

PATHS
OF PEACE.



BEING
TRUE STORIES FROM FAR AND NEAR.
ILLUSTRATED.





"A PEACEFUL JOURNEY."

Words of Welcome Annual, 1914.



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WORDS OF WELCOME



A LESSON WELL LEARNED

THE dog in our picture seems to be uncommonly clever, and it probably cost his little mistress a lot of time and trouble before she taught him to wear cloak and bonnet so well, and walk on two legs by her side. Is he dressed up, I wonder, to represent the wolf in that story of Red Riding Hood which

most young people hear about, and of which even we older folks remember something? Of that we cannot be quite sure, but certain it is from our picture that he has learned his lesson well, and it looks as if he were enjoying the fun almost as much as his mistress.

There are some things, however, which no dog ever has to be taught to do, be he high-bred, or the meanest of curs, whether a huge St. Bernard or a toy-terrier so small as to be hidden in a lady's muff. What are those things? Can you not guess?

"Dogs delight to bark and bite."

Yes, and a good many more things too. For instance, the other day I went with two friends out to a peculiar village in Spain to preach the Gospel. Half the village houses are scooped out of the rock underground. The chimneys stick up about five or six feet above the ground on which you walk, and there are big round holes to let light and air into the kitchens. A wall surrounds these holes so that no one shall descend with a thump into the kitchen below and perhaps spoil the dinner by doing so! You go down a steep slope to the door.

To one of these houses we went. It was beautifully white and clean inside, and the kind people let us sit down and eat there our supper which we had brought with us. Having helped ourselves, we put down the dish with the remainder of the food on a low chair by our sides. As we talked, in sneaked a sharp little

black terrier belonging to the house, and made a delightful meal off the rest of our dish. He made no noise, and we only awoke to what was going on just as he finished and made a bolt for the door.

Now, who taught him that trick? "Taught him!" say some of our readers. "No one had to teach him; it comes naturally to a dog to steal like that."

You are right! The fact is, it is as natural for a dog to bark or bite or steal as it is for a boy or girl to sin. No one had to teach any of us to sin, though, alas! sometimes we are guilty of helping each other in the wrong way. We sin just because we are sinners.

In the Bible the sinner is sometimes likened to a dog, and sometimes to a sow, and in one place we are put into company with a donkey. Read Exodus xiii. 13, and you will see. We are unclean because of sin, and foolish too, and so we need redemption, of which that verse speaks.

The little donkey could be redeemed by a lamb, and so allowed to live out its days, however long they might be. It was redeemed for its life. Our redemption is an *eternal* redemption, and eternity, as you know, is the lifetime of God. For this eternal redemption nothing avails but the precious blood of Christ.

F. B. H.

DON'T PRETEND!

WE saw recently how serious and fatal a mistake it is for an unconverted boy or girl to pretend to be a Christian. We now write to those who are truly converted to lovingly warn *them* of an equally grave danger, namely, that of pretending NOT to be a Christian but to belong to the world. We sometimes meet children whom we know

really belong to the Lord¹ Jesus, for they have repented and trusted Him, but alas, instead of now following their gracious Master, they have turned aside, and in consequence their school-fellows cannot tell whether they are Christians or not.

This is a sad pity, for it *never* really pays to hide our colours and pretend to be what we are not. When staying at a little town in Gloucestershire recently we were told a queer story. At the time of the coronation of King George V., big bonfires were lighted upon the hills to celebrate the great event. A detachment of boy scouts took charge of each heap in that district, guarding it from being lighted too soon and keeping people from attempting to put it out when once set ablaze. A certain gentleman disguised himself, and pretending to be a tramp went over to the camp to test the boys and to see whether they would really defend their charge. Directly he appeared they all mobbed him, and ultimately he had to tell them he was only pretending, but they would not believe him and it was with the greatest difficulty that he escaped their hands. He found that his *pretending* was not profitable, and probably you will agree that it served him right.

Once upon a time, away in the land of Palestine, there lived a young man named Simon. He was no idler, but a hard-working fisherman. One day, just as he and his brother were dropping their net into the deep for a haul, they heard a voice calling from the shore, saying, "Come ye after Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." What a strange suggestion, or rather command!

The One who called them was, however, none other than Jesus, God's dear Son. There was a wonderful power in the command, and what could they do but obey? The Bible tells us that those two young Jews "straightway forsook their nets and followed Him" (Mark i. 16-18).

Simon, or Peter, as he was surnamed, went on brightly for some years, but alas, one day a very sad thing occurred. He covered up his faith in Christ and pretended he did not know the Lord. You will all remember how it happened. His Master had been sold by Judas the traitor for thirty pieces of silver, and was led by rough men to be judged before the high priests, and then before Pilate, that He might be condemned to death.

Now was Peter's opportunity to be loyal to his Lord and Master. But no, this young Jew, once so ardent and faithful, "followed afar off," and eventually set himself down with a crowd of godless folk in the quadrangle of the high priest's palace and warmed himself by the great fire.

Presently, as the bright light of the fire was shining on Peter's face, he was recognized, and a maid said to him, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth," but he denied it!

Poor Peter! Every minute he lingered by that fire amongst those enemies of his Master, his heart grew colder and colder, and now he was even *pretending that he never knew Jesus*. Later on he began to curse and to swear, saying, "I know not this Man of whom you speak."

At this moment the Lord turned and looked upon Peter; such a gracious, forgiving look that back to Peter's heart came the warm responsive love that the priest's fire had stolen away. Then he remembered the warning word so kindly spoken to him only a few hours previously, and as he thought thereon he instantly left the company of those who were against Christ and went out and wept bitterly. As the tears of true and deep repentance gushed from his eyes, we can imagine him saying, "O God, would that I had been faithful to Thy Son and not *pretended* to be on the side of His cruel opposers."

How different was David of Bethlehem. He was strongly tempted to pretend, and

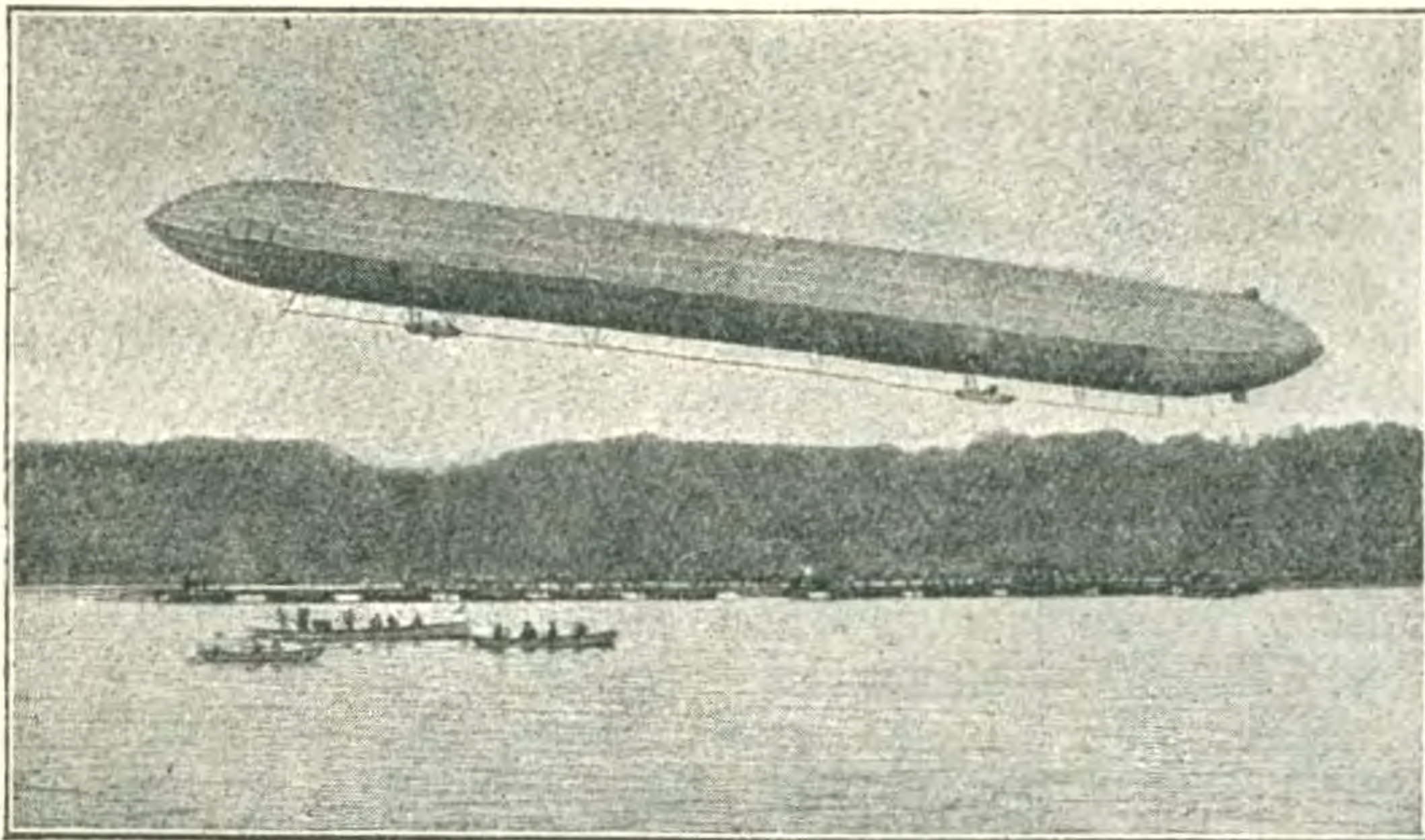
had he yielded it would have been disastrous. You will recollect the incident quite well. It was when he was led of God to go forth and fight the Philistine, Goliath, who had defied the armies of Israel.

Saul the king said, "Here, David, put on *my* armour and wear *my* brass helmet, and take *my* sword in your hand." This all sounded splendid and at first appealed to the youth. How grand to look like a soldier and appear in the king's own showy coat of mail, and to wield the king's sword. If he thus pretended, he would be the admiration of all, and perhaps even Goliath would feel just a wee bit afraid. Thanks be to God, however, a small but powerful Voice whispered within, "David, you are foolish to pretend to be Saul when you really are only a shepherd boy. Still more foolish to trust in armour which you have never tested, and thus to set aside the power of the living God which you have so often proved to be unfailing." Quicker than we can tell the tale, David's choice was made. He would NOT *pretend*, but would go forth just as he really was, a weak lad with an *Almighty God*, and in *His* strength he would prevail. Yes, and he did prevail. It was a glorious victory. With all our hearts we urge our beloved young Christian readers to follow David's example.

E. F. W.

THE AIRSHIP THAT NEVER CAME.

A FEW days ago I was in the quaint town of Annaberg, in Saxony, not many miles from Bohemia, which is in Austrian territory. It is celebrated as the place where the infamous monk, Tetzl, began his sale of indulgences. Martin Luther opposed him very strongly, and this played a very important part



A ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP.

in the Reformation—that grand work of God.

Perhaps you don't know what an indulgence is. It consisted of a paper issued by the authority of the Pope at Rome granting forgiveness of sins of every description. One indulgence would forgive one sin; another indulgence would forgive another. These were sold by Tetzel. The graver the sin the more he charged for the indulgence.

It was a dreadful fraud, for none can forgive sins but God only. And further, God never charges for His gift of forgiveness. How could it be a gift, if He charged for it? Thank God, forgiveness is "without money and without price"; it is "not of works, lest any man should boast"; it is obtained by faith in Christ Jesus alone.

Dr. Martin Luther knew this, and he exposed Tetzel's wickedness. Tetzel and his master, the Pope, were very angry, but God blessed Luther in what he was doing.

It was with no small curiosity I saw the very chest in which Tetzel put the money he obtained by his wickedness from his dupes. It is an enormous oak chest, bound with broad bands of iron,

with a very strong iron padlock.

One day a man came to Tetzel, and asked if he could sell him an indulgence for a sin he wanted to commit. He replied that he could, and inquired what sin he wanted to commit. The man replied that he could not tell him. Nothing daunted, the wicked monk sold him an indulgence for which he charged a high price.

When Tetzel left the town with his big chest full of money, this man

waylaid him, beat him well, and robbed him of all his money. This was the sin he wanted to commit, for which the Pope could not punish him, seeing he held the Pope's indulgence. Of course all Germany, except the priests, laughed at this, and well they might.

Times have moved on since then. The Sunday I was there a great airship was expected. An airship had never been seen in Annaberg before. It caused a good deal of stir. The people came in crowds to the landing place. They came by train, even from Austria, they walked in the drenching rain. Some came in cabs and motor cars.

They even went so far as to print a picture of Annaberg with the airship flying over the town. The picture postcard lies before me. You can see the great church where Tetzel's chest is kept as a great curiosity and treasure. Over it flies the airship.

But the airship never came. Everybody was bitterly disappointed. It was too stormy for it to venture. The crowd had to go home. The picture postcard was proved to be a sham.

It made me think of a happy contrast.

Tetzel charged for the forgiveness of sins he could never forgive.

God freely forgives the believing sinner.

The airship disappointed the people.

The Lord will not disappoint His people.

The airship was said to be coming, and never came.

The Lord is coming, and says, "SURELY I come quickly."

We often sing a very nice hymn, and the best part about it is that it is true:

"He is not a disappointment,
Jesus is far more to me
Than in all my glowing day-dreams
I had fancied He could be."

Thank God, the believer on the Lord Jesus will never be disappointed.

But how dreadful not to know Him as your Saviour, and to perish in your sins. How great will your disappointment be, if you wake up in eternity and find yourself lost for ever, especially as God's forgiveness costs you nothing, though it cost the Lord Jesus His life's blood and all the suffering of Calvary's cross.

I beseech my young readers not to rest till they are quite sure that their sins *are* forgiven. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

A. J. P.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

I. A NATION OF SLAVES.

OF all countries in the world, the most interesting to a Christian is the land of Palestine, that little tract of country where once trod the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ. There would be some difference of opinion, I dare say, as to the country most interesting after Palestine, but probably the majority would agree in giving that place to the land of Egypt with its wonderful river and the marvellous remains of ancient

temples, statues, tombs, and mummies, and inscriptions on stone which tell us so strikingly the stories of what happened long ago.

This year we will have a series of Bible talks together on a very old and well-known story which weaves itself around the strange old land of Egypt, and as we go over the story we will see if we cannot trace in it one still more wonderful—a story of a great and eternal salvation which may be the portion of every dear boy or girl who reads these lines.

Do you all know where the land of Egypt is situated? If not quite sure, get an atlas and see for yourself, and note how close it is to the land of Palestine of which we have spoken. Notice also the great river Nile emptying itself through many mouths into the Mediterranean Sea, and probably on the right hand, or east side, of it you will see marked "Goshen." This is the particular part of the country with which our story is concerned.

Somewhere about 3,500 years ago a people dwelt in the land of Goshen who were different in many respects from the true Egyptians who dwelt in the rest of the country. Several hundreds of years before the fathers of that people, to the number of seventy, had come to Egypt from the north-east country, driven down by famine, and as the Pharaoh ruling then was himself not a real Egyptian but of a similar race to these strangers, and had a prime minister whom he valued very much who was closely related to them, he received them very kindly. These strangers were shepherd folk up till that time, living simply and leading a roving kind of life, moving from place to place—pretty much what we should call nowadays Bedouin-Arabs—and as Pharaoh himself had a lot of cattle, and Goshen was a famous district for such, that very part of the country became the home of that people, some of whom were employed at first to look

after Pharaoh's herds and flocks. Goshen was a beautiful and fertile district, and there, in process of many years, those seventy people multiplied and grew until they became a populous nation of hundreds of thousands. The name of that people was ISRAEL.

About the time that our story opens, the children of Israel in Egypt were in a very distressed state. Some time previously there had been a great change in the government of the land, and the race of kings under whom Jacob and his family had come into Egypt, and Joseph had been prime minister, was no longer on the throne. "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph" (Exod. i. 8). This probably means that there had been a revolution, and that the old race of native kings who hundreds of years before had been defeated by the "shepherd kings" and driven to the south, had risen up and managed to defeat and turn out of the country these "shepherd kings" who had been so friendly to Joseph and Jacob, because they looked upon them as being almost like cousins, of the same race as themselves.

As the result of this great change, and the growing numbers and power of the Israelites, a great campaign of persecution was started against them by the new Pharaoh, who began to oppress and, if possible, destroy them by degrees.

These new Pharaohs were very warlike, and about that time there was a very powerful people in the Palestine district called Hittites. Since the Israelites came into Egypt originally from the country of the Hittites, Pharaoh thought that very likely the Israelites would sympathize with the Hittites in the war, and if so they would be like an enemy in the Egyptian camp. Moreover, Pharaoh wanted to make Egypt a very splendid place by building magnificent temples and houses, so he thought it would be a capital idea to make these Israelites into a nation of slaves who would be bound to

do all he wished, and work just like we make horses or donkeys do our work to-day. Read verses 9 and 10 of Exod. i., and you will see.

How dreadful the plight of the poor Israelites! Stripped of their possessions and arms wherewith to defend themselves, they were put under taskmasters, and found themselves completely at the mercy of the cruel Egyptians and Pharaoh the king. What could they do? They were in a hopeless position—just a herd of slaves without a chance of delivering themselves.

Do you pity them? I am sure you do. But if you are not converted boys and girls, you should pity yourselves *more*, for you are in the bondage of SIN, of which Israel's bondage was only a picture.

F. B. H.

GOD'S BEST GIFT.

ON the western side of the lovely Malvern hills someone has kindly erected a shelter, which affords a welcome retreat from the broiling sun and from the beating rain. As we rest therein after the long and stiff climb, and gaze upon the wide expanse of beautiful country, we are not very surprised to see inscribed on an iron plate, affixed in a prominent place upon the shelter, the well-known words:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Let us by all means thank God for the beautiful world in which we live; but let us first and foremost thank Him for the gift of His only begotten Son, and duly remember His object in giving Him was "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, believe this joy-laden message, and then you will be able to sing with the redeemed:

"But more than all, we praise Thy Name,
For proving Thy deep love,
By giving Jesus Christ our Lord,
To save us from above."



READING THE BIBLE IN INDIA.

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

JEWELS FOUND IN THE HOT PLAINS OF INDIA.

JEWELS. You know what they are, do you not? You see them sometimes in shop windows, sparkling diamonds and rubies, and beautiful soft pearls. And perhaps some of you have been to the Tower of London, and there you have seen the Crown Jewels that have belonged to many of the kings and queens of England. Very precious they are—so precious indeed, that though they have always been well guarded, they have recently been more securely protected, so that no thief can possibly get at them, for the loss of any of them would be a serious matter.

But even these costly gems are not the most valuable—there are some jewels more precious still.

In Matt. xiii. we read of a “pearl of great price” which was found by a Man seeking “goodly pearls,” and who went

and sold all that He had in order to make it His own.

Do you know who that was, and what the precious pearl was that cost so much?

It was the Lord Jesus Christ who was the Seeker, and the pearl He sought was that priceless jewel which is composed of all His redeemed people—their souls.

The Apostle Peter tells us the price it cost (1 Pet. i. 18, 19). No silver or gold could ever have been enough to pay it, so He gave His “precious blood” to redeem, or buy, us for Him self. Ought we not to love Him, and try to please Him, for His priceless love to us?

You sometimes sing:

“Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.”

Now these jewels are to be found in every land. Some of them are boys and girls, and some are grown-up men and women, and it is about them that our Missionary chats will be (D.V.) this year, 1914

In a large town in Southern India, where Christian Missionaries have been working for many years, there are some most earnest native Bible-women, who, having come out of the darkness of heathenism themselves, are giving their lives now to the endeavour to lead many of their own country-people into the light. One of these women is named Marthal. We will read what the lady missionary says about her.

"Marthal is busily engaged in Sunday-school visiting, and gives a few hours to the hospital for women and children. Several days during the week she may be seen plodding along the hot dusty roads, her face very intent upon her work. She visits the scholars of our Sunday-school, and any who are absent are specially looked up. Nothing touches the mothers so much as a little kindly inquiry about their children, and as a result of all this visiting, which really means very hard work, our school on Sunday is well attended. Of hospital work Marthal is very fond. The week is not long enough for her, so much does she see that needs doing. She sits down by the bedsides of the sick people, who look forward to her visits, and as she shows them a large coloured picture of the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, she tells them in a very simple and impressive way, "that sweet story of old."

There are few workers more earnest than this Bible-woman. She is called "Praying Marthal," as she is known to spend much time in the presence of her Master, and if you ask the reason, she will tell you with all the strength of her strong character, "I must pray much and often if I would work well for my Lord." Surely when her life on earth is

over, hers will be the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Another Bible-woman is Zipporah. The work she does is quite different from that of Marthal. Zipporah has the care of a number of girls who come to the Sunday services, but who are very ignorant and need loving patient teaching. These girls have to earn their living by planting rice, or doing coolie work—that means carrying heavy burdens like porters do in England. It is very hard work in the hot sun, and they are very glad when the chance comes to rest in the afternoon, and come and listen to the Bible words Zipporah tries to teach them.

Grace is yet another Bible-woman. Her work is among the lepers. She has learned to know the love of Jesus for herself, and therefore she is very earnest in her efforts to tell the sadly afflicted people in the Leper Hospital of the One who long ago cured a man suffering like themselves, and who still lives to save and bless and comfort all who trust in Him.

Marthal, Zipporah, and Grace are three of the Lord's jewels in the far-away land of India, and they are all trying very truly to gather in many more jewels for Him from among their fellow country-people. Ask God to bless them, and use them for His own glory. E. A.

LEAVE IT NOT.

WHERE will you be in Eternity? Oh, prepare for it. Leave it not till the last hour. Leave it not until your death-bed: you may never have a death-bed. Leave it not until you get more time: you may never get more time. Leave it not until you get old: you may never get old. Leave it not until the Spirit strives more powerfully: He may never strive again. Leave it not until to-morrow: you may never see to-morrow. *This night* thy soul may be required of thee!

WORDS OF WELCOME



A SAFE GUIDE AND A STRONG ROPE.

SOME people are very fond of climbing high mountains, a pastime which is called mountaineering, and the higher the mountains are, the more they like it. It is however, difficult and generally dangerous work. Every year quite a number of people go to Switzerland in order to climb the Alps, and very few years pass without there being some sad accidents to record.

The higher parts of the Alps are composed of enormous rocks and precipices, and covered with deep snow which drifts into great frozen fields called glaciers, and in these glaciers are tremendous rifts or cracks, and since to tumble into one of these rifts is almost certain death, one has to be very careful of one's steps.

Now and again foolish young men insist upon starting on an expedition without taking any precautions, and often pay the penalty in losing their lives. Sensible people, however, take care to provide themselves with all that is necessary as to clothes, boots, and sticks, and above all to obtain the services of a good guide with strong ropes.

Our picture shows you what the rope is used for. Even in Britain there are mountains high and rocky enough to need careful climbing with ropes, and these two little lads seem to be attempting a rather risky feat. They are roped together, so that should one of them slip the other may be able to pull him up, and so save him from a bad fall. As I look at the picture, however, I cannot help thinking that should the small climber on the left fall, instead of his friend holding him up, he is more likely to pull his friend down, and so both of them come to grief.

This is what sometimes happens in the Alps; people start out with a poor guide, or perhaps with no guide at all; they rope

themselves all together, perhaps five or six of them; the rope is perfectly good, and in spite of it disaster happens. One slips perhaps without any warning, and pulls down the one next to him, and then the weight of these two is thrown on to the others, and they, not knowing how to plant their feet, or brace themselves up to withstand the shock, lose their foothold also, and so the whole party is hurled down and injured, if not killed.

Does not this remind you of a saying of the Lord Jesus, that "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch" (Matt. xv. 14)? The strongest faith in an unworthy guide will avail you nothing. The rope shall represent *faith*, and the guide *that in whom or in which we trust for salvation*. No matter how strong the rope of our faith may be, if it links us up with something unworthy of our trust, such as our works, or religion, or resolutions, it will avail us nothing. We *must* have the right guide, the Lord Jesus Christ.

On the other hand, the Lord Jesus Himself will avail us nothing unless we are *linked* to Him by faith, just as the best of guides may be unable to save a man if the rope be rotten, or if there be no rope at all. I remember reading a most exciting story of a mountaineering disaster in the Alps. Four people went out with two guides, one a young man of great skill, and the other a very celebrated old guide of great experience. All six were well roped together, with the younger guide in the middle and the old guide at the end. All went well for a good time, but when they had reached a great height, one of the climbers, number two of the row, I think, had a bad slip and fell so heavily that he jerked number one clean off his feet as well. The guide in the middle saw what to expect, but he was himself standing on a slippery part of the glacier and could not offer much resistance. In less time than it takes to tell, five out of the six had lost their footing. The old guide at the end, however, saw everything

and knew exactly what to do; he dug his great stick, called an alpenstock, and also his heels, deep into the snow, and flung himself on his back, managing to hitch the rope round a big boulder by his side as he did so. Thank God! he remained firm under the terrific shock of their fall; but, alas, in the middle of the rope there was a hidden flaw; it snapped, and the other guide and the two tourists at the further end shot at lightning speed down the face of the glacier and disappeared over the precipice at the end. Their mangled bodies were recovered some some days after.

Let me ask my young reader. "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus?" "Oh, yes," you say.

"But is it really faith *in* Him, or merely belief *about* Him?" that is the question. To merely believe all that the Bible says about Him is not worth much; it is like the rotten rope. He is a perfect and all-powerful Saviour, but to be saved you must believe *in* Him, that is, trust Him with all your heart as your personal Saviour, so that your sins may be put away by His precious blood. F. B. H.

TURNED OUT!

THIS summer we spent our holidays in a small village near which there was a large castle—not a ruined one as we sometimes see—but one in which the owner, with his family, lived. It was surrounded by a beautiful park, which we were told was quite free, and that we could walk and sit about in it as much as we liked. Naturally this pleased us very much, and so one day we set out to spend the afternoon there.

Arrived at the handsome entrance gates, we passed through quite happily, never for one moment guessing that we were trespassing. Soon, however, the lodge-

keeper appeared and asked us what we were doing there ! He told us the public were not admitted into the park and that we must leave it immediately. What a disappointment ! People had told us we could go, the park was there and quite as pretty as we had pictured it, there was plenty of room for us, it consisted of many acres of land. But yet we were not permitted to enter ! Why was it ? We were strangers to the owner, and no strangers were allowed in to his estate. Had we known him personally we could have freely entered and no one would have said a word to us.

Is not this a picture of God's home ? We all look forward to the thought of heaven one day. I do not think there is a single person who *honestly* does not wish to go there when his life here is over, but how few pause to find out whether they will be admitted or not.

There are some people who tell us just to do the best we can in this life, and that when we die God will take us to heaven. He is a God of love, and therefore will not punish us, but will in His love admit us into His home. The Lord does not say that ; His words are very different : " Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God " (John iii. 3) ; " Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted . . . ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven " (Matt. xviii. 3).

If we want to go to heaven to be with Jesus, we must take Him as our own personal Saviour *now*. In this life we must believe that He has died for us on the cross and washed away our sins in His precious blood. God tells us that when we believe and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour we *have* everlasting life and shall never perish.

But, dear children, if we do not turn to the Lord we can never hope to live with Him. If we do not accept the wonderful, the precious gift of eternal

life from His hands when He so lovingly offers it to each of us, we shall find one day that the gates of heaven are barred against us. We may knock and say, " Lord, Lord, open to us," but He will answer, " Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

Oh ! don't let that be true of any of us. Accept the gift now ere it be too late, and then we shall know more and more as each day goes by what a wonderful Saviour the Lord Jesus is. A. W.

A WELCOME SOUND.

WHEN Dr. Nansen and his companion Lieut. Johansen were returning from their journey toward the North Pole, they lost their way in that lonely wilderness of ice. They were compelled to spend a long Arctic night alone in a small hut which they built up there in the Far North. When the light returned they continued their journey south, but they were still in ignorance as to their whereabouts. The only thing of which they were certain was that they were travelling south.

One day, while Lieut. Johansen was preparing a meal, Dr. Nansen began to take observations, when suddenly he stopped, and exclaimed, " Johansen, I hear the barking of dogs." What a welcome sound to those two men, because with the dogs would be men, who would be able to give them the information they so much required. Dr. Nansen immediately went off in the direction of the sound, and soon came across a party of men from Mr. Jackson's expedition, who conducted Lieut. Johansen and him to their winter quarters, and later they returned to Norway on the ship which brought provisions for the English expedition.

Now, dear children, do you not think our story may serve as an allegory for us ?



TRAVELLING IN THE FAR NORTH.

You are wandering about in a wilderness of sin, as Nansen and his companion were in a wilderness of snow, and as they knew they were travelling south, so you know you are travelling on to eternity. They did not know their position, and probably you have never considered yours. You may never have given a serious thought to your eternal welfare. You may not, up to the present, have realized the serious fact that you are lost. What do we read in the Book of Haggai? "Consider your ways" (chap. i. 7). Yes, my young friends, consider them, make yourselves sure of the way you are going and of the ground on which you stand before God.

But, someone asks, can we be sure?

Yes.

Well, how?

Let us look at our allegory again. When Mr. Jackson told Dr. Nansen where

he was, and that the ship would take him to Norway, do you think he doubted? Certainly not. Now if you have found that you are lost, think of this, Christ came "to seek and to save that which was lost." He came to die for you, and now He is seeking for you. He is knocking at your heart's door. Will you open it and let Him in?

Swing the heart's door
widely open,
Bid Him enter while you
may.

Are you in doubt as to whether He is able to save? If so, why? because He has said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out;" and again, we have that wonderful verse, which should dis-

pel all doubt, John iii. 16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Accidents sometimes happen to arctic explorers, as you may see in our illustration; and not only dogs but sometimes travellers themselves are lost by falling into the deep rifts in the ice, so Dr. Nansen might have doubted whether Mr. Jackson could lead him safely to the ship; but the Lord Jesus never loses anyone who trusts in Him, they "shall never perish."

Now is your opportunity for accepting Christ. You may have heard many times the welcome sound of the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation, and I would urge you to believe it at once, that salvation may be yours. "Take it now and happy be."

T. T.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

II.—THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

IT must have been a very unpleasant surprise for the poor Israelites when Pharaoh suddenly made up his mind to enslave them. For some hundreds of years they had lived peacefully and prosperously in Goshen, until they had become as great a nation as the Egyptians themselves, when all at once, though they had never injured the cruel king, they found themselves surrounded by his armed soldiers, and being unarmed themselves and quite defenceless, there was nothing for it but to submit. It says, "They did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses" (Exod. i. 11).

From early morning until nightfall the Israelites had to toil under the broiling Egyptian sun at work of the hardest kind. If they built with bricks, they had to make them, as well as build with them, and if with stone, it had to be quarried and transported, often great distances, and then lifted into position. They had no cranes worked by steam or electricity or other labour-saving machinery, such as we have to-day, so everything had to be done by the power of human muscles, and hundreds of men must have had to work like horses to move some of the enormous stones that are the wonder of thousands of people who visit Egypt every year to see the remains of its splendid buildings of long ago.

Night after night, when reaching home after the exhausting labours of the day, many a poor Israelite must have sighed deeply and said to himself, "Ah! once upon a time I thought Egypt a charming place, and would not have exchanged my comfortable quarters in Goshen for any spot on earth, but now it has become to

me a land of terror and sorrow, and I pray to God that somehow I may get delivered from it."

What sort of a place does this world appear to you? Does it remind you of the land of Egypt? Some of you will say, "Yes, it does. Egypt was a land where plenty of corn and melons and cucumbers and other delightful things grew, and where every kind of luxury was to be had, and this world seems to me just like that, a lovely place to live in, with everything to please and fascinate, and I would like to get as much of it as ever I can."

Wait until you are a little bit older; do you know what you will find? I will tell you. The very things that please and fascinate will end by enslaving you, and sooner or later you will find out that this world is full of sin, and that Satan is the prince of it. Now Satan is a tyrant-king and sin is a terrible taskmaster, and compared with them Pharaoh and his servants count for very little.

Do you understand what I mean? Well, look at that boy strolling along the street smoking his first cigarette. Doesn't he feel himself grand, and think it delightful! Yes, but look at him thirty or forty years after, a perfect slave to tobacco, and its dreadful sister strong drink. With his health shattered he is going to an early grave, and alas! to a lost eternity beyond. Or it may be a girl, who thinks nothing more charming than smart dresses and pretty trinkets, and presently she thinks of nothing but these things, and becomes their slave. If she cannot get them honestly she will get them dishonestly, and suffer for it, in this world and the world to come. This world is full of people who have fallen a slave to sin in its many forms.

Pharaoh's great idea evidently was that by harsh treatment he would little by little destroy the children of Israel. He thought that their toil would be so exhausting that they would gradually die off. He made a great mistake; hard

work does not kill people quite so easily as is sometimes supposed, and moreover he was quite unaware that God was for that people. He was very much against them, and was much stronger than they were, but God was altogether for them, and proved Himself to be very much stronger than he. As the story progresses we shall see what happened when Pharaoh fought against God.

But at the beginning we read, "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew" (Exod. i. 12). So from the beginning Pharaoh's purpose was frustrated. In the same way some of us older Christians can look back and see how God has turned even our sorrows and trials to good account, so that the very bondage of sin that we experienced has been made to serve the useful purpose of teaching us what the world is, and what sin is, and making us long to be delivered from the power of Satan, the great prince of this world.

I wonder how many of my young readers have ever really felt the terrible bondage of sin?

F. B. H.

DISOBEDIENCE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BOY-LIKE, a certain lad, was very fond of playing with fire. After school he would trespass on a Corporation enclosure and make a bonfire of waste paper. He had often been ordered off by the yard keepers, but he persisted in his wilful disobedience.

The shades of evening were beginning to fall one day, and once more he and a companion lit their fire, when the poor boy's clothes caught, and in a few moments were all ablaze. His cries of distress arrested the attention of a woman in the road a short distance away, who, shouted to him, "Jump into the water, boy!" He

heard her words, and turning saw a pool of what appeared to be stagnant water, into which he unhesitatingly jumped. Then followed an awful shriek, and the flames leapt upwards. Alas! the poor boy had jumped into a pool of oil, and he fell burned to death, never more to rise. Shortly afterwards his charred body was recovered, burnt almost to a cinder.

* * * * *

Now, dear young friends, among the many lessons you may learn from this sad story, there are three of the utmost importance.

(a) DISOBEDIENCE IS A SIN, for had he not disobeyed both the notice and the oft-spoken words of rebuke, he would never have met with that terrible death. Therefore, at all costs obey God, who says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," and "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Learn also to be careful as to

(b) OBEYING BAD ADVICE. The advice given the burning boy was given in kindness, and intended for his good, yet it was bad. Oh, seek now the blessing and guidance of God; for He makes no mistakes. He will reveal to you His will in the Scriptures, which will make you wise unto salvation. Bear in mind, too, that

(c) EARNESTNESS IS NOT ALWAYS RIGHT, for if you are earnest in wrong it increases your danger a hundredfold. Some would tell you that it matters not what you believe if you are earnest and sincere. This is wrong, for the boy was both: he had faith in the pool, but, alas! he jumped into the very jaws of death. God's Word states: "There is a way which seemeth right . . . but the end thereof are the ways of death." Therefore, confess your sins to God, and for Jesus' sake He will pardon you, and cleanse you from your sins, and make you His obedient child. He longs to make you whiter than snow.

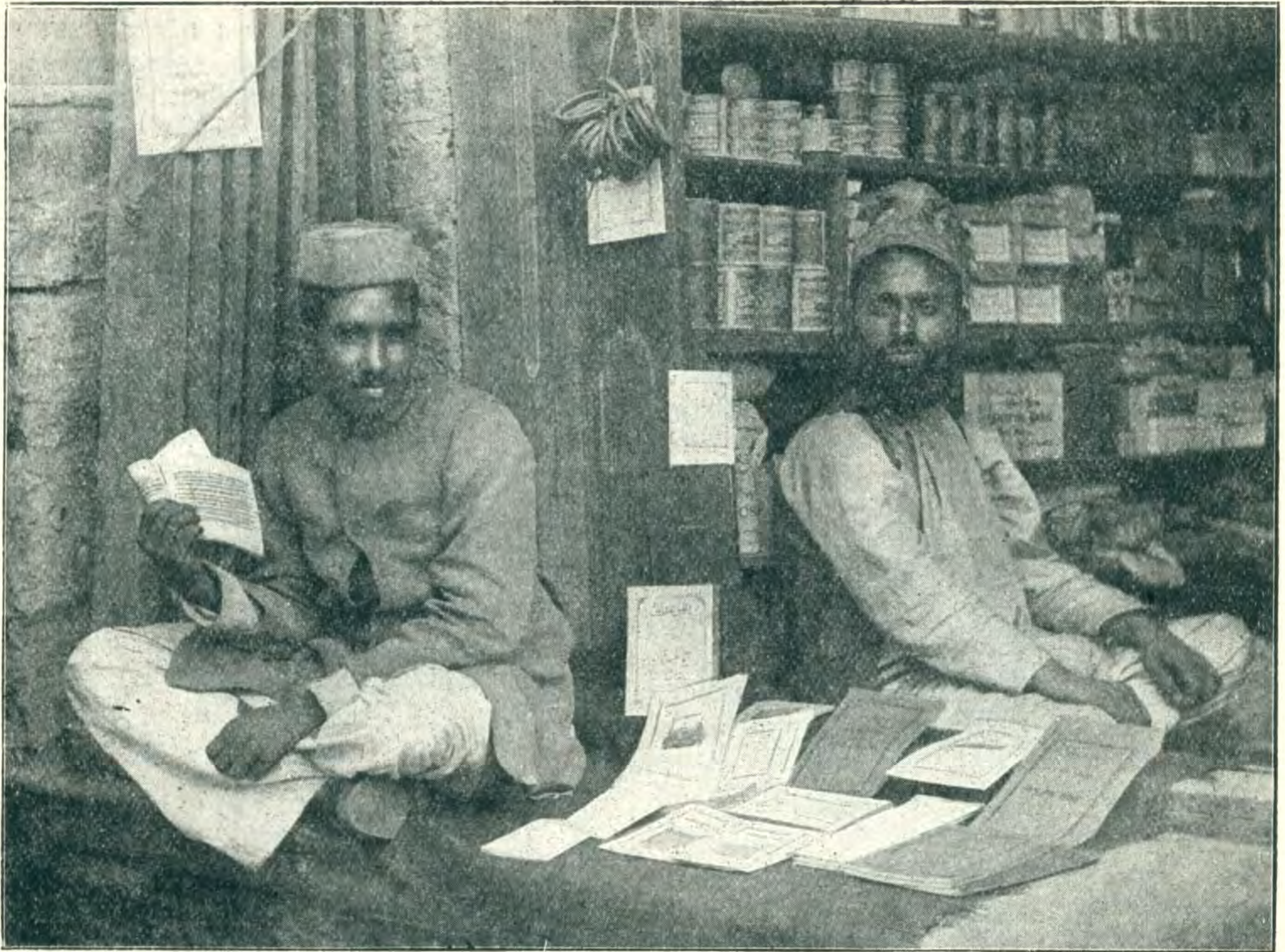


Photo by Rev. J. G. Potter, Simla.

AN INDIAN COLPORTEUR WITH SCRIPTURES OUTSIDE A MOHAMMEDAN'S SHOP.

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

A SEPOY JEWEL.

“**W**HAT is ‘Sepoy’?” someone asks. It is a Hindu word meaning soldier, and is the name given to the native soldiers in the British army in India.

Daud Mohammed Khan was one of these. When he was a little boy he lived with his parents in a village on the banks of the Jhelum River in Northern India, and spent his days in much the same way, as to play and fun and mischief, as boys do in every land.

He grew up a fine young fellow, and enlisted in the British army, in a regiment composed entirely of fierce Moslems. His

fellow soldiers were all men of splendid appearance, and no less splendid courage, who were ready to do anything for their King, and to die if need be for their religion. About six years ago this regiment was engaged on Royal escort duty when our present King, then Prince of Wales, visited India with the Princess. Daud was selected among the guard of honour, and very smart he looked in his handsome uniform.

But something happened while he was at Karachi with his regiment for this occasion. Some one handed to him, in the street, a small portion of Scripture,

containing the parable of the prodigal son (suppose you find it and read it). Nobody explained it to him, but the Word of God can bear fruit without any explanation or comment. As Daud read it, he was charmed.

"Who told that story?" he asked himself. "How beautiful it is!" He had never read anything like it in his own Moslem religion. He did not know who said these things, but they remained in his mind when he got back to his station. In that place a small school had been started for the low-caste Hindus by a Christian officer who had a true missionary heart, and who preached the Gospel where he could, though he could not preach it to his own soldiers—the Army regulations not allowing him to do so.

Many of these big fierce Moslem soldiers often looked in at the open windows of this school as they passed, and were surprised to see their own greatly beloved Colonel speaking words of love and hope to the despised low-caste people.

One at least of these listeners not only heard, but received the Truth into his heart. This was our friend Daud. He saw that his own religion was false, and he lost all faith in it, but he was not yet a Christian.

But before long the love of God took full possession of his heart, and he surrendered to the God and Saviour whom his Colonel loved and honoured.

Now, however, difficulties came in his way, and he had to face "the tyrant's steel." He did what no man had ever done before, for he was the first Moslem to publicly confess Christ in a Moslem regiment and *remain there*. Some few others had given up their false religion and come out for the Lord Jesus Christ, but they had left the regiment for other and safer places. More than one had been killed. But Daud faced all the dangers and difficulties, and took the risk of losing his life for his new-found Saviour and Lord.

God raised him up a protector in the head native officer, who, though himself not a Christian, yet was a fair-minded man and would not allow the other soldiers to treat him badly.

For one year Daud bore faithful witness to his Lord, and then it was thought well that he should leave his regiment to go and be trained as a native evangelist to his own people.

He is now a valuable worker at the Quetta Medical Mission, preaching daily to Moslems, and counting not his life dear unto him if only he can bring other men to the true faith and to the knowledge of the Saviour who loved him and died for him.

E. A.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

JESUS! how ever dear Thy name!
It thrills my inmost heart;
Reminds me of my Father's love,
And bids all fear depart.
As music in a lonely vale,
Low sounding, soft and clear;
At even, with heavenly sweetness falls
Upon the listening ear.

Jesus! how precious is the love
In Thy dear Name expressed!
Which brought Thee from the realms
above—

That sinners might be blessed.
The love that shone with living power
Throughout Thy life below:
And led Thee to the cross at last,
With all its shame and woe.

Jesus! amid life's changing scenes,
Thy peerless name shall be
A constant joy, to cheer my way,
Until Thy face I see.
This precious theme shall ever be
The gladness of my soul;
I'll bless the grace that made Thee mine,
While boundless ages roll.

P. D.

WORDS OF WELCOME

UPSIDE DOWN!

WHAT a fine present for a little boy! No wonder this little lad was charmed when a *real* camera was given to him,—one which, though small, would take *real* pictures which he could keep and stick in a book!

Having got it, the great thing was to begin and take a picture; and now the great question was, what should he take? At this juncture his old friend the Teddy Bear came in handy. He made an excellent subject, for he was not like his owner's brothers and sisters, who would want to move or laugh just at the critical moment.

So "Teddy" was propped nicely up, and down on his knee dropped the little lad to see how the picture would look in the view-finder of his new camera. It was not easy to catch the picture at

first, and when he did see it, it gave him quite a shock. "Oh, dear!" he said, "it's all wrong, everything is upside down."

At this point a grown-up had to come to his rescue and tell him all about it, explaining that though the picture might seem to be upside down on the screen, yet it would turn out to be right side up in the real picture that was made;



and also that the first picture made would be strange, too, with everything black that should be white, and white that should be black, but this also would be all right when the final picture was completed.

And so our little friend discovered that, even with cameras, appearances are deceiving. When he grows up to be a man he will learn, I hope, the same lesson in regard to much more important matters.

For instance, a boy or lad gets converted. What do his unconverted friends say? "He is turned religious and lost all his fun." "He has gone mad over religion," and things like that. But is it so? Not at all; the truth is, he has found the Saviour, and is beginning to learn what *true joy* is. He has got his sins forgiven, and is really possessed at last of a *right* and *sound* mind.

When first of all the Apostles went about preaching the Gospel multitudes were converted, until those who did not believe and who hated both the Gospel and its messenger, said, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also" (Acts xvii. 6). *Upside down*, indeed! Not a bit of it. The world was upside down enough already, and had been so ever since Satan succeeded in upsetting everything by bringing SIN into it. Paul, Silas, and the rest were busy preaching the wonderful message which, when it was believed, set men and women in their hearts right side up. For the knowledge of Christ as a Saviour sets us *right with God*, and that is being right side up indeed.

Which are you, dear boys and girls? Ask yourselves the question very seriously: "Is my heart still in the upside-down condition which is the result of being a sinner and still in my sins, or has it been made right side up by belief of the Gospel?" And do not rest until you really know that you are RIGHT WITH GOD.

F. B. H.

GREATER THAN A MOTHER'S LOVE.

NO one loves more than mother. Hers is the strongest, purest earthly love, and happy is the child who has a good Christian mother.

But we all need a greater love than ever mother's can be. A mother can tend her dear child, but if the child dies she can do no more. She may even die for the child, but with her death she can do no more.

This was most touchingly illustrated in Spain a few days ago. A woman and her two children lived near Valencia. We talk of sunny Spain, and there are parts of it where snow is rarely if ever seen.

But lately this district in Spain has been visited by cold and snow. This poor woman earned a few pence a day, which sufficed to keep them when the weather was mild and scanty clothing was enough.

But with poor food and scanty clothing these poor people had to travel through a lonely part of the country. They had never known snow and ice before, and soon they were chilled to the bone.

You know Spain is a dark Roman Catholic country, and the people put up crucifixes and images of the Virgin Mary by the roadside, so that the poor deluded people may pray to a Saviour whose finished glorious work is not known by them, or to the Virgin Mary, who cannot hear their prayers at all.

At the foot of one of these crosses the children fell into a stupor. When people are caught in a snow-storm, they should on no account go to sleep, however tired they may be, for it is the sleep of death.

The poor mother knew what it meant when her dear children fell asleep. The mother tore off one after another of the poor thin garments with which she was clad, and wrapped them round the little girls.

Then night fell. At dawn a passer-by found the dead body of the mother lying by the roadside. Clasped in her arms were her little girls, dead also, covered by the thin garments which she had torn from her own shivering body, but alas! it was too late.

Thankful indeed we may be for this greatest of God's earthly gifts—a mother's love; but if you are privileged to have a Christian mother, I am sure she tells you of that love which is even stronger than a mother's, and one which we all need if we are to be *truly* happy in this world and safe for heaven in the next. And if you are not privileged in having a *Christian* mother, let me lovingly tell you the story.

There are times when even a mother will turn against her child. This has often been the case when a Jewish child has become a Christian, and the mother has turned her child out upon the streets. Her hatred of the Lord Jesus was greater than her love for her child. Or, it has often been the case when a Roman Catholic child has been converted, and given up superstition. So we read in the Bible: "*When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up*" (Ps. xxvii. 10).

But even if your mother does not forsake you—which is not likely, even if she is a good Christian mother, you need to know a love greater than a mother's.

You need to know the love of the Lord Jesus. His is divine love, and therefore far greater than any human love. His is love *stronger* than death.

Death was *stronger* than the Spanish mother's love, for she died to save her children from death, and yet they died.

But the love of Jesus is *stronger* than death. He died to save us; but He is alive again, proving that His love is stronger than death. He can save us.

If we trust Him, we may never die, for if He came He would take us to heaven

without dying at all, and if we are called to die, we can triumph over death, for we shall meet His love on the other side of death. So you see the Lord's love is greater even than a mother's love.

Do you know His love, dear young reader? Do not rest till you do, and are able to speak of Him as "the Son of God, who loved ME, and gave Himself for ME."

A. J. P.

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

COME with me in thought to a scene of some 1900 years ago.

The Lord Jesus is approaching the gate of a city of Palestine; many of His disciples and a large crowd of people are with Him. Some of them have no doubt recently seen His power in healing the servant of a centurion by just speaking the necessary word; and probably many of these followers have been attracted to Him on that account. But see, this crowd advances nearer and nearer the entrance of that city, until it comes quite close up to it.

But what is this other crowd of people coming in the opposite direction? This is no happy, joyous throng. Let us see what it is all about.

The husband of a poor woman has died some time previous to this, and she finds herself left with her only son; but alas, he died too, and she is *now* going to the burial of that only son. His was only a short life, for he was only a young man; but from some cause he has died, and the poor mother must have wept and shed many sad tears that day. The heart of many a stranger is drawn out in sympathy for the poor woman, and so it comes about that she has a large following of people going to the funeral.

Can no one from amongst that large crowd do anything? Are they *all* helpless in the presence of death? Yes;

human sympathy, however shown, cannot bring back the dead to life.

Look, though, the crowds have met, and there is One amongst the first crowd who seems deeply interested in the widow's grief. He sees her, has compassion on her, and speaks two words in her ear; let us listen to what they are—"Weep not." He comes alongside the bier or coffin, touches it, and the whole procession suddenly comes to a standstill. This Person who spoke the kind words of sympathy to the poor woman seems to take much more than a mere passing interest. He speaks again, and this time it is to the young man who lies dead. Shall we listen once more to what this wonderful Person is saying?—"Young man, I say unto thee arise." Instantly the dead man arose.

Dear young friends, do you know that Jesus has overcome the power of death? Our sins have resulted in the sentence of death being passed on us, for, "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23). Jesus has borne the punishment due to us, and now He offers free pardon *to all who will accept it*. You *need* the pardon, but if you want it you must take it, otherwise how will it do you any good? "*How* shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

Jesus is still the same, and is just as willing for you to have the "gift of God," which is eternal life—instead of "The wages of sin," which is death—as He was to raise that young man to life. Will you not trust Him? He has shown *much more* than a passing interest in you. He has come all the way from Glory to earth, and has died in your stead at Calvary to pay the debt which you owed.

Keep Him waiting no longer, but let Him take full possession of your heart, and your life shall be happy indeed.

"What think ye of Christ?" Is He your Saviour, dear young reader? I can say, "He is mine." Can you?

L. A. A.

BE PREPARED.

I WAS walking through a Scottish town one holiday with three friends, when a public notice caught my eye. It ran just as follows:—

Be Prepared!

Kinross-shire Boy Scouts.

If any boy scouts read this magazine, they may have some idea as to what these lads of Kinross had to be prepared for; it may have been to go on patrol, or to render some assistance, or to do their duty in some other way; but not being boy scouts ourselves, it did not convey very much to us.

One of the party, however, remarked: "It is a good thing to be prepared"; and I felt that the notice might have a meaning for some quite different from that which was originally intended. Let each of my young readers ask themselves, "Am I prepared to face the great realities of eternity?" Let us turn to our Bibles and see what God has to say to us in connection with this.

In the Old Testament we read of two men, both of whom were kings of Judah, Rehoboam was the name of one, Jehoshaphat the name of the other. Of Rehoboam we read in 2 Chron. xii. 14: "He did evil, because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord." His was not a happy reign; for the king of Egypt subdued him, and he was continually at war with Jeroboam, king of Israel, and we all know what the ravages and miseries of war are.

Of Jehoshaphat we read that he "prepared" his heart "to seek God" (2 Chron. xix. 3), and we find that though he made a good many mistakes, yet God blessed him, and he had riches and honour in abundance.

I wonder how many of my readers have prepared their hearts to seek the Lord; and if any of you are conscious that



PREPARING FOR DUTY.

you have not, I am going to ask you, "Why not?" If any of you boys and girls have any doubt in your minds as to whether it is better to seek the Lord or to forget Him, you can easily judge by comparing the lives of these two kings. It is not difficult to see which was the happier and had the best side of things in this life, to say nothing of the life to come.

Again, the Bible says:—

"Prepare to meet thy God."

This is a text that each boy and girl can find and learn, if they do not know it already. It is in the book of Amos.

B. G. D.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

III. HOW GOD RAISED UP A DELIVERER.

THE captivity of the children of Israel in Egypt lasted a long time, probably about a century. We

know that by the dates of Moses' history, for Acts vii. shows us that he was no less than eighty years old when he led Israel out of Egypt, and Exodus tells us that the oppression was in full swing before he was born.

During all that time there was no rest for the poor afflicted people. We read how the Egyptians "made their lives bitter

with hard bondage," and we read also that when they found that instead of growing fewer they still increased in number, they struck upon the horrible plan of destroying all the boy-babies by having them cast into the river Nile, knowing that once thrown in there they would soon be drowned or devoured by crocodiles.

You may wonder perhaps that God allowed His people to be oppressed for so long, but you may depend upon it He had a wise end in view. Previously they were so comfortable in the land of Egypt that they had no wish to go to the land of Canaan. Now they are only too anxious to escape; they long for deliverance.

As those long years dragged wearily by, the Israelites must have thought they were never going to end. In these early chapters of Exodus we read of their "afflictions" and their "sorrows," and of how they "sighed by reason of the

bondage " and " cried " and " groaned." These statements show us what a terrible time they had. All this time, however, God had not forgotten them, though I am afraid they had forgotten Him, for if they made a golden calf and worshipped it when brought into the wilderness with the true God, they are hardly likely to have escaped a similar sin when living in Egypt and surrounded daily by its idolatries.

When we read of how they groaned and cried, it does not even say that they cried *to God*, they may have only cried for mercy to their cruel masters, or to the false gods that their masters worshipped; what it does say, however, is that "their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage; and God heard their groaning" (chap. ii. 23, 24). Very soon an answer was given, though strangely enough the people did not know it.

Not long after the oppression began a very fine baby-boy was born. So fine was he that his parents determined to brave the wrath of the king and disobey the cruel law which said that he should be cast into the river. Had they a feeling that this baby was going to grow up into a very remarkable man, I wonder? Well, he did become a wonderful man, and his birth was the beginning of God's answer to the cries of the children of Israel. During the eighty years that elapsed between his birth and their deliverance they must have often thought that their prayers were unanswered, whereas during that time God was at work on their behalf, preparing them to be delivered, and preparing Moses to be their deliverer.

Sometimes we are tempted to think that God neither hears nor answers us when we pray; so let us learn a lesson from this story. We must not think that God does not care for us if we have to wait eight years for an answer, since Israel had to wait eighty. God is never

in a hurry, but when He does act, He makes no mistakes and carries things through to a triumphant finish.

I need not tell you the story of Moses being put in the ark of bulrushes, for I am sure that every one of you know it very well, but perhaps you have not realized that his preservation was a miracle. The river Nile swarmed with great crocodiles, and what more toothsome morsel for one of these hungry creatures than a nice plump baby! Yet the little ark floated quietly along the river and not one of them touched it. The same God that shut the lions' mouths when Daniel was in their den shut the crocodiles' mouths when Moses was on their river. And so it came to pass that Pharaoh's daughter found him, and out of the water he was drawn.

His very name—Moses—means "Drawn out," so we are evidently not intended to forget that point. I believe God wants us to remember it because it is a reminder of the great fact that the Lord Jesus had to go down into death and be drawn out of it before He became the great Deliverer of His people.

The children of Israel could not deliver themselves; they needed a deliverer whom God would use to break the power of Pharaoh. Nor can we save ourselves without a Saviour. So God sent the Lord Jesus into this world, that by dying and rising again He might break the power of Satan and the world, and deal with our sins to the salvation of our souls. Moses was only a poor weak man in himself, though God took him up and used him as an instrument in His hand; but we must never forget that the Lord Jesus Christ was God Himself manifest in the flesh, and "by Himself He purged our sins"; that is to say, He did the mighty work by Himself alone, and therefore we may be sure that the work of our redemption is well done, without the possibility of a breakdown anywhere.

F. B. H.



CHINESE CHILDREN.

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

"PRECIOUS FRAGRANCE" AND "PEACEFUL JOY."

IF you had lived in their homes, you would have heard their mothers call them "Kwei-hsiang" and "An-loh," for they were two little Chinese girls, and very great friends. They had both been taught about our Lord Jesus Christ in the Mission School, and they had learnt to sing the same hymn as you have learnt, only they sing it in Chinese:—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong."

And they had learnt, too, to love Jesus for His great love to them, and to pray to Him in their childish way.

In the summer of 1907 a terrible illness

was raging in the city where they lived, and these two little friends both became ill with it.

An-loh was taken back to her home, and there her mother nursed her night and day, whilst Kwei-hsiang was lying very ill in her home, anxiously watched by her mother.

Day by day the dreadful disease grew worse, and at last the poor parents saw that there was no hope of keeping their little daughters, but that God wanted these two small flowers for His garden above. They were sorry to let them go, and prayed earnestly that they might not be taken, but that God would let them stay on here for a while longer, and yet

they wanted Him to do the best for them and for their little ones.

And God did answer their prayers. He wanted these two sweet flowers in heaven, but He made it easy for the parents to let them go, and comforted them so much that they would not have called their children back even if they had been able to do so.

And this is how He did it.

One day little An-loh said to her mother, "Please, mother, will you wash me and dress me in my new pretty clothes, for I am going to the Lord Jesus in heaven. He is coming for me, and therefore I must be clean."

A little later she said, "I want Kwei-hsiang to come too. We must go together to the Lord Jesus."

At the same time little Kwei-hsiang was telling her parents that she had to leave them. Once she said, "I am going to heaven. I want my pretty clothes, and then my nice cup which I got at the 'Jesus Hall' [the Chinese name for the Christian Mission Hall]. I must have that with me. And then father, and mother, and I, will all go to heaven." A little later she added, "No, I must go first, and father and mother will come afterwards."

The parents wondered where her words came from. They said it could not be the child herself speaking, but God's Spirit through her, to comfort their hearts; for she was their only child, and separation was hard.

The afternoon wore on, the day would soon draw to a close, and at the same time the earthly lives of these two little ones were fading, and there was quiet sorrow in the two homes, only about two minutes' walk apart.

An-loh called out several times, "Kwei-hsiang, Kwei-hsiang, we must go now!" A little later she cried again: "Well, if you do not come now, I must go on without you; I cannot wait any longer!" and then the sweet little girl went to the

bosom of the children's Saviour and Friend.

Less than an hour later Kwei-hsiang joined her in that happy home where they will never know the sin and sorrow so many of us must pass through here. In life they had been friends and daily playmates, and together they went to the Lord Jesus to live in His Paradise, and there they are waiting for us, with many another jewel gathered to Him from the great land of China.

Shall *you* meet them there? Do *you* love their Saviour? E. A.

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"China's Millions."]

MY LIFE.

THE following simple lines by Matilda Betham-Edwards contain a series of short prayers to express the desires of those who love God and seek to do His will.

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbour best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

WORDS OF WELCOME



“COUNT EVERY DROP OF WATER.”

ETERNITY.

WHAT does this word mean? It means for ever. It means never ending.

We talk about *time* in this world. I ask how old your little sister is. You answer, “She is very young; she is only one year old.” Or I ask you how old your grandmother is. You answer, “Oh! she is very old; she is eighty years old.”

But in eternity we shall ask no such questions. People will not get old there. They will never never come to an end of their existence.

I heard of a man who had a dream. He thought he was in heaven. He saw a great clock, with a big white face, and some happy-looking people looking at it.

But to his great astonishment he noticed the clock had no hands to point out the hours and minutes. He enquired why it had no hands. The happy-looking people answered, “Hear what the pendulum says.” And as it swung backwards and forwards he thought it said, “Salvation ever; damnation never! Salvation ever! damnation never!” And then they said, “The clock has got no hands, there is no time here, it is eternity.”

What a happy eternity! Would you not like such an eternity? It may be yours, nay—it *will* be yours—if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour. You have sins. They must be put away if you are to be there. And only the precious blood of Jesus can wash them away.

But this man in his dream then thought he was carried down to hell. There again he saw a great clock with a big white face. But the people who were looking at it seemed very unhappy. Again he noticed the clock had no hands. Again he asked the question, “Why has the clock no hands?”

But this time the question seemed to give great pain. What misery was painted in their faces as they replied, “Hear what the pendulum says.” And as it swung backwards and forwards, with a horrible grating sound, it seemed to say, “Salvation never; damnation ever! Salvation never; damnation ever!” And then they said, “The clock has got no hands. There is no time here; it is eternity.”

What a dreadful eternity. And yet that is just what will take place if you die in your sins. I do not mean that you will see an actual clock without hands, but that there will be no time there; it will be eternity; and if an unbeliever, you cannot be happy there.

I earnestly trust you will think of the word ETERNITY, and ask yourself the important questions, Where am I going? Where shall I spend eternity?

Count every grain of sand upon the sea-shores of the whole world, count every drop of water that fills the mighty oceans, count every blade of grass on the earth, every leaf upon the trees, and reckon a million years for every grain of sand, every drop of water, every blade of grass, every leaf, and that tremendous length of time would not shorten eternity by an hour. It is a journey in which the goal recedes each step you take; a long lane, which never, never has a turning. You advance, but you are as far away from the end as ever. What a thought!

How important then to be ready to enter upon it! How brief time is. Yet how important, for "NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

Delay not to get the question of your soul's salvation eternally settled.

A. J. P.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

IV.—THE IMMORTAL CHOICE OF MOSES.

WHAT a change came over the life of Moses as a result of that voyage on the river Nile in the ark of bul-rushes! Instead of being treated as just one slave amongst thousands of others, he was brought up as a prince amongst the ruling race.

For just a few years, it is true, he was carried back to the little home where he was born, for God's goodness to his mother Jochebed was such that she was permitted to nurse her boy for a short time, while he was still young, and she was paid wages for doing it too! Still, the time came when Jochebed had to take him away from the humble cottage they called

"home," and after giving him a last kiss and a last embrace, hand him in to the splendid palace where Pharaoh's daughter dwelt.

Jochebed and Amram, with their elder children Miriam and Aaron, must have felt downright sad when evening came and there was no little Moses to chatter and play round the door; but I daresay that through their tears the parents may have spoken to their children of the promise of deliverance made long before by the God of their fathers, and hoped and prayed that these remarkable happenings to their little boy might have something to do with its fulfilment. As for Moses himself, I have no doubt he shed a good many tears in his new and strange surroundings, though had he been an ordinary boy I am afraid he would have soon flung himself into the gaiety and pleasure of court life, and forgotten all about the old home.

The Pharaohs of those days were great and powerful kings. They belonged to the old race of true Egyptian kings, and not long before they had defeated and expelled the foreign race called the "Shepherd" kings; just as recently the Chinese have risen up and expelled the Manchu emperors who for so long had reigned over them. A great many of the most interesting monuments found in Egypt belong to that period, and the names of these great kings are found carved upon them more frequently than any others. In fact, about that time Egypt was passing through one of the most splendid and prosperous periods in all her long history.

So you may depend upon it that Moses had every opportunity of having a right royal time! As the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter he would have every pleasure and luxury that heart could wish, and further we are plainly told in Acts vii. 22, that he was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds," so evidently he had

the best education that could be provided, and being very clever he profited by it, and became one of the most powerful and renowned young men in Egypt.

At last Moses was forty years old, and at the height of his power, and then a most unexpected and extraordinary thing happened. He tracelessly disappeared! Hunt for him, high and low, as much as they would, he was not to be found. What had happened?

Well, somehow or other he had managed to unravel the mystery that surrounded his birth and early days, and he knew that he belonged to the down-trodden children of Israel: moreover, he began to feel that God had allowed all these strange happenings in order that he might become their deliverer. So one day, seeing an Egyptian ill-treating one of his own nation, he took the law into his own hands and slew the Egyptian. The next day he discovered that his people were not disposed to accept him as their chief, and that his killing of the man was known and being talked about, so he wisely made up his mind to flee from Egypt before Pharaoh had time to lay hands on him.

You may read about that in Exodus ii. 11-15, and Acts vii. 23-29. But there is another side to the story. The heart of Moses was filled with faith in God. He was an out-and-out believer. As he looked at the worldly splendours by which he was surrounded, he saw clean through them, and knew that they were not true gold, but only tinsel and glitter. As he looked at the poor downtrodden Israelitish slaves, he saw them to be the people of God. Then and there his choice was made. He would throw in his lot with the enslaved people of God, even though it meant plenty of affliction, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

What must the Egyptians have thought of him? Why, even his own people thought him very foolish, I expect. But he did not care what anybody thought. He had found greater riches than anything he had

known, and in the future he saw a bright reward. Well done, Moses!

That side of the story we read about in Hebrews xi. 24-26, and it is written for our instruction. We shall none of us be as great as Moses, but we may all make the same decision as he did, and happy we are if we do.

Have you made it? Have you seen through the vain show of this world, and found out how worthless it is? Have you discovered that all true peace and joy and wealth is found in CHRIST, and that to suffer loss along with Him is far better than all worldly gain without Him? If so, you will not have much difficulty in making it. You will believe in Him; you will accept Him as your Lord and Master; and you will gladly say,

"My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my immortal choice is made,
CHRIST FOR ME."

F. B. H.

IMITATION OR REAL?

SOME time ago, upon entering the dining-room in the house of a friend, I noticed a pot in the middle of the table containing a plant covered with beautiful flowers. Very attractive they looked; but as I sat and gazed at them I was struck with the rather awkward way in which the stem of the plant came out of the pot; so rising up I went to have a closer look at them, and bent over to smell their perfume, when I found they had no perfume at all—for they were only artificial flowers!

They were the work probably of poor blind girls, for there are a good many such who, through the kindness of Christian people, are cared for and taught to earn their living in that way. Wonderfully clever they are at it too, in spite of not being able to see, and the flowers they turn out are so good an imitation of



real flowers, that a person who only glances at them, as I did at first, may easily be deceived.

Look at our picture. There you see a country lad who, helped by his little sister, has been in the woods gathering primroses. Out of the wood they are now coming, and what splendid basketfuls of these lovely flowers they have got. When they get home they will set to work and tie them up in bunches and despatch them to market, and by the next morning these bunches will be sold at a penny each in the streets of some large town—perhaps London.

Supposing that your mother happens to go out, and seeing some of these bunches buys one and brings it home for you. What would you do? Well, first of all I hope, you would say, "Thank you," but then no doubt you would bury your nose in the flowers, and drawing in a long breath, you would say, "Oh, how lovely!" So indeed it is; but what would you say if you could stop our young friends in the picture, and burying your face in that big basket carried by the lad on his left arm, fill your lungs with its perfume: that would be lovelier still!

Yes, nothing beats the real thing; whether we think of the primroses and other flowers which fill our woods in April, or of Christian boys and girls that are found scattered about in our schools, both Sunday and week-day, all over the land. There are two kinds of Christians remember,—the mere professor, who is a Christian in name only; and the real Christian, who has become such by being "born again" and truly converted.

"Primroses, no thank you!" says a man. "I don't want them, they are no good to me. They've got no scent." And you see him vainly trying to extract a whiff of perfume from a bunch beautifully modelled in wax! "Sir," you would say, "try the real thing before you make up your mind!"

"Christians!" says Mary with a rather

scornful accent, "no, I don't want to be a Christian. Look at Amy, a more jealous and disagreeable and deceitful girl it would be hard to find." What shall we say to Mary? Something like this, "Are you sure that Amy is a real Christian? Be sure that you try the real thing before you make up your mind."

Before a person is "born again," they are "dead in trespasses and sins," as dead as a wax flower. When born again, they possess a new nature; and just as a living primrose brings forth its scent, so they produce the perfume and fragrance of the life of Christ.

Make no mistake then, boys and girls. Which are you? Imitation or real? A mere professor, or "born again"?

F. B. H.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

IN the Old Testament we read about some very interesting cities—the six Cities of Refuge (Numb. xxxv.; Josh. xx. 7-10). God provided these cities so that any Israelite who killed anyone by mistake could run to one of them for safety and protection. A relative or friend of the murdered man would seek to avenge his death; but if the Israelite who had unintentionally killed him could reach one of these cities without being caught, he was quite safe as long as he remained within, but if he went outside the gates, he himself would be slain.

We, too, need a refuge, and these cities are a type of our great Refuge—the Lord Jesus Christ. "But," I can hear some of you say, "I have never killed anyone." No, but we have all broken God's law. God tells us that if we break *one* of His commands, we have broken the *whole* law—which includes murder. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James ii. 10).

If you have a necklace or a watch-chain made up of tiny links, and one of the little links snaps, your chain is broken, and you cannot wear it. It is only *one*, and all the others are quite secure, but yet your chain is useless until that one little link is mended. We are guilty of having broken many of the links in God's law, and we are utterly lost; but God in His mercy has provided a way of escape; He has given us the Lord Jesus to be our Refuge, and we can hide in Him, and be safe.

God chose cities that were very easily reached from all parts; and there is no one too weak or too young to find the way to Jesus. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

If we come to the Lord Jesus, He will receive us and keep us safely for time and eternity.

The signposts to the cities would be clearly marked, so that no one should lose or miss the way; and what plain directions God has given us in His guide book, the Bible. "Jesus saith, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me" (John xiv. 6). "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

But remember, that in order to be saved the Israelite had to run to the place of refuge. If he loitered about or made light of it, he would be lost. If he wanted to be saved, he must flee to the city, and *at once*.

Our Saviour is waiting and longing to bless us. He has died for us and purchased our pardon on Calvary. He wants us to be His own and inherit eternal life. But there is *our* part too. We must come to Him and accept His free gift, and take Him as our Saviour, our Refuge from sin and its penalty. And we must do it now—Jesus is waiting. Do not let

us neglect or put off our opportunity. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). Let us come to Jesus now. As long as we are outside the Refuge, we are in great danger. Our great enemy Satan is lurking round, and he will have us in his power. Let us flee now to our Great Refuge, where we shall be perfectly safe, and let us ask the Lord Jesus not only to save us, but to keep us safely by His side, day by day.

A. W.

THE PRAYER-WHEEL.

IN the great land of Tibet, which lies to the north of India, the poor heathen folk have a prayer consisting of a few words which they say over and over again, believing that the more they repeat it the better will be their lot in the next world. Not only do they continually mumble it to themselves, but they have great prayer-wheels, inside which are huge rolls of paper on which the prayer is written—often as many as a million times. These wheels are turned round hour after hour by their priests, which is supposed to be as good as repeating millions of prayers.

The words of the prayer are:—

Om Mani Pad-me Hum.

What do they mean? Well, the funny thing is that though the priests say they have a meaning, hardly any of those who so often use the words seem to know. How foolish! you say. Yes. *Foolish* indeed.

I wonder though if some of you English boys and girls pray like the little Tibetans? Do you repeat night and morning a set form of words without thinking what you are saying? Never do so again. God loves reality, and that we should ask Him for what we really feel we need in the simplest possible way.



IDOL PRIESTS IN THEIR STRANGE CLOTHES.

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

CHOW CHI KWAN.

HE wore a pair of blue cotton trousers and a loose coat of gaily coloured cotton—and a pig-tail. By which you will guess that he lived in China. But who was he?

He was a small boy of twelve, and the one great desire of his life was to see a foreigner.

He had heard strange stories about the "ocean men," with pale skins and red hair, who had come to his land from a small country far away across the sea, to preach to his people, and he wanted to see one of them, and to hear what he had to preach about.

One day while he was playing in the village street with his boy-friends, a sudden commotion was heard, and the news quickly reached their ears that a foreigner had actually come their way.

"Let's go and get some fun out of him," shouted the other boys. So their game of "footer" shuttlecock was left off, and they rushed helter skelter up the narrow dirty village street to join the crowd already gathering in the open space before the idol-temple.

But Chow was not like the other boys. He did not altogether like the idea of making fun of the strange visitor—but at the same time he wanted immensely to see him; so following on slowly, he found himself at the edge of the crowd who were listening to a tall, fine-looking man with a grey beard, who was speaking to the people in Chinese.

Chow listened, but all he could understand was that up in the sky there lived Someone who should be worshipped, and that idols were false.

The preaching was soon over, and the foreigner passed on to the next village, leaving many new thoughts in this little boy's mind.

Chow had one sorrow which shadowed his daily life. His parents were too poor to pay for his schooling : and besides, there was no school in his neighbourhood.

One day a relative, just returned from a visit to Hankow, came to his home and chattered about all he had seen in that great city. He spoke of the wonders done at the Mission Hospital, and of the *free* schools for boys and girls carried on by the missionaries.

Chow was greatly excited, and begged his father to allow him to go to Hankow to school. After a time his great wish was granted.

He was taken in to the Mission School at Hankow, and there he learnt all sorts of lessons. He loved play, but he loved study still more, and he worked hard and won the praise of all his teachers. But he was proud and sulky, and had an ugly surly temper, which gained for him the nickname of "That surly article."

When he was about to leave school, he wished to enter the hospital and learn to be a doctor. The only drawback was his bad temper, which made the doctors fear he could never succeed, for a kind, patient, gentle manner is very necessary in a doctor.

However a change was coming over Chow. Although he had not yet confessed it, he had given himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and was daily learning of Him to be meek and lowly in heart.

Through long cold winters and hot summers he worked hard at his studies in the hospital. He never grumbled at the most disagreeable duties. Tenderly he treated the loathsome, suffering beggars who came with their sickness and pain. The patients spoke of him as the "Loving doctor," and his name gradually became widely known. He might have become a rich man had he chosen, but

he preferred to keep to the resolution he had made as a boy, and be a medical missionary.

And now, after long years, he has become a clever and much-loved doctor, and has the honour of being the first Chinese doctor entirely in charge of a large mission hospital in China. And in this way he is helping to spread the knowledge of that Saviour who, when He was on earth, "went about doing good," "healing all manner of sickness," and

"Who died that we might be forgiven,
Who died to make us good ;
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His Precious Blood."

F. A.

"COME UNTO ME."

OH, hear the voice of Jesus.
He speaks in grace to thee !
Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
He waits to welcome thee !
He died upon the cross, that we
Might rest and peace obtain ;
Oh ! dear one, come to Jesus,
And life eternal gain.

The "precious blood of Jesus"
Was shed for you and me :
The loving hands of Jesus
Were nailed unto the tree.
But God has seen the precious blood,
That justice did demand ;
And by His power raised Jesus,
To sit at His right hand,

Oh ! won't you trust in Jesus,
And be from sin set free ?
Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
If you would pardoned be.
God counsels you from wrath to flee,
For reckoning is at hand ;
Our present Saviour, Jesus,
Is Judge by His command.

P. D.

WORDS OF WELCOME



STARTING THE FIRE.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

THE boys of our picture, like most other boys, evidently think it great fun to play with fire. They have collected a lot of dry sticks and have piled them up against the shed. They

have not considered that the shed is built of wood, and that it would soon catch fire, and that in its turn it might set the buildings which are near it ablaze. The boys do not think of this, and one of them is just applying the match to the pile of sticks when a voice says "Stop!" It is Mr. —, who is just in time to prevent what might have been a fearful catastrophe.

Dangerous as it is to play with fire, I want to remind my young readers that it is still more dangerous to play with *sin*. By sin I mean anything that is wrong: disobedience, deceit, selfishness, cruelty, pride and anything that your conscience tells you is not right. These are not things to be played with. You may say, "I don't mean any harm; it is only a bit of fun," but sin is sin, and its consequences are terrible.

"The other day," says a gentleman whom I know, "I had to address a lot of children. I called a lad of twelve up to the platform, and wound around him first some cotton, then some string, then twine, then cord, afterwards rope and finally a chain with a padlock. Of course he could break the cotton, but this led to the string, and this to the stronger cord, and so on, till at last the

clasp of the padlock made him fast, my prisoner. And I think those boys and girls will never forget the lesson I sought to teach them of how thoughts lead to acts, acts to habits, habits to character, character to destiny."

Your "bit of fun" may be like the cotton which is easily broken, but it will soon lead to something further. A disobedient boy becomes a self-willed lawless youth; a deceitful child becomes an untruthful and untrustworthy adult; a selfish girl becomes a hateful, selfish, miserable woman; a boy that is cruel to animals or to smaller boys becomes a cruel and heartless man.

But this is not the only thing. To have one's acts become habits, and to have those habits form our *character* is bad enough. But for our character to fix our eternal *destiny* is indeed a terrible thing.

Thank God there is a Saviour. The Lord Jesus will save the boy or girl who really trusts Him. He will help them to overcome their sins, and to resist temptations to do wrong. But never forget what a fearful thing it is to *play with sin*.

H. P. B.

WHAT MADE GRANNIE HAPPY?

OLD widow Brown was so happy, that when her grandchildren paid her a visit one day, they said, "What is it that makes you so happy, Grannie?"

"It all started with one word in the Bible," she said. "Can you guess what word it was?"

"It must have been JESUS," they said.

"That is the sweetest name I ever heard," she said; "but it would not be sweet to me if I could not call Him my Saviour. That was not the word I was thinking about."

"Then it must be HEAVEN," they said.

"No," the old lady replied. "Of

course I love to think of heaven, but that is because I can say that it is my home; if it wasn't I should not care to think about it at all. The word that I am thinking about is COME, a very ordinary one of four letters; but it sang a sweeter song to your old grannie than the lark sings in the sky."

"Tell us about it," they all said. And this is the story she told.

I was sitting by my fire one night and very unhappy, when I thought of the words, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I knew they were the words of Jesus; and I said to myself, "Can they be for me?" And then the thought came, but it does not say, "Come, Betty Brown." That's true, thought I, but neither does it say, "Don't come, Betty Brown."

I was not long before I got the difficulty settled, for I found that the Bible said, "whosoever" might come, and I felt that that word did not shut me out.

But then I thought of my sins; did the Lord mean that a poor sinner like Betty Brown might come? And I had some terrible doubts about it until I found a lovely verse, which says, "COME now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). That was enough. I just obeyed His Word, and came to Him, and He did not turn me away; and He has made me happier than ever I expected to be. It was when I obeyed His word COME, that the name of JESUS became so sweet to me, and because His name is sweet I like to think about HEAVEN, if it is His home and mine.

Yes, the old folk may come, for none are too old, and the young folk may come, for none are too young; whosoever includes old and young, and Jesus our Saviour is ready to receive and save all.

J. T. M.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

V.—HOW GOD AT LAST “CAME DOWN.”

WHEN the children of Israel refused Moses' interference on their behalf and would not acknowledge him as their leader, they committed a mistake which cost them much. They saw no more of Moses for forty years!

Now forty years is a very long time. Most young people think one year a long time, and forty would seem an age to them, which would never come to an end. During all that time, however, the Israelites remained enslaved and groaning under their taskmasters in Egypt, and Moses remained in the deserts to the east of Egypt, learning many lessons which God was teaching him to prepare him to be the deliverer of his people. During all that time, too, it may have looked as if God had forgotten His word and was never going to act for their salvation.

At last, however, the forty years drew to their close, and then suddenly one day God began to move in the matter and revealed Himself to Moses in the burning bush—the bush that never was burned although it burnt. And this was what God said:—

“I have surely seen the affliction of My people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey” (Exod. iii. 7, 8.)

So during all those weary years God had not been deaf nor asleep nor forgetful of His people. No! He had been watching and listening and feeling for them. Then why had He not done something before?

Well, long ago I remember reading of how a well-known swimmer saved from drowning a person who fell off the pier-head. The crowd who saw the accident and knew the fame of the swimmer shouted to him frantically and expected him to instantly throw off his coat and dive in. Instead of that he took off coat, hat, and boots quite leisurely, while watching carefully the desperate struggles and listening to the cries of the drowning person. Then, just when everybody thought him unkind, and was feeling very angry with him, he plunged in and very soon got the exhausted person safe to land. Afterwards he explained that had he dived in before, the frantic struggles of the drowning person would have hindered him and perhaps imperilled both their lives, so he just waited until every struggle and effort was stopped, and then the right moment had come to save.

This is just how God acted with His people Israel in Egypt. It is just the way, too, in which He deals with anxious sinners to-day. Many a boy and girl has become afraid of judgment and anxious to be saved, yet they have not found peace at once. No; on the other hand, they have had weeks and months of anxiety about their souls. Why? Did not God care? Did He not know and feel for them? Certainly He did; but He knew well that the best thing was that they should find out how useless were all their prayers, and resolutions, and trying to do their best, so that they might just trust *altogether* in the Saviour and be saved by Him.

More wonderful still, this is just the way God acted with the whole world when sending the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom Moses was a type. Jesus did not appear as soon as sin came into the world and men fell under its power. Not forty years, not four hundred, but four thousand years at least rolled by, and then the Saviour plunged into the raging sin and sorrow of this poor world for our rescue,

and when Jesus appeared, then indeed it was true that God Himself had "come down to deliver" us.

When God came down to deliver Israel, He dwelt for a few moments in the bush which burned with His presence, and then He sent Moses to be the deliverer. This was wonderful, but the Gospel story is more wonderful still.

"Our God is a *consuming fire*," says the Bible. Is there any way then in which He can dwell among men without consuming them? At Sinai it looked as if there was no way, as if He must consume all the sinners who trembled at its foot, even Moses himself, if He came down. But there was a way, and when Jesus came it was revealed, and so His Name was to be called, "Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, *God with us*." Jesus was and is GOD, and He came amongst men burning ever so brightly for those wonderful years of His life, and then on the cross He made Himself the sacrifice for our sins that *they* might be consumed by the fire and that *we* like the bush might not be consumed. What a Saviour! He did not merely send a deliverer, He became the deliverer Himself!

Boys and girls, is not the Lord Jesus the kind of Saviour you need? Does He not appeal to you? I am sure He does. Have you trusted in Him yet? Did you say No? Then why delay another moment? Trust in Him as your own Saviour, at once.

F. B. H.

NOT OF WORKS.

IN the year 1127, Stephen, Earl of Boulogne (later King of England), invited certain monks from Tulketh, near Preston, to settle and build an abbey at a place called Beckansgill, now known as Furness Abbey.

He granted them a charter of royal protection, and also endowed the abbey

with large estates in various parts of the country. The commencement of the charter ran thus: "Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors and dukes, and the crowns and palms of the great, wither and decay, and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death, I therefore, etc," King Stephen hoped that by this generous act, he would save his soul alive. He hoped to reach heaven by his own good works; he seems to have had no knowledge whatever that Christ had finished the work of atonement for sin on the cross of Calvary.

There are a great many people to-day who are like King Stephen; they strive from day to day to live better lives, they are continually making good resolutions, but alas! they cannot keep them. If they could live good lives, would that get them to heaven? No. Why? you ask. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

Some people think if they turn over a new leaf, and then lead a better life, they may get to heaven. What a delusion! In Eccl. iii. 15, we read: "God requireth that which is past." All the sins of your lifetime must be taken into account, all the big sins, all the little sins, all the secret sins, and all the open sins, all the forgotten sins, and all the sins that are remembered. If you begin to look back at the past, what a black mass you find them to be. What a heavy load to have to bear alone, because you will have to bear them alone, unless you trust in the finished work of Christ. You must cease all your own efforts for salvation, and just accept God's offer of mercy. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

T. T.

SPOILING THE MUSIC.

IN my home there are three little girls. You would find it difficult to guess their names, but I will tell you that for a pet-name we call the youngest "Loo."

We often sit by the piano and enjoy a time singing of Jesus' love. They are so delighted, one or the other sitting on my knee whilst auntie plays one of our Sunday School hymns.

Now little Loo finds it difficult to sit still, she likes to be doing something, and so she often puts her fingers on the keyboard to help. *Help*, did I say? Oh no, she does not help; we feel like stopping our ears with our fingers, for the music is *spoilt*.

This reminds me of some children who do not as yet believe in Jesus. The blessed Lord has been in this world and has finished the work of redemption which God gave Him to do. When He died upon the cross He said "It is finished," so that all we have to do is to come to Him as repentant sinners and *believe*. It says that "Whosoever be-

lieveth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

Some of you are like Loo, who would put her fingers on the keyboard; you want to *do* something for salvation, and you are not able. The tune that was being played was quite complete, and what was added only made discord. So the work of Christ is complete, and nothing can be added to it.

Supposing you had passed by the window just as auntie was playing, and Loo put her hands on the keys, what *would* you have thought? In spite of auntie being a professor of music, I fear



"ONE OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS."

you would not have thought very much of it, or said it was very good.

But the work of Jesus is VERY GOOD, God has proved it to be so by placing Him at His right hand in heaven.

The heavenly hosts sing His praise. Already Christians say, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." If you, dear child, are hoping for salvation by trying to add any work of yours to His work, remember you are trying to rob Him of His glory and to spoil His praise.

You will not do that, will you? Believe that He loves you. Only trust Him, and He will save you to be with Him in glory.

E. H.

"HE CURE ME."

SOME time ago a meeting was being held in California, when a young Japanese rose up and spoke a few telling words. He said something like this.

"My hair is black, my eyes are black, but my heart has been made white by the blood of Christ. I was a poor heathen boy, and troubled, and sin-sick. I went to Shinto, and cried, 'Oh, save my poor sin-sick soul!' But no help me. I went to Confucius, and read his words, but my sin-sick not cured. I went to Buddha, and waited long, but he did not help. I went to Jesus. He cure me."

The heathen religion much practised in Japan is called Shintoism. Confucius was a great heathen teacher, whose writings are much venerated in China. Buddha is worshipped as a god in China and India, and to a certain extent in Japan. All these false religions were of no use to a poor Japanese, who had begun to feel the burden of his sins.

But, Jesus! Ah, the Lord Jesus Christ, the living Son of God, suited his case exactly. Here he found the true God, and a love that was stronger than death. What a Gospel it is which tells us that:

"Jesus, Who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a Man and die."

Did He not bless all whom He met? Did He not cure the sick—the sin-sick as well as those sick in their bodies? Indeed, He did; but to really cure our souls, and cleanse us from our sins, more was needful than His wonderful life.

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

That punishment He bore upon the cross, and then He rose again from the dead.

Now this was the kind of Saviour and God that exactly suited the Japanese youth. When he trusted in Him he found himself cured for ever.

And will not this kind of Saviour suit you, boys and girls of England, or her colonies, or America? Your hair is perhaps not black, but only brown, your eyes grey or blue, but if you are not forgiven, your heart is certainly as black as ever the heart of a Japanese can be, and you need the cleansing of the blood of Christ.

You are not likely to turn to Shinto or Confucius, or to waste time over Buddha; but you may be tempted to trust in your own works, or to rely on religious ceremonies, or even to pray to the Virgin Mary and "saints." All this will be just as useless. You *must* come to Christ Himself. You are safe in so doing, for He has said—

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Then you will be able to exclaim with as much joy as our Japanese friend, "I went to Jesus. He cure me." F. B. H.



A SHOP IN KOREA.

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

IN THE FAR-OFF HERMIT KINGDOM.

IN the country of Korea there is a busy seaport called Fusan. You can see it marked quite plainly down on the south-east coast of that strange little land. In Fusan there lived a woman who kept a wine shop. She was not a good woman. In fact she was famous for her badness.

One day she had a visitor, very different from the people who usually visited her shop. It was a gracious little Korean Bible-woman, who having received into her own heart the love of God and the truths of His Holy Word, was spending her life in going about among her fellow country people, telling them the good news. She was a brave little woman, too,

for the tavern keeper was very rough in words and manner.

The result of the visit was the purchase of a Gospel by the shopkeeper. She probably bought it to be rid of her visitor. Having spent her money on it, she naturally wanted to see what it was about.

Now we read in Hebrews iv. 12 that "the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword . . . and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." And so it proved to be to this wicked Fusan woman.

As she read, she realized for the first time that the wages of her life would be death (Rom. vi. 23), because her life was

full of sin. But she realized more than this. God in His wonderful love opened the eyes of her soul to see in the Lord Jesus Christ, that gift of Eternal Life which is for all who receive Him into their hearts and forsake their sin.

Without any delay, or without waiting to sell her business, she emptied the contents of her casks into the gutter, closed her shop, and returned to her native village. In that village, this changed woman has built a church, helping largely with her own money. In this church there gather, Sunday after Sunday, the Christians who had been struggling against much opposition before she came to help them. And their heathen neighbours, too, are often drawn in to hear the old story of Jesus and His love.

This Korean jewel is very precious to God, and He is using her mightily to manifest His saving grace.

God has many jewels in Korea. The "Hermit Kingdom," as it used to be called, because for ages it has shut itself up very tightly against the entrance of any strangers, has of recent years opened its doors to God's messengers; and many of its people have opened their hearts to His message, and are now eagerly seeking the salvation of their country-people. But there is much need for our earnest prayers that the good work may go on still more widely.

In the district of Kok San there was an old man who had bought the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark. He read them with great interest. One day when he was out, working in the fields, his little house caught fire, and was completely burnt down. On his return he found that nothing had been saved except these two Gospels. A member of his family had rescued them, not knowing what they were. This impressed him very much: he read and re-read them with deeper interest, and finally he decided to become a Christian.

At first his neighbours despised him for

reading the Christian books, but gradually they have come back to him as friends. To-day in that village there are more than eighty believers in the Lord Jesus Christ through this man's testimony. He was converted solely through reading the Gospels and the teaching of God the Holy Spirit. He had met no Christian teacher nor missionary to explain things to Him.

God's Word is Divine and life-giving, and if you will turn up Isaiah lv. 11 you will see His own promise that His word shall prosper.

"Cling to the Bible, though all else be taken;
Lose not its precepts so precious and pure;
Souls that are sleeping its tidings awaken:
Life from the dead in its promises sure"

E. A.

A LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

CAN YOU TRUTHFULLY SAY THESE VERSES ?

I AM a little Christian;
My sins are washed away.
Jesus my Saviour loved me,
He died my debt to pay.

I am a little Christian;
Though very, very young,
And I am bound for Heaven,
To sing redemption's song.

I am a little Christian;
Received by Jesus' grace,
I went to Him for pardon,
And saw His loving face.

I am a little Christian;
For Jesus I will shine,
For I am His for ever—
And Jesus Christ is mine.

I am a little Christian;
Will you not be one too?
O come just now to Jesus,
And He will then save you.
(Extracted).

WORDS OF WELCOME



"WHEREVER CAN IT BE?"

THE LOST RABBIT.

MASTER Herbert was "in the dumps," as people say. He had come home from school one afternoon to find that his best rabbit had got out of its hutch, and was nowhere to be seen. Herbert wanted no tea; he set off at once to hunt for "Cunic" (you who learn Latin will know why the rabbit had this name). But his search was in vain. No trace of Cunic could be found.

Herbert hunted high and low; and at last turned sorrowfully home, saying to himself, again and again, "Wherever can it be?"

When he went into the house he found John M— there, sitting straight up on a chair, with his overcoat buttoned up. John M— lived next door. He had left school some months before, and was now working at an office in the town. Herbert thought it strange that John should wear his overcoat on such a warm summer evening.

"What's the matter with you, Herbert?" said John; "you look pretty gloomy."

"Matter enough," replied Herbert; "my best rabbit has got away, and I can't find him."

Much to Herbert's disgust, John burst out laughing. A minute later he unbuttoned his coat, and out jumped Cunic himself!

"There he is!" said John; "I was in the garden, and I saw him come under the hedge, and I soon laid hold of him."

Herbert, as you may imagine, was delighted, and thanked his friend most heartily.

All this happened long ago. John and Herbert are quite old men to-day, if indeed they are still living. And Cunic, of course, has been dead many a year.

Do you know that unless we are saved by trusting in the Lord Jesus, our *souls* are lost, and they are of far greater value than a rabbit. Yet I wonder how many of the young readers of WORDS OF WELCOME have shown as much earnestness about their souls as Herbert did about his lost rabbit.

Have *you* ever thought about it? You cannot save your own soul, any more than Herbert could find his rabbit. But

just as some one else found it for him, and rescued it from its wanderings, so *Jesus* can do for you what you can never do for yourself. He can find you, and save you, and bring you to God, making you one of His children. "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18).

Would you not like the Saviour to do this for you? Then tell Him so. Kneel down and say: "Lord Jesus, I am a lost sinner; but I trust in Thee to save me." He will surely save you, and forgive your sins, and make you truly happy.

H. P. B.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

VI. HOW MOSES RETURNED TO FACE THE MIGHTY KING.

SO after all, Moses, the man who tried at first in his own strength by killing the Egyptian, and got refused by his own people for his pains, *was* to be the deliverer of Israel from Pharaoh. The time of waiting was up, and action was to begin.

Now, strangely enough, this time Moses did not want to go! Previously he began to run *before* God sent him, now he does not want to run when God *does* send him. One thing about him though was good: he wanted to be very certain that God really did send him and would be with him all the way through. He had lived forty years as a young prince in Egypt, and that made him feel quite able to deliver his people; he tried and failed. He had next forty years as a poor shepherd in the wilderness, and that made him feel unequal to doing the slightest thing for God, so that he dared not move except God would be with him.

That very fact made Moses fit to be used by God. You Christian boys and girls must remember that. You will only be strong to serve the Lord when you feel yourself to be so weak that you lean entirely upon Him. What did Paul say? "When I am weak, then am I strong" (2 Cor. xii. 10).

Before reading further, you ought to open your Bible and read from Exodus iii. 11 to iv. 17, and you will see how Moses was instructed to go on his mission.

First of all he learnt a new name for God. He was revealed to him as "I AM THAT I AM," which means one who always exists unchangeably the same, and therefore always faithful to His word and promises. He can never fail nor break down. I have heard boys and girls singing the little chorus:—

"Jesus will never fail, *never fail*, NEVER FAIL;
Jesus will never fail; no, ! no, ! NO !"

and they sang rightly. He never will, for He is the great "I AM."

Then he was told what he should say to the elders of the children of Israel when he got back to Egypt. He was to tell them how this great I AM had sent him, and that His God who never changed and never failed was the same God who had promised all the blessing to their father Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and now He was prepared to do what He had pledged, and redeem His word. This was gospel—which means good news—indeed! We have, however, a better Gospel to-day. It tells us not of what God is going to do, but of what *Christ has done*, and that not only for our bodies but for our souls.

Further, he was told what he had to expect from Pharaoh and the Egyptians; how obstinate he would be, and how God would smite Egypt and deliver Israel. So Moses knew from the beginning what a tough fight it was going to be. Now Pharaoh is a type or picture of Satan, and Egypt of the world, for in the New Testa-

ment we read of Satan as being the "prince of this world," and also the "god of this world;" and Pharaoh, who was the prince of Egypt, also claimed to be a god, the child of the sun, so that his subjects had to worship him.

Satan became the god and prince of the world by reason of sin, so his kingdom is a usurped one; nevertheless it is terribly real, and the Lord Jesus had to deal with it when He died to rescue His people.

Last of all, God showed His power to Moses, and showed him also how he might use it for His glory in Egypt. Two miracles happened. First of all his rod became a serpent, and on seizing it by the tail it again became a rod. Second, his hand became leprous when thrust into his bosom, and when again thrust in became perfectly cleansed as before.

Here were proofs of two good things. First, that God knew well how to grapple with the power of the serpent; and second, that He knew equally well how to cleanse the leprosy; and in the Bible the serpent always represents Satan and leprosy represents sin.

Just what Moses learnt from these miracles it would be hard to say, but *we* may learn that God knows how to deal with Satan, overcoming him and using him as a rod for the correction of His people, and He knows how to cleanse from sin all those who trust in Him.

Later on in the story we see how God did both these things for His people Israel, but we must pause and ask ourselves if as yet He has done it for us. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, has been shed, and it "cleanses from all sin."

God then told Moses he should have the help of his elder brother Aaron, and God gave to him the very rod with which the miracle had been wrought, that he might have it with him as the symbol of God's power, and so he started on his return to Egypt.

The first great move for the deliverance of Israel had begun. One solitary man,

accompanied only by wife and children, advanced to meet the might of all Egypt. But God was with him, and that was everything.

F. B. H.

A STRANGE DILEMMA.

HERE was a queer little fellow whose chief joy in life was making mud pies. Many a scolding he got from his mother because of dirt on hands and clothes, but nothing cured him of his strange hobby.

One day a man saw him sitting by some splendid specimens of pies of mud, but crying very bitterly. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm hungry; I want to go home to dinner," he sobbed.

"Well, why don't you go?" said the man.

"Because I want to stay with my pies," was his surprising answer. And so he was torn between the two, the good dinner at home and the mud pies in the gutter, and because he could not have both at once he sat and wept.

Now there are many people, both young and old, like this little boy. They would like to trust the Saviour; would like to taste the Gospel feast, and be on the Lord's side, especially when they think of eternity; but they love their sins, and cannot turn from them to the Saviour who calls for them. If they could have the world and its pleasures and sin now, and be sure at the same time of getting to heaven presently, they would be suited exactly. But the appeal to Israel of old is a solemn word for to-day: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." The choice must be made, and the sooner it is made the better. Young Samuel made it when he said to the Lord, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth." And many a young boy and

girl has made a similar choice since his day. I have met some who have done so, and none of them seemed to regret it.

The words of the well-known thirty-fourth Psalm are very important: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord . . . keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil and do good; seek peace, and pursue it."

Yes, but how shall you do this? There is only one way, and that is by yielding your young lives to the Saviour. He loves you, and died to redeem you from all iniquity. He only has a right to you, and He alone can lead your feet into wisdom's ways, which are ways of pleasantness and peace. It is infinitely better to walk in these ways than to grovel in the muddy pleasures of this world, even if that mud can be shaped to look like pies for a feast. J. T. M.



ON SENTRY DUTY.

SOLDIERS.

YOU, I am sure, like all other boys and girls, love soldiers. You like to see their bright uniforms, and to hear the tramp, tramp of their feet as the regiment goes marching by; and the boys think how much they would like to be in the army. But all of you, girls as well as boys, can be soldiers *now*—soldiers of the Lord Jesus.

Timothy tells us to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Wouldn't you like to be His soldier? Many of you are thinking, "How could I be? I am so small, so young." But yet, dear child, the Lord wants you for His little soldier. Let us see how you can become one.

You all know how to spell that word S-o-l-d-i-e-r. Well, I think each letter tells us what one ought to be.

First, we need to be *spiritual*, that is to say, a real child of God. While we belong to, and are serving Satan, we cannot serve God. We must come to Him by Jesus Christ and surrender ourselves to Him entirely. "As many as received Him [the Lord Jesus Christ] to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12). When we have taken the Lord as our Saviour, and thus become God's children, we can serve Him and become His faithful soldiers.

Our next duty is to be *obedient*. We would think nothing of a soldier who did not obey his officer's commands. We, too, want to listen for and obey our Master's orders. Young as you are, most of you know a few of God's commands—to love and serve Him, to love your parents, to respect and obey your teachers and those over you, to keep the Lord's day holy. Not to take anything that does not belong to you, to be truthful, and to be kind and helpful to those around us, etc., and as we get older God

will show us more and more of His holy will.

As God's soldiers we must be *lowly*. Not proud and self-willed, "but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves" (Phil. ii. 3). *Loving*—God is love, and the Lord Jesus Christ loves us so much that He even gave Himself for each one of us, and He wants us to be loving too. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you" (John xv. 12). *Loyal*—be true to God, even if all your companions want to do what is wrong; stand firm, even if it means standing *alone*—ask God for grace to say "No" to anything that you know is not right.

Be even *daring* in a true right way if need be. Remember how firm Daniel stood in the midst of all his enemies—never ashamed of God, never ashamed to do what was right.

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known.

If tempted to speak, read, or listen to what is wrong, or to do something you know is not pleasing to God, oh! ask Him to make you daring and loyal for Jesus Christ's sake, and so resist the temptation.

Then may we be *intensely earnest*. We can never do well either at lessons or play unless we give our whole attention to them; let us be zealous and keen about God's service too.

Lastly, let us be *reliable*. Mother and father love a little boy and girl that they can trust, and the Lord wants to be able to trust His soldiers too. May we therefore do each duty He gives us, whether at home, or in school, or at play, all for Him. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord . . . knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward" (Col. iii. 23, 24). Yes, the Lord Jesus promises a reward for faithful service, "Be thou

faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. ii. 10). Come to the Lord Jesus now, and ask Him to save you and make you faithful, true and brave in His service,

Spiritual,
Obedient,
Lowly,
Daring,
Intensely
Earnest,
Reliable,

so as to glorify Him.

A. W.

SUDDENLY CUT OFF.

I SAW in WORDS OF WELCOME an article under the title of "Be Prepared," and it brought to my mind an incident that happened when I was a boy going to school.

Like most other boys I was very fond of football, and one afternoon, as I was on my way to a match, I was overtaken by a schoolmate. We walked on together, and after a few remarks as to which side was most likely to win the game, my companion turned to me and said, "Have you heard about L— K—?"

"No; what about him?" I asked.

"Why, have you not heard? he died this afternoon."

"What! L— K— dead?"

"Yes; he died about two o'clock."

L— K— had been one of our school-fellows. The previous Friday, which happened to be "Good Friday," he had made a name for himself on the football field. On the Sunday—"Easter Sunday"—I met him, and he complained of having a slight cold. Three days later he died of pneumonia.

Whether L— K— was prepared to meet his God or not, I cannot say, but he was indeed suddenly cut off. Now my

young readers, do you know that in the Bible you get this verse, "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." It is found in the book of Proverbs, chap. xxix. ver. i.

Now I think most of the boys and girls who read this will have been often reprov'd. How often have you read the WORDS OF WELCOME? How often have you read your Bible? How often have you heard the Gospel story? Each time you have read or heard the Word of God, it has been a reproof to you if you have not accepted it.

You may say you are waiting until you grow older. Beware! God says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." How do you know that you may not be cut off as suddenly as was L—K—? This may be the last Gospel magazine you will ever have in your hands, and remember God never offers salvation further ahead than TO-DAY. "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."

You may, indeed, live to grow older, but if you do it is certain that the older you grow without receiving the Lord Jesus the harder your heart will get, and the less likely you will be to accept His salvation at all. It is easy to bend a young tree and make it go in any position you wish, but you cannot bend an old tree like that, when the storm arises it breaks and is missed.

Salvation is offered freely to-day; to-morrow may be too late; and "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation"? In the First Epistle to the Thessalonians and the last chapter we read, "Sudden destruction cometh upon them . . . and they SHALL NOT ESCAPE."

"In Hell the soul in torment cried,
For Grace to there abound,
In sin he lived, in sin he died,
But there no mercy's found."

T. T.

PRAYING CHILDREN.

REMEMBER once being at a special service for children, and before the speaker prayed, all the boys and girls bowed their heads, closed their eyes and softly repeated:—

"If prayer is made without true feeling,
It goes no higher than the ceiling;
But if 'tis earnest and sincere
It reaches Heaven and God will hear."

Now I am going to relate a story of a little girl, who evidently knew Jesus as her Saviour, and felt the importance of praying to Him for comfort in trouble. For you know both girls and boys have trouble as well as the older folks, and Jesus can and does comfort and bless them in their time of need. Our Lord Jesus once said:—

"Ask, and it shall be given you,
Seek, and ye shall find,
Knock, and it shall be opened
unto you."

A little girl was taken to a London hospital to have an operation performed. She was taken into the operating room, and the doctors and nurses told her that they must put her to sleep before they could make her better.

"Well, if you are going to put me to sleep I must say my prayers," was her innocent reply. Then, kneeling down beside the operating table, she joined her little hands and prayed:—

"This night I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

When she finished, the eyes of the doctors and nurses were full of tears. The head surgeon went home to pray for the first time in thirty years.

Christian boys and girls, never be afraid or ashamed to pray. It will comfort you, and may also be a means of blessing to others. (EXTRACTED.)



A BIBLE-WAGON IN BURMA.

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

ABOUT KO SAN MYIN, A BURMESE CHRISTIAN.

FAR away in the distant land of
Burmah lives an old man named
Ko San Myin.

When he was a boy he was taught to worship in the Buddhist religion. All his friends did so because they did not know any better.

But by and bye a wonderful story reached the ears of this man, of Someone who had died in order that men and women might be forgiven all their sins.

This was indeed great news, and Ko wanted to hear more about it.

Now God wanted Ko for one of His jewels. He saw this hungry, longing Burmese soul, and in His great love He brought it to pass that after a time the light of life shone into the dark heart.

No sooner had Ko found the joy of forgiveness through the Lord Jesus Christ than he was filled with the desire to pass on the good news of salvation to others. In the town of Pegu, sixteen miles from his home, there is a Christian church ; and though he is old and lame, he walks the whole distance in to service and back again with unfailing regularity.

It would greatly surprise this earnest Burmese Christian to hear that there are any followers of the Lord Jesus Christ in the wonderful country of England, who stay at home from service or meetings on wet Sundays, or because the place is too far off ! Mile after mile he trudges along, in sunshine or in rain, leaning on his bamboo staff. This staff is quite a

wonderful walking stick ! Not only does it help his lame leg along, but it carries what he calls his "ammunition."

Some of you little folk want to know what "ammunition" means, do you not ? The dictionary calls it "military stores, or provisions for attack and defence," and that is precisely what is inside Ko's hollow bamboo staff. "Oh, then," you say, "does Ko meet enemies, or wild beasts, on his walk ?" Yes, he does, and he wants to be quite prepared to meet and overcome them. But they are not the sort of enemies you are thinking of, and it is not pistols and shot that he carries. Shall we watch him as he turns out the contents of his staff ? First come out several neat little books : these are Gospels, containing the "sweet story of old." Then after these come his spectacles in their leather case, to enable him to read his precious books.

But you are wondering why Ko calls these his "ammunition."

As he tramps mile after mile he overtakes fellow travellers going the same way, and he also meets others going in the opposite direction. He feels bound to give these people the message that has brought such joy to his own heart. But many, indeed most, of them are enemies to his message ; some refuse to listen, and others listen only to scoff and ridicule. If you turn up Phil. iii. 18, you will see that Paul had the same kind of enemies. And then, if you look at 1 Pet. v. 8, you will find out the roaring lion that comes along the road. The greater number of these travellers are heathen, devoted to their own religion and worshipping their own idols, and Satan is trying his hardest to prevent them from listening to the good news about the true God and His Son Jesus Christ.

Our good friend Mr. Ko treats them all in the same way as the Lord Jesus treated Satan when he tempted Him in the wilderness (Matt. iv. 4, 7, 10). When

objections are raised to what he says, he turns to God's Word and shows the people what God says. The Word of God is a "sword" (Eph. vi. 17 ; Heb. iv. 12). Ko opens up the Scriptures to the Burmese he meets, as Paul did to the Thessalonians (Acts xvii. 3), showing them that the Lord Jesus Christ is the one and only Saviour ; and his earnest efforts are being used by God to lead many of these weary sin-sick souls to that Saviour Who loved them and gave Himself for them.

E. A.

JESUS, MY OWN.

JESUS, I am ever Thine ;
Thou hast bled for me ;
Cleansed in Thine own precious blood,
Spotless I must be.

Thou didst leave Thy kingly throne
All in love to me ;
On the cross, where Thou hast died,
Boundless love I see.

Love beyond my feeble thought
I have found in Thee ;
Love that sought me in my sin,
Love that made me free.

Now I know where Thou art gone,
Death can never be ;
Seated on Thy Father's throne,
Thou dost wait for me.

Poor and weak, the love I own,
I can offer Thee ;
Thou dost know my inmost heart,
This my only plea.

Thus I sing with gladness now
While I wait for Thee ;
Musing on my homeward way,
Of that joy to be.

When at last my raptured eyes
Thy dear face shall see ;
Oh ! I shall be where Thou art,
Thine eternally.

P. D.

WORDS OF WELCOME



“IN THE PLEASURE FIELDS.”

FATHER'S ACCIDENT.

WHEN Kate and her little sister Joan were out in the pleasure fields, playing with their young friends on that fine spring morning three years ago, they little knew what a sad sight would meet their eyes on their return home. While they were making the air ring with their merry laughter, their dear father was being carried home, mangled and bleeding.

By some means or other he had caught his hand in some machinery at the place where he worked, and had been dragged in among the wheels. Another minute, and it would have been too late to save him. As it was he was terribly injured, and it would be a long time before he would be able to leave his bed.

Of all this Kate and Joan were quite unaware as they went on with their games, and shouted and laughed and ran about. When at last they got home and found mother with tearful, swollen eyes, and their big brother Andrew sitting with a sad, grave face, they were quite frightened. And when they learned what had happened, you can imagine their grief.

“Just to think,” said Kate, “that while poor father was hurt so badly we were going on with our games all the time!”

Now I don't want to write a word that will spoil the games of any of my young friends. But I want you all to think how terrible it will be if one day you discover that, while you have been busy with your games, your lessons, and other things, something too sad for words has

taken place—you have lived your childhood's days and have become a young man or young woman without Christ, without being saved!

No boy or girl is so happy as the *Christian* boy or girl. And though you may become a Christian when you are older, you will have missed for ever the great joy of being a Christian *boy* or a Christian *girl*, and of following the Saviour in the days of your youth.

So in the midst of your work and in the midst of your play, remember that the Lord Jesus wants you to be His while you are young.

H. P. B.

NEARLY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THE great and good Queen Victoria sat on the throne of England. Her husband, Prince Albert, was alive then, whilst King Edward was but a boy in his teens. A great war with Russia, called the Crimean war, had just recently been brought to a close. It was so named because Crimea was the peninsula on which the war was mostly waged.

Perhaps the most celebrated incident of the war was the charge of the Light Brigade. An order was mistaken. The calvary brigade rode fearlessly into the jaws of death, but a mere handful, most of them terribly wounded, returned alive.

"All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred."

And now on a beautiful May afternoon in St. James's Park, nearly sixty years ago, Queen Victoria was to reward her brave soldiers with the Crimean medal.

You may be sure every inch of standing ground from which the stirring scene could be witnessed was taken full advantage of.

Punctually to the hour the National Anthem was struck up, as the royal carriage was seen approaching from Buckingham Palace. Presently the Queen was sitting in the royal seat on the dais,

her handsome Consort standing proudly by her side.

Regiment after regiment marched by to the strains of stirring music, their wounded men in single file in the midst.

Every soldier had a clasp fastened on his tunic, the Queen giving to each man his medal; sometimes leaping forward to affix it herself on the hero's breast.

Last of all came the regiment called the Light Brigade, or rather the handful that was left after that terrible charge.

Sir Thomas Troubridge, that gallant officer who had lost both legs through Russian shot and shell, was wheeled at the front of the procession, whilst following him were the heroes of the hour, many of them limping rather than marching. As the Queen presented the medals her cheek paled and her lips quivered. The scene was moving and pathetic in the extreme.

The last soldier to be presented had to be supported on either side by a fellow-soldier. The sleeves of his tunic were empty. One ankle was crippled, and scarcely hidden by his forage cap a bandage across the forehead completed the picture.

For a moment the Queen gazed upon him, and then turned away and burst into tears. Her feelings quite overcame her as she looked upon the brave man who had suffered so much for Queen and country.

The Prince put up his hand appealing for silence. The Duke of Cambridge made signs to the men to restrain themselves. But nothing could hinder cheer after cheer bursting from the hearts and throats of the soldiers, till exhausted they could cheer no longer.

What they prized more than the much-coveted medals were the tears of sympathy flowing down the royal lady's cheeks.

Recovering her composure, she tenderly bent over the poor, maimed hero, who had no hand wherewith to receive his medal, and fastened the decoration on his breast, and whispered a few words into his ear.

"God bless Your Majesty," he answered tremblingly. "We'd bear it all again for Queen and country." That was nearly sixty years ago.

But let me draw your attention to a far more wonderful scene of

Nearly Two Thousand Years ago.

Who is He on Mount Olivet viewing Jerusalem near by, and as He gazes on the city He weeps? Were there ever such tears? Was there ever such sorrow?

Queen Victoria wept as she beheld those who had all but laid down their lives in devotion to Queen and country.

The Son of God wept as He beheld the city which had rejected Him, and which contained, as He full well knew, those who would shortly cry of Him, "*Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him, crucify Him,*" and those who would crucify Him, and imbrue their hands in His blood. And yet He wept for His enemies. What love, beside which all human love or sympathy or pity is as nothing.

And this love may be yours, dear young friend. Sad indeed will it be if you turn your back on such love. You need a Saviour. You have sinned.

Wonder of wonders, that which proved man's sin to the full, even the death of the Son of God, has been turned by divine love and wisdom to be the occasion for the satisfying of divine justice. The Lord Jesus has died to atone for sin. He has done all the work. He cried on the cross, "**IT IS FINISHED.**"

And now nothing remains on your side, but to repent of your sin and folly. Turn to the Lord Jesus in true simple faith, and salvation will be yours, for the Bible says,—

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

Acts xvi. 31.

How simple! How blessed! Will you not trust Him, and accept God's love?

A. J. P.

FEASTS.

I.—THE WORLD'S FEASTS.

IN the old turbulent days of Scottish history, the young Earl of Douglas and his brother were invited to Edinburgh Castle to visit their boy-king, James II. This nobleman was so powerful that he was practically independent of the royal authority, and the guardians of the king had determined to get rid of him by treachery. While the guests were feasting at dinner, a black bull's head was brought in to table. At this signal of death, the young men sprang up to defend themselves, but were quickly seized and soon afterwards put to death. This Black Dinner, as it was named, was truly for them a *fatal* feast.

A band of robbers had wrought tremendous havoc in a certain part of Italy. The ruler of the country, unable to suppress them by force, resolved to use guile. He causes several mules laden with poisoned food and wine to be driven past the stronghold of the thieves. The latter rushed out, seized the tempting spoil, sat down to feast, and perished to a man.

The enemy of our souls has spread a tempting feast to which he invites the foolish, saying, "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." Wisdom, however, sounds the note of warning about this *fatal* feast. "But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell" (Prov. ix. 17, 18).

At Jerusalem a religious feast was in progress. The last and greatest day had come, and the temple courts were thronged by a mighty crowd of men eagerly watching the priests as they poured water out of large jars according to their custom. Just then there was heard the voice of One who could see right into the heart of every man in that company,

and knew that for many it was an *empty* feast. Have *you* heard the voice of Jesus? He said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water" (John vii. 37, 38).

Another feast was at its height. A king was entertaining a thousand of his lords. The wine flowed freely, the golden and silver vessels sparkled, as the guests drank from them, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Suddenly the king's countenance became pale as death, his knees shook together and his eyes gazed fixedly at something on the wall. A man's hand had appeared and written, "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin." What could these words mean? Only Daniel, the servant of God, could tell. "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting" (Dan. v. 26, 27). An enemy had turned the river Euphrates from its course through Babylon and marched under the river gates into the city. That night not only was Belshazzar's feast *abandoned*, but he himself was slain.

Life may seem to some of you children who are careless a gay and happy feast, but sooner or later *abandoned* it must be.

A greedy little fellow used to plague his mother continually at dinner to give him more mince. One day, to cure him, she gave him a whole pound to himself. That boy could never take mince again. He had been surfeited, satiated. So every pleasure in this world becomes "*stale*, flat, and unprofitable." "The full soul loatheth an honey-comb" (Prov. xxvii. 7). Honey is sweet, and most children like it, but even that can become *stale* and nauseous.

I am going to use a big word now which may cause some of you to look up the dictionary. Well, turn to *tantalising*, and see what it says. My dictionary explains it thus: "To tease or torment,

by presenting something to excite desire, but keeping it out of reach." A mirage is tantalising, it is tantalising to see a train leaving the station just as you enter it, and all the pleasures of sin are tantalising.

If you look at the dictionary again for the derivation, you will find it comes from the name of Tantalus. This man, according to the old Greek myth, was condemned to stand up to his chin in water, with branches of fruit hung over his head, the water receding when he wished to drink, and the fruit when he desired to eat. This is a true picture of all who are seeking to satisfy their soul-hunger and thirst with anything but Christ.

Beware, therefore, of the *Fatal* feast of sin, avoid the *Empty* feast of a Christless religion. Remember that every earthly feast must be soon *Abandoned*, choose the joys that can never grow *Stale*, and, instead of pursuing the *Tantalising* phantom of worldly pleasure, enjoy even now the pleasures that are for evermore.

Look again at the five words:—

Fatal	}	<i>Feast.</i>
Empty		
Abandoned		
Stale		
Tantalising		

and look out for five very different words next month. D. R.

FELIX, THE NEGRO BOY.

I WAS staying in Jamaica, which is far across the blue seas, and had been telling the people there about a Saviour who had died for sinners, both black and white. After the people had gone I was walking home when a little negro boy came running after me.

"Hullo!" I said, "what is your name?"



LITTLE NEGROES IN JAMAICA.

forgiven, and that his soul was saved, and, said he, "*I want you all to follow my good example.*"

Well, his example was a good one, and I hope many of those boys and girls who knew him took his advice. I want to pass it on to you who are not black, but rosy-cheeked children of British homes. The Saviour who saved the dusky West Indian boy is waiting to save you. Will you not follow the good example that Felix set you and trust in this Saviour for yourselves?

J. T. M.

"Felix," he said.

"Oh," I replied, "and what does Felix want?"

"My soul does feel so unsaved," he said. "Do speak to me, sir."

Ah! I had been talking to the grown-up folk at the meeting, and I had overlooked the boys and girls; but here was this little ten-year-old negro boy, who did not mean to be overlooked, his sins were making him feel too unhappy for that; and black boy though he was, he knew he had a soul, and that it needed saving.

Well, I talked to him, and he understood what I said, and then, as the lane was a very quiet one, we knelt down in it together and told the Lord Jesus about Felix, and just how he felt.

There on his knees, with the bright stars shining down upon him, Little Felix put his whole trust in the Saviour, and he went home a happy boy.

The next day he was at the children's meeting, and he told me that he would like to tell some of them about it, and he did. He told them that he had trusted Jesus and that he knew that his sins were

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

VII.—THE START OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN GOD AND PHARAOH.

BACK to Egypt went Moses after his forty years' absence, this time to act not in his own strength or right, but as an humble messenger of the Lord. This was his message:

"Thus saith the Lord, Israel is My son, even My firstborn: and I say unto thee, Let My son go, that he may serve Me: and if thou refuse to let him go, behold, I will slay thy son, even thy firstborn" (Exod. iv. 22, 23).

These were plain words of warning, about which there could be no mistake. Pharaoh claimed the children of Israel as being his,—his slaves, whom he could treat or ill-treat just as he pleased—whereas God said of them, "They are Mine: their business is to serve not you but Me: and if you will not let them go,

I will smite you to your heart." Even in this stern message, however, God's mercy appears, for He always warns before He smites, so that there should be an opportunity for repentance.

As Moses drew near to the borders of Egypt, Aaron met him, and together they presented themselves to the elders of Israel, who this time accepted the message, and worshipped the God who had thought of their misery and woe. Then together they turned to seek an interview with Pharaoh.

Pharaoh himself, you must remember, claimed to be a kind of god. His people worshipped him, because they were told that the spirit of one of their gods dwelt in him. Having this foolish and wicked idea in his head, he was not likely to listen kindly to the message, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let My people go." He thought that the Lord God was just the god of that one people, like the gods of Egypt, only not nearly so great or so strong, for otherwise He would surely never have allowed His people to be so down-trodden for upwards of a century. And so from his gorgeous throne Pharaoh waved Moses and Aaron away, saying :

"Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go" (Exod. v. 2).

Poor Pharaoh! When he said, "I know not the Lord," he only spoke the plain truth, but he asked the question, "Who is the Lord?" not because he desired to know, but in a spirit of contempt, and because he did not want to know. Moreover he followed up his proud words by angry deeds, and pretending to think that idleness was the real root from whence sprang their desire to go three days' journey into the wilderness to sacrifice to the Lord, he at once commanded the taskmasters to treat them more harshly, and even to take away from them the supplies of straw

they used in their brick-making, so that from that day they had to find straw for themselves. When as a result they produced less bricks, they were flogged, and the king turned a deaf ear to all their complaints.

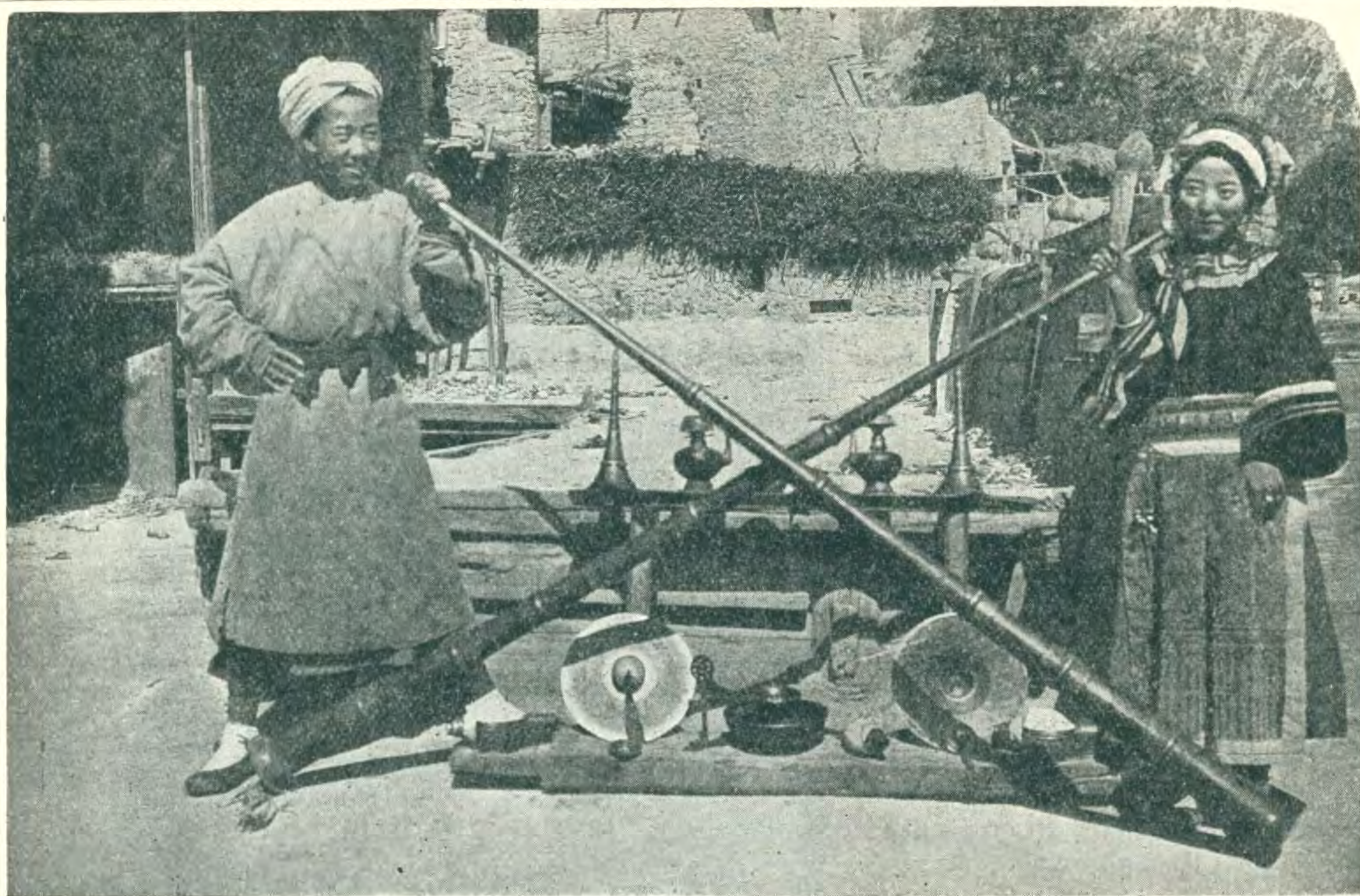
This then was Pharaoh's answer to God's message. He utterly refused to obey, and by doing the exact opposite to what he was commanded, he definitely flung down a challenge against God. God accepted it, and the conflict began.

First of all, however, we read of God's kindly consideration for His afflicted people, and even for Moses and Aaron themselves. For the moment the people seemed to be in a worse plight than ever, and we can imagine what their feelings of desperation must have been. Even Moses himself was downcast, and therefore God revealed Himself to him afresh by His great name of Jehovah, a name which means that He is always the same, and always faithful to His promises.

Not so very many years ago people were digging on the Egyptian frontier towards the east, and they unearthed one of the treasure cities which the Israelites built for Pharaoh. In its name Pi-Tum it was not difficult to recognize the old Bible name Pithom, and as might have been expected, by those at least who know how trustworthy the Bible is, it was found to have been constructed of bricks. Moreover, it was found that though the lower courses of bricks were made of the usual sun-dried clay mixed with a plentiful quantity of straw, the higher up the bricks were the less straw they contained, until the top courses had no straw in them at all! This is just what the Bible story would lead us to expect, is it not?

God Himself is always the same, always faithful to His promise, and His word is always trustworthy and to be relied upon. These are two good lessons which we shall do well always to remember.

F. B. H.



INSTRUMENTS OF IDOL WORSHIP ON THE FLAT ROOF OF A GREAT MAN'S HOUSE IN CHINA.
(Lent by the B. & F.B.S.)

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

A PRECIOUS CHINESE JEWEL.

MANY years ago, in the city of Foochow, in China, a man found his way into a little chapel where an English missionary was preaching about the Lord Jesus Christ and His power to save the very worst sinner. This poor Chinaman listened with great attention, and at the close of the service he asked if he might speak to the missionary. He said, "I have never heard of this Jesus till now, and I don't know who He is, but did you not say that He can save me from all my sins?"

"Yes," answered the preacher, "I said exactly that."

"But you did not know me, when you said that. For long years I have been very wicked. I have done nearly everything bad that you could think of. If

you had known me, you would never have said what you did, do you see?"

The missionary repeated what he had already said, that the Lord Jesus was able and willing to save the very worst sinner who turned to Him in repentance and faith.

"None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace."

Ting-ching-ling was amazed: he had never heard anything so wonderful before, and he was too surprised at this strange news to talk any more. He went away: but he came back the next day, and the next; and for many weeks he came day by day to hear more of this great Saviour, who was able to set such a bad man as he was free from his sins.

It was a long while before he could believe it—it seemed too good to be true. His evil ways were wrapped round him like great strong chains, so that there seemed no chance for him ever to be free. But at last the truth entered into his soul, and one morning he rushed into the missionaries' room, his face all alight with a new-found joy. "I know it now!" he exclaimed; "Jesus can save me from all my sins, for He has done it!"

It was indeed true. The terrible fetters of sin were broken and he was a new man—as St. Paul puts it in 2 Cor. v. 17, "a new creature."

And now new desires filled the heart of Ting-ching-ling. He could not keep to himself the glad tidings of his deliverance. He must go back to Hok-chiang, where his old sinful companions lived, and tell them of this Jesus who could save them too from all their sins.

Friends in Foochow tried to prevent him going. They said the riotous mobs at Hok-chiang would treat him badly, and perhaps take off his head, and so put an end to all his talking.

But Ting would not listen. No! he must go to his own people and tell them what great things Jesus had done for him (see Mark v. 19; Luke viii. 39).

So to Hok-chiang he went. He told the story of a great salvation for the worst of sinners, and as he told it the mob, howling with rage, pelted him with clods and stones and dragged him before the magistrate. They made up a wicked, untrue story about him, with the result that the judge ordered him to be beaten. Two thousand lashes were given him, and he was carried to the mission house nearly dead. He suffered great pain, and was ill for a long while. Under the kind missionary doctor's care, however, he by and bye began to get better; and his first request was to be allowed to go back among his cruel persecutors and again tell them of his Saviour.

Before he was nearly well, and while scarcely able to walk, he started back to Hok-chiang. When his foes saw him, and heard him still pleading with them to believe the wonderful story he had to tell them of God's great love, they could not hold out against it. They were compelled, by the forgiving love of this man whom they had so cruelly treated, to yield to the yet greater love of which he spoke.

Hundreds of souls were won from heathen darkness by this earnest man's preaching, and many of them became, in their turn, messengers of the true God and the one and only Saviour.

E. A.

THE SCOFFER AT PRAYER.

A CELEBRATED infidel on board a ship, caricatured the religion of Christ, and sneered at its professors. This did all very well while the wind was fair and the sun was shining. But the sea arose, and the waves dashed across the deck; and the professed scoffer was heard to cry out, "O my God, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

That reminds us of one who returned from South Africa, after being in some of its thunderstorms. "You may go out there," said he, "a sceptic; but if you have to pass through a South-African thunderstorm, you will be found crying out to God."

Now all this goes to show that sceptical ideas are good neither for life nor for death. Indeed, when eternity is at hand—when the wheels of judgment are heard drawing near—the infidel's "confession of faith" falls to pieces, and he cries out for help to that God whose very existence he professed to deny! There is nothing like the hour of calamity for shaking a man's infidelity.

WORDS OF WELCOME



MAY WATERS HER FLOWERS EVERY DAY.

MAY AND HER FLOWERS.

MY little friend May has a garden of her own. At least she calls it a garden, though really it is only a corner of her father's big garden. May has some pretty flowers in her garden, and every day when it does not rain she waters them with a small watering-can which is her own.

One day I asked May a question: I

said, "Do you know that God has a garden with a lot of plants in it?" She looked rather surprised, but I explained that those who belong to the Saviour are God's plants, and that He takes great care of them. He sends His servants to "water" them and do other things for them. We read about this in 1 Corinthians iii.

I wonder if *you* are one of God's plants. I sometimes look at the names of the young "Scripture Searchers" on the last page but one of WORDS OF WELCOME, and wonder how many of them are plants in God's garden. Some of them I know very well; and I know the parents of some whom perhaps I have never met. How delighted I should be to know that not only the "Searchers" but *all* the readers of this magazine were among God's plants.

How can we become God's plants? Only by being converted. In the chapter referred to above we find

Paul saying, "I have planted, Apollos watered." Just before he had said, "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed." So evidently the Corinthians were plants in God's garden, and they were planted by BELIEVING. There is no other way for us to-day. We can become plants in God's garden only by coming to the Lord Jesus, and trusting Him as our own Saviour.

H. P. B.

FEASTS.

II.—GOD'S FEAST.

“**S**HOW me first your penny.” Such was the pleman’s answer to Simple Simon’s demand to let him “taste his ware.” “Nothing for nothing” is the world’s motto, and it asks a heavy price for all its boasted feasts of pleasure. God, however, is too rich to sell, and He has made a great Feast which is **free** to all. We can read of it in many parts of the Bible, and one of His invitations is, “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk *without* money and *without* price” (Isa. lv. 1).

When the caravans are crossing the desert, the travellers often suffer fearful hardships from the want of water. Then they send forward a swift horseman, and some distance after him a second, and then a third. When the first man discovers water, before even stooping to quench his own thirst, he turns round and sends across the desert the glad shout, “Come.” The cry is taken up by the second horseman, and then the third, till the desert echoes with the joyful news, and the thirsty travellers eagerly hasten forward.

Many people foolishly strive to earn happiness. But the prophet says, “Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?” (Isa. lv. 2); and in the New Testament we read, “Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life *freely*.”

“Everything comes to an end.” The pleasures of sin are but for a season. Moses knew this, and also that in God’s presence there is fulness of joy, and at God’s right hand there are pleasures for evermore (Ps. xvi. 11). That was why he forsook the feasts and pleasures and riches of Egypt, because he preferred that which is *eternal*.

Jesus was once invited to a marriage feast. A great difficulty arose, and the hosts were threatened with disgrace. Their wine ran short, and the Jewish proverb says, “Without wine there is no joy.” The presence of Jesus, however, saved the situation, and by His mighty power He changed the water into wine, thus turning their want into *abundance*. In every earthly feast the joy will fail, but, if Jesus has His place in our hearts, He will make us taste of His *abundant* Feast. “They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house” (Ps. xxxvi. 8).

I was once invited to a feast in a foreign land, where the customs are very different from ours. The hosts were extremely anxious to please us, and had prepared what they considered a great dainty. This, however, was quite unsuited to our tastes, and to their great disappointment was left practically untouched. Agur’s prayer was, “Feed me with food convenient for me” (Prov. xxx. 8).

At God’s feast, the food provided is *suited* to satisfy hungry souls, and we also are made suited in every way to be at home and happy at His feast.

In the United States the last Thursday in November is known as “Thanksgiving Day,” because on that day there is a public acknowledgement of all God’s goodness to His creatures. Surely a good custom. But the Christian, instead of only one thanksgiving day in the year, can have exactly three hundred and sixty-five. His life should be one continual feast of thanksgiving. He then would know the truth of the wise man’s words, “He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast” (Prov. xv. 15).

Look again at the words which describe God’s Gospel Feast:—

Free	} FEAST.
Eternal	
Abundant	
Suited	
Thanksgiving	

Accept God's invitation to become one of His guests : " Come ; for all things are now ready " (Luke xiv. 17).

Yet there is room ! still open stands the gate—

The gate of love ; it is not yet too late :
Room, room, still room ! oh enter, enter
now !

D. R.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

VIII.—GOD BEGINS TO WORK HIS WONDERS.

UP to this point the Israelites had not had any visible proof of the wonder-working power of God. His word was all that they had to rest upon. Was not that enough, however ? Well, it certainly should have been, for nothing is more certain than the Word of God.

In this case, too, it was all about what He Himself would do, and not about what they would do, so that we do not find any " if " whatever. When God speaks to the people through Moses, as recorded in Exodus vi. 2-8, seven times over He says, " I will." Read the passage for yourself and see. God was not dealing with them under the law but under grace, just as He deals with us to-day in the Gospel ; and so His message to us is not about what we can do for Him, but about what He will do for us, and also what He *has done* for us in the gift of His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

But now at last the time has come for Moses and Aaron to boldly appear before Pharaoh and display their signs, in order that bit by bit the proud and wicked king may discover that God will not stop at commanding him to obey, but will force him to obey by strokes of punishment growing more and more severe.

First of all came the miracle of the

rod being turned into a serpent. That was just a sign to show the power of God. It was no punishment in itself, though perhaps it was intended to be a sign that God could easily turn the rod of His chastisement into a very much worse affliction, just as Rheoboam spoke of turning his father Solomon's whips into scorpions (see 1 Kings xii. 14).

For a few moments this serpent wriggled on the ground alone, and then behold, others were with it. The magicians of Egypt, evil men who were in league with Satan, were able by some mysterious power to do the same, making it look as if their power was as great as that of Moses. A few moments more and all their serpents had gone ; Aaron's had swallowed them up. Pharaoh saw this, and yet his heart was not touched.

So the very next day began the first of the plagues. Pharaoh was down by the river-side that day when Moses and Aaron appeared, and with the rod the waters of the Nile were smitten, and in a moment turned to blood. This was a dreadful calamity. In England we have many rivers and streams, so that if one or even many were smitten, there would still be others that could be used ; in Egypt there is only one great river, the Nile, and that being rendered useless the whole water-supply of the country was gone.

This was not the end of the trouble however. The river Nile not only supplied water to drink, but food to eat, for it was full of fish. Owing to the state of the river the fish all died, and the dreadful result of this was that " the river stank."

Now, strange as it may seem, the ancient Egyptians worshipped the Nile ; one of their chief gods was supposed to represent it. It is quite possible that Pharaoh had gone down to the river that morning in order to worship it. If this was so, you can imagine that this miracle was a great blow to him, and one that ought to

have made him think. Alas! the magicians were at his elbow, and very soon, Satan helping them, they had succeeded in doing the same thing, or at least something that looked exactly like it, and the effect of this was of course that, in tead of Pharaoh's heart being softened, it was hardened, and he went to his palace without paying any attention to the message of the Lord.

God allowed a whole week to pass, and then Moses was sent to tell Pharaoh that if he still refused to let Israel go a further plague would come from their much-prized river in the shape of great swarms of frogs. At certain seasons frogs are very common in the waters of the Nile; they are small and disagreeable in appearance, and make a harsh, croaking sound. This time they came in millions which could not be counted, and swarmed up from the river, covering the country and getting into every nook and cranny of the houses, until they were found even in the beds and ovens and cooking utensils.

Again the magicians showed that they too were able to bring up frogs; but that did not help matters, but rather made them worse! Pharaoh had to turn to Moses and beg him to take them away.

Ah! that was the question, how to take them away? That the magicians could not do, and it must have humbled them greatly, for they had in those days a special goddess whom they worshipped because she was supposed to drive away frogs. Her images sometimes appear with the head of a frog, and she was supposed to be specially fond of crocodiles, because they devour enormous numbers of frogs. Their goddess proved herself however to be of no use.

God heard Moses' prayer when he asked that they might go, and though He knew that the moment they were gone Pharaoh would harden his heart, He caused the frogs to die, and showed the wicked king once more how much He delights in mercy.

F. B. H.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

“THE age of great maritime disasters is at an end.” So spake Captain Smith, commander of the *Titanic*, the evening before that great vessel set sail on its tragic voyage to America.

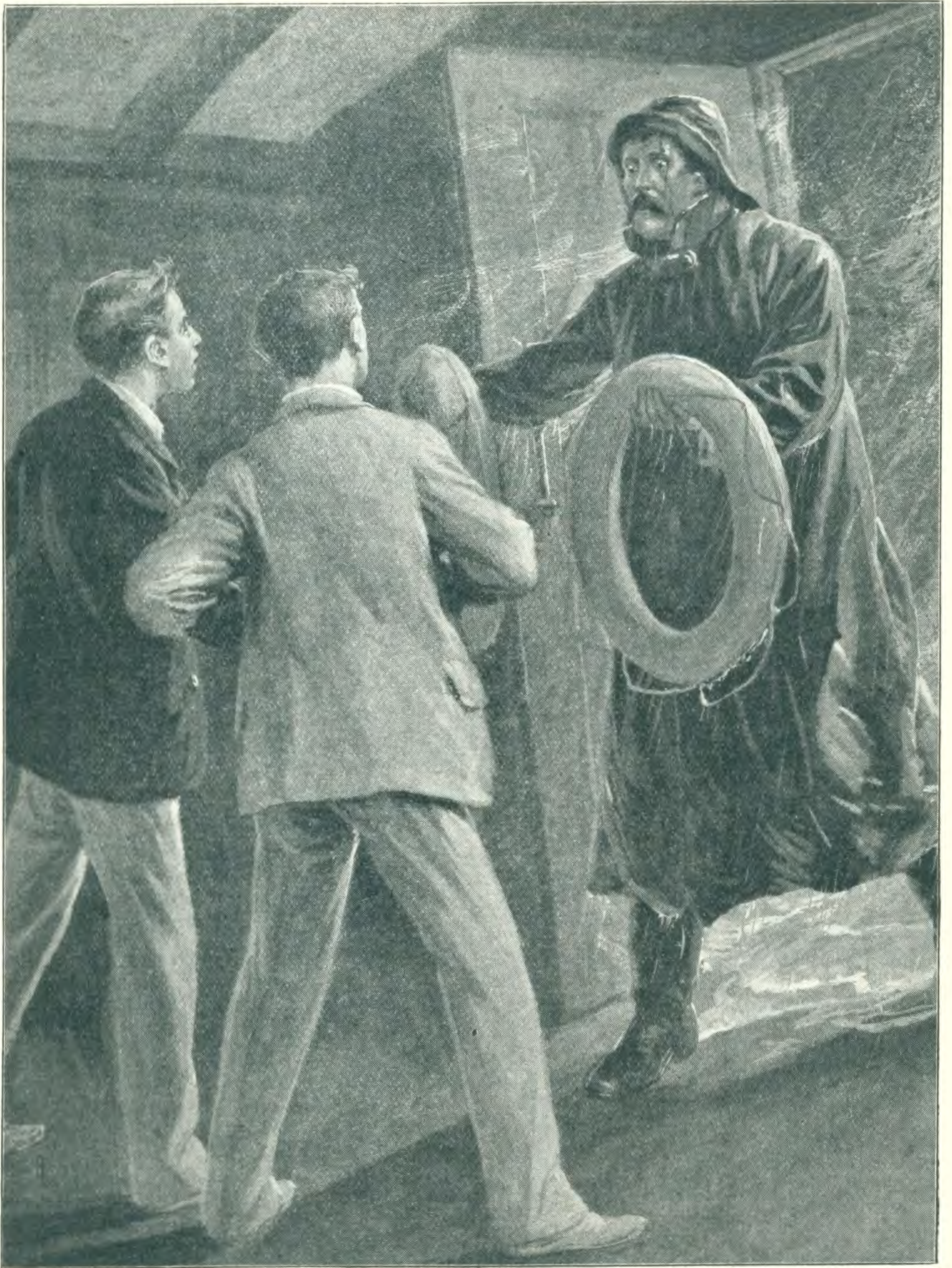
Is there any need for me to refute that statement? Alas, no, because God Himself has done so. Three of the greatest disasters on record have taken place since those words were spoken,—disasters which have caused the five continents to weep; yet how soon are they forgotten by all except those directly concerned.

Not only did the great *Titanic* strike an iceberg and go to the bottom with 1600 souls in 1912, but in 1913 the *Volturno* caught fire, and hundreds perished; and now 1914 has witnessed the terrible disaster in the St. Lawrence river, when the *Empress of Ireland* was rammed by the *Storstad* and sank, carrying with her 1000 souls to a watery grave.

I wonder how many of my young readers realize that it is God speaking. Some of you may have picked up a paper, out of curiosity, and as you read of the sufferings of the unfortunate victims, of the sacrifices of parents, of the brave deeds done, your eyes may well have filled with tears, but did you ever say to yourself, “How would it have been with me had I been one of those unfortunate victims?” Perhaps you never looked at it like that. Well, let me urge you not to neglect this solemn warning: “God speaketh once, yea twice.” He speaks to you; have you heeded His call?

Two thousand six hundred years ago Solomon wrote, “Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth” (Prov. xxvii. 1). Captain Smith boasted of the future, but left God out; he made a great mistake.

It appears that in Solomon's time sudden deaths were common; they are to-day. You may be the next victim;



"SINKING FAST!"

who can tell? Perhaps some of my readers are not likely to ever be on the ocean. Never mind, the warning is to you as well as to the others. Are you prepared to face death? What a glorious thing to be able to say, "I am." If you accept Christ now, you will be able to say, "O death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?"

My young friends, consider these warnings from God. Do not hesitate, but turning to Jesus,

"Come to Him quickly, say to Him gladly,
'Lord, I am coming, coming to day.'"

T. T.

THE GIFT REFUSED.

ESMÉ is a dear child, but not a very obedient one. Mother has told her that she must tidy up the schoolroom before lunch time, but Esmé does not want to. It is so pleasant out-of-doors, and Esmé thinks it a great bother to have to go in to put a disorderly room straight, and so she puts it off each moment in spite of the prompting voice within telling her she ought to go.

As she flits about the garden, she forgets all about it, until it is recalled to her mind by the sounding of the first gong for lunch. There is only time now to run and get her hands washed and hair brushed before the second gong goes. "How tiresome," says Esmé in a troubled tone of voice. "Who would have thought it was so late. Mother will be vexed."

Whilst hastily gathering up her belongings, her eyes catch a glimpse of the beautiful rose which is growing in the small patch of ground that is specially "her very own garden." Quick as thought she plucks it. "What a lovely rose. I will give it to mother. How pleased she will be."

Running in, she quickly gets ready, and as the second gong sounds she hurries

to the dining-room and lays the rose in front of her mother. "There, mother, isn't that a beauty? I thought you would like it—out of my own garden too."

"No, Esmé dear, I cannot take it. What did mother tell her little girl? and why has she not done the schoolroom as she was told? As I passed by just now, I looked in, expecting to find it all neat and tidy. Mother cannot take presents from a disobedient child. You must first do what I have told you, darling, and then I will be very glad to take your pretty gift."

Esmé hung her head and looked very ashamed.

Does not God often have to speak to us like that? He has told us very plainly what His way of salvation is. Jesus said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3); and again, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29).

But we are disobedient, and will not heed God's voice. Like Felix of old we put it off to a more convenient time—which never comes. Yet all the time we know we are wrong, and to silence our conscience we bring God presents which we think will please Him, or do some little service as we imagine. But He will not accept it. Over and over again, in the Old Testament, God tells us that while people reject Him and His commandments, He too will reject their sacrifices. God cannot accept any gift from us while we are in our sins. "To obey is better than sacrifice" (1 Sam. xv. 22).

When we hear God's voice and accept His Gift—the Lord Jesus Christ, as our Saviour—then we can offer Him our lives, our talents, all that we have, to be used in His service; and the Lord will gladly accept the gifts which His love prompts, and will take a delight in us and in all that we do for Him and for others, for Jesu's sake. A. W.



ONE WAY OF TRAVELLING INTO CENTRAL CHINA.
(Lent by the B. & F.B.S.)

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

JEWELS FOUND AMONG CHINESE LEPERS.

ONE day, long, long ago, a little company of people were walking along a country road on their way towards a great city, whither they were going to take part in an important religious festival. As they drew near to a village through which they had to pass, they saw, huddled together just at the entrance to the village, ten miserable-looking men. These men looked ill and hungry; their clothing was of the roughest and scantiest, and altogether they were evidently forlorn and wretched to the last degree.

Presently a weird, sad cry came from their lips, warning the travellers not to come near them.

"Tame! Tame!" they cried, and those who heard this word shuddered and drew their robes more closely round them, lest by any chance they should, in passing, touch the rags of these ten outcasts.

But there was One of the travellers who felt pity and not loathing; His loving heart was touched by the great misery of these poor men: He was not going to pass by and do nothing to help them.

From His lips there came the command, loud enough for them to hear while they were yet some distance apart, "Go to the priests and let them look at you all!" "Go to the priests!"—how dare they? They would not be wanted there. In fact, if they ventured to go they would most likely be turned back by the indignant villagers; for these men were lepers, and dreaded by every one.

But the Voice that spoke to them carried hope to their hearts, and on they went, up the village street; and if you do not remember what happened then, just turn up Luke xvii. 11-19, and you will see the whole story.

The Lord Jesus Christ was the One

who would not pass by the lepers. When they saw Him coming, and cried to Him for help, His answer came swiftly and lovingly. In Mark i. 40-44 we have another story of a leper coming to Him, and on this man our Lord laid His gentle, comforting hand and healed him.

The disease of leprosy was a very dreadful thing. No cure was known for it in olden times; and although doctors are so clever and wise nowadays, they have never yet been able to find a cure. God shows us in His Holy Word how leprosy is in this way a type of sin. No one but God could ever make a leper quite clean and well again; and no one but the Lord Jesus—God Himself become a man—can forgive our sins and make our sinful hearts clean.

There are still very large numbers of lepers in Eastern lands, and some of the most devoted missionaries, doctors, and nurses, are giving all the skill and care they can to help these sufferers, and at the same time to bring to their ears and hearts the sweet old story of the love of Jesus.

In a place called Siao-kan, in Central China, there is a Leper Hospital belonging to a Christian Missionary Society. No one but Christians would ever do anything to help lepers.

This Siao-kan hospital is a very sad place, for it is full of suffering people: but it is also a very beautiful place, for it has been made as bright and pleasant inside and out, as it could possibly be. It stands in lovely gardens, where God's beautiful things in trees and flowers are growing; and it has the far greater beauty of loving, unselfish, Christ-like deeds done every day by those whose hearts are filled with the love of Christ.

God has some very choice jewels among these Chinese lepers. Although their poor suffering bodies are spoilt and deformed by disease, God's love dwells within and shows itself in the gratitude they express to the kind doctors who do

so much to help them bear their suffering and also in kindly deeds one to another.

Hü Yin Lin was one of these precious jewels. Three years ago he stood outside the hospital gate knocking for admission. Tall, covered with rags, dirty and very ill, more like an animal than a man, he threw himself down at the doctor's feet and pleaded to be taken in.

Like his Master, the kind doctor listened to the appeal, and responded. A good bath, clean clothes, and a full meal could make even a leper glad, and as Hü lay in a comfortable, clean bed, his swollen, disfigured face lit up with grateful smiles for such kindness.

Hü was naturally an intelligent man, and when he heard the Scriptures read daily, his mind took hold of their wonderful words. Fresh desires came to him—new thoughts of things far different from anything he had ever heard before, and within a month he had learnt to read the New Testament, on purpose to see for himself the teaching he heard daily.

But it was not long before his heart, as well as his mind, opened under the power of God the Holy Spirit, and he yielded himself to the Lord Jesus Christ for full salvation.

He became much more ill in body, but at the same time his soul grew daily in grace, and his life for nearly three years was a glad and joyous witness to the love which saved him. God has now taken him to the home above, to be with his Saviour for ever.

E. A.

Have you any time for Jesus?

Time on earth will soon be past,
Earthly glories all are waning,
Earthly joys can never last.

Do you feel your need of Jesus

As you pass along life's way?
He would be thy Friend, thy Saviour,
And thy Helper every day.

WORDS OF WELCOME



GATHERING FOR THE RACE.

THE RACE.

AT a certain seaside place where I was staying, they had a donkey-race on the sands one day. From among the thousands of visitors, boys and girls under 10 years of age were chosen for riders. Some twenty or more donkeys took part in the race, which was won by a beautiful silky-haired animal, ridden by a little girl with a blue frock. One donkey did not run at all because the boy who was to ride it made a slip in trying to get on, and fell to the ground ; so he did not even *start* in the race.

The Bible tells us about a race that we have to run. When I say "we," I mean Christians. No others can run in this race, because they have not *started*.

We start, when we come to the Saviour and believe in Him ; when we confess to Him that we are sinners, and trust in Him to forgive and save us.

This gives us a start. In the race that we then begin to run there are many dangers, and unless we continually gather fresh strength by prayer, and by the reading of the Scriptures, we shall soon get tired of running. But the Lord Jesus is not only the *Saviour* of His people when, as poor sinners, they trust Him at the first, but He saves, or keeps them, and helps them, all along the way.

Would you not like to have such a Saviour and Helper as this ? Then accept the Lord Jesus as such. He will give you a *start* in the race, and then will help you to be a good runner.

H. P. B.

TOM NEVER LEFT THE BARS DOWN AGAIN.

ONCE I saved Tom from a promised whipping for leaving down the bars when he went after the cows at milking time, thus giving the young cattle left in the pasture a chance to get out, which they always improved. If they were on the back side of the lot when Tom got the cows, he thought it unnecessary to put up the bars. It would be so short a time when the cows would be driven back.

Father cautioned and reproved him several times, until finally he threatened to whip him if it happened again. Several weeks passed, and he left the bars down again. The young cattle got into the corn, doing much damage.

The next morning father said nothing, but went about his usual work. Tom was gloomy; there was an air of depression in the house, and I was greatly troubled. I couldn't bear to have Tom whipped, nor could I blame father. At last I resolved to go and speak to him.

The sun was shining brightly, and he was opening some bundles of hay in the east meadow. I approached him slowly, for I did not feel sure of my ground, and stood still without saying a word. He looked up at me and said: "Well, Joe, what is it?"

"I have come to speak about Tom. I don't want him whipped."

"I don't see how you can help it, my son. I cannot have my crops destroyed in this way, and I must keep my word."

"Father, didn't you read this morning in the lesson: 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities . . . and by His stripes we are healed'?"

"Yes; what a boy you are to remember, Joe."

"Well, I will take the blows you intend to give Tom."

"I can't do that, Joe. Tom is the transgressor, not you," father answered, his face softening and his voice trembling. Then, looking at me keenly, he asked:

"Did Tom send you to me?"

"No; he knows nothing of my coming."

My father stood leaning on his pitchfork with both hands, looking down on the ground. At length he said: "Go and bring Tom."

I found him on the front porch with a sober face, trying to study.

"Come with me, Tom; father wants you."

"I know what he wants," turning a little pale. After a moment's hesitation he arose, saying: "I might as well go now and have it done with."

As we walked along I thought it best to give him a little advice, for he generally did as occasion served him. There was no knowing beforehand what he would do.

"Now, Tom, you mustn't flare up or show any cheek. You must be humble and answer father's questions in a good, kind way. You mustn't talk any; only answer his questions. I don't think he will be hard with you."

Father stood as I had left him. I can see him now, after the lapse of so many years, with his back to the morning sun, leaning forward a little on the stall of his fork, looking down to the ground, one hand above the other and his chin on his hands, and some forksful of hay scattered about him.

He did not seem to see us. He was lost in reverie.

"Father," I ventured timidly, "Tom is here."

He looked up at us quickly; then said:—

"Tom, do you remember these words in our Scripture reading this morning; 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities . . . and by His stripes we are healed'?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, greatly surprised.

"What do you think these words mean?"

"That Christ suffered for us," replied Tom, his voice unsteady and his face flushing up.

"Well, Joe offers to suffer for you."

Tom turned to me with a look on his face I shall never forget, and exclaimed:—

"No, Joe, you shall not do that."

Then flinging his arms around my neck, he kissed me, and as quick as a flash he stepped up to father and held out his hand, saying: "The stripes belong to me, father; I am ready."

Tears were falling down father's face, and for a moment he could not speak. Then he said:—

"No, Tom, I cannot punish anyone now. I do not think you'll ever forget this day. If you do, remember Joe's offer holds good. I love my children, and I want to do them all the good I can. But I must be obeyed, and this is one way of doing them good. You may go now."

Tom did not stir. He was evidently waiting for me, and yet, for some reason I could not explain, I hesitated. Stepping closer, I said: "Father, I want to kiss you."

He caught me in his arms, saying: "Oh, my boy!" and kissed me. Then taking Tom, who was ready, he said: "God bless you, dear Tom," and kissed him with swimming eyes.—[*Extracted*].

OBEYING GOD.

IT is said that an Indian prince once gave strict orders to his servant not to go near a certain cave the entrance of which was blocked by a large stone. The servant obeyed his master's order for some time, but he presently began to think that there must be some great treasure hidden in the cave, which his

master did not wish him to know of. So one day, with the help of a friend he managed to roll away the stone, when out sprang an enormous tiger, who tore both men in pieces. His master's command had been for his own good when he told him to keep away from the cave. One act of disobedience cost him his life.

The command that God gave to our first parents in the Garden of Eden was meant for their own good. But they thought they would be better off if they disobeyed God and ate of the forbidden fruit; with what terrible consequences my readers have been told many a time. That one act of disobedience ruined our race, and made it easy for all of us to continue in the footsteps of Adam and Eve by disobeying God.

We have all got into the habit of disobeying God. We do it often without thinking what we are doing; and this terrible habit has become so strong with us that we go on adding sin to sin day after day without thinking that there is anything very wrong with us. It is because of this habit that we do not like to think about meeting God and having to do with Him. We had rather not think about Him and be allowed to go on by ourselves and be left to do our own pleasure.

Yes, the thought of obeying God is not a pleasant one. Until we come to Christ, we are like the boy who said, as he looked down at his favourite dog, "I wish I could mind God as my dog minds me. He seems so pleased to do it, but I find it so hard to mind God."

We have all disobeyed God thousands of times, and so deserve to be punished. But He is so kind that He does not wish to punish us, and so He has given us a special command, and if we obey this command we shall never go to the place of punishment. And what is this special command? It is this: To repent and obey the gospel. And why should I obey the gospel? Because, first of all, God tells me to. This ought to be a sufficient

reason, and it always would be, if we had not got into that terrible habit of disobeying God. A little boy or girl should obey their mother just because it is mother that gives the command. And it is just because it is the kind, strong, wise Saviour, Who tells you to receive Him as your Lord, that you should do so. Is He not worthy to be obeyed; is He not worthy to be trusted?

But there is another reason why you should obey the gospel by trusting Jesus, and that is, because the gospel is for your own good. By coming to Christ you will receive the greatest possible good. Have you ever looked at it like that? By obeying the gospel you have forgiveness of all those acts of disobedience which you have done, you get a place in the family of God and are made fit for a home in heaven. There are many, many other blessings which will become yours if you obey the gospel. So you see it is for your own good if you put your soul into the hands of the Saviour.

And now, one word more. There is a terrible sin which boys and girls like you, who read gospel magazines, and go to Sunday School, must be warned against, for it is a sin which many are often committing. It is this: refusing to come to Jesus when you feel you ought to come. It often happens that boys and girls feel that they are sinners, and that the very thing which they ought to do is to trust Jesus for the forgiveness of their sins; but they shake off these feelings and try to forget about the gospel and become careless once more. *Can any sin be greater than saying "No" to Jesus?*

E. A.
L.

SWIMMING.

WHAT is nicer during the warm summer weather than a dip in the sea? And if we do not live near the sea, and are not able to go there for our summer holidays, well, a dip in a shady pool or some quiet stream is not at all bad, is it?

If, however, you mean to properly enjoy it, one thing is really necessary: you must learn to swim. Often have I watched a group of lads having fine sport in the water, only two or three perhaps



"FINE SPORT IN THE WATER."

have not seemed to join in like the rest. They were timid and half-hearted and really a bit nervous. What was the matter with them? Well you see, they had to be continually on the watch lest they should get out of their depth, and it is miserable work to be always thinking of one's own safety. They did not know how to swim.

It is not difficult to learn to swim, in fact it is very easy, and to float is easier still. Watch that clever swimmer! How boldly he strikes out! Presently when he is tired he will just turn over on his back, and then he will do—what? He will do nothing, but lying quite still he will let the water bear him up. There is only one thing you need in order to be able to float as well as he, and that one thing is confidence, or as we often call it, *faith*.

Now just as we float by faith, so are we saved by faith. In order to be saved we have to do nothing except to cast ourselves upon the grace and power of the Lord Jesus Christ. He will safely bear us up and we shall not sink.

Some people, however, would tell us that we are wrong in saying this, and that they do not think it is an easy thing to be saved, nor is it an easy thing to float. Well, in one way they are right, because faith does not come to us naturally. It is not an easy thing for the first time to throw oneself on one's back believing that the water will bear one up, nor do we easily come to the point of just resting wholly upon Christ. One thing is certain though, some of us have done it, and we can tell you how simple it is and how fully we have been saved.

Now the only way for you to prove this is to try for yourself. It is said that there once lived a very fond and rather foolish mother, who was so afraid that her boys might possibly be drowned that she used to boast that she would never allow them to go into the water until they had learned to swim. If she had kept to her word,

when would they have learned to swim? Why, *never*, of course.

Don't be like that, will you? Just come to the Lord at once, and trusting Him, prove Him for yourself. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him" is what the Bible says. F. B. H.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

IX.—THE PLAGUES GROW WORSE AND WORSE.

THE first plague fell upon the water, so that as a result, "The river stank." The second, though the frogs came from the river, mainly affected the ground, so that we read, "the land stank." The third was even worse, for it was one that touched the bodies of the Egyptians themselves.

It came too without any warning. God told Aaron to smite the dust of the earth, and immediately it became lice throughout the land of Egypt. These "lice" were probably horrible little insects, well known in Egypt, very small and difficult to see, which fasten themselves on the flesh of their victims, sucking their blood and setting up a dreadful irritation. They came in their millions upon man and beast, so you can imagine what a plague they were.

Again the magicians tried to imitate the wonder, but this time they utterly failed and had to confess it. To turn dust into lice meant creating the lice, and this they could not do. Only God could create, and the magicians had to say, "This is the finger of God" (Exod. viii. 19).

Pharaoh's heart was still hardened, so the fourth plague came. This time it was in the shape of "swarms of flies." Just what these flies were seems a little uncertain. They may have been a kind of

stinging fly, or perhaps a kind of beetle. It says the land was corrupted or "destroyed" by reason of these swarms, so they may have been beetles of a certain kind which not only worry people, but also destroy such things as woodwork and furniture in houses.

Be that as it may, it was in connection with this fourth plague that for the first time God drew a sharp line of difference between the Israelites and the Egyptians. That there should be these swarms of insects was not so remarkable, since Egypt often suffers in that way; the astonishing thing was that, when the swarms came worse than ever before, none of the insects should touch the land of Goshen. It was as though a wall had defended the frontiers of that land; it was the work of the Lord which people could hardly fail to see.

Even Pharaoh seems to have felt this, for he called for Moses and Aaron; only he was ready with a cunning suggestion. "Go," said he, but "sacrifice to your God in the land" (ver. 25). Do you see what his object was? He knew very well that if the service and worship of God did not move them out of his power, nothing would. He would not mind their sacrificing to the Lord, so long as they did it in the land of Egypt under his patronage—which meant of course under his power.

Satan often suggests something similar when poor sinners who have been enslaved by him are likely to escape. "Oh, yes," he says, "serve God if you wish to, only don't make yourself peculiar, so make up up your mind to be religious in the usual way, and don't cut your links with the world."

Moses at once saw through Pharaoh's device and had a reply ready. He pointed out that the very animals that they would use in sacrifice to God were the very animals that the Egyptians held as most sacred. Nothing was more sacred in Egypt than the bull; it represented one of their greatest gods, and

no animal was more often used for sacrifice to God. So if the Israelites did what Pharaoh suggested they would be killing the very animal which was commonly worshipped and it would only lead to riot and bloodshed; "the Egyptians," said he "would stone us." Moses declared therefore, "we will go three days' journey into the wilderness, and sacrifice to the Lord our God, as He shall command us" (ver. 27).

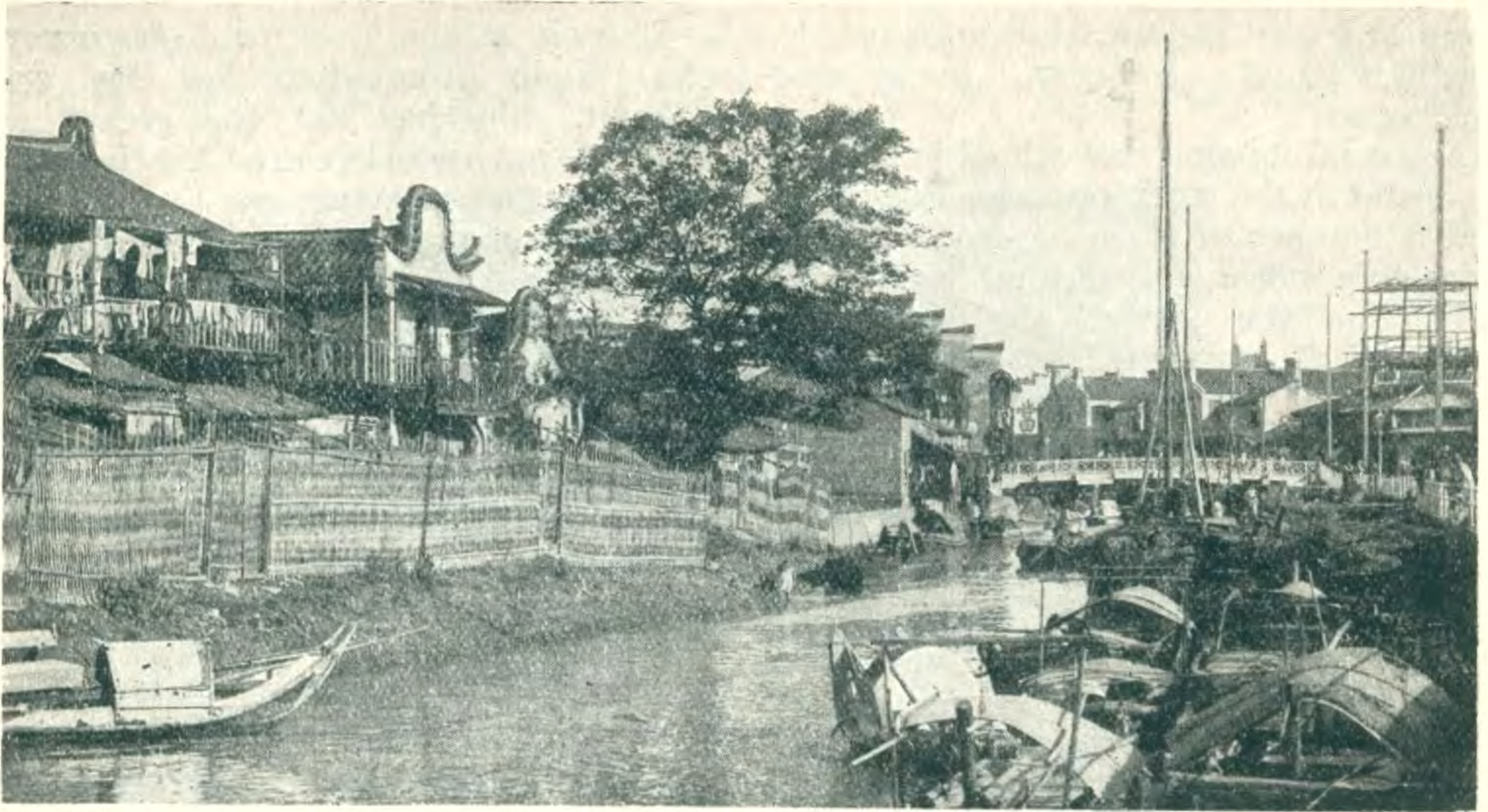
This led Pharaoh to try another dodge. "I will let you go," he said, "only ye shall not go very far away." He felt sure, no doubt, that if they kept close to the borders of Egypt, they would soon think that after all the wilderness was not a pleasant place, and back they would come. In this he was quite right, as their after-history proved. Let us learn a lesson from this, and see to it that we do not try to be worldly believers, holding Christ with one hand and the world with the other. We shall not succeed in this, for no man can serve two masters. Sooner or later back to the world we shall go.

Again Pharaoh hardened his heart, and very quickly the fifth and sixth plagues fell. First came a bad form of cattle disease called a "murrain." It smote only the animals of the Egyptians and did not touch those of the Israelites. A large part of the wealth of those days was in horses, flocks and herds, so that was a great blow. Then after a short time disease travelled from animals to human beings, and all in Egypt were afflicted with boils, so that even "the magicians could not stand before Moses because of the boils." How ashamed those proud men must have been. First the animals they worshipped were killed, and then they themselves were defiled by these horrible boils. It was a complete defeat.

God always wins the day! Happy are those who like Moses are on His side in spite of the reproach and affliction.

On which side are you?

F. B. H.



HOMES OF CHINESE BOAT-DWELLERS, SHOWING BAMBOO ROOFS.
(Lent by the B. & F.B.S.)

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

PEARLS FROM THE RIVER MIN.

THEY are not the kind of pearls that divers go after. In fact, it is doubtful whether divers ever go into the river Min; and if they do, it is still more doubtful if they would find any pearls there.

Then what kind of pearls are they?

They are the "bright gems for *His* crown" who will one day be the Great King over all the earth, and who, until that day come, is enthroned as King in the hearts and lives of all who truly love and trust Him, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But who and what are these "bright gems"? you ask. They are to be found amongst the Boat-dwellers on the river Min in the land of China.

In that great land very much travelling is done by water, and their boats are the only homes of the people in many parts.

The size, usually, of these boats is from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and many are not more than five feet wide. The family live in the centre, which is sheltered by a bamboo roof. The kitchen pots and pans are kept at one end, and the household shrines, where they worship their gods, at the other. These Boat-dwellers are a free, hardy race, and are distinguished from the land folk by their dress. They are not allowed to settle on shore, but have been kept apart for some hundreds of years. The landmen despise them—it is thought because they once gave help to some enemies of one of the Emperors, who afterwards punished them in this way.

To these people, especially to the women and children among them, some earnest Christian missionary ladies have gone to tell them of the Saviour's love.

They are a very dark, idolatrous people, and it is truly a casting of "bread upon the waters."

A special mission day school is held on an island in the river, opposite Foo-chow, and a number of them attend, and also come to a morning service on Sundays.

Imagine the joy of the missionary when one day after a long, long time of sowing the Good Seed and seeing no results, two women came to her and said that they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ: that they had given up their idol worship, and now they wanted to publicly acknowledge their faith in the one true God.

One of these women was named "Muöo Muöo" (meaning "Little Sister"), The other was Hiang Hua or "Almond Blossom." Muöo had been attending the Mission School for several years and had learned to read God's Word, and little by little the truth had entered her dark heart, till at last the full light shone in and she saw the Lord Jesus Christ as her own Saviour.

Hiang was rather an old woman, and though she, too, came to the school, she could not learn to read. She tried hard, but it was no use. Her memory would not hold these wonderful new words. But while her mind and memory were too old and dull to take in what the younger ones were learning, her heart opened, and with her heart she believed in the true God. As the missionaries talked with her they found that God Himself had been teaching her, and though she was too stupid to learn the alphabet, she had been a very quick and earnest scholar under the teaching of God the Holy Spirit. Both these Chinese boat-women have shown by their lives and conduct that they were indeed truly Christian. They have both had to suffer persecution from their heathen friends.

Sometimes Hiang's husband and son would compel her to row the boat somewhere on a Sunday, to prevent her going

to Church, as she loved to do regularly; and Muöo often finds her life very difficult. She has not the great help which we have who live in a Christian land. When you are praying, ask God to bless the work among these Boat-people, and especially ask Him to help and strengthen all His dear children who have to suffer hardship and persecution for His Name's sake.

About Easter-time old Hiang Hua went Home to God. She was very ill for some time, but she was very happy, and often "talked to Jesus." Her relatives pressed her to do idol-worship, but she clung fast to her dearly loved Saviour and went to Him with great joy.

And so His jewels are being gathered out of all lands, but oh! there are so many still to gather in. Pray very earnestly that God will send more messengers with His good news, and that the people may listen and believe. E. A.

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

HAVE you any room for Jesus?
Do not let the question slide,
For the way in which you answer,
All your future will decide.

Have you any thoughts of Jesus?
Careless one, oh, stop and think!
Grace's day is closing quickly:
You may be near ruin's brink.

Have you any love for Jesus?
Love for Him who died for thee.
Died for thee, a rebel sinner,
On the cross of Calvary.

Child, these questions I have asked thee.
Pray, what shall your answer be?
Ponder deeply. On that answer
Hangs your whole eternity.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN iii. 16.

WORDS OF WELCOME



GENERAL SIR R. BADEN POWELL, ADDRESSING BOY SCOUTS.

THE SCOUT BOYS' MOTTO. "B.P."

THE name of the general who defended Mafeking against the Boers some years ago is represented by these two letters "B. P." Many of our young readers are perhaps too young to remember the occasion which caused the name of General Sir Robert Baden Powell to become so well known by Englishmen. There are, however, thousands of scout boys living to-day who honour his name in trying to follow the example he has set them, and perhaps some such may read these lines.

These two letters "B. P." represent also the motto which is inscribed on the

flag carried by each company of scout boys, and there is a most important lesson for us *each* in this motto of two words

"Be Prepared."

It is the guiding principle of all great leaders, especially in the army; and it should be, without doubt, [the guiding principle of *every* boy and girl.

Perhaps the reader says, "Prepared for what?" The great general re-

ferred to, doubtless, had his eye upon the future of his country, and in addition to training boys to be observant, useful, and kind, he desired to lay the foundation in such training for future military service—in plain words, to be prepared for war—people that are surrounded by enemies need to be prepared to meet them should the occasion arise.

Now in this there is a very important lesson for *all*. The **Future** lies ahead of us each, we have **Enemies** behind and before. Are we prepared to meet them? When Noah was warned by God of things not seen as yet—things in the future—he *prepared* an ark to the saving of his house. (Heb. xi. 7.) **Satan** is our worst enemy, but we have others. We have *sins* behind us and **Death** before.

"It is appointed unto men once to die,

but after this the judgment, "God's Word declares, and He warns us in plain language, "*Prepare to meet thy God*" (Amos iv. 12).

Our sins deserve punishment, and if we die unforgiven they will surely meet with God's judgment. God is holy and must punish sin.

The Apostle Paul tells us in the last verse of Romans vi.: "*The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*"

So we learn that while we have merited death as the consequence of sin, God bestows everlasting life upon all who trust in the Lord Jesus, His blessed Son, the One who died upon Calvary's cross to put away sin, and that He might become OUR Saviour.

Our two letters "B. P." will now fit two words that the writer desires should be true of every reader.

BELIEVING—POSSESSING.

And what God has joined together let no man put asunder. "He that believeth"—"HATH everlasting life" (John v. 24).

Of this we are certain, that judgment is coming upon this world and upon all who are not saved by trusting the finished work of Christ, and so we warn you of that which is yet future, in order that you may **Be Prepared**, and found with many others who are truly "soldiers of the cross," waiting for the Lord Jesus to come, who is the "Captain—or Leader—of our salvation," and who is "bringing **many sons** to glory."

If this is the army to which you belong, dear reader—"those that ARE Christ's"—then may you seek grace and power to "fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art called," and thus, witness "a good confession," as He did, who has "left us an example that we should follow His steps."

The Master whom we serve

Will needful strength bestow;

Depending on His promised aid,

With sacred courage go!

A. E. C.

STAMPS AND THEIR LESSONS.

SOME of the young readers of this Magazine have been seized with the passion for stamp collecting, and perhaps they may have already gathered a considerable number and are not a little proud of their collection. Apart from the pleasure of collecting, the pastime has a useful side in that it is helpful in learning geography. But we can learn far more useful lessons from the pictures on stamps, and lessons that concern us every day. Let us examine one or two stamps, and see what they have to teach us.

Here is a Hungarian stamp. In the centre we see an envelope, and just above it a crown. Does this not suggest a message from a king? And so the stamp of Hungary reminds us of the Bible, which contains the message from the King of kings. Have you ever thought of the Word of God as being a message to you from the Lord? Those boys and girls who have trusted the Saviour like to think of the Bible as their heavenly Father's letter, full of news about His great kindness in giving the Lord Jesus to be their Saviour, and telling them just what they should do to please Him.

The stamp of Egypt bears an interesting design, that of the Sphinx and the pyramid, which of course reminds us of that wonderful land through which the Nile flows. It reminds us, too, of the cruel bondage of the Israelites, many of whom were employed in the building of the ancient cities of that land. You know how God sent them a deliverer and they were brought "out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." There is another sort of bondage which we all need to be delivered from, the bondage of sin and self-will. You may not feel this bondage to be very irksome,

but it is real, and you need a real Deliverer, Jesus Himself, to save you from it.

A pretty stamp is that of Western Australia ; as many of you know, it has the picture of a swan on it. Can there be anything more graceful than a swan as it glides along the surface of the lake ? Yes, there is something far more lovely, and that is the grace of God that gave Jesus to die for us. And have you ever thought of the grace of the dear Son of God in coming to this poor, sinful world of ours ? Although He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich. Have you ever thanked Him for His love and mercy and favour to us sinners who deserve nothing from Him ?

The stamp which you are most familiar with is of course that of our country, which bears the image of the head of King George. Each stamp bearing the king's head seems to say, "I belong to the king." Are you like that stamp ? Do you belong to the Lord ? If not, hasten to become His by taking Him as your Saviour and Lord, and then you will have the joy of being able to say, "I am a child in the family of God ; I am a servant of the best Master it is possible for anyone to have ; I am a soldier in the army of the Captain who never was defeated ; I belong to the King of kings."

Those of my readers who belong to Jesus will be interested in tracing out other things which their stamps can teach about the things of God. For instance, there is a French stamp that bears the words, "Droits de l'homme," which means, "The rights of man." Well, people think a good deal to-day about the rights of man ; but alas ! they so often forget the rights of God. They forget that God has claims on them, and that they have not kept His laws, and so deserve to be punished. We must put the claims and rights of God before those of anyone else. "First things first."

The cross in the centre of some old

Swiss stamps tells us of our Saviour's work at Calvary, from which every blessing flows to us ; while the picture of the sun on the stamp of Peru speaks of the same blessed Saviour, who is to the soul what the sun is to the body. w. w.

"PLEASE SIR, HE FORGOT."

ONE Lord's-day afternoon we were speaking to a small company of Sunday-school scholars of that very beautiful story about the Lord appearing to Samuel. We read from the Scriptures how the Lord called Samuel three times, and each time, thinking it was Eli's voice he had heard, he went to enquire what he wanted. At last Eli told Samuel that if he heard the voice again, he was to say, "Speak, Lord ; for Thy servant heareth." Once again the Lord called, and Samuel replied this time, "Speak ; for Thy servant heareth."

We asked several questions to make sure that our little friends understood what we had read. At length we enquired, "What did Eli tell Samuel to say ?" Several answered : "Speak, Lord ; for Thy servant heareth." What *did* Samuel say ? we asked, and they replied, "Speak ; for Thy servant heareth." "Now what word did Samuel leave out ?" we asked ;* and again they answered correctly, "Lord." But when we invited them to tell us why Samuel omitted that word, there was quite a long silence. At length, a nice, "wee" boy, perhaps the youngest in the meeting, slipped off his seat, and put up his hand. "Well," said we, "what do *you* think ?" To which he answered : "Please, sir, he forgot."

Of course we all smiled, as perhaps you did when you read his answer. We do not think the little boy was quite right, however, and perhaps we might try to find out why Samuel did miss out that word.



If you will open your Bibles, and read 1 Samuel iii., we think you will discover the reason. Of course, you know, Samuel was quite a little boy; his mother had prayed for him, and had promised to give him to the Lord. True to her promise, she took him to live in the Temple with the aged priest Eli. The seventh verse of our chapter tells us that "Samuel did not yet know the Lord," and we do not doubt this was the reason that he did not say "Lord"; but that night, young though he was, he got to know the Lord, and we are quite sure he never forgot and never regretted that experience.

If we were writing about some girl or boy who reads this Magazine, we wonder if we should have to say, "Mary does not yet know the Lord." or "John does not yet know the Lord"? How we should like to know that Mary and John, and all who read these lines, *do* know the Lord. We daresay all know about Him; but we want all to be like the little Scottish lassie, who said to her companion one day, "Do you know Jesus?" "Yes," was the answer. "But do you know Him to speak to?" her playmate asked; and the reply to this was not quite so satisfactory. This was how Samuel learned to know the Lord, this is how we know Him, and this is how we want you to know Him.

Perhaps someone says, "But we hear so much about girls and boys who know the Lord dying quite young, and we do not want to die young." Samuel lived to be an old man, and he served the Lord all his life. We are so glad we learned to know the Lord when just eight years old, and have had the great privilege and honour of seeking to serve Him in a little way. Many who write in WORDS OF WELCOME can tell the same story, and that is just why we desire that all our dear friends should get to know our Saviour and our Lord, live *for* Him while here, and look forward to living *with* Him for ever in His happy home in Heaven.

W. B. D.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

X.—PHARAOH PRETENDS TO REPENT.

BEFORE the seventh plague fell, Moses was again sent on a special message to Pharaoh. The stubborn king was plainly told that if he did not obey God's command to release His people, he would be made such an example of God's punishing power as would be declared through all the earth. Mercy was, however, mingled even with this message, for a warning was given of what would happen on the morrow, and the Egyptians were advised to hide themselves in their houses, as well as the cattle they had left.

The next day Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven, and God sent the most terrific thunderstorm that ever raged in Egypt.

A thunderstorm is always a rather alarming thing. No one seems to like them; many boys and girls, and even grown-up people, are really very frightened of them, and yet the kind we get in England are very tame affairs to those which come in hotter climates. In different parts of Africa terrible storms often rage. I once met a man living in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, who told me of a fearful storm that struck that town years ago when he was a boy and returning one day from school. He was dragged into a house where he was safe, but animals and a few people were killed in the streets, for hail fell in lumps the size of hen's eggs, and when it was over many roofs made of galvanized iron, as is usual there, were riddled with holes as if they had been bombarded with shot.

Now Egypt is not a land of storms; they usually have lovely weather there, so this visitation must have been quite unexpected and most terrifying. Men and beasts who were out of doors, because

God's warning had not been believed, were slain ; trees were smashed and crops were ruined. The thunderings were "*mighty*." The lightning "*ran along upon the ground*," while as for the hail, it was "*very grievous, such as there was none like it in all the land of Egypt since it became a nation*" (Exod. ix. 23-26). Once more the land of Goshen escaped.

Pharaoh seems to have been more alarmed by this plague than by any which had preceded. He even went so far as to say, "I have sinned this time ; the Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked" (ver. 27). Yet when God heard his prayer and the storm ceased, he only sinned yet more, and still refused to let Israel go, thus proving that his professed repentance had been only hypocrisy.

Without delay, therefore, the eighth plague was announced. Another chance was given to Pharaoh of *really* repenting, for the message again predicted the judgment for "*to-morrow*." *To-morrow* is God's word when threatening punishment, for that is not what He loves, and He punishes reluctantly. *To-day* is His word when offering salvation, for in that He delights, and sinners cannot afford to be without it for twenty-four hours. "*This day*," said Jesus, "is salvation come to this house" (Luke xviii. 9).

The threat of the locusts frightened Pharaoh, and once more he made a show of yielding while still trying to have his own way. He suggested that only the men-folk of Israel should depart, leaving wives, children, and flocks behind. Moses would not hear of this, and we may well be glad that God thought it as important to deliver the women and children as the men. The "*little ones*" were not to be left in Egypt.

So the locusts came, carried up by an east wind, and under their ravages every green thing which the hail had left was destroyed. It is extraordinary what harm these small insects do when they come in huge swarms numbering hundreds

of millions. An African farmer would much sooner face a herd of wild elephants than a swarm of locusts, and these that afflicted Egypt were very grievous : "before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such" (Exod. x. 14).

Once more Pharaoh made a profession of repentance and asked for forgiveness ; whereupon Moses prayed, and God sent a strong west wind which swept the locusts back into the Red Sea. But alas ! no sooner were they gone than Pharaoh's heart was hardened and his repentance came to nothing.

Pharaoh has many imitators to-day, who seem to repent and cry to God for forgiveness when trouble and calamity comes along, and then when the trouble is over, all their seriousness and desire for salvation passes away, and they go on in their sins with their hearts harder than ever. I hope that none of my young readers will be amongst them.

The ninth plague came without any warning, and a thick darkness settled over all Egypt except Goshen. It was so dense that all work and movement was stopped, and for three days Egypt must have been like a land of the dead.

This frightened Pharaoh into agreeing that *all* the children of Israel might depart, men, women and little ones ; but he wished the cattle to be left behind. He wanted at all events some little link to be kept up with Egypt. This Moses would not have. He boldly replied, "Our cattle also shall go with us ; there shall not an hoof be left behind" (ver. 26).

These are words worthy of being remembered. God never does things by halves. If He delivers His people, He does it thoroughly, not leaving behind a hoof, i.e., the least one of their flocks ; and if He saves souls at all, He does it thoroughly, from their sins and Satan and the world, and He does it for ever.

F. B. H.



IN A CENTRAL AMERICAN TOWN.
(Lent by the B. & F.B.S.)

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

JEWELS FROM THE MOSQUITO COAST.

ARE any of you wise enough to know whereabouts that is?

In Central America there is a small state named Nicaragua, and the eastern border of it is called the Mosquito Coast; and in this region the Moravian missionaries have been labouring in the Gospel for about seventy years.

It is not a particularly pleasant climate to live in. The land lies low and swampy; there are very few roads on which to travel, and as the mission stations are scattered far from each other, the missionaries have to endure hardness and many discomforts.

The people who inhabit this part of the world are a mixed variety of Indians and Africans—all heathen, except where

the Gospel story has reached them, and brought the knowledge of the true God.

Along the banks of the Wangks river are many villages, each with its inhabitants of men, women, and children. Up and down this river God's messenger travels, paddled in a native canoe by three or four Christian natives, visiting the villages as far as he is able, and sowing the good seed of the Word of God as he goes. But the people are terribly ignorant, and it is slow work trying to make them understand the story that is so familiar to your ears.

However, God has promised that His Word shall not return unto Him void (Isa. lv. 11); and in some of the villages

especially the power of the Cross of Christ is making itself felt mightily.

A simple story of the certain reward of patient prayer and labour tells of a precious jewel won from this land, and must be told in the missionary's own words:—

“The sermon was ended, the last prayer and blessing had closed the service, and the Indian congregation had filed out.

But the preacher remained with his head bowed down upon his arms, and these had sunk down upon the Bible whence he had taken his text. He was utterly dejected. A brave man and a devoted missionary, he felt at that moment as though it were all useless. For many a day had he been preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those Mosquito Indians. But they remained hard as the nether millstone. They came and listened to what he said, yet the words never seemed to get past their dull ears, much less to reach their hearts and lives.

There was silence in the church, and despair in the stricken heart of the brave man. It was broken by a voice:

‘Parson!’

The preacher raised his head, and looked around.

In yonder corner of the church lingered an Indian, and as he repeated his humble plea for attention, ‘Parson!’ the missionary noticed a tone of intense earnestness in the word.

‘Parson, are those words *true* that you have been speaking to us?’

Never in all his life will the preacher forget the emphasis put on that word ‘true.’

‘Are those words **TRUE**? Because if so,’ added the questioner, ‘I’ve *got* to heed them.’

He was the worst sorcerer in the whole district. A man who had done more to hinder the work of the missionary than any one else.

‘True?’ said the preacher, ‘Aye, they are true, indeed! They are not my words,

they are out of the Bible; they are the words of the only true God.’

The sorcerer *did* heed them, and found in them salvation and peace and joy.

Nor was the blessing ended with him. His conversion had a wide influence on the village and district.

To the missionary, too, it meant a new start. He felt a new power in him, and fresh energy to preach Jesus even more earnestly than he had ever done, knowing that God’s Word is ‘ever faithful, ever sure,’ and that it would bring salvation to many more of the people for whom he was labouring so bravely.”

E. A.

WILL YOU BE THERE?

ON that blessed, glorious morning
When the summons outward flies,
And the saints shall rise in glory
To their home in yonder skies!
Will you be among the righteous
As they gladly upward soar,
And with Jesus land in triumph
On the shining, golden shore?

Are you trusting now in Jesus,
He who died on Calvary’s tree?
Only through His blood most precious
Is forgiveness full and free.
God has found a blessed ransom
In a Saviour crucified;
And He offers all salvation,
Through that Saviour glorified.

Oh! what joy to meet with Jesus,
And to gaze upon His face;
As the brightness of His glory
Lights that holy, happy place!
All earth’s troubled ways behind us,
Nought but endless bliss before;
Bliss supreme! to dwell with Jesus,
In God’s presence evermore!

P. D.

WORDS OF WELCOME



PLOUGHING WITH OXEN.

FACE FORWARD.

RECENTLY during a visit to Glasgow I was surprised one Sunday morning to see on every tramcar a large board with the following words :—

ALWAYS FACE FORWARD

Proverbs :

3rd Chap.

23rd Verse.

Having my Bible with me, I at once looked up the verse, and found it to run thus: "Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble."

In a large city like Glasgow numerous accidents occur, and the tramway

authorities have hit upon the novel device of warning passengers to exercise greater caution in boarding and leaving cars.

I wonder how many who turned up their Bibles out of curiosity thought how wholesome this advice was for all who are travelling on life's journey, whether converted or not.

Sodom's wickedness had become so great that judgment was about to fall on it. The message to Lot and his family was, "Escape for thy life. *Look not behind thee.*" His wife's unwilling feet were being dragged towards safety, but her heart was still in Sodom. She looked behind, and that *backward* look cost her her life. This world has been rightly called by Bunyan the City of Destruction, and all who remain in it must share its doom. Mr. Facing-both-ways and all his kindred must perish with it. Only those with the forward and upward look to Jesus, the

only Refuge for sinners, can know salvation. Sinner, *Face Forward*.

I have been told that a ploughman in order to drive his furrow straight fixes his eye on some mark in the fence or hedge, and steadily walks in that direction. With the light ploughs used in Palestine, to look back meant not only a crooked furrow, but usually the overturning of the plough. Hence the Saviour's words, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and *looking back*, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke ix. 62). How many a Christian career has been wrecked by a backward look. Christian, *Face Forward*.

The other day I was watching some school-children racing, and noticed that some of them lost sight of the goal, and taking therefore a roundabout course failed to win the prize. We are exhorted to run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus. He is the goal and prize before us. Let us all therefore *Always Face Forward*.

D. R.

THE LITTLE FIELD-MARSHAL.

WHAT was he? A little boy six or seven years old.

Where was he? In one of the busiest streets of the great city of London—the Strand.

Who he was, or where he came from nobody knew, but everybody saw the little fellow. He was dressed as a field-marshal, which is the highest honour a British officer can attain to. Lord Kitchener and Sir John French are field-marshals.

There he walked up and down the crowded Strand, with cocked hat and flowing plumes on his head, and a little wooden rifle with fixed bayonet in his hand.

What was the brave little fellow doing, for it is not every little boy of six or seven who would be brave enough to walk up and down a crowded street with no mother or nurse apparently near him? He was acting as a little recruiting sergeant. If a field-marshal is the highest position in the British Army, a recruiting sergeant is one of the lowest, though his work is very honourable and necessary.

On the little boy's back was an appeal to the young men of the English nation to help Lord Kitchener, and to "see this thing through," that is, this terrible war.

I expect many a mother looked with interest at the little fellow, and that many a young man was moved to offer himself as a recruit to Lord Kitchener's army.

But as I looked at the picture of the little Field-marshal and Recruiting Sergeant, I could not help thinking of the Christian boys and girls who read *Words of Welcome*.

This little boy did not consider himself too young to serve his king. Are you too young to serve the Lord Jesus Christ—"the King of kings and Lord of lords"? If you are not too young to be saved by Him, you are not too young to serve Him.

How can you serve Him? How can you definitely be a little soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ?

Well, this little fellow was a recruiting-sergeant. Can you not be a recruiting-sergeant for the Lord Jesus? Can you not speak to your friends, your brothers and sisters, your school-mates, and persuade them to accept the Lord Jesus as their own precious Saviour?

What a grand recruiting-sergeant was that field-marshal in the Lord's army—the Apostle Paul. Turn the pages of your Bible to Acts xxviii. 23, and there you will find that grand old soldier, though taken a prisoner by the enemy, from morning to evening *persuading* all he could to trust the Lord.

In the British Army only men are

soldiers, but in the army of the King of kings Christian girls can serve the Lord as well as boys.

Of course there are more jobs in the British Army than that of recruiting-sergeant. One of the best points of a good soldier is instant obedience. What a lesson this is to the Christian boy and girl to be obedient to the Lord, to do His will day by day.

Read the Scriptures diligently and you will see what He wishes you to do. Obedience to parents, to school-teachers, truthfulness, kindness to younger brothers and sisters, and many other things should mark a little soldier of the Lord.

When the Apostle Paul wrote to Timothy—a young believer—he exhorted him to be a *good* soldier of Jesus Christ, and to please Him who had chosen him to be a soldier. Look at 2 Tim. ii. 3 and 4, and you can read the very words he writes. He also wrote about this young soldier warring a good warfare in 1 Tim. i. 18. Can you not be a *good* soldier of Jesus Christ? Pray about it, and then seek grace to *obey* the Lord, day by day, till He come, for I believe His coming draws VERY NIGH.

But remember, you cannot be a soldier at all until you trust the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour, and can say you are saved. Not till then can you serve the Lord.

A. J. P.

HIS SHELTERING WINGS.

MOST of us have seen in some country farmyard a hen running along with a brood of little chickens all around her—such tiny little creatures, just like balls of fluff. Suddenly some large dog comes along, barking loudly, and the mother hen begins clucking in a frightened manner, and all the wee chicks run to her side as quickly as ever they can,

creeping close under her wings as she spreads them out right over and around them—and under this protection they are safe.

So God promises to shield us. “He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust” (Ps. xci. 4).

One day an enemy enters the yard in the form of a strange cat; the hen quickly calls her little brood, and they gather round, nestling under those sheltering wings, all except one little chicken, which does not come, foolishly thinking perhaps he can take care of himself, or that there is plenty of time, and so the call is unheeded until it is too late.

The cat has caught sight of this little unprotected one—ah! it is too late now to reach the shelter of those strong, safe wings, and this poor thoughtless chicken is quite powerless to defend itself. With one bound the cat has pounced upon it; it is in the enemy’s grip, and there is no escape. How willingly the mother hen would have saved it—but he would not heed the call, or seek the place of safety—and now it is too late!

Jesus calls to each one of us to come to Him because He has died to save each one of us, by taking our place on the cross, so that we might go free. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts xvi. 31).

Do not let us make the mistake of thinking that we can take care of ourselves, or that we need not listen to the call *now*. We can *never* save ourselves, and we *must* listen to the warning call at once, or afterwards it may be too late.

God wants to shield us from all harm, He wants to protect us as the hen protects her brood. Oh! let us heed His call, and get under the shelter of His wings, where we shall dwell in safety, and where we can trust Him fully to keep us from all evil.

A. W.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

XI.—THE ONLY WAY OF SAFETY.

AFTER the ninth plague, Pharaoh's hardness of heart reached such a pitch that he refused to have anything more to say to God, telling Moses to depart, and threatening to kill him if he approached him again. God took up the challenge, and announced to Moses that the tenth plague would immediately come.

The tenth plague was of an entirely different kind. God no longer used the forces of nature, such as insect pests, or hail, or disease, but determined to come

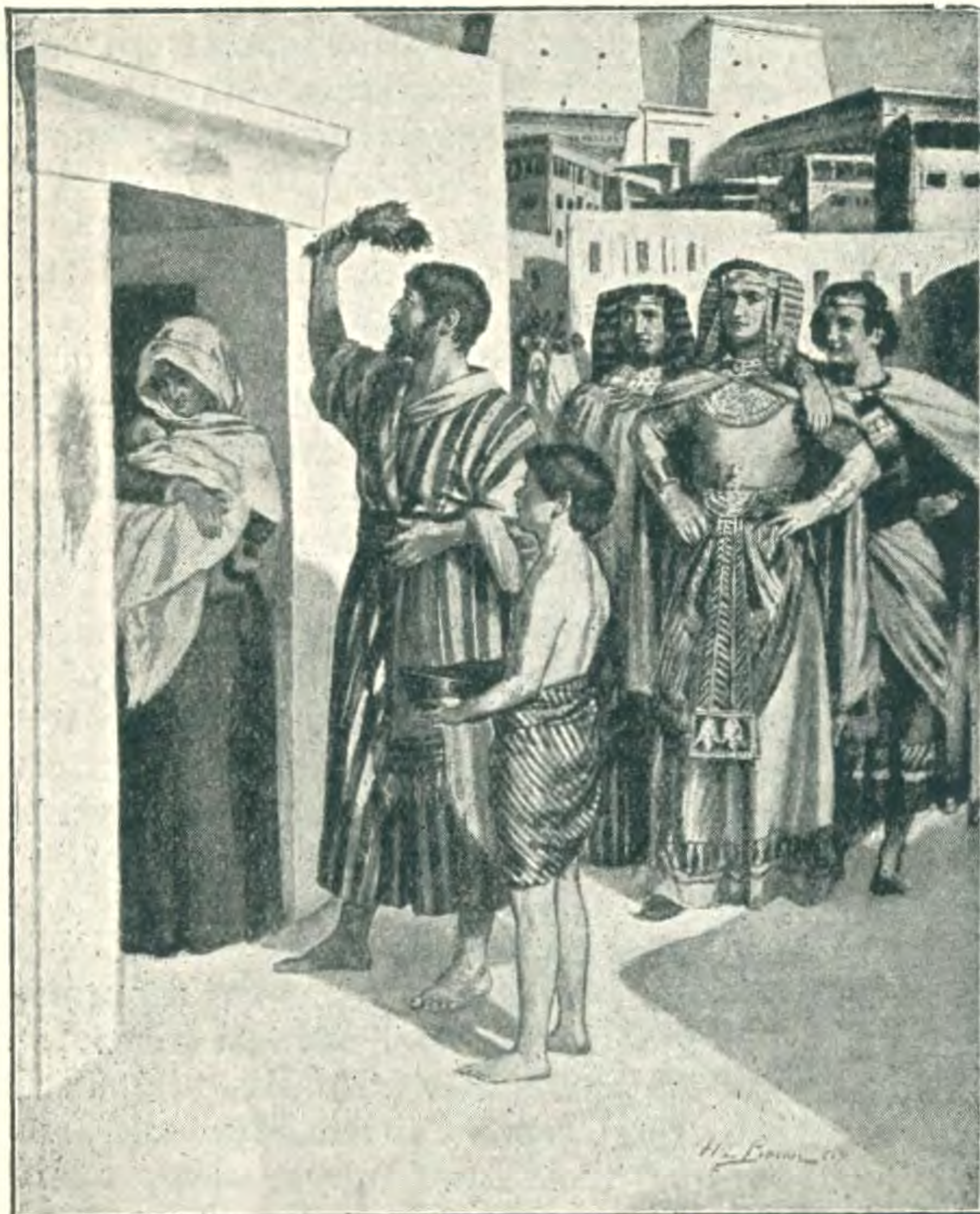
down Himself. "About midnight," He said, "will I go out into the midst of Egypt" (Exod. xi. 4). This altered everything. Previously God had acted from a distance, and while plaguing the Egyptians had let the Israelites go free without saying anything to them; now He, the God of truth and holiness, is coming down Himself, and that must raise the whole question of sin, and raise it with everybody, whether Egyptian or Israelite, for all alike were sinners.

God cannot be partial, and therefore it was impossible for Him to close His eyes to the sins of Israel, while looking upon and punishing those of Egypt; what, however, He could do, and did, was to "put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel" (ver. 7). How He did this

we shall see in a moment; meanwhile let us note that the very fact that God had to put a difference, must mean that to begin with there was *no difference* between them. I have heard of a mother, the happy possessor of twin babies, who made a practice of always tying up one with pink ribbon and the other with blue, lest she should get mixed as to which was which. Let me ask, Why did she always go to the trouble of making this difference? You know quite well, it was because they were so very much alike that practically there was no difference.

When God looks down upon us to-day, He says, "There is no difference: for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 22, 23).

When God comes down to punish sin, what does it deserve? The New Testament supplies us with this solemn answer, "The wages of sin is



SPRINKLING THE BLOOD.

death" (Rom. vi. 23). We get an illustration of this in our story, for having said, "About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt," God added, "and all the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die." All deserved to die, yet God in His mercy determined to only smite the firstborn of each family. Instead of cutting each family tree right down by the roots, He would only lop off the top branches.

If you now read the first fourteen verses of the twelfth chapter of Exodus, you will see the way by which God put a difference between the Israelites and the Egyptians. That difference lay in the blood of the lamb, and in that blood being applied to the outside of each house according to the divine instructions.

The splash of blood outside the door of each Israelite's house on that fateful night had a very distinct meaning. It said as plainly as anything could, "Death, which is the desert of sin, has already been here. The lamb without blemish has died for the firstborn, and payment of the penalty cannot be exacted twice, from the firstborn as well as from the lamb." Therefore it was that God said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

The blood of the lamb was the foreshadowing of something infinitely greater, "the precious blood of Christ."

It was not enough that a lamb without blemish should be found, or even that its blood should be shed, the blood had to be applied to the outside of the house if the inmates desired to be safe. We learn from this that the fact that Jesus has become Man, and been found here as a Lamb without blemish or spot, is not enough to save us; nor is a sinner saved by the death of Jesus for him, unless he makes personal application of that death to his own soul. We must each receive Christ, and trust in the shedding of His precious blood for ourselves. Only then shall we be safe for eternity.

When we have really believed in the

Lord Jesus, then we may know for certain that we are saved. When once the blood was put outside, the Israelite who believed God had no more doubts about the safety of his firstborn. The destroyer would pass over his house according to the word "when I see the blood, I will pass over you." God had said it. That was enough! God cannot lie, and the thing was sure. In just the same way we who believe have God's word to-day, "All that believe *are justified from all things.*" If God says "are" He means ARE, and we may be as sure of our justification as if we were already in heaven.

On that night in Egypt death was everywhere. "There was not a house where there was not one dead" (ver. 30). Yes, and death was everywhere in the land of Goshen too, only there it was a multitude of lambs that died. So it came to pass that God's righteousness was fully shown, and it was proved that He is too holy to wink at sin; at the same time His mercy and love was proved, inasmuch as the death of the lambs made a way of escape for His people.

There was no other way of safety than that, nor is there any other way of escape from the judgment of God to-day than that provided by the precious blood of Christ. See to it, dear boys and girls, that you do not miss being sheltered there.

F. B. H.

A. H. S.

THE heading of this article seems perhaps rather strange. What do these letters stand for? That is what I asked some boys and girls not long ago. Hardly had I asked the question, however, than a bright young fellow replied, "All have sinned" (Rom. iii. 23). Yes, he was right; but it is not a pleasant fact, is it? The wages of sin is death, and then, after this the judgment.

I think you will agree that the word "all" includes absolutely everybody, does it not? Now I want to put three words in turn after that little word, the first word shall commence with the letter "A," the second with the letter "H," and the third with the letter "S."

All Astray. The other day I was talking to a young man who said to me something like this. "Well, I think if anyone does their best, is kind, and tries to do what is right, he need have nothing to fear when he dies." Alas! he had forgotten that the Bible says, "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to *his own way*" (Isaiah liii. 6), We need to know that these two words are perfectly true of us, "all astray."

All Hastening. If you will turn up in your Bibles Exodus xii. 11, you will see that the children of Israel had to eat the passover with their loins girded, their shoes on their feet, their staff in their hand, and they were to eat it *in haste*. They were all hastening.

Now these two words are quite true for us also. Every one of us is hastening on to one of two places, either we are getting nearer the day when we shall live with Christ, or nearer the day when we must live away from Christ for ever and ever.

All Safe. I like these two words best of all; it is so nice to be safe.

Many years ago there was a terrible shipwreck, the master of the ship had been warned not to leave the harbour, but he disregarded the warning, and some days after the ship was broken to pieces, and the lives of 276 persons were in great danger, but we read that they escaped "all safe" to land (Acts xxvii. 44). What a grand finish! *All safe!*

How we wish our readers were all safe for heaven, but we fear there must be many who are not. How is it possible to be safe? Jesus has died to bear the punishment of our sins, and now He asks us to receive forgiveness through what He has done, and thank Him for it. Will

you not trust Him who has loved you so much? If you do, then *you* will be safe.

L. A. A.

A GIFT OF LOVE.

SITUATED on the north side of Morcambe Bay, stands the picturesque little town of Grange-over-Sands. Standing in a prominent position, at the head of the main street, is a clock tower, and on the front of it, above the door, are two Latin words, *Amoris Donum*. I wonder how many boys and girls know what they mean. I will tell you; they mean "A gift of love."

Now I want to tell you of another gift of love, a gift surpassing all the gifts of men, a gift from God himself. "For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

The people in Grange look at the clock and set their watches by it freely. They never begin to question the gift, they just simply take the time from it, and they have nothing to pay for it, because it is placed there for the benefit of everybody. That is just how God wants you to take the gift He has sent. Just take it **FREELY**.

That clock marks the passing of time. Every tick that it gives tells us that:—

"Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me."

God's great gift of love is not for time only, but for eternity also. He holds out to you everlasting life; so if you receive, by faith in Christ, what He gives, you will possess what is eternal, and you will have it now while you live and not only when you come to die.

Yes, time is passing, so I ask you to accept God's gift of love now while you may. "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of Salvation."

T. T.



A SCHOOL, IN A PACIFIC ISLAND.
(Lent by the B. & F.B.S.)

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

PEARLS FROM SOUTHERN SEAS.

THEY are brown pearls. Most of you know that the beautiful creamy pearls that are usually worn are very costly, and some of you may have heard of the more rare black pearls that are greatly valued by those rich people who possess them; but the brown pearls of which you shall hear are of infinitely greater worth. Nothing less than the life blood of the only Son of the mighty God would suffice to purchase even one of them.

One of the islands in the South Seas is named Ysabel, and the language spoken by the natives is called Bugoto.

Into this language the New Testament has been translated, and has recently been printed, so that the people can have the Word of God to read for themselves.

For many years missionaries have been working on the island. There is a

Christian Church and a Mission School there; but the people had no written language. This meant that before God's Word could be printed for them, the missionaries must find out the exact meanings of all the words in common use, and then write them down. From these words they compile an alphabet and a grammar. It is by no means an easy task; but then you will remember that nothing worth doing can be done easily—patience and pains are needed. After a long time of earnest, steady labour, the Bugoto New Testament has been translated and printed, and many of the people, having learned to read, are eagerly desiring to possess a copy of it for their very own.

In order to translate correctly, of course the Missionary needed a native

helper, and a man named Soga threw himself gladly and wholeheartedly into the work. Soga had been a savage chief. He was a man of great force of character and had much influence in the Island. He won great notoriety among his people by carrying out a head-hunting raid, adding about forty skulls to his collection.

But only two years later, this cruel heathen sport came to an end so far as Soga was concerned. He became one of the scholars at the Mission School; the Bible stories fascinated him, and best of all, he and his wife, with about seventy of the Islanders, made a public confession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Soga was changed. He had become a "new creature" (see 2 Cor. v. 17). Old things had passed away, and things that previously had charmed him now had no attraction. He now wanted to live unto the Saviour who had died for him; and when he heard that the missionary was putting God's Word into the Bugoto language, and needed a helper, Soga immediately offered his services. He also took the deepest interest in the school, and personally helped every day in it. His strong character became a most valuable aid in the mission work, and he was none the less a chief because he had become a Christian.

A few years ago the natives of Ysabel Island sent a box to London containing specimens of some of the articles they had contributed to the collections on "Missionary Sunday."

Amongst these curiosities there were strings of beads, porpoise teeth, and armlets, all of which are used for money. One string of red beads, measuring the length of the arms at full stretch, equals two shillings; ten porpoise teeth represent one shilling. Pieces of tortoise-shell, fine string bags, native cloth, and bamboo boxes and many other queer things come into the collection.

God understands the love which prompts these gifts for His service, and

He accepts them just as He accepts the coins which English boys and girls bring, if they are brought with willing, loving, hearts.

Do you see now what the brown pearls are?

They are the brown-skinned men and women and boys and girls who, in the islands of the Pacific, have come to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, because He first loved them and shed His precious blood for their redemption. They are very dear to His heart, and He is still waiting until more of them are rescued from the old sinful ways of heathenism and become "bright gems for His crown."

Will you not pray very earnestly that that time may soon come?

"We long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest."

E. A.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

LORD, I want to be Thy child,
Ever gentle, meek and mild,
Help me ever so to be,
Keep me always near to Thee.

I am young, but yet I know,
Even I for Thee may grow,
Help me e'er to serve Thee well,
Ever in Thy bosom dwell.

Help me, Lord, to trust Thee more,
Loving better than before,
Trusting ever in Thy love
May I see Thy throne above.

By ADELINE MARY TODD, age 10, a
little reader of *Words of Welcome*.

WORDS OF WELCOME.



A SNAKE STORY.

“TELL us a snake story, Uncle Edward,” chorused the children’s voices, as they clustered round their uncle in the big schoolroom in that delicious dusk-light hour before bedtime.

“I’ll tell you a snake story gladly,” said the young man; “but I can only think of one story just now, and that is a very striking one—one I can never tell without feeling most intensely grateful to God.”

“Why? Did you nearly get bitten, uncle?” asked Lancelot.

“Wait and see,” replied uncle, smiling. “You know I am very fond of hunting, and I am afraid the thought of the splendid sport I should get was my first

inducement to accept the offer of my situation in South America three years ago. I am sorry to say I spent every Sunday in sport; for although, when amongst you all in dear old England, I should have been ashamed to have sought my own pleasure on the Lord’s Day, and not have gone to church at least once a day—in a far-off land I threw off all restraint of man and fear of God, and only thought of amusement.

“On the voyage out another young fellow about my own age became a great friend of mine. He was very rich, and his money led him into all kinds of wickedness. Amongst other things, he denied God’s very existence, and was full of his infidel views just when I met him. He implanted many of them in my mind like

poisonous seed, and they found it a ready soil, quickly springing up and bearing fruit.

"I never told you all at home of this," said Uncle Edward, "and I would not tell you now if I had not better news to finish with.

"Well, one beautiful Sunday morning, off I roamed as usual, with the gun over my shoulder, and my lunch in my pocket, in search of game. After a while, feeling rather tired and very hungry, I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree to rest, and to enjoy the sandwiches I carried.

"While seated there, my attention was attracted by the cries of a bird, which was fluttering over a leafy spot, which contained, doubtless, her tiny nest. She was apparently in great distress, and I could not help rising to ascertain, if possible, the cause of her trouble. I soon found it out. I saw, creeping slowly along towards the tree, one of the most venomous snakes in South America, with his small, glittering eyes fixed on the bird and her nest, and his forked tongue darting quickly out and in, as though anticipating his prey.

"Presently I saw a curious thing happen. The male bird flew quickly away, hither and thither, as though in search of something. In a little while, I saw him return, like Noah's dove, with a small twig covered with leaves in his beak. Perching near the nest, he laid the twig carefully across it, covering his mate and her young entirely; and then taking his place on one of the topmost branches of the tree, he seemed to grow calmer and quieter, and there waited the approach of the enemy. By this time the snake had reached the spot, and, bent upon his object he twisted himself round the trunk, and climbed up the tree. Then, gliding along the branch, until he came close to the nest, he lifted his venomous head, ready to dart upon the poor bird. His small, glittering eye watched the nest for a moment, and then—"

Uncle Edward paused.

"Oh! what, Uncle?" cried the children breathlessly.

"Then suddenly throwing his head back, as if he had received some sudden blow, he turned round, and as fast as possible made his way down the tree, and disappeared in the long grass.

"You can imagine how curious I felt as to the cause of this. I could not understand why he had turned aside from his prey at the very moment when it seemed in his power, nor indeed could I comprehend the quietness of the father bird, who, until his enemy departed, evinced no sign of emotion, but now sang a rapturous song of praise.

"I climbed up the tree, and examined the little broken branch, the leaves of which were curious in shape and colour. I carried it home, and told the story to a native friend, showing him the twig, and learned from him that it had been plucked by the bird off a bush which is poisonous to the snake, and which he is never known to touch. The poor, little helpless creature had used it as a shield of defence in its hour of danger."

"Wasn't it clever?" cried Lancelot.

"I cannot tell you what an impression this made on me, children," said Uncle Edward. "The question kept coming into my mind over and over again, 'Who taught this bird its only defence in its hour of danger? Is there a God?' Ah! my heart answered 'Yes!' I felt sure that none but God, *Almighty God*, the Creator, the Great Being whose very existence I had doubted and even denied, could have given such wonderful sagacity to the little bird.

"And so it came about, that I began to seek His pardoning mercy, through Jesus Christ, and from that day I date a great change in myself, and I know that God's eternal peace and joy have now become my own."

"I think it's a lovely story," said Kathleen.

"The loveliest part is the end," softly breathed little lame Clarence.

Yes; Christ's arm of mercy reaches very far. Many a hard heart, untouched by Christian entreaty, and uninfluenced by Christian privileges, has been reached by simple means when far away from every outside influence.

Boys and girls, have you heard God's call—through the voice of a Sunday-school teacher, a praying mother, or the sweet influences of nature? Is it true that God wants you to be saved, or is it a fable? Is it true that Jesus shed His blood on the cross to save you, or is it not? If true, why not be saved NOW? Why not decide for eternity? If the Lord be God, follow Him. If His Word be true, trust it. If heaven is real, and hell is real, act as if they were. If you must soon stand before God to be judged of the deeds done in the body, be careful how you reject this offer of salvation.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord . . . for He will *abundantly pardon*" (Isa. lv. 7).

E. T. E. P. (*extracted and abridged*).

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF A KING.

VERY few boys have grown up to be a king, but every one of us ought to be ready to learn a few lessons from one who did.

Only sixteen was this young man Uzziah when called to be king of Judah, but he made up his mind to do *what was right*, for we read that "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord" (2 Chron. xxvi. 4). He was not one of those persons who wondered what *others* would say, but rather what would God say. *We*

are often such cowards, sometimes being afraid to come out on Christ's side because others will laugh at us.

Then we read how he went into the Philistines' country and actually built his own cities in their land. However could he do that? The secret of it all is contained in ver. 7. "*God helped him*," and God will help you against your every enemy, Satan included. You cannot overcome him in your own strength, you must come to the Lord Jesus Christ and tell Him of your weakness and rely on Him for strength. He will *never* disappoint you. Have you trusted Him yet?

So it came to pass that as the young king grew older, he became very strong indeed. In his army he had over 310,000 exceedingly brave men. His name spread abroad, "for he was marvellously helped till he was strong" (ver. 15). God not only helped him, but He "*marvellously*" helped him. You see how God helps those who put their trust in Him.

Years had passed away since Uzziah first came to the throne; but what is this in ver. 16. "But when he was strong"—ah, sometimes we begin to get very important, very big in our own estimation; we can afford to do without the advice of those older than ourselves. What does the verse say?—"his heart was lifted up to his destruction; for he transgressed against the Lord his God." How sadly our story runs now! The tide begins to turn; for successful Uzziah is proud, forgetting all the blessings he had received *at the hand of God*. Depend upon it, "Pride goeth before destruction," and if we sin against God, we shall only do it to our own hurt and have to reap the consequences of it.

See, Uzziah thought he had just as much right to serve in the temple as the priests themselves. He is a very great king, so why shouldn't he? But then God had said "No." Uzziah went into the temple, but the priest with eighty other priests,

valiant men, follow him, and they withstand him, pointing out to him his sin, but Uzziah *took no notice*. Oh, how sad when we refuse to be warned in time. One day your last opportunity will come round, and then —? Let me ask you, "What will *you* do with Jesus?" Are you going to refuse Him who has loved you so much that He has given His life for you? Nay, nay, *surely* you will not do that, will you? Just bow to Him and trust Him from this very moment.

These eighty-one men, *with God* on their side, are far, far greater than the mighty king Uzziah and his army of 310,000, *without God* on their side. What do the priests say? "Go out of the sanctuary." Uzziah got angry and determined to have *his way*, whilst on the other hand *God determined* to have *His way*. Yes, and remember God has declared, "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth

and things under the earth" (Phil. ii. 10). God will have His way one day. Trust Him before it is too late. "Him that cometh to Me I will *in no wise* cast out" (John vi. 37).

But we must finish the story. Azariah and his eighty followers had no need to do anything. The awful disease of leprosy made its appearance in the king's forehead. Uzziah fled from the place, for he knew that God had smitten him (ver. 20); That is just what the Bible declares some people will do in a day to come, they will seek to get away from God then because they spurned His love in days gone by. They will say "to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne" (Rev. vi. 16).

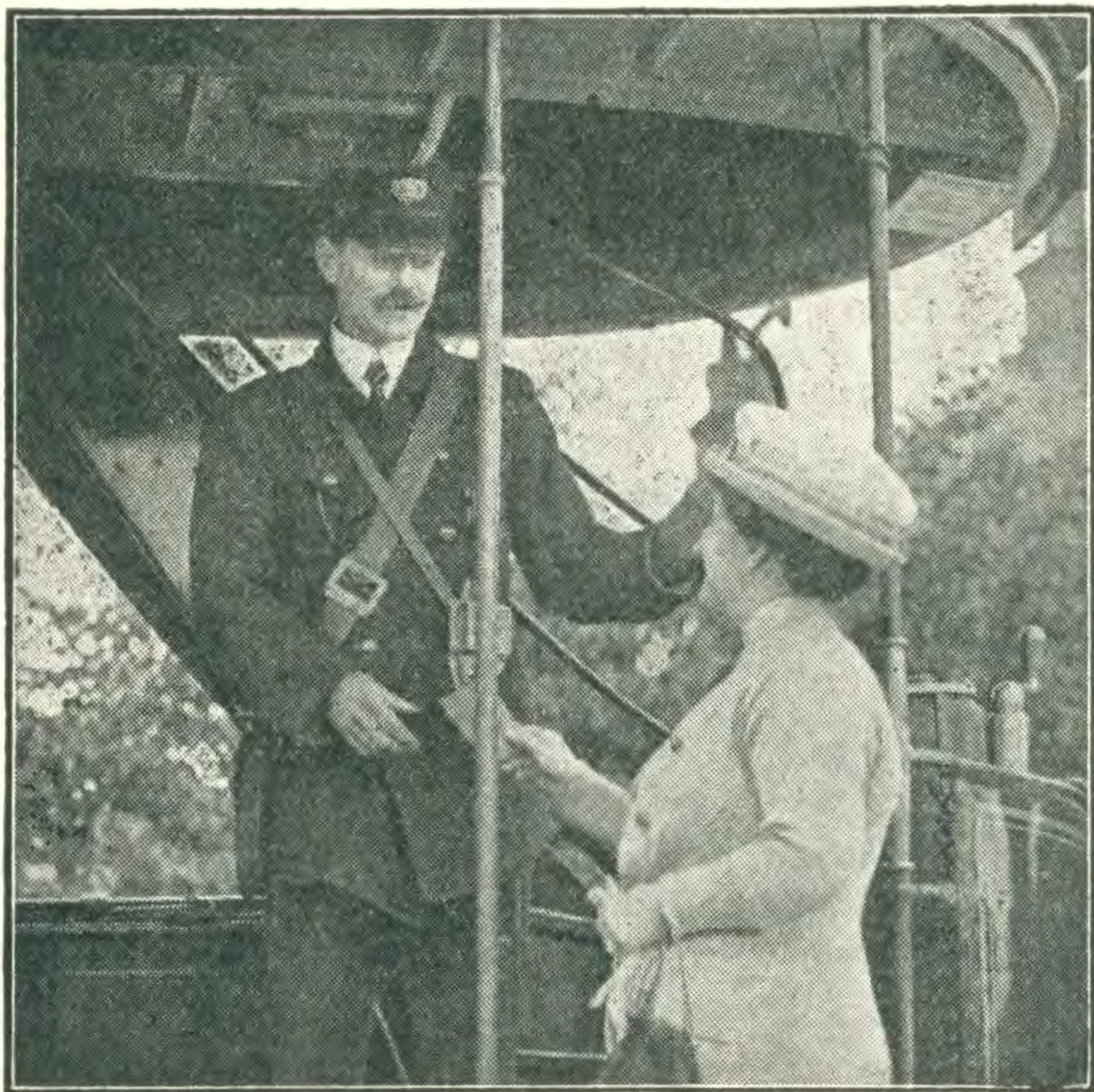
Do not turn away from God's love, but come to Him as a poor sinner, and you shall prove He is a Friend indeed.

L. A. A.

HOLD TIGHT!

I WONDER if those boys and girls who live in cities and large towns sometimes hear the tram conductors say, as I so often do, when people are entering the car and it is just about to start, "Hold tight!" They call it out in a warning tone, lest the car should jerk, and those people who are only holding very loosely, or perhaps not holding on at all, should be thrown down, and hurt themselves.

Every time I hear it, I think what a really needed warning it is, not only for those who are travelling by the tram, but for everyone, since none of us are able to



HOLD TIGHT!

keep our feet in this sinful world, with all its starts and stops and changes, without some strong outside support to hold on to. If all those who are living right away from God, those who have never known the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour, would only hear that warning note, and take heed to the meaning of those two words, "Hold tight!" it would be good for them. They are so sinful and so weak that they will never be able to stand when God arises in judgment to shake the earth. The Lord Jesus is such a strong and perfect Saviour, that if only they realize their weakness and take tight hold of Him, they will be safe in spite of everything—safe not only for this life but through all eternity.

And when converted, we still need a strong outside arm to lean upon, for we have no strength in ourselves with which to stand against the trials of life and the temptations of Satan and the world. Jesus will hold us fast, but it is equally true that we need to hold fast to Him.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," and we want to get right into that Refuge and to hold tight to the One who has died to save us, and who will keep us day by day and for ever. We shall dwell quite safely there, for in the beautiful 91st Psalm we read, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," and there nothing can touch or hurt us. "Because thou hast made the Lord . . . thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee" (verses 9, 10).

But it is only as we cling very close to Him that we shall be safe, only as we really receive and trust Him as our Saviour and Lord that our sins will be forgiven for ever; so let us think of this little sentence that the conductors use so often, and let us make Jesus, our Refuge and "hold tight" to Him who is our dear Lord and Master.

A. W.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

XII. EVERY ENEMY DEAD UPON THE SEA SHORE.

"**A**ND it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote . . . and there was a great cry in Egypt" (Exod. xii. 29, 30). What a dreadful night that must have been! Death and dismay everywhere, except among the Israelites in the land of Goshen, where all must have been peace and joy. That very night which witnessed the death of the first-born, also witnessed rapid preparations on the part of Israel to bid farewell for ever to the land of their bondage and sorrows, since God's purpose was to bring them to Himself.

If the story ended with the record of how Israel was sheltered from the destroyer, God as a Judge being shut outside their houses, it would be very incomplete. The great deliverance was not from God, even in His character as Judge, but from Pharaoh and Egypt, that they might be brought to God. In the same way, our deliverance to-day is not only from sin and its judgment, but also from Satan and the world.

So out of Egypt started that great host, for having redeemed them by blood, God claimed them for Himself. He said to Moses, "Sanctify unto Me all the first-born . . . it is mine" (chap. xiii. 2). Now for long years Pharaoh had been treating them as if they belonged to him; he claimed them as his servants, so that when God said of them "they are Mine," it meant that there would certainly be conflict between God and Pharaoh as to their possession.

So it came to pass that no sooner had Israel marched out of Egypt, and the first shock of the dreadful calamity to the firstborn worn off, than Pharaoh began to regret that he had allowed them to

depart. Very soon, however, his regret changed into a determination to reconquer them, and to snatch them out of the hand of the God who had become their Deliverer, as he heard that they had pitched their camp in such a position that it looked the easiest thing in the world either to drive them into the sea, or into the wilderness where they would starve, or to make them surrender to his powerful armies. It looked as if they had committed the most foolish military blunder in camping where they did; but really it was God who directed them there, so that it might be very plain that the victory that followed was altogether of God's doing, and that no Israelite might be tempted to think that any of the credit was due to him.

When the poor Israelites saw the Egyptians and their chariots they were panic-stricken, and they cried out for fear. Moses, however, had a comforting message from God for them, "Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." And then the marvellous thing happened; the Angel of the Lord who had moved at their head to guide them, went to their rear, and in the pillar of cloud stood between them and their foes, so that before one Israelite could be touched the Angel of God had to be encountered. They learned that no matter who was against them, God was for them.

Then at the given signal the hosts of Israel began to walk towards what looked like certain death. They marched straight for the sea, when lo! its waters divided on either hand, making a dry road across its bed, through which they might walk in the utmost safety. Vainly trying to pierce their way through the pillar of cloud the Egyptians rashly attempted to follow them in the way across the sea, but that which was life to the one was death to the other. No sooner were they in the midst of the sea than God began to fight against them, taking off their chariot wheels, and so rendering it

impossible for them to escape. Then when every soul of Israel was safely over, Moses stretched forth his hand, and the waters rolled back in their strength. As the morning dawned the Egyptians were destroyed, and Israel could see their dead bodies washed up by the tide.

What relief they must have felt! and how heartily they sang! They did not utter their own praises, nor even the praises of Moses, for he was only the instrument in God's hand. They said, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously . . . He is become my salvation."

Let us close this story of a great deliverance by noticing how perfectly it illustrates the great salvation which God is offering in the Gospel to-day. Not only is there forgiveness of sins and shelter from the judgment we so richly deserve for us, but those who are sheltered are chosen and separated by God Himself. He says of them, "They are mine," and because they are His, He is for them, and comes between them and the foe. The death and resurrection of Jesus have done for the believer what the Red Sea did for Israel. They have made a way to salvation and liberty, while breaking the power of Satan and the world.

All this, dear boys and girls, is offered to you to-day, and when you simply and really believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all will be YOURS. We cannot too often or too strongly urge upon you that God's salvation is a real salvation. It is not merely something to be read about in the Bible, or talked about in meetings, but something to be known and experienced for oneself. It means real freedom from the old life of slavery to sin and Satan, and a new life of liberty in the service of the Lord, to His praise.

Could you wish for anything better than that? I am sure you could not. Do not then let 1914 pass away without making sure that God's salvation is YOURS.

F. B. H.



A SOUTH AMERICAN COLPORTEUR WITH HIS DONKEY TRANSPORT.
(Lent by the B. & F.B.S.)

OUR LORD'S JEWELS IN MANY LANDS.

JEWELS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

SOUTH America is a very vast land, peopled by many tribes, speaking various languages. It is one of the most beautiful parts of this fair world of ours. Grand mountains, magnificent rivers, and forests full of wonders and beauties are to be found there. But, sad to say, there is also that terribly big thing which has such a very small name, and which brings sorrow and distress wherever it comes.

Can you guess what that thing is? Its name is spelt with three letters.

SIN. Ah! that is the source of all the trouble there is in the world. That is what brings trouble and difficulty into the life of even boys and girls. You have

all of you found that out, have you not? I wonder if you have found out the only remedy for it? God tells us, through His servant Paul, in Ephesians ii. 13. Sin separates us from God, puts us "far off" from Him; but because He loves us so dearly, our Lord Jesus Christ gave His life that we might be "made nigh," or brought near, to Him by His precious blood.

By far the greater number of the people who live in South America are "far off" from God. They are living in sin, and have never heard of the Saviour who died for them.

Missionaries have gone to many parts of the vast continent to carry the "old,

old story," but they are only able to reach comparatively few of the people. Besides the missionaries, there are also Christian colporteurs, men who carry Bibles and Testaments to sell to the people. They travel long distances and endure much hardship and persecution sometimes, but they are brave and persevering in their work, because they know that God's Word is the very best thing they can bring into the dark places they visit, because it tells of Him who is the Light and the Life.

One of these colporteurs tells the following story:—

"One day I reined up for shelter at a house in a village in Paraguay. After some conversation, I gave my host a Gospel, and was about to leave, when another man came in and, seeing the Gospel, began to examine it carefully. When he had read some passages, he said he had one like it; so he went off and returned with an old brown-backed New Testament. He said that he had heard the Gospel preached long before, and had believed it; but he was without any portion of the Scriptures, and had no means of further instruction. Still he clung to the Saviour he had heard of, and although he had not met a single Christian since he first heard the good news, yet joy and peace filled his soul. At last he discovered a New Testament and borrowed it from its owner. Since then he had been carefully reading it and trying to obey it in his every-day life. He keeps a small school, and endeavours to let his light shine before his scholars, and to interest them in the Gospel."

He was well pleased to receive a gift of a New Testament for himself, and some Gospels for his scholars.

In another place in South America a colporteur came upon a man who had a few separate leaves of an old Bible. He had been treasuring these leaves for many years. He had read them again and again, and was longing to possess a complete

Bible, but was not able to get it. His joy was great when the Book he longed for was given to him.

And in this way God's Word carries its living message of eternal life and forgiveness of sins into lonely hearts and out-of-the-way places, and the precious pearl of a human soul is found and taken possession of by the great Seeker, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Do my young readers read their Bibles with as much eagerness as some of these strange, scattered foreign men and women do? Or does it lie unopened except for a few moments now and then, when a feeling of duty prompts you to read a chapter?

My dear boys and girls, ask God the Holy Spirit to make you "real hungry" for the Word of God. Ask Him to open your eyes to see the wonderful things in it, and most of all to see in it the story of your great need and the great Saviour who can meet that need.

We have now come to the end of another year of these missionary chats. All of us, even quite little boys and girls, can remember many things that we have to thank God for during the twelve months that are closing. Shall we ask Him to help us to remember more gratefully His loving care of us, and to be more in earnest in trying to please Him in the days to come?

E. A.

"ARE YOU WILLING?"

ARE you willing to take what God offers this wonderful pardon for whosoever believeth—for "whosoever will"? Let our last word to you be just the echo of that sweet and marvellous saying of the Saviour—

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).