

# A Safe Anchorage





# Returning from Leave

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*By courtesy of Keystone View Co*



## Returning from Leave.

**W**ALKING along the platform seeking a seat in a train which had just arrived at the station, an elderly man was stopped by a crowd of boys leaning out of several compartments, shouting "Come in here, sir. Come in here, sir. There's plenty of room." The man laughed as he saw the crowd in each compartment. "Who are you?" he asked. "We are old and new boys returning and joining the training ship 'Warspite.' Do come in," they cried, in voices full of fun. "Well, I will, not so much that you have invited me, but for a reason I will tell you when we are on the way."

The boys crowded together and made room for him, and sitting down he said, "My reason is this, that fifty years ago and more I was a member of the 'Warspite,' and served on her." "Oh sir," cried the boys, "tell us about it. It was the old 'Warspite' that was burnt, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, and then he began to tell them of the old days and answer their many questions. "Now, boys," he said, "I want to speak seriously to you. Some of you are soon to go in the Navy and Merchant Service and some of you are just commencing your training. Are you prepared for the future? You

will meet with many hardships and be subject to many temptations. You can only avoid them by doing your duty and obeying your Captain's orders. Look above to the Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who alone can help you.

'Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,  
Each victory will help you some other to win.'

The Lord is always ready to help you and to hear your prayer."

The train arrived at its destination and all got out. The boys were lined up and saluted as the old man passed by, never perhaps to meet again here, but in the glory all who trust in Him will meet together to praise.

Are you who read this, safe in the gospel ship with the Lord Jesus as your Captain? He wants you, boys and girls. He says "Come unto Me." He has died to save us; He is living now to keep us. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

There is no fear of wrecks with Him on board. Let us trust ourselves to Him and He will guide us safe to port. He wants to bless you for He loves you so. Just believe He died for you, for the Bible says, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Rom. 5. 8. All the storms will soon be over and then we shall be with Him for ever.

Whoso trusteth in the LORD happy is he. Prov. 16. 20.



## “Trust and Obey.”

TOM'S father was a gardener. When Tom was fourteen he left school and started to help his father in the garden. One evening as they were walking round having a look at everything after the day's work, Tom asked if it would not be a good thing to fork all the beds over and take away the weeds. “Yes,” said his father, “but remember not to disturb the bed at the back of the greenhouse.”

Next day his father was away at work, so Tom started weeding. He cleaned and tidied all the beds, and then came to the one at the back of the greenhouse. He stood up and admired his work, for it all looked so much better, and this one untidy bed seemed to spoil the look of the garden.

“Father can't have been thinking what he said last night,” thought Tom. “Doesn't he know that if they are left, these weeds will seed all over the rest of the garden? Besides I know it is good for earth to be forked up, and I am not going to leave this bit not done.” So he set to work and soon had it all neat.

In the evening his father came out to look at his boy's work. “It all looks very well indeed, Tom,” he said. But as they came up to the greenhouse he saw the bed he had told him not to disturb. “Whatever have you done here? Why did you touch that bed when I told you not to?” he asked.

Tom explained that he did not like the look of it all untidy, and thought it was better dug up, but his father

was very angry indeed. “That was where I sowed some very special seeds which take more than a year to come up, and now they will all be lost,” he said, as he turned away and walked indoors.

Tom was very sorry when he saw the results of his disobedience, for he was very fond of his father, but he could not undo the mischief. How much better it would have been to have obeyed his father even though he could not see why! He never forgot his lesson.

We wonder at a boy not trusting what his father said, and for so foolishly disobeying him, but we shall do far greater mischief if we disobey our heavenly Father Who has told us in His Word what He wants us to do.

He does not always tell us the reason we are to do certain things and not to do others, but He knows why. So even if we think it is very hard and we cannot understand why it is ourselves, it is best to obey Him in everything. He does not forget anybody, and He never makes mistakes, so He wants us to trust Him altogether and to do just what He tells us.

“Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.” 1 Samuel 15. 22.

“His commandments are not grievous.” 1 John 5. 3.

“Trust and obey,  
For there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus  
But to trust and obey.”



## Boats with Eyes.

**D**ID you ever see a boat with eyes? If not, look at the picture and there you may see the great eyes on these Chinese junks. Many Chinese junks have eyes like these. I think I hear someone ask "What have they got eyes for?" If you asked a Chinese person that, he would look at you with pity and perhaps scorn, and reply, "If they have no eyes,



how can they see where they are going?"

That is true, if the boats have no eyes, they cannot see where they are going, but unfortunately although these boats have eyes, they cannot see. Maybe there are rocks just ahead, and in a moment the boats will be dashed on them and lost, but alas! they cannot see the danger and they do not try to escape.

These boats remind me of many

boys and girls (and older people too) of whom God tells us they "have eyes, but they see not." There are rocks ahead! There is judgment and storm and sorrow and at the end the lake of fire. But alas! alas! many people cannot see these things, although they are just ahead of them.

They are like Noah's neighbours in the days of the flood. He had preached to them so many years, and

they had seen the ark being built, they had watched the keel being laid, the ribs set up, and the covering put on, and then all covered with pitch. They had seen the supplies put on board, the animals go in, and finally Noah himself enter. Many times had Noah warned them, and Noah's great-grandfather had been a prophet and had also warned them of judgment that was coming, and yet, would you believe it, they were eating, drinking

and marrying, until the day Noah entered into the ark? This is one of the most extraordinary things I have ever heard. In spite of the ark being built before their eyes, in spite of Noah's constant preaching, "*they knew not*" until the flood came and took them all away. Certainly they had eyes but saw not, and ears but heard not.

But there is a still more extraordinary thing. Notwithstanding the



warning of coming judgment on every hand, that even boys and girls may see and hear and understand, yet there are I suppose, millions who "know not" and who will not know until it has taken them away and they are lost for ever.

But there is another use for eyes as well as to see judgment ahead. The Lord says, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Isa. 45. 22. The Lord Jesus Himself told us that "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3. 14, 15. The Lord Jesus has been lifted up on the cross, and one look at Him will give you eternal life. God has given you eyes, LOOK AND LIVE.

Dear young folks, rocks are ahead! Judgment is coming! The lake of fire is near! Look! Beware! Escape for your life! To-morrow may be too late! Flee, *now*, from the wrath to come! Look to Jesus! See Him dying on the cross for you! Look and live! Do not be like the boats in China that "have eyes but they see not."

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One;  
There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved—  
Unto Him Who was nailed to the tree.  
Then doubt not thy welcome, since God hath  
declared  
There remaineth no more to be done;  
Christ once in the end of the world hath  
appeared,  
And completed the work He begun.  
Oh! take with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives;  
And know with assurance thou never canst die,  
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives."

## The Best Gift.

JUST before Christmas a friend asked me to write a few lines as a message to her Bible Class. I said at once, "It must be about *gifts* for that is the order of the day." It is delightful to see, that notwithstanding our forgetfulness of God's great gift, He does keep it before the minds of men, women and children all over the world.

Now listen! When you opened your gift parcel in the morning, there was a stirring of surprise and pleasure, and you said, "Oh! What a nice gift! How good of him to think of me and send it!" I want to ask you this question—a serious one. Has there ever been a stir in your soul when reading John 3. 16? Did you say, "Oh" to it?

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This is the GIFT of all others. Do accept it, dear young friends here and now. Do not put it away as not worth having, but take it while you are young, before the world gets hold of your love and interest. A bit of a hymn runs like this:—

"A flower when offered in the bud  
Is no vain sacrifice."

There will be joy in heaven to-day if you hear the Word and believe in your heart. The good Shepherd will say, "Rejoice with Me." The thief on the cross was the first to give Him this joy, and you may be one more to-day. He will enfold you and say, "Mine; the fruit of My death."



When quite a child, I took this precious gift of eternal life and ever since I have had peace with God, and a constant finding more and more treasure which the gift brings with it.

Satan will whisper, "Time enough," but the risk is too great, too dreadful to think about if you refuse. *Now* is God's time ! A young friend of mine was busy in his office in Germany when war broke out. A train was ready to bring English people home, but he lingered to put away papers and leave things tidy, and so he lost that last chance of escape. *Only five minutes late*, but it made him a prisoner for five years, ill-fed and lonely !

Yes ! There'll be a last train to heaven, and you may miss it ! Do you wonder we beseech you ? Be in earnest ! Time is short. May the Spirit of God stir your soul to say, "How simple it is ! *I must have it !*"

# GOD'S GREAT INDISPENSABLE FREE TO-DAY'S

"The gift of God is eternal life." Rom. 6. 23.

Have you taken it yet ?

## Young Believers' Column.

**I**T was not in a Sunday School as we might suppose, but in a shop, that a boy was surprised by a lady asking him if he knew the text, "Thou art the guide of my youth." Hearing this I turned to my Bible and read the verse in Jer. 3. 4, "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth."

Once more we are at the opening of a new year, and can truly sing :—

"What know I of the coming year  
Or what 'twill bring to me,  
Whether its close will find me here  
Or in eternity?"

We who know the Lord, may well cry in the words of Jeremiah, "Thou art the guide of my youth." Sometimes travellers who want to go through a dense forest have been lost because they have no guide, but if they want to be safe they have a guide who knows the way. They will listen to and obey their guide, and if wise will follow closely all the way because it is an unknown way.

The Lord Jesus said, "Follow Me." This is our only safety for the unknown days of the coming year. If we will but keep close to the Lord Jesus, learning His will from His Word, getting that instruction which it gives for our pathway down here, we shall know the joy of that word in Isa. 58. 11, "The Lord shall guide thee continually."

"Guide us, oh ! Thou gracious Saviour,  
Pilgrims through this barren land ;  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold us with Thy powerful hand."

He has said, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go : I will guide thee with Mine eye." Psalm 32. 8.





## Are You Good ?

“**T**HIS tells about Jesus,” said a dear little girl who had just received a gospel magazine. She was lying in a cot in the children’s ward in the hospital, and she was pleased to have the little book to read.

“Do you know about Jesus ?” I asked her. “Jesus loves you.” “Jesus loves us when we’re good,” she said.

I was glad to be able to tell the dear child that Jesus loved her, not just when she was good, but when she was bad. The Bible tells us, “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” 1 Tim. 1. 15.

This does not mean good people, but bad, and when God shines into our hearts, He shows us that we are bad, and that we need someone to save us. So the Lord Jesus came down to this sad world to suffer and to die, so that He could save bad people. You all know the verse which says :—

“Jesus loves us when we’re bad,  
And He longs to make us glad.”

Will you let Him make you happy, by having your sins washed away in His precious blood ?





# “New Things”

ISAIAH 48, 6.



“A NEW HEART also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.” *Ezek.* 36. 26.

“He hath put a NEW SONG in my mouth, even praise unto our God : many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.” *Psalms* 40. 3.

“A NEW COMMANDMENT I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.” *John* 13. 34.

“His COMPASSIONS fail not. They are NEW every morning : great is Thy faithfulness.” *Lam.* 3. 22. 23.

“Behold, I create NEW HEAVENS and a NEW EARTH.”  
*Isaiah* 65. 17.

## “Behold, I make all things new.”

*Rev.* 21. 5.



# The Emperor's Coins.

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*By courtesy of Keystone View Co.*



## The Emperor's Coins.

**W**HEN the Emperor of Ethiopia was crowned there were festivities in Adis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia, for several days. Each day there were grand ceremonies and feastings, when the different people from foreign countries were presented to the new Emperor.

When any ceremony was over the Emperor stayed on his throne for a short while so that any European children might come up and see him, and he gave them each a gold coin with a picture of himself on it. He is very fond of children and they were not afraid to go right up to him for they knew he would not mind, although grown-up people could only go when they were sent for! So as soon as a ceremony was over, all the white children tumbled over one another, as fast as they could to get to the throne, in case there should not be enough gold coins left for them.

How wonderful to be able to go and speak to an Emperor and receive gifts from him! But only a few children in the world had this privilege, for only a few were there at the time. There is a far more wonderful gift for every boy and girl who comes to the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and there is still time to get it. His Word says, "The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold." (Job 28. 19.) "All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared" to this gift. "*The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" (Rom. 6. 23.)

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

If you know Him now as your Saviour and Lord and Friend, then you will live with Him in His Home for ever, where "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"I have a heritage of joy  
Which yet I must not see;  
The hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me."

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## Lost in the Woods.

**T**HE following touching incident happened about six months ago in Northern Ontario, amidst one of the vast stretches of that thickly wooded and rocky country.

Eva Hall, a girl of thirteen, started out one Monday morning with two friends to pick blue berries which abound in that district. About three o'clock in the afternoon she went to get a drink from the lunch basket. She quenched her thirst and started picking more berries. In her wanderings she got separated from her friends, and when she tried to get back to the spot where the lunch basket was, she could not find her way. She was lost.

The hunt for the lost girl commenced that very night, but no trace of her could be found. The aid of everyone possible in the district was secured. But the second day passed



and the third without any news, until it became the opinion of nearly everyone that she had perished in the dense woods.

A huge party of searchers numbering eight hundred, had combed every nook and cranny in their endeavour to find the poor girl. Even an aeroplane was used in the search. Indians, familiar with every foot of the ground, lent their assistance, but all these efforts were fruitless.

At last, on the following Friday morning at nine o'clock, the poor child stumbled out of the woods weak with fatigue and starvation, but calm and peaceful.

When found, her dress was torn to shreds, and her bare legs were bleeding from the lacerations received from the thorny bushes. As she lay in her bed quietly resting after her terrible experience, those who gathered round her bedside, to hear her remarkable story, asked, "Were you not frightened?" "No," she answered quietly, "I prayed to the Lord to take care of me and return me home safely, and I knew He would. I thought it might

take Him some time, but I felt sure He would hear my prayers as He always does those who believe in Him."

Eva had attended a Gospel Hall where she had heard the story of the Saviour's love. In her spare time she used to read her Testament, and thus learned more of the One she had trusted. In her trouble she knew where to turn, and she proved how true it is, "He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." Psa. 32. 10.

This story shows us how God answers prayer in His own time and way, and how futile man's efforts are, apart from God's help.

May this girl's simple testimony encourage those who know the Lord as their own Saviour, to confess His Name, and to be ready always to give an answer to those who ask a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear. (1 Peter 3. 15.)

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee." Isa. 26. 3.

Call upon Me in the day of trouble :  
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt  
glorify Me. Psa. 50. 15.



## Not Wanted.

I WONDER if any of you can guess what the thing that looks like a drawer in a wall, shown in this picture, is used for? I expect that you can guess by the writing that

this picture was not taken in England, but in China.

The three Chinese words over the top of the drawer mean, "RECEIVE BABY PLACE." Now can you guess what this place is used for? When any father or mother or other person has a baby that they do not want, they may take it to this drawer in the wall, pull out the drawer, put in the baby, and go away and leave it. The other picture shows you the inside of the house, where the wee babies are cared for.

Sad to say, out in China, there are many, many thousands of darling little babies that are NOT WANTED. I suppose nobody, but God alone, knows how many of these dear children are destroyed every year. It makes our hearts sad to think of it, but how much more sad must it make the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ, to think that these little lambs for whom He died, are NOT WANTED.

Out in China one can buy a baby very,





very cheap. A boy baby costs more than a girl baby, and the older they get, the more expensive they are. I have a friend out there who was a very bad boy. He was introduced to me as the worst thief in one of the big cities of China. We were great friends, and one day I was asking him about the price of boy babies. He knew all about it, and told me that for a boy of a certain age I would need to pay \$65.00. Then I said to him, "Do you know that the Lord Jesus has paid a big price to buy you?" But my friend only shook his head. I said to him, "Do you think you are worth \$65.00 to the Lord Jesus?" He only shook his head again. "Do you think you are worth \$25.00 to the Lord Jesus?" Again he only shook his head, but this time it was hanging down very low. "Do you think you are worth \$1.00 to the Lord Jesus?" Still he only shook his head. "Do you think you are worth ten cents to the Lord Jesus?" This time as he shook his head, very slowly, I could see the tears running down his cheeks.

Poor boy, he knew what a bad boy he was. He knew there was hardly one person in that great city would have anything to do with him. He knew how high and holy and pure the Lord Jesus is. He knew how utterly unworthy he was of ever belonging to the Lord, and he could not think that the Lord Jesus would even pay ten cents for him. How glad I was to tell him that the Lord did not feel that way. The Lord wanted that boy. The Lord Jesus wanted him so badly that He not only would have paid

\$65.00 to get him, but He would have paid millions of dollars to get that bad boy—but millions of dollars would not buy him. There was only one price to pay for that boy, and that was higher than millions of dollars. That was the price of the life of the Lord Jesus Himself. Would the Lord pay such a price as that for a poor, wicked, lying, thieving boy out in China? Yes, the Lord WANTED that boy. And the Lord paid the price, and He bought him: and now that boy belongs to the Lord.

Now, I do not suppose that you are nearly so bad as that boy. But do you think the Lord wants you? Perhaps you think, "I am so much better than that boy, that the Lord wants me even more than He wanted him." Well, if you think that, you are wrong, for God says, "There is no difference." Your heart is just like the heart of that poor, bad boy. And the Lord wants you just as much as He wanted him. He wants you, and He has paid the same price to buy you. You know all about it. You could tell me lots of verses about being saved. But do you really and truly believe the Lord WANTS YOU? He loves you. Do you believe it? I knew a little lad of five, called Roy, and when someone asked him what the hymn "Jesus loves me" meant, he thought for quite a while, and then he said, "Means, Jesus likes Roy." Do you believe Jesus *likes* you? Think of your tempers, your lies, your naughty things, do you think Jesus **LIKES YOU**? Yes, He does. He likes you, He loves you, **HE WANTS YOU**. Do you want



Him? If you really want Him, will you not just get down on your knees and tell Him that you believe His Word, you believe that He loves you, He wants you, and has paid the price of His own Life to buy you, and that you are very, very thankful to belong to Him?

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### COME.

Hark to the voice of Jesus—

“Come unto Me and rest,  
Ye that are heavy laden,  
Come and be truly blest.”

“I bore your burden for you,  
I suffered in your stead,  
That you might know forgiveness  
On Calvary’s cross I bled.”

What is your answer to Him?  
Do you now love His Word?  
Can you, with heart rejoicing,  
Say, “Yes He is my Lord.”

Is He, the risen Saviour,  
All that He died to be?  
Sinbearer, Saviour, Sovereign,  
Is He all this to thee?

For soon He’ll cease His pleading,  
Rise to and shut the door,  
Then will this day of mercy  
Hold out for you no more.

Come then, the time is fleeting,  
Come unto Him and rest,  
Come with thy sin confessing,  
Come and be truly blest.

### Young Believers’ Column.

SOMETIMES those who are young in the faith feel that there is very little they can do for the Lord Jesus. They are often inclined to think that because they cannot do great things, there is nothing they can do at all.

Some years ago, a christian man was on a voyage to India. He was a poor sailor, and feeling unwell, he retired early to his cabin. Suddenly there was a cry, “Man overboard,” and a great tramping of feet was heard overhead.

Fearing lest he might hinder the rescuers he decided to stay in his cabin. Wondering what he could do to help, he unhooked his lamp and held it up to the bull’s-eye window so that its light might shine on the water.

Shortly after a joyful cry rang out, “It’s all right; he’s safe,” and he put his lamp back into its place. Next morning he was told that his little lamp had been the means of saving that man’s life, as its timely light had enabled a rope to be thrown so as to reach him.

Perhaps there is not much that you can do, but you can let your light shine for the Lord Jesus. You can show by your ways and words that you know Him, and it may be your light will be used as a blessing to some other soul.

“Jesus bids us shine  
With a clear, pure light,  
Like a little candle  
Burning in the night.  
In this world of darkness  
So we must shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.”





## LITTLE ONES' PAGE.

### Two Strange Little Girls.

“**C**AN you tell me what sin is ? ” asked a teacher one Sunday afternoon to her class of infants.

“ Being naughty,” said a little boy. “ Yes,” answered the teacher, “ all the naughty things we do and say are sins in God’s sight.”

Then, turning to two little girls sitting side by side and who had not been coming to the class very long, she said, “ You know what it is to be naughty, don’t you ? ” Both the little girls shook their heads, so the teacher thought they did not understand what she meant.

“ Do you always do what Mummie tells you to do ? ” she said. “ Yes,” said the little girls. “ And do you never get cross ? ” she asked. Again they both shook their heads. The teacher questioned them every way she could think of, but always received the same answer that they had never been naughty.

Now I think that those little girls knew quite well that they had done wrong things, but they wanted their teacher to think they were very good. She knew that they were sinners, for as another little boy in the class said, “ The Bible says ‘ All have sinned,’ so we have all been naughty.”

The teacher told the children that all their hearts were stained with sin, but the Lord Jesus had shed His precious blood to wash them clean and white.

Have you trusted the Lord Jesus, and are your sins washed away in His precious blood ?

“ What can wash away my stain ?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.  
What can make me whole again ?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;  
Naught of good that I have done,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.”



From the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same, the Lord's Name is to be praised. - Ps. 113. 3.

1. "I prevented the **DAWNING** of the morning, and cried: I hoped in Thy Word."

*Ps. 119. 147.*

2. "My voice shalt Thou hear in the **MORNING**, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."

*Ps. 5. 3.*

3. "At **NOON** will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice."

*Ps. 55. 17.*

4. "My tongue also shall talk of Thy righteousness **ALL THE DAY** long."

*Ps. 71. 24.*

5. "Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the **EVENING** sacrifice."

*Ps. 141. 2.*

6. "In the **NIGHT** His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

*Ps. 42. 8.*

7. "At **MIDNIGHT** I will rise to give thanks unto Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments."

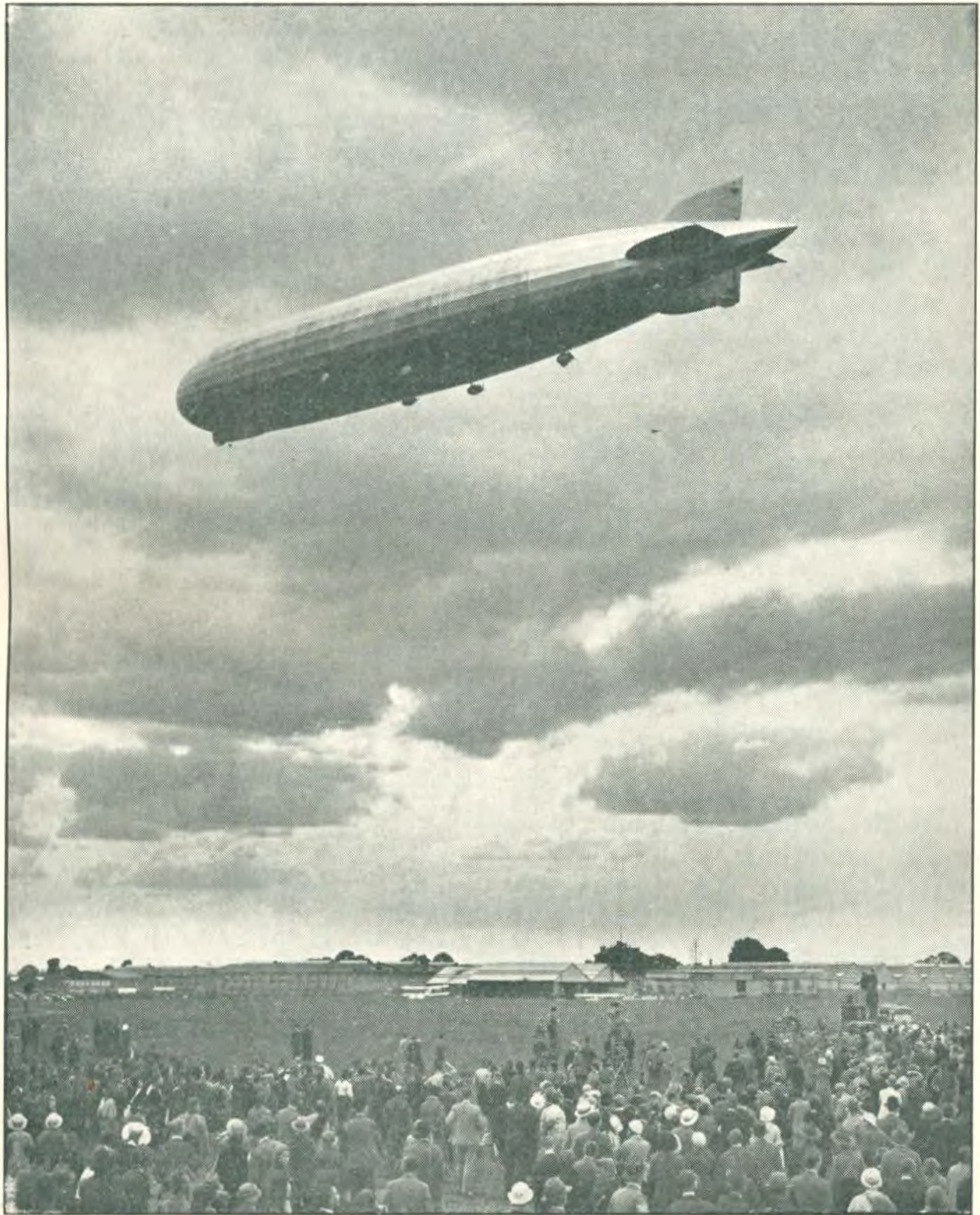
*Ps. 119. 62.*

Seven times a day do I praise Thee because of Thy righteous judgments. Ps. 119. 164.



# A Safe Place.

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*By courtesy of Central Press Photos, Ltd., London.*



## A Safe Place.

I WONDER how many of our readers saw the Zeppelin in our picture fly over England last year. Great was the enthusiasm of the onlookers as it passed over the varied towns, and how different were their feelings to those experienced during the Great War.

I daresay your parents and older friends have told you stories about those days and the air raids. People were suddenly stopped in the streets, with a hurried injunction to "take cover" and then the long drawn voice of the syren was heard, which meant that the enemies' "Zepps" were on the way and everybody would make a rush for a safe place.

On one of these occasions a little child was called in from the street where she was playing, to take shelter. Her father kept a corner shop. There was nothing built over the shop and beneath it was a cellar. They had been told that the cellar was the safest place, and down there the whole family went. But alas! it was far from being the safest place. A bomb went through the shop and into the cellar. The child was killed, the mother was killed and I believe someone else, only the poor father was left!

Such a pitiful story! Could there be a sadder? Yes, even sadder than that, for oh, there are so many people to-day who think that they are quite safe for heaven because they go to church and "say prayers" and give away quite a lot of money. Satan has made them believe that everything

is quite all right with their souls. But one day, perhaps when they come to die and it is too late, they find out that they have been trusting in a lie, for there is ONLY ONE safe place.

When the destroying angel was in Egypt to slay the firstborn, the Israelites were told that the only safe place was INSIDE the door of their house that had been sprinkled with the blood. (Exodus 12.) The lamb whose blood was sprinkled on the door was a type of the Lord Jesus Whose blood was shed to take away our sins, so that we might go to heaven, and the only thing we can do is to believe in Him. Are you trusting and hiding in that safe shelter? Can you say, "Thou art my hiding place"? (Psalm 32. 7.)

I want to tell you one other little story. In a house not very far from the place where the dreadful tragedy happened, lived a lady and gentleman, and an old lady who lived in the top flat. The old lady had just been praying that they might be kept safely (they were all christians in that house) when a bomb came right through the wall of the bathroom and into a passage below.

But her prayer was answered and God was looking after His own, for they were all kept in perfect safety. What a glorious thing to have a loving Father to trust in!

God will take care of you; all through the day  
Jesus is near you to keep you from ill;  
Waking or resting, at work or at play,  
Jesus is with you, and watching you still.

He will take care of you; yes, to the end;  
Nothing can alter His love for His own;  
Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;  
He will not leave you one moment alone.



## Keeping the Ten Commandments.

I WANT you to think of a Sunday School of about a hundred and fifty boys and girls. There were no poor children there, and all spoke of comfortable homes where plenty reigned.

A prize had been offered for some months to any in the school who could repeat the Ten Commandments, but there had not been any great effort put forth to win it, perhaps because the children felt that already they had all they needed. And yet it was strange that there was not more eagerness to be able to repeat the Ten Commandments, for if you had asked any of them the way to heaven, they would most likely have replied, "Keep the law," but if you had asked what that meant, well, you must listen to my story and you will hear what they knew about it.

Week after week, one or another of the Lord's servants told these children they were sinners, that they needed a Saviour, and that the law could only condemn and punish them. The children still believed that the law was the only way to heaven.

One Sunday afternoon the gentleman who was to speak to them decided that he would try a different method. So he arrived at the Sunday School with the four most handsome books he had been able to purchase in the city. He laid them in a row on the table, and then said, "I believe that most of the children in this Sunday School expect to reach heaven by keeping the law." The children replied, "Yes, sir." He proceeded, "I

have tried it myself and I know that it is very hard work. It seems to me that any boy or girl who honestly keeps the law should have a prize down here on this earth, without waiting to reach heaven."

The children all looked greatly interested, while he continued, "So I have brought four prizes; one for the big boys, one for the big girls, one for the small boys and one for the small girls. Any boy or girl who can honestly say he or she has kept the Ten Commandments shall have one of these prizes."

Then the gentleman pointed out that as one sin shut Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden, so one sin would keep any boy or girl out of heaven. To break one commandment once, was enough to ruin the hope of heaven for ever, and so of course nobody who had ever broken one of the commandments once, could receive the prize. He then said, "Now, before I give you these prizes, I want you to tell me what the Ten Commandments are. You have been learning them for several months, and if you are to get to heaven by keeping them, you ought to know what they are."

There was a great time then. One boy said, "Thou shalt not boast," and between them all they could only find about five commandments instead of ten. The gentleman had to help them out, so when they clearly understood what they had to do, he said, "Now I will give the prize for the big boys. Do not hurry, but think over what we have said, and any boy who can honestly say he has never once broken



one of the Ten Commandments, please stand up."

There was dead silence for maybe two minutes, and then a boy of about fourteen stood up. "Have you always kept the Ten Commandments?" "Yes sir." "Then the book is yours. Come up and get it." The boy came and got the book, but all over that Sunday School there was a whispering and a murmuring, and the teacher heard a small boy in the front seat say to the boy next to him, "And he stole my Sunday School ticket last week." Then all over the school could be heard something bad he had been doing lately. "It's not fair, sir. It's not fair. He has *not* kept the law." That was the murmur everywhere.

There were three more books on the table, but nobody ventured to put in a claim for them. After the class was over one child came up almost in tears, saying, "What am I to do? I always thought I had to keep the law in order to get to heaven, but I know very well I have broken it often. What can I do?" There was good news for this child, as she was told, "No, you can never, never get to heaven by keeping the law. You have many sins, but the Lord Jesus bore your sins on the cross. He was punished for them all, and now look to Him, trust Him. He has finished all the work for you. There is nothing left for you to do."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

## "I want to be a Life Guard."

**B**ECAUSE he loves children, because he is sorry when they are sick, and because there is a hospital in London which specially belongs to him, the Prince of Wales left his palace some months ago to visit the boys and girls in his hospital. He did not go in his beautiful robes; he went dressed just like anyone else.

In one of the beds there was a little boy who badly wanted to be a soldier when he grew up. In the morning of the Prince's visit, he had to have some stitches taken out, and he cried a good deal, for he was not very old. So the nurse said to him, "Soldiers don't cry. Perhaps if you are good and don't cry, the Prince will make you one of his Life Guards." The little fellow stopped crying and went through his troubles bravely, for he did want to be a soldier.

As the Prince went through the wards in the afternoon, he spoke to the little boy, for he was told what had happened in the morning. And the little boy told him how much he wanted to be a Life Guard now.

A few days afterwards a parcel came to the hospital addressed to him, from the Prince of Wales. It was a large box, and inside was a complete uniform of the Life Guards just his size, so that he could wear it straight away, even in bed! Just think how glad and proud he felt when he could sit up in bed with it on! He wanted more than ever to be a Life Guard.

Because He loved people, because He was so sorry for all the sorrow and pain sin had given them, because this earth belongs to Him—He made it—



and because we have so dishonoured God, the King of glory left His Home and came to visit this earth. He did not come in all His glory and majesty. "He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." (Phil. 2. 7.)

He healed the sick ones, comforted the sad ones, raised the dead, took the children in His arms and did good to all. But no one understood Him, and He went on and faced the cross of Calvary alone, for God's glory and our sakes.

He could have left them all and gone back to His Home at any moment, but He went on and bore it all alone, so that He might put away sin. He fought the fight alone and won the victory which brought eternal life and peace and joy to His stricken people. He bore the punishment we

deserved, and then He went back to heaven to gather those to Himself who will come to Him.

Those who know what He has done for them and how much they needed Him, love Him more than they love anyone else, and want to be His good soldiers (2 Tim. 2. 3.), and obey His words (John 14. 21, 23), and wear His uniform (John 13. 35), and follow as near to Him as they can (John 12. 26).

However weak or poor or young we may be, we can be His good soldiers when we know Him as our Saviour, for it is in His strength, not our own, that we can serve and follow Him.

"Not for weight of glory,  
Not for crown or palm,  
Enter we the army,  
Raise the warrior psalm;  
But for love that claimeth  
Lives for whom He died,  
He whom Jesus nameth  
Must be on His side."



*By courtesy of Central Press Photos, Ltd., London.*



## Young Believers' Column.

A CHRISTIAN worker went to see a poor Chinese who was living in a mud hut, and who had been unable to walk for three years. He found him lying on goatskins spread on the cold floor. Notwithstanding his pain, poverty and miserable surroundings, the Chinaman looked very happy.

"What makes you so contented?" asked the visitor. The poor fellow felt under his pillow and pulled out two soiled books. "Teacher," he whispered, "it is these two books that make me contented. They have made me wonderfully happy." As he spoke his face lit up with joy. The books he so much prized, that had brought him such happiness, were the Gospels of Mark and John.

He did not possess a whole Bible or even a complete New Testament, but he had learned these two books by heart, and they had brought peace and joy to his soul. Does this not speak to us who are so greatly privileged? Do we who possess the whole Word of God prize it and read it every day? If so we shall find it to be food to our souls and rejoicing to our hearts as Jeremiah did, for he said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."

Never commence the day without getting a portion from God's Word for yourself. How often the word then read has come back to us during the busy hours of the day and kept us from dishonouring the Lord, or has proved to be just the word of comfort that we needed in some time of trial.

**"Jesus . . . went about doing good."** Acts 10. 38.

*"Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people. But when He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion on them."* Matt. 9. 35, 36.

*"They . . . brought unto Him all that were diseased; and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."* Matt. 14. 35, 36.

JESUS, Who lived above the sky,  
Came down to be a man and die,  
And in the Bible we may see  
How very good He used to be.

He went about—He was so kind—  
To cure poor people who were blind;  
And many who were sick and lame,  
He pitied them, and did the same.

And more than that, He told them too  
The things that God would have them do;  
And was so gentle and so mild,  
He would have listened to a child.

But such a cruel death He died:  
He was hung up and crucified;  
And those kind hands that did such good,  
They nailed them to a cross of wood!

And so He died: and this is why  
He came to be a man and die:  
The Bible says He came from heaven  
That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked man had been,  
He knew that God must punish sin;  
So out of pity Jesus said  
He'd bear the punishment instead.





## LITTLE ONES' PAGE.

### Arthur's Question.



ARTHUR and Olive were seated at the table eating their dinner. They were twins about three and a half years old, and like most little boys and girls they had plenty to say. This dinner time they were talking together about what they would be when they grew up, and all the wonderful things they would do then.

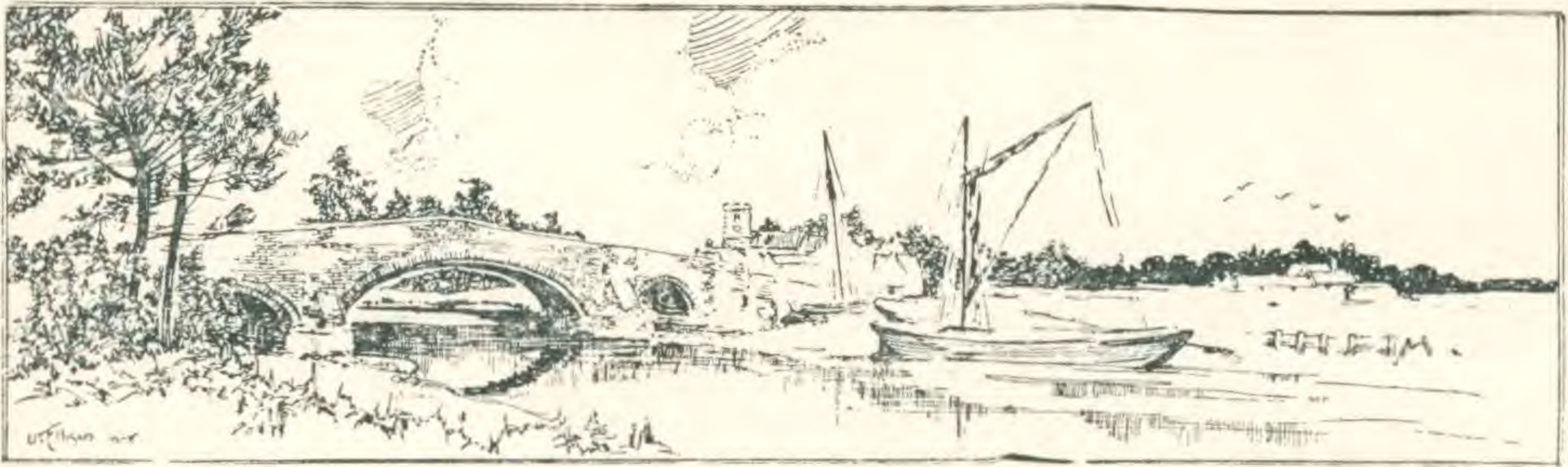
“Daddy and Mummie will be in heaven,” said Olive. “Oh yes,” answered Arthur, for it seemed to their little minds such a long time before they would be grown up, that by then Daddy and Mummie would be far too old to be living here.

Then turning to a friend who was having dinner with them, Arthur said, “Will you go to heaven?” She looked very surprised at the question and did not answer. Perhaps she did not know how to get there. So Arthur continued, “You can’t go to heaven unless your sins are washed away. But Jesus will wash them away in His precious blood if you ask Him.”

Yes, Arthur was right, though only such a little boy. No sin can enter that beautiful place, but the Lord Jesus shed His precious blood on the cross of Calvary, and all those whose sins are washed away have a title to go there.

Can my little reader answer “Yes” to Arthur’s question?





“**H**E that **COVERETH** his sins shall  
not prosper.”

Prov. 28. 13.

“Blessed are they whose iniquities are  
forgiven, and whose sins are **COVERED**.”

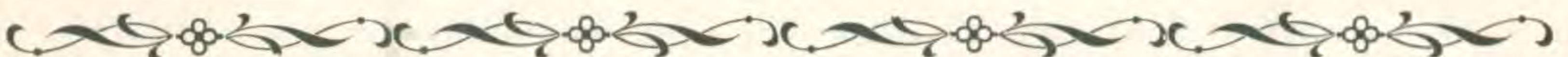
Rom 4. 7.

“**H**e hath **COVERED** me with the  
robe of righteousness.”

Isa. 61. 10.

“**H**e shall **COVER** thee with **H**is  
feathers, and under **H**is wings shalt thou  
trust.”

Psa. 91. 4.





# Lost and a Captive.



*By courtesy of J. W. Ritson.*



## Lost and a Captive.

A CHRISTIAN was once asked to visit an old man and speak to him about the Lord Jesus. As the visitor was on the way going to do this, he was wondering what he should say, but could not think of a suitable verse to speak about.

When he arrived at the house, he sat down by the old man's bed, and began to speak to him about his early life. The old man told him that his father was a shepherd. When he was a boy, he used to look after the sheep and the lambs and care for them. He was often sent to watch the sheep and bring them home at night.

One night when he brought them home and counted them, he found that one was missing. How angry his father would be, he thought, and began to wonder what he should do. He went into the house as usual and had his supper and then went to bed but not to sleep. As soon as the way was clear, he rose and slipped out of the house and set off to look for the missing sheep.

After going quite a long way, he heard bleating and was sure that was the sheep he was looking for. So he followed the noise and soon found his sheep tied by its leg to a pole near a gipsy encampment.

Ah ! it had wandered and fallen into an enemy's hands. The gipsies had caught it and tied it up so that it was a prisoner and could not escape. He quickly cut the cord and led the sheep home, so glad to have found it.

As the visitor listened, he thought

what a lovely picture of the good Shepherd seeking for you and me. "All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way." (Isa. 53. 6). Satan is our great enemy and he made us his prisoners, and would like to lead us to eternal destruction. But the Lord Jesus, the good Shepherd, came after us. He loves us ; He died for us ; He wants to have us for Himself. So He went into death and defeated Satan and rescued His lambs and His sheep.

Are you one of His sheep ? You are, if you trust yourself to Him. Think how much He loves you when He came all the way from heaven to seek you and when He gave Himself for you. He is so glad when a boy or girl puts their trust in Him.

Perhaps you have not let the Lord Jesus save you yet. Surely you do not want to be Satan's captive ! Do trust the Lord Jesus to save you now. Listen to His own words—

**"MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE, AND I KNOW THEM, AND THEY FOLLOW ME : AND I GIVE UNTO THEM ETERNAL LIFE : AND THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH, NEITHER SHALL ANY MAN PLUCK THEM OUT OF MY HAND."** *John 10. 27, 28.*

**"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD : THE GOOD SHEPHERD GIVETH HIS LIFE FOR THE SHEEP."** *John 10. 11.*



## Two Sunday Afternoons.

**I**T was Sunday afternoon out in the tropics, and the sailors from a British ship which was off the coast of Further India, were allowed to go on shore for a few hours.

One of the sailors, who was a christian, went for a walk by himself up into the country. After a while he came to a clearing in the woods, and hearing voices, he looked about to see who was there, and what they were doing in a foreign country on Sunday afternoon.

There was a large class of children sitting on the ground, learning something, and repeating it together. Presently the teacher held up a wooden idol in front of the children. Instantly every head was bowed to the ground, and complete silence fell on the whole class, not one child even stirred. They had been taught it was their god and they must worship it.

The sailor turned away sad at heart. "All that reverence for nothing but a bit of wood," he said to himself.

Some time after, the sailor was home in his own town in England, and he went for a walk one hot Sunday afternoon. On his way he passed the open doors of a large hall, where many children were gathered to hear God's Word, and pray to Him and sing His praises.

He heard voices singing so went to listen, and looked in through the door. Then the singing stopped and a gentleman stood up to pray. "Silence," he said, and held up his hand, but many of the children were whispering and laughing at one another. Afterwards he stooped and picked up God's

Word and opened it to read, but very few of the children were heeding what he read or seemed to realise what he had in his hand.

A picture came into the sailor's mind of those little children in Further India and the reverence they gave to what they thought was their god. Then as he turned away a great sob came into his heart as he thought of what a serious thing it is to hear of the true God week after week, and to know about Him and what He has done for us, and to possess His own Word and yet to treat it all so lightly.

In the lands of heathen darkness  
Where the Bible is not known,  
Oh how sad to see the children  
Bowing down to wood and stone !

They have never heard of Jesus,  
So they do not know His love ;  
How to seek and save the children  
Jesus left His home above.

Children ! you who have the Bible,  
Do you read it day by day ?  
Do you ask the Lord to bless you  
Daily as you kneel and pray ?

Gods of wood and stone are helpless ;  
Jesus is a faithful Friend ;  
Children, trust yourselves to Jesus,  
He will keep you to the end.

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## Killed though Warned.

**A**SAD title surely, and one that makes us enquire how it could be. Yet how many of my readers have been warned of danger ahead and so far they are going on unheeding the message. Their souls are at stake and their danger is far greater than that of those who passed on heedless of the warning they had received.



During a recent storm, the wind had blown down a large tree and it lay right across the road where many had to pass to their daily occupations. A workman going to his work, saw it and turned back to tell others who were coming, so that they might escape any hurt.

Two young men on motor cycles received the warning but paid no attention to it, and rushed along careless of any danger. It was not long before they reached the fallen tree and crashed into it. Both of them were killed outright.

How sad ! we say ; how foolish for them to rush on when they had been told of the danger ! But are you acting any differently ? Have you not heard of danger ahead and judgment to come ? Have you listened to the warning which has sounded in your ears ?

God in His mercy has sent out these messages so that you may escape the wrath which is about to fall on this world. But He has done more ; He has also provided a place of safety where you may hide. The Lord Jesus bore the wrath of a holy God, so that you might never bear it. He suffered on Calvary's cross, so that we might come without a fear into God's presence, accepted in all the virtue of the work the Lord Jesus has done.

Oh, it was love, was it not, to us who deserved nothing but judgment ? Will you heed the warning and thank Him for His love ?

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”

Prov. 20. 1.

## Cholera in Shanghai.

YOU do not have cholera in England, but cholera was very bad in Shanghai last summer, and many died from it. Our doctor strongly advised us to be inoculated against cholera, and I and my whole family were done.

I have about twenty men who work for me, and so the next day when they came together for morning prayer I warned them of the danger they were in. I told them that I had been inoculated and all my family, and strongly advised them to be done. They all agreed that it was a wise course, and thanked me for my advice and interest in them.

The city had generously arranged that all those who were poor could be vaccinated or inoculated free of charge, and it even had provided hospital vans to go about the streets for this purpose. The expense to the city was very great, but it was a wonderful benefit to those who cared to avail themselves of it.

About two weeks passed, when one of my foremen came into my office with a very worried look on his face, and said, “One of our men is down with cholera : we must pray for him.” Next morning when our men came together for prayer before beginning work, I told them of their companion who was in the hospital with cholera, and asked them if they had been inoculated. How many, do you think, had acted on my advice ? *Only one !* All the others *meant* to be done but had *put it off, put it off, and put it off*, until one of their number was stricken with the dread disease.



Although all my men fully believed what I had told them and indeed they knew it before I had told them, that there was safety for them freely for nothing, it was of no avail to them because they did not receive it. What a lesson this is for us ! There is a worse disease than cholera now raging in the place where you live, and worse still, you have already been affected by it. Indeed your case is hopeless unless you receive the only remedy in the world for it. That disease is SIN. That remedy is CHRIST. He alone can save you. His Name, JESUS, means Saviour, and He was called JESUS because He came to save His people from their sins. I have no doubt that you know all about this, but ARE YOU SAVED ? Or are you still putting it off for a " convenient

season " ? If you have not yet accepted Christ as your own Saviour, will you not do as most of my men did after my second talk—go straight off and get the remedy for yourself ?

You *mean* to be saved, then why be lost ?

You *mean* to be saved, then why not Now ?

. . . . .

But there is another chapter to my story. Not only did I get inoculated, but I took good care that my " house " got done too, not the bricks and mortar, but my family. Each one was inoculated for himself or herself. I could not be done for them. In the same way your father or mother cannot receive Christ for you. You must accept Him for yourself.



CHINESE CHILDREN.



We have two boys working for us who are very poor indeed. One of these boys went down to the doctor and was inoculated, but I fear that he did not take the good news back to his family, for the father of those two boys died of cholera.

What about you? What about your "house"? It may be that you can say with joy, "Yes, I do believe in the Lord Jesus. I am saved." Thank God, if it is so. But now, what about your family? What about your father and mother? What about your brothers and sisters, your friends and playmates? Are they saved? Perhaps you say, "I cannot speak to them about the Lord." I fear that my boy felt he could not advise his father to be inoculated, and he lost him. There is one thing you can do. Take them day by day to the Lord in prayer, and ask Him to enable you to speak a word or give a tract that will tell them of Him.

*"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."*  
Acts 16. 31.

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Oh, what a Saviour! Jesus the Lord!  
Worthy to be for ever adored;  
Now in His grace He speaks through His Word,  
Bidding the children come.

Oh, what a Saviour! Jesus Who came  
Down to the cross, despising the shame;  
Now in the glory, still He's the Same,  
Oh, how He loves to save!

Oh, what a Saviour, great was the load  
Laid upon Jesus, blest Son of God;  
No other plea but Christ's precious blood  
E'er could avail for me.

Oh, what a Saviour! Jesus on high;  
Rich is the grace which He doth supply;  
Wondrous the love which brought Him to die  
Perishing souls to save.

## Young Believers' Column.

SOME years ago some men got into a railway carriage where was seated a christian man. They had not been in long before they started playing cards for money. After they had had some games they asked the christian to join them, but he answered that he could not as he had no hands.

The men looked at him in astonishment, asking him what he meant, as they could see his hands. "Well," he said, "my hands are not my own." They looked at him as if he could not be right and asked him to explain. "My hands," he said "belong to the Lord Jesus Christ and I am not my own; I am bought with a price, and I cannot use them for gambling or dishonouring Him." The men then understood he would not join them in their ways.

Surely this little story has a word for us who know the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, and that He has claimed us for His own. We need to be reminded that the Lord should have full control over us. Oh! the importance of being here for Him while He is away in heaven! His death has saved us and now He would have us wholly for Himself. Our hands, our heart, our eyes, our feet, our every member to be for Him, to be used for His glory—our hands to do His will, our hearts to be devoted to Him, our eyes to be waiting upon Him, as the eyes of the servants look unto the hand of their masters (Psa. 123. 2), while our feet run His errands of mercy here.





## LITTLE ONES' PAGE.

### God's Gifts.



**A**LITTLE boy had been tucked up in bed as usual one evening, when his mother heard his voice calling her as she went downstairs. So she went back to his bedside to ask what he wanted. "I should like to thank God for giving me such a nice home, and such a dear Mummie," said the little fellow. "You may, dear," said his mother. So kneeling up in bed, his eyes closed, his hands folded together, the little boy thanked God for these blessings.

Sometimes we forget that everything we receive comes from above. The clothes we wear, the food we eat, our homes, our friends, and countless other mercies are all God's gifts to us. The Bible says "Every good gift . . . is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." James 1. 17. So we must not forget to thank our loving Father for all these gifts.

But there is a GIFT even greater than all these. The Lord Jesus is God's GIFT to us. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

One day when the Lord Jesus was on this earth, He said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." There was no nice home for Him here. Even when He was a little Baby, the only cradle He had was a manger, and there was no room for Him in the inn.

But He became a Man so that He could suffer and die for us. He is living now in heaven, and He wants to be your Saviour. Will you take Him as God's GIFT to you ? And do not forget to thank God for JESUS, His best GIFT.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."





# *The Lord's Hands.*

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PIERCED for our sins.

Psalm 22. 16.

GRAVEN with our names.

Isa. 49. 16.

HEALING our infirmities.

Mark 1. 41.

OPENED for our supply.

Psalm 145. 16.

UPLIFTED for blessing.

Luke 24. 50.

STRONG for our defence.



Psalm 138. 7.

SUSTAINING our weariness.

Cant. 2. 6.

REASSURING for our fears.

Rev. 1. 17.





# A Small Boy's Answer



*By courtesy of]*

*[Photo Press, Ltd.*



## A Small Boy's Answer.

"ARE you a policeman?" asked a little boy of a tall policeman standing near him.

"Yes," answered the man looking at him kindly.

"Why are you a policeman?" was the next question.

The policeman gave a little laugh. Then showing the boy a pair of handcuffs, he told him they were for putting on naughty boys when he took them away.

"You won't take me away," said the little fellow bravely.

"No, my boy, I will not take you, but whom do you belong to?" asked the policeman.

"I belong to Jesus," said the child. The policeman got very red and hurried away. Those four words had gone right home to his heart, and big man as he was, he wanted to get away from the little preacher as quickly as he could.

Can you say, "*I belong to Jesus?*" If the Lord Jesus is your Saviour, you can, for He paid the price for your redemption on the cross of Calvary, and now you are His for ever. His Word says, "Ye are not your own. Ye are bought with a price." 1 Cor. 6. 20.

Do not be afraid to own that you belong to Jesus, if you are saved. But if not, do not rest till you too can say—

I BELONG TO JESUS.

## "Have you read your Letter."

"A LETTER for you, Joan," said her friend Ruth, as they ran downstairs to the big schoolroom one morning, just a week before the end of the term. "Oh, don't stop to read it now; there's just half an hour before breakfast. Let's put on our roller-skates and look up our history in the playground."

"Whatever does Father want to write about when I shall be going home so soon?" thought Joan, as she put her letter inside her desk, and the two ran off to get on their skates.

Round and round the playground they went, learning their history together. When the bell rang they hurried in to breakfast and then upstairs to tidy their rooms. Joan thought she would have had time to read her letter, but then she remembered she had left it in her desk. "I'll go down early and get it," she said to herself. But they stayed upstairs talking until the bell rang for lessons, so the letter had to wait again, and as the morning went on, it worked its way to the bottom of Joan's desk under her books and papers, and she forgot all about it until bedtime.

Just as they were getting into bed, Ruth said, "I say Joan, did you read your letter, after all?" "No I quite forgot all about it," was the reply, "but I can't go and get it now. It's in my desk; I'll remember in the morning, the first thing."

**"Redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ."**

1 Peter 1. 18, 19.



But it was two days more before she did remember it, when she was looking for something in her desk, and she sat down to read it. It was a long letter from her father, telling her that her schooldays must end this term, for she was wanted at home now, and that she must be ready when he came to fetch her at the end of the week.

"Why ever didn't I read it when I got it?" she said. Poor Joan! there were so many things she wanted to have done before she left, and she had wasted three whole days, and now there were only three left to crowd everything into. It was very short notice to know only a week before the end of the term, and she had wasted nearly half of that short week by not reading her letter.

"Have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God?" (Matt. 22. 31). Have you put His Word on one side day after day, when it is more important than anything else? Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, 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 5. 24.)

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3.)

For those who belong to the Lord Jesus, schooldays are nearly over, when we shall be wanted at Home, and we are to be ready, waiting and watching for Him to fetch us. How like Joan we are! We have His Word, and we put it on one side unopened, sometimes day after day, allowing our work and our play to prevent our reading what He has written to us. And we act so differently to what we should

if we only read each day what He says, and if we remembered that the Lord Jesus is coming any day to fetch us. We do not even know, as Joan did, that we shall have three days more.

May we who know the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, take heed to His Word, learning daily more of His love and be waiting and watching for His coming.

"I love to think of God and heaven  
In all their purity;  
God is my Father, heaven my home,  
For Jesus died for me."

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### "It will all tumble."

WHILE admiring a newly erected building, which was quite an imposing piece of work, some people were startled by the words, "Yes, a fine building, but it will all tumble!"

They turned to see who was speaking and found it to be a man whom they all knew to be a christian. And he was right. The Word of God tells us, "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." 2 Peter 3. 10.

What a solemn thought! All that our eyes rest on shall be done away, nothing can stand before the Word of God. But what a sweet thought there is for those who are His own, that before that time comes we shall be safely housed with Him in glory. No fear then for us at the thought of His coming, but joy unspeakable because we belong to Him.

Let us remember His last message to us in the Bible, "Surely I come quickly." May we be able to say truly, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."



## Two Processions.

**A**BOUT three or four years ago the Prince of Wales was spending a long day in a country town, inspecting an agricultural show, opening a new playing-field, and the sort of things that royal persons do.

A great many people gathered along the route as he passed through the town on his way back to London. One or two persons I heard of, found a very good place to stand, from which they watched the first car, containing a tired-looking, bare-headed young man, pass swiftly and quietly by. Then came others.

"When is the Prince coming?" they asked. "Why that was he in the first car," was the answer. "*That* the Prince of Wales! We didn't even look at him!"

No doubt they expected to see someone who looked more important, and so they lost the opportunity of seeing the right person.

There has come to my mind another royal procession. This time it was the Prince of Peace, Who was passing through Jericho. There was a great crowd of people, too, on that occasion, and a blind man sitting by the roadside heard the tramp of feet, and enquired what it was all about. He was told that "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

There were some in that crowd who would have said that it was *only* Jesus of Nazareth the carpenter—He was not of much account. But the blind man knew better. It was the great opportunity of his life, for here was Someone Who could help him.

He had heard so much about His power to heal. So he came pushing through the crowd, much to some people's annoyance.

But Jesus stood still to receive him, and everyone else had to stand still too. I should like to have been there! Then they all saw that wonderful



By courtesy of] **H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.** [Photo Press, Ltd.



miracle—sight restored. And I think the man found more than that. I think he went on his way rejoicing in sins forgiven and grace to lead a new life.

Perhaps, dear young reader, this is *your* opportunity. I knew a little girl who heard the voice of Jesus speaking, more than once, and each time she let Him pass by. She did not realise how important it was. And the last time I spoke to her about it, she was still wavering. She was then growing up and the days were passing very quickly. What are you going to do?

“Come, 'tis Jesus calls you;  
Come without delay.  
He is willing NOW to save you;  
Come, and come TO-DAY.”

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### The Story of a Tract.

SOME time ago a lady was visiting in a hospital ward one Sunday evening and giving away tracts and leaflets which told of the Lord Jesus.

As she gave a tract to a man and spoke to him, she noticed he seemed very pleased, so she sat down to have a little chat with him. He told her that he had been converted through a tract which was given him in prison when he was eighteen. He had not had one given him since so he felt that God must have a special message for him in this one.

It appeared that he had, when riding a motor cycle, knocked down and killed an old gentleman. For this he was arrested and detained in prison till the trial. He said he never sobbed so much in his life.

Someone gave him a tract, on the front page of which, in large print was written, “*Nothing to do, nothing to pay and nothing to fear.*” He said he never would forget how eagerly he read the inside, and how it spoke to him. It told how Christ had paid all the debt we owed to God when He became our Substitute at Calvary, and so now there is no condemnation for all who put their trust in Him.

There and then he accepted Christ as his Saviour, and like Bunyan, his load of guilt rolled off him and he knew his sins were forgiven. He was able then to leave his future in the hands of One Who loved him so much as to die for him. God undertook for him, for at the trial he was acquitted and could go out a free man.

Do you know the blessedness of sins forgiven or are you still under the wrath of God? It must be one or the other, for the Word of God says, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.” John 3. 36.

Listen to these gracious words and believe and enjoy peace with God.

“Be it known unto you . . . that through this Man (the Lord Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.” Acts 13. 38, 39.



## God's Word.

The Bible tells us Jesus came  
From glory bright and fair—  
God's perfect, sinless, spotless Lamb—  
His mercy to declare.

The Bible tells us Jesus died  
A sacrifice for sin:  
The gates of Heaven to open wide,  
That all might enter in.

The Bible tells us Jesus rose,  
And left the silent grave,  
Triumphant over all His foes,  
*The mighty One to save.*

The Bible tells us Jesus lives  
Again upon the throne:  
The blessed proof the Father gives  
That mercy's work is done.

The Bible tells us He will come  
To take His saints away,  
To dwell with Him in His blest home  
Through everlasting day.

The Bible tells us He will reign  
O'er all the earth e'er long;  
When heaven and earth shall wake the  
Of an eternal song. [strain

The Bible tells us all may come  
And drink at mercy's stream,  
That Jesus soon will share this home  
With all who trust in Him.

Then let us value that blest Book—  
The Bible is God's Word;  
And at its pages often look—  
The Bible is God's Word.

## Young Believers' Column.

**W**HAT is the Lord Jesus Christ to you? Perhaps you answer "He is my Saviour." That question was once put by a friend to a well-known poet, while walking with him through his beautiful grounds.

The poet stooped down and picked a little daisy from the lawn, and holding it up, said, "All that the sun is to this flower, giving it life and strength, beauty and fragrance, the Lord Jesus is to me."

Is that what the Lord Jesus is to you? It is what He desires to be. He wants to be the source of all joy and strength to our souls; He desires that all our springs should be in Him. His love is a constant undying reality, and it is for us to bask in its sunshine. He says, "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you: continue ye in My love." John 15. 9. He would have us to abide in the warm rays of His love, letting it be a source of strength for the pathway down here, for nothing can separate us from His love.

If the sun is shining on one side of the road and you walk on the other, you will not feel or enjoy the warm rays. Nothing can alter the Lord's love to us, but we can allow things to come in and hinder our enjoyment of it, and this is why He says, "Continue (or abide) ye in My love."

"It passeth knowledge! that dear love of Thine,  
My Jesus! Saviour! yet this soul of mine  
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and  
length,  
Its height and depth and everlasting strength,  
Know more and more."





## LITTLE ONES' PAGE.

### The Voice of Jesus.



**A**S I was passing some cottages I noticed a little girl and two small boys coming out of one of them. They came down the garden path and through the gate when I heard a voice calling, "Dolly, I want you."

The little girl turned at once and ran back to the cottage door where her mother was standing. The mother spoke a few words to Dolly, and in a minute she had joined the two little boys and they went off together.

I was so pleased to see that the little girl ran back at once when her mother called her. Some boys and girls do not mean to disobey their parents, but they do not always do **AT ONCE** what they are told. They often wait to finish what they are doing first, but the Lord Jesus likes us to obey at once.

There is one voice, more important than any other, which we should obey. That is the voice of Jesus. Although He is in heaven now, He is still calling little children to come to Him, just as He did when He was down here on this earth.

I wonder if you have listened to that loving voice saying to you, "Come unto Me." Have you obeyed that voice, just as the little girl obeyed her mother, and come to the Lord Jesus and received from Him the forgiveness of your sins?

The voice of Jesus will not always be calling. One day that loving voice will stop, and then it will be too late to come to Him.

Will you not obey the voice of the Saviour to-day and trust in Him?

"JESUS IS CALLING THE CHILDREN  
UNTO HIS SIDE,  
STRETCHES HIS ARMS TO RECEIVE THEM,  
OPENS THEM WIDE.  
GENTLY TO LEAD THEM, GUARD THEM AND FEED THEM,  
JESUS IS CALLING THE LAMBS TO HIS SIDE."



# The Touch of Jesus

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The Lord Jesus touched the leper who came to Him.

“He put forth His hand, and *touched* him, saying, I will : be thou clean.” Luke 5. 13.

The eyes of the blind were touched by Him.

“Jesus had compassion on them, and *touched* their eyes : and immediately their eyes received sight.” Matt. 20. 34.

Peter’s wife’s mother was touched by Him.

“He *touched* her hand, and the fever left her.” Matt. 8. 15.

He healed the high priest’s servant’s ear with a touch.

“He *touched* his ear, and healed him.” Luke 22. 51.

Jeremiah proved the value of the Lord’s touch.

“The Lord put forth His hand, and *touched* my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth.” Jer. 1. 9.

The children felt the touch of His hand.

“They brought young children to Him, that He should *touch* them . . . . And He took them up in His arms, *put His hands upon them* and blessed them.” Mark 10. 13, 16.

“Thy touch has still  
its ancient power ;  
No word from Thee  
can fruitless fall.”





# Almost, but Lost.

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## Almost, but Lost.

I WAS reading a little while ago of some thrilling rescues made by lifeboat off the east coast of England. One boat, which had got into difficulties, was seen by the coastguards, who immediately signalled the lifeboat, which started off at once, and after much difficulty succeeded in hauling the boat to land, and all the crew was saved.

About the same time, but on a different part of the coast, a motor barge was being blown shorewards in rough weather, and the occupants were seen to be in great danger. Attempts were made to rescue them, but the skipper of the barge refused the means of escape and started to row himself to shore in a small boat. But it capsized in the heavy seas and he was drowned within sixty yards of land, while the other three men were safely rescued.

What a tragedy ! So near the shore, and help within reach, yet preferring to trust to his own efforts, he lost his life such a short distance from safety.

No doubt some of you are saying, "What a foolish man ! Why did he not let the lifeboat save him while he had a chance ?" Such a question is

hard to answer, especially as many people are doing things equally foolish to-day.

How many are trying by their own efforts to get themselves safely to heaven. They tell us if they do the best they can, and go to church or Sunday school regularly, they hope to get there all right in the end. Yet the Bible tells us there is only one way by which we can possibly enter heaven, and that is by trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, Who can and will take us safely there. The more people try by their own efforts to save themselves, the greater the difficulties they will get into, and sooner or later, if they persist in this, they will find themselves capsized in the heavy seas of death. Then it will be too late for rescue, and they, like the skipper, will be lost in sight of land and safety.

Will you not take warning from this, and cease to-day from your own efforts, and by trusting to the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work, make sure of a safe landing in heaven, there to spend eternity with Him ?

"Christ is the lifeboat, all else will fail,  
All hope to save one's self, can nothing avail ;  
Man is a total wreck, can never reach the shore,  
All who trust in Jesus Christ are saved evermore."

"I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

John 14. 6



## The Weasels and the Flood.

YOU may have heard of the terrible floods in China a year or two ago, when people lost everything they possessed and thousands lost their lives.

Just about the time when the floods were at their worst, a large city, several hundred miles north of these flooded areas, was warned that in a few days there would be a terrible flood. It is said that people moved away from every house in the lower parts of the city, and every preparation possible was made to meet the flood that was expected so soon.

I am sure you will agree that these people were wise to prepare for the worst, if they had reason to believe a flood was coming. But how did the people know this? One morning very early, some farmers bringing vegetables into the city, saw some weasels going up a hill towards a temple. They told the story in the city and those who heard it concluded that this was a sure sign that a flood was coming. The report spread like wild fire and immediate action was taken to obtain safety from the coming peril.

Perhaps you smile at these Chinese people. But would you believe it, I have known people in England and America who are even more stupid? Nor are these the only people guilty of the folly about which I am going to tell you. Even before the most terrible flood that ever occurred, the following things happened—

1. Ample warning of the coming flood was given.
2. The warning came from an authority that never before or since has been known to make a mistake.

3. Exact directions were given as to the preparations necessary to obtain perfect safety.
4. The way of safety was provided at enormous expense and labour, but was offered freely to every one who cared to avail themselves of it.
5. Only eight persons out of the whole world availed themselves of this most generous offer, and every other man, woman and child perished, in spite of repeated warnings, and a means of escape before their eyes.

I think you will agree with me that these people were much more stupid than the Chinese people who prepared for a flood that never came. And further, these people surely deserved to perish when they refused not only most solemn warnings, but a free way of escape also.

But there are people to-day who are guilty of even greater stupidity, than the people in Noah's day, for when they are warned of a more terrible judgment that is fast approaching this wicked world, few heed the warning and take advantage of the way of salvation that is offered at even greater cost than the one that was despised in Noah's day.

Please note well that—

1. Ample warning has been given of coming judgment.
2. The warning comes from the highest authority, and One that cannot lie. This warning you may read for yourself in 2 Peter 3, where we are told that this earth is going to be burned up.
3. The details of the way of salvation are given with the greatest care. As in Noah's day, all is freely provided and is offered to every one in the whole world.
4. The way of safety has been provided at enormous cost. God has given His only begotten Son to die for sinners, and all who trust in the Lord Jesus are safe from the judgment.
5. All who refuse God's way of escape will perish.



I think you will agree with me that anyone who disregards this most solemn warning and neglects such great salvation, is surely not only much more foolish than the people in China who prepared for a flood that never came, but even more foolish than those who neglected God's warning in Noah's day. And I am sure that you will admit that they richly deserve the awful destruction that is surely coming on them. *Friend, how about YOU ?*

## A Hymn for Children.

MATT. 18. 2-6.

How blessed to read that sweet story of old  
When Jesus was here among men,  
When He called little children as lambs to His  
fold—

How precious to hear His voice then !  
Wherever He trod He made sorrow to flee,  
He healed both the lame and the blind,  
And then little children He took in His arms—  
None, surely, was ever so kind !

He had come in compassion the lost ones to seek,  
When He saw them all ruined by sin,  
For He knew it was only His own precious blood  
That could make the poor guilty ones clean.

Oh ! have *you* believed in His most precious  
blood

Which was shed upon Calvary's tree ?  
When, *instead* of the sinner, Christ suffered for  
sin—

God sent Him our Saviour to be.  
Now Jesus the Saviour is coming again  
To fetch all His loved ones away,  
And take them to dwell in His own home above,  
That with Him they ever may stay !

But none enter heaven defiled by sin,  
And mercy's day then will be past—  
Oh, hasten to Jesus while yet there is room,  
Lest you find yourself shut out at last !

Oh ! join then His lambs who are waiting for  
Him

When He in the air shall descend ;  
Let us welcome our Saviour, our Lord and our  
God,  
Whose love never, never will end !

## "To-day."

SOME of the Lord's people desired to hold some special Gospel meetings. Handbills were printed, and freely distributed, announcing that every evening for ten days the Gospel would be preached in a certain hall, at 7.30 p.m. (D.V.). For a whole week preceding the meetings, prayer was made for God's blessing.

On the second Sunday evening, the preacher spoke from these words, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Heb. 3. 7, 8. He told how the voice of Jesus was speaking, asking sinners to come and rest in Himself. (Matt. 11. 28.) He also warned his hearers not to close their hearts to the voice of the Lord Jesus, because of the hardening effect of sin. He pressed the fact that "to-day" is the time to be saved. (2 Cor. 6. 2.)

At the close of the meeting the preacher made an appeal for any to confess the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and a boy of twelve years of age stood up before all present and did so.

That boy was saved because the Scripture says, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. 10. 9.)

Now let me ask, have *you* confessed the Lord Jesus as your Saviour ? If not, then do so "TO-DAY" and prove the joy of knowing your sins forgiven and being right for eternity.

"Will you take Jesus to-day ?  
Will you take Jesus to-day ?  
He offers pardon and peace to all ;  
Will you take Jesus to-day ?"



## A Wonderful Book.

I HAVE just been reading that very interesting story in 2 Chronicles 34 about the man who found the Book of the Law, lying lost and forgotten in the temple amongst the rubbish, left there by a former godless king.

That was indeed a "find." It was taken at once to the good King Josiah, who gathered the workers together to listen with earnest attention to the message that God had for them, and then—*they acted upon it*. What a difference it would make to-day if everybody who read the Bible just went straight away and acted upon the guidance given them there.

What use are you, dear young reader, making of God's Word? You may know every detail of the Gospel story, and be able to pass a difficult Scripture examination, but all that alone will not save you, or even make you a better boy or girl.

Some years ago three or four christian friends were sitting together talking. Amongst them was a young man who was rather fond of criticizing other people. I forget what led to it, but he made this very cynical remark, "I would give five shillings to anyone who could quote a hundred texts from the Bible correctly."

An elderly lady present, and a young one, promptly accepted the challenge, and armed with pencil and





paper were soon engaged in testing their memories. The lists were not finished that evening, but shortly afterwards the younger of the two ladies handed a list of about one hundred and six quotations from God's Word (entirely written from memory) to her criticizing friend, with a tremendous feeling of triumph!

The young man by this time had rather repented of his foolish remark, and was generous enough to confess that amongst the texts there were some quite unknown to him.

Both the young people are middle-aged now. He is living a life of daily witness for his Lord, and takes every opportunity—in street, train or office, or on platform—of speaking to others of the saving power of Jesus Christ. She has often remembered that little incident with amusement, but with one regret—the feeling of triumph that had possessed her, for she has learnt that it is possible to be acquainted with the Bible from cover to cover, and yet miss the spirit of it, for the Bible is a *living* Book, and the Lord Jesus Christ is a *living* Saviour.

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COME and trust in Jesus,  
Trust Him with your soul,  
He alone is able  
Now to make you whole,  
Trust Him too to keep you  
As the days go by.  
Till He comes to take you  
To His home on high.

Trust in Jesus and you will be saved,  
Trust in Jesus, for His life He gave,  
Trust in Jesus, then you'll thank Him too,  
For the great salvation He has won for you.

Tune—"Count your many blessings."

## Young Believers' Column.

A YOUNG fellow named Fred, who was a christian, had gone to a new situation. Instead of showing his colours, and letting it be known that he belonged to the Lord, he drifted along with the other men, and was soon engrossed in all the fun and frivolity they engaged in.

One day they had been having one of their so-called good times, when one of their number began to blaspheme and ridicule the Scriptures. Fred was shocked, and turning to him, began to rebuke him. "Oh! oh!" laughed the others, "What does it matter to you? You are as bad as any of us." "I am a christian," said Fred. "A christian," said they, "a pretty fine christian you are!"

Oh! how these words stung Fred's conscience, and he felt ashamed of himself. But he stood in the midst of them and said, "It is true; I am a failure. I ought not to have joined you. I will not come with you again, but I will seek to stand for my Lord Whom I have denied so long."

God was gracious to him, and enabled him, now he had taken his stand as a christian, to be a witness for the Lord.

My reason for telling you this story, is to warn you to take a stand for Christ at once. As soon as you enter a new situation or go for the first time among strangers, let them know that you belong to the Lord. Then seek to show it in your walk as well as in your conversation, and you will be a testimony for the Lord, and not a stumbling block to those who are still in their sins.





### Safety First.

**A** LADY was walking along a busy street one day, when two little children came up to her, saying, "Please will you take us across the road?"

The boy, who was himself very small, was taking great care of his still smaller sister.

The lady at once took the children by the hand, and soon they were safely across the busy road, and they ran on their way quite happily.

These little children knew they could not cross alone, and so they trusted to someone older and wiser than themselves.

Dear little ones, you, like this small boy and girl, cannot save or keep yourselves. But Jesus is waiting to do this for you. He wants you each one to give yourselves to Him, and let Him take care of you all your life. Then He will take you to live with Him for ever.

He wants you so much, for we read in the Bible that He said,

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not :  
for of such is the Kingdom of God."

Mark 10. 13.





# COMFORT

*“By whom shall I comfort thee?”*

Isa. 51. 19.

## Past

“The Lord hath COMFORTED  
His people.”

Isa. 49. 13.



## Present

“I, even I, am He that  
COMFORTETH you.”

Isa. 51. 12.



## Future

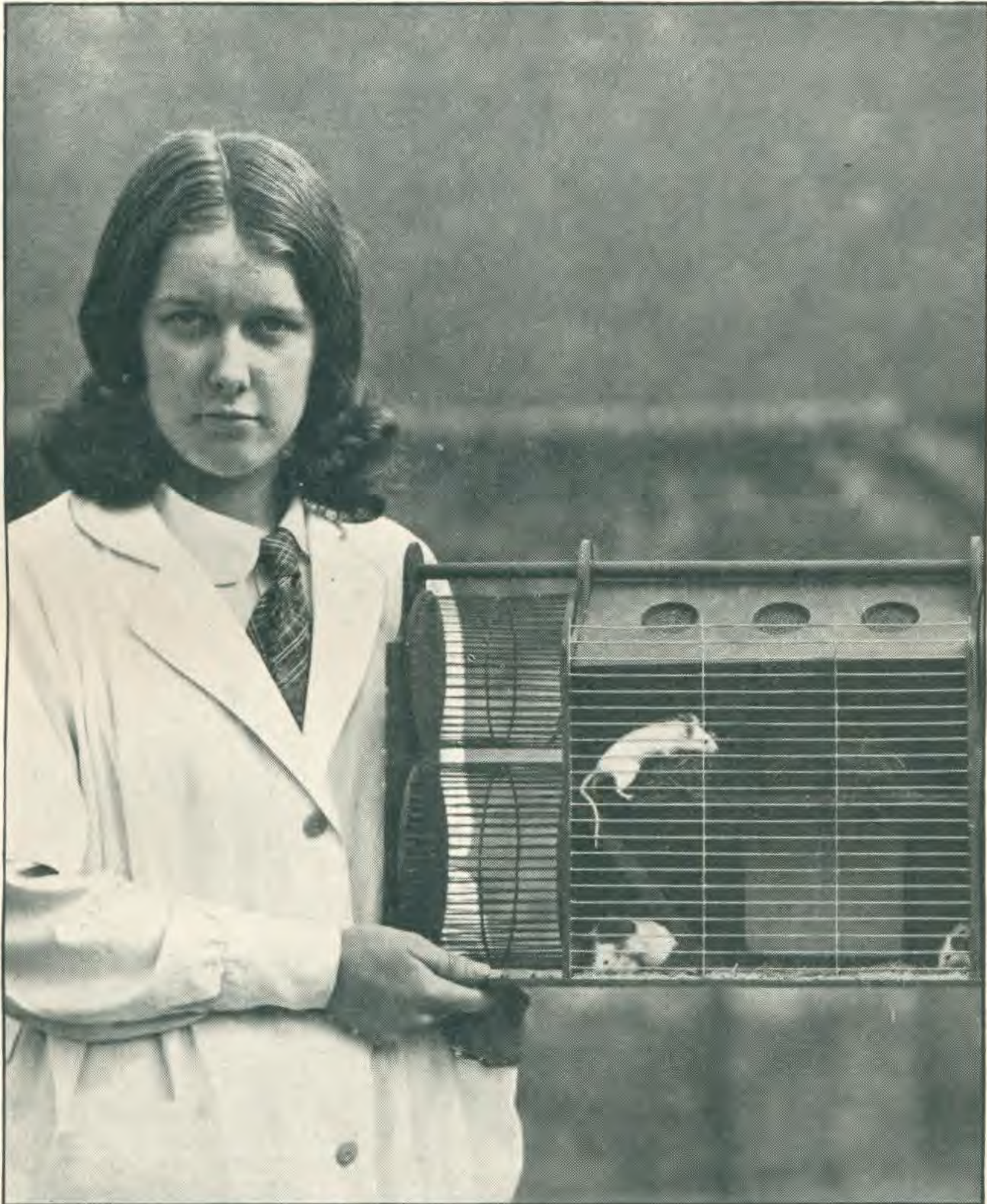
“As one whom his mother com-  
forteth, so will I COMFORT  
you.”

Isa. 66. 13.





# Peter's White Mouse.



*By courtesy of Sport & General Photos.*



## Peter's White Mouse.

EARLY one morning last September, a gardener went up the garden where he worked, to attend to a large bonfire which he had been burning for several days. To his surprise he found a little white mouse with pink eyes, running round the base of the bonfire, and keeping as close as it could to the warm sods of earth. The gardener wondered how it came there.

In the evening, when he went to the bonfire again, the little mouse was still there, keeping as close as ever it could to the warmth. So he caught it and put it under a flower pot in a shed, and fetched some biscuit crumbs which it eagerly devoured, for it was very thin and hungry. Then covering the hole at the top of the flower pot, he went out to try and find a home for it. It was a Japanese mouse, and had evidently been a pet.

A little boy who lived near wanted it very badly, but his mother said "No." She had so many children to look after, she could not possibly have a white mouse as well! The gardener asked him if he knew any other boy who would like it, and he said he would go and ask Peter, who lived further up the road, and who had a lot of pet animals, so off he ran.

He soon came back with Peter, who was overjoyed to find the little mouse, for he had lost the only white mouse he had. The gardener soon tied a piece of paper over the flower pot and Peter carried his pet home joyfully.

The poor little mouse must have wandered about all the summer, along the roads and over the meadows, in

danger of being eaten by hawks and owls, and of being attacked by the wild brown mice. Had it not been found before the winter it would have perished in the cold. And yet it did its very best to escape being saved. The gardener had to hedge its way up to stop it, or it would have run round and round the bonfire. We are very like that little mouse. We think we can keep ourselves happy with pleasures which, like the bonfire, will soon fail us, and we keep away from the One Who gave His life to save us! We have to be driven to the One Who loves us best of all! We have to be made to come to the feast He has provided!

"I was lost—He came to seek me,  
Left His glory bright above,  
Never stopped until He found me;  
Oh! what great, what wondrous love!"

Our Saviour is like the shepherd who went after the lost sheep *until he found it*, and when he found it he laid it on his shoulders rejoicing. That is why He has not come back yet to fetch us. There are still some lost ones for whom He is waiting. Has He found you, or are you still trying to get away from Him?

"I was a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice  
I would not be controlled:  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child:  
He followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert waste and wild:  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
He bound me with the chains of love,  
He saved the wandering one.



Jesus my Shepherd is :  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole :  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep ;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold :  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled ;  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold :  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam ;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice :  
I love, I love His home."

### God speaking.

**I**T was at a boy's Bible Class. A special missionary had come one Sunday afternoon to speak to the boys and to urge them to accept Christ as their Saviour.

At the end he had invited any who wished for a further talk about it, to go into an inner room during the singing of the closing hymn.

One boy, whose name was Jim, had a longing to go. God had been speaking to his heart, but he heard another voice within him saying, "If you go, you'll confess yourself a hypocrite." You see he had allowed the other boys to think he was a christian and now he was not sure that he was saved at all. So not wanting to look foolish, he went home after the hymn was over.

But God wanted Jim. In a quiet moment at home he opened his Bible and found John 3. 36, "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life," and he *knew* that moment that the Lord Jesus had saved him.

Nine or ten years later he told that story to a large congregation, principally consisting of young people, for the Lord is using Jim to-day in His service. Suppose he had not listened to His voice on that Sunday afternoon !

You, dear boy or girl, have the same Bible that this boy had, and in it you will find that you are a sinner in need of a Saviour. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. 3. 23.) Is that all ? What a sad message indeed if that were all. For there would be simply nothing you could do to make yourself better, and no sinful thing can enter heaven. But listen, for God has another message for you. "Christ Jesus came into the world to SAVE SINNERS." (1 Tim. 1. 15.) So all you have to do is just to take Him at His Word, and trust in Him as Jim did. How about doing it now ? Outside Beverley Minster there is an ancient sundial bearing the striking motto—

"NOW—OR WHEN ?"

God says, "*Now.*"

"Now is the day of salvation."

2 COR. 6. 2.



## “How can I be a real Christian?”

MARY was born and brought up in a christian family, surrounded by loving friends and everything which could make her happy. She was a bright, lively girl, but in the midst of all her happiness the question came to her again and again, “How can I be a *real* christian?”

She felt that she was a sinner and she longed to have her sins forgiven. She tried to turn over a new leaf by being good, but only to find it useless. When she sought help from her friends, they always told her she had nothing to fear as she had never done anything wrong !

But God says, “All have sinned,” and Mary knew this and could not get rest by trusting to her own goodness. What could she do but turn to the Lord Himself, and so often she used to pray that God would make her “a real christian *if possible*.”

She had no one to tell her how to be saved, but God hears and answers prayer, and He was working in His own way to give her rest and peace. The clergyman could give her no answer to her question, “What must I do to be saved?” but he gave her a class in the Sunday School. But this brought no peace to Mary’s troubled heart. Nothing could do that but the knowledge that her sins were forgiven through the finished work of the Lord Jesus on the cross.

About this time a missionary became acquainted with the family. He was an earnest christian and longed that each one of the family

might be saved. Mary used to go to her room after his visits and pray for peace, for forgiveness. One day as she prayed, that verse flashed into her mind, “Now is the day of salvation.” Mary quickly said, “Lord, I will *now* take Thee at Thy word. I will let the past go and believe to-day. I am young and in my right mind, in health and strength. So let it be now, Lord.”

Instantly another verse came to her, “Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.” Oh, how happy Mary was then ! She knew that Jesus had died for her and now believing in Him her sins were washed away, and she had everlasting life. Those beautiful words of John 5. 24 were true of her. “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.”

My reader, are you a *real* christian ? If you are trusting to your own goodness or church going, then you cannot know what it is to have your sins forgiven. Oh, cast yourself entirely on the Lord Jesus, believe that He died for you, a sinner, and He will save you and make you a *real* christian.

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“By grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves : it is the gift of God.” Eph. 2. 8.



## The People who trusted a Snake.

**Y**OU heard last month about some people in North China who prepared for a flood that never came. I want to tell you to-day about some people in Central China who *did not* prepare for a flood that *did* come.



*By courtesy of Keystone View Co.*

This was worse, for these poor people perished.

Near the city of Yangchow, in the province of Kiangsu, there is a famous temple to which thousands of pilgrims come every year. The people gathered there in large numbers at

the time of the threatened floods.

The water was rising higher and higher, and the people looked on with fear; but the priests got a snake, about fifteen or eighteen inches long, and showed it to the people. "This is the god who can care for you," they said. "You worship this snake and

you will be quite safe from the flood. Trust yourselves to him, and you will have nothing to fear."

The people had faith and they did trust to the snake. They did worship that snake and they believed the words of the priests that now they were safe. That night the water burst the banks, and swept right through that temple, sweeping away temple and snake, priests and people, and very many of them perished.

These people had faith — real faith. But it was faith in the wrong object. That snake had power to save nei-

ther itself nor its worshippers.

But once, many years ago, there was a brass snake put up on a pole. People were dying all around, and word went out, "Look at the snake on the pole. Look and live!" The people had faith; they looked and



they lived. Now what does this tell us? The Lord Jesus Himself explained the meaning of this to us. He said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3. 14, 15.) That snake on the pole tells us of the Lord Jesus, nailed to the cross, made sin for you and for me. Now the glad message is, "Look and live." Do not look at a snake. Do not trust a snake. Look to Jesus. Trust in Jesus. See Him nailed on the cross, bearing your sins. Hear what the Bible says, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

If the message had been true, "Trust the snake and you are safe," then all who trusted that snake would have been saved. Now any boy or girl (or grown person) who trusts in Jesus is safe. They will never perish; they have everlasting life because God says so.

The people in Yangchow trusted the snake and perished. We trust Jesus and will never perish. They believed the priests and had false peace. We trust the Word of God and have true peace.

Remember it is not your faith, but the ONE in Whom you have faith, that saves you. Look to Jesus. Trust in Him and you are as safe to-day as ever you will be in heaven, and you may be just as certain as if you were there already, for you have the unfailing Word of God to rest upon.

## Young Believers' Column.

TWO christians were walking along the road one day when they came across the torn pieces of a gospel tract lying on the ground. It must have been given to someone who cared nothing for his soul's destiny, and in his enmity against God had torn up the tract.

One of the two remarked that whenever he saw a tract lying on the ground like that, it reminded him of how he had done the same before he knew the Lord. And yet, although he had done this, it kept coming up before him, and his very act had made him realise what a sinner he was.

Possibly the giver of that tract had felt discouraged but the Lord used even the rejected tract as a message to his soul. I wonder if some of our young readers who know the Lord as their Saviour seek to make Him known to others by giving them a gospel tract or a magazine. There are many who will have to thank the Lord for a tract which He has used as a messenger to their souls. How blessed it would be if yours was the hand that gave the tract away!

The summer months are here and many opportunities abound by which you can make the Saviour known to others, by giving them some gospel book or leaflet, asking the Lord to use it for His glory and the blessing of souls.

Sometimes a few of you can go out together and give tracts away, but never forget to pray that the Lord will guide you in giving them and also bless them to those who receive them.





## LITTLE ONES' PAGE.

### John's Fall.

**J**OHN is four years old. Not long ago he had a tumble. He fell down the stairs and when he was picked up there was a nasty bruise over his eye.

At night, when his Mummie and Daddy went to bed, they bent over their little boy as he lay there with his eyes shut, and, as they thought, fast asleep. "He will have a black eye in the morning," said Daddy.

Not long after a little voice was heard from the bed, saying, "I am going to ask Jesus not to let me have a black eye." John must have been awake and heard what his Daddy said. Every day he prays to the Lord Jesus, and he tells Him all his troubles. So he told the Lord Jesus what had happened, and he was soon fast asleep. Next morning John's bruise was nearly gone, and he did not have a black eye.

The Lord Jesus loves little children and He delights to hear them speaking to Him in prayer. He loved us so much that He died for us and bore the punishment that we deserved. Now He lives in heaven and is watching over His little ones all the time.

"Jesus died for little ones,  
On that dreadful tree;  
And then what bitter pain He bore,  
And untold agony,  
To save lost little ones.

Jesus lives for little ones  
In the heaven above,  
And ne'er forgets the precious lambs  
Who've trusted in His love,  
And are His little ones."



# At the Feet of Jesus

## THE PLACE OF PARDON



"A woman . . . which was a sinner . . . stood **at His feet** behind Him weeping. He said unto her, Thy sins are for-  
given."

Luke 7. 37, 38, 48

## THE PLACE OF THANKSGIVING



"One of them, when he saw that he was healed, . . . fell down on his face **at His feet**, giving Him thanks."

Luke 17. 15, 16.

## THE PLACE OF LEARNING



"Mary . . . . sat **at Jesus' feet**, and heard His word."

Luke 10. 39.





# A SURPRISE.

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## A Surprise.

I EXPECT most of you are enjoying holidays from school this month, and trying to make the most of the long summer days. Perhaps some of you are by the seaside, like the children in our picture, having a splendid time, making sand castles and paddling in the sea.

Some time ago two little girls were on a holiday like that. One morning they set off to the sea, carrying little fishing nets, to try to catch the fish swimming in the pools. On their way they met a lady and gentleman whom they did not know.

"Hullo, where are you going?" said the gentleman, stopping them. They had a little talk with him, and then the gentleman lifted his hat in farewell and the lady bowed graciously. The children bowed in response and went on their way.

A few minutes afterwards the little girls realised to whom they had been speaking. It was none other than the King of England. How very kind of the King to take notice of two little children, and how pleased the children were to have had the privilege of speaking to him!

You may never have a chance like this but you may have a much greater privilege if you want it—and that is to speak to the One Who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Do you know who that is? Why yes, it is the Lord Jesus and we can go to Him at any time and speak to Him in prayer.

I wonder how many of you have had a little time alone with the Lord this morning. He is interested in all that concerns you and nothing is too small

for you to talk to Him about. He is willing to help you with your lessons and your play if you will let Him, but He wants above all to be your Saviour, and you have to know Him as your Saviour before you can know Him as your Friend.

It was very condescending of the King to speak to two little girls but it did not cost him anything to do that. But the Lord Jesus, Who is the Creator of all things, left His home in glory and came into this sinful world to die for you and me. Was not that wonderful? Do you believe it, and have you ever thanked Him? He wants to have us share His beautiful home. You and I are sinners and were not fit to go to heaven. But Jesus died, suffering the judgment that we deserved to put our sins away. Oh come and trust Him now and He will be your Saviour and Friend.

"What a Friend we have in Jesus!  
All our sins and griefs to bear,  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer."

*There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."* Prov. 18. 24.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

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**"Forget it."**

I N some countries all bicycles must carry a small license plate, with a number, something like a motor car license plate. There was a boy whom we will call George Brown, who



lived in one of these cities, and who always rode a bicycle to school. He had to go six or seven miles across the city. One evening on his way home, he got into difficulties with a motor bus. The driver accused him of breaking the traffic rules, and both he and an inspector took his number in order to have him prosecuted.

The boy did the best thing he could do. He went straight to his father and told him all about it. He was in great distress, and was calculating his pocket money to see if he would have enough to pay the fine that was likely to be imposed.

Next day his father went out to the bus company's head office, and told his story. The official in charge carefully took full particulars of the incident, checked up the driver's number, looked up their own records, and finally called an assistant into his office and said to him, "When the charge against George Brown comes through, *forget it.*"

That was all that was said, but it was enough. It made George's father think of a somewhat similar experience that had happened to him when he was a boy, only the case was very much more serious. He had been a bad boy. A record had been kept of all his sins from the time he was quite small, and he suddenly found out that he had to answer for every one. Indeed the case was so serious, he discovered the whole question had come before the Judge, and he had been brought in guilty, not before man, but God; and that is a very terrible thing for any person to find out. The fact is, he was condemned already. George's case had

not come up, but his father's was settled; he was guilty and condemned.

What could he do? Nothing. George had some hope of paying his fine out of pocket money; his father had no such hope. What did he do? He did the best think he could do. He went straight to the One Who would later be his Judge. He made a clean breast of the whole thing, and there to his joy he found that this One had already settled the claim Himself, having paid the full debt. And instead of being angry with him for all those sins, He said, "Thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

What more could he want? Nothing. No one could bring up his sins against him if the Judge had promised to forget them. And as George's father heard the manager of the bus company utter those two words, "Forget it," he could only once more thank the One Who was now His Saviour for all that He had done for him.

How is it with you? Is your debt paid? Are your sins forgiven? The Lord Jesus is the Same to-day as He was all those years ago when He pardoned the sins of George's father, and He is just as willing to forgive yours. Remember that unless your sins are forgiven you will have to answer for them. But the Lord Jesus suffered on the cross, the Just for the unjust, and He longs that you will trust in Him and know that your sins have been washed away in His precious blood, so that they can never be found again.

"The trembling sinner feareth that God can  
ne'er forget,  
But one full payment cleareth His memory  
of all debt."



## The Net.

A SHORT time ago I was walking with a friend along the shore of a little island off the coast of South China. We came to a place where a rickety looking stand of bamboo poles had been built close to the water's edge.

A man was sitting up in this little tower, and eagerly gazing out over the water, apparently searching in every direction for something in the water.

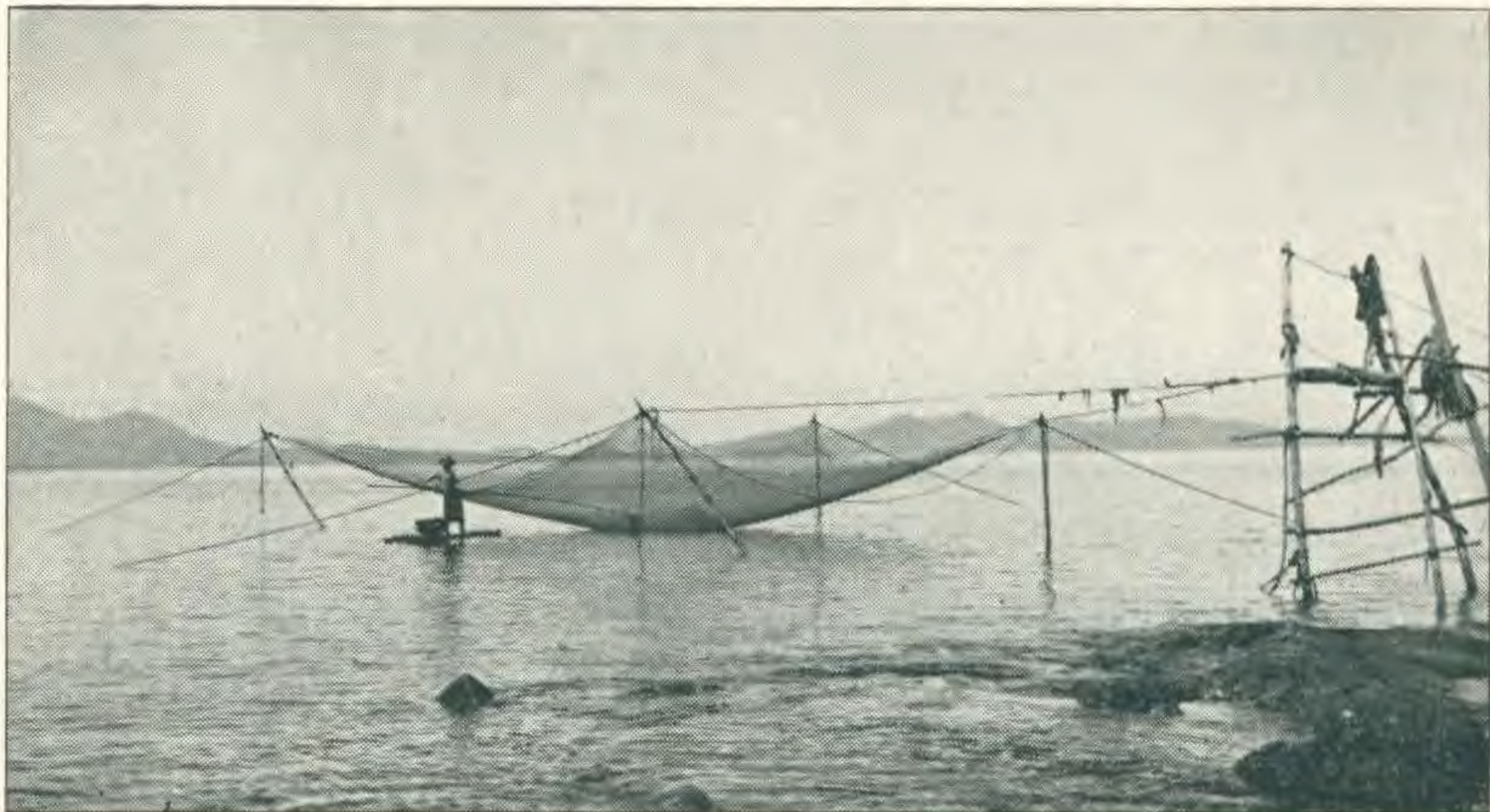
Whilst we watched he suddenly, with hands and feet, began to wind up rapidly a sort of windlass to which was attached a long rope which let down into the water. As he wound, a large net, which had been lying submerged, appeared out of the water supported by four long bamboo poles.

When the net rose we could see a number of fish jumping about inside trying to escape, but the fisherman raised the net high out of the water, and all their efforts were useless.

Then he quickly climbed down from his perch and poled himself out to the net on a light raft. With a small bag on the end of a long pole, he soon scooped up the poor flapping fishes and put them into his basket and brought them ashore.

When he climbed back to his lookout we asked him how he knew when to pull up his net. He replied, "I can see the fish from above here and so all the time I am watching for them."

I expect some of you who read this magazine have heard that the Chinese character which means "sin" is a picture of a fish net and the lower part of the character means "evil" or "wrong." How truly sin is an evil net; it has been called "the devil's net" and just as the fisherman was ever on the watch to catch the fish that passed over his net, so, the Bible tells us, the devil is ever "seeking whom he may devour."



FISHING IN CHINA.



The poor fish swimming along probably could not see the net spread for them, and only realised their danger when it was too late and escape was impossible.

In Ecclesiastes 9. 12 we read, "Man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net." Perhaps you realise that you have sinned, that you are caught in the evil net of SIN, and like those fish are helpless to get out by your own efforts.

If so, please turn up in your Bible 1 John 3. 8, and see how God has provided for your deliverance. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil."

You do not know your time; you may not have many days nor even hours to live, but only an instant is needed to save you from the devil's net. The Lord Jesus Christ has died on the cross to set you free, and this moment you can be delivered by giving yourself over to Him, in simple faith trusting Him as your Saviour.

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### **"To believe IT or Not."**

"**W**HAT a curious heading," you say; "we don't understand it. What is the 'IT'?" That is exactly what I said to myself when I saw the title; but I thought it might make a subject for a little talk with you.

One thing is certain—if we are asked to believe something, we must know what it is. Then, if we wish to

believe it, we must know whether or not it is true. Every day we hear lots of things—about the weather, to-morrow's plans, and so on. Some are told to us, as "I hope" or "I think," or it may be by someone on whose word we cannot rely, and then we are not sure whether or not to believe it.

We read things in books and we believe them because we know the writer was certain about what he was writing. But sometimes even clever, wise men make mistakes. There is a wonderful Book which tells us of an all-important "IT" which we should all believe. How do we know that we can believe that Book? Because it is God's own Book, and He is a God "that cannot lie." Surely then, we can and do trust *His Word*.

And now what is the "it" of which God's Word tells us? You will find the answer in John 19. 30. These are the last words of the Lord Jesus when He was down here. "*It is finished.*" He was on the cross to bear the sins of all who believe on Him, to put them away for ever. He was speaking of the work God had given Him to do, and as He Who did the work said, "*It is finished,*" we know there is nothing left for us to do. "God that cannot lie" promised eternal life to all who believe in Jesus, to those who put their trust in that finished work, so if we believe God's Word we know we have eternal life, and that our sins are washed away.

What a wonderful "IT," and what a sure word of promise for us to believe! Have you believed it?

"It is finished! Yes indeed,  
Finished every jot.  
Sinner, this is all you need;  
Tell me, is it not?"



## Light.

'Twas summer time, and on the sands  
The children with delight  
With one another ran and played,  
Their little faces bright.

But one there was who sat alone  
No other child was near,  
While talking to himself, he played  
And seemed to know no fear.

The child was blind ; his little eyes  
Were closed against the light,  
And all the beauties of the day  
Were hidden from his sight

Awhile he stayed, and then his nurse  
Did take him by the hand,  
And led him to the water's edge  
That he might in it stand.

He could not go one step alone  
Lest he in danger fall,  
But simply on his nurse relied  
Who kept him safe from all.

I did not see that child again,  
But oh ! it made me sad  
To think of all the things he missed,  
That helpless little lad.

But too, it made me think of Him  
Who waits to take our hand  
And lead us through earth's dangers great  
Safe to the " Better Land."

Our eyes are blind unto His love  
Until He makes us see  
All that He did and bore for us,  
That we might happy be.

Oh ! won't you, like that little boy,  
Just take the offered hand ?  
He'll lead you on through dark or light  
Till safe in heaven you stand.

Your eyes wide open then will be,  
For naught can dim the sight  
Of those who trust themselves to Him  
And walk in heavenly light.

## Young Believers' Column.

YOU will remember in our last Young Believers' Column I told you of the result following a tract which was torn up. Now I want to 'tell you an incident especially to encourage those of you who have been disappointed by seeing the tracts you have given, thrown away.

Some meetings had been held in a Canadian town and a number of gospel booklets were given away. One of these was thrown down and there it lay on the ground.

It was a Sunday afternoon, and a young lady, who was religious but unconverted, was returning from her Sunday School class. She stooped down and picked up the little book, and read the page which was lying open. From that page she learnt she was all wrong, and before she reached home she was deeply in earnest about her own soul.

God's eye had been on that booklet, and although rejected by the first one to whom it was given, it was used to open the eyes of the one who picked it up, and she was brought through reading it to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour. She afterwards became a bright testimony for the Lord, seeking to lead others to Him.

May this incident encourage each of you young christians to spread the gospel abroad by means of the printed page, remembering that word which says, " In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand : for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."





### “Without Wireless.”



**LITTLE** boy about five years old was saying something wrong. Someone who heard what he said, told him that Jesus up in heaven had heard it too.

“What ! without wireless ? ” answered the little fellow.

“Yes, without wireless.”

Have you ever thought that Jesus hears everything we say, and sees everything we do ? He even knows our thoughts. Perhaps you do not like to think that this is true.

You may feel as if you would like to get right away from Him where He could not see you or hear what you say. But Jesus loves you. He does not want to punish you for all your naughty deeds. He came from heaven to show us that He loves us, and He died a cruel death, bearing our punishment so that we can have our sins washed away.

He is in heaven now, and He is longing for you just to own to Him that you are a sinner, and He will save you and forgive all your sins.

Then when you know and believe how much He loves you, you will like to think that He sees you always, and can hear all you say.

He delights to hear little boys and girls speaking to Him. And He wants to hear them telling one another about Him, and to see them trying to show in all their ways that they belong to Him.

“God is in heaven : would He know  
If I should tell a lie ? ”

“Yes ; if thou saidst it soft and low,  
He’d hear it in the sky.”

“God is in heaven : can He see  
If I am doing wrong ? ”

“Oh, yes, He can ; He looks at thee  
All day and all night long.”

“God is in heaven : would He save  
A little child like me ? ”

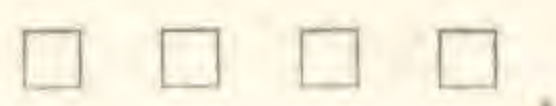
“Yes, little child ; for Jesus gave  
His life for such as thee.”

“God is in heaven : can He hear  
A little child like me ? ”

“Yes, little child ; thou needst not fear :  
He’ll listen e’en to thee.”



The LORD is good, a  
STRONGHOLD in the  
day of trouble: and He  
knoweth them that trust  
in HIM.



O taste and see that the  
LORD is good: blessed is  
the man that trusteth in  
HIM.



# The China Tea Set.





## The China Tea Set.

**I**N a town away off in China, there once lived a little girl called Ah Bo; that means little Precious, and it describes her exactly, for she was one of the dearest little girls I ever saw. When Ah Bo was about four years old there was great excitement in her house, for some foreigners, people with white faces and brown hair instead of having yellow faces and black hair, came to live next door in the house that had been empty so long.

Of course, Ah Bo was peeping round to see what these strange people were doing, and very soon she discovered that they could not be so very terrible, for they had a dear little Chinese baby girl about nine months old, whom they seemed to love as much as her mother loved her. Now Ah Bo had no babies in her house, but she just loved babies, so it was not long before she was running in and out of the missionaries' house as if she belonged there, and the little fat Chinese baby loved her almost as if she were her own sister.

As Ah Bo grew older there was something else attracted her. Morning and evening a Chinese teacher read aloud to those gathered, stories about how God made the world, about Abraham, and Joseph and Moses and David, and about One called Jesus Who went about doing good. Ah Bo was almost always there listening, and on Sunday afternoon when the women gathered, she was there too, to listen while it was explained that this Jesus was the Son of God, Who loved everyone in the world. And though He was the Son of God, He

allowed Himself to die because that was the only way that sinful men could be saved. We all should have died, and have suffered for ever in hell, but the Lord Jesus died instead. Therefore whoever believes in Him will not perish.

Ah Bo heard all this, and I am sure she talked about it at home, but her mother never paid any attention. She did not mind her little girl going to the meetings, but she did not want to go herself. She had her own idols, and every morning and evening she was very careful to put fresh tea in front of the ancestral tablets, and to burn incense before them, and every festival was carefully observed.

But one day something got into her house that the idols could not keep out. There was a great epidemic of smallpox and very soon her dear little Ah Bo sickened with the terrible disease. Day after day she lay in the dark, hot room, and her mother nursed her day and night. I am sure she prayed to her idols, but do you think they heard? No, they could not help her. She was all alone, for the neighbours were afraid to come near her. Her idols had failed her; she was without God and without hope. I think she must have remembered what little Ah Bo used to tell her about a God of love. But how could she tell that this God loved her?

The missionary family next door had been away. On their return they found smallpox everywhere. In almost every house where they called, and on the streets they met people covered with it. They were very sorry when they heard that their



little friend Ah Bo had taken it. The mother of the missionary family did not speak Chinese, but she loved all children, and was specially fond of Ah Bo, so she was soon planning some way to help her.

“How dull Ah Bo must be lying there day after day,” she said to her daughter. “Do take in this toy for her to play with.” Ah Bo’s mother met the visitor at the door, and accepted the box. “Look what the foreign lady has sent you,” she said to her little girl. Eagerly Ah Bo opened the box, and all the family gathered to admire the little blue and white china teaset. They had never seen such a thing before. How it helped the days to pass, spreading them out, and putting them back in the box.

“The good grandmother, how kind she is!” said Ah Bo. And her mother quite agreed with her. But other thoughts were coming into her mind. If the foreign lady could care for her little girl enough to send her such a pretty present, could it be possible that the foreigner’s God could care for her? Her own gods had proved of no use to her. She had heard Ah Bo singing a hymn she had learnt at the foreign school:—

“Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so.”

Could it be possible that there was a God who loves people?

As soon as Ah Bo was well again she was back at the meetings. But this time she did not come alone; her mother was with her. How warmly the missionaries welcomed her! This

was what they had been praying for, for months.

“I had to come to thank the grandmother for the little dishes,” she said in a half shame-faced way. And the smile the grandmother gave her told her more plainly than words what it was made her send the dishes; it was love.

It was not very long before Ah Bo’s mother knew that the foreigners’ God was her God too, and that He loved her, and that His Son Jesus had died for her. And so she gave herself to Him, and is now a happy christian woman.

And now, dear children, you have known this all your lives, but have you ever said with your heart, “O God, Thou art my God”? Have you ever said and meant it, “The Son of God Who loved *me* and gave Himself for me”?

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### Missing.

“DONALD is missing!” Tom smiled across at me as he said this. He was counting the children as they passed one by one through the last gate on their way home from the annual Sunday School treat.

I smiled back. We could not help smiling, as it happened every year Donald always contrived to be missing at the last moment; but then he always arrived just in time *not* to miss the train. He began that sort of thing when a tiny fellow—it must have been his first treat—he was dis-



covered having tea with another party.

Another summer evening, a beautiful white fan-tail pigeon of his, having her young master's propensity, was found on our roof. Probably she did not know she was lost, but would have found it out later. With the aid of a pair of steps she was captured through an upper window, and carried carefully home, and I daresay was glad enough to find herself in familiar quarters.

How many boys and girls there are to-day, missing from the right way, lost in sin—though perhaps like Donald's pigeon, they do not know it. "Oh," I can hear someone say, "that is all so serious. It will be time enough when I get older to think of that!" But are you quite sure that you will want to come to Christ when you are older? And then, what about the years that will have gone for ever, that you might have given Him Who loved you and gave Himself for you? (Gal. 2. 20.)

And then there is another side to it. During the Great War there were many of our boys—some quite young—who were killed or reported "missing." One, named Arthur, who belonged to the same Sunday School as Donald, was just growing into manhood, and was taking a class of his own when he had to join up, and he went out full of hope, on his first voyage, little knowing it would be the last.

In sight of land the great vessel struck a mine, and in a very short while it had gone down, with all on board to the bottom of the Mediterranean. If these poor fellows had

not sought the Lord before, there was little chance then. But we believe that some of our boys were already saved, and although their bodies were lost to us until the resurrection, their names were not missing in the Lamb's Book of Life (Phil. 4. 3; Rev. 21. 27) where there is a record of everyone, who, convicted of sin, has been washed in "the blood of Jesus Christ" that cleanseth from all sin. (1 John 1. 7.)

That was what mattered most—they were safe with Him. Dear young reader, life is very uncertain, and Jesus may come at any time. Is *your* name in the Book of Life? How sad it would be if, when the Lord counts up His own, your name should be—MISSING.

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### "Seeking Goodly Pearls."

THIS is what happened every year in Ceylon some years ago, and you will see by our picture that it is done in a similar way still. Once a year the people who lived on the coast were very busy indeed. They went out from the shore in boats as if they were going fishing. Some of them who were divers got over the side of the boat, leaving the warm sunshine and fresh air, and holding fast to a very strong rope were ready to go to the bottom of the ocean. The diver held his nose tight to prevent the water going in and shut his mouth.

Down, down, down he went, as quick as lightning almost, the water rushing over his head and in his ears. He had a large bag fastened to the rope, and there were many queer and



interesting things at the bottom of the sea, but he had no time to look at them. He was there just to pick up oysters, and get as many as he could into his bag in two minutes, for that was all the time he could stay down ; he could not possibly live there.

Then he pulled at the rope and the men on board hoisted him up as fast as ever they could. Up, up, up he came, with the precious oysters, into the fresh air and sunshine, where he could recover his breath.

Inside the oysters' shells there are pearls, beautiful white pearls like you

see in jewellers' shops. What brave men to risk their lives for pearls ! And it was a risk, too, for there were plenty of sharks swimming about in the ocean ready to attack them. Do you know how a pearl comes to be in any oyster's shell ? A little bit of grit gets into his shell, and he is so sensitive that he cannot bear the least bit, so he makes the beautiful smooth white covering to go all over the grit, which we call a pearl, so that it shall not hurt him.

Down, down, down from all heaven's glory and light came the Son of God,



*By courtesy of Sports & General.*

**PEARL DIVING.**



down to the manger at Bethlehem, on, down even to Calvary and the death of the cross, not only risking His life but giving it, seeking goodly pearls. Did He find any? Was it worth all that journey and trouble? Oh yes! He found His pearl of great price. The thief who died on a cross beside Him was part of the treasure He came to seek, and he went that day to paradise with Him.

He gave His life that we might live for ever with Him. Of those who trust Him He says, "They shall be Mine . . . in that day when I make up My jewels." Mal. 3. 17. We are His purchased people, and He desires that we should shew forth the praises of Him Who has *called us* out of darkness—like the darkness at the bottom of the sea—"into His marvellous light." (1 Peter 2. 9.)

"Hark! there comes a whisper  
Stealing on my ear;  
'Tis the Saviour calling,  
Soft, soft and clear—

'Give thy heart to Me,  
Once I died for thee,'  
Hark! Hark! thy Saviour calls  
'Come, sinner, come.'

With that voice so gentle,  
Dost thou hear Him say?—  
'Tell Me all thy sorrows;  
Come, come away!'

Wouldst thou find a refuge  
For thy soul opprest?  
Jesus kindly answers:  
'I am thy Rest.'

At the feet of Jesus  
Let thy burden fall  
While He gently whispers:  
'I'll bear it all.' "



## Young Believers' Column.

SIR Michael Costa, the celebrated orchestra conductor, was once holding a rehearsal. Hundreds of musicians with different instruments were playing a mighty chorus, when suddenly he stopped and cried out, "Where is the piccolo?" His trained ear had missed the sound of this small instrument, and the harmony was not perfect without it.

Are our voices raised in singing our Lord's praises now? When the children of Israel had crossed the Red Sea they sang a triumphant song to the Lord, and now that we know our sins forgiven, and death and judgment behind us, it behoves us to raise our note of praise to Him.

But perhaps some of you think that you are like that insignificant instrument, the piccolo, and if you do not praise it will not be missed. But the Lord knows and loves us each one, and if your note of praise is absent, He misses it.

Turning to the Song of Solomon we hear the Lord speaking to us under the similitude of the Bridegroom, and He says, "Let Me see thy countenance, *let Me hear thy voice*; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." (Cant. 2. 14.) He desires to hear each of our voices rising in praise to Him and His Father, and should one be silent He will detect it.

But perhaps something has come in to hinder your praise, so that sorrow of heart is taking its place. If so, go to the Lord, telling Him all, then you will enjoy His forgiveness and once again His praises will fill your lips. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me."





### “When I’m Good.”

**I**N front of some cottages, one fine day, several little boys were playing together, and just as a gentleman passed by he overhead one say to another, “Jesus is up in heaven,” and the other, looking up to the sky, replied, “Is He? Where?”

Being a christian, the passer-by was very pleased at what he heard, so he stopped and spoke to the children.

Addressing the little boy who had spoken first, he asked, “And do you love Jesus, my little man?”

“Yes,” was the quick reply.

“And does Jesus love you?”

“When I’m good,” said the little fellow.

“When you are good! Does He not love you when you are naughty?”

A prompt “No” came from the little boy’s lips.

“Does your Mother love you?”

“When I’m good,” was again the answer.

“But does she not love you when you are naughty?”

“No, she scolds me.”

“Well, if you are naughty you deserve scolding! but I think she loves you when you are naughty as well as when you are good. It is the naughty ways that Mother does not love. And so it is with Jesus. He loves little children whether they are good or naughty, but does not love their naughty ways.”

The little boy listened with great attention, as if he had never heard it before.


“Well, now,” said the gentleman, “don’t forget that Mother loves you whether you are good or naughty, but does not love your naughty ways. Good-bye.” As he turned to go on his way the little boy called out, “And Jesus the same?”

“Yes, Jesus the same. Good-bye.”


We read in the Bible that “Jesus . . . having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” Can each of you say,

“WE LOVE HIM, BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US”?





# THE WINGS OF THE LORD



**Q** He shall cover thee with His feathers, and  
under His wings shalt thou trust.

Psa. 91. 4.

**Q** How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, O  
God! therefore the children of men put their  
trust under the shadow of Thy wings.

Psa. 36. 7

**Q** My soul trusteth in Thee: yea, in the  
shadow of Thy wings will I make my  
refuge.

Psa. 57. 1.

**Q** Because Thou hast been my help, therefore  
in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.

Psa. 63. 7.



# The Neglected Book.

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*By courtesy of Sport & General Photos.*



## The Neglected Book.

**D**ORIS was twelve years old when she was sent by her parents to a boarding school. She was a christian, having come to the Lord Jesus and trusted Him as her own Saviour, and she knew that He would be with her and watch over her while she was away from home.

Before leaving home Doris's mother told her to read at least a few verses of God's Word every day. Her mistress was very pleased for her to do so, and sometimes when it was time for lights to be put out at night, she would be allowed a little longer to finish her scripture portion, and be left to put the light out herself.

So the first term passed, and Doris went home for the holidays. But what happened the next term was a great lesson to her and she has never forgotten it.

She was to sleep in a different bedroom with three other girls. Here was the test, and Doris meant to stand up for her Lord, and keep true to Him, but alas, what can we do in our own strength? Nothing at all, only fail and fall and this Doris had to learn.

At first she read and prayed as she had always done, and the other girls would often join in the reading. But there came a night when they all had such fun before preparing for bed and then there was a rush and a scramble to be in time for the light to be put out, and Doris had no time to read.

So the days slipped by, and her prayers were hurried and the little Bible and "Daily Light" lay unopened. Doris was growing careless; she was wandering away from her

Lord, and it wasn't long before it was noticed in many ways.

One day the girls had been playing tennis, and on their return they were told to tidy themselves for tea. Doris and her friend ran upstairs to their bedroom, threw down their rackets, took off their tennis shoes, and instead of preparing for tea, they lay on their beds chatting. Suddenly the gong rang. They quickly brushed their hair, put on their shoes and flew downstairs to tea, leaving their room in a terrible muddle.

Study hour came next, and then Doris was called to her room, where she saw the head-mistress standing. She took Doris quietly to one side and laying her hand on her shoulder, she spoke to her about the way she had been behaving for the past few weeks.

To Doris's astonishment she said, pointing to the "Daily Light" which lay near by, "It is a long time since you read that little book." Doris hung her head, for her conscience smote her; but how could her teacher have known?

Then drawing her closer to her, the mistress went on to tell her how she had watched her day by day growing more and more careless, and she had felt sure that where she had failed was in not reading daily that which should be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path—the precious Word of God.

Oh! how those young feet had wandered! But there was One Who had been watching His wayward sheep, and Who was ready to receive her back to Himself, One Who had never changed and Whose love was still the same.



That night Doris knelt by her bedside and confessed it all to that loving Saviour, and could rejoice to know He had forgiven her.

Now should there be any of my young readers who were once bright and happy in the love of Jesus, and have, like Doris, grown cold, may you too get down on your knees, and confess it all, as she did, and get new strength and power to walk as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

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### A Mother's Sacrifice.

**W**HILE staying at the seaside I was attracted to a pretty little girl who was playing with her daddy near where I was sitting. She seemed to be enjoying the romp. On a seat near by sat a young woman, whose face was badly scarred and who looked to be in pain.

I found out in conversation with her that she was the little girl's mother. She told me that some months before she was walking in London with her little girl, when a motor cycle, out of control, dashed towards them. Seeing the danger, she threw the little girl aside, and received the full force of the

impact. As a result of the accident her leg was broken and her body badly injured.

For weeks she lay unconscious, and only after months of suffering was she able to get to the seaside for a little change.

The child's life was saved but the mother bears the marks of her sacrifice still. The little girl is so young that she does not realise what her mother has gone through for her. But you, boys and girls, are not too young to realise what the Lord Jesus bore for you on the cross of Calvary.

We often sing the hymn—

“ He knew how wicked man had been,  
He knew that God must punish sin,  
So out of pity Jesus said,  
He'd bear the punishment instead.”

Can you say that He bore the punishment instead of you, and have you ever thanked Him? Although the Lord Jesus is in heaven now, He still bears the marks of His suffering, that which He endured that we might be saved. The day is coming very soon when all those who have believed in Him will surround Him in that beautiful home, and will gaze on His face. Will you be among that happy throng, and join in the song of the redeemed?

“He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.”     Isaiah 53. 5.



## What are They saying to You?

GOING into a room one evening I saw two objects lying on the table, a watch and a ring. Now I want these two objects to speak to us, and what do you think they will teach us?

Looking at the watch we think of TIME, and the ring, because it has no beginning or end, reminds us of ETERNITY. So we have two things which we see every day speaking to us of time and eternity.

None of us know when *time* for us will be over and then *eternity* will commence. So *now* is the *time* to think of *eternity*, to come to the Saviour, to put your trust in Him.

When the Lord Jesus was here He said to one, "Make haste and come down," and this man obeyed right away, and received such a wonderful blessing.

The Lord Jesus is in heaven now, but still He invites boys and girls to come to Him, to come *now* before it is too late, before *eternity* starts for them, so we read "Now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6. 2.)

As I look at the ring, it seems to ask this question—

"Where will you spend eternity?"

One Sunday evening a young lady went to a Gospel Meeting. At the close this hymn was sung—

"Where will you spend eternity?

This question comes to you and to me;

Tell me what will your answer be?

Where will you spend eternity?"

She could not get these words out of her mind, and they made her feel very unhappy, for she was not saved. For days they kept running through her mind, until at last she was brought to the Lord Jesus, owning herself a sinner, and believing that He died for her. Then she was filled with joy, and could think of eternity without a fear or a dread, knowing that her sins were all forgiven, and she would then be with the Saviour who had given His life for her.

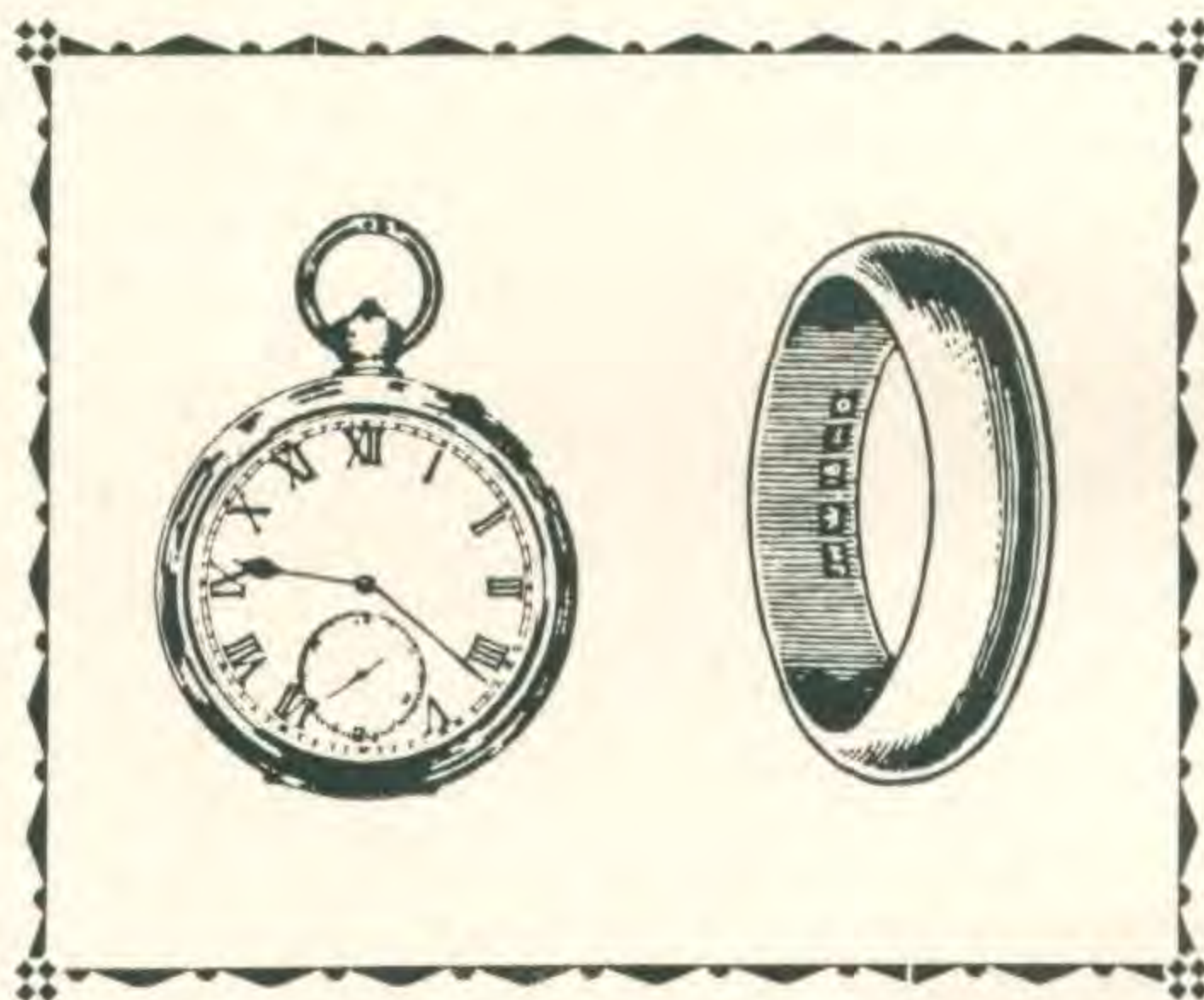
Now my young friends, can you answer this question—WHERE WILL

YOU SPEND ETERNITY? If you trust in the Lord Jesus, believing that He died for you, then you will spend eternity with Him in heaven. There is danger in delay, so I would urge you all to take heed *now*.

Some years ago a troop ship was returning to England,

and in the middle of the ocean one of the soldiers fell overboard. There was some moments delay before the ship was stopped and there was now quite a distance between the soldier and safety.

One of the ship's officers had thrown in the track of the vessel three life-buoys one after the other. The soldier was a good swimmer but he was getting fagged. When he approached the first life-buoy he ignored it and he did the same with the second. Then to the horror of those on board, the last life-buoy seemed to be drifting past him,





when the captain, speaking through a trumpet, called out "TURN ROUND ! A LIFE-BUOY CLOSE BEHIND YOU !" He heard ; seized it and was saved, and soon he was safe on board.

As he was lying on the deck, he opened his eyes, and seeing the captain, he whispered, " Ah ! Captain, if I hadn't heard that last call ! " And then he fainted. What a mercy indeed it was that he heeded that last warning and was thus saved from a watery grave. May each of you heed God's warning voice ; as you look at the pictures of the watch and the ring, may you be able to say, "*I am saved for time and eternity.*"

### " Lovest Thou Me ? "

**I**F you had peeped through the fence of an old-fashioned garden one summer day, you would have seen a small boy and girl engaged in what appeared to be a very funny game.

They were running with all their might, arms outstretched, along a narrow path lined with currant bushes, and then creeping back with eyes on the ground, apparently searching for something.

What could the game be ? Well, it was not a game at all. The fact was, Grannie had given them strict injunctions not to pick the currants, so they were just *shaking them off the bushes* ! Perhaps they did not consider that was disobedience. What do you think ? They thought their Grannie was a cross old lady and they did not love her. Probably Grannie had much to bear that little people did not understand. If they had loved and trusted her it would have made all the difference.

Another boy I know, used to be left alone with a younger brother, sometimes for a whole evening while mother went out. Of course there were certain things they were told not to do, and when the younger boy wanted to do the forbidden thing Jack would say, " No. Mum said we were not to do it, and Mum knows best." You see Jack loved and trusted his mother.

I wonder if you sometimes find it a bore to read your Bible and to pray, and to do what you know to be right ; it all seems such a trouble ! I think I can tell you why. It is because you love yourself better than you love the Lord Jesus. Love would make all the difference ! Oh, if only I could make you see how very much He loves *you*. He left His home in heaven to come down and die on the cross, to suffer for *your* sins—in your place. " He was wounded for our transgressions." Isa. 53. 5. How He longs to be your Friend ! If you thought of all that, I think you would say, as I heard a little girl once say, " You couldn't help loving Him." Then your prayers would be just talking to Him, and the Bible would be His voice talking to you.

That little question of three words, that the Lord Jesus asked Peter so many years ago by the Sea of Galilee, has come ringing down through the ages, so gentle and loving, but oh, so searching !

" LOVEST THOU ME ? "

John 21. 16.

How will you answer it ?

" He did it for me ; He did it for me,  
A sinner as guilty as ever could be ;  
Oh how I love Him, now that I see  
He suffered, He died, and He did it for me."



## Summer Time Ends.

SUMMER is over and the time has come for us to put back our clocks. It reminds me of what I heard once of an old lady who was nearly ninety years old.

"Summer time," or putting on the clocks, has only become a custom in England in recent years, and the old lady was sadly troubled by it. "How can any one," she said, "alter the time? only God has the right, for He controls the sun, and we get our time from that, and no one dare suggest they can do it."

Her daughter tried to explain to her that it was not interfering with what God had ordered, but making use of all the daylight possible. She could not be convinced, and her daughter was obliged to alter the clock while the old lady was asleep.

We felt touched by the old lady's anxiety, and thought it would be a good thing if we were always as anxious that God's claims should not be ignored or His honour touched in any way.

Dear reader, have you yet recognised God's claims on you? Or must it be said as of Belshazzar of old, "God in whose hand thy breath is . . . hast thou not glorified"? (Dan. 5. 23.)

You can glorify Him to-day by accepting His greatest gift of all—the Lord Jesus Christ. If the old lady was so anxious to honour God in His work of creation, let us see to it that we despise not His wonderful gift of love, or in the day to come we shall have to meet Him as a Judge.

Oh, may He give each one of us to own and honour Him now.

## Young Believers' Column.

*"O give thanks unto the LORD, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the LORD say so."—Psalm 107. 1, 2.*

Who more fitted to "say so" than the redeemed of the Lord? And yet we often have to own that instead of speaking a word about the goodness of the Lord we are silent and do not let others know to whom we belong.

In 1 Peter 3. 15 we read, "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

Perhaps you have an opportunity at school or at your work, when it is noticed that you do not do just as the others do, and you are asked why. Then speak up boldly for the Lord and own that you belong to Him.

"If in Jesus Christ you trust  
Speak for Him you surely must.  
Though it humble in the dust,  
If you love Him—say so."

Ah! the secret surely for readiness to speak of Him is the knowledge of His love, which burning in our hearts bursts forth in praise for Him. A little boy was being carried from a burning building by a fireman at tremendous risk. The little fellow clasped his arms round the neck of his rescuer and as they descended the ladder amid the cheers of the crowd, he whispered, "Oh! man, I do love you!" And as we think of all the Lord has done for us, and His present faithful love surely our hearts will overflow in thanksgiving too.

"Make us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus  
For all Thy boundless love to us!"





### The Stolen Apples.



**I** WANT to tell you about a little boy who lived in the country. Near his home was a field where he and his friends were allowed to play. In a garden near there was a young apple tree with some rosy cheeked apples growing on it.

The little boy looked with longing eyes at the apples. Then he began to think that if he took some of them they would not be missed.

One day when no one was near, he and a little girl he knew crossed the field and soon reached the apple tree. He climbed up the tree, and peered about to see if anyone was looking, then he put several apples in his pockets.

No one had seen the little boy stealing the apples, but God's eye had been upon him all the time. No sooner were the apples in his pockets than he wished he had never taken them. He felt so unhappy. He would not eat even one of them, but gave them all to the little girl.

His conscience told him he had done wrong, and it made him feel very miserable.

Many years after, when he had grown up, he remembered stealing the apples, and again his conscience troubled him about it. So he found out the gardener from whom he had stolen them, and paid him for them.

But this did not give him happiness, for there were many other wrong things he had done, and God knew them all.

It was not until he trusted in the Lord Jesus, Whose blood cleanses from all sin, that he knew that God had forgiven him, and then he was really happy.



“IS THY GOD...  
ABLE TO  
DELIVER?”

Daniel 6. 20.

“OUR GOD . . . .  
IS ABLE TO  
DELIVER.”

Daniel 3. 17.

“DELIVER him *from going down to the pit* ; I have found a ransom.”

Job. 33. 24.

“Thou hast in love to my soul  
DELIVERED it *from the pit of corruption.*”

Isaiah 38. 17.

“DELIVERED us *from the wrath to come.*”

I. Thess. 1. 10.

“Who gave Himself for our sins, that  
He might DELIVER us *from this present evil world.*”

Gal. 1. 4.

“Who DELIVERED us . . . and  
DOTH DELIVER: in whom we  
trust that He WILL YET  
DELIVER us.”

2. Cor. 1. 10.



# PET RABBITS.

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*By courtesy of Sport & General Photos.*





## Pet Rabbits.

I WANT to tell you about a little French girl who lived a very long time ago in a small village among the mountains of Aveyron, towards the south of France. I do not know her name, so we will call her Marie.

Nearly all the people in that part of France were Roman Catholics, who did not read the Bible, and most of them had never heard the beautiful stories and lovely verses that you know so well.

But Marie had heard something of God's Word, and she had a great longing to possess a Bible of her own. She had been told that she could buy one for three francs, or about half a crown at Nîmes. But Nîmes was seventy miles from the village where Marie lived, and she had no money to pay for that long journey, or to buy a Bible if she could have got there.

What was she to do? Her desire for a Bible did not diminish, and as the days went by, she pondered and pondered how she could get one. At last she thought of a plan. She had two pet rabbits that she loved very much, and she decided that she would sell her pets and buy a Bible with the money, or exchange them for one. And she actually decided to walk that long distance all alone in order to obtain the treasure she so longed to have.

So one fine morning, with her two rabbits in a basket, she set off on her long journey. What a brave girl! How she puts to shame the boys and girls of to-day, who often will not spare a few minutes each day to read a

portion of God's Word. If you boys and girls only realised what a treasure this Book contains, I am sure you would be more anxious to read its pages.

It must have taken Marie a very long time to reach Nîmes. But the Good Shepherd, Who no doubt put the desire in her heart, was watching over His little lamb as she trudged those weary miles, and He took care of her.

When she at last reached Nîmes she asked and asked till she found a shop where Bibles were sold. Then she went straight in and, telling the bookseller what she wanted, she offered her two rabbits in exchange. Her offer was accepted, and with delight she held her longed-for treasure in her hands.

Her little heart was filled with joy as she started off on the long journey home. She must have missed her pets, but she had her Bible, and when she was tired she could sit down and read from its pages, and this more than made up for the loss of her rabbits.

When Marie at last reached her home among the mountains she was able to share her treasure with others. She was often found reading aloud from her precious Book, and no doubt many from that village could thank God that He put it into her heart to walk that long journey of one hundred and forty miles to obtain a Bible.

Do you wonder why I have told you this story? It is that you may value your Bible as this little French girl did. It is the Word of God, and in it we are told where true happiness alone can be found. To possess a



Bible will do you no good, unless you receive its messages for yourself. God tells us in His Word that we are sinners and unfit for His presence. But we read in Romans 5. 8, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Have you believed this message? Can you say that Jesus died for you, and that all your sins are forgiven? If so, may you be found reading His Word every day.

"Trusting the precious Bible,  
Reading the written Word,  
Searching its sacred pages,  
Learning of Christ the Lord—  
This is the path of blessing,  
Thus may we God obey;  
Oh! then let us look in the blessed Book  
At the morn and the close of day."

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## What came of a Shower of Rain.

**H**OW it rained! So suddenly, and the worst of it was we had no umbrellas. We were coming along the road through the village, my friend and I. The only thing to be done was to rush across the road for shelter, and the only shelter that seemed at hand was the very scanty porches to the doors of some cottages on one side of the street.

They were all alike. We selected one and tried to squeeze ourselves up against the door to get out of the rain. But we could not help getting wet, however tight we squeezed, for the rain was coming down in earnest, in a big, slanting, silver sheet.

My friend John (that was not his real name) got up so tight against the door that the latch gave way and he fell in! The noise brought an old

woman on the scene to find out what we wanted. Her face was wrinkled with care, but there was a far-away look in her dim grey eyes, as if she was thinking of things above her immediate surroundings.

She seemed sad, at first reserved, but John's beaming face, like sunshine, and kind cheery words, soon made her face melt into a smile and encouraged her to talk. We do not know what her trouble was. She seemed to know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, and yet to be groping in the dark, carrying a heavy burden.

Ah! she knew He could be trusted with it, and yet she did not let it go. She was worrying about the past, and was not sure if she had let the Lord Jesus guide, and undertake for her, or if her own self-will had had a share.

"Oh!" said John, "why don't you give up worrying and take your burden, past and present, to the Lord Jesus *now*, and leave it with Him. Give yourself over to Him entirely, ask Him to undertake for you in all, and don't spoil it by trying to do anything yourself. Surely you can trust Him."

Dear boys and girls, who know Jesus as your Saviour—for this is written for you—don't hold anything back. Let Jesus into your heart, not a little way, but altogether. Give yourself and your life up to Him entirely. He will undertake all for you. You have your little worries and vexations, but there is no need for you to carry any burden, for Jesus has promised to carry you and the burden too.

Do not let to-day's sunshine be clouded with the gloomy doubts of yesterday, nor the shadows of to-



morrow's trouble. We must begin afresh every day. We cannot store up strength and sunshine to last a week, a month or a year. No, every day we must go to Jesus for a new supply, and trust Him with our day and our life.

Well, as John talked, the old woman seemed comforted and cheered. Whether it was what he said, or whether it was the kind way in which he said it, or whether it was the sunshine of his own happy face, I don't know—perhaps a little of all three. I only know that as the storm cleared and we said "Goodbye," the poor old soul said, "Thank you so much. I am so glad the rain drove you into my house to-day."

The next day we had to bid our friend farewell, where we had been staying, and after a long railway journey we found ourselves at home again.

After we had unpacked, we looked out some books and posted them off to the old lady with the burden. We had such a grateful letter in return, saying how she had enjoyed them.

This is what came of a shower of rain. Not much, you say. Perhaps not, and yet the Lord Jesus may have sent the rain, and guided us to shelter in that particular doorway, and if so, a little goes a long way in His hands.

Dear children, if you are carrying your own burden, you cannot help to carry anyone else's. Take it to Jesus, and trust Him with it. Remember, the Lord Jesus is always caring for and thinking of you, and He arranges things so wonderfully that He may use even a shower of rain to cheer a lonely heart.

## Raindrops.

As they softly fall  
They're so very small,  
Those tiny wee drops of rain;  
To do any good  
They surely should  
Be just twice as big again!

Yet it is not so,  
Because you know  
'Twas God made those raindrops  
He uses them too [small;  
His work to do;  
E'en the smallest drop of all.

They have work to do,  
And so have you;  
Never mind if it is small.  
The raindrops don't ask  
A greater task,  
For their work is just to fall.

No matter the size  
In God's loving eyes,  
That's not what He looks to see.  
What He asks of you  
Is His will to do;  
He needs just your service free.

He settles the place  
On the earth's dry face  
Where each raindrop is to fall;  
So for you and me  
A place there'll be;  
Our part to fill it, that's all!



## "Children, cross here."

A NOTICE board with the words "CHILDREN, CROSS HERE" appears on one of the new roads near London. A few yards before this notice there is another: "Beware of

done for the boys and girls of our land, and when so much care and attention is bestowed on them.

But the words on the post have a message for us about higher things. For life is like a road which we all have

to cross, and we are all in danger of accident and disaster. There is good reason why children are urged to cross the road at the spot indicated. And so far as the road of life is concerned, every reader of this magazine knows that it is the Bible that is like a finger-post pointing out to us the way to safety. For the Bible is

"Lamp for the feet  
that in by-ways  
have wandered,  
Guide for the youth  
that would other-  
wise fall."

The Word of God tells us about ourselves, and of our danger, and points out to us the Lord Jesus, the Way to safety, the only One Who

can take away our sins.

"How many children say,  
'I'd like to go to heaven,'  
Yet never think that they  
Must have their sins forgiven."



*By courtesy of Keystone View Co.*

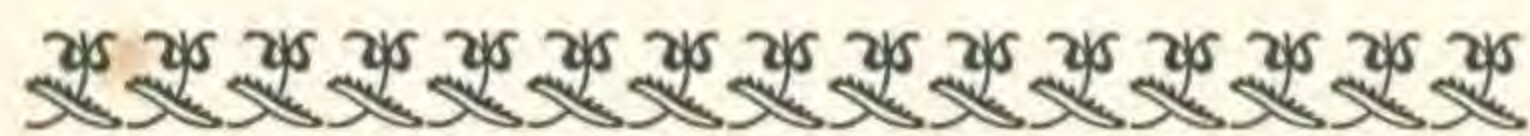
children." It is a warning to motorists.

Young people to-day are glad they are living at a time when so much is



You will remember that John the Baptist was like a finger-post pointing out the Lord Jesus, when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1. 29. Yes, Christ alone can take away your sins, and nothing will please Him more than to do this for you, the moment you receive Him.

Have you seen your danger? Have you looked to where the finger-post of the Bible points? Have you started crossing the road of life at the only safe place? If so, then you will be glad to be a living sign-post to others who are in danger of losing their souls on the highway of life.



"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 14. 12.

"Jesus saith . . . I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

John 14. 6.



## Young Believers' Column.

TO witness for the Lord Jesus Christ is a privilege that even angels might covet. Are you, dear young believer, a witness for your Lord and Saviour? You have, through the Lord's goodness, been led to Him. You have your sins forgiven and are on the road to heaven, but while you wait that blest moment when you will see Him face to face, are you seeking to be for Him here, fulfilling the purpose that He has for you?

Some years ago a traveller was in Syria and came to a place called Baalbek. There, in a quarry, he was shown a magnificent column, supposed to be one of the largest worked stones in the world, *almost* detached and ready for transportation. In the ruined temple of the Sun, near by, is a place still waiting for it, after forgotten centuries, but it has never got there.

So large, so grand; yet a failure! For it never fulfilled the purpose for which it was quarried and carved.

May we not learn a lesson from this? There are great possibilities in the life of each christian boy and girl who seeks to serve and live for the Lord Jesus Christ. But to take advantage of those possibilities we need to be subject and obedient to the One Who has saved us. We need to ask as one of old, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Acts 9. 6.

We may be sure if we place ourselves unreservedly in His hands He will use us in some way and enable us to fulfil the purpose for which He has left us here.





## LITTLE ONES' PAGE.

“Jesus, Good ! Ta !”



HERE was once a very little girl with a very little name. What do you think it was ? Ada. But small as Ada was she knew that sweetest of all names. What is that ? I wonder if you could answer :—

“Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.”

Though she was so small, Ada liked to pray to Jesus, and her first prayer was only three words, “Jesus, good ! Ta !” Have you ever said “Thank You” to Jesus ? Why should you ? You all know the verse of the hymn,

“Yes, Jesus loves me ;  
Yes, Jesus loves me ;  
Yes, Jesus loves me ;  
The Bible tells me so.”

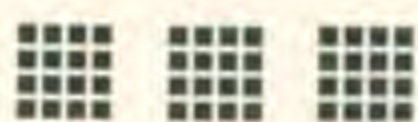
How did Jesus show His love ? You will find the answer in Galatians 2. 20, “Who loved me and **GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME.**” People who love you sometimes give you nice presents, but Jesus did more than that—He gave **HIMSELF.** Even tiny children don’t always do what Mother says, and then they have to be punished. And God would have to punish us for the naughty things we have done, but Jesus gave Himself to be punished for us. As Ada once said, “Jesus was punished astead of me.”

Have you ever thanked Jesus for being punished instead of you ?



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# SALVATION.



Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Isaiah 55. 6.

All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Isaiah 53. 6.

Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth : for I am God, and there is none else. Isaiah 45. 22.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. John 6. 47.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Matthew 7. 7.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Timothy 1. 15.

I am the door ; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved. John 10. 9.

O taste and see that the Lord is good : blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. Psalm 34. 8.

Neither is there salvation in any other : for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. Acts 4. 12.

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# “GOODBYE.”



*By courtesy of Sport & General Photos.*



## “Goodbye.”

I WAS waiting at the railway station of one of our big cities, when my attention was arrested by a large crowd of people standing on the platform, about to say “Goodbye” to those who had already taken their seats in the train. The people stood four deep and I was struck with the sad faces before me.

As I stood watching them, I was told that this was the train which was to take the people to the boat sailing for New York that day. I understood then why so many had come to say their last farewell.

There were young and old, men and women, boys and girls. Many were crying bitterly. No doubt they were parting with those they dearly loved, with the thought they might never meet again on earth.

As I thus stood wondering how many in that crowd, about to be parted one from the other, would ever meet again, I heard the sweet strains of that well-known hymn :

“ God be with you till we meet again !  
By His counsels guide, uphold you ;  
With His sheep securely fold you ;  
God be with you till we meet again !  
Till we meet ! Till we meet !  
Till we meet at Jesus’ feet !  
Till we meet ! Till we meet !  
God be with you till we meet again ! ”

Just as the last strains died away, the whistle sounded, and the train moved out of the station, leaving behind a sorrowing crowd.

I could not help thinking of the time when the trumpet shall sound, and the Lord Jesus will descend into the air, and call away all those who have

accepted Him as their own Saviour. Then there will be no time to say “Goodbye.” No, for He is coming in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Those who have fallen asleep in Jesus will be raised, and the living will be changed, and all will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, to be for ever with Him.

Where will you be at that moment ? Will you be “caught up” or left behind ? Are you saved or unsaved ? Ask yourself these solemn questions, and make sure that you are among the number of those who are ready for the Lord to come.

Many were singing those precious words, “Till we meet at Jesus’ feet.” Perhaps you have sung them often, but have you fallen *at His feet* and found pardon and forgiveness for your sins, through trusting in His precious blood alone ? Are you now sitting *at His feet* hearing His word, like Mary of old, of whom the Lord said, “Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her ?” Will you in that coming day own Him worthy of all the praise and honour, casting your crown *at His feet* ?

“ The Saviour is coming,  
The moment is near ;  
The bright Star of Morning  
Will quickly appear.

Who now trust the Saviour,  
The sent One of God,  
Are cleansed and forgiven  
Through His precious blood.

And when all in heaven  
To praise Him shall throng,  
Each one who here loved Him  
Shall join in the song.”





## “Unto Him.”

THE other day a number of girls were coming home from school, and I noticed that each one was carrying a long envelope in her hand. As it was “breaking up” day it was easy enough to guess that the envelope contained the report of the term’s work, to be taken home to the parents, so that they might know how their girls were progressing.

There may have been times when you girls and boys were not very anxious for Father or Mother to see the report. You knew that there had been idleness, inattention and bad behaviour during the term. I noticed one girl, on that particular day, stand in a quiet street and open hers, and read it with a serious face. I wondered if it was a favourable report.

I want to tell you about a “report” that was written a great many years ago—about B.C. 445. The Jews who had returned from the captivity found the walls of their beloved city, Jerusalem, in ruins, and they set to work to repair them. Each had his own work to do, and a careful record was made of every man’s name and the special part allotted to him. You will read about it in Nehemiah 3. There is just one word said about one man that was not said about anyone else.

I once asked some girls to find it and they took a long time; I wonder if the boys would have done better. In verse 20 we read that “Baruch the son of Zabbai *earnestly* repaired” his bit. Does that mean that all the others “scamped” their bit of the work and did it carelessly? I do not

really think that, but I do think that Baruch the son of Zabbai did his with a heart of love, *unto the Lord*, and so the great Master, Who was watching all the while, told the writer of that report to make a note of it, and so there it remains to this day. Someone worked earnestly, with a loving heart, and God thought it worth while to write it down.

In Malachi 3. 16 we read about some people, whose names are not given, who often met together to talk about the Lord, and it says “The Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him.”

Do you belong to the Lord? If so, what is He writing in His book of remembrance about you? “Well,” you say, “I had a splendid report from school. I did well in almost everything.” That was nice indeed. But I was just wondering how much thought you gave to *Him*, during the term. Was your work done “unto Him”? *Who died for you?* (2 Cor. 5. 15). It was He Who gave you the intellect, the privileges and opportunities. And He has power to take them all away!

May you christian boys and girls always put the Lord Jesus first in your lives. Here is a good motto for you—

HENCEFORTH—UNTO HIM.

“Ye are not your own. Ye are bought with a price.”

1 Cor. 6. 19, 20.



## Sold.

**I**N a city of South China there lived a family called Chung. When I first knew them there were two little boys and two little girls. One little girl was called Grace and the other Happy. When the time came for Grace to go to school she spent all her time studying and was soon at the top of the class. But Happy was quite different. She was full of fun and mischief; she did not want to study, but she was a help to her mother at home, looking after the baby and running errands.

When little Happy was about six years old her father died. Then indeed the poor mother was in trouble. There were six children by this time and very soon there was no money coming in.

In China, when a family is in money difficulties, the only way out generally is by selling a little girl. That is a very terrible thing, is it not? But China is a heathen country. They do not know about the one true God. They worship a great many gods.

Poor Mrs. Chung did not want to sell one of her little girls. She loved them very much. But then how could she see the whole family starve? There seemed no way out, and so at

last it was arranged to sell little Happy. Generally a child of six is sold for sixty dollars, but Happy came of a good family; she was clever and pretty, and so she was sold for ninety dollars, that is about nine pounds.

Poor child, I think her name should have been changed, for she was a very sad little girl now. Think what it would mean to be a little slave girl, with no one to love you, having to work hard all day for a mistress who was always scolding and ready to beat you. I am sure you are thinking to yourself "I am glad that I am not a slave; I like to be free and do what I like." And yet I wonder whether you are really free. If you will look at Romans 7. 14, you will see the Bible says that we are "sold under sin," And in the 16th verse of the 6th chapter it says, "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are?"

Now whose servant are you? You know that you belong to God. God made you. He gave you your body and your life. But have you sold your-

self to the devil? Are you yielding yourself to him, to obey him? You know quite well the kind of things the devil wants you to do. Are you serving him? If you



Looking after the baby.



are, then you are his slave.

You cannot set yourself free. Just like poor little Happy; she would have loved to run home again, away from her unkind mistress, but she was sold, and she was quite unable to help herself. Every day she grew thinner and sadder. All her pretty, merry ways were gone, and every night she cried herself to sleep.

But there was someone else very sad too. That was Happy's mother. She also got thinner and sadder every day, and I think too that she often cried at night for her little girl.

Before many months had passed, a very happy thing happened to Mrs. Chung. A piece of family land came into her possession, and she found that if she sold it she would have ninety dollars, just the amount that she had received for her little girl. How happy she was! She very quickly sold the piece of land, and with the ninety dollars all ready she hurried to Happy's mistress to get the child back again.

But alas! the mistress would not let her go. She demanded a hundred and ten dollars. Poor Mrs. Chung! and poor little Happy! So nearly free and yet it was of no use. Mrs. Chung had no way of getting any more money, but she was a christian, and I think she had been praying very much that

God would have mercy on her and her little girl. And God had prepared a way.

The missionaries had returned to the city, and they were very sorry to find what had happened to Happy. Just at this time a friend in Canada had sent a present of money to the mother, to get something for herself. Now the mother knew the love of God, and she dearly loved all little children. So she said, "What I would like best would be to see little Happy home again." So the money from Canada was put with the ninety dollars from the fields, and there was exactly enough to buy her back again.

She was really *happy* now. It was so easy to help her mother, so easy to amuse her own little brothers and sisters. Perhaps she had to work as hard, for her mother was very poor, but what a different work it was. She was free, and she worked from love to her mother, who had given all she had to ransom her.

Now how are you going to be bought back from your bondage? No amount of money will set us free from the bonds of the devil, but the Lord Jesus Christ has shed His precious blood because He loved us. The ransom has been paid. You may be free. Will you not yield yourself to Him *now*?

“The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

Romans 6. 23.



## Change at Once.

**“YOU’RE** in the wrong carriage.”  
So I was told by a fellow-passenger one day when travelling in a strange locality. Through the mistake of one of the railway officials, I was directed into a train which was going in the opposite direction from that which I had intended to go.

As soon as I discovered my mistake, I left the wrong train and got into the right one. How many travellers on the journey of life are in a similar position ! They are in the wrong carriage. They expect to reach heaven, but have never booked at the right office, and have never entered the right train.

Let me ask if you are in the right carriage for heaven. If not, change carriages at once, for every day is taking you further on the wrong direction, and soon you may discover your mistake and find it is too late to turn. Make sure then that you are all right. The Lord Jesus says, “I am the Way . . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.” John 14. 6.

As long as I was in the wrong train, I could not expect to arrive at the place where I wished to go. My hoping could not change the train’s course. It was I that was wrong ; the train was going where the driver wished it, and it was I that must change. So must you, if you are in the wrong carriage. You must change at once before it is too late.

“ Passing onward, quickly passing,  
Yes, but whither, whither bound ?  
Is it to the many mansions  
Where eternal rest is found ?  
Passing onward,  
Yes, but whither, whither bound ? ”

## Young Believers’ Column.

**A**N old christian was walking along the road when he stooped down and picked up a small coin covered with mud. When he arrived home he began to clean it and found it was a farthing. His friends asked him why he took so much trouble with such a worthless coin.

“ You watch and you will see,” was his answer. As he rubbed, the king’s head began to shew, and the more he rubbed the clearer it became. “ This ” said he, “ is a lesson for us,” and he told them how the Lord has picked us up from the mire and dirt of this world, and has saved us, and we are going to be conformed to the image of God’s Son.

The trials and testings by the way are like the rubbing of the coin, in order that the likeness of Jesus may be seen in us. Think of a farthing, of practically no value, yet a coin of the realm and bearing the king’s head on it ! Then remember that however weak or small you may be in yourself, if you are a believer in the Lord Jesus, you belong to Him and you can shew something of His ways in your life down here.

“ Are you shining for Jesus, dear ones ?  
You have given your hearts to Him ;  
But is the light strong within them,  
Or is it but pale and dim ?  
Can everybody see it—  
That Jesus is all to you ?  
That your love to Him is burning  
With radiance warm and true ?  
Is the seal upon your forehead,  
So that it must be known  
That you are all for Jesus—  
That your hearts are all His own ? ”





## LITTLE ONES' PAGE.



“You can never rub it out.”



ONE afternoon, a little boy of five, was amusing himself by printing his name on a piece of paper. Suddenly his little fingers stopped. He had made a mistake, and wetting his finger he tried to rub it out. He had often done this on a slate and he thought he could do the same now.

But the more he rubbed the dirtier the paper became, as you children know quite well.

His mother was watching him, and she quietly said, “Do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? And you can never rub it out.”

The little boy's face grew very red, and he began to cry. He didn't like to think that all the naughty things he had done were written down by God. And I dare say that you little ones do not like to think about that either.

In a minute or two the little boy stole up close to his mother's side and whispered in her ear, “Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?”

Ah, yes, the blood of Jesus can cleanse away all the black stains of our sin and make us clean and white in God's sight. Have you trusted that precious Saviour? If so, God tells us in the Bible that He will not remember your sins any more.

“Though your sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious blood can make them  
White as snow.”



# JEWELS FROM THE PSALMS.



## HOW MANIFOLD

“O LORD, how manifold are Thy works !  
in wisdom hast Thou made them all : the  
earth is full of Thy riches.”

*Psalm 104. 24.*

## HOW EXCELLENT

“How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, O  
God ! therefore the children of men put their  
trust under the shadow of Thy wings.”

*Psalm 36 7.*

## HOW PRECIOUS

“How precious also are Thy thoughts unto  
me, O God ! how great is the sum of them !”

*Psalm 139. 17.*

## HOW SWEET

“How sweet are Thy words unto my taste !  
yea sweeter than honey to my mouth.”

*Psalm 119. 103.*

## HOW GREAT

“How great is Thy goodness, which Thou  
hast laid up for them that fear Thee ; which  
Thou hast wrought for them that trust in  
Thee before the sons of men !”

*Psalm 31. 19.*