

Stories
of the
Brave and True



STORY OF
James Hannington,
THE AFRICAN MARTYR.



“He began his duties as a Curate, unsaved and unsatisfied.”

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CHAPTER I.—EARLY DAYS.

JAMES HANNINGTON was born on the 3rd September, 1847, in the pretty village of Hurstpierpoint, in the south of Essex. His father was a merchant in Brighton, and lived in the lovely mansion of St. George's, which stood in its own grounds, surrounded by beautiful woods. Here James Hannington spent his early days. He was a bright, manly boy, of a fearless disposition, often getting himself into trouble by his daring feats. He was a favourite at school, and earned for himself the name of "Mad Jim" by his daring adventures.

CHAPTER II.—SEEKING SATISFACTION.

At the age of fifteen James went to business with his father in Brighton, but it was soon evident that he had no heart for such a sphere. When about eighteen years of age, he became deeply concerned about his salvation, and was attracted by the outward show of Romanism, but a sermon preached by Cardinal

Manning, opened his eyes to the hollowness of Rome, and he never had any further hope of finding rest to his troubled soul in the labyrinths of Popery. Still, he had no peace. He sought to find satisfaction in the pleasures of hunting and yachting, and paid several visits to the Continent, but all was in vain. As Solomon the son of David found the world in his day, so James Hannington, the son of a wealthy Brighton merchant found it in his—all “vanity and vexation of spirit.”

CHAPTER III.—RELIGION *versus* CONVERSION.

In the autumn of 1868, James Hannington began his career as a scholar at St. Mary's, Oxford. Although yet unconverted to God, his object was to enter “the ministry,” and after a rather wearisome course of study, on June, 1873, he took his degree of B.A. (not yet *Born Again*), and was ordained by the Bishop in March, 1874. He began his duties as “curate” of Martinhoe and Trentishoe in Devon, unsaved and unsatisfied—unable to lead a sinner to the Saviour, for he knew Him not. What a miserable life it must have been to him, and to all others who attempt to preach to men what they know nothing of themselves. No wonder young Hannington, after preaching in his father's church at Hurstpierpoint, tore up his sermon in disgust, as he thought of its shallowness. It was about this time that a Mr. Dawson, an old college friend, who had been recently converted to God, wrote him a personal letter about the state of his soul, which he did not answer for over a year. He knew he was not right with God, and that

his friend had only written what was true. Unable to bear it any longer, he wrote begging Mr. Dawson to come and see him, but this he was unable to do. However, he sent him a copy of Dr. W. P. Mackay's "Grace and Truth"—a book that has helped hundreds of seeking souls into light and peace,—and God blessed the reading of it, to James Hannington's conversion. He was in bed at the time, and as soon as the light of the Gospel entered his soul, he leaped out of bed, and went through the room leaping and praising God, and from that day onward James Hannington was a new creature in Christ Jesus. An extract from one of his addresses will shew how simply he had grasped the salvation of God, and on what foundation his soul rested. "The fact of our salvation does not depend on our feelings. . . . Feelings are treacherous things, not to be trusted. I find that as I go back, and take my stand upon His bare Word, I recover my joy and peace."

CHAPTER IV.—THE REGIONS BEYOND.

With his soul now at rest, and the love of God shed abroad in his heart, James Hannington's one desire was to reach sinners with the Gospel. In April, 1876, tidings came to England that Lieut. Smith and Mr. T. O'Neill had been murdered in Uganda. This stirred the spirit of James Hannington, and after prayerful waiting upon God, he left wife and children in England and went forth in May, 1882, to preach Christ in "The Dark Continent." But—as others have learned before and since—it is no child's play to enter Africa for Christ. Fever overtook him, and

after vainly struggling to throw its effects off, he was obliged to allow himself to be carried back to Zanzibar. Two years in England set him up in health, and in November, 1884, Hannington left for Africa the second time, leaving his wife and children in England, in the hope that they would follow him to Uganda, and settle with him in Mombasa ; but God had ordered it otherwise.

CHAPTER V.—IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

His desire was to reach Uganda by a new route, entering by the north end of Nyanza, and thus escape, if possible, the fever swamps of the Victoria Nyanza route, and although so far as he could gather, only one European had ever travelled there, he determined to attempt the journey with forty carriers, and one native missionary named William Jones. The final start was made on July, 23rd, 1885, from Rabai, into “the great unknown land.” The caravan formed about two hundred in all. They met with innumerable difficulties from the Masai warlike tribes through which they passed, and from lack of food, yet amid all this, Hannington was joyful and full of hope in God. On August 11th he wrote to his wife, “The burden of my song must be *praise*, and the teaching of every lesson has been *trust*.”

“Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.”

On one occasion they were suddely surrounded by a hostile tribe, who seemed ready to devour them. Hannington stood forth in the midst of the caravan

and gave his men an earnest Gospel address, singing at the close—

“ Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day’s march nearer home.”

In his last letter home the thrilling words so expressive of his faith occur. “Leave me in the hands of the Lord, and let our watchword be, ‘We will trust and not be afraid.’”

CHAPTER VI.—A MARTYR’S DEATH.

When the party reached Kwa Sunda, Hannington left Jones in charge of the caravan there, and pushed on toward Uganda. Unknown to him, Mwanga, the Uganda king, had been poisoned by slave owners and others against the missionaries. The Germans had advanced on the east, and the chiefs said the white men were all one, and would “eat” the country. Mackay, who had been in Uganda labouring as a missionary for years, reasoned with Mwanga, and from a map of Europe, sought to shew that the English and the Germans were different nations, and that the mission of Hannington—of whose approach he had heard—was one of peace ; and after this appeal the king appeared to be favourable, but it was only treachery. The advance of the white men from the North-east alarmed him, and he sent out an armed host to take them prisoners. Hannington had climbed to the top of a hill, where he saw the waters of the Nile only a short distance off, but before he had time to express his joy, he was suddenly seized, dragged to a hut, and made prisoner

under Lubwa the chief. There he was subjected to cruel, inhuman treatment; fever followed, but amid all, Hannington's soul was kept in peace. He sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and found strength in meditation on the 27th and 30th Psalms. On the morning of Thursday, 29th October, after eight days' confinement, he saw his men led out two and two to be put to death. Then his own turn came. Calmly he said, "Tell the king that I die for Uganda." Kneeling down he commended his soul to God, and then the signal gun was fired, and in a moment the spears of two of those whom he had come to tell the story of a Saviour's love were plunged into his heart, and James Hannington's ransomed spirit was with Christ. On New-Year's Day, 1886, while greetings were passing from friend to friend, the tidings reached the shores of England that James Hannington and his faithful band had been martyred for Christ in Uganda. The news caused many eyes to weep, but the remembrance of that devoted life, that earnest, fearless testimony, stirred other hearts and fired other spirits to go forth to the same dark land, bearing God's message of life and peace, and thus, although not permitted to tell the story, it will be seen in the day of Christ, that James Hannington's life and death were not in vain.

May many of our young folks be led to the same Saviour in the golden days of youth, and then devote their lives to the service of Jesus Christ their Lord.

"His service is honourable and glorious" whether in life or death. But do not attempt to serve the Lord Jesus—as James Hannington at first did, without being born again.

Your first great need as a sinner is to have a Saviour, and Jesus Christ thus presents Himself to you. As soon as you receive Him, you become God's child, and Christ's servant. He is your Lord and Master, and whether He bids you go to the "Dark Continent" or stay at home, serving Him, all will be well.

Have ye counted the cost,
Have ye counted the cost,
Ye warriors of the cross ?
Are ye fixed in heart for your Master's sake,
To suffer all earthly loss ?
Can ye bear the scoff of the worldly-wise,
As ye pass by pleasure's bower,
To watch with our Lord on the mountain-top,
Through the dreary midnight hour ?

Oh ! the banner of love !
Oh ! the banner of love !
It will cost you a pang to hold !
But 'twill float in triumph the field above,
Though your heart's blood stain its fold.
Ye may count the cost, ye may count the cost,
Of all Egyptia's treasure !
But the riches of Christ ye cannot count,
His love ye cannot measure !



Eric,

The Russian Slave.



“Another shot was heard, then all was still.”

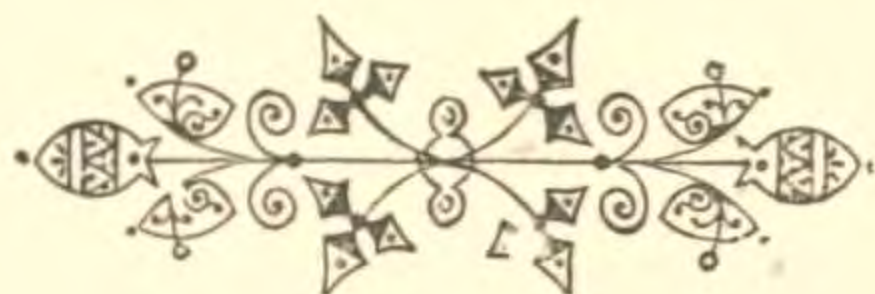


Eric, The Russian Slave.

ERIC was servant to a Russian Baron, and travelled much with his master. It was a clear wintry night, the snow lay thick upon the ground, when Eric's master informed him that he must get ready the carriage and horses, for they were to travel that night. The faithful servant quickly obeyed the command, and soon the Baron, his wife and only child were seated in the carriage. Eric leaped upon the driver's seat and presently they were dashing along the road. It had been rumoured that the road along which they had to pass, was a dangerous one, not only by robbers, but by wolves. The keeper of a post house at which they halted, warned them of the danger, and said—"This very night, we heard the hungry wolves howling in the woods." The Baron listened to the words with deep concern, not so much for himself, as for his wife and child, but anxious to make haste on his journey, he gave orders to Eric to proceed. Mile after mile of the lonely road was passed with nothing to disturb the silence. At last a sound was heard, and the listening ear of the faithful

Eric knew too well that it was the cry of the famishing wolves. Turning on his seat, he tapped on the window of the carriage and informed his master. The Baron's wife sank back with her child locked in her arms, as she heard the awful news. "Let us put our trust in God," said the baron, "He is our help. Eric drove on, knowing well the danger, yet hoping they might escape. Nearer and nearer came the sound of the ferocious wolves, until the sound of their feet was distinctly heard. At length they surrounded the carriage, their eyes gleaming with savage fierceness. "Eric," said the baron, "We must fire," and in a few moments the foremost and fiercest of the pack, lay wallowing in his blood among the snow. The sound of the shot frightened them, and off they darted. But it was only for a few minutes. Again they rallied, panting and yelling with anger around the carriage. It was now painfully evident that death was in their cup, and that escape was impossible without a sacrifice of some kind. "Loose the foremost horse," cried Eric to his fellow-servant, It was done in an instant, and the animal springing from the track was immediately seized by the hungry wolves and torn to pieces. This allowed the travellers to gain a mile or two, but their danger was by no means past. The wolves were not satisfied, and again surrounded the carriage, the blood dripping from their mouths. "Set free the other horse," cried Eric, and again the traces were cut, and the animal became their prey. Eric hastened on the horses. The dim light of the next post house was seen glimmering in the distance. The remaining horses were the only hope of Eric's master,

wife and child, escaping. Only one thing remained, that was to face the wolves himself. Gently knocking at the window, he told the baron what he purposed to do, only requesting that if he perished, his wife and child at home might be remembered. There was not a moment to lose, so, handing the reins to his fellow-servant, he sprang from his seat, his pistols in his hand, and fired. Another shot was heard, then all was still. The brave devoted Eric, was heard and seen no more. In the early dawn, a messenger was dispatched to the spot; the pistols were found lying on the road, the snow was stained with blood, but no trace of Eric was to be found. He had sacrificed his life to save the lives of others. In token of Eric's devoted love, the baron raised a monument on the spot, bearing the touching inscription in the words of Holy Scripture, "*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*" But there is a love yet greater far, before which the tale of Eric's sacrifice is as nothing. Reader, do you know aught about this transcendent love? Listen. The Son of God, the Creator of heaven and earth, has *died for His enemies*—He has died for you. Are you saved?





Robert Moffat and the African Chief.

THE Africans had been a long time without rain, and imagining the missionary was the cause, urged him to leave the country. An African chief, with a number of his men, came to Moffat's house, carrying spears, which they brandished in a threatening manner, and ordered him to quit the country. Moffat replied, "We cannot leave you," and throwing open his coat, said, "Here, thrust your spear into my bosom." The chief lowered his spear, shook his head, and retired.

"**W**HITE man, depart, we do not want
Your teaching or your light ;
We'll worship these dumb gods of ours,
And do as we think right.

"Depart ! With longing eyes we look
To see the glad rain fall ;
But not a drop will come, although
Upon our gods we call.

"We know that you would seek to teach
Us how to read and pray ;
But idols do not like white men,
So you must go away.

“ And if you will refuse to go,
 Our spears your life shall take ;
 We will not have the rain withheld,
 For any white man’s sake.”

“ O foolish men, blind and perverse,
 May I not with you stay ;
 And is it thus, that you would drive
 Me from your land away ?

“ I left my home, my native land,
 With all my heart held dear,
 That I might tell you of that God,
 Who unto all is near.

“ I came to toil and live with you,
 Perchance with you to die ;
 If so be, I might tell you of
 A home that is on high.

“ And now you seek to drive me hence.
 Because no rain appears,
 And to my hut in anger come,
 With all those warlike spears.

“ Well, if I die, come thrust your spear
 Into this faithful heart ;
 But, from the men I came to save,
 I will not thus depart.”

“ Then, white man stay with us, if you
 So fearlessly can die ;
 Perhaps, your God will open wide
 The windows of the sky.

“ O ask Him, white man, for the rain.
To cool the burning ground ;
Our gods are deaf, and cannot hear,
No help in them is found.”

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A picture of a greater love,
We in this scene behold !
Which never can, through ages all,
By human tongues be told.
Of One who left, with willing heart,
His home of light and joy ;
That He might come and rescue us,
And Satan's power destroy.

The Saviour came with bounteous hand,
Dispensing gifts of grace ;
That He might save from sin and death,
Our ruined undone race.

But those to whom He came in grace,
With hatred to Him cried,
“ Away with Him ! Away with Him !
Let Christ be crucified !”

O Lord, they bruised and wounded Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree ;
Although Thy mission was to save,
And set the sinner free.

No longer then despise the love
That Jesus showed for thee ;
But trust in Him with all thy heart,
And thou shalt happy be.

“Let go the ‘Rope.’”

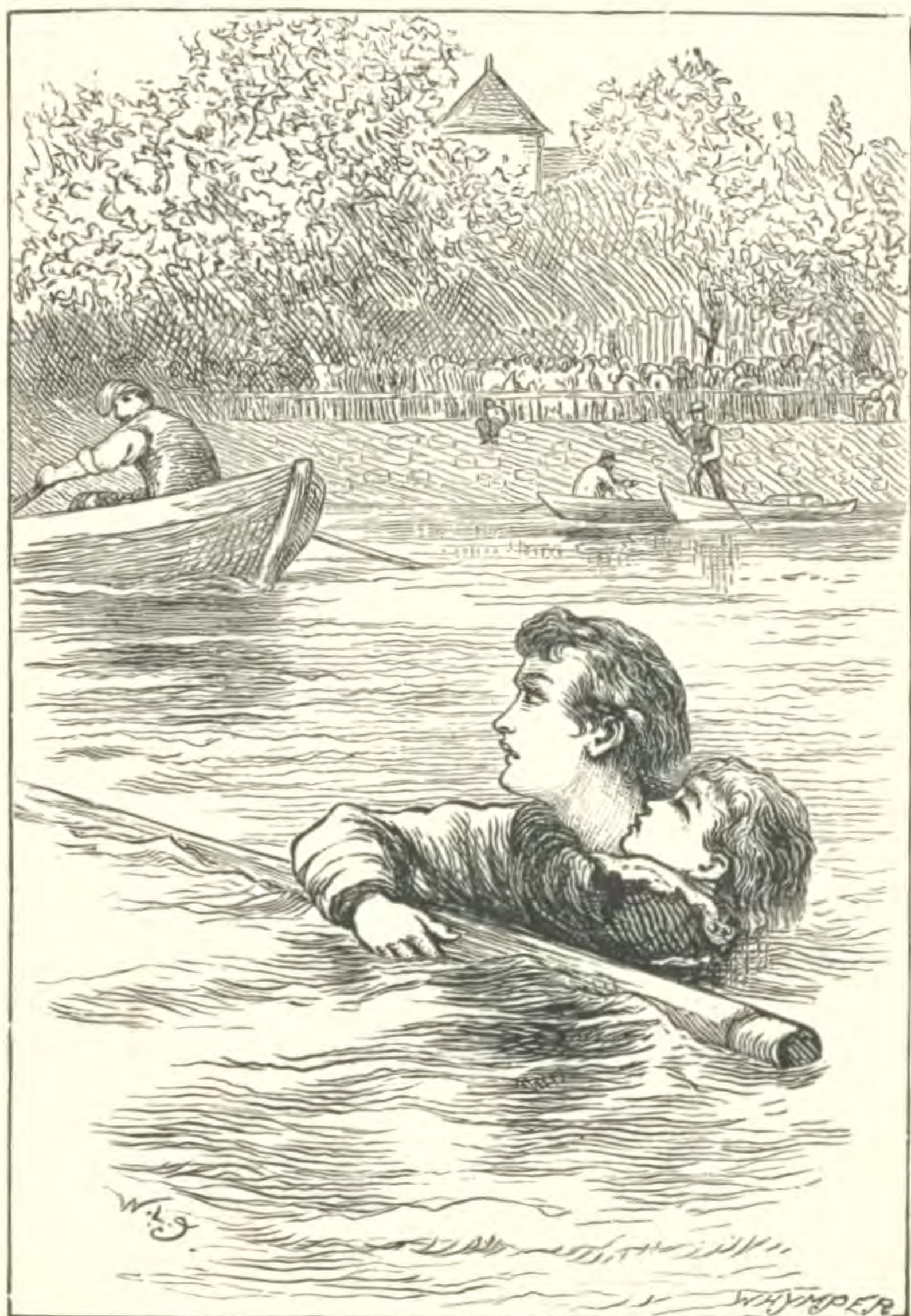
AN American writer says :—I once saw a lad on the roof of a very high building, where several men were at work.

He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling, he caught hold of a rope, and hung suspended in mid air, where he could neither get up nor down, and where it was evident he could sustain himself only a short time. He perfectly knew his situation, and expected that in a few minutes he must drop, and be dashed to pieces. At this fearful moment, a powerful man boldly rushed forward, and standing beneath him with extended arms called out, “Let go the rope and I will receive you. Let go the rope and I promise that you shall escape unhurt.” The boy hesitated for a moment. He doubted ; he lacked confidence in the proffered aid. At length he found faith. He *believed* the man’s promise, and quitting his hold of the rope, he dropped safely into the hands of his deliverer below.

This simple incident illustrates faith in the word of Christ. *You* are like that lad, fallen, suspended by the thread of life, and unable to save yourself. Jesus Christ with all-powerful arms, bids you let go your hold of every earthly hope of salvation, be it works or prayers, or resolutions, and commit yourself to Him alone. All who believe His Word, and let themselves drop upon Himself alone as their Saviour, will find that He is faithful who has promised.

Robert Annan,

THE CHRISTIAN HERO OF DUNDEE.



“Laying hold on him he said—‘Hold on to my neck.’”



Robert Annan,

THE CHRISTIAN HERO OF DUNDEE.

ROBERT ANNAN was born in Dundee in the year 1834. From his boyhood he was a good swimmer, his companions called him "The Water-Dog" because of his daring as a diver and swimmer. His early days were spent in sin and open ungodliness, and this reached such a degree that he found himself in prison. After his release he went to America where he again plunged headlong into sin and had several narrow escapes from death. In a drunken fit he laid himself across a railway and was preserved from death by a miraculous interposition of God. Next he enlisted and was sent to Aldershot, from which he soon fled as a deserter, being weary of the hard discipline of a soldier's life. For a time he wandered about in London, then joined the Navy, and was ordered to Gibraltar with his ship, to find that his former regiment, the 100th, was there before him.

The fear of being found only intensified his misery, until unable to bear it longer, he gave himself up as a deserter and received a severe punishment. All this shewed to Robert, the truth of God's word "The way of transgressors is hard," and, for a time he turned over a new leaf and broke off from evil associates and habits, but this lasted only for a short season. Sin and Satan had the mastery; he needed a power outside his own to deliver him and to keep him, and this was to be found alone in Christ—whom as yet he knew not.

CHAPTER II.—CONVERSION TO GOD.

The revival of 1860 was in progress, and Dundee was sharing the blessing. Men and women of all classes were being converted to God. Crowds filled the Kinnaird Hall to hear "The old, old story of Jesus and His love." One night Robert crept in to see and hear what was going on. Duncan Matheson, the Scottish evangelist, was there, telling forth in plain and pointed words the ruin of man, and the remedy provided by God through Christ. The Holy Spirit used the words spoken, to awaken Robert Annan to his true position as a sinner in the sight of God. At the close, he fain would have waited to be spoken with, but shame, and the fear of man prevented him. Later the same night, he went to the house of Mr Macpherson, the minister of Hilltown Free Church, his eyes swollen with weeping, and told of his anxiety of soul. There was a hard struggle ere Satan gave up his prey, but at length Robert was able to rest simply and only upon Christ for salvation, apart from his own efforts, and taking the grand promise "Him that cometh to Me I

will in nowise cast out" (John vi. 47), he found rest and peace, and from that day onward Robert Annan was Christ's. He was born again, and in the power of a new life and an indwelling Spirit, he began to walk in newness of life. Reader, let me add here, there is no other way of salvation for you than there was for Robert Annan. "Jesus Only" must be your Saviour, apart from works of your own. If you are willing to accept Him as such now, God will save you.

CHAPTER III.—SERVING A NEW MASTER.

"Give me some tracts"—was the request of Robert on the very day of his conversion. "I wish to do something for Christ," and that night he stood at the door of a hall where an infidel was lecturing against Christianity, and gave them away. Thus early did he begin to serve his new Master. The following night he told at a meeting what the Lord had done for his soul. This was the right way to begin. Some wait until they gain experience and knowledge, or pass through a "course," which cripples them for life. Robert used the talents God had given him. He was in real earnest for souls, and God marvellously used him in winning men and women for Christ. For seven years he faithfully and earnestly preached Christ on the streets and lanes of the city, and wherever he could get sinners to hear his message, and the day of Christ will show to what extent God crowned his labours in winning souls. Working with his hands by day to support himself and his family, he preached Christ's gospel in the evenings, and often continued his service till midnight.

CHAPTER IV.—HEROIC DEEDS.

It has been sometimes thrown out as a reproach against the followers of Christ, that they spend their energies in seeking the eternal blessing of their fellows, but care little for their temporal and present welfare, and that few if any of those who are to the front in evangelistic effort, have distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery and heroism in saving the lives of their fellows. If this charge applies at all, it certainly did not to Robert Annan. He was instrumental in saving the lives of six or seven persons from drowning, and in token of his bravery was presented with the Dundee Humane Society's silver medal. One day he saved two. After the first had been safely landed, Robert went home in his wet clothes, and after changing them for his best suit, he laughingly said to his wife, "I should not like to jump in again with these on, yet I do not think I could resist the temptation. Scarcely had he returned to his work at the harbour, when a cry was raised that another boy had fallen in and was drowning. Forgetting all about his good suit, Robert plunged into the water and rescued the lad from the jaws of death. He found a friendless young woman early one morning, near the docks, where she had made up her mind to drown herself. He not only rescued her, but was instrumental in placing her under the care of a christian lady who cared for her. An earnest appeal to this young woman to turn to the Lord was the last letter he ever wrote. His last Lord's Day on earth was filled with service for the Master, thrice preaching in the open air and twice to an encampment of gipsies in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER V.—GOING HOME IN TRIUMPH.

Wednesday, 31st July, 1867, was Robert's last day on earth. He had often prayed that he might have a triumphant death, that he might die in full harness, and the Lord granted his desire. In the morning, he spent a long time in prayer, rising at the early hour of four o'clock. Before going to his work, he hung out on the walls of his house two large boards on which were posted two warning placards, one of which was "The Two Roads." Then he wrote in chalk on the wooden gate before his door, the word "DEATH," and on the paving, the word "ETERNITY." Little did he know how, ere the sun set that night these two solemn words were to have their fulfilment in his own case. Thank God *Death* to him was no lurking foe, he was fully prepared, and *Eternity* had no terrors to him, it was an eternity "for ever with the Lord."

About mid-day, a boy eleven years old fell into the water, and Robert who was working not far off, hearing his cry of distress, plunged in to save him. There was a strong current, but after severe exertion Robert reached the drowning lad, and laying hold on him said, "Hang on to my neck." This the boy did, but those on the shore plainly saw that the current was too much for the exhausted swimmer. Two boats put off to his assistance, but before they reached the place Robert had sunk, but the boy was saved. He might have saved himself by letting go the boy, but this he would not, but clung to him with his last grasp. Feeling his strength to be gone he waved his hand to those on shore, and with a smile on his face went down, nay rather, up to be with Christ in paradise, where his

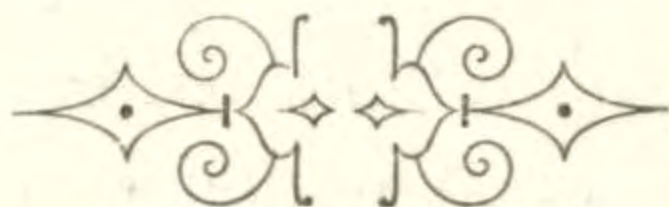
ransomed spirit waits the fair resurrection morning. There were few dry eyes on the streets of Dundee that day, when the old steeple bell rang out a solemn peal, and when amid thickly-lined streets, the coffin of Robert Annan, followed by over six hundred men, was carried to its resting-place. Many who had heard from his lips the story of redeeming love were brought to decision for Christ, and some who had mocked and opposed him in the days of his street preaching melted into tears, and confessed that he had the best of it. From the chief-magistrate down to the bare-footed child, all classes mourned the loss of the brave warrior of the Cross, and the coming day of Christ will tell that Robert Annan's humble, yet true testimony, has not been in vain. As the clods fell on the lid, a thousand voices sang :—

“ I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath ;
And sing when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee my Jesus 'tis now.”

The word “Eternity,” chalked on the pavement by Robert Annan on the morning of his death, was by the request of the Hon. James Gordon, brother of the present Earl of Aberdeen, cut out on the stone, where it still speaks to every passer-by.

Reader, what God's grace did for Robert Annan it can and will do for you, if you as a sinner without claim or plea cast yourself upon it, accepting as he did, Christ Jesus as your Saviour and Lord. And the grace that saves can keep. Think of him who had been for so many years the slave of sin and Satan transformed into a faithful follower of Christ. It was

the grace of God that kept him from returning, or even desiring to return, to his old ways. And that grace is able to do like things for you. God is wanting faithful witnesses to bear testimony in their own sphere, as Robert Annan did in his. He first delivers from Satan's bondage, saves and brings the soul to Christ. Then possessed of a new life, and constrained by a new power—even the love of Christ—He sends forth into the world, those whom He saves to be His witnesses and messengers among the sons of men.



The Story of Matty;

OR

THE MISER AND HIS GOLD.



“I have come home this year happier than ever.”



The Story of Matty;

OR, THE MISER AND HIS GOLD.

ON a bright summer morning, a young girl of sixteen, might have been seen climbing a steep footpath, that led to an old house half hidden among the trees, the owner and tenant of which was an old man of over seventy years. He was said to be immensely wealthy, but nobody would have guessed it by looking upon his surroundings. Everything seemed to indicate the greatest frugality, and the old man's housekeeper complained that she was hardly able to get from him sufficient money to keep them supplied with the bare necessities of life. The old man was a miser. His money was his god, and on it his whole heart was set. Do you think he was happy? Oh! no, the very opposite. He thought everybody was seeking to rob him, and you had only to look upon his haggard countenance to learn that he was a miserable man. With all his wealth he was unsatisfied, for you must know, dear reader, that wealth is not enough to satisfy the human heart. Like the grave, it never has enough; the more it gets, the more it wants, and it never knows what it is to be satisfied. The world, with all its wealth and pleasure, is not enough to fill it; to a sinner without God it is all "vanity and vexation of spirit." "There's none but Christ can satisfy."

As the young girl tripped along the pretty lane that led to the miser's house, she was singing the lines of a sweet well-known hymn, and nature around, basking in the summer sunbeams, the birds on the trees, and the lambkins in the fields, seemed to listen to the cadence of the song. Shall I tell you who the singer was, and what the subject of her song?

Matty was the aged man's grand-daughter. She had just come home from school on her summer holidays; and only a few weeks before, she had been made a sharer of the joy that comes to the heart of those who receive Christ as Saviour and Lord. Matty had been born again, and now, as God's child, she was rejoicing in the knowledge of His salvation.

As she tripped along that morning, she sang in the gladness of her heart—

“Heaven wears a brighter blue
Earth a robe of sweeter green—
All around a happy hue,
By my former eyes unseen.
Brighter suns around me wheel,
Brighter stars around me shine;
Everywhere I only feel—
I am His and He is mine.”

When she entered the house of her aged grandfather, she found him sitting all alone, brooding sadly over his lot—a strange contrast to her joy in the Lord. After a general talk about school and lessons, Matty said—“And I have come home happier this year than ever I did before, grandfather.” “How's that?” inquired the aged man with interest, as if the words, “happier than” had fallen strangely on his ear. “Because I can say—Jesus is mine. He saves me,

and satisfies me, and I cannot express how happy I am since I trusted Him." Then she added, in a low tremulous voice, "I am sure, dear grandfather, that if you only knew Jesus and His love, many of your sorrows would be gone." Little more was said, but before she left, he asked her to sing one of her favourite hymns to him. Delighted at the request, Matty sang, as only a young convert in the fulness and warmth of their first love can—

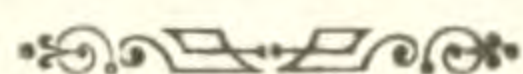
"My heart is fixed, eternal God—fixed on Thee,
An my eternal choice is made—Christ for me."

The old man listened eagerly, especially as the lines—so well suited as God's message to his soul—were sung—

"Let others boast of heaps of gold—Christ for me,
His riches never can be told—Christ for me.
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day,
My portion never can decay—Christ for me."

The Lord fixed that word on the conscience of Matty's grandfather. Hardened and full of earthly things as he was, he could not forget it. What if after all, his worldly gains should "waste and wear away," and leave him a beggar for time and eternity? He tossed restless on his bed all night, thinking of the world beyond the grave—a subject that had hardly occupied his mind since the days of his boyhood. He had gone in for the world; gold had been his object in life; in it he had hoped to find the satisfaction of his heart, but he had been sorely disappointed, as every worldling has been; for there is no satisfaction, no solid lasting joy apart from Christ. Morning came, and he longed

for Matty to come. Again he asked her to sing to him ; and, contrary to his usual custom, he invited her to wait for tea. He opened his mind to her, told her how unhappy he was, and what had occupied his thoughts during the night. She told him the story of her conversion, and sought to make plain to his dark mind God's wonderful words of life." He knew nothing of the Gospel of God, although he had lived seventy years in what people call "a Christian country ; but such is God's love and compassion for sinners, that he now heard it from the lips of his own grandchild, and it reached and won his heart. There, on the brink of the grave and of a lost eternity, with the world enshrined in his heart, God's Gospel reached the aged miser, and won him for Christ. Surely this was a miracle of sovereign grace and all who heard it wondered. The old man lived to prove that Christ can save and satisfy ; but he had the sorrow of looking back over a life spent in the service of mammon, which yielded only sorrow. Reader, do not be beguiled by the world's fair promises—"the world has nothing left to give." Its gold, even should you gain it, "will waste and wear away," and you will be left in the hour of death alone and empty handed on the dark confines of a hopeless eternity.



Rosie and Nellie.

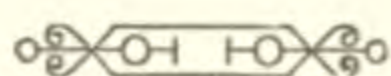
ROSIE and Nellie were sisters. Their father and mother loved the Lord, and from their very earliest days the two little girls had been taught to read and reverence the Word of God. Their father's business led him often away from home ; and, during his absence, the long winter evenings were spent in hearing Bible stories from their mother's lips. It was a double joy when their father came, to get seated one on each knee, and to hear him read the daily portion from the Book of God. These were happy hours, and the precious seed thus sown was deeply imbedded in their young and tender hearts. But Rosie and Nellie were yet unsaved, and the Word, to all appearance, had but little power over them. They were merry girls, full of glee, and it seemed as if their souls condition gave them no concern. But great changes were in store for the two girls, changes that they had little thought of.

Their father left home as usual one morning. He was to be away for some little time on business, so they were up to bid him good-bye. He kissed the two little girls, hoped they would be obedient to mother while he was away, and promised to bring each of them a nice present when he returned.

But the Lord had willed it otherwise. Just about the time that they expected to hear of his home-coming, the sad news was brought that he had suddenly died. It was a sad, sad blow to the poor mother, and to Rosie and Nellie too. They wept as if their hearts would break, And, O, how they missed him. Everything seemed so lonely now without father. But the

words that he had spoken to them were not forgotten. They were fresher now than ever. Often would they sit and speak together of the "daily portions," and the texts that father gave them. They knew that he had gone to be with Jesus, for he was saved, and now they both longed to be saved and join him there. What joy it brought to the mother's heart, when they came home from a meeting one night, and told her they had both received Christ. The mother and her two little girls have many happy evenings now, and they look forward with joy and hope to that glad hour when they shall meet their dear father again, and other loved ones who have gone before, to dwell forever with the Lord.

Will you be there, my dear young reader? Will you join the friends and loved ones who have gone to heaven? Not unless you are saved. But this may be, for Christ has died to save sinners.



Lily's New Song.

LILY lived in a lodge in the country ; her father was coachman to the squire, and Lily was at school. She was a bright girl ; very fond of singing, but her ways were of the world. Lily was not converted ; she was not a Christian ; she did not know Jesus. One day at school, a girl in her class, told Lily that she had been saved by believing in Jesus, and that she was very happy. Lily became interested ; asked more fully about it, and how it happened, and this young Christian girl told the story of her conver-

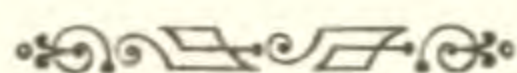
sion. At play time, and after school hours, the two girls walked and talked together, and the result was, Lily was brought to Jesus. She received Him as her Saviour, and was saved. Then she could sing :

“ My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine ;
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign.”

She said nothing about it at home that night, but but next morning early, she said to her mother, “ Mother, I have got a new song.” “ O, indeed,” said her mother, “ What is that ? ” Lily at once struck up the words,

“ My Jesus I love Thee,”

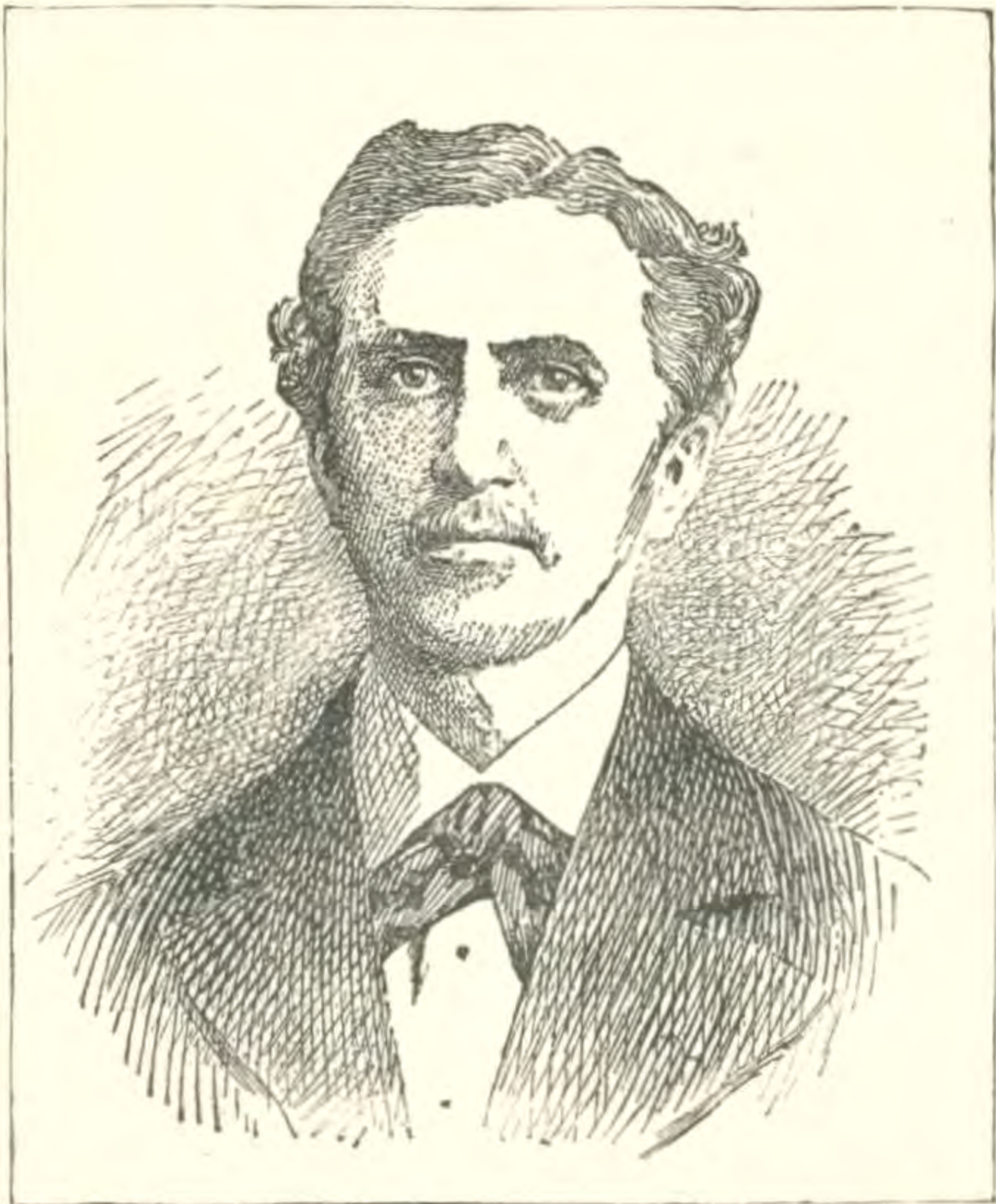
and sang it right through to the end. Her mother was astonished, and asked where she had learned the hymn. Lily told her ; and also how she had been converted. That morning she went off to school singing her new song. She was saved, and in common with all who know Jesus as their own personal Saviour, she was able to praise Him. Lily sang her new song at school, at home, and wherever she went. She never seemed to weary of it ; it was sung morning, noon, and night. The wood around the lodge rang with it, and although years have passed, she sings it still. God's people are a happy people. None have a better right to sing than they. Dear reader, can you sing the new song ? Are you able to say “ Jesus is mine ” ?



Story of

Alexander Mackay,

THE MISSIONARY HERO OF UGANDA.



“It is not to make money I believe a Christian
should live.”



Story of the Hero of Uganda.

IT was in the quiet village of Rhynie in Aberdeenshire that Alexander Mackay spent his childhood and early days. There was a small school in the village, but "Aleck Mackay" did not learn his "letters" there: his father, who was Free Church minister in the village, taught his boy himself, until he attained his fourteenth year, and then he was sent to the Aberdeen Grammar School. His mother was a godly woman, and seems to have made it her aim to instruct her children in the Word of God, and fill their young minds with the story of a Saviour's love. A faithful servant also, Annie M'William by name, or as she was called by the villagers, "The minister's Annie," had much to do with the upbringing of the boy, and many a long walk and excursion they had to the "Tap of Noth" and "Buck o' the Cabrach," two hills in the vicinity concerning which many weird stories are told by the cotters and crofters, who quietly spend their days in these romantic and picturesque glens.

No doubt this godly mother's teachings and example, with her many fervent prayers, were used by God to make indelible marks on the mind and heart of young Mackay in these quiet early days, before he went forth into the wide wicked world.

CHAPTER II.

A Mother Lost : A Saviour Found.

It was in the Autumn of 1864 that Alexander Mackay went to Aberdeen along with a companion, in whose father's house he lodged. In the Spring of the following year his mother paid a ten days visit to "The Granite City," which was a season of mutual joy to mother and son, neither of them thinking as they shook hands at the railway station, that it would be her last earthly journey, and that soon she was to be with Christ. Yet so it was, for before midsummer she gently passed away, praying for her absent boy, and bequeathing to him her well-marked Bagster's Bible—a marriage gift—with an earnest message to "Read his Bible, and to *search* it, so as to meet her in glory." Before Alexander arrived at the Manse his mother had gone, and the day after, her remains were laid in the grave. The faithful attendant to whom she committed it, gave Alexander his mother's Bible with her last message. It was *that* Bible, and *that* last message which by God's blessing were made instrumental in leading him to the Saviour. From that time onward the current of his life was changed. He was Christ's, and his desire was to live for Him, and please Him.

CHAPTER III.

The Young Engineer.

In 1867, Mr. Mackay and his household removed to Edinburgh, and there Alexander began his studies in earnest. His father wanted to make him a "minister," but his taste was for engineering. Writing to a friend, he says, "There are already too many

ministers. Three or four wasting their energies in each little parish in Scotland." He may have seen that it takes God to make a man a minister, and that without His "appointment" no college course or theological training is sufficient. In any case, he studied engineering and mechanics in the mornings, and then laboured as a practical engineer in the works of Messrs Miller & Herbert, of Leith, during the day. God was thus fitting His young servant for his labours in the interior of Africa, where all these arts were of invaluable service to him. It was in these days also that he got his early lessons in genuine Christian work, in Ragged Schools and among the poor and needy, seeking to lead them to the Saviour.

CHAPTER IV.

Off to Africa.

"It is not to make money I believe a Christian should live." So Alexander Mackay wrote to his sister from Berlin, where he had gone to qualify himself as an engineer. A missionary address delivered in Edinburgh, and sent to him in Berlin, was used in directing his attention to the needs of Madagascar, and, a short time after, he decided to give himself to the Lord to carry the Gospel to "the regions beyond." On a cold December evening in 1875, he sat reading Stanley's book, "How I found Livingstone," and on laying down the book, his eye fell on an old copy of the "Edinburgh Daily Review," in which an appeal was made for missionaries to go to Uganda, in response to an invitation from Mtesa the king, sent home by Stanley. It was nearly midnight, but before

Mackay went to bed that night, he had decided that *this* was God's path for him.

The following April, he sailed for Zanzibar, with a great supply of tools, machinery, and presents for Mtesa and his chiefs, accompanied by seven others, at the age of twenty-seven, to plant the standard of the Cross in the heart of the Dark Continent.

CHAPTER V.

In Mtesa's Country.

"Within six months you will probably hear that one of us is dead. It may be I." These were Mackay's words at the farewell meeting in England. At the close of three years, seven had fallen at their posts, and Mackay alone was left. Uganda, the country of Mackay's heroic labours lies under the Equator, on the shore of an inland sea. Mtesa the king boasted himself a descendant of Ham, the son of Noah. Besides slavery, and cruelties of the worst description, the king at times gave orders, for a *kiwendo*, or slaughter of human beings, as often as he thought fit. As many as two thousand were often slaughtered at one time. Their religion consisted in a worship of spirits called *Lubare*. Mohammedism had been introduced by the Arabs, and was for a time adopted by the king and his chiefs, but soon given up. When Mackay reached Uganda, he found that Stanley had taken too sanguine a view of Mtesa's desire for the Gospel. He was willing to have Mackay, but not his message, because it cut at the root of his abominable ways. He fully felt his helplessness to cope with the power of evil, yea, of Satan, that reigned supreme, but he had faith in God, and in His

blessed Gospel, to convert whoever would receive it. Writing home, he says, "Only the grace of God can undo all that the devil has been doing here. But that grace is sufficient."

CHAPTER VI.

Enduring Hardness.

Mackay gained Mtesa's confidence, and was often invited to his court. He always used these opportunities to the best advantage, reading the Bible to the king and his chiefs, and pointing out the evils of slavery. These conversations so influenced Mtesa that he forbade traffic in slaves, and Sunday labour. On several occasions the Spirit of God wrought mightily with the word spoken, Mtesa was deeply convicted of sin and asked to be baptised as a believer in Jesus Christ. But Satan had his emissaries ready: a number of French priests came, bringing guns, powder, and swords to the king, with a view of gaining him for Rome. From that time onward, Mtesa's bearing towards Mackay was changed, and very soon he returned to his former ways of cruelty and blood-shed. In spite of opposition, Mackay laboured on, and was reinforced by two devoted helpers. In October 1884, Mtesa died, and was succeeded by a vicious youth named Mwanga. Then persecution began with fury, the stake, the club, and the knife all being used against the Christians. In January 1885, three noble youths were burned alive for Christ in the sight of Mackay and his fellows. In August he left Uganda, and went to Usambiro, where H. M. Stanley met him, and was entertained by him. The cruelties and robberies of Mwanga became so

irksome to the people that they determined to rid themselves of him, and elected a new king. Mwanga had to flee for his life, and wrote Mackay an imploring letter to come and shield him, promising that if he would do it he "would never be bad again." But Mwanga's promises were of the same quality as those of the schoolboy when he is called "up" for punishment—they were easily forgotten or disregarded. Before men can be "good" in Africa, or anywhere else, they need to be "born again," and this Mwanga was not, and had no desire to be. The French priests got hold of him, baptized him as *their* convert, and soon after carried him shoulder high to the capital, installing him as king, and appointing themselves to all the places of authority, so that he was really their serf. This made matters most difficult for Mackay and the other missionaries. Still they stuck to their posts bravely. Although often pressed to return to England, nothing could induce him to leave Africa, or the work that he believed God had called him to. He determined by God's grace to "endure hardness" in spreading God's good news among the needy millions of Africa, which he did, until he was suddenly called home on 8th February, 1870. He died of malarial fever; but the good seed sown by him, will bear its fruit, and in the day of Christ it will be seen that the devoted life and heroic death of Mackay has not been in vain. Have you any desire or ambition to serve the Master that he served, reader? There is no service so honourable and none so well rewarded as that of Jesus Christ, even if comforts, ease, and life itself have to be given up to engage in it. The "crowning day" now not far

off, will amply repay all who have suffered loss for Jesus' sake. But let it ever be remembered that conversion *to* Christ, a personal knowledge *of* Him as the Saviour and portion of the soul, must precede service for Him.



Mellie's Love;

OR, DYING TO SAVE.



"Mellie told him about the bridge being unsafe."

Nellie's Love ;

OR, DYING TO SAVE.

FAR away among the mountains of Switzerland, there lived a little girl with her father and mother. Though only some seven years of age, she was a true Christian. One day a huge rock came rolling down the mountain side and fell into a deep ravine not far from their house, forming a kind of *bridge* between the two rocks, enabling the people to cross from one side of the ravine to the other. This went on for a time, and the strange bridge came to be looked upon by the peasants living on these mountains as quite safe. Nellie was out gathering flowers one day in the valley, and overheard the neighbours say that a storm on the previous night had loosened the rock, and made it unsafe to be crossed. The dear child ran up the mountain side as fast as she could, and told her mother what had happened. When her father came home from his work at night, Nellie told him about the bridge being unsafe, but he laughed at her. I must tell you here that Nellie's father was not a Christian ; he did not know Jesus, but her mother was a true lover of the Lord. The following night Nellie's father said he must cross the bridge. She tried hard to prevent him, but he only laughed at her fears. Seeing he was determined to go, she asked if she might go with him. To this he consented, remarking that it would be very

late till he returned. So off they went together. Looking up into her father's face, Nellie timidly said, "*Father dear, if I should die, will you promise to trust in Jesus and meet me in heaven?*" Astonished at the strange question, he replied, "What put such a wild thought into your head? You are not going to die I hope. You are only young, and will live many years." Not satisfied with this answer, she repeated the question, but her father told her not to speak of it. "But if I should die, promise me, father, that you will meet me in heaven." "Yes, yes," he said to please her. They walked on, and soon the bridge of rock came in sight. When they were about to cross, she stopped again, saying, "Father, please stand here for a minute!" Her father stood, wondering what she was about to do. Walking quickly along, she set one foot on the great boulder of rock, then another, when lo, there was a loud crash, and the great rock was hurled into the gulf below, carrying with it brave little Nellie. Speechless with terror, her father crept to the edge of the precipice, and through the blinding tears, gazed down into the abyss where his noble child had given her life to save his. I know of only One who had greater love than this. Nellie died for her father. because she loved him; but Jesus the Son of God died for His enemies, for those who did not love Him, in order that they might be saved from a deeper abyss, even "the lake of fire." Have you ever thanked the Lord Jesus for thus dying for you, reader? Do you trust Him now as your Saviour? Will you meet dear Nellie, and all who are saved in heaven?

A Story of Sedan.

UPON the battle-field of Sedan may be seen on a modest stone inscribed these words:—

“Il t'avait demandé la vie, et tu la lui as donnée; même un prolongement de jours à toujours et à perpétuité.”

“He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever” (Psalm xxi. 4).

The stone has been erected by a colonel, who was at that time a captain. On the night of the battle he saw a soldier whose death was fast approaching. The captain asked him if he wanted some water, or whether he wished a letter written to his mother. The soldier answered that he was dying, and had no relatives. But, he added, “Please take my New Testament out of my haversack, and read me a verse in John xiv., where it speaks about peace.” The captain did as he was asked, and as he read the passage, “My peace I give unto you,” he saw the soldier’s face beaming with indescribable joy. He was deeply touched.

Before breathing his last, the soldier raised himself up and said, “Thank you, captain; I have that peace; I am going to the Saviour. I need nothing more.” Then, pointing to the New Testament, he added, “Keep it; it has led me to Jesus; it will lead you to Him also.”

The wish of the dying soldier has been granted, and the captain, now a colonel, has become a fervent and devoted Christian.

Reader, take home the lesson. Wherever you may be—on the ocean wave, in the lonely wilderness, or in the crowded city—the Bible *will lead you to Jesus*. It tells the way of life and peace. Accept its testimony in your heart.

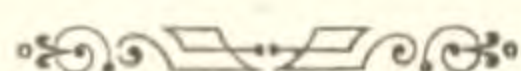
Jamie Dean's Message.

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

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

"They'll not allow boys to go into a house where a woman's dying," said one, "so it's no use thinking we can go and speak to her." "There's a back window," said another, "if we could only get a ladder we might call out a text, and tell her that Jesus died for her." A ladder was found and placed below the window. "Who will go up?" and "what shall he say?" were the next questions. "I'll go," said Jamie Dean, a bright lad of twelve years, and Jamie mounted the ladder while the rest held it below. When he reached the window he laid hold of the sash with both hands, put his mouth as close to the glass as he could, and repeated slowly the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He could add no more so down he came. The ladder was taken back, and the boys walked away home wondering whether the words had reached the dying one's ear. The old woman lay alone in her little room thinking about the

dreaded future, and the state of her soul. So quietly was the whole thing gone about by the boys, that she heard nothing until the words fell with strange and mysterious suitability on her ear. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." She looked up and saw no one. She thought it must have been an angel's voice. When a neighbour some time after came into the room, the old woman was so happy that she enquired what had wrought the change. "An angel has spoken to me, and he said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' I have believed, and I am saved." This is a strange story, yet the one who tells it vouches for its truth. It teaches this at least, that where there is a true desire to tell others of Christ, love finds a way. And God blesses His own Word even when nothing is added to it. Speak to your comrades and school-fellows the gospel of God, dear young saints, and fear not to quote God's Word to others even older, when you have the opportunity.



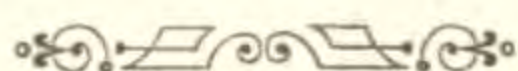
A Soldier's Love.

JOHN BUNYAN when a young man enlisted as a soldier, and was amongst the number of those on whom the lot fell to besiege Leicester during the civil war. Just as he was ready to go, another soldier begged to take his place. Bunyan consented, and his substitute was shot in the head as he stood on guard. Was not that a noble act towards a fellow-man?

for he really gave his life for his comrade, and died in Bunyan's stead. But here is a more wonderful story still. Jesus the Son of God, died for his enemies. Bunyan was probably that soldier's friend; but sinners are the foes of God and Christ. Yet such was the love of God toward His enemies, that He gave His Son to die for them; and such the love of Jesus, that "He willingly died in our stead."

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

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



Lisette,

THE EMPEROR'S DOG.

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

About this time, a certain courtier had disobeyed the emperor, and lay in the fort under sentence of

death. Several petitions had been presented to the emperor on his behalf: even the empress had done her utmost to save his life, but all without avail. The emperor remained firm in his purpose, and would listen to no appeal for mercy. At last the empress and those associated with her in seeking to save the culprit's life, fell upon the following plan. They composed a short pathetic petition in the name of the favourite dog Lisette, and after setting forth in glowing terms her fidelity to the emperor, entreated him to grant the prisoner's life. The paper was then tied to the dog's collar. As the emperor returned from the senate, Lisette according to her usual custom came frisking to meet him. "What!" said the emperor as he untied the paper, "do you present petitions, Lisette?" He read the touching appeal, looked down on the pet dog, and tenderly said, "for your sake, Lisette, I grant the request," and within an hour, the condemned man's cell door was opened, and he was set at liberty. He owed his life to the mediation of the emperor's favourite, Lisette.

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

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

The Story of Dick, the Slave.



“With fear they leave their native land.”

The Story of Dick, the Slave.

(By Fred. Stanley Arnot.)

SILOMBWANA—or Dick, as I now call him—was a Batotela born. His country lies away north of the great Zambesi River. His people are good farmers, and diligent workers in wood and iron. Silombwana's father is an elephant hunter to Liwanika, the great Barotse king, and the boy would be used to rough travelling through the wild African forest from his earliest days. His work would very likely be, to carry a supply of meal for his father, which his mother had pounded out of the millet corn, or to bear an extra bundle of spears for the use of the elephant hunters, in case of them losing part of those carried by themselves during the hunt. The Batotela people are nearly all slaves to Liwanika. Every year so many have to go to the king's capital and do his work. You understand they are not voluntary servants of the king, as these men were who followed David in the day of his rejection, and served him so faithfully through the constraint of love. They are compelled to go and serve Liwanika ; and with fear they leave their native land, and enter his service. How different from those who are called to serve the Lord Jesus ! Their's is a willing service—the result of knowing and loving Him who calls them to do His work.

Every year so many are chosen out of each district, and one year Silombwana was among the number. His work at the capital of the Barotse king was chiefly to go long distances for wood, and to assist in herding the king's cattle. There is no appointed provision made by the king for the feeding of these boys, so

Silombwana had to use his wits in providing for his necessities, in something of the same way as the street Arabs do at home. He would sometimes steal his food ; at other times earn a meal by doing work for some one, or " have luck " another day by alighting on a spot where others were feasting, and perhaps have a bone, or piece of bread thrown to him. In this way Silombwana and many other slave lads fill in their days, knowing nothing of the joys and luxuries of our boys at home.

One day Liwanika told Silombwana that he was to go and work for " Monare," and in return he would get his food, and the lad was not slow in accepting the offer. He came into my employment, and I changed his name to Dick. He soon began to appreciate the care I took of him, and worked well. When I left the Zambesi district, to take my long journey to the West Coast, the king sent Dick with me to carry my sack of meal. Up to this time Dick had been greatly given to stealing, in fact, to pilfer little things had become like a second nature to him. Several times during the journey I was compelled to use the rod, for the correction of this evil, and the result was, that he became more faithful to me as a servant. Still, he was very different from some of my other boys, who were naturally affectionate and tractable. As I was leaving Bihe for Benguella, Dick suddenly disappeared. I made what inquiries I could for him, without being able to find any trace of him, so I proceeded along my way to Benguella. In a few days Dick came after me in charge of a Bihe man. He had been caught, and made prisoner in his flight, and then sent after me, in

the hope of a reward being given to his captor. Poor Dick, I found, had suddenly become afraid that I was taking him to the coast, to sell him to the slave-traders there. To escape from me, he had gone and hid himself amongst the long grass, until I had left the place. Then he had risen out of his hiding-place and gone to a neighbouring village in search of food, and there he was made prisoner.

The villagers, thinking to make gain of the boy, took him to a Portuguese trader, who sent him on after me. Poor Dick ! I do not wonder at him being afraid. Hundreds of his fellows had gone along that same road, never more to return to their peaceful homes in the far interior of Africa. Rudely torn from their parents in the quiet mountain villages, where there days flowed on in peace, they are cruelly sold as slaves to the white man. No wonder they dread that road.

I once overheard a number of Bihe children singing to a pretty tune, the following lines:—

“ Never let me go along that road ;
Never let me pass Maria Brook,
For there my sister went weeping ;
She went weeping.”

I inquired the meaning of the song, and found that they were bemoaning one of their number, who had been taken along that road and sold into slavery. I was able to assure my poor boy that he would not be sold on reaching the coast, and this soon produced such a change upon him, that when I gave him the choice of returning to Bihe, or going on with me to Benguella, on the West Coast, he elected to accompany

me. Surely this was faith in simplicity. He believed my word, and his fears were gone. And thus it is with those who believe the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They fear no more the condemnation of sin, or the wrath to come. Jesus has said, "They shall not come into judgment" (John v. 24, R.V.) They rest on His precious Word, and follow Him as His disciples and willing servants. During all this time my boy Dick had shown no signs of being anxious about the salvation of his soul, or of seeking deliverance from the still more galling slavery of sin in which he was held. But the time for this was not far distant, for, in October, I was able to note in my journal the joyful news—"A change in Dick."

CHAPTER II.—DICK'S CONVERSION.

On my long journey, from the West Coast to the Garenganze country, Dick was my constant companion, both in times of health and of sickness. He carried my pots and pans, cooked my food, and brought me wood and water all along the way. He never seemed so happy as when he was hard at work for me. All this time he was a willing listener to the Gospel message. He never refused to hear what I said to him about God, or about sin and salvation. Just like our young folks at home: he heard, and yet the Word seemed of none effect.

We reached the Garenganze country, and there again Dick was my constant attendant. Misidi, the chief, gave me a field by the side of my house, and Dick set himself to farming. He was housemaid and cook as well. Senor Porto, the Portuguese traveller,

says that all negroes are more or less faithful when they are children, but when they grow up they cease to be. But this has not proved to be true in Dick's case, for he is, although now almost a man, more faithful to me now than when he was a boy. Not long after our arrival at the Garenganze country, another young man, named Susi, from Bihe, came into my service, and he assisted Dick to nurse me when I had bad attacks of fever. These two boys would go as often as three times during the night, to the watering-place three miles distant, for water, and give me hot baths to reduce the temperature during these attacks. After my recovery from fever, Dick and I were talking together one evening. Our theme was the Cross of Christ. I was endeavouring to explain to him the meaning of that Cross, and the value of the work that the Lord Jesus there accomplished for sinners. He listened most attentively and seemed interested. Though naturally of a dull and heavy countenance, his face suddenly lightened up in a marvellous manner, and he seemed to receive a peculiar measure of joy. His heart and lips were filled with praise. After this he became very anxious to learn to read and write—a study for which he was mentally quite unfitted. I did my best to instruct him, but he was so very anxious about it, that sometimes when he came before me to read, he would so tremble with excitement, that I had to send him away to do some outside work instead. Latterly he began to complain of severe headaches, and wandering of mind, and for ten days he was quite insane, although active and vigorous. I had to watch during all this time, day and night. Poor lad, it was

pitiful to see him, yet at times a tear would steal down his cheek. I have no doubt that this was the dawn of spiritual life in the soul of Silombwana, and that he then became the Lord's. After Dick recovered from this illness he became more attached to me than ever, and we had many happy times together. After supper, Dick, with his companion Susi, would come into my hut and squat down, and there we would talk together till ten o'clock, in the heart of dark Africa, of things concerning the Lord Jesus, and His great salvation.

CHAPTER III.—DICK, A DISCIPLE OF CHRIST.

After Dick's recovery, he boldly confessed the name of Jesus, and both he and Susi would go out and invite the people to come to my house on the Lord's-day mornings.

On the morning of February 13, 1887, Dick was baptized as a believer in the Lord Jesus. Before going down to the water we had a solemn time in the house. There were Dick and Susi, and another man who is deeply interested, present. Then we all went down to the pool. To reach the water we had to break our way through long rank grass, and on the edge of the pool I noticed the footprints of a leopard that had been drinking of the water in the pool that morning. There, in the quiet stillness of the morning of the Lord's-day, after a short prayer in the Umbundu language, Dick was immersed in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It was a deeply solemn time we all felt, and one never to be forgotten by me. We then returned to the house, and spent a long time together in conversation. Dick after this

joined me in observing the Lord's command, "This do in remembrance of Me," and continued to manifest his love for the Lord Jesus in many ways. The Lord very graciously gave me Dick as a companion in the Lord, when far separated from home and the fellowship of saints.

On my return to Africa, after six months absence at home, the first one to meet me as I set foot on the little iron jetty in Benguella, was my dear and faithful lad Dick. I had left him in the Garenganze country, eleven hundred miles from where he now stood, and he had now journeyed along all that dreary road to greet me on my return to Africa. Just last night he was sitting by my side, telling me of all Jehovah's love and care of him during the long journey, and together we read, in the Umbundu language, the 1st chapter of John's Gospel, thanking God together for the knowledge of Jesus, the Lamb of God, who beareth away the sin of the world.

CHAPTER IV.—SERVING THE LORD.

Dick has gone on following the Lord for seven years, and all who know and see his life bear testimony to his godly walk and conversation. It is a pleasant sight to see him accompanying us to the villages and there fearlessly testify to his dark-skinned countrymen of the saving power of Christ. Dick is every one's servant, always ready to help in any way, either for the comfort of those who have left home and kindred and gone there with the Gospel message, or in bringing others to hear the Word and in directly preaching and witnessing for his Lord and Master.

Happy Chinese Girls.

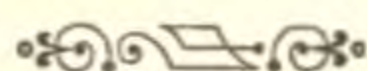


“The Daughter of a Chinese Merchant.”

Happy Chinese Girls.

A LITTLE company of bright Chinese girls, who had heard the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, and received it into their hearts by faith, met together one afternoon to pray, and to consider how they might spread the Name of Jesus among their friends, who were still idolators. "My parents are so prejudiced against the Bible and all Christian Books, that they will not look at them," said one sorrowfully. "And so are mine, I am forbidden to let them be seen in the house," said another. They all agreed that there seemed little hope of doing much in the way of speaking for Jesus, except in a very private way. One happy Christian girl, the daughter of a Chinese merchant, said, "My mother had some small ugly seeds given her last spring, and she planted them; they grew, and blossomed into flowers, and all the neighbours admired them; then they came and asked to have some of the beautiful flowers to adorn their homes, and mother gave them each a few tiny seeds which they gladly accepted for the sake of the beautiful flowers, which they had seen grown from them. And we may all have beautiful Christ-like lives, which when our people see, they will ask for the Words of Jesus Christ, which have come to our hearts, and made us so happy and peaceful." Not long after, that prejudiced mother was led to hear the Gospel, and saved. What a splendid illustration is this of what the life of each true believer in the Lord Jesus ought to be. What a power in the school, the home, the office, the factory, and the work-shop, such beautiful lives would be.

Where Christ is manifest in the lives and ways of those who are His, those around will be found inquiring for the "seed"—the word of the truth of the Gospel by which they may be saved, and their lives made bright and happy too. Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus? If so, does your life prove so?



Alick's Testimony.

IN a neat little cottage, half covered with ivy and honeysuckle, near the foot of a mountain range in Scotland, lived a widow, with her only boy and girl. As may be supposed, she was very fond of them, for they were all she had to love on earth. Alick was the eldest, and Susie three years younger. There, all alone by themselves, they lived comfortably, and very happily. When Alick's schooldays were done, he was apprenticed to a business at a place a few miles distant. It was too far for him to go home at nights, but he always went at the end of the fortnight, and stayed with his mother and Susie over the Lord's-day. He looked forward with joy to his "night for going home," for he knew his mother would be looking out for him, and have a nice bright fire, and a comfortable supper awaiting him in the cottage. Then he had such a lot of things to tell; about his trade, and how he was getting on. She had always a word of encouragement and advice for him, and was careful to ask him about the company he kept, and how he spent his evenings when he was away, and so on.

But I must tell you that neither Alick nor his mother were true Christians. She was a very respectable woman, and a member of the Church, but she had not been born again, and I am afraid Alick had not been plainly told about his lost condition, and his need of a Saviour. She wanted her boy to be good, and grow up respectably and religiously, but further than that she did not go. But the Lord loved her and her boy, and He did not leave them to perish in their sin, and ignorance of the gospel. Alick had a companion in the village where he worked, and this young lad had been converted. He asked Alick one Sunday if he would accompany him to a meeting to which lots of young lads of their own age went to hear the gospel. Alick was very glad to accompany his companion, and on the following Sunday they appeared at the meeting, seated side by side. I cannot tell you all that he heard that night, but he was aroused to see himself a lost sinner in need of a Saviour, and an hour after, he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved. He was naturally very shy and retiring, and he feared that he would not be able to stand the jeers and jibes of the lads in the same workshop. He made up his mind to say nothing about his conversion, and the devil whispered, "Keep your religion to yourself, Alick; there's no need for telling anybody that you have been converted." You know Satan hates true witness-bearing for Christ, because God says, "A true witness delivereth souls" (Prov. xiv. 25), and Satan wants to keep them in slavery to himself. But Alick's plan was quickly upset, for one of the boys came up to him and said, "Is it true that you have been con-

verted, Alick ; I was told you had ? ” Alick hung his head for a moment, half afraid to answer, but he quickly remembered that Jesus said, “ Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven ” (Matt. x. 33). Quietly looking up he said to the lad, “ Yes, I have been converted, Willie ; wouldn't it be fine if you could say the same ? ” The lad said nothing, but went away, and Alick felt happy in his soul, because he had owned his Lord. He found that when the lads in the shop saw that he was not ashamed of Christ, but boldly owned His name, they were more afraid that he would speak to them, than he was of their sneers, and this is always the case where there is downright honest testimony for the Lord.

The night for Alick to go home to see his mother and little sister came round, and all along the road as he walked alone, he was planning how he would break the tidings to them. When he reached the cottage, his mother welcomed him as usual, and had a nice warm supper awaiting him. Before he began to eat, he bowed his head, and silently gave thanks to God. His mother and Susie noticed it and wondered, for that had never been done in the house before, and she asked what it meant. This broke the ice, and Alick, rather shyly at first, then more boldly, related the story of his conversion. His mother and Susie listened with amazement, and after he had finished, his mother said she feared he had “ gone out of his mind. ” Poor woman, the religion that she had been accustomed to, had no conversion, and no known and enjoyed salvation in it. Like the religion of thousands,

it was one of *works*, with a vague hope of mercy at the far-off end. Things went on quietly for a week or two, Alick speaking more freely about the things of God every visit, until his mother was fairly awakened about her soul. She could not deny the marked change there was in Alick, and although she tried at first to persuade herself it was only a "boyish freak," soon to vanish, the conviction of its reality forced itself upon her. God had used the simple testimony of her converted boy to awaken her to think on the great realities of eternity. It was several weeks until she gave up all her efforts to *work herself into God's favour*, and come as a helpless sinner, and accept Christ, but she did at last, and He justified her and gave her peace. What a joyful visit Alick's next one was, and how they praised the Lord together, and they go on praising Him still. Susie too has been brought to Christ, and follows Him "in the way."

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

What made the Bells Ring?

WHEN the great Pacific Railway across the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean was completed, there was great rejoicing. It was a work of great cost and skill. It was begun at either end; one lot of workmen starting at San Francisco laying the rails, another lot at the eastern end. After they had wrought for years, the time drew near when the two lines should meet in the centre. What excitement there was, as each lot of workmen pushed forward toward the last rail to be laid, and the last bolt to be driven. It was arranged that the work should be completed by a grand ceremony, that the last bolt should be made of gold, and that as it was driven, an electric wire connected to it, and also to a peal of bells in Washington and San Francisco should set them ringing. An immense crowd assembled to witness the driving of that last golden bolt, and eager crowds lined the streets of the two great American cities to hear the peal of bells announce that the great work so long in progress had been finished. The golden bolt was set in its place, the last stroke of the hammer fell upon its head, and simultaneously a peal of bells rang forth in the Capitol at Washington and in San Francisco. As the people heard that merry peal, they said one to another—"It is finished"—and rejoiced. Other hands had done the work, they reaped the benefit of it.

Any sinner in the wide world now, who wants to journey from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem, has simply to take his place in the car of grace, and be brought from death to life.

Little Maggie ;

OR, "I WILL GO."

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



Lizzie's Choice;

OR DECISION FOR CHRIST.



“She was welcomed with a sweeter smile
than usual.”



Lizzie's Choice.

SEATED in a room variously engaged was a company of young women. As may be supposed, the world's dress, gaiety, and grandeur were the theme of their conversation, just such things as would occupy the heart of one who has never known the love of Christ.

Thus occupied, the door opened, and a young woman entered, dressed in the height of fashion, who, in a half serious, half laughing tone, addressed the others: "Have you heard the news?" "What news?" "Lizzie A—— has professed religion." "Lizzie A——!" exclaimed the girls in astonishment—the girl that was always making sport of it, and such a fashionable girl too, she would hardly look at a person poorly clad; and, besides, her father is an infidel. "She will have to suffer for it," said one. "I would not like to be in her place," added another.

Lizzie A——, the subject of the above remarks, was the only daughter of a thorough man of the world, and, besides, an infidel. She was beautiful and accomplished. He spared nothing on her, so that her praises might be sounded abroad, for she was *his*, she gratified his vanity, and brightly adorned his splendid home. But Lizzie A—— was unsatisfied. There was a void within, that this world could never fill; and

this great reality had dawned upon her, that with all these acquirements she was *without* CHRIST, *without* GOD, and *without* HOPE in the world, seeking rest to her poor troubled soul.

The facts connected with her conversion, and *how* the Lord reached her, as she lay helpless and “without strength,” I am not acquainted with; but reach her He *did*, and she received the message, and her soul was saved. (John i. 12; Romans x. 9.)

The news of this quickly came to the circle of young women as above. They had been her acquaintances, and one of them—the youngest, her bosom friend, who on hearing the reported conversion (or as *they* called it, a “*becoming religious*”)—became specially uneasy about it; for she knew that if it were true she could no longer enjoy her companionship as before. She resolved to make an early visit to Lizzie’s home to ascertain for herself if the gay Lizzie of former days was still there, or if she had become a “long-faced, sedate religionist,” or, as was commonly reported, a “canting revivalist.” She went, but found neither the one nor the other. She was welcomed with a sweeter smile than usual, and there was a calm, peaceful look on Lizzie’s face, which her friend had never seen there before. She spoke but little, yet the change was evident; the quiet subdued manner, the peaceful smile, and even her dress showed that she had become a “new creature in Christ.” The once proud, gay, thoughtless Lizzie A—— had become a follower of the lowly Jesus of Nazareth.

Lizzie was engaged to a worldly young man, who, before her conversion, had in every way been a suit-

able match for her. George P—— loved the theatre, the club, and the race-course. A thorough worldling—he was admired wherever he went, but he knew not God; Christ and salvation were to him but the scorner's jest.

When tidings of Lizzie's conversion reached him his brow darkened, he was filled with rage, and at once hastened to see her. The *lion* and the *lamb* stood face to face.

She in all the gentleness and simplicity of a young Christian, *he* with all the cunning and subtlety that Satan can instil into the proud human heart. He had come to overthrow, and if not, to beguile; and he meant to do his work well.

With a giddy laugh, referring to what he had heard, he asked if it was true, his lip curling with a sneer as he spoke.

She stood before him listening calmly and peacefully. For a moment she could not answer. Then through strength given by Him who said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," she replied: "George, please don't treat it as a jest, for *thank God I have become a Christian.*"

Noble testimony!

The proud man, enraged, sprang to his feet, his face white with anger, his voice trembling as he spoke: "Do you mean that you will cast in your lot with *these* people and give up *all*."

Calmly, and not without reflection, she replied: "*I will give up ALL FOR CHRIST.*" Yet, as she said it, her cheek paled, for to human nature it was no easy task; but the power of Christ enabled her, and she

was making her decision in the light of eternity. Quickly the *lion* became the *serpent*, and his manner changed to entreaty. He laid before her in an alluring manner the position he would give her, and by every entreaty his lips could command, that would naturally appeal to the human heart, he urged her to give up her "stupid notions," and *his all* was hers. It was a terrible moment for the young Christian. It was to her the moment of making a *decision for eternity*. It was CHRIST or ME. There could be no middle path—no compromise. He stood waiting her answer, and Heaven and Hell looked on for defeat or victory, and presently it came. Looking up calmly, yet with the firmness of a martyr, she uttered the one word: "CHRIST." It was enough. She had gotten the victory—Satan was defeated; and the proud man, foaming with rage, gnashed his teeth, and for the last time left the room.

Another trial yet awaited her. She was called by her father to his study to give an account of the whole matter. Strange rumours were abroad about her, he said, and he himself had observed a change in her, and wanted to know the cause. It was a terrible trial; but the Lord stood near her, and she told the whole story of her conversion, choice, and purpose, calmly and resolutely. He heard it all, and in sullen anger told her that if such was her choice, she might go from his house and live with her aunt, and henceforth he would only be her father in name. Severe as the stroke was, the Lord gave her grace to give up *all for Christ*, and cast herself on His loving care, and, although this cruel treatment paled her cheek and

wasted her form, she only thought of the glorious eternity beyond. Heaven to her was a *reality*. Her heart and affections were centred on *Christ*, and she longed to see His face. She had no regret that she had made Him her choice, nor will she in the day of coming glory, when the sufferer for Christ shall from His own hand receive the crown.

.

Gathered in a still room, around a death-bed, was a company of weeping mourners. Wasted and pale, but with a beam of Heavenly light on her countenance, and triumphing over death's pains, lay Lizzie A——. She had made Christ her portion, and *now* He stood near her, and was about to take her to be for ever with Himself.

Standing at her bedside, filled with astonishment and awe, was her infidel father looking down upon his wasted child's beaming face, and hearing her speak in thrilling words of the Christ she loved, and for whose sake she had suffered at *his* hand. Kneeling at her side and asking her forgiveness, was George P——, the man who had so sorely tempted her.

Too late his eyes were opened to see what he had done. Yet not too late, for by her dying pillow he promised her to give himself to the Christ of her choice. With a sweet smile on her pale face, she said, "Sing," and they sang the hymn :

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I have hid myself in Thee."

As the singing ceased she uttered one word. It had been heard by *one* in that company from these lips before—it was CHRIST. And she "fell asleep."

The Indian Officer.

IN a military camp in India, a company of young officers stood chatting together one sultry afternoon. They were arranging for a night's card-playing and debauchery. "Here comes Miles, let's have some fun out of him," said one, and all eyes at once turned in the direction of the gate, through which a tall, finely-built soldier, in the garb of a colonel, was just passing. Colonel Miles was a Christian, and what is more, he was a decided out-and-out witness for Christ. Every soldier in the camp knew "Religious Miles," as they called him, and however they hated or despised that Gospel and Christianity that Miles preached, they all to a man, respected him because of the Christianity that he practised, and Miles was the man usually sent for to speak with a dying man.

As the Colonel came up alongside the officers, they saluted him, and after a few general remarks, one said—"Will you join us to-night, Colonel, in a game of cards," the others barely suppressing a smile, while they waited the answer. Colonel Miles quietly replied—"If I had nothing better, I daresay I might be with you, but I can assure you, gentlemen, cards have no attraction for me, since I got Christ." The group of young officers expected to get a rebuke, and were prepared to argue with the Colonel, but his reply completely baffled them. There was nothing to argue about there, and feeling themselves minus the "fun" they expected, they quickly dispersed. But the Colonel's words followed one young officer. He had

never heard of such things before. In his heart he felt how unsatisfactory were the pleasures of the world, but to seek for something better in religion was the very last thing that would have occurred to him, and of course he was right, in so far as a Christless religion, a mere name to live, an empty profession, are concerned. There is no more satisfaction in that, than in utter worldliness. But it is otherwise with Christ: those who have Him, know, as the Colonel put it, that there is "no attraction" left in the empty false-named pleasures of sin and the world. The young officer found the usual round of cards, cigars, and wine, very poor enjoyment that night, and as he went to his quarters in the early hours of the morning, heart and head-sore, he wished in his soul, that he knew the secret of Colonel Miles' happiness. God, the disposer of events, so arranged that the very next day, the young officer was brought across the Colonel's path. "Well, Stephens, were you satisfied with your night's entertainment?" asked the Colonel. Stephens hung his head, then answered—"No, Colonel, I was not." "I thought not. I was asking God to awaken you to see there is something better for time and eternity than that." The young officer owned there was, and added, "I wish I knew how to find it." "Come along with me," said the Colonel, laying his hand on Stephen's shoulder, and the two walked off together. They walked and talked long, and the subject of their conversation was, Christ the Saviour and Satisfier of the soul. That night Stephens stood forth in the midst of his mess-mates and confessed himself a Christian, saved by Christ to live for Christ.

The Marked Bible.



“Stealthily she read and searched the Bible.”



The Marked Bible.

“**T**HERE is to be a concert to-day in St. James’ Hall ; you should go to it. You are depressed ; you have allowed your mind to become morbid ; you will find something there to rouse you up, and help you to shake it off.” The words were spoken by a Romish priest, to a lady, one of his flock, in a drawing-room in the west end of London.

Acting on the counsel of her spiritual adviser, Mrs R—— found herself that afternoon seated in St. James’ Hall. The great hall rapidly filled up, but instead of the orchestra, a solitary gentleman, plainly dressed, stepped upon the platform, and took his seat behind a desk.

Bending toward a lady sitting in front of her, Mrs R—— whispered,—“Is this not where the concert is to be given?” To which the lady replied—“I believe there is to be something of that kind here this evening, but we have met now to hear a Gospel Address.”

Mrs R—— rose hurriedly to leave, but in her haste, she overturned a number of umbrellas behind her, which attracted the attention of those sitting around, and not wishing to become an object of observation, she quietly sat down again.

The evangelist stood up to deliver his message, the Gospel of God's grace to lost sinners, telling of a free, full, and eternal salvation for "whosoever will." There may have been many dull ears there to whom the message was an oft told tale, but to Mrs R—— it was "as cold water to a thirsty soul." She had never heard such things before. This was what her weary, aching heart was seeking for, but then the question rose—Is it all true? At the close, Mrs R—— walked up to the speaker, and asked eagerly—"How may I be sure that what you have said is real?" The speaker asked—"Have you a Bible?" and seeing she had not, he opened his own, and asked her to read John v. 24, and 1 John v. 13. After further conversation they parted. A Christian gentleman who had overheard her remark, pressed into her hand as she left the hall, his own Bible, with the two passages named above, underlined.

The priest called soon after, and as he saw her changed countenance he said—"I can see my remedy has been effectual." Very quietly, Mrs R—— told her visitor the story of her visit to the hall, and how God had opened her eyes to see Christ as her Saviour. Rising to his feet in anger, the priest said—"You have been among heretics; I shall not stay longer now, but will send one well able to refute the errors into which you have fallen." True to his promise, he sent one who was considered an able controversialist, and he for a long time sought to convince Mrs R—— that she had been led from the true teachings of the Church, but while he was speaking, she was inwardly praying for an opportunity to point him to Jesus. As he rose

to go, Mrs R—— gently laid her hand on his arm and said—“You are ill, dying; take this book,” handing him the marked Bible, from which she had learned God’s way of salvation, “and if ever there come a time when you want to speak with me on these things, send, and I will come wherever I may be.”

Several months passed, and one morning as Mrs R—— was preparing to leave London, a message arrived begging her to come and see the young priest, who was very ill. Mrs R—— did not reach the Monastery till next morning, and the first sight that met her gaze, as she stood before the half-open door of his room, was a Sister of Mercy kneeling by his dead body. In anguish Mrs R—— asked—“What about his soul? Oh, tell me about his soul!” In cold, reproachful tones, the sister replied—“He died cursing you and your Bible.” Mrs R—— withdrew, filled with sorrow and remorse that she had not hastened to see the young priest ere life was gone.

Time passed on, and Mrs R—— had left England to live on the Continent. A lady called at her residence one day, greatly desiring to speak with her. “You will not know me,” she said, “but I once met you, and have long and earnestly sought for you.” The visitor was the Sister of Mercy whom Mrs R—— had met at the monastery, now saved by grace, and no longer wearing the trappings of Rome. She went on to tell how the young priest died, not cursing the Bible as she had said, and as her Superior had bound her over to say, but rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. In his last moments he had given her the marked Bible, with a message to Mrs R——, telling her of his

conversion to God through reading the marked Bible, but this she was not allowed to deliver. Stealthily, she read and searched the marked Bible which was given her by the dying priest, and God, through it, led her to the Saviour, and now as a sinner saved by Grace, she seeks to serve the Lord, and obey His Word. How wonderful are the ways of God! How He turns upside down man's devices. Reader, is Jesus Christ your Saviour? If not, why not?



The Faithful Shepherd and the Lost Sheep.

A SHEPHERD stood watching his flock. It was a bright calm summer day. Everything seemed joyful; and over all the lovely scene was cast that beautiful hue which makes the mountains look almost as if they were enchanted ground. With his practised eye he had discovered a sheep and lamb far away upon the mountain side on a narrow ledge of rock. It was not for the value of them he cared; but pity moved his heart—he loved the sheep.

“They must have wandered away,” said the shepherd, “jumping down from rock to rock, as they were led on by tempting little tufts of green grass. It was easy enough for them to get down where they are now, but they couldn't possibly jump up again; and if they are left there, shortly they'll starve, or maybe they'll jump down the precipice, and be dashed to pieces among the rocks below, and I can't bear to think of the poor things dying there.”

The poor man in his distress pointed out to us the sheep at a great distance off, where right above them was a perpendicular rock, and below them an equally precipitous descent into the valley of rocks and stones beneath. The position the sheep had got themselves into by their own folly and waywardness, made us call to mind the Scripture in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, "All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way."

"How can you rescue these poor sheep that your heart is so set upon, Shepherd?"

"Well, sir, there's only one way ; we must go to the top of that rock yonder, and I'll tie a rope round my body, and twist the other end round a tree, then whilst one or two men hold it, they'll lower me down to just where the sheep are."

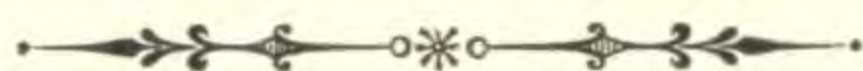
"But," said a friend of mine, "is it not very dangerous work?"

"Ay, it is dangerous—it's at the risk of my life. There's no one else in the valley that dares try it, for fear the rope might break. But then you see, sir, I couldn't be happy without making the effort—only to think of the poor things dying there ! Sometimes, I've known though, they won't be saved ; and after my trouble, and going through all that for them, just when I'd take them up in my arms and carry them safe to the top, they jump away from me (poor foolish things), and perish amongst the rocks, down the precipice. I've known one found with every bone in its body broken."

"And then, after you have saved them, shepherd, will they not return to the old places of danger?"

“Well, you see, sir, they might if they were left to themselves ; but then, you know, I don’t do that. I bring them home to the flock ; and for fear they might be tempted again by the tufts of green, I shall take a box of matches in my pocket, and burn the grass. It’s easy to burn now, this dry weather.”

That evening the shepherd went forth upon the mountains, leaving his comfortable little home and friends, for he could get no rest there until the lost ones were found. As he went away on his hazardous enterprise to accomplish all that was in his heart for the poor sheep, we were left thinking of Him who speaks of Himself, John x., as the Good Shepherd. Surrounded by the glory of heaven, the Lord left it all. He emptied Himself and came into this world to suffer and die—and all that for **us** ! We had gone astray like the lost sheep ; but He had no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Though we had brought the judgment of God and His just wrath upon us, yet, though it was all our own fault, He was moved with compassion as He beheld us lost, perishing in our sins on the brink of that awful eternal precipice—the bottomless pit.



The Faithful Sentinel.

ABOUT eighteen hundred years ago, two cities in Italy, called Herculaneum and Pompeii, were destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius ; and both of them were completely buried by the ashes, lava, and other substances cast forth by the burning

mountain. The former of these cities was brought to light again in the year 1713, and the latter in 1735, and they are now largely visited by tourists to Italy.

At the time of their destruction, great numbers of the inhabitants succeeded in effecting their escape, but many perished—some because they were unable to flee, and others because they were withheld by considerations of love and duty. Amongst the latter class was a Roman soldier, whose skeleton was found in a place which had been evidently his post of duty. The hot and blinding ashes were falling thick and fast, and on every side men were escaping for life ; but he had disdained to flee, and he had died in his armour, and at his post.

The name of this brave man is unknown. He was only one of the rank and file of the great army to which he belonged ; and if the roll of his legion had remained to this day, no one could have put his finger on his name, and have said, “This is the man.” But the deed itself is not without its lessons for every soldier of Christ.

To all His followers the Lord Jesus says, “Endure hardness,” “Stand fast,” and “Having done all, stand.”



The Sailor Boy.



“A Brave Sailor Heard the Cry.”



El Brave Sailor Boy.

A PARTY of Sunday School Children, with their teachers, were at the seaside spending a summer afternoon. The children romped and played along the beach, enjoying themselves, and for hours all went on well. Some of the bigger boys thought they could row a small boat out to the rocks, where there were a lot of crabs, but not being accustomed to the sea, they left their boat where it soon drifted away with the tide. The boys were so busily engaged in their sport, that they did not observe the tide coming in, until a shout from the shore aroused them. When they looked up, they found their boat had drifted twenty or thirty yards away, and the rocks were more than half-covered by the rising tide. They cried out for help, but there was no boat by which any of their teachers could reach them. A brave sailor boy, whose father's vessel lay at anchor, heard the cry from the rocks, and seeing the lads being surrounded by the rising tide, he got hold of a coil of rope lying on deck, threw it into the boat floating behind the ship, and in a very few minutes, he had climed over the ship's side and was in the boat, rowing as hard as he could to reach the boys on the rocks. A great crowd had by this time gathered on the shore, and as they saw the brave boy reach the rocks, and one after another of the school boys step

into the boat, they gave a ringing cheer. A very short time brought them all safe to shore, and you may guess, the brave young rescuer received a well-merited reward. The boys on the rocks could not save themselves, they must have perished, had not that brave boy gone forth where they were, and saved them. And every sinner is in a more dangerous position still, with the dark waves of death and judgment gradually drawing nearer and nearer. But Jesus, the Son of God, mighty to save, has gone forth to seek and save the lost. You have only to trust yourself, as the lads did to their brave young deliverer, and you shall be saved for ever, and brought safe to the eternal shore.



Story of a Brave Mother.

ON a lovely autumn afternoon in a beautiful valley, men and women with old fashioned scythes and reaping hooks were busy cutting down the golden grain. All were hard at work, straining every nerve, as the indications were that a storm was fast approaching.

Whilst thus engaged a large mountain eagle was observed soaring aloft with a baby in its talons. Stricken with astonishment and terror, the reapers stood watching the flight of the bird as he bore the child to its eyrie on the rugged mountain side.

The mother of the babe, with blanched face and trembling heart, watched with strained eyes the spot where the bird alighted.

With a low cry she seized her reaping hook and rushed to save her darling.

For a short distance the ascent of the mountain was comparatively easy; but higher up the sides were almost perpendicular. The friends in the valley below, feared that she would sacrifice her life in attempting to rescue that of her child.

Impelled by love for her darling, the mother slowly and cautiously pressed forward until she reached the mountain summit.

The eagle had been watching her movements, and as she approached its nest, on rapid wing it fiercely swooped upon her. Fortunately she had retained her reaping hook, and as it neared her she struck a well-directed blow, and it fell disabled down the mountain side.

On reaching the nest, to her unutterable joy, she found her child safe and sound. Claspings the babe to her bosom, she began the dangerous descent. A difficult and perilous task lay before her, yet with dizzy brain, and faltering step, she descended, and eventually reached the valley in safety.

Love is prepared to do much for its object. The mother's love that we have written of, is as nothing compared with God's great love to you.

True human love is passing sweet,
As found in friend or brother;
Or where its choicest virtues meet
The bosom of a *mother*.

But love that's known thro' Jesus Name,
Nought from its power can sever;
It always flows, no ebb it knows,
God loves, and loves for ever.

Have you believed this love? Have you received it to your heart?

Story of a Stowaway Boy.

WHILE a gale was blowing during a rough dark night in October, 1881, the *Cyprian* sailed from the river Mersey. She was bound for Genoa and the Mediterranean ports. On the night of the storm there was shipped on board an unhappy little stowaway.

He had watched his opportunity, and slipped on board when he could do so without attracting attention, and hid himself under a shelf in the forecastle, as far as he could judge, about two hours before the ship left the dock.

Some hours afterwards he was discovered by several of the sailors, but they did not take much notice of his presence.

A stowaway is generally the last on the ship to expect or to receive good treatment. He has no right to his passage or his food.

The *Cyprian* had scarcely cleared out of the river before the captain and all his crew must have regretted that they ever left Liverpool. At the time of starting a gale was blowing, but in a few hours it increased to a hurricane.

The seas were so violent that they swept the deck clean, and the only spot that was in any way safe, was the waist of the ship and the bridge.

But soon came the earliest of many disasters to the steamer. For hours the ship had been labouring with these tremendous seas which had been beating and battering against her sides; for hours there had been

that hideous heaving and groaning, which seem like the wailing of a vessel in distress, when suddenly the steering gear in the fore wheelhouse gave way.

Then one of the boiler tubes burst, and put out the fire adjoining it.

All was confusion and horror. No one had time to think of the stowaway who had by this time crept out from his hole, and was in presence of his first storm at sea.

The *Cyprian* now fell off broadside to the waves for want of steering power, and roller after roller broke over the deck and into the engine-room, extinguishing the last of the furnaces.

The seas were so powerful that men were washed like feathers from one end of the deck to the other, and when it was found that the unmanageable steamer, rudderless, and without any means of navigation was drifting towards the Carnarvon coast, the captain called all on board up to the bridge, and told them it was a case of "everyone for himself."

Gradually the doomed vessel was drifted upon the Welsh coast and struck the rocks.

Death stared every human being in the face, and each one prepared as best he could for his own personal safety.

The life-belts were served round, or seized upon, and one of them fell, as was right, to the captain, who had done his utmost to save the ill-fated vessel.

By this time the *Cyprian* was driving higher up in the frightful sea which raged along the shore.

The distress signal could not be recognised, and no lifeboat could live in such a surf.

There were a couple of hundred people waiting on the beach ready to save, but utterly powerless; and at last the steamer grounded fast on a rock, and opened from stem to stern.

One after the other, those who had belts dropped over the vessel's side into the water. Two firemen alone stood paralyzed, and looked hopelessly at the sea, and going down below, were never seen again.

What was the captain doing?

He had seen the rest of the crew take to the sea, and he stood ready to jump, with the life-belt about his waist.

At this moment he noticed, amid the wild confusion, the pale, terror-stricken face of the neglected stowaway.

The lad had shipped for a fearful voyage, hiding in the doomed ship! Indeed he was a wretched creature, left alone on the sinking steamer.

But the good captain remembered he was a human being, to be saved if possible.

He unbuckled the life-belt, and handing it to the boy, bade him save himself, if it were the mercy of Providence that this should be so.

"I can swim," said the captain; "take the belt."

Over the side of the vessel went the stowaway, lifted upon the surf like a cork, and, with the good captain's belt about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, battered about, but alive.

The captain, too, went over the side; but swimming was impossible in such a sea, and he went down, never to be seen alive again.

What a noble deed, you will say! What a kind,

brave man the captain was! I hope the poor little stowaway thanked him.

Yes, he was a brave, kind man; and I am sure everyone who reads the true story of this noble deed will admire the generous-hearted captain.

Many will praise his name (and justly too) who have never praised the Blessed One who died for them.

This story faintly shadows forth the love of One who laid aside the glory which He had with the Father, and who died for us poor sinners.



A Royal Reward.



“The Queen Decorated him with a Victoria Cross.”



A Royal Reward ;

OR, DECORATED BY THE QUEEN.

A SOLDIER named Hitch, who displayed great courage and bravery during the Zulu war, had been sent home almost an invalid, and was lying ill at Netley. He had served his Sovereign and his country, and it was only his due that his service should be rewarded. But he little expected Queen Victoria in person to do so. Yet one day the Queen went over to Netley, and decorated him with a Victoria Cross by her own hands. It was only a passing honour, and like all earth's things, it had to be left in the hour of death, but how grand to know that all who are saved by grace and faithfully serve the Lord Jesus here on earth, doing His will and seeking to hold what belongs to Him in the midst of a dark and evil world, will one day be decorated before all heaven by the hand of the King of kings and Lord of lords in person. Here is His promise, "Behold I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be" (Rev. xxii. 12). "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a Crown of life" (Rom. vi. 23), free for every sinner, without price. "The Crown of life" is the reward of faithfulness to the Lord. It must be *won*, and this can only be by believers.

Royal Grace :

A STORY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DAYS.

ON one of the gala days at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, soon after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the general gaiety was arrested by the sudden seizure of a courtly stranger by the guard. His singular appearance had created suspicion, and being watched, he was found to be armed and bent on mischief. The Queen having ordered the guard to bring the prisoner before her, she asked—

“Who are you?”

“Marguerite Lebrun,” was the reply.

“Marguerite ! Marguerite !” cried her Majesty in wonder.

“Madam, I wear a beard (tearing it from her face), and also a man’s apparel ; but I am a woman.”

“Loose her hands,” said Elizabeth to the guard.

“Nay, madam,” replied the prisoner, “I mind not a rough hand ; what is the pinching of an arm to one who carries a broken heart?”

“Who hath broken your heart?”

“Elizabeth of England ! Madam, you have reft all that my heart did love—how could it help breaking ? My mistress—my queen—my chief beloved, Mary of Scotland—my husband, too—my all. Yes lady—beggared and broken-hearted, you bid me speak—you bid me tell my errand—I obey. For years my husband and myself had been honoured in her service ; we were with her when—madam, the horror of that scene was a dagger to my husband. I cried, I prayed, that

the wound might staunch ; but—but, lady, I am a widow. I lost a loving husband at Fotheringay, I felt my heart-strings yield ; but I vowed over both their coffins that I would live to revenge both, and I came here to fulfil my vow. A few steps more, and I had succeeded. I have struggled hard against my purpose, but in vain.”

It cost the Queen a stern effort to retain her composure under such a speech ; but she calmly asked—

“What, think you, is my duty upon the hearing of such a case?”

“Do you put the question to me as a queen, or as a judge?”

“As a queen.”

“Then you should grant me a pardon.”

“But what assurance can you give me that you will not abuse my mercy, and attempt my life again? Should I pardon, it should be based upon conditions to be safe from your murderous revenge in future.”

“*Grace fettered by precautions!*—**Grace that hath conditions is no grace!**”

“By my faith, my lords,” said the Queen, “thirty years have I reigned, and never before have I found a person to read me so noble a lesson. My good lords, shall I not bid her go?”

Some of her most trusted courtiers remonstrated against the act, but the Queen listened impatiently. Turning to the prisoner she said—

“Are you not a Frenchwoman?”

“I am.”

“Whither would you go, should I set you free?”

“To my country and my kindred.”

“Marguerite Lebrun, I will pardon thee ; and do it without conditions—you shall have safe and honourable conveyance to your own country. My loyal guards, see that she is cared for.”

The pardoned woman looked with wonder and gratitude and admiration. For the first time during the interview she made an obeisance, and carried to her grave a reverence for the Queen that could freely forgive her.

The air we breathe is not more free to the children of men than is the Gospel of grace and of pardoning love : yes, grace, rich, boundless, and Divine, is freely offered and sovereignly bestowed on the sinner believing on Jesus.

“Though this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins ; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.”—(Acts xiii. 38-39.)



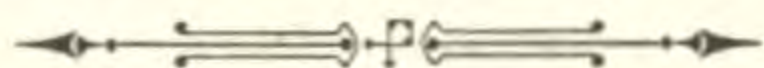
The Queen's Title.

IN a quiet cottage not far distant from Windsor Castle, the palace of Queen Victoria, there lived, some years ago, an aged Christian lady who had nearly seen her hundredth year. During the greater part of her long pilgrimage she had known the Lord Jesus, and walked with Him. Our gracious Queen had heard of this aged pilgrim, and decided to visit her. Great indeed was the joy of the aged one as she looked upon the face of her earthly Sovereign. She exclaimed, “What a joy and what an honour to me, that my Queen should come herself to see me !”

Then she added joyfully, "But I expect a greater joy, a greater honour still, before long. I expect to see the King in His beauty." Then softly, and with much feeling, the aged saint enquired, "May I venture to ask if your Majesty has such a hope."

Calmly, Queen Victoria, the Sovereign of Great Britain and Empress of India, replied to the aged pilgrim — "Through Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, I also have such a hope." The aged one soon after went to be with Christ. The Queen's confession is worthy of the attention of all her subjects. It expresses the only way of access to the presence of a righteous God; the only title to a holy heaven. "Through Jesus Christ" must be the password, the same for Sovereign and subject; "Whose blood cleanseth from all sin," the only way of remission and forgiveness.

Reader, is Christ and His blood your title. Do you expect to "see the King," and to dwell with Him eternally, on the sole and only plea that His blood has cleansed you from all your sins? There is no other title that will avail. No other plea will be accepted. The way is the same for all: the title alike for the Queen and the meanest of her subjects.



The Queen and the Sad Mother.

"IF I could only see the Queen! I'm quite sure she would spare the life of my two sons."

The words fell from the lips of a weeping mother, whose two sons lay in prison, condemned to death. A petition had been got up, signed by many,

and sent to the Home Secretary, but no answer had yet been given, and the day of execution drew near. That night, cold and stormy as it was, that heart-broken mother took her journey to Balmoral, the Queen's highland home, to intercede with her Majesty for her two sons. The train arrived at Ballater, and there the wearied mother found herself still twelve miles from the Queen's palace. In vain she sought for a conveyance; the only thing of the kind was the gig, with one seat for the driver, which carried her Majesty's letters from Ballater to Balmoral. Out of sympathy for the lone woman, whose sad story touched the hearts of all who heard it, she was allowed to sit on the mail bag, containing the Royal letters, and make the dreary journey to Balmoral. Late as it was when she arrived there, she had an audience of the Queen, who, with a true mother's heart, entered into her deep distress, and sought to allay her fears, by assuring her that if the matter was placed in her hands it would receive prompt attention. Then the poor mother, more sad and weary than ever, and almost crushed with the burden of her sorrow, was driven back to Ballater to take her journey home. The time for the train to start had almost come, the sorrowing mother sat thinking of her fruitless journey, when suddenly a courier, wearing royal livery, rode to the station gate, bearing a message that a Royal reprieve had been given to the two condemned men. The reprieve—which had only required the Queen's signature—had been in that very mail bag on which she sat on her journey to Balmoral, and thus close beside her, was the thing she so anxiously sought, although

she knew it not. The good news now made known, and believed, brought tears of joy to that mother's eyes ; and, with overflowing thanks to her gracious Sovereign, she journeyed back, not in fear, not in anxiety now, but assured that what the Queen had said would surely come to pass. How many are anxiously, earnestly seeking the forgiveness of their sins, wondering if ever they will receive it, and all the while the Royal pardon is close beside them, just within reach,—and in their case already signed, and the good news made known by the messengers of heaven? Have you ever read this Royal Message, reader? Here it is, direct from the King of kings on the throne of the Heavens :—“ Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS : and by Him all that believe are JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS ” (Acts xiii. 38-39). God has secured this for you, and now it is sent to you, without money and without price. You do not need to *ask* for it, or anxiously *wait* to see if you can get it. God proclaims your forgiveness, and to all who believe His message, the word is :—“ Your sins *are* forgiven you for His Name's sake ” (1 John ii. 12). “ Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more ” (Heb. x. 17).



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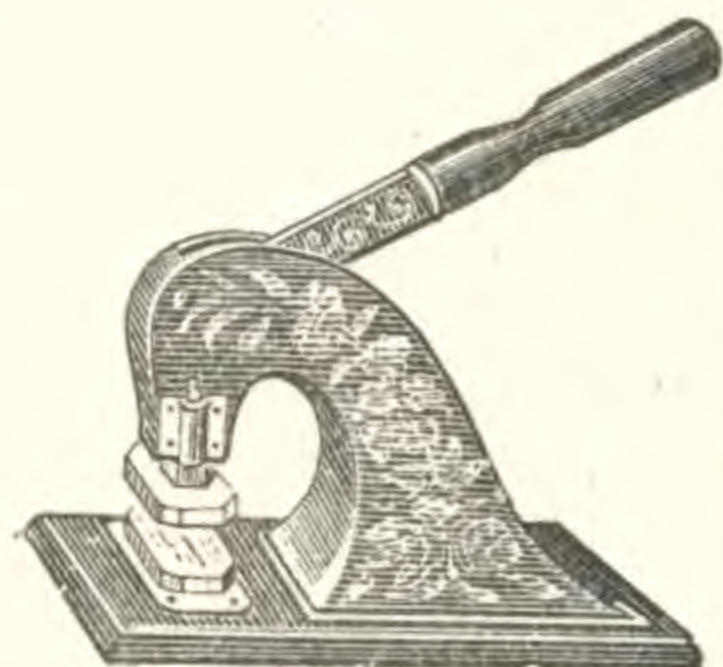
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