



⇒FRONTISPIECE ←



LITTLE ELSIE, THE INVALID.

"Carrie, I'm saved now. Jesus has saved me." (See Page 15).

THE

Young Watchman





JOHN RITCHIE, "THE YOUNG WATCHMAN" OFFICE, KILMARNOCK.

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The Poung Watchman.

No. 49.]

JANUARY, 1887.

ONE HALFPENNY.



THE MERCHANT'S QUESTION; or, The Young Tract Distributors.



THE

MERCHANT'S QUESTION; Or. THE YOUNG TRACT DISTRIBUTORS.

E have called, sir, to ask if you will kindly favour us with a donation for our "Tract Distribution Fund." It is doing a great deal of good in this part of the town, and we should like to extend the district, if we had the necessary means."

The speaker was an intelligentlooking girl of nineteen, who, along with a companion, had called at the house of a Christian merchant, to ask his help for the above-named object. They were both members of "The Young Women's Christian Association," and took an active share in its varied branches of work. They were looked upon as very exemplary Christian young women; both were members of the church. and teachers in the Sunday School. Eliza, the older of the two, was the only daughter of a widow. She had, from her earliest days, been taught in the Scriptures, and earnestly pointed to the Lamb of God, by her kind-hearted mother, who was a devoted saint of God. But although Eliza had been thus privileged, she was not converted, nor even anxious about her soul. She had, in common with other children of believing parents, slipped into the ranks of

church-membership, without being born again, and without even being dealt with closely as to the condition of her soul before God. Once in. she had no difficulty in keeping up her profession. She was appointed to several posts in philanthropic work, and among others, as a tract distributor and collector for the Tract Distribution Fund. In this capacity she called on the Christian merchant, with her companion, to ask his help. Mr. A--- was well known in the town as a charitable man, and he was, moreover, a thorough out-and-out believer. He made it his business to speak to souls about Christ whenever he had an opportunity, and for this very reason, he got fewer visits than a man of his liberality generally does. He took the subscription list handed him by Eliza, looked it over, and returned it with the desired help. As he did so, he said, "I am glad to see you both so deeply interested in the spread of the gospel, and the salvation of souls. May I ask, is it long since you were converted yourselves?" The girls looked at each other in bewilderment, then at the merchant, who was standing quietly waiting the answer. For a moment neither of them could give it. They had never been asked such a question before by a stranger, and they seemed at a loss how to reply. At last, bracing up courage, Eliza said in a halfconfused, half-indignant tone, "O ves, we have both become members of the Church, and of 'The Young Women's Christian Association,' and we know all about these things." "Very good," said Mr. A -- quietly, "But you know it is one thing to know about them, and quite another to have them in possession. You may know the Gospel, and not be saved, and you may be members of the Church without being members of Christ. Make sure of your own personal salvation, and be satisfied with nothing short of being able to say, Jesus is mine." By the time he had finished the last sentence, the two girls were making for the door, and with a hasty "Good-night," were soon hurrying along the avenue toward the street. "Wasn't that an impertinent question to ask anyone? said Eliza to her companion, after they had got safely on to the street, and had a good laugh. "It's just like his sort of folk to ask questions like that, as if nobody was right but themselves," said her companion. "We'll take precious good care he doesn't get the chance again, for we will rather want his donation than go to be examined like that again. Did vou ever hear such impudence, to ask if we were converted, as if we had to tell that to anybody but our Maker?" After a few similar remarks,

the girls parted to go to their respective homes, not very comfortable, and not very happy. Eliza had a good distance to go, and the merchant's question kept her company. "Is it long since you were converted?" seemed to echo along on the evening air. "That's what my mother bothers about too," said Eliza to herself, "I'm sure it would please her to know we had been asked, but she'll not know of it." By this time her mother's cottage was reached, and half-an-hour later Eliza was in bed. But she could not sleep. She tossed restlessly on her pillow, the words ever and anon ringing in her ear, "Is it long since you were converted?" "I wish we had not gone near that man," thought Eliza to herself, "his words keep bothering me so. I wish I could forget them." But she could not, for God had spoken the fitting word through His servant's lips, and His voice must be heard. Next morning she felt quite out of sorts, not so much in body as in mind, and resolved to stay at home from work for the day. Feigning sickness, she persuaded her mother to allow her, which she did. During the day the minister called, and Eliza and he had a long talk on various matters connected with the "Tract Fund." As he was leaving, her mother said, "If Eliza only had Christ, Mr. —, she would be all

right, but it's a great want not to have Him." The minister passed some remark about Eliza "being a very exemplary girl," and hurried away. Eliza was quite irritated at her mother's remark, and sulked the whole afternoon. In the early evening she asked her mother if she was going out, to which she replied that she was going to an evangelistic meeting, and much to her surprise, Eliza volunteered to accompany her. It was a time of blessing from on high in the town, and souls were being saved. It was a wonderful meeting that night. Several young women wept bitterly, and at the close remained behind. One was a companion of Eliza's. She was formerly a proud girl, fond of worldly company, and Eliza wondered at her being "impressed." Another who worked in the same workroom, came forward and told Eliza she had been converted the night before. This increased her anguish, until unable to hide it any longer, she bowed her head and wept. Pride, religion, her good name, and all the rest, went to the dust before the awakening of the Spirit of God. She sat there a sinner now, consciously and confessedly on the way to hell. She did not attempt to hide it, but candidly owned that she saw herself lost and needing a Saviour. She was pointed to Jesus the Saviour of the lost, and, stripped

of all her fancied goodness, she was now ready to receive Him. She did receive Him as her Saviour, and He received her as a sinner, ("this MAN receiveth sinners," Luke xv. 2), and her soul was saved for eternity. The great transaction was done, and Eliza was a new creature in Christ, She hastened home and told her mother, who praised the Lord with tears of joy. Her companion collector heard early next day what had happened, and resolved she would never speak to her. The following night she met the Christian merchant, whose words had been as the arrow of the Lord to her conscience, and he rejoiced to hear of her conversion. Many wondered; some were perplexed; and not a few were led to test the quality of their profession. Eliza goes on following Jesus "in the way," and often reiterating the words that broke the sleep of her unregenerate days-"Is it long since you were converted?" I pass the question on to the reader, whose eve rests on these pages now. "Is it long since you were converted?" or are you still unconverted to God, unpurged from sin, and unfit for heaven? Religion will not save you. Morality will not admit you to heaven. To know the "plan of salvation" is not enough. You must have Christ, or perish. You may have Him now. "THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

AMELIA'S LAST BALL,

MELIA was the daughter of fond and loving parents. She was their only child, and nothing that wealth could obtain was withheld from her. When her school-days were over, she was introduced to what the world calls "society," with its round of evening parties, balls, and similar amusements; all vainly sought after, to banish thoughts of God and eternity, and to make a paradise of the present evil world. Brought up as she was in the midst of indifference to the things of God, she had not in her younger days thought much about the world beyond the grave. But, while at a boarding-school, some distance away, she had met with several girls who were decided Christians, and whose life and walk left a lasting impression on her mind. Once and again, they had spoken to Amelia about her soul, and even after she went home, they had, much to her mother's annoyance, written letters to her on the same subject. In replying to one of these, she told the writer not to be hopeless concerning her, she hoped to be a Christian some day, but finished by saying, "there is to be a fashionable supper and ball here in a week or two, and of course I must be there. for I have been invited, and it would never do to miss it." Poor Amelia,

she thought less of missing heaven, than the ball. But God may not be always trifled with. He is longsuffering, and His Name is Love, yet He sometimes shows His power and asserts His sovereignty, that others also may pause and think. Amelia had her heart's desire fulfilled. She went to the ball, and enjoyed it to the full. Driving home at an early hour next morning, in her thin, though elegant dress, she got chilled on the way. Wearied and fevered, she tossed herself on her bed, from which she never rose. Fever, delirium, and death ended her earthly course within a week. Her sorrowing schoolmates wept over her untimely end, and worst of all, because they had every reason to fear, she died a Christless soul. The world with its bright but short-lived pleasures was her choice, and for them she turned her back on Christ and His salvation. Reader, how is it with you? Are you also caught in the world's foil of pleasure, and for this, are you losing your soul? Young you may be, yet death can find you so. Your sun may soon go down: your earthly pleasures fade and die, and, if you enter eternity with your soul unsaved, what will be your portion there? You must be cleansed from your sins, and clothed with the beauty of the Lord, before you can live in God's presence now, or dwell with Him in heaven hereafter.

THE VISIT OF THE MAGI.

N Gentile lands far east of Bethlehem, where the infant Saviour was born, there lived wise men called "Magi." They employed themselves in studying the stars, and some of them dwelt in kings' palaces. You may remember how, in Daniel's time, the "wise men" were called to show the king his dreams, and how Daniel was promoted to be "chief of the governers over all the wise men of Babylon" (Dan. ii. 42). Many of them were idolaters, worshipping the sun, and without the knowledge of God or His Word. But it had been foretold concerning Jesus, that the Gentiles would come to His light, and trust in His name, and these wise men were honoured in being the first to bow at His feet. How God communicated to them that the infant King was born, we are not told; but, one night while they were engaged scanning the starry heavens, lo! a new star, brighter than all the rest, made its appearance, and shone like a beautiful lamp in the heavens to guide the way to where the newborn King was lying. Long ages before, a sorcerer called Balaam had foretold that a "star" would "come out of Jacob," and it was held as a certainty among the ancients, that whenever a new star appeared, it was the sign of a victor's birth. So, gathering together a number of precious things, they prepared their camels and started on their journey. The star, meanwhile, moving on before them to show the way. How kind it was of God to send it forth to guide them to Jesus! They had no Scriptures to tell them where He was to be born, as had the Jews, but that silver lamp hung in the heavens guided them along safely. And they had hearts sufficiently interested, to follow it along the desert. What a long weary road it must have been, over burning plains, and rugged hills. The camels with their embroidered trappings, carrying the Magi, followed by others bearing their baggage. How carefully they must have watched the star, and how closely they must have followed its leading! I wonder how many now-a-days would leave home and kindred, and go across a long dreary desert to see Jesus? I fear many would rather be found like the Scribes in Jerusalem, who knew all about Him and where He was to be born, but who, notwithstanding all this, were not sufficiently interested to walk out six miles to Bethlehem and see Him. Like a great many people, old and young, who read their Bibles, but the world has left no room in their hearts for Christ. At length, after many days' journeying under the hot



"THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST WENT BEFORE THEM."

sun, they came in sight of the city Jerusalem. Doubtless, they had often heard that it was the royal city, where kings of old had reigned, and they would expect to find the newborn King there. So, when they reached Jerusalem, they asked, "Where is He that is born, King of the Jews?" But the people looked upon them with blank amazement. They knew nothing of the new-born King. They knew about religion, and its rites, about fastings and feast-days, but about Christ they knew

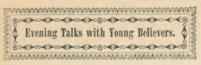
nothing, and nobody seemed to care. This must have been a strange sight to them. They would naturally expect that Jerusalem would be ringing with His praise, and all the people rejoicing. But no. The world then, like the world now, had no heart for Christ. An Edomite king was seated on the throne, and the people were all content to have it so. As it was in Jerusalem, so it is in every worlding's heart. There is no room for Christ. Reader, is there any room in your heart for Him?

THE SCOTCH SHEPHERD AND HIS LAMB.

F you could come with me, dear children, to a little cottage in children, to a little cottage in the Merse, overlooking one of its swiftly-running streams which flow down from the hills, we would find living there, a dear old man who loves the Lord Iesus Christ. He and his wife live together happily there, serving God, and seeking to be His messengers to all around them.

In his early days, he was a shepherd on the hills. For many years he had the care of sheep and lambs, and so learned to know their ways. One day, he was taking care of them up among the hills by the side of a stream. You know that. in rainy weather, little streams, which in summer you could easily cross over, become swift raging floods. The flood of waters came down from the hills with a rush and a roar, and swept away some of his sheep which were feeding by its side. One little lamb had got across before the flood came, and had skipped up to the top of a rock overhanging the stream. There it was safe, but there was no food nor shelter for it. The kind shepherd got all the others safely out of the water, but he could not get at that little lamb, as the stream had become so broad and dangerous. He could not leave it there to perish with cold and hunger. He knew the stream was dangerous, so he got in by the bank and crept slowly along, till he got opposite the rock where the little lamb was. He saw the danger of trying to cross, but determined to brave it all, to save his lamb. He waded in, deeper and deeper, and then threw himself across the deep part. Instantly, the water was up to his chin, and would soon have carried him down, only, he caught hold of a piece of broom growing under the rock, and just managed to pull himself out safely. Then he climbed up to the little lamb and brought it down-threw it into the stream before him, and sprang after it; being carried down by the flood after the lamb. He then seized it and struggled through to the other side, which he safely reached. Oh! how glad he was when he had got the lamb safe.

Now, dear children, if you will read the 15th chapter of Luke, you will find the Lord Jesus Christ telling a parable like to this story, and explaining it to mean the joy of God in finding and saving lost sinners such as we are. The Shepherd there, and in this story, is like the Lord Jesus who speaks of himself, in John x. 11, "as the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for the sheep." Try and find out from the Bible what the Lord Jesus did to save lost sinners. Then ask yourself-" Has He saved me?"



HEALTH AND GROWTH.

OW that the winter evenings are here again, I think we are here again, I think we can do no better than gather around the fire, and have a quiet talk on such subjects as may be helpful to our spiritual health and growth. We have been busy working for some time, but there is more than work needed to keep our souls healthy. I came across a book the other day written by an eminent doctor, on "The Laws of Health" in connection with the nursing and upbringing of children, in which there was a point or two that interested me much. He says that three things are essential to the health and growth of a child.

- 1. Plenty of pure milk to drink.
- 2. Plenty of fresh air to breathe.
- 3. Plenty of clean water to wash. Now we are all children in the family of God; some of us only "new-born babes," and the rest not bigger than "little children." And as there is a very close connection between the natural and the spiritual, and between health of body and of soul, I think we may safely accept the doctor's three "essentials" as being applicable to the "laws" of spiritual health. Unless I am greatly mistaken, we

shall find that God prescribes the same things exactly in His Book for His children. Well to begin.

PURE MILK.—Yes, that's just what we get in 1 Pet. ii. 2: "As new-born babes, desire the sincere Milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." "Sincere" means—pure, unadulterated. Young believers must take in good supplies of God's Word, if they mean to grow. A single text out of the "Almanac" is not enough to sustain them all day; yet I fear some get little more. If at all possible, you should get a little time on the Word in the morning, be it ever so short, and as many snatches during the day as you can. You cannot grow, or be in health, if you neglect to feed. But you must remember that much of what goes by the name of milk, is not pure. Not long ago. a whole family of children were all but poisoned by impure milk, and many of God's babes are ruined in spiritual health for life, by improper food. God tells us there are many who "corrupt the Word of God" (2 Cor. ii. 17), and then retail the mixture in books, for the ruin of saint and sinner. Be careful what you read, and hear. Dilig ntly watch that nothing enters your soul, either by "Eye-gate," or "Ear-gate," save that which will feed and nourish it. Keep to the "pure milk," and plenty of it "that ye may grow thereby."

FRESH AIR.—It greatly depends on where we live, whether we get much of this or not. Some believers live too low to catch the bracing breeze. They are too closely confined in the world to be healthy. They live habitually among the ungodly, and keep company with them. Lot was one of this class. He lived in one of the "cities of the plain," and the atmosphere of Sodom produced sad effects on his spiritual life. His uncle Abram dwelt in his pilgrim tent up in Hebron-which means fellowship (Gen. xiii. 18), and there he breathed freely and conversed with God. They were both saints, but they lived in a different atmosphere, and were widely different in the state of their spiritual health. Even a single visit to such an unhealthy locality, has its evil effects. Samson's visit to the valley of Sorek (Judg. xvi. 4), and Jehoshaphat's visit to Ahab's feast (2 Chron. xviii. 2), lest a lifemark on both of them. Take care what atmosphere you breathe, young saints: what company you keep: what books you read: what words you hear: what sights you see. Live high up above the world, where the air is pure and healthy; up in the light and warmth of God's presence; far up on the mount with God.

CLEAN WATER.—"The washing of water by the Word" (Eph. v. 26). The world says, "cleanliness is next

to godliness." But the Bible says there can be no "godliness" without it. You were cleansed once and for ever, at the time of your conversion, by the blood of Christ, but you need to "cleanse yourselves" every day, by the Word. As the priests in the tabernacle cleansed their hands and feet at the Laver, so bring the water of the Word to bear on your walk and works. If you neglect to do this, your communion will be broken, and you will soon become backsliders. Think on these things. "I wish, above all things, that thou mayest prosper and be in health." Goodnight.

Questions and Answers.

We shall be glad to try and answer any question sent us by our young friends, either on Bible Texts or matters of daily practice, that would be for general edification to our readers. All such questions should be written plainly on one side of the paper, and addressed to the editor.

QUESTION XLI.—"Doyou consider works of fiction should be read by a young believer?"

Answer.—Novels as a rule, are positively injurious to the children of God. Even when there is what is called "a moral" in them, they cannot be commended. We fail to see what "moral" can be derived from fictitious tales, in other words, lies. Religious novels professing to supply lacking information on Bible persons are worst of all. Allegorical works, such as "The Pilgrim's Progress," are not novels; in so far as they present truth in living form, they may be read safely and to profit.

Bible Searching.

Answers to Questions given in October, 1885.

THE little folks have again gone to work heartily, and although the Questions were somewhat difficult, four have answered them all correctly. The answers are as follows:—

J-onadab, Jeremiah xxxv. 6.

O-thniel, Joshua xv. 17, with Num. xiv. 6. S-tephanas, 1 Corinthians xvi. 13.

I-ttai, 2 Samuel xv. 19, 21.

A-lpheus, Mark ii. 14, with Matt. ix. 9, 10.
H-annah, 1 Samuel i. 24; ii. 19.

Initials-Josiali-2 Kings xxii. 1, 2.

The following have each received a Prize—Arthur J. Kelman, Stamford, aged 9½ years. Alex. Dunbar, Elgin, " 10 " Muriel Battersby, Dublin, " 9 " J. R., Kilmarnock, " 8 "

Bible Biography.

As promised, we now give the Bible-Searchers above ten years another Biography. The subject this time will be

RUTH, The Moabitess.

We hope to see a large number, both old and young go into this deeply interesting history, and send us papers. Let them be short, simple, and to the point. Search and study the whole well first. Have it all clearly before you: seek to get it into your heart and soul. Then write out the sum of it in your own words, on one side of the paper only, the whole not to exceed 400 words. Address—"BIBLE BIOGRAPHY," The Young Watchman Office, Kilmarnock, before February 28th. A PRIZE BIBLE will be given for the best written Biography.

In answer to many inquiries about the "New Hymn Book for Sunday Schools," we may say that we hope to have it ready early in the year. Suitable hymns, original or selected, will be welcome for its pages.

Correspondence.

"I was glad to see the 'Letter from a Young Believer' on visiting the hospitals and singing hymns to the patients. There is another sphere in which I have found, as a young believer, a happy opening for similar service, that is, in 'The Homes of the Poor.' Taking a packet of nice illustrated leastets on a spare asternoon, along with another young sister, we have been welcomed into many homes where the Gospel is seldom heard. By a kind word (and, alas, few such words fall on their ears) we have got some of them to give their kitchens for a meeting, and to send their children to a Sunday School." (Here is another splendid field all but unreached, and most accessible. We shall be glad to have short accounts of similar labours.-Editor.)

We heartily thank the unknown friend who has sent us a small sum for "free distribution of The Young Watchman." We take this opportunity of saying, that any such sums entrusted to us will have our There are many small best attention. Sunday Schools in the country where the teachers are poor, and unable to purchase magazines for the children, where a packet of Watchman would be always welcome; and there are lonely little ones far from Sunday Schools who would be delighted with a copy sent by post. We will gladly share this service by giving double the usual quantities for the sums sent for this purpose.

We regret that one or two small errors have escaped our notice in "The Children's Almanac and Bible-Searching Text-Book," which we hasten to correct, lest they may cause inconvenience to the searchers. They are—Jan 11th—"ye" for "they." Nov. 5th—"Heb."; 9th—"Titus." We hope to have a number of Text-Books sent us before March 1st, filled up for the "Prize Competition." See "Almanac" cover.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LITERATURE for 1887.

NOW READY THE JANUARY NUMBER OF

The Sunday School Worker's Magazine And BIBLE STUDENT'S HELPER.

With Notes on Bible Lessons for Sunday School Teachers.

This little paper, although chiefly intended for Sunday School Workers, will be found useful amongst young Believers and Christians generally, in drawing forth their sympathies and sustaining their interest in the Lord's work amongst the young. Specimen copies post free to any who desire to help in making it known.

THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC AND

BIBLE-SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK for 1887.

It contains a Daily Memory Text, a Daily Portion for Reading, a Weekly Lesson for Sunday Schools, and several Gospel Articles for the Young. Illust. One Halfpenny. 2 doz., 1/; 4/ per 100, post free.

THE GOSPEL ALMANAC for 1887.

Suitable for Distribution among the Unsaved. It contains the Daily 1exts, Portions, Sunday Lessons, and several Gospel Articles for grown-up people, with Woodcuts. One Halfpenny, 4, per 100. Quantities for Schools, &c., at Special Rates.

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For every Sunday of 1887. 2/ per 100, post free. Notes on these Lessons will be given each Month in "The Sunday School Worker's Magazine."

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New Design. ONE PENNY; Cloth Cover, 2d. With columns for Scholar's name, address, age, date of admission, and attendance for a whole year; a page with columns for a year's lessons, Teacher's notes, &c. Every Sunday School Teacher should have a Register for his class. 1/ per doz., post free.

NEW YEAR MOTTO CARDS for OLD & YOUNG.

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Will be sent post free on application to "THE YOUNG WATCHMAN" Office, Kilmarnock.

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JOHN RITCHIE.

"The Young Watchman" Office.

KILMARNOCK, Scotland.

The Doung Watchman.

No. 50.]

FEBRUARY, 1887.

ONE HALFPENNY.



LITTLE ELSIE, THE INVALID; or, "Sinners Jesus came to save."



LITTLE ELSIE, THE INVALID;

Or, "SINNERS JESUS CAME TO SAVE."

IN the outskirts of a busy town in England, there lived some years ago a pale and sickly child. From her babyhood little Elsie had been a sufferer, and it was little expected by her parents that she would see her third or fourth birth-day. Yet, much to the surprise of everybody, there she was, nearly twelve years old, and, although unable to walk, or even move without help, from the couch on which she lay, she was at times wonderfully well and cheery. Elsie was a general favourite, and many a bunch of grapes and posy of flowers were handed in at the cottage door by the passers by, "for the little girl who is sickly." The children going to and from the school would often call and spend a spare half-hour by Elsie's couch, much to her delight. Her mother was a kind-hearted, gentle woman, extremely fond of her poor sickly child, but she had three younger children to look after, and household duties to attend to besides, so that Elsie had not much of her company during the day. Often she got wearied, and wished she could romp about like other girls, but God in His love and wisdom, had appointed otherwise for Elsie,

although at that time, neither she nor her parents were able to trace God's hand in her sickness. One day a lady called and left her a nice book. It had texts and verses, and I think some little stories and pictures too. This was a wonderful treat to the poor invalid child, and many an hour's amusement and occupation it afforded her. She never seemed to weary going over its pages day after day, or repeating the verses which she had committed to memory. There was one text in particular, which was a favourite: it was I Tim. i. 15. "This is a faithful saving and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Iesus came into the world to save sinners." Day after day she would repeat, sing, spell, and hum over these words, so full of gospel grace and love, without knowing or caring to know their meaning. But the Lord had His way in this, and was about to use them to bring Christ to her needy soul. There was a little girl who lived not far from Elsie, that sometimes called to see her. She was a sweet singer, and was familiar with some of the hymns known to most Sunday School children. One about "The Cleansing Blood" was often sung, an especial favourite, and Elsie began to wonder what kind of "cleansing" it could be. Her book told of children "Around the throne of God in heaven," who had been "cleansed" while on earth. She knew such a thing had never happened to her, and she wondered how it could. There was no one to tell her plainly, poor child, or to point her to Iesus. But the God who loved sinners and gave His only Son to die for them, was looking down upon that little anxious seeker. and without the aid of human effort. He was about to lead her weary soul to Him who is the "Rest for the weary." "I wish I was good," said Elsie to her mother one day, "then I'd get to heaven, to dwell among the angels. I wonder how people who once lived here, got up there? I suppose Jesus took them because they were good?" But her mother knew less about it than her child. and could give her no help. Many anxious days passed, with no light. One day, while repeating her favourite verse, the truth flashed across her mind that it was "sinners" Jesus came to save, and not good people, as she had always thought before. "That's just like me! and Carrie says she's a sinner too," said Elsie to herself. "If Iesus came to save sinners, He must mean us, for that's what we are. O, I'm so glad that I've found that out." The dear child in the simplicity of her heart had believed the good news, and as a result, she had joy and peace. That which earth's wise and great

ones stumble over, this needy little one received with joy; and now in common with all into whose hearts the Christ of God has come to dwell, she was happy, and longed to tell of Him to others. A few days later, her little friend Carrie called to see her, and was greeted with, "O Carrie, I'm saved now; Jesus has saved me. He saves sinners. and not good people; sinners just like us, Carrie, my verse says it, "I am 'cleansed' now, Carrie, and ready to meet Jesus; O, I'm so glad it was 'sinners' Jesus came to save." Carrie sat down by Elsie's couch, and heard from her all about it; how she had long wanted to be "cleansed," and made ready for heaven, and how she found the way. God blessed the words of the childminister to her little companion, and awakened within her young heart a longing to share Elsie's joy, and before long she did. From her couch the Lord helped his little one to testify for His name; and who knows how many may gather around the throne, whose souls were won for Christ by her means. As the snows of winter covered the earth like a shroud, Elsie's wasted form was carried and laid in the grave, but her ransomed spirit, "cleansed" from sin, in the blood of the Lamb, went to be with Him who came to save "not good people, but sinners just like us." Has He saved you, dear friend? Can you say in truth this hour—

Jesus, I know that Thy blood can cleanse, And now it has cleansed me, It has purged my soul from its crimson

stains,
To live and to walk with Thee.

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

LITTLE boy, the son of a wealthy nobleman, desired his tutor one day to tell him about the Gospel, and the world to come. The tutor put him off by saying, "you are too young to be instructed in these things yet; wait for a year or two, and then you will be old enough to understand these sacred mysteries." "But what if I should die, master, before that time come?" the boy earnestly enquired, and added in a sorrowful tone, "When I was in the cemetery the other day, I measured some of the graves, and found that many of them were shorter than I. If these boys died young, so may I, and what will become of me then, master, when I do not know the Bible, and the way of salvation?" The nobleman's son was right. There are many little graves in every burying - place. Graves of boys and girls who died in the early days of youth. Some of them were cut suddenly down amidst their school-days, and some

before they were old enough to go to school. It is folly to say that any child is too young to understand the Gospel who knows his need of it. We have known some little boys and girls, only four and five years old, who knew the way of salvation well, and who could rejoice and sing, "Jesus is mine."

My dear young reader, are you ready to meet God? You are not too young to die. There are little graves much shorter than yours would be. You need not die unsaved, for Jesus loves you, and invites you to trust your soul to Him.

PASSING AWAY.

OW swiftly time flies! How unconsciously we are being unconsciously we are being borne along on its current to eternity! Minutes, hours, days and years slip quietly away, never to return. But they shorten our brief allotted span of life, and bring us nearer to its end. They reduce the number of man's opportunities to be saved. His day of grace is passing away; its sands are quietly running out. Soon the last grain, and with it the last opportunity will go. After that, what then? Reader, when your earthly life has passed away, where will you be in eternity? With Christ in heaven, or shut out from the company of the redeemed and the joys of heaven, and cast into the outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth?

THE FLOOD.

"The world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished" (2 Peter iii. 6).

OW fair was this earth, how peaceful the scene,

All perfect in beauty, all calm and

serene:

Ere sin from her brow had the diadem torn, And wreathed it instead with the thistle and thorn.

Each morning rose brightly with unclouded

The noontide refreshed by the zephyr's sweet

And the cool hour of evening 'mid soft fading light,

Gave way to the dew-laden shadows of

No wild shrieking tempest swept over the

No dark frowning clouds, and no cold driving rain;

Each bird, and each beast, and each fish of the sea,

In conscious existence was happy and free.

And God looking down from the heaven

Beheld all His creatures with pleasure and

Pronounced them so good, that from work He could rest.

Made man lord of all, in His own image blest.

But sin entered Eden, and holiness died, Then death, pain, and sorrow, were spread

far and wide, O'er earth's lovely flowers passed the ser-

pent's sad trail, And her music was set to the low minor

Age rolled after age, but the poison still

Till the whole human race by the tempter seemed led,

Truth, honour, and virtue had taken their

And sunk were earth's millions in dark moral night.

By the cords of no law were their wild passions bound,

So bloodshed and violence reigned all

Man's cup of iniquity full to o'erflow,

Could end but in terrible judgment and woe.

God looked on this sin-stricken earth once again,

But His Spirit was grieved with the children of men,

There was only one home, where as Lord He was owned,

In but one lonely household His name was enthroned.

He long had kept silence, and men thought He slept,

And hasted His words and Himself to forget,

Nor thought that His long-delayed vengeance at last,

Would come on the wings of the wild howling blast.

But Noah found grace in the eyes of the

Lord, A refuge in Him whom he owned and adored;

Salvation to him and his house was made known,

When the sinners around should in death be o'erthrown.

He believed every word by the Lord thus declared,

That an ark for their safety must needs be prepared,

Divinely instructed, he worked day by day, As weeks, months, and years, one by one rolled away.

His neighbours all shunned him, his ways were so odd.

But Noah was happy in walking with God; His presence was with him to cheer him by day,

And when preaching at eve, His word was his stay.

By faith he was able to do and to dare,

To reprove their dark deeds, and God's counsel declare,

While the ark he was making might silently say"Take warning, poor sinners, hide now while you may."

Noah's three little boys, as they played by his side,

Heard their father oft speak of a deep rolling tide,

That one day was coming, when all would be drowned,

Save those who then safe in the ark would be found.

They heard, they believed, and surrendered their heart,

And doubtless through time in the work would take part,

Though exposed to the scorn of the haughty and proud,

Who in their reproaches were ceaseless and loud.

They each by and by found a maiden whose heart

Was led by God's Spirit to choose the good part:

Who counted the cost as she gave heart and hand,

Leaving all, to share what God had pledged to that band.

A hundred and twenty long years now had

Since God first to Noah His purpose made known;

His eldest son, Shem's hundredth birth-day was kept,

And with those gone before, old Methuselah slept.

'Twas the year of God's vengeance, the hour long delayed,

When in longsuffering mercy His hand had been stayed;

Now all things were ready, the ark was complete,

With its nice cosey *nests, and abundance of meat.

A strange-looking crew they would doubtless declare,

Who saw all the birds and the beasts that were there.

They had come from all lands, north, south, east, and west,

But all in the ark had found shelter and rest.

*Gen. vi. 14-(margin).

The ark was a home of such sweetness and love,

That the lion was gentle and tame as the dove,

The lamb with the fierce-looking leopard might play,

While a child might have led them together away.

Noah's household had waited, God's word had been given,

All that bound them to earth from that moment was riven;

They entered the ark, God's own hand shut the door;

Safe now though the billows around them may roar.

Their neighbours would miss them, and listen in vain

For that voice that would never arouse them again;

In sin's guilty sleep they might slumber on now,

Till the angel of death set his stamp on each brow.

But little they cared as the banquet was spread,

And foolish mirth followed the wine-cup so red;

When, save for their blasphemous jests as a mark,

None mentioned the subject of those in the ark.

But hark to that sound like a rush of the wind!

Now fair cheeks are blanched with a fear undefined;

A sight strange and new now indeed meets their eyes,

Drenching torrents of rain pouring down from the skies.

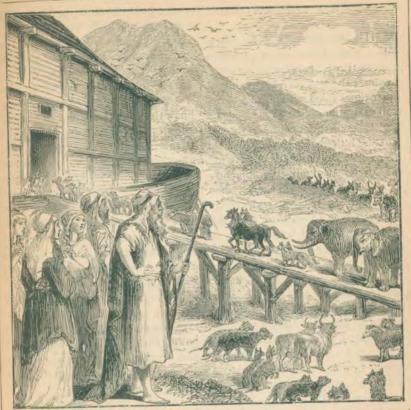
The springs of earth's fountains were also unsealed,

And soon were submerged, garden, meadow, and field;

Hearts lately all buoyant were filled with dismay,

For the water rose higher by night and by day.

In frantic confusion they ran to and fro, Death snatching his victims from high and from low;



"Deep called unto deep," and their surging waves tossed,

Seas, rivers and lakes, in one ocean were lost.

Tree, fortress, and tower, disappeared out of sight,

As the waters stole up to the mountain's proud height;

Till at last all was hushed—e'en the lone eagle's cry;

Nought was heard save the sound of the billow's deep sigh.

All perished save those who for safety had fled,

To the ark of salvation, by God's counsel led:

Death entered not there, not a sparrow was lost,

Who had flown to the ark, and its threshold had crossed.

There was but one ark, it had only one door, It sailed on an ocean which beat on no shore:

There is now but one Christ, one Door, and one Way,

That Door stands wide open, oh! enter to-

ADA AND THE SWORD.

MHE little daughter of an officer in the British army professed to have trusted Jesus with her soul. At times she was very happy, but at other times filled with fears as to her soul's salvation. She was in delicate health, and the doctor gave her parents little hope that she would ever get well. "I hope I may not die, father," she said, "for somehow I fear to enter the valley; and when I think of some great and mighty men, of whom I have read, being full of fear and dread in the hour of death. I wonder how it will be with me?"

"Bring me my sword, Ada dear," said the officer, and Ada, wondering what her father was going to do, obeyed. He drew the sword from its scabbard, and held it aloft above Ada's head. She looked up into her father's face and smiled. "Are you not afraid of that glittering blade, Ada?" asked the father. "Don't you know that its sharp edge falling on your head would kill you?"

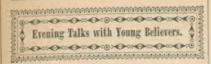
Ada laughed merrily at the idea, and replied, "Yes, father, I know it would, but then it is in *your* hand, and you love me too well to allow it to fall on my head and kill me."

"Yes, Ada, that's just it, and I am pleased to see you so confidingly sure of my love to you as that. But

what about the love of God, and your trust in Him? You say you are His child, and that you believe He loves you. Now if this be so, why should you at times have gloomy fears as to what may happen to you if you should be called away. You know that Jesus has the power of life and death in His mighty hand; He is the conqueror of death and the grave; yea, we are told He has the keys of death and hell. Do you think that He would be less careful in holding them than I am of my sword? Would He allow death or Satan to hurt any of those whom He loves, and has saved, and of whom He says that neither life nor death shall separate them from His love?"

"O father, I never thought of it like that before," said Ada, "I see my mistake now. Jesus has all power, and He will take care of me whether living or dying. I will fear no evil, because He is with me, and will keep me safe."

And this is just what He has promised to do for all who believe in His name. The sword of judgment, sharpened for solemn work among the Christ-rejectors, is in the hand of Him who loves His own unto the end. Not a hair of their head shall perish. Neither death nor judgment can hurt them, for in Christ they have passed through both already.



PRAYER.

E were speaking the other evening about the "laws" of spiritual health and growth, and I hope we have not forgotten to obey them. Theories are of little value to us; we must practise what we learn from God's Word, if we would benefit by it. There is another important "accessory" to health of soul, which I think demands our most careful consideration, and that is prayer. One of our hymns says:—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air."

You never saw a healthy, thriving Christian who was not a praying one. God's brightest witnesses in all ages have been men and women of prayer; and if we are to be of any use for God in His service, we must know what it is to be "labouring fervently in prayers" (Col. iv. 12), for ourselves and for others. Well, then, let us see first of all what prayer is. In our unconverted days, I daresay, we were all in the habit of "saying our prayers" morning and night. But, of course, that was merely a matter of "form;" there was no real prayer in it. When people repeat a few select sentences with their eyes closed, or read over a form of prayer out of their prayer books, they think they have prayed. But there is in reality no prayer in that, only a form, and God says that although the unconverted "make many prayers, He will not hear" (Isa. i. 15). But with the youngest and feeblest of the saints it is different. God delights to hear their cry. Their's is the privilege of drawing near and saying "Abba, Father." They come to a Father who loves them, and "make known their requests." They just tell Him, as they would a friend, what they stand in need of. They ask, and they receive; they seek, and find. There need be no lack of anything, for all fulness dwells in Him, and in prayer they come to draw it forth. It is like bringing the empty pitcher to the fountain to be filled. Prayer is just an errand to God to get whatever we require; a telephoned message right up to the Father's ear, from the heart and lips of his needy child. Every sorrow, need, and burden; every conflict, foe, and fear, should form the subject of a cry to God. There is nothing too great, nothing too insignificant to mention to our God. He likes to hear the details, He stoops to deal with the individuality of our wants. Then surely we should carry everything to the Lord in prayer. When we are busy with our daily work, and

find something too great for us, how sweet, like Nehemiah, of old, as he stood before the king as his cup-bearer (Neh. i. 4), to "pray to the God of heaven." Eliezer when he went to seek a wife for his master's son, "bowed his head" once and again in the midst of his business. Not that we need to leave our office or workshop, or push the ledger or hammer to one side and "retire" to pray, for that would be stealing our earthly master's time. But while busy at our work, just to lift up the heart to God. It's quite easy you know. You don't stop work to think of an earthly father, do you? You don't go through a "form" when your thoughts and heart are away with some loved one far away; you work on all the time you think about them. Now try and do that with God and Christ; then spontaneously you will be sending up your cries, and getting down supplies from heaven. A constant, holy conversation will be going on between your soul and God, and you will be happy all the day long. Foes will be vanquished, and the lions and the bears—ave, and the Goliaths too—will be slain. About special seasons for prayer, both private and public, we may speak together again, but, Oh dear young saints, cultivate the habit, strive to attain the privilege, of "praying always with all prayer and supplication," by

road and rail, at noon, and night, alone, and in the crowd. It is your "vital breath," do not restrain it.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight, Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright, And Satan trembles when he sees, The feeblest saint upon his knees.

A GOOD TESTIMONY.

a country road, and overtook a little girl. We got into conversation, and I asked her if her soul was saved? I told her mine had been for many years. She said "That's like my sister Martha; she's one of your kind of folk, and she prays for me and all the rest of us every night." This was a good testimony concerning Martha. It showed she was a genuine believer, honouring God among her kindred. Reader, if you are a believer, could as much be said of you by your kindred?

The Bible Class.

Papers have been sent by most of the members of the Class, on *Conversion*; What is it? How is it effected? Examples. The following is the sum of them.

What is Conversion? The word means "a turning about," and is used in the Scriptures to describe that turning of heart and life toward God, which is manifest in all who have been born again. In unconverted days we "turned every one to his own way" (Isa. liii. 6); when born again, through believing the gospel, we "turned unto the Lord" (Acts xi. 21). This is conversion.

How is it effected? By believing on the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts xvi. 31); by receiving the gospel (I Thess. i. 5-9); by being born again (I Peter i. 23). It is the result of divine life being imparted to the soul (Rom. vi. 11); the turning to God from idols (I Thess. i. 9); from the lusts of the flesh, to do the will of God (I Pet. iv. 2).

Examples. The conversion of open sinners. Mary Magdalene (Luke viii. 2), manifest in her love to Christ and following of Him; the dying robber (Luke xxiii. 43), manifest in his confession of Christ in the midst of his foes; the jailor of Philippi (Acts xxi. 33), manifest in his obedience to God in baptism, and love to Paul and Silas in hospitality.

"The Bible Class" will henceforth be incorporated with "The Bible Student's Class," see Sunday School Worker's Mayazine and Bible Student's Helper for this month. The "Bible-Searching" will be continued in the Watchman.

Questions and Answers.

QUESTION XLII.—Was Peter converted before he denied the Lord? If he was, what does Luke xxii. 32 mean?

Answer.—Matt. xvi. 16, 17, and Luke v. 9-11, clearly show that Peter was regenerated and converted before his denial of the Lord; but he had backslidden, and needed to be "turned again," as the R. V. gives it. A believer is regenerated once, he may be converted often.

QUESTION XLIII.—Is it sinful for a young believer to take walks on the Lord's-day?

Answer.—It is much happier when a believer is so occupied with the worship, Word, and work of the Lord, that he has no spare time to "take walks" that day. It has not been given as a holiday for self-pleasing or sight-seeing, but to be spent for God. There is a vast difference between "taking walks" for pleasure, and "walking out," say to preach the Gospel, or teach in the Sunday School—in the service of God.

Correspondence.

WORK FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.—A Christian young lad, aged sixteen, writes—"Another happy sphere of service for the Lord is in cottage meetings. Another young brother and I have got the use of a small cottage away in a needy district, and we have begun a weekly meeting. We read the Word, and try to tell them simply about Jesus. Will you pray that He may help us? We are both very happy in this little service, and, it may be, if the Lord need us, He will lead us to other work when we are able to do it."

God bless, and God speed the two young brethren. Many of the Lord's honoured servants began their work for the Master in the humble sphere of cottage meetings, and won their first jewels for Immanuel's crown when, like the two lads, they sought in the dew of their youth to "speak a word for Jesus." Don't wait until your hairs are grey and your days half-spent, before you begin to speak for Christ, young saints. Wait before Him, lay yourselves on His altar, and He will soon point you out a path, and give you opportunity of winning souls for Him. (Editor.)

A "BIBLE STUDENT'S CLASS," for the united study of the Word of God, has been begun, in connection with *The Sunday School Worker's Magazine and Bible Student's Helper*. Young believers, especially, should embrace this opportunity of sharing the searching and study of the Holy Scriptures. Full particulars in this month's *Magazine*.

A few of The Children's Almanac and Bible-Searching Text-Book for 1887 still remain. Those who may require a second supply during the year should have them at once, as they may soon be gone. A special edition in cloth covers, and interleaved, has been prepared for teachers, price 3d.; or cloth, not interleaved, 2d.

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MARY'S LAST APPEAL; or, Not enough to die with.

MARY'S LAST APPEAL; or, NOT ENOUGH TO DIE WITH.

HE Lord had saved her, and satisfied her heart in early days. While in the bloom of health, and at a time when young folks are fondest of earth's pleasures, the Lord Jesus had won Mary's heart to Himself. After diligently serving Him, and zealously seeking to win others to be His, she was laid upon a dying pillow. Then the joy of the Lord fairly overflowed her soul, and "she spake of Him" to all who came to see her. Words spoken by our dying friends are not soon forgotten, and Mary's words re-echo in the souls of some who heard them until the present hour.

A young woman who had been a servant of the same earthly master as Mary, came in one afternoon to see her, and to spend an hour or two in watching by her couch. She was a modest, decent girl, a member of the church; and, so far as outward life and walk are concerned, blameless. But Maggie was not a Christian. She had not been born of God: she was wrapt in a cloke of formality and legality, so thick, that the truth had never been allowed to penetrate so as to reach her conscience, or convict her of sin. Mary knew it. and longed to see her awakened, and truly converted. They were left all alone by themselves, and thus a favourable opportunity was given. After telling Maggie how happy she had been all through her illness, and how the Lord had been near her to comfort and cheer her in lonely hours, she said, "O Maggie, but had I not been saved, I never could have endured it all. You have no idea of how real it is to be as I have been, on the very confines of eternity, and at the gates of death. If I had not Christ, and the certainty that my soul was safe, the prospect would be awful. My Jesus is not only enough to keep me happy in life, but, I can say through grace, He is enough to die with. You will not be angry if I ask you, Maggie, would you be happy if God laid you where He has laid me? I know you profess in the ordinary way to be a Christian, but do you think your profession will be enough to die with?" The words were spoken with intense earnestness and solemnity, and, coming as they did from the lips of one nearing the eternal world, they fell with a peculiar and unearthly sound, on Maggie's ear. It was the voice of God through the pale lips of his dying saint, and it reached her conscience. For a moment not a word was uttered. Then Maggie broke the silence, by saving with a faltering voice-"I sometimes fear it would

not, Mary. At times I forget all about it, and think I am as good as others, and will have the same chance of going to heaven as my equals; but in quiet moments I have my fears, and especially when I hear you speak so confidently about being in heaven. I could not say that, Mary, only I wish I could." God had used the solemn appeal to penetrate and awaken her to a sense of her need and danger; now she needed to know the remedy—even Christ and His salvation. Mustering all her strength, Mary raised herself on her pillow, and conscious in her soul that it would be her last opportunity of winning a soul for Him, in whose presence she was soon to dwell, she told her the gospel and earnestly and tenderly pointed her to Christ; and there, by the side of her dying companion, Maggie trusted Him, and passed from death to life. The dying girl fell back exhausted, with a beam of heavenly joy on her pale and wasted countenance, while her companion—now her sister in Christ-covered her brow with kisses of gratitude and Spirit-born affection. It was Mary's last appeal; her last soul won for Jesus, and before another sun had set, she was in that fair paradise, where the weary are at rest, in the immediate presence of the Lord.

Reader, I repeat the question of

the dying saint—"Do you think your profession will be enough to die with? Death will test the quality of it. No sham or counterfeit religion will stem death's tide. If you have not Christ, nothing else will do to die with, and no other passport will avail to admit you to heaven.

THE HAPPY GARDENER; Or, GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

-:0:-

TeT was always a pleasure to spend an evening with old James, the gardener. Some of us young folks used to laugh at him, and call him a "hypocrite," in our unconverted days, because he sang hymns as he walked along the country roads, and sometimes prayed behind the hedges. But, no sooner did the Lord save our souls, than we sought out old "brother James" and drew closely up to him. "Like draws to like," you know, and "birds of a feather flock together." Old James had the same Jesus as we had. He had known Him and walked with Him many years, and he and us were going to the same home; only he was nearly at the journey's end, and we were at the beginning. But we had "all things common" in speaking about the Lord. Old James was as happy as any of us-in fact, happier. He was none of your whining, fault-finding kind of believers, but a hearty, rejoicing saint, with a smile and a kind word for everybody. "It's grand to be saved, lads, truly grand," he would say. And our joy is not like the joy of the world that endureth only for a day, and then passes away; our portion will always be getting better as we go along.

"When Jesus took our feet out of the fearful pit and the miry clay, and set them on a rock, and put a new song in our mouth, that was good. When He calls us away out of these mortal bodies, and away from this world of sin to be with Him in paradise; with Himself, the Risen One; absent from the body, and present with the Lord, that will be "better," aye, "far better," the apostle says. But, when He comes again from heaven with a shout, to call both dead and living saints around Himself in the air, in glorified bodies, all gazing on His face, all in His image, and all together, O, that will be the best. So you see, lads, it's good, better, best. Good to be saved, and in the body; better to be absent from the body and present with the Lord; and, best of all, to be with Him and like Him, in a body fashioned like His own. Dear old James has now passed from the good into the better: he is absent from the body and present with the Lord: and both he and us are waiting to be introduced into the best. He is waiting with his Lord: we and many more are waiting for Him.

Often do I think of the old man's words: they yield comfort till the present hour. The path of the redeemed grows brighter, and his inheritance richer, as he moves along from one stage to another, but the sinner's path and his punishment becomes darker and heavier as it advances too. My dear, youthful reader, how is it with you? On the one side you have Christ, with salvation, paradise, and glory, a good, BETTER, BEST. On the other side, Satan, with the world through life, hell after death, and the lake of fire through eternity. On which side are you standing this day. --:0:---

THE DYING INDIAN.

MISSIONARY travelling in India, found a native dying. Anxious to speak to him the glad tidings, he knelt down, and, putting his mouth to the dying Indian's ear, whispered: What is your hope for eternity? The dying eyes were opened, and from the parched lips were whispered the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." After death, there was found, tightly grasped in his cold hand, a single leaf of a Bengalee Testament, with that verse upon it. It was all the Bible he had, and, possibly, all the gospel he had ever heard. But it was enough for faith-full enough to rest on for eternity. Reader, what is your hope for eternity?

THE GOSPEL ABC.

An Evening Talk with the Little Ones.

alphabet at school, but I have got the A B C of another alphabet here, which we might look at and seek to learn to-night. The first time I remember seeing it, was on

a large placard, fixed on a wall, with a group of workingmen eagerly reading it. The people thought it wasastrange thing to have in such a place; but the gentleman who had it fixed up, knew the value and importance of it. Just as the ARC



stands first in the alphabet at school, and must be learned before you can make any real progress in reading, so the A B C of this alphabet of mine, and the truths they represent, must be known in the *heart*, before any of my little children can be *true* Christians, or make progress on the

way to heaven. Now will you tell me the name of the first letter, then we will all repeat together the text in connection with it, and see if we can find what it means? The letter is—A! Yes. And the text is—

ALL HAVE

SINNED! This is the first thing you need to learn, and I know that it takes some boys and girls a long while to really learn it. All means every one, and this includes vou. Thenaughty things you do, and the thoughtsyou think, are

sins in the sight of God, and those sins deserve punishment. You cannot blot out these naughty things, as you do the marks on your slate; they are like the scarlet and crimson, both fast colours, which do not rub or wear out, with the flight of time. But let us now proceed to the second

letter and its text. What is it? B! Yes. And the text—repeat it alltogether—is—

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

In olden times there were lots of lambs killed and sacrificed. They could not take away people's sins, but they were shadows of a promised Lamb, whose blood was to be so precious, that it was to cleanse from all sin. This Lamb was Jesus. He died for those who had sinned—for you. But we must "behold" Him, in order to be saved. That is, look to Him, as the bitten Israelite did to the serpent on the pole. This our next letter will show us. What is it? C! And the text is—

COME UNTO ME (Matt. xi. 28).

This is an invitation from the Lamb of God, to those who have sinned, to come to Him and He will give them rest.

A—Tells us what the sinner is, B—What the Lord has done, C—Bids the weary come for rest, To God's beloved Son.

-:0:---

There is One who, on the cross, by wicked hands was slain, then raised from the dead by the power of God, and who is soon coming again. He it is who is the Door; to-day you may trust Him; to-day may you enter by Him and be saved.

HEROD AND THE WISE MEN.

UR picture represents the "wise men from the east" entering men from the east" entering one of the gates of Jerusalem, seated on their camels. They had come to seek for the new-born King, and as they entered the gates of the royal city, they asked in the strange but beautiful language of the far east—"Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" They were not ashamed to tell their errand. They were seeking Jesus; but nobody seemed to know anything about Him. The Roman soldier on guard at the gate, and the devout Pharisee, were alike ignorant of the advent of the Son of God. But the appearance of the foreigners, and their strange question, soon created a stir among the people, and I am pretty sure, both the children and the older folks, would turn out to see the strange visitors, and to hear them repeat to those they met as they passed along the streets their question -"Where is He that is born King of the Tews?"

There was at that time a king reigning in Jerusalem of the name of Herod. He was known as "Herod the Great," and so far as earthly fame and wealth can make a man "great," he was justly named. But history tells us he was a cruel and



a wicked man, and the brief mention made of him in the Bible shows him to have been so. The tidings of the arrival of the wise men had reached Herod's ear, and also the purpose for which they had come, and we are told that "he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him?" What! troubled, at the birth of a King! Yes. For they did not want Him. Herod knew that there was a prophecy, concerning a "King" who was to "reign in righteousness," yet to be fulfilled, and he knew full well that when the promised King appeared, he

would have to quit the throne, for he was but an Edomite usurper, and had no title or right to the throne of David. So he was "troubled," and so was all Jerusalem with him. The people, like the king, had been sinning against God, and that report reminded them that God would fulfil His Word. And, as the first advent of Jesus found sinners filled with fear, so will his second, when He comes as Judge. Kings of the earth, and mighty men will quake before Him, and call on hills to cover them from His gaze. It

appears that Herod invited the wise men to his palace, and that a friendly reception was given them. He professed great interest in the new-born King, and asked them to return that way, that he might also go and worship Him. But it was a lie. His heart was filled with deadly hatred and jealously against Christ. Not a single dweller in Jerusalem seemed to have a heart for Him, or sufficient interest to accompany the strangers to Bethlehem. But they will not be put off: they must find the object of their search. If others will not bow before the new-born King, they must do Him homage. So they turn their camels toward the town of Bethlehem, and leave the religious city to its indifference. They seem to have lost sight of the star during their sojourn in the city of the priests and scribes, but immediately they turn their back upon Jerusalem, the star again appeared and silently guided them to the gates of Bethlehem. Then it stood over the flat roof of the house where the young Child lay. There they dismounted and unloaded the precious things they had brought, and entering that humble home in the city of David, they poured their treasures at the feet of the infant Saviour, and worshipped Him. What a sight that was for God to look down upon. The first-fruits of the Gentiles drawn to Christ. The foreshadowing of that time, when the kings of the earth shall bow before Him, and bring their riches to His feet: a day yet in the future, but drawing near. But we may anticipate it, by bowing heart and soul before Him now: claiming Him as Saviour: owning Him as Lord. Have you thus claimed and owned Him? Is Jesus your Saviour and your Lord? The wise men were told by God not to return to Herod, but to go back to their country by another way. This aroused the anger of the wicked king very much, and seeing his plans of craft and subtilty were defeated, he betook himself to bloodshed He commanded that all the male children in Bethlehem should be slain; thinking, no doubt, to thus get rid of the rival infant King. I think even the brave Roman soldiers, who were sent out to Bethlehem to do this cruel deed, would shudder as they sheathed their swords in many a ruddy infant boy. What a night of sorrow that must have been in Bethlehem. Mothers weeping for their infants, rudely snatched from their bosom and slain. Herod would think that now his throne was safe: for little did he know that God had safely hid the infant Saviour in his own pavilion. Thus God preserveth from the power of Satan all who put their trust in Him.



PRAYER MEETINGS.

Thas been said by some one that "prayer is the mainspring of a believer's testimony." And you know the hands of a watch will soon stop if the main-spring should break. Well, I think, we might examine this main-spring a little more particularly to-night, in some of its circles. and I trust it may be with profit to our souls. What we might call the inner circle of the main-spring, is closet prayer, and upon our soundness on this a good deal depends. One thing is certain, that is, that no believer will "go" well who neglects closet prayer. It is one of the necessities of a believer's existence, that he be at times alone with God. It does not do to be always in the crowd: not even working for God. The Master had His times of retirement. He left the crowd, and sometimes even His disciples, to be alone with God. Once, and again, "He departed into a solitary place, and there prayed" (Mark i. 35). His last night on earth was spent in the solitudes of Gethsemane, alone with All God's most honoured God. servants had their closet hours, where they were alone with God. Daniel, in Babylon, had his chamber with

the window open toward Jerusalem where he retired to pray (Dan. vi. 10). Luther, and Baxter, were men of prayer; they prayed whole nights at times, and came forth from God's presence, to stand bold and fearless before their foes. You must learn to slav the lions and bears there, in the secret first, young saints, before you can slay the Goliaths in public. Lots of young workers begin at the wrong end first. They try to do some big thing that everybody can see, but their service is only a flash of fire-works, which lasts for a very short time: then they disappear, and we hear no more of them. But the saint who begins in the closet, will one day make his mark out of it. Satan will do his utmost to hinder you from getting your seasons alone with God, if he possibly can, so long as you have any desire for them; for, when the desire goes, it is easy enough for him to get saints to neglect closet prayer. A good plan is to fix a time, and keep to it. Some would call this "legal;" well, never mind, David did it (see Psalm lv. 17), and Daniel (Dan. vi. 10), and we should not be ashamed to be in their company.

The outermost circle of our "main-spring" is the prayer meeting, where believers gather together to pray unitedly to God. We should always be there, if possible. The young believers in early days "con-

tinued steadfastly in prayers" (Acts ii. 42). I like to see a lot of young saints at the prayer meeting. But I'll tell you what I often wonder at! Why many of them sit with closed mouths from one year's end to another? They open their mouths to sing, when the hymns are given out, but never to pray. I suppose fear keeps some of you from praying in the meeting, but you should seek grace to overcome it. It is a sin to "quench the Spirit," and when He begets prayer in our hearts, and prompts us to open our lips and utter it, when we refuse, then He is quenched, and we lose blessing. I know some of you "don't like" to open your mouths before so many of God's people who are older and wiser than you, but this is another device of the devil, to keep the napkin on your mouths. I am sure the saints, to a man, would praise God to hear your first lispings, and if you break down-as many do when they first open their mouths in public-they would neither criticise you, nor laugh at you. I well remember my first prayer in public. It was at the close of a Gospel meeting, where a lot of my old companions were. I felt pressed in spirit to pray, but the devil suggested that I would break down. There was a hot contest within for a few minutes. Then up started a young man at my side and prayed. He said, "Lord deliver us from the fear of man." My heart said, "Amen." Half a dozen newly converted, followed in short prayers; I noticed some of them shook. I tried it. uttered about six sentences, and stopped. But it was all right; the napkin was off, thank God! I long to see it off some of you; many would be glad, and you would be blessed in soul. Don't attempt to manufacture prayers, or imitate somebody else. Be real. Ask God simply and believingly for what you feel the need of, and then sit down. God does not hear us for our much speaking, and quoting Scriptures and reciting doctrines is not prayer. Another circle of the spring may be called SOCIAL PRAYER. When half-a-dozen believers meet together-say, in a house, it is a precious opportunity for united prayer, and when there is prayer, it lessens the danger of gossip and frivolity. I often watched with interest, six or eight young converts, who, on the summer Lord's-Day mornings, walked out to a wood and had an hour together in prayer. They came back refreshed, and they are all as green olives in God's house to the present hour. May the Lord stir us up, dear young saints, to appreciate and embrace our privileges for prayer, thus shall we bear fruit; our leaf shall be green; and we shall lack no moisture.

Zetters from the Donng Holks.

THE following letter was written by a young believer to her teacher in the day school, at whose desire each of the girls was to write her a letter on any subject she liked to choose. May its simple testimony to the gospel of Christ be blessed to all who read it.

MY DEAR MISS ---,

A few days ago I got a tract from a friend in Scotland, entitled, "Doing the best I can," which I now enclose. What you have taught us in the morning lessons lately has been, that our hopes for heaven were to be built on our "doing the best we could," or our own good works. But this little leaflet says, "God's salvation is not doing, but done"—of course these are only man's words, but do you not think that they agree with the teaching of God's Word? In Rom. iv. 5, we read, "But to him that worketh not but believeth;" and in Rom iii. 20, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." Then in Eph. ii. 8, 9, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. works, lest any man should boast." These verses make it very plain. There is a hymn says-

> "I cannot work my soul to save, For that my Lord has done;"

But after we are saved, as the next two lines say—

"But I may work like any slave, From love to God's dear Son."

That is, working because we are saved, and not for salvation. It is well to be clear on this matter, and see that we have God's Word, and not men's ideas, to trust to, for such important and eternal results are at stake. Christ came to seek and to save the lost, and on the Cross He said, "It is finished." He did the work, and now "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36).

With kindest wishes,

Your obedient Pupil,

Correspondence.

WORK FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS. - I would add my testimony to that given in the January number of The Young Watchman. on the happy work of VISITING. A few of us who are young in the faith, and unable to share the public preaching of the Gospel, have taken up the work of visitation once a month. We have the town divided into districts, and go two-and-two, leaving a copy of The Gospel Messenger, with a notice of our meetings printed on it, in every house. We have been wonderfully well received—even amongst Catholics, in some cases—and asked to "come in" to some of the houses, which gave an excellent opportunity for speaking a personal word, and giving a personal invitation to the meetings. I am glad to say, that, in addition to the blessing this work has been to our own souls, it has been blessed to the increase of our Gospel Meetings, and Sunday School.

[If some of our young friends who are disengaged on the Lord's-Day afternoons, could take up similar work, it would be for blessing. At that particular time, many are "open" for conversation in their homes, and ready to read the Gospel handed in to them. Ed.]

As an encouragement to others, we would mention that several encouraging accounts of blessing, through the January Gosfel Messenger, distributed in various parts of of the country, have just reached us. One worker says he "handed a copy to a woman who had been long anxious, and while she read the first article, the light dawned. She came and confessed Christ at once to the one who had handed her the Magazine, and is now in fellowship with believers."

Several of the young folks have written asking whether it is the 1st of March, 1887, or 1888, before which the *Chidren's Almanacs* are to be sent. We repeat, it is March 1st, 1887—(i.e.) the present month. Names of prize-winners will (b. v.) be given next month.

The "Bitle Student's Class." Papers on "The Inspiration of the Scriptures," must be sent in by March 7th, at latest. Numbers will be given in April magazine.

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APRIL, 1887.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



ALICK'S CONVERSION; or, Witnessing for Christ.

ALICK'S CONVERSION; or, WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

N a neat little cottage, half-covered with ivy and honeysuckle, near the foot of a mountain range in Scotland, lived a widow, with her only boy and girl. As may be supposed, she was very fond of them, for they were all she had to love on earth. Alick was the eldest. and Susie three years younger. There, all alone by themselves, they lived comfortably, and very happily. When Alick's schooldays were done, he was apprenticed to a business at a place a few miles distant. It was too far for him to go home at nights, but he always went at the end of the fortnight, and stayed with his mother and Susie over the Lord's-day. He looked forward with joy to his "night for going home," for he knew his mother would be looking out for him, and have a nice bright fire, and a comfortable supper awaiting him in the cottage. Then he had such a lot of things to tell, about his trade, and how he was getting on. She had always a word of encouragement and advice for him, and was careful to ask him about the company he kept, and how he spent his evenings when he was away, and so on. But I must tell you that neither Alick nor his mother were true Christians. She was a very respectable woman,

and a member of the Church, but she had not been born again, and I am afraid Alick had not been plainly told about his lost condition, and his need of a Saviour. She wanted her boy to be good, and grow up respectably and religiously, but further than that, she did not go. But the Lord loved her and her boy, and He did not leave them to perish in their sin, and ignorance of the gospel. Alick had a companion in the village where he worked, and this young lad had been converted. He asked Alick one Sunday if he would accompany him to a meeting to which lots of young lads of their own age went to hear the gospel. Alick was very glad to accompany his companion, and on the following Sunday they appeared at the meeting, seated side by side. I cannot tell you all that he heard that night, but he was aroused to see himself a lost sinner in need of a Saviour, and an hour after, he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved. He was naturally very shy and retiring, and he feared that he would not be able to stand the jeers and jibes of the lads in the same workshop. It was with fear and trembling that he went down on the Monday morning. He made up his mind to say nothing about his conversion, and the devil whispered, "Keep your religion to yourself, Alick, there's no need for telling

anybody that you have been converted." You know Satan hates true witness-bearing for Christ, because God says, "A true witness delivereth souls" (Prov. xiv. 25), and Satan wants to keep them in slavery to himself. But Alick's plan was quickly upset, for one of the boys came up to him and said, "Is it true that you have been converted, Alick, I was told you had?" Alick hung his head for a moment, half afraid to answer, but he quickly remembered that Jesus said, "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10. 33). Quietly looking up he said to the lad, "Yes I have been converted Willie, wouldn't it be fine if you could say the same?" The lad said nothing but went away, and Alick felt happy in soul, because he had owned his Lord. He found that when the lads in the shop saw that he was not ashamed of Christ, but boldly owned His name, they were more afraid that he would speak to them, than he was of their sneers, and this is always the case where there is downright honest testimony for the Lord.

The night for Alick to go home to see his mother and little sister came round, and all along the road as he walked alone, he was planning how he would break the tidings to

them. When he reached the cottage, his mother welcomed him as usual, and had a nice warm supper awaiting him. Before he began to eat, he bowed his head and silently gave thanks to God. His mother and Susie noticed it and wondered, for that had never been done in the house before, and she asked what it This broke the ice, and Alick, rather shyly at first, then more boldly, related the story of his conversion. His mother and Susie listened with amazement, and after he had finished, his mother said she feared he had "gone out of his mind." Poor woman, the religion that she had been accustomed to, had no conversion, and no known and enjoyed salvation in it. Like the religion of thousands, it was one of works, with a vague hope of mercy at the far-off end. Things went on quietly for a week or two, Alick speaking more freely about the things of God every visit, until his mother was fairly awakened about her soul. She could not deny the marked change there was in Alick, and although she tried at first to persuade herself, it was only a "boyish freak" soon to vanish, the conviction of its reality forced itself upon her. God had used the simple testimony of her converted boy, to awaken her to think on the great realities of eternity. It was several weeks until she gave up

all her efforts to work herself into God's favour, and come as a helpless sinner and accepted Christ, but she did at last, and He justified her and gave her peace. What a joyful visit Alick's next one was, and how they praised the Lord together, and they go on praising Him still. Susie too has been brought to Christ, and follows Him "in the way."

My dear young reader, you will notice in my story that Alick was first converted himself, before he began to witness to others of Christ. And this must be so with you. You must be Christ's ere you can serve Him, and you must know Him as your Saviour, before you can own Him as your Lord. Can you honestly say this day, "JESUS IS MINE," or are you amongst that large company who have often heard, but not believed the gospel of Christ? Are you putting off the salvation of your soul to some "convenient season" that may never come? Death may lay you low. Christ may quickly come. The day of grace will end. Where, O where, will you be then? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

PRAYING AND PRAISING.

"Do you pray for salvation, Johnnie?" said a lad to his companion. "No, Jim, I've got it: I praise God for it."

Now, do you pray or praise.

LITTLE MAGGIE; Or, "I WILL GO."

TeT was the evening of the weekly children's meeting, and several hundreds of boys and girls were there, singing the songs of gospel truth, and hearing the "old, old story." The subject that night was the beautiful story of "The call of Rebecca" to be Isaac's bride, and her answer to the question, "Wilt thou go with this man?" The speaker earnestly pressed home on the children the necessity of deciding to be Christ's, there and then, and not waiting "ten days," as Rebecca's parents asked that she might do. At the close there was an after-meeting, and some of the children remained to be further spoken with. Maggie L-, a little blue-eyed girl of ten, sat still on the front bench. A lady sat down beside her, and asked if she was anxious to be saved. "No," said Maggie, "I am saved." "When did that take place?" asked the lady. "Just now," answered the child, "when I said to Jesus, I will go." Maggie's after-life proved that she had truly said in her heart, "I will go," and that Jesus had saved her. Have you, my dear young friend, said to Jesus, "I will go," and has He saved you? If not, we would ask again the question, "Wilt thou go with this man?"

THE BORROWDALE SHEPHERD AND HIS LAMB.

WAY among the hills of Borrow-dale, in Cumberland, where dale, in Cumberland, where shepherds feed their flocks, a little lamb went missing from the flock. The shepherd went forth to seek the missing lamb, and, at last, he saw it down a deep ravine, solitary and alone. Led on by tempting tufts of grass, it had wandered from rock to rock, gradually getting further down the rocky mountain side. Now it was at the bottom, and it could not climb up again. How like the wandering sinner was that straying lamb. How soon it would have died down there, solitary and alone. But the shepherd cared for the helpless thing, and taking a rope he firmly bound it round his waist, and made it all secure: then he twisted the other end around a post at the top of the rock, and two men gently lowered him down into the deep ravine. There he found the little lamb, and tenderly placed it in his bosom. Then the shepherd and the lamb were both drawn up together safely to the top.

How sweetly this illustrates the path of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who came down from His gloryhome above, to seek and save the lost. Like that wandering one, "All

we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. liii. 6). We had turned our backs on God and heaven, and gone out seeking pleasure on a dangerous path. Pleasure after pleasure leads the sinner on, as the tufts of grass led on the silly lamb, until the end of the path is reached. And what an end it is! See that sinner on his dying bed, all solitary and alone; pleasures all behind him, companions all forsaken him, nothing but death and hell before. But Jesus loved the sinner, and in spite of all his wanderings. He loves the sinner still. He saw the sinner down in the fearful depth, and He went down to where he was. The Borrowdale shepherd only risked his life to save his lamb, but Jesus, the Good Shepherd, "laid down His life for the sheep" (John x. 27). Who would refuse to trust such a Shepherd, or to coldly spurn His love? Had the Borrowdale shepherd's lamb run away from his outstretched arms and perished, who but itself would have been to blame. But it did not; it allowed him to lay it in his bosom. Will you allow Jesus to do this with you? How soft and tender is His bosom! How safe and secure are the little ones who can say "Jesus is mine!" They are saved from death and hell; safely kept, and carried to heaven. He carries the lambs in His bosom.

GIFTS AND REWARDS.

An Address at a Children's Tea Meeting.

and girls have received nice books, as rewards, from your teachers. They have been given as tokens of their appreciation of your diligence in finding the 'Daily Texts,' and repeating them correctly on the Lord's-days. Then I notice there are other boys and girls who have not been considered worthy of such rewards, but they have each received a little book, as a gift, from their teachers.

Now, I think you all know the difference between a reward and a gift, don't you? 'Yes.' 'Will some boy tell me what a reward is? Answer-by a little boy-' Something that has been worked for.' 'Yes.' 'Will some girl tell me, now, what a gift is?' Answer—by a girl-'Something given without work or payment.' 'Yes, exactly. So you see there is a vast difference. Do you know that God gives both rewards and gifts? He gives rewards to His saints for faithful service, and He gives gifts to sinners in spite of their unfaithfulness. Now, I think boys and girls, and I fear big people too, sometimes, are very apt to mix up these two things together. and to think that some of God's gifts are rewards. I sometimes find children working in order to get eternal life. Is that right?' Answer -'No.' 'Why not?' Answer-'Because eternal life is a gift.' 'Ouite right: eternal life is a gift. The boy who answered will please tell us how he came to know that?' Answer-'By a text which says-'The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' 'Yes, that's it. When some kind friend brings you a gift, what do you do then? Do you ask it?' Answer-'No?' 'Do you work for it?' Answer-'No.' 'What then?' Answer-'We RECEIVE it.' 'Yes. you receive it, and thank the giver. This is what you ought to do with the gift of God-eternal life. You ought to receive it, and give Him thanks. Some have received it, and they can now say-'I have eternal life.' Others, I fear, are still rejecting it. Perhaps a story may help to illustrate whv-

"There was a Sunday school teacher, in Switzerland, who had a class of boys. He was speaking to them, one afternoon, about "the gift of God," and, in order to show how unwilling sinners are to receive that gift, he pulled out his watch, and said to the first boy in the class—'I give you that watch.' The boy stared, and then turned away his head. He did the same to the next boy; but he blushed and smiled,

thinking it was a joke. The next was a little fellow, and he put out his hand boldly and took the watch. As the teacher went back to his place, the little boy said, very softly—'Then, if you please, sir, the watch is mine?' 'Yes, of course,' said the teacher, 'the watch is yours.

This roused the bigger boys, who had previously been offered it. and they began to murmur, and to say, 'if they had thought that the teacher really meant to give away his watch, they would have stretched out their hands and taken it.' But it was too late now. The little receiver had the watch in his possession.

while the others who had the same offer, but refused it, were now filled with remorse at their folly. Dear boys and girls, you must either be receivers or rejectors of the gift of God. Just now, and where you are, you either have eternal life, or you have it not. Now, which is it? Think for a moment. You have all heard how this life is in the Son of God, and

how 'He that hath the Son hath life.' But how many of you have received Him? How many can say, 'Jesus is mine:' He is my Saviour, my Life, my Lord?

"Those who have received this gift of life may now serve the Giver; and, if they continue to serve Him

faithfully, He will give them, as a reward, 'the crown of life. You remember the text-' Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life.' Life itself is the gift: the crown of life the reward. The gift is for the worthless, undeserving sinner. The crown is for the worthy and faithful saint.

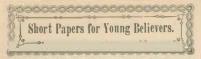


You must take the gift, else you can never earn the crown.

"Come, now, and let us sing, with heart and voice, in faith and reality to God—

'Even now, by faith, I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God:

Redemption, through His death, I find, And cleansing, through His blood."



A NOBLE CLASS.

TeT was a cold and stormy day, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. Boys muffled in their warm greatcoats, and girls wrapped in their shawls, were hurrying along to the Sunday School, but little Willie B .-- was standing at his mother's window crying bitterly. Poor little Willie! he had no boots. and his bare feet were frost-bitten. His mother was a widow, and she had no money to buy new ones. Willie got two and-sixpence a week for running messages, but it took that and what his mother earned to buy them food. Willie had been at Sunday School regularly before the snow-storm came, he went barefooted then, but the frost and snow had so hurt his feet he could hardly walk, and his mother said he would have to stay at home, till the milder weather came. As he stood at the window, he saw the other boys running along to school, and, poor little fellow, his heart filled, and he cried bitterly. The teacher asked the boys if they knew what had become of Willie B- that afternoon. "Yes," said one of the boys, "he cannot come because he has no boots." The boys in the class

looked at each other sadly, for they all loved Willie. At the close of the lessons one of the boys said to his comrades, "Lads, is'nt it a pity that Willie B ___ cannot come to school? It seems sad that he should have to stay at home for want of boots. Don't you think that those of us who are converted should try and find him a pair somehow?" The boys were all agreed that something should be done for Willie, but the question was, how? "I've got a sixpence," said a boy, "which I was keeping to spend at Christmas, but I will give it to help." Another said he had threepence, and several had a penny. "And I am sure the teacher will give something," said another. Before next Lord's-day, Willie had his boots, and was at the Sunday School, comfortable and happy; and the converted boys were happy too, for they knew that they had done what the Scriptures teach (see 1 John iii. 17), and enabled their little comrade to come and hear the Gospel. It would be well if others of our young friends, who profess to be the Lord's, would develop in this kind of service a little. It is to be feared that many are so selfish that they only think of themselves, when they are spending their spare pence. and forget that there are many who have no Bibles, no Sunday Schools, and no Gospel, and to whom the name of Jesus is unknown.

THE WORLD'S BIBLE,

" OW lads," said the late Duncan Mathieson, the Scottish Evangelist, to a lot of boys who had been converted at his meetings-"the people here are not in the habit of reading their Bibles to learn what God says about them, but I'll tell you what they'll read. They'll read your lives and ways very carefully, to see if you are really what you profess to be. And mind you this, if they find your lives to be inconsistent with your profession, the devil will give them this for an excuse in rejecting Christ." How true it is that the world reads the people of God. They are the world's Bible. The ungodly expects great things from those who say they are the Lord's, and they are greatly pleased if they can point out some flaw in the life and ways of a believer. Young believers, remember you are read by the world around you. Many eyes are upon you, therefore, "walk circumspectly."

— :o:— A LITTLE WORKER.

A LITTLE girl about twelve years of age was standing the other night at the corner, giving away tracts and inviting passers-bye to come to the Gospel Meeting. Her efforts soon filled the room.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

large number of our readers have again been at work in this field, and have sent in their Biographies on

"RUTH, THE MOABITESS."

Many of the papers bear evidence that the subject has been carefully studied, and in not a few, there are pleasing traces of the spiritual meaning of the story being known by the writers. [May those who are undecided for Christ, be warned by Orpah's sad choice, who, after she had started on the road that led to the "House of Bread," went back to her "people and her gods"—her companions and her sins, and perished in Moab, the land of idolatry.] The beautiful story of Ruth's decision, devotion, and reward, shews the happier lot of those whose hearts have been won by Christ, who cleave closely to Him all through earth's pilgrimage, and who shall one day be glorified, and publicly owned as His Bride.

We have awarded the PRIZE BIBLE to JAS. GEO. HILL, CHEETHAM, MANCHESTER, aged 18, whose "Biography" we give on next page. The "Biographies" written by John Hynd, Troon, and W. S. Hamilton, Prestwick, are both so excellent in composition, and so beautifully written, that in token of our appreciation

of their merit, we have added two second prizes. In the hope of creating further interest in this lovely story, and of pressing home its spiritual meaning, we have given a set of "Twelve Bible Questions" on it, which we earnestly hope will be answerd by even more of our young friends, than those who have sent "Biographies."

RUTH, THE MOABITESS.

ELIMELECH, a Bethlehemite, in consequence of a famine in the days of the judges, went with his wife, Naomi, and his two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, to sojourn in the land of Moab. While there, he died, and also his sons, both of whom had married wives of the land of Moab. Naomi being now left alone with her two daughters-in-law, whose names were Orpah and Ruth, heard that the Lord had visited His people in the land of Israel, and she decided to return there. Orpah was persuaded to return to her people in Moab, but Ruth affectionately clave to Naomi, and refused to leave her. So they journeyed on together, and arrived in Bethlehem in the time of barley harvest. Ruth, with Naomi's consent, went out to glean in the fields, and it happened that she gleaned in part of a field belonging to Boaz, a wealthy man. He was so attracted by Ruth's demeanour, that he enquired about her, and he told her to stay with his reapers till the end of the harvest. She gratefully acknowledged his kindness in taking notice of a poor stranger. Boaz further favoured her by telling his reapers to leave odd handfuls on purpose for her. On her return, Naomi was surprised to find that Ruth had gleaned in the fields of one who was a near kinsman. So Ruth continued to glean in Boaz's fields till the harvest was ended. Naomi now being concerned for Ruth's welfare, commanded her to go to the threshing floor of Boaz, and there lie down

at his feet, which Ruth softly and unperceived did. At midnight, Boaz awaking, was startled to find her there, and asked her name. Ruth told him, and also that he was a near kinsman—that is, one that hath a right to redeem. Boaz sent her away in the morning with a present, assuring her that he would do a kinsman's part. There being a nearer kinsman than he -Boaz called a council. The other kinsman refusing to redeem, Boaz, in the presence of witnesses, bought all that belonged to Elimelech and his sons, and took Ruth to be his wife. She had a son whose name was Obed, the grandfather of David, from whom Christ the Messiah was descended (Luke ii. 11). Ruth was thus amply rewarded for her faith in the God of Israel, and her devotion to Naomi.

Boaz is a type of Jesus Christ the Redeemer. Ruth is a type of the Church, His Bride "once afar off"—poor Gentile strangers—"made nigh by the blood of

Christ."

QUESTIONS

ON THE BOOK OF RUTH.

I. Give a Scripture showing the condition of the children of Israel, in the days that the Judges ruled.

2. What Scripture did the "famine"

fulfil?

- 3. What commandment did Mahlon and Chilion break in marrying Moabite wives?
- 4. Give a New Testament Scripture forbidding God's people to marry the unconverted.
- 5. Name another in Old Testament history, who, like Orpah, started right, but halted on the way.
- 6. Name one in New Testament history who went back to his "people," and another who went back to his "gods."
- 7. Name seven points in Ruth's decision, which resemble the believer's union and communion with Christ.
- 8. Give texts from the New Testament shewing these.
 - 6. Of whom is Boaz a type?

To. Of whom is the "nearer kinsman" a type?

11. Whom does Ruth here represent?

12. Give Scripture showing that believers are redeemed and united to Christ.

Answers to the above "Questions" to be sent in writing to the Editor, addressed "Bible Questions"—The Young Watchman Office, Kilmarnock, before May 31st.

Hymns for the Little Ones.

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THE CONIES.

"The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks" (Proverbs xxx. 26).



Yet they are from danger free; Sheltered from the storm and cold, Safe from foes both fierce and bold.

To their strong and peaceful home, Wolf or lion cannot come: In the rocks so great and high, There the conies safely lie.

I am weak, and feeble too, Nought that I can say or do; Will a hiding-place afford, From the judgment of the Lord.

But to Jesus Christ I flee— (Rock of Ages cleft for me): And in 1 lim my soul shall dwell, Safe from foes of earth and hell.

Commit the Verses to memory.

Bible-Searching Text Books.

Such an extraordinary number of these Text Books have been sent us, with the year's texts filled in, that we find it quite impossible to finish the examination of them in time to announce the "Prize-Winners" names in this month's "Watchman." We fear some of our young friends may be a little disappointed at this; but if they only saw the pile of Text Books we have already examined, they would say we had not been idle, and still there are as many more yet unfinished. What an amount of labour these two heaps represent! How many little fingers in England, Scotland, and Ireland; aye! and not a few in Canada, the States of America, and far-off Australia, have been kept busy on these pages? How many thousands of verses of God's holy Word must have passed beneath the bright eyes, as they searched for these threehundred-and-sixty-five texts? As we think of the patient labour, and admire the unflagging zeal, of those hundreds of youthful Bible-Searchers, we find our heart spontaneously breathing the prayer, that the Words thus "found" may be used by God for their regeneration, and furnishing unto lives of diligent service for His Name on

We trust our many young friends will patiently bear with us until next month, and by that time, we hope to have all the Text Books carefully examined, and a full account of the various items of interest, together with the names of the prize-winners, in "The Young Watchman" for May.

The Bible Student's Class.

This "Class" now being conducted through the pages of "The Bible Student's Helper" (see this month's number), is open for "Young Believer's" to send their contributions, however short or simple. We hope all who can will join us in this little effort to make ourselves better acquainted with the Word of God, and that those of our young believing friends who cannot share the "searching," may at least read the searching of others in the "Magazine."

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No. 53.]

MAY, 1887.

ONE HALFPENNY.



ANNIE, THE PEASANT CIRL; or, "He'll take me as I am."

ANNIE, THE PEASANT GIRL; Or, "HE'LL TAKE ME AS I AM."

JEN a sequestered glen surrounded by rugged rocks, in one of Scotland's most picturesque counties, lived Annie, the peasant girl. Her parents died when she was quite a child, and their bodies lay mouldering in the little churchyard, under the shade of the old ivy-covered Parish Church. Often and again on the quiet Sunday afternoons, when all was still in the world around, would she wend her way to that hallowed spot, and there, under the blue dome of heaven, with no eye but the eye of God upon her, she would sit for hours on the green sward that covered her parents' grave and weep. Poor Annie! She had no fond mother to whom she could tell her sorrows; and no father to whom for counsel, she could in her time of perplexity go, and she was ignorant of Him who is the Burden-bearer and the Counseller of all who put their trust in Him. Thus weary at heart, and friendless on earth, the poor girl toiled away as domestic servant in the little farm-house owned by an aged couple, who had taken an interest in her since her mother's death. She sometimes wished she would die: but then the solemn thought would rise within her mind, where would she spend eternity? Her mother was a saved woman, and had gone to heaven. Annie remembered her saying while on her dying pillow, that she would "soon be free from pain, and at rest with Jesus," and she wondered whether she would join her mother there. Deep down in her heart she wished to be able to say she would, yet somehow she feared she was not fit to be there. and she did not know how to get the difficulty solved. There were few of the people in that lonely glen known as believers in Christ, and those who were, seemed to have sunk down to the level of the world. Except the one weekly sermon, which the minister read on the Sunday mornings in the Parish Church, there was nothing done to point the lost to Jesus, or to feed the sheep of the flock of Christ. Death, spiritual death reigned, and souls were passing into eternity unprepared and unwarned.

During the summer months, the monotony was somewhat broken by the presence of a few visitors, who either came to see their relatives, or to spend their holidays there, and they occasionally initiated the peasantry in dancing, gambling, and the like. A lady and gentleman arrived in the glen one morning with the daily coach, and asked for lodgings. They had come to spend their holidays and to seek renewed health.

Most of the cottages being ful, the old farmer and his wife, with whom Annie served, took them in. Mr. and Mrs. W-- were thorough Christians, and, wherever they went, they made it their business to spread the gospel, and to win souls for Christ. Not many days after they arrived, Mrs. W --- had a long talk with Annie about the state of her soul, and found that she was entirely ignorant of the gospel, but really anxious to be saved. Others were in the same state. Mr. W--- arranged to have an open air Gospel Meeting on the hillside, on the Lord's - day afternoon, and Mrs. W and he went round the houses giving gospel tracts and inviting the people. It was a most unusual thing, and partly out of curiosity, partly from anxiety, a large company gathered to hear the gospel. Seated on the green hill-side, under the golden rays of the summer sun, hundreds heard that afternoon-what many of them had never heard before-the testimony of God's Word concerning the ruin, the guilt, and the danger of unconverted sinners, the need of being born again, and the way of life and death For a full hour the people sat spell-bound under the power of the truth of God, and eternity alone will fully reveal the result. Many were in tears, and lingered behind to get a gospel book,

and have a word of conversation. Our young friend, Annie, was deeply convicted of sin. During the preaching she wept bitterly, and when it was over, she hastened home all alone. Later in the evening she was seen sitting by herself reading her Bible. Mrs. W--- watched for an opportunity of speaking to her again, and next day it was afforded. While Mr. W --- and she were sitting in the field. Annie came out with the cows, and Mrs. W-, calling her up to where they sat, opened the subject by asking how she liked the meeting on Sunday afternoon. Rather shyly, Annie answered that she "liked it very much." "Did you get your soul saved, Annie?" asked Mrs. W---. Annie hung her head, and the tear stood in her eye. "Would it not be nice to have the matter settled Annie, once, and for ever," continued Mrs. W ---: "to know your soul saved, and Christ as your Friend." Annie saw that she had found in Mrs. W-- one who really cared for her soul-the only one in fact, who had ever spoken to her plainly about it-and she felt that she could open her mind freely to her. "But I'm not good enough to be saved" said Annie, "I've been a wicked girl. If I could live like you and Mr. W-, Jesus might take me to heaven, but not as I am." "Ouite true, Annie, you cannot go

to heaven as you are," said Mrs. W---, for no unsaved and unpardoned soul ever went there. But you may go to Jesus as you are, Annie, and if you do, He will make you fit to be in heaven. You do not require to be good in order to be saved; for Jesus says, He came to save sinners. He takes anybody and everybody who comes to Him just as they are, no matter how wicked they have been. His own blessed words declare it so, for He says-"By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John x. 9); and again--"Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). "Do you think He would take me just as I am, Mrs. W---?" asked Annie earnestly. "I'm sure of it, Annie. We have the best and highest authority for it, that is His own Word. Never one came to Him and was cast out. None ever trusted Him and perished. He took me as I was, sinful and guilty as you are, many years ago, and saved me then and there, and I am just as sure, He will save you now, where you stand, if you will trust Him." Annie burst into tears and covered her face with her apron, while Mr. and Mrs. W-- bowed their heads in silent praise to God. Wiping away her tears, Annie looked up with a sweet smile and said—"O Mrs. W-- I see it all now, He'll take me as I am. I never knew that before. I thought I needed to be good first, but I see it now. He'll take me as I am," and there Annie trusted herself to Jesus and He took her as she was. He saved her and made her happy. Often and again was her voice heard amid these rocky wilds, singing in sweetest strains—

"Just as I was, I came to Thee, An heir of wrath and misery; JUST AS THOU ART before the throne, I stand in righteousness thine own."

Reader. Jesus will take you as you are. Do not think you can make yourself more acceptable to Him than you are. You are just the kind of sinner He wants, just now, and as you are. "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them" (Luke xv. 2).

THE HOTTENTOT BOY.

in passing by a little Hottentot boy reading a Testament, said, "That Book is not for the like of you, boy." "Ah, but it is: my name is in it," replied the boy. "Where?" asked the Dutchman. "Here, sir," said the boy, pointing to the words—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. "That's my name, and Jesus came to save me." Reader, have you seen your name in the Word of God, and claimed the Saviour of sinners as your's.

THE CEYLON SCHOOL GIRL.

Ceylon, a little girl, the daughter of heathen parents, was converted. Soon after, she expressed a strong desire to be allowed to go and see her mother, that she might tell her of the Lord Jesus.

Her mother was very pleased to see her, and, according to the usual custom of these lands, spread a mat and went to provide some rice for her to eat.

"I am not hungry, mother," said the child, "I have come to tell you of the Lord Jesus, who has saved me, and He wishes to save you from your idols too, and make you holy and happy."

"I do not wish to hear about that," said the mother, "and if you say any more about it I will punish you."

The little girl began to weep bitterly, and through her tears she said, "Mother, though you do whip me, I must tell you of the love of Jesus, else you may lose your soul." The mother's heart was touched, and she sat down. Her little daughter drew close in beside her, and very simply and lovingly told her the story of the Cross. Then she knelt down and earnestly prayed that her mother might be saved. So bewildered was the child with this one

desire, that she continued praying at intervals through the whole night. And that earnest appeal to a mother's heart was blessed of God. He heard the prayer of faith, and that mother's heart was won by the love of Christ, and her soul was saved. Not only so, but several others who knew her, were led to enquire after the way, and soon after were led to Jesus.

How wonderful are the works that a little child may accomplish. This little one saved herself, becomes anxious for the soul of her dear mother. She cannot rest until she sees her, and speaks to her of Christ. Do you seek the salvation of loved ones yet unsaved, my dear young believing reader, or are you satisfied to go to heaven alone, and leave your kindred to perish?

MAGGIE'S LAST REQUEST.

on her dying pillow, and was visited by several of her little comrades. Saying "Good bye," to one of them, she tenderly pressed her hand, and said, "Do not wait till your dying hour for your soul's salvation. Tell all my companions that Jesus made me happy long before, and that He will do the same for them." Reader, listen to Maggie's last request Jesus will make you happy in life, and ready for death, if you trust Him.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

COON after the wise men departed from Bethlehem to return to their home in the far east, another of those bright angel visitors, who had announced to the shepherds the birth of Jesus, was sent with a message to Joseph, the husband of Mary. God from His high and holy heaven, had seen the rage of Herod, and He knew the plot that he had laid for the murder of "The Holy Child." While Joseph lay asleep by night, the angel drew near, and said unto him, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I tell thee, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy Him." (Matt. ii. 13. R.V.) This startling message must have fallen very strangely on the ears of Joseph and Mary. Only alittle while ago they had been visited by the wondering shepherds of Israel, and later still, by the worshipping Gentile princes, whose treasures had been laid at the Infant's feet. Now. the king reigning in Jerusalem, only a few miles off, was seeking His life. Thus early would His parents learn that the world "knew Him not," and that it "hated Him without a cause." Thus early did Satan, the adversary and murderer, set his eye upon the Son of God, and seek His destruction. Joseph at once rose up, and took the

Infant and His mother, and fled from Bethlehem during the hours of night. We can well imagine that it would be with saddened hearts that they passed through the gate of Bethlehem, and took a farewell look of the city of their ancestors. By the time Herod's soldiers had reached the city on their awful errand of bloodshed, the Holy Infant and His parents would be well on their way to Egypt. Of the details of this wonderful journey God has told us nothing; but their are many strange and absurd stories told by ancient writers about it, which they must have devised in their own imagination, such as-that the wild beasts bowed before them as they passed through the desert, and that roses sprung up at their feet. It is hardly needful for us to tell our young friends, that these, and a great many other legends connected with the early days of Jesus, as well as with His sufferings and death, are not true. God has told us in His Word all that He wants us to know about these things, and it is very sinful for men "to add to His Words."

Egypt, as most of you are aware, is a country to the south of Palestine. The ordinary mode of travelling for the poorer classes, was by riding on asses. Our picture shows a mother seated on an ass, with her babe safely hid in her bosom, while the hus-



band walks by her side. By the ordinary road, from Bethlehem to Egypt, they would pass near Hebron. It would be a journey of three or four days at least, before they reached the borders of the land where there forefathers had been in bondage under Pharoah, and out of which Jehovah had redeemed them. There the mighty river Wile flowed broad and deep: the rushes growing at its side might remind them of the babe

"drawn out" to become the deliverer of Israel. The Holy Infant in Mary's arms was destined by God to deliver sinners from a "bondage worse by far," and to be "drawn out" from deeper waters. How strange these scenes of idolatry and ignorance of God must have been to the simple peasants of Galilee. But they were strangers in that far off land, and its Pyramids and Temples would have no attraction for them.



AMUSEMENTS.

HE days in which we live are very specially characterized by men being "lovers of pleasure, rather than lovers of God" (2 Tim. iii. 4, R. v.) The insatiable desire for pleasure of every kind, from that which is coarse and openly ungodly, to that which is refined and moral, yea, and even religious, seems to know no bounds. Men and women spend money, travel by land and sea, and leave home and kindred, all for pleasure. Among those who have neither the means nor the inclination for pleasure in its expensive or degrading forms, the desire is by no means awanting. Working men have their "Concerts" and "Assemblies," their "Football" and "Cricket Clubs," and in almost every town and village of the Kingdom, there are "Billiard Clubs," "Bicycle Clubs," "Political Clubs," &c., with their "Rooms" for recreation, and their "Parks" for sports.

Now we do not at all wonder at this being so in the world, for the world has turned its back on God, and given unreined license to its desires and lusts. Its watchword has ever been—"Eat, drink, and be merry," forgetful of God, judgment,

or eternity. As to the world and its pleasures, we have no rebuke to administer, no fault to find whatsoever. The present passing scene is all the heaven the ungodly will ever have, and if they have decided to reject the Christ and heaven of God's providing, it is their wisdom to make the most of this world while they have it. But the question is often asked—"Is it right or wrong for a believer to indulge in the world's pleasures?" Some say-"Right:" some say-"Wrong," and many are in a dilemma, they don't know very well which side to take, for on both sides of the controversy they see Christian men and women, some commending, and others condemning the pleasures of the world. Young believers are often puzzled which side to take; and it is with an earnest desire to help some of you, that we offer the following remarks.

- 1. There are certain amusements and pleasures which God characterises as "lusts of men" (1 Pet. iv. 2). These, the believer is absolutely forbidden to share. Under this head may be included the prevalent sins of gambling, drinking, card-playing, and betting. With such things, or the spirit of them, God's people ought clearly to have nothing to do.
- 2. There are certain other kinds of amusements which, although in themselves they may not be actually

sinful, vet lead to companionship with the unconverted. It is to these that the attention of young believers. and especially young men, are most frequently turned. "Football." "Cricket," "Lawn Tennis," "Boating," "Curling," and "Dancing." These are the amusements with which the young believer is most commonly beset, and it is such "Clubs" that he is invited to join. Now, while we would on no account lay down a human set of rules, or deprive the young believer of any liberty that God has given him, we can do nothing else with an open Bible in our hand, than come to the conclusion that it would be entirely wrong for a child of God to join such "Clubs," and that for the following reasons:— 1. It involves being "unequally yoked" with unbelievers, and this is strictly forbidden in God's Word (2 Cor. vi. 14). 2. The "Sports" and rival "Matches" for which, as "Clubs," they exist lead to emulation; and "Emulation" is a "work of the flesh" (Gal. v. 20), and is next neighbour to "wrath and strife." 3. The believer must hide his light beneath a "bushel" before he can enter such circles; he must appear there untrue to Christ. If he entered them as a "witness" for Christ (see Acts i. 8), and an "ambassador" of heaven (2 Cor. v. 20), speaking the message of God, they

would turn him out immediately. I know full well that such arguments will have but little weight with those who are away in heart from God, and who seek to justify their conduct by many sophistries, but they have been verified by many, who, once in the snare, have humbled themselves before God, and have been delivered from it. The testimony of a devoted young man, who has recently given himself to the Lord to make known His Gospel in heathendom, may here have weight with some. While a university student, unconverted, he acquired the fame of being one of the first cricketers in England. At the time of his conversion he was exercised about giving it up, but was persuaded to continue, on the plea of shewing that a "Christian could be a good cricketer," thus commending Christianity. This continued for a time, yielding no satisfaction to his soul, and keeping him in fetters. At length God shewed him his place and portion in Christ, with the accompanying responsibility of being a witness for Him on earth. that dawned upon his soul, his position before the world as a "Cricketer," began to trouble him. Was this "walking worthy of the vocation" wherewith he was called? Was this "shining as a light" and "holding forth the word of life?" Clearly not. He gave it all up;

took his stand for Christ, and in presence of several thousands of young men, declared on the eve of his departure to the foreign field, that "no decided Christian" could be in a cricket club.

3. Concerts, Operas, and Theatres, are of "the world"-sometimes clearly of "the devil," and at no time suitable employment or place for the Christian. Of late years, the devil has been accommodating these to people of a religious turn of mind, by producing "sacred" pieces in place of "secular," and calling the performance an "oratorio" instead of an "opera." This is worse by far. What can be more blasphemous in the ear of the Almighty God, than to hear a company of Christ-rejectors, dressed in the garb of actors, singing and reciting the dying words of the "Messiah," uttered amid the agonies of Golgotha, and what more awful than to see amongst them, or listening to them, those for whom these sorrows were endured. There are no doubt many lawful recreations which the believer individually, or in company with others, may share without injuring his spiritual life, or grieving the Spirit of God, but these will all come under the test of I Cor. x. 31; Phil. iv. 8. Take heed then, dear young saints, of these little foxes that have ruined so many. In Christ, there are pleasures without alloy.

The Bible-Searching Text Books.

List of Prize Winners in the Junior Division.

MANY of our young friends will be eagerly scanning the pages of The Young Watchman to see the result of our examination of their "Bible-Searching Almanacs and Text Books." It has been a somewhat heavy job, although, to us a very pleasant one; and we do not at all grudge the time that it has taken to examine text after text in these hundreds of little books. It must have cost the little hands that filled in these texts, many a hard hour's work with the pen, over and above the time taken to find them. But they will never regret the time thus spent over the pages of God's Holy Word. It may be, that in after-years, some of our little "Bible-Searchers" will have cause for to praise God for the acquaintance they thus gained of "the Book of Books," and that by this means, they became familiar with the Holy Scriptures, and with the Christ of whom they speak. We are very glad to hear of one at least, who, by means of the "Bible-Searching," has been led to trust the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and we earnestly pray that there may be many more. Doubtless, we shall hear more of the results of this kind of work in eternity.

As was mentioned on page two of cover of "The Children's Almanac," we offered Two Prizes for the two "Text Books," having the chapters and verses of the daily texts filled in most correctly and neatly, by the "searchers" under twelve years of age. Considerably over one hundred of these younger searchers have sent their Text Books for examination, each one of which we have carefully gone over, with the following result. Sixty-nune are incorrect, many of them in a single quotation only; some in a single figure—the proper portion

having evidently been found, but incorrectly jotted down. Fifteen are incomplete, having only four, six, and eight month's texts filled in; this has evidently been all the Searchers could find in the time given for the purpose, and although we would have rather seen the Books completed, yet, we commend them for what they have been able to do, and would suggest that they begin a little earlier next time. Six have no name, and five no address, while ten have neglected to give their ages; we are sorry for this, as otherwise some of the Books are fairly well done. Eighteen are correct, having the chapter and verse of each of the three hundred and sixty-five texts filled in as they ought to be. Considering that these are all under twelve years of age, we think they are worthy of the highest commendation. After a careful comparison of the writing, etc., we have awarded the First and Second Prizes as follows:-

FIRST PRIZE BIBLE,
G. R. SPRAGUE, Fulham, London,
Aged 10 years.

SECOND PRIZE BIBLE,
MAKION FITTER, Upper Tulse Hill,
London, Aged 11 years.

A "Sunday School Teacher" who has taken a real interest in the "Bible-Searching," has kindly offered to give six prizes more to the junior division, and the Editor has added two special prizes for the two youngest Bible-Searchers whose Text Books are complete. These ten extra prizes have been distributed in the following order of merit.

		AGE
3Isabella Smith, North Westport,	U.S.	1, I
4 Joseph Sayer, Ipswich,	-	• I(
5 Mary L. Gibbs, Ilfracombe, -	91 -	. (
6 James Thomson, Ayr,	9 3	I
7 Bessie M. Sergeant, Abergavenny	,	I
8 Maggie Young, Orton,	- 5	- II
9 - James Mitchell, Govan,		11
10 James Kerr, Dalmellington, -	9 3	I
And the Tone Duless for the		

And the Two Prizes for the youngest Searchers to:—

11.—Helen Low, Halifax, - - Aged 9

The following also are highly commended.

James Brown, Hebburn, Durham. Fannie Yemms, Hereford. Louisa Farrar, Halifax, James Gravett, Waverly, Canada. Robert Sayer, Ipswich.

We thank our little friends most heartily for their labour, and congratulate them on their success. The results of the SENIOR DIVISION EXAMINATION, we are very reluctantly obliged to leave over till next month, for want of space.

Questions and Answers.

QUESTION XLIV. "A Young Believer in Business," asks—"What do you consider I ought to do in the following circumstances? There is an Annual Supper, followed by a Concert and Ball, given to the employees in our Warehouse by the master, at which we are all expected to be present. Would it be disobedience to my "master according to the flesh" (Eph. vi. 5), to refuse to go?"

ANSWER.-While it is the duty of "servants" to obey their "masters according to the flesh," it is well to remember that the Scripture adds - "as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God" (Eph. vi. 6). It would simply be impossible for a Believer to go to a worldly supper and ball as-"the servant of Christ;" and "the will of God" concerning His people is, that they have no "fellowship with unbelievers" (2 Cor. vi. 14), or "in the unfruitful works of darkness" (Eph. v. 11). Many a young saint has had his testimony for God ruined, and his feet led into a path of backsliding, by sharing such things. The invitation should be declined courteously and respectfully, and if need be, the reasons for so doing, briefly given. Thus an opportunity may be given for testifying for Christ and His Word, and in most cases, this would be accepted. But if persecution or, what is more frequently the case, a sort of sneering contempt should arise in consequence, then the Believer must "take it patiently" (I Pet. ii. 20) as part of his heritage promised here (Phil. i. 29). Under no plea whatever, should our young friend share the "Annual Festival" or any part of it, else his "light" will suddenly go under the bushel.

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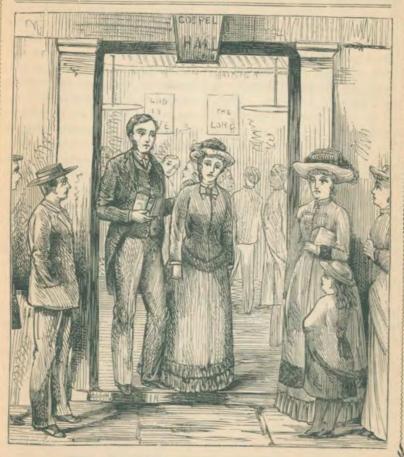
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JUNE, 1887.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



BILL, THE SCOFFER, or, "It must be Christ or Hell."

BILL THE SCOFFER; Or, "IT MUST BE CHRIST, OR HELL."

far from Balmoral Castle, the Highland residence of Queen Victoria, there was, some years ago, a blessed work of God. Many, both young and old, were brought to Christ, and the sound thereof was heard both far and near. Some, who in their youthful days were at that time won for Christ, are serving Him still in various places of the earth, and many have been safely gathered to their home above.

Conversion and confession of Christ were not so commonly heard of then as now, and when one was saved and took a stand for Christ, it set the country-side a-talking, and brought scorn and sometimes persecution upon the head of the new-born soul. It was a healthy thing, however, that; and in addition to the blessing it was to the young Believer, it almost ensured the absence of professions without possession of Christ. So sharp was the opposition of the world, that nobody would have thought of professing to be saved and on the way to heaven, unless it was real. Some of the young folks who were saved, had usually the honour of an escort of scoffers from the place of meeting to their homes, calling names, and shouting abusive language all the way. But Satan did not, even in this, get it all his own way; for out from among the very ringleaders, several were converted to God. One of the worst of this band of scoffing youths, was a young lad of fifteen. He had become so troublesome that it was found necessary to keep him outside the Hall; but Bill, nothing daunted, took his stand at the door. and saluted each of the converts as they came out. One evening he was there as usual, as the people were coming out. Most had gone, only a few anxious souls remained, conversing with the evangelists in the Hall. Bill stood close by the door, trying to see who was inside. God was working mightily that night, and many were passing from death to life. The door opened and a young woman well known to Bill, came out singing :-

"O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee my Saviour and my God."

One of the Evangelists was close behind her, and Bill, seizing the opportunity, said with a sneer, "Why don't you convert me?" He expected to raise an argument with the man of God, and shew his comrades his ability as a "reasoner." Without paying any attention to his remark, the Evangelist solemnly said—"Young man, it must be Christ or

hell, and to neglect the one is to choose the other." This was all that passed: he stepped inside the hall, closed the door, and lest Bill and his companions outside. Somehow he could not raise the usual laugh; he seemed to be stunned with the force of the words, and saying "goodnight" to his comrades, he hastened along toward his home. But that sentence spoken by the preacher followed him; he could not forget it. "Young man, it must be Christ or hell," seemed to ring in his ears along the way. He whistled, sang, ran, and leaped alternately, trying to keep the thought of it away, but somehow it remained, and by the time he got to the journey's end, Bill was wrapt in solemn thought about his eternal destiny. He hurriedly undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep. "It must be Christ or hell"-" It must be Christ or hell," seemed to sound like a trumpet in his ear, until he literally shook with fear. The words seemed awful, and yet they were true. He knew full well there was no middle course, no neutral path, no half-way house. Nothing to choose between; only Christ and hell. "Christ" now. with a share of that persecution he had so lately waged against the people of God, or the world and its follies, with "hell" at the end, and "to neglect the one was to choose

the other." The issue was clear to Bill: both ways were before him: he stood like the colt where the two ways met, bound in the cords of his sins, yet where Christ could "loose" him and let him go. Bill could endure it no longer. He rose and knelt by his bedside all alone in the darkness. There was no eye there but the eye of God, and under that eye, conscious of its searchings, he owned his deep need, bowed his proud stubborn will and said-"Lord Jesus I accept Thee as my Saviour. It must be Christ or hell-it shall be Christ." The moment he vielded himself to God, and claimed Christ as his Saviour, "peace" filled his soul, and he wept and sang for very joy. Next day, to the amazement of his comrades, Bill boldly owned the Lord, and took his stand among the saints of God, and there was great joy and much rejoicing over the salvation of Bill the scoffer. Years have rolled by since that eventful night, but Bill has not yet regretted his choice, but goes on testifying for Christ, and following Him in "the way."

You may be no scoffer, reader, but whether or not, the matter stands with you exactly as it stood with Bill. "It must be Christ or hell, and to neglect the one is to choose the other." Are you neglecting Christ? You do not need to openly reject

Him; only just neglect to receive Him, neglect to take His gift of life, and your soul will remain stained with guilt, and go down to hell to suffer its punishment. But you need not thus perish. Christ died to save you. He suffered in your stead. God in righteousness invites you to accept His pardon, with the gift of life eternal. Will you receive it, or what? And O remember, that it must be Christ or hell, and to neglect the one is to choose the other.

HOW TO TRUST.

T was a very dark night, and I did not know a step of the way that led to the railway station where I wanted to catch a train. But Johnnie, the boy at the farm, said he knew the way, and would be glad to "take" me to the station all right. So off we went together-Johnnie leading, and I following. "I cannot see you, Johnnie, I said, "but if you will take my hand, I will trust you." Johnnie took my hand all the way along that dark and unknown road, and we reached the station in safety. This is the way to trust Jesus, dear children. You cannot see Him, but He says, "Trust in Me with all your heart." Many boys and girls can say, "I will trust, and not be afraid." Are you one of the number? Have you trusted Him?

A CHILD'S TESTIMONY.

States of America, a little boy lay dying a few weeks ago. Although only six-and-a-half years old, he knew the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and was not afraid to die. Just a little while before he passed away, to that fair home where Jesus is, he said, "precious Saviour," and just as he was falling asleep, he lisped, "Ma, Jesus is coming." How true it is, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings who thus early know Jesus, He receives praise. How happy to be saved in early days: then come life or death, all is well. My dear young reader, can you say Jesus is "precious" to you. We are told, "Unto you that believe He is precious" (1 Peter ii. 7). Are you one of the little ones that believe in Him. If you are, then He will be "precious" to you, and you will rejoice to know that "Jesus is coming."



To love Thee more dearly,
To follow Thee more nearly—
Every day.

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THE YOUNG CLERK; or, "OF COURSE HE SAVED ME."

FILLIE F—— was a clerk in an accountant's office in Glasgow. There was another young man in the same office who was a very earnest Christian. Willie and John often talked together about the things of God, and John had often spoken pointedly and faithfully to Willie about his soul, and pressed upon him the need of immediate acception of, and decision for Christ. Still Willie was unsaved; the pleasures of the world seemed to allure him from Christ, and when John left the office, Willie was still without Christ. But his faithful words were not forgotten. Willie thought more about his soul after John had gone, and soon he became truly anxious to be saved. Before many weeks had come and gone, John received the following note from Willie.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—You will be surprised to hear from me, but I do not doubt you will be glad when you know why I am writing you. It is about my soul. I have been anxious about it lately—I wish I could say very anxious, but I do not think I can. I know that I am very far from a knowledge of Christ, but I am resolved to win Him at any cost. I heard Mr. — preach last night; he seemed to think it was a hard thing to be saved—I have found it so. I cannot write more.—Yours, W. F."

Poor Willie! Anxiously seeking his salvation by works. Under the

impression that until he was "very anxious," God would not save him. The preacher who said it was a hard thing to be saved, assisted the devil to sink Willie's feet deeper in the mire. The same evening, by a later post, Willie wrote again to John the following note, and both were delivered together.

"My DEAR JOHN,—Since writing you—praise be to God—I AM SAVED! Yes, John, I am saved. I was wishing to be more anxious, but having just read a book, called 'God's Way of Peace,' I saw that God does not wish any striving on my part to make me ready, but to come to Him just as I was. I did come to Him, and of course He saved me. I think I see you reading this. I know you will be so glad. I know the meaning of 'Jesus only' now. Is it not splendid?—Yours, saved, W. F."

Here was Willie's deliverance. He came to Jesus as he was, and "of course" He saved him. He said He would, and "of course" He kept His word, for He is faithful that promised. Reader, have you come as you are? or, are you trying like Willie to make yourselt "very anxious?" Come as you are, for—

"All the fitness He requireth, Is to own your need of Him."

It is not "a hard thing to be saved." Satan tries to make it appear so. But it is quite the reverse. Jesus did all the hard work required to be done before a sinner could be saved. And Jesus said on the cross—"It is finished." Now, you are invited to receive salvation as a "gift," without money or price.

MOSES; Or, DRAWN FROM THE WAVES OF DEATH.



PRINCESS with her maidens gay,
A fair and courtly band,
Sped lightly down the trellised way,
Toward the river's strand.

Past gorgeous palaces, the Nile Rolled on in stately pride; While many a mother's tears, the while, Were mingled with its tide.

For many an Hebrew infant boy In its blue depths were drowned; Their parent's hearts bereft of joy, While Egypt on them frowned.

The royal maiden and her train
Strolled leisurely along,
'Mid lotus flowers that decked the plain,
And bulrush tall and strong.

When suddenly she paused, for lo! A sound had reached her ear—
It was a baby's cry of woe
That broke the stillness, near.

She bade her maids go fetch the child,
They quick her word obeyed,
And searched where tangled weeds grew wild,
Where deadly reptiles strayed.

They found him in a rushy nest, Where he till then had slept, By his fond mother laid to rest, By unseen angels kept.

The princess gazed in rapt surprise, It was a lovely sight; The tear stood in his clear blue eyes, That shone like morning light,

Who can have placed the baby here?

Her maidens quick reply—

"Some Hebrew mother, who in fear,

"Some Hebrew mother, who in fear, Has left it there to die."

"Ah yes, I know my father's law Condemns him to the wave; But from the waters I will draw, This tender child I'll save." Her woman's heart was deeply moved By the poor babe's distress; And as her own he now was loved, And shared her soft caress.

"I'll take him for my very own" She said, and sweetly smiled;

"Henceforth he shall be called my son, And treated as my child,"

"I'll call him 'Moses,' for my hand Has drawn him from the tide; He shall be great in Egypt's land, And nurtured by my side."

A little girl, of modest mien,
Now to the group drew near;
Her watchful eye the whole had seen,
No word escaped her ear.

With trembling voice, and beaming eye, Yet humble courteous air, She to the princess said—" May I Your gracious message bear—

And find a nurse to whom you may
This little charge confide,
Till he is old enough to play
Untended by your side."

"Go," said the princess: Marion flew, Swift as the wild gazelle, Home to her mother loved and true, The tidings strange to tell.

It may be, low on bended knee She bowed in earnest prayer; "My father's God, I look to Thee, Oh! for my baby care."

In haste then Miriam poured the tale
Into her mother's ear,
How all was with their darling well,
And nothing now to fear.

"The Lord be praised," the mother said, Her heart now filled with joy, As with swift step she onward sped, Again to clasp her boy.

The princess held him in her arms,
And kissed his dimpled cheek,
More pleased with all his infant charms
Than she in words could speak.



"She took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink."—Exod. ii. 3.

In haste the little maid drew nigh, And brought the sought-for aid; Love sparkled in the mother's eye, While thus the princess said—

"This child I give unto your care
To tend and nurse him well,
All charges I will gladly bear
Till he with me may dwell."

Within that Hebrew home that night, There dwelt a happy band, Each heart with holy joy was light, Nor feared the king's command.

It was as if they had received
Their darling from the grave,
Because they in their hearts believed
Jehovah's power to save,

Like Moses, each unsaved one
Lies low in death's domain,
Condemned, all helpless and undone,
Defiled with many a stain.

Vain every effort to obtain,
By their own skill, release;
Not struggles, prayers, or tears can gain
Life for the soul, or peace.

Another's hand must draw thy soul Forth from death's gloomy wave; Another's skill must make thee whole, Must snatch thee from the grave.

Believe on Jesus, weary one, For you His life He gave; He is God's everlasting Son, And now is strong to save.



DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

HERE is hardly any form of evil more rapidly progressing in the world, than the spirit of law-lessness and insubordination. Disobedience to parents, insubjection to masters and mistresses, and even to kings and rulers is everywhere apparent. Evils common to the world, are generally a snare to the people of God, and it is with an earnest desire to help young believers to flee from such sins, that we would write a few plain words on the former of these, viz.:—"disobedience to parents."

Disobedience to parents is not an uncommon sin among young believers. It is a rampant evil in the world, and will increase with the spirit of lawlessness as the end draws near (see 2 Tim. iii. 2). But it is a shame that any child of God should be a sharer of this spirit, in the face of commandments so plain as Eph. vi. 1-3; Col. iii. 20. The Lord there commands implicit, unhesitating, obedience, to our earthly parents. The obligation to "obey" is just the same if the parents are unconverted, the only exception, being, that if the

parent should bid the child do something positively forbidden by God, the child must appeal to Acts v. 29. But this happens very rarely. The difficulties arise most frequently because the will of the parent crosses the will of the child. The parent asks the child to do something that he has no desire to do, or forbids him to go where he wishes to be. In all such cases, the duty of the Christian child is to obey. God has said it, that is enough. To refuse, is to rebel against the commandment of the Lord, and to act inconsistently as a Christian. It does not relieve the child from this responsibility, if he has grown up. Some youths and maidens seem to think, that once they reach their teens, they are no longer bound to obey. But the truth is quite the reverse. A parent is always a parent, and is to be obeyed no matter what age the son or daughter may be. A father and mother is to be "honoured" while life lasts. And this "honouring" of parents is sadly alacking in our day, even among believers. What mean such names as "the old fellow," "the guvernor," and others unfit for mention being made of, as applied to a father by his son. Simply this, that the son has not yet learned to yield obedience to "the first commandment with promise," which says, "honour thy father and mother"

(Eph. vi. 2). God will not bless or prosper any young man or woman, or boy or girl, who sets aside this plain command, and uses unbecoming language to, or in speaking of, an earthly parent. If the parent is not a Christian, the effect of such conduct upon him by a child professing to be a follower of Christ will be most disastrous. We well remember visiting a mother to inquire about the life and conduct of a daughter who had professed to be converted, and wished to be received amongst the people of God in Church fellowship. Her mother was astonished to hear of such a thing, and added sorrowfully - "If our Annie be a Christian she has not yet showed it at home, for of all my family of six, she is the most wilful and disobedient." It is to be feared the same words would apply to others, and if they do, it is a shame to them, and a dishonour to God.

Our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who shall yet sit and rule the nations of the earth, was, while on earth, "subject to His parents," although they were but a lowly carpenter and his wife. No frown ever crossed His youthful brow, when Joseph or Mary told Him what to do. No loud word, no rebellious look, was ever seen or heard in that lowly home in Nazareth. He was "subject" unto them. No wonder that He

increased in "wisdom" and in "stature," and that "the grace of God was upon Him" (Luke ii. 52). Dear young believers, how does it stand with you in this matter? Have you the care and the love of earthly parents? You may well thank God if you have. Many are fatherless and motherless, who would gladly "honour and obey" their parents now if they had them. You have the opportunity of doing so, and thus following your Lord's example as a child, and obeying the command of God. In the midst of lawlessness all around, you may thus "shine" for Christ, and if your earthly kindred are yet strangers to Him, your obedient spirit and Christ-like ways, may be owned of God, as such testimony has often been, in breaking down prejudice and leading their souls to Christ

INCONSISTENT SAINTS.

who professed to be going to heaven, attending a concert or a theatre. It was a kind of ease to my conscience, and I said to myself, "Surely there cannot be much good in being converted, if this is all it does for them." This is how the people of the world argue, when they see Believers mixing up with them in their amusements.

No doubt, many of the ungodly are kept comfortable on the way to hell, by Satan pointing them to the failures of the people of God. But, surely it is a very solemn thing for a child of God to give Satan material wherewith to ruin souls thus. If God's people were but half alive to the fact, that the devil uses their inconsistencies and backslidings to deceive souls, they would walk more wisely and watchfully than they do.

Dear young believer, your daily life and walk is watched by those around you, and little as you may think it, you are making impressions on the people that are around you, which can never be effaced. You do not live only for yourself; others read you, and when they see you make a faltering step, or hear you speak un-Christ-like words, these may be used by the devil to turn them away from Christ, and His blessed Gospel. On the other hand, what a power a godly, consistent life and walk must have upon the ungodly. This is a kind of "preaching" they cannot refuse to hear; it must be received. And you have thus the honour of "preaching" Christ at home, at school, in the office, on the street, in fact, everywhere.

In next month's "Watchman," we hope to give a set of Bible-Searching Questions for the little ones.

Questions and Answers.

QUESTION XLV. "Would it be right for a Young Believer to take part in any of the "Demonstrations" at the coming celebration of the Queen's Jubilee?"

ANSWER .- As believers in Christ, we are called to be "in subjection" to the powers, and to "honour" the rulers in authority over us. This would be our duty, even although they were personally far from virtuous, or worthy of esteem. It has been our privilege to live during the reign of a sovereign whose personal worth has made her beloved by all her loyal subjects, and it is no small mercy, that God has spared her to sit on the throne for the long period of fifty years. It surely would be a becoming time for all the people of God in her dominions to unite in thanksgiving to God, and in prayer for present and eternal blessings on their beloved Queen. But to join with the world in its merriment and revelry, is no part of "loyalty," and would be, on the part of a believer, disobedience to some of the plainest commandments of his "only Master and Lord [esus Christ" (Jude i. 4, R. V.) With the "revellings" and "carousings" of the world he has nothing to do (I Pet. iv. 3, R. V.); and its "Demonstrations," as a rule, end in such things. It will be a time of temptation to the lambs of the Lord's flock, and our word of counsel to them would be-"abstain from all appearance of evil" (I Thess. v. 22), and "that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord" (Acts xi. 23).

Some of our young correspondents may be wearying for answers to the questions they send us from time to time. We have quite a pile of them lying beside us—some of them very interesting. But we can only answer one or two at a time, so they must have patience.

The Bible-Searching Text Books.

List of Prize Winners above 12 years.

WE have now completed the examination of all the Text Books in both Divisions. Last month we gave the names of those who gained the Prizes in the Junior Division, under twelve years of age; now we give the result of our examination of the Books sent by "Searchers" above twelve years. The number of Text Books sent by this Division is two hundred and twenty one, and as we look at the large pile before us. and think of the hours spent over the Word of God by those two hundred and twenty one youthful Bible-Searchers, in Great Britain, America, and other lands, we are filled with thankfulness to God. letters accompanying many of the Text Books breathe a Christ-like spirit, and give pleasing evidence that the writers are among the sheep and lambs of the flock of Christ. May the acquaintance thus gained with the Holy Scriptures prove an abiding benefit to each one of them. The following is an analysis of our examination of the Books. One hundred and forty-six are incorrect: more than half of that number in a single text only, the mistake probably, in most cases, being made in jotting down the verse, the chapter being generally correct. Twenty-one are incomplete; eight have no name; twenty no address; and ten no age marked upon them. The remaining eighteen are correctly filled up. After a careful examination of the writing, neatness, &c., we have awarded the Two PRIZE BIBLES as follows :-

FIRST PRIZE,

BEATRICE BLUNDELL, Limerick, aged 18.

SECOND PRIZE,

PERCY SPARKS, London, aged 14.

A "Sunday School Worker" in Wales has

given two special prizes, and we have added four. These six extra prizes have been awarded in the following order of merit.

Margaret Stavely, Killiney, Co. Dublin, John How, Brixton, London. Ruth Churchill, Wimbledon. J. D. Jamieson, Clyde, Ontario. Bertha J. Spencer, Weston, Super-Mare. Emily Surridge. Dublin.

The following are very highly commended.

J. E. Street, Oldham.
A. J. Sergeant, Abergavenny.
Ethel Neal, Malbourne.
Bella King, Malbourne.
Florence M. Dobbie, Birmingham.
R. Kellam, Stamford.
Alex. Galbraith, Liverpool.
William Naasau, Lurgan.
Mary Ann Kay, London.

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THIS little Hymn Book is now ready, and we will be glad to send a Specimen Copy free, by post, to any one who may wish to introduce it in Sunday Schools, Children's Services, &c. It may be had in strong Paper Covers at One Penny: in Limp Cloth Coloured Covers at Twopence: and in Cloth Boards at Threepence. Quantities at a reduction. We are publishing a series of Musical Leaflets, in Tonic Sol-Fa, with Tunes for the New Hymns, and others not generally known. The first two of this series of Leaflets are now ready, and may be had at 1/ per 100, tost free.

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JULY, 1887.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



MAY'S PINAFORE; or, How Sin Separates from God.

MAY'S PINAFORE; Or, HOW SIN SEPARATES FROM GOD.

LADY, living near London, was expecting some friends to tea one afternoon, and May, her little daughter, was dressed in her very best. Before the friends met. May was sent into the drawing-room to play with the pet dog, Frisk. A door was standing open, that led from the drawing-room into the garden, and May's mother told her distinctly, that on no account was she to go out. Well, May and Frisk get on nicely for a while, till Frisk bolts out at the door into the garden, and May after him. Away she runs after Frisk, and tries to catch him, when something takes her foot, and down she falls on the soil. She gets up, and, to her grief, finds her beautiful dress all marked with the wet earth. Now she remembers her mother's command. and her great fear is meeting her mother. A few minutes before, they were quite happy together, but now she dreads seeing her. Why? There is something between them now: sin, self-will, and disobedience have come in, and, like our first parents in Eden, May is "afraid." Like them also, she tries to hide her sin. She sneaks into the house, up-stairs to the nursery, and gets on a long pinafore; then she comes downstairs with her soiled dress covered up, but very unhappy still, at the thought of meeting her mother. "Why, May! what are you doing with that pinafore on?" asks the mother. Poor May hangs down her head, she has nothing to answer. She stands there self-condemned. Her mother fearing something is wrong, lifts up the covering, and there the cause of the shame is at once seen.

Now anyone can understand that child's feelings and condition; and, dear unsaved reader, it exactly shows your condition and position toward the holy God, whom you must meet. You have sinned, and it is with you as it was with Adam and Eve when they sinned, and were afraid to meet the Lord God. They made aprons for themselves, but they were as useless as was May's pinafore to hide their sin, or quiet their fears, for when they heard the voice of the Lord God, they hid themselves amongst the trees of the garden. There was a separation between them and God.

In Isa. lix. 2, you find the words, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God;" and in Rev. vi. 15 to 17, we are told that high, low, rich, and poor, hide themselves in dens of the mountains, and pray to the rocks to fall on

them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne. Why this dread of meeting God in Eden; amongst sinners now; and in "The great day of His wrath?" The reason is, sin has come in between man and God, and by nature everyone is in that position, "for all have sinned" (Rom. iii. 23); and, reader, if your sins are not removed, they will separate you from God for all eternity. You will be shut out from God and heaven, and shut up in an eternal hell, to weep and wail, and gnash your teeth, with no redress, no prospect of relief. If it be so awful to think of, what will the reality be? But blessed be God. He has devised "means that His banished be not expelled from Him" (2 Sam. xiv. 14). Yes, He has done it. The Lord Jesus says, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me" (John xiv. 6). So if you want to be saved, and reconciled to God, give up every thought of covering up your sin, or of getting salvation by any, or all, of your own good works, for they are but "filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). How did Christ become the Saviour? And how am I to be saved by Him? "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins; the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18). That is how He became

the Saviour, by bearing on His own body on the cross, the punishment due to our sins. Oh, wondrous love! The holy God, against whom we had sinned, finds the Substitute, the Ransom for us (John iii. 16), and now "whosoever will" may be saved, by simply trusting wholly and only to the Lord Jesus Christ. "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe ARE justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). Trust Him now, and you are safe for all eternity. Then there is "no condemnation" (Rom. viii. 1), and no separation. (Rom. viii. 35-39).

TWO LIFE-BOAT STORIES.

T was a wild, stormy night in December. All along the coast the warning had been given to vessels not to quit the harbour, several days before. A little coasting schooner, whose captain had either not heard, or rejected the warning, was seen struggling with the wind and angry waves, and showing signals of distress. But who would venture out on that tempestuous sea, or risk their own lives to save the lives of their fellowmen? Presently the skipper of the life-boat with his men were seen busily preparing to launch the lifeboat, and in a few minutes more it was in the water, making for the

storm-tossed vessel. Every eye was strained, and many hearts were beating fast as she neared her side. Two brave sailors had been seen by those on shore clinging to the broken mast, and the rest it was feared had found a watery grave. There was a shout of joy, and many a "God bless you," as the life-boat reached the shore with six exhausted sailors —the full ship's crew—all alive and safe. If ever men were thankful on earth, it was these six, as they set their feet on the shore, amid a hundred welcomes. Their salvation was due to the exertions of the life-boat's crew; apart from that they never would have reached the shore. Their deliverance, like the sinner's, was a work outside themselves. They had only to accept the salvation brought to their side; they did, and they were saved.

But I must tell you of another shipwreck that happened several years ago on that same coast, which is a sadder story. During a tremendous gale, a shipwreck occured about midnight. In answer to the signals of distress, the life-boat was launched. On reaching the foundering vessel, they found a sad spectacle. The captain, half-drunk, was standing on the deck, and with oaths on his lips, refused to enter the life-boat. He threatened to shoot with his revolver any of his men who would.

Vainly did the coast-guards appeal to him to save his life, and that of his crew. Six of the men, either from fear of his revolver, or because they were themselves intoxicated. joined with him, in refusing to enter the boat. Reluctantly the life-boat's captain gave orders to pull for shore with the only two who would avail themselves of the boat. They did, and reached the land in safety. But what about the captain and his men? Later on in the night, the coast-guards still watching by the shore, heard a wail wafted across the stormy waters. It was the cry—life-boat! life-boat! Again the gallant crew launched out upon the stormy waves, but, alas, it was now too late. The ship had disappeared beneath the surging surf, carrying her captain and crew to a watery grave, and into the presence of God.

These two life-boat stories remind us of the acceptors and rejectors of God's offered salvation. The two shipwrecked vessels describe the sinner's state; the life-boat by their side, the gospel of God now preached to men; the captain and his crew who accepted the profferred aid are like the sinner who receives Christ; the drunken captain and his crew like the Christ-rejector. Reader, which of the two represents you?

You are either a Christ-receiver, or a Christ-rejector.

INA, THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

WAS at a children's meeting the other night, and a right lot of happy-looking boys and girls were there. On the front seat, next to the platform, there sat six girls with rosy cheeks and bright sparkling eves. I noticed that five of them sang the hymns very heartily, and listened attentively to the word spoken; the other girl stood silent during the singing, and seemed to pay little attention during the speaking. I sat down beside them at the close, had a quiet talk about the state of their souls, and found that several of them knew the Lord, and had been saved by His grace. Imagine my surprise to find the girl who stood silent during the singing was both deaf and dumb. Poor girl! I felt very sorry for her, for there she was, shut out from sharing the song, and from hearing the Gospel. She had no share in what was going on, not even with her sister who sat next to her. I thought of how it would be with an unconverted one among the redeemed in heaven. Boys and girls all expect to go there when they die. But, if not saved, they would just be like the deaf and dumb girl in the meeting, they would have no capacity for the enjoyment of heaven. They could not join the song of the redeemed, for they are not redeemed. They could not sing, "Worthy is the Lamb," for on earth they had rejected Him. Sinners must be saved before they can go there: they must be "born again," and receive a nature capable of enjoying heaven. This Jesus gives to all who believe on Him. But this little girl was not left to perish. She was one of that "world" to whom God sends His servants to preach the Gospel "to every creature." A gentleman who teaches deaf and dumb children to read by signs, taught Ina from God's Word that she was a sinner. and also how to be saved. Although she will never hear the Gospel spoken, she understands it well, and best of all, she has now received it into her heart. She cannot, like other boys and girls confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus, but her happy face is in itself a witness of her inward peace and joy, and her walk and life very plainly declare that she is one of Christ's saved ones. Although her tongue may never be loosed to sing His praise on earth, she will form one of that bright company above, and will be for ever singing His praise in heaven. And shall Ina, the deaf and dumb girl, who never heard the name of Jesus, be there, and you, my young reader, who have heard it often he shut out?

THE RETURN TO GALILEE.

HE land of the Pharoahs must have been a great change from "the hill country of Judea" to Joseph and Mary. But their sojourn in that strange country was brought to an end by an angel coming to Egypt with the tidings of Herod's death, and a command from God to arise and "go into the land of Israel." Herod the Great with all his wealth and power, could not keep from him the "King of Terrors." He died as he had lived, a wicked man. History says he was seized with a burning thirst, and eaten of worms. Surely this was but a foreboding of what his soul was to suffer in hell. There we read, there is a "thirst" that knows no quenching, and a "worm that dieth not." Herod, and all who live and die in sin, rejecting Christ, and despising His salvation—must pass from scenes of mirth and revelry here, to reap what has been sown by them on earth. What, although the wicked man's body was laid in a coffin of gold, with a golden crown around his brow, as history says was done? What, although the purple bier was borne 'mid glittering ranks of Roman soldiers, and followed by tens of thousands to the tomb? It was but the burial of a wicked man, whose life had been one of infamy, and murder. Thus passed away to "his own place," Herod the Great, whose name and guilty deeds will never be forgotten.

The angel's message was joyful tidings, no doubt, to Joseph and Mary, and it must have been a gladsome journey to return to the land of Israel! How welcome must have been the sight of Judah's hills, with their terraced gardens and olive groves again. They did not return to the city of Bethlehem, but, being warned of God that another wicked king reigned in Judea, they went to Nazareth, the city where Joseph had formerly lived (see Luke ii. 4). It was here that the son of the Highest spent His early years. Here as the Infant of days, He was nursed by His fond mother; here He grew up to boyhood, "and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him (Luke ii. 40). The first thirty years of His life, as a Man on earth, were spent in that secluded Galilean village, under the humble roof of the "carpenter." There "God manifest in the flesh," the One who shall yet reign as "King of kings and Lord of lords," was subject to His earthly parents, and there, when He had grown up, He followed the lowly occupation of "a carpenter" (Mark vi. 3), working with His hands. How sweet to know that He yet remembers



NAZARETH.

those wondrous years. He knows what it is to be a little child, a boy at school, and a working youth. He can enter into your sorrows, your joys, and your anxieties, my young reader, as none on earth can do. He knows them all. He was once a youth Himself. He passed through childhood's years, and now upon the throne of God, He lives to save your soul, to guide your early steps, and to be a Friend and Counsellor to every boy and girl, to every young man and woman who will trust Him.

The name of Nazareth was, and ever will be associated very closely with Jesus. He was known among men as "Jesus of Nazareth," or "Jesus the Nazarene" (Matt. ii. 23). Pilate wrote the title, "Jesus of

NAZARETH," upon His cross, and from the throne above we hear coming from His own lips to Saul of Tarsus as he persecuted the saints, "I am Jesus of Nazareth" whom thou persecutest. Thus we learn, that the lowly home at Nazareth, and the Father's house above; the days of earthly humiliation and lowliness, and the eternal glories of the throne of God, are very closely linked, and that those who know and trust Him here, as the One who died upon the cross to save, will sit with Him upon the throne, as the One who has been exalted to reign. Reader, can you say-" Jesus of Nazareth is my Saviour now, and with that same Jesus, I know I shall reign above."



GROWING.

ME might find it good for our souls to have a quiet talk to-night about growing-growing in grace as the children of God. I have noticed that a great many dear young saints seem to grow very fast for a while after their conversion. They appear to make great progress up to a certain point: there they halt, and from that time they seem to lose rather than to gain in spiritual things. They seem to go backward rather than forward in the divine life. Now this is very solemn, and there must be some very grave cause for it too. It is clearly not the will of God, that it should be so with any one of us. Our Father's will concerning all His family is, that they grow from "babes" to "little children," from "little children" to "young men," and from "young men" to "fathers" (see I John ii). "First the blade, then the ear, after that, the full corn in the ear" (Mark iv. 28). This is perfectly natural and beautiful in earthly life, and God declares it should be so in grace. The healthy babe must grow to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, unless indeed some disease has invaded his frame and arrested the progress of development. with you, young saints; you will be growing in spiritual stature, growing in knowledge of the will of God, growing in likeness to the Lord, if all is healthy with your soul. There will be real progress, and it will be seen and owned by others. Now let us look at a few examples of this in the Bible story. It is said of Samuel in his early days, that "the child Samuel grew before the Lord" (1 Sam. ii. 21). This is where you will grow too. Keep living before the Lord, dear young saints, under the beam of His face, like the flower in the sunshine. Again we read, "and the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord and also with men" (1 Sam. ii. 26). He did not stop growing, He "grew on." There is another thing essential to growth, and that is feeding on the Word of God. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word that ye may grow thereby" (1 Pet. ii. 2). If you neglect to give food to your souls, you will soon suffer in spiritual life, and then you will cease to grow. Many who, when they were new-born souls, esteemed the Word of God "more than their necessary food," can go now a whole day without opening their Bible or bending their knee. How can they be expected to grow? Then there is another thing that you must notice, that is obedience. It is said of David. that he "went on going and growing" (2 Sam. v. 10, margin). Yes, and when a believer stops "going" he ceases "growing" also. There must be obedience to the truth of God. a "going" on in the ways that be in Christ, as they are learned from the Word. No shirking of the cross that obedience often brings with it; no turning aside from the "plain path" marked out, the path of separation from the world, and of devotedness to God, but "going and growing" steadily and constantly. They are the happy saints who thus go on growing, and they are the fruitful and useful ones too. They are not toppled over with every wind, for they "grow like a cedar in Lebanon" (Psa. xcii. 12); striking down their roots deeper every year. They are not easily withered up, for they grow and "flourish like the palm tree," ever green, even amid arid and burning deserts. But all this "going and growing" is most easily hindered. The devil seeks by every means he can think of, to hinder your growth, dear young saints; therefore keep a sharp look out. Demas was trapped by the love of "the present world," and it soon stopped his "going." He forsook Paul, and I fear he grew no more. Lot was so enamoured by the "plains of Sodom" that he left off "going" with his uncle Abraham, and I think you will all say, his history shows that he "grew" very little after that. Take warning, and beware of the subtile advances of the world, of companionship with the ungodly, or of allowing anything whatever, be it pleasures, games, amusements, shame, fear, pride, or carelessness, that would hinder you from growing "in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter iii. 18).

TOP HEAVY.

" F that youth does not take care, he will soon get a fall," said an aged man of God, pointing to a young lad standing in a circle of voung believers. "He has undoubtedly made great progress since he was converted, but he knows it too well, and is in danger of becoming top heavy, by his attainments and knowledge." It was only too evident from the lad's appearance and pompous air, that he was getting "top heavy." This is not a pleasing form of "growth," and sooner or later it results in a fall. The devil knows well, that if he can cultivate within the young saint the weeds of pride and self-importance, he will hinder the growth of spiritual life, and foster the "haughty spirit" that "goeth before a fall."

Letters from the Joung Holks.

"I TAKE the opportunity of writing you a few lines, to let you know I am still going on happily in the Lord. When I first confessed Christ at my work, I got a good deal of persecution, but the more I got, the happier I was. They do not trouble me much now. The blessed Lord is always true to His word, "He will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." My sister, Mary, also goes on happily. She got lots of persecution too, but the Lord gave her grace and strength to bear and overcome all. My companion, John E-, who was converted when you were here, and I, meet together for prayer, and we are asking the Lord, if He tarry, and if we be spared a little longer here, that after we get to know more of His mind, and of the knowledge of His Word, we may be able to preach Christ to others.

JAMES G——, aged 15."

"DEAR MR .-

You will rejoice to hear that my little brother has been brought to Jesus, and has received Him as his Saviour. I have prayed for his conversion ever since I was converted myself, and now we rejoice together. He was anxious for many days he says, but tried to hide it."

Here is some encouragement for our young friends to "continue in prayer" for unsaved relatives.

Correspondence.

WE shall be glad to receive from our young friends, at any time, short accounts of conversions or incidents in Christian life or service, that would be helpful, under God's blessing, to lead anxious ones to Christ, and to strengthen, comfort, and cheer young believers.

Questions and Answers.

QUESTION XLVI. Will those who hear and reject the Gospel now, have any other chance given them of being saved, say after the Lord comes?

Answer.—None that we know of. 2 Thess. ii. 10, 12, with Heb. ii. 3, seem conclusively to teach they will not. "Now is the day of salvation."

QUESTION XLVII. Was Judas Iscariot ever a believer in Christ?

Answer.—John vi. 64, 70, 71, shews he was not. He was a devil, and at his death he went to his "own place" (Acts i. 25). Nevertheless he was numbered with the apostles. He kissed the lips of the Son of God, and had his feet washed by His hands, yet he was a hyprocrite. A solemn warning surely to all, to test the quality of their profession.

QUESTION XLVIII. Do you consider it would be wrong for a young believer to go and see a Menagerie of Wild Beasts?

Answer.—This, and a great many questions of a similar nature must be settled between the individual conscience and God. It might be lawful in some cases; it would be dangerous spiritually in others. The circumstances, surroundings, and persons concerned must be considered. To look upon the animals of God's creative hand, which in these lands may only thus be seen, cannot of itself be called "wrong," but in a "Menagerie" of the ordinary sort, there are generally such accompaniments, as "Lion hunting" and other brutal and savage performances, which no right-minded believer could look upon but with abhorrence.

Many of the questions sent us for answers are of a private and personal character, our young friends must not expect to receive answers through the "Watchman" to such, but when accompanied by the name and address of the writer, we will try and answer them by letter.

Bible-Searching for the Little Ones.

THE following set of Bible Questions, on "THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE," is for the little ones under nine years of age. We have noticed that few so young as this, have ever attempted to answer any of the Bible Ouestions given in our pages. But we want to see all our readers, both old and young, sharing the Bible-Searching, so we give a set of very easy and simple questions this time for the little ones. We hope to see quite a pile of answers. As formerly they must be found, written, and sent by the little Bible-Searchers themselves, without any help whatever. The boy and girl whose "answers" are most correctly given, and neatly written in ink, will each receive a prize.

Answers to be sent by post, with name, age, and address of writer, before July 31st, addressed.

BIBLE-SEARCHING,

"The Young Watchman" Office,
KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

With Israel's sins upon its head,
What to the wilderness was led?
What leaves her eggs upon the sand,
Where beast may crush, or foot may stand?
What ploughed an eastern farmer's soil,
And by his foes were made a spoil?
What of its master's crumbs doth share,
And from his table gets its fare?
To what doth Jesus oft compare,
The sinner wandering lone and far?
And unto what the thirsty saint
Who pants for God in spirit faint?
What stirs her nest, then on her wing
Her young ones tenderly doth bring?
When hunted on the mountains bare.

To what does one his life compare? Whose feet holds fast in places high? What to the "carcase" swift doth fly? What as a substitute was found For one upon an altar bound? What o'er a watery waste did roam And found no resting-place or home?

The names of all these birds and beasts
You now must try to find,
The Capitals of all the words,
When written and combined,
Will show a sweet and precious Name,
To Christ the Saviour given,
That tells us how He gave His life,
To bring us home to heaven.

WE have received Answers to "Bible Questions on the Book of Ruth" from several of our young friends. The Prizewinner's Name and Answers will appear God-willing in next month's "Watchman."

THE next "Bible Biography" will be given in the "Watchman" for August.

SEVERAL of our young friends have sent us hymns and pieces of poetry of their own composition, very sweet, and rich in Gospel truth. We hope to give an occasional column of the "Watchman" for these, and shall be glad to receive others.

A few hundreds of the "Children's Bible-Searching Text Book," still remain. They will be cleared at half-price. This will be the last edition for this year.—Kindly order early.

WE are glad to say that the new "SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK" has been warmly welcomed by Sunday School Workers all over the country, and is already in use in many schools. We shall be glad if our friends will make it known to fellow-labourers among the young. Specimen Copies may be had on application.

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"I am Jesus' little lamb."
"There's a Friend for little children." "Christ was born in Bethlehem."

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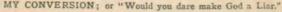
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MY CONVERSION; Or, "WOULD YOU DARE MAKE GOD A LIAR."

ROM my earliest days, until I was sixteen years of age, I often thought of the state of my soul, and of the world beyond the grave. Yet I was not converted. I had been taught to say my prayers, and had I forgotten to do so before going to bed at night, I rose again and knelt down; but, apart from this legal and formal kind of acknowledgment of God, I knew Him not, nor the riches of His grace. Often afraid, and always unsatisfied, my days passed on, without Christ, without salvation, and even without the knowledge of my state as a lost sinner in the sight of God. I do not remember ever having been spoken to personally and plainly about my soul, or of any one telling me that I needed to be born again before I could be a Christian, But God, who in His love for sinners, had given His Son to die for me long before, was looking down from His holy heaven, upon the wandering sheep, and had some of His servants on the way to speak the word that He was to use in bringing me to myself and to Him.

In the town near to where I lived, evangelistic meetings were begun, and continued every night, by Duncan

Mathieson, Rice T. Hopkins, and other servants of Jesus Christ. It was a deeply solemn time, and many who had only a form of godliness were awakened and stripped of their selfrighteousness and hypocrisy. Numbers of young folks, and not a few old ones too, were brought to Christ, and saved by Him for eternity. Midday meetings for prayer were daily held, and the whole town and district seemed to be stirred by the power of God. I went to the meeting the first night quite unconcerned. The second night I was awakened by the preaching of the Word, to see myself a lost sinner, unfit for heaven, and on the way to hell. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Mathieson asked me, "Are you saved?" I was ashamed to tell him my state, and replied, "I hope so." "Hope so, won't do, you must be sure," said the man of God. He said no more, and I rose to leave. Just as I was stepping out at the door of the church, Mr. Hopkins, who was standing near, laid his hand upon my shoulder and asked-"Are you a Christian?" It seemed as if the Lord had hedged me up to face that question, and to have it settled. I felt my day of visitation had come, and that I ought to tell the Lord's servant what my difficulty was. I said-" No, and I think I am too bad for God to have me." Mr. H looked at me, and

solemnly said, "Would you dare make God a liar? Listen to what He says." He then opened his Bible and read, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). I saw in a moment, from that Scripture, that I was just the kind of sinner that God would save. My sins were "as scarlet," and God Himself declared, that notwithstanding. He would make them "white as snow." There it stood, the record of God, and I could not dare to "make Him a liar." I took Him at His word: I claimed His promise. and my soul, that moment, entered into rest. I hastened along from the place, my heart filled with peace. I could not doubt the faithfulness of God, although I hesitated for a time to say I was the Lord's, fearful lest I should falter and stray. I had read the biographies of eminent saints: their remarkable conversions and experiences, and I feared mine was not up to the standard. But I came to see that it was not "experiences," but Christ, and Him alone I had to look to. The grace that met me as a sinner that night, and freely forgave me all, has kept me in its embrace now these many years, and that eternal love of God, stronger than death, has not relaxed its grasp.

"Not the shadow of a turning, Knows the eternal love divine, Pity in Thy bosom burning, Made me, keeps me, ever Thine."

My dear reader, with all my heart I commend this same Iesus unto you. He is enough to save, and enough to satisfy. His precious blood is all powerful to cleanse your vilest stains; His changeless love is all-sufficient to satisfy the deepest longings of your unsatisfied heart. He says, He will cleanse and save you now, and just as you are, if you will only trust Him. "Will you dare make God a liar?" Can you treat Him as one unworthy of your trust; as one whose word you do not credit? You need not fear the future if you trust yourself to Christ. "He is able to keep you from falling." Trusting Him your happy heart shall sing-

"Kept all the way;
E'en to salvation's day:
His mighty love ne'er cold shall wax,
Nor shall His powerful grasp relax,
Through all the way."

And after life's short journey is ended, its joys and sorrows overpast, "this same Jesus" will welcome you to share His home in the paradise above. But if you refuse His invitation; if you despise His love; if you "dare make God a liar," you will be lost—eternally lost, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. "He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar: because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son" (1 John v. 10).

ANXIOUS MARY.

URING a time when the Lord was working mightily, a little girl was awakened about her soul's salvation. Meetings were being held nightly near to where she lived, and Mary thought if she could get to the meeting she might be saved. After long pleading she got her mother's consent and went to the meeting. The discourse was "too high" or else "too deep" for her childish mind to comprehend, and she was sad and downcast at the thought of returning home without Christ. But just before the meeting closed, the preacher said he would be glad to remain and speak with any who might be anxious about their souls. "Now," thought Mary, "there's my chance: I will remain," and so she kept her seat. She was the only one who did remain anxious about her soul; the grown-up folks all went away. But nobody seemed to take any notice of Mary. She sat all alone for a long time, and heard the preacher and some others laughing and talking in the adjoining room. Bye-and-by they came out, and when they saw the little girl sitting all alone, the preacher said, "run away home now, my little girl, we don't want you to remain here any longer." Too timid to tell what was burdening her little heart, Mary rose and

left. She cried bitterly all along the way, because nobody had spoken to her, or told her the way to be saved. Dear child! the Lord in His holy heaven looked down upon her, and angels round the throne would gladly have sped to tell her of a Saviour's love. But the Lord's messenger was near.

A lady met her and asked why she cried. "It's because no one spoke to me about Jesus, ma'am, and I would like to be saved," sobbed the heart-sore child. "You would like to be saved, would you, my dear"? said the lady kindly. "Well, shall I tell you how that may be? Just come and walk alongside of me," and the kind lady accompanied the child to her home, talking with her all the way. Mary's heart was like the soil prepared for the "good seed," and that night she trusted Jesus, and became His little lamb.

How often the tender hearts, so gently opened by God the Spirit, are allowed to harden without a kind and loving word. How many little ones might be led to Jesus in their earliest days, if they had anyone to point them to Him.

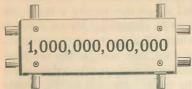
My dear young reader, are you anxious to be saved? Then, trust your soul to Jesus. Tell Him in faith.

"Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul,

my soul, Guilty, lost, and helpless, *Thou* can'st make me whole.

A BILLION.

A Sunday afternoon talk with my boys.



OME of you boys who know arithmetic will be able to tell me what a billion is? "It is a million of millions," answered one of the boys. Yes, a million of millions. What an immense number that is. Do you know how long it would take you to count it? Well, suppose you were to count at the rate of two hundred every minute, it would take more than nine thousand years to finish it. Nine thousand years! just think of that. If one had begun to count on the day that God put Adam into the garden of Eden, and gone on without stopping for a moment until the present, he would not yet have nearly counted a billion. You see what an immense number it is. And do you know this, that every one of you must live a billion of years either in heaven or in the lake of fire, and when that billion of years is spent, then another, and another. In fact, you must live on for ever, AND EVER, through unnumbered ages whether you will or no. You cannot stop living even if you would. You will not find death there, even if you should want to die. In heaven, where Iesus and all His saved ones shall for ever dwell, there is no more death, nor sorrow, nor sighing. Through these billions of ages there will be unbroken peace, unclouded happiness, and unceasing song. An eternity for ever with the Lord: for ever with all His saints: for ever free from sin: for ever amid the brightness of our heavenly home. But there is another place and another company, and they too exist forever. It is awful even to think of them, and to read in the words of Holy Scripture their doom. There will be Satan and his angels who sinned long, long ago, in the past, and there will be a great and mighty king, who will yet reign over the nations of the world, called Anti-christ, or the "beast;" and there will be those who reject Christ, all cast into "the lake of fire and brimstone," to be there tormented for EVER AND EVER. Billions of years will roll over them there, but no release, no exchange, no ending of their woes. Now, my dear children, you must spend these ages in one or the other of the two companies. You must dwell in one or other of the two places. The time for having it settled which, is now: and whether you receive Jesus Christ as your Saviour, or reject Him, will settle in which of the two companies you are to be.

NAZARETH.

Twas not in one of the world's great cities that Iesus spent the first thirty years of His earthly life, but in a secluded highland village amid the hills of Galilee. Unlike to Bethlehem the city of His birth, Nazareth was not possessed of any historic fame. It is not once mentioned in Old Testament history. No earthly prince or warrior had His dwelling there; no din of earthly commerce was heard in its streets: yet the name of Nazareth will be endeared for ever to our hearts, as the place where Iesus lived and walked.

Few places in the land of Israel have more natural beauty or loveliness than Nazareth. Though sadly changed now, from what it would be in the days that Jesus walked its streets, it has many traces left of the former glory and beauty of the land of promise. The surrounding hills and valleys are the same. Still the fig-tree, the vine, and the olive are there, and the white daisies, intermixed with tulips, bloom in rich abundance all around. A Christian traveller who visited the Nazareth of the present time, writes concerning it-"As I went up the steep and narrow streets of the town, and looked on the flat-roofed dwellings on either side, I thought to myself

that in some such house 'the Carpenter' must have lived." From a hill above the houses a fine view may be obtained. Mount Carmel. where Elijah gathered the prophets of Baal, and brought the fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice, on the south: Herman on the north, with its snowy crown: Tabor and the valley of the Jordan on the east; and in the far west, the blue waves of the Mediteranean sea. These remain the same as they were in the days of our Lord, and, doubtless, His eyes had often looked upon these very sights. The dwellers of the place profess to be able to point out the work-shop of Joseph, and the cave where the angel spoke to Mary, but these are mere fabulous traditions, like many others of their kind, which the natural minds of man have devised for gain. One thing only may remain as it was, that is the village well, or fountain. This being the chief, if not the only supply of water, would be unlikely to change. "There, around the well," says a traveller, "I saw a number of woman gathered to draw water. They wore on the back of their heads, scarfs or handkerchiefs of yellow, red, and blue-much as they did in ancient times. There, in the cool of the evening with their pitchers poised on their heads, the women of the village came to draw the water." Amid such surroundings did Jesus the holy Child, the obedient Youth, "increase in wisdom and stature;" there, too, in early days, He learned to read and love the book of God. There was no Bible then as we have it now, only the book or parchment roll of the Law and the



WOMEN AT AN EASTERN WELL.

Prophets, that lay in the Synagogue. We are told, it was His "custom" to go and read it often there. There was, doubtless, a well-beaten path from the Carpenter's house to the village Synagogue, where the feet of the boy Jesus had trod, to read His Father's holy Word. May we learn from His example to love the sacred Book; to read it often, and become wellacquainted with its holy pages in the golden days of youth, and thus become equipped and furnished for the battle of life. But there is one sad reflection about this favoured spot, with all its natural beauty, its lovely surroundings, and its privileges. It rejected Christ. It refused to listen to His

word of truth and grace. The people of Nazareth were filled with rage, and threatened to cast Him over the brow of the hill, when He spoke to them the message of God (See Luke iv.) They coldly spurned the One who had come down in grace among them. Reader, do you reject Him now?

JAMIE DEAN'S MESSAGE.

NUMBER of boys were coming along from the Sunday school together one afternoon, when one of their number pointed to a house and said, "there's an old woman in there, and the doctor says she's dying. She told a woman to-day that nobody comes in to speak to her or pray with her, and that she's afraid to die. She wants to be saved but doesn't know how."

There was a hurried consultation among the boys what ought to be done. Most of them were Christians, and their teacher had been telling them that afternoon, that they could preach the gospel as well as older people, and point weary sinners to the Lamb of God.

"They'll not allow boys to go into a house where a woman's dying," said one, "so its no use thinking we can go and speak to her." "There's a back window" said another, "if we could only get a ladder we might call out a text, and tell her that Iesus died for her." A ladder was found and placed below the window. "Who will go up?" and "what shall he say?" were the next questions. "I'll go," said Jamie Dean, a bright lad of twelve years, and Jamie mounted the ladder while the rest held it below. When he reached the window he laid hold of the sash

with both hands, put his mouth as close to the glass as he could, and repeated slowly the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He could add no more, so down he came. The ladder was taken back, and the boys walked away home wondering whether the words had reached the dying ones ear. The old woman lay alone in her little room thinking about the dreaded future, and the state of her soul. So quietly was the whole thing gone about by the boys, that she heard nothing until the words fell with strange and mysterious suitability on "Believe on the Lord her ear. Iesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." She looked up but saw no one. She thought it must have been an angel's voice. When a neighbour some time after came into the room, the old woman was so happy that she enquired what had wrought the change. "An angel has spoken to me, and he said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' I have believed, and I am saved." This is a strange story, yet the one who tells it vouches for its truth. It teaches this at least, that where there's a true desire to tell others of Christ, love finds a way. And God blesses His own Word even when nothing of ours is added to it. Speak to your comrades and school-fellows the gospel of God, dear young saints, and fear not to quote God's Word to others even older, when you have the opportunity.



SPEAKING FOR CHRIST.

GEHEN the Lord Jesus saved us, and caused us to rejoice in the knowledge of His love, He did not mean us to keep the whole of that joy and gladness to ourselves. He meant us to tell to others, the joyful tidings of salvation. He says to all His loved ones, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee" (Mark v. 19). He bids us make known His love and power to our friends and kindred, and to all others to whom we can speak the Word. He desires His saved ones to be His witnesses, and to speak forth the glory of His name. Not of necessity in public, or to large crowds, but to our companions and friends—to our brothers and sisters. our school-mates, and fellow-workers. Thus it was that Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, just after He had met the Lord himself, got hold of his own brother Simon, and "brought him to Jesus;" thus it was that "the little captive-maid," who waited on Naaman's life, in the far-off land of Syria, made known the name of Elisha, the prophet of God, and was thus the honoured instrument in leading her master to where he was

cleansed of his leprosy. Many such opportunities are within the reach of every young believer, in which a simple word for Christ may be used to the salvation and blessing of needy ones all around. Do you embrace such opportunities, dear young saints? Do you speak for Him who has saved you? Do you tell your friends and companions of lesus, and entreat them to flee from the wrath to come? You bright angel band around the throne would be glad of the opportunity to do so, but to them it is not given. One of them came to tell of His birth to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, but never again do we read of angels being sent to tell of Christ to sinful men on earth. The honour of this has been given to you -yes to you. But are you seeking to do it? Do you speak a word for Jesus, or are you silent on all that concerns His name? Do you speak of earthly things to those with whom you mingle, and yet you never speak to them of Christ and His great salvation? Does shame prevent you, or the fear of being laughed at, hinder you? Far be the thought. If you have not done so in the past, begin at once. Get hold of your brothers and sisters, and lovingly speak to them of Jesus. You know they need to be saved. You know they soon may die, and, oh, if they should, and pass away from earth, unsaved.

NOT ASHAMED.

yourself sir," said a worldly church-member to a young man, who stood outside the entrance-gate to the Ayr race-course holding a banner, with the words inscribed in bold letters:—

The pointed words, culled from the Book of God, had pierced his conscience, and unable to find fault with them, he vented out his spite on him who held them up to the gaze of thousands.

The young man looked into the angry man's face, and softly said—
"So I am ashamed of myself sir, but I'm not ashamed of the Word

of God. Are you?"

Aggresive efforts to reach the careless crowd will always meet the sneer of Christless men, and even of carnal believers. But shall it be given up because of this? Certainly not. It is a blessed service to carry the Word of God right into the enemy's camp, but it needs courage. God blessed His Word on the banner that day to awaken a young lady to concern about her soul, and she is now saved and serving Christ. Thus the Lord's young servant was amply repaid for the sneers and scorn of the worldly man. Be not ashamed, dear young saints, of the Word of God. Speak it forth, scatter it

abroad, hold it forth always, and in all places, and God will give the increase.

THE GLOW-WORM; Or, SHINING IN THE NIGHT.

HEN night has spread her sable pall
O'er earth and starry sky;
When near and distant objects all
In deepest darkness lie.

What is that little shining thing
Lit up with wondrous ray?
As if on night's dark robe to fling
Some lustre from the day.

'Tis but a feeble little worm,
On which the foot might tread;
Yet on its humble lowly form
A halo has been shed.

Whence comes that halo, where the source Of that small glow of light?

It springs not from a native force, Nor from surrounding night.

But God to that poor worm has given
The rare and wondrous power,
To store the light that comes from heaven,

To store the light that comes from heaven.

Throughout the sunny hour.

It simply walks within the light,
When sunshine floods the plain;
Then in the darksome shades of night,
Reflects it back again.

So too, the saints who walk with God, Filled with His light shall be— Cleansed ever by the precious blood, Once shed on Calvary's tree.

What though their lot may be obscure Mid penury severe;

Their glorious Lord Himself was poor, And filled a humble sphere.

But now His presence floods with light
The mansions of the sky;

His absence here has made it night, Until the shadows fly.

Then like that little glowing worm,
While He is out of sight,
May you and I in calm or storm
Reflect His love and light.

Answers to Questions on the Book of Muth.

THE following answers to "Questions on the Book of Ruth," by MARY H. LORIMER, Manchester, are the most complete of those sent. Several others send answers to part of the Questions, which, so far as they go, are correct also.

I. - Judges xxi. 25.

II.—Levi. xxvi. 14-26; Deut. xxxii. 24. III.—God commanded the Israelites to regard the Moabites as enemies (Deut. xxiii. 3-6); they were not to make marriages with them (Deu. vii. 1-3; Exod. xxxiv. 16); Ezra ix. and I Kings xi. are illustrations of disobedience to that command.

IV. -2 Cor. vi. 14.

V. - "Lot's wife" (Gen. xix. 15-26).

VI—"Demas" (2 Tim. iv. 10); "Fehx" (Acts xxiv. 25); "The young man" in (Luke xviii. 22, 23).

VII. - Ruth said to Naomi-

I .- "Where thou goest, I will go."

2.- "Where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

3.—"Thy people shall be my people."

4. - "Thy God shall be my God."

5.-"Where thou diest, I will die."

6.—"There will I be buried."

7.--"Nought but death shall part thee and me."

VIII.

I.—John xiv. 3; Phil. iii. 13.

2.—John vi. 56; Eph. iii. 17; 1 John iv. 12.

3.—Rom. ix. 25; 1 Peter ii. 10; Heb. ii. 11.

4.—2 Cor. vi. 16; Rev. xxi. 7.

5.—Rom. xiv. 8; 1 Thess. iv. 14.

6.—Rom. vi. 4; Col. ii. 12.

7.—Rom viii. 8, 38, 39; John x. 28.

IX.—The Lord Jesus—Our Redeemer (Titus ii. 14).

X.—The Law (Rom. viii. 3).

XI.—Gentile; "afar off," but afterwards "made nigh" (Eph. ii. 13); 1 Peter i. 18-19.

Letters from Joung Beliebers.

"You will rejoice to hear that we have been seeing sinners saved here of late. All the young believers are happy and active. We have the town divided into districts, and go over all the houses on the first Lord's-day of each month, leaving a copy of the Gospel Messenger. We go two-and-two, and have some very happy times. Sometimes we are invited to come in and sit down, and then we have an opportunity of speaking a word for Jesus. It is really wonderful to find how willing many are to listen, and how ignorant they are of the way of salvation. Pray that we may have the joy of seeing fruit of this little service."

Here is a capital field for many of our young friends who are believers. Get a companion, and set off together to some needy part of the town or village where you live. Take every door, rich and poor, they all need the gospel. Courteousely ask them to accept the book you offer, and watch your opportunity to speak a plain, pointed word for Christ. You will soon come to like the work, and find it a blessing to your soul.

Bible Biography.

OUR next "Biography" will be on "Josiah." Any of our readers may share in this. Papers to be written plainly, on one side of the paper only, not to exceed 300 words, and to be accompanied by the name, age, and address of writer. Papers must be sent by post, addressed—"Bible Biography," "The Young Watchman" Office, Kilmarnock, before August 31st.

Read carefully over all the Scriptures that speak of this subject, and then write out, in your own words, as briefly and completely as possible, what you gather on the subject. The best "Biography" will appear in the October "Watchman."

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" l am Jesus' little lamb.

"There's a Friend for little children." "Christ was born in Bethlehem."

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"Come, sinner, come; the time is flying. "Again, the Elessed Gospel I have heard."

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ADA'S PRAYER.



ADA'S PRAYER.

WOULD like to tell you of a little girl who is herself a little Christian—really saved and on the way to heaven—and who has been the honoured instrument in leading her own infidel father to the Lord Jesus.

Several years before Ada was born, her father, who was the captain of a vessel, and often away for several months at a time, fell in with some wicked companions who did not believe the Bible to be God's book, Previous to this, Captain M-, though not a Christian, was at least a moral-living man, and read the Bible on the Sundays when he was at home. Now he sneered at his wife for going to Church, and forbade her to keep a copy of the Bible in the house. Only after he had gone to sea did she venture to take it out from her drawer and read from it to her two little girls, Ada and Mary. She was very much grieved that her husband had taken such a hatred to the things of God, although she knew not Jesus as her own and only Saviour. She read the Bible to her little girls, and taught them to "say their prayers" more as a duty than anything else, and her wearied heart often longed for that rest she had heard others say that they enjoyed. The Lord has many ways of bearing His message to needy souls, and in this case the messenger of His choice was a childminister, herself only a few hours within the circle of the Shepherd's flock.

Ada and Mary were attending some Children's Services held in the town, at which the Lord was graciously working and leading many of the little ones to Himself. two little girls were deeply interested, and unknown to their infidel father were hearing the gospel that was to gladden their hearts, and melt and capture his for Christ. Ada, when kneeling at her mother's knee to repeat her usual form of prayer before she went to bed, quietly looked into her mother's face, and said-"I am saved, mother, dear, and I am going to thank God for giving me eternal life," and without further explanation she poured out her thanksgiving to God in simple child-like words, for sending Jesus to die for her, and for saving her that night at the Children's Service. The mother listened with astonishment and silent awe, to the outpouring of her child's thanksgiving to God, for salvation received, followed by earnest pleading that He would reach and save her father as he sailed far away on the distant seas. The mother became so deeply concerned about her soul, that she attended the meetings, and in

course of a few nights was saved also. How anxiously they now awaited the father's home-coming! Ada, who was his especial favourite, declared she would tell him she was saved, immediately he came home, and that she would not let him rest. until he came to the meetings and was saved. Not long after, he did come home, and Ada, faithful to her promise, confessed the Lord, and urged her father to come to the meetings. He overheard her praying several times, but said to himself it was only a childish whim and would soon wear off. Yet, somehow, it did not wear off, but continued and increased, until he became annoyed, and said to Ada one day, "What do you go on praying and singing in that fashion for, child; you seem as if you were mad?" Ada rushed into her father's arms, locked her arms around his neck, and with a gush of affection in her tone of voice, said—"Dear papa, I pray that God would save your soul and make you to love His Bible and His people too," and with that she buried her head in his bosom and sobbed as if her heart would break. This was more than the infidel captain could resist: that earnest prayer, those heart-yearning longings for his salvation, went as an arrow from the Lord to his heart, and fairly reached it. That night, Captain M-, to the amazement of all who saw him, sat between his wife and his little Ada, listening to the story of the cross, and he believed it and was saved. The following day he went into a book-store, and purchased a Bible, on which, as he laid it on the table, he dropped a tear, and now with his wife and two little girls, is a happy and decided Christian. Often and again does he thank the Lord for his little Ada's prayer and word, that God in grace used to reach his hardened heart. My dear young reader, how great a blessing might you also be to your friends and kindred! But you must first be saved yourself. You cannot pray for others or speak to them about Jesus, until you know Him for yourself: until you are able to say, "Jesus is my Saviour." Now tell me, can you honestly say this? Is He your Saviour, the One in whom you trust? If He is, then, you will be able to say concerning yourself, "Behold, God is my Salvation, I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2). You will own Him as your Lord by keeping His commandments, and doing what pleases Him, and saved yourself, you will speak of His love to your friends and kindred, and seck to lead them to the Lord. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." "Now is the day of salvation,"

THE DYING POET.

HEN Sir Walter Scott was lying on his dying pillow, he sent for his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, one day, to read for him. "What book shall I read, Sir Walter?" asked Mr. Lockhart. The dying man looked earnestly into his son-in-law's face, and said, "There is but one Book, Lockhart, read to me out of the Bible." Sir Walter was a writer of fiction; but when the hour drew near that he had to meet his God, he sought the Book of God's eternal truth.

Whatever may have been his estimate of the Word of God during the busy hours of life, he was convinced that for a man entering eternity, there was only one book worth reading, and that was the Bible. But what a pity that it should be left unread until the last hours of life. Its great and wondrous truths are just as applicable in the happy hours of youth, as they are on the dying pillow. The child of tender days, and the sire of three-score years and ten, alike need the Gospel. Book that tells of Jesus is a Book for life, as well as for death. Do not neglect it then in the golden hours of youth. Believe its words concerning you, its Gospel concerning Jesus, and then as a saved one take it as the light to guide your feet along life's way.

CLARA AND SUSIE; Or, SAVED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WOU all like when the season comes for packing up for a holiday at the coast. To have no lessons, no school bell to call you in from play, but for the long summer day to walk by the shore gathering shells, and building castles on the sands. I am going to tell you about two little girls who spent a very happy summer at the sea-side together, and who I am sure will ever look back on the happy days they spent by the sea-shore, and thank God for them. Do you know why? Because it was one of those days they both trusted Iesus as their Saviour and became the lambs of His flock.

Clara and Susie were school-mates and companions. Their parents were well-to-do people, but very worldly. I fear the two little girls seldom heard the name of lesus mentioned in their homes. I do not think they even went to the Sunday School, only to the Church once a day with their parents, and what they heard there was by far to "high up" for them to understand. But you know that God who loves the souls of boys and girls so orders events, that His gospel may reach the ears of those who do not hear it at home, and He did so in the case

of Clara and Susie. A Christian gentleman who was down at the coast with his family for a few weeks, was in the habit of gathering all the boys and girls he could get to come together on a corner of the beach for a Children's Service. They sat in circles on the sand, and sang

many of the sweet gospel hymns that tell of lesus and His love. Clara and Susie were there, and perhaps for the first time heard the gospel plainly and simply spoken. The meetings on the sands were a great attraction to them, and they came day after day; the Holy Spirit using the Word spoken to awaken their interest and show them their need.

Sometimes at the close, little groups of children remained to speak with the gentleman who held the services, and often to tell him that they had trusted Jesus. Clara and Susie waited one day among the rest. They had both been thinking much about the matter of their

salvation all that week, and only the day before, in walking together on the beach they had arranged to wait behind and be "spoken to" after the Children's Service. They had no particular "difficulty" to enquire about, but they lacked decision. They knew it was by believing on

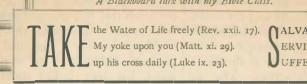
the Lord lesus that they could be saved, but whether they themselves had thus believed in Him or not they did not quite know. A few words made it all plain to them. Jesus says-" He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life" (John v. 24). To hear, to believe, and to have go together, and all who hear and be-

lieve must have the life eternal. So Jesus says, and His words are truth. Clara and Susie accepted them as such in their hearts that day, and became two of the lambs of the Good Shepherd's flock Reader, have you like these two girls trusted Jesus? Is He your Saviour?



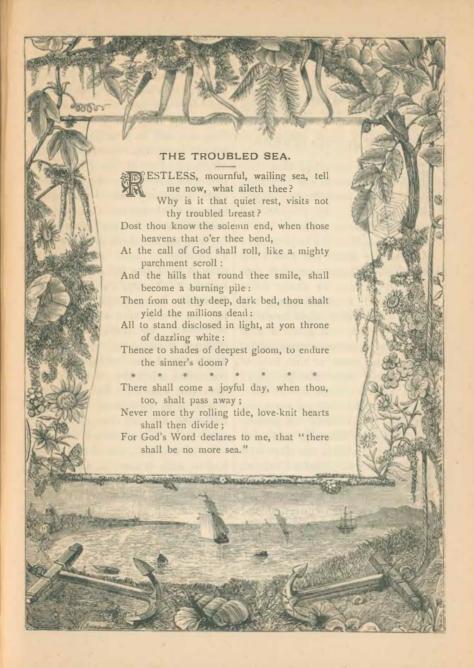
THREE THINGS TO TAKE.

A Blackboard talk with my Rible Class.



ERE are three things that the Lord Jesus bids you "take," and if you take them in the order here given, you will be in posession of three of God's most precious gifts, namely, Salvation, Service, and Suffering. God begins with us as sinners, thirsty, wearied, and unsatisfied, under sentence too, condemned already. How glad would yon thirsty traveller under the scorching sun, with burning sands beneath his wearied feet be, if some one came to his side with the cool refreshing draught, and said, "Take." This is just what God is doing to sinners. "The gift of God is eternal life," and He is saying to each one of you today "take." Some think they must buy, by giving God prayers and good works, but all the while they are refusing to take His gift. This is the soul-damming sin, the rejection of Christ. All other sins may be forgiven, but the deliberate refusal of God's Son, in Whom is life, rings the knell of the sinner's doom. Sinners now in hell would gladly "take the water of life" now, but no such

word shall ever sound in the abodes of the lost. Their day is past: their doom is fixed. But to those who do take the gift of life, the Saviour-Lord, Whose now they are, comes forth again, and this time He says, "Take My voke upon you." These words are for those who have received the gift of life. Now they are to live for Christ, and the "yoke" is that of obedience. It was this same yoke that Jesus wore when He served His God down here. Surely none will shirk or fear to take it. He will not force it on you. He bids you take it, and you will find the wearing of it perfect freedom, for His "yoke is easy" and His commandments are "not grevious." But the wearing of the yoke will rouse the anger of the ungodly, and cause them to oppose you. Perhaps your own kindred may make you a cross, but here again the Lord comes to your help, and says-"Take up your cross:" there it lies, do not shirk it: do not fear it, "take it up," boldly, firmly, and press along the way, toward the "crown."





DOUBTFUL BELIEVERS.

TT is often remarked that "soand-so professes to be converted, but those who have the best opportunity of judging by his life and walk have doubts about it." This is a sad testimony, and I hope none of you who are really the Lord's are living in such a manner, that anybody, either saint or sinner could say as much truthfully about any one of you. But it might be profitable to our souls to spend a little while to-night, talking together about some of the causes of this kind of living among those who profess to be the Lord's. Of course we must always remember that not every one who says "Lord, Lord," is a genuine child of God. Mere lip profession is very cheap, and in our days it is respectable to be called a Christian after some sort. There are plenty of people, old and young, who say that they have been converted, and so far as their tongues are concerned it seems feasable, for they can speak about the Lord quite fluently, but, for all that, they are only hypocrites. Their lives belie their words, and it is by their "fruits" and not by their words, that the Lord Jesus says we

may "know them" (Matt. vii. 20). Many of this class know quite well that they are not born again, still they keep up their profession, as long as it will keep up, for the purpose of deception. Then there are others who honestly think for a time that they have been converted, because somebody told them so, or because "a change came over them," and such like. In times of awakening and revival, there are generally a number of such cases, which through time, like the stony-ground hearers, "fall away," and go back to the world. It is easy enough accounting for these two classes being "doubtful," to those who have spiritual discernment, and it is a mercy for themselves and for all concerned, when they come out in their true colours. But there are others, truly converted, yet whose testimony has not the clear ring The Galatian converts were of this sort, and the Apostle had to write concerning them-"I stand in doubt of you" (Gal. iv. 20). Why was this? Once they were bright enough, as long as the Apostle was with them. But they had been "bewitched" (chap. iii. 1), by somebody coming after and preaching legality and worldliness to them, and this soon led them into "Doubting Castle," and to crookedness of walk. Beware dear young saints of this

kind of preaching. There is lots of it all around you. Men are preaching up human nature, which God has condemned: preaching up the world, and trying to made it comfortable quarters for you. They are saying by word and example that the world is just the right place for a Christian, and there is no harm in this, that, and the other thing. But von Cross has settled our account with the world, for ever: we are "crucified" (Gal. vi. 14), and no longer "of it" (John xvii. 16). Demas and Lot were of this doubtful class of Christians, and just from the same cause. Lot eyed the plains of Sodom for his cattle: he set his heart on being rich, and in the race for gold he got drawn nearer to the city, next he sat at its gate, and latterly he had a "house" in it (see Gen. xix). O beware young saints of setting forth on this dangerous path, where the world will draw you like a magnet into its embrace, and leave you where it left Lot, a "doubtful" in his testimony, and a backslider in his soul, and not a bit the richer either, for he was dragged out empty-handed. How sweet to turn to the history of one who says he was "well-known" (2 Cor. vi. 9). There was no mistaking of Paul. Even the demons had to say-" Paul I know" (Acts xix. 15). There was no mistaking on whose

side he was. Christ was everything to him: he counted the world dung, and flung it behind him, pressing on to know Him more. His was the happy path. Even in his chains he was "always rejoicing" (2 Cor. vi. 10), and at the end of the journey he was as true and bright as at the beginning. Dear young saints, this is the happy path: the path of decision for Christ. There are no "doubtful Christians" there, all "well-known" on earth, in heaven, and in hell. And when yon judgment-seat is set, and the Master gives His prizes, there's will be the "well-done," and there's the crown.

KNOWN BY HIS WALK.

"you see that old gentleman with the long grey hair?" said a young man to his companion as they stood together on the platform of a Colonial Railway Station, "I am certain that it is Mr. R——, our old Sunday School teacher all the way from Scotland; I would know him among a thousand by his walk."

The two young men walked up to the aged gentleman and introduced themselves. He was perfectly delighted to find, out in that far-off land two of his "lads," as he called them, and more so, to hear that they were both the Lord's. "But however did

vou recognize me after so many years; I look a great deal older now you know," said the old man smiling. "Yes," said one of the young men, "But I would have known you by your walk if I had not seen your face at all." Grasping his hand warmly as they parted, the aged saint with the tear in his eye said-"My dear lads, may you and I be known among men as the people of God, by our walk. This is my earnest wish and shall be my constant prayer for you;" and so they parted. But the aged teacher's words have a message in them for all of us who are the Lord's. We should be known to be the people of God by our walk. This is the most powerful testimony we can offer to the world of the reality of our conversion, and the world must acknowledge it. It may cavil at our lip-confession, but it cannot ignore a Christ-like walk. That silences the opposer and commands the doctrine of God. My dear young believer what say you to this? Are you known to be a child of God by your walk? Out in the street, down in the work-shop, and within the home, is your testimony such, as the unconverted will have to own, you are known by your walk; or, is it so worldly, carnal, and crooked, that it dishonours the Lord, and causes the ungodly to regard your profession of being a Christian with contempt?

WORK FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

Y FIRST TRACT DISTRICT. About a month after I was converted, I felt a strong desire to do a little for the Lord in tract distributing. It was not so common in those days, as it is now, to see one giving away tracts, and I felt rather timid in beginning. I told a sister what was on my heart, and she at once suggested that I might accompany her the following Lord'sday afternoon to her tract district. I was very glad of the invitation, and when the time came we started off together. She knocked at the doors and did the speaking, and I carried the tracts and handed them to the people. It was a happy afternoon to me, and before we were half through the district I felt as if I could go alone to any door in the town and offer the silent messenger of the gospel. As we finished, my companion said-"Now I think you should look out for a fellow-worker, and take up this district between you next month. I have been longing to get in among the rougher parts of the town, and it just seems as if God had sent you to fill up my place and let me go." And so with another young believer I began in what was now our tract district, and eternity alone will reveal the results of our labour. I know this, that it was a blessing to us, and the beginning of happy days in the service of the Lord - "Whose we are, and Whom we serve."

Bible-Searching

Answers to Questions on "Bible Animals" by Children under nine years.

WE are delighted to receive so many papers with Answers to the Bible Questions given in the June Young Watchman, from our little friends. They have done remarkably well. Many of the papers are well written, and a number have answered all the Questions correctly. We promised two prizes—one to the boy, and one to the girl whose Answers and writing were the best-but several of the others are so well done that we have added a second and third prize. A few of the papers are from children above nine years, and, although glad to receive them, we do not think it would be fair to include them in the present "Bible-Searching" which is for the very little ones. Two fail to give the Scriptures where An wers are found, The Prizes have been awarded as follows:—

	BOYS.		AGED							
I.	FRED. DART, Crediton, -	8	years.							
2.	GEO. NICHOLL, Co. Ferminagh,	8	11							
3.	GEO. A. WATSON, Dromore,	8	- 11							
GIRLS.										
Ι.	ANNIE EVERETT, Maidenhead,	8	60							
2.	BESSIE WIGGANS, Co. Ferminagh,	8	n							
	The Answers are as follows:-									

G-oat. Lev. xvi. 10. O. trich. Job. xxxix. 14. O-xen. Job. i. 14, 15. D-ogs. Matt. xv. 26, 27. Luke xv. 4. H-art. Psalm xlii. 1. E-agle. Deut. xxxii. 11. P-artridge. I Sam. xxvi. 20. H-ind. Hab. iii. 19. Matt xxiv. 28. E-ngle. Gen. xxii. 13. D-ove. Gen. viii. 9.

Title of the Lord Jesu -GOOD SHEPHERD (John x. 11.)

We hope to see a large number of "Biographies" on "Josiah" before the 1st October.

Correspondence.

TEXT QUILTS. - In reply to A. N's letter asking about Texts for Quilts, we have succeeded in obtaining a few sets, with nice patterns and well-selected Texts. Each set consists of a large centre and six smaller ones. The set, post free, for 2/3. A friend who superintends a Sunday School, where the girls do up numbers of these Quilts for Hospitals &c., says, where special Texts are wanted, they may be done on White Calico, with neat borders, with MARKING INK, or cut out of White Linen, and stitched on red cloth. We have heard of sinners being saved by means of these Text Quilts in Hospitals, &c., and would recommend our young friends who can ply the needle to try their hand at them.

COMPANIONSHIP.—If your companion tempts you to go to places of Amusement, and seeks to defend his own practice of going there by saying, "there is no harm," he is a very bad companion for you. Deal faithfully with him, and show him from God's Word why you cannot go; the likelihood is, that he will either get his soul restored and cease going to such places, or break company with you. It is greatly to be feared that the bulk of those who harp on this string are not converted at all: if you have reason to believe it is so with your "companion," then, cut the link at once, else the "unequal yoke" will drag you down to his level.

Young Believer. — If there is no "Bible Class" or "Sunday School" of a Scriptural and godly character in the place where you are, better to spend your Sunday afternoon alone with God with your Bible, than go where unscriptural teaching and ungodly practices are leading soul from Christ.

We hope, God willing, to publish as usual "THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC AND BIBLE SEARCHING TEXT BOOK," and also "THE GOSPEL ALMANAC" for 1888. Both Almanacs we hope to have ready early in October.

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OCTOBER, 1887.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



JEANNIE, THE GARDENER'S CHILD.



JEANNIE, THE GARDENER'S CHILD.

N a nice little cottage half-covered with ivy, and surrounded by tall fir-trees, old Malcolm the gardener, with his little daughter, Jeannie, quietly lived. She was his youngest child, his only daughter, and the very image of her mother, who had died when Jeannie was a baby. The sons were all away at service, and the old man was left with his little housekeeper all alone. Though only eleven years of age, Jeannie was a tidy little servant, and with the occasional help of a neighbour, did all the housework herself. Her father was gardener at the big house, at the other end of the wood, and was generally away at work all day, but came home in the evening, and during the winter, in the afternoon. The long winter evenings were spent by the fireside, and it was then that Jeannie got her lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and many a Bible tale besides. Malcolm was a lover of the Word of God, and it was his daily study, to teach its holy truths to his little girl, and to bring her up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Once he was a careless man, and thought little about his soul, but soon after his wife's death, he was convicted of sin and converted to God. From

that day onward, he was a man of prayer: and his prayers were felt. The little company of God's people with whom he worshipped on the Lord's-day esteemed him much, and although he was no preacher, he "laboured fervently" in prayer for them all. As you may guess, little Jeannie was the child of many prayers. Many a night after she was soundly asleep in her bed, did the aged man kneel down and plead with God to save his little girl. Yet Jeannie showed but little sign of anxiety for her salvation. Always glad to accompany her father on the Lord's-day to the meeting, for worship and the breaking of bread, but not at all concerned as to where she would spend eternity. Like many others, she had a kind of hope that God would not send her to hell, out of respect to her father's prayers.

Sometimes visitors came about the big house, and frequently they were Christians. One and another of the servants had been converted through their instrumentality, so that there was quite a little band of God's people about, and many a happy hour was spent together. A Christian nobleman came on a visit in the autumn, and had several meetings in the village near. God's people were stirred up, and the old gardener was in great anxiety for Jeannie's conversion. He was praying night

and day that she might be saved The last of the meetings came. It was a solemn night to many. The preacher spoke from the words. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Jeannie sat in a corner by herself, and the Word took hold of her. She knew the gospel, but had not made it her own. Now the Spirit of God was striving with her, and pressing her to decide. may be your last chance," said the preacher; "to-morrow may be too late. To-morrow you may be in hell." "I won't," said Jeannie to herself, "I will accept of Christ to-night," and she did. Still she had not the joy that some have, for she was occupied with herself, and looking for happy feelings, instead of that which produces them-even to Christ and His Word. All along the road, on her way home, she kept saying-

"I do believe, I will believe That Jesus died for me."

Still the gush of joy that she had expected did not come, and by the time she reached home, she was in tears. She got into the cottage, put aside her hat and cloak, and went round to their own garden, where her father was at work. He saw at once that she was in trouble. Laying his hands on her shoulder, he asked, "Has my lassie been converted to-night? I've been praying for it all the time, and I thought she

would come home to me saved, and on the way to glory." Jeannie burst into tears—a sight that made her father glad. After a while's crying in her father's arms, she said, "I do believe on Jesus, father, but I do not feel happy, and I cannot say I'm saved." "Jesus does not want you to say it, my dear," said her father, "He says it Himself. Listen to His Word-'He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life' (John vi. 47); there you see who says you are saved. He wants you to take Him at His word, and believe you have everlasting life, just because He says it. That's faith; but, believing because you feel it, is not faith. Faith must be first: feeling follows." "I see it. father, I see it now!" she exclaimed, as the smile lit up her face, "I know I have everlasting life, because Jesus says it, not because I feel it. Oh, yes, it's all simple, and I feel happy already, since I have believed it." Jeannie had passed within the portal of the kingdom of God, and there was great joy under the gardener's humble roof that night. Years have come and gone, and Jeannie is now a tall young woman, and a bright believer, walking in "the ways that be in Christ," and "following on to know the Lord."

Reader, are you waiting for some mysterious feeling to assure you of

your salvation? You will wait in vain. The Word of God declares that "believing" and "having" go together, and the moment you become a believer on the Son of God, that moment you become a possessor of everlasting life.

MOTHER'S LAST ADVICE.

quite true what the doctor says. I'm dying: thank God my soul is saved, although I'm sad to think my life is lost. I have only known the Lord a few days, when I might have known and served Him all my life. Trust the Lord while you're young, Harry; He's the best Master. Then you'll not have to look back like me, on a lost and wasted life." The words were spoken with much feeling and tenderness, by a mother to her only boy, who was soon to be left an orphan in the world.

She had only been brought to Christ during her last illness, and never again could she redeem the lost and wasted hours.

She desired her boy to receive Christ as his Saviour, and obey Him as his Lord in early days, and the words of that dying mother echo on still.

Dear young friends, don't put off your conversion until a dying hour. Even were you sure of being saved

then-and very few are-you would regret it. Why should Satan and the world get the best of your days, and Christ the latest hours? Besides the terrible risk of losing your soul for ever, you are a loser in time. A Christless life is a life that counts for nothing. It has to be blotted out at the day of conversion, or punished in the day of judgment. How lovely are the lives of many who, in their youthful days, become true believers. How bright their lives! How lovely their latter end! How great their reward! How many they led to Christ! How sweetly they witnessed for Him. They lived as well as died in faith; their lives were not lost like the dying mother's.

Dear reader, have you received Christ or do you still reject Him?

FOR EVER.

down here, but in the world to which we hasten, everything lasts for ever. The school-boy's pleasures pass away: the flowers of summer wither and perish: the strength and vigour of youth decline. Death is written upon all. But in the world beyond—Eternal is written on all. The joys of heaven are eternal—so are the woes of hell. There are the everlasting songs of the redeemed, and the eternal wailings of the lost. To which of these are you hastening?

NELLIE'S NAME.

was the law in Donald the shepherd's humble home, that the Word of the Lord should be read at least once a day. It was very seldom that he was there himself, except on the morning of the Lord's-day, but Mary, his faithful wife, looked after the morning read-

ing with the children. Then after Donald came home at nights, they had a portion together by themselves. Thus. though far away from meetings and preachers. their souls were kept fresh and green, through feeding on Christ in the written Word. The two little girls were

well instructed in the truth, and would have made many older and wiser than themselves blush, by the questions they sometimes asked. Nellie, the eldest, showed signs of soul-anxiety at a very early age, and one day said to her mother at the morning reading, "Mother, I wish I could say I was saved." "You may Nellie, for God says, whosoever be-

lieveth in Jesus shall not perish, but have everlasting life," her mother replied. "Yes, I know there is a verse says that, mother; but who are the whosoevers? That isn't our name!" "Yes, child, that is our name: it's your name, Nellie, and everybody's. It means you, and if you believe, you shall be saved." Nellie's fears were all dispersed by

the simple word. She claimed her place as one of the "whosoevers;" she believed on the Lord Jesus, and then and there, over the morning chapter, became a child of God. That was a happy day. The "morning text" and the "daily portion" are eagerly sought after now by Nellie, the young be-

liever. Has your morning text or daily portion led you to Jesus? Have you claimed your place as one of the "whosoevers?"

It is easy to read, and to be able to repeat John iii. 16, but how many there are who repeat that verse from time to time, who have not yet claimed their place as one of the "whosoevers."



A NOBLE TESTIMONY.

HE daughter of a wealthy barrister was brought to Christ at some special services that were held in the city where she lived. She was an only child, and greatly prized by her two fond parents. Her father was an office-bearer in the Church, but alas, like many others, he was a man of the world. It had been his aim to bring up his child to shine in the world, and he spared no expense to have her educated in every form of worldliness. She was in the habit of attending a school of "Dancing and Deportment," in order to fit her to take her place in worldly society. Up to the time of her conversion she greatly enjoyed this pastime, and had made considerable progress in all its forms, but when Christ was revealed to her soul, that among other things lost its charm for her Christ-filled heart. She greatly desired to be relieved from the burden of attending the dancing-school, which was now so foreign to her taste as a lamb of the good Shepherd's flock, but it was no easy matter to get her father's consent. One afternoon, as she was walking in to town, she met her father in the meadow returning from business. After the usual kiss, she quietly looked up into his face and said—" Please father, will you allow

me to cease going to the dancingschool for I do not care for it now. I think it grieves the Lord Iesus to see me dancing among the girls, and now that I am His, I would like to please Him." The words fell on the ear of her father with an unwelcome sound, and he looked very angry and displeased. "Whatever has put that into your head, child," he said, "there are surely many good people who can take a dance and see no harm in it. If you wish to show that you are a Christian, you should do so by obeying your parents, as the Bible says." This rather stunned the young believer, and she scarcely knew how to answer it. After a moment's silence, during which the tear came to her eye, she ventured to say-"Yes, father dear, I want to obey you, but I would like to obey the Saviour too, if you will not be displeased; and I would be so much happier if I could have your permission to cease going there. I felt so miserable the last time I was there, and I thought I heard the voice of Jesus saying to me all the time-' Come out from among them, and be ye separate." The words seemed to reach his conscience, and although his pride would not allow him to own it, he felt that his child was right. "Very well, if you will have your own way, you may return home with me and we will hear what



"SHE MET HER FATHER IN THE MEADOW".

your mother says about it," said her following the Lord as she was enfather, rather abruptly, and so they walked home together, much to the young believer's delight. The barrister and his wife had a long consultation over the matter that night,

lightened by His Word. Not only so, but very soon there was a marked change in the parents' manner of life, and many worldly ways and habits ceased. There are many young with the result, that their daughter believers who experience similar was never asked to go to the danc- difficulties in the Christian life, and ing-school again, nor hindered from if in every such case, they would

courteously seek the permission of their parents, God would sooner or later give them their hearts' desire, and open up their path to do His will. It is to be feared that Christian children often forget to honour their parents, and fail to get the liberty God would otherwise give them, because they seek it in an insubject and self-willed manner. Dear young believer, seek to honour your parents, even if they do not in every case give you the liberty you desire, and if your heart is purposed to please Him, He will most assuredly one day make your path plain, and give you the opportunity to do so.

LISETTE, THE EMPEROR'S DOG.

ETER the Great, emperor of Russia, had a pet dog named Lisette. She was a small Italian grey-hound, and fondly attached to the emperor. When he was in the palace, she kept constantly by his side, and when he went out she lay upon his couch waiting his return.

About this time, a certain courtier had disobeyed the emperor, and lay in the fort under sentence of death. Several petitions had been presented to the emperor on his behalf: even the empress had done her utmost to save his life, but all without avail. The emperor remained firm in his

purpose, and would listen to no appeal for mercy. At last the empress and those associated with her in seeking to save the culprit's life, fell upon the following plan. They composed a short pathetic petition in the name of the favourite dog Lisette, and after setting forth in glowing terms her fidelity to the emperor, entreated him to grant the prisoner's life. The paper was then tied to the dog's collar. As the emperor returned from the senate, Lisette according to her usual custom came frisking to meet him. "What!" said the emperor as he untied the paper, "do you present petitions, Lisette?" He read the touching appeal, looked down on the pet dog, and tenderly said, "for your sake, Lisette, I grant the request," and within an hour, the condemned man's cell door was opened, and he was set at liberty. He owed his life to the mediation of the emperor's favourite, Lisette.

Faint and imperfect picture is this of how a guilty sinner may be saved from the righteous sentence of God against his sin.

Pleading for mercy never could have procured a pardon. But the Son of God, the Man of Jehovah's delight, stepped into the breach. He espoused the sinner's cause, and took it to God. God's demand was death, and Jesus died.



SILENT BELIEVERS.

GE often wonder why it is that so many of our young friends who profess to be the Lord's, sit dumb on the benches from one year's end to the other. They are there at the prayer-meeting, and all the other meetings regularly, but they never contribute a word to the edification and help of others. They take in all that they can get, but give out Now, this seems very nothing. strange, and we have tried again and again to account for it, and to find out what can be the cause of their continued silence. Of course no one would expect a backslider, or one in a bad condition of soul, to take any part; and this may keep many more in silence than we think. Then there are some whose life and walk are so crooked and worldly, that it's a mercy for all concerned that they keep quiet. But there are a large number of young saints whose lives are as becometh the Gospel of Christ, and yet they never open their mouths in public at all. This is a grevious calamity, and a serious loss to the Church and to themselves. ought to be no "dummies" among the people of God. The "lips" as

well as the "lives" of all the redeemed belong unto the Lord and ought to "shew forth His praise," and speak of things touching the King. All are not fitted for platform preaching or to speak to the assembled crowd. This is not what we contend for at all: it would be disorder and confusion to attempt such a thing. Gift, grace, and the call of God, are all required for such a sphere of service, and those who feel they lack these requirements do wisely not to attempt to preach in public. But what about the prayer meeting? There is no gift required to "pray to the Father." Yet there they sit with sealed lips, from year to year. This we unhesitatingly say is not of God. It is "the fear of man" some will say. Quite possible. But then "the fear of man bringeth a snare," and it cannot be the will of God that His people should be in any snare whatever. Why should any fear to speak to God in the presence of their fellow believers? We are certain every godly one would rejoice to hear their voices, even though it might be but the "five words," the very lispings of a babe in Christ. And there are many lonely ones to whom the word of life and peace might be carried by their lips, by whom the preacher's voice is never heard, who would welcome a visit from a child of God, and gladly hear a portion of the Word read.

Bible Biography.

that a larger number than ever have sent in Biographies on "Josiah." Most of them are by writers above fifteen years of age, and all of them are carefully written. We give our warmest commendation to the writers for their diligence. Although not equal in merit, they all show considerable acquaintance with, and reverence for, the Word of God. The two best Biographies we give below, and have sent each of the writers a prize.

No. I.—By ELIZA JEFFERS, LAMBAY ISLAND.

"Josiah was made king of Judah when he was but a little boy of eight years old. We have no record given us of his birth, which was prophesied many years before, as was also his name, (I Kings xiii. 2).

Unlike his father Amon, who worshipped idols, Josiah sought the Lord in the eighth year of his reign, whilst in his youth; and in the twelfth year, he began to cleanse Israel from idolatry.

He also fulfilled that which was prophesied by the man of God concerning him, (I Kings xiii. 2), for he broke down the altar which was at Bethel, and burnt men's bones upon it.

After Josiah had purged the land from idolatry, he sent men to the house of the Lord, to repair it. While so doing, a book containing the law of the Lord was found, which was brought to the king and read before him, who, when he had heard the words of it, "rent his clothes," and sent to a prophetess, to enquire of the Lord con-

cerning the things which were written therein, for he saw how far the people had gone back from obeying it.

The destruction of Jerusalem was then prophesied to him, but the Lord sent him word saying, that because he had humbled himself in His sight, he should not see all the evil that should come upon that place, but should be gathered to his grave in peace.

Josiah also obeyed the words of the Book by keeping a passover unto the Lord, one such as the kings of Judah never kept.

After a good and peaceable reign of thirty-one years, Josiah was slain at Megiddo by the king of Egypt (2 Kings xxiii. 29), and like unto him there was no king, either before or after, that turned so thoroughly unto the Lord.

No. II.—By CLARA ALBONE, BIGGLESWADE.

The birth of Iosiah was foretold in the reign of Jeroboam (I Kings xiii. 2). When very young, his father was assassinated, and at the age of eight, Josiah was made king. When sixteen years old he sought the Lord. He did not seek to hide his light, but began not only to cleanse the land, but to repair the house of God. The silver collected of the people was to be used for this, and Shaphan the scribe reported the work to the king. On his return, Shaphan mentions a Book found in the temple. It was the long neglected Book of the Law. On learning its contents, Josiah sought counsel of God who promised a postponement of the impending judgment, "because he humbled himself." He next went to Jerusalem, and caused the people to hear the law, and made a covenant before the Lord to keep His words. He then took the vessels made for Baal, and burnt them by Kidron, and carried the ashes to Bethel. The shrine he took from the temple, burnt and ground it to powder, and scattered it upon the graves of

the people. He threw down the altars, and took away the horses and chariots used for idolatrous purposes, and slew the priests of the high places, and defiled their altars. After which he commanded the Passover to be kept, which was celebrated according to all that the Lord commanded.

Beautiful though his example is, an act of self-will cost him his life. He persisted in fighting with Pharaoh-Necho king of Egypt, and was wounded in spite of his disguise. His servants carried him to Jerusalem, where he died, mourned by all Judah and Jerusalem.

THE story of Judah's young and godly king is one that has always been a favourite, and we earnestly hope that our young contributors may have been blessed in their search and meditation on it. How lovely was his early days as a follower of Jehovah the God of Israel, only the brighter because his father was an idolater. He was a lover of "the Book," and whatever he found therein, he set himself at once to do. This was the secret of his prosperity in the ways of the Lord, and the spring of all his service for his God. He loved "the Book:" he obeyed its commands. Would you be as he was, dear young friends? Then here you have the way. Are you unconverted? Believe what the Book says about yourself, and you will be anxious. Believe what it says about Christ, and you will be saved. Then as a believer, let "the Book" be your guide: follow where it leads: obey whatever it commands, and you shall be blessed, and made a blessing.

ALMANACS FOR 1888.

We expect to have "THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC AND BIBLE SEARCHING TEXT BOOK,"and also "THE GOSPEL ALMANAC" for 1888; ready about the 15th of this month. There was a large number of both these Almanacs circulated last year, and we have received many cheering proofs that they have done their little work for God, in this and other lands. To Him be the praise. We have done our best to make them as pointed and interesting as usual, and have added one or two new items to both. There is Bible-Searching and Daily Texts for the children, and a new style of Texts to fill in, for the very little ones. There is a "Scheme of Lessons for Sunday Schools" included in both Text Books, for which "Notes" are given monthly in "The Sunday School Worker's Magazine." We would ask our friends, in ordering these Almanacs, to send direct to "The Young Watchman Office" for them, as not a few who ordered them last year through booksellers, had other Almanacs sent instead. The titles of our two Almanacs are, "THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC" and "THE GOSPEL ALMANAC." We have no other.

NEW MAGAZINE for the VERY LITTLE ONES.

MANY of the Lord's servants who labour among the very little ones, have written us from time-to-time to ask if we could supply them with a suitable Magazine, and other literature for their Infant Classes. We have endeavoured to meet the need, so far, by issuing Text Cards, Hymn Cards, and the But the lack is not yet supplied, and we are sorry to think that a part of the work so very important, should suffer from want of what seems needful for its welfare. We have decided to issue a Monthly Magazine, especially for the INFANT CLASSES and VERY LITTLE ONES, well illustrated, and containing Lessons, Texts, Incidents, and Bible Instruction suitable for them. Particulars in next month's "Watchman,"

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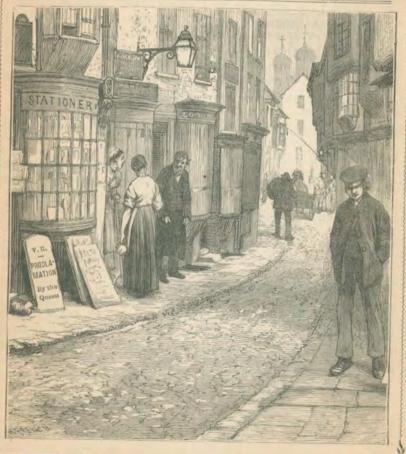
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The Poung Watchman.

No. 59.]

NOVEMBER, 1887.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



THE YOUNG DESERTER; or, The Jubilee Proclamation.

THE YOUNG DESERTER; Or,

THE JUBILEE PROCLAMATION.

ASSING through an inland village a few weeks ago, my eye alighted on a large placard, conspicuously placed on a board near to the village Post Office. It bore the Royal Arms at the top, with the words, "PROCLAMATION BY THE QUEEN," printed in bold letters immediately under. I drew near to read, and found it was a proclamation of gracious pardon from Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to deserters from her army and navy, in honour of the fiftieth, or jubilee year of her reign. At other times, law would have demanded their apprehension and imprisonment, but, in the meantime, grace had asserted its right to reign, and in spite of wilful guilt, to pardon. The proclamation went on to say, that any deserter, who, within three months, would acknowledge his crime, by owning at headquarters in writing, that he had illegally deserted from the British army or navy; giving his name and what particular regiment he had deserted from, that he would receive a full and free pardon and discharge, from all punishments and penalties. This is royal grace. It reigns in spite of outraged law. Such is the present grace of God proclaimed in

the Gospel. Grace reigns: mercy rejoices against judgment.

Reader, are you a sinner needing salvation? Are you a guilty one needing pardon? Are you a rebel needing grace? Then, this is your opportunity. The present reign of grace is your chance. If you allow it to run out, then righteousness will next occupy the throne, and if you meet the righteous Judge at His judgment-throne unsaved, your sentence will be "the lake of fire."

PART II .- THE YOUNG DESERTER.

On a bright summer afternoon in the month of July, a youth apparently not more than nineteen, thinly clad, and vagrant-looking, was passing listlessly along the village road, when his eye rested on the Royal Proclamation placard. He halted, stood up in front of it, and continued standing sufficiently long to have read it through at least half-a-dozen times. What was his interest in it? Only this, that he was a deserter. In an evil hour, when surrounded by a circle of reckless and godless young men, he had, without his widowed mother's consent, enlisted as a soldier. A few weeks later, stung with remorse, and writhing under the severe discipline of a soldier's life, he had deserted from the ranks; destroyed or sold his uniform, and escaped to another part of the country. But a miserable life was his. Always afraid when he met a policeman; quaking with dread when he saw a red-coat; and moving from place to place every few weeks to avoid detection. He knew himself to be a rebel, liable to be laid hold of at any moment and dragged to punishment. He feared the law because he had broken it. He hated the Oueen for he had rebelled against her, and there he wandered, miserable and wretched, fearing to visit his friends, and daily expecting to be seized by his foes. Pretty like the sinner in his unconverted state, after he has been awakened to see himself a rebel against God, a sinner condemned already, and liable at any moment to be seized by justice and cast into hell. Restless as the troubled sea, fearing death, and shunning the light because his deeds are evil. Reader, do you know aught of this? Have you felt the way of transgressors to be hard? Does the foreboding of your future doom as a sinner ever cause you trouble, or do you drown thought and silence conscience, by drinking deeply of the cup of pleasure, endeavouring to forget that "for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The good news of the Queen's proclamation filled the young deserter with amazement. Could it be possible that the thing

was true, or was it a trap cunningly set to catch him and others in the same position. The conditions looked suspicious. He had to acknowledge his crime, tell his name, give his regiment, and thus virtually put himself into the hands of law, to let it do for him whatever it liked. It was the last thing on earth he wished to do; it was what had been his daily care to hide, but such were the royal terms, and such the only way to obtain "the gracious pardon." There was a violent struggle within his bosom, as he stood transfixed before the royal message. There it stood, with its demand and its promise: a demand that he should take his place as a deserter, and acknowledge his guilt: a promise that if he did, he was a pardoned man. If the proclamation was true he would be a free-man: if only a deception, he would be a culprit in irons. How was he to know? His eye caught sight of the Royal Arms at the top, and "God Save the Queen" underneath, and his decision was made. "That settles it," he said to himself, "No one dare put out that but the Queen herself, else it would be forgery, and the Queen would not deceive her subjects and proclaim a lie. His faith in the Queen, and in the words of her message, enabled him to take his true place, and put himself into her hands; and within

twenty-four hours a letter bearing his name, his confession, and a full acknowledgment of his guilt was delivered at the appointed place.

Reader, let me apply this to you. The God of heaven has sent a proclamation of grace to sinners, of mercy to rebels, of pardon to the guilty. He has pledged Himself to "justify freely by His grace" (Rom. iii.) from all things (Acts xiii. 39), the sinner who takes his true place and owns his name (Luke xviii. 13), "confessing with his mouth Jesus as the Lord," and "believing in his heart that God raised Him from the dead" (Rom. x. 9, R v.) But there is no other way of obtaining God's gracious pardon, or of being delivered from His coming wrath. The sinner that covers his sin, that denies his guilt, then shuns the light, and refuses to meet God during this the period of His grace, shall be seized by God's justice, judged in righteousness, and sentenced to his doom, as a sinner, a rebel, and a rejector of grace.

PART III.—FREE FROM THE LAW.

As I stood in the Post Office the other evening, a young man walked in and asked the clerk at the counter if there was a letter there for James——. The clerk handed him a large envelope with the words, "On Her Majesty's Service," printed on

the top. He eagerly opened it while standing at the door, his face brightened as he read its contents, and I heard him audibly exclaim as he finished it-"That's it at last." He folded up the document, put it in his bosom, and walked away in haste to communicate the good news he had received to others. He believed the message he had received, felt happy in consequence, and went forth a consciously free and pardoned man. Feelings of gratitude now filled his heart toward the Queen, whom before he hated, and now he could claim the protection of the law that formerly he feared.

So it is with the sinner who has owned his guilt, and claimed that "forgivenness of sins" proclaimed by God. He has the declaration of God that he is "justified" (Acts xiii. 39), that "he shall not come into condemnation" (John v. 24).

Reader, is this your state? Are you forgiven, or yet abiding under wrath. The Queen's proclamation declares that those who refuse to take advantage of her gracious pardon, shall, after a period of grace, be liable to be punished as before. As I write, the last days of this period of grace are passing away, then law and justice shall resume their course. And the day of grace, "the acceptable year of the Lord" is quietly running its course, to be followed by "the day of vengeance of our God." Reader, in which of these two periods do you choose to meet God?"

JAMIE, THE PLOUGHBOY.

of age when he left his home and went to serve as ploughboy on a large farm. He had to spend his evenings in the "bothy," among the other servants, the most of whom were wicked men. They played cards and sang songs most of the winter. It was such a change to Jamie, from his mother's comfortable home. At first he wearied to get away.

By-and-by, a boy on a neighbouring farm formed an acquaintance with Jamie, and invited him to come over and spend an evening. This boy was a Christian. He spoke to Jamie about his soul, told him the story of his own conversion, and pressed on him to decide for Christ. Jamie came home that night anxious about his soul. He lay awake by night, thinking of the great eternity beyond, into which he soon must pass. The boy's words came back to his mind, and he trusted his soul to Jesus, and believed His word, which says, "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36). The next night, when the boys met, Jamie told his companion the good news, and they rejoiced together. "Now, Jamie," said the other, "you must take your stand boldly for Jesus, and shew your col-

ours at once. Don't be ashamed to take out your Bible and read a portion every night, before you go to bed, and don't be ashamed to kneel down and pray before the men. Never mind if they laugh at you, they'll soon give that over when they see you mean to follow Christ," Jamie went home that night praying all the way that God would strengthen him to do it. When he got up to the apartment where the men and boys slept, he found some had gone to bed, and some were going. Jamie told them that God had saved his soul: and before he went to bed, he read a portion of the Word of God, and then knelt down and prayed. Some laughed: some threw boots at him; and some were friendly. God helped him to go on as he began, and to live consistently before them. By-and-by the mockery ceased, and one after another sat down to hear Jamie read the Word; and God blessed the lad, and used him in leading some of them to Jesus. Are you saved, my dear reader? If you are, do you make it a habit to read the Word of God and pray, no matter where you are, or who is looking on? Or, do you sometimes shirk it, for fear of being laughed at? The children of the devil are not ashamed to show their colours, why, then, should the children of God be ashamed to own "Whose they are, and Whom they serve?"

JESUS AT THE PASSOVER.

HERE is only one brief incident recorded in the Gospels of the boyhood of Jesus; one passing glance of these wondrous years spent in the quiet village of Nazareth; that is His journey to Jerusalem with His parents to keep the passover. It was one of Jehovah's commandments, that all the fathers and young men among His ancient people should go up to Jerusalem three times a year to keep the three great feasts of the passover, Pentecost, and the feast of tabernacles (see Exod. xxiii. 14-17). It was not required that the women and children should go, but the narrative shows that it was Mary's "custom" to go with her husband to the feast of the passover every year, leaving the child Jesus at home. At the age of thirteen it was the custom for every Jewish boy to accompany his father to the feasts, but Jesus went a year earlier-at the age of twelve. May we not see in this lovely incident, how early He "hasted" to keep God's commandments, and "delighted" to do His will.

It was a long journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and there was no rapid means of travelling then, such as we have now. They travelled in companies (see Luke ii. 44), the men walking: the women riding on mules

or asses, camping beside some fountain in their tents for the night. I have often thought how the boys and youths in Israel must have longed for the time to come, when they would be allowed to join their parents, in journeying to the "city of the great King." They were instructed at an early age as to the meaning of the feast of the passover (see Exod. xiii. 8-14), and they would, no doubt, hear much from their parents about those wondrous gatherings in the place where their God had put His name. Jerusalem in these days was "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth" (Psalm xlviii. 2). The temple stood there, and thither "the tribes went up unto the testimony of Israel" (Psa. cxxii. 4). You will notice that a little section of the book of Psalms (cxx., cxxxiv.), have the words, "Songs of Degrees," or, "Songs of the goings up," printed at the top of them. These Psalms are said to have been sung by the pilgrims on the way. Four or five days would bring them within sight of the towers of Jerusalem. There it stood with the mountains "round about," as the Lord is round His people; its walls and bulwarks so great and strong, its many gates and towers, so full of interest to every youth who for the first time looked upon them. The eyes of the boy Jesus for the first



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

time looked on that lovely city, and on that green mount on its further side, called the Mount of Olives. Who can tell what thoughts must have passed through His holy mind at such a moment! We know something of the *last fond* look He cast upon it twenty-one years later, when He stood on the brow of the Mount of Olives and "wept over it."

On the eve of the fourteenth day of Abib, the first month, the services of the passover began. The "lamb without blemish" was then killed, in remembrance of that night in Egypt, when the Lord "passed over" their houses. Later on the feast began. Each family (or if it was small, their

"neighbours" also), were gathered around a table on which the "lamb, roast with fire," was placed, with thin wafer-like cakes of unleavened bread. A vessel containing a thick sauce, in which all that they partook of had to be dipped, a platter full of bitter herbs, and four cups, the last of which was "the cup of blessing," also stood on the table. Jesus would be one of that company. It would be the first time His eyes had looked upon the paschal lamb, the first time He had seen the sacrifice offered, or the feast spread. That feast was a deeply interesting and solemn occasion.

During the feast, one of the

youths (says a Jewish writer), the youngest in the company, asks, 'what mean ye by this service?' and in reply, the father tells the story of the bondage in Egypt, and the redemption by the blood of the lamb, sprinkled on the door-posts." May we not rightly suppose, that the youngest of that little group from Nazareth, was the boy Jesus, and that the one who put the question so fraught with deep meaning, was none other than "the Lamb of God." Little did most of that company think, as the question was asked, that the Antitype stood amongst them, and that of that young pilgrim from Nazareth, it would one day be written, "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us" (1 Cor. v. 7). That lamb, roast with fire, whose blood had been shed, was a type of Him who was to be slain for sinners. The blood upon the lintel, tells that all who trust in Him are saved, and the guests around the table, feeding on the flesh of the lamb with unleavened bread, bespeaks the holiness and communion of those who are Christ's. Reader, do you know anything of these things? Does the blood of Christ shelter you? Do you feed upon Him as the portion of your soul, denying ungodliness and fleshly things, or do you cling to empty forms, and reject Christ as the Jews did of old?



IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

UR hearts are often made sad, by hearing that some dear young saint once known as a bright and honest witness for the Lord, has "gone back to the world." Not exactly into open sin, but back to those associations, and back to that manner of life which, in the days of his "first love," he esteemed among the "old things" that had "passed away." There is always a cause for this; it does not happen "by chance." The cause very often is, that the young believer allows himself to drift into a position where God does not promise to keep His people, and down he goes.

Walking with God, and in the path of obedience, the feet of God's saints are safe, but no one need expect God to keep them if they knowingly leave that path and wander on forbidden ground. I heard only lately a very sad story which illustrates this. A bright Christian youth was apprenticed by his father to an infidel lawyer. With his father's blessing, and a mother's fond entreaties to walk with God, he left for his new situation in the city. Alas! there was nothing

there to help, but everything to hinder his spiritual life. The godless talk he was obliged to hear in the office, the constant sneer at everything belonging to God, began to tell on the young believer, and before long he declined in soul. After a few months, he came home on a holiday. It was only too evident that his spiritual freshness had fled-He had no desire to be seen among the people of God, no word to speak of the goodness of the Lord. His father was perplexed, and uneasy about his son. At family prayer he earnestly asked that God would "deliver him out of the power of the lion, and restore his soul to God." Speaking with his mother soon after, he remarked—"I thought that a strange prayer of my father's this morning, mother, when he asked the Lord to deliver me from the power of the lion. You know he put my head into the lion's mouth when he apprenticed me to Mr. ---." There was solemn truth in the boy's words which all of us do well to heed. How many for the sake of "a good situation," or for some paltry earthly thing, put themselves into the lion's mouth. Need they wonder if they become Satan's prey? They need not, for God has not promised to keep His people when they walk into Satan's net with their eyes open.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

ERHAPS most of our young friends have joined in singing the well-known hymn-"Immanuel's Land." That hymn is intimately connected with the name of Samuel Rutherford, being composed from some of his last sayings, while a prisoner for Jesus Christ. Although not actually slain, he suffered much for his decision for the cause of Christ, and for his unflinching faithfulness to the truth of God, during the dark and terrible times of persecution, and but for the fact that the Lord called him away to be with Himself, before the persecutors were able to finally accuse and condemn him, he would have suffered martyrdom at their hands. He seems to have been converted at an early age, and to have walked with God. His "Letters" and other writings, breathe a very sweet and godly spirit, they are full of Christ from first to last. Unlike some of the other covenanters, Rutherford never used the sword, either in his own defence, or to contend for the truth of God; and in this he was right. We have always considered that it was a great mistake for many of those dear men to use the sword. No doubt it was done in ignorance,

with a sincere desire to advance Christ's kingdom, and to defend His truth from the assaults of wicked men, but the Lord's own word to Peter, (Matt. xxvi. 51, 52), seems clearly to forbid the use of carnal weapons in the service of God.

Rutherford, while a very young man, was appointed Professor of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards removed to the parish of Anworth, on the shores of the Solway, where for many years, he preached the Gospel and won souls for Christ. The following verse from the hymn—"Immanuel's Land," aptly describes his happy season of service there, and the deep and earnest desire that burned in his soul to see sinners converted—

"Fair Anworth by the Solway, to me thou still art dear,

E'en from the verge of heaven, I drop for thee a tear;

O if one soul from Anworth, meet me at God's right hand,

My heaven will be two heavens, in Immanuel's Land."

It was his habit to rise at three o'clock in the morning, and after reading and meditation, to go forth visiting and preaching Christ the whole day. Need we wonder that God used him and blessed his service to many a weary soul. But this was not to last long. He was summoned to appear in Edinburgh

and answer to a charge of heresy, and insubjection to the Bishops and their Articles. After a trial of three days he was sentenced to banishment in Aberdeen, from which many of his "Letters" were written. One of his books was sentenced to be burned by the hangman at the Cross of Edinburgh. Such was the hatred of the world against this dear servant of Christ, that although an aged man of sixty, they summoned him again for trial, but the Master had need of him. The last few days of his pilgrimage were days of joy and triumph. To friends who visited him he said—"I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with His likeness. night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the veil, I shall go away in a sleep by five o'clock in the morning. And so he did, for while the enemies of the truth were making active preparations to bring him to martyrdom, the Lord took him that very morning to be with Himself. His farewell words of triumph were—"O for a well-tuned harp. There is nothing between me and the resurrection but, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Glory, glory, dwelleth in Immanuel's Land." Can you, loved reader, say in truth and verity, as Samuel Rutherford said a few hours before his death-"I disclaim all merit: the port I would be in at, is redemption and forgiveness through the blood."

NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

As announced in last month's Watchman, we have arranged to issue a Monthly Magazine for the very little ones, to meet a long-felt want among parents, and Sunday School Workers who labour among younger children. The January number will be ready (the Lord willing), early this month, and then it can speak for itself. The title of the new Magazine will be—

Our Little Ones' Treasury.

It will be the same size and price as The Young Watchman, but printed in extra large type and well illustrated. It will contain the Gospel, as simply, plainly, and pointedly, as we can put it, with Texts to search, paint, learn, and repeat, Blackboard Lessons, Narratives, and Incidents containing or illustrating the Gospel, with Letters from the Little Folks themselves, and Jottings and Scraps from Parents, Teachers, &c.

We humbly hope that by the blessing of the Lord, this additional little paper may be used to reach the tender hearts of such as Jesus once took "in His arms" in presence of His displeased disciples, (who like many of His disciples still, thought the "young children" or "infants" (see Luke xviii. 14), need not occupy Him), and said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Specimen copies will be sent to any who desire to make it known. We shall be glad to have the fellowship of Parents and Sunday School Workers in making it known in Schools and in homes where the Gospel, by this means, might reach both old and young.

THE GOSPEL ALMANAC for 1888.

For distribution amongst older people, is now also ready. It contains Gospel narratives: stirring appeals to the unconverted: daily texts, portions, &c., with illustrations. One Halfpenny, 4/ per 100, post free.

NOW READY.

THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC

BIBLE-SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK.

For 1888. (Illustrated).

WE are pleased to be able to announce that once again our little Almanac is ready. As most of our readers know, twenty-two prizes were given to boys and girls of various ages, from six to eighteen years, for filling in the texts correctly in the Almanac for the present year. There were several hundreds of Text-books sent besides; and many letters from the young folks telling us of the great delight they had found in searching for the texts, during the long winter evenings. We have made several little additions to the Almanac this time, to enable all our readers to find something specially to interest them. In addition to the "Daily Text," the "Daily Portion," and the "Bible Lesson for Sunday Schools," there are "Sunday Texts for the Little Ones," with words awanting, which they must try to find, and fill in. A prize will be given to the little boy, and another to the little girl, under six, who do this most correctly and neatly. Twelve Monthly Questions are given for those above fifteen, the answers to be written on paper, for which two fine Bibles will be given as prizes; and last, though not least, there are the three hundred and sixty-six "Daily Texts" to be found and filled in, for which FOUR PRIZE BIBLES will also be given. For particulars of all this see page two of Almanac cover. We shall be very pleased if each boy and girl who tried the Biblesearching last year, will seek to get another (one who has not tried it before), to begin this year along with them. Will parents and teachers kindly make the little Textbook known, and seek to interest the children in its various items of interest. Sample copies post free. Please order as early as possible, direct from the "Young Watchman" Office. Price ONE HALFPENNY; 4/ per 100, post free.

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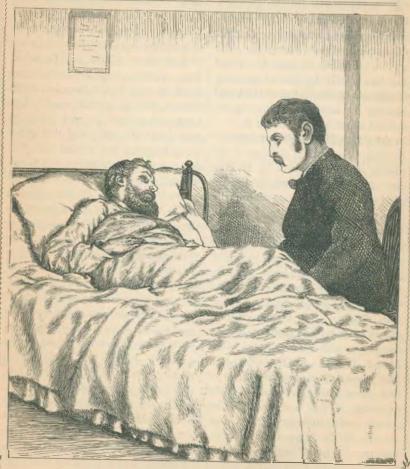
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The Poung Watchman.

No. 60.]

DECEMBER, 1887.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



THE PROCRASTINATOR. An Hospital Narrative.



THE PROCRASTINATOR. AN HOSPITAL NARRATIVE.

JRN a ward of the Royal Infirmary in the city of Edinburgh, there lay some years ago a young man, suffering from severe asthma. A former companion and fellow-workman, who was a Christian, frequently visited him there, with the view of speaking to him about the things of God, and seeking the salvation of his soul; a subject about which George A---, in the days of his health, cared little to hear. Sometimes sickness is the means in God's hands of leading careless sinners to think of the realities of eternity; and within the wards of that same Infirmary, where George A- lay, not a few have been truly converted to God. Some of these are now restored to health and living Christ-like lives on earth, and others after a brief testimony to God's saving grace, departed to be with Christ. But in the case of others, sickness only seems to harden the heart, and draw forth its bitter hatred to God and the Gospel of His grace. Such was the effects of this young man's sickness. On the occasion of the first visit of his former companion, he found George clinging to the hope of an early recovery. "There," said he, pointing to the doctor's card at the top of his bed, "if you look at that, you

will see how quickly I am getting better. There's no need for you speaking to me as a dying man." A second visit found him in the same careless and hardened state, willing to speak about earthly things. and propped up by the false hope of a sudden recovery, but not caring to hear about Christ or His salvation. Pointing to a bed in the same ward, he said, "that man has heart disease, and he cannot possibly live long, you should go and speak to him about his soul; and that other one," pointing to a second bed, "he has cancer, you should go and speak to him, but you need not trouble yourself about me, I'm not going to die." Thus with a heavy heart was the Lord's messenger obliged to leave the bedside of the young procrastinator, who, although he knew it not, was trifling away the last hours of his day of grace, and standing on the confines of a lost eternity. Reader, how awful to think of a soul sporting thus on the brink of hell; pushing past every barrier set up by a God of love to hinder him from rushing madly over the brink, into the fearful chasm of woe, and despising the arm outstretched to save him! Are you following in the same track? Are you sharing the delusion, that you have a long lease of life, in which you may safely put off the salvation of your soul, and trifle with God's offered grace? then read on.

A few days after this second visit to the ward in which George Alay, his friend paid another. As he entered the door his eye glanced along the ward toward the bed, by the side of which a few days before he had stood speaking of Christ to an unwilling listener. It was empty. Where was the patient? Had he been removed to another ward? Had his hopes of recovery been so quickly fulfilled that he had been able to leave? O no! neither of these. Forty-five minutes previous to the visitor's entry to the ward, the lifeless clay of George A-- had been borne from that bed to the mortuary, and his soul had crossed the boundary-line, and was now in eternity. The man who was suffering from heart disease, and the patient with cancer, were still there, but George A--, the procrastinator, the trifler with God, the despiser of the Gospel, was now beyond the sound of God's message of grace, and his destiny fixed for ever. Thus saith the Lord, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall SUDDENLY be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix 1).

Reader, are you a procrastinator? Are you a trifler with God? Do you put off your salvation from day

to day, in hope that your days in sin and Christ-rejection may be lengthened out by a long-suffering God. Beware! lest that God who has suffered long, and willeth not your damnation, but who is nevertheless the Sovereign and Almighty God with all power in His hand, may not send from His throne the unalterable sentence, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

MARY'S QUESTION; or, A FATHER WON FOR CHRIST.

TeT was Sunday afternoon, and the children were tripping along the streets from the various Sunday Schools. Mary, a bright young girl of twelve, had a longer walk than most, through the green meadows out to the country house where she lived with her parents. They were well-to-do worldly people, members of the church. Mary's father generally went to hear the morning sermon in the parish church, and that was about all the religion he had for the week. As she walked along she met him, and after a few moments said-"Father, do you ever pray?" The question seemed to bewilder him, so that he could not answer, and Mary went on to say, "teacher says that all God's people pray, and read the Bible in their homes, and that

Christian fathers and mothers pray that God would save their children, do you father?"

Evidently annoyed, and conscience-smitten by his child's remarks, he turned rather abruptly and said—"Do not bother me child; you and your teacher may go your way, and I will go mine."

"But, father dear, which way are you going? teacher says there is a broad and a narrow way, and that only those who are walking on the narrow way will get to heaven."

Mr. M-, was very angry, although he sought to conceal it. He said no more to Mary on the subject, but her words had reached his conscience. He was a professor of religion it was true, a member of the church, had been baptized in infancy, and duly confirmed, yet his conscience said there was something a-lacking. His prayerless home, his unread Bible, his love for pleasure, all too plainly told that he was not a Christian, that he had no Christ. His religion was a mere name, a pretence, a heartless routine of duty, continued only because it was fashionable and respectable. had never owned himself a sinner before God, or even seen himself to be such. He had never been born from above, or even known, save in theory the necessity for it. Now his peace was broken. That question of his child had gone like an arrow to his conscience and disturbed it. He became uneasy, restless, and byeand-by alarmed about his state. Death and the judgment were before him, an eternal heaven, or an everlasting hell his destiny, and then the words of Mary, that "only those who are walking on the narrow way get to heaven." Days of darkness followed, and a long struggle between pride and conscience, but grace at last conquered, and the haughty, proud, and worldly Mr. M-, was brought confessedly a guilty sinner to the Cross of Christ; and there he claimed the sinner's Saviour, and paid a last farewell to the cleanly and most respectable side of the broad road, on which for forty years he had walked.

Reader, do you ever pray? I do not mean do you ever say your prayers. Many "say their prayers" as a piece of empty form, who never pray. But every genuine Christian, every one born from above, prays to, and praises God. Do you? Is your home a prayerless home? Is your soul a praisless soul? Then you may safely conclude you are lifeless and Christless. Your religion is a mere name, in short a sham, a piece of hypocrisy. You may refuse to heed the truth, but one day you must hear it. The judgment throne, the opened books, will manifest all. "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

ROBIN'S STORY.

LD Robin, the coast-guard, was a general favourite among the children. During the summer months, when many are at the seaside spending their holidays, you could often see a group of boys and girls seated on the beach, with Robin in their midst telling some thrilling tale of the sea.

Many years have come and gone since I heard him tell the following story, but I seem to remember it as yesterday. He was telling us of his early life as a sailor, and of a wonderful deliverance from shipwreck he had, when all the crew with whom he sailed, except another and himself, went down to a

watery grave. Wiping the tear from his cheek, he said, "And now, my dear bairns, I will tell you what was the cause of the shipwreck. It was because our captain neglected to examine his chart. It was provided and hung in his cabin, but he seldom looked at it, else we had never sailed so near that hidden rock on which our ship was wrecked. His negligence taught me a lesson for which

my soul will ever bless the Lord. It was the means of leading me to examine His Word, and see how I stood for eternity. We are all sailors across life's sea, where many hidden rocks lie buried. But God has given us His Word that we may know them, and avoid them. Many, like our captain, give no heed to that chart, and they become wrecks in

soul and body, for time and eternity. It has been a good friend to me for many a year. It guided me to Christ, and He saved my soul, and ever since, I have made it my only companion and counsellor. Take an old man's advice, my bairns, and believe and value your Bibles. Your souls will be safe, your

steps will not slip, and your heaven will be sure if you have Christ and His Word in you."

Dear reader, are you neglecting your God-given chart—the Bible? Has it led you to Christ? It is not enough to have a Bible. The captain of that vessel had his chart but it did him no good: he neglected it. The Bible is God's chart given to you, but if you neglect it, you will make shipwreck of your soul.

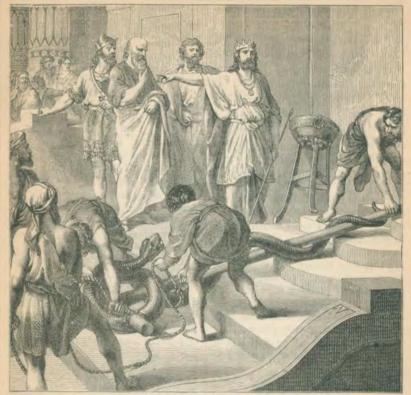
THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

. A Sunday Talk with the Little Ones.

reading the other Lord's-day afternoon, about God bringing out of Egypt a great many big people and children, who had been slaves to a wicked king who ruled over them, and how they were led through the Red Sea, and into a great sandy desert, through which they were to pass to their Canaan home. There is a little story told in the Bible about something that happened to them when they were about at the end of the desert journey, which I think you will like to hear to-day.

We are told that one day they became very down-hearted and discouraged because the road was long, and there were no wells of water, or trees with fruit and shade. They came to Moses and said some very naughty things to him, and what was worse, they said some wicked words about God, who had been so good and kind to them. God heard what they said, and it displeased Him, for wicked words are always displeasing to God. He sent a lot of fiery, burning serpents, and they bit the people, and many of them died. What a sight it must have been, amid the tents in the camp that day. Serpents coiling, creeping about everywhere, children being caught and bitten, some groaning in pain, and others dying. people soon began to find that God would not be mocked by their lying words, and they came to Moses and

told him that they had sinned against God, by speaking as they had done, and asked him to pray to God for them. In answer to Moses' prayer, God told him to make a burning serpent of brass and put it on a pole, or ensign, and that every one bitten by the living serpents would be healed, when they looked to the dead serpent on the pole. A great many, no doubt, soon turned their eyes to the uplifted serpent, and I am sure every one who did, was healed at once. Many years after this took place, when the Lord Jesus was here on earth, He was speaking to a man named Nicodemus about being born again, and He told him that the way to be born again, was just the same as it was that day in the desert when God gave new life to the dying people. He said—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him. should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 14, 15). You are all bitten by a fiery serpent called sin, dear children, and unless you get life from God you will all die the sinner's death, and perish in hell under the wrath of God. But God has sent His Son to die your death, and to suffer your punishment. Jesus died for sinners, and now every boy and girl that believes in Him, and trusts Him as their own Saviour, get from God everlasting life. How many of you have owned yourselves sinners, and looked to Christ, I wonder. Some of you do



THE BRAZEN SERPENT BEING CAST OUT OF THE TEMPLE.

not seem to have got life yet, we see no sign of it, but we see sin overcoming you and mastering you like a viper. But there is something more told us about this brazen serpent. Many years after, when good king Hezekiah came to the throne, he found the people had departed from God and were worshipping idols, one of which was "the brazen serpent that Moses had made" (2 Kings

xviii. 4). Hezekiah, as our picture shows, had it taken down from its shrine, and cast out, giving it the name of Nehushtan—that is, "a bit of brass," because it was taking the place of God. I once saw a lot of children bowing down to a large golden cross This is idolatry. It is not the cross of wood or gold, but Jesus Himself, that saves all who put their trust in Him.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER:

FTER the fierce and terrible battle of Abu-Klea, in the Soudan, two young soldiers were conversing together in one of the tents. The youngest of the two, little more than a boy, had received a fatal wound, and lay all comfortless and weary in his blood-stained uniform. His comrade, who was a Christian, and acting as a nurse, sat by his side, trying to cheer and soothe his suffering companion, by reading portions of the New Testament. "Shall I read a little more to you, Davie, my lad, it's a comfort in the dying hour you know?" said the Christian soldier. Davie nodded assent, and he went on reading from the eleventh chapter of Matthew's Gospel. Presently he came to the twenty-eighth verse, and read over slowly and pathetically the words— "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Stop, Jamie," said the dving youth, "these words were never meant for me. You know I've been God's enemy all my life, and I've fought hard and sore against Him; these words can never be meant for me. No, no, I've been His enemy—they

cannot be for me."

"Enemy or not, I assure you, Davie, my lad, God speaks these words to you. His enemy you, no doubt, have been, as I once was, but here God offers you His terms of peace." "Terms of peace, Jamie, did you

say" muttered the dying lad, "terms of peace, let me hear them over again." "That I will, Davie, just listen to them, man," and Jamie read aloud-"now then we ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," "Believe on the Lord Iesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

The dying lad's face changed, and raising himself partly on his couch, he clasped his hands, and looking up to heaven, said, "I accept the terms! I accept the terms! O! Christ of of God I surrender to Thee;" and then sank back exhausted.

All through that day he lingered in life, at times, in a whisper, saying, "thank God, at peace, at peace." As the setting sun threw its parting rays on the marble brow of the dying youth, a sweet smile played on his countenance, and ere the morning dawned on the busy camp he was absent from the body, and present with the Lord. There, amid the horrors of a blood-stained battlefield, within a few hours of eternity, he accepted God's terms of peace and surrendered himself to Christ.

How much easier for you who are in health, and amid the comforts of home to do the same. God's terms of peace are just the same to you, today and now, as they were to that young soldier on the far off deserts of the Soudan.



DECISION REWARDED.

"you answer this letter. Say to the customerthat the goods were shipped before the order was cancelled." The order referred to, was for a large quantity of a class of goods they wanted to clear, and the merchant had thought by this means to get rid of the goods, which the buyer now declined to take.

William was a young believer, only a few months converted. As he took from his master's hand the letter, his cheek flushed and his lip quivered. It was a critical moment for the young believer. Gaining courage, he looked up into his master's face, and very politely yet firmly said—"I am very sorry, sir, that I cannot do that." "Cannot do it," said the master angrily, "why not, William?" "Because it would be a lie, Sir, the goods are in the warehouse still," answered the boy quietly. The master turned on his heel, and walked into his room muttering to himself. "He'll get his wages," said some of the clerks who overheard what passed, "and it serves him right. Why should he object to do, what's done every day all over the city?" Did William lose his place? Nay verily. His master, who was a church-member, and perhaps a backslidden child of God, thought over his clerk's answer, and it troubled him. It was the last time such a dishonest act was done in his warehouse, and knowing the value of such a youth as William, he made him his confidential clerk.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him" (Prov. xvi. 7); "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Psa. lxxxiv. 11).

1887. THE LAST MESSAGE.

GAIN the onward flow of time's swift stream has brought us to the last month of another year, and we must lift our pen and write the closing message to our many young friends in this and other lands. We wish we could address them all as the lambs and sheep of Iesus' blood-bought flock. Thanks be to His name, a number of them are so, saved by grace, and on the way to glory; and the number of the saved has been increased during the progress of the year 1887. We have heard of numbers of boys and girls, and of young men and women, throughout Great Britain, Canada, and the United States of America. and some also in Australia and New Zealand, who have passed from death to life during the present year. They are now following in the ways of the Lord, and serving Him here until that moment when He shall call them to be with Himself, to spend the glad eternity in His happy home above. But with all it is not so. Ah! no: for some—we fear many—are still unsaved; still unforgiven; still without Christ; and the closing year shortens their thread of life, and brings them nearer to their doom in hell. Loved reader, are you among that host? Are you unsaved? Does the closing year bring you a stage nearer the edge of the gulf that separates the sinner from God and heaven? Oh, pause and think. Brush all other thoughts to one side for a moment, I beseech you, and concentrate your attention on this one, this vital question. Set yourself down right in front of this one momentous theme, and give it your whole, your undisturbed thought. Ask yourself, "Am I ready to meet my God?" Am I the Lord's, or am I not? Does the flight of time bring me a stage nearer to heaven or to hell? Give your conscience time to speak, and when it does, stifle not its voice. Let the true state of affairs be told. If you should find, that nothwithstanding your knowledge of the gospel, your familiarity with the way of salvation, you are still Christless, lifeless, unregenerated, then unhesitatingly, and at once, decide to be the Lord's; claim Him as your Saviour; own Him as your Lord. Farewell.

Bible-Searching.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES
UNDER TEN YEARS.

The first unsaved worshipper who came apart from blood.

A man whose house for full three months was greatly blessed by God.

A city great in wickedness, repentant in a day.

A tree whose health and vigour grows, when part is cut away.

The servant of a royal house, converted to the Lord.

A Canaanite whose house was saved, while round it flashed the sword.

A faithful witness who was killed, because he spake the truth.

Whose brother mocked and hated him in early days of youth?

A saint who oft refreshed and cheered an aged man of God.

A king whose pride was humbled low, beneath Jehovah's-rod.

The capitals of all these names will form a single word,

And name a truth of Holy Writ, once uttered by the Lord.

Which every boy and girl must know, whose sins are unforgiven,

Before they can be happy here, or dwell with Christ in heaven.

A Prize Volume of Bible Stories and Pictures will be given to the boy or girl under ten, who answers the above set of Questions most correctly, and whose Answers are most neatly written. Answers to be sent to The Young Watchman Office, Kilmarnock, before 1st January, 1888. Prize winner's name in February Watchman.

Bible Biography.

OUR next Bible Biography will be "The Life of Joseph." Papers to be sent by 31st December, addressed "Bible Biography," The Young Watchman Office, accompanied by name, address, and age of writer. In order to give our younger friends an opportunity of searching and writing on this interesting theme, we offer two prizes, instead of one. A prize for the best "Biography" by the boy or girl above fifteen years; and a prize for the best "Biography" by the boy or girl under fifteen years. We hope to see a larger pile than ever this time. Prize winners' names in February.

To our Renders

HE present issue completes our fifth volume, and the fifth year of "The Young Watchman" as a Monthly Magazine. We are deeply thankful to the Lord for His goodness in permitting us to continue this little service for His Name, in sending forth the Gospel's joyful message, and the simple truths of His Word, among the young in years, in this and other lands. We take this opportunity of most heartily thanking those who have contributed to these pages, and others who have sought to increase their circulation, by personal effort, in bringing the little Magazine before others. For the encouragement of all who have co-operated with us, we are glad to be able to say, that the general circulation has steadily increased from the time the first number was issued, until the present month, and what is of greater importance, the number of letters telling of the Lord's blessing on these pages, both in the conversion of sinners, and in ministering cheer and help to the little ones of His flock, increase year by year. To the glory of His grace we raise our "Ebenezer" and

say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

We have no special announcement to make regarding the future of "The Young Watchman," further than to say, that it will be continued, if the Lord permit, during the coming year, as it has formerly been, and we shall welcome the fellowship of saints in contributing papers suitable for these pages, or in seeking to circulate and introduce the Magazine where it is as yet unknown. As announced in last month's "Watchman," we have arranged to issue a new Magazine for little boys and girls, to meet the need of Infant Classes in our Sunday Schools, and younger children at home. It will be called

Our Little Ones' Treasury,

the same in size and price as "The Young Watchman," only larger type and with more pictures. The January number is now ready. Specimen Copies will be sent to any who desire them, post free; and we shall be glad of the help of friends in making this new Magazine known among parents, and those labouring among little children. In addition to the Gospel simply and clearly presented, we hope to be able to give a series of short Biographies of well-known saints, who were converted in very early days, and "Hints and Helps" on Bible-Searching, Text-Painting, &c., for the employment of "Our Little Ones" at home.

"THE SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKER'S MAGAZINE" will be continued as before, and also "THE GOSPEL MESSENGER."

We earnestly crave an interest in your prayers, dear fellow-saints, that for all this labour, God will give the needed wisdom and grace, and the word in due season, to send forth both to saint and sinner.

NEW ORDERS.—Kindly let all orders for the coming year, or change in address or quantity, be sent us as early as possible. Unless we hear to the contrary, we shall continue to send to former subscribers, the same quantities of Magazines as formerly.

ANNIIAI VOLIIMES & NEW BOOKS For Christmas and New-Dear.

Young Watchman Annual Yolume,

Bound in Cloth, Gilt Title and Ornaments, 1/. Cloth Limp, 9d; Fine Coloured Paper Cover, 6d.

The Sunday School Worker's Magazine and Bible Student's Helper Annual Volume.

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GOSPEL MESSENGER ANNUAL VOLUME.

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