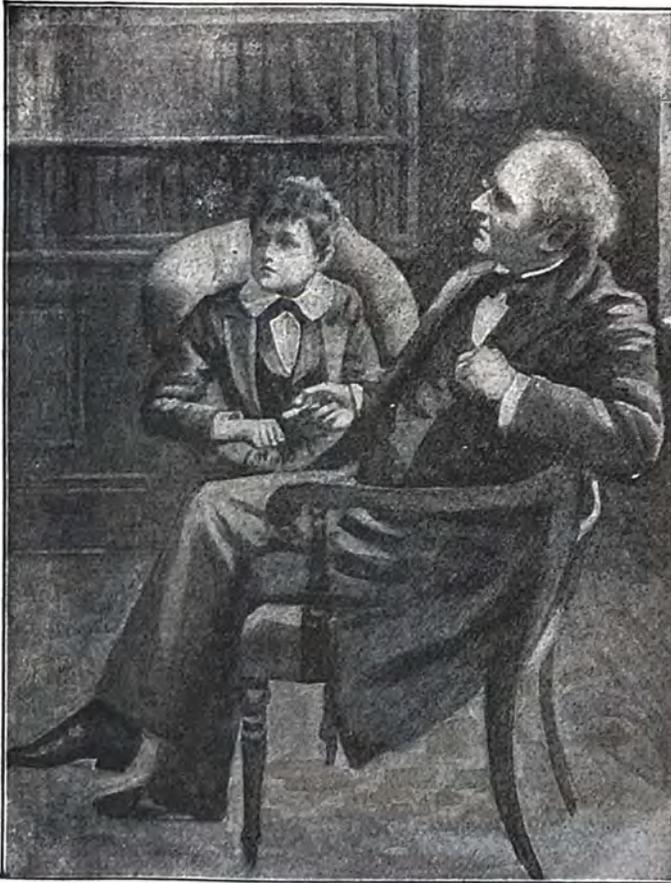
There are those who shrink from this, and think it causes self-sufficiency. Not a bit of it, if you keep in mind that God picked you up out of the dunghill to set you amongst princes, *you* had nothing to do with it, for simply you could not; so surely humility is the garment to cover a saint of God from the outset to the close. Here He puts a song into our mouths, and by-and-bye a palm into our hands. From beginning to end it is nothing but grace.

E. M. S.

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 \* OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES. \*  
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A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT.

ONCE a sunbeam found its way into a house situated not many yards from the seashore. It was a bright summer's day, and the Venetian blind was let down to keep the room cool, but this sunbeam would find its way in. In it came through a small opening in the blind. Now, you will hardly guess what so sorely puzzled little Willie, who was in the room at the time the sunbeam entered.



Wherever the stream of light caused by the sunbeam went, there little Willie saw a thin line like smoke. Willie was so much puzzled about this line like smoke, that he begged his mother to explain the nature of it to him.

"Willie," said she, "that is dust."

"Dust!" he cried. "Then how is it that the other parts of the room, where the sunbeam does not shine, are not also full of dust?"

Then his mother told him that it was the same all over the room, although he could not see it; and, indeed, that it is the same everywhere all over the world, in a greater or less degree.

Then Willie became so anxious about the dust that he spoke to his father in the evening, after the sun had done shining for that day, and begged him to explain it to him.

So his father told Willie that, although he could not see it, yet the dust was in the room still, and that the reason he saw it before, was because the little stream of bright light which shone into the comparatively dark room made all things clear to the eye where the sunbeam fell.

Then Willie's father told him that the sunbeam was God's light. This light is so pure and bright that it shows the dust in any room, no matter how clean the room may be. But God has also a light to show the dust or sin in our hearts. That light is the Word of God. When the Holy Spirit of God makes this light shine into our hearts, we find that they are "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

God gave us this light to show us these things, and God's light makes our sins plain to us. We may try to shut out the light, and succeed for awhile, but it is a mercy when we see our sins, and own them before God.

Sometimes, by trying to keep the room, as it were, very clean, that is, by trying to be good, people fancy there is no dust flying about, no sins filling the heart; but directly the light shines in, it shows that the heart is full of iniquity. It is very foolish to suppose that we are not sinners just because we do not see our wicked thoughts and deeds.

But thank God that the light of God's Holy Word not only shines on us, and shows what we are, but it shines, and shows us what Christ is. The light of God's Word reveals Him. It shows us that we may look on Him and live, and be saved.

Dear reader, has the light shone into your heart, and shown you that you are a sinner? And has it shown you that Jesus died for sinners?

A RELIGIOUS sailor was asked, "Where do you find a place to pray in on board ship?" "Oh," he replied, "I can always find a quiet spot at the masthead." Many a Christian worker has a difficulty about time and place for prayer, but if he has as much heart to pray as this sailor he will make both. Nothing but prayer can nourish the spiritual life which inspires work. Visionary people do build castles in the air, but this practical sailor found a hallowed place *there* for prayer.

## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

I must thank you once again for your loving and interesting letters. If the days were only three times as long as they are, I should be able to write nice long answers privately to you all; but as it is, I can only say, "I am very well, thank you," to your many kind inquiries. The great heat last month did try us all, did it not? and I appreciated the remark of one of our lads, who wrote: "It is very hot, but I mean doing the questions." We must not give way to laziness, and we shall have it quite cold enough by-and-by.

Genesis vi. is our chapter this month. How sadly all has changed from what it was in chapter i., where "God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good" (ver. 31)! There God only had been working, now the devil had worked hard, and worked successfully, and had apparently won the day, for "God saw that the wickedness of man was great" (ver. 5). Now verse 1 tells us that men had multiplied in the earth. There is always most danger of people going wrong when they are more numerous and think themselves more strong. In Acts vi. you will see the same thing. The disciples were multiplied, and then they began to murmur. And so of Israel, in another day, we read: "Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked" (Deut. xxxii. 15). When we are few, and small, and weak, we are readier to lean on God; when we get bigger and stronger we sometimes think we can do without Him. "Man is never to be trusted, and the more we get of him the worse things are," as another has written.

They did very wicked things in those days, and God tells us how it all began. Their eyes, their wills, their ways went wrong (ver. 2), because their thoughts and their hearts had gone wrong (ver. 5). Now the wise King Solomon, in Proverbs, exhorts thus: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," and then goes on to teach how the mouth, the lips, the eyes and eyelids, the feet, and the ways will be kept right if the heart is kept (ch. iv. 23—27). Keep a firm hand, then, on your thoughts, desires, hearts, dear ones, if you mean to do great and noble acts. Perhaps you fancy it doesn't matter what you think about if you keep right outside, but you won't keep right outside very long if you are going wrong inside, and that is why Paul tells us in Phil. iv. 8, 9, what to *think* about first, and then what to *do*.

And oh! dear lads and lasses, you who are growing into men and women, do be very careful what marriages you make. Remember this is the one relationship in life you have the responsibility of forming, and that for good or for evil it will affect you most seriously for time and for eternity. We always and in all things reap what we sow. Take care you do not sow what you will be afraid to reap. The awful judgment of the flood was in consequence of these unholy unions. Is it not sad to read of the grief of the Lord God over the scene that had once been so fair in His eyes? (ver. 6). It reminds us of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem (Luke xix. 41); the city that should have been "the joy of the whole earth" (Ps. xlviii. 2) was hastening down to destruction, because there was no heart there for Him in whom all blessing is found. Don't let it be the story of any of your lives!

And now, in this sad and dark day, we read for the first time in our Bibles the lovely word "grace" (ver. 8). The Lord who says, "I will destroy man" (ver. 7), is still "the God of all grace" (1 Peter v. 10), who plans the full salvation for the perishing sinner. The ark, its size, shape, material were all His plan; it was the only place of safety and of life in the day of judgment; so you see it was a wonderful figure of

the salvation there is in Christ, planned by God, and offered in free grace to those who will obey the gospel. And there was one man in whom was found this "obedience of faith" (Rom. xvi. 26). God spoke, Noah listened; he believed what God had said, and he acted on it, with the result that he saved his house, condemning the world by his action, for the world heard the word of the Lord and did not act on it (Heb. xi. 7). God waited a long time, 120 years, "while the ark was a preparing" (1 Peter iii. 20), and there was plenty of room in it for many people. Noah might almost have preached, "Whosoever will may come," for it could have held 20,000 people with six months provisions; but their wicked hearts were hard in disobedience, and they ate, they drank, they married, heedless of the gathering storm-clouds, deaf to the Holy Spirit's pleading voice through the dauntless lips of the righteous Noah. But he, like Enoch, "walked with God" (ver. 9), and so he was in "the secret of the Lord" (Ps. xxv. 14); and I do not think it troubled him that the giants of those days looked down contemptuously upon him, and laughed scornfully as, year by year, that great ark grew before their eyes, and the brave old man preached of coming judgment. The one who has God on his side has always an overwhelming majority, however much he may seem to stand alone; don't forget this.

"He always wins who sides with God";  
To him no chance is lost."

There was one window and one door to the ark, not several (ver. 16). So Christ is the one and only Light to our souls; the one and only Door by which we can enter in and be saved. And God thought of every little creeping thing as well as of the biggest animals that He had made, and provided suitable food for each and all of them, for He is the "Faithful Creator"; much more than that to us, our loving Father in Christ Jesus, who knows what things we have need of before we ask Him (Matt. vi. 8).

Ever your loving AUNT ALICE.

## QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. Where does the Lord teach us that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and that "out of the heart proceed all evil"?
2. Find in Jeremiah that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."
3. In which Psalm does David pray the Lord to search him and know his heart, to try him and know his thoughts; and again, that the meditation of his heart may be acceptable in His sight?
4. Where are we exhorted to bring "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ"?
5. Find verses in Proverbs which state that "they that are of a froward heart are an abomination to the Lord," "Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil," "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord."
6. Give seven verses on meditation, from the 119th Psalm.
7. Find in one of Paul's epistles a solemn warning against forming unequal yokes.
8. In which of the Prophets is Noah mentioned (along with two other men of God) as being unable in a coming day of judgment to deliver any but his own soul by his righteousness?
9. Where is it written that the head stone shall be brought forth "with shoutings, crying Grace, Grace, unto it"?
10. Find in the Gospel of John two verses where the Lord Jesus says He is the light of the world, and that He is the Door by which those who enter in are saved.

11. Where does Peter, speaking of Christ, say, "Neither is there salvation in any other" ?  
12. Where is God called "a faithful Creator" ?

## ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

1. Romans v. 12.
2. Ephesians ii. 9.
3. 1 John iii. 12.
4. Jude 11.
5. Hebrews ix. 22.
6. Genesis xxii. 8.
7. Exodus xii.
8. Exodus xxix. 38, and Numbers xxviii. 3, 4.
9. 1 Peter i. 19.
10. Isaiah liii. 7.
11. Titus iii. 5.
12. Twenty-eight times Christ is mentioned as the Lamb or a Lamb in the Revelation.

And now, dear nephews and nieces, I must tell you that the prizes for our first half year of study together are awarded thus:—1st Division: Amy Orpen and Albert Sims; 2nd Division: Maggie Lyon and Edwin G. Wright; 3rd Division: Rebecca McNally and William A. Savage, who have all sent in very accurate and beautifully written papers each month.

I am glad to mention as *Highly Commended* in the 1st Division: J. W. T. M.; K. A.; F. D.; B. M. D.; F. E.; L. G.; Jessie A. H.; F. O.; A. L. N.; G. S. *Commended*: E. E. A.; W. J. B.; Harry E.; F. F.; J. O.; M. L. P.; E. A. S.

2nd Division.—*Highly Commended*: Martha G.; Edith Jordan; Margaret G. P. *Commended*: Mary B.; Edith B.; Emily B.; Elizabeth M. G.; Alfred G.; Sydney G.; M. F. H.; Douglas L.; Gladys M.; Isabella S.; Fanny S.; Gertrude S.; Edith W.

3rd Division.—*Highly Commended*: Winifred D.; Mabel H.; Maggie H.; Nellie V. P.-J.; Louie L.; James M.; Isabella M.; Elsie P.; Emily R. T. *Commended*: Una W. B.; Lottie D.; Stanley D.; Percy G.; George H.; Dilys P.-J.; Rebecca W.

Will our dear prize-winners let me know which book they would like from the following list:—"Illustrated Bible Dictionary," "The Bible in Spain," "Pictures of Palestine," "Land of the Pharaohs," "Those Holy Fields," "Three Friends of God," or any one of Mrs. Bevan's books.

Some of you will no doubt be surprised at not seeing your names in our roll of honour, knowing that you have had full marks each month. Well, that is because you have either not obeyed the rule that the answers must be written out in full (the case with the dear Dromore children, who have worked so well), or you have had bad marks for untidy papers. You must all try to do better this next half.

I hope you were much pleased with the pretty cards of membership which I sent last month to 130 of you. Those who have not received them, and who wish to seriously join the class, must tell me so with the next papers they send in, and they shall have cards forwarded to them.

## OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.

*Golden Text*—"I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."—John x. 11. Read John x. 1-16.

## READING ON THE LESSON.

1-6. The parable of the Good Shepherd. He begins with one of His twenty-five double verily's in this gospel. It is literally amen, amen, reminding us that He is the Amen, the faithful and true witness (Rev. iii. 14; Isa.

lxv. 16). He contrasts the true shepherd with the false shepherds who are only thieves and robbers.

7, 8. There is no way to the Father, and no way to know the Father but through the Lord Jesus (John xiv. 6; i. 8; Matt. xi. 27).

9, 10. How grand is the assurance that "any man" may enter in by Him! Compare "Him that cometh" and "whosoever" in John vi. 37; iii. 16; Rev. xxii. 17. But notice that to be saved one must "enter in" by the door, as truly as Noah and his family and the creatures entered into the ark.

11-14. "*I am the Good Shepherd.*" He is also the Great Shepherd and the Chief Shepherd (Heb. xiii. 20; 1 Peter v. 4). As the Good Shepherd He provides life for us by laying down His life. He laid it down voluntarily; no one took it from Him; and He took it again, for He had power to do so (verses 17, 18). He who is only an hireling careth not for the sheep, but only for himself, his own safety and his own comfort. The hireling is one who has not upon his heart the interests of his master, but only that which he can get from the master whom he appears to beserving, for service too often but poorly rendered.

15. As the Father loves Him, so He loves us, and He would have us abide in His love, manifesting it by a willingness to lay down our lives for others as He laid down His life for us (John xv. 9; 1 John iii. 16).

16. "*Them also I must bring.*" Those other sheep not of Israel, but gathered out of all nations, who are to reign with Him (Rev. v. 9, 10). He says He must bring these.

## YIDDISH TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks from "A Friend" for the Yiddish translation and circulation of the scriptures (Mr. M. S. Bergmann's work) the sum of £50

## INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

It is a great privilege to be permitted to help in this beneficent work, and we acknowledge with sincere thankfulness to God the receipt of the following generous donations for this Fund:—

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ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.



# The SPRINGING WELL

## or Waters that fail not.

A STORY OF  
DEVIZES;  
or, The Country-  
man's Conversion.

BY FRANCES BEVAN.

ONE day, over sixty years ago, there was a man riding along the Wiltshire lanes on a carthorse from his master's farm. Before him lay, across the horse, a sack of wheat. Slowly he jogged along, and no doubt he was thinking chiefly of all that he had to do at Devizes market, where his corn was to be sold. He had very few other things to think about than his daily work, for he and his neighbours were people who had never learned to read or write, and they lived far away over the downs, and heard very little of the great world beyond.

Lately they had heard something of the "swing-rioters," who had been collecting mobs to break all the machines, which farmers were then beginning to use for winnowing and thrashing, and who had some indistinct ideas that if they attacked the squires and the farmers, and burnt hayricks, and carried off poultry, they would in

the end get cheap bread and land of their own, with much more besides. Had you asked them what they thought they would gain by the trouble



"WILLIAM JOGGED ON TOWARDS DEVIZES, QUITE CONTENTED AND HAPPY."

they took, and by the damage they were doing, they would answer you, "WE'S TO BE THE GENTLEMEN, AND THE GENTLEMEN IS TO BE WE."

Now, our friend William, for that was the name by which he was known in the locality, who was jogging along with his sack, had plenty of sense, though he had no book-learning at all, and he had determined from the first to leave the swing-rioters alone, and get all he needed by good honest work. He was sorry for his friends who had joined them, and more particularly so now, for he had heard that the soldiers had been called out to stop the rioters, and many had already been seized and locked up in Bristol gaol and other undesirable places. That very day, as he rode along, he saw some frightened-looking men and boys, who ran past him, and then jumped over a fence, and hid themselves behind a hedge ; and as he went further he met more and more of these people, some running in one direction and some in another. Then William said to himself, "They's the swing-rioters, and the soldiers are after them."

And, sure enough, when William looked back he saw, a long way off over the downs, the red coats of the soldiers coming nearer and nearer. But William jogged on as before ; and he said to himself, "It's a comfort now that I have no need to go and hide behind the hedges, for I'm about my master's business, and that they can see, and there's no fear that they'll lock *me* up in Bristol gaol." The soldiers came nearer, and they rode past William, and then they turned across the fields, where some poor men were to be seen running for their lives ; and William jogged on towards Devizes, quite happy and contented.

Yes. For a few minutes he was happy and contented, and then, suddenly, he knew not why, some words came into his mind that he had heard once, long ago ; he could not remember where or when. These strange words, to which he had never given a thought before, seemed to come to him now, as if God from heaven were speaking to him, and William trembled with fear and terror—a terror far greater than that of the swing-rioters who had passed him running across the country.

These were the words—"THEN SHALL THEY BEGIN TO SAY TO THE MOUNTAINS, FALL ON US ; AND TO THE HILLS, COVER US" (LUKE xxiii. 30) ; "HIDE US FROM THE FACE OF HIM THAT SITTETH ON THE THRONE, AND FROM THE WRATH OF THE LAMB : FOR THE GREAT DAY OF HIS WRATH IS COME ; AND WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND ?" (REV. vi. 16, 17.)

William tried to forget these words, but they would not leave him ; they sounded in his ears like some awful sentence.

"I am not afraid of the soldiers," he said, "but when that day comes I shall call on the hills to fall on me to hide me. Oh, what shall I do to be saved ?"

All day long he heard the terrible words ; he could not forget them in the bustle of the market, and the ride home was a fearful time to him. There was no one to whom he could go for help, and if he had a Bible he could not read it, yet he believed that in the Bible he would find out the way to be saved.

Though William was forty years old, he began at once to learn to read. When his work was over, he sat at his cottage door, and called to any children who were passing. There was now a school in the village, and nearly all the children learnt to read. William would offer them half-pennies, or some supper, or an apple from his tree, and get them in return to teach him A B C.

"Ah," he said, "Satan did try hard to hinder me, and I found it terrible work to learn to read, but I asked the Lord to make me learn quickly, and He did ; then at last I could spell out a chapter in the Bible, and I went to the camp meetings of the Methodists on the downs, and I hearkened all I could to the blessed gospel, and said, 'LORD, SHOW ME THE WAY TO BE SAVED' ; AND, BLESS THE LORD, HE DID SHOW ME, AND NOW I THANK AND PRAISE HIM. I LOOK FORWARD EVERY DAY TO THE BLESSED, BLESSED TIME WHEN HE SHALL COME—THAT WILL BE A GLORIOUS DAY FOR ME. I SHALL HEAR HIM SAY, 'WILLIAM, COME UP HIGHER,' AND THAT MAKES ME CARE VERY LITTLE FOR ANY GRAND THINGS DOWN HERE. It's like comparing a little glow-worm in the hedge to the glorious sun at noon-day, when we think of the finest thing here, and Christ in glory ! I get impatient for it sometimes, for the natural heart can't wait ; but He'll leave me here as long as He has anything for me to do, and His work is a blessed thing, and I can truly say I'm happy here, and shall be happy always.

"Yes, one day, I couldn't help it, when I was threshing in the barn, I had to leave off just for a minute and kneel down and ask the Lord to make the squire at the big house as happy as I am, and, bless the Lord, He has made him happy too, and we shall be with Him for ever and ever."

So William was made ready, for his sins were long ago laid on Jesus on the cross, and he looked to Him, and believed in Him, and he then knew that at the end of the road along which he travelled there was one place only—heaven itself—and, better far, the welcome of the God and Saviour who loved him and gave Himself for him—to be with Christ !

"The Lamb who died and liveth,  
Alive for evermore,  
The Saviour who redeemed us,  
FOR EVER WE ADORE."

## A STRANGE EPITAPH.

THE following inscription I copied some time since from a tombstone in the graveyard of a small town in the south of England :—

“Lord, in mercy remember this Thy servant in the Day of Judgment.”

Who the person was whose dust lies beneath that stone I know not. Whether or not he had been washed in the blood of Jesus, and is now “present with the Lord,” is more than I can say, but what struck me in reading the inscription was that mercy was expected at the day of judgment. Now when that day comes the door of mercy will be for ever closed. Yet those who inscribed the prayer on that stone are not the only ones who cherish the same delusive hope. Thousands are thus deceived.

Listen to God’s description of that solemn day in Revelation the twentieth chapter, “And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them.” Where, poor sinner, will you be found then? How will you bear that terrible sight if still in your sins? Let us read further.

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened ; and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.” None but the dead! All will stand before that throne who, during this world’s history have died in their sins ; but no saved soul will be found in that sad company.

“And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them ; and they were judged every man according to their works.”

Ah, we well know what the result must be for every one thus judged. The word of truth declares that “there is none that doeth good, no, not one.” (Rom. iii. 12.) When on earth they despised God’s mercy, can they hope for mercy now? Nay, mercy is a thing of the past ; they slighted it, and it is gone for ever.

“And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.”

Oh, unutterable woe! unspeakable anguish! In life pardon, peace, and eternal life were offered to them, but when the glad sounds of the gospel fell upon their ears, they heeded them not.

My reader, let not the enemy of souls deceive you. He is seeking your perdition, and to accom-

plish this purpose he cares not what lie he whispers into your ear. He may tell you of mercy in the day of judgment, but there will be none, there can be none in that final day. If you want salvation, you must seek it now. “Behold now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

To-morrow, next week, another time, these are lies of the devil. God promises no salvation then. In this day of His grace He is sending out to all the offer of salvation. His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, has accomplished a work on the ground of which He can righteously save every sinner who believes. “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” and “by Him all that believe are justified from all things” (Acts xiii. 39), but if He be rejected, there is, there can be, no other Saviour.

## WHO MAKES IT MOVE?

“WHO makes it move?” said my son to me this morning, as he looked at the little mariner’s compass which hangs at the end of my watch chain. He had studied the skeleton clock and wind-dial, and had seen that a coiled-up spring moved the one and the wind the other, so he was anxious to know the mystery of the needle. I showed him that to whatever point he put the needle it would always come round to the north. He said, “Is there a rod goes up the chain?” but that would not do. Cause and effect seemed utterly out of his depth. I felt that to a boy five years old the theory of the loadstone, magnetism, electricity, and the correlation of forces were utterly unintelligible, so I quickly passed by all and found the easiest, surest, and most satisfactory answer in the one great first cause, “God.” And so I said, “Yes, God makes it move.”

The child wanted to know “WHO” moved it—a “what” to his open mind was entirely unsatisfactory. He must have an intelligent, controlling Person who guides the needle as He guides the stars. Has any philosopher of earth yet discovered the “how” of the mariner’s compass? Does the sailor refuse his wages, or the merchant his mercantile profits, till he is able to comprehend the theory of magnetism, and why the needle points north? He is no such fool. But many reason on the mysteries unfathomable of the revelation of God without appropriating their grand truths. A child can apprehend what the greatest scholar cannot comprehend. We are not surprised at the boy’s question, WHO makes it move? Are you, reader?

### THE STORY OF CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.—III.

AMERICA was discovered about four centuries ago. Its divisions into North and South, united by the Isthmus of Panama, are well known; not so well known, however, are the races and peoples which inhabit the southern portion of this fourth quarter of the habitable world. There are traces of a civilization anterior to its discovery by Cabot or Americus Vesputius, but the inhabitants of to-day are various races of Indians, negroes (the former varying a great deal in their characteristics), and the mixture of Portuguese, Spanish, English, Dutch, and other people of European origin, or the descendants of such.

Rather less than three centuries back, North America began to be settled by English and Dutch adventurers, many of whom fled from persecution at home to found for themselves and for liberty of conscience a new home on the north-eastern shores of the Atlantic.

The South had the start by a full century of the North, but what do we see to-day? A mighty contrast between the religious, social, political, and general condition of the respective peoples. The North is well ahead, the South sadly behind, which is due, in the latter case, to Portuguese and Spanish influences, especially in matters of religion and politics. Captain Gardiner's explorations and researches proved all this abundantly.

South America was his first love, and when the Zulu War drove him from Africa, his thoughts, his heart and affections, reverted to the Indian and other native races of the great western continent. South America for Christ was his desire, his prayer, his aim. At that time no mission had been established there, and the native races—from the semi-civilized inhabitants of Chili to the almost savage inhabitants of Patagonia and the islands of Terra-del-Fuégó—were sitting in darkness, utterly ignorant of God and all that relates to Christ and salvation. To win some of these for Christ was his unshaken resolution. There had been previous efforts, but none had adequately succeeded. In 1555 some French Puritans landed at Rio Janeiro; and in 1738, two Moravian Brethren, Lewis Christopher Daehne and John Guettner, sailed from Holland to work among the Indians. They landed at Barbica, and pushed their way into the interior, founding the station of Pelgerhut. They saw little fruit from their labours, and after many sufferings, and privations, and disappointments, with some little encouragement, they founded another station,



The above is an illustration of the waggon in which Captain Allen Gardiner travelled nine hundred miles to Mendoza. It is taken from the volume published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co., which we heartily commend to our readers, and should be glad to supply for 1s. 6d.

which they called Sharon. Long they laboured, one following another in the arduous work, sowing all the while the seed of the kingdom; but now, at Paramaribo, in Dutch Guiana, there are four large Protestant Churches crowded every Sunday with worshippers, and nearly one-third of the inhabitants are adherents of the evangelical faith.

Captain Gardiner's work was that of the initial stage. His was pioneer work, and rough work too.

In 1836 he married his second wife, a lady who for six years, with their children, shared the toils and privations of his voyages and journeys in South America, and greatly aided him by her cheerful companionship and helpful resources.

They reached Rio Janeiro by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Soon after he sailed to Monte Video, and thence travelled in his own omnibus or waggon nine hundred miles to Mendoza. From this point they made their toilsome and dangerous way over the Corderillas to Concepcion. Leaving his family there, he made his way to Piligen, where the Indian chief received him not ungraciously. He tried another village when taking his family to Valdivia. They offered him a native hut, or a refuge in an apple tree for a night's shelter. The hut was full of Indians, who, however, departed one by one, leaving them to themselves.

Determining to get to the Indians somehow, he struggled through a dense bamboo forest, and reached the chief Wykepeng, torn and weak from the journey. The people told him that no Spaniards would be allowed there, or in any districts of the Indians. He took out his Bible and read to them, but they had had such an experience

of the Jesuits that they would have none of him or it. Thus that door was closed. He then sailed to New Guinea, but the Dutch were unwilling to encourage his plans. "You might as well try to instruct the monkeys as the natives of Papua," said the Dutch President, to whom he applied for a pass. Gardiner's answer was to the point: "Monkeys in appearance or not, being men in reality, they are not incapable of being instructed, for they are included in our Saviour's command to preach the Gospel to every human being."

No place being found for him there, he sailed with his family to the Cape of Good Hope, to recruit their health, where he found a ship which took him once more to South America. Arrived at Valparaiso there was an unavoidable delay before he could make a further remove to the island of Chiloé, during which he occupied himself in renewing his stock of Spanish Bibles and tracts, which, much to his encouragement, passed the custom-house. He took up his abode, when reaching Chiloé, at the beautiful port of San Carlos. Here a certain Friar Manuel, like Alexander the coppersmith of old, withstood him greatly by spreading all sorts of mischievous reports concerning him, equally false and absurd. He poisoned the minds of the superstitious people against Gardiner, and, one Sunday at the mass, when one of the wafers was missing, he declared that "the foreign bishop had stolen it." These prejudices prevailed so much that when he offered money to secure a number of men to cut a way with axes through the forest to the Indians beyond the Cordilleras, not one could he engage, so much did they fear the ban of this enemy of the Cross.

Nothing remained now but to turn for some other door in this great continent. The following entry in his diary shows that this was the turning point of his enterprise, especially as seen in the light of subsequent events:—

"Having at last abandoned all hope of reaching the Indian population where they are most civilized and least migratory, my thoughts are necessarily turned towards the south. We purpose to proceed to Berkeley Sound, in the Falkland Islands. Making this our place of residence I intend to cross over in a sealer, and to spend the summer among the Patagonians. *Who can tell but the Falkland Islands, so admirably situated for the purpose, may become the key to the aborigines both of Patagonia and of Terra-del-Fuégó?*"

No child of Adam has a right to anything from God save death for his wages. A sinner can only have eternal life as a "free gift" from God. Alas! thousands refuse it, too proud to be saved on God's terms, which are "free, unmerited favour."

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

### WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT?

"He could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a FEW sick folk, and healed them. And He marvelled because of their unbelief." (Mark vi. 5, 6.)

"As MANY as touched Him were made whole." (Mark vi. 56.)

CHRISTIAN reader, notice carefully the scriptures we have quoted. The Lord "came into His own country," but the people said, "Is not this the carpenter? the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses, and of Juda and Simon? and are not His sisters here with us? And they were offended at Him," and it is written that the blessed Master

"marvelled because of their unbelief!"

What words are these? Jesus wondered at the poor, dull hearts, which would not take in His love and His power. And what was the result of this unbelief? "He could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a *few* sick folk, and healed them." The most awful forms of leprosy did not hinder His healing power, neither did death and the grave hinder Him from giving life, nor did a thousand devils possessing a sinner hinder Him from driving them all out; but unbelief, unbelief, unbelief did stay Jesus from working the wonders of His grace and love.

Unbelief is the great hindrance.

"Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

The Lord was ready to bestow His blessings, but "His own country" lost them because of unbelief. The cloud laden with bounties, which appeared to break in blessings upon their heads, rolled on to the district round about, where "*many*" sick were healed, and "*many*" devils were cast out; for mark particularly the contrast between the *few* and the *many* in this chapter, and so it is at this very day.

It is said, "He

marvelled because of their unbelief."

The progress of art and science, the rapidity of travelling, have not lessened the number of the "*many*" sick or the "*many*" under the power of Satan who have need of healing. Only One Person can meet their need—Jesus; only One can bind up their aching hearts—Jesus; only One can set peace upon the throne of the human heart—Jesus.

Oh, let us ask, is He driven away from doing His great and glorious work in our midst because of unbelief?

And still it must be said, "He marvels because of their unbelief." The present is too much like the past. Our hearts are too much like those of the inhabitants of Jesus' "own country."

Not long before He had said to the ruler of the synagogue, "BE NOT AFRAID, ONLY BELIEVE," and surely, Christian reader, it is well if the same words reach your heart, for while you can, by grace, trust in God for your soul's salvation, are you daily trusting in Christ for your earthly needs? Do you rest in Christ not only for the glory which shall be revealed in you, but for His present glory to be wrought out in your life and conduct upon this earth? What blessings there are hanging over your head! What clouds laden with bounties! Ask yourself, Do I hinder the manifestation of the Lord's love by my unbelief? Oh say to Him, "LORD, I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF."

## A FEW HINTS ON THE PSALMS.—II.

BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

**I**N our previous paper we referred to the seventy-second Psalm, telling how it foreshadowed Jehovah's King, the Son of David, in His reign over the earth; for "All men shall be blessed in Him," and "all nations shall call Him blessed" (Ps. lxxii. v. 17). The prayers of David, his desires for the kingdom, are found fully realized at the conclusion of the fifth book.

The spirit of prophecy results in prayer for the fulfilment of the prophetic revelation. David prayed that "the whole earth" (not Israel only) might be "filled" with Jehovah's glory. Compare herewith the prayer at the end of the Book of Revelation for the coming of our Lord.

III. Blessed be the Lord for evermore. Amen and Amen. (Ps. lxxxix. 52.)

IV. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting: and let all the people say, Amen. Hallelujah. (Ps. cvi. 48.)

V. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Hallelujah. (Ps. cl. 6.)

Let us now turn to the five psalms which conclude the book. Each begins and ends with Hallelujah. Introducing this group, is the prayer, "Let all flesh bless His holy Name for ever and ever." (Ps. cxlv. 21.) The group may be regarded as the great five-fold termination of the Book of Psalms, and the final praise-song recording the triumph of the righteous, and the glory of the everlasting kingdom of God upon earth. The blessedness of the righteous (Ps. i.) and the kingdom of

the Son established upon the holy hill of Zion (Ps. ii.), we have to keep in mind, form the great theme of the whole book.

These five psalms concluding the 150 are full of the beauty of divine order.

First. The song of the individual soul—the personal outburst of praise.—"Praise the Lord, O my Soul." Here is the true beginning of all praise. Unless the individual heart be real in its song, collective song must be unreal.

Second. The united praise of God's people. Israel sings "Praises unto our God." The volume of sound arises from a variety of notes well in tune. Each of these psalms has running through it, the memories of acts of divine grace, and of sorrows passed through with God.

Third. Here the praise awakes in the heavens. First, "From the heavens" (v. 1); next, "From the earth." (v. 7). Jehovah made all things above, and on earth His word is fulfilled.

Fourth. The praise which sprang from heaven and spread over the earth expresses itself in "a new song" on the earth. The kingdom, foretold in Ps. ii., is seen established—the children of Zion are joyful in their King. Here is indeed a new song—not the hope of the coming of the King, but the joy of the kingdom come, and the execution by the righteous of righteousness upon earth. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Fifth. The sanctuary, the holy place of God's dwelling in Israel, is now seen as the centre whence praise arises upon earth, ascends to heaven, and fills all the earth, till everything that has breath—everything of this creation—praises the Lord, and swells the grand Hallelujah.

"All things must be fulfilled which were written," not only in the law of Moses and in the prophets, "but also in the psalms" concerning our Lord. (Luke xxiv. 44.) Let us in spirit join the coming Hallelujah.

## THE IMAGE ON THE RING.

**T**HE son of Scipio Africanus, a profligate young man, wore on his finger a ring, upon which the image of his father was engraved. The Roman censors were so much disgusted with the degenerate son wearing upon his person the picture of his noble parent, that they insisted on his taking the ring from his finger. They considered that he was insulting, rather than honouring, his father by wearing it. And thus will God regard all His degenerate children who bear His name, without conforming to His image. We are told how in the army of Alexander the Great there was a soldier of the name of Alexander. To him it was said, "Either be brave or change your name."

DOWN THE COAL PIT.

STRANGERS, when they visit the "coal-fields," are often desirous of seeing how the mining operations are carried on, and for this purpose they go down with some of the miners into the coal-pits. One day a gentleman was going down, accompanied by a miner, who was to show him through the mine, and to explain the working of the different parts of it. This miner was a simple-hearted and earnest Christian, and, as they were let down into the darkness, he was shocked at the language of the gentleman, who added an oath, or some blasphemous expression, to almost every sentence he uttered. Down and down they went, when the gentleman said, "Do you think it is as far to hell as it is to the bottom?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the miner, "how far it is to hell; but, judging from your language, I know that if this rope were to break you'd be there in less than a minute."

DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE TO CHRIST.

DID I hear one awakened soul say, "I should like to talk to Mr. —"? By all means talk to him, but do not stop for that. Go to Christ first. "Oh, but I should like to talk with a good woman—a dear Christian lady." I recommend you to go to Jesus Christ at once, and see the lady afterwards. There must be nobody between a soul and Christ. Go straight to Christ. "Which way?" say you. Look and live!

THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

JOHN H. YATES.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that  
 2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the  
 3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my  
 4. When sor - row is mine, and on pillows of stone, My ach - ing head  
 5. When down in the "val - ley and shadow of Death," I on - ter the

1. ov - er is new, The message that saints of all a - ges have told,  
 2. pris - on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in,  
 3. way - wea - ry feet; It tells of the rock that is high - or than I,  
 4. seeks for re - pose, This sto - ry brings comfort and peace from the throne,  
 5. gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath,

CHORUS.

1. The message so ten - der and true.  
 2. And led me tri - umph - ant - ly out.  
 3. And leads to its bliss - ful re - treat.  
 4. My des - ert blooms forth like the rose.  
 5. Of Christ and His pow - er to save.

The sto - ry that nev - er grows that

old, Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told, 'tis told; The  
 nev - er grows old,

sto - ry so dear, bringing heaven so near, Sweet sto - ry that nev - er grows old.

The above Hymn, also "Count your Blessings," "Loyalty to Christ," "Will there be any Stars?" and others which have appeared in our pages this year, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled, "Songs of Triumph." Paper, 6½d., post free, 7½d.; cloth, 1s., post free, 1s. 2d.

THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—X.  
(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20 ; Isa. xlv. 1.)

THERE is not much in the subsequent history of Cyrus, so far as it is on record, to interest the christian reader. The capture of Babylon was undoubtedly the culminating event in his remarkable career. He was certainly engaged in other wars, and appears to have extended his ascendancy to the very frontiers of India. It is said by some that he lost his life in a battle with the Touranians, but other writers allege that towards the end of his life he voluntarily resigned the throne and assumed a kind of monastic existence in the northern part of the empire. The general belief is, however, that he was killed in one of his expeditions and his body brought back to be buried in his native land. There is every reason to believe that this is true, for a marble tomb is still standing in the great plain of Murgab, which has for many centuries been accepted as the last resting place of the great warrior.

In a previous article we gave a good illustration of this rather remarkable monument, and it is surely exceedingly interesting to know that the celebrated Greek historians who accompanied Alexander the Great to the beautiful capital of Persia, Persepolis, found this tomb, in that day, in excellent preservation, and surrounded by a lovely grove of shady trees.

When they entered the vault they found the body of the conqueror encased in a coffin of pure gold. Lamps that were kept perpetually burning illuminated the place, and white robed priests were continually engaged in various religious rites. Within the precincts they found a marvellously wrought golden couch, and many costly utensils and embroidered vestments. On the tomb itself these words were inscribed :—

"O MAN, I AM CYRUS, WHO WON DOMINION FOR THE PERSIANS, AND WAS KING OF ASIA. GRUDGE NOT THEN THIS MONUMENT TO ME."

At the time of the death of Cyrus the kingdom of Persia had reached its highest pinnacle of fame. He had been a wise, and in many respects, a generous ruler. His influence on the whole had been beneficial, and he left the country prosperous and fairly peaceful, but he was succeeded on the throne by his son, Cambyses, who was a cruel, ambitious tyrant, and who, instead of giving the land rest and an opportunity to develop its resources, made war immediately against Egypt, and very soon the mighty hosts of the Persian king were encamped on the banks of the Nile,

and even within the majestic temples of Thebes, Karnac, and other cities ; indeed, he led his troops across the sandy plains of Nubia and Ethiopia intending, if it were possible, to place these provinces under the power of Persia.

—  
"THE LARGEST, RICHEST  
CLUSTER."

A VIGOROUS branch of a noble vine rose up above the top of the wall, and said to himself, "*Here* is a sphere which none has appropriated, a place where enlarged views and enlarged capacity are things of course, where nails and shreds are things of the past, and where, of course, fruit of an extraordinary character may be expected to grow."

So the branch stretched himself higher and higher, until he was very high indeed, and he heard the gardener say, "Well, well, his time will come."

"Yes, truly," said the branch, "my time will come, no doubt. It *ought* to come up here. My brethren below will, of course, do the best they can, but one must not expect too much of them."

"Nor," said the gardener, "must we expect too much of thee."

Slowly, as it seemed to the branch, which was so lonely in its elevation, the season for gathering the grapes came round, but how great was his shame and grief to hear the gardener say, "Never mind the topmost branch, it is empty."

Time passed on, and the pruning-knife was brought out, and the branch said to the gardener, "Oh, my Master, can'st thou do aught for me?"

Smiling, the gardener replied, "What! wouldst thou deny *thyself*?"

"Yea, Master," said he, "I would."

"Be it so ;" and instantly the lofty part of the branch was severed, the remainder brought down upon the wall, and made fast in a sure place.

When another vintage was gathered, the gatherers looked at the humble branch, and saw nothing but a few folded leaves. "It has not recovered its wasted strength," said they. But the gardener himself drew near, and lifted up the leaves, and, lo! there hung upon it the largest, richest cluster of all.

"Master!" said the branch, "I hid it *for Thee*: Thou didst prune me in Thy wisdom, and bind me in Thy love."

The loving Saviour whispers in your ear the solemn question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

## Jottings about the Bible.

### BISHOP RYLE'S TESTIMONY ABOUT THE BIBLE.

#### The Infidel and the Workman.

**D**R. RYLE when addressing a large audience of working men on the Divine origin and authority of the Word of God, said :—

“When infidels trouble you about Jonah in the whale's belly, and Balaam and his ass, do not waste your time in discussing these matters.

“There is the one great truth, which it is utterly impossible to account for in any other way than that it has been due to the fact that the Lord Jesus Christ was born into the world—that the world had been vastly changed wherever the Word of God had penetrated, from what it was in heathen times. Many years ago I was walking in Hyde Park, when I heard man after man preaching in the best way he could. At last I came by a tree where a downright infidel was speaking, a man who was talking in the fluent way in which people of that kind usually talk, and he asked what was the use of the Bible, and the churches, and the chapels; and then he finished by asking what good these people with white chokers were, and recommended the burning of Bibles, churches, and chapels too, for he said what they wanted was more fat pigs and fewer fat parsons.

“When he had concluded, a working-man came forward, and said he, ‘I can't answer all the arguments that you have put forward, but I will ask you one or two questions;’ and he asked the infidel whether it was not a fact that the people in the world who had the Bible were not even socially in a much better position than those who had it not. ‘I will ask you whether or not this country, where the Bible is read, taught, believed, and its principles in a great measure recognised, is not far better off than those countries where the Bible, if they have it at all, is not allowed to be read. I will ask you also, as to our own country, whether in the parishes and streets, where the men and their wives get out their Bibles and read them one to the other, teaching their children likewise to read and love them, whether there is not more charity, and more disinterested love, and more unselfishness, than in those houses where the Bible is not to be found, and where the results of drink and other sins are seen. And if this is so, I challenge you to say,’ said he, ‘that the Bible is a bad book after all.’”

The testimony of the good bishop was splendid, and the arguments of the working man he cited very cogent; but we believe there is more than this. The national recognition of God and His Word cannot but ensure blessing to a nation, but the Word of God carries with it its own power and authority to the individual, for whenever it is applied by God's spirit it proves quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit (Heb. iv. 12).

### A SWEET INVITATION.

*“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28.*

**C**OME to Christ, all ye who labour,  
Come, and He will give you rest;  
Bring companions, friends, and neighbours,  
All the needy can be blest,  
For there is a blessed fulness,  
Come, ye sorrowing and distressed.  
Satan stands your souls to hinder,  
Boldly meet him—he will fly!  
Better once for all defeat him,  
Than by sadly yielding—die!  
Life the prize which Jesus offers—  
Life and immortality.  
Never such a boon was offered  
Save by Christ, the sinner's friend;  
Life eternal for believing,  
Joys which never, never end!  
Oh, accept the offered mercy  
And let thankful praise ascend.

A. MIDLANE.

### OLD PICTURES REFRAMED.

*“Apples of gold in pictures of silver.”—Prov. xxv. 11.*

**T**HE most powerful influence is the gentlest. The myriads of soft drops of the shower cause the earth to blossom, but the same weight of water cast down upon it at once would only result in desolation and death.

The best means of preserving truer tranquillity of heart is to have no choice or will of our own; and even were we entitled to the foremost place, to be perfectly satisfied if only the meanest and humblest is assigned to us.

Christ with a chain is liberty; liberty without Christ is a chain. Christ without other things is riches; all things without Christ, is poverty indeed.

God has the same knowledge, inspection, and care of every one, as if there was but one.

Trouble is often the lever in God's hands to raise us up to heaven.

Christ made it His business to come to do our business, and now we ought to make it our business to do His business.

Good works are not the cause, but the fruit of righteousness. The tree maketh the apple, but not the apple the tree.

## TIDINGS OF WORK AMONGST OUR TROOPS.—II.

### The Story of our Distribution Work in South Africa.

IT would not be possible in these pages to place on record a tithe of the gratifying intelligence we have received from different workers; but we feel sure many of our readers will be interested with the following extracts taken from a few communications quite recently received :—

MRS. OSBORN-HOWE, in Cape Colony, has testified repeatedly to the great good accomplished during the earlier stages of the conflict. We have already printed one or two of her letters which speak of it.

MR. JASPER SMITH, in Natal, has been labouring at the front ever since he was obliged to quit Johannesburg, at the outbreak of the war. He has from time to time deeply touched us with graphic tidings of the work. Quite recently he writes as follows :—

"Your kind note of May 5th has reached me advising the forwarding of further books, Testaments, Gospel papers, etc., for distribution, for which please accept my best thanks and convey the same to the kind donors. They are most welcome and much needed; the demand is so great, we seem able to get through any quantity. We need large supplies for the hospitals on the lines of communication at Chieveley, Modder Spruit, Ladysmith, Dundee, as well as for the hospital ships at Durban and for the men at the front.

"We (Mr. Playfair and myself) have the use of a large marquee belonging to the Soldiers' Christian Association, which we got permission to erect opposite the Durban Town Hall for the benefit of soldiers, sailors, and volunteers. This is much appreciated, and is freely used by the Edinburgh and Durham militia and others now stationed at Durban.

"I am returning shortly to London, when I can tell you more of the work. I am bringing a large number of lantern slides with me, made from photos taken during the campaign. An opportunity may occur of exhibiting these to some of your friends and subscribers who are so interested in our soldiers. Mr. Playfair continues the work during my absence."

MR. PERCY BATEMAN, of Leeuw River Mills, Bloemfontein, has been a true friend to us ever since we began our little paper. From time to time he has sent us appreciative letters, but we feared the operations near his home had interfered with his useful business and christian life, and so it proved, for the Boers swept over the scene, and he was taken prisoner and was in their hands for some time. He, however, wrote recently, saying :

"I am sending you a line to let you know I have received all the parcels of 'SPRINGING WELL.' For reasons well known to you, and also owing to my having been a prisoner in the hands of the Boers, I have not been able to write to you before. I am glad to hear of the blessing attending your magazine—I am not surprised at this—IT

IS SPLENDID, and God must and will own it. We are having some good meetings with our yeomanry friends who are stationed here, and I am hoping many may receive definite blessing. Amongst them we have a son of Mr. Richard Cory, of Cardiff, of whom you doubtless know. Pray for us as we do for you."

THE REV. HOWARD M. WEBB-PEPLOE, Acting Chaplain H.M. Forces, left this country some time ago, having about 3,000 soldiers under his spiritual care on board the *Kildonan Castle*. It was a wonderful and eventful voyage, and God's loving hand appeared to be with them very specially. He writes a long and profoundly interesting letter, telling of the good work accomplished. We can only quote briefly. He says :—

"I thank you for the splendid parcel of Gospel books which you were good enough to send for distribution on board the *Kildonan Castle*. It was a very great help to have this splendid parcel of literature, for we had nearly 3,000 troops on board, and as they had nothing to read except what we gave them, they were naturally anxious to get anything. We gave out a large number of Testaments to those who promised to read them.

"The result of all the services, daily prayers, etc., in four different parts of the ship was most encouraging. We had several cases of conversion, besides many backsliders being brought in who were sorry for their past coldness and neglect. Altogether we had a splendid time of personal dealing with souls, and many told us they had been converted while on board ship.

"We cannot attribute this to one cause alone, but it just seemed as if God were using many different means towards the one end, so that during the voyage we were able to enrol 365 personal applicants as members of the Soldiers' Christian Association. Each one had to come up to the captain's cabin, where he received a membership card and a special Testament. This gave us grand opportunities for dealing with the men, so that we have great cause for thankfulness to God and to all our friends who helped us with literature and their prayers to bring about this happy work during the voyage. . . .

"I shall be grateful if you will convey my personal thanks to those who so kindly helped you to send me such a large parcel, and ask them to thank God for the blessing that resulted therefrom."

THE following letter, dated August 4th, from Mr. Arthur C. Playfair, Durban, indicates how great are the opportunities for this service even now. As our soldiers return from the front they will be met and cared for by these many workers, and we want to be able to ensure that each man who has not already received a Testament, or Gospel book, or paper, may yet do so. Mr. Playfair says :—

"DURBAN,  
"August 4th, 1900.

"DEAR MR. HOLNESS,

"I have received your esteemed letter of July 7th, and note with pleasure the arrival again of such a large quantity of Gospel literature for distribution amongst the soldiers.

"I have already communicated with the Hon. Henry Bale, Q.C., at Maritzburg, with whom I will arrange as to the proportion of the consignment, which we shall at once

proceed to put into circulation in the different camps about the border and on the other side with which I am in touch.

"Only yesterday an army chaplain begged me to let him have some of what I had in stock, and a few days ago I had a request from near Standerton asking for Testaments and good Gospel books and tracts. We distributed a large quantity of the former gifts sent by you to Mr. Jasper Smith, in the camps about Ladysmith, Volksrust, Platrand, and elsewhere, and in the various hospitals and hospital ships. The assortment was most suitable and liberal, and hearty thanks are due to the kind friends who supplied such a welcome supply.

"A lady also in Tasmania who saw Mr. Jasper Smith's letter in 'THE SPRINGING WELL,' has sent a lot of Testaments, etc., for free distribution.

"The readiness with which booklets are received and read by soldiers in camp is really remarkable, and makes the work of distribution a real pleasure. With many thanks for sending so freely,

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) ARTHUR C. PLAYFAIR."

The Hon. Henry Bale, Q.C., also writing from the Attorney-General's Office, Pietermaritzburg, on July 30th, acknowledges the receipt of the Testaments and Gospels, etc., sent to his care, and desires on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. there to thank the donors for their gift.

We have no more space for additional testimonies as to the blessing that has attended our "South African Free Distribution Fund," but we felt it was due to our generous readers to give them some details as to the work, and to ask them to continue to pray that God's blessing may rest upon it, and to still further help us to carry it on, as we have far more applications than we can possibly meet, and in consequence of the long time that will necessarily ensue during which our troops will be engaged out there and hundreds of wounded and invalids will be lying in the many hospitals, there will be innumerable opportunities for the continuance of the work. May the Lord touch the hearts of His people and incline them to assist as they are able for the Lord's sake!

#### THE MISSION TO HOP-PICKERS.

WE should be thankful for any help our kind Christian readers might be disposed to send towards the expenses of this mission. Our brother, Mr. W. Luff, and other workers, devote all the time of their holiday to this useful labour of preaching the Gospel in the hop-gardens, and we should be very thankful if, through the medium of this paper, we could help them in the matter of travelling expenses, etc. Their own personal service is, of course, freely given. Last year they visited 188 different companies of hop-pickers, and preached the Gospel to many thousands of people.



#### THE SORROW IN CHINA.

TIMES of sorrow often prove to be times of unbounded blessing to God's people. We are certain it has been so in reference to China. Suddenly, intelligence arrived of dreadful murder and massacre in that land, and of a terrible revolt against everything foreign and of everything Christian. The hearts of God's children all over the world went up in earnest prayer on behalf of the missionaries and workers out there as well as for the representatives of western nations and other officials who were in peril. We believe God has heard and answered these prayers; for although it is true that hundreds of missionaries and Bible agents have had to flee for their lives, and although probably thousands of devoted Chinese converts have been martyred; yet altogether we are certain the Lord has mercifully interposed, and has stayed the hands of those whose bitter hatred of Christ and His servants is as fearful to-day as ever it was.

We are sure the readers of "THE SPRINGING WELL" will specially remember that country in their prayers, and look to see that real blessing to its vast multitudes of people, may even spring out of the present trouble.

There are hundreds of solitary workers scattered over those great provinces, men and women unknown to fame, and yet who are faithfully working on for the Master. Let us bear these up before God.

Our deepest sympathies are touched by the telegrams telling of the death of faithful men connected with the China Inland Mission and other societies, but on the other hand we rejoice to notice the intimation of the safety of many others. One message cabled recently we read with special thankfulness—"Safe, Parrott." This told us of the safety of one who long ago contributed most interesting papers to "Faithful Words," and who has laboured in the very centre of China and in other parts for years. We do not mention others by name; but we ask our readers to join in prayer for the progress of the Gospel in China, and for ALL God's children there, whether native, European, or American.

ALTHOUGH the disciples on the Mount were heavy with sleep, they kept awake and saw His glory and Moses and Elijah (see R. V.). In Gethsemane these same three actually slept for sorrow (Luke xxii. 45): the flesh is so weak that neither the sufferings of Christ nor the glory of Christ affect us as they should.

## ILLUSTRATIVE GLEANINGS.

### OVERTAKING THE REAPER.

"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed."—Amos ix. 13.

"Your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time."—Lev. xxvi. 5.

**T**HE time for the treading of grapes comes on during the dry months of autumn, and is ordinarily soon over; but this promise implies that the vintage will be prolonged into the rainy season, when alone the husbandman can begin to sow his



"THE PLOWMAN SHALL OVERTAKE THE REAPER."

seed. This does not generally occur until November. In the good days of the promise, however, the vintage will be abundant and long, while the rains will be early and copious, and thus the treading of grapes will run on to the time when the fall crops are sown. This is never actually the case at present, yet, in seasons remarkably favourable, an approximation is seen sufficiently near to justify the allusion. (The early and latter rains in recent years, have, however, vastly improved the agricultural features of certain parts of Palestine).

In Lev. xxvi. 5 there is the same promise. But here the preceding parallelism is varied. Instead of "The plowman shall overtake the reaper," it is "Your threshing shall reach unto the vintage." The threshing comes between the reaping and the treading of grapes, and the promise, therefore, covers another portion of the farmer's year. Reaping is done in April, May, and June, and the vintage is in September and October. Hence the harvest, according to the promise, is to be so heavy that it will take three or four months to

tread out the grain. In very abundant seasons I have often seen the threshing actually prolonged until October. Take the three promises together, and they spread over the entire year of the husbandman. The plowman will continue his work until that which was first sown is ready for the sickle; the threshing follows the reaper, and extends to the vintage; and then the treading of grapes reaches to the time to sow for the next crop. And such is the happy nature of this climate, that the whole series of promises is even now realized in those favourable years in which "The Lord gives rain in due season."—DR. THOMSON'S "Land and the Book."

### OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.

*Golden Text*—"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord."—Luke xii. 35, 36. Read Luke xii. 35—46.

#### READING ON THE LESSON.

35. "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning." Having been redeemed by His precious blood and thus made children of God, we are to be, like Israel in Egypt, eating the lamb, and ready for the journey, whether it be the call to leave this mortal body or take it with us, changed in a moment, to meet Him in the air.

36. "Men that wait for their Lord open unto Him immediately." The true attitude of the believer is to be ever serving the living and true God and waiting for His Son from heaven; looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ (1 Thess. i. 9, 10; Titus ii. 13).

37, 38. "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching." These two verses begin and end with "blessed are those servants," and they are "blessed" because they are watching for their Lord. The last word on record from our Lord in heaven is "Surely I come quickly," and it becomes us to say, "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

39. It is said that the coming of the Lord will be to some as a thief in the night (1 Thess. v. 2; Rev. iii. 3; xvi. 15), but not so to those who are watching for Him (1 Thess. v. 4).

40. "Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Compare Matt. xxiv. 42, 44; xxv. 13. The coming of the Son of Man is an expression that is never used in reference to the death of a believer or of any one, but always refers to the event recorded in Dan. vii. 13, 14.

41—43. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." As redeemed people we are stewards of the manifold grace of God which we have received in order that we may minister to others as God enables us.

44. "Of a truth I say unto you that He will make Him ruler over all that He hath." It may be over five cities or ten cities, or more; ruler over many things, entering into the joy of the Lord, in greater or less measure sharing the glory which God has given to His Son.

45, 46. "His portion with the unbelievers." What a fearful thing that a professing servant of Christ should ever be cast out with unbelievers! And yet see Matt. vii. 22, 23; xxv. 24—30.

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 True Stories of God's Servants.  
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## PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PASSPORT.

WE have given in former numbers of our paper most interesting episodes in the life of old Uncle John Vassar, the American soldiers' evangelist. We now give another, which to our mind reveals singularly how God was with His servant, and how Uncle John seemed always to be under the Lord's blessed direction and care in all his labours.

His good friend, Colonel A. B. Smith, of Poughkeepsie, then Major of the 150th New York, furnishes this sketch:—

"During the winter of 1863-64 there was a great revival, and especially in the Third Corps. Meetings were held nightly, and thousands were converted. Often, not knowing that Uncle John was present, I would be surprised to hear his voice from the rear of the meeting in exhortation. Perhaps that would be the sixth meeting he had attended that evening.

"We were visited by Uncle John several times, and he was always welcome to a part of my tent. He was unremitting in ministering to the sick and disabled. I knew him once to carry a box as large as a good-sized trunk nearly three miles on his back, filled with delicacies for our sick and suffering men. He was ubiquitous in the army, came often, and always left his mark for the Master on every one he met. He waited for no formalities. His first remark would be, 'I hope this loyal blue covers a heart loyal to the Lord Jesus. He is the best friend a soldier can have. Tell me, is He your friend? Come over to the prayer-meeting to-night.'

"On Sunday, the 9th day of August, 1863, we were at Kelly's Ford, and Uncle John came to us and said, 'Shall we not have a little prayer-meeting to-night, about sundown, between the 150th New York and 13th New Jersey regiments?' It was agreed upon. He was the only man in citizen's clothes in all the Twelfth Corps. All our chaplains were away sick or in hospital, and a hundred or two gathered at the appointed time. We sat around or kneeled upon the ground, and Uncle John prayed as he only could pray. The meeting was going pleasantly on, when a soldier from General Ruger's headquarters stepped into the circle and, touching Uncle John, said—

"The general wants you."

"Not the least confused, he said—

"Boys, go right on. The general wants to see me."

"And he marched at the side of the soldier, a prisoner, over to the headquarters of the brigade, twenty rods or more away. He was then accosted with the rough inquiry—

"Who are you, and what are you here for? You are not the chaplain of either of those regiments. We shot a man as a spy who came into our camp as you have come to-day. By whose authority are you here?"

"Oh, I know the whole of the 150th Regiment,' said Uncle John. 'I am an agent of the American Tract Society, and HAVE A PASS THROUGH THE WHOLE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC FROM GENERAL PATRICK AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN. And now, general, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? We can have a little season of prayer right here.'

"No, no,' said General Ruger. 'Here, orderly, take this man back, and I will see Colonel Ketcham about him.'

"So Uncle John was back before the prayer-meeting ended, and it proved one of the best I ever attended in the army."

## THE LEPER WORK IN INDIA.

WE have received a letter from Dr. Stokes at Calicut. It tells of the great need there is amongst the poor lepers. We leave the suggestions made by our friend to the earnest consideration of our readers. Dr. Stokes says:—

"A great number of lepers come begging for admittance, but I cannot receive them for want of accommodation. . . . I only wish I had the room, I could accommodate fifty patients at a time. We have at present thirteen christians, and I am sure many others are anxious.

"My suggestion would be—and the district surgeon, a christian man, approves of it, too—to erect smaller cottages, or stone-built houses, outside the municipal boundary. These cottages would be able to accommodate six or eight people, so that they would have plenty of fresh air. We could purchase a good compound for £50, and should require £200 more to build the cottages. I could perhaps apply to the Government to give us the land free of cost, in case you could promise to provide for the buildings. I thought we could buy a good compound, and perhaps start with our christians living out there, and admit other lepers—heathen—to the hospital in Calicut.

"I do hope and pray that you will be able to help us. I feel as if we could do such a lot of good, but our hands are bound. We could have a colony of the christian lepers on our new premises, and send those out there who become christians. Of course the expenses would increase, but rather than have to see poor lepers dying on the street, or, as the other day, one even ended his own life on account of his miserable condition.

"I hope you will be able to help us, as the Government is so backward in helping to provide for these lepers."

We commend this pressing need to the prayers and help of our readers. Although we are helping at providing the support necessary for the whole of the inmates of the Calicut Leper Asylum, we are a long way from accomplishing it.



## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

First, a very hearty welcome to the many additions to our large family, who have come in just at the right moment, when our second competition was beginning. The holiday time told badly on many in our 2nd and 3rd divisions, whose names for the August questions will be conspicuous by their absence.

I am sorry for the dear lads and lassies who were disappointed as to the prizes. I can only say they have been awarded in strict impartiality, none of the winners being personally known to me. You must all try again, dear ones, and of course the same nephews and nieces will not be allowed to carry off the next prizes, though I hope they will do their best to keep at the top of the class.

Thank you for many dear, kind letters; I am so glad you enjoy our little paper talks together. I, too, have a loved brother to the front in South Africa, dear Annie. Let us pray on for them, and God grant that when this awful war is ended, they may praise God with us for having covered their head in the day of battle (Ps. cxl. 7).

Now to our chapter!—Genesis vii. Noah having completed the ark, "according to all that God commanded him" (ch. vi. 22), now hears the gracious word "Come." All the planning, ordering, arranging for his salvation would have been of no avail without that word, heard and acted on: "Come." It is the same as to the salvation there is in Christ. You may know all about it, be able to quote texts to prove how Jesus died and rose again that sinners may be saved, and yet have never really come to Him for the salvation of your own soul.

One of my nieces suggests that we should have special prayer for those of our class, who, while studying the Bible with us, have never yet obeyed the call of Jesus, and are still unsaved. Let us all do so very earnestly on the 15th of October, and God grant some of the dear lads and lassies will send us word that they have that day decided for Christ, and found joy, and peace, and eternal life in Him who is the one Ark of salvation.

Think of the grace that said to Noah, "and all thy house" (ver. 1). God delights in saving a whole family; you will find this His gracious way again and again throughout the Word. But it is very sad when children are brought into a position of privilege and blessing through the faith of their parents, and yet, never heeding the word of the Lord, "come thou," the greater blessing but brings greater condemnation, as it did to those cities in which the Lord performed many wondrous works (Matt. xi. 21—23).

We see in this chapter the solemn contrast of those *within* and those *without* the ark. Indeed, no other difference was of the least consequence, when the awful judgment of God came upon the earth. They might be giants or dwarfs, rich or poor, young or old; the only point of vital importance was, whether obeying the word of the Lord they were *within*, or whether, in disobedience to His voice, they were *without*. It was the same on that terrible passover night (Ex. xii.). Safety and feasting for those that were within, under the shelter of the blood; death to those who were without. Oh! dear boys and girls, do take this to heart, if, like the people in Noah's day, you are only looking at God's provision for your salvation and have never yet availed yourself of it. Remember the Lord says: "If any man *enter in* he shall be saved" (John x. 9), not otherwise. What a grand thing if we can say we are "*in Christ*"! (2 Cor. v. 17).

A dear, aged saint, now in glory, ended a letter I was

reading the other day with: "Ever in Christ (for he letteth me not out of the ark)." Can you say this? The same writer says again: "There is more room in Christ, in God, in heaven to give me rest and peace and joy, than in the whole universe to disquiet, trouble, or grieve me." How sweet, how safe a place is ours, if "in Christ"!

No doubt those who watched that strange procession scoffed and laughed loudly as it wended its way into the unwieldy vessel lying on the dry land, while the cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine seemed to join in mocking the faith of the little family who were "moved with fear" at the voice of God (Heb. xi. 7). "And the Lord shut him in" (ver. 16). Oh, the awful closing of that door, that had stood open so many years! "And the door was shut," we read in Matt. xxv. 10. Boy, girl, will you be inside or out on that day?

Seven days followed (ver. 10). The last grains of sand in the hour-glass of God's long-suffering trickled slowly out, while all things continued as they were from the beginning. A solemn pause, before the awful storm-clouds, that had been silently gathering for over a hundred years, burst, and the rushing rivers and streams, breaking their bounds, sprang upwards to meet the descending torrents, and the scoffers, terrified, found too late that God ever makes true His every word. "So shall also the coming of the Son of Man be" (Matt. xxiv. 39).

The hand that let the waters out had shut Noah in, and that day had no terror to him. How will it be for you, dear one, in the coming day of His wrath?

Ever your loving

AUNT ALICE.

## QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. Who, in the Old Testament, brought her whole family under the shelter of the scarlet cord? And to whom, in the New, did the Lord say: "This day is salvation come to this house"?
2. What household is mentioned as having been baptized by Paul, and as having addicted themselves to the ministry of the saints?
3. Who said: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord"?
4. Find in Job an account of the wickedness and ingratitude of men before the flood.
5. Where does David say that "the floods of great waters shall not come nigh" the godly?
6. Find in the Gospel of Luke an account of the days before the flood.
7. In which of the lesser prophets are we told of God's thought for the "much cattle" when the destruction of a great city was threatened?
8. Show that the slayer was only safe so long as he remained inside the city of refuge.
9. Where is it said that the world will be saying "peace and safety" when sudden destruction comes upon them?
10. Where are we told that the heavens and earth which are now reserved unto fire against the day of judgment?
11. Where are we told that believers are "kept by the power of God," and that "no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand"?
12. How often in Ephesians i. have we the word "*in*," referring to what we have in Christ?

Please do not omit to put your name and the division to which you belong at the end or the beginning of your papers. Send them in before the end of the month if possible, addressed:

AUNT ALICE,

The Grange,

Mansfield-Woodhouse.

Nothing more is at all necessary, and only causes trouble. I will mention again, for any newcomer, that the class is divided into three divisions:—

1. All over 18 to answer all twelve questions.
2. All aged 18 and under, to answer any nine.
3. All aged 13 and under, to answer any six.

Any of you who do not see the cover on which the "Bible Class Announcements" appear, can have it by writing to Mr. Holness and asking for it. He kindly says he will send it to any of the class members who only see the local covers, which do not give the "Announcements."

#### ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

1. Ecclesiastes viii. 8.
2. Methuselah, whose father never died, but was translated (Genesis v. 22, 27).
3. Ecclesiastes ix. 10.
4. Job xiv. 1.
5. Elijah; 2 Kings ii. 1—11.
6. 1 Corinthians xv. 51, 52. 1 Thessalonians iv. 14—18.
7. 1 Thessalonians i. 10; ii. 19; iii. 13; iv. 16; v. 23.
8. Romans v. 2.
9. Philippians iii. 21.
10. Jude 14, 15. Hebrews xi. 5.
11. 2 Timothy iv. 8.
12. Three times. Rev. xxii. 7, 12, 20: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

#### CHALK TALKS.

(BEING A SERIES OF ADDRESSES TO YOUNG PEOPLE.)

THIS is a very remarkable book, which we are glad to commend to our readers. It is full of "blackboard" illustrations, and is calculated to be most useful to teachers and Sunday School workers generally, as well as to their scholars. We trust many of our friends may be able to obtain it. The volume is published in paper boards, net 1s. 6d., postage free 1s. 10d.; cloth boards, net 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 10d. It may be ordered of any bookseller, or would be posted direct by our publisher.

#### OUR SOUTH AFRICAN AND GENERAL FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

SINCE the article in this number referring to our South African work amongst the soldiers was written, we have had further cheering tidings from several workers with whom we are in communication. Our friend, Mr. Jasper Smith, who has been with General Buller's army, has also called, and, amongst other things, assured us that on one occasion every man in every tent had a Gospel book given to him, and a few earnest words were spoken to each trooper in the brigade. God only knows what the result will be; but our friend told of distinct blessing through the work.

We were able to send our good friends Mr. Richard and Mr. John Cory intelligence of work done under the auspices of our dear friend, Mr. Percy Bateman, and others, and they were immediately so generous as to send us £5 and £10 respectively for the work. We thank them much, and all the kind friends who have helped, including the following:—

	£	s.	d.
J. C., Cardiff ... ..	10	0	0
E. F., Worthing ... ..	0	2	6
C. P., H.-S.-S., Aberdeen ...	0	2	6
E. B., Winchmore Hill ... ..	0	1	0

#### OUR LEPER FUND.

WE were truly anxious about this Fund; no doubt there were many claims upon our helpers, and we feared the poor afflicted lepers were overlooked, *but God remembered them*, and put it into the hearts of several friends to think of them. We were thankful beyond expression to receive the following letter, and should be glad if others were led to follow the example of this correspondent, who writes:—

TARANAKI, N. Z.,  
July 17th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,

Some time ago we learned from "THE SPRINGING WELL" that the sum of £4 10s. would support a leper child for a year, and as I have a great desire to have the joy of keeping one for twelve months, I beg to forward the first half-year's subscription, £2 5s. I hope to forward the remaining £2 5s. in six months' time. With christian love, I remain,

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) L. H.

Another friend in New Zealand also says:—

"A few of us who are the Lord's have contributed a little to the Leper Fund. We are thankful to hear of the Lord's blessing resting on the work in the past, and trust He will continue to bless and save precious souls amongst these suffering people. We send £1 15s."

We acknowledge with deepest gratitude to God the receipt of the following amounts from kind friends:—

	£	s.	d.
L. H., Taranaki, N. Z. (for support of a leper child for six months)...	2	5	0
From a few of the Lord's people, Akaroa, N. Z., per H. T. ... ..	1	15	0
A Friend, M. ... ..	0	5	0
P. A. M., Gloster ... ..	0	1	0
From a Friend, per Mr. Holness ..	0	10	0
J. R., Aberdeen ... ..	2	0	0

#### INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

THERE has been earnest prayer concerning India, and God has heard it and sent beautiful rains in various provinces, which will soon cause the corn to grow, and bring food to the people. We are grateful to the Lord for inclining so many to send to this Fund, as per the amounts acknowledged herewith, as the distress must be very great indeed for a long time:—

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, M. ... ..	0	5	0
E. F. W., Plumstead ... ..	0	1	0
C. S., Felixstowe... ..	0	2	6
A. E. L., East Finchley ... ..	0	5	0
From a Friend, per Mr. Holness ...	0	10	0
S. J., Devon ... ..	0	10	0

#### MISSION TO THE HOP-PICKERS.

	£	s.	d.
A. R., per Mr. Holness ... ..	0	10	0

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, PATERNOSTER ROW, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestions likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.



# The SPRINGING WELL

or Waters that fail not.

A STRANGE  
VOICE ON THE  
BATTLE-FIELD;  
or, A Soldier's  
Life-Story.

THE banner of the Cross is still flying, thank God! Men of high and of low degree are finding rest and peace in the crucified *One*, and are confessing Him who is now exalted and crowned with glory and honour. The days are dark, truly, and the din of war is heard on every hand, and yet amidst it all God's Voice is heard, calling sinners to Himself by Christ Jesus. Here is the story of one who listened to the blessed message of peace, and found rest for his troubled soul. Our friend has given his little life-story before, but we hope, as told in our pages, it may prove a blessing to some un-saved soldier or other reader.

\* \* \*  
Our friend, in speaking of his eventful life, said:—

“A soldier I would be, and a soldier I became, and having enlisted, my whole heart was bent on soldiering.

“I well remember that at the time when I was ordered to India, a Christian friend came up, and offered to purchase me out of the army. I

declined his kind offer, for I liked the idea of going abroad, so I said I preferred taking my chance.



"Two days afterwards we sailed, and, after a most enjoyable and prosperous voyage, duly arrived at our destination. Shortly afterwards being promoted sergeant, I could have my fling, and took every advantage of the position.

"As you well know, men, some people give soldiers a bad name, and I do not altogether wonder at it, for too many of us—myself among the number—have, like the prodigal, wasted our substance in riotous living. How much better it had been for me, when a young sergeant, if I had remembered the words, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'

"Perhaps in no other sphere of life as amongst soldiers and sailors do we find suffered to pass unheeded, so many and such repeated warnings as to the uncertainty of life. In India especially, it is no uncommon thing to find that your most intimate comrade, with whom but a moment ago you were conversing, has been carried into hospital, and the very next thing you hear is that he is dead! Funerals are of frequent occurrence, and surely each one should speak loudly to the survivors, '*Prepare to meet thy God.*' But you know how it is, comrades; time wears off such impressions, and soon we forget all about the dear fellow, whose vacant place is quickly filled.

"When the Afghan war broke out my battery was ordered to the front, and the monotonous daily routine of Indian barrack life gave place to bustle and commotion, and the wildest excitement at the thought of winning for ourselves name and glory. Perhaps, men, most of you will remember that on the conclusion of peace between us and the Afghans, in May, 1879, Sir Louis Cavagnari was sent as the British Envoy to the city of Kabul; also that he was foully murdered in cold blood, in September of the same year. This occasioned the renewal of hostilities, and an army, under General Roberts (now Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C.), was speedily despatched across the Shutargardan Pass (eleven thousand feet high) into Afghanistan, through the Logar Valley, to avenge the death of our envoy.

"The whole of the little army being assembled, we marched on Kabul, which city is six days' distant from the foot of the Shutargardan Pass. On October 6th, 1879, we encountered the Afghan Army at Charasiab, before Kabul, they being posted on the heights which surround that city. Having defeated them, we forced our way into Kabul, which we occupied October 7th, 1879.

"This day will ever be a memorable one to me,

because on it I was very near losing my life. Having become separated from my battery, and whilst seeking the shortest route to rejoin it, I found I had to cross a water-course. I urged my over-tired horse to jump it, but, owing to its width, he failed to clear it, and rolling back, we both fell into the gully, he falling upon me. A Highlander, seeing the predicament, hurried to my assistance, and helped me up, thus saving me from death by drowning. 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!' But I did not then know Him who had in the riches of His goodness, both preserved my life in the battle, and also from a watery grave. Do listen now, every man of you, to His words, and '**ACQUAINT NOW THYSELF WITH HIM, AND BE AT PEACE; THEREBY GOOD SHALL COME UNTO THEE.**'

"On October 7th and 8th our cavalry brigade pursued the Afghan army, and completely dispersed it. Quiet was pretty well maintained from that time until December, on the ninth day of which month a brigade was ordered out. The environs of Kabul were now the scene of several operations, which continued until December 13th, when there was a serious engagement.

"In the thick of the fight, with brave fellows lying killed or wounded on all sides, very solemn and serious thoughts crowded into my mind. Above the sound of voices which shouted for the mastery, louder indeed than the shrill blast of trumpets and the ceaseless thunder of artillery, more terrible even than the shrieks of the wounded and dying, there constantly sounded in my ears a strange voice. It appeared to utter only the ONE WORD, 'ETERNITY!' I repeatedly sought to drive it away, yet would it ever return, repeating itself with truly awful distinctness, '**ETERNITY; ETERNITY!**'

"As I looked around for a moment upon the blanched faces of the dead and the dying, I wondered where their souls had gone, or would go; then the thought returned, with a force perfectly irresistible, 'If you are called away, where will you spend eternity?' I tell you, my dear comrades, it was not death I feared. I could have rushed to the cannon's mouth, and faced instant death, but I knew that the Word of God states that after death comes the judgment. It was this judgment I feared, realizing that I was not prepared to meet my God.

"After the battle had ceased for the day, I tried to forget the warning voice. How we that had come out of the fight scatheless congratulated one another! But not one did I see go down upon his knees to thank God for our preservation.

"When the morrow came the fighting was renewed, and again many a brave comrade was stricken down, and He, who so mercifully preserved me, again spoke to my soul.

"We had to retire into our cantonments, being invested by an Afghan army, numbering many thousands. This state of things continued until December 24th, when we beat off the enemy.

"On December 25th what a sight met our gaze! We had ourselves been for days standing at the very gate of hell, and in the jaws of death, but now we found the Afghan dead and wounded lying about in all directions, many wounded having succumbed to the severe frost. Where had the souls of these poor Moslems gone? Oh! where? The horror of the thought became intensified as I thought once more of our comrades who had fallen. Should I ever meet them again, and where? Oh, men, all of you, do let me beg of you to seek the Lord while He may be found, and to call upon Him while He is near, for 'HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT THE SON SHALL NOT SEE LIFE, BUT THE WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON HIM.'

"On many occasions during this campaign the deadly bullet was turned aside. Once, while sitting on my horse, the enemy being quite close to us, a bullet flattened itself on the spare wheel immediately in front of me, and fell to the ground. Surely, comrades, this and many other narrow escapes, which could be related, were not by accident, but through the direct intervention of God my life was preserved as by miracle.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But even a greater deliverance did I afterwards experience. After the Afghan campaign was closed we were ordered down to India. The exposure and excitement I had endured brought on a serious illness. I was too weak to walk without assistance, and it lasted for some months after my return to England, but my life was spared.

"On a Sunday night, a very short time after my recovery, I entered a little mission hall, muttering to myself as I did so, 'I'll just drop in here and pass away an hour or so.' I was utterly miserable, discontented, and dissatisfied with myself and all around. Then I heard again that night the voice which had spoken to my soul as we fought before Kabul. Then it searched me with terrible effect. Now it attracted me by its very sweetness and gentleness. But it was the same voice, men; indeed the very same. 'VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, HE THAT HEARETH MY WORD, AND BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT SENT ME, HATH EVERLASTING LIFE, AND SHALL NOT COME INTO CONDEMNATION, BUT IS PASSED FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.' It was a man who preached 'the Word, but

the message came from heaven to me that night, from One whose

"'Errand to the world was love,  
Love to a wretch like me.'

"As I listened to His words of love, my past history stood out in all its terrible blackness. 'THE DEAD SHALL HEAR THE VOICE OF THE SON OF GOD, AND THEY THAT HEAR SHALL LIVE.' And I, though 'dead in trespasses and sins,' was privileged, that night, to hear in my inmost soul the voice of the Son of God, and I, hearing it, lived. At His own hands, and from none other, I received the gift of God, which is eternal life. And the joy that followed is 'unspeakable and full of glory.'

"Look here, comrades, these stripes and these bars were honestly won; I would not forfeit any of them for a trifle. But much more, very, very much more, do I value my portion in Christ. I would not be without it, men, for all that this world holds dear.

"My desire for you, one and all, is that you have the same blissful portion. If you seek Christ, He will be found of you. He has promised it, and He will perform it. Trust Him fully this moment, and you will never have cause to repent having so done.

"'The Lord my banner,' may this be the one object before every one of you. God grant that all of you, by believing, may become good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession" (1 Tim. vi. 12).

G. T.

#### THE KING'S HUMILIATION.

SHIMEI may throw dirt at King David, and so much the worse for Shimei, whom God will surely judge; but David deserves the dirt, or he would not be subjected to it. And how finely did David bear the pelting and the cursing; how wisely did he humble himself beneath his adversary!

Well would it be for us if we, like King David, weary in his adversity, bore the evil words and hard speeches of the enemy. But there are too many who are ready to listen to the language of an Abishai in his love for David, yet in his ignorance of David's God, "Why should this dead dog curse my lord the king?" ready, in other words, to fight their own battles and gain their own victories, instead of saying with the noble king in his grief, "So let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, 'Curse David.' Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so? . . . It may be that the Lord will look upon mine affliction."

### THE STORY OF CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.—IV.

PERHAPS the devotion and determination of a true missionary were never more strikingly displayed than in the resolve of Gardiner to visit the Falkland Islands. In order that he might accomplish this he chartered a crazy old boat, providing a few stores, with the intention of living on one of the islands. Reaching the mainland, Gardiner and a companion named Johnson went ashore and kindled a fire. Presently some natives came and did the same, and at their invitation approached nearer. They were armed with bows and arrows, and scantily clothed with skins. They received his presents of brass buttons and bits of coloured braid, and were specially delighted with a small looking-glass, but they gave no indications of welcome, and seemed best pleased when he shook hands and bade them farewell.

Sailing to another part of the coast, they landed again, and bringing some natives on board, returned with them to visit a Spanish adventurer, named San Leon, who had considerable influence with the natives. They built themselves a hut, and here Gardiner and Johnson spent the first night on Patagonian territory. The dogs were a nuisance, but more so was a huge Patagonian who, without question or apology, stalked into the hut saying, "I go sleep," and took possession. Johnson expostulated with him in English, but to no purpose, when Captain Gardiner, who knew at least one word of the native tongue, laid his hand on his bare shoulder, and pointing to the door, shouted "Go!" and the man went. The Patagonians were but little removed from savagery. They had very low ideas of religion, had no idols nor times nor places for public worship, simply believing in a good and an evil spirit, and that when people die, the good go to the sun and the wicked to the moon. Yet even here the Gospel has won its triumphs.

Gardiner appealed to the Church Missionary Society for a missionary, but in vain; he therefore resolved to return to England and plead the cause of the Patagonians. Therefore, leaving his hut and his luggage on the Falklands, he made his way homewards with his family, reaching England after six years' absence.

He appealed once again to the Church Missionary Society, but their hands were too full; then to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, with the same result, and finally to the London Missionary Society, but, from lack of friends, without success. He then printed and circulated an appeal, and this brought together a few people, clergymen and laymen, who

met at Brighton and formed a new society to send the Gospel to Patagonia and Terra-del-Fuégó. Mr. Hunt was sent by the society, and Captain Gardiner accompanied him at his own expense.

Our space is too limited to follow the movements of Gardiner and his companion on their various expeditions, and to trace their various experiences with the Indians and the more civilized residents. They encountered difficulties and dangers not a few, and were often delivered from great perils in answer to prayers. Mr. Hunt was compelled to return to England, and Gardiner had for his companion a Spanish Protestant, Mr. Gonzales. They were of one mind and heart, but the weak health of Gonzales was a perpetual source of trial. After many journeys here and there, Gonzales was left at Potosi in Bolivia, to await another missionary from England, while Gardiner turned his face towards Terra-del-Fuégó.

The hopeful signs in Bolivia were, however, soon disappointed. A revolution broke out; the priests returned to power, and the mission had to be abandoned.

Captain Gardiner returned to England, and traversed the country to bring the claims of South America before the Christian public. As a result a new start was made. The *Clymene* was equipped with provisions for seven months, with four seamen and a carpenter, under Gardiner's own direction. This expedition was disappointing. The stores were sold at Payta, and Captain Gardiner returned to Southampton. The new society was too straitened in funds to fit out another expedition, and Gardiner went to Germany to enlist the sympathy and help of the Moravians. While they were debating the matter, God raised up a friend in a lady at Cheltenham, who gave £6,000 to the mission. There came forward also several volunteers to join Captain Gardiner in the work, Richard Williams, surgeon; John Maidment; John Bryant; John Pearce; John Budcock; and Joseph Erwin. The *Ocean Queen* left Liverpool, 7th September, 1850, and landed the missionary party and their stores on an island in Banner Roads, 18th December, proceeding to California. From this date all intelligence ceased.

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"WHOM shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me." But how often "I cannot decide," is the answer of many on whom the claims of Christ's service are urged. Ah, but you *do* decide whenever the subject is brought to your thought. To say, "I cannot to-day choose the service of Christ," is only another way of saying, "I can and will for to-day refuse the service of Christ." A choice is made one way, if not the other.

**HIRAM GOFF, A SHOEMAKER.**

THE other day I came across a little book, out of which I read a few sentences. I read the title-page, and it was this, "Hiram Goff, a Shoemaker by the Grace of God." Then I read the last page, and it was stated that when this man



"DON'T CALL THIS OCCUPATION HUMBLE."

died they put on his tombstone that which he had requested, "Hiram Goff, a Shoemaker by the Grace of God." I looked to see what was in the middle of the book, and I read this, that a young minister, who had just come to be pastor in the town, went down to talk with Hiram because he had heard that he was a spiritual man, and he said, "Mr. Goff," and Mr. Goff said, "Don't call me Mr. Goff, call me Hiram."

"Well, Hiram," said the minister, "I have come to talk with you about the things of God, and I am very glad that a man can be in a humble occupation and yet be a godly man."

The shoemaker stopped, and looked up at him and said, "Don't call this occupation humble."

The minister thought he had made a mistake, and he said, "Excuse me, I didn't mean to reflect on what you do for a living."

Hiram replied, "You didn't hurt me, but I was afraid you might have hurt the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe the making of that shoe is just as holy a thing as your making a sermon. I believe that, when I come to stand before the throne of God, He is going to say, 'What kind of shoes did you make down on earth?' And He is going to say to you, 'What kind of sermons did you make?' Now, if I made better shoes than you made sermons, it may be I will have a better place in the Kingdom of God."

Here, thought I, as I closed the little book, is a splendid text on daily religion. Oh that we each strove to perform every duty of common life "as in the Great Taskmaster's eye"!

The familiar lines by George Herbert, on the motto "For Thy sake," are just in harmony with Hiram's thoughts of the sacredness of the humblest work that is really done to the glory of God. The poet says:—

"All may of Thee partake!  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with this tincture—'For Thy sake,'  
Will not grow bright and clean.

"A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,  
Makes that and the action fine.

'This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold;  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.'

How wonderfully is this principle expressed in God's word, "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward" (Col. iii. 23, 24).

**FROM THAT DAY.**

GOD said in the early history of the world, in Noah's day before the flood came, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh," but the judgment came at the end of the days of longsuffering.

I recollect reading of one who was greatly interested in the welfare of her soul; earthly interests supervened; again and again the Spirit strove with her; again and again she trifled and smothered the still small voice. At last things came to a climax, but she did not yield, and FROM THAT DAY she never had a desire for holy things, though she lived twenty years longer.

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

### THUS SAITH THE LORD.

"Speak unto them, and tell them, **THUS saith the Lord God; whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.**"—Ezek. iii. 11.

"When I speak with thee, I will open thy mouth, and thou shalt say unto them, **Thus saith the Lord God; He that heareth, let him hear.**"—Ezek. iii. 27.

**W**HAT power it gives to the servant of God when he can say with confidence in his heart,

#### Thus saith the Lord.

This alone fills him with courage, and enables him to deliver the message of life, or of warning, without any fear. Surely there are some lessons for every Christian worker to be learned from the call of God to Ezekiel, the prophet.

In Ezekiel's days, Israel was in rebellion against Jehovah. They cared not, nay, they often refused, to hear His Word—and especially when that Word spoke to them of their sins, and of God's judgment against their sin. Let us observe, then, the first great element in Ezekiel's commission. It is this, the proclamation of the authority of God's Word, "I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them,

#### Thus saith the Lord"

(ch. ii. 4). Never was there a greater need that God's servants should go to men in Christendom with this message, "Thus saith the Lord," than now. For in Christendom, as in Israel of old, men are rebellious and stiff-hearted; they refuse the authority of Scriptures and to listen to God's Word. Let then our testimony begin and end with "Thus saith the Lord." Let us use the actual words of Scripture, the

#### "Thus saith the Lord"

which never varies, and can never be altered, the everlasting Word of God.

A second great principle was this:—He was to make the Word of God which he spake **HIS OWN EXPERIMENTAL** portion. Jehovah said to him, "Be not thou rebellious like that rebellious house"—who would not receive the Word of God, the

#### "Thus saith the Lord"

—"open thy mouth, and eat that I give thee."

"And when I looked, behold, an hand was sent unto me; and, lo, a roll of a book was therein; and He spread it before me; and it was written within and without: and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe" (vers. 8—10).

Now the testimony of God's Word against sin is most bitter. There is a

#### "Thus saith the Lord"

in the Scriptures speaking of the "great white throne," of the "day of judgment," of "everlasting punishment," of "hell fire," and hence most terrible are its lamentations, and its mourning, and its woe. Be not rebellious, fellow-Christians, like the rebellious in Christendom of this day;

#### "eat that thou findest,"

make it your own, let it be spiritually part of your very self; "eat this roll," feed upon the truths of the Bible, "and go speak unto" your fellow-men.

"Then," said the prophet, "did I eat it; and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness." Yes, the bitter things of God's Word are sweet in the mouth of the true servant of God. Bitter indeed are lies! Oh! how bitter in the day of judgment will be the present false testimony of so-called Christian men, who say, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace! *Eat the roll*—make the Word of God your own spiritual food—and then "go speak" to whomsoever you may be sent.

These principles apply as much to the Sunday-school class as to the pulpit—as much to the whisper at the bedside as to the call to the crowded congregation. "Receive" the truth "in thine heart" (ch. iii. 10), and so go forth to testify for the Lord.

### A SHORT BIBLE READING.

BUT WE SEE JESUS.

**J**ESUS who . . . purged our sins (Heb. i. 3); crowned with glory and honour (Heb. ii. 9).

Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith (Heb. xii. 2).

Jesus made a surety (Heb. vii. 22).

Jesus made a high priest for ever (Heb. vi. 20).

(a) A high priest . . . holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners (Heb. vii. 26).

(b) A merciful high priest (Heb. ii. 17).

(c) A great high priest (Heb. iv. 14).

(d) A high priest who is set on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens (Heb. viii. 1); who is able to save to the uttermost . . . seeing He ever liveth (Heb. vii. 25). And to them that look for Him, will He appear the second time without sin unto salvation (Heb. ix. 28).

"Jesus is the name we treasure,

Name beyond what words can tell;

Name of gladness, name of pleasure,

Ear and heart delighting well;

Name of sweetness, passing measure,

Saving us from sin and hell."

E. A. H.

**W**HAT are we now doing to prepare the way of the Lord? Have we the spirit of John the Baptist leading us not to think of self or self-interest, but only to desire above all things to make the Lord known, and praying that those who accept Him may glorify Him by a holy life, and thus hasten the completion of His body and the time of His return?

## THE LAND OF THE LORD'S

"ANOINTED"; or,

## The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—XI.

(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20; Isa. xlv. 1.)

AFTER the death of Cambyſes (which occurred through a mortal wound received from his own sword as he was mounting his horse) the kingdom of Persia was in a state of unrest and disunion. There were various competitors for the throne, but eventually Darius was chosen. It was agreed that he whose horse first neighed should be the king, and in this manner the choice of ruler was effected.

Darius was connected with the old dynasty of Persia, and immediately gave evidence of his character and influence. When he ascended the throne he worked vigorously to bring peace and order out of the discordant elements in the kingdom, and he succeeded so well that the story of his reign is one of the most interesting on record.

We are indebted to a remarkable series of inscriptions upon a famous rock in Behustoon for the chronicle of his many successful expeditions and exploits. He extended the boundaries of the empire to the Indus, and afterwards invaded Scythia, and defeated the wild forces that had always proved such foes to the Persian rule.

At the time of his return from this expedition it is a matter of history that the territory over which he ruled extended from the Nile to the Oxus on the one side, and from Macedonia to the confines of Northern India on the other.

But at this critical juncture in the history of Persia, we can observe the very same principle that has operated in all ages, and eventually led to the decline, and ultimate decay, of the mightiest empires that ever existed; for pomp and power prove such a temptation, as to allure the greatest conquerors on to their inevitable downfall.

We believe in the wonderful programme of the world's history Persia had played the part allotted to it, and now it was ordered that another kingdom should arise, and figure perhaps on a higher and more civilized plane, and possibly with a greater purpose before it, than had been achieved through the medium of Persia. That kingdom was Greece. Almost imperceptibly at first, but very surely, the influence of this power began to be apparent, and it was a question whether the bold and brave inhabitants of the western coasts and isles of Asia Minor would be able to withstand the terrible onslaught of Darius and his vast army. It was on the plains of Marathon that the great issue was fought, and perhaps no incident in the story of nations is

more thrilling than that which tells how Miltiades arranged his little army on the seashore to resist the invasion of the powerful Persian army, but the dauntless Greeks fought and conquered, and that victory has certainly shaped the course of the world's history ever since. No wonder that the people of Athens watched so eagerly for tidings of the battle! and who has not heard of the messenger who ran from the fight, wounded as he was, all the way to the city and fell dead in the midst of the waiting throng, crying, "Victory! victory!! the day is ours!"

The influence of Darius declined from this date; the rise of the power of Greece was most apparent. Her course was beginning; that of the other kingdom was well-nigh run. Just exactly as it had been prophesied, it was time for Greece to arise!

Darius died after reigning with dignity for forty years, and was buried in the wonderful rock-tomb which he had prepared himself in the precipitous hillside that overlooked the gorgeous palaces he had built, and which he had filled with the trophies of his marvellous conquests in many lands.

Darius died! The head of "fine gold"—the Babylonian kingdom had passed away; the arms of "silver"—the Persian power was beginning to lose its ascendancy; and now the third kingdom "of brass," the Grecian empire, was to fulfil its mission in the records of time. We shall see in our next article how truly the words spoken by Daniel the prophet were fulfilled.

## OLD PICTURES REFRAMED.

"Apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov. xxv. 11.

My principal method for defeating heresy is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.

If the love of God set us to work, the God of love will pay us our wages.

There is a difference between contending for the faith and babbling for a fancy. There may be joy without faith, and there may be faith without joy.

I have read of many wicked popes, but the worst pope I ever met with is Pope *Self*.

Some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance.

I never trusted Christ but I found Him faithful, nor my own heart but I found it false.

We are more endangered by the charms of a smiling world than by the terrors of a frowning world.

Polite insincerity is worse than blunt frankness.

PRECIOUS BLOOD!  
PRECIOUS BLOOD!!

A LADY came to me once when I was preaching some years ago in a western city, and asked me if I would talk to her husband; when she spoke to him on religion he paid no attention. I told her she had better pray.

They used to come to the meetings together. Often as I was speaking I would see her eyes close and her lips move, and I knew she was praying.

One night, after he had taken his seat, I noticed that his eyes looked as if he had been weeping. I gave out one hymn after another, all bearing on the Atonement, as that was the subject of the sermon. When I gave out the text, "The precious blood," I saw him cover his face and bow his head, and he fairly wept aloud. He followed me into the inquiry room, and said,—

"Mr. Moody, this has been the most extraordinary day in my life. When I got up this morning the words 'Precious blood' came into my mind. When I went down town to my place of business, the words 'Precious blood' were ringing in my ears, and all during the day it was 'Precious blood, precious blood.' They followed me here to-night; and when you gave out your text, 'The precious blood,' I could hardly stay in my seat. I can't understand it."

"Well," I said, "I can." And after talking with him for awhile he accepted Christ then and there, and knew for himself the value of the precious blood of Christ.

## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. *With great feeling.*

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- |                           |                  |           |                |        |
|---------------------------|------------------|-----------|----------------|--------|
| 1. I've wandered far      | a - way          | from God. | Now I'm coming | home ; |
| 2. I've was - ted ma - ny | pre - cious      | years,    | Now I'm coming | home ; |
| 3. I'm tired of sin       | and stray - ing, | Lord,     | Now I'm coming | home ; |
| 4. My soul is sick,       | my heart         | is sore,  | Now I'm coming | home ; |



- |                          |                |             |                  |       |
|--------------------------|----------------|-------------|------------------|-------|
| 1. The paths of sin      | too long       | I've trod,  | Lord, I'm coming | home. |
| 2. I now repent          | with bit - ter | tears,      | Lord, I'm coming | home. |
| 3. I'll trust Thy love,  | be - lieve     | Thy word,   | Lord, I'm coming | home. |
| 4. My strength re - new, | my hope        | re - store. | Lord, I'm coming | home. |



D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love. Lord, I'm coming home. D.S.



Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam ;



The above Hymn, also "Count your Blessings," "Loyalty to Christ," "Will there be any Stars?" and others which have appeared in our pages this year, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled, "Songs of Triumph." Paper, 6d., post free, 7½d.; cloth, 1s., post free, 1s. 2d.

### "I SHALL SEE HIM FACE TO FACE."

AS I was passing through the narrow alley of a city the other day, we heard a woman's voice in cheering song. The words of the refrain upon which she lingered seemed strangely out of place in that environment. She sang:

"And I shall see Him face to face,  
And tell the story: 'Saved by grace!'"

Looking up toward the place from whence the song came, we saw a poor old servant woman down on her hands and knees scrubbing the second-story floor of a dwelling. In a moment that sweet song took a depth and beauty of meaning and a charm unimagined before. That poor scrubwoman, in her weary toil, was a "daughter of the King," an heir of eternal glory, for a short time away from home, a

pilgrim and a stranger in the earth. What she sang as she looked up into the face of the Unseen was sober truth:

"I shall see Him face to face!"

The drudgery shall cease. The rags shall drop off from the old body. The prisoned spirit shall be set free. The dust and smoke and din of this weary world shall vanish out of sight. New scenes shall open to the unveiled eyes, even a world which needs no light of moon or star or sun, for "the Lamb is the light thereof!"

It is worth while to tarry and toil and suffer here for a little while, to live for the Saviour in a world that "lieth in the wicked one," with the faith and hope of that better time in the heart, when we shall assuredly

"See Him face to face,  
And tell the story, 'Saved by grace!'"

### Jottings about the Bible.

#### HOW PALESTINE CONFIRMS THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE.

EARLY in 1897 Dr. Handley Moule visited the Holy Land. He was much impressed with the confirmation which the topography of the country gives to the Bible.

He says, "I have come back from Palestine with a feeling more than ever of the inexhaustible, quickening interest of the Bible, which has become more than ever it was before the Book of history and of place; it has become to me more than ever the Book in which the human character of its actors, and the real scenery of its events, is lighted up with an extraordinary light of vivid reality.

But I have come back more than ever to feel that it is the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever; it is supernatural; it claims not only our respect, which many are willing to give, but our submission, which not so many yield. It asks not to be manipulated, but obeyed; it asks not to be patronised, but loved as in the presence of its Giver; it is absolutely human as a record of true events on this earth; it is absolutely divine as to the account of Him who produced through His saints the Bible, not anywhere, but there. Not through India, or through Greece, or through Rome; not in the centres of civilization, but in that corner of the Levant, because there He was pleased to forge the weapon which was meant for everywhere and every when.

When you go to Palestine you feel that, with all its wonders of interest, it is decidedly provincial, in the sense of being an isolated corner of the earth. It is not constructed for vast inter-communication—so bad are the ports, so open the shore, so entirely unprovided by Nature, by God's providence, with the great harbours which seem to invite the world in.

The land, particularly Judea, is obviously much more meant for fortresses, for isolation, than as a centre for diffusion; and yet out of that land has come this Book, which is absolutely unlike any other book upon the earth, which is what no other sacred literature has proved itself to be, the precise supply for the need of man's heart, wherever man is found; the voice that finds out the agonised conscience, that points the sinner to a peace with God, which no other system and no other literature has ever pretended to offer—the Book which tells the sinner and the

mortal about a hope full of immortality, and a peace which is present and now with a holy God—the Book which has proved itself the Book of the soul."

#### PREPARATION FOR PREACHING.

THE fisherman does not spend the whole of his time in fishing, though about fishing; he uses many hours in mending his nets. And those who fish for souls need prepare for their work by reading and by prayer.

Some persons have a most unpleasant habit of measuring the depth of their neighbour's understanding. When they meet with a fellow-christian it is not to speak of Christ, but they forthwith let down their sounding-line—"Do you know this doctrine? Are you acquainted with such a writer?" And if not, though the man may be full of the love of Christ, he is not *wise* enough for their company.

Bearing a heavy burden upon the back inclines the head earthwards; when the christian has his face downwards he is allowing himself to carry too many cares. The Lord's promise is to take the care when we give it over to Him; and in exchange for our care to give us His peace.

Every bird has a chirp if not a song of its own, so every Christian has his own peculiar note of praise and thanksgiving. The sparrow does not copy the robin, or the rook the thrush. Do not be a mocking-bird, christian; sing your own little song.

The devil's clock is ever too fast or too slow. To the young he saith, "Rejoice in your lusts and passions; gulp down the pleasures of this life; it is time enough." The older he endeavours to drive to despair, saying, "The door of mercy is shut; it is too late; there is now no hope."

God often strikes away our props to bring us down upon His mighty arms. What strength and peace it gives us to feel them underneath us! Far as we may sink we cannot go farther down than those stretched arms. There we stop; there we rest; and the everlasting arms not only sustain us, but carry us along, as on eagle's wings.

A nurse in a Brooklyn hospital, hearing of the martyrs in China wrote: "The Lord will want a new supply of missionaries, and I am ready if He wants me." Let us pray earnestly for the work and the workers everywhere, remembering for our comfort Isa. xlii. 4; liii. 11.



## ILLUSTRATIVE GLEANINGS.

### SALUTE NO MAN BY THE WAY.

"Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: and salute no man by the way."—Luke x. 4.

"And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give. . . . Go not from house to house."—Luke x. 7.

**W**HY do you suppose our Lord commanded the disciples to "salute no man by the way"? Would it not appear very churlish and offensive to refuse the salaam even of a stranger? It would; but I do not think that the prohibition extended



"AND SENT THEM TWO AND TWO."

so far. But the disciples were sent upon important and urgent business—they were ambassadors from their Lord and King—and were not to loiter by the way in idle conversation with friends whom they might chance to meet.

The same is now required of special messengers. No doubt the customary salutations were formal and tedious, as they are now, particularly among Druses and other non-Christian sects, and consumed much valuable time. There is also such an amount of insincerity, flattery, and falsehood in the terms of salutation prescribed by etiquette, that our Lord, who is truth itself, desired His representatives to dispense with them as far as possible—perhaps tacitly to rebuke them.

These "instructions" were also intended to reprove another propensity which an Oriental can scarcely resist, no matter how urgent his business. If he meets an acquaintance, he must stop and

make an endless number of inquiries, and answer as many. If they come upon men making a bargain or discussing any other matter, they must pause and intrude their own ideas, and enter keenly into the business, though it in no wise concerns them; and, more especially, an Oriental can never resist the temptation to assist *where accounts are being settled, or money counted out.* The clink of coin has a positive fascination to them. Now, the command of our Saviour strictly forbade all such loiterings. They would waste time, distract attention, and in many ways hinder the prompt and faithful discharge of their important mission.

Upon the same principle, He forbade them to go from house to house. The reason is very obvious to one acquainted with Oriental customs. When a stranger arrives in a village or an encampment, the neighbours, one after another, must invite him to eat with them. There is a strict etiquette about it, involving much ostentation and hypocrisy; and a failure in the due observance of this system of hospitality is violently resented, and often leads to alienations and feuds among neighbours. It also consumes much time, causes unusual distraction of mind, leads to levity, and every way counteracts the success of a spiritual mission. On these accounts the evangelists were to avoid these feasts. They were sent, not to be honoured and feasted, but to call men to repentance, prepare the way of the Lord, and proclaim that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand. They were, therefore, first to seek a becoming habitation to lodge in, and there abide until their work in that city was accomplished. "Go not from house to house" was a most important precept, and all evangelists even in our own country must act upon the spirit of it.—DR. THOMSON'S "Land and the Book."

### LET US WATCH.

**I**T may seem but a poor post to be a porter. Usually the greater part of the house retires to slumber, and leaves for one or two the service of opening the door at midnight. But the highest honour granted to the servant is meted to him whose love to his Master chases away sleep from his soul. Such servants are blessed, and shall be highly honoured: the Master's words are, "Verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them." "Let us watch," therefore.

Again, the word is, "Blessed is that servant whom the Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." The "doing" is giving to the household "their portion of meat in due season."

### THE PREACHER AND THE SHOWMAN.

DURING the early part of the winter, a servant of the Lord went one Saturday night to distribute tracts in a large village, where numbers from the neighbouring hamlets usually congregate for the purpose of doing their week's shopping, or of amusing themselves. On this occasion, a "cheap Jack" had taken up his stand in the centre of the village, and the showman was busily employed in puffing his wares or playing his tricks, when the Lord's messenger mingled with the crowd, giving a tract here or speaking a word there. Presently the showman began jeeringly to upbraid the people with their stupidity and dulness in not accepting his account of his goods, and after further joking proceeded to say that it was all very well to talk about sending missionaries to teach the heathen in foreign lands, but he should like to send a missionary to teach them to make them believe.

To the surprise of all, above the laughter that ensued, was heard the voice of the Lord's servant—the true missionary—giving the message, "Flee from the wrath to come!" "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, *we are ambassadors for Christ*, as though God did beseech by us: we pray in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. v. 19, 20). What a hush there was, what a solemn pause, as thus, without a minute's warning, the messenger proceeded to proclaim the good news.

How startled that showman was, and those simple eager villagers, as they gathered around to hear the words of life which had so suddenly broken in upon their amusements. In that day when the counsels of the heart will be made manifest, we shall know which of those poor souls drank in the message of God's love and passed from death unto life.

As suddenly as they were surprised by God's messenger, so will it be when Jesus "shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Men will be eating and drinking, buying and selling, when suddenly, as a thief in the night, He will come. "Be ye also ready."

The *day of the Lord* is referred to in the scriptures in the most solemn manner—"The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh (1 Thess. v. 2, 3).

### NOT THE GLORY—BUT HIM.

"O God, Thou art my God." . . . "My soul thirsteth for Thee." . . . "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness." Ps. lxxiii. 1, 5.

THERE'S a light that gleams from the hills afar,  
The hills of the morning land;  
Where the gates of God in their sheen of pearl  
For ever open stand;  
And bright ones walk in a wondrous peace  
That no heart can understand.

There's a song that floats from those glorious hills—  
No angel can join the strain;  
Not theirs to swell those rapturous chords—  
Not for *them* was the Lamb once slain.  
And they stand and listen in wonder deep  
To the joy they may not attain.

There are mysteries sweet in that fair, fair land,  
And sights and scenes to unfold,  
That never shall enter the heart of man  
Till he walks on the streets of gold.  
But oh! these things are but joys by the way,  
The *secret* is yet untold.

O heart of mine! will the light and the song  
That stream from the heavenly hill  
Be enough for thee as thou passest through,  
And its raptures within thee thrill?  
Will the joys of heaven before thee spread,  
All thy deep desires fulfil?

The bright-robed myriads around thee press,  
Each glorious in love divine;  
And beckoning joys on every hand  
Allure thee to call them thine.  
Can these not satisfy thee, dear heart—  
For *what* then dost thou pine?

There is a mysterious bliss beyond  
That makes these glories dim;  
They are but the outward fringe of heaven,  
Like the setting sun's bright rim.  
But oh! for the ecstasy untold—  
For the first, first sight of HIM.

Not in these fair scenes, nor bliss, nor song,  
Not here, not here my rest,  
One spot—the heart of heaven—alone  
In radiance stands confessed.  
Thither my eager spirit flies,  
And nestles on His breast.

Is it thus with thee who dost read these lines—  
What heaven dost *thou* desire?  
Is it only the rest, the songs, the peace,  
To which thou dost aspire?  
Or is there a glory beyond all these  
That sets thy heart on fire?

To behold that ONE whom the hosts adore,  
To worship before His feet;  
And gaze and gaze till all light grows dim  
In the light of that Face so sweet;  
For heaven's own bliss lies wrapped in this—  
When the soul and the Saviour meet.

Portsmouth.

EMILY J. A. PEARSON.

WE cannot earn or buy salvation. Eternal life is the GIFT of God. God so loved the world, He GAVE His Son to die for the sinner; and God's Word says, "He loved me, and GAVE Himself for me." "The just for the unjust!" The price of my life was the precious blood of Christ.

## A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

WE are filled with the deepest thankfulness to God on account of the interest that has been awakened in many kind hearts through the instrumentality of this paper. From hundreds of generous helpers and friends in our own beloved country, as well as from others in many lands beyond the seas, we have received cheering, blessed tidings telling of good work accomplished through the medium of "THE SPRINGING WELL."

It is quite impossible to reply personally to each correspondent, and therefore, as we are nearing the end of another year of this happy service for our Master, we wish to address just a few words of thanks to those who have so heartily assisted, by sending contributions for our pages, or by subscribing for, or by circulating the Magazine.

At the first, as we have previously stated, our great desire was to perpetuate the Gospel testimony that had been maintained for twenty-six years through the "Faithful Words," but God has been pleased to grant innumerable proofs that His blessing has also been with us; for during the present year we have had abundant evidence that He has vouchsafed to own the Gospel papers in this Magazine to the salvation of sinners, and to use other articles for the blessing and encouragement of His own people.

Earnestly can we declare that our supreme desire has been to set forth the love of God to sinners, and to speak of Christ and His finished work in such a way as to show the lost, the guilty, and the perishing that salvation, peace, and rest of heart and conscience are alone to be found in Him; and it is remarkable that ever since we assumed the position of Editor of this Magazine we have received only two critical expressions with regard to our work, and these were not of sufficient moment to call for any special notice. As one friend pointed out, the dishonour done to Christ Himself *should* have been the first paragraph in a short paper entitled "Beware of Infidelity," on page 182, Vol. I.; and, under the circumstances *communicated by the other correspondent*, the expression of the lady referred to on page 42, Vol. II., should not, we quite think, have been inserted at all.

Against these two perfectly frank criticisms we are able to thank God for thousands of letters filled with expressions of gratitude that we ever began in these pages to tell of the living waters that are still flowing over the "barren place where Jesus died."

We have written to very many asking for

suggestions indicating how the Magazine could be improved and made more useful and helpful, but in the main the answers consist largely of expressions of approval. We should, however, be thankful to receive from any christian friends any thoughts they might entertain by which the Magazine might be made an influence for good over a more widely extended area. One of our truest helpers writes as we are penning these lines: "*I have not the ability to criticise it (i.e., "THE SPRINGING WELL"), but I may say that I have great pleasure in circulating it, as I consider that it is not only splendidly got up, but also that the contents are both varied, striking, scriptural and useful. The only suggestion I could possibly venture to make would be that the GOSPEL should have the prominence in each number.*"

We cordially thank all who write for our pages. The need for true heart-stirring stories of God's grace is great, and we are always thankful for other papers that are likely to be helpful and edifying generally for God's people. We have also to remember the children's pages, and to ask the Lord that His servants may be led to write acceptable and instructive papers for young people.

Now, while we thank those who have aided us in the past in anywise, we should be especially obliged if our subscribers will re-order the Magazine for 1901 AT ONCE. The production of the paper, as our friends are aware, is very costly. We are anxious to have the best possible paper, printing, and illustrations, so that a very large circulation is absolutely required to cover the outlay incurred. We venture therefore to appeal to our readers to help us in this way, viz., by not only subscribing for the paper themselves, but by bringing it under the notice of friends, neighbours and acquaintances for the coming year. This is truly a practical way of manifesting interest in this Gospel effort.

We cannot close without acknowledging the generous help received for the Lepers, for the famine-stricken people of India, for the soldiers in South Africa, and for Evangelistic work at home, as well as for other praiseworthy efforts to do good.

We are grateful to God for permitting these pages to be useful in stimulating christian friends, teachers, and Sunday-school children to care for the suffering, and to try to be a blessing to their fellow-creatures. The interest manifested by so many young people in the large Bible Class conducted by our fellow-helper, Aunt Alice, is a very great cheer indeed. We pray that God may abundantly bless every true worker for Christ.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES. \*  
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REMEMBER NOW THY  
 CREATOR.—I.

**M**OST of our dear young friends who monthly peruse these pages may be familiar with the story of the father who once took his little son with him to steal apples from an orchard, who, before attempting to scale the hedge, looked around to see if any one was about, when his son remarked, "Father, you have forgotten to look in one direction." "Which direction," asked the astonished parent, to which the God-fearing boy replied,



"Father, you have forgotten to look up," which so softened the father's hard heart that he returned home, without committing that sin. Let us remember, that whatever we do, and wherever we go,

**God sees**

us, for "Thou, God, seest me," is as true now as ever. Every act is noted by God, and when no human eye discerns our sin, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," so that, do what we may, we cannot hide from God, or escape His piercing gaze.

As God looks down from heaven, what a dark picture meets His holy eye, for He beholds multitudes of boys and girls seeking to fulfil their own will, and to go their own way, continually sinning both against His holiness and grace. Therefore, dear young people, when tempted to commit sin, remember that every sin you commit is against God, whether it be disobeying your parents,

fighting your schoolfellows, or cheating your play-mates; and that you sin, not alone against your parents, your schoolfellows, and your play-mates, but also against God, who is holy and true. God also looks into your heart, and reads its hidden secrets, and knows whether you love the Saviour, or whether you despise and reject Him.

**God hears.**

Yes, the God who beholds all things also hears everything, each angry word, each murmur which arises to your lips, and each untruth you tell, even though it be not discovered by the one to whom it is uttered. But not only does God hear when you offend with your lips, and allow what the Scriptures describe as your "unruly member" to become master of you, but He also hears every cry of need—hears when you call unto Him in your soul trouble, which is caused by your feeling the heavy burden of your sins. Whether your cry be, "Lord, save me," or, "Lord, help me," or, "God be merciful to me a sinner," if you really desire His salvation, and conclude with, "For Jesus' sake," He hears and answers you.

**God loves**

you; although He has beheld your every sin, and heard each transgression of your lips, yet His heart is full of love toward you. Mother and father may love you dearly and esteem no sacrifice too great for your good, but they are powerless either to save your soul, or to wash away a single sin. But God is love. The all-powerful Creator, whom we should remember in the days of our youth, is rich in mercy, and His great love flows out ever to you. To manifest this boundless love, and that you might have salvation, He gave His only begotten Son, Christ Jesus, of whose love in substitution, in giving his life a ransom for many, you have been oft reminded as you have sung the well-known words—

"But out of pity Jesus said,  
 'I'll bear the punishment instead.'"

**AS BUSY AS A BEE.**

**D**O you know that each bee out of the ten or twenty thousand in the hive comes to the queen once at least in every three days, when he gravely touches her with his little black horns; and in our Sunday school we expect each of the scholars to be as respectful to his teacher and the superintendent as the busy bees to their queen.

A Sunday school should be as earnest as the bees in a hive, each child busy in learning and gathering up the sweetness of the Bible, and all working in good order under the superintendent.

## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS:

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

Long before you read this our prize-winners will have received their very nice prizes, and I shall have heard how pleased they were with them. I think all the class will be interested to know that out of the books given for selection, two have chosen "Pictures of Palestine," two "Illustrated Bible Dictionary," and two "The Land of the Pharaohs." And lovely books they are!

I know you like a bit of news of Aunt Alice, so I will tell you that I am writing to you from Ireland this month, where I am greatly enjoying my holiday and time of rest with a much-loved cousin.

And now we will turn to Genesis viii.

"God remembered" (ver. 1). Of course He did! God never forgets any one of His creatures, and down to "every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth" (ver. 17), we are told that He thought of them now. The Lord Jesus teaches us that the God who feeds the birds and clothes the grass is He, who, as our Father, cares for us (Luke xii. 24-28).

"Why should I ever careful be  
Since such a God is mine?"

sings one of our own poets, and indeed we may be "without carefulness" (1 Cor. vii. 32), knowing the unforgetting heart of God, "Who remembered us in our low estate; for His mercy endureth for ever!" (Ps. cxxxvi. 23).

The awful flood was over. The ark had weathered the storm in the day of judgment, and those only lived who were safe sheltered there. Christ alone can say: "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me" (Ps. xlii. 7), and "those that Thou gavest Me I have kept, and none of them is lost" (John xvii. 12). It is deeply interesting to notice that the ark "rested" on the day on which Christ rose from the dead (ver. 4), for the seventh month, "the month Abib" (Ex. xiii. 4), was changed to the first (Ex. xii. 2), and the seventeenth day was the third day after the Passover (Ex. xii. 6).

Well, dear ones, don't let us forget that while the door was in the keeping of the Lord, the window was for Noah's use. God only could open the door, Noah might open the window (ver. 6). He could look out, look up, send forth his messengers. As David puts it: "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up" (Ps. v. 3).

Then we have the lesson of the raven and the dove. The raven found the unclean earth quite to her taste (ver. 7). The ark had been but a prison or a cage to her; she had not cared for the sheltering hand of God, and was glad to get out and away from it. Like many children who, as they grow up, throw off the restraint of the christian home, and, as the prodigal, leave the father's house for the far country (Luke xv. 13).

The dove went on her mission, and came back to the hand that had sent her forth, finding "no rest" in the death-stricken scene (ver. 9). And when the dove could rest, Noah knew that he could too. The olive leaf (ver. 11) told him that "the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever" (Isa. xxxii. 17). And so all that had gone into the ark for safety came out with joy into the renewed earth (ver. 18, 19); or, as it is put in Rom. viii. 30, "Whom He justified, them He also glorified."

But the flood had not changed man's heart, nor could the overwhelming waters wash away their evil imaginations. They were there before the flood (ch. vi. 5), they were there after it (ch. viii. 21). God knew that those who came forth from the ark would be sinful men and

sinful women still, and in His love and in His mercy, He had thought not only of preserving the creatures He had made, but also of showing the people He had preserved the only ground on which He, the Holy God, could meet with them. And so Noah, taught of God, built an altar, and offered burnt offerings (ver. 20), as Abel had done hundreds of years before, and thus it became a question not of what Noah and his family were before God, but of what the sacrifice was to God. God had provided the sacrifice (ch. vii. 2), His righteousness was glorified in the sacrifice, and His love was free to act in righteousness, because of the sweet savour of the burnt offering (ver. 21). And so "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Ps. lxxxv. 10) at the cross of Christ; and God declares His righteousness, "just, and the justifier of Him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26). The blood of the sacrifice could change God's action towards the sinner. He had been "grieved at His heart" (ch. vi. 6) by man's wicked ways, and the awful judgment had fallen; now He can say "in His heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake" (ch. viii. 21). Christ has satisfied God's heart; has He satisfied yours? (Ps. cvii. 9.)

There is not space to tell you much about the clean and unclean animals to-day. You can read what they were in Lev. xi. God took up some peculiar habit or form of the animal as an object lesson to His people, and if we connect these lessons with the precepts taught us in the New Testament we can see their beauty and importance. For instance, we read that the animals that parted the hoof and chewed the cud were clean, while those that did either one without the other were not so (vers. 4-7). Now, parting the hoof is a figure of the holy, separate, steady walk of the follower of Christ, resulting from chewing the cud, that is, from meditating, feeding over and over again upon the word of God. We are not to swallow it down hastily, and go off into the world forgetting what we have read, as in James i. 22-24. Nor are we to invent for ourselves a harsh, monastic life, thinking that we are parting the hoof, while, from omitting to chew the cud, we show none of the courtesies, tendernesses, and sympathies that the Spirit of Christ would lead us into, walking as He walked in separation from evil.

But now I am afraid I am getting beyond our younger ones! God bless you all, my dear nephews and nieces, and lead you on in His ways!

Ever your loving

AUNT ALICE.

## QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. Who prayed "Remember me, O my God, for good"?
2. Find three occasions in the Revelation in which the "small and great" have to do with God.
3. To which of the prophets did ravens bring food night and morning in a time of famine?
4. Where does David long to have "wings like a dove" that he might fly away and be at rest?
5. Where are we told that Christ loved us, and gave Himself "an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour"?
6. Which prophet tells that he fed upon the word of God; and gives as a result of this, "I sat not in the assembly of the mockers"?
7. Where does our Lord pray that His people may be kept from the evil of the world, being sanctified through the word?
8. Find in the Psalms that the young man can cleanse his way by taking heed thereto according to God's word.

9. Where are we told that the wrath of God is revealed against those "who hold the truth in unrighteousness"?

10. Which prophet rejoices in God his strength, saying, "He will make my feet like hind's feet, and He will make me to walk upon mine high places"?

11. Where are we bid to "turn away" from those who have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof?

12. When will the curse be finally and completely removed?

A reference Bible may be used, but no Concordance, and no help given. The texts in answer to be written in full, and the reference given, that is, chapter and verse put to each text. Do not forget to write your name, and the division your age entitles you to be in on your paper, and send it in before the end of the month to:

AUNT ALICE,  
The Grange,  
Mansfield-Woodhouse.

Why have I never heard again from the dear boys and girls at the other side of the Atlantic? I look regretfully at your names in my register, and wish I might make some more entries after them.

#### ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

- |  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1. Matthew xii. 34; xv. 19.                    | 7. 2 Corinthians vi. 14. |
| 2. Jeremiah xvii. 9.                           | 8. Ezekiel xiv. 14, 20.  |
| 3. Psalm cxxxix. 23; xix. 14.                  | 9. Zechariah iv. 7.      |
| 4. 2 Corinthians x. 5.                         | 10. John ix. 5; x. 9.    |
| 5. Proverbs xi. 20; xii. 20;<br>xv. 26.        | 11. Acts iv. 12.         |
| 6. Psalm cxix. 15, 23, 48,<br>78, 97, 99, 148. | 12. 1 Peter iv. 19.      |

#### FATHER FRITZ AND THE STRANGE SINGER.—II.

WE told in our last issue of the strange visitor who joined with the monks in their evening hymn, but that night, when they lay themselves down to sleep, the hearts of all seemed overflowing with gratitude that their God had been worshipped as He ought. But in the middle of the night (so the legend runs) a hand was laid upon Father Fritz, and starting from his sleep, he beheld an angel arrayed in white standing before him. When the good man beheld the heavenly being he began to tremble for fear; but the angel said to him, "Fear not, Father Fritz, I am a heavenly messenger. I have come straight from the presence of God. I am sent to tell thee that last night in heaven no song ascended from thee, no sound of singing or praise. Hast thou ceased to praise?" "Nay," was the reply, "never will thy servant cease to praise. But last night a stranger joined us in our worship, and he sang alone our praises with voice almost divine, and we thought that God would be better pleased to be thus worshipped." "Poor mortal," returned the angel, with a pitying smile, "thinkest thou that because thou couldest not sing with voices rightly trained, that He would not accept such worship? Know this then, that only the praises of such as have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and whose hearts have

been attuned by God's Holy Spirit, can He accept in heaven. No sweeter music ever reaches heaven than that which ascends from a heart full of love to Christ. The faltering prayer of a little child is heard with just as great patience, and is just as dear to the heart of the loving God as the united worship of thousands who have served Him for years." And so saying, the angel once more laid his hand upon the monk, and then departed.

The next day the visit of the holy messenger was told throughout the monastery, and immediately there arose in unison a cry of thankfulness from the lips of all, that God is not a respecter of persons but rejoices in the service of men of low degree. It is indeed true that "no heart but by the Spirit taught, makes melody to God."

M. LEVINSON.

#### OUR LEPER FUND.

WE are sincerely thankful to God, who has graciously led another kind friend to write as follows:—"Seeing in 'THE SPRINGING WELL' that the sum of £4 10s. would support a leper child for a year, I have great pleasure in forwarding that amount." May the Lord richly reward this generous helper.

	£	s.	d.
S. L. A., Reading. For the support of a leper child for one year	...	...	4 10 0
Ayrshire, 5s.; N'gabere, 2s. 6d. less 5d. postage, 2s. 1d.	...	...	0 7 1
T., Nettlesome	...	...	0 2 0
E. T., Rochdale	...	...	0 2 6
M. T., Wendover	...	...	0 3 0

#### INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

WE bless God that kind hearts have again been stirred by the pathetic story of India's great need. We have received as under:—

	£	s.	d.
From some Friends at Reading, per S. B.	1	0	0
H. S. S., Newport, Mon.	...	...	1 0 0
Ayrshire, 5s.; C. P. H. S. S. Aberdeen, 5s.	...	...	0 10 0
M. R., Maidenhead, 5s.; From a Friend, 2s.	...	...	0 7 0
From one who sympathizes, Colchester	0	12	6

#### OUR SOUTH AFRICAN AND GENERAL FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

WE have applications from workers amongst the troops in South Africa, for a further grant of copies of this paper and other Gospel literature. We are asked for 5 or 10,000 additional copies of this magazine, as the men in the camps read it with much interest. Any one contributing £2 would secure 1,000 sent out freight free. We have received with thanks as under:—

	£	s.	d.
Ayrshire, 5s.; Mrs. C., Estella Rd., 3s.	0	8	0
Alice and M. A. L., 5s.; S. F., 5s.	...	...	0 10 0
E. B., Winchmore Hill	...	...	0 1 0
Hop-Pickers' Mission (Mr. Luff), Ayrshire	...	...	0 5 0

ALL communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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# The SPRINGING WELL

## or Waters that fail not.

### AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

Poor Tom, The  
Happy Pie-Man.

**T**OM, the pie-man, was a poor, depraved, drunken fellow who earned a living by selling pies at the low public-houses, which he was too fond of frequenting. He was commonly called "Poor Tom," perhaps because he was very slow-witted, and his evil habits tended to make him still more so.

As he was one day on his rounds, with his basket of pies, he passed the open door of a house where a sailor lay dying, and heard him say—

"I'm a poor sinner and  
nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my  
all in all."

These words, so new and strange to poor Tom, were fastened upon his memory—no doubt by the power of the Holy Spirit—and, again and again, the rhymes rang in his mind—

"I'm a poor sinner and  
nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my  
all in all."

"What does it mean?"  
was the wondering question which Tom asked himself in vain.

He could read, and he searched for the lines in a hymn-book,

and then in a New Testament, but he could not find the couplet anywhere.



From the New Testament he learnt, however, that which explained the meaning of the lines, for he found that all were sinners, and that God so loved poor sinners that He sent His only begotten Son to die in their stead, so that a sinner, however great, trusting in the precious blood of Christ would never perish, but have everlasting life.

It would seem that the blessed truth was sealed upon the poor fellow's heart, for henceforth a great change took place in poor Tom's life and habits. No longer did he curse and swear; no longer was he found in the old haunts. Nay, even his occupation was willingly given up, for he could not, and would not, frequent the public-houses where his customers were to be found, and where his old temptations lay. The command, "Go not in the way of evil men," was one which poor Tom literally obeyed. Moreover, he could now, thankfully and joyfully, adopt for his own the happy confession of the dying sailor—

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

And the words became his own watchword. They were so often upon his lips that people marvelled, and began to inquire about the reason of his newly-found happiness.

Even the christians who were interested in his case were astonished to find him always rejoicing. "We are not so," they said. "How is it that you are so happy?" "Oh," was Tom's answer, "I can tell you how that is. You all want to be SOMETHING, whilst

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

Tom had discovered in his New Testament that the Lord Jesus had asked those who loved Him to remember His death by eating Bread and drinking wine in remembrance of their dying Lord. Tom wished to obey this command, and asked permission to do so. At first there was hesitation, and he was reminded of the sort of character by which he was best known in the town—possibly in order to test him.

"Yes," said poor Tom, "it is all true—

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

This simple, humble testimony could not be set aside, and poor Tom received a hearty welcome, and was henceforth numbered amongst the followers of that blessed Saviour who "came into the world to save sinners."

Reader, you know, in all probability, a vast deal more than poor Tom knew. Have you, as certainly

as he did, learnt this first divinely-taught lesson? Can you as truly say as poor Tom said it—

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all"?

He was noted afterwards as one of the happiest christians in the neighbourhood, *for no one could make him doubt*. And as long as he lived this was the song he was always singing :

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
And Jesus Christ is my all in all"?

L. A. B.

### "I WILL GIVE YOU REST."—"YE SHALL FIND REST."

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. xi. 28, 29.

WHAT is the cause of all the distress and sorrow with which this poor world abounds—its *real* cause? It consists in the simple fact that man is *astray from his Maker—away from God*. True, men will assign anything but this as its cause; but the fact remains God is the *Source*, as well as the *Giver* of every good and perfect gift; and separated from the source of happiness no happiness can be found.

Passing along a day or two ago I noticed some working men laying pipes in the road to convey water to some recently erected houses, and they were doing their work well. I said to one of them, "I suppose you will go in *that* direction (pointing) next?" He replied, "No, we must *connect with the spring* first, the pipes will be *no use unless connected with the spring*!" I thought how true a picture this is of our poor race, always laying our pipes, but failing to "*connect with the spring*"; hence, no cool refreshing waters can flow into our thirsty souls.

Away from God no true happiness can be found, for we are not "*connected with the spring*," from whence alone happiness flows.

Now our Lord here invites—"Come unto *Me* all ye that labour and are heavy laden"—the invitation is as world-wide as the ruin for which it is the remedy—"all," for where can you find a child of Adam who as yet has not accepted this invitation, who is not weary and heavy laden? He may seek to hide the fact from himself by pursuing the pleasures of sin which are but for a season, or he may busy himself in some of the many things with which Satan seeks to occupy men's minds to prevent their realizing their real condition. But all these things are but the feverish seeking after that which the One who sends forth this invitation alone can give—"rest." The invitation is "Come!" How sweetly, gently, and

yet frequently the word seems to drop from those lips which—His enemies being judges—spake as never man spoke! But it is "*unto Me*"; nowhere else will be of any use, for He alone can give what you seek—"rest."

Notice its intense individuality—it is "I," and it is "you." Each must come for himself—none can "come" for another; each will be welcomed personally, and will personally receive this blessed "rest"; and it will be the same loving One from whom each will receive it. Each one who comes will receive rest of conscience in that his sins are gone for ever, and rest of heart in that he has found a perfect object in whom he may always find satisfaction and delight. "*He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.*"

But more than this is required to meet man's need, and more is needed to satisfy the heart of God; for even when a soul has received this rest which our Lord is so ready to give, he finds many things in his pilgrimage calculated to cause grief, and pain of mind and sorrow of heart. Hence our Lord proceeds: "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He has spoken of a rest which He will "give," He now speaks of a rest which each must "find" for himself. How is it to be found?

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me."

Notice the circumstances in which our Lord uttered these words. He had just spoken of the cities in which most of His "mighty works" had been done, where His love had been manifested in all its richness and fulness, where He "healed all that were brought to Him." With what result? He was utterly despised and rejected, His warmest affections ruthlessly trodden under foot, and Himself cast out! Here, surely, was sorrow deep enough to cast down any heart not divinely sustained. What does He do? Does He murmur; does He ask that circumstances may be altered; does He manifest *any* desire or will of His own? "At that time"—the Spirit of God takes care to note that it is precisely "at that time," *that* time of all others, when, humanly speaking, all His hopes were blighted, all His objects frustrated. "At that time, Jesus said—'I thank Thee, O Father.'" Even in His deepest sorrow He found cause for thankfulness. How blessedly in accord with his Divine Master was the Apostle who said: "In *everything* give thanks!" "I thank Thee, O Father, . . . for so *it seemed good in Thy sight.*" This it was that satisfied our Lord—"so it seemed good in Thy sight!" He had no will but His

Father's. This lowly and entire submission to His Father's will is the "yoke" He counsels us to take upon us. Let us meet every sorrow, every trial with this "so it seemed good in Thy sight," for bear in mind, no trial can happen to a child of God except as "it seemeth good" in His Father's sight. Let us get this blessed assurance firmly established in our souls, lose our own will entirely in His will—take this blessed yoke upon us—the yoke of calm submission to the will of the One whose constant care we are. So, and so only, shall we "find" rest to our souls—rest which no storms can ruffle, no enemy destroy. Under this sweet yoke we shall be able to say with the man who, next to his Divine Master, knew sorrow perhaps as no other man. "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

"Art thou weary, sad, and lonely,  
All thy summer past?  
One remaineth, and One only—  
Hear His voice at last.

"Voice that called thee all unheeded,  
Love that knocked in vain;  
Now, forsaken, dost thou need it?  
Hear that voice again.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Open to Me, my beloved,  
I have waited long,  
Till the night fell on the glory,  
Silence on the song.

"Sorrow, sin, and desolation,  
These thy claim to Me;  
Love that won thee full salvation,  
This My claim to thee.

"Soul, I knock, I stand beseeching,  
Turn me not away;  
Heart that craves thee, love that needs thee—  
Wilt Thou say Me nay?"

HOMELEIGH.

### LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

I REMEMBER reading of a blind man who was found sitting at the corner of a street in a great city with a lantern beside him. Some one went up to him and asked him what he had the lantern there for, seeing that he was blind, and the light was the same to him as the darkness. The blind man replied,—

"I have it so that no one may stumble over me."

Dear friends, let us think of that. Where one man reads the Bible, a hundred read you and me. That is what Paul meant when he said we were to be "living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men." I would not give much for all that can be done by sermons, if we do not preach Christ by our lives. If we do not commend the Gospel to people by our holy walk and conversation, we shall not win them to Christ.

## OUR BIBLE PORTION.

### THE BELIEVER'S SALVATION.

*"Our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself. Therefore, my brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved."*—Phil. iii. 20, 21; iv. 1.

*"For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."*—Rom. xiii. 11.

**H**OW the matchless energy of a soul filled with longings after Christ gives vigour to the steps of the believer, as we read in the third chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians! St. Paul's eye

was fixed on Jesus, glorified,

and in the power of this sight every great thing of this world became as dross and as dung to his soul. Christ he reached forth unto, in his eager race, and then, looking round for a moment upon some he loved—his eyes filled with tears because of their earth-loving spirits—he said, "Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."

Think of the Thessalonian believers, tried and persecuted; and, as their surroundings present themselves to view, with what force does the exhortation come home to our souls, "Let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on . . . for an helmet the hope of salvation" (1 Thess. v. 4-11). With such a helmet they might indeed hold up their heads in the midst of foes. And when christians become weak, and their spiritual life lacks nerve and fire, they have failed to put on the

helmet of the hope of salvation.

The battle will soon be over, the foes soon driven back. Victory is assured; salvation and glory are at hand—"take the helmet of salvation" (Eph. vi. 17).

The salvation of the soul was a matter that was completed once and for ever when the believer trusted in the precious blood; but so far as our bodies are concerned it is still future, and therefore the Apostle says, "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed," exhorting us by the immediateness of the glory to awake out of sleep, and to live unto God. Day by day the hope nears its realisation. How soon it may burst upon us we know not. Well will it be for such of God's people as have their lives now governed by its

near approach. Let us not be found sleeping when Christ comes, or engaged with such as indulge their debased tastes, or with those who give themselves to jealousy and strife. (Rom. xiii. 11-14.)

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. ix. 28). His first coming related to sin, and "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many;" His second coming will be to bring this perfect salvation to His people. Happy are they who have the eyes of their hearts looking for Him!

### "UNSEEN, BUT NOT UNKNOWN."

**O** CHRIST! these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of Thine;  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed Face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot  
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,  
When slumbers o'er me roll,  
Thine image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet, though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,—  
Unseen, but not unknown.

### THE YEAR IS PASSING.

**I**T was upon the last night in the old year, that I was standing thinking over the words, "out of darkness into His marvellous light." That night, two years before, one dear friend had passed out of darkness into His marvellous light—saved. Then the question came to me—Was I saved? It was a dreadful question. Suppose I died that night, where should I find myself? Another year had almost passed away, and I was still not saved.

On returning home, I opened my Bible and read this verse, "For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. vi. 20). The light had broken in! Yes! I was bought with a price. I prayed, and as I prayed I was sure indeed that I too had passed out of darkness into His marvellous light.

Oh! that all our readers may know what this means too.

Do not let this year pass by with you still in the darkness. Oh! seek for mercy now, at once; you may never see another year. Come now, just as you are, to God, and He will receive and bless you for Christ's sake.



THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER AT TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

### THE STORY OF CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.—V.

ON the 29th August, 1851, Captain Gardiner wrote his last deeply pathetic letter to his wife, in which he said, "I am passing through the furnace, but blessed be my heavenly Shepherd, He is with me, and I shall not want; He has kept me in perfect peace, and my soul rests and waits only upon Him. . . . I trust Fuegia and South America will not be abandoned. Missionary seed has been sown here, and the Gospel message ought to follow. If I have a wish for the good of my fellow-men, it is that the Tierra del Fuego mission might be prosecuted with vigour. . . . But the Lord will direct and do all, for the times and the seasons are His, and the hearts of all men are in His Hands."

A long time having passed without any definite tidings of the last expedition, friends began to be anxious. Intelligence reached this country indicating that some disaster had occurred, and eventually it was resolved that relief must be despatched. The Society at home therefore prepared stores, but could not find a ship to take them. The Admiralty was appealed to, and at last—but all too late—the *Dido* sailed from Devonport, on October 31st, 1851. But before that time the whole party had been starved to death on the distant shore. The harrowing

details may be found at length in the deeply interesting book from which we have gathered many of the foregoing particulars.\* Here our limits are too narrow. One after another they passed away, the surgeon being the first, and Captain Gardiner the last. Three vessels had been despatched from Monte Video with stores; the first was wrecked in a storm, the second passed in another direction, and the third came too late. Captain Gardiner was found lying

near a boat, into which he seems to have been too weak to enter. Most of the papers were in some way preserved, and some lines written by Captain Gardiner, shortly before his death, indicate with what faith in God and joyful hope he waited the final hour:—

"At length, on bleak Fuéga's strand,  
A feeble but confiding band,  
In all our impotence we stand,  
Wild scenes and wilder men are here,  
A moral desert, dark and drear;  
But faith descries the harvest near,  
Nor heeds the toil, nor dreads the foe,  
Content, where duty calls, to go.

"In cloudless skies we ne'er descry,  
Mercy's sweet brow enthroned on high—  
'Tis brighter when the storm is nigh;  
The troubled sea, the desert air,  
The furnace depth, the lion's lair,  
Alike are safe, when Christ is there.  
In perfect peace that soul shall be  
Whose every hope is stayed on Thee."

Thus the seedsmen left the field, but the reapers have followed, gathering in the sheaves. The death of Gardiner and his martyred companions was a trumpet call to the Church at home, and great results have followed more or less through the whole of South America.

R. S.

\* A volume published by S. W. Partridge & Co., entitled "The Life of Captain Allen Gardiner," price 1s. 6d., beautifully illustrated. It contains many particulars about the life and work of this true servant of God. We heartily recommend the book.

### Jottings about the Bible.

#### THE BOOK IS PERFECTLY WONDERFUL.

THE book is perfectly wonderful as to its results when you test them. I saw an aged woman once, and when I visited her I read from her Bible. She had marked it by the side here and there with her own seals of witness. "T AND P" I saw frequently in the margin of her Bible. I asked her what she meant, and she replied, "Oh! that means 'TRIED AND PROVED,' sir," and she began to tell me how in times of trouble and in times of distress a passage had opened itself up to her so wonderfully that she had believed it and had taken it to God in prayer, and had proved it true to herself.

These are the kind of Bibles I love. I call that sort of Bible not a reference Bible, annotated as it is, but I think of an expression I once heard from a man who said, "I want to buy a *reverence* Bible." He meant reference undoubtedly, but a Bible that has been read and tested and proved has become a *reverence* Bible to those who are made to feel that such markings might be their own.

A Bible tried soon becomes a Bible proved. I hope, dear friends, you all try and prove the Word of God every day in your own daily life. It is a splendid Book for the throne; it is equally good in the kitchen. It is a blessed Book to put into your pocket and carry with you when you are in the railway train; you will find it precious if you stay at home. In poverty or in wealth, in joy or in sorrow, the many-sided Bible only presents to you some new phase of its everlasting adaptation to your state and case. Give up the Bible! We will sooner give up our lives. Doubt its inspiration some of us never can, for it has inspired us; and when a book inspires a man, that man knows that the Book is inspired itself.

I had a note but yesterday from a gentleman who told me that he called upon my grandfather when he was an old man in his eighty-eighth year, and he said—"I went into his study. He had a big Bible in front of him. We exchanged salutations, and then the old man seemed to forget all about me. He sat reading on, and as he read the Bible he kept saying, 'Wonderful! wonderful! I have proved this to be true. My soul feeds upon it. I shall soon be in the presence of God. Oh, what a precious truth this is to an old man like me!'" Yes, it is as wonderful to the old man as it is to the young lad. Wonder upon wonders!

How often have I cried to myself in the language of Herbert, "O Book! Exquisite sweetness! Let my soul suck every letter, and honey gain!" There is none like it. May we all bear testimony to our faith in the Bible once more by continually yielding obedience to it. If we will obey its precepts we shall know its doctrines. The Bible is not merely a book—it is a WAY; it is a CHART; it is a GUIDE in the way of righteousness and peace. Put in practice the Divine Word, and as you do so you will love it more and more.

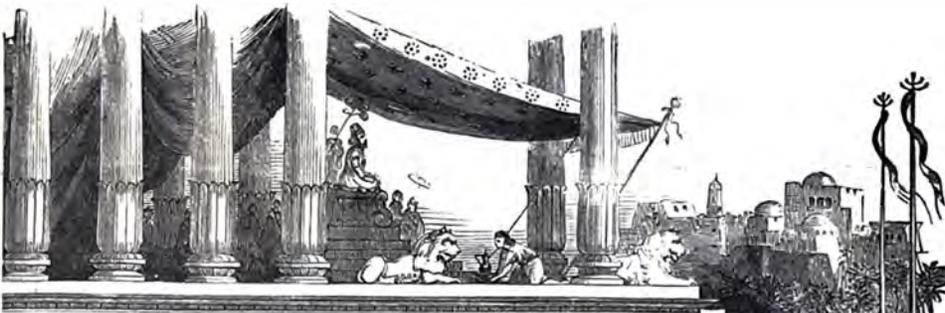
C. H. S.

#### "CHANGE CARRIAGES AT ONCE."

"YOU'RE in the wrong carriage." So I was told by a fellow-passenger one day when travelling in a strange locality. Through the mistake of one of the railway officials, I was directed into a train which was going in the opposite direction from that which I had intended to go. As soon as I discovered my unfortunate position, I left the wrong carriage and got into the right one. How many travellers on the journey of life are in a similar position! They are in the wrong carriage; they expect to reach heaven, but have never been booked at the right office, and have never entered the right train. Fellow-traveller, let me ask if you are in the right carriage for heaven? If not, change carriages at once, for every day is taking you further on in the wrong direction, and soon, soon you may discover your mistake and find it too late to turn. Make sure, then, that you are all right. "I am the Way," says Christ, "no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." And again, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Are you in Christ?

We are all travellers on life's journey, and every day is bringing us nearer to our destination, either nearer to heaven or to hell. You hope your destination will be heaven, but ARE YOU SURE? If you are not in Christ, it is the greatest folly to expect to arrive there.

As long as I was in the wrong train, I could not expect to arrive at the place where I wished to go. My hoping could not change the train's course. It was I that was wrong; the train was going where the driver wished it, and it was I that must change. So must you, my friend; if you are in the wrong carriage, you must change at once before it is too late. Then, "turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" for time is swiftly passing. When the world shall be no more, and the last grains of the sands of time shall have run out, men shall stand before God; and shall be judged according to His Word.



THE LAND OF THE LORD'S  
"ANOINTED"; or,

The Reign of the Kingdom of Persia.—XII.

(2 Chron. xxxvi. 20; Isa. xlv. 1.)

THERE is one thing about the rulers of the kingdom of Persia we must notice. They always appeared to befriend the people of God—the Jews—and we have no doubt the territorial integrity of the nation is attributable to this. God does not forget those who care for "the tribes of the wandering foot," and although Persia suffered defeat, and her influence waned, and her power became greatly diminished, yet she is now a force to be reckoned with, and still takes her place amongst the nations of the earth.

"Thus saith the Lord to His anointed, to Cyrus . . . For Jacob My servant's sake, and Israel Mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known Me. . . . I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me" (Isa. xlv. 1, 4, 5).

"For Jacob (or Israel) My servant's sake." This is the reason why God from the first (as we have previously emphasised) recognised and upheld for His own purposes of grace the kingdom and people of Persia.

Xerxes succeeded Darius on the throne, and immediately gathered an enormous host to avenge, if possible, the defeat of his father at Marathon. Who has not read of the vast fleet sailing along the shores of the Ægean Sea, and of the host of armed men that marched in company along the shore? At Thermopylæ, Leonidas and his brave band of three hundred withstood the fearful onslaught, until the noble commander and all his heroic men were slain. Then came Salamis—

"A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And men by nations lay below;  
And ships by thousands—all were his.  
He counted them at break of day,  
And when the sun set—where were they?"

The victory of the Greeks over the Persian

fleet was decisive and complete, and the monarch, from the silver throne he had erected on a rocky promontory, saw his ships and galleys well-nigh destroyed; and he returned to his own country a sadder if not a wiser man.

We shall not have space in this article to tell of the reign of Artaxerxes. We have no doubt this is the man referred to in the book of Nehemiah.

He seems, as a ruler, to have been very unlike his warlike predecessors, and to have been noted for his kind and kingly character. We might also tell of the expedition to Babylon, and how Cyrus the Younger marched there, and was slain at Cunaxa. After this Xenophon tells in vivid language how he led his ten thousand Greek auxiliaries during the famous retreat; until, after six months of perpetual marching and fighting, they reached the summit of the mountains overlooking the Euxine, and with rapturous delight exclaimed, "The sea! the sea!"

The history of Persia during the three or four centuries after Salamis is exceedingly interesting, although the kingdom never really recovered its former supremacy from the time of its invasion by Alexander the Great, who so decisively defeated Darius III. on the plains of Arbela about 331 B.C. Perhaps the strangest era in the entire story of this remarkable empire was when the Parthians, who had once been vanquished by the Persians, really became masters of the empire and asserted their dynastic authority until the Christian era began. The reigns of the Sapers were also periods of stirring vicissitude and varying fortune for the Persian people; but everything went to prove that the power and dominating influence of this nation had passed away. The needful preparation of the world for the *further development of God's counsels had been fully accomplished* in her past history, and now the time had arrived for another power to be prominent, and to make it unmistakable that the fulfilment of the prophecy given ages before in the days of the Prophet Daniel was in course of gradual progression and evolution, according to the mind and counsels of God, which are immutable and can never fail.

SHUT OUT FROM  
GOD.

**G**OD'S day for salvation is now. "Now is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation." How soon the day of grace may close we know not, but Jesus has said, "Behold I come quickly," and if He were to come *now* and find you still unsaved He would shut the door against you. "When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets; but He shall say, I tell you I know you not whence ye are; depart from Me all ye workers of iniquity" (Luke xiii. 25-27).

Young man, young woman, who may read these lines, remember "Death will rob you of your bloom."

Yea, sooner than you expect you may have to appear before Him, whose loving entreaties to you now to be reconciled to Himself are slighted. But as a judge you must then meet Him. Your day of grace will be past.

May you now, even while you read these lines, see Jesus as the One who brings you to God. Then, as you look beyond the boundary of time, eternity will have no terrors for you, but it will be everlasting joy in the presence of God and of the Lamb.

## Sweeter as the Days go By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. The dear old story of a Saviour's love Is sweeter as the days go by;
2. The sunbeams shining from the liv-ing Light Are brighter as the days go by;
3. Hope's anchor, holding in the stormy strife, Is stronger as the days go by;
4. The peace that Jesus gives to us a - new Is deeper as the days go by;



1. The glad assurance of a home a - bove Is sweeter as the days go by.
2. The stars of promise cheering sorrow's night Are brighter as the days go by.
3. We feel the throbings of im - mor - tal life Grow stronger as the days go by.
4. The prospects op'ning to the Christian's view Are grander as the days go by.



## CHORUS.



We'll fill the days with joy - ful praise, We'll sing as the happy moments  
We'll fill, we'll fill the days with joy-ful, joy-ful praise,



fly; (moments fly) The song of love to Him a - bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.



The above Hymn, also "Count your Blessings," "Loyalty to Christ," "Will there be any Stars?" and others which have appeared in our pages this year, are taken from the new volume of Hymns with music just published, entitled, "Songs of Triumph." Paper, 6d., post free, 7½d.; cloth, 1s., post free, 1s. 2d.

## ILLUSTRATIVE GLEANINGS.

## THE FRIEND OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

"He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."—John iii. 29.

WHILE reading a book on the Holy Land, recently, I read of an Eastern custom, which brought so clearly before my mind the work of the Holy Spirit under the type of the *friend* of the Bridegroom, like the servant in Gen. xxiv., that I cannot refrain from telling it to you, although very likely you have thought of it before.



AN EASTERN MARRIAGE FEAST.

"It appears that in most cases of marriage in Syria, after the act of 'betrothal,' the bride and bridegroom are not allowed to meet for a year, but during that time the *friend* of the bridegroom is sent by him with constant messages to the bride, his work being, not to speak of *himself*, but to proclaim the love and constancy of the absent bridegroom, and so sound his praises that the love of the bride towards him will be kept warm; and until the day when she is taken home to dwell with her husband and see him face to face, the function of the bridegroom's friend knows no pause. 'Then the bridegroom's heart is glad, and the friend rejoices when he hears the bridegroom's voice.'"

The author, in relating the custom, gives it as an illustration of that text in John iii. 29. But it speaks to me, and I am sure will to you also, of something far higher. All that he tells of the work of the *friend* of the bridegroom is so exactly illustrative of the Spirit's work—sent by the Great Bridegroom to comfort the bride whilst He and she are parted the one from the other. "I will not leave you comfortless." Then it was not of himself the friend was to speak, but of the bridegroom. "He shall testify of Me;" "He shall show you of Mine;" "He shall not speak of Himself;" "He

shall glorify Me;" "He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you"—just what the bridegroom did—told his friend the things he wished him to tell his bride.

Perhaps the Syrian bride would never have had her heart so full of love to the bridegroom (of whom, according to the custom of the country, she had seen little), had it not been for the constant commendations of him given by his *friend*. And has not our Bridegroom said, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." Then comes the great meeting, the long time of separation past, the seeing face to face, the work of the Spirit over. And

"In the glory  
Bridegroom and Bride shall reign for aye."

## OUR BIBLE LESSON COLUMN.

Golden Text—"And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"—Luke xvii. 17. Read Luke xxxii. 11—19.

## READING ON THE LESSON.

11. "And it came to pass as He went to Jerusalem that He passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee." There He was to finish the work which the Father had given Him to do, and He was pressing on to finish that work.

12. "And as He entered into a certain village there met Him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off." Unclean, dwelling alone without the city or village, afar off in every sense, living, but dead to all the ordinary affairs of life.

13. "And they lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." They were lepers, helpless and unclean, and they knew it. They made no promises, but as poor outcasts pleaded for mercy. They had heard of Him and that He actually healed lepers. Now they see Him, this is their opportunity, and they eagerly seize it. They believed that "now" was the time for them (2 Cor. vi. 2), and they acted accordingly.

14. "Go shew yourselves unto the priests." Thus He said unto them, and as they went they were cleansed. He came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law, and He told them to do as the law commanded (Lev. xiii. 2: xiv. 3).

15, 16. One of them returned and glorified God, giving Him thanks. On his face at Jesus' feet, full of gratitude and praise and true humility. As soon as he found himself a new man, clean, whole, no longer a leper cut off from home and friends, but once more a part of the affairs of earth with its pleasures and employments, he turns at once to his Benefactor, full of gratitude to Him. He recognises Him as God, and thankfully glorifies Him.

17. "And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?" When a Jew found himself a leper, he saw that he was no better than a Samaritan leper. They were all unclean together. A deep conviction of sin takes away all pride.

18. "There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. If such was the treatment He received from His own world and His own people, His disciples must be content with the same.

19. "And He said unto him, Arise, go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole," or, as in the margin of the Revised Version, "thy faith hath saved thee." Happy man!



## AUNT ALICE'S BIBLE CLASS.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

What good times we have had together through this year, have we not? And while six of our big family have been made happy in gaining prizes, all of us can rejoice as those that find great spoil (Ps. cxix. 162), for we have as our reward the deeper knowledge of the word of God, given to those who search as for hid treasures (Prov. ii. 4). You have worked right well, dear lads and lasses, and are now so clever at finding the answers that you frequently nearly all get full marks. Only I fear some of our dear little ones have grown discouraged, and have dropped off, finding the questions too difficult, so I must give a few easy ones to encourage them to come on again!

We have the 9th chapter of Genesis to read together this month.

"*And God blessed Noah*" (ver. 1). Greatly he must have felt the need of that blessing as he came forth into the emptied world, where such a little while ago he had had friends, and neighbours, and relatives eating and drinking and merry-making! All now swept away, in the awful judgment of God! Sadly Noah must have felt he needed blessing, comforting, strengthening, so that with renewed courage he might take up life again in the renewed earth. There are times in our lives, too, when we feel stripped, and desolate, and trembling. How good it is then if we know "the blessing of the Lord, which maketh rich; and He addeth no sorrow with it" (Prov. x. 22); if we can face the desolation that would appal us as those who, having nothing, yet possess all things in Christ (2 Cor. vi. 10)!

And God fitted the blessing, as He ever does, exactly to meet the need. He gave Noah power and authority to take up the reins of government, so that the awful scenes of violence, injustice, and wickedness that had brought about the overthrow of the world should not be repeated. Let us not forget that the powers that be are thus ordained of God, and that those that resist the power and seek to cast down the government of a nation, are resisting God and His ordinance. Read Romans xiii. 1-7.

God now gave man flesh to eat (ver. 3), as He had before given him fruit and vegetables (ch. i. 29); but He forbade him to touch blood, because in the blood was the life, and sinful man had forfeited that, and had no right to life, save through the blood of the sacrifice. You see God was touching "line upon line, here a little and there a little" (Isa. xxviii. 10), that by a mighty sacrifice yet to be offered, by precious blood yet to be shed, atonement would be made for sin, and everlasting life given to the believer. You and I know that it was Jesus who should die that sinners might have life and pardon. God give us each one to claim all that He bought for us at so great a cost!

He made the life of man, too, a sacred thing; (vers. 5, 6), which I daresay had not been understood in the days of violence before the flood. The murderer He condemned to death, for not respecting "the image of God" in his brother, and you may be sure where such is suffered to live murder is certain to increase, for the law of God can never with impunity be set aside.

But let us talk a little of God's gracious covenant with the new world (vers. 9-17). When you look at the beautiful rainbow in the dark cloud after rain, is it not sweet to think God is looking at it too, dear children, and remembering His promise given so long, long ago, that He would not destroy the world by another flood? It must have been an immense comfort to Noah and his family to see it, for I expect when heavy rain came they would feel very frightened lest another dreadful flood was coming,

and then they would see the bow, and they would remember that God would be true to His word. We are not afraid of a flood now, but we are often frightened when we see great troubles threatening us, heavy storm-clouds of sorrow hanging over our homes; and then God's gracious words of comfort come to us like the bow in the cloud: "I will be with him in trouble" (Ps. xci. 15); "God our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" (Ps. xlv. 1), and many other such-like sweet verses are brought home to us, so that the believer can sing praises in the time of trouble (Ps. xxvii. 5, 6).

It is very, very sad to read so soon of Noah, whom God had put as governor of the renewed earth, failing in self-government, self-control (vers. 20, 21). Believe me, lads, you will never rule and control others unless you have first got *yourself* under control: your desires, your words, your actions. Remember, "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls" (Prov. xxv. 28), that is, it just lies open to the enemy to walk in and play what havoc he has a mind to!

Noah, failing to keep himself in order, brought sorrow and disgrace not only upon himself but also upon one of his family. The failure of the son was the result of the failure of the father. It made it no less sinful in the son, but it must have made it terribly sorrowful to the father. "One soweth and another reapeth" (John iv. 37), not only in what is bright, lovely, and good, but also in what is sad, evil, and disastrous. Let us take care lest we sow what we shall grieve to see any of our loved ones reap in sorrow.

And now, dear boys and girls, God greatly bless each one of you as we close this year! Give you all to be what He can bless, and what He can approve!

Ever your loving

AUNT ALICE.

## QUESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH.

1. In which Psalms are we told that God's tender mercies are over all His works, and that He preserves man and beast?
2. Find a passage in Leviticus in which it is said that the life is in the blood, and that the blood maketh an atonement for the soul.
3. Where are we told to fear the Lord and honour the king, and not to meddle with those that are given to change; also to submit ourselves to the king as supreme, and unto governors as sent by God?
4. In which of Paul's epistles are we exhorted to pray for kings and all that are in authority?
5. Where do we find the rainbow round about the throne, before the dark clouds of judgment burst upon the world?
6. Where does Elihu tell us that "now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds"?
7. Where are we told that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city?
8. In which epistle does Paul say: "I keep my body under and bring it into subjection"?
9. Where do we read that wine is a mocker, and we are exhorted not to look upon it when it moveth itself aright?
10. In which epistle is the command to honour our parents quoted as "the first commandment with promise"?
11. In fulfilment of Gen. ix. 25, find a verse in Judges stating that "when Israel was strong they put the Canaanites to tribute."
12. In what words were Aaron and his sons to bless the children of Israel?

## ANSWERS TO OCTOBER BIBLE CLASS QUESTIONS.

1. Rahab, Joshua ii. 18; vi. 23. Zacchæus, Luke xix. 9.
2. The household of Stephanas, 1 Cor. i. 16; xvi. 15.
3. Joshua xxiv. 15.
4. Job xxii. 15—18.
5. Psalm xxxii. 6.
6. Luke xvii. 26, 27.
7. Jonah iv. 11.
8. Numbers xxxv. 26, 27, 28.
9. 1 Thessalonians v. 2, 3.
10. 2 Peter iii. 7.
11. 1 Peter i. 5; John x. 29.
12. 14 times—Ephesians i. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 10, 11, 12, 13, 13, 17, 20.

There seems a great diversity of opinion in our class as to the answer to this question. Some say three times, some say twenty-five! I think fourteen is within the number, and have had to give a half-mark to those who said less, and of course a whole mark to those who counted more.

I will repeat our rules in full next month, when we begin the new year, and will only add now that all the papers must be sent to me *before* the end of the month addressed:

AUNT ALICE,  
The Grange,  
Mansfield-Woodhouse.

Do not forget to put your name and the class to which your age entitles you to belong.

## TWO EARNEST QUESTIONS.

WE feel urged to address a word of earnest appeal to every reader before we close this volume for the present year. We want you to think, if only for a moment, of ETERNITY. Now, how stands your soul, beloved friend, in relation to the dread realities of the future? There are just two questions that, with all the intensity born of simple love for your eternal welfare, we solemnly ask. The first is addressed to the unbeliever, ARE YOU READY FOR ETERNITY? That *may* begin, as far as you are concerned, before we enter upon 1901! Ah! how many will have left this world before the new century even begins! My reader, if you have not already fled to Christ for refuge and for safety, we appeal to you, in our Master's blessed Name, and for His sake, to do so NOW, as you read these simple words, AT ONCE! For if you do, without delay, only repent of your sins; that is, turn to God in all your need, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, He will pardon your sins, and you will be then, thank God, happy now and ready for the future, and for ETERNITY, and perfectly fitted, through His grace, to dwell with Him in Glory for ever. Our second question is to the believer, WHAT THINK YOU OF CHRIST? Is He more precious to you at the end of the year than He was at the beginning? He ought to be. He is worthy of ALL your devotion and affection. He is worthy to be entirely the object of your heart's adoration and praise. "Having loved His own, He loved them unto the end." That is the character of His

love. Surely every true child of God delights to say, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." Oh, if we are left here until another year begins, let us each make the familiar lines our own, and say—

"Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me  
A living bright reality,  
More present to Faith's vision keen  
Than any outward object seen;  
More dear, more infinitely nigh  
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie."

May the Lord, in His great mercy, cause the words of this appeal, first, to be a blessing to any unsaved reader, and secondly, to those who do know and who really desire to please and serve the Lord.

## VARIOUS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE are obliged to print this number much earlier than usual. Our ordinary list of donations is therefore deferred until the January issue, 1901. We thank every friend. The Lord be with and bless you.

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