

# VICTORY ASSURED



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Edited by  
**IY. PICKERING**



Two Little Girls knelt to repeat their Evening Prayer.

# Victory Assured

VICTORY PRESENT—  
VICTORY PERSONAL—  
VICTORY PERMANENT

*Original Tales and  
Art Pictures for  
:: Young Folks ::*

EDITED BY

**HY. PICKERING**

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**H**AVE you ever prayed the King's prayer? David, one of the wisest kings who ever lived, for he wrote those beautiful Psalms, still read and sung to-day. What surpasses the 23rd Psalm? If you have not, this book will show you how much you need it and how simply you can earnestly cry to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. None cry but He hears, and when He hears He answers. If it relieved David the King's heart when he prayed it, it will also relieve yours, even though not a king.

Nothing delights the heart of the Lord Jesus more than to hear children, even little ones, open out their heart to Him, for "He is able to save to the uttermost all (big and little) who come to Him" (Heb. 7. 25). Happy are they who have such a Friend.



## ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

"Why, I guess there's plenty of ice still to be cut. No one has yet skipped on the peak of Mount Everest, or exchanged greetings with Venus, or planted a flag on the tip of the rainbow."



BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

*Fox Photo.*

## ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

"THIS year was a pretty top notch one," said John. "There was JEAN BATTEN and CAPTAIN EYSTON, and Flying Officer CLOUSTON, and Mrs. KIRBY GREEN, and half a bus load of others who did something in the record smashing line. What with them all there doesn't seem much more to be done that can cut any ice."

"GET ALONG, YOU OLD SILLY," replied his twin sister. "Our great-grandmothers probably talked just like you are doing when they saw the first train or got their first telegram. But, goodness, things in this marvellous world



of ours are always on the move. And now, let *us* get a move on and not waste this glorious morning. What about a good old hike to Bugle's Point and then back by way of Nag's Head. We'll just manage it before lunch if we start at once."

"OH, YOU TWO," said Mother, popping her head round the breakfast-room door. "Since you are going out, you may as well take the little can of beef tea I made for old Mrs. Fletcher yesterday. I cannot go myself, and cannot spare Jane. We have our hands full getting ready for your party to-night. But it would be a relief to know the poor old soul had it as soon as possible."

John's nose took a decidedly upward turn, and Margery's mouth tightened visibly. "Oh, but——" she began, and then suddenly stopped. Jack kicked his slippers to the

## Captain Bright called "A Merry Christmas"

other end of the room, and having let off steam on the unoffending articles, wheeled round with a curt, "Righto, Mum. Let's have the stuff and we'll deliver it O.K."

Mother pretended not to notice these ominous symptoms. "Thank you so much, both of you. It's quite ready in the hall. I knew you'd be ready to do me and the old dear a good turn."

Two rather red faces received these generous remarks,



*Fox Photo*

ONE OF THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS TIME

but once out of the house, feelings gave vent to words. "A regular nuisance," flashed John, as they banged the garden gate with more emphasis than was necessary to make sure it was securely shut. "A SOLID HALF-HOUR GONE FROM OUR MORNING," grizzled Margery. "I don't suppose we will be able to get to Bugle's Point now. Why do folks get old and ill, and want beef tea and nostrums?"

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS," he called as they overtook their friend, Captain Bright. "Just the two I wanted. We're having a jollification at the Club-room to-morrow



**"Draw it Mild, Captain," said John**

to celebrate Christmas Day. It's been fixed up rather hurriedly, so we couldn't let anybody know before. I hope you'll be able to come. Lucky to meet you both. If you'd been going the other way we'd have missed."

"We intended going the other way," muttered John, "but we're going somewhere for Mum first. Thanks awfully, we'll be glad to come to-morrow."

"Beginning the New Year well before ever it arrives," observed Captain Bright with a cryptic look at the basket Margery was carrying with gingerly care. "Beginning to qualify for breaking records before the old year is out?"

"Sorry to seem dense, sir," said John, "but we don't quite get you, though, oddly enough, just before we started, we'd been speaking about smashing records, and saying there was not much fresh to be done in that line."

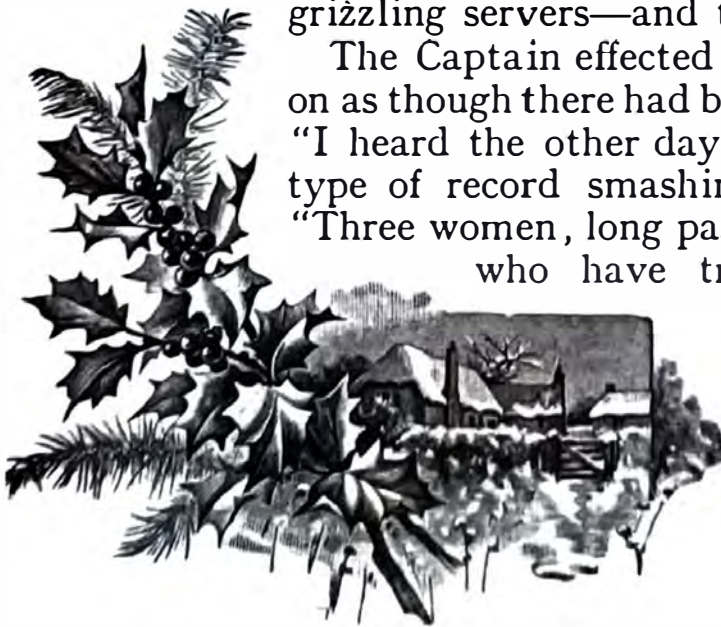
"Well, fancy a chap with his full share of brains talking such piffle," retorted the Captain with a sly glance at Margery. "Why, I guess there's plenty of ice still to be cut. No one has yet skipped on the peak of Mount Everest, or exchanged greetings with Venus or planted a flag on the tip of the rainbow. And even if they did, would it really bring off anything beside a passing thrill? But there *is* such a thing as being the first to rush off to do a kindness when those who 'rush' had to unmake their previous plans to be able to do it. Some sort of record that." The twins flushed: "Oh, draw it mild, Cap'." blurted John. "We didn't want to go. We're just two grizzling servers—and that's flat."

The Captain effected deafness, and went on as though there had been no interruption.

"I heard the other day of another unusual type of record smashing," he continued.

"Three women, long past their first youth, who have travelled across the

Gobi Desert by camel for 96 days at a stretch, and at the appalling speed of—what should you think? —*three miles an hour*. They have



### **"Three Miles an Hour" in Gobi Desert**

a sense of humour, and call their camel the 'Gobi Express,' and claim that at least they have beaten the record for slowness."

"Oh, you mean Miss Mildred Cable and her friends," said John, who was rather proud of his knowledge of



*Central Press Photo.*

CAUGHT IN A SNOWSTORM AT CHRISTMAS.

present-day happenings. "Right first time, old fellow. And why do they do it? Not for a newspaper stunt, but because they love the Saviour, and these long tedious journeys are the only way of reaching some remote tribes with the Gospel. Makes our mouths water a bit with envy, and yet we can all get a move on in the same direction.

## "It is the Season for Mince-meat"



No," as Margery began to adjust a puzzled look, "we can't all set off for Central Asia, but there are lots of ways we who belong to the Heavenly Leader can show we are His followers. If we haven't a camel to ride on, we can at any rate set the pace for slowness just where we are—slow to anger, slow to do a mean trick, slow to show up another's faults. What?—"

"Oh you have made mince-meat of us," cried Margery. "We feel worms and reptiles, and everything squirmy and crawly."

"Well, and why not? It is the season for mince-meat, isn't it?" asked the Captain innocently. "Come along to-morrow, and we'll have enough mince-meat pies for supper to give you nightmare for a month."

John threw his cap into the air. "Mince-meat or not," he remarked, "let's give three cheers for 1938 with all its Records, and I vote we all put our backs into the business of record breaking."

G. M. DANIELS.

### IF JESUS CAME ERE THIS YEAR CLOSE.

**I**F He should come in this old year's short space,  
Say, would you meet Him with joy on your face?  
Would it be gladness—your *happiest* year—  
If ere it closes the Master came near?

If He should come—and it may be He will,  
Come every promise and hope to fulfil—  
Some would be ready and watching, and some  
Would be unready were Jesus to come.

Jesus may yet come in this Year of Grace;  
Ere it shall end we may gaze on His face.  
Would you be glad? If you love Him—but oh,  
If you reject Him, cold fears answer "No."

Seek Him! Believe Him! Then know, you will love,  
Long to behold Him. Bid days swiftly move,  
Bringing your Bridegroom—perhaps even now  
Mounting His car with Life's crown on His brow. W.L.

## HOW THE SHEEP WERE FOUND.

**D**OWN in Worcestershire there is a farmer, and he has two daughters who help him to look after his farm. In the Springtime each year, they have a number of little lambs, and sometimes when the lambs are quite tiny, the mother dies, and then the farmer's two daughters feed the little lambs with a feeding-bottle until they grow up. The two girls give a name to each of these little lambs, and when they call them, it is amazing how those little lambs know their names.



*Photo Service Ltd.*

FEEDING THE LAMBS WITH A BOTTLE.

Some of them last year were called Punch, Judy, Toby, and other pretty names. Last year the two girls had quite a number of little lambs which they brought up with a bottle, and when they grew into bigger lambs, they were allowed to go out into the fields by themselves.

One day the two girls realised that they had lost quite a number of these lambs from their fields, so they went out to search for them, but no one seemed to have seen them straying. The girls were very upset about it, but

## The Girls called the Lambs by Name.

on their way back they had to pass a neighbouring farmer's fields, and one of the girls suddenly noticed that some of the lambs were undoubtedly theirs, so they went to Farmer Brown, and asked him if they could have them. The farmer was most annoyed, and said of course they were his lambs. The two girls went away, but on their way they met a policeman, and they told him about it. They explained that they would prove they were their lambs, because they had named each of them, and *when they called them by name they would come to them*. So the two girls and the policeman went to Farmer Brown, and asked to see the lambs. Then the two girls called their lambs by name, and one by one they came running up to them. This proof was too much for Farmer Brown, and so the little lambs were restored to their rightful owners.

Is not this a picture of those who belong to the Lord Christ? In St. John 10, we read: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me." When it refers to sheep, it also means lambs too. Jesus Christ has been calling you by name, do you know His voice, and have you come to Him yet? If not, come now, for "you are not too young to come to Jesus, for He loves the little child." If you come, you will never regret it all your life long.

GWENDOLINE M. ROBERTS.



## SNOWBALL TIME ONCE MORE.

**I**F there were no snowballs in winter would you call it fun? The hearty boys and the healthy girls dearly love a battle with snowballs, and fine fun it is if the snow is light and newly fallen. We recently met a man who has been deaf in one ear through someone putting a stone in a snowball which hit him right in the ear. How wicked such play!

Would you call it a Happy time if there is no Christ in the Heart? Surely Not! For remember, "None but Christ can satisfy" young or old. But He satisfies all who come to Him and trust Him. Hear the message, "COME THOU" (Gen. 7. 1). "COME NOW" (Isa. 1. 18).

HY P.

Would there be any Fun without Snowballs?



*Fox Photos.*

SNOWBALL TIME ONCE MORE.

## HOW THE EDITOR WAS SAVED.



OUR AGED EDITOR.

MOODY and Sankey came to Britain in 1873; after having their opening meetings in York, at the invitation of GEORGE BENNET of the York Assembly, the question was—where next? They came to Newcastle and had a rich harvest of blessing.

Among those saved was a young woman, a farmer's daughter, in a young ladies' seminary. Her influence, and that of the times, led to the conversion of her father, "a jolly good fellow," and two or three members of the family.

The farmer on the farm, a little over three miles out of the city, formerly known as a lover of "life and liberty," found himself in a difficulty at end of harvest. He had, like many others, usually celebrated the successful harvest with a feast, a drink, and a jollification. As a Christian "all things had become *new*" (2 Cor. 5. 17), so he decided to give what was known locally as a "**Knife and Fork Tea**," a really hearty meal, with plenty to eat and drink, and to have a meeting thereafter. All went well, and although some demurred, the change was generally appreciated, yet how little did the saved farmer think of what was to result from thus taking his stand.

A gentleman living some four miles away, at that time devoting himself to the spiritual interests of country folk, thought, "Here is a chance to get meetings in a barn, miles from church or chapel." Freely granted and nightly adjusted, he had three weeks' meetings in the barn in the month of November, 1874. An *earnest* preacher, though not an orator, with abundance of cold and windy weather, yet numbers attended night after night, and **19 precious souls were definitely saved**—among them the writer of this article, our Editor. The farmer, the preacher, and some of the converts are now "with Christ, which is very far better" (Phil. 1. 22, R.V.), but 64 years after others are living to tell the tale and thank God.

## WHAT TIME IS IT?

TIME is a short word, but a very important one. Are we *using* our time wisely and well? or are we *losing* the precious opportunities it brings to us all? Let the 4 letters suggest some thoughts as to how we can live each day "*Redeeming the Time*" (Eph. 5. 16). Begin by

**T**URNING from sin, and trusting in Jesus, the only Saviour. Every man, woman, and child needs to TURN, for they are "born in sin," on the downward way, and need to be "born again" (John 3. 3). Then first of all ask yourself: Have I been born *once* or born twice? If the former, you are still "in your sins." If the latter, you are "in Christ," safe from all harm. But which—*once* or *twice*?

**I**S there too much of this letter in your heart and life? or are you giving Jesus the first place? Will you not "crown Him Lord of all" this day? Then you will rejoice to say, "I *live*; YET NOT I, *but* CHRIST *liveth in me*" (Gal. 2. 20). "HE *must increase, but I must decrease*" (John 3. 30). All who "make Jesus King" seek to live the rest of their time "*not unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.*" A

**M**OMENT is the smallest measure of time, and a well-known chorus says  
"Moment by moment I'm kept in His love,  
Moment by moment I've life from above;  
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine;  
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine."

This is the only way to go on *trusting* in our Saviour and *triumphing* over self and Satan. We must be constantly "*looking unto Jesus*" for fresh supplies of strength and grace, to run with joy the Heavenly race.

We read in Revelation 10 of an angel who said "that there should be *time no longer.*" For each of us, sooner or later, it will be "time no longer," but

**E**TERNITY. Christ Himself tells us, in the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats, what Eternity must mean for every one. Either ETERNAL LIFE or EVER-LASTING PUNISHMENT (Matt. 25. 46). Be sure you are safe in God's sheepfold *now*. *Enter in* by Jesus the Door (John 10. 7, 9) follow the Good Shepherd in "*the way everlasting,*" then by and by in His glorious Presence you will enjoy "*pleasures for evermore.*" G.M.P.



## SEARCHINGS FOR WINTRY DAYS.

**O**NCE MORE our regulars complete their searchings for the year. We are glad so many continue steadily. May they not slacken during this festive season.

1	❄	2	3	4	5	6
	❄	❄	7			
8		9			❄	
	❄		❄	10		
11			12		❄	
	❄	❄	13		14	
	❄	15				

**Children's Cross Words, No. 76.**  
Supplied by a helper in Western Australia.

**CLUES.**—*Across*: 2, His Name— (Matt.); 7, Rahab used one (Josh.); 8, Elder son heard this (Luke); 10, People carried captive there (2 Kings); 11, Did shear his sheep (1 Sam.); 13, Sell oil to pay it (2 Kings); 15, Son of Mary (Matt.). *Down*: 1, — in thereof (Ezek. 43); 3, A priest (1 Sam.); 4, Used in harvest (plur.), (Joel); 5, Come — to Me (Matt.); 6, God knoweth them (Psa. 44); 9,

Son of Cush (curt.), (Gen.); 12, Why make this (Mark); 14, — Joyful (Isa. 49).

**SOLUTION OF CHILDREN'S CROSS WORDS, No. 75.**—*Across*: 1, Boys; 3, Ha; 5, End; 7, Plagues; 8, Rie; 10, Ye; 11, Girl. *Down*: 1, Be; 2, Singing; 4, Ages; 5, Ear; 6, Due; 7, Play; 9, Ol

**Original Acrostic, No. 520.** Supplied by a searcher. R. G. A. Poole.



My first is a *man* who was renamed Paul;  
My second a *man* who was slain by his brother;  
My third *that* which Jesus was of the tomb;  
My fourth is a *man* who did love his mother;  
My fifth is a *man* in 1st Kings 18.  
Sixth a *town* where Abraham did dwell;  
My seventh was Abraham's son's *wife*;  
Initials will name of the Master tell,  
Because He doth save us—we know it well.

**ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 519.**—Jeremiah, Enoch, Hiddekel, Omri, Vashti, Amalekites, Haman, Nazareth, Ishmaelites, Stephen. Sorek, Isaac.= JEHOVAH-NISSI (Exod. 17. 15).

**Simple Searching, No. 208.** Supplied by a helper in Scotland.

First we must see in "where" He is;  
Two not in "Star," but "Guide" them, yes;  
Third, in the "House" where young child sec;  
In Gifts laid "There" so thankfully;  
Fifth, not in "Frankincense," but "Myrrh";  
And sixth in "these," not in "afar";  
In "King" and "born"—how glad they are.  
Whole tells of some who travelled far,  
Led to the Saviour by a star.     A.T.



**ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 207.**—REJOICE (Rom. 5. 2).

**Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 231,** is found in Zephaniah 3. No. 230 was "Overflowed" (2 Pet. 3. 6).

C E E E E E E H H I I J L L O O R R T V W

**WHO ARE THESE TWO MEN?**



**Find the Five Other Brothers**

## THE CLANGING OF THE MILL

HUGH was just on the point of leaving school, thinking that care and worry were past for ever and days of freedom and favour lay ahead. In this he was fairly correct. For many years the sun shone brightly in all he did. Again and again thoughts of death and the judgment day entered into his life, but he quickly banished them. Once only did they specially linger—after a time of special blessing in the district in which some of the companions of his youth were converted and became “new creatures in Christ Jesus” (2 Cor. 5. 17.) Hugh was “almost persuaded,” but said, “Go Spirit, go Thy way,” and the impression passed.

Perhaps up to this point you see yourself mirrored in this picture. Again and again you have felt the moving power of the Holy Spirit drawing you away from the world, away from sin, away from folly to the “right path,” to the “narrow way,” to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself (Gal. 2. 20) as your own Saviour, Friend, and Guide. Yet, *at this moment*, you are still unconverted, “condemned already” (John 3. 18) with “the wrath of God abiding on you” (John 3. 36). If such be your state, just now “behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world” (John 1. 29). Say with “the chief of sinners,” “the son of God who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*” (Gal. 2. 20), and you will be saved “now” (2 Cor. 6. 2).

Years passed by, Hugh had settled down as a miller, had succeeded in worldly affairs, owning the old mill on the top of the hill, and was comfortable and at ease outside Zion. Then he was seized with a malady which the doctor said was fatal. His wife and friends wanted to send for the Christian worker to speak to him about salvation. Hearing this, Hugh said: “You may send for the preacher if you will, but it’s no use! I see Jesus Christ standing at my bedside and can see His lips moving, but *I cannot tell what He is saying for the clanging of the mill*”; once more proving the verity of Scripture, “Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap” (Gal. 6. 7). “If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there shall it be” (Eccles. 11. 3). What was Hugh’s end? What shall *your* end be? *HYF.*

# STOP!

signals the Constable when there is any danger of a collision or hurt of any kind. The traffic may be great and the road crowded with vehicles, motor coaches and big buses, but up goes the Pointsman's hand! It matters not what kind of car, coach, or bus, if there is any danger the command is

# STOP!

If thus in things of the body how much more in things of the *soul*, for one is only for *time*, the other is for Eternity. If you are still treading the highway of *sin*, if you are following the pleasures of the *world*, if you are forgetting *God* and the Great Hereafter, if ever you are living such a busy and careless life, that you have never even thought of the Salvation of your soul, or it may be you think you are yet too young, and "there is plenty of time yet," the cry is

# STOP!

Yes, ere another *day* has passed, ere the last *month* of the year has closed, ere another year has gone for ever. STOP from your sinful, worldly God-forgetting ways, TURN at once to the Friend of Sinners, trust in His Precious Blood shed for you on Calvary, accept Him as *your very own* Saviour and you will be saved and satisfied, and enjoy the Happiest Christmas and the Brightest New Year you ever had. THIS IS TRUE, as millions have proved and it will be true of you also. HYP.



## PAYING DEAR FOR THEM

**I**T was in the days of the Iron Duke. The British Army was engaged in critical work. It was a sultry day under the blue sky of Spain. Strict orders were issued that no soldier must leave the ranks under pain of death. The men were marching between richly laden vines on either side. One poor fellow, quite overcome with fatigue and thirst, stepped out of the ranks, cut down a bunch of grapes, and returned to his place. His disobedience was observed and reported to the commanding officer. Alas! the poor fellow was court-martialled and condemned to die.

A party of soldiers was told off to execute the sentence. As he was led forth to the place of execution he had still the bunch of grapes in his hand, and kept picking from it grape after grape, in an easy, careless manner. Those who were leading him out wondered at his indifference. One of them remonstrating with him, he replied: "I'm sure I'm paying dear for them; I'm paying for them with my life."

Yes, indeed, he was paying dear for them. But terrible as the price was he was paying, it was nothing compared to the price sinners all around us are paying for "the pleasures of sin for a season." Men live as if there were no Heaven above them, no yawning Hell beneath them, no God to whom they are responsible, and to whom they must give account.

Are you one such? Have you thought of the vast eternity to which you are travelling? Has not God told us plainly in His Holy Word that "the soul that sinneth it shall die?" (Ezek. 18. 4). That "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment?" (Heb. 9. 27). Who will be to blame if you die in your sins? Does not the great sacrifice of Christ on the Cross speak loudly to you? Remember it was *for you*.

Look at the "pleasures of sin." Think of what you will pay for them. Dear indeed will be the price if it means the Lake of Fire for all eternity, which, indeed, will be the portion of all who reject our Lord Jesus Christ. Are they worth paying dear for? Do they give more than passing gratification? Do they not leave an empty void? What comfort will they give on a death-bed? And, above all, **WHAT OF ETERNITY? WHAT OF ETERNITY? A.J.P.**

## ANOTHER NEW YEAR'S DAY.

What a ring of joy there is in the children's greeting, as they cling around their parents, while they give and receive loving caresses!



WHAT A LOAD—IT'S ONLY SNOW.  
*For Photo.*

## ANOTHER NEW YEAR'S DAY.

**A** HAPPY New Year! A Happy New Year! What a ring of joy there is in the children's greeting, as they cling around their parents, while they give and receive loving caresses! How brightly beam their smiling faces as the little tokens of love are disclosed, and the presents that their busy hands have been preparing so long and so secretly are given away.

And hark! The sound of the postman's knock adown the street, and there is a stir and flutter, as though a fresh breeze had passed along it; doors are opened, and eager hands are outstretched to take in the tender greetings sent from loving hearts afar.

Ah! boys and girls, the world is fair and bright, and you are happy, you scarce know why. Already your faces are turned trustingly towards the glad new year, never doubting but that it holds within its grasp some fair; bright gift for you. Well, it is but natural; young hearts bound ever joyously forward on the mountains of Hope, and we would not have it otherwise.

But let me ask, have you not some thoughts to cast back over the year that has just been laid away in the tomb of the past eternity. Have you no mercies to thank God for? No scarlet sins to mourn over? No shame to feel for mis-spent hours that are for ever past and gone? Perhaps during the past year the Lord has revealed to you His dying love, and you have received Him as your own. Is it so? Then what a glorious gift the old year brought you, one that will bring you boundless joy through all eternity!

But it may be you would not receive it. Perhaps you turned away, treating with cold indifference the wondrous Giver and His gift. For another long year you have allowed the patient, tender, waiting One to stand outside your door and knock, and knock in vain.



## Another New Year's Day.

But oh! for Jesus' sake let it be so no longer. The time will come when He will knock no more. Then why not accept Him now; begin the New Year as a new creature in Him, a part of His glorious new creation? Will you give joy to all Heaven with this decision? It is a decision which you will never regret. Millions have taken it in the years that are past, and not one has ever regretted it. But hundreds have regretted when "too late" that they did not choose Christ in their youth. CHOOSE NOW! E-N.



is the sincere wish of the Editor for all his thousands of little readers in all parts of the world.

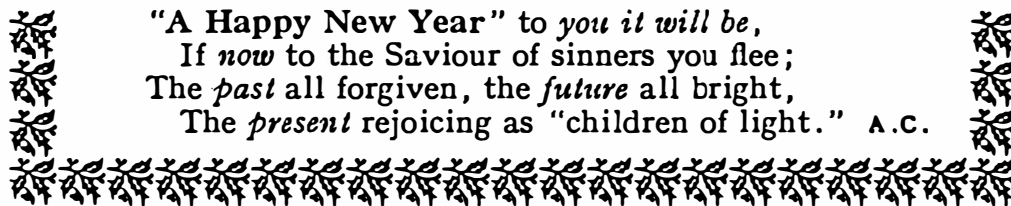
Prov. 16. 20.

**O**F course the only way to enjoy a happy one is to become a happy little pilgrim, journeying to the Happy Land.

"A Happy New Year,"  
We hear all around,  
'Mong children and men  
Rejoicings abound;  
Yet sad 'tis to think  
That their pleasures are found  
In a world where the Saviour  
And Lord is disowned.

"A Happy New Year,"  
We wish it for you,  
Dear children and parents  
And all others, too;  
But if the blest path  
Of true peace you would find,  
The Gospel receive  
And the world leave behind.

"A Happy New Year" to you it will be,  
If now to the Saviour of sinners you flee;  
The *past* all forgiven, the *future* all bright,  
The *present* rejoicing as "children of light." A.C.



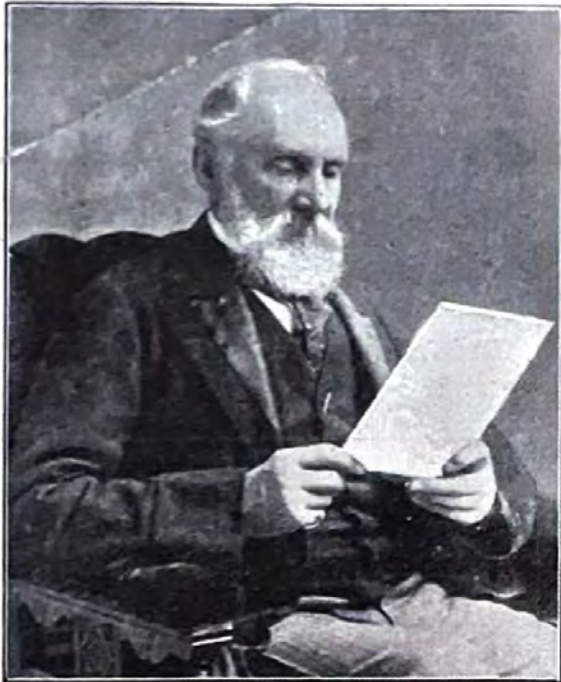
## A CABLE UNDER THE SEA.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS, No. 6. By E. E. ENOCK.

**E**LECTRICITY, and the things it could be made to do, became of the greatest importance and interest to hundreds of clever men. It is not possible to give you all their names—you will, perhaps, read all about them some day, or may already know of them!



## A Cable laid under the Sea.



WILLIAM THOMSON (LORD KELVIN).

One of the greatest things in the early days was laying a **cable under the sea** which would carry the electric current, and so convey messages from one continent to another. *"Words running under the Sea!"*

The chief man in this splendid undertaking, was Professor WILLIAM THOMSON, who became LORD KELVIN later, with Charles Bright, who was knighted when the great thing was accomplished, as were the others. Naturally they tried laying a "wire," or small cable in a narrow stretch of water—between Dover and Cape Grisnet first, but it failed next day. Then came another try, from Dover to Calais, which went better.

The making of cables then became a matter of great thought and many experiments, and when the idea of laying an Atlantic cable came into being the cables had to be of the best materials, the right materials, and of the best workmanship. It was to be 2500 miles long, and to be laid from Valentia Island, on the west coast of Ireland, to Newfoundland, the nearest point to America. There were several failures, but it was successfully laid at last, and the first messages were sent on August 5th, 1858, between Queen Victoria and the American President.

Two years later it failed, but a new company was formed, and a new cable was made. A great trading ship, "The Great Eastern," was bought to take the 2500 miles of cable, and sailed from the Thames on July 15th, 1865, and cable laying began once more at Valentia Island. Over 1000 miles was laid successfully, and messages came along—then—suddenly the cable snapped and fell into the ocean depths! You can imagine how the hearts of

## The Story of the Atlantic Cable.

the eager, clever men on board the "Great Eastern" would sink as well.

If you look at a map of the world you will see that there are lines to show you where the cables are laid. On my map it is quite clear, and gives dates of the various cables, and it will also give you some idea of the place where the cable went down. The "Great Eastern" would be out of sight of land at the time, over a thousand miles



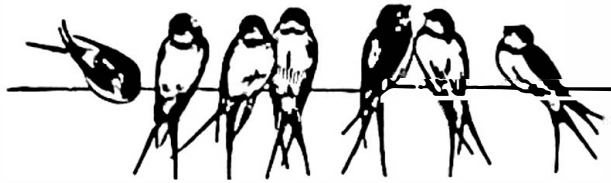
*Fox Photo.*

LAKELAND CHILDREN BRING OUT THEIR SLEDGES.

out on the Atlantic Ocean, you see, and it must have been a dreary day to those on board when their precious cable broke, and disappeared. However, they sailed home again, and told the story bravely to those who were at the shore end, and who were wondering what had happened, as the signals had ceased. The cable layers also told how they had been unable to raise the cable because they had nothing strong enough.

But these splendid men did not mean to give in! A new cable was started at once, and you may be sure every

## Speaking across the Mighty Ocean.



care was taken that it should be perfect in every way, as far as they had knowledge of what perfection was in

an electric cable.

When another year had passed (all but 2 days) the "Great Eastern" set out again with the new cable, stronger gear for lifting, and instruments for testing which were of a better kind than on the last voyage. By July 27th they had got the American end of the cable to shore, at a place called Heart's Content, Newfoundland, and Queen Victoria exchanged greetings from Osborne, with the President in Washington, on July 28th, 1866. This was seventy-two years ago, and now it is said there are 265,000 miles of cable from continent to continent.

It may interest you to know that the cable which broke in 1865 was recovered, mended, and fixed.

Another very interesting thing about this cable laying (1866) is the story of how Mr. LATIMER CLARK, President of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, connected up two Atlantic cables in Newfoundland by a tiny battery made in an ordinary silver thimble. A feeble current of electricity was made by the zinc and acid he put into the thimble, and travelled 3700 miles to a wonderful sensitive instrument invented by Lord Kelvin, called a galvanometer, which could detect the feeblest current of electricity. When I read that it reminded me how even our feeblest faith, our feeblest prayers are noticed by God. I thought of the poor woman in the crowd round the Lord Jesus, who said to herself: "If I but touch His garment, I shall be whole." And she touched just the hem—but it was touching the *Right Person* which healed her. Touching Jesus only could do that. "There is none other Name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12).

Another thing which I like very much in reading about the laying of the cable is the name of the place in Newfoundland where it was attached—"HEART'S CONTENT."

Heart's Content is what we all like, and so seldom have. The only source of real content—heart's content—

## A Cable laid under the Sea.

is the Saviour. He died that you might be saved—He has made Heaven secure to all who trust in Him, and He has promised to guide and care for us all through our earthly life till we are at Home in the Father's House.

And if you have found this heart's content in Jesus, so many words of love and cheer and faith can come through you to others—you are a little cable, and messages—words running under the sea of trouble or sorrow, which have come from Him to you to be passed on, will bring joy and peace to those around you.



WAS IT MOLLY OR JESSIE WHO WON?

## WHO WON THE PRIZE?

"**E**ITHER Molly or Jessie will win the Flat Race. There's hardly a pin to choose between them," announced Constance, with all the superiority of a girl in the Fifth. "The question is—which?" It was the great day of Fieldmount School—and the junior sports were in full swing. The supreme interest, of course, centred round this particular race. The winner carried off a miniature cup, and held it for a year—so a dead-heat would be a tragedy.



RUNNING FOR THE PRIZE—WHO WON?

At first it looked like being a dead heat, however, for Molly and Jessie drew away from the rest of the field, almost as soon as the race had started. As far as size and strength were concerned, the two "Third-Formers" were pretty evenly matched. But if anything, Jessie was a trifle the better on the flat, and her schoolfellows were not surprised to see her gradually draw ahead of Molly. All eyes were on these two girls; nobody was even looking at the others far behind. Yes, Jessie was going to win, that was certain—only a few yards to go now, and Jessie was a dozen feet ahead. The race was hers, and already the girls were getting ready to shout themselves hoarse, as soon as Jessie touched the tape that two of the seniors held. "Jessie! Jessie!"

Already her name was on their lips—. Then, something happened. Jessie suddenly stumbled. The tremendous pace she was running sent her lurching forward, to fall prone upon the grass. Molly, flying along a few feet behind, passed her rival like a flash. Then, carried forward partly by her own momentum, she rushed on, and was just going to touch the tape, when she stopped

PETER AND HIS MODEL AEROPLANE.



*Photo J. H. Stone.*

PETER WAS PROUD OF HIS AEROPLANE.

## Jessie got the Prize from Molly.

short, breathless. But the girls shouted her name, and the Gym. Mistress, pencil in hand, was on the point of writing down "Molly Maxton—First," on her list. But Molly did not reach the tape, nor pass under it to join the crowd beyond. She did what seemed a strange thing. She retraced her steps, and joined Jessie, who had just picked herself up, and was running painfully towards the goal, hoping at least, to be in time to be a good second—for the rest were still quite a way behind. Molly stood aside, so that it was Jessie who touched the tape first.

"Molly! The race is Molly's!" cried the girls.

But Molly shook her head. "No!" she said, "I can't take the cup. Jessie was far ahead of me. She would have won easily, only she fell. Go forward, Jessie," she added, "the cup's yours. If—if they want me to have it, well, I give it to you, because it's yours by right!" "WHO WON THE RACE, REALLY?"

The question passed from lip to lip in the playing field. "I'll tell you what I think," said the Head Girl. "By Molly's refusing to take advantage of Jessie's misfortune, she has won something else besides a Flat Race to-day—she has won a tremendous victory! What were those words in the Scripture lesson we had this morning, about 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city!' (Prov. 16. 32). All honour to Molly, even if Jessie has the cup!"

GRACE PETTMAN.

## PETER AND HIS MODEL AEROPLANE.



WHEN the Editor was a boy he was delighted to get a six-penny donkey, which wagged its head, and lasted but a short time.

Now boys want Hornby trains, miniature cinematographs, Meccano motors, aeroplanes with springs which fly round the room, and mechanical toys which cost as many shillings, and more, than these cost pence, in days long gone by.

Peter got at Christmas just what his heart had longed for all the year. I do not know what it *cost*, but his father made him a *gift* of it, and he was grateful and glad. Nor do I know what it cost Jesus to bring "the gift of God, ETERNAL LIFE" (Rom. 6. 23) to you, but I know it is free if you will accept it.

P.K.G.

## HAPPY WHEN NOT HAPPY.

**G**EORGE was a country boy in Rutlandshire, the smallest county in England. He had been well brought up, but it was not till he was sixteen years of age that he found out he was "guilty before God" (Rom. 3. 19), and as a guilty sinner accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour, and was saved, made happy, and put on the Narrow Way to Life Eternal.

He witnessed a good confession to his fellows on the farm where he worked, and most remarked that a "great change" had been made in his life.



GEORGE WRITING OUT HIS CONFESSION.



## Happy when not Happy.

Meeting a boy about his own age from a neighbouring farm, the stranger enquired: "Well George, are you still happy?" "Well," said George, "it's like this. I'm far happier now when I'm not happy than what I was when I was happy before."

Pause a moment till you grasp his meaning. It needs a moment's thought, but it is quite simple and very expressive. He compared the time *before conversion* when he was happy or enjoyed himself, or had lots of fun, with the time *after conversion*, when fellowship with God was partly broken, and conscience a little disturbed. And he gladly admitted that the best time *before conversion* was not worthy to be compared with the time *after conversion*, when he experienced that "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Psa. 144. 15).



Have you had the first experience? Are you converted to God? Have you "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ" and so are "saved" (Acts 16. 31). Then you may have the second experience of being truly happy, knowing your sins forgiven, and being sure of being on the Right Road to Heaven. "Now is the accepted time, and now is the Day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 3. 2). HyP.

### A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE FROM A CHILD

**E**ARLY New Year's morning little Maybelle Stirling was taken for a bus ride to a nearby park by her Aunt Catherine, to feed the animals, which Maybelle loved to do.

Upon returning home in the 'bus, Maybelle started to sing at the top of her voice, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so."

One of the passengers, an elderly lady, was so delighted to hear Maybelle singing that she opened up her pocketbook and handed her sixpence, remarking as she did, "What a lovely way to start off the New Year singing about Jesus."

So little Maybelle started to sing the second verse, and as she did, the strong, burly 'bus man joined in with her, but the strong man almost broke down as he tried to sing. He said it took him back many years previous when as a child he too was taught to sing that in the Sunday School. He was probably thinking, too, of the many years that lay between that time and this New Year's morning, and perhaps still out of Christ.

Who knows but what those sweet words sung early New Year's morning in that street 'bus may bear fruit in a coming day!

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise" (Matt. 21. 16). A. T. S.

## FROM SADNESS TO GLADNESS

MARY was brought up in a humble home in one of the lonely moors in Scotland. Healthy and happy in her girlhood days, she loved to roam the hills, follow the shepherds collecting the sheep, or climb to the top of the old keep and see "fancy" pictures of ancient horsemen, highland chiefs, and battles of long ago.

Yet her sinful nature led her to leave home and make for the big city, as she thought, to enjoy herself. Money soon went, friends she had none, and soon she was miserable, poor, and alone. A few years and she had spent her life for self and sin, and had sown the seeds of consumption by her waywardness. Then she came back to her native place to die. A visitor who often helped her by little gifts and delicacies, was most anxious to lead her to Christ for forgiveness, but every effort seemed in vain.

In her childhood Mary had gained a thorough knowledge of the Bible by regular attendance at Sunday school, and now she would often finish a text directly it was begun, and seemed only anxious to show that she knew all that could be told her, and was quite self-satisfied and indifferent.

One day the lady visitor was hastily summoned to go to poor Mary, who was dying, and had begged to see her again. On reaching her bedside her friend found her sinking rapidly, and said: "I am afraid you will not be here long, Mary, and where are you going?"

"To Heaven," replied the dying girl.

"To Heaven, *you* going to Heaven, Mary?" and then in a voice of intense earnestness, "What reason have you to think you are going there?"

Between her gasps for breath the poor girl replied, slowly but confidently: "Because my sins are forgiven, and the Blood of Jesus Christ has washed them all away," while her face wore a look of wonderful peace.

Delight, thankfulness, and astonishment almost deprived the visitor of speech, but at length she inquired how this blessed change had been brought about, and learned that a little hymn on the Prodigal's return, which she had once given to Mary had been used by the Holy Spirit to convict her of her guilt before God, and to lead her to the Cross of Christ.

So there was "joy in Heaven" as well as in at least two hearts on earth.

G.S.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TEXT

THE circus had fallen into the hands of Christian workers. It was late Saturday evening when they obtained possession, and as a service was to be held on the following Sunday, much had to be done in covering some things hardly helpful to devotion, putting up texts, and arranging seats. The ladders were just being put away, and the friends going to their homes, when the good schoolmaster hurried up with a large text.

"Too late," said some; but he pleaded so hard that he gained his point.

"Do put it up somewhere; I prayed and worked at it many days; I am sure it will be blessed."

Over the door was a vacant space, and there the text was placed—white letters on a red ground—"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The schoolmaster was satisfied, and that night sent up many a petition that the word of the Lord might be owned.

Sunday afternoon came, and with it the congregation at the circus. Among the visitors was a man and his wife, who stepped in to see the wonderful change in the old place. Their eyes roamed hither and thither, and their hearts too, until the schoolmaster's text was noticed.

"What's that over there?" said the man; "it wasn't there before." His wife read out the words: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The singing, the sermon, the service, made little impression; but the schoolmaster's text lodged.

"SIN," thought the man, "I have the experience of that in my heart and life. I have defiled myself and all around me. 'CLEANSING,' that is what I need, to have all this filth removed, and to be made pure. Is such a thing possible?" He repeated the text: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Could he be included in that little word "us"?

He began to think seriously of these things. Sin after sin came up before his mind, but over all stretched the blessed text: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

Blood represented punishment—and punishment cleared from guilt; so, if Christ was punished for his guilt, that punishment, or blood, cleansed all the sin that deserved punishment. He believed, and he was clear. W.L.

FIND THE 8 OTHER RUNNERS.



## "SEE HOW YOUR NAME WILL FIT."

MARTHA was one of the liveliest girls I have known. From early childhood she was full of harmless pranks. Tim, the kitten; Carl, the puppy; her little brothers and sisters, were ever receiving attention, not always welcomed by them. One thing she dearly loved was to annoy her sleepy little sister Mary, in a way known to most young folks. A quiet dab with a nice cold sponge, not too wet. I remember it well. Don't you?

The first time Martha came under my special notice was in a meeting, which was held after an evangelistic service. Several were anxious to be saved, so I said: "If anyone would like us to pray for them, will they kindly write their request and send it up?" Almost directly a small torn slip of paper was passed into my hands with the words pencilled: "Will you pray for me?" I did not know who was the writer, but found at the close of the meeting that it was from Martha. I told her how Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost; that if she felt herself to be a lost one, she was the very one He came to seek and to save.

Next day, at the close of the meeting, I asked her if matters were settled between her and God. "Yes, sir," she answered, "it is all right now." And how had she got the comfort? By means of a little book that had been given her the previous evening. It told of a young girl who, like herself, had felt sin to be a grievous burden, and who had been pointed to 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." Then followed these words: "Go home and turn to the verse, and instead of the word 'world,' and the word 'whosoever,' *just put your own name in each place, and see how it will fit you.*" "I read the verse and put *my own name in.* And it just fitted me." Martha held in her hand the very tract, and showed me how the text was printed with blank spaces, thus:

*"God so loved.....that He gave His only begotten Son, that.....believing in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."*

WILL YOU PUT YOUR NAME IN. DO SO HERE AND NOW, and you will be more full of life, more happy, and desirous of seeing others put their names there. N.B.

## MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Two little girls had knelt together to repeat the evening prayer, learnt at their mother's knee, and as they snuggled down in the little white beds in the night nursery, they felt more inclined for talk than sleep.



TWO LITTLE GIRLS KNELT TO REPEAT THEIR EVENING PRAYER.

## MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.



SHEILA.

TWO little girls had knelt together to repeat the evening prayer, learnt at their mother's knee, and now as they snuggled down in the little white beds in the night nursery, they felt more inclined for talk than sleep.

The elder of the two was evidently pondering over something which troubled her, for the little face looked perplexed and unhappy. "Sheila," she said to her sister, "if we ask God to forgive our sins as we forgive people who have injured us—and you know that is what mother said 'trespasses' meant—

does it mean that we are asking God *not* to forgive us if *we* have *not* forgiven someone?" Sheila's little forehead was puckered up into many wrinkles, as she tried to think out her sister's problem.

"I do not think so," she said; "but we had better ask mother." Jean sighed. "But mother is out, you know; she has gone to sit with Mrs. Martin's sick baby, and I don't like to go to sleep if I have been asking God *not* to forgive me."

"Why, whatever do you mean, Jean? You did *not* ask God *not* to forgive you; we said it together, you know: '*Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.*'"

"I know," said Jean, "but it is just that *as* which troubles me; doesn't *as* mean *in the same way*? And you know I can't forgive Kitty. It was too horrid of her to spoil my birthday present for mother; and there won't be time to do another."

At the remembrance of her wrongs, Jean's tears began to flow. Kitty Trevor was a little girl, about her own age, who shared the children's lessons; she had no sisters

## Mother's Birthday Present.

or brothers of her own, and her parents were glad to have her join the little Greys in their lessons with their daily governess, Miss Marsden.

Jean was fond of drawing, and could paint very nicely for a little girl of her age. She had taken great pains with a little sketch which Miss Marsden had promised to get framed for her mother's birthday. To-day, it had been almost finished, and Miss Marsden had praised the little



SHEILA, KITTY, AND JEAN.

THE GIRLS LEARNING THE ROAD SIGNS.

girl's careful work. After she had gone, Kitty, wanting to admire it, had seized the drawing with rather grubby fingers; and Jean, trembling for her treasure, had tried to snatch it from her. Kitty resisted, and in the struggle the drawing was torn and seemed completely spoiled. Jean was very angry with Kitty's carelessness; and persisted in saying that she had meant to spoil it. Miss Marsden had gone before the accident happened, and as the sketch had been intended for her mother's birthday, the accident had been kept a secret from her, so Jean had only



## Mother's Birthday Present.



"SUCH A KIND MOTHER."

Sheila to whom she could turn for comfort.

Jean could not sleep, and when their mother looked into their room an hour later, to see that they were sleeping comfortably, she found a very wideawake little girl, with flushed face starting up to greet her.

"Why, Jean, my child, what *is* the matter? Don't you feel well, dear?" asked her mother, as she sat down by her bed. Then Jean

poured forth the whole story, and mother being older and wiser than Sheila, understood *why* her little girl was so troubled. She understood that it was the bitter, unforgiving spirit which disturbed her rest, even more than the disappointment about the sketch.

Jean had a really loving little heart, and was very sensitive. Knowing this, her mother lifted a silent prayer to God, that *He* would teach her little girl how to forgive. She drew her into her arms, and resting her hand on the tumbled hair, she said: "Jean, darling, have you ever felt that you had grieved your loving Heavenly Father, and *needed* forgiveness from Him?" "Oh, yes, mother, you know that I have. Why do you ask me?"

"Well, dear, I know that you have trusted Christ as your Saviour, that you love and seek to please Him, and yet you find it hard to forgive your little friend. Now, instead of looking at the impossibility of doing this, I want you to think a little about how *He* loves, forgives, and saves."

While her mother talked, God's Holy Spirit had been teaching Jean, the hard bitter feelings seemed to melt away, and instead of feeling a much injured little girl, she began to feel ashamed of her ungenerous conduct towards Kitty. When she thought of how the Lord Jesus had loved and forgiven her, and remembered that "His Name shall be called Jesus (a Saviour) for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21), she trusted Him to save her from this sin also, and soon she was able to thank Him, not only for forgiveness, but for giving her His own Spirit of love; and she did not forget to thank

### Mother's Birthday Present.

Him for giving her such a dear mother to guide her to Him.

After a short prayer by her bedside, her mother tucked her up, kissed her good night, and bade her go to sleep, and to-morrow they would talk it out more fully.

When Jean awoke next morning, Sheila was already up and dressed. "Oh, Jean," she cried, "I am so glad you are awake at last, mother told them to let you sleep as long as you would, as you had been awake so late last



"DO MAKE HASTE, JEAN, FOR KITTY IS IN THE GARDEN."

night. but do make haste now Jean, Kitty is in the garden, and she has such a lovely surprise for you;" and Sheila flew off, afraid lest she might be tempted to let the secret out if she stayed talking. Full of curiosity, Jean was not long before she joined the others in the garden.

Kitty met her rather shyly and in some confusion. "Jean," she said, "I am so sorry about your picture, but come into the summer house and see what I have got for you," and without giving Jean time to reply, she seized her hand, and dragged her off to the summer house, where,

## Mother's Birthday Present.



KITTY.

on the little round table, stood a beautiful azalea, covered with delicate pink and white blossoms.

"It is for you, Jean, for your mother's birthday present. I bought it yesterday after I went home. Mother said I might if I used my own pocket money, and as I had been saving up lately, I had just enough. I knew you would like it, Jean, and I did want to show you I was sorry about the picture."

Jean found it rather difficult to speak, there seemed to be a lump in her throat, but she felt *so glad* that she had forgiven Kitty in her heart, before she knew this. "I am sorry too, Kitty, it was partly my fault. If I had not tried to snatch it from you, the sketch would not have been torn. But this plant is lovely. Won't mother be delighted with it. Look at its beautiful waxy blossoms, and there are so many of them too!"

When Miss Marsden arrived this morning, and heard of the accident which had happened after she left last evening, she was surprised at the three bright little faces she saw before her, not knowing of all that had passed between. She knew how much pains Jean had bestowed on her work, and how she had looked forward to presenting it to her mother; and she secretly wondered at the little girl's radiant face. Unnoticed by the others, she carefully picked up the pieces of the torn drawing, and placed them between the leaves of a large blotter.

Their mother's birthday was always celebrated by a special treat for the children, and on this occasion there was to be a picnic in the woods, and the children were each allowed to invite a friend.

Thursday morning dawned as brightly as could be desired, and a very excited and happy little party met in the schoolroom after breakfast, to see mother open her parcels. Jean's beautiful azalea had a place of honour,

**Mother's Birthday Present.**



**THEY WERE TO PICNIC IN THE WOODS WITH FRIENDS.**

## Mother's Birthday Present.

and mother was both surprised and delighted; since she knew about the accident she had been feeling sorry for Jean, as she thought the sight of the other gifts would revive her disappointment over her loss. But a greater surprise still was in store, not only for mother, but for Jean also.

When Miss Marsden arrived, she had a flat square parcel, which she presented to Mrs. Grey with a merry twinkle in her eyes. When the wrappings were removed, there lay Jean's sketch, mounted and framed, looking little the worse for the accident. Miss Marsden had taken it home, and carefully placed the torn pieces together; had mounted them on a piece of thin linen, and only by looking very closely, could the join be detected.

It would be difficult to say whose joy was greatest—Mother's, Jean's, or Kitty's—and no happier party ever set out for a picnic, or enjoyed one more thoroughly.

To Mrs. Grey that little drawing always remained one of her precious treasures, because it reminded her not only of her little girl's love for *her*, but of a greater love, which she rejoiced to see growing more and more in Jean; and in her heart she thanked God for the accident which had taught Jean the joy of forgiving as she had been forgiven.

A. M' C.



## "HIS BOYS AND GIRLS."

*"Children are an heritage of the Lord" (Psa. 127. 3).*

**T**HE Saviour loves the children  
Of every land and age;  
He loves them all so dearly—  
His heritago.

Now still to His disciples  
He says so tenderly:  
"Let boys and girls, unhindered  
Come unto Me."

The Saviour loves the children,  
And those who love Him, too,

Will never once discover  
A Friend more true.

They are His little candles,  
Which in the darkness shine,  
Dispelling far the shadows  
With beams divine.

They are His precious jewels,  
His rubies and His pearls;  
He loves them all so dearly—  
His boys and girls. K. W. M.

## TWO SOUTH AFRICAN VETERANS.

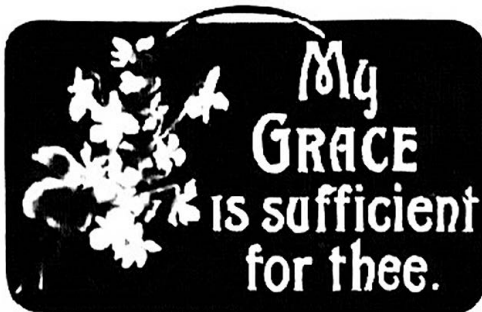
IN the former story we tell of 3 little maids, we now tell of two aged men who loved the Lord Jesus showing that He satisfies both young and old, and that it is not true that all good people die young, for one man was 83 and the other 84 at the time they wrote their stories. Therefore, trust Christ now, and happy be. Ed.

**M**R. STEER'S CONVERSION. I was born eighty-three years ago, and thirty-four years ago I was "born again." At the age of eighteen I left home because my mother got converted and let her kitchen be used for Gospel meetings. I plunged into sin, became a hopeless



MR. STEER, AGED 83, AND MR. CROWHURST, AGED 84.

## Two South African Veterans.



drunkard. Often I woke up of a morning in a field with the hair of my head frozen to the ground. While working at Barry Dock I got a pick through my foot by accident. I was taken to the hospital and there God began to work in my heart. I was thoroughly awakened to the realities of eternity. I felt myself on the brink of Hell, and after much anguish of soul the light of the Gospel dawned upon me. I passed from death to life, from the power of Satan unto God. My companions gave me a week to "keep" it, but thank God HE has kept me for thirty-four years, and will keep me to the end.

MR. CROWHURST'S TESTIMONY. I was born at Chelsea, London, on 24th August, 1838. When a mere boy my parents left London for Plymouth, where we settled. As a pupil teacher in a Government school I was a careless, thoughtless youngster, unconverted, fond of sea-bathing, witnessing reviews of soldiers, and watching battleships leaving and returning, which kindled in me desires to see foreign lands. Having passed my yearly examinations, and my term of service in school expired, I was thrown on my own resources for a livelihood. A captain in the Royal Navy recommended me to a captain appointed to a man-of-war vessel fitting out for the seas. I was accepted as schoolmaster. The ship had a special mission, for the second son of Queen Victoria was a young officer on board. Before leaving England leave of absence was granted to me, and I went to say good-bye to my relatives in Cornwall. They were mostly well-to-do farmers, and one of my cousins wished me to visit her sister, a farmer's wife living about fifteen miles away. I went. I was nineteen years old, a stranger to the things which were of God.

The Lord used that cousin to help me. I was not longer than ten minutes in the house when she looked straight into my eyes and asked me a question which I could not answer. It was, "Cousin Philip, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" I was dumb. I could not answer, and to lie I dared not. However, that question stuck fast in me. Never had any one asked me such a question before.

## Two South African Veterans.

During my short stay my cousin kept me interested with her profitable talk and doings. She told me the story of her conversion, which was most striking. On leaving she said to me, "My dear cousin Philip, you are going abroad to places where the fear of God is not known. How will you be able to withstand the temptations to a sinful life if not protected by a Power above your own?"

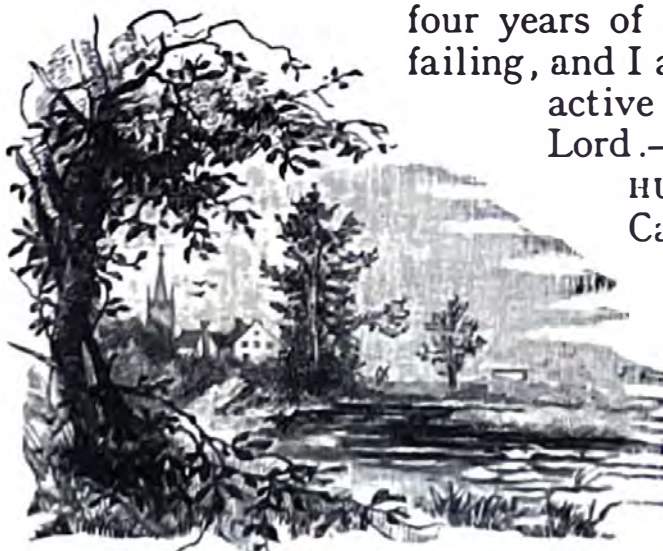
During that first voyage, on board a line of battleships, the Lord saved my soul with an everlasting salvation. I had a place for prayer and quiet. The Bible taught me what God is—Holy—and what I was—unholy and unfit to dwell with Him. I prayed thus: "I know, I believe Thou canst save, but wilt Thou save such a sinner as I am?" One day when I was particularly meditative about my own personal salvation I retired for prayer, and soon a current of joy, love, and peace flowed into my heart, and I knew I was saved by virtue of the shed blood of Christ. I wrote letters to my family relating how I was happy in knowing my sins forgiven. On my return to England, my brother, four years my senior, told his minister in my presence that by reading my letters he was stirred to seek salvation and found peace.

In 1862 I decided to settle in South Africa. Since then my experiences have been varied. Through many ups and downs God has preserved me and kept before my mind the need on my part of keeping myself in the groove of blessing, and holding me back from the paths of the

destroyer. I am now past eighty-four years of age. My powers are failing, and I am unable to do much active outside work for the

Lord.—PHILIP R. CROWHURST, North Paarl, Cape Colony.

If God could *save* such guilty sinners, *keep* them during long years of pilgrimage, surely you may trust Him with your soul for time and for Eternity.



IN DISTANT SOUTH AFRICA.



## "ALL TICKETS, PLEASE!"



QUEUE FOR BOURNEMOUTH TRAIN.

I WAS once travelling by rail in England, when the train pulled up at a large station. A cry rang out from one end of the platform to the other, "Tickets! All tickets, please!"

There was a great banging of doors, and the hasty entrance of the ticket collectors. You ought to have seen the various passengers fumbling in pockets and purses for their tickets! I noticed a man sitting opposite me, who when asked for his ticket began to fumble in one pocket after another, but no ticket was forthcoming. He was loud in his assertions that he *had* bought a ticket, but he could not produce one, so the guard would not believe him. "Either you must get out or pay up," he said.

Are any of you girls and boys trying to, or thinking to do the same—attempting to go to Heaven without a ticket? I tell you plainly you can't do it. What do I mean by a ticket to Heaven? Well, I will tell you. I have a curious ticket—on one side it is all red, and on the other it is pure white. I want this to represent to you the ticket to Heaven. Why is it *red*? To show the Blood of Jesus, which cleanses from all sin. This is the *only* ticket to Heaven—the life and death and sacrifice of Jesus.

This is the *sure* ticket to Heaven. Do you believe it? Now don't forget, the ticket to Heaven is: The Blood of Christ, which cleanses from all sin, and His word which says your sins are all forgiven for Jesus' sake. Have you got this ticket? If not, don't delay a moment—come at once, and get from God this ticket, and with this you can travel along safely, all the way to Heaven. W.H.S.

## A NOMINAL CHRISTIAN UNTIL FIFTEEN.

A MISSIONARY who went to China some time ago told the story of her conversion which took place when she was a young girl, thus: "I was a nominal Christian until I was fifteen years old, but I was not truly born again until then. One Sunday when I was at home from school for the half-term holiday, a friend spoke to me about the gift of God, and the Holy Spirit showed me in an instant the way to receive Jesus Christ."



A TYPICAL CHINESE STREET SCENE.

It may be that some of our young readers are just like this girl, moral, educated, honest, straightforward, and a regular Church-goer, yet before she could become a true Christian it was necessary for her to be "BORN AGAIN" (John 3. 3, 7). So if you want to become a real Christian you must be born from above, hence the Saviour's words, "Ye *must* be born again" (John 3. 7).

Have you in child-like faith acknowledged that you are a sinner, and accepted Christ as your own personal Saviour and thus been "born again?"

S. LAVERY.

## NEW SEARCHINGS FOR ALL.

**O**UR REGULARS start again this month. Why not join them and thus increase your knowledge of the Bible? Please state if you wish to be enrolled as a regular searcher.

Children's Cross Words, No 77. Supplied by a regular helper in Australia.

*	1		2		3	*
*		*		*		*
4						
*		*		*		*
5	*	6		7	*	8
	*	9			*	
10						

CLUES.—*Across.* 1. Wherefore didst thou? (Matt.); 4, A bed (Ezek.); 6, Son of Benjamin (Gen.); 9, Relative of Peleg (Gen.) 10, How — thou? (Luke). *Down.* 1, — this offend (John); 2, Things hard to be (Heb.); 3, Is told (Psa.); 5, Servants said it (Matt.); 6, Son of Jether (1 Chron.); 7, Tribute is (Rom.); 8, — thou a king (John). (*Give references if possible*).

SOLUTION OF CHILDREN'S CROSS WORDS, No. 76.—*Across.* 2, Jesus; 7, Line; 8, Music; 10, Kir; 11, Nabal; 13, Debt; 15, Joses. *Down.* 1, Comings; 3, Eli; 4, Sickles; 5, Un(to); 6, Secrets; 9, Seb(a); 12, Ado; 14, Be.

Original Acrostic, No. 521. Supplied by a helper in Western Australia.

*First* was cast into den of lions,  
The next a *scribe* will be.  
Three times was Peter told to do *this*.  
*This*, God thy refuge see.  
Now *this* in Psalms described as loud is.  
*She* did employ a Eunuch great.  
Both Queen and Eunuch from *this place*  
came.  
*What* God is to His people state.  
And then my whole you will relate.



ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 520.—Saul, Abel, Victor, Isaac, Obadiah, Ur, Rebekah=SAVIOUR (Luke 2. 11).



Simple Searching for Little Folks, No. 209, supplied by one of our searchers, Gordon Peake.  
My first is in Joseph but not in Dream,  
My second in Save and also Redeem,  
My third is in Sell and also in Sold,  
My fourth is in Young but not in Old,  
My fifth is in Soul but not in Life,  
My sixth in Woman and also in Wife,  
My seventh in Peter and also Deny,  
My eighth is in Weep but not in Cry,  
My last is in Went but not in Gone,  
My whole is a short verse found in John.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 208—"WISE MEN" (Matt. 2. 7, 9).

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 232. tells who shall call Him blessed. Look in Psa. 72. No. 231 was: "He will rejoice over thee" (Zeph. 3. 17).

[ ] L A S T [ ] L O A N [ ] I N [ ]

## WHY IS THIS MAN RUNNING?



**Find the Eight other Onlookers.**

**Three-in-One Sketches, No. 42.** Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. Award (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the 8 other onlookers are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. You can use any kind of colouring you like.

**Rules.**—All papers must (1) be sent in from Britain by end of month and from abroad at earliest after receipt; (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender; (3) Be addressed to H. V. PICKERING, Editor of *Boys & Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, England. Awards given monthly and at end of year.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TEXT.

THE circus had fallen into the hands of Christian workers. It was late Saturday evening when they obtained possession, and as a service was to be held on the following Sunday, much had to be done in covering some things hardly helpful to devotion, putting up texts, and arranging seats. The ladders were just being put away, and the friends going to their homes, when the good schoolmaster hurried up with a large text.

"Too late," said some; but he pleaded so hard that he gained his point. "Do put it up somewhere; I have worked at it many days, praying over every letter. I am sure it will be blessed."

Over the door was a vacant space, and there the text was placed—white letters on a red ground—"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The schoolmaster was satisfied, and sent up many a petition that the word of the Lord might be owned.

Sunday afternoon came, and with it the congregation at the circus. Among the visitors was a man and his wife, who stepped in to see the wonderful change in the old place. Their eyes roamed hither and thither, and their hearts too, until the schoolmaster's text was noticed.

"What's that over there?" said the man; "it wasn't there before." His wife read out the words: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The singing, the sermon, the service, made little impression; but the schoolmaster's text lodged.

"SIN," thought the man, "I have the experience of that in my heart and life. I have defiled myself and all around me. 'CLEANSING,' that is what I need, to have all this filth removed, and to be made pure. Is such a thing possible?" He repeated the text: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Could he be included in that little word "us"?

He began to think seriously of these things. Sin after sin came up before his mind, but over all stretched the blessed text—"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

Blood represented punishment—and punishment cleared from guilt; so, if Christ was punished for his guilt, that punishment, or blood, cleansed all the sin that deserved punishment. He believed, and he was clear. W L.

## HOW BOBBY WAS LOST AND FOUND.

Inquiries were made, but no trace of Bobby could be found. Search parties were organised, and policemen joined in an all-night search for the lost boy.



THE NIGHT THAT BOBBY WAS LOST.

*Copyright—Fox Photos.*

## HOW BOBBY WAS LOST AND FOUND.



**D**URING the recent stormy weather, both men and women, boys and girls have been *lost*, and some have been *found*.

Here is a true story of a little boy called **BOBBY DEANS**. Recently he was out walking towards his home, accompanied by two dogs, just as night was coming on. It was very foggy. Some people who knew him, saw him trudging along not far from home. He was evidently a bright and a brave little fellow. That night he failed to reach home for

supper. Inquiries were made, but no trace of Bobby could be found. Search parties were organised, and policemen joined in an all-night search for the lost boy.

It was all in vain. The parents and friends were anxious and alarmed, and the general public were also greatly interested in the mysterious disappearance of Bobby Deans. Some thought he might have fallen into the river and been drowned. Others thought some person or persons had kidnapped him, but surely in either case the dogs would have returned home.

The search was continued, hundreds of men joining in combing the bush and forest for miles. Some one reported seeing a dog on a road some miles away, and police rushed to the spot, and in a short time they came upon the little lad lying beside his two dogs, not a great deal the worse for being lost for 48 hours in winter.

It seems at night the faithful dogs lay beside him and kept him warm, in spite of heavy fog and rain. Then one had gone out to attract attention, and had been successful, while the other remained with Bobby. Willing hands carried him home, and soon he was close to his loved ones, and they were rejoicing over his safe return. The papers and radio announced at once the finding of the boy and all rejoiced to know he was found.

Need we say this reminds us very forcibly that "all we like sheep *have gone astray*" (Isa. 53. 6). In the fog Bobby had taken a wrong turn, and instead of reaching home he became hopelessly lost. The same verse tells us: "We

## How Bobby was Lost and Found.

have turned every one to *his own way*." How true it is as boys and girls grow up, in so many cases after hearing of Him Who says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6), instead of turning to Him, they turn to their own way.

God says in His Word: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of



*Fox.*

THE POLICE JOINED IN THE SEARCH.

death" (Prov. 14. 12). All who come to Christ, believing on Him as the One who died for them and rose again, are saved, and go, like the eunuch in Acts 8, on their "way rejoicing." All who turn from Him, go away like the rich young ruler, sorrowful (Matt. 19. 22).

Why not trust Him *now*, and go on your way rejoicing? Then you will be able of a truth to sing:

"I was lost, but Jesus found me;  
Found the sheep that went astray;  
Threw His loving arms around me,  
Drew me back into His way."

J. C



## "GOING DOWN" OR "GOING UP?"

YOU have heard of clever things done by elephants, of logs carried in their trunks for their masters, of standing on barrels at the circus, and such like, but did you ever think of them going down stairs? They completely surprised the boys and girls at seeing them going down a set of stone steps so nimbly and safely. I would far rather have seen them "going up," for I don't like to



Copyright—Photo Service.

GOING DOWN THE STEPS.

think of going down; that was the way the man went who fell among thieves (Luke 10. 30). Ever aim at going *up* to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. 4. 17). P.L.

## "HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED"

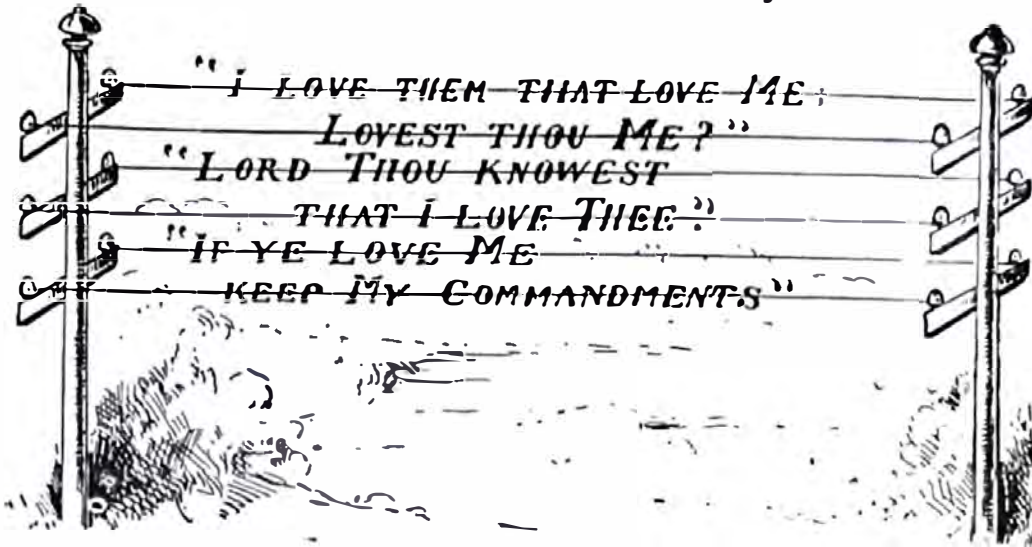
1 Sam. 7. 12.

"Ebenezer"—hitherto Thou hast helped, and  
Brought us through.  
Even when fierce foes assailed, Thy strong arm has  
Never failed!  
Every step doth show Thy skill, leading us to  
Zion's Hill.  
Evermore we'll praise and bless Thee, our Lord, our  
**Righteousness!**

EDITH B. SCHOFIELD.

## THE WONDERS OF TELEGRAPHY.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS, No. 7. By E. E. ENOCK.



**I**F you would think of some big woods and wild country you have been in, and try to imagine you are in Africa, and perhaps imagine still further than that, that you hear sounds—dum—dum—dum—dumdum—dum—dum—dum—dum coming from a little distance, you will know that it is the natives sending news from one village to another, by the rhythmic beating of their drums. The sounds are heard by those in other villages, and the drums there are sounded so that yet another lot of natives can hear and pass on the news in the same way. By this means messages are conveyed for hundreds of miles. This is Bush Telegraphy. We might almost call it Broadcasting, I should think.

We have a better way than that, clever though it is, and can send news swiftly and silently for thousands of miles. Someone says, writing about TELEGRAPHY, that "there are six and a half million miles of wire strewn from one end of the world to the other," and along these wires messages are speeding all day long, and often through the night, too, by the aid of our friend Electricity.

"Tele" means "far off"—"Gram" and "Graph" have to do with words and writing. So we have a far off word or writing when we get a TELEGRAM, I should say. And this is how it comes about. Someone who wants to send you a message quickly from a distance, goes to a Post Office and writes down the words they want you to read—then the Telegraph operator taps out certain signs in

## The Wonders of the Telegraph.



sound which travel along wires by electricity, and the clerk at the end where you live can turn the tapping sounds into the words your friend wrote; the message is written down, put into an envelope, and sent to you by a telegraph messenger, or, as we call him, a Telegram Boy.

Like letters, telegrams often bring sad news, and often glad news. One of the sweetest messages is: "Arrive to-day," and saying what time—perhaps it says as well: "Meet me." How glad we feel to know that the dear one will be with us so soon.

We call these telegrams "WIRES" because they come along wires. "Wire reply," you will sometimes have in a telegram. Sometimes it adds—"Reply paid," which means that your answer is expected at once, and the telegram boy will take your message back to the office to be tapped out to the office nearest to your friend's home. The "tapping" is the Morse Alphabet. The Dictionary says it is "The Morse Alphabet or code, consisting of dots, dashes and spaces." I daresay you have often seen and heard the machine when you have been in a Post Office.

And then there are the great Telegraph poles and the many wires which they support. As children we liked putting our ears to these poles and listening to the humming. My brother thought bees lived in them. One might fancy that the hum was caused by messages racing along the wires, but it is only the singing made in them by the breeze. We could not hear messages that way. And the birds cannot feel any messages though they perch on the wires. I have seen at least fifty little swallows together perched on some telegraph wires at a place I often passed some years ago. They gathered there every year, to start off for warmer countries across the seas, but they knew nothing of "wires" as messages.

When I watched those birds I always remembered what an old preacher said once to his congregation: "Many of you know as little of the messages in the Bible as do the birds on the telegraph wires of the messages passing beneath their feet." That is true, is it not? And yet

## A Telegram for You.

it is *most important* for us to know those messages, for they have to do with *our eternal happiness, or eternal woe.*

Here is a telegram for you: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). It does not say to-morrow—does it? "Time present is the only time we can call our own." And again, another telegram: "Behold I come quickly" (Rev. 22. 20). Are you prepared to meet Him? Are you washed in the Blood of Jesus? (1 John 1. 7). Are you trusting in Him alone for your salvation? Are you ready to say: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus?"

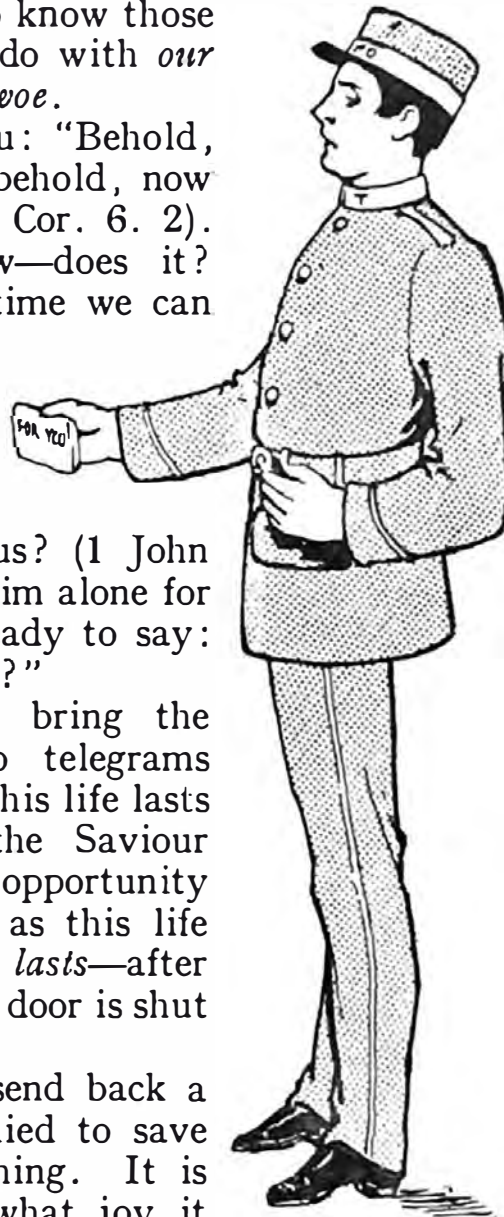
Sometimes a storm will bring the wires down, and then no telegrams can be sent. But as long as this life lasts our communication with the Saviour cannot be cut off. We have opportunity of coming to Him, as long as this life lasts. *As long as this life lasts*—after that we can do nothing. The door is shut for ever.

So now, boys and girls, send back a glad answer to Him Who died to save you. It will cost you nothing. It is "reply paid." And, Oh! what joy it will bring to His heart to hear you say:

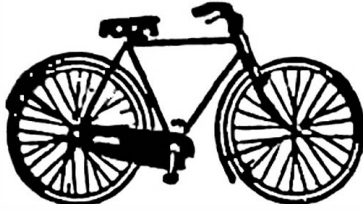


"Jesus, I will trust Thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul;  
Guilty, lost, and helpless,  
Thou canst make me whole.  
There is none in Heaven  
Or on earth like Thee:  
Thou hast died for sinners—  
*Therefore, Lord, for me.*"

Make sure you send the "Reply Paid" telegram to the Lord Jesus this very day. He will gladly receive it, and save you at once, and keep you for ever.



## THE DANGER LINE.



ON a road, at a point where it was narrow, and where a white line had been drawn along the centre of it, two boys were cycling. One of the boys was riding right on the white line.

When his companion urged him to come nearer to the left hand pavement, he replied, "Why? I am not breaking the law!"

We should always be careful not to live on the danger line between right and wrong. So many do, and, like the boy on the bicycle, try to justify themselves by saying: "I am not breaking the law." If we know the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, let there be no doubt about it that we are well and truly "on the Lord's side." Then let it be known to others that by trusting Christ they can be made as happy as we are. W.J.G.

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### "ONLY HIS BARE WORD FOR IT."

TWO of us were sitting upon a seat in the park, I was seeking to help a young lady to take the step of trusting herself unreservedly to God. We explained the Gospel, that God had provided a Substitute in the Person of His Son, Who died upon the Cross and had satisfied all God's claims against us on account of sin, and that now He could righteously forgive and justify the sinner who comes in utter dependence and casts himself upon God's mercy in Christ. She listened attentively, for she had seen a change in her sister's life after her conversion, and genuinely wanted to know the secret for herself. At last she broke out: "But I've only the bare Word of God for it!" "Yes," we replied, "that is all you have, and all you will ever have, the bare Word of the Living God! And is not that enough?"

You need not hesitate to trust God. He will not deceive you. He seeks only your good, your eternal welfare. He gave His only Son to die that you might be eternally blessed. You would trust your loved ones, and they would trust you. Why then mistrust God?

Trust Him; trust Him wholly; trust Him now, and you will be kept now and for ever hereafter. But first *trust*.

R. W. COOPER.

**"Only His bare Word for it."**



*Specially Drawn.*

**"SEATED UPON A SEAT IN THE PARK."**

## CAUGHT BY A TIGER.

THE native Indian servant was quietly playing with his master's two little ones, when quite unexpectedly a wily tiger made a dash and caught him. This frightened the little ones; the servant yelled, and fortunately help was at hand and frightened the tiger away, so that apart from a few nasty scars, the poor servant was unhurt, though terribly scared.



"THE CHILDREN WERE TERRIFIED."

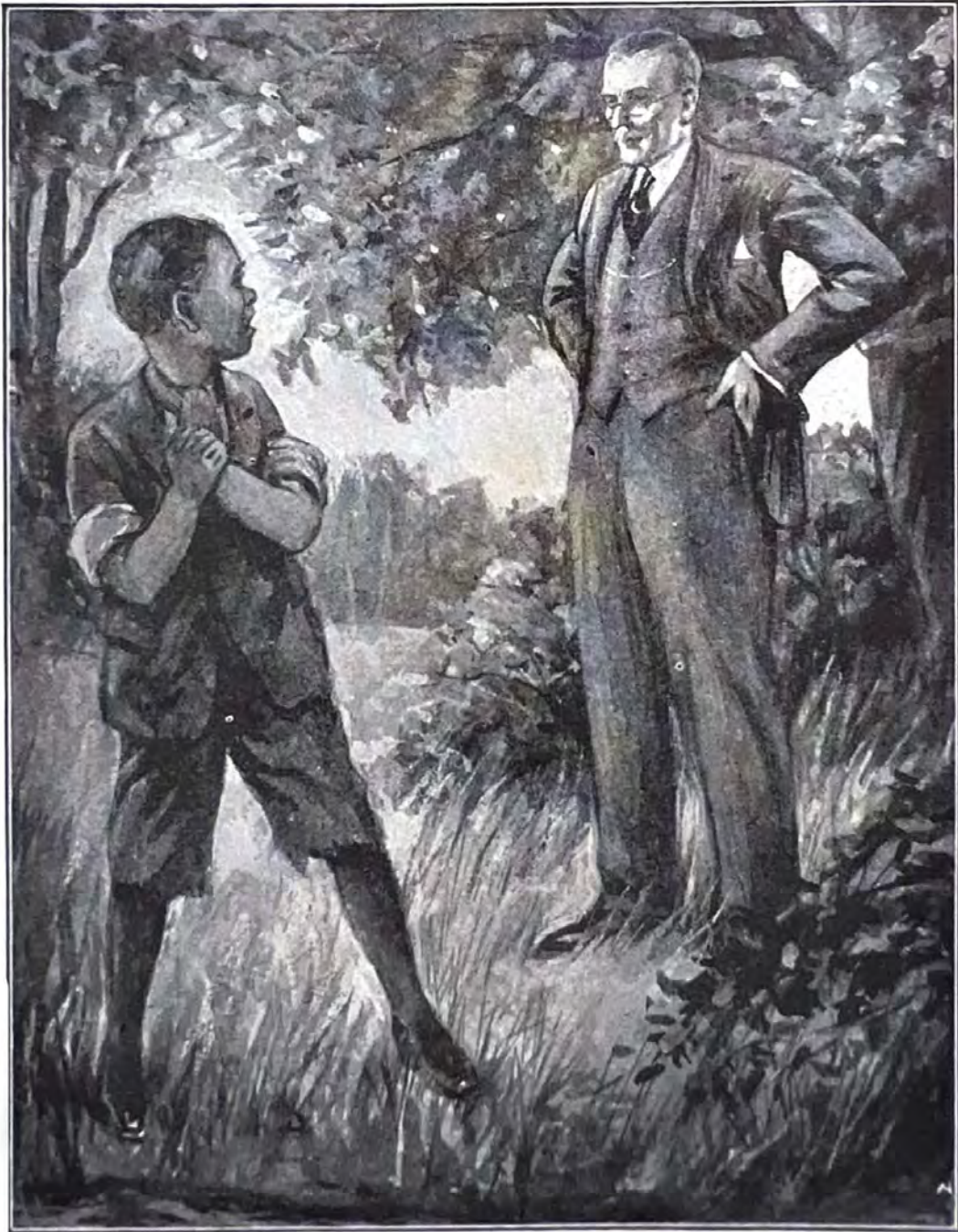
"HE WAS TERRIBLY SCARED."

Doubtless, such a deliverance would never be forgotten by the Indian, and he would be ever grateful to his deliverer.

Your adversary the Devil goeth about seeking whom he may devour. The only help at hand is the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust Him and you will be safe from every foe. Then you, too, will be thankful for an even greater deliverance. He lives, He loves, He cares, He saves, He delivers, He takes safe to Glory all who trust Him. O-B-

## "IT WON'T RUB OFF!"

THE story is told of a coloured family—the only one in a certain district—who had one boy, a little chap of nine years of age. The lad was sent to school, and being the only negro child there, he met with great persecution from the other boys on account of his colour. They were continually taunting him about his black skin, calling out, "Nigger, Nigger!" and it nearly broke the



"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MY BOY?"



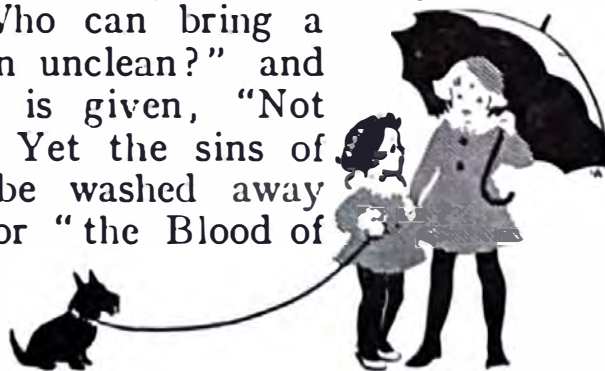
## "It Won't Rub Off."

little fellow's heart. After a while he got wondering if the cause of his trouble could be removed in some way. One method seemed to him possible, and he resolved to try it.

One day he was missed from school, and the teacher asked the children if they knew where he was. One lad said he had seen him go behind the school into the bush, through which there ran a small stream of water. On going in search of the little fellow, the teacher found him close by the stream, rubbing away with a handful of wet sand at his little black hands and arms. Now and then he would wash the sand off, and look wistfully at the skin, which was as black as ever. After watching him a few minutes, the teacher cried out: "Well! what are you doing here, my boy?" The little boy was startled. After a while he owned up that he was "*trying to rub the black off, and make himself white!*" "But," added the little truant, "it won't rub off, sir." We laugh at the simplicity of the little boy, but in another way are not some wiser folk trying to do the same thing?

Jeremiah asks the question: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil" (chap. 13. 23).

The Ethiopian is black because he is born so, and no change of circumstances will change his natural condition. He cannot wash off his dark colour, or get rid of it in any way. Now, God's Word speaks of man as being "shapen in iniquity" (Psa. 51. 5); "an unclean thing" (Isa. 64. 6); "undone" (Isa. 6. 5); "unrighteous" (1 Cor. 6. 9); and his righteousness, *i.e.*, good works, filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6); "lost" (Luke 19. 10); and with a heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately (or incurably) wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). Concerning such, the question is asked, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" and the emphatic answer is given, "Not one!" (Job 14. 4). Yet the sins of the black boy can be washed away and he made clean, for "the Blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth from *all sin.*" (1 John 1. 7).



## THE PREPARED SNOWBALLS.



Copyright—Fox Photos.

PREPARED FOR A FIGHT.

**S**HE is quite ready for the fray. Her sleigh is laden with snowballs and the boy or girl who enters into the engagement is to be pitied, for the time he is making his balls she can keep pelting away from her load. *She is prepared.*

How foolish is anyone who thinks he can tackle the great enemy of souls, for he has all his armour ready and has nearly 6000 years of experience, so is ready with all kinds of balls, so that if one fails another succeeds. He has beaten many boys and girls. See that you, too, are not beaten, but "prepared."

Beware now, *be prepared.* Come to Jesus just as you are, and He will shield, defend and deliver you, for "He is able to save *to the uttermost* all who come to God by Him (Heb.7.27). Come to Christ now, be "prepared." P.K.G.

## SEARCHINGS BY YOUNG AND OLD.

**WE** GLADLY INSERT Searchings this month supplied by young searchers and older helpers, and feel sure all will prove equally interesting. We are always pleased to hear from our young readers and to pass on to others any good puzzles as those given below.

**Varied Searching, No. 256** is similar to two or three inserted some time ago. It was compiled by a helper in Scotland.

6, 2, 8, 3, 1  
 10, 11, 13, 4, 8, 2, 9  
 7, 8, 6, 3, 11, 13  
 5, 13, 3, 7, 8, 10  
 9, 11, 6, 4, 5  
 14, 1, 7, 12, 4, 6  
 10, 1, 3, 11, 13, 14  
 9, 12, 4, 5

I AM A WORD OF 14 LETTERS.

Many aspire that they *thus* would be  
 That we are *these* all must agree.

Means something lost we *may get back*;  
 Satan oft sets *these* on our track.

Of old, folks *these* desired to see.

In grace and faith we *thus* can be.

The precious Blood cleanseth from *all*.

Made *these* by faith, God doth so call.

God's Word declares on Calvary's tree.

God's Son for *whole* must wounded be.

A.T.

**ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING, No. 255.**—Banqueting (S. of S. 2. 4); Prison (Isa. 42. 7); Beautiful (Isa. 64. 11); Rebellions (Ezek. 2. 5); Winter (Amos 3. 15); Earthly (2 Cor. 5. 1); Great (2 Tim. 2. 20).

**Original Acrostic, No. 522.** Supplied by a searcher, Jean Pritchard.

My first is the *man* who fled during the night.  
 My *next* did feed men both in darkness and light.  
 My third was the *man* who was saved in the flood.  
 My fourth was the first *man* to have in him blood.  
 My last was the *son* of a very "just" man.  
 My whole gives the name of *one* who from God ran



**ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 521.**—

Daniel, Ezra, Feed, Eternal, Noise, Candace, Ethiopia = DEFENCE (Psa. 89. 18).

**Simple Searching, No. 210,** supplied by another searcher, H. Holmes.



My first is in Short but not in Long,  
 My second in Hymn but not in Song,  
 My third is in Crush but not in Fold,  
 My fourth is in Hot but not in Cold,  
 My fifth is in Take but not in Bring,  
 My sixth is in Cord and also in String,  
 My seventh is in Strong but not in Lane,  
 My whole is a *Well* to which Jesus came.

**ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 209.**—"Jesus wept" (John 11. 35).

**Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 233,** tells where something is noted. See Daniel 10. No. 232 was: "All Nations" (Psa. 72. 17).

**E E I C S P T T T T N F U U O H R R R R**

## WHO CAN THIS MAN BE?



### Find the Eight other Onlookers.

**Three-in-One Sketches, No. 43.** Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. **Award** (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the 8 other onlookers are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. **You can use any kind of colouring you like.**

**Rules.**—All papers must (1) be sent in from Britain by 3rd of month and from abroad at earliest after receipt; (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender; (3) Be addressed to H. Y. PICKERING, Editor of *Boys & Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, England. Awards given monthly and at end of year.

## FOUR LITTLE WORDS.

ELIZABETH WEST was about twenty-three years of age when she first became concerned about her soul's salvation. Who would have thought that a young woman like her needed to have any anxiety of soul.

For seven years she had been a member of a church and a regular attender at the Sunday School; but of what avail was all this when she became conscious that *in God's estimation* she was a lost sinner? (Gal. 3. 22). Lizzie's first awakening was on hearing a four-year-old child ask another: "Do you love Jesus?" These four little words did what all the sermons of many years had failed to do: they convicted her. She knew *she* couldn't answer that question satisfactorily; but she never rested until, knowing her sins forgiven through the precious Blood of Christ, she could truthfully say: "I love Him because He first loved me" (1 John 4. 19). What a different girl now!

Naturally of a retiring disposition, her soul so glowed with the love of God after her conversion, she must tell others. She began at home, and by her life and her words, she sought to win her friends for Jesus. Not satisfied with this, she visited every house in the neighbourhood, urging the people to accept of her Saviour. But her testimony on earth was soon to end. The Lord took her to be with Himself three months after her new birth.

She burst a blood vessel and became unwell, and then a second one ten days before her death. Many will ever remember those ten days. Though in very feeble health, she ceased not to testify of her Redeemer, whom she had so recently learned to love. At one time, when suffering intense pain, Lizzie, turning to a Christian lady, said: "Oh, Mrs. —, this is nothing to the suffering of Jesus for me."

She continued to bear witness to the love and grace of God until she went home.

Unsaved young friend what about your soul? Like Lizzie, you may have been a member of some class for years you may have lived a moral, respectable life, but *have you been born again?* Oh! delay not to settle this all-important matter of your soul's salvation. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). S.N.

## THE SILENT LAMB

Do you see the look of quiet submission on the lamb's face as his little master carries him with difficulty? Our Lord and Saviour was "brought as a Lamb to the slaughter," and "He opened not His mouth" (Isa. 53. 7). He made no answer, but "freely gave Himself up for us all."



BOY WITH HIS FAVOURITE LAMB.

## A GLORIOUS FACT—THE FIRST EASTER.



**E**ASTER is only once mentioned in the Bible. In Acts 12. 4, although it is translated PENTECOST in the Revised Version. It began to be celebrated about 68, and was ordered to be observed in all churches in 325, as a commemoration of the Resurrection of our Lord from the dead. It gradually became a regular custom to have Easter Services, to eat hot-cross buns, make presents of simnel cakes and brightly coloured eggs. It may be observed any time between March 22 and April 26, although there is a movement on foot to hold it on a fixed date each year. Whatever the date and whether remembered or not, the glorious FACT of the Resurrection is certain, and definitely linked with salvation. For Romans 10. 9 says, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that *God hath raised Him from the dead* thou shalt be saved." And when the test comes as to who will be taken to Heaven, it is, "If we believe that Jesus *died*, and ROSE AGAIN" (1 Thess. 4. 14). See to it ere Easter day passes that your conversion day has arrived, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

P.K.G.

A Good exercise for **Easter Sunday** would be to get the children to bring a short *Gospel* text beginning with the letters E-A-S-T-E-R; or take a set of cards for class or whole school for that day, and as you show letter after letter, get hearers to suggest texts to fit the letters. A Book may be given as prize for best collection of Texts.



## MARY AND HER MANY PETS.

MARY has just had tea and is giving her pets a lesson in drawing and learning the alphabet. In the background is the easel, and they certainly look as though they can hear.

Teddy and Dolly appear to be thinking very deeply about all that she has told them, but Pussy and Fido are making themselves comfortable for a little nap.



Photo: Fox.

MARY HAD SUCH A HOST OF "PETS"

Mary loves them all, no matter whether they are white, black, or brown it makes no difference to her. She thinks none the less of Dolly because of her broken face, or of Fido because of his missing eye, they are all HER children, her *very own*. Pussy is inclined to wander, but soon comes back and is grateful for the tender caress and forgiveness of her mistress.



## Mary and her Many Pets—That Winter Night

How sweet is the thought that we, too, have a tender and forgiving Master, One who welcomes us back from our wanderings in the far country and forgives us in our penitence. He, too, is the Great Teacher, and His text Book is the Open Bible, with all its wonderful gems of wisdom. He loves the whole world, some in every race belong to His family, no matter what the colour of their skin. The broken in body He does not despise. He speaks in every language, the language of a Perfect Teacher and of Perfect Love. Perhaps He is speaking to *you* now? Asking you to accept Him as your Personal Friend and Saviour . . . Will you do so? Say to Him:

“God make my life a little light  
Within the world to glow;  
A little flame that burneth bright  
Wherever I may go.”

JAS. F. HART.

### THAT WINTER NIGHT



**W**HAT a different scene to those we have been seeing all these months. Instead of the green grass, the leafy trees, the smiling country scenes, are the barren trees, the snow covered fields and the cold wintry countryside. Yet we need both, and get both for God said: “While the earth remaineth, day and night, *summer and winter* shall not cease” (Gen. 8. 22).

These are the months when Special Meetings are usually held and when many are saved by putting faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I was saved in a farmer’s barn, in the month of November, 1874, when we were at times knee-deep in snow going to the Meetings. The preacher said: “Just think if you were the only person in all the world, and Jesus had died, he could not have died for Himself, for He knew no sin, therefore he must have died *for you*.” I said, “Well, I am not the only person, but I am a sinner and He died for sinners, therefore He must have died *for me*. That moment I said, “Here goes, sink or swim, *I’ll trust Him*.” I did so and was saved then, have now been kept for over 60 years, and have the assurance of seeing Him in the Glory. Praise God for that *winter night*. May many a summer night be the same.   HYP.

**THE TELEPHONE AND THE TELEVISOR**  
INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES, No. 8. By E. E. ENOCK.



**I**F you were in one part of a wood or garden and wanted to find out where someone else was who was waiting for you to come, you would probably shout that person's name very loudly, and they would shout back. Well, as you may know already, there is a way of making a voice heard across the world without any shouting at all, and this is by Telephone, and again with the aid of Electricity. "*Tele*" keeps coming into use, doesn't it! Remember, it means "far off." "*Phone*," is sound, voice, speech, and so Telephone means a voice from far off.

The man who first thought that the voice could be reproduced from a great distance was GRAHAM BELL, in 1876. Since then many clever men have been experimenting, making improvements and discoveries, and now it is possible for any one to speak to someone in another country by telephone.

It was on Jan. 7th, 1927, that a daily telephone service was opened between London and New York. By 1931

## The Telephone and its neighbour Television



we had over two millions of telephones in England, and thirty-four and a half millions were established all over the world. If you could visit Rugby you would see the Central Exchange Station where world conversations are connected up.

A business man in England can pick up the telephone on his desk, and after getting the right connection

talk to someone in Australia. The first time this was done was in October, 1930.

So you see, a man can order things to be done right across the world. The man at the other end of the line will do his best to carry out those orders. Sometimes he can; sometimes, through certain circumstances, he is not able. The man who gave the orders is perhaps just as powerless to have the orders carried out in the circumstances as the man who received them. No man can be sure of doing all he means to do. There is only one whose Word will always prevail. He says of it: "So shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isa. 55. 11). And again: "Hath He said and shall He not do it? Hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" (Num. 23. 19).

Abraham, rejoicing in God's promises believed them completely, astonishing though they were. He staggered not at the promises of God through unbelief because he knew that *what He had promised He was able also to perform*.

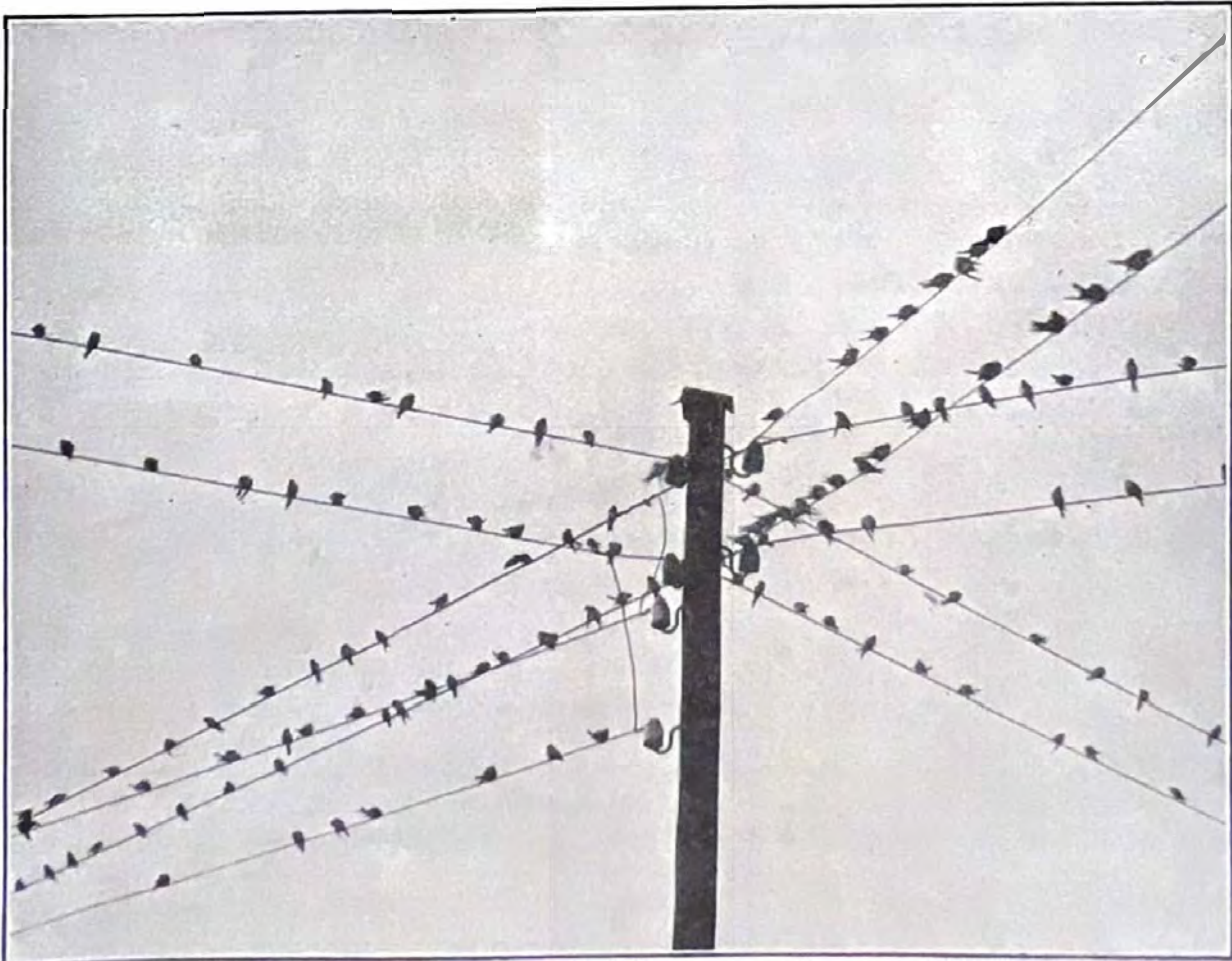
Still another word beginning with "*Tele*" I want to talk about—*Television*. It means "seeing something far off." It is one of the greatest wonders that, under the proper conditions, and with scientific appliances, it is possible to see a scene which is being enacted miles away.

## The Telephone and its neighbour Television

For instance, there were people in Copenhagen Arena Theatre watching and hearing people in London, 700 miles away. Mr. John L. Baird, the inventor of television, was one of the people they saw and heard.

This marvellous discovery and invention will doubtless go on improving. There will be as many people with televisors as now have wireless sets, and thousands of eyes and ears will be seeing and hearing the same person and the same scene at the same time that it is happening.

Now, I wonder, can you think of a verse in the Bible which declares that every eye shall see a certain Person? It is in the first chapter of the last book in the Bible: "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." And again, "Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in Heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they



Copyright: Fox Photos. CLUSTERS OF BIRDS ON TELEGRAPH WIRES—NOT HEARING A WORD!

## The Telephone and its neighbour Television

shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of Heaven with power and great glory" (Matt. 24. 30).

The earliest prophecy of this great event was spoken by Enoch, who was taken to Heaven by God about 4955 years ago. We might be pretty sure that Adam heard him speak it, for he was alive when Methuselah's son was born, and some years longer, I think you will find. This shows us what a long time ago people were told that the Lord Jesus was coming again. And so we have: "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, 'Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all.'" (Jude 14).

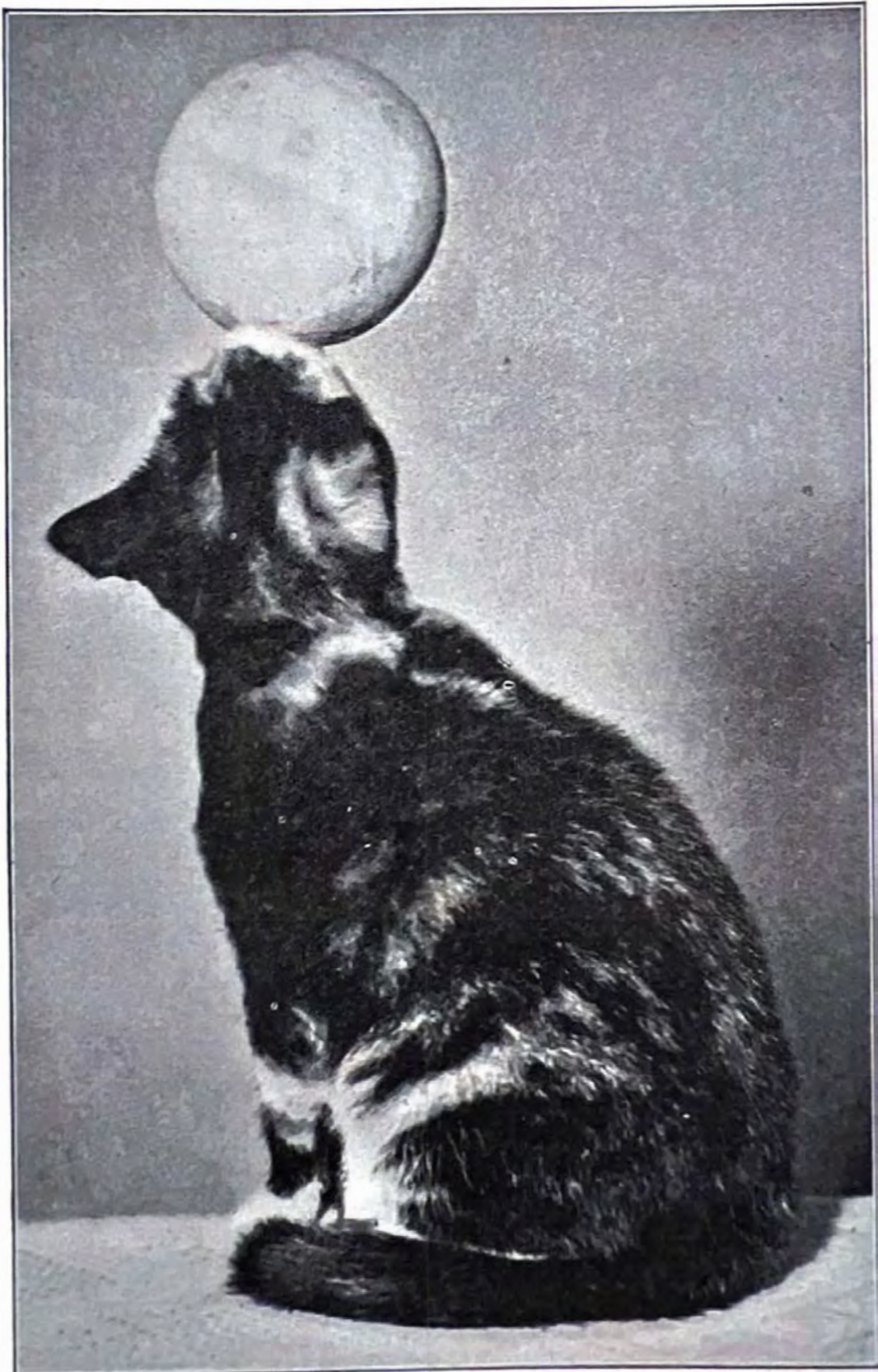
And Zechariah (14. 4), speaking more than 2000 years after Enoch's translation, says: "And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives which is before Jerusalem on the east" (the very mount from which He ascended). And then every eye shall see Him, as we are told by John in Revelation. That will be a terrible vision to those on whom His judgment must fall. There may be many readers of this page who will see that sight. But if we accept Him now as Saviour we shall be among those ten thousands of saints who come with Him. He will have called us to meet Him in the air before this scene on Olivet takes place. "For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17). Don't miss the opportunity of *coming with Him*.



ON the page before the Searchings is a picture of a cluster of boys and girls before a Confectioner's window full of Easter Goods. They only need one thing then they can have their pick! but I fear they do not possess much money.

How glad we should be that the greatest of all Gifts is to be had without money, for God's Word says: "The *free gift* of God is Eternal Life" (Rom. 6. 23). Will you have it now? There may come a day when you would give all you possess to procure it but it will be too late. So **Decide Now.** P-L.

HOW IS IT DONE? A CAT TRICK.



Copyright, Photo Service. How DOES THE CAT KEEP THE BALL WHERE IT IS?

## HOW IS IT DONE? A CAT TRICK

I HAVE tried many tricks with my cat, Trevor, who is fond of all sorts of experiments, all induced by kindness, not by terror, but I do not think I have ever made him balance a ball on his nose, although in other ways he is very much like the cat in the photo.

The secret in this case is that a piece of very stiff fat is fixed on the ball, then, after many tries, he let it remain balanced on his nose just sufficiently long to be photographed. It looks as though it were balanced in air but is really a smart piece of mechanism.

Do you know anything like this among your friends? Haven't you known some, whilst circumstances were favourable, appearing to appreciate Christianity, or be Christians, but as soon as circumstances less favourable appear no *appearance* was there, the truth was out, they were *unreal*.

Learn, therefore, whatever you are, rich or poor, and whatever you be, Christian or Non-Christian, to be the *real thing* before your fellows, as you always are before your God.

Christ said: "I would that thou wert *cold* or *hot*, rather than the indefinite 'lukewarm'" (See Rev. 3. 15, 16).  
Whatever you are, be real. HYP.

## A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.



"This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent" (John 17. 3).

"Every day make a fresh voyage of discovery in His love.—M.S. DRAITHWAITE.

I walked with Him through Springtime,  
And every primrose flower  
Looked up a sweet reminder  
Of His almighty power.

I walked with Him through Summer,  
And still His wondrous light  
Made every blade and blossom  
Yet more intensely bright.

I walked with Him through Autumn,  
While the leaves were drifting down,  
To hear Him say—"There waits for thee  
A never fading crown."

I walked with Him through Winter,  
When skies were dull and grey,  
To find my Saviour's loveliness  
Grow brighter day by day—  
Since every day might prove to me  
A voyage of discovery. S.R. TRUSTED.

## WHAT MAY BE THE NEXT GREATEST EVENT?



**G**ABRIEL is proud of his trumpet. He blows long and loud. Sometimes father almost regrets buying it, there is such a din. Trumpets are generally sounded when any special person, such as the King, Royal visitors, the Lord Mayor, or some other great heroes are approaching.

Now what do you think might be the biggest trumpet blow, and the greatest event during this year? Let me tell you. The Lord Jesus Christ, Who died on Calvary, died for *you*, died for *me*, Who rose again, and is seated at the Father's right hand in Heaven, *may* "Come again." We say *may*, not will, and fix no date. His promise to "Come" is in John 14. 3; His manner of Coming is in Acts 1. 11; the details of what He will do when He comes

are in 1 Thess. 4. 14 (get your Bible and read these verses). He will raise all the dead who have believed in Him, *not* the unbelieving; He will change all the living Christians who are really His, *not* mere professors, or all religious, or all members of churches, *only* true "believers" (v. 14-17); then He will blow the greatest trumpet blast, and catch all the saved up to Heaven, to be with Him for ever, leaving behind all the unsaved and unready to be banished "from the presence of God, and from the Glory of His Power." If He comes to-day are *you* ready?

HYP.



## THE PONIES AND THE DONKEY.



ONE fine June evening two friends set out to climb a neighbouring hill. Just as they began to ascend, merry sounds greeted their ears, and they saw, not far away, a party of children enjoying the last hours of their summer outing. A little farther on a patient donkey came in sight. He was jogging down the rugged path, accompanied by a few happy youngsters. One rode on his back, one held his bridle, while the others danced along on either side. The donkey's day of toil was not yet done, and he quietly submitted to be led wherever the children liked to take him.

The two friends continued climbing, and near the hill-top a pleasant scene met their gaze—a group of ponies taking their well-earned rest. Very picturesque they looked in the clear evening light; some were of a rich brown colour, others a soft grey—some were quietly grazing, and others, with heads uplifted, seemed to be sniffing in the fresh hill air.

The pretty ponies were *resting*, the patient donkey was at *work*. And let us never forget that *rest* and *work* should each have its proper place in the life of every boy and girl as well as men and women.

Boys and girls who want to work for Jesus should try and get—

“A little quiet time each day,  
To read the Bible, think, and pray.”

Ask for opened eyes, that you may behold “wondrous things out of God's Law” (Psa. 119. 18). Pray for the Holy Spirit to be your teacher. He will take of the things of Jesus, and show them to you (John 16. 14). Thus, in these short seasons of rest you will learn more of your Master, and gain strength for His service.

And then, whether at home or at school, at lessons or play, remember to often send up from your heart two little petitions: “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” (Acts 9. 6). “Teach me to do Thy will” (Psa. 143. 10). Those prayers will be surely answered; the Master will show you how to live and labour for Him, so that each in “your small corner” you may shine for Jesus, and be true witnesses of His grace and power.

G.M.P.

THE CONFECTIONER'S WINDOW AT EASTER.



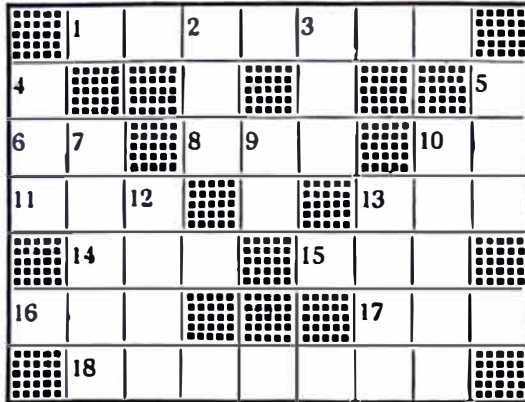
Photo: J. Currie.

"I LIKE THAT ONE, WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST?"

## SEARCHINGS FROM DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

**S**PRING ONCE MORE should make all our young folks more active than in the dull days of winter. May the mind be as active as the body, and searchings be continued.

Children's Cross Words, No. 78, supplied by a helper in Ireland, Miss M. Rea.



CLUES.—*Across*. 1. Paul's son in the faith (Tim.); 6. Son of Peleth (Num.); 8. Father of Oshea (Num.); 10. Word in Acts 1. 4; 11. the sluggard shall (Prov.); 13. Sisters called to (Job); 14. Is near of — (Ruth); 15. Knoweth crib (Isa.); 16. Many times in Prov. 31; 17. Word in Dan. 10; 18. the King's Chamberlain

(Acts). *Down*. 2. Shall not live by bread (Matt.); 3. Tarshish traded in it (Ezek.); 4. David came there (1 Sam. 21); 5. Thus with dew (Dan.); 7. In the lot of Naphtali (Josh. 19); 9. — of the Chaldees (Gen. 15); 10. Made of cedars (Ezek. 27); 12. Sold for wine (Joel); 13. Jacob's brother (Mal.).

SOLUTION OF CHILDREN'S CROSS WORDS, No. 77.—*Across*. 1. Doubt; 4. Stately; 6. Ard; 9. Reu; 10. Readest. *Down*. 1. Doth; 2. Uttered; 3. Tale; 5. Sir; 6. Ara; 7. Due; 8. Art.

**Original Acrostic**, No. 523, By an aged helper in Cardiff.  
My first was a *Man* for his friends he did pray;  
My second a *Woman* who prayed night and day;  
My next was a *Valley* where hosts blessed the Lord;  
*Fourth*, fervent in prayer was, the Word doth record;  
My *fifth* heard an angel say, "Thy prayer is heard;"  
Whole, granted that for which *he* prayed, saith God's Word. E. A. M.

ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 522.—Joseph, Obadiah, Noah, Adam, Ham = JONAH (Jonah 1. 3).

**Simple Searching**, No. 211, supplied by a helper in Scotland.

In "still" please look, and also "letter;"  
Search "constantly" for next—that's better.  
For third, scan "must assist" each other;  
Fourth is in "sister" and in "brother."  
Now letter five is in "confusion,"  
Sixth not in "few" but in "profusion;"  
The seventh in "youth"—now, do not blunder;  
Eighth found in "think" and also "wonder;"  
And ninth in "sound" as well as "thunder."  
Two classes, whole at once will show;  
Which one are *you* in, do you know? A. T.



ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 210.—SYCHAR's (John 4. 5).

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 234, is good advice in Jeremiah 33. No. 233 was: "IN THE SCRIPTURE OF TRUTH" (Dan. 10. 21).

**L O N E C U T L A M**

## WHAT IS THIS WOMAN DOING?



Find the Five Other Women.

**Three-in-One Sketches, No. 44.** Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. Award (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the 5 other Women are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. You can use any kind of colouring you like.

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## THE DOCTOR AND HIS PUPPIES

THE village doctor was fond of dogs of all kinds, and often had two or three big ones and a number of puppies about his stable-yard. All the boys in the village knew this, and often peered with longing eyes into the doctor's premises. One day whilst the stableman was cleaning up the traps and yard two little heads appeared at the gate. With timidity they inquired: "Will you sell us a pair of these puppies for half-a-crown?" The half-crown had taken a lot of gathering together, and hopes ran high at the expectation of acquiring the coveted prize.

The man only smiled at the price offered, for the little animals were of a superior kind, and worth ten times the amount. But the doctor hearing the inquiry, and being of a kindly disposition, asked their names and found they were the sons of a well-known family in the village whose father he had attended. "Come here, my lads," said the medical man, and lifting two of the finest puppies into the basket, he said: "Take these two home, and be good to them." Holding up the half-crown to the gentleman, the little fellows were further delighted when he added: "No, no, the doctor does not sell his puppies for half-a-crown a pair, he gives them for nothing." Delighted with their prize, they straightway made for home, and, moved by love, sought ever after to be kind to the doctor's doggies.

A simple picture of how any boy or girl can obtain something of ten thousand times more value. What is it? Hear the Word of the Lord: "The gift of God is everlasting life" (Rom. 6. 23). Because God has loved you, and Jesus has died for you, life everlasting can be *freely* bestowed, "without money and without price" (Isa. 55. 1).

Remember the Great Physician is like the kind doctor, He does not *sell* salvation, He *gives* life, joy, peace, a home in Heaven and endless bliss to all who take their place as unworthy and accept from His pierced hands His free gift. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8). "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life" (John 5. 24). Will you accept this free gift now, or reject such grace? *uyp.*

## THE ELEPHANT AND THE BRIDGE.

There loomed before him a huge, wild elephant, flapping its large ears, its tusks in the air, as it rushed towards him. Again the native started to run; while the storm grew still more and more violent.



MAKING TO CROSS BRIDGE.

## THE ELEPHANT AND THE BRIDGE



**D**URING a violent hurricane in India, a native was caught by the storm, with no possible shelter near. The rain seemed like a sea let loose; while the wind, like a mighty giant, tossed the trees about in all directions.

"Where *can* I go?" he asked himself, as he realised that he had to act quickly. He thought of the nearest village some miles away, and started to run in that direction. But he forgot that there was a river to cross. By the time he reached it, the waters had risen considerably. The only bridge was a very old and fragile structure, which he refused to risk. In vain he looked for another, while terror and fear gripped his mind. To remain there, possibly for days, meant certain death; to attempt to cross by that bridge meant suicide; so, dashing towards some trees, he stood underneath, wondering what to do.

A crash! then another! and still another! The Indian's heart was by this time thumping violently at a new and added terror. Nearer and nearer it came, until there loomed before him a huge, wild elephant, flapping its large ears, its trunk in the air, as it rushed towards him. Again the native started to run; while the storm grew still more violent.

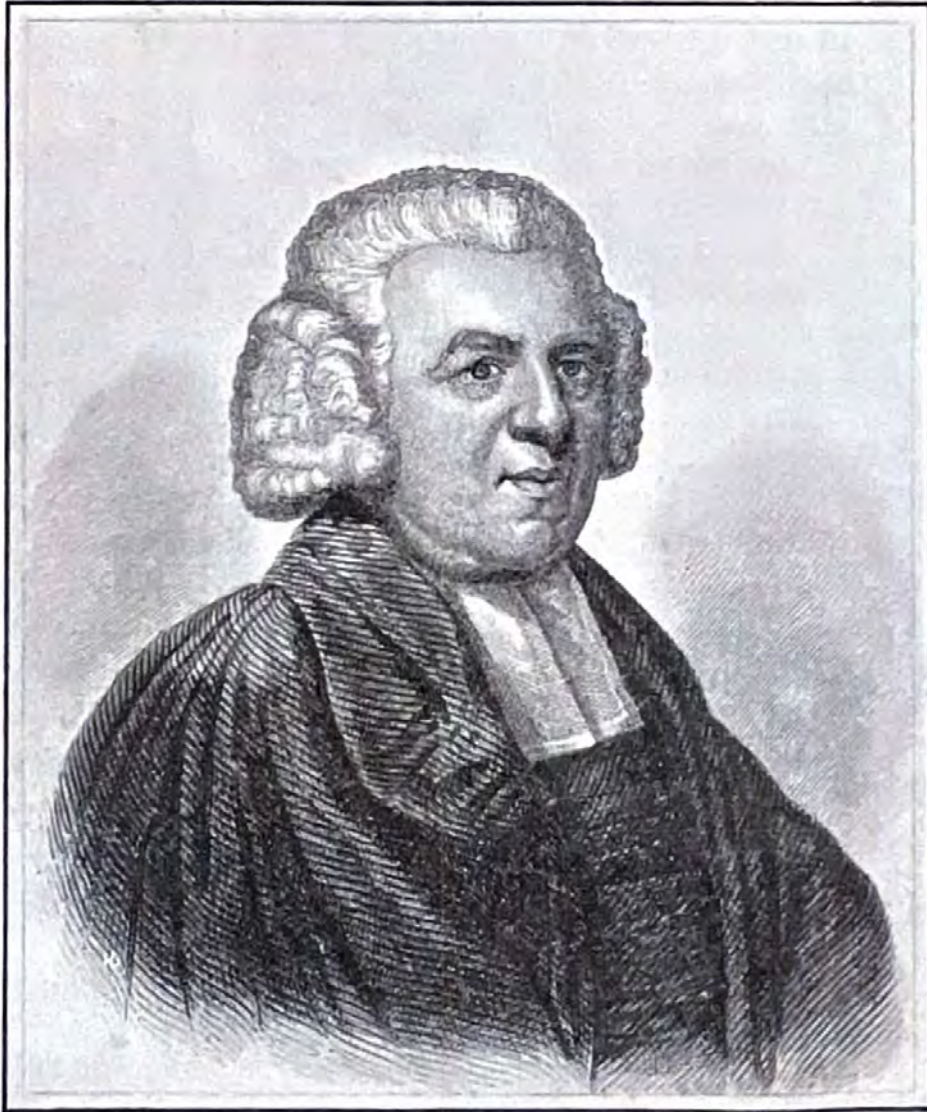
Looking round to see if he were being chased, he was relieved to see the elephant making in the direction of the bridge, evidently desiring to cross the river. Finally it came to the same old bridge and seemed to eye it with suspicion. The Indian stood aghast at the very thought of Jumbo even thinking of such a perilous undertaking.

Very gingerly the elephant put forward his trunk and shook the bridge vigorously. Every bit of timber in it creaked and cracked. He advanced a few inches, then slowly put one foot forward. Nothing happened, so he resolved to try another foot, and again nothing happened; though the bridge sagged considerably, it refused to collapse! A few minutes later, all four feet, plus the massive weight of the elephant's body were resting entirely on it—and it did not break! A minute later

## The Elephant and the Bridge

Jumbo was over and away in a mad dash towards the forest.

The Indian rubbed his eyes, wondering if he saw aright. Could it be true? Despite the storm he laughed outright—laughed at his own foolishness, unbelief, and fears. The bridge that had held Jumbo *could* hold him; and in an instant every fear had gone.



JOHN NEWTON, ONE OF THE "CHIEF OF SINNERS"

Approaching the bridge the second time was a different matter. No time was required now to test its strength. A few seconds sufficed for him to reach the other side in his race for safety and shelter; while the elephant now lost to sight had plunged into the forest, all unconscious of how much good it had done—and saved a life besides.

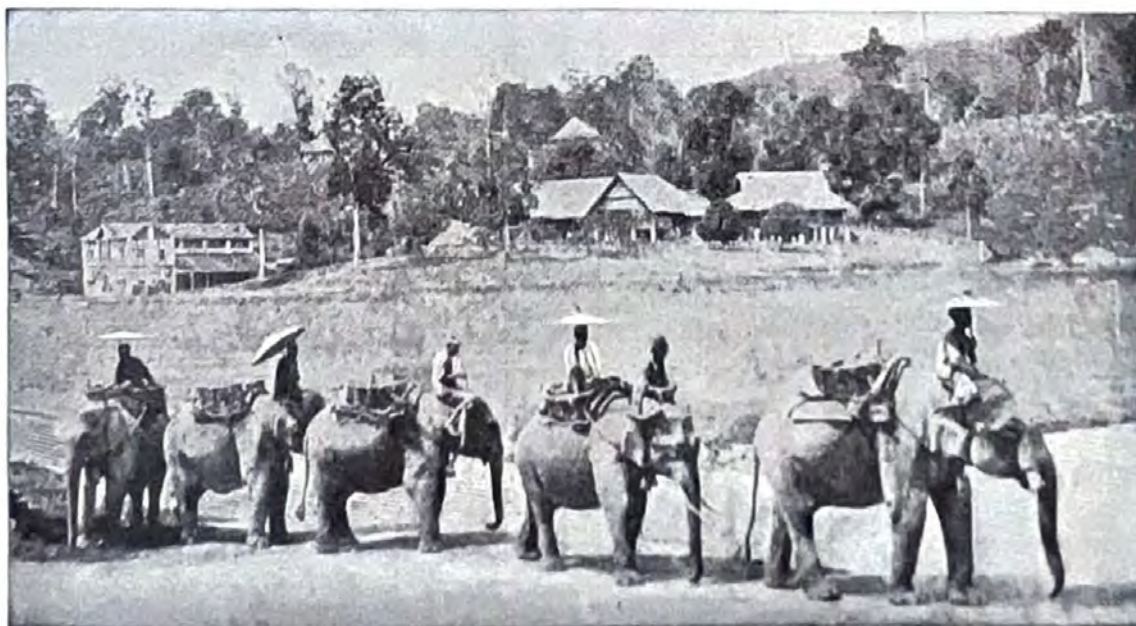


## The Elephant and the Bridge

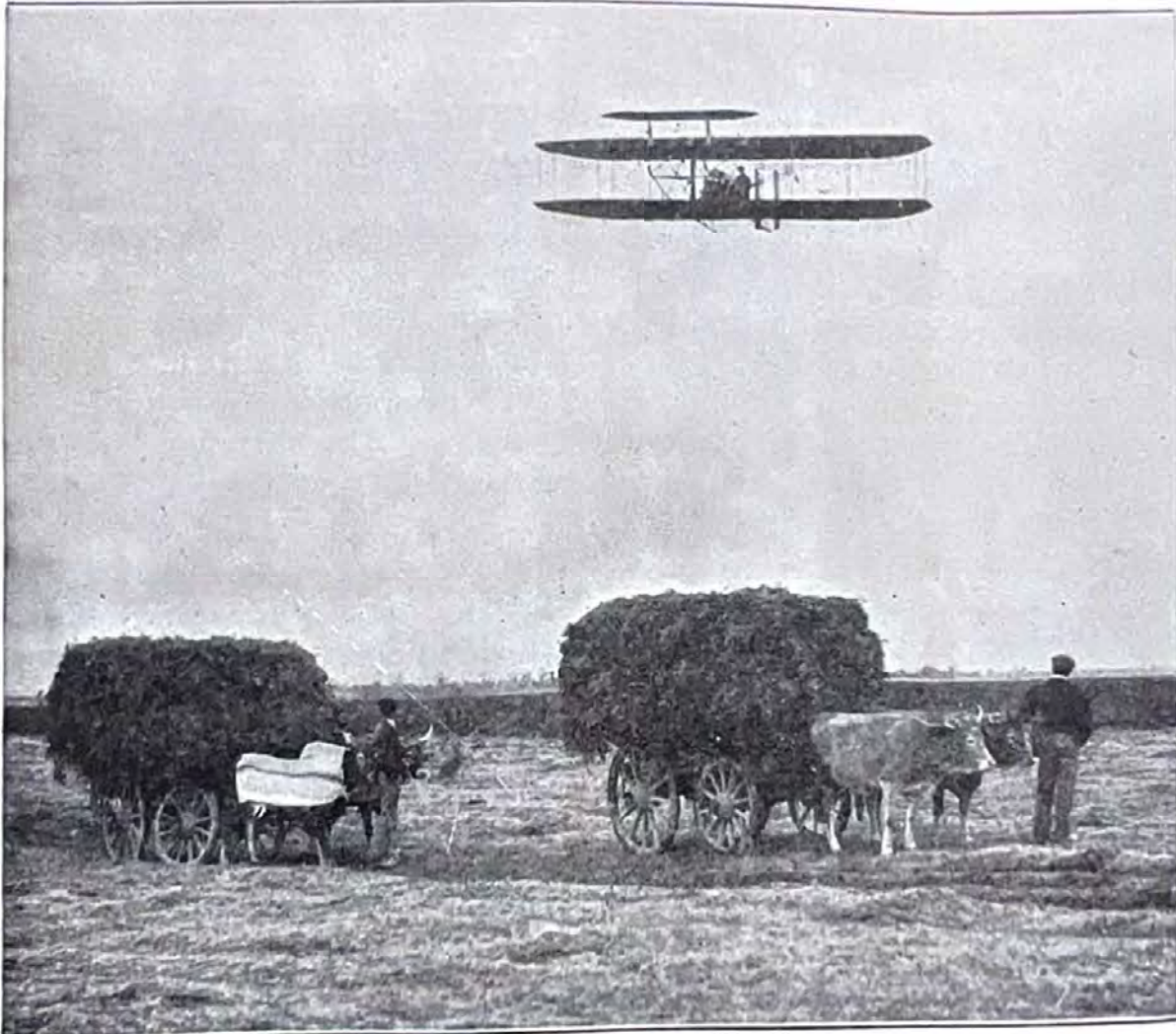
The story as above was related by a high caste Indian woman who had come to love the Lord Jesus as her Saviour.

One of the great difficulties that boys and girls have is that of FAITH. So many people cannot just understand what it means to trust the Lord Jesus as our very own Saviour. Perhaps this incident will help you. We are all like this Indian native, for *we are in terrible danger*. Sin is in our nature and comes out in thought, word and deed; and we are faced not only with death but something far worse—the judgment of God (Heb. 9. 27). *There was only one way of salvation*. It did not look very strong or reliable, but it was able to bear the heaviest weight. The Lord Jesus Himself is the One and only way of salvation (Acts 4. 12), for He, with His own Blood, paid the ransom price to set us free, to cleanse from every sin, to bear the judgment due to us and make us absolutely sure of salvation and eternal glory.

That big elephant represents all the great outstanding sinners, such as the thief on the Cross, John Newton, the slave trader, Bunyan, the wild tinker, and many more. Now, if He can save them He can save YOU. Just put all your weight, your confidence upon Christ and what He did for you at the Cross, and you, too, will be saved from the storm of eternal wrath, saved by a simple act of faith. Let all your fears go and *trust Him NOW* (Acts 16. 31). Remember “none perish that Him trust.” G. A. NEILSON.



**THE AEROPLANE AND GREAT AIR LINERS.**  
DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS, No. 9. By E. E. ENOCK.



*Photo: W. Wileman.*

THE VERY FIRST TO FLY IN AN AEROPLANE

Wilbur Wright making his first flight in an Aeroplane in America. The haymakers are so surprised at seeing a flying machine that they stop their animals to make sure they are seeing aright.

**A** LONG time ago, men thought they would like to get very high up. "Go to," they said, "let us build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto Heaven." And they made a start. But God soon put a stop to that mad attempt, and they had to leave off. The remains of that tower, the tower of Babel, are still to be seen. God never intended Heaven to be reached by a tower built by men. Read the story, Gen. 11, verses 1-9. The only Way to Heaven is the Lord Jesus Christ. By coming to Him as sinners for pardon, and trusting in the Blood He shed we have our way to Heaven safe and sure (John 3. 16), and many more.

But man wanted still to lift himself above the earth.

## The Airship and the Great Air Liners.

So we hear of balloons first. Roger Bacon was one of several men who thought that we could go up by thin metal globes filled with air or fire, but they did not try.

In 1782, two Frenchmen, brothers, named Joseph and Jacques Montgolfier sent up a balloon filled with vapour which stayed up 10 minutes, falling a mile and a half away. Experiments then went on quickly. Balloons of varnished silk, filled with gas, were made, and men grew bold enough to go up in them. Ballooning was immediately taken up by several countries at once.

The first man in Britain was J. Tytler; he went up in Edinburgh to a great height (for those days) and landed again safely half a mile away, Aug. 27th, 1784. A few days later Vincent Lunardi went up, taking a cat and a dog as passengers. The cat felt the cold so badly that Lunardi descended in a field near Potter's Bar, to put it down. A woman took it from him, and sold it to a gentleman who had watched the descent. No doubt he prized pussy as the first cat balloonist!

There are hundreds of wonderful stories about getting up into the air, of which I can tell you only a few. Men tried again and again, and many lost their lives, whilst others were rescued from perilous situations—like Major Money for instance, who fell into the North Sea, and



LOOK! AN AEROPLANE.

after five hours was rescued by a ship (1785), and Sir R. Macguire who was taken from the Irish Sea, and was later knighted for his gallant attempt. As time went on men tried to steer their balloons, first with oars, then with propellers—these were called dirigible balloons, and some successful flights were made. As these experiments progressed Government interest was aroused in balloon attempts, so that when Major Andre, in 1897, set out for the North Pole, public subscriptions were forthcoming. He hoped to land in Alaska, but nothing was heard of them beyond the early messages in drifting buoys which they dropped, until 1930, when the remains of the party

## The Airship and the Great Air Liners.

were found on White Island, miles away from where they hoped to go.

Going up in a balloon, I think, is rather like trying to go through life without Christ. The steering is not very safe or sure. But *with* Him we have the promise: "The Lord shall guide thee continually." "He will guide us with His counsel, and afterwards receive us in glory." There is no need to try the dangerous experiment of doing without Him. It is fatal to us, and does no one else any good, nor is there any bravery in it, as there most certainly was in the task the balloonists undertook.

From balloon experiments the way to airships and aeroplanes became clearer. New metals, and more experience enabled men to go up higher and stay up longer. The



Photo: Imperial Airways.

"TO SIT IN AN AEROPLANE AND TAKE A MEAL."

## The Airship and the Great Air Liners.



first man to fly across the Channel was a Frenchman, Bleriot. He started from Barraques (where they thought of starting the Channel tunnel, which they are talking about again) and landed near Dover Castle, July 19th, 1909. The same day another man was trying to fly over, Hubert Latham, more English than French. His engine gave out, and he went gliding down into the sea in his machine, where he was picked up by a destroyer which had been on the lookout for him. He tried again next day, and got as far as the Admiralty Pier. He was a fearless flyer, and went up at Blackpool in high winds, a thing no one had attempted as he did.

In this same great motor and flying-machine year, 1909, there were Air Races from Manchester to London, flights across the Irish Channel, and constant flying in France. The Hon. H. C. Rolls flew to France and back without landing, in 1910. The Alps were crossed in 1913. In 1914 came the World War, and since then, aviation has progressed at a great pace.

There are huge air liners now in which it is possible to sit in a comfortable seat with many around, and a full view of the country you are passing over, speeding along at 133 miles an hour, maybe more. Mount Everest which has not been climbed, has been flown over. The North Pole, in discovering which men lost their lives, has been flown over. Thousands of pounds have been won in prizes for flying, and many lives lost, as well as much fame, experience, and knowledge gained.

Flying is going on. Men are making machines which take them even higher and faster. Any book on aviation will give you a full history and full description of the wonderful science, and mention many famous men not named in this little paper. But it will not tell you of a day when millions of people will go up without aeroplanes of any sort—the day when the Lord Jesus Christ will descend from Heaven into the air, and call His own people (those who are washed in His Blood) to meet Him there. Suddenly we shall be given the power to rise from this earth.

WILL YOU BE ONE OF THESE HAPPY GLORIOUS ONES ?

IS IT DINNER-TIME YET ?



*Photo: A. Ronald Traube.* STRUGGLING TO READ THE TIME BY THE OLD SUNDIAL

## IS IT DINNER TIME YET?

HE has been working hard in the garden, so he says, and as he has not a watch he has to try and learn the time from the old Sundial. I wonder if he can make it out! Some sundials are quite clear, especially when the sun is strong. Others are never very clear, although they should be, as that is what they were made for. How like the boy looking on and the other boys and girls too. Made to "glorify God and enjoy Him forever," they forget Him, love the world, and are dull and dreamy as to spiritual matters.

Happy the child who loves the Lord Jesus, lives for Him, and seeks to please Him in all things. He truly glorifies God. Which would you rather be—a Christ Lover or God Forgetter? It will make a vast difference in your life *now* and a tremendous difference in your life for ever more. Oh! that you may be wise, choose Christ now, serve Him all your days, and then you will be with Him for ever in Glory.

P.K.G.

## THE DRESS BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.



A LADY went into a high-class draper's shop to buy a new dress, and after looking at those brought by the young lady who served her, she selected one, made a few other purchases, and then asked for her bill. After paying, she gave the address, and asked to have the parcel sent home, then leaning over the counter, she whispered to the young lady who served her, "I suppose you will not wear the dress a month *first*, before you send it to me?"

"Oh! no, madam, this is one of the very best shops in the City, we should not think of doing such a thing; it will be sent home to-day, perfectly fresh and new." Then the lady, who was a well-known worker for Christ, spoke so earnestly and kindly to her about giving her best to God—letting Him have her fresh young life at once, instead of waiting till she was old and worn-out in the world's service—that it made a solemn impression on the young girl, and I don't think will ever be forgotten by her. Will you give God the **FIRST** place in your life? M.T-S.

## THE TWO YOUNG FISHERMEN.

JAMES and William were two sons of a cottager on a farm in the country. They loved, on Saturday afternoons in the summer, to fish in the river which ran near their home. It was a good and healthy occupation, and as they were careful boys it was fairly safe. They



Photo: J. H. Stone.

"THEY LOVED ON SATURDAYS TO FISH IN THE RIVER."

found the line did not matter much, as it was the hook and bait at the one end and a steady hand, with patience, at the other. Fishing is one of the arts learned by experience only, yet it is most interesting.

Quite often they were successful and had a nice fish breakfast on the Sunday, but remember, you must have "patience," and let that "patience have her perfect work" (James 1. 4) if you are to be a successful fisherman. The first thing is, "You must yourself be *converted*," then have love for the Master who saved you, and a love for poor sinners who like yourself at one time are careless of their "souls immortal," and seek steadily and patiently to win them for the Lord."

P-L.



# THE CHRISTIAN ARMOURY.

For a class of boys of about 12 to 14 years. Each boy carries a piece of armour, either drawn, painted, or made from wood, cardboard, etc.



Opening—All together :

In Ephesians, chapter six, we read:

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace;

"Above all, taking the *Shield of Faith*, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

"And take the *helmet of salvation*, and the *Sword of the Spirit*, which is the Word of God:

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

## 1. Loins girt about with Truth.

"I pray God ye may be sincere,"

The aged Apostle Paul did pray,  
To be sincere is to be true,

To put it just another way.

I also think the verse may mean

That we must have the Truth, you know,

And He is Truth who thus did say:

"I am the Truth, the Light, the Way."

## 2. Having on the Breastplate of Righteousness.

Righteousness, in just one phrase  
Means getting right and being right;  
And as this piece of armour says:

Get right with God, He'll keep you right.

We put our hand in His, and He  
Clasps our small hand inside His own;  
And when we slip, why then He holds,  
And holding us, we fall not down.

## 3. Your feet shod with the Preparation of the Gospel of Peace.

I think this armour seems to say  
That we must have the Word of Peace;  
And telling others in the way, [cease.  
Of peace with God which ne'er shall  
How beautiful are feet that run

O'er mountains steep and leafy glade,  
Running to tell the folks they meet  
Of the sacrifice our Saviour made;  
Of how He hung on Calvary's tree  
From Death and Sin to set us free.

## 4. Take the Shield of Faith which is able to quench all the fiery darts.

The Shield of Faith means faith in Christ  
Looking to Him each day;

Trusting in Him whate'er betide,  
Following Him all the way.

The darts of disobedience glance  
From off that shield of Trust;

Be wary, though, keep your shield  
Bright,

Let not its surface rust.

For with the surface bright and smooth,  
The devil's fiery darts,  
Of temper, lying, theft and greed  
Sink not into our hearts.

## 5. Take the "Helmet of Salvation."

In twelfth of Exodus we read [sons,  
How God saved Israel's first-born  
The lamb's shed blood must be displayed  
On doorpost to protect these ones.

So we, if we are saved, must show  
That we are sheltered by the Blood,  
But not the blood of lambs—oh, no,  
The shed Blood of the Son of God.

St. Paul repeats this: "By the mouth  
We must confess that Jesus saves,"

And so the helmet plays its part,  
The scarlet plume above us waves.

## 6. Take "the Sword of the Spirit" which is the Word of God.

The Spirit's Sword is God's own Word,  
And you may notice as we go,

'Tis the only weapon we may use  
Against our cunning deadly foe.

The others shield us, stop the blows,  
But we can strike back with the Sword  
And to be able to strike hard,

We must be students of God's Word.  
When in the Wilderness our Lord  
Was tempted to commit a sin,

Each time He used this very Sword  
And thus did threefold victory win.

Take then the Sword, its edge keep keen,  
That Victory in your life be seen.

## 7. Above all "Prayer."

Although prayer is not mentioned  
As a piece of armour bright,

Yet prayer must play a mighty part  
If Christians would keep right;

And so we call the gauntlet prayer,  
That gauntlet too which holds the  
Sword,

For you will find that prayer will give  
An understanding of God's Word.

"Above all prayer" the Apostle says,  
And just as God would speak to you,

So you must speak to God above,  
If you would be His soldier true.

C. H. HOWLETT.

## THE YOUNG CYCLIST.



Copyright: Photo Service.

BOY MENDING BICYCLE.

**H**E looks like a genius with his bicycle upside down and an array of tools around him, but I should judge is likely to do more harm than good to the bike.

Nothing like the maker for repairing a cycle, whether it be large or small. He knows all about the parts, the materials, and the defects, and if it can be put right he will do it. No one like your **MAKER** (Job 35. 10) to put you right.

P.L.

## SEARCHINGS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

**SUMMER IS APPROACHING**, bringing many out-of-door attractions, yet our "regulars" and others keep up their Bible searching month by month.

**Varied Searching**, No. 257 is a Square of words, similar to others we have had. It is sent by a helper in Scotland.

○ ○ ○ ○	Scotland.	
○ ○ ○ ○	<i>This</i> , my first, was said of gold.	
○ ○ ○ ○	Next, <i>it</i> surely doth resound	
○ ○ ○ ○	In the flesh a fair <i>one</i> make.	
	Lastly, house on <i>this</i> wall found.	A.T.

ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING, No. 256.—TRANSGRESSIONS (Isa. 53. 5), Great, Sinners, Regain, Snares, Signs, Stains, Sons.

**Original Acrostic**, No. 524, comes from a helper in Canada, but should appeal to Searchers everywhere.

My first, we read *He* King of Salem was;  
 A *Prophet* who did many visions see;  
 Name *one* who did upon the water walk;  
*Who* cast John into prison next will be.  
 Now name a *country* visited by Paul;  
 A *well* of which the Lord to Moses spake;  
 Although a runaway restored was *he*;  
 Next, name of *one* of Noah's sons we'll take;  
 In such great bitterness of soul was *she*;  
 And *one* who did reprove her, next we find;  
 A *city* strong eleventh will surely be;  
*Father* of Canaan lastly bring to mind.  
 Now, when these 12 initials you complete,  
 You'll name *one* who was lame on both his feet.



J.L.H.

ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 523.—Job, Anna, Berachah, Epaphras, Zacharias=JABEZ (1 Chron. 4. 10).

**Simple Searching for Little Folks**, No. 212. Awards monthly and yearly.



Not in Winter but in Spring,  
 Not in Sent, but found in Bring,  
 Third, in Enter, not in Gate,  
 Fourth, in Going, not in Wait,  
 Fifth, in Shine, but not in Sun,  
 Sixth is not in Race but Run,  
 Last, in Great, but not in Sum,  
 Whole, the Time of *this* is come.

A.I.

*Look in Song of Solomon*

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 211.—Lost—Found (2 Cor. 4. 3; Luke 15. 24).

**Texts for Tiny Tots**, No. 235, is a hopeful statement in Psa. 43. No. 234 was: "CALL UNTO ME" (Jer. 33. 3).

**Searchings by Searchers** are always welcome. They should be simple and references should be given.

A A E E F H H I I I L L M O P R R S S T Y

## WHAT IS THIS MAN DOING?



### Find the Six Onlookers.

**Three-In-One Sketches, No. 45.** Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. Award (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the 6 other onlookers are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. You can use any kind of colouring you like.

**Rules.**—All papers must (1) be sent in from Britain by end of month and from abroad at earliest after receipt; (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender; (3) Be addressed to H.V. PICKERING, Editor of *Boys & Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row London, England. Awards given monthly and at end of year

## "YOUR SIN—MY DOOM"

I HEARD of a young lady who had her convictions. She went home, and told them to her mother, but her mother did not understand convictions. She told her daughter she was too young to be gloomy; that she must go "into the world," as the word is.

She thought the Gospel was never meant to make people gloomy; and so, indeed, it never was. But the Gospel was never meant to give ease to a sin-stricken soul, till that soul finds it in the precious Blood of Christ. Take care, young friends, what you do with your convictions. They are often reminders of an eternal world, and would, like the river which seeks the ocean, lead you to the rest there is for you in Christ.

This dear child was taken into a world of sins, called pleasure, and her convictions ceased; but, being of a fragile nature—like a flower fading on its stem—she became wan and pale, and was ere long brought to her dying hour; and as death was putting the last mortal hue upon her sad face, with feeble utterance she said to her mother: "Dear mamma, when I am dead and in my coffin, and you lay me down in the cold grave, I should not like my name over my grave; let there be no tombstone over me; but when you come into this room and open that wardrobe, you will see my last ball dress, and you will see there the sign of *your sin and of my doom.*"

Oh! what a change! A few months before, that dress, arranged for the first time, brought an impulse of joy to her aching heart; now as she gazed at it *for the last time*, what sorrow filled that same heart: the first look she saw it in the light of *time*, the last look in the light of *Eternity*.

How like the knell of all your slightest opportunities is that word in the Gospel: "Son, remember (there is MEMORY in Hell) that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things, *but now* (when it is too late for thee) he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

Ah! beloved, what a difference there is between these *two "nows"*—"now," the now of torment; and "now," the now of salvation. The one, alas! the lost have, the others you have. For "*now*" is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

## HOW GOD SAVED A CHILD OF TEN.

Boys and Girls are not always kind, as when they catch a number of minnows and put them in a jar, or find a nest or two and take some of the contents home.



HOW MANY MINNOWS CAUGHT?

## HOW GOD SAVED A CHILD OF TEN.



CHILDREN love to be at the sea-side or in the country. Without thinking, they are not always kind, as when they catch a number of minnows and put them in a jar, or find a nest or two and take some of the contents home.

Now listen to the story of one, only ten. "I have written this brief testimony to show how, as a child, I was for some time convicted of sin, and how my desire was to be saved, and to become a child of God. I have revealed the period of darkness I passed through, and how, through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I was eventually led from darkness into the glorious light of God's salvation. I must emphasise the fact, with thanks to Almighty God, that I was saved when a child, and since that time I have continued to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Himself.

"My parents were God-fearing folk, who always prayed for their children's salvation, but although I was reared under Christian influence, and with every opportunity of learning the way of salvation, I was not saved.

"At the age of ten I was greatly distressed because I could not see how I was to become a child of God. My parents regularly attended the services at the Mission Hall in our village, and I often went with them, so that I became very familiar with the Bible and the truths it contained. While my young mind was disturbed with anxious thoughts about my soul's salvation, a servant of God visited our village and held a Mission in a shed adjoining my father's blacksmith shop.

"I remember the meetings held during this Mission, because I heard of the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. The preacher said that Christ would return to earth, and that those who were saved would be taken to meet their Lord, and to dwell with Him. I was greatly troubled at these statements because I knew that I was not ready to meet Christ. Just how much my mind was impressed by these truths will be shown by the following incident.

## Happy Children at the Sea-side.

"Shortly after the mission ended, my parents went to a Gospel meeting in another village. They were very late returning home, and I became terribly anxious, for I feared that the Lord had come, and that my parents had been taken to meet Him, while I was left alone. I was greatly relieved when they did eventually arrive home, but my childish mind was in a state of torment longing to



Photo: A. Ronald Traube.

CHILDREN WHO LOVE TO BE AT THE SEASIDE.

know God, and yet unable to see the way. I attended a Gospel meeting where the hymn was sung:

'Thou would'st be saved, Why not to-night?'

"Without a doubt the Holy Spirit was working for my salvation, for I began to feel that I was getting nearer, although I could not find the complete joy of salvation. However, God knows every earnest and sincere seeker after truth, and in His Word He has promised: 'They that *seek* Me early shall find Me' (Prov. 8. 17). I believe that God in His infinite love and compassion was gradually



## The Story of a Child of Ten.

leading me into the light. There is a saying, 'It is always darkest before the dawn,' and certainly this was my soul's experience at this time. I could not sleep at night. My sins came between my soul and God, and I feared that the day of Judgment would come, and I should have to stand before the Great White Throne, when I knew that my name would not be found written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

"During this time another Gospel Mission was held in the shed adjoining my father's shop. The Word of God was preached with power. One night the preacher took his text from Romans, verses 9 and 10, and that night I understood the way of Salvation. The darkness in my soul was banished, and light came in.

"After the service I walked home with my brother across the fields, and I shall never forget the joy that filled my soul. I sang the lines:

' Hallelujah! 'tis done I believe on the Son,  
I'm saved by the blood of the crucified One.'

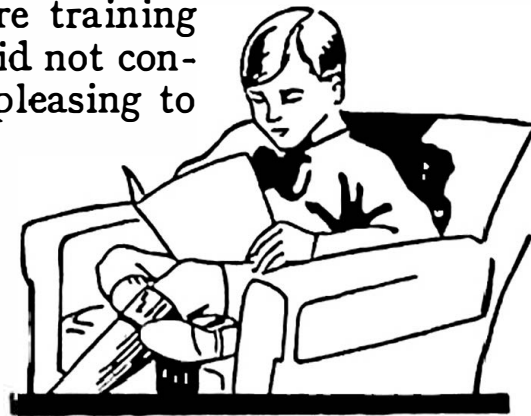
I also sang another beautiful hymn that has always been so sweet and precious to me:

' 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine.'

"The memory of that night when I was converted still fills my soul with joy. I knew I was completely changed. All fear had gone; I knew that my sins were forgiven when I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour.

"A short time after my conversion, in order to show my love for my Saviour, and in obedience to His command, I was baptised in water (Rom. 6. 6, 12; Acts 8. 36, 39).

"In conclusion, I will relate how I made my first stand for Jesus. The teachers were training the pupils for a concert. I did not consider the concert would be pleasing to God, and expressed my views freely. The schoolmaster heard of it, and said that anyone not wishing to be in the concert could go to the Infants' Room. God gave me courage, and I walked into the other room."



C.G.

## JESSIE AND THE FISHING PARTY.



*Photo: J. H. Stone.*

CHILDREN FISHING IN THE RIVER ON A JUNE DAY.  
(Jessie is seen sitting in the centre of the back row).

## JESSIE AND THE FISHING PARTY.

WHAT boy or girl is there that does not love fishing parties? Fix a lovely day in June, and let come to the village brook all who will and you are sure of a lively, healthy and happy company. Jessie was the leader in such parties. She had time, had the confidence of all the youngsters, fixed a fairly safe place, and helped them with their homely fishing tackle. She was also a great lover of flowers, and loved to tell the young folks her story.

Living in the country, their home had a nice garden attached. In the summer it was full of all kinds of flowers, and Jessie was just a picture when she had a pot of lovely bulbs in each arm and marched into the house, to place the flowers on the table, and in mother's room for the afternoon, then back into the Conservatory at night.

Do you know what made Jessie so happy? Her parents both being earnest Christians had taught her how much *Jesus loved her*, and taught her to *love Jesus* in return. For the Good Old Book says: "We love Him, because He *first* loved us" (*Where is it?*). That is the right order, realise His great love to you (John 3. 16) and then seek to live and serve Him in return. You need not fear, however *young* you may be for He took "*little children*" in His arms and blessed them. Mr. MacKeith, who ran the children's free dinner in Glasgow, was saved when he was only 3, and Mr. Alpheus Wilkie, a well-known preacher, when he was 4. Come at your age, and He will *save* and keep you unto Life Eternal. P.L.

THE children at a coast town, near Ramsgate usually gathered on a sunny afternoon, and made sand castles, and sometimes a sand fort, with sticks for guns. They also gathered at the Seaside Services and enjoyed hearing about Jesus and His love. M.W.



## PUSSY'S PARTING STROKE



*Copyright: E. Willingale. "THE ARISTOCRAT"—A PRETTY PUSSY.*

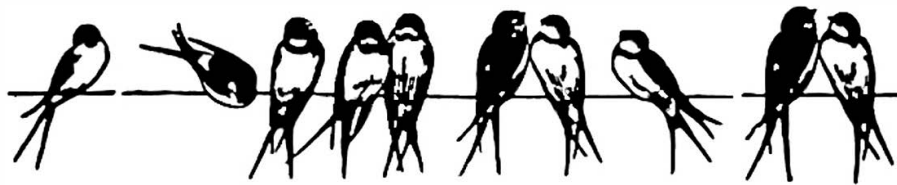
**A** PRETTY grey and white, short-furred pussy loves to visit the kitchen window-sill of a good neighbour who gives him scraps of meat and drops of milk. One day puss was allowed to walk through the window and enjoy his repast on a small table just inside. When his hostess thought he had eaten enough, she tried to persuade him to go out again, but at first he resisted her efforts in this direction. Then, suddenly extending a fore-paw of sharp nails, he bestowed a smart rap on the hand of his kind friend, turned tail, and departed. Was it his way

## **"The Aristocrat"—A Pretty Pussy.**

of saying "Thank you?" I rather fancy it was an expression of displeasure at being dismissed so soon.

However that may be, let the little story remind us that Jesus, our best Friend, never turns away anyone who wants to taste of His goodness. If you are yet unsaved, come to Jesus without delay. Take Him as your all-sufficient Saviour, and seek grace to follow Him daily as your Friend and Guide. Then you will prove the truth of His own words, "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (John 6. 35).

G. M. P.



## **THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.**

### **The Holy Bible.**

contains 3,566,480 letters,  
810,697 words, 31,175 verses,  
1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm;  
the shortest and middle chapter, the 117th Psalm.

The word "Lord" occurs 8000 times.

The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the  
19th chapter of 2 Kings are alike.

The longest verse is the 9th of  
the 8th chapter of Esther; the  
shortest verse is the 35th  
of the 11th chapter  
of John.

In the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra is  
the complete alphabet. It contains the  
story of 99 miracles—63 in the Old  
Testament and 36 in the New  
Testament—and it gives  
the 38 parables of our Lord.

The finest piece of reading is Acts 26.

When you have sinned, read Psalm 51.

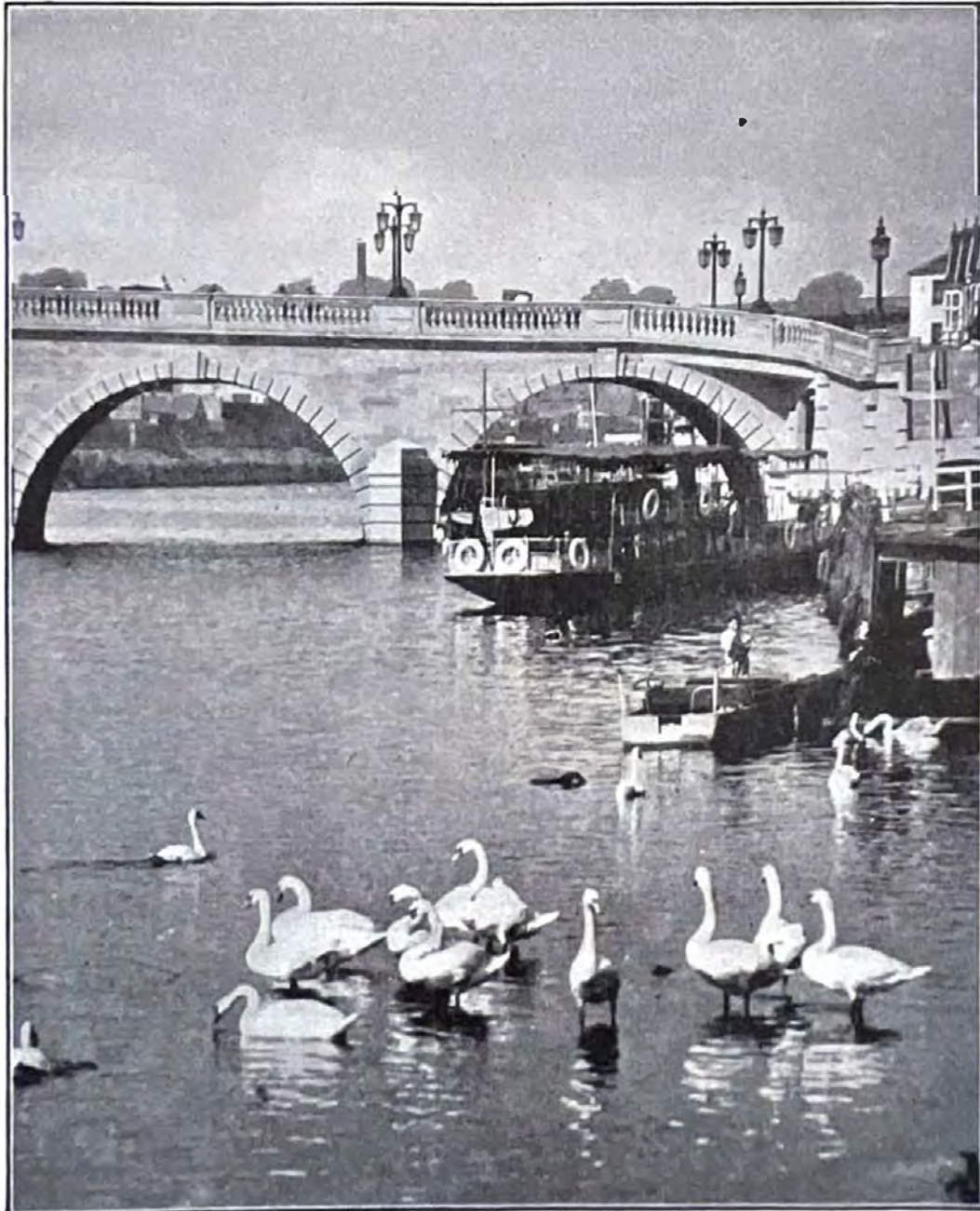
When in need of comfort, read John 14. It is

**GOD'S HOLY BOOK.**

U.K.

## TWO PEACEFUL PLACES.

JUST outside a picturesque little town in Worcestershire stands the tiny church of Dowles. "What a peaceful spot," I thought, as I walked round the shady churchyard one fine morning. Then by a short narrow path I reached the Severn, just below the bridge with beautiful arches, and spent a few minutes at the riverside, enchanted by the beauty of the sunlit waters, and the green banks and meadows on either side. Here was another picture of peace. But while the churchyard's peace



*Photo. T. H. Stone.*

RIVER SEVERN AND BRIDGE AT WORCESTER.

## The Place of Repose and Progress.

was the *Peace of Repose*, this was the *Peace of Progress*. And the calmly flowing river reminds us of some words in Isaiah 48. 17, 18: "Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer; . . . I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river."

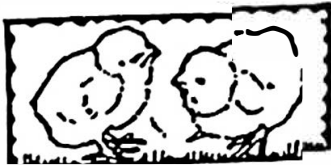
Let me ask all boys and girls: Is Jesus *your* Redeemer? If you have not yet found pardon and "peace through the Blood of His Cross," you are in great danger, for your feet are treading the broad way which surely leads to destruction.

O come to Jesus now—delay no longer! He will save and keep you, and lead you in "the way everlasting." If you want to be always happy and "have good success"—to "profit" in the best sense of the word—read the Bible daily, hear and heed God's commandments, and take Jesus as your Saviour, Friend, and Guide. Then you will make good progress along the Heavenward road, and prove the truth of Frances Ridley Havergal's beautiful hymn:

"Like a river glorious  
Is God's perfect peace."

G.M.P.

### "BETTER, AND BETTER, AND BETTER."



IN the Green Room at Dresden there used to be a remarkable object of art. It consisted of (1) a Silver Egg, which, when opened, displayed (2) a Golden Chicken, which, when opened, laid bare (3) a Crown of Diamonds; opening this, there lay visible (4) a Wedding Ring.

Surprise after surprise greeted the beholders, and each surprise was better than the former one, ending in the ring of eternal union. So with all those who come to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. Instead of getting a mere gift, they find that it gets better, and better, and better. Eternal life to begin with, safe keeping all the way on the pilgrim journey to go on with, peace, rest, and happiness day by day, the sympathy and fellowship of the Lord Jesus all the days, and "an eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. 4. 17) as the GOAL. Like the Dresden gem it grows better and better until Glory is reached. HYP.

## SEVEN WONDERFUL BIBLE DOORS.



A DOOR could be made of wood, or drawn on card. 7 wordings to suit could be fixed on with pins, and taken off one by one. The main interest in an object lesson is one surprise following another.—ED.

ONE day I went into a garage whose entrance doors were set back some distance from the street. I wondered whether some one would come out and open them, and just as I was thinking about it, the doors opened automatically. I discovered that I had run over

a long, narrow plate on entering. This automatically made an electric connection which opened the doors.

Life is often like that. We face seemingly impassible barriers, and then discover that the doors are opening. The fact is, that our entrance has something to do with it. The moment we start on a difficult task, ways begin to open for its completion. The old proverb is true, "Well begun is half done." Trying to accomplish the task is more than half of its solution. I have sometimes wondered whether the old verse, "Behold, I set before thee a door, opened," might not many times read, "Behold, I set before thee a door opening." *Start in, and the way clears. Move forward, no matter what the difficulty, and a great many trivial and fearsome things will get out of the way.* May we notice a few other doors?

1. **A BLOOD-MARKED DOOR.** The full record is in Exod. 12. A lamb was to be slain. "And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it... And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over



## Seven Wonderful Bible Doors.

you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." God passed over that door; the family passed out into freedom and a new life.

**2. A DOOR SHUT THAT SHOULD BE OPENED.** "Behold, I stand at the door and knock" (Rev. 3. 20). Sin shuts it; faith should open it and let the waiting Saviour come in.

**3. A DOOR ALL MUST ENTER.** "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10. 9). We go in to save ourselves, and go out to save others. Christ's sheep have liberty: they are not prisoners.

**4. A DOOR BY WHICH CHRIST ENTERS.** The door of prophecy and type. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the Shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear His voice: and He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out" (John 10. 1-3).



**5. A DOOR OPENED NO MAN CAN SHUT.** "I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My word, and hast not denied My Name" (Rev. 3. 9). The door of salvation, and the door of opportunities; "openings" we fail to enter.

**6. A DOOR SHUT NEVER TO BE OPENED.** Matt. 25. 10. "And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not." The class of people shut out. Virgins, virgins with lamps, virgins who expected to have entered.

**7. A DOOR TO BE KEPT SHUT.** "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips" (Psa. 141. 3). Both the ingoing and outgoing need watching. Mark Guy Pearce said the mouth was a cave where dwelt a red dwarf, who sometimes shot out poisoned arrows. Think of these 7 doors.

W. LUFF.

## ALL YOU CAN WISH FOR.

HOW many forms of Enjoyment are available to young and old in these days. At the seaside and in the country, thousands spend happy hours, but our young friends in the picture have not gone far from home. They are in one of the suburbs of the Great Metropolis—London—and seem just as happy as those more fortunate. Perhaps if older, you say you are determined to enjoy yourself in a different way. But if you receive Christ, there and then you shall have the joy that no man taketh from you—you shall rejoice evermore. But you say you must see life. In Christ *there is life*; and the moment you make Him your own Saviour, *eternal life* is yours. But only reject or neglect the offer of His love and you shall *not see life*. Rest assured that “happiness” and “Christ” are twin words, you cannot really have Him without being happy, and you can never be truly happy without Him. Therefore, come to Christ now and happy be.

P.K.G.



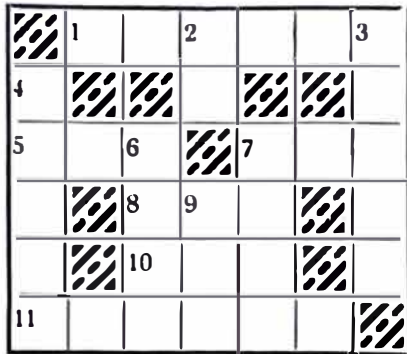
Photo: *Sport and General*

CHILDREN SPLASHING IN POND ON WANDSWORTH COMMON

## SEARCHINGS FROM DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

**SEARCHINGS FOR SUNNY DAYS**, which may prove equally interesting, whether done indoors or out of doors.

**Children's Cross Words**, No. 79, suggested by one of our younger helpers, K. W. Markwell.



**CLUES.—Across.** 1. Son of Ocran (Num.); 5. Disciples with John (John); 7. Shall rule (Isa. 40); 8. Called "Father of Canaan" (Gen.); 10. Three days — (1 Sam. 9); 11. Word in Psa. 8. 6. **Down.** 2. Bay sought to (Zech. 6); 3. Ten mentioned in Matt. 25; 4. Windy (Psa. 55); 6. Son of Simeon (Gen. 46); 7. Herdman then prophet; 9. Is as nothing (Psa. 39).

**SOLUTION OF CHILDREN'S CROSS WORDS**, No. 78.—**Across.** 1. Timothy; 6. On; 8. Nun; 10. Me; 11. Beg; 13. Eat; 14. Kin; 15. Ass; 16. Her; 17. Ate; 18. Blastus. **Down.** 2. Man; 3. Tin; 4. Nob; 5. Wet; 7. Nekeb; 9. Ur; 10. Masts; 12. Girl; 13. Esau.

**Original Acrostic**, No. 525. By Hilda Jansson, Wales.

First *one* whose husband died—so did his brother—  
 She afterwards chose to live with their mother;  
 The *next* his birthright to his brother gave;  
 The *third*, though others he did try to save  
 Did Jesus thrice deny ere the cock crowed;  
 A *prophet* who in olden times abode,  
 The Lord for his sake made a nation blind;  
*Who* built the ark? The next one you must find;  
 Though young, the Scriptures *he* did surely know;  
*He* by his brother was slain long ago;  
 A vineyard in Jezreel we read *he* owned  
 He did refuse a king, so he was stoned;  
 The *place* now name unto which Jesus came;  
 A *queen* find, and a *book* with names the same.  
 If you put the initials together you'll see  
 What the theme of Christ's preaching on earth used to be.



**ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC**, No. 524.—Melchizedek; Ezekiel, Peter, Herod, Italy, Beer, Onesimus, Shem, Hannah Eli, Tyre, Ham=MEPHIBOSHETH (2 Sam. 9. 3).

**Simple Searching**, No. 213, sent by a regular helper in Scotland.

First in Ready not in Go	Last in Fasten, not in Gate.
Next in Hasten not in Slow.	Whole invites you to the Open
In Attend and also Listen	Door,
Fourth in Shine and also Glisten.	Some day it will close for ever-
Fifth in Prayer, not Supplicate	more.
Sixth in Patience and in Wait,	

A.T.

**ANSWER TO No. 212.**—"Singing" (S. of S. 2. 12).

**Texts for Tiny Tots**, No. 236, is something seen under the Sun. Look in Ecclesiastes. No. 235 was: "For I shall yet praise Him" (Psa. 43. 5).

**D H I I M O S S T W**

## CAN YOU FIND THE FISH?



### Find the Eight Fish.

**Three-in-One Sketches, No. 46.** Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. Award (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the eight fish are in the picture. If painting, make the fish red, at least make so as to be seen. You can use any kind of colouring you like.

**Rules.**—All papers must (1) be sent in from Britain by end of month and from abroad at earliest after receipt; (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender; (3) Be addressed to H. V. PICKERING, Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, England. Awards given monthly and at end of year.

## I AM SATISFIED.

IT is with pleasure that I relate how God saved me when just a child in Sunday School. I am thankful for a saved mother who taught me God's way of salvation from infancy, and started me to Sunday School when five years old. From time to time I was troubled, about my sins and the terror of meeting a sin-hating God, but it was not until I was twelve that I became deeply concerned.

I shall never forget one Sunday evening of that summer when a friend persuaded me to remain away from the Gospel Meeting. I cannot express the dreadful pang which took hold of me as I thought that I might have been saved had I gone. I was greatly troubled for I felt my last chance was gone, and feared God's Holy Spirit had ceased striving with me. From that time such thoughts as these distressed me, especially when I retired at night.

It was on October 28th, when sitting in Sunday School, and our teacher was reviewing our last Sunday's lesson, Exodus 12, and came to the 13th verse: "When I see the blood I will pass over you," and said: "It is not just Jesus' dying that will save you, but the Blood applied that will wash your sins away," that I saw in a flash it was the Blood. I had never seen it like this before. (I had always thought I had to see some vision of the Cross.) But there was one who sought to hinder me from getting saved—Satan—and whispered to put it off for another time. Immediately another voice said: "*Now or never.*" I tried to rest on the Blood, but I was helpless. I feared to again leave the class unsaved, and was in despair, when I heard my teacher say, "God is satisfied with what Jesus has done on Calvary's Cross, why should you not be?" These words were like balm to my weary soul, and, there and then, I rested my burdened heart on Christ. Joy filled my heart, the joy of sins forgiven.

At the close of the lesson, during which I had been crying for joy, the teacher said: "Would it not be nice if some one could say to-day, '*I am satisfied*'?" After some fear and hesitation, I blurted out: "Teacher, *I am satisfied!*" and teacher and scholar rejoiced together.

I hurried home to tell my mother the good news, and that evening had the joy of pointing my brother, who was also under conviction, to Christ. G.T.M'L.

## WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT IN.

Jean raced ahead down to the beach, strewn by yesterday's storm with the flotsam and jetsam of the sea.



WATCHING THE TIDE COMING IN.

## WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT IN.



“LOOK, Jeremy! the high tide has washed up no end of shells and seaweed. We shall find some lovely specimens for our collection.” Jean raced ahead down to the beach, strewn by yesterday’s storm with the flotsam and jetsam of the sea.

Suddenly both children gave a little cry, and Aunt Madge, following more slowly, found them bending over something that was tangled among the wrack of twigs and seaweed. “A bird! A dead bird! Why, it’s all messed up with nasty black tar. Why did it die?”

“Because it could not save itself—and there was no one to set it free! That black stuff is not tar, but waste oil, which has been thrown into the sea from the engines of a ship. Don’t you remember we saw a big naval training vessel, a foreign one, cruising about off here a little while ago? At night she anchored, a long way out, but under the shelter of the headland. No doubt the engineers took the opportunity to get rid of the waste oil.

“When it is tossed about by the waves, it turns into big black lumps. Mind where you step, Jeremy, and you, Jean. If you tread on one of those lumps of congealed oil, and take the stuff into the house on your shoes, it will spoil the new stair carpet and never come out.”

“Here’s a big black lump—and another,” said Jean, “and here are more dead birds. What are they?”

“Small cormorants—shags, they are called in the West of England. They dive for fish, and swim under water. You can often see their black heads and sharp bills popping up out of the sea, first in one place, then in another further on. When they have caught and eaten enough fish for a meal they skim along the surface of the sea and find a rock off the shore. Then they fly up to the top, and look quite comical, standing perfectly still with their wings outspread widely in the sunshine to dry them.”

“Seven, eight, nine, ten,” Jean was counting as they walked along, “all of them washed up within a dozen yards. But how did they die, Auntie?” “They had been diving for fish out at sea. Coming up after swimming under water, they found themselves caught in a patch of this horrible black oil waste, which floats on the surface.

The more they tried to struggle free, the more they were

## The Cormorants Caught in the Black Oil Waste.

entangled. As you see, their feathers and wings are matted together and stuck fast in masses of the stuff. Diving birds, but drowned, because there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save."

"That's like our text this morning," whispered Jean. "I remember it all," said Jeremy. "He saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor, therefore, His arm brought salvation unto him."



*Photo: E. M'Donald.*

THE BOYS EAGERLY WATCHED THE TIDE ROLLING IN.

"Yes, Jeremy, but for His arm, what would have happened to us? The poor little shags are very like people who think they can do without the Lord Jesus. They imagine life is going to be all sunshine, and fun and feasting, never remembering the enemy of souls is lying in wait to destroy them. But the Lord Jesus saw how sin was entangling them more and more, and 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' His eye did not only pity, for His arm is also strong enough to save those that turn to Him



## The Two Ladies and the Birds they Rescued.



for salvation. But no one was out there at sea to save the poor little dying birds! Now! I think you had better leave treasure-hunting for another day. The set of the tide after the storm seems to have brought all these horrible lumps of oil to this end of the beach: we can hardly avoid stepping on them."

"The children were not sorry to turn away; the dead seabirds had been such a pitiful sight. "Does no one ever try to save them?" said Jeremy. Aunt Madge smiled. "We will go up on the hill and see something much happier this evening," she answered. "No, I won't tell you what you are going to see. It must be a surprise."

There was no shadow on the hill as they walked up the cliff road that rose high above the bay. Then Aunt Madge turned into a narrow lane, banked steeply on one side with a high hedge of hawthorn, and fuchsia, masses of ragged-robin, blue-bells, and stitch-wort, making a glorious show of colour among the long grass below. On either side of the lane there was a low fence enclosing the garden of a pretty little bungalow, with a verandah, giving a glorious view of cliffs and sea, the red roofed houses and the little harbour of the fishing port nestling below.

"Whatever is that noise?" No wonder Jean was startled for suddenly, from somewhere close at hand, there came a hubbub of clamorous cries. "It's only birds." said Jeremy, "where are they? Why are they making all that din?" Smiling, Aunt Madge walked on a few steps and the children followed. Then a large wooden shed came in sight, surrounded by a big run wired and roofed with netting. At the open door of this huge aviary stood a young lady. Birds were perched on her arms, her shoulders, and even her head and her hands. Another lady came out holding a saucer full of chopped egg and bread-crumbs. How the birds struggled and fought and screamed as the ladies filled the open beaks with dainty fare. The door of the huge aviary was wide open, but not one attempted to fly away.

"What birds are they?" whispered Jeremy. The lady looked up, and seeing the children, nodded and smiled.

What the Tide Brought In.



SWALLOWS CATCHING THEIR EVENING MEAL.

## What the Tide Brought In.



NEARING THE SHORE.

“Young jackdaws,” she said, filling one wide-open beak while the others screamed and clamoured for more, and still more. “We have kept them here since they were tiny fledglings, hatched in the roofs and chimney-pots down in the fishing village, falling out

when they get bigger. One of these fell from its nest into the sea below the cottage. The village children know we love the birds, and long to save their lives, so they bring them to us. We have kept them and fed them for weeks. This morning we decided they were old enough to fly away to the cliffs and fields and fend for themselves. So we opened the aviary door and let them out. But at five o'clock this afternoon they were all back again, clamouring to be let in to roost and be fed.”

Jean and Jeremy watched, fascinated. How wonderful to find somebody who so much loved the creatures of the wild. Jean caught sight of a big black-backed sea-gull, not skimming lightly above the cliffs, or floating contentedly on the smooth blue sea, but huddled down in a straw nest inside the great aviary. “A sea-gull,” explained the lady. “That was brought to us, too, by someone down in the fishing cove. It was helpless, somehow its leg got broken. We have set the leg and hope it will get better, then it will, of course, go free.”

“What about the poor shags and cormorants caught in the horrible masses of floating waste oil,” said Aunt Madge, “we saw nine or ten of them already dead, down on the beach. Can nothing be done to save them?”

“If they come ashore still alive, they are brought to us, and we rub their wings with sawdust, and try to get off the oil. Then they can go free and dive, and fly and swim as usual.” Jean and Jeremy were very thoughtful when they came away. “What kind ladies,” said Jean. Aunt Madge nodded. “Yes, and now you have seen them, I will tell you who they are. Both sisters are clever

## What the Murmuring Tide Brought In.

artists, and one of them paints some of the beautiful sea pictures which you have in your jig-saw puzzles."

"Next time I make up a puzzle I'll remember the lady who saves the birds. What a lot of trouble she takes."

"Lots of people are sorry for the helpless birds, but for her and her sister pity is not enough. She saves them from a terrible death." "An eye to pity and an arm to save," said Jean, "I think I know the meaning of my text now. It's no use being sorry if you don't help as well."

"That is just what the Lord Jesus did; He saw that sinners were dying in their sin, and could by no means save themselves. But in His love and in His pity He redeemed them. He came not only to seek, but to save the lost . . . He has not only a pitying eye, but an Arm to save," for He is indeed a Saviour and His promise is, "Him (or her) that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). Instead He'll "cast in" and keep evermore.

"And when we call Him Saviour,  
We call Him by His Name."

GRACE PETTMAN



Photo by G. C. Moffat

MARVELLOUS THINGS HAVE BEEN FOUND ON THE SEASHORE.

## WHO WON THE EGG AND SPOON RACE ?

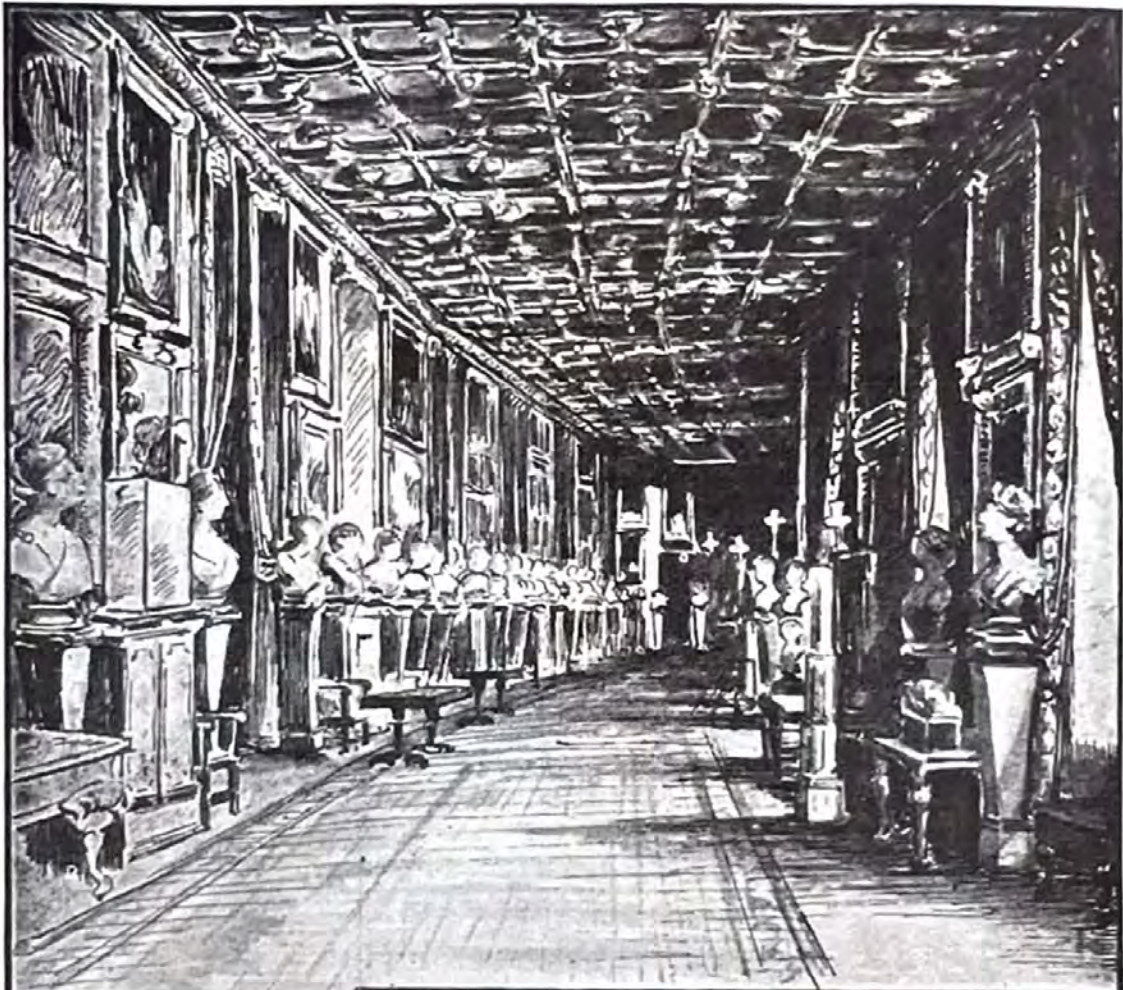


FIVE GIRLS ABOUT TO RUN IN AN EGG AND SPOON RACE

THE Annual Trip to the country was on Saturday. How we looked for the day and hoped it would be fair, fine, and warm. Then we could dress in our summer clothes and be light and free for harmless sports of all kinds. I think the one that attracted most attention that day was the "*Egg and Spoon Race*," when 5 of our brightest girls got a real egg, put it in an ordinary spoon, and holding the spoon in the hand had to run a certain distance and return. Some came back with the spoon without the egg, others had lost both, but the girl, second from right, a quiet, steady maiden, who made no fuss, did not get excited, came in first of all.

The Bible says: "They that run in a race, run all, but one obtaineth the Prize." You must have *life* to run, you get life by faith, "The gift of God is Eternal Life" (Romans 6. 23). Then, having *life*, it says to all: "So run that ye may obtain a prize" (Romans 9. 24). But you must have accepted the gift of *Eternal Life* before you can run at all, or gain the prize. No life, no running, no prize. May you have life *now* and obtain the prize in *that Day*, then you will have life for evermore, for it is called "*Eternal Life*," a life that never dies. P.K.G.

## GENERAL GORDON AND HIS BIBLE.



The top is a Treasure Room in Windsor Castle. The bottom, General Gordon's Bible, which he constantly used as he travelled around, in a special case.

GENERAL GORDON REMEMBERED LONG AFTER HIS DEATH.

## GORDON'S POCKET BIBLE.



GENERAL GORDON

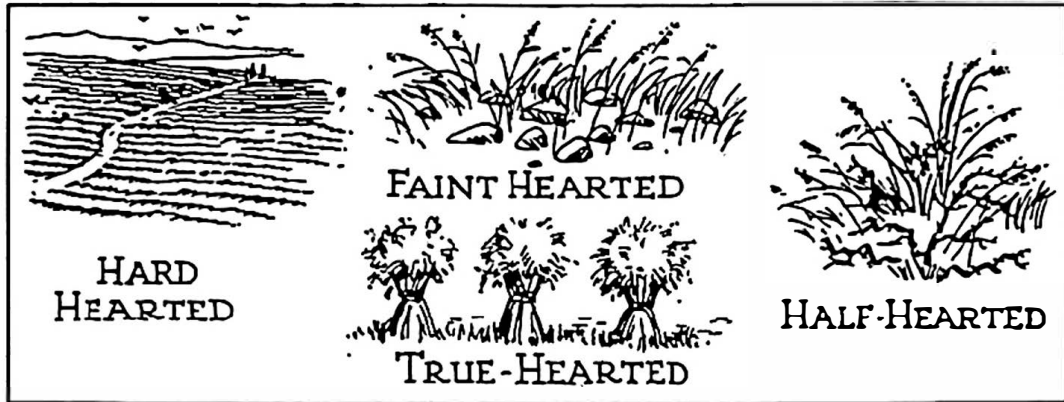
**G**ENERAL GORDON—the British General who went to settle the dispute with the Madhi in Egypt, and was killed at Khartoum in 1883—never went anywhere without carrying the Word of God with him. Whenever he had a spare moment he used to take a little Bible from his pocket, well marked and annotated in his own handwriting, and read a chapter.

Gordon's Pocket Bible, mentioned above, now holds the place of honour in one of the treasure-rooms at Windsor Castle. One day Queen Victoria entered the library, where there are many costly cabinets filled with priceless treasures, and, giving the keeper an old and tattered volume, told him to place it in the safest and most valuable casket he had in the room. He showed Her Majesty one made of pure rock crystal, ornamented with gold and enamel. In this the book was placed, and it has reposed there ever since, one of the most jealously-guarded treasures in that Castle, which abounds with treasures and rarities of all kinds. The tattered volume is the Pocket Bible used by the hero of Khartoum.

### THE HERO OF THE "EGYPT."

**T**HE P. & O. liner *Egypt*, after a collision with the French steamer *Seine*, was sinking off Ushant. The ship's printer, named Genner, had obtained a lifebelt, but finding a terrified woman passenger appealing for help, he handed her the lifebelt, saying: "I cannot swim, madam, but take it." He was lost, she was saved. A beautiful though faint picture of love stronger than death, and that for a stranger, whom he probably had not seen or known before. Yet it was for *enemies* the greatest of all love was manifested on the Cross of Calvary. HYP.

## THE SOWER: A PICTURE OF FOUR HEARTS



LET us imagine ourselves among the vast crowd as they throng the lake shore listening to the Saviour telling this parable from Peter's boat. Yonder in the distance can be seen a sower with his long swinging strides, scattering the golden grain; while, all unknown to himself he becomes Christ's object lesson.

Most of us are aware that there are three parts in the story. First and most important is, *the Sower*, the Lord Jesus Himself; but in a lesser sense true of every Christian who is making known God's Word. Second, there is *the Seed* upon which everything depends. The seed is the Word of God, because it has life in itself (Heb. 4. 12), and because it imparts life to all who believe it (1 Peter 1. 23; Jas. 1. 18). The third part is *the Soil*, and that is what we want to deal with specially. There were four kinds of soil, representing four different classes of hearers. Let us look at them.

**1. THE HARD-HEARTED.** Across the field ran a path, probably a short-cut down to the shore, and consequently hard and well trodden with constant traffic. There was no soft part for the grain to sink into the ground, so it was easily devoured by the numerous birds (Heb. 3. 13). It warns us against becoming hardened and gives the sure preventive, hearing His Word. Each time we say "no" to the Saviour, the hardening process goes on until we may refuse Him for the last time and be lost for ever. Verse 19 tells the other side of this, "the wicked one catcheth away" the seed. The Devil hates God's Word and wants to steal it from you lest you should be saved.



## The 4 Hearts Pictured in the Sower.

2. **THE FAINT-HEARTED.** This is the emotional or stony-ground class. They profess to receive the message of life, but have no root, just as the grain has insufficient depth of earth for proper rooting, or enough to retain the moisture. The sun beats upon it, and soon it withers away. Luke 9. 57 gives us a sample of this class. The emotions have been stirred, but not the conscience. They have never discovered that they are utterly lost sinners on the way to eternal perdition; so when the sun of persecution and testing shines on them, all their emotion goes! Perhaps there are some big stones in your life which keep out the Word. The Saviour said in John 11. 39, "Take ye away the stone," and the same is true here. Remove these stones of *indifference*, of *ignorance*; of *timidity*, of *unbelief*, of *delaying*, etc., and the Word of God will soon take root.

3. **THE HALF-HEARTED.** This is the thorny ground hearer, or the worldly class. The seed was choked because there was *no room* among the thorns. These thorns represent all worldly things which keep us back from Christ. It may be a companion, love for the films, love of money, or any pleasure which would hold us back. At Bethlehem there was no room for the Saviour, no room for Him in Nazareth, no room in Jerusalem, for they cried "Away with Him" to Calvary. Make room for Him in *your* heart and He will make room for you in *His* Heavenly home.

4. **THE TRUE-HEARTED.** This is the class with a good and honest heart" (Luke 8. 15) who hears and believes the Word then keeps it, and with patience brings fruit to perfection. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart and you will be among the true-hearted in His great harvest-field. This is the heart that God desires to find in you. If you *believe*, it will come to you, and all will be glad.

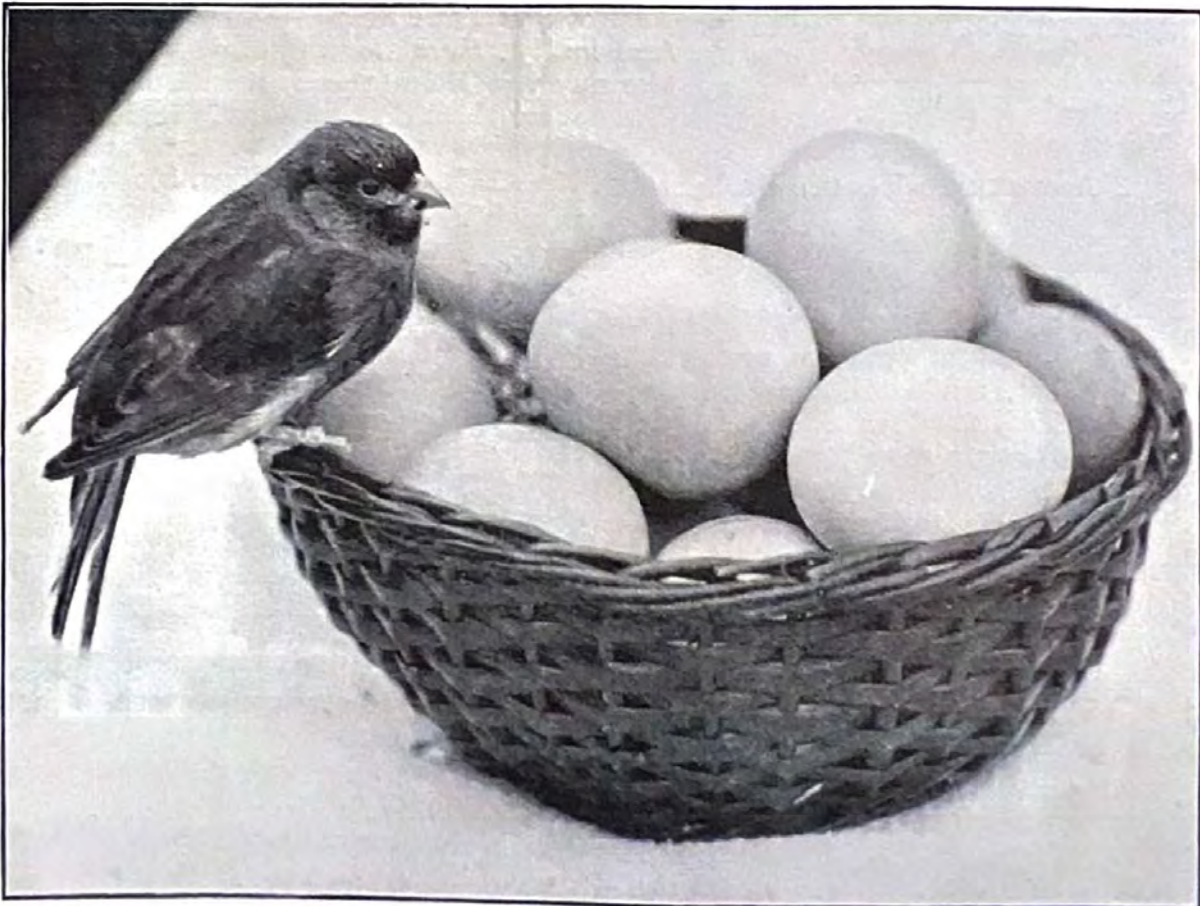
G. A. NEILSON.

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**Awards for Photos.**—An award of £1, or \$5, worth of P. & I. Books for 1st Prize; or 10/ worth (or \$2.50) for Second; and of 5/ (or \$1.25) for Third, for best Snapshots of any good view of places, persons or things sent in to Editor of *Boys & Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, with name and address and title on back of each snap in pencil, before Aug. 31, or as soon thereafter from abroad. *Not* bought or other subjects. Set to and do what you can. No correspondence can be entered into concerning same.—ED.

## THE GOD OF THE SPARROW AND OF ME.

THIS is a nice picture, but I think it would have been much nicer if instead of a wicker basket it had been the real nest of the bird, and if instead of what look like white hen eggs, they had been the spotted eggs of the bird, for many birds' eggs are beautifully spotted with dots of various colours, according to the kind of bird it is. However, the little cheeper seems quite comfortable if you



*Fox Photos*

THE LITTLE WARBLER SEEMS HAPPY WITH SO MANY EGGS

care to believe that these are the very eggs she laid; which they are not.

I trust, dear boys and girls, when you are out for a country ramble you do not rob as many nests as you can find. Think of the sorrow the poor mother must have to find that her eggs are gone. Look at the nests by all means, admire the ingenuity of the little creature, and of God who implanted the wisdom in its little head, to build a nest which no man could do, with the bits of rags, and twigs, and grass. Then praise God who giveth to us all things rightly to enjoy.

P.L.

## SEARCHINGS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.

**HOLIDAYS ARE HERE** for many of our Searchers, particularly in Scotland. Let us not forget that holiday months are included in marks given for regular searching.

**Varied Searching**, No. 258, comes from an older helper in far-off Malaya.

— A — — E —  
 — — E — H — R — S  
 — H — — I — — A —  
 — O — — E —  
 — E — — — A — E — S  
 — A — — O — —

### SIX OCCUPATIONS.

My first will name *one* who stood up.  
 My second *they* themselves did feed.  
 Now, thirdly, Luke was surely *one*.  
 The fourth, *he* wrought a work indeed.  
*This couple* Paul helped as he could,  
 And lastly, *these* afar off stood.  
 I'm sure you 'll find them all with ease,  
 What were their occupations, please?

F.W.P.

**ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING**, No. 257.—BEST (1 Kgs. 10.18)  
 ECHO  
 SHEW (Gal. 6. 12)  
 TOWN (Josh. 2. 15)

**Original Acrostic**, No. 526, comes from far off Australia from one of our regular helpers.

*He*, lamb delivered from a bear  
*This man* for king's camels did care  
*He* was sent out to search the land.  
 A king to get *his* vineyard planned  
*He* threshing was some wheat to hide  
 Cause *him* upon my mule to ride.  
 First letter of each name will tell  
 By *what* a child is known full well. E.A.



**ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC**, No. 525.—Ruth, Esau, Peter, Elisha, Noah, Timothy, Abel, Naboth, Calvary, Esther=REPENTANCE (Matt. 4. 17).

**Simple Searching**, No. 214, comes from Scotland, from another of our regular helpers—and is specially for the season.



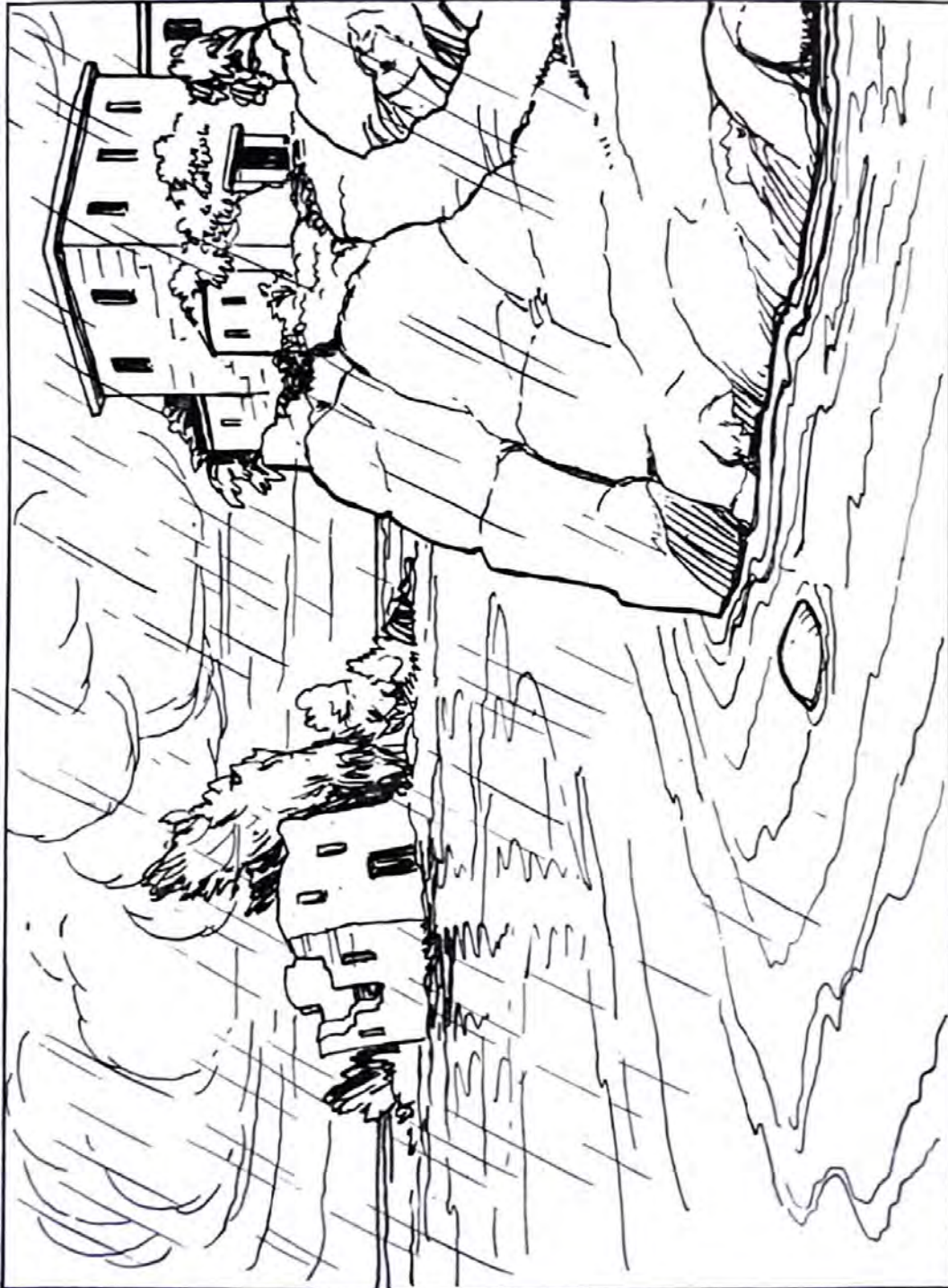
Letter one in Roses; every hue.  
 Next in Asters which we soon shall view  
 Third in Daisy and in Cowslip see,  
 In Lily and in Valley fourth will be  
 Fifth in Daffodils, but not in Pot,  
 Sixth in Cornflower not Forget-me-not,  
 For seventh in Pansy and in fair 'twill do  
 Now eighth is in the prickly Thistle too  
 Seek ninth in Peonies and also Red.  
 Tenth in Carnations which their fragrance shed  
 In Tulips last, each with its stately head,  
 Whole, by *these* doth the Saviour lead  
 Those who as Shepherd He doth feed. A.T.

**ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING**, No. 213.—  
 "ENTER IN" (Luke 13. 24).

**Texts for Tiny Tots**, No. 237, is found in Galatians 6. No. 236 was "THIS WISDOM" (Eccles. 9. 13).

**A A B C C D E E E E E H M M N N O P R T Y**

## FIND THE INHABITANTS.



### Find the Six Inhabitants.

**Three-in-One Sketches, No. 47.** Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. Award (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the Six Inhabitants are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. You can use any kind of colouring you like.

**Rules.**—All papers must (1) be sent in from Britain by end of month and from abroad at earliest after receipt; (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender; (3) Be addressed to H.V. PICKERING, Editor of *Boys & Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, England. Awards given monthly and at end of year.

## THE PERFECT WORKMAN AND THE PERFECT WORK

"SIT down," said the sick man. "I am glad you have come. I once heard you preach in the open-air, and I said, 'If ever I come to die, I'll send for that man,' And now I have sent to ask you what I must do to be saved."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't tell you what to DO," replied the preacher. "NOT TELL ME WHAT TO DO TO BE SAVED?" replied the invalid; "why, I thought you were a preacher!" "And so I am," replied the latter; "but for all that I cannot tell you what *to do* to be saved," and the poor man sank back disappointed on his pillow, and there was silence in the room. But the silence was at length broken, for the preacher, who had been gazing about, suddenly remarked: "That's a nice cabinet that you've got over yonder." "Well," said the sick man, "it's a pretty good one, I believe, though I shouldn't be the one to say so, for none ever put a touch to it but myself." "And good work, too," said the preacher. "But I'll just bring my tools round one of these nights and put a few finishing touches to it."

"It's kind enough of you to say so, but indeed you mustn't," said the sick man, "and I'll tell you why. You see, when I'm gone I want my family to have something to remember me by. Now, I've done every stroke to the cabinet myself, and that'll just be its value in their eyes. With them it will be the workman that gave value to the work, and it wouldn't be the same thing to them at all if a stranger put a finger on it."

"I quite understand," said the preacher, and added: "Just now you asked me what you were to DO to be saved, and I told you I didn't know, and I don't, for there's nothing that you *can do* that could ever save your soul. But the Lord Jesus Christ has done a work, and it's a perfect work, for when He was expiring, He said, 'It is finished,' so there's nothing left for you to do."

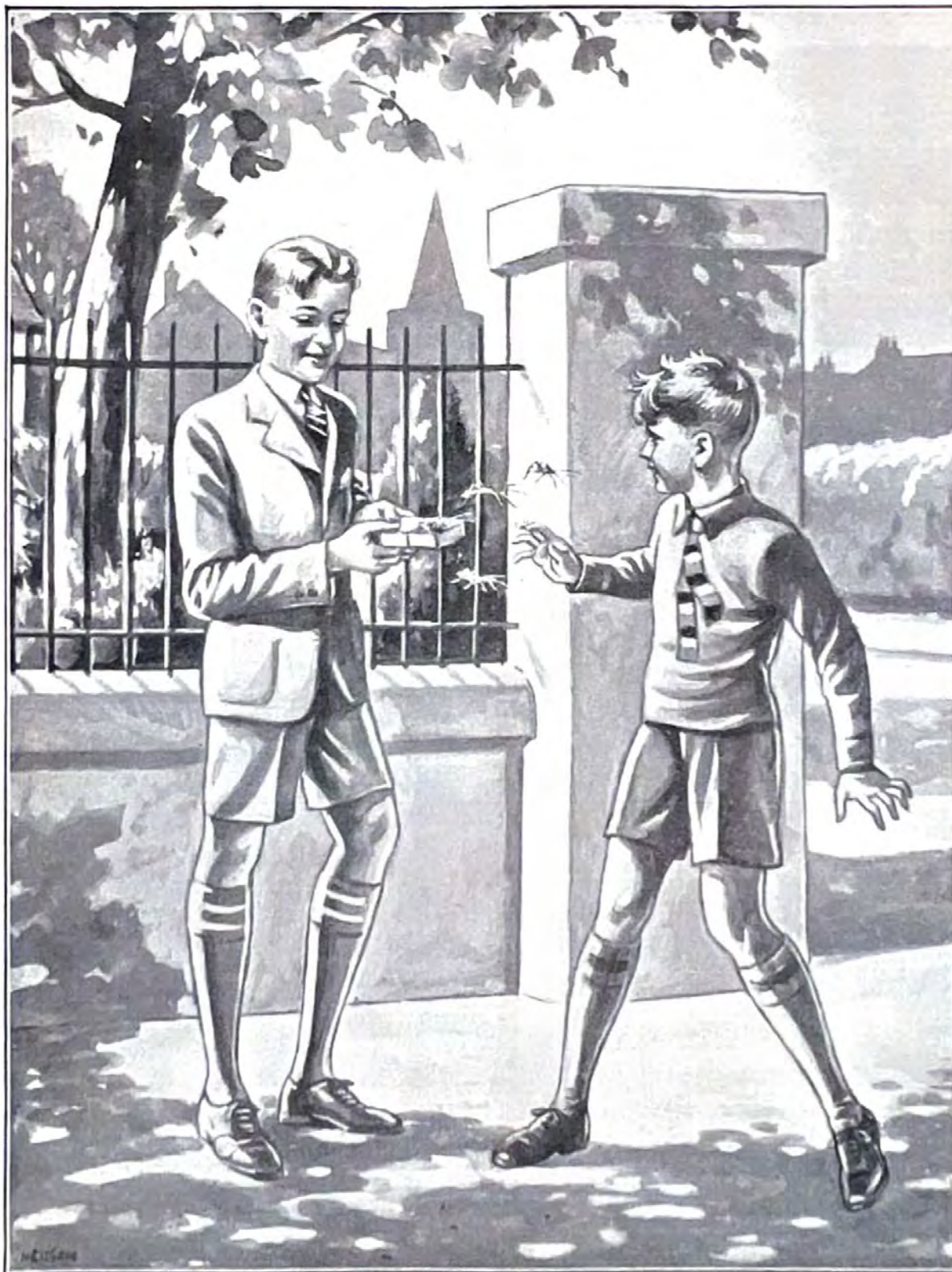
Like showers upon thirsty soil fell this message on the ears of the dying man, and he rested his soul's eternal salvation, not on aught that he could do, but upon what Christ had already done; and so entered into rest.

My reader, there is nothing left for you to do. Simply, therefore, as a sinner accept of the Perfect Workman who has done the perfect work. "It is finished." J.F—t.

## THE BOYS AT THE FORGE SUNDAY SCHOOL

“Those chaps of Mackay’s were fine stuff,” Charles remarked.

“They would have thought me an idiot for behaving how I do.”



**SIX GRASSHOPPERS LEAPT TO LIBERTY.**

## BOYS AT THE FORGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.



"COME on, Harry, we must get that end seat. I mean to be even with teacher this afternoon."

Charles and Harry were on the way to Sunday School. They were full of good spirits, but unfortunately these good spirits frequently led them to do mischievous and tiresome things, which, if the boys would have thought for a moment, would have seemed very foolish

and unworthy.

Harry hurried up, and Charles and he reached the school in time to secure the desired position. Teacher sensed that Charles was up to something, or going to be, before school was out. An earnest prayer for wisdom and patience went up. "Before we begin our lesson, I want to ask a question or two," she said.

Intense interest on every face, and inquiring glances. "Were you able to walk here without any danger?" Amazement and curiosity now, and a chorus of, "Yes, teacher." "Nobody tried to stop you?" "I'd like to see them!" Charles remarked belligerently.

"And was the road easy, and was there any daylight?" Instinctively the class looked at the big windows through which the sun was streaming. What a question!

"Teacher, be you well?" Charles asked quite anxiously.

"Quite, thank you. And when you were coming did you have to walk cautiously, lest some one seized and carried you off to prison, or worse?"

"We aint done nothing for prison," asserted Tom, opposite teacher.

"And did you think about what you were coming for? Did the thought of the Lord Jesus enter your hearts?"

Dead silence. "Was it your intention to learn all you could about Him?"

Again dead silence. "Now, boys," went on teacher, "we do not realise what some have endured if only they could learn or read about Him; what difficulties, dangers, and tortures many of them suffered for their faith in Him. I'm going to tell you about some boys who suffered for His Name's sake. Years ago, in far Uganda, when ALEXANDER

## The Boys and the Forge Sunday School.

MACKAY had the first Mission Station there he had a forge, where he used to repair and burnish and make things. The boys of the neighbourhood came to the forge to watch him at work. After a time he printed alphabets on sheets of paper and the boys learnt to read. Later he printed



ALEX. MACKAY, THE HERO OF UGANDA.

parts of the Bible, and they were diligently read by the boys. In this way many of them became devout Christians.

"This 'Forge Sunday School' went on very happily during the life of King Mtesa, but when he died, and was succeeded by his son Mwanga (only 17), persecution began. Mackay was obliged to tell his 'boys' to keep away from the forge on account of Mwanga's hatred of Christians. But the boys were too anxious to hear and read the Scriptures, and too keen on following the Saviour to do this. They could not keep away from their



## The Boys of the Forge Sunday School.

'Sunday School' (you see it was Sunday School every day with them), so they made up their minds to come after dark, when no one would see them.

"Now, you know, going about in African woods and tracks is not exactly like going about in England's unlighted country roads. It is very difficult and dangerous. Well, the Night School went on for a time, but at last cruel King Mwanga got to hear of it. He was too underhand and cowardly to say openly that it must stop, but he took advantage of the fact that a robbery had been committed, and gave orders that *anyone* walking about after dark should be arrested. Now, what was to be done?

"The boys decided that they must steal to the Mission House before daylight had gone, and learn all night. Mackay had a petroleum lamp, and by its light these boys read and studied, and even were able to help Mackay in making his translation of English Scriptures into Luganda. Then, when day dawned, they quietly dispersed. There was no tiresomeness, no mischief, or larking. They came to learn and to help; they came in spite of dangers; and they came though they knew they risked imprisonment and torture. Some of them *did* suffer later.

"There were four, the eldest was about fifteen, the youngest about eleven. There they are, guarded by warriors, marching through the dense wood to a space under some banana trees. A rough wooden platform, six feet high was erected, and the boys placed upon it with their arms hacked off. Then a fire was lighted underneath the platform.



## The Boys of the Forge Sunday School.

But He Who was in the burning fiery furnace with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego was with these boys. In pain and agony they could still sing hymns—and so they reached their Heavenly Home. Just think what a welcome awaited them there!”



MTESA, KING OF UGANDA.

Harry and Charles walked back from school very soberly. “Those chaps of Mackay’s were fine stuff,” Charles remarked. “They would have thought me an idiot for behaving how I do.”

“I ’spects they’d be right, if they included me,” Harry observed. “Going to let them things go?”

## The Boys of the Forge Sunday School.

Charles opened a matchbox he was holding, and six fat grasshoppers leapt into liberty once more. Then he said: "You know, it seems to me a silly thing for us boys to put off getting saved. As teacher said, its like choosing the position of a miserable dying beggar, when we could be the sons of the King and have Eternal life."

"And fancy what it would be to *know* we are saved, and safe for evermore, come what may in this life," Harry added. "Well, we *can* know it," Charles said. "Shall we——?"

Next Sunday teacher had a radiant-faced boy each side of her. One was Charles, the other was Harry. *What could* have happened to make them look like that? If you would like to know, you will find the answer in John 1. 12, or in Acts 16. 31. Look and see. E. E. ENOCK.

## THE DUKE OF HAMILTON'S VERSE



ONE of the Dukes of Hamilton from his childhood was remarkably serious and fond of reading his Bible. What a pity, in these days that boys and girls seldom read the Bible

except at school or at Bible Class on Sunday, and that so few learn to love it and reverence it as God's Word.

This Duke of Hamilton read and loved his Bible and learned many of its truths. One day, at the age of nine, while playing about the room, his mother, the Duchess, said to him, "Come, write me a few verses or lines, and I will give you a piece of silver." The boy sat down, took pen and paper, and with a childish hand wrote:

"As o'er the sea-beat shore I took my way,  
I met an aged man who bade me stay;  
'Be wise,' said he, 'and mark the path you go,  
This leads to Heaven, and that to Hell below;  
The way to life is difficult and steep,  
The broad and easy lead you to the deep.'"

How true are these lines, how Scriptural! A.M.M.

## LIKE ONE OF THESE.

AS the summer sun was setting in the western sky, and filling the neighbouring rugged glen with a golden radiance, a well-known man stood near the summit of one of his native hills, watching a shepherd placing some sheep in a fold. Sorrow had entered his life, and darkened his prospect of the present and the future. His learning had failed to bring him the comfort necessary for the hour of trial. He was truly "without God and without hope." (Ephesians 2. 12.) A sad state!

At his side stood his eldest daughter. A few years before she had come under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit and, by faith, accepted Christ as her Saviour and Lord. She longed to see her father really happy.

As they stood together, a wayward sheep, after a good deal of coaxing and vain efforts to escape, at last walked



*Photo Service Ltd.*

"Like one of these."

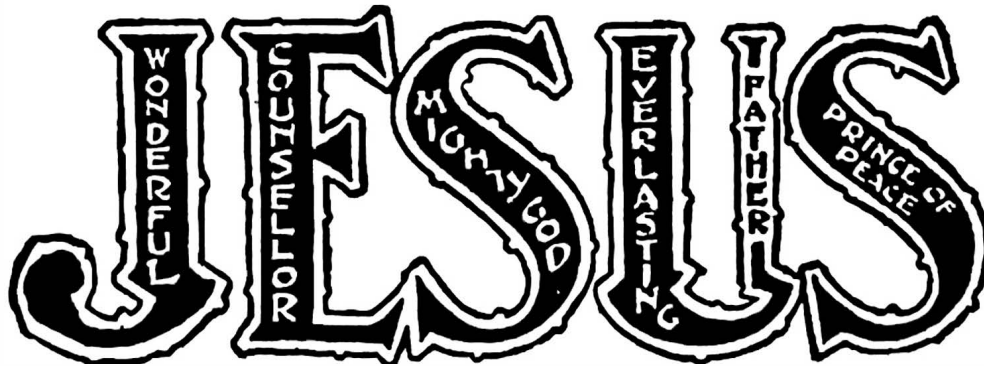
SHEEP AND LAMBS BEFORE THE CAMERA.

## Like One of These.

through the door into the fold. The scene had doubtless brought to the young woman's mind the familiar picture of John 10. 9: "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture;" for turning round to her parent she laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "That's all you need to do, father, *only enter in.*" The Spirit of God used the simple message, and there on that hillside, the father saw that the work of salvation was complete in Christ Jesus, and entering in by faith he was saved (Acts 16. 31).

What his learning and efforts had failed to secure for him, he received the moment he as a lost sheep entered through the Door, Christ Jesus. Joy unspeakable was brought to his darkened soul. Such is the simplicity of salvation, that in like manner you may also know the joy of sins forgiven. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Salvation is not "do the best you can and look for mercy." It is simply to rest upon the *best* which is already done, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ Who accomplished it. J.H.

## THE NAME OF JESUS.



THERE is a fragrance about the Name of Jesus which never fails, and a freshness which never fades. What a blessed unfailing and unfading Name is His. How very comforting then to remember that He is my Faithful Friend, even One that sticketh closer than any earthly friend. In view of this well might we sing with joy and delight:

"This Name shall shed its fragrance still,  
Along life's thorny road;  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,  
That leads me up to God."

S.L.

THE HAPPY GIRL AMONG THE LAMBS.



SHE WAS THE PRIDE OF HER MOTHER AND THE JOY OF HER FATHER.

## THE HAPPY HAYTIME.

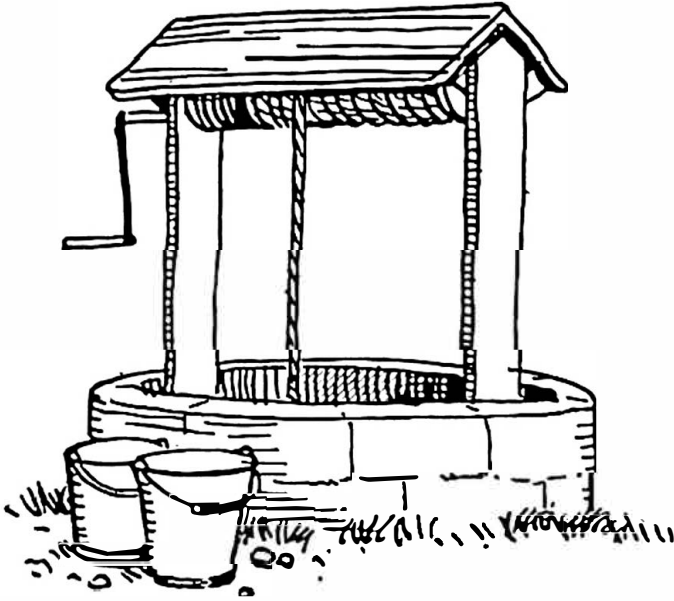


VALERIE was the pride of her mother and the joy of her father. Unlike most girls, she was fond of nature and nature's livestock. She would sit for hours by herself watching the little lambs gambolling in the field, with a scamper from an occasional rabbit. But when the hay time came round she was soon among the happy boys and girls, waiting to go in and play, and roll amongst it!

What fun it is, and how they throw the hay at each other; and some of them bury the others deep down under it, till you cannot see them at all. And some, quieter than the others, go off and make a circle of hay and call it a nest, and sit beside it, as happy as any little birds in their nests. Ah! little children, it is very pleasant for you to play in the hay, but if you look at those haymakers at work, you will see it does not seem much like play to them.

Why are they working so hard, and in such a hurry that they will not stop and rest, although they are so hot and tired? Shall I tell you the reason? Because though the sun is shining, and the sky looks very bright now, those men have seen a little cloud arise in the distance, and they are afraid if they do not make haste and get the hay in, that the storm will come down and spoil it all. And, surely, if they were so anxious to know their hay was safe from the coming storm, you ought to be much more in earnest to know your souls to be safe; for, you know, if God were to call your souls away and let you die, it would be too late then to think of getting saved from the storm. Of course, **if you are in His arms**, nothing can do you harm. He is your kind Friend; God is your kind Father, and will not let His judgments touch you. Won't you come to Jesus now, and be safe and happy for ever? He promises: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37); and you may rest assured that His promise has never failed, for millions have come and *not one* was ever turned away. N.B.

## A WONDERFUL WELL.



“WHOSOEVER DRINKETH OF THIS WATER SHALL THIRST AGAIN.” (JOHN 4. 13.)

OF all the famous wells, this one in John 4 must rank as the greatest of all. This well seems to speak to us, so we'll listen to its message.

### I. IT TELLS OF A GREAT THIRST.

“WHOSOEVER DRINKETH OF THIS WATER SHALL THIRST AGAIN,” was said of it by the Saviour to the woman, as they talked together under the blazing sun at noon.

Her frequent comings to and fro told her so. So there is a mighty thirst in the world to-day because of *sin*. The world is called “a dry place” (Isa. 32. 2), and we are as travellers on a vast desert with no water. As she sat listening to Jesus she began to realise this more than ever, and cried out, “Sir, give me this water that I thirst not” (v. 15).

II. IT TELLS OF A GREAT LOVE. While He sat there, Jesus contrasted this well to another well of His providing, and as we watch the Saviour pouring in the living water into the heart of this outcast sinner, we are amazed at His wonderful love.

1. *It was a seeking love*, for He had travelled many a weary mile to find the lost one just here.

2. *It was a saving love*, for it would not leave her until she was in the enjoyment of eternal life.

3. *It was a satisfying love*, for she forgot all about her waterpot in her fervour to tell of her newly-found Saviour.

### III. IT TELLS OF A GREAT SUPPLY.

1. *It was enduring*. For long centuries, since the days of Jacob (v. 12), that well had never ceased to provide its cooling water to the thirsty people around. It had stood the test of time.

2. *It was free to all*. The only condition was coming and taking the water; but it cost nothing to procure. The rich or poor could alike come. “For whosoever” could have



## A Wonderful Well and Its Lesson.

been written across it. How like that beautiful word in Rev. 21. 17, "Let him that is athirst come. and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

But let us never forget that though free to all, the cost had to be paid by the Saviour at the Cross by the giving of His life for us (1 Pet. 2. 24).

3. *It was deep.* That tells of its great resource, a mighty supply, so making adequate provision for all who came. Nobody came with any doubts, wondering if they would find it had failed. It seems to say aloud, "There is enough for you for all your days."

Does not that make us think of the greatness of God's provision for us? There was not only plenty in the Prodigal's house, but "enough *and to spare.*" When Joseph entertained his brethren, he made a great provision, and when Jesus died and rose again, He opened a mighty fountain that the Water of Life might flow out freely to all. Then let us *come*, let us *take*, and let us *drink* of this wonderful life-giving water from His wonderful well. G.A.N.



### THEY WATCHED HIM THERE

**MEN** once reviled with scoffing rude  
The Son of God so wondrous fair:  
They nailed Him to a Cross of wood,  
"And sitting down they watched Him  
there."

"And sitting down they watched Him  
there."

O shameful sight on which they gazed  
The Son of God so wondrous fair,  
Upon a Roman gibbet raised!

"And sitting down they watched Him  
there"

With looks of hatred, smiles of scorn,  
They did not know, nor did they care  
What grievous pains by Him were  
borne.

"And sitting down they watched Him  
there,"

Oh, would that now I too might view

My lovely Lord in anguish bear  
The bitter curse that was my due!

"And sitting down they watched Him  
there"

With hearts that pity could not move,  
But I would gaze, longing to share  
His sufferings, and my love to prove.

"And sitting down they watched Him  
there,"

Reviled His Name and spurned His  
grace,

But I would gaze on One so fair  
With naught but love and grateful  
praise.

"And sitting down they watched Him  
there,"

O awful sight on which they gazed—  
The Son of God so wondrous fair  
Upon a Roman gibbet raised! N-B

## CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.

TO be at the seaside, in the green park, or among the fruit trees in the orchard is the ideal of all child-life. Without a care, for parents take all the care. The only thought, happiness for the present moment. Childhood's innocent, unburdened days.

But these days will soon be over. A few more days of Summer, then Winter comes; a few years, then school



Copyright Photo: J. H. Stone.

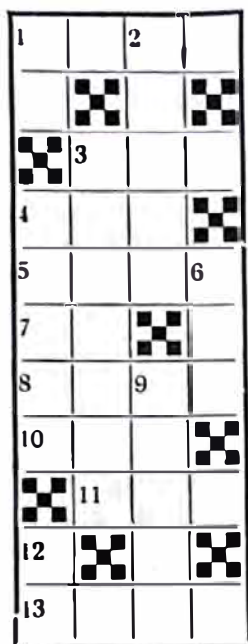
LITTLE CHILDREN AT PLAY IN THE ORCHARD

days, not always the happiest, come. A few more, and business with all its cares and worries. Yet there is ONE who is "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18. 24), Who helps in school, in business and at all times. His Name is JESUS. He is willing to help *you*, and to do it just *now*. Will you take Him as *your* Saviour and Friend, and take Him just *now*? It is the best time.

One of these little girls is just the right age to come to Jesus. Now can you find which one it is? For if you do it will be a guide to you. "Behold *now* is the accepted time, behold *now* is the day of Salvation." (2 Cor. 6. 2.) HYP.

## SEARCHINGS FOR THE SEASON.

**S**EARCHERS IN BRITAIN are all on holiday this month, although in far-off Australasia it should be Winter. In Summer or Winter, let us not forget our "Search."



Children's Cross Words, No. 80, is different in design, but should not prove difficult.

CLUES.—*Across*: 1, Son of Simeon (Gen. 46); 3, A tribe (Num.); 4, Son of Abiel (1 Sam. 14); 5, Brother of Arad (1 Chr. 8); 7, —is our peace (Eph.); 8, A rock (Isa. 10); 10, Had 2 horns (Dan. 8); 11, Mystery hath been (Col.); 13, Daily — (Exod. 5). *Down*: 1, Name in Num. 16; 2, Men that walk are not (Luke 11); 3, One of 14 cities (Josh. 15); 4, Abraham's servant went there (Gen. 24); 6, — the fatherless (Isa. 10); 9, A people great (Deut. 2); 12, Word in Psa. 93. 1.

SOLUTION OF CHILDREN'S CROSS WORDS, No. 79.—*Across*: 1, Pagiell; 5, Two; 7, Arm; 8, Ham; 10, Ago; 11, Modest. *Down*: 2, Go; 3, Lamps; 4, Storm; 6, Ohad; 7, Amos; 9, Age.

Original Acrostic, No. 527. Supplied by one of our former searchers, P. Cross.

My first, *he* ministered unto the Lord,  
Then *one* who was by his own brother slain;  
The third shows *one* who from the dead was raised;  
God gives us *this* through Christ, 'tis very plain;  
The *next*, his rod a serpent did become;  
Likened to fire is *this*, though small its size;  
To Moses God said, Unto *these* turn not;  
To *do this* better is than sacrifice;  
This *city* did repent, you know it well.  
"Longsuffering of the Lord" initials spell.

ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 526.—David, Obil, Igal, Naboth, Gideon, Solomon=DOINGS (Prov. 20. 11).

Simple Searching, No. 215, is suitable for the season.

My first in Waves, but not in Sea;  
My next in Meadow, not in Lea;  
My third in Mountain, not in Vale;  
Fourth not in Hill, but found in Dale;  
My next in Lake, but not in Pond;  
My sixth in Near, but not Beyond;  
Last found in Rest and also Sleep.



Whole, sailors see *these* in the Deep. B.N.E.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 214.—STILL WATERS (Psa. 23. 2).

Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 238, tells of a land with a shore. Look in Mark. No. 237 was "Peace be on them and mercy" (Gal. 6. 16).

**A E E E G N N R S T**

## FIND THE EIGHT REAPERS?



### Find the Eight Reapers.

**Three-in-One Sketches**, No. 48. Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. **Award** (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the eight Reapers are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. **You can use any kind of colouring you like.**

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## WAS MARY MAD OR GLAD?

THE first time I saw Mary and her sister Lily I thought them the happiest pair in the place. Yet it had not always been so, for Mary, the eldest of the two, was supposed to be mad! Shall I tell you the story?

Previous to "the happy day" that fixed her choice on Christ, her Saviour and her Lord, she was wretched enough. Her misery was caused through her eyes being opened to see that she was a guilty sinner on her way to perdition. Through special services held in the neighbourhood, Mary had been led to see that the Lord Jesus Christ died for her sins, and by believing on Him they were all forgiven. Then she understood the meaning of Psalm 32. 1, 2: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity."

When Mary obtained rest to her heart, and peace to her conscience, she could not keep the good news to herself, and told her mother and sister what God had done for her, and yet, strange to say, they were far from being pleased. The fact is, they looked upon those who said that they were "saved" as boasting; still Mary maintained that she was "born again," and knew that her sins were forgiven. As the young convert spoke from a full heart of God's mighty love, Mary's mother and sister began to think that her mind had given way, and after consulting several physicians they obtained certificates granting permission to remove her to a private asylum.

Mary's sister had but little sleep the night preceding the contemplated removal. In the morning she said to her mother: "Mother, I have been wondering whether we or Mary are mad." "That's what I have been thinking," was the mother's reply. "If Mary is right, we are mad, and the Bible seems to be on her side. We will put off her departure for to-day." It is unnecessary to add that Mary was never placed in the "madhouse." On the contrary, her mother and sister were awakened by the Holy Spirit to see that *they* were "mad" in refusing to accept of God's "great salvation," which He had so long been pressing on their acceptance as a free gift; and when a friend of the writer's visited the house some time afterwards he found Mary's mother and sister and a room full of their relations rejoicing in Christ as their Saviour. A.M.

## CAROL'S TEXT BLESSED TO GRANDFATHER

"Of course, granddad, I wouldn't miss it. Would you like to see what I got to-day for memorizing Scripture?"



## CAROL'S TEXT BLESSED TO GRANDFATHER



CAROL was a happy British girl. Whether she were helping her mother in the scullery, or carrying Carlo on her back to the golf course, she always had an earnest look on her cheery face. Her smile did every one good, and wherever she went she was always showing kindness by word and deed. She had caught the spirit of the Master from her Sunday School Teacher, who was the embodiment of all she taught.

The teacher would often have little surprises for the girls who repeated the Scripture portions without a mistake. This particular Sunday proved to be one of these, and Carol was very pleased when she was handed a beautiful text card, neatly designed and coloured.

That very day she had planned to take some flowers to her grandfather in the hospital on the way home from Sunday School. After a warm greeting, he enquired: "Been to Sunday School, Carol?" "Of course, granddad. I wouldn't miss it. Would you like to see what I got to-day for memorizing Scripture?"

"Read it to me, Pet. My eyes are troubling me still, and the glasses don't seem to help." "THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN' (1 John 1. 7). Isn't that a lovely text granddad?" Then she looked on with wonder. He seemed to have been stunned. True, it was a long time since he had been to church, or read his Bible. At best it was a closed Book to him. Now the grey mists were gathering, a new desire was kindled to know the Way of Life?

"Are you *sure* that it is in the Bible. I don't remember it," he said with surprise. Do you think you could find it in my Bible?" "Yes, here it is, just the same," and again the golden words were repeated, this time with great deliberation.

His past life was living before him again. The mention

## Carol's Text and her Grandfather.

of "sin" had stirred his conscience, long asleep. "Darling," he continued, with a tear gathering in his eye, "I cannot see where you are reading, but will you put my finger on each word, and read it once again."

Again the sweet girlish voice rang out, and by now others in the ward were more than interested. There, as the words rolled out from Carol's lips, the sweet old story of a Saviour's love, a Saviour's death, a forgiving God, a glorious Home above became intensely real. Through his sobs and tears he bowed his head, and said, "Oh, Lamb of God, *I come.*" Carol's text had done its work, a new name was enrolled on high, and the bells of Heaven rang as the wanderer returned.

He only lingered a short while afterwards. His life had been changed, and his face reflected a new joy within. His last words were those from Carol's text, his passport to glory, "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Whether you are of the age of Carol or her granddad, these words apply *to you.* G.A.N.



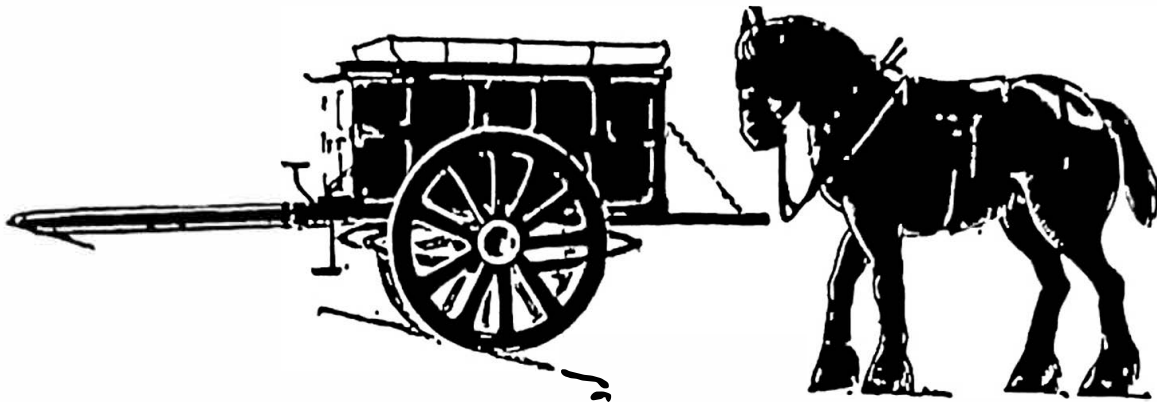
Photo : J. M'Donald

Carol is not here.

THE CHILDREN'S TUG-OF-WAR AT THE TRINITY



## THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.



**D**ID you ever see a hay cart coming out of the field pulling a horse behind it? Of course not, you say, but I have often seen a horse pulling a cart along!

A well-known preacher used the following illustration: Suppose a lady said to her servant one morning: "Jane, I want you to sweep and dust the drawing-room." Later on, the mistress asked the girl whether she had finished the drawing-room, and she replied, "Oh! yes, ma'am, an hour ago." So the lady went to look, and found the room all covered with dust—dust on chairs, tables, sofas—everywhere! And calling the servant, she asked what it meant, adding: "You could not possibly have done what I told you." "Oh, yes, ma'am, I am sure I *dusted* and *swept* the room thoroughly!" "But *that* was not what I told you, I said 'SWEEP and DUST.'" You see, that would make all the difference; it would be much the same as putting the cart before the horse!

What is the lesson I want to teach you? Why, to put first things *first*, not *last*. There must first be life, and then service; first faith, and then good works. But many children have a mistaken notion, and foolishly try to please God without doing the thing He tells them so plainly to do first. "But without faith it is *impossible* to please Him, for He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

You must *first* give Him your heart's love and trust, *first* give *yourself* to the Lord; take Him as your own personal Saviour; not try to earn favour, like the little girl who said she would turn over a new leaf, and try to make herself a very good girl, and *then* God would love her! Why, God loved her already, of course.

God loves *you*, Jesus died for *you*, trust Him first, serve Him next, and Glory will be yours by and by. J.S.

## NELLIE AND HER GRANDFATHER.

A LITTLE girl named Nellie, who was fond of the Sunday School, lived with a grandfather, a nice old gentleman, but who, strange to say, did not believe in a God, and one day he placed a card in her room, just where she would see it, with these words, "GOD IS NO-WHERE."

This dear little girl ran into the room, and with delight exclaimed how beautiful, as she spelt G-O-D, God; I-S,



Photo: J. H. Stone.

NELLIE DRAWING WATER FROM THE PUMP.

Is; N-O-W, Now; H-E-R-E, Here—"God is now here," and she loved God better for having told her this concerning Himself.

Instead of her simple belief in God being shaken, her innocent reading of the words in *her* way was used as a message of conviction to her grandfather, who in due time learned the truth that God is, indeed, present to help those who trust Him.

There's a wonderful story entwined with this if you

## Nellie and her Grandfather.

separate the initial letters from the words—G.I.N.H.

G. "God is love," .. .. . 1 John 4. 16

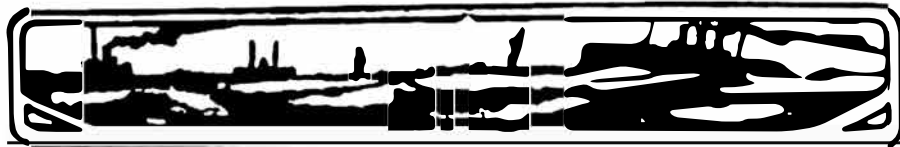
I. "I am with you always," .. .. . Matt. 28. 20

N. "Now is the accepted time," . . . . . 2 Cor. 6. 2

H. "He loved me and gave Himself for me," Gal. 3. 16

Take the first text, "GOD IS LOVE" (1 John 4. 16). Is not it nice to think of someone you love? "God is Love," He loves you, He loves me. The next text gives us God's Name. He says, "I Am;" and again, "I Am the beginning and the end;" and Jesus says, "Lo, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, even unto the end" (Matt. 28. 20). Now we have "God is," "God is love," "God is with me." The next text, "NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Think of this God accepting me for His very own child now. I have just got to believe in Him; so that I can say, sweeping all the texts into one sentence, "God is," "God is with me," "God is with me now." And there is the last word which tells me why He is with me now. Because "HE LOVED ME AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME." So that we, too, can say with the little girl of my story, "God Is Now Here!"

A.C.K.



### FOR WHICH DID HE DIE?

DR. A. T. PIERSON once told the story of a dozen ship-wrecked men, who were labouring in heavy seas in an overloaded boat. One of the seamen, in order to make the boat lighter, deliberately threw himself overboard, and the remainder were saved. For which of the eleven, asked the Doctor, did the seaman give his life? If He did it for *all*, He certainly did it for *each one*.

Now, can you answer the above question? You may say, "he died for the eleven," yes, that is so, but he also died for *each* of the sailors. Oh, how wonderful! How much more wonderful the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim 2. 6). Will you take it and receive Him? Can you say with the Apostle Paul: "The Son of God Who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (2 Gal. 20).

S.L.

## THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE GRAMOPHONE

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS, No. 10. By E. E. ENOCK.

I EXPECT you all know the picture of the little dog sitting beside a gramophone listening intently to "*His Master's Voice*." That picture is intended to show that a voice can be so perfectly reproduced by a gramophone record that this little dog thinks his master must be close by. I wonder if he is expecting him to come out



By Permission of the Gramophone Co.

THE TRADE MARK OF H.M.V. GRAMOPHONE

of the horn? There are a great many things we can learn about a gramophone.

The name itself is composed of two words we have had several times already. *Gramme*, and *phone*. *Gramme*, the dictionary says, is a thing drawn, or written. *Phone* is sound—voice. So we have in gramophone a drawn, or written sound, such as music, or a voice, either singing or speaking. And the definition in the dictionary finishes by saying: "one of these talking machines; loosely, any talking machine."

## The Romantic Story of the Gramophone.



It would sound rather rude, would it not, if I called anyone a talking machine! But that is what we are, each of us, all the same. Is what we say, by our lips, and in our lives worth anything?

A great deal of the pleasure to be had from a gramophone depends on whether the sound box is good. There must be no loose boards or doors which can vibrate with the movement of the machine; no rocking on three legs, if it is the kind which stands on the floor. Firm and square it must rest. That reminds me of a verse of a hymn:

“Standing on the promises that cannot fail,  
When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail;  
By the Living Word of God I shall prevail,  
Standing on the promises of God.”

But the most important thing is the record. If this is not true, good, and perfectly made, no sound box, however excellent, can produce good sounds. The making of a perfect record is not an easy thing. Every day you and I are making a record by our lives and sayings. I wonder how far they meet with the approval of the Lord?

The first record of a musical performance, a speech, or a song, is made on polished wax. Every sound of the instruments, every vibration of the voice, and the words sung are translated into “electrical impulses,” and faithfully recorded on that polished wax surface by the stylus. This makes an intricate pattern of grooves, and they can run to the length of 40 feet if you could straighten them out! When the stylus has completed its journey the wax is covered with graphite and treated in a special way so that hundreds of records can be made from it by a machine; and these are commercial records—those you buy in shops.

There are many **Record Troubles**, mostly the faults of the makers (manufacturers is a better name)—so let us be careful to make good records day by day.

There are records that “click” when playing, and records that go to pieces after playing a few times. Perhaps you will say that was not the fault of the one who performed

The Romantic Story of the Gramophone.



THE SHOP OF "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" GRAMOPHONES IN LONDON.  
Note the Wireless Mast on top of the Building.

## The Romantic Story of the Gramophone.



THE IMMENSE WORKS OF "H.M.V" GRAMOPHONES AT HAYES.

for the wax record—a **master record** as it is called—and that is true. But I am looking on us as making both—which we are doing, I'm sure.

The author also speaks of a record we bought which had the same name as a favourite one we had worn out. He expected this record to be as beautiful as the first, but found that it was from a "master record" of the same music which had been hurriedly and badly played, so, of course, none of the commercial records *could* be good. That certainly was the fault of the makers, not the manufacturers. So you and I, being makers and manufacturers, must be careful to make good and true records.

**There is a story** of a lady asking the shop assistant if the gramophone she was buying would play a certain kind of music of which she was fond. He was obliged to tell her that it could play only that which was put into it! That is like "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Luke 6. 45). If our hearts are filled with the joy of our salvation and our Saviour there will be a song of praise coming forth pretty often, I think.

"The wondrous story of the Lamb,  
Tell with that voice of thine,  
Till others, with the glad new song,  
Go singing all the time."

## The Romantic Story of the Gramophone.

That's the sort of record we should supply to others.

Now may I speak to you of the **Master Record**? You will find it in 1 John 5. 11, 12. "And this is the record that God hath given to us Eternal Life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life." In the 10th verse there is a terrible thing said about those who do not believe this record—they have made God a liar. They belong to those who are spoken of in the 12th verse as having not life. And what will become of them?

Think, if you can, what it will mean to be shut away from the Son of God for ever and ever: never to enter Heaven! Think what it will be to be one of those who stand before the Great White Throne, to be *judged* by Him.

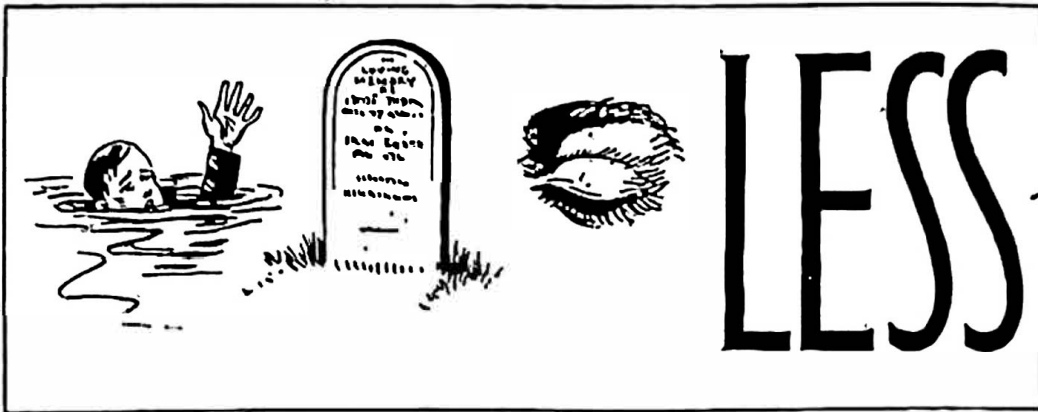


Copyright: Fox Photos

THE NEW GRAMOPHONE, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE FAMILY



## THREE WONDERFUL MIRACLES.



**I**N Matthew 9 we have a group of remarkable miracles performed by the Lord Jesus on different individuals representing different classes; while at the end of the chapter we see a marvellous description of His healing powers in all the cities and villages in Galilee. His love and His power were sufficient for each and for all. There was no case too hard for Him.

1. **The Help-LESS** (Matt. 9. 1-8; Luke 5. 18-26). Look (a) at the *Patient*. One glance at him would show how helpless he was. Perhaps his whole body was shaking. He had no power to rise, no power to move or to work; all he could do was lie on his mat and wait until death put an end to his misery. He needed a power outside of himself entirely, for he could not move a muscle to help himself. What a picture of the awful paralysing power of sin! The unbelieving boy or girl "CANNOT please God" or save themselves by self effort (Rom. 8. 8).

Now look (b) at the *Physician*. See these four friends lowering the poor man through the roof into the crowded room. What a sensation! Think of

**His Competence.** People came to Christ from Galilee, Judea, and Jerusalem, for His fame soon spread. They would be able to go back perfectly cured, proving to all that He could be trusted to heal the worst and most hopeless (cf. Heb. 7. 25).

**His Kindness** charmed the people, for He sacrificed His sleep (Luke 5. 15, 16) to be at their service, and without charging a penny He dispensed blessing to all the needy.

**His Cure.** True it was palsy, but the Saviour went deeper and showed the root trouble to be his sins, and being the Great Forgiver, He comforted with these thrilling words: "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee" (v. 2).

## Miracles on the Helpless, Lifeless, and Sightless.

2. **The Life-LESS** or the story of Jairus' daughter (Matt. 9. 18-26; Luke 8. 41-56). If the first case was hard, certainly this one was harder, for the girl had closed her eyes in death and her spirit had departed.

(a). The first great lesson here is that **little children can die**. Death, the great enemy, knocks at every door, no matter what age he may be. This should make little ones ask if they are ready, and if they know the Saviour, lest they should be taken.

(b). The second lesson is that **we all need life** (Eph. 2. 1). Sin has put us in the place of death, just as truly as this little girl (Heb. 9. 27).

(c). The third lesson is that **Jesus is the great Life-giver** (John 10. 10, 11). As the Good Shepherd He died for the sheep that sin's penalty might be borne for us, and life eternal offered. See *how* He brought her unto the joy of life—**by His word**. "Maid, arise," he said, or perhaps more correctly: "My little lamb, its time to rise!" How tenderly He acted while she rubbed her eyes, and, looking around her, the first One she saw was Jesus. Then she felt the warm grip of His hand. So when we believe His Word, we pass from death to life (John 5. 24).

3. **The Sight-LESS**, or the story of the two blind men. These poor souls followed Jesus about until at last they found themselves in the same house with Him.

(a) **They were in dead earnest** for the plight of their blindness appalled them. Here was One whom they knew could give them the joy of sight, and bring them out of the world of darkness into a world of light (2 Peter. 2. 9). If they had not been conscious of their need they would possibly have gone unblest.

(b). **They confessed their sinnership** and cried to the Lord for mercy (v. 27; cf. Luke 18. 13; Rom. 10. 13).

(c). **They declared their faith publicly**, and replied, "Yea, Lord," Faith was that which put all its dependence in Christ alone. It was a definite act of will, publicly declared by a glad "yes" to Christ. Then followed that touch of the Saviour which revealed His deep and tender love for them, and **contact with Him brought the light**. How beautiful to see the proof of the change in v. 32; when they, rejoicing together, used their new eyes in finding another sin-captive whom they brought to Jesus. G.A.N.

## SEARCHINGS FOR THE AUTUMN.

**THIS MONTH** reminds us of shorter days and falling leaves, telling that Summer days are passing. Make the most of opportunities out of doors and indoors

**Varied Searching**, No. 259, is rather different from former designs, but should prove equally interesting.

— — — —	2 H's, I, L, P, 2 A's,
— — — — —	2 M's, 3 O's, 4 R's, 2 J's,
— — — — — — — —	3 S's, N, U, V, 2 B's,
— — — — — — — — —	Then to complete, please add 6 E's.
— — — — — — — — — —	Now from these letters thirty-two,
— — — — — — — — — —	Five O.T. Books you'll bring to view.
	The letters in each book we state Are 4, 5, 7, and two with eight.

**ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING**, No. 258.—Lawyer (Luke 10. 25); Shepherds (Ezek. 34. 8); Physician (Col. 4. 14); Potter (Jer. 18. 3); Tentmakers (Acts 18. 3); Sailors (Rev. 18. 17).

**Original Acrostic** No. 528 comes from a helper in Canada.



My *first* a good report did bring;  
A *prophetess* next see;  
*This* never faileth, so we read;  
A *word* in John 3. 3;  
Now name *him* whose blood first was shed;  
With *this* was measured side;  
Come, take my last, *it* easy is.  
My whole, *place* where Christ died.  
Set to and you will find it not so hard. J.L.H.

**ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC**, No. 527.—Samuel, Abel, Lazarus, Victory, Aaron, Tongue, Idols, Obey, Nineveh.= SALVATION (2 Pet. 3. 15).

**Simple Searching**, No. 216, supplied by a regular helper in Scotland. Little ones should make an effort to find answer.

In Absalom find letter one;  
In Benjamin, but not in Son;  
Seek third in Zebulun, 'tis there;  
In Jonah next, not in his Fare;  
Fifth is in Naboth, not in killed;  
In David next, a harpist skilled;  
Seventh in Felix, who heard Paul;  
Eighth in Agrippa, not in All;  
Ninth in Elisha, not in Cried;  
Search Napthali, 'twill be a guide;  
In Herod last, and in Defied.  
The whole would seek to still our fear,  
By Jesus spoken—will you hear? A.T.

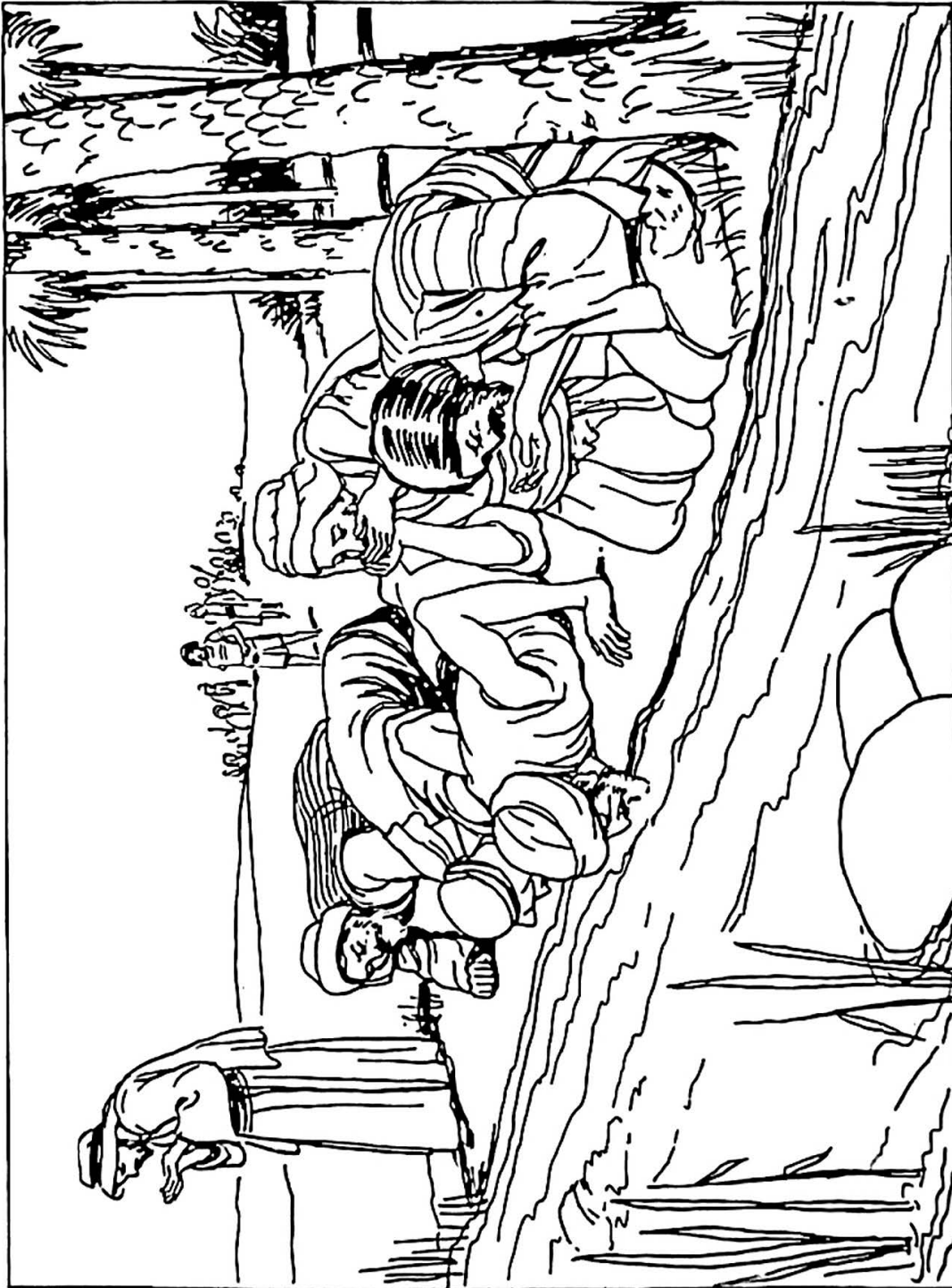


**ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING** No. 215.—WONDERS (Psa. 107. 24).

**Texts for Tiny Tots**, No. 239, tells us what Joab was. Look in 1 Chron. 27. No. 238 was GENNESARET (Mark 6. 53).

**N O R T H F I G S N E A R A M L E G K E Y**

## WHAT ARE THESE MEN DOING ?



### Find the Six Onlookers.

Three-In-One Sketches, No. 49. Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. Award (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the Six Onlookers are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. You can use any kind of colouring you like.

Rules.—All papers must (1) be sent in from Britain by end of month and from abroad at earliest after receipt; (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender; (3) Be addressed to Mr. PICKERING, Editor of *Boys & Girls*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, England. Awards given monthly and at end of year.

## WAITING AND WATCHING.

TO *wait* and *watch* for Him is what we are called to. The two words do not carry quite the same thought, and I cannot better explain the difference than by giving an illustration which suggested itself to me when speaking to a company of Firth of Forth fishermen. The fleet has all gone to the fishing ground, when a furious and long-continued westerly hurricane bursts on them. Rapidly getting in their nets, they have to fly before it. Each day it lasts takes them farther and farther from home, where now great anxiety prevails as to their safety. At length the gale spends itself, and the wind veering to the south-east, the boats make for home.

On their way they manage to get a telegram flung ashore and transmitted: "All safe. Coming home," and the good news spreads like wildfire through the village, bringing joy to many a troubled bosom. Up the Firth of Forth they come at a spanking pace, having a fair wind and a flowing tide. The old skipper of the leading craft has a telescope, and as he comes within sight of the pier-head he uses it. After a good long look he says to his crew, "The hale village is out on the pier *watching* for us, my hearties."

As the smack draws rapidly near, the telescope is again used, and this time the skipper is heard to say, half under his breath, "God bless her! the dear auld soul," while a tear rolls down his weather-beaten cheek. "Who do you see?" says Jim, the mate, who has charge of the tiller. "I see my auld woman stan'in' at the vera pier-end, wi' naethin' but her mutch on her heid, watchin' for her auld man," and another tear or two fell on the deck. "Div ye see my missus tae?" "Na, Jim, I canna see her; maybe she's there, but she's no visible."

By this time the staunch lug-sail boat had neared the harbour, and loving salutations passed between the old couple. No special greeting was awaiting Jim, who, rather dejected, trudges up to the back of the village where lies his home. Peeping in at the window, he sees his wife sitting at the fire, deep in a book. Jim opens the door. She hears the latch, and looking up says, "O Jim, my dear, I'm glad to see you back; I was *waiting* for you." "Very like, but the skipper's wife was *watchin'* for him at the pier-head." God give you and me to be true watchers for the return of His Son. DR. W. T. P. WOOLSTON.

## A PERSONAL QUESTION.

"Now, boys and girls," said he, "except you belonged to this Sunday School, you would not have been admitted to-night, and this is just what our text means."



A PERSONAL QUESTION.  
Copyright Photo—J. H. Stone

## A PERSONAL QUESTION.



“ARE you converted?” I asked a girl friend, as we chatted outside a lovely garden. We were scholars at the same Sunday School, the occasion being our Sunday School treat. Tired of romping with the little ones, we went aside to talk, and as Violet seemed to be leading our conversation into rather a worldly channel, I asked her the question stated above, believing her to be a Christian.

“Oh! no,” said Violet, “I have *no need to be converted*, my father is a local preacher.”

“But, Violet,” said I, “are you sure that you know what conversion means?”

“Yes,” was the reply, “it means to stop belonging to Satan, and become a child of God.”

Just then another girl came with a message from the superintendent that we were to join the others in the large hall for a short address, therefore our conversation ended.

A gentleman stood up and read to us the following words: “*Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven*” (Matt. 18. 3). “Now, boys and girls,” said he, “except you belonged to this Sunday School, you would not have been admitted into the hall to-night, and this is just what our text means: Except you belong to the Lord Jesus, you cannot enter Heaven, because He is the only way to God. He said, ‘I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man (or no one) cometh unto the Father, but by Me.’” (John 14. 6).

How did this affect Violet? I do not know, for I never saw her again, but let me ask you the question: Are you converted? Have you accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour? If not, why not? Is it because, like Violet, you are trusting to the fact that you have Christian parents, or that you attend Sunday School regularly? This cannot save you, but Jesus can. He says, “Come unto Me” (Matt. 11. 28); “Come now” (Isa. 1. 18). Do not delay, for, “Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation.” M.N.S.

## A.R.P.

**E**VERYWHERE we see these letters before our eyes and hear them mentioned daily. We have seen the posters showing the value of this work for the nations and the appeals for volunteers. God has His A.R.P. posters too and His appeals, not to one nation only, but to all peoples.

**A REAL PERIL.** Were it not for the terrible reality of war with all its attendant dangers, this would



*Fox Photo.*

A SHELTER IN THE BACK GARDEN.

never be thought of for one moment. These shelters are not being built because they beautify the gardens! Neither are they built merely to provide work for the unemployed. It is because of *a terrible danger*, which may be realised any moment. But we are all in greater peril than that from bombs. Because of sin in our nature and practice we are in danger of eternal suffering in the lake of fire (Rev. 20. 15), of eternal separation from God, outside of Heaven, without hope for ever, should we die in



## A Reliable Provision—A Reasonable Precaution.

our sins. *Who* are in danger? The answer is ALL. Just as all are being affected by war, so all are affected because of sin, since all have gone astray and "there is none righteous."

**A RELIABLE PROVISION.** If the danger affects all, then safety must be made for all; so the Government are seeking to do this, particularly for those in the more dangerous areas.



Think of the vast civilian army which has been raised to cope with this great work — doctors, nurses, firemen, wardens, etc., besides the supply of gas-masks, shelters, and hospital equipment. The cost runs into many millions of pounds, and all *that we might be saved*. Does it not make us think of God's reliable provision for us? A wonderful salvation in every way, far more extensive and costing the greatest

price possible, the Blood of Christ. Surely, too, we can say of this, it was *that we might be saved*—saved from the terrible consequences of sin in its penalty and power.

**A REASONABLE PRECAUTION.** Every one would admit that it was the most sensible thing to make preparations, to take precautions *before* war broke out and while there was time. Of course there are always some who laugh at such, and when calamity comes they rush for shelter. God has made provision for all in Christ; but we, too, must act in time like Noah and his family *before* the flood came.

When we trust the Saviour, we become **A.R.P.** workers too; for we can help others to get into the safe shelter of God's salvation through faith in His Son. "He that *believeth* on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that *believeth not* the Son shall not see life, but the Wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). *Which is yours?* G.A.N.

## HAPPY CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.



CHILDREN FROM TWO SUNDAY SCHOOLS OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

THIS is the month when Sunday Schools have their outings, or go out on Saturday afternoons, Rambles to beautiful spots in the country. One of the joys of such gatherings is to have a photo of the group. Well, who are these children? The top one is a group of young folks from Gloucester Road Council Housing Estate, and the bottom one of children from Park Gate Sunday School. Some are timid, others are not shy. I wonder amongst them all how many have responded to the Saviour's invitation: "Suffer the little children to come unto ME," so often repeated in Sunday School.

M.M.G.

## RETURNING FROM THE HOLIDAYS.

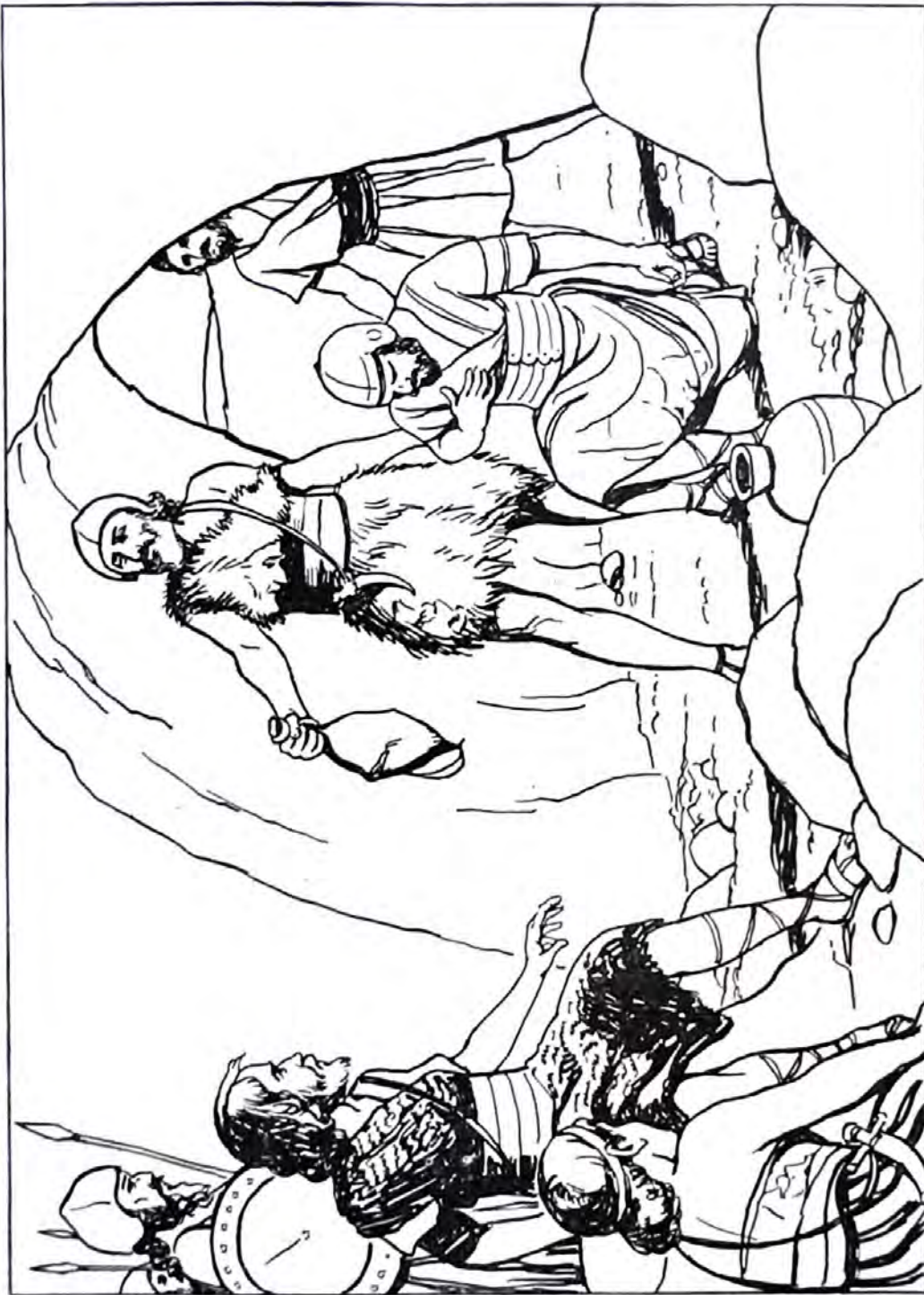


HOMeward BOUND.

**F**EW persons are left at the seaside during the month of October. Most, like the little maid in our picture, have packed up their treasures and returned to "Home, sweet Home," many, after all, glad to be home once more.

Every Summer Holiday, every time we return from a visit, reminds us that "Here we have no continuing city," and speaks to us to seek that "City which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God" (Heb. 11. 10). How sad to go through life, reach the end of the journey, and have no "Home over there." Make sure you are ready, by taking the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour *now*, then you will be welcomed into the "Many Mansions" (John 14. 3), which He has gone to prepare. HyP.

## WHO ARE THESE MEN?



### Find the Six Soldiers.

**Three-in-one Sketches, No. 50.** Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. Award (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the Six Soldiers are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. You can use any kind of colouring you like.

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## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

Children's Cross Words, 81, sent by a helper in W. Australia.

1		2		3		4		5		6
	⊗		⊗		⊗		⊗		⊗	
7										
	⊗		⊗		⊗		⊗		⊗	
8					⊗	9				
	⊗		⊗	⊗	⊗	⊗	⊗		⊗	
10					⊗	11				

**CLUES:** *Across*, 1, Mesha was one (2 Kgs. 3); 7, Knew the laws of God (Ezra 7); 8, Brought as oblation (Num. 31); 9, — your ways (Jer. 7); 10, Son of Jeconiah (1 Chron. 3); 11, King's business required it (1 Sam. 21). *Down*, 1, Where Philip preached (Acts 8); 2,

Made in Jerusalem (2 Chron. 26); 3, Of doors (Prov. 8); 4, Up and down there (Acts 27); 5, Word in 1 Tim. 5. 13 (min. letter); 6, Locusts ate this (Exod. 10).

**SOLUTION OF No. 80.**—*Across*: 1, Ohad; 3, Gad; 4, Ner; 5, Ader; 7, He; 8, Oreb; 10, Ram; 11, Hid; 13, Task. *Down*: 1, On; 2, Aware; 3, Gederah; 4, Nahor; 6, Rob; 9, Emims; 12, It.

**Original Acrostic, No. 529.** Supplied by Joyce Pritchard.

My whole loved my *first*, yea, he loved him well;  
*Next* unto Elijah his good deeds did tell;  
 My *third* had his life lengthened by fifteen years;  
 My *fourth* to her land returned, almost with tears;  
 The name of my *whole* is spelt with letters four—  
 He wrote three Epistles, one Gospel, no more.

**ANSWER TO ACROSTIC, No. 528.**—Caleb, Anna, Love, Verily, Abel, Reed, Yoke—CALVARY (Luke 23. 33).

**Simple Searching, No. 217.** Sent by James Currie, Belfast.

In fun, not in play;	In new, not old, look;
In blue and in grey;	Next plainly in book;
In praise and in pray;	Not in ash, but soot, found.
Fourth in gone "astray;"	<i>Whole</i> , in Luke 2 look round.

**ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 216.**—"Be not afraid."

**Texts for Tiny Tots, No. 240,** tells us what we should not be. Found in Mark 16. No. 239 was "General of the King's Army" (1 Chron. 27. 34).

 
G
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**"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED."**

1 Samuel 7. 12.

"EBENEZER"—hitherto Thou hast helped, and  
 Brought us through.  
 Even when fierce foes assailed, thy strong arm has  
 Never failed!  
 Every step doth show Thy skill, leading us to  
 Zion's Hill.  
 Evermore we'll praise and bless Thee, our Lord, our  
 Righteousness!

## WHAT DOES THE 30 STAND FOR?

Whatever could it mean, those big figures 30 fixed up on a post.

Muriel could not make it out, so must ask mother  
when she went home.



WHAT DO THE BIG FIGURES MEAN ?

## WHAT DOES THE 30 STAND FOR?



**M**URIEL was out in her pedal car called "Smokey." She loved to notice the various things on the road which ran across the common, just outside their pretty cottage. To-day she came across something she had not seen before. Whatever could it mean, those big figures 30 fixed up on a post. She could not make it out, so must ask mother when she went home. Mother

explained that it was a new sign for motorists fixed wherever they were in the vicinity of houses, or a street passing through a village or town, and meant that they must not exceed the speed limit of 30 miles an hour, or they might be fined, as the Policeman was ever on the alert.

Will there be any of these signs on the Way to Heaven? Certainly not, for that road is free for "whosoever will." Only there must be no scorching or trying to cut out; all must behave in an orderly fashion. Thousands have already passed along that road and safely landed. Thousands more are on the road. *Are you one of them?* It is so easy, for Jesus says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." He receives all who come, so just as you are "COME" and He will in no wise cast out. P.K.G.

## THE MAN AND THE MOUNTAIN.

**H**AVE you ever stood at the foot of a lofty mountain, or a very high hill? Next time you do, just pick up a pebble, and compare the two; the little stone is just like *nothing* compared to the mountain.

That tiny stone is something like your life, and the big mountain ETERNITY! Now don't you see how very important it is to be quite safe for Eternity?

Don't you see that there is no time to lose, and you must not put it off? Are you washed in the Blood of Jesus? Do you trust in Him as your own precious Saviour? Is your name written in Heaven in the Lamb's Book of Life?

"To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost,  
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost?  
So near to the Kingdom, oh! come, we implore!  
While Jesus is pleading, come, enter the door!" T.S.

## THE THIRTEEN STOLEN LAMBS.

I KNEW a poor woman who had brought up thirteen pet lambs. She gave each a different name, and they would follow her about and come at her call like children. One night she lost the whole thirteen, and could not get any clue as to their whereabouts. At last her suspicion fell upon a well-to-do neighbouring farmer. She immediately went and communicated her loss to him. He denied all knowledge of the missing sheep, and said his



*Photo—E. W. Tattersall.*

THE LAMBS ALL CLUSTERED TOGETHER IN THE FIELD.

were all marked; but the woman, not being satisfied, got a policeman, and went with him to the farmer.

The woman asked the farmer to gather the sheep together. As soon as they were closed in the barton, she called out the name of each of her sheep, and, to the astonishment and surprise of the farmer and policeman, seven of the missing sheep came out of the flock direct to where the woman stood. The result was, the farmer was tried, and found guilty, and suffered the penalty of the law by a term of imprisonment. What an illustration of John 10. 27! H.O.S.



## NEW SHOES AND A NEW HEART.



IT was a miserable wet, gloomy evening in early summer, and a little girl was wending her way along a poor street in the East End of London. "Oh, dear, how wet my feet are," she said to herself, "my shoes are worn out and I do want another pair so badly. Perhaps they could find me a pair at the Mission".

Her thought was soon translated into action and in a few minutes she was knocking at the door of the Mission House. Her shyness quickly vanished when the Missioner looked at her with such a kind smile and said: "Good evening, Ethel. Can I do something for you?" "Please, miss, do you think you can find me a pair of shoes? mine are worn out and let in the water, and my feet are so wet." "Come in, dear; I will see what I can do for you."

The Missioner soon found a pair of shoes just the right size. Ethel thanked her very warmly, but as she still looked so sad the lady felt she must ask why. "Please, miss, I think it is because I do not love the Lord Jesus." "Suppose we go upstairs and have a little talk about it."

In a quiet room upstairs the way of salvation was explained, and then and there Ethel accepted the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. Next she received a Bible in which her name and the date were inscribed. She walked home feeling so happy wearing her *new shoes*, carrying her *new Bible*, and best of all with a *new heart*. Cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb (1 John 1. 7).

She started attending the Children's Meeting at the Mission regularly every week. One evening there was an Object Service when the children were asked to bring some object to illustrate some text. Ethel thought a good deal about hers, and it was one of the most original that was brought. She took a thin brown card about the size of a post card and drew a line down the middle. On one side she drew a black heart and on the other a white heart. Underneath the black heart she wrote: "*I belonged to Satan,*" and below the white heart: "*I now belong to the Lord Jesus,*" and the text: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow" (Psalm 51. 7).

E. B.

WHICH WOULD YOU SAY, "YES" OR "NO"?

**W**ILFRID, Annie, and Eveline lived with their parents in a country home. Eveline was the youngest and was very fond of riding in her own little car, never exceeding the speed limit. They were blessed like Timothy of old, with relatives whose joy it was to read and explain the old, old story to their little ones. As they grew up they were more than once brought face



*Copyright—Photo Service.*

THIS IS ONE OF THE THREE—EVELINE.

## Which would you say, "Yes" or "No"?

to face with the great question of decision for Christ. It came at last in the following very simple way.

Annie and Eveline had been requested to put *Yes* or *No* to the all-important question. **Will you decide for Christ?** which had been written and handed to them on separate slips of paper. Deep conviction of sin had been wrought in the hearts of Annie and her sister, clearly evidenced by tears, sobs, and sighs, which occasioned no small concern to little Wilfred, who was keenly watching the proceedings, and suddenly interposing, said: "Why don't you put *yes*? I would in a minute, and you are a lot older than I am. Jesus will save you if you trust Him." This unexpected but pathetic appeal helped in accomplishing the result so greatly desired.

After a further examination of the question, with a holy, firm resolve, the slips were signed in the affirmative. The choice was made, Christ accepted, the burden gone. What a change. Praise to God for the gift bestowed, flowed from grateful hearts, and, rising from our knees, the well-known chorus rang out:

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice,  
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God."

To some the question, Will you decide for Christ? may again and again have been pressed home, perhaps by a fond parent, an anxious Sunday School teacher, or others interested in your welfare; but above all, the tender pleading of the Saviour, Who loved and gave Himself for you, is the most weighty, and worthy of your earnest consideration. Doubtless you admire the simplicity and earnestness of little Wilfrid, but will you not at once practically act upon his suggestion and ours by putting "*Yes*?" You must decide now.

A.L.

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**Simple Searching**, No. 218, by a regular helper in Scotland.

The first in let them to Me "Come;"  
Next in "Unhappy," not "Become;"  
In "Bring" and "Hither" unto Me;  
Fourth in drawn "Closely" to His knee;  
The fifth in "Hands" and also "Head;"  
Sixth in kind "Words," but not in "Said;"  
For seventh seek "love" and also "free;"  
Last in "Response"—why not from thee?

"Forbid them not," of *whole*, said He.



A.T.

ANSWER TO SIMPLE SEARCHING, No. 217.—"FEAR NOT" (Luke 2. 10).

## FIND THE OTHER EIGHT ONLOOKERS.



### Find the Other Eight Onlookers.

**Three-in-One Sketches**, No. 51. Devised by the Editor. A *Picture*, a *Painting*, and a *Puzzle*. **Award** (1) for telling what Bible *Picture* this is? (2) *Painting* in colours with paints, crayons, or what you have. (3) Finding the *Puzzle* of where the eight onlookers are in the picture. If painting, make the faces red, at least make so as to be seen. **You can use any kind of colouring you like.**

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## SEARCHINGS FOR DULL DAYS



**V**ARIED Searching, No. 260, should prove fairly easy as all the answers are found in Psalms.

THOU HAST.....ALL THINGS.  
 LIFT UP.....HEADS.  
 IN HIM WILL I.....  
 HIS HAND ALSO.....THE SEA.  
 FLOURISH LIKE.....PALM TREE.  
 THE.....OF THE WHOLE EARTH.

Fill in missing words of these texts to give good advice found in an early Psalm.

ANSWER TO VARIED SEARCHING, No. 259.—Joel, Hosea, Numbers, Proverbs, Jeremiah.

**Original Acrostic**, No. 530. Supplied by a new helper, Mrs. Cox, Somerset.

My first, *he* heard a call at night;  
 This *Hebrew maid* did monarch wed;  
 A holy *man* by ravens fed;  
*He* died because he did not right;  
 In *this man's* house did Joseph live;  
*He* answered David with a sneer;  
 Who did shewbread to exiles give?  
*He* sought his nation's heart to cheer;  
 To Shiloh *his* wife came in woe,  
 But home right joyfully did go.  
*Whole*, precept in Psalm thirty-four,  
 May every nation do it more.



ANSWER TO ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 529.—Jesus Christ, Obadiah, Hezekiah, Naomi—JOHN (John 21. 20).

**Texts for Tiny Tots**, No. 241, tells of one who spoke to Joshua. Look in chapter 5. No. 240 was "Affrighted" (Mark 16. 6).

**A A C D E F H H I L N O O O P R S S T T T**

See page 6 for **Simple Searching**.