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AT THE MASTHEAD

OR

HOISTING THE FLAG OF THE FAITH

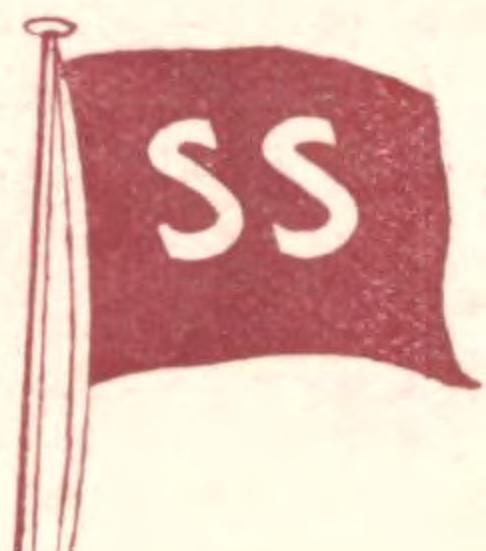
A CAREFUL COMPILATION OF

BRIGHT STORIES AND GOOD PICTURES

BY

HY. PICKERING,

EDITOR OF "STRAIGHT TO THE MARK," "BELLS OF GOLD," &c.



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“TO THE RESCUE;”

OR, “IF EVER I GET SAFE BACK, I’LL LET IT BE KNOWN THAT
I AM A CHRISTIAN.”



“TO THE RESCUE.”

Drawn by Fred W. Burton

"TO THE RESCUE!"

A GALE had been blowing; the coast-guards were all on the alert, and the lifeboat and crew were in readiness, for vessels were expected, and none could make the harbour in such a sea; and if they were driven on the rocks, what then? Why, the lifeboat must be ready to do what could be done; and so the crew waited about, and could not rest as they looked across the wild, white waves. As John Rule waited amongst the others, an unusual dread came over him—What if the boat were wanted? Perhaps he would never come back, and then, "*after death*"? Whilst he was thinking of this someone

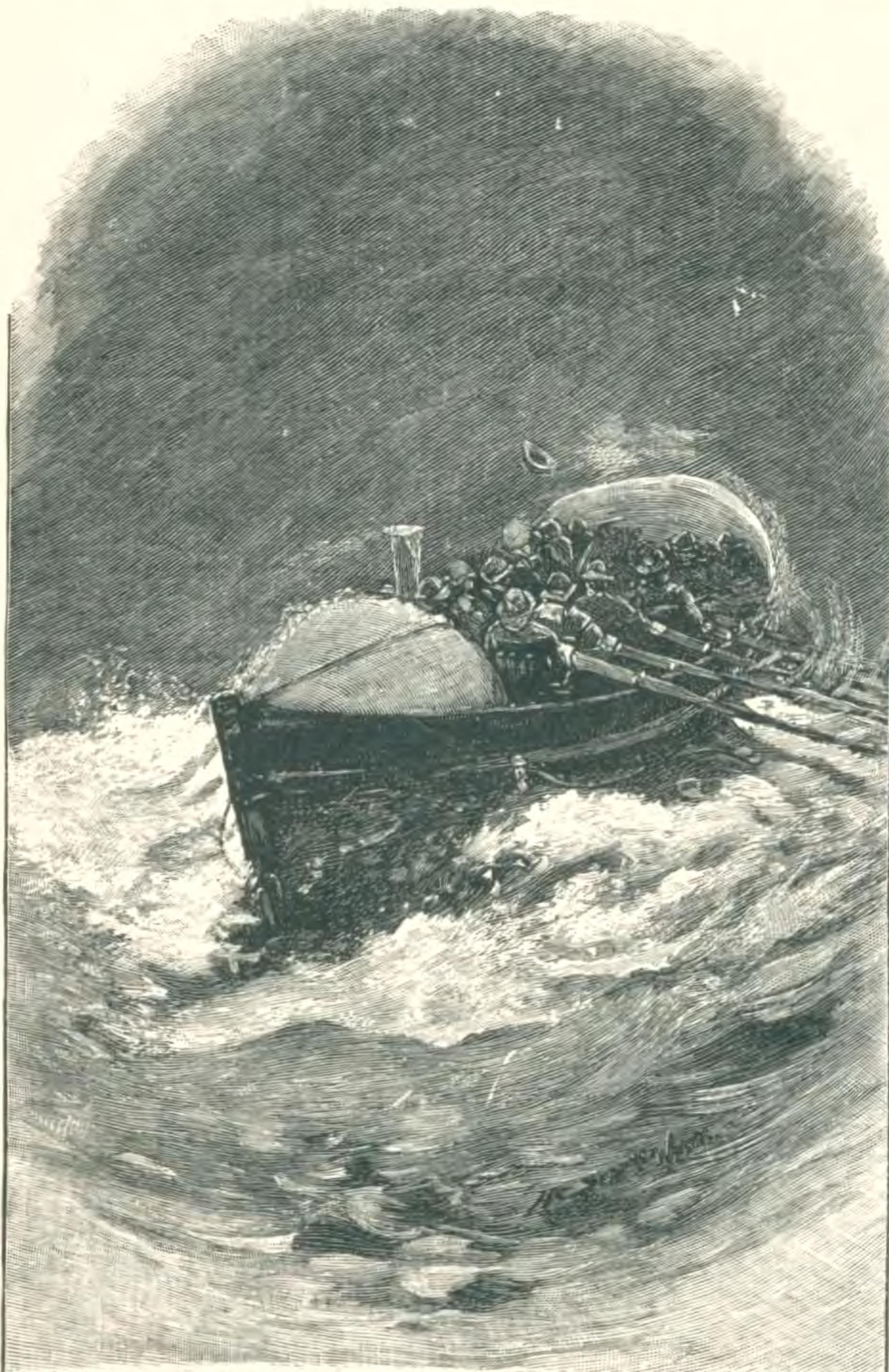
passed amongst the men giving away Gospel books. John had one put into his hand, and as he listlessly looked over it he saw there was something in it about a man getting peace with God. He began to read it, and found it was the story of a fellow-sinner's conversion.

"That is what I want," he thought. "I would not mind going out if only I knew it was all right with me." Then he saw that the person of whom the book spoke did nothing to save himself, but just trusted to the Lord, confessing what a sinner he was. As John read this, it showed just what he wanted, and that was the first time he really heard the Great Captain's voice. He then and there trusted in the Saviour of sinners, "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved" (Acts 16. 31). He hardly knew how great a change had been wrought as he read that little Gospel-book; he was only conscious that he was not troubled as he thought of "*after death and the judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27).

Just as these things were filling John's mind, the shout came: "MAN THE LIFEBOAT! TO THE RESCUE!" In a short time the boat had been dragged to the scene of the wreck, pushed through the surf, and soon John was amongst the crew, pulling with all his might through the pitiless waves, which made as if they would swallow up the brave boat and her crew.

"If ever I get safe back, I'll let it be known that I am a Christian," was the uppermost thought in the mind of John, as the lifeboat toiled on its way to the vessel, over which the seas were breaking. John had found Christ, or rather the Saviour had found John.

He did get ashore again, and his first act was to fall on his knees and thank God for saving him. He was no longer afraid of "*after death*," for he knew that to him "*sudden death*" on sea or land would be "*sudden glory*" in Heaven with the Captain of our salvation. L. T.



"PULLING THROUGH THE PITILESS WAVES."

JACK'S NEW YEAR.

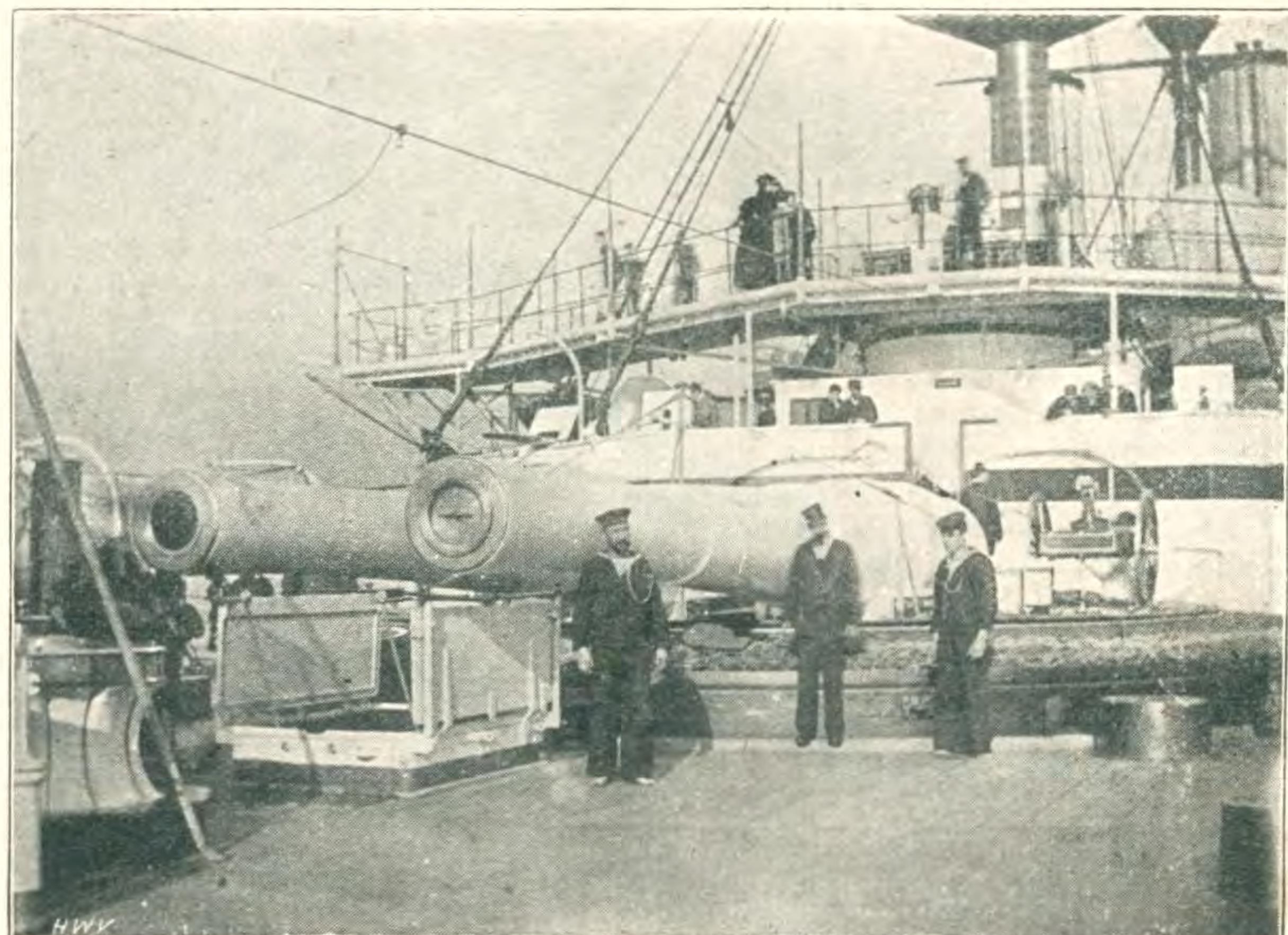
IT was the last day of the year, and a ship lay at anchor off a large city. Weekly, often indeed on every night of the week, a few of the men had met for prayer, and of late they had prayed earnestly for one of their number who carried his dissipation and recklessness beyond all limits. He never ceased deriding the "canting Methodists," as he called his godly companions, and his influence threatened to defeat their efforts for the spiritual good of the crew.

Just before the sailor's watch on the last night of the year, one of his comrades said to him kindly, "Jack, we meet to-night to pray the old year out, and *we shall pray for you.*" Jack turned round in a rage. "Make *me* your subject, if you dare, and I'll knock your brains out," was his answer.

All alone he kept his watch. Overhead shone the pure stars, and far away gleamed the lights of the city, and still the parting words of his comrade rang in his ear. "I wonder what they'll say," he thought at length, after his anger had died away. "Well, if they mention all my sins, they'll have enough to keep them busy;" and one after another scene of sin came up before him, scenes from which many of the participants had been called away to judgment. Rousing himself up he tried to shake off their memories, but in vain. "*We'll pray for you*" rang in his ear. All at once the texts learned at his mother's knee from his almost forgotten Bible came up before him. Vainly he whistled and sang, and tried to think of anything, everything else. God's Spirit will accomplish His work. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," said

memory; "the wrath of God abideth on him;" and, so passage after passage came up before him. He saw himself a sinner before an avenging, slighted God; and despairing, trembling, he threw himself upon his knees. "Oh, what a long list of sins I've got scored against me!" he groaned: "I can't ever get it chalked out." He saw himself undone and helpless: but, as One of old appeared to Peter, walking on the sea—the blessed "Son of Man,"—so across the wild waves of doubt, of anguish, and despair came the Heavenly Comforter into the heart of this poor sailor, saying, "Be not afraid; only believe;" and like the disciple Thomas, his heart responded, "My Lord and my God!" Alone upon his knees he heard the far-off city bells toll out the dying of the year, and merrily chime in the advent of the new, and a "new creature" Jack arose from his knees, and grasping the hand of the comrade who came to relieve his watch, said, with a tearful voice, "Ned, I'm a new man in Christ Jesus."

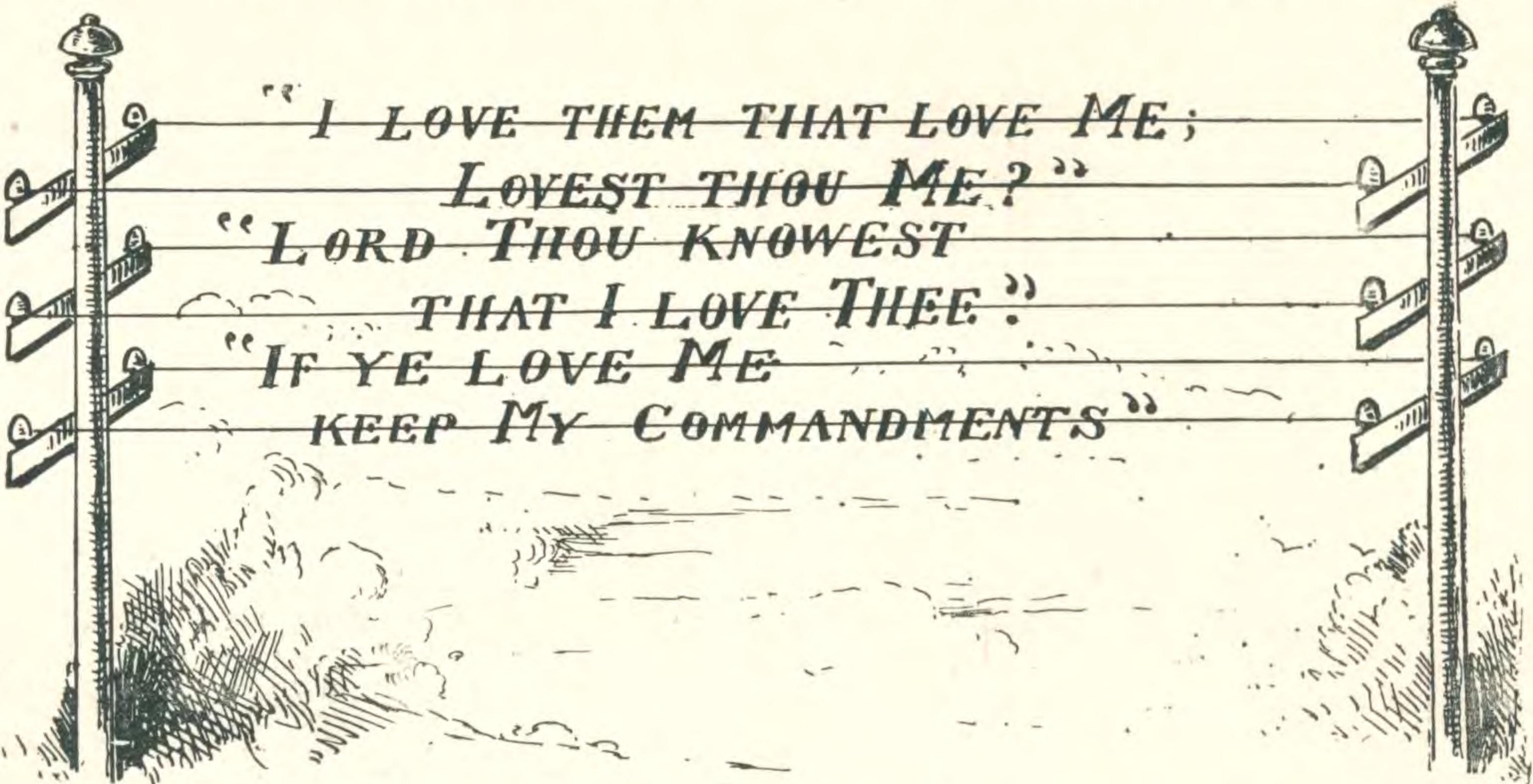
His conversion was sincere. Jack was earnest in his efforts to show his late companions the folly of their ways; and many gratefully remembered Jack's *new year.* N.B.



From a Photograph.

THE MAIN GUN-DECK OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

TELEGRAMS AND THEIR TESTIMONY.



HAVE you ever received a letter? How proud you were to open it all yourself! But perhaps you have never received a telegram, so I am going to hand you one, not in a buff envelope, but direct from the wires—a message from Heaven through the Scriptures of Truth—and perhaps you will send one back. Here is the message:

"I love them that love Me"

(Proverbs 8. 17).

Is it not a beauty? Often telegrams are so dreadful—about sickness, and accident, and death—that I always feel afraid of them; but this is a message of love from the God of Love, Who lives in a realm of love, and is love. He manifested His love, for we read, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" (John 3. 16), and "God commendeth His love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). But you see this message is addressed to particular people—"them that love Me." Are you in that class? If not, as a guilty sinner, "Behold the Lamb of God" dying for you on the cross of Calvary, believe in Him as your own personal Saviour, then you will exclaim, "Behold, what love!" (1 John 3. 1).

Hark! A second message is coming—

"Lovest thou Me?"

Telegrams are used for important and pressing business; but nothing can be so important as this. They are the words of Jesus Himself, to me, to you, Annie, Willie, Mary, Alfred, Kitty, Tom—"LOVEST THOU ME?" You love the baby, your father, brother, sister, mother, but

above all, "Lovest thou Me?" Others love you much, but none can love as He. He loved you in your sin. He loved you and died to save you from that sin (Gal. 2. 20). Do you love Him? Sometimes a reply is prepaid. Shall we send Jesus a reply telegram?

"Thou knowest that I love Thee" (John 21. 15).

O how pleased the Lord will be to receive such a message, and hear you sing from the heart:

"I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree:
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow—
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Have you ever put your arm around mother's neck and hugged her and kissed her, and said to her, "Oh, mother, I do love you so!" How happy it made her! If you will as truly believe on Jesus, and tell Him of your love, He will be rejoiced. Nothing gives Him greater happiness than to be loved, and a child's love is specially sweet to Him. Shall we send this answer to His question? If we do so, I expect we shall receive another message, like this:

"If ye love ME, keep MY commandments" (John 14. 15).

If you really love mother, you do what she asks, and if we really love Jesus we shall obey Him. Obedience is the measure of love, and love makes the obedience a pleasure. Rest not till you realise that He loves you, and your heart response is: "I love Him because He first loved me."

W. L.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

“OH, the snow, the beautiful snow ! ” we at once exclaim on looking out of the window the first morning after a heavy fall of snow. How lovely the garden plots, the country lanes, the leafless trees, the fields beyond ! It seems as if Heaven had cast its mantle of purity and brightness over this dark, sinful world of ours just to create a longing desire in our hearts to be cleansed from all our sins in the precious Blood of Jesus (1 John 1. 7), and so be ready for the land of Light and Song.

What thoughts of skating on the roads and on the ice, of making snow houses, snow men, and snow-balls, of the innocent merriment of ambushing father on his return from the city, or Tom on his way from school, of the hundred - and - one hours of merriment 'mid the snow ere the thaw sets in, and the genial sun melts it all. Surely such reminds us of the time to come when “the streets of the City shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof” (Zech.8.5). Yet, the Tempter of souls would often whisper in your hearts that the Gospel is a message of gloom and sadness—that all who believe it bid farewell to mirth, and play, and cheerfulness, whereas it is “Good tidings of great joy” (Lu.2.10), which causes those who believe it to be

“merry” (Lu.15.24), “joyful” (Lu.19.6), “rejoicing” (Acts 8.39) here, and “gladness and rejoicing” hereafter (Rev. 19.7).

Every little flake of fleecy white that falls is like a letter in the great snow sermon preached again and again : “Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow” (Isaiah 1. 18), and should lead each of us to pray the snow prayer : “Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow” (Psalm 51.7). Rest not till your sins are put away, and are ready for the Home on High. HYP.



Drawn by]

AN AMBUSH.

[Lucien Davies, R.I.

CECIL RHODES' PROCLAMATION.

KIMBERLEY IS RELIEVED!" It was a *relief* to everybody to hear the news. The Boer gun Long Tom had wrought terrible havoc to life and property. Provisions were very scarce, and sold at fabulous prices. Food was weighed out to the inhabitants with scrupulous care; 4 ozs. of horse-flesh and $10\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of brown bread was the daily portion, leaving the inhabitants free to add to these whatever they could afford to purchase. The entrance of General French was hailed with acclamation. The siege was over, and everyone

long remembered. Two thousand six hundred women and children embraced the terms of the proclamation, fled to the mines for shelter, and were immediately lowered down the shafts 1500 feet beneath the surface, and no shell could reach them.

This act of Cecil Rhodes illustrates in a marvellous way what the Blessed God has done for all mankind. He saw us exposed to greater danger than the mere death of the body from shot and shell. He saw us threatened with eternal death as the righteous wages of our sin. He sent a Deliverer

in the Person of His Son, and Jesus Christ died to save us. God is now commanding every sinner who desires complete shelter from the consequences of sin to behold the Lamb of God on Calvary's Cross, for only there can God be just, and the Justifier of every one who believes.

The women of Kimberley were lowered at *once* into the mines as soon as they fled there; and as soon as any sinner flees for refuge to the Cross of Christ,

now breathed freely. To save themselves from death by Boer shells, the inhabitants of Kimberley constructed shell-proof shelters. These were mostly under-ground, but they answered the purpose for which they were made. When the siege was at its height Cecil Rhodes appeared in the character of a deliverer, and threw open the diamond mines as shelters for the terror-stricken and distracted inhabitants.

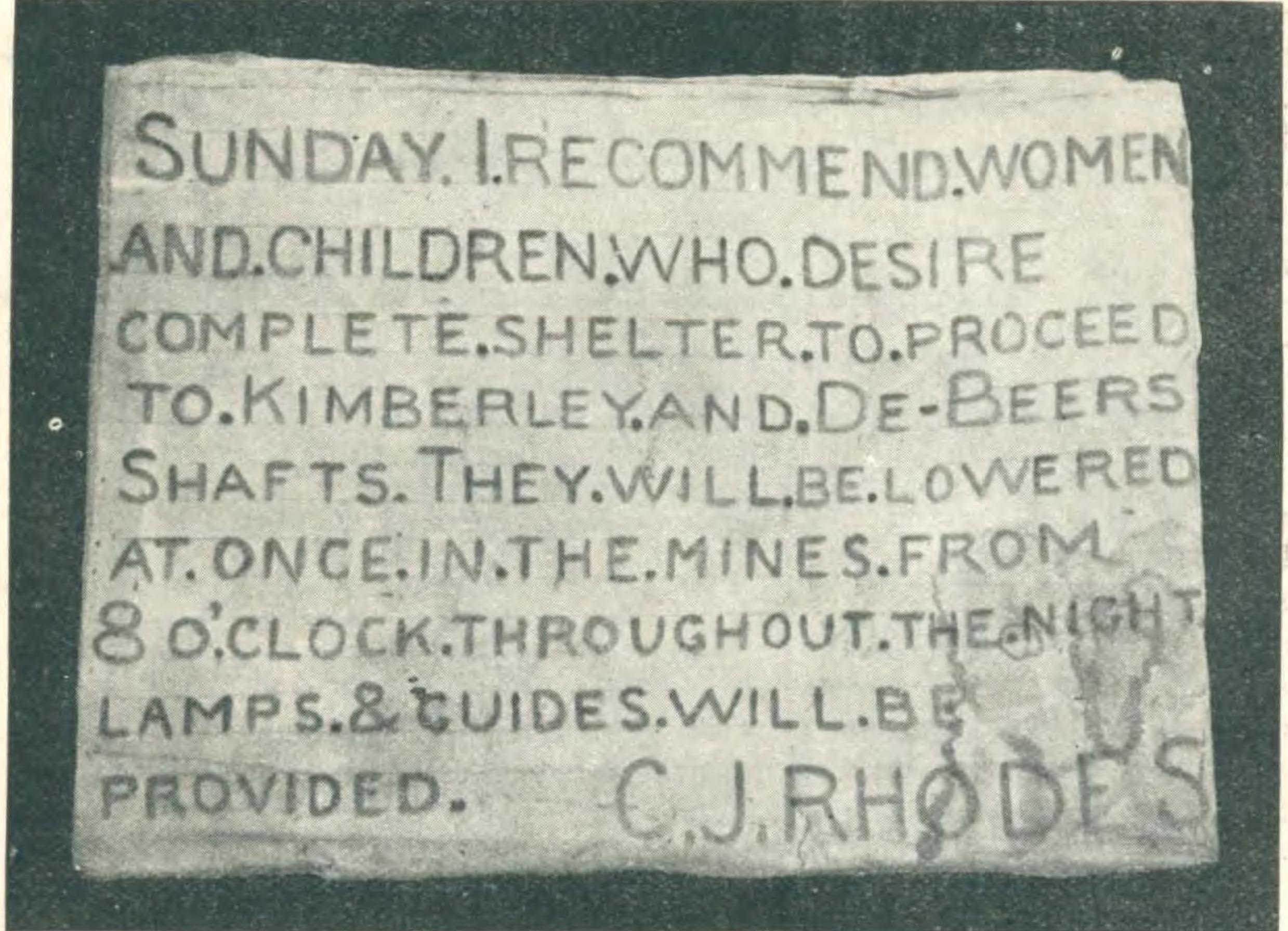
The accompanying photograph is an exact reproduction of the famous proclamation he issued, and for which he will be

that very instant they are pardoned freely from all sin, and made children of God.

Rhodes' offer held good all through the night, and God's offer holds good all through the dark night of this world's history.

Rhodes provided lamps and guides for these women. They had nothing to do but accept the full provision made for them. God has given His Word as a lamp and His Spirit as a guide, so that wanderers of all nations may be lightened and guided back to Him. Have you believed, and acted on God's proclamation? T. B.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMOUS KIMBERLEY PROCLAMATION.



SUNDAY I RECOMMEND WOMEN
AND CHILDREN WHO DESIRE
COMPLETE SHELTER TO PROCEED
TO KIMBERLEY AND DE-BEERS
SHAFTS. THEY WILL BE LOWERED
AT ONCE IN THE MINES FROM
8 O'CLOCK THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT
LAMPS & GUIDES WILL BE PROVIDED. C.J. RHODES

THE EVER OPEN DOOR.

YOU know the infirmary pavement, with its broad expanse of stone,
With the cupola clock overhead, and the statues grim and lone,
Crowded and bustling at mid-day, bright in the evening's glare,
But on this winter midnight, rain-swept, gloomy and bare.

Twelve from the cupola clock, twelve from the clocks all round,
And the lingering boom from Albert Square, with its sad, far-reaching sound,
No soul left in the lonely streets, all away to shelter and bed,
And the living, throbbing city, seems like a city dead.

Tramp! 'tis the prying policeman, searching with patient look—
Turning the glare of his lamp on each secret corner and nook,
As if on this winter midnight, with the rain-rush teeming down,
Aught with the lie left in it, would stop on the flags and drown.



Ha! what is that, then, yonder,—crouched on the steps of stone?
A lone child, ragged and foot bare, drenched to the very bone,
Grasping a pulpy parcel, smeared with the road-way mire,
Everything cold about him, save two little eyes of fire.

"None o' your tricks now, youngster! Why are you lurking here?
Tell us your tale straightforward!" (A sob, and a glance of fear.)
The child holds out the parcel; the hand is covered with blood;
"Slipped from the—Longsight car sir;—p-papers fell in the mud."

"Father?"—"Ain't got none."—"Mother?"—"I reckon as mother's dead."

(Policeman thinks of his nestlings, safe with their mother in bed.)

"Nothing to get me a lodging"—(he shivered where he stood.)

"Paid all my coppers for 'specials,' and papers fell in the mud."

"Come!" says the sturdy policeman, and takes the child by the arm,

"Oh, please don't run me in sir; I hasn't done any harm;

'Tis Gospel truth I have told you; I isn't a thief or a liar!"

"Nay, come with me my laddie, I'll get thee some food and a fire!"

"Past the hotel o'er yonder, and just a street before,
There's a place where I'll find thee a lodging; they call it '*The Open Door*':"

There's a few good folks who keep it, for just such lads as thee,—

Look—there it is, right before thee; go in for thyself and see."

Bliss for the poor starved orphan! the door stands open wide,

It leads to a cheerful welcome, the glow of a bright fireside;

The wounded hand washed gently, and bound with a tender care;

Dry clothes, and a touch like mother's, to part the curly hair.

Supper that seems like nectar, a verse from the Holy Word,

Ten words of a prayer, as welcome THERE; as the grandest Litany heard;

A snug little berth and pillow, to rest the weary head,
And God's sweet gift of slumber falls on that lowly bed.

* * * *

Policeman's wife next morning told me this simple tale;
(Glanced at her own two youngsters, mother-clad, ruddy, and hale),

Made my hand go to my pocket, to find in its scanty store,

Some little wedge of silver, to help with "The Open Door."

* * * *

Oh! type of the door of mercy, for ever open and free,
Of the dear Lord's word of welcome, the loving "Come unto me!"

For even the vilest sinner, desolate, guilt-stained, poor,
May come to the God of mercy, and pass through "The Open Door."

Oh! type of the heavenly city, that stands in the land of light,

Where the pain can never enter, and the wrong is all set right;

For the gates of that blest city are shut not, night or day,
And the ransomed people enter, and they that enter stay.

E. H.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

ACH cycle of Time as it passes into Eternity carries with it the sighs, sins, and sorrows of the fifteen hundred millions who, by careful computation, are considered to be living at the present time on the Earth. Such a statement brings us face to face with **SEVEN GREAT FACTS** concerning such a great multitude.

All the year round some are dying! Fifty millions a year have the words of old said to them: "This year thou shalt die" (Jer. 28. 16). Four millions a month demonstrate the truth that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4). One hundred and thirty thousand a day verify the fact that "it is appointed unto men once to die." Five thousand every hour, dying on the right hand and on the left, echo with mighty voice, "A time to die" (Eccl. 3. 2).

"Be ye also ready!" Your name may soon be included in one of the long lists which make up these figures. Are you prepared for the passing from Time into Eternity? If not, listen—

All the year round some are being saved. "Three thousand in a day" (Acts 2. 41), "five thousand men" another day (chapter 4. 4), "multitudes" again (ch. 5. 14), "a great multitude" (ch. 11. 21), "much people" (ch. 11. 24), "many" (ch. 17. 12), and so the stream has rolled on. The very day on which you hold this paper in your hand hundreds of souls shall pass from death to life, and from the power of Satan to God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 26. 18). Better still, this very day, "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).

All the year round some are passing into Heaven. Having received Christ (John 1. 12) as their own personal Saviour, they are departing "to be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1. 23). Having obtained "salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," they have been "preserved unto His Heavenly Kingdom"

(2 Tim. 3. 15; 4. 18). If you are called hence, would you join those "thousands of thousands" redeemed by blood and taken home to God?

All the year round some are passing into Hell. Nearly two thousand years ago a "rich man died and was buried, and in Hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments" (Luke 16. 23), and "many there be" which have followed, "for wide is the gate and broad is the way which leadeth to destruction" (Matt. 7. 13), and the Word of God declares, "The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psalm 9. 17). O, unsaved friend, "Flee from the wrath to come."

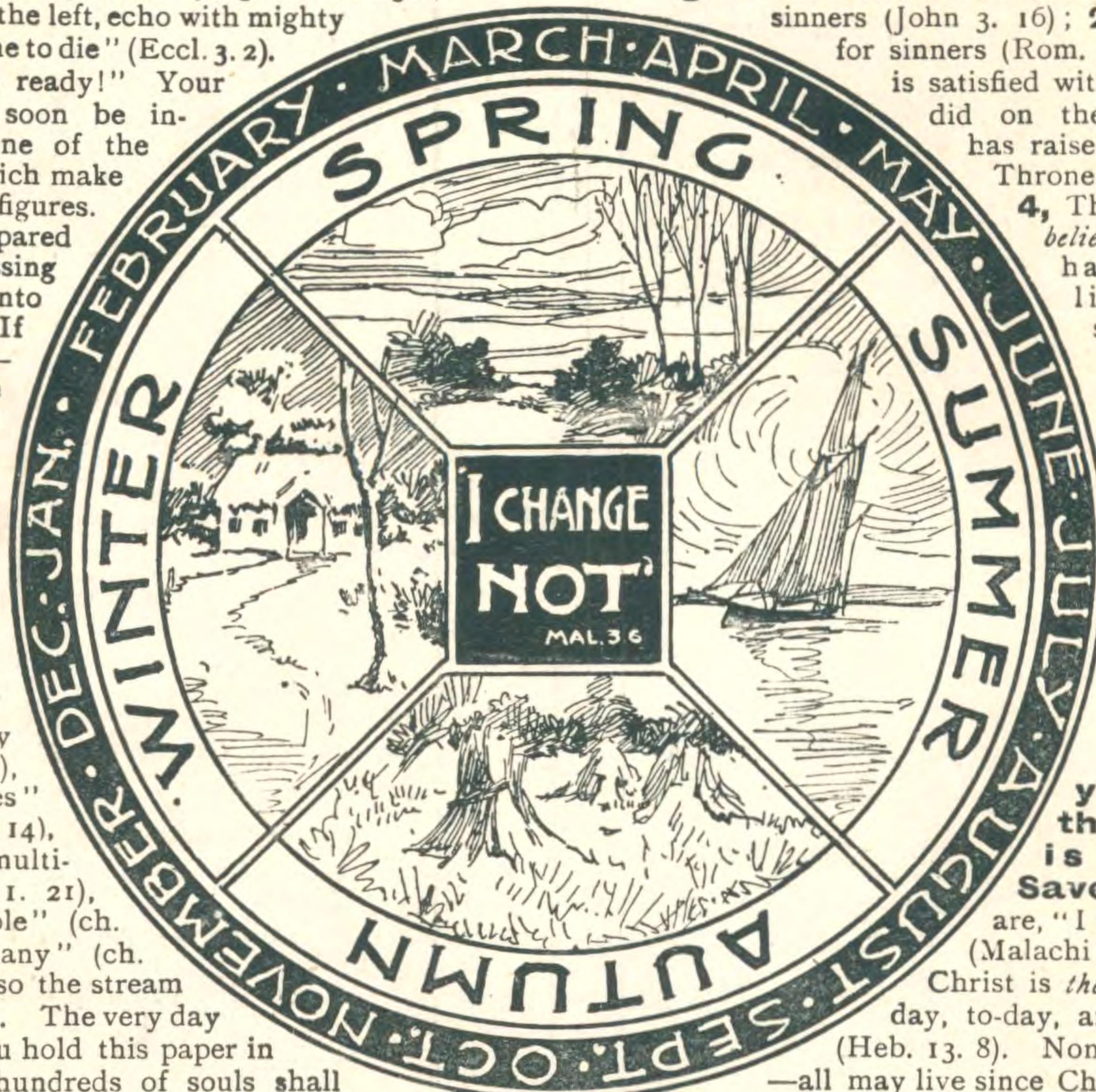
All the year round let these five great truths be known— 1, God loves sinners (John 3. 16); 2, Christ died for sinners (Rom. 5. 8); 3, God is satisfied with what Christ did on the Cross, and has raised Him to the Throne (Phil. 2. 9);

4, The sinner who believes on the Son has everlasting life; 5, The sinner who believes not on Christ, the wrath of God abideth on Him (John 3. 36). Let me ask, Are you saved or unsaved?—travelling to eternal glory or gloom?

All the year round the Saviour is able to Save. His words are, "I CHANGE NOT" (Malachi 3. 6). "Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Heb. 13. 8). None need perish—all may live since Christ has died.

He saved a Samaritan sinner, a dying thief, a persecuting Saul, and millions more; and He is the same mighty Saviour to-day, "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

All the year round we are reminded of Eternity. Moments fly, hours pass, months roll by, the seasons change. Creation unites her voice with Conscience, loudly crying, "Get ready now for the great Eternity ahead," when many shall have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jer. 8. 20). Before another hour goes by, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and THOU shalt be saved"; then you can sing, "Saved for Time, ready for Eternity!" HYP.



FROM THE COLOSSEUM TO HEAVEN;

OR, LOVE IS STRONGER THAN ALL THE POWER OF INFURIATED MEN, LIONS, OR DEVILS.



"EVEN ROMAN MAIDENS TURNED AGHAST AT THE SAD SIGHTS."

FROM THE COLOSSEUM TO HEAVEN.

WITH solemn feelings did we tread the arena of the Colosseum in Rome, which forms one of the grandest ruins in the world. Here the proud Roman Emperors held their fêtes. Here were witnessed by upwards of a hundred thousand people at a time, exciting chariot races, the slaughter of wild beasts from Ethiopia and India, and gladiatorial combats. But far more horrible to relate, it was in this very scene, under the reign of Trajan and others, that the hatred to Christ and His saints often rose to its highest pitch, till the people "required," says Gibbon, "that the Christians should be instantly apprehended and cast to the lions," when even Roman maidens at times turned aghast at the awful sights and scenes witnessed in the Colosseum. So also, under the cruel Nero, did the Christians suffer bitter persecution. "With this view," says Tacitus, the Pagan historian, "Nero inflicted the most exquisite tortures on those men, who, under the vulgar appellation of Christians, were already branded with deserved infamy. They died in torments, and their torments were embittered by insult and derision. Some were nailed on crosses; others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts

and exposed to the fury of dogs; others again, smeared over with combustible materials, were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of the night."

Such were the sufferings of many of the early Christians! And what was the secret of their power in their endurance? Just this, the heart filled with Christ's constraining love—that love which is stronger than all the power of infuriated men, lions, or devils. They had proved the power of His BLOOD to cleanse from sin, of His GRACE to save their souls, of His SPIRIT to sustain their faith, and of His WORD to establish their glorious hope; and thus could add their "Amen," even unto death, to the unflinching testimony of the great cloud of witnesses mentioned in the eleventh of Hebrews, and of Paul, who of old wrote to the Romans: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" (Rom. 8. 35).

Must not the Lord Jesus Christ be a precious One to know and trust? Would you prove His love in your own soul? Come, then, to Him in simple, child-like faith, this very day, and yield yourself to

Him for salvation and eternal life. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (1 Timothy 1. 15). Then shall you be able to triumph over all trouble, and over even death itself, and finally to triumph with the mighty victor host in Glory as they sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His Blood, be glory for ever and ever." C.R.H.



MODERN ROME, WITH THE TIBER AND RUINS.

LILY GEORGE'S HAPPY DAY.

BORN in the year 1869 in the village of Moirlough, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland, Lily George (*nee* Miss Irwin) got a strict Presbyterian training; but not until she came to live in Magherafelt, where she was in the local post office, was she brought face-to-face with the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?" Boarding with an earnest Christian in the town, given to hospitality, she was often spoken to about her soul; but, as she was an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and a busy worker, she did not see the necessity for a new birth, nor think that conversion was essential to secure heaven.

It was on the 10th April, 1889, through the visit of an evangelist to the town, that the question of personal salvation was first brought home to her heart; and in the sitting-room after the meeting, as the evangelist pointed her to Christ, she was led to put her trust in Him as her own precious Saviour, and was enabled for the first time, truthfully, and from the heart, to say:

"Oh! happy day: oh! happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Next morning she was met on the stairs on going down to breakfast by the servant, who, on hearing of her conversion, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Irwin, I hear you got converted last night, and, shure, we'll nivir see you smile agin!" but that "happy day"

was but the beginning of a smiling life, which only ended by death itself, and yet not ended, for she has entered eternal joy.

She took a very decided stand on the Lord's side, and shortly after, anxious to serve her Saviour more fully, she went as a nurse to the Royal Hospital, Belfast. There she was well known for her faithfulness to sick ones, and used in leading not

a few to the sinner's Saviour. One case known of was while attending to two young people who were confined to one room with an infectious disease. She was enabled to speak to both of their danger, and need of trusting Jesus at once, and both that night received Christ and had all their sins forgiven. Next morning, from the top of the stairs, they shouted to their mother, "Mother, we both decided last night to take Christ as our Saviour."

God laid the needs of dark Africa on her heart. Its teem-

ing millions living and dying in densest darkness without the light of a Saviour's love led her to pray God to make it plain if He would have her go, and the purpose soon developed, which led to preparation for this field. She was accepted to be sent by the Lord of the Harvest to Garenganze, Central Africa, where she laboured faithfully till called home, 7th December, 1900. Have you yet had a happy day? D. C.



THE LATE MRS. GEORGE, GARENGANZE.

SOLDIERS' FLAGS AND THEIR LESSONS.

I EXPECT that as you have looked at the two pictures you have guessed my subject. Our first is a very common scene on the battlefield after an engagement. The Ambulance Corps are going their rounds looking for wounded men who cannot help themselves, and who, unless timely aid arrives, will certainly perish on the field. The

AMBULANCE FLAG

is a Red Cross on a White Ground. All officers and nurses wear this badge; the ambulance waggon is decorated with it; and the RED CROSS FLAG floats over the hospital. How welcome must be the sight of this flag to the wounded soldier who is lying exhausted and half dead on the field of battle, for that RED CROSS tells him that help is near, and that very soon kind hands will bind up his wounds, gently lift him into the ambulance van, and take him safely into camp, where he will be carefully tended until his wounds are healed.

There is a wounded man described in Isaiah, chapter 1. What a shocking picture it is! No soundness in the whole body—"full of wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores." Can you tell me who it is that God is here describing? It is the people of Israel who had wickedly sinned against Him, but it is also your picture if you have not trusted your souls to the Lord Jesus Christ. I wonder if you know that *you* are hopelessly wounded and can do nothing to help yourself? If so, we can tell you good news, that the Lord Jesus, the Great Physician, healed all who came to Him when He was on earth. One wounded sinner He met and healed at noon (John 4. 5); another He saw at night (John 3. 1); while numbers of distressed and sick ones came to Him when the sun was setting, and as they clustered round His door, His loving heart was filled with compassion, and *He healed them all* (Mark 1. 34). Jesus is the same to-day, and if we come to Him with our wounded hearts He will heal us. He loved the poor, sick sinner so much that in order that he might be saved He bore the punishment of his sins, and God tells us that

"He was wounded for our transgressions," and that "with His stripes we are healed" (Isaiah 53. 5). Who are healed? Those who trust Him from the heart. As we look at that scarlet cross on the ambulance flag it reminds us that our blessed Lord bore all our scarlet-crimson sins on the Cross of Calvary that we might be healed.

A very clever Christian doctor for many years set apart one day in the week in which to freely

treat all who came to him. On that day his house was besieged. A day came, however, when the house was dark and silent, the blinds drawn down; the kind physician was dead. It was too late now to seek him. So shall it be some day when the wounded sinner finds out his sad condition but "too late." The voice of Jesus will not always call! Some day He will close the door, and then

He who is the Great Healer will be the Judge. Seek Him now!

Our next flag is a well-known one in modern warfare, and is called a

FLAG OF TRUCE.

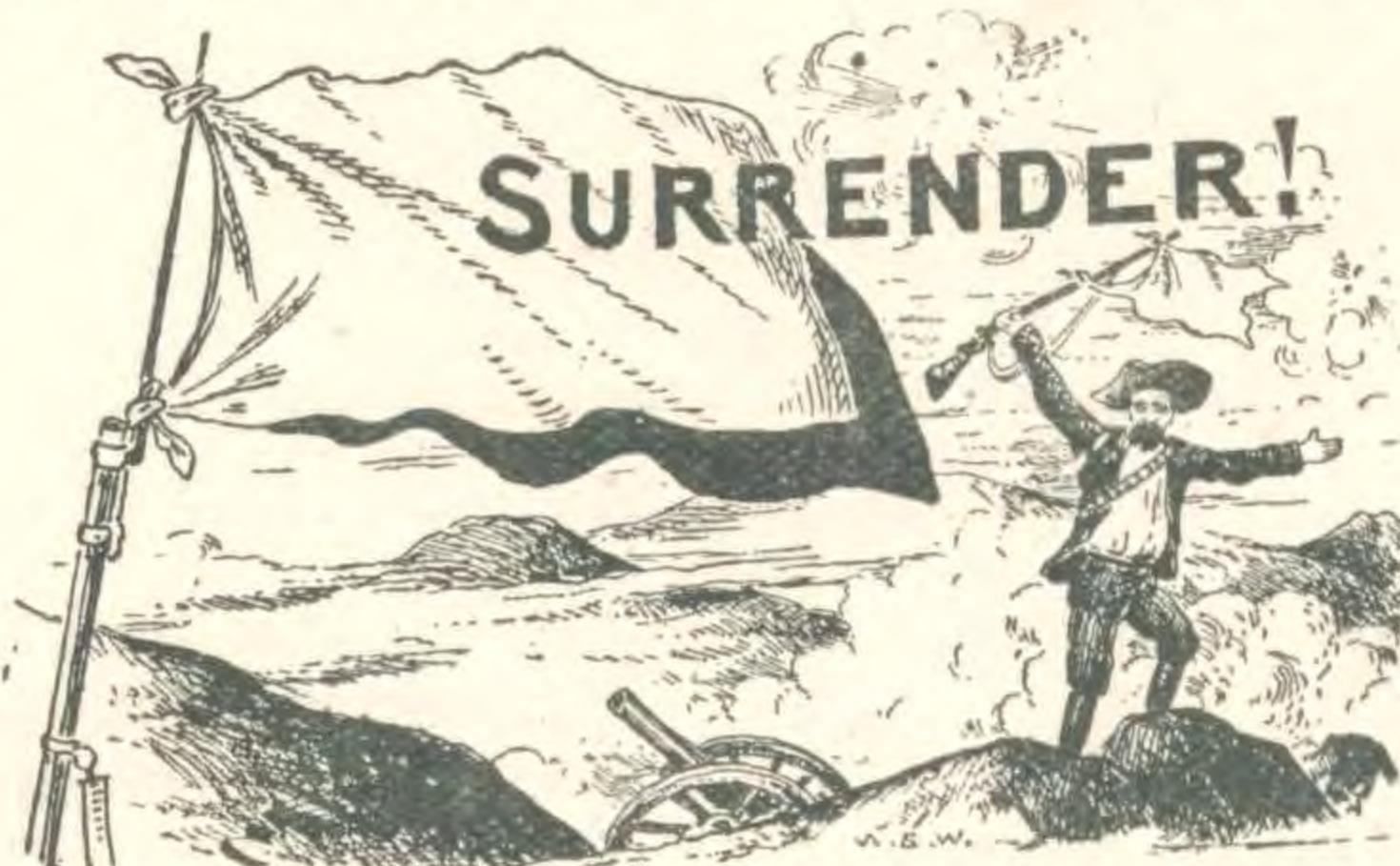
Glance for a moment at the little drawing. See a man waving a white cloth which he has fastened to the end of his rifle. He stands amid the fire and smoke of the battle; he can hold out no

longer, so he flings his arms aloft, and cries, with all his might, "**Surrender!**"

We will now tell you a little Bible story which we are sure you have heard many times before. There was a wicked man who not only hated the Lord Jesus and the Gospel, but determined to punish all the Christians he could lay hands on. One day he was travelling with this object, when arriving outside the walls of the oldest city in the world, a great light from heaven shone upon him, brighter than the noonday sun. He fell upon his face blinded by that fierce light. As he lay he heard a voice speaking to him; and as he heard, he learned that he was a poor sinner fighting against God; so he put up a Flag of Truce, as it were, and cried as he surrendered, "Lord, what wilt Thou have ME to do?" "Oh," you say, "that was Saul of Tarsus!" Yes, you are right; we are telling you of the conversion of that great

sinner (Acts 9). There is one beautiful fact about this story which we may well take to heart, that is, the moment Saul surrendered, the Lord Jesus heard and saved him, and his whole life was changed, so that instead of fighting *against* God, he spent the rest of his days fighting *for* Him in many countries.

Have you surrendered to Jesus yet? Have you from your heart cried for mercy? Have you laid down your arms and come over from the side of the enemy to the safety and shelter of the Blood of Christ? Fight no longer, but put up the Flag of Truce, for the moment you do this the battle will end; Jesus will save you, for He has said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out" (John 6. 37). *Surrender NOW!* w. e. w.



IDEAS ON THE ICE.



WHY did God make land and water? Was it not, for one reason at least, that we might have everywhere conveyed to our minds the thoughts of *firmness* and *faith*? With your foot on solid ground, who ever felt any fear of failing or sinking? With the water beneath you, whether bathing, boating, sailing, or skating, who ever felt absolutely safe? In the mighty ship of 10,000 tons, in the palace steamer, in the rowboat, on the thick ice, or balanced on the bar of steel, faith is needed to banish the thought of going to the bottom.

What better picture of implicit faith than the merry group of skaters above? They have faith that the ice will bear; then faith put into practice, the whole body balanced on the skate, and off you go cheerfully. Look at the men, women, and children who *venture* and go, how happy they look!

As with the body, so with the soul. I bring my thoughts to a point. I know that others have "trusted" and been saved. As a hopeless sinner I make the venture on Christ and His finished work. I bid good-bye to doubts and fears, and say, "I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. 12. 2). Have you done it? Have you ventured your all

on what Jesus did for you on the Cross? If not, will you launch forth and do it now?

A gentleman, having to cross a frozen river at the fording place, was standing with his toe on the ice wondering if he might venture on it and cross in safety when a countryman drove up with a load and a pair of horses. He dashed right on the ice and passed over. The doubter at once followed. Thousands upon thousands have ventured themselves to the Saviour and crossed safe to the other side. Why should not you follow and not fear?

But one has fallen on the ice! Yes; but that does not prove that all will fall, or that skating is a failure. Probably the fallen one may rise, and profiting by his fall, do better than before. Peter did! However, you trust Christ, and you will have real enjoyment here and everlasting enjoyment hereafter. Rational pleasures will be as much benefit; life will be different but more delightful; friends may go but more will come; you will have "the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come" (1 Tim. 4. 8). Come, then, say from the heart, "I will trust Jesus as *my own Saviour*, and not be afraid." HYP.

AN AYRSHIRE LASSIE'S DECISION.

A FEW years ago we were holding evangelistic services in a village in Ayrshire, not far from the birthplace of Scotland's greatest poet. Amongst those most regular in attendance was a young woman, Mary M'Kinlay. As she came again and again and listened to the "three R" preaching, viz., the entire Ruin of man in the fall, the Redemption which is in Christ Jesus, and the absolute need of Regeneration by the Holy Spirit, she became greatly troubled. At last she ventured to remain to the enquiry meeting, when we

with her, but still no light! We feared that we should have to leave the district without the joy of seeing her converted to God.

Stationed at the hall door, shaking hands with the people as they retired, was a devoted Christian worker. He knew a little about her case, and as she was about to step outside he took her by the hand and enquired, "How is it with you to-night, Mary?" Sorrowfully she shook her head, but made no answer. "Not saved yet?" he next asked her. "No, sir," was the reply. "You have gone through all these

solemn meetings, and yet unsaved!" "Still unsaved, sir," she added. Just as she was about to leave, he said, "Now, Mary, when you go outside, should any one ask, 'Have you decided?' how would you answer?" "I would say, 'No'." "You would tell a lie, Mary." "I would not, sir," said the young woman rather sharply, "because I have not decided." "Mary," he said firmly, "after



THE BEST-KNOWN SPOT IN AYRSHIRE, BURNS' COTTAGE, AYR.

sought to put God's way of salvation before her. Yet it seemed that no amount of explanation could afford her any help. Everything was dark; her mind became quite bewildered; and so, with sad and heavy heart, she went away unsaved, unsatisfied. This was repeated night after night until the close of our campaign. The case looked very hopeless. We could only pray that God in His own blessed way would dispel the darkness.

The last meeting was a very solemn one. There sat Mary, weeping bitterly. At the close my fellow-labourer and I both dealt

hearing the Gospel as you have heard it, *there is no such thing as indecision*. You leave this hall, if not deciding for Christ, most surely deciding for the devil." This startled her; she trembled at the awful choice. Stepping back into the hall, she said, "I cannot, I dare not decide for Satan; I must, I will decide for Christ to-night." Again the Gospel was faithfully put before her; she then and there accepted Christ as her own Saviour, and passed from death unto life. Have you decided for Christ? Have you made your choice? Is it to be Christ or Satan—what is your decision? J.M.H.

WHAT IS SHE THINKING ABOUT?



HERE shewas, standing on the sea shore, gazing at the dancing waves in the distance. She had left off

her digging, and seemed deep in thought about something. What is she thinking about? Something more important than how to build castles on the sands, wading in the water, or chasing the rippling waves. It was indeed a pretty picture. The green sea, white sand, and great overhanging cliffs, which seemed to bid defiance to the waves as they came rolling in, dashing up the spray; but Connie was not thinking of the waves just then. A gentleman had been holding Children's Services on the sands for some weeks, and Connie had attended them, though often called away by mother and nurse, who took no interest in her soul's welfare. The sweet story of the love of Jesus had won the heart of the little one, and all unknown to any earthly friend she had believed the good news, that Jesus had loved her, and given Himself to die for her sins, and now she was "safe and happy underneath His wing." "What are you thinking

about, dear," I asked; "do you like to go to the Children's Service?" "Oh, yes, for the gentleman tells us about Jesus, and I love to hear about Him." "Then, have you trusted Him as your Saviour, Connie?" "Yes, He died for me." "If any one asked you if you are saved, what would you say, dear?" Her whole face lighted up as she said so earnestly, "**I should tell them I don't know how much I love Jesus for having died instead of me.**" Back to her digging in the sand she went, a light-hearted, playful child; but Jesus, who knows all who trust Him, knows her, and will keep her as one of His lambs; and, though I may never meet her here again, I expect to meet her in that bright home that Jesus has gone to prepare for those that love Him.

I wonder if any of the boys and girls who read this true story can say, as Connie did, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Perhaps they did not know that it was for *their* sins Jesus died—perhaps they have never thought that **THEY are** sinners; but God says, "*All have sinned*," and He cannot say what is untrue. Oh, yes, it is indeed **true**, as the little verse has it—

"He knew how sinful we had been,
He knew that God must punish sin;
So, out of pity, Jesus said,
I'll bear the punishment instead,"

Therefore, don't put off trusting Him any longer, but just *now* trust Him as your own precious Saviour; then you will be safe for ever. E. B.

STREAMS IN THE DESERT.

BEHOLD, he smote the rock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed."

It was a gloomy day for the congregation of Israel, and a trying one for poor Moses, when they spake of stoning him. The desert was parched, like India has been time and again. No rain had fallen for days, and no wells had been seen; the water was spent in their vessels, and the lowing herds and weary flocks panted for moisture. The children cried with parched throats, and strong men began to curse the Lord and His servants, while the devil suggested, "Is the Lord among us, or not?"

A deputation was sent to the leader, with the strong protest:—

"Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?" But Moses knew WHO to go to. He might not know what to say to the people, but he knew how to speak to the Lord. The answer to his prayer was speedy: "Go on before the people; take with thee the elders of Israel [perhaps the deputation]; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river [Ex. 7. 20], take in thine hand, and go. Behold, I will stand before thee upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it"; and Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.

THE ROCK WAS SMITTEN

(Ex. 17. 6).

In the New Testament reference to this wonderful transaction its spiritual meaning is given in a few words: "That Rock was Christ." In the description in Numbers 20 a beautiful Hebrew word is used five times for rock, called *sela*, which means "high, or lifted up." Christ is that ever in Himself. It is a lovely word in the psalm: "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." Yes; He who was "Jehovah's Fellow" was smitten by the rod of Divine judgment; but the rod that turned the river of Egypt into blood—death—only brought the river of life out of the rock. Unbounded grace flows even to rebels and sinners through the crucified and exalted Christ, even "beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke 24. 47).



THE ROCK YIELDED WATER

(Psalm 105. 41).

"He brought streams out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers." Oh! how delighted must the people have been to see the cool waters sparkling in the sunshine! What a rush of man and beast to the water floods! Little Lucy was fond of that story, and said to her granny, "A' the children came wi' their cuppies and bowlies and kepped the water."

How refreshing is a draught of cold water! We found a limpid, delicious mineral spring at the foot of a Scottish mountain—ever flowing. It reminded us of

"The river of God's grace, by righteousness supplied,
Is flowing o'er the barren place where Jesus died."

Yes, dear sinner, Jesus died that you might live! The Holy Spirit is here in consequence of the smiting of Christ, for He now is glorified, and "the Spirit of Grace" presents salvation full and free. Are you longing to be saved; are you thirsty? Then you may

"Hear the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold I freely give
The Living Water;
thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live'."

THE ROCK FOLLOWED THEM

(1 Corinthians 10. 4).

Not only was the need of the moment amply met, but day after day, month after month, the water followed the Lord's host o'er the arid wilderness. "They

desert—the waste, howling ran in dry places like a river." Fit type of the river of God, which is full of water. "In summer and winter it shall be" (Zech. 14. 8). Neither summer's heat can dry up, nor winter's frost congeal that healing stream. Christ is the Source and Foundation of life. Oh! listen to His loving cry! "IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK."

He is the Lord, the Fountain of Living Waters (Jer. 17. 13). "If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." Delay not, but just now drink of the Fountain of Life, and be satisfied. T.R.D.

"HARRY SAVED":

"ONLY TWO WORDS, BUT THEY WERE AS GOOD AS A THOUSAND."



"HARRY

TWO words, and only two—what do they mean? Not much to you as they stand at the head of this page, but volumes to the lady who first read them in a telegram. She was a widow, and her only boy had left the shores of Britain bound for an American port. They had a pleasant voyage for the first few days, but the captain of the vessel in which he sailed observed threatening clouds gathering in the horizon, and foresaw that a storm would overtake them before long. His fears were realised; it came at last, and came with awful fury. For some hours the vessel held on its way amidst the storm, but at last she refused to answer to the rudder, became totally unmanageable, was drifted right on to the rocks, and before morning dawned it was evident she would become a total wreck.

The boats were lowered; one was swept away, but another managed to get free from the vessel before she settled down. The mate shouted directions to the favoured boat's crew, who made a desperate and heroic struggle, and finally were successful in reaching the shore. Out of the forty-eight on board, fourteen were saved and thirty-four went down with the vessel.

Harry's mother had eagerly scanned the shipping news in the daily papers each morning since his departure. The morning after the storm she opened her paper with fear and trembling. Somehow or other she felt something had happened. It was true. Her eyes could hardly read

SAVED."

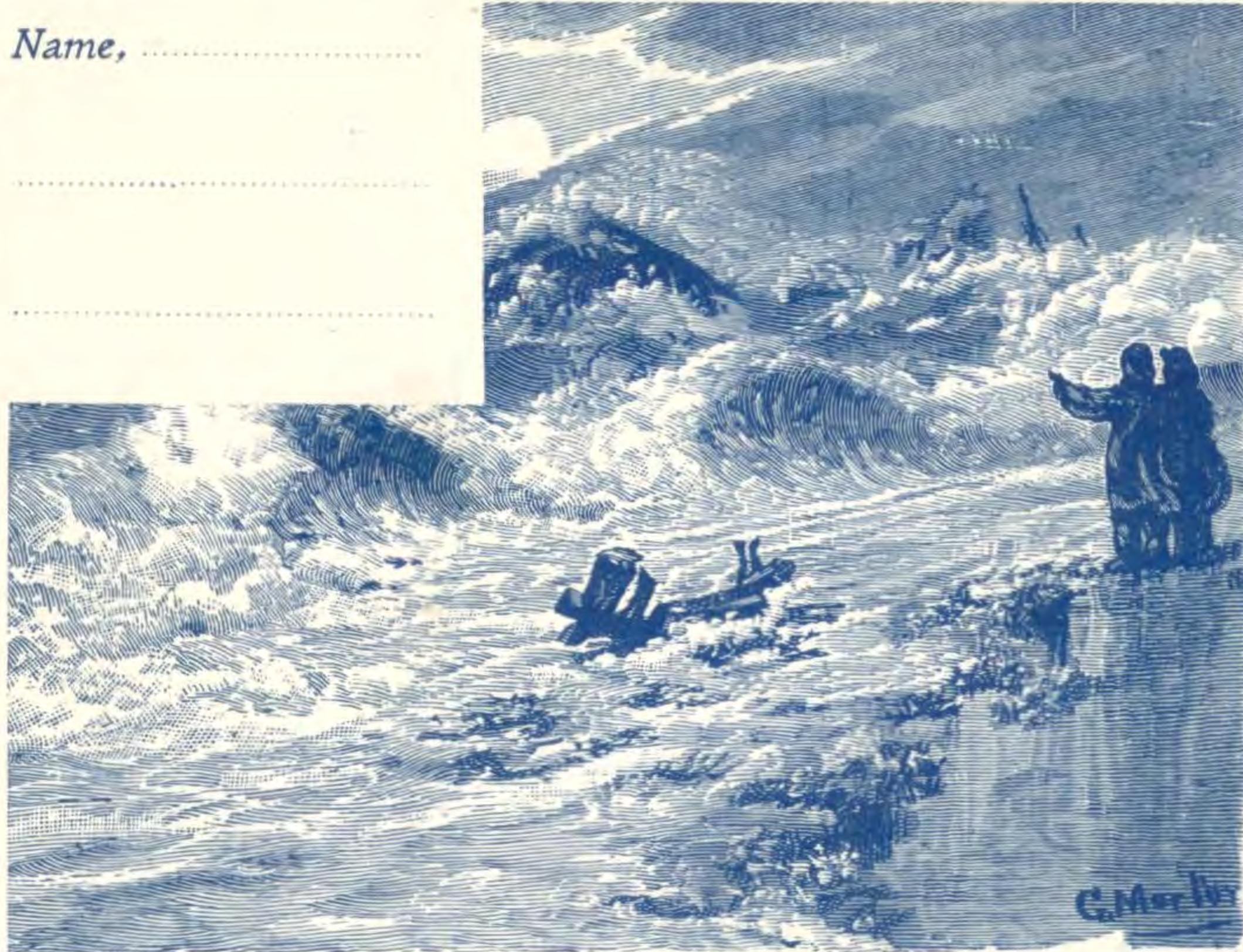
the report, which stated that "out of forty-eight souls, thirty-four were drowned and fourteen were saved. No details, no names." In which list would the name of her loved boy be found? Would he be classed amongst the *lost* or amongst the *saved*? She could not wait for the issue of details in the newspapers, so telegraphed to a friend in the American port to institute enquiries at once. In a few hours the reply came; the cablegram contained the two grand, consoling words: "HARRY SAVED." Only two words, but they were as good as a thousand words to her—her darling boy was saved!

Pause a moment! In the blank space in centre of this page write down your name, then, in the light of a coming Judgment Bar, add the words "Saved" or "Lost," whichever is true. One or the other is true this moment.

"Lost" was *almost* the word written over that young man's name. "Lost" you may write under yours if you have never been "born again" (John 3. 7).

"SAVED" was the word telegraphed. It meant a lot to mother and son. It will mean more to you if just now you admit you are unable to save yourself, and as a *lost* sinner you accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour. Wilt thou "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be SAVED" (Acts 16. 31), and the glad news will be telegraphed to Glory that another soul has been rescued from the pit of woe and saved with an Everlasting Salvation. HYP.

Name,



C. M. W.

A REMARKABLE SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

ON the 7th of March, 1902, we were present at the 57th annual meeting of the Sunday School now meeting in the Victoria Hall, Wishaw, and had the pleasure of greeting JOHN SMITH, the venerable founder, and for many years superintendent, of the work, who had only been about six times absent during the whole period of nearly sixty years.

His robust form, cheerful countenance, silver locks, hopeful words, and remarkable career so impressed us, that we asked him to favour us with his photo for *Boys and Girls*, and give us a short account of his life and work. The suggestion met with a hearty response. His story is thrilling:

"My grandfather being one of the leading spirits in the "Old Cameronian" Church, I was brought up under strict Calvinistic teaching. I derived most of my teaching from him, the drift of which was, 'Be a good boy, and you will get to heaven.' I often went to the church without my breakfast, for fear if I did not attend I might not get to heaven.

"In the year 1843, when I was twelve years of age, a revival swept over the country. Mr. Morrison, from Edinburgh, came to Newmains and held open-air meetings. He was the first I had ever heard preaching salvation for all. I embraced the opportunity thus afforded of hearing the glorious Gospel in all its freshness and fulness, and was much impressed by the earnest teaching of this man of God. My conscience was roused to the fact that I had been depending entirely on good works for salvation. According to this new teaching all I had to do was to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for my soul's salvation.

"About this time I was led to attend Bunkle Church. The minister, Mr. Scott, having embraced the doctrine of full and free salvation to all who might believe, and being an earnest servant of God, I was led through his teaching in the year 1848 to

accept Christ as my Saviour as it is expressed in John 3. 16: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I learnt that God loved me; that Christ had died for me, I put my name into the 'whosoever,' and I there and then obtained everlasting life.

"I have been nearly sixty years a Christian, and can still testify to the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ. I look back with delight now on those stirring times, and bless God from the depths of my heart that in his mercy He saved me."

Mr. Smith had an unbroken record of fifty years as a Sunday school teacher, and retired only two years ago from regular service (though not from prayerful interest), when he was presented with a suitable token of brotherly love and esteem.

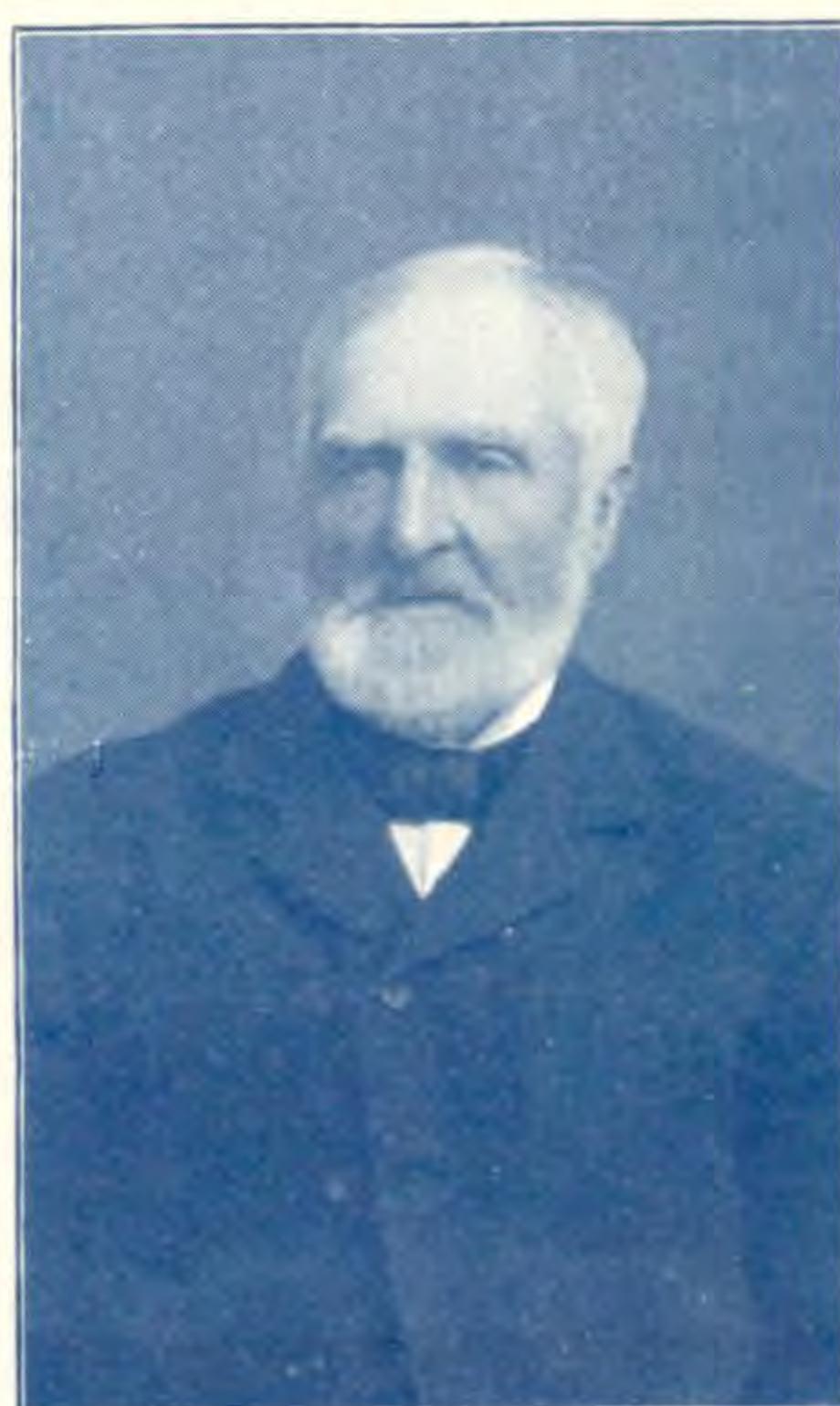
What a contradiction this testimony is to the lie of the Serpent — if you come to Jesus when you are young, you will bid good-bye to all pleasures and joys, live a miserable life, and probably shorten your days. John Smith has realised "the promise of the life that

now is, and of that which is to come" (1 Tim. 4. 8).

What a testimony to the saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ. He saved JOHN SMITH when he was yet a boy, made him happy then, kept him happy nigh sixty years, and we can bear witness that he is still a happy man, for though his locks are white his face is bright.

Will you not follow such a noble example? Accept Jesus as your Saviour now, serve Him bravely all your days here, then when the myriad host of teachers and scholars assemble around the Throne of God in Heaven, to praise and bless the Lamb for His mighty love and redeeming Blood, *you* will be there.

HYP.



JOHN SMITH, OF WISHAW.

FOUR REMARKABLE DOORS.

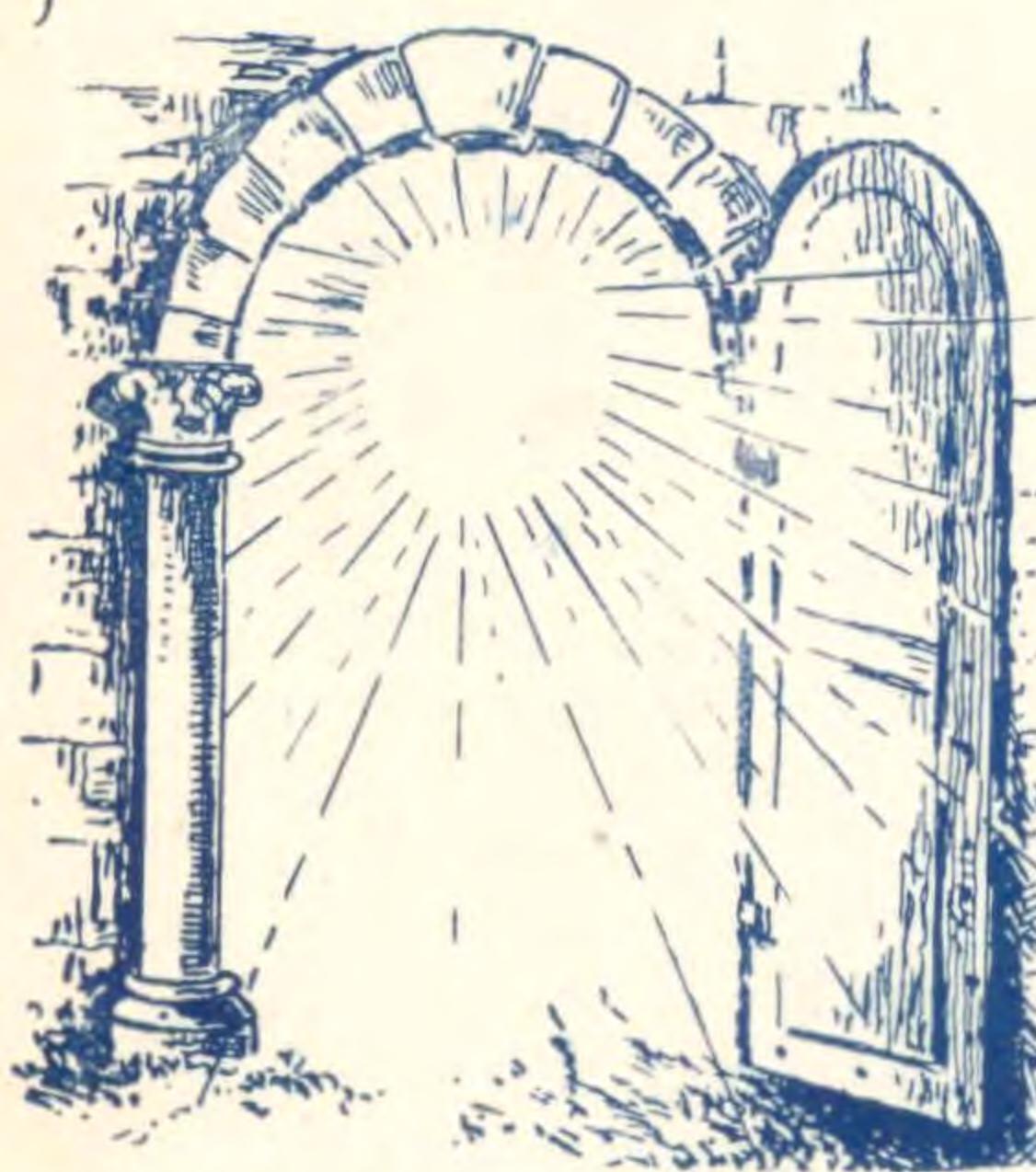
I WANT to draw your attention for a little to four doors mentioned in Scripture.

1. **An open door that no man can shut.** We read about it in Revelation 3. 8, where the exalted Jesus says to the Church at Philadelphia, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." These words may have another meaning, but for our purpose we will think of them as speaking to us of the door into the Kingdom. Jesus has opened that door, and "no man can shut it." What a glorious truth! What He does can never be undone by any mortal.

Your worst enemy cannot shut 2 this door against you, for your best Friend has opened it. Much as Satan would like, he has not power to close it. I am sure he would have shut it long ago had he been able. Now, will you notice that this open door is "set before thee"? Are you not thank-

Him in simple faith, "Come to my heart, Lord Jesus." Do not keep Him outside your heart and life, or you will be poor indeed; but unlock and open the door this very moment, and He will be yours and you will be His for ever.

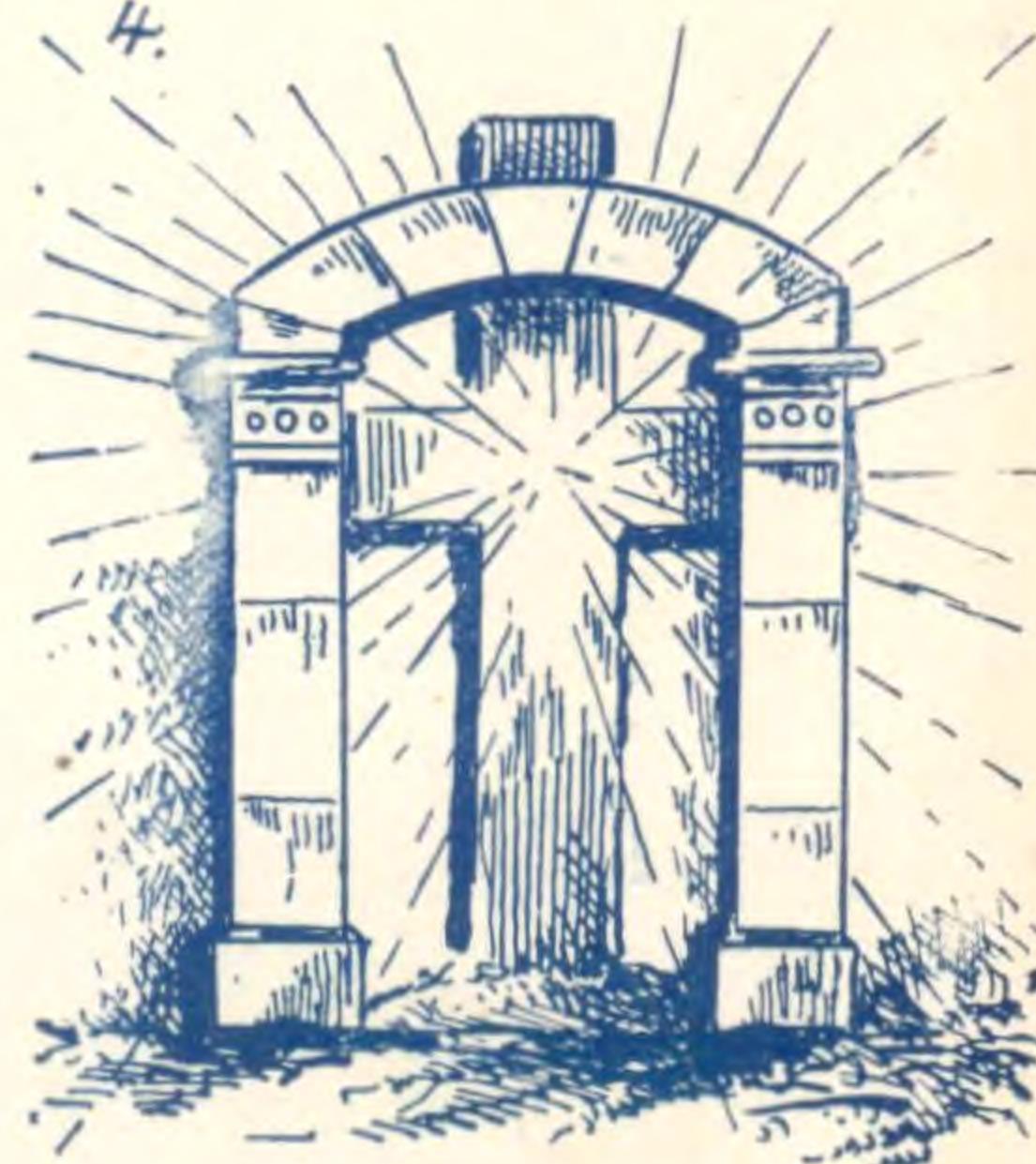
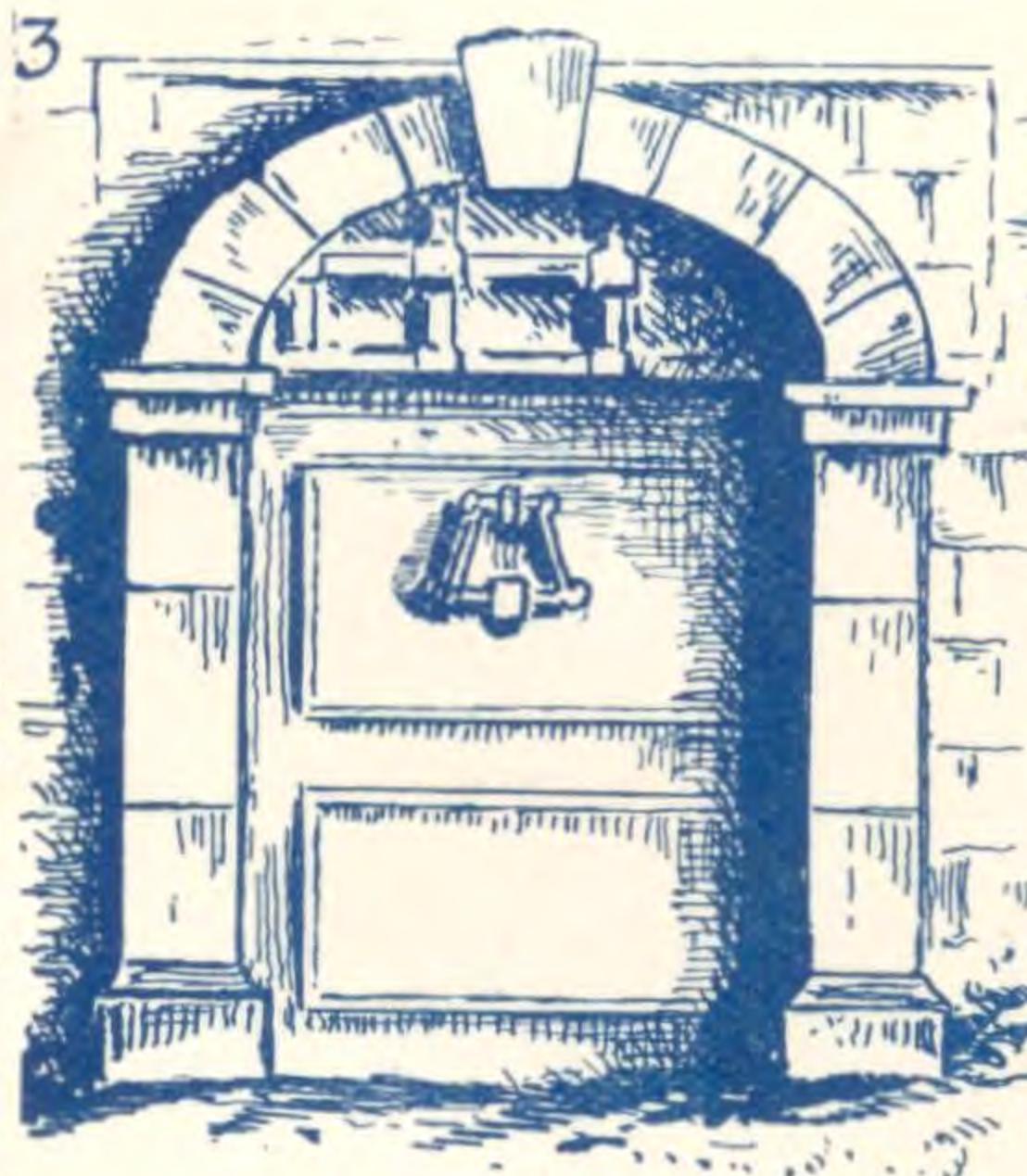
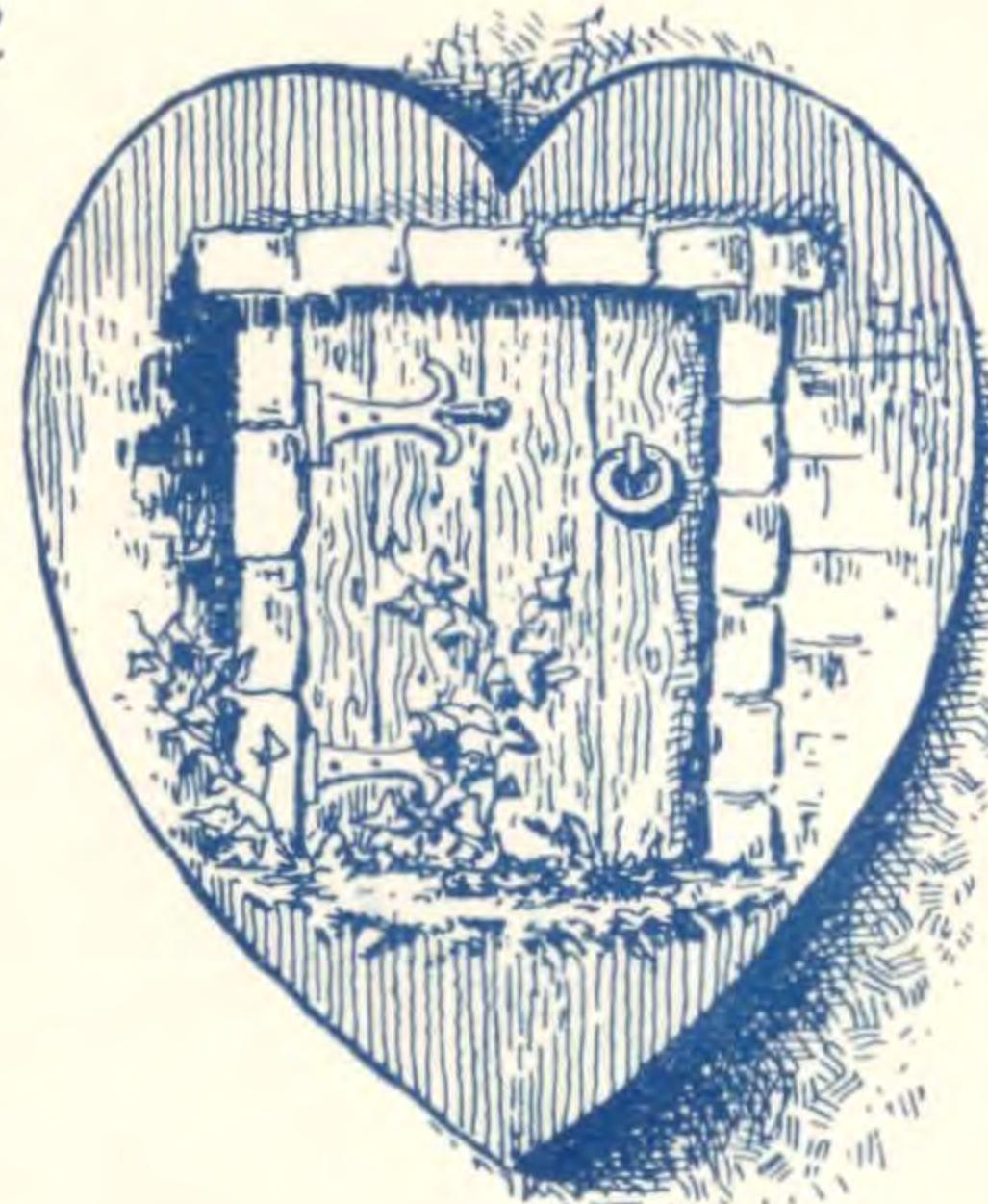
3. **A closed door that no man can open.** In verse 7 of this same chapter in Revelation it is said of Jesus that "He shutteth, and no man openeth"; and in Luke 13. 25 we read of those who, when the Master of the house has risen up and shut to the door, begin to stand without and knock; but the Master will answer, "I know you not whence ye are," and they will remain outside for ever. What a terrible scene that will be when multitudes who despised the Saviour and salvation when they were freely offered to them begin to cry for admission when it is too late. Oh, reader! beware lest you be num-



ful for these words? The open door is not far away and out of sight. It is near, and you may enter now. Oh! enter in and be eternally saved.

2. A closed door that every one can open.

Where do we read about this door? In the chapter already mentioned, verse 20, we have the words: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Observe that the Speaker is still the Lord Jesus. But, alas! the One who has opened wide the door of the Kingdom to the sinner has to stand at the fast-closed door of the human heart asking for admission. He is at your heart, patiently waiting and knocking, that He may enter and abide. You can open this door, and no other can do so for you. Jesus Christ will not force His way into your life; you must be willing to admit Him, and say to



bered among the despisers who wonder and perish.

4. **A glorious door of hope for all.** In the Book of Joshua we read of Achan being stoned to death for his sins, and the place where the judgment of God fell upon him was called the Valley of Achor, which means the "valley of trouble." Keeping

that awe-inspiring scene in mind, turn to Hosea 2. 15, and there you read that when God restores His people Israel He shall give them the Valley of Achor for a door of hope. Is that not a transformation? The place of judgment and death becomes the place of salvation and life. And has God not opened for us a door of hope in the valley of our trouble? Perhaps you realise that on account of sin you are condemned. Thank God if you do, but do not stop there. Down into the valley of your sin and death Jesus has come, and He is the glorious Door of Hope. May you enter in now. E. P. H. K.

THE COLNEY HATCH CATASTROPHE.



Drawn by Charles Dixon, R.I.

THE FIRE AT COLNEY HATCH ASYLUM THE ANNEXE IN FLAMES

IN notes of a history of Colney Hatch Asylum, where over 2500 lunatics are kept, the chaplain wrote in 1901: "What cause for thankfulness to God that in the course of fifty years no serious outbreak of fire has occurred." Alas! on Tuesday morning, January 27, 1903, at 5.30, this long period of security was broken by the terrible conflagration in which 52 poor inmates were burned to death. What a reminder of the words: "When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them" (1 Thess. 5. 3). Fifty years of quiet living may end in a moment of death. Centuries of security may finish in overwhelming desolation.

"They would not get up in the night and go out: they wanted to stay and see the fire, and laughed at the mention of it." So said one reporter. Poor, demented creatures! how like many spiritual lunatics, who laugh at and sport with the fires of sin and eternal wrath, and mock at the mention of fire that never will be quenched.

"It was all of a sudden! so sudden that I hardly believed my eyes," said one who saw the outbreak. "I was looking over the asylum wall at blackness one minute, and when I looked the next it seemed an inferno of fire." Yes, sudden destruction! Escape had to be immediate if there was to be escape at all. To linger was to perish. Unsaved one, mad through sin, with the fire of judgment at thy heels, "Escape for thy life . . . lest thou be consumed" (Gen. 19. 17). Oh, may the Holy Spirit act as the angels did to Lot: "And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters, the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city" (Gen. 19. 16).

Some were saved, saved by those who were themselves in their right mind. *Christ is the only Saviour*, but He uses instruments, and there is a way in which saved ones may be instrumental in saving

THE COLNEY HATCH CATASTROPHE.

others, "pulling them out of the fire" (Jude 23).

One nurse, who had already done noble work and nearly lost her life, said: "I went round the block to see if I could do anything else." What an example: Are we doing this?

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save."

One of the firemen said: "When we arrived they had got most of the patients away into the main building; but some of us heard a knocking at one of the doors, and we attacked it with our axes, but we could not get in, as the heat and smoke drove us away." Sometimes we seem to hear a knocking behind the door that never

will be opened—the door of closed opportunities, the knocking of lost souls, who, like the man in Christ's parable, are tormented in the flames that no water will ever reach. The burning of a human body is terrible; but Jesus said, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell" (Matthew 10. 28).

"It was like a lurid picture of hell," said an inspector. Would that the awful nature of this calamity might warn us of that which is a thousand times more terrible; but Jesus still saves, and escape is possible. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

W. L.

A STORY OF A PENNY.

"PLEASE, sir, this penny take,
A Bible with it buy
For Chinese boy," thus did
An English lad once cry.

From ragged school he came;
No cap or coat had he,
But poorest of the poor—
His trousers out at knee.

The worker scarcely liked
To take the lad's one mite,
Yet promised he would do
What Johnnie asked that night.

With him o'er land and sea
That coin did he convey
To China, then to dépôt
He came, and thus did say:

"This English penny take,
And me a Gospel give,
To teach some little Chinese lad
How he may truly live."

The boy who took the Book
Read how that Jesus died
For him, and on this truth
His heart and soul relied.

He now has one desire:
To tell to all around
About the wondrous
Saviour
Whom he himself has
found.

He now is being trained
To serve in mission-
field;
God blest and caused
that gift
A thousandfold to
yield.

Thus many may be turned
From darkness into
light;
God blest that urchin's
faith,
And sanctified his mite.

J. M. KELLAM, Stamford.

If he who gave that
penny, he who bore it to
China, he who got the
Book, meet in the Glory-
land, what a time of re-
joicing they will have
together!



MISSIONARY DISTRIBUTING SCRIPTURES AND PORTIONS IN CHINA.

THE BLACKSMITH AND THE TEARS.



SOME years ago a blacksmith imbibed infidel views, and acquired considerable influence over the minds of the young men of the village where he lived.

It was with deep sorrow that the Christians around viewed the mischief that was being done, and many attempted to convince the man of his error. Being, however, well acquainted with infidel arguments, he was generally able to silence any who disputed with him.

There was, however, one who had not lost sight of the blacksmith. While musing one evening on the condition of things in the village, the subject was so laid upon his heart that he fell upon his knees, and earnestly besought God to show the infidel his error, and to save his soul. Some hours went by, and still the Christian pleaded with God, and, when at last he arose, it was with the conviction that it was his duty to go and speak personally to the blacksmith.

Mounting his horse next morning, the Christian rode down to the smithy, musing as he went on what he should say.

At last the smithy was reached, and dismounting, the Christian commenced to unburthen his heart, but, as he gazed into the eyes of the infidel, words failed him. His heart yearned with compassion for him,

and bursting into tears, he could only say "I am so sorry for you," and then, hurrying away, he rode rapidly home, disappointed with himself, and thinking his mission was an utter failure.

But what about the infidel? The tears of the man of God had astounded him. The words he had heard went down into his very heart, and leaving his work, he went into his house, thoroughly upset by what had occurred.

That a strong man should weep for and pity him was something new. Was he really to be pitied? What if, after all, he was wrong, and there *should* be a God, a heaven, and a hell? What if he had a soul, and that it was journeying on to eternal woe?

The man's sins rose before him in dread array. The doom he had so richly merited came before him as an awful reality, and the false peace was gone, never to return. How can I be forgiven? How can I be saved?" were now the anxious questions that fell from his lips, and at last he turned his eyes from self and sin, and *looked to Jesus*. Yes, the infidel looked to Jesus, and saw in Him the One who upon Calvary's cross had *done the work that saves*, and, gladly receiving Him by faith, the weary soul found rest.

G. H.

THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME.

WHAT a beautiful sight it must have been to see "the mothers" of Salem bringing their babies and little folk to the Lord. No doubt the rough, hardened fishermen thought that the Master was too much taken up with His teaching, and answering the many questions of those who came, to trouble Himself with babies and romping boys and girls. So sure did some of them feel that it was so, and so annoyed at the clatter and forwardness of the youngsters, that they not only "forbad," but "rebuked them" who had more sense for bringing the children (Mark 9. 38; Mark 10. 13).

It is instructive to see that the "stern disciples"

only brought Christ's censure upon their own conduct. "When Jesus saw it He was much displeased," and said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." "Suffer" means "to allow" or "permit" the children to come unto Me. The same loving Jesus lives to welcome you now; though He had to die upon the cruel Cross, so as to be able to save you from death, and bring you into His Kingdom and glory. Let me make an acrostic of the lovely word of welcome -

COME!

CLOSE TO ME.

OFTEN.

MANY OF YOU—yea,
"all."

EARNESTLY.

"Too many stay away,
Too many still delay"

We read that "He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. Blessed indeed! These must have been the babies. To those who could walk and run—often the opposite way—He *calls*" (Luke 18. 16). I fancy He used His loving invitation, "Come unto Me."

We have the notion that it was the mothers who came with their young ones. Why not the fathers? Alas! fathers are often not so simple in their trust. But be sure you come to Jesus for yourself. He will receive you, but be sure you are willing to receive Him. He only is Life, Light, and Liberty—Love and Loveliness.

A little girl asked what "salvation" meant; but in a few moments replied joyfully, "Oh! I know.

Salvation must just be Jesus Himself, for when Simeon held Him in his arms he cried, 'Mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation'!" See that you receive the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour.

Although Jesus has gone to Heaven, He is the same loving, willing Saviour and Friend of little children—and big ones too. Here is a sweet hymn-prayer for you in simple trust to say to Christ, for He hears and sees you always:

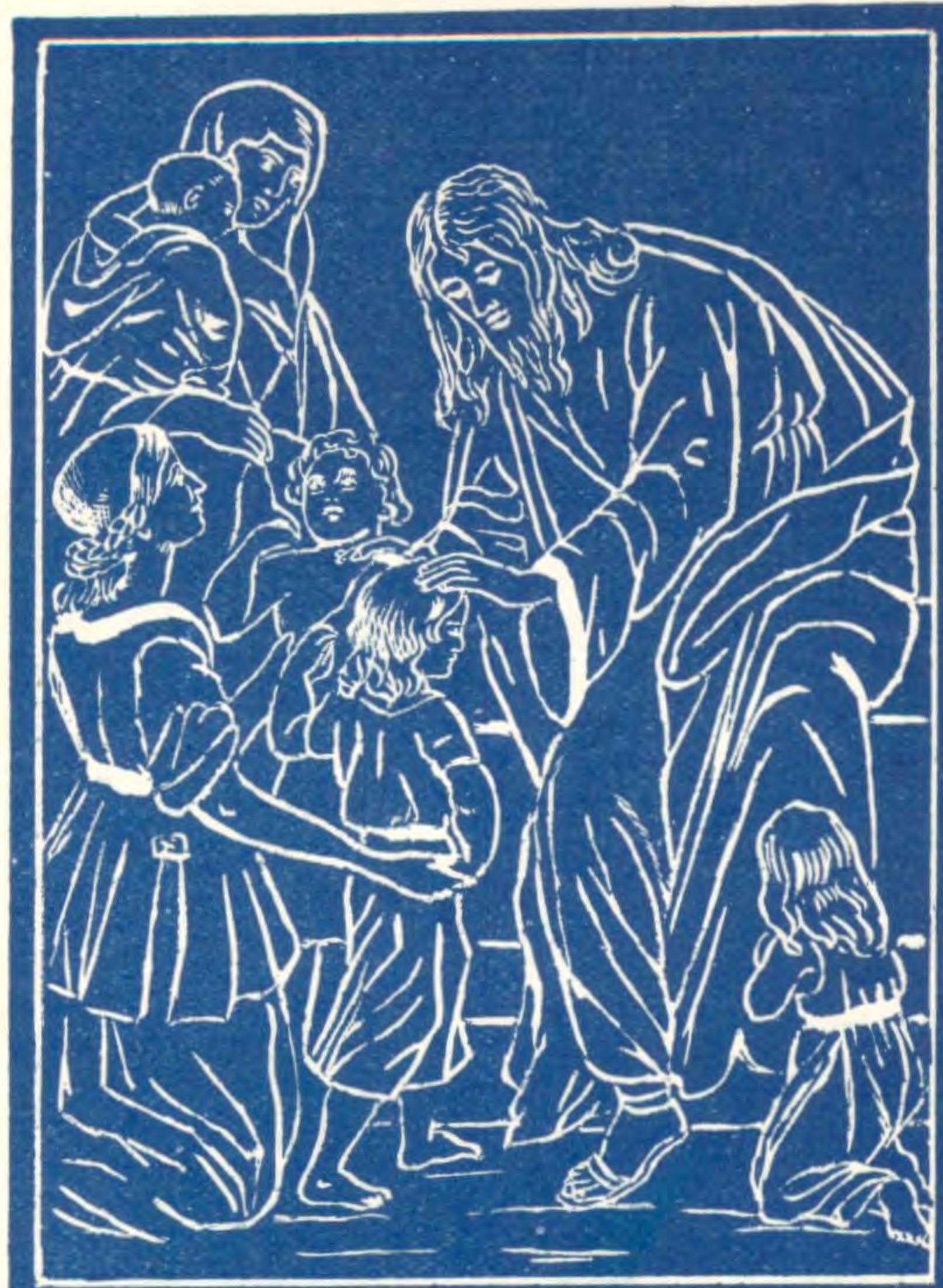
Lord, I am but a little child,
Yet I may come to Thee,
Because on earth the Saviour miled
On children just like me.

They ran to Thee, so glad
they were
To sit upon Thy knee;
I wish that I, too, had
been there,
With Thy kind arms
round me.

But I come now, and mo-
ther says,
That tho' I cannot see,
Thou still art here both
nights and days,
And always blessing me.

Let me now tell you what a dear little child once said. There was a crowded meeting in a church when a servant of God was preaching to the young. Two girls in white came slowly up the aisle looking for a seat. The seats were all full, so they had to come to the very front and sit on hassocks at the foot of the pulpit steps. In the after-meeting a lady spoke to them about the Lord, and one of them, looking up with a sunny smile, said: "I know what the Lord Jesus would say to me if He was here." "What would He say?" She replied; "He would say: 'Come

away, little one, I am glad to see you.'" She was right. What a loving, kind welcome everyone gets from Jesus! He said whilst on earth, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37), and never cast one out, however sinful, bad, or poor they might be. All through the ages since His death and resurrection, men, women, and children in all climes have come and been welcomed, satisfied, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. But best of all, YOU will be welcome to-day, whatever your age, whatever your name, whatever your character, however many your sins. Come now, come all, come as you are, and be welcomed, saved, and made happy for Time and for Eternity. T.R.D.



HAVE YOU SAID "I WILL?"

OR, "BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH; GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM."



HAVE YOU SAID "I WILL?"

"BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh!"

Do these words bring joy to your heart as you read or hear them? If they do not make your heart rejoice, why is it? The Lord Jesus Christ is the heavenly Bridegroom, and in Matthew 25 He is called "THE Bridegroom." Mark, it does not say, "Your Bridegroom," and I think these two words make all the difference as to whether we look forward to meet Him with *joy* or with *sorrow*. In earthly relationships what constitutes a man and woman bridegroom and bride? Chiefly the words "*I will*." It is not sufficient for the bridegroom alone to say "*I will*"; the bride must also say "*I will*" before the man can become her lawful bridegroom. I once was present at a wedding where the bridegroom had made his avowal "*I will*," but when it came to the bride's turn to say it she was silent. A second time the minister put the question: "Wilt thou have this man?" &c., but not a word did she utter, and the bridegroom began to tremble lest after all he should not win her for his bride.

But when a third time the question was put she faintly responded "*I will*." And immediately the document was signed which proclaimed them bridegroom and bride.

Now, this is just a little figure of how the heavenly relationship takes place. The Son of God has already said "*I WILL*." In Hosea 2. 19, 20 we get His threefold promise, "*I will* betroth thee unto Me for ever; yea, *I will* betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. *I will*

even betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness." And there are many more such *I wills* on His part to be found in His Word. But there is the other side of the question; those who desire the honour of becoming His bride must also say "*I will*" to Him. We get a beautiful picture of this in Rebekah's case. Her relations were willing she should go to be the bride of the rich man's son, of whom Eliezer had spoken so well; but it was necessary that Rebekah herself should be willing. So they said: "We will call the damsel, and enquire at her mouth. And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, *I will go*" (Gen. 24. 57, 58). There was no indecision in that answer. Would there were more like her in heavenly things, who, when asked, "Wilt thou belong to Christ? wilt thou go with the Man Christ Jesus, whose arms were once extended for thee on Calvary's Cross, and who now pleads with thee from heaven's throne; wilt thou?" Oh, do not remain longer undecided,

like the woman of whom I have been speaking, and who nearly lost her opportunity through her indecision. It may be this is your last opportunity to say "*I will*" to Christ.

If you now choose Him as your Bridegroom, you will look forward to that cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!" as the happiest moment of your earth-life, for it will usher in the fulness of heavenly joy as you enter His presence to "go no more out." M. M. D.



THE BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.

HOW GOD SAVED A CHINAMAN.

I AM a Cantonese Chinese—that is to say, I come from Canton, the capital and seaport city of the province of Quantung in South China. I was very young when my father died, and so I was entirely dependant upon my mother to support me. She sent me to the school in due course, and I learned to read very quickly.

About three years afterwards one of my relatives, who was a Christian, presented me with a copy of the Scriptures, and as I read I became deeply interested in the doctrine. God inclined my heart to enter the preaching chapel, and there I had every opportunity of hearing and investigating the Gospel. Being convinced of the Divine origin and inspiration of the Bible I learned the truths contained therein. I also learned that I was a sinner, and that Jesus died for sinners. After some time I was led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 16. 31), and determined to follow Him. I returned to my home and told my mother my intention, and, to my surprise and joy, she did not oppose. Shortly after this I was baptised. My mother then became interested in the Gospel, and though she was much slower to perceive and act upon the truth, yet she too was ultimately converted. My wife is also a Christian woman; and after her conversion she and my mother went to a school together

so that they might be able to read the Bible and learn its truths for themselves.

I then entered the Training Home to prepare for preaching the Gospel, the Church meantime supporting me during my term of study. Afterwards I was sent as a teacher to a school, and at the same time to take part in the preaching services. Bit by bit I advanced in my knowledge of Bible truth until I was put in charge of a station. I held nine such appointments in and around Canton, and I should like to say with all humility that over a hundred persons were led to the Lord Jesus Christ through my labours in these different stations.

One day a friend told me that a Cantonese evangelist was required for Singapore, and asked me if I would like to go. I said I would if it was God's will; and so it was settled. I came on to Singapore, and have been working amongst the Cantonese here for nearly one



LEF-WAI-TENG, SINGAPORE.

year. We have meetings in the hall, in the prison, on the streets, and amongst Chinese boats in the harbour. "Who hath believed our report?" says the prophet. Thank God, I have. Have you? What report? The report concerning the Son. Will I, a Chinaman, have to rise up in judgment against you and condemn you, because I repented at the preaching of the Gospel, and you have neglected so great salvation?

TWO REMARKABLE FLAGS.

"WHAT a dreadful flag ! What does it mean?" some of our readers will exclaim as they look at our first picture. If we think a little we shall soon find it out. Perhaps the girls will not be so quickly able to guess it as the boys who read books of travel and adventure. We hear them say: "Oh! that is

THE PIRATE FLAG!"

Quite right ; and a dreadful flag it is, for it means death wherever it is unfurled. The pirates are sea robbers ; wicked men who roam the seas in search of poor, defenceless ships, which they overtake, then plunder, and kill all on board.

Look at the little picture. There is a pirate vessel rapidly overtaking a ship which is endeavouring to escape. The pirate is firing on its prey, and soon it will be disabled and fall into the hands of its relentless foe. These pirates are very crafty, too ; they lurk in some place of shelter, and then pounce out on those who come within their reach. They also adopt many methods to deceive those whom they wish to destroy.

We once saw a celebrated picture which represented the deck of a pirate ship. The murderous crew were all on deck, but were crouching down so that they should not be seen from the sea ; they had bare swords, knives, and daggers in their hands, and pistols in their belts ; but yet in the midst of this there was a man standing on a barrel in the middle of the deck playing on a violin, while against the bulwarks were some of these cruel men dressed with ladies bonnets and with sunshades over their shoulders, their faces being hidden so that no one from the sea could see them. We wondered what it all meant, but soon saw that a little way off a vessel was approaching to speak in a friendly way. These wicked pirates were luring them on, and it would be but a

few minutes when the signal would be given. These dreadful men would spring up ; the Union Jack, which was flying at the masthead, would be hauled down ; and the dreadful pirate flag, with its **skull and crossbones**, run up, and the fate of those poor deceived people on the approaching ship would be sealed. It would be *death—death for every one!*

Can you guess the lesson we wish to draw from this flag ? It is this : Satan is a crafty foe, whose object is first to deceive us and then to slay us ! We were all sailing on life's voyage once under

Satan's flag of sin and death, but those of us who trusted in the finished work of Christ, and who, through His precious Blood, have been eternally saved, are not now in this dreadful position, but have come under His protection, and are fast sailing Home under the banner of the Cross.

Look now for a moment at the second picture. We need not ask : "What is *that* flag, for every one the wide-world over knows the Union Jack, and the British Empire is justly proud of it. Under its folds slavery cannot exist, for it is

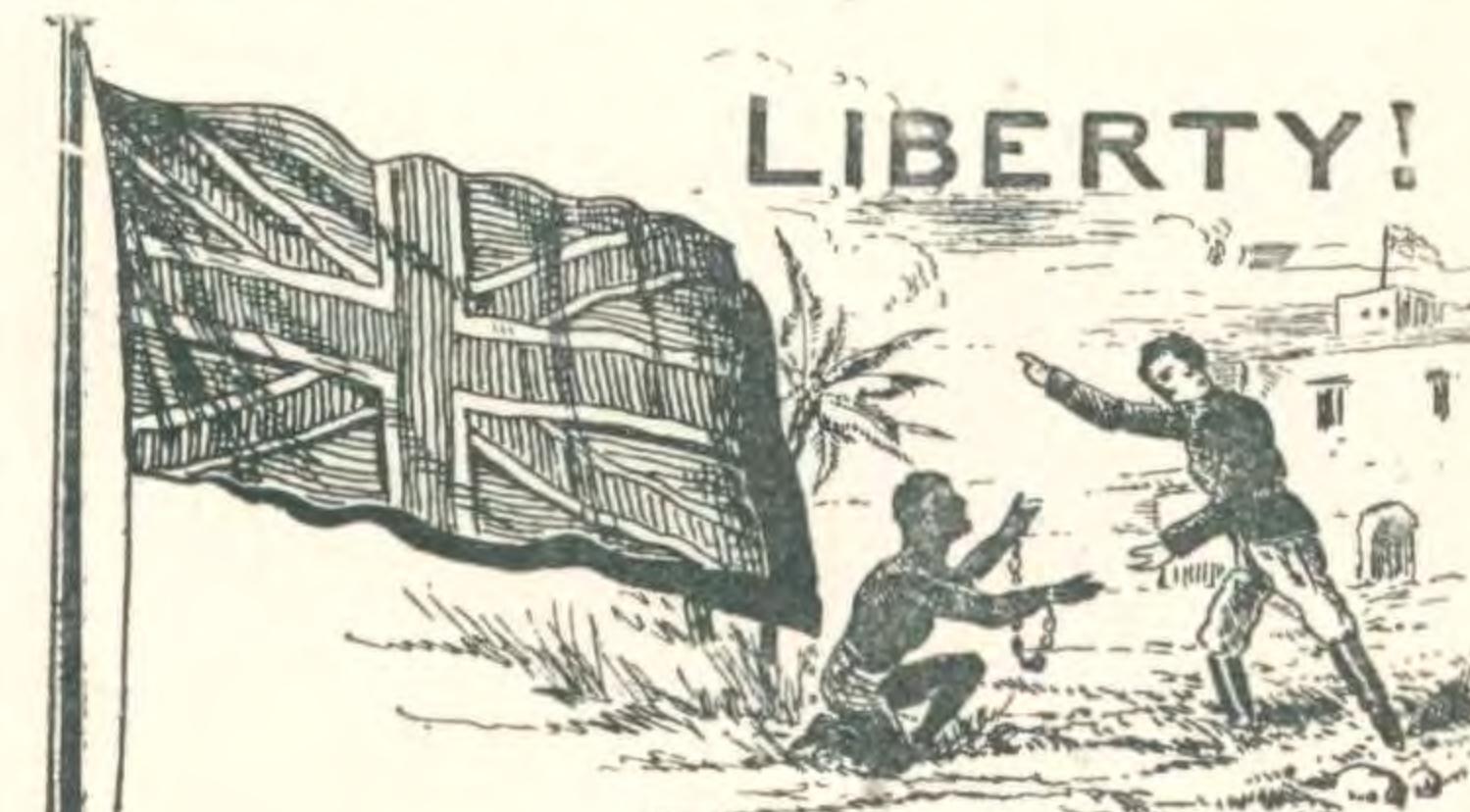
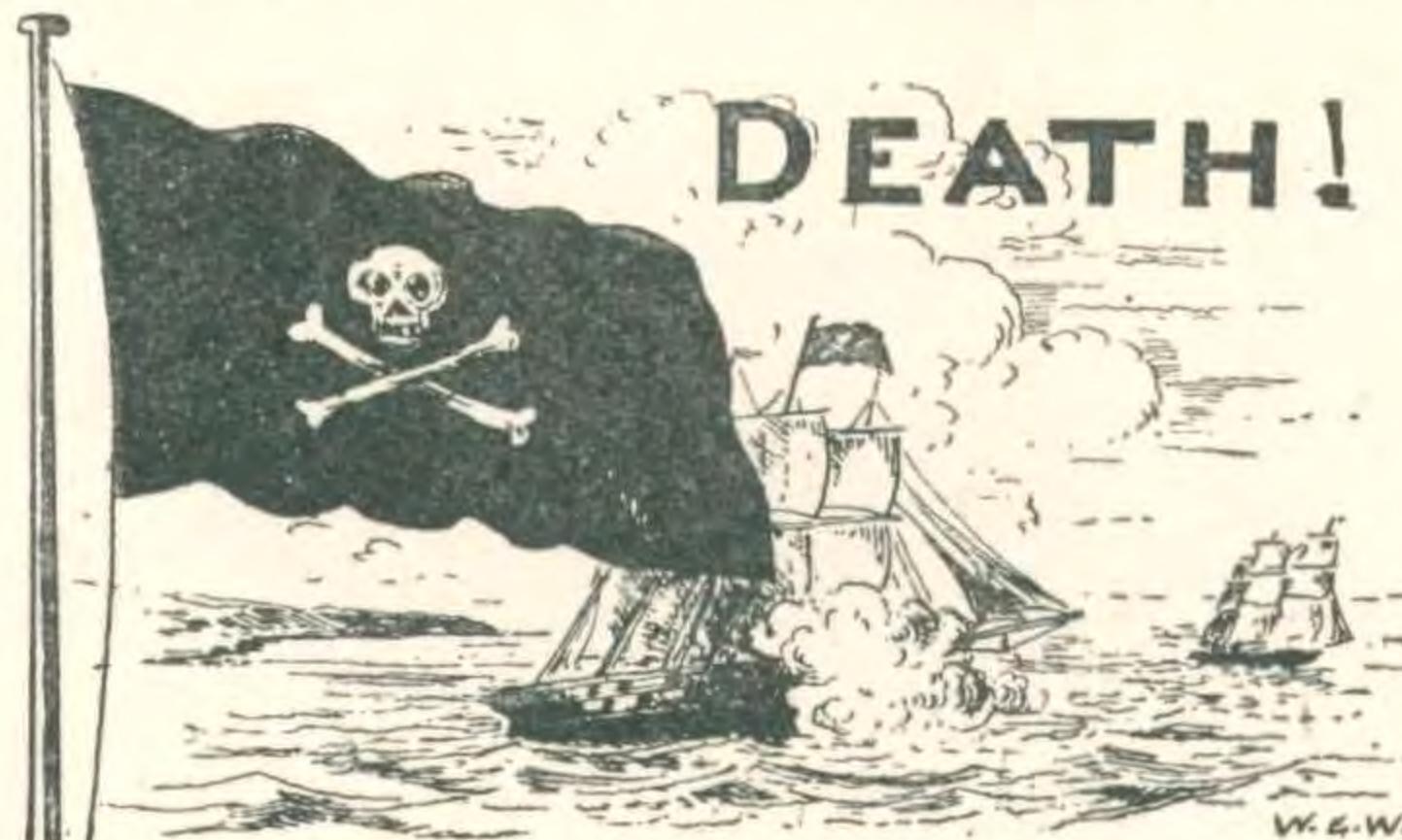
THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

Our picture shows a poor black slave who has escaped from his cruel master, and found his way to some place under British rule. He is exhausted, and can only just kneel at the feet of the officer, and, holding up his poor manacled hands, he seems to say : "Oh, do not give me up to my cruel master again!" See how his new-found friend points

to **the Union Jack**. We can almost hear him saying : "Take courage ! You are free ! There is no slavery under the Union Jack !" How glad the poor bound slave, with his back perhaps still smarting under the cruel lash, must be to hear these cheering words ; they are indeed the sweetest music he has ever heard ; and soon they will knock off those heavy fetters, and he shall never put them on again ! The bondman will become the freeman !

Shall we tell you what this reminds us of ? Before doing so let us see what the Union Jack teaches us. It is, as every school boy or girl knows, composed of **THREE CROSSES**, showing the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, so that wherever we look we see the cross ; so it tells us of the Cross on which our blessed Lord suffered to save us. Then its colours tell us something more. They are **RED, WHITE, and BLUE**. The **red** reminds me of the One who suffered and shed His Blood on the Cross for sinners like me. The **white** tells me of the pure, sinless, spotless Saviour who died on the Cross of Calvary to make me white and clean. The **blue** speaks to me of the heaven from which He came, leaving that bright, glorious place that poor sinners washed in His precious Blood might be with Him in glory.

Now for the lesson of the Flag of Liberty. If unsaved, you are not under the banner of the Gospel, but under the Black Flag—Satan's flag of sin and death. Come out from under it now ; believe on the Lord Jesus, and you shall find life and liberty. W.E.W.



A PEEP AT A HIGHLAND SCHOOL.



GROUP OF SCHOLARS, EACH HOLDING A COPY OF "BOYS AND GIRLS," AT LIONEL NESS, STORNOWAY.

THAT the 'good news of salvation is finding its way into "all the world," including some of the most unlikely and out-of-the-way corners of "Bonnie Scotland,"' is amply demonstrated by the happy group of children (each holding a copy of *Boys and Girls*, which they prize very highly), taken at Lionel Ness, near Stornoway, Isle of Lewis. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, who carry on the work, are shown on the right.

That the Gospel is still "the power of God unto salvation," is amply demonstrated by the two following testimonies out of many which could be given. The first tells how a big lad, who has since grown up and is now in active earthly and heavenly service, was converted:

"I was the second eldest son in a family of young orphans, my dear father having been drowned at sea when I was a little boy. My elder brother was saved at the Lionel Meetings before I attended there at all. When I began to go to this Mission Sunday-school I heard much of the story of God's redeeming love, but it was at the

age of sixteen that I was convicted of sin. God showed me clearly that I was lost, and that if I died in my sins I would be forever shut out of His holy presence. At once Satan whispered: 'There's time enough to think about these things; put it off till a more convenient season.' But in vain did I try to banish these things from my mind, for when God Himself speaks it is impossible to get rid of the word which is 'quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword' (Hebrews 4. 12). Very shortly afterwards I was led to Jesus, and trusted Him as my Saviour. When God revealed Christ to me as the One 'who bare my sins in His own body on the tree' (1 Peter 2. 24), and 'whose blood cleanseth from all sin' (1 John 1. 7), I knew the peace of sins forgiven, and was satisfied once for all with what the Lord Jesus Christ had done for me. My heart is now full of joy, and I can truly say:

'Just as I was He received me,
Seeking from judgment to flee;
Now there is no condemnation—
Christ is the Saviour for me.'

"ALEXANDER MORRISON."

A PEEP AT A HIGHLAND SCHOOL.

The second tells how Miss Nicholson, who is standing on the left of the photo, looked off unto Jesus and was saved:

"My two births took place in the Ness district of the Island of Lewis, where before my time there never had been any regular effort made to reach the young with the sweet story of the sacrifice of God's blessed Son for the redemption of poor, lost sinners. When I was eight years of age my brother John, who had found the Lord in the United States of America, returned home, sick with malarial fever, and seeing the great need of our large parish, he started a Sunday-school, where scores of us children heard weekly of the wondrous love of God to a lost world. One Lord's Day I received a copy of *The Herald of Salvation*, in which there was the story of a little girl whose nurse told her of the way of life. The child became anxious, and said to her father: 'Father, if I should die to-night I would go to hell. Would you?' Wherever I went that night the sentence rang in my ears, 'If I should die to-night I would go to hell,' and I shall never forget the battle

I fought. Satan was determined not to give up possession of my soul without a terrible conflict, and it was not till early next morning that I decided not to wait a moment longer. I would be saved that day, and at once. I went to my brother's room, but was so wrought up I could not say a word. I just sat down and wept. He was much bewildered, and concluded someone in the house had suddenly died, and for some time I could offer no explanation. I told him finally I was afraid to die unsaved, and he quoted some Scripture passages to me, which I understood as I never did before. As he went on I saw with my spiritual eyes Christ hanging on the cross for *my sins*, 'suffering the Just for the unjust,' that I might go free. There beamed on His blessed face a look of entreaty and welcome, and tremblingly I drew out of self towards Him. I could no longer think of God's wrath, but of His great love. My brother prayed with me, and I cannot express the joy that filled my soul; all the burden and guilt rolled away, and I was forever saved.

'Saved through the Blood of Jesus,

Saved from the wrath to come,

Saved, too, to dwell for ever Safe in the Saviour's home.

'Joy is among the angels, Joy in the heart of God, When one unworthy sinner Trusts in the Saviour's Blood.'

"MARGARET NICHOLSON."

May such a peep at an out-of-the-way service for Christ encourage workers to toil on, knowing their labour is not in vain in the Lord, and encourage young folks whole-heartedly and unreservedly to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and take up His yoke, learn of Him, and follow Him. The Christian life is the best now, and leads to the best for ever and ever.

HYP.

THE GOSPEL IN A NUTSHELL.

[Sung after an Address on "The Nutshell," as given in No. 178 of *Boys & Girls*.]

KEY G.

{ : s | d,d : d,r | m.,m : m.,m | f ., f : f.,r | m : - | d,d : d }
 { We've had a happy time to-night, I'm sure you'll all admit, Ev'rything }

{ .,r | m : s | r : - | - : s | m,m : m,r | d,d : r,m | f,f : f,m }
 { has gone so well; The meeting has been lively, and the preacher made a }

CHORUS.

{ | r : m ., f | s,s : d,r | m : r | d : - | - : m | f : - , f | f ., f }
 { hit with "The Gospel in the Old Nut-shell." Then, Hal - le - lu - jah }

{ : f,f | m : m | - : - , d | d,d : d,m | s : s | r : - | - : s,,f | m.,m }
 { for the Gospel! The Gospel that we love so well; Oh, we'll bless the }

{ : m,r | d : r,m | f,f : f,m | r : m,f | s,s : d,r | m : r | d : - | - }
 { happy night, When first we got a sight Of the Gospel in the old nut shell. }

The Gospel is the power of God to all who will believe,
 Even though they did rebel;
 And all who trust the Saviour everlasting life receive— [shell.
 That's the Gospel of the old Nut-
 I love to sing of Jesus and His grace so full and free, [hell;
 He pluck'd me from the jaws of

I've found a mighty Saviour in the Lamb of Calvary, [shell.
 Thro' the Gospel in the old Nut-
 And when unto your home you go,
 and meet with those you love,
 I hope that everyone will tell
 About the Gospel story of the Lord's redeeming love [shell.
 That was hiding in the old nut-

“IT'S ALL IN THE COUPLING.”

IO you see that stoker? How familiar we get with him and his business! The main line express is timed to wait here seven minutes to change engines. A fresh engine had just come up in front of our heavy passenger train; down springs the stoker, click goes the heavy iron link upon its hook,—two steps and a spring, and the man is back upon the engine, in readiness for the guard's flag and whistle.

Tell me, *could* that train move one inch without the connecting link? Or could the most powerful engine on the line move that train one inch, even though the buffers touched, without that massive link *in its place on the hook?* Impossible. Without it, the train is powerless to move, and the engine powerless to draw.

You have read between the lines of my illustration. First-class men, like first-class carriages, finely built, strong, powerful, well-furnished,—may be clever, upright in business, moral, smart, of good appearance,—but if **NO LIFE**, there can be no power, no progress. Not one inch can they move towards the goal.

A passenger rushes upon the platform. “I say, porter, where's that train for?” “Carlisle, sir.”

“Reader, where are *you* bound for?—Fellow-traveller, where for?” “Oh,” you say, “I want to go to heaven, of course. Everybody wants to get there.”

“Have you got far along the line?”

“Well, I can't say, but I hope so.”

No, if the link is not in its place, your train has not moved, is not going to move until it is. No coupling. You are dead, “dead in trespasses and sins,” helpless, undone, until you are linked to the Source of all life and power, the Lord Jesus Christ. You may be straight and honest, but this is

not enough. Your own good works and righteousness will never take you to heaven; God says they are “as filthy rags.” The furniture of those railway carriages, however rich, and elegant, and substantial, will never avail to move them onwards; nor will your good deeds or repentance carry you one step towards heaven.

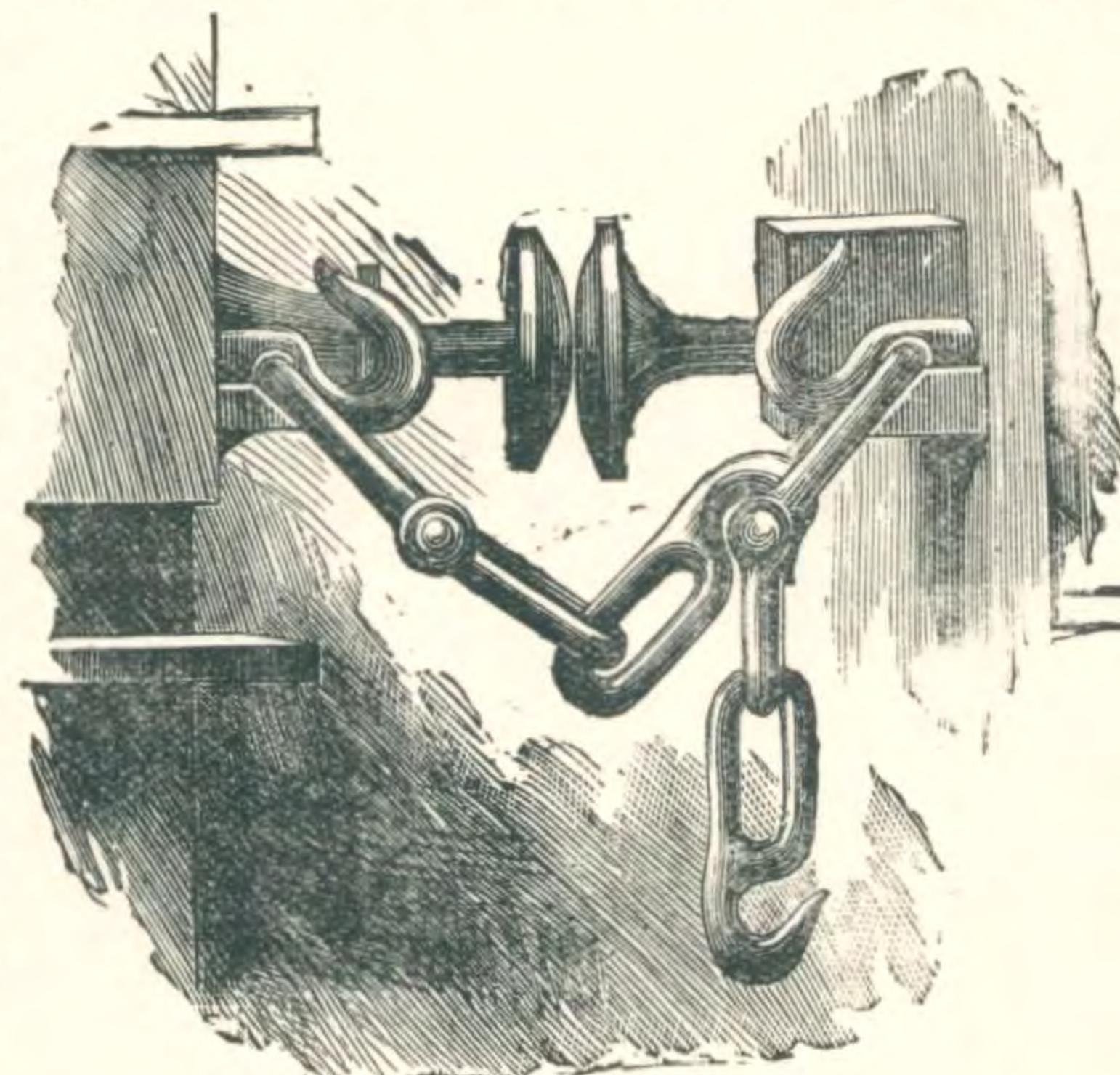
The one essential is this coupling—it's all in the coupling.  Faith is that coupling. “He that *believeth* on Me hath everlasting life.” “He that hath the Son, hath life.” He who is united to Christ is a living soul. “He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life.” Clear, is it not?

But remember, though so necessary, there is no value, nor power, in the coupling link itself; its importance all comes from what it *does*. So, faith is a very simple thing; its only value is that it is God's plan—by which a seeking soul is linked with a seeking Saviour—by which a *guilty* soul is linked with a perfect Saviour—by which a *condemned* sinner is linked with his accepted Substitute, who died in his stead on Calvary.

It's either one thing or the other. You *have* trusted the Lord Jesus, or you *have not*. The coupling is either on or off. Don't say, “I hope it's on.” Make sure. Thou mayst be uncertain about a good many things, and it may not be much odds; but uncertainty about *salvation* is fatal. Even suspense as to whether we are or are not on the right road, must be agonising. But why go on thus?

You say, “What am I to do?” “Do nothing.” “What am I to believe?” “Believe that the Lord Jesus Christ has died in your stead, and given Himself for your sins, that you might never perish.”

“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).



FOUR CROWNS FOR ALL.

WE all know that Crowns are for kings or queens, and also that they may have more than one Crown, but perhaps no boy or girl ever imagined for a moment that they could ever hope to receive a Crown; if so, you will read this eagerly, for I am going to tell you how you *can* obtain a Crown, and not one only, but many, even four.

First let me tell you the most wonderful Crown I have ever heard of. Let us go back in memory many hundreds of years ago, and here we find a great multitude assembled. All kinds of people are present; rich and poor, high and low, soldiers, officers, lawyers, doctors, priests, and I suppose almost every person in the place. Some great event seems to be going to take place, there is so much excitement. In the midst of this vast crowd stands the Man who seemingly is the cause of all this excitement. He is dressed in a *purple* robe, the Eastern symbol of *Royalty*, and on His head there is the Crown. As He comes forth, the air is rent with the cry, "Hail! King of the Jews," and they bow before Him. But see! a hand is uplifted, and it strikes this King; behold, it is a mockery. The Man is the Man Christ Jesus, and the Crown is the **Crown of thorns**, and see where

the thorns pierce His brow the blood comes forth and trickles down His face. This is the Crown the world gave to the Son of God.

We must learn what that cross meant for us—the guilt, the sin, was ours, the punishment also was ours, for God says, "The wages of sin is death;" but the Lord Jesus bore the punishment, and so God can say the "gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23). If you have learned that the Lord Jesus suffered in your place, and that, because of that death, God has given you the gift of life, then the Crowns are for you also. Note, then, that the gift is free; we can do nothing to gain salvation, but to take it. The Crowns, however, are *rewards*; they are what we are to strive for.

The first Crown is mentioned in 1 Cor. 9. 25.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE CROWN.

The Apostle Paul says that the people of this world strive after things that are quickly to pass away,—men work to make money and to accumulate gold, and then it either leaves them, or they have to leave it. We who are Christians have something far better to strive for; we are to lay up treasures in heaven. We are to live for Jesus here, to be true and faithful servants, and let us remember that there is a wonderful book of remembrance

kept in heaven, where all our actions are recorded. If, when that book has been opened, and we find our lives have been spent for ourselves, and not for Him who died for us, then there will be no incorruptible Crown for us. If, on the other hand, through God's grace we *have* lived for Him, then shall He give us this Crown, which shall never wither, and which will last for ever.

Then we come to the second Crown (2 Tim. 4. 8),

THE CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

This Crown is promised to those who are found waiting and watching for the Lord's appearing. You know the story of the Ten Virgins, the five wise and five foolish. The five wise went into the marriage feast, but I am afraid they would receive no Crown of righteousness. Why? Because they were not watching for the Bridegroom's coming; they were fast asleep. When we rise each morning the thought should be, "Perhaps the Lord will come to-day." We should be watching for His return (Luke 12. 37). Now we come to the third

Crown (Jas. 1. 12; Rev. 2. 10), which is the

CROWN OF LIFE.

This Crown is promised to those who are faithful unto death; those who have been sorely tempted, but have come out victorious; those

who have passed through the fire, and whose faith has been put to the greatest possible tests. If we think of those who went to death gladly, rather than dishonour their Lord—of Stephen, the first martyr; of Peter, whom we are told was crucified with his head downwards; of Paul himself, and of hundreds, yea thousands more, who have loved the Lord better than their own lives, and who are willing to give up even their lives when the call came. Let us take courage, and drawing our strength from Him, let us be faithful unto death, or until He come, and for us shall there be a Crown of Life, which the Lord has promised to those that love Him. We come now to the fourth and last Crown (1 Peter 5. 4),

THE CROWN OF GLORY.

This is a Crown which is given to those who walk so near to the Master that they become examples for others, those who are really great—as the Lord has told us they should be—because most like servants. Let him who is greatest be as he who doth serve (Luke 22. 26, 27). We are to strive or work, not for the crowns, not for rewards, but because we love Him, and because we can hardly help living for Him and serving Him. Then the rewards and Crowns will come all right. E. M. D.

THE DANCING DERVISHES;

OR, "GOD'S PARDONING MERCY FLOWS THROUGH ONLY ONE CHANNEL."



THE DANCING DERVISHES.

"**G**OD hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions" (Eccles. 7. 29). Humanly devised ways of salvation are innumerable. Yet God in His Word tells us that His pardoning mercy flows only through one channel—the Cross of Christ. The Buddhists of Tibet have prayer-wheels, into which prayers are placed. By turning the wheel the prayers are supposed to be presented to God.

The dancing Dervishes of Egypt, who are bigoted Moslems, dance until they are thoroughly exhausted. This is done as an act of devotion, and is believed to aid them in meriting heaven.

Prayer, almsgiving, and fasting are the principal articles of a Mohammedan's creed. At the beginning of every chapter in the Koran—the Moslem's Bible—(excepting one) the following words occur: "In the Name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful." The *ground* on which a holy and righteous God can be compassionate and merciful toward sinners is not even alluded to. The Koran has nothing to say of God's wondrous scheme of redemption. It alludes not to the sin-cleansing, sin-atonement Blood, and has no Christ to satisfy the longings of a conscience-awakened and sin-burdened soul. The dancing Dervishes and other Moslem devotees, like the Jews of old, go about to establish their own righteousness, and will not submit themselves to the righteousness of God (Rom. 10. 2, 3). Many who scoff at the idea of dancing as a religious act, and laugh at the thought of a prayer-wheel helping to procure forgiveness, secretly believe in the Romish doctrine of justification by faith *and* works. Some of them say that "if a man gives up his sins and does his best, he will have a good chance of getting to heaven," forgetting or ignoring the fact that Scripture declares that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in ONE POINT, he is GUILTY OF ALL" (James 2. 10).

One sin is sufficient to exclude from glory. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in ALL THINGS which are written in the Book of the law to do them" (Gal. 3. 10). Where is the person on earth that has not sinned once? What, then, is to become of you if

you have committed thousands and thousands of sins? Though God is long-suffering and merciful, He "will by no means clear the guilty" (Ex. 34. 7). How, then, is a sinner to be forgiven? Forgiveness can be obtained by the guiltiest; not, however, on the ground of "turning over new leaves," or of renouncing sins. If it were so, salvation would be of works, and not by faith. "Being justified *freely* by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation *through faith in His Blood*, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past. . . . To declare His righteousness, that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3. 24-26). It is only through the propitiation of Christ that God can freely justify ungodly sinners. By believing—"simply believing"—on Christ who satisfied God's holy and righteous claims, you may now obtain the free, full, and present forgiveness of all your sins.

A. M.



HOW GOD SAVED A POET.

WHEN I tell you I am nearing my four-score years of pilgrimage, you will understand that it is a long look backward to the time of my youthful days.

I had a godly, devoted mother. She was to me both a father and a mother, for my father died before my birth. I recollect how we knelt together when she prayed—and prayed for me—as night closed in, and how often she repeated, when together:

"Yet a little, and we know
Happy entrance
will be given;
All our sorrows
left below,
All of earth ex-
changed for
heaven."

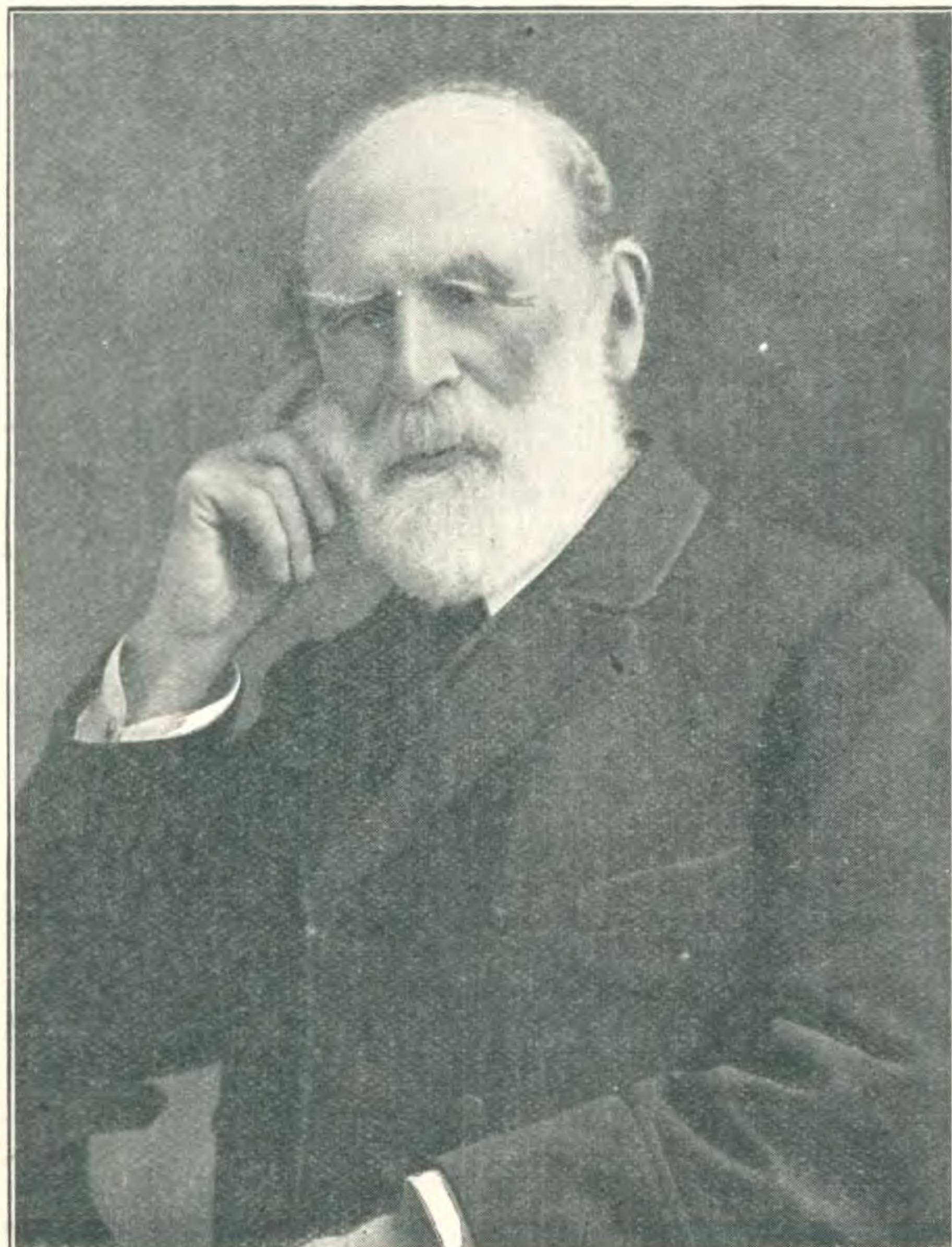
And it was so; from the resting-place of my arms she passed away triumphantly to be at rest. Thus, like Timothy, I was early brought under the power of the Word of God, and was by grace kept from evil companions and the dire consequences of such companionships, the Sunday School being my delight, and to excel as a scholar in my lessons my utmost effort. Yet it was not until I had reached my teens that my

soul was really troubled about sin. My master, too, was a Christian, and he often detected my concern of soul and sought to help me. Yet, perhaps, not having been a reckless, wild child, I was tempted to suppose I needed not forgiveness as did some others, still my pillow often told of my distress of soul—it was wet with tears. Loved by teachers, I loved them in return, and they sought to set me free, yet I fear laid

more stress upon the efficacy of prayer than *at once* of accepting salvation. After a long while, during which my deep exercises continued, and the terrible thoughts of death and judgment were so distressing, some of my teachers determined to meet together to pray for their children, and to that meeting I was invited. It was a solemn occasion to me, and to us all. The meeting was an informal one. Oh, how it is yet fixed on my memory and mental vision! Several earnest, short, intercessory prayers had been offered, and then Dr. Watts' psalm was sung. It concludes thus:

"I pay my evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope
relies
UPON THY GRACE
ALONE."

Surely the presence of the Lord was present to heal. I fell before that power, and in broken, artless language I poured out my now unfettered soul to the Lord, and found peace in believing (Rom. 5.1). It was indeed a solemn season! And the earnest grasp of the dear

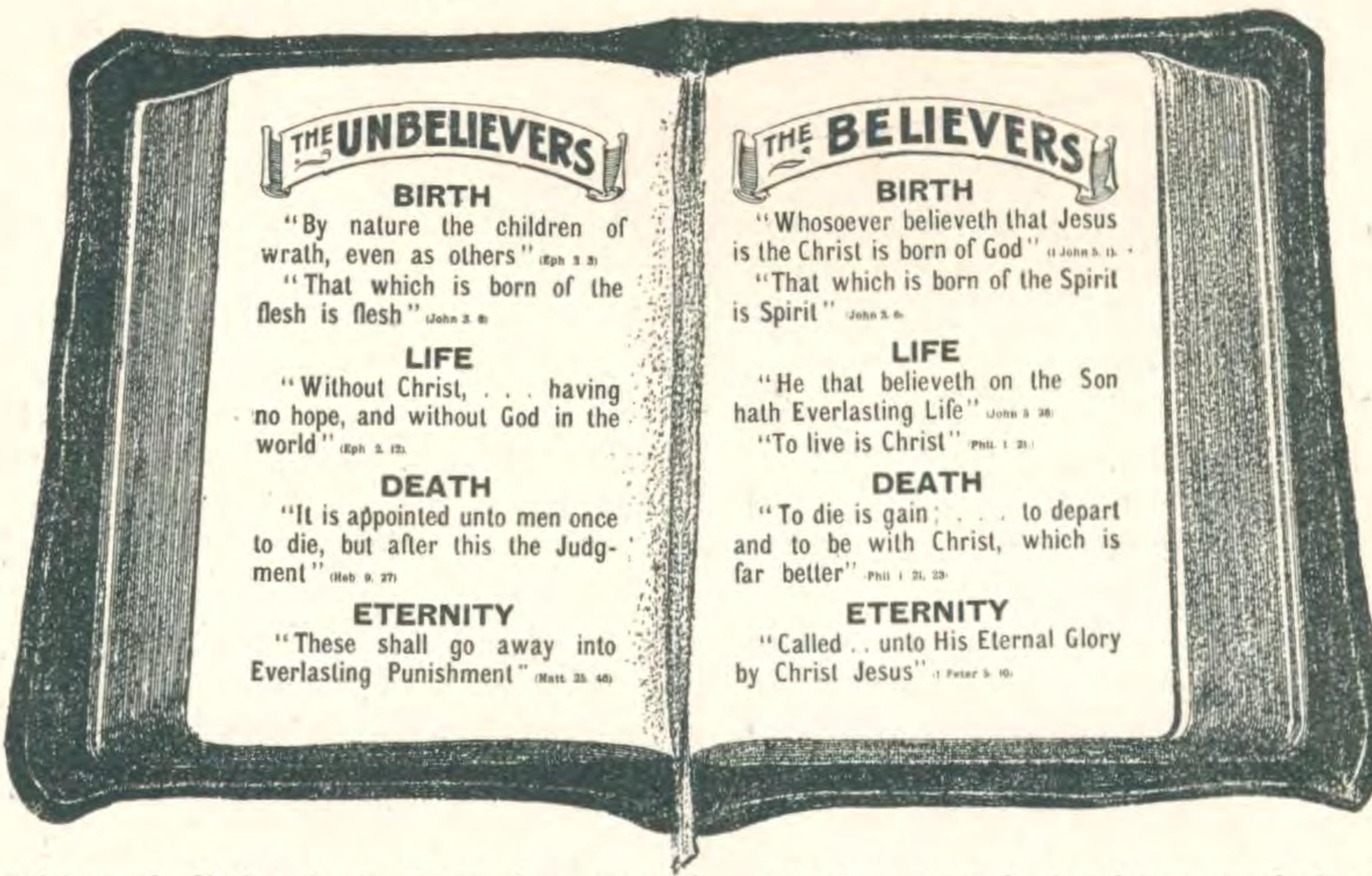


ALBERT MIDLANE Author of "There's a Friend for Little Children."

ones' hands, and their sweet expressions of fraternal delight, remain fresh on my spirit. Thus, at the age of 16, I was enabled to rejoice in another *birthday*, not from earth, but from heaven—a birthday which all must know ere the golden streets can be trodden or the pearly gates entered, a birthday of which our Lord speaks when He said to Nicodemus: "Ye must be born again." Rest not till you too are saved. A. MIDLANE.

THE TWO GREAT HISTORIES.

Outline of Bible can be drawn on Blackboard, and leading words filled in as lesson proceeds; or the words BIRTH, LIFE, can be printed in



black for unbelievers and red for believers on paper, and drawn out of Bible as the meeting progresses.

WHAT subject shall I take? Here is a very large Bible. Suppose we open it and trace the history of each one of us? Now, just as there are two sides of this Bible—this and that—so God sees each one of us as a *believer* or an *unbeliever* in His Son. We will take the dark side first.

BIRTH. Born into this world everyone is by nature a child of wrath, for the Scriptures clearly state that "in Adam *all* die." But here is another proof. Scripture says: "That which is born of the flesh is *flesh*" (John 3. 6)—hence all the thoughts, acts, words, and ways are of a fleshly trend. Thus by *nature* and by *practice* this Book declares you are a sinner, and as such need a Saviour.

LIFE. Growth follows birth. The child grows, his mind begins to develop, his conscience begins to assert itself, he realises that this life and this world are not all, that there is a world "beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb"; but he remains unmoved—"without Christ, without God, and without hope in the world," for the awful thought is borne in upon him that "as it is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. 9. 27) he has to face

DEATH—the great enemy which "comes down with reckless footsteps to the hall or hut"; death which cannot be bribed; death which parts him from all possessions of Time; death which brings in its train something more awful—"after this the JUDGMENT." Born in sin, he lives without a Saviour, dies without hope, passes before the bar of God without a plea, and finds himself in

ETERNITY!—that vast, limitless ocean, without beginning, without end (Isaiah 57. 15). What are those words sounding in his ears: "Because I have called, and ye refused. . . . I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh" (Proverbs 1. 24, 26). When that dread fear, that terrible calamity, has come he will be amongst those who go away into everlasting punishment (Matt. 25. 46).

Such is the sad history of an unsaved soul. May God awaken you to "flee from the wrath to come!"

Having traced the history of those on this side of the line, let us now look at the other and brighter page—the side of those who have fled for refuge to the Lord Jesus Christ, and accepted Him as their own personal Saviour.

BIRTH. "Born of God" (1 John 5. 11). His delight is to give "to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in him" (1 Peter 3. 15). It was a day long to be remembered, when, realising that he was a sinner by nature and practice, unable to save himself, he ventured his all for Time and Eternity on the finished work of Christ, and was "born again" (John 3. 3). Then as to

LIFE, he realises that "he that hath the Son, hath life" (1 John 5. 12). The words of the Lord assure him that "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," and His promise is, "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John 14. 19). The former motto, "To live is self," or "to gain the world," is replaced by the most glorious motto of any human being, "To LIVE is CHRIST" (Phil. 1. 21). Then, should he face

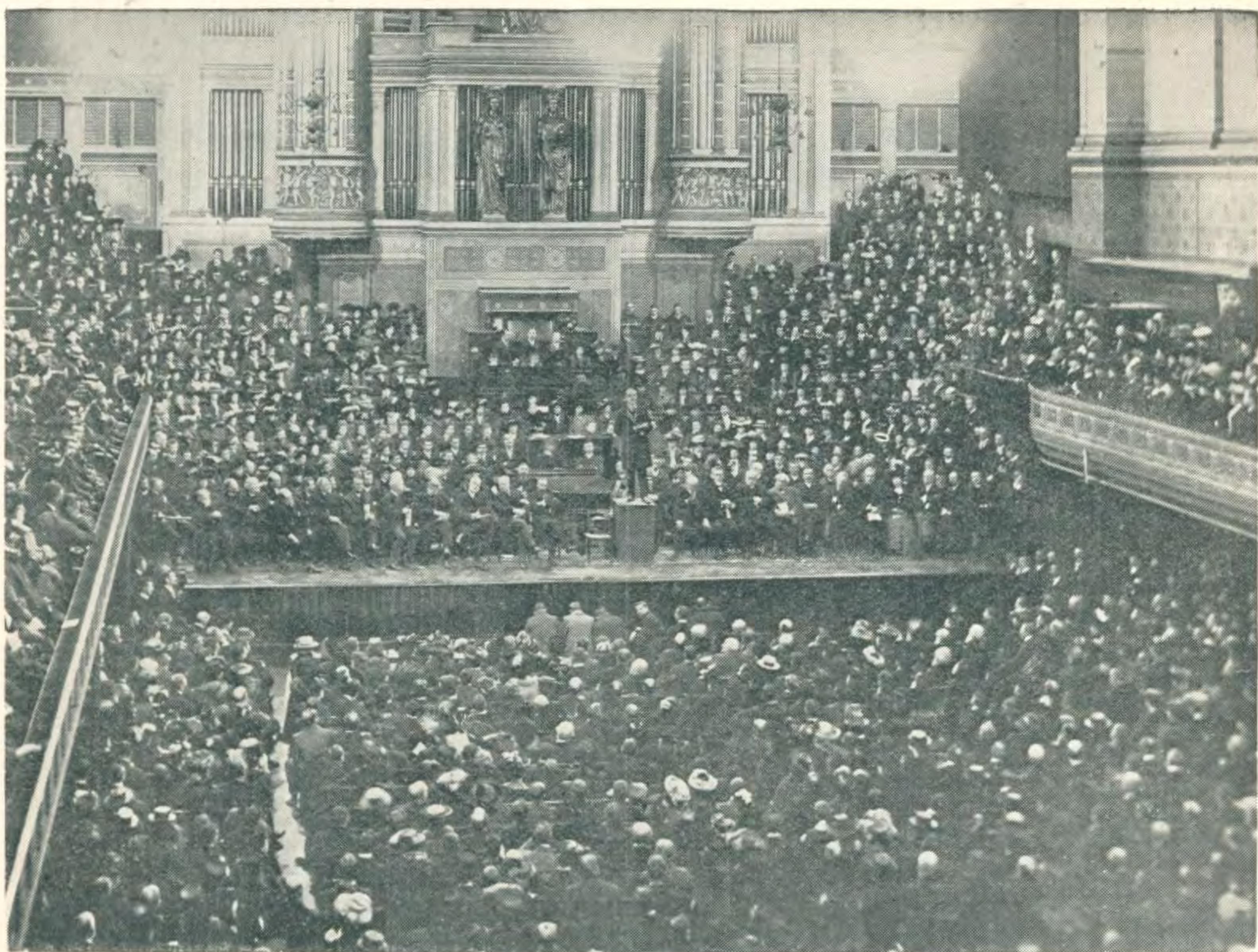
DEATH, he says, "I do not fear death, for death is only the portal of life, and 'to die is gain'" (Phil. 1. 21). In fact, when the grim monster lays hold of the believer he cries, "O death, where is thy sting?" (1 Cor. 15. 55). Since Christ died for me, the sting is gone, the terror is past. Dying is only a departing "to be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1. 23). Farewell, mortality; welcome,

ETERNITY! The judgment-seat of Christ will try his works, and burn up the wood, hay, stubble; but he himself "shall be saved," and "have praise of God" (1 Cor. 4. 5). When "called unto eternal glory," a stranger he may be to the courts above, but no stranger to the Song above, for it is of the worth of the Lamb and the Blood that redeemed (Rev. 5. 9).

Oh, make sure that you are now classed amongst those who are "saved" (Acts 16. 31), then you will join the ransomed host in glory.

HYP.

A NOTABLE EVANGELISTIC GATHERING.



A GATHERING OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL, GLASGOW.

THE above picture depicts the closing meeting with Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander held in St. Andrew's Hall, the largest hall in the city, on Monday, 6th April, 1903, when over four thousand persons were present.

During the month of March a clear testimony has been given as to the inspired Word of God telling of man's ruin by nature, salvation by blood, the simplicity of receiving, the doom of the Christ rejector, &c. Seven of the Editor's friends have had sons or acquaintances saved, in addition to some hundreds more.

A remarkable gathering of boys and girls was held on Tuesday, 20th March, when over 3000 assembled in the hall shown above. Dr. Torrey read in Isaiah 53, and after explaining how we go astray, and how iniquities could be put away, he got the

children to repeat together: "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"—changing the "our" into "my," and the "we are" into "I am." At the close of the gathering over 500 were dealt with as to the salvation of their souls by earnest, converted workers, and many were led to put in "I," "my," "me."

Such gatherings remind us of the Great Salvation Company which shall soon be assembled in the Banqueting House of Glory, and ascribe all their blessings to the "worth" of Christ and the "shedding" of His blood (Revelation 5.9). Make certain that you will be at that glorious meeting by making certain that you *now* believe on our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and are saved.

HYP

SIX POOR TRAVELLERS.

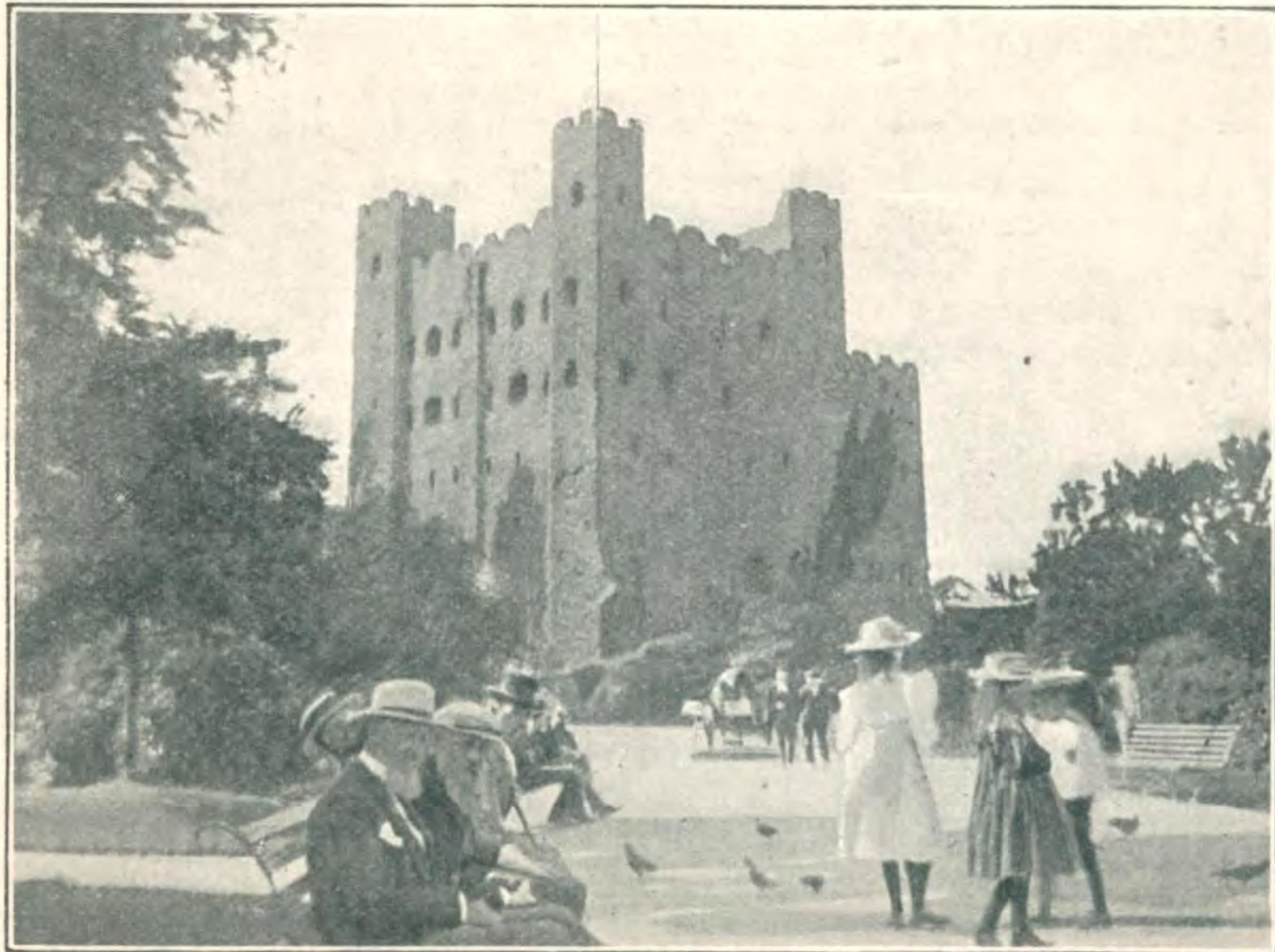
SOME years ago we were passing through the town of Rochester. It was a wintry evening, a biting north-east wind, mingled with driving sleet, causing the foot passengers who were compelled to be out to button up their coats and hasten home to their warm firesides. As we were hurrying past our attention was arrested by an old-fashioned house which stood in the High Street, its quaint gables and windows contrasting strongly with the more modern houses by which it was surrounded. Over the door was a notice to the effect that through the kind bequest of a certain benevolent gentleman, every night, six poor travellers, "not being rogues nor vagabonds," should receive lodging, with supper, breakfast, and fourpence to carry them on their journey the next day.

Our curiosity was aroused, so turning to a policeman who stood near, we enquired the hour when applicants were admitted. "Six o'clock, sir," he replied. Seeing that it wanted but five minutes to the hour, we drew into the shelter of a doorway and waited. No one was in sight but the vigilant constable. We wondered who would

apply for the charity on such an inclement night. Six o'clock now chimed out from the church tower near by, and to our surprise, before the last stroke had died away, more than two dozen "poor travellers" presented themselves. A motley crowd they were as they stood waiting. There was the out-of-work mechanic carrying the tools of his craft; the smart groom, also out of employment; while by far the greater number were of the tramp and beggar type, with pinched faces and fluttering rags. They had not long to wait, for the door of the house opened, and an old servant advanced to the edge of the pavement. Through the half-opened door we could see the ruddy glow of the firelight within in contrast to the chilly night without. The selection was soon made; the most respectable looking were chosen, and the poor tramps and beggars were turned away!

God has opened a place of entertainment for poor travellers on the road which leadeth to destruction, and poor enough you are if treading that road. There is plenty of heavenly fare there, and its door stands open wide. The precious Blood of Christ

opened it. Draw near and read the inscription over the door: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting LIFE" (Jno. 3.16). "COME, for all things are now ready" (Luke 14.17). And lest any should think that this invitation was not for him, we see written: "And him that cometh, I will in nowise cast out" (John 6.37). Do not hesitate; enter and be saved. W.E.W



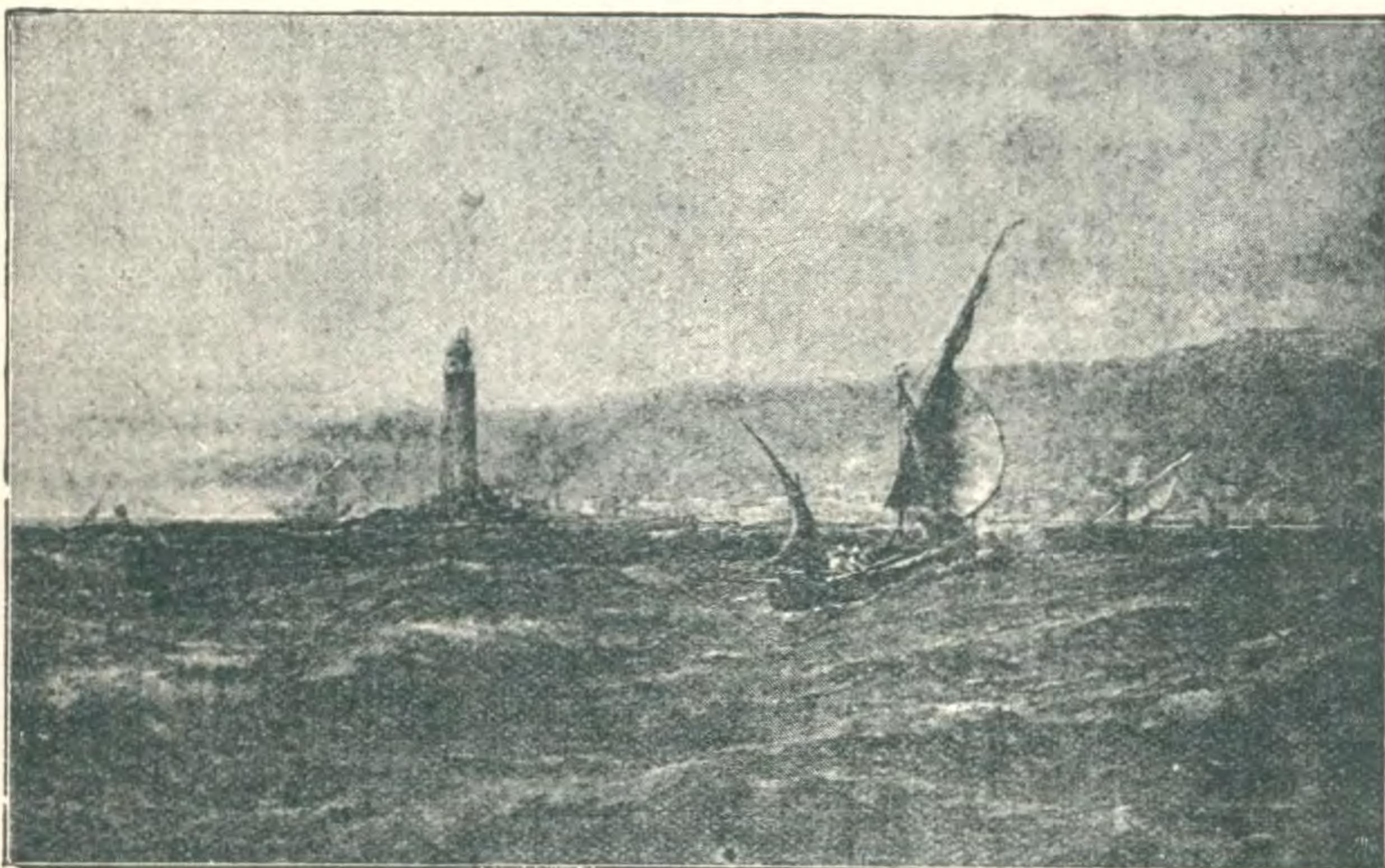
CASTLE AND GROUNDS, A WELL-KNOWN LANDMARK AT ROCHESTER.

“IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA!”



IN the depths of the ocean what mysteries lie—
Wondrous pictures unpainted,
concealed from the eye ;
Ruby mountains of coral, majestic and grand,
Rising up into islands, and forming dry land.

In the depths of the ocean : hill,
valley, and plain
Lie submerged 'neath the waves of the wide-spreading main ;
There are grottos where columns symmetrical stand,
As if chiselled and sculptured by some master hand.



In the depths of the ocean bright sea-grasses wave,
'Mid their tresses the sailor oft findeth a grave ;
But as calmly he sleeps in their briny embrace,
As if buried in state in a sanctified place.

Mighty depths of the ocean! what secrets ye hold,
In your chambers are treasures of wealth all untold ;
Costly jewels like playthings are tossed on your floor,
And you daily increase, like a miser, your store.

In the depths of the ocean I care not to pry,
Through its dark lonely caves leave wild waters to sigh,
Since the message of love has been whispered to me,
“All thy sins have been cast in the depths of the sea.”

In the depths of the ocean for aye to remain,
For Jehovah from thence will not bring them again.

Oh, wonderful mercy, so full and so free,
That could cast *all* my sins in the depths of the sea.

From the mystical depths *He* arose who was dead,
From the billows and waves that went over His head ;
When He bare in His body the wrath due to me,
Then He left all my sins in the depths of the sea.

Soon the depths of the ocean the trumpet shall hear,
When in brightness of glory the Lord will appear ;

He will gather His jewels wherever they be,
Although many lie hid in the depths of the sea.

For a thousand glad years He will reign o'er the earth,
And the isles of the sea shall revere Him with mirth ;
Then the waves of the ocean shall lift up their voice,
E'en the depths, on their bass-sounding chords shall rejoice.

But that season will end, then the sea must yield up
The *lost dead* who neglected salvation's free cup ;
Great, alas, will their terror and agony be,
Then they gladly would hide in the depths of the sea.

But the depths of the ocean and earth will have fled ;
What a fate will be theirs whom the Spirit calls dead !
While inditing these lines, from my heart ascends prayer,
That the reader be saved from such hopeless despair.

Opportunities swiftly are passing away,
Then accept of God's precious salvation to-day ;
Unto Jesus, the Refuge of sinners, *now flee*,
And thy sins He will cast in the depths of the sea.

A. W. P. S.

PEACE—A BLACKBOARD LESSON.

SUPPOSE two countries are fighting against each other—what a terrible time it is!—nothing but battles on every hand and death all around, but when the war is over and the soldiers are done fighting, then there is **peace**. I should like your attention for a few minutes while we speak for a little about it. It is a very short word, only five letters. You can spell it on the fingers of one hand—P E A C E.

What is the first letter? P. That is for **PREACHED**.

Yes, peace is preached or proclaimed. "But," you say, "we are not at war—how do we need peace?" It is peace with God you need. When you think of the sins you have committed you are not at rest about them unless you know that they are gone. If you knew for certain that Jesus were coming to-night would you sleep quite peacefully? But how is peace preached? Listen. "Preaching peace by Jesus Christ. He is Lord of all" (Acts 10. 36). The only way it can be obtained, then, is through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now our second letter E.

EVERLASTING.

Yes, it is everlasting, never-ending peace. That is grand, nothing can disturb it, and it will never end—it is peace for ever. In this world peace is often made, but war may break out again, and then all the peace is gone, but that is not like the peace which God gives—Jesus Himself is our peace. There is no real rest or peace in this world apart from Jesus, and if you live and die without Him as your Saviour you will have to spend eternity away from Him, and what an awful thing that would be.

Our next letter A. Who preach it?

AMBASSADORS.

That is rather a long word! If the King were to send somebody with a message to a foreign country, that person would be his ambassador. He would be there on his business instead of himself. Well, the Lord Jesus Christ has ambassadors in this world. The Apostle Paul was one of them. Will you take your Bible and read 2 Corinthians 5. 20? "Now, then, we are *ambassadors* for Christ," and there are still a great many ambassadors for Christ in this world who tell out the love of God to perishing sinners, messengers from the King of kings.

It would be a very serious thing to slight a message from an earthly king, but what have you been doing with God's message? Did you ever think, as you listened to your Sunday-school teacher, that it was a message from God he was

giving you, and that God takes account of how you are treating His Word? Listen, then, to what He says: "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: *we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.* For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 20, 21). What a glorious message! Will you believe it?

Now the fourth letter C. Who made the peace?

CHRIST JESUS.

Yes! but how did He make it? Will you now please open your

Bible at Colossians 1. 20: "Having made peace through the Blood of His Cross." Sometimes it costs a very great deal for peace to be made on earth, but think of what it cost Jesus before one sinner could have peace with God. Think of Him who dwelt always in Heaven with His Father coming down to this world of sin, and what a reception He got. No room for Him in the inn, and no place for Him in the world, and follow Him still further and see Him dying on Calvary's Cross between two thieves, and there bearing the judgment of God against sin. Whose sins? Not His own. Oh no; He had no sins. Was it yours? Can you say, "He died for me"?

Now our last letter E. For whom did Jesus die?

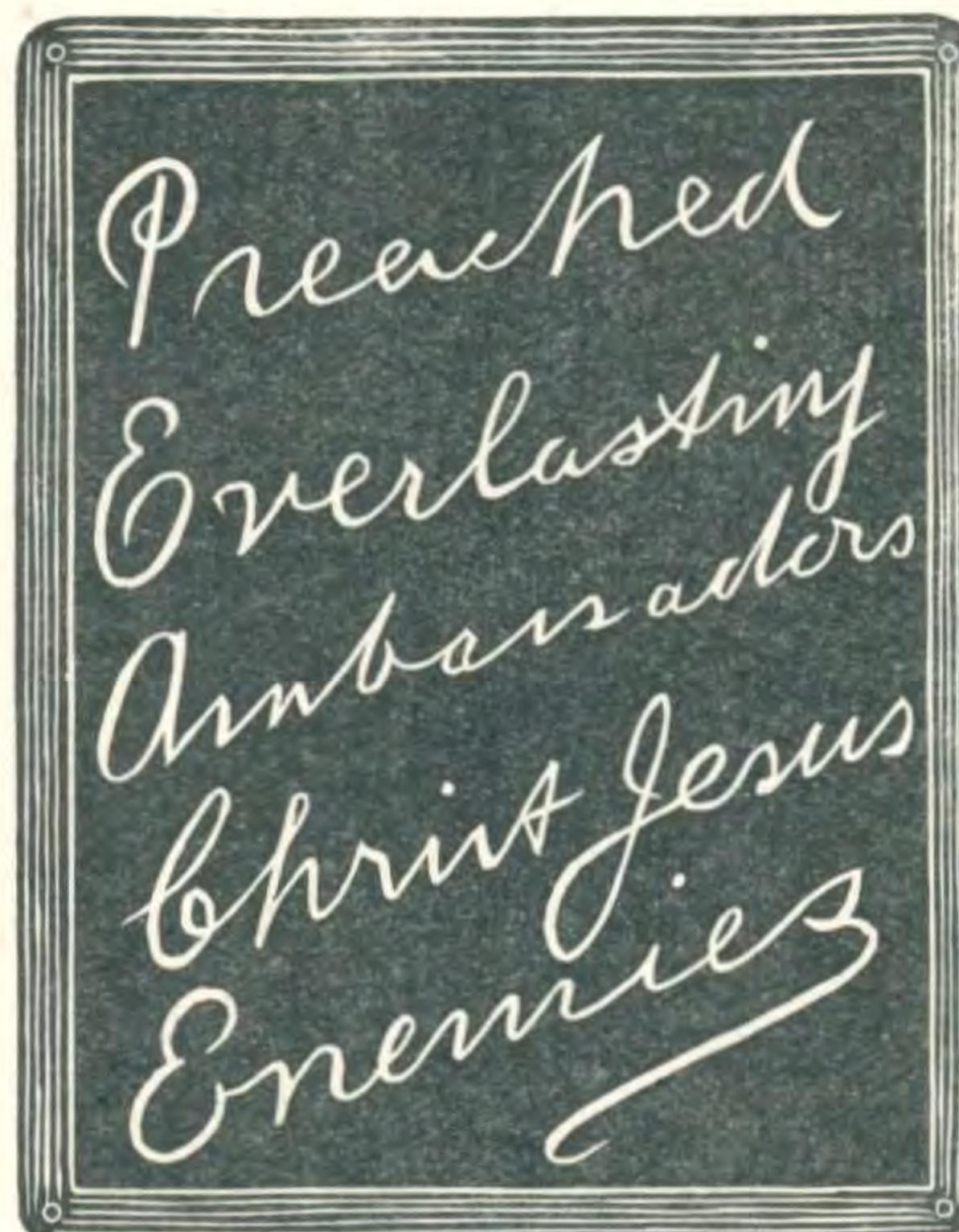
ENEMIES.

Yes! what wonderful love. It was not for good people, but for those who hated Him, and when He sent the apostles to preach after His resurrection, where do you think He told them to begin? At Jerusalem! so that the very place where He had been crucified was the first to hear of His love. There was once a man who hated the very *Name* of Jesus, and did all he could against His people, till one day Jesus spoke to him direct from the Glory; and after he knew Him as his *Saviour* he learned a little of the wonderful love that could save such a sinner as he (for he was the chief of sinners), and writing a letter to the Christians in Galatia he could say: "The Son of God who loved *me*, and gave Himself for me." Can you say that? Oh, do not rest till you can truly say, "Yes, He loved even me." It would be nice to come to Jesus as a boy or girl, and have Him as your Saviour and your Keeper all through your life, till He comes to take His own to be with Him for ever.

"Then won't you be a Christian while you're young? And Jesus will befriend you, and from danger will defend you, [young.]

And a *peace divine* will send you while you're Rest not till Peace is yours.

J. H. M.



THE KING AND THE SAVIOUR;

OR, THE ROYAL WELCOME AWAITING THE REBEL SINNER.



THE KING AND THE SAVIOUR.

IN Italy, in France, in Britain, in almost every newspaper in the world, and in many other places one name has been often repeated—that of KING EDWARD VII. Thousands have crowded to see him, some have been received by him, others have been disappointed at missing such an opportunity. Doubtless many have wondered if such an august personage has ever heard “the old, old story.” So we relate a true incident about “The King and the Tract”:

At the Epsom Summer Meeting, a few years ago, the King, who was then the Prince of Wales, was walking to the royal enclosure or grand stand with a party of friends and members of his suite. Failing immediately to recognise His Royal Highness, one of the open-air mission workers, who was distributing Gospel tracts, offered a copy of the well-known booklet, “A Saviour for You,” to the royal visitor. A member of the Prince’s *entourage* at once stepped forward to prevent the distributor intruding, as he thought, but the Prince, perceiving the situation, held out his hand, graciously accepted the Gospel message, thanked the distributor, and carefully placed it in his pocket, intending no doubt to peruse it at his leisure.

The worker returned to his fellow-distributors, glad that he had been honoured to pass such a clear Gospel message into the hands of such an august personage. The company assembled to supplicate Heaven’s Throne that giver and receiver might again meet under more happy circumstances and with more blissful

surroundings in the Land where the Redeemed shall reign for ever and ever.

Whether the King did read the booklet or not we are not prepared to say, but we know that he had a plain statement of man’s lost condition by nature (Rom. 3. 23), and of the glorious truth that “God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. 5. 8). Therefore, to the King it could be written, and to the reader it can

be repeated—“A SAVIOUR FOR YOU!” for the declaration “concerning kings and all in authority, and all men,” is that God “will have all men to be *saved*, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all” (1 Tim. 2. 2-6).

Then, just as the King had either to accept or reject the little, red-covered message, so *all* will be classed either amongst those who receive the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour for them, or amongst those who reject the testimony of God and

assume that the Saviour is neither needed by, nor provided for, them. “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). Receive Jesus, and He will be a *Saviour* for you now; reject Him, and He will be a *Judge* for you in the world to come.

May the Sovereign, subjects, and sinners all “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved” and reign with Him. HYP.



THE KING AT A THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

HOW GOD SAVED A JAPANESE.

TETSUJIRO HIROSE lived with his parents in Mito, a town 75 miles north-east of Tokio, the capital of Japan. A few years ago Mr. Brand, an American missionary known to the writer, removed from Tokio to Mito and took a house next door to the one in which Tetsu's parents lived.

Meetings were regularly held in the mission-house for preaching the Gospel, and Tetsu was a regular attender. The Christian missionary felt drawn to the youth, who was quiet, kindly, and thoughtful. Tetsu was brought up a Buddhist, but as he continued listening to the expositions of Scripture given by the missionary he became more and more interested. Mr. Brand and he had several conversations about sin and salvation, God's holiness and love. Tetsu's chief difficulty was the Christian idea of one God instead of the Buddhist's theory that there are eight millions. The difficulty, however, was eventually solved. God's character, as Scripture reveals it, was dwelt upon. Tetsu saw that He was long-suffering, merciful, and gracious, as well as holy, just, and righteous. The evil of sin as God estimates it was examined. The Jap learned that God is of "purer eyes than to behold evil, and can not look on iniquity" (Habakkuk 1. 13). The Scriptures regarding sin's penalty were looked into. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezekiel 18. 20); "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). God's way of salvation was clearly and fully explained. Tetsu learned that

"God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Eventually the Japanese youth was awakened by the Holy Spirit to see himself as a lost and guilty sinner on his way to perdition.

One day when Mr. Brand was pressing on his acceptance God's "unspeakable gift," he read to him 1 John 5. 10, 11:

"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness (testimony) in himself: *he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar*; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." Tetsu's eyes were opened, and he was led to see that so long as he did not believe the testimony God had given regarding Christ; so long as he continued an unbeliever in the Gospel, he was guilty of the dreadful sin of calling his best and dearest Friend a "liar." He believed on Christ, that He died for him, that He bore his sins in His own Body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), and he had the assurance



TETSUJIRO HIROSE.

of God's Word that he was in possession of everlasting life. "I am saved by receiving Christ," was his confession to the missionary. On going home he told his father that Christ was his Saviour and Master. Two weeks afterwards Tetsu was publicly baptised on a profession of faith. Since then he has grown in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and is at present a student in one of the high schools of Tokio. God has one and only one way of salvation for Japanese and Chinese, Britishers and Americans, Canadians and Australians.

A. M.

THE WAY—THE TRUTH—THE LIFE.

I HAVE with me to-night a picture-lesson consisting of a three-arched bridge, illustrating the text, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life" (John 14. 6), and showing the way of salvation by "JESUS ONLY" (Matt. 17. 8). For, remember, He is the only Way, the only Bridge that will ever carry a single soul from the side of death to the side of Life, and from earth to Heaven.

We will take off the covering from PORCH I., illustrating

THE WAY.

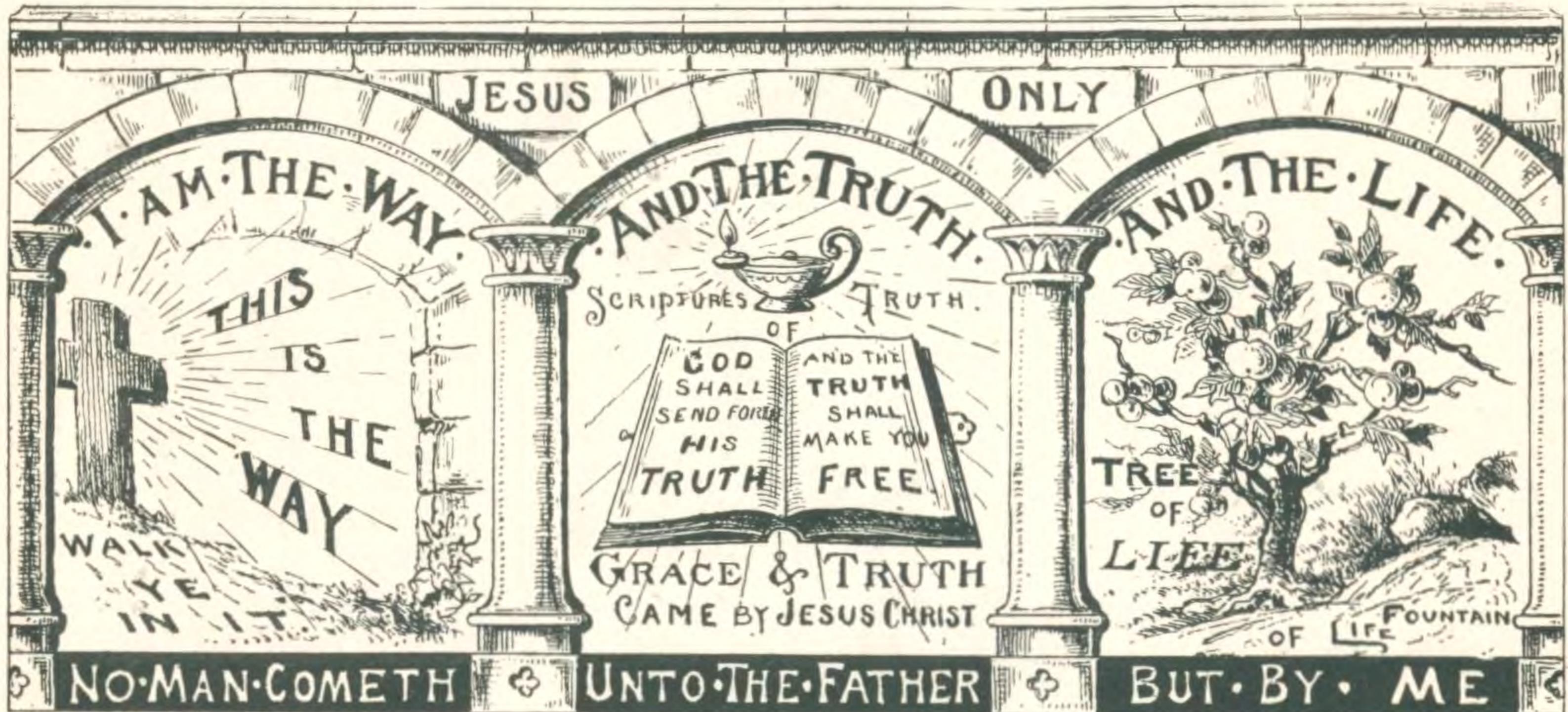
Jesus said, "I am the Way." To reach Heaven we need a way, and the way is Jesus. I, a Person; not a creed, not a doctrine, not works, not merit, but a personal Saviour. **Am**; not was, not will be, but am—just *now*. You can enter the way and be saved. **The**; not a, not many, but only one—the Way. **Way**; not a hope, not a myth, but a sure and certain road to Glory. That Way is by the Blood of the Cross, by the sufferings and death

face to face with a Person: Jesus—"the Truth." Come with all your darkness, ignorance, and sin to Him, and you will know "the Truth," and the Truth shall truly make you free.

Now we come to PANEL III., pointing us to

THE LIFE.

What a ray of comfort to know that, however "dead in trespasses and sins," however hopeless and lost we may be, the Divine message is life-giving and free. The thirsty sinner may drink of the "fountain of **life**" (Psalm 36. 9); the hungry sinner may eat of "the tree of **life**" (Rev. 22. 14); and the dead sinner may receive the Son and have **life** (1 John 5. 12). And all this "*freely*," for it is all of grace from first to last. Saved by grace, sustained by grace, satisfied by grace. The abundant supply to meet all classes and all needs is beautifully illustrated by the twelve manner of fruits growing twelve times each year on the tree



of the Son of God on Calvary. Remember, "this is the Way," and there is no other way. Make sure that you are on the royal road to Heaven by the tried and proved route of Calvary, then "walk ye in it" (Isaiah 30. 21).

Having cleared the way, let us draw aside the curtain from PORCH II., revealing

THE TRUTH.

All of us have too intimate an acquaintance with "the father of lies," and have too long gone astray from the truth to have any hope of regaining Heaven on that score, but "grace and **truth** came by Jesus Christ," who has given us the Scriptures of Truth, in which we are promised that "God shall send forth His **truth**, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8. 32). Ruin was brought into the world through the belief of a *lie* in the Garden of Eden. Remedy comes only through belief of the truth concerning the great atoning work in the Garden of Calvary. Here again we are brought

of Life (Rev. 22. 2). The Salvation of our God abundantly meets the deepest longings of our innermost being, and that for ever and ever.

Take a steady look at these pictures and tell me, Is it difficult to be saved? No, no; I simply step on THE WAY, and march ahead; I simply believe THE TRUTH, and keep on believing; I simply receive the Son, and have LIFE. Then, as a lost, dark, dead sinner, unable to save yourself, why not accept the full salvation provided by "Jesus only?" And, oh! let us all be terribly clear as to the truth contained in the bottom line—**"No man cometh unto the Father but by Me"**—and rest not till we are able to say, "Thank God, I know that Jesus is my Way, my Truth, my Life; yea, my All for Time and for Eternity."

Is that not the one thing needful for sinners "dead in trespasses and in sins" (Eph. 2. 1)? Is there any *man* who can give life? Ah, no! That must be a *Divine* action. Only JESUS the God-man could say, "I am the Life." HYP.

A SIN-PROOF SAVIOUR.

WE live in an age when everything must be proof or proved. For instance, people must have waterproof coats to keep out the rain. They also purchase water-tight boots to keep out the water from their feet. Then their houses must also be fire-proof, or else they cannot rest comfortable at night. One soldier in the German army has invented a bullet-proof cloth to make up the soldier's uniform, and so sure is he that his invention is a good one, that he offered to wrap himself up in his cloth and allow a company of soldiers to shoot at him.

Look at the picture. What have we here? A shell-proof shelter. This is what a lot of people used during the siege of Kimberley. The big Boer gun named Long Tom was sending in 100-lb. shells on the town, and those who had no shelter were not very safe. This little girl lived in this shell-proof shelter, and after the siege was over she was photographed at the entrance.

But I want to write of a sin-proof Saviour. He Himself was sin-proof. When Satan came to tempt Jesus, he found "nothing in Him" (John 14. 30). But though Jesus *knew* no sin and *did* no sin, yet God made Him sin for *us*, and all who trust Him obtain the forgiveness of sins. Notice,

1. Jesus is a SIN-proof Saviour for ME. Before we trusted Jesus, God proved our sins against us, but since we have trusted Jesus, God asks, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" (Romans 8. 33).

2. Jesus is a SATAN-proof Saviour. Not only have we sin *in* and *on* us, but we have a very vicious, naughty enemy *outside*. Yet Jesus is stronger than Satan, and He gives us armour so that

when Satan showers his fiery darts *at* us (Eph. 6. 16), they rebound away, just as hailstones do when they fall against a window.

3. Jesus is a HELL-proof Saviour. The gates of hell will never prevail against the Church of Jesus (Matt. 16. 18). Jesus has the keys of hell and death (Rev. 1. 18). If your best friend had the keys of a big prison would you be afraid of being shut up in it? No! So, if Jesus is your Friend, your Saviour, you need not fear the Prison of Woe, for Jesus can make you hell-proof.

Come to Jesus just now, and He will make you proof against sin and Satan, hell and woe, preserve you in the midst of all temptations, and land you in Paradise. T. B.



▲ GIRL WHO LIVED IN THIS SHELTER DURING THE SIEGE.

SEARCHING FOR HER NAME.

IT was Sunday, and brothers and sisters more robust than herself had accompanied their parents to meeting. A shadow was on the little girl's face, the impress of some deep subject of thought which was just at present occupying her mind. Something was troubling her, for the dark-brown eyes usually so bright were now very thoughtful and sad.

During the morning reading Emma had heard words of such deep meaning to her mind that she had been anxious and uneasy ever since. The chapter read had been the 20th of Revelation. One verse in particular had fallen upon her ears with striking solemnity. The verse was the 15th and last: "*And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.*" No wonder that Emma looked sad as she pondered over its meaning. Was her own name inscribed in that precious volume? This was the question occupying Emma's mind as she sat gazing silently out of the little window into the street below. Many a Bible story rose to her remembrance, the principal characters of which she tried to remember—the names of Sarah, Rebekah, Ruth, Naomi, Mary, Martha, and many others. But she could not recollect any incident in connection with her own name. Tears filled her eyes as she turned from the window, and with her BIBLE seated herself by the fire, for to her childish mind the Book she held in her hand was none other than the "Book of Life" of which the verse had spoken. How frequently it had been called such in her hearing. Eagerly and anxiously the little girl commenced her search. But no trace of her name could she discover. Once her eye fell upon the name of a playmate to whom she was greatly attached, and her heart beat quickly as she thought her own name might not now be far distant. But Julia was not, as she had hoped, followed by Emma. And after an hour's search poor little Emma closed her

Bible, buried her face in her hands and wept. Her name was not to be found in the "Book of Life," and hence there was but one terrible conclusion. It was thus that her mother found her. Drawing Emma to her side she gently drew forth the cause of her sorrow. Tenderly and simply she pointed out her little daughter's mistake. Emma took in the sweet story of a Saviour's love, and her heart found "joy and peace in believing." No further fear with regard to her name being in the Lamb's Book of Life ever crossed her mind; she believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved. M. V. B.



WAS HER OWN NAME INSCRIBED IN THAT VOLUME?

ONLY A STEP; OR, A CURIOUS MILESTONE.



BEFORE the railway ran from Russia in Europe into Russia in Asia, travellers who were passing from the one part of that great empire to the other used to come to a spot on the highway where stood a curious milestone bearing the word "*Europe*" on the one side, and "*Asia*" on the other. As one stood at that stone and looked back, the Eastern continent lay behind, dark with ignorance and heathenism, while in front lay the Western continent, shining with the light of liberty, of energy, and of Gospel truth. A single step carried the traveller from the one region to the other.

One day, some years ago, I had a long drive in the neighbourhood of the Italian lakes. It was a troublesome drive. For we were running along the boundary line between Switzerland and Italy, and more than once that day we passed in and out from the one country into the other; and at every such passage the Custom House officers lay in wait for us, and all the secrets of our bags and boxes had to be spread out before them. On the one side, that day, lay Italy, the fair, sunny land of the south. On the other side was Switzerland, the abode of frost and snow, and glaciers. And while in the one country, we were so near the other, that at various points we had only to take a single step and we were over the boundary line.

No milestone marks the spot where the Old Year ends and the New Year begins. Most of us pass it in our sleep. Those who chance to be awake at the right time, may hear the melancholy tolling of the bells, which tells us the Old Year is dying, to be followed speedily by the gladsome ringing, which announces the New Year is born. But young people usually go to bed hours before the one year vanishes, and do not waken for hours after the other year has arrived. And yet there is a dividing line. There is a spot of time somewhere at which the one year is left behind, and a new year entered on.

Let us suppose that we are standing at that spot now. 1889 is behind us, and we can

never enter it again. To retrace our steps is impossible. We cannot go back to correct its mistakes. Its rash words cannot be unsaid, nor its foolish acts undone. 1890 lies, fresh and new before us. It is an unknown land—a country that has never yet been travelled through.

There are two great kingdoms in this world, the kingdom of God, and of Satan,—the kingdom of righteousness, and of evil. Sometimes it seems hard to draw the line between them, and yet the difference is deep, tremendous, eternal. In your school there are two boys, Jack and Tom. At first they seem to you very much alike. Both of them are kind to you at times, and at times both of them vex you. Before long you see there is a difference between them. Jack spoke angrily to you yesterday without cause; or, he took advantage of you, and got for himself the marks, or the credit you had fairly earned. But this morning he came right up to you, as soon as he could get near you, and frankly said, "I did wrong yesterday; I am sorry for it; I could not sleep till I asked God's pardon; I will try to undo the harm I have done." That boy is in the kingdom of light; and though he's not yet entirely free from darkness, the light should go brighter every day, till it end in glory. Tom took something of yours yesterday; you know he did; but when you speak to him about it, he utterly denies it; and if you succeed in exposing him, he will wait his opportunity to have his revenge. That boy is in the kingdom of darkness. Sin has possession of him; and unless he soon turns to God, his life will grow darker and darker, till it end in eternal night.

It is not always easy to see the dividing line between two kingdoms, but that line exists. Each of us is on one side or the other. Some of us, I hope many of us, love Christ and try to serve Him, though we feel we do it badly. Some of us, perhaps, live for ourselves, and forget Christ, and a coming judgment. Some are on the one side, some on the other; but there is no middle ground, no neutral ground, on which we can stand between. To be on the wrong side of that line means sin, and misery, and hell; to be on the right side means pardon, peace, and heaven.

T. M.

PARDON—A BLACKBOARD LESSON.

"LET the wicked forsake his way, . . . and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy on him; and to our God, for He will abundantly **pardon**" (Isa. 55. 7). Can any of you tell me who needs a pardon? "One who has sinned." Yes; it is somebody who has offended who needs to be pardoned or forgiven. God has said that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). So there is no one upon earth but what needs this pardon before he can have peace with God. We will take the letters which form the top word upon the blackboard. The first is P, for

PROCLAIMED.

It is good news for the perishing that God Himself is proclaiming, or making distinctly known that He has a pardon for all who will accept it. He can justly forgive any boy or girl who will now come to Jesus. His justice has been satisfied by Jesus, the only sinless One, dying for the guilty. "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." "By Whose stripes we are healed." The next letter, A, stands for

ABUNDANT.

"He will abundantly pardon." Fully and freely it is bestowed on all who simply trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. This pardon was purchased at infinite cost. By gold or silver? No; something of far more value than that. God had to give up His only-begotten Son. The "precious blood" of Jesus had to be shed before one sinner could be redeemed. Can you refuse such wonderful love? There never was love like it. Nothing on earth can compare with it: the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. How awful eternity will be for the lost sinner, *with no love in it!* Trust in Jesus now, and you will be able to say, He has abundantly pardoned "even me." The next letter, R, is

ROYAL.

I think this is just grand, so like a king. It is told of a poor deserter that he was condemned to die. One of the nobles took his death-warrant to Queen Victoria for her to sign. Tenderly she asked if there was anything that could be said in favour of the culprit. "No, your Majesty; *thrice* he has deserted and disgraced the colours. He deserves to die." Again she asked if nothing could be said for him. Seeing the Queen so earnest, the messenger replied that the only thing that he could say was that the criminal belonged to a good family, although he was a bad soldier. The Queen then took her pen and wrote one word, "Pardoned," followed by "Victoria Reg." Was that not glorious news for the poor deserter? It was truly a royal pardon. Just such a pardon is offered by the King of Kings to every offending sinner, to every unforgiven sinner

who is willing to own up his sin and accept from the pierced Hand the unmerited favour of God. We now come to the next letter of this pardon, D. It is

DIVINE.

We sin sometimes against each other, and can forgive each other, but God alone can forgive those who sin against Him; so it must be *Divine*. Yet He is able and willing to pardon, as the text which we began with says: "Let him return unto our God, and *He* will abundantly pardon." What a grand reception the prodigal son got when he came to his father. He might well wonder whether he would be received at all. How his heart would rejoice when he heard the words, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him." Someone feeling their sin may be wondering, "Will Jesus receive me?" Yes, He will receive and welcome you, for Jesus never casts out one who comes to Him; and heaven will ring with joy over even "one sinner that repenteth." But this needed pardon is not only in the Lord's heart to give, but next let O tell that it is

OFFERED.

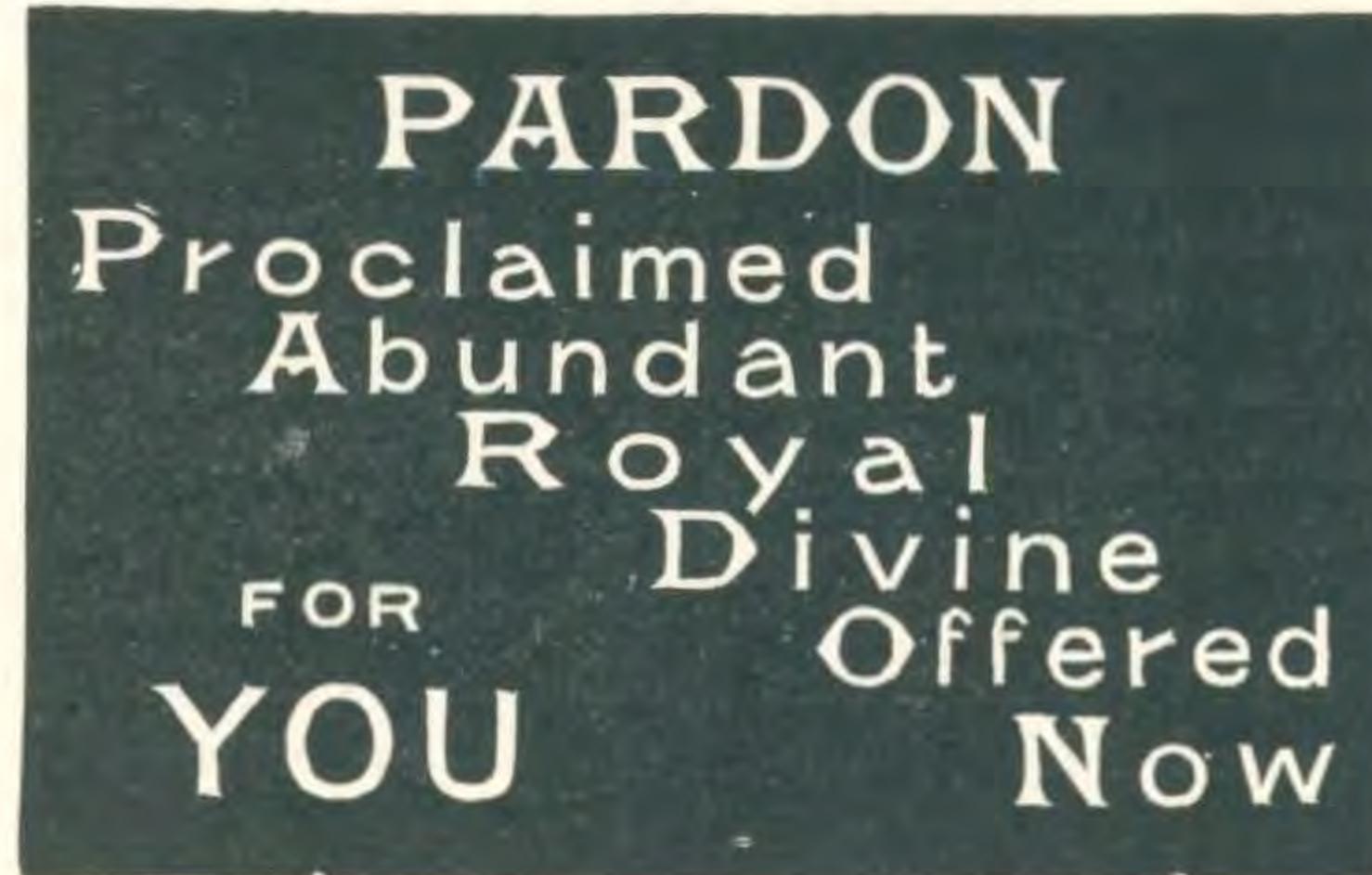
To whom? Good people? Oh, no! for in God's sight "there is none that doeth good, no not one" (Rom. 3. 10). Who then can have it? Sinners? Yes; poor, lost sinners. Once when Jesus sat at meat in a Pharisee's house, a poor woman came and got behind Him to anoint His feet, and wipe them with her hair, the tears of penitence running down her face. The Pharisee began to grumble because Jesus allowed her. Did He know she was "a woman in the city, which

was a sinner?" Yes! yes! But listen to the Saviour's twelve words, spoken to her broken heart: "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." Ah, you may say, "I would have liked to hear Him say that to me, but He is not now on earth." Listen to these beautiful words in Acts 12: "Be it known unto you therefore that through this Man is preached unto you the *forgiveness of sins*; and by Him *all* that believe are justified from *all* things." But when can this pardon be had? This our last letter, N, will answer

NOW.

The question was once asked in a Sunday School, When is now? A scholar said, "This moment." There is no time to be lost. God never offers salvation "to-morrow." It is Satan who whispers, "Wait a little, there is plenty of time yet." To whom will you listen? The Lord Jesus paid the ransom price with His own blood, and now pardon is offered to you "without money and without price." Oh, believe Him, and you will realise that the PARDON, Proclaimed, Abundant, Royal, Divine, Offered is for YOU, and for you Now. Rest not till pardoned.

J. H. M.



NAILED TO THE MAST;

OR, THE TIME OF TRIAL AND THE HOUR OF VICTORY.



NAILED TO THE MAST.

THE battle was raging, the guns were booming forth from the old wooden walls of the battleships. A well-aimed shot from the enemy clave the spar holding the flag of the free on the Admiral's vessel. Brave seamen stood aghast, when a middy was observed to pick up the dismantled flag, unloose it from the pole, and climbing as far as he could up the mast, regardless of the shot and shell or din of battle all around, he nailed the flag hard and fast to the mast. A shout of approbation rent the air as the noble sailor lad descended to the deck, and when the time for bestowment of honours arrived, you may be sure the gallant young sailor was not forgotten.

Have you nailed your colours to the mast? "But I am not a sailor," says one; "I have never had the opportunity, for I have never been in battle," says another;

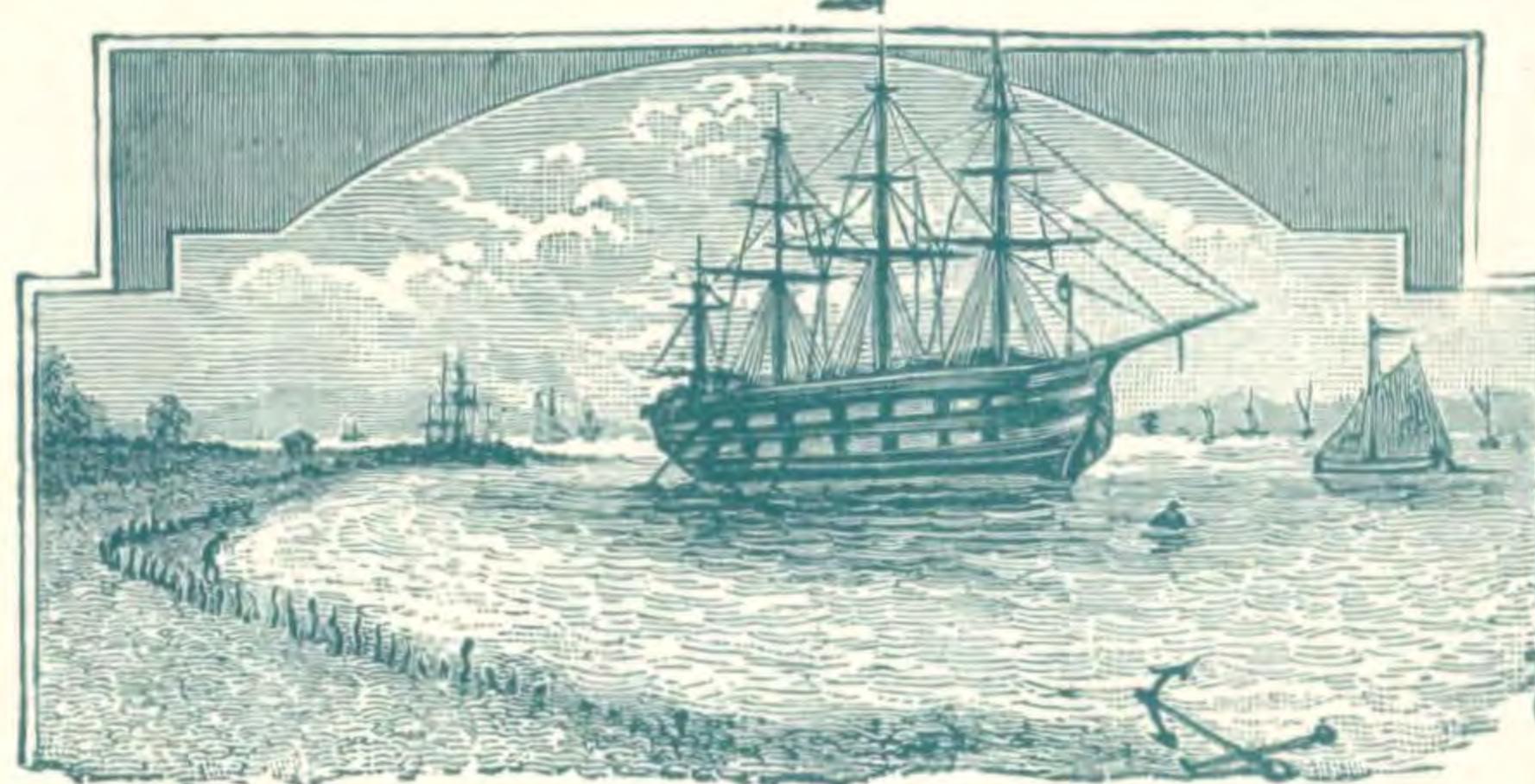
"Well, I could not nail mine," says a third, "for I have never smelt powder in warfare." Yet you are daily nailing the colours of your master to the mast! For just as the middy manifested by this act whose he was and whom

he served, whose side he was on and for whom he meant to fight, so action by action tells to your schoolmates, playmates, classmates, college-mates, shopmates, office-mates, and mates of all kinds, whether you are on the side of the rejected, crucified, yet risen Lord Jesus Christ, or on the side of the subtle, crafty, sinful god of this world—Satan. You either hoist the *red*, blood-stained banner of the Cross or the *black*, sin-stained banner of the Adversary.

The flag which the sailor hoisted was *red*, *white*, and *blue*, colours which may well be hoisted by all saved sinners—*red* telling of redemption through the Blood of Jesus (Eph. 1. 7); *white* telling of the cleansing power of that precious Blood (1 John 1. 7); and *blue* of the Heaven to which all the sin-cleansed are travelling (John 5. 24).

Then the foundation of the flag, as you will observe, is a *Cross*, so the foundation of the true heavenly hope is the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ (Col. 1. 20). The noblest servant that God ever had hoisted this flag right at the masthead when he boldly declared, "God forbid that I should glory, *save in the Cross* of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Galatians 6. 14).

During one of the Scottish battles, when the armies with their ancient implements of war were marching forth to battle, an aged Scotchwoman was found amongst the crowd shouldering a broom. Someone remarked that she could never fight with such a weapon. "No," she replied, "but I can show which side I am on." And each one of us can do the same; nay, we must do the same, for on the question of eternal issues there is no neutral ground.



ONE OF "THE OLD WOODEN WALLS."

Now, have you shouldered your broom? Have you nailed your colours to the mast? Are you classed among the soldiers of Jesus Christ who are marching onward, upward, homeward to Immanuel's land? or are you registered amongst the soldiers of Satan—on the losing side, and by-and-bye to be cast into outer darkness? It must be one or the other! You are either a member of the *red* flag company marching to certain victory, or the *black* flag company going forward to sure defeat. "He MUST reign."

If not yet on board the Gospel ship, or enlisted in the army of the King of kings, why not now accept the free gift of God—Eternal Life (Rom. 6. 23)? Put your soul's trust in the Blood of the Lamb, rally to the side of the free, nail your colours fast and high, then look forward to the day of eternal victory and eternal rewards, when the mightiest host ever assembled shall acclaim the Man of Calvary as King of kings and Lord of lords.

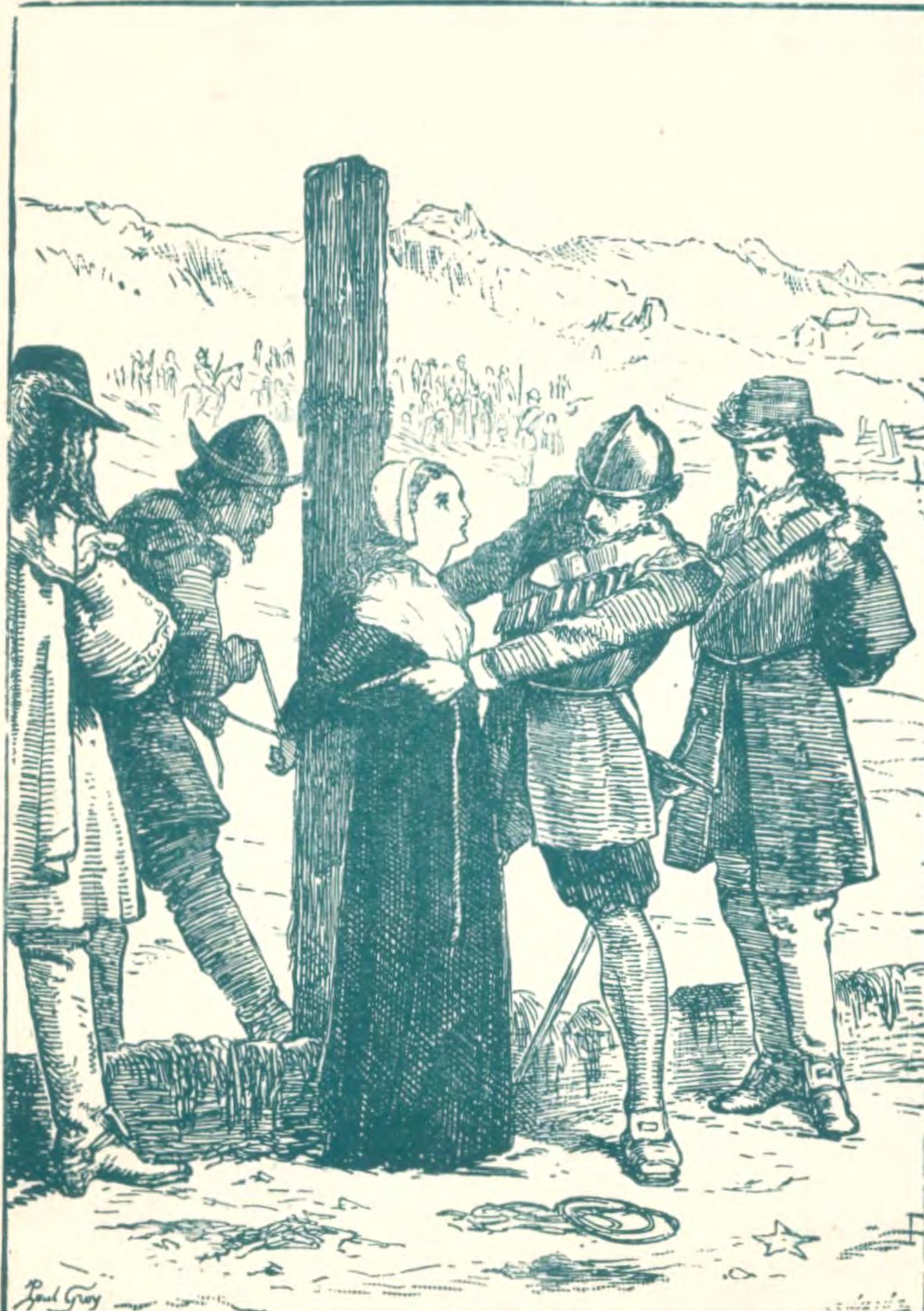
HYP.

THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS.

WIGTOWNSHIRE is the most southerly county in Scotland. Strangers from many parts visit the county town—Wigtown—to see the martyrs' graves and monument. The martyrs' monument on Windyhill overlooks the bay, "commanding a sight of the stake that marks the place of martyrdom, and overshadowing the churchyard where the martyrs sleep."

Two hundred years ago the Christian liberty of the Scottish people was endangered through the laws made by the English kings. The sovereigns of the Stuart line,

though nominally Protestants, were Romanists at heart. The Scottish people had been reading the Scriptures, and were Protestants by conviction. They determined that they would carry out God's principles irrespective of consequences. When they saw that their sovereigns were bent on compelling them to adopt Popish practices and principles, they banded themselves together to observe and follow the teachings of the Bible. "We covenant," said they, "to refuse all company with idolatry. We vow by the grace of God we shall with all diligence apply the whole power, substance, and our very lives to maintain, set forward, and establish the most blessed Word of God." When Charles the First attempted to compel them to accept his Popish ideas they rose up as one man against it. Numbers went to Edinburgh and signed the "Solemn League and Covenant" in Greyfriars' Churchyard with their own blood. When Charles the Second ascended the throne he declared his approval of the National Covenant "by solemn oath in the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of hearts." Instead of keeping his word and oath, he prohibited public meetings, condemned Protestant books, and otherwise persecuted the Covenanters. To such a pass did things come, that 400 ministers gave up their churches and salaries, determined to obey God rather than man. They were prohibited from preaching under penalty of death. All who went to their meetings did so at the risk of their lives. But these noble men held meetings or "conventicles" in the mountains and glens, moors and caves of Scotland.



MARGARET WILSON, THE MARTYR

On her tombstone is engraved the lines:

"Within the sea, tied to a stake, | She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake

On 11th May, 1685, a large number of people were congregated in Wigtown at the river

THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS.

Bladnoch where it empties itself into the sea. They were there to witness the martyrdom of Margaret Lachlan (or M'Lachlan), a widow of 63, and Margaret Wilson, a maiden of 18 summers, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Death was the penalty for non-attendance at the Episcopal Church, where Romish doctrines were held and taught. These noble women refused to encourage Popery, and were condemned to die. The sentence was as follows: "Upon the 11th of May ye shall be tied to stakes fixed within flood-mark in the water of Bledneck, near Wigton, where the sea flows at high water, there to be drowned." Two stakes were placed in the sand, thirty yards apart. The widow was tied to the innermost one, doubtless with the object of striking terror into the heart of the younger.

"We are called upon this day to give a worthy testimony for our Lord. He has done us much good and no ill these years we have served Him. This day shall we behold Him in the glory of His risen power, and I do rejoice the end is so near at hand," said Margaret Wilson to her fellow-sufferer. The widow repeated

the familiar and appropriate words of the Psalmist: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Higher and higher rose the tide, until it reached the widow's shoulders. Some asked the maiden what she thought of her friend now. "What do I see," was her noble reply, "but Christ in one of His members wrestling there. Think you that *we* are the sufferers? No, for it is Christ in us, for He sends none a warfare on their own charges." Soon Margaret Lachlan's spirit had left its clay tenement and was with Christ beyond the reach of suffering and sorrow. The maiden's turn to "cross the swelling flood" came. She

sang a portion of a Psalm:

"My sins and faults of youth
Do Thou, O Lord, forget;
After Thy mercy think on me,
And for Thy goodness great."

Her relatives did their utmost to save her life. "Oh, Margaret, Margaret, will you not say, 'God save the king'?" exclaimed her mother.

"God save him if He will," she replied, "for it is his salvation I desire."

"She has said it! She has said it!" was heard on every side. Major Winram ordered her to be brought to land. On the Major demanding that she abjure (or deny) her faith, she replied: "I will not; let me go." "Back to the sea! Back to the sea!" cried Grierson of Lagg. She was accordingly carried by two soldiers as far as they could, and thrusting her head under the water with the butt of their guns, kept her submerged till life was extinct.

One cannot help admiring people with such heroic spirits; people who were prepared to suffer all earthly loss, and even death itself, for principle.

What was the secret

of the stedfastness of the Wigton martyrs? Why were they not afraid of death? They feared not to die because they had the conscious presence of the Lord Jesus Christ with them. They trusted in his precious Blood. Their confidence did not rest on what they did for Christ, but on WHAT HE DID FOR THEM.

If *you* were now called into God's holy presence, would you be afraid to meet Him? If so, let me exhort you as a guilty sinner to at once believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Believe in His love and death for you. Look away from yourself, whether good self or bad self, to Him hanging on Calvary's Cross, paying the ransom price for your deliverance, and Heaven is yours for ever. A. M.



A HAPPY SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND.



HOWARD STREET AND FEDERAL STREET, CHICAGO, SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION, JULY, 1901.

AT this time of the year numerous happy groups of boys and girls may be seen in fields, parks, forests, and by the river-side or sea-shore. These are the "trips" or "outings" from the numerous Sunday Schools scattered in almost every land, and give good hope of a rising generation of saved sinners to carry still farther afield the good news of great joy.

Our photograph shows a company of the 250 excursionists from the Sunday School in Howard Street and Federal Street, Chicago, and tells us that in this great Western city, with all its vice and sin, there are hallowed spots where, as the sender of the photo writes, "the precious seed is sown, the solemn truths concerning man's ruin and God's remedy kept before the young continually. Some have believed the things spoken, and are saved and happy."

A look at their bright faces and cheerful

countenances assures us that such is the case. Should anyone doubt it, or enquire how they can be happy likewise, let them take as counsel the words of the banner, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29), then with this group of Chicago saved sinners, and with all similar groups, they will witness that to have Christ in the heart by faith makes one truly happy here, takes away the fear of death, and gives a bright hope of spending a long and happy holiday with all the redeemed in the happy land.

But you will notice that the letter says, "*Some* have believed," implying that as with Paul the aged in Rome, "*Some* believed and *some believed not*" (Acts 28.) Alas, in almost every school this is the case! Hence it is well to enquire which "*some*" am I classed amongst, those who have "*believed*" or "*believed not*." See to it now.

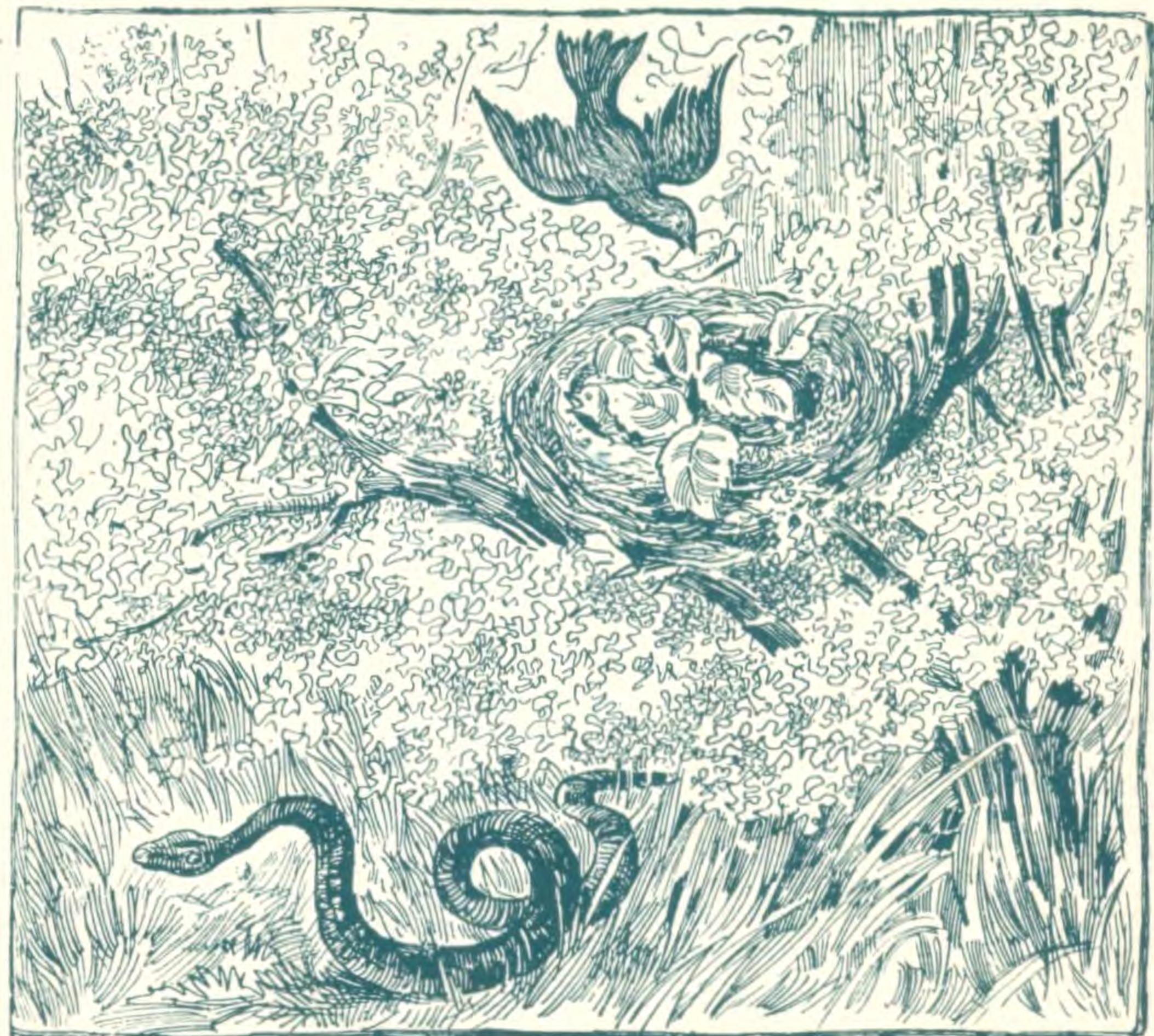
HYP.

THE SCEPTIC AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

A SHORT time since a gentleman, conversing of his visit to South America, spoke of an interview with a young man whom he had formerly known in New York, and who, like many others, having had more money than good counsel left him by his parents, soon became self-sufficient, and went on from one vice to another till he became an open infidel. He had remained thus when he left New York for South America; but when this gentleman met him the avowed infidel had become a humble believer in Jesus Christ, and the tongue that was wont to blaspheme was lifting the voice of supplication for the blessing of God upon his guilty soul. Greatly surprised at seeing the young man clothed and "in his right mind," the gentleman inquired what had wrought the change.

Said he, "You know I spent much of my time in fishing and hunting, and a few weeks since, on a beautiful Sunday morning, I went in search of game. Being weary of roaming about the woods I sat down on a log to rest. While thus seated my attention was attracted to a neighbouring tree by the cries of a bird which was fluttering over her nest, uttering shrieks of anguish, as if a viper were destroying her young. On looking about I soon found the object of her dread in that apt emblem of all evil, a venomous snake, dragging his slow length along towards the tree, his eye intent on the bird and her nest. Presently I saw the male bird coming from a distance with a little twig covered with leaves in his mouth. Instantly the male bird laid the twig over his mate and her young, and then perched himself on one of the topmost branches of the tree, awaiting the arrival of the enemy. By this time the snake had reached the spot. Gliding along till he

came near the nest, he lifted his head as it to take his victims by surprise. He looked at the nest, then suddenly drew back his head as if he had been shot, and hurriedly made his way from the coveted prize. I had the curiosity to see what had turned him from his malicious purpose, and on reaching the nest I found the twig to have been broken from a poisonous bush which that snake was never known to approach. Instantly the thought rushed across my mind, 'Who taught that bird its only weapon of defence in this hour of peril?' and quick as thought came the answer, 'None but God



Almighty, whose very existence I have denied, but in whose pardoning mercy, through Jesus Christ, I am now permitted to hope'."

God sends men to the ant to learn industry, to the ravens and the lilies for lessons of trust; and here, in the protection of a defenceless bird's nest from a cruel foe, shines out the same kind Providence which watches the falling sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads. No wonder that the infidel was convinced of his error. May you too obtain this good hope through grace. B.E.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



THE singing birds, the budding trees, and all our surroundings are pointing to a time that is dear to the most of our young readers. I think you can guess the time I am thinking of. Can you? "Yes," says some one, "the holiday time." Quite right. Now, who can remember our trying to gather a few lessons from our last year's holidays? (see B. & G., vol. iii., page 32). That was just at their close. Our object this year is to give a few kindly hints to our boys and girls as they set out for the coast and country.

1st. Will those who are saved remember that Jesus is at the coast or in the country or anywhere else as much as in the place where you are all the year round. Now, we expect you to remember this, and don't be running into all the folly and nonsense so common among unsaved boys and girls. Of course, enjoy yourself, but see that Jesus is happy (as well as you) and not grieved at you.

2nd. If you are playing or walking on the sand, don't be afraid to take a stick and write or print a good bold Gospel text, such as "Christ died for the ungodly," "The wages of sin is death," "God is love."

3rd. You will likely make friends of other boys and girls. Seek to manifest before them by your cheery face, happy heart, by hearty enjoyment of simple pleasures, that a saved boy or girl can be a happy, hearty, healthy boy or girl as well. We would also be glad to see and hear you tell them "Jesus is strong to deliver, mighty to save." Thus in some little measure you would make a good use of your holidays, and, above all, return with the happy assurance you had done a little for Jesus.

Now for our boys and girls whom we love, and long after; we mean those who have never yet trusted Jesus. We must tell you we can give you nothing to do that would please Him but what we have often asked you to do, that is, "Only trust Him."

One thing we know is, that wherever you go for a holiday He will follow, He will watch you, He will plead with you, and although you are naughty and grieve Him, still He lingers near, and upon His lips are the precious words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He knows all about the sufferings and sorrows of sin, having died as the Great Sinbearer on the Cross, and longs to see you, dear children, saved from your sins and the judgment of them. None are too young to "come to Him," and be saved.

If you just trust Jesus before you set off for your holidays, you will be happier than ever you were before; and He will be so pleased to have you trust Him.

So for the present we must say good-bye, as your kind editor will no doubt have little space to spare. We just thought it comely to commend to "The Great Shepherd" our saved boys and girls, and also commend to the unsaved "The Good Shepherd" who died for them.

A. B. G.

FLOWERS—A SUMMER LESSON.

AT a recent children's service nearly every child was decorated with flowers, so I told them flowers should be the subject. Asking a boy in the front row to lend me his little bunch, I laid *seven of them, a little distance from each other*, along the edge of the table, to represent seven letters making—

F-L-O-W-E-R-S.

Taking up the first one, I said: **F.** This stands for F, and is the first letter in the word **Fear**. Perhaps you think it is a silly thing to fear, and so it is where there is nothing to be afraid of; but when sin is about we have good cause to fear. There is a plant called the sensitive plant, and if one were on this table and I touched it, it would shrink away, as if it did not like my hand. It cannot run, but it shows its dread as best it can. May you and I always be sensitive plants to all that is sinful, evil, vile, or ill.

Taking the second flower, I said:

L—The first letter of **Love**. If we are to fear and shrink from wickedness, we are to love and cling to all that is good. You sometimes sing, "Cling to the Bible." Mind you always do. Be like the ivy beside a great, strong oak. The ivy touches him, and then twines around him, and then twines again and again, until the old tree is firmly gripped. If you try to tear away a little sprig you will see it is covered with small suckers that hold on to the strong trunk. Cling to Jesus and His Cross as the ivy clings to the oak.

O gives us another word of four letters—**Open**. Be like the little daisy. When the darkness comes the daisies close up, and say, "No admittance," but as soon as the sun shines, they open and welcome the bright, beautiful beams. Indeed, they open and let the sun himself come in, for if you look in the heart of an open daisy you will see a little sun dwelling there. Shut your hearts to all evil, but open them to the light, and say, "Come into my heart, Lord Jesus," until Christ is formed in you the hope of glory. So you will be a real "day's-eye."

W suggests **Work**. Perhaps you think the flowers are lazy little beings, always nodding in the sunbeams. You are mistaken. The rose, honeysuckle, violet, and most flowers work, and make two things—sweets and scents. When a bee wants sweets he goes to the flowers, and there fills his pockets freely. Flowers are sweet-makers and scent-distillers. They do their work silently, so may boys and girls, if they first of all come to Jesus, then ask Him to make them sweet and to perfume their lives day by day.

E—This gives us the word **Endure**. I was once at a house in the country when the snow was on the ground, but as soon as the snow melted there were a lot of pure little snowdrops in full bloom. *The snow had tried to keep them down*, but they pushed up; the frost was sharp, but they endured, and were rewarded by brighter days. If we are pure little flowers, we will have to endure; but Jesus will make us strong to bear all that comes.

R—This is our sixth letter, and stands for **Rise**, like the sunflower. The flowers are always seeking to grow and get higher—farther from the black earth, and nearer to the bright sun. How they reach out toward the light! We must be like them, and as we rise in bodily height, we must rise in faith and love and hope—rise through enduring, rise away from earthly, defiling things upward and still upward to heavenly and pure things.

S—Here is our final letter, reminding us that we must **Stand**, upright and straight, like the lily. Did you ever hear a flower grumble? Never. The beautiful things stand just where God appoints. If in a wood, they do not cry to be on a common; if in a valley, they do not desire a hillside; if in a field, they don't want to be in a garden; and if in a flower-bed, they ask not for a flower-pot. May we be content to stand just where God plants us!

When Jesus was going to Jerusalem the people cut down branches of trees, and cast them in the road (Matt. 21. 8). A few days after they made a crown, not of flowers, but of thorns, and put it upon the head of Jesus. Which are you doing?

Some time ago a procession of children might have been seen sadly following their teacher to his grave. After the service was over they gathered together to consult what they could do to show their love. One girl at last said, "Let us bring flowers every week to put on his grave." This they did, taking it in turns to bring the bunches. One summer evening the old sexton went to the churchyard, and was startled by the sight of something white lying on a grave. Rousing her, she told him how it was her turn that week to bring the flowers, but she had not been able to get any good enough. "And," she added, "then I thought how teacher used to call

me his 'little flower,' and so I thought I would come and lay myself on his grave, to show I did love him."

You need not go to the grave of Jesus to give yourself to Him, for He is alive, and you can come to Him at once with all your heart, then you will be His own flower for time and eternity. W. L.



Fear sin, like the sensitive plant.
Love God, like the ivy.
Open to Jesus, like the daisy.
Work, like the rose.
Endure, like the snowdrop.
Rise, like the sunflower.
Stand, like the lily.



ON A BICYCLE:

SHOWING HOW THE CHRISTIAN OUTDOES THE BEST ATHLETE.



"BOYS RIDE FAR AND FAST."

ON A BICYCLE.

WHO does not love a spin on the now world-popular cycle? Boys ride far and fast, girls with more care, fathers and even mothers take needed exercise thereon, and even cycle bands go forth with the good news to places unreached by rail or tramcar.

Will you then listen to a short sermon on a bicycle? Here are some of the heads:

The Wheel must have a perfect circumference, in perfect relation to a perfect centre. Christ is the centre of the Christian life, the hub around which all revolves. Love and faith are the circumference; everything must be within this circle, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin (Rom. 14. 23). Make sure that your centre is Christ, that you are united to Him by faith, and thus in the circle of salvation.

The Spokes must be in good condition, straight, and firmly fixed, all moving together and in one direction. These may represent the faculties of the believer, fixed in Christ, moved by Him, and all held true by faith and love.

The machine is fashioned principally of steel and rubber—strength and quietness, stability and pliability. We need both in Christian life, as I recently heard a lady say, "Forcible with men, flexible with God."

The Lamp is one of the essentials. Having been lighted yourself by "the Light of the World," then "let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matthew 5. 16).

The Bell. We are to give alarm as we journey on, to warn of danger. Has not God sounded loud His warning bell? "Because there is wrath, beware."

The Brake. Happy are they who know how to stop; too many go too fast downhill. Stop on the broad road now. Look to Jesus. "Behold, now is the accepted time" (2 Corinthians 6. 2).

The Oil. We cannot run smoothly

without a constant application of grace.

The Steering Gear. Oh, to be easily guided, turned at God's will, ruled by His hand! As in the vision of Ezekiel, may the Spirit be in our wheels. "And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them: for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels" (Ezek. 1. 19-21).

Keep going. To stop is to drop, and, thank God, in this the Christian outdoes the best athlete. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall run, and not be weary" (Isa. 40. 30, 31).

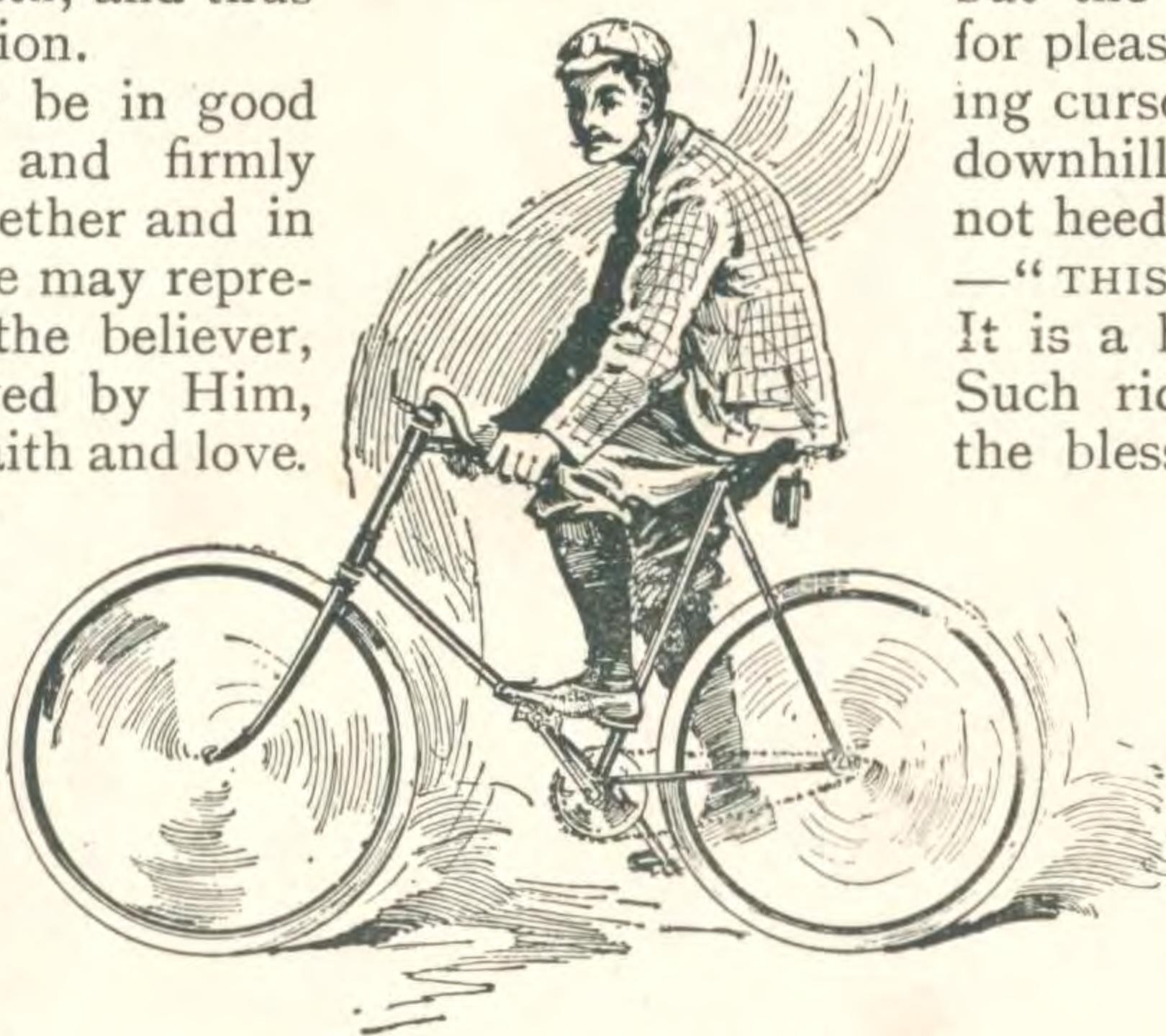
Bicycles are blessings when rightly used, but the Sunday bicycle used for pleasure is a curse, a growing curse, and many are riding downhill to destruction thereon, not heeding the divine caution—"THIS HILL IS DANGEROUS." It is a hill that ends in hell. Such riding will never have the blessing of God upon it.

A young man came to special services, and was the first to see himself a sinner, and Jesus as the Saviour, his Saviour. As such he confessed Him, went home and told his father, begging him also to believe, and be saved.

It was a Sunday experience, for, though a cyclist, he attended the meeting. Alas! if he had gone for a spin instead. Monday and Tuesday were days of joy and peace; but on Wednesday he fell from his machine, and was killed—nay, entered into rest.

At the funeral, the remembered appeal of the son, and the changed life of that eventful half-week, moved the old father. He seemed to hear his son saying, "Come to Jesus. Now is the time. Do not put off." By that open grave he trusted, and was forgiven for the sake of the shed blood of the Son of God. "BE YE ALSO READY." Come to Jesus now; get Him as your Centre; shine for and serve Him.

W. L.



"BLESSINGS WHEN RIGHTLY USED."

HOW NELLIE MOORE WAS MADE HAPPY.

NELLIE MOORE was born at Edington, Somerset, on 23rd October, 1887. Although her relatives were strictly moral, few of the family knew much about the subject of the new birth (John 3. 3). When we first met her she was a sharp, intelligent child of 13, growing up without a knowledge of salvation as it is revealed in God's Word. Having been through certain religious observances, she was passing for a Christian, while lacking that which alone makes a sinner a child of God, personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (John 3. 36). A great allowance should be made because of the few opportunities she had of hearing of God's way of salvation through faith in Jesus.

In the autumn of 1901 a wooden-sided tent was pitched in the village where she lived, and special services were held for children and adults. Although the meetings were small in numbers, she was one of the first to attend, and her continual coming, through all kinds of weather, proved that she was longing to know the peace of Romans 5. 1. God set His seal upon the efforts in His Name to reach the lost sinners in this district, and it was not long before Nellie Moore could rejoice in Jesus Christ as her own Saviour. She was so attracted

by the story of Jesus and His love that nothing short of a personal knowledge of that blessed Person would satisfy the longings of her heart. Her own account of her conversion is contained in a written testimony to the preacher, which is as follows: "I feel ever so much happier since I came to Jesus. It was the night you were talking about Jacob's ladder (Gen. 28. 12) that I felt I was a sinner and needed a Saviour. I am so glad that the tent ever came here, or I should have been in the dark even now."

Her after life proved that God had wrought a change in her, and that by faith she had grasped the truth of John 14. 6, which is typified by the shining way in Gen. 28. 12. She was only allowed one short year to testify of that grace which saved her, during which

NELLIE MOORE, EDINGTON, SOMERSET.

she learned much of the Saviour's mind. The Bible was to her the most precious of all her treasures, and she never grew tired of listening to the Spirit's voice through the Book. In October she contracted a cold, which brought on rapid consumption, and in a few weeks it was quite manifest God was going to take her. Her faith was unwavering to the end, and on Jan. 24, 1903, she passed into the presence of the King, to dwell for ever with Him. H. H.

THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH.

THOSE who wish to enter the Army of King Edward must possess the necessary physical qualifications. They must pass the medical examination. If they come up to the requirements they are enrolled in one of the King's regiments, and at once engage in learning the art of warfare.

So it is with God's great Salvation army, every member of which must enlist in God's own way. The first qualification needed is not strength, but weakness. That sounds strange, but so it is. The soldier of the great King of kings must first see himself as a poor, lost sinner, utterly undone, and unable in himself to fight at all; then he must lay hold, by faith, on the Person of the great Captain of his salvation—Jesus Christ; put his whole trust in Him and His finished work on the Cross, and then he is enrolled in God's great army, and is called upon to begin the most wonderful fight in the world—the good fight of faith (1 Tim. 6.12).

Now, what is the character of this fight?

It is a continuous life-long battle against a three-fold enemy: **The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.** The secret of victory in this war lies in obeying the command of the General of the forces. The soldiers in South Africa would never have accomplished the feats of arms they did if they had not rendered a complete obedience to the orders given by the general who designed the plan of campaign. Jesus is the great General of God's forces. Our victory over the enemy depends upon our allegiance to Him, and obedience to His divine orders.

In Ephesians 6. He tells us, through the Apostle Paul, to put on the soldier's clothes. When the troops went out to South Africa they were dressed in khaki—suitable apparel for the country to which they were going. In ancient days the fighting men wore suits of armour, and this kind the apostle had in view when he was inspired by the Holy Spirit to write God's instructions to the warriors, in which he told them to put on the whole armour. This is the Christian soldier's uniform, specially made to meet the soldier's needs. Young Christians, put it on!

Now, as to the enemy with whom we have to fight. But does not the Lord Jesus say we are to love our enemies? Yes, that is true; but when He said that He meant people who persecute us, and those who seek our injury and speak falsely about us, but the three enemies named we are not called upon to love.



1. The first enemy is **THE WORLD.** Does not the Apostle John say: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world? If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Does not the Apostle Paul say: "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed?" Sister Belle loved the world; she was dressing for a ball. Her little sister, Grace, stood gazing at the beautiful diamonds in her hair. "What are you thinking of, Gracie," said Belle. "Oh," she replied,

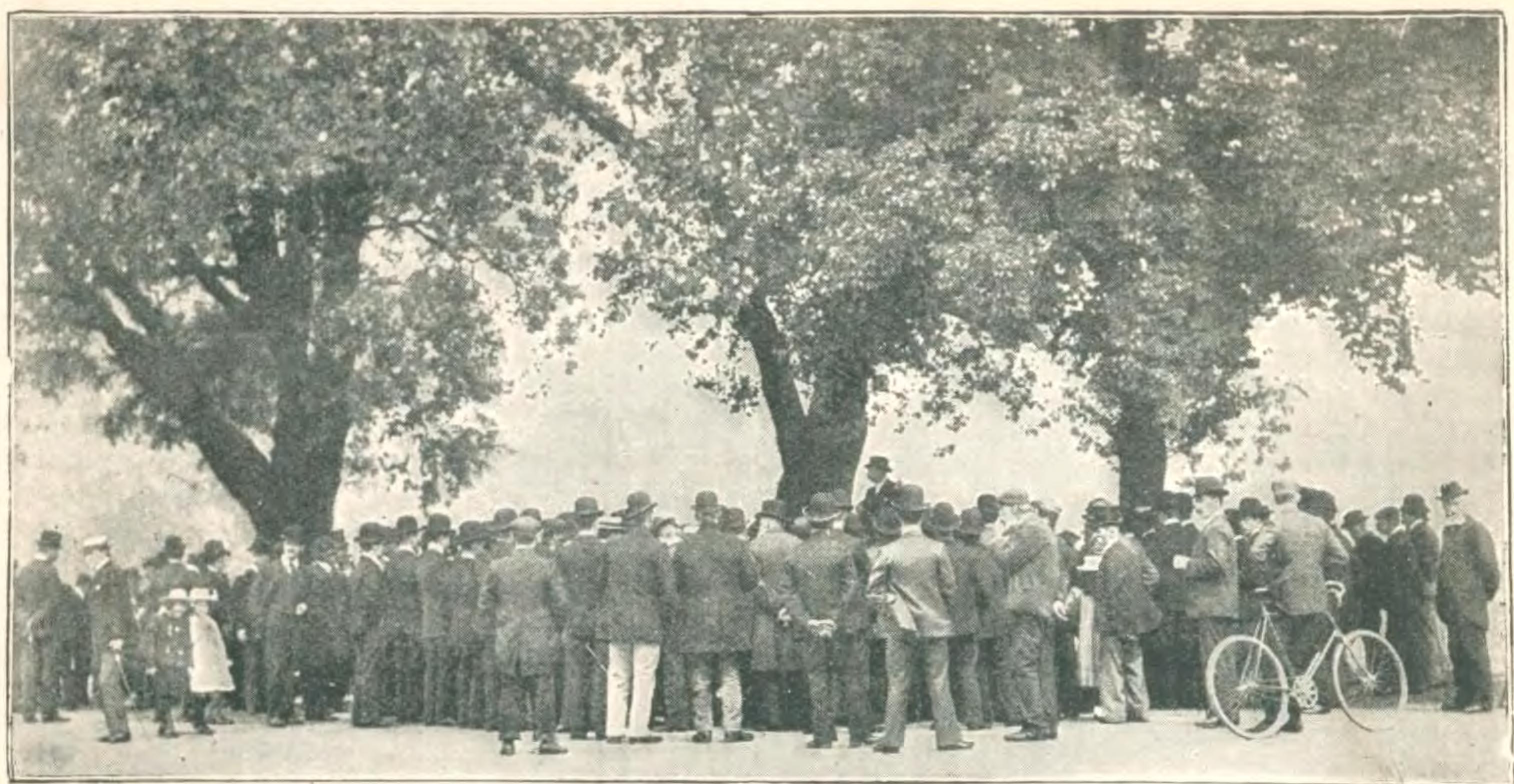
"I was thinking that those who win others for Jesus will wear a starry crown in heaven." Sister Belle went to the ball, but the words kept ringing in her ears. When she returned she went to her sister's room, and, kneeling down by the sleeping child, said: "God helping me, I will give up the world and will love Jesus, win others for Him, and obtain a starry crown too." To fight against the world means to fight against the influences of the world, the charm of the world, the pride of the world, which are all opposed to the spirit of the Lord Jesus.

2. **THE FLESH** is the second enemy. This is a bitter foe. The Apostle Paul says: "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." What is the flesh? Well, it is sometimes called the old Adam nature, or the Old Man, and is that very naughty spirit within each one of us which tries to conquer the new spirit that God gives to us when we become followers of our Lord Jesus Christ. All wicked tempers, unholy desires, envious thoughts, jealous feelings, spiteful words, and improper actions arise from the flesh within us. Our business is to wage a continual warfare against these. We are to exercise ourselves in prayer, and ask Jesus to give us the victory over the self-life, and allow the Christ-life to develop and grow strong.

3. Then there is the last enemy we are called to fight, namely, **THE DEVIL.** He is a very real person—a really live devil. He goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; and also as an angel of light, endeavouring to entrap unwary souls into his meshes.

James says: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." When we are tempted we should look to God, by faith ask Him for help, and firmly resist the great enemy of souls. Prayer is the mighty instrument whereby we can effectually conquer those would-be destroyers of our peace. It is the polishing paste for brightening up the soldier's armour—to blind and dazzle Satan's eyes with the reflection of the Saviour's face. Let us, then, each one look to Jesus for salvation, then fight the good fight of faith, remembering the day of rewards and crown of victory lie ahead. B. T.

PRODIGAL JOE.



A PREACHER STOOD IN THE OPEN AIR ON A CLEAR BRIGHT NIGHT IN SUMMER."

A PREACHER stood in the open air
One clear, bright night in summer to declare
The love which brought the Saviour down
From His heavenly glory and brightest home;
Of His wondrous grace to stoop so low,
That to guilty souls He might pardon show.
As his voice ceased, telling of love so great,
The service concluded, for the hour was late;
A lady stepped through the dispersing throng,
And stopped him ere he passed along.
"Would you kindly visit a dying youth,
Who young in years has forsaken truth;
Has been led by the world to a life so gay;
Health, money, and honour he has sinned away,
And now he is lying in sickness and pain,
With no prospect on earth his health to regain?"
God's servant paused; should he wait till the
morrow?

Ah! no, ere that time he might die in his sorrow;
So turning from all that would hinder and stay,
He asked his informant to show him the way
To the youth who had fallen so deeply in sin,
In the hope that the Saviour his lost soul
might win.

Through street after street, by mansions so fair,
He passed till he came to some quarters where
Puzzled, perplexed, he could scarce find the way
As the shadows were telling of declining day;
He at length reached a home, grim-looking and
bare,

[there.

Which seemed as though sin over all reigned
As he slowly ascended the rickety stairs,
To Heaven were rising his earnest prayers,
That a message life-giving and saving might find

Its way to his heart, his soul, and his mind;
That the Saviour might find in this erring youth
A trophy so bright to His grace and His truth.
He arrived at the garret, and at the door
knocked,

Entered in, but the sight his whole being shocked.
In an ill-furnished room on a mattress of straw,
With scarcely a covering, and laid on the floor
Was the youth whom he sought to tell of the love
Which would save him and give him a bright
Home above.

"My friend," he began, when a hollow voice said:
"No friend have I got now, I'm on my death-bed,
And yet I found plenty when money I had,
But now I'm forsaken, I've gone to the bad.
My father disowns me, and reckons me dead,
My mother is grieved at the life I have led,
My brothers would fain never more see my face,
Because I have brought to their name such
disgrace;

My friends (falsely so called) who led me astray
In the hour of my sorrow have all fled away!"
God's servant commenced, and told of the love
Of Him who gave Jesus to come from above,
To be scourged, to be mocked, and be nailed
to the tree,

That salvation could come to you and to me,
That the lost might be freed from their sin and
their shame,

And be taken to glory to praise His blest Name.
"But my sins! oh, my sins!" the dying youth
said;

"My sins are as mountains o'erhanging my head;
But say is it true that Christ died on the tree

PRODIGAL JOE.

To save such a profligate sinner as me,
And fit me to dwell in the light of that place?
If so, it is wonderful—wonderful grace!"
And so the dear youth, all his life spent in sin,
Truly felt the condition, through crime, he
was in,
And by God-given faith looked to Christ on
the Cross, [from loss;
Where He hung as the Saviour to save him
He believed the glad message so full and so free,
And by grace he could say, "My Lord died
for me!"

Then he said, "I've a longing ere I pass away,
To dwell in the light of that glorious day;
I'm forgiven in Heaven, I know through God's
grace, [disgrace,
But my father I've injured and brought to
His kiss and his pardon I would get ere I die.
For his Joe was a wilful and prodigal boy!
Would you now see my father, and tell him
that Joe
Would fain seek his pardon for grieving him so,
That his boy now is dying, and would just like
his kiss [this,
Of forgiveness? Sir, tell him I'm craving for
And then I can die quite happy and free—
Pray take to my father this message from me.
We next see God's servant at the door of a home,
A finely-built mansion where wealth had her
throne;
Her rings and the door, by a servant thrown back,
Reveals to him plainly therein is no lack;
When asked his business which so late brings
him there, [to bear."
Says, "I've news of importance to your master
To a room he is shown, richly furnished and
grand;
Then enters a gentleman with extended hand;
And after had followed the
usual greeting,
He courteously asked, "Why
this hasty meeting?"
"Dear sir," said God's servant,
"I'm from your son Joe,
Who desires that he your for-
giveness would know."
The father's face darkened as
he answered with scorn,
"Don't call him my son, I
regret he was born,
His name is not mentioned in
my house of fame,
For disgrace and dishonour he
has brought to my name;
Many chances I've given to
retrieve the bad past,
I am fully decided, I have
given him his last."
"Quite true this may be,"
Joe's messenger said,



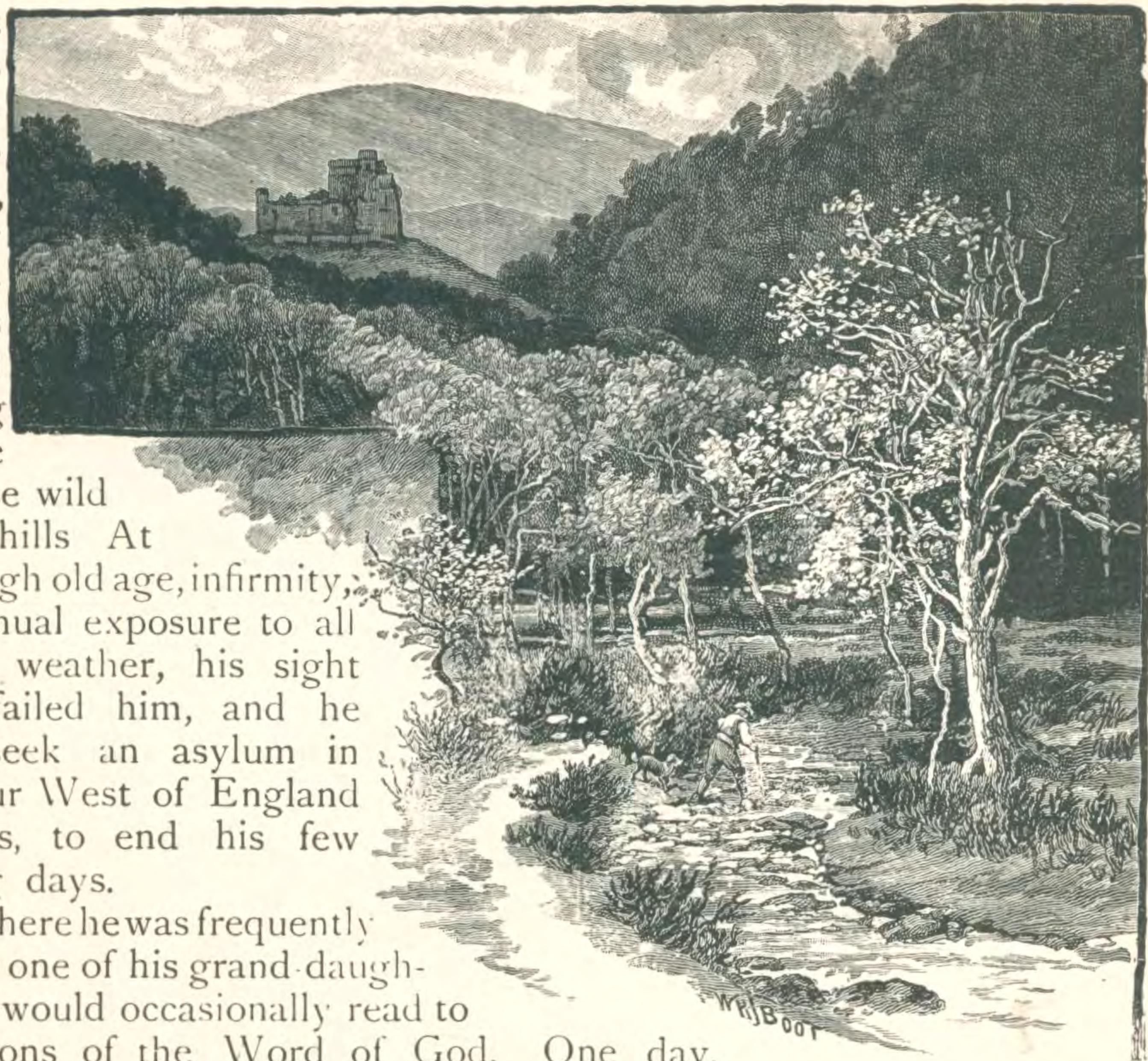
"MY JOE! MY POOR JOE!"

"But, sir, he's your son, and he's on his deathbed;
Now he is alive, but ere this time to-morrow
His spirit may have left this sad vale of sorrow;
From Heaven he's received the forgiveness
he sought, [thought."
And now, sir, *your* pardon is his one constant
The father was silent, it had quite touched
his heart;
But a battle was raging as the tears they did start
From his eyes as he thought of his poor erring son;
But though pride and love warred, 'twas love
that soon won.
"Will you take me to Joseph; but can no one save
My dear wandering son from an untimely grave?"
What a sight was that father ascending the stairs
Which led to Joe's garret, for his son he
now cares;
The love so long dormant welled up in his heart,
As he thought how his pride had kept them apart;
His stern heart was softened, compelled to
relent—
How seldom he'd urged on his son to repent.
He enters that room, his heart breaking with
grief,
And gazes on Joe, who, with a sigh of relief,
Said with tears in his eyes and in quivering tones
As well as he could as he stifled his groans:
"My father, forgive me, I shortly shall die;
Oh, please forgive Joseph, your own wayward
boy!"
"My Joe! my poor Joe!" was all he could say;
"Forgive you? oh yes! I'll forgive you to-day,
Had I but known sooner of your sorrow and pain,
My wealth should have helped you your health
to regain;
But oh, is it true, can nothing be done
To lengthen the life of my Joe, my poor son?"
"No, father, your pardon and kiss I have craved;
You have given me that, and
my soul too is saved;
The Saviour has pardoned a
rebel like me,
I am going up to Heaven His
dear face to see;
In His Blood I am washed, I
am made pure and white,
And been fitted to dwell in
yon heavenly light."
But the father would try what
money could do—
The love in his heart to his
son was still true;
With care he was taken from
that garret so bare
To the father's grand home in
that bright city square;
He was treated with kindness,
with love and with grace,
Yet he soon passed away to
behold His Lord's face. A.G.

THE OLD BLIND MAN OF DARTMOOR.

THERE was an old man of Dartmoor, who, for many years obtained his livelihood by looking after cattle upon those wild moorland hills. At last, through old age, infirmity, and continual exposure to all kinds of weather, his sight entirely failed him, and he had to seek an asylum in one of our West of England infirmaries, to end his few remaining days.

While there he was frequently visited by one of his grand-daughters, who would occasionally read to him portions of the Word of God. One day, while this little girl was reading to him the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, when she reached the seventh verse :—“And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all Sin,” the old man stopped her, and gently raising himself up, said, with great earnestness,—“Is that there, my dear?” “Yes, grandpa.” “Then read it to me again, I’ve never heard the like before!” Again she read it. “You are quite sure that is there?” “Yes, quite sure!” “Then take my hand, and lay my finger on the passage, for I should like to feel it.” So the little girl took the old blind man’s hand, and placed his bony finger on the seventh verse, when he said,—“Now read it to me again.” The little grand-daughter read, with her soft, sweet, gentle voice,—“And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” “You are quite sure that is there?” “Yes, quite sure.” He then said,—“If any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of those words, “And—the—blood—of—Jesus—Christ—His—Son—cleanseth—us—from—all—sin.” And with that the old man drew his hand from the book, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him, whose blood had cleansed him from all sin. S.B.



THREE WONDERFUL BOOKS.

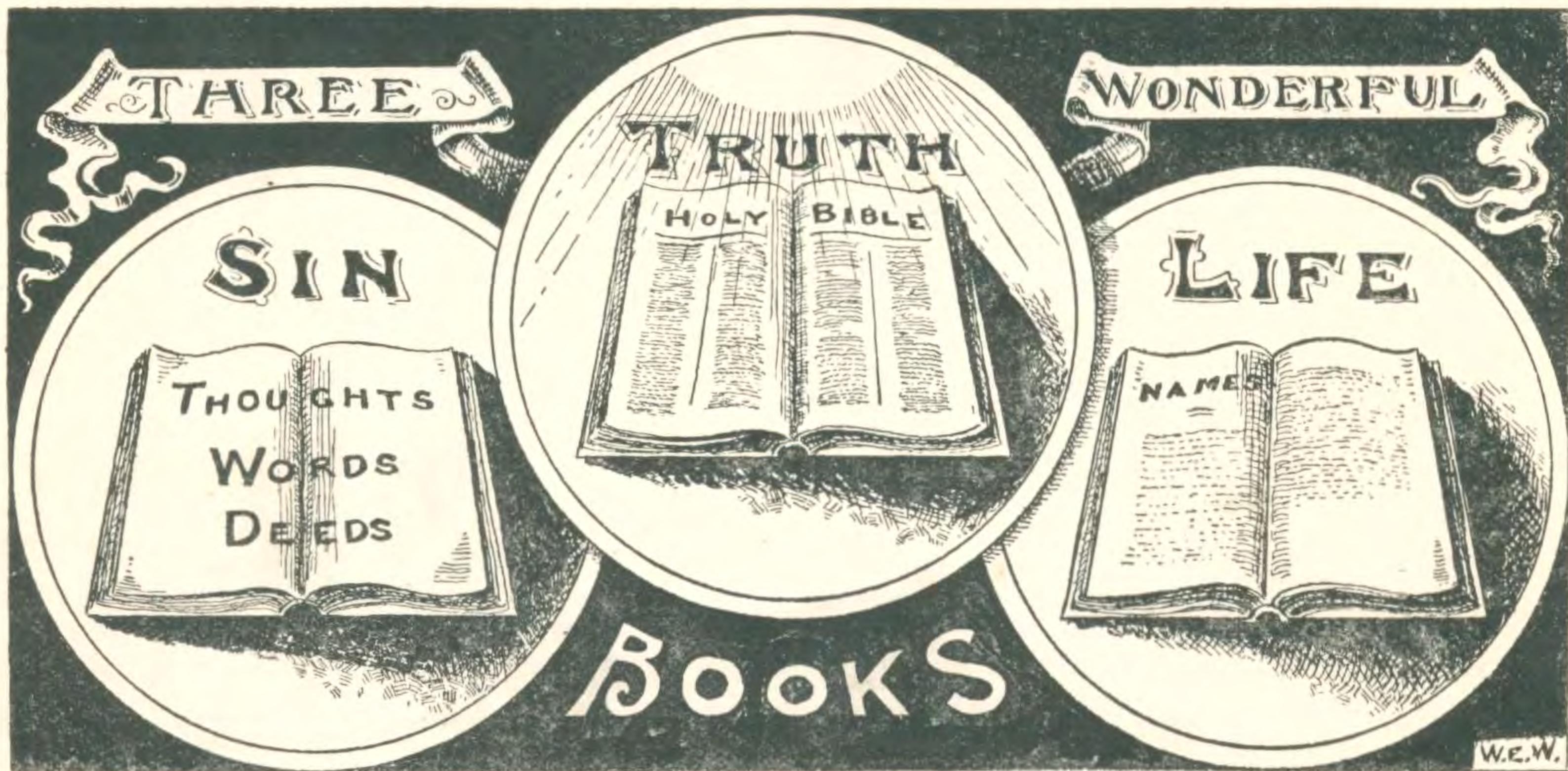
STANDING in the great reading-room at the British Museum, surrounded by tens of thousands of books on every subject, we wondered what reply we would get if we were to ask the studious men and women who were diligently reading, "Which is the most wonderful book in this great collection?" Perhaps you think that the answer would have been, "The Bible." We fear not! It is only those who love the grand old Book because it has shown them the way of salvation who can truly say that the Bible is the most wonderful Book in all the world.

We are going to have a little talk about three wonderful Books, and we must place first the **BOOK OF TRUTH**.

It may help us to remember if we take the word "Bible" in acrostic form. It is wonderful because it is the **BEST** Book to read, to learn, to store our

We learn of His love in the Bible. How He loved us, poor sinners as we were; how He shed His precious blood to save us.

Lastly, it is **ETERNAL**. There is a time coming when this world, which was once destroyed by water, shall be consumed by *fire*, and then all the Bibles will be burnt up; but God's Truth will last *for ever*, when all the printed books shall have passed away. An infidel was visited one winter evening by a Christian, who on leaving said, "I shall leave you this copy of the Bible." "If you do," replied the infidel, "I will burn it." The Christian left it on the table. As soon as he had left the room, the wicked man thrust the Bible into the midst of the glowing mass. As it burned, a portion of one of the pages fell on to the hearth. The infidel stooped, and picking it up, read, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word



minds with; the best in time of joy or sorrow; the best to give us comfort in the dying hour; the best for all times and all places. Satan knows it is the best Book in the world, and he has tried for ages to rob us of it; yet to-day it is the most widely circulated and the cheapest Book published.

It is an **INTERESTING** Book. Who has not been thrilled by the wonderful stories of Joseph, David, Daniel, and, above all, of Jesus—God's beloved Son, who lived, who loved, who died for sinners on the Cross of Calvary!

The Bible is full of **BLESSING**. What is the greatest blessing in the world? *Health*? No; that is a blessing, yet many poor sufferers lying on beds of affliction have a far greater blessing. *Riches*? No; some who are very, very poor have a blessing which they would not exchange for all the wealth of the world. The greatest blessing is God's great salvation, and the Bible tells of it from cover to cover.

Again, it is full of **LOVE**—wonderful love! A mother's love is wonderful, but there is a love greater than a mother's love; it is the love of Jesus.

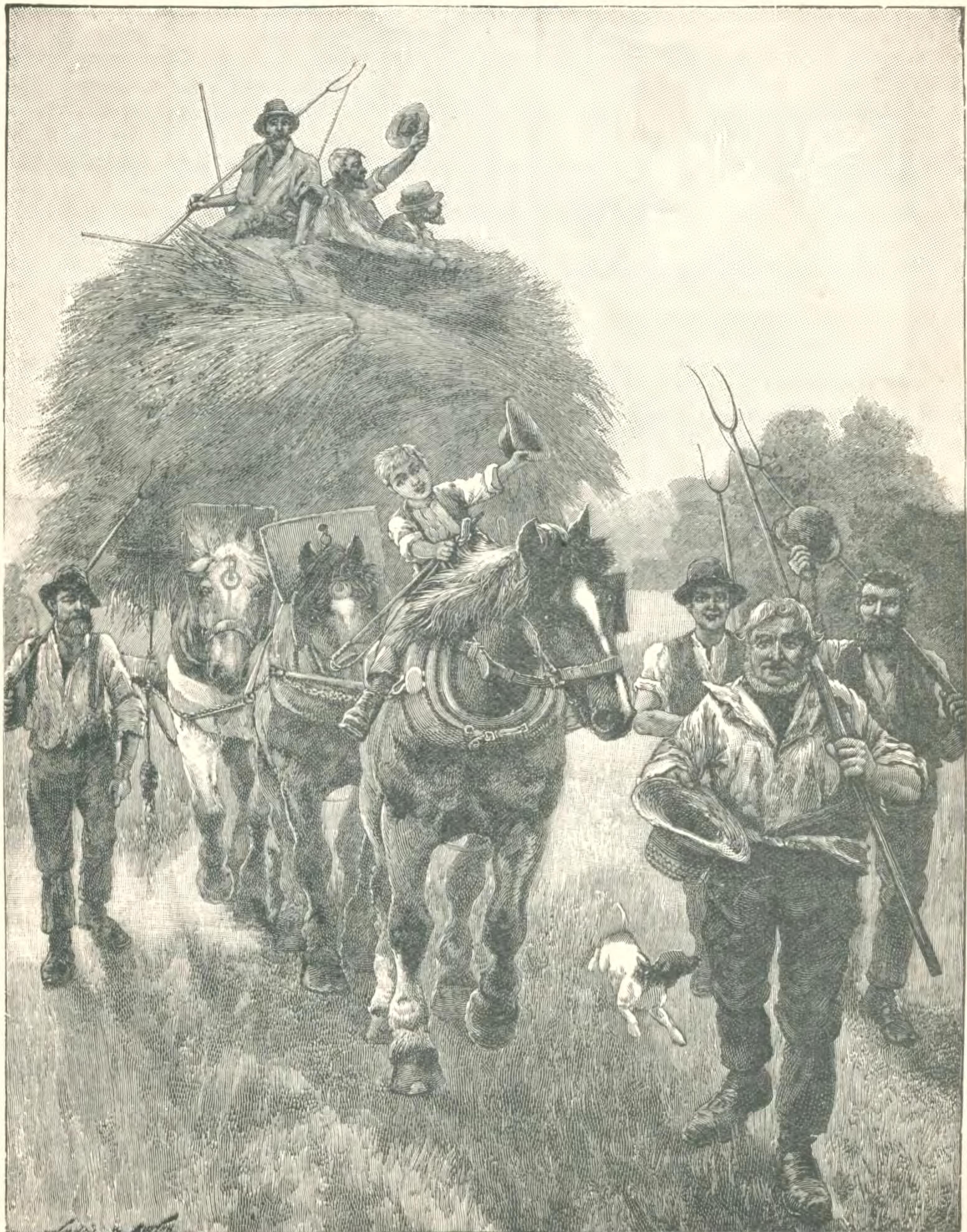
shall *not pass away!*" These words seemed to glow like fire before the eyes of the man, and eventually God led him to see his need of Jesus.

The second wonderful Book is the **BOOK OF SIN**. What is written in this Book? All your *sins*, if you are not saved—all your *THOUGHTS*, all your *WORDS*, all your *ACTIONS*. One day God will open that book, and men will be judged of the record of sin, and not one will be forgotten then.

There is another Book, and it is called the **BOOK OF LIFE**. Is *your name* in it? Be sure to-day that you have *your name* down in God's wonderful Book. The Book is not full yet, but we know not when the last name will be put down and the Book closed, never to be opened until that awful day at the Great White Throne (Rev. 20. 15). How can *your name* be placed in that Book? It all depends on whether you listen to God's wonderful *Book of Truth*, take your place as a sinner, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, when all your *sins* shall be blotted out of the *Book of Sin*, and your name written in God's wonderful *Book of Life*! W.E.W.

HAPPY DAYS OF HAY-MAKING;

OR, A SHELTER FROM THE STORM OF GOD'S WRATH.



"BRINGING IN THE LAST LOAD."

HAPPY DAYS OF HAY-MAKING.

HAY-MAKING season round again! Oh, isn't it a pleasant time? For some weeks now, the rich, yellow gold of the fields covered with buttercups has disappeared, and the long heads of grass wave and bend in the breeze, as if waiting for the mower to cut them down. By-and-bye the mower does come, and down goes the grass, stretched all along the field in neat, orderly rows. How the children long to go in and play and roll amongst it! but they must not go yet; they must wait till the men come and toss the hay, and spread it all about the field, *then* they may go; and don't they run in fast enough?

What fun it is, and how they throw the hay at each other; and some of them bury the others down deep under it, till you cannot see them at all. And some, quieter than the others, go off and make a circle of hay and call it a nest, and sit inside it, as happy as any little birds in their nests up in the high trees overhead. Ah! it is very pleasant for you to play about in the hay, but if you look at those hay-makers at work, you will see it does not seem much like play to them. Why are they working so hard at it, and in such a hurry that they will not stop and rest, although they are so hot and tired? Shall I tell you the reason? Because, though the sun is shining, and

the sky looks bright now, those men have seen a little cloud arise in the distance, and they are afraid if they do not make haste and get the hay in, that the rain will come down and spoil all.

Now you understand why they hasten, and what joy and rejoicing accompany the bringing in the last load "ere the wintry storms begin."

Remember there is a storm coming on the people of this world some day. I do not mean a storm of rain, and thunder and lightning, but something much more terrible—the storm of God's judgments, which will be poured out on those who have refused God's salvation—who have not come to Christ to have their sins washed away in His blood. Will you be under shelter then? If not, surely if those men were so anxious to know their hay was safe from the coming storm, you ought to be much more in earnest to know your souls are safe; for, you know, if God were to call your souls away and let you die, it would be too late then to think of getting safe from the storm.

Where can you find a shelter from the storm of God's wrath? In Jesus Himself.

Of course, if you are in His arms nothing can ever harm. He is your kind Friend, God is your kind Father, and will

not let His judgments touch you when the great day of His wrath has come.

Won't you come to Jesus now, and be safe and happy for ever? He promises: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). All who come are happy now and safe from storms in the future. Delay not; come now, and know the joy of God's salvation.

B-A.



"HAYMAKERS AT WORK."

MADE HAPPY AT FIFTEEN.

J. HENRY BRUNTON, the eldest son of John Brunton, a well-known and honoured servant of God, was born in one of the villages of Suffolk called Botesdale, but only remained there a short time. About the time he was born there was a Christian gentleman staying in the house, and he, when walking to the foot of the stairs, quoted aloud, so that all could hear, "His name shall be called JOHN," also saying that he believed that God would make this child a preacher of the Gospel. From his earliest days he had a desire to be a preacher, and as he grew older the desire only deepened and increased.

When speaking of his conversion he most gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to his godly parents, who, from the very first, not only taught him the Scriptures, but were also continually pleading with God on his behalf. We can never thank God enough for Christian parents, nor do we know what we owe to a mother's tears and a father's prayers.

Here is his own story of his conversion. "It was in the year 1894 that a Mission was being held in Croydon in a hall which I attended for some ten years, commencing there in the Sunday School among the infants, and rising from class to class till I reached the Bible Class, after my conver-

sion becoming a teacher. During this Mission I went to one of the week-night services. It was a most solemn meeting. The preacher dwelt chiefly upon the coming again of our Lord Jesus Christ, and showed how the Christians would be caught up to meet Him in the air, while those who were unsaved would be left behind to face a night of dark despair. As I sat and listened attentively, every word coming straight home to my heart, I began to think of my mother and my father going to meet the Lord, and of myself, if still unsaved, left behind separated from them for ever. Then came the words from the preacher: '*And this might happen to-night, for the Son of God may come at any moment.*' I could not endure it any longer, seeing the awful risk and danger of remaining unsaved, knowing well that there was no need for me to be lost, as Jesus was ready and willing to give eternal life to all who would believe on Him.

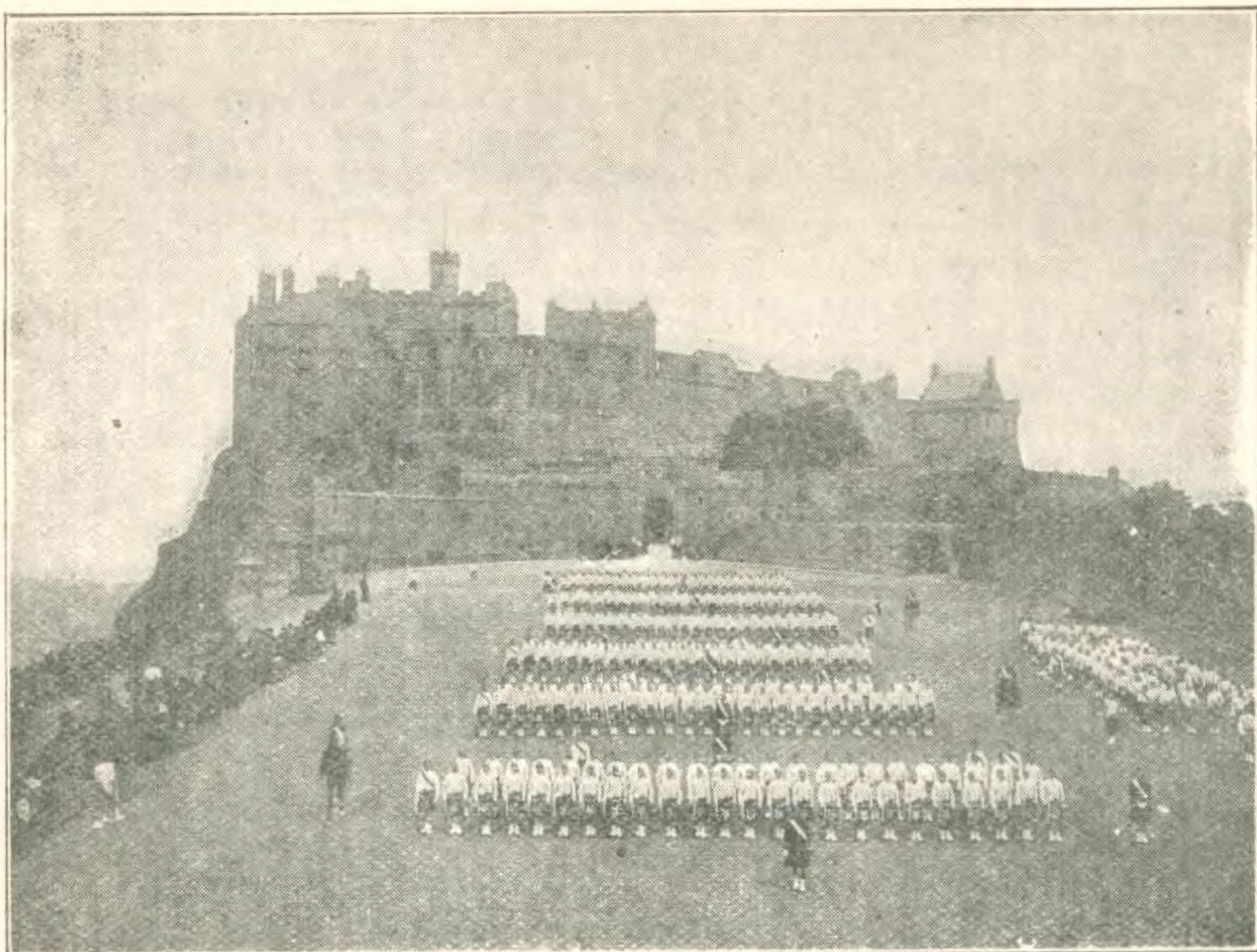
I bowed my head, and with all my soul said in a low tone: 'JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE.' An after-meeting was held, and a number stayed to be spoken to. Among others, I was asked, 'Are you saved?' I answered that I had accepted Christ."

Thus God saved him, and soon after he became a preacher of the glorious Gospel which has made so many happy.



J. HENRY BRUNTON, LONDON.

A STORY OF THE THIN RED LINE.



EDINBURGH CASTLE, WITH HIGHLANDERS ON PARADE.

IN the historic Grassmarket of Edinburgh, a few servants of the Lord were seeking to proclaim the Gospel, near to the very spot where, in a former age, many had sealed their testimony with their blood. The subject being dwelt upon was, The Power of the Precious Blood of Christ to save and to keep all who are under the shelter of it. As an illustration to make the subject more clear to the hearers, the memorable incident of "The Thin Red Line" was used. There are still some alive who were present when Sir Colin Campbell ordered the Colonel of the 93rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders to draw his men up in line to receive the charge of the Russian Cavalry. Many of the brave Highlanders were devoted Christians. They received the word to stand firm, as the honour of the British Empire depended upon them at this crucial moment. They answered: "That we will, sir, or die at our post." It is now a matter of history how they successfully repelled the fierce onslaught, and did stand firm.

The precious Blood, as a "Thin Red Line" all through Scripture, was shown to

stepped forward, and unbuttoning his overcoat, displayed on his breast two bright, silver medals. He maintained these were the evidence he had to show that he had been there, and it was a proud moment for him to stand forward and declare how he had passed through all the trials of that terrible war, and now had tokens to prove it.

When looking for the noisy boaster who interrupted, he was noticed to slink away, in case he would be asked to show the same proof of his assertions. So it will be in the Coming Day.

Those who have been to the Cross of Calvary, and have been washed in the precious blood of Christ, will gladly point to, not what they have suffered, but "to the print of the nail in His hand;" a token of what He suffered in His own body on the tree for them.

Those, again, who have never been to the Cross, however much they may boast—it may be of knowledge, it may be of accomplishments—know nothing about being behind THE BLOOD, and shall be glad to be hidden from the face of Him who sitteth upon the Throne.

T. G.

be what God Himself has provided to meet all the assaults of Satan, and how God's holiness, righteousness, and love, as also our safety and security, are staked behind it.

The speaker was interrupted by a noisy hearer who said that he was an old soldier who had been in the Crimea, and knew all about it. Just at this moment a tall, soldierly-looking man, but bearing the evidences of advancing years,

A PREACHING PHOTOGRAPH.

HERE is one out of a number of written testimonies handed in by most of the above group, which was taken at the end of a series of meetings for young folks conducted by Mr. James Forbes:—

"I am very glad to be able to have a testimony to write, and to show how God in His great mercy met me. For thirteen years and four months I lived in 'Blind Man's Row,' but, praise the Lord, I've turned my back on sin and the pleasures of it. I had been attending Mr. Forbes' meetings, but no thought of my soul or of the vast Eternity to which I was drifting on the tide of Time ever crossed my mind or gave me any anxiety whatever. But I soon began to realise that I did not get half the amount of fun at school which I used to get, for some of my companions had got saved, and the games without them were not complete. I gave vent to my feelings by beginning to jeer at them, and hold them up to ridicule to the others who, like myself, were unconverted. I saw that there was something in conversion, for boys, who were almost as bad as myself, were turned quiet, and they always seemed to look

at me as if they were pitying me. I at last made up my mind to be a follower of Christ, so one night I stopped in to the after-meeting, and Mr. M'Cartney spoke to me, and pointed out to me the way of salvation, and also the portion of the Christ rejector. That night I got so impressed by John 3. 16 that before the brother had done with me I burst into tears, and that same night I decided for Christ, and I can truly say that I never took a better step during my lifetime. If there is anything I regret, it is that I did not take Christ sooner. Since I have trusted Jesus with my all, I feel an inward joy which my heart never possessed before. I can now say with truth, 'Jesus is mine and I am His,' not through any great thing I ever did, but through simply taking Jesus to be my own personal Saviour."

Look at the faces, and tell me if you can say, "Jesus is mine and I am His." If not, why not decide for Christ ere you lay this paper down? "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." HYP.



A HAPPY BAND OF BOYS AND GIRLS AT KIRKMUIRHILL, SCOTLAND.

THE QUEEN'S LOVE GIFT.

THE Ultimatum had been delivered. The "dogs of war" were let loose. Briton and Boer had entered upon a life and death struggle for supremacy in South Africa. The greatest activity prevailed in both countries. The swiftest steamers were hired and trans-

formed into transports to convey the troops over 6000 miles of sea to Cape Town. Engagement followed engagement with disastrous results to our army, and the heart of the whole nation was bowed as one man. We learnt the meaning of that word "Reverse" as never before in our day.

No one was more heart heavy over our reverses than our late beloved Queen, and there can be no doubt that our severe losses helped to shorten her days.

One very conspicuous act of her thoughtfulness will be handed down reverently to coming generations. Before Christmas, 1899, she ordered 50,000 beautiful boxes to be made and filled with choice chocolate to be despatched to her troops in South Africa. These boxes were highly prized by the soldiers; and now that the hand that bestowed the gift lies at rest in Frogmore, the boxes will be more treasured than before. When I was at Orange River camp preaching to the soldiers I had about twenty of these boxes keeping for the soldiers, with solemn instructions that if anything should happen to the owners the boxes were to be sent home to their friends.

I want to tell of one man who did not prize the gift of his Queen. I know many soldiers sold their boxes, but I don't think there was another man who treated the Queen's gift as this man did. It was at Orange River. The men were all paraded,



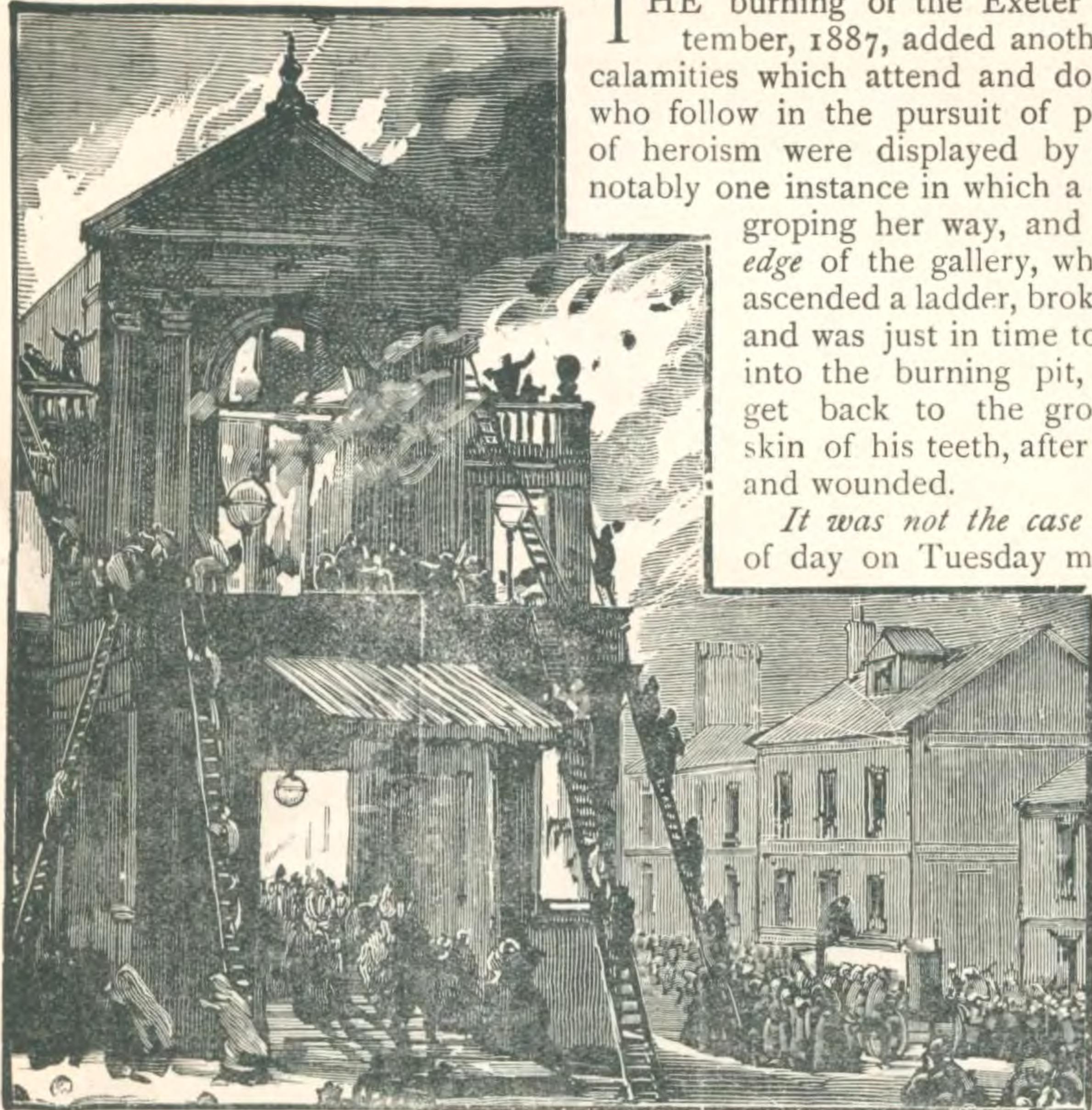
LID OF THE BOX CONTAINING HER MAJESTY'S PRESENT OF CHOCOLATE.

the names called, and the boxes distributed. Joy was visible everywhere. The man of whom I speak received his box with the others. He returned to his place, and marching straight to where all the cooking was done he threw the box into the fire with an oath, and stood watching it till it was all blackened and burned. Some of his comrades saw him do it, and were exceedingly pained at his conduct. They reported the matter. The man was arrested, taken to the guard-room, and ordered to be tried by court-martial. Trial day came. Witnesses were called. The man's guilt was established. He had destroyed the box, but he did not speak disrespectfully of the Queen. The officer reasoned thus: The box was his own, and if he choose to keep it he could keep it. If he wished to sell it, there was no law to prohibit him from doing so. If he desired to destroy it he could do so.

The chocolate-box was the love-gift of Queen Victoria to her troops. One man threw it in the fire. Jesus Christ is the love-gift of God to the world (John 3. 16), and many are living as if God had never loved, as if God had never given anything, as if Jesus had never lived, as if Jesus had never died. Unconverted reader, take salvation now from the hand of the great Giver, and, like the Apostle Paul, say, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. 9. 15).

T.B.

FROM FARCE TO FACT.



"MANY ACTS OF HEROISM WERE DISPLAYED BY THE GALLANT RESCUERS."

of excitement, to prepare for a *long eternity*. The scenes in the yard were most touching; women fainted as by some token they recognised in the groups of twenty, the corpses of those they had loved and lost, and their wails were most piteous. Ah! what could give comfort then—"Romany Rye," the last piece played—worldly frivolity—rehearsals of "jolly days gone by"—nay, nay, one only fact COULD offer any consolation—were they prepared, had they exercised faith in Jesus Christ? Among the last of the dead brought in was a father, beneath whom was found the charred remains of his own little child. Fathers, are you leading your children *up* to heaven or *down* to hell? In which shall you meet them again? or shall the *innocent child* inhabit the eternal glory, while the *guilty sire* wails in the lake of fire?

How easily we might harrow the feelings of the reader with sorrowing tales of the last deeds of many of those who perished; of affectionate partings in the very presence of the flames; of sad regrets over sinful or wasted lives; suffice it, however, to say they are gone from scenes of earth into the presence of God, and leave the reader to answer, *Where*—?

Ah! friends, though the 163 dead are beyond recall, surely these sad and solemn calamities, over which we mutually weep, recurring month after month, speak forcibly of the shifting scenes of earth, and point us to the only wise man who adopts the only wise course, "prepares for any emergency" in life by being "saved," yes, actually *saved!* (Acts 16. 31); saved not by giving up theatre-going and other things; not by "*being good*" (Rom. 3. 10), or "*doing good*" (Rom. 3. 12); saved not because "*better than others*" Rom. 3. 9), or as "*good as others*" (Rom. 3. 23); but saved *in* your sins (Eph. 2. 5), saved *from* your sins (1 John 1. 7), saved *by* the Sin-bearer (1 John 2. 2). Will you be saved now?

HYP.

THE burning of the Exeter Theatre on 5th September, 1887, added another instance to the sad calamities which attend and dog the heels of those who follow in the pursuit of pleasure. Many acts of heroism were displayed by the gallant rescuers, notably one instance in which a lady was seen blindly groping her way, and gradually nearing *the edge* of the gallery, when a gentleman nobly ascended a ladder, broke through the window, and was just in time to save her from falling into the burning pit, barely managing to get back to the ground himself by the skin of his teeth, after being badly scorched and wounded.

It was not the case with all, for the light of day on Tuesday morning revealed a sad and heart-rending spectacle, as line upon line of bodies, *twelve hours before* in robust health and bright spirits, many, alas, thinking little of death, *now* lay burned, bruised, and dead. Think of living *years* of sin, and at the last having five *minutes*, or it may be only *moments*, and that in a state

FIVE FAMOUS FOOLS.

THE WORLDLY FOOL.

HERE he sits, feasted and fat, barns bursting with prosperity—an envied man; and there he goes to his burial, having lost all. Jesus gives us his history: "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, *Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee*: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God" (Luke 12. 16-21). The prodigal son tried to satisfy himself with the husks that the swine were eating; this man did worse, for he pretended to satisfy his soul with what he could store in a barn. We fear he has successors, who think of nothing but this poor world.

THE CARELESS FOOL.

"Fools make a mock at sin" (Pro. 14.9). Call it sport, a spree, fun, pleasure, &c.

Will men sport with fire in a powder mill? Fools may. Will men trifle with disease? Will men mock at the fire that ever burns, the worm that ever gnaws? Fools may. Will any mock beneath the Cross? sport with the nails and spear? trifle with the crown of thorns? laugh at the precious blood of Christ? Only careless fools dare think of such things.

THE SCEPTICAL FOOL.

David drew his portrait—"The fool hath said in his heart, *There is no God*" (Psalm 14. 1). The words "there is" are printed in italics, so that it might read thus, "The fool hath said in his heart, *No God*." Just as a burglar says, "No police, please--they interfere with business, disturb and trouble." Men wish there were no God, and then say there is no God—say it *in their heart*, for it is there, not in the head, that infidelity begins. What folly to walk in the light and then say, "There is no sun." Some will have a God, but not the Bible; they throw that overboard. What should we say of a captain who in mid-ocean threw away his compass, chart, sextant, chronometer, and all implements, to steer only by the sun and stars.

THE SELF-CONFIDENT FOOL.

Here he is: "And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; *and it fell*: and great was the fall of it" (Matt. 7. 26, 27). He had a house; he took much pains to build it; he dwelt in it, and thought himself secure; but in time of trial, when he most needed shelter, it failed him.

THE RELIGIOUS FOOL.

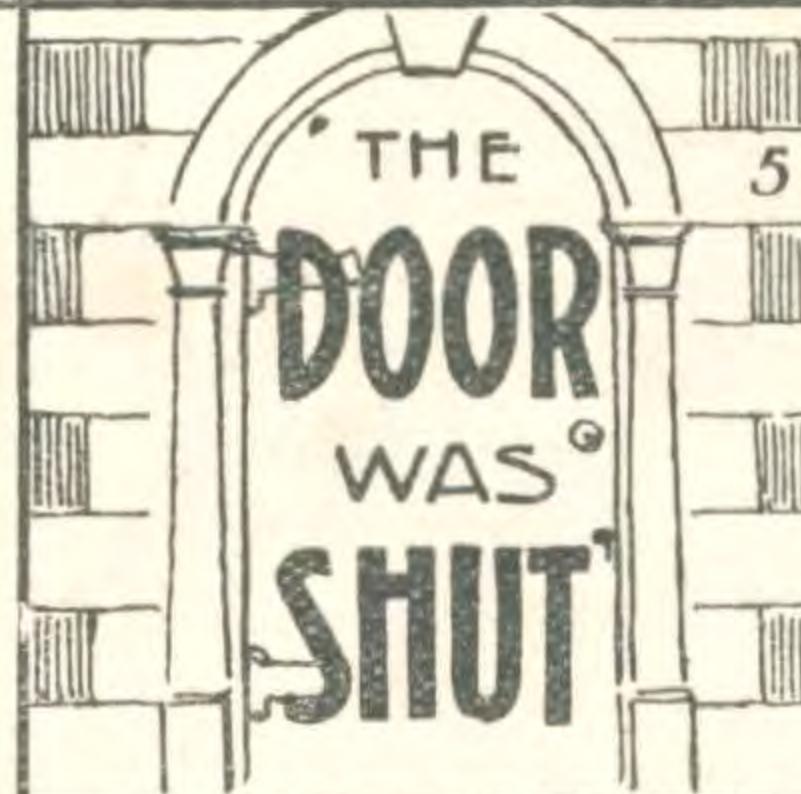
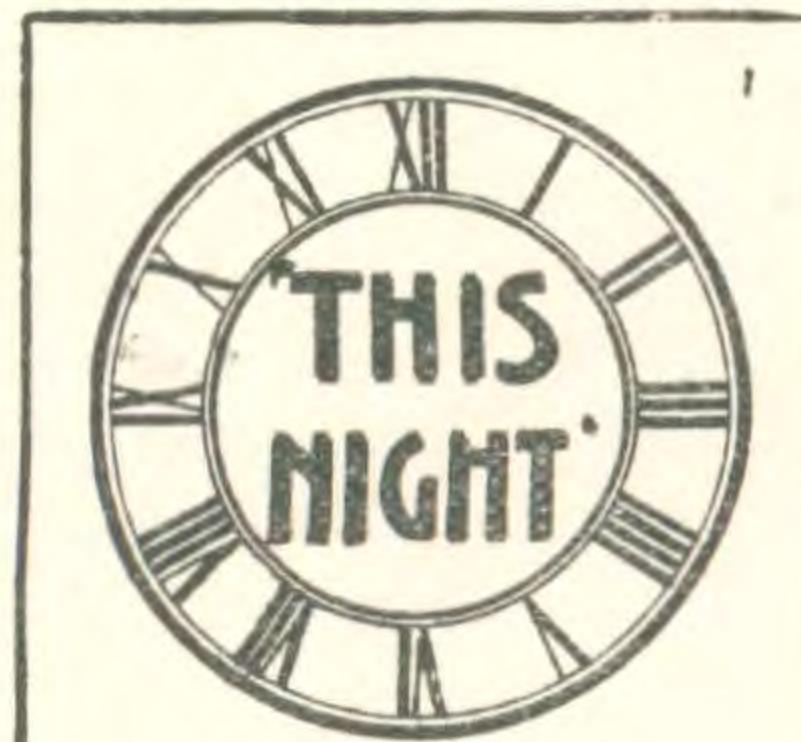
Jesus, the great Artist, pourtrays them: "Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said to the wise, Give us of your oil; for our

lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so: lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and *the door was shut*" (Matt. 25. 1-13). They believed about the bridegroom, were virgins of good character, mixed with the wise, had lamps like theirs, intended being at the banquet; but—

If in either of these characters we recognise our own portraits, let us remember "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Psalm 111. 10), for "after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe" (1 Cor. 1. 21). God saves for Jesus' sake all who believe; it pleases God to do so. Will you so please Him? Surely this way of salvation is so simple "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Isaiah 35. 8), and the sinner who neglects it will at last say, "I have played the fool, and erred exceedingly."

W. L.



THE IDIOT AND THE BURNING HOUSE;

OR, HOW TO BE A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.



THE IDIOT AND THE BURNING HOUSE.



MOST who read these lines have seen a house on fire. If living in a town or city you have heard a noise, and on turning round you saw the crowd hurrying to clear the way for the fire engine. On, on, on the horses gallop, up one street and down another until they reach the burning building. After discovering the seat of the fire the hose is applied, and streams of water are poured into the flames. If there are any persons in the place the firemen look after them first.

The brave fellows often make their way through blinding smoke and fire, and at the risk of their lives rescue them from a terrible death.

I want to tell of an idiot boy who was burnt to death. The house in which he and his parents lived was discovered to be on fire. The firemen were soon on the scene. The boy was missing, and could not be found. What had become of him? He was not in his room, and diligent search was made. When the firemen were trying to get him, to their amazement they saw him astride a beam near the top of the burning building. They shouted aloud for him to drop, and they would save him. The poor simpleton paid no attention to the call, and pointing at the fiery flame which was rapidly approaching him exclaimed: "LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!" Again and again he was urged to descend, but he heeded not the words of warning and invitation. The flames reached the beam on which he sat; still he gazed in wonder and admiration, crying, "Look! look! look!" The firemen made desperate efforts, but ere they could reach him the beam suddenly gave way, and falling into the devouring fire the boy was burnt to death.

None of you would blame the poor lad *for refusing to allow himself to be saved*. He had no sense, and therefore knew no better. If he had been in his right mind

he would have sought a way of escape from the danger to which he was exposed. Yet I am afraid there are many who are in worse danger, and know it not. The poet has sung:

"I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load."

The Scriptures tell of an awful fire which has been burning for centuries, to which those who are not true Christians are fast hurrying. The Bible shows that "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and *all the nations that forget God*" (Psalm 9. 17); not only the blasphemer, the drunkard, the swearer, the murderer will be cast into this dreadful pit, but all who **FORGET** God. Those whose minds are occupied with fun and amusement, and who will not **TAKE TIME** to think about their souls, will be there. All the wicked people from every nation, country, and kingdom—all those who "forget God" from every city, town, and village will be confined in the bottomless pit, having no opportunity of escaping from their fearful, fiery prison house. "These shall go away unto *everlasting punishment*" (Matt. 25. 46).

You may be obedient to your parents, you may be kind and loving to your sisters and brothers, you may be well liked by your playmates and friends, but if you have not truly believed on the Lord Jesus Christ you are hastening there. There is no reason why you should ever be there; God loved you so much as to give His only begotten Son that you might not perish but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). The Lord Jesus is waiting with outstretched arms, saying to you: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Don't allow your football, cricket, marbles, books, or companions to keep you from Christ. Allow Him to save you and blot out all your sins. There is one and *only one* way of salvation, and that is through faith in Christ's precious Blood. The idiot looked at *the flame* instead of *the firemen*. He was ignorant of his danger, therefore he had no desire of being saved. Look by faith to Jesus dying on Calvary's tree, and Heaven is yours for ever and ever.

A. M.

MADE HAPPY—KEPT HAPPY—EVER HAPPY.

A BUNDANT testimony has been given in these pages that all good people do *not* die young. Ample witness has been borne in these "How God Saved" stories that Christ can satisfy all ages, nationalities, and characters. It may be interesting to record how a hardy son of toil passed triumphantly from this world of sin to that land where sin shall be known no more.

Lachlin M'Kinnon, the son of Malcolm M'Kinnon, a preacher of the Gospel whose voice has been heard in many parts of the United Kingdom, was neither better nor worse than ordinary boys. Not realising his condition by nature, and not knowing his soul's deep need, he lived "a stranger to grace and to God" till January, 1902, when, "through faith in the Blood," he was saved and satisfied.

Like most young converts, he was given only a few weeks to "stand," but having been truly "born again" (John 3. 3), he realised that Jesus is abundantly able to save. The most severe test of all—the facing of the grim monster Death, the crossing of the dark river—only made his faith burn brighter and brighter. Here is his own testimony, given in writing six weeks before he died:

HIS LAST LETTER—I am writing to let you know what God has done for me. He has saved me, and how? By simply "believing," as declared in John 3. 16 and John 5. 24. Being brought face to face with my ruined, lost, and helpless condition, I took my place in Isaiah 53. 6, and by taking my place as a *lost sinner*, and putting faith in Jesus, God was able to put me in the position of 1 Peter 2. 9. And truly those in such a blessed position have as their own the portion of the Psalmist (Psa. 16. 6). Our gracious God and Father not only saves us, places us in such a position, and metes out to us such a portion, but He also gives us the

glorious inheritance of 1 Peter 1. 4 and the promise of John 14. 1, 2. Surely these should keep us from fainting and cheer us on our way, for "He faileth not" (Zeph. 3. 5), and is the Restorer continually of those who, like David, have put their trust in Him (Psa. 71. 1). Though we get weak and weary, yet we are made strong by drinking in God's Word and privileged to feed our souls upon the Lamb. The joy contained in Romans 5. 11, and the peace conveyed to us through Col. 1. 20 is all received from God through our Lord Jesus Christ, who was our Sin-bearer and Substitute (1 Peter 2. 24), for which I thank and praise His Name. From one whose voice will mingle with those spoken of in Revelation 5. 9."—L. M'K.

A LAST VISIT.—A Christian who visited him on the 7th June writes: "After reading and prayer I said to him, 'What are you resting upon?' He replied, 'Jesus died for me. I am resting on the precious Blood that was shed for me.' I next asked, 'What shall I say to those who ask how you are keeping?' 'Tell them I am happy trusting in Jesus,' he answered."

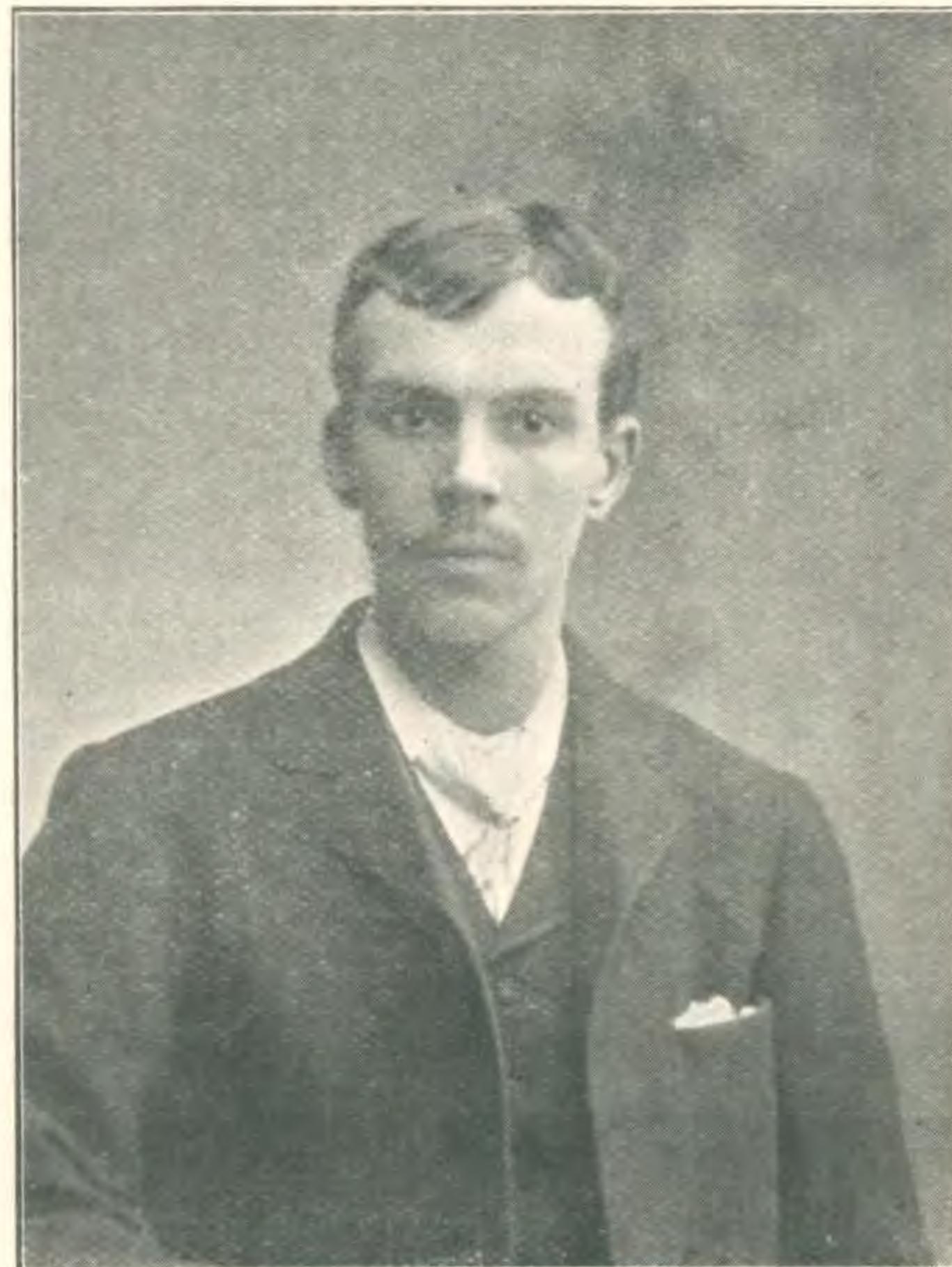
A LAST CALL.—Two hours before he said his final farewell he pleaded with a companion to come to Jesus and be saved, concluding his last message with, "Hugh, if you forget all I say, I want you not to for-

get one thing: 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the Judgment'."

Then on the 9th of June, 1903, in the thirty-second year of his age, this former weary and heavy-laden sinner, who had found rest in Jesus, and witnessed for a short period for Him, was enabled to rejoice in his dying moments, and passed joyously into the eternal rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Are you saved now? Would you be afraid to die to-night? Are you prepared to meet God? Is your name written in the Lamb's Book of Life?

HYP.



LACHLIN M'KINNON.

MOORHOUSE AND THE MUSIC-BOX.



DURING the second visit of Henry Moorhouse to America, he went to a certain city and bore such sweet and simple testimony to the person and work of the Lord Jesus that many of God's people were greatly comforted and refreshed. The children of a Sunday School in that city heard of his little girl who was paralysed, and they determined to send her a present. Her father knew nothing of their purpose, and after preaching "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" in various places, he returned in a few months to England.

He had not been at home long until he received a letter from a business firm in London asking him to give them particulars about his family. This he did, and then came a second letter inquiring whether he had ever visited America. To the second letter he replied, and it was followed by a third, desiring to know whether he had ever been to the city of —, and if so, wishing him to mention the names of any persons he knew in that city. This, too, was answered, and then came a fourth letter, announcing that a valuable music-box had been entrusted to their care for Henry Moorhouse, Stratford, Manchester, England. In order to be sure that the box would reach its destination, they obtained a Manchester Directory, and found the address of Henry Moorhouse, Stratford *Road*, Manchester. Of course they could not tell which of the two had a right to claim the beautiful box, and hence they made all these careful inquiries that the real owner might be discovered. Having

become satisfied that he was the person for whom it was intended, it was forwarded without delay, and many weary hours its soft tones soothed the invalid.

Suppose a message should be sent direct from heaven to Henry Moorhouse, Stratford, Manchester, England, promising him salvation; or suppose his name should be plainly written across the sky as one whom Jesus offers to redeem; or suppose he could read in the Bible that God sent His Son to die for Henry Moorhouse, of Stratford, Manchester, England; all this would give him no comfort when he learned that there was a Henry Moorhouse, Stratford *Road*, Manchester, England. He could not tell whether the message, and promise, and assurance were for him, or whether they were intended for another person of the same name, and hence he would always be in constant doubt.

But the Gospel is far better than this, for it speaks in such terms that there can be no mistake concerning its meaning, nor concerning those to whom it is addressed. It leaves us in no uncertainty about our own state as lost sinners, nor about our own state as saved sinners, if we simply believe its testimony. It is so direct and searching, it comes to every one with the solemn words, "Thou art the man!" and in its great WHOSOEVER leaves no room for any of the human race to escape its condemnation, and no reason for any to despair of its present salvation.

Henry Moorhouse, in Stratford, Henry Moorhouse, in Stratford *Road*, and Henry Moorhouse, anywhere, could put their names into God's great, big "WHOSOEVER," and feel quite certain that there was no mistake, for it included them all. So *you*, too, whatever your name, wherever your place of abode, may at once accept of "the gift of God, which is eternal life."

Then, the only thing Henry Moorhouse had to do was to *accept* the gift. It was purchased and sent carriage paid to his very door. So, "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9).

N. B.

TIM'S TURNING-POINT.

ONE summer's evening some years ago two lads might have been seen strolling, arm-in-arm, along the sands near the mouth of the River Tweed. They were engaged in earnest conversation, for neither of them took much notice either of the salmon fishers or the procession of herring boats that was slowly making its way down the river, and putting out to sea for a night's fishing. Both the lads were spending their holidays at this bracing seaside resort, and were glad of each other's company.

Jack was about sixteen years of age, tall for his years, thin, and studious looking, but with bright eyes, and an earnestness of manner which bespoke a thoroughly enthusiastic nature.

Tim was a year younger, and quite different in figure and temperament. He was less in stature than Jack, but of such a build as betokened a good all-round athlete. In fact, he was generally amongst the number chosen to play football and

cricket matches for the school. He cared more for games, frolic, and mischief than study. The rougher the game the better it pleased him, and, to tell the truth, he had taken part in numerous fist fights, and gloried in them. "Larks" of all sorts were the joy of his life.

Jack had lately been living in a border town where there had been a great revival work, and he, together with many others, had "passed from death unto life." He was so overjoyed in his new experience of the Saviour's love that it was his chief delight to try and convince his companions of the absurdity of Christianity being gloomy or dull. His happy, beaming face told of an inward peace and happiness which had effect upon all who came in contact with him. Jack was a little bit surprised to find a most attentive listener in Tim, who had hitherto dodged the evangelists who had tried to get a private chat with him at the close of some Gospel meetings to which his anxious mother had



Poulton's Photo, by permission.

THE HARBOUR, BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

TIM'S TURNING-POINT.

often coaxed him much against his will. There was something about Jack's simple sincerity and earnestness which captivated Tim, who could not help listening to his affectionate and ardent appeals, warning him of the danger of delay, of eternal punishment of sins, and explaining God's salvation, chiefly dwelling upon the 24th verse of the 5th chapter of John. Jack looked eagerly into the face of his companion. Tim was gazing at a herring-boat, with its broad, brown sails, then just crossing the bar, but there was a dreamy, far-away expression about his face which told that his thoughts were not occupied with objects around him. He was thinking very intently about what Jack had been saying, and his thoughts were running in this groove: "Jack says, 'Christ died for *my* sins,' I wish I could believe that—*my* sins. How did Christ know I would be born and commit such a host of sins? What a sinner I am, and only fifteen years of age! If Christ would come in person, and say to me here by the sea-side, '*Thy sins be forgiven thee*,' I'd believe Him on the spot. But Jack says the *written* word is as good as the *spoken* word if I believe it is written by God's authority. Christ said long ago: 'He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life.' I wish I knew Christ actually

died for *my* sins, and that He *really* loves me." Just as Tim was thus musing, Jack said: "Tim, if you are really anxious about your soul, you will have no objection to kneel down with me here on the sands; it's getting dark, and very few people will see us; Christ may come be-

fore we have time to get to your lodgings or mine, and then you would be shut out of Heaven for ever." Tim looked round at some people a little distance off, and felt somewhat ashamed to kneel there, but his companion's words, "shut out of Heaven for ever," rung in his ears. He thought, "I really want to be saved, and this may be my last chance." Slowly his stubborn knees bent beside those of his faithful companion, who sent up such a pleading, heartfelt petition to the throne of God for the salvation of Tim that it would have been strange indeed had it not received an immediate answer.

God did answer there and then, for Tim "believed in his heart" (Rom. 10. 9) that Jesus died for him, and rose from his knees with the sense of forgiveness and with the assurance of having passed from "death unto life." He said to his companion: "I see it all now so plain, Jack, and can truthfully say like Paul, "Christ loveth *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Galatians 2. 20).

This was the turning-point in Tim's life. He told Jack he would like to go to Heaven straight away in case he might again dishonour Christ by committing sins, but Jack assured him that the power of God that had saved him from the Lake of Fire was also able to keep converted boys from living in sin. "Besides,

Tim," said Jack, "Christ has saved you not merely to enjoy Heaven, but to be the means of saving others while He allows you to remain on the earth." And so it afterwards proved. Tim became one of the most consistent Christians and best soul-winners in the town. Lu.



FISHERMEN LEAVING FOR A NIGHT'S FISHING.

ONLY A BEGGAR CHILD.

[Simple verses concerning a beggar lad, who, wandering into the railway station of a country town, was caught by a night train and killed.]

ORIGINAL FOR "BOYS AND GIRLS."

WITHIN a busy station, the crowds run to and fro;
And somehow don't seem certain, which way they ought to go.
In spite of all their questions, and all the guards' replies,
Their puzzled, anxious voices, are full of "where's?" and "why's?"

"Yes, sir," shouts out the porter, "'tis platform No. one.
See! there the train is moving! look sharp! you'll have to run!!"
Then turning rather quickly, he nearly stumbled o'er,
A little, ragged, homeless boy, of some six years or more.



"THE FLAG WAVES TO AND FRO."

"Why! bless me, child;" he hotly said, "what keeps you standing here?
Get out the way," the porter cried, "and keep the passage clear."
Then turning, quickly, off he strode, and did not hear the sighs,
Or see the bitter, scalding tears, that filled the urchin's eyes.

'Tis getting late, it's ten o'clock, the trains keep rushing in,
And hurrying feet, and clashing doors, keep up a constant din.
And many a weary, care-worn face, relaxes to a smile,
As thoughts of home and pleasure come, their journey to beguile.

The time is up, the whistle blows, the flag waves to and fro—
A jerk, a shriek—a *shriek!* oh, no—the engine whistles so.
The train is off, and rushing on, leaves miles and miles behind,
And bears a hundred weary hearts to rest and peace of mind.

* * * * *

The gray, pale dawn is breaking, with its dull and cheerless light,
And struggling thro' the heavy clouds, dispels the dreary night.
But, what is this? it's first keen gleams, reveal to heaven's view—
A CHILD!—a poor, dead, frozen child, with limbs all stiff and blue.

Fair, flaxen ringlets, tossing wild, back from a stiffened brow;
Sweet, boyish lips are parted, but the smile is frozen now.
Two tiny hands are clasped in prayer—God heard that prayer alone,
And stooped to bear a beggar child to the glories of His home.

They gathered round—these rugged men, and many an eye was dim;
The porter groaned, with choking voice, "poor little lad, it's him
I spoke so gruffly to last night." But others only said,
"Come, take it not so ill,
He's but a little beggar-lad—a nameless grave to fill.

Only a little beggar-lad, and God had called him home,
And gathered in His loving arms, the lamb destined to roam—
Homeless and poor—this cold, cold world, without a single friend;
And Jesus called the little waif, to pleasures without end.

Sept., 1890.

J. A. W.

Such incidents as these carry home to our minds the Scripture injunction—"Be ye also ready." The bravest boy may *soon* be laid low, the cheeriest girl may *soon* be called away. Death may come suddenly to you! Are you ready!! Read John v. 24.

"NO MORE"—A BLACKBOARD TALK.

"No more!"

Return to his home
Sins, remembered
Death, Curse, or Sea
Offering for Sin

COME now, my young friends! watch while I chalk two short words on the board. What are they? "No more." All together. "No MORE." That is better. Let us be quite sure, however, that you know what "no more" means. When mother has been giving dear baby a drink of milk, and she thinks her darling has had enough, she cries, "No more now!" and places him in his crib. When you are getting some nasty medicine you quickly shut your mouth and cry, "No more!" When the little one cries for sweets, knowing that they will do her harm, her big sister says, "No more; you have had enough." But I am sure you understand now what "no more" means.

There are four places in the Bible where these expressive words are used, and each is very serious. The first was uttered by poor, afflicted Job when he described the time when a man must die: "So he that goeth to the grave shall come up no more; he shall

RETURN NO MORE TO HIS HOUSE"

(Job 7. 10). This will be true of each of us some day. I knew a bright girl returning home from school who slipped her foot on the railway carriage step, fell between the lines, and was killed. She returned *no more* to her house. A little lad of seven, playing in the road, was run over by a lorry, and his skull crushed in—he returned *no more* to his house. Some lads were out bathing; one got out of his depth; another swam to help him; both were drowned—they returned *no more* to their house. Your day will come. Remember, death may find you while you are young. But how would death find you? "In your sins," or "in Christ Jesus"? Your sins must be forgiven, or you can never see God in righteousness, never enter where only the holy are admitted.

But God has found a ransom, and Christ's precious Blood was shed for the remission of sins. So satisfied is God by that death that He says to every believing sinner, "Your sins and your iniquities

WILL I REMEMBER NO MORE"

(Heb. 8. 12). As has been said, "The Blood of Christ has affected the very memory of God as to His people's sins." A young woman, recently con-

verted, went out to her father who was working in his field, and in the joy of her heart cried, "Father, *no more!* Father, *no more!*!" "No more what?" he asked. "My sins and iniquities God remembers *no more!*" she replied. Could you sing the joyful strain?

"They're forgiven, forgotten, and cleansed, and gone;
My sins are remembered no more.
They're atoned for and covered by God's own Son;
My sins are remembered no more."

But, dear children, there is a wonderful future, even for this earth, in "the world to come." We read in Book of Revelation of

THREE "NO MORES."

There shall be NO MORE DEATH (Rev. 21. 4); NO MORE CURSE (Rev. 22. 3); NO MORE SEA (Rev. 21. 1). Every result of sin over this earth will be abolished. No tears, no sighing, no pain, and no dying. Oh! what a glorious time that will be. Every one shall be holy and happy, glorious and free. Say, will you be there? Up hands all who would *like* to be there. Ah! that is a good show. Now, up hands all who are *sure* to be there. Alas! how few. I am glad to see some happy, radiant faces; I am also glad that so many are honest; but all can be saved by believing on the Son of God (Acts 16. 31), for "whosoever believeth in Him" shall "not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Do not stop at *wishing* you were saved; just now believe in Jesus, and be *certain* you are saved.

There is a solemn declaration, however, for all who despise Jesus and His Blood. For those God says there remains

NO MORE OFFERING FOR SIN

(Heb. 10. 18). There can be no other. His dying words were, "It is finished" (John 19. 30). All who refuse Christ must perish. His Great Offering on the Cross of Calvary avails for all who now flee for refuge there, but once the brittle thread of life is broken, there remaineth *no more* offering; then the words will come true: "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish;" then the Day of Grace will be past, the Door of Mercy closed, and the doom fixed. Oh, be sure you receive Him as you are, and that *just now*.

T. R. D.

FAITH FOR A SIXPENCE;
OR, "DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WE HAVE A FATHER IN HEAVEN?"



FAITH FOR A SIXPENCE.



THE little vendors on the London streets have a hard time, and many of the flower girls, match boys, and toy dealers must at times almost despair of life. Yet some of them know God as their Father and the Lord Jesus Christ

as their Saviour, as the following touching incident which happened to Mr. John Shrimpton will show:

I was walking along the streets of London one cold and wet night with a desponding friend, trying to cheer him, and longing to see a spark of hope kindled in his heart. In our walk we arrived at Victoria Station. While talking together a little child stepped forward and said: "Any lights, sir?"

"No, Topsy," I replied; "I don't want any; I don't smoke."

"Oh, but please, sir, do buy a box!" she persisted in a pleading tone.

"No, no; run away, Topsy," I continued; "I have no use for lights."

But still she persisted. At last, seeing her earnestness, I asked her what she did all day, and at what time she was going home, for it was then past ten o'clock.

"Oh," she replied, "I go to school in the day, and after four o'clock I come out here."

"But why do not your father and mother take care of you?" I asked.

"Father has run away, and mother is ill in bed."

"And what do you come out here for?"

"I come and stay here till I have taken sixpence."

"But you don't always take sixpence, do you?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

"But you won't get sixpence to-night."

"Yes, I shall, sir."

"Well, how much have you now?"

She seemed inclined not to let me know;

but I said, "Come, Topsy, you must tell me all about it." So, half afraid, she drew some coppers from a pocket in her cotton dress, and counted out threepence-halfpenny.

"Well, now, you will never get sixpence to-night," I said.

"Oh, yes, sir," she answered, "I shall. I always take home sixpence."

"Now, Topsy, tell me what makes you so sure of getting sixpence."

For some time she would not answer, but after a little pressing she said: "Because before I come out I kneel down by mother's bed and pray, and mother says our Father will help me to get sixpence, and He always does."

"Oh, but I thought you said your father had run away?"

"Don't you know, sir," she simply asked, "that we have a Father in heaven?"

"Yes, but you don't mean to say He hears you about a sixpence?"

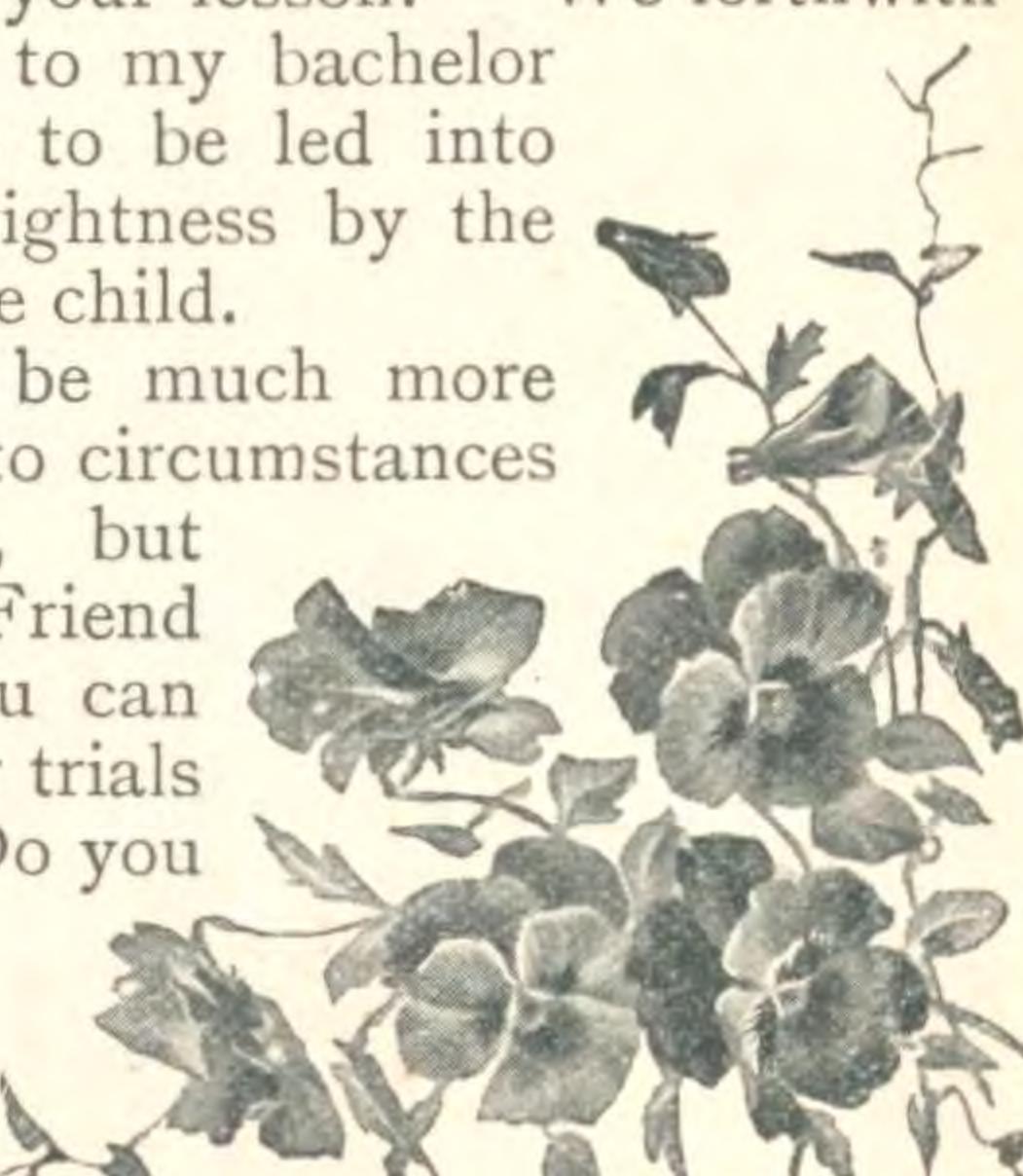
"Yes, He does, sir, and He will send me sixpence."

"Well, if I were to give you twopence-halfpenny, what would you do?"

"Why, sir, I should run home to mother, because my Father had given me all I asked for."

It is needless to say that the twopence-halfpenny was speedily produced, and suitably acknowledged by the little one, who merrily tripped away home. I turned to my friend, who all this time had stood by without saying a word; our glances met, and my only remark was, "There, H—, you have got your lesson." We forthwith separated—I to my bachelor chambers, he to be led into hope and brightness by the faith of a little child.

You may be much more favoured as to circumstances than Topsy, but have you a Friend to whom you can carry all your trials and cares. Do you know Jesus as your own personal Saviour? N.B.



"JIM THE CAT."

WELL may he be spoken of as "Jim the Cat," for to two persons at least he will ever remain "*The Cat*." Why? Because he was the means of saving them from being burned to death!

Sleeping within the rooms of Warren House Inn, near Wokingham, on the night of July 21st, 1903, were Mr. William Bailey, the brother of the innkeeper, and the landlady of the house. "Jim the Cat" was snugly curled up on the mat at the bedroom door when Mr. Bailey retired to rest. Half an hour after midnight he was awakened by "Jim" patting his face and purring loudly. He stroked the animal gently and went to sleep again. A few minutes later "Jim" was on the bed once more. This time he scratched the face of the sleeping man and cried so piteously that Mr. Bailey sat up, and looking round, found the room in which he was sleeping full of smoke.

Realising the danger in which he was placed, and judging by the density of the smoke that the house was on fire, he at once made for the room of his brother's wife only to find the heat and the smoke overpowering. Losing no time, they got out of the burning building, which in a very brief space was gutted by the flames.

Now, as you look at the photograph of "Jim" and the gentleman he saved, you admire the beautiful and sagacious animal,

and think how much the rescued one must love his rescuer. You cannot imagine Mr. Bailey letting "Jim" die neglected and unloved. You pity the heart which remains unmoved by such a simple tale of natural affection. Yet how great the contrast to the treatment of a far more wonderful Saviour.

To rescue us from going down to the "lake which burneth with fire and brimstone,"

the only begotten Son of God left His Father's bosom in glory and died upon the Cross of Calvary. Being raised from the dead and having ascended up on high, He sent the Holy Spirit to plead with us gently, or speak to us strongly, and urge us to escape the sinner's doom.

Yet, alas! how many have turned a deaf ear to this tale of love and treated with indifference the pleading Voice. You say, "Shame on such," but examine your own heart and see if you have ever truly thanked the

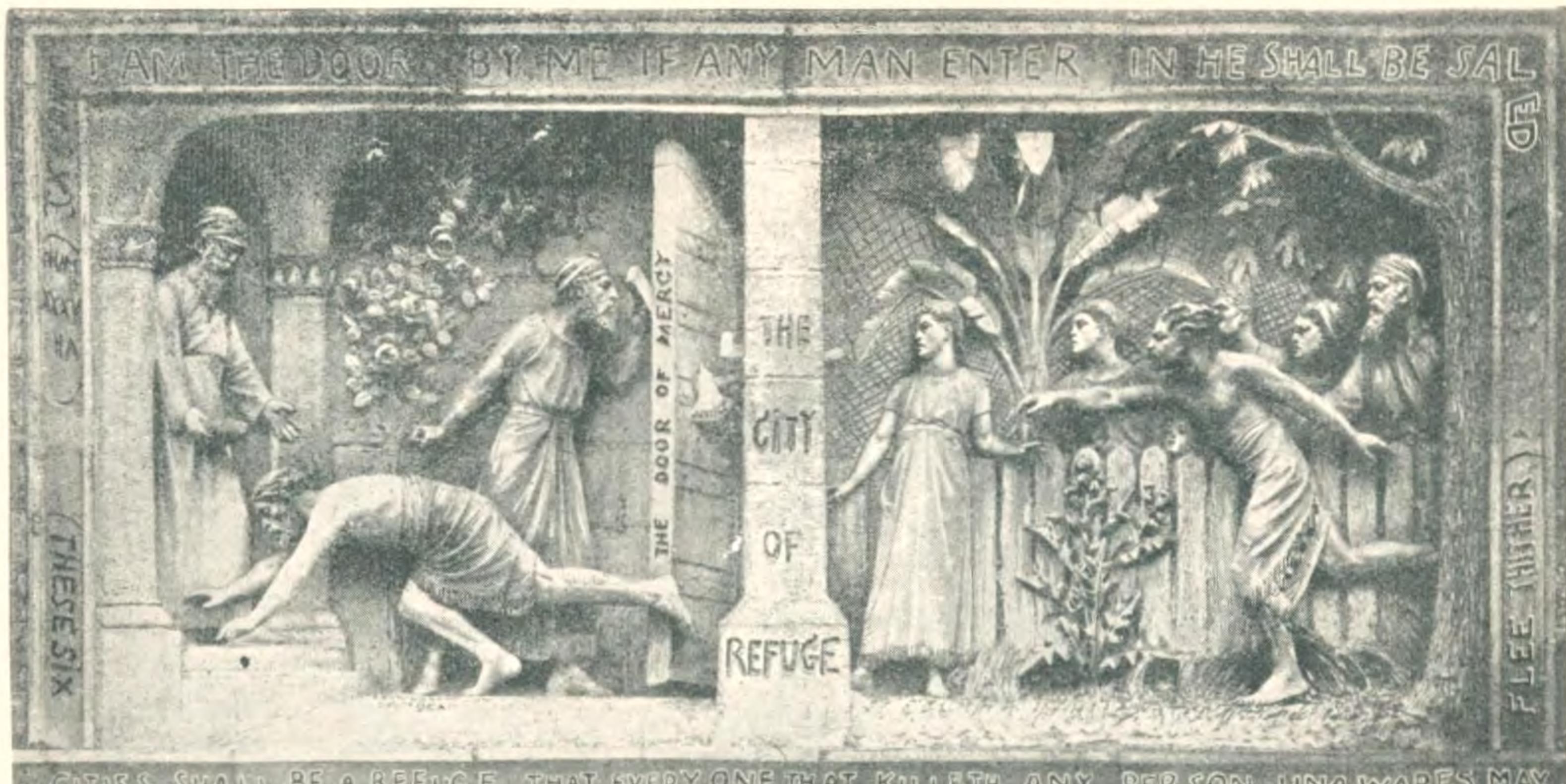


MR. BAILEY AND THE CAT WHICH SAVED HIM.

Lord Jesus for dying such a death *for you*. Think if you have ever done one act out of pure love for Him. Call to remembrance the time when you said from your heart, "I love HIM because He first loved *me*."

If such moments are unknown in your life, why not *just now* "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" and then you will be able with all your heart to exclaim, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift"? HYP.

THE RUN TO THE REFUGE.



CITIES SHALL BE A REFUGE THAT EVERY ONE THAT KILLETH ANY PERSON UNAWARES MAY
By permission of Messrs Doulton & Co., Lambeth.

THE CITY OF REFUGE. PANEL BY GEORGE TINWORTH.

GEORGE TINWORTH, the famous artist whose terra-cotta panels have made so many of the best-known Bible incidents live again before our very eyes, has graphically pictured the touching story of THE CITY OF REFUGE, and Messrs. Doulton have kindly granted permission to reproduce the panel.

Let your mind wander back to the time when the children of Israel had just finished their weary desert march and were newly settled in the land of Canaan. The Divine decree had appointed six cities to be set aside as cities of Refuge—three being on one side of Jordan and three on the other, so as to be convenient for all the people in the land.

Two men are out in the wood cutting down trees; as the younger man is bringing down a heavy stroke upon one of the forest giants the axe head flies off, strikes his aged companion on the head, and causes his death. The sons of the dead man are soon upon the scene. What becomes of THE MANSLAYER? Does he wait and explain, or stand and fight? No, he has only one thought before him: "He shall FLEE unto one of those cities and live" (Deut. 19. 5). So away he hies as fast as his legs will carry him. The sports of the

times interest him not. He flees for his life. In hot pursuit runs one of the angry sons of the dead man thirsting to be THE AVENGER of his father's blood. Did time ever seem so fleeting! Did life ever feel so precious! Did a spot ever seem so dear as that DOOR OF MERCY just ahead of the leader in the race? The pursuer is gaining on him, the hope of salvation almost fades from his bosom. "Run, run," shout the interested *spectators* who lingered round the city gate. One last desperate effort, one never-to-be-forgotten moment, and he falls utterly exhausted within the door of mercy which the careful elder, ever on the alert, closes just in time to prevent the AXE OF JUSTICE, flung with all the vigour and force of his pursuer, from falling on him. Thank God, he is saved and safe. One moment he was in the *thistle*-grown path of sin; the next he is in the *rose*-covered portico of salvation, there to be given the *bread* of life and water of refreshment.

So Jesus says, "I am THE DOOR; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John 10. 9); and all who flee to Him for refuge from their sins find an ever-open door and an ever-hearty welcome. Have you entered within the Door? Are you saved?

HYP.

"I'M DETERMINED TO DIE RICH."

THE above sentence once fell from a man's lips under peculiar circumstances. Let me once more tell the story.

A ship called *The Britannia* struck on some rocks off the coast of Brazil. A large consignment of silver dollars was on board. In the hope of saving some of this treasure, a number of the barrels filled with the dollars were brought on deck. But the vessel was settling down

so fast that the only chance for life was in immediately taking to the boats.

Just before the last boat pushed off one of the officers was sent back to make sure that no one was being left behind. To his surprise he came upon a man engaged in opening barrels containing the silver and heaping the contents up around him. "What are you doing?" he shouted. "Do you not know the vessel is fast going to pieces?" "The ship may go to pieces," said the man. "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I'm determined to die rich." The officer's remonstrances were only answered by another flourish of the hatchet, and the man was left to his self-chosen watery grave; for in a brief space of time the ship was engulfed by the waves.

As to whether he was mad or a fool, it is useless to enquire. But the strange thing is that this man has thousands of imitators in the present day. Permit me, reader, to ask, "Are you one of them?" For many of the smartest and most successful business men of the day have practically resolved as that sailor resolved. At all hazards they have determined to get rich, and it is not unlikely they will do it. For, as a rule, men get what they set their minds on and patiently labour for in this world.

But at what a cost, too often, do men attain their end! Health of body, peace of heart, mental culture, family enjoyments—are all by many forfeited for the sake of gain. Men sweat and toil, scheme and plan, sear their consciences and neglect their eternal future



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" HE SHOUTED

"I'M DETERMINED TO DIE RICH."

—and all for the sake of *dying* rich. Yes; for when a man considers he has made enough, he is usually pretty near the end of the course.

And in this mad rush for wealth many are just destroying themselves, losing their souls in this fierce fight for fortune. Ah, friend! the old but ever seasonable question again comes to you: "*What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*" Ponder over this

question, and consider well the sum of "Profit and Loss" set you by God.

Oh, the folly of men who barter eternal happiness for the sake of the merest fraction of the world! Even should you become a multi-millionaire, which is not at all probable; though you come to own square miles of land, which is not likely, in a few short years at the most two square yards of ground will contain the mortal house in which you have lived on earth: but where will you be? *Where? Where?* J. N. C.

"KILTY"—A GLASGOW WAIF.

HE was a bright little fellow of some eight years—a waif from a Glasgow slum who had been compelled to fight his own little battle in life almost from babyhood. In Mr. Mackeith and his noble band of helpers he found friends in the truest sense of the word, and day in and day out he was to be found with other little unfortunates dining in the Tent Hall, Saltmarket. He was enjoying at the time of which I write the hospitality provided by the "Fresh-air Fortnight Scheme" at the Muter-Macgill Home, East Kilbride, and was visibly benefitting by the change in circumstances and environment. "Kilty," as he had been nick-

named for an obvious reason by the other boys, was decidedly original in his views, and awakened no little interest by his original description of spiritual things. In answer to the question, "How do you expect to get to Heaven?" addressed by the "Prophet" at the Home for that particular week-end to a number of the boys who had clustered round him, "Kilty" remarked, "It's like this, when ye dee an angel comes doon frae Heaven an' pits wings on ye, an' then she pits ye on her shouther an' ye flee awa' up thro' the clouds wi' her." The "Prophet" endeavoured to

correct "Kilty's" theology, and explained that the one who believed in Jesus neither got wings when he died nor was his body caught up, but that it was the spirit within the body that went to God. When asked

what he thought Heaven would be like, he replied, "I dinna ken, but I think it'll be a fine place." Then he assumed a thinking attitude, and suddenly startled his hearers by asking, "Will I see M'Lean Street frae Heaven?" He evidently thought that if he gained the Golden Street he should like a peep at his dingy abode below. What a contrast!

You smile at the odd remarks of this dear little fellow. But how different have been your circum-

stances, and how many your privileges! You could answer the above questions quite correctly, and yet, although you know the way of salvation so well, you are still unsaved. Your condemnation should you die unsaved (which God forbid!) will be all the greater because of your many privileges. "What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" Why not accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour now, and then you will be able to go and tell such as "Kilty" how they may be sure of a home in the glory land by-and-bye "when He cometh to make up His jewels." R. M.



"KILTY."

At a Venture.



RIIGHT opposite the office of *Boys and Girls* there is a steep street, where, during the recent storm, it has been the joy of hundreds of young folks to enjoy numerous slides or toboggan rides. As we stood and watched them, what a *variety* of ways the attempts were made to reach the bottom without a fall; and we learned one lesson—the boy who ventured most came off best

DID YOU EVER TRY TO SLIDE?

Of course you have. What boy or girl has not? And the famous Canadian game, *toboggan*, as well. How queer you felt at first when you thought of trusting your precious body to that piece of wooden plank. How you kicked and pushed, started and stopped, till at last you *ventured* on it altogether, and off you went merrily down the glassy slope, and landed safely at the foot. You never enjoyed the ride till you *trusted fully*.

DID YOU EVER TRY TO SKATE?

Now, what *boy* hasn't *tried* at least. And if you did not give in, but "try, try again," you remember the peculiar pleasure of the first moment, when, with the vast expanse of ice all around, and the narrow steel beneath, with every muscle in operation, you felt *you could do it*, and might have done it much sooner had you *trusted* instead of doubting. You never half enjoyed the skates till you *ventured wholly*.

CAN YOU RIDE A CYCLE?

Well, that's not a Gospel question, you think. No, but one question at a time please. *Can you ride?* Ah, what big boy nowadays, since the introduction of the "Safety," cannot ride his iron steed. Tell us how did you do it? You almost laugh as you think of being held on; of rolling to one side; of going head over heels over the handle; or being found "man at bottom, machine at top." Then you remember the first moment when you were "away," "off for fairs," and you could ride. Were *you* different? Was

it a different machine? No; but you had *ventured* at last, like a good wheelman, and *venturing*, the pleasure followed.

CAN YOU SWIM?

Don't say yes if you can't, for many say they can, and if tried at sea or in deep water it would be to the bottom they would go. But you really can! Oh! didn't we try and try With one foot at the bottom, or with toe on sand, we did it. No! No! When we fixed on the big rock a few yards out; when we took the header into the deep; when we *ventured* out of our depth: then, to our astonishment, we swam.

Just like this some of us remember how we got saved. We tried one foot on self and the other on Christ; one toe on our good works (shifting sand) and the other to move heavenward, but it would not do, till, in our despair, we said:

Sink or swim,
I'll trust Him.

And, marvels of marvels, that moment we were "saved."

How strange that boys and girls can *trust* themselves to a piece of wood, or a bar of steel, or a pair of wheels, or to the briny deep, and cannot *trust* themselves to Jesus, the eternal Son of God.

ARE YOU SAVED?

That's a Gospel question right enough, but can you give it a right enough answer? Can you say, "Yes?" Or do you say—like those who cannot slide, or skate, or swim—"I wish I could?" Would you like to be saved? Then remember, you will never know the joy of going to heaven, or the blessedness of calling God your "Father" until you cease trusting in self, or feelings, or tryings, and VENTURE WHOLLY on Jesus and His finished work. He says, "I AM THE DOOR" (John 10. 9).

Will you venture right in at once? He says, "I AM THE WAY" (John 14. 9). Will you step right on to the road to heaven now. Venture! trust! believe! on Jesus as your own personal Saviour and be saved.

"Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude."



THE HAND OF FAITH.

"BEHOLD, the days come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers when I took them by the *hand* to lead them out of the land of Egypt" (Jer. 31. 31, 32). The Israelites were captives in Egypt, crushed down and cruelly treated by Pharaoh, but in their day of darkness a Hand was thrust into their midst; it was the Hand of their Deliverer. By faith each Israelite grasped that Hand, and it loosed them from their bonds and led them to the promised land. So it must be with us; we must grasp by the **HAND OF FAITH**—the Hand that is stretched out to save.

Our picture shows us the Hand of Faith, and its five fingers would teach five beautiful lessons. When David descended into the valley of Elah to fight and conquer Goliath of Gath God provided Him with five smooth stones. One proved sufficient, for in the first blow he laid low the giant. So in the Hand of Faith we have five feeble fingers, and were but one of these raised up to petition the throne of grace the answer would come swift and sure, and the supplies of heaven be within easy reach of the needy one. Nevertheless God's purpose is, and our prayer should be, "Increase our faith" (Luke 17. 5).

FINGER I. TOILS NOT—that is for salvation. Plenty of work for the steward, but none for the sinner. Works of self-righteousness lead only to boasting, and heaven is for *believers* and not *boasters*, for Romans 3. 27 declares "boasting is excluded by the law of faith." "Knowing," says Galatians 2. 16, "that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have *believed* in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."

FINGER II. TRUSTS IN GOD'S POWER. The question asked by Jesus of His disciples, "How is it that ye have no faith?" is still hard to answer. For whether it be to save from hell, or shield from the Tempter, or strengthen and satisfy helpless and hungry souls, the power of God is all-sufficient. Jesus is mighty to save. "The Lord is my rock and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my

strength in Whom I will trust." **FINGER III.**

TAKES GOD AT HIS WORD. We, living in 1903 A.D., should be ashamed to go so far back as 1903 B.C. for our examples. Yet there is no better illustration of believing what God says than faithful Abraham who "STAGGERED NOT at the promise of God through unbelief; but was STRONG IN FAITH, giving glory to God" (Rom. 4. 20). "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). God promises, and God will perform; what we have to do is to partake by faith of the blessings God's grace offers to all. "So, then, they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham."

FINGER IV. TREMBLES

AT TIMES. "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for He is faithful who promised" (Heb. 10. 23) "The profession of our faith," that includes many things, and certainly the truth that if God is our Father, He will care for us. "Without wavering," not allowing the cares and the tears, the crosses and the losses of our life here to shake our faith in Him who worketh all things together for good to them that love His Name. When we begin to faint by the way and fear for the worst, let us remember that we are soldiers who must endure the hardship before we enjoy the spoils of victory. "But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the *breast-plate of faith* and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation; above all, taking the *shield of faith*, where-with ye shall be able to

quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" (Ephesians 6. 16). Trembling let us still trust.

FINGER V. TRIUMPHS IN THE END.

Yes, TRIUMPHS! for after all we shall treat the Hand of Faith as a glove which, when Jesus comes, shall be laid aside, and not by faith but in actual fact we shall clasp the pierced hand of our Redeemer. Glorious, victorious words of Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all them also that love His appearing." D.M.M.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE BLIND SHEEP;

— OR, —

YOU WILL NEVER BE SAVED WITHOUT PERSONAL DEALINGS WITH THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS



THE SHEPHERD AND THE BLIND SHEEP.

"WHEN I was a shepherd, years ago, in the West of Scotland, a circumstance occurred which impressed me much at the time, and even now often recurs to my mind," said a friend.

His flock consisted at the time of 120 sheep which, as is usual in that part of the country, after being safely sheltered at night in the fold, had to be led each morning to their pasture on the moors, some distance away.

One evening, before passing them into the fold, it seemed there was one missing, and on again making them pass through the narrow opening, it was clear such was the case. No time was wasted, after securing the others, in going to seek the sheep that was lost, and after a long search it was found near where the flock had been feeding, in a hollow, well supplied with grass, which, however, it seemed to be quite unable to enjoy. It was groping about in a most strange and distressing manner, first in one direction and then in another, and evidently greatly disturbed at being unable to find its way to its shepherd, who was calling to it from a little distance. But all was made clear when the shepherd came to where the lost sheep was and made a closer examination. *It was blind*, the crumpled horns having gradually grown into the eyes, and thus causing great pain and hindering it from going straight to the shepherd.

"What a picture of the devil's work in poor sinners whom he 'leads captive at his will'!" And what a picture of the helplessness of those who desire to escape from his power. "Wretched, and miserable,

and poor, and blind," none can do helpless sinners good but Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

When the shepherd had secured the poor blind sheep and placed it on the road, it was still in no better condition to care for itself, but staggered from side to side, running into the fence and other obstacles, and would have soon battered itself to death, had not the kind shepherd helped it to a farm-house near by, where, notwithstanding its needless struggles, a couple of inches of each horn were sawed away, and soon it was able to follow its master, and enjoy as well as any the good things provided for it.

As long as it had followed the crowd of sheep, its condition had not been noticed, and it had got along tolerably well; but once alone, its helplessness and misery were felt and seen, and unless sought and rescued by the shepherd, death would soon have ensued. Christ the Good Shepherd always gets the poor sinner alone with Himself before saving him. People do not get saved in crowds, but singly. You will never be saved without a personal dealing with the Saviour of sinners—you, the guilty one, with Jesus Christ, the Holy One of God, who shed His life-blood on the accursed tree of Calvary to purchase redemption for the lost sons and daughters of Adam's race (Gal. 3. 13).

Take, then, your proper and true place as guilty, lost, and helpless, and claim for yourself the merits of the Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, and watches over and protects and feeds those who entrust themselves to His care. This is your only way of salvation, "for there is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). Don't hesitate, but come to the Saviour now. Then, like the blind sheep, you will be given sight, cared for all along the road of life, and be found in the great Fold of the Good Shepherd at last. Neglect salvation and you will be lost for ever and ever.

E. S.



HOW GOD SAVED A CHINESE BOY.

WE have given in former numbers the conversion story of individuals in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Transvaal, United States, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Spain, Italy, India, China, Japan, Egypt, Mexico, Morocco, Iceland, and Persia, proving that the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to *every one* that believeth (Rom. 1. 16).

We now give the account of a genuine conversion of a Chinese boy, written by David D. Jones, Chinese Interpreter, San Francisco, California.

"A number of Chinese Christians, most of them returned from California, had come together at my house in the market town of Shiong Jaak, in the district of San Ning, China, to worship God and to commemorate the death of our Lord and Saviour.

"Among these Christians was the little boy whose picture is on this page, who had been saved and become a child of God by accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and in whose heart the Holy Ghost had implanted a new nature, as the following incident shows.

"After the other brethren had left, this boy brought me a gold ring, set with a valuable diamond, which he had found on the floor, that I might find the owner and return it.

"Now compare him with a boy whom I met two years previous. Late one evening I arrived at the market town of Shing Tong, in the district of Yan Ping. As I was crossing the market-place I met a little boy whose body was sore with boils, and who was clothed in rags. His soul

was dark and ignorant, and, as I learned afterwards, he was a thief.

"Do you think that this boy would have returned the ring if he had found it? What then made the difference in his nature and practice? I will give you, as near as I can remember, what the boy said when he handed me the ring. 'Teacher, when I was a beggar at Shing Tong, I was a thief and stole chickens; I would not have returned the ring if I had found it then,

but now I believe in Jesus, and have no desire to steal.' He was the same boy 'born again' (Jno. 3. 7).

"The Bible says that the Saviour's name was 'Jesus,' because He would save His people from their sins.

"Are you a slave of lust, covetousness, gambling, opium, bad temper? If you are, 'The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe.'

"'God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all . . . If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus His Son cleanseth us from all sin'" (1 John 1. 5-7).

Thus was made manifest that this little Chinese boy, born in heathendom and nurtured in darkness, had come to realise the presence of sin in him and the power of Satan over him. But he had also learned that Jesus the Saviour is mighty to save from Satan, stealing, lying, deception, fraud, and from "all sin."

Oh, that all born in civilised lands could get to know the same Saviour and show forth as genuine a conversion!



PHOTO. OF THE HONEST CHINESE BOY.

JOE'S CHRISTMAS TREAT.

JOE was a bright lad who lived in the North of Scotland. Though very poor, he was a very civil lad, and along with his loved sister, in sunshine or storm, had all along regularly attended the Sunday School. It was a wild winter, and near Christmas, when the children were dismissed with a warm invitation to a treat at Christmas. Little faces brightened as they got their "tickets," and visions of oranges and cake and a tree flitted through many a simple heart. Joe bounded home full of gladness and told his mother, who kept a little cook-shop, of the happy prospect before him. He little knew that ere that night he would be "with Christ—far better." He worked as a messenger in the railway offices. It was a proud day for Joe when he first donned the livery and cap, and slung the leather letter-bag over his shoulders. He kept the brass plate and buckle shining like gold.

It was a busy time—trains were moving in every direction. On Tuesday morning Joe got an important message to deliver, and to save time he bounded across the lines, leaping from heap to heap of hardened snow amongst the polished rails. Suddenly a pilot engine quietly but swiftly overtook

him, and down the poor lad fell. He nimbly tried to roll over, but his leg was caught and crushed under the mighty wheels. Quickly he was carried on a porter's back to the infirmary, where amputation of his leg was at once performed.

The poor mother was sent for, and dear Joe tried to comfort her. "Well, mother, dinna greet; I'll be able to work for ye although I've but one leg." She watched day after day by his side. At last he said: "I think I'm going to Jesus, mother; I would like to go, for I know He loves me, and at Sunday School I learned that He died for you and me. Mother, I hope that you'll believe in Jesus as I have done; tell the lassies to love Jesus too, and we'll be a' together in heaven by-and-bye."

In the dull grey of the winter morning, in the still hospital ward, the weeping mother sat beside her boy. His pale, wasted face told of the pain he bore. He faintly said, waking out of a half sleep: "He's come for me, mother; He going to take me wi' Him." "Who has come?" asked the mother. "Jesus, mother," then added, "Tell my Sunday School teacher that I canna be at the treat, but I'm going to a happier company, and thank him for

all his kindness to me, for he learned me to sing the sweet hymn. Just put your arm beneath my head; I think I could sing it now." As the mother raised him gently, he began to sing in a soft voice the hymn, "I'm a pilgrim and a stranger," then he sank back on his pillow and soon after his ransomed spirit fled to the "sweet repose" of the Saviour's breast. Dear young reader, Is Joe's Saviour also yours? T. R. D.



ON THE WAY TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

HIS DAUGHTER'S PROBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN residing in one of the midland counties of Ireland was surprised to see his young daughter, a bright, cheery child of eleven summers, weeping bitterly, as if overcome by a great sorrow.

"What is wrong with you?" inquired the father.

"I am a guilty sinner, papa; and if I die as I am I shall go to hell." The gentleman was quite annoyed at the child's statement, and impatiently asked, "Who told you that?"

"The governess."

"I won't allow such things to be taught in my house," said the indignant parent. He at once rang the bell, and gave instructions that the groom should saddle his daughter's pony and accompany her for a

ride. Then turning to the troubled child he said: "Go and ride that nonsense out of your head."

When the gentleman left the room his daughter went and told the groom not to prepare the pony for her, and added, "If

father gets to know, I will take the whole of the blame." Three hours afterwards the father entered the room where the child sat, and asked if she had got rid of her "nonsense." "No," was the reply. "What, then, have you been doing?"

"I went to the cemetery and measured a number of the graves with my handkerchief, and found that some of them were those of children younger than myself." Then, looking up, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she said: "Oh, papa, I am a sinner before God, and if I die as I am I shall go to hell. If you died to-night would you go to hell, papa?" The question was carried home in the power of the Holy



"GO AND RIDE THAT NONSENSE OUT OF YOUR HEAD."

Spirit to the worldling's heart. "If you died to-night would you go to hell?" rang in his ear. If he were to die as he was he knew he was unfit for heaven. Where, then, would he go if he were suddenly summoned into eternity? He could not

HIS DAUGHTER'S PROBLEM.

say with the Apostle Paul and the Corinthian believers, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5. 1). "Therefore we are always confident" (verse 6). He could not say that in his case to depart from this earthly scene would be to be "with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1. 23). He knew that there were but two destinies—one of everlasting bliss and joy, and the other of eternal misery and despair. He was not a Christian. Never having experienced the great change of conversion to God, and dying as he was, he must be hopelessly and eternally lost. The first impulse was to call for the governess, who immediately appeared. The gentleman explained that he and his daughter had discovered their true spiritual condition, and earnestly inquired what they had to do to be saved.

The governess was delighted to be privileged to tell the seeking ones the

glorious Gospel of God's matchless grace. As she explained "heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation; as she spoke of Christ being lifted up on Calvary's cross as a sacrifice for sin; of His bearing sin's penalty and satisfying the claims of law and justice; and through believing on Him who "finished" the mighty work of atonement and paid the ransom, they would be pardoned and saved, the light of heaven entered their souls, the darkness was dispelled, and the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts.

If *you* were called into eternity as you read these lines, where would you spend your eternity? You are passing, quickly passing, along this vale of tears, and will soon be in the great eternity. Let me ask, Whither are you bound? Are you travelling to heaven or hell? You are either saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 16. 31; 10. 43; 13. 38, 39), or unsaved because you don't believe on Him. Lose not a moment until you know that you are under the shelter of the peace-speaking Blood. A.M.

SAFE INTO THE HARBOUR AT LAST.

STANDING on the quayside of the Glasgow Harbour recently we saw a small foreign vessel arrive in port. Her whole appearance indicated that she had encountered many storms, and at times it had seemed as though she would never weather the gale—such a frail ship amid such mighty seas. But there she was, amid the placid waters, surrounded by vessels great and small, *safe into the harbour at last!* So, thought we, all who trust our Lord Jesus Christ, whether old or young, after a rough or a smooth voyage, shall land in the Harbour of Eternal Calm. Oh! will you neglect salvation and be a poor stranded wreck on the Eternal shore, or will you accept the Lord

Jesus Christ as your Saviour and enter the peaceful Heavenly Harbour? Which shall it be? See you make sure of Heaven! hyp.



GLASGOW HARBOUR—ALL SHELTERED AT LAST.



KATIE ROSE was one of the elder girls in the same Sunday-school as myself. It was great grief to her teacher to see what little attention she paid to "better things" out of the Word of God, and how almost everything else was spoken about save the Gospel for which many have laid down their lives. Katie's teacher had often spoken to her about the sin of neglecting "so great salvation," which God bids us to receive at His hands. On one visit in December she pleaded with her to decide there and then; but her answer was, "No, no; wait till after Christmas, then I will."

Is our life ours to call our own, and to do with as we like? No; and so God says, "To-day" (not to-morrow), "if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

Ere Christmas-day had passed, Katie's soul was required of her. She was perfectly well on Christmas-day morning, and was enjoying the pleasure which Christmas brings; but whilst eating a simple chestnut she was choked, and in less than twenty minutes had passed away. Where is she now? God knows.

We know not what may have passed within her during those few minutes. But does it not show us what a slender thread to trust to?

Would it not be foolish of you to wait till the "last few minutes"? "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh" (Heb. 12. 25). "For if the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 2, 3). Oh, boys and girls, to you is this salvation sent. Take this narrative as a warning to you from one who was herself once far away from God, but who has been brought nigh by the "Blood of Jesus." Do not resist the Spirit when He whispers in your heart the invitation of God, saying, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). You know, dear boys and girls, how sinful your hearts are, and you cannot make them white—only the precious blood of Jesus can do that. Then come to Him and He will make you clean.

When the apostle John got a vision of heaven, he was led to inquire how all there were so free from sin; and the angel seemed to marvel at John's not knowing that these were they "who had washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb." I wonder if *you* will be among that blood-washed, white-robed throng, singing the praises of Him who loved us.

A GOOD FINISH—A SEASONABLE LESSON.

WHEN Christ made a feast there was more after the banquet than at the commencement. This is not the case at any Christmas Treat, but it is always so when our Lord gives joy and pleasure; there is enough to fill all our baskets after all is over, a joy remaining just when others find their joy finished.

"And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full" (Matt. 15. 37). At the close of the year, after being filled with God's favour, here are seven baskets full left.

1. **HOPEFUL.** The disciples who had thus seen Christ's power to provide might well hope on Him for the future. Hopes covered the ground thick as fragments of bread and fish, and is it not so with us?

"He who hath led will lead,
He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath fed will feed,
All through the wilderness."

Gather up the fragments of past and present food to fill the basket of Hope full to the brim.

2. **PRAYERFUL.** Christ's goodness to us does not make us independent; hence the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." A little girl was asked why she prayed thus every day. "Because I like my bread fresh every day; I don't like it stale." Has Christ fed you in the wilderness? Be thankful! Has He given a promise as to the future? Be hopeful! but with both be also prayerful.

3. **WATCHFUL.** When we have received special blessing and our baskets are full, the enemy is sure to meet us. A friend of mine was sowing his barley, and I noticed a regiment of black guards, or blackguards, were waiting in the trees and behind the hedges to steal the seed. Just after a sowing look out for the rooks. Is your basket full? Satan is sure to try and upset it. Be watchful!

4. **FAITHFUL.** Be full of faith and you will be faithful. The disciples might well follow their Lord, for He was so well able to provide under difficulties. No need to shrink from being faithful to such a Leader. Nor need we shrink from following our Lord. Has He not so blessed in the past year that we are encouraged to follow anywhere with Jesus.

5. **USEFUL.** This is the chief end of life. Every maker makes what he makes with this end in view. Are you useful—useful in the home, in the school, in the class? To be useful we must be

faithful, and to be faithful we must be watchful and prayerful; and then to be prayerful we must be hopeful and thankful. I have read of a man on whose tomb was inscribed:

"Here lies a man who did no good,
And had he lived he never would;
So where he's gone, and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

6. **JOYFUL.** He who has the other baskets full just named is sure to have this one next, and it is the will of Jesus that our joy should be full. What a lovely basketful this is, and how suitable for the season of joy. Is Jesus in your joy-basket? Then I am sure it will be full; not with fragments of a feast, but with a whole Jesus in all His fulness.

If Jesus is not in your joy-basket, it will never be full, for nothing else is large enough to fill it.

Here is a load for you to carry! Seven baskets full. Be hopeful, or

full of hope; be prayerful, or full of prayer; be watchful, or full of watchfulness; be faithful, or full of faith; be useful, or full of use, and you will be joyful, or full of joy; be thankful, or full of thanks; Perhaps these seven baskets are as much as

little people can carry; but on another occasion the disciple "took up the fragments that remained twelve baskets full" (Matt. 14. 20).

7. **THANKFUL.** At the close of the year our basket may well be full of thanks. "Think and thank" was the motto on the family crest of Sir Moses Montefiore, the Hebrew philanthropist. These two words, differing only in one vowel, have the same derivation. In the old Anglo-Saxon thankfulness means thankfulness; the thinking of our blessings in such a way as to be moved to gratitude. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" (Psa. 103. 2).

At the end of a twelve month's feasting at Christ's table what mercies are still ours! Temporal blessings past our reckoning, and Spiritual bounties even more numerous. Surely each heart should be full of thanks.

But it may be that some do not as yet know Jesus as their own Saviour, and cannot therefore be full of hope, joy, or thanks. The first thing to do is to come to Him as an empty, needy sinner, and accept His salvation full and free. In the closing days of the year it may be well to ask, Am I saved? Have I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? If not, believe on Him now and be saved.

w. l.

