

>> Frontispiece <



JAMIE'S PERPLEXITY.

"You have no idea, Jamie, how easy it is to confess Christ when you have Him."

See page 27.

THE

Young Watchman.



ILLUSTRATED.

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

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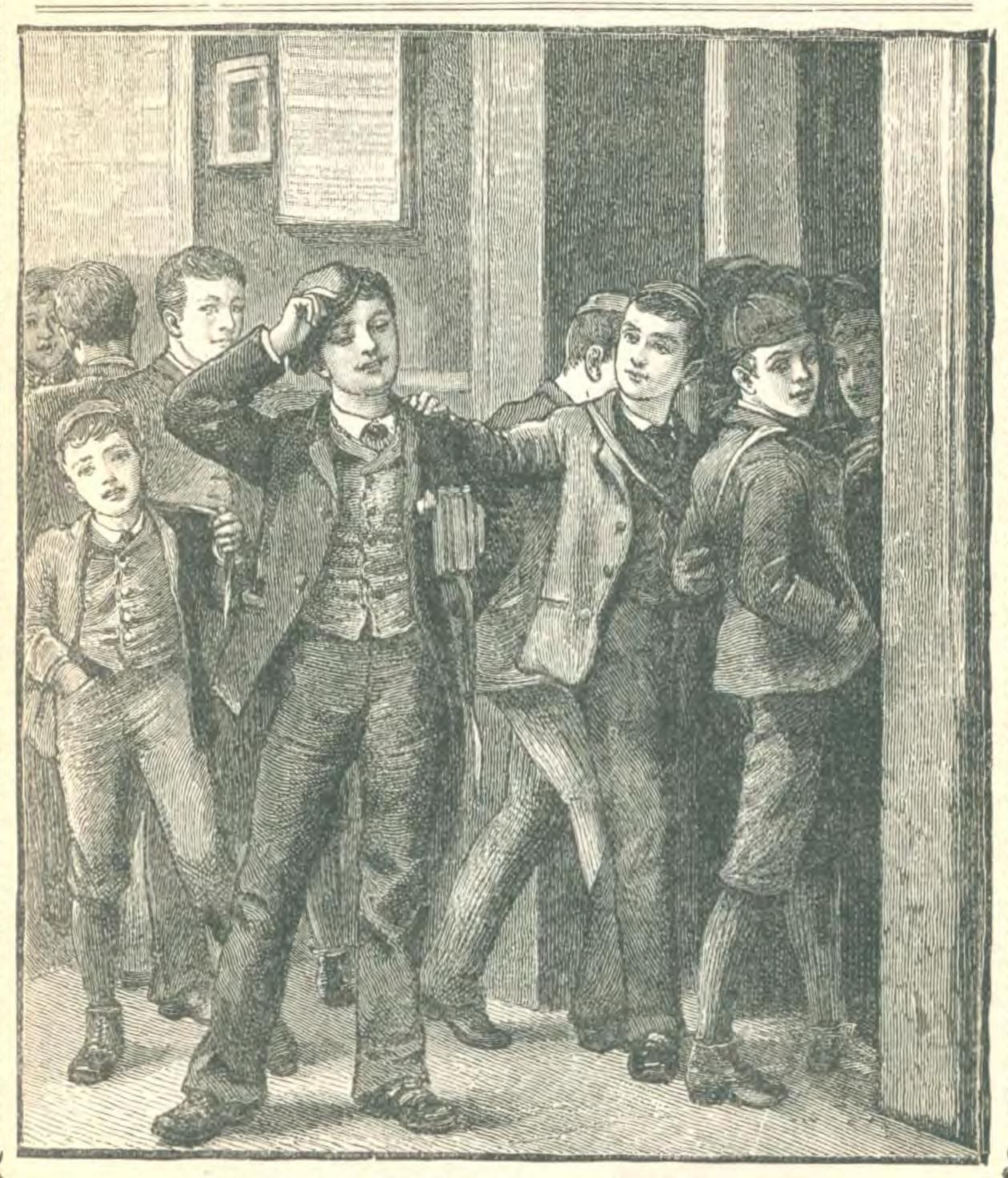
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The Boung Watchman.

No. 61.]

JANUARY, 1888.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



BARRY, THE SCHOOL-DOY. A Playground Scene.





BARRY, THE SCHOOL-BOY. A PLAY-GROUND SCENE.

HAT a merry scene the school play-ground is! Hundreds of boys and girls are there full of glee, laughing and playing together, until the toll of the school-bell reminds them that the hour for lessons has come. Then the noise is hushed, lines are formed, and a few minutes later the play-ground is empty, and the hum of busy voices is heard within the school-room. We all remember well those early days, with their school and play-ground joys, and many of our youthful readers are now in the midst of such scenes from day to day.

The story I am about to tell you, may be called "a play-ground scene," yet, I am pretty certain, few of you ever saw one like it. It was told to me, many years ago, by a dear friend—a lover of boys and girls, who has since then joined the company of the redeemed in heaven.

In a beautifully situated town in Ireland, there is a large school for boys and girls, with an adjoining play-ground. In that school there was a boy who had been converted to God, and who was known among his school-mates by the name of "The Revival." It was not so common then as it is now, for converted boys and girls to own that they were

the Lord's, and to openly confess themselves saved, and on the way to heaven. Yet this dear lad did so, and he suffered not a little in consequence. About this very time, a wonderful work of God began in that town, and in the surrounding country. Men and women in every rank of life became very anxious about their salvation, and almost day and night, meetings were held for preaching the gospel and dealing with the anxious. Barry, the converted school-boy, was sharing the labour and the joy, of these days of visitation. As he had opportunity, he invited his schoolmates to the meetings, or spoke individually to others, as they walked to, or from the school. During lessons in the school one day, a boy began to cry bitterly. The master, who was himself a Christian, tried to comfort him, but all in vain. He became so deeply awakened about the state of his soul, that he could not do his lessons, and had to be sent home. Barry was sent to accompany him. They had to pass an oldhouse on the way. Barry said to his companion, "Let's go in here, and tell God about it; He is able to save you just now." The boys climbed over the ruined wall, knelt down side by side, and Barry prayed earnestly for his companion's conversion. Then in his simple, boyish way, he told him the way of life, and

lovingly pleaded, "Just trust yourself to Jesus, and don't be afraid, for He says, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."" blessed His Word, and there within these ruined walls, the anxious boy passed from death to life, and wiped away his tears. "Now, let's go back and tell the master," said the boy, "maybe God will save some of our companions." The boys walked back together, and on entering the school, the newly-converted boy walked up to the master's desk with a beaming face, and quietly said, "I am happy now, sir; the Lord Jesus has saved me." The effect upon the school was extraordinary. Instead of laughing, as they were wont to do at Barry, a solemn awe seemed to take possession of the boys. Immediately the hour of dismissal came, they crowded around the boy, and began to earnestly inquire how he was converted. In less than a quarter-of-an-hour, half-a-dozen boys were weeping about their sins, and standing in little groups in corners of the play-ground speaking about the way of salvation. The master, on looking over the play-ground wall, saw another row of boys kneeling on the ground, most of them in tears. The girls, from the school-room above, began to come out, and as they passed through the play-ground, one of them stopped to enquire

the cause of so many boys weeping. "We are wanting to be saved," said a boy, "because we are going to hell." The word went like an arrow to her heart, and she wept also. Was it mere natural sympathy? Nay, verily. It was the Spirit of God using the solemn statement of facts, to awaken those children to see themselves sinners under the judgment of God, and in need of a Saviour. As one after another heard the glorious gospel from the lips of Barry, and others who had been saved, and were now busy speaking to their companions, they believed, and were born of God. It was a wonderful sight, upon which the angels of God must have looked down with joy. As the day wore on, parents missing their children, came in search of them, and some of them also were awakened and saved. It was late that night when the play-ground was cleared, and the next morning saw it occupied by not a few boys and girls with beaming faces, who could sing in truth and honesty-

"I know my sins are all forgiven,"
And I am on my way to heaven."

Many of the boys and girls who were converted that memorable day, and during the weeks and months that followed—for the work thus begun, went on—are now at home with the

Lord. Others are yet on earth, living

for Christ, and following Him in the

way. Has there been any such day or hour in your life's history, as there was in that awakened school-boy's? Have you ever been awakened to see yourself a sinner, guilty, condemned, and liable to drop into hell at any moment? or do you spend your days thoughtlessly and heedlessly, closing your ears to the Word of God, and resisting the convictions of His Spirit?

"Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee (Job xxxvi. 18).

YOUR DYING HOUR.

O you ever think, loved reader, that your dying hour must come, and that then you go to meet your God? Silently as a shadow, softly as the evening air, or, it may be, armed with disease and burning fever, death will one day visit you, and usher you into the great eternity beyond. Earth's lights and shadows, its hours of mirth and sorrow, its gay and sombre scenes must then recede from view, and your eyes begin to look on that which is eternal. Are you happy at the thought of this, or does it create an uneasy feeling in your breast? Can you contemplate with ease, that hour, when you must say "farewell" to all on earth held dear, and launch out on the un-

known eternity beyond? Are you prepared to die—prepared to meet your God? If you shirk the question, that too plainly proves that all is not right between your soul and God: it shows that you are unprepared to die. But the fact remains, nevertheless, and sooner or later you will know its meaning.

NETTIE'S RESCUE; Or, SAVED BY ANOTHER.

T the dark midnight hour, flames were seen issuing from the windows of a house. The firebell rang, and a few minutes later, a crowd had gathered around the burning house, eager to lend a helphand to extinguish the fire, or to rescue those within. One after another of the inmates were safely brought out, and kindly received in the houses of neighbours around. It was supposed that all had been saved, when a woman burst through the crowd, wringing her hands, and crying piteously-"My Nettie, my Nettie is still there." Could it be possible that a precious child was still in danger of the flames, and that no effort was being made to reach her? Yes, indeed, a mother's only child too, dearer to her heart than life itself. Nettie had been put to bed as usual, and after she was asleep, her mother had gone

out to see a sick neighbour. The sounding of the fire-bell, and the noise of voices brought her quickly to the spot. There was a hurried glance around to see if Nettie had been brought out, but no Nettie was there. Soundly asleep in her cot, dear child, unconscious of her danger, while the raging flames

glowed underneath her, a faint but solemn picture of the sinner's present state. The firemen looked at each other in dismay. There was not a moment to spare; but who was to risk his life to save the life of Nettie? Another moment, and a tall fireman, his helmet gleaming in the light of the lurid flames, was seen

ascending the ladder. It was a terrible risk, and the people stood with bated breath, as they saw him enter the window and disappear amid the smoke. In less than two minutes he appeared again at the window, clasping the child in one arm, and battling with the flames with the other. There was a ring-

ing cheer went up from the crowd, and many a "God bless you," as he handed Nettie into her mother's arms, shaking with fear, but safe. But that noble act cost the fireman his life. The flame from which he saved the child had leaped upon himself, and left its marks, from the effects of which he died. How

could Nettie ever forget the love of her deliverer? Many a tear was dropped, and many a daisy planted on his grave. But his love was only a shadow of the love of Jesus, who left His radiant home, and endured the flame of God's wrath to rescue you from eternal judgment and everlasting fire. Reader, are

you treating Him with contempt? Are you spurning His hand outstretched to save you, and choosing rather to continue in sin, and go down unconverted to hell? Who would remain in a burning house with the flames raging underneath? Yet the sinner chooses to remain within a step of hell, refusing deliverance.



ROCK. THE SMITTEN

"That Rock was Christ" (r Cor. x. 4).



HOST lay camped whose numbers Compare with morning dew, [might Or with the stars that grace the night In yonder arch of blue.

A people, they, redeemed by blood, Saved by Almighty power, Brought through the separating flood, Jehovah, their strong tower.

The Red Sea's rolling waves controlled, Like crystal walls had stood, Nor backward its proud waters rolled, Till all had crossed the flood.

Then from the cloudy pillar's height, God looked on Pharoah's host, Who madly had pursued that night, With laughter, jeer, and boast.

That look brought trouble and dismay, Loosed every chariot wheel; Where then the strength of Egypt's stay? Where then the furbished steel?

They turned, but ah! too late to flee-For driven by tempest force, The pent-up waters of the sea, Resumed their ancient course.

King, captains, horsemen, all were drowned, Not one survived to tell The tale of death; for all had found

Their laughter hushed in hell.

Not one of Israel's host was lost, Not one of Pharoah's saved; None shall be lost who Jesus trust, None safe, by sin enslaved.

The triumph was complete—the Lord Had won the fight alone, They had not lifted spear or sword, The glory was His own.

From ransomed hearts now filled with joy, A glad new song forth flowed, While tuneful lip and sparkling eye, Alike His praises showed.

Nor did God leave them then to trace, Their way as best they might, But led them in His wondrous grace, Himself their shade and light.

For bitterness He gave a tree, Which made the waters sweet, Type of the cross of Calvary, Love's triumph—sin's defeat.

They hungered, and He fed them all With bread sent down from heaven; He caused it round their camp to fall, From His own storehouse given.

It lowly lay upon the ground, Within the reach of all, Sweet as the honeycomb, and round, In size exceeding small.

A figure this of Him who came The bread of life to be, Who stooped to die that death of shame, For you, dear soul-for me.

His dignity He laid aside, He was despised and small, That He might life and peace provide, For you—for me—for all.

Now "whosoever will" may eat This bread divine and live, They only know who taste how sweet, The best that God could give.

They thirsted, but the desert sand No water could supply, It was a dry and weary land, Where burning winds swept by.

A rugged rock in Horeb stood, So flinty, hard, and dry, None could have thought its fissures rude, Their want would satisfy.

But while the people watching stood, God's rod was lifted high, It smote the rock, the water flowed In rich and full supply.

The living stream flowed far and near, All drank, both old and young; While gladly o'er its waters clear, The weary, faint ones hung.

Nor then alone, but day by day, As year by year rolled on, It followed them through all the way Till pilgrim days were done.



"IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK" (John vii. 37).

That smitten rock unfolds a tale,
Ne'er yet in fulness told,
E'en Gabriel's tongue itself would fail,
Its wonders to unfold.

It tells of Christ the Son of God,
Made sin for sinful men;
How God's own sword was bathed in blood,
Of Christ, forsaken then.

Who can conceive the anguish deep
That o'er His spirit rolled;
The depths of hell those secrets keep,
Those mysteries enfold.

By this alone your sins, dear soul,
Or mine, could be forgiven;
His stripes alone could make us whole,
And fit our souls for heaven.

Christ is the smitten Rock, from Him The living waters flow, Downward in undiminished stream, Through every land they go.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come,'"
Ye thirsty, come away,
Drink freely from this costly stream,
And live through endless day.

ROBIN THE TOLL-KEEPER.

of Gloucestershire, old Robin had kept the toll-bar for years. He lived all alone in the little lodge, with small diamond-shaped glass windows, and seldom was many yards distant from its door, Sunday or Saturday. All the country-folks round about knew Robin, and were indulgent with him, although at times his movements were unbearably slow. He was in the habit of closing the gates rather early, and going off to bed; then, anyone coming, had to call and wait till he turned out to let them pass through.

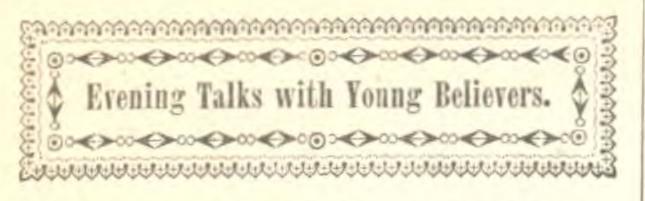
Late one night, a traveller was driving along the road, eager to reach the nearest town. When he came up to Robin's gates, he found them closed, and everything quiet. He pulled up his horse, and called loudly, "gates;" after listening for a moment, a drowsy voice from within the tollkeeper's lodge was heard saying, "coming." A few moments passed, but no toll-man appeared. The traveller dismounted, and knocked at the door with his whip handle. Again the voice answered, "coming," and again all was still. The traveller became impatient, so he lifted the latch and walked into the house. Robin lay snugly asleep, but roused himself up at the sound of the voice

beside him, rubbing his eyes, and asking, "Who's there?" When he saw the stranger, he jumped at once and apologised, saying, "I have been toll-keeper here for forty years, and I gets so used to folks crying 'gates,' that I says 'coming' through my sleep, and takes no more notice of it."

There are many like old Robin the toll-keeper. They listen to the Gospel's invitations and entreaties, and say, "coming," then go on as usual. They have got so "used" to hearing the story of the love of Jesus, and the tidings of His coming judgment, that they hear it like a dream. They have been awakened oft by God's voice, but have slept again. Reader, is it not so? Have you not been aroused about your soul, and slept again? There is an hour nigh at hand, when Jesus will not only call, but come in person. He will awaken you then with the voice of His judgment-trump; but alas, it will be too late for salvation then. My dear young reader, take care how you treat the calls of Jesus. He calls to you now in love; it may be through the lips of a loving parent, or a faithful teacher in the Sunday School. You will get accustomed to hear that call, and hardened into a fatal sleep if you obey it not.

A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel?" (r Peter iv. 7). "Whose end is destruction" (Phil. iii. 19).



DECISION FOR CHRIST.

HIS being the first of our "Evening Talks" together this year, dear young saints, I think we might have a quiet hour together speaking about-decision. I do not mean deciding to be Christianswe all profess to have been born again-but decision for Christ in our every-day life, real downright out-and-out honesty for God, everywhere and always. Do you know, I have begun to fear, that a number of Christ's young disciples-and it may be old ones too-go back in soul and become backsliders, from sheer dishonesty, in what may be called little things. To escape persecution, or being teased by those around them, they fall in with the world's way of doing things, and on they go from bad to worse, until the difference between them and the unconverted, becomes almost invisible. When we open the book of God we see that this is not what God expects from His people at all. He says, "Walk not as other Gentiles walk" (Eph. iv. 17); take no pattern from them, but "walk as children of light" (Eph. v. 8), uprightly, honestly, and as "before the Lord."

And this is what we read of some of God's "mighty men" having done of old. Look at that youth away in the palace of Egypt. He has a splendid chance of becoming a great man among the Egyptians, if he will only hide his parentage and deny that he is an Hebrew, allowing himself to be called "the son of Pharoah's daughter." But no. Moses will not be a coward: he will not for fear of the "reproach of Christ," settle down amongst the Egyptians. He looks forward to the end, and his eye catches sight of the "recompense of reward." From that moment his choice was made. He cast in his lot with the people of God, and the day came when Egypt trembled at his word. Look again at these four royal youths in the court of Babylon. They are taken into royal favour, and are destined to become "wise men" in Babylon. They are set to study Chaldean language and literature; they find no fault with that; God has not forbidden it. But here comes Melzar with a flagon of wine, and desires them to drink. Daniel steps forward, and courteously yet firmly declines the cup. Why? Because God had forbidden it. This was enough for Daniel. "He purposed in his heart, that he would not defile himself" (Dan. i. 8). Was he a loser by his decision? Nay verily: God will be no man's debtor.

He with his companions were made rulers of the kingdom. Faithful and beloved young witnesses for God, how we revere their memory!

But some of you may be thinking, "O yes, and if I was placed in such circumstances I would act as they did, but no such test is ever applied to me!" Perhaps not, and well for most of us that it is so, for I have grave doubt if many Daniels would now be found. But the principle holds good in smaller matters. What about separation to God down in the office? How about—"Dare to be a Daniel," when all the rest are going to a concert? What about "shining as a light" in the midst of a crooked lot of dishonest fellowworkers, who do not hesitate to pilfer their master's goods, or fritter away his time when his back is turned? Do you "dare to be a Daniel" then? Ah! here the shoe pinches: I am sure of it. Then there is another form of trial common to some, wherein their decision is tested. Your earthly master—with whom perhaps, like Naaman, some are "great men"-bids you do some bit of work, which for a believer would be wrong, how would you do then? There is a possibility of "losing favour" by mentioning the dishonesty of the thing. Ah! yes, dear saints, but there is a grand opportunity of finding favour with God at such a time. At all costs take sides with God, and for God, and you will never regret it. Farewell. May the God of glory bless you.

Correspondence.

We shall be glad to try and answer questions for general profit, that any of our young friends may send. They should be plainly written, and accompanied by the name and address of writer. We have quite a pile of questions lying unanswered, sent during the past year. Our space devoted to this is necessarily small, so our young friends who send them, must have patience, and not be disappointed if the answers are not given the very month after the questions are sent.

"A Little Girl" wants to know whether she must not "feel a change" before she can know that the Lord has saved her. Some of her friends say that they "felt the burden roll off their hearts" when they were converted, and she has been "waiting for a long time, wishing to feel the same."

The Lord Jesus says, "He that believeth on Me, hath everlasting life" (John vi. 47). and it is written, "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), There is not a single word about "feeling" in these verses, but there is a "hath" and an "are," and they are both connected with believing. "He that believeth HATH"-"all that believe ARE." If "A Little Girl" can truly say she believes on the Son of God, the Son of God says, that she is a possessor of everlasting life. When she believes this fact, I have no doubt she will feel happy. Happy facts, when they are received in faith, bring happy feelings; but it is the facts, and not the feelings, that give the knowledge of salvation. May "A Little Girl," and all others who desire to have solid peace, cease to judge God's Word by their feelings, and say, "Let God be true."

[&]quot;Be my feelings what they will, Jesus is my Saviour still."

Wetter from a Young Sioux.

THE following letter received lately from a young Christian in the far West of America, a Sioux by birth, may be interesting to our readers. It shows us how the glad tidings is reaching sinners far and near, black and white, and leading them to the Lord Jesus. A Christian friend sends this dear soul a packet of "The Young Watchman" by post, each month. His letter tells how much his countrymen prize such gifts, and how eagerly they receive the Gospel Message.

DEAR MR. R

"I got from you last night some nice books called 'Young Watchman.' They make me very glad and happy. The news of our Saviour is good to hear. The good news has reached our people some years There was a trouble between the ago. Sioux and the Whites. About nine years ago, a native missionary came and preached the Gospel, and I know my people have grown in Christian life since that time. None of them are living in tents now, but all in log houses like as the white people are. The good news is growing, and it minds us of what our Lord Jesus said to His disciples - Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' Here we have many young men, and young ladies, and boys, and girls, and I know God will bless us, and we shall carry good seeds to our people abroad, and by planting this good seed, there will be new souls to follow Jesus. Your Friend,

PETER H-."

Saved himself by sovereign grace, he now longs and labours for the salvation of his fellow-countrymen. Are you saved, reader? If so, do you seek the salvation of others, or are you satisfied to go to heaven alone?

Tetters from the Poung Holks.

"I AM glad to tell you that I am now the Lord's. I was very much ashamed to think that three of the boys in my class were saved, and I was not. The same week, as I was going to bed one night, the thought came into my mind, 'If I die to-night I will be lost for all eternity.' I lay thinking, and the verse, John iii. 16 came into my mind. I believed on the Lord Jesus, and I was converted. Now I am on my way to heaven."

JAMES R——.

"I was saved at the Children's Tea Meeting on Saturday night. Miss M—, explained the way of salvation to me there, and I was very glad to learn how simple it was. I read Ephesians ii. 8, 9, 'For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." I am now so happy."

GRACE G. L ---, Aged 13 years.

This boy and girl attend a Sunday School near Glasgow, in which a number of children have lately been converted. They sent the letters as given above to the Superintendent of the School, telling him of their conversion. Could you write and tell how and when you were converted, or, have you no conversion to tell of?

BIBLE-SEARCHING & BIBLE-BIOGRAPHY.

WE would remind our young friends under ten who are at work on the Bible-Searching given in the December "Watchman," that their papers must be sent by 1st January, and those on the "Bible-Biography" on the "The Life of Joseph," by the same date. The names of Prize-winners will be given in February "Watchman," Godwilling.

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JOHN RITCHIE

"The Young Watchman" Office,
KILMARNOCK, Scotland.



The Doung Matchman.

No. 62.]

FEBRUARY, 1888. [ONE HALFPENNY.



LIZZIE'S NEW PLACE.



LIZZIE'S NEW PLACE.

INIZZIE'S last school-day had come, and with a merry heart, she tripped from the little cottage in a corner of the wood where she had been brought up by her aunt, to the village school, to take her place as "dux" of the class for the last time, and then say "good bye" to her old teacher who had been a good and faithful friend to her. She was now fifteen years of age, and a lady living near, who, for many years, had taken a warm interest in the orphan girl, had found a nice situation for her in the house of an aged lady, a few miles off from her aunt's. Lizzie was in high glee at the thought of being free from school-books and lessons, and of getting away to see a bit of the world. She little knew the dangers that beset the path of life, especially of one at her age, launched forth on a world unknown, and as she was, without God. The following day she was driven in a neighbour's cart to the station with her traps, to enter on her new place. After all, she could not help letting drop a tear, as she took a last look at the cottage in the wood, with the rose and honeysuckle twining round the door, where her early days had been spent, but a few minutes longer and it was out of sight. Then her thoughts were turned to her new

home, wondering what it would be like, and who her fellow-servants would be. An hour brought her there, and a few minutes later, she was seated by the laundry fire, talking to a pleasant-looking maid, under whom she was to serve. Tea over, she was taken to the housekeeper, who told her what her duties would be, and then said she might take a walk round the place and see it, and perhaps M-, the laundry-maid would accompany her. It was a lovely summer evening, and everything seemed to smile upon her. They walked together along the avenue, chatting freely. Lizzie's companion was a believer, a bright one too, who made it her business to live for God, and to speak a word for Christ whereever she found opportunity. The coming of this new girl had been a subject of prayer with her, and she had earnestly asked God to give her the joy of winning her for Christ it she was unsaved. Now, she was watching for a fitting moment to make the first effort to reach her conscience. "What a pretty place this is" said Lizzie, "I think everybody ought to be happy here." "Yes" replied the maid, "but like everything here, it has its sorrows too. Only the other day a coffin was borne along this very avenue, and laid in the tomb of one who thought he'd live to enjoy the world for many

years, but, in the midst of his hopes he was cut down, and I fear he was not thinking much about his soul or eternity." The words had a strange effect on Lizzie, especially that last word, "eternity," seemed to send a shudder through her heart. She never heard anybody but a minister speak about such things before, and that not very often. "I think its such a grand thing to be saved and ready to go at any moment," continued the maid, "then come life or death, all is well." "I was just wondering whether you had been converted Lizzie, and I hope you will not be offended at me asking if you are." Lizzie hung her head and said nothing, so the maid went on to say, "it is now several years since the Lord saved me; I daresay I would just be about your age when I was awakened to see myself a sinner, lost and on the way to hell, and soon after I trusted the Lord Jesus and He saved me. There are several of us about the house converted, and we have some very happy times. I hope we may soon have you to join us, as one of the Lord's redeemed ones." Little more passed that night, but Lizzie felt extremely unhappy. It was not the strange place, nor the new surroundings: but the thought of that coffin passing down the avenue had raised a new thought within her breast. What if she

should die and be carried down next? It was possible, and then the words of her fellow-servant about "Eternity" came up and troubled her. She slept little that night, aud the following day there seemed a load upon her heart. The maid had a text-card fastened above the fireplace with a verse or two of Scripture on it, and underneath were the words, "Where will you spend eternity?" Every time that Lizzie passed the card her eye fell on these words, and at every look they seemed to take a firmer hold upon her, until the all-absorbing theme of her thoughts by day and night were, where she would go if she died, and what her portion would be in eternity. Such were the effects under God's blessing, of that simple, earnest testimony of the converted laundrymaid. Lizzie was awakened; thoroughly aroused to see her need, her danger, and her doom, but how to escape it she knew not. Poor girl! it was a legal gospel she had been accustomed to hear. She had been earnestly counselled to "say her prayers" night and morning, and to "go to Church on Sunday." Further than these, she had no idea of the way of life, but God who loved her had deliverance near.

"Will you go with me to a meeting to-night, Lizzie," asked the laundry-maid, a few mornings after Lizzie's arrival, "a servant of the Lord is coming to preach in one of the cottages not far off and several of us are going, I thought you might like to go. You will hear the glad tidings and maybe you will be saved. I'm sure you will, if you believe what you hear." Lizzie gladly consented, and that night along with her fellowservant and several others from the house, she sat listening to the gospel. God had been working, and in the cottage that night there was a company of new-born souls, warm in their early love. At the close, several shook hands with Lizzie and asked her if she was saved. One bright girl took her arm and walked off speaking to her about Christ. They entered one of the cottages and sat down side by side; the young believer pointing her to several portions of the Word. No one can better lead a seeking soul to Christ than a young believer, full of the love of Christ, and rejoicing in the fulness of the Gospel, and so this dear girl was used to win Lizzie's soul for Christ. John v. 24—that anchorage for many a doubt-tossed soul, was used of God, as the word to give her light, and to effect the second birth. She heard, believed, and could say, "I have everlasting life," as God has written. What a journey back to the house! The woods rang again with the sound of praise, and many a night after, as that little company walked home,

rejoicing over sinners born of God. Lizzie's new place was now the sphere of her service for her new Master, and she herself was a new creature. The first visit to the old home had joyful tidings, and many heard, and since then some have turned to the Lord. Years have rolled on and Lizzie is now a woman, a follower of the Lord, and often and again does she thank Him for saving her in early days, as she entered her new place.

Dear reader have you been converted to God, or do you rush on along life's path, forgetful of death and the judgment. Both will surely come, it may be soon, and in an hour when you least expect them.

"SHE DIED LIKE A LAMB,"

O the neighbours said, and it seemed to give general satisfaction to all who listened, to hear that the young woman had died in peace. But what of that, if she was unconverted to God, and unprepared for heaven? Many of the ungodly die peacefully. The Word of the Lord declares - "They have no bands in their death," but this is no guarantee that they have gone to heaven. Ah, no. The devil can drug the sinner right right on to the gates of death, and keep him peaceful. But the Book of God declares, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3).

LITTLE MARY ANN.

N a dingy court in the lower part of the town of Gateshead, there lived a family, consisting of four children, three of whom regularly attended the Sunday School.

Little Mary Ann, the youngest but one, was eight years old, and

she was truly a lamb of Jesus' flock, saved, and shining for Him. On Christmas day, we held our usual Children's treat, and Mary Ann was there. After tea was over, we told the little ones to go home and try to persuade their parents to come with them to the eveningmeeting. Mary Ann ran



REPEATING THE TEXTS.

home and most eagerly sought to the doctor asked. "I would like induce her parents to go. For want of a shawl, her mother said she could not go. "Oh! I'll get you one," said the dear child, and off at once she ran to the house of a neighbour, and got the loan of one. How glad she was to see her father, mother, and sisters there. They heard the children repeat por-

tions of God's Word, and after that, the Gospel was preached to them. Now both father and mother are trusting in Jesus, and rejoicing in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins. Not many days after this, little Mary Ann caught cold, and was laid down ill. The meeting just mentioned was her last on earth. The

> doctor was sent for, and as he sat down at the bed-side, he said, "I have come to mend you, Mary Ann." "You cannot mend me now, doctor; Jesus is my doctor. He has mended me. I am going soon to be with Him." "Would you not like to get better and stay with your mother,"

mother to go with me, but I don't want to stay here." On the day of her death, she told her mother to be sure and tell the teachers and scholars of the Sunday School, to follow her body to the grave, and to sing-

> "Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast."

As the day grew on, the dear child asked what time it was. On being told it was four o'clock, she said, "I will be with Jesus at half-past five, and I should like to see father before I go." Her mother stood trimming the lamp near her bed-side, "What are you doing, mother," she asked, I am going to light the lamp, my dear, said the mother, "it is getting dark you know." "It is not dark here mother," said the dying child, "just come beside me mother and see the bright light here, O no, it is not dark." After twenty-five minutes, her father arrived, and took her into his arms. Then the desire of her heart seemed gratified. She said, "Will you meet me in heaven, father," he replied, "I will." She then held out her hand to her mother, and with slow and impressive tones, uttered the name, Jesus, and then she sweetly fell asleep. Saved at so early an age, and early gathered home, after bearing a brief but bright and blessed testimony to the grace that saves and satisfies the soul of a little child. Dear young reader, are you saved? If not, you may be, and the time is now. Your days, like this dear child's, may be short on earth. Soon you may have to say farewell to all you love on earth. Then you will enter the great eternity beyond. Will it be in heaven or in hell?

PLAYING WITH THE LIFE-BELTS.

HERE is a remarkable incident told in connection with the loss of the steamer Scholten, sunk off Dover, which illustrates greater things. The previous afternoon, when all was fair and bright, a number of the passengers were amusing themselves on deck, by trying on the life-belts. They laughed at their strange appearance, and some said they were quite unnecessary. In the dark midnight hour, when the vessel was sinking, after the collision, there was a rush for the life-belts, and some of those who laughed that afternoon, were drowned because they were too late in securing them. Sinners laugh at God's Word, and lightly esteem the Gospel when all is bright and fair: when youth, and health, and happiness are smiling on them; but in the hour of death, how many would be glad to have that which they despised, but alas, it is then too late. Unsaved one, beware. Trifle not with God's Gospel or His truth. They are not playthings, but like the life-belts that were provided for that vessel, they must be appropriated-used, and that in time. Sinners who reject God's salvation will be engulphed in an eternal hell; sinners who receive it will be saved for endless glory. Reader, are you a receiver or a rejector.



AN OFFERING OF DOVES

great Picture-book. There, we have the Gospel, not only preached.

but illustrated by a set of pictures, which have always been a very delightful as well as a fruitful field for the young folks to explore. Under these types and foreshadowings of olden time, lies the Gospel, by which the sinner may be saved. I think we might spend a profitable half-houreach

early in the Bible do we read of sacrifice and blood-shedding. The first two boys that ever lived, had each his altar, and on one of these altars there was blood and sacrifice. Abel offered a lamb for a sacrifice to God. After the earth had been destroyed by a flood, and Noah had come forth from the ark, his very

first act as he stepped on the new world was to build an altar, and offer sacrifice to God. All down through the Jewish age, we read again and yet again, of the bloodoflambs and goats being shed at the altar of the Lord. All this has a voice to us. It tells us in clear, distinct tones, that

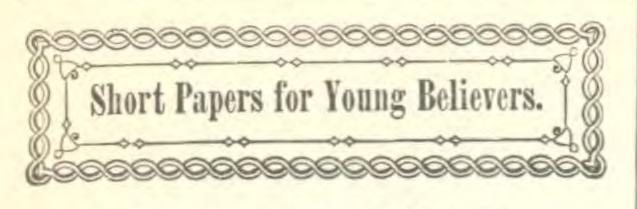


evening over some of these wonderful pictures, especially such of them as bring prominently before us our need as sinners, and how God has met that need in the Person and work of His beloved Son. How very man is a sinner; that he deserves to die; and that the only way of salvation and deliverance is, through the death of Another. I think we may see this still more fully, as we consider the first of this long gallery of types, namely—"The Offering of Doves." I call it the first, because it is connected with the birth of a little child, and shows us, that in our nature we are unclean, and that our very existence calls forth the law of sacrifice.

Every mother in Israel was commanded by God to go up to the temple, forty days after her first-born boy was born, and there "present him to the Lord." At the same time she was to bring a sacrifice to be offered on Jehovah's altar. If rich, it might be a lamb, but if the parents of the child were poor, and "not able to bring a lamb," then "two turtle doves" had to be brought (Lev. xii. 8). One of these was offered as a sin-offering, the other as a burnt-offering to the Lord. We may learn from this, that only through sacrifice can a sinner be brought to God, only through the death of Christ, can the youngest be saved. There are no "innocent children," as people foolishly say, we are all "by nature the children of wrath," and apart from lives of ungodliness, we need to be saved by the death of Another. The sufficiency of the sacrifice of Christ is beautifully foreshadowed in the one dove being offered as a burnt-offering, all for God, and the other as a sin-offering, for the needy sinner. In the death of Christ there is both that which satisfies the heart of God, and meets the need of the sinner. Has it met your need, dear children, or are you

still afar from God, unsaved, unsatisfied?

The second time we hear of the offering of doves, is in connection with the cleansing of the leper. It is not now a fair babe being brought into the temple of the Lord in his mother's arms, but a loathsome leper, shut out from the camp, with a patch on his upper lip, crying, "Unclean, unclean," a sad but true picture of the sinner, openly the victim of sin and corruption. But he is about to be cleansed, and brought back to God, and here again "two turtle doves" are offered as a sacrifice (Lev. xiv. 22). The fair and harmless dove—the very emblem of gentleness, purity, and peace, and the appointed type of Him who was "holy, harmless, and undefiled;" the meek and lowly Lamb of God, dies for the loathsome leper: the clean for the unclean: the undefiled for the loathsome, and only thus can the leper be brought to God. What a Gospel shines forth from the lovely type! Here we have the Son of God, the Lord from heaven, fairer than the sons of men; dying in the stead of a vile, corrupt, and ungodly sinner; the Just for the unjust: the Holy for the unclean. Not only so, but, just as the offerer who brought his offering of doves to the priest of old, was looked upon as accepted in his offering: the value and worth of the sacrifice was counted his, so the sinner who now believes in Jesus and trusts His precious blood is counted "clean every whit," and is "accepted in the Beloved."



GRANNY'S BIBLE.

FOLLOWED the body of a dear aged saint to the tomb the other day, who departed to be with her Lord, at the mature age of ninety-two years. She was only a few years in Christ, having been converted when over seventy years of age. The last time I saw her, she was sitting in her chair with a large type Bible on her knee, and she was able to read it without spectacles. Smiling, she stroked the boards of the old book, as you would the head of a pet lamb, and said, "I'm getting useless now, and my eyes soon get sore, I can only read six chapters at a time." I thought to myself, I greatly fear there are many younger than you, and well able to use their eyes, who do not read the half of that in a week. But the aged saint was a lover of the Word, and as a result she was peaceful and happy.

Dear young saints, do you love your Bibles? Do you often open the sacred Book to seek a handful of the heavenly manna for your souls, and to hear the voice of your Father—God, speaking to you? Or do you hurry on from day to day,

neglecting the holy oracle that would give strength and comfort for the daily path, and gird you for service and conflict, as you journey on to glory.

I am convinced that among young believers, the most common cause of backsliding and departure from God, is to be found in their neglect of the Word of God, and what accompanies it, the neglect of prayer. When once the devil succeeds in depriving the young believer of these two things, which are to his spiritual being "the staff of life," he is able to make an easy prey of him. But the soul fed on the "Bread of God," and armed with "the Sword of the Spirit" taken from the Word, is able to resist the attacks, and eschew the seductions of the adversary. Dear young believer, do you so feed on the Word from day to day?

MATTY'S LEGACY.

"HAVE no gold or silver, no houses or lands to leave you," said the dying girl to her sister, "but I leave you my precious Bible, and a true and faithful friend it has been to me. You will find food to eat, water to cleanse, and light to guide you there from day-to-day. This was more than gold could give.

Reader, are you using it?

Correspondence.

A "Young Believer" writes—"I have been doubting my salvation of late, ever since I heard a preacher say that, 'unless we know the day and hour of our conversion,' we are hypocrites."

The preacher who made the above statement, went clearly a long way further than "Thus saith the Lord," and we do not wonder that a simple soul should be plunged into darkness, as the result of such preaching. We do not know anywhere in the Scriptures where "knowing the day and hour" of conversion is used as a test of being the children of God. Alas! many can speak of such a day, whose lives too clearly prove that there is no life in them. At the same time, we fully believe that in the case of every one truly "born of God" there was a moment when that birth took place, and when they passed from death to life. So clear was the deliverance in the case of some, that they can give "day and date" for it. But this is not so with all; nor is it laid down as any part of "the faith," far less as a "test" of being saved. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (I John v. I); and "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36), are the rocks of eternal truth. To occupy the soul with other things as the objects of their faith, whether these be "frames or feelings," or "days and hours" is a quagmire sunk by the devil, to lead from Christ.

Another writes—"I was in deep exercise of soul, about some things connected with my daily employment. The paper in the "Watchman," entitled—"Business Lies" proved a word in season to help me."

[We have reprinted this article in small book form, and think it might be generally useful for distribution. It may be had at 1/3 per 100.]

Questions and Answers.

QUESTION XLIX. Would it be right for a young believer to take part in a "Lottery," or "Drawing of Prizes?"

Answer.—The usual lottery is a species of gambling, and a decidedly dishonest institution. No believer who desires to keep "a conscience void of offence toward God and man," could have anything to do with it. If the proceeds are for "religious purposes," it makes no difference; the end in nowise "justifies the means," but rather adds hypocrisy to sin, by associating the name of God with dishonesty.

QUESTION L. Is it according to Scripture to tell unsaved people to pray for salvation?

Answer.—No. The Scripture says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?" (Rom. x. 14).

Bible-Searching.

In The Young Watchman for December, 1887, ten Bible-Searching Questions were given for our young readers under ten years. A large number have been at work during the long dark evenings of December seeking for the answers, and the pile of papers lying before us represents many an hour's work in turning over the pages of the Sacred Book of God.

All have not succeeded in answering correctly, but a goodly number have, and the papers of some of these searchers are very neatly written. On the whole, the little ones have done remarkably well, and we trust, the word that forms the answer may be pondered by every little searcher, and that all whose busy fingers have been occupied hunting after these texts, may

know what true conversion to God is, in their own souls, and in their early days.

The Answers to the Questions are as follows:—

C-ain. Genesis iv. 3. O-bed-edom. 2 Samuel xi. 11. N-ineveh. Jonah iii. 5. V-ine. John xv. 2. E-unuch. Acts viii. 27. R-ahab. Joshua vi. 25. S-tephen. Acts vii. 58. I-saac. Gen. xxi. 9. O-nesiphorus. 2 Timothy i. 16. N-ebuchadnezzar. Daniel iv. 33.

Initials added, form the word, CONVERSION.

The First Prize is awarded to—
THOMAS ARMOUR, Kirkintilloch, aged 8,
whose answers are correct, and most neatly
written. The following have also answered
correctly, and a little Prize has been sent
to each of them.

AMY BARWICK, London, ... aged 9 years.

JAMES M'PHERSON, Glasgow, "8 "

EDITH M. SMITH, Small Heath, "9 "

JESSIE STRUTHERS, Hamilton, "8 "

JOHN SINCLAIR, Seacombe, "9 "

One is over the age; one omits to give her age; and six have only one mistake each.

The next Bible-Searching will be for those above ten in next month's Watchman.

Bible Biography.

BIOGRAPHIES on "Joseph" have been sent by a number of contributors above fifteen years, and by a few below that age. It will be remembered, that in the December "Watchman," two prizes were offered, one for the best Biography, by a writer above fifteen years, and one for the best, by a writer under fifteen. The subject of Joseph's lovely and eventful life is an especial favourite among the young folks who read their Bibles, and, just as we expected,

a number of our readers have written on it. After a careful comparison of all the papers, we have awarded the prizes as follows:—

ROBT. K. HARLAND, Stockton-on-Tees, 18 AGNES SPRAGUE, London, - - 13

Many of the other papers, shew large acquaintance with the subject, and have our warmest commendation, especially those of R. A. L. LEYTON: B. H., Newton Abbot: S. A. H., Liverpool: R. K., Stamford: J. S. Hamilton, Ontario: J. H., and M. H. L., Manchester.

Want of space prevents us inserting the two prize "Biographies" this month.

The Bible-Searching Text Books.

In answer to several inquirers, we would here repeat what appears on the second page of the Text Book cover, viz.—that all the texts must be filled in, and all the questions answered by 1st April, 1888. The Text Book to be sent to the Editor, with name, age, and full address of Searcher, on space for that purpose.

Two slight misprints occur in the Text Book—July 16th, "I John" for "John;" November 15th, "Jer." for "Psa."

WE FIND THAT OF LATE, PAPERS from these pages, and from others of our writings, have been reprinted by other persons, and altered so as to take away their edge, and thus accommodate itching ears, and pander to worldly Christianity. In several cases narratives of fact have been actually ALTERED, and ADDED TO, to suit pictures intended to illustrate them. We must protest against such huckstering in the things of God, and to save our articles from falling into the hands of those who do such things, we must henceforth reserve the sole right of their publication, unless permission be asked, and granted by the Editor to reprint them. This applies to what appears in all our Magazines, Booklets, &c.

Our object is not to relard the circulation of anything that might be used of God to bless others, but only to preserve our writings from those who would corrupt them.

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"The Young Watchman" Office,
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The Doung Matchman.

No. 63.]

MARCH, 1888. [ONE HALFPENNY.



JAMIE'S PERPLEXITY; or, Afraid of the Sneers.



JAMIE'S PERPLEXITY; or, AFRAID OF THE SNEERS.

"T'S no use talking to me about being converted Katie, I could'nt be a Christian for two days among such a lot. If I went down to the shop, and told the young fellows there that I had been converted, they would set up a laughing immediately, and they would call me all sorts of names. I could never stand it. It would only last for a day or two, and then I'd just be like Tom-, who said he was converted once, but they soon laughed him out of it, and now he is the worst fellow of the lot. It's all very fine for you, Katie, I could easy enough be a Christian where you are, but down in our shop you would'nt stand it long yourself. I would like well enough to be saved, I know it's the right thing, but I must wait till I get out of there."

The speaker was a youth of sixteen, an apprentice, the son of a widow. His sister, who was a few years older, was a bright and happy Christian girl, and had been converted for a good few years. She was in service at a place some distance from her mother's, but frequently paid a visit home. She was very fond of her brother, and on the occasions of her home-coming, they had long talks together. Katie would encourage and counsel him in regard to his business, and his companions, how to spend his evenings, and the like; but she was sure to finish up by pressing home upon his conscience his need of Christ, and urging him to believe the Gospel, and decide to be Christ's.

It was at the close of a long evening's conversation, in which Katie had pressed with unusual earnestness, his need as a sinner, and his danger as a Christ-rejector, that the words quoted above were drawn from him, as he sat by the fire in deep soul-trouble, awakened to see his state as a sinner under condemnation, and unprepared to die, yet, procrastinating and halting between life and death, Christ and the world.

Katie had long and earnestly prayed for her brother's conversion, and her soul was stirred within her, as she heard from his lips the confession, that fear of his companions' sneers was keeping him from Christ.

"That is the whisper of the devil, Jamie, to keep you from believing on Christ," said Katie. "He tried the same game with me, when I was anxious to be saved, and like a fool I listened to his lies for several weeks, but I found it was a delusion, and an artifice to keep me in his service. No sooner did the Lord save me, than the fear of being laughed at immediately went away,

and I never feel happier than when some one thinks me worthy of the honour of a sneer for Jesus' sake. It's far better to be counted a 'fool' for Christ, than to be a 'fool' for the devil here, and his victim for all eternity, and I would rather be laughed at as a Christian bound for glory, than laughed at by God in the day of my calamity, as a Christrejector. You know Jamie, God says to all who reject salvation, 'I also will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh' (Prov. i. 26). Won't it be terrible to have the laugh and mock of Almighty God?" The words went like an arrow to Jamie's heart, and he hung his head in shame. Katie went on to say-"You have no idea Jamie how easy it is to confess Christ when you have Him, and how harmless the sneers of the ungodly are to one, whose heart is filled with the love of Jesus. Of course, as you are just now 'without Christ' and 'without strength,' you could not bear their scoff, but if you had Christ, you could easily, for He says to all His own-'I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee' (Isa. xli. 10), and the weakest of them can say-'The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me' (Psa. cxviii. 6). The believer has Christ in him, Christ for him, and Christ with him;

what are the sneers of a sinner compared with that?" This was a new view of the subject to Jamie. He had often wondered how it was, that Katie and others were so fearless in their confession of Christ, and wished he could be as bold as they were; now the reason was clear—they had Christ, he had not; they had "strength," he had none; they were "upheld," he was not. The Lord was "on their side," no wonder they could say-"I will not fear." That was the whole secret, they had Christ, and up to the present he had not. He rose hurriedly and left the room, while Katie lifted up her heart to God in earnest prayer. He walked out into the garden, there to be alone with God. He felt the hour of his visitation had come; it must either be Christ or the world. He could no longer "halt between two opinions." The two paths lay before him: one leading on through worldly joys to hell; another leading from the Cross of Christ to heaven. It was a solemn moment, compared with which there is no other, when a soul is in the balance betwixt life and death, and making choice for eternal bliss or woe. Under the beams of the pale moon he knelt by the wall, uncovered his head, and raised his eyes to God, audibly saying-"Lord Jesus, I accept Thee as my Saviour." At that moment, two lines of a hymn

came to his mind, and he sang them aloud. They were these—

"Hallelujah! 'tis done, I believe on the Son, I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One." He ran to tell Katie and his mother, unconsciously singing as he entered, the lines of the hymn, and I need hardly say, that there was "great joy" there that night, and many a night after, as the cottage rang with the sound of Jesus' name. The lads at the shop heard of Jamie's conversion next day from his own lips, fully and fearlessly, and strange to say, none of them offered a sneer. They saw that it was real; that he was not ashamed of his Lord, and they respected him, and acknowledged that "it was real with Jamie."

It may be you are kept from Christ by this same artifice of the devil. You are afraid of the sneers of your associates, and by this means Satan is luring you on to "the lake of fire." How will you bear the laugh of Almighty God in the day when like a whirlwind, your judgment cometh? When the day of the Lord cometh, bringing swift destruction, how quickly then will the "mocker" and the "scorner" shrink with terror before His face, and those who have been loudest in their sneers against His people, will find themselves the subjects of these awful words of God's-"I will mock when your fear cometh."

Reader, be not decoyed or fright-

ened from Christ by the sneers of sinners. Without Christ you may think them hard to bear, but if you will receive Him by faith as your Saviour, and boldly confess Him as your Lord, you will find yourself the possessor of a joy and peace that the sneer and the scorn of the ungodly cannot reach.

NONE IN HELL.

"YOUTH WITH a sneer, as a youth with a sneer, as a Christian lad handed him a leaflet one Lord's day afternoon. "No" said the lad quietly, "there will be none in hell," and passed on. God fastened that single sentence as a nail in a sure place, and he could not get rid of it. "None in hell" seemed to echo in his ears every time he saw a tract, and ultimately he was converted.

Reader, there will be "none in hell," neither Gospel invitations, nor Gospel entreaties. How eagerly the lost multitudes in the hopless regions of despair would welcome the first invitation of mercy, but their day is past, their time of grace is o'er. Of these, there is none in hell. How are you treating them now on earth, these golden opportunities, these solemn warnings—these loving invitations of God? Accept them speedily; for O, remember there will be none in hell.

JEANNIE'S DAILY TEXTS.

EANNIE came to our Sunday School, and there was no one there had the lessons better than she had. She could always say her seven texts, on the Sunday afternoons, without a single mistake. sinner Jeannie?" "Yes ma'am,"

She learned one of them every morning during the week, and repeated it aloud at "Family Reading" and then, on the Sundays, before going away to school she would ask her mother or her elder sister to hear her repeat them all over. But for all this, Jeannie was

unconverted, unprepared to die and meet God. She was growing up to be a big girl, with a Christless soul, and full well her teacher knew, that the longer she rejected the Gospel, she would become the harder in heart. One Sunday afternoon, Jeannie came to school as usual, and repeated her texts correctly.

They were all about Christ's death for sinners, and the teacher took the opportunity of asking the children questions separately on the subject. "For whom did Jesus die Jeannie?" asked the teacher. "For sinners" she replied. "Are you a

> said the girl thoughtfully. "Then are you saved Jeannie?" asked the teacher. To this she gave no reply, but blushed and held down her head. The teacher saw that God was dealing with her and that she had some measure of anxiety about her salvation, so she laid hold



of the opportunity, and pressed home on Jeannie the need of deciding for Christ. They talked long together after the lessons were over, and then they walked along the street still conversing earnestly about the Gospel of God. Will you decide to-day? asked the teacher as she grasped her scholar's hand warmly. "I will" said Jeannie, and she did.

ANNIE'S TESTIMONY.

To is the privilege of every believer in Christ to bear witness for Him wheresoever their lot is cast. Some have been called to stand in high places of the field, and lift up their voice in trumpet tones, proclaiming the message of the Lord; but the larger number of the Lord's redeemed ones have been called to serve Him in the common paths of life, and to let their light shine in the home, the workshop, or the field. Wherever a true and honest witness for Christ is found, there the blessing of the Lord will be, and there sinners will be saved. The sphere may be a very humble one, or it may be one surrounded by much to test and grieve the child of God, yet sooner or later the seal of the Lord will be put upon his testimony. Of this he may rest assured, if it has been pleasing to God. The following incident may prove a word of encouragement and cheer to some of the Lord's young witnesses whose lot is cast in similar circumstances.

A Christian girl, whose early days as a follower of the Lord had been spent in the fellowship of a circle of warm and working saints, was engaged to be general servant in a very worldly family. It was with fear and trembling that Annie entered on her new situation, for she had heard that both master and mistress were bitterly opposed to the things of God. She purposed in her heart, that while desiring to please and obey them as one under the yoke, she would not hide her light or swerve from following her Lord. It had been her custom when at home to read a daily portion of the Word, and this she continued to do each evening after her work was done. Several times the mistress had entered the kitchen, and found Annie seated at the table with her open Bible, and passed the remark that she "wondered whatever a young girl like her could find to interest her there." Madge, the eldest child, was sometimes sent down to Annie to spend the evening, and Annie took the opportunity of reading her "portion" aloud to the little girl, and afterwards of speaking to her of the Lord Jesus. The Lord blessed the testimony of His young witness, and opened the dear child's heart to receive the things spoken, and Madge passed from death unto life. Annie rather feared what the consequences of this might be, and quite expected that Madge's visits to the kitchen would be stopped; but notwithstanding her open confession to both father and mother that "Annie had spoken to her about Jesus, and Jesus had saved her," she

was allowed to come, much to the delight of Annie, who now sought to instil into her young mind the truths of God's Word. What Madge drank in while sitting at Annie's side

in the kitchen, she gave out upstairs in the parlour, and strange to say, it seemed to give no offence there: and not only so, but Mrs. M--, on her own suggestion, said Madgemight go with Annie to the meeting on the Sunday afternoon. A few weeks later, both master and mistress went to "Annie's Hall," as they called it, to hear an evangelist preach the Gospel, and God saved them both. Their household is now a dwelling-place for God,

and there is no one there more highly respected than Annie, the servant-maid. Beloved young believer, does your light so shine before the ungodly that are around you?

Have any been "won" for Christ by your consistent and godly life and ways, or have the mouths of the enemies of the Cross been filled with scorn at the doctrine of the



ANNIE AND MADGE IN THE KITCHEN.

Lord as they have looked upon your inconsistent manner of life as one who professes to be His? Every act and word of a child of God is either a testimony for Christ or against Him.



THE FIRSTLING REDEEMED.

To was an ancient law in Israel, that every first-born male of man and beast should be the Lord's. From the son of a prince, down to the lowest animal of the field, every first-born male was set apart for Him, as a memorial of that wonderful night when Jehovah smote the first-born of the Egyptians, and spared the first-born sons of Israel, because of the blood of the lamb that died in their stead. In the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Exodus, we have an interesting type in connection with the first-born of an ass. The ass was one of the animals that God reckoned to be unclean. He commanded that it should either have its neck broken, or that it should be redeemed with a lamb. It could not be accepted by God because it was unclean, it must either be redeemed by a clean animal being offered in its stead, or lose its life. Redemption or judgment was the only alternative. Then, alongside of this law concerning the ass and its need of redemption, in the same verse we read, "and all the first-born of man among thy children thou shalt re-

deem" (Exod. xiii. 13). This must have been very humiliating to a proud Israelite, to have his first-born boy put on a level with an ass: yet so it was. And why? Just because the boy was unclean in the sight of God, as well as the beast, and needed redemption. Yes, dear children, that fair and lovely boy was reckoned by God to be unclean as much as the ass of the field, and had to be redeemed by a lamb dying in his stead. This was most humiliating to them, and it is to us, for God says concerning all of us, that we are "born like a wild ass's colt" (Job. xi. 12), that is unclean, and under condemnation. You who have Christian parents and godly homes, need to be saved in exactly the same way as the child of the drunkard or the infidel. You must be redeemed by the blood of Christ, or damned for all eternity. There is no middle course. Just as it is with the firstborn boy and the firstling of an ass, it must be with you, you either must be redeemed or destroyed. But as the clean and spotless lamb died in the place of the unclean ass, so Jesus, the Lamb of God, has died for the vile and polluted sinner, to save him from judgment, and to set him apart to the service of God. Are you willing to take your place as one unclean, and claim the Substitute that God has provided.

DONALD THE BLACKSMITH Or, EVERLASTING LIFE IS MINE.

N parts of the country where the people are chiefly occupied in agricultural labour, the parish blacksmith's workshop is usually a public rendezvous. There, while horses are being shod, and implements repaired, their owners stand discussing politics, crops, the state of markets and weather. At times, the subject of religion gets a turn, and the parish minister's latest sermon, if it had any peculiarity, either theologically or in application, is criticised. Such was the workshop of Donald --the parish blacksmith, in one of the northern counties of Scotland. Donald himself was an honest tradesman-"making a good job"-rather an authority in politics, and a pillar of the Presbyterian Kirk. So far as outward moral character and life were concerned, he was "as good as his neighbours," but as regards spiritual condition before God, he was unregenerated. Toiling on at his trade six full days every week, and walking two miles to the Parish Kirk to hear the weekly sermon read on the Sunday morning, this formed the general routine of Donald's life. He had seen the grave opened and closed over many a parishioner since he started business in that quiet country parish, yet, seldom were his

thoughts occupied with death, especially his own, and never with what comes after death—the judgment. Thus he and others near him passed along life's journey, asleep as to the realities of sin and salvation, and their destiny in the world to come.

On a morning of the early spring, two strangers called at Donald's workshop, and asked if he would grant them the use of the "smithy" for a meeting on the following Sunday afternoon. The request seemed strange, and rather absurd, but the strangers were accompanied by a neighbouring farmer—a customer of Donald's-and on his account he did not like to give a flat refusal. He said that if they thought "anybody would come to hear preaching in a smithy," they could have it, and he would do his utmost to have it in order for the purpose. Sunday came, and Donald's "smithy" was filled to the door with an eager and attentive congregation. The preaching of the strangers was a little "different" from the minister's weekly sermon, especially in its plainness and simplicity. They spoke of the necessity of the second birth; of the certainties of death and the judgment; and told the people how they might be saved and know it, clinching all, by adding that they themselves were "saved and on the way to heaven, and as sure to be there as

God could make them." This latter part of the proceedings caused a deal of talk, and aroused considerable opposition. The minister heard of it, and called it "presumption;" many of the kirk-folks thought and said it was "going too far," and they hoped Donald would not give them his "smithy" another Sunday for such a purpose. But imagine their indignation, when it was intimated, that not only on the Sunday, but on week-nights the gospel would be preached again there; and it was preached, and sinners were saved for eternity, and many were added to the Lord. Donald became concerned about his soul-deeply concerned. He tried to persuade himself that he had "as good a chance as others," but that too gave way," and he saw himself a sinner condemned by God, and justly too: fit only for the flames of hell. By this time the enemy's wrath had waxed hot, and it was no easy job for Donald to shake off his "respectability," and claim kindred with the "despised" people of God. He saw quite clearly how he could be saved-by believing on the Son of God-but the "after-consequences" were what made him halt and count the cost. At last, the crisis came. He must either be "converted," or turn the preachers and their gospel out of the "smithy." The issue was

clear; things could not go on any longer as they were. He must either take one side or another; Christ or the world's—God or Satan's. He sat in the window of the smithy "thinking" over matters. What was he to do? Which was he to choose? At that moment, a verse often sung at the meetings, flitted across his mind. It was this—

"But take with rejoicing from Jesus at once The life everlasting He gives."

Donald sprang from his seat, raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "Yes, Lord, I do take it, and everlasting life is mine." Quickly he sped from the "smithy" to tell his wife and children, and before night, the parish rang with the news, "The blacksmith is converted." And he was converted, as his life for many years has proved. Ever since that eventful hour, when he "took with rejoicing from Jesus" His gift, and said, "everlasting life is mine," he has been a follower of the Lord.

Reader, is everlasting life yours? You need it as truly as Donald the blacksmith did, for you are a sinner under sentence or death. But God has sent His Son to die instead, that you might have life. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." On these terms He invites you to take it, and to take it now, but coupled with this is the warning word—"He that believeth not shall be damned."

Bible-Searching. For those ABOVE Ten Years of age.

As our senior readers have not had a turn at Bible-Searching for some time, we give them this month a subject to trace. The Bible Biographies on "The Life of Joseph" clearly show that this is a subject with which many of them are well acquainted, at least, in so far as the narrative itself is concerned. But "The Life of Joseph" has been given us by God for another purpose, and that is to point onward to His own beloved Son; and we think there are few of the typical persons of Scripture who do so, in so many beautiful details, as "Joseph," the beloved son of Jacob. We think it will be a profitable and interesting "search" for our young friends, to find out in how many points "Joseph" resembles "Jesus," or, in other words, we will have for our Bible-Searching subject this month-

JOSEPH AS A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Write out, in one column, the various parts of Joseph's life, in which you think he is a type of Christ; then over against these, give New Testament Scriptures speaking of Christ as the Antitype of them, with any brief note connecting the two. The best of these papers will appear in the "Watchman," and the writer will receive a prize. Papers to be addressed—

BIBLE QUESTIONS, "The Young Watchman" Office,

KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

In order to give plenty of time to look into the subject carefully, and to give an opportunity for our readers in the United States and Canada to share this Bible-Searching, we will give a little longer time than usual. Papers must all reach us here

by 30th April. Papers from America would require to be posted by 15th April.

The Bible-Searching Text Books

WE would again remind our readers that this is the last month they will have for filling up their "Bible-Searching Text-Books." Some of the very little ones, under six years, have already sent in their Text-Books with the "Words Awanting" nicely filled in; we hope to see a number more. Then the twelve Bible Questions, for those above fourteen, we hope to see heartily taken up: the answers may be written on slips of paper, or on the Interleaved Text-Books, which for this purpose, or for the filling in of the Texts, will be supplied at half-price; in Cloth, One Penny each. Each Text-Book to have the name, address, and age of the writer plainly filled in on the space given for this purpose, and all to reach us here by 1st April. Address, "TEXT-BOOKS," The Young Watchman Office, Kilmarnock.

Correspondence.

CONCERTS. - A young friend asks-"would it be wrong to go to 'Concerts' where part of the programme consists of 'Sacred Songs,' followed by others of a 'moral' though not a 'religious' character?" We would say decidedly it would be wrong in the strongest sense of that It would be a breach of some of God's plainest commandments, for a child of His to associate himself with worldlings and unregenerate sinners, either to hear them sing "Sacred" or "Moral" songs. The fact that "Sacred Songs" are included in the programme makes the thing even more objectionable than if they were ungodly out-and-out. The blending of the two is a profanation of the things of God, and a trap set to catch unwary believers.

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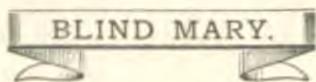
The Poung Watchman.

No. 64.]

APRIL, 1888. [ONE HALFPENNY.









BLIND MARY.

HE lived in a low thatch-roofed cottage all by herself. Her earthly kindred were either far away in foreign lands, or gone to heaven. Stone blind for twenty-five years, having neither seen the light of the sun, nor the face of man, for that long period. Yet that lowly dwelling was the palace of the King of kings, and that blind and aged inmate was a daughter of the Mighty God. Guardian angels hovered round the spot, and the eye of the great Shepherd of the sheep, on the throne of God, rested there with infinite delight on one of His blood-bought flock. Few entered there without meeting with God, and having the verities of death and the judgment pressed home upon them by the Lord's honoured witness who watched for souls.

Blind Mary was happy and satisfied, for she had Christ, and this is more than thousands can say, whose eyes have looked on the lovliest sights of earth, and to whom nothing is denied that wealth can give. Once she was a gay and thoughtless girl, fond of earth's pleasures, rushing heedlessly on to hell. In the midst of her folly God in mercy laid her low. For weeks her life was despaired of, and when the fever abated, it was found she had lost her eyesight. It was then

she began to think about her soul, and to find the emptiness of earthly friendships. Companions of early days had now forgotten her; the round of pleasure went on as usual, and Mary, with all her charms, was never missed. Years of darkness and remorse followed, and it was then she first heard of Jesus, the One who could save and satisfy. Her joyless heart, aching with disappointment, found its rest in Christ, and from that day onward, Mary was a happy woman. She was never able to read the Word for herself, but one of her neighbours, who looked after her, often sat down by her bed-side, after tidying up the house, and read her a portion. It was a wonderful sight to me, and one I shall never forget, to see the aged woman so peaceful, calm, and satisfied, and to hear her speak of the preciousness of Christ. "They think me poor and lonely," she said, "but if they only knew how grand it is to have the company of the Lord, and to be just waiting for His call "up higher" to my mansion prepared, they would envy my lot. The first sight I shall ever see will be the King in His beauty, when I open my eyes in the light of heaven. I know both sides of the story, for I was a worldling, chasing pleasure for five-and-twenty years, with plenty of company and many friends, yet, un-

saved and unsatisfied. I have known the Lord Jesus for a little longer, and I can say, that although poor, and blind, and alone on earth, I am happier by far than in the days of my youth and folly, without Him. Tell the young folks that the world's smile is a cheat, and its pleasures vanity, but that Jesus and His love make poor blind Mary happier than the world's rich ones ever will be." This was a wonderful testimony. I wish you could have only seen the beam of peace that rested on that wrinkled face, as it was uttered. And now "Blind Mary" is in the inner chamber of the King; the lowly cot is empty, and the voice that spake that day is hushed, to speak no more on earth, but the echo of that testimony rings on till this hour. Reader, are you satisfied? Can you honestly say that you are at peace in view of death and the judgment? In the midst of your worldly pleasures, I know at times they seem to please you, and the prospect of more in store, far better than the last, affords a kind of happiness; but, like the mirage in the desert, they glitter only to lure you on to hell. When sickness lays you low, and when death with stern and steady tread draws near, to which of these will you flee for help? When your feet dip in the deep dark waves of death, you will find no consolation in the

pleasures of sin. The same Jesus who saved and satisfied blind Mary, can save and satisfy you, whether in the golden days of youth, the busy days of life, or, the evening-time of age. If you have Him, you will be able to sing—

"Jesus Thou art enough My heart to satisfy."

But if you live rejecting Him, you must face death in all its power alone, and pass into eternity a stranger to God, and a despiser of His grace.

THE MINER LAD.

WAY down in the deep dark coal pits, thousands of men and boys work, to bring out the coals that burn so brightly, and keep us warm in the cold winter nights. There is great danger connected with the work of these miners, and we often hear of accidents whereby many of them are ushered into eternity in a moment.

These are often caused by large blocks of coal falling from the roof, and in order to preserve their lives the miners put in long "poles," as they call them, to support the roof while they are at work. If a "pole" be well put in, and the roof made secure, they go in and work without fear, because they "have faith in their pole," as they say. If their "pole" be insufficient they have

less faith in it, and often work whole days with a dread lest it come out and let the roof fall. Now if you try and remember this it will help you to understand the following incident.

I went out to a mining village one evening to preach the Gospel. The meeting was to be held in a miner's cottage. The Lord had been working mightily in the place, and had saved several of the children in this family. It was a cold night, and I got there an hour too early, so we sat down around the fireside and began to speak about the Lord Himself, and His wondrous love in saving us.

"How did you get saved, Davie?"
I asked a bright ruddy lad who formed one of the circle. "Tell us now how you were converted, and we will praise the Lord together."
Davie told the story of his conversion sweetly and simply, of which the following is the sum.

"I was awfully anxious about my soul. Lots of the young fellows in the village were getting converted, and I went to the meetings too, but I could'na see it. I could'na trust myself to Jesus somehow, I seemed to want faith. I was working in the pit one day. We had put in a strong substantial 'pole,' and our roof was all secure. I was working away without the least fear of it coming down. I said to myself,

'how is it that I'm not a bit 'feared to work here to-day? It's because I have faith in my 'pole.' That's it. And if I can work in here without fear because I have faith in my 'pole,' how is it that I have no faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and have no fear of the wrath to come?" I saw there and then that I had more faith in my pole than in Christ, but, I said to myself, I'll not have that any longer, so then and there I trusted Him with my soul, and He saved me on the spot. My fear is all gone now, and I am happy, for I know that HE is worthy to be trusted."

Such was the testimony of Davie, the miner lad. It illustrates very simply the way of salvation and peace. Many are in doubt and fear regarding their salvation, and the reason is, that they have not that confidence in Christ spoken of by this dear boy. Reader, have you trusted Christ for your soul's salvation? Have you taken refuge in Him as your only safety and deliverance from the wrath to come? Then are you peaceful and happy? Can you look forward fearlessly to eternity? knowing that He is faithful who saith, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and SHALL NOT come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

MAGGIE'S CONVERSION.

"经际CAGGIE passed from death to life last night at half-past nine. There was no struggle, she simply took God at His word sitting in the old chapel by herself while Mr. R—— was preaching."

Such were the words that greeted a fond mother as she opened her

brought gladness to her heart and a burst of praise and thanksgiving to her lips. Her youngest daughter, Maggie, who with her elder sister had gonetoaneighbouring town to learn dressmaking, had been for long a burden on her mother's heart, and earnestly she had prayed for her conversion. Kind, ami-

able, and gentle in her ways, yet unconverted to God and without Christ. When any one spoke to her about eternal things she only hung her head in silence and answered nothing. Her elder sister was a bright and faithful Christian, and did everything in her power to bring the solemn truths of God's Word home to Maggie's conscience. Doubtless the Lord blessed these efforts, and al-

though it was not visible, Maggie had been for long troubled about her soul. A servant of the Lord had come to the town where the sisters were, and began nightly meetings in an old chapel rented for the purpose. God was there in saving power, and many were born again. One special feature of the work was the number of young morning letters, and the news women brought to Christ. In the

> same work-room where the sisters worked, several of the girls had been converted, and the topic of daily conversation was the meetings and what went on at them. Maggie had been there every night, but always went out immediately the preaching was over. She would on no ac-

count wait the "after meetings," at which her sister was vexed and grieved. The first week passed away, and Maggie was still unsaved. On Sunday evening the old chapel was filled, and the message of the Lord went forth in mighty power. Triflers, procrastinators, and neglecters of salvation were solemnly warned, followed by an earnest appeal to every unconverted sinner there to decide



at once for Christ. Maggie sat with the tear in her eye. Her hour had come, and she felt she must now be for Christ or against Him. She must either receive Him, or reject Him. There was no middle course. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). "In that verse every sinner here to-night is found," said the preacher, "some in the first half, some in the last." All believing in Christ are possessors of everlasting life, for "He that believeth hath." All who "believe not" are under the wrath of God, it "abideth" on them. Young woman, in which half are you? The words, although not specially meant for Maggie, went to her heart as an arrow from God, and she bowed her head on the bookboard and silently said—

> Jesus I will trust Thee, Trust Thee with my soul,

and there and then, she passed from death to life as God had said. There was great joy that night over Maggie's conversion; and it was a pleasant sight to see the two sisters walking home together, rejoicing in the Lord.

Reader, has any such night been reached in your life's history, or are you still in your sins, without Christ, awaiting judgment?

"I LIPPENED TO HIM."

HERE is an old Scotch word, seldom to be heard now, which beautifully expresses what "faith" is. That word is "lippen." It means "to trust." Business men of olden time would say, "I'll lippen to his honesty," when selling goods on credit to a well-known man. A Christian woman once said to me, "I was long before I could understand what faith is, or how I could get it; but whenever I heard that it was simply to 'lippen,' I understood it at once, and I lippened and was saved."

Reader, have you "lippened" to Christ, or, are you trying to "get faith" by looking at your feelings? What a mistake! As the sinking seaman springs from the wreck into the life-boat, "lippening" to it, ceasing to trust the old vessel, soon to be sunk in the depths; so sinner, trust in Jesus, and say, "I will trust, and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2).

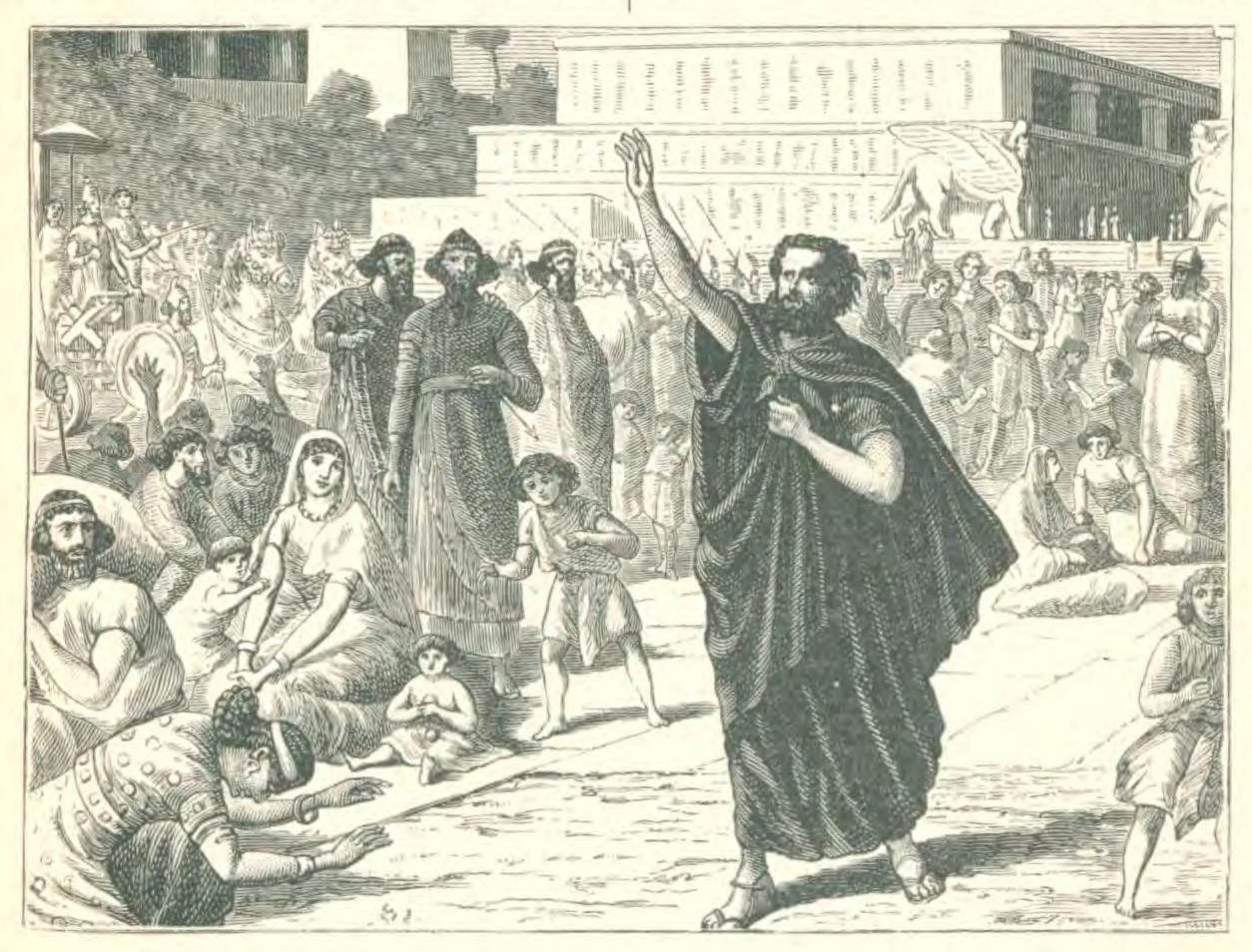
SATAN'S PAVEMENT.

"HE way to hell is paved by good intentions," says an old writer, and his testimony is true. You intend some day to be saved, don't you? But you thus delay, and by this means Satan gets you lured another stage onward on the road to hell.

JONAH AT NINEVEH.

MINEVEH, the capital of Assyria, is spoken of in the Bible, as a "great city of three days journey." The first mention of it that we have, is about sixty years after the flood, when we are told

that Asshur, the son of Shem, and grandson of Noah, went forth and "founded Nineveh" (Gen. x. 11). In some of the Books of the Old Testament prophets, mention is made of its greatness and its pride, ruling over the surrounding nations. But the wickedness of Nineveh was



JONAH DECLARING GOD'S MESSAGE TO THE NINEVITES.

this, His righteous indignation was aroused against it. Greatness and conquest cannot hide the sins of from punishing them. He called His servant Jonah, after that he had Jonah entered the city, a day's

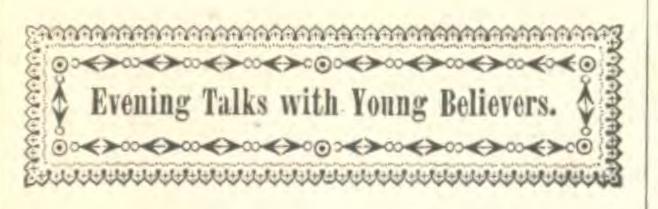
great in the sight of God, and for | been raised as from the dead, to go to Nineveh, that great city, and declare His message. It was a short but solemn proclamation of eight men from God, nor hinder Him words - "YET FORTY DAYS AND NINEVEH SHALL BE DESTROYED." journey, and lifted up his voice, declaring the message of the Lord. He stood fearlessly amid the grandeur and pomp of the great city, with its temples and palaces, and warned the people of coming judgment, swift and sure.

How do you think the people treated the message? Did they call Jonah a fool and a fanatic, and go on in their wickedness? Did they silence the Lord's messenger by putting him in prison? Nay, verily. The words of his message cut them to the heart, and convicted them of their sins. The people clothed themselves in sackcloth, and proclaimed a fast. The king arose from his throne, laid aside his royal robes, and sat in ashes. What brought about all this? They "believed God" (Jonah iii. 5). The words of that lonely man, uttered in their streets, was a message from the God of heaven, and the people of Nineveh "believed God," and humbled themselves, acknowledging their guilt. "They repented at the preaching of Jonah" (Matt. xii. 41), the Lord Jesus tells us; and the judgment of God just about to burst upon them was kept back.

The testimony of that single witness, himself a man of like passions as themselves, was believed by all the people of Nineveh, both small and great. Their revelry, their sin,

and their forgetfulness of God were suddenly changed into deep anxiety, how to escape the coming judgment from God. They were convicted, and converted by the preaching of Jonah. Reader, have you been awakened and converted by believing the solemn testimony that "the wrath of God cometh;" that the Lord cometh to execute judgment? Verily, this is the truth whether you believe it or not.

How often have you heard of judgment to come, only to treat the message as if it were a lie? Instead of believing God, as the Ninevites did, and turning to Him, have you not rushed on in your sins and forgetfulness of God? "A greater than Jonah"—even the Son of God has said, that you are "condemned already," and that "the wrath of God abideth on you." Do you believe God, or shall "the men of Nineveh rise up in the judgment" and condemn you, because they, by one single message were convicted of sin and turned to God, whereas you have had many warnings given, coupled with invitations of mercy and good news of salvation (which they had not), and yet have rejected and despised them all? The "eight days" of grace that God gave to the people of Nineveh, were used in turning to God. Are the days of grace lengthened by God's longsuffering to you, being trifled away in carelessness and Christ-rejection?



DIFFICULTIES.

"Question and Answer" night. Instead of taking up a subject, as we usually do, we will have a friendly talk over some of our difficulties. Some have sent in written "questions," and if there are any of the rest have anything to ask, let them do so freely, so that we may have a profitable evening. The first question is—"What is the meaning of the text 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, &c.' (Matt. vi. 33)? Is it for the unconverted or for believers?"

It was spoken to disciples, and it can only be applied literally to those who have been born again. Unconverted sinners are never told to "seek" salvation, but to "take" it. It just means that our first and chief employment should be, to please God; to give Him His due, and if we do so, God will see that we lack nothing. This is a grand principle for you to act on in your Christian life. When a new situation is offered, instead of first asking "will there be a larger salary for me?" ask "will it be pleasing to God, and for His glory?" If this were acted on always, there would be fewer backsliders among us. The next question is—"Would it be right for young believers to join a 'Young Men's Christian Association' where some of the unsaved are admitted, and where there are recreations, games, &c."

It cannot surely be a "Christian" Association if part of its members unconverted. A Christless "Christian" is surely an anamoly; but you know the world does not like too fine lines drawn between the children of God and the unconverted, and so they invent such names to close the gap, and provide entertainments to draw the unconverted. An "Association," or a "Church," or anything else, that admits unconverted members is not the place for a child of God, for you know God hath said "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and "How can two walk together except they be agreed." The desire to draw the unconverted may be good, but the means used is not of God. The same is true of the Temperance Societies, Templar Lodges, &c. Preach Christ to them, and He says "If I be lifted up I will draw." He is our magnet: let us make good use of Him.

Alick S—— asks "But should we not try and keep our shopmates from going to theatres and public

houses if we can, and to get them converted?"

Certainly, Alick. If you saw a house on fire on your way home to-night, it would be your duty to try and get the people out, and to work as earnestly as if a member of "the fire brigade." Although we cannot "join affinity" with the world as Jehoshaphat did with Ahab, we can do the work, and, I believe, more real work is done by individuals in God's way, than by all the "associations" and "societies" with their cumbrous machinery put together. It often happens that believers who see the truth of God on separation from the world, fall into lazy habits and do nothing to bring sinners to Christ, but this ought not so to be. Let us work with all our might, throwing in heart and hands to it, but let it be "the Lord's work" done in the Lord's way.

Next question. "Is it wise for young men or lads to walk home from the "Class" with young sisters, when the unconverted are speaking about it?"

We are told to "walk circumspectly" (Eph. v. 15), and to "walk in wisdom toward them that are without" (Col. iv. 5). The world has a keen eye for that sort of thing, and when people see those who profess to be the Lord's, trifling or flirting on the way home from a Bible Class, they are stumbled. Now, although all things may be "lawful," they are not always "expedient," and rather than become a stumbling-block to the unconverted, or fill their mouths with anything bordering on a reproach, it would be the better way for the young brethren to walk home together themselves. Light talk and flippant conversation are bad for the soul, and the devil can use them to advantage on the way home from the study of God's Word. "Let us watch, and be sober."

Another question. "Would it be wrong to join the Boy's Brigade?"

I don't know much about the "Brigade," only I sometimes see them walking with weapons in a kind of warlike fashion. It seems to me that boys who are soldiers of the Prince of Peace, could employ their spare hours in some way more to profit than learning to fight and kill their fellows. There is some real fighting to be done with Satan our adversary, and I should advise all converted boys to learn to use the "armour" given in Ephesians vi. If you can get a dozen or two to come together for that kind of exercise-to read the Word and pray, that would be a "Brigade" I would join with all my heart. A believer should not use carnal weapons: they belong to Satan's kingdom.

Several questions still remain, which we will take up at some other time.

Correspondence.

A "Class of Young Believers would like very much, if a Bible-Searching Class could be conducted monthly, in the pages of The Young Watchman. They find the searching of the Word, in fellowship with others, in the Bible Questions occasionally given, to be such a help and a blessing, that they wish a regular Class could be formed. Like ourselves, many young believers are isolated, and have not the privilege of being taught in the Word by some experienced Christian."

We are very glad to have this expressed desire from our young friends, which we may say, has been brought before us by several others. In reply, we may say, that it will be remembered, that some years ago, we had such a Class in the pages of the Watchman, which, after a time was transferred to The Sunday School Worker's Magazine and Bible Student's Helper, where it has been conducted since. We shall be glad to enroll our young friends as members of "The Bible Student's Class," and give them a class number. During the last few months, a number of very Young Believers have become members of this class, and seem to enjoy and profit by their searching of the Word along with others. In order to put it within the reach of the very youngest of the lambs of the Lord's flock, we intend to have simple and elementary subjects, and to make them as practical as possible. In order to preserve individual interest, we will in future give the initials or class numbers with the jottings from the various papers, and also with the Questions sent, and next month we will give a full list of all the names and numbers (of new members) in the Magazine and the Watchman also.

Young Believers desiring to join us in searching the Word, should send us a post card, giving their names at once.

The subject for next month's Searching will be "Assurance: How we get it." All who possibly can, should send a short paper, with Texts, Questions, or any other Contribution, however short on the subject, addressed to the Editor, "Bible Students' Class," before April 10th. The subject will be taken up in The Sunday School Worker's Magazine for May, with notes from the various writers.

LETTER WRITING.—A young believer relating his conversion recently, stated that he was led to think about his soul through a letter he received from an old school companion, who wrote him purposely to say he had been converted, and to press upon him his need of Christ. Here is a nice little service in which many young believers might share. Write to your friends and schoolmates, and lovingly bring before them the Gospel of God, pressing home upon them individually their need of it.

Text Books and Bible Questions.

A number of our young friends have already sent in their Text Books, and by the time this is in your hands, we hope to have a number more. They must all be in by April 1st. The results will be made known as soon as the examination of them is finished. Answers to "Bible Questions" given in the Text Book for the elder searchers, must be in by the same time, and also the "Texts with words awanting," by the little ones.

Papers on "Joseph, a Type of Christ," must be posted to reach us by April 15th. The best paper, with name of writer, will be given in June "Watchman"

The next "Bible-Searching" for the younger ones in next month's "Watchman."

Annual Offer of Gospel Literature.

During the Month of April only.

By means of our Special Offer of last year, many thousands of Gospel Books and Tracts were scattered abroad. We have again arranged the following Packets of clear and pointed Gospel and Believers' Books and Leaflets, which together with some surplus Magazines we offer at the following reduced prices:—

1.—The "Magazine" Packet—Containing an assortment of "Young Watchman," "Gospel Messenger,"&c., suitable for House-to-House Visitation, leaving in Hospitals, Lodging Houses, &c., to the value of 5/ for 2/; Carriage extra. (By Post, 2/6).

2.—The "Gospel Text" Packet—Containing an assortment of Plam Gospel Texts in Bold Type, suitable for Posting on Walls, and also a Variety of Fancy Gospel and Believers' Texts for Kitchens, Halls, &c., to the value of 5/ for 2/; Carriage extra. (By Post, 2/6).

3.—The "Gospel Book" Packet—Containing a Good assortment of Gospel Books, in Cloth and Paper Covers, suitable for lending or giving to Unconverted Neighbours, Relatives, Shopmates, &c., to the value of 5/ for 2/; Carriage extra. (By Post, 2/6).

4.—The "Gospel Tract" Packet—Containing an assortment of Gospel Booklets, Leaflets, and Tracts, suitable for Broadcast Distribution, to the value of 5/for 2/; Carriage extra. (By Post, 2/6).

5.—The "Believer's" Packet—Containing a nice assortment of Booklets, Leaflets, Cards, and Magazines for the Lord's people, suitable for Young Converts, and for general usefulness—to the value of 5/ for 2/; Carriage extra. (By Post, 2/6).

6—The "Children's" Packet—Containing a large assortment of Booklets, Picture Stories, Text Cards, &c., for the Young—Suitable for giving in Children's Meetings, Sunday Schools, &c., value 5/ for 2/; Carriage extra. (By Post, 2/6).

7.—The "Reward" Packet—Containing an assortment of "Young Watchman" Volumes, and Smaller Gift Books for the Young—especially suitable Sunday School Teachers, value 5/ for 2/; Carriage extra. (By Post, 2/6).

Friends ordering the above are requested to do so early, and to give their name and full address.

All Orders and Remittances to be sent direct to-

JOHN RITCHIE,

"The Young Watchman" Office, Kilmarnock.

OUR LITTLE ONES' TREASURY.

An Illustrated Magazine for the very Little Ones. ONE HALFPENNY; 3/9 per 100, post free.

THE RUIN AND THE REMEDY.

A new packet of Tabulated Text Cards for Sunday Schools, with Text's on Man's Ruin and God's Remedy, in parallel columns. In neat Ornamental Borders, with Pictures; Assorted Packet of 12, 3d; 4 packets, post free, 1/.

EVENING EMPLOYMENT for BOYS & GIRLS.

THE following Packets and Boxes have been prepared in the hope that they may prove an interesting and profitable employment for boys and girls at home. Parents often find it difficult to employ little fingers during the long evenings. We trust the following, may, in some measure supply the want. They may also be used by Sunday School Teachers; the children bringing the Texts as a Memory Lesson the following Sunday.

TEXTS TO COLOUR.

Six Packets of Outline Texts, with Directions how to paint.

Packet I .- Plain Texts, with Birds and Flowers.

" II.—Plain Texts with Borders.

" III.—Ornamental Texts with Flowers. [dren. IV.—Fancy Texts, with Flowers and Chil-3d per packet; the Four Packets 1/, post free.

TEXTS TO PRICK OR TRACE.

Each Text is covered with a sheet of thin transparent paper, and may be traced with a pencil or pricked with a pin.

Packets I. to IV. 3d each; the Four Packets 1/, post free.

TEXTS TO FIND, FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Four Packets of Bible-Searching for the little ones, with words awanting.

Packet I.—Bible Questions and Answers.

II.—Alphabetical Texts to fill.

III.—Illustrated Texts to find.

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3d per packet; the Four Packets 1, post free.

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A Box containing a set of Cardboard Letters, large and small, which may be put together so as to form Texts, Words, Bible Names, &c. This is an instructive and interesting occupation for children, in which any number may take part.

Complete in Box, with instructions, 6d.

PICTURE-MAKING FOR THE CHILDREN.

A Box containing Three Bible Pictures, with Texts and Letterpress on opposite side. The Pictures are formed by arranging the various shaped pieces of Card in order, and the Texts are formed in the same way. The subjects are Gospel, and may be used for Infant Classes, and for evening employment at home.

In Box, complete with instructions, 6d.
The Two Boxes, post free, 1/.

ALPHABET CARDS for the Young.

On Stout Cardboard, price 1d; by post, 1d.

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No. 65.]

MAY, 1888. [ONE HALFPENNY.



MY BROTHER JIM.

MY BROTHER JIM.

EARLY DAYS AND CONVERSION.

E spent our early days in the Highlands of Sutherland. I do not remember ever having the Gospel, or our need as sinners ready to perish put plainly before us. In the autumn of 1884 I came to Dundee, and there the Lord met and saved me the following January. Jim came to Dundee the same year, and went to learn the florist trade unconverted, and quite careless about his soul. At first he would not accompany me to hear the Gospel, but after much coaxing he came to the Gospel meeting. One Sunday evening after returning we were preparing to go to bed when Jim began to cry bitterly. The Spirit of God had been convincing him of sin, and showing him his need and danger. He fain would have hid it, but so real were now the verities of death and the Judgment, he could not restrain himself any longer. Putting my arms around his neck, I repeated the words of John iii. 16 three or four times in his hearing. Looking up, he earnestly asked, "But is that all, John? Have I only to believe in Jesus?" Again the words were repeated, and their entrance gave him light. Seated there, side by side, my brother passed from death to life. The great transaction was done, and Jim, in the fulness of his heart, exclaimed, "Oh, God, I believe; I do believe in Jesus." Reader, can you say so in truth? Is this the language of your heart?

HIS LAST HOURS ON EARTH.

" No hope for Jim. Come." These were the words I received by telegram from Edinburgh fully a year after Jim's conversion. He had gone to Edinburgh with his father the preceding day to consult the physicians concerning symptoms that foreboded danger in his health. After a careful examination, the disease was pronounced to be incurable, and likely to quickly end his days. I hastened to see him, and found him lying in a ward of the Royal Infirmary, with our father sitting by his side in tears. As soon as my brother saw me he said, "No hope, John; but I am going to see Jesus" Dear Jim, well for him it was that he was saved and ready to go, for a deathbed and its pains is a most unfitting time to settle the momentous question of one's salvation for eternity. Reader, are you putting it off till then? Be warned not to be so foolish; besides, you may go down to death and hell in a moment, without even the chance of a deathbed conversion. The prospect of death had no alarms for Jim. He looked beyond the tomb to that fair

paradise where the living Lord receives his saved ones to be with Himself. "I will see the marks of the nails in His hands and feet; they were there for me—yes, for me," he said. The desire to speak of Christ to those around him was very great, for he longed to see them in possession of the peace that filled his own heart. Alas, many of them were near to eternity without it.

When the night nurse came to his bedside, he grasped her hand and asked so earnestly, "Are you saved?" and preached Jesus to her. A tall ploughman, who had been an inmate of the same ward, was leaving, having recovered, and came to bid Jim "good-bye." Jim asked, "Are you ready to meet God?" at which the man wept like a child. He longed for the salvation of his kindred, and especially of his four sisters, to whom, with his dying strength, he wrote the following letter:—

DEAR SISTERS,

You will have seen by the last letter you received that I am dying. Thanks be unto God that Jesus died for me. I am going home to see Him. When are you going to accept Him as your Saviour. He wants you to come to Himself. If I am alive on Monday, you will perhaps let me know if you are saved yet. Love to all and kisses.

I am,
Your loving and dying brother,
JAMES.

The following day the professor,

with some fifty students, visited him, and the nature of the disease was explained by the professor, he ending up with the words, "There is no hope for Jim, but we must do what we can for his comfort, to which Jim replied: "Professor, students, I am going to heaven to see Jesus." As I gave him a last kiss and a parting look, he said—

"O, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more."
And on the first day of June my
brother Jim passed peacefully away
to be with Jesus, at the early age of
eighteen.

Reader, if you should be called to die in the morning of your life, are you ready? Would you pass from earth into an open heaven, secured through the blood of the Lamb, and yours by faith in His Name; or, would you pass through the dark gate of death into the darker despair of an endless hell, a rejecter of Christ?

THE RUNAWAY BOY.

years ago a powerful steamship sailed from Liverpool for the Mediterranean ports. The wind blew stiffly as she left the docks, and before she had cleared the Mersey it increased to a hurricane. Heavy seas swept the decks, smashing the steering apparatus; then a tube of

one of her great boilers burst; and finally the sea, now heaving like huge mountains, broke into her engine-room and extinguished the fires. The great steamer, now powerless and unmanageable, rolled like a log at the mercy of the wind and waves. Confusion and terror now reigned on board, as they saw the vessel drifting swiftly toward the rocks of the coast of Wales, on which the vessel was dashed with all the fury of the tempest. The captain, calling his crew to the vessel's bridge, told them that nothing further could be done to save the vessel, and that it must now be "every one for himself." A little waif from Liverpool streets had stolen on board the vessel while she lay in the dock, and hid himself in the forecastle, until the fury of the storm and fear had brought him from his hiding-place. Stowaway boys are seldom treated very kindly either by a captain or crew, and this poor lad, in the circumstances, could hardly expect much attention. He stood looking on the swelling waves white with fear. One after another of the sailors girding on lifebelts, or grasping spars, leaped from the deck of the doomed vessel into the sea, in hope of being able to reach the shore. All had gone, except the captain and the little stowaway boy. The captain had on his life-belt, and was

about to leap from his ill-fated vessel, now fast becoming a wreck, when his eye fell on the white, terrorstricken face of the runaway. Of all in that vessel none had less claim on the captain's kindness than he; but, without waiting to consider his vices or his virtues, the good man unbuckled his belt, and bound it on the trembling, perishing boy, saying, "Take this belt; I can swim." Then, in a moment, the life-belted stowaway went overboard into the swelling surf, and was carried to the shore, sadly bruised, but picked up alive to tell the story of the heroic captain.

Without a life-belt the noble captain struck out for the shore, but the raging, angry sea was more than he could endure, and so he sank, and losing his own life to save the life of another—and he a runaway. Many an eye was dim with tears as they read in the Daily Telegraph an account of that captain's deed, which, after all, is only a shadow of what was done on Calvary. There the Son of the Blessed God laid down His life, and suffered the agonies of the Cross for worthless, runaway sinners, who had no claim whatever on His grace. Reader, like that stowaway boy, you are a criminal in the eyes of the law of God, worthy only of a place in hell; but, nevertheless, for you the Saviour died. To place a life-belt at your disposal, by which you might be saved, He sank in death's dark waves.

THE WIDOW'S LETTERS; Or, ANXIETY AND ASSURANCE.

HE postman is a welcome visitor at every door. People like to hear his knock, and run to receive their letters from his hand. Sometimes he is looked for with anxious fears, sometimes with joyous hopes. Sometimes he brings bad news, filling the eyes with tears and the house

with gloom, sometimes he brings gladsome tidings, making the heart rejoice.

Long and earnestly
had Widow B—
looked for the postman's coming. Her
only boy had sailed
for a foreign shore,
and the full time for
a promised letter,
telling of his arrival,
had expired. Day
after day she watch-

ed, and saw the postman pass the gate. At length his knock was heard, and she bounded to the door. A letter from abroad was handed in addressed to her, but in a stranger's hand-writing. Anxiously she opened and read it, and burst into tears. Her boy was lying sick in an hospital among strangers in a foreign land. She believed the sad tidings, and her heart was filled with

sorrow. Anxiety and fear filled her mind, and for many days she lived in suspense, dreading what the next mail might bring. The postman's knock was heard again, and she opened the door with a trembling hand. With joyful surprise, she received a letter in her own Willie's hand-writing, containing the joyful news that he was now quite well, and happy in his new situation. The

widow believed the gladsome news, and her heart was filled with thanksgiving and joy, and she hastened to her next-door neighbour to make known the joy-ful tidings. The belief of the sad news filled her with anxiety: the belief of the glad news filled her with assurance and peace. Now, it

is just so with us when we believe God's word. That word tells us of "tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil:" it says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." When the sinner believes these solemn words as they concern himself, he is made anxious.

Reader, have you been made anxious by believing them, or are you at



ease because you have turned a deaf ear to these solemn facts? You may be at ease in your sins, and happy on your way to the pit, but this is gained by closing your ears to the truth of God. Nevertheless God has spoken, and His word is truth. But the Gospel brings good tidings from the same God. It declares "Christ died for the ungodly," and "he that believeth on Him is not condemned." Whoever believes the Gospel's message is filled with peace and joy just as that widow was by believing her son's letter. It was not her feelings, or her experiences, but the words of the letter received by faith that gave her joy and peace, and it is belief of the truth concerning Christ and His finished work that gives peace with God and joy unspeakable. Theirs is the knowledge and assurance of salvation, and they say, "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid."

THE GIFT OF GOD.

often be heard calling out—
"The gift of God—the gift of God,"
as water is called in Egypt. There is another gift of God spoken of in the Bible. Have you accepted that gift? Here it is—"The gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23). Is that life yours? Hear how you may know it—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

JOHNNIE'S DEATH.

E were playmates and companions, Johnnie and I, and many of childhood's golden hours were spent in each other's company. One Saturday, while I was busy at play, a messenger came, saying, "Johnnie is dead." I never shall forget the effect these words had upon me. God caused me to think that moment as I had never done before about my soul, and where I was to spend eternity. Our teacher in the Sunday School spoke solemnly the following day of the nearness of eternity, and asked us if we were ready to die. This deepened my anxiety, and in a few weeks after I trusted Christ and was saved. Johnnie's grave lies green in the churchyard, and as I look upon it with tearful eyes, I think of the moment when the word "Where will you spend eternity?" first reached my soul. Reader, are you ready to die? Companions and playmates are passing away. Are you ready?

DOUBTING.

"RE you saved, Freddie?"
asked a teacher, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Yes, but I sometimes doubt," answered the boy. "Whom do you doubt, Freddie?" There was no answer, only Freddie hung his head. "Doubt yourself as much as you like, but never doubt God, my boy. If He says you are saved, there is no room to doubt it."

A BIBLE PICTURE STORY.



Who among our readers will write the best story of the above Bible Picture in their own words? Papers to be sent to the Editor before May 31st. Any one under fifteen may try it. The writer of the best paper to receive a Prize Bible. Papers not to exceed 200 words.

THE BIBLE: WHERE IT CAME FROM.

LMOST every boy and girl in the Sunday School knows something of the Bible, and has read some of the wonderful things that God tells us there. It is the oldest book in the world; it has the largest circulation of any; and has been read through and through oftener than any other book. It is to be found in palaces and prisons, in the philosopher's study, and in the children's nursery. It is read by princes and beggars, and has been the means of bringing light and peace to men's souls through every age and in every land. I am sure that many of our young friends will be interested to know a little more particularly about this wonderful Book, where it came from, and how it reached us. I will try and tell simply and briefly a few things about it, with the hope that you may be led to love and value "The Book of books" yet the more. The Bible is God's own book. Every other book has some man for its author, but the author of the Bible is God. He used men to write it, but He told them what to write, for we read, "All Scripture is given by inspiration from God" (2 Tim. iii. 16). The word "inspiration" means that "God breathed" out the words that He wanted men to write. They did not simply write an account of what they saw, or of what they heard, as you write in your diary an account of each day's events, for then they might have made great mistakes. They wrote from "dictation" as you would say. God told them what to write, and His Spirit enabled them to write exactly what He wanted to be written. Who but God could have told the story of "The Creation" in Genesis i.? There was no man there to see the great ray of light shine forth, or the first flower grow. Yet God has told us all about it in the Bible, and we know that God must have told Moses all that, for nobody else could have done it. Then He has told us what will take place on earth and in heaven, and even in hell in ages yet to come. He told His servant John, who was in the island of Patmos, an exile for the testimony of Jesus Christ, to write what would happen in the future, and who but God could tell us this? Man can write about the past, and about the present, but he knows nothing at all about the future except what the Bible tells us. So that with all the world's boasted science and knowledge it can only go back a few hundreds of years, whereas the Bible goes back to the "beginning," and it gives us sure and reliable information concerning "things that are to come to pass."



BURNING AND SHINING.

" E was a burning and a shining light." There was the warmth and the clearness therethe warmth of love and the clear distinctive testimony to the truth of God. Dear young believer, you need both in your testimony for Christ down here. There may be the shining of the clear and separate position, the complete severance from the world, and the holding fast of the faithful Word with all the severity and rigidness that the truth demands; but this of itself will be a cold and cheerless testimony, unless it be coupled with that warmth of heart and affection for the Lord Himself and for those who through grace belong to Him. The saints at Ephesus (Rev. ii.) were shining, but they had ceased to burn. They held the truth with a rigid grasp (and for that the Lord commended them), but they had left the love and warmth of their early days, and for that the Lord rebuked them sharply. The moon is clear but cold in her shining, but in the rays of yon blessed sun we have both light and heat. We need a lot of sunlike young saints as witnesses for God

at the present hour, whose testimony for the truth will be clear, and whose hearts are warm.

A WARM COMPANION.

THEN I left for America," writes a young believer, "I was in a cold and back-slidden state of soul. In fact, the only desire I had, was to get on in the world and make money. When I arrived, a stranger among strangers, I would very soon have drifted along into the world. In my new situation, my fellow-worker, a young lad of fifteen, was a warm Christian, and before I was in his company an hour, I felt the power of his godly, honest life. He asked me if I was converted, and when he found that I was, he soon let it be known all through the warehouse, so that I found myself a marked man the first day. When the evening came, he took me with him to his lodgings, and after spending an hour or two very happily, we knelt down together. He prayed for me so earnestly, and asked God to 'help me to take a decided stand for the Lord.' My soul has been restored to the Lord, and I am very happy. I thank God for my warm companion" Dear young saints, has your warm and bright testimony been the means of bringing some backslider back to the Lord, or, does your worldly walk and talk drag others down?

THE BIBLE STUDENT'S CLASS.

a list of the initials and class numbers of those who form the Bible Student's Class up to the present. Young believers who desire to join us in the searching of the Word may do so at any time, by sending a post card giving name and address. They will then receive a class number, and their papers, texts, or questions on the subject, however short, will be welcome. It is desirable, however, that all who possibly can, will send their papers regularly, so that not a crumb may be lost.

		1	No.
A. W. P. S., Workingt	on,	*	I
M. A. S., N. Westport, V			2
S. F. A., Newport-Page		-	3
J. H. Birkenhead, -		-	4
R. K., Wingham, Ont.		4	5
A. F. F., Liverpool,	-		6
M. M., Bray, -	-	-	7
F. E. C., Maidenhead,		2	8
A. M., Blackbraes,	-		9
	-	4	10
			II
W. F., Galston, -		-	12
*** ** **	-	4	13
	-		14
76 A XX77 1 1	-	-	15
A. F., Derby, -	-	-	16
A. B., Hasketon, -	-		17
J. S., West Roxbury, U	SA.	,	18
J M. Garlieston, -	-	-	19
P. H., Halifax			20
R. L., Glasgow, -	-		21
W. H., Grangemouth,	-	-	22
W. H., Prestwick,	-		23
J. H., Troon, -	-		24
A. G. W. Dromore,	4	-	25
H. B. W., Kendal,	-		26
D. M'G., Boston, U.S.	A.,	2	27
G. H., Boston, U.S.A.		+	28
A. H. L., Birkenhead,		-	29
A. B. Chesham, -	-	-	30

		No.		
T. T. T., Blackburn,	-	-	31	
W. T., Glasgow, -	-	-	32	
S. W., Penrith, -	-	-	33	
K. G., Aberdeen, -		-	34	
A. C. H., Dumfries,	4		35	
J. S., Birmingham,	-	36		
E. B., Donnington,	-	37		
A. S., London, -	-	17	38	
J. D., Jarrow, -	-	-	39	
W. R. Seacombe,	-	-	40	
W. T. H., Cheltenhai	-	41		
C A., Biggleswade,	-	-	42	
Geo. L., Jarrow, -	-	-	43	
T. M'K., do., -	-	-	44	
And. A., do,, -	7	-	45	
Jas. K., do., .	*		46	
W. H. S., London,	+	-	47	
N. L., Jarrow, -	-	-	48	
John P., do., -	*	-	49	
J M., Eastbourne,	-	-	50	
M. H., Sunderland,	-	-	51	
Jas. M., Jarrow, -	-	-	52	
M. S., do., -	4	-	53	
S. E. P., Southport,		-	54	
K. M., Jarrow, -	13	-	55	
Reb. A., do., -	-	-	56	
W. C. D., Wimbledon	n,		57	
J. M., Glasgow, -	-	-	58	
Mary L., Jarrow, -	-	-	59	
W. C., Wimbledon,	-	*	60	
L. C., Limerick, -	-	+	61	
G. D. Ealing, -	-		62	

The Bible-Searching Text-Books.

THEY are all in now, and such a pile! Examiners are busy at work, and have finished the Text-Books of the very little ones, under six. Next month the names of prize-winners for the twelve Bible Questions will be given; and the month following, the names of those who have found and filled in the year's texts most correctly.

The names of those who have received the prizes for filling in the SUNDAY TEXTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES, are—

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Keady, Armagh, 5.

ETHEL HARROP, Penrith, - 5.

Second Prizes have been sent to ALFRED W. TAYLOR, Southampton, and ISABELLA STRATHEARN, - Kirriemuir. whose Sunday Texts are really well done also. A number more have made a very bold attempt. Well done, little ones.

A Sunday School teacher in the Highlands of Scotland, writes—"A number of our children have sent their Text-Books. I have been delighted to see the deep interest manifested in the Word of God during these months of Bible searching, and feel sure that God will own it." Another writes—"Allow me to have a little fellowship with you in giving prizes to the children for finding the texts; I am much interested in it. Enclosed is 5/." A mother says—"Our children have had a busy winter with the texts and Bible questions. Grand employment for the long evenings, yielding both pleasure and profit."

A Word from the Editor.

In answer to many kind inquiries as to our health (which, during the past six months has been rather broken), we are glad to be able to say that through the Lord's mercy we are now much better, and hope soon to be "in harness," and able to go forth preaching the Word as usual. We have been cheered by many expressions of love and sympathy from our readers, both old and young, and for timely help in the work connected with preparing and sending forth our Magazines, for which we feel deeply thankful. In fact, we look upon the sending forth of these little papers month after month now as a "company concern," in which we are assured hundreds of fellowworkers all over the world are jointly labouring with us; some by writing, many in prayer, and others in seeking to extend their circulation. For the encouragement of such, we would say with thankfulness, that during the past few months, we have greatly rejoiced to hear that God has owned His Gospel through these little papers in the salvation of souls, and in giving help to the lambs of His flock. Will those who have prayed for His blessing, return the praise to Him to whom alone it is due.

We may also say that, notwithstanding hard times, and the advent of several new magazines for the young, our circulation is steadily increasing. It may interest our friends to hear a few of the rather unusual ways in which the "Watchman" is circulated, some of which are well worth imitating. Only the other day, a tradesman sent us a list of forty of his customers, many of them in dark parishes, saying, "Send a copy of the Watchman monthly to each of them for a year." A master draper, recently converted, encloses a copy in every parcel he sends out: a lady asks us to send a copy to the children of all the doctors and ministers in the place where she lives: one orders a copy to be sent to the families of his nine unconverted brothers and sisters: a teacher gives one to each of her scholars in the day-school: a young girl sends a copy to six old companions of school-days: one pays for a copy to be sent to each of his twelve old neighbours in a far off village, and another sends a packet to each of the day-schools in the town where he lives. Last, yet not least, here is a young brother, of scanty means, who has got a dozen subscribers in the "row" where he lives, in a lonely mining village. He takes their Watchman to them every month, and has an opportunity of speaking a word for the Lord. Thus the Word of life is scattered abroad, but there are thousands and thousands more to be reached, to whom no Gospel message or messenger ever comes. Christian reader, do you do anything to reach your friends, relatives, neighbours, old companions, and needy sinners, old and young, with the Gospel? We will gladly send a thousand, or a single copy to any corner of Great Britain, Europe, or America, to anybody whose name and address you may send us. Children sending by post to companions, school-mates, etc., we will send at half-price with postage, that is, a single copy monthly for a year for nine penny stamps, or a "Watchman" and "Little Ones Treasury" for fifteen. Any wishing to introduce either of these little papers to fellow-workers, or to Christian friends at home or abroad, can have a packet sent them, post free, by sending us their addresses on a post card.

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The Doung Matchman.

No. 66.]

JUNE, 1888.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



NELLIE, THE FISHER GIRL; Or, The Last Song on the Sca.



NELLIE, THE FISHER GIRL;

Or, The Last Song on the Sea.

O greater trophy of God's grace was to be found in the villages along the shores of the North Sea than "Peter's Davie" as he was familiarly called. A rash, drunken youth, spending his earnings in the public house, and playing cards on Sundays before he was eighteen. But God in mercy reached Davie, and his conversion was as clear and open as his service in the devil's ranks had been. His father and mother had both been saved a few weeks after, and now their earnest desire was to see Nellie, their only daughter, saved. Davie was fond of his sister, and many an earnest prayer went from his little room to the throne of God, that the "arrows of God might pierce her conscience, and that she might be shaken over the pit," which things were considered a necessary experience previous to genuine conversion among the earnest fisher folks of these shores. But Davie's faith was sorely tried as he saw Nellie become less concerned about her soul, and apparently only more hardened in sin; nevertheless Davie's prayers were not forgotten. On a fine July evening the fishing fleet sailed as usual from the bay, with their herring nets. As Davie's boat came round "the

point," the strains of

"There is life for a look
At the Crucified One,"

rose sweetly on the balmy air from half-a-dozen voices, tuned by hearts aglow with Jesus' love. Nellie stood on the shore watching and listening to the well-known refrain, as it echoed over the glassy sea—

"Look, look! look and live."

She had heard the words sung many times before, but they seemed to have an unusual beauty and sweetness as they came echoing over the deep calm sea, from the lips of her converted brother and his mates that evening. Wiping the starting tear from her eye, she wished from her heart that she was as happy as her brother Davie, whose beaming face she had looked upon that night for the last time on earth, although she knew it not.

After the darkness had set in, and while heaving their nets on the mighty deep, Davie's boat gave a lurch, and he was thrown into the sea. Every effort was made by his comrades to save him, but in the darkness he receded from the boat, and sank beneath the deep blue waves, until at the call of the returning Christ the sea gives up her ransomed dead. But although Davie's body went down into the depths, his ransomed spirit went up to be present with his Lord, parting

company with the body until the reunion of resurrection. Tears and songs were mingled by his comrades on the deep that night; and great was the grief among the simple fisher folks the following morning when the tidings reached the shore that "Peter's Davie" was amissing. A solemn awe fell on the young men as they heard it, and the most ungodly among them were heard to say "that Davie was well prepared." Nellie's grief was beyond control, and the keenest pang of her sorrow was the remembrance that she had slighted her brother's earnest appeals and invitations to come to Christ.

The work of God in the village went on, and many both old and young were born of God. Less than a fortnight after Davie's departure, Nellie was converted. As Davie's last hymn, now so often present to her thoughts said, it was only "look and live," she looked to Jesus, and was saved. Like the bitten Israelite of old, she received new life, and many a tearful thanksgiving arose to the throne of God that night as they saw the answer to Davie's prayers in her salvation.

Years have passed away, and Nellie has joined her brother in the presence of the Lord, but the echo of the song that was made the word of life to her soul lives on till this hour. Unsaved reader, have you looked to Christ, and received life? Have you been born again? Are you ready to die? The message of the Lord is plain and clear.

"He makes no hard condition,
Tis only look and live."

TWO THIEVES CAUGHT.

"HERE were two little thieves caught last night, that have stolen many a hour's peace and comfort from my soul," said a Christian man to a preacher of the gospel one evening. "Whoever were they?" asked the preacher. "'If' and 'but' are their names," he replied. "I was terribly troubled with those passages of God's Word that have if's and but's in them, for I was taught in my early days that they applied to the salvation of my soul. Last night your 'hath' and 'are' fairly captured them, and I have been rejoicing all night that 'Hath everlasting life' (John iii. 36), and 'ARE justified from all things' (Acts xiii. 39), cannot be contradicted by any 'if' or 'but.' They are no doubt important in what they do refer to, but they cannot raise a question as to the eternal security of a believer in Christ."

These little thieves rob many a believer of the joy of God's salvation and of the enjoyment of the peace of God. They may be very easily caught, and hindered from doing further mischief by letting the full beam of the light of the gospel shine in on them. They cannot live in the sunlight; they only do their wretched work when the shutters of tradition or theology, and the blinds of unbelief shut out the clear light of the gospel of God.

THE BLANKET AND THE COAT.

both awakened to concern about their souls through the faithful preaching of a servant of Christ, and very soon the Indian was found rejoicing in the knowledge of salvation.

The white man remained in darkness and great distress for a long time, and at last he also received the assurance and joy of salvation. The two met one night both rejoicing in the Lord, and the white man said to his red brother "How was it that I was so long in finding what you received in so short a time?" "Ah, brother," replied the Indian, "me soon tell you that. Suppose there comes along a prince: he offers you a new coat. You look at it, then at your own coat, and you say, 'My own coat is pretty good, me not want it yet.' Then he offers it to me. I look at my old blanket, and say, 'this is good for nothing,' and so I throw it away and accept the beautiful garment. Now that is just how it was. You keep hold on your own righteousness for a time, then you loathe and give it up, but I a poor Indian had none, and was glad to receive at once that provided by another."

True is this of many. When the salvation of God, so full and free, is proclaimed those who know and own themselves sinners gladly accept it for nothing, The poor drunkard and the outcast having no righteousness of their own, are fit subjects for the best robe, and they accept it joyfully. It is not so with respectable and religious sinners. They think they are not quite so bad. They have a righteousness of their own, and like Job they hug it tightly around them, and say "my righteousness I hold fast and will not let it go." Then when they are fairly baffled in seeking to earn salvation by their own works, they throw away the rags of self-righteousness, and on common ground as sinners, receive the salvation of God.

Reader, are you hugging your own rags of supposed righteousness and despising Christ, or have you cast them from you and received Him? Your own "coat" may please you well, but it will not do for the kingdom of God. You need Christ.

JEHOVAH-JIREH; Or, THE ALTAR OF MORIAH.

HE child long expected, long promised had come,

The hope of his parents, the light of their home,

The heir of God's promise to Abraham made, In days long gone bye when His word he obeyed.

The promise was given, that from him should spring, [bring,

A seed that to earth wondrous blessing should In whom every kindred and people should be Eternally blessed whom Jesus sets free.

And that as the stars, or the sand of the sea,
A numberless nation his children should be;
Peculiarly blessed and chosen that they
To all other people the truth might display.

This child of the promise inherited all, Both silver and gold and the herds of the stall; For his father had made an unchanging decree, That his son the sole heir of his riches should be.

'Neath the shade of the grove by Beersheba's well, [dwell;

As strangers and pilgrims in tents they did No landed possession nor homestead did crave, [grave.

Though noble and rich they but purchased a

The tent and the altar, whence worship and prayer,

Ascended to God on the cool evening air, Gave witness to all, that as children of light, They looked for a city as yet out of sight.

'Mid scenes of such holy and quiet repose,
From childhood to youth the boy Isaac arose,
Surrendering his heart's best affections to God,
As early the path of obedience he trod.

One night at the hour when all nature was still, [hill,

And darkness lay brooding o'er valley and The Lord to the dwelling of Abraham came, Awoke him from sleep, and then called him by name, That voice was familiar to Abraham's ear, Love, friendship, and faith all forbade him to fear,

He quickly made answer, "Behold here am I," Then listened intently as God made reply.

"Go now and take Isaac, the son of thy heart, And away to the land of Moriah depart,

Then on one chosen mount, which when there thou shalt see,

Offer him, thy beloved one, an offering to Me."

The father's heart bled, yet he made no delay, But hastily rose at the dawning of day,

God's word had been uttered, the pathway was plain,

His faith rose triumphant o'er sorrow and pain.

He saddled his ass, clave the wood for the fire, Got all things in order that they might require, Took two of his servants, and Isaac his son, Then journeyed afar till the daylight had gone.

They encamped for the night; then again they set forth,

As the bright beams of morning lit up the dark earth,

Thus, patiently, stedfastly, onward they went, Till three days and nights on the journey were spent.

When the third day had come, then Abraham spied,

A mount in the distance, and deeply he sighed, For there, on its summit, each moment more nigh,

He knew that his well-beloved Isaac must lie.

For three days and nights he had deemed him as dead,

Yet hope from his sorely tried heart never fled, God's promise he knew would most surely stand fast,

Though in ashes his son to the winds might be cast.

His faith never faltered in what God had said, He believed He would raise him again from the dead,

As still to his mind he the promise recalled, "In Isaac, him only, thy seed shall be called."

He told the two servants that he and his son, Would worship the Lord on the mountain alone,

And charged them to stay with the ass in the plain,

Till he and the lad should rejoin them again.

Then the wood for the offering on Isaac was laid,

While he bare the fire, and the sharp glittering blade,

As together they climbed up Moriah's bold steep,

Or traversed its ravines so rugged and deep.

"My father," said Isaac, "we here have the fire,

The wood and the knife: still a lamb we require,

To present before God on His altar to-day, Where then is the offering thou'rt ready to slay?"

"My son," said the father, and strove to repress,

Emotions which words have no power to express,

"God Himself will the lamb for the offering provide,"

Then silently onward they went side by side.

At length they arrived at the summit, and there

An altar for worship began to prepare,

When all finished, then Isaac looked anxiously round,

For as yet for an offering no lamb had been found.

Then Abraham spoke, and in tenderest tone, God's will and commandment to Isaac made known,

Who bowed in submission, as silently they Proceeded together God's word to obey.

Then Abraham laid on the altar his son, His only-begotten, his well-beloved one, Resistless and dumb as a lamb that must lie, Devoted and bound he was ready to die. The father then lifted the glittering knife,
That would sever the link binding Isaac to life,
When, just at that moment a voice loud and
clear,

Saying, "Abraham, Abraham," fell on his ear.

"Here am I," once more was the answer he made,

And his hand ere it fell on the victim was stayed,

It was God that had spoken, well this Abraham knew, [do.

So he paused for instruction what yet he should

The voice spoke once more and his heart was made glad,

(For trial was now o'er), "Lay no hand on the lad,

Thy love and obedience thou fully hast proved, By yielding to me thine own son so beloved."

With heart filled with praises, he quickly unbound,

His son from the altar, when lo! there was found,

A ram in a thicket of bushes close by Provided by God on that altar to die.

Thus Isaac was rescued, and there in his stead,

He witnessed another that suffered and bled,
'Twas the ram felt the blow of the sharp falling
knife,

As helpless and bleeding it yielded its life.

On that height of Moriah when ages had flown, A Victim hung bleeding in darkness alone,

It was God's only Son, the Lamb who was slain,

Whose life blood was flowing to cleanse from sin's stain.

The death due to sinners He bore on the tree, Now all who receive His salvation are free, Behold then the Lamb which by God has been given,

And yours is salvation, and glory, and heaven.

LAURA, THE LITTLE SOUL-WINNER.

keep the joy all to itself. It bursts | tell to others "what a dear Saviour

HEN the Lord Jesus saves | forth, and others hear thereof. So a sinner, and makes the Laura found it the day after the heart His home, He so fills that Lord saved her. Although only ten heart with His love, that it cannot | years of age, she ventured forth to



she had found." A little girl, the daughter of a labourer living near, was the first one that God laid it on her heart to tell of Jesus. Mary, poor girl, was seldom out at any

Him. Her mother was dead, and she had to keep house for her father. She had few visitors, only one kind lady sometimes called and left her a little book to read. When meeting where she could hear of Laura called, Mary was astonished,

and still more when she told her that she had been saved the day before, and had come in "to ask her if she would believe in Jesus." Young believers do not beat about the bush, as a rule, in speaking about Jesus, and so Laura went straight to the point at once. Then she told Mary how Jesus died for her on the cross, and how she had "only to believe," and she would be saved. "Will you do it, Mary?" said Laura, holding out her hands to welcome her as a sister in Christ, for she had no thought that any one could be so foolish as to refuse to "believe on Jesus." At first Mary hesitated, but before Laura left, she was able to say and to sing, "Jesus is mine," and Laura went off rejoicing over the winning of her first soul. Mary was happy too, and there was joy in heaven over "Laura's first soul." Have you ever won a soul for Christ, reader, or may I first ask, have you been won for Him yourself?

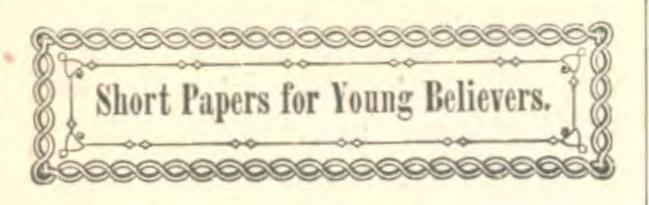
HOW JESUS FOUND ME.

WAS living at the time away out in the country in a very lonely part. There were no houses near, and the nearest chapel was two or three miles away. I had a Christian father, and several other dear Christian friends, who sought

earnestly to win me to Christ. I knew the way of salvation in my head, for I had often heard how Jesus died upon the cross for sinners-how He said "It is finished, and bowed His head in death" (John xix. 30); but I put it off. Now that I was parted from them I often thought of their bright, happy faces, and I had such a longing desire to be amongst the number of those who are the Lord's. Daily I grew more and more concerned about my soul. I was consciously made to feel my guilt, my need of a Saviour, and my danger of being in hell. One night, as I was about to retire to rest, I felt that I could go on no longer - I must have the matter settled. I had a room all to myself, so I knelt down by my bedside, all alone before God. The words that seemed just suited to my need came to my mind—the first lines of that hymn—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

It was enough. The Gospel was there, and as I repeated the lines, I knew that I was born again and that I had passed from death unto life. The peace of God filled my heart, that peace which was made through the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20). Years have rolled on since then, and Jesus is still precious to me, and I can say He has proved a Friend indeed. Dear reader, I commend Him to you. If you are still unsheltered by that precious blood, will you not trust Jesus now?



WEIGHT FOR WEIGHT.

URING the reign of one of the tyrant Roman emperors, a youth of noble birth was ruthlessly consigned to the dungeon. For years the heavy iron chains of a felon bound his ankles and his wrists, as day by day he lay in the dark and loathsome prison at the emperor's pleasure. Suffering not for crime, but for speaking the truth, and for faithfully exposing the sins and cruelties of those in high places in the world. Now the once bright countenance is worn, and the locks are grey with suffering. But the righteous will not always suffer thus. The day must come when the sufferer for righteousness' sake will be rewarded. The cruel emperor dies, and his successor sits on the imperial throne. Hardly had he been raised to wear the purple and the tiara, than he sends to the dungeon to have the prisoners released. Worn and weak with suffering, in his heavy chains, the prisoner is placed before the throne. His fetters are struck off, he is clothed with purple, and instead of his narrow cell and gloomy prison, he is raised to royal rank and honour. A pair of scales are brought forth, and the iron chains that he has worn are heaped on one after another, and carefully put in the balance. At the emperor's word, gold is piled on the other scale, and for every pound of iron that he has worn in the dungeon, he now receives a pound of gold in return. Think you that he wishes now his fetters had been lighter? And so shall it be with all who suffer for Christ and His truth down here. "If we suffer, we shall also reign" (2 Tim. ii. 12). Every pang and abuse that is borne for righteousness' sake, will have its return in the day when the Lord shall reward His servants. Our "light affliction" here shall have in return "an eternal weight of glory" there. When "the righteous Judge" brings forth the just balance of heaven, and gives every man according as his work shall be-

"Oh, how will recompence His smile, The sufferings of this little while."

Dear young believer, are you a sufferer for Jesus' sake? Do you bear from day to day the scowl and scorn of a world that crucified your Lord? Think it not strange. It is only what He promised. But it will not be always so. The last day of reproach, contempt, and scorn draws near. Then the honour and the crown. Cheer up! yours is a sure reward.

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③ Jottings from the Editor's Note Book. ②

② Service Book. ②

② Service Book. ②

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⑤ Service Book. ⑤

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⑤ Service Book. ⑥

⑥ Service



NE hundred and thirty-seven of the little Bible-Searchers sent their Text Books, with "The Sunday Texts," or part of them filled in. This would occupy many an hour of the winter evenings. But by far the largest pile of Text Books remain for next month. Have patience and you will hear all about them.

Several friends have kindly given extra prizes for Bible-Searching, one sends a Prize Bible for boys and girls in Wales, another for Bible-Searchers in Canada.

Quite a number of boys and girls have been converted lately in Birmingham, during a series of meetings held there by Mr. Bennett, of York, and good news comes to the same effect from Gloucester and Battersea.

What a wonderful time this is! boys and girls, young men and maidens being saved everywhere.
Old things passing away, and new
life appearing like the buds on the
trees. Is it so with you?

Half-a-dozen lads, lately converted, meet to read the Word and pray together every Sunday morning at eight o'clock, for half-an-hour. They have no hall, but they go to a river side, as Paul did at Philippi, and God is there.

A WORD OF CHEER FOR WORKERS.

A CHRISTIAN worker, near London, who distributes a parcel of "The Young Watchman," sends the following word of cheer, which we pass on to others for their encouragement in the good work of sowing the seed.

"One of the teachers in our school left a copy of the October Watchman at a house a few Sundays ago. As she was passing the same house on her way home, she saw a woman beckoning to her. She went up and was told that the Lord had used the magazine she had left, to her husband's conversion. He had been very anxious for a while, and while reading the first article in the Watchman, entitled, "Jeannie, the Gardener's Child," the light of the Gospel shone into his heart, and the Lord used it to set him at liberty. He is now rejoicing in the Lord. We have a short prayer meeting after school every Sunday, and you can fancy how we praised the Lord together."

The Bible-Searching Text-Books.

SENIOR DIVISION.

Answers to Twelve Bible Questions.

We have now finished the examination of the Senior Division of Bible-Searchers' Text-Books, namely:—those who have answered the twelve Bible Questions. We are glad to see so many in this division; and still more, to find that a number have answered the whole of the questions correctly. The answers are as follows:—

- I. Achan, Jos. vii, 20; Judas, Matt. xxvi.

 14 (some have Balaam, Num. xxxi. 8;
 and Ananias, Acts v).
- 2. Luke ii. 49.

3. Paul at Philippi, Acts xvi. 12.

- 4. The Dying Thief, Luke xxiii. 39-43; Saul of Tarsus, Acts ix. 3-6. The Jailer of Philippi, Acts xvi. 29-31 (some have Zaccheus, Luke xix.; and the Eunech, Acts viii).
- The Philippian Jailer (at midnight), Acts xvi. 25; Saul of Tarsus (at midday), Acts xxvi. 13.
- 6. Matt. xxv. 46; 2 Thess. i. 10.
- Miriam, for evil-speaking; Gehazi, for covetousness; Uzziah, for will-worship.
- 8. At the Great White Throne, Rev. xx. 11.
- 9. Herod, Mark vi. 20; Felix, Acts xxiv. 25; Agrippa, Acts xxvi. 27.
- To reward faithful service, see I Cor. iv. 5; 2 Cor. v. 10; 2 Tim. iv. 8.
- 11. Sergius Paulus, Acts xiii. 12; Lydia, Acts xvi. 14; Jailer, Acts xvi. 34; Dionysius, Acts xvii. 34; Damaris, Crispus, Acts xviii. 8; Timothy, 1 Tim. i. 2.
- 12. Eternal Life, I Jno. v. II; Forgiveness, Eph. i. 7; Peace, Rom. v. I; Sonship, I Jno. iii. I; The Holy Spirit, I Cor. ii. 12; Joy, Jno. xv. II; Hope, Heb. vi. 19.

The Prize Bible has been awarded to GERTRUDE THOMAS, Adamsdown School, Cardiff; and SECOND PRIZES have been sent to Grace Donaldson, Crieff; and Sybil Wolff, Bandon, Co. Cork, whose answers are also correct, and very neatly written.

The following are very highly recommended:—Jane Peyton, Bandon, Cork; William Payne, Dublin; Clara Albone, Biggleswade; Mary Brabazon, Limerick; Grace Morton, Merton; Agnes Maxwell, Belfast; W. J. Piggott, Sutton, Canada; Annie Smith, North - Westport, Mass. U.S.A.; Minnie P. Williams, Belfast; Emma Causer, Birmingham; Christina Gauld, Coldstone.

We are truly thankful to the Lord for the deep interest that has been taken in these Questions by our readers, in this and other lands, especially as they contain truths of solemn and vital importance to both saint and sinner. How solemn the warning given in Judas and Achan; both lost through covetousness; none the less in Felix, Herod, and Agrippa, by procrastination. Reader, are you the Lord's? or are you trifling as they did with God's salvation? Their day is past, and yours is quickly passing away. But you may be saved, suddenly too, like the thief on the cross, or the Eunuch in his chariot; and now, be it mid-day or midnight, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the lost.

Next month the names of those who have filled in the Texts will appear, and the Prize Papers on "Joseph, a Type of Christ."

A number of Young Believers have sent in their names as members of "The Bible Student's Class." Initials and numbers in "The Sunday School Worker's Magazine."

Our next number will be specially suitable for distribution at the sea-side.

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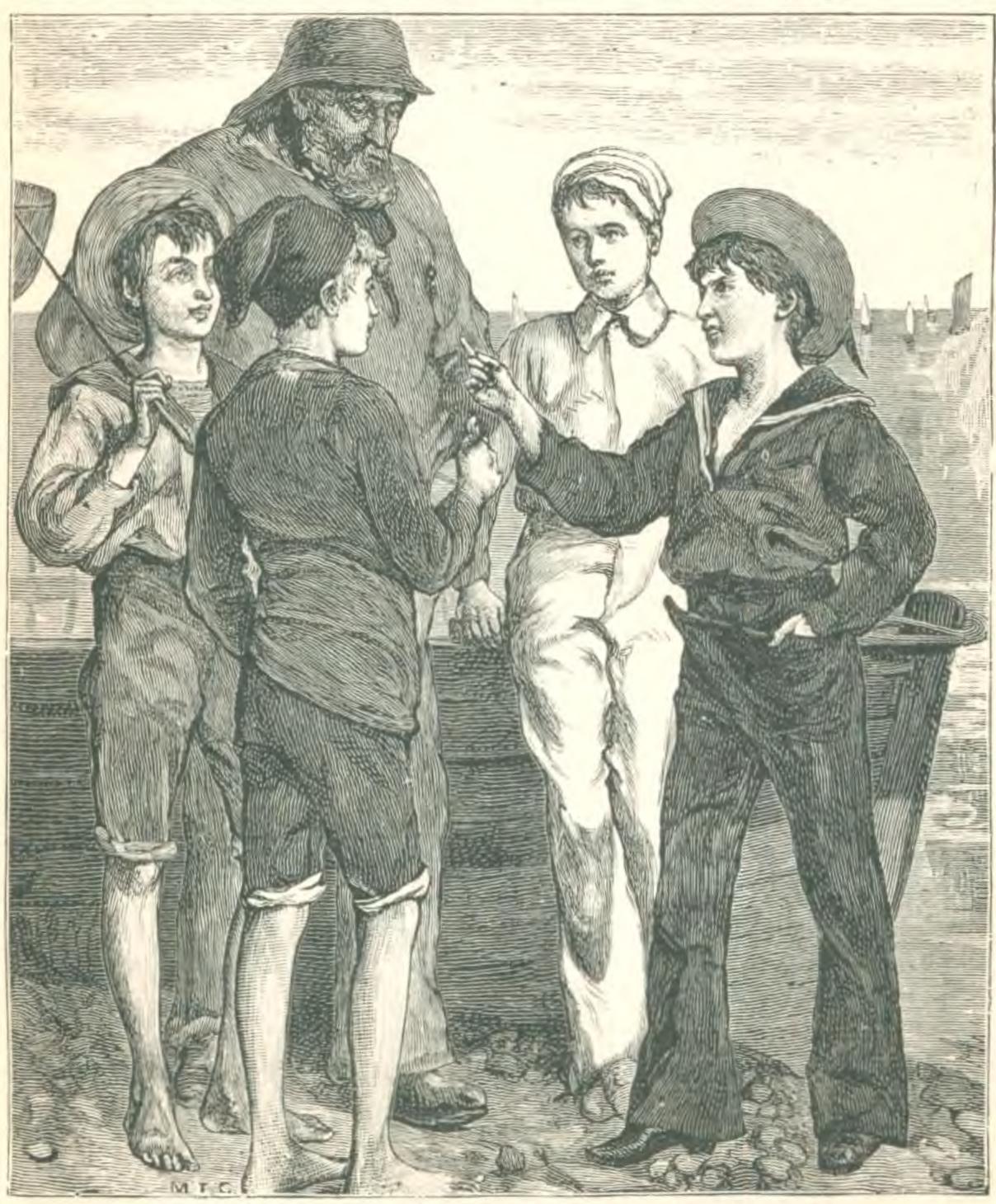
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The Poung Watchman.

No. 67.]

JULY, 1888.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



BEN, THE BOATMAN; Or, The Night before the Battle.



BEN, THE BOATMAN; Or, The Night Before the Battle.

"FINE US a boat with a lug-sail, Ben: we want to go out to the rocks," shouted the foremost of four school-boys to the old boatman who was standing on the shore, preparing his rods for the evening fishing. Ben looked up with a kindly smile, and shook his head, at the same time remarking, "The breeze is stiff at present, lads, better wait for an hour or two till we see how it turns." "No fears, Ben," said the eldest of the lads, who had considerable confidence in his own ability as a navigator, "we can easily manage a lug-sail for all the wind there is, we've done it with ten times as much as there is to-day." "Ah, maybe you have, lads; but it's dangerous for all that, and old Ben knows the sea too well to give you his boat in a day like this; be content and sit down here, maybe Ben has something to tell you that will be quite as good as a sail to the rocks." Ben and the lads were great friends. Many an hour they spent by his side on the beach, hearing the wonderful stories of shipwrecks and sea-battles that he had to tell. In his early days, Ben had been in the Navy, and had seen several "engagements." He had been a wild ungodly youth, and a sad grief to his parents. To escape restraint he ran off to sea, to find there, that if the loving rule of a godly home was ill to bear, the iron rod of authority on board a gun-boat was worse by far, but there was no escape from it. Seldom did Ben refer to his early life, except to warn the lads against such hardness of heart and Christ-rejection as his had been, and to magnify the grace of God that saved him in the midst of it. His stories always had a point in them, and he never failed to "apply" them to the listeners with a loving appeal to turn to the Lord in their early days, or a solemn word of warning to flee from coming wrath.

The lads sat down alongside of Ben, and heard from his lips the following story:—

"You know, lads, it's no easy thing to be a Christian, as folk would say, on board a gun-boat; there you must either be for Christ or for the devil, there must be no sneaking. We had a gunner on board whose name was Bill, a fine hearty young man he was, and a Christian that did not fear to let his light shine. Everybody knew that Bill the gunner was a soldier of the cross, not simply because he said it, but because he lived it. Morning and night Bill read his Bible, and knelt down to pray, no matter who was there. I am sorry, lads, to have to

tell you that I often laughed at Bill, although, in the depths of my heart, I wished that I was like him. One morning, the tidings came that our gun-boat was ordered on active service, and was to be ready for action in a few hours. I shall never forget the night before the engagement, lads, while memory lasts; it was the turning point in my life's history, the night in which, by grace, I was converted to God. Our decks were cleared, and everything ready for action; certain death was before some of us on the morrow. sat down in his usual place and began to read, but I can tell you there was nobody laughed at him that night. An eager group of us stood around him, listening to the words he was reading from the Bible. 'Comrades,' said Bill, after he had finished reading, 'we may be in eternity by this time to-morrow; it would be well for us if we could all say we are ready. Here we are, all waiting for the Admiral's word tomorrow, and it would be well if we were all as ready for the call of God to enter eternity. By grace I can say, I am not afraid to die. If I die, I will go to be with Christ, not for anything good in me, but because I trust His precious blood that cleanseth from all sin. If you would be safe for to-morrow comrades, and in readiness for eternity, then trust

yourselves to Christ to-night, then come life or death, all will be well.'

We all listened in solemn silence, standing under the beams of the pale moon, with not a sound to be heard save the rippling of the waves beneath. We felt that Ben's words were solemnly true. Some of us would almost certainly be in eternity at that time to-morrow, and we knew well we were not ready. Overcome by emotion, one stalwart gunner sank upon his knees, and said, "Jesus I will trust Thee:" another followed, then a third, and before ten minutes, a little circle of us knelt around Ben, and committed ourselves to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the lost. Some may have only been frightened for death, but I believe the greater part were truly broken down before God on account of their past sinful lives, and that hour they claimed His Son to be their Saviour. In the calm still air, a dozen rough voices sang-

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

Then we parted for the night. On the morrow, our ship was in the thickest of the conflict. Bullets and shells were flying all around, and the dead and dying strewed the decks. In the evening when all was over, I saw Bill take his usual seat, and the rest that sat with him the evening before quickly gathered around, no longer ashamed to own

themselves the Lord's. Wonderful to tell it, the circle was unbroken: while others lay dead or wounded, God had preserved us, and I can tell you, lads, if ever a heart-felt song of praise went up to God from this poor heart of mine, it was that night.

Years have rolled on, and we are all parted from each other. Bill is in heaven, and no doubt, so are some of the rest. Others are yet here, like old Ben, the boatman, trying to live for the Lord who loves him, and to lead others to Him. My dear lads, if you would be happy in life and ready for death, trust yourselves to Jesus."

The story had a deep impression on the four youths: the lug-sail boat was forgotten, and they sat long beside Ben that night, asking further questions about that night before the battle. They walked quickly home in silence, and within their souls there was a felt need that never was known before—they felt the need of Christ. How much easier for them and for you, dear reader, to trust the Lord Jesus in times of peace, and in the golden hours of youth. Say, have you trusted Him? Have you trusted Him, as that circle of awakened gunners did, on that memorable night before the battle; or will death find you (it may be soon) unsaved, unprepared to meet God?

A SOLDIER'S LOVE.

OHN BUNYAN when a young man enlisted as a soldier, and was amongst the number of those on whom the lot fell to beseige Leicester during the civil war. Just as he was ready to go, another soldier begged to take his place. Bunyan consented, and his substitute was shot in the head as he stood on guard. Was not that a noble act towards a fellow-man? for he really gave his life for his comrade, and died in Bunyan's stead. But here is a more wonderful story still. Jesus, the Son of God, died for His enemies. Bunyan was probably that soldier's friend; but sinners are the foes of God and Christ. Yet such was the love of God toward His enemies, that He gave His Son to die for them; and such the love of Jesus, that "He willingly died in our stead."

"O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God to me,

It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary."

Reader, have you believed the love of God? Have you accepted as your Substitute the One who suffered in your stead? There is no way of salvation apart from this. If you neglect or reject the One who came to seek and save your lost and guilty soul, you will pass on to suffer the wages of sin, and the doom of a Christ-rejector in hell.

ANNA AND WILLIE;

Or, "The Best Holiday I ever had."

CHOOL-DAYS over, examinations past, and prizes all safely put aside. No lessons for six weeks, but away into the country to romp in the green fields and by the riversides. It had long been looked forward to, and now it had come at last. Anna and Willie were in the stage coach, on the way to spend their summer holidays with their aunt Mary, who lived in the country. A few hours' drive through wooded dell and moor brought them there, and they found their aunt awaiting them. There was such a lot to tell her about home and school, that it was late before they got off to bed that night. Next morning they got up early, and went off to play in the fields, to see the sheep on the hill, and to gather flowers in the woods. It was such a happy time. But this was not all. In the village near to where aunt Mary lived, a great canvas tent had been put up, with a pretty little flag on the top, on which was inscribed "God is Love." Notice had been sent round to all the houses that a service for children would be held in it every afternoon, and one for grown-up folks at night. Aunt Mary said she was going, because she loved the Lord, and wanted to help in bringing others to Him. So after tea off they went all together. Some nice hymns were sung, then a short address, and then at the close an "after meeting." Many of the children remained, and were spoken to; and among others, Anna and Willie. They did not trust the Lord Jesus then; but after they came home, Anna said to her aunt that she would like so much to be saved, if she only knew how it could be.



Aunt Mary spoke to her and Willie, knelt down beside them and prayed, and before bed-time they could both say, "Jesus is mine." Writing home to their mother the following week, Anna said, "This is the best holiday I ever had. Do you know why? Because Willie and I have trusted Jesus. Aunt and us go to the "Tent" every night, and sing hymns all the way home." Truly that was a happy holiday. Have you ever had a holiday like that? I mean, Have you trusted Jesus and been saved?

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

F you look at a map of Palestine you will see that in the northern part, not far below Mount Hermon, there is a sheet of water bearing the name of "the Sea of Galilee." It is also called the "Lake of Gennesaret," and "the Sea of Tiberias," in the New Testament. Although only an inland lake surrounded by hills, now almost deserted, yet there is no sea or ocean in all the world so interesting, and so sacred as this. Not only for its lovely beach, its rippling waves, and the flower-clad hills that stand around it, is it loved, but because on these very waves the Saviour of sinners sailed, and on these pearly sands His feet once trod. In the towns and villages that stood along its shores many of His busy days were spent; and from thence His first disciples and followers were won. Jesus had a special love for this lake, and spent more of His time around its shores than in any other part of Palestine. Many of His miracles and mighty works were done there; and from a boat moored to its side, while the people stood or reclined along the beach, some of His most memorable parables were spoken. It was by its side that, as the Risen One, He stood and spoke to Peter, telling him to feed His lambs and sheep

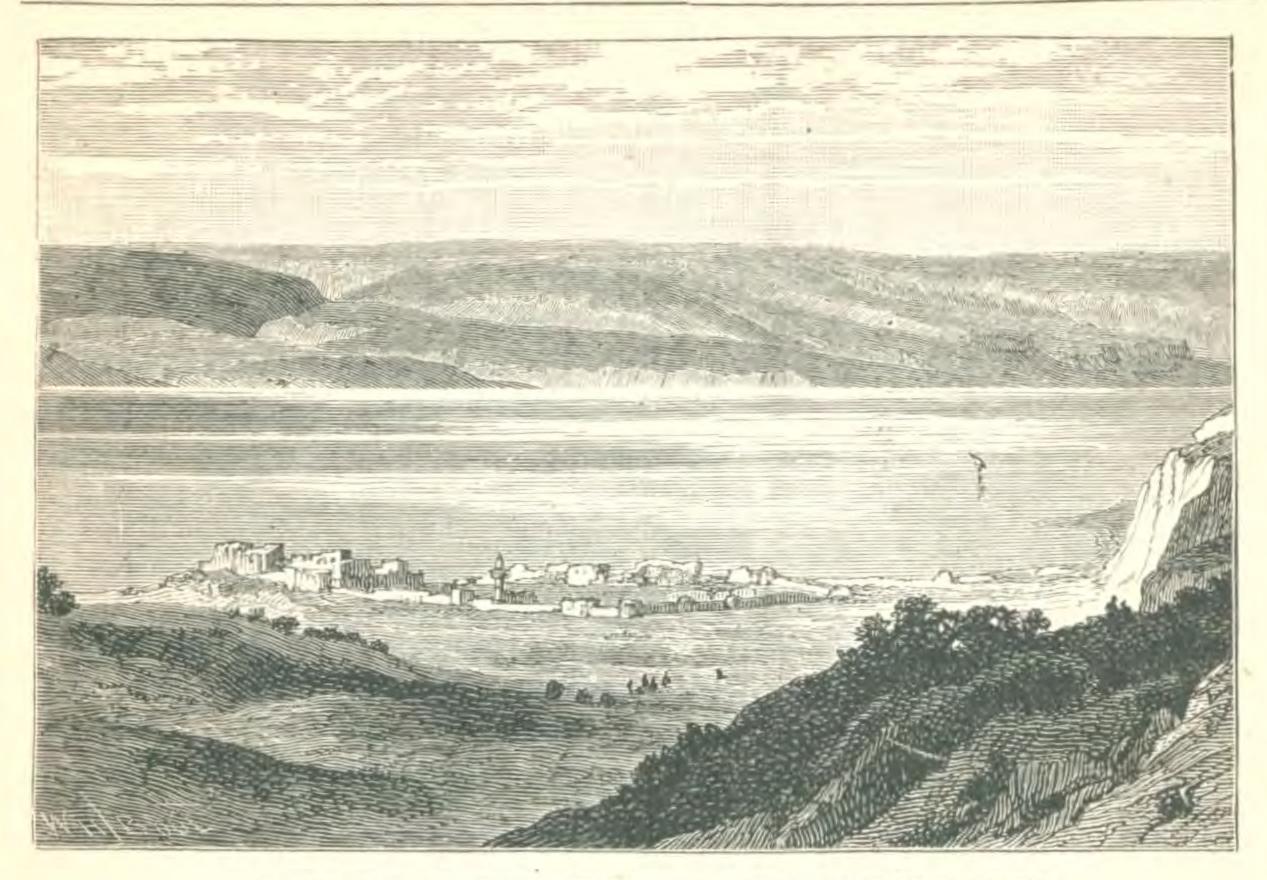
Who is there among us that would not like to look upon its glassy waves, and to visit those places where once the feet of Jesus trod, and where His voice was often heard? As Robert Murray M'Cheyne of Dundee wrote, when standing on its shores—

"It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;

But, ah, far more! the beautiful feet Of Jesus walked by thee."

Although our eyes may never look upon these waves, or our feet tread those sacred shores, yet there are many lessons that we may learn, and there are solemn warnings that unsaved ones may heed, studding the pages of the Word, connected with this lake, and some of the things that Jesus did and said along its shores. Will you walk with us along the lake side, and see what we can learn?

The first mention that we have of it is in the days of Moses (Numb. xxxiv. 11), where it is called "the Sea of Chinnereth;" but it does not seem to have been of great importance at that time. In the days of the Lord, Galilee was of much more importance. Around the shores of the lake there were eight or nine towns, all of which were of consider-



THE SEA OF GALILEE, WITH THE SURROUNDING HILLS.

a busy seaport; Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter; Chorazin, which, along with Bethsaida, was the scene of some of Jesus' "mighty works;" and Tiberias on the opposite side. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says "that a hundred and thirty warships were on the lake, and ships and boats of all sizes, bearing balm and spices to the port of Capernaum, and the markets of the south." A recent traveller says he could only find "a single leaky, clumsy boat," on all the lake; and instead of busy towns and fruitful gardens lining its shores, all is desolation. Nothing

able size. There was Capernaum, remains now but heaps of ruins, which can hardly be traced. The hills, stripped of their beauty, are now drear and barren; and the once green and flowery slopes are bare. The lake side had its day of visitation, but knew it not. The busy towns and the green hill-sides that once rang with the sound of Jesus' name, are now so drear and desolate, that scarcely a human being is to be found there.

> All this because Jesus was rejected, and His Gospel despised. Reader, be warned, lest the day of your visitation pass away, and leave you as desolate as they.

INFIDEL JACK.

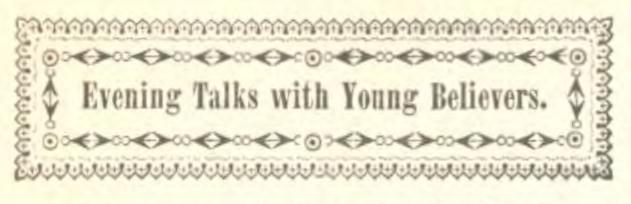
No one dare go near him or speak to him of Jesus. He had often been tried, and as often sternly refused to listen to the gospel. Poor Jack! his infidelity had done little for him, for there he lay miserable, unsatisfied, and almost friendless.

A lady visiting that quarter heard of Jack, and her heart went out in sympathy for the wretched man. She had only one bunch of flowers left in her basket, and summoning courage, she mounted the stairs and knocked at Jack's door. In answer to a hoarse "come in," she entered, walked up to his bedside, and, without speaking a word, laid the sweet-smelling flower by his cheek. Jack look weirdly into the stranger's face, and in a tone of surprise asked, "Who sent that?" "God," said the lady, and without another word left the room.

That night about a dozen old "cronies" drop in to see Jack, most of them would-be-infidels like himself. They have little to say, for they see too plainly that their old friend, Jack, is fast nearing the end of his days, and infidelity has little comfort to give at the approach of death. At length, Jack breaks the silence himself, by saying, "I

tell you, mates, there is a God. As I lay here all alone, I thought, suppose there is a God and a hell and heaven, where will I be? I nearly went mad at the thought that I would have to meet Him. So I put it to Him in this way-If there be a God, and if I'm wrong, let Him send me a token, and I will believe Him. About five o'clock, I lay with my eyes closed, when I heard a step, and looking up, saw that flower. A woman brought it, and when I asked who sent it, she said, 'God,' and left. I tell you, mates, there is a God, and I'm going to believe in Him. He sent me that flower, and along with it He sent this message -pulling a text-card tied to the flower from under the pillow-and read, 'God is love. Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' There is a God, mates, and He loves me." Silently the circle broke up, and one after another slunk away; but the message sent from God that day, reached the soul of infidel Jack, and brought him to Himself. The voice of that lovely flower spoke to his heart of a Creator-God, and the text that accompanied it told of His love and the salvation that He had provided for sinners.

Reader, infidelity is a poor friend to a dying sinner. It may fill the mouth with argument, and calm the conscience in life; but in death it leaves its victim to "fall into the hands of the living God."



CHAPTER AND VERSE.

OME of you young saints are employed in factories, workshops, and offices where there are many of the unconverted around you. It is not at all an uncommon thing for discussions and arguments to arise on religious subjects in such places, especially at times when God is working and sinners being saved. We have seen, at such a time, public workshops and factories during mealhours transformed into something like "Debating Clubs," where Scriptural subjects were discussed and argued in anything but a Christ-like spirit. It would be well for you, dear young saints, to keep clear of this kind of thing altogether. It is very bad for your spiritual life to get mixed up with contentious, worldly men. As a rule, you can do them no good, but they can do you much harm. Besides, there is no need to argue or debate on the things of God. Everything is as clear as noon-day in the Book. If you should be asked to "give an opinion," simply refer them to "thus saith the Lord." Quote to them the Word of God on the matter: give them "Chapter and Verse." This is the

most effectual way of silencing an opponent. It is the only way of convincing an honest enquirer. God's Word speaks best for itself: it needs none of our arguments. I remember a large factory where a number of young believers worked. At the dinner hour, arguments often arose on various subjects, such as prophecy, baptism, amusements, &c., and over and again young believers lost their tempers, and got into a bad state of soul arguing and debating. There was one young lad there, who would never share their debates at all. When his opinion was asked, he simply opened his Bible and read what God said, without adding a word. When assertions were made, he quietly asked, "Will you give us chapter and verse for that?" Some didn't like it, yet they all respected him." He was nick-named by some "Chapter and Verse," but his word had weight. He was a man of the Book: he knew it, loved it, obeyed it, and believed in its sufficiency. He accepted nothing that "Chapter and Verse" could not be given for, and he was right. Dear young saints, stick to your Bibles. There never was a time in which the Book of God was more assailed, and less obeyed, than this. Therefore, cleave to it the more. For all you hold, for all you do, for wherever you go, see that you have "Chapter and Verse."

Correspondence.

Holidays Work.—A young believer writes—"I am leaving for my holidays in July, and hope you will pray for me. I am going to my native village where many old companions are still unsaved. I cannot preach publicly, but I am taking several hundreds of Gospel Books and Tracts to distribute among the houses, and I may have an opportunity of speaking a word to some of the dear people. Pray for me."

BACKSLIDING. — "I have been restored in soul to the Lord, after two long years of backsliding, and I earnestly hope now I may be kept cleaving to Him. The beginning of my departure was in neglecting prayer and the reading of God's Word. Then I got among unconverted companions, played 'Lawn Tennis' and 'Cricket' with them, and was led further and further into the world. By the faithful word of a dear young brother, my conscience was reached and led to own my sin before God and to receive His forgiveness."

Those who can play "Lawn Tennis" and "Cricket" with the ungodly, had better test their state of soul. No believer in a good condition of soul would be found there, assisting unconverted sinners to trifle away their day of grace in frivolity.

The Bible-Searching Text-Books.

Examination of Texts. Senior Division.

WE are glad to be able to say this month, that the examiners have at last got through the large pile of Text Books that lay before them. The results of the examination, and the names of the prize-winners will be found in another column. Our young friends have shown remarkable interest in their Text Books this year, for which we are truly thankful. Time spent in searching the Word of God is well spent, not only for the present pleasure and profit that it yields, but because of the lasting blessing it will be to many in their after years. May the thousands of bright eyes which have been so busily engaged in searching for these texts, become so acquainted with the pages of the Sacred Book, that they will instinctively turn to it for light and guidance at every step of their earthly journey, and above all, may their young and tender hearts be opened to "give heed to the things spoken" therein, and to receive Him of Whom, and to Whom all the scriptures bear witness, even Jesus the Lord, the Lover and Saviour of the lost.

By far the largest number of Text Books have been sent in this year of any, since the little book was first issued, and what is more cheering still, a much larger number than any former year are correctly and beautifully done. Out of the FIVE HUNDRED AND TEN Text Books sent, thirty-nine are correctly filled up in every detail, chapters, verses, and points all being right. 41 have one mistake (what a pity!) 37 have two mistakes, and so on. 8 have omitted to give their names, 10 their age, and 14 their addresses. One little girl says she "used a concordance," another, that her "sister helped her," and a third "just got

a little assistance from mother." While we are pleased to have this honest confession, we cannot of course look upon the Text Books of those little "searchers" as their "own unaided work," for which only the prizes were offered.

The PRIZE-WINNERS are as follows-

Prize Bibles for Boys.

1st. Alexander J. Scroggie, Turriff.

2nd. William Betson, Manchester.

3rd. Gilbert Brown, Orton.

Prize Bibles for Girls.

1st. Eleanor Scammell, London.

2nd. Annie Walker, New Deer.

3rd. Annie Greatrex, Manchester.

All these Text Books are most neatly and carefully done.

The Special Prizes given by some of our readers are as follows—

For the youngest Bible-Searcher whose book is correct, awarded to Thomas J. Burrows, Belfast, aged 7. For the best written Text Book from Canada, to Louis A. Black, Brockville, Ont. For the most correctly filled in Text Book from Wales, to Fanny Freeman, Cardiff. For the best Text Book from the United States of America, to Isabella Smith, North-Westport, Mass.

We have pleasure also in sending a prize to each of the following, whose Text Books are very well done.—Mary L. Gibbs, Ilfracombe; Annie Wright, Manchester; Robert Hunter Galt, Canada; Muriel Battersby, Dublin; James Allan, Glasgow; Mary M'Cullagh, Belfast; Maude Eveline Cooke, Chippenham; Jessie M'Leod, Orton; Maggie Young, Orton.

The following Text Books are very highly commended. The Text Books sent by James Arnot, Auchentibber; Elizabeth E. Ashworth, Salford; Janet Goudie, Shetland; Tom Russell, Motherwell; Sarah Brabazon, Limerick; Albert Firth, Don-

caster; Albert Hunter Galt, Ontario; Mary Thomson, Orton; Anna M. Burrows, Armagh; Joseph Hickling, Derby; Rose M'Cann, Belfast; Annie Morrison, Orton; Hannah Allan, Orton; Helen Ritchie, Boharm; William Harrop, Penrith; Joseph Akroyd, Halifax; Arthur Frost, Seacombe; Maggie Hamilton, Grangemouth; Amelia Preston, Birmingham.

This concludes the examination of the several Divisions of the Bible-Searching Text Books for 1888. It has been a great pleasure to us to go over the work of so many young friends scattered over the whole world, and to find that so many have done their work of Bible-Searching so remarkably well. We would fain retain the Text Books intact as a memorial, but some who desire their Books returned will have them very soon.

For want of room we are obliged to leave the Prize Papers on "The Life of Joseph," until next month.

In our next number of "The Young Watchman," we hope to begin a series of short papers on "The Children of Many Lands; their Homes and Habits," how the Gospel was carried to them, and how God is working among them.

The first paper will be on "The Children of Africa," with photographs of Fred. S. Arnot, and of Charles A. Swan, and W. L. Faulkner (who have gone to preach Christ to them), with their camp, and African boys at Bailundo, Africa, taken on the spot.

A few back numbers of this year's Young Watchman, and Our Little Ones' Treasury remain, which during July we will supply for distribution at half price.

Two new "Hymn Sheets," which have been specially prepared for Children's Services, open air and inside, are now ready. Price 8d per 100.

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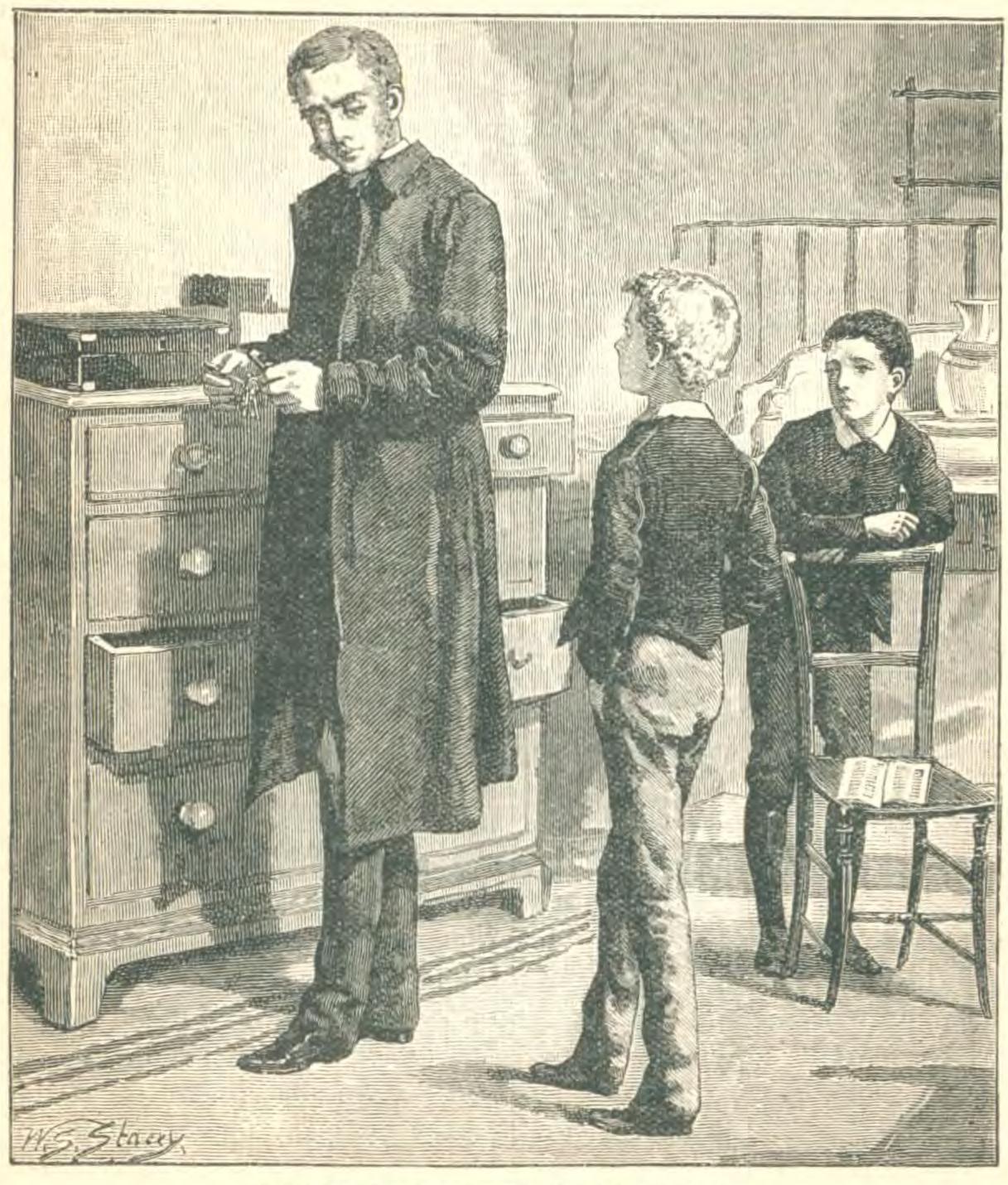
JOHN RITCHIE,

"The Young Watchman" Office, KILMARNOCK.

The Doung Watchman.

No. 68.]

AUGUST, 1888. [ONE HALFPENNY.



ARTHUR AND HARRY, the Minister's Sons.



ARTHUR AND HARRY, THE MINISTER'S SONS.

shadowed by tall elm trees, far from the voice of the busy world, there lie two brothers side by side. Oft as I visit that sacred spot and look upon the graves of these two young men, I think of their early days; the different paths they trod; the choice they made; and the destiny they reached in eternity.

They were nursed on the same knee, and watched over by the same fond mother's eye. Their father was an earnest minister of the Gospel, whose daily occupation was to warn and win for Christ. Arthur and Harry from their earliest days were accustomed to hear the sound of Jesus' name, and with infant lips they learned to lisp the story of His dying love. During a time of widespread awakening in the lovely glen where their early days were spent, the two boys were once and again found in tears about their salvation. Numbers of the boys and girls connected with the Sunday School to which they went, were being saved, and many an earnest cry went up to God for Arthur and Harry's conversion. After coming home from school they would walk in the meadow, talking together on eternal things, and many an hour was spent

by the boys discussing the gain and loss for time, and in eternity, of receiving or rejecting Christ. The parents saw that God was working with their boys, and longed to see them both decide for Christ. On a summer Lord's-day evening, after school and evening service were over, the lads were seen to enter their bedroom with a Bible. Hours passed by and still they both remained, and not a sound was heard. Yet in that little room, during those silent hours, the lifelong choice of these two boys was made. All that passed there we shall never know, but the issue was clear and plain. Arthur, the eldest boy, accepted Christ as his Saviour, chose the better part, confessed with his mouth Jesus as his Lord, and from that day, until the day when he was called up higher, he was a decided and devoted follower of the Lord.

Harry hesitated and halted. He feared what his companions at school might say and do, and at last he deliberately made up his mind he would not receive salvation, or be the Lord's just then. Kneeling side-by-side by a chair, there seemed little difference between the lads, and yet, in that solemn hour they parted company for time and eternity. The one entered by the door of conversion, the narrow way that

leads to life; the other turned his back on Christ and His Cross, to tread the path of the Christ-rejector. O the solemn hour of such a choice. Who can estimate its import, or know its issues? Quietly made: made between the soul and God; sometimes alone, often in the crowd; at times deliberately, often rashly, yet in every case having life and death, joy or woe, heaven or hell in its train.

Reader, we must turn aside to make one solemn appeal to you. Impressed and burdened with the fact that such a moment is the moment above all others, of eternal importance in your life's history. We would solemnly put the question to your heart—has there been such a moment yet in your life's history? Have you ever been alone with God on the subject of your eternal destiny? Have you settled with Him the momentous question of where you are to spend eternity? Have you made up your mind as to whether you are to be a Christreceiver or a Christ-rejector; as to whether you are to sing the song of heaven, or join the wail of hell in eternity? Pause I beseech you this hour and settle this. Do not put it aside until to-morrow. Do not treat it as of so trivial importance, as to think it may safely be left until a convenient season. You

may never have another such opportunity as now, no never. Death may bring you low, eternity may open and close its portals on your soul, hardness and impenitence may take possession of your heart, sealing your doom and damnation for ever.

When the father made an errand into the room, he found the boys standing near the spot where their choice had been made. Arthur at once confessed his Lord, and there was joy and thanksgiving over his conversion, but Harry only hung his head. He knew full well the choice he had made, which every day and year too clearly proved. Parted from the parental roof, and from each other, the boys pushed their paths in life, the one, a path of peace and joy, which ended in a triumphant entry to the presence of his Lord, at the early age of twenty-five. A few years later, Harry was borne to the silent tomb and laid beside him, having spent a brief unhappy life. Disappointed with worldly hopes, he died with a broken heart.

Reader, such is the world, and such is the end of those who choose it. Disappointed and unsatisfied, they go down to the gloomy grave, and to the woe of a darker eternity. Will such a choice and end be thine? Do you choose Christ or hell?

HENRY'S RELEASE.

HE following true and interestago by one who loves the children, and labours among them. Speaking of the time when he first became anxious about his salvation, and learned how to be saved, he said, that when a school-boy at home, he and some other boys were climbing a tree near to the house of the earl who owned the grounds. One of the branches gave way, and came down with a crash, the sound of which brought out the old earl in a moment. All the boys had fled except himself, and he was so far up the tree that he could not make his way down in time. Looking up to the bough on which the boy was perched, the old earl, in a stern voice, commanded him to come down, at the same time, telling one of his servants to take him to the guard-house. As they were going, the earl asked the boy, "What's your name?" to which he replied, "Henry Gallacher." "Are you a relative of James Gallacher?" asked the earl. "I'm his eldest son," answered the boy. Waving his hand to the servant the old earl said, as he retired to the house, "Let him go, I know his father." When Henry reached home, he told his mother what had happened, and I

she, sitting down, took him on her knee, and said, "Now, my boy, I want you to remember that what the earl did, is just what God wishes to do for you. You are a sinner, deserving punishment; but God is saying to-day to justice, "Let Henry Gallacher go free, I know that Jesus died for him." That evening talk was never forgotten. It very simply shows how God sets the guilty sinner free. Not for Henry's own sake, but for his father's, did he escape the guard-house of the earl, and not for your sake, but because of the precious blood of Christ shed for you, and accepted by God, can you escape the punishment of your sins in hell. But in order to be thus forgiven and set free, you must, dear reader, believe that Jesus died for you.

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

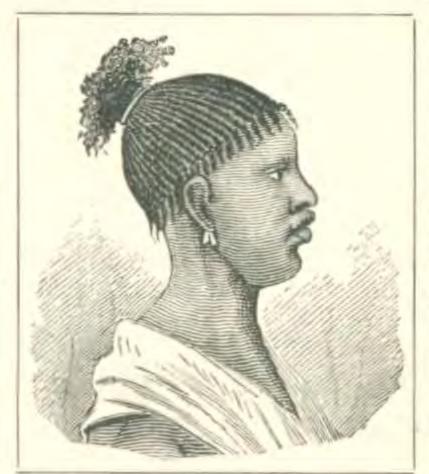
type on a banner, and carried by a young man through the town. I stood and looked at them, and my pleasure was spoiled that night. I seemed to see these words everywhere, and the thought of having to meet God troubled me. I was Christless then, and knew if I met God thus, I would be lost. How do the words affect you? Does the thought of having soon to meet God trouble you? If you knew for certain that you had to meet God to-night, how would it be with your soul?

The CHILDREN OF AFRICA: Their HOMES AND HABITS; WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF GOSPEL LABOURS AMONG THEM.

tinent," as it has been called, with its sandy deserts, its great lakes and rivers, and its millions of human beings, is a land of great interest and of many wonders. Its northern shores are only four days sail from Great Britain, and its southermost point can be reached by sea in as many weeks. Its great interior is as yet but little known. Only here and there the explorer's foot has trod, and the herald of the Cross has gone with yearning heart to tell the story of a Saviour's love.

Yet those millions of boys and girls, and of men and women in that vast country, are part of the "world" to which the Gospel has been sent, and for which the Saviour died. A brief account of some of the children of Africa, and of labours among them, may be helpful in stirring up the boys and girls who have heard the Gospel, to think of those in dark Africa, who have never yet heard its joyful sound. A servant of Christ, who has lately returned from the west coast of Africa, describes the children there as follows:—

"The boys have black woolly hair, but very often their parents cut it all off, leaving only a little tuft in front, or on the crown of the head. They seldom wear clothing of any kind, except a band of cotton or skin around the waist. To protect their bodies from the heat of the sun, they rub their dark skin with a sort of oil.

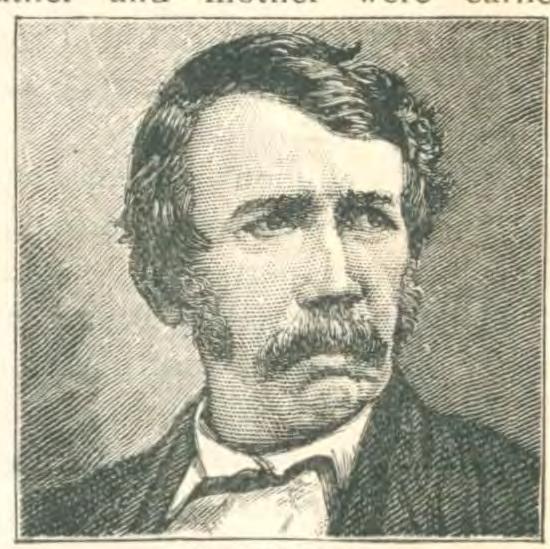


The girls wear their hair twist-edinknots, at the back of the head, or platted in various ways. When travelling, they keep

together by themselves in the caravans. Many of them have good voices, and are able to sing the native songs very sweetly. Some of the girls make baskets of the long native grass, which they dye different colours, and then work into patterns. These baskets are used for carrying meal, sweet potatoes, and other articles of food. When travelling, they carry their loads generally on the head, and as the paths are very narrow, and sometimes worn two feet deep, they learn to walk very erect. The boys carry bows and arrows, and can use them well. The villages in which they live are composed of huts made of long grass, and surrounded by a strong high fence, with one or two narrow doors, which are always closed at night. The slave traders sometimes attack these villages, and carry away many of the boys and girls far from their parents, selling them as slaves."

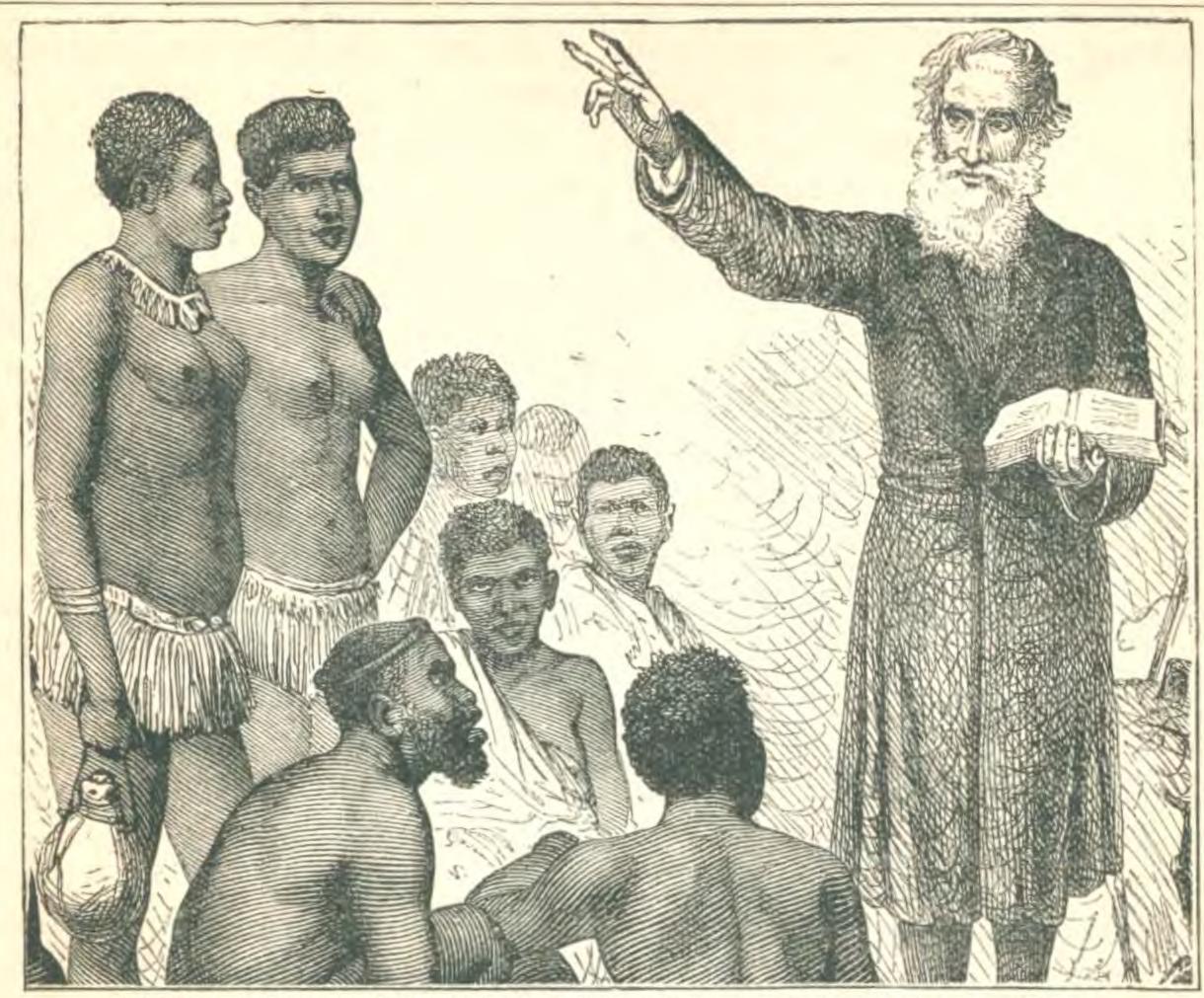
African boys and girls are taught by their parents that there is a great spirit whom they call "Suku;" but they pray to the spirits of their friends who have died, and use fetish charms and witchcraft. They offer sacrifices of oxen to their "gods." Very few of them have ever heard of the God of love, who gave His Son to die for sinners. The vast majority have never even heard the name of Jesus. They live and die, and pass into eternity in ignorance and darkness. No happy Sunday Schools, or bright Children's Services in that dark, heathen land, save in a few places where the servants of Christ have gone to tell the story of redeeming love. You will be anxious to hear a little now about those missionaries and their work in Africa. Although many have died or been killed, there are still a number of dear, devoted labourers scattered here and there, telling the people of Jesus and His love. In the day when He comes to make up His jewels, how sweet it will be to meet among the gathered throng from every clime and nation, some from "the Dark Continent," saved by the blood of the Lamb.

One of the earliest and best known of the Lord's servants who, during the present century, have gone to Africa to preach the gospel is Robert Moffat. He was born at Ormiston, near Haddington, in Scotland, and went to school as a boy at Carronshore, a small village near the Carron Iron Works. When school-days were over, he became an apprentice gardener, and worked at the trade for several years. His father and mother were earnest



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Christians, and many an hour was spent by Robert at his godly mother's side listening, as she told him thrilling stories of the Moravian missionaries and their labours for the Lord in foreign lands. When he left for a situation in Cheshire his mother's last advice was, "Now, Robert, never neglect to read a chapter of the Bible every day," an



ROBERT MOFFAT PREACHING CHRIST TO AFRICAN MEN AND BOYS.

injunction which Robert faithfully obeyed. By this means his spiritual life was nourished, and his heart kept true to God. Crossing a bridge one day, he saw a bill announcing that a missionary sermon would be preached, in connection with the London Missionary Society. When he came closer to the placard he found the meeting was past, but the wording of the bill set him thinking of the need of the benighted heathen. Night and day the desire burned more strongly, until, unable to restrain himself any longer, he

went and offered himself as a missionary, as yet only a youth of twenty. He sailed to Africa in 1816, and laboured among the Hottentots, Kaffirs, Bechuanas, and other tribes for many long years Eternity alone will reveal the full results of his toils; part of the fruit has been seen in the conversion of old and young to God.

The name of David Livingstone, afterwards Dr. Livingstone, the missionary traveller and explorer, is well-known in connection with Africa. He was a native of Blantyre,

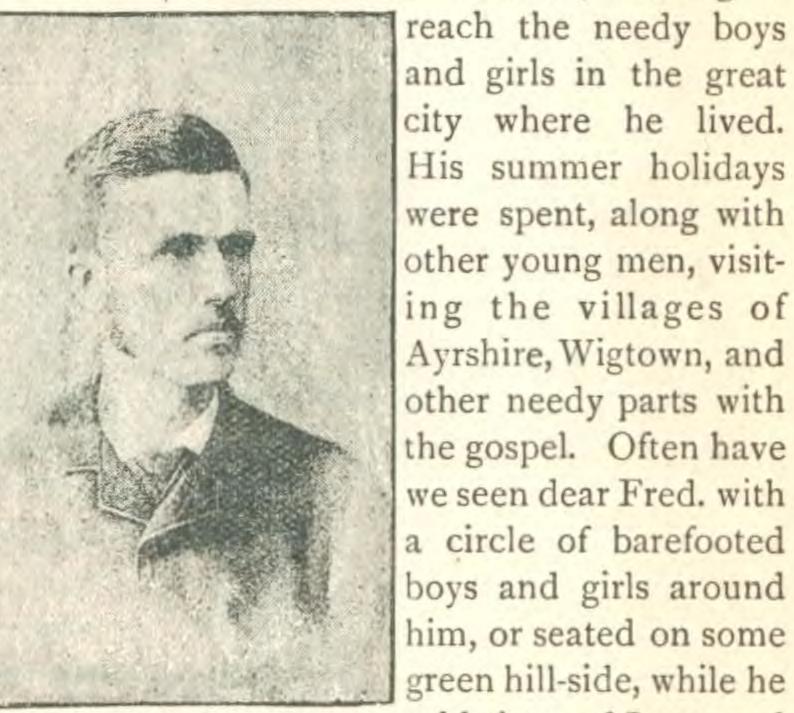
a village not far from Glasgow, and worked as a "piecer boy" in a cotton mill, on the banks of the Clyde, from six in the morning till eight at night, spending his evenings, and often his nights, in reading and study. But God had other work for "Davie," as he was familiarly called. His heart was stirred by the accounts of Moffat's labours in South Africa, and he longed to go forth as a mis-

sionary. In 1840 he sailed for Cape Town, in connection with the London Missionary Society, first settling at Kuruman, and afterwards penetrating to the tribes of Central Africa. Amid hardships, dangers, attacks by wild beasts, hunger, thirst, and disease, he pursued his course, exploring unknown deserts, liberating slaves, and preaching Christ,

until he died in his hut, near Lake Bangweolo, in 1873. He was found dead on his knees, his last breath being spent in prayer for Africa. Since then others have gone forth with the message of life. Young men have left their friends and homes in Britain and America, and now, amid dangers great and many, on the Congo, and in many other

parts, are seeking to win souls for Christ.

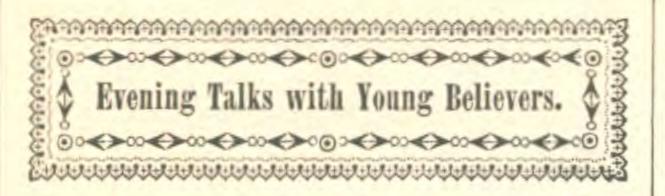
FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT, a dear devoted young man of our own acquaintance, left his home and kindred in the city of Glasgow, where for a number of years he had been seeking to win souls for Christ, and sailed for Africa in 1881. Early converted to God, he began service for the Lord at home, seeking to



FRED, STANLEY ARNOT.

city where he lived. His summer holidays were spent, along with other young men, visiting the villages of Ayrshire, Wigtown, and other needy parts with the gospel. Often have we seen dear Fred. with a circle of barefooted boys and girls around him, or seated on some green hill-side, while he told them of Jesus and

His love, and thus using the talents the Lord had given him, he was called to fill a place of honoured service for God in the heart of the dark continent, and to win old and young from Africa for Christ. Of his labours and adventures there, and of some of the boys and girls of Africa who have been won for Christ, you will hear in our next chapter.



WALKING NEAR THE EDGE.

ALKING in the country the other day, I witnessed a sight that has taught me some useful lessons. If I relate it to you, it may assist us to gather some practical truths of vital importance to our spiritual life and testimony down here. A father and his two boys were walking a few yards before me on a country road, at one side of which there is a deep ditch of muddy water. The two lads appeared to enjoy the feat of walking on the very edge of the footpath nearest to the ditch, while their father walked on the opposite side, reading a book. Looking up, and seeing their dangerous position, he said, "Don't walk so near the edge, boys, you may slip your foot, and fall into the ditch; it will be safer for you to come over and walk beside me." One of the boys crossed over to his father, but the other remained where he was, only for a time he walked a few inches back from the edge of the footpath. I noticed he gradually got back to his former position, walking, and sometimes leaping, with an air of apparent triumph at his success. But it was only of

short duration. A plunge, accompanied by a shrill cry, ended his course, and the self-willed, self-confident boy had to be pulled from the ditch, dripping with mud, to walk the quickest route to his home, ashamed and alone.

There are dangerous ditches too by the side of the heavenward way, and I notice some young believers are in the habit of walking uncomfortably near their edge. Notwithstanding the warning of our Father—God, to "abstain from all appearance of evil" (I Thess. v. 22), and the many sad cases that are on record of saints having fallen into them, yet these young believers seem to think that they are perfectly secure, and "take it ill" if any one point out the dangers of their path.

Here is a young believer, in the midst of a crowd, gazing on a "football match." He is not one of the players, but he becomes so interested in the game that he is there every Saturday, and the end of it is, he joins the "club," and simultaneously gives up his class in the Sunday school and his tract district. Here is a young sister, invited by her companion to an "evening party." She has some difficulty about going, as there is to be a dance at the close, but her conscience is "satisfied" (or silenced), by a bargain being made that she

will leave before the dance begins. A psalm, a prayer, open the proceedings, followed by songs, recitations, and some theatrical pieces, at which she at first recoils, wishes she had not come, then thinks there cannot be much harm in it, seeing a minister takes part in them, and at last she takes part herself, dances too, and forms acquaintance with an unconverted young man, to whom four years later she was married, and sits to-day a miserable backslider, wishing she had not walked that night so "near the edge." If we open the pages of the Book of God, we are confronted with the same story of saints who walked too "near the edge," and missed their footing. Lot "pitched his tent toward Sodom," next, he "sat in the gate," and at last "dwelt in" the city (Gen. xix). Jehoshaphat first went to Ahab's feast, then became his ally in battle.

Dear young saints, if you would walk with God; if you would finish your course with joy; if you desire to be of some use for God in the world, then beware of walking "near the edge." Do not try how near to the world you can walk without being in it. Give a wide berth to everything of a "questionable" character, that would defile your conscience, and lead you into the company of the world, and out of fellowship with God.

NO DIFFERENCE.

"would go straight to heaven and I to hell, if we both died just now?" said a young lad to his companion, as they walked from the office together. "I don't see any difference between us: you read novels, play cricket, and go to concerts as much as I do: the only difference is that you say you are converted, and I don't." If this was really all the difference that could be seen between them, it was not much. Little wonder the lad who professed nothing had a difficulty in seeing how one should go to heaven and the other to hell. No doubt if the professed believer was really Christ's he would have gone to heaven, and if the other was Christless he must have gone to hell. In the sight of God there was an infinite difference; but it was a bitter reproach to have hurled at his head, that there was no difference in his walk between him and a worldling. Reader, could the same be said in truth about you? Are your ways so like the world's that, unless it be that you say you have been converted, there is no difference? This is surely something very different from what God's people ought to be. Hath not the Scripture said? "Walk not as other Gentiles walk" (Eph. iv. 17).

Bible Biography on "Joseph, as a Type of Christ."

A large number of Biographies have been sent. After a careful comparison of them all, we have awarded the Prize to Ernest Roberts, Leamington, whose Biography we give below. Those by Maud H. Martin, Gateshead; Emma E. Lowe, Halifax; Jessie P. Bugg, Walthamstow; and Alice Hitchcock, Midsower, Norton, are all very good.

JOSEPH.

Joseph fed his father's flock (Gen. xxxvii. 2). He was his father's beloved son (Gen. xxxvii. 3). Was hated by his brethren (Gen. xxxvii. 4). He visited his brethren in Dothan (Gen. xxxvii. 17).

He spoke by dreams (Gen. xxxvii. 5, 9).

He prophesied of the great position he was to hold

(Gen. xxxvii. 7, 9).

His coat was taken away (Gen. xxxxii. 23).

He was sold for twenty pieces of silver (Gen. xxxvii. 28).

He was taken into Egypt (Gen. xxxix. 1).

He lived with those who were not of his country (Gen. xxxix. 2).

He was unjustly accused (Gen. xxxix. 17).

He suffered unjustly with two who suffered justly (Gen. xl. 3).

He prophesied liberty to one (the chief butler), death to the other (chief baker) (Gen. xl. 20).

He interpreted the dreams of Pharaoh (Gen. xli, 29, 30, 31, 32).

He was highly exalted by Pharaoh (Gen. xli. 40, 43).

Before him the people bowed the knee (Gen. xli. 43).

Joseph was thirty years old when before Pharaoh (Gen. xli. 46).

His name signifies "A revealer of secrets" (Gen. xli. 45). See margin.

Joseph alone could give bread to save life (Gen. xli. 57).

He was made ruler over all the land of Egypt (Gen. xli. 43).

His brethren bowed down before him, with their faces to the earth (Gen. xlii. 6).

Joseph knew his brethren before they knew him (Gen. xlii. 8).

He ate and drank with his brethren (Gen. xliii. 34).

One was more favoured than the rest (Benjamin) (Gen. xliii. 34).

He made himself known unto his brethren (Gen. xlv. 3).

There stood no man with him while he made himself known (Gen. xlv. 1).

His brethren were troubled at his presence (Gen. xlv. 3).

He communed with them (Gen. xlv. 3).

He saved them with a great deliverance (Gen. xlv. 5).

His people were brought to dwell near unto him (Gen. xlvii. 11).

He interceded for a dwelling-place for his people (Gen. xlvii. 11).

He gave them a land to dwell in (Gen. xlvii. 11).

JESUS CHRIST.

I am the Good Shepherd (John x. 11). This is My beloved Son (Matt. iii. 17).

The world hated Him (John vii. 7).

He came unto His own, and His own received Him not (John i. 11).

He spake unto them in parables (Matt. xiii. 34).

Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on
the right hand of power, and coming in the
clouds of heaven (Matt. xxvi. 64).

They (the soldiers) took from Him His garments (John xix. 23).

Jesus Christ was sold for thirty pieces of silver (Matt. xxvi. 15).

The child Jesus was taken into Egypt (Matt. ii. 14). I am not of the world (John xvii. 14).

Unjustly accused by false witnesses (Matt. xxxi. 60). They crucified Him between two thieves (Matt. xxvii. 35).

To one Jesus said "To-day thou shalt be with Me in paradise;" the other was left (Luke xxiii. 39, 43).

Christ expounded all things to His disciples (Mark iv. 34).

Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and Saviour (Acts v. 31).

At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow (Phil. ii. 10).

Jesus began to be about thirty years of age (Luke iii. 23).

A Man, which told me all things that ever I did
(John iv. 29).

I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me

shall never hunger (John vi. 35).
All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth

(Matt. xxviii. 18). His disciples fell on their faces, and were sore afraid (Matt. xvii. 6).

Jesus knew His disciples before they knew Him (Luke xxiv. 16).

He ate and drank with His disciples at the Last Supper (Mark xiv. 23).

One disciple leaned on His breast at Supper (John xiii. 23).

Jesus made Himself known to His disciple. (Luke xxiv. 40).

The doors being shut, Jesus came and stood in

their midst (John xx. 19). His disciples were terrified and affrighted (Luke

xxiv. 37).
Communed with two disciples going to Emmaus

(Luke xxiv. 32).

Jesus delivered us from the wrath to come (i Thess.

Where I am, there ye may be also (John xiv. 3).

Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am (John xvii. 24). I appoint unto you a kingdom (Luke xxii. 29).

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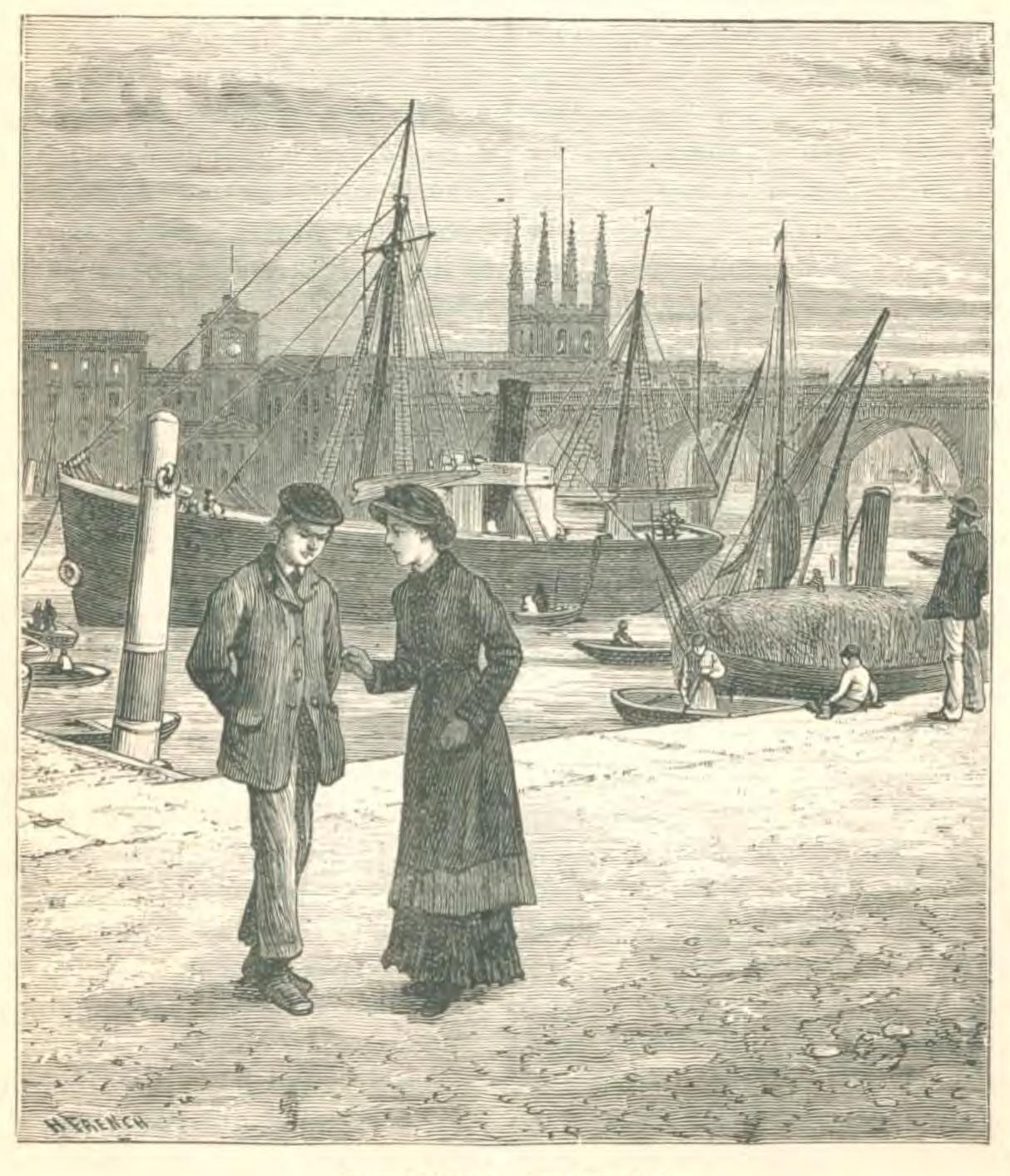
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The Doung Matchman.

No. 69.]

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

" OOD - BYE, Henry; I may never see you again on earth, but my earnest prayer shall daily be that your soul may soon be saved; then we shall meet in heaven. Our dear and honoured mother is there with Jesus now; and I know that the God to whom she prayed for your conversion will not forget her earnest cries. You will soon be far away from me now, Henry; alone without God in a dark and evil world. I am sad at heart to part with you, and especially because you are yet without Christ. Oh, Henry, promise me that you will think about your soul, and go where you will hear the gospel; and do write soon, and tell me how it stands between your soul and God. Good-bye."

The words were spoken with great earnestness, mingled with frequent sobs and tears, by a young woman of eighteen to her only brother, while they stood on the wharf, near to where the steamboat lay in which he was to sail for a foreign land. He was her only brother: the child of a fond mother's prayers; but that mother had gone to be with Christ, and since her death Henry had become a prodigal. Companions had led him into sin, causing his sister many a tear; and now he was about to emigrate, in hope that he

might succeed in life in new surroundings. A few hours later he was on the sea, feeling in a measure he had never done before, what it is to be alone in the world-without a mother to love him, without a sister to watch over him, and, worst of all, WITHOUT GOD. The thought of his dear departed mother, her dying words of earnest prayer for "her Henry," and now of his sister, whose heart he had well-nigh broken by his ways, pressed home upon his heart as he stood on the vessel's deck taking a last look at the shore where his childhood's days had been spent, and which he might never see again. The tears rose to his eye, and in the depths of his heart he wished that he had remained in the old home. But that was impossible now; he had chosen his own path, and he must now prove, as others before him had done, that "the way of transgressors is hard." Reader, if you have the privilege of a Christian home, and the care of godly parents, take care you do not despise them. The day may come when you would be glad to listen to your mother's voice, when it will be hushed in the silence of the tomb.

Your privileges will pass away; if you despise them, and remain Christless, you will one day regret it.

Henry's first night on sea was a night of sorrow. Storm-tossed, and

uncomfortable in his berth, surrounded by ungodly men, he lay awake thinking over the past, especially his sister's parting words about being "alone in the world without God." He felt it was true. He was really alone. The sense of this made him tremble. He had no one to care for him now: neither God nor man. He must be Satan's prey. Sin would lead him further away from God, possibly to death, thence to hell. It was a fearful night. How he longed for morning. Then he remembered how he had been told in the Sunday school there would be no mornings in hell, only one long night of hopeless despair, and in outer darkness, where there would be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Henry had come to "himself;" he was ready now to come to Christ. Among the emigrants on board there was a young mechanic from the town where Henry lived, a dear, devoted Christian lad, and an earnest worker for the Lord. Giving away tracts the following day on deck he met with Henry, and at once began to speak to him about his soul. Henry listened to the Gospel message, and before the ship had reached the other side of the Atlantic he had passed from death to life, by believing on the Son of God, and receiving Him as the Saviour of his soul. The young

mechanic and his new-found brother in the Lord, stepped on the quay together, fast friends in Christ, and that same evening Henry mailed to his sister a long letter bearing the joyful news of his conversion to God.

Now, as a young believer, he follows the Lord, and seeks to spend his evenings with his companion and brother, spreading the Gospel of God on the streets and lanes of the city where he lives. Weekly letters pass between him and his sister, in one of which he writes-"I was just received by God when my feet stood on the brink. I believe had I come here unconverted, and, as you said to me that morning on the quay, without God, and alone in the world, I would have gone down with the current, down to death and hell."

Reader, are you alone in the world without God? Sooner or later you will go "down with the current, down to death and hell." You cannot help yourself: sin and Satan will lead you on. On, in open sin; or, if it suit their purpose better, in hypocrisy, and with a name to live but down to hell all the same, if you remain without Christ. But you need not thus perish. You may be saved. Christ Jesus came to save sinners. If you will allow Him, He will save you now, and as you are. Only trust Him.

HALTING.

EADER! you have often listened to the gospel of the grace of God, and as often you have been warned of coming judgment. Heaven and hell, with all the bliss of the one, and eternal woe of the other, have been often described in your hearing. Life and death; Christ and the world; salvation and damnation have over and again been set before your soul. Still you have not decided which of these is your choice. You have not at least accepted Jesus, life and heaven. You remain undecided; you still halt between two opinions. It may be at times "almost persuaded" yet not converted. How long is this to go on? How long do you think it is safe to trifle thus with God, with death hovering all around. You may soon be cut down. Your soul may go down at noon; your bright eye be glazed in death; your busy feet be still in the silence of the tomb. Trifler with God and grace, "How long halt ye?" Think not that your youth and health can hinder the God against whose law you harden your heart, from hurrying you into eternity. The arrow of God may soon lay you low. Your race may soon be run. Your day of mirth will quickly pass away: then you must meet God. How long halt ye?

THE OIL SPOT.

Gulf of Mexico, one mile from shore, and about ten miles south of the Sabine river, which forms the boundary line between Texas and Lousiana, named "The Oil Spot."

While nothing strange is noticeable at this place during calm weather, yet, as soon as a gale from the north-east sweeps across the ocean, this spot then reveals itself as a natural harbour or place of refuge. The waters of the Gulf on every hand may be tossed into foam, but over this spot which is two miles in length, there is a perfect calm, the only perceptable change being that they become turbid and red.

This peaceful haven, however, is very shallow, so that only vessels of light burden are able to take advantage of its shelter. But happy are they who, having been tossed about by the angry winds and billows, cross the white-crested boundary line and find themselves safe on the peaceful bosom of this wonderful harbour of rest. A stranger approaching the wall of breakers formed by the ocean as it reaches the confines of the "oil spot" would naturally conclude there must be a dangerous reef there, and steer clear of it, but the instructed one knows that inside that wall there is safety, rest, and peace.

The youngest of you will be able to see and understand the value of such a refuge from the pitiless storm that so often sweeps across the ocean, but we desire to point you to another Refuge from a greater storm that will soon burst in all its fury on this poor world of sinners. This storm is called "the wrath of God." We are all by nature the "children of wrath," and on all who have not believed on Jesus "the wrath of God cometh" (Col. iii. 6).

This is very solemn, and we would not speak of it did we not know that, even now, there is a place of secure refuge for all who will enter it. In Isaiah xxxii. 2, we are told that "a MAN shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." Who is this Man of whom the prophet speaks? It is none other than the "Man Christ Jesus." He who said "Thy wrath lieth hard upon me." When could the Lord Jesus use this language? Surely it was when He hung upon the cross. Ah, yes, it was there He endured the wrath, and the curse that was our due in order that we might be brought to God. All who believe on Him are "saved from wrath" (Romans v. 9), and waiting for Jesus who hath "delivered them from the wrath to come" (1 Thess. i. 10). By this we see then, that there is such a thing as being saved and delivered from the storm. There is a refuge for all, provided by God; and Jesus says "I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John x. 9).

Reader are you within that place of safety, sheltered; or are you still without, exposed to the coming tempest?

A WILLING SACRIFICE.

URING the illness of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, a deaf and dumb painter wrote to the physician in attendance on His Majesty, offering to sacrifice his own life, if by doing so he might save the life of the Emperor. But this rare devotion was not accepted, as it could not by any means "help His Majesty, nor serve the cause of science." The sacrifice in this case would have been in vain. Not so the sacrifice of Christ once offered unto God for guilty sinners. By His "one offering" He has satisfied the claims of God, and purchased pardon for the chief of sinners. He has not died in vain, for by His death millions have been saved. They live because He died. His death was their death; and by His stripes they are healed. Reader, are you one of the number? Can you say you have life through His death? or, Do you pass on to death and the judgment rejecting Christ, and despising His precious blood?

The CHILDREN OF AFRICA; FRUITS of the GOSPEL. PART II.

Christ's Gospel shines, and where God's Word is in some sense known

and obeyed, is little known among the boys and girls of Africa. The infant children are often sacrificed to the gods to appease them. When the war drums are made, the fingers and toes of a little child are cut off, and the blood is sprinkled upon the drum, then the living body of the child is thrown into the river Zambesi When the war-

CHARLES A. SWAN.

rior returns from battle, he recites to his applauding friends how many little children he has taken captive and hung up by the neck on trees Such is the cruelty of the heathen African, exactly as the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans describes him to be. Yet, as Fred. S. Arnot, now labouring among them, writes, "There is an open door amongst all these tribes for a preacher

> of the Gospel." They are not like many in these lands, "Gospel-hardened." They hear the Gospel gladly, and wonder it has been so long in coming to them. Sometimes we find it difficult to gather the boys and girls together to listen to the Gospel here, but there is no such difficulty there. Mr. Arnot says, "That when he

has entered some African village for the first time with the glad tidings of salvation, everything is laid aside: the child toddles out to the field for its mother; the hunters call in their dogs; and the herdsmen drive in their cattle, to listen to the white man's words. When they hear the good news of God's love and Christ's death for sinners, both children and parents clap their hands for very joy. And not only so, but some of them believe the message, and are saved."

In Mr. Arnot's home in the Garenganze there are two lads, "Dick" same bright and happy home as we who are the Lord's here. They meet to read the Word of God, to pray, and to remember the Lord Jesus in the breaking of bread, on the first day of the week. Nor are these all. Other labourers have gone out to tell the "old, old story," who shall return bringing



SWAN AND FAULKNER'S CAMP AND CARRIER BOYS IN THE DESERT (from a Photo).

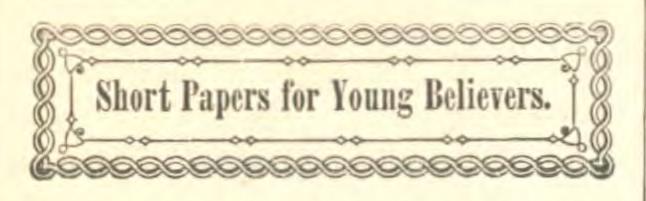
and "Susie," who have both been brought to know Jesus as their Saviour. How sweet it is to think of those two dear boys in the heart of dark Africa, redeemed by the same precious blood, sealed by the same Spirit, and travelling to the

their sheaves with them. Charles S. Swan, of Sunderland, who was converted there in his early days, and who was an active worker in spreading the Gospel among old and young in his native town for several years, has gone forth to join

our dear brother, Fred. Arnot, in the Garenganze country. He is accompanied by W. L. FAULKNER, of Canada. As they journey through the desert, they hold meetings in the grass huts which are built as lodgingplaces here and there, and their carrier men and boys come and listen to the Gospel. They sing hymns in the people's own language, which is called "Umbundu," and they listen attentively to the story of Jesus and His love. The American missionaries at Bihe and Bailunda have several young lads with them who know and love the Lord Jesus. After Swan and Faulkner had left them, and proceeded on their journey to Garenganze, they prayed very earnestly that God would help and guide "Nana Swana" and "Ngana Fokeene," on the way, and that "Ndeekee," as they call Dick (who is with Arnot), of whose conversion they had been told, might be blessed by the Lord. Such sacred fellowship and brotherly love in dark Africa are truly blessed. Thus, while many of our boys and girls in this highly-favoured land are neglecting salvation, God is sending it to the boys and girls of Africa, and saving some of them. Will they rise in the judgment and condemn you, dear reader, who have been more highly favoured? Karnan-gando, one of the carrier them.

boys with Swan and Faulkner, is a strong, healthy lad of sixteen or seventeen years. He has been with one of the American missionaries for sometime, and from them he heard the good news of salvation. He has been a valuable helper to them ever since. One day, while travelling in the desert, Mr. Swan heard this lad speaking very earnestly to some of the men about the Lord Jesus, and the way of salvation. Thus, in the heart of dark Africa, by one means and another, the Gospel is slowly working its way amongst the dark benighted millions, and winning some hearts for Christ. Then they pass the message on to others, and thus the God-sent message is carried along. Who among the many of our young men and maidens will bear a helping hand? Jewels rich and rare must be won from Africa for Immanuel's diadem, and to those who have themselves been the subjects of His grace is the honour given of bringing them to His feet. This may be done by earnest prayer by those who tarry at home, as well as by the offorts of those who go forth with the Lord's message.

In our next we hope to give a photograph, taken from life, of three African boys, with some account of how the Gospel reached and saved them.



A NEW MASTER.

"CANNOT sell these goods as being our own manufacture, now," said a young saleswoman at one of the stalls in the Glasgow International Exhibition, to her employer, the other day. "Why not; you have done it before?" "Yes, before I was converted I did, and I have done it once since, but I have been so unhappy that I cannot do it again." She had got a new Master, and a new standard to go by, and her cleansed and quickened conscience could not conform to the old habit of telling lies to "customers" to make the goods sell, no matter if her employer asked her to do so. She had now a Master in heaven to please, and He had the highest and first claim upon her. It was well, too, that she broke off the sinful habit at once, when she found it was defiling her conscience, and robbing her of communion with God. We are persuaded that it is just here where many a young believer gets off the path, and away from God. Some "trifling" thing is done that is felt to be not quite straight, and some little misrepresentation or exagger_

ation made. The conscience at once cries out: a cloud comes over the soul, and the smile of God is lost. It may be a matter that the world is daily in the habit of doing without demur, but this is no excuse for a child of God doing wrong. He has a higher rule to guide him: he has more than an earthly master to please: he has to do with God, and with His Word. When the wishes of an employer come in to hinder full obedience to God, they must be set aside. God must be honoured, and His Word obeyed, at all costs; if they are not, the soul will suffer; backsliding will result, and the young believer will walk in darkness and sorrow.

Dear young saints, are you clear as to this important matter? Are you indulging any habit that you know to be contrary to the will of God? Do you misrepresent the goods you sell, or the work you do, to save you from persecution, and the frown of the world? If you do, you will lose the smile of your God. This is a heavy price to pay for some paltry favour, or to gain what is called a "position" in the world. Gained in such a manner these will soon be lost, like all ill-gotten gain, and the one who has thus dishonoured God, will be a loser in time and for eternity. "Them that honour Me I will honour," saith the Lord.

THEIR OWN MEETING.

"E have a precious little meeting of our own every Thursday evening, in my mother's kitchen," writes a Young Believer, "and we enjoy it immensely. Only very young ones are allowed to come, most of us apprentice lads, from fourteen to eighteen years of age. We were afraid to open our mouths in the 'big' prayer meeting in the Hall on Tuesday evenings, so we asked mother for the use of her kitchen for a little meeting of our own. We shut the door and just feel we are alone with God. No one to find fault with us, or to hear us but Himself. There we read a chapter of the Word, and anyone says what he thinks it means. We are very happy and find it helpful to our souls. Other young believers might try it too."

[Very good, "The Little Meeting" has our warmest sympathy. We commend the plan to young believers who are too timid to open their mouths in the general prayer meeting, and to those who get little encouragement to do so, from those who monopolize all the time themselves. It is very painful to see a lot of young believers coming to our prayer meetings all the year round, and never once opening their lips in prayer.]

Letters from Joung Beliebers.

DEAR MR. --- ,

I am far away now from our happy meetings, and the Bible Class in which I learned so much of the Word of God. As you often told us, it does not do for 'plants to be kept all their days in a hot-bed,' so I have been sent away here all alone, to live and witness for Jesus. I need much grace to let my light shine in the house where I am, and to let my fellow-servants see that I am Christ's. Pray for me. I am so glad to get the Watchman and the Magazine, and to search in my spare hours in the evening the 'Bible Class' subjects.

FROM A LITTLE PRIZE WINNER.

I am very glad that my Text Book was right, and that you sent me such a beautiful prize. I thank you very much for it, and shall value it, and read it often. You will be glad to know that two years ago I was saved, and am very happy in the Lord, my Saviour and Redeemer.

YOUR LITTLE FRIEND, ---.

A Young Worker's Suggestion.

DEAR MR.—,

We greatly enjoy the "Bible Students' Class" and the Bible Searchers, but many would be glad if you would give us some help in service for Christ in the world. There are over thirty of us here, all recently converted. We have three to four spare evenings every week, and we find it is not good for our souls to be idle. We would gladly go out visiting, or any other kind of work, among the unconverted. Will you give us some hints in next "Watchman."

[We are much interested in this letter, and, God willing, will reply to it next month.]

Bible Picture Story.

A number of our young friends have sent papers on the Bible Picture Story given in the "Watchman" for May. The following two are the best UNDER and ABOVE twelve years, and have each received a Prize.

No. I.

In the picture we have a representation of a youth named Timothy being taught the Holy Scriptures by his mother, Eunice. His grandmother, Lois, standing by, apparently taking great interest in young Timothy's lesson. Both Timothy's mother and grandmother were noted for their piety, therefore we must not wonder that they took such pains in storing Timothy's mind with the Word of God. Some people may think that Timothy needed not to be born again, seeing he knew the Bible so well. They might say, "That boy is quite good enough for heaven." But we know that Timothy would never have got to heaven if he had depended on his own goodness. He, like all of us, was a guilty sinner, and had to be washed in the precious blood of Jesus, before he could get to heaven. He was afterwards converted to God through the instrumentality of Paul, who took a great interest in him. After this, his knowledge of the Word of God became of great value to him in preaching the Gospel. Paul's last letter to Timothy was written from Rome, when he was daily expecting martyrdom.

BERTA SOUTHERN,
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.
Age 14.

No. II.

The picture given in the May number of The Young Watchman no doubt illustrates

Timothy, with his grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice, teaching him the Scriptures. His mother was a Jewess who believed, and his father was a Greek (Acts xvi. 1). The Scripture which is illustrated by the picture is 2 Tim. i. 5-"When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith which is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and in thy mother, Eunice, and I am persuaded is in thee also." His mother and grandmother taught him the Scripture truths as given in 2 Tim. iii. 15-" From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The results of Timothy's early teaching were made manifest in his manhood, when he was sent to tell others the good news which he had received when a boy. He was sent to the Philippians, by Paul, to comfort them (Phil. ii. 19); and to the Corinthians (iv. 17). He was also faithful to the Lord (I Cor. iv. 17).

> CHARLES DIBBEN, Age 10.

"The Children's Almanac and Bible-Searching Text-Book for 1889," and also, "The Gospel Almanac for 1889," are in course of preparation, and we hope to have them both ready early next month.

Many interesting meetings for children have been held during August at seaside watering-places in Scotland, England, and Wales. Eternity alone will reveal the full results. Yet it is cheering to hear of little ones, and young lads and girls in their teens being converted, and coming out brightly on the Lord's side. Meetings for boys and girls are held twice a week, in a large hall near the Glasgow Exhibition.

GOSPEL LITERATURE FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Special Offer to Tract Distributors

During the Month of September only.

Our last Special Offer was taken advantage of by Christian workers in this and other lands. By this means thousands of Gospel Books and Tracts, and Truths for Believers were scattered abroad. We have again arranged the following Packets of pointed Gospel Books and Leaflets, including many new ones never before offered. These, together with a selection of Booklets for Believers, we offer at the following reduced prices :-

1.—The "Gospel Tract" Packet—Containing an assortment of Gospel Tracts and Leaflets, suitable for Broadcast Distribution, to the value of 5/ for 2/. (By Post, 2/6).

2.—The "Gospel Book" Packet-Containing a good assortment of Gospel Books, suitable for Broadcast Distribution, to the value of 5/ for 2/. (By Post, 2,6).

3.—The "Believer's" Packet-Containing an assortment of Books, Leaflets, Tracts, and Magazines for the Lord's people, suitable for Young Converts, and for general usefulness, to the value of 5/ for 2/. (By Post, 2/6).

4.- The "Children's" Packet-Containing a good assortment of Booklets, Picture Stories, Text Cards, &c., for the Young-suitable for Sunday Schools, &c., value 5/ for 2/. (By Post, 2,6).

5.-The "Reward" Packet-Containing an assortment of "Young Watchman" Volumes, and Smaller Gift Book for the Young-especially suitable for Sunday School Rewards, value, 5/ for 2/. (By Post, 2/6).

6.-The "Gospel Text" Packet-Containing an assortment of Plain Gospel Texts in Bold Type -suitable for Kitchens, Halls, &c., to the value of 5/ for for 2/. (By Post, 2/6).

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Friends ordering the above are requested to do so early, and to give their name and full address. All Orders and Remittances to be sent DIRECT to

JOHN RITCHIE,

"The Young Watchman" Office, Kiimarnock.

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No. 70.]

OCTOBER, 1888.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



MARY'S HARVEST HOME.

MARY'S HARVEST HOME.

years in agricultural districts, to celebrate the close of harvest and the safe ingathering of the crops by a "Harvest Home." Friends and fellow-workers on the neighbouring farms are invited to supper, and the evening, sometimes the night as well, is spent in feasting, followed generally by dancing, and often by revelry.

There is much in such gatherings to please the Christless heart, and to help the sinner to make himself happy on the way to hell, but nothing in which a heaven-born soul can find delight. Nevertheless, through lack of courage to take a stand for Christ, or from fear of being considered "peculiar," some of the saints of God are found betimes, to mingle in the throng, earning to themselves a guilty conscience and a famished soul.

In a distant parish of one of Scotland's richest agricultural districts, the harvest work was drawing to a close. Under the golden rays of the sun by day, and by the light of the beautiful full moon by night, the loads of yellow grain were being carted from the fields, and piled into "ricks" in the farm-yard of its owners. It had been a wonderful harvest, in more respects than one.

God had given a fruitful season, and the earth had yielded abundant fruit, enough for man and beast. But there had been mercies more than these. That fruitful glen had been the scene of another ingathering, and the field of a richer harvest. The good seed of the Word of God had been sown and borne its fruit, and the sowers had returned, "bringing in the sheaves" with joy. Farmer D--, his overseer, and several of his reapers, were earnest Christian men, truly born of God and on the way to glory. Although many spoke derisively of their "religion," no one could help respecting them, for they lived as they preached, and practised what they professed. This at least gave them a good hold on the consciences of their neighbours. Preaching in the open air was begun the first Lord's-day of the harvest season, and continued every week until the close. Barns, bothies, and farm kitchens were used to accommodate the crowds, when days were wet, and the green sward or the riverside, at other times. Nor had the Gospel gone forth in vain. Farmers' sons and daughters, men-servants and maids, had been converted to God: the harvest fields rang with the songs of new-born souls, and there was great joy among the simple farm folk for the great things God had wrought among them. As the

harvest drew near its close, there was not a little curiosity among the good people as to how the "revival farmers" would celebrate the "Harvest Home." Dancing, dram-drinking and song-singing they would not indulge, that was sure: on the other hand, "it would not show a very thankful spirit to have nothing," so the people said. But their anxious fears were soon put to rest, by the usual invitation from Farmer D-, to come to his house on a certain night, to celebrate "The Harvest Home." At the appointed hour, a large, and chiefly a youthful company had gathered around his table. After partaking of a hearty meal, Farmer D—stood up at the head of the table, and said, they had met as usual to celebrate the Harvest Home, and to rejoice in all that God had given them of earthly store. Then they had another and a richer harvest to praise God for that night, of which the fruits were visible in their midst, of sinners saved and brought to God. Then after praise and prayer, one after another of the newly-saved ones stood up, and simply told how God had found them, saved them, and made them happy. It was a wonderful evening, and God was there. His people were joyful in His presence, and the unconverted ones who sat around that table, felt that there was in reality a breach between them and the people of God.

Notwithstanding the plain and honest testimony, the fervent appeals to those unsaved, the earnest warnings to the Christless ones, all straight to the point, no one seemed angry, and at the close many declared it to be "the best Harvest Home they ever were at." There are some at least who will never forget that night, for it was the night of their second birth, the night in which they passed from death to life. youngest daughter of a neighbouring farmer was among the guests that evening, a bright and happy girl of eighteen. She had joined the church the previous year, and was all that could be desired as regards morality and outward blamelessness. But Mary had not been converted; she had no Christ. Some of the young men who told the story of their conversion had been schoolmates with her; she knew them from a child. Now they were saved and happy. Now they were on the way to heaven, and not ashamed to own their Lord. She knew full well that she had no Lord to own. Jesus was not her Saviour, and she had no certainty that heaven would be her home. On the way home she wept as she thought of that happy circle of which she formed no part. Her heart was like to break, not so much for fear of hell as for the loss of present joy in Christ, such as she had seen in overflowing measure among her former schoolmates that night. Home reached, her misery was full. She could not sleep, nor even go to bed. Stealing quietly out of the house, she knelt down by a rock at the back of the yard and wept freely. Then she remembered the words of a hymn sung at the farm—

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

And Mary there received the Lord Jesus: her heart trusted Him, and she gave herself willingly to Him, to be His, His own for ever. It was to her a night of life, the turning point of her history. She was manifestly converted; everybody saw it and owned it. Faithfully she followed and served her Lord from that night onward.

Reader, has there ever been such a night in your history as was that "Harvest Home" to Mary; a night in which you were convicted of sin, convinced of the reality of salvation, and converted to God, or do you yet tread the path that leadeth on to death and hell? If you slight the Gospel of God, there will come an hour in which your wail will be, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

THE YOUNG STUDENT; or, "I COULD NOT KEEP IT."

being converted and confessing Christ, aunt, I could not keep up the profession a week in the University. You have no idea of how the fellows would bother and tease me: then I would likely give it all up, and that would be worse than making no profession at all."

The speaker was a student of medicine in one of our large Universities, and the words quoted were spoken to his godly aunt, with whom he had been spending part of the summer vacation. Walking to the railway station, on the day of his departure, she had been pressing home upon his conscience his need of Christ, and of regeneration by the Spirit of God. He readily assented to all that she had spoken, and admitted the necessity of being converted, but when the point of the truth was pressed home, and an immediate reception of the Gospel insisted on, he took refuge behind the difficulty expressed in the words I have quoted.

"I quite admit that all you have said may be true, Willie," replied his aunt, as they walked along, "Your fellow-students who are unconverted would no doubt give you some opposition for a time, if you take a

bold and decided stand for Christ, they have done so to others, and would do so again, but when you add, 'you would give it all up,' because you would not be 'able to keep up a profession' of being a Christian amid such opposition, you do not know what you are speaking about. 'Keeping up a profession' is at best but a poor occupation,

be so in or out of the University, but a profession kept up for appearance, and possession of Christ are two distinct things. The one is a farce, and the other a reality. I do not for a moment recommend you to 'make a profession' and become a hypocrite, but I urge upon you, dear Willie, to receive Christ as

your Saviour, Lord, and Master, and I know He will save you; then keep you and strengthen you to confess Him, as He helped me when a school girl, many years ago. The world is poor and empty, Willie, and will quickly pass away. Then, stretching out beyond is the long forever of an eternity in hell, for the graceless and the Christless soul."

By this time the station was reached, and a few minutes later Willie was seated in the train on his way to the busy city. But that evening's conversation he could not forget. "Christ able to keep as well as to save"—this was a new view of the matter to him. To keep up a profession, in pledgelike fashion, he felt he could not, and a Christless soul must find it to but to be kept by Christ seemed

> quite a different thing. A few nights later, Willie sat in his room alone. He had shut himself in for a quiet hour to weigh the matter fully, as he had promised to his aunt, and that night-week a letter passed by the midnight mail from Willie, as a newborn soul, to her who had sown

and watered it with the seed prayers.

"I am happy to tell you that I am now the Lord's, and I find He is able to keep as well as to save, Hallelujah!"

Reader, have you been converted, or are you afraid that you could not keep your profession? Trust Christ. and He will keep both it and you.

MORDECAI; Or, THE MAN AT THE GATE.

blest, [confessed;
Of nations most favoured, God's people
Forgot their allegiance to Him who of old,
Led them like a flock into Canaan's fair fold.

They served other gods like the heathen around, [the ground;
To them their drink-offerings were poured on
So God gave them up to their enemies' hand,
Who led them as slaves to a far distant land.

Beyond the Euphrates, that broad flowing stream;

By the rivers of Babel, there sadly to dream, Of their desolate country and homes far away, Their temple in ruins, its treasures a prey.

Ah! well might the captives sit silent and sad,
How could they as aliens make mirth and be
glad;
[hung,
Their harps all untouched, on the willows they

The sweet songs of Zion no longer were sung.

Yet God e'en in judgment was gracious and kind, [inclined He moved their hard captors, and made them To pity their sorrow, and smooth their hard lot, [forgot.

Till the first pangs of anguish were almost

Then homes of their own, once more they possessed, [tressed.

In the far distant country, nor were they dis-At eventide children would crowd round the knee,

To hear father tell of their home by the sea.

He, stroking their heads, would say, "Children, beware,

Keep far from the idols you see everywhere; Remember that bowing our knee at their shrine Has caused us afar from our country to pine."

Thus years passed in peace, till an enemy rose, Determined those Jews to oppress and oppose; His purpose of hatred was how to contrive Such utter destruction, that none might survive, He was mighty and powerful, wealthy, and great,

And next to the king in affairs of the state; In Shushan, the palace, he daily was seen, Oft sitting at meat with the king and the queen.

It was also the custom or royal decree,
That all meeting Haman should bow down
the knee—

Saluting him almost with honour divine— As he entered the palace to sup or to dine.

But at the king's gate, keeping charge day by day, [pay; Was one who disdained such an homage to For he was a Jew, and belonged to that race Whose name from the earth Haman meant to efface.

Mordecai sat still, as Haman passed by, And met his fierce glance with an unflinching eye;

True hearted to God, to His statutes he clave, And dared the Amalekite's anger to brave.

God's word had gone forth, that from age unto age,

With Amalek unceasing war He would wage;
Unto this man of pride, then, his God's ancient
foe,
[should flow.
He would not bow down, though his life-blood

This conduct stirred Haman to deadliest hate, To be thus defied by the man at the gate; Yet scorning his single destruction, he thought How he and his nation by gold might be bought.

So all his diviners he called for to see What month and what day their skill would decree

To consummate fully his deeply-laid plot,
That Israel's remembrance from earth he
might blot.

The lot for each month then before him was cast,

It fell upon Adar the twelfth and the last;
And this was but Nisan, the first of the year,
Thus months must elapse ere his way could
be clear.



Yet losing no time, he approached to the king,

And offered two millions of money to bring,
To cover all loss that the state might sustain,
Should he cause that in Adar the Jews should
be slain.

"'Tis not for thy profit that they should be here, [appear; They keep not thy laws, as doth plainly They differ from everyone else, and have ways That might set the flames of rebellion ablaze."

With plausible speech he persuaded the king, Who took from his finger his own signet-ring, And gave it to Haman, with royal permit, To do with the Jews just as he might think fit,

Triumphant was Haman, that day he began
To work out his wicked and far-reaching plan;
He summoned the lawyers to write the command,
[stand.]
Attaching the seal, that unchanged it might

Full soon the sad news was proclaimed far and wide, [hide; Shushan was perplexed, nor its troubles could But Haman sat down with the king to drink wine, [sign. Well pleased with his thus far successful de-

But little thought Haman, and less thought the king, [bring; What trouble and sorrow this edict would That entering the palace, it threatened the life, Of Esther, the monarch's beloved young wife.

They knew not that she, full of beauty and grace, [race
So queenly and fair, owed her birth to that
Now sentenced to death; or that her future fate [the gate.

Was bound up with theirs, and the man at

Mordecai had loved her, and cared for her well; [dwell]

When left a poor orphan, he brought her to Beneath his own roof, where she lived till one day [away.]

Royal messengers came and conveyed her

Presented at court, she was loved by the king, Who made her his wife, and commanded to

bring

Rich garments of beauty his bride to adorn, Such robes as must still in his presence be worn.

He never enquired from what country she came, [name;
Or who were her people, or what was their And she, as instructed, kept silence, nor told, Of her kinship to those unto Haman now sold.

In each Jewish home there was mourning and fear, [year; For death was their doom at the close of the In fasting and tears they all spent that sad day, At evening in sackcloth and ashes they lay.

Mordecai wept sore as he thought of their fate, While sitting in sackcloth just outside the gate, For none might presume in such mournful array,

To enter the palace by night or by day.

Queen Esther was told by her maidens that they

Had seen Mordecai sit lone by the way,
All covered with sackcloth—then deeply she
grieved, [ceived.
Sent robes to array him, but none were re-

Hatach, her attendant, she then sent to see What could be the matter—why was it that he Sat cheerless and sad in such dismal attire—She knew not the reason, and fain would enquire.

He then showed the mischief that Haman had wrought, [bought. How with a large sum all their lives he had The writing he sent unto Esther that she Might understand fully the fatal decree.

He urged her, through Hatach, to seek the king's face,

And earnestly plead for herself and her race,
"He surely would listen, Queen Esther to
thee,
[be."

Perhaps thy whole nation's preserver thou'lt

The Queen read the copy with trembling surprise, [lustrous eyes; While tears of distress dimmed her dark

Then back to her cousin she sent a reply,
"Who sees the king's face uninvited may die,"

"But should the intruder find grace in his sight,
If in such an one the king then takes delight,
He stretches his sceptre, and then drawing
near,

A touch of the finger dispels every fear."

"Yet the risk thus incurred, at all times is great,
And I have not been in his presence of late,
But should he to me loving favour deny,
If perish I must—for my people I'll die."

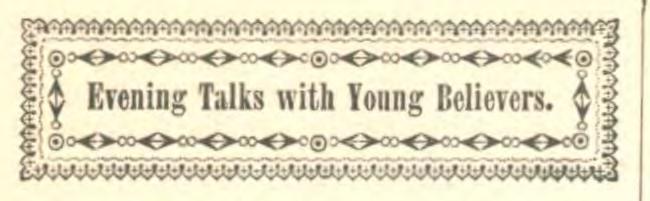
"Go now and proclaim to our nation a fast, Which three days and nights without failure must last,

I too, and my maidens from food will abstain, And call upon God divine aid to obtain."

"The law of the king I much fear to transgress,
But look to Jehovah to guide me and bless,
I trust Him in mercy, my way to prepare
In answer to earnest, continuous prayer."

The charge of the queen was received and obeyed, [prayed, For three days and nights they all fasted and Then tremblingly Esther arose the third day, And sought the king's presence in royal array.

(To be continued.)



A FRESH START.

NOTICE that many who are converted to God in their early days, as boys and girls, get settled down, and become backsliders when they grow up to be young men and women. The world seems to get hold of them, and for a time it is not easy to determine whether they are children of God or not. Then, byand-bye, there comes a time when they get wakened up, and restored in heart to the Lord, and to the fellowship of His people. But the time spent away from God has been lost. Some of the very best years of their precious lives stand as a blank in their history, only to be looked back upon with shame and sorrow. And this is not all. Many who have been thus wakened up and restored to God, after years of backsliding and worldliness, seem to carry with them to the grave the effects of these lost years. They have to reap in after years the fruit of the seed that was sown in these days of backsliding. Now, there must be reasons for this, and I think we might spend a profitable halfhour over our Bibles, dear young saints, seeking to find them out.

May God in His infinite goodness keep us from losing our precious days in backsliding. We will begin with Abraham. He had a good start, but he did not obey the call of God in full. He left his "country," but not his kindred and his father's house. Terah, his father, and Lot, his nephew went with him, and both were a clog and a hindrance to him. He halted half-way to the promised land, and settled down in "Haran." Many years were spent there, in which no message came to him from God. By-and-bye his father died: then he made a fresh start, and got into the land at last. But it was a pity that he fell short of it at first. All the time spent at Haran was a blank. Has it not been so with some of you? When you were born again you did not make a clean cut with the world, only a kind of halfand-half separation. Unconverted companions were not left behind; and what was the result. You became like them; you got settled down. Converted, no doubt, but with just enough of Christ to keep you out of open ungodliness, and as much worldliness as to keep you from enjoying Christ. What a miserable kind of life this is. I am sure the aged patriarch thought so when he looked back on it from the plains of Mamre, where he lived and communed with God. If any of you

are living at Haran, you should clear out of it at once, and make a fresh start. Get into the good land, and enjoy God. There is real happiness in walking with God, real joy in following Christ fully, but little or none in that half-worldly, half-Christ-like kind of life that so many live. Then there was Jacob, who ran away from home after deceiving his father and swindling his brother. For a long time he had a strange kind of life, away in Padan-aram; but one night, when on his way back, God met him all alone by a brook, and that was a solemn night in Jacob's life, and a turning point in his history. He got "a fresh start" with God that night, and a new name was given him. Is there any of you, young saints, that have got away from God? Perhaps not openly into sin, but you do not enjoy Christ as once you did. You are not so happy as in days of old. The quiet hour with God, and the morning chapter, are not so sweet as once they were. You do not speak to companions about Christ as once you did. It is time to call a halt and get alone with God. Ask Him to show you what has robbed you of your joy, and when you find it out, deal honestly with it at once. Some secret sin perhaps quietly indulged; some worldly habit practised; or some ungodly companion-

ship formed. Make a clean breast of it, no matter what, to God, and renounce it at once. Then He will restore your soul, and you will get a "fresh start."

REALITIES.

HERE is a God, a living God, a holy righteous One,

There is a Heaven, a happy heaven, where all the saved shall come;

There is a Hell, a real hell—a lake of endless fire,

Where all who spurn God's offered grace, must reap His righteous ire.

Shut out of heaven—so God decrees—will be shut into hell,

The horrors of that awful place, no human tongue can tell;

The soul enthralled in agony, the eye no end to see,

For the sentence of the sinner's doom is for ETERNITY.

By "A Young Believer;" converted through reading an article in "The Young Watchman."

OUR ALMANACS AND ANNUAL YOLUMES.

"THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC AND BIBLE-SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK," for 1889, and "The Gospel Almanac," for 1889, will be ready, God willing, about the 15th of October. Sunday-School Teachers and others should order early, as last year our supplies were short. The annual volumes of "The Young Watchman," "Our Little Ones Treasury," "The Sunday-School Workers' Magazine," and "The Gospel Messenger" will all be ready by November 1st.

Tract Distributors' Band.

In last month's "Watchman" a letter appeared, from "A Young Worker," asking help in the way of suggestions how he and other young believers might best spend their evenings for the Lord, in making known the Gospel. He says that there are "over thirty" of them there, all recently converted, and they find that to have two or three idle evenings every week is "not good for their souls." We are exceedingly glad to hear of this band of youthful workers, and we have no doubt there are many others who are willing to give their spare evenings for the spreading of the Gospel. It has not been given to all to publicly preach, but it is within the reach of every believer in Christ to spread the glad tidings-male and female alike. There ought to be no loiterers or sluggards in the family or the Church of God, all have their work to do, and all are needed.

There are of course many ways in which our young friends may "tell the story," but we know of no way better adapted to them, or more abundantly blessed of God, than Tract Distribution, publicly, and from house to house. It has been our privilege to share in this service since the week of our conversion, and we can testify to the blessing it has been to our own soul. Hundreds more can do the same. There are some well-known to us, who began their course in this humble way, by leaving tracts in the houses in their own street, or in their own village, who are now occupying high places in the field, here, and in other lands. Now we would suggest to our young friends to begin at once, and as near their own door as possible. There are thousands who never go anywhere to hear the Gospel, but they would willingly read it at home, and in many cases there will be an opportunity

given to speak a word for Jesus, as the tract is handed in. A little arrangement will be needful, so that the work may be done in order. For example, let some elder Christian take the lead, and intimate, that on a certain night, all who desire to share in this work, meet together, to arrange. Divide the town into districts, each district to be visited once a month, and a Gospel Tract or Magazine left in every house: two workers visiting together. Arrange that one take the oversight of the work, order tracts, divide them, arrange workers, and other items in connection with the work. A "Tract Distributing Band" after this sort, might easily be formed in every town and village, and in connection with every Sunday School, Bible Class, and assembly of Believers in the kingdom. That it would prove a blessing to the workers is certain, and the results eternity alone will disclose.

As a means of increasing fellowship, and sustaining a general interest in this little service, we would suggest, that wherever a "Tract Distributing Band" is formed, however small, a notice of it should be sent to us. We will then give a list of the places in "The Young Watchman"—with "Notes" and "Brief reports" of the work from time to time. This is a work in which we feel deeply interested, and shall be glad to help it on in every way we can.

We have just published over half-amillion Gospel Tracts and Leaslets, of various sizes, and for all classes. We shall be glad to send any quantity from 6d worth upwards, for the above purpose, at reduced prices. Lists and Catalogues free by post.

In places where Tract-Distributing Bands already exist, a post-card with the number of workers and name of district might be sent us, in order that there may be fellowship in prayer for the work and workers.

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JOHN RITCHIE,

The "Young Watchman" Office, KILMARNOCK.

The Doung Watchman.

No. 71.]

NOVEMBER, 1888.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



MAGGIE'S CONVERSION.

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MAGGIE'S CONVERSION.

WENT to serve as nursery-maid in a Christian family at the age of fourteen, and before I was in my situation a fortnight, I was converted to God. I shall never forget the day on which I was engaged to go to that situation, for on that day I was first awakened to see myself a sinner lost, undone, and unfit for heaven! The mistress was unwell, and I was asked to go into a room where she was reclining on a sofa. After the arrangements for my coming to her as nurserymaid were completed I rose to leave, when she looked so kindly into my face, and taking my hand in hers, asked, "Are you a Christian, Maggie?" I held down my head, and hardly knew how to answer. I had gone to church with my parents ever since I was a girl of five, and, of course, I thought I was as good a Christian as other girls. The lady evidently saw that I was confused, and unable to answer, and she went on, "We are all the Lord's people here, Maggie: saved, and on the way to glory." That night week I entered my new situation. There was another servantmaid and myself, and we shared the same bed. The first night, before retiring, she read the Bible, and then kneeled down and prayed. This was something new to me. I felt queer, and did not know what to do. "Kneel

down beside me, Maggie," she said, and I knelt down. Then after prayer she told me how the Lord had saved her since she came there, and how happy she was. Next day the lady spoke very kindly to me, and I began to feel quite at home, only when "reading time" came round I felt always like one "outside the circle." On the Sunday there was a meeting in a hall near, at which the master was to speak. I went, and listened; then at the close, I walked home with my fellow-servant and another girl, who served in a house near. She asked me if I was a child of God. I hung my head, and felt ashamed. After we had got home, and seated by the kitchen fire, my fellow-servant said, "Maggie, would you really like to be saved?" I said, "Yes, Annie, I would, but I do not know what to do." "Do nothing: Jesus did it all when He died on the Cross," said Annie; you have only to believe, only to trust Him. I trusted Him and I know I am saved, because He says, "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). If you can say from your heart you believe, you have everlasting life, too. The light of the Gospel at that moment shone into my heart. I saw it was only to believe, and believing, I had everlasting life. That was a happynight. We sang hymns till midnight; and Jesus has kept me since.

EARLY CONVICTIONS; or, THE FARMER'S STORY.

N a quiet Sunday afternoon, two old farmers were walking home together from the parish kirk, discussing the merits of the sermon they had heard that day.

"I tell you, neighbour Smith," said the elder of the two, "that sermon to-day reminded me of the

great revival forty years ago. I was a young man then, and like a great many more at that time, I laughed and scoffed at some of the young folks that were converted. I had serious thoughts myself, but for fear of the sneers of my companions I put off the settlement of the great question, and you know, as folk

get older they grow harder. So it has been with me, for these things seldom trouble me now, but the sermon about the "wrath to come," has brought to mind the former times. I would give all I possess to have back the anxieties of my early days, but I fear my chance is gone and my day of mercy is now for ever past."

Farmer Smith who was a Christian man, sought to comfort his aged neighbour by reminding him that God's longsuffering was great, and by repeating Gospel texts, telling of the fulness and freeness of His salvation, and of God's for bearance and long-suffering with men.

"It's all true, neighbour Smith, but I set my heart against God in

the days of my youth, and now my heart is so hard that I think it's all past for me."

The old farmer a few weeks later was in eternity. His sad confession bears a solemn message to those, who, in the days of their youth are hearing, yet despising the Gospel message, and rejecting

the grace of God. As the sun in yonder heaven, shining in his strength, ripens the grain, and mellows the fruit, his beams fall on the brick only to harden it. So with the Gospel. If you turn your back on it now, you will become hardened in heart, and pass into a hopeless death and a darker eternity.



MORDECAI; Or, THE MAN AT THE GATE.

PART II.

HE king as he sat on his gem-spangled throne,

> Caught sight of the queen at the gate all alone;

Resentment or wrath in his heart had no place, For God in his eyes gave her favour and grace.

He stretched forth his sceptre to Esther, and she free: Came trembling and touched it, accepted and Then graciously, kindly, he asked her to say, What most she desired, for he would not say nay.

"Whate'er thy petition, fair queen, though it be To half my dominion is granted to thee, With thee I will gladly share Persia's proud throne, known." Then fear not at once thy request to make

With wisdom and modesty, Esther, then said, "A banquet of wine for the king I have spread, My humble request is, that he condescend Together with Haman my feast to attend."

With pleasure the king hasted Haman away To the banquet where soon they were merry distressed, and gay, Yet he guessed that the queen was in secret And pressed her to make unto him her request.

Said she, "if thy favour I still may retain, Come hither with Haman and meet me again, At a banquet which I on the morrow will hold, Then all that disturbs me to thee I'll unfold."

Exulting and happy was Haman that night, Such honour distinguished, filled him with delight,

But soon all was changed into anger and hate, When he passed Mordecai again at the gate.

He called for his friends and for Zeresh his wife, Said he, "there is one thing embitters my life-My wealth is as great as my glory and fame, In Shushan the palace all honour my name." "At a banquet to-day alone I have been, Invited to meet with the king and the queen, Such honour again on the morrow is mine, In private pavilion with them to drink wine."

"Yet all this avails me but little, so long As that Mordecai bows not with the throng: He dares to defy me with insolent mein-Now give me your counsel some way to make plain,"

"By which to get rid of this Jew with all speed: His death would be certain in Adar indeed, But that is too long-far too distant a date, No longer I'll bear his contempt at the gate."

With Haman, his wife and his friends sympathized,

That a gallows at once be set up they advised; "Then early petition the king to command, That he be delivered at once to thy hand."

This plan suited Haman: e'er morning there stood,

All ready a gallows constructed of wood, To hang Mordecai whom he would accuse, Ne'er thinking the king his consent would refuse.

That night the king restlessly tossed on his bed, filed; For sleep from his eyelids and slumber had

He called his attendants the record to read, In which was inscribed every noteworthy deed.

The record composed as a Persian lay, In poetic measure described a past day, When Bigthana and Teresh, two chamberlains sought brought. To murder the king, but to justice were

That through Mordecai, the "man at the gate," Whose vigilance rested not early or late, The plot was discovered; the king had been

saved;

So bravely and well Mordecai behaved.

"And what," said the king, "for this man has been done?

Such service must surely high honour have won," stand

"Nay, king, live for ever, his name does not As one having dignity, honour, or land."

The king quickly rose, for daylight had come, And asked, as he restlessly paced through his room,

"If early as this any statesman was seen
In the beautiful court hung with white, blue,
and green."

They told him that Haman was there standing by. [quickly drew nigh.

"Bring him here," said the king, and he "Now, tell me, for friend and adviser thou art, How can I best honour the man of my heart?"

Haman inwardly smiled, as he thought, "Who is he?"

Who else but myself could this favoured one Soanswered, according as thus he had thought, "For him, let thy royal apparel be brought;

The horse which thou ridest, and even thy crown,

Let one of thy noblest of princes bring down; By his hands have him decked in thy purple array,

And lead him on horseback in triumph away.

Then let him proclaim, as they pace through the street,

To friend or to foe, whomsoe'er they may meet,
'Lo, this is the man by the king most admired,
Thus riding in state, in his vesture attired.'"

"Well spoken, and good thy advice," said the king; [to bring, "All that thou hast mentioned I charge thee And clothe Mordecai, the man at the gate;

Set him on my horse, and then lead him in state.

Be careful that nought thou hast said thou omit, Let all be fulfilled as is seemly and fit; As chief of my princes, on thee I depend, And charge thee at once to this business attend."

The feelings of Haman can better be guessed, Than spoken in words, or in writing expressed; But choice there was none: the behest he obeyed, And the man whom he hated in purple arrayed,

Then crowned him, and led him on horseback, while he

Proclaimed Mordecai the king's friend to be, And told, as all list'ned with wonder around, That he with the king highest favour had found. This over, at last Haman hasted away, And told all his friends what befell him that day; Then Zeresh and others expressed their great

fear,

That all this betokened his downfall was near.

While yet they were talking, there came from the king,

His chamberlains, Haman before him to bring: The time had arrived, and the banquet was spread,

So on to the palace once more he was led.

His shame and confusion would doubtless be great,

As he passed Mordecai again at the gate; Nor would he to mirth or to laughter incline, Thou daintily set at the banquet of wine.

Soon turning to Esther, the king said again,
"What is thy request? do not longer refrain;
The half of my kingdom, my glory, and power,
Should she but request it, shall be my queen's
dower."

But great was his wonder, when Esther, his wife, Made humble petition to him for her life; "We are sold for destruction: my people and I, Condemned by the hand of assassins to die.

Had we but as slaves into bondage been driven, Our silver and gold to our enemies given, My tongue had been silent—but now I deny That aught has been offered sufficiently high,

To cover the loss that the king would sustain, When true-hearted subjects by thousands are slain." [side,

Thus nobly spoke Esther, and kneeled by his The tears flowing fast from her sorrow's deep tide.

"And where," cried the king, "breathes the villain, whose heart

Presumes for a moment to act such a part?"

Then pointing to Haman, who trembled with fear,

The queen said, "Our enemy sits with us here."

The king rose in wrath, as could plainly be seen, While Haman fell down to petition the queen, But hope in his bosom soon fluttered to fear, As the voice of the king sounded loud in his ear.

The words of the king such a meaning conveyed,
That a covering on Haman was instantly laid;
The servants well knew, as his face they concealed,

[was now sealed.
That his sentence was passed, that his doom

They then told the king of the gallows so high,
Where Haman had meant Mordecai to die:
"Go, hang him thereon; let the trap he has
set,"
[in its net."
Said the king, "with all haste fold him safe

His sentence thus passed, he was then led away, And Haman lay dead ere the close of the day; To Esther his house and his riches did fall, Who made Mordecai lord over them all.

He was raised to the station whence Haman was driven,

The king's signet ring to his keeping was given; The people of Judah forgot to be sad,

All in his promotion rejoiced, and were glad.

An edict once sealed with the State signet ring, Could not be repealed, though desired by the king;

So still there was cause for the people to fear, As the much-dreaded month of dark Adar drew near.

Again Esther ventured to seek the king's face, Again he extended his sceptre of grace; She spoke to the king of a plan which, she

thought, [wrought. Would undo all the mischief that Haman had

"Let royal permission be granted to all, Condemned by that edict to perish and fall, To stand for their lives, and with valour defend Their children and homes, until Adar shall end."

"That those who arise to oppose them they may
Have right undisputed to wound or to slay."
"It is well," said the king; "I will make a
decree,

And as you suggest, even thus it shall be."

Thus Israel was saved, for when Adar came round, [the ground. Their foes, and not they, were laid dead on God's hand, though unseen, kept His people from harm,

Their wall of defence was His Almighty arm.

ANOTHER long after stood "outside the gate," A mark for contempt and man's insolent hate, The prince of this age He resisted, so he Inspired men to hang Him on Calvary's tree.

But God raised Him high, and will bring back again,
In brightness of glory the Lamb that was slain,

To Him every angel bows low with veiled face, And ransomed ones sing of His power and His grace.

Ere long in the palace of light will be seen, The Bride of the Lamb, richly robed as a queen, In pure gold of Ophir, and beauty she'll stand Accepted as His, at the King's own right hand.

She once like to Esther was helpless and poor,
A desolate orphan, and outside the door,
But One took her in, in her lowly estate,
And cared for her well, like "the man at the
gate."

Her Kinsman-Redeemer, the Man on the throne,

Once died for her sins' deepest guilt to atone, He gave His own Body, a ransom that she, From sin's condemnation, and doom might be free.

She safe in the palace, will still think of those, Her kindred of Israel, exposed to their foes; Accepted herself, she will then intercede, For those tried ones on earth, in the hour of need.

The man of the earth in his pride will oppress, The remnant of Israel, and greatly distress All those who refuse to bow down at his shrine, To render him homage and worship divine.

The Bride, through God's mercy, thus saved and brought nigh,

Will hear the afflicted and needy ones' cry,
In the day of their trouble their prayers she
will bring, [(Rev. v. 8).
All fragrant with incense before the Great King

As mercy and favour to her has been shown,
So mercy, through her, shall be theirs at the
throne (Rom. ii. 31); [appear,
Then Christ and His saints on the earth will
And fill all their foes with confusion and fear.

First, Satan to hell's deepest depths He'll consign, [combine, With those who 'gainst Him and His people Then all who oppose Him to death will be given, And wickedness far from His presence be driven.

In golden-paved Salem His throne will be seen, Illuming the earth with its glorious sheen; And there in that splendid pavilion of love, The Bride of the Lamb will reign with Him above.

The whole earth will gladly own Jesus as King:
All nations before Him their tribute will bring;
And praise shall be offered both early and late,
To the MAN who for us "suffered outside the
gate."

ACHAN'S SIN;

Or, Be Sure your Sin will find you out.

the armies of Israel. Jordan

T was a day of victory among | land of Canaan reached. The stronghold of Jericho had fallen; its huge had been crossed, and the goodly | walls crumbling to dust at the blast

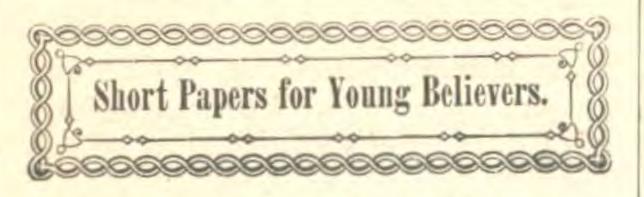


"ACHAN HIDING THE BABYLONISH GARMENT AND WEDGE OF GOLD" (Josh. vii. 21). of the trumpets of the priests of God, | captured city in triumph. Surely and Israel had marched into the | every heart would be glad, and over-

flowing with praise to God, for the great things His hand had wrought. But it was not so. There was one man there who had his eye on something else. Achan saw among the spoils of the city a wedge of gold, two hundred shekels of silver, and a Babylonish garment of beauty and worth, and his heart coveted them. He wanted to have them as his own, and disregarding the commandment of the Lord, that the silver and gold should be gathered into His treasury, and all else burned up with fire, Achan quietly wrapped them up and buried them in his tent. But God would not allow sin thus to remain unjudged. He caused a defeat to be given to His army, in order that they might search their ways, and Joshua was told by God that there was an accursed thing in their midst. Solemn it must have been to see the great company gathered before the Lord the following day, to make inquisition who was the guilty one. How Achan must have trembled, as nearer and nearer came the lot to him. First his tribe, next his family, then his household, and finally he himself was singled out from the vast congregation, and set up before them all. He was asked to tell what he had done, and out of his | Achor that day.

own mouth he was condemned. There before them all he was unmasked, exposed, and stoned to death in the Valley of Achor. His sin could not be hid, for God had said, "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Numb. xxxii. 23). Often as I think of that scene in the Valley of Achor, my mind reverts to another day which is yet to come. I mean the Judgment-day, when the sinner's sin will be unearthed, and his hidden guilt disclosed before the Judge of all the earth.

How will it be with you on that day, reader? Have you hidden sins? Do you act the hypocrite? Are you living in secret sin, and at the same time professing to be a Christian? Then I tell you, if they are not pardoned before, they will be brought up for judgment then. They cannot longer be hid. God will bring the hidden things to light and justice, and judgment will pass the sentence. But it need not thus be with you. Achan had no offer of mercy: no day or grace was given to him. God has given both to you. He has sent you a message of grace, and made a way of escape. If you reject it, your doom in hell will be infinitely worse than the man who died in the Valley of



ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

YOUNG lad of sixteen lately left his country home to fill a situation in the city. He found lodgings in the same house, and slept in the same bedroom as another young lad who was employed in the same office. Both the lads were converted, but neither of them seems to have had enough courage to tell his companion, for when bedtime came the first evening, they were both ashamed to kneel down and pray before going to bed. They sat talking until it was late, each trying to muster courage to confess Christ to his companion, whom he supposed to be unconverted. At last, blushing all over, one of the lads said, "Well, Jim, we must get to bed," and with that he dropped on his knees and buried his head in the bed clothes. Jim amazed, yet thankful at heart that the ice was broken, knelt beside him. When they rose from their knees they grasped each others' hand, saying, simultaneously, "Are you converted?" to which, both could answer "Yes." How thankful they were to find in each other a brother in Christ, yet how ashamed to think

that they were so full of cowardice that they feared to own Him as their Lord. The lads from that night onward, knelt down side by side, and prayed for and with each other, and God gave them many happy hours together in that little room, over His Word and at the throne. Strengthened and helped, they took their stand a few weeks later together at the street corner, boldly testifying for Christ and preaching His Gospel. On the way home Jim said, "How thankful I am you did kneel down that first night, Willie, for if Satan had got the victory, who knows how far we might have got from God." They are both fearless witnesses for Jesus now, and by their faithful testimony many souls have been won for Christ.

Dear young saints, never be ashamed to own the Lord. No matter where, let it be known at once, and beyond all doubt, that you belong to Christ. At home, in the workshop, on the street, let your testimony be with lip and life. It will save you heaps of trouble if you nail your colours to the masthead at once, and let it be known that you are the Lord's alway, ever able to sing

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause;
Maintain the glory of His Cross,
And honour all His laws."

Questions and Answers.

QUESTION LII. Would it be honest for a young believer, an apprentice, to use part of his master's time in giving away tracts, say, when he is returning from going some errand, and meets people on the way?

ANSWER. An apprentice on his earthly master's business would best serve God, by doing that business well and faithfully. His errands are to be run "heartily, as to the Lord," at the same pace half-a-mile from the shop as when near the door. To give away tracts when sent on his earthly master's business, would not, as we think be obeying Ephesians vi. 5, and ought not therefore to be done. If any young friend has a heart for such a work, let him use his spare evenings in diligently pursuing it, but on no account let it be said that he circulated tracts, or did anything else, when he should have been doing what his master sent him to do.

QUESTION LIII. Does Heb. xii. 8 mean that only those who are "chastened" are God's children. I am never unwell, yet I believe I was converted years ago?

Answer. The word "chastened" does not mean "unwell," although many read the chapter as if it did. It simply means "disciplined" or "instructed"—the common privilege of all within the circle of the family of God.

QUESTION LIV. "A Young Believer, Birmingham, asks—Would it be right for a young Christian to go to business on the Lord's-day?

Answer. We are not under the law in the observance of the Lord's-day, as the Jew was in the keeping of the Sabbath, but we ought not on that account to turn it to a day of work and pleasure as it is fast becoming in the world. As the memorial of the day on which Jesus rose from the

dead, and as the day on which God's people gather together for worship and service, it ought to be prized and honoured by every disciple and lover of the Lord. It would be simply impossible for a believer to assemble with his fellow-saints in worship, or to join with them in service, if he is at that time engaged in business. On that ground alone, apart from other considerations, he ought not to be there. God's claims should be honoured first, and when this is done the way will be plain. No situation can be of God's providing, if it habitually requires that you should engage in business on the Lord's-day.

THE CHILDREN OF AFRICA.

Mr. Fred. S. Arnot, of whose labours for the Lord in Central Africa our readers have already heard in these pages, has arrived in safety at his home in Glasgow. It was a great pleasure to us to clasp his hand once again, and to stand by his side, telling the story of Jesus and His love. He has kindly consented to write a series of papers to "The Young Watchman," on "The Boys and Girls of Central Africa," and give an account of how some of them heard the Gospel and trusted Jesus. Our readers will be glad to hear of this. The first paper will appear in the January number, God willing.

The Tract-Distributing Band.

MANY have given our proposal a hearty welcome, and immediately set themselves to work. Names of places where Tract-Distributing Bands have been formed, with jottings and incidents, next month. Others who have not sent notice, please do so early.

NOW READY.

THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC AND BIBLE-SEARCHING TEXT-BOOK FOR 1889. (Illustrated.)

WE have pleasure in announcing that once again, in the goodness of God, we have been permitted to prepare and publish our little Text-Book. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends, who during the past five years have assisted us in various ways in this little service for the Lord's name, especially those who have so zealously laboured in sustaining the interest of the young folks in the "Bible-Searching" and "Daily Portion" given in its pages. We are assured that such labour will not be in vain in the Lord. The importance of storing the young mind with the Word of God, and of accustoming our young folks to search its sacred pages, is a service, the value of which we cannot over-estimate, especially in a day like ours, when so many are setting its authority aside. We would most earnestly ask the continued co-operation of parents, Sunday-School teachers, and others labouring among, and interested in the welfare of the young, in continuing this work during the coming year.

Five hundred and ten Text-Books, with the "Daily Texts" filled in, were sent us during 1888, and for these twenty Prize Bibles and Volumes were given. We hope to see a greater number during the coming year. All the old features of the Almanac have been retained, and a few new items added. The "Daily Text" to be searched for, and committed to memory, and the "Daily Portion," are there as usual; as also "Bible Lessons for Sunday Schools," for every Lord's-day of the year. "Questions on Bible Types" are something new for the senior scholars and children, and

will afford much profit, we trust, while the "Questions for the Little Ones" will occupy and interest the younger classes. Four prizes will be given for each of these sets of Searching. A first and second to the boys, and the same to the girls, who fill in the Texts most correctly and neatly; boys and girls of any age may share in this. Then four prizes to those above twelve years, who answer the fifty-two "Questions on Bible Types;" and four prize volumes of Bible Pictures and Stories to the little ones under six. who fill in the Sunday Texts, and answer the twelve questions for the little ones.

We would advise our friends to order a full supply of the Text-Books, to last throughout the coming year, as many were disappointed when ordering a second supply during 1888 to find the Almanac was sold out. Please order early. Sample copies, post free, to any address.

Another Word of Cheer.

A Christian Worker in a wild and needy part of Texas, United States of America, who gets a packet of "Young Watchman" and "Gospel Messenger" monthly for distribution, sends the following word of cheer. "I am rejoiced to send you the good news, that here a precious soul passed from death to life through reading the article, "Granny's Testimony," in a recent number of your Magazine, This new-born soul gives a very bright testimony, and is very intelligent in the things of God. I know I have your fellowship in giving praise to the God of all grace for this, and that you will rejoice with me."

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together."

May we be encouraged to go on sowing beside all waters. The Lord will give the increase.

OUR ANNUAL VOLUMES, ALMANACS, CARDS AND MAGAZINES.

The Children's Almanac and Bible-Searching Text-Book, for 1889. For use in Sunday-Schools, Families, and Children's Services. One Halfpenny. 2 doz. 1/. 4/ per 100, post free. Interleaved Edition, 1d. Cloth, Interleaved, 2d. Twelve Copies, post free.

The Gospel Almanac, for 1889. For Distribution among the Unconverted. Pointed Gospel Articles, Daily Texts, Portions, &c. One Half-

penny. 2 doz, 1/. 4/ per 100, post free.

"The Watchman" Sheet Almanac, for 1889. Large Centre Picture and Six smaller ones. Daily Texts, Appeals to the Careless, Hymns for the Anxious, and Gospel Articles, suitable for hanging in Homes, Halls, Hospitals, Lodging-Houses, Public Works, &c. One Halfpenny. 3/9 per 100. Local Title and List of Meetings may be added.

Scheme of Lessons for Sunday-Schools, for 1889. 3d per doz. 2/ per 100, post free. Notes on these Lessons, for the help of Teachers, are given each month in "The Sunday-School

Workers' Magazine."

Class Registers, for 1889. Two Sizes. Large Size, 8 pages, with wide space for marks. Smaller Size, handy for the pocket, 12 pages. Both Registers have Columns for Scholars' Name, Address, Age, Attendance, and Spaces for Memory and Bible Lessons, Teachers' Meetings, Cases to Visit, Conversions, Jottings, &c. One Penny. 1/ per doz. Cloth Covers, 2d each. 2/ per doz., post free.

OUR ANNUAL VOLUMES.

"The Young Watchman" Annual Volume, bound in cloth, gilt, with Ornamental Title, 1/; cloth, limp, 9d; paper covers, 6d, post free.

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gold, 1/9 post free.

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1 copy monthly, - 1/ 12 copies monthly, 6/
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150, 2/; 250, 3/; 500, 5/; 1000, 8/9.

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No. 72.]

DECEMBER, 1888.

[ONE HALFPENNY.



BOB, THE TELEGRAPH BOY; Or, Saved at the Watch-Meeting.

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BOB, The TELEGRAPH BOY; Or, Saved at the Watch-Meeting.

Was the last night of the year. Crowds of men and women lined the streets, and sounds of revelry were to be heard proceeding from many a drunkard's home, where the last hours of the dying year were being spent in sin, and forgetfulness of God. It has been a custom for many years, in almost every town and village where Jesus' name is known and loved, for companies of the people of God to meet together, to spend the last hours of the year in prayer and praise. Sometimes out of curiosity, often from other causes, those who are yet unconverted join in these Watch-Meetings, as they are called.

In a quiet school-room in one of our Scottish villages, a goodly company had gathered on the eve of the last night of the year 1886. Many of the young in years were there, happy, and rejoicing in the Lord. It had been a year of grace in that part of the vineyard, and many had been born of God throughout that year. Young lads and girls in their teens were there to thank the Lord for their conversion during 1886, and some who had no conversion to record, but with whom the spirit of God was working, and whose interest in the things of God had drawn them from the noisy world into that quiet circle to spend the last moments of the year.

A telegraph message - boy was among the company. A companion of his had been brought to Christ a short time before, and in his early love and warmth he had frequently spoken to Bob about his soul, and the Word had not been without its effect. Bob was anxious, but not decided. He knew full well that he was a sinner, and that Jesus died for such, but he had no personal interest in that death, simply because he had not personally—just as if he was the only sinner on the earthaccepted it as his, and claimed its benefits for his own soul's salvation. As one after another stood up and told what God had done for their souls, some at home, others in foreign lands, Bob was fairly aroused. Appeal and entreaty from one after another, fell upon his ear, and entered his soul; he felt the time for decision had come, and he must choose life or death, Christ or hell. "Where am I going?" Bob said to himself; "and where shall I spend eternity?" The answer was not far to seek, and Bob made no resistance to the voice of his conscience, as it replied, "You are on the way to hell; nearer it to-night, too, than ever you have been before." Bob could stand this no longer: he

was brought to the "place where two ways meet:" to the junction where the Christ-accepter's or the Christ-rejecter's path must be chosen, and there was no intermediate course: nothing between being saved then, there, and for ever, on the one hand, and turning his back on Jesus, life, and heaven on the other. Bob surrendered to Christ; he trusted himself to Jesus, claiming Him as his Saviour, Lord, and Master.

It was the hour of his second birth, the day of his exit from the realm of Satan into the kingdom of the Son of God. Companions heard of Bob's conversion; some rejoiced, others mocked. The New Year dawned, and it was a truly happy New Year to Bob-new-born from the dead, saved by grace, and set on the way to glory. Will such a New Year morn be yours, dear reader? Are you able to recount among the memories of the past that you have been born of God? Nothing is comparable to this; all else is vapid, empty, and dying. If you have no Christ, no life, no peace, and no prospect of heaven beyond, will you call a halt, and face the matter honestly. Solemnly ask yourself, "Whither does swift-flowing time bear me on? To an everlasting heaven, or to an eternal hell." Which? If you find yourself unable to answer, there is cause to fear you are unconverted to God, and unfit for heaven.

THE YOUNG OFFICER; Or, ONCE TOO OFTEN.

"T'S all right, Nellie; I'll think about it seriously some day; but you know the competition comes off this afternoon, and I don't want to be bothered talking about religious subjects. To - morrow is Sunday, and we can have a long chat together in the afternoon. I know that will please you; so good-bye for the present," and with that the young Volunteer officer grasped his sword in his hand, and walked hurriedly from the house, leaving his sister to whom these words were spoken, behind. She was very fond of her brother, but sad at heart to see him wholly engrossed in the world, its gaiety and pleasure, and quite unconcerned about his eternal welfare. Once she was as thoughtless as he, but the Lord had met her, and converted her. Now her heart was His, and she longed and laboured to see her brother brought to Jesus. Once and again he had been deeply aroused, and almost on the verge of deciding to be Christ's, but the world had gained the victory. He had such a circle of friends, young men like himself, who led him on, stifling conviction, and driving thoughts of God and eternity from his mind. His sister watched her opportunity to speak a word for

Christ, and that afternoon she had been pressed in spirit to warn him of his danger, in procrastinating and trifling with God as he was doing. The promise to spend the following afternoon with her at home he thought would please her, and no doubt Satan used it to quiet his conscience, and so enable him to forget the warning word of his sister. Joined by his comrades, his thoughts were quickly turned to other things, as they drove together to the range where the firing was to take place.

That same night we were startled by an announcement on the placards advertising the evening papers that an accident had occurred at the "Firing Range," by which one of the officers was killed, and three others were seriously injured. The officer killed was Lieutenant ----, the brother of Nellie, who had only a few hours before been warned of his danger, and urged to flee to Christ. That fair "to-morrow" on which he was to "think seriously" dawned to find him in eternity—ushered into it in a moment—a procrastinator. He had trifled with his God once too often, and set at nought those warning words and solemn entreaties sent from God through the lips of his sister.

Reader, are you a trifler with Almighty God? Has He spoken once and again to your conscience, telling you of your guilt, and warning you of your danger? Do you still, in spite of all, rush on to death and hell? Have His expostulations only served to sear your conscience and harden your heart like the nether millstone? If the voice of God, the awakenings of His Spirit, and the labours of His people for your salvation have been set at nought, there is only one thing more to look for, that is—your doom.

Yes, your doom as a Christ-rejecter and despiser of the grace of God. Can you contemplate this? A Christ-rejecter's doom!—the bitterest of all the woes of hell—the fiercest of the wrath of an insulted God, whose love has been spurned for pleasure, and whose threats have been turned to ridicule.

Reader, if you trifle with God, if you fritter away your day of grace, then to you this solemn word from God applies:—

"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall SUDDENLY BE DESTROYED, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1).

THE SOUL'S CHOICE.

O, can it be that I shall spend
Eternity in hell?
Shut up with all the vile of earth,
For evermore to dwell.
No light, no love, no rest, no peace,
Nor Gospel tidings there,
But never-ending griet and woe,
In darkness and despair?
The choice I make to-day will fix
Where then I am to dwell:
The Christ-accepter's home is—heaven,
The Christ-rejecter's—hell.

A FAITHFUL SAILOR BOY.

the gunners of one of the warships showed signs of failing courage. Captain James Haldane, who was in command, seeing it, swore at his men, and wished they might be sunk in perdition. A Highland sailor boy overheard the

captain's remarks, and was shocked at his blasphemy and defiance of God. After the engagement he walked up to the captain and courteously touching his cap, remarked, "Capt. Haldane, God is the answerer of prayer; if He answers you prayer of yours where will we all be?" Whatever the effect of the

faithful sailor boy's testimony may have been at the time, we are told by Mr. Haldane himself, that the words afterwards fastened upon his conscience with irresistable power and made him tremble before God. He was deeply convinced of his sin, and soon after he was converted to God. Through his instru-

mentality his brother Robert, who was at that time an infidel, was led to Jesus, and the two brothers, James and Robert Haldane, became two of God's most honoured servants of their time, and were used in winning many souls for Christ.

The Highland sailor boy who had learned at his mother's knee the story of a Saviour's love, and whose

young heart had been early won for Him, was not afraid amid that scofflng crew of godless sailors, to own Jesus as his Lord, and to speak the faithful word to his ungodly captain, which God was pleased to use to his awakening.

Reader, if you know the Lord yourself: if you are converted to

God, do you bear a true and fearless witness for His Name, or do you stand and hear that Name blasphemed, and His truth dishonoured without saying a single word? But it may be you are a scoffer and blasphemer yourself. Then, beware; your judgment is sure, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.



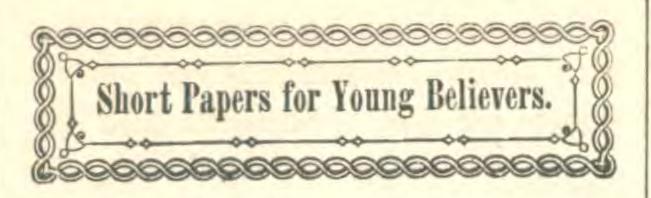
THE TOMB OF JESUS.

where Legus was sweets where Jesus was crucified, a rich man, of the city of Arimathea, named Joseph, had a tomb. It was a sacred custom among the Jews to purchase a family burying-place near to the Holy City, Jerusalem. The remains of many of these ancient tombs may be seen along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and on the sides of the Brook Kedron at the present time. The tomb of Joseph was cut out of the solid rock, and had very likely been prepared for Joseph's own body. But that tomb was honoured by the precious body of the Son of God lying within its portals, until in the triumph of resurrection it was "brought again from the dead." What a crowd of holy associations cluster around that hallowed spot. On the eve of the Crucifixion day, Joseph boldly went to Pilate, and asked for the body of Jesus He was one of the Lord's disciples, but up till now he had been timid, and afraid to own Him. We may suppose it was a sight of the Cross that braced his courage, and gave him strength to thus confess his Lord. How beautiful in the sight of God to see Joseph, the wealthy counsellor, and Nicodemus, the learned Rabbi, bearing the lifeless clay of Jesus, wrapped in linen and embalmed in sweet spices, to that

quiet cave in Joseph's garden, while the two Marys sat and watched the sight, glad to mark the spot, that they might early visit it again. But while these holy men and women are manifesting in various ways their love and devotion to their departed Lord, the scribes and pharisees are busily engaged in a different manner. They had gotten, as they thought, the victory. Jesus was slain. His voice would disturb them no more. But they suddenly remembered that He had said He would rise again the third day, and the thought troubled them. No doubt they had seen the darkened sun, and witnessed the rending rocks at the time of His death, and they would have their fears, as they must have had their convictions, that the One they had slain was the Son of God. They go to Pilate, and get a guard of soldiers and a seal for the tomb. The great stone rolled to the mouth of the cave they seal to the tomb itself, probably attaching a long strip of parchment to both, and fixing a seal of baked clay to either end, so that it would be impossible for any one to enter the tomb without breaking the seal. With the seal and the Roman guard, the pharisees would consider all was safe. But "vain were the stone, the watch, the seal" to hold the Prince of Life. At early morn the Roman sentinels rush into



the city, trembling with fear, to tell the priests that an angel from heaven had come down and broken the seal, rolling back the stone, and taking his seat upon it. Did any of the priests go out to see that angel. Nay, verily. They would not venture so near to God: they were cowards, as all religious Christ-rejecters are. The Marys go and hear the angel speak, but the religious leaders forge a lie, and bribe the soldiers to spread it.



SPEAKING FOR JESUS.

"O you ever speak a word for Jesus," John? I asked a young believer some years ago. Blushing, and hanging his head, he said, "Not very often; I have not the courage to do it." "Do the young lads in the shop know that you are saved, and on the way to heaven?" I asked. "I think they do," he muttered, with apparent shame, "but I have never told them." "Well, it does seem strange somehow; to be saved, and on the way to heaven, and never to have so much as told your companions in the shop, working every day beside you. I fear the devil has got a bushel put upon your light, and we must get it removed as soon as possible, my dear boy, else your Christian life will be a useless and unhappy one." The following Sunday afternoon we had an open-air meeting in front of the shop where John worked; I saw a number of the lads standing in the door, looking very much astonished to see him standing in the circle singing.

One after another of the young men walked out into the circle and told what God had done for their

souls. All save John had spoken, and I saw there was a severe struggle going on within his bosom as to whether he would confess his Lord, or not. His shopmates were looking on, and there was a good crowd of people standing around. At last, with trembling step, John walked into the circle, and in a few broken sentences told how the Lord saved him. It was a feeble effort; a "poor start," as some people would say, and I noticed his shopmates smile as they witnessed his embarrassment and emotion; but that was the breaking of the ice for John. His lips were never locked again. Ever after that afternoon, he went on testifying publicly and privately for the Lord, and many have been saved and blessed through the words of life that have flowed from his lips. Dear young believer, do you speak a word for Jesus? No doubt your life should testify for Him, but so ought your lips. Yours is the honour of being an ambassador for Christ on earth, and of telling others of His salvation. If you have not been using your lips for Jesus, will you begin at once. God can give you courage, and He can fill your mouth with words to speak. Begin with these nearest to you: your brothers and sisters, your friends and kindred, your shopmates and companions.

1889: A CLOSING WORD.

HE close of another year of grace has well nigh come, and with mingled feelings we lift our pen to write a closing word to our thousands of readers in this and other lands. Though sundered from most of them by miles of sea and land, they are often on our hearts; and as month by month our little paper passes from our hands to theirs, it is with the earnest wish that its message may be owned of God in blessing to the souls of all. During the year now closing, we have had many cheering letters from boys and girls, and young men and maidens, telling of their conversion to God, and from others giving testimony to their joy in the Lord, and in His blessed service. It has been a year of wondrous grace, especially among the young. Tidings of conversions to God flow in from every corner of the world. Hearts won for Christ while young and tender, to be filled with His love, and lives early given to the service of the Lord, are matters of great importance in the sight of God, and they beget in the hearts of all who are His the deepest praise. These things go for nothing in the world, but they are of great account in heaven. Angels and saints rejoice over them. But, along with this,

we cannot fail to remember that with all our readers it is not yet so. Some are yet unsatisfied and unsaved, wandering in the cold ungodly world. Another year is closing on their guilty heads, shortening their day of grace, and adding to the sum of their responsibility. Beloved reader, I solemnly ask you to think what the end of this shall be, and what the doom of a Christless life must be. God, who has long had patience and borne with you, will not bear with you for ever. His righteous wrath will yet awake: His long-extended mercy will cease. The day of your death and judgment will come. The close of 1888 brings you a stage nearer to the fearful end—the doom of the unconverted sinner. But there is time to escape: time to flee to Christ, the Refuge, but none to spare: not a minute to waste. Your name may yet be added to the number of births in the household of God during 1888: it will now, if you accept Christ. God has pledged Himself to save and to satisfy all who receive His Son. Yes, to satisfy as well as to save. To fill the heart with joy and peace, and to make the cup to overflow. Can you turn your back on all this? Rather let it be your own, and enter 1889 a saved and satisfied soul. Fare-ye-well.

Bible Biography for our Senior Readers.

Our subject of the next "Bible Biography" will be "Jonathan, the son of Saul, and friend of David." An interesting and lovely chapter of Bible history, with its bright example and solemn warnings, is the life of Jonathan. We hope to see a large number of papers sent on this subject. Any one, old or young, may write, in their own words and composition, what they gather from the Scripture. Papers not to exceed 300 words. All to be in before December 30th.

The Tract-Distributing Band.

LITTLE bands of tract distributors, chiefly composed of young believers, have been formed in many of the towns and villages of Great Britain. A few also in Canada and the United States. They are now at work visiting from house to house, and otherwise spreading the Gospel of God. One little company writes-"We are wonderfully well received; the people ask to be allowed to pay for them." Another-"We have given several thousands of books and tracts away, and had many opportunities of speaking to individuals on the way." A solitary worker says-"I got chased down the first stair by an angry woman; I think she was a Roman Catholic; but we must not give up because of opposition." Fuller particulars as to places in our next.

The Bible-Students' Class.

WE earnestly invite all our young friends who are in the Lord, to join us in "The Bible-Students' Class." The subjects are simple, and elementary, especially for young believers. For particulars, see "The Bible-Students' Helper." Sample copy free.

Bible Searching.

In the Gospel of Matthew a city is named, On which a dread sentence of woe was proclaimed;

Mark speaks of a man, but just to record
He was father of one who followed the Lord;
Luke mentions a city to whom one was sent,
To call on the people therein to repent;
The name by the which one disciple was
known,

Can only be found in the Gospel of John.

We read in The Acts of an eloquent man

In the Scriptures well taught, find his
name if you can.

A town is referred to in Romans, in which One faithfully served both the Lord and the Church.

Find in Paul's First Epistleto Corinth a place, Where he laboured for long in the gospel of grace.

The initial letter of these seven names give the name of a person of rank mentioned in one of the above seven books of the New Testament. Write out each of the seven names, and state where found in Scripture. The writer of this Bible Searching kindly offers a Prize Bible to the boy or girl who gives the best set of answers, and we gladly offera Second Prize. Papers, with answers, to be sent to the Editor before December 30th.

PAPERS ON "THE CHILDREN OF AFRICA."
THE first of these, from the pen of Fred S.
Arnot, will appear, God-willing, in our
January Number.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

At the close of the year, we ask our readers to seek to obtain fresh subscribers for "The Young Watchman" among companions, fellow-workers, and neighbours. By getting them a copy each in your parcel, and delivering these monthly, the Gospel and the truth might be widely spread.

To Our Readers.

THE present month completes the Sixth volume of "The Young Watchman," and the sixth year of its publication as a monthly magazine. It has been our custom to briefly relate at the close of the year, for the encouragement of the many friends who have so warmly interested themselves in the little paper, how its circulation has been sustained. We are glad to be able to say that from the first month of 1883, when it was commenced, until the present, it has quietly but steadily increased in its circulation. This is more than we expected; especially since several new magazines have appeared in the field; nevertheless, the continually increasing circulation assures us that our little paper has a corner given it by God to fill, and a humble work for Him to do, with which nothing can interfere. In this confidence, we seek help from Him to continue this little service for His name. We endeavour to provide articles with the Gospel plainly, pointedly, and clearly stated, with simple, practical truths for young believers in Christ. Sensational stories and romances are avoided: light reading is not in our line; nor do we cater to catch the crowd by pithless tales. We believe that the Gospel and the truth of God, plainly and solidly stated, is what the Spirit of God owns in the conversion of sinners, and for the comfort and help of the lambs of the flock. We ask the continued prayers and fellowship of all God's people, that our little paper may be sustained in freshness, and yet more abundantly used of God. We have noticed of late, especially since the issue of "Our Little Ones' Treasury" in January last, that "The Young Watchman" has been finding its way among the young lads and lasses of our towns and villages. This is

the class especially that we long to see it circulated more widely amongst. As most are aware, there are tens of thousands of weekly and monthly novels, reeking with immorality, tragedy, and crime, devoured eagerly by the mill-workers, apprentices, servant-maids, and other young persons with whom we meet and mingle every day, with disastrous effects to their moral and spiritual condition. We may not be able to hinder this, but by putting into their hands the Gospel and the truth of God, they might-in most cases they wouldread it, and the Gospel of God will not be read in vain. We would ask the cooperation of our subscribers in endeavouring to reach this class. Select a dozen fellow-workers, or young persons living near, to whom you will give a copy every month, followed by prayer: this done by half our subscribers would reach five thousand of these young folks with the Gospel of God. Christian reader, will you be a helper in this effort?

"OUR LITTLE ONES' TREASURY" has been warmly welcomed by parents, teachers of infant classes, and by the "Little Ones" themselves. It will be continued, God willing, in the future as in the past, as also "The Sunday-School Workers' Magazine and Bible-Students' Helper." Thanking our friends and fellow-helpers for their valued service, in writing for our pages, and in introducing our papers into circles where they were unknown, we earnestly ask their continued fellowship. We shall be glad to send packets of specimen copies post free, to any who desire to introduce them among friends at this season.

NEW ORDERS.—Kindly let all new orders reach us as early as possible, as our January Number will be early sent out. The same number of Magazines will be sent to former subscribers as in the past, unless we hear otherwise.

NEW ALMANACS, CARDS, REWARD BOOKS, and MAGAZINES for 1889.

The Sunday - School Motto for 1889. Neat Floral Text Card for giving at Children's Treats, &c. 6d per doz.; 3s 6d per 100, post free.

The Children's Watchword for 1889. "I will trust," &c., with Illustrations. 6d per doz. 3/6 per 100, post free.

Our Little Ones. Twelve pretty Cards, with Texts, Verses, New-Year Wishes, and Designs of Children. 6d per packet.

"Goodly Pearls for Boys and Girls." 12 Text and Verse Cards, 4d.

Two Illustrated Reward Books for Christmas and New Year.

Twelve Stories of Converted School Boys. Twelve Stories of Converted School Girls. One Penny. 1/per doz.; 7/6 per 100, post free.

The Christian's Watchword for 1889. "Stand Fast in the Faith," with grouping of Texts. Crimson and Gold. 1/ per doz., post free.

The Believer's Motto for 1889, "Be Strong," &c. Crimson and Silver, with Designs in Sepia. 1/ per doz., post free.

The Sunday-School Workers' Motto, "The Lord Recompense thy Work," &c. On Floral Cards. 1/ per doz., post free.

Under the Sun and Above the Heavens.

A Meditation on the Portion of the Worldly and the Christian.

Suitable for giving to Believers at this Season.
One Penny. 1/ per doz.; 7/6 per 100, post free.

A Christmas and New-Year's Message for the Unconverted. 1/per 100; 8/6 per 1000, post free.

The Children's Almanac and Bible-Searching Text-Book, for 1889. For use in Sunday-Schools, Families, and Children's Services. One Halfpenny. 2 doz. 1/. 4/ per 100, post free. Interleaved Edition, 1d. Cloth, Interleaved, 2d. Twelve Copies, post free.

The Gospel Almanac, for 1889. For Distribution among the Unconverted. Pointed Gospel Articles, Daily Texts, Portions, &c. One Halfpenny. 2 doz, 1/. 4/ per 100, post free.

"The Watchman" Sheet Almanac, for 1889. Large Centre Picture and Six smaller ones. Daily Texts, Appeals to the Careless, Hymns for the Anxious, and Gospel Articles, suitable for hanging in Homes, Halls, Hospitals, Lodging-Houses, Public Works, &c. One Halfpenny. 3/9 per 100. Local Title and List of Meetings may be added.

Scheme of Lessons for Sunday-Schools, for 1889. 3d per doz. 2/ per 100, post free. Notes on these Lessons, for the help of Teachers, are given each month in "The Sunday-School Workers' Magazine."

Class Registers, for 1889. Two Sizes. Large Size, 8 pages, with wide space for marks, Smaller Size, handy for the pocket, 12 pages. Both Registers have Columns for Scholars' Name, Address, Age, Attendance, and Spaces for Memory and Bible Lessons, Teachers' Meetings, Cases to Visit, Conversions, Jottings, &c. One Penny. 1/ per doz. Cloth Covers, 2d each. 2/ per doz., post free.

OUR MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

"The Young Watchman." An Illustrated Magazine for the Young. "The Young Watchman" is published at the beginning of every month, and the price is ONE HALFPENNY per copy. It will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union, at the following rates, post or carriage free:— FOR ONE YEAR.

1 copy monthly, - 1/ 12 copies monthly, 6/
2 copies " - 1/6 25 " " 12/
4 " " - 2/6 50 " " 24/
6 " " - 3/6 100 " " 45/
Payable in Advance, by Postal or Post-Office Order.

Quantities for Free Distribution at Special Rates.

"Our Little Ones' Treasury." An Illustrated Monthly, for Little Boys and Girls. It will be sent post free to any address in Great Britain, Continent of Europe, or America at same rates as "Young Watchman."

"The Gospel Messenger." 1/ per 100. For Distribution among the Unconverted. The Name of Town, District, Public Works, or the Name of Hall, with List of Meetings, such as "The Aberdeen Messenger," "The Railway Mission Herald," "The Gospel Hall Message," may be had at the following rates:—

150, 2/; 250, 3/; 500, 5/; 1000, 8/9.

"The Sunday-School Workers' Magazine and Bible - Students' Helper." For Young Believers, Christian Workers, and Believers generally. Published Monthly. One Halfpenny. 6d per doz., post free.

Sample Copies of all the above, free by post.

Gospel of the grace of God among the unconverted, old and young; to minister plain and practical truths of God's Word bearing on daily Christian life and walk to the lambs of the Lord's flock; to help and encourage study and meditation on the Word of God: and to cheer, encourage, and help those serving the Lord in every department of His Work. We study to have simple, plain, and pointed articles, speaking to the conscience and the heart.

OUR ANNUAL VOLUMES.

"The Young Watchman" Annual Volume, bound in cloth, gilt, with Ornamental Title, 1/; cloth, limp, 9d; paper covers, 6d, post free.

New Double Volume of "The Young Watchman," handsomely bound in cloth and gold, 1/9; gilt edges, 2/6, post free.

"Our Little Ones' Treasury" Annual Volume. A nice Present for little friends and companions. Neatly bound in cloth, gilt, 1/, post free; paper cover, 6d.

Annual Volume of "The Sunday-School Workers' Magazine and Bible - Students' Helper." Cloth boards, 1/. A suitable Gift for any Believer.

"The Gospel Messenger" Volume. Cloth, 6d; paper cover, 3d. A good Gift for the Unconverted.

JOHN RITCHIE,

"The Young Watchman Office," Kilmarnock, Scotland.