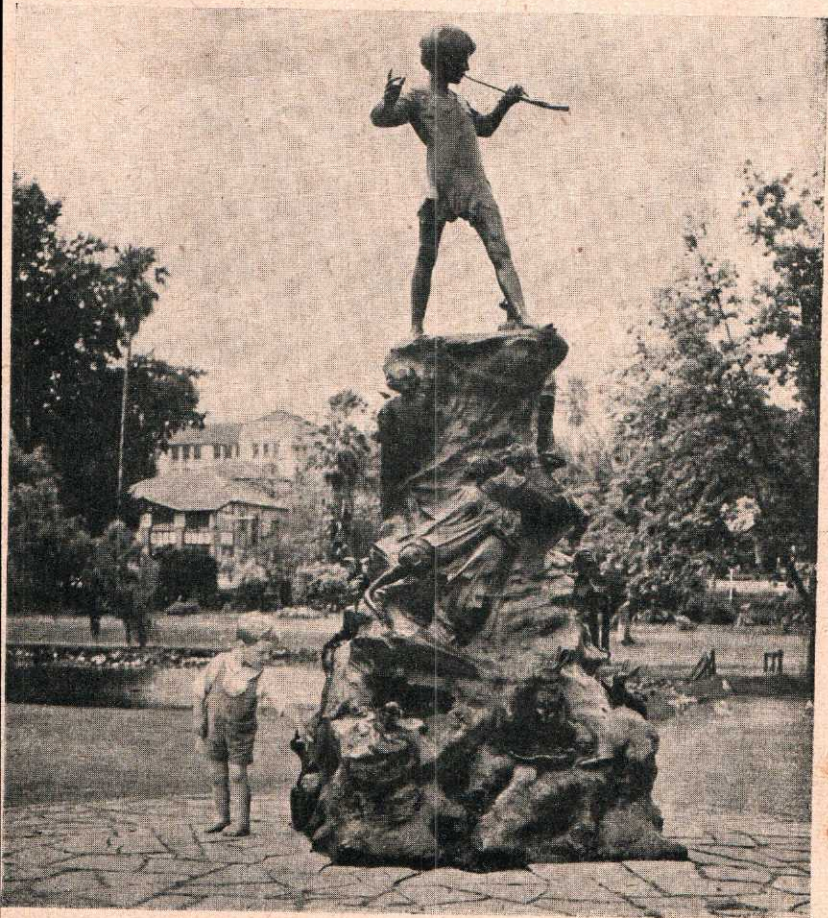


SPECIAL EASTER STORIES

BOYS & GIRLS

ILLUSTRATED GOSPEL MAGAZINE
FULL OF
BRIGHT PICTURES & GOOD STORIES



No. 784 April

PETER PAN IN AUSTRALIA, AT PERTH

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LITTLE WILLING FEET

"WHAT are you looking so thoughtful about, Mildred?" enquired her mother.

"I was wondering, Mummie, how I could serve the Lord Jesus while I am still only a little girl. There does not seem anything I can do until I'm grown up, and that is such a long time to wait," sighed Mildred.

"I have not time to spare now, dear, but wait until bed-time, and we will have a little talk on this subject. In the meantime, will you be my little helper as it is Saturday because I have a very busy morning before me?"

"Very well, Mummie, what shall I do first?" asked Mildred.

"I wish you would amuse baby, and see that Dick does not get into any mischief, while I run out and do the shopping."

So Mildred amused the baby until she fell asleep, and then read such a pretty and interesting story to Dick that he felt no desire to get into mischief.

When her mother returned home, Mildred said, "Baby has quite tired herself out with laughing and is sound asleep. I have been building houses with Dick's bricks, and letting her knock them down, and you should have heard her laugh, Mummie! Is there anything else I can do?"

"Well, dear," answered her mother, "I've just heard that Mrs. Ross is poorly, and cannot get out to fetch the medicine which gives her almost immediate relief; will you call at the chemist's for it and take it to her?"

"Oh yes, Mummie, I shall like the walk this nice day."

"Run along then, Little Willing Feet," smiled her mother.

So Mildred went to call for the medicine and took it to Mrs. Ross. She invited Mildred to go upstairs and visit her mother who had been laid up with rheumatism, and whose face brightened at the sight of the little visitor. She was a sweet-faced old lady and wore a blue dressing-jacket that matched the colour of her eyes, and on a table by the side of the bed stood a vase of purple tulips.

"Welcome 'Little Willing Feet,' as your mother calls you," she said, "you have done a great kindness in calling for my daughter's medicine. Come and look at my flowers, dear, and tell me if you know what the name Purple Tulip means."

Mildred smiled and shook her head, and the old lady continued: "Purple Tulip means 'undying love' in the language of flowers, and always reminds me of the love of Jesus, when He died on the Cross for our sins, and rose again on Easter day, triumphant over death. My Purple Tulips speak to me of His 'undying love' for us.



"Let me give you a few of them to carry home, and will you sing one of the hymns you learn at your Sunday School?"

So Mildred sang one of her favourites, which contained these lines:

*"God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all."*

and when she had finished singing, the old lady thanked her warmly. Mildred went home taking some of the Purple Tulips with her,

Little Willing Feet

"Mummie," she said when bed-time drew near, "now tell me how I can serve Jesus before I'm grown up."

"By doing all the little duties that come your way," replied her mother.

"But Mummie," exclaimed Mildred in astonishment, "did I really serve the Lord Jesus when I was busy about such small things?"

"Certainly dear, because, when you amused baby you served Jesus with your hands. And when you read a story to Dick, you served Jesus with your eyes. Then, in the same way, your willing little feet ran in the service of the Lord Jesus when you called for that medicine Mrs. Ross needed."

"Oh, Mummie," said Mildred, "I can serve Him now."

"Yes, dear," answered her mother, "and I hope my little girl may find much joy in His service."

E. HOLMES.



Copyright—E. O. Hoppé

What a lovely pet!

SEARCHINGS FOR ALL

VARIED SEARCHING, No. 304 is quite simple. Can you find the hidden Bible people in these sentences:

Let no evil mar your character.
He will hand rewards to good scholars.
She will sing a solo, Monday night.
She minds her own business.
He rode through the streets of Jerusalem.
Trust a friend, or cast him aside.
Those who are smart have eagerness.
Take your best hero for an example.



Solution of Varied Searching, No. 303.—

Judea, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Syria, Galilee.

Original Acrostic, No. 620 comes from Canada.—

What kind of sheep did the Shepherd seek
Afar on the mountains cold? (Matt. 18).
How *many* ways are there to Heaven?
(In John 14 we're told).
John doubles this *word* o'er and o'er
Full twenty times and five. (Jno. 10).
Then last, the *kind* of life they have
Who are in Christ alive (Jno. 3).
The four initials spell to us
What God is—praise His Name;
Yes, it was told out by His Son,
To save these ones He came.

H.H.S.

Answer to Acrostic, No. 619—Power, Eve, Arise, Come, Escape—PEACE (Rom. 5. 1).

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 334, tells us what Joshua said of the Lord. Look in Joshua 3. No. 333 was "I am with you" (Haggai 2 4).

A D D E G I L L M N N O O O O R S U W W Y

Monthly Awards.—Frank Everitt, Barkingside; Angus McGeachy, Airdrie; Maurice Savage, Belfast; Anne Dobson; Windermere; Susan Barnett, Banbury; Gladys Clingan, Newtown-butler; Moira Kay, Hobbema, Alta; Christopher May, Wedmore; Shirley Nicholls, Huntsville, Ont.; Pamela Hughes, Liverpool; Terence Birch, Birmingham; Edward Faloon, Belfast.

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THERE IS A GREEN HILL

In the year 1823, in Tyrone, Ireland, a little girl was born. All her friends called her "Fanny", but her real name was Cecil Frances Humphries. One day when "Fanny" was nine years old, her father, who was a Major in the Royal Marines and had served under Nelson, noticed a small piece of paper half-hidden under the carpet as he sat in his room. He drew it out, and on it were some verses scribbled in "Fanny's" handwriting.

"I didn't know you were a poet, Fanny," said Major Humphries to his nine-year old daughter. "Why have you hidden your beautiful poems under the carpet?"

"Because you might think I was wasting my time writing," answered "Fanny". "Besides, I didn't really want anyone to read them."

Major Humphries gave his little girl a hug, then after a moment's pause said delightedly, "I think you are a very clever wee poet, I am going to give you a box in which to keep your verses, and every Saturday evening you bring it to me, and we will read them together."

This "Fanny" always did.

When "Fanny" grew up she became a Sunday School teacher, and one day she visited a member of her class, a little Irish girl who was very ill. As she sat by the bedside of her sick scholar, she tried to explain very simply how the Lord Jesus came and suffered on the Cross of Calvary to take away our sins, and here in this room, Miss Humphries, or "Fanny" as she was still known to many of her friends, wrote the greatest of her many great hymns:

*"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."*

The little Irish girl in whose room this world-famous hymn was written, recovered from her illness, and always spoke of it as her "very own" hymn. Ever since it has formed part of the Easter Praise of the Church throughout the world. You can find many more grand hymns written by the pen of this Christian lady if you search your hymn-books. She married the Rev. William Alexander, and he, too, was a hymn-writer; he became Primate of All Ireland.

After a long, useful, and beautiful Christian life "Fanny" died in 1895.

Boys and girls, I hope and pray that you know the One Who suffered and died on that "green hill far away" nearly 2,000 years ago, and that you have taken Him to be your very own Saviour and Lord. The third day He rose again from the dead, and although He has gone back to Heaven, He has given us His Holy Spirit to help us conquer sin and temptation, and to fill us with His love. What a triumphant, glorious Saviour!



E. R. COLEMAN.

JANET'S EASTER VIOLETS

ONE bright afternoon during the Easter holidays as Janet was out for a walk she saw a little bunch of violets lying on the pavement. The leaves were dusty and the flowers looked faded but Janet thought she would take them home with her. "They must have fallen from someone's shopping basket," she said to herself as she picked them up. When she got home she showed her Mother the violets and Mrs. Ward said: "They may revive after they have had a drink of water. I will lend you my little green vase to put them in but I should give them a gentle rinse under the tap first to wash off the dust." After Janet had done as her Mother suggested she arranged the flowers in the vase and left them in the cool kitchen. When she had finished her tea she went to look at them and was pleased to find they had revived and were giving out a sweet perfume, so she carried them into the dining room and placed them on the sideboard, where they looked very pretty. During the evening Janet's Sunday School Teacher called and after chatting for a few minutes she said: "I see you have some violets, Janet. I noticed a nice smell as soon as I came into the room."

"Yes," said Janet, "they are sweet, aren't they?" and she told her Teacher how she had found them that afternoon.

"They don't look dusty and faded now," said Miss Rogers, "and I think I can see a lesson in those little flowers," she added, thoughtfully.

"Can you?" said Janet, smiling, "What is it?"

"Well," said Miss Rogers, "if you had not found them and cared for them they would not have been here now giving you the pleasure of their beauty and fragrance. And—you know—there is Someone who would like to find you, Janet. He would like to wash all the stains of sin from your heart in His precious Blood, give you to drink of the Water of Life which He alone possesses, and make your life sweet and beautiful. No one ever cared for you like Jesus—wouldn't you like Him to find you, Janet?"

The little girl did not answer for a minute, then she said, with her eyes on the tiny flowers, "Yes, Miss Rogers, I would; but how will He find me?"

"He is never far away from any of us, dear," replied her Teacher, "and when He hears us speaking He will come to us. Just ASK Him to find you and you may be quite sure that He will!"

And the following Sunday, when Janet entered the classroom Miss Rogers could tell by the happy look on her face that her Saviour had found her and that she was now safe in His loving care for ever. Truly she had come to that—

*"Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love can never die.*

*Unlike our friends by nature
Who change with changing years,
This Friend alone is worthy
The precious name He bears."*

D. GREENING.

