



GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.



VOLS. 9 & 10. COMBINED

Gospel Stories for the Young

ANNUAL.



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20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.



PREFACE.



IN sending forth our ninth volume of "GOSPEL STORIES," we desire that the contents may be used of God in blessing to our readers. It is cheering to be able to record God's goodness in using our little monthly; it should surely encourage the hearts of all who seek to serve the Lord by pen to hear that tidings come from various quarters of God's goodness in this way. May each be stirred to greater diligence.

To all who have aided in the production of our little volume we give heartfelt thanks.

Our distributors also have our appreciative interest. Never was there a day when sound gospel literature was more needed. Every week sees an increase in the production of questionable literature. Let us, therefore, not be weary in well done. The harvest home is at hand.

THE EDITOR.

20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE,
LONDON, E.C.

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GOSPEL STORIES

FOR THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

ROBES AND GARMENTS.

1. Point out any difference you can between the coverings made for themselves by Adam and Eve after they had sinned and those provided for them by God.

2. Quote a verse of scripture which tells us something about "a robe of righteousness."

3. Mention any scriptures which tell us how christian women should dress themselves.

4. By what mother was a coat of white linen made every year for her little boy who was growing up at quite a distance from his father's house?

5. On what occasion was the raiment of the Lord seen by a few privileged onlookers to be "white and glistening"?

6. In which of the psalms do we read of "raiment of needlework"?

7. Name two of the Lord's parables, in one of which we read of "the best robe," and in the other of "a wedding garment."

Owing to pressure alike of time and space the NAMES of PRIZE-WINNERS cannot be given till next month, when we shall hope to give the initials of SIX from among the many who have sent really good papers.

ADDRESS as directed on last page of magazine.

NAMES WRITTEN.

THERE are not many boys or girls who do not like to write their names on things they possess as their very own, books especially. I have seen some school books with the owner's name on nearly every

page. But I am going to write about a most wonderful book, kept in the most wonderful place far out of arms' reach, yet a book and place where every reader of *Gospel Stories* desires to have their names, that is, *the book of life in heaven*. The blessed Lord Jesus said to His disciples, "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." (Luke x. 20.) And in Philippians iv. 3 we read of those "whose names are in the book of life." How did they get their names put there? God wrote them. Why? Because they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of their souls. God claims them as His very own, and writes their names in the book of life in heaven.

Now it is of all-importance to have our names in this book, for in Revelation xx. 15 we have, "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

Awful! that, is it not?

But how are we to get our names written there? I can fancy many boys and girls asking. Let me ask you a question now. How did you get your names put in the school register? Did the teacher ask you to write your name there? Of course not! All that you did was to present yourself at the school, and after all was settled the teacher wrote your name in the class book, this giving you a perfect right to go to that school. Now we have to come to God in this way, owning we are sinners, but claiming the Lord Jesus as our Saviour (for He is the Saviour of sinners). God will then write our names in the book of life, giving us all the privileges of the children of God. How simple, is it not, yet blessedly true. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

ARE YOU WISE?

THERE is a saying in the world that a wise man looks out for a rainy day, and surely true wisdom belongs to the man or woman who looks at the present in the light of the future.

Many are living only for the present, and are shutting their eyes to the future. Dear reader, have you looked ahead and faced the solemn question as to where you are going to spend eternity? "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished."

There is an old fable which serves to illustrate this truth. It tells of a grasshopper who hopped and chirped in the grass all through the summer as happy as he could be, never thinking that the summer would all too quickly come to an end.

A big humble-bee saw him, and said, "Look out, my friend, for the winter, or you'll starve."

Then a hard-working ant asked him to give a helping hand to roll home a large piece of bread it had found.

"Not I," said the grasshopper, "you do not catch me working like a slave with this beautiful sunshine all about us."

"But there is winter coming on," said the ant, "and what will you do when the snow is on the ground?"

"Oh, I'll wait until it comes," was his reply. "I never saw a winter, and I do not believe it is as hard as people say."

At last it grew very cold, and the poor grasshopper began to feel the effects of it, and not knowing what to do he went to a beehive and begged them to take him in. They said they were full, and had no room for loafers. Then he went to the ant-hill and tried to get in, but he was told at the door that they had no food to spare for those who did not work, so the poor creature was left to die in the cold.

The moral is not hard to see; you perhaps say, *silly thing*; but what of yourself, dear reader? The bees toil all the summer in view of the winter, and the ants labour to gather food to keep them during the cold weather, and believers with true wisdom have made the Lord Jesus Christ their trust, and

know Him as their deliverer from the wrath to come. Are you one of that company? If not, no folly could be greater than yours, for every moment is hurrying you on to eternity. The next beat of your heart may be the last, then where would you spend it—in heaven or in hell, which? N. E. E.

"GONE."

WHERE now the blue-black wings so swiftly glancing
'Mid summer's gleam o'er England's
'favoured strand,

With cheerful, constant flight, for ever waging
War on the insect foes that mar the land.

'Gainst birds rapacious still their brethren
warning,

And leading on to drive them from their nest;
Their tender young, with loving patience, training

To use their wings aright and upward press.

Few note their gentle song—afar from cities—

Drinking and washing only on the wing;

They seek not *rest* on earth to enjoy *its* pleasures,

But take their *Maker's* gifts and upward spring.

Their work is done—that *Maker's* call they've answered,

They've prompt obeyed—their empty nests remain,

Those nests that ever open were to heaven.

Though 'mid earth's smothered their *blood-specked* eggs were lain.

The swallows, old and young, have all departed;

Departed where? *Who* marks their viewless track?

'Tis *God* that feeds and guides the pilgrim swallow

To brighter lands—'tis *God* that brings them back.

And soon the witnesses of *God's* glad tidings,

Contending He is *Christ* doth *freely* bless,

'Gainst *teachers of the law*, and scoffing worldlings,

Shall hear *His* call, and enter into rest.

The resting *with* Him for a little season,

Thence "coming back" *with* Him upon *His* throne,

God's answer *this* to all the world's vain reason,
The *world* shall know that they with *Christ* are one.

How to make a Beautiful Chain.

ONE evening a little party of us began making a chain, not a daisy chain, nor a gold chain, for we had neither daisies nor gold. It was a text chain, and this is how we made it. One quoted a verse, or part of a verse, and the next person had to quote a verse beginning with the word the former verse ended with, or some other leading word contained therein. Thus:—

The first verse quoted was, "God is love." What a grand verse! a good beginning, for it began with Him who is the beginning, and it ended with one of the most beautiful words in the language, "love."

Repeating this last word, the second person gave as a text, "Love one another." If God is the Sun, we are to be stars, of love.

The word in the preceding text, and commencing the next text, was "one."

"One is your Master." What a good Master is Jesus! He works Himself, is wise, is love, and if all His workers love one another what happy service it will be! "Master" being the last word here, the next link in the chain was,

"Master, carest thou not that we perish?" A storm had come on, and the disciples thus called upon Jesus. "And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." (Mark iv. 39.)

Taking the word "thou" as the link, another "thou" was put to it, "Thou art my God," followed by "God be merciful to me a sinner." To "a sinner" one beautifully linked "a Saviour," in the text which describes Jesus as "a man of sorrows."

"Sorrow" being the last word now, another text was linked to it which took us beyond all sorrow:—

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away." As the night insects that fly when the sun shines.

That this may be our happy experience we must obey the next link, "Flee from the wrath to come." If we would see sorrow flee away, we must flee from the wrath to come. Where are we to flee to? "Come" was the last word, and it suggested the blessed "Come" of Jesus:—

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) This was such a lovely link in our chain that we stopped at it; for it brought us to Jesus Himself, who is God's dear Son come down from heaven to work out salvation for us.

BIBLE ENIGMAS.

THE moment has returned for the happy task of awarding prizes for the past half-year. P. R. will feel obliged if the following named will send him on a post card, within a week, a good reason, if able, for not having forwarded replies for one or two of the months. He also wishes to remind all competitors that extra marks are given for scripture references to their replies.

The names are:—Emily Bush, Annie Cameron, Anita Cervello, E. M. Dyer, Carmen Gomez, G. H. Davies, Helen Pickering, Fred Rich, F. J. Wilson.

Will Frank Smith please name the town in which he lives.

1. A weapon strange which many slew,
Proved to the victor blessing true.
2. A man who feared the Lord yet lived,
At court where he was often grieved.
3. The mother of a Jewish king,
Whom to captivity they bring.
4. They put the ark upon this stone,
A city whence a head was throne.
5. The place where Martha asked the Lord;
And many listened to His word.

Initials give the name of one,
Who once was treated as a stone;
The *finals* name his living tomb,
Was it a prison or a home?

J a W	Judges.
O badia H	1 Kings.
N ahuet A 1	} Samuel.
A be L 2	
H ous E	Luke.

"MY WORD SHALL NOT RETURN UNTO ME VOID."

THIS precious promise was brought to mind when calling on a poor christian woman some months ago, living in the county of Bucks.

After the first few words she said, "Oh, I must tell you my joy, it has so cheered me up! What good may not a little word do?"

I wondered what she could mean. She went on to tell me about a poor ragged, shoeless man who had come to her house *begging*, about seven or eight years ago. As she was giving him a piece of bread, his eye fell on a text of scripture hung on the wall, which I had given her. "*As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*"

This brought from him a volley of abuse on Christians, or Methodists, as he styled them, saying, "Ah, I see *you* are one of them," to which she replied, "Thank God I am, and I hope, my friend, when you come again, God will have changed your wicked heart, for remember His word says, 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that *believeth* not shall be *damned*.'"

This only made him more angry, as he

went off muttering something against the person whom the Lord had chosen as one of His instruments in the salvation of his precious soul, although he knew it not.

Years passed on, and the circumstance was well-nigh forgotten by the family, when three days before my visit to her, a respectably dressed man appeared at the door. He entered smiling, saying, "Do you not remember me, and my abusing you about the 'Methodists'? but now, praise the Lord, He has used them in blessing to my soul! Where's your text on the wall (it having been removed, from its soiled and torn condition), 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord'? And do you not remember that solemn passage you said to me in parting, 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned'? (Mark xvi. 16.) Oh, how that word *rang* in my ears afterwards."

For some little time they sat weeping for joy, when he proceeded to tell her how the Lord had met with him.

In some part of the country, one Sunday afternoon, he had been present at an open-air preaching, which recalled to him the words of the poor woman. He went home, but could not sleep that night, and for a fortnight continued pleading with God for mercy—*unbelief*, as he expressed it, *hindering* him from getting peace, though all the time his mind was full of the words of the text. At last peace and joy entered his soul, the result of believing in the Lord, who, as he said, "had given Himself for me."



"DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?"



PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK.

A MIMIC BATTLE.

RATHER an unequal contest, perhaps my reader will say, three against one, in the snow battle about to take place. Two girls and a dog on one side and a single boy on the other.

Fortunately they are what we may call friendly foes, who are eager to try their skill in driving off the enemy. It is not, however, always the case that numbers win the day, and I doubt not here but that the boy will come off the victor.

But the girls have one thing in their favour, they know that mischief is brewing, and they are on the watch to resist or oppose it.

Sometimes we may have an enemy at work against us and not know it, then how easy it is for us to be tripped up. Do you know of one enemy who is ever active, always working behind the scenes to bring about evil?

It is Satan who has been man's enemy ever since he tempted Eve in the garden of Eden, but what good news to know that there has been One on this earth who has been able to destroy the power of Satan and deliver all those who had been subject to his bondage.

MY DREAM.

ONE Sunday morning I had a dream, and saw a crowd of people gazing up at a very high building. I looked to see what was attracting their attention, and was horrified to behold a boy hanging on to a narrow coping. Four things struck me.

The *person*: a boy, only a boy, yet everybody seemed interested.

His *position*: it was one of great danger, yet it is like the position of every boy and girl who is not saved by the Lord Jesus Christ.

His *peril*: he might drop at any moment, and then nothing could save him; if he was to be saved, it must be soon or never.

His *powerlessness*: dangling there he had no strength to regain the position from which he had slipped.

As I trembled at the boy's danger, and thought of many boys and girls who were in

a greater danger through sin, I heard a shout away to my left, and turning in that direction, saw a long fire-escape coming. Would it get to the lad in time? Did he want it to delay? Not he. There was not a moment to lose. Every minute seemed an hour. How strange that when a greater salvation from a greater danger is within reach, boys and girls put it from them.

Not so the boy of my dream. I saw the long ladders fixed. I saw a man go up and get the lad. I saw him brought safely down. Then I heard the crowd clap their hands for joy, and as I awoke I was singing,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

REACHED. Jesus reaches us in our position of peril. He reaches you.

RESCUED. The boy did not rescue himself, he was rescued by another, in whom he trusted.

REJOICING. He rejoiced, his rescuer rejoiced, all who saw it rejoiced, reminding of what Jesus said, "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." (Luke xv. 10.)

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

TWO NATIONS.

MAY I tell the children of England about Rhoda?" I said to a friend, quite thirty years of whose life have been spent in India. "May you!" he replied, "Yes, tell them, for both English and Indian children love to read or listen to stories, and as Rhoda's story is ALL TRUE, they will, I hope, be interested, and, besides, it will be good for the children of TWO NATIONS to know a little more about each other."

It is nearly a year since the question you have just read was asked and its answer given, so perhaps you will wonder why, after having received permission to tell a deeply interesting story of girlhood and womanhood in India, I have waited so long before even beginning to introduce you to a few of our Indian friends.

I have been learning all I could about India and its dark-skinned people. Quite a number of books, some of them written by those who have left their English or American homes and friends that they might help to carry the gospel to the natives of India, have been placed at my disposal. From these and other sources so much information has been gathered that the task before me seems much greater than I at first thought it, so with a deepen-

ing sense of my own weakness, I can but turn in heart and spirit to the Lord, asking His blessing on what I am about to write, and so use it for His own glory that many who will read about Rhoda may grow up to love and pray for her people and country.

We have all heard of our Indian empire, have we not? "Yes," Harold says, "It is in his geography book;" but suppose we ask him to tell us a little about it; he owns he really cannot remember very much. Perhaps Harold is not the only one of our young friends whose lessons are quickly forgotten; so before beginning our Indian story, a talk about our INDIAN FELLOW-SUBJECTS may help us to understand it better.

OUR INDIAN FELLOW-SUBJECTS; I wonder if any of our party would like even to venture a guess as to their number? Edith and Grace shake their heads and own their ignorance, while Elsie, thinking of the large map of India hanging on the wall of her schoolroom, reminds us that it is a very large country, so perhaps the number of people may be four or even five millions.

Sadly below the mark, Elsie; so much so, that I had better tell you at once that though the difficulty of taking what is called a census, or correct estimate of the population of India is far greater than in England, partly because among what are known as the "hill-tribes" many of the people live in scattered mountain villages and these can only be reached by roads so rough and steep that even a bullock-cart cannot travel them, and partly because the Hindus, who form a large part of the population are very shy of foreigners, and do not like being obliged to answer questions about themselves or their families, the number has been roughly put down at THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILLIONS. We can only feel it means a great many, our minds cannot take in the number, it is too vast for us.

All these millions of men, women and children own King Edward VII. as their rightful sovereign, and are in many ways governed by the same laws as ourselves. They do not speak our language, and so many different languages are spoken in various parts of our great Indian empire that to tell you even their names would be no easy task. It is no uncommon thing for natives of one part of India to be unable to understand a word spoken by those who come from another part.

"Are all these people Christians?" did you say, Nellie? No, for though it is rather more than a hundred and fifty years ago since the first christian missionaries, who were Germans or Danes, and not Englishmen, landed on Indian soil, and though since that time the gospel has been more or less preached, and there are at the present time a number of Indian Christians, still the number of those who worship idols may be counted by millions. When we think of the many false religions of India, we are reminded of words used nearly nineteen hundred years ago by the Apostle Paul when writing to the Corinthians, "there be gods many, and lords many." (1 Cor. viii. 5.)

The Hindus have a religion of their own, and

this is followed by about one hundred and eighty-seven millions of the people of India, or, to put it into other words, quite eight times as many people as there are in England. The false gods of the Hindus far out-number the people; they are said to be not less than "three hundred and thirty millions." Just suppose a little boy, six or seven years' old, were to make up his mind to worship a fresh god every day; why, even if he lived to be a very old man, he would have been able to bring his daily offering of rice, or fruit, or, as he would call it, "do pujah" to only a few out of the great number of the idols of his country.

The Hindus themselves say that there are not quite so many gods, but that, as sometimes they came to the earth in different forms, they call the same god by many names. They will tell you also that they do not LOVE their gods, who were all wicked and often cruel. They FEAR them, and only worship them because they are afraid of their anger, which they think has power to hurt, or even to kill them, or those who are dear to them.

Perhaps you might like to know just the names of two or three of Hindu gods and goddesses. The three chief gods are—Brahma (the Creator). The priests who are called Brahmins have borrowed their name from this god. Then there are Vishnu (the Preserver), and Siva (the Destroyer). Among the goddesses are Kali, or Durjah, as the same goddess is often called, and Juggennath.

Kali is said to be the wife of Siva, and is worshipped in many parts of India, but nowhere with so much ceremony as at Calcutta, where a large temple, from which the city is named, called Kali Ghat, has been built in her honour. A great yearly feast, or pujah, is held every year, attended by thousands of pilgrims, who come from all parts of India. These poor people believe that trouble and sickness are sent to them by Kali, so pray to her and make her presents in the hope that she will not let it come their way. Rich Hindus often spend large sums of money in making offerings to this goddess, which, in the end, all go to the priests, who, you will hardly need to be told, do all they can to persuade the poor, deluded people who stand in great awe of them to give largely.

Inside the temple is an image of Kali, painted black; her tongue, covered with blood, is hanging out of her mouth. She wears a necklace of skulls and in one of her four hands she holds the head of a giant she is supposed to have killed. Altogether the image of Kali is such a frightful object that we are not at all surprised at hearing that children often cry and scream with terror when they are taken for the first time into her temple.

For the present, however, we must say "Good-bye" to the Hindus, though I quite hope to be able to tell you more about these very interesting people later on. Rhoda was not a Hindu, but a Mohammedan girl, and as her father and uncle were Mohammedans before their conversion, which took place when Rhoda was a school-girl, her mother remaining one till some years later, I must try to tell you a few things about this strange people and their religion, which is partly a true

and partly a false one. But as there is so much to tell I think our talk about Mohammedans will have to stand over for our next chapter.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

"They came from the hand of a stranger,
They came from the heart of a friend—
The box of autumn flowers,
As the year drew near its end."

A GAIN and again during the last month the lines I have just written have seemed to be saying themselves over to me, as box after box containing chrysanthemums often of rare beauty has arrived and been unpacked, and as their sweet and delicate perfume has filled the room, a sweeter sense of the loving-kindness of the One who has put such tender thoughts of our sick and lonely ones into hearts that through grace have in some little measure responded to His love has filled my heart, while to some of "the household of faith" the message of the lovely though short-lived flowers has been, "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. vi. 30.)

It seemed hardly right to withhold the names, or at least the initials of those who have so kindly sent flowers, but "Please make your 'C.C.' and 'Y.G.C.' as short as possible for January" is a request that has come by this morning's post from our kind publisher, and I must do my best to comply with his wishes, for the holidays are close upon us, and he wishes to go to press as quickly as possible; so must ask all the known and unknown friends whose gifts of cut flowers have given so much real pleasure not only to the aged and the sick, but to quite a number of blind people, who have lately been added to the list of those who are always so glad to get a few sweet-smelling blossoms, and who listen with such childlike attention when the names and colours of the flowers are told them, to accept very real thanks and a reminder of the Master's "Inasmuch."

Very welcome and touching have been the gifts sent by the children of Bonnington Sunday School so kindly forwarded by their teacher. How I wish they could be with us to see all the bright, happy faces of the dear girls and boys who are, if the Lord will, to have tea together early in the New Year; and who, after a merry game of play, are each to receive some small present. C.J.L. quite thinks that town and country children are very much alike; they all enjoy play-time, and the small boxes and bags of marbles will prove most acceptable presents to our younger boys.

I wonder how many of the children I am just now writing to can say that they have each received a gift from God; or to put what I mean into very easy words, that they have accepted salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, offered "without money, and without price"? Faith is the hand that takes the gift. "What is faith?" a

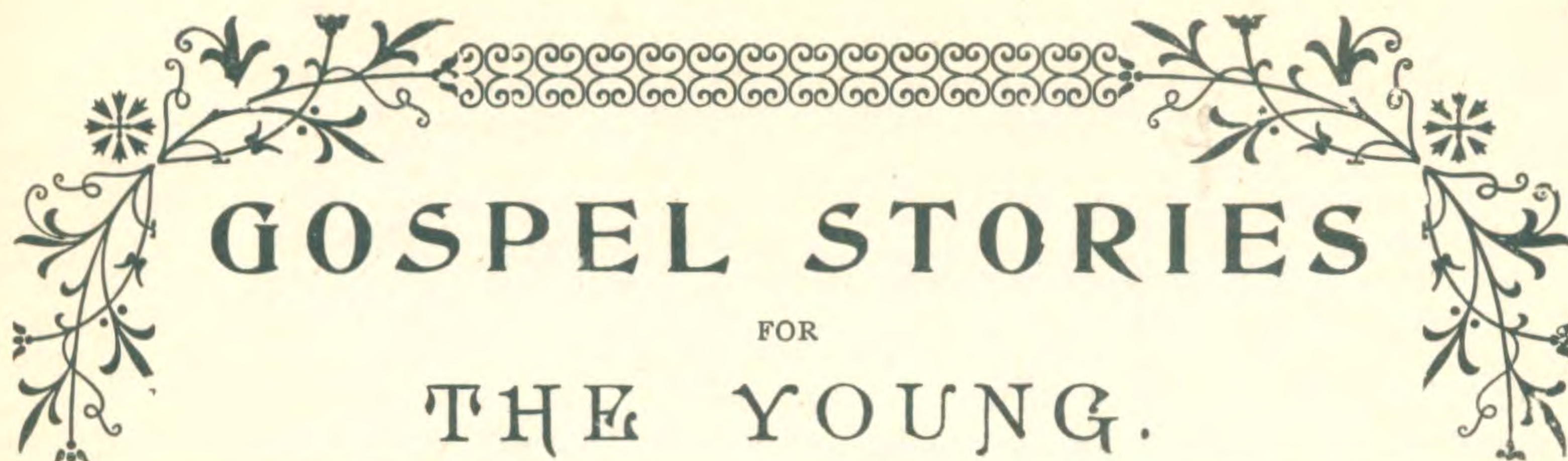
ragged-school teacher asked the boys of his class. For a moment no one spoke, then "lame Joe," as his mates called him, said what he thought about it. "It's just going right on when you can't see nothing" was his reply. And Joe's answer has brought such a lovely Bible verse to my mind that I am going to copy it for you; "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." (John xx. 29.) We have not seen the Lord Jesus with our eyes, have we, dear little friends? But we have heard the sweet gospel story, and if our hearts have really trusted in the Lord as our very own Saviour, we are among the blessed, happy people of whom He spoke.

A most useful parcel of small garments has been received from Birmingham. No letter was enclosed, so the sender could not be thanked by post, but it will be a cheer to the friend who so kindly knitted cuffs for a few of our blind friends to know that as the weather here was damp and cold when the parcel came, they were not reserved for the New Year, but given that very day to as many of the aged blind as there were a pair for (some of the receivers being quite seventy years of age). "Ye serve the Lord Christ." (Col. iii. 24.)

Sydney P., whose gift of toys has already been acknowledged by post, is a boy helper who lives in Wales, but thought of our children, many of whose parents cannot afford to spend money in toys, so I expect he got leave to hunt in the nursery cupboard, which, if we may judge from his gleanings, must have been a rich one. If we love Christ, we shall love day by day to ask Him, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and He will often show us some happy bit of service, lying so near at hand that we need not go one step out of the way to look for it. Sometimes His whispered word will be, not DO this or that, but "LEARN OF ME; for I am meek and lowly in heart." (Matt. xi. 29.)

FOUR very pretty pin-cushions (flowers, hand-painted on scallop shells) have been received from C. W. It is indeed pleasant to notice that this year the boys are really outdoing the girls in the amount of loving trouble they are taking to make others happy, but perhaps it is too early to say more on this subject for holidays are close at hand, and so many of our long-tried helpers are busy working their hardest for the examination that so often comes just before breaking-up, that we quite look for them to prove themselves no less willing and able to help than they have been for the last three or four years. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon every HELPER and GLEANER, and then in the sunshine of His love 1904 will prove a happy New Year to each and all.

Gleaners' Papers and Letters for C. J. L. should be posted before the 25th of each month, and may be addressed to her either at Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., or 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex. Flowers for the sick and aged and all parcels MUST be sent to her direct to latter address.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

WE greet you all, dear children !
Again another year
Has dawned, and with its opening days,
May hearts afresh resound the praise
Of Jesus, ever dear.

Through this New Year, dear children,
May you more truly prize
The story of the Saviour's love
Who came to save you from above,
And thus be really wise.

For, sad to say, dear children,
Too many try to turn
A new leaf o'er, and think to win
A way to heaven in all their sin ;
Oh, may *you* not so learn !

This would we wish, dear children,
That you may truly know
'Tis only Jesu's precious blood,
That from His side so freely flowed,
Can make you white as snow.

A happy year, dear children,
Will this to each one be,
Who seeks to know the Saviour more,
Yes, even better than before,
Now for eternity.

L. O. L.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

THE number of Gleaners' papers received during the last THREE months has far outnumbered those sent in during the three months preceding, and this in itself is encouraging, as it gives pleasing proof that gleaning in Bible fields is such happy and helpful work that every month now brings letters from girls, and boys as well, who wish to join our band.

So much of the work done has been

2-1904

really good, that the task of awarding prizes has proved one of more than common difficulty, so much so, that it has been thought well to make some change of rule with regard to them, and as we are still on the threshold of a new year the present may be a good time for doing so.

Questions during 1904 will (if the Lord will), as far as possible, be given in sets, each set taking up a different subject and covering a period of about THREE MONTHS. The names of PRIZE-WINNERS (SIX each time) will, we hope, be given in March, June, September and December numbers of *Gospel Stories* for present year. Papers received during November and December of last year will be taken into account in giving the March award ; in this way we hope to get a clear start and go on with a stronger faith that the blessing of the Lord may so rest upon the Bible study of our YOUNG GLEANERS' BAND, that many precious ears may be laid up, and fruit for Christ found in eternity. C. J. L. is afraid the new arrangement will cause a little disappointment, but it seems the only way of keeping in good working order.

BIBLE QUESTIONS. (CITIES.)

1. A mountain on the north-east border of Palestine, forming the highest peak of the Anti-Lebanon range. Its height is so great that its top is crowned with snow during nearly the whole of the year. It is mentioned in one of the psalms, and the dews that fall upon it are used to point out the blessedness of brethren dwelling together in love.

The second stopping-place of the children of Israel after crossing the Red Sea. While encamped there they found shade, water and refreshment.

A valley, the name of which means "weeping," but we are told by the psalmist that going through it to the courts of the Lord can change the place of tears into one of blessing.

A place where Rachel is said to weep for her children, who had been slain by king Herod.

A city of Egypt, whose people worshipped the sun, and whose priest became father-in-law to Joseph.

A city, the name of which means "Beautiful," but at whose gate the Lord met a funeral procession.

2. Arrange the initials of the above words in order, and they will give the name of a city which is perhaps the oldest in the world. Name the persons of whom we read in the book of Genesis as having lived there.

3. With whose death is this city connected? Give a list of persons buried in a cave in or near the city.

KEEP your papers till the Questions for February, March and April have been answered, fasten the sheets together at the left-hand corner, put them into envelope or wrapper, post not later than March 25th.

ADDRESS to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.

This plan will, it is hoped, give a better opportunity to some of our young friends who say they cannot get their books till late in the month, and whose letters sometimes come after prizes have been awarded.

THE VALUE OF A COMMA.

THE most important comma in the whole of scripture, and the one upon which so much depended for us, is the one at which the blessed Lord Jesus Himself stopped when reading publicly in the synagogue at Nazareth. (Luke iv. 19-27.) In verse 19 it is a full stop, but when we turn to Isaiah (Esaias) lxi. 2 we find it is only a comma. Now you know what an unusual thing it is to stop there, we mostly read on until we come to a full stop. So we must conclude there must be something of very great importance for the Lord Jesus to stop so, for He not only stopped reading but He closed the book. Now I think the

next clause of that verse explains it all; let us read it: "and the day of vengeance of our God." How gracious of the Lord Jesus not to read this part, for if that day had come to pass, none of you would be reading this in *Gospel Stories*, I am sure, for God's judgment would have fallen upon this world and ended all as far as we are concerned. Now, thank God, it is all grace, and a comma as it were keeps back God's righteous judgment; but I do not think God would allow a full stop to hinder His blessings reaching any one who desires them and will put their trust in Him. For more than 1900 years that comma has kept back that dread day; but it will not always do so, soon, how soon we know not, it will come with all its awful consequences. Scripture still says "to-day," "now," salvation may be had never "to-morrow." For as far as we know it may be only of a comma's duration that is keeping the Lord Jesus from coming again. That time is described as a "moment," the shortest period of time, and "the twinkling of an eye," the dead in Christ will be raised, and the living changed.

Then the next time the book is closed it will be at the full stop after the day of vengeance of God is past. Thank God it is still the day of grace, when salvation is offered to all, offered to you. Take it, dear reader, and thank God for it. J. L.

A LITTLE HERO.

BE strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed." (Josh. i. 9.) A little girl once attended a Bible-class in a Sunday-school. She was a most interesting child, and always repeated her lessons accurately. Her pleasant face was often lit up with intelligence as she listened to the lessons, and sometimes tears would roll down her cheeks as some touching anecdote was told. Her mother also attended the Bible-class, and became deeply impressed, and we hope was truly converted to God. She was accustomed to pray with her dear child, and the child also prayed, humbly, reverently and sweetly. Some neighbours also used to meet in her house for prayer. There lived

at a little distance a family notorious for wickedness, and especially for swearing. The father was a drunkard, and the children very godless and rude. One day this little girl was sent to this wicked house with a message. She went in, and as she was standing on the floor of the cottage, one of the sons said to her:

"You'll have been praying to-day, now haven't you?"

The child looked shy and owned that they had.

He mocked at them as a set of praying fanatics, as he stood between her and the door. He said: "You'll swear now before I let you out." The child said she would not swear, for she had been taught at the Sunday-school that it was wrong to swear. He said again and again, "Swear," but the child said,

"No, I'll not swear, do what you like."

Influenced by a bad and thoughtless heart, he put up his hand and took down a rifle from the end of a bed near where he stood. He made all ready as if he were to shoot, and cried to the little girl: "You must swear or die." She believed her last hour was come, and shrunk into a corner; but when he cried "Swear," she stood out with heroic confidence and turned to him with a firm face, and said, "Fire then, for I'll rather die than swear." Noble girl, she would rather suffer death than take God's name in vain.

(*Extracted.*)

A WATCH'S MESSAGE.

VARIOUS are the means used by one and another to spread the glad tidings and words of warning to the unsaved.

A friend of mine whose watch had gone wrong left it at a country watchmaker's to be put right. On opening the case on his way home, he found neatly gummed inside the following message:

"Come, sinner, timely warning catch
From this small instrument, a *watch*.
That life is brittle as the *glass*,
That all thy *springs* are very frail;
Apt to vary; prone to fail.
That all thy *movements* soon may stand,
'Till touched by the Great Maker's hand."

He had already through God's mercy to

him realised the truth of it, and had turned to the Saviour for refuge and found in Him the true Spring of life and blessing; and now come what may, nothing can touch or alter in any way the joys that are found in Christ. Dear children, take heed to the warnings you hear, remembering that our lives are indeed as "brittle as the glass." Very little seems to end this poor, frail life; but God knows all this, "He remembers we are but dust," and has provided such a loving, tender, sympathising Saviour for us to put our trust in, the Lord Jesus Christ, who died that we might live eternally with Him. It is His precious blood that cleanseth from all sin.

J. L.

LAMPS IN PITCHERS.

LAMPS in pitchers sounds very strange, for pitcher is only another name for jug, and who ever heard of putting lamps in jugs!

Well, as far as I know or remember, there is only one instance on record of lamps being put in pitchers, and that is the occasion shewn in our picture. It was at a time of warfare, and the object was to have the lamps ready lighted in the pitchers but hidden from the enemy, then at a given signal to break all the pitchers and let the three hundred lamps flash out their light to the astonishment and dismay of the Midianites.

We read all about it in Judges vii and Gideon was the leader of the Lord's people in that day.

The Midianites and other children of the East, as they were called, lay along the valley like grasshoppers for multitude, but Gideon had only three hundred men left of the company that set out with him; but it pleased the Lord to give the victory with a small number, that every one might see that it was not Gideon's power or the people's power, but God alone who gave the victory over the host of Midian.

The battle shout was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and the Lord wanted to shew His love and care for His own people if only they would serve Him and be true to Him.



LAMPS IN PITCHERS.

THE HIDDEN BOOK.

ALL through the past nineteen centuries which is called the christian era, there has been one book above any other that has been open to all kinds of attacks and persecutions.

You will notice in our picture that a youth

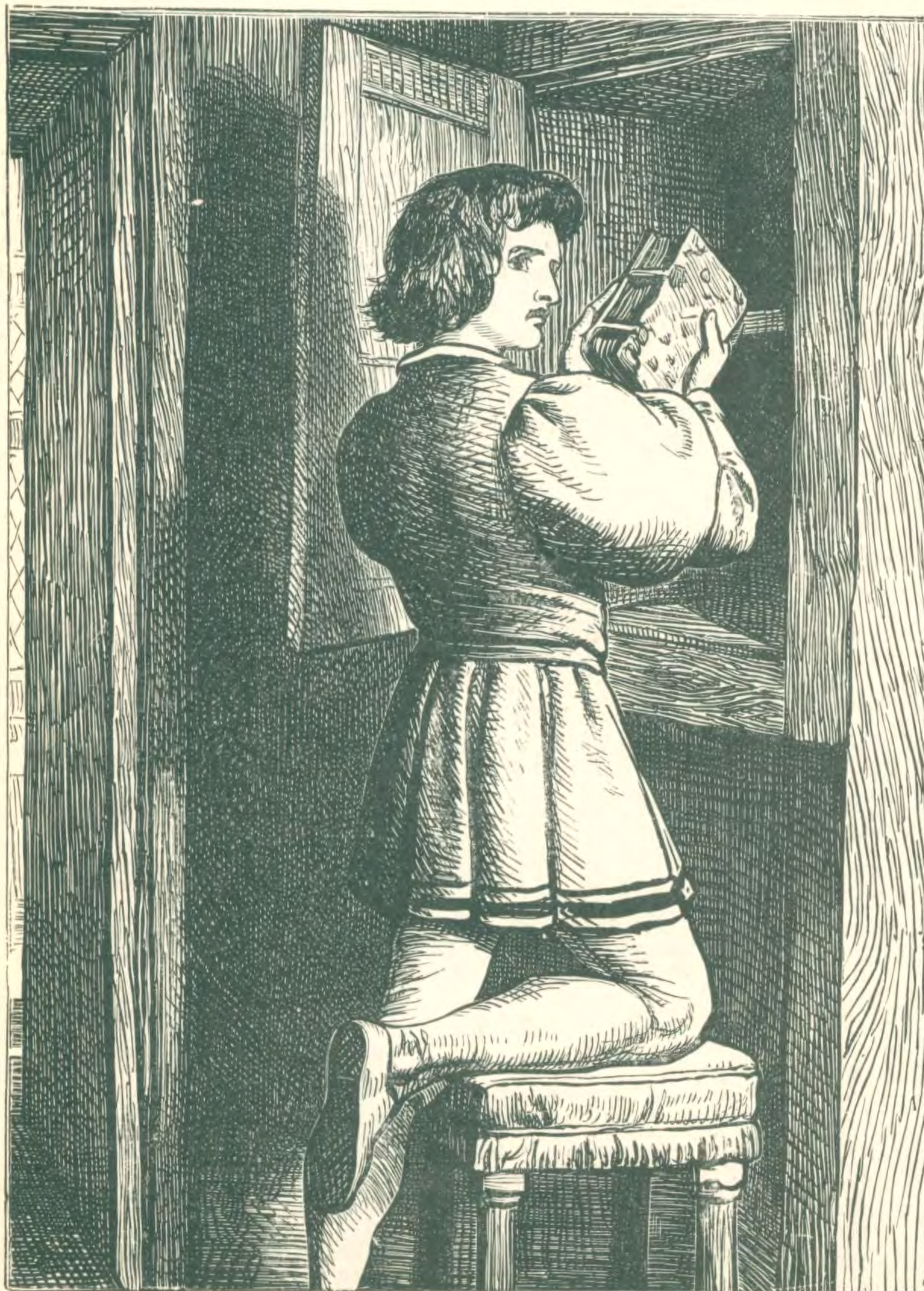
is hastily putting a certain volume into the dark recess of a cupboard, and while he does so he looks round as if in alarm to see if his action is observed by any one. That book is the one to which I have referred, it is a Bible, and although it is the book that brings us the tidings of greatest joy and blessing, yet it has been more hated than any other book.

By the dress of this young man we can tell that he lived some hundreds of years ago. He is in fact one of a band of christian people who lived in the valleys of the Alps and known by the name of Waldenses.

Their history is a very sad one, as in past ages they have been persecuted very much because they loved the Bible, believed what it taught and sought to carry out its dictates. We cannot wonder at them hiding their Bibles in unlikely places when there was a danger of being robbed of them.

Well, now, who was the chief one in all this hatred against the Bible? I think we may say that Satan was the cause of it all. And is Satan improved in the present day that we have more liberty to read what we like?

Oh no! Satan



HIDING THE BOOK.

is unchanged and never will be changed, but he alters his plans according to the age in which we live. In the present day he is as active as ever, but his plan is different.

Now we may have Bibles and read them, but he seeks to instil into our hearts a distrust of the Bible, and would teach us that parts only of the Bible are true scriptures.

Oh, dear readers, let us be careful that nothing should rob us of our confidence in the Bible, for if we do not believe it to be God's book and specially given to us to teach us His mind, then the book itself will be of very little value. Let us remember that all scripture is given by inspiration of God. Inspiration means "breathed in" or given to His servants who wrote them.

"GOD KNOWS BEST."

SOME months ago a friend of mine was visiting a child who was very ill.

Her mother was saying how hard it was that she should suffer so much, when the little girl interrupted her, saying, "God knows best, mother." Do you pity her, children? You need not, for I am sure that in the midst of her pain and weariness she was calm and happy, knowing that

"A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear."

Some of you who love the Lord may have had long and painful illnesses, and perhaps you have been tempted to think that He does not care for you; but have you ever thought that by bearing that illness patiently you may bring glory to the name of that Saviour who loves you and who will never forget you?

Remember the words of that little girl, "God knows best."

"The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee . . . saith the Lord."

A. E.

DO I LOVE JESUS?

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I want you to make this a personal question, and thoughtfully answer it. I am very emphatic and I tell you why. I was

taking a gospel meeting at L—— H—— some time ago, and there was one very attentive listener there every evening, whose name was Lottie; she used to walk home with me every evening after the meeting, so one night as I was wishing her goodbye, I said, "Lottie, do you love Jesus?" she said that she did. I said, "Have you ever thanked Him for loving you?" she replied, "No." I told her to thank Jesus for loving her before she went to sleep that night, and she promised so to do. As she knelt in prayer that night she felt that she had not told the truth and wept tears of repentance. Next night she came to me with a bright face, beaming with joy, and said, "Oh, Mr. H., I told you a story last night. I said I loved Jesus and I really did not, but I do now, and I have thanked Him for His love." Before the meetings closed she brought a sister to Jesus and they are both happy in His love; so my dear young friends, do you love Jesus? If so, have you ever thanked Him for loving you? "We love him because he first loved us."

I am Jesu's little lamb,
Washed in Jesu's blood I am;
Now I'm sheltered from all harm,
Hallelujah.

F. E. H.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

TAKE the first letters of the names of each of the following Bible persons and find the name of a father of a great king.

A king of Judah.
A prophet who was mocked by children.
A king of Israel.
A prophet who made Saul king.
A judge who was killed by a fall.

All answers to the above enigma should be sent in by the 25th of the month to P. R., at the address given on the cover.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER II.

HINDU AND MOHAMMEDAN GIRLS.

IPROMISED to tell you something about the strange people among whom Rhoda's early years were spent. They are called MOHAMMEDANS. There are about forty-seven millions

of Mohammedans in India, nearly half of whom live in the province of Bengal ; they are also to be found in great numbers in China, Persia, Turkey, Palestine, and—well I will not write any more names of the places in which they live just now, as my list would include all the countries of Asia.

You know already that their religion is partly a true and partly a false one. Partly true, because they do not worship idols like their Hindu neighbours. They believe that there is only ONE God by whom all things were created ; so far they are right, but you must not suppose that they are Christians ; they do not believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and no one who refuses to own Him as such can possibly know or trust Him as a Saviour. They think He was a good Man, and a great Prophet, but say that their own prophet Mohammed, who was born in Arabia five hundred and seventy years after Christ, came to do a much greater work. Their Bible is a very curious book, and is called the "Koran." Like their religion it is partly false and partly true. The true parts are the stories of Adam, Joseph, Moses, and a few others taken from the Old Testament ; to these are added many strange, wild fables, also a great deal about the sayings and doings of Mohammed and his friends.

Our Bibles tell us that the Lord Jesus Christ is *the only* Mediator between God and man, but Mohammedans think that angels have great power to pray for and also to take care of them. They are afraid of bad or evil spirits. They believe that there will be a day when the dead will be raised, and judged as to whether their lives have been good or wicked. But as all true knowledge about unseen and eternal things is to be found in the scriptures, we shall not be surprised to find that the teachings of the Koran about the resurrection and the day of judgment are often as foolish as they are untrue.

Hindus and Mohammedans are not very friendly with each other ; they do not like to send their children to the same school, and will not take their meals together, and neither of them will eat with Christians, a Hindu for fear of losing, or breaking caste, and a Mohammedan because Christians eat pork and many other things which he calls unclean.

Every strict Mohammedan is expected to repeat a set of Arabic prayers five times every twenty-four hours, and there is one thing about these poor, dark followers of a false prophet from which I think many Christians might learn a lesson : a Mohammedan is never ashamed to let any one know that he prays. It makes no difference to him whether he is within the sound of the bell, which is always rung at what are called the prayer hours, or not ; wherever he is, on board a steamboat, or travelling in a railway train, he spreads his prayer-carpet, which he carries with him in much the same way that an English gentleman takes his carriage-rug, turning his face toward Mecca, repeats his prayers, though perhaps he may not understand a word of Arabic. Many of these so-called prayers are not addressed to God

but to Mohammed. If we were to ask the man who offers them why he does not pray to God, he would tell us that he has been asking Mohammed to pray to God for him.

It is very difficult to reach Mohammedans with the gospel, and though here and there there are a few whose hearts have been won by the love of Christ (among these are the father and uncle of Rhoda), it requires firm faith in God, who "is rich in mercy," and much loving patience on the part of those who long to see many of these mistaken but interesting people brought out of the darkness into the light of a Saviour's love.

Shall we leave the sunny land of India for a moment, while I tell you a sweet little story of Christian workers and their work in Hebron, that old-world city where Abraham once lived ? Nearly all the people by whom the place is now inhabited at the present time are Mohammedans, who hate and despise Christians. Some years ago a christian man and his wife went to live among these people ; they were not rich, they were not learned, perhaps they might have found a more pleasant home or easier work, but their own hearts were aglow with the love of Christ, and they longed to tell others of their own precious Saviour. So they worked quietly on, and are I believe working still, though the husband is a cripple, and his much-loved wife quite blind. Do they regret the years spent in Hebron, or think their lives have been well-nigh wasted ? Oh no ! For the Lord has given them the joy of seeing souls brought to Himself. Sometimes a Mohammedan woman, closely veiled, will come to ask, "What must I do to be saved ?" and will sit for hours drinking in the words of her blind teacher. A few have had the faith and courage to confess Christ, aye, and to suffer for Him too.

At Beyrout, in Syria, there is a school in which about forty Mohammedan girls are being taught "the sweet story of old," and here again their teacher has been gladdened by knowing that quite a number of her scholars are on the Lord's side. She does not hide from them that if they are Christians they will be hated, and perhaps cruelly treated by their Mohammedan relations and friends. Some may even be called to lay down their lives for HIS SAKE. But even if such should be the case, His love can sustain and comfort them, and His power can make and keep them "faithful unto death."

Girls in India, whether Hindu or Mohammedan, do not have a good time. In the first place, Indian fathers and mothers do not wish for girl babies, so there is no welcome for the poor little thing when she arrives. There would have been great rejoicing at the birth of a boy, but the little girl is soon made to understand and to feel that nobody wants her ; if she gets any petting at all it will be from her mother, who knows only too well what a dark, sad life lies before her little daughter, and will sometimes, but not always, try to make the first five or six years of her life happy ones. Then her dull, shut-up life begins. If she is of high caste she will never be allowed to go out ; if she is

poor, and of low caste, she will have to do hard, heavy work, such as carrying burdens, fetching water from the river, and many other things. The Hindus are divided into classes, or as they are called castes, and those who belong to one caste must not eat with or be at all friendly with those of another.

Mohammedans do not keep the laws of caste in the same way that the Hindus do, but their girls and women are quite as much shut-up, and are often very badly treated.

I cannot close this chapter, however, without telling you that though many Mohammedan and Hindu gentlemen still keep their wives and daughters closely shut-up, others are quite willing that they should be visited by christian ladies, who not only teach them to read, but tell them in their own language of the Saviour, of whom many of them have never before heard, and there is good reason to hope that even in these dark places some have turned away from all beside, and turned to the One who said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

ALMOST every day has, for some weeks past, been an occasion for fresh thanksgiving. Very lovingly have our HELPERS remembered the children, while gifts of useful knitted articles, self-threading needles, &c., show that the aged and the sightless have not been forgotten. As some promised parcels are still to come it is too early to give the names of PRIZE-WINNERS under the different headings given in the November issue of *Gospel Stories*.

So many small and a few larger parcels have been sent without name or address that we can only feel that they were sent as love-gifts, love to Christ finding a way to express itself in service. Some gifts have already been acknowledged by post, while with others came a request that no clue as to the sender might be given. We shall try, however, to give tiny touches by which the sender of most, if not all of the parcels will know that his or her gifts has been received and valued.

Very simple and touching have been some of the letters enclosed. One from "a widow who has proved His care" came as an encouragement to trust more fully for one's own path. It came with a parcel of toys, not quite new, but mended with so much loving care that the little girls who are, we hope, to have the pretty dolls, before this is in print, will be gladdened. Yes, beloved sister in Christ, the more simply we trust His love, the more really shall we prove His care. (1 Pet. v. 7.)

A parcel of toys, text-cards, scrap-books, &c., came from three little friends, who will know their parcel came safely to hand by the message of thanks C. J. L. would like to send for the Christmas roses and choice ferns, so lovingly sent in the

hope that they might brighten some lonely sick-room.

It is pleasant to find that some of our young friends who have outgrown their playthings, in almost but not quite the same way in which they outgrew the frocks and coats of two or three years ago, have been allowed to overhaul the nursery cupboard, and great indeed will be the delight of our children over the dolls, Noah's arks, and other toys in this way brought to light. One such parcel came only yesterday from Ealing, while an unknown friend living at the same place is thanked for a parcel containing a muff, several ties, and quite a number of useful knitted articles. Several of our widows will be gainers by her thoughtful love.

That our blind friends have not been unthought of there has been pleasing proof in the gift of "a friend," who kindly sent six packets of self-threading needles; also a small sum of money, which is being spent in what is called guide-money, for we must remember that the blind are very dependent upon the care of others, and in many cases the only opportunity they have of getting out at all is by employing a guide who expects to be paid for time and trouble.

We cannot read the gospels without noticing what a large place the blind had in the compassion of the Lord when He passed through the towns and villages of Judea; and though He is no longer here He surely would not have "His own" unmindful of those who so greatly need our sympathy and help.

A lovely doll, with pink dress and hat, has been sent by an unknown friend, who, as C. J. L. could not write to thank her, there being no name or address given, is asked to accept thanks through *Gospel Stories*.

Several scrap-albums have been received, and we can ask in faith that the texts of scripture and hymns found in nearly every one may be used in real blessing to the children who get them. Some very pretty ones have been sent from near Newtown, North Wales, and one from a friend at Carlisle. The box sent from Clifton has proved a very welcome addition to the stock of things to give away.

Rose P., Brierley Hill. Glad to get your letter, which came quite safely with your scrap-book. It is always pleasant to hear from young friends. I wonder if you have ever thought that it must have given joy to the heart of the Lord Jesus when you trusted Him as your own precious Saviour? May His grace keep you true to Himself. The lines you send have some very sweet thoughts in them but are not quite good enough to print. Try again.

LETTERS to be answered in "C. C." should be posted not later than the 25th of each month. ADDRESS as directed in YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

FLOWERS for the sick and aged, and all parcels must be sent direct to the same address, and not to the Office of *Gospel Stories*.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

IN looking over Gleaners' Papers one cannot fail to notice how clearly the truth, that the garments, which were only "aprons" of fig-leaves, made for themselves by Adam and Eve after they had sinned, *were not a covering*, while the coats of skins with which God clothed them told of the *death* of the animals which furnished them, and so pointed to the work of Christ, has been stated by most, if not quite all, of our Gleaners. Do not rest content, dear ones, with knowing that the Bible is true, if you do not know for yourselves the Saviour of whom we read in the types and shadows of the Old Testament, as well as in the clearer unfoldings of the New.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

Prizes will (Lord willing) shortly be sent to—

MARY B., "Ecclesbourne," Farnham, Surrey.
DONALD W., "Fairleigh Villa," Seaview Terrace, Lipson, Plymouth.

HANNAH V. B., 11, Union Street, Newton Abbot, Devon.

LIZZIE S., 53, Thrid Street, Wandley Colliery, Durham.

MARIA P., 27, Pasco de Colon, Barcelona, Spain.

ANGELA M., same address.

BIBLE CITIES. II.

A city often mentioned as the most northern boundary of Palestine. It was built upon the ruins of a much older city, and was one of the places where soon after the reign of Solomon open idolatry was set up.

A city noted for its learning, but where Paul found an "altar to the unknown God."

A place where the people of Israel found the "water so bitter that they could not drink of it."

A prophet whose birth was so lowly that he tells his own story in the following words: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman, and a gatherer of sycomore fruit; and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel."

A pool in the water of which a man who was born blind, after being anointed with clay by the Lord, was sent to wash! Its name means "sent," and in this way must remind us of Christ, the sent One of God.

A place where the Lord wrought His first miracle. The district in which it lay was not looked upon with favour by the Jews.

The birthplace of Abraham, which he left in obedience to the call of God.

A mountain range from one of whose heights Moses received the ten commandments written upon two tables of stone.

1. Arrange the initials of the above words in order and they will give the name of a city so old that it was known in the time of Abraham, but on the road leading to it one who up to that moment had hated the very name of Christ was converted, and afterwards we know him as "the apostle of the Gentiles."

2. Find and mark in your own Bible at least one passage in both Old and New Testaments in which the city is named. Say on your paper what verses you have marked.

3. How many times, and on what occasions did the apostle of the Gentiles relate the story of his conversion?

Send your papers exactly as directed on last page of magazine. Name and address of Gleaner MUST accompany each set of papers. Some very good papers have lost all chance of a prize because this simple rule was not attended to.

NIGH UNTO GOD.

A LITTLE boy once said, "We have soiled our characters by sin." Adam and Eve when they were put in the beautiful garden of Eden were told they might have the fruit of every tree in the garden but one, which God commanded should not be eaten; this was to test their obedience to God. But, sad to say, they were tempted by the Serpent. Eve listened to the voice of the tempter and disobeyed God, then it was that God drove them from the garden and man became at a distance from Him. God, however, promised a deliverer (Gen. iii. 15) and in due time Christ came, and now, dear young friends, you may draw nigh and come to God through Christ. A little girl was lying in St. George's Hospital very weak and ill, she said to her mother, "I am not afraid to die, Jesus is very near to me."

You see when we are near Jesus and we love Him how different we feel, how glad we are because Jesus makes us happy. When we keep away from Him, when we are at a distance from Him, we feel very unhappy. We want Jesus, dear young friends, in life and death.

T. H.

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

ONE night Solomon had a dream. There is nothing in many dreams, but the dream Solomon had was sent by God. You know Solomon succeeded his father David, and no doubt he was thinking how he would be able to rule and govern the kingdom. So he asked the Lord not for riches, fame, honour and worldly ambition, but he asked for WISDOM. Now this was very pleasing in the sight of the Lord, and the Lord granted his choice. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding." (Prov. ix. 10.)

When a class of boys was asked what they would like to have, many missed the right thing, but one answer: "If I got God on my side, and fear His name, I shall be able to battle with the world and get on, come what may."

What will be your choice, dear young friends, to-day? Choose Christ and you will have joy, peace and happiness; if you have everything else the world can give you it will mean the loss of all things, you will lose an imperishable crown, you will lose Christ. What shall it profit, if we gain the whole world and lose our soul?

A dear girl, when on a bed of sickness which ended in death, was visited by some of her young friends who belonged to the same class in the Sunday-school, they pitied her. "But," she said, "You need not pity me, or feel sorry for me, for underneath are the everlasting arms." God was near her in the hour of death. Choose to-day and make no delay, for we cannot tell what a day may bring forth.

T. H.

"I WANT TO COME HOME."

THESE were the words of a little girl who was in the fever hospital, when her father went to visit her. As he was saying "Good-bye!" she began to cry and say, "I want to come home," so her father said, "But look, here are *biscuits*, *cherries*, *strawberries* and *chocolate*, and nurse is very kind, and these good things will last you till I come again." She said, "I do not want these, I want *you*." "But what will you do with all these nice things?" "I will give them to nurse." Now, my dear young friends, as I had to cycle six miles home, I will tell you the lesson I learnt: that we were away from our Father-God. Sin was the fever we were suffering from. Jesus is the great Physician, and if we would only come to Him He would cure us "and cleanse us from all sin" in His precious blood. It is nice to remember that *He* has given us "every good and perfect gift," but it is "far better" to look upon Him and see Him "face to face," and sometimes we realise His love so much that we say, "I want to come home," and you know that

home is heaven; those blessed words, "At home with the Lord;" it will be all joy, all peace, when we see Jesus "as he is." My dear friends, are you ready for that time? Can you say—

I hear Thy voice, Lord Jesus,
I plume my wings for flight;
I leave this scene of sadness,
For that of endless light.
It is Thy voice that's call'd me,
I've long'd to come to Thee;
I rise from earth's short moment
To immortality.

If not, then—

While you have the witness,
Heed the voice within;
While He gently calleth,
Turn, forsake your sin.
Only come repenting,
Tell Him all Thy woe;
He will then receive you,
You the joy shall know.

RESCUED IN A COAL MINE.

MANY of our young folk like to read about the coal mines, and to hear how that which is an every-day necessity is obtained.

Have you ever, as you have sat before the blazing fire, thought out the history of those blocks of coal? You enjoy the warmth, and as you look at the flames leaping up fancy you can see all sorts of pictures; but picture for a moment that piece of coal in its journeyings. It was only the other day you heard father ordering some fresh coal; and you watched soon after the cart coming to the door. Then the man wheeled sack after sack until the cellar was quite full. But then you know very well the coal man did not make it; why it came miles and miles on the railway, and perhaps in the boat. But then in the first place it had to be cut deep down in the earth, perhaps hundreds of feet below the green fields. Yes, perhaps Mary says, I live close to a mine and often see the brave men going down with tiny lanterns. But how little we think of the dangers those stout-hearted men brave. I have lately heard of two men who went down a mine in Scotland to do some measuring. In one of the passages there was poisonous gas and the first one was quickly overcome. His comrade was a Christian and quickly risked his life to save him, but it seemed useless, he

returned nearly suffocated. He was in great distress, knowing that a few more moments would be death to his comrade. Then he knelt down and prayed, "Oh! Lord, what am I to do?" Getting up he again tried and at last succeeded bit by bit in dragging him to a place of safety. How kind and brave this was. But, dear reader, think of *that love* which led Jesus not to *risk* His life, but to *give* His life a ransom for many. Many are the brave deeds on record of miners, but there is no story like the story of the cross. G. H.

FAST ASLEEP.

POOOR tired mother, how often have we seen her late at night, with her busy needle going stitch, stitch, mending or making garments for the boys and girls who are fast asleep in their little beds upstairs and who, some would say, are far away in dreamland.

Yes, 'tis true, dear mother often works long and hard after the little ones are in bed or else they would not be fit to go to school the next day.

Boys and girls always expect to find things ready for them, and it is quite a common thing to hear Tom call out in the morning, "Mother, have you sewn on my buttons?" or perhaps Mary would enquire, "Mother, have you mended my skirt or sewn on the band."

But the mother in our picture is quite worn out and has dropped asleep over her work, overcome by fatigue with the long hours she is kept at it from morning till evening.

Now, boys and girls, you may not have thought of this, you go to bed early yourself perhaps, and have not seen or do not know that your mother stays up hours after you are asleep and often to mend your clothes.

Do not be like bad boys who say, "I do not care" when they tear or spoil their things, "Mother will mend it," or "Father will buy a new one." No, be as careful as you can both at school and at play, and then your mother need not be the one to fall asleep over her work. It has been said that,

No one knows a mother's worth,
Till that mother's dead and gone.



FAST ASLEEP.

THIS is one of those very strange men in India who pretend to be so holy.

He has held up his arm over his head till he has now no power to bring it down.

You will read all about this people on page 22.

A FAQUIR.



thing was drawn out and attended to, to the delight of all concerned.

NOW FOR THE LESSON.

All this reminds us that as sinners in God's sight our souls are black, lost and helpless. Yes, black with sin. Lost, because "all we like sheep have gone astray." Helpless, because we are "without strength" to help us heavenward. Then comes the pointed question,

ARE YOU RESCUED?

The loving and gracious Saviour came to seek and to save the lost ones, and mark, He never misses a single one.

He came in love and grace just to where we were. "The wages of sin is *death*," and He went into death; died the Just for the unjust that He might bring us to God. In death He received the lost sinner's wages. He is still saving the lost and helpless. He seeks, He saves, He satisfies for time and eternity. You can see, dear one, if that poor horse had not been rescued it would soon have perished. It was only a question of time. May each reader be in the real good of this soul-lesson to the delight of all heaven, for the worthy name's sake of Him who died that we might live.

"From the palace of His glory,
From the home of joy and love,
Came the Lord Himself to seek us;
He would have us there above."

J. N.

Black, Lost and Helpless, but Rescued.

LET us tell you a short, true story of a jet black horse and what may be learned from it, for this world and the next. We know a person who, when a school-boy, spent his summer holidays at a farmhouse quite in the country, near Kendal. During one of those seasons a black horse belonging to the farmer was missing from the field it usually grazed in. This youth was sent to find the lost animal. After searching some time he heard a whinny, or neigh, close by him, and to his great surprise he saw the poor creature in a deep pool of water, with only its head just in sight and its feet fast in the peat bog at the bottom. The finder hastened to fetch men to the rescue. They were soon on the spot. One courageous man entered the water and placed sacks and ropes round the horse, while others dug the ground to a slope down to the water's edge. Then the helpless, starving and hungry



THE RESCUED HORSE.

List of Prize-winners for Half-year ending December 31st, 1903.

Boys under 14 :—

First prize, John Wigginton, Stamford.

Second prize, { Howell Long, Isle of Wight.
Leonard Meek, Coventry.

Fourth prize, Percy Wallice, Plymouth.

Girls under 14 :—

Kathleen Long, Isle of Wight.

Boys under 10 :—

Frank Rich, St. Helens.

Highly commended :—

Fred. Rich, Joseph Wilson.

A small book or text card will be sent to competitors whose names are not on the list.

“LIKE AS A FATHER.”

SPLASH, splash, went the poor tired horses through the wet streets, and people hurried home, for it was a decidedly uncomfortable evening.

“Now for Oldborough!” (as we will call it) “Any more for Oldborough!” called the conductor, as the omnibus once more started for the neighbouring town some two miles distant.

“How is your little man to-day?” said a passenger as she entered with a friendly nod, “here is another little toy for him.” With grateful thanks the carefully wrapped little parcel was safely deposited in one of father’s great overcoat pockets, and the omnibus rattled and rumbled on its way.

By-and-by, as the journey was nearly ended, and most had alighted to seek their respective places, the small package was brought out, and with big though tender hands was eagerly examined. How the father’s face lit up with smiles to think of his little boy, for the time shut in from running and playing as usual, and the pleasure and joy which the little gift would be sure to bring.

So it is, children, as our earthly fathers, whom we love so dearly, are glad to give us joy, and pity our little pains and sorrows, that the Lord looks down and knows all about us, and having passed through childhood, youth and manhood, enters into all our feelings, temptations and everything, “for He has felt the same.” He is a Friend to

whom we can go at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, and will never be weary of us because He loves us. Shall we not love Him in return? M. M. P.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT IS A FAQUIR?

ARE you disappointed, dear ones? Do you feel as if you had been almost badly treated? You were promised the ALL-TRUE story of an Indian girl, and now after patiently reading through the first two chapters you are saying that I have not even told you where Rhoda lives, or why I have chosen her from among the millions of her country-women as the one whose story is so full of interest that I am sure a great many of you would like to make her acquaintance.

Perhaps my introduction has been a trifle too lengthy, but there was so much to tell that I felt Rhoda would seem less like a stranger to you if you knew a little, even though it might be only a very little, about her people and their customs.

I am not quite sure of the name of the place in which Rhoda was born, but as her father was a Mohammedan faquir till some years after the birth of his little daughter, and her mother followed as closely as a Moslem woman is allowed to do all the teachings of their false prophet Mohammed, nothing very remarkable happened during the first few years of her life.

Perhaps you are wondering what I mean by saying that Rhoda’s father was a faquir, so I think just for a few minutes we will leave his little girl growing up in her Mohammedan village home, while we learn a few things about faquirs, and their strange ways of living.

There are a great number of faquirs in India. Not very long ago I read in a book that their number is supposed to be about THREE MILLIONS. Some of these faquirs are Hindus, others Mohammedans. If they are Hindus, they nearly always belong to the highest caste and are much looked up to by the people. Faquirs do not live in houses, or work at trades, but wander about from one part of India to another; some wear hardly any clothes at all, some have just a few dirty rags tied round their otherwise naked bodies, while others are easily known as faquirs by their dress of yellow cotton, which, as it is never washed or mended, soon becomes ragged and dirty.

The more a faquir can torture and punish his body the more holy he is thought to be by the people, whether Hindus or Mohammedans, and the more willingly do they bring him presents of rice and other food. So you see a faquir is really a kind of religious beggar. Do not think for a moment that because I have used the word religious I mean *christian*. The teaching of the word of God is very plain on this subject. It says, in the first of two letters written by the Apostle

Paul to the Thessalonians, chapter iv., verse 11., "and that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you."

Some of the ways in which Hindu faquirs give themselves needless pain in the hope of pleasing the false gods they worship are very curious. Some drive iron hooks through their flesh, allowing themselves to be lifted by these hooks from the ground. Others clench their hands so tightly that the nails grow into the palm. Some will sit night after night up to the waist in water in some sacred pond or tank, and when the sun rises drag out their cold stiffened bodies, and after crawling for some distance along the ground spend the day in repeating the name of their favourite idol, while they sit beneath the burning heat of an Indian sun, surrounded by several large fires.

Both Mohammedan and Hindu faquirs are very fond of going on pilgrimage, but they do not travel together, or visit the same places. Hindus visit the river Ganges, in the hope that by bathing in its waters their sins will be washed away. Many are not content with this, but take long and wearisome journeys to their holy or sacred places. Mohammedans do not torture themselves in the same way as the Hindus, though the life of a Mohammedan faquir is as idle and useless to others as that of an Hindu. He will most likely take a very long journey to Mecca, which is said to have been the birthplace of Mohammed; after having visited Mecca, he will, if he wishes to be thought very holy, travel to Medina, where the tomb of Mohammed is visited every year by thousands of pilgrims.

Sometimes a faquir will take his wife and children from place to place with him, and even little children are often brought up to this aimless, wandering kind of life.

I do not know if Haji Shah (Rhoda's father) took his wife and child with him when he went on pilgrimage, but as the time when he first heard the gospel was the beginning of important changes not only for himself, but also for his wife and daughter, I should like to tell you the story of his conversion.

We have all read in our geography books of the Himalayas, a range of high mountains whose tops are always covered with snow, but perhaps it may not be so generally known that a range of low hills, called the Swalikes, form a sort of fringe to them. Many mountain torrents are found amongst these hills, and on the banks of one of these, more than thirty years ago, Gulab Shah, a Mohammedan faquir, built a small hut at a distance of about two-and-a-half miles from the nearest village. He was a Mohammedan, and though at first I believe his desire was to live alone and spend his time in repeating prayers and study, his fame as a very holy man soon spread to the villages round, and quite a number of men came not only from the neighbouring village, but often from long distances to ask his prayers and listen to his teaching. Among those who sought him were two brothers, Musa Shah and Haji Shah, the uncle and father of Rhoda.

The faquir's hut by the mountain torrent must indeed have been a dark spot, for at the time of which I am writing the light of the gospel had not found an entrance there. But "God, who is rich in mercy," had thoughts of grace and purposes of blessing for some at least in that little company. Gulab was visited by a christian missionary; after many conversations his pride seemed to give way, and he said that he believed that the Lord Jesus was the Son of God, and after some further teaching declared himself a Christian, as did also a number of his friends and followers, and to the great joy of the missionary they were baptised. I am sorry to have to tell you that Gulab Shah did not go on well. He did not like being called to follow a *rejected* Lord. Many of his old friends were angry with him when they heard that he was a Christian, they would not even speak to him, or if they did so it was only to say hard and unkind things, while some who had been in the habit of bringing him presents gave up doing so, and he found himself poor and despised. The trial of faith was too great for him. After a time he went back to his old life and ways. His former disciples and friends began to return to him, and from that time his teachings were a strange mixture of Bible truths and Moslem fables. At heart he was no longer a Mohammedan, though he professed to be, and his denial of Christ had given sad proof that he was not a Christian. God knows, and He only, whether there had ever been a real work in his soul or not.

Musa and Haji were, we may be sure, deeply grieved and tried by the inconsistent conduct of one whom they had looked up to, but they were firm in saying that if Gulab went back to Mohammedanism, he must, as far as they were concerned, do so alone, they would not deny Christ, and though they had much to suffer, much to learn, the grace of God kept them true to their purpose. They left Gulab and wandered about, for quite a long time, visiting many parts of India.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

WAITING-TIME has seemed long, has it not, dear young friends and helpers? and C. J. L. can quite understand that the March issue of *Gospel Stories* will be, alike to Gleaners and Helpers, one of more than usual interest.

TWO PRIZES have been awarded under heading (a.) for text or motto cards and will (Lord willing) shortly be sent to—

Fanny A., Mere End, near Kenilworth, Warwickshire, for very useful and ingenious word puzzles, the cards of each when arranged in their proper order forming a text of scripture, or a verse of some well-known hymn, and

Maude E. W., 91, High Street, Ilfracombe, Devon, for a number of texts worked on perforated cardboard, each being the frame of a small photo.

(b.) For pin-cushion or needle-book. Quite a

number of both have been received, and are greatly valued by our busy mothers, as well as elder girls, several sick and blind friends not having been forgotten in the disposal of gifts, one small parcel having been made up for a girl who is personally known to C. J. L., Georgina N., who is deaf and blind, but there is good reason to hope that she is one of "these little ones," so dear to the heart of Christ. PRIZE awarded to—

Emily Hilda W., Romford Road, West Ham, Essex.

(c.) Eight pair of wool socks have been received, but as they were free gifts, and not for competition, no prize is given under this heading. Such gifts are never out of season, and always prove welcome and useful ones.

(d.) *For doll-dressing.* Very pretty dolls have been sent, not only by young, but grown-up friends. The PRIZE will be sent to—

Elsie M., 1, Gosport Street, Lymington, Hants, whose rag doll, almost as large as a real baby, is giving untold pleasure to a little girl who is very, very sick. If Elsie could only see how it is nursed and petted, we are sure she would not regret that it had been sent our way instead of to an hospital for sick children.

(e.) For some useful article of clothing. A book prize has been awarded to Ethel C., Shrubs Hill, Sunningdale, Berks. Ethel is quite an old friend; the little night-dress made by herself has been given to a little girl who is deaf, dumb and partly blind. Her name is Minnie, and she is one of a class who gather round the writer every Lord's-day afternoon. Teaching poor Minnie is very slow work, but it would be a cheer to know that among the readers of *Gospel Stories* some are praying that the afflicted child, who is ten years old, though very small for her age, may be taught of the Holy Spirit, so that she may know and love the Lord Jesus.

(f.) For home-made or mended toy, or toys. Our Boy Helpers have done well this time, and it is with real pleasure that two prizes are awarded. One to—

H. R. C., 14, Sidmouth Street, Devizes, for a loaded goods-train consisting of five trucks. This seemed almost too large and handsome a toy to give to one child, so the pleasure of playing with it is shared by two little boys who are brothers; indeed the delight it gives is shared by all the younger members of the family, which is a large one. The other will be sent to—

Clement J., Batts Corner, near Farnham, Surrey, for a small cart, the sides of which were beautifully morticed, and a sailing boat, cut out of a solid piece of wood. As both prizes will be of equal value, we cannot call them first and second.

A box containing dolls, paper flowers, pin-cushions, needle-books and other pretty and useful articles has just been received from Darlington. No letter was enclosed, but as the names of the senders were pinned on to most of the articles, we think they were school-fellows or class-mates. The parcel arrived a few days too late for the children's tea, but not too late for its contents to

be divided among some who had not been able to be with us on the 30th of January, when about 100 children, some of whom very seldom get such a treat, had a very happy evening. Through the kindness of many friends an ample tea was provided, followed by a merry game of play, after which they settled down and listened very attentively to the earnest words addressed to them by one who loves to tell the children about the Saviour, who loved and gave Himself for them. The address was quickly followed by present-giving, and there was something for each, enough for all, though not very much to spare. Have all the dear boys and girls who helped to fill the box trusted the Lord Jesus for salvation, each for him or herself?

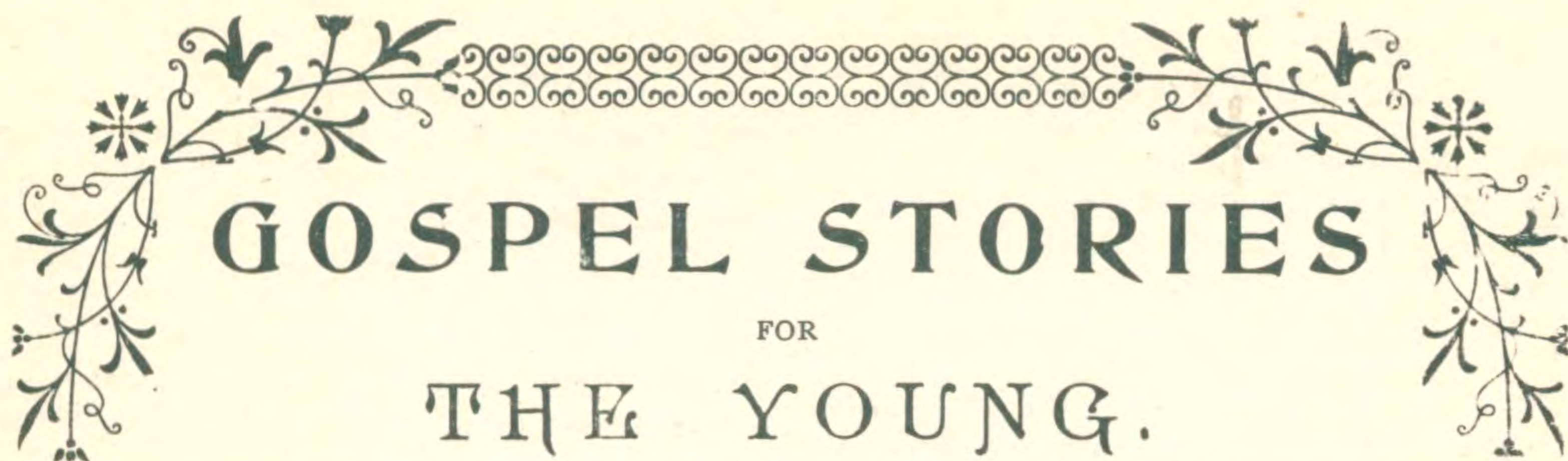
Just a word to encourage our dear Spanish Gleaners. Their work is as usual well and neatly done, and it is pleasant to find that they are growing in their knowledge of Bible truth, learning, their English friends hope and pray, not only more about the precious, written word of God, but being taught by the Holy Spirit to love and trust the Lord Jesus. It would be a great pleasure to be able to send them prizes very often, but if they will have a little more patience each will in turn, C. J. L. hopes, find his or her name in the list of prize-winners.

Gilbert P., Darley Dale, near Matlock. It was pleasant to get your letter, and you are welcome to join our Young Gleaners' Band. We do not wait for the "appointed weeks of harvest," but glean all the year round, and we are never disappointed, for there are always precious things to be found in Bible fields. Indeed, I think sometimes that the best work, both as to quality and quantity, is done round the fire on winter evenings. Well, dear ones, there is not so much to tempt you out-of-doors then, and really in the spring-time woods and fields are so very pleasant that it is small wonder if you are tempted to take a walk; but some of our Gleaners have sent in their papers even during holidays, and found it quite possible, though perhaps it was not always easy, to do good work when in the country or by the seaside.

Jessie J., Batts Corner, near Farnham. Yes, dear, you must have had a busy time, working quite hard to fill the box you were kind enough to send, and almost single-handed too, your elder sister and brother being so busy with lessons that they could not give so much help as they have been used to do. It is pleasant to be able to do even little things to make others happy, and I am sure that you know something of that, but there is a deeper, truer joy that we taste when we are doing the "little things" from love to the Lord Jesus, "Ye serve the Lord Christ."

Keep your answers to GLEANERS' QUESTIONS till those for February, March and April have been answered. Fasten your papers together and post not later than April 25th, to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.

FLOWERS for the sick and aged, and any parcels, such as books, toys, &c., should be sent direct to her at the same address.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE CITIES. III.

1. A village lying about seven miles to the north-east of Jerusalem, towards which two disciples were journeying, when they were overtaken by a third Person, at first unknown, but afterwards well known to them.

2. One of two rivers named by a Syrian officer of high rank, and thought by him better than all the waters of the land of Israel.

3. A mountain on which the first high-priest of Israel died, when the people were near the end of their wilderness journey.

4. A beautiful Jewess, who, though left an orphan at an early age, afterwards became Queen of Persia, and who was, under the guiding hand of God, the means of bringing a great deliverance to her people.

5. A place where, in the stillness and darkness of night, a child aroused from slumber by the call of God received important communications, and was, when the morning broke, the bearer of sorrowful tidings to an aged man.

6. The native country of one who said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

7. The first city visited by Abraham after he entered the land of Canaan. It afterwards became one of the cities of the Levites, and also a city of refuge.

(a.) Arrange the initial letters of the foregoing seven words in their proper order, and they will give the name of a city visited by Paul, in which he preached Christ to a company of idolaters, many of whom tried to drown his voice by their noisy shouts. The gospel, however, triumphed, and a

christian company to whom the same apostle afterwards addressed one of his letters was gathered out.

(b.) Give, gathering the details from the Acts of the Apostles, a short account of the circumstances connected with the visit of an apostle to the city already named in our answer.

(c.) Supply the words left out in the following passage of scripture: "For by — are ye — through —; and that — of —: it is the — of —: not — —, lest any — should —."

GLEANERS' PAPERS for February, March and April should be posted not later than April 25th. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

"HE DIED FOR ME."

AT the close of a children's meeting, during which the preacher had spoken much of the love of Jesus, and what He had done out of love for sinners, a little boy was asked, "And can you tell me what Jesus has done?" With a bright smile, the little fellow looked up into the questioner's face, and said, "He died for me." Happy child! In the simplicity of faith he had believed the glad tidings concerning Jesus the mighty Saviour, and the value of that wonderful work Jesus finished on Calvary's cross, was for him.

Dear boys and girls, can you say the same in truth; can you say, like the beloved Apostle Paul, "The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*"? How precious this makes Jesus to us, and how worthy He is of our confiding trust!

L. O. L.

WHAT M—— FOUND OUT.

IT was near school time, and quite a number of boys and girls were around the village school-door, discussing last night's children's meeting.

Various were the opinions expressed, when M—— got on the step and said :

"Look here, boys, I have found out something this morning—you can be saved just anywhere.

"All you have to do is to repent and believe the gospel—believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. You have to look to Him and live, which just means the same thing.

"I knelt down at the bedside this morning and I looked to Jesus and can now say I am saved."

All eyes were on him as he finished this little confession of his faith, and there was a general approval of it, which was cut short by the school bell ringing them into lines ready to march into school.

Have you, dear young readers, discovered this blessed fact : that if as sinners you come to Jesus, He will save you there and then and finally bring you to His eternal home? If you have, do not be ashamed to own His blessed name.

J. L.

THE PASSPORT.

DURING one of the continental wars in the last century, a party of travellers might have been seen hastening toward the German frontier in a large waggon. Amongst the number was an English gentleman, whose health had given way under the rigours of a northern climate, anxious to reach his native land, there to regain his failing health or die amongst his friends.

The frontier was reached, and the travellers challenged by the sentry. Quickly passports were shewn and examined, amongst them that of the Englishman. After careful examination the gentleman was called to the guardhouse and told, that as his paper was not properly signed he could not proceed. He pointed in vain to the various signatures and seals, but all to no purpose.

ONE NAME WAS MISSING,

and that was necessary before proceeding. His rage knew no bounds, but at last he saw how useless it was to parley, and asked if there was any place he could stay the night, seeing a day must elapse before the signature could be obtained. Yes, there was an inn some distance away, and the guard, calling a woman who stood by, asked her to shew the way.

"Poor gentleman," said she, "I will, but methinks he will soon want another kind of passport" (this to the guard in her own language). But it so happened that the traveller knew what she said and what she meant.

The words uttered so innocently pierced him like an arrow. He reached the inn, but not to sleep. Hour after hour he tossed upon his bed, haunted with those words, "another kind of passport." His past, his guilty past haunted him. His sins in all their greatness wrung from him that cry uttered long ago by one who felt his sinfulness,

"GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME THE SINNER," and He, who has pledged Himself not to despise a broken heart heard that cry, and by the time his passport was returned he had a sure passport to eternal glory—the precious blood of Christ.

TICKETS, PLEASE!

I WAS sitting in the corner of a railway carriage the other morning, travelling from Richmond to Waterloo, when my thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the ticket collector putting his head round the door and saying, in a tone loud enough for every one of us to hear, "Tickets, please!" That meant, you know, that every one in the carriage must show their ticket, and if they happened to be without one, to pay the fare before they went any farther.

After satisfying himself that every one had the right ticket, the collector closed the door and went on to another carriage, where I could hear his voice in the distance saying, "Tickets, please!"

Now I expect my little readers all know

what a ticket is. You remember when father took you all to the sea last year, that he paid the fare, and had a ticket for each of his children; or when that kind, big brother took you for a tram ride, he paid the penny, and had a ticket to show it had been paid. Yes! the little bit of coloured card, with the name of the place from which you came, and to which you are going, shows that the FARE IS PAID, and I want to ask my readers if they all have got the ticket for heaven, for I know every little boy and girl would like to get there, would they not?

I wonder what answers I should get if I could ask you what you think the ticket is to take you to heaven? I can fancy many a little voice would say, "I must be good." *This is the ticket they carry—*

**If I am GOOD I shall go
to heaven when I die.**

Well, dear little reader, if that is *your* ticket, let us see what God says about it, and if it is the right ticket for the journey, for the ticket collector was very particular the other morning to see we all had the *right* ticket, no other one would satisfy him.

If you have a Bible, turn to Romans iii., and at the end of verse 12 you will see God says, "There is none that doeth good, *no, not one.*"

Let me tell you a story of a little boy I read of: he was a very naughty boy, and his father, who loved him dearly, wanted to show him his naughtiness, so got a large block of wood, and said to his little son, "Willie, every time you are naughty during the year I will knock a nail in this block." The year passed, and at the end the father brought forth the wood, which, by this time, was thick with nails. Poor Willie was very troubled at the sight of them, till presently his father said, "Shall I pull every nail out, Willie?" "Yes," said the little boy, and the father took out every one, and showed the empty block to him again, but the little fellow burst into tears. "Father," he said, "the *nails* are gone but the *marks* are left."

The father might take away the nails, which were the *result* of his little boy's naughtiness, but he could never remove the *marks*.

Now, dear readers, you who think "being good" is the ticket for heaven, let me ask you, Do not you remember that time when the hot word came out? When the cross look was on your little face, and if it were possible for you to *be good* for the rest of your life, the stain of that sin is on your own soul still, and you can *never wipe it out*. It is there, a proof that you have not yet taken the Lord Jesus for *your* Saviour, and *one* black sin must keep you out of heaven. I once asked a little boy if his mother would let him into her nice clean sitting-room if he had been playing in the roads and had got his boots very dirty. "No," he said in a very decided tone. "Why not, dearie?" I said. "Because I should make the room all dirty," answered he at once. And so, dear little reader, God cannot let one sin-stained heart into His presence; He has written, "There shall in no wise enter into it *anything that defileth*, . . . but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. xxi. 27.) So then there is none that doeth good, *no! not one.*

And now I fancy I hear another little voice telling me the ticket he hopes will carry him to heaven—this is it—

**Mother and father are
saved, so I shall be able
to slip in with them
somehow.**

Is not that what you are trusting to, dear little boy or girl? Listen then to what God says to *your* ticket, "Remember Lot's wife." (Luke xvii. 32.) Lot was one of God's people, and in His great love and grace, God saved him out of the judgment of the wicked city of Sodom; he was brought out, with his wife and two daughters, by the angels before the fire and brimstone came down from heaven to destroy it. But his wife looked

back at the city under judgment, and she was turned to a pillar of salt. Do not you see, little reader, she was walking with her husband, and, no doubt, thought she was as safe as he, and yet she was *lost*. No, *that* ticket will not do. "Remember Lot's wife."

But there is another ticket yet, such a safe one, such a sure one; if it is not already yours, make it your own to-day, it will carry every little traveller (and big one too) right into the Father's home, right to the Father's heart.

"In that, while we were yet sinners, CHRIST died for us."

Yes, dear reader, God *recommends His love to you*, He knew you could never pay the fare, and so He spared His Son, *His only Son*, to come into this world, to die on that cruel cross, and there to bear the judgment of that sin-stained heart of *yours*, so that *you* might have a way into His presence; the way to heaven is *free*, for *Jesus paid the fare*.

If any one had been without a ticket in the train that morning, the collector would not have let him go on any farther till he had paid the proper fare, no one could escape his notice, and so, you will never get to heaven without the ticket God is offering you; take it just now, and say from your heart, "In that, while I was yet a sinner, Christ died for me."

"There is life in a look to the crucified One,
There is life *at this moment* for thee,
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

"*Jesus paid the fare;*" have you got your ticket?

E. I. K.

JUDGING BY THE FRUITS.

A CHRISTIAN man, giving away books and tracts in China, met one day a poor man who was nearly blind, and was able to relieve the pain in his eyes.

This man at once said, "If your books teach you to act in a loving spirit to those in trouble, the doctrine they teach must be very good also; so please give me some of the books you have."



HE HAD A TICKET FOR EACH OF THE CHILDREN.

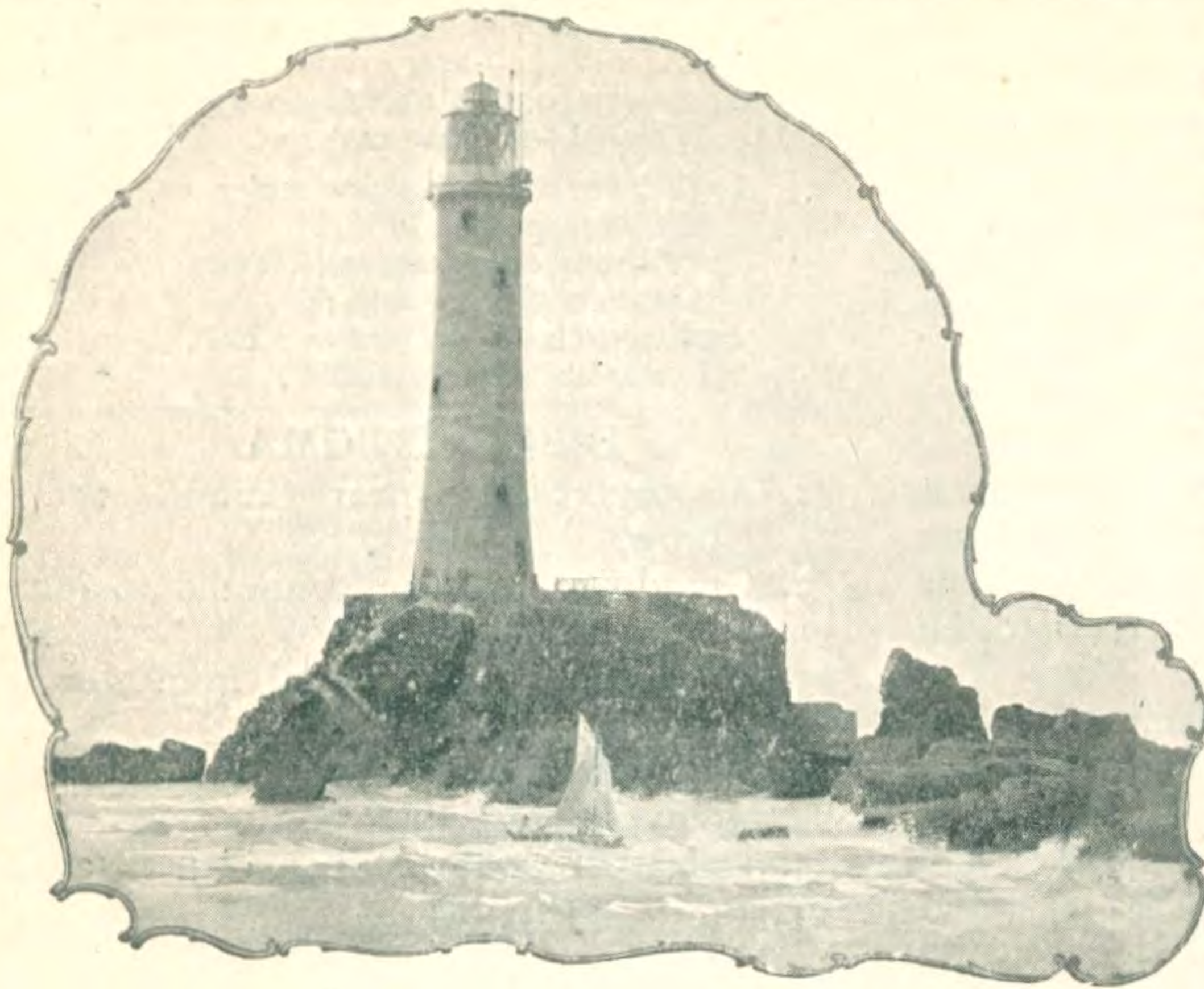


Photo by R. H. Preston, Penzance.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE bright days of spring are with us once more and soon the summer months will be here, if all is well, when we may look forward to holidays at seaside and country places.

I want to say that if my readers should find themselves on the coast anywhere near a lighthouse, be sure to pay it a visit, for a lighthouse is a very interesting place. Some people may delight in looking at such things as guns and torpedoes, and other fearful engines of destruction, but give me rather the life saving apparatus as a lifeboat or lighthouse.

Now with a lighthouse four things are very necessary. First it must have a very powerful light that its beams may carry a long distance; then it must be raised in some way, either placed on a hill or cliff, or else, as is generally the case, built as a tall and slender column.

Thirdly, it must have a good foundation, so as to resist the force of stormy weather. And fourthly, its lantern or light must be so arranged that seamen a mile or more away may be able to recognise what lighthouse it is.

This is managed in various ways. Some

are revolving lights and thus are seen only in one direction after so many seconds; others have a cap or extinguisher that drops down over the light for a few seconds, or a sheet of red glass may cover the light, and then shew it white again. In this way it is possible to make all the lighthouses round the coast to have some slight difference in the appearance of the light, so that if a ship is driven out of its course the sailors on board know at once after watching a light for a few minutes what particular lighthouse it is.

A few months ago I was looking over a lighthouse on the Norfolk coast. It was

60 feet high, but being also built on the cliff it was really about 120 feet above the sea level, and it was said that the light could be seen twenty miles away.

Then on either side of the front glass there was a large slip of red glass to warn the vessels off some sand-banks. Wherever the red glass could be seen there was danger of getting on the sand-banks.

How many men in the course of years may have had their lives preserved by the presence of this friendly light and the necessary warning of the red glass. But it would only help and preserve those who accepted the guidance and warning instead of trusting to their own knowledge of that particular part of the coast. We have heard of seamen who despised all warning and thought they knew better than to get into danger, but they have generally lost their lives in such foolish self-confidence.

Well now, a lighthouse is a good illustration of the way in which God has given us both direction and warning in the scriptures of how to escape from the wrath to come and how to enter into blessing, but we must give up our own way and our own will, and accept God's way through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

A RESPONSE.

UPON seeing the letter in *Gospel Stories* addressed to you asking the questions, "Do you love Jesus?" and "Have you ever thanked Him for loving you?" I read it to some boys and girls I know. They all loved Him, but all had not thanked Him for loving them. It did this good service, it stirred them up to thank Him. "We love him because he first loved us."

When we think of the Lord's love to us it fills our hearts with praise and we exclaim, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Now, there is another means of letting others know you love Jesus, and that is by our ways, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." (Prov. xx. 11.) God knows *why* things are done, He looks at the heart; men can only see the actions, they cannot see the heart.

I expect you know all parents like to see their children are growing. 1 Peter ii. 2 tells us to *desire* the sincere milk of the word, that we may *grow* thereby. 1 John tells us there are children, young men and fathers in Christ; none of you want to stay boys and girls, but to grow to men and women, so *desire* to grow in Christ and be pleasing in God's sight.

Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." I will remind you of one or two of those commandments of Jesus. He says, "A *new* commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." Ephesians iv. 32 says, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, *even* as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Read very carefully for yourselves Ephesians vi. 1-3. I am sure if you really *desire* these things the Lord will see down in your hearts and bless you, and His blessing makes rich and adds no sorrow. S.

"I cannot do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Lord Jesus, unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O, Saviour, may I be.
There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey;

And thus may show my love to Thee,
And always—every day—
There are some little, loving words
Which I for Thee may say.

I ask Thee, Lord, to give me grace,
My little place to fill;
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still." * * *

BIBLE ENIGMA.

1. A seaport town near Carmel's rocky brow,
 2. Grandsons of Ham who did to idols bow,
 3. A certain port sheltered from stormy waves,
 4. Where warriors fell, a place of many graves,
 5. Damascene waters which a leper craves.
- The first and last whose power, grace and love, [above.
Fills the wide earth and crowns the heavens

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING ON PILGRIMAGE.

JERUSALEM, as Mohammedans are often called, are, as we already know, very fond of going on pilgrimage. Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, is a very busy place indeed during the pilgrim season, which lasts from three to four months; the town is crowded by thousands of pilgrims. Shop-keepers, fruit-sellers and water-carriers are all eager to sell their wares, and are kept hard at work in supplying the wants of their numerous customers; but when the season is over, and the last caravan has started for the far-distant homes from which many of the pilgrims come, nearly all the shops will be closed, and the place will settle down into the quiet, sleepy life of most Eastern towns.

Great numbers of these pilgrims pass through Constantinople, some being so anxious to visit that old Turkish city, that they will often make their long journey longer still by going out of their way in the hope of being able to spend a few days, or even hours in Constantinople; join the crowds who throng its mosques every Friday, that day being the Moslem sabbath, and perhaps even to see the Sultan of Turkey, for whom they have a great respect, and who, being a strict Mohammedan, is almost sure, unless prevented by illness, to attend noonday prayers in the principal mosque of the city.

The pilgrims who assemble at Mecca to celebrate their great yearly festival, "The Haj," are from many countries, and speak different languages. Perhaps I might not have had much more to tell you about these pilgrims, or the way in which

they travel, had it not been for the kindness of a friend who, having only a few weeks ago returned from Constantinople, where he had the opportunity of seeing hundreds if not thousands of these pilgrims, has taken the trouble to write down much that he saw and observed, and from his long and interesting letter I hope to glean some details that will not be without interest for all of us.

The pilgrims are of all ranks and conditions in life. Some are rich, others poor; some high, some low. There are not many old men among them, and though here and there we might find a youth just entering on manhood, by far the greater number are men in the prime of life, for the journey is often so long, and the hardships that have to be faced so great, that only the strong can undertake it, and many, very many die on the road. Why are so many Mohammedans not only willing, but anxious, to leave their homes and families, shops and offices, to attempt this long and toilsome journey? It is because they have not the light, and so are strangers to the liberty the gospel brings to those who simply rest upon what God in His word has been pleased to tell us of His own joy in welcoming, and receiving as a beloved child, every sinner who simply trusts in the work of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. These poor people are trying to make *themselves pleasing* to God, and hope, though we know it is a false hope, that by repeating Arabic prayers and going on pilgrimage they will win His favour. Many now travel a great part of the distance by train and steam-boat, though as the port at which the steamer calls to land passengers is about sixty miles to the west of Mecca a very long walk lies before by far the greater number of them.

Shall we suppose for a moment that we can speak the language of a group of these pilgrims, whose dark skins and strange dresses tell us that they are from Egypt, and get near enough to hear what they are talking about? Perhaps they are telling each other stories about their false prophet, so if we listen we may be able to find out some of the fables they have been taught to believe. They say that in the year 622 Mohammed received visits from the Angel Gabriel, who told him to destroy idols and tell everybody they must be his friends and followers. To those who did so great honours and rewards were promised, those who refused were to be killed with the sword. Many, it is sad to say, were found ready to believe this strange, wild story, and helped as it surely was by the power of Satan, the movement spread quickly through all the countries of Asia and Africa. Among the things Mohammed told his friends, one was that he had been carried up to heaven, but when he attempted to draw near the throne of God he was filled with such terror that the blood froze in his veins, a proof to every Christian that he had never been there at all, for there is no place in which the child of God feels so much at home as in the presence of that God whom he knows and loves as his Father, made known in the Person and work of His Son. And the nearer he can be to God the happier he is. Shall we ask what

they expect to gain by their journey? Will it be the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins? No, they do not seem to have thought or cared much about this. They wish to gain merit, and on the last day of the "Haj," when the curtains of rich red silk, which have covered the shrine before which countless pilgrims have bowed and kissed the ground, are taken down to be replaced by new ones, they will be cut into very small pieces, and those who can afford to do so will buy one of these shreds, larger or smaller, according to the price they can afford to pay; these silken scraps will be taken home by the buyers and treasured up with great care.

Though at the time of Rhoda's birth her father and mother, like other Mohammedans, believed all the false teachings of Mohammed and his friends, when she was quite a little girl her father and uncle had, as you know, received the gospel, though at first they had but little light, for it was not till they knew the word and understood the will of God more fully that they gave up the wandering, idle lives of faquirs; her mother would not even listen to her husband when he tried to tell her of the Saviour who had sought and found him, and at last became so angry with her husband for becoming a Christian, that she left him, and was married to another man, this being not only allowed by the law of the country, but greatly approved by her Mohammedan friends and relations, who were quite pleased with what she had done.

Haji Shah could not be happy in the thought of allowing his little girl to grow up among Mohammedans, so took her away from her mother. He was not able to take her with him on his wanderings about India, and perhaps at first he may not have been quite sure as to the best thing to be done. But some Christians who had become interested in Haji and his daughter offered to get her admitted to a school which had been opened for orphan girls by some christian ladies at Amritsar. The offer was accepted, and the Mohammedan village exchanged for the christian school. Soon after her admission she was baptised by the name of Rhoda. Her old life lay behind her and a new one was opening up to her, a life on which we hope through the pages of our story step by step to follow her. C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

THE ministry of FLOWERS has begun again, indeed it can hardly be said to have ceased, for now and then, even through the dark, cold days of winter, a box containing a few very early spring flowers would arrive. Sometimes, but not always, a text of scripture or motto-card would be enclosed, at others only the simple words, "For the sick and aged." Before I thank the senders by name, I should like to tell them a sweet story of how some of these flowers were used to open a seemingly fast closed door, through which there is good reason to hope things of far greater value, because more enduring than the

flowers, found an entrance.

SNOWDROPS.

"Doctor, how long have I to live?" The speaker was a lady, somewhat past middle-age. It was her first visit, and the words just quoted were almost the first she had addressed to Dr. N——, as she seated herself in his consulting-room. She was not his patient, she had not even come to place herself under his care, but she had been told that he was a Christian and so would not deceive his patients, and a great longing to know the truth concerning herself had so constrained her, that she went to him with the question her own medical attendant would not answer.

A few brief questions, a careful examination of the seat of the disease from which she suffered, and he replied gravely, but very gently, "I am sorry, very sorry for you, but I do not think it can be long."

"Thank you, doctor, I have for some time suspected as much myself; but I should be greatly obliged if you could tell me how long, or perhaps I ought to have said how short a time before the end comes."

"If the disease continues to make the same rapid progress it has done lately you will possibly live from three to four months."

Again Miss R—— thanked the doctor for his candour, and rose to go, not seeming either startled or surprised by what she had just heard. It was a deeply solemn moment and Dr. N—— felt it as such. So he detained his visitor and spoke to her of eternal things. She was an awakened soul, there could be no doubt as to that, though still a stranger to God's way of peace. Very simply he spoke to her of the Lord Jesus as the Saviour she needed, of the welcome promised to all who come unto God by Him. On leaving she carried with her some gospel books, and had promised to receive the visits of one who would, the doctor felt sure, seek to point her to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

Miss R—— received her visitor in a kind and courteous manner. Her confidence seemed won at once by a few expressions of interest and sympathy, and little by little she began to tell the story of her life. Filling as she had done for many years an important appointment as matron of a large infirmary, she had witnessed a great number of death-beds, often as she said reading the Bible to the dying, and yet herself remaining a stranger to the grace of Christ. Where she herself was in soul her own words soon told. "I am trying to be a good woman, I am sure I have tried as hard as I know how, but somehow I get no further; I have no peace, no joy, and now I must die, and I am not ready to meet God."

"Own yourself to be a lost sinner, and simply look away to Jesus. The salvation of God is a free gift, offered to you without money and without price. We do not work for a gift, we accept it and thank the giver. Do we not?"

"You have given me quite a new thought, I never looked at it in that way before." Some

scriptures were read, prayer offered, and the visitor left, not without hope that Miss R—— was really "looking unto Jesus."

Now the ever watchful enemy made an effort to close the door, again to turn the eyes of the one who must so soon face the realities of eternity from a living Christ to dead works. On several following visits the door seemed closed. Miss R—— was too ill to see any one, or had expressed a wish not to be disturbed. A chill of disappointment, almost of discouragement was felt, when a box of very early snowdrops was received. Their pure, white blossoms were very lovely. They were for the sick, and surely to one who would not look upon the flowers of another spring-time, the gift might be a fitting one. "I can leave the flowers with a message, even if I again fail in seeing Miss R——," thought her friend.

This time she was not only admitted, but eagerly welcomed by the sufferer. "Why have you been so long in coming? I have been looking for you," was the greeting received. Miss R—— was much weaker, and unable to rise from her bed, but she said, "I do trust in Jesus. It is a gift, a free gift. I do hope I may say that when it pleases the Lord to take me I am ready." Three days later, without pain or struggle, she passed peacefully away, to be, may we not believe, through the precious blood of Christ, among the number of those who "looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed." (Psalm xxxiv. 5.)

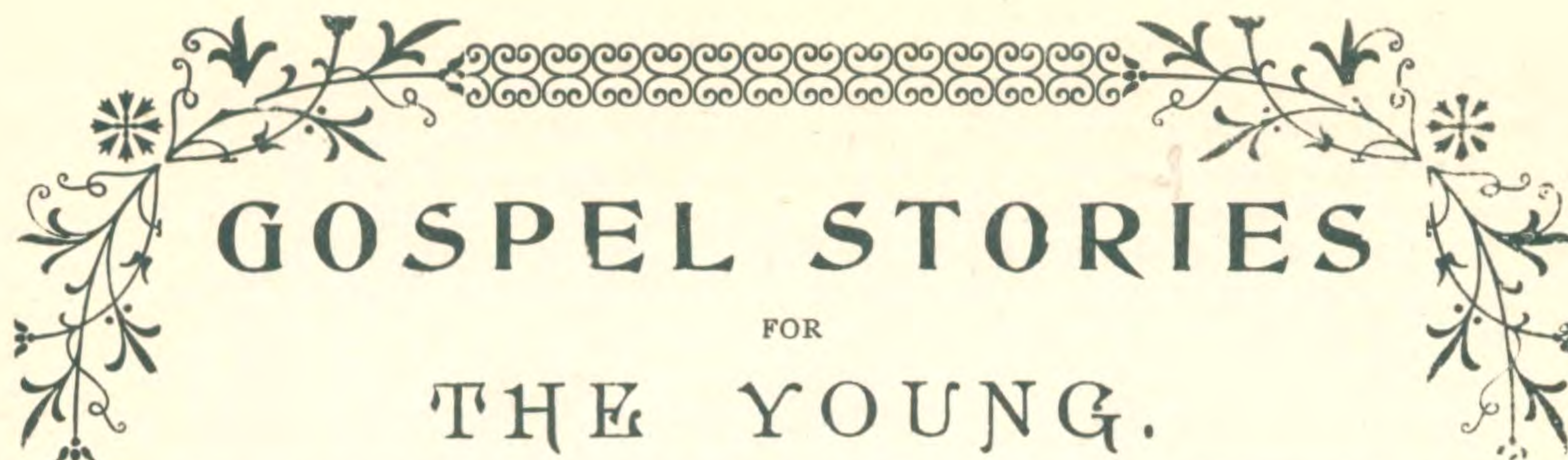
Mrs. D. G., Eccleshill, a reader of *Gospel Stories*, and some little friends at Hermitage Farm are warmly thanked for gifts of flowers.

Olive W., Penrith. Thank you, dear, for the pretty wool-balls you made so neatly. You will be glad to know that they are helping to amuse some little children who are too sick to attend school just at present. It is always pleasant to do even little things to make others happy, but when these things are done from love to the Lord Jesus, and from the desire to please Him, they bring a deeper, truer joy. Can you say of Him, He is my own precious Saviour, "who loved me, and gave himself for me"?

Nellie B., Darlington. Thank you, dear, for your pretty and useful gift. Our band of "Young Helpers" is growing quite a large one, but there is not one too many, because there is so much to be done. The dear old people are glad of warm shawls, cuffs, &c., and the babies seem to stand in need of a constant supply of socks and other useful things. Through the kindness of several friends, knitted cuffs, pincushions, and a few needle-books with self-threading needles have been given to quite a number of blind women and girls; while a braille-type magazine, on the same lines as *Gospel Stories*, finds a warm welcome from between eighty and ninety blind children.

GLEANERS' PAPERS, Letters for C. J. L., &c., may be addressed to her at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, or to 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.

FLOWERS for the sick and all parcels should be sent to her at the latter address.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

OUR Young Gleaners have entered heartily into the set of Questions on Bible Geography (Cities), given in the February, March and April Numbers of *Gospel Stories*, and though, as ALL the papers have not yet been received, it will not be possible to say who are PRIZE-WINNERS till next month's issue, C. J. L. hopes that several young friends, who have they say only been waiting for a fresh set of Questions, will join our GLEANERS' Band by answering the Questions given in present Number. Again the directions are, PLEASE KEEP your papers till THREE months' Questions have been answered, fasten the sheets together, and post with your name and address not later than July 25th, 1904.

BIBLE GEOGRAPHY. MOUNTAINS. I.

(a.) A river, by the banks of which a prophet received wonderful revelations from, and beheld visions of God.

(b.) A city to which the ark of God was carried by the Philistines after they had obtained possession of it; it was at once taken to the temple of their fish-god, Dagon, but in the morning the idol was found broken and lying on the ground.

(c.) The name of the animal from whose horns the trumpets blown at the taking of Jericho were made. These trumpets are not mentioned on any other occasion though they may have been used.

(d.) One of the daughters of king Saul, who was given to David as his wife.

(e.) The husband of Hannah, and father of Samuel.

(f.) One of Paul's fellow labourers, known

5-1904.

to us as "the beloved physician," and the author of a gospel bearing his name.

Place the initials of the above SIX words in order, and they will give the name of a mountain forming a rocky headland on the coast of Palestine, from the summit of which an extensive sea-view can be obtained.

(1.) Give as many references as you can from Bible history to this mountain.

(2.) Write a short account of ONE event that took place upon, or very near to this mountain.

NOTICE and try to remember the directions given. Address as requested on last page of magazine.

A POSTAGE STAMP CASE.

THE other day I had sent to me a neat little postage stamp case. On one side beautifully done in silk was the following, worked by a Christian now with the Lord:

"England's letters find no grace,
Unless they bear Victoria's face."

This was worked many years ago. Good Queen Victoria is dead, and now instead of the postage stamp having her face it is that of our King Edward VII. So the last line would now read:

"Unless they bear King Edward's face."

I thought, why that is just the way with God and us. If we are to find grace, we must not—as it were—shew our face; but we must come to God in Christ, whom God hath set forth a propitiation (mercy-seat). It is Christ who is everything, and we are nothing but poor, guilty sinners. Our sins could never win God's favour, only His

eternal judgment. Neither could our goodness, for "Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." So nothing that we are, or anything we can do, can win God's favour. But coming to God through the Lord Jesus Christ, God has removed from His holy eye all that is contrary to Him. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Our filthy rags are taken away, and the best robe given to us; we are justified, sanctified, and soon will be glorified.

J. L.

HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

I WAS lately taken by a friend over a hospital where, as is usual in such places, there were many and varied cases of suffering. In the corner of one of the wards lay a young girl, whose bright face and rosy cheeks were a striking contrast to the pallid looks of several around her.

Drawing near to her bed I said, "You look very happy, why are you lying here?"

Elsie soon told me her story: she had been taken to the hospital with a bad foot, and the doctor had found it was necessary to amputate it. After a few words of sympathy I said, "How glad you must be that the operation is over; did you feel very nervous about it?" "No, not at all," she said, and the same bright smile with which she had greeted us lit up her face.

"Then I think you must have known where to look for strength and help?"

"Yes, I *did*," she replied, and in a few simple words told me that she had come to Jesus just two years ago, and now she was proving Him to be "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Ah! there was the true secret of happiness. Elsie had found in Jesus a living, loving Saviour, One who could help her in every time of need, so she was just rolling her burden upon Him. I think she must have known that sweet verse in 1 Peter v. 7, which says, "Casting all your care upon him; for *he careth* for you."

Have you, dear young friend, trusted in Jesus for salvation? Then lean upon Him day by day, and you will find as Elsie did, that He will never fail you. He loves to be

trusted, and He is the only One who can *always* help you.

When I was a little girl I was once very frightened about something, and my mother said to me, "Remember you can *honour* Jesus by trusting Him;" I thought that was just what I should like to do, and so I prayed that I might, and the Lord Jesus took away all my fear. He loves to hear and answer the prayers of His little ones.

"To my weak steps He doth give heed,
He watcheth me, my Saviour,
He helpeth me in every need,
He loveth me, my Saviour.

L. C. B.

A HYMN OF LONG AGO.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Thou wouldst have me come to Thee,
And Thine own dear lamb to be.

Fain I would by Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, though I am naught,
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Thou wilt give Thy child a place.

Thou would'st have me richly blest
In Thy love and righteousness;
Keep me safe from every ill,
Keep me to fulfil Thy will.

Then I shall so happy be,
Loving, serving, learning Thee;
Till I see Thy glorious face,
Radiant in that blissful place.

THE DOVE AND THE RAVEN.

A SHORT time ago I took some children into a large public park, and among the trees and flowers we saw a large dove-cot. Around it were enclosures partitioned off by strong wire fencings, in which were other birds, such as the gold and silver pheasants, the carrion-crow, the magpie, &c. But what was to us the most important were a beautiful pair of ravens; they were so black and they croaked so hoarsely while they looked savagely at the beautiful silver pheasants in the next compartment. I thought what a strange bird to be used of God to carry flesh and bread to the prophet Elijah at the brook Cherith. (1 Kings xvii. 3-6.) And I have thought since how God can make use of poor, black sinners who

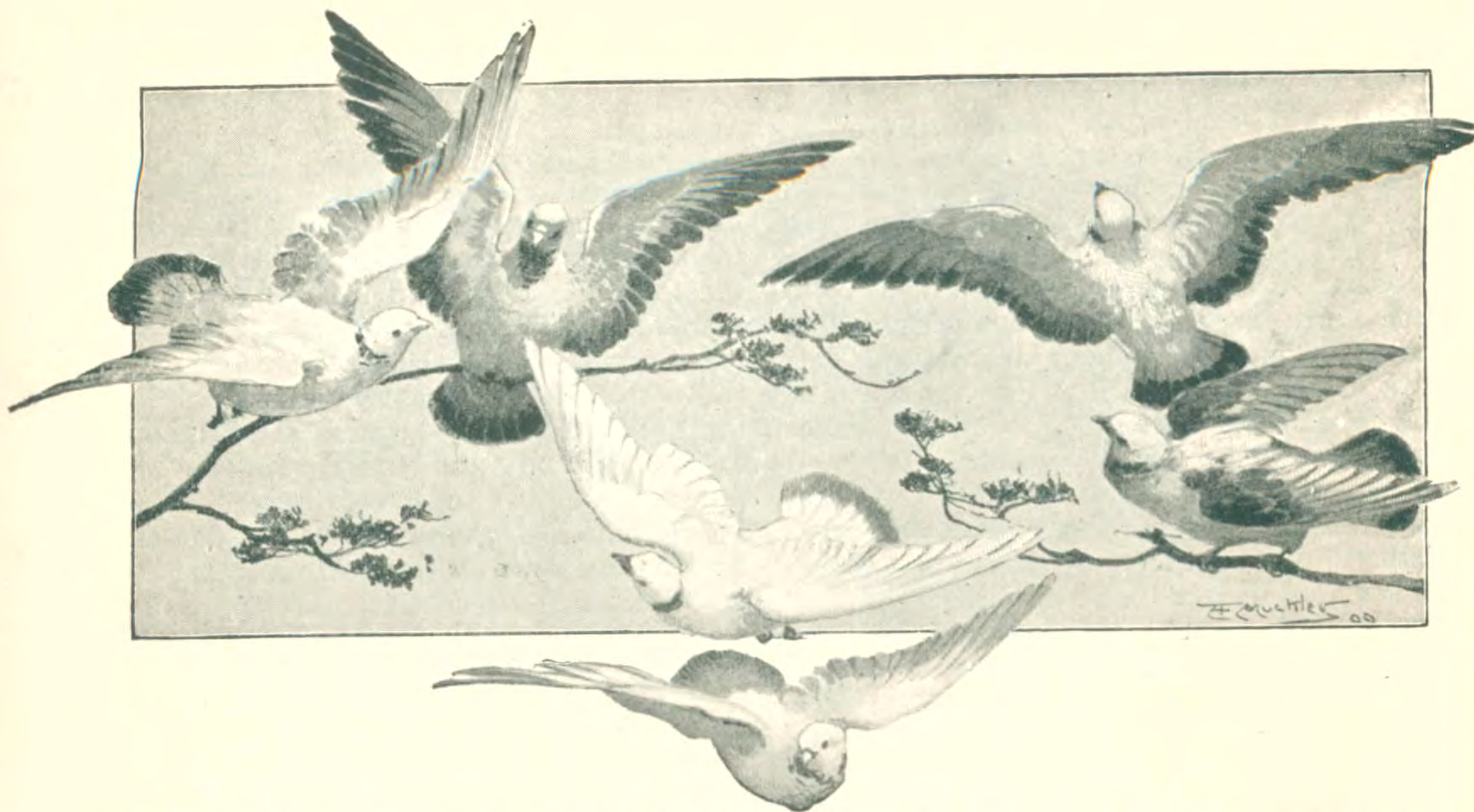
repent and believe the gospel. You may remember a raven was sent out of Noah's ark, and it flew backwards and forwards until the waters were gone from off the earth. There was also a dove sent forth, who, unlike the raven, returned to the ark for safety. Such a contrast between the two isn't there? And yet God took care of both in the ark while the flood of waters was upon the earth. How precious it is to go to the Lord Jesus as the dove returned to the ark. It meant as much as to say, This ark has sheltered me from the judgment of death and now I come back to it for shelter and rest. And Noah put forth his hand and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark. After seven days the same little dove is sent forth again out of the ark. This time she has a little work to do—not for herself, but to prove to others that the earth had some green thing upon it. How glad every one must have been to see the dove return with an olive leaf. The raven might have done this but it did not; it doubtless was too glad to get out of the ark, and so long as it had strength of wing it flew and would rest upon anything visible as the waters subsided. This is like to many a poor sinner who prefers his own way than to rest in Christ. Both the dove and the raven had been sheltered in the ark from the waters of death and then they were both let out to see what each would do. You will say, perhaps, you would rather have been the dove. Well, perhaps so, but have you acted like to it? You have perhaps been sheltered by christian parents and taught the way of salvation and thus preserved from many hateful and dreadful things around you, but I wonder if you were not under the care of your parents what you would do? Would you go to the Lord Jesus and ask Him to keep you? or would you go flitting about like the raven? Listen to this little verse:

"Christ is the ark, my love,
Be thou the timid dove,
Fly to His breast."

There are many lessons to be gathered from the dove and the raven. But though the raven did not return to the ark like the

dove, yet God took care of it. There is a verse in Job xxxviii. 41, "Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat." And again in Luke xii. 24, the Lord said to His disciples, "Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?" Yes; God is kind to the unthankful and the evil. He causeth His sun to shine upon the evil and the good. And this is the God who sent His own Son into the dark, cold world because He wanted us to be happy now and happy evermore. He did not want us to have wrong thoughts about Him. He wanted us to see that having our own will could only end in destruction.

And so the Lord Jesus died that He might put away sin and death, and bring us back to God through going there Himself, alive from among the dead. Now think about Him where He is, then you will become His happy disciple. An aged woman of eighty-two years, who had trusted in the Lord from a child, lately told me a very interesting proof of God's care for herself and family. Her husband was more like to the raven—he had got away from God, and the wife, well, she was more like to the dove, she just got nearer and nearer to Him. When affliction and trial came she found her help in God. There were four little children who had to be fed, clothed and cared for, and when father could get no work to do, it was pretty hard times. On this occasion they had just moved into a strange neighbourhood in the North of London. There was no work, no money and no food. The father and mother had had nothing to eat for one whole day, the last crust being divided among the hungry children. The father went out to seek work, the mother prayed. There was no dinner that day, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the mother darkened their one room and quietly put the children to bed. They did not murmur, but peacefully fell asleep. And again the mother prayed that they might sleep on until she could give them some food. The father returned home footsore and weary unable to obtain work, and he and



the mother went supperless to bed. They all slept that night. There was no breakfast for any of them in the morning, and the father again went out in search for employment. The children were still sleeping when a knock was heard at the lower door, and the mother's name was mentioned. She went down and there stood a young woman with a bundle covered with a white cloth. She put it in the mother's arms, saying, "This is for you." It was a peck loaf of bread; then, slipping a little sealed packet of money into her hand, she turned to go away.

"Will you not tell me who sent this?" said the grateful mother.

"It is the Lord," said the young woman smilingly as she hurried off.

The large loaf was put upon the table in front of the children's beds, and very soon they all opened their eyes. You may be sure they saw the loaf.

"What a big cake," said they. "May we have a slice?"

So the mother took the loaf and cut them slice after slice, which they ate sitting up in bed. They had no butter nor even dripping

upon it, but it was a sweet meal to their hungry appetites. The sealed packet contained six shillings, and the mother never discovered who it was so kindly helped them. But, as she said, God knew—He who commanded the ravens to feed Elijah, He had disposed some one to bring her this timely help. If you are spared to be aged, may you be able to say then as now, "But I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning: for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble." (Psa. lix. 16.) E. E. S.



THE RAVEN.



PICKING FLOWERS FOR FRIENDS IN LONDON.

A SURPRISE BOX.

WE were sitting at breakfast one morning not long since, when we heard the postman's knock. No one can mistake his quick double knock, and one or other of the children usually run off at once to get the letters or picture post-cards which have been put in the letter box.

But on the morning of which I write we noticed that the double knock was repeated, which meant that there was a package for us, which was too large to go in the box.

Soon the door was opened, and a large card-board box handed in, then when the string was cut to our surprise we found it was quite full of spring flowers. Of course the greater part of them were primroses, but there were other kinds as well. But what pleased us most of all was to find that down at the sides of the box were a few seedlings done up separately which we could plant in our own garden.

He Knows and Loves us still

HOW many little ones, yes, and bigger ones too, can enter into the feelings of a little girl I want to speak of.

She had been sent, at her own request, to a boarding-school, and, having a wilful and naughty temper, was soon in disgrace with all there.

One day, having been unusually rebellious, she was banished from her schoolfellows for the rest of the day. The following morning she was utterly ashamed to meet any one, and remained in her room as long as she dared. Reaching the dining-room, however, she was greatly surprised to be greeted with a kind "Good morning" from some one seated there. "Ah!" she thought, "he does not know about me, how naughty I have been, or he would not speak to me."

She afterwards found he did know, and he held a warm place in her heart after that.

Children, are you afraid to meet God because He knows all about you? Do you wish He did not know? Listen then, He knows and loves you still. No sinful thought or deed is unknown by God, but He sent His own dear Son to die for the naughty

ones, like you and me, and Jesus bore the punishment for us.

"Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary."

If we can sing these lines with our hearts, then we can thank Him that He knows all about us and loves us still.

ENIGMA.

It has been thought well to give the Enigmas once in two months instead of every month. This will enable our young friends to answer the Scripture Questions sometimes, when they have not time to do both.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOL-DAYS AT AMRILASAR.

THE change from a Moslem village to a christian school must have seemed very great to Rhoda, but though in some respects her memories of school-days differ from those of English girls, the few years spent at Amrilasar were on the whole very happy ones. Like other girls she found much to do, much to learn and much to enjoy. While at school she learnt not only to read and write her own language, but also English. Lessons in arithmetic, grammar, geography and the usual run of school subjects were given, while needlework and embroidery received a due share of attention. Many of Rhoda's fellow pupils were orphans; some had been rendered such by the death of one or both parents during an Indian famine, and as the elder girls took part in the work of the house besides helping to take care of and teach the younger ones, she was even then, though she knew it not, being trained for the work she is now doing as teacher, caretaker and friend to a very large family of children, "famine orphans," all of whom had themselves suffered keenly from hunger, and who were so ill and weak when brought to Panahpur (the place where Rhoda lives), that in most cases it needed weeks of careful nursing before they even began to recover.

But as the girls for whom I am writing would, I am sure, like to know a little more about Indian school-girls, we will take a peep into the school-room at Amrilasar. Some of the girls were Hindus, others Mohammedans, but there all learned their lessons or played together. There were also one or two Parsee girls, and as Parsees are neither Hindus nor Mohammedans, but have a very strange religion of their own, perhaps I had better tell you a little about them before going on with my story. There are about sixty-nine thousand Parsees in India. Very many years ago the Parsees used to live in Persia, but when they were driven from that country, they took refuge in India. Many Parsee

gentlemen are rich and some of them are famous scholars ; so as they do not wish their wives and daughters to grow up in ignorance, they have schools in which girls, as well as boys, are taught to read the strange-looking, crooked characters of some Indian language. Their religion is much older than that of the Mohammedans, as their great teacher, Zoroaster, was born in Persia twelve hundred years before the Lord of glory became the babe of Bethlehem's manger. They do not worship idols like their Hindu neighbours, but say, "There is only one God, who made heaven and earth, the sun, moon, stars, fire, water and all things." It used to be said that the Parsees were fire-worshippers, but quite lately we have been told by those who have lived and worked amongst them, that this is not true, though when praying they always turn their faces toward the sun, or if it is not shining at the time a large fire, which is always kept burning in their temples, supplies its place. Women and girls are, as a rule, much better treated among the Parsees than they are by their Hindu or Mohammedan neighbours, and it is not at all uncommon for a Parsee lady to enjoy a ride or to pay a visit with her husband.

Their funeral customs are so curious that I had better tell you a little about them. Out in the woods, in the parts of India where the Parsees live, stone towers are built ; these towers are open to the sun, and are called "towers of silence." When a Parsee dies his body is carried to the lowest floor of the house in which he was born. A priest comes in, who recites some prayers ; the priest is followed by a man leading a dog. The dog is taken quite close to the dead body and told to look at it. This useless ceremony over, the body is wrapped in a sheet, placed upon an iron bier and carried to one of the "towers of silence." The friends, who are all dressed in white, follow on foot, as no carriages are allowed at a Parsee funeral. Closely following the mourners walks a man leading a dog. The "tower" is something like a platform with an open space for the body, enclosed by a ledge or low stone wall. When the procession is about twenty yards from the tower it stops, and the dog is again supposed to look at the dead, and having done so is afterwards fed. This done, it again moves on, and the dead is laid upon the platform, and left there to be eaten by vultures and other birds of prey. Three or four weeks later the bones will be gathered up and thrown into a deep well in the centre of the tower.

Sometimes one of Rhoda's school friends would receive a visit from one of her relations, by whom she would be told that before the death of her father and mother they had made arrangements for her to be married, though, as she was only a baby girl at the time, of course she did not know anything about it ; and as every Hindu girl is expected to be married by the time she is ten years old, she must as quickly as possible say "goodbye" to her teachers and friends and go and live in the home of her intended husband, or rather of her husband's father and mother, for among the Hindus a youth who is old enough to be married does not leave

home and make a new one for himself, but takes his wife to live there too. The poor child-wife is expected always and in all things to obey her mother-in-law, who is sometimes very unkind to her.

However sorry the girl might be to leave the friends she had learnt to love so well, she was obliged to go, there was no help for it ; her wedding perhaps would not be such a grand one as it might have been had her own father and mother been living, but the joyless, shut-up life that lay before her would be much the same as that of millions of her country women.

"Will I tell you a little about Indian weddings?" did you say, Eva?

India is such a large country, that the customs of the people who live in one part of it often differ greatly from those of another, but "children's weddings" are common all over India. We in England hear a great deal about children's books, toys, parties, and many other things that seem almost of right to belong to the children, never, I am thankful and glad to know, of a children's wedding, that is, a marriage in which though sometimes the husband is old the bride is only a little girl, sometimes quite a baby.

One strange thing about these marriages is, that until the wedding day, husband and wife have never seen each other, so of course no one can be quite sure that they will love one another, but their relations do not think this of much consequence. Everything has been arranged for them, and though among the Mohammedans the bride is sometimes asked if she is willing to be married to the strange man, she knows very well that she must say "Yes," and asking her consent at all is only a form that must be gone through, and that no one will care very much whether she is happy in her new home or not.

I cannot tell you all the ceremonies that have to be gone through before the wedding-day really arrives, but for about two weeks before, the little bride is almost bathed in perfume, and her hands and feet are dyed every day. Red is the colour most used at marriages nearly all over India and also in some parts of China, so all the guests will be dressed in red and the invitations to the wedding will be written on red cards too.

We have all read and I expect most of us could repeat without even looking at our Bibles the parable of "the ten virgins" (Matt. xxv.), and in every Eastern town and village marriages are taking place at night at the present time. The friends of the bride go to the house of the girl's father, or uncle, if her father is dead. They will find plenty to talk about and will look at and admire the jewels of the bride. She will wear a great many rings, chains and bangles. We should not think much of her wedding dress, as it is very often only a long strip of cloth, called a "sarree." It is fastened round her waist, a long, loose end being left to cover her chest, and as soon as she is married her head also is covered. She must always keep her veil closely drawn over her face when in the presence of men.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR PRIMROSE AND VIOLET GATHERERS,—

It is just seven years since a few readers of *Gospel Stories* began to send spring flowers our way. These, accompanied sometimes with loving messages, at others by text-cards, were tiny love-tokens intended to cheer the aged or to carry something of their own brightness and beauty into sick rooms. And when C. J. L. tried to tell her helpers how their gifts were valued, or to convey the simple but hearty thanks of lonely and suffering ones, she could not put upon paper the smile that so often lighted, if with but a passing gleam of brightness, some pain-worn face; others were encouraged to send flowers also, and so year by year the work has grown, the number of boxes of primroses, daffodils, &c., received during March and April of the present year being larger than those sent in the same months of previous years.

Do not fall, please, into the mistake of thinking that *your* flowers will not be wanted or valued now that so many are sent. The number of the sick and lonely people who seem to live quite near is more than usually large just now; many, too, who are not quite laid aside have a warm welcome for a bunch of early tulips or wallflowers, and in this way the door is sometimes opened to speak of the eternal things that cannot fade away, die or be taken from us. The blind, too, have shared in the gifts of flowers, and perhaps to none have the sweet blossoms given greater pleasure.

A STORY OF THE FLOWER MISSION.

I had for some weeks been visiting a patient in one of the largest of our London hospitals. Owing to a change having been made in "visiting hours," I one day found myself in the A— Ward before the house-doctor had finished his rounds. As I was about to withdraw, I was accosted by the patient, whose bed was next to the door, who explained that the doctor had almost completed his round, and would leave the ward by a door at its further end. "Would I stay with her for a few minutes?" So I seated myself near her bed and we were soon in conversation.

Mrs. M— was, she told me, a Romanist, but her religion, such as it was, did not seem to have any real hold upon her. A real need had, however, been created in her soul, and the way in which she told her story was not devoid of interest. A day or two after her admission to the ward in which I found her, a lady had passed through, giving small bunches of flowers to the occupants of its forty beds. Mrs. M— continued, "When she came near my bed, I felt ill and tired, and did not want to talk, so I closed my eyes, and turned my face to the wall. The visitor, thinking I was asleep, laid a bunch of flowers upon my bed, and passed on without speaking. As soon as I heard her going downstairs, I took up the flowers, and began looking at them. They were country flowers and their sight and smell seemed to call to mind the cottage garden where as a child I had been

used to play; but I soon saw the flowers were not quite all. Some words written upon a small card were tied to the stem of a lovely spray of yellow broom. I knew the words were copied out of the Bible, for I remembered having heard them, or some very much like them, long years ago in the village school. I read them over two or three times, then put the card into my locker. The next morning I wanted to read them again, but the card was nowhere to be found, and the words had quite slipped from my memory. I wish you could tell me what they were."

"Try to remember just one or two words, and I will ask the Lord by the power of the Holy Spirit to bring the text to my mind."

"There was something about *sin* on the card."

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) Were those the words?"

The look of di-appointment that came into the face of poor Mrs. M— was painful to witness, as she said slowly, "No, no, those are Bible words too, but not what I'm wanting to hear. There was something about the *blood* too on the card."

"Was it, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin'?" (1 John i. 7) "The very words! The very words! I did want to hear them," exclaimed my listener delightedly.

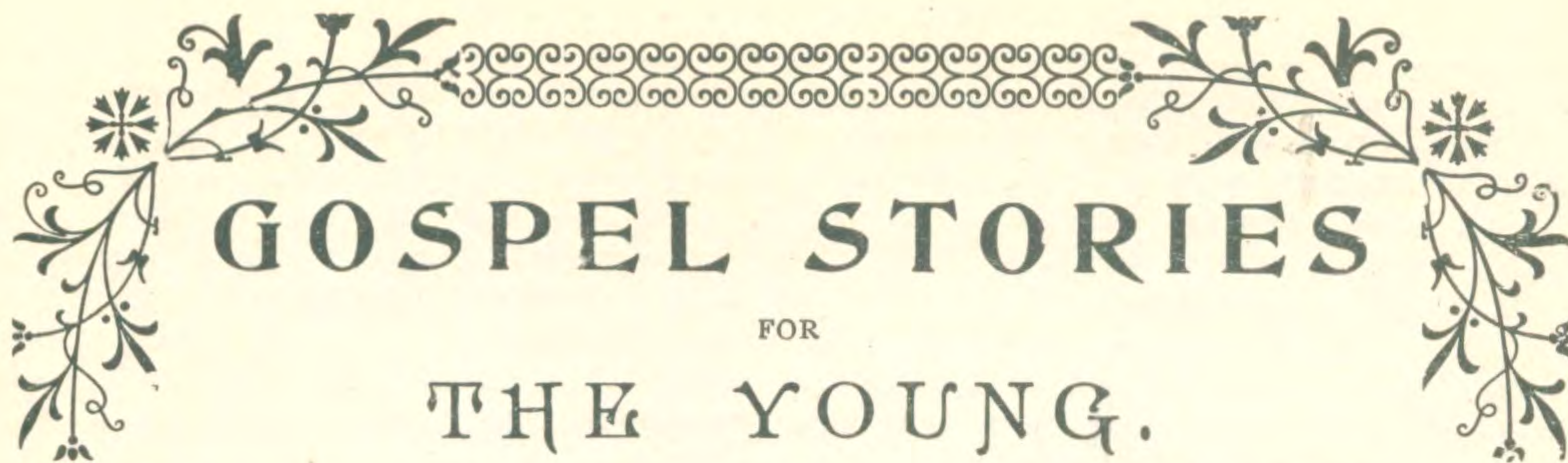
Some talk about God's way of salvation followed; I do not know if the seed sown brought forth fruit, but surely none who have read this simple story will say that Mrs. M—'s bunch of flowers, with its accompanying text-card, was a wasted one. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

A Friend, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Your letter was a very welcome word of cheer. The children of God are a large and loving family, are they not? And it is always a joy and privilege to get into touch with fellow believers in other lands. So glad to find that the dear young people you mention have begun to think of and work for others; the parcel so kindly sent by them and you has not yet arrived, but it is doubtless on its way, and though having to go to press early renders it impossible to wait for it, it will doubtless be here in time to be gratefully acknowledged in next month's issue of *Gospel Stories*. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," and then—ah then, the home circle will be complete, and those who have never met on earth, will in all the light and glory of the Father's house unite in eternal praise.

Hubert, Maurice and Margery P., several readers of *Gospel Stories* and other friends who have kindly sent FLOWERS, are asked to consider "Correspondence Corner" this month as in a special way their own letter, and so be content with a very brief line of thanks, as space will not even allow of the usual list of names being given.

GLEANERS' PAPERS, Letters for C. J. L., &c., may be addressed to her, either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, or to 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.

FLOWERS for the sick and ALL parcels *must* be sent to the latter address.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

AS far as it is possible to judge after only one trial, the plan of asking our Gleaners to send in their papers when three sets of Questions have been answered seems likely to work well, as the number of papers received has been larger than usual, and the quality of the work, taking it as a whole, remarkably good, so good that it has not been easy to decide whose names should appear as prize-winners, and C. J. L. feels sure that among her young friends there will be many disappointed, but she hopes no discouraged ones, none who are saying, even in a whisper, "I did not get a prize, so I will not glean any more." Keep faithfully on, dear boy or girl. You will not glean long in Bible fields without finding that you have been well repaid for your trouble. "The entrance of THY WORD giveth light."

PRIZE-WINNERS.

PRIZES have been awarded, and will, it is hoped, shortly be sent to—

ESTHER G., "Englefield," Maidenhead.

R. B., 49, Queen Street, Devonport, Devon.

MABEL W., 3, Farley Cottages, Broadstairs, Kent.

LOUIE C., 10, Stafford Street, Bilston.

MOLLY W., Witney Street, Burford, Oxon.

SPECIAL PRIZE.

LEONARD C., 44, Midland Brent Terrace, Cricklewood, London.

Commended:—AMY G. Q., Hornsey, N.; DOROTHY P., Cirencester; DOROTHY H., Aberdeen; RUTH B., Crondall; G. C. S., British Guiana, South America; ANNIE G., Wallington, Surrey; PHYLLIS M. G., Barming, near Maidstone; MONICA S. S., London, W.

6-1904.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

MOUNTAINS. II.

(a.) The native country of one who, though she was not one of God's chosen earthly people, and came to the land of Israel a stranger and a widow, was brought into great blessing, and though we read her story in the Old, is once mentioned in the New Test.

(b.) A mountain, to whose solitudes the Lord often retired for prayer, and upon which, we are told by one of the prophets, His feet will one day stand.

(c.) The first water crossed by the children of Israel soon after leaving Egypt.

(d.) One of the friends of king David who showed his affection for, and devotion to him by being not only willing, but anxious to share his misfortunes.

(e.) One of the cities of the Philistines to which they carried the ark of God after taking it, but where their idol Dagon fell before it.

(f.) A king of Tyre who loved David and was afterwards a friend to Solomon. By his servants he supplied cedar-wood for the temple, and also for the king's palaces.

Please TAKE NOTICE of directions given on last page of magazine. Do NOT send your papers without name, age and address.

A Crushed Finger and its Lesson.

J.R— had to hurry home from school that night, for he had to go with his little sisters to mangle the clothes after washing day. All went well until he put his fingers too near the rollers, with the result that one of his fingers was badly crushed, and pained him very much.

Sally W—, who was a much older girl

and who had trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as her own Saviour, tried to comfort him. Then turning to J. R—— she said, "Your finger pains you, does it not, J. R——?"

"Yes, it does," he answered.

"Well, J. R——, that is nothing to what people suffer when they go to hell. Just fancy anybody hurting all over, only ten thousand times worse, burning for ever and ever in fire. Why, there is nothing like it."

J. R—— was all thought now, and thankful he was not in that awful place prepared for the devil and his angels, and that night made a profession of trusting the blessed Saviour of poor hell-deserving sinners like himself.

It is only time that tests profession, but I do know that J. R——, who passed away to be with Jesus a short time ago, after growing up to be a man, died saying: "It is the blood that makes atonement for the soul—the blood!—the blood!"

May you, dear young friend, put your trust in Jesus now, and not only escape the consequence of your sins, but have the hope of soon seeing Him and being like Him.

J. L.

LITTLE JAPS WHO PRAY.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

LATELY, almost everywhere, we hear everybody talking about the Japs. I want to tell you about a little Japanese boy and girl who believed in prayer. The boy tried to pass an examination, but failed; of course he was greatly disappointed; but like a good plucky little Jap he felt he must try again. Somewhere he had heard of the true God, and how His worshippers were allowed to ask Him for what they needed, and how He answered them. So he prayed, and this time passed his examination, feeling sure that God had helped him.

Have you ever asked God in this simple way and had an answer? And when answered have you given the praise to God?

Little Miss Jap, the boy's sister, had also a desire. Hearing how God had answered her brother's prayers, she wanted to know more, and was determined, if possible, to go to a school where she would be taught more

about prayer and the God who answered. But her friends, who were heathens, did not like the idea and put obstacles in the way.

What do you think Miss Jap did?

She prayed—prayed to the God she so imperfectly knew, that He would make the way plain for her to go where she could learn more. And He answered. One by one the hindrances were removed, and as she still prayed on, they were all removed, so that she was free to go to a school conducted by christian missionaries, her relations gladly consenting.

The lady at the head of that school of nearly 100 girls, many of whom are young Christians, writes of this one thus:—

"If there is one fact more than another that she has taken in with her whole heart it is that God hears her prayers, and one sees the effect in a bright christian life."

Now let us take our Bibles and find texts in which God promises to answer prayer.

Here is one, Matthew xxi. 22, "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Here is another, Luke xi. 9, "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Yet a third, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." (John xvi. 23.)

Here is a fourth, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." (Mark xi. 24.)

"O Lord, the children come to Thee,
For Thou the children's life didst share;
Its thoughts and feelings Thou didst know,
And Thou wilt hear the children's prayer."

"JUST AS YOU ARE."

AN artist had with skill begun,
A picture of "The Prodigal Son";
The father's house was painted in,
The fatted calf its stall within;
Servants with robe and shoes and ring,
The father running, welcoming.
And now the picture to complete,
The artist sought, but ne'er could meet,
A model for the centre space,
None in such plight to fit the place.
At last, he saw in London town,
A ragged wretch so broken down,
"Here's just the man I want," said he,
"The picture of true misery."

At once he told the man his quest,
Said, "If you'll come just as you're dressed,
And sit while I your portrait take
I'll pay you well. But do not make
The least improvement, or you'll mar
My every hope, *come as you are.*
And here's a sovereign, that, in sooth,
You'll know I'm telling you the truth."
The beggar gladly gave consent,
With his good fortune well content.
The artist left him. Long he gazed
Upon the coin, well-nigh amazed
At so much wealth, and then and there
He went and dined on goodly fare.
But, as he rose to go—ah well!—
His glance upon a mirror fell.
He stared, disgusted at his face,
Shocked to behold his dire disgrace.
"The gentleman could never mean
That I should meet him so unclean,"
He thought. "No, this will never do."
So thinking, without more ado,
The dirt from hands and face he cleared,
A barber soon trimmed hair and beard,
The money left he did invest
In clothes to be the better dressed.
Before a mirror then admired
Himself, he thought, so well attired.
The hour arrived, his way he bent,
And boldly to the house he went.
He rang the bell. The footman came
Who asked his business and his name.
"Please sir, the Artist wanted me
To come for him to paint," said he.
The footman said, "You're not the man,"
"Yes, sir, I am"—he then began;
"Oh, no, my master's orders were
That if a beggar man knocked here
I was to let him in—not you."
"I thought that it would never do
To come so dirty," he explained.
"You should have in your dirt remained,"
Replied the footman. "Still I'll see
What now my master's mind may be."
On hearing he was at the door,
The artist, without hearing more,
Delighted, ran to lead the way,
But what was his untold dismay
To see his model altered so.
"You're no good now, away you go,"
He cried, "For all my plans you mar,
I said to you, '*Come as you are!*'"

Dear children, learn a lesson here,
And take God's holy word in fear.
Think not to rid one single jot
From off your soul of sin's vile spot.
The blood of Jesus Christ alone
Can for your every sin atone;
And all have sinned, are lost, undone,

That's why God sent His only Son,
To bear on sin the judgment due,
To offer pardon free to you.
Then heed His word sent near and far,
To Jesus come, *just as you are.*

L. O. L.

A HALFPENNY GOSPEL.

IT was Spring-time, and the warm sun was shining on the smiling faces and gaily-dressed figures of the crowd that poured out of a little chapel in Figueira da Foz,* where a special festival was being held in honour of one of the saints so dear to the hearts of the simple Spanish folk.

Two boys, both in holiday attire, came out into the sunshine, eagerly talking, their dark olive complexions and happy faces well set-off by the bright colours of their garments. "Come hither, Alfredo," whispered the elder of the two, as he glanced over his shoulder and at the same time pulled his companion under the shadow of a large tree, "I have something to show thee. See!"

He drew from his pocket a small book, and noted with pleasure the light that came into Alfredo's eyes as they fell on the tiny volume. The latter put out his hand and took it, turning over the leaves and reading the title:

"The Gospel of St. Matthew."

"Where didst thou get it, Aleppio?" he inquired.

"Over yonder at the fair," answered Aleppio, naming a neighbouring town. "I won it in a halfpenny raffle, and thought at once how pleased you would be to read it."

"Aye, and still more pleased to buy it of thee," replied Alfredo, whose love of books was well known among his friends. "What wilt thou take for it, Aleppio?"

"Take? Why nothing. I want not to sell it."

Alfredo's face fell. He had a great desire to possess the tiny book, for did it not tell of the Lord Christ, whose name he caught here and there on its pages? Amongst the many religious books he had read, he had never come across one like this.

He drew a silver coin from his pocket.

"Wilt thou take this for it, Aleppio?" But Aleppio shook his head.

* In Portugal.



Another treasure from his pocket was added to the coin, but still the book owner refused to part with his prize. Finally, Alfredo took out his fine, white pocket handkerchief, and offered to exchange it for the book; and, though Aleppio hesitated for a moment, he could not resist this article, and so the book and handkerchief changed owners, and the boys separated, both well pleased with their bargains.

Alfredo made his way homewards, out of the town and across the sunny slopes, where the trees were laden with sweet-scented blossoms and were rich in vernal green.

When well out of reach of passers-by he threw himself on the grass under the shade of a mulberry tree, and, opening his book, began to read. Presently he became absorbed in its contents, and time and place were forgotten as he read, for the first time in his life, the story of God's love out of a portion of the Bible.

At last he started up, and, remembering the time, set off homewards at a quick run, his treasure safe in the pocket of his coat.

And what a treasure it was! Every day he read part of it, and soon knew many passages by heart. Then came the longing that others should share the good words, and he began to make daily visits to the riverside, where the women in the village assembled to wash their clothes, and as they washed, Alfredo, sitting on a stone, would read them the good words, till they, as well as he, began to love them and to look forward to his visits.

And so it went on for some time, till one sad day Father Adrian, the parish priest, happened to pass by, and, finding the youthful member of his flock reading from the holy scriptures, took possession of the book, at the same time giving the boy a severe lecture on daring to read such a book, and threatening him with excommunication if he ever attempted to do so again.

Poor little Alfredo! His heart sank within him as he saw his treasure disappear into the pocket of the priest; but the seed had been sown, and, despite the threats of the latter, the boy was firmly convinced that the book was good, and quickly made up his mind to obtain another copy as soon as he could do so.

He had found out that it was a portion of a larger volume called the Bible, and he now determined to save all his spare coppers and buy the large book, which at last he procured through a colporteur of the Bible Society.

Then, indeed, there was joy in his heart! Carefully hiding it from the watchful eye of Father Adrian, he would pore over its pages, and as other books were gradually added to his store by the kind colporteur, who saw that the lad was earnestly seeking for the truth, his eyes were gradually opened, and with a heart full of gratitude he accepted "the gift of God," and found peace through the blood of the cross.

Alfredo still lives, a monument of what God hath wrought, and does his utmost to bring others to the same Saviour, whose blood and pardon have brought such peace to his own soul.

Are *you* working for Christ like this?

L. A. B. S.

(*Extracted.*)

LITTLE JOEY.

JOEY was a bonnie little boy at the age of three years, so full of life and merriment that it was sometimes a difficult matter to keep him quiet. On one occasion his mother intended going to some meetings in the country, some distance from where they lived. Calling her little boy to her the day before, she said, "Joey, I am going to some meetings in the country to-morrow, and should like to take you with me, but I am afraid you could not sit still long enough." With a pleading look in his mother's face Joey replied, "You just try me this *once*."

The next day found him seated beside his mother in the wagonette which was carrying them toward the village of C—, and when they arrived at the farm where the meetings were held, he did not forget that he must sit quite quietly. After the first meeting a kind old gentleman took him up in his arms saying, "What a good little boy you have been." Joey was very gratified by this, and pulling his mother's hand exclaimed, "There, moder, didn't I tell truff [truth]?" At the close of the next meeting, as the people were about to separate, some one suggested singing the well-known verse:—

"Here we suffer grief and pain
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more;
Oh that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

These words evidently made a great impression on Joey's mind, for the next day when playing in the garden, he ran into the house to his mother, saying, "Moder, that



man said, 'In heaven we part no more.'"
"Yes," said his mother, "and if you like I will sing you the verse." He listened very attentively to the words and then asked, "If I love Jesus, should I go to heaven if I were to die?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, "because Jesus loves *you*."

"But, moder, does Jesus love me when I'm naughty?"

"Yes, Jesus *always* loves you, but He does not love naughty ways." Satisfied with

this the little fellow ran away to his play, leaving his mother to ponder his words.

Only a few days later her little one was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the lungs, and after three days more he was taken to heaven, where "grief and pain" are unknown.

Those who loved little Joey, and wept at losing him, were comforted as they recalled the words, "In heaven we part no more." They knew their little lamb was safe in the good Shepherd's keeping. Did He not say when on earth, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God"? It was in order that He might have us in that bright glory with Himself that Jesus died. Was it not wonderful love that led Him to take the place which was our due? "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, *while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*" (Rom. v. 7, 8.)

L. C. B.

ENIGMA.

THOUGH Jesus had this for His cot,
There's given Him what none else have got;
For this He made Himself to be,
Though God at all times, blest be He.
Color of a food by Israel eaten,
One word in John iii. gives its source from heaven.

'Twas small, so Jesus a babe became,
Its shape—no ends—His age the same,
Cleft was this, whence refreshment came.

The first five letters spell a food, the others a drink—both by Israelites used. A chapter in Exodus and Numbers, and an early chapter, one in Matthew the other in an Epistle, help to give the answers.

N.B.—Fresh competitors may start any month. Remember to give references to your replies, as such count as extra marks.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER VI.

"OLD THINGS PASSED AWAY."

SHALL we leave Rhoda for a little while, busy and happy in her school-girl life, while we trace the steps by which her father and uncle were being led into the light and liberty enjoyed by those who, amid all the confusion that

exists, have the faith to see and the grace to accept an outside place? to own that there is indeed "a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." (Job xxviii.) A spot where the Lord Jesus loves to gather His own around Himself.

It was early in the year 1888 that one of the Lord's servants, who was at that time living in India—I will call him Col. J——, as I may have to speak of him several times before the last chapter of the story of PANAPHUR is written—was told by his servant that a stranger wished to speak to him. He gave orders that he should be admitted, and a few moments later looked up from his writing-table to receive his visitor, a tall man, whose face bore the marks of hardship and fatigue. He wore the long yellow robe usually adopted by faquirs in that part of India, and just about as ragged and dirty as a faquir's dress commonly is. He carried a long wooden cross in his hand and introduced himself to Col. J—— by saying, "I am a christian faquir." A Christian and a faquir! The two did not go well together, for as Col. J—— well knew, no true Christian who had received the simple teaching of the word of God would be content to go on living the idle, begging life of an Indian faquir.

The Colonel's visitor was Musa Shah, the uncle of Rhoda, and after quite a long talk in "Urdu," the language spoken by the natives of that district of India, he felt sure that though he had but little light Musa Shah had been truly converted, and really wanted to learn more of divine things. By a way that he knew not, he had been led to that part of India, for though the report that had led him to take a journey of many miles, that some Christians were going to open a hall for preaching, was not a true one, he found christian friends, by whom, like Apollos, he was to be more fully instructed in the things of the Lord.

Much time was spent over the scriptures, but Musa never seemed to grow tired, or to think that he had heard enough.

Hearing that on the Lord's-day following Col. J—— expected a visit from some of his soldier-friends, who were decided Christians, and whose object in coming over would be to remember the death of the Lord Jesus in the breaking of bread, he asked permission to remain, that he might be present. Though he did not for some time share the privilege of the little company thus gathered, his whole soul seemed filled with wonder and delight, as he said, "This simple way of calling to mind the death of the Lord is what I have long sought but never before found. Will not you receive me as one who loves Christ?"

"But perhaps by doing as you wish you may offend many of your friends and be called to suffer loss for Christ's sake," was said to him. To this he had but one reply, "I desire to please my Lord even if I offend my friends; Christ has suffered for me, even unto dying on the cross, shall I not be content to suffer a little for Him?"

After a short time of waiting, all were happy about his being received to the Lord's table, and his simple faith in God was often a cheer to his

new friends. After a short absence he returned, accompanied by his brother Haji, who also seemed to drink in the truth, and as he too expressed a desire to break bread he was received by the brethren.

Musa and Haji often went quite long distances preaching the gospel, and though not very long after the time I am writing of Haji was gored by a bull, and so badly hurt that the injuries he received left him weakened in mind so that he could not think clearly, or remember what he was told, Musa went on with the gospel work, carrying the glad tidings to many mountain villages.

Strange though it may seem to us, he did not at first give up the dress of a faquir, but as the light in his soul grew clearer he began to see that it was not suited to the Lord he loved and desired to follow.

Col. J— shall tell the story of how he was led to lay it aside. He writes, "I had some official duty with the Rajah, and Musa Shah offered to accompany me. After some demur I consented, warning him by saying, 'The Rajah is very fond of faquirs, and may do you honour, though he does not like Christians; such honour will be a dishonour to Christ.'

"We went, and as I feared, when the Rajah heard that a christian faquir had come, he ordered a fine, large tent to be put up for him, a soldier was sent to guard him, and food from the Rajah's own table was sent to him, and he was treated with great respect and honour. I felt grieved, and began to wonder if I had acted wisely in allowing him to be my companion, so made all possible haste over my business, and the next day started for home in a carriage. We had hardly started before two mounted soldiers rode up, one of whom had two hands filled with silver coins; 'These' said he, 'are a present which the Rajah has sent to the christian faquir.' 'Take them away,' was my answer. 'The Rajah will be very angry,' the soldier replied. 'I cannot help that,' I said, 'but I wish you to tell him that Christians do not desire such gifts.' The horsemen left us, and turning to Musa Shah, I said, 'Cannot you now see how much sorrow and dishonour to the name of Christ comes from your still wearing the dress of a faquir?' He was silent, and during the remainder of our journey (about eighteen miles), I do not remember a single word being spoken by either.

"The day following I was greatly pleased to see Musa wearing the simple native dress of white cotton. The wooden cross had also disappeared, and neither have been seen from that day to this."

Indian and English school-girls are, I think, much alike in the way in which they look forward to and expect a good time during the holidays, and Rhoda, who had already been taken by her uncle to the house of Col. J—, was much pleased at receiving an invitation to spend a short time with his wife, an earnest christian lady. Life, with all its hopes and plans, lay before the young girl. The ladies at the orphanage, who looked upon her as one of their most promising pupils, wished her to be trained as a teacher, and hoped she might one

day be employed as a missionary to her own people. And so she has been, and still is, though not exactly in the way they had planned for her.

During this visit, Rhoda was present at the breaking of bread, and heard much of the simple way in which the early disciples met, and also of the joy it gives to the heart of Christ thus to gather "HIS OWN" around Himself. She expressed a great wish to be allowed to unite with the little company thus gathered in remembering the death of the Lord, and when it was explained to her that by so doing she would offend her friends, and might have to give up her happy school-life, and perhaps be unable to complete her education, she said that though she loved the English ladies, who had always treated her with great kindness, she would rather leave the school than be prevented from doing what she had learned from the word of God was pleasing to the Lord. A small hut was built for her, near the one occupied by her father and uncle on the banks of a mountain torrent. School-life lay behind her, and new work for which the Lord had Himself been fitting her was opening up.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

AGNES F., Moonie Ponds, Melbourne, Australia. Thank you so much, dear young friend, for all the tiny love-tokens that have done so much to make each feel that though a distance of at least fifteen thousand miles lies between our earthly homes, we are not really strangers to each other. The box of dried and pressed flowers and ferns, neatly arranged on text-cards, were very pretty, and are greatly valued by those to whom they have been given; while a still later mail brought "photos," for which please accept real thanks, of all the birdies in the dear home nest, though some of them look as if almost ready to fly away. May not one be missing from that great company, who, redeemed unto God by the precious blood of Christ, will ere long be safely at home in the Father's house.

C. J. L. quite understands your reason for withdrawing from our "Y. G. B." School-girl life lies behind you now, and other work will, there is no doubt, be opening up to you. Do not forget, dear, that there is only one safe, unerring Guide. Has your heart said in childlike faith to Him, "My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth"?

You feel, too, that having already carried off several scripture prizes it is only fair to give place to younger Gleaners. Though feeling sure that Bible searching is good and helpful for all, there has been no hard and fast rule as to age and there has always been the desire leading, we trust, to the effort to encourage the "wee ones."

Cannot you induce some of your younger brothers or sisters, or one of their school friends to take your place, so that AUSTRALIA may still contribute, not one, but several Gleaners to our Band?

Dorothy and Nora, Heathfield, Sussex. Thank you so much for the flowers you sent; most were, if I remember rightly, primroses, and they arrived

quite fresh, looking little, if any the worse for their railway journey. If you were so near that I could speak to you, you would, I think, enjoy listening to what some one the other day called "A FLOWER STORY," though I think a better title would be "WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE." Shall I tell it to you on paper? I had been taking bunches of spring flowers to some of the sick and aged ones who live not very far away; one bunch of primroses still lay, fresh and cool, at the bottom of my basket, when my attention was attracted by a woman, whose once tall form bent under the weight of more than four-score years. She was poor, her shabby, faded dress betrayed that, while the lines on her face told their own tale of care and privation. Suddenly she stooped to pick up a faded flower that lay by the roadside. I went up to her, and, holding out my flowers, said, "Would you like these primroses?" She was either deaf or had failed to grasp the thought that the flowers were offered as a free gift, for with a shake of her head, she replied sadly, "I'd like the flowers, and if I'd got a penny, I'd be very pleased to have 'em, but I'm sorry to say I haven't." I explained that I was *not* selling but giving the flowers, and that having supplied several sick who lived near, I had one bunch to spare, to which if she cared to accept it, she was perfectly welcome. She looked longingly, almost lovingly at the pale, yellow blossoms I was still holding towards her, and for a moment seemed inclined to take them, but again she drew back. "Now, if I only had a penny!" she repeated, as if thinking aloud rather than speaking to me, and would have passed on, but I detained her by saying, "The primroses are FOR YOU, a free gift, if you care to have them, and another and far greater gift is as freely offered to you, without money and without price, the SALVATION OF GOD. The flowers were gathered by the willing hands of children, whose loving hearts had learned to think of others, and were sent at a cost of only a few pence for me to give away; but the GIFT offered to you by God was purchased by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet you may have it for nothing. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" (Acts xvi. 31.)

"Did she take the flowers, after all?" did you say, dear? Yes, and as tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, she said, "Thank ye kindly, lady; well, this is grand, to get lovely flowers like these just for the taking, and it's good about the other gift too."

"Hestercombe," Swanage. It is pleasant to find that the love of the dear young people, who meet during the winter months for pleasant working parties at the house of a friend, did not quite find its full expression in the nice, large box of pretty and useful things so kindly sent early in the year; it has been followed by a second, not quite so large, but still well filled. Not the least interesting among its varied contents were two dolls, passed on by their former owners, who thought themselves getting too grown-up to spend time or affection on wax or wooden babies, but who still, I think, found

a new and very pure pleasure in them, that of passing them on to younger and poorer children, who were made very happy by their gifts.

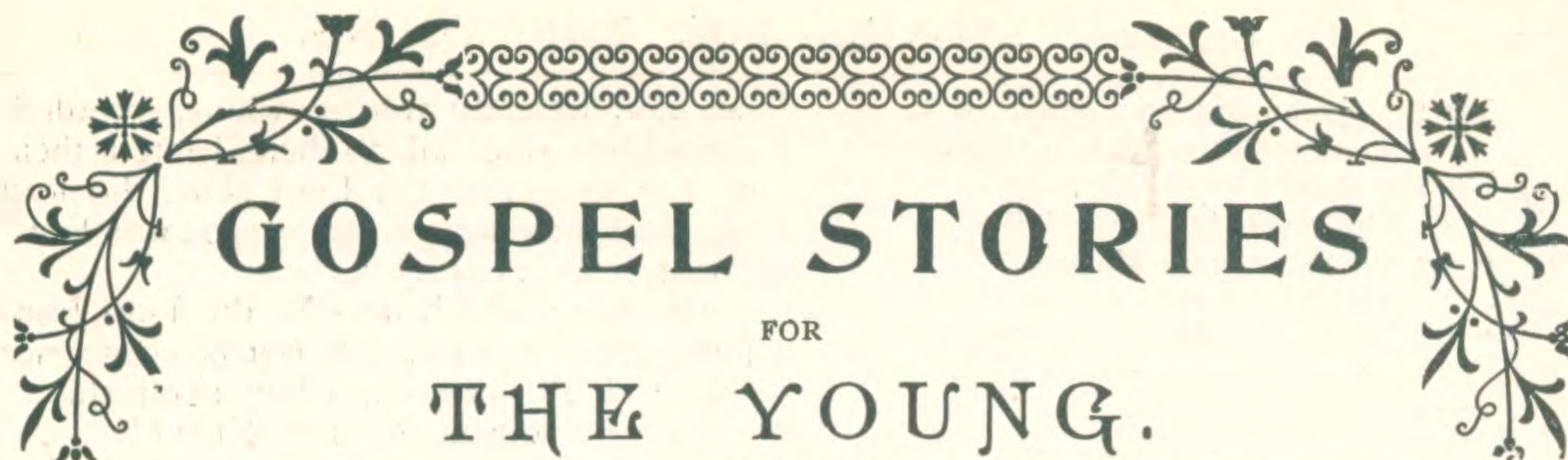
It is good for all of us to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts xx. 35.) God delights in giving. Have we ever, each one for herself, given joy to His heart by taking the place of receivers, and being willing to let Him bless us?

Mabel W., Broadstairs. So glad to get your letter, dear Mabel. You say the paper sent is your first attempt at Bible searching; it is a very good one, and you are lovingly welcomed to our "Young Gleaners' Band." Do not be content with the new joy that came into your life a year and a half ago, that of knowing the Lord Jesus as your own precious Saviour. What I mean is, seek to learn of Him, the "meek and lowly in heart." Let the written word of the Lord be your guide and counsellor. There is a verse in the Book of Proverbs I should like you to mark in your own Bible, and not only to mark but to think about and pray over. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee!" (Prov. vi. 22.)

F. William D., Taunton. Quite a nice number of boy friends have joined our "Gleaners' Band" lately, and it is always a cheer to welcome a newcomer. You will never regret having spared half-an-hour once or twice a month from lessons or play and sat quietly down to read and study your Bible. Such precious things are hidden in its pages, just as if put there on purpose to reward those who do not mind the trouble of looking for them. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," but do not forget, dear boy, that if we are to understand the scriptures aright we need to be taught by the Holy Spirit, our guide unto all truth.

N. S., Arlington Road, Surbiton. C. J. L. is sorry not to have had an opportunity of replying to yours by post. Letter-writing has lately been more than usually difficult, but the box about which you inquire, and for which please accept thanks, arrived safely, and N. S. would have been delighted could she have seen how useful its contents proved, and with what pleasure her gifts were received by a few of our old friends, who are always glad to get warm wraps, &c. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

FLOWERS. Space will only allow a few of the many old and new friends who have sent flowers during the past month to be thanked by name. Among these are D. and E. J., Wall Heath, who also kindly sent a parcel containing socks, cuffs and pincushions, which should have been acknowledged in an earlier issue of *Gospel Stories*. "A few wild flowers gathered this morning while the dew from heaven was upon them;" "Spring flowers, from Sevenoaks;" and a box of toys, &c., sent with the hope that they might give pleasure to some blind child or children, &c., &c. Post, as far as possible, your answers to present set of Bible Questions NOT later than July 25th. Address to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex, or to her at Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, E. C.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

MOUNTAINS. III.

(a.) A city in Asia Minor whose inhabitants knew the secrets of preparing a rare and costly dye, about which we read in our history books as the "imperial purple" worn by the emperors of Rome. We read of "a seller of purple," as the occupation of a woman whose heart was opened to receive the gospel when the place in which she then lived was visited by Paul and his companions. We do not know exactly how or when a company of Christians was first found in this city, but they formed one of the SEVEN churches to whom letters found in the early chapters of Revelation were addressed.

(b.) A valley, the name of which means *trouble*. Soon after crossing the Jordan it became a place of sorrow and judgment to Israel; there a guilty person was stoned, and yet the cloud will have a silver lining, for the valley is mentioned by two of the prophets as a place of future hope and blessing for God's ancient people.

(c.) A very old city of great size, and forming the capital of the kingdom over which king Nebuchadnezzar ruled. It was enclosed by walls of great thickness, and is said to have had one hundred gates. It is frequently mentioned in scripture, and its destruction foretold by the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah.

(d.) The last letter of the Greek alphabet; it is named, as is also its first, in the closing chapter of the Book of Revelation.

(e.) The city where Samuel died and was buried.

The initials of the FIVE words forming this month's scripture exercise will, if placed in

7-1904.

order, supply the name of a mountain which once formed a boundary or landmark between the tribes of Issachar and Zebulun, and will be easily found on the map of Palestine, being about seven miles to the east of Nazareth.

ANSWERS to the THREE sets of Questions on Bible Mountains should be posted *not* later than July 25th. Be sure and write your name and address on your papers. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PROMISE.

[Queen Victoria was once asked by a poor woman, whom she was visiting:—"Will your Majesty promise to meet me in heaven?" to which Her Majesty replied, "*Yes, I will do that, in virtue of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.*"]

FEW could greater honour claim
Than our late beloved Queen:
All her virtues make her name
Flourish like an evergreen.

Kind her heart with mercy moved
For the need of those distressed;
By her people she was loved,
By her Saviour she was blest.

Often in the humble home,
She would doff her regal state,
Words of cheer with her would come,
Sympathy on her would wait.

Once within a poor abode,
Queen Victoria sat her down;
She would ease a weary load,
Queenly as she wore her crown.

Ere she left she asked the dame,
"Is there aught that I can do?
If you want, you need but name,
I would gladly give to you."

Gratefully the dame replied,
Touched by such sweet sympathy,
"I have all my needs supplied,
Many thanks, your Majesty."

Yet the Queen inquired again :—

“Is there nothing, are you sure?”

No, she wished no earthly gain,
This the dame did her assure.

“But one thing, your Majesty,”
Meekly did her subject add,

“I’d like you would promise me,
That would make me very glad.”

“If I can, I’ll not say nay,”
Was the royal answer given.

“Would your Majesty then say
If you’ll meet me yet in heaven?”

“Yes, *I will*,” oh, answer good,
That her hearer’s heart sufficed!

“Yes, *in virtue of the blood,*
Shed by the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Noble words of precious faith!
Wisdom’s fruit worth more than gold!
Since they tell what scripture saith,
Of THE BLOOD of price untold!

Well did Queen Victoria know,
Of that pure sin-cleansing flood;
And that none in heaven could go
Save “in virtue of the blood.”

Down her earthly crown is laid,
Heaven is now her blest abode,
Hers are joys that will not fade,
Hers “in virtue of the blood.”

L. O. L.

YOUNG EAGLES!

SHALL I tell you what has been observed by those who have watched the habits of the kingly eagle? When the eaglets are strong enough to fly, and old enough to leave the nest, which is always built either on mountain tops or among rocks overhanging the sea, the young birds are afraid to make their first attempts at flying, so the parents break up the nest, so that they have no choice but to spread their wings and find they, too, can fly; but at first their wings are weak, and soon tire. Will the eaglet fall? No, for the parent bird sails down, flies under it, and, allowing it to find a resting-place on her back, mounts up with it to the nest.

God’s earthly people, Israel, when living in Egypt, must often have noticed the care of the eagle for its young, and it is used by the Holy Ghost, when He wished to make them understand how He cared for and acted for them: “As an eagle stirreth up

her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him.” (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.)

Do those who believe in the Lord Jesus now—those who have got rest of conscience (Matt. xi. 28)—know anything about this

“STIRRING OF THE NEST?”

Yes, very often the earthly nest is broken up. Sickness or trouble sweeps like a cold wind over the home, or perhaps the chill hand of death touches our best-loved ones. This is because God loves His children too well to allow them to settle down in earthly things. He knows how easily we forget that we are pilgrims and strangers here, and when affection for Christ begins to grow cold, how soon we seek to make ourselves at home and happy in the world where He, our Lord and Saviour, was cast out and crucified. His love cannot rest till our hearts are again enjoying the sunshine of His bright presence and love. Earthly things are all too poor and small to fill and satisfy our hearts. Christ, and none but Christ, can do that. (Matt. xi. 29.) Thus, both from swallow and eagle, the believer may learn this world “is not your rest.” The world’s books, fashions and amusements will only hinder and drag him down.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I want now to show you my appreciation of your love and kindness in remembering me, by trying to tell you something that may interest you.

I will begin with a story about a bear which stopped a train along the Rajputana railway.

When first the line was laid there were many wild animals about; they did not know that the arrival of those iron lines would be their death knell, as the engine puffed along them bringing the sportsmen and their guns. There were also some wild tribes around, called Bhils, who fought with bows and arrows and were wonderful marksmen.

These people used to be very troublesome, and sometimes would attack trains and endanger people’s lives; they often also robbed

goods' trains. But the English found a happy way of stopping these attacks. Tribes have feuds between themselves. A feud is a continued enmity that arises between two or more people because of some injury done.

A poor chieftain was terribly wounded in one feud affray. Both his legs were amputated and he was tended by an English doctor. Then being unable to fight and kill any more, the railway authorities made him a pointsman along the line near a station in a wild district.

Now we come back to the bear. Whether this bear, which was a large black one, knew this old chieftain or not I do not know. At any rate, as a full passenger train was coming into this station there was a sudden stop, as the signals were not shown.

After some time the station master went up to where the pointsman ought to have signalled the train, but he came back a little more quickly than he went, for sure enough there was a huge black bear sitting by the signal posts and refusing to move.

The poor lame chief, now pointsman, had not dared to draw near this angry animal.

At last, after half an hour's delay, several men went up together to move Master Bruin, who, with a sudden change of purpose, hurried away into the jungle. The train then slowly came in.

This story is amusing. It was told me in Karachi this year by a brother who once had been in those parts. I ought to add when the railway company appointed the lame chief as pointsman, the tribes, out of respect, no longer molested the trains; respect, I should say, to their chief and not to British rule.

I have had amusing stories told me also by an old lady, the last one now that you would ever have thought could have been a sportsman. But she was, and a very good marksman, or markswoman, too.

One day she was with a party shooting and they had to cross the Ben's river. The gentlemen helped the ladies across a ford. But our friend was heavy and was allowed to fall with all her clothes into mid-stream. She got back to the side; but that day her shooting was stopped.

Another day she and her husband and two gentlemen went to destroy some bears at a

hill-station. The lady and gentleman were wise and remained on the ground, but the other two, who were timid, resolved to climb up a machan, or scaffolding of bamboos with a bed on the top on which a man lies and shouts to keep the wild animals away. At midnight the bear came to feed on the corn in this place.

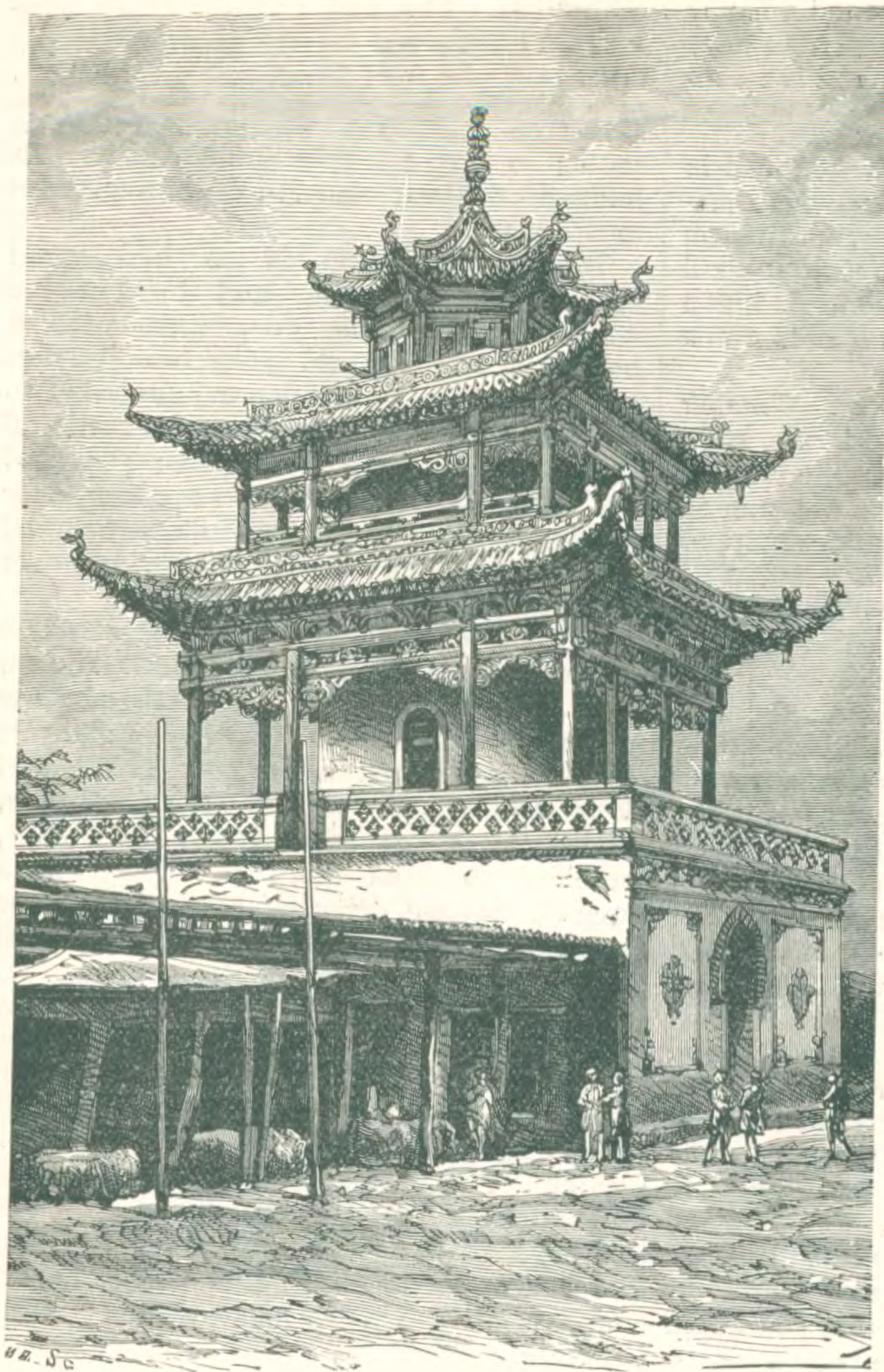
By some mistake on his part he knocked against the scaffolding and brought the whole thing down, the two gentlemen falling heavily upon his back. The bear did not bargain for this and did not know what to do; the two gentlemen also were no better off than the bear. They forgot their guns and lost their heads. Meanwhile, the bear, after looking this way and that, suddenly turned over on his back and rolled over and over down the hillside till well away.

Of course there are some very terrible stories too. One gentleman, well known, went to East Africa to help construct the railway from Mombasa. A lion in one part every night seized some poor coolie and killed and ate his victim. So this gentleman, with a Dutchman and an Italian, his friends, resolved to shoot this lion. They had a special carriage detached along the line to await this king of beasts. One thought that he saw the animal coming along.

But the sportsman said that he could only see the fireflies. These fireflies were the lion's eyes. Then as the lion delayed, no doubt on his guard because of the carriage, they resolved to sleep and take it in turns to watch. The sportsman, the gentleman who should have watched, went to sleep. The carriage windows remained open so that a cool breeze might blow; after a little time the foreigners were awakened by short terrific roars and growls.

The lion had bounded through the window on the sleepy sportsman, killed him, and before the men could escape from the carriage began to eat him. This was terrible; their lives were marvellously spared as they stole out of the doors of the carriage. This awful event happened last year. But now I may have tired your patience by these stories. I have more things to tell you.

Mrs. N——, on Sunday afternoons, after I have instructed the native servants from



AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

some Bible truths, takes the children of our compound to teach them and tell them about the Lord Jesus. Oh! if these children only loved and knew the holy Saviour.

Some of them are such bright little children, but when they are very young they have very few clothes on, especially in the heat. They are generally very dirty, unless it be a feast day of some of the awful demons.

It is sad to think of the future of these little ones in our compound. At present they are happy enough, playing about, looking gay in the bright apparel that they wear at times. But they never hear about Jesus in their homes. In early years they play, and, as in England, the bigger girls look after the younger ones. Then they learn to help their mothers cook the food and sweep the house and fill the hookah. At the age of ten or so the parents must begin to make arrangements for the marriage of the girls. Girls must be married whether they like it or not.

The parents get into debt to provide a few ornaments and then a feast which establishes the betrothal. Much money is wasted in these feasts in feeding the relatives, who complain if they are not satisfied. Many drink too much and quarrel.

But by the beating of drums and singing, and smart clothes worn even at that time by most dirty people, you might think that all were very merry.

After a few days the banya will come for the first instalment of interest due for money borrowed to pay for marriage expenses. And so these poor children brought up in ignorance and squalor are married off at the age of twelve to fourteen, and leave their fathers' roofs and become what their mothers were before them. But I must now leave the rest of my letter till next month.

(To be continued.)

TEDDY'S CONVERSION.

LET us draw our chairs together, and I will tell you about Teddy's conversion. It was in the month of November 1895.

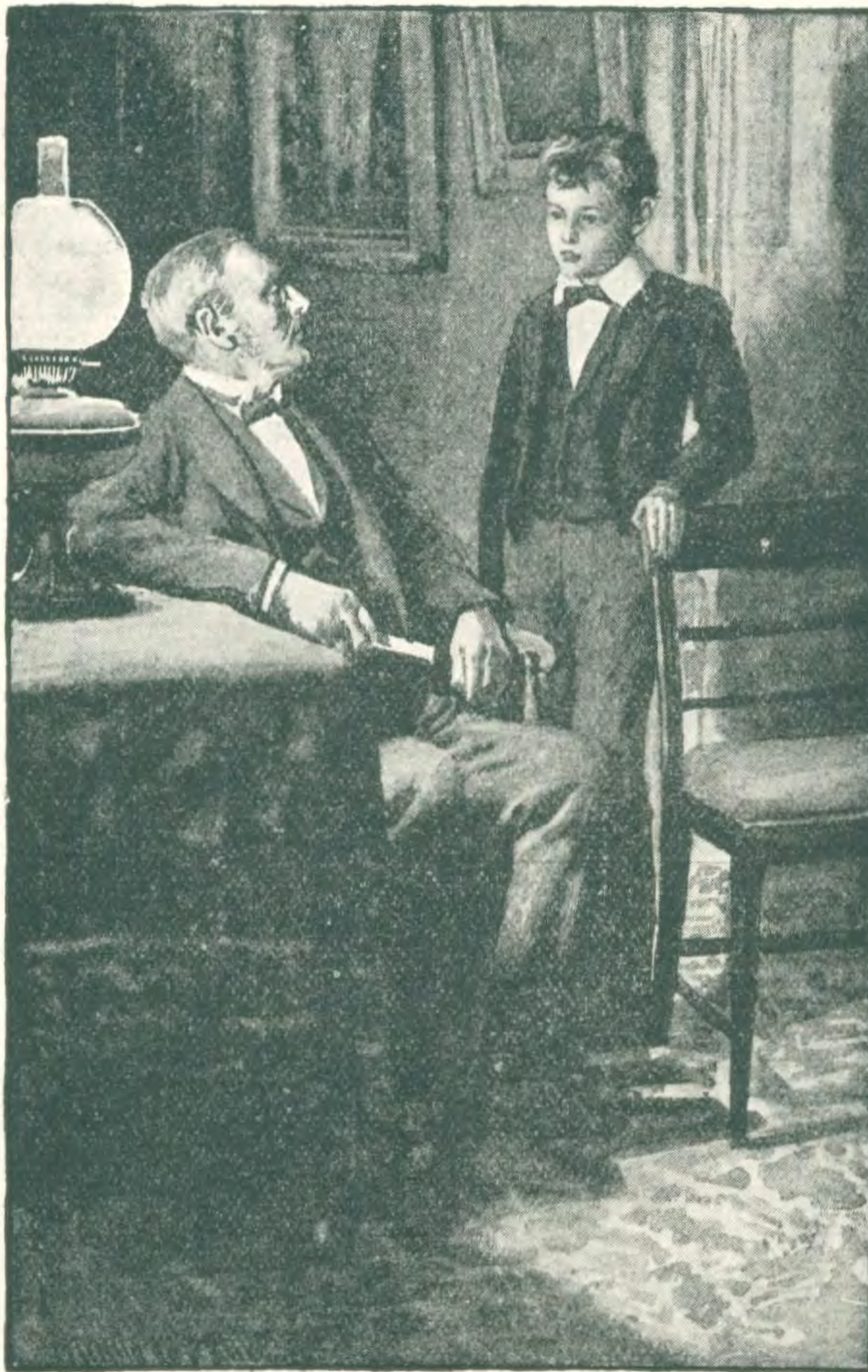
You must know, like many other boys he was wilful and wayward. But he had christian parents who brought him up in the fear of God. At this time he had left school and gone out into the world, and you know, dear boys and girls, that the world is very attractive. Things look very nice to the eye, but God's word says it "lieth in the wicked one," and therefore it is a sinful world.

But we must get on with our story. Our young friend became very unhappy, and his sins pressed very heavily upon him. He thought of judgment; of having to do with God, this was the cause of all this uneasiness. But God had His eye upon him. For six long weary months he went about trying to find satisfaction in the world and in himself, but it was not to be found in this way.

No, dear boys and girls, satisfaction and joy, salvation and rest, are to be found alone in One whose name is Jesus; this our young friend had to prove, trying to do better in the future was all in vain; the sins of youth,

big sins and small ones, would come up before him like a giant mountain. "God requireth that which is past." (Eccles. iii. 15.)

Just about this time a book was placed upon the table by his father, and being struck by the title of the book, which was "Though your sins be as scarlet," he took it up and read it.



The whole story I need not relate as it would take up too much time. But it was about a young man who was going one Sunday evening to enjoy himself at the house of some friends who were, like himself, bent upon the pleasures of the world. But as this young man was hurrying along this tract was put into his hand by a passer-by bearing the above title which was the means of his salvation, and God used it for our young friend's salvation also.

Now Teddy was very fond of reading books that commenced with a story, and if it chanced to touch upon the subject of salvation he would put it down and read no more; but somehow the story was continued to the end, but interwoven between the lines were those words which occurred several times over, "Though your sins be as scarlet." Night after night he went to bed but could get no sleep. Over and over again the words kept ringing in his ears,

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

But at last the night of decision came. The clock had struck eleven, Satan whispered time enough yet, wait till you get a little older. But God said, Now. He came downstairs and was met by his parents, who had been upon their knees praying to God.

Our young friend burst into tears, saying, "I'm a great sinner." To which his father made reply, "He is a great Saviour." He was told that Jesus had borne all his sins and satisfied God on account of them. It is now eight years since our young friend found Jesus as his Saviour, and since then he has been going on his way rejoicing.

But we had better get our Bibles and open them at Isaiah i. 18 and read the whole of the verse, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

May those who read these lines follow our young friend's example and "Come now."

Come now to Jesus,
Come now to Jesus,
Come and thy sins all confess;
Come now to Jesus,
Come now to Jesus;
He is still waiting to bless.

E. J. E.

JESUS ALONE CAN SAVE.

SOME time ago a dear christian friend related an incident that occurred near the village of P——, which reminded me of sinners who have been trying all they can by good deeds to reach heaven, but at last find that all their good works are of no avail, and that their only resource is by faith to cast themselves on Christ.

My friend happened to be passing a mill lake, and noticed that two sheep had by some means or other got into the water and were struggling to get out.

He went to the side at which the sheep were and stretched his arms to take them out, but they immediately swam to the other side and made efforts of their own to get out. Fortunately one of them was newly shorn, and being thus lighter could move more freely and was able to get to the bank by

itself; the other sheep was kept down by the weight of its wool, and to whichever side my friend went to help it out it as surely went to the other.

At last realising that it was helpless it crossed over right to where he was, as if to say, "Take me out." He bent down and gently lifted up the helpless creature and laid it safely on the ground. This sheep and its wool are like a sinner and his sins. They weigh you down and exclude all possibility of gaining heaven. As the sheep must inevitably have perished had it not turned to its rescuer, so you, my dear reader, must perish for ever unless you turn in your helplessness to Jesus. He alone can save. Why not flee to Him for safety NOW.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

NEW JOYS AND SORROWS.

I DO not want you to think that because Rhoda's school-girl life came, as you have already read, to an end sooner than either she or her teachers expected, that she was no longer a learner, or that her life in the hut by the mountain torrent was an idle or useless one. A journey of several days would have been required to reach any Indian town where food was to be bought, so all the rice, maize, or other corn needed by the little household must be grown on the small plots of ground that had been cleared (rice requiring a very wet soil), while maize would have to be ground before it could be kneaded into cakes. In these and other daily tasks we may be sure that Rhoda took her full share, so that while she sometimes missed her teachers and young companions, constant employment made the days seem to pass quickly; and when she had a little free time, such a wonderful book, the BIBLE, which she could read in English as well as her native language, into which, some years before our story begins, it had been translated, was in her hands, and there was so much to learn, as she lingered over its pages; such a wonderful teacher too, the Holy Spirit, our Guide into all truth, though I have no doubt that she was greatly helped by quiet, happy talks with her uncle, and her father also, when his mind was sufficiently clear to remember what he had been taught of the truth as it is in Jesus.

But a fresh page of the lesson book of her life was about to be turned for the young girl whose story you are following with such interest. Many will, I hope, remember having read how truly Haji Shah, the father of Rhoda, had been called to prove the truth of the Lord's words, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household" (Matt. x. 36.), his wife having left him as soon as he confessed himself a Christian, and with the approval of her Mohammedan friends been married to another man,

this kind of marriage being allowed by the laws which the Mohammedans consider themselves bound to obey.

As her home, however, was not very far from that of Rhoda's, she would now and then pay a visit to her daughter, and seemed far less angry than she had been with her husband when he tried to tell her of the Lord Jesus and His love to sinners. By the second marriage she had two children, Jiwa, a boy, and Fatah, a girl. After a few years the man to whom she had been married died, and her own health failed, till she became so ill and weak that she was obliged to give up going to see Rhoda, who one day received a message that her mother, who was very ill, wished to see her. She went at once, accompanied by her uncle Musa.

They paid her several visits, and before her death the Lord gave them the joy of hearing her confess the Son of God as her own trusted Saviour. She left Jiwa and Fatah to the care of their half-sister Rhoda, and said that her great wish for them was that they should grow up to love and serve the Lord. After her death Musa and Rhoda took the children to their own home.

Rhoda was not quite lost sight of by her old friends at the orphanage. She sometimes wrote to, and received letters from, them, and more than once, when Rhoda left her mountain home for a few days, they met. On such occasions Rhoda was always invited to return and go on with her studies. She was also told that her life, if she chose to remain with her father and uncle in the lonely hut by the mountain stream, would neither be so happy or useful to others as it might have been had she remained under their care. Her old place in their school was still open to her and she might return at any time, and if she was willing to do so, they offered to make arrangements which might result in sending her to England, there to be trained as a lady doctor, in the hope that after a few years spent in study she would be able to return to India and work as a missionary doctor among her own country-women.

The end of all this was that Rhoda grew unsettled and unhappy; much of the joy and gladness of first love to Christ had died out of her heart and life, and she began to wonder if, after all, she had acted rightly in choosing to follow a REJECTED Lord.

But it is sweet to watch the ways of tender grace in which the Lord recalls the hearts of "His own" to Himself, sometimes through the teachings of sorrow and disappointment, and He loved Rhoda too well to allow her to be happy when unrest and questionings as to whether the way in which He had led her was the right one hung like a dark cloud over her soul.

A Mohammedan who lived near, and who was possessed of some riches, sent word to Musa Shah that he wished to become a Christian, and asked if he would visit and teach him. He also said that as he wished the women of his household to become Christians too, and as the customs of the country would not allow them to be seen or spoken to by Musa, he must bring Rhoda to talk to and

teach them. So uncle and niece went, but soon found out that a trap had been laid by means of which the man hoped to get Rhoda into his house and add her to the number of his wives, of whom he already had more than one. Musa spoke to him faithfully, telling him that such wickedness was a sin against God. This plain dealing made the Mohammedan very angry, and when Musa left the house, taking Rhoda with him, he said he would soon find out a way of being revenged.

This was not far to seek; he went to some of his friends and said to them, "I think we are very careless about our children; if we allow them to be brought up by Christians, when they grow up they will become Christians too. We must go to law and get Jiwa and Fatah away from Musa and Rhoda." His friends were quite of his opinion, so a number of them went to an uncle of the children and told him that he must bring a law-suit against Musa and Rhoda, to get the care of the boy and girl. They also told him that he must engage a lawyer who would tell the judge that the children did not belong to their mother at all and therefore she had no right to give them away. They were the property of their father, and when he was dead of his nearest male relations, and so they wished the judge to give an order that the children were to be given up to their Mohammedan uncle.

At first the uncle was very unwilling to do these things. He was, he said, a poor man, and could not afford to pay a lawyer, or to support the children even if they were given up to him; but when he was told that those who wished very much for the order would pay the lawyer, and that the children should be placed in a Mohammedan school, so that he would have no further trouble or expense with them, he consented. About the same time poor Jiwa was stolen away (he was at that time about twelve years of age), and carried off to a Mohammedan school about four hundred miles away.

Rhoda was in sad trouble, and for a time it seemed as if she had quite lost confidence in God. She almost made up her mind to go back to her friends at the orphanage, and even, much against the wishes of her uncle, took her half-sister Fatah there and asked her old teachers, the English ladies, to take charge of her, which they were quite willing to do. She might, she said, return there herself at no very far-off day. Perhaps Rhoda was afraid that Fatah would also be stolen, but for the time she appeared to have quite forgotten that God is a very present help in trouble, and was more anxious to turn to her English friends for help in her time of sorrow and anxiety, than to take her trouble to God who is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

On her return to Panahpur fresh trouble and very sorrowful news awaited her. An order had been sent by the judge that when the case was tried Jiwa and Fatah were both to appear in court. Jiwa was nowhere to be found, being, as we know, four hundred miles away, and Musa and Rhoda were quite ignorant of his whereabouts. If he

could not be found both Musa and Rhoda ran the risk of being severely punished for contempt of court. An anxious time, was it not?

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—

As there are hardly any letters to be answered this month, perhaps because answers to the "Gleaners' Questions on Bible Mountains" are not due till the end or nearly the end of July, before thanking the many known and unknown friends who have been kind enough to send gifts of FLOWERS for our sick and aged ones, I should like to tell a sweet little story that came to my knowledge the other day. It happened in far-off China, and if its incidents are even a little help to one reader of *Gospel Stories*, it will not have been told or read in vain.

A Chinese boy, about fourteen years of age, was employed by a farmer, who sent him to work in one of his fields. While busy about his task he found himself near two women who were also working in the same field. Not very long before our story opens they had been by the grace of God turned from the idols of China to a saving knowledge of Christ, and out of the gladness of praise-filled hearts they were speaking to each other of the Saviour who had loved and given Himself for them. The boy was so near that he could not help hearing what they said, and became greatly interested. After a time he went up to them and said, "These are good words: I have never heard any like them; but whose name is it that you repeat so often?" In a few simple words they told him of the one true God and of His love in the gift of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. It was then time for them all to leave the field and go to their homes, but before saying "good-bye" the boy was told by his new friends that if he would go to their house on the following Lord's-day they would tell him more.

The boy (whose Chinese name I really forget, so we will call him C'hing) thanked the women and started for his home in a village at some distance. He fully intended to tell his mother, who was a widow, all he had heard, but it was the first time C'hing had ever heard of the Lord Jesus, and by the time he reached his home he found that he could remember very little except the name of JESUS, or perhaps I ought to have said the Chinese word used for it. However, he did not forget that he had been invited to learn more, and week after week he was found seeking the company of the few Christians who lived in or near his village.

C'hing tried hard to remember all that was explained to him about the way of salvation, and also learnt some verses of scripture, which he was always much pleased to repeat to his mother. After a time he was quite convinced of the sin and folly of idol-worship, and wished very much to be a Christian. Would not his mother give up her idols and trust in the Saviour he loved? The poor woman wept as she replied, "My son will go to heaven, but I, his mother, cannot enter that holy

place. I, too, wish to be a Christian, but I have always been taught that our idols are very powerful. If I give them up, may they not bring trouble or sickness upon me, or even cause the death of my much-beloved son?"

It was only a poor little house in which C'hing and his mother lived, but like thousands of other homes in China, it had a shelf filled with idols, some of clay, others of brass, wood, or stone, and among them was one so greatly feared that Mrs. C'hing believed that even to say a word against it would make it so very angry, that some great trouble might overtake her or her family.

At last, C'hing obtained the consent of his mother to destroy even this idol. "If it is a god," he said, "it will take care of itself." Having first dug a deep hole in the ground, very joyfully he cleared the shelf, and having chopped the most dreaded idol of all into small pieces, he buried it, heaping in the smaller ones upon it, after having broken or defaced them with his spade. He then joined his mother in the house, saying, "Ah, we were right, or the JESUS-BOOK is. They are no gods, for they did not even try to save themselves."

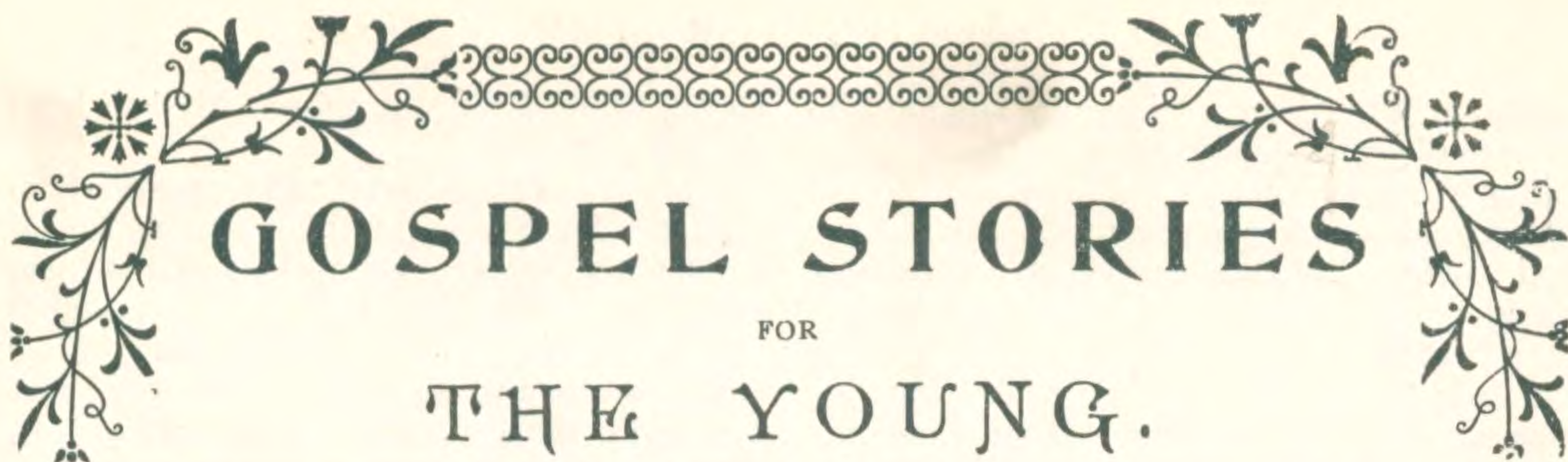
Very soon after the widow and her son were baptised as Christians, and now in their own village, among heathen friends and neighbours, they are lights in a dark place, shining for Christ and seeking to tell others of the "true and living God."

Will. E. G., London, E. Please accept very real and warm thanks for a most valuable parcel containing over FIFTY gospels (Mark and John). They will be greatly valued, as the type is so clear, by our sick and aged, but the sender will be pleased to learn that a rather large class of girls have agreed to *learn* and *mark* verses from the copy given to each. The gift would have been acknowledged by letter, but no address was enclosed.

Flowers for the sick and aged have been received from Ethel N., Slough, near Windsor; Elsie M., Lymington, Hants; F. G., "Hermitage Farm," Barming; Nora and Mabel U., Swanage; Eddie and George B., Thorp-le-Soken, Essex; Ethel B., Darlington; Phebe, Bennie and Nellie O., Farrington Gurney, near Bristol. A box of garden flowers from West Lothian contained a very simple but loving little note, "From Ada, Agnes, Frank and James, for Jesu's sake."

Mrs. M. A. W., Store Road, Guildford, is also asked to accept thanks for a large box of wild and garden flowers which arrived in good condition, and have given very real pleasure to quite a number of our poor friends. May the Master's "Inasmuch" be whispered deep down into the heart of each who have taken part in this lowly but lovely ministry, that of helping to keep a few sick-rooms bright with fresh flowers.

Gleaners' Papers, containing answers to THREE sets of Questions, should be posted not later than July 25th, and may be addressed to C. J. L., either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, E.C., or to her at 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex. Flowers for the sick and aged, also letters, and ALL parcels should be sent direct to the latter address.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

(1.) Give a short account of the crossing of the river Jordan by any person or persons, as recorded in the Book of Genesis.

(2.) On what occasion was the Jordan crossed by the children of Israel? Point out any ways you can in which the passage of Jordan differed from that of the Red Sea.

(3.) At what period of the year does Jordan usually overflow its banks? (An answer to this question will be found in the Book of Joshua.)

(4.) At what time, and under what circumstances, was the brook Kidron crossed by king David in a manner that might have suited a mourning rather than a royal procession?

(5.) Where are the words, "in the swellings of Jordan," to be found? Say why you think the expression would be used to signify a time of trouble or danger.

(6.) What events connect the river Jordan with the ministry of John the Baptist?

(7.) Draw a map of the river Jordan, marking in its course "The Waters of Merom," "The Sea of Galilee," and the "Dead Sea." As a special book prize is offered for map-drawing, it would be best to draw the map on a separate sheet of paper, not on the one on which your answers to questions are written. Please write your name and age upon your map. Send *it with, not before*, your Gleaners' Papers, and if you wish to have it returned, enclose a halfpenny stamp.

Address as directed on last page of magazine.

8-1904.

LET THE LITTLE CHILDREN COME.

LET the little children come,
Let them come to Me!
There is room for every one,
There is room for thee!
I have died for little ones,
Sinners though they be;
God will call them His own sons,
If they come to Me.
God has loved the children dear,
So He gave His Son;
To Himself to bring them near,
Come then little ones!
Soon I will return again,
All mine own to take;
Where no sorrow is, nor pain;
E'en the dead I'll wake.
With Myself and like Me, too,
Beautiful and glad;
All My glory they shall view,
None shall e'er be sad.

** The beautiful melody for this hymn will be found in a small collection entitled "Twilight Songs for Little Children," which may be had of the Publishers in limp cloth, price 1s.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

(Concluded.)

I have often wished that the little children in our compound could learn to read and write. But what they really want is Christ. You would be astonished at the dreadful idolatry that exists amongst these poor people. Children, when young and favourites, have several charms put round their necks—pieces of silver, ivory, beads and verses of some religious book wrapped up in leather.

One charm is against fever, another against the evil eye, another against evil spirits and so on. One longs to see the power of Christ

come in and these little ones singing the praises of Jesus—Satan, too, in India is the bitter foe of children. There are not a few schools and a good many Christians here and there. But the gospel is little commended, and it is generally expected that if a man becomes a Christian he must do well in the world. There is so little to attract to Christ. You must also find this in England. But God certainly hears prayer, and if you continue to pray and sympathise with me I shall be so pleased.

Besides my wife's little class on Sunday for native children, we have a nice little class for European children on Mondays; this meeting often cheers us and dear girls and boys come regularly. I have a boys' class which at present consists of five; it is a small beginning, but I am so happy in it.

Remember our preaching to the people on Fridays in the evening. We generally hold it near the Mochi Gate. The painful part of it is often long discussions with opposers. But we certainly feel led to go on. God will work. One day after the preaching a young soldier on furlough, a Sikh, came to a meeting held for Christians. The next day he *came to me and said that he wanted to be a Christian*. One of the most interesting little preachings which I had was with the men from the Roukury workshops. At 10.45 they sit waiting for the hooter to call them to work. Oh! what a solemn contrast these men are to British and continental workmen.

The spare time is generally spent by these men in the religious work of reading either the Koran or else a commentary on it. One day after visiting as I passed along I came near one knot of men to listen. One man was solemnly reading out—"Then a black cloud came, and out of this cloud fiery serpents fell and bit the people in hell and they suffered from the effects of the poisoning for 2000 years. Then they were burnt in another way for 2000 years."

I could not help saying, "Oh! my friends, do listen to my story!" I told them about Jesus dying for poor sinners. I was not bitterly opposed. They listened quietly. The hooter sounded and they went to work. About ten days afterwards as I went along a man came up and offered me his hand to

shake, which I did not refuse. He had been of that company.

Then they called me up and set me down on a mat. I sat squat fashion and spoke for some ten minutes. The most learned of them said, "We cannot despise Christ." Another said, "I believe in Christ as you do." Time came for them to disperse. They hoped that I would come again. I feel cheered at this. Oh! how nice too to feel that dear children take an interest in God's work with the poor people of this country!

Well, beloved children, I hope that you will not be tired of reading this long letter, as I am glad to own children's thought for me. It is now 2.30 p.m. and still very hot. A poor Christian outside is pulling a huge fan that waves to and fro and gives me air. Hence, too, I am more able to write.

I shall be glad to give any of you more news from time to time.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

A. G. N.

ENIGMA.

FOR my *first* word—a hunter sold his right,
My next three—letters—express "a beam of light,"

My fifth has no end—endless—like a ring,
My sixth, with "faith" was linked—Paul's preaching in.

Initials take—in order as they rise,
My *whole* a child may send right through the skies.

E. S. V.

THE MORNING STAR

AND

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE stars we have considered refer to people, but the Morning Star is used as an emblem of Christ. (Rev. xxii. 16.) Its very name is attractive to the youngest reader, for which of them does not prefer bright colours to dark and smiles to frowns? Yet dark things have their use, as they often serve to throw into relief that which is bright.

If any of you wish to see this star you must rise early in the morning, after the

manner of the blessed, perfect Servant. (Mark i. 35.) If you manage to see it in its solitary glory, you will never forget the sight.

In the state of innocency, when nothing pained the heart of God, we are told the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. We can well suppose their song to be led by Him, as when with His dear disciples on the Mount of Olives, and now among those who meet in His name alone. You have heard how the happy state of things was first interrupted. Since then Israel has cast out their Messiah, for which dreadful sin they are suffering, and have yet to do, in Jacob's trouble. The Gentile, too, has to answer for crucifying Him, and thus all who now refuse to believe in Him, loving darkness rather than light, are in this company. Do some of our readers love Him and miss Him? The words in Psalm xxx. 1 and Luke vi. 21 describe your attitude. May you long for His return more than they who wait for morning of the day of twenty-four hours. Your morning will never have a night! It will be endless joy! To you His coming will be as the bright and morning star.

THE MORNING COMETH AND ALSO THE NIGHT!

If you are an unbeliever, heed God's loving invitation. If not, yours will be a night without a morning—no joy, but endless despair with the devil and the damned!

Then will come to pass the judgments on Israel and the world named in the Book of Revelation. "But unto you that fear my name shall

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

arise with healing in his wings." A remnant of Israel will be kept true to their Messiah and be brought through the judgments. Christ will come again with His saints, among whom, if a believer, you will be part, and set up His throne previous to His reign of a thousand years. You will notice His first coming is *for* His saints, the second time *with* His saints just as the Morning Star appears, then the Sun. Two things will mark the second aspect of His coming—righteousness and healing. The power of Satan will be checked, all kind of lawlessness

put down, and God's will be done on earth as in heaven. Then as to healing, there will be complete peace among men, the animals even will lose their ferocity, and the earth recover its fertility. (Isa. xi.)

His reign will shine in contrast with every reign that ever preceded it. There will then be more the healing of the body than of the soul, the blessing being earthly rather than heavenly.

According to Philippians, obedience brought Him to the lowest place, in return for which God has given Him the highest place. He has also won the title to reign. Satan on the other hand by pride lost his first estate and his name as

LUCIFER, SON OF THE MORNING, and will be consigned to the lowest place. How solemn to share that place with him. How infinitely does the coming of Christ in the aspects named eclipse the brightness of him and of his kingdom. If we suffer with Christ now, we shall also reign with Him. May you be with Him then!

"Because my Sins are all Forgiven."

A LITTLE girl, of the name of Florrie A——, attended my night class in the town of B——. Often had she been pressed to come to Jesus and tell Him what a SINNER she was, but without effect.

One night she looked brighter than usual, and during the meeting I asked the boys and girls who were washed in the precious blood of Jesus to hold up their hands, and among the number was our little friend, Florrie.

Ah! thought I, Florrie can now hold her hand up, I will speak to her after the meeting.

Now, before we proceed with our story, perhaps some of my young readers would like to know what our subject was. Well, we had three scriptures, commencing with A, B and C.

"All have sinned." (Rom. iii. 23.)

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

(Num. xxxii. 23.)

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

Now let us take our first scripture, "All have sinned." What do we find out? Why, we find that God says that we are all

SINNERS, and hence we need a Saviour, and that Saviour is Jesus, "Who gave himself a ransom for all."

Let us now pass on to our second scripture, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Have you ever thought, my young readers, that all your sins will be found out, either now or in the day of judgment? Oh, let me plead with you to let your sins be found out NOW. I mean, tell God what a SINNER you are, and put your trust in Jesus' own most precious blood, and He will save you there and then.

Now, to come to our last scripture: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS." Can any of my young readers say, really and truly from their hearts, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save ME"? If not, do not rest until you can. Come to Jesus now—before it is too late—because Jesus soon is coming, and then when He comes the door will be shut, and if you are not saved you will surely be shut out for all eternity!

"Where shall I spend eternity?"

This question comes to you and me!

Tell me, what shall your answer be—

'Where shall I spend eternity? Eternity! eternity!

Where shall I spend eternity?'"

Now let us come back to our story of Florrie. The meeting was over, and after the other boys and girls had passed out I spoke to her. Florrie could now tell me she was saved, and that her sins were washed away by the precious blood of Jesus. So after a little conversation, I said, "Well, Florrie, if the Lord Jesus were to come to-night, would you go to be with Him?"

"Oh yes, sir!" said she.

So, to assure myself, I asked "Why?"

She said, "Because my SINS are ALL forgiven!"

Ah! dear Florrie knew that her SINS were ALL forgiven. I wonder if any of my young readers know that their sins are all forgiven. Let me put the same question to you as I did to dear Florrie: "If the Lord Jesus were to come to-night, would you go to be with Him?" You would if all your sins were forgiven. Let me implore you to be like our little friend Florrie, tell Jesus what a SINNER you are, and ask Him to wash all your sins away in His most precious blood, and He will do it.

E. W.



FLORRIE COULD NOW TELL ME SHE WAS SAVED.

GOING OPPOSITE WAYS.

THERE are two passenger trains due out of a station in Yorkshire at exactly the same minute.

They belong to different railway companies. One is an up and the other a down train, and of course they travel in opposite directions. This reminds us very much of believers and unbelievers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who may, as it were, be looked upon

utterable difference between the two destinations!

There is a station, so to speak, on the down line whose name may be called "*all change*."

This day of God's grace and long suffering mercy is the only time in which to change from the down to the up train. If a station could be found on the up line it would be called "*no change*," and for the simple reason that all passengers in that train are so happy



as being in different soul-trains travelling in opposite directions from time to eternity, one having for its destination eternal glory and the other eternal darkness. Dear reader,

Which train are you travelling in?

If you have by faith accepted the Lord Jesus as your Saviour you are in the *up* train. But if still a refuser or a neglecter you are in the *down* train. Think once more of the un-

that they would not change if they could. Soon both trains will reach their final destinations. Think of the love of Jesus in dying for you, and what it cost Him

to purchase for you a free ticket for, and a seat in, glory. If in the unhappy down train, the "danger signal" is against you. Make sure of being in the up train for the bright heavenly home. Happy company to belong to! "Be ye also ready."

SINGING OF JESUS.

COME, let us sing of Jesus,
The gracious and the good :
Of how He blessed the children,
Who round His pathway stood !

I know His eyes were gentle :
I know His words were mild :
I know His touch was tender,
The Father's perfect child.

But let us hush the music,
And sing in softened tone,
The dreadful death He suffered
For sin, but not His own.

It was our guilt uplifted
The cross on which He died ;
The nails were our transgressions ;
We pierced His holy side.

But, children, lift your voices,
And swell a louder song ;
For Jesus left His sorrow,
He joined the angel throng.

He rose, and now He liveth,
To hear our grateful praise.
Oh ! let us sing of Jesus !

And bless Him all our days !

W. L.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

ONE day a traveller in the East met a shepherd with his flock, all of which knew his voice. You must remember, dear young friends, in Palestine the sheep know the voice of the shepherd and he calls them by name. Well, this traveller wanted to try whether the sheep would come when he called them, so he asked the shepherd to exchange his clothes and he would put on the shepherd's. When this was done the traveller called the sheep, but they would not come, and took no notice ; then the shepherd, although in different clothes, called, and they came immediately.

You see, dear young friends, they knew not the voice of a stranger. So Jesus knows His own, and whenever or wherever He calls them they follow Him. But a stranger who may call them to do many things which is questionable they will not obey. When a lad was asked to slide on the ice one Sunday he refused because he had learnt about Jesus, how He obeyed His mother at their home in Nazareth. Jesus the good Shepherd knows His sheep. (John x. 14-27.) He calls them.

(John x. 3.) He gathers them. (Isa. xl. 11 ; John x. 16.) He guides. (Psa. xxiii. 3.) He feeds them. (Psa. xxiii. 1, 2.) He protects them and preserves them. (Jer. xxxi. 10 ; John x. 28.) But above all, dear young friends, He laid down His life for us. (Zec. xiii. 7 ; Matt. xxvi. 31 ; John x. 17.) What a friend you may have both in life and death, and He will give you a place in His beautiful home on the other side :—

"In that beautiful home He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven."

Will you flee to Jesus now? He will save you ; He is calling you, saying, "Come."

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE."

POOR Rhoda ! It was a dark and trying time for her as well as for her uncle, Musa Shah, and perhaps the saddest part of my story has now to be written. She cried long and bitterly on hearing of the order, given by the judge, that on the day of the trial both children were to appear in court. Jiwa was nowhere to be found, having been, as you will remember, stolen away ; Fatah having been taken by her half-sister to the mission orphanage, which was quite a long way from Rhoda's hut by the mountain torrent, it would be difficult, even if it were possible, to get her back in time. For a time Rhoda seemed almost to have forgotten that God, who is the answerer of prayer, was able to help her and those she loved in their hour of need. She did not take her trouble to Him in earnest, believing prayer, so we cannot wonder that she was allowed to feel its weight almost crush her.

Perhaps she thought her English friends might be both able and willing to help her, so she wrote a long letter, telling them of her trouble. "Fatah must," she said, "be sent back at once. And what," she asked, "ought we to do about the lawyer who has been engaged by the people who are so very anxious to take the children away from us?"

A lady who took a great interest in the orphanage answered Rhoda's letter by saying, "As the Mohammedan uncle of these children and the people who so much wish them to be brought up as Mohammedans have engaged a lawyer, you, who wish them to be brought up as Christians, ought, I think, to have a lawyer also. So you must engage one who is clever and fully understands what he is required to do. If you can find such an one, you may tell him that I will take care that he is paid for his trouble."

On receiving this letter, Rhoda was much pleased, and set to work at once to find a clever lawyer, thinking all would now be well. Read to the end of the chapter, dear ones, and you will see that this was not God's way of helping. Rhoda had, as we

all have, to learn her lesson. "God . . . is a very present help in trouble." (Psa. xlv. 1.)

One bright spot, however, was that one day, much to the surprise of every one, Jiwa appeared. He had from the first been watching for an opportunity to escape from the Mohammedan school and made good use of the first he found. I am sorry I cannot tell you how he travelled the four hundred miles that lay between Multan and Panahpur. Tired and footsore we may be sure the poor boy was, but all the hardships and dangers of the journey were forgotten as he received the welcome of his friends, and the story of his kidnapping and escape was one Rhoda and her uncle did not soon get tired of listening to.

It often takes a long time, even in England, before law business can be settled, and as Indians do not, as a rule, hurry themselves, we are not surprised to find that after the judge's order that the children should be brought into court was given, eighteen months dragged slowly by before the trial took place. The two lawyers met, each hoping he should be able to persuade the judge to take his view of the case. Musa and Rhoda, who had brought the children, were also in the court. The trial lasted a long time, and during its progress Musa was asked a great number of questions about the simple way in which he and a few other believers met to remember the death of the Lord Jesus in the breaking of bread. "Why do you not build a church, pay a minister, and have beautiful music as many Christians do?" was one of those asked. To this Musa replied by telling the judge of the manner in which the early disciples met, as gathered to the name of the Lord Jesus by the Holy Spirit. In this way many listened to the truth who perhaps might never have heard it.

After what must have seemed to Rhoda a long, weary time of waiting, judgment was given. "The Christians can have the children," said the judge. Rhoda was overjoyed, and sent Fatah back to the school, bidding her tell the teachers that it would not, she thought, be very long before she herself would be ready to return.

But her joy did not last long; fresh trouble was very near. The Mohammedans were so angry at the decision of the judge, that they made up their minds to take the matter to a higher court, to find a judge who, having greater power than the one who had decided in favour of the Christians having the children, could, if he pleased, set aside his judgment and give one quite different.

So a second trial was ordered. This time Rhoda did not even wish to engage a lawyer, for she and Musa had put the case into the hands of the Lord, and felt sure if He did not help them no one else could. She had confessed her coldness and heart-wanderings to Him, and was rejoicing in the sweetness of His restoring love. As the trial was to take place at some distance from home, Musa, Rhoda and Jiwa went to Lahore, where they were joined by Fatah. Here they soon found that God had Himself provided help, for just before going into court a European gentleman, who stood high in his profession as a barrister, came to them and said he

had heard of the case, and would gladly give all the help in his power, adding that he did not expect or wish to be paid for his services.

Another long trial followed, but at its close the same judgment was given, the Christians were to have the children, and their Mohammedan uncle was ordered to pay all the law expenses. This, being a poor man, he was quite unable to do, and the richer Mohammedans, who had promised he should not be put to any cost, refused to help him, saying, "If the boy and girl, or even the boy only had been given to us we should have been quite willing to pay all expenses, but the Christians have got them now; you are in trouble, but must get out of it in the best way you can."

A large part of the money owing by this poor man was due to Musa Shah, and had he pressed his claim the debtor would have been quite reduced to beggary; but he forgave his debt, and took every opportunity of showing him kindness. The poor fellow seemed quite broken down, and said he had never wished to cause trouble, but had been almost forced into what he had done by those who would, he thought, prove kind and true friends to himself and his family.

Musa, Rhoda and the children returned to their mountain home, and no further attempt to take Jiwa and Fatah away was made. Rhoda no longer wished to return to the school, or even to send Fatah. God had, she saw, marked out a path for her, and by His grace she intended to walk in it.

But perhaps you are wondering if as Christians Musa and Rhoda stood quite alone. Had they no friends or neighbours who like themselves knew and loved the Lord Jesus? Yes, there were just a few. To some of these Musa Shah's gospel preaching had brought the first gleam of divine light, while others, who had been converted through the labours of missionaries, had been greatly helped in soul through his visits and Bible-readings. One of Musa's friends is Santa, a brick-burner by trade, who lives at a place about ten miles from Panahpur. He is very poor, but such a bright, happy Christian, always ready to help those poorer than himself. Often after his day's work he will walk the ten miles, returning either late at night or early the next morning, and think himself well repaid for his trouble if he can have a quiet hour for Bible study with the friend he loves and looks up to. His wife, I am sorry to have to tell you, does not show much interest in the things of the Lord, but he is still praying for her. His grown-up son, who is married, is a Christian, as is also his wife; these are a real joy and comfort to him. Santa has a daughter about twelve years of age, who spends a good deal of her time at Panahpur, where Rhoda is teaching her to read, write and do plain and fancy needle-work.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR YOUNG HELPERS,—

"We have read just a little in *Gospel Stories* about a braille-type magazine that is not only written, but printed on purpose for blind

children, and if it would not be taking up too much of C. J. L.'s time we should like to hear a little more about it," so ran several letters I have received lately. Owing to pressure of work and other causes it has been impossible to reply to them all by post, so as *Opening Leaves*, a Gospel Paper for the Young, is on much the same lines as *Gospel Stories*, the distinct aim of both monthlies being to win the children for Christ, I am going to count upon the kindness of our editor to allow me to tell its story. *Opening Leaves* has had a birthday and is just a year old, so you see though it is growing fast, it is not at all grown-up. Indeed we sometimes speak of it as the "baby sister" of another braille-type monthly that for nearly thirteen years has carried gospel papers, of simple Bible teaching, to the adult blind.

But you must not think that your old friend, C. J. L., is doing all the work herself. About the time that she began to notice how very little had been done to put gospel books into the hands of blind children, who are all, or nearly all, taught to read and write braille, the same thought was filling the heart of a friend who lives in such a pleasant home not far from the Lake District, about which we have all read in our geography books. There was some praying, some waiting, then we began working. Other friends hearing about *Opening Leaves*, as it was decided to call the new monthly, were found willing to help, both by their prayers and by money to buy paper, pay postage, &c., &c.

But blind children, like yourselves, have their lessons to learn, and as nearly all the subjects taught in day schools for seeing children have to be got into the work of the school-week in a blind centre perhaps they might not care very much for such a book as we wished to send them; perhaps some would even say they had not time to read it. Had they a welcome for it? I cannot show you the letters written by some of our first readers—if I could you would not be able to read a sheet of rather thick paper, covered with dots hardly larger than the heads of good sized pins—so I must give you a few extracts from them.

Edward A., a boy who is away at school, writes: *Opening Leaves* comes every month like a ray of sunshine to gladden my life." Here is a letter from Georgina N., who is one of our deaf-blind readers: "I think being at school is a bit lonely for a girl who can neither see nor hear. I had one deaf school-fellow; we were great friends, and used to talk to each other a good deal; but she left before the last holidays, so I find it rather lonely, or should if I did not love reading. The books you send are a great cheer and comfort to me, for they often help me to forget my affliction, and to think about the dear Saviour who died for sinners."

Shall I go on translating braille dots any longer for you? "Yes," you say, "it is the next best thing to being able to read them for yourselves." Here is a letter signed by twelve girls, who are all boarders at the same school, and who write to say that though only one copy of *Opening Leaves* is sent to their school, it is passed round and read by all, adding that they like it very much.

I said our booklet baby was growing fast, so perhaps you may like to hear something about its size. When in July, 1903, its first number was printed, 35 copies only were needed. Twelve months later the 84 printed do not nearly supply all who ask for them, and it is hoped soon to increase the monthly issue to 100, as only the other day a letter was received from a friend in South Africa, saying that in Grahamstown there are quite a number of blind boys and girls who have been taught to read braille. Perhaps some reader of *Gospel Stories* would like to help send just one copy to these African children, but, and I am writing now to those who have begun to pray for themselves, do not forget to ask the Lord, by the power of the Holy Spirit, so to open the hearts of the dear sightless ones, who read our monthlies by passing the tips of their fingers over the raised dots, that they may find that even for them a light has arisen amidst the darkness of their outer lives, or to put what I mean in other words, that they too may know and love the precious Saviour.

But my story is not quite told yet. "How do you print braille?" some one is sure to ask. Very small round-headed brass pins are placed in holes just large enough to receive them; these holes have been drilled in metal plates, called formes, and great care is needed in this part of the work, as one pin wrongly placed might give a braille letter, or even a whole word, a meaning quite different from that intended. When the formes are ready, heavy plates of unpolished steel are fixed by catches, and the whole is transferred to a copying-press, a sheet of paper inserted, and pressure applied. When the press is unscrewed, the paper is found to be a sheet of braille printed on both sides.

"Is the work done when the sheets are printed?" No, not quite, as, when all the sheets needed for one number are ready, they have to be sorted, sewn, put into wrappers, addressed and posted.

Flowers for the sick and aged. Quite a number of flowers have been received during the last three or four weeks. Among the senders, who are all asked to accept very real thanks, are: F. L., Englesfield Green, Egham; J. Reed, "Tollard," Farnham. "From Devonshire, for the sick and aged," a box containing flowers; and a few roots came without any name of sender, but with the words, "For the little sick ones, from Leighton," written upon a slip of paper. Eric and Maxwell C., "Ashfield Cottage," Kimbolton. H. F. and W. S., no address given. E. B. C., no address. Sweet peas, from Mrs. M. A. W., Guildford; and received by this morning's post, a box of roses from Edith and Jessie, Batts Corner.

Do not post Gleaners' Papers until the Questions given for August, September and October have been answered. The sheets MUST be fastened together. Name and address in full should be written on the last. Address to C. J. L., either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, E.C., or at 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex. Flowers for the sick and aged and ALL parcels should be sent to her at the latter address.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW COMERS AND NEW SCHOLARS.

RHODA had now two or three pupils, and in a way no one, I am sure, quite expected, their number was about to be doubled. As I have said so much in earlier chapters about faquirs and their wandering, begging lives, you will quite understand what is meant when you read that for some months a faquir with his wife and three children had often been in the neighbourhood of Rhoda's mountain home.

The faquir died, and though for a time his widow continued begging, she often went to see Rhoda, and began to listen with great interest to the story of a Saviour's love. One day she said, "I wish to be a Christian, and to be baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus; I also see that if I am to do this I must give up my faquir life and dress, and though I do not yet see how I am to get rice and maize for my children, the two youngest being little girls who are not old enough to work for their living, I will trust in God who cares for all the things He has created, even for the birds and flowers." I am not sure that I have given you the exact words of Chiragu, for we must remember that she spoke in a language you and I do not understand, but what you have just read conveys the real meaning of what she said.

Musa had also several talks with Chiragu, and as he and other Christians were convinced of the reality of her desire to please and follow Christ, she was baptised, and her old, idle, useless life lay behind her. No longer a beggar, she would gladly learn to work with her own hands for the support of herself and her children. Her son, who was getting old enough to provide for himself, went away and got work as a labourer. The two little girls, whose long Indian names it would perhaps be too much to expect you to pronounce or remember, were still with their mother.

Friends now came to their help, and offered if Rhoda would add the two girls to the number of her pupils. She was quite willing to do so, and it was settled that they should remain at Panahpur. Their mother pleaded, "Do not send me away; I am a Christian, and I not only wish to be with my daughters, but to live with those who love my Lord and Saviour. Let me stay and I will grind corn, cook

rice, and do many other things needed, and so give Rhoda more time to teach the children."

So Chiragu became one of the little household, and proved herself very useful. After some time she expressed a wish to join the little company who remembered the death of the Lord Jesus in the breaking of bread. Her quiet, steady walk, as a child of God, has been a joy and comfort to those with whom she is linked in this holy bond of christian fellowship.

Her son, I told you, had gone away and found employment on a farm, but on hearing that his mother had given up begging, and settled quietly down at Panahpur, he returned there and asked if he might live and work in the little colony. As he was a quiet, well behaved lad, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, strong, and both able and willing to help Jiwa in the various kinds of work that needed to be done on the farm, he too was added to the number of those who had found at Panahpur what its name in the Indian language really means, "a place of refuge."

Some land had been left to Jiwa by his father, but about the time that he was hoping to take possession of and cultivate it, he too had to learn what must have been a sorrowful lesson as to the changing, unsatisfying character of all earthly things. The river overflowed its banks (a by no means uncommon occurrence in India), and poor Jiwa's possessions lay so deep under water that they really formed part of the bed of the river. Perhaps some day the river may return to its original course, when his claim to the land will still hold good; but while waiting for this he has been allowed to cultivate some land in the neighbourhood, and by patient, steady though often very hard work, some land on the side of a steep hill has been dug into terraces, and got ready for cultivation.

But you would like to hear more about Rhoda and her scholars. The five or six pupils she already had formed quite a small school, and as Rhoda loved teaching, and never seemed happier than when surrounded by the children she had learned to love, and who loved her in return, both her uncle and she thought it might be the Lord's way for her to open a regular boarding school, in which native girls could receive a really christian training and education. They knew several who would, they thought, gladly send their children.

But a great deal had to be done before the hoped-for school could be opened, or any new scholars received. "Yes," some one is saying, "we know all about it. Rhoda and her uncle would have to remove into a larger house." Ah! dear ones, it is perhaps a little difficult for you and me, who have lived all our lives in real houses, with walls built of bricks and mortar, with tiled or slated roofs, to remember that I am writing, and you are reading, an Indian story. No such thing as a ready built house was to be bought or rented, and even if it had it might not have proved at all suited either to the climate of India or the kind of school Rhoda wished hers to be. Huts, not houses, were what was needed.

Shall I try and tell you what an Indian hut is like? Picture to yourselves, if you can, its low walls built of mud, dried in the sun, or mud mixed with stones, every one of which has had to be carried up from the bed of the river. The door and window are of reeds woven into a kind of screen. Long poles of bamboo are laid in order to form a roof, which, as it will be required to keep out both sun and rain, must be covered with thatch, which can be cut. If the season has been a good one and the rainfall plentiful, tall grass suited for this purpose grows thickly in the forest quite near home, but if, as is often the case, there has been a long-continued drought, it will have to be sought for at a considerable distance. I may add in passing that it is not easy to form an idea of what the natives of India would do without the bamboo. It is so very useful. Chairs are not much needed, as Indians, as a rule, prefer sitting on the floor; but tables, bedsteads and almost every article of furniture found in their simply furnished homes are made from the stems of this plant.

C. J. L.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

II.—THE SEA OF GALILEE.

(1.) The Sea of Galilee has been known, and is referred to in scripture, under different names. Mention as many of these as you can.

(2.) What miracles of our Lord are in a special way connected with this inland sea, or lake?

(3.) Name any others which were performed on its shores, or in its near neighbourhood.

(4.) On what occasion are we told that the Lord from a boat addressed a company standing upon the sea-shore?

(5.) Name as many as you can of the towns and villages which in the time of Christ stood on, or near the shores of this

lake, but which are now, with the exception of Tiberias, mere heaps of ruins, among which a few poor families of Arabs have built their huts.

(6.) Give any reason, or reasons you can for thinking that the Sea of Galilee must always be a spot of special interest to Christians, even to those who are unable to visit it for themselves.

Keep your replies till the set of THREE MONTHS' questions have been answered. Send as directed on last page of magazine.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

PRIZES have been awarded to and will (Lord willing) shortly be sent to—

GILBERT P., East Lodge, Darley Dale, Matlock, Derbyshire.

EDMUND J. B., 7, Horace Road, Forest Gate, Essex.

NELLIE L., 5, Cedar Villas, Oldfield Park, Bath.

MARGARET E. H. G., Post Office, Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

EULALIA E., Pasco de Colon, 27, parl., Barcelona, Spain.

ELSIE H., 103, Newbrook Street, Newbury.

COMMENDED:—Olive S. M., Lymington; Evangeline May B., Shipston; W. J. H., Newbury; Kathleen H., Sleaford; Emily Hilda W., Stratford; Grace J., Batts Corner; Francis D., Bromley; C. Ernest W., Stamford; Mary F., Moonie Ponds, Australia; Florrie T., Burford; Kathleen M. and Howell L., Yarmouth, Isle of Wight; William P., Salcombe; Daisy D., Edmonton, and S. M. C., Swanage.

TWO GIRLS.

I WANT to tell you about two young girls who were alike in some things, but who were very different in *one thing*—the one thing which means the difference between lost and saved, between heaven and hell. First, the things in which they were alike: they lived in the same town, they went to the same school, they died of the same disease. But God tells us of another thing in which they were the same, they were both *lost* sinners, for God has said, "death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.)

But there was this great difference between them.

Nan was dying, *and would not believe it; she was lost, and did not know it.*

Louisa was dying, *and rejoiced* to know that death was to her only the door to "the beautiful place" where she should "be for the length of her days," as she said. And why? Because *she knew herself to be a lost sinner, and trusted in the blood which cleanseth from all sin.*

When poor Nan was far gone in consumption, her clergyman warned her most solemnly that she had only a few days or hours to live. She nearly turned him out of the room, so indignant was she. A christian neighbour tried to read to her, but she would not listen.

One day she insisted on rising, as if to brave death to the last, but that very day death came, and she went—where? As she lay *dead*, her grandmother said, "There lies Nan, as pure as snow," but what says God's word of those whose hearts have never been washed in the blood of Jesus? "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." (Isa. lxiv. 6.) Louisa was, to outward appearance, quite as "pure" as poor Nan, but God had taught this dark-eyed, earnest girl that her heart was not fit for His holy sight, and when she heard of Nan's melancholy end, it made her, as she expressed it, "think about herself." Have *you* ever thought about *yourself*?

About this time Louisa fell sick, and was often visited by a christian friend, who found her quite happy and ready to go. He asked her how she got to be sure that her sins were forgiven? She said, "One day I was praying, and I thought I saw all my sins written down on a scroll, and a hand wiping them all out with the blood of Jesus." Her friend then remembered that some time before Louisa had been at a gospel meeting where the preacher had used this illustration, and he saw that, while she did not appear to remember the meeting, God the Holy Spirit had brought it into her mind, in answer to her prayer, to give her peace and joy. This peace and joy remained with her to the end.

"I am as happy as the day is long," she would say, and all the neighbours testified to her wonderful happiness.

One day, calling to her mother to see the "great light," she quietly passed away from this world into His own blessed presence, to go no more out.

H. E. M.

THE WORDS OF THE BOOK.

YOU will all remember that when Moses had become an old man and his work for the Lord was ended, that God told him to go up to the top of Mount Abarim as he was soon to die and take a view of the promised land to which the children of Israel were going.

Moses was to see the land but not enter it. The Lord then chose Joshua to be the leader of His people in the place of Moses, and in the picture which we give this month, he is carrying out the directions of Moses which were written in the book of the law. How that they should build an altar and offer thereon burnt offerings and peace offerings unto the Lord.

But there was something more than this that Joshua did. He took the book of the law and read to the people all the words it contained. There were words of blessings for the people if they should be obedient, and there were also curses if they failed to be obedient. Joshua was a faithful man and read all the words; he did not read about the blessings and leave out the curses but he read all, so that the people might be reminded of all that God had told them.

Well, now it is just the same for us in the present day. We have God's book, and it contains blessings for us, very real and precious if we are found on the Lord's side; but on the other hand, if we go our own way and pay no heed to God's message, then there are warnings of judgment that will surely fall upon us because we have neglected or despised God's salvation.

All blessing in the present day comes to us through the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the One who has loved us and died for us, and through Him alone can we receive salvation.



THE WONDERFUL WORDS OF THE BOOKS.



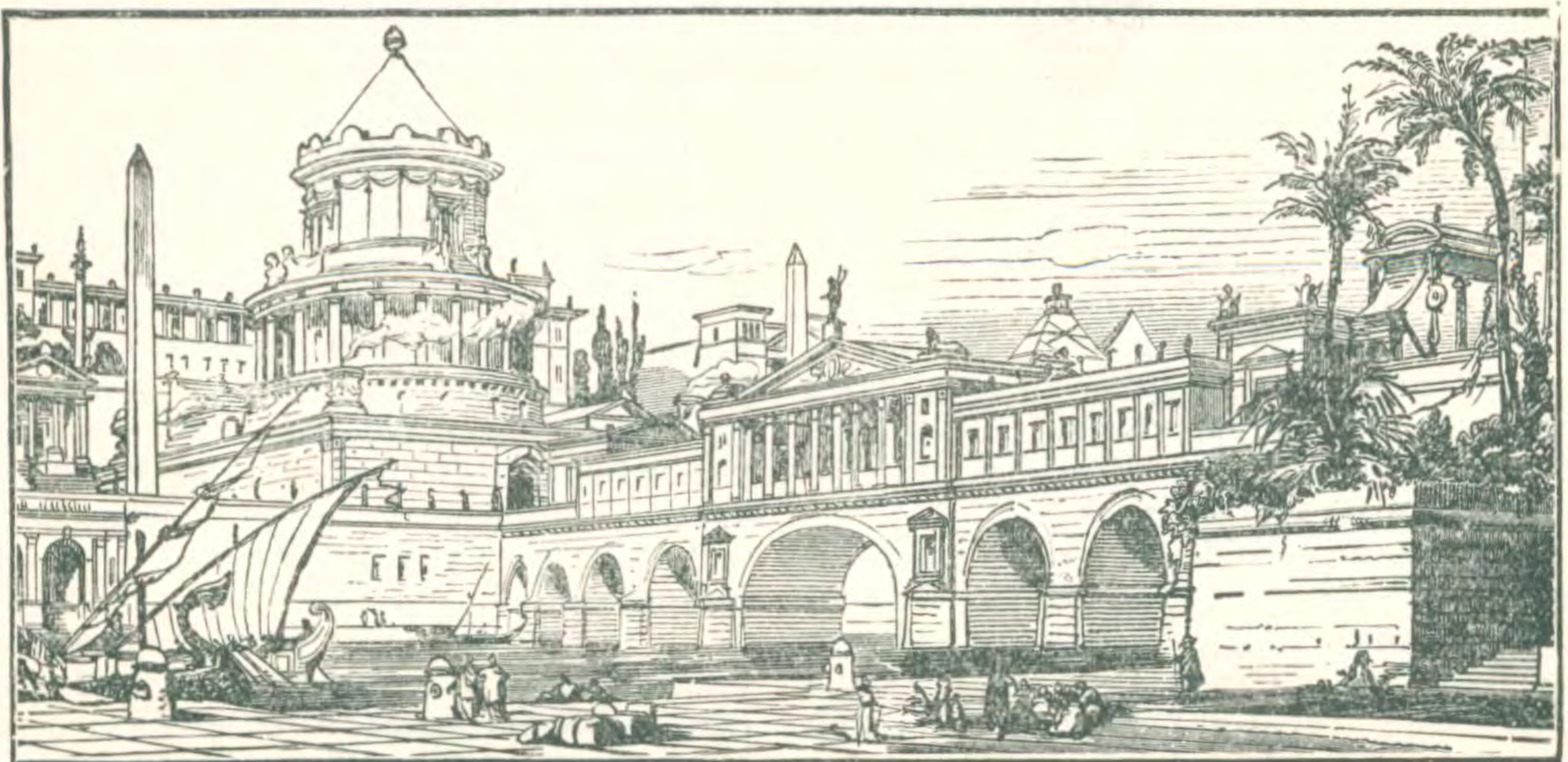
A YOUTHFUL TESTIMONY.

ABOUT the middle of the third century of the Christian era, when the cruel Valerian ruled as emperor of the Roman empire, he issued an edict for the suppression of the Christians, and for the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, to be blotted out once for all. This was his one desire; but what folly for puny man thus to act. How true indeed have the words

of an earlier martyr been fulfilled, who said: "Your cruelty will be our glory. Thousands of both sexes will crowd to martyrdom. Vainly will you war against God." He spoke true, for it is vain indeed for man to fight against God, even though he be the head of the greatest empire on this earth. His edict was being carried out, and I want to give you the testimony of a martyr of this particular persecution, and, as you read it, I want you to remember that he was but a lad.

Cyril of Alexandria is the name of this hero. It is said of him, "He was a lad of tender years." His exact age is not given, but no doubt "a lad of tender years" is very much about the age of you, my dear young reader. Think how much he must have known of the love and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus kept this dear lamb in the hour of trial and trouble, and it is Jesus alone that could keep him. Do you know the Lord Jesus, my dear reader? If not, may God touch your young heart by the beautiful testimony of this boy, and give you to accept Jesus as your Saviour early in life.

Cyril first learned that he was a sinner and that he needed a Saviour. He then learned that Jesus was a Saviour. Was that enough? No! He found out that Jesus was the *only* Saviour, and the very One he wanted, and therefore he came to Jesus and got peace



ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA.

and gladness. Oh, how happy Cyril must have been, for, although the emperor was putting to death all who believed in that precious Saviour Jesus, dear Cyril could not keep such good news quiet, and at once it was found out that he was a Christian. It was a real thing for him to confess Christ in such trying surroundings, but he did it, and the news came to the ears of his father, who at once turned him out of doors. Yes, it was time now for Cyril to decide for home and life here, or be turned out and have Christ Jesus and life everlasting and joy with the One who had saved him. Which did he decide for? Well, he preferred Jesus and no home, than a home here without Jesus. Cyril had more wisdom than men of to-day, he knew what was worth having, and went in for it.

Now, reader, will you not do the same and decide for Jesus? Pause now and think of this. Cyril had no one to teach him of Jesus, he had no one to pray for him, and when he learnt of Jesus his parents turned him from home; yet he had Jesus ever near. And you have father and mother who pray always for you. Do you think of this? Yes, you have many who pray for you, and if you come to Jesus they would be so glad, and help you, and yet you do not know Jesus, it may be. How is it? You need Jesus just as much as dear Cyril, will not you come to Him now? Do come, He longs for you to be blessed.

Well, no sooner was this noble lad turned out than the authorities heard of it, and they cast him into prison, and a few days afterwards he was summoned to appear before the magistrate. Seeing such a youth before him, he wanted to be merciful, and said: "Child, I am ready to pardon you and let you go, and to let your father take you home again, and by-and-bye you may inherit his property, if only you will be wise and concerned for your own interests."

The magistrate did not know Jesus, and of course he did not know the glories of Jesus, and meant the interests of this present life; but Cyril did know Jesus and knew the good things that Jesus gives to them that love Him. He had laid up treasures in heaven, and he had great interests up there.

He did not want life here, or property, he wanted Jesus and the "crown of life," which He will give to all who are true and faithful to Him here.

The magistrate finished what he had to say, and then the lad clearly replied: "I am willing to suffer, and God will take me up. I am not troubled at being turned out of doors, I shall have a better home. I am not afraid to die, it will only send me to a better life."

His judges marvelled at his courage, but did not wish to put such a promising youth to death, and tried to shake his faith by taking him to the stake and shewing him the faggots and straw; but he stood firm and shewed no signs of fear. The officers then turned to him and asked, "Are you ready now to change your mind?" and again he bravely replied, "Your fire and your sword cannot hurt me, I am going to a better home, burn me quickly that I may get to it the sooner." The sight was a touching one, and the people who were beholding it were moved to tears, and as he saw them weeping he turned and said, "You ought to be glad, and so you would be if you knew the place to which I am going."

Again his judges tried to turn him, but he was firm, and so the sentence of death was passed on him, and this young, but brave and noble lad was taken to be burned. He was taken to the stake which he had already beheld and tied thereon. Then the straw and sticks were piled around his body. The order was then given and the pile was lighted. His persecutors had now done all they could, and as the fire burnt the spirit of the martyr boy had left this scene, and long before the smoke of that fire had rolled away, his soul was gone to "the better home," he was with Jesus, far beyond the reach of all pain, suffering and sorrow. Yes, dear reader, will not you with the writer say: "Lord Jesus, give me more of the spirit that marked dear Cyril, that I may be here for Thy glory."

Now, reader, you will admit that Cyril's death was a death that gave glory to God, but there was One who died but little more than 200 years before, in order to save you and me from what follows death for those who believe not, and His death fully glorified

God, and accomplished all that was needed for our redemption, so that instead of living in fear all our lives we can live here in peace, joy and happiness, and when He comes He will take us back with Him to enjoy all that He has in the bright realms of glory above.

Cyril was young and perfectly helpless in the hands of his oppressors, but Jesus, when His wicked murderers laid hands on Him, could at any moment have swept them one and all into judgment, but He did not, and when they nailed Him cruelly to that cross of wood He could easily have come down and then gone right back to glory, but He did not. Do you ask why? Well, as I have already said, Cyril needed a Saviour and so do you. We need the same Saviour as he. We are all alike sinners before God and need salvation. You and I were perfectly helpless to do anything for our salvation, as was dear Cyril to make his escape from his oppressors, so Jesus did the work for us. He knew what was to be done, and He did it. You and I can do nothing but trust Jesus that He has done it, and we are saved. That is all we have to do. What? Simply believe on the Lord Jesus Christ! He has done the work, I believe and am saved. Oh! what glad and glorious news. Will you not trust Jesus with your soul now? Cyril trusted Jesus and found Him so near to him in trouble, and if you trust Him you will find Him to be the same to you. You will never be sorry you came, but you will certainly wonder why you have not come before.

Now before you put this paper down, yield up your hearts to Jesus and be on the Lord's side. He is soon coming back for us who believe. Oh, make haste then and come, or He may return before you are ready, and then you will be shut out for ever and for ever. Yes, mother and father and friends gone with Jesus, but you ———, shall I say outside?
W. J. P.

JOY OVER FORGIVENESS.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." (Psa. xxxii. 1.)

DAVID knew what transgression and sin meant, he was a good man, but he was not free from sin, he had

grievously sinned. But, remember, he confessed his sin to God and implored forgiveness, and God heard his cry.

A little girl was told not to touch a bottle of ink on the table. When nurse was gone out of the room, she thought she would try to write a little, and in reaching to get the bottle she pulled it over and the ink made the cloth in a fearful state. When the nurse came in she was very sorry to see what the little girl had done, but she forgave her. The cloth was washed, but the stains could not be got out, so whenever the little girl went past the cloth on the table she would be reminded of what she had done. The stains were left. This teaches us what disobedience does. The Lord Jesus Christ, however, is always ready to forgive us when we do wrong, He is even ready to blot out our transgressions, our sins. He is the great sin-bearer.

A little boy one day was not able to get on with his lessons because his father was angry with him (the reason was, he had disobeyed him), so the little boy went to his father and sought his forgiveness and confessed he had done wrong. Now his father was glad that his little boy had come to him in this way and gave him a kiss, and he went away able to get on well with his lessons afterwards. This little boy loved Jesus and Jesus forgave him. When you come to Jesus He will forgive you and save you.

T. H.

FROM HEAVEN ABOVE.

JESUS, the Lord, is kindness;
Jesus, the Lord, is love;
How sweet to hear Him speaking,
To us, from heaven above.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—

So many letters, some of which were received six or eight weeks ago, are still unanswered, that C. J. L. is afraid that there is a good deal of disappointment among her correspondents, though it is only fair to say that they have all behaved remarkably well over it. A sentence from one letter reads, "I know you must have a lot to do, with so many Gleaners' Papers to look over, but you will write as soon as you can, won't you, please."

Quite a number of our young friends are away

for country or seaside holidays, while others are looking forward with great delight to good times on the shingly beach, or smooth yellow sands of some watering-place. For five years past our "Young Helpers" have taken a great deal of loving care, I will not call it trouble, for the service has been so joyfully rendered that it has been a positive pleasure, to provide dolls, scrap-albums, &c., &c., for sick and poor children. But I have been wondering *if our holidays* cannot be so used as to throw a gleam of brightness across the path of some one who never gets a holiday, and though "holiday homes" have done and are doing much for the poorer children who attend Board schools, there are still many who, though they may perhaps once a year or so get a few hours in the country, have never seen the sea; to such a small box of shells, or seaweed, arranged on a card upon which a suitable passage of scripture might be neatly written or printed, a picture post-card, or perhaps better still a kind, friendly letter, written during the holidays, would not, if sent or written from love to Christ, be a service too small for His approval and acceptance.

C. J. L. will gladly send the name and address of some one who would welcome such gifts or letters to any of her young friends who will write to her for it, enclosing a stamped addressed post-card.

Nellie L., 2, Cedar Villas, Bath. You are quite right, dear, in thinking that there is no need to write out in full the Gleaners' questions every month, several Gleaners do so, but it is only necessary to give the number of each question. It is a cheer and an encouragement to find that you enjoy your Gleaners' work, but do not be contented with a mere knowledge of Old and New Testament history. Remember, dear Nellie, that the real object of all Bible study should be that we may gain a deeper, truer knowledge of Christ. May we open every door and window of our hearts wide to Him, and so let the sunshine of His love shine right in.

Margaret A. B., 23, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards. Thank you so much dear, for the pretty and nicely-arranged scrap-album you so kindly sent some weeks ago. You will be glad to know that it is giving a great deal of pleasure to a sick child, a dear little boy who has been so very ill that only a few days ago it seemed as if the good Shepherd, the Lord Jesus, was going to take His little lamb safely home; but David K. is getting better, and though still too weak to sit up for more than a few minutes at a time, he dearly loves to have the scrap-book placed on his bed.

Florence T., Soho Hill, near Birmingham. Your letter, dear young sister in Christ, is an interesting one, and I am glad you should feel free in writing to one who, as the Lord may enable her, would gladly help and encourage you. Shall we both seek for grace amid our everyday duties and difficulties to bear in mind the Lord's own words, "Without me ye can do nothing"? (John xv. 5.) Let us think and pray over them till they seem interwoven with our very lives. Yes, the Lord knows how lonely you are sometimes, and what a blank death,

the death of one you loved so dearly, seems to have made in your life; but do not you think it may be your Shepherd's voice saying afresh to you, even you, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest"?

Montie C., 2, Belvedere, Swanage. It is always pleasant to get to know what our Gleaners themselves really think and feel about any changes that may from time to time be made, and if I may judge by the number of papers received this quarter, what you say in your letter expresses the feelings of nearly, if not quite, all our readers. "I like having to send in the three month's answers together better than sending them in monthly." Do not forget, Montie, what king David said, "The entrance of thy word giveth light." But we must be willing that it should find its way into our hearts, and then the love of God will be shed abroad in them by the Holy Ghost.

M. W., 2, Farley Cottages, Broadstairs. Like several of the older members of our Young Gleaners' Band school-days lie behind you, and you are fairly started on a new path. Business-life has brought duties and cares of which the school-girl never thought, has it not? But you have learnt something, I think, besides the daily routine of office work. The sweetness and the strength of having a mighty Friend to whom you can turn in every time of doubt or difficulty, and though the cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe," will often, I doubt not, arise from your heart, it is addressed to One "whose mercy endureth for ever"; and whose "compassions fail not." No, you are not too old for Gleaners' work. It is good for us all to search our Bibles. We are sure, if we set about the work humbly and prayerfully, to find "such precious things," and in giving prizes, one or more is always left for Gleaners under ten years of age.

Cecilia H., 32, Henley Road, Lower Tooting. Thank you so much, dear, for writing. Your letter was one of more than usual interest, and it is pleasant to welcome you to our "Y. G. B." I need not write the words in full, as I am sure you will understand by the initial letters. You would, you say, so like to help and comfort some sick or lonely one. Turn the wish into a prayer, tell the Lord about it in the same simple way in which you have written it to me, and I feel sure He will shew you some happy bit of work just suited to your age and strength. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

Quite a number of letters, among which are a packet from our faithful little band of Spanish Gleaners, must, for want of space, stand over till next month.

Flowers for the sick and aged have been received from Esther and Ellen G., Maidenhead; A. B. C., Farnham, and J. N., who adds that they are sent with prayer, that each one who receives a bunch may also by faith in Christ receive God's free gift of eternal life.

Answers to Gleaners' Questions should not be sent till those for three months have been answered. Address to C. J. L., either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, E.C., or at 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex. Flowers and all parcels should be sent to the latter address.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER X.

IN SCHOOL AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

BUILDING huts in India is quite a different thing from house-building in England; instead of sending for stone-masons, bricklayers and joiners, all the work was to be done by the little colony already settled at Panahpur, Musa Shah and the boys going with their spades to the steep sides of the ravine formed by the mountain torrent, where a great deal of hard work in the way of digging, clearing and getting small squares of level ground ready for building had to be done, while after lessons Rhoda and her pupils were no less busy; sometimes they went into the forest to cut the tall grass required for thatching the roofs, at other times their errand was to collect and carry stones that had been washed up by the stream in its course.

This part of the work must at times have seemed hard, and made those of whom our story has so much to tell very tired; but it was done cheerfully, for all were interested in the hoped-for new buildings. Rhoda, because her loving heart longed for fresh opportunities of telling others of the love of the Saviour who had sought and found her. The children were delighted at the prospect of having new school and play-fellows, and many a pleasant chat, or sweet hymn of praise, enlivened their homeward way and helped them to forget the weight of the loads they were carrying.

The days at Panahpur were so filled with happy work there was no time for murmurings or discontent. Perhaps some of my readers have amused themselves after a heavy fall of snow by playing that they were Arctic explorers, and having killed a white bear or two, are going to build a snow hut. Such, if there are any, will be able to understand something of the interest with which the progress of the work was watched and talked about. Jiwa, who had been taught how to thatch, proved himself a most valuable helper, as with nimble fingers he placed the grass cut by Rhoda and her pupils in order across the long sticks of bamboo cane that were to support the roof, fastening them strongly down with small pegs, supplied by the same useful plant.

Great was the joy when the huts were finished, and Rhoda was quite ready to welcome the six or

eight new pupils she had fully expected, who were, however, very slow in coming, for as soon as the native Christians who had at first talked of sending their children heard that everything was in readiness for their being sent to Panahpur, they began to see difficulties in the way that did not seem to have entered their minds while the huts were building.

"Panahpur is far. Yes, it is very far across the mountains," said one Indian mother. "It would be good, very good for Jagali and Numa to be taught by Rhoda, but the way is too long. If they were ill, how could we even hear of it? or how could I take so great a journey to see my daughters? I must leave the train at the station, which is forty-four miles from the village. Next, I should ride for twenty-four miles in a cart, drawn by small oxen, and then the road becomes so steep and rough that the oxen can go no further, and more than one mountain torrent, swollen by the late rains until it is a rushing river, must be crossed, and the darkness of night may overtake me while I am still among the trees of the forest; and the growl of the tiger and the bark of the jackal would fill me with terror. Ah, Kalla, do not cause me to weep by saying that our little daughters shall be sent so far from us." So Kalla, though he really loved Musa Shah, and had been helped by his faithful preaching, had not the heart to resist the pleadings of his wife, Mohanna, so sent word that though at first he had greatly wished that his little girls should be placed under Rhoda's care, the way was too long, and the danger of being swept away by some mountain stream, or devoured by wild beasts too great, for the journey to be undertaken by children of only nine and ten years of age.

In another Indian home, a conversation something like the following was taking place. The father and mother, who were Christians, would willingly have taken their little girl to Panahpur, but their wish to do so had given great offence to her grandmother, who is a very important person in all eastern households; and she strongly opposed her being sent away, saying, "Let her stay with me till she is married, then she will go to the house of her husband's mother. I will teach her to plat her hair, to dye her lips and eyebrows and to cook her husband's rice. Why should a girl be taught anything more, except it is her pujah, which for a long time you have not performed?" I am writing now of a Hindu, not of a Mohammedan family. Very

respectfully the lady, who is the mistress of the house, for in India the boys stay at home after they are married, it is only the girls who have to leave home, is answered—

"Honoured mother," says the father of the little girl, who is the son of the lady who has just spoken, and who, though he is a grown-up man, has not forgotten the respect due to his mother, "it is surely known to you that we no longer serve the gods of the Hindus; we neither keep their feasts nor do pujah. You too have heard the gospel, the glad tidings of the love of God to sinners, and you have said it was good. We desire that our children should be early taught to know and love the only true God. It is for this reason we have partly promised to send our daughter to Panahpur, where she will be taught the word of God by one who is herself a true Christian."

"But," urged the grandmother, "since you have forsaken the religion of your father, your grandfather and your great-grandfather, and by so doing you will, I fear, bring down upon yourselves the anger of the gods of India, and since your children must forsake it too, why will not you send Chandra to the town, where she will be received and taught by the ladies who came from England to open a school for native girls, and who will give her the rice she eats and the clothes she wears? Our family is not rich, the season is a dry one, and the crops of maize and rice will not be good, so you cannot afford to send the child to those who are themselves poor and so must be paid for these things."

So the little Chandra was sent to the care of the missionary ladies, and when the day came on which Rhoda had expected quite a number of new pupils only two or three had arrived.

But some one is sure to ask what is meant by "doing pujah," and why I did not tell you about it in an earlier chapter. Because my story has had more to do with the Mohammedans than the Hindus of India, though you already know something about the idols feared and worshipped by the Hindus. Every Hindu child is taught to "do pujah," or to repeat prayers to the idols; little girls begin when they are from five to seven years of age. Sometimes they are taken to one of the temples of the idol goddess Durjah, but before being allowed to begin her pujah the child must make two small clay images of the idol and put them on the skin of a wild apple, with some leaves; then she must go away and wash herself and put on clean clothes. Then and not till then she may begin her pujah. What a strange prayer our little Hindu friend has been taught to offer! But I had almost forgotten to tell you that in the first place the idol is supposed to speak to her, and ask her who she is and what she wants. You will smile as you read the prayer the poor child is taught to offer, not to the "true and living God," but to a block of wood or stone that can neither hear nor help her. She says she wants a prince for her husband; she wishes him to be beautiful, and very kind to her, and adds that some day she hopes to have seven clever little boys and two pretty little

girls, and that when she is old she would like to die on the banks of the river Ganges.

The Hindu girl, however, asks for the things she really desires. We may, I think, in this way learn a lesson from her.

C. J. L.

HELPLESS, HOPELESS, HOMELESS.

SUCH were the words that caught my eye the other day while passing through the great city of London. They were in large white letters upon three windows, one word upon each.

How suggestive, thought I, and how much like ourselves! Let us take the first word.

HELPLESS.

I think we all know what that means. It means a person (when we say a person we mean a boy or a girl, man or a woman) who has no strength, one who has to depend upon the kindness and support of others. If we take our Bibles and open them at Romans v. 6 we read: "When we were yet without strength, in due time *Christ* died for the *ungodly*." You see when we could not help ourselves, Jesus died. If we had been able to save ourselves there would have been no need for Jesus to have died. The verses lower down in that chapter tell you what we are by nature: "ungodly," "sinners," "enemies," what a sad story! No wonder that Jesus had to die. There are two verses in the word of God that seem to go together, "God so loved . . . that he gave"; then, "Whosoever will . . . let him take." Will you take Jesus as your Saviour now?

Our next word is

HOPELESS,

which means, as you know, without hope. The Lord Jesus says of unbelievers, they have no hope, and without God in the world. That is, they have nothing beyond this world. How different to those who have trusted Jesus. It is said of them they have a good hope through grace, they have an inheritance that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them. Would you not like to have such a hope? We will pay a visit to a hospital for a moment. The poor sufferers are lying there suffering with different diseases. We see the doctor and nurse, and parents gathered around the bedside of their darling child.

"What do you think of him, doctor?" says the nurse.

"I am afraid it is a hopeless case, poor little chap, we have done all we can, his days are numbered," and in a few moments he is gone.

But the thought is passing through my mind, I wonder if he knows Jesus as his Saviour—and you say, I wonder, too. But stay, do you know Him as your Saviour? You and I have been spared to enter upon another year, will you decide for Jesus *now*? Our case, like the above story, was hopeless, but what the physicians could not do the Great Physician has done. His name is Jesus. He bore our sins.

HOMELESS.

Now for the last word, but not least. What a grand thing, dear boys and girls, to have a home on earth and parents to care for us. All have not such a privilege. You have all no doubt heard of the boy whose name was John iii. 16. He had no home, no friends to go to, he was homeless. But you remember how he was run over and taken to the hospital, and it was there he learned through the chapter he was named after that "God so loved" him, a poor little street arab, and not only so, but that heaven was his home. Is it yours?

E. J. E.

PINS AND NEEDLES.

A DEAR friend of mine told me a very interesting little incident some time ago, and I thought the readers of *Gospel Stories* would like to hear it also. It was about a dear servant of the Lord Jesus, who was going about preaching the gospel of God's grace, and telling of the coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ. At one of the meetings he wished to illustrate how the blessed Lord would come, and the effect it would have upon the people who are living on the earth at that moment; to do this he first got a plate and put it on the table in front of him; he then gathered all the pins and needles he could, putting them on the plate; he gathered quite a large number, some new and bright, others were old and rusty, these he mixed up together. "Now,"

hesaid, "this is just how people are on the earth to-day, all sorts and conditions of men, great and small, young and old; but God by His word divides them into but two classes, saved and unsaved; like these on the plate, there are big and little, old and new, but they also are divided into two classes called pins and needles.

"Now when the Lord Jesus comes again, it will be to separate the two classes for ever, taking the saved ones home to His Father's house, but leaving the others for judgment. Just as this magnet (shewing a powerful one) will separate the pins and needles. Now watch," and he raised it above his head and brought it near the plate, when suddenly all the needles jumped up and clung to it, but the pins were left unmoved.

"But why the needles go and not the pins? Well, first, there is a strong attraction between the magnet and the needles, as there is now between the Christian and the Lord Jesus Christ. Another difference is, the needles have an eye; the pins have plenty of head, but no eye. So to-day, there are very many with plenty of head knowledge; but what is wanted is the eye of faith, to be able to see in Jesus our own personal Saviour, then when He comes we will answer to Him and go to be with Him for ever. You have a sample in the ten virgins (Matt. xxv.), five were wise, they had the eye of faith, and five foolish, like the pins, for when the bridegroom came they were left outside, whilst the wise went in."

Where are you, dear reader? Amongst the pins, as it were, or have you the eye of faith, and are looking for the Saviour to take you home?

J. L.

THE GIPSY BOY.

IN TO the tent where a gipsy boy lay,
Dying alone at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried—said he:
"Nobody ever has told it to me!"

Bending, we caught the last words of his
breath,

Just as he entered the valley of death:
"God sent His Son—whosoever," said he;
"Then I 'am sure that He sent Him for
me!"

NAMING THE ANIMALS.

IF we look back to the earliest ages in the earth's history of which we have any record we find that Adam was placed alone in the garden of Eden. Then God made all kinds of animals out of the earth, birds and reptiles, and brought them to Adam to see what he would call them, and whatever he called them that was the name for them.

How very different it must all have been at first to what we are used to now, when the beasts were friendly to each other so that the lion and the lamb could stand together without any fear on the part of the gentle lamb of being hurt by the strong lion.

earth will not always remain like this, but that there is a time coming when the lion shall eat grass like an ox and shall lie down with the lambs, even as it was in the garden of Eden. A little child also shall be able to lead them about.

What a time of peace and blessing that will be, for every man will be able to sit down under his own vine and fig-tree, which is a token of great prosperity, for at the present time only a few can enjoy such things and call them their own.

But while we like to look forward to the time when the earth shall have its rest, yet we shall not be here then to enjoy it, for God has given us blessings of another kind, not



Our picture is evidently meant to shew the time when they came before Adam to have their names given, while in the background may be seen the four great rivers that flowed out of the garden of Eden to water the whole of the earth, north, south, east and west.

How sad that Adam and Eve should have sinned in such a way as to be driven out of the garden, for not only did they suffer themselves, but God's curse fell on the ground too, so that it ever afterwards has brought forth thorns and briars. The beasts, too, came under the effects of sin, and that is why they bite and devour one another.

What a comfort it is to know that this

earthly blessings but heavenly blessings, that is to say, to all those who are on the Lord's side at the present time.

Perhaps you will ask, "How can I know if I am on the Lord's side?"

Well, all those who have their sins forgiven are surely amongst His sheep and lambs, and the way we get this knowledge is by trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ who has loved us and died for us.

Although we are brought under the curse by Adam's sin yet Christ has died to deliver us from it. Will you not trust Him, dear reader, and thus make Him your own dear Saviour.



AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TRIP.

AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TRIP.

BLESSED Jesus, Thou art with us
 In this lovely wood to-day,
 Joying to behold our gladness,
 Pleased to see the children play.

Lord, we thank Thee for the sunshine,
 For the sweet and balmy air ;
 All around us Thou hast lavished
 Gifts which tell that Thou are here.

'Twas Thy hand that formed the flowers,
 Gave the trees their varied hue,
 Filled with life Thy whole creation,
 Kept for ages fresh and new.

Lord, to-day the grass appeareth
 So refreshing to our eyes ;
 Yet we know the scythe awaits it,
 At man's will it fades and dies.

So the fresh young lives around us
 All ere long must garnered be ;
 Oh, may death but be the portal
 To a grand eternity.

Lord, the leaves to us are speaking,
 Waving gently in the breeze ;
 "Life is short," they seem to tell us,
 "Not for long we grace the trees :

"Soon life's autumn comes upon us,
 Forms new buds for early spring,
 Then the place that now sustains us
 Bears a new and lovely thing."

Ah ! Lord Jesus, Thou hast told us
 As a leaf we all do fade ;
 But in death we hail the advent
 Of a life beyond the grave.

Spring is ours, as well as autumn,
 An eternal fadeless spring ;
 On the Resurrection Morning,
 Perfected, Thy praise we'll sing.

Never more shall we be weary,
 Never bear one taint of sin ;
 Speed the wings of time, Lord Jesus,
 Love's eternity begin.

LUCY DEAN.

FAITH IN GOD.

POVERTY, pinching poverty, had come
 into the dwelling of widow Mason and
 her little son.

The bread-winner, the fine, manly husband
 and father, had been suddenly taken ill and
 after a few days illness had gone to be with the
 Saviour whom he had long loved and served.
 Work for the widow was scarce, the boy—
 "his father's image," his mother delighted to

call him—had the hearty appetite of a grow-
 ing boy, and as the widow once remarked
 with a sad smile, "food was slow to come
 and swift to go."

Still, day by day God provided for their
 need. Once He greatly tested the faith of
 His child. The barrel was well nigh empty
 and no money to buy more.

Mrs. Mason was sitting in her neat little
 room, thinking sadly of their altered circum-
 stances, when her little son went up to her
 and said, "Mother, I feel sure that God
 hears *when we scrape the bottom of the barrel.*"
 Simple, trustful words, just what the poor
 widow needed ; her faith was strengthened,
 she cast her burden upon the Lord, and of
 course He sustained her, as He has promised.

O. M.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

A lad stolen from his father.
 A man kind to a prophet of God.
 One of the sons of Jacob.
 A king of Judah.
 A man killed for the sake of his wife.
 The mother of a great captain.

Take the first letters of each of these and
 you will find the name of a leader of Israel.

BE DECIDED.

HERE is a short rhyme which you can
 easily learn by heart.

BLACK for SIN—as black as Coal.
 RED—Christ's BLOOD, that makes us
 whole.

WHITE the ROBE—as white as Snow.

GOLD for GLORY—Will you go ?

Have you ever seen people wearing a
 ribbon or some other badge on their clothes ?
 Well, it is to let every one know that they
 are for the Oxford or Cambridge crew, for
 Temperance, Non-smoking, or Christian
 Endeavour, just according to their badge.

Now, just as they carry this badge to make
 it known to all, will you not, dear young
 Christian, carry the name of Jesus on your
 lips and in your ways, that every one may
 know you are for Him ?

Some years ago, on the south coast of
 England, a boy named George jumped into

the sea, and, at great risk of his own life, saved a little boy from drowning. Do you think that little boy is ashamed to own George? Not a bit. He is always glad to tell people who saved him and how he did it.

Then how much more ought it to be a pleasure to tell that Jesus even *died* on the cross to put away your sins; that He has saved you, you belong to Him, you are for Him, and He is your Lord.

But, dear reader, if you are not for Jesus, the Prince of Life, you are for Satan, the Prince of Darkness. Now be decided. Which are you for—Jesus or Satan?

From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed ! P. R.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

III.—THE SEA AND DISTRICT OF GALILEE.

(1.) Where are the words "Galilee of the Gentiles"? Give a quotation from one of the prophets, in which almost the same words are used.

(2.) On what occasion was an apostle detected by his speech, or the manner in which he pronounced certain words, as a native of a district whose inhabitants were despised, and somewhat looked down upon by the Jews of Judea?

(3.) On what occasions do we read of the Lord crossing the Sea of Galilee?

(4.) Give a short account of the storm during which He (the Lord) came to His affrighted disciples walking upon the water.

(5.) Much of the childhood and youth of the Lord appears from the gospels to have been passed in this despised district, proving not only His faithfulness to God in separation from all that was not suited to His holiness, but that He loved to be found among the lowly. Where do the words "the poor of the flock" occur in scripture?

(6.) Find, if you can, without the help of a concordance, though a reference Bible may be used, the following passages:—

(a.) "Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptised of John in Jordan."

(b.) "Jesus, walking by the sea in Galilee, saw two brethren."

(c.) "There followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee."

(d.) "The day following, Jesus would go into Galilee."

(e.) "Some said, shall Christ come out of Galilee?"

(f.) "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

The answers to the Questions given in this month's issue of *Gospel Stories* will complete another set of 'Three Months' Questions. Please fasten ALL the sheets together. Write full name and address on the last and post as directed on the last page of magazine not later than the 25th of October. This rule does not apply to Gleaners who live abroad.

ENTOMBED.

NOW deeply sorry we feel when every now and then we hear of some brave miners being entombed in a coal pit! yet even in that most trying position God can make His servants more than conquerors. A bright young christian collier was telling a companion of the peril he had been in from a fall of coal in his "stall," where he had returned to fetch a tool.

His friend said, "Then after you had shouted and the head of your pick had come off, you felt you were at an end of your resources."

"I did," was the miner's reply. "I was at the end of *my* resources but just at the beginning of *God's*. He sent Lakin down that gallery just at the right moment, and of course he saw what had happened and got help, just as I had sat down and said, 'Lord, I can do nothing more, Thou knowest what is best for me and I am Thine.' I was beginning to feel a bit queer for want of air, when I heard picks at work, very soon lights came in from the lamps and I was saved."

"Thank God you were," said his friend, "I shall not forget how God sent you help at the last moment." "Say, rather, the *best* moment," the collier replied, "for sitting in that dark stall I learnt, I trust once for all, that God's time is best and it is *never* too late for Him to help."

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Though there are certainly some advantages in having answers to "Gleaners' Questions" sent in quarterly instead of monthly, as it offers encouragement to steady patient *scripture searching*, still C. J. L. has quite missed her packet of letters that used to come so regularly month by month. Quite a number of "Young Gleaners" have been away for summer holidays, and it was pleasant to get *one*, though it was only one, post-card from a dear young helper, who before leaving home for a sea-side holiday wrote to ask for the address of some sick or lonely one who might be cheered by a few friendly words, or now and then a picture post-card. There was just one difficulty in replying: who to select from among the many to whom even so small a gift would almost seem to give a glimpse of sea or mountain, and so help them to forget, if only for a moment, the four walls within which so much of life has, for many, to be lived, and such hard battles fought and, through the all-sufficient grace of Christ, very often won.

Come with me, dear ones, into a sick-room not more than a few minutes walk from the spot where I am writing. It is not large, and somewhat poorly furnished, but beautifully neat and clean. It is occupied by a woman who, though she is still young and not wholly confined to bed, has not left it for so long that she has almost forgotten what the pleasure of taking a walk or even of breathing the fresh, out door air is like. "But why does she never go out?" some one is saying. Because a severe and happily unusual form of skin disease has made her shrink from the light of day. Those who know her best hardly wonder that, except by the doctor, whose kindness and sympathy have been and are a great comfort and cheer to her, and a few of the Lord's people, whom she has learnt to love and trust, she is rarely seen by any one. My story would indeed be a sad one, almost too sad for the pages of our children's monthly, if I could not tell of how the loving-kindness of the Lord can brighten even such a darkened and lonely life as the one of whom I have been telling you.

We sometimes sing,

"No heart is too sad, for God's love to make glad,
When once in His word you believe."

And for this much-tried child of God "the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." It was not all at once that her soul came into the sunshine of a Saviour's love. Moral and respectable, she, like many others, tried to make herself fit for God. She read her Bible, said her prayers, and went to church regularly. But she was not happy, for the thought of having one day to meet God filled her with fear. Naturally shy and reserved, it was difficult for her to open her mind to tell her deep soul-trouble to any one. Some of her friends did not themselves know God's way of peace, so could not point another to it. And so the weeks and months went slowly by.

The disease, which at first had not seemed very

serious, continued to make steady progress, and in the Lord's own time and way, the friend she so needed to show her what it meant to trust herself, as a poor, lost sinner, to a loving, seeking Saviour was sent to help her.

Her medical attendant was one who, knowing for himself the preciousness of Christ, sought blessing for the souls of his patients as well as healing for their bodies, and God used him as the instrument of leading that poor, weary, tempest-tossed soul to the Saviour.

She did not see all at once that her own righteousness was in the sight of a holy God but "as filthy rags," but the good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep, was seeking, and little by little her soul was led into rest and peace.

And now, though unable to speak above a whisper, she loves to tell of the goodness of the Lord. How His tender mercy sheds gleams of brightness across her path, and how the bright and blessed hope of seeing, perhaps, before very long, her Saviour face to face can bring joy and gladness even into the darkest hour.

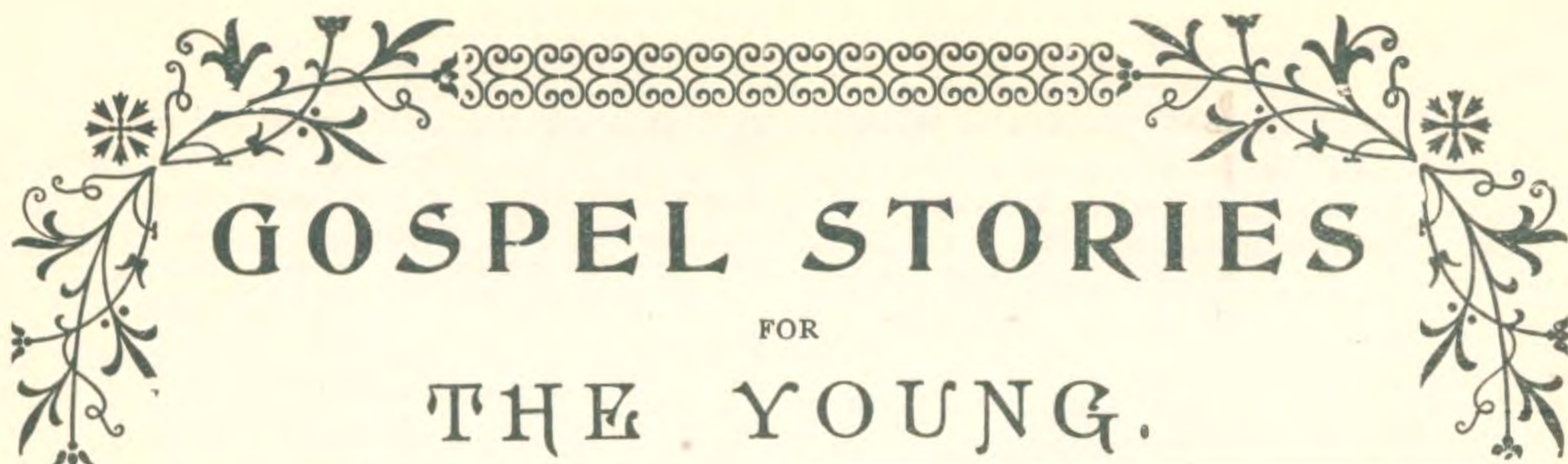
Though the progress of disease has destroyed the sight of one eye, she is still with the other able to read her Bible and also to do dainty fancy work, while few things perhaps give her greater pleasure than to receive from some christian friend, known or unknown, a letter, book or view card.

But I must not forget that this case is only one out of many to whom the "little kindnesses" that are quite within the reach of most, if not all of us may be shown. And if love to Christ is the secret of all the little things we get the opportunity of doing to help and comfort others, our service, however small and worthless it may seem in the eyes of others, will be precious in His sight. And our own lives will grow sweeter and brighter, and we shall, I believe, be more thankful for the mercies we enjoy.

Flowers for the sick and aged. There have not been so many as usual during the last month, partly, perhaps, because it is the season between the blooms, and partly because some who delight in sending them are themselves away. Two boxes have been received and are acknowledged with thanks.

The dear young friends who formed a little working party in South Africa will be glad to hear that the parcel sent some time ago, containing pinafores, needle-books and a pair of knitted socks, though delayed, has at length arrived safely. Among those to whom the nicely made and very useful pinafores have been given are two little girls, school-fellows, who are both deaf mutes.

Gleaners' Papers and Letters for C. J. L. may be addressed to her either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, E.C., or at 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex. Flowers for the aged and all parcels should be sent direct to the latter address. Attention to this will save time, trouble and needless expense for carriage or postage.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN. BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BIBLE LETTERS. I.

(1.) On what occasion was a letter, containing false charges against a company of godly Jews, written, and afterwards interpreted in the Syrian language?

(2.) By what king was a letter, commanding liberal provision for the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem, and also expressly stating that all who were as priests, or Levites, engaged in the temple service were to be free from taxation, given to a priest?

(3.) By what monarch were letters sent to a scattered and dispersed people, reminding them of the sure mercies of the God of Abraham, and inviting them to keep the feast of the passover, though they had been unable to do so at the appointed time?

(4.) A letter, planning the death on the field of battle of an innocent man, who had proved himself a loyal and faithful subject, was on one occasion sent by a king to one of his generals. Name the king and the general.

(5.) A mocking, threatening letter had been received by a godly king, who, instead of replying to it, spread it before the God who had been defied by the writers of the letter, making its very threatenings a subject of prayer, and soon after a most gracious and unlooked-for deliverance was sent to the king and his people. Give a short account of the circumstances.

(6.) On what occasion did the words, "Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may speak thy word" form part of a prayer for apostles?

Address replies to "Young Gleaners'

11-1904.

Questions" as directed on the last page of magazine.

"I'm going home, Mother."

A BRIGHT, rosy-faced boy of thirteen was A—— B——. His father, a pious man, had died and gone to heaven, and the widowed mother sought to bring up the two boys, Harry and Albert, in the "fear of the Lord."

Harry, the elder, was better known to me than Albert, having often seen him at the gospel meetings at B—— H——. My introduction to Albert was very singular. We had pitched a gospel tent at B—— H——, and God, in His grace, was saving souls through the preaching, both young and old. Among those convicted of sin was a man, E—— by name, who had allowed his mind to imbibe infidel notions. I was visiting him at his own house, and, as is always the case where over forty years have been spent in the service of Satan, I was finding it difficult to shew how simply a soul may pass out of Satan's kingdom into the "kingdom of the Son of God's love." But God's ways are very wonderful, and often He interposes just at the right moment. I was rather inclined to regard that boy as an intruder, coming suddenly in, without knocking, and depositing a parcel on the table, and then standing still, cap in hand, as though he had come to stay awhile.

My conversation with Mr. E—— necessarily ceased, as I could easily see that Albert was a welcome visitor at that house; turning to the dear lad I suddenly inquired—"Are you going to heaven with us, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so!" he replied. "I was at the gospel tent on Sunday with my brother Harry."

"Yes, but what of that? You might go to the gospel tent a thousand times and yet not go to heaven, for scripture says, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!'"

"But I have repented, sir, and confessed my sins to God in my own bedroom." And here the tears began to stream down the dear boy's cheeks.

"I am so glad to hear that, my boy, but there is yet another thing, there must not only be *repentance* but *faith* as well, as scripture puts it, 'repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.' (Acts xx. 21.) Now if you have confessed your sins to God there is another confession which is necessary to salvation." Opening my Bible I read, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus *as Lord*, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9.)

"But I have confessed Him, sir," he interrupted.

"Who to?"

Looking heavenward with the tears streaming down his cheeks the answer came, without any hesitation, "*To Himself*, sir!"

"Thank God!" said I. "But now, what can you say to Mr. E—— and me about Jesus, for Matthew x. 32 says, 'Whosoever therefore shall confess me before *men*, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.'"

"What is Jesus to you now?"

"He is everything to me now, He is so precious!" replied the dear lad.

"Now let us kneel and thank Him together." The three of us knelt together while I thanked God for saving that dear boy so sweetly and simply, and giving Mr. E—— to witness how simply a child enters the kingdom of heaven. We rose from our knees and I bade the dear boy "Good-night" with a few words of encouragement.

All this deeply affected Mr. E——, who now let me out at the door. I told him that I could not help regarding this as a signal mark of God's favour to him, reminding him of the words—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God." (Matt. xviii. 3.) Thank God Mr. E—— has since been converted.

(*To be continued.*)

BE REAL.

DO what you can, and be what you are ;
Shine like a glow-worm, if not like a star ;
Be a wheel greaser, if you cannot drive a train,
Draw like a pulley, if you cannot like a crane.

A CHILD'S KIND DEED.

FORTY-FIVE little prisoners, each in a tiny wooden cage, were pining for liberty. But how could they get it? Impossible! for even if they had been able to break the bars that confined them, there was a giant outside who kept watch. So their case seemed hopeless.

But a little girl from the country passed. She had seen the birds in her garden at home; but she had never seen them cooped up like these in the London street. Her heart was touched, and though only six years old, she determined to have them all. So they were transferred to the carriage in which she and her governess were riding, and taken to the hotel, where the owner was paid nearly five pounds.

Boys and girls are little prisoners, shut in the narrow cages of their sins, while justice stands by to see they do not escape. Jesus from the heavenly land passes; His heart is filled with pity, He longs to set the captives free. But He must buy them first, not with five golden sovereigns, but with five bleeding wounds.

It would have been unjust for the little girl to free the birds until she had made them her own. So Jesus must purchase us before He could give us liberty.

Arrived at the hotel the little lady had a good cage provided for her birds; but she was intending a better fate than this for these new pets. Early next morning the cage was being carried into another room, and was deposited for a moment in the Palm Court. Quietly its owner came up and opened the door, offering freedom to its occupants, who in a moment were scattered far and wide through the hotel, the majority remaining among the palms singing gaily.

I wonder what the birdies thought! It must have seemed like paradise restored. I know what I thought when I read about it and saw a picture of the birds among the tropical plants. I thought of Jesus, the

pitying purchaser of us poor prisoners, and the verse, "The Lord looseth the prisoners." (Psa. cxlvi. 7.) He, having bought them, opens their cage door, and says, "Go forth." (Isa. xlix. 9.)

But, like the birds, we must avail ourselves of the open door. Oh, that we were as eager as they were.

"Now are we free—there's no condemnation ;
Jesus provides a perfect salvation :
'Come unto Me !' oh, hear His sweet call !
Come,—and He saves us once for all."

The freedom of those canaries was short-lived, for they had to be caught and shut up : and a fine hunt the page boys had. The liberty Jesus Christ gives is eternal.

Last August, when I read this incident, I also came across a little article headed,

"THE CAGE DOOR IS OPEN : ESCAPE."

It commenced thus :—

A country lad has caught and caged a poor little forest bird, and placed it outside the cottage door. Presently his mother returns home. Her kind heart is moved at the sight of the tiny fluttering prisoner, too excited to eat even a single crumb. She walks towards the cage, but the poor bird, as it sees her approaching, is in a panic of terror. She gently opens the cage door, and says, "There ! that is what *I* feel about you. Your cage door is wide open. Don't wait a moment. Use your wings and enjoy your liberty."

It finished thus, shewing how the Lord has purchased the captives and opened their cage.

By Christ's death sin has received its righteous judgment, and the believing sinner is justified.

By Christ's resurrection the portals of death have been thrown wide open. All may escape. None need perish.

By Christ's death the love of God has been perfectly expressed and the believer reconciled.

By Christ's resurrection God's power to release men from the grip of death has been abundantly set forth.

So that not only has God opened a way of escape for you ; He has expressed His own heart in doing it. The gospel *proclaims* that the "cage door" is wide open. All that you

have to do, therefore, is to avail yourself of it. "Escape for thy life !" Then fly to His presence with a song of praise for His great deliverance. Thousands have ; and the writer is one of the happy number. Oh, linger not.

W. L.

JACOB'S WAGGONS.

THE history of Jacob was a very eventful one, whether we think of him as a young man leaving his father's house to join Laban in a distant land or years afterwards when he stood before Pharaoh and blessed him in the name of the Lord.

One of the greatest sorrows of his life was when Joseph was taken from him and he thought he had been torn in pieces by wild beasts. He mourned for him as one that was dead, little thinking that one day he should meet him again and find that he held a high position in the land of Egypt.

He was very unwilling to let his youngest son, Benjamin, go down into Egypt, but finding that they must have food and that his sons refused to go to buy more unless Benjamin went with them, he at last gave his consent.

The old man very likely had many misgivings while they were gone as to whether he would see them all again and especially whether Benjamin would return home in safety, but he was not at all prepared for the glad tidings that they were to bring him.

The first words that he hears from his sons are these : "Joseph is yet alive, and is governor over all the land of Egypt." But Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. They then told him all the words that Joseph had said to them, and when he saw the waggons and all the provisions Joseph had sent for him, then his spirit revived again, and he said, "It is enough ; Joseph my son is yet alive : I will go and see him before I die."

Now look in the picture and you will see how surprised Jacob looks as he sees the long line of waggons just coming into view.

A VISIT TO YORKSHIRE.

A FEW weeks ago we went with some of the readers of *Gospel Stories* to spend a holiday at the seaside. This is gener-



"IT IS ENOUGH ; JOSEPH, MY SON IS YET ALIVE."

ally a very enjoyable time, for lessons and lesson books are all laid aside, and we are able to enjoy the fresh air and vigorous exercise without feeling that we were wasting time or neglecting some duty.

In one part of the town there was a high hill, which had a long flight of one hundred and ninety nine steps to get to the top. We soon went up these steps to see what might be at the top, and found there the ruins of a very old Abbey.

As we walked in and out of the different

growing heather and other wild flowers all out in bloom. It was like walking on a soft, thick carpet.

There were very few people to be seen, but we met one old man with a waggon laden with peat which had been dug out of the moor, and forms excellent fuel in place of coals after it has been thoroughly dried in the sun. After a very long walk we came to a cottage near a water mill, and then we were very glad to sit down and have our tea.



CROSSING THE MOOR.

parts of the ruins, it was easy to see that in its best days it had been a magnificent building, for some of the pillars and casements had been sculptured in very rich Gothic style. Now, however, its greatness had all departed, and nothing but ruins lay about the few walls still standing.

Thus it is, dear readers, with all earthly glory, it passes away, so may we have to do with eternal glories which never pass away.

Another day we went for a long walk over one of the Yorkshire moors, and of this I am able to give you a picture. If we stepped off the roadway we were among the thick-

PRAYER BY MACHINERY.

HAVE you ever seen praying by machinery? I remember a gentleman once sent me a printed prayer and asked me to circulate it and get all to pray the prayer, and it was expected that there would be then an enormous answer. I felt, however, that this was too much like praying by machinery.

But I saw a far more striking instance than this some time in May this year. I had been a walk of twenty miles to see a sick lady and was coming back the next day feeling tired and footsore.

When I had come within a mile of a friend's house at Gopalpor, I saw a man sitting under a kind of ash tree. He had in his hand a praying wheel, a piece of round wood revolving round and round a cylinder; inside the round piece of wood was parchment with prayers on it. The man was sitting squat fashion and turning this praying wheel round and round. His wife, dressed in ochre garments, sat below the square raised place where he sat. There was also another young man.

So I said, "What are you doing?"

"Praying, of course," replied the man, and then we got friendly and I said, "Well! I should like to pray too." "All right!" said he and gave me the wheel. I at once began to whirl the wheel. He stopped me with disgust. "Of course you must pray from right to left," said he, "not left to right." So I tried to pray slowly from right to left.

But it was no use. It would not go with me. The man laughed. "You want practice," said he. So I gave up praying by machinery and began to bargain for his praying wheel, that had a very quaint appearance indeed.

"No!" said the man, "I cannot give it you. It was given me by my priest in Lahore, that borders on Tibet. Come this way next year and I will give you another as I come this way once a year at this time."

He may have been praying for the young man, who afterwards accosted me and said, "I am in great pain. Can you relieve me?" He had a stomach pain. I said that I had no medicines. But if he did believe in prayer that I would pray for him in the name of Christ. So I made him kneel down and I knelt down too, while the praying man with his wheel stopped and looked. So I put my hands on his head and prayed aloud to God for Christ's sake to heal this young man. What actually happened I do not know! they were travellers and so was I. We met by God's appointment, I think. If God answered my prayer what a lesson it will be to the poor foolish man praying by machinery!

But this is no new thing. In Tibet and in Chamla State not far from here and on the borders of Cashmere there are Buddhist monasteries, in some way like the Roman

Catholic monasteries, and they have huge prayer wheels turned by water.

How thankful you ought to be that you have been taught to pray in the Holy Spirit! How little we thank God for our privileges, dear children.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XI.

FAMINE ORPHANS.

WERE the new huts, over the building of which so many days had been spent, to remain empty? Not for long. Rhoda and her uncle had prayed as well as worked, often asking the Lord to accept what to them had indeed been a labour of love, and also to send the children when the huts were ready. And though the six or eight little girls Rhoda had, as you know, expected did not arrive, the Lord was about to send many more, so many that the huts already built were too small, and increased accommodation had to be provided.

A long drought, or dry season, in India always, or nearly always, goes before a famine, and during a famine the sufferings of the poor people are very great, hundreds, if not thousands, dying from hunger. Little children, too, have much to suffer; many, losing both parents, are often left by the roadside to die from want of food, or to be eaten by wild beasts!

A terrible famine was raging not far from Panahpur, and day after day little children who had been found, sometimes in empty huts, sometimes by the side of their dead or dying fathers and mothers, were brought into the towns and villages. Indian children are not so plump and rosy as English ones, but these poor uncared-for little ones were so very thin that it was quite painful even to look at them; many, too, were almost covered with sores, caused by neglect, exposure and the want of proper food.

It was no easy task to find homes for so many children, and even the magistrate was pleased to hear that Rhoda was willing to take as many little girls as there was room for in the huts. She had not intended having little boys among her new pupils, but among the first children it was proposed to send her were Malia and Ghotli, a brother and sister. The boy threw his arms round his sister, saying, between the great sobs that almost choked him, "Oh, do not part us; where my sister goes let me go too." His tears were, however, soon dried on being told that he too should be taken to Panahpur. He is a bright, merry little fellow, and something of a chatterbox.

At last a party of seven—three boys and four girls, whose ages varied from three to ten years—was made up. One baby girl (Ankiri) was so ill and in such a weak state, it seemed hardly possible she could live through the journey; but care and good nursing, with the blessing of the Lord, did wonders for her; she got quite well, and grew

into a healthy, happy child; and perhaps not one of her adopted family is dearer to the motherly heart of Rhoda than the little one she nursed back to life.

Oh, how hungry the little travellers were! How they begged and cried for food, which could only be given to them in very small quantities. To have allowed them to eat as much as they would have liked would have been the very surest way of making them very, very ill, and might even have caused the death of some of the weaker of the party, and for weeks, and even months, after their arrival at Panahpur, the habit of picking up and putting into their mouths everything they could find, even small stones and pieces of wood, continued, and sometimes gave a good deal of trouble.

Were the rescued children always obedient and grateful to the kind friends who had done so much for them? Ah, dear ones, mine would not be an ALL-TRUE story if I only told you of the bright and pleasant things that happened at Panahpur. Rhoda and her uncle had need of patience, for at first these children were often very naughty and trying; rude and wicked words, too, were often used by them, though some of the children were, I think, too young to understand their real meaning. They did not always speak the truth, and sometimes when small articles were missed it was difficult to find out who was the thief.

But Rhoda felt that all these things, though very trying, were a call to prayer. Hers was a work of faith as well as a labour of love, and her great desire for the children was not only so to train them that they might lead happy, useful lives, but that they might be early won to Christ. And her quiet work was greatly blest by the Lord. Not all at once, but little by little, she had the joy of seeing her scholars grow more loving and obedient; bad words were no longer heard, and often without being told to do so, when busy with their outdoor work or with the younger ones at play, some voice would strike the keynote of one of their school hymns, others joining in the song, till hill and valley seemed to ring with the praises of the children's Saviour, the children's Friend.

Regular lessons in reading and writing were also given, and while Rhoda taught the girls to sew, spin or cook, the boys who were old enough went either to work on the farm or to take their first lessons in such useful trades as those of tailor, shoemaker or carpenter.

The men and boys at Panahpur have their huts on one side of the mountain stream, the women and girls on the opposite bank, but all meet once daily for prayer and Bible-reading, after which Rhoda loves to gather the children round her, finding out by questions how much they have been able to remember, and explaining what was too difficult for them to understand.

I told you in an earlier chapter of a Mohammedan who had been much looked up to by the people among whom he lived, who were in the habit of making him presents, but who, after having professed faith in Christ, found himself not only poor,

but despised by his former friends. This poor man, who had neither faith nor courage to accept a path of suffering for Christ, turned back from following Him. The end of his story is a very sad one. His health broke down, and he suffered from such a bad form of skin disease, that it was not easy to find any one who would stay with or wait upon him, and had it not been for the kindness of one or two Christians he might have suffered much from hunger and neglect.

The niece of this man, a young woman of the name of Jiwi, was one in whom Rhoda had taken a great interest. Rhoda had received many visits from her, and Jiwi had loved to listen to Bible stories, and had asked so many questions about the christian faith that Rhoda quite hoped to have the joy of seeing her confess Christ as her own trusted Saviour.

But by promises that at the death of her uncle everything that had belonged to him should be hers, poor Jiwi was tempted away from the friends who really loved her and sought her true blessing and happiness. Her visits to Panahpur ceased, and for quite a long time Rhoda did not see or hear anything of her; when she did, it was that she was in great poverty and very ill. Rhoda went to see her, and the sick woman, touched by her kindness, confessed that in giving up Christ for the world she had made a sorrowful choice.

Eight other famine orphans were about this time added to the number of those already at Panahpur, and we may be sure that both in and out of school the care of so large a family kept Rhoda very busy. All the food required had to be not only cooked, but prepared on the little farm, as the nearest shops were at a distance of many miles. The maize, or Indian corn, needed for bread, must be sown, reaped, winnowed and ground; as most of this work falls in India to the share of the girls and women, it will not be difficult for us to picture to ourselves the happy party of rescued famine orphans, as they gathered round their kind teacher or followed her to the maize or rice fields.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR YOUNG HELPERS,—

"The summer is ended." The days of glorious sunshine in which we all rejoiced have been followed by "the appointed weeks of harvest," while "His mercy endureth for ever" seemed like a glad message borne by the scent-laden breezes to loving hearts and listening ears. And now, though lingering gleams of brightness are still with us, and the rich tints of autumn leaves make the season beautiful, even while they remind us that it is fading-time, we cannot forget that winter is near, and we want to do something, even if it is only a little, to cheer and comfort our sick, aged and lonely friends.

It does not cost much to give pleasure to a sick child, and coax smiles to a face that bears the impress of suffering; a few bits of ribbon or odds and ends of any bright material are quite enough

to dress a doll, while the cards sent to some of our friends, and for which they really have no use, will fill a scrap-book, and as we want to help to tell the story that has brought joy and gladness to our own souls, the story of a Saviour's love, we shall enjoy our pleasant winter-evening work of arranging the cards all the more if we add some texts or gospel hymns, printed in good type, or written in a clear, rather large hand. Toys of all kinds are always welcome gifts, but there is no need that they should be new ones. Some of our Gleaners are getting, as one wrote me last year, too big to play with dolls, and have no longer any use for wooden horses, trains, &c. Pass them on, dear ones, and by so doing make some poor child happy.

Warm clothing, too, will be greatly needed, for the cold days cannot be far off, and we must not forget some warm knitted or crocheted socks for the babies. Cuffs, too, of which nearly fifty pairs were sent last year, proved very acceptable gifts, not only to the aged, but to our blind friends.

Pincushions and needle-books will be gratefully received; some young helpers will perhaps be able to give or beg the small balls of wool that are often left after some piece of knitting or crochet has been completed. There is no hard and fast rule these balls should be all of one colour. "But what use can we make of them? Are we going in for a wool-ball making competition?" No! though we will not forget the little ones who love to play with the soft balls with which there is no danger of breaking windows. With a little care in the arrangement of colours they will work into shawls and crossovers for our aged friends, or warm petticoats for the children.

Will there be any prizes this year? Yes; again through the kindness of friends six small prizes are offered, under the following heads:—

(a.) Scrap-album, or text-card (hand-painted), suitable for hanging on the wall of a sick-room.

(b.) Infant's wool boots or socks, large enough to be worn by a child of from one to three years of age.

(c.) Work-bag or pocket, suitable for holding or carrying work. In making work-pockets please do not forget that as each pocket is to be worn in the same way as an apron, strings of ribbon or tape should be fastened to the top corners.

(d.) Dressed doll, old or new.

(e.) Pinafore, or child's night-dress.

(f.) For the best toy, home-made or mended.

Only six prizes! and as C. J. L. hopes that quite a number of parcels will arrive, there are sure to be a good many disappointments. If our work, of whatever kind it is, has as its motive power and secret spring love to Christ, we may count upon a better reward than that of finding our own name among the PRIZE-WINNERS. He will know, He will understand that we wanted to please Him, and though we feel how very poor and small our little bit of service is, "His compassions fail not," and He will accept and bless.

How often we miss opportunities of helping others because we are not on the look-out for them.

An interesting story as to the importance of keeping a "good look-out" was told me not very long ago by one who for many years had sailed under the British flag.

Far out at sea, with the nearest land at a distance of many miles, H. M. good ship A— was ploughing her way through mid-ocean; no other sail had been sighted for some hours, when the man on the look-out reported some dark object on the horizon, though at so great a distance that even his long practised sight could not be quite sure what it really was. Other eyes, and still more powerful glasses were brought to bear upon it, and it was made out to be a boat. "Perhaps two boats," said a weather-beaten old tar. A boat was quickly manned and sent out in charge of the second officer on board with instructions from the captain to give help if he found any opportunity of doing so.

After an absence of some time the ship's boat, with two others in tow, was seen returning. Two boat loads of shipwrecked men had been rescued. For quite twelve hours they had been tossing about on a rough sea, early that morning their own ship having been struck by a passing schooner, and going down ten minutes after she received the blow, only giving her crew time to secure a bag of biscuit, a compass and a small keg of water.

Very glad and grateful we may be sure the poor fellows were to find themselves on board the man-of-war; but as their boats could hardly have lived through the night if a storm had arisen, had the man on the look-out failed in his duty, they would most likely not have been seen and so found a watery grave.

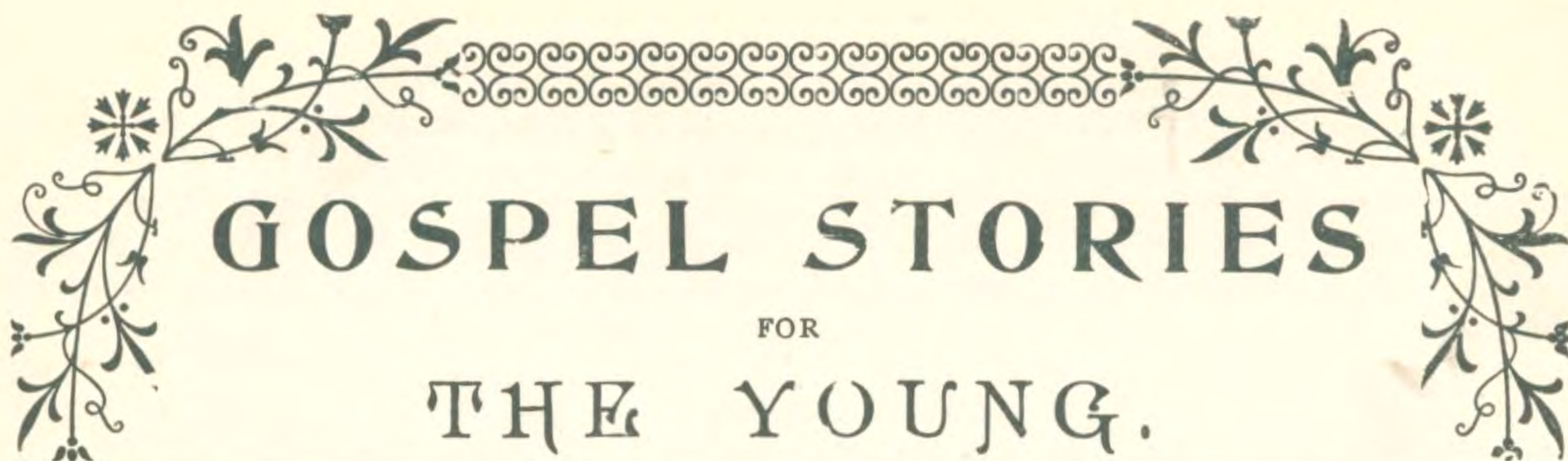
If we are looking out for an opportunity of doing some great thing we shall be almost sure to miss the many little ones that are always waiting to be done. Sick and lonely people seem to live everywhere, and surely some among the many readers of *Gospel Stories* might easily spare a little time from play to read a chapter out of the Bible or write a letter for some friend or neighbour whose fast failing sight will no longer allow of reading or writing.

We must be careful to remember that the true secret of each finding our right bit of work is to go very often to the Lord with the question asked so many, many years ago, by one who was "a chosen vessel" to bear the name of Christ unto the Gentiles, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6.)

Flowers for the sick and aged have been received from friends at Farringdon-Gurney, Lower Wincup, Ardres-Grafton, and a reader of *Gospel Stories*.

Gleaners' Papers and Letters for C. J. L. may be addressed to her either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., or to 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.

NOTE.—It is particularly requested, as it will save time, trouble and needless expense, that ALL parcels be sent direct to the latter address, and not to 20, Paternoster Square. Please keep Gleaners' Papers till another set of THREE months' questions has been answered.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE LETTERS AND WRITINGS.

II.

(1.) Make out a list of the letters written by Paul the apostle, arranging them under two heads, (a.) those addressed to companies, or assemblies of Christians, and (b.) those written to individuals.

(2.) In which of the letters or epistles already named are we told that the original MSS. were in Paul's own handwriting, and not written from dictation?

(3.) Give a quotation from one of the letters in which the writer speaks of himself as "Paul the aged."

(4.) To whom did Paul write calling him "his son in the faith"?

(5.) In which of Paul's letters did he state that the time of his departure was at hand?

(6.) Where are the three following passages?

(a.) "Be content with such things as ye have."

(b.) "He hath made us accepted in the beloved."

(c.) "By grace are ye saved through faith."

Address replies as directed on last page of magazine.

STORY OF A CHRISTMAS CARD.

A LITTLE boy, who loved Jesus, sent another little boy a Christmas card, and wrote on it,

"MUCH LOVE."

It was only a schoolboy's scrawl, but the schoolmate who received it knew the words meant what they stood for, and so treasured the little token.

12-1904.

It made me think of another precious token and another message: "I have loved you, saith the Lord." (Mal. i. 2.) "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." (Jer. xxxi. 3.) "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." (1 John iv. 9.)

If a little card was valued because it expressed a boy's love, how should we prize Jesus, who is the expression of God's love?

Can you read this?

"Car Dieu a tellement aimé le monde, qu'il a donné son Fils unique afin que quiconque croit en lui ne périsse point, mais qu'il ait la vie éternelle."

In case you cannot I will give it in English.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

God sent Jesus with "MUCH LOVE."

The lad who sent the Christmas card had to go to China, and then the little bit of pasteboard became even more precious.

Then there came the dreadful Boxer persecution, when so many were killed because they loved and served Jesus. One day he and his father and mother were taken; but the Saviour who loved them was with them and kept them true.

He saw his father killed, and then his dear mother, and last of all the enemies took him and killed him.

Now the card became doubly precious to the friend, and when one day the house was being cleaned and it was in danger of being thrown away the boy who had received it said with admiration, "Father, I must keep this."

Is not this how we should feel about the Bible, God's second gift with

"MUCH LOVE"?

It comes to us with the message of His love who died for us.

"God commendeth his love toward *us*, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for *us*." (Rom. v. 8.)

"God, who is rich in mercy, loved *us* with his great love even when we were dead in sins." (Eph. ii. 4.)

"God, even our Father, hath loved *us*, and given *us* everlasting consolation and good hope through grace." (2 Thess. ii. 16.)

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto *us*." (Rom. v. 5.)

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

"NOT AFRAID IN THE DARK."

THURZA was a dainty little maiden just five years old, but although she was so young she was a very brave little girl.

She certainly was a very good hand at getting into mischief and tumbling about, and got many hard knocks and hurts that most little ones would have cried over, but brave little Thurza rarely made a fuss.

One day, however, she had a very bad fall on a rough country road, and her poor little knee was sadly grazed, so it was no wonder that her heart failed her, and she had to cry, no matter how hard she tried not to.

Auntie took her into the bathroom when they got home and bathed the poor little knee, and while it was being done Thurza and auntie had a nice little talk.

Auntie said, "You are a brave little girl, Thurza, but of course you could not help crying this time with such a bad knee;" and Thurza, sitting on the edge of the large bath, put her little head on one side and looked solemnly at auntie.

"I'm not afraid of the dark," she said; "when I hear pussies say 'Meow, meow' in the dark, I'm not afraid."

"Are you not?" said auntie, and Thurza shook her head and said two little words that meant a great deal:

"No—Jesus."

"That's right, darling, be sure that Jesus will always take care of His little ones who believe in Him," and auntie kissed the sweet little face, and hand in hand they went downstairs to tea, Thurza laughing gaily now over the bound-up knee.

But auntie felt that she would never forget the look of trust in those bright eyes when Thurza said "No—Jesus," and the words went through her mind, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

J. C.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

I AM going to relate a little incident that happened when I was in the north of Norway last winter. It was far up in the Arctic regions, where you would almost think people could not live at all. And yet there are thousands of people living in those inhospitable regions, for the most part very poor people, who somehow or other manage to live where an Englishman would starve.

You have no doubt heard of the fjords of Norway, arms of the sea which run into the land for many miles, often between snow-capped mountains which tower up in a perpendicular line to a great height. Well, it was across one of these fjords that a small party of us sailed one cold day last winter. Our mission was to preach the gospel at a small fishing hamlet. The people of the place had invited us to come, and we were rather surprised on landing not to find any one about. It certainly looked as though we were not welcome.

After a while, however, people began to appear, some of them looking quite scared. The fact was they had not paid their taxes, and supposing us to be government officials who had come to demand payment of the money, they had hidden themselves. They appeared quite relieved to find that we had come not to demand but to give.

How many young people there are who act just in the same way as these poor fisher-folk. The God of whom the gospel speaks is a giving God, not One who demands.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." "The gift of God is eternal life," and what God wants you to do is simply to be a receiver. True, you have not paid your debts, and if God were to demand payment your case would be a hopeless one, for you could not wipe out a single one of all your many guilty stains. But some one has been to God about your sins and settled the whole matter for you. It was no light matter indeed, for He who paid your debts was once very rich, but your debts made Him very, very poor. It cost the blessed Saviour all that He had to put away our vile sins from the eye of a holy God. He had to go down into death to do it, but, thank God, He was able to do it, and could say, "It is finished!"

To-day He sits at God's right hand in heaven, not as Judge, but as Saviour. Do not hide away from Him. Do not be afraid of Him, for there is nothing in His heart for you but love, love that would forgive all your sins, make you happy and teach you to love Him in return.

W. L.

KIRCHNER'S GLOBE.

THE great astronomer Kirchner had a friend who denied the existence of God, and would listen to no arguments calculated to convince him of his fatal error. This friend called once on the astronomer when he was busy at work. Kirchner did not allow himself to be disturbed, and the friend amused himself by examining what he found in the room. Seeing a small celestial globe in a corner of rare beauty of construction he inquired whose it was and who had made it.

"It is not mine," said the philosopher, "and I do not think anybody made it; it must have come there by chance and of its own accord."

"Ridiculous!" said the friend, in a tone of irritation: "what is the use of such a reply?"

"Why," rejoined the philosopher, "you cannot believe that this little globe came into existence of itself; how, then, can you imagine that the glorious heavens, which

this merely represents, could have sprung into being of their own accord?"

The arrow entered the heart. The proud infidel acknowledged his folly and turned to the word of God to learn of Him whom he had so long despised.

B. C.

A Lesson from the Coal-cellar.

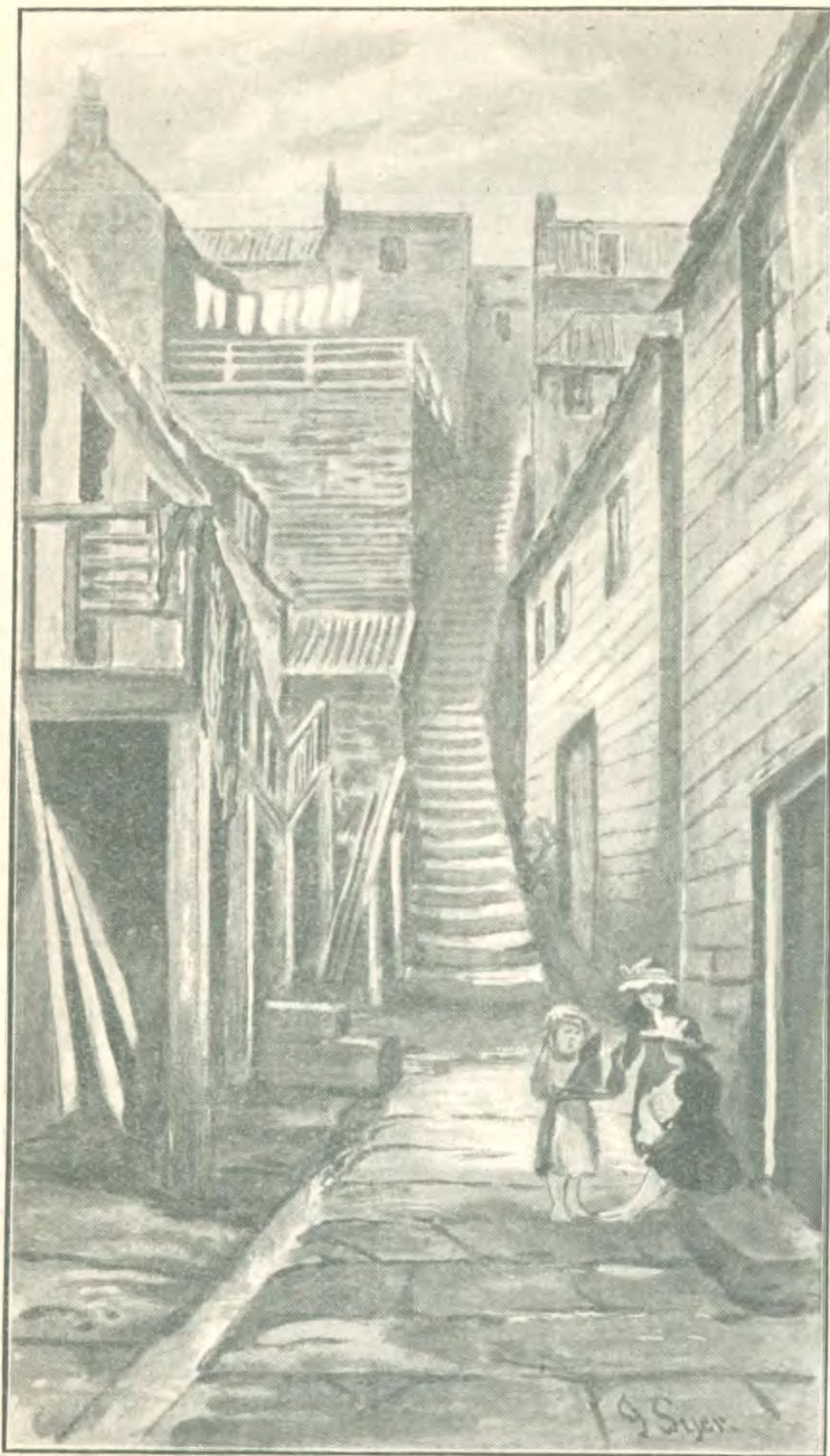
THE coal-cellar! says some one with a little shudder, what can be learnt from such a dark, dingy corner of the house? Perhaps even some of the girls secretly think of how, although they are growing quite big, yet they really do not quite like to go there by themselves after it gets dark.

What do you think I saw in the coal-cellar not so very long ago? There, on the dark, gritty floor, the smooth red bricks all grimed and blackened, the rough blocks and nuts that help to keep us warm and cheery in winter strewn and piled all around, was a beautiful, round, patterned patch of shimmering light, so bright, so perfect, so shining, that even the tiny bits of coal-dust appeared almost transformed to gold and diamond chippings.

Who has guessed what had happened? Just this—far away in the beautiful morning sky shone the glorious sun, pouring forth his floods of light and warmth, myriads upon myriads of rays darting forth in countless directions, and one came down in all its ungrudging bountifulness right on to the iron open-worked rounder, down through the dark, narrow shoot, on to the black floor. I think, dear children, we can see a picture of our lives in this; although we are but young, no doubt there are none but what know something of the dark places and shadows through which we sometimes have to tread, difficulties at school, sorrows at home, pain and bereavement and temptation, yet it just makes all the difference to us if, knowing the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, the sunshine of His love shines in even upon our darkest times. Then we can trust Him although we may not understand and glorify Him by reflecting the light because we are in the light of His love.

But first of all let us never forget that we must know Him.

M. M. P.



JESUS SAID IT.

IN a rather crowded court a poor Irish lad was lying sick. On his window-sill were a few bright red flower-pots, and the carefully tended flowers gave their pleasant smell to the evening air. His little room was very clean, and as tidy and comfortable as his poor mother could make it, for she had hard work now that her Mick was ill to find enough to keep the home together.

"Michael, you are very ill; perhaps you may die. Are you ready?—do you think you

would go to Jesus?" a christian friend inquired. "Yes, my lady, yes," said he; "I am sure I should go to heaven."

"And why are you so sure, Mick?" she asked again.

"Oh, ma'am," was his answer—"Jesus says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you'—and that's Mick—'He that heareth my word'—and I do listen to His word—'and believeth on him that sent me'—and I believe—'*hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but *is* passed from death unto life'—and *Jesus never told a lie!*"

Dear Mick's was simple faith—Jesus never deceived any poor sinner, and His word was life to Mick! He was an ignorant lad; as to doctrines of religion, he knew nothing of them, but he did know that he was a lost sinner, that Jesus died for lost sinners, and that if Jesus said "Verily, verily, I say unto you," Jesus was to be depended upon.

Do you not long for this childlike faith, reader? I think you are cast down because of your sins sometimes, and that you tremble at the accusings of your conscience and at the roars of your adversary the devil. But hearken to the words of Jesus. They are the words of One who cannot lie. He says, "I am the truth;" again, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." Do you believe the words of Jesus? If so, you have everlasting life. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life."

Where then are your sins? Gone, gone for ever. Gone from the sight of God, from the presence of eternal justice, so that all who believe in Jesus, God declares to be justified from all things—and this perfect acceptance by God of the work of His Son gives us not only peace, but the privilege of living for Him and serving Him on earth.

Would you not like to have Mike's simple faith in Christ? and then you would really belong to the Lord Jesus.



NO ROOM AT THE INN.

NO ROOM AT THE INN.

WE are once more drawing near to the day which is known as Christmas day, and many little ones may, perhaps, ask their parents the question: "Was the Lord Jesus really born on the 25th of December?"

Well, let me answer this question by saying that it is not known with certainty on which day of the year He was born, but for many years past Christmas day has been looked upon as the day of His birth. It is rather unlikely to be correct because December is the rainy season in Judæa, and we know that some shepherds were in the fields watching their flocks by night, which they would not do if it were the rainy season.

But scripture is silent about the matter, so we may be sure it was not God's will that we should know the exact day. The great fact, however, remains true, that the Lord Jesus has been in this world, and for the purpose of bringing blessing to man.

In our picture we give the well-known incident of there being no room in the inn where Jesus was born, so that a manger was made use of in which to lay the child.

Alas, the fact of there being no room for Jesus seemed to be the same as far as this world was concerned all through His life, till at last they cried out, "Away with him. Not this man, but Barabbas."

But while most people, including the boys and girls, did not want Jesus, yet there were some who had learned to love Him, some who had room for Jesus in their hearts, some who could weep when He was crucified.

Dear readers, may I ask you the question, as our little hymn says—

"Have you any room for Jesus,
He who bore our load of sin?"

Jesus came to His own and His own received Him not, but then there were others who did receive Him and they became the children of God.

Is it not strange that though the world did not want Jesus, yet they will make so much of the day which they think was His birthday, but I am afraid they think of it only as a time for mirth and feasting. It does not lead them to serious thought and love of the One who has been here for their good.

They forget the dark stain that hangs over this world of having slain and cast out the Son of God. How solemn for them to be keeping the birthday of One whom they have never loved and who will be their Judge by-and-by, unless their hearts are touched by grace and turned to God.

Seen in this way Christmas is a very solemn time for all boys and girls who have never loved Jesus, and if up to the present it could be said of us that we have had no room for Jesus, may we lose no time in turning to Him, and receiving Him as our Saviour and Lord.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XII.

A BOYS' SCHOOL IN INDIA.

SHALL we leave Rhoda for a little while, busy and happy among her pupils, the famine orphans, who so needed her love and care, and who, she felt sure, were really sent to her by the Lord to be trained and taught? I have not said much yet about the boys of India, and as we may wish to follow some Indian girls into the new homes they are to enter through the door of early marriage it may be interesting to take a few peeps at the in- and outdoor life of the youths who are to be their husbands.

Indian babies, as you know, get a great deal of petting, the boys by far the largest share of it, but then "they are boys!" and in India and China both fathers and mothers are very proud of their sons. It is much more difficult to tell you about school life in India than it would be if I were writing about the children in England or Scotland. India is such a very large country, peopled by so many different races, whose customs differ from each other as greatly as the colour of their skins. We shall only be able to watch some town-boys at their lessons, for as nearly ninety out of every hundred people in India live in villages, many boys grow up without being able to attend school at all. If I tell you the story of one Indian boy, will you try to remember that it is the story of thousands, if not of tens of thousands, in that vast empire?

Selim, as we will call our boy, was such a bright, active little fellow, not so plump and rosy as an English boy of the same age might have been, but quick in his movements and lively in his disposition. He was hardly ever poorly, and as to illness he did not know what it meant. But then he nearly lived in the open air during the first six or seven years of his life, and as his food was all light and not at all likely to make him ill, perhaps it is not after all much to be wondered at.

But play-time, even in India, cannot last for many years, and Selim was old enough to begin going to school. But before his father quite made up his mind about sending him he paid a visit to the astrologer, who, after receiving a present from

the boy's relations, was asked to fix upon a "lucky day for sending him to school." The astrologer is to be found in every Indian town and village. He is held in high esteem by the people, and is supposed to be able, by observing the stars, to foretell what is going to happen.

Selim, who was just as excited about going to school for the first time as an English boy would have been, thought the important day long in coming; it would, I think, have seemed still longer if so much had not to be done in the way of getting him ready for school.

First of all his mother and grandmother filled his hands with fruit, rice and other things, which he was told to carry to the idol-temple as an offering to the god or goddess of learning, who would, Selim was told, if pleased with his present, help him to learn his lessons quickly and remember them well. His offerings, though left before the idol, were soon after eaten by the priests.

During the years he had been allowed to run about and play all day long our little friend had worn hardly any clothes, though like all Indian boys when he was six months old he had been dressed in silk to receive visits and presents from his uncles and their friends.

But as Selim was really going to school he must have new clothes. His school life was to begin in the infant school, and his first lessons in reading were the alphabet. But the way in which Selim was taught reading and writing were so unlike anything we have ever seen that I must try to give you a peep into an infant school in India.

There in the midst of a group of small boys about his own age he stands, or sits on the floor, with a very grave little face, watching the master as he traces with a stick or piece of soft stone the first five letters of the Hindu alphabet in some fine sand on the mud floor of the school. Each boy in his turn will try to trace the letters; when he can do so nicely, calling them by their right names, five more are taught, and so on, till the whole of the Hindu alphabet has been mastered. For each five letters, he learnt Selim carried a present to his teacher, sometimes one of food, at others a coloured handkerchief or a piece of money.

The multiplication table also had to be learnt, the boy who could repeat it the most correctly being chosen to teach it to the others.

There are a great many holidays in Indian schools, nearly all of them being the feasts of the idols, or the supposed birthday of one of them. On each feast-day every boy is expected to bring a present to the master. In some schools the boys who bring presents get a holiday, and are allowed to go out and see the show, boys who do not bring a present having to stay in school and do lessons. No boy likes being kept in while his companions are having a good time, so as neither our little boy friend, Selim, or his schoolfellows were taught how wrong it is to steal, we shall not be surprised to hear that presents for the master were often stolen by boys whose parents could not afford to give them to their sons.

When Selim was about ten years old his parents

went to live so near one of the large towns of India that he was able to attend the government school, where a much better education is given to the boys of India than they could get in the small district schools. The teachers do not receive or expect presents from their scholars, but are paid by the government. English as well as the native languages is taught in these schools, and as Selim was a bright, clever little fellow he soon learnt not only to speak, but to read and write English quite nicely. Like many other English-Indian boys he found by reading English books how foolish the religions of India with their three hundred and thirty millions of gods were, and when he went home he told his friends that he did not believe the idols had power to hurt any one, and that he did not intend to make them offerings, or to go on pilgrimage to the holy cities of India when he grew to be a man.

At first his parents were quite frightened, his mother begging him, in a voice broken by sobs, not to give up the religion of his country.

His father would have taken him away from the school, but he was very anxious that Selim should one day be a rich man, and as he knew quite well that the only way to get on in India is to have a good English education, which can only be had in the government schools, and as, when he called to see his friends, or met them in the streets, or bazaars, he found that their sons were talking in much the same way, he decided to allow Selim to remain at school long enough to finish his studies, and present himself among the many candidates for appointments in the Indian Civil Service.

It would indeed be a joy to be able to tell you that Selim had turned "from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." (1 Thess. i. 9, 10.) But as the government of India will not allow any religion in their schools the boy who did not want to worship idols had never even heard of the one true God; the story of a Saviour's love had not fallen on his ear. "How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent? . . . faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. x. 14, 15, 17.) C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—

As all through the year we have been reading an ALL-TRUE Indian story I am going to ask you if you would not like to take a peep at strange, far-off China, for if we know even a little of the sad, joyless lives millions of Chinese girls and women are living it will make us more thankful for our open Bibles and our happy homes.

But, first of all, I must tell you that China is a country where Satan, under the name of the dragon-god, is openly worshipped, he appears to have far greater power over the minds and lives of people than is the case in England or other countries, where every one has, or may have, a Bible of their own.

Mrs. Wang paid her first visit to some missionary sisters who had opened a small hospital at a place called An-tong, China, about eighteen months ago.

Many girls and women who would not have allowed themselves to be seen by a doctor came to them to get medicine for their sick bodies. Over and over again, with loving, God-given patience, was the sweet story of a Saviour's love told to many who heard it for the first time, and in the hearts of not a few the good seed sown sprang up and bore fruit.

Mrs. Wang came among their other patients. She was looking very, very ill and quite old, though she was really not more than thirty years of age. She had such a strange, sad story to tell. For ten years, she said, she had been troubled by an evil spirit. Like most Chinese girls she had been married when quite young, and from the time she went to the house of her husband she had been ill and very unhappy.

Her husband's family were in the habit of making frequent offerings to the evil spirit and she had joined with them in doing so, but year by year found herself getting worse. Perhaps the Christians might be able to help her. What should she do to get relief?

Very simply and lovingly she was told the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." He was willing to be her very own Saviour. He was waiting to bless her. ALL power belonged to Him, but, she was told, Christians do not make offerings to idols, and if she really trusted in Christ she must give up doing so. "You must never, never," said Miss R—— to the poor woman, "burn any more paper money, or clothes, or offer presents at the idol temple." For some minutes Mrs. Wang did not speak. Then she said, "You have asked a very hard thing of me; I do indeed wish to believe in your Jesus, and to be a Christian, but I do not see how I can give up going to the temple of the idols. My husband, and also his mother and brothers, will be very angry with me if I refuse to go, and there is one whom I fear even more than I do all my relations. Eight years ago an old man, who gets his living by making the people believe that he has power over evil spirits to keep them from hurting those who give him money, adopted me as his daughter. He will force me to burn incense and make offerings at the shrines of the idols. Oh, tell me what I can do to escape."

She was told that for her there was only one way of escape: to trust herself to the Lord Jesus and tell her people that she had come out from it all, that He would save her, and if she prayed to Him He would keep her from going back to the old things, and give her grace to lead a new life.

She went away promising she would never again enter the idol-temple, and that she would try to remember what she had been told about prayer. Mrs. Wang kept her promise and refused to burn paper money; at first her husband and father-in-law did it for her, but she begged them to give up doing so, telling them that she had found One who could save her, and she was no longer afraid of evil spirits; she would not eat food that had been

offered to idols, and came, whenever her husband would allow her to do so, to gospel preaching and Bible-class, and began learning to read. She grew stronger in body, and was able to do so much more work that her relations let her have her way.

But a time of testing was at hand. The old man heard of her conversion and was oh! so angry. He went to see her and threatened to send a whole army of wicked spirits to torment the poor woman if she refused to attend a great idol feast, held every year in the town in which she lived. Her father-in-law was frightened, but Mrs. Wang was not. She told her friends at the mission that she would meet the old man and tell him she was not afraid, and as she should never again use her incense-pot she was going to break it, and also to destroy the picture of the idol which he had given her.

A Chinese christian man and also the Bible-woman offered to go with her, and before they started there was much prayer. All felt it to be a very solemn time. They took their Bibles and hymn-books and went forth, weak yet strong, for they were leaning upon God. In about three hours they returned with a wonderful story to tell of how good the Lord had been, and how His power had been shewn in the way Mrs. Wang had been helped and delivered.

The old man had been in a terrible passion, would not listen to the gospel, and had said hard, bitter things about the Christians and the God they served, and had tried his hardest to frighten poor Mrs. Wang. But while he was busy scolding the Christians who were with her she ran as fast as her small feet could carry her, and though followed by the old man and his dog they were not able to catch her and at last gave it up and turned back.

Mrs. Wang broke her incense-pot by dashing it against a stone, and rubbed out the picture of the idol with some soot. When she saw that the old man was no longer following her she just sat down and cried for joy.

You may be sure that the praise-meeting that followed was a very happy time.

Mary F., Moonia Ponds, near Melbourne, Australia. It is pleasant, dear Mary, to find Agnes's place in our Gleaners' Band filled by one of her younger sisters. Thank you, dear, for telling me about your Sunday-school. Are you on the Lord's side, dear? I mean, have you really come to Jesus? Do you know Him as your own Saviour? Are you one of the sheep who hear His voice, who know it and who follow Him? He has many things to say to us, and when He finds a listening ear and a loving heart He will whisper wonderful words of grace and love.

Answers to Gleaners' Questions should be sent in only when THREE months' questions have been answered. Fasten ALL the sheets together and address to C. J. L. either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, E.C., or to 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.

NOTE.—Young Helpers' parcels and flowers for the sick and aged should be sent direct to the latter address.