

# The Young Watchman

No. 121] VII


JANUARY, 1893

[ONE HALFPENNY



ALFIE, THE BLUE JACKET.

## ALFIE, THE BLUE JACKET.

LFRED Green was a bright young lad, his mother's joy and pride. He was an only son, and I fear got rather much of his own way. When Alfred was about fifteen years of age, he became very anxious to go to sea, and in spite of all his mother's pleading and tears, he would go. It was a sad, sad morning to widow Green, when Alfie stood at the cottage door, with his bag in his hand, waiting for the bus, to take him to the busy town, from which his ship was to sail for a distant land. "Promise me, Alfie, that you will read your Bible at least once a week, for my sake, and I will pray that God may convert you to Himself." This last request was more than he could refuse, so flinging his arms around his mother's neck, with the tear in his eye, he said, "Yes, mother, I will." When Alfie reached the great ship, and saw the large number of men and lads, his courage failed him, and he wished from his heart that he had not promised his mother to read the Bible, for he did not see however he could keep his promise, among such a crowd of godless men. And then, he had no particular love for it, for he was not saved. But God who loves the sinner, and orders events so that he may be reached with the Gospel in most

unlikely ways, had His eye on that fatherless lad, and the tearful prayers of that lonely mother had reached His ear. On the Sunday evening, when Alfie was preparing to go on shore, along with a dozen of questionable companions, a young Blue Jacket tapped him on the shoulder, and with a smile said, "You come with me Alfie, I will see you safely back." Alfie was quite glad to get out of the company of swearing youths, for he remembered that just about that hour, his mother would be sitting by the fireside reading her evening chapter, and no doubt praying for his conversion. He remembered his promise to read his chapter too, and thought that some opportunity might be given, while away from his godless shipmates. Just as he stepped on shore, the young Blue Jacket linked his arm in Alfie's, and Alfie felt he had got a true friend. "I did not tell you where I was going, Alfred, in presence of the others, but I may say now, I am going to the 'Bethel,' to hear a Gospel address. I thought you would like to come, and I am sure you will be better there, than in the company of these ungodly young men. When I saw you with them, I remembered my first Sunday away from home, and how I longed for

the old times, when I walked by my mother's side to the Gospel meeting in our quiet country village, but, alas, no such privilege was mine. I praise God, that through His mercy, He reached and saved me, before I had gone into the depths of sin," and, grasping Alfie's arm tightly, the Christian Blue Jacket added tenderly, "and, O, how glad I would be to see you on the Lord's side, Alfred, and to have you as a companion and brother." Alfie's heart was won by the simple earnest words of his comrade, and he felt no diffidence in telling him the whole story of his boyhood, his godly mother's prayers and entreaties, and how careless he had been about his soul. "Well, Alfie, now's your chance, you will hear the Gospel to-night, and you should just believe it, and you will be saved." They had now reached the door of the meeting room, and getting seats near the door, Alfie was soon listening to the same glad message, which he had heard in early days, but now felt his need of, as the only power to save and keep him from going headlong into the vortex of sin, in which so many like him have been lost for time and eternity. His Christian companion sat by his side, praying in his heart, that the Word might reach Alfie's heart. But he was hardly prepared to see him rise at the close, when those who were

the Lord's were asked to join in singing the hymn, beginning—

"Am I a Soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?"

and with the tears coursing down his ruddy cheek, sing, as his eye beamed with a new-found joy—

"Let us never mind the scoffs, or the  
frowns of the world,  
For we all have the Cross to bear.  
It will only make the crown, the brighter  
to shine,  
When we have the crown to wear."

Alfie had trusted Christ, and a new life had dawned upon him. He had truly passed out of the realm of darkness, into the kingdom of the Son of God. He knew full well that in a place like his, there could be no half-way house, no hiding his light beneath a bushel. So he resolved by the grace of God, to confess Christ at once, and nail his colours to the mast. The two saved and happy Blue Jackets, walked back to their ship that night, companions and brothers in Christ, and Alfie boldly confessed his Lord, and kept his promise to read the Word, in the presence of them all. How he longed for the morning, that he might write the joyful news to his mother, and cause her widowed heart to sing. She was standing by the cottage door, when the postman handed her the letter, and you may guess with what joy, she read the answer to her prayers,

in the conversion of her only and beloved boy. Alfie testified for Christ on board his ship for several years, and now he serves the Lord and testifies for Him in the country village, where his early days were spent, living happily with his aged mother, who never ceases to praise the faithful God, who answered

prayer, and saved her young Blue Jacket boy.

Reader, are you saved, or do you follow on in sin and Satan's way, treading the way that leads to death and hell? Jesus alone can save you, and He will, just now, as sure as He saved that young Blue Jacket lad, if you trust yourself to Him.



## WHITE AS SNOW.

**F**ARMER'S son returning from market was attacked by two robbers, on a country road, and severely wounded. For days, the spot was marked by blood-stains, and as we passed it by, we tried to blot it out, but the blood-stain still remained. Just as we were wondering what we could do to remove it, snow-flakes began to fall, and in an hour, the blood-stain was covered with a mantle of snow. As we passed the spot next morning, the sun was shining brilliantly on the sparkling snow, and one said, "It reminds me of the text, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as *white as snow*.'" And then he

added softly, "Once *my* sins were like that blood-stain. I tried hard to blot them out, and to cover them, but I always failed. But when I believed in Jesus, *God covered them*, and now He sees me, *white as snow*." Yes, blessed be God, that testimony is true. The sinner who trusts in Christ, is white as the snow in the sight of God

Reader, are you? Are you sure that God has covered your sins, and that you appear before Him, clad in heaven's righteousness. You cannot cover these sins yourself, your best attempts will fail. God can make them "white as snow," and He will this very day, if you trust Christ.

## BERTIE'S DECISION.

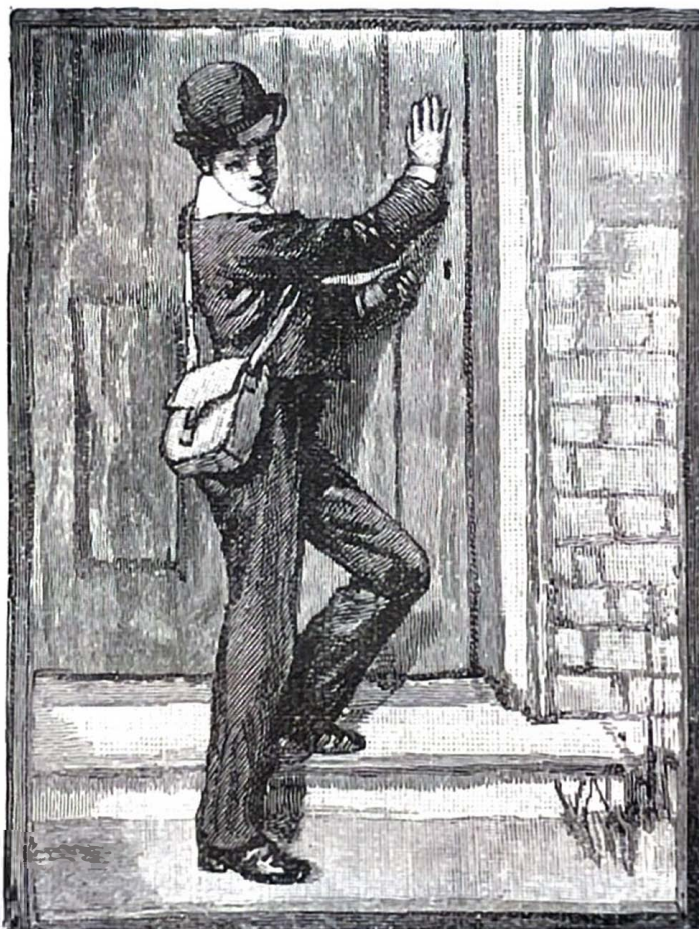
ON a fine afternoon in Autumn, a stream of gleeful children were making their way along a country road from the parish school toward their homes. As they passed a hamlet of low thatched cottages, their attention was arrested by the

sound of singing, and at once a rush was made in the direction from which the sound proceeded. They probably expected to find a troupe of travelling minstrels, but much to their surprise, when they had reached "the green" at the end of the row of houses, they found a circle of young men, with Bible and

hymn books in their hands, engaged in singing a Gospel hymn, and seated around them on the grass, a circle of women and children. The sight was so novel in these parts—where the only religion they knew, was the weekly service in the parish church—that the children stood still

in a body, and by the time the singing was finished, had seated themselves on the grass—a group of eager and attentive listeners as ever waited on a preacher's voice. The circle of young men were on their holidays, and they found their

pleasure in visiting the houses of that out-of-the-way place with Gospel tracts, preaching the word as they had opportunity. Then two or three short addresses were given, a kind personal word and a book to each of the listeners, and then they passed on to the next village. In the circle of children who lis-



tened that afternoon was a boy of twelve, a farmer's son. Bertie's father was a Christian, and had often spoken to him about the great salvation. But Bertie was not saved. When the meeting was over, the people dispersed, and Bertie took the road that led to his home. The

young men were going the same way, and Bertie kindly volunteered to shew them the nearest road to the next village. One of them, linking his arm in the schoolboy's, spoke to him earnestly and lovingly about eternity, and the state of his soul. Bertie told him he would like to be saved, but could not understand "how any one could know it." This gave the Christian youth a fine opportunity of explaining to him the way of life, and pressing home upon his heart the necessity of being converted. They fell behind the rest, and walked slowly together for a full mile. As they were parting at the end of the road that led up to Bertie's home, the Christian worker said, as he shook his hand, "Well Bertie, what is it to be? Will you receive Jesus as your Saviour to-day, or will you reject Him?" The boy hung his head and stood for a few moments in solemn thought. Then raising his bright eyes, filling fast with tears, he said, "I will receive Him." They knelt together by the wayside, and thanked the Lord together. When they rose, Bertie said, "You must come up and see my father, he will be so glad;" to which the Christian worker consented, but said he would wait for his companions and bring them along with him. Bertie ran off to tell the good news at home,

and in a short time, the band of Christian workers were welcomed by the farmer, and together they praised the God of salvation for Bertie's decision that day. "But did he stand," you may ask. "Yes, of course he stood, for his feet were placed upon the Rock that day, and concerning all who stand on Christ, the words so full of joyous comfort are written, "Who are kept by *the power of God*, through faith, unto salvation" (1 Pet. i. 6). Bertie had his trials as a schoolboy, but the grace that saved him, kept him, and he follows Jesus as his Lord and Master, confessing His name, and walking in His ways.

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#### GRACE AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

**T**HE believing sinner is saved by grace, and that grace has saved him righteously. He is "justified freely" by God's grace, and the Justifier is a just God. None of His attributes have suffered by this act of grace. The believer also stands in grace (Rom. v. 2); his feet are set there by God; it is not a slippery place, but good firm footing. He can never fall out of it into hell. "He is *under* grace" (Rom. vi. 14); no longer law: there he learns, *grace* teaches *him* (see Titus ii. 13) how to live so as to please God.

## GEORGE BREALEY, Evangelist of the Blackdown Hills.

**T**HE name of George Brealey is a household word among the scattered dwellers of the Blackdown Hills. The children loved him, and many of them heard from his lips



the story of the love of Jesus. But his place is vacant now; for in March, 1888, he was called from his sphere of service on the Blackdown Hills to be with Christ. A brief sketch of this honest and faithful evangelist, may help to shew the

reader what God can do for, and by, one who trusts Him.

George Brealey was born in North Tawton, in September, 1823, of poor but pious parents. His father was

a man of faith and prayer, and proved the care of a faithful God in providing for his family in hard and trying times. His mother was a very tender-hearted woman, and sought to instil into George's young mind the truths of God's most Holy Word. He must have given attention to reading, for when he was yet under ten years of age, he received a prize Bible for repeating at the Sunday School "the whole of the Gospel of John." But although little George was thus familiar with that wondrous Gospel, in which there are so many of the words whereby a sinner may be saved, he was not saved.

About the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to an infidel shoemaker, who taught him to drink and swear. During a severe illness, in which his mother tenderly nursed and prayed for her boy, he was convicted of sin; but instead of fleeing to Jesus for forgiveness and

salvation, he rushed, on his recovery, afresh into sin, to drown his convictions, and help him to forget God and eternity. On "Whit Sunday," 1861, Sir Alexander Campbell was announced to preach in the city of Exeter, and George's parents earnestly desired him to accompany them to hear him preach. His mother pleaded with him to go, but to all her entreaties he turned a deaf ear, and flatly refused to go. He was perfectly miserable, and wandered out into the fields and lanes; his clothes torn to rags; the picture of hopeless misery. Wandering thus, he was met by some ungodly youths who taunted him with being a "Methodist." This aroused his anger, and he first thrashed two of them, and next took them to a public-house to make up friendship, and show them he was no "Methodist." Meanwhile, his mother, unable to remain longer in the city, had gone in search of her sinning boy, and about three o'clock on that Sunday afternoon, she found him playing cards in a public-house, in the midst of a circle of ungodly companions. In anguish of heart, she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear son, it pains me more than I can tell, to find you here," and falling on her knees in the presence of them all, she pleaded with God to save her son. This was more than George

could stand, so turning to his companions, he said, "Good-bye, mates, I shall never enter this place as I have done." "What!" they exclaimed, "You going to turn 'Methodist?' He's afraid of his mother." This taunt aroused his indignation, and he replied, "No, I am not afraid of my mother; I love her too well; but *I am afraid of God and my sins. Will either of you go to hell for me?*" "No," they replied, "We don't want to go for ourselves, much less for you." "Then," said Brealey, "don't laugh at me, for turning round and wishing to escape." He followed his mother home, and not long after, he found peace by believing on Christ. One Sunday morning, shortly after his conversion, George was walking along the road to a meeting, when he met five of his old companions, who had come out with the purpose of way-laying him, and leading him back to his evil ways; but before they had time to say a word, George began to preach Christ to them, so that they were glad to get away. In a quiet way he began to serve the Lord, first giving away tracts, then preaching in the open air, in fairs, at races, and wherever sinners could be found, the story of the Cross was told, and the Lord blessed the word to the conversion of many. By a very marked guidance of the Lord,



he was led, in 1863, to the Blackdown Hills, which cover an area of some 400 square miles, with a large but scattered population, in great

spiritual darkness. Here George Brealey began to spread the joyful sound, publicly, and from house to house, and God blessed His own



"LITTLE ONES, BIBLE IN HAND, GOING TO HEAR OF JESUS."

Word mightily. Families once in darkness, living in ignorance and forgetfulness of God, may now be seen adorning His doctrine; and

where aforesaid, the Lord's-day was spent in playing games, little ones, Bible in hand, may now be seen going to hear of Jesus and His love.

Short Papers for Young Believers.

THE YOUNG HERO;  
OR, TRIED BY FIRE.

**A** YOUNG lad was left in charge of the secretary's office in a large mill. His instructions were, on no account to leave the place until his master returned. The mill caught fire, and as he looked out at the window he saw men and women fleeing in all directions for their lives. He remembered his master's instructions and stood at his post. Presently he could hear the roar of the flames in the adjoining apartment, and he knew they must soon reach him. Looking about, he saw a number of valuable papers lying on the secretary's desk, which he knew must soon fall a prey to the devouring flames. So packing them up, he opened his vest, and buttoned them under it, saying to himself, "The fire must burn my clothes off before it reaches you." Then the young hero knelt down and committed himself to God, asking for deliverance." Presently the sound of an axe was heard, bang went the door, and two strong firemen appeared, to find the unconscious boy surrounded by smoke and flame, clasping his master's papers with both hands to his bosom. He was

carried out amid the cheers of the crowd, and so pleased was the master with his young and faithful servant, that he made him a partner in the firm. In this heroic boy, standing at his post, defending his master's property, we have a fine illustration of what the Christian ought to be. He has been left on earth to do his Master's will, and to guard his Master's interests. How do you stand fire, my young Christian brother, in the hour of trial? Do you run off, and leave your Master's property to take its chance? Do you allow His Word to be dishonoured, His truth to be trodden down, while you stand silently by? Or do you flee when there is persecution, or danger? Far be the thought. Like the young hero who stood firm, clasping his master's treasures to his bosom, so let the Christian firmly stand, guarding the Word of the Lord, clasping it to his bosom, holding it dearer than life, and on that coming day, when the Lord comes forth to reward His servants, He will take the faithful and the tried one, and make him a partner with Him of His throne. Here is the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with Me on My throne" (Rev. ii. 6; iii. 21).

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Short Notes, Crisp Correspondence, Records of Service and Experience, Tidings of Work amongst Young Folks, and Requests for Prayer and Praise are always welcome for this page.

TEXT COLOURING.—A young believer writes—"My sisters and I have had a very happy little service given us for the last two winters. We have coloured in bright tints plain Gospel texts, and at Christmas, when taking round the new *Watchman Sheet Almanacs* to the families in our tract districts, we have given to each family one of the coloured texts, which they very thankfully received, and put up on the kitchen wall, there to speak for God all the months of the year. We have no doubt but the Lord will bless His own word." [A splendid way of spreading the Gospel, and a happy work too for many of our young friends who are believers.—ED.]

A STANDARD-BEARER FALLEN.—"We have lost our brave young brother who carried the Gospel lamp at the open-air meetings when you were with us. He has gone to be with the Lord. We all feel the loss, and, although we thought little of it at the time, we see now that carrying a Gospel lamp is a great work for God."

CLOTHES FOR HEATHEN CHILDREN.—"Our young folks here have been busy for the last few weeks making simple garments to send out to the Lord's servants labouring in foreign lands, where the children are in need. It has been a very happy service, and, while they were busy plying their needles, I read to them from a book of missionary labours, which has further deepened their interest."

We acknowledge with thanks, two sums of 5/ and 2/6 sent from "A Parent" and "A Teacher" for special prizes. We have also already received two special prizes for "Bible Questions" for this year's Almanac.

## QUESTIONS.

Do you think a Christian lad ought to be a volunteer? No. He is already a "soldier (2 Tim. ii. 3), of Jesus Christ," and if he wants to "please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier," he will study his Captain's orders. They are all in the Book of Instructions—the Bible—and there is not one word there about becoming a volunteer in the world's army. But there are two standing orders for all the Lord's own, which forbid it. They are "BE NOT confirmed to this world" (Rom. xii. 2); "BE NOT unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (2 Cor. vi. 14). If "a Christian lad" will obey these he will have no difficulty in the matter.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.—Praise God for a son converted and now following the Lord. For a son absent from home, who has taken a decided stand for the Lord. Pray for a young lad, very anxious, but afraid of companions. For a girl whose father is an infidel.

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# The Young Watchman

No. 122]

FEBRUARY, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



A VISIT TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

## A VISIT TO THE MISSISSIPI;

Or, THE STORY OF BLANCHE AND FANNY NEWMAN'S CONVERSION.

**I**N a lovely valley, near the broad waters of the Mississippi river, stands the residence of Arnold Newman. There his two talented daughters, Blanche and Fanny were born, and there their early days were spent. Arnold Newman was a man of the worlds kind, hospitable and benevolent, but without God. His daughters were brought up in the same faith. Two lovely girls, affectionate and kind, but utter strangers to God and His grace. It seemed almost impossible that the Gospel of God could reach there, or that access could be gained to tell them of the great Eternity that lies beyond the present passing world. But the ways of God are wonderful, and He deviseth means beyond the skill of man to accomplish the purposes of His love.

An English visitor, an old school-fellow of Mr Newmans, came to spend a few days with the family. They had not met for over thirty years, and time had wrought its change on them both. Success in business, with vast wealth had flowed in on Arnold Newman, and God had been forgotten. His English visitor had known the shadow of sorrow, as well as the sunshine of prosperity, and in his sorrow, he had been brought to Christ, to know Him as his Saviour.

and own Him as his Lord. His pale but peaceful countenance told of a calm and satisfaction within, of which the wordling knows not.

The Newmans welcomed their visitor, and were deeply interested in the eventful story he had to tell that first night, of his sojourn with them. Only there was a look of blank amazement in the faces of the two girls, as he narrated the story of his conversion, and how the Lord had visited his family and saved every one of them also. Blanche and Fanny Newman had never heard of such things before, they were devoted students of Darwin, and had all his books in their library. The Book of God was a stranger in that wealthy home, and the name of Jesus was only known as an empty form. The Christian visitor on retiring to rest earnestly prayed, that God would make him the messenger of salvation to the inmates of that wordly home, especially to the two daughters, Blanche and Fanny. He was in the habit of spending half an hour over his Bible in the early part of each day, and it so happened that it was left lying open on the table the following day, at the fifty third chapter of Isaiah. Blanche had cause to enter the room, and her eyes fell upon the open Bible. Underlined in red ink were

the words, "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). She called her sister Fanny to her side, and raising the Book, she read the words aloud. Then there was a strange silence, as if neither of the sisters cared to speak. The Word of God is a sharp sword, and in the hands of its Almighty Author, it can penetrate through pride and prejudice to the sinner's conscience and heart. It spoke that hour to the hearts of Blanche and Fanny Newman, and they saw for the first time their lost condition in the sight of God. When their guest returned in the evening, wearing the same peaceful smile upon his countenance, they inwardly wished that he would speak to them as he had done the previous evening, It was his life-business to win hearts for Christ, and faithful to his trust, the man of God watched a fitting opportunity to introduce the subject that lay nearest to his heart. "For forty years Christ has saved and satisfied me. In life's brightest days, and in sorrow's darkest hours, I have found Him to be ever faithful and ever true, and I can say to His praise, that I would not give Him up for all the wealth of the valley of the Mississippi. It must be left behind, but Jesus and His love will go on for

ever." The face of the man of God beamed with joy as he spake these words, and Blanche quietly said, "Do you think that *we* could have the same peace and joy as you have Mr. L——?" "I am sure of it," said the man of God with a smile, as he reached forth his hand and drew his open Bible to his side. "The Lord Jesus came to save and satisfy you, as well as me, and the only condition He requires is, that you will allow Him to do it. His own words are, "By me if *any* man enter in, he shall be saved" (John x. 9), and "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). They sat late that night talking freely on the subject, and although there was no direct confession of Christ, made by the two girls, the Christian visitor believed in his heart, that they had crossed the threshold of God's kingdom, and become possessors of Christ. He did not press them to say so, being assured that if the new life was there, it would very soon manifest itself. Nor was he disappointed, for the following morning they greeted their visitor with beaming faces, and with tears of joy freely flowing, confessed themselves the Lords, saved by His grace, and satisfied with Himself as their Lord and Master. As the tidings spread along the valley, many wondered, and some with scornful smile predicted their

early return to the world. But in this they have been disappointed, for the two young disciples have gone forward in the ways of the Lord fearlessly confessing His Name, and manifesting Christ.

Loved reader, are you satisfied? Can you say in truth that you have found in the world, enough to satisfy your longing heart? and in that dread hour when earth and all its joys shall pass for ever from your view, and you like some lone vessel shall be drifted to the shore of the world beyond, have you any one there to welcome you, or any sure portion in the great eternity to which time wafts you on? If you have Christ, an eternal heaven awaits you, if not, the darkness and gloom of a hopeless eternity, must be your doom.

### A GREAT SIGHT.

*By Sir James Simpson.*

“**W**HEN I was a little boy at school, I saw a sight I never can forget—a man tied to a cart, and dragged before the people’s eyes through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For *many* offences? No; for one offence. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No; he who committed the offence bore

the penalty all alone. It was the penalty of a changing human law, for it was the last instance of its infliction. When I was a student at the University, I saw another sight I never can forget—a man brought out to die. His arms were pinioned, his face was already as pale as death—thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the jail in sight. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend come and loose the rope and say, “Put it round my neck, I will die instead?” No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For *many* offences? No; for one offence. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage coach. He broke the law at one point, and died for it. It was the penalty of a changing human law in this case also; it was the last instance of capital punishment being inflicted for that character of offence.

I saw another sight—it matters not when—myself a sinner, standing on the brink of ruin, deserving nought but hell. For *one* sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging laws of God. But again I looked, and saw Jesus, my Substitute, scourged in my stead, and dying on the Cross for me. I looked and I was forgiven. And it seemed to me to be my duty to tell you of that Saviour, to see if you will not also “LOOK AND LIVE.”



## THE SHELTER ON THE BASS ROCK.

**N**EARLY twenty years ago, just at the time when the Lord was working mightly in the city of Edinburgh, saving sinners, I had to travel from Scotland to London by steambot. As we passed the Bass Rock, the captain of the steamer blew his whistle, and immediately the solangeese rose from their hiding-place on the rock. The passengers crowded on the steamer's deck, and were intently gazing on the birds flying to and fro as if they were seeking a place to hide in, when, to their astonishment, the captain's voice was heard in clear melodious tones singing the well-known lines:—

“Rock of ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

When the singing ceased, the birds had all returned to their safe retreat on the Bass Rock, and the captain taking further advantage of the incident, turned to the passengers

and said, “The only place of refuge and safety for a sinner is in Christ crucified.” Then pointing across to the rock where the birds had safely returned, he said:—

“Other refuge have I none,”  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.”

I never forgot that simple but touching testimony to Christ as the sinner's



THE BASS ROCK.

only hiding-place. These fluttered birds on wing, exposed and unrested, are like the weary sinner out of Christ. But yonder, hid and covered in the clefts of the rock, they are safe. So is the sinner whose place is in Christ. Reader, are you there? Christ alone is the sinner's hiding-place.

## THE WANDERER WELCOMED; Or, "Just as I am."

**A** YOUNG woman, friendless and penniless, came to the door of a city "home" one wintry night, and begged to be admitted. She had wandered far from virtue's path, and found "the way of transgressors" to be hard indeed. The door of the "home" was opened to her, and when she told her story to the matron, sad as it was, without commendation or merit, she was welcomed there. Although grateful for its shelter, and willing enough to be restrained from returning to her sinful ways, there was no repentance towards God, or conviction of sin manifest in her.

A little band of Christian workers was in the habit of coming on the Sunday evenings to the "home," to sing and speak the Gospel of God to the inmates. Along with others, this young woman attended the meeting. The beautiful and well-known hymn beginning:

"Just as I am, without one pen,"

was given out, and sung by the circle of young Christian workers with great power and sweetness. The precious words, so full of Gospel mercy and grace, reached the heart of that young woman, and the pent up tears flowed down her cheeks. The last verse was read slowly and pathetically, and the speaker said, as he finished, that

if any one of those present desired to be received as a sinner then and there by the Lord Jesus, and saved, they might use the words, so expressive of a sinner's faith in the love of God and the sacrifice of Christ. With tears gushing down, she arose in her seat and



joined in singing the words—

"Just as I am, Thy love I own  
Has broken every barrier down;  
*Now to be Thine*, yea, Thine alone,  
O, Lamb of God, I come."

And she did come, as her changed life gave ample proof. She came to Jesus a sinner, believing that God loved her, and that Jesus died for her.

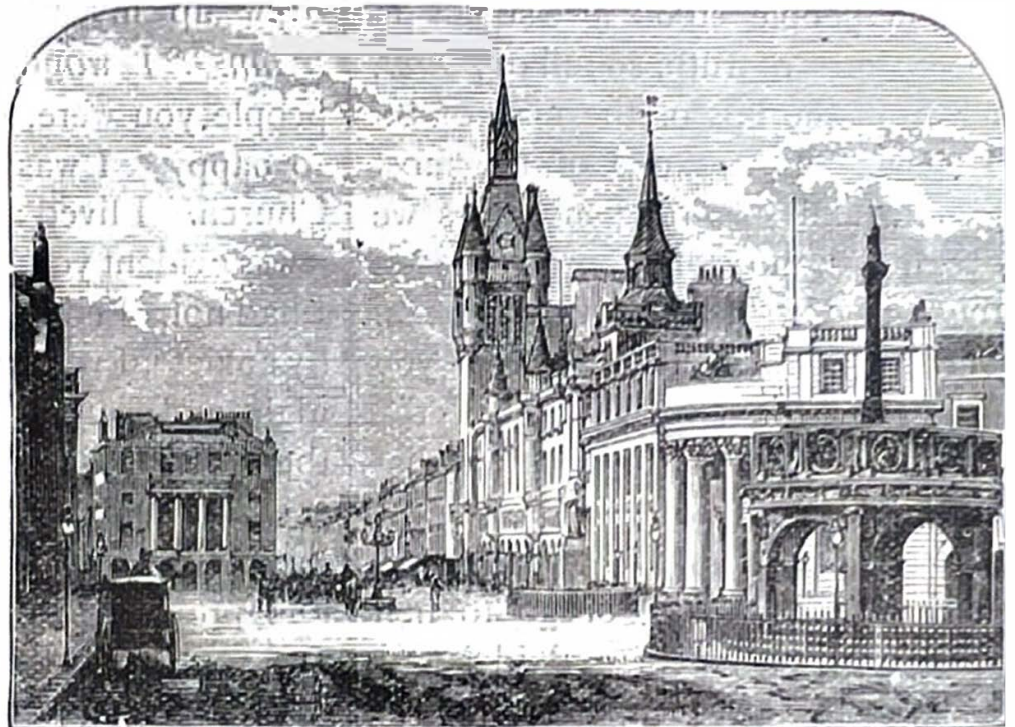
# THE BLACK MAN'S TESTIMONY; Or, GOD'S GRACE TO A HEATHEN SINNER.

**M**ANY years ago, a number of young men were in the habit of standing every Saturday at the Aberdeen Market Cross, to preach the gospel, and testify to the grace that had saved them. Many, old and young, heard and welcomed there the glad tidings of salvation. It was a lovely summer evening, and a very large crowd stood listening attentively. The

special attraction that had drawn so many together that particular evening, was the fine tall figure of a dark-skinned man—a native of St. Helena—who stood in the centre of the circle, telling the story of his conversion to God, and proclaiming, in won-

derful simplicity and power, the Gospel of the grace of God. His black face beamed with joy as he said to the crowd of eager listeners—"Dear friends, I stand here before you, a monument of the grace of God. I was born a heathen, without the knowledge of the God of love; in this I was different from most of you,

who from your early days have heard the Gospel. I was also born in sin; in this I was like you all, and all of you are like unto me. The colour of our faces differs; our hearts are exactly the same. All are God's enemies; not one loves Him, or serves Him, until born again. You send out your money, your Bibles, and your missionaries to convert the



THE MARKET CROSS, CASTLE STREET, ABERDEEN.

heathen. God converted the poor heathen sinner who stands before you now, on the high seas, apart from missionary, church, or any other instrumentality, saved me by His grace, through faith in Jesus Christ, who died for sinners, and He has sent me to this favoured land, and to you who are sending forth the

Gospel to convert the heathen, to tell you that you need to be converted yourselves, or you can never enter heaven. Please do not be angry with me, and do not forget it. You must be born again, as surely as the heathen, or you will never see God's kingdom. Your sins are as great, your responsibility is much greater than the heathen, and if you die rejecting Christ, your hell will be deeper and darker than theirs."

The people stood awe-struck as these words of truth, so full of power, fell from the lips of the man of St. Helena. It was one of the most solemn and searching messages we ever heard, and many consciences felt the force of the words so fitly spoken.

Reader, do you believe that you need to be converted as surely as the heathen? Do you ever think that you are just as unfit for heaven as he? That you must be saved in exactly the same way, or go to hell along with the slave and idolater? This is how the converted man of St. Helena put it, and he spoke the truth of God. Think solemnly, think now of his words, especially those of you who give your pence to send the Gospel to the heathen, that unless *you* yourself have been converted, you are as far from God, as unfit for heaven, and a sinner against greater light and love, than the heathen who never heard the Saviour's name.

### "TWENTY YEARS' RELIGION LOST."

SO the old lady said as she took a farewell look round the spot that had been her second birth-place.

I ventured to ask how she came to sustain such a loss, or if she had got anything instead.

So she told the story, of which the following is the sum:—

"I live quite near—so near that I could hear you singing. I sometimes drew up my window to hear the hymns. I wondered what sort of people you were, everybody seemed so happy. I was a member of the Church. I lived a religious life; yet it was evident you had something that I had not. Led half by curiosity, half by anxiety, I ventured in one Sunday night, and secured a seat near enough the door to be unobserved. The preacher spoke of 'being born again.' He said that one might be 'religious,' and 'pray,' and 'do the best he could,' and yet be outside heaven at last. I felt that was *me*, for I never had been 'born again.' The Word of God stripped me of my false religion, and I sat conscious for the first time that I was a *lost* and *ruined* sinner. Then came the Gospel—the story of the brazen serpent, and life in a look to Jesus. I looked, and I live. I thought I could not be at ease until I told you, and now the burden is off my mind." We praised the Lord together.

## THE QUESTION AT THE FOUNTAIN.

**I**T was a beautiful fountain, the gift of a philanthropist to his native town, I understand. Many drank of its refreshing waters. An aged Christian gentleman, well known and beloved as a soul winner, but whose failing strength forbade much active labour in the gospel, was in the habit of resting there, and, as opportunity was given, of speaking to those who lingered around the fountain, of another, even the fountain of the water of life.

A worldly lady came up while he rested there one day, and, after drinking her glass of water, remarked how refreshing it was. "Yes," said the aged Christian, "may I ask if you have drunk of the water of life." The lady coloured, turned away her head, and walked away without saying a word. But that question followed her; she could not get rid of it.

A year passed, and the aged Christian was at a conference in a distant city. He was asked to visit a lady, who, being sick, was unable to attend the meetings, yet greatly desired to see him.

"You do not remember me," she said, as she grasped the hand of the man of God, "but I shall never forget the question you asked me that day by the drinking fountain. You asked—'Have you drunk of the

water of life?' I knew I had not, and was very angry at being thus questioned. But that question followed me. It kept me company in worldly society, alone, by night and day. At last I was brought to Jesus, and I can now sing with truth—

'I came to Jesus, and I drank  
At that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.'

I thought I would like to tell you that your word was not in vain, that you might be encouraged to ask the same question of others, even although, like me, they give you no answer."

That question, my friend, I ask of you. Have *you* drunk of the water of life? I do not ask if you know there is such a thing, but have you drunk of it? Is it in you? Does it satisfy you? If not, then clearly you have not drunk of it, for concerning all who have, Jesus says they "shall never thirst." They need no other pleasure. They seek no other joy. They have Christ, and, having Christ, they have the fountain of life, and the source of all satisfaction and pleasure. Is He yours? Can you say in truth from your heart?—

"O Christ, He is the Fountain,  
The deep sweet Well of Love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

**A TINY WORKER.**—"We have one little girl in The Tract Distributing Band here, only ten years of age. She is a real disciple of the Lord, and delights to spread the Gospel among the people around her. She takes a district along with another sister, distributing The Gospel Messenger, and very few refuse to take it from her tiny hand. Her bright, happy face is a sermon in itself." [Praise God for the "Tiny Worker." May many such be raised up from among readers of the "Watchman." —ED.]

**A HAPPY SERVICE.**—"On the Lord's day afternoons, a few of us—all young in years—visit for an hour the Children's Hospital. We gather up all our Magazines after having read them, and take them to the sick children, and they are very glad to get them. Those of us who are well, can hardly realise how lonely those dear boys and girls are, lying on their beds from week to week, some of them suffering pain, and how thankful they are of getting something to read, and of a kind word spoken to them."

**A GOOD INVESTMENT.**—A Christian servant writes:—"I was in the habit of spending at least half-a-sovereign of my half year's wages on jewelry and trifling ornaments before my conversion, but I learned from the Word of God that these things are not the true adornments of a believer (1 Peter iii. 3, 4). I sent the sum thus used to a dear aged Christian, who has few of the comforts that I possess, and I got back such a nice letter, overflowing with thanksgiving to God." [This is a better investment, and will yield higher interest, than the "trifling ornaments." Yet, somehow, few "go in" for investing thus. Read the prospectus in Mat. x. 42. —ED.]

## QUESTIONS.

"I have a companion who says he is a Christian, but he smokes, plays cards, and says he sees no harm in going to concerts. I have tried to shew him from the Word, that the believer has been separated from the world and its ways, but he laughs at me. What do you think I should do?" ["Keep clear of him, and do not be too sure that he is a Christian. 'By their fruits ye shall know them;' not by their profession. If one says he is saved, and yet continues to run in the course of the world, refusing to listen to the Word, he must either be a backslider, or a hypocrite; in either case, clearly, he is not a fit companion for one who wants to follow and please the Lord."]

## JOTTINGS.

**GOSPEL ALMANACS.**—"A young band of tract distributors in our district have given a copy of "The Gospel Almanac" to every family in the district, with the request that "The Daily Portion" may be read by them every night, and the children may learn and repeat "The Daily Text." They are delighted to find that this is being done in a number of the families. Surely this is a great work done for God, to thus introduce the daily reading of His Holy Word.

[We are exceedingly thankful to hear of "The Daily Portion" in our little Almanac being thus introduced; we are sure that the reading of God's Holy Word, will not be without its eternal results. We are exceedingly desirous of helping on such work as our correspondent reports, and in order to encourage others to follow their example, we will very gladly supply our little "Gospel Almanac" while it lasts at half price for distribution. That is, as follows—100 copies, 2/; 250, 4/9; 500, 8/6.]

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 I have not the right kind of faith.  
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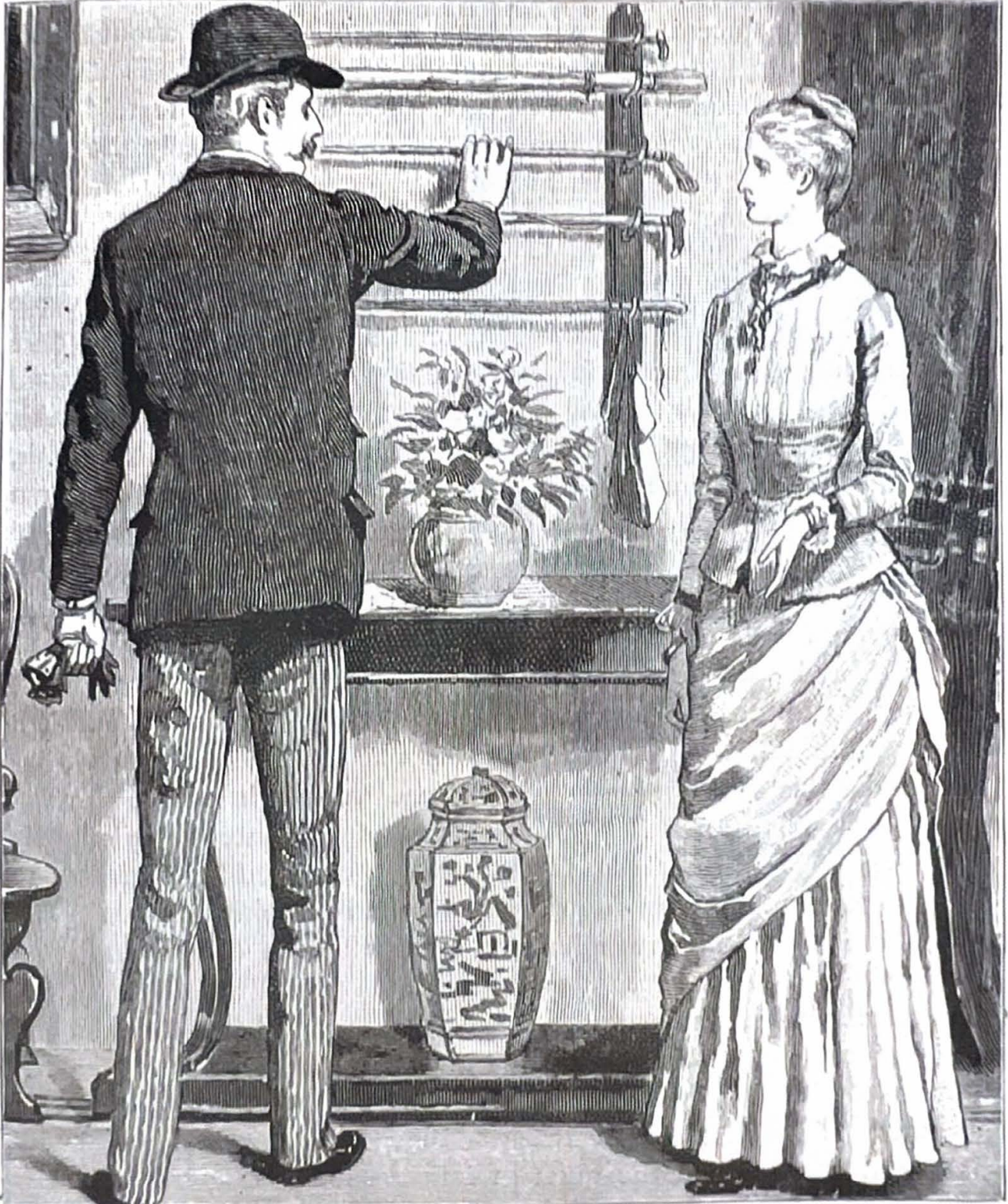


# The Young Watchman

No. 123]

MARCH, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



THE DOCTOR'S PROMISE; Or, Danger in Delay.

## THE DOCTOR'S PROMISE; Or, Danger in Delay.

"THERE is danger in delay, Henry. Time is short; eternity sure." "I will listen to you when I return, Mary. I believe you are perfectly sincere, and only wish my welfare. I don't believe one bit in the religion that I see around me. I saw quite enough among the theological students at College, to make me question if there's any reality in it. It's simply a trade with the most of them, and I have had it from themselves, that the whole thing is a farce. But I firmly believe that with *you* it is different, Mary, although you are possibly mistaken. At any rate, I want to hear what you have to say about Christ and Christianity, and promise to give you a whole evening's attention when I return. Good-bye," and with these words the young doctor took his walking stick from the stand and hurried along, leaving his sister with a tear in her eye, looking after her only brother, as he hurried along the avenue, to join a number of friends in an afternoon's golfing. He had begun practice as a doctor, only a few years, ago and his sister was his house-keeper. They had both been very fond of pleasure, and went in heart and soul for all the concerts, socials, and dances, that the quiet little town provided. Just a year

after they set up house, an old companion came to visit the doctor's sister during the summer vacation. She was a decided Christian, had been converted to God about twelve months, and her light was not hid beneath a bushel. She told Miss L—— frankly and freely the story of her conversion, how she had formerly looked upon the Christian life as "a miserable set of prohibitions," putting young people under restraint, so that they dare not enjoy life, and how God opened her eyes to see her gross mistake, and led her to Christ the Saviour, in whom she had found salvation and joy unspeakable. The Lord owned the faithful testimony of his young servant, first to the awakening, and next to the conversion of the the doctor's sister, and the manifest change was noticed and spoken of by all. The doctor himself was inclined to laugh at the sudden exodus of his sister from worldly circles, where she had been wont to move, and prophesied that when the winter season came round, and her bosom friend was far away, she would drop into her old circle, and enjoy things as she had done before. The winter came, and many were the invitations and personal entreaties sent and given to Miss L——, to join the circle of worldly

pleasure as in days of old, but without avail. She had no need of them. Her cup was full. She had Christ, and He was enough. When her brother saw that she was determined to cleave to her avowed choice, and that she evidently found satisfaction in it, he began to think there was reality in it after all. Indeed, he admitted to several of his friends, that he had no doubt his "sister was a real Christian, and had the best of it." But then he had so many around him who thought nothing of these things; in fact, who spoke sneeringly of them, that while he assented to his sister's words, and even promised to give the subject his early attention, he had no present intention of "deciding to be Christ's," as his sister constantly asked him to do. Young and healthy, almost a stranger to sorrow, his days flowed on in peace. He flourished in his profession, being very talented and skilful, and Satan lured him on, as he does thousands, by the pleasing prospect of a long life, with ample time at its close to settle the affairs of the soul. But man's bright days are as the flower of the field—beautiful to-day, to-morrow withered. He cannot tell what a day may bring forth, hence the folly of putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day. That evening the little town was startled by the news that the

doctor had dropped dead as he crossed the threshold of the door. Poor fellow, the promised evening's conversation with his sister was thus denied him, and ready or unready, he was ushered into the presence of that God, before whom *you* shall one day appear, loved reader, as surely as he. Say, are you ready to meet God? Is the great question settled between your soul and the God against whom you have sinned? Have you owned yourself a sinner, and accepted the heaven-sent Saviour? Are you trusting His precious blood that cleanseth from all sin? Do not put this all-important matter aside. Do not leave it till some favoured hour. Your last day on earth may have dawned. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

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#### THE ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

**T**HE world is ever seeking  
 For men love something new,  
 And now and then some wondrous thing  
 Is held before our view.  
 Methinks they pale and wither,  
 Like leaves in autumn time,  
 Before the glorious tidings  
 Of Gospel truth Divine.

The Gospel never changes,  
 Its joy can ne'er grow old,  
 But seems to sound more sweetly  
 The oftener it is told;  
 Is Jesus Christ your portion,  
 The Rock on which you stand?  
 Have you believed His wondrous love,  
 And proved His powerful hand.

## SALLY'S HYMN.

**V**ISITING one day in a row of cottages, I met a little girl and asked her if she went to any Sunday School. "No," she said, shaking her head, "father won't let me; he says I can go when I am big, but it's no use a little girl like me going; I wouldn't know what was said." "O yes," I said, "you would easily understand. We have lots of little girls younger than you who come every Sunday. They have learned that Jesus died for them, and some of them are saved and very happy." "Is your mother in the house?" "No, Mam," said the dear child holding down her head, "my mother's dead, and father and I live together here. He is out working all day, and comes home at six o'clock; if you come after six, you will see him." My heart was drawn toward the child, and I longed that she might hear of Jesus and His love. I called in the evening and found her father there, a rough, careless man. Still he had a fond regard for Sally, and at once consented that she should go to Sunday School the following week. Sally was there tidily dressed, and listened most attentively to what her teacher said. She got a hymn book home with her, and some nice "picture leaflets" with gospel stories.

All through the week Sally kept singing away to herself—

"Have you any room for Jesus?" and the next Lord's-day she was able to sing the whole hymn very nicely. It was a favourite with her father, and he began to hum it to himself. God used the simple words to show him that he was a sinner, without Christ and without hope. Nor was this all. When Sally came home from the school the second Lord's-day, she could say, "Jesus is mine." She had "let Him enter" into her heart, and now she was saved and happy. Her father sat in the house that night listening to Sally sing *her* hymn, as she called it, and the words—

"Soon thy heart be cold and silent,  
And the Saviour's pleadings cease,"  
laid hold upon his soul, For long he was deeply anxious; then he opened and let Jesus "enter" too. Sally and her father are now followers of the Lord, and often while all alone by the cottage fireside, do they join in singing "Sally's Hymn." Have *you* opened your heart and let Jesus in, or are you still rejecting Him? The day will come when Jesus will knock no more. "After this the judgment."

Reader, this is the Gospel; this is God's day of salvation. Have you received it?

## THE BOUNDARY BRIDGE; Or, "Half and Between."

**W**HEN we were boys at school, we often went on Saturdays to fish in a small stream, which divided two counties. It swarmed with trout, and we were sure to have a full basket if only we were allowed to fish undisturbed for a few hours. But it so happened that a farmer, whose ground lay on one side, forbade us to fish on his side of the stream, and another, whose ground lay on the opposite side, about half a mile further down, had issued a notice to the same effect. So it was no easy matter to regulate our movements, so as to observe law, especially if the fish were taking well. I remember one Saturday, a boy who did not know the laws of the stream, going out to fish there. He was going on splendidly, and had half-filled his basket, when he noticed a stern-looking man coming across the field toward the place where he stood fishing. All at once it flashed across his mind that he might be fishing on forbidden ground. But what could he do?



The boundary bridge that divided the two farms was quite near, and a happy thought struck him, that if he took his stand there, he would be on neutral ground, and thus escape the ire of the farmer, if perchance he had been fishing on forbidden ground. So winding his line, he hurried along, and had just reached the bridge, when the farmer met him. He had seen the move, and in a stern, angry voice, he said, "There's no neutral ground here, my boy. You think you're safe by standing half and between, but it wont do. We both claim the bridge, so clear off at once." The lad was glad to get off so easily; but that incident of early days has not been forgotten. The boundary bridge was not *neutral* ground; it was not a safe standing place. Nor is the half-and-between standing place of the one who is neither a decided Christian, nor an out-and-out worldling. It is the enemy's ground, and all who are found thereon, are subject to the judgment of God.

## JAMES, THE BROTHER OF JOHN.

**W**E have no particular account of the early days of this Apostle, but there can be little doubt that with his younger brother John, his early life was spent on the

after completing their education, which the Jews were very particular in giving to their children, evidently joined their father in his craft, and became fishermen. They were thus

engaged when Jesus "walked by the sea of Galilee." The two brothers had evidently met with Jesus before, as well as Andrew and Simon, who dwelt in the same place, and followed the same occupation. It is pleasant to think of these four young fishermen, all having met the Lord, and been saved by Him in their early days. Andrew and John were the first. They heard the Baptist say, "Behold the Lamb of God," and they immediately followed Jesus. This was their conversion. Then we are told that Andrew found his own brother Simon, and



FISHERMEN MENDING THEIR NETS.

quiet shores of the Lake of Galilee. His father, Zebedee, was a fisherman there, and evidently one of good standing; for we read of him having "hired servants" (Mark i. 20). The two boys, James and John,

brought him to Jesus, and it may be that the other, who was evidently John, told his brother James of the Saviour, whom he had just found. Be this as it may, they were already all the Lord's disciples, when

He called them that day to be His companions and Apostles. James was engaged with his brother at the simple task of "mending their nets," when the familiar voice of Jesus fell upon their ears; and the response was just what we might expect from two who had already known the love of Jesus, "They left their father, Zebedee, in the ship, with the hired servants, and followed Him" (Mark i. 20). This was decision and devotion worthy of such a Master. May the bright example be followed by many of those who have known the Saviour in the days of youth. Alas, not a few who profess to be His, shew no such devotion or obedience to His Word. We do not find in the sacred narrative that James was called to any very special service, but he was favoured with Peter and John to be in the inner circle of the Lord's special friendship. He saw His *power* in the house of Jairus, when He raised to life the little girl who had died. He saw His *glory* on the mount, when Jesus was transfigured before them; and he saw His agony of *sorrow* in the garden on that awful night when He was betrayed into the hands of sinners. But although the name of James does not appear in any special service for his Master, he has a place and an honour all his own. "Herod, the king, stretched

forth his hand to vex certain of the church; and he killed James the brother of John with the sword" (Acts xii. 2, 3). James was the first of the twelve to seal his testimony with his blood. He was the first of the circle to enter paradise, to the immediate presence of his Lord. The sword of Herod Agrippa, the cruel king, could only remove him from his place of service here on earth; it could not touch that life which was hid with Christ in God. And thus James was made to drink of his Master's cup, as he had been told (Matt. xxi. 23). His day of service *for* the Lord was shorter than any of the others, but then he had the gain of being the first to be *with* Him. And there have been others like him, saved in early life, whose day of service has been short. They have gone in to dwell in the presence of the Lord and Master. But whether to be *for* Him here, or *with* Him there, one thing is certain, my dear young reader, and it is this, that to be possessed of Christ as Saviour, and to own and follow Him as Lord, is the best and the happiest life. Tell me then is it yours? Have you responded to the call as the young fishermen of Galilee did that day? Can you say in very truth—Jesus is mine, and I am His? If so, He will increase and bless your labours *for* and *in* His Name.

## HOWARD JOHNSTON, The English Evangelist.

**H**OWARD JOHNSTON was born at Clapham, the second son of earnest Christian parents. From his earliest childhood he had been accustomed to hear of a Saviour's love, and from his godly mother especially, to receive such counsel as he never forgot. It appears that young Howard had not only the unspeakable blessing of a Christian mother, but, like Timothy, his grandmother also was a woman of faith. During his visits to his grandmother at Carshalton, where she resided, he had many happy times. When a boy of five, he mounted the large dining-table and preached, the old lady being his only hearer. But as Howard grew up, these early impressions died away, and as every unregenerated one *must* do, he became worldly, and fond of sinful things. The natural heart cannot rise to find its joy in heavenly things, and so it goes to seek them in the world, in some of its spheres. Nothing short of Christ can give satisfaction and rest. Under the faithful ministry of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who was then preaching

in New Park Street, Howard Johnston was awakened to see himself a lost and hell-deserving sinner, and to feel the burden of his sins lie heavy on his conscience. The awakened youth walked through the busy streets of London, weary, burdened, and sighing for rest. He knew his ruin, but he had not yet known the divine remedy. He saw

his sins, but not the sin-bearer. Alone in the great city, in the midst of its turmoil, its sins and pleasures, he wandered on, until he stood on Westminster Bridge, looking down on the deep, dark waters of the Thames, as they flowed beneath. Standing there sad and weary, a sentence from the Book of God, probably one that he had heard



HOWARD JOHNSTON.

and repeated often in years gone by, came suddenly into his mind. It was that last grand word that fell from the lips of the dying Christ on Calvary, "It is finished." That word was used to be the bearer of life, light, and liberty to his soul. He saw clearly that if Christ had "finished" the work of redemption, there remained nothing for him to



do—nothing, absolutely nothing, The work was finished, perfected, complete. He had only to rest there, only to believe, only to receive what Christ had purchased, and standing on the old bridge at Westminster with surging crowds of careless men around, in the heart of the busiest city of the world, he was born again, converted, everlastingly saved. His first impulse was to write and tell his mother the good news, which we may be sure she received with a grateful heart. Howard was now the Lord's, and he began to search His Word for food and guidance, and to go forth in wayside service for his new Master. Tract distribution, house-to-house visitation, and preaching the Gospel in a quiet way, filled up his spare hours—grand employment for all our Christian youths and young men. He was only a solicitor's clerk, with a very small salary, barely sufficient to meet his expenses, so that his lodgings were not of the grandest kind, but a Christian near, made the considerate offer of the use of a room in his house for reading and quiet meditation, which Howard gratefully accepted. After a season of happy service in London, Howard removed to Athy, in Co. Kildare, Ireland, where he found Christian fellowship in worship and service. Although the difficulties in a Roman

Catholic centre were much greater than what he had been accustomed to in London, he set himself to work in earnest, and we find him recording visits to Irish cabins, distributing tracts among soldiers at the Curragh Camp, and teaching a class in a Sunday School. Thus going on serving the Lord as he had opportunity, he became deeply exercised about giving himself more fully to the work of preaching the Gospel, and after many struggles and long waiting upon God, the way was marvellously opened for him to fulfil his desire. It would exceed the limits of this brief sketch to follow him in his abundant labours through England, Scotland, and Ireland. On the 2nd of January, 1870, he spoke in the Iron Room, Upper Clapton, from the figures "1870," and again in the evening from the two sentences, "It is finished" (John xix. 30), "It is done" (Rev. xxii. 6), and this was his last public message. His course was run, his day of service finished, his warfare accomplished. That day fortnight, a coffin stood on the same platform, surrounded by a weeping throng, containing the lifeless clay of beloved Howard Johnston. He was with Christ, which is far better. May his early conversion, his devoted life, his clear testimony, and his sudden call, be a message from the Lord to you.

.....  
 Simple Talks with Young Believers.  
 .....

HOLDING ON.

**S**OME of you have asked me to speak to you on "The Believer's Security." I understand that several of you are troubled about the meaning of certain texts in the Bible, which seem to imply that a child of God may fall away and perish, and I hear that somebody has been circulating books among you, with the view of leading you into the theory that you may fall away from Christ and be lost. So after all your singing of "Jesus is Mine," and "Heaven is my Home," if this be correct, you may never see it. Now, there is no need to be *afraid* to examine any part of God's Word, if the Bible teaches that a Christian—that is, a born-again child of God, a member of the body of Christ, a temple of the Holy Spirit—may yet be in hell, then the sooner we get to know of it the better. There is one very simple suggestion I would make, which has been a very great help to me on this and other subjects, that is, that *God never contradicts Himself*. There may be certain portions that *seem* to contradict each other, but you may rest assured that they do *not*. You may fail to understand

them, or be unable to harmonize their teaching; but the God of truth can never write one thing in a certain part of His Word, and then write something exactly the opposite in another part. Now, it must be clear to you all, that there are certain texts which definitely teach that a believer in Christ is eternally saved. Let us have a look at a few of them. Take for example the familiar sixteenth verse of the third of John. What does it say? "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, *should not perish*." Then again Jesus says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall *never perish*; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 28). That goes a bit further. "*Never perish*" means, at no future period, so that it is impossible that any one of Christ's true sheep can fall away and go to hell. Then we have the positive statement of John v. 24, "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment" (R. V.). Surely this is a sufficient guarantee. If no judgment, clearly there can be no condemnation. Here let us pause for a moment and meditate. Are these words of God true of us? Yes, of every one who believes in Christ.

## AN ACROSTIC.

**T**ime bears us silently, but surely on,  
**H**ours, days, weeks, months, and years,  
 how swiftly gone !  
**E**ternity with all it will unroll,  
**Y**et more its claims would press upon the  
 soul.  
**O**ur life hangs on a frail and slender  
 thread,  
**U**nknown the hour that lays us with the  
 dead ;  
**N**ow is the favoured moment when we  
 may  
**G**ain everlasting life ; then why delay  
**W**hen for acceptance, pardon and renown  
**A**wait the touch of faith ? A royal crown  
**T**oo, glitters in the distance—joys untold ;  
**C**elestial bliss that never will grow old.  
**H**ow canst thou, sinner, still indifferent be ?  
**M**ercy in silvery tones is calling thee,  
**A**cept God's gift of life, and then no fears  
**N**eed cloud thy soul through future days  
 and years.

A. W. P. S.

## Gospel Work for Young Lads.

"A BAND of young lads, all converted, did some happy pioneering Gospel work last spring and summer in the villages around. They rode out on their bicycles on their weekly half-holiday, visited the houses with tracts, invited the people to come to their open-air meeting in the evening, had tea together in the village—which an aged Christian woman was delighted to provide for them—and after a little prayer, went out together to the street to sing and speak the glorious Gospel message, riding home together after." [This is a healthy and happy service. Many of our Christian young men and lads would find it for the health of both soul and body to spend their half-holidays in a similar manner.]

## Illustrative Gospel Incidents.

IN the hope that it may teach our young Christian readers to turn the passing events of daily life into the current of spiritual things, and enable them to make plain, and apply the grand truths of the Gospel by means of illustrations and incidents gathered from their own observation and experience, we invite them to send us true and authentic incidents, narratives, and illustrations of a distinctly Gospel character. In order to ensure originality, brevity, and pointedness, we give the following hints. The incidents must be only such as the writers *know* to be true. They must not exceed three hundred words. No names of persons are to be mentioned, but places may ; and each paper must be accompanied by the name, age, and full address of the writer. The *best* incidents will appear in "The Young Watchman," and their writers will each receive a small token of appreciation in the shape of a neatly-bound Pocket Bible. All communications to be addressed — "Gospel Incidents," *The Young Watchman* Office, Kilmarnock.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BELLA R— asks, "Are parents allowed to help or suggest anything in connection with the Prizes of the Bible-searching Text Book?" No ; the whole from first to last must be the unaided work of the one who sends the Text Book in. Otherwise it would be impossible to decide to whom the Prizes should be given.

Annie B—, Canada, asks, "Will teachers send in their Text Books, or senior searchers, such as those in Bible Classes?" Certainly ; any one who has a Gospel Almanac may fill in the texts. There is a Special Prize for this, and we will give a *Special* Prize for the teacher who sends the *best* Text Book.

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# The Young Watchman

No. 124]

APRIL, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



THE INDIAN CHIEF'S REVENGE.

## THE INDIAN CHIEF'S REVENGE ;

Or, THE LONG-LOST CAPTIVE SET FREE.

**N**EAR the Indian frontier, a white man lived peacefully with his two daughters. The younger a fair-haired child of five, was her father's joy and pride. Their mother died when she was an infant, and the elder sister had nursed her with unceasing care.

There lived across the frontier, a warlike tribe of Indians, headed by a powerful chief, who bore the name of "Trailing Serpent." The white settler had incurred the hatred of this chief, and he conceived a fiendish plan of revenge. "Trailing Serpent" watched his opportunity. One day he saw the white man's little girl playing herself in the grounds around her father's house, and skilfully enticing her to follow him a little way, he seized the child and carried her off. Away far over the prairies, "Trailing Serpent" carried his prize, far from her happy childhood's home, and those who loved her dearer than life.

When the white man missed his child, he was frantic with grief. His hair became quickly white, his manly form bowed with the weight of his sorrow, yet his heart was set on the recovery of his lost child. For fourteen long years, he sought in vain. At last a trapper from the far west, brought him the news, that his daugh-

ter lived in the midst of a tribe of Indians many miles away, that she wore their dress, and was in every way as one of themselves. The father started off with a heavy ransom in his hand, hoping to redeem his long-lost loved one. After many a weary mile, he reached the Indian town, and had an audience of "Trailing Serpent" with the braves of the tribe.

The chief eyed the offered gold, yet he was unwilling to deliver up his prey. At last he proposed a compromise. "The girl," said he, "is an Indian in heart and life, she loves her people; she is ours, body and soul. She will refuse to leave us, or to go with you. However, you shall have her for a month. If in that time you can win her back, the gold will be mine. If she wishes to return, you shall let her go, but the gold shall still be mine" said the chief with a malicious grin. The father willingly agreed to this proposal, and his daughter was brought forth. But O, how changed! An Indian in dress and in heart, she did not recognise in the one who had purchased her, her own father. Nay more, she looked upon him with hatred and scorn, as one who was forcing her from her people, and her home. She would not listen to his story, she would not believe his love.

This was the bitterest pang of all, and it wrung that father's heart with anguish. As they neared the home of her childhood, his elder daughter who had come out to meet them, and who had tried in vain to win her sister's heart, began to sing a well-known hymn, that she had often sung to her when a babe, in the happy days long gone by. Over and again had she rocked her to sleep in her cradle, with the strain of that lovely hymn. The first verse passed unheeded, but as the sweet voice of the singer continued, the eyes of the lost one fixed themselves upon her, and a strange light began to spread itself over her countenance. "Go on" whispered the father, to his elder daughter, as he saw the wonderful effect of that love-song of childhood's days; and thus hymn after hymn rose on the evening air. When the singing ceased, the girl heaved a heavy sigh, as if some great deliverance had been wrought within. With her eyes fixed, first on the singer, and then on the man who led her by the hand, she burst into a flood of tears, cried out, "My father," and sprang into the outstretched arms that soon enfolded her, and clasped her to his bosom. There was great joy there that night—the joy of the father who had found his lost one, the joy of the lost one who had been welcomed home, and the rejoicing

of friends and servants who gathered to share the common joy—faint picture of what takes place when a lost and captive sinner, is released from Satan's chains, and believing the love of God, is brought unto the children's place, redeemed, regenerated, and reconciled. Reader, has there been such joy in heaven over you

When the month had expired, "Trailing Serpent" sent his messengers to bring back his captive, but to their astonishment, they found her clothed in English dress, sitting by her father's side, holding his hand. In answer to their demand she replied. "I am my father's child; he sought and found me, redeemed me and brought me back, and I will remain with him for ever."

This touching tale illustrates the truth of a worse captivity, and a greater redemption. Another "Trailing Serpent" has carried away his captive. "That old serpent, the devil," who entered Eden long ago, has carried far from God and heaven, into the captivity of sin, *your* soul my reader. But the God of heaven has set His heart upon you. He has paid a mighty ransom for your deliverance, even the precious blood of Jesus Christ His Son. The Holy Spirit brings the wondrous tidings of that love and redemption, to your heart this day. Say, have you given it welcome?

# THE SHELTERED BIRD;

OR, "THE SURE REFUGE."

**ONE** fine summer morning many years ago, a gentleman stood dressing opposite an open window.



Looking out, he observed a little bird being pursued by a cruel hawk. He stood anxiously watching the little creature, wondering whether it would escape from its fierce and powerful foe. Nearer and nearer it flew to the open



window, opposite which Mr. Wesley stood, and at last, fluttering and panting, it flew right through it, and rested exhausted on his bosom. The hawk pursued the little bird no further. It had found a refuge and resting-place on the bosom of a friend, and there it was safe from its pursuer. The incident produced a deep impression on Mr. Wesley's mind, and a few hours afterwards, he took up his pen and wrote the favourite hymn:—

Jesus! lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is nigh,  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none:  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

All my hope on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head,  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

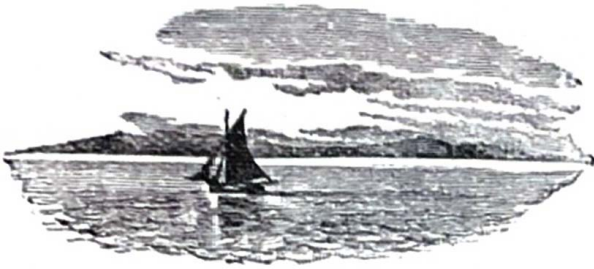
Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
Grace to pardon all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Now and to eternity!

Reader, have you fled for refuge to Christ the Refuge? Are you safe and sheltered in His bosom, or exposed to the power of Satan the adversary. There is no middle place. You are either exposed to death and judgment, liable to be cut down at any moment, and hurried into Eternity, or safe in the bosom of the Lord. Which? If you have not yet fled for refuge to Jesus, will you do so now? No bosom ever opened to a frightened bird pursued by an enemy, so willing as His, will open to you. Yea, it is open already. He stands, waiting, pleading, asking you to come. Others said of Him, "This man receiveth sinners" (Luke xv. 1), and He Himself says, "And him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). "Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 28).



## AN ARROW SHOT AT A VENTURE.

"**T**HERE'S a young man here to-night anxious about his soul. The devil is whispering to him, 'There's plenty of time yet;' but I tell that young man in the



name of the Lord God, that there is not a moment to spare. He is here to-night in life, within reach of salvation, not far from the kingdom; but if he put it away from him *once* more, his doom will be sealed; he will wake up in a lost eternity." These words rang like a trumpet blast through the great building, where a crowd of young men were gathered to hear the Gospel of God preached by a faithful ambassador of Christ. It was a day of the Lord's right hand, and many were pressing into the kingdom. Young men were coming out boldly on the Lord's side, and many others were anxious. Among the latter was a young engineer, who had come up to town to learn his trade. One or two of his shopmates had been converted, and he was thoroughly aroused. But then the world and its pleasures were in the other scale,

and the consideration of losing these caused him to halt. He went to the meeting that night, and just as he had taken his seat, the piercing words of the preacher as quoted rang through in his ear. He was brought to a crisis; he must either accept or reject Christ. The words were intended for *him*, he had no doubt, although the preacher knew nothing whatever of his state. Sitting on his seat, he bowed his head, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and confessed at the close that he was on the Lord's side. The following day two of his old companions were out in a sailing boat, which was capsized and both were drowned. *He* would have been there, had he not decided for Christ the previous night. When he heard of his companions being drowned, he wept, and remembered the preacher's words of the previous night. His was a remarkable deliverance. He began to testify for Christ, and soon after went to a distant land. There in the open air, in parks, in barns, theatres, halls, or wherever sinners could be reached, he preached to them the unsearchable riches of Christ, and many were gathered into the kingdom of God.

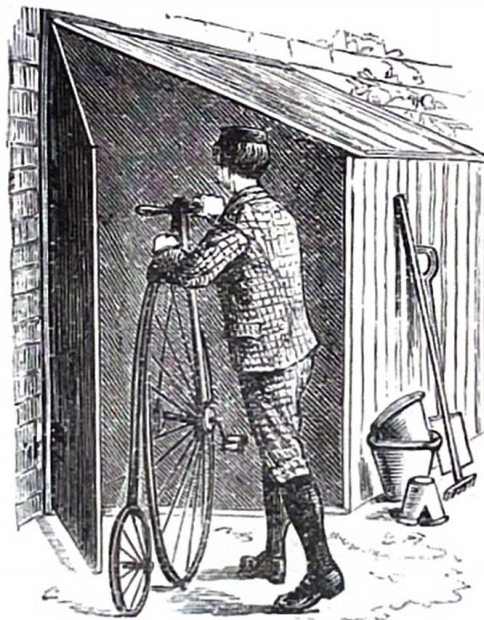
Dear reader, if you are yet unconverted, flee to Jesus and accept Him as this young man did.

## THE CYCLIST AND THE TEXT.

**H**E was determined not to hear the Gospel, so he went off on his bicycle on the Saturdays to escape the preaching on the Lord's-day. But God followed him there. As he rode along a country road, his attention was arrested by a slip of green paper posted on a gate-post by the wayside, so he dismounted and drew near to read it. Imagine his surprise when his eyes fell upon the words, "*Prepare to meet thy God,*" printed in bold letters. He stood speechless. God had sent that message to meet him there, and he could proceed no further. He sat down by the wayside convicted, and no longer fighting God. The hour had come when he must decide to be Christ's, or to go in fully for sin and the world. He weighed the matter well, looked at the issues for time and eternity, and said, "It will be Christ for me." He mounted his cycle and returned home. As soon as he had it put in, he went to the Gospel meeting, and taking his stand among the people of God, told what the Lord had done for his soul. His was a genuine con-

version. He gave up racing, and such companionships as he had aforesometimes in the "club," but he uses his "cycle" in the service of his Lord, going from village to village preaching the glad tidings, and seeking to win sinners to the Saviour.

Reader, have *you* been converted? Are *you* ready to meet God? One day you must, ready or not.



Where will you spend eternity? If you have not been converted to God, you cannot, and will not, go to heaven. "Ye must be born again." That new birth will take place when you receive Christ as your own and only Saviour. Say, will you do so now?

### RELIGION IS NOT CHRIST.

"I HAD religion for ten years before I had Christ," was the testimony given by a Christian man, telling the story of his conversion. "My name was on the church register all that time, before it was in the Book of Life" Wasn't that wonderful? Yet rather too common. Yes, reader, for religion is not Christ. Nor church-membership conversion.

## CURLY THE CRIPPLE ;

OR, "JESUS DIED FOR BAD BOYS LIKE ME."

CURLY lay in a long ward of the hospital. He was lame on one foot before, and while crossing the road on his stilt, a brewer's dray came rumbling round the corner, and before Curly could cross, he

awoke with pain, she sought to wile away the time by reading stories to him of a Gospel character. Curly was much interested to hear of sinful boys like himself being converted by believing on the Lord Jesus.

He had never heard of such things before. The kind nurse sought to reach his conscience by telling him of his sin, and how God must punish it. This greatly disturbed the suffering lad, for he knew that he was a sinner in the sight of God. "Dae ye think He'll send me to hell, nurse?" Curly anxiously asked, after a long conversation. "He does not want to send you there, Curly, I'm sure. He loves *you* very much, but hates your sins, and in order to get these sins away from you, He gave His own Son to die



"I'M SO GLAD YOU TOLD ME."

was run down. His other foot was so badly crushed, that it had to be taken off, and the doctors feared that Curly would die. One of the nurses who had the care of Curly, was a Christian, and during the lone hours of the night, when the poor boy lay

for you on the Cross. If you just believe in Him, He will save you from your sins, and make you so clean and pure in His sight, that you will be a fit dweller in His holy heaven." "But did Jesus die for bad boys like me, nurse?" asked


the awakened lad. "Yes, Curly, He died for *sinners*, and that's what you are, isn't it?" "Aye, I'm mair than that, if ye kent it a'," said Curly, shaking his head at the memory of his sinful course. "God knows all about it," said the nurse tenderly; "and He says that it was just for such as you that Jesus died, and though your sins are many, yet the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses those who believe on Him from *all sin*. These are His own words, and I am sure they are true." The light of the glorious Gospel shone into Curly's heart, and he was filled with peace. But his bodily strength gradually sank, and it was evident he was soon to be taken away. The Christian nurse kept as much as possible by him, and sought to speak words of cheer and comfort to him. His last night on earth was one of great suffering, but he was wonderfully happy amid it all. A few minutes before the end came, he raised his hand as if he wanted the nurse to come near to him. She knelt by his bedside, and put her ear close to his lips. Mustering his strength, he whispered in broken accents, "I'm so glad you told me of the love of God, and that Jesus died for bad boys like me." These were Curly's last words, and soon after he passed away. His confession has the two grand

marks of a genuine conversion. He owned his sin, and he trusted the death of Christ alone to atone for his sins. Reader, do you?

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"I CANNA LEAVE YOU."

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 POOR but pious Scottish crofter went out to bring home his cow one wintry night, when he found a poor lad lying half-frozen in the snow. He lifted him up, carried him in, and nursed him as his own child. The wanderer was an orphan, and had no home. The aged crofter had barely enough to supply his own wants, and feared he would be unable to support him. "But I canna leave you, you saved my life, I'll work for you for naething," said the lad as the tears gushed down his cheeks. And he *did* remain with the aged crofter, and work for him for love's sake, for many a year. Thus it is with the sinner who has been saved by Christ, whose love has won his heart. Have you been brought from the far-off land, where the sinner's life is spent in sin, back to God? Has sin and Satan lost their hold upon you? Can you say in very truth this day—God has loved *me*, and redeemed *me* by the blood of His Son, and now I am His, and by Him I will abide, and with Him I shall dwell for ever? This is a mark of true conversion.

## CHARLIE, THE COLLIER BOY.

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**I**N a coal pit, a little boy worked by his father's side. That father was a Christian man, and from Charlie's earliest days, he had been taught to read the Word of God, and to know the Gospel's joyful sound. And Charlie did not hear or read in vain. At the Sunday school about the age of twelve, he received the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour and was converted. Then he loved his Bible better, and read it oftener, for he knew it to be his Father's Word, given to guide him in all his ways down here.

Charlie and his father were at work one day in the pit. They had gone that day to work in a newly-opened section with which they were unacquainted. Just as Charlie's father stepped aside to lift a tool, a part of the roof gave way, and Charlie was crushed beneath it. The father ran for help to remove the heavy block from off his boy, and when he returned, he called "Charlie are you living?" "Yes father, but my legs are crushed beneath a stone." "Is your lamp still burning?" asked the father. "Yes father, and I am reading my Testament by its light," the dear boy replied. These were the last words he was heard to utter. Many willing hands worked hard to remove the heavy block of stone,

under which poor Charlie lay, but when they reached him, he was cold and dead. His ransomed spirit had gone to be with Jesus. Crushed and broken, he loved the words of Jesus, and the reason was, he knew and loved the Lord Himself. Dear children, do you know Jesus as your Saviour, and love His Word as your daily guide?

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## PEACE LIKE A RIVER.

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**A** YOUNG soldier who had been shot in an encounter with a hostile tribe of Maoris, lay dying in the distant bush of New Zealand, far from home and friends. The wound was in his mouth, and in consequence he was unable to speak. When one drew near to whisper words of Gospel in his ear, he smiled, and beckoning to hand him a slate, he wrote the words, "*Peace, peace, flows like a river,*" and thus peaceful and happy, he passed into eternity. Do you ask what gave that young soldier peace like a river, as he lay dying on that blood-stained field? I can tell you. It was the knowledge that Christ had saved him; that the precious blood had cleansed him from his sins, and that he was ready to meet God and enter eternity.

Reader, have you peace like a river? Can you look up to God's throne and say you are at peace?

.....  
 Simple Talks with Young Believers.  
 .....

### ETERNAL SECURITY IN CHRIST.

**W**E were speaking together the other evening about the eternal security of all who believe on the Lord Jesus. There are few truths more clearly taught in God's Word than this, yet strange to say, some think and teach, that a truly converted one may fall away from Christ and finally perish. There are certain Scriptures sometimes made to teach this, but I think if we examine them with a little care, we will find that they do not teach anything of the kind. Paul's words in 1 Cor. ix. 27, "Lest I myself should be a castaway" are by some understood to mean, that after all, Paul might be cast away from Christ, lose heaven, and perish in hell. I do not believe that Paul ever feared such an end. On the contrary he says "We are *always* confident" (2 Cor. v. 6), He was "persuaded" that *nothing*, neither "Things present, nor things to come," could separate him from the love of Christ (Rom. viii. 35, R.V). This does not look like one afraid of perishing. What then does he mean by being a castaway, or as the word means simply "disapproved," or "rejected" (see R. v.) as to his *reward*.

The subject on which he is writing

is the Christian's warfare and race for a crown. If he run well, he will gain the prize, if not, he will lose it. There is no thought of salvation, or eternal life in the passage at all. Life itself is a gift (Rom. vi. 23); he got that without effort of any kind; but the "crown of life" (Rev. ii. 10), is the reward of faithfulness, and may be lost, (Rev. iii. 2). So you see the "castaway" is a man who loses his reward, but not his life. There is another verse John xv. 6, often used for the same purpose. But it is well to remember, that the subject there is *fruit-bearing*, and not salvation. Many who are eternally saved, are poor fruit bearers, and some who *once* bore fruit, become "barren and unfruitful," (2 Pet. i. 8), simply because they do not *abide* as branches in the vine. Then as "branches" they are cast forth. Not as children of God, or members of the body of Christ, but so far as manifest fruit-bearing goes. The illustration of a branch teaches no other kind of union. They are cast forth. This is truly very sad and solemn, and should remind us of the constant need of cleaving to Christ, but it does not teach that any true believer will ever perish. No doubt there are those who *profess* who never *possess* Christ, and sooner or later these will fall away. This class are referred to in Luke viii. 13, and Hebrews vi. 4-8.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER AND PRAISE.—Pray for an only son, a child of many prayers, yet unconverted. For a brother in a large ungodly city, unsaved. Thank God for a loved one converted lately, through a fireside talk on the Gospel. For blessing on *The Young Watchman* in a workhouse.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

“Is there anything in the Bible to forbid a Christian nursery-maid from going to a worldly concert with the children who are under her care?” A worldly concert is not the place for “a *Christian* nursery-maid,” and if she makes it a matter of prayer to God, and then “requests” her master or mistress, as Daniel and his fellows did the prince in the court of Babylon, that she may not be asked to go where her conscience, guided by God’s Word, forbids her, it is wonderful what deliverance God can work. But if it be the will of God to test a Christian nursery maid’s faith further, then clearly her responsibility is to obey God *first*; and rather than go where He forbids, it were better to firmly but respectfully decline. In *very* few cases will this be necessary, we think.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

“YOUNG BELIEVER.”—The best way to overcome fear and nervousness in speaking a word for the Master is to keep at it. You do not need to begin in public halls or market places. Get hold of a kitchen and invite the neighbours in, or go to some quiet corner and begin.

“LILY A.”—You can sew a text with wool or silk, and then frame it. This might be allowed where a printed text would not. *We* supply the perforated texts *stamped* and ready for sewing.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION AT RACES.—No doubt thousands can be reached at such gatherings, to whom we have no access at ordinary times, and we rejoice to hear of young men going forth with the words of life and warning to scatter amongst such. Let your message be short and sharp. Race-goers don’t read long articles or theological treatises. Better not go into the race-course or too near. By standing where the people pass, you can reach them just as well.

### A BRIGHT TESTIMONY MEETING.

The best open-air meeting I ever saw, was one conducted by about a dozen Christian lads, from fifteen to eighteen years of age. They stood in a circle at the Market Cross, and sang a *good* Gospel hymn, their clear voices blending in sweet harmony. After it was finished, one stood out and told *very* simply and briefly the story of his conversion, emphasising the text used by God to give him assurance of salvation. He spoke for four or five minutes, and was immediately followed by another. Then a third spoke, in the same strain, but if anything, shorter, and after another hymn, an older one preached the Gospel clearly and pointedly. The crowd was immense. Perfect order prevailed, and there was such *power* with the Word simply spoken, that scarce a person moved throughout. A testimony like that, *could* not be in vain. Its results will be seen in eternity. I said to myself as I walked away, “Would to God that thousands of our Christian lads were led on to such work. There would be no lack of gospellers at home, or of missionaries for the foreign field, if they began like that circle of happy youths.” [Summer days are near at hand. Let “the lads” set about it, and begin at once.—ED.]

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## ONE-PAGE TRACTS AND HANDBILLS.

Bold arresting words, short and pointed appeals and invitations. The back of each tract is blank, so that intimations of meetings may be stamped or printed thereon. All printed on tinted papers, assorted colours.

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All printed on tinted papers, and suitable for broadcast distribution among all classes.

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**Gospel Rays.**—Neat Illustrated Leaflets, distinctly Gospel, chiefly narratives, suitable for old and young. 24 kinds. *6 assorted packets.*

*3d per 100; 2/6 per 1000, post free; singly, or in assorted packets.*

All Post Free at above Prices. Large Quantities for Distribution at a Reduction. Specimens, with Full Catalogues Post Free to any Christian Worker's Address in the world on application. All Communications and Orders to—**JOHN RITCHIE, "The Young Watchman" Office, Kilmarnock.**

## FOUR-PAGE GOSPEL LEAFLETS.

All distinctly Gospel. Suitable for Wayside Distribution everywhere, and among all classes.

**Common Excuses.**—Plain and Pointed Gospel Messages, dealing with the Excuses of Worldlings and Religious People. Printed on fine Toned Paper, in Coloured Inks. Back page blank for announcing meetings. 16 kinds. *4 assorted packets.*

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**Danger Signals.**—To Warn Sinners, and Guide Wanderers to the Cross. 16 kinds. *4 ass. packets.*

**Leaflets for Special Purposes.**—Specially prepared for distributing at Races, Games, Matches, Public Houses, Theatres, Concerts, Balls, &c. They contain Warning Incidents, and True Narratives with Pointed Messages suited to all these occasions. 24 kinds. *Singly or in assorted packets.*

**Narratives of Conversion.**—Telling how Spurgeon, Luther, Wesley and other well-known persons were converted. 16 kinds. *4 assorted packets.*

*4d per 100; 3/ per 1000. 12 ass. packets, 3/6.*

**Testimony Leaflets.**—Testifying to the Saving Power of the Gospel. Suitable for all Classes. 16 kinds. *4 assorted packets.*

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Very suitable for House-to-House Visitation Distribution at Open-Air and Tent Meetings, Special Services, and at Sea-side.

**Echoes of Mercy.**—Neat Four-page Leaflets, printed in Bright Inks. Clear Gospel Narratives. 16 kinds. *4 assorted packets.*

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**Heralds of Grace.**—Striking Narratives of God's Grace. On Tinted Paper. Picture on front page. 16 kinds. *4 ass. packets. 8d per 100; 5/6 per 1000.*

**Gospel Tidings.**—The well-known Illustrated Gospel Messages, of which over *two millions* have been circulated. Large Picture on front page. Several Gospel Narratives in each. Suitable for Lending, Visiting, and Stated Distribution. 80 kinds. *20 assorted packets of 50, 6d each. 12 packets, 5/. Singly, or assorted, 7/6 per 1000.*



# The Young Watchman

No. 125]

MAY, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



IN THE GARDEN BY THE SOLWAY.

## IN THE GARDEN BY THE SOLWAY ; Or, EXAMINING THE WITNESSES.

SEVERAL years ago we were spending our holidays in a small seaport on the Solway Firth, and seeking to make known the Gospel as we had opportunity. It was truly delightful to stand by these quiet waters, and tell the wondrous story of a Saviour's love, to the simple and reverent listeners who gathered evening after evening in their working garb, to hear the word of life. During one of our earliest meetings, we observed two young ladies, in front of a cottage close by the shore, listening most attentively, yet apparently unwilling to come outside the garden gate, and join the gathered company on the shore. Evening after evening, these two stood side by side. Sometimes one had a watering pan in her hand, as if they had been engaged watering the flowers in the garden, but from the time the Gospel meeting began, until its close, they always listened most attentively to the message. It was evident that the Word of God was taking a hold on them, and we longed for the opportunity to press the matter of their personal salvation home to them. The people of the village were very polite and courteous, but they had decided objection to be dealt with personally, or asked if they were saved. We felt it was wise to go

on preaching the Word, and leaving results with God, assured that His Word would not fall to the ground, and in this we were not disappointed. We had just closed our evening meeting, and were quietly walking along the pebbly beach, when we saw our two young listeners coming along the shore, walking arm in arm in close conversation. They stopped as they came opposite us, and one politely said, "We would be glad if you would help us out of a difficulty we are in, regarding the things you have been speaking of these last few evenings on the shore. We have listened with much interest to what you have said, but we cannot understand how any one can be sure of salvation in this life. We have been taught that we have to 'work out our own salvation with fear and trembling,' and leave the results to be made known on the judgment day. You say that we may know *now*, and we think you mentioned, that you yourselves had the assurance of salvation. We are most anxious to know which is the right way." My fellow-labourer and I were delighted to have the opportunity of clearing the mists of false teaching away from these two awakened and interested souls. So we began at once in the simplest way possible, to shew from the Word of

God, that salvation is not by works of ours, but by believing in what Christ has done for us, and that the knowledge of this salvation is to be obtained now, by believing God's Word, and not on a coming judgment day, and that the words, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," were not addressed to unconverted sinners, but to saints at Philippi, (see Phil. 1. 2), who were already in possession of salvation by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, (Acts xvi. 30-31). We tried to shew that it was no question of what *we* thought, but what God had *said* in His Word, and that nothing save that Word could be relied on as sure and safe authority in things eternal. Taking a handful of the loose sand which lay at our feet, my companion asked "How would that do for a foundation to build on, think you?" The girls shook their heads, and answered "It would be useless." "So are man's works, and man's opinions, but the Word of God is like the solid rock, immovable and sure." We parted at the end of the road, commending them to examine the witnesses of God's Word, and satisfy themselves that these things were so. The following evening as we took our stand on the beach, we saw our two young friends coming along the walk in front of the cottage, where they had stood on previous evenings

listening, but instead of halting at their usual place, they came right along to where we stood, and joined heartily in the singing of the opening hymn. It was unnecessary to ask, for the changed look on their faces, and the joyful ring of their voices told the great deliverance had come. At the close, they warmly shook hands, and with beaming faces said, "We are on the Rock now, and can say that Jesus has saved us, bless His Name. We stood in the garden late last night examining all the witnesses you gave us, and we are convinced that in Jesus Christ *alone* there is salvation, and that by believing in Him we are saved and know it." We thanked the Lord together, and although years have come and gone since that night of deliverance in the garden by the Solway, they still go on their way rejoicing in the knowledge of the eternal salvation, that they then received. Reader can you praise God for having saved you, or are you still building on the shifting sand of man's opinions, and neglecting the immovable rock of God's eternal truth?

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#### NONE BUT CHRIST.

"None but Christ" can save the soul;  
 "None but Christ" can make us whole;  
 "None but Christ" can wash us clean,  
 "None but Christ" can pardon sin;  
 "None but Christ" the soul can dress  
 In a robe of righteousness.

## BILLY'S LETTER; OR, THE BETTER NEWS.

**B**ILLY was an only son. He had left his childhood's home, and gone to the city to learn a trade. His parents were decent, industrious people, very religious, and Billy had been brought up well. He could repeat many parts of the New Testament from memory; answer all the questions of "The Shorter Catechism," and he was fairly familiar with the "Confession of Faith" as well. He was intended for "the ministry." But Billy's taste lay more to engineering than to theology, and so he was allowed to have his choice, although his father and mother confessed themselves not a little disappointed. Billy wrote a letter every Saturday afternoon, telling his parents the events of the week, and to what church he expected to go the following day. He had not finally settled which of the six belonging to his parents' denomination he should settle down and seek "membership" with. Monday morning



brought the accustomed letter, and Billy's father sat down to read, while his mother listened with her usual interest. After giving some particulars of his work and circumstances, he wrote, "And now, dear father and mother, I have better news to tell you. I was converted to God last night at a Gospel meeting in a tent,

where several young men were earnestly preaching and testifying for the Lord. I am wonderfully happy, and only wish I were at home to tell my old companions what the Lord has done for my soul." Both Billy's parents were astounded. Such a testimony as that, they had

never heard; for although both religious, neither of them were converted. They feared he had been "led astray," and his father wrote a long letter, cautioning him against "presumption." But Billy was the Lord's. He had trusted Christ, and before long he had the joy of seeing his father and mother rejoicing in the knowledge of their salvation.

# THE FISHERMAN AND THE SCEPTIC

Or, "GOING TO STICK TO THE OLD BOOK."

**A** SMARTLY got up visitor, appeared in a Scotch fishing village during the summer, and, whenever he had the opportunity, seemed to find his delight in attacking the Bible, and scoffing at Christ, and Christianity. Among the fisher-



"I'M GOING TO STICK TO THE OLD BOOK."

men of that place, there were quite a number of earnest Christians, who loved the Lord, and daily read His Word. Sitting amid a group one day, the sceptical visitor was busy discussing his favourite topic, and finished up by saying, "That Old Book you call the Bible, is a parcel of nonsense; I wonder that any wise

man would have anything to do with it. An old fisherman, who stood by, quietly remarked: "That Book, Sir, has done more for me, than any other book in the world. It first shewed me myself—a sinner: then it told me of Jesus the Saviour: and when I believed in Him, it told me I had everlasting life. Since then it has been my daily Guide and Counsellor, my Lamp to enlighten me, and my Staff to support me." Then looking the stranger full in the face, he added, "I tell ye I'm going to stick to the Old Book, for I don't know a better." The fisherman was right. The Book of God is the best Book, and the only Guide in eternal things. Reader, do you believe what it tells you of yourself? The testimony of God is plain and clear. He says you are a

sinner, guilty, lost and ruined. It also tells that Jesus came to seek and save you, and to all that believe on Him salvation is sure. This is the testimony of "that Old Book," as the sceptic called it, and happy is he who can say like the old fisherman, "I'm going to stick to the Old Book."

## BLANDINA, THE SLAVE MARTYR.

**T**OWARD the close of the second century, during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, a fiery persecution raged against the followers of the Lord Jesus. Many, old and young, were thrown into prison. Some were tortured by the whip and on the rack, and others

many noble witnesses for Christ stood forth boldly confessing His Name, even unto bonds and death itself. Among those who gained the martyr's crown, and loved not their lives unto death for Jesus' sake, there is no more touching story than that of Blandina, a young

female slave. She was apprehended along with her mistress, who was also a believer, and thrown into prison. Blandina being only a young believer, her mistress feared lest she should deny her Lord, under the severe torture to which she was to be exposed. But praise be unto God, her fears were all groundless. Blandina stood before her accusers firm as a rock, and exhorted another who stood by her side to "stand fast in the faith." Her tormentors urged her to say that the meetings of the



were thrown to the wild beasts. The sufferers were mostly of Asia, but ten years after the Asiatic persecution raged, the fire was kindled in Europe. About the year A.D., 177, the South of France—then known as Gaul—was the scene of a remarkable persecution, in which

Christians were for wicked and sinful purposes, and her tortures would instantly cease. Her simple and beautiful reply was, "I am a Christian, and there is no wickedness practised amongst us." She was then suspended to a stake, and exposed to the wild beasts. Her calm

and peaceful look amazed her tormentors; even when her body was torn and bleeding, she still testified to the Name of Jesus. A letter written by the church at Lyons at that time, says, "Blandina was endowed with so much fortitude, that those who tortured her from morning to night, were worn out, and owned themselves conquered." She was then thrown back into prison to await another trial. Then with another, she was led into the amphitheatre. They were ordered to swear by the gods, but firmly refused. Then the round of barbarities began. One after another was striped, placed upon a hot iron chair, stretched on the rack, or thrown before an infuriated bull, Blandina addressing words of encouragement to them, and exhorting them to be true to the end. On the last day of the games, she was brought forth to gain the martyr's crown. The rest of the little band had passed on before. Now she was about to join them in the presence of Him whom she loved, and for whose sake she was willing to lay down her life. Blandina was again asked to renounce her faith and own idolatry, such as the world around her worshipped, but she firmly refused. Her heart had been won by the love of Jesus. She had received Him as her Saviour, and owned Him as her

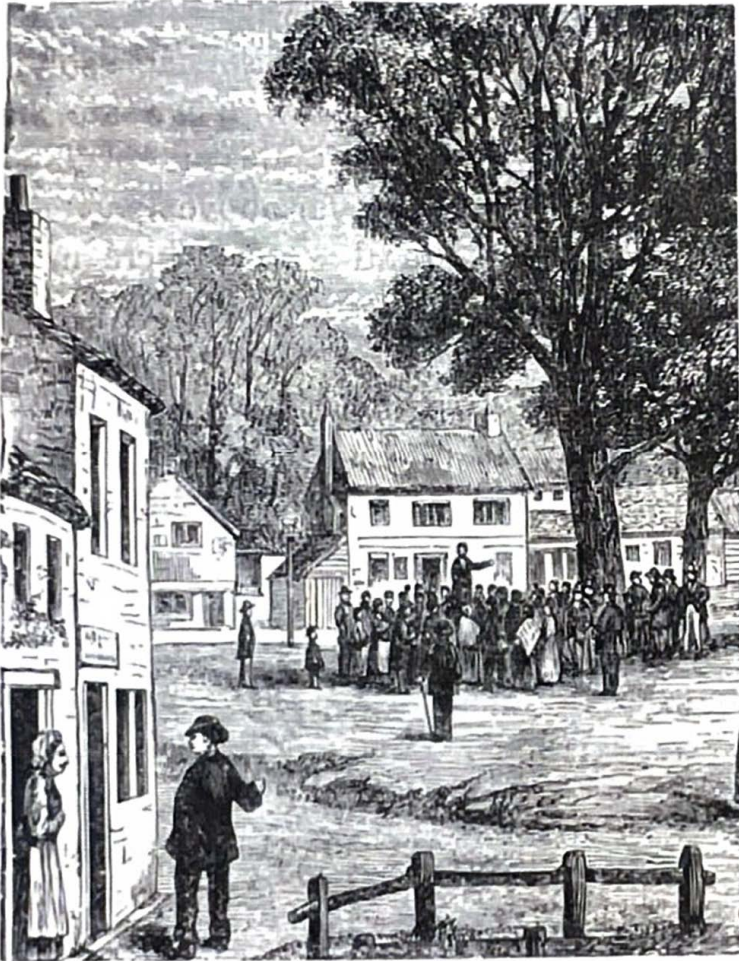
Lord. Her presence had been her joy all through the period of her sufferings. How could she disown Him, or deny His blessed Name? She was ready to die for Christ, but she would not give Him up. Her noble confession enraged her persecutors and cut them to the heart. She was enclosed in a net, and thrown before a wild bull. After being tossed by the animal, a soldier plunged his spear into her side, and Blandina's spirit was immediately with her Lord, far above that scene of cruelty and wrath, where multitudes gloated over her blood. She was in that fair paradise, to which Jesus welcomes His loved ones to wait the day of coming glory and rich reward. The lines have fallen to us in more peaceful times. Our faithfulness to Christ, is not at present tried by open persecution and martyrdom, such as Blandina and her companions were called upon to pass through. But the gilded snare of the world, the subtle devices of Satan, are often used to lead those who are Christ's to deny His Name. See to it, dear young Christian, that you do not yield to Satan's devices. Stand firmly, steadfastly, and constantly forth on the Lord's side. Let your grasp of His truth be firm and fast, and your testimony for His blessed Name, ringing and clear.

# SAL THE FORTUNE-TELLER; Or, THE MEETING ON THE GREEN.

**I**N our early days of Christian life, a few of us were in the habit of going out to a village near to where we lived, with the Gospel message. The inhabitants were mostly engaged in agricultural

judging from the appearance presented on a Saturday night, neither of them seemed to lack "customers." On Sundays, half-drunks lay about on the village green in large numbers, discussing politics, races, and

matches of the previous day. We began by singing a hymn under a tree, while a few went round the houses, inviting the dwellers to come and hear the message. There was a general laugh among the loungers when they saw one of the young men knock at a door not far from the green, and invite a rough-looking woman to the meeting. "She badly needs converting," shouted one, the rest breaking out in a loud laugh. "Come on, Sal, and be made a revivaler," said another. Sal, the subject of these remarks, was a fortune-teller. She had known better days, but sin and Satan had dragged her



"COME AND HEAR GOOD NEWS."

labour, and it had the unenviable notoriety of being "the most drunken place on earth." Whether this description was literally applicable or not, I am unable to say, but it certainly could lay claim to about a dozen public-houses, and

down to the lowest level. She lived all alone, and her house was only sought by "the lowest of the people." She had never been seen "at church," and it was generally admitted that it was no use "trying to reform Sal." Very likely they were right, for re-



formation apart from regeneration does little for time and nothing for eternity for sinners such as Sal was. To the astonishment of everybody, Sal appeared in a few minutes, dressed in a clean white cap, her shawl neatly wrapped across her shoulders in Highland fashion, and carrying a large Testament in her hand. As she passed the loungers on the green, they gazed upon her with silent wonder, and not long after, one and another rose and joined the crowd under the tree, which was now of considerable size. Under the bright blue sky, the glorious message of Gospel life and love rang forth in its simplicity, sweetness and power, for a full hour, the people listening with wrapt attention to the Word. There could be no doubt as to the results of such a meeting. God was there with His Word, and it could not return void of results. At the close, Sal was presented with a tract, which she received with thanks, at the same time intimating to the giver, that if he "had no place else to go, to come to her house and rest himself." Not so much for the rest, as for an opportunity to press home upon Sal the Word of Life, that Christian worker with another, was found that evening under Sal's roof. Strange as it might appear to others, they remembered that grace *first* reaches

the furthest off, the sinner who has no religion, and who knows his guilt and ruin. Sal had no need to be told of her sin; she knew it full well, and like the woman of the city, she owned it. The good news of God's love to sinners reached and melted her heart, and Sal was fairly conquered and won by the love of God. The village rang that night with the news that Sal was converted, and there were many and varied opinions as to how she would "stand." Sal "stood" to the amazement of many, and her changed life proved that her conversion was real. Now she is in heaven. The power of God's Gospel is still the same.

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#### MIGHTY TO SAVE.

LORD JESUS, I know that Thy blood can  
save,  
For I know it has saved me;  
I once feared death, and the dark, dark  
grave,  
And the darker eternity.  
I felt my sins were a fearful load,  
No language my sorrow could tell;  
And, ah! as I walked on the broad, broad  
road,  
I knew 'twas a journey to hell.  
But I heard of One who loved me so,  
That He came from His throne on high,  
To bear the weight of my sin and woe,  
And to bleed on the cross, and die.  
He purged my sins in the crimson flood  
That flowed from His open side,  
And I found I was saved by the precious  
blood  
Of the Lord who was crucified.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. In one of the villages where we have been distributing tracts, there is a publican's wife who says she is a Christian. She invited us into the house to rest, but we did not go, fearing our going might be misunderstood by the villagers, and prove a stumbling-block. Do you think we did right?

A. Quite right. The Book says, "Abstain from all *appearance* of evil" (1 Thes. v. 22), and it certainly would be the appearance of evil, for Gospel preachers to be found sitting in a public-house resting. Better rest on the grass or the wayside. If she wants to show her fellowship with the Gospel, give her a few bold Gospel texts for her windows, and a handful of the tract, "The Drunkard's Doom," for her customers. This will likely test how far her real sympathy goes.

BRIEF NARRATIVES OF CONVERSION.

"I am a pupil teacher, and was first awakened by hearing of one of my scholars dying a happy death. I was saved on a Sunday evening at the close of a Gospel meeting, when on a visit to my uncle's during my holidays.—MINNIE D.—"

"I was converted to God through reading *The Young Watchman* about four years ago, when living at Garliestown, Wigtonshire, Scotland.—MARY JANE A.—"

"I passed from death to life, sitting in the Gospel tent, while you were speaking on Acts xiii. 38, 39. These blessed words 'all' were the words that brought light and life to my soul. 'All that believe are justified from *all* things.' I could hardly refrain from standing up then and there to tell what the Lord had done for my soul. It's really grand to be saved, and on the way to glory.—JOHN A. G.—"

The best news we ever hear is the testimony of dear boys and girls, and young men and maidens, who have received Christ in the golden days of youth. As John G— says, "it's really grand to be saved," and this being so, it cannot be yours too soon, loved reader. Can it?

LETTER FROM A SUNDAY SCHOLAR TO A COMPANION.

"MY DEAR NELLIE,

"I have the very best news to tell you. I have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and He has saved me. I cannot half thank God for His wondrous mercy to me. I was over at the school-house on Sunday night, and it was there I received the Lord Jesus. First, I saw myself to be the worst sinner on earth. I knew well that if I died then, I must go to hell. But thanks to God, He sent His Son to die for me, and now I am happy all the day. Dear Nellie, it seems so easy now, I cannot see why I did not get saved before. I could hardly wait to get to school to tell the good news. First, I met Emma, and told her how I had received Jesus. She was just like what I used to be myself, and could not see but what she had believed. Here is the chorus of my favourite hymn:—

'At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light,

And the burden of my heart roll'd away.  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day.'

Emma wonders why I am so happy. I tell her it is because I have believed in the Lord Jesus, and am saved.

"Your affectionate MARY."

We will supply assorted packets of our Magazines, suitable for distribution, at the following *low* prices during *May*:—20/- parcel for 5/-; 10/- parcel for 2/6. Carriage to be paid by purchaser.

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**Bold arresting words, short and pointed appeals and invitations.** The back of each tract is blank, so that intimations of meetings may be stamped or printed thereon. All printed on tinted papers, assorted colours.

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# The Young Watchman

No. 126]

JUNE, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



THE RECTOR AND HIS PUPIL.

## THE RECTOR AND HIS PUPIL ; Or "HONOURING THE CHRISTIAN PROFESSION."

"**T**HE girl has gone mad ; there need be no doubt about that. She actually told me that she was not going to sing at the Cantata, because she had become a Christian. I suppose we may infer from this, that all the rest of us are heathen or worse, but it is no use talking to her, she is really out of her mind. I must see her father, and hear what he has to say about it, at once." Such was the sum and substance of the rector's remarks concerning one of his pupils, who had just given notice, that she would not appear as one of the actors at a public entertainment, to be given in the place on the coming week. What had happened was simply this ; she had been found by the Lord. The Good Shepherd who goes after the wandering sheep, seeking in the wilderness until He finds it, had found her. She had been a foolish, light-hearted girl, excessively fond of pleasure, such as the unsatisfied heart of the worldling craves after. She had sought satisfaction at the fountains of earthly joy, and found them all unsatisfying. Just then, when her weary heart had tried them all, to no purpose, a school companion, herself a newborn soul, had led her to Jesus, the Saviour and Satisfier of the soul. There was not a word said to her about giving up

the things of the world : the worldling's heart must cling to these, while it has nothing better. A full Christ was presented to her, and she accepted Him as her own. Then the current of her life was changed ; new desires and aspirations were kindled in her heart, and things that before had charmed, dropped off like withered leaves. The songs and gaudy dress, as well as the object of the worldly gathering in which she once expected to play a part, were now as bitter to her taste, as once they had been sweet, and in order to maintain her position as a follower of the Lord Jesus, and one whom He had called to Himself out from the world, she had given notice that her place would be vacant. The world has never been favourable to a Christianity of this kind ; it hated Christ because of His testimony against its ways, and it will show the same spirit toward all who follow in His steps. The young believer, bright in the early joy of her new-found portion, had no heart for the empty songs of the worldling. She dare not help to charm that crowd of God-forgetters down to the pit, by the strains of her voice ; she could not disown her Lord by appearing as one of them, and so she took her stand on the Lord's side. Of course she had to bear the scorn

of the world for so doing. She was spoken of first as mad, and actually persecuted by those who called themselves Christians. When that failed, craft and subtilty were tried to win her back. The rector met her walking with her father a few nights after, and sought to show her by examples of "the great and good" that she might "honour the Christian profession," and yet share in the amusements of the world. To this she replied—"I had a Christian *profession* long enough, and found it a miserable affair to honour; but by grace I have now *possession* of Christ Himself, and He keeps and satisfies me. You pity my weakness, and say I have gone mad; then you ask me to give up my portion, and return to the broken cisterns of the world. I cannot do that. I have Christ; to Him I will cling, and I know that He will hold me up, as He promised." The clear testimony of the young believer completely confused and silenced the man of the world. He walked away dismayed at her answers, and she had no further call from the rector or any other of his company, to sing the world's songs, or to join them in their mirth. Decision for Christ, by one who knows Him, and whose heart has been won by Him, is strange to the world. The secret lies beyond its run. The world's religion affords no such joy.

The empty profession of a Christless Christianity gives no motive or power for such a testimony. But Christ known as a personal Saviour, as a Friend whose love is for ever. Christ received as God's gift, possessed in the heart and enjoyed from day to day, this is Christianity, and this alone gives victory over the world, and power to count its empty unsatisfying pleasures as dross, for the excellency of Christ. Reader, is this your Christianity? Do you possess and enjoy Christ, or have you only a name to live?

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#### ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

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**T**HERE is danger around you. The wrath of God is above you. The depths of hell are beneath you. You have sinned against heaven, and the wages of that sin is death. You need not try to forget it. To close your eyes to your impending doom, will not deliver you. The warning voice of God says, "Escape for thy life." There is a place of safety. There is a refuge for the sinner. Only one. That refuge is in Christ. It is not in the church; not in religion; not in sacraments; not in reformation. You may hide yourselves in these, but the judgment of God will fall upon you. In Christ alone, there is safety.

## "HOLY JOE" AND HIS OPPONENTS.

**I** KNOW some boys and girls who remain unsaved, because they are afraid of being laughed at if they became followers of the Lord Jesus. What a foolish thing this is! Did you ever see a soldier ashamed of his uniform or his Sovereign? Would he not be branded as a coward, if he turned his scarlet tunic inside out, or ran behind a wall to hide himself from the gaze of his old companions? Much more one who is ashamed to be known as a Christian. If any of my young readers are afraid to become Christians lest they should be laughed at, I will tell them of a brave little

boy who was not ashamed to own his Lord in the midst of scoffing, and how his testimony was blessed in leading others to the Saviour. Joe was an apprentice. He lodged in a house where there were several boys about the same age. Only a few weeks before Joe left his country home, he had been converted.

His Christian mother urged on him to confess Christ at once in his new situation, and among the boys who lodged in the same house. The first night, Joe opened his box, and taking out his Bible, sat down and read a chapter before them all. The boys laughed, called out "Holy Joe," and sang songs all the time.



Joe *felt* their opposition keenly. It was so different from what he had been accustomed to, in his Christian home, but the Lord strengthened him to bear it. After reading, he knelt down to pray, and there again the boys acted very rudely. Next night they were

quieter, and appeared a little ashamed of their conduct. One boy drew close to Joe as if he wanted to befriend him. That dear lad was soon after led to the Saviour. Then another and another, and before long, half-a-dozen converted boys knelt together in prayer in that room. You see God owned Joe's



honest testimony, and although he was scoffed at for a time, it did not hurt him a bit. He had the best of it, and could afford to bear the harmless sneers of those who were so soon to be won for the same Saviour. Do not allow yourself to be kept from Christ by fear of the scoffs of unconverted ones. Trust in Christ, boldly confess Him, and they will soon give you no trouble.

GOLGOTHA'S TREE.

**N**AILED upon Golgotha's tree—  
Faint and bleeding. Who is He?  
Hands and feet so rudely torn,  
Wreathed with crown of twisted thorn.  
Once He lived in heaven above,  
Happy in His Father's love,  
Son of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,  
On the cross of Calvary.

Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—  
Mocked and taunted. Who is He?  
Scorners tell Him to come down,  
Claim His kingdom and His crown.  
He it was who came to bless,  
Full of love and tenderness,  
Son of Man, 'tis He, 'tis He,  
On the cross of Calvary.

Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—  
As a victim. Who is He?  
Bearing sin, but not His own,  
Suffering agony unknown.  
He, the promised sacrifice,  
For the sinner bleeds and dies,  
Lamb of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,  
On the cross of Calvary.

*Christ Died for the Ungodly.*

A HEARTY WELCOME.

**A** YOUNG man telling the story of his conversion to God, said, "I was a prodigal from earthly friends and home, for full five years. I feared to return to my father's house, weary as I was of wandering in the ways of sin. At last, want drove me to his door, and to my astonishment, he gave me a hearty welcome, and told me his door had been open all the years of my wandering to welcome me. He took me in as I was, and without an unbending word, he seated me at my old familiar place at the table. I have only known *one* greater wonder of grace than this, and that I will also tell. When I came to God an enemy, a rebel, and a prodigal, deserving nothing but wrath, *He* gave me a hearty welcome also. He took me as I was, forgave me all the past, and raised me to a dignity I had never known, even that of being a son of God and an heir of glory. This is the greatest wonder; it exceeds all that earth can shew. That God should welcome, love, and save His enemies, is the greatest miracle of grace."

Reader, God will give *you* this day a hearty welcome, if, as a sinner, you go to Him owning your sin, and trusting only in the blood of His Son

## PHIL THE CABMAN'S SECRET.

**H**E was a strange sort of man, Phil the cabman. So his fellow-cabmen thought and said. He was never seen the worse of drink; he never swore; and even when times were hard, and fares but few, Phil's peaceful countenance wore a smile. Inside his cab, where

it could be seen by the passengers, there was a pretty text-card with the words, "GOD IS LOVE," printed in bold letters. This was a great curiosity, and many of those who oft patronised Phil's hansom, wondered whatever the man meant by having a text-card in so strange a place. One day

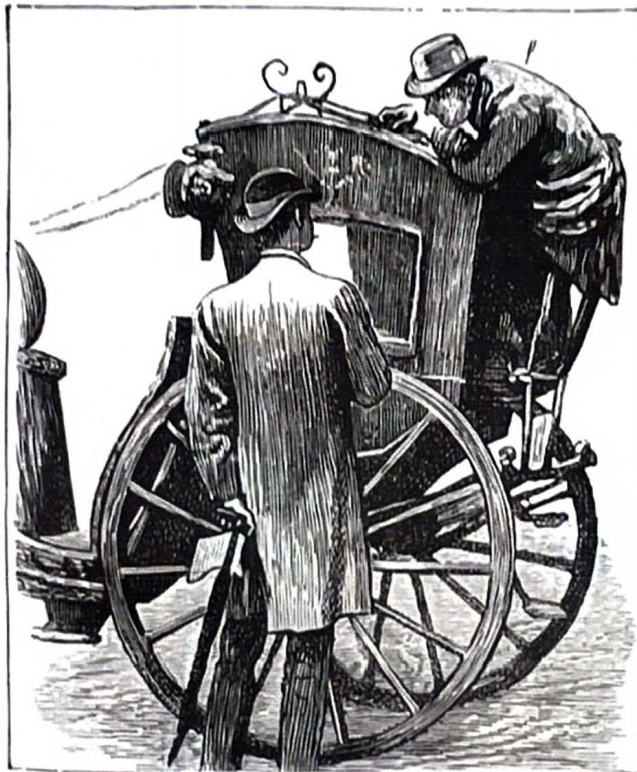
a rather sceptical gentleman had been driven by Phil from the railway station to his office in town. He thought to have some fun with Phil, and possibly to corner him. So after he had paid his fare, he looked up to Phil and asked with a sneer, "How do you know, old fellow, whether your inscription is

true or not?" Phil smiled. Then bending down toward the gent, he whispered, "I'll tell you the secret if you would like to know, Sir." The gent nodded assent. "Then you'll have it, and it's this. He is my Father, Sir, and has loved me and cared for me for thirty years. He

loved me when I was a wicked sinner; He saved my soul when I was sinking into hell, and His love makes my heart glad from day to day. Isn't that a good reason, sir, why I should know that "GOD IS LOVE?" The gent walked away in silence. Phil said, "Praise

the Lord!" and drove away. Hadn't he a good right to know that "God is love?"

Do you know, reader, in your own soul, by blessed experience, that the God of heaven is a God of love? He is, and has manifested His love, by giving His Son to die, that you might be saved for eternity.



"BENDING TOWARD THE GENT, HE WHISPERED."

## LUCY AND MARY;

OR, PUTTING IN THE NAME IN PLACE OF "WHOSOEVER."

**T**WO little girls, the children of Christian parents, went out one Sunday afternoon as was their custom to attend Sunday school. They had both been often prayed for and spoken with about the Saviour,

but neither of them had trusted Christ as their own personal Saviour. They were in different classes, but read the same portion, and were spoken to by their teachers on the same subject. The "Memory Text" that afternoon was John iii. 16 — that well-known, but wonderful verse, on which so many precious souls of all ages have rested, and

found salvation through Christ the gift of God. Lucy, the elder girl, had repeated the verse to her teacher, and in order to make its meaning plain, she asked Lucy, "What does *whosoever* mean?" "It means anybody and everybody," said Lucy. "Yes indeed," said the teacher, "and

it means *you*." Lucy had never thought of it in that light before. She knew that "whosoever" meant "anybody and everybody," but that it applied personally to herself, she had never considered it in that way. The teacher asked her to repeat the

verse in that way, putting in her name instead of the "*whosoever*," so she began, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *Lucy Brown* believing in Him should not perish, but *have* everlasting life." The insertion of "*Lucy Brown*" in place of "whosoever" cast a new light on the



well-known text, and gave her a *personal* interest in it. She put in her own individual claim, taking possession of the gift of God, the "everlasting life," and the assurance that she "should not perish," given by God in that precious verse to *all* who believe it. Lucy ran home,

and with great joy told her father that she was saved by believing in Christ, and that she had put in her own name in place of the "whosoever." Before she had finished her story, in ran her sister Mary crying out, "I'm saved! I was saved at school while repeating John iii. 16." The father's heart was full of gladness, and lifting his two saved girls, one on each knee, they sang a song of praise to God together.

Reader, will you open your Testament at John iii. 16 once again? Put in your own name in place of "whosoever," believing on Jesus Christ, God's Son, as your own personal Saviour, and claim that everlasting life given to all who thus believe on Him. You have a *right* to that glorious word, for you are part of "so loved" world. You are included in that great though guilty circle of persons who are the objects of the love divine. You have not been omitted. God has loved you; He loves you now. If you exclude yourself from that love by deliberately rejecting it, then the folly and the doom of this will be your own choice.

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#### THE BEST ASSURANCE.

**"HE THAT HEARETH MY WORD,  
AND BELIEVETH ON HIM  
THAT SENT ME,  
HATH EVERLASTING LIFE"**  
(John v. 24).

#### ALL THINGS READY.

**Y**ES, reader, "all things." Salvation, forgiveness, life, and glory. These are all ready. They have all been provided for you by another. God has secured them. He invites you to "come" and share them. You do not require to ask them. They are "ready." Ready *now* at this very moment; all waiting for *your* acceptance. All ready for sinners just as they are. You do not require to wait. You need not tarry. You are invited by the God of heaven to "come" now, just as you stand, in your present condition, whatever that may be. You will never be more welcome than now. You cannot make yourself more worthy. No barrier can be raised. No hindrance on heaven's side will be raised. The door is open. The feast is spread. "All things are ready," fully ready, and to you, this day, the gracious word from the God of grace is, "*Come*, for all things are now ready."

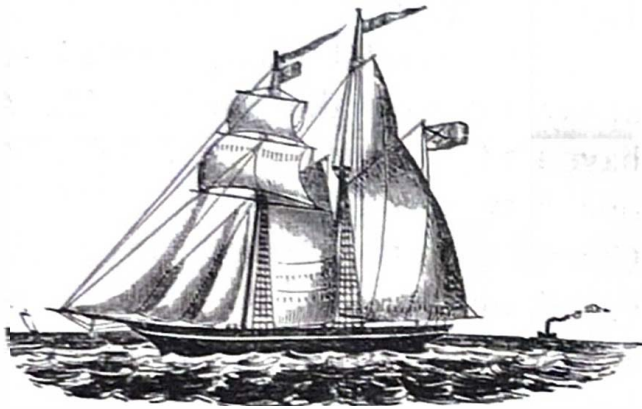
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#### "WHAT'S THE NEWS?"

"The Lord has pardoned all my sin :  
That's the news !  
I have the witness now within :  
That's the news !  
And since He took my sins away,  
And taught me how to watch and pray,  
I'm happy now from day to day :  
That's the news !"

## BILL GREY THE SAILOR; or, So Near the Kingdom.

**A** CHRISTIAN sailor who loves his Master, and delights to testify for His name, tells the following solemn story of one who was near the kingdom of God, but who procrastinated and perished.



Bill Grey was one of my shipmates. He became anxious about his soul when we were on a voyage to a distant shore. Several Christian ladies visited our ship in port, and several were converted. Bill Grey was deeply concerned, and seemed very near to the kingdom. When our ship was ordered away, Bill's convictions seemed to die away, and he gradually returned to his former ways. He had not received Christ, and so he could not resist the temptations spread before him. Had Bill been converted, Christ would have been *in* Him, and *His* power would have been exercised for him. But that was where Bill missed the mark. He was at the door of the kingdom, but not inside. He returned to drink, and one day in a

half intoxicated state, he was ordered aloft. I saw him go, and watched him. He reached the top in safety, then he missed his footing, tottered and fell. Yes, poor Bill fell right down at my feet, *dead*. I cannot describe my feelings at that moment. There he lay, his soul hurled into eternity in a moment, utterly unprepared, and he once so near the kingdom. O what a warning his untimely end is to those who are halting on the threshold of heaven!

### THE COMING ONE.

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup>, the Lord, is coming,  
Coming to the 'air,'  
To receive His loved ones,  
Home to glory fair.  
Shining in His likeness,  
Cleansed from every stain,  
Christ, the Lord, is coming,  
Coming soon again.  
Christ, the Lord, is coming,  
Coming to the 'earth,'  
Not as once in weakness,  
At His lowly birth,  
But in 'might' and 'glory,'  
Evermore to reign,  
Christ, the Lord, is coming,  
Coming soon again.  
Christ, the Lord, is coming,  
On His 'judgment throne,'  
Past the day of pardon,  
Grace and mercy gone.  
Christ-rejectors perish,  
Suffer endless pain,  
Christ, the Lord is coming,  
Coming soon again."

.....  
 Friendly Talks with Young Believers  
 .....

How we spent our Holidays.

**T**HIS will be our last evening together for the season. By another month, many will be away on their annual holidays. What do you say to make our "Talk" to-night a practical one? Instead of taking up a subject, we might each tell briefly and simply how we spent our last holidays. The holiday season is always a testing time for young believers. Spare time, if not used for God, is apt to be monopolised by the world, and sometimes even by the devil. On the other hand, it may be used in happy service and testimony for the Lord. I believe you were in Ireland, James. You might tell us how you got on there.

**JAMES**:—"I had a very happy time in the North of Ireland. Three of us sailed by the boat at midnight. We had rather a rough passage. The sea was calm enough, but our company was about the roughest I ever was in. Of course, there was no getting away from them, but we stood aloof from their ungodliness, and testified for Christ. I never saw so clearly the meaning of that word, '*in* the world, but not *of* it,' as I did that night. We met a brother who was preaching the

Gospel in a tent, so we had the privilege of visiting and tract distributing every day, and of testifying for the Master every night. The time passed quickly, and we returned healthy in body, and happy in soul." Grand holidays these; James. Now for the next.

**WILLIAM**:—"I spent a fortnight at my uncle's in the country. They have no Gospel meetings there, only one service a week in the Parish Church. I was pressed in spirit, to tell the people about Jesus, but, as you all know, I am no preacher. I wished that some of the brethren who preach the Gospel were there, but that being impossible, I resolved to try, looking to the Lord. My uncle gave his barn, and I went round asking the people to come. I expected about a dozen, but to my astonishment, over fifty came. I felt terribly nervous, but cried to God, and as I read the Word of God—the grand third of John—fear seemed to leave me. God was in the meeting, and I believe there was one soul at least born again." Thank God you did not keep your mouth shut, William. See that you open it where you go this time. The devil will hinder you if he can. May you all have fruitful and blessed holidays this year. Be decided for God; no half-and-half work, but real honest testimony for Christ.

## THE IVY AND ITS LESSONS.

**T**HE ivy in its conscious weakness clings  
For shelter and support close to our  
wall,

And all around, both door and casement,  
flings

Its infant tendrils, each with rootlet  
small.

A plant it is of feeble nature, frail,  
Boasts no stout trunk or branches of  
renown,

No ships built from its timber proudly sail  
O'er oceans vast, braving the tempest  
frown.

What does it do? It stays at home and  
clings.

What is its use? It cheers the weary eye.  
To hearts well tuned, its verdure bright  
thoughts brings,  
It teaches faith and love to passers-by.

"No confidence in self," it seems to say,  
"Trust in the Lord with all thy heart  
and soul,"  
"Be His almighty arm thy constant stay,"  
"Thy burden on Him daily, hourly roll."

The wintry gale with many a shriek swept  
past,  
And levelled with loud crash the forest's  
pride,

Gigantic trees fell flat before the blast,  
Strong oak and spreading beech lay side  
by side.

Proud, self-sustained and confident they  
fell,

Their lofty boughs all humbled in the  
dust;

Yet with the clinging ivy it was well,  
Who in superior strength had placed her  
trust.

For when the storm abated, it was found  
The ivy was uninjured—not one spray,  
However faint, had fallen to the ground:  
Its conscious weakness proved its strength  
and stay.

Young Christian, like the ivy, cleave to  
Him,

Whose very Name is a strong sheltering  
tower;

Take courage, though the eye of youth be  
dim,

In Him alone is everlasting power.

Be thine the ivy's ornamental grace,

Thy leaf in every season fresh and green,  
Adorn His doctrine in thy household ways,  
Upon thee still be His own beauty seen.

So shall thy life bring glory to the Lord,  
And be such witness to His blessed  
Name,

That even some rejecter of the Word,  
May through beholding thee, thy Saviour  
claim.

And when at last the storm of judgment  
falls,

When dawns the day of vengeance long  
delayed,

Safe and secure within fair Salem's Halls,  
Thy place shall be in bridal robes arrayed.

A. W. P. S.

## HAPPY SERVICE FOR THE LORD.

"A BAND of young Christians, fresh in the  
dew of their youth, were out here the other  
Saturday afternoon. They *did* alarm the  
place. Forming themselves into a circle  
on the village green, they *sang* the Gospel,  
as I have never heard it sung before. I  
think almost everybody in the place turned  
out, and the words of Gospel truth spoken  
and sung, will no doubt bear their fruit.  
There was no display, no attempt at ora-  
tory, but a simple solid testimony, which  
I am certain had the real power of God in  
it." [This is the kind of preaching all the  
villages want. Let our young men go  
forth in like manner everywhere and con-  
versions will follow. No fear of that.—ED.]

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# The Young Watchman

No. 127]

JULY, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



A HOLIDAY IN NITHSDALE.

## A HOLIDAY IN NITHSDALE ; Or, THE START FOR HEAVEN.

**N**ANCY and her brother Bill, were spending their holidays at a pretty farm-house in the valley of the Nith. Their dear aged grandfather and grandmother lived there, both over seventy years of age, with locks white as the snow, yet hale and hearty. They had lived in that same spot, surrounded by nature's beauty, for forty years, and there the children's mother was born, and there she spent her happy school days. It was a great pleasure to Nancy and her brother, to hear from their aged grandmother, stories of mother's school days, how she learned her lessons and gained her prizes, and many other things that children like to hear. On a warm Sunday evening, grandfather, grandmother, and the two children were sitting in the garden, after the usual "worship" was past. "I was minding this afternoon," said grandmother, "about your mother's conversion, and I thought you would like to hear how she was saved, just sitting on the grass, close by us there, on a Sunday afternoon when she was a girl of fifteen. I have no doubt she has often told you the story herself, but maybe it will interest you to hear it, so near the spot." Nancy and Bill drew close to their grandmother's side, and with eager eyes

peering up into her happy, beaming face, they heard how their mother was awakened to see herself a lost sinner, by the sudden death of a loved companion; how she used to visit her green grave in the churchyard and weep; how she tried to be "good," and to get to heaven by works; and then, while sitting on the grass reading a book on a summer afternoon, she saw that *salvatiou* was not by works, but by trusting in Jesus alone. "She came running into the house," continued grandmother, "and throwing her arms around my neck, she cried, 'O mother, I am saved; Jesus is mine; I have everlasting life!' It was a happy night that, under our roof, and from that day till now, your mother has followed Jesus. I will shew you to-morrow a letter, she wrote to a dear companion, which was blessed to her conversion. I was thinking how nice it would be if *you* both decided to be the Lord's while you are here, and began your journey to heaven at the place where mother started hers. Little more was said that night, but the children reminded grandmother as she kissed them at bed-time, of her promise to shew them next morning the letter written by their mother to her companion when she was a girl.

It was not the first time that Nancy and Bill had been anxious to be saved. They both knew that they were sinners, in need of a Saviour, but like many more of the children of Christian parents, they knew the theory of the Gospel, but had not believed it unto salvation.

The following morning grandmother, according to promise, handed Nancy the letter, and followed by Bill, she slipped away into the wood, where she sat down, and read it aloud, while Bill listened attentively. God was working with the two children, and the Gospel, so earnestly and lovingly set forth in that letter, won its way to their hearts, and they believed and received it. There was no exciting scene; no wonderful experience, as in the case of some; they simply believed that Jesus died for them on the Cross, and God's eternal Word declared that, "He that believeth on the *Son hath* everlasting life" (John iii. 36). They returned to the farm hand in hand, to tell grandmother the joyful news, that they had trusted Jesus, and started on the way to heaven, close by the spot where their mother thirty years before, made her decision to be the Lord's. By that evening's post, a letter was sent off to their mother's in the busy city, with the good news that Nancy and Bill had both accepted Christ, and

started for heaven from the old home.

Nancy and Bill are now grown up, and in the busy city, they seek to lead others to that same Jesus, to whom they came themselves, when they made a start for heaven that happy day of their holidays in Nithsdale.

My dear young readers, has there been such a day in your life history? Can you really think of a time when you were truly converted to God, born of the Spirit, and set on the way to heaven? Remember, you will never find yourself in glory with Christ, unless you are saved by grace here. You will not be allowed to go in on account of your parents' Christianity. Your knowledge of "the plan of salvation" will not be accepted as a passport. You must have Christ as your personal Saviour, and be genuinely and definitely converted to God. Nothing short of this gives a start for heaven.

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#### WHITER THAN SNOW.

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WHAT is the foulest thing on earth?  
Bethink thee now and tell.

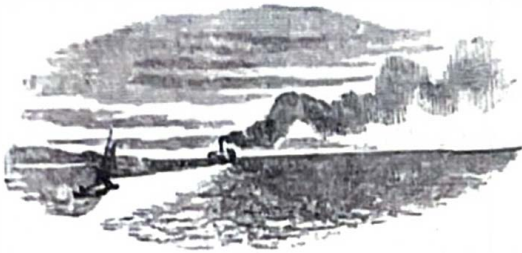
It is a soul by sin defiled,  
'Tis only fit for hell;  
It is the loathsome earthly den,  
Where evil spirits dwell.

And what's the purest thing on earth?  
Come, tell me if you know.

'Tis that same soul by Jesus cleansed,  
Washed whiter far than snow,  
There's nought more pure above the sky,  
And nought else pure below.

## RUN DOWN.

**"SAILING BOAT RUN DOWN BY A STEAMER, FOUR YOUNG MEN DROWNED."** These were the words, in bold type on the newsagents' boards, as we passed them the other morning. Sad events like this, are by no means uncommon. They are generally brought about as this one



was, by hazarding life for the sake of pleasure. The four young men in a lug-sail boat had been watching for the passing of a steamer, in order to get the tossing of her "waves." While enjoying this, their favourite joy of the sea, they failed to observe that another steamer had put off from the pier, and was coming in the direction where they were. The captain blew his whistle, and every effort was made to alter the course of the steamer, but all in vain. The sailing boat was run down, and its four occupants sank with it, into a watery grave. The sad event cast a gloom over the whole district, and I hope may be a warning to others. It vividly and solemnly illustrates how thousands of wordlings, old and young, are "run down" to death and hell, while in quest of pleasure.

Lured on by one enjoyment, then by another, how many there are, who give no heed to the warning voice that tells them to flee from wrath to come. Suddenly and unexpectedly death overtakes them, and they are hurried into eternity, Christless and unprepared. Reader, are *you* ready to meet God? If death should suddenly overtake you, and eternity unfold its portals to receive you, would you go to be with Christ? If not, where?

## THE TROUBLED SEA.

**R**ESTLESS, mournful, wailing sea,  
Tell me now, what aileth thee?  
Why is it that quiet rest  
Visits not thy troubled breast?  
Dost thou know the solemn end,  
When those heavens that o'er thee bend,  
At the call of God shall roll,  
Like a mighty parchment scroll:  
And the hills that round thee smile,  
Shall become a burning pile:  
Then from out thy deep, dark bed,  
Thou shalt yield the millions dead:  
All to stand disclosed in light,  
At yon throne of dazzling white:  
Thence to shades of deepest gloom,  
To endure the sinner's doom?

\* \* \* \* \*

There shall come a joyful day,  
When thou, too, shalt pass away;  
Never more thy rolling tide,  
Love-knit hearts shalt then divide;  
For God's Word declares to me,  
That "there shall be no more sea."

## A JOCKEY'S CONVERSION.

**I**N his younger days he had been a jockey, but on account of age, had given up riding. He was much sought after by those desirous of betting on the race, as being one whose advice meant sure success, and by this practice he gained a large amount of money. During a series of Gospel services held in the town where he lived, he was induced to attend the meetings held in the neighbourhood, and night by night his interest increased, until at last he was greatly alarmed about his soul. Toward the close of the meetings, one of the speakers touched especi-

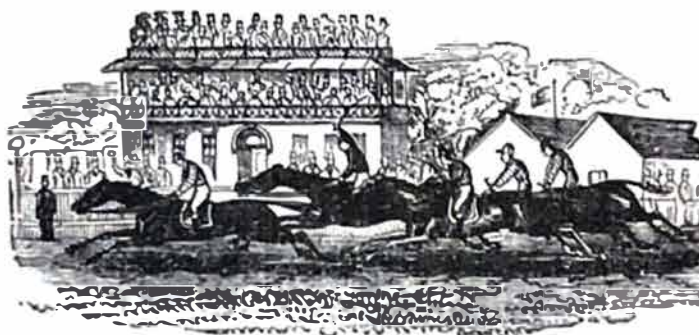
ally on the sin of gambling. The word spoken went home to his heart, and he was deeply awakened about his sins. He made known his state to those who were directing the anxious to the Saviour, and soon was rejoicing in the knowledge of salvation. On his return home, he told his astonished wife that he had been saved, and would henceforth give up his old ways and manner of life, to serve God. Then he gathered together all his sporting papers, betting books and cards, throwing them in the fire and making such a blaze,

that his wife was afraid he would set the chimney on fire. People heard of it, and saw his changed life with wonder, and the grace that saved him, kept him from ever returning to the race-course again.

A genuine conversion is easily known by its fruits. It is not a mere lip profession, but a changed life. This is true Christianity.

Reader, let me ask, is such a Christianity yours? Have you been converted, and is your conversion manifest in your changed behaviour? It is easy enough to "profess" the Christian name, but God says, "By their *fruits*

ye shall know them." If you go to the race-course and share in the gambler's sin, what right have you to call yourself a Christian? A Christian is one who has Christ, and follows Him. Test yourself by this, and if you find that you have been deceiving yourself and others, by wearing a false profession, let it drop at once, take your true place as a sinner, and claim Christ as your own and only Saviour. Then, like the jockey, your conversion will be manifest to others, by your new manner of life.



## THE HIGHLAND FERRY; OR, LEFT BEHIND.

**T**OURISTS and travellers in the Western Highlands, all know what a "ferry" is. There are a great many of them there. In some places there is no "pier," so that the steamers cannot go close to the shore



and land their passengers; and at other places there are dangerous hidden rocks, which no wise captain would venture to take his vessel across. In such cases, ferry-boats are used to take passengers to and from the passing steamers, and sometimes horses and cattle as well. If you want to go by the ferry-boat, you must be there in good time, for once the rope is untied, and the oars in the water, the ferry-man will not turn back to take you in, no matter how earnestly you plead with him.

I was on board a steamer one morning, which had to pick up a number of passengers from these ferry-boats as it passed along. It was Monday morning, and the steamer reaches the various piers ten minutes earlier that morning, as there are usually a larger number of passengers. The ferry-boat had just left the shore at one place, and was making her way toward the steamer,

when a gentleman appeared on shore running toward the place from which the ferry-boat starts, waving his umbrella, and shouting at the pitch of his voice—"Stop, and take me in." The stalwart highland ferry-man, who was evidently well accustomed to such scenes, waved his hand toward the gentleman, who was now close to the water's edge. and replied, "Too late." "I'll give half a crown, if you will turn back and take me. I *must* get to Glasgow to day, and there is no other boat," cried the gentleman very earnestly, "Money can't do it," replied the ferry-man, "you have lost your only chance." As he stood there on shore, parted from those in the boat by an ever-widening gulf, the words "Too late," "money can't do it," ringing in his ears, I thought of another scene yet in the future, when those who are now neglecting God's salvation, will find the heaven-going boat has left the shore, for the last time in this day of grace, leaving them behind for ever. Reader, are you one of the number? Remember if you miss salvation now, you will not be able to get it at death or the judgment. Prayers and earnest pleadings will not gain you a place then in the kingdom of God. The ever-widening gulf "fixed" will part the sinner from God and heaven.

## AT BRODICK BAY; or, The Service on the Shore.

IT is "Glasgow Fair Saturday." | boat quays are crowded, all eager  
Railway stations and steam- | to get away from the noisy city,



"down the water," to some of the | of Clyde. The "Ivanhoe," the fav-  
pretty watering places on the Firth | ourite Arran steamer, with crowded

decks, is steaming along, and the sun brightly shining, indicates the prospect of a good day. Shortly after noon, Brodick Bay is reached, and here many of the excursionists leave the steamer, to roam in the favourite glens, or climb the slopes of Goat Fell. Two young women cross the pier among the rest, walking slowly, arm in arm; one very pale and apparently in feeble health. She has passed through a season of trials, which has crushed her spirit, and shattered her health. For weeks, the candle of her life had flickered, and few expected that she would recover. Once she was a cheerful, light-hearted girl, and shared as heartily as any of her equals, the pleasures of the world. That day twelve months before, she had stepped from the "Ivanhoe" with a light elastic step, leaning on the arm of one who loved her, and to whom she was affianced, as her future husband. But during the intervening months, death had suddenly taken away her lover, and she was left alone to mourn his loss. A friend had invited the two sisters down to Arran to spend a few days, in the hope that change of air and scenery, might cheer the drooping spirit of the broken-hearted girl. The sisters were honest, respectable girls, strictly religious, but neither of them converted. The sorrow that had be-

fallen the younger one, whose Christian name was Bessie, had at least opened her eyes to see how uncertain are the prospects and joys of this earth, but she had not been yet led to Him who gives joys and prospects to those who trust Him, over which death and the grave can bring no shadow.

In the evening, the sisters walked along the shore, the bright warm sun shining splendidly on the calm waters of the Bay. As they returned, the sound of singing fell upon their ears, and looking in the direction from whence it came, they saw a circle of children and young folks, seated on the beach, with a number of grown-up people standing around. As they drew nearer, they saw it was a Gospel meeting. After the hymn, a short address followed on Psalm ciii. 2, 3, in which Christ as the One who "forgiveth," "healeth," and "satisfieth," was set forth simply. The word "healeth" was specially adapted to the sorrowing Bessie, and as the *burdened* heart was directed to Christ the Forgiver, the *broken* heart to Christ the Healer, and the *empty* heart to Christ the Satisfier, she was fairly arrested. Never had she heard of such things before; or if she did, she had never so felt the need of them as she did that day. As the preacher closed, the longing desire




of her heart was, "O, that these joys were mine!" As the people dispersed, a young lady handed her a tract, and at once began to speak about the Lord, and the blessedness of being saved and satisfied by Him. As they walked along, Bessie gradually opened her mind, and told her thoughts to this newly-found friend, whose earnest loving words, left no doubt on Bessie's mind, that she truly sought her salvation. Hour after hour passed, and they still walked, speaking freely on the one great theme, long after the last ray of the golden setting sun had disappeared. "I must go now," said the Christian worker, "but would press the question ere I leave you, What will you do with Jesus? You must either *receive* or *reject* Him, and the time to make your choice is now." Bessie's eyes filled with tears—not tears of hopeless sorrow, such as she had known in days gone bye—but of thankfulness to God, and to the one who had so lovingly and patiently led her to the Saviour and Satisfier of the soul. Kneeling by a rock on the shore, they gave God thanks for Bessie's conversion, and in a day or two, she returned to the busy city, with a peace and joy filling her heart, which raised her above her earthly sorrow, and now a disciple of Christ, and earnest soul-winner, she tells to others of the

One who forgiveth, healeth, and satisfieth, as He did for her that never-to-be-forgotten night by Brodick Bay.

Reader, have you found in Christ, salvation and satisfaction to your soul? You will never find in earthly friends or earthly joys, that which truly satisfies. But in the Christ of God there is salvation, and of Him it is also written, "He satisfieth the longing soul" (Psa. cvii. 9).

#### THE OCEAN OF LOVE.

 THOU whose mighty wond'rous power  
Hast scooped this ocean's bed ;  
Whose hand hath painted every flower,  
And every sparrow fed.

I stand me by the vast, vast sea  
Of thy deep, shoreless love ;  
That mighty tide of sympathy,  
That brought Thee from above.

This sea is vast ; but, oh, that sea  
Of grace, so deep divine,  
*That rolled its tide of love on me,*  
And made a sinner Thine.

*Oh, love !* so great, to stoop *so* low,  
To raise *me* up so high ;  
Love hastening in its fullest flow,  
To suffer and to die.

*Hail ! mighty love !* no leaf, no flower,  
Nor sea, can tell of thee ;  
These rolling surges mutter, "*power ;*"  
Love speaks on Calvary.

*Hail ! mighty love !* that knows no bound,  
I launch me in thy sea ;  
Deep is thy wave ; in vain I sound ;  
Deep as Eternity.

.....  
 Friendly Talks with Young Believers  
 .....

Some Snares of our Holidays.

“**H**OW did you get on during your holidays, Tom; had you any cheer in the Master’s service?”  
 TOM—“I filled my Pocket Case with tracts the night before I went away, and fully intended to begin distributing them among my fellow-passengers the next morning. I was very hard pressed for time, getting things ready, and had only just a minute or two for prayer, and no reading of the Word before I left for the railway station. There were five in the carriage, three of them well known to me. I felt very “shaky” about taking out my tracts, and once or twice put the “case” back into my pocket. I don’t know what was wrong with me, unless it was that the devil was tempting me; but at anyrate, I could not muster courage to give one of them a tract. I felt very miserable, but thought I might gain courage by the time we got to the first halting-place. When we reached the station every one of my fellow-travellers rose and left, and there I was, my opportunity gone. I *did* feel ashamed before the Lord, and confessed my failure to Him, and I hope I have learned a lesson for time to come, not to allow the

first opportunity to slip.” Very true, Tom. How the devil does watch us, and how he seeks to hinder us from serving the Lord! Perhaps the root of the cause lay in you going out to serve without your “morning portion.”

SAMUEL.—“I had on the whole a very happy time, but I made a narrow escape of being ‘trapped.’ There was an ‘excursion’ one day, and I went with my cousin for a day’s sailing. You know that before my conversion, I was very fond of dancing. Well, when we went on shore there was a ‘reel’ proposed, and my cousins—both unsaved—went in for it. Of course, they invited me, and almost forced me to go. I refused, but I was quite unhappy, sitting watching them for a full hour. I am quite certain that the safe and happy path is, to keep out of the company of the unconverted altogether.” That’s it, Samuel. God says, “Blessed is the man that *walketh* not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor *standeth* in the way of sinners, nor *sitteth* in the seat of the scornful” (Psa. 1. 1). Those who “walk,” soon “stand,” and if not restored to God, they “sit.” But the saint who begins by *sitting* at Jesus’ feet, is able to *stand* like the brave with his face to the foe, and he will also *walk* in God’s counsel, in obedience to His Word. Harry

is the last. I wonder how he got on during his holidays?

HARRY.—“I was at the sea-side for a week. On the Lord’s-day I went with other two to an open-air meeting on the sands, and helped to sing. We had a splendid meeting, and a great many stood listening attentively. On the way back, there were quite a number of us all professing to be the Lord’s, but there was too much levity and flippant talk, I am sorry to say.” A very common snare, Harry. Religious levity is about the worst thing for the soul possible, and a great many get spoiled in this way. “Puns” and “guesses” on Bible subjects is wretched employment for heaven-bound people. Cracking jokes and evil-speaking, are quite as bad for the soul. There is surely enough in the things of God to form the theme of conversation among saved ones when they meet. You mind God says, “Thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up” (Deut. vi. 7). There won’t be much time for worldly talk then, will there? The best way to keep out that which is wrong, is to be filled with that which is right. When Christ fills the heart, and His words the lips, light talk and soul-withering gossip will have no place.

### Prizes for Bible-Searching Text Books.

#### *Second Section. Above ten and under twelve.*

WE are glad to be able to say, that a very large number of Text Books filled in correctly, have been sent us this year by searchers between *ten* and *twelve*. This tells of many an evening employed over God’s precious Word, looking for these three hundred and sixty-five short Gospel gems, and by this means becoming acquainted with the places where they lie, in the sixty-six treasure-fields of the Bible. We are certain that to know these truths as being God’s eternal Word, to have them embedded in the young memory and heart, is of the very first importance to our children, in these sceptical and questioning days, and we cannot but rejoice, as year by year the numbers and interest of our band of Bible searchers continue to grow, in all parts of the wide, wide world. We have pleasure in sending prizes to the following, whose text books are judged to be the best of those between ten and twelve:—

Robert Dunbar, Elgin; James Herbert, Cardiff; A. E. Walker, Burton; Mabel Smith, Birmingham; Mary Stoddart, Dalmellington; Bella B. Anderson, Fife-Keith; Eddie M’Vey, Kingsmills; Cissie Pettit, Robertsbridge.

The following are also very well done, and have our *highest commendation*:—

Edith Wakeman, Birmingham; Gertrude M. Woods, Aylesbury; Edith Crumpton, Cheltenham; Mary Abbot, Birmingham; Joseph J. Singleton, Whitehaven; Arthur Yates, Birmingham; James D. Geddes, Portessie; Mary Simpson, York; Mabel Grafton, Stourbridge; Helen Taylor, Craigellachie; Nellie Bunnager, Broseley; Minnie Bending, Plymouth; W. J. Williams, Newport; Samuel Brown, Creetown; Agnes Stockton, Chester; Maud Gillet, Barnstaple.

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# The Young Watchman

No. 128]

AUGUST, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



THE BOATMAN'S EVEN-SONG.

## THE BOATMAN'S EVEN-SONG.

**I**T was a lovely August evening, and the sun shone brilliantly on the unruffled sea. Quite a number of small boats were out in the Bay, and a number more were lying ready, on the peebly beach. Two young ladies from one of the villas nestling in the wooded hill, close by, had taken their places in one of them, and with the obliging and respected boatman, familiarly known among the visitors as "Dugald," they were soon afloat on the deep blue sea. So calm and still was the night, that the voices of the various boating parties, could be distinctly heard for a long distance, as they echoed over the glassy sea. It was probably this, that suggested to the young ladies in the boat to "have a song." "But who will take the bass? Will you, Dugald?" asked one. To this proposal the aged boatman gave a smile, and a shake of the head, and then replied, "It's many a year an' day, since I sang a Scotch song, my ladies, and I couldna' dae it now if I tried. I had my day o' them, and I may tell you that I was very fond o' them, till I got something better, and then I had nae heart left for them."

"You don't mean to say there's any harm in singing a good song, do you, Dugald?" said one of the girls, rather astonished.

"I said naething about the 'harm' o' singing them, Miss; but the thocht that I hae is this, that there's something better."

"And what may that be?" enquired the other, who plied the oar next to Dugald.

"The Songs o' Zion, or may be you'll understan' me better if I say the Song o' Redemption. You see that's the song they sing above, and I have so many dear ones up there already, and will likely soon be there among them, that I like to begin and sing the song down here," said the happy boatman, his face beaming with joy as he spoke.

All this was so strange and new to the two worldly girls, that their curiosity was fairly aroused. All that they knew of Christ or Christianity, was the Ritualist service in the church, to which they went once a week, when they were at home, and that was more for the music, than for the preaching. The realities of sin, and judgment, and of the need of conversion, they knew no more about, than the heathen in far-off lands, who never heard the Saviour's Name.

After a pause, one of them said, "Would you mind singing us one of your Songs of Redemption, Dugald?"

"I'm not much of a singer, so far as the music is concerned, Miss,"

said Dugald; "but may be the words will be what you want to hear, more than the tune," and so far as Dugald was concerned, the words were what he wanted them to hear; for he lost no opportunity of putting the Gospel in its simplicity before those to whom he had access, in his own simple way. There was a few minutes' pause, and then the boatman's voice rose softly, and the words so full of Gospel grace and love, floated on the evening air, as he sang—

"God in mercy sent His Son,  
To a world by sin undone;  
Jesus Christ was crucified,  
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.  
O the glory of the grace,  
Shining in the Saviour's face,  
Telling sinners from above,  
'God is light,' and 'God is love!'"

The hymn was sung with such feeling and sweetness, as only a saint in whose heart the love of Christ is dwelling, can sing it, and the words were carried to the hearts of the two girls, who sat leaning on their oars in silent veneration, as they listened to the aged boatman's song. God was speaking to them, and for the first time in their lives, their thoughts were carried far beyond the round of pleasure, the whirl of fashion, and the gay circle of companionship, in which they moved, to the eternity beyond. Many questions were asked, as to how Dugald came to know

these things, and how he was sure they were real, and so on, to which he gave plain and pointed answers, glad of the opportunity to put the Gospel that he loved so well, before the two eager listeners. As the boat touched the strand, they bade Dugald a hearty "good-night," and said they would come again, and hear more another evening.

But although neither of them knew it, that was Dugald's last testimony for his Lord: his last even-song was sung. The following day, the news spread along the shore that Dugald had been "called up higher" to join his kindred above, in that blest place where the song of Redemption is ever sung, and where partings are unknown.

When the news reached the two who had only twelve hours before heard from his lips, these words of Gospel grace, they were overcome with grief. They felt they had lost a friend; one from whom they could seek true counsel. But his words and the message of God through his lips that night, were never forgotten. That first conviction was deepened through other means in their souls, and before the grass had grown green on Dugald's grave, in the little church-yard by the sea, they had both been converted to God, and become followers of the Lord Jesus, The boatman's even-song has its

message to you, dear reader, as it had to them. Say, will you give it welcome? The Gospel of the blessed God, is the only remedy for your sinful soul, as it is the only portion for your weary, unsatisfied heart.

If you give it welcome, receiving it as God's good news to you, believing it as His message of life and love sent expressly to you, you will be saved, and as a saved one, you will be able to sing "Redemption's Song."



## "RIVERS OF WATER IN A DRY PLACE."

**I** SHALL never forget how that statement of God's Word came home in power to my soul, as it fell from the lips of a preacher of the Gospel, to whom I listened one night. I have travelled on the sultry plains of India, with my tongue cleaving to my mouth. Everything scorched, and not a drop of water to be had. How thankful one was to hear of a river in the distance, and how the wearied feet pressed on to reach it. Then, having drunk until satisfied, we would sit down beneath the shade of a tree, and enjoy looking on the clear refreshing stream. How sweetly does Christ answer to this, as He is presented to sinners in the Gospel. I was a weary thirsty sinner, seeking, but never finding satisfaction

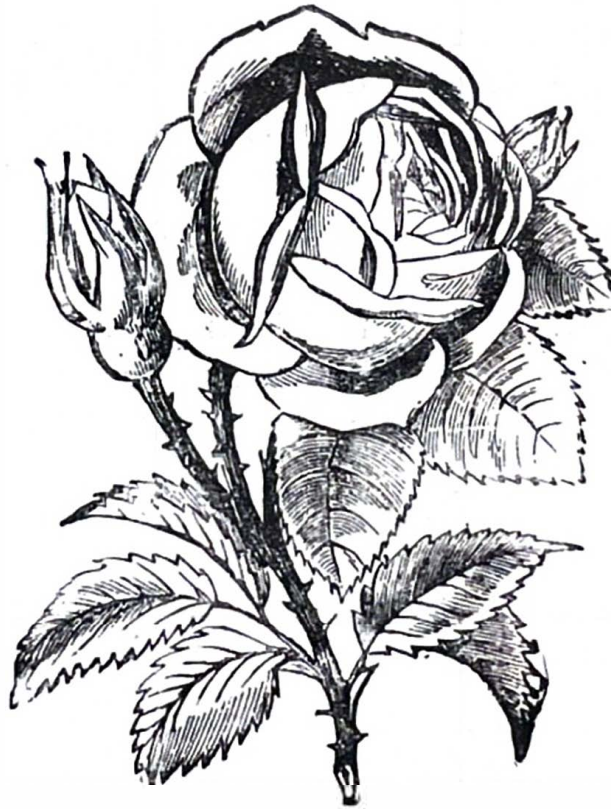
in the world. It was to me a 'dry place.' There was only weariness and thirst, nothing to satisfy. When I heard of Christ as Hiding-place, Shadow, and especially as 'Rivers of water in a dry place,' I said to myself, 'That's what I want.' I trusted Him, and have found Him to be to my soul all that He promised. Reader, if you are, as I was, unsatisfied and weary, come to Christ. He will save and satisfy. He will be unto your soul, as, 'Rivers of water in a dry place.' There will be no desire left for the falsely-named 'pleasures' of the world. Christ will be to you, the 'Altogether Lovely:' the Object and Treasure of your heart. If you reject Him, you will thirst now, and in eternity."



## THE STORY OF A WHITE ROSE.

ONE evening when on my way to speak at a meeting in London, I was hurriedly passing along the Thames embankment, and within a hundred yards of the hall, I noticed a fine prepossessing young woman in deep mourning standing in profound thought. Her attitude and manner arrested my attention. I hesitated a minute, and then felt prompted to speak, asking her to pardon my apparent rudeness in addressing her. I invited her to our meeting close by, saying no one should interfere to prevent her leaving at any time, and as a further inducement, promised a cup of hot coffee and a bun. She indignantly resented my interruption of her *reverie*, and emphatically declined to come to the meeting. Here I may say that the lady with whom I had just taken tea, had presented me with a white rose. I had always made it a rule not to wear a "button hole," but my hostess was so persistent, and some power seemed to be compelling me

to accept, that I yielded. So removing it from my coat, I turned and asked as a parting favour, if she would accept it. Looking first at the rose, then at me, she finally grasped the beautiful flower, and as the gas-lamp shone on her sorrow-stricken countenance, I noticed a falling tear. Giving her the name of the street where our hall was situated, and saying good-bye, I left her, hoping she would yet alter her decision and come to the meeting.



I had finished speaking, and another worker was following me, when I espied in a dark corner of the hall, my friend with whom I had spoken an hour before. On his concluding, she rose as though she had something to say, and yet was afraid; presently however, in clear, and distinct, tho' tremulous tones, she told the meeting her sad story. "I was standing," she said, "on the embankment, just deciding whether to go back into the haunts of vice in which I have lived for five years, in sin of

the most wretched and degrading kind, or end all (which seemed by far the best), by simply throwing myself over the embankment into the surging waters of the Thames. I had all but decided to drown myself, when *that* gentleman spoke to me and aroused me from my hellish thoughts. After again and again pressing me to accompany him to this meeting, and I insultingly refused, he asked my acceptance of this beautiful white rose, the same pure white flower my widowed mother gave me five years ago in our quiet country village, in the north of England, far from this awfully sinful city—*her favourite flower, cut from a much cherished tree*—at the same time remarking, ‘Ellen, my dear girl, you are leaving your poor lone mother much against her wish, to roam I very much fear, into sin, and when you are far away from her, and you ever see *a white rose*, always remember your mother’s parting gift to you will be followed by fervent prayer for the return of her sinful child. Day nor night shall I ever cease to pray that God may bring you home again a saved child.’ I have often thought of my mother and her words, and have had to stifle conscience many times, and while contemplating that awful step to-night, I thought of her, and I pray God to forgive me the sorrow this

night’s act would have caused her. This pure sweet rose brought me to my senses. I gazed at it, kissed it, moaned over it, felt powerless to resist coming to this meeting, and I’ve been listening to the invitations to ‘Come to Jesus,’ and I feel I dare not go from here without salvation; if Christ will only extend His mercy to one so deep in sin and immorality as I am.”

We stopped our meeting, and began to speak to her on John 3. 16, “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” To this she listened eagerly, then burst into tears and fell upon her knees, imploring in deep anguish the Lord to save her soul. We joined in prayer, then leaving her with God, with whom she was pleading for forgiveness. Her state at times was alarming, but presently she became more calm and subdued, and then quietly rising she exclaimed, “Oh mother, your long-lost child will return to you saved by believing in the merits of a crucified Saviour.”

After giving thanks to God for answering prayer, we sheltered her for the night, and on the morrow communicated with her mother, who was overcome with joy and thankfulness at the glad news. She will always remember “The White Rose.”

## THE BOOKING CLERK'S STORY; Or, THE GREAT GOSPEL CHARTER.

**I** WAS saved by God's grace at the age of eighteen. At the time of my conversion, I was booking clerk at a small station, far away from the bustle of city life. Only three or four trains stopped each day, but quite a number of goods and express trains passed our way. A Christian guard on one of these,

of the Lord's-day, of course as a duty, and as I had been taught. That question opened up a vast future before me. I knew in theory that there was an eternal world, but now the everlasting heaven and the eternal hell of the future stood forth before me. I watched for an opportunity to speak with that guard, and



“GOODS AND EXPRESS TRAINS PASSED OUR WAY.”

threw out a card one day, as he passed, on which there was a question printed in bold letters, that question was, “Where will *you* spend eternity?” I had never thought on that before: in fact, eternity had not been brought before me at all. My parents were respectable church-going people. I had been brought up religiously, and after I left my home, I was careful in my observance

I believe *he* was watching for my soul to win it for Christ. At any rate we met one day, and I suppose he saw I was anxious. He pulled out his Testament—he always carried one in his pocket—and said, “If you want to be saved, here is the way, and mind you it is God's, and there is no other.” He read, “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). "There," said he "is the great Gospel charter, in which I, and thousands more have read our title to a share in God's eternal love. You don't *deserve* to be loved, yet God loved you. Perhaps you don't *want* to be loved, but God loved you all the same. You may have never *thought* that God, the God of heaven, loved a worthless sinner like you, but He did nevertheless, and the proof of it is, that He gave His only Son to die for you. I have many friends whom I love, but I could not give my only boy to die for one of them. Yet think of this, God gave *His* only Son, to die for His *enemies*, and it was for sinners that Jesus died." Then looking me full in the face, and grasping my hand, said, "Young man, believe in God's love to *you*, and believe on His Son, who died for you, and God says everlasting life is yours." He jumped into his van, and was gone, but his words, or God's word's which he spoke, remained with me. I turned up that verse, the verse that the guard called the great Gospel charter, and read it over again and again. At first it seemed to have no special interest, but as I *thought* over what it said, that God loved "the world," I saw so wonderfully clear, that these words included *me*,

just as truly as if it had said, "For God so loved George F——." I had always thought of God as *hating* me, because I was not *good* at times, but here I read that He loved me, sinner and enemy as I was, and had *proved* His love, by giving His Son to die my death, that I might live. I believed it, not in a general way as folks say they believe all the Bible, but that for *me* Jesus died, and that to me God has given everlasting life. I could have danced for joy that moment. I believe I did jump through the office, and sing praise to God. Years have gone, but the "great Gospel charter" remains the same. Reader, have *you* ever read it, as God's grand message to *you*? Will you do so once again, and as you finish, ask yourself the question, "What has this great Gospel charter brought to me, and what have I *received* that this day I can call mine from it?"

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### My Bible.

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"This Holy Book I'd rather own,  
 Than all the gold and gems;  
 That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,  
 Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the sea one chrysolite,  
 The earth one golden ball;  
 And diamonds all the stars of night,  
 THE BOOK is worth them all."

## THE LAST MATCH.

**Y**ES, it was his last match. He was carried from the football field to the Infirmary, and from the Infirmary to the grave. Young, strong, and healthy as he was, he was suddenly called to meet his God and to enter eternity. Shall I tell you how and what he said about himself?

Johnnie was a great athlete. It mattered not what line he went in for, he was sure to be at the front.



His team was sure to win. At cricket, football, and flat racing, he had scarce an equal, and his rooms at home were hung with the trophies of his victories. During a game at football, he came into collision with another, and was flung violently to the ground. He was carried in a dead faint from the field. A little later, he lay prostrate with rheumatic fever, and in less than two months, he was in eternity. During the interval, he had time to think, and to review the past. Now he saw that his life of pleasure had been a mistake; and there now he lay alone. Companions as busy as ever; matches going on as usual, and *he* forgotten! Prizes and honours were of little value now, for his life was ebbing away. Eternity was unveiling itself,

and for it he was not ready. Reader! do you ever think of the moment when *you* too must face these things? When solitary and alone, you must stand on the confines of the world beyond, and then meet your God? Companions in sin far away; the busy world rolling on, but your last match has been played. Tell me how would it be with you then? Could you look into eternity without fear? Could you welcome the meeting with God? If you are unconverted and unpardoned you could not, you dare not, for to meet God without Christ is to be damned.

The young athlete felt it so. He longed for something more satisfying than football prizes, and God who saw his need, sent one to speak to him of Christ, and he did not turn the message away. He listened to the word of life, confessed himself a sinner, that his past life had been a failure, and trusted Christ as his Saviour. During the remaining days of his life below, he preached Christ to all who came to see him. Then he passed away to be with Him; and from his silent tomb comes the message this day to *you* who are as fond of the pleasures of youth as he—

**Prepare to meet thy God.**



### Winning Companions for the Lord.

**I**N a large manufacturing town, there was a Canvas tent erected for Gospel Services, and an earnest evangelist laboured there for his Master for many days. Two young girls, who wrought in a mill, both earnest Christians, decided that they would make it a matter of united prayer and effort, that many of their companions, and fellow-workers should be brought to the Lord. As some who read these lines may know, it is by no means easy to testify for Christ, among a crowd of careless, and sometimes scoffing mill-workers. Nevertheless, the two Christian girls resolved in the strength of the Lord to make an effort to reach them with the Gospel, or at least to get some of them to come and hear it.

They fixed a night for united prayer, and when that night came, the two girls were found on their knees, side by side before the throne, pleading with God for the salvation of certain of their fellow-workers by name. This was beginning at the right place. Effort must begin with God to be successful: without Him our most earnest efforts are in vain.

“We will take some tracts with us to-morrow,” said one of the girls to the other, “and will ask guidance from God, as to which of them we should first invite. I believe God will save some of them, but we must honour Him by enquiring at His throne, at every stage.” Next day the girls began operations, by asking one, who was well known as a ringleader in fun and merriment. Strange, that they should have first thought of her, but then they had sought “guidance,” and this girl had been clearly brought before them. So they “gathered assuredly” that the Lord had need of her. They invited “Susie” to the tent, and offered to “call” for her at a quarter to eight. “Susie” at once consented—they expected she would, in answer to their prayer—and that night, “Susie” was converted to God. Cheered and encouraged by this “first fruits” of their labour, they asked that God would give them *two* the following night, and at eight prompt, the two workers, with their two invited ones, with “Susie” following—her face beaming with a new-found joy—entered the tent. That night, God saved the two they had brought. The following day they resolved to ask for *three*, but in order that “Susie” might share the service, and be encouraged to “go and do likewise,” they left her to

invite the third one, which she did; and that night, three more sang the song of redeeming love. It was really a grand sight to look upon that "front" seat, on which there sat *six* new-born souls, all led to hear the Gospel instrumentally, by the earnest, prayerful efforts of these two young Christian girls.

Young believer, you may do a great work for God, but do not forget to begin with Himself.

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### WORDS OF CHEER.

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*The Lord's Blessing on  
"The Young Watchman."*

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As we are assured that many of our fellow-helpers all the world over, remember us often in their prayers, and seek the Lord's blessing on this little paper, we think it right to let them share the cheer and encouragement we often receive, by hearing of *definite cases of conversion* through the Lord's blessing on these pages. We praise God for such tokens, and still ask the earnest prayers of God's people, that wisdom and help may be given to conduct this little paper to God's praise and for the blessing of its thousands of young readers in many lands. We are pleased to note the increase of its circulation among youths and young men, and to have the testimony of diligent and devoted workers, that they find it from its varied contents, a suited message to send by the young folks, to the households from which they come to their schools and Bible classes. We may say that we do not aim at entertaining our readers, by senseless stories, but seek to give them within the limits of each number of *The Young*

*Watchman*, truths simply stated, interwoven in narrative, biography, and story, which by God's blessing may *convict* of sin, *convert*, to God and *consecrate* to the Lord, those who are already converted.

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*The following is from an Evangelist labouring in Aberdeenshire.*

"I met a young woman, a farmer's daughter, near Peterhead, who was converted through reading an article in *The Young Watchman*. She is now in fellowship with Christians there. Our work is to tell of Jesus, and God will own and bless it."

FRANCIS LOGG.

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*The next is from a Sunday-School Teacher in the United States.*

"You will rejoice to hear of blessing on the reading of the *Watchman*. One of our scholars took a copy home, and an older sister while reading it, saw the way of life, and trusted Christ. I have no doubt many of the parents, and older members of families read the little paper, taken home by the children, and that by this means the Gospel is spread abroad. Stick to the plain, pointed message, dear brother, and do not descend to useless, pithless tales, with pictures to attract, instead of truth to convict the "reader."

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*From a worker in South Africa.*

"In this far-off land we get the *Watchman* every month, as we used to do at home. Our children always looked for it with eagerness, ever since it began, ten years ago, but since we came out here, it is doubly dear, and welcomed as good news from a far country. Some who were only "little ones" when the first number appeared, are now young men and women, but they still regard the *Watchman* as their own special magazine. I believe the articles to young believers have been greatly blessed to them."

# New Handbills and Tracts

*For Broadcast Distribution.*

**Life's Message.**—A Series of Miniature Tracts with bold Catchword Texts, and Narratives of what these Texts have done.

PACKET I. Contains "All Sin." "And He Died." "Are Justified." "Any Man."	PACKET II. Contains "Hath—shall not." "Not of Works." "In Hell." "Thou Fool."
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PACKET III. Contains Eternal Things. Three "Comes." Three "One Things." God's "Days."	PACKET IV. Contains Heaven or Hell. No God. "Whosoever." "It is Finished."
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*2d per 100 (by post, 3d); 2/- per 1000, post free.*

**Searching Questions.**—A new Series of arousing Tracts, printed in two colours, with a Searching question at the top of each in bold letters. Suitable for general distribution.

PACKET I. Contains Where art thou? How long Halt ye? What must I do? How can ye escape?	PACKET II. Contains Why will ye die? Where is He? Dost thou believe? How long have I to live?
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PACKET III. Contains To Whom belongest thou? Whoshall be able to stand? Where are they? Whose shall these be?	PACKET IV. Contains How shall we escape? Wilt thou go? Whose art thou? How do the wicked live?
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*3d per 100; 2/3 per 1000, carriage paid.*

These Tracts, being blank on one side, may be used for advertising Meetings.

**Grace and Truth Coloured Handbills.**—Printed in Red, Blue, and Black, bold letters, with striking Texts, very suitable for giving on the Streets, or in Crowds, at Races, Games, &c.

PACKET I. Contains Death and Life. Love and Wrath. Sin and Blood. Peace and No Peace.	PACKET II. Contains Lost and Saved. Grace and Works. Cursed or Blessed. Gospel Blessings.
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*4d per 100; 3/- per 1000, post free.*

These Handbills, being blank on one side, may be used for advertising Meetings. Prices for quantities on application.

## LEAFLETS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES.

**For Elections.** 6d per 100; 4/- per 1000.

The Two Candidates. The Voting Day.

**For Races.** 3d per 100; 2/3 per 1000.

God at the Races. The End of the Race.

**For Games, Matches.** 8d per 100; 2/3 per 1000.

The Last Match. A Cricketer's Conversion.

**For Public Houses.** 8d per 100; 2/3 per 1000.

The Drunkard's Doom. How God saved a Drunkard. The Publican's Deathbed.

**For Infidels.** 8d per 100; 2/3 per 1000.

Paine and Voltaire's Last Words. A Letter to Bradlaugh. The Puzzled Sceptic.

# Gospel Cards and Cardlets

*Suitable for General Distribution.*

**Gospel Brlefs.**—A new Series of White Cardlets, same size and style as railway tickets. A Striking Word on one side, with Scripture Texts and Personal Questions on the other. Suitable for giving on the streets, &c. Nine kinds, as follows:—

PACKET I. For Nothing. You are Invited Insurance.	PACKET II. Postponed   To-night. Wages & Gifts.	PACKET III. Admission Free Special. Last Day.
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*3d per 100; 2/6 per 1000. Four Assorted Packets, each containing 100, 1/, post free.*

**Gospel Watchwords.**—Same style as above, but larger, with a Gospel Word in bold type on top and Texts interspersed with Questions under. Twelve kinds, as follows:

Love.	Salvation.	Decision.
Grace.	Life.	Wrath.
Blood.	Forgiveness.	Peace.
Judgment.	Condemnation.	Deliverance.

*4d per 100; 3/- per 1000. Three Assorted Packets, each containing 100, 1/, post free.*

**Gospel Introduction Cards.**—A Series of White Oblong Cards, same size and shape as visiting cards, with a Pointed Question on one side and Suitable Texts on the other. Good for introducing conversation, and personal dealing with the unconverted 6d per 100.

PACKET I. CONTAINS Have you been converted? Are you prepared to die? Have you believed? Have you been born again?	PACKET II. CONTAINS Are you saved? Are your sins forgiven? Where will you spend eternity? Are you ready to meet God?
---	--

*Each Packet containing 100 Assorted, 6d. Two Packets, 1/, post free.*

**Illustrated Gospel Cards.**—With neat wood-cut and border on one side, and short Gospel Message on the other. Very suitable for giving at excursions, public gatherings and special services. To be had separately or assorted. Eight kinds, as follows:

The Gospel Tent.	Have you seen the Queen
Pleasure Sailing.	I took the Shilling.
The Races.	Admit the Bearer.
The Excursion Train.	The Book says it.

*1/ per 100, or 8/0 per 1000, carriage paid. Two Assorted Packets, each containing 50, 1/, post free.*

**Floral Gospel Texts and Verse Cards.**—Suitable for enclosing in letters, giving at Gospel Services, and general distribution. The Texts and Verses are carefully selected and purely Gospel. *Six Packets, containing Twelve Cards, 3d each.*

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Life and Death.	Living Water.
Glad Tidings.	Ruin and Remedy.

**Cards for Special Purposes and Seasons.**—We have a fine Assortment of Birthday and Memorial Cards, Farewell Greetings, Bereavement and Condolence Cards, with specially selected Texts and Verses, suitable for saved and unsaved. *One Penny each. Assorted Packets of each sort, 6d. A Packet of each of the four sorts, 2/, post free.*

Order direct from JOHN RITCHIE, "The Young Watchman" Office, Kilmarnock, Scotland.



# The Young Watchman

No. 129]

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



MARY OF LOCHGILPHEAD.

## MARY OF LOCHGILPHEAD.

**I**N a pretty little farm near the head of Loch Gilp in Argyleshire, a simple country lassie lived with farmer MacDermid, and acted as servant and general helper about the little farm. Her father was a fisherman, and frequently went away with his boats for long periods to the North, during the fishing seasons. When the fishermen returned, Mary was usually allowed a holiday, to go home and see her father, who had many things to tell of the time spent in the far North.

When Mr. MacDermid returned from Ardrishaig one afternoon, he brought back word that the boats had returned, and next day, Mary was to get her holiday. He heard also that some of the fishermen had been drowned, but not wishing to alarm Mary, he kept back that part of the news.

The following morning, Mary set off to her father's with a light step, dressed in her clean print dress, barefoot and bareheaded, as country lassies in these days were wont to be. Before she reached her father's house, she heard that one of the boats had been swamped, and one of the fishermen drowned. Without waiting for particulars, she started off, running as fast as she could, and to her great delight she saw her father standing in the cottage door, with

her baby sister in his arms. He drew her to his side, and stroking her long flowing hair, said, "I'm glad to see my lassie looking so well, and so happy. I doubt she has nae heard that her brother Dan lies in the deep sea, and that, but for the mercy of God, she would hae had nae father to meet, as she has this day." At this sad news of her brother's death, Mary fairly broke down, and sobbed for a full half-hour. They had been playmates together, and had walked to school side by side, for many a day. Dan pursued his father's craft as a fisherman, and had accompanied him for the first time to the far North. During a severe storm, he was thrown into the sea, and although every effort was made by his father, and others with him in the boat, Dan sank beneath the surging billows, till that day, when the sea shall deliver up its dead. But Dan was ready. He had been converted several months before, and during his short Christian life, had borne a bright testimony for God. "It was well for him that he was the Lord's," said the sorrowing mother, as through her own tears, she sought to comfort the weeping girl, who sat by the fire with her basket by her side, just as she had arrived, without tasting food or drink. "I wish my Mary was as

ready as he was to enter eternity. I hope this sudden call of her brother, will bring her to decide to be the Lord's, and not put it off any longer." This faithful and pointed appeal to Mary, fairly melted her into a paroxysm of weeping, and she remembered, that in her present unconverted state, there was a gulf between her and her brother Dan, and that the heaven to which he had gone, was shut against her in her Christless, unconverted state. God in His tender mercy and loving kindness often eases His people's burdens, and soothes their sorrows, by giving them some fresh token of His love, in an unexpected way. Thus, amid their tears, He causes them to know afresh His love, and to trust His faithfulness. The manifest tokens of the Spirit's work in Mary's soul; the many questions she asked about Dan's conversion, how he was saved, and how he knew it, so occupied the parents, that their thoughts were led from their sorrow, to be exercised about the salvation of their daughter. "It may be, God has taken away Dan to be in heaven, that you may be led to his Saviour, Mary," said the godly father, as he drew the awakened girl to his side. "There's nothing would cheer us half so much in our sorrow, as to see *you* born again Mary." "I wid like to be a Christian, father, wi' a' my

heart, but I'm feared I wid'na live like one," said Mary. "Receive Christ, my lassie, as your Saviour: believe that He loves you, that He died to save you, and that His precious blood cleanses from all sin, and no fear, but you'll live the Christian life. He will strengthen and help you, His power will be *in* you, and you will be *enabled* to flee from sin, and to resist temptation as your brother Dan did by God's grace."

This remark was a real help to Mary. She had not been without her convictions before. Manya time she had thought about her state, and about the great eternity beyond, but she always got rid of her serious thoughts by saying to herself, she would never be able to *live* like a Christian. Of course she could not until she *was* one. Her father's words opened up a new view of the matter to her. To have Christ and His power *in* her, to "enable" her to live as a Christian, was what she had never thought of before. This was just the truth she needed to know, as many others need to know it, that Christ the living One will by His power *keep* all those who trust Him as their Saviour. "Then I *will* trust Him: I *will* believe in Him, and I *will* receive Him as my Saviour," said Mary, her tears falling thick and fast. The parents bowed their knees together, Mary kneeling

at their side, and with overflowing hearts, gave thanks to God, who had taken one, and given them another converted child. After a day or two with her parents, Mary returned to her service a new creature, sad at the loss of her brother, but rejoicing in her new-found treasure.

For many days in her lowly station in life, she proved that Jesus who saved her, was able to keep, and by her happy consistent life and testimony, others were led to Him who saves the sinner just as he is, lost, undone, and hell-deserving, and then strengthens, upholds, and sustains the saint to live the Christian life.

Reader, have you proved like Mary, that Jesus is all—sufficient for this? Have you trusted Him as Saviour, from sin and hell, and proved Him to keep you from day to day? Or are you still unsaved, and unprepared to meet God?

#### WHAT IS FAITH?

**F**AITH is a very simple thing,  
Though little understood;  
It frees the soul from death's dread sting,  
By resting on the blood.

It looks not on the things around,  
Nor on the things within;  
It takes its flight to scenes above,  
Beyond the spheres of sin.

It sees upon the throne of God,  
A Victim that was slain;  
It rests its all on His shed blood,  
And says, "I'm born again."

#### "IN AND OUT."

**A**ll 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  
**A**ll  
(ISAIAH liii. 8).

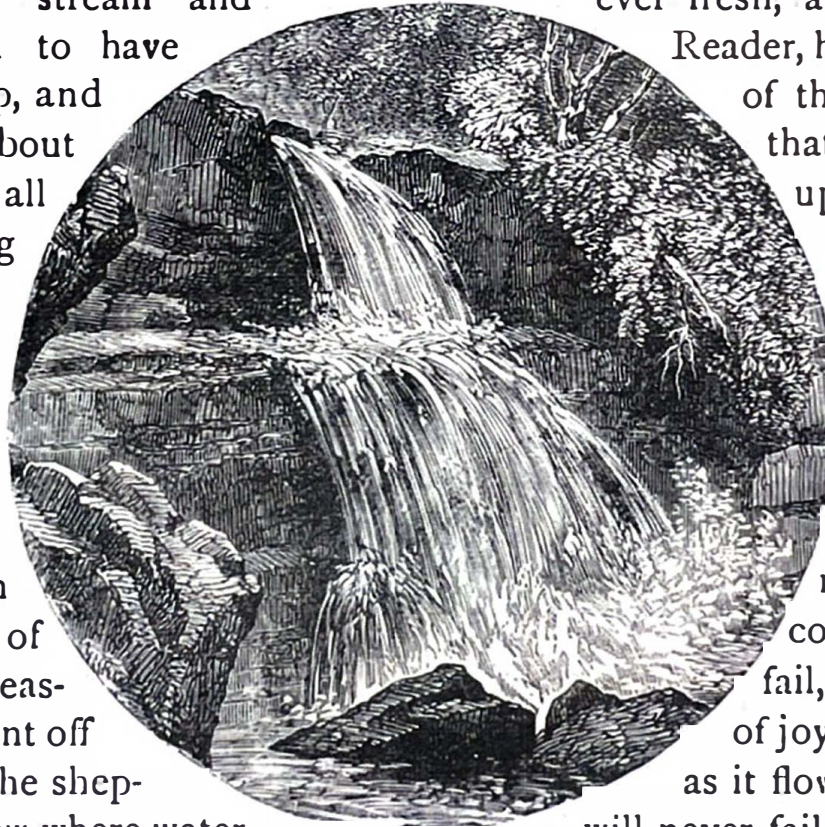
**I** WENT *in* at the one *all* and came *out* at the other," said one who came to God by this great verse. The first "all" tells of your sin. It tells of your departure from God. Do you say "guilty" to the indictment? Do you acknowledge that you have gone astray from God, and taken your own way? You cannot deny it. Nor can you undo it. Your wisdom then is to plead "guilty." This is *your* part of it. Listen now to what God has done. "And the Lord *hath* laid on Him the iniquity of us *all*." This is what the Lord has done. "*Hath laid*:" it is accomplished. "US ALL" that includes *you*. Put in your claim. Your title is there. Believe that He died for you. "ALL that believe are justified from ALL things" (Acts xiii. 39).

#### THREE SOFT PILLOWS.

**B**ENJAMIN PARSONS lying on his dying bed, was visited by a friend who asked the question—"How are you to-day?" The dying saint replied, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows:—Infinite power, infinite love and infinite wisdom." Three grand pillows.

## THE STREAM THAT NEVER DRIES UP.

**A** PLEASURE party had gone up a mountain side and became so engrossed with the beauty of the scenery, that they neglected to take a supply of water with them. As the day went on, they began to feel the want of it, and one after another of the party, set off in search of a spring or well, far up the mountain. In vain did they search for hours, every stream and well, seemed to have been dried up, and they were about to give up all hope of finding any, when an old shepherd with a flock of sheep, appeared coming across the mountain side. Several of the thirsty pleasure seekers went off to inquire at the shepherd, if he knew where water could be found. Pointing toward the top of the mountain, only a short distance from where they stood, to a beautiful waterfall, whose sparkling waters they had not observed, nor looked in the direction whence they flowed—he said, "There's only one stream here that never dries up." A



few minutes longer, and the thirsty travellers sat down by its side, drank of its clear cool waters, and were refreshed. The shepherd's words apply to another stream of living water, even that which flows from Christ. The pleasure and the refreshing that He gives never fail. All other streams dry up, all other waters fail. But this flows on, ever fresh, and ever clear.

Reader, have you drunk of the only stream that never dries

up? Sooner or

later, you will

find all other

streams to

run dry. The

world's com-

pany, its

pleasures, its

riches, and its

comforts, will all

fail, but the stream

of joy and pleasure

as it flows from Christ

will never fail. In life and

death, in time and eternity, it is ever

the same. Can you say—

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

“Behold I freely give

The living water—thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live.”

I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream ;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in Him.

# AUTUMN.

**F**LOWING autumn now is here,  
Consumation of the year,  
With its many-tinted leaf,  
Scarlet-berry, golden sheaf.

Beautiful the woodland scene,  
Auburn shading into green,  
Bounded by the purple hills,  
With their sparkling crystal rills.

In these charming autumn sights,  
With their multiplied delights,  
May there not some lesson be,  
Fellow-saint, to thee and me?

Why are they so lowly seen,  
Unlike those of statelier men,  
Who are lifted up so high,  
Proudly towering to the sky.

Laden is each *bending* bough,  
Weighted with its treasures now;  
Barren yonder branch appears,  
Which on high its head uprears.

Bending branches may we be,  
Clothed in true humility,  
Laying at the Master's feet,  
Fruit in its own season sweet.



Transient are these colours fair,  
Flashing round us everywhere,  
Quickly will they fade away,  
Like bright tints at close of day.

Hold we then in light esteem,  
Earthly joys that round us gleam,  
Brightest hopes our grasp evade,  
Withering in death's cold shade.

To the orchard let us go,  
See these branches bending low,  
Stooping downward to the ground,  
Shedding fragrance all around.

Hear His Word, "Abide in Me,  
If thou wouldest fruitful be,"  
Be it then our constant aim,  
Thus to glorify His Name.

Only when in Him we hide,  
Are we safe from sinful pride,  
Be our prayer before His face,  
"Keep us humble by Thy grace."

Soon will fall the autumn leaves,  
Soon be gathered in the sheaves,  
Soon we too, shall join the strain,  
Of *our* harvest-home refrain.

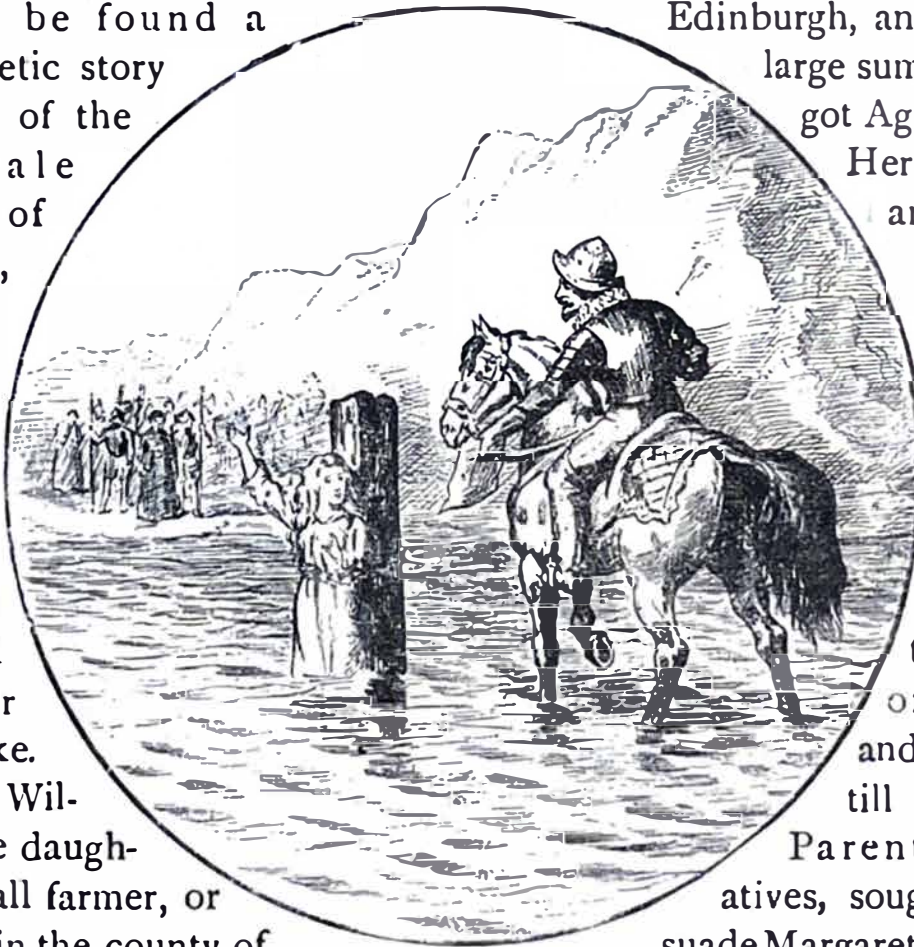
## MARGARET WILSON, the Young Martyr of Wigtown.

**I**N the cruel days of persecution in Scotland, many young in years, who loved and confessed the Lord, were called to share the sufferings of the persecuted Covenanters, and in several cases to lay down their lives for their fidelity to the Lord and His down-trodden truth. There is hardly to be found a more pathetic story than that of the two female martyrs of Wigtown, especially that of the younger one, who at the early age of eighteen suffered death for Jesus' sake. Margaret Wilson was the daughter of a small farmer, or "Crofter" in the county of Roxburgh, in the South of Scotland. She had a younger sister named Agnes. Both the girls at a very early age, were brought under the sound of God's Gospel, and converted. At this time Margaret was about eighteen, and Agnes thirteen years of age. Their parents were followers

of the Prelates, and had little sympathy with the Covenanters. The two girls were soon marked out by their testimony as followers of Christ, and for this they were apprehended and cast into prison, and after a brief trial, they were both condemned to death. The father by going to Edinburgh, and paying a large sum of money, got Agnes set free.

Her sister and an aged woman of sixty three years were both sentenced to be tied to stakes in thesea near to the town of Wigtown, and there kept till drowned.

Parents and relatives, sought to persuade Margaret to renounce her faith, and save her life. But the young disciple of Christ firmly refused. She would rather suffer death for her Master's sake, than deny His holy Name. When the day for the execution of the sentence arrived, a company of soldiers under the command of a persecutor named Win-



ram, marched down to the bay, and fixed two large stakes in the sand within the tide mark. To these the aged woman and the young disciple Margaret Wilson were tied. The stake of the aged martyr was furthest in, and she was quickly covered with the rising tide. As she was struggling in the waves, one of the cruel soldiers asked Margaret Wilson—"What do you think of your friend there now?" to which she calmly replied, "I see Christ, suffering in one of His members there." Her father who stood on the shore, besought her with tears to say, "God save the king," to which she replied, "I wish him and all others to be saved, I desire damnation for none." When some of the bystanders heard that, they told Windram, who thinking she was about to recant, gave orders to have her pulled out from the water. He asked her then to take the oath, renouncing her faith, and all connection with the persecuted Covenanters and their gatherings for worship. This she firmly refused to do, and told him she would rather die, than deny her Lord, and forsake His people and His Word. On hearing this, the heartless Winram gave orders to carry her back, and in a few moments longer, the water rose and covered the head of the young and faithful martyr, and the ransomed spirit of Margaret Wilson was "absent from

the body," and "at home with the Lord." How blessed to think of one so young in years, strengthened by grace Divine, to witness so noble a confession for the Lord and His truth. May the young disciples of Christ, whose lot is cast in calmer and more privileged times, be enabled by the same grace to nobly and fearless stand up for their Lord, whether in the face of open persecution, or what is sometimes more seductive—the secret craft and wiles of the devil, and the allurements of the present evil world. To be out and out for Christ, loyal to His claims, and obedient to all His commandments, will bring His blessing now, and His reward in a coming day of glory. May the remembrance of the young Martyr of Wigtown, inspire you with holy courage for Christ.

In the tide-way of the ocean,  
 Full in the eye of heaven;  
 Bound like a heathen sacrifice,  
 To god or goddess given;  
 Begirt with troops of savage men—  
 Some in the tide, and some  
 Watching ashore, with pike and gun.  
 And dismal rolling drum.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw her calmly raise her head,  
 And fix her eyes on them,  
 I heard her last enraptured word,  
 Though sense and sight were dim.  
 "I will not swear your impious oath,  
 Even in this last extreme;  
 I am one of Christ's disciples,  
 And I go to be with Him."



## CLARA, THE MATCH-BOX MAKER.

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**S**HE was a wild girl, one of the worst in Bryant and May's factory. Though only in her "teens," she was an adept in almost every vice and sin. Curiosity led her to go to a Special Meeting held for young women one evening, in the East of London, near to where she lodged, and while there, the Spirit of God awakened her, and she was deeply convicted of sin. The preacher had said in his address, that a swearer might be "made fit for heaven, by coming to Jesus Christ, and trusting in His precious, cleansing blood."

This seemed to lay hold on the awakened girl. The tidings of the Gospel seemed new to her. She had never heard of such grace before. Poor girl she was unable to read. A Christian lady found Clara weeping bitterly at the close of the meeting, and going up to her, tried to calm her by repeating the words of (John iii. 16). As the words fell upon her ear, she dried up her tears, and said, "I remember learning that verse when at the Sunday School long ago." The lady sat down by Clara's side and pointed her to Jesus "The Lamb of God." Then they knelt together, and in her own simple way, Clara told God how great a sinner she had been, and that she trusted now in the precious blood of Christ to cleanse her and fit her for heaven.

The following night she was there, and testified to others that she was now converted to God. Her fellow-workers saw the change, and quite a number were brought by her to the meetings, and to the Saviour. Reader *you* need to be converted also. You cannot escape an eternal hell, or dwell in heaven with God without it. To *you* the Saviour's word applies, "Ye must be born again."

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### A DAY FOR SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

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**A** MERCHANT whose mind was filled with infidel speculations, was in the habit of boasting, that he never went to hear the Gospel on the Lord's-day. "I hope this is not the case," said a Christian merchant who met him one day on the Exchange. "Quite true," said the infidel with a sneer, "I spend my Sundays in a more useful way: I settle my accounts that day." The Christian merchant shook his head and solemnly said, "God will spend the Judgment Day settling His." To this the infidel gave no reply. He had likely forgotten that God has a time for settling His accounts with men. He wishes *now* to settle with you reader in *grace*, but if you refuse, you *must* meet Him on the Judgment Day in *righteousness*.



## Bible-Searching Text-Book Prizes.

### *Third Section, above 12 years of age.*

THE Books in this Section are remarkably well done. After a very careful comparison, the four Prize Bibles have been awarded as follows:—

Under 14, Mary B. Goodenough, Bristol.

„ Lilian Carter, Cardiff,

The following are very highly commended.

C. Dew, Cardiff; Laurence Ettles, Keith. Isabella Milton, New Maud; Edith M. Smith, Birmingham; Jessie Burdett, Doncaster; Lizzie Watt, Keith.

Above 14, Ethel Green, Bristol.

„ Wm. G. Scroggie, Turriff.

the following are highly commended.

Wm. Roff, Birmingham; Emily Wherry, Plymouth; Annie Hilton, Old Trafford; P. Lawson, Manchester; Norah Boyt, Cardiff; Sybil and Stella Wolff, Bandon; E. Booth, Ballymaguire; John Bright, Bandon; G. Bryson, Larkhall; Sarah Baker, Maud Walker, Amelia Logan, Cardiff; Maggie Weir, Kilmarnock; Minnie Maccullough, Belfast; Jessie Cowper, Wigtown.

Under 12 *Special E.* Harrop, Penrith.

### *Best Text Books from other Countries.*

We have pleasure in sending prizes, as follows:—Canada: Mary E. Codling, Forest, Ontario. United States: Rosa A. Visger. Australia: Grace E. Brown, Perth. China: Lily Cranstown, Shanghai. *Special Prizes.* B. A. Gardner, Galt., Ont. Leona M. Bateman, La Crosse.

*The following are highly commended:—*

Geo. W. M. Codling, Forest, Ontario. Jennie E. Jones; Donald M'Donald, St. Andrews.

This completes the list of Prize winners for 1893, and we must now turn our eyes to the future. Many of our Bible searchers are in far off lands, and for their sakes, we

always make a point of having our little Text Book ready *early*, so that they may have it in their hands before Christmas, and be able to begin their *Bible Searching* by the New Year. Well, by the time you read this, we expect to have

OUR BIBLE-SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK FOR 1894, complete, and in the printer's hands. A month later, we hope to have it ready to send by Post, Rail, and Steamboat, to all parts of the wide, wide world, and we would most earnestly ask all our Bible-searching, Bible loving boys' and girls, and young men and maidens, to go in with heart and hand as formerly, to the grand old work of searching, seeking, finding, learning, memorizing and believing in their hearts, the 365 Special Texts, all of which have been carefully compiled on a new and very interesting plan, which we are sure you will like, and which by the blessing of God we expect to hear, will lead unsaved searchers to the Saviour. There will be several new items in the Text-book, with Texts, Lessons, Bible Subjects, Stories, and Prizes as before.

## NOTES FROM BIBLE-SEARCHERS.

*Canada:* "I have had the Bible-searching Text-book sent me by a dear friend, for the last seven years, and have had great delight in finding the Daily Texts."

*South Africa:* "Here in South Africa, as in the early days of Sunday School life in Scotland, my daily companion is your little "Text-book." I get my morning "portion" from it."

*Queenland:* "My class has been wonderfully helped in repeating the Seven Daily Texts in the Text-book. They are so full of the Gospel.

A *Mother* writes, "My children repeat the Daily Text in the morning, and we read as a family, "The Daily Portion" together."

# Packets of Gospel Tracts and Leaflets.

## ONE-PAGE TRACTS AND HANDBILLS.

Bold arresting words, short and pointed appeals and invitations. The back of each tract is blank, so that intimations of meetings may be stamped or printed thereon. All printed on tinted papers, assorted colours.

**Startling Facts.**—Bold Texts, interspersed with pointed Appeals and Warnings. 16 kinds. *4 assorted packets.*

**Vital Questions.**—Arresting Texts & Questions. Suitable for the careless. 16 kinds. *4 assorted packets.*

**Gospel Seed.**—Gospel Texts, Appeals and Invitations. 16 kinds. *4 assorted packets.*

**Gospel Slips.**—Pointed and awakening. Displayed Texts and Gospel Sentences, 16 kinds. *4 assorted packets.*

*2d per 100; 1/6 per 1000. On Gummed Paper, 3d per 100; 2/3 per 1000.*

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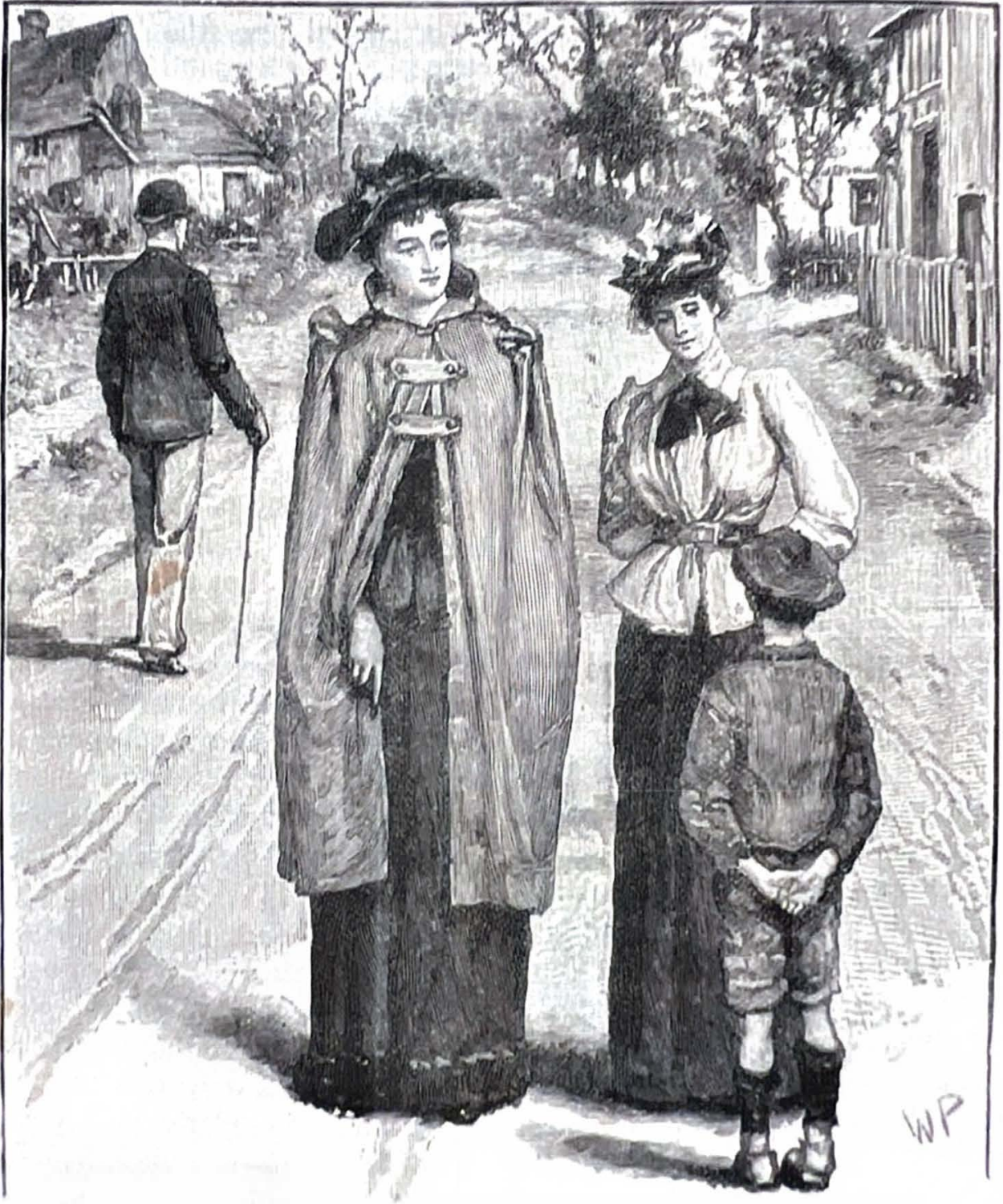
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# The Young Watchman

No. 130]

OCTOBER, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



THE "KIRKTON" FOLK'S CREED; or, "Nobody can know."

# THE "KIRTON" FOLK'S CREED;

OR, "NOBODY CAN KNOW."

**I**T was late on a Saturday afternoon, that my companion and I left the old "Mail Coach," and found ourselves in "The Kirkton," a small "Clachan," consisting of about a score of clean white-washed houses, with the "Auld Kirk" at one end, the Post Office at the other, with the usual "public house" half-way between. We had gone to enjoy a quiet holiday, and to sow the good seed of the Gospel as we had opportunity. A dear friend, a devoted sister in the Lord, whose health had partly broken down in the town, had gone to that quiet glen which was her native place, but we entirely forgot to ascertain the name of the farm at which she was living, and so there we stood, strangers in a strange land, not knowing which way to turn. On our way along the road we met a boy, from whom we thought some clue might be got of our friend's whereabouts; so crossing over to the little fellow we mentioned our friend's name, and asked if he knew her. The boy shook his head, and said, "I dinna ken onybody o' that name here."

My companion suggested that although the name was unknown, we might be able to find out our sister by her words and deeds, so calling the little fellow back, we

asked, "Do you know anybody here-about that says they are saved, and on their way to heaven?" At this a smile passed over the little chap's countenance, and pulling himself up erect, he said, "Aye, there's a lassie come to live up the road there" pointing with his finger toward a house in the distance. "She says she's saved, and gi'es awa' tracts, but the folk a'say she's daft." This was a pretty fair description of what we expected our friend would be doing, and of what the estimate of dwellers in that spiritually dead glen would be of one confessing Christ, and seeking to lead others to Him. So thanking the boy for his information we set off to the house "up the road," and there found our sister in Christ, who heartily welcomed us, all the more, seeing we had come unexpectedly. We were soon accommodated with lodgings in a neighbouring farm-house, the owner of which was an elder of the "Kirk" and had the name of being a "a God-fearing man," although I fear he yet needs to be born again, as not a few others who are "pillars" in these parts do.

The farmer's only daughter—a blythe and particularly frank young lass of eighteen—was our attendant, and although at first we dare scarcely come close quarters to her on the

subject of her personal conversion, I broke the ice one afternoon while she was setting the tea-table, by telling her how I was awakened and led to Christ, to find my salvation and joy in Him. She listened to my story very attentively, and when I had finished, she said in a tone of amazement—"That's not what the minister tells us on Sunday at the Kirk. He says there's naebody can tell whether they're saved or not, till the day o' judgment."

"Did he say what part of the Bible that doctrine was in?" asked my companion, whose soul was stirred within her, at the thought of a precious soul being misled for eternity, by such a false Gospel as this.

"Aye did he," replied the girl, "his text was in Romans, last Sunday, where it says, 'We are saved by *hope*,' and my father says it was a grand sermon that he preached, and warned us against you kind o' folk who say you're sure of being saved." Such was the doctrine of the minister, and the creed of the people of "The Kirkton."

This candid way of speaking only drew out our compassion the more for the dear honest girl, who *really* believed what she had been taught, and thought it was in the Bible as sure as the commandment, "Thou

shalt not steal." We sought guidance and opportunity to bring the Word of God before her, and this opportunity was soon granted. At the "Family Worship" in the big farm kitchen that night, the chapter read was the third of John. After the reading was over, my companion and I sat talking with the farmer and his wife, while Lizzie, the daughter, stood listening. Thinking we would be interested, the old farmer had narrated the story of a great "Revival" with which that highland glen had been visited, twenty years before, and the wonderful things he had seen and heard then.

"Did the folks know they were saved then?" I asked, hoping in this way to reach the subject of personal salvation and assurance. "O certainly," said the farmer. "How did they come to know of that *then*, when nobody can be sure *now*?" my companion asked. "By the Bible I suppose" replied the farmer. "Yes, no doubt, and the Bible is just the same now as then. It has not changed one bit. The minister says 'nobody can know,' but the Bible then and now most plainly declares to all who believe on Christ 'Ye *may know* that ye *have* eternal life' (1 John v. 13)." The farmer hurried off to look after his horses, his wife to the cows, and we were left alone with

Lizzie, who drew her chair close to ours, as if she desired further conversation. We sat long talking with Lizzie, whose interest had now deepened into real anxiety of soul. "I *would* like to be saved. If I could only be as sure as you are, I would gi'e anything," sighed the awakened girl. "You do not need to *give* Lizzie: you have only to *receive* the gift of God, which is eternal life" (Romans vi. 23) I said. Do you mean that it is as easy as takin' a gift? she asked. "Yes! God says that all who receive His Son—whom He has already given as a love-gift to the world—as their Saviour, *have*—not hope to have, but already "HAVE eternal life." There is no doubt about it: you can read it in the Word for yourself, in 1 John v. 13." We turned to the place, and Lizzie sat looking at it for a long time. "I never saw it in that light before" she said, "it seems so simple and plain." "Will you make it your own then Lizzie?" my companion asked. "Yes, I will," she replied, and rising from her seat, she ran out with the big Bible in her hand, to let her mother see the verse in God's own Book which had given her light. The following day, the news of Lizzie's conversion was speeding through "The Kirkton," and the good folks there had many

a long discussion as to whether it would stand. We had a happy week going in and out among the people, in which work our sister and Lizzie shared. Then we three returned to the city, and she was left to witness for Christ. By grace Lizzie was enabled to bear a good testimony both by lip and life to the saving power of God's Gospel, and the day will declare, that her humble testimony has not been in vain. Does the reader "*know*" eternal life as a present possession? There need be no doubt about the matter. The Word of the Lord is plain, "He that hath the Son HATH life, and he that hath not the Son of God HATH NOT life" (1 John v. 12).

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#### "I HAVE NO STRENGTH."

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**AT** the close of a recent Gospel meeting, I was speaking to a young man of the freeness of God's gift of eternal life, and in the course of our conversation, referred to the verse which says, "He that believeth on the Son, *hath* everlasting life! His answer to this was, "O yes, I see clearly the way to *get* the life, but then, I'm sure I could not live it, I have no strength." This is one of the many things by which the devil seeks to keep souls from Christ. But Christ is the "strength," as well as the "life" of His people.



## THE PLOUGHMAN'S CONVERSION.

**H**E had charge of "the first pair" of horses on a farm by the banks of the Ury; a decent well-behaved lad, a member of the Presbyterian Kirk, but he had not been "born again." Yet nobody



would have been more astonished, had you hinted that there was any other way to heaven than by "doing the best you can." He had been taught "to keep the commandments," to "say his prayers morning and night," and to "keep the Sabbath" after the strictest manner. His master had reading of God's Word and prayer, every night in the farm kitchen, at which all the servants had to be present. This he liked, and for the first few weeks after "the term," all went on smoothly. But a stranger came to live with the farmer for a few weeks—he was said to be a preacher, and wanted to have meetings in "the barn." So it was cleared, filled with plank seats, and put into shape for the meetings. The first was on a Sunday night. The preacher told the story of his conversion. He had

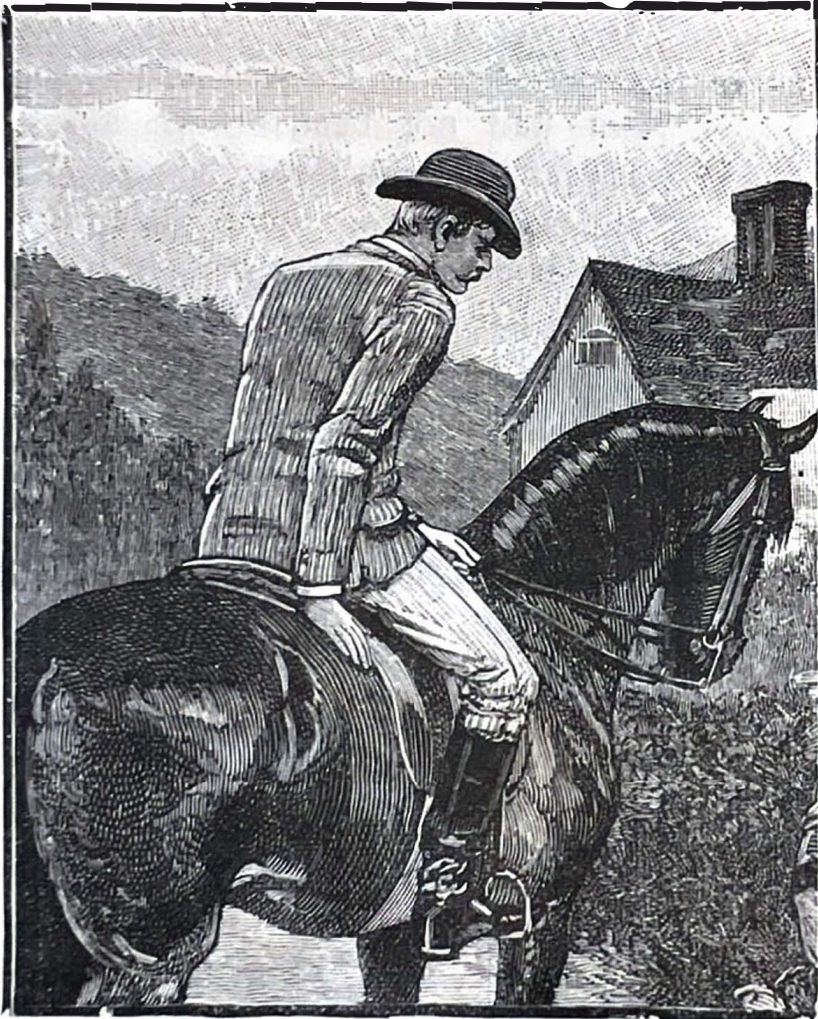
been religious, a member of the church, a tract distributor, and a Sunday School teacher, all before he was converted. "Had I died then I would have assuredly gone to hell," he said, "for religion is not Christ." This startled the young ploughman. It seemed to say to him: "Thou art the man." He was all that too, but had not been "born again." He left the barn perfectly miserable, and wandered in the fields until it was bed-time. All the night he lay awake—"thinking." What was he to do? Next morning he met the preacher in the farm steading. He mentioned having seen him at the meeting in the barn, and asked, "Have you been converted?" To this there was no reply, but an evident desire to get away. At night he was again in the barn, and as the preacher spoke of a present salvation, without works, apart from "doing," simply and wholly by Christ alone, he was deeply interested—in fact, awakened, and thoroughly anxious to be saved. At the close there was a hymn sung, two lines of which are—

"None can perish who Thee trusteth,  
Though he chief of sinners be."

"If that be true then I will trust Christ" said the ploughman. He did and he was saved.

## THE YOUNG FARMER; "OR, I CANNOT LOVE GOD."

**T**WO young farmers were riding home together from town on horseback. The conversation turned to the Bible, and one asked the other—"Do you read the Bible?" "No," said he, "I don't, I see no use



of doing that, I am not a Christian, for I cannot love God—as I ought." "Neither can I," rejoined the young farmer by his side, "but, I have learned from the Bible that God loves me." No more was said, but, that simple remark went as God's message to that young man's heart.

When his companion left him, he rode along thinking over the strange words. He had tried to love God, but, as he said, he had failed to do it as he "ought." Who ever did? He had never thought of the fact, that God loved him, in spite of his lack of love, and, notwithstanding his many sins. The great Gospel truth dawned upon him, that God loved him, there as he was, and as he believed it in his heart, he almost leaped from the saddle for very joy. He read the Bible, and loved to read it, ever after that. He loved God too, *because* he first believed in God's love to him. Cease thinking of your love to God, dear reader, and think of God's love to you. He loves you now, just as you are, and wants you to believe in His love, and

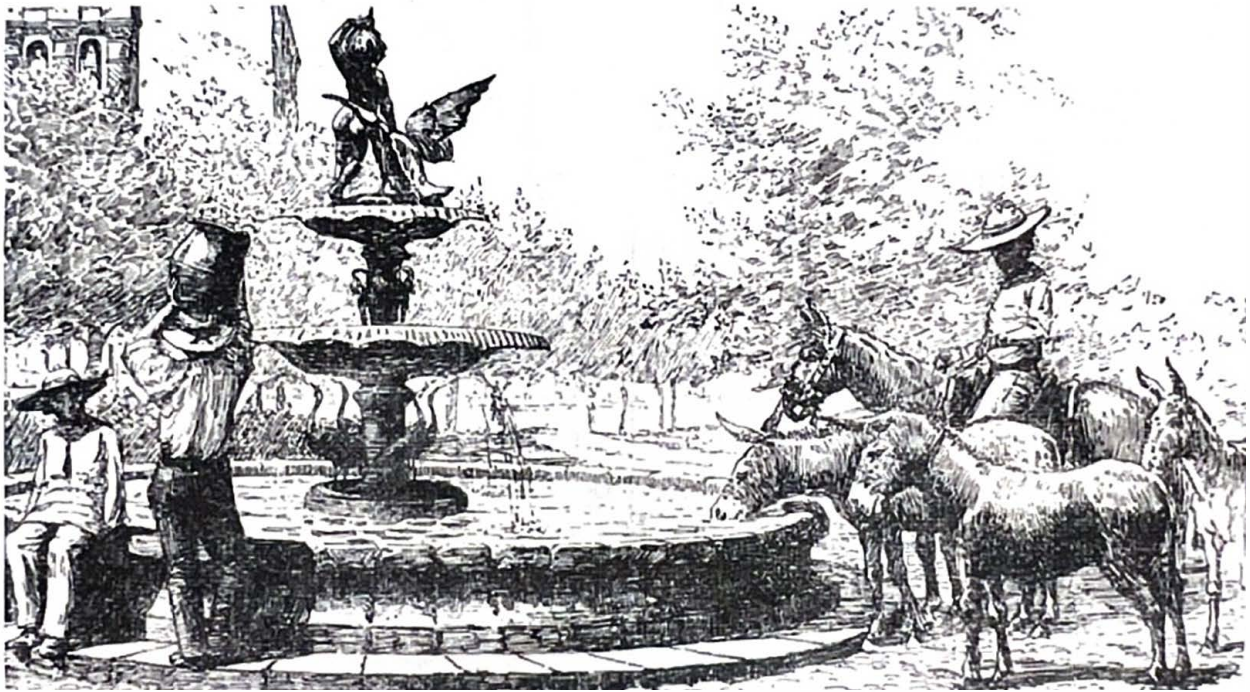
to receive His love-gift, even His Son, Jesus Christ. It is not *your* love to God, but God's love *for you*, that is the source of salvation. Even after conversion, it is not our love to God, but His love for us, that is the firm resting-place of the soul.

## MEXICO, AND ITS PEOPLE.

**S**IT down to write to you my dear young friends, a short account of the country called Mexico, and its people. How glad I shall be if, through what I write, the boys and girls who are the Lord's, saved by His grace, should be interested in this dark and needy people, and led to pray very earnestly that many of them may soon hear the Gospel's

joyful sound, and receive the Lord Jesus Christ as their own and only Saviour.

Much could be written about the scenery, buildings and antiquities of this country, but of these I shall say little, for it is not the *land* but the *people* that I am specially interested in. The mountain scenery is certainly very beautiful, but the glory



of a brighter scene has shone into my soul, and all that earth can show now, lies under a shadow. I do not forget that this earth was made by God's hand, but neither can I forget that it is stained by the blood of His dear Son, and that to this very hour He is the rejected One.

I can see over ranges of mountains from the house in which I am writing, but my thoughts are upon the poor

sinful and deceived people that inhabit the scene. For they have *souls*, and for these Jesus died.

I will just say concerning the country, that its general appearance reminds me of no other place that I have seen. In many points it is like the "Holy Land." The barren mountains, the cities perched among the hills, the Oriental appearance of the Cathedrals, with their domes and

minarets, the dark-skinned people with their bright shawls and sandaled feet—all remind one of a scene in the far East. Many of the implements and customs are the same as used and practised by the ancient people of Israel. Then the inhabitants of this country are as polite as those of the East. Shaking hands is not sufficient, for friends embrace each other: heart is pressed to heart, and at the same time each softly pats the other's back with his hands. On meeting mere acquaintances, hands are shaken "*Buenos dias*" (good day) is said, and then immediately hands are shaken again, "*Hasta la manana*" (until to morrow) is said, and then the acquaintances part.

It is rather amusing to see how very polite even the most ragged Indian can be. A common salutation is "*Beso a' Usted la mano*" (I kiss your hand), and I have seen these people go down on one knee to kiss the hand of another. Many a poor Indian who never wore a stocking or slept in a bed—can take off his old straw "*sombrero*," and bow with all the grace and dignity of a duke. Yet, these same people for a mere trifle would think nothing of stabbing a man to death with the huge knives they carry. Houses in the towns are generally built of "*adobe*," (cakes of mud), but the Indians live in huts made of loose stone, or of stalks of


cane, with hay stuck between, and old grass mats at the corners. The roof generally has large stones upon it to prevent it from being blown away. There is a hut of this kind built against the side wall of the house in which I am writing. The usual ornaments of such places are crosses, with pictures and images of Mary and the saints. These are as truly worshipped as were the idols of which we read in the Old Testament.

Along the road are many crosses. Some are put up to be worshipped, while others mark the spot upon which some one has been murdered.

Many of the Romish churches have images outside as well as in. As the poor Indians pass these, they uncover their heads to them. One church that I know, is at the head of a narrow lane, about a quarter of a mile from the main street, yet off goes the Indian's hat, as he crosses the end of the lane.

Oh how dark and ignorant are the people here concerning God's way of salvation! They have many dark superstitions, but know nothing of the light and joy of the Gospel of Christ. In my next paper I will tell you of some wonderful "*miracles*" said to have been wrought in the village of Ixtaphan by an old tin pan. You will see how Satan thus deceives the dear people of Mexico, and holds them by a false religion.

"LET GO THE ROPE."


 AN American writer says:—I once saw a lad on the roof of a very high building, where several men were at work.

He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling he caught hold of a rope, and hung suspended in mid air, where he could neither get up nor down, and where it was evident he could sustain himself only a short time. He perfectly knew his situation, and expected that in a few minutes he must drop, and be dashed to pieces. At this fearful moment, a powerful man boldly rushed forward, and standing beneath him with extended arms called out, "Let go the rope and I will receive you. Let go the rope and I promise that you shall escape unhurt." The boy hesitated for a moment. He doubted; he lacked confidence in the proffered aid. At length he found faith. He *believed* the man's promise, and quitting his hold of the rope, he dropped safely into the hands of his deliverer below.

This simple incident illustrates faith in the word of Christ. *You* are like that lad, fallen, suspended by the thread of life and unable to save yourself. Jesus Christ with all-powerful arms, bids you let go your hold of every earthly hope of salvation,

be it works or prayers, or resolutions, and commit yourself to Him alone. All who believe His Word, and let themselves drop upon Himself alone as their Saviour, will find that He is faithful who has promised.

MY FIRST SOUL FOR CHRIST.

 bright young witness who has gone forth to testify for Christ in heathendom says; "I shall never forget the joy I experienced in winning the first soul for Christ. He was my bosom friend before I was converted, and of course when grace found me, and severed me from the world, the tie was broken. Not that we ever quarrelled, but our enjoyments were in different spheres, and we felt we had little in common. Yet I longed for his soul, prayed daily for his conversion, and missed no opportunity of speaking to him of Christ. After a time, I could see he was uneasy. He was unsatisfied with the world; like myself he had failed to find in it anything to fill his heart. How grand, that Christ is enough! I told him so, and he accepted Him. I cannot tell what joy was mine, as we knelt side by side to thank God. Companions—aye, and brothers in the Lord. The joy of that first-won soul, gave me a desire for others, and since then, that joy has been mine."



## ECHOES OF HOLIDAY SERVICE FOR THE LORD.

*From Young Workers in many lands.*

IT is delightful to hear of young believers, spending the bright early morn of Christian life in service for their Lord and Master. May He lead them on along the heavenly road, rejoicing in His service as they go. There is no path so truly happy, as the path of devoted service to the Lord Jesus Christ. May those of the Lord's little ones, who are timid and backward, be encouraged by these "Echoes" of happy workers for Christ, to go and do likewise.

BY THE SEA-SIDE.—"We had splendid open-air meetings on the beach, and while the Lord's servants were preaching the Gospel, a number of us younger ones, went round giving tracts, and inviting the people lounging about to come and hear." "My work was giving out hymn-sheets and gathering them up." "When out walking, we laid down "Gospel Slips" and "Vital Questions" on the seats along the shore, and they were always picked up when we returned."

IN THE COUNTRY.—"A few of us got an old barn, and had our first meeting last Sunday night. The Lord helped us." "We were out among the farms and labourers' houses, for eight miles, giving Gospel tracts, and enjoyed it very much. The people seemed astonished to get them for nothing."

AMONG FRIENDS.—"I did not know *how* I could testify at home, I have not been here before, since I was saved. I took a packet of tracts with me, and laid down one on the table the first night. That broke the ice, and I was helped to testify for Jesus."

AMONG FOES.—"On the coach, I ventured to say a word for Christ, to a man

beside me, who was swearing; and he made a great commotion. I got laughed at, called a "hypocrite," and much more. I never felt so happy as I did then. It is grand to bear a little for His Name sake."

## THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC AND BIBLE SEARCHING TEXT BOOK FOR 1894,

Will be ready (God willing) *early* this month, and our young Bible Searching friends should set to work at once with the various *winter evening* employments, which they will find therein. We have specially remembered the large number of *big* Bible Searchers who use the Almanac, and provided several Special *Prize* items for them. There is also a Special *Prize Essay* for *girls*, for which a "Mother" gives a handsome Prize, and one for *older boys and young men*, for which a "Father" gives a *Teachers' Bible*. And, of course, the 365 texts are to *find* and *fill in*.

The Texts are arranged this year as "*Sacred Seven's*," giving a sevenfold testimony on each subject. There is a "*Favourite Text to paint*" for Little Ones; a "Bible Alphabet to make," and a cluster of choice Sacred Stories will afford many an hour's interesting, instructive, and useful employment for bright eyes and busy fingers. Get your Text Books early, and if you are sending to old companions and friends in distant lands, you should have them posted at once.

24 Copies for 1/; 50 for 2/; 100 for 3/9; *post free*, to ANY ADDRESS IN THE WORLD. We can post them direct to friends if desired. THE HOUSEHOLD SHEET ALMANAC, Large Sheet, Fine Tint, 1d.

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Why will ye die? Turned into Hell.  
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# The Young Watchman

No. 131]

NOVEMBER, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



A BROTHER'S LOVE ; or, Sought and Found.

## A BROTHER'S LOVE ; OR, SOUGHT AND FOUND.

**I** OWE my salvation to the grace of God : instrumentally to my brother, who sought and found me when I was far away from God. We had dear and godly parents, and from our earliest days we heard the story of Jesus and His love. Praise, prayer, and reading of the Holy Scriptures were familiar sounds in our home. The beauty of the Christian life was daily before our eyes, in the lives of our parents. We never had a doubt as to the reality of their Christianity, it was too visible to stand in doubt of. We were the children of many prayers, far more than we know of, for our parents were both given to secret prayer.

My brother—who was a few years younger than I—was converted to God at the age of fourteen, and became a bright and fearless witness for the Lord. I was anxious at the time of his conversion, but did not receive the Gospel, although I knew it well. The fact is, I loved sin, and the world ; and although I had a professed love of the Gospel, and a kind of respect for the things of God, I did not want then to be a Christian, for I knew full well that I could not have Christ and the world too. In rejecting the Gospel thus, I became hardened, and then the desire arose to get away from

the influence of home, and the restraints I felt irksome, now that I had openly begun to serve the devil. I determined to leave for a foreign land, which I did, to the great grief of my parents, and my Christian brother. My own conscience spoke loudly to me of my sin, but this also was silenced. Off I went, and found myself alone, without God in the wide world. Perhaps few have ever felt as I did, on the deep angry sea, with godless men around me, an unknown land before me, and above all, the gnawing of a conscience still half awake, telling me of sin, and judgment to come. I landed on the shores of America friendless, and almost penniless. There, in that great continent without a home, a prodigal wanderer, knowing not where to turn, or what to do. The prospect of being my own master was very pleasing, but the stern experience was bitter enough. How I wished myself once again under the old home roof. My mother's tender smile, her soft hand upon my head, her pleading voice, were often before me as I trudged the streets of the great city, lonely and heart-sore. But seas rolled between me and the land of my boyhood, thousands of miles sundered me from my parents, and I had to turn to some new

object to help me to forget them. One text from God's Word was often present with me, that text was, "The way of transgressors is hard." I wished myself dead, to get rid of life's sorrows, but then I remembered the great eternity on before, and truths listened to in early days, stood forth in dread reality before my soul. While I was thus struggling and fighting in my own strength with sin and Satan, God was yearning over me. I sometimes went into the woods to be alone, for in my soul I shrank from the company of the ungodly. Lying there under the open canopy of heaven, thoughts of home, of parents, and of God were often present with me. As I lay there half-sleeping one day, a hand was laid upon my head. I started up, and raising my eyes I saw my own and only brother bending over me. I sprang to my feet, and as he locked his arms around my neck, we wept together. That hour I saw as I had never done, that God really cared for me, and loved me. My brother had come out in search of me. He had left his home to seek the wanderer, and now he had found him. As we walked together into the town arm in arm, he said—"Ben, there is just one thing lacking to make my joy complete, that is your conversion to God." I knew

it, and hung my head in shame. "Do you think God would still have me?" I said to my brother. "I'm sure He will, Ben; quite sure. Do you not remember the word, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." It was late that night before we went to bed, but to the glory of the grace of God, I can say that before I slept that night, I knew God had received me, and forgiven me. Next morning the glad news was sent to our parents that I the prodigal sinner had been twice found that day, first by my brother, whose love for me had led him across the seas, and then by Jesus the Son of God, the lover of my soul, who came to seek and save the lost. I need not prolong my story. We crossed to our native land together, and as you may guess received a warm welcome home. Years have come and gone, but I can still say by grace—Christ is mine and I am His. If you, my dear young friend, would save yourself and others from sorrow and tears come to Jesus Christ *now* in the golden days of youth, while privileges and opportunities are yours. I have seen both sides, and tasted of both the pleasures of sin, and the pleasures of the Christian life. I can say without fear of contradiction, that Christ is better than all that sin has to give.

## ETERNITY.



O you ever ponder the meaning of that momentous word —ETERNITY? With what unmingled joy its sound is heard in heaven! With what unutter-

able woe it rings through hell! To spirits now at rest with Christ in paradise, it speaks of endless bliss, undying love, and eternal peace. To lost and hopeless souls, already in the prison of the damned, it tells of the ages yet to roll, of hopeless agony, and unmitigated suffering, amid the horrors of the burning lake. On earth, where millions live, and only live to die, the word, ETERNITY, is little heard, and still less is it pondered. Men live as if they were to live for ever here; and yet, life's little day is but the threshold of their eternal existence. Men hoard their worldly gain, as if their hands would hold the prize for ever; yet, these hands grow chill in death, and unclasp it all. Men's hearts are set on mirth and pleasure, as if these would accompany them through life and death; yet, in days of lonely sorrow, and when the hour of death draws near, these false and misnamed joys of earth, take wings and flee away.

Oh, that man were wise, that they would look beyond the present, into

the future. But the great and mighty crowd press on, concerned enough about the present, but neglectful of the future. Solitary individuals here and there, at times, are seen to pause and think on great eternal verities, but the mass press on to death and hell.

Reader, how is it with your soul? How stands it with you in the sight of God? Are you in Christ, or in your sins? Is your destiny the eternal glory, or the realms of never ending woe? I beseech you, stop and think. Heed not the crowd around; follow not their giddy track: it leads from God, to death and hell. You, yourself, must live on, through long eternal ages. Now, where is this to be? Heaven's holy mansions are for redeemed inhabitants alone; its songs are sung by ransomed lips. Do *you* expect to have any share in these? You *hope* to be there, no doubt; but, think you, is this enough? Is there no fitness, no title required? Ah! yes, there is, and they are found in Christ, and in the blood of His cross alone.

Have you come to that Cross, a lost and guilty sinner? Have you accepted that dying Lamb, as *your* Saviour and Substitute? There is no other way to God and heaven. There is *no* title to mansions above, but in the blood of the Lamb.

## THE LESSON OF THE WATER-MILL.

**L**ISTEN to the water-mill,  
Through the live-long day ;  
How the clicking of its wheel,  
Wears the hours away.  
Languidly the autumn wind,  
Stirs the greenwood leaves ;  
From the fields the reapers sing,  
Binding up their sheaves.  
And a proverb haunts my mind,  
As a spell is cast—  
“The mill cannot grind,  
With the water that is past.”



Autumn winds revive no more,  
Leaves that once are shed ;  
And the sickle cannot reap  
Corn once gathered.

And the ruffled stream flows on,  
Tranquil deep and still,  
Never gliding back again  
To the water-mill ;  
Truly speaks the proverb old,  
With a meaning vast ;  
“The mill cannot grind,  
With the water that is past.”

Take the lesson to thyself,  
In life's early morn ;  
Golden hours are fleeing by,  
Never to return.  
Youth's bright privilege will  
cease,  
And salvation's day,  
Like the water gliding on,  
Soon will pass away.  
Let the Gospel reach thy heart,  
While its day shall last ;  
“The mill cannot grind,  
With the water that is past.”

Labour while the daylight  
shines,  
Saints, with strength and will ;  
Never does the streamlet glide,  
Useless by the mill.  
Wait not till to-morrow's sun,  
Beams upon thy way ;  
All that thou canst call thine  
own,  
Lies in thy “*To-day* ;”  
Privilege and manly form  
Will not always last,  
“The mill cannot grind,  
With the water that is past.”

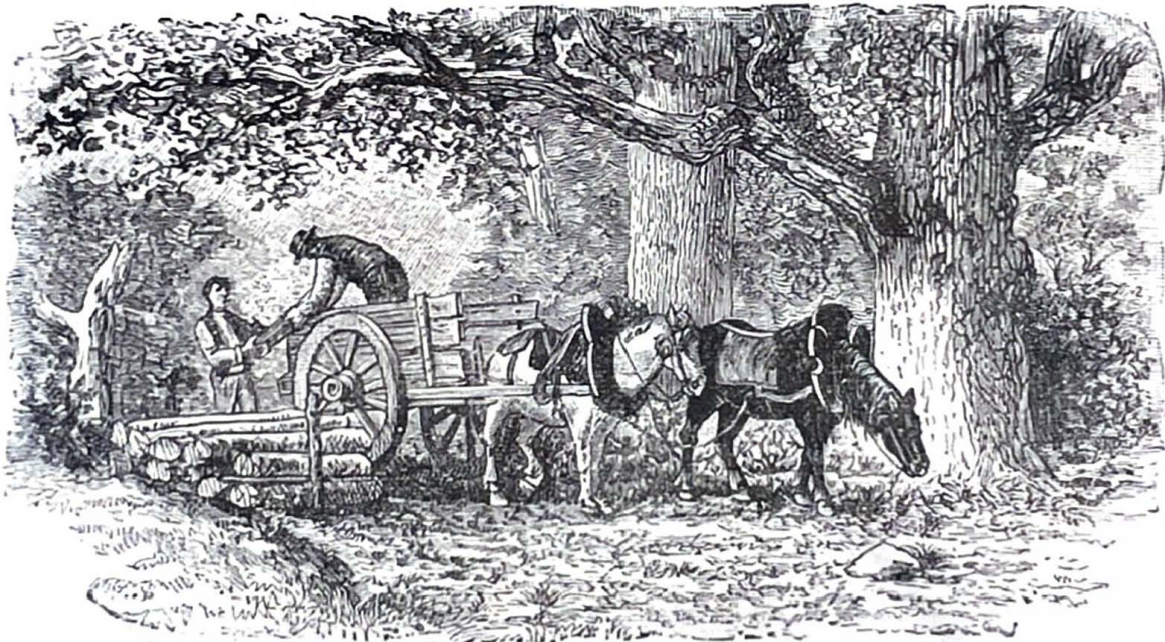
**“Boast not thyself of to-morrow”**

(Prov. xxvii. 1.)

## THE WOODMAN'S LAST MESSAGE.

**T**WO men were engaged felling trees in the wood: one was a Christian, the other a scoffer. The name of Christ was often on the scorner's tongue, but it was in blasphemy. His wicked language sorely grieved his fellow-workman, who often warned him of coming wrath, and told him of God's love and grace for sinners. The days

said, "David, *you* may be the next tree marked to be cut down." That night his horse, started by a passing train, ran away, throwing him to the ground with such force, as to fatally injure him. After two days of agony and pain, he died. That was his last message. God will not be mocked. He is long-suffering and slow to wrath, but let it be remem-



"THE NEXT TREE MARKED TO BE CUT DOWN."

passed on, and the scorner continued his scorning. One day the tidings reached them that a labourer had been suddenly killed, by a falling tree. Instead of producing a solemn impression on the scorner's mind, he turned it to ridicule, singing in solemn jest, "Who'll be the next?" The Christian workman, pointing to a marked tree, at the root of which lay the workman's axe, solemnly

bered, my reader, that He will not always bear with sin and sinners. The day of His wrath will come.

Are you rejecting the Gospel of God, and with open eyes choosing death rather than life?

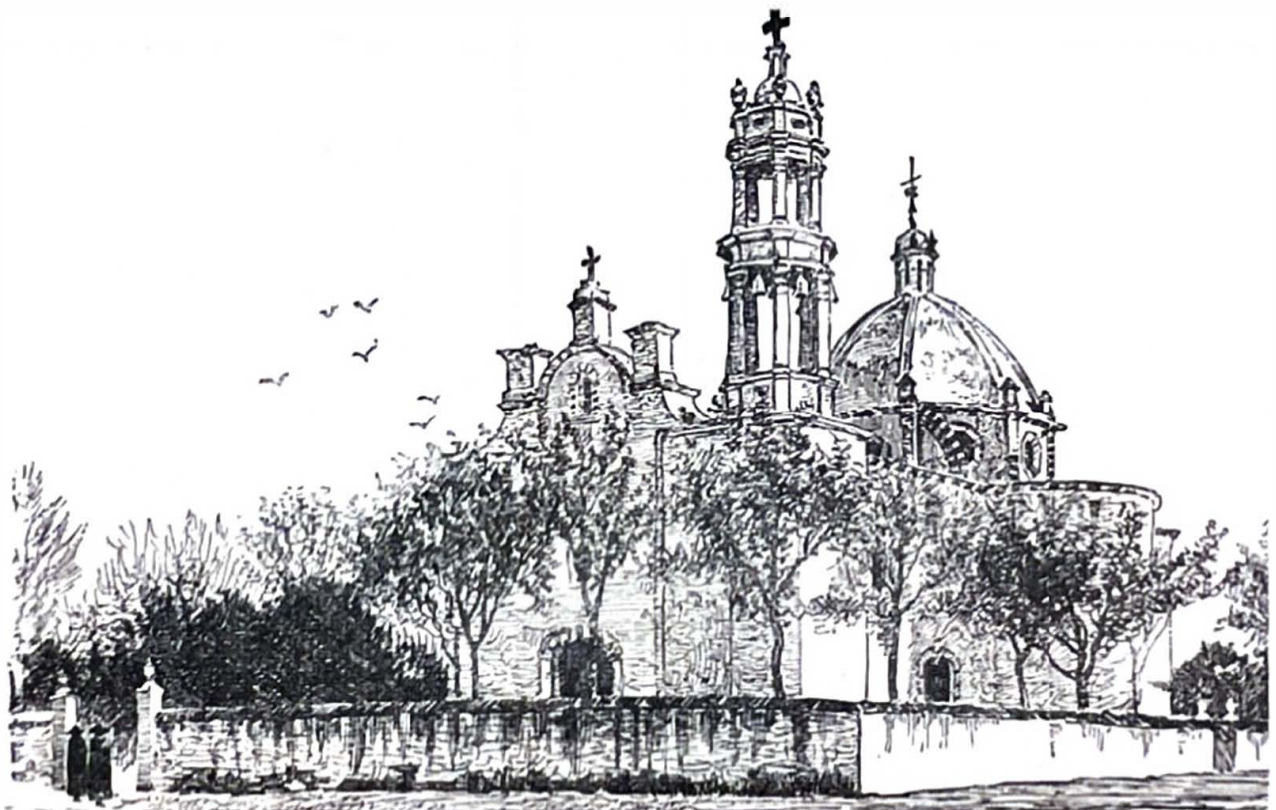
"To-night may be thy latest breath,  
Thy little moment here be done;  
Eternal woe—the second death—  
Awaits the grace-rejecting one.  
Thine awful destiny forsee—  
Time ends, and then eternity!"

## MEXICO AND ITS PEOPLE. *PART II.*

**E**ACH city, town, or village in Mexico has a patron saint, who is supposed to take particular interest in, and special care of that part of the country. I am going to tell you the true story of the patron saint of a village called Ixtaphan.

It used to be the custom at a mill,

There it remained, bright and beautiful. The marvellous pan was carried to La Ville del Valle, but there it was only received with jeers and laughter. Then it was taken to Ixtaphan and the people there received it with joy. The old tin pan was at once installed in the



A MEXICAN CATHEDRAL

near this village, to ladle up the maize and barley in an old tin pan. The devout Romanists believe that, one day, the man who was so engaged, saw a beautiful female figure reflected in the bottom of the pan. He called his wife, who, with soap and water, scrubbed and washed, but, could not remove the image.

church as the patron saint of the place. It is an object of great worship to this day (though no reflection of a figure can be seen in it now) and the anniversary of its arrival, is kept as a great festival by the people of Ixtaphan. They parade the streets with music and fireworks, and conclude their re-

joicings on the following day with a "cock fight."

This saint, called La Señor de Dolores, or, "The Lady of Pains," is supposed to have worked many miracles. It is said, that a soldier and his horse were killed in battle. Praying to the saint as he fell, he and his horse were restored to life, and were suspended in the air, This *must* be true the people think. for the priest has the man's likeness in the church.

Another man is said to have fallen over the bridge (which is a simple structure composed of three rough trees thrown across the torrent) with his mule. On praying to the saint in the tin pan, he suddenly found himself safe and dry on the land. A Christian worker, took the trouble to enquire fully into this story, and found that the accident really had occurred, but, that the man was drowned, his mule, alone, escaping from the water.

Some of my readers will wonder why I tell these strange tales; I do it that you may see to what terrible depths of folly people may descend, *who put the word of God on one side*, and put their faith in the traditions of priests, and others who delude them.

These deceptions, let us see what Romanism really is. In Protestant countries, the Church of Rome

wears the sheep's clothing, and seeks to flatter the people, but here in Mexico, she wears her true colours, and is a persecutor of all who dare to call in question her wicked devices.

We are here to tell these poor deluded people of Jesus, who alone can save. Sometimes considerable numbers of them come to our meetings. Here they are: the women wearing a piece of cloth, tied round the waist, to form a skirt, and with a piece of calico and a thin shawl over their shoulder. The babies are slung in the shawl, and very often, when they come in, they squat on the floor. The men in their calico shirts and pants, sit on the benches, and the boys and girls sit by their mothers.

Sometimes quite a number of the children come, and we are especially glad to tell them of Jesus and His love.

The children of this dark land will follow on in the ways of their deluded parents, unless they are reached by the Gospel, and saved in early days. How highly privileged are the boys and girls, who hear of Jesus and His love, and are taught the way of life and peace. See that you do not neglect or reject the Gospel, and thus incur a deeper doom than the ignorant sons of Mexico.



## THE APPRENTICE BOYS AND THE BIBLE.

**W**HEN the Bible was first published in England, there was great anxiety among the people to procure it. But it was so expensive that very few of the working people were able to buy it. Two and three families would sometimes join, and purchase a copy, and in the evening,

after work, it was a common sight to see a little company gathered around the blazing fire, with one of the number reading aloud to the others. There were two apprentice boys who had a great desire to know what was in the wonderful Book that everybody was speaking about. Their

master was a Roman Catholic, and had no bible in the house, and he had forbidden his children and servants to have or read one. But the lads were determined to have the Book. They kept their spare earnings for many weeks, and denied themselves lots of little things, in order to procure the Bible. At last, by putting their money together, the

sum was made up, and the Bible was bought. In the long winter evenings they went into their little room and read it together, and, lest their master should find it, they kept it hid among the straw of their bed. How eagerly did those dear boys scan the sacred pages of that Holy Book, and it was



not long until they learned the way of life, were both converted to God, and followed the Lord amid persecution and scorn, witnessing boldly for His name. The times are changed now, and the Bible can easily be bought. It may be read without fear. But where are the boys and

girls who spend their spare evenings over it? Reader, have *you* been converted to God through believing His Word? If so, do you value and esteem it, your daily companion and counsellor? There is no such book to which you can look with assured confidence to direct you in things eternal as the Book of God.



NOTES FROM YOUNG WORKERS.

“My brother Jim and I are so thankful for the nice bundle of tracts you sent us. We had a grand time distributing them.” [The packet was the gift of an aged Christian lady, who in younger days was an active distributor. We know many young workers who would thankfully receive such packets, and wisely use them for God.]—ED.

“Our little band of tract distributors had their quarterly tea last night, and arranged for our winter campaign. May many souls be won.”

COLONIAL NOTES.

“A Young Believer” in *Victoria*, writes, “We are always glad to see the “Watchman” here. I instinctively turn to the “Short Papers for Young Believers,” where I have so often got the needed word of help and counsel. Out here, the power of worldliness is terrible, and we are thankful for wholesome words to warn and keep us. May the Lord abundantly bless the little paper to its thousands of readers.”

A “Mill worker” in *New Zealand*, says, “There are such a lot of young women and girls in their teens here, and they seem to read novels and rubbish papers daily. I have been seeking to bring the Gospel before them, by circulating “The Young Watchman,” and I am glad to say they receive them eagerly. The solemn and pointed narratives cannot fail to be used to awaken and interest them in the things of God.”

[Several of our Colonial readers and subscribers have written asking for Specimen Copies of our Magazines to be sent to Sunday School Teachers and friends who had never seen them. We shall be glad to post to *any address in the world*, a specimen copy of each of our Magazines,

*post free*, and to send to Sunday School Superintendents, a copy for every Teacher in their Schools. Simply send a post card saying how many.]—ED.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

*Do you think a young Christian should go into a Club of lads, all moral and respectable, but not professing conversion, with the object of getting them to go with him to hear the Gospel?* It is a dangerous thing, to “club” with the unconverted for any purpose whatever, and God has forbidden it in His Word (2 Cor. vi. 14-18). You will never bring sinners to Christ, by going down and becoming *as* one of them. Stand in your position as a Christian; live Christ before them, and speak of Christ to them. God will own this, but compromise effects nothing for God and eternity.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR READERS.

A. L., ONTARIO, writes:—“Since coming to this land, some kind friend has sent us the ‘*Watchman*’ and ‘*Children’s Almanac*,’ and many a happy evening our young folks have spent over them.”

AN AGED WORKER, says—“I am greatly pleased to read the ‘*Stories of Scottish Covenanters*’ in the ‘*Watchman*.’ Our young folks know next to nothing of these noble men, and what they suffered for the truth. These are the sort of stories young folks need.” [We have a lot more in our portfolio for next year’s *Watchman*.—Ed.]

**New Orders.**—Kindly let all orders for 1894, reach us as early as possible. The same number of Magazines will be sent to subscribers as in the past, unless we hear otherwise. Our *five* Almanacs are all ready for delivery now.

## Our Almanacs for 1894.

### The Watchman Shoot Almanac.

A Fine Illustrated Sheet, printed in *Five* Colours, with Scroll Texts, Daily Portions, Choice Engravings, and Gospel Stories. Fine Centre Cut—"Absalom's Return," with Four Corner Pictures. This is the favourite Sheet Almanac with Christian workers. It has more than doubled its circulation within recent years, and is the cheapest Almanac published. *One Halfpenny. 24 for 11. 3/9 per 100, Carriage paid.*

### The Household Sheet Almanac.

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**JOHN RITCHIE, "The Young Watchman" Office, KILMARNOCK.**

# The Young Watchman

No. 132]

DECEMBER, 1893.

[ONE HALFPENNY



CAROLINA'S DECISION.

## CAROLINE'S DECISION ;

OR, AN EVENING HOUR IN THE CASTLE BY THE RIVER.

**I**N a fine old baronial castle, an aged lady and her only daughter lived comfortably together. Caroline was an only child, the image of her departed father, affectionate and exceedingly attentive to her aged mother, yet the cause of much anxiety, as she was yet unconverted to God. Her father had lived a bright and devoted Christian life, and died rejoicing in the Lord. Her widowed mother had been a faithful witness for Christ since her early days, and was well-known among her wealthy neighbours for her unflinching testimony for Christ. Yet, strange as it may seem, her only child who had been the subject of many prayers, and who from her earliest days had been taught the way of life, was not a Christian. She was not opposed to the Gospel, but like many others,—especially the children of believing parents—thought she might enjoy the world's pleasures in the days of youth, and when she had got her fill of them, then lay hold of the Gospel and be saved.

An aged uncle — her departed father's only brother—was in the habit of visiting them once a year, and Caroline and he were very fond of each other. He had travelled in many lands, and had seen much of

the world. Caroline's great delight was, to sit by her uncle's side, and hear him tell of the strange and wonderful things he had seen on distant shores.

When Caroline was about twenty-one years of age, her aged uncle came on his annual visit. He had been a Christian for many years, but by means of a wonderful work of grace in the town where he resided, he had been greatly blessed in his soul, and stirred up to seek the salvation of others. His great desire now was, to see his niece brought to decision for Christ.

Caroline took her seat by her uncle's side as she had so often done before, and he with the true wisdom of one who knows how to win a soul for Christ, began the conversation by saying, "I suppose my dear Caroline is perfectly wearied by people asking her to become a follower of Christ." Rather surprised at her uncle's apparent sympathy for her, she replied, "Yes, uncle, that is so, and I don't see why they should be always pressing me to it, I am young yet, and have lots of time to think seriously about Christ, and Christianity."

There was a pause, during which the aged servant of God was engaged in silent prayer, that the right word

might be given him to speak. Then laying his hand tenderly on Caroline's head, he solemnly said, "How long do you think it would be safe for you to put off the day of your conversion? Do you think *ten* years would be safe?" "O, no, uncle dear, I have never thought of putting it off so long as that." "Would it be safe to wait for *five* years do you think?" "Perhaps not" said Caroline, softly. "Would it be quite safe to neglect the great salvation for *one* year?" asked the aged saint, his voice quivering with emotion as he spoke. To this Caroline made no reply, but sat wrapt in deep thought. There was a period of silence, and then once more the quivering lips of the servant of God were opened with the question, "Are you perfectly sure, that it will be safe to put off your salvation another *day*? God says, "Behold! *now* is the accepted time; behold! *now* is the day of salvation."

Caroline was perfectly overcome, She buried her head in her hands, and as the tears flowed thick and fast, said, "O uncle, I never before looked at it in that way. I see now it is not safe for me to trifle another *hour*. I might have been cut down long ere now, a neglecter of salvation, to perish."

That night seated by her uncle's side, Caroline received Jesus as her

Saviour, and ever after, joyfully confessed Him as her Lord, walking in His truth, and earnestly seeking to lead others who like herself were halting and procrastinating, to decision for Christ.

Reader, think not that you are safe to trifle with grace, and neglect salvation one hour. Even now, the arrow that will lay you low in death, may be speeding on its wing? There is not a moment to lose. Even now, where you are, I urge upon you to make your decision: to claim Christ: to trust His precious blood: to commit yourself to His power; and then to confess and own Him as your rightful Lord.

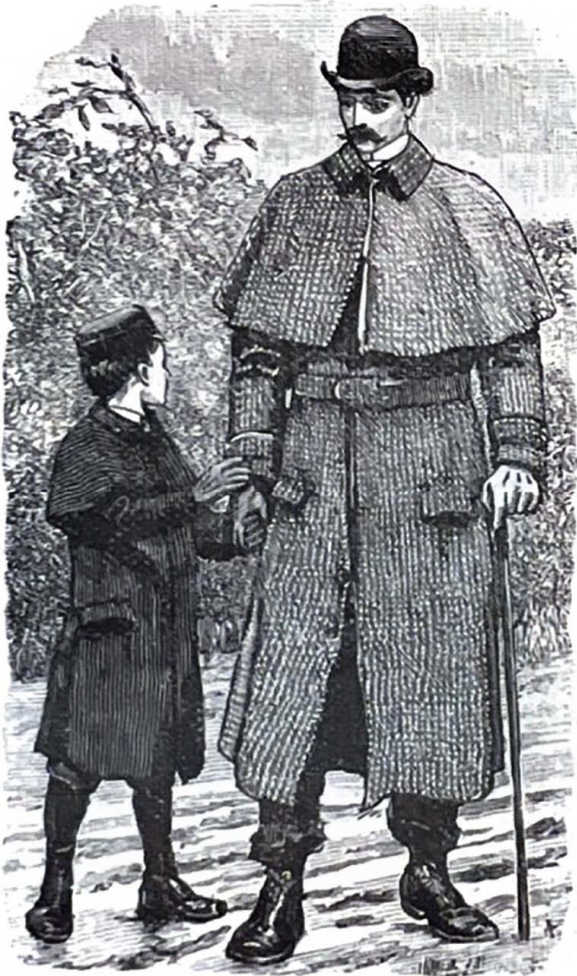
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"It will do to light my pipe."

**A** FAST living youth when offered a tract on the streets, took it from the distributor's hand, and thrusting it into his pocket, said with a sneer, "It will do to light my pipe." Later the same night, he put his hand into his pocket, pulled out the crushed tract, and folding it up proceeded to do with it as he had said. As the flame caught the paper, one bold word gleamed out before his eyes; that word was "ETERNITY." He tried to forget it, but could not. It haunted him day and night, until he came as a lost sinner to God, and found rest.

## THE ROBBER'S CAVE.

**I**N a lonely moor, far from town and human dwelling, there is a strange recess in a rock, known as the "The Robber's Cave." The story goes, that in ancient days robbers hid themselves there, and



"HE TURNED AND LOOKED BACK."

sprang out to waylay the traveller as he passed along. Be this as it may, few of us cared in our younger days to pass the "cave" after dark. A father and his little boy were walking along that road one night after it had become rather dark. They were going out to visit a friend who

lived in the country. As they journeyed along, Henry asked his father if there would be any danger in passing "The Robber's Cave." "Not a bit my boy" said his father, "there are no robbers hereabout now, and if there were, God would preserve us, and not allow them to harm us." Henry's father was a Christian, and he believed, and sought to teach his boy, that God cares for those who trust Him in this life, and in temporal things, as well as in giving them salvation. He said very little, but clung firmly to his father's hand as they passed the "Cave." Scarcely had they turned the corner of the road, when a footstep was heard behind, and Henry looking round, saw a rough-looking man walking behind them. "O, father, here is one of the robbers coming after us" said Henry. His father smiled, and quietly said, "God will take care of us Henry." At the same time lifting up his heart to God in prayer for preservation, if the man had evil designs toward them. In a short time he had overtaken them, but before he had time to speak, Henry's father crossed over to the opposite side of the road where the man walked, and pulling his pocket book-case out, presented him with a tract, saying, "I hope you will read this when you have



time." The man held out his hand, took the tract, and murmured something about "want of bread." "I shall be glad to share what I have with you," said Mr. L. pulling out his purse, which the man eyed with a suspicious look. The next moment, several coins fell into his hand, as Mr. L. said, "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." The rough-looking man touched his cap, and saying, "Thank you Sir," sat down by the wayside. Henry and his father passed on, the boy now and then giving a look behind, to see if the man was following. "I told you God would take care of us, Henry," said his father, and soon they reached home in safety.

Years had come and gone. Henry was a tall handsome youth, converted to God, and diligently spreading the Gospel. In his visits, he entered a labourer's house one afternoon and offered a tract. "Come in and sit down, Sir," said a sickly-looking man who sat by the fireside. Henry gladly complied with the request. "I am always thankful to get a tract, especially, now that I am unable to go and hear anything for myself. It was a Gospel tract that by God's blessing changed my life," said the man with great emotion. There was some-

thing about the speaker that at once arrested Henry's attention. He had seen that face before: where, he could not tell. But a few sentences more solved the mystery, and sent the tears down the cheeks of both of them simultaneously. "I was a robber," said the man in a low voice, and but for God's mercy might have been a murderer. Along with another I meant to rob a gentleman who walked on a country road with a little boy, but by means of a Gospel tract which he gave me, I was unable to do it, and God used that tract to my conversion." Henry sprang to his feet and seizing the trembling hand of the repentant and converted robber, now a humble follower of Christ, he said, "I am that boy; my father gave you the tract, and he will praise God from his heart for God's saving grace being extended to you." The old robber was a rich trophy of grace, and in his own humble sphere shone for Christ. Henry never forgot that night when God preserved them from death, and saved the man who dwelt in "The Robber's Cave."

Reader, the same grace that met and saved that robber, is ready now to save you.

**"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15).**

## NELLIE'S NIGHT OF JOY.

**I**T was Christmas Eve, and Nellie sat alone in her lodging. She had left her home, and gone to the busy town to learn dressmaking. She often felt lonely, and what made matters worse, she was not saved. All at home were true lovers of the Lord; the whole family—with the exception of herself—was on the way to glory. Nellie in her heart wished herself among them, but then, as she had often feared when a girl at school what her companions would say, so now she feared her fellow-workers, and their sneers if she was a Christian. The devil uses such fears, to keep sinners from the Saviour. As Nellie sat musing, the postman's knock was heard, and a letter was handed in for her. It bore the post-mark of her native town, and was addressed in the familiar handwriting of her mother. She burst the envelope and there found a pretty Christmas Card, with a Gospel Text on it, and under the text the words, written evidently by her mother—

“ Shall we meet beyond the river  
Where the surges cease to roll ? ”

Nellie knew that her mother was going to that calm celestial shore, and so were the other members of the family. She alone was not. She was bound for another destiny—the lake of fire. They would be

parted to meet no more. That thought pressed hard on Nellie's heart. The tears gushed down her cheeks. She knew they would be remembering her, and praying for her that Christmas Eve. She took down a large Family Bible and opened it. She knew where to find the old familiar verses, that tell the way of life and peace. Isaiah liii. 6.; John iii. 16.; v. 24, were all read, as they had often been read before. What she needed was to appropriate for herself the salvation of which they spake. To claim the Saviour as her own; to decide to be His, and His for ever. Then falling on her knees before the open Book, she said, “ Lord Jesus, I accept Thee as mine. I do believe that Thou hast died for me, and for my salvation I trust in Thee alone.” Peace filled Nellie's heart, and joy followed. Next morning a letter was posted to her mother telling of her conversion, and being a holiday, she was at liberty from work to spend the day with the Lord's people. Verily, that was a night of joy, followed by a day of new delights. Reader, has such a day come to you? Do you know what it is to have peace with God, and the joy of sin forgiven? If not, you have never yet known what true joys and pleasures are. But you



may, and you will, if you accept | own Him as your Lord, as Nellie  
the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and | did that night.

## ANDREW HISLOP, THE BOY MARTYR OF GALLOWAY.

**I**N a quiet glen in Eskdale, there lived a Christian widow of the name of Hislop. Her humble home, a thatch-roofed cottage of two apartments, had often proved a shelter



for the persecuted Covenanters, when they were fleeing for their lives. One aged man who had sought a night's shelter under widow Hislop's roof, had ended his warfare there. During the hours of the night the message came to the aged pilgrim to "come up higher," and so he passed away. This event could scarcely be hid, so it came to the ears of the laird of Westerhall, a man who at one time professed much sympathy with the truth, but who had gone over to the enemy's ranks, and was now an accomplice of Claverhouse in persecuting the Lord's people. This wicked man at once drove out the aged widow from her home, seized all her belongings, and pulled her

house to the ground. Not satisfied with this, he laid hold of the widow's son, a bright young lad of fifteen or sixteen, and dragged him before Claverhouse to be condemned. The cruel persecutor seems to have been touched at the sight of the young lad, at any rate he recommended that a little time should be given, but the laird of Westerhall insisted that he should be executed without delay, whereupon Claverhouse said, "Then his blood be upon you, I am free from it."

With a fiendish grin, the cruel man gave orders to the captain of a company of Highland soldiers, who was present, to command his troops to shoot down the youth, who stood calmly by. The soldier, evidently disgusted at this cowardly conduct, peremptorily refused, and declared that rather than ask his men to shoot an innocent youth, he would "fight Claverhouse and all his dragoons first."

Baffled and filled with indignation at this, he demanded that three of his own men should execute his order. The young martyr, was asked to stand forward, which he fearlessly did. When the men were ready to fire, they asked Andrew to draw his bonnet over his eyes. "No, I will not," replied the Lord's

young disciple. "I can look death, and my death-bringers in the face without fear." Then pulling his Bible from his pocket, and holding it up in view of the whole company, he said, "You will have to meet God and answer to Him in the judgment for what you are to do this day," and then looking for the last time at his much loved Bible—the Book by which he had learned the way of life, and for obedience to which he was about to seal his testimony with his blood—he added, "and by this Book you will be judged in that day." He was not permitted to say more. The dragoons fired, and in a moment the ransomed spirit of Andrew Hislop was absent from the body and present with the Lord. Mourning friends took up the body and buried it in that quiet glen, and many tears were shed over the green grave of the young martyr. It is said that the wicked man who caused his death, died a short time after, not far from the spot, in great agony of body and mind, his cries being heard for a long distance off. The eye of a righteous God did not fail to mark that deed of blood, and even here in this life, he caused the wicked persecutor to feel the power of His anger. What must be the doom in the world to come, of those who ruthlessly stretch forth their hand against the beloved of the Lord.

Verily, they who touch the saints, touch "the apple of His eye," and of them it may truly be said, that it had been better for them that they had never been born, than to pass into the eternal world, and on to the judgment throne, with their hands red in the blood of the saints and servants of God. See to it, reader, that you are not a persecutor, or even a mocker, of the Lord's people, and let it be your first and chief business to make sure that you are saved, else you will find yourself amongst them in that hell of unending woe, to which the open sinner, the wicked persecutor, and the empty professor of religion will go together.

"The youthful martyr stands,  
Serene before his foes:  
His day of warfare short, but sharp,  
Has almost reached its close.  
The wicked, heartless men,  
Surround that holy youth;  
His only crime—he loved his God,  
And owned His Word of truth.  
'Tis theirs, not his the fear,  
'Tis his, not theirs the peace;  
He calmly stands with beaming eye,  
Waiting the glad release.  
There in that lonely glen,  
The deed of blood is done;  
The martyr falls, the battle o'er,  
The crown of life is won."

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I  
will give thee a crown of life."

Rev. ii. 10.

## OUR CLOSING WORD FOR THE YEAR.

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**A**NOTHER year has almost passed away, and we find ourselves seated with pen in hand to write our last word, our closing message of Gospel grace and truth for the year. We think of the thousands of bright and beaming eyes that may rest on it, and we breathe the prayer to high heaven, that to some who have travelled through the days and months of the year unsaved, it may be the message of life and peace, and the word that will bring them to acceptance of Christ, and decision to be His. We rejoice to think, that among our readers in many lands there are not a few who have been truly born again, who are rejoicing in Christ as their Saviour, who own Him as their Lord and Master, who follow His Word as their guide, and tread with steady steps the narrow rugged road, that leads to heaven their happy home. Praise be unto God, for the ever-increasing host of boys and girls, and of young men and maidens, who are saved, and on the way to glory, giving their youth and strength and brightest days, to the service of the Son of God. Do you think they have made a mistake in being thus early converted? Have they lost the joys of life, by entering the kingdom and service of the Lord? Nay, verily. From

ten thousand hearts and voices, comes the joyful answer—“*None but Christ can satisfy.*”

What say you to this my yet unsaved reader? Is there no desire in your heart to share this better portion? Are you perfectly satisfied with the present world? Are you quite willing to have it as your portion and to go to a Christless, hopeless eternity, after you are done with it? To lie down on a dying pillow without Christ; to go down into the dark waves of death unpardoned, unsaved, and to pass on to the judgment throne a despiser of Christ, and a rejecter of the Gospel? Say, can you calmly look forward to all this? Is this your deliberate choice? Is this to be your doom and destiny? It will be so without a doubt, if you remain unconverted. It would be only deceiving you to hold out one ray of hope to the contrary, if you despise or neglect salvation. But there is yet time for you to escape this awful doom. You are still within grasp of the Saviour's powerful arm. The door of mercy is yet open. Yes, blessed be God; ere the last sands of the year run out, *you* may be safe within the kingdom of God. The *only* open question is this—Will you have Jesus Christ as your Saviour? Will you receive Him now?

## TO OUR READERS.

OUR present issue completes the *Eleventh* Volume of "The Young Watchman." It is our privilege,—as it has been from the beginning—to record the Lord's good hand upon us, and to praise Him for blessing given on the Gospel's message in these pages during 1893. We have been greatly cheered to receive letters from distant lands, telling of definite conversions to God, through reading the Gospel articles in these pages, and it is a further cause for thanksgiving to learn, that several of those thus brought into the light and liberty of the Gospel, are relatives and acquaintances of believers in other lands, to whom copies of the "Watchman" are sent regularly by post. We desire to record with heart-felt thanks, the hearty fellowship of Sunday School teachers, and other Christian workers, who have helped us in many ways during the year. Some have contributed articles, others have distributed largely and freely, and many have earnestly sought to increase the circulation, by bringing it under the notice of parents, Sunday School teachers, and young folks, who had not seen or heard of it before. There are still many Schools where the "Watchman" is unknown, and we would esteem it a special favour at this season, if those of our readers who have access to such, or who are acquainted with their teachers, would seek to introduce to them "The Young Watchman" and "Our Little One's Treasury." Several of our brethren who make it their business to watch for opportunities of spreading the Gospel among the families, in the towns where they reside, present a packet of the "Watchman" monthly to the teachers of Day Schools and Sunday Schools, who give them to the children, and they in turn take them home to their parents. By this means whole households have the Gospel brought before

them. There is a splendid field here, for those who have the means and the desire to spread the joyful message of salvation.

We hope to continue the little paper, the Lord willing, on the same lines as in the past, making it our *special aim* to give in each number, clear, distinct and pointed Gospel articles and narratives, to arouse the careless, unmask the formalist, and lead the anxious to the Saviour, with words of counsel, help and cheer, to these of our young readers who are the Lord's. We earnestly ask the continued prayers and fellowship of the Lord's people, that the blessing of God may be continued and increased during the coming year.

OUR LITTLE ONE'S TREASURY, with its simple Gospel Narratives, Bright Gospel Stories, Choice Hymns, and Illustrations—all prepared specially for Infant Classes, and younger ones in Sunday Schools, and for "Our Little Ones" at home, will be continued also during the coming year. We have arranged to give a "*Simple Emblematic Gospel Lesson*" for every Lord's Day of the year, with Blackboard Sketches, Illustrative Descriptions, and Engravings of Subjects. These will be found specially useful for Infant Classes, and Sunday evenings with the children at home.

THE BELIEVER'S MAGAZINE—published especially for Young Christians—will contain a fresh series of specially written papers on "*The Great Events of the Future*," simply described and traced in the Word, Practical Papers for Young Men and Young Women, with stirring articles on "Daily work, work and warfare."

NOTE.—The same number of *all* Magazines will be continued to subscribers during the coming year, as have been sent in the past, unless otherwise instructed. Kindly let all new orders and changes reach us as early as possible.

## Our Almanacs for 1894.

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A Fine Illustrated Sheet, printed in *Five* Colours, with Scroll Texts, Daily Portions, Choice Engravings, and Gospel Stories. Fine Centre Cut—"Absalom's Return," with Four Corner Pictures. This is the favourite Sheet Almanac with Christian workers. It has more than doubled its circulation within recent years, and is the cheapest Almanac published. *One Halfpenny. 24 for 1l. 3/9 per 100, Carriage paid.*

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