

New Annual, "HID IN THE HEART," 1/6 post free

PICTURES
ON
EVERY PAGE

BOYS & GIRLS

STORIES
FOR
EVERY AGE



No. 277.—January, 1911.

"A TEDDY BEAR OR A POLICEMAN."
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THE STATUE IN THE SNOW.

WE had done it in other places, and knew the delight it gave, so we promised the young folks of the country home in which we were staying that the first heavy fall of snow we would make a snow man full life size, and decorate him to order.

For two or three days the lovely snowflakes kept steadily falling till the whole countryside wore a mantle of pure white. Then it ceased, and the sun came out, glistening on ten thousand times ten thousand of the icy crystals lying in profusion around.

With willing hands to help it was not long till the snow was piled high enough to form a man. With spade and stick we sought to carve out the figure of a man. Poking holes for buttons, eyes, and mouth, planting our own hat as his headgear, and sticking in a sprig of holly to crown all, we were almost thinking we had triumphed when the brightest young maiden chirped out, "a teddy bear." Her brother asserted it was the policeman with his buttons, and the eldest of the three was so aghast at the inhuman monster that she collapsed in surprise.

Looking at our clumsy attempt to form a snow man brought to mind the beautiful figure which was once carved in snow by the great sculptor Michael Angelo. A gentleman named Pietro de Medici took a fancy to see what the famous sculptor could do in nature, and commissioned him to carve a man. Michael Angelo set to work during very stormy weather, and produced the massive figure of a man, said to have been a masterpiece of art, and awe-inspiring to look at as it sparkled in the sunlight.

We thought of the contrast between the work of fancy and the work of art, and yet they were very much alike. No sooner did

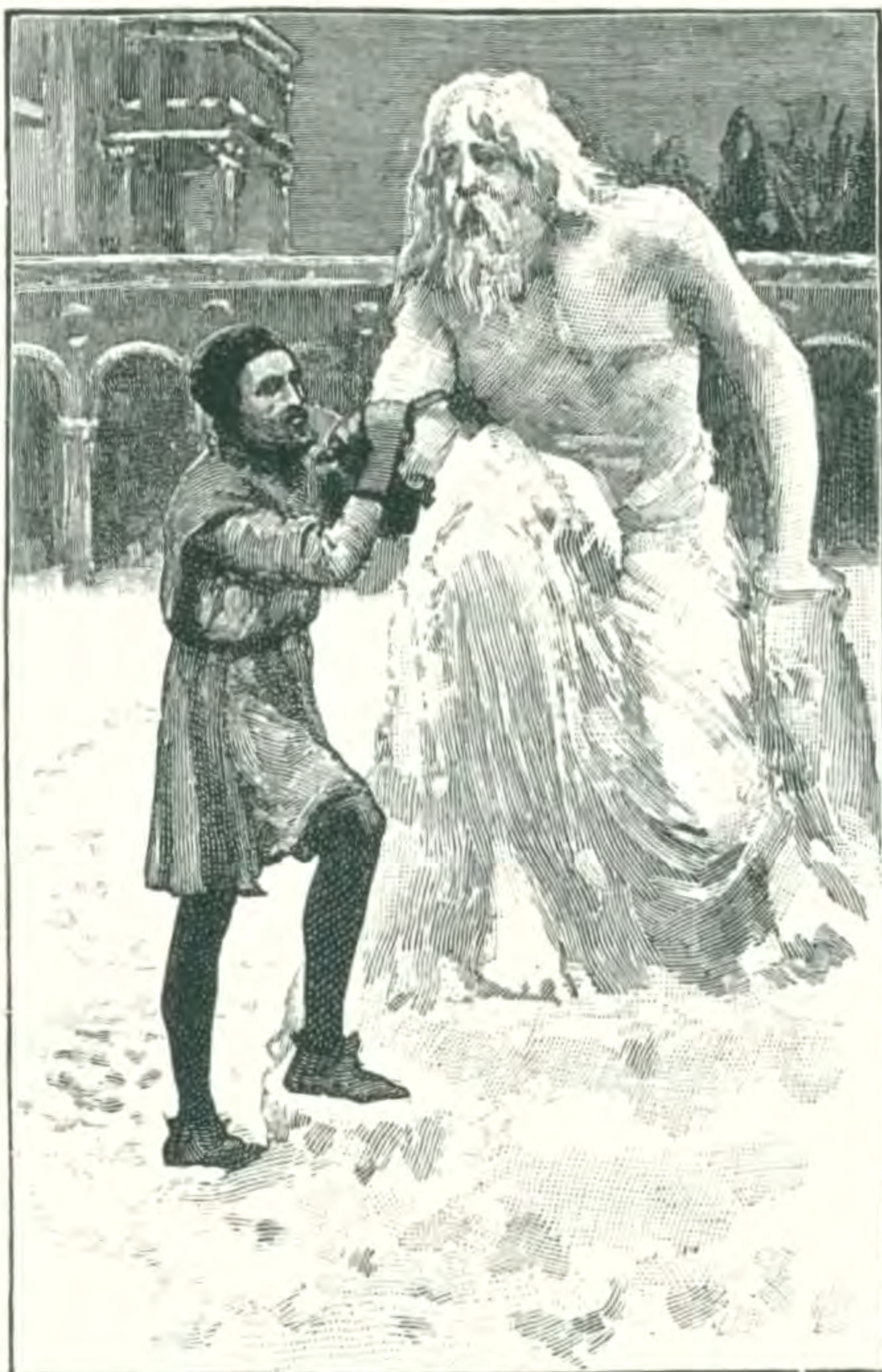
the weather change and the sun steadily shine than they both began to melt, and quickly disappeared. Michael Angelo may have thought of this as he carved the art statue in snow, for he wrote the following:

"The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perisheth,
nor will he lend
His heart to aught that doth
on Time depend."

Certainly we thought of it a morning or two after as we saw our white man turned into a mere heap of muddy snow without form or comeliness.

What a picture it was of the time when we tried to form a statue of goodness out of our own righteousness, only to find it crumble and decay as the first flash of the light of the Word of God shone upon it, and made clear that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64.6). "In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7. 18). How different when we learned that "cursed

the man that trusteth in man" (Jer. 17. 5), and realised that "blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord" (Jer. 17. 7). Like the "wise man" mentioned by Michael Angelo, we could find no rest in "that which perisheth." Then, and only then, did we follow the example of the "chief of sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15), and "commit" (2 Tim. 1. 12) our all—spirit, soul, and body—to the Lord Jesus Christ—trusting alone in the blood which "cleanseth from all sin" (1 John 1. 7); resting only on the atoning work "finished" (John 19. 30) on the cross; accepting the sweet invitation of the Saviour, we found "rest" (Matt. 11. 28) for time and rest for eternity. Build in snow in time if you will, but see to it that you build on "the Rock of Ages" for Eternity. Thus will you truly profit by the statue in the snow. HYP.



MICHAEL ANGELO CARVING A FIGURE IN SNOW.

THE STORY OF A NEW YEAR.

LONG ago, when a boy at school, I was allowed to sit up with my parents on the last night of the year, and bring in the New Year in the old Scottish fashion with Bible reading and prayer. I think I can see the old home yet, and feel the awful stillness, as the old clock ticked out the closing moments of the old year, and its twelve solemn strokes told that December was ended and a new year was born.

Many years have passed since then, and, while the origin of the old custom of keeping the New Year is shrouded in the mists of the past, the influence of these closing hours lingers with me still. As one and another year is born, I am reminded that I have miserably failed in the past, but that I have another opportunity to do better.

Thinking of this, I turned to the Best of Books and read the story of a very old New Year. A little boy was born long ago in the land of Egypt. His father was a slave, and so cruel was his master that he endeavoured to kill as many of the children of the slaves as he could. While they were sorrowing under this bondage a great prophet arose, who told the people their deliverance had come. Alas, a long time passed and no freedom came to them, but their master increased their burdens.

One day, however, the message came to them telling them of the New Year, and that the new and grand deliverance which they had long expected was about to take place. Our little boy was very glad until a fortnight after when his father took a pretty little lamb, which had been his pet for days, and before him plunged an ugly knife into its veins, and took its life. Tears and anger caused the little boy deep sorrow for a little, but when he recovered his father took his hand, and leading him to the door, pointed to two or three crimson stains. "Look," he said, "there is the blood of your pet. *The lamb has died for you.*" After which he told him that at midnight God would judge the Egyptians, and kill their children, but He had also said,

"When I see the blood I will pass over you" (Exod. 12. 13).

Time and again that timid little boy looked at the blood-stained door, and said, "Father, am I safe, will I not die?" The father pointed to the blood, and said, "That is the sign, God says He will pass over you." Midnight came, the boy trembled, and when the great cry arose from the people of the land he knew that God had PASSED THROUGH, and God had answered the blood sign and PASSED OVER. That very day the boy went out of Egypt, then he passed over the Red Sea, and by-and-by passed over into Canaan's land. The same day as he entered into Canaan he again kept the *Passover*. Now, please get me a verse in the New Testament which tells us about "Christ our *Passover*," and show that all who trust Him, have begun a new life, and are journeying to a new country, where the glad new year will never end. J.H.



"I THINK I CAN SEE THE OLD HOME YET."

WHO TOOK HIM IN ?

INTO a cold and cheerless room
 The lengthening shadows creep,
 And half conceal a child's small form
 Upon a bed doth sleep.
 Poor little chap! exhausted
 now
 With all his tears he lies ;
 But even in his slumbers yet,
 Amid his dreams he sighs.
 Well may he weep. See!
 near him there
 His only friend on earth,
 No longer with a smile to
 cheer,
 But cold and still in death.
 His mother, aye, but yester-
 day
 He saw her pass away,
 And on the morrow they
 will leave
 Her body 'neath the clay.
 This widow and her crippled
 son—
 A gentle, tiny boy—
 Had lived for years within this room,
 Each one the other's joy.
 Now, mother's gone! well may he weep!
 His one hope quenched at last—
 All weakness and infirmities
 Upon the world he's cast.
 The dreaded morning dawns at last,
 The funeral poor is o'er,
 And friends and neighbours stand about,
 And crowd the tiny floor.
 "Who'll take the child?" the question comes,
 "So frail, so small and weak.
 He'll never make his way alone,
 Nor e'er a living seek."
 "I'd take him," said a gruff voiced man,
 "If he were not so lame?"
 And turned a look upon the child—
 A look that seemed to blame.
 Another said: "I'm very poor,
 And though I have the will
 To take him it would only bring
 A doctor's heavy bill."
 The child in silence heard it all,
 With quivering lip and chin ;



And every one had some excuse,
 'They *would not* take him in.
 At last *all* slipped away, and left
 The helpless child alone,
 And each with selfish, thoughtless
 heart
 Went to his own glad home.
 What of the boy? If anyone
 Thought of him in the night
 None ventured near until the
 sun
 Shone forth in glory bright.
 'Twas then a woman, some less
 hard,
 Went in with bread and meat,
 Thinking at least the lonely
 child
 Perhaps might try to eat.
 What did she see? Oh! God in
 heaven!
 'Twould make an angel weep,
 To think that such a scene should
 be
 When others calmly sleep.
 Squeezed closely to the rugged wall,
 As if he feared the night,
 With tears still wet upon his cheek
 And glistening in the light.
 He lies—what matters now, his tears,
 His dark and lonesome bed ;
 What though he had been frail and lame,
 'The little child was *dead*!
 And when they lifted his poor form,
 So crooked, small, and thin,
 The women wept, and men bewailed,
Too late to take him in.
 And so he died! alone, poor child,
 With none to soothe his fears,
 Or take his wasted hand in theirs,
 Or dry his childish tears.
 No place for him in this cold world,
 No crust for him to spare ;
 But in the Home where want ne'er comes
 He found a welcome *there*.
 And He who loved this little one
 Saw all his cruel pain,
 And angels sent to bring him where
 He'd never weep again.

HOW TO SKETCH YOURSELF.

WHO has not beheld the youthful artist, pencil in hand, sketching mother or father, brother or sister; the favourite dog, donkey, or pony; the schoolmaster, postman, beggar, or other local celebrity; the pet canary, the humble cat, or the darling doll. What smiles have been evoked at the awkward attempts and comical contortions produced, what words of encouragement uttered at the sign of the least stroke of genius!

To foster interest in sketching, and to impress the mind for good, we commence a series of picture paintings, with true stories connected therewith. While the nimble fingers ply the crayon or brush, the mind may picture the scene, learn the Gospel lesson, and profit thereby both in this life and in the life to come.

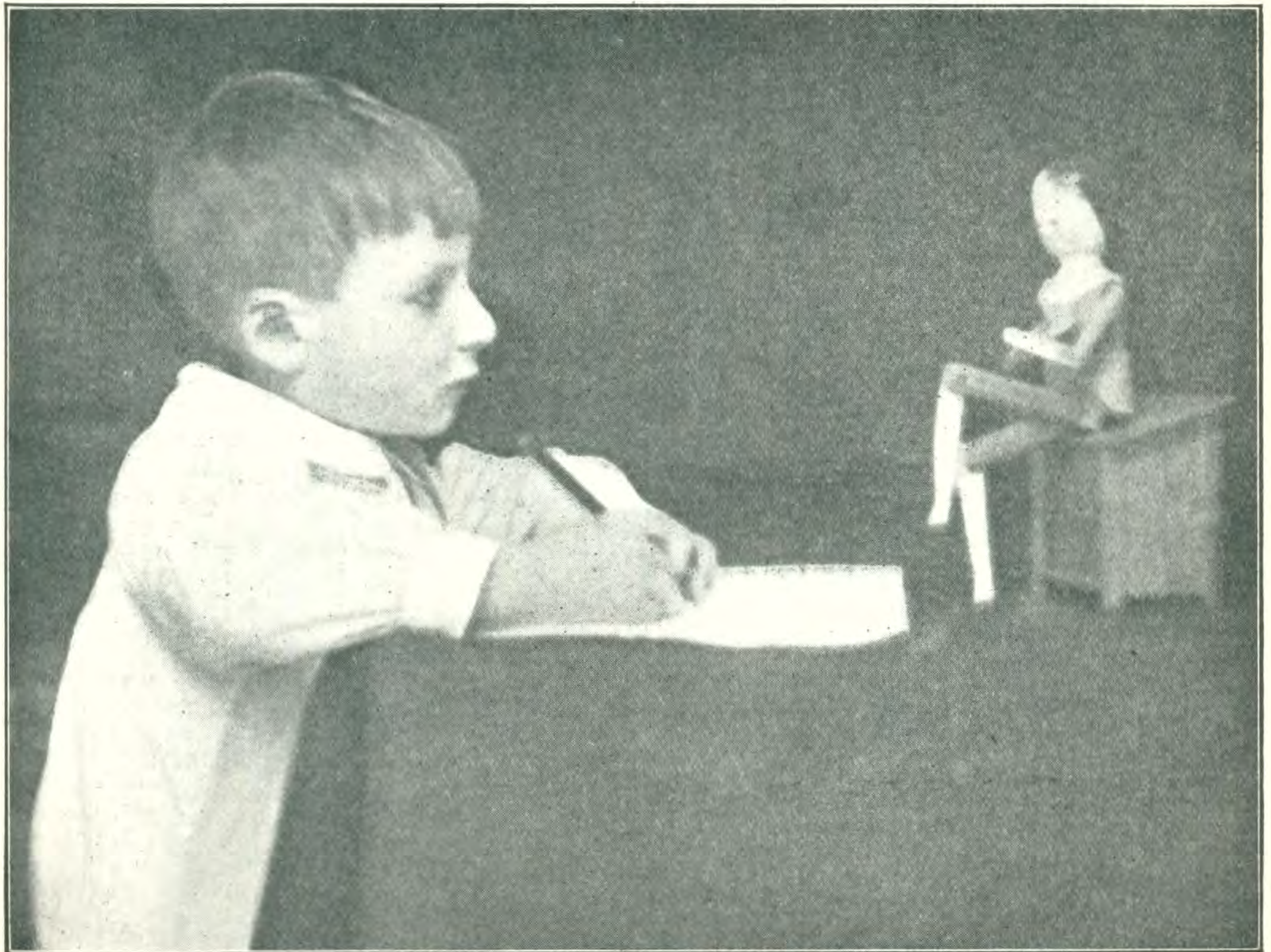
Before commencing these studies, let us suggest that you sketch yourself! How can

that be done, you exclaim? Well, begin by drawing a very rough outline of yourself; then take your true "inquire within upon everything" — THE BIBLE — and inquire within concerning *you*. Thus you will get

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, as seen in the album of God's Word. In answer to the question, "WHAT IS MAN?" (Job 7. 17) God tells us about you—

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Head, - Isa 1 | 5. Mouth, - Rom. 3..... |
| 2. Mind, - Rom. 8..... | 6. Lips, - Rom. 3..... |
| 3. Eyes, - Acts 28 | 7. Heart, - Jer. 17..... |
| 4. Ears, - Matt. 13..... | 8. Feet, - Rom. 3..... |

Write out the texts opposite head, heart, feet, &c., then take a steady look at your full-length photo, without any flattery. Then if you have not already become "a new creature" (2 Cor. 5. 17) by faith in the Saviour, *at once* "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).



"Sketching the favourite dog, the humble cat, or the darling doll."

ABOUT SKETCHING AND PAINTING.

Having settled this important matter, commence with the PICTURE PAINTING, No. 1. The two schoolboys were companions. They both desired to know the way to heaven. After many mistakes, a preacher set before them Isaiah 53. 6 and John 6. 47. (Read these two verses for yourself.) They both believed and were saved. The night after they reported themselves as: "We are both happy now," and have gone on as "good soldiers of Jesus Christ." Remember that true happiness in school days, manhood, or old age can only be found in the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust Him now.

The picture affords plenty of variety for colour. The school wall, trees, notice board, jackets, books, &c., of the boys all lend themselves to an artistic eye. Get out your crayons, paints, or coloured inks, and commence to-day. Remember that patience and perseverance are twin brothers of perfection. HYP.

WHERE GOD IS NOT.—The question was asked, "Can you tell me where God is not?" and the answer was given: "God is not in the divided heart." "A heart for Christ and a heart for the world" is an impossibility. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." w.s.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS have long been a feature of our pages. Hundreds hunt them up as soon as they appear. If not already a searcher, commence with Acrostic No. 201. My *first* through faith in God could keep Quite calm, though shipwrecked in the deep. My *second* hung on gallows made.

My *third* a queen through pleading saved.

My *fourth* a woman who had given Refreshing waters to her cousin.

Fifth, Tell me one with seventy sons Who all were put to death at once.

My *sixth* was made from slave to son, Through trusting in God's Holy One.

Another one who loved the Lord,

And to Him all her soul she poured.

My *whole* a king whom God had shown,

How He protected all His own;

But still defied Him with his hosts,

And therefore perished—all were lost. E.E.G.

Answer to Searching, No. 200: Preacher king, one word six times over—Prov. 23. 29.

EASY EPIGRAM for little folks, No. 13.

Two men both leave their native land,

They guided were by God's own hand.

In Genesis is the story written

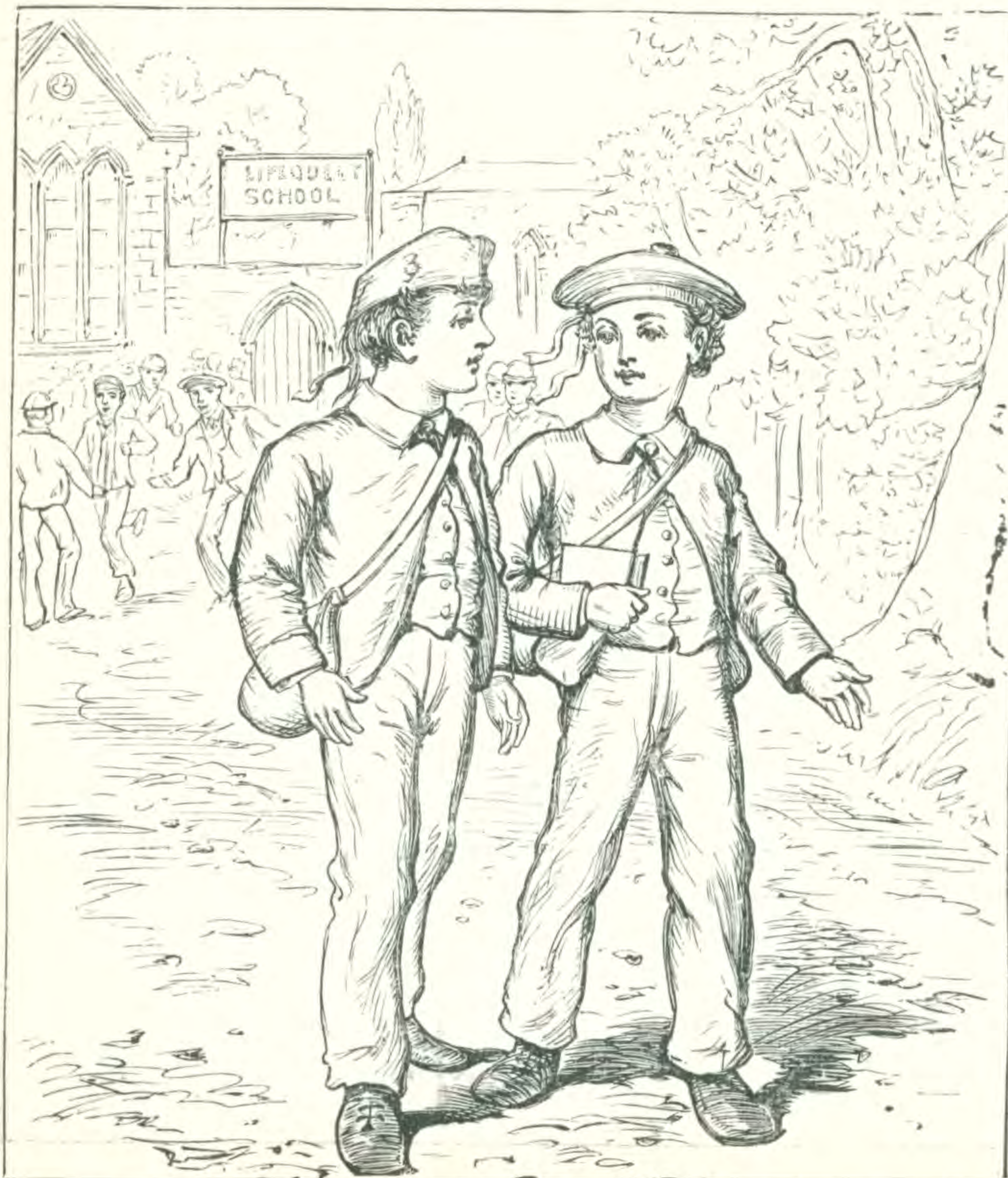
How one of them by foes was smitten.

His uncle to his rescue came,

The chapter, verse, and two men name. JS. FS.

Answer to Epigram, No. 12. Jochebed (Num. 26. 59).

"Seek, and ye shall find."



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 1.

THE SCHOOL COMPANIONS,

OUR 24TH "LAUNCH OUT."

"ALWAYS ABOUNDING" in the work of winning young hearts for Christ is the spirit with which we commence the 24th year of the issue of *Boys and Girls*. Not one year has lagged behind in the matter of circulation, and we commence this year with an enlarged number of helpers by pen and brush, and a considerably enlarged list of subscribers in most parts of the world.

Our Standard of definite Gospel teaching, brightly written papers, artistic illustrations, interesting searchings, and other features which charm young hearts, are too well known to require re-stating. Increased care will be taken and increased expenditure incurred to maintain our position as the favourite Gospel paper for young people.

Help Valued. Friends who would kindly hand round copies in schools or homes where *Boys and Girls* is not known will be cheerfully supplied free on sending a postcard to the Editor stating number of copies required. Conversion stories, interesting photos, original acrostics, or other papers, as well as hints and suggestions, are always valued. Address Hy. Pickering, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow.

Hid in the Heart is the title of our annual volume. As indicated by picture it is intended to so set forth the Gospel of the grace of God that the wise may say, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee" (Psa. 119. 11). Containing over 100 papers, 100 pages, 100 pictures, 12 talking texts, 24 searchings, and many other brief bits, what better present for boy or girl could be found? 1/6 each, 6 for 7/., 12 for 12/, post paid. Volumes all different if desired.

Picture Painting as on opposite page. A new series of stories and pictures. Collect ten at least and post when advised, and awards will be made.

Subjects for Sunday for 1911 will be spent in the enjoyable way of tracing the footsteps of the Master "From Bethlehem's Manger to the Heavenly Throne," interspersed with "Gospel Pictures from Days of Old." These studies should be profitable for classes of all ages and for home and personal use. Complete scheme in neat folding shape, 3d. per dozen, 1/6 per 100, post free. Gospel notes in connection therewith in *The Pathway*. Full lessons, memory texts, and daily texts for searching in *Boys and Girls Almanac*. 6d. dozen, 3/6 per 100, post free. *Samples free.*

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Jan. 1, The Lowly Birth,	- Luke 2. 1-16	Isa. 9. 6
" 8, Simeon's Testimony,	- Luke 2. 22-39	Isa. 49. 6
" 15, Seekers from the East,	- Matt. 2. 1-12	Psa. 72. 15
" 22, Among the Doctors,	- Luke 2. 41-52	Psa. 40. 7, 8
" 29, The Eden Fall,	- Gen. 3. 1-15	Rom. 5. 19
Feb. 5, Tempted of the Devil,	- Matt. 4. 1-11	Heb. 2. 18
" 12, The Ruler's Difficulty,	- John 3. 1-18	John 3. 7, 8
" 19, The Living Water,	- John 4. 5-26	Isa. 55. 1
" 26 The Lamb Provided,	- Gen. 22. 1-14	1 Pet. 1. 18, 19

50 Prizes for All are given in connection with *Boys and Girls Almanac*, which is now employing hundreds of minds and hands in seeking out the texts, filling in searchings, painting pictures, &c. Scholars, teachers, superintendents, parents, and all interested in young folks should have copies. 1/2d. each, 6d. dozen, 3/6 per 100, post free. Specimen free to any worker.

Senior Scholars. Bible classes, and home students should see the *Concise Course of Bible Studies*, which takes up the subject of "Spiritual Blessings" during 1911. Neat card for lying in Bibles, giving subject, portion, references, daily reading, 3d. dozen, 1/ per 100, post free. Suggestive hints on the course are given in *The Pathway*. Monthly, 1/2d. 1/ per year, post free.

Simple Searchings for little folks, No 89. What does Matthew compare to salt? What is savourless salt good for? Answer to No. 88: "All the city was moved" (Ruth 1. 19; Matt. 21. 10). JS FS.

Please Note. Answers to special New Year writing, painting, essay,

as in last number, must be posted by January 31...New illustrated guide to 5000 gift books, post free on application. Special cut rates. ...Talking text paintings, should be posted this month... "Who took him in?" on page 4 is a new and touching reading. Get it off by heart... All teachers should use "The Believer's Diary," with bold spaces, back loop, pencil, &c., 1/ net...More Bible Band names in a future number.

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

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Articles, stories, photos, and items of interest suitable for our pages are welcome. Post to Editor, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow.

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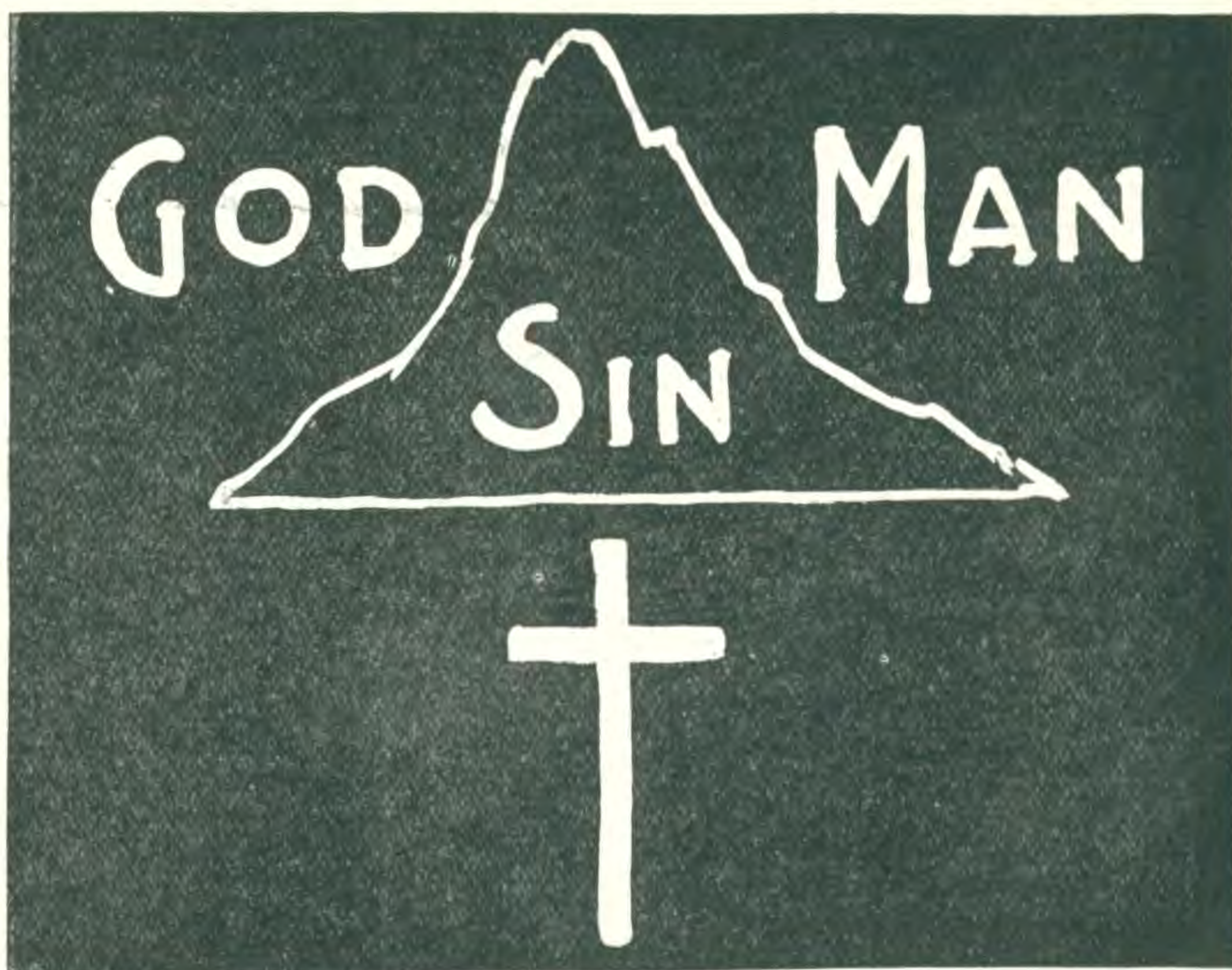
And through most Booksellers, Colporteurs, and Tract Depots.

SOME GREAT TRUTHS SIMPLY STATED.

WE have here a simple blackboard lesson for every boy and girl; you will notice we have on the one side the word **God**, and on the other the word **Man**, with a great **Mountain** or barrier between with the word **Sin**. We have also put a **Cross** underneath. Now let us try and explain what it all means.

Well nigh 6000 years **God** placed our first parents Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. We see this happy pair in innocence and unbroken fellowship with God, their Creator. What a lovely scene it must have been! They were allowed to eat of every tree in the garden except one. But you all know the sad story; how Satan entered the garden and spoiled the whole scene, and by one act of disobedience through giving ear to his voice and taking of the forbidden fruit brought in this great barrier of **Sin** between God and man which this **Mountain** represents (Rom. 5. 12).

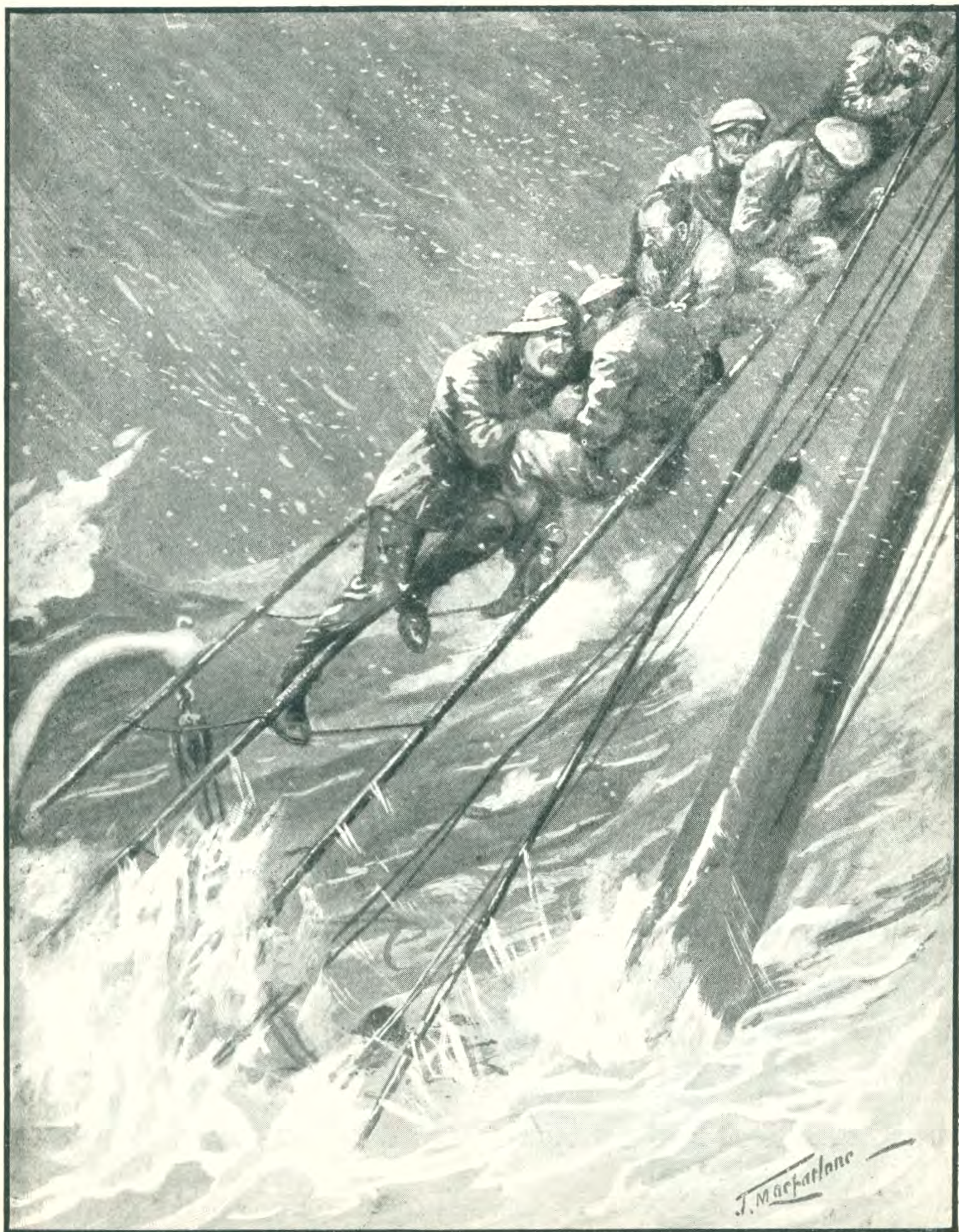
Their guilty conscience made them hide from God their Creator (as it always does), but God called them out from their hiding place. Here we have an exhibition of God's great heart of love, seeking out fallen **Man**, and this love has never changed. At this point we have a SAVIOUR PROMISED (Gen. 3. 15). God put them out of the garden. He could no more meet with fallen man except on the grounds of sacrifice, and therefore all the Old Testament sacrifices only point forward to that one great sacrifice on the **Cross** 4000 years after, when we have a SAVIOUR BORN. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2. 11). Who was He? None other than "God manifest in the flesh," the Eternal Son, your Creator and mine, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a Servant, and was made in the likeness of men" (Phil. 2. 6, 7). "He came to His own, but His own received Him not" (John 1. 11). Have you received this Saviour? If not, receive Him as you read these lines. He is worthy of your acceptance. His life and work on earth were perfect. He was "a Lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter 1. 19). He "did no sin, neither was guile



found in His mouth" (1 Peter 2. 22); yet even Christ's perfect life could not remove this great barrier of **Sin** between God and the sinner, there was only one thing that could meet God's requirements, that was a SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the **Cross**" (Phil. 2. 8). He "offered one Sacrifice for sins for ever" (Heb. 10. 12). Man's hatred nailed Him to the cross, but it was love that held Him there. No wonder darkness covered the face of the earth when God was dealing with His well-beloved Son on account of our sin.

Thank God, through His death the **Barrier** of sin has once and for ever been removed. God has been satisfied. Peace has been made by the blood of His cross, and in proof of that we have a SAVIOUR RISEN and the Holy Spirit given, "wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name" (Phil. 2. 9). **God** has now opened up to every sinner a new and living way back to Himself (Heb. 10. 20). Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me" (John 14. 6). Now from the heights of glory we have a SAVIOUR OFFERED to all who will accept Him. If you ever intend to be in heaven remember "ye must be born again" (John 3. 7). Why not now accept the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour, then you can truly sing—

"My sins were as high as a mountain,
They all disappeared in the Fountain;
He wrote my name down for a palace and crown,
And, praise His dear name, I am free." P.B.



THROUGH A STORMY WAY.

OFF the stormy coast of Cornwall,
On the last day of the year,
While on shore the bells were ringing,
And the good folk made good cheer,
There was wrecked a noble vessel
In a wild and angry sea—
'Twas the *Galloway* of London,
With a crew of twenty-three.

"Launch the boats!" the captain shouted,
Two were quickly got away,
But the third was dashed to pieces—
Of the angry waves the prey.
And the men, some half-a-dozen,
Left aboard the *Galloway*,
Scrambled up among the rigging
Where their only safety lay.

There the stern and rugged captain,
As they hung among the shrouds,
Shouted, "Boys, we look like going
To a port beyond the clouds.

Pipe a stave, and let's go singing—
Something Sunday-like and slow;
Bos'n, start us up a chorus—
You're a gospeller, I know."

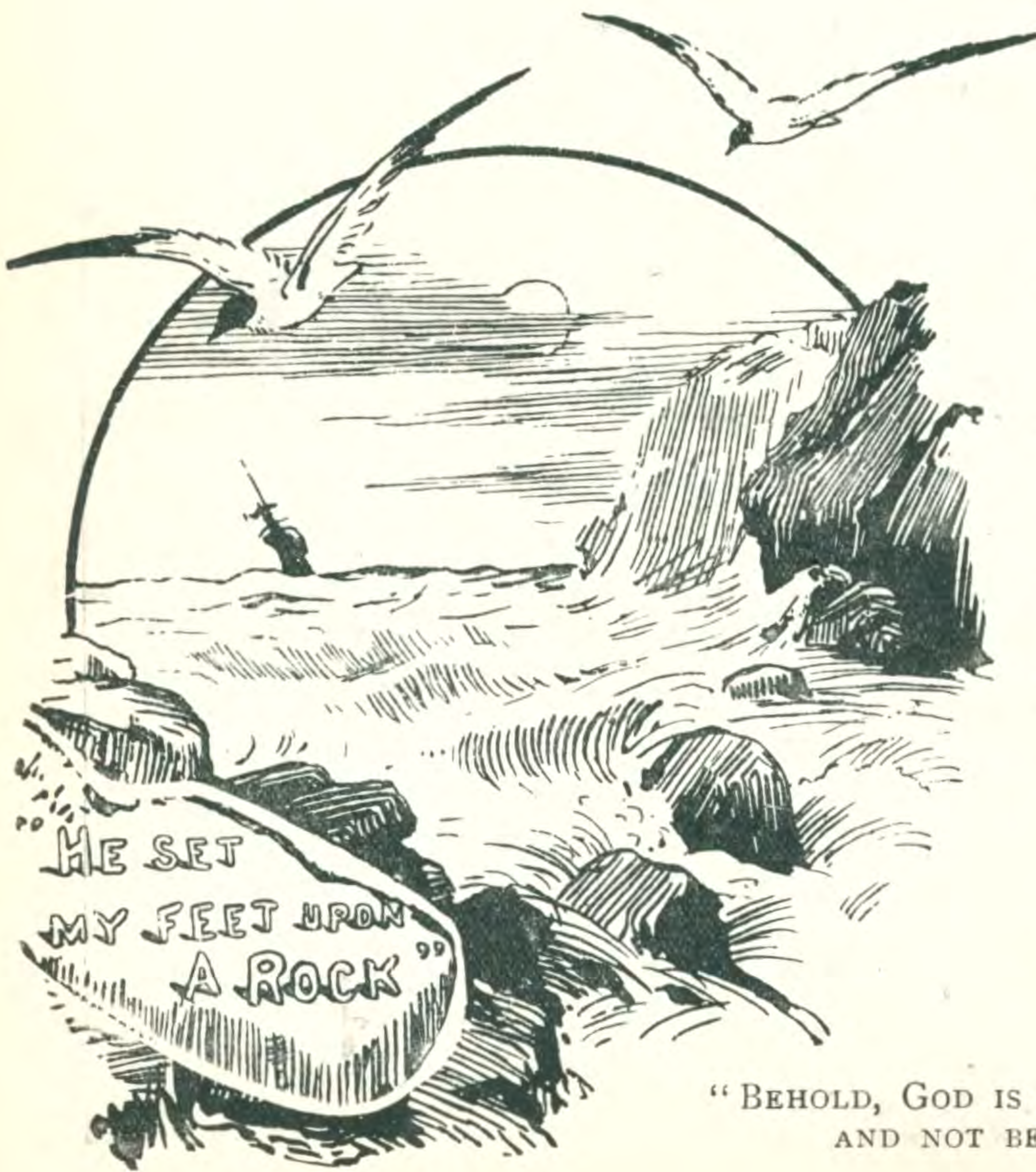
Then the grizzled, bearded bos'n,
In his rich voice and robust,
High above the howling tempest,
Lifted up a song of trust:
"Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

"Through a stormy way" he'd trusted,
And of death he had no fear;
"Sing it, mates," he urged, "we're going
With the going of the year:"
"Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past,
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

Though the vessel pitched and
stumbled,
While the storm grew wilder
still,
And the men were nigh ex-
hausted,
Yet they sang it with a will,
Till, "A light!" the bos'n
shouted,
As a steamer hove in sight,
And the helpless men were
rescued
From the perils of that night.

Aye, and some of them were
rescued
From the perils that befall
Mortal man, for they went
singing
"Trusting Jesus, that is all,"
Through their lives, as they
had sung it
When for death they waited
there;
And the New Year dawned
upon them
With a new *life*, rich and fair.

"BEHOLD, GOD IS MY SALVATION; I WILL TRUST
AND NOT BE AFRAID" (Isa. 12. 2).



HE SET
MY FEET UPON
A ROCK

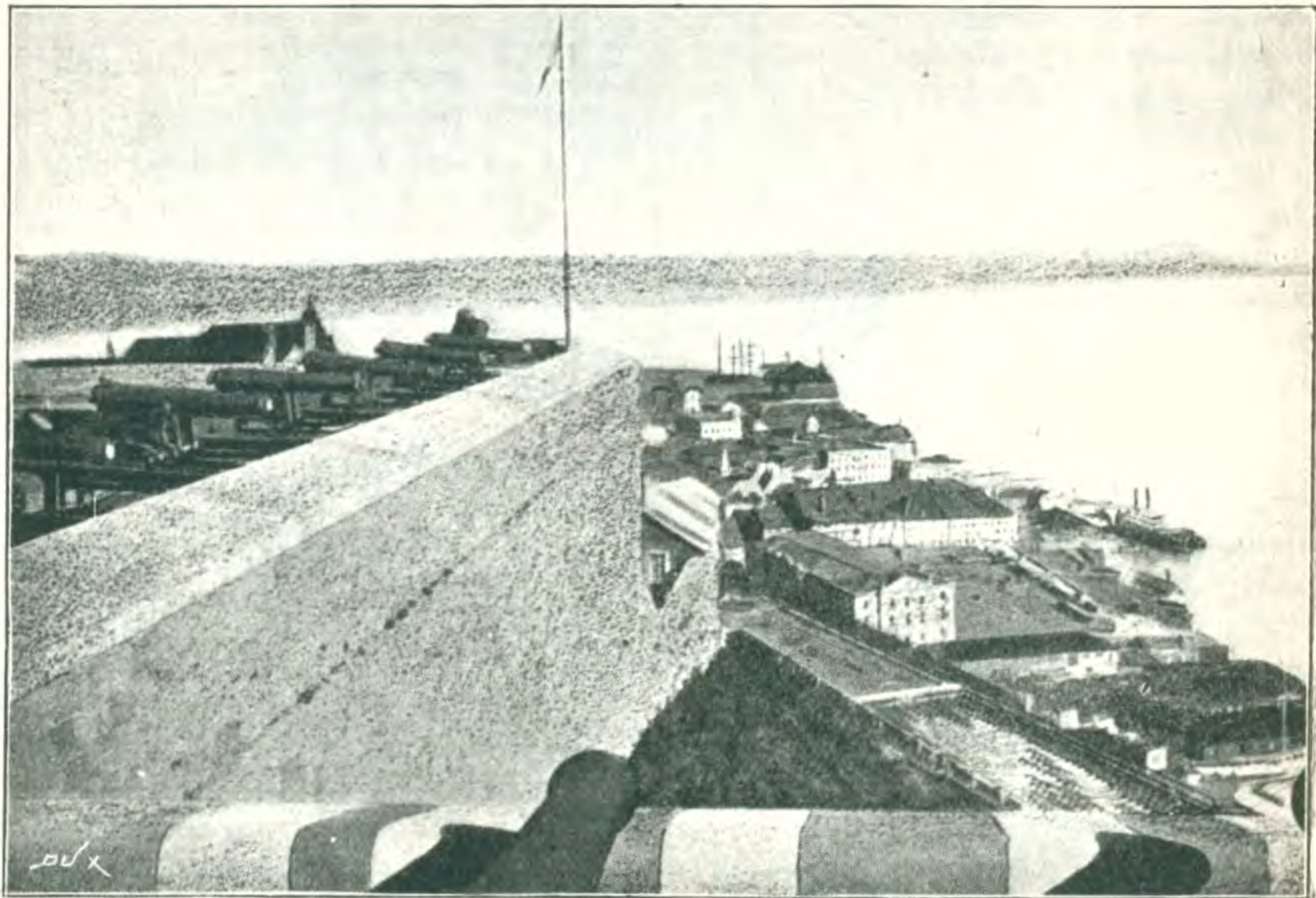
HOW TO KEEP THE CITADEL.

THIS is a picture of the Citadel in old Quebec, the ancient Capital, as it is called, of Canada. It is quite an interesting place, and many tourists from the United States and elsewhere are anxious to see it when they visit Canada. Except where it faces the river St. Lawrence, it is surrounded by something like a moat, that is, a great, deep trench or ditch. That was an old way of defence when warfare was more a matter

of hand-to-hand combat than it is now; but even the old-fashioned moat might be of some service in time of war, for in these times, so long as the defenders of the city could hold the citadel, the enemy could not be said to have captured the city.

In the life of every boy and girl there is something which is like the citadel in old Quebec. What is it? I think I hear some say, THE HEART. Yes, that is the citadel in a human being. But what does the word heart mean as we find it in the Bible? It is often found there, and always seems to mean something of importance. You all know that the heart which beats in our breast is the centre of bodily life. It is the citadel of the body; it is the driving power at the centre of the system, and when the heart goes wrong, everything else feels it and knows it. The thinking, determining, part of us is our heart in the Bible sense. Where all our desires, thoughts, plans, affections, actions, spring from, that is the heart, and that seems deep in our being somewhere. That is the citadel of all citadels to keep.

In Proverbs (find the verse) we read: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Our words and deeds, our envies and jealousies, our pride and temper, and many other things, come out of the citadel of the heart. Surely it needs keeping very much. How then shall you keep it? How can we keep the enemies out that are ever seeking to find a way in, and how get those out which are in? Some-

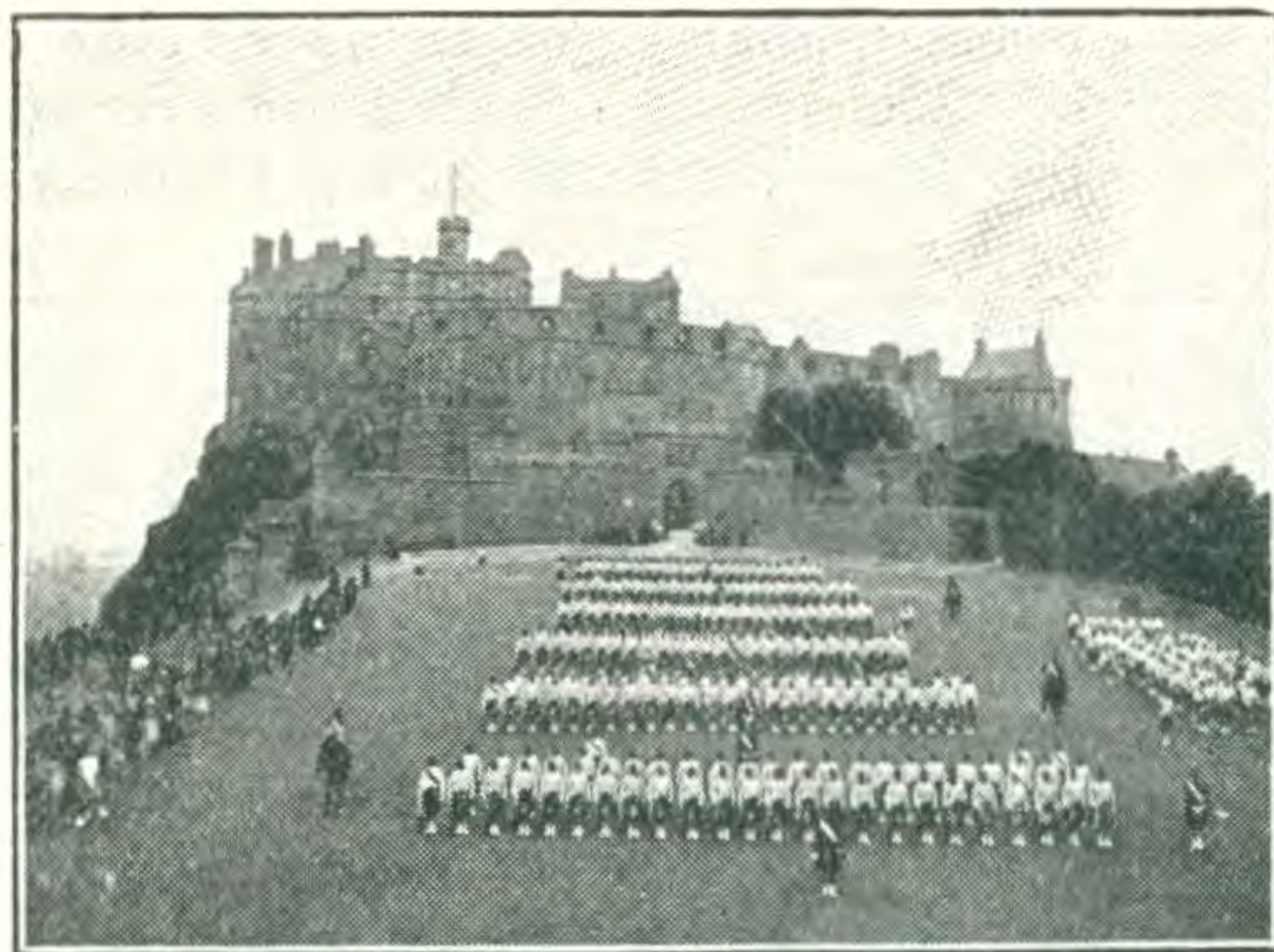


QUEBEC FROM THE CITADEL, WITH THE GREAT ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

body says, by working away at it as best we can. No, not that way. A great many boys and girls have tried that way—tried it hard, and tried it long. And what has happened? Have they succeeded in keeping the citadel? No, they have failed—every one. What shall we do, then? Listen to another portion in Proverbs (find this verse too): "Son, give Me thine heart." That is the Lord speaking, and you should heed and obey. Commit to Christ the citadel, let Him in, and He will drive out the enemies, and keep them out (2 Tim. i. 12). Open the door to Jesus, who will come in and keep what you, without Him, must lose. Without Christ the citadel will fall to the enemy, and the whole life be taken; with Christ within, all is well. E. P. H. K.

THE BANQUETING HALL.

EDINBURGH, the ancient Capital of Scotland, possesses many features of historical interest, and, in particular, the castle built on the rock. To it many visitors flock and admire the strength of the fortress and the numerous interior places of note, including the crown room and the banquetting hall. What scenes of revelry that banquetting hall has beheld; what magnificent displays; what gorgeous gatherings. The kings and queens of Scotland with all their glory furnished many sumptuous feasts, and invited the nobles of their day. How eagerly would such invitations be sought, especially when the banquet was held in honour of any special person.



EDINBURGH CASTLE, WITH SOLDIERS ON PARADE.

We have read of a King—He it is by whom kings reign—who, in honour of His Son, provided at infinite cost a great feast. In keeping with the dignity of the occasion and consistent with His majesty and holiness, this King has decreed that none shall participate in the feast unless they have on a garment of spotless purity. This is a decree which none who intend being present can afford to neglect.

It is a rule of Britain's king that at certain court functions none enter without a court dress. No one ever thinks of disregarding this condition, and if our sovereign must thus be respected, how much more should the Sovereign Lord of All. In the Scriptures we read of a man who, not having on a wedding garment, had the presumption to take his place among the guests. What sort of garment this person had furnished himself with we are not told, but in all probability it was one which had cost him a great deal, one in which he took great pride, and which had been the admiration of all his friends. But, however grand, it did not meet the King's requirements, and the command was given: "Take him away

and cast him into outer darkness" (Matt. 22. 13). The garment in which each guest will be arrayed at this feast is one of "righteousness" (Rom. 3. 22). They are not procurable in the markets of this world, no matter what price is offered, or whether

the store be good works, law keeping, or prayersaying. Indeed, the scripture has described the robes thus obtained as "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6). In His matchless love, therefore, God sent His only Son into this world to purchase, by the shedding of His own blood, a robe of righteousness for every unrighteous one (John 3. 17), and now He has commanded His

servants to issue the world-wide invitation: "All things are ready, COME."

Some time ago, when visiting Edinburgh Castle, we were crossing from Queen Mary's bedroom to the banquetting hall, when we observed standing at the door of the latter a soldier, who beckoned us to hurry. We quickened our pace, and, as we approached the door of the banquetting hall, the soldier remarked: "You have just half a minute." It reminded us of the fact that God does not promise that the door of His banquetting house shall remain open for ever. He has indeed told us, in a parable, that some shall delay until it is too late (Matt. 25. 10). They shall then seek admittance, but the door will be shut, and instead of an invitation there will be these awful words: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire" (Matt. 25. 41).

Are you seeking to "establish your own righteousness?" (Rom. 10. 3), or are you, like Paul, trusting not in your own righteousness, but in "that which is, through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith?" (Phil. 3. 9). If you are still resting on your own merits, we entreat you to take the guilty and helpless sinner's place, by faith appropriate the sacrifice of Christ, and be saved with an everlasting salvation. J.H.B.

HOW PERCY WAS PARDONED.

MOTHERS delight to tell incidents in connection with their own darlings. Many of the tales are common, some are uncommon, a few are clever and even suggestive. Let me relate a simple incident of the latter type given to me recently.

Percy and Peggy were the favoured children in a happy home where love abounded, and where they wanted for nothing.

One day, after having a dolls' tea party, and getting tired of their own playthings, they began to handle things belonging to their parents, which they had been warned not to touch. A slip, a crash, and mother was on the scene at once. "Oh, my dear boy, what mischief are you getting into now?" exclaimed the fond parent. "Oh, mamma, dear, I am so sorry; was it naughty?" and the blue eyes wore for a minute or so a sort of penitential look, while mother added: "You know it is naughty, dear, to

meddle with papa's or mamma's things. You must have forgotten how often we have told you not to do so, for they are not yours to play with like your own playthings. You should not have touched it, then you would not have broken it."

"Do you think, mamma, that the Lord Jesus saw me break that pretty thing of yours?" asked the little fellow, suddenly, some time after, when conversing with mother. "Yes, dear, of course He did, because He sees everything, and knows everything," was the reply. "Oh, then He knows that I really didn't mean to break it; so that's all right," the child cried out with a sigh of relief, and all the shadows vanished instantly from the merry, sunshiny face, upon which none could ever linger long. So beautifully simple and trustful was little Percy that his mother could only hug him to her bosom and impress upon his fair



"The Favoured Children in a Happy Home."

THE DOLLS' TEA PARTY.

HOW PERCY WAS PARDONED.

young brow the kiss of forgiveness. Yes, Jesus knows all about our sins, our sorrows, our trials; yet He loves us, waits to forgive the contrite, and to pardon the sinner who will accept it "freely by His grace" (Rom. 3. 24). Do you know anything about sorrow for sin, and the joy of a sinner forgiven and saved for ever and ever? HYP.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 2. Karl Springel was the son of a watchman at a bridge on the railroad which spanned the "Devil's Gulch," 200 feet wide and 150 feet high. One wild night, when taking his father's supper, he heard an awful crash, and soon found that the bridge had been swept into the abyss, carrying his loved father with it. Alarmed, he remembers that the last train from the city is about due. He cannot run. There is his father's hand-car and red lamp ready. He jumps on, sets it going, meets

the express rounding the curve, but, alas! the speed is too great to jump off, and he is dashed to death. The train was stopped within 100 yards of its doom. The passengers were saved—saved by the death of another! Read Romans 5. 7, 8, John 3. 16, Galatians 2. 20, then paint the picture, and think as you paint—"WHO LOVED ME."

EASY EPIGRAM for little searchers, No. 14.
From heaven to earth did Jesus come
To make of many peoples one.
In Hebrews 9 He enters in,
With what through dying He did win—

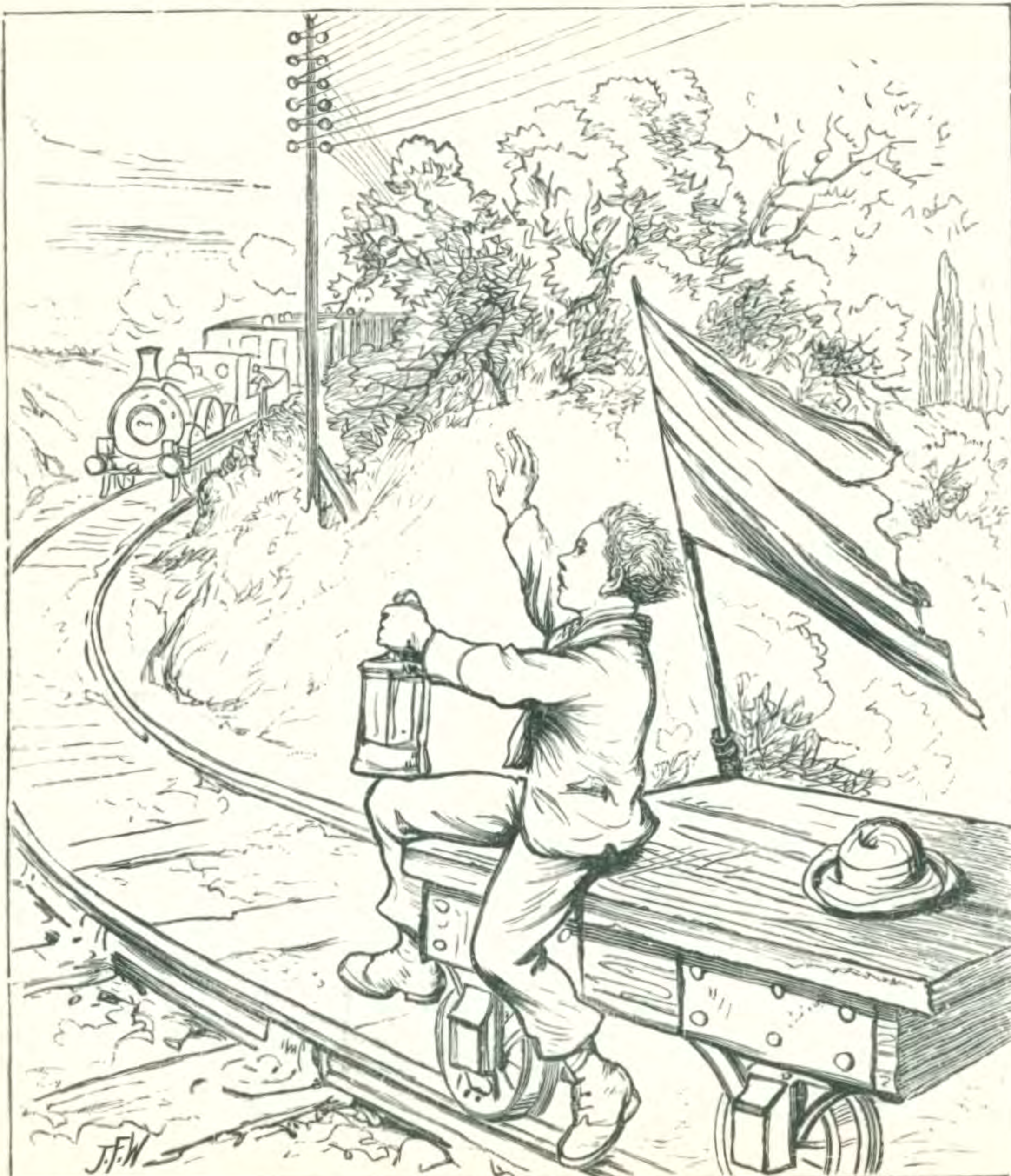
Please name what this thing was? JS. FS.

Answer to No. 13. Abram and Lot (Gen. 14. 16). Diligently study the Sacred Word.

SIMPLE KINDNESS.—Dr. Bonar once met a little arab boy on the street. He said, "Matthew, my lad, you remember that there was Matthew the tax-gatherer, and he left all, rose up, and followed Jesus." Do you think, Matthew, you will do the same? (Luke 5. 28). He met a little girl and said, "Christina, you have got Christ in your name, have you Christ in your heart?" How would *you* answer?

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, 202.

I'll give you a searching,
'Twill not take you long—
First think of a sister
Who sang a sweet song;
Then think of another who
Married the brother
Of her sister's husband
Who went with their mother.
Next we come to a wife,
Whom her husband had planned
To call her his sister
When occasion demand;
Then think of a cousin
Who once had a son,
Which God had ordained
As forerunner to One,
Who His infinite wisdom
And grace made to be,
A life-giving Person
To all who can see.
What God has designed
This blest Person should be,
Which last One has finished
The word you will see.
My whole is so easy
I think you will say,
That I need not go on
To explain it away;
But in case you've not grasped it,
I'll help you to see:
'Tis a Lad, who was destined
A Leader to be. E.E.G.



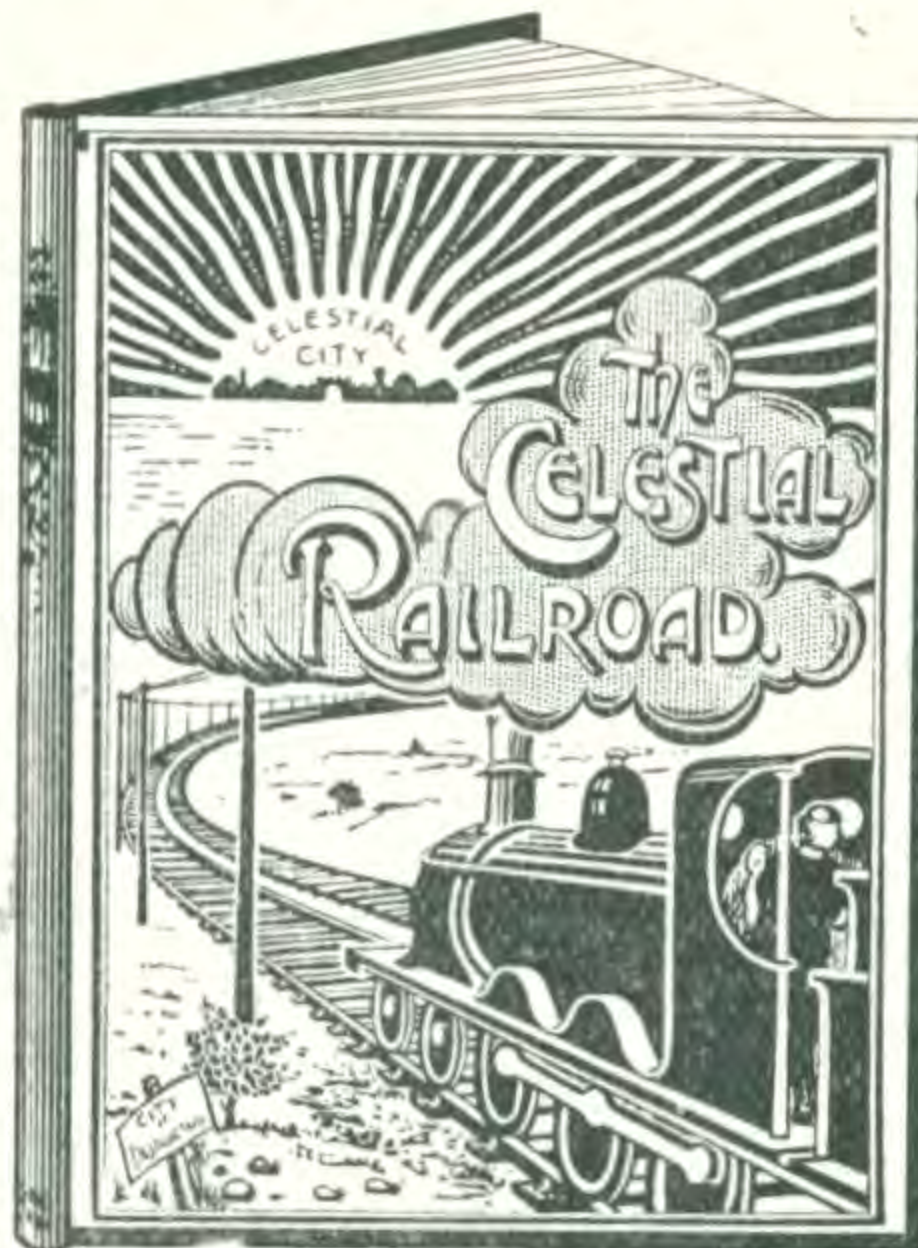
Picture Painting for Little People, No. 2.

THE BOY HERO.

BOYS AND GIRLS BIBLE BAND.

STEERING straight for the definite conversion of young folks we rejoice to find, like Elijah of old, "7000 who have not bowed the knee to Baal" (1 Kings 19. 18), but who remain loyal to "God and the Word of His grace." Only our find is **five times 7000** who welcome monthly the pages of *Boys and Girls*, because it contains in sweet simplicity "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." May their number steadily increase. Will you help? **HYP.**

Workers on the alert for something entirely new will welcome the volume pictured in centre of page. *The Celestial Railroad* indicates clearly the road from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City after the form of a railway journey. It warns clearly against the side tracks of Higher Critics, Ritualists, and all false ways. Strong, straight, and definite salvation truths are most attractively set forth in the 94 pages containing 36 original drawings. 1/ net (post free, 1/3). Specimen pages p f.



Simple Searchings for little folks, No. 90. How old was Enoch when he began to walk with God? How long did he walk with God? What became of him? Answer to No. 89: "Disciples—nothing" (Matt. 5. 13). **JS. FS.**

Subjects for Sunday in connection with *The Gospel Scheme*, 1/6 per 100; *Boys and Girls Almanac*, 6d. per doz; Notes in *The Pathway*, 1/ per annum. Subject—"From the Manger to the Throne."

Sunday	Subject and portion to read	Memory verse
Feb. 5,	Tempted of the Devil, - Matt. 4. 1-11	Heb. 2. 18
„ 12,	The Ruler's Difficulty, - John 3. 1-18	John 3. 7, 8
„ 19,	The Living Water, - John 4. 5-26	Isa. 55. 1
„ 26,	The Lamb Provided, - Gen. 22. 1-14	1 Pet. 1. 18, 19
Mar. 5,	The Anointed Messenger, Luke 4. 16-30	Isa. 61. 1
„ 12,	The Great Teacher, - Mark 1. 21-34	Psa. 103. 2-4
„ 19,	The Great Physician, - Mark 2. 1-12	Acts 13. 38, 39
„ 26,	Israel's Deliverance, - Exod. 12. 1-14	1 Cor. 5. 7

50 Prizes for all in connection with *Boys and Girls Almanac* (3 for 2d.; 12 for 6d., post free). No. 1 to 26 and 42 for filling in the 365 search texts No. 28, for short essay on "The City of Refuge," as given in Almanac, in your own language or in Bible words. For making outline tracing or copy of the picture, any size, any colours. 29, under 12 years; 30, under 14 years. Put name, address, and age on back. For painting the picture in ink, crayons, or paint. 31, under 10 years; 32, under 12 years; 33, under 14 years. Put name, address, and age on back.

Short Biography of any noble worker for God at home or abroad; not more than 100 words. 34, for boys; 35, for girls.

Text Making.—May be any substance, size, shape, and painted or worked, but the words must be, "Be not afraid, only believe." 36, for little boys; 37, for little girls; 38, for older boys and girls, according to age, &c.

Notes of Addresses.—For best brief report of address on open-night in school or at annual

treat, blackboard address, object lesson, or any address, talk, or lesson which specially interested you. Prizes 39 and 40, according to age, merit, &c.

Scripture Acrostic or Simple Searching (original or copied), Prize 41. Say if original or where found. It must be *short*. Can be poetical or otherwise.

Teachers.—Prize 43, for male; 44, for female teachers. Best *Outline of a Gospel Address* to a class of boys and girls.

Superintendents, Parents, and Adults.—45, Hints or notes as to "How best to prepare or give an Eyegate lesson."

Very Little Folks.—Writing out a Bible A B C, that is, a nice text beginning with each letter of the alphabet from A to G. Any age under 10. Select your own texts. Prize 46, little boys; 47, little girls; 48, little folks in lands afar.

Answer to Original Acrostic on opposite page. Prizes 49 and 50, according to age and general merits. Picture Post Cards preferred.

Rules.—All papers must (1) be sent in by Monday, April 3, 1911; (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender; (3) Be addressed to "Hy. Pickering, Editor of *Boys and Girls*, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow." Awards given in *Boys and Girls Magazine* in June and following months. Prizes to the value of over £2 10s. were sent out as awards for 1910 Searchings.

Hints.—Bible Band names in next number... Poetry on page 2 is a splendid recitation... Tell others about the picture paintings.

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

(Founded and Edited by Hy. PICKERING. Copyright).

Articles, stories, photos, and items of interest suitable for our pages are welcome. Post to Editor, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow

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FIVE LITTLE THINGS.

TO-DAY I will talk to you about five little things. The first is very interesting. It is mentioned in Matthew 18. 2. John, will you read the verse? "And Jesus called

A LITTLE CHILD

unto Him, and set him in the midst of them." Here, then, is a beautiful picture of salvation. Christ "calls." He still says, "Come" (Matt. 11. 28). The little child obeys. Then Jesus "sets him in the midst of them"—in the circle of "His own." That

is where He will put you *to-day* if you "hear His voice." Now, some of you big boys and girls may think yourselves too wise to be saved by simply "hearing" and "believing" the Son of God. But there is no other way of being blessed, or entering the kingdom of heaven, except you "humble" yourself as "a little child." One night after a great day of offering one thousand sacrifices, Solomon, although king, confessed to the Lord, "I am but A LITTLE CHILD. I know not how to go out or come in." This speech pleased the Lord, and He gave him great wisdom. You must not, however, suppose that because you are "little," pretty, and loving, that therefore you are holy, just, and fit for God's heaven. So perhaps Ethel you will kindly read 1 Corinthians 5. 6, and introduce the second little thing, as it refers to the work of a woman. "Know ye not that

A LITTLE LEAVEN

leaveneth the *whole lump*?" Leaven is a sour, searching substance used in baking bread, in order to make it rise. In England, where bread is mostly made in every home, yeast, which makes the bread porous and light, is in use. It is leaven. A very little soon sours the mass into which it is kneaded, just as a few drops of rennet will curdle a whole basinful of new milk. In the Bible it is the type of sin. One sin allowed in the thought and heart of a little child makes him "a sinner;" and a sinner, unless purged by the blood of Christ, can never, never be saved, and enter the "realms of the blest." In other words, he needs *salvation*. This brings me to the third little thing. So I will read to you from Ecclesiastes 9. 14, 15 about something which

to wise King Solomon seemed *great*. It is well worthy of notice by boy and girl. "There was

A LITTLE CITY,

and few men within it; and there came a *great* king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor, wise man, and he by his wisdom *delivered* the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." No doubt the event actually happened, but underneath

it even as a parable lie great truths. The city represents the world—a little city amongst the great orbs and planets in God's great universe, and little in His sight, before whom all nations are like "a drop" of water in a pail. But in this very world where we were born and dwell there was found a poor, wise man. He was "Jesus the carpenter" (Mark 6. 3), by repute "the carpenter's Son" (Matt. 13. 55). Yet He was the Rich One, who "became poor" (2 Cor. 8. 9). He was the wisdom of God, and in whom were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. His wisdom and love led Him to death to deliver the city—to "take away the sin of the world." Have you

trusted Him yet? The next little thing I wish to talk to you about you will find in 1 Sam. 2. 19: "Moreover his mother made him

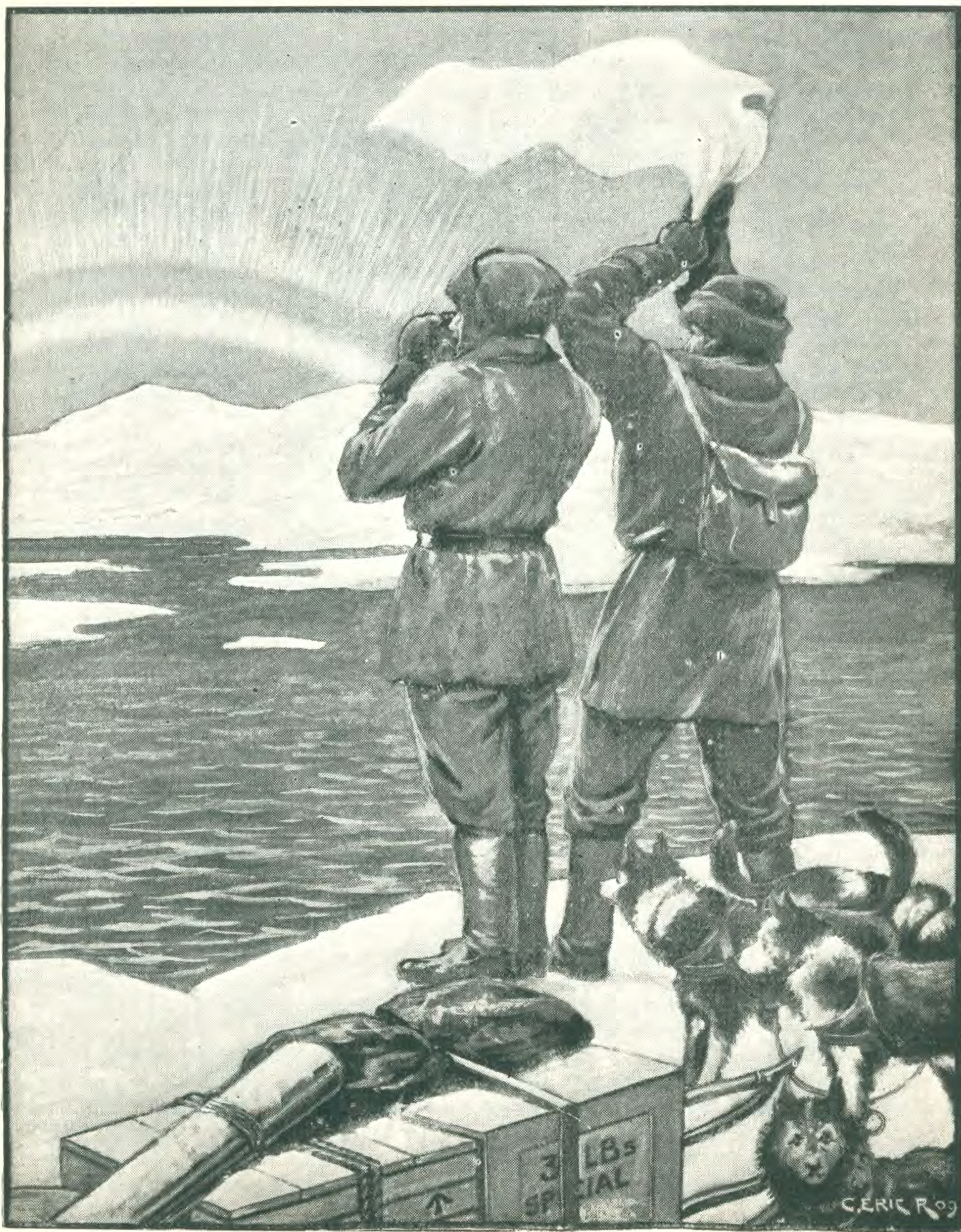
A LITTLE COAT,

and brought it to him from year to year." Hannah loved her boy, and lent Him to the Lord. Samuel "grew before the Lord." He grew on in favour, and the Lord was with him. God grant you grow likewise in grace. The last words are found in three passages of Scripture.

A LITTLE WHILE.

These I leave for you to find out, for they are very solemn. "Yet *a little while*, and the wicked shall not be." Alas! for you, unconverted child. "Yet once, it is *a little while*, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea;" What a day of quailing before the Lord! Then there is written, "For yet *a little while*, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." How will the returning Christ find you? Ready and happy to greet Him, or loveless, lost for ever? T.R.D.





SEARCHING FOR THE SOUTH POLE.

NOW that the North Pole has been discovered, world-wide interest centres in the finding of the South Pole. Up to the present the man who has reached the nearest point to the Pole has been Lieut. Shackleton.

The expedition which he commanded left Cape Royd on 29th October, 1908, and set out for the exploration of the Antarctic on 9th March, 1909. Each man had to drag a load of 250 lbs., on a ration of 20 ozs. of food per day, which was no easy task, with wild blizzards surrounding them, a serious disease laying hold of them, and starvation facing them.

They were divided into parties—Northern, Southern, and Western—of which Lieut. Shackleton tells some thrilling tales. Speaking of the *Northern* party, who on arriving at the sea coast found themselves 180 miles from the winter headquarters, he says: "Their retreat was cut off, the sea-ice having broken away, when in the most remarkable fashion, and with a piece of what some people may call good luck, but which we attributed to Higher Influence, our ship, the *Nimrod*, appeared in the very nick of time and rescued them."

The *Southern* party traversed a distance of 1700 miles in 126 days without change of clothes, often being held up by blizzards such as are unknown in civilised lands.

The *Western* party had perhaps the most remarkable experiences of all. Suddenly the huge mass of ice on which the searchers were located broke up. The little band was in danger of being carried away northwards on an ice-floe. Before they were aware, the gulf of chilly water between the two masses of ice was impassable. For one long day and night they drifted away, away, to what

seemed to be certain death. Shouts were useless, signals were in vain, yet help was at hand. Suddenly the current changed and set south, the mass of ice was borne towards land, it touched for a few seconds only. Yet in these few eventful moments they all managed to jump ashore. Two minutes

later the huge mass was floating out to sea—never to return. The little band was picked up the next day and safely reached headquarters.

Who guided the parties in these exploits? Let the brave explorer answer. At a luncheon in his honour on his return home, Lieutenant Shackleton nobly ascribed the honour to the right source—GOD. Here are his own words: "In regard to this expedition there have been times when we saw no light, when all seemed black; and yet, at the very worst moment, things turned for the best, and here, as we did down South, we must ascribe this to a Power grander and higher than our own. No amount of

leadership could help us as we were helped when the difficulties were such that we never knew whether the next day would bring forth a new day for us, or bring us *death*. We remembered that in the ice; and here, amongst you to-day, I feel that it is only my duty to say that we believe in it *now* when we are safe home again, just as much as we believed in it *then*."

May some faint young hearts be led to make Lieut. Shackleton's God their God, and to own "Jesus as Lord" (Rom. 10. 9), so that they may have Him as Saviour, Guide, and Friend in the storm or sunshine of life, and be with Him in the day of triumph hereafter, when the redeemed multitude shall ascribe to Him glory for ever and ever. HYP.



EXPLORING SHIP IN THE MIDST OF ICE.

THE OLD BIBLE.

DEAR treasure mine, with love divine on
every line and page, [age,
A shining light for little feet, a lamp for hoary
A fiery pillar through the night, a guiding
cloud by day,
A heaven-sent manna, fresh and white, to feed
on by the way,
A table spread with heavenly bread, a free and
full supply, [streams are dry;
An ever-cool, refreshing spring, when earthly
Ah, yes! its riches far outshine the wealth of
earth's domains—
That's something for the aulder folks, and some-
thing for the weans.

She's not a goody, giddy
girl that lifts her heart
and says,

I want to follow Jesus in
the morning of my days;
The world has joys and
pleasures, they may
seek for them who will,
The scenes of earth are
fair and sweet, but He
is fairer still.

Ah, yes! though Sharon's
dewy rose and lily fair
may be,

The Chief among ten
thousand, He is every-
thing to me,

For He is mine, and I am
His — His love my
heart enchains—

That's something for the
aulder folks, and some-
thing for the weans.

He's not a simple, softy
lad that turns to God
when young,

[defile his tongue,
And shuns the cup, and never lets an oath
That gives his first and best for God, the boy
that dares to know [will not let it go.

The truth with simple child-like faith, and
Ah, no! he's not a softy lad, thrice noble is
the boy [of hope and joy;

Who makes his loving mother weep with tears
What precious, precious promises, for him
the Book contains—

That's something for the aulder folks, and
something for the weans.

God gave not woman grace and charm that
she might dance and sing,

And lead the throng that circles round in
fashion's mazy ring;

Her angel voice that thrills with song was
never tuned and framed [never named.

To captivate the giddy throng where Christ is,
Ah, no! 'twas meant, a gift divine, to tell a
Saviour's love,



The soul that sings for Him on earth, will sing
with Him above

Songs sweet as those the angels sang on
Bethlehem's starry plains—

That's something for the aulder folks, and
something for the weans.

Though sightless are her eyes and dim,
though earth has joys no more,

That dear old pilgrim trusting Christ can see
the shining shore;

What circling years have sped since first its
grand old truths she knew,

The light that's lit her path so long will guide
her safely through.

Life's little lamp will soon
give out, its flickering
flame burn down,

Then gloom and night
will change to light,
and cross be changed
for crown;

Ah, yes! she knows for
those in Him a blessed
rest remains—

That's something for the
aulder folks, and some-
thing for the weans.

He is not poor that dear
old man though short
his step and slow,

Bowed down with age
and hair made white by
many a winter's snow;

He is not blind that aged
one, ah, no, he still can
see

The time-worn page that
open lies upon his
trembling knee.

His thoughts are not of earthly things, he
dreams of treasures far [the farthest star,

Beyond the reach of moth and rust, beyond
One hour with Christ will far outweigh earth's

—cares and toils and pains—

That's something for the aulder folks, and
something for the weans.

'Twas not in mansion made with hands, nor
palace, tower, or keep, [went to sleep,

'Twas not on pillows soft as down that Jesus

'Twas not for praise and gifts from man His
healing deeds were wrought,

'Twas not before applauding throngs He lived
the truths He taught,

'Twas not where gentle women watched, like
angels by His side,

With every comfort earth could give, that
Christ the Saviour died;

Ah, no! 'twas on a cruel cross, as this old
Book explains— [and the weans.

He gave Himself a Ransom for the auld folks

SAVED AND SERVING.

WHAT happy band of boys and girls is this? It is a group of the children who attended the meetings in the PIONEER TENT, pitched in Springfield Road, Glasgow, during the summer of 1910, with inset photo of Mr. ALEX. GRAY, the conductor, who shall tell his own story:

"It was my happy privilege to conduct those meetings for nearly all the 'Thursdays of the thirteen weeks' Gospel campaign. Some of the boys and girls came night after night to hear the old, old story of Jesus and His love. Through the Gospel choruses learnt and sung, and listening attentively to the message of love how that eternal life can be obtained through the death of God's only Son, and believing on His Name, we expect to meet some on the golden strand.

"When I have my pen in my hand I would like to tell how I was led to 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' I was born in Edinburgh in the year 1886, and, like most boys, I was very early induced to attend the Sunday school. About twelve years ago my parents removed to Glasgow, where we were led to attend Garngad Hall. I was not very long in the Sunday school until I was transferred to the Bible class which was conducted by my father. While attending this class I was awakened to see my personal need of salvation. I remember well one afternoon when we were asked to turn to the book of Revelation, chapter 20. As our custom was, we commenced to read verse about. When my turn came it was the fifteenth verse I had to read. Have you ever noticed that verse? It reads: 'And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.' Through the reading of this verse I became for the first time in my life really anxious about my sins. I cannot express my feelings as this thought pressed itself upon me, that notwithstanding the fact that my father and mother were both Christians, if I should die

now I would never see them again, and, worse still, I would be 'cast into the lake of fire.' I trembled on the seat on which I was sitting lest I should be called into eternity, for I knew I was in my sins, and that I could not say my name was 'written in the Book

of Life.' I left the Bible class that afternoon a Spirit-convicted sinner, and for some of the nights of that week I was afraid to close my eyes lest I should never open them on earth again. It seemed as if some one was constantly whispering in my ear, 'Your name is not found written in the Lamb's Book of Life.' But thanks to the long suffering of God, who willeth not

the death of any, I was permitted to be present at the Gospel meeting in Garngad Hall the following Sunday evening. You can imagine my surprise when I found that on the platform there was a man with dark skin, all the way from Africa. He had come with another speaker to take the meeting. If I was troubled on entering the hall, I was more troubled to think there was a man from heathen darkness to whom we had sent out missionaries so that they might hear the good news of the Gospel; there was I, the son of Christian parents, and living in so-called Christian Scotland, and yet he could speak of the joy that was his through the knowledge of his sins forgiven, and was sure of being in heaven when all of time was o'er. This was what I was so much longing to know, for I was in darkness—yes, more dense than heathen darkness.

"At the close of the meeting the speaker who was with this converted African came towards the back of the hall. Quite a number of the people had left the hall, but I remained to the after-meeting. When he got my length, and was about to pass by, I pulled his jacket, and he sat down beside me. As best I could I told him of my unhappy condition. He opened the Bible, turned to Romans 10. 9. As I



SAVED AND SERVING.

read this verse, with hot tears chasing each other down my cheeks, I came to the last clause, 'Thou shalt be saved.' As a helpless, lost sinner I believed on the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, and was 'saved.'

"Needless to say, I got a glad surprise; the fear of death and hell was removed, the 'lake of fire' had lost its terrors, 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding' was my happy portion, I was, indeed, 'a new creature in Christ Jesus' (2 Cor. 5. 17). Had I any fear of losing the salvation which I had obtained? Nay, I had found One who was not only 'able to save' (Heb. 7. 25), and 'able to keep' (2 Tim. 1. 12), but One who would never, never let me go, for He had given the assurance that, of all who trust Him, He is 'able to . . . present faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.'

"I started right away to confess Him in

the open street, at back court meetings, and in lodging houses, and became a Sunday school teacher in the Garngad School.

"For nearly two years I have been superintendent in the Busby Sunday School, where I have sought to serve the Lord for close on five years, during which time I have had the joy of speaking to many boys and girls in many places, and am glad to know of some who have not only heard, but have believed, and are saved. I leave shortly on one of the big liners, with my face towards the far western provinces of Canada.

"Before saying good-bye to you all, I would earnestly and lovingly warn you of the danger there is in delay, for we have heard so often of old and young being taken away suddenly by death. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16. 31) even NOW." A. G.



Inset, Alex. Gray.]

THE HAPPY BAND OF BOYS AND GIRLS, PIONEER TENT, GLASGOW.

[John Ferguson at tent door.

BIRDS OF PLUMAGE.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 3. Wishing to put the Gospel before the little African lad, a gentleman said: "Robert, what sort of birds have you in Africa?" "Birds of plumage, sir," he replied. "What do you mean by birds of plumage, Robert?" "Well, sir, they are birds with beautiful feathers, but no song!" replied the lad. Then the Christian explained that was just like the difference between *real* Christians and *professing* Christians. The former were "born of God" (1 John 5. 1), and had "a new song" (Rev. 5. 9), the latter had no birth, no song, and would have no heaven by-and-by. The former were affected in heart, nature, and life, the latter in outward appearances only. Paint the persons, picture on wall, tree, and other objects, and think as you

paint, "Am I a *real*, born-again Christian, or only an imitation one?" HYP.

HER LAST CHANCE.—A dear girl attended a Gospel meeting in London, and at the close she remained to tell me that she had trusted in Jesus. That was the last Gospel meeting she ever attended. The next day she was taken ill, and for one month only she lingered. Just before her happy redeemed soul passed into the presence of her Saviour, she said to a friend who visited her: "How I do thank God that I took my last chance." This may be your last chance. Oh! seize it then as it flies past you. Make the blessing yours—and just now. J.T.M.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING, No. 203. Get your Bibles and see if you can find this tragic tale, then learn the lesson it has for all.



A large and royal party
Once filled a palace hall,

The mirth was at its highest,
When out the king did call.

The call was sharp and sudden,
The king was in a fright;

"The finger of a mystic hand"
Condemned what king that night? A.E.L.

Answer to 202 appears with Answer to 203.

EASY EPIGRAM for little searchers, No. 15.

A prophet's name which has K's three,
Was told to write what he did see;
He cautioned was to make it plain,
That all might run to whom it came.
What book and verse does this contain?

JS. FS.

Answer to Epigram No. 14. Redemption (Heb. 9. 12).

THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

BOYS and even **GIRLS** are inclined to think that salvation means stupidity, meekness means weakness, conversion means cowardice, and that choosing the Lord's side means becoming altogether unmanly or unwomanly. If you think so read the testimony and confession on page 2 of a man who is neither a coward nor a "granny," but a brave and noble pioneer in exploration. Remember also that the noble and brave all down the ages have not been ashamed to own their Lord, but have witnessed that the Bible, the Gospel, and the salvation of God, give grace, grit, backbone, and stamina which nothing else can produce. Rest not till you can say, like Thomas of old, "My Lord and my God" (John 20. 28).

Another Surprise for teachers and scholars will be found in "Days of Delight for our Darlings," the fourth volume of this series which the Editor has sent forth. The title indicates that the matter is right, the pictures are bright, and that the whole is a delight from Sunday till Sunday again. Various colours within. 1/ net (post free, 1/3). The four volumes—(1) Eyegate to Heartgate; (2) Bright Beams from the Blackboard; (3) Sunlight for Young Hearts all over the World; (4) Days of Delight. 1/3 each, or 4/ (\$1) the set, post free.

A Good Sign. We are pleased to find that the various searchings, as on opposite page and below, are causing many young folks to obey the Saviour's command, "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES" (John 5. 39). Our old friends, T.B. and Js. Fs, continue to send new pieces. Our new friends, E.E.G., J.C., and others have also sent in pieces. Our London friend, W.T.R., sends a few quite unique searchings, one of which we give below. May God add His blessings on all searchers.

Simple Searchings for Little Folks, No. 91.—What chapter in 1 John tells of Abel's death? Why did Cain slay Abel? Answer to 90.—65 years. 300 years (Gen. 5. 21, 22). JS. FS.

Did you get a copy of the last Annual Volume entitled, "Hid in the Heart?" 1/6, post free...Do you read the "Tales Worth Telling" and other helpful hints in *The Pathway* month by month? Sample free to any reader.

Subjects for Sunday in connection with *The Gospel Scheme*, 1/6 per 100; *Boys and Girls Almanac*, 6d. per doz.; Notes in *The Pathway*, 1/ per annum. Subject—"From the Manger to the Throne."

Sunday	Subject and portion to read	Memory verse
Mar. 5,	The Anointed Messenger, Luke 4. 16-30	Isa. 61. 1
" 12,	The Great Teacher, - Mark 1. 21-34	Psa. 103. 2-4
" 19,	The Great Physician, - Mark 2. 1-12	Acts 13. 38, 39
" 26,	Israel's Deliverance, - Exod. 12. 1-14	1 Cor. 5. 7
Apr. 2,	The Call of Matthew, - Mark 2. 13-22	1 Tim. 1. 15
" 9,	The Healer and Quickener, Mark 5. 22-43	John 6. 40
" 16,	The Saviour's Compassion, Luke 7. 1-16	Psalms 145. 8, 9
" 23,	A Frank Forgiveness, - Luke 7. 36-50	Psalms 51. 17
" 30,	A Complete Deliverance, Exod. 14. 13-23	2 Cor. 1. 9, 10

London Lessons for boys and girls and their parents and teachers—Form a square of the four names or words—

One who from ancestry was free,

One of the sons of Zerah this.

One of the sons of Shem was he,

One who, when single, was called

"Miss."

W. T. R.

50 Awards for all, as mentioned in *Bible Almanac* for 1911 and the last number of *Boys and Girls*, should be of interest to children, teachers, parents, and all Christians. Answers must be sent to Hy. Pickering, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow, by April 3, 1911.

Picture Paintings, as on opposite page. Collect any ten during the year, and await instructions as to sending in for awards.

Bible Band. New names:

2277, Agnes Newlands; 2278, Peter Haining; 2279, Mary Haining; 2280, Cecilia Pottie; 2281, Hannah Pottie; 2282, Alexander Jackson; 2283, Teddy Morgan;

2284, Hugh Morgan; 2285, Harry Bullock; 2286, John Gochan; 2287, Charles Monaghan; 2288, Chrissie Longmuir; 2289, Violet Russell; 2290, Edward M'Ara; 2291, William Lithgow; 2292, Jenny M'Auslin; 2293, Mary Connelly; 2294, James Templeton; 2295, Hugh Wordie; 2296, Hugh M'Leod; 2297, Tom Grant; 2298, Mary Motherwell; 2299, Jeanie Motherwell; 2300, William Motherwell—all of Glasgow.

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

(Founded and Edited by HY. PICKERING. Copyright). Articles, stories, photos, and items of interest suitable for our pages are welcome. Post to Editor, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow. RATES PER MONTH 12 copies, 6d.; 25, 1/; 50, 1/10; 100, 3/6; 150, 5/; 200, 6/. Post Free to any part of the Globe.

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CAPETOWN: JOHN G. BAIN, 20 Corporation Street.

JOHANNESBURG, S. Africa: ANDREWS & Co., 51 Jeppe Street.

And through most Booksellers, Colporteurs, and Tract Depots.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

WE were reminded of the famous visit of the Queen of Sheba, recorded in 1 Kings 10, by the presentation from the people of the Transvaal of the great Cullinan diamond to King Edward VII. on the occasion of his 66th birthday. It was a pleasing tribute of their loyalty, more to be desired even than the precious stone. How happy the world will be when all those nations who are at enmity with God shall be brought into subjection to His anointed King, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We will now look at a few of the things which God's Word calls precious. Here are a few of the many.

PRECIOUS SEED.

God's Word is compared to seed. What is done with seed? It is sown. And into our hearts Jesus, the great Sower, who came from heaven to earth, desires to sow His precious seed in order that we may be "born again" (John 3. 3). You may take up an acorn and look at it, a very small thing, but the great oak of the forest is in that acorn. When planted in suitable conditions it proves what is in the seed. God wishes to produce the life of Jesus in you, and the way He does it is by the incorruptible seed of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever (1 Peter 1. 23). It is not enough to have God's Word in your hand, nor in your home, nor in your head. God's Word must be planted in an honest and good heart (Luke

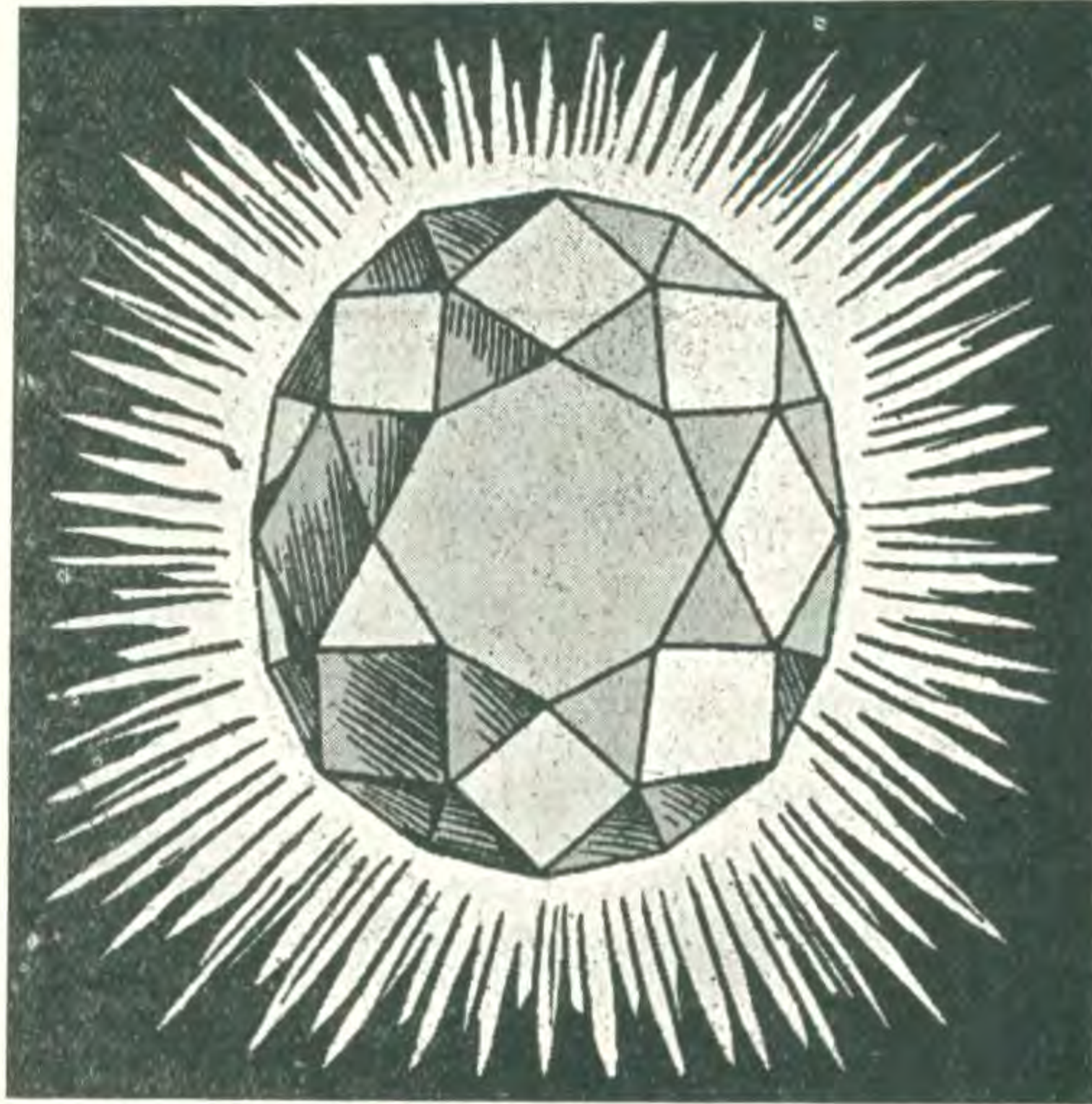
8. 15). The result will be that the precious seed of the Word (Psa. 126. 6) will bear

PRECIOUS FRUIT.

This is what God is waiting on. He is waiting on the harvest. The farmer labours patiently for months in the prospect of a return for his labour. So God has a great harvest in view. All those who have received Jesus as the One whom God sent down from heaven, and whom God has again raised up to heaven, will be the fruit. God looks at them, as the result of Jesus' finished work and

PRECIOUS BLOOD.

He was the weeping Sower, who wept in Gethsemane, and sweat, as it were, great drops of blood (Luke 22. 44). How intense was His sorrow when on Calvary's lonely brow He sank with broken heart into death's cold wave. All this He willingly entered on and passed through, that in the great harvest Home of God, boys and girls from every nation might have a place. He shall reap eternal praise (Rev. 1. 6), for thus shedding His precious blood. May you gladly receive these



PRECIOUS THOUGHTS

(Psa. 139. 17), and be numbered among those who have obtained precious faith, and to whom is given great and precious promises (2 Peter 1. 4). Then when all the trials of earth are passed, you will be numbered amongst His own in the city of God. JS. FS.

MAGGIE'S HALFPENNY.

A TIMID little girl sat trembling amongst the large company of suffering people who waited to see the busy doctor at one of the large London hospitals. She was at last shown into his room. His kindly glance took in the little mite, who seemed to have few friends in this world. After one or two questions, he commenced to examine her frail body. To his surprise he found a halfpenny strung round her neck with a piece of string, and on asking her why she wore this odd trinket, she replied, "Please sir, you gave me it."

The little act of kindness on some previous occasion by the doctor had not been forgotten

by the lonely child, and she wore the token of it day and night. As you read this simple story, let me remind you of a greater than the doctor, who when we had none to pity, and none to save, gave His life a ransom for our sins. Jesus is that friend. Have you ever thanked Him? Are you afraid to trust Him as your Saviour in case you miss the pleasures of the world? Remember they are for a season. He gave up all He had and died for you on the cruel cross. All He asks from you to-day is that you trust Him with your whole heart, and obey His Word. Will you believe? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved (Acts 16. 31). J. H.

Ten Times Better.



HD

"HAPPY DANIEL WAS MADE HAPPIER."

DANIEL'S DELIGHT.

DANIEL was one of the happiest boys I ever met. At home, at school, on holiday, wherever you met him his face was full of sunshine. Yet Daniel was to be made even happier. Here is the secret.

The services on the sands had gone on for some time when a companion asked him to come with him and hear about Jesus and heaven, and about being "saved." Being himself happy in Christ, and rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven, the young preacher

was filling up the spare moments of his holidays telling out the "old, old story" to the young folks, and longing that others should share in his joy.

"My dear friends," said the speaker, "you are all of you saved or lost. You



"THE SERVICES ON THE SANDS HAD GONE ON FOR SOME TIME."

are on your way either to eternal happiness and joy, or you are on the downward road that leads you to everlasting woe. You cannot take a middle path, for the Lord Jesus Christ says there are only two ways, the strait and narrow way that leads to life, and the broad one that ends in death" (Matt. 7. 13). Then he used a very suitable picture to make his point clear. "A terrible shipwreck happened on our shores a short time ago, when many precious souls were ushered into eternity with scarcely a warning. Very few of the passengers that sailed in that ship ever reached the land to tell the sad tale.

"Now, if you had been on the beach at that time, and a man had come to you, saying, 'Do you know that there were sixty passengers on board that vessel which has just gone down — twenty escaped safe to shore, twenty were

drowned in the sea, and twenty were *neither saved nor lost!*' what would you think of such a man? You would at once say, 'The man is mad.' Well, now, many are just like that man, for they say, 'I know I am not *saved*, but I should not like to say I am *lost*; it's far too dreadful to contemplate such a thing.'

"Listen for a minute to what God declares in His Word, and we know every word is true. Turn to John 3. 18. What

do we read there? 'He that believeth on Him [Christ] is *not condemned*: but he that believeth not is *condemned already*, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God.'

So ran the address to which Daniel listened. He saw the force of the illustration. He knew he could not say, "I am *saved*," but hitherto he had not considered that he was entitled to say, "I am *lost*." Now he saw clearly it must be one or the other. If he was not "saved," then it was clear ~~he~~ was "lost." Which was he? Which are you? His conscience was thoroughly aroused, and he did a very wise thing, he opened his heart to an earnest Christian worker, who knew that he was "saved," and who was the means of leading Daniel to accept the Lord Jesus Christ, and he now rejoices in Christ as his *own* Saviour, finding the promise true, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). Happy though he was before, like the three Hebrew children, he is "ten times better" now. "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Psa. 144. 15). A.W.L.

HOW GOD SAVED A LITTLE GIRL

CONVERSION stories have appeared in these pages of very young folk and very old people, showing that there is no limit to God's salvation. Yet it is well ever to remember the happiness one loses by not having peace with God in early life, and the danger of dying unsaved and being lost for ever.

That those who are saved in earlier years have the best of it in every way is clearly witnessed in the simple and straightforward testimony of a little American girl, written and given in her own words, on Nov. 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR, I wish you would kindly put my conversion in *Boys and Girls*. I saw a picture of a little girl holding up her brother to post her conversion. I thought it was a shame for me to keep it from others, so here it is:

A brother in the Gospel Hall was giving an address. When he was about to close, he said, "Those who go out of this meeting unsaved are trampling Jesus under their feet." I thought how awful it was for me to trample Jesus under my feet.

Shortly after this mamma and papa were talking about the coming of the Lord, when I heard papa say that he wished the Lord would come before morning. That made me think how awful it would be if He was to come and leave me.

I cried, "If Jesus comes before morning I'll not go with Him."

Papa said, "It's your own fault, Cicely." Then I began to cry. I was handed a

Testament. I read Romans 5, but didn't find rest there. Then I read John 3. 16 like this: "For God so loved Cicely Middleton, that He gave His only begotten Son, that if Cicely Middleton believes on Him, she would be saved." I stopped there, and asked mamma what believing meant.

"Well," she said, "if I was to say I would give you a cent, do you think I would give it you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," she said, "Jesus offers you eternal life, do you think He'll give it you?" I believed that He would give it me, and I took it there and then, and I'm saved.

Dear boys and girls, because I speak of papa and mamma so much, I do not mean that they saved me. It is Jesus, and He alone, that can save. Your mother can't save you, your father can't save you; they

can't believe for you. All you have to do is to "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and that you have to do for yourself.

May the two things which moved Cicely to decision move you: The shame of keeping such a loving friend as Jesus waiting at your heart's door for admission; (He gave His life for you; how are you treating Him?) and the fact that soon, oh, so soon, He may come and take all His own to be with Him for ever, and leave the unsaved to woe and despair. If He comes to-night, are you ready? If not, hear His loving call, haste to His arms, and like the little girl you will say, "I'm saved." HyP.



CICELY AT THE TIME SHE WAS SAVED, AT TEN YEARS OF AGE.

"MY;" OR, THE SHEPHERD LADDIE.

PART I.

OH, freshly blow the breezes
Upon our Scottish hills!
Oh, brightly shine the sunbeams
Upon our sparkling rills!
Oh, purple glows the heather
Upon our moorlands wild!
Oh, deep green grow the grasses
Upon each broad hillside!

'Twas in this bonnie
country
The shepherd laddie
grew;
Of all the sheep he tended
The face, the bleat, he
knew.
Oh, loudly broke their
baaing
Upon the summer air!
Each varied tone resound-
ing
Here, there, and every-
where!
His collie bounded past
him
The stragglers to recall,
And from each copse or
quarry
Would safely bring
them all.
Blithe was the shepherd
laddie,
His step was firm and
light!
And all the country knew
him,
So active and so bright!

PART II.

Fierce is the northern
winter:
Stern is the Scottish blast:
Long, long the cold winds blowing,
The thick snow falling fast.
Hard is the shepherd's duty
To seek the straying sheep,
Lest in the heavy snowdrifts
In death they chance to sleep!
Was it the biting breezes
That made our laddie ill?
And did some driving tempest
Too soon his life-blood chill?
No more will he, delighted,
On rosy rowans look;

No more rush down the hillsides,
And leap the mountain top.
He lies in pain and weakness
Upon his lowly bed;
Gone the fresh hue of vigour—
Come hectic flush instead!

PART III.

A man of God comes to him;
He knows that he must die,

"THE-LORD-IS-my-(remember)
My Shepherd, and my Lord.

"Now place your right forefinger
On the fourth of your left hand;
Let it rest there, my laddie,
To help you understand."

The sick boy heard intently,
Then did as he was told.

And of the left fourth
finger
With the first right he
took hold.

And then he murmured
softly,
"The Lord is my—is my,
My Shepherd," and so
saying
A bright smile lit his eye.

PART IV.

In a few days that good
man
Came to the cot once
more,
"How is your laddie,
mither?"
He asked her at the door.

"Oh, bonnie! he's right
bonnie!"
She earnestly replied;
But a tear was on her
lashes,
For her darling boy had
died!

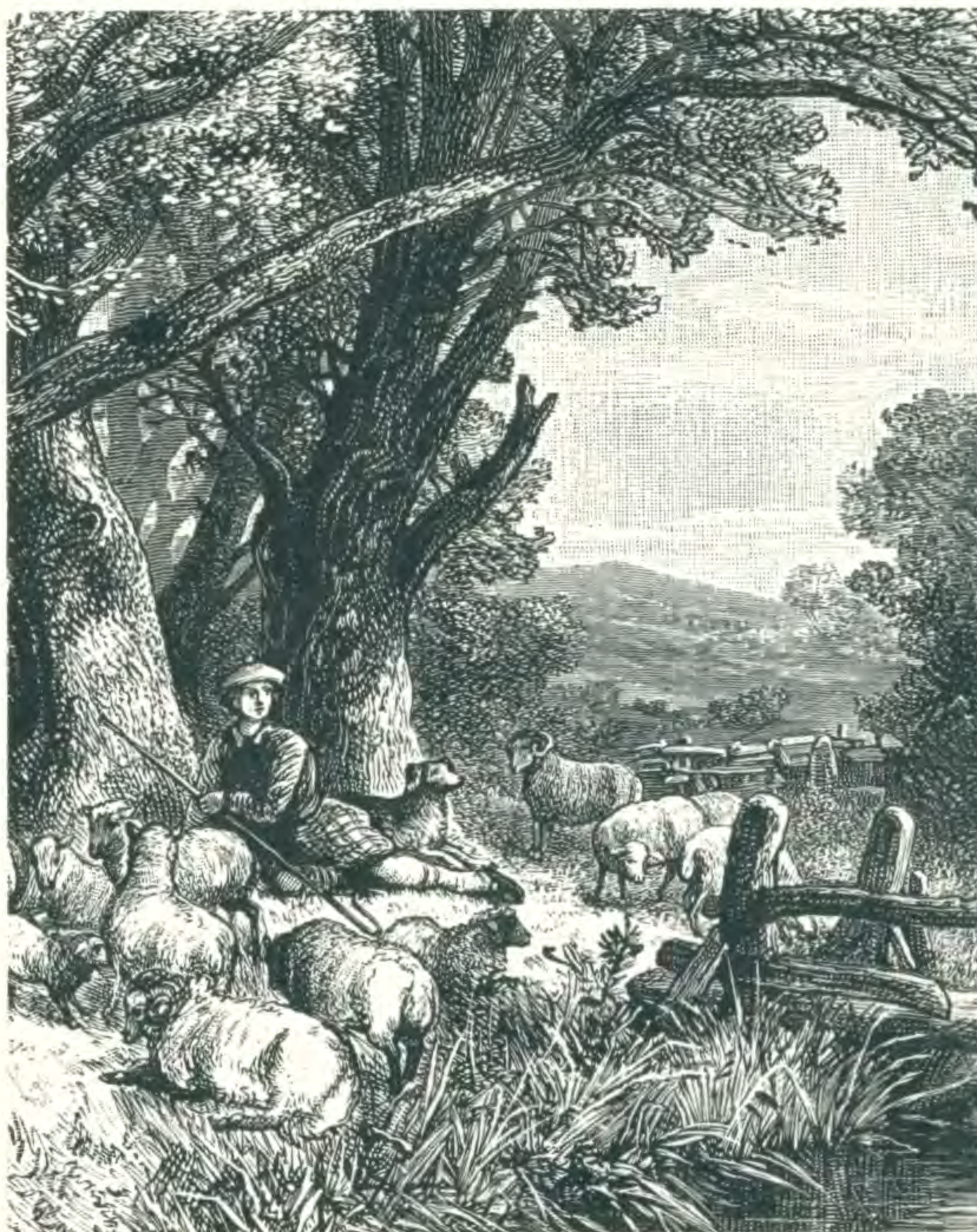
She took him to his bed-
side:
There, crossed upon his
breast,
The right forefinger
closely

On the left fourth finger pressed.
Unseen came the Good Shepherd,
And took His lamb away,
With Him in His sweet pastures
For evermore to stay!

Oh, happy are the humble
Who in the Lord believe!
Who Him and His salvation
With simple trust receive!

They say and mean it truly,
Inspired with faith divine!

"I am the Lord's for ever,
And He, I know, is mine!" E.A.W.



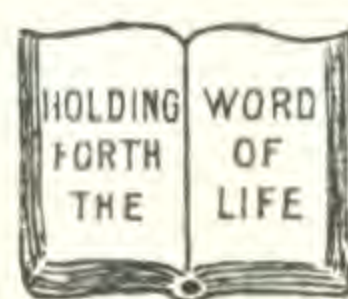
And on the blest Redeemer,
Desires to fix his eye.
"A sheep you minded, laddie,
Could it but speak would say,
'Yon is my shepherd! kindly
He led me every day.'

"So you may say, believing,
'The Lord my Shepherd is!
My very own! and truly
I know that I am His.'

"See here," and on his fingers
The kind man marked each word:

THE GRAND OLD BOOK. (With apologies to the Author of)

I LOVE it, I love it, who dare me rebuke
For loving, still loving the grand old Book?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed
it with sighs.



'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you know the spell? For a Saviour I look,
And Him I have found through the grand
old Book.
T.B.

ONE SIN LEADS TO ANOTHER.

PASSING by a running brook, at the ford of which a merry band of boys and girls were disporting themselves in the summer sun, I was reminded of an incident in my life when about the same age as these dear children.

My mother had given me and my sisters each a little scent bottle. In giving them we were told never to take them to school. One day I disobeyed her by taking mine. In going to school we had to pass some ponds which we had also been strictly forbidden to go near. But on this particular day, as we were coming home, some of my school-fellows went down to one of these ponds and filled some bottles they had with them with water. I thought how nice it would be to fill mine. So down I went, intending to fill it; but, alas! it slipped from my fingers and sank to the bottom.

Then I began to think how wrong I had been, and how angry, or rather grieved, my mother would be at my disobeying her, first in taking it to school, then in filling it at the forbidden water.

Fortunately for me, as I then thought, one of the elder girls reached down her hand and drew up my precious little bottle, which you may be sure I was very pleased to see. Then the girls began to say, "Oh, your mother need never know!" and, as I had got my bottle back, I stifled conscience, and said nothing about it.

My sin of disobedience was not found out, but it found me out, for, although I had not told anyone, after I got to bed I could not sleep—for fear of what, do you think? That my mother would find out that I had disobeyed her, and punish me as I deserved? Oh, no, my fear was lest



Copyright Photo.

A MERRY BAND OF BOYS AND GIRLS AT THE BROOK.

ONE SIN LEADS TO ANOTHER.

the Lord should come, for I knew I was not prepared to meet Him. Perhaps you wonder why I did not go straight and tell my mother. You see I had put it off at first, and it is always harder to do right afterwards.

For some years after the incident I have spoken of I was always going to turn over a new leaf, but never did I get rest. Sometimes when awake in the night I would think, "If the Lord does not come before the morning I will be different; I won't do this, and I will do that." But all my good resolutions fell to the ground. And why? Because they were made in my own strength. I did not then know the Lord Jesus as my Saviour. Yet it was not long till I made a clear confession to mother and to God. Nay, more, I believed on the Lord Jesus with my heart, and was saved (Rom. 10. 9).

If you do not know this joy come now to the Lord Jesus. He will receive you, will wash you in His precious blood, and make you fit to live with Him for ever. You will not be afraid then to go to sleep for fear the Lord should come and leave you behind. Oh, no, for He will not forget even the smallest child that believes in Him (1 Thess. 4. 14), but will take them, to be with Him in glory for ever. N. N.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 20. Two men walking in a park were talking about conversion. One said he could not see that "whosoever" included him. Pointing to the notice board, "Whosoever is found trespassing on these beds will be prosecuted," the older man asked if that notice included him. He saw at once that if the whosoever of man took him in, much more the "whosoever" of God's great love story (John 3. 16). He put his name in, believed, and obtained everlasting life in the park. Trees, flowers, &c., should give variety

in painting, but remember this one thought, "God's whosoever includes you." HyP.

EASY EPIGRAM for boys and girls, No. 32.

From prison darkness he is brought, [sought;
To harm whom once an enemy
But guiltless in God's sight he was,
Although no one would help his cause. [show

Some years before God did him
What now He meant the world to know.

He summoned is to counsel give,
That king and people all may live.
His counsel proved to be God's voice,

And caused the world to rejoice.
Now name who thus was freed from toil,
And raised by God to honour royal. Js. Fs.

Answer to 31.—Nadab and Abihu (Lev. 10. 1).

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, 220.

My first is found in fish,
My second is in fowl.
My next in sun is seen,
My fourth is in the moon.
The fifth is seen in day,
When calm can claim my sixth.
The seventh is in night,
The eighth is found in brisk.
In soul is seen my ninth,
And bones contain my last.
Now please what is my whole:
'Tis that which should come first,
It's something God has sealed,
That He may know His own.
One chapter speaks of twelve,
And one "the corner stone." E.E.G.

Answer to 219.—Faith, Redemption, Iniquities, Eternal Life, Needs, Death, Spear—FRIENDS.



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 20.

THAT WHOSOEVER INCLUDES YOU.

THE SOWER OF TARES.

WHO placed Adam and Eve in a holy, happy Eden? It was God. Who plunged them into sin and sorrow? It was Satan. From the beginning of the Bible, right on through all its pages, we find God to be the Author of good, of holiness, and of joy. Whenever God seeks to do good to poor man, Satan is nigh at hand, seeking to hinder and spoil.

In Matt. xiii. 24-30, Jesus told a story with a hidden meaning to his disciples. Here it is: "A man sowed good seed in his field." Many days of weary toil they would have, ploughing and preparing the soil; but at last the work is done, the seed is sown, and the workers, no doubt, with contented minds, would go to sleep. But, look! Yonder, in the midnight hour, guided by the pale light of the rising moon, we see a dark form creeping along through the trees towards the newly-sown field. What is it? Who is it? Listen! "While men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." In a very few moments, with thievish look and stealthy step, this wicked one marred the work of many weary hours and days.

Let us now draw a lesson from this parable. Jesus, the great Sower, scattered the good seed, and still by the Holy Spirit, and God's people, this good work is carried on. Following closely in their footsteps, under the dark shade of his night-wiles, cometh Satan, ever sowing tares. This world is a great field, and in it are to be found the fruit of Satan's sowing and God's sowing. In Matt. vii. 22, we read of some of the Devil's tares. Persons who, during their life on earth, had made a loud profession, but in the testing-day they were shut out, and banished from the Lord's presence. "We prophesied, we cast out demons, we did wonderful works, all in Thy name," they cried, very likely; but with terrible sound came the only answer, "I never knew you; *depart.*"

Dear Boys and Girls, does Jesus know you? Not do you know Jesus, but does Jesus know you? "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "I know my sheep, and am known of Mine." Be careful that Satan does not deceive you, and make you a tare. Don't say you are saved, unless you are clear and certain about it. There are many professors to-day—multitudes of counterfeits—very like the true Christians, but *ONLY like* them, never having been born again, by the good and "incorruptible seed." God will by-and-bye tear off every mask, and detect all shams, and if you are not really "born again," you will be bound "hand and foot," and cast "into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

HAVE YOU BEEN BITTEN?

GOD has graciously furnished every living creature in this world with mouths and teeth. Hence we read and hear of people being "bitten." Now, there are many different kinds of "bites" to be considered, and nasty though many of them are, yet they may contribute to our instruction and admonition. Let us then first of all consider

HUNGERBITE.

This bite is strangely caused for *want* of something to bite! If we had bread to bite we never would be hunger bitten! In our great cities there are always multitudes of hungry boys and girls. Yet this need not trouble anyone *spiritually*, however poor they may be, for Jesus says, "I am the Bread of Life, he that cometh to Me shall never hunger" (John 6. 35).

We must not omit to mention **FROSTBITE**. This is a dreadful bite, and very painful. The Marconi operator of the doomed s.s. "Titanic" suffered much from this as he struggled in the icy water, and the inhabitants of the Frigid Zone often feel the cold, sharp teeth of "King Frost." The

soul remedy for this bite is to dwell in the warm atmosphere of Divine Love. "Keep yourselves in the love of God" (Jude 21).

Then our lesson would not be complete without **GNATBITE**. How very troublesome and tiresome are these tiny little insects in the beautiful summer evenings! How their bite blisters our hands and faces. Although they are so very *small* themselves, they can make *big* people very uncomfortable! Perhaps the most similar thing to gnatbite is "the little member which boasteth great things," mentioned in James 3. 5.

Of course everybody is very familiar with **DOGBITE**. Many a poor fellow has been hurried into an early grave because he was bitten by some mad dog. The French people have established two special institutes, one in Paris and one in Saigon, for the treatment of dogbite. I knew a man who was bitten by a mad dog in the Straits Settlements, and he was cured at Saigon. Naaman was spiritually thus bitten (2 Kings 5. 12). So was Paul (Acts 26. 11). "Beware of dogs" (Phil. 3. 2).

Original Eyegate Lesson, No. 255.

Then there is also **BACKBITE**. This is not a little insect that bites the back in bed, you know, although a Sunday school scholar once told his teacher so. "My little children, what is a backbiter?" said the teacher solemnly. "Please, teacher," replied a boy "a flea." You can forgive this creature when it bites your

back, for it is its nature to do so; but can you forgive nasty, naughty backbiters, boys and girls, aye, and men and women, too? (Prov. 25. 23; 2 Cor. 12. 20).

Besides these other bites, we must include **SNAKE-BITE**. Oh! it is horrible to be bitten by a huge, poisonous snake. It is estimated that 50,000 persons lose their lives annually through snake-bite in India alone. Happily our land is now pretty free from such venomous reptiles. Sad to say, "that old serpent the devil" (Rev. 12. 9) has bitten us all (Rom. 3. 23). Yet there is a remedy even for this deadly bite (1 John 3. 8).

Now we must leave a little space to consider the very worst of all bites. Although last mentioned, it is really the most dreadful and deadly of all. **SINBITE**. We may

have escaped all the other bites mentioned, but here is one from which we all suffer more or less, and more *than* less. What a fearful thing it is to be sinbitten! Satan, the serpent, has plunged the fangs of sin into all our souls, and the poison of sin is pulsing in our very veins, and the teeth of sin are biting away at the very core of our lives. The work may be *slow*, and the poison may be *sweet*, but the end is *sure*. Is there a remedy for Sinbite? Dogbite is oftentimes fatal! Snakebite is wellnigh hopeless! Frostbite has claimed many victims! Yes, yes, ten thousand thanks to God, for He has provided an infallible remedy for Sinbite. Through Christ's stripes poor sinbitten sinners may be eternally healed (Isa. 53. 5). Even as the snakebitten Israelite found a ready remedy in the uplifted serpent of brass, so now may poor sinbitten sinners find a real, ready remedy for their soul wounds in the stripes of God's Son. You *have* been bitten. You *may* be healed! You *should* be healed, and if you come now to the Lord Jesus Christ you *will* be healed. T.B.





THE FRIEND OF AFRICA.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

in opening up the continent of Africa, preparing the way for mission stations, exposing the slave traffic, and carrying the Word of God to the sons and daughters of "darkest Africa."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, African explorer and missionary, was born at Blantyre, Scotland, in 1813. From the age of ten he worked in a cotton factory; at the same time teaching himself Latin and studying natural history. Converted to God in 1833. In 1840 he set sail for the Cape as a missionary. Settling in Bechuanaland, he married the daughter of Dr. Moffat in 1844. In 1849 he began his explorations by a journey to Lake Ngami; in 1856 he discovered the now famed Victoria Falls; in 1859 Lake Nyassa; in 1869 Lake Bangweolo, on the shores of which he died in 1873. The 29th of April was the last day of his travels. At Chitambo's village they laid him on a rough bed, and watched over him till at four in the morning of May 1st he was found kneeling at his bedside cold in death. His followers carried his remains to the coast, whence his body was transhipped to England and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey in 1874. One of the noblest of Scotia's sons, he did a mighty work for God and man

HYP.

WHEN little David Livingstone
Was just a boy like me,
His young heart burned with love for those
In dark lands o'er the sea.
And many a time he vowed and prayed,
If God should will it so,
To take the light of life to them
A pilgrim he would go.

God heard the little factory lad,
A few short summers sped,
The call came clear as morning,
And this is what it said—
"Go ye to every nation,
The Gospel light extend,
And, lo! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

He longed to serve the Master
With heart and voice and limb—
That meek and lowly Saviour,
Who gave His life for him.
Not his the paths of pleasure,
Not his the joy of home,
Not his the place of honour
From far across the foam.

That cry from Macedonia
He heard; his life, his all
He laid upon the altar,
Obedient to the call—
"Go ye to every nation,
The glad tidings send,
And, lo! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

Farewell to nearest, dearest;
Farewell to kith and kin;
The opened door is entered,
Jehovah shuts him in.
Away to gloom and darkness,
Away from life and light,
Away into the silence,
Away into the night.

Away through swamp and jungle,
By foot of man untrod,
Away through toil and danger
To cross, and crown, and God.
Alone! Ah, no, he is not,
His never failing Friend
Says, "Lo! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

What sheaves from that lone furrow!
What fields from that lone plough!
Stand whitening in the sunshine,
And ripe for reaping now.
Up, then, let's claim the blessing,
The Father's blest "well done."
There are lands for our possessing,
There are cities yet unwon.

Though his pilgrimage is ended,
Though his voice is still'd for aye,
That trumpet call for service,
Sounds clear for us to-day—
"Go ye to every nation,
My kingdom still extend,
And, lo! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

INSPECTOR AITKEN.

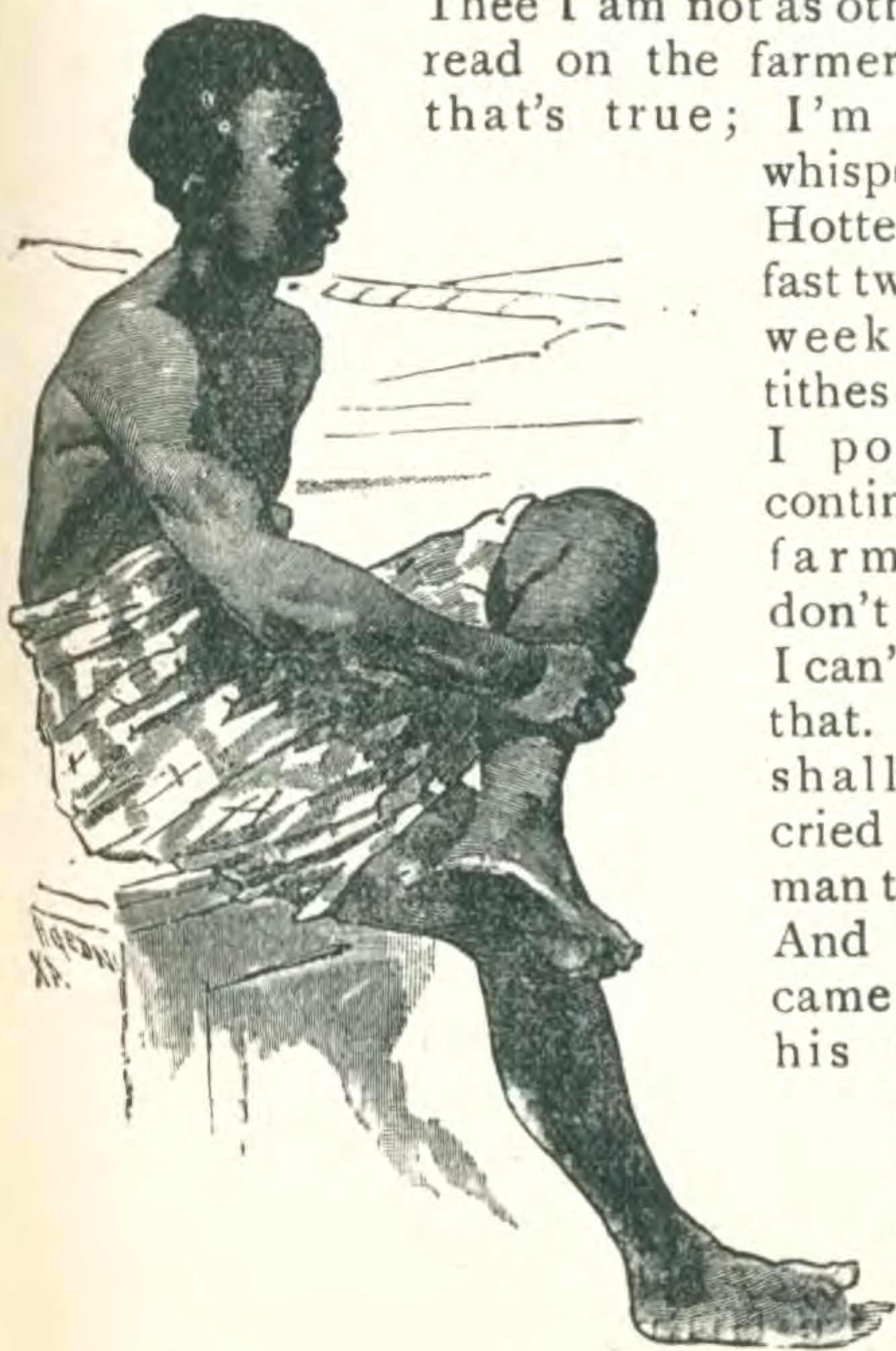
THE PUBLICAN AND THE HOTTENTOT.

IN the family of a Dutch Boer, in the Transvaal, lived a poor, ignorant Hottentot as servant. His life was a hard one, doing constant service without hope of freedom or reward. The Boer, his master, was a man who daily gathered round him his family of five stalwart sons and three daughters, and ere they lay down to rest read to them by the fading light of day a chapter from the Book of books. One day the chapter happened to be the one which contains the parable of the Pharisee and the publican.

"Two men went up into the temple to pray," sounded forth in the sonorous voice of the Dutch farmer. In a corner of the room sat the Hottentot; his form bent forward in an attitude of eager attention. Poor man! ignorant and stupid though he was, something had taught him that he had a soul, and that there was a great God of souls, and he had often longed to know how to speak about his soul to that great God. So as those words fell on his ears no wonder that he listened!

"Now I shall learn how to pray," he said to himself. "God! I thank Thee I am not as other men," read on the farmer. "Ah! that's true; I'm worse,"

whispered the Hottentot. "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess—" continued the farmer. "I don't do that. I can't pray like that. Oh! what shall I do?" cried the poor man to himself. And big tears came up into his eyes as he sat dejected and bowed to the ground.



But soon he heard that the publican "would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven—" "That's me!" cried Jacob; "that's me." "Stood afar off—" "That's me!" "But smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" The poor black man jumped up in excitement and left the room; he ran out to the woodshed, and fell on his knees, and there, smiting his dark breast, he pleaded in the words of the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

How wonderful to think that this short prayer of seven words suits old and young, rich and poor, black man and white—all and every one who feel themselves to be sinful, and helpless, and needy.

The proud Pharisee's prayer was like a stone thrown up into heaven, which fell back to earth again, but the publican's petition rose up before God's throne like a sweet cloud of incense, perfuming the very courts of heaven.

As you read the publican's story, can you say truthfully and in your heart to each sentence, "That's me?" Are you really looking to God, *for Christ's sake*, to be merciful to you, a sinner? Then it will comfort you to remember that the publican went down to his house "justified"—that is, forgiven, cleansed, and happy. So may you. E.T.E.P.

LIVINGSTONE'S TESTIMONY.

It was about his twentieth year, in 1833, that the great spiritual change took place which determined the course of David Livingstone's future life. Before this time he had earnest thoughts about Eternity. Later on, God revealed to him his error, and he renounced all hope in himself; and as a bankrupt beggared sinner he trusted in the power and willingness of Christ to save. To use his own words, he says: "I saw the duty and inestimable privilege *immediately to accept* salvation by Christ. Humbly believing that through sovereign mercy and grace I have been enabled so to do, and having felt in some measure its effects on my still depraved and deceitful heart, it is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of *Him who died for me* by henceforth devoting my life to His service."

A TROPHY OF JOHN THREE SIXTEEN.

WHAT various "trophies of grace" have looked you in the face from these pages. Men and women of almost every nationality, boys and girls of almost all ages, persons with healthy bodies, and those with delicate frames, some with the ruddy glow of health, others wearing the pallor of early decay, yet ALL have testified to the true heart satisfaction which alone can be found in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners.

In last record a South of Scotland lad told of saving grace in the hour of death, in this one a North of Scotland young woman tells the story of how the Lord met and saved her. Here are her own words:

"I was born on 2nd February, 1887, and born again on 12th August, 1895. There was a tent pitched a few miles from my home, in which a servant of God was preaching the Gospel. We had holidays from school, so I went on a visit to some friends quite near to where the tent was. My father, mother, and two brothers had been saved for some time, my two sisters having accepted Christ during the tent services. I alone was unsaved, without Christ, without hope—lost (Luke 19. 10).

"We went to the tent on Monday evening, and, being amongst the first to arrive, the speaker spoke to me a few minutes from John 3. 16, showing how 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I was like King Agrippa, I was 'almost persuaded' (Acts 26. 28). When the text was given out, again it was John 3. 16. Oh, how I longed

to be saved. I listened while God's love was being told forth in all its depth, Christ being presented in all His beauty. Although only a child, I knew I was a lost sinner, I knew I was one of the sheep who had turned to their own way (Isa. 53. 6); yet God loved me, Christ died for me. Just as I was, God offered me His only begotten Son. Would I accept Him and have everlasting life, or would I reject Him and have God's wrath abiding on me—Christ or the world? I accepted God's offer, and was saved for time and for eternity. Praise His name.

'Was it for me He bowed His head
Upon the cross, and freely shed
His precious blood, that crimson tide—
Was it for me the Saviour died?
It was for me, yes, all for me,
O love of God, so great, so free;
O wondrous love, I'll shout and sing,
He died for me, my Lord and King.'

"Dear unsaved reader, you can be saved now. Oh, accept Him as your Saviour now. He loves you, He died for you. If you reject Him you will have to stand before the Great White Throne and hear Him say, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels' (Matt. 25. 41). 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16. 31). "Now is the accepted time."

If still undecided, why not follow Chrissie's example, and as you are, and where you are, put your name into God's great "whosoever" of John 3. 16? Accept the Lord Jesus as your very own Saviour, and right on the spot you will obtain eternal life, and join with Chrissie Scroggie and many more in saying, "Praise His name." HYP.



CHRISSIE SCROGGIE, TURRIFF.

TWO UNCHANGEABLE THINGS.

THIS is an old, and yet an original lesson. To get it we had to go into the house of a missionary in Central Africa, search amongst his photographs, and lay hold on this one. It reminds him of a morning when he had a visitor in his bedroom, a visitor who was far from welcome, but who fortunately took to flight when the missionary got up, springing out of the window instead of at the missionary. Another day the same visitor attacked a black boy, for the visitor was a thief, who cared for nobody when in search of food. Another day the thief came back, and a shot from the gun ended his life, and left him as you see him here. He can hurt no longer, but his spots remain, and a black boy sits beside him to complete the picture.

Now for the text. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" (Jer. 13. 23). Here is a question for us to answer. Like the text the answer comes quickly, and the answer is "No." Most of us have seen a leopard, and thought it pretty as we watched its quick and graceful movements. It was tamed. Its keeper might feed it from his hand, but its spots could not be taken away. Nothing could change them.

The prophet who wrote of these two unchanging things tells us that they are a picture of men and women, of boys and girls. They have something which they cannot put away, and something which they cannot change. Our souls are defiled and spotted by sin. The wrong things which we

do, the wrong words we speak, the wrong thoughts we think, anger, hate, untruthfulness, these are the spots. They are on us all, for "all have sinned," and we cannot change them or put them off. Worse, they come from something which God says is deceitful and desperately wicked—that is, the heart. Though you want to be good and to do right, you feel that you cannot do it. The wrong is quicker, and comes easier than the right. You ask, How can they be changed? God can do it. He tells you to believe Him, to trust Him for your spots, and for your wicked heart, and if you do so, He will change them for you. His Son the Lord Jesus Christ has died on the cross and borne our sins (Isa. 53. 6). Black on account of our sinful nature, spotted because of our transgressions, our only refuge and hope is the Saviour. His precious blood was shed that our spots may be taken away. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isa. 1. 18). He is living at God's right hand to change and transform you by His power, and if you only trust Him He will do it for you now. J.H.



A DANGEROUS ENEMY, KILLED AT JOHNSTON FALLS, CENTRAL AFRICA.

HAPPY HEARTS AND BUSY FINGERS.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 5. He was a stone-breaker. Passing one day, a friend inquired if the "hammer" of God's Word (Jer. 23.....) had ever broken his hard heart. He explained that he had a little girl in heaven, who died singing, "Glory, honour, praise, and power be unto the Lamb for ever," that he had not spent twenty shillings on drink all his lifetime, that he was not a swearer, and thus hoped to join his darling child. John 3. 3, 7 was read to him. (You read it carefully.) He was pointed to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1.....), and urged to cast aside all his own merit, rest alone in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, then he might say with his dying child, "Jesus Christ is my Redeemer. Hallelujah!" Paint suitable colours for an outside scene, and as you paint think of that scene of all scenes on the

hill called Calvary, and write out the words of the "chief of sinners" (1 Tim. 1.....). "The Son of God who loved ME, and gave Himself for ME" (Gal. 2.....). HYP.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 205.

My dear boys and girls I should like you to find
A nice little name that is now on my mind;
Four boys and one girl will be all you will need
To make it complete, so now search it with speed.
My first was a lad who when quite in his youth
Had learned from his mother the scriptures of
truth;

The second a boy which when laid down to die,
By his heart-stricken mother—God heard the
boy's cry,

And told her to lift him, and place in her hand,
And He would be with him, and cause him
to stand.

The girl is the next, she was looked on as dead,
But Jesus said to her, "Rise up in thy bed."

The next was a king, though a boy of sixteen,
Who was faithful to God when humble and
young.

My last little boy heard
God's voice when He
spoke,

And obeyed His command
when he rightly awoke;
To my whole Paul has
written a letter, 'twill be
A blessing to all of us if
we will see

*A message from God in
the verses, that we*

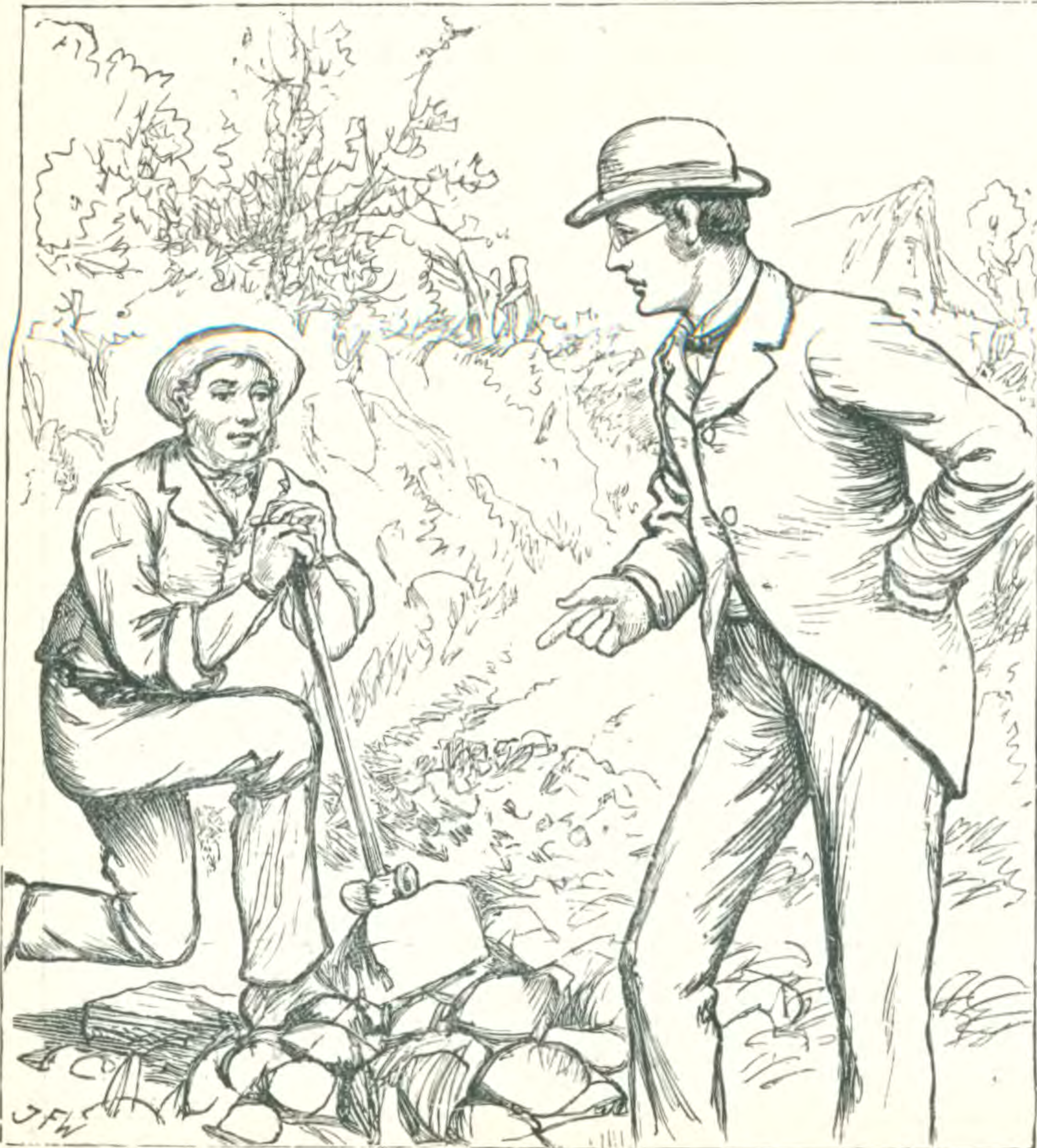
May apply to our own
special needs, you and
me. E.E.G.

Answer to No. 204.
Wafers (Exod. 16. 31),
Rachel (Gen. 29. 30),
Absalom (2 Sam. 15. 10),
Tekel (Daniel 5. 27),
Hannah (1 Sam. 1. 27)—
WRATH (John 3. 36).

EASY EPIGRAM for
little searchers, No. 17.
With deep remorse and
shame he's filled,
Who saw the stormy waves
once stilled; [remained,
His heart so fond of gold
With scarlet sins his soul
was stained.

In what verse in Luke is the
traitor named? JS.FS.

Answer to No. 16
Genesis 14. 1-9.



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 5.

THE STONE-BREAKER'S HOPE.

BOYS AND GIRLS BIBLE BAND.

MAY reminds us of *resurrection*. The dry, barren trees and hedges begin once more to blossom and manifest life and beauty. So in the day to come, when, though our bodies are laid in the cold, dark grave, on the resurrection morning we shall come forth. "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption" (1 Cor. 15. 42). The great question is, Shall you and I be in the resurrection of life, or in the resurrection of judgment? Behold the Lamb of God now, and He will be a Friend then. Spurn Him now, and He will be Judge then (John 1. 29). HYP.

Help Wanted! Such is the cry of the busy teacher and diligent worker for the Master. Following the issue of Twelve Baskets Full, Subjects-Studies-Stories, Eyegate to Heartgate, &c., comes the entirely original volume *Handfuls of Help*. 300 devotional studies, by an invalid for twenty-one years. Clear type. Helpful and suggestive. 1/ net; 1/3. post free. The four for 4/.

The Coronation is fixed for 22nd June. Next number will contain special articles for young folks in connection with this event of world-wide interest. Don't fail to get a copy for each of your scholars and young friends in school and out of school. Make this known to your companions.

Busy Fingers continue to welcome the *Picture Paintings*, and Bible lovers the *Searchings and Epigrams*, as given monthly on opposite page. Little folks are having happy moments over the

London Lessons for searchers all over the world. No. 3.—Here is a Diamond to make.

A drink well known to you and me,
A son of Caleb here you see;
My centrals Japheth's son will show,
Next Hezron's son you ought to know;
Now half a hundred you can spy,

So, as a diamond, who am I? W. T. R.

Answer to No. 2 — JESUS (Matthew 1. 21).

The Lovely Volumes of the new *Every Christian's Library* now adorn the homes of many earnest workers. The two latest are, "How to Overcome," by J. T. Mawson; and, "God's Gospel and God's Righteousness," by Philip Mauro. 1/ net; post free, 1/3 each.

Subjects for Sunday in connection with *The Gospel Scheme*, 1/6 per 100; *Boys and Girls Almanac*, 6d. per doz; Notes in *The Pathway*, 1/ per annum, Subject—"From the Manger to the Throne."

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
May 7,	Death of John the Baptist, Mark 6. 14-29	James 1. 15
" 14,	A Plenteous Repast, - John 6. 5-14	John 6. 27
" 21,	The Children's Crumbs, - Mark 7. 24-30	Isaiah 42. 3, 4
" 28,	Heavenly Bread, - Exod 16. 11-36	John 6. 51
June 4,	One Fold, One Shepherd, John 10. 1-17	John 10. 14, 15
" 11,	A Lawyer's Difficulty, - Luke 10. 25-37	James 5. 11
" 18,	The Rich Fool, - Luke 12. 13-23	Matt. 16. 26
" 25,	The Smitten Rock, - Exod. 17. 1-16	John 7. 37, 38

Memory Lessons, such as the story of *David Livingstone* on page 2, should be given to children at home and in school. Small tokens of appreciation may be given on same being correctly repeated.



Invaluable to Teachers. A series of Bible lectures on *The Basis of the Faith*, by C. F. Hoag, commenced in *The Witness* for April, and will continue monthly. They treat on The Historic Christ, Death, Resurrection, and Deity of Christ. May to December Nos. post free anywhere for 1/. Do not miss this valuable series.

Almanac Awards are being carefully compiled, and will be intimated at earliest moment. Continue to "search the Scriptures."

Bible Band. New names: 2316, John Maxton; 2317, Jessie Maxton; 2318, James Maxton; 2319, Annie Maxton; 2320, Kate Maxton; 2321, Archie Maxton; 2322, Wm. Flannagan; 2323, Lizzie Flannagan; 2324, Jas. Flannagan; 2325, Bella Tonner; 2326, Barbara Gibson; 2327, Lizzie Petrie; 2328, Grace Morrison; 2329, Harry M'Gowan;

2330, Tom Johnston; 2331, Wm. Dempster; 2332, Andw. Donald; 2333, Fergie Robertson; 2334, Dan. Hurrell; 2335, Wm. Cotter—all of Glasgow.

Tract Bands and distributors should get a copy of our newest *Guide to Everything Evangelistic*, which, with new samples, will be sent post free to any address in the world. "The finest list of pure Gospel literature ever issued."

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

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Articles, stories, photos, and items of interest suitable for our pages are welcome. Post to Editor, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow.

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And through most Booksellers, Colporteurs, and Tract Depots.

THE DAUGHTER AND THE DOCTOR.

WATCH the blackboard while I fix on it a few cards, one at a time, and we will have a talk about a girl who lived long ago in the land of Palestine. The cards will help to interest us in this story, which you may read for yourself in Luke's Gospel, chapter 8, verses 41 to 56.

Card I has the letter D in a pretty pink colour to represent a bright girl of twelve years of age. We do not know her name, but we are told she was the *daughter* of a man called Jairus, who was a ruler of the synagogue. This D, then, will stand for

DAUGHTER,

and the colour might suggest that she was in the bloom of health and a joy to her father. It is certain that Jairus loved his girl very dearly, and was willing to do a great deal to make her happy, for she was his one "only daughter" (verse 42). About this time, however, something took place which brought sadness to the home of Jairus. You see on

Card II, the same letter, D, but what a change! The colour seems to have faded away to white, while the whole letter is covered with ugly black spots. What can it mean? This card indicates

DISEASE,

and we learn from it that Jairus' daughter became unwell. There she lay in bed feeling very ill and growing worse day by day. You can imagine how troubled Jairus would be, and how he would try every remedy he could think of to make his daughter well, but all in vain. If unsaved you are like this girl, because you also have a disease. "Oh," you say, "I am quite well." That may be true as to your body, but I speak now of the soul. The Word of God says that sin is like a dreadful malady described as follows: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores" (Isa. 1 5, 6). You have this disease, because all have fallen into its grasp (Rom. 3. 23). Like leprosy, it cannot be cured except by the power of God. No amount of good efforts such as Bible reading, praying,

trying to be good, can get rid of the disease of sin.

Card III has a D in a bright blue colour. Can you guess what it stands for? When you are ill you send for someone to come and make you well. What do you call him? The

DOCTOR.

That is right. Jairus went for the doctor and he chose the very best he could find. One who had been doing wonderful cures, making the blind to see, the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and healing

all kinds of diseases.

You know His name—JESUS, the heavenly Doctor, as indicated by the heavenly colour on our card. He came from heaven to heal the sin-sick. His suffering and death for the sin of the world has provided a remedy for the disease of sin. "With His stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53. 5). You have only to glance at

Card IV, with its black border and letter D in black to guess the message. The daughter was **DEAD**.

All the hopes of Jairus were gone now. What was the use of troubling the Master any further? But Jesus said, "Fear not, believe only, and she shall be made whole." God's Word describes the sinner not only as having the disease of sin but as being already "dead in sins" (Eph. 2. 1). Yet the Lord Jesus says to such—"He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John 10. 25) When Jesus entered the home

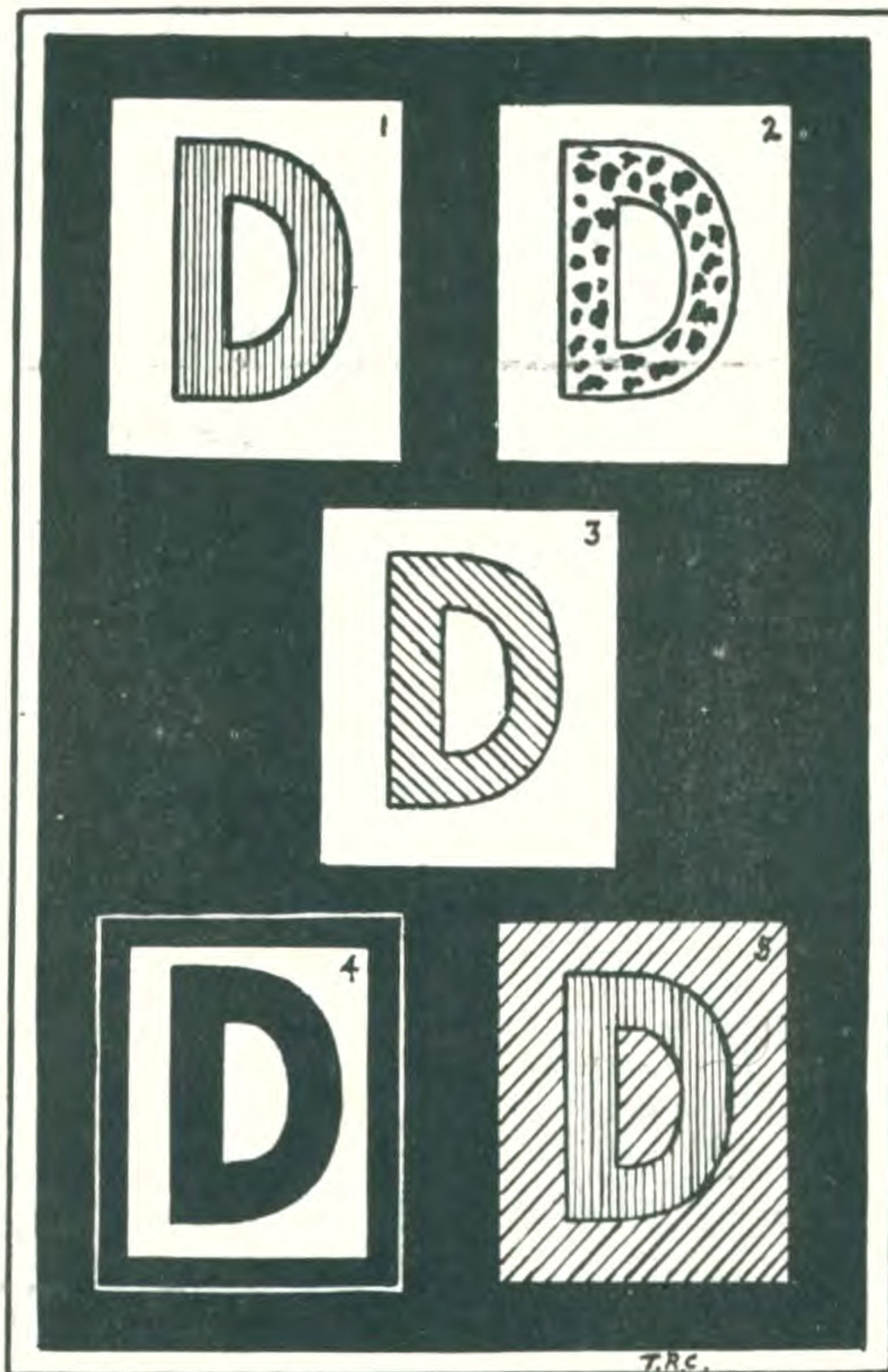
of Jairus He took the dead girl by the hand and said to her, "Maid, arise." Immediately, as

Card V, which will show how she was quickened to life, and was thus

DELIVERED

from death. The pink D indicates that the bloom of health was seen once more upon her cheeks, while the green background reminds us of Spring time. We are sure that from that day Jairus' daughter would tell others how she had been delivered from death by the power of Jesus.

Even now, He who is the Resurrection and the Life speaks to every dead sinner, saying: "The hour . . . now is when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." T.R.C.





ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GUESTS.

SO the children are to have a share in the Coronation celebrations, for Sir Wm. Carrington, Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse, made public the royal wishes in the following letter: "I beg to acquaint you that it is the King's gracious intention to entertain 100,000 of the London children at a fête at the Crystal Palace on Friday, 30th June, 1911, in celebration of the Coronation."

When the Lord Jesus had His coronation procession as the King coming unto Zion, "meek, and sitting upon an ass," the little ones were present. "And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David; they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearest Thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" (Matt. 21. 16).

What a lot of children! Can you count 100,000? And all invited by the King. It is a great crowd, but it is a limited number, and shuts out a good many. The Lord Jesus invites all children to His great Gospel Feast; and there will be not 100,000, but "a multitude that no man can number" (Rev. 7. 9). Not only is the number limited, but the locality is also limited—only London children are invited. Christ invites the children of every town and village in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. He

includes all nations as well. What a large party. He invites you. Have you heard about it? Are you coming?

What a lot it will cost! But then it is the

fête of a great King, and in honour of his Coronation. The Gospel Banquet to which Christ invites us cost His all. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. 8. 9). It cost Him His throne, His palace, His crown, His life, His all. Will the children have to pay anything? Of course not; they are to be the King's guests, so the King will pay. Do we have to pay for salvation? No; Jesus pays, and we come as His guests.



The King himself conceived the happy idea of inviting the children, The Queen, co-operating with him, and

there were soon ready helpers. Christ thinks of the children, not the children first think of Christ, and there are many who seek to help Him carry out His gracious promise. The King and Queen hope to be present at the great children's gathering. And the Lord has promised to meet all who accept His royal invitation.

King George V. cannot ask 100,000 children to his own palace, only to the Crystal Palace. Our gracious Lord invites us to His own royal court, to meet Him there and stay for ever. We cannot all be among King George's 100,000, but we may all be the guests of Jesus Christ. W. L.

FAR BEYOND THE WEALTH OF EARTH.

MY TREASURE.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matt. 6. 21).

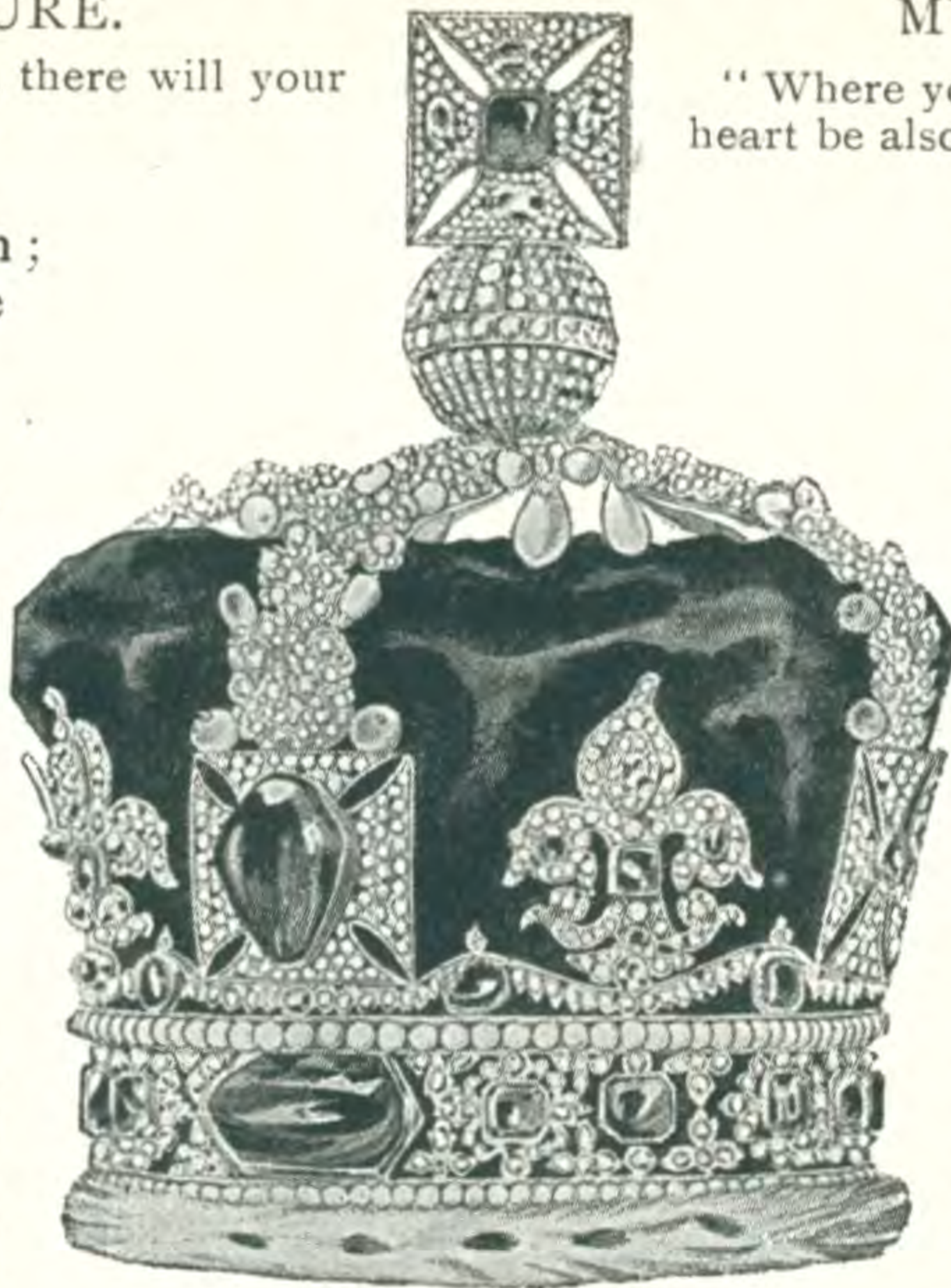
JESUS is my treasure,
None on earth I own;
All my hope and pleasure
Are in Him alone.

Jesus is my treasure;
He His life-blood gave,
Loving without measure
Those He came to save.

Jesus is my treasure,
Sharing all my care;
Always finding leisure
To attend my prayer.

Jesus is my treasure;
Now my life is stored

The British royal crown is covered with jewels and lined with a cap of violet velvet. From the circlet of gems, surmounted by crosses and *fleur-de-lis* rise the arches and mound. Yet it is as



THE ROYAL CROWN OF BRITAIN.

MY TREASURE.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Luke 12. 30).

Far above the azure—
Hid with Christ in God.

Jesus is my treasure;
May my heart abide
In its only haven,
At His wounded side.

Jesus is my treasure;
While on earth I still
Wander as a stranger
May I do His will.

Jesus is my treasure;
Soon I'll with Him be,
Love Him without measure,
All His glory see. L. D.

nothing compared to "the crown" laid up for the apostle Paul and for "all them also that love His appearing" (2 Tim. 4. 8). Will you be amongst that number?

CROWN JEWELS.

"They shall be Mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up My jewels," or "My special treasure" (Mal. 3. 17).

PRECIOUS truth, all truths above,
To the thought that God is love;
'Tis your daily work, I know,
Just the love of God to show.

How He raises sinful man,
By His great and wondrous plan;
By the blood of Christ, His Son,
Makes them, with Him, truly one.

After saving them from hell
(Joyful news to gladly tell)
Makes them saints of great renown—
Polished jewels for His crown.

Oh! these jewels in glory bright
Precious are in Jesus' sight,
Thus transformed and made to shine
Through the glory all divine.

They shall sing a song of praise
To the Lord through endless days,
Worthy, worthy Him alone
By His saving grace made known. A. C.

THE PRECIOUS WORD.

"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever" (1 Peter 1. 24, 25).

THE Bible is the Book of books,
Which God to man has given,
Its value more than aught on earth
To guide us all to heaven.

This Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e're in monarch's crown hath shone,
Or all their diadems.

Nay, were the seas one crisolite;
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This Book were worth them all.

Ah! no, the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gold cannot purchase health.

But here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest woe;
And they who seek this Book in tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow N.B.

HOW GOD SAVED A KING.

ON 8th December, 1907, there passed into the presence of the King of kings the person of OSCAR II., King of Sweden. The grandfather of Oscar II., the founder of the dynasty, was a bootmaker's apprentice and a Frenchman. At the climax of a troublesome period, Baron Morners, a Swedish statesman, suggested that Marshal Bernadotte should offer himself as Crown Prince. He did so, and was accepted, and in 1818 succeeded to the throne.

As to his testimony, Josiah Nix relates that some years ago at Bergen, the King was on the point of leaving for Stockholm when a party of Polytechnic visitors cheered lustily. Thereupon the King said to Mr. Nix, their conductor: "Do you like my country?" "No, your Majesty," was the reply, "we love it, and your people." Mr. Nix then thanked King Oscar for his message to the Y.M.C.A. in London on their celebration, and also for the Queen's greetings. "Are you a disciple?" King Oscar asked. "Yes, your Majesty, the least of all the disciples," was the answer, upon which the King said quietly: "Then please do not refer to me as 'your Majesty.' *We are one in Christ Jesus.*"

Touching details are given of the solemn moment when death, the King of Terrors (though not in this case the terror of kings), entered the royal chamber. When, at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, His Majesty

became conscious for a moment he recognised his family, and said in a clear voice: "God bless you all." The Queen said: "The Lord shall carry you through; His mercy is so great." To this the King replied: "*Yes, His mercy is great.*" The Queen then bent down over her husband's bed and whispered in his ear the words of the First Epistle of



OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN.

John, chapter 1, verse 7: "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and *the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*" The King said in a distinct voice: "THANKS BE TO JESUS." These words were King Oscar's last. At four o'clock he was "with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1. 23).

Thus is being amplified the testimony from monarchs and mighty men not a few, and from masses of the rank and file, the saved of the Lord, that (1) "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22); (2) that "*the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin*" (1 John 1. 7); (3) that peace through *the Blood of His Cross*" (Col. 1. 20) can be enjoyed in life and in death by one and all.

The vital question is: Are you resting alone in the peace-speaking Blood and Finished Work (John 17. 4) of the Son of God for happiness here and bliss hereafter? Is the true note of your heart—"Praise be to Jesus, my Saviour?" HYP.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE BEGGAR.

FROM very babyhood the young Princess Victoria had been an ardent lover of dolls, and though numbers of this favourite toy lay, slept, or sat in various attitudes within the royal nursery, the longing for a large blue-eyed beauty in a neighbouring toy-shop took possession of the Princess.

"When shall I go and buy her?" exclaimed the young lady to her mother, the Duchess of Kent. "I do not know," replied her mother; "you have no money, you spent your last allowance so quickly. Next month's will be due in a fortnight. I don't see what can be done." The Princess was quiet for a time, and then, looking into her mother's face, said, "Might I not go to the people at the shop and ask them to keep the doll for a fortnight?" "Yes, you might

do that," replied the Duchess. In due course the two weeks rolled past, and the Princess duly presented herself with the requisite six shillings to claim her trysted purchase. Never were silver shillings more deftly or cheerfully counted out than these were, never was doll more prized than the blue-eyed, nameless treasure safe now in the arms of her royal owner.

But, lo! as she bade the shopkeeper good-bye, and was stepping from the door, such a miserable looking object stood right in front of her. The abject poverty and the mute appeal touched the heart of the little Princess, and she said, "Did you wish to speak to me?" The poor tramp whined out, "I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger."

"I am so sorry," she replied, "but I have no money, or else—. But, stay—!" Her voice quivered, her eyes moistened, she stepped back into the shop and asked the lady if she would retain the doll for a few more days. Then getting her money back, she hastened out, placed the six shillings into the palm of the poor old man's hand, and said, "Now, go quickly and get something to eat." He replied, "Yes, miss, I will, and may God bless you all the days of your life," and hobbled off



QUEEN VICTORIA, IN DRESS OF THE PERIOD, LEAVING THE TOY-SHOP.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE BEGGAR.

to satisfy his cravings, whilst Princess Victoria returned home to tell her mother what she had done. Now, learn two lessons from this interesting incident :

1. THE ROYAL GIVER gave the best she had out of pure love. So the God of glory gave the best of heaven for the worst of earth. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" (John 3. 16). "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8).

2. THE BEGGAR TAKER just put out his empty hand, accepted, and said, "Thank you." So the poorest, the lowliest, the vilest *can* be saved; the richest, the highest, and the best *must* be saved. For "the GIFT of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Yes, after all, though vastly different in time, if the

beggar man and the Royal Queen are to meet again in the better land, both can only reach there by being "born again" (John 3. 7), by being cleansed from sin in the precious blood of Jesus Christ (1 John 1. 7).

How grand, if that poor beggar found "peace through the blood," and good Queen Victoria found "peace through the blood," and you have found "peace through the blood," when the joys and sorrows of earth are past, to join the "multitude which no man can number," gathered out of all classes, creeds, and countries, and with them to own Jesus as Lord, and join in the universal cry,

"Bring forth the Royal Diadem
And crown Him Lord of all." HYP.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 6. Three millions and a half of money is the value of the British crown jewels in the Tower of London. Read

Matt. 16. 26, and you will learn of something even more precious. Rest not till this is in safe keeping.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING, No. 206. How a crown was lost long, long ago.

A king was on an errand sent,
Apparently with glee he went;
Great trouble doubtless he did take,
But failed a full end to make; [done,
His work he thinks has been well
And victory complete has won;
But different quite did things appear
When in the presence of the seer.
What means this noise that's in mine
The lowing oxen I do hear. [ear?
Oh! for a sacrifice they're brought,
The best for God, the people thought.
With solemn words the prophet
spoke,

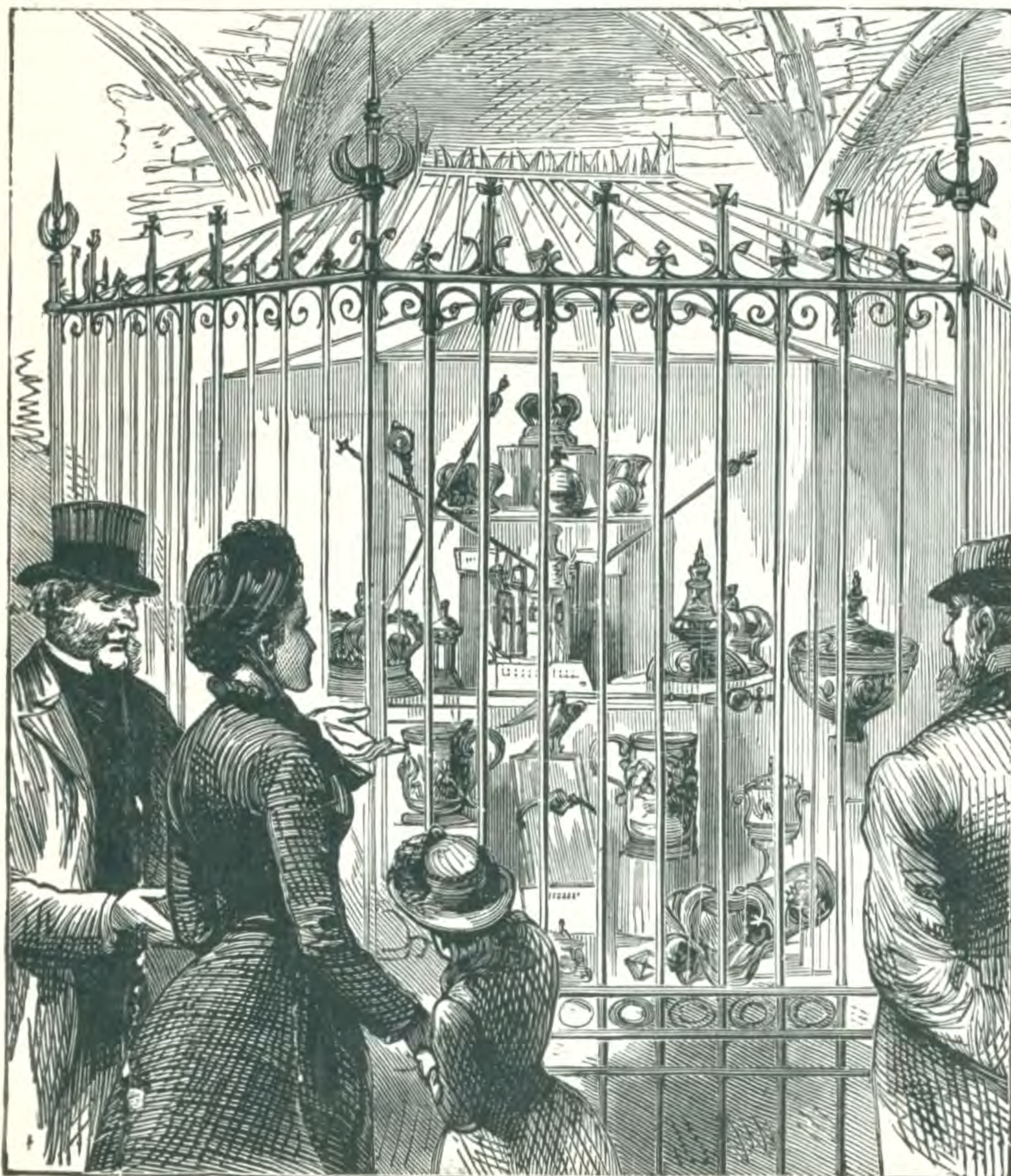
The king's dull conscience he awoke.
Obedience better is by far
Than all you've gained at the war.
This king a crown and kingdom lost,
And found self-pleasing to his cost.
His name who once so fair did look,
Please find this record in God's
Book. JS. FS.

Answer to 205. Timothy,
Ishmael, Tabitha, Uzziah,
Samuel. TITUS.

EASY EPIGRAM for little
searchers, No. 18.

Long, long before the name of king
In Israel was known,
There was a king of royal line
Upon proud Edom's throne.
One of these kings had the same name
As one of Israel's kings;
A mead of praise for boy or girl
Who the true answer brings. T. B.

Answer to No. 17.—
Judas, Luke 6. 16.



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 6.

REGALIA IN TOWER OF LONDON.

BOYS AND GIRLS OWN CORNER.

WHEN King Edward came to die, what did he want most? Did he send for the Crown, the Jewels, the Sceptre, or any of the great things of State? Nay, he got one of his attendants to go out and procure a copy of *The Sinner's Friend*, a copy of which he had read as a boy. Sovereign or subject, when they come to die, need the same Eternal Rock—"Christ" (1 Cor 10. 4) on which to rest. Be wise and make the Sinner's Friend your own friend to-day, then you are safe should you come to die, and you will be safe when you stand before the throne.

The Coronation of King George and Queen Mary is to take place on 22nd. This number is specially adapted for circulating amongst young folks, showing them the fleeting character of all the things of earth, and the lasting character of the "peace," which Christ alone can give.

Almanacs for 1911 are being examined. Some of the awards will be made in next number. See to keep up the *Picture Paintings*, and send in at end of year. Also follow carefully the *Searchings* on opposite page, and thus learn more and more of God's Holy Word.

Portions for Repetition telling of a wealth above all the wealth of earth will be found on page 3. Get one of them off and say it to friends at home or teacher at school.

Days of Delight 100 Pages. Suitable for Class Teaching, &c. Edited by HyP. 1/ net; 1/3. p.f.

London Lessons for boys and girls all over the land. No. 4.—An Acrostic Bible Searching.

My first is in John, but not in Mark,
My second is not in light, but dark,
My third is in Jonah, but not in whale,
My fourth is not in screw, but nail,
My fifth is in Abram, but not in Lot,
My sixth is not in cold, but hot,
My whole a woman is whose name
Backwards and forwards spells the same. W.T.R.
Answer to No. 3.—A Diamond searching.

T Tea
HUR 1 Chronicles 2. 19
TUBAL Genesis 10. 2
RAM Ruth 4. 19
L 50 W. T. R.

Subjects for Sunday in connection with *The Gospel Scheme*, 1/6 per 100; *Boys and Girls Almanac*, 6d. per doz.; Notes in *The Pathway*, 1/ per annum. Subject—"From the Manger to the Throne."

Sunday	Subject and portion to read	Memory verse
June 4, One Fold, One Shepherd,	John 10. 1-17	John 10. 14, 15
" 11, A Lawyer's Difficulty,	- Luke 10. 25-37	James 5. 11
" 18, The Rich Fool,	- Luke 12. 13-23	Matt. 16. 26
" 25, The Smitten Rock,	- Exod. 17. 1-16	John 7. 37, 38
July 2, The Great Supper,	- Luke 14. 15-24	Rev. 19. 9
" 9, The Lost Sheep,	- Luke 15. 1-10	Luke 15. 4
" 16, The Prodigal Son,	- Luke 15. 11-24	Psalms 32. 5
" 23, The Rich Man's Request,	Luke 16. 19-31	1 Tim. 6. 17
" 30, The Brazen Serpent,	- Num. 21. 1-9	John 3. 14, 15



Summer Tract Distribution is now in full swing. We give "grant rates" to those who distribute largely and freely. Send name and address on a post-card, and samples will come free per return post from the most extensive producers of pure evangelistic literature in the world. Full address, from any part—Pickering & Inglis, Glasgow.

For Summer Services in tent, by the shore, or in the open-air. Get (1) "The Three Musts of John 3." 1/ the set, post free. (2) "The Gospel Ship." Large plate in full colours. 1/, post free. (3) "Globe Wall Texts"—Nicodemus, Clock, Door, World. 6d. each, post free.

Tourists and Visitors are ever welcome to see *Boys and Girls* and other papers being printed in our works, from which thousands upon thousands of Gospel books and tracts are sent forth in a steady stream to all parts of the earth.

Bible Band Names continue to flow in from many new friends:—2336, Lizzie Cotter; 2337, Jeanie Cotter; 2338, Thomas Flannagan; 2339, Thomas Stewart; 2340, James M'Millan; 2341, James M'William; 2342, William M'William; 2343, May Bell; 2344, James Bell; 2345, Lizzie Turnbull; 2346, Mary M'Inally; 2347, Nellie M'Inally; 2348, Lewis Mushet; 2349, Minnie Bayne; 2350, Effie Bayne; 2351, Janet Bayne; 2352, Andw. Ferris; 2353, Grace M'Pneat; 2354, Annie Menzies; 2355, Mary Anderson—all of Glasgow.

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A WONDERFUL SCEPTRE.

THIS is the most wonderful sceptre the world has ever seen, because of the wonderful stone it contains, called "The Star of Africa." But there are other reasons why Britain's sceptre might be called wonderful.

I. Because it is an emblem of most wonderful

POWER.

The one who is entrusted to sway it has every battalion in the army ready at his command. Every ship in the navy sails in his name. Every coin that is minted in our mint bears his image, all this because he wields the sceptre. Great as this is, there is yet a greater. The *power* that commands the stormy deep, and all the rolling spheres of the universe, is in the nail-marked Hand which bears the sceptre spoken of in Hebrews 1. 8, the One who once received a reed and a crown in scorn (Matt. 27. 29).

II. This sceptre of King George is wonderful, because of the

PLACES

to which its power has spread. Far away across the vast oceans of the world you can find the influence of this sceptre. Yet this extensive empire, upon which the sun never sets, is going to be eclipsed by one far, far greater. Not only will some places be united, but all the world shall be ruled by the Lord Jesus. From sea to sea and unto the uttermost parts of the earth shall the power of His sceptre be felt (Psa. 2. 8). Remember, if we do not bow to His sceptre now, trust in Him as our own Saviour, and make Him our Friend now, we shall not share His glory on that Day.

III. It is wonderful, because of the number of

PEOPLE

who are subject to it. Tens of millions in the British Isles. Yet there are others, in lands afar, who are numbered by hundreds of millions. Try and remember that whilst many peoples and languages enjoy the benefits of Britain's sceptre, the time is not far distant when the 100th Psalm shall be fulfilled, when all people that on earth do dwell shall sing to the Lord Jesus, and shall know, what has never yet been known, the blessing of all the families

of the earth through Him. What God desires is, that we should come and be blessed *now* through faith in the crucified One.

IV. As you think on the *power*, *places*, and *people* connected with this sceptre, you may say he must be a wonderful

PERSON

into whose hand this sceptre is committed. How came he to so much honour? Was he the greatest of all scholars, soldiers, or scientists? No. He did not arrive at this place of honour by any thing he did. It was *by birth* he reached it. Just the way we get into God's family. It must be by birth (John 3. 7). But a greater than George V. has been born. Do you remember the question of the wise men of the East? "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" (Matt. 2. 2). He was greater. The question of Pontius Pilate, too, brought forth a wonderful answer from Jesus. "Art Thou a king?" was Pilate's question. See what Jesus said in John 19. 37. Instead of receiving a glorious throne, and crown, and sceptre, He was mocked with a crown of thorns (Matt. 27. 29-30). But He willingly died that we might all be saved. Now, if we believe His love for us, and open our hearts to let this King of Glory in, then His saving power we will know, and with Him in glory we shall reign.

V. Lastly, we trust the sceptre may be wielded so wisely that

PRAISES

will ascend to our King as they have done to his predecessors, Edward, the Peacemaker, and his illustrious mother, Victoria,

the well-beloved. Yet, however long and loud these praises may be, they will be poor and insignificant compared to the triumphant notes which shall ring forth through endless ages to the Lamb who was slain (Rev. 5. 9-14), as "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and such as are in the sea," cries aloud, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen." The vital question is: On that thrice happy day will you join in the glory song? JS. FS.



PICTURES
ON
EVERY PAGE

BOYS & GIRLS

STORIES
FOR
EVERY AGE



"HAPPY MOMENTS."

HAPPY MOMENTS AT THE SEASIDE.

SUCH they truly were as we thought of the wading in the sea, the donkey rides, the romping on the sand, making sand pies and castles, and a hundred other things which filled the summer days which flew all too quickly by. Yet none of the moments were happier than those spent listening to the old boatman's stories.

"Forty years have I been here on this beach," he said, "but I remember the days when I went to sea from my native town. Ah! those were very different times; the fishermen and boatmen were a rough set then, and though there was a seamen's 'Bethel' there (the 'Rag' we called it), there were few places where us seafaring men could be spoken to, or could hear anything about Jesus." "Do you know Jesus?" we asked. "Yes, thank God," replied the old boatman, "I do." "Do you know Him as your Saviour?" "Oh, yes," he answered; "I know I am saved. I knew about Him then in a way, and ever since I was a child. But I grew up rather wild, and always went out with my boat on Sundays, as I am sorry to say my son does now. I was a seven-day worker then, and when I came here I did the same, though my conscience often used to trouble me. But the Lord had to bring me right down low. I had taken a fish shop, but times became bad, and then a long illness overtook me. I got downright hard up, though I didn't like to tell anybody, till at last it came about that our very last penny was spent. Just then a lady heard how ill I was, and called to see me; and so my wife told her how I couldn't get the strengthening food I needed, and her husband brought me a little help. Bless him!"

Waving his hand towards his boats, and indicating a row of some dozen or more bathing machines at a little distance, he added, "All these are mine now, and they all sprang out of those few shillings. That

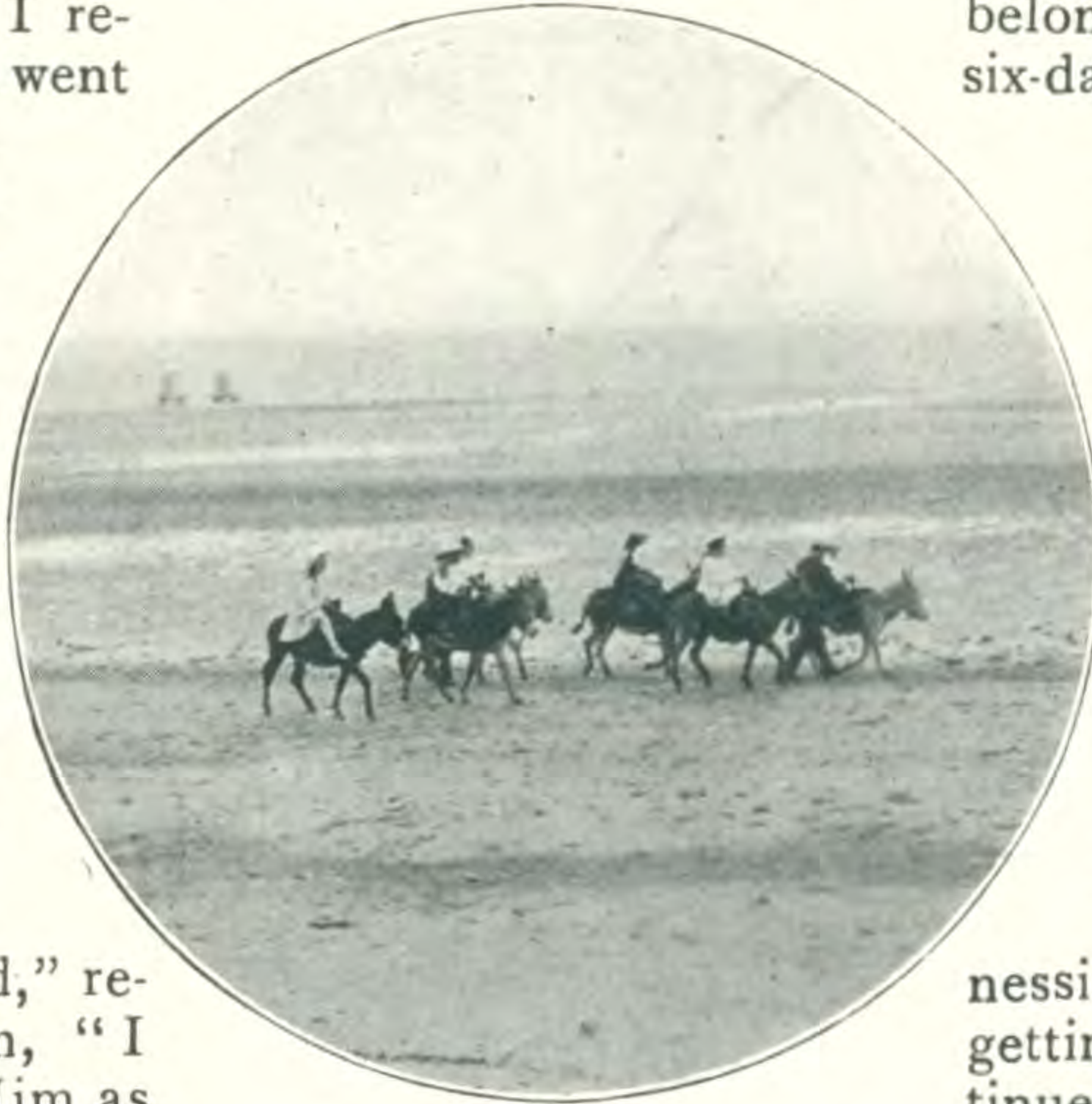
was the turning point of my life in another way too, for the first Sunday I could get out I thought I would go and hear the Gospel; and the Lord sent the Word straight home to my heart. I do remember the verse now. I went back to my bedside, and kneeling down, there and then looked to God to save me, a poor, lost sinner, and, praise His name, He saved me (Eph. 2. 8). Since I've belonged to Jesus I've been a six-day worker, and I do ask

Him every morning to give me some opportunity that day to serve Him in my humble little way, whether by giving a penny to some poor man, or saying a word to some rich man, and He does give me such openings. It's just wonderful!"

His face lit up with joy at the opportunity thus granted of witnessing for his Master. "I'm getting old now," he continued, "and I don't often

go out with my boats, except sometimes with the visitors' children, for I do love the children. And what do you think?" he added, with a bright smile, "I'm having a new boat built, you know, and I ask the children to guess the name I'm going to give her. Some say one name and some another, and they grow quite curious to know. 'Well,' I say, 'I'm going to call her COME.' 'Oh!' they cry, 'what a strange name!' And then I tell them how Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me' (Matt. 19. 14), and that He wants *them* to come (Matt. 11. 28), and so I talk to them of Jesus and His love." Quite a few have been led to the Lord through the old boatman's testimony.

May the happy moments spent with the old boatman lead many dear little ones to follow his good example. Accept the Saviour's invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and by-and-by when the glory dawns to hear Him say, "Come ye blessed." Will you accept His invitation now? N.B.

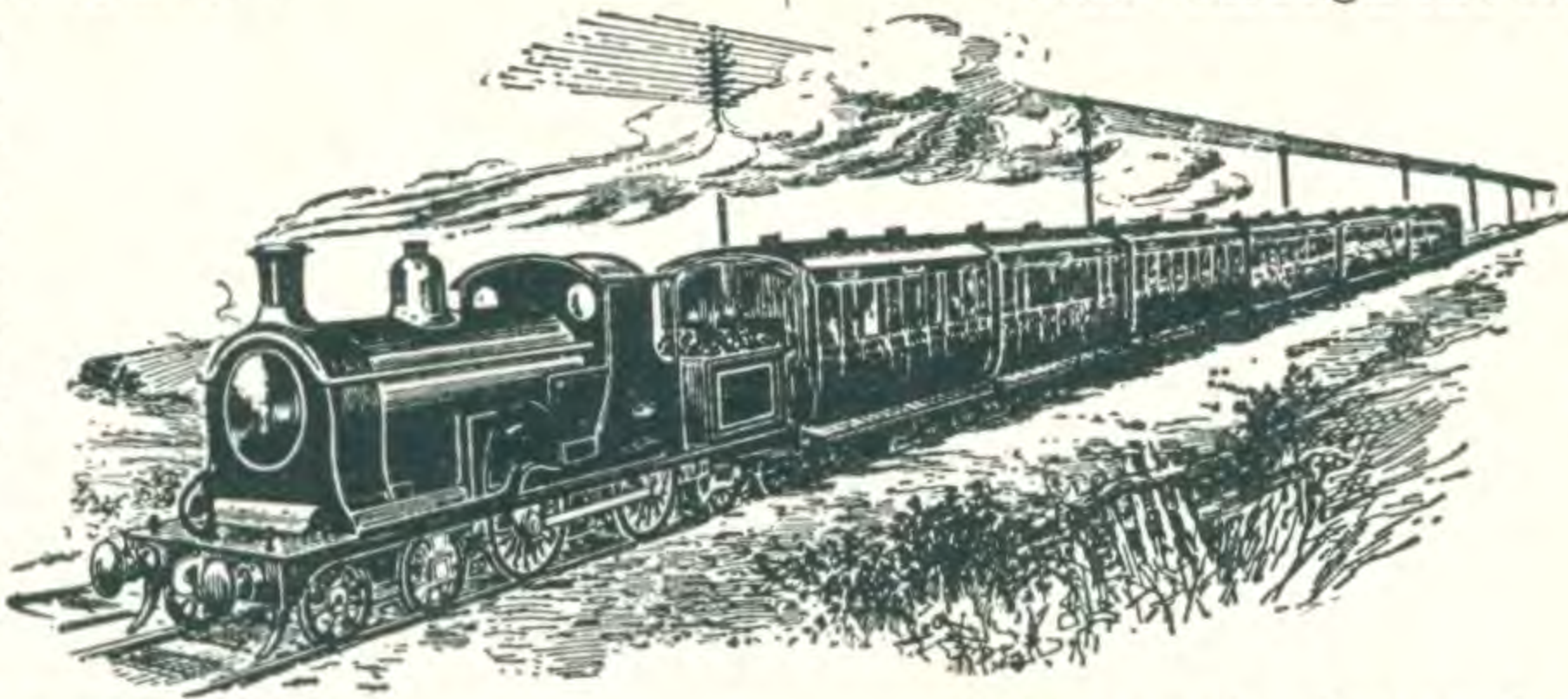


"TO STOP THE TRAIN, PULL DOWN THE CHAIN."

"TO stop the train, pull down the chain."
We read it as we go;
But what the little message means,
We scarcely care to know.

Out from the
crowded plat-
form slowly
Moved the long
night train,
And friends
waved fond
adieux to
friends
They ne'er
might see
again.

Another year, a long farewell
To sea-breeze, sand, and shore;
Sun-browned and tanned, back from the land,
To city smoke once more.
Farewell to hill, and glen and vale,
Farewell to field and foam—
Though but a crowded city court,
Home still was "home, sweet home."
"To stop the train, pull down the chain."
Sung out a little child.
And everybody looked and laughed,
And everybody smiled.
It climbed the seats, pulled down the blinds,
And aye from time to time—
"To stop the train, pull down the chain"—
It sung its little rhyme.
Ah, little dreamt they as they laughed—
It never crossed their brain—
What that same child that night would do,
By pulling down the chain.
Down came the rain, no star-gleam pierced
The dark sky overhead,
As through the air, with smoke and glare,
The night train onward sped.
Fed by the showers that ceaseless fell,
Far up among the hills,
Broad rivers grew from little brooks,
And brooks from little rills.
On sped the long train through the night,
With jolt, and clank, and din.
Though wet and cold was all without,
'Twas warm and dry within.
The buzz of conversation ceased,
The last old tale was told;
The night's still calm brought peace and balm
Alike to young and old.
That strange, soft, dreamy nothingness,
That o'er the senses creep,
Touched all, save that wee, wilful thing
That would not go to sleep.
And weary lids dropped one by one,
Till all seemed in the power
Of slumber's sweet and soothing chain.
When, lo! at midnight hour,
Unseen, unknown by any one
In all that slumbering train,



That same, wee, wilful, wayward hand
Reached up and pulled the chain.
Quick rasped the brakes, but quicker still
Broke through the startled air

The deep-toned
whistle's eerie
scream,
And roused each
slumberer
there.

Off went the steam,
down came the
smoke
Till train and
engine
stood

Right on the first end crossbeam, where
The great bridge spanned the flood.
"Who pulled the chain?" the question vain
Was asked by one and all;
But none thought of that childish hand,
So feeble and so small.
No drawhook broke, no buffer lock,
No fault at all they see.
Lamps all alight, connections right,
Doors shut, as doors should be.
Nor front, nor back, nor wheel, nor track,
Nor valve, nor gearing wrong.
When sudden, through a broken cloud,
The moon shone clear and strong.
That moon-streak, bright as noonday's light,
Lit up the black unseen,
And showed a yawning chasm wide,
Where once the bridge had been.
A moment more, five hundred souls
Had plunged where help was vain,
Had not that feeble childish hand
Reached up and pulled the chain.
And many a year has passed away,
And times have changed, and men;
And many a heart is cold to-day,
That beat with vigour then;
And many a moon has come and gone,
With changing ebb and flow;
And many a summer's sun and rain;
And many a winter's snow.
That huge grey pile of logs and beams
Has long since passed away,
And great steel arms stretch, each to each,
Across the flood to-day.
How often, in the rush of life,
Some trifle brings us to—
Some little word, or look, or deed
A little child may do;
Some little empty cradle cot,
Some little vacant chair,
Some soft spot in our stony heart
We never knew was there.
On goes life's brakes, we slow, we stop,
Our wakened souls respond;
Then streams the light from God that shows
The yawning "gulf" beyond.

"TO STOP THE TRAIN, PULL DOWN THE CHAIN."

Man cannot tell, God only knows,
Some day He'll make it plain,
Who moved that feeble, childish hand
That night to pull the chain.

There are little hands up yonder
In the Glory-land to-day,
There are little fingers pulling,
Though long gone from earth away.

Ah! I would not give one sparkle
From yon baby girl's blue eyes,
For all the lights that ever shone
In all those starry skies.

In Rama still the voice is heard,
The young, the bright, the fair
Is not, and many a Rachael weeps
Because they are not there.

Oh! mother do not yet give up,
That wild and wayward son,
Though hope has fled, and life seems dead,
God still is God, pray on.

He sees your tears, He hears your prayers,
He makes your grief His own,
There never failed a harvest yet
Where seed in tears was sown.

There is a chain that never breaks,
'Twas forged through blood and love,
To draw the lost from death and sin,
To life and God above.

When earthquakes rock and tempests shock,
And fire and wind are vain,
Your still, small voice though hushed in death
Will draw him like a chain.

INSPECTOR AITKEN.

THE KING AND THE BOY HERO.

ON 2nd July, 1909, Tom Lewis, then fifteen, was watching the efforts of engineers and navvies to rescue the men imprisoned by the collapse of a great timbered trench in the Newport Docks. One of the men could be heard groaning, but the openings between the tangled timbers were so small that only a slim lad could slip between them. Lewis volunteered. He was small for his age, but his work as a boilermaker's lad, tossing hot rivets to the riveters, had made him hard and strong, and he was brave. He climbed down thirty feet, and remained down for two hours and a quarter. He found the injured man pinned by hand and foot. Calling up for hammer and chisel, which were sent down, with a saw and some candles, Lewis, who had to lie across the body of a dead comrade all the time, cut the man's hand free. Then, when he was working at the foot, the men above said he must come up because the sand was shifting again. So he went up. An hour later the man worked his way out with the saw. He was the last to come out alive.

King Edward recognised the bravery of the lad, and handed him a case containing an Albert Medal "for saving life," remarking as he did so, "Well done." Such heroism on the part of a young lad calls forth universal admiration. The story reminds us

not of the heroism, but of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. Tom risked his life for his fellow-man, and "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his *friends*" (John 15. 13). But Jesus

Christ died for His enemies. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet *sinners* (or enemies), Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). We were sinners by nature and practice, in danger of eternal death (Rom. 6. 23). The Son of God, seeing our awful plight, came down to this sinful world to deliver us from going down to the pit (Job 33. 24). This He did by becoming our Substitute. "He died for our sins according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 3). Surely this was love beyond compare. No wonder the apostle of love wrote: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation

for our sins" (1 John 4. 10). How have you treated such love? King Edward and others acknowledged the heroism of the young lad. Have you in any way shown your gratitude to the Lord Jesus Christ? He makes one request at every boy and girl, "Son, give Me thine heart" (Prov. 23. 26). Have you given Him your heart's confidence? If not, do so now. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). J G.



"MY BOAT IS TWICE MINE!"

JACK SEYMOUR and his mother were spending a month's summer holiday at the coast. The lad often said that the time passed far too quickly, as he romped with others on the shore, and all was life and activity, till there came a really wet day. Then he hung about disconsolately, till suddenly he decided to make a sailing boat. Begging a piece of wood, he set to in good earnest, for he was clever with his fingers, and much interested in watching all kinds of vessels.

His mother made the sails, and when all was finished she felt quite proud of her boy's work. He cut his name on the boat, and next day, fastening it to a ball of string, he set it afloat, and was charmed with the way it sailed. Daily, loosening the twine, he let it go forth and back, eager to learn its powers. The last morning of the visit was wild and stormy; the bathing machines were drawn up, and no boats were out. But Jack determined that his little craft should make a

final trip or two. The first was a success; on the second, alas! the string snapped, and the boat quickly disappeared amongst the breakers.

Jack mourned his loss for weeks, and when he and his mother returned the following summer he reminded her in the train of his lost treasure.

On their arrival, finding there was a spare hour before tea, he ran off to get a glimpse of the sea. Passing a toyshop on the way, he caught sight of some boats in the window, and while examining their make, he suddenly exclaimed, "That's mine! I know it is," and darted into the shop. "That boat is mine," he said eagerly to the man inside. "Please get it out of the window; it's the one in the corner. I can show you my name on it. Wherever did you get it from?" "Last winter," answered Mr. Ley, "a sailor brought it to me, begging me to buy it. I paid him a shilling for it; if you give me that you shall have it at once." Quickly



"HE ROMPED WITH OTHERS ON THE SHORE, AND ALL WAS LIFE AND ACTIVITY."

"MY BOAT IS TWICE MINE!"

Jack ran to tell his mother of "his find." She gave him the money, and soon he was back, joyfully carrying his lost possession. As he and Mrs. Seymour sat at tea, he said, "I can scarcely keep my eyes from it. Why, mother, my boat is *twice* mine now; first I made it, now I've bought it!"

How Jack's speech recalls words spoken long ago, "Rejoice with Me, for I have found *My* sheep which was lost" (Luke 15. 6). And, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price" (1 Cor. 6. 20). "Redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ" (1 Peter 1. 19).

God grant, dear reader, that in you and me our Maker and Redeemer may have the joy of the complete control and use of His purchased possessions. F. E. T.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 7. On the coast

of Achill, a beautiful island off the west coast of Ireland, a little boy went a-fishing on a dangerous part of the coast, and fell into the water. There was no rope, no life-buoy, no friendly hand, no powerful swimmer near, so he was drowned. *No one to save.* At the coast and in the country remember there is ONE able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come to Him (Heb. 7. 25). As you paint the picture ask yourself, Have I come? Am I saved? HYP.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 207. A living proof of Galatians 6. 7.

What was the *food* the swine did eat?
A lad once wished was his own meat.
What *city* was it Paul once trod
With altar to the unknown god?
To *whom* was it that Jesus spoke?
When out of death He first awoke.

What did the Lord command to bring?

On which He sat as Zion's King.

What was his *name* who quite was healed?

Through what a little girl revealed.

The answers tell of one who plotted

A death unto himself allotted. JS. FS.

Answer to 206 — Saul, 1 Sam. 15. 1-23.

EASY EPIGRAM for little searchers, No. 19.

Amongst the minor prophets

There is a little book;
'Twas written out by

JOEL,

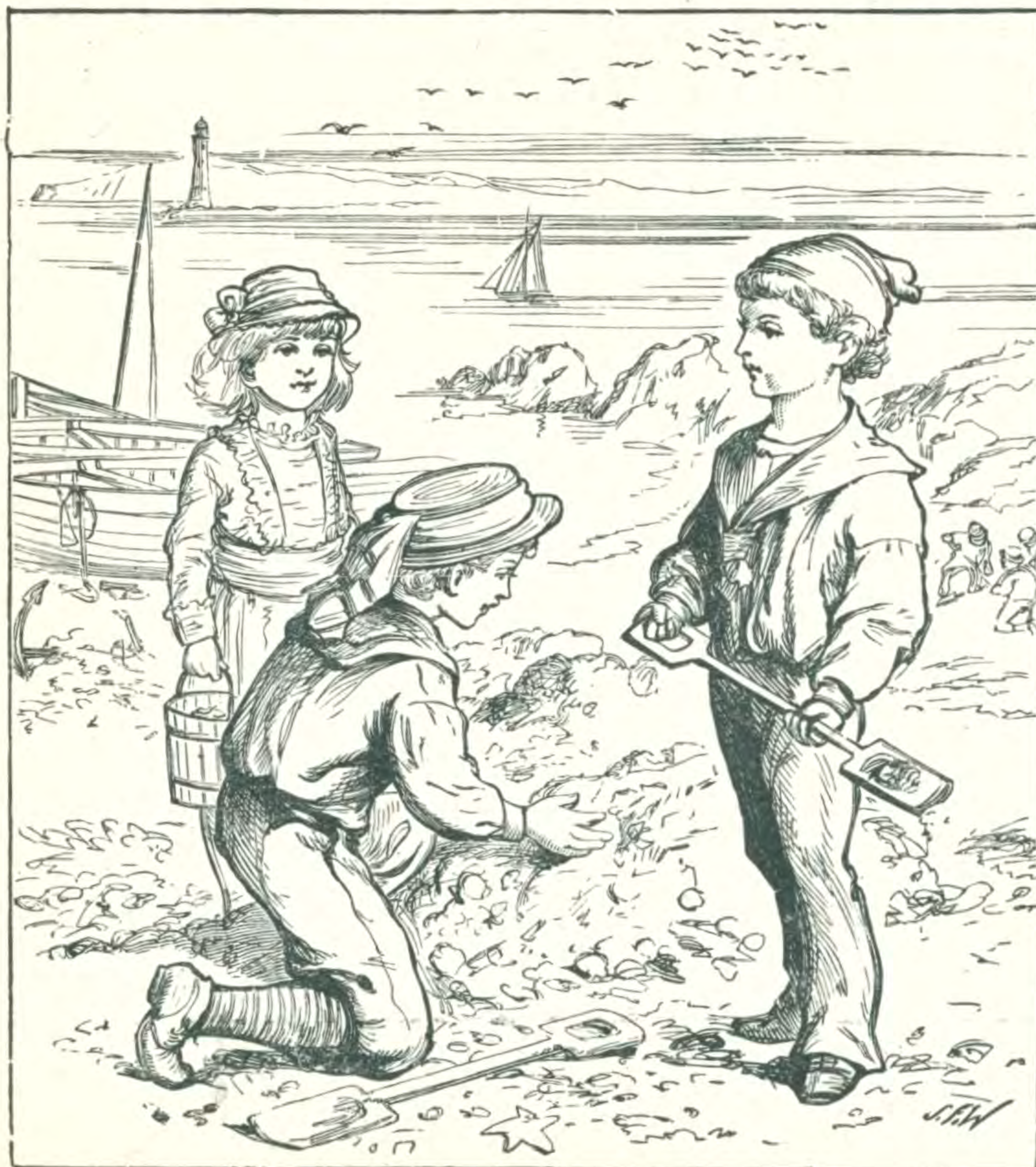
You'll find it if you look.

In one brief verse together,

There are four insects queer,

All noted for destruction
When they on earth appear. T. B.

Answer to No. 18.—
Saul, Gen. 36. 37; 1 Sam. 10. 24.



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 7.

CHILDREN AT THE SEASIDE.

HAPPY BOYS AND GIRLS.

HAPPINESS is as much sought after by young folks as by their parents. Sometimes it is obtained when the game is won by our side, when we revelled in the sunshine at the sea-side, when birthday or other special events came round with lovely presents, and such like. But there is a far happier time than any of these. When is it? Do you not know? It is the time of your conversion, or when you get "saved" (Acts 16. 31). The joy of knowing your sins forgiven, of being freed from the fear of death and certain of being in heaven, is the greatest of all joys. If you do not know this joy, even now hear the Saviour's voice saying: "Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and you will be able to sing:

"Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
He taught me the secret of faith;
To only believe in His promise

And trust whatsoever He saith." HY P.

"Links of Help with Other Lands" is the title of a new missionary paper for young Christians, which we hope to bring out in July. Profusely illustrated. Many new features. Monthly, 1d, or 9d. per copy July to Dec., 1911.

Special Seaside Number. The Coronation number was heartily welcomed by workers and young folks in many parts of the world. A well-known soul-winner amongst children writes: "Allow me to congratulate you upon your Coronation number." A worker in Wales writes: "Your Coronation number, with so many pictures of our King and Queen, made our children's eyes to sparkle. Wish you would insert more in next number." We trust this special number will be equally welcomed with its definite *salvation* messages and bright *sunshine* appearance, in keeping with poetry above.

Eyegate Lessons, suitable for sea-side services, will be found in *The Pathway* and on next page.

Subjects for Sunday in connection with *The Gospel Scheme*, 1/6 per 100; *Boys and Girls Almanac*, 6d. per doz.; Notes in *The Pathway*, 1/ per annum. Subject—"From the Manger to the Throne."

Sunday	Subject and portion to read	Memory verse
July 2, The Great Supper, -	- Luke 14. 15-24	Rev. 19. 9
" 9, The Lost Sheep, -	- Luke 15. 1-10	Luke 15. 4
" 16, The Prodigal Son, -	- Luke 15. 11-24	Psalms 32. 5
" 23, The Rich Man's Request, -	Luke 16. 19-31	1 Tim. 6. 17
" 30, The Brazen Serpent, -	- Num. 21. 1-9	John 3. 14, 15
Aug. 6, The Cry of Need, -	- Luke 18. 1-14	James 4. 6
" 13, The Young Ruler, -	- Luke 18. 18-30	Rom. 3. 20
" 20, The Beggar's Cry, -	- Luke 18. 35-43	Isa. 9. 2
" 27, The Goodly Land, -	- Num. 13. 17-33	Heb. 3. 18, 19



Bible Band Names are rolling in stronger than when we began twenty-three years ago, showing an increased interest in searching the Scriptures. New names: 2356, Agnes Kane; 2357, Maggie Wilson; 2358, Isa Paterson; 2359, Annie M'Ewen; 2360, Lizzie Crossan; 2361, Lizzie Orr; 2362, Mary Hart—all of Glasgow.

Picture Paintings (as opposite) are in season this month. It might do for a wet day or dull night at the coast. Paint any colour or way, keep till end of year, send all in together, and prizes will be awarded.

A Capital Recitation, especially for those who know a little Scotch (and all should), will be found in next No. Having heard it many times, we got permission from the author

to insert. Show it to your friends from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," and get them to read it aloud at home, in parties, by the shore, &c.

London Lessons for little dots. No. 5—A Broken Word.

Break my *whole*, and make my *first*
Stretch from east to west;
And my *second*, what you crave
When you need a rest.

W.T.R.

Answer to No. 4.—An Acrostic—Hannah.

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ARE YOU SIX O'CLOCK?



SAND services for children were being held daily at a popular holiday resort on the east coast of Scotland. Before the hour of meeting, willing little hands helped to build the big sand-castle for the "pulpit," and to form the sand into seats.

Something special to-day! The **face of a large clock** was inserted in front of the castle, while skilful fingers decorated it round with flowers. The service commenced with singing and prayer, after which the preacher mounted the castle to give the address. "You all see this clock?" he began. "What time does it show?" "Six o'clock!" replied many young voices eager to display knowledge. "Quite correct," he continued, "and the subject to-day is, **Are you Six o'clock?**" A smile went round at the apparently absurd question, but the speaker went on to explain. The long hand points straight up, and the short hand straight down. Six o'clock, therefore, means upright and downright. Now then, "Are you six o'clock?" Voices were silent now for consciences were busy. The incidents of Jacob who deceived his father by acting the part of Esau, of Achan who stole the garment and silver, hiding them under his tent, and of Ananias who lied about the price of his land were told as examples of actions which are not six o'clock. Coming down to every-day life the speaker referred to many acts of deceit often lightly thought of and commonly practised

showing up their hideousness in the light of God's Word. Then the truth, so clearly stated in the Scriptures, was impressed upon all, that **none by nature are "six o'clock,"** for we all are "by nature the children of wrath, even as others" (Eph. 2. 3), "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23), "there is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 10). All the false props of trying to get to heaven by human goodness, prayers, ordinances, and such like were knocked clean away. It was clearly shown that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3. 20).

This led to the question, "**How can we become Six o'clock?**" By the grace of God all who are not upright and downright can be made so, because Christ, "who knew no sin, was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). All who believe in Him are "born again" by the Spirit of God, receive a "new nature," and become "new creatures in Christ Jesus" (2 Cor. 5. 17). Without this new birth, none can be truly "six o'clock." An earnest appeal to the unsaved to believe on the Lord Jesus brought this interesting address to a close.

One who was present, now passes on the message to every unsaved reader. Believe and be saved now (Acts 16 31), then seek to show by your life that you have been made straight up and down, a real "six o'clock." T.R.C.

How to be Happy



"OFTEN SHE WAS MERRY AND GAY."

“HOW WILL IT BE WHEN—?”



ETHEL GRIGG was said to be the prettiest and the happiest girl in Seabay. Beautiful she certainly was, and often she was merry and gay, but no one who saw her when she was alone could have called her happy.

Though surrounded by all that love and wealth could give her, she was always conscious that there was something wanting in her life. Often she would say, “Why am I so foolish? Why cannot I be satisfied with all these fine things?”

Then a quiet voice in her heart would ask, “Ethel, how will it be with you when——?” She could not finish the question. It was but the echo of the words spoken by her old nurse some time before, and she wondered why she so often recalled them.

One day she had taken the old woman to see her pretty new sitting-room, and said: “Now, nurse, you see what a change we have made since your last visit. This is my very own room, and father let me choose just what I liked to furnish it with, and everything in it is my own, and this lovely piano is his last birthday present to me.” “Aye, aye, my bairn, it’s beautiful,” answered the old Scotch woman. Then with a loving look at the sweet young face, she said, “Miss Ethel, how will it be with you *when you have done with all these things for ever?*” Her old nurse’s words had sunk deep down into her heart, and often in the midst of a game of tennis, or other recreation, there would echo the question, “How will it be with you when——?”

One bright summer day Ethel went out to sketch her pretty home from the bottom of the garden. As the well-trained fingers rapidly put in the lines of familiar windows and doors, again there flashed the question, “How will it be with you when——?” The thought was not pleasing, and Ethel tried to keep it away by giving all her energies to her sketch. “My greys are too cold,” she said, “I must warm them a little. Somehow my painting to-day looks dull and sad, like my thoughts.”

Half-an-hour’s more work, then she put down her paint-box, saying: “It is no good; I must face this question, for I am miserable.” She buried her face in her hands, and scarcely moved for an hour. No one but God knew what passed in her soul in that time. But she loves to tell how, when weighed down with the sense of her unworthiness and the sin and emptiness of her life, the Lord Jesus met her by His Word, and said, “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink” (John 7. 37). “Lord Jesus, I am restless and dissatisfied,” she said. “I thirst, oh! I thirst, I come to Thee.” Just then the Spirit brought to her remembrance the old, simple words, “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” (1 Tim. 1. 15). “Those are the very words for me, Lord,” she said, quietly kneeling down on the grass, and then and there she put her trust in Him. For the first time she was really happy.

The breakfast bell rang, and Ethel went to the house. A great weight was lifted from her heart. God’s own peace shone out of her deep brown eyes. No wonder her father said: “Why, Ethel, how well and happy you are looking! You must tell us what you have been doing with yourself this morning.” “I will presently, father,” she said, with a bright smile. Something in his daughter’s expression told him not to ask further questions just then. But after breakfast, Ethel followed her father to the next room, and told him of her new-found joy. Then father and daughter rejoiced together over the lost one found.

Last year her old nurse died, and when Ethel saw her, for the last time, she said: “Never can I thank you enough, my dear nurse, for your loving words that day in my new sitting-room. Thank God, I know now how it will be with me when I have done with all these things for ever.” “Yes, dearie, it will be ‘for ever with the Lord’” (1 Thess. 4. 17), and you and I will praise Him for ever in His glorious home up yonder.”

Have you joined with Ethel *now* in saying, when I came to Jesus as a lost and guilty sinner He received *me* and saved *me*? Will you join with Ethel, with her father, and with her nurse in the glory *by-and-by*? F.E.T.

HOW GOD SAVED TWO SCHOLARS.

THE sweetest and best of all stories is that of Jesus and His love. The next are the records of saving grace. The testimony of the two whose photos are here shown I give in their own words.

This is the girl's: "It is now eighteen months since I trusted Christ as my Saviour. I was sitting in the Gospel meeting at B——, I had been going to the meetings for several months, but it

never struck me I needed to be saved. I went to the Sunday school and read passages from the Bible. I thought that through going to Sunday school and reading my Bible I would be saved; but on the 14th March, 1909, while sitting in the meeting I heard the speaker say there was only one way of being saved, and that was through the Lord Jesus Christ. There was a prayer meeting afterwards to which I stayed, and while sitting, a brother came over to me and asked me if I would like to be saved. I said I would. He pointed out Isa. 53. 6, and then he turned to John 3. 16 and John 5. 24. After a while he turned to Rom. 10. 9, and there and then I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and confessed Him as my Saviour, and,

'Now having trusted in Jesus,
What a joy and a peace came to me;
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.'

This is the boy's: "It is about a year and a half since I was saved. I had attended Gospel meetings for several weeks, but the

thought of getting saved never occurred to me. The first thing that awakened me was my mother's conversion. The thought of not being saved and my mother and sister saved troubled me. The following Sunday I went to the meeting, and heard two men from L—— proclaim the story of salvation. I waited to a prayer meeting. One of the speakers spoke to me; he read Isa. 53. 6,

and pointed out that I was a lost sheep, and away from God. Other verses were read, among which was John 3. 16. After reading that one to me I saw how guilty I was, and in danger of perishing eternally. I just accepted Jesus as my Saviour there and then, and now can say with joy that I

'Have launched my bark
for Emmanuel's Land,
My Captain, Christ the
Lord,
My crew, a saved and
happy band,
My chart, God's Holy
Word.'

Should you have the privilege of meeting either of them you will not find them with a long face, but bright and happy. Read carefully the portions of Scripture which the Holy Spirit blessed to these two: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every

one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 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 3. 16). Won't you trust Jesus too? "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, . . . thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). W H. B.



INA AND ALEXANDER COGHILL.

"I'M JUST A BOY."

I'M just a boy, a wee bit boy, I'll sune
be gaun on nine,
I've toddled to the Sunday schule since ever
I can min';

A wee bit steerin' guid-for-nocht,
a useless, yelpin' thing—
I couldna read, could scarcely
speak, but, mind ye, I could
sing.

For yince I heard my granny say,
"Twas God that gave the
voice,

And He didna mind the music if
we made a joyfu' noise."

So, though I'm but a boy, and wee,
I'll praise Him while I can—
Wha kens, I michtna ever be an
auld, auld man.

I'm just a boy, a wee bit boy, and
yet I brawly ken

That boys like me have a' got
souls, the very same as men.

And when I watch the sky at nicht,
and a' the stars I see,

I sometimes think that every yin
was yince a boy like me;

But God, to show His licht and
love, has hung them up abune,

And when He mak's His jewels up they'll
a' be gathered in;

I wonder what He'll dae wi' me, I wonder
what's His plan—

Will I be yin, or will I be an auld, auld
man?

I'm just a boy, a wee bit boy, but, mind ye,
though I'm wee,

I'm auld enough to trust in God, and no
owre young to dee.

Far younger boys than me are ta'en—last
summer there were twa

I often played wi' at the schule, and noo
they're baith awa';

Twa wee roon hillocks up the brae will show
ye whaur they've gane—

There mony a time I've slipped awa', and
sat and grat my lane.

Of a' that class o' twenty-three, wi' which the
year began,

I wonder if there's yin will be an auld, auld
man!

Though just a boy, a wee bit boy, I've no
been clear o' care—

It's no the stootest back that gets the heaviest
load to bear.

The're ups and doons in ev'ry lot,
but, oh, what peace and joy

To think that Jesus cares for me,
although I'm but a boy!

So when at heart I'm dull, and fou
o' care and weary worn,

I think o' Him whose hands and
broo were pierced wi' nail and
thorn;

I dinna think I'd care to see life's
full allotted span—

My Saviour wasna spared to be an
auld, auld man.

Noo, though we're boys, rum,
steerin' boys, wi' a' our stir and
din,

God whiles gets something mair
oot boys than ever man puts in.

Some auld heids never seem to
learn, as aft they flyte and froon;

A wee thing pits a laddie up, a
wee thing knocks him doon;

A wee thing turns him ony wey,
so dinna speak him wrang;

Tho' hale and hearty here the nicht, ye
michtna hae him lang.

In kindly love his wee pairt tak', and licht
his failing scan,

It tak's a crood o' boys to mak' an auld,
auld man.

I see a man, an auld, auld man, at life's
grey gloamin' fa',

His e'e is dim wi' age, his hair is whiter
than the snaw;

He's lookin' for, but canna see, the boys he
kent when young,

He's listenin', but he canna hear the lilt the
laddies' sung.

Life's fading light burns out, and then the
veil aside is rolled,

The sun gleams bright o'er Salem's towers,
the pearly gates unfold;

They're a' thegither yince again, that doon
the burnside ran—

The wee bit boy, the brave, strong lad the
auld, auld man.



HAPPY MOMENTS IN THE HAYFIELD.



"IT fell on a day," many, many years ago, that a little boy went out with his father to the reapers. What a picture! The beautiful grain waving in the bright sunshine of an eastern sky, the harvesters busy with sickle in hand, the happy father watching his darling boy romping by his side, the adoring mother beholding all from the farmstead door. Yet in such a scene an unexpected visitor arrived. Suddenly the little boy put his hand to his forehead, and cried, "My head, my head!" The father could only take him to the mother, the mother could only nurse him till he "died."

Turn up your Bibles and read in..... this beautiful story of how powerless earthly might and parental love appear in the presence of death. The father can only take to the mother, the mother can only love

and hope; the grim monster conquers even under sunny skies, with ruddy health, and in circumstances most favourable.

The time is far distant, the method of reaping is vastly different, but the same visitor keeps on his unwearied way, and this year, this month, this day, boys and girls, too, have "died." Some who went to the country never again gazed on the city, some who revelled in the coast never returned from the coast, others who romped 'mid the haymakers little dreamed that their romping days would soon be over. Yet so it was with many!

The "wise" boys and girls (Matt. 7. 24) who went on holiday or stayed at home said, "We know not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1). More important even than being ready for holidays is being ready for eternity! They took the only way of being ready by accepting the Lord Jesus



Photo, Wallace, Sidmouth.

ROMPING WITH THE HAYMAKERS.

HAPPY MOMENTS IN THE HAYFIELD.

Christ, the Saviour who "came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim 1. 15), and the "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18. 24), and thus having One with them in life, in death, and in eternity. If you are wise you will do the same right now and be "saved" (Acts 16. 31). If you are foolish you will defer the matter, and perhaps be lost, eternally lost. Which shall it be? No one expected death to visit the happy hayfield, few expected him at the coast, yet he came. "Be ye also ready!" "Be ye also ready!" *Get ready now!* HYP.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 8. Canvas tents, in which the Gospel of the Grace of God is told forth, are not an uncommon sight in this land of freedom. A young man who had been saved through the visit of a tent to the place where he was staying asked his mother the peculiar question, "Oh, mother,

are you out and I in?" He meant was she outside the circle of salvation, whilst he was within it by simple faith (Rom. 5. 1). This awakened his mother, and whilst reading a tract in the afternoon she was saved, and had eternal life (John 5. 24). As you paint, answer the questions, "*Out or in?*" "*Saved or lost?*" Which? Remember the answer you give to God now will be akin to the answer you shall receive from Him by-and-by. HYP.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 208.

What *city* did in trees abound?
Whose walls once fell flat to the ground.
Who was it once from slumber woke?
In answer to a child who spoke.
What *city's* wells did water hold?
From which were heavenly lessons told.
Who carried once a letter written?
Commanding he be deadly smitten.
Who once in prison house did grind?
And lost what he could never find.

The answers spell His name
you'll see,
Who died for sinners on the
tree. JS.FS.

Answer to 207. Fill in the
verses. Husks (Luke 15.
.....); Athens (Acts 17.....);
Mary (Mark 16.....); Ass
(Matt. 21.....); Naaman
(2 Kings 5.....).—HAMAN
(Esther 7. 10).

EASY EPIGRAM for little
searchers, No. 20
See four epistles in The Book
Which have one chapter
each;
It will not take you long to
look,
It's quite within your reach.
In one of these epistles
small,
All in one verse apart,
The word "ungodly" four
times o'er,
Now search with all your
heart. T.B.

Answer to 19. Palmer-
worm, Locust, Canker-worm,
Caterpillar—Joel 1. 4.



THE WRITING ON THE ROCK.



pleasant fortnight's holiday at Broadstairs was drawing to a close. Already the time-table had been looked at on the subject of returning, and arrangements were made for

"last peeps" at some of the favourite spots before the day came to say "good-bye" to the sea.

It had been such a happy time. Tom assured his father, as they walked on the cliffs, that the place was "jolly," by which he meant that everything was nice, and he had been very happy there. His mother and the two girls had also enjoyed their stay, and the colour on their cheeks, and bright sparkle of their eyes, told how much better they were for the change. Fresh air blowing from the waves, and plenty of sunshine, had worked wonders for the Parker family, who came down from London rather out of sorts.

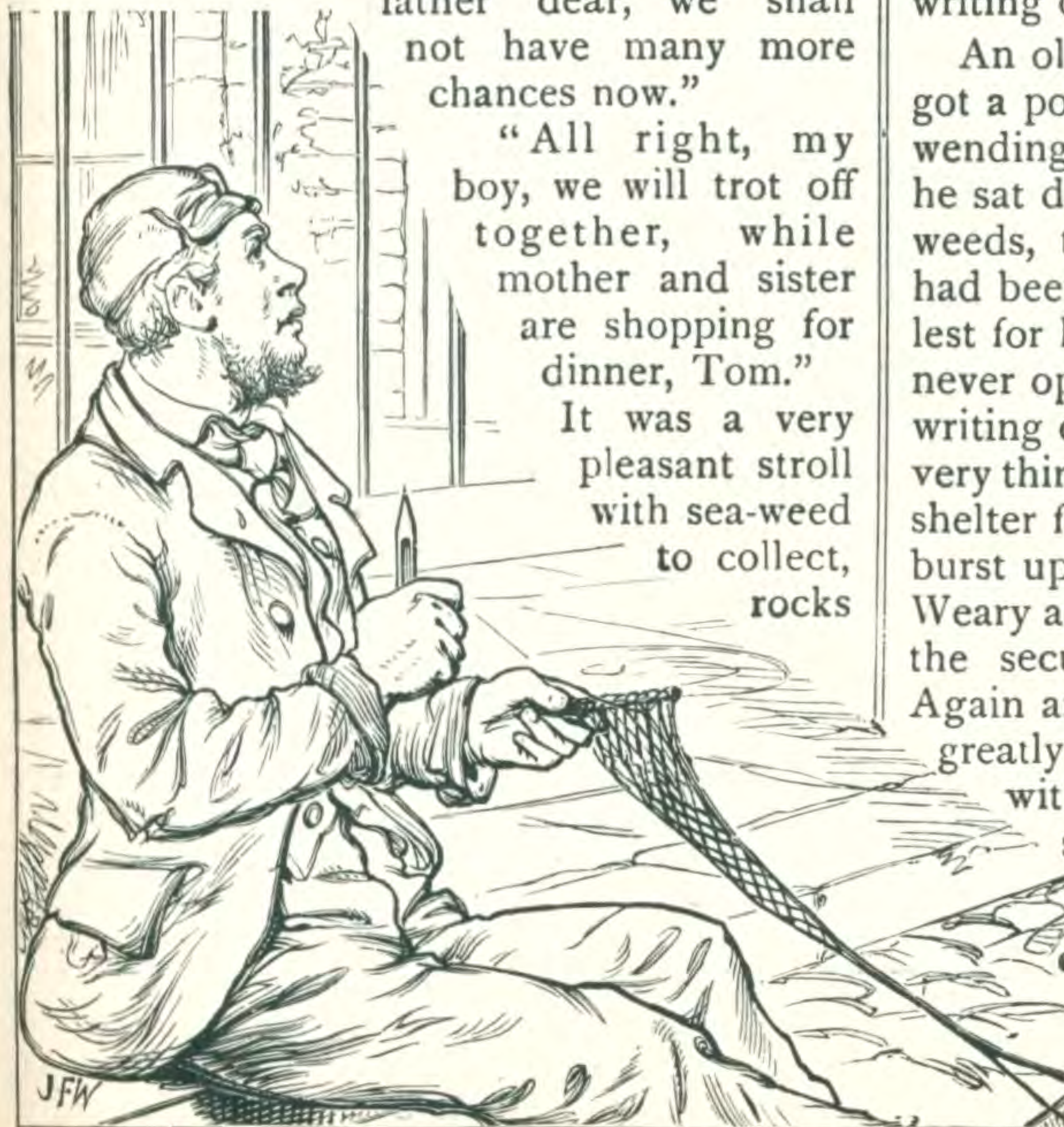
"Father, may we walk along the sands towards Ramsgate to-day?"

"When will the tide be down, Tom?"

"Why, it will be at its lowest, when the service on the sands is over; and you know, father dear, we shall not have many more chances now."

"All right, my boy, we will trot off together, while mother and sister are shopping for dinner, Tom."

It was a very pleasant stroll with sea-weed to collect, rocks



to be leaped from, like big stepping-stones, and in a quiet nook, refreshing dip in in the curling waves out there on the yellow sand.

Presently they passed a spot where the white chalk cliffs stood out bold and smooth over their heads.

"Will you hold me up, father, while I write something with my penknife there, please?"

So Tom was held up, full five minutes.

"Come, laddie, wake up; does it take you all that time to write your name?"

"I've done now, father; thank you."

Then they both stood and read the words cut clear and deep in the face of the solid chalk—

*"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."*

"Well done, Tom; may it do somebody good to read those words."

And so it did.

Tom had gone back again and was at school once more, looking up sometimes from his lesson-book with thoughts of the cliffs and sea, and wondering whether the writing on the rock had caught anybody's eye.

An old man who lived at Ramsgate, and got a poor living by making nets, was slowly wending his way under the cliffs. Very tired, he sat down on a ledge of rock, covered with weeds, to rest. His heart was sad, for he had been thinking about his sins, and fearing lest for him the pearly gates of heaven would never open. Then his eyes fell upon Tom's writing on the chalk cliff. Was not that the very thing he had been long seeking for—"A shelter from the storm which he knew must burst upon him on account of his many sins." Weary and tired of self he hid himself beneath the secure shelter of the Cross of Christ. Again and again he read the words, and they greatly comforted him. He covered his face

with his hands, and prayed that in the shadow of the Rock of God his soul might abide for ever. And when he set off again he carried a lighter heart, buoyed up with faith in God. So Tom's writing on the rock proved a message of peace and blessing.

B. W.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

TO-DAY we will have a lesson on birds and their nests. Watch whilst I make the first sketch on the blackboard. It tells us

I. Why Build Nests? Now, some boy might read Matthew chapter 8., verse 20: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." The world could supply a hiding place for foxes and nesting places for birds, but its Creator had not where to lay His holy head. Perhaps you can tell me why a bird builds a nest. To lay eggs in. Yes, but she could lay eggs without a nest; she looks further on, and prepares for the future, and for the little birds. That is the lesson from sketch I. "Look ahead." "Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos 4. 12).

II. Where to Build. Another boy might read Psalm 84., verse 3: "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God."

Just as your school-books rightly associate the sparrow and swallow nesting together. This verse tells a tale. If the birds were building on the altars, then the altars were neglected. The place which ought to have been a resting-place for troubled consciences was neglected, except by the birds. Learn the lesson here, that whilst others neglect the refuge of the Cross, you build your nest there. Whilst others treat with indifference the altar-spot where the greatest of all Sacrifices was made—when Christ "appeared to put away sin by the Sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26)—you take care to visit it *by faith* and say in the words of the one who was the "chief of sinners"

(1 Tim. 1. 15) yet became the chief apostle—"The Son of God who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). Rest all your hopes in the Saviour's finished work on Calvary's Cross (John 19. 31). Build near the Cross.

III. How to Build. A girl might read Job 39., verses 27 and 28: "Doth the eagle mount up at Thy command, and make her nest on high? She *abideth on the Rock*." I

want all you children eagle-like to build on high, to build on the Rock. "That Rock was Christ" (1 Cor. 10. 4). The eagle dwelt there, abides there, was there year after year. She enjoyed the security which God had provided in the rock. Ever keep saying with Paul: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Gal. 6. 14).

IV. What to Avoid. Now for our last sketch and verse. Another girl might read Job 39., verses 13 to 15. "The ostrich which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and *forgetteth* that the foot may

crush them, or that the wild beast may break them." What the other birds were remarkable for this one is remarkable for want of, namely, "looking ahead." How like many boys and girls, taking the easiest course, going the pleasantest way, hoping all will come right in the end. Get away from the sandy hiding place, for it won't end right. Get on to the Rock of Ages. Hear the invitation of Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Take Christ as your Saviour, Friend, and Master, and you will be safe for time, and safe for eternity. Reject Him, and you perish eternally. WM. SN.



CARRIE'S CURIOUS QUESTIONS.



CARRIE'S CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

CARRIE D. was brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour at about the age of thirteen. One day, when walking down a road in the town of W—, she noticed written on a fence before her these solemn words—"SINNER! WHERE WILT THOU SPEND ETERNITY?" She was frightened and troubled by the question—she tried to forget it, but could not—so, on returning home, she took her Bible, and the first words she read were, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). She probably read more, for she found out that she was a sinner, and in need of a Saviour. She was aroused, but failing to trust Christ at once she did not then find Him. The good work was begun, however, and, although there was a delay of some weeks Carrie at last put her trust in

Christ, and found peace in believing. She was now filled with joy, and wanted to do something for the Saviour who had done so much for her. Carrie commenced distributing tracts, and, as she found opportunity, used to speak to others of the Saviour. She was in the habit of giving away tracts on her way to school.

One morning she did not take the tracts with her as usual. Seeing an old lady in the road, she longed to give her a tract, and on looking into her home-lesson book she found just one. Carrie offered it to the old lady, who took it, and read the title—another solemn question—"WHERE WILL YOU BE A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE?" "Can you tell me where you will be in a hundred years' time?" asked the old lady. Carrie, who now knew where she was going to spend her eternity, was able to reply, "Yes, I can. I shall be with my Saviour in heaven. Will you be there?" The old lady shook her head. Carrie stood and endeavoured to point her to Christ, but had at last to leave her, for fear of being late at school. She

was cheered by the old lady's parting words: "Good-bye, my dear. I will go home and read my Bible, and not rest until I have found Christ as my Saviour."

Soon after this Carrie again met the old lady, who took her by the hand, and said, "Oh! my dear, since the day I first saw you I have known the greatest joy in my heart.

I went home and found peace with God that same night." She also told Carrie that she was going away, but that if they never met again on earth they would meet in heaven through faith in the precious "blood of Jesus" (1 John 1. 7).

You may not be so old as Carrie, but do not on that account turn away from the question. You are not too young to die; you are not too young to trust Jesus. If you are older than Carrie, so much more need for your coming to Christ *at once*. Think of the time you are wasting! Your young life might be spent in

the service of Christ, and every day that you remain away from Him is a day lost. Some, it is true, *are* saved when they are old, but they have lost something which they can never regain, even in eternity—years, precious years, which might have been spent on earth in the service of such a noble Master.

Sinner! where will you spend your eternity? "*Sinner!*"—God's word for *you* if you are still unsaved (Rom. 3. 23). *Where?* In heaven, with Christ and the redeemed? or in hell, with the devil and his angels? (Col. 1. 12-14; Matt. 25. 41). *Eternity!* Think of this solemn word. When once you have passed from this life your future happiness or woe is unalterably fixed. Time ends; eternity, in this sense, begins.

Flee, then, to Jesus; He has died to atone for sin, and all who rest upon His finished work receive forgiveness of sin and everlasting life; trust Him as Carrie did, as thousands of other children have done, then seek to bring others to trust in Him, too. Your eternity will then be blessed—more blessed than human tongue can describe. W.W.H.



"SOMETHING FOR THE SAVIOUR."

HOW GOD SAVED A PERUVIAN.

HOW vividly still in my memory is the scene of my first meeting years ago with Marcelino Hernandez. It was at the close of an open air service in Plaza Herrera, Buenos Ayres. The crowd was dispersing, when I heard a voice in broken English saying, "Where can I hear more of this?" It was Marcelino, an anxious soul awakened by the Spirit of God. We were soon rejoicing together, as he there and then believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and was saved for ever and ever (Acts 16 31; John 5. 24). He at once threw himself into the work, and was out-and-out for Christ, his special gift being open-air testimony.

Marcelino married a sweet Christian girl, Blaza, the eldest daughter of two of our oldest converts, Julian and Maria Corral. Not long after Blaza fell ill, and during her illness the neighbours testified to Marcelino's watchful care and devotion, sitting up night after night with her, after he had done a hard day's work. After long suffering, during which Blaza gave evidence of her firm faith in the Saviour, she went home to be "with Christ, which is far better (Phil. 1. 23)

Shortly after this Marcelino had a great desire to go to Britain, and he went with letters of commendation from us; and very soon, through the kindness of friends, he secured employment in Glasgow as an engineer, which was his trade. There he worked for three years, witnessing a good confession, and beloved by all who knew him.

Last year when I was in England I received the following letter from him: "I, too, have a burden I want to share with you, and it is the burden of the souls of men. Oh! that

God would increase its weight on my heart, and help me to redeem the time while the days are going by. I often think of that happy day when I heard the story of Calvary. The light of salvation came for the first time into my soul as you were preaching the Gospel of Christ at Plaza Herrera, in Buenos Ayres. How well I listened. It was a great joy for me. I felt so happy. *That happiness I could not keep to myself.*

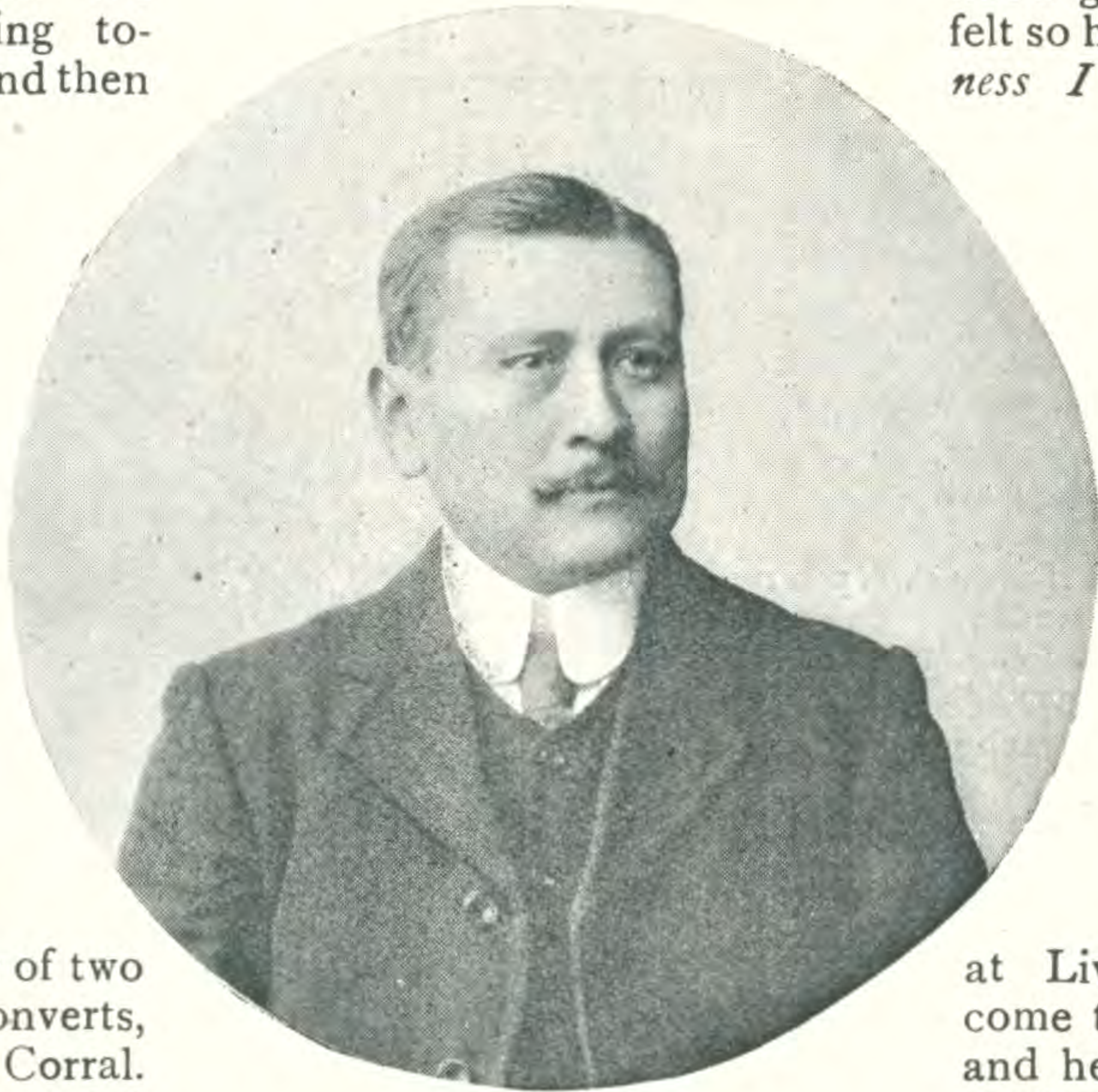
I want others to possess it, and join with me in prayers, and to magnify the Lord for His goodness to us. May the Lord make my way clear to come out to undertake this good work in Peru as a duty that lies before me."

The last time I saw Marcelino was on the dock at Liverpool. He had come to say "good-bye," and he was rejoicing that God had opened up the way for him to go to Peru

with the Gospel for his fellow-countrymen.

Not long after his arrival in his native land, Mr. A. R. Stark, of Callao, passed on the serious tidings that Marcelino was very ill with dropsy and heart trouble. On 17th September, 1910, he wrote: "Marcelino Hernandez passed into the presence of the Lord this morning, a redeemed soul. His face lit up with joy when I gave him your message of love and sympathy. 'Tell dear Mr. Torre,' he said, 'that I thank him very much for his kind words. I am very happy in Jesus. I would like very much to have had the privilege of telling my own people about the Saviour's love, but if it is not His will, I shall go to be with Christ without that privilege.'" Do *you* know this peace? Are you keeping it to yourself, when you might easily give it to others?

W.C.K.T.



MARCELINO HERNANDEZ.

THE TWO SWEEPS.

IN Yeovil town a fair was held
 Each year as it came round,
 And there the folk from far and near
 In hundreds could be found
 Revelling in drunkenness and sin,
 And vice of every kind,
 So that some godly people near,
 Were troubled much in mind.
 They talked it over, and resolved
 To preach the Gospel there;
 And they a known converted sweep
 Invited to the fair.

There lived in Yeovil at that time
 Another sweep, named Bill,
 A man whom Satan led about,
 A captive, at his will.

One night when boon companions
 In a favourite haunt were met,
 In swaggered Bill, in sweep's attire,
 A sight few could forget—
 All black with soot, from curly head
 To hob-nailed boots was he,
 A bill about the preaching sweep
 His comrades let him see.

"Converted sweep! I'll soon sweep him,
 Disgracin' thus our trade;
 Our honourable profession
 I can not let him degrade."

The fair arrived, the preacher went
 To an adjoining field,
 Trusting that some poor, weary souls
 To Christ that day would yield.

The preacher had not long commenced,
 When he observed some men
 Come sauntering up outside the crowd—
 They halted, looked, and then
 One who appeared their leader came
 Right up to where he stood,
 His angry look quite plainly showed
 His presence meant no good.

God's servant turned his thoughts to heaven,
 And quickly asked for aid;
 Asked God to give a message clear
 To guide each word he said.

They thought some fiery thunderbolt
 From God's Word he would give—
 But no, 'twas just that sweet, old word,
 "Believe, and thou shalt live.

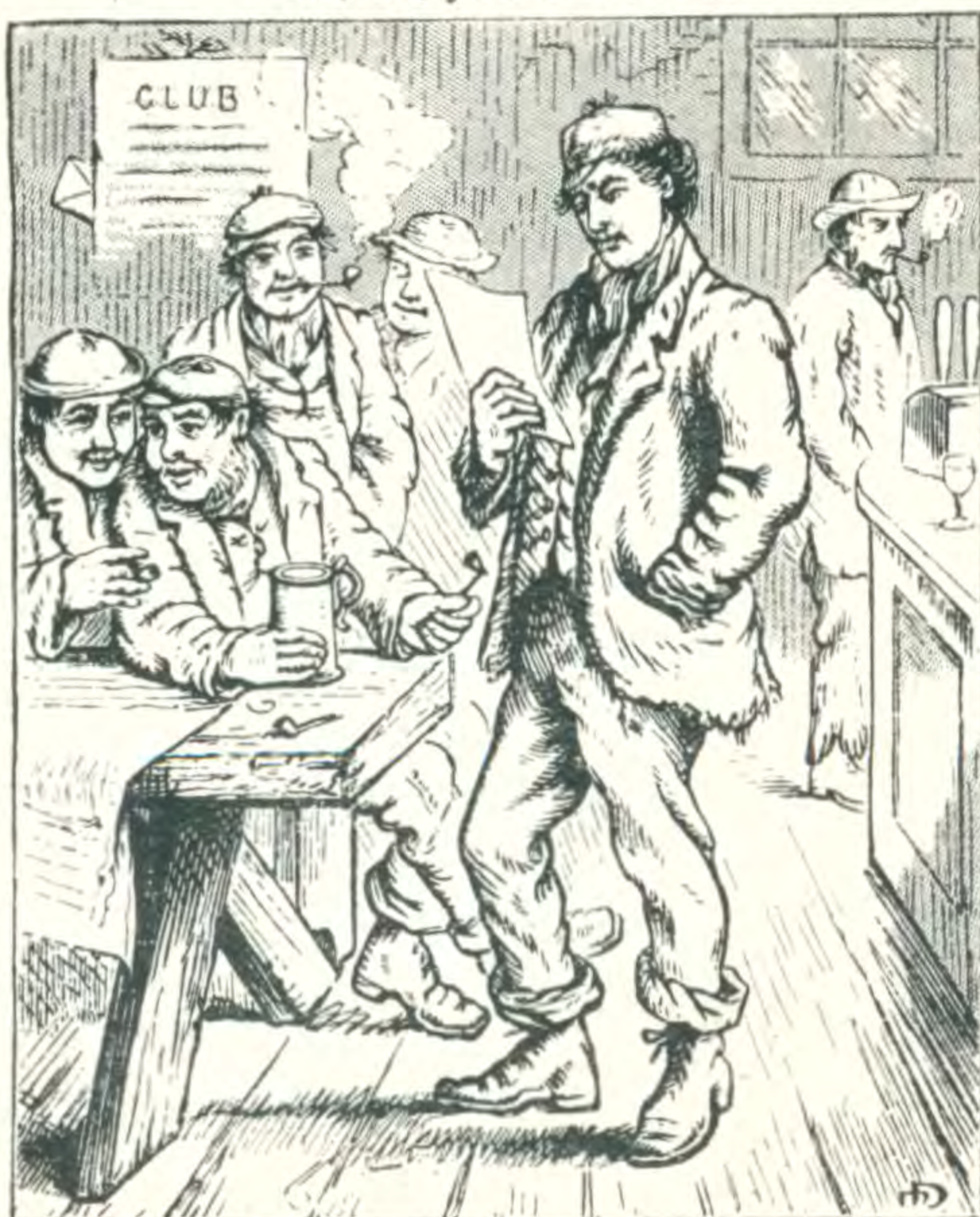
"For God so loved this sinful world,
 His only Son He gave,
 That whosoever will believe,
 Eternal life should have."

He shouted out this wondrous truth;
 Bill faltered, stopped, looked round;
 The preacher saw this, and again
 Gave forth the joyful sound.

Bill turned and walked out through the crowd,
 And disappeared from view;
 Oh, what is equal to God's love
 The wildest to subdue.

On Friday morn at breakfast-time,
 A knock came to the door,

And there stood Bill, subdued and meek,
 An enemy no more.
 The preacher kindly said, "Well, Bill,
 Tell me now what is wrong."
 Bill's eyes could only fill with tears,
 While sobs came deep and strong.
 He on his shoulder laid his hand,
 And said, "Bill, don't despair,
 There's mercy for the likes of you,
 For Christ your sins did bear."
 He shrank back sobbing still, and said,
 "Oh, sir, you'd not touch me



"HE CALLS HIMSELF A SWEEP."

If you but knew just who I am,
 And what a wretch I be.
 "I to the preachin' went that night
 To throw you from the cart;
 But, oh, those words, those words you spoke,
 Have touched my hardened heart.
 "Those words that told how God loved me
 So much that He could give
 His only Son—all that He had—
 That such as I might live.
 "Rough as I am, I dearly love
 My children, and depend
 I'd never part with one of them,
 Not e'en to save a friend.
 "I would have laughed defiance, sir,
 If you had told of hell;
 But, oh, His love quite broke my heart,
 His praises I would tell."
 And now Bill Catchpole, who once served
 The devil well and long
 Lives for the One who loved him so,
 And sings the sweet new song.

BLESSED THROUGH "BOYS AND GIRLS."

I WAS born in Ballymena, Ireland, on 30th October, 1859, the year of the great revival in Ireland. My father, who had been converted early in that year, being at the time of my birth away in County Armagh preaching the Gospel. He removed his home to Ayr in 1872, afterward settling down in Govan in 1874. At the age of thirteen, when in Ayr, I went to serve my time as a tailor. When we removed to Govan I went to work at my trade. The tailors among whom I worked were a very drunken lot. As the apprentice I was kept running continually to the public house till I learned to drink, and often tarried long at the cursed cup. At the age of eighteen I joined the Orange Lodge, and some time afterward the Free Masons, and other societies. Being of a sporting turn of mind, I went in for breeding dogs, fowls, canaries, &c. At the age of twenty-one I married and settled down in a home of my own, but I was "nothing bettered, but rather grew worse," causing my wife and parents many a heartache. My spare time, which should have been spent at home with my wife and children, was taken up attending society

meetings, entertainments, &c. When about eight years married the Lord came in and took away one of our children. This made me think, and led me to sign the pledge, but in a short time I was back to the old ways. Shortly after this God laid me down on what was thought to be a death-bed. Christian friends visited me, and sought to interest me in the things concerning my eternal welfare, but I was not the least troubled about the matter. God again spoke to me by taking away another child, leading me again to sign the pledge, with the resolve to lead a different life, but "the last state was worse than the first." Again the rod was brought down, and a third loved child was called home to be with Jesus. I went into the room to look at him as he lay in his coffin. While doing so God spoke right to my heart, saying, "If you were there, where would your soul be?" My heart answered back, "If that had been me, my soul would have been in hell." From that time old companions and ways gave no satisfaction. On Sunday my daughter, a girl of ten years, came home from the Sunday school, and brought me her magazine to read. The name



G. H. COOK (WHOSE STORY IS GIVEN ABOVE) HOLDING A VILLAGE SERVICE IN ENGLAND.

BLESSED THROUGH "BOYS AND GIRLS."

of it was *Boys and Girls*. I put it in my pocket, intending to read it later on. The next day I remembered it, and brought it out to have a read just to pass away the time. As soon as I opened it my eye caught the picture of a large heart. It was an illustrated text of Scripture, and read thus, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). That very moment God revealed to me His way of salvation; but the devil said you could not keep it, and brought up before me my companions, societies, dogs, &c. For nearly three months he kept me in a state of misery, bringing all these things before me, while God all the time was pressing on me the need of being saved. One Thursday night my wife and I went to a mission prayer meeting.

All the people went down on their knees and prayed one after another till it came to us. Of course we could not pray, as we were not saved. As soon as we got home, I fell on my knees at a chair in my own kitchen, and from the depth of my heart, cried, "Lord Jesus, Thou hast died for sinners, and I am a sinner, I DO BELIEVE, and I WILL CONFESS Thee with my mouth as my Saviour, and serve Thee all my life." That very moment, the peace I was longing for filled my heart, and the burden rolled away. I got up from my knees with the conscious knowledge of sins forgiven and have had many happy days since then. The love of worldly pleasure was gone. The prayer meeting took the place of the public-house. Everything was changed. "All things had indeed become new" (2 Cor. 6). Praise His Name. G.H.C.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 9. In your country



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 9.

RAMBLES AMONGST THE RUINS

rambles you may, like this man, have seen a picture of yourself—a heap of RUINS. As you paint the picture think of the words of Romans 3. 10-19, and hasten to the remedy as found in Romans 5. 1.

ORIGINAL SEARCHING, No. 209. A study by T.B. In one of John's epistles, Written in days of yore, Three little words are given, Repeated five times o'er. These three words have two letters,

"As HE IS" is the sum, So turn the pages over With pencil, finger, thumb. Answer to Acrostic, No. 208.—Jericho, Deut. 34. 3; Eli, 1 Sam 3. 2; Sychar, John 4. 5; Urias, 2 Sam. 11. 14; Samson. Judges 16. 21; JESUS. JS. FS.

EASY EPIGRAM, No. 21. There is a word with letters eight, [relate; Saint Peter does the same It tells us truly of the blood, And also of the Son of God; First letter of the word is P. Two chapters read and you'll just see. JS. FS.

Answer to Epigram 20. "Ungodly," Jude 15. T.B.

BOYS AND GIRLS OWN PAGE.

SEPTEMBER brings us within measurable distance of 1912, as is indicated by the fact that the calendars for next year are ready. See picture of *Daily Manna*, our own tear-off calendar. 366 bold, well-selected texts, with large date figures, &c. Only 6d. (2 or more post free at 6d. each). *The Believers' Calendar*, with daily text, and, IN ADDITION, 366 short gems of thought on the text for the day, from various accredited authors. Only 1/, post free. *Ebenezer Calendar*, chaste card with cord, and 12 monthly leaves. 4d. Suitable for Bible classes and senior scholars. Send for full list of *Specialties for 1912*. Ready shortly.

Glance Texts. Doubtless you made out the peculiar letters in circle in last number. They are "LOVE ONE ANOTHER." Can you find the text in New Testament?

Simple Searchings for Little Folks, No. 93. What verse in Exodus 6 shows whether Moses or Aaron was the oldest? Answer to 92: *given*, is found 10 times; *gavest*, 6 times; and *Thou*, meaning God the Father, is found 27 times in John 17.

Boys and Girls Bible Band. Commenced in 1887, nearly 2½ thousand members. Card sent free to all who apply, and do as much as they can with the searchings on this page. New names: 2380, Robt. Colclough; 2381, John Colclough; 2382, Sarah Colclough; 2383, Wm. Colclough; 2384, Nellie Boyd; 2385, Alex. Boyd; 2386, Agnes Colclough; 2387, Lizzie Colclough; 2388, Lizzie Walker; 2389, Grace Walker; 2390, May Walker; 2391, Gavin Walker; 2392, Maggie Walker; 2393, James Aitken; 2394, Arthur Aitken; 2395, John Aitken; 2396, James Bruce; 2397, Maggie Bruce; 2398, Archie Bruce; 2399, Andrew Bruce.

Two Special Prizes given by a teacher in South Africa for South African Almanacs. 42a, Engela Uys, Lower Paarl; 42b, Frank Loudon, Johannesburg. Almanac for 1912 nearly ready.

London Lessons for the little ones, No. 7.

An *apostle* am I: behead and curtail,

Then I am an *exclamation*;

Curtail me again, and *nothing* am I,

Though not quite annihilation. W.T.R.

Answer to No. 6—He, Eve, Heaven.

Subjects for Sunday in connection with *The Gospel Scheme*, 1/6 per 100; *Boys and Girls Almanac*, 6d. per doz.; Notes in *The Pathway*, 1/ per annum. Subject—"From the Manger to the Throne."

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Sept. 3,	The Publican's Curiosity, Luke 19. 1-10	John 1. 11, 12
" 10,	The Dead Man Raised, - John 11. 1-16; 38. 44	John 5. 28
" 17,	The Supper at Bethany, - John 12. 1-11	Rev. 5. 9
" 24,	The Salvation of Rahab, Joshua 2. 1-22	Heb. 11. 31
Oct 1,	The Triumphal Entry, - Luke 19. 28-48	Zech. 9. 9
" 8,	The Lord's Supper, - Mark 14. 12-26	1 Cor. 11. 26
" 15,	The Agonising Prayer, - Mark 14. 32-46	Isa. 53. 4
" 22,	Jesus Betrayed, - John 18. 1-14	Psa. 41. 9
" 29,	Crossing Jordan, - Josh. 3. 9-17	Isa. 43. 2



Almanac Awards. In addition to list given last month, we have pleasure in intimating the following PRIZES for *filling in references* in connection with "Boys and Girls Almanac." No. 1 (youngest boy), James Jeckie, Portessie; 2 (youngest girl), Ruth Grierson, Brockville; 7 (boys under 9), A.

Smith, Buckie; 9 (boys under 10), Clifford Donnelly, Hamilton; 10 (girls under 10), Bessie Bayliss, Shanklin; 11 (boys under 11), Jas. Smith, Portessie; 12 (girls under 11), Evelyn Ness, Nain; 13 (boys under 12), Wm. Stephen, Bridge-of-Weir; 14 (girls under 12), Eva Ross, Aberlour; 15 (boys under 13), Duncan Brash, Hamilton; 16 (girls under 13), Jeanie Duncan, High Blantyre; 17 (boys under 14), A. Coghill, Larkhall; 18 (girls under 14), Agnes M'Morran, Larkhall; 18a (girls under 14), Rosie Clover, Manchester; 19 (boys under 15), Edward M'Luskie, Lesmahagow; 20 (girls under 15), Agnes Cupples, Shankebridge; 20a (girls under 15), Mary M'Neish, Larkhall; 21 (boys under 16), John Craig, Larkhall; 21a (girls under 16), Isa Anderson, Larkhall; 21b (girls under 16), Maggie Preston, Dunfermline; 22 (girls over 16), Catherine Dymock, Edinburgh; 23 (orphans), Joan Dickson, Brockville, Ont.; 25 (Canada), Mabel Flower, Hamilton, Ont.; 26 (Australia), Florrie M'Leod, Newcastle, N.S.W.; 27 (Africa), Ella Loudon, Johannesburg; 42 (BEST ALMANAC), Engela Uys, Lower Paarl, So. Africa. See also former column.

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BIG STONES BROKEN SMALL.



OF all the directions about which it is important to learn, the way to heaven stands second to none. As the large stones are taken out the quarry, and broken down small to lie on the road, so would we take some of the words of Scripture, which to boys and girls may seem difficult to understand, and break them small for their benefit. Let us take the word under the hammer, and seek to know its meaning.

PEACE.

There are five letters in this word. The opposite to it is a word of three letters, namely, WAR. Did you ever think that this whole world is at war with God? And that is why He says, "There is no *peace* to the wicked" (Isa. 57. 21). He compares them to the troubled sea, which cannot rest. In order that we might have *peace*, Jesus came and died on the tree (Gal. 3. 13). Those who have believed in Him have *peace* (Rom. 5. 1), and know what these words mean. "Christ hath made peace" (Col. 1. 20). Before this priceless blessing is enjoyed another word beginning with P will be better to be broken down.

PARDON.

This means that something wrong has been done (Rom. 3. 23). But God tells us that just as earthly parents pity their little boys and girls when they do wrong, and after it is *confessed* it is forgiven, so "God abundantly pardons" (Isa. 55. 7) those who believe in His Son (Acts 13. 38). He is sending out His messengers all through the world to make known His willingness to pardon the guilty: When you have *believed* in Jesus, then all your life after you can enjoy this precious truth,

that God has pardoned you (Acts 10. 42). You will then know what this big word of ten letters on the top of the heap means.

REPENTANCE.

You will have seen yourself the guilty one, have turned from your own way, and will possess what Jesus offers in Matt. 11. 28, "Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you

REST."

No more struggling and striving to take away the wrong things, for this the blood of Jesus has done, since you believed (Heb. 10. 17). You also will rejoice to know that you are

SAVED.

Not as long as you keep it, as some little people who do not understand it say. No; no." When you truly believe that for all your sins Christ died and rose again, then you are "born again" (John 1. 12). You are one of God's "children" (Gal. 3. 26). You are seen no longer in your guilt, but as one whose punishment Jesus has taken (Isa. 53. 5). This you must never for a moment forget, for we are exhorted to remember, and rejoice in the

LIBERTY

"wherewith Christ has made us free" (Gal. 5. 1). Of course the unbeliever gets none of these things. But as a believer in Him you are to stand fast, and keep "looking unto Jesus."

Our last stone-word is a small and sweet one,

HOPE,

and this refers to something you have not yet received. Those who believe in Jesus have the prospect that Jesus is coming to take them to be for ever with Himself (John 14. 3). This is the Christian's anchor (Heb. 6. 19). See you have it in your heart. JS.FS.



"MOTHER, THAT BELONGS TO YOU: YOU EARNED IT."

THE HERO AND THE COWARD.

I WANT to tell you two stories. They are both American stories; they both relate to boys, and they are both true.

I. In the State of North Carolina there was a poor farmer who had a mountain farm with very poor soil, and had to work hard for a living. But though he had a poor farm, he had a bright son. His boy went to the district school. He stood at the top of his classes, and his father said, "That boy of mine is going to have just as good a chance as a millionaire's son." He raked and scraped, and got enough together to send his son up to the university. The boy did well. Every little while he wrote home to his father and mother and cheered their old hearts. But that was not enough. The old father's heart began to long for the boy, and he said one day, "Wife, these letters are all right—I enjoy them; but I have got to see the boy himself. I can't stand it any longer." "Well," she said, "how are you going to see him?" The father said, "I have a plan. I am going to load the waggon to-day with produce, and start off before daylight to-morrow, sell my produce in the town, pay my expenses in that way, and see my boy." So he loaded up the waggon, got up before daylight, hitched up the team, and started for the university town. Late in the afternoon he reached the town, drove in, and started up the university hill. He said, "I will see my son. He doesn't expect me. How glad he will be!" Looking up the hill, who should he see coming down it but his boy with two gay college companions. He tried to hurry up the old team, but they couldn't go any faster. They were tired. So he jumped off and ran ahead—ran up to his boy, and said, "My boy!" But that boy was ashamed of his father in his homespun clothes before his gay college companions, and he straightened himself up, and said, "You are not my father. There must be some mistake, sir. I am not your son." It went like a dagger to that old man's heart. That boy might just as well, or better, have driven a dagger right into his father's heart.



I am told that that father went home to die of a broken heart. "Whosoever therefore shall be *ashamed* of ME and of My words; . . . of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father" (Mark 8. 38).

II. In the State of Georgia there lived a poor widow who had a boy. She had to work hard to support him, but she got that boy through school, and he graduated at the top of his class—took the valedictory. The man who is highest in the class makes a farewell speech. Commencement day—that is, graduation day—came.

The mother got ready, put on the best dress she had—it was not much—put on her bonnet, put on her faded old shawl, and the boy helped her to dress. Then he took her on his arm and walked down the main street of the city, right into the big hall where the ceremony was to take place—took her right down the middle aisle to one of the best seats in the building, and seated her beside some of the most elegantly dressed people in the city. Then he went round to the platform, took his place there, and made his valedictory address.

He was handed his diploma along with a special gold medal for special excellence in certain studies. No sooner did he get it than he walked down from the platform, up to where the old woman in the faded shawl was sitting, pinned the gold medal on her faded shawl, and said, "Mother, that belongs to you: you earned it." That is a son worth having.

You owe all you have to the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved you, and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20). How have you treated His invitation, "Come unto Me?" (Matt. 11. 28). How have you treated Him? Will you not now believe on Him, pin all your honours on the Son of God to-day? Then hear His words, "Whosoever therefore shall *confess* ME before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10. 32). Will you be a coward or a hero in acknowledging the Lord Jesus to-day? R. A. TORREY.

TWO GREAT POWERS.

WITH thousands more, we visited the National Historical Exhibition in Glasgow. During a stroll along the lovely banks of the Kelvin, impelled by the beauty of the little "Viking" model, this photo. was "snapped."

There were several other pretty models of ships moored in a line, and all designed to mark the advance of the art of shipbuilding from ancient times, with its oar-propelled vessels, down to the present, with its mammoth "dreadnoughts." But things are moving so rapidly apace that even dreadnoughts are now being outclassed by other larger and more powerful leviathans, so that it is not safe to guess what the future may reveal in the way of advancement.

Thus change is everywhere present, and sooner or later its presence is made visible. In a short time the beautiful models lying so peacefully on the surface of the Kelvin will have their moorings lifted, and the whole Kelvingrove Exhibition itself will soon be only a memory of the past.

This constant change in things seen and unseen reminds us of Two Great Powers which work tremendous changes in human lives—the first of which is the POWER OF SIN. Of all the great forces in the world none but *sin* can stain the soul of man. All have felt its power, so you, too, must have experienced it. When you would do good, evil was present with you. Yes, sin has still its old crushing, blighting grip, and the soul entwined in its grasp has no power to free itself. The sinner "shall be holden with the cords of his sins" (Prov. 5. 22), and "shall not

see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36).

If you already feel that your sins are heavier than you can bear, then remember there is an effectual way, but only *one*, whereby freedom from sin can be got, and this brings us face to face with the second and greatest of all powers, which is the POWER OF JESUS' BLOOD to cleanse the sin-stained soul. "When I see the blood I will pass over you" (Exod. 12. 13).

How is that possible, you ask? Only because the Substitute has died for you, and His blood can make the vilest clean. This is clearly stated in 1 John 1. 7. "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin." The application of this wondrous sin-cleansing blood cannot be obtained by influence, ability, or wealth. The millionaire sinner and the pauper sinner stand upon the same platform, for "not of works" but "by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8; Rom. 6. 23).

Make this Historical Exhibition year a year of rejoicing in *your* history by accepting this free gift, and as a pardoned sinner you will thus have the greatest of all possessions, "peace through the blood of His cross," (Col. 1. 20). Moreover, when this great Exhibition and all other exhibitions are past and gone, you will, "through faith in His blood" (Rom. 3. 25), be one of those who shall take part in the great Exhibition of Grace when the multitude, which no man can number, shall gather on the golden strand and form a part of the "*everlasting* kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter 1. 11).

A. E. L.



MODEL OF VIKING SHIP IN THE KELVIN.

JACK HORNER'S REPENTANCE.

"LEARN young and learn fair," was the
 old-fashioned rule,
 When Jack Horner's mother first sent him
 to school.
 Now Jack was just six, and his notion was
 then
 No boy should get lessons until he was ten.
 Though older and bigger, Dick Dunce he
 could see [he.
 Just went when he fancied, and why shouldn't
 So one morn as he crept along sleepy and
 slow, [go.
 He resolved he'd play truant, and bird-nesting
 But, alas! ere he found out a nest or a thing,
 A bird started near him to whistle and sing.
 And the song as it trilled it forth plainly
 and full, [school."
 Was "Back to the school, Jack, go back to the

Jack was sure by his mother the bird had
 been sent,
 So, like a good boy, *he repented and went.*
 "Learn young," as with goodness, the same
 'tis with sin, [begin.
 Every step gets more easy when once you
 Jack sung like a bird as he trotted along,
 Right glad he had turned from the path that
 was wrong.
 When the lessons were started 'twas easy to
 tell [well.
 The bird must have been to the teacher as
 Of two boys in the old Bible story he read,
 "Go, work in my vineyard," their father had
 said.
 The one said, "I will, sir," but then did not
 go ;
 The other one went, after first saying "no."

Now, boys, said the teacher, can any one say
 Which of them did the will of the father
 that day?
 Jack knowing right well what the parable
 meant, [and went."
 Answered, promptly, "The one *who repented*
 "Learn young and learn fair" was the old-
 fashioned plan, [man.
 'Tis the diligent boy makes the prosperous
 From the little bird Jack learned a lesson
 that day : [then play.
 First business then pleasure ; first work and
 Step by step, *like these steps*, without stumble
 or stop ;
 Step by step, *like these steps*, he soon climbed
 to the top.
 When his school days were done, he'd a record
 unique, [Greek.
 He was first Mathematics, first Latin and
 First and foremost in boyhood, in manhood
 the same,
 Not a man in his time had a more honoured
 name.
 "Not slothful in business," straightforward
 and true,
 A lover of God, and his fellow-man, too.
 A man whose whole life has for others been
 spent.
 And all 'cause one day *he repented and went.*



"HE RESOLVED HE'D PLAY TRUANT, AND BIRD-NESTING GO."

INSPECTOR AITKEN.

WHAT BUILDINGS ARE THESE?



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ORPHAN HOMES OF SCOTLAND, BRIDGE-OF-WEIR.

THE train was steaming from St. Enoch's, Glasgow, to Greenock. A brave young fellow in the compartment handed tracts to his fellow-passengers, including a well-known City worker for Christ. "What is this for?" asked my friend. "To tell you how to get to heaven," replied the youth. "Then are you on the road?" "Yes; thank God, nine months ago I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and got everlasting life," answered the young enthusiast.

Without indicating his thoughts the City man addressed a middle-aged traveller by his side, "Did you hear what this young man said just now; that he is saved, and sure of heaven? What do you think of that?" "Oh," replied the man in a careless mood, "he is one of these Christians, and they are all alike—just a set of mugs." (The word is a little strong, but is pretty generally understood.) Whereupon the City man had to avow his faith in Christ, and say, "I agree with the young man." "Oh, well," said the stranger, "it's all the same, the whole crowd of you are alike—just a set of mugs!"

Just at the juncture the train had passed Bridge-of-Weir, and an aged veteran in the

corner, who had not hitherto spoken, looked out of the window, and, probably with a purpose, inquired, "Can any of you gentlemen tell me what buildings are these?" At once the City worker saw his opportunity for a word in season. "Yes, sir, I can; these are the Orphan Homes of Scotland, built by a mug named Quarrier. This gentleman says all Christians are mugs, and these buildings, sheltering 1200 of Scotland's fatherless and motherless bairns, were built by that noble Christian, William Quarrier, and are a monument to his hallowed memory." Then with a view of thrusting home the well aimed shot he produced a £1 note from his pocket, and said, "I will give this to this reviler of Christians if he will name any similar institution built by any infidel or atheist in any part of the world." Needless to say, he retained his note, and applied the moral so heartily as to afford food for serious thought to all who were in the compartment.

Young friends, lay this to heart, the practical manifestation of the love of Christ urges you to hasten and enlist on the side which has such a glorious Master. HYP.

SEARCH AND SEE.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 10.—A gentleman in India sat in his bungalow eating some fruit. A friend entering the room saw a venomous serpent just ready to strike. Without a moment's delay he seized the chair, landed the gentleman on the floor, and sent chair and serpent flying across the room. Annoyed at first, the gentleman was soon made glad when he saw how he had been delivered from such an awful death.

Perhaps you have felt annoyed when you have been faithfully warned of the danger you are in if still unsaved. Remember *it is true* that you are "condemned already," and "the wrath of God abideth on you" (John 3. 18, 36). Others may "heal the hurt slightly" (Jer. 6. 14), but in faithfulness we urge you to "flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. 3. 7). "Ye must be born again." You were not born saved, you are not always

saved, you need to be "born again" to be a true Christian. How can that be? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved. HYP.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 210. Set to work at once and look up these portions.

My first is just one letter, but when placed with word of two [actions do.

Proclaims a wondrous Person who can mighty

My second was a boasting man, by many he was sought, [brought to nought.

But being slain they found him out, and they were The next a man who doubted that a Person some had seen, [the scene.

Till he himself was with them when He came upon

The next was one who brought a gift acceptable to God, [blood.

Because he only Him approached by virtue of the

The last, another traitor, who did perish in his sin, His surname is the answer to bring the letter in.

My whole a very faithful man to God's anointed King, [cling.

In life or death, or any place, to Him he vowed to

Answer to Searching No. 209. E. E. G.

"As He is" in the light (1 John 1. 7). Righteous "as He is" (1 John 3. 7). "As He is" so are we (1 John 4. 17). Pure "as He is" pure (1 John 3. 3). See Him "as He is" (1 John 3. 2). T. B.

EASY EPIGRAM, No. 22.

A Distressed Leader.

A leader in distress is seen,
Defeated have his soldiers
been;

To God he goes and tells his
woe,

But promptly he is made to
know

The cause whereby defeat has
come—

God's will through them has
not been done.

A thorough search through
all is made,

And on one man their hands
are laid;

This man found coveting has
been,

His sin is by the people seen.
Before they conquerors can be,

They must from sin be first
set free.

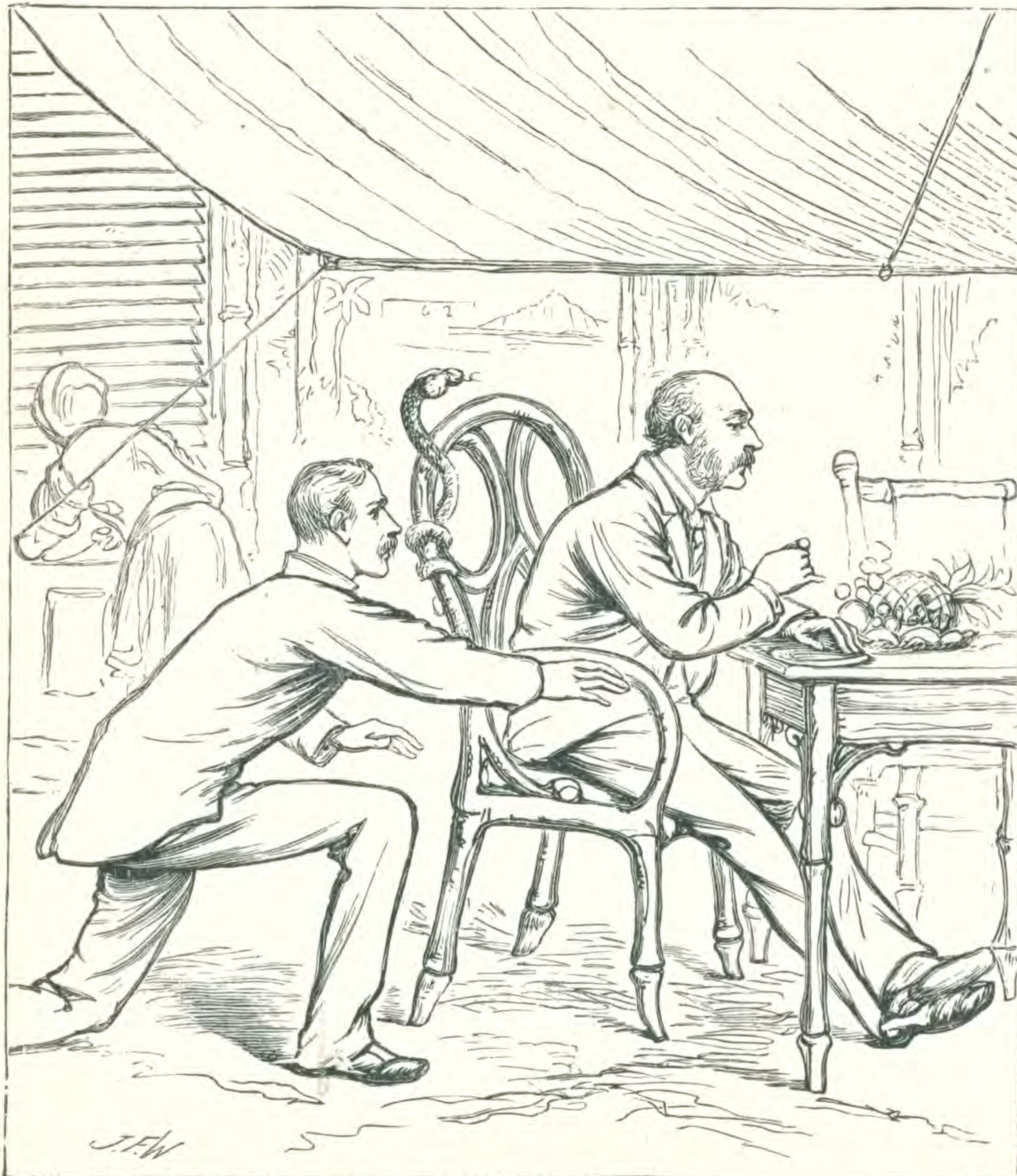
God's judgment for the sin
must fall,

He's stoned and burned before
them all.

What was his name, who thus
did err?

And punishment like this did
bear. JS. FS.

Answer to No. 21. Pre-
cious (1 Peter 1. 19; 2. 4).



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 10.

THE MERCHANT'S SURPRISE.

OUR OWN SPECIAL CORNER.

UNEXPECTED! On August 2nd four little girls—Maggie, Mary, Alexandra, and Lizzie—were playing in a sandhole at Govan, near Glasgow, when about a ton of sand came down and buried them beneath it. Fortunately three boys—Willie, George, and John—witnessed the accident, and went to the rescue. Dragging Mary and Lizzie out, they were on the point of leaving when they noticed the sand moving, set to work again and dug out Alexandra. Never thinking there could be more, they left the hole. Half an hour after Maggie was missed, her father and brother set to work, and found her face downwards in the sand over a foot deep. Three saved, one lost, and that one just a foot from being saved! How sad! How much more sad if anyone lets October, November, December slip by, and is almost saved but lost at last in Eternity? May these warnings and the flying months urge each one to flee to the outstretched arms of Calvary and be saved (Matt. II. 28). HYP.

Another real Help for workers and real joy for young folks has been prepared by the Editor with the valued assistance of poets in very different parts of the world. The title is given in centre. It consists mostly of *original* pieces suitable for repeating at home, in school, at treats and annual gatherings, and special occasions. Away from the common run of such books, yet clear as a bell on the Gospel, it is sure to find a hearty welcome at this time of the year. 1/ net; 1/3, post free.

Simple Searchings for our darlings, No 94. What chapters in Numbers tell (1) Why Miriam was smitten? (2) When did she die? *Answer to 93.*—Aaron was older than Moses (Exod 6. 20). JS. FS.

Prizes and Awards for distant schools. Our immense stock is now on view. Selection of over 5000 volumes, with reduced post free prices, sent to any address on application. Selection and satisfaction increases each year.

London Lessons for our little ones, No. 8.

As Christians we should ever first,

And Christ is called "the Second Second;"
Ezekiel tells of *whole*, you'll find,

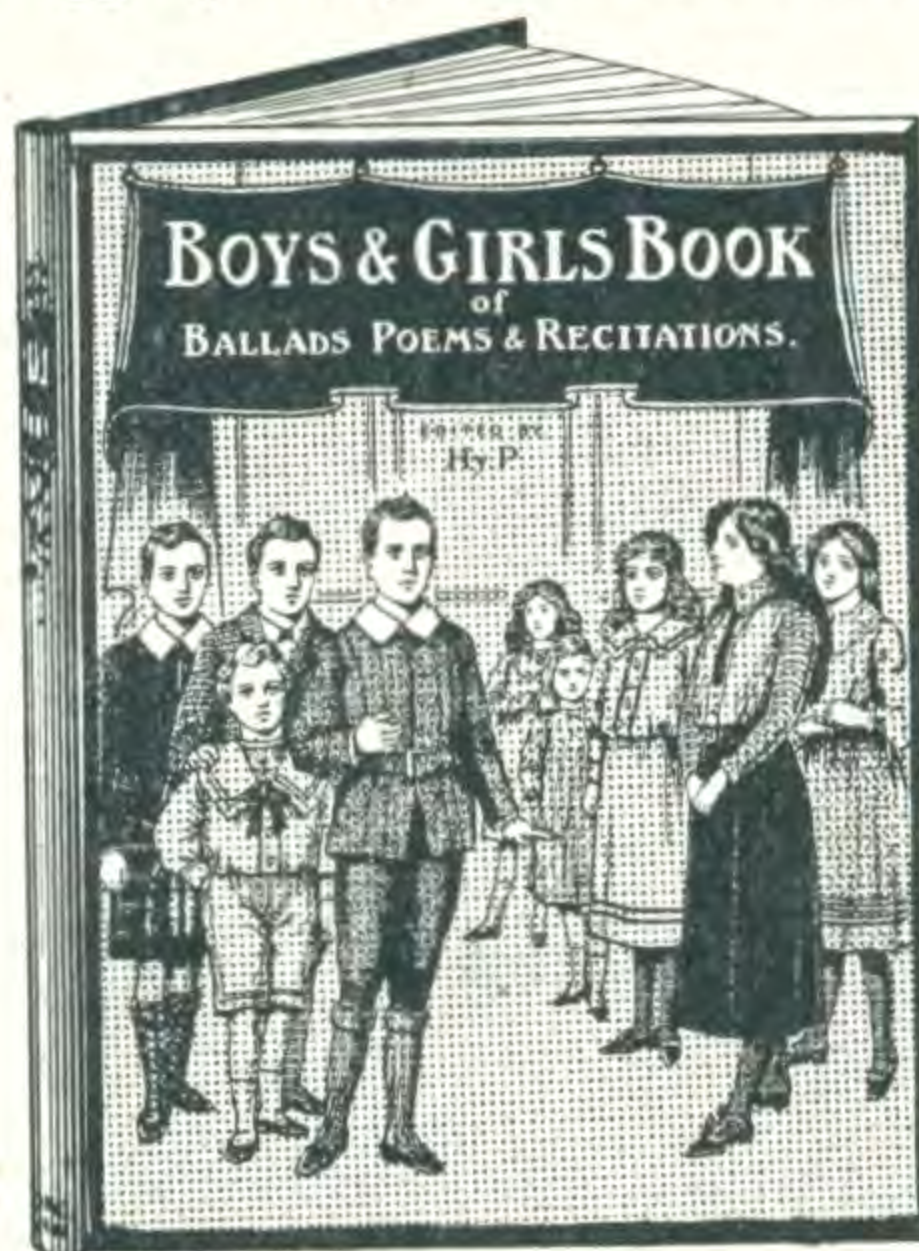
More so than any one, I've reckoned. W.T.R.

Answer to 7.—JOHN, OH, O.

Subjects for Sunday in connection with *Boys and Girls Almanac* (new copy for 1912, 6d. doz., 3/6 per 100, post free); *Gospel Scheme of Lessons* (new folding shape for 1912, 1/6 per 100, post free).

Sunday	Subject and portion to read	Memory verse
Oct. 1, The Triumphal Entry,	- Luke 19.28-48	Zech. 9. 9
" 8, The Lord's Supper,	- Mark 14.12-26	1 Cor. 11. 26
" 15, The Agonising Prayer,	- Mark 14.32-46	Isa. 53. 4
" 22, Jesus Betrayed,	- John 18. 1-14	Psa. 41. 9
" 29, Crossing Jordan,	- Josh. 3. 9-17	Isa. 43. 2
Nov. 5, Jesus before Caiaphas,	- Matt. 26.57-68	Isa. 53. 7
" 12, Jesus before Pilate,	- Luke 23.13-26	John 10. 17, 18
" 19, The Crucifixion,	- Mark 15.20-37	Gal. 6. 14
" 26, The Scapegoat,	- Lev. 16. 20-34	Psa. 103. 12

Prepare for 1912 by sending to friends abroad *The Believers' Calendar*, 366 tear-off leaves with daily text and comment, 1/; *Daily Manna*, our own 6d. block calendar; *Ebenezer Calendar*, with twelve monthly pads, 4d; *Daily Light Almanac*, bold portion for each day, red border, 1d. *Believers' Diary* and *Pocket Companion*, 1d., 2d., 6d., and with full diary, 1/; *Boys and Girls Almanac* and *Scripture Searching Text Book*, 1/2d. Full lists free of specialties for the coming season.



Boys and Girls Bible Band continues to expand as the months go by. New names: 2400, Jessie Bruce; 2401, Lizzie Bruce; 2402, Duncan Jeffrey; 2403, Jenny Jeffrey; 2404, Agnes Jeffrey; 2405, Maggie Jeffrey; 2406, Alex. Price; 2407, James Cook; 2408, Walter Lawton; 2409, Henry Boyd; 2410, Sarah Boyd; 2411, Robt. M'Kinley; 2412, Albert M'Kinley; 2413, Andw. M'Kinley; 2414, Janet M'Kinley; 2415, Charles Toner; 2416, Agnes Toner; 2417, Archie M'Millan;

2418, Maggie M'Millan; 2419, John Dickie—all of Glasgow.

Points for All. Keep up with the *Pictures to Paint*, and get ready for sending in in December.... The original *Recitation* on page 3 is good and timely... Free specimen copies of *Boys and Girls* for handing round to friends will be sent on application to the Editor... Several *new features* are contemplated for next year... "Eyegate Lessons" are given monthly in *The Pathway*.

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

(Founded and Edited by HY. PICKERING. Copyright).

Articles, stories, photos, and items of interest suitable for our pages are welcome. Post to Editor, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow.

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RATES FOR YEAR—1 copy, 1/; 2, 1/6; 3, 2/; 4, 2/6; 6 or more at 6d. per copy; 12, 6/; 25, 11/; 50, 21/; 75, 30/; 100, £2; 300, £5. Your own Title added free on 50 Monthly.

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THE BOY AND THE HEARTS.

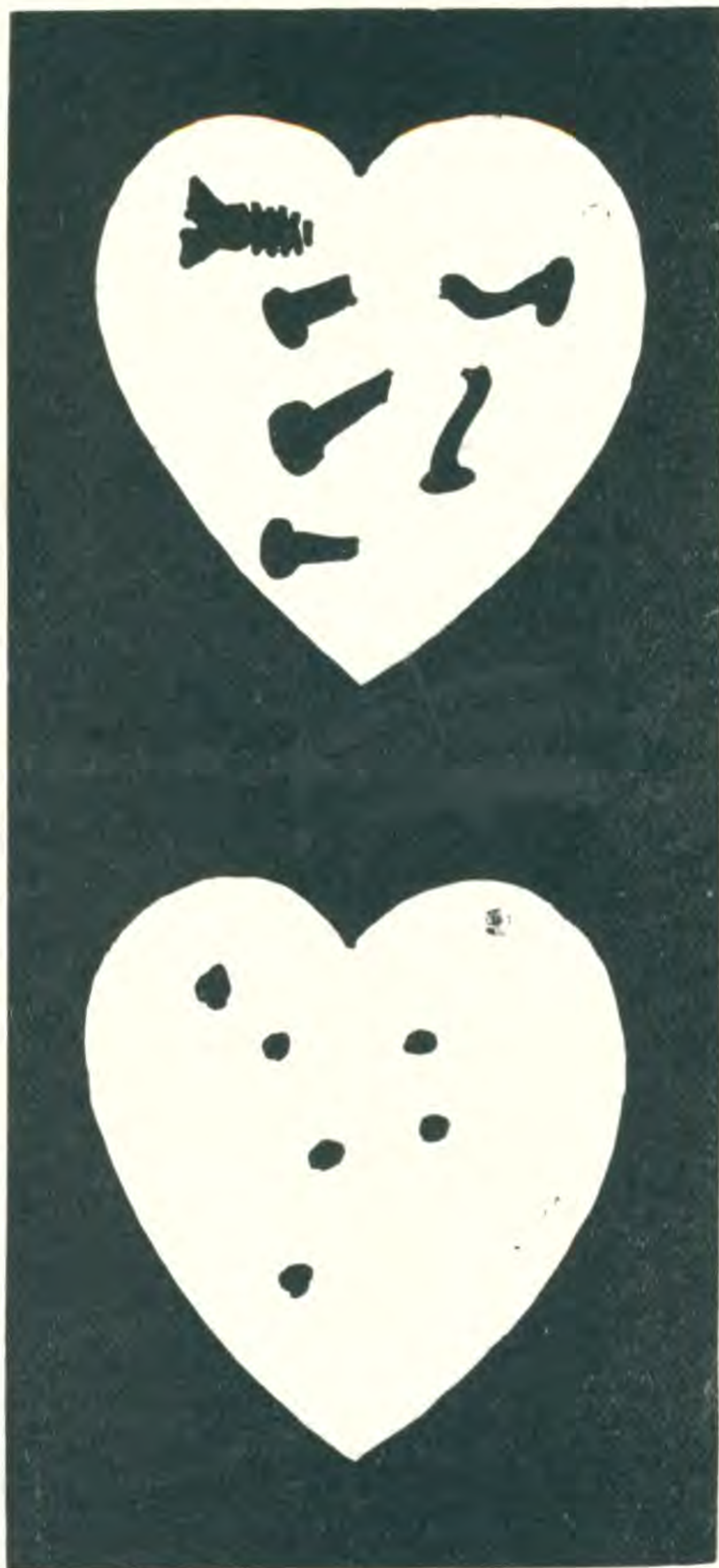
THERE is a story told of a very naughty boy, whose father thought to point out to him the rapidity with which his sins accumulated in God's catalogue, and said to him one day, "Now for every sin I know you to commit I will drive a **nail into this heart**

which I have made, and you must remember that you sin against God, who loves you and gave His Son to die for our sins, and it grieves His heart." Like the boy, if you have not been to Jesus for the cleansing power, if you are not washed in the blood of the Lamb, then you are still unsaved, and can do nothing else but sin against God. Even our righteousnesses are as filthy rags in God's sight (Isa. 64. 6), and "they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8). "Ye must be born again."

Very soon the heart was filled up. Then the father sought to point out to the boy the simple lesson of justification by faith in the finished work of Christ on the cross when He "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). He told the boy that for every good deed he performed he would **draw a nail out of the heart**. At last they were all drawn out, and he asked the boy if he was pleased at the result. He did not answer at first, but appeared to be thinking deeply, and looking up he cried, "Father, the nails are gone, but the marks are left." His father pointed out that nothing we could do of ourselves could remove the great catalogue of sins that stood against us, that, while easing our conscience, it left out of the question Christ, "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4. 25). It would be required of each of us at the bar of God why we had **rejected the Lord Jesus Christ**—the only One who could satisfy God's righteous claims against sin, and so pay to God the ransom price. Then the father told the boy how every one who truly believes on the Lord Jesus Christ can say—

"God will not payment twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

Through the atoning work of Christ God can now be just, and the Justifier of him who believeth in Jesus (Rom. 3. 26).



Have you thought of the seriousness of your position if unsaved? "Without hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. 2. 12), but not without a god, "For if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom **the god of this world** hath blinded the minds of them which believeth not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. 4. 3, 4). Satan will use every means to keep you from thinking about eternity, and he knows how to do his work right well. I remember when he blinded me by the pleasures of this world, but when awakened by God to see my deep need of a Saviour, as a guilty sinner **I accepted Christ as my Saviour**, and could right joyfully sing,

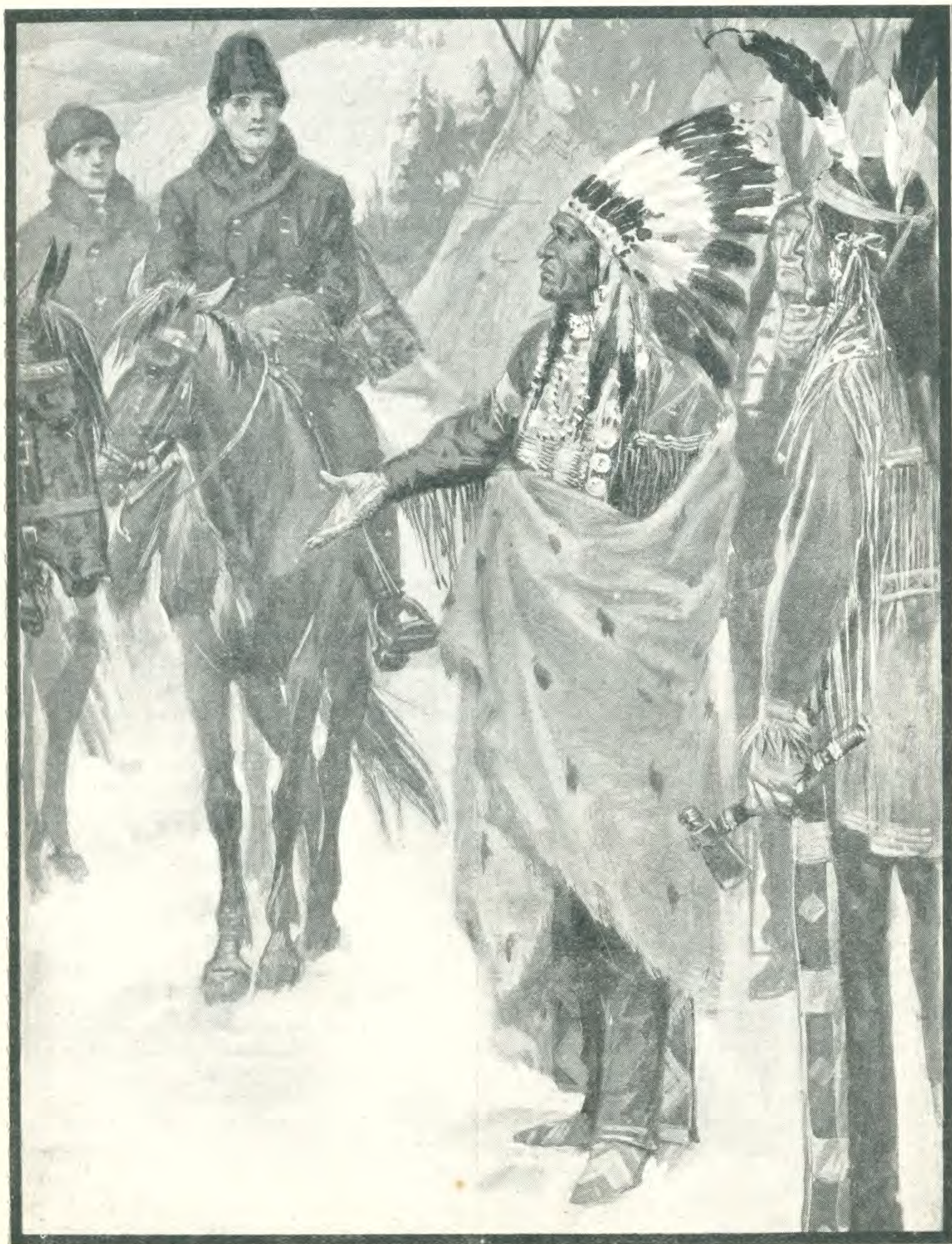
"Once I was blind, but now
I can see,
The light of the world is
Jesus."

And whether by way of the grave or His coming to the air, I shall be ushered into the immediate presence of my Saviour and Lord, before whom all shall bow, and "every tongue confess that He is Lord to the

glory of God the Father" (Phil. 2. 10, 11). Accept Him as your Saviour now, and God's Word makes it plain that it will be well with your soul both for Time and Eternity.

"Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
Jesus, lowly meek and mild;
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Wilt thou not be reconciled."

Delay not to have your heart made right with God even now. Remember, nothing but a radical change will do. Accept Christ and the change will take place. Reject Him and you remain in your sins. Which shall it be? w.j.c.



"THE DUSKY WARRIORS HAD SOME VERY SPECIAL BUSINESS ON HAND."

No. 287.—November, 1911.

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.

Monthly, One Halfpenny.

THE CAPTIVE INDIAN BOY.



A SMALL band of American trappers were wending their way across the western wilderness when they suddenly came upon an Indian encampment. It was evident that the dusky warriors had some very special business on hand. As the white men drew near they found that an

Indian boy belonging to a hostile tribe had been captured, and was about to be burned at the stake. He was securely bound, and the faggots were ready to be lighted. The trappers were horrified at the spectacle, and their deepest compassion was aroused in favour of the poor little fellow who was so soon to feel the scorching flames amid the fierce exultation of his savage foes.

These few white men were not only moved by compassion, but they resolved to *redeem the captive* if that were possible. Advancing towards the Indian chiefs they offered to pay a ransom price to give the lad his liberty. But this offer was firmly rejected. They were not going to deny themselves the pleasure of witnessing their captive's dying agonies as he writhed amid the devouring flames. The white man could keep his gold.

At this juncture the trappers held a hurried consultation, and determined that the Indian boy must be delivered. They could not stand by and see him slowly burned to death before their eyes. If gold could not redeem him they were prepared if need be to shed the last drop of their blood to effect his rescue. They knew the risks they were taking, but they had counted the cost, and were prepared for the consequences, even death itself. They accordingly approached the redskin warriors again, and said, "The Indian boy must not be burned. If you do not take the price we have offered we will fight for the lad, although the last man of us should have to die on the spot where we stand."

It was a striking situation. The little captive had no claim whatever on the white men's compassion. He belonged to an alien race. It was in a sense no affair of theirs.

They might have passed on their way like the priest who "passed by on the other side." But, like the "good Samaritan," they had compassion (Luke 10. 33), and nothing was too great for them to give, even unto life itself.

Surely this is a striking picture of the love that gave Jesus to die on Calvary. We had no claim on His pity. We were enemies, and He might have left us to perish. Yet He had compassion—a compassion so deep and strong that when no ransom could be found He gave *Himself*. "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6).

When the Indian warriors saw the set and determined faces of these few white men, each with his rifle ready to do its deadly work, they considered matters in a more conciliatory mood, and then said, "We will take the white man's gold." In a moment the ransom price was paid, and at the same moment the sharp knife of a trapper cut the bonds that held the captive boy, and he was free. What joy would fill the little fellow's heart at that supreme moment! He understood all that was done. He had been waiting, in an agony of suspense, the lighting of his funeral pyre, when suddenly he is set free by the self-sacrificing compassion of men he had never seen before. He knew he was delivered, and he knew what he had been delivered from. This is also true of all who have received Christ as the "ransom of the soul." They know they have been delivered from going down to the Pit (Job 33. 24).

But the work of the trappers was not yet done. Having adventured their lives for the deliverance of the little captive, they were resolved to keep him safe till he was clear out of danger. Taking him along with them, they continued their journey through the wilderness, leaving the Indian encampment far behind. On the third day a solitary Indian was seen on the distant prairie. As he drew near, the boy's keen eye recognised him. "This is my father," he said. And in a few minutes the trappers had the joy of presenting the boy safe and sound to his father.

This speaks to us of a day yet to come, when the great Shepherd of the sheep shall present each one of the blood-bought company to their Father in heaven. Are you going to be there?

W.S.

HOW GOD SAVED WEE WILLIE.

WILLIE SMITHSON was a little Wishaw boy. He had two remarkable events in his brief life. The first was his conversion to God, and the second his call home to be for ever with the One who saved him. His conversion came about in this way. An honoured servant of the Lord had been conducting Gospel meetings in the district where Willie lived, and one day paid a visit to Willie's parents. While doing so, he spoke to the boy about his soul. Noticing that the lad was anxious, the evangelist brought various portions of God's Word before him, showing him that although tender in years he was a sinner in the sight of God, and consequently needed a Saviour. Amongst other verses, John 3. 16, that wonderful verse which has been so much used in bringing souls to Christ, was referred to. It reads, "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." Willie was led to see that the word "WHOSOEVER" included him. After a lengthened talk, as the evangelist rose to go, he asked, "Now, can you say that Jesus is wee Willie Smithson's Saviour?" The immediate response was, "Yes, I can." From that time forth, Willie proved by his life that he was really "born again" (John 3. 3).

After witnessing a good confession in his own quiet way, he was called home when only twelve years old. For a long time before he passed away he suffered much bodily pain. Exactly a month before his death he was laid aside, and during the

whole period, owing to the nature of his illness, he was unable to lie down in bed; but in the midst of his affliction he was able to rejoice in a Saviour, who not only saves from sin, but likewise sustains in suffering. It was indeed cheering to those who visited the little lad at this time to observe his constant faith in "the One who loves above

all others." On one occasion, when suffering intense agony, he clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer, and exclaimed, "Oh, Lord Jesus, take away this pain or take me away home to be with Yourself!" Soon afterwards the latter part of Willie's prayer was answered, and he went home to "see the King in His beauty."

Have you yet learned what the subject of this little sketch learned. Have you discovered that you are an undone sinner in the sight of a holy God, deserving nothing but banishment from His presence for ever and ever. The story of God's love in giving His Son to die for sinners may be an

old story to you, but can you now say, "Jesus died for *me*; He is *my* Saviour?" Can you say, "Heaven is *my* home?" You perhaps are asking the question "What must I do to be saved?" The answer is simple, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

Don't think for one moment that all saved boys die young, but remember that a good many boys and girls die young. Like wee Willie, you may be one. Hence we urge you, delay not, for "we know not what a day may bring forth." Haste ere the Master rises from His throne and shuts the gate, then it will be for ever "too late, too late." R.J.S.



WILLIE SMITHSON, WISHAW.

BOBBY'S FIRST BAWBEE.

Suitable for repetition by a little boy who can speak out clearly. A halfpenny should be held up now and again. Take care to emphasise the Scripture portions.

A HALE bawbee, mind—and a' tae maseel',
Wi' joy I'm like chokin', if truth I maun tell,
How best I micht spend it I canna richt say,
I'm fair in a muddle to ken whit to dae.
Whaur to gang to get value is the question for solvin'
For nearly an hour ma brain's been revolv'in'.
Ma mither advised me,
"Bobby," said she,
"Tak' heed whit ye buy wi' yer first bawbee."



I thocht ance o' savin' it until I got mair,
And then I micht buy a carriage and pair,
Or a fine sailin' yacht, then gang whaur ye please—
There's lots ye micht buy if ye saved yer bawbees.
But I thocht ance mair it wad tak' sic a while
To save up sic' siller, 'twad need sic' a pile,
To buy a fine yacht to sail in the sea
I wad need mair to start than a single bawbee.
So before you'd say winkie I had come to a shop,
At the sights in the winda ma hert filled wi' hope,
There wis sweeties o' a' kinds, and oranges, oh, my!
A thoosand and ane things a bawbee could buy—
Lucky bags by the dizzen, and black-stripet balls,
Sweetie pigs, sweetie pipes, and polismen's calls.
Their worth wis extraordnar, 'twas plain, I could see
Here best I could spend ma first bawbee.

For the door o' the shoppie I made a bee-line,
To buy some burnt candy I had made up ma mind.
But jist at this meenit—oh! the thocht mak's me greet—
The coin slipt frae ma haun and fell on the street.
It rintlet and trintlet till it cam' to the gutter,
And then ere a word frae ma lips I could utter
It fell doon a gratin' in front o' ma ee',
Sae that wis the last o' ma first bawbee.

I grat ma hert sair, ma grief was sae great,
I toddled on hamewards ma tale to relate,
I was clapped on the back wi' my kind-herted mither,
Wha telt me tae fret nane, she'd gie me anither.
Then advice she prescribed I'll never despise—
"Gie Jesus your hert and your life if you're wise,
If ye hinna a Saviour when the time comes tae dee
Ye'll lose a heap mair than your first bawbee.
Of the love o' much siller, says the Bible, beware,
Wi' wealth there's temptation, wi' money a snare,
If we mak' Christ oor portion oor fortune's secure,
Oor pleasures are lasting, oor heaven is sure.
And hasna the Maister declared to us plain,
Has a man ony profit, or what is his gain
If he had a' the riches this world could control
And then, after a', wis to lose his own soul?

THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP "LIBERTE."

ANY one who saw the French battleship "Liberté" lying in Toulon harbour would have said, "What a picture of strength! How well able to resist attacks, and how well able to make them!" And with her four 12-in. guns and ten 7.6-in. guns, her light guns, and torpedo tubes she looked invincible. Had she not an armoured belt twelve inches in thickness, a crew of 793 officers and men, and engines of 20,565 horse power? Just before daybreak on Monday, 25th September, 1911, a little smoke was observed. "Fire quarters" was sounded, and the men began to fight the flames, but soon explosion followed explosion until the fifth, and worst, blew the ship and all remaining on board in a thousand directions. Sin is such an explosive, and it is hidden in every heart; it "is bound in the heart of a child" (Prov. 22. 15), and its explosions are fatal; no shell from foes without is necessary, "for out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies" (Matt. 15. 19). These are things that not only defile, but destroy.

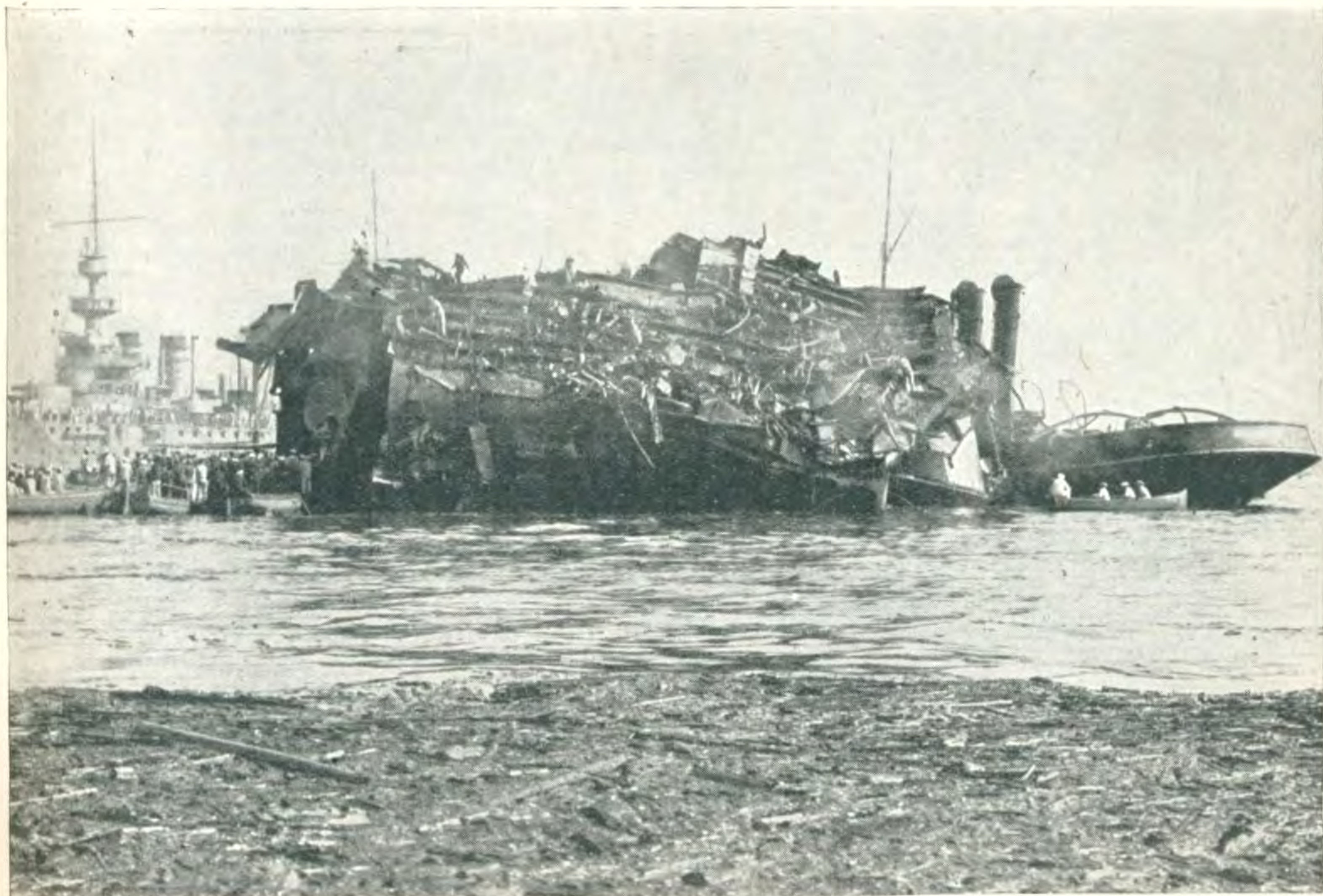
All this happened in a calm harbour, not in a stormy sea; in time of peace, not as the result of war; and moral wrecks are caused by sin within, apart from attacks without, and in safe harbours as much as on the tempestuous sea of life.

"Abandon ship," was sounded, but too late, and over 300 lives were lost, many who had leaped into the sea being killed by the force of the explosion and falling iron. To abandon all hope of saving our old sinful nature is our only hope; the fire of sin has too great a hold to be mastered by our efforts.

How sudden it all was! A few minutes and the majestic and defiant vessel was blown into a shapeless mass. Lives are marred in moments.

How far reaching it was! Men were killed on other vessels. An eye-witness said: "With my own eyes I saw a huge mass of iron fall upon and swamp the launch of the 'Democracie,' which was going ashore to fetch the men who had been on furlough. I saw nothing more of the crew or the boat."

The "Foudré," a gunnery school vessel,



ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP WHICH COST £1,652,436.

THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP "LIBERTÉ."

was anchored nearly two miles from the "Liberté," yet her commanding officer was mortally injured on deck by a splinter of shell, while two men, one on either side of him, were wounded. When we sin we not only destroy ourselves but others.

The cost of the "Liberté" was £1,652,436, so over a million and a half of money was lost; but one soul, your soul, is worth far more than all the world. How can it be saved from the destruction of sin? Jesus saves! He saves from sin, for that is what His name means. Some were saved from the "Liberté," and some are saved from sin. Are you? "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). W.L.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 11. "Wars and rumours of wars" (Matt. 24. 6) will continue

till "the Prince of peace" comes (Isa. 9. 6). Hence this painting is of interest to-day. In January, 1871, the French army of the East were driven into a corner by the German forces. Unable to push on to Belfort and engage in battle, unwilling to risk the danger of a retreat along the snow-covered Juras, with General wounded, supplies exhausted, comrades dying, and the foe pressing hard upon them, they were at their wits' end. One way only lay open—*cross into Swiss territory*. This could only be allowed on one condition—*lay down their arms*. Humiliating as this was, it was better than death. Just in time they crossed the border, piled up their guns, and reached safety, food, and friendship. In a greater sense "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts 17. 30). Turn to God from sin, danger,

death, and you will be welcomed, saved, kept, and share in glory eternal. HYP.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, 211.

A man who left his country and his home, [roam;
A stranger in the promised land to
A man who selfishly the best did choose, [refuse;
A man who did sin's pleasures all
A man whose mother came of heathen race, [chain of grace;
She formed a link in God's great
A prophet who prevailed with God in prayer, [godly care;
Yet failed to train his sons with
A man whom Paul exhorted to keep pure,
And as a soldier hardness to endure.
Take the first letter of each name,
A word you'll find it is the same
As King Agrippa used when he
Inclined from coming wrath to flee.

E.J.M.

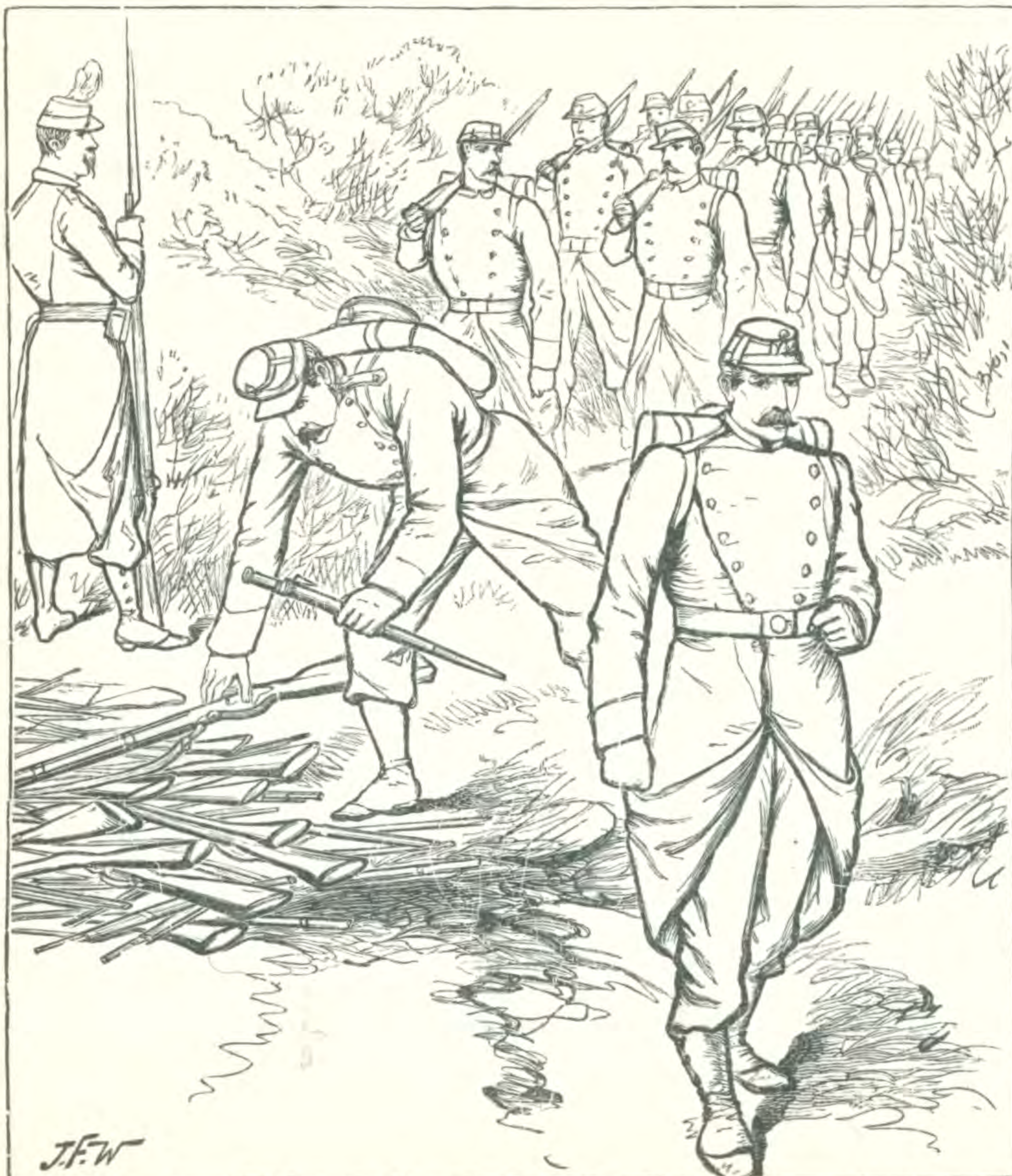
Answer to 210—I Am, Exod. 3. 14; Theudas, Acts 5. 36; Thomas, John 20. 26; Abel, Gen. 4. 4; Iscariot, Matt. 26. 14—ITTAI, 2 Sam. 15. 21. E.E.G.

EASY EPIGRAM, No. 23.

There were two women good,
Who bore the self-same name;
One was a faithful nurse,
Almost unknown to fame.
The other shone out clear
In Israel's darksome night;
Now get your Bibles out
And search with all your might.

T.B.

Answer to 22—Jonah of Gathhepher, 2 Kings 14. 25.



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 11.

THE DISARMAMENT.

BOYS AND GIRLS OWN PAGE.

A QUARTER of a Century is a long time to look forward to, and a short time to look back upon. It seems more like ten or twelve years than twenty-five years ago since *Boys and Girls* was launched in a humble way, yet it has steadily won its way as a favourite with teachers and scholars in all parts of the English-speaking world.

Gratitude fills our hearts at the thought of the grace which has enabled us to give a "clear ring" concerning "the Gospel of God" during the twenty-four years closing with next number, as well as at the valued help from so many authors, poets, artists, photographers, and other friends who have supplied matter, made suggestions, aided the circulation, and otherwise manifested practical fellowship in seeking to reach young hearts with the words of life.

For 1912 we need only say that we hope to continue on identical lines to assure our readers and secure our helpers. In addition to a pile of valuable matter, we have original drawings in hand, a number of copyright photos being prepared, new readings, searchings, recitations, &c. The picture paintings have been so attractive that we purpose to continue the series. The Editor will value hints from active workers in the harvest field.

Picture Paintings, as on opposite page. Use paints, crayons, or any colouring you judge best. Send in any ten of the series by 30th December, addressed to the Editor, 11 Bothwell Circus, Glasgow. Number them one to ten; put name, address, and age on back of one copy. Awards will be duly intimated early next year.

London Lessons for our darlings, No. 9.—Numbered letters:

Find Acts 10-39, and there you'll see 2.4.1.3.
In John 3.16—blessed verse—6.5 you'll plainly see;
Now Jeremiah 17.10 my 7.4.8 will show
My whole, it's clear to every one, no end will ever know.

W.T.R.

Answer to No. 8.—WATCH, MAN—WATCHMAN.

Subjects for Sunday. During 1911 we have enjoyed tracing the footsteps of the Master, *From Bethlehem's Manger to the Heavenly Throne*. During 1912 we will continue to trace *The Gospel Triumphs in the Acts*. Complete Scheme in neat folding shape, 3d per dozen; 1/6 per 100, post free. Notes on lessons in *The Pathway*, monthly, 1/2d; yearly, 1/. Samples of either free.

Sunday	Subject and portion to read	Memory verse
Nov. 5,	Jesus before Caiaphas, - Matt. 26.57-68	Isa. 53.7
" 12,	Jesus before Pilate, - Luke 23.13-26	John 8.17, 18
" 19,	The Crucifixion, - Mark 15.20-37	Gal. 6.14
" 26,	The Scapegoat, - Lev. 16.20-34	Psa. 103.12
Dec. 3,	The Resurrection, - Mark 16.1-16	1 Cor. 15.20
" 10,	The Emmaus Walk, - Luke 24.13-32	Rev. 3.20
" 17,	The Doubting Disciple, John 20.19-31	John 20.29
" 24,	A Night's Fishing, - John 21.1-14	Psalms 127.1
" 31,	The Promised Return, Acts 1.1-11	Acts 1.11

A Necessity for superintendents, teachers, and students for 1912, *The Believer's Calendar*, containing not only an artistic board, bold dates, and a choice portion of the Word of God for each day of the year, but a concise comment on the whole 366 texts from the pen of a well known writer, thus giving **366 Meditations for One Shilling**. Supplied at the remarkably low price of 1/ each (25 cts.), or five copies for \$1, p.f. anywhere.

The Golden Gate, and How to GET WITHIN, is the title of our 24th Annual Volume. Ready in November. 1/6, post free. Six the same, or all different, for 7/, or twelve for 12/, post free. Excellent for school awards.

Simple Searchings for little folks, No. 95. Give the name of a man mentioned in Romans who had great sorrow, and tell why. Answer to 94.—Evilspeaking (Num. 12.8); Kadesh (Num. 20.1) JS.FS.

Prepare for 1912 by sending to friends abroad *The Believer's Calendar*, as above, 1/; *Daily Manna*, our own 6d. block calendar; *Ebenezer Calendar*, with twelve monthly pads, 4d.; *Daily Light*

Almanac, bold portion for each day, red border, 1d. *Believer's Diary* and Pocket Companion, 1d., 2d., 6d., and with full diary, 1/; *Boys and Girls Almanac* and Scripture Searching Text Book, 1/2d.

Sunday School Annuals will be the order of the day from Nov. to Feb. Don't fail to get the latest, "Boys and Girls Book of Ballads, Poems, and Recitations." 1/ net; 1/3, post free.

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

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Articles, stories, photos, and items of interest suitable for our pages are welcome. Post to Editor, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow.

RATES PER MONTH 12 copies, 6d.; 25, 1/; 50, 1/10; 100, 3/6; 150, 5/; 200, 6/. Post Free to any part of the Globe.

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And through most Booksellers, Colporteurs, and Tract Depots.



366 Meditations for 1/.

THE MOST REMARKABLE TOMB.

THE delightful season of youth, with its bright eye and rosy cheek, its buoyant step and merry laugh is sometimes soon changed for the cold grave. But One who now lives beyond the tomb has passed that way, from whose wondrous pathway let us rehearse some things. And first we will think of His **BORROWED TOMB.**

He was so poor when He lived on earth that the little birds were better off than He. And when He died the sepulchre was not His own in which He was buried; yet He was rich (2 Cor. 8. 9); the riches of the whole universe were His. The sea with all its wealth was His. The cattle on a thousand hills were His. Yet He became poor. No story that ever was told can compare with this. Many there are who rise from poverty to wealth; but this heavenly Visitor, who, as "the Day Spring from on high," visited our lost world, and came willingly into poverty. What love to Him we owe for becoming poor in order that we might be rich, not only for time, but for evermore! His tomb was also a

SEALED TOMB.

When loving hands took Him down from the cruel cross and laid Him in the cold grave, His enemies came and sealed the stone, which meant that all the power of the Roman empire was determined to keep Him there. In terrible unbelief the people had cried for His death, and although He had told them He would rise

again (John 2. 19), yet they would not believe Him. On the third day He rose "according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 4). He rose a mighty Victor from the dark domain, never, never to die again. But what happened after this? Early on the third day an angel came down and rolled back the sealed stone. The soldiers were so afraid of this one angel that they "became as dead men," and when the loving followers of Jesus came they found an **OPEN TOMB.**

God wanted them to get a view of the inside of that place where He, who had been sent all the way from heaven above, had lain in the grasp of death. What was it all for? Why did Jesus taste death? That He might destroy him who had the power of death. When these disciples entered the tomb what a glorious sight met their eyes. What was it? An **EMPTY TOMB.**

They saw all the things He had worn in death left behind, and the napkin folded in a place by itself, thus showing that He had been in no hurry. He was the glorious Conqueror, and illuminated that dark place with His loving presence. And now we have arrived at the last standpoint, we have a

NEW TOMB

Let me name four reasons why it is called a new tomb—(1) no one had ever lain in it before (John 19. 41); (2) no one had ever been buried or others before (1 Cor. 15. 3); (3) He saw

no corruption (Acts 2. 31); (4) He was the first who left the tomb for everlasting glory (Acts 26. 23).

Now, do not forget He is coming back, and the hour is fast approaching "when all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth" (John 5. 28, 29); all the dead in sea and land shall be raised, then a great separation will take place—some to everlasting shame, and some to everlasting glory (Dan. 12. 2). Choose now the glory by receiving Jesus as your own Saviour; then you will be safe in life, safe in death, and safe in eternity. JS.FS.



"All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth" (John 5. 28, 29).

PICTURES
ON
EVERY PAGE

BOYS & GIRLS

STORIES
FOR
EVERY AGE



"HIS HAND ONCE MORE CLUTCHED HIS LOVED POSSESSIONS."

NOTHING BUT MONEY.

THE familiar letters, £ s. d., have been cleverly translated to mean "legacies, subscriptions, donations." Whatever interpretation may be given, they certainly stand for that which, more or less, troubles all in this life, and some even in the hour of death. For did not an old sage divide the world into two classes—"Those who are rich, and those who would like to be." The little folks with their coppers and cents, the bigger boys with their shillings and dollars, the older folks with their hundreds, thousands, and millions—all find their



"WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER; WHAT DOES HE WANT?"

difficulties in getting, keeping, or distributing.

Such was enforced in a case related recently in the public press. An old gentleman who had prospered in life and passed the allotted span of three score years and ten (Psa. 90. 10) came near the end of his pilgrim journey. His daughter, physician, and nurse were around what was likely to be his death-bed. Near the end his hands moved about with nervous restlessness, opening, shutting, and clutching the bed-clothes. "What can be the matter; what does he want?" asked the physician, who had never before seen this symptom in any of his patients. "I know, sir," replied the nurse who had attended him during his illness. "Every night before he went to sleep he demanded some of his money, and used to feel his gold or notes, then quietly fall asleep." His treasure box was brought, his eyes again sparkled with delight, his hands clutched once more his loved possessions, then his grasp relaxed, he lay back exhausted, and in a moment or two passed beyond "corruptible things such as silver and gold" (1 Peter 1. 18).

The ruling passion of life invariably manifests itself in the hour of death, and indicates

the eternal portion of the departing one. "Where the tree falleth, there it shall be" (Eccles. 11. 3). The eternal law holds good in Time and in Eternity, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting" (Gal. 6. 7, 8).

Would the friends of this poor man not have been more comforted by seeing him handling his Bible or New Testament, speaking of that which is beyond value—"the precious Blood of Christ" (1

Peter 1. 19), or longing to see the face of the One who loved sinners so much as to give Himself for them?

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his" (Num. 23. 10) said Balaam, the false professor, and so say many to-day. In order to die the death you must begin in life; in order to end like the Christian you must begin like him, by being "born again" (John 3. 3) or "saved." How can that be? The chief apostle's answer to the jailer at Philippi holds good to-day, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

You want to end well, then go on well by beginning well. Even now, as a sinner, accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and you will have "peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1) in life, triumph in the hour of death, and endless glory in eternity.

This may be your *day* of grace, to-morrow it may have gone for ever. "How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3). All in the Gloryland gave heed and *accepted* Christ as their Saviour; all in the Pit of woe *neglected* the great salvation. Haste then to Christ and be saved. HYP.

GEORDIE ROY'S HEAVEN.

WEE Geordie Roy was daft, ye ken,
 A queer, hauf-witted boy,
 And yet I've often wished some men
 Were e'en like Geordie Roy.
 A lee frae him ye never heard,
 An aith he wadna say;
 And when we played at kirk, my word.

I wish ye'd heard him pray.
 Then oot his wee bit book he'd
 draw,

While we sat listenin' roon,
 And tell us mair o' heaven than a'
 The parsons in the toun.

"A' weans," he said, "that lo'ed
 the Lord,

And aye said what was true,
 A' that's cleansed in His pre-
 cious blood

Were up there noo." [whae,
 When daith that tak's, he cares na

Wi' scarce a day between,
 Took, then, wee Jim at mornin' grey,
 And then wee Kate at e'en.

That nicht when a' was quait
 He took us in beside their bed,
 And gettin' oot his wee bit book
 He like a parson read:

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill;

For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still,
 My table Thou hast furnished,"

Aboon the sky so blue,
 Then pointin' wi' his haun, he said,
 "They're baith there noo."

Again, when to the kirkyaird moul'
 His faither's corpse was gaun,
 His teacher in the Sabbath schule
 Took Geordie by the haun;

Wi' glowerin' een and neck ootstretched,
 He walkit like a man,
 Until the kirkyard gate was reached,
 And then he turned and ran.

My, when his mither met him, then,
 He had a tale to tell;

He'd no gang back yon road again
 Unless she gaed hersel'.

The coach has shair cam' doun frae God,
 It took his faither through
 Twa big gates—yon's to heaven the road,
 He's up there noo.



She gaed hersel', and that fu' sune,
 His last, his a', his best;
 Before the last corn stook was in
 She left him like the rest.
 He took his place among the lave,
 The auld black coach behin';
 He even ventured to the grave,

And wonderingly looked in.
 When a' was o'er, and frae the
 place

His form was gently led,
 He looked up in the teacher's
 face,

And smilin' quaitly said,
 "'Twas nae grave yon, 'twas
 but the door

She gaed tae heaven through;
 No deid ava, jist gane before,
 She's up there noo." [dream

Wee Geordie had a bonnie
 Before a week gaed by—

A white-robed angel came for him,
 And took him to the sky.

His mither met him at the gate,
 His faither, too, was there,
 His brither Jim, his sister Kate,
 And mony a dizen mair

O' weans he kent when at the schule,
 To greet him roun' they press'd,
 And everything was beautiful,
 And every yin was blest.

Her airms his mither roon him cast,
 And praised the Lord anew;
 Her ain wee Geordie hame at last,
 We're a' here noo.

Next day when Geordie creepit out,
 A strange licht filled his een,
 As solemnly he told aboot
 The wonders he had seen.

We laughed and said 'twas but a dream,
 Wee Geordie did'na care, [him,
 Oor "no's" and "ay's" were nocht to
 He kent, for he was there.

He tried to draw the pearly gates
 And golden streets abune;
 But though we got the biggest slates
 He couldna get them in. [hill,

That nicht, when snaw wreathed vale and
 Wee Geordie's dream cam' true,
 Next morn they got him cauld and still—
 They're a' there noo. INSPECTOR AITKEN.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

THINK OF IT! Twenty-four years' issue of *Boys and Girls* completed with this number. What does it mean? 288 monthly numbers ready on the 1st of each month without a hitch. 2304 pages of pure Gospel reading which have been used in instructing, awakening, and leading to the conversion of not a few. 2400 pictures, large and small, many specially drawn, others selected from Britain, America, France, Germany; and photos of places and scenes in most parts of the world. 2500 names of boys and girls added to the Bible Band. What an encouragement to Scripture searching does this indicate! 245 blackboard and object lessons, which have been tried and proved before being printed, and which have been tried again and again thereafter. Many have testified to the real help of



these eyegate lessons. 200 recitations and poems which we have heard repeated and seen reprinted many times. The "Boys and Girls Book of Ballads," just issued, indicates the value of these gems. 212 original acrostics, which have busied the brains of old as well as young, and caused many to exclaim, "I never knew that was in the Bible!" 100 pictures and texts to paint, which have kept little fingers busy and made little minds think at the same time. 94 simple searchings for little folks who found the acrostics too difficult, added to by epigrams and London lessons, and—"much more."

Such a task could only have been accomplished by a remarkable rallying of friends of the little ones to the help of the Editor. So hearty has been the rally that the difficulty has not been where to get matter to put in; but what to put in of the ample

supplies. To thank all would be an impossible task. The most practical way seems to be to intimate that, by grace, we purpose "continuing," and will show our gratitude by accepting more and more lavish help of all kinds in the months to come.

No improvement can be made in our message—"The Gospel of God;" but we will endeavour to improve the sterling character of the articles, the artistic designs of the pictures, and the general attractiveness and interest of our pages. The continued help of all our friends is counted on for next year. Suggestions and hints as to paper or print, reaching new fields, making *Boys and Girls* a real spiritual power, or otherwise expanding our field of usefulness, will be welcomed by the Editor.

Our greatest reward is the fact that to-day workers converted through *Boys and Girls* are labouring for the Master in England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, United States, South America, New Zealand, and other parts. What a bringing forth of "much fruit" may yet abound on the Day through our "corn of wheat" planted.

It may not be generally known that by taking fifty copies monthly for one year you can have your own school title and list of all meetings in hall on top of page 1, thus making it your own monthly, and carrying invitations to the services into the homes of the people by the very best possible means—our darlings. 50 copies cost 21/ (\$5.25), 75 cost 30/ (\$7.50), 100 cost 40/ (or \$10) complete, delivered free, monthly.

May our motto for 1912 be, "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. 6. 9). ED.

HALF-A-CROWN A PAIR.

THE village doctor was fond of dogs, and usually had two or three big ones and a number of puppies about his stable-yard. All the boys in the village knew this, and often peered with longing eyes into the doctor's premises. One day whilst the stable-man was cleaning up the traps and yard two little heads appeared at the gate. With timidity they inquired, "Will you sell us a pair of these puppies for half-a-crown?" The half-crown had taken a lot of gathering together, and hopes ran high at the expectation of acquiring the coveted prize.

The man only smiled at the price offered, for the little animals were of a superior kind, and worth ten times the amount. But the doctor hearing the inquiry, and being of a kindly disposition, asked their names, and found they were the sons of a well-known family in the village whose father he had attended. "Come here, my lads," said the medical man, and lifting two of the finest puppies into the basket, he said, "Take these two home, and be good to them." Holding up the half-crown to the gentleman,

the little fellows were further delighted when he added, "No, no, the doctor does not sell his puppies for half-a-crown a pair, he gives them for nothing." Delighted with their prize, they straightway made for home, and, moved by love, sought ever after to be kind to the doctor's doggies.

A simple picture of how any boy or girl can obtain something of ten thousand times more value. What is it? Hear the Word of the Lord: "The gift of God is everlasting life" (Rom. 5. 23). Because God has loved you, and Jesus has died for you, life everlasting can be *freely* bestowed, "without money and without price" (Isa. 55. 1).

Remember the Great Physician is like the kind doctor, He does not *sell* salvation, He *gives* life, joy, peace, a home in heaven and endless bliss to all who take their place as unworthy and accept from His pierced hands His free gift. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8). Will you accept "everlasting life" (John 5. 24) as a free gift now, or will you reject such great grace? HYP.



Copyright Photo by E. M. Goodard.

"THE DOCTOR USUALLY HAD A NUMBER OF PUPPIES."

BUSY FINGERS AND ACTIVE MINDS.

PICTURE PAINTING, No. 12. Leaving a godly Highland home, he sunk lower and lower in sin till he had to earn a few coppers as a street conjurer. In a state of misery and poverty he saw a book lying in the box of a quack doctor. "What a beautiful little book!" he exclaimed. "Oh, it's only a New Testament I bought for fourpence," replied the doctor." "Fourpence! I'll give you that for it," said the conjurer, and the transaction was closed. Reading it brought memories of happy days gone by and thoughts of judgment to come. A city missionary finding him anxious, pointed him to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29), and soon he had the joy of seeing him pass from death to life, and from the power of Satan to God. For more than eighteen years he witnessed

a good confession to the transforming power of "the Gospel of God," which is still "the power of God unto salvation to *every one* that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). None are too good to pass it by. None are too bad for its almighty power to reach, rescue, and transform. Boys and girls shall play in the streets of the New Jerusalem through believing its message. Will you? HYP.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC, No. 212.

My first was what the Lord proclaimed,
And proved His work complete;
My next a mighty man was told
To put from off his feet;
My third remains a promise sweet
To all the saints of God;
My next, when David went astray,
Was used as chastening rod.

When we the humble path do take

My next will then be given;
My last we need quite from
the first

To take us into heaven;
My whole, a name God
gave a man
Who had a name before;
He often used to scheme
and plan
To add unto his store.

E.E.G.

Answer to Searching, No. 211.—Abraham. Lot, Moses, Obed, Samuel, Timothy — ALMOST (Acts 26. 28).

EASY EPIGRAM, No. 24.
If you acknowledge Christ
as Lord

In all your ways each day,
He'll so direct your paths
that you

Shall never go astray.

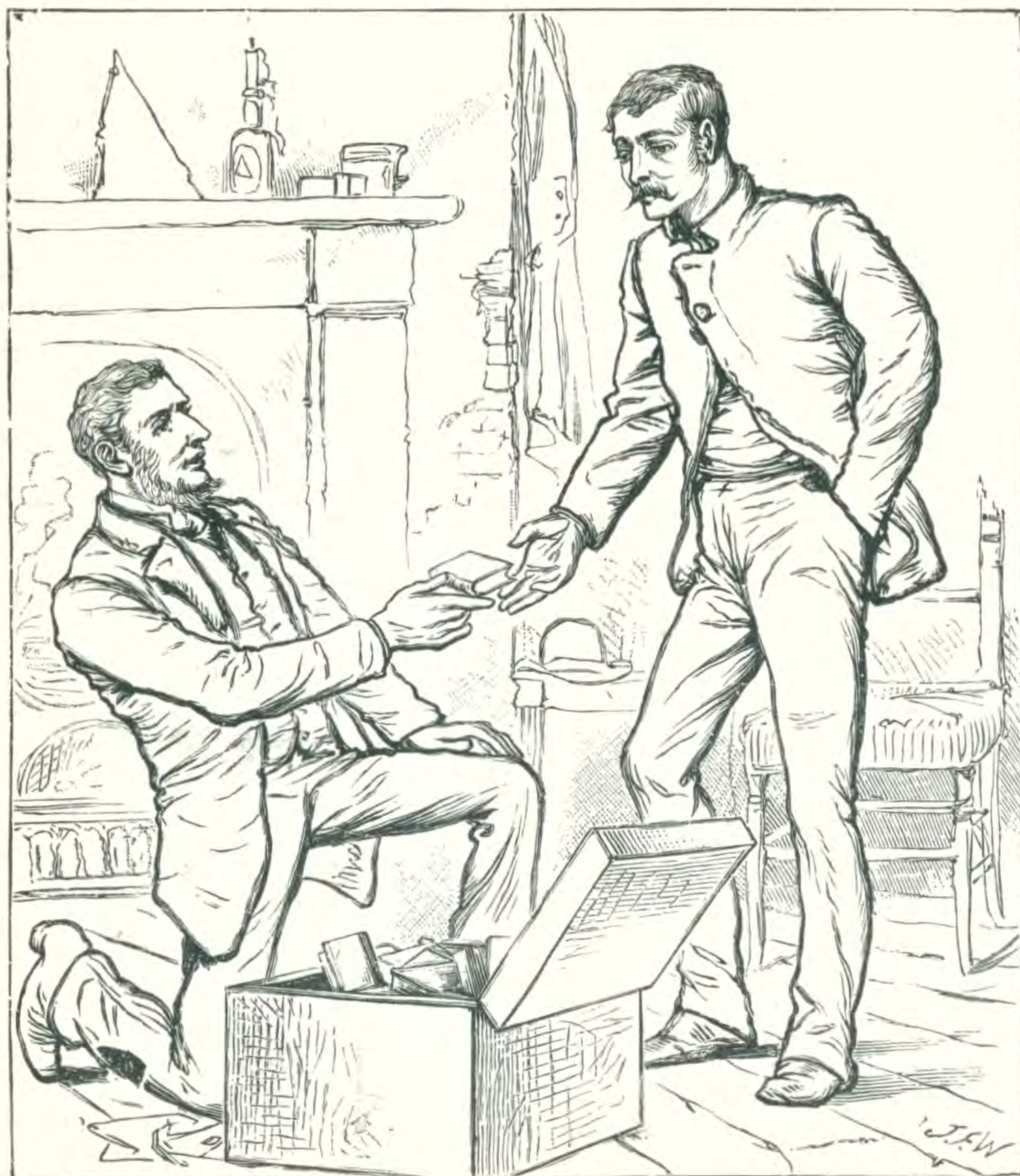
There is a verse that makes
this plain [Book,

In God's own precious
Between the Psalms and
"Song of Songs,"

You'll find it if you look.

E.J.M.

Answer to 23.—Deborah
(Gen. 35. 8; Judges 5. 7).



Picture Painting for Little People, No. 12.

BOUGHT A TESTAMENT FOR 4d.

OUR CLOSING CHAT FOR THE YEAR.

HOW quickly the months of 1911 have rolled by, nay, how quickly the years have rolled by, as manifested in our life story on page 4. In closing our friendly chats, we sincerely wish each little reader a truly happy holiday time when it comes. Ever remember the truest happiness can only be had by personal acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour, Master, and Friend for ever.

A Happy Title has been selected for our Annual Volume, as indicated in centre. It contains the usual budget of story, picture, poetry, searchings, lessons. Bound in cloth, bevelled boards, gold stamp. 1/6, post free. Six the same, or all different, for 7/, or twelve for 12/, post free.

Picture Paintings, as on opposite page. Any ten out of the twelve, coloured in crayon, ink, or paint, must be sent in to Editor by 30th Dec., with name, address, and age on back. Twelve more will be given for next year.

Simple Searchings for little folks, No. 96. If a boy was converted at the age of ten, how old would he be four years after? How old are *you*? Read the words of Jesus in John 3. 1-16. Write down answers and see next number. Answer to 95—Paul (Rom. 9. 2); For his brethren (Rom. 9. 3). JS. FS.

London Lessons, No. 10—DECAPITATION. Jesus says He is my whole (5 letters); Behead me, and I'm a Bible book (4 letters); Curtail, I am a kind of hole (3 letters); Behead, curtail, I'm you if you look ... (1 letter).

Answer to No. 9—Tree, in, try, ETERNITY. W.T.R.

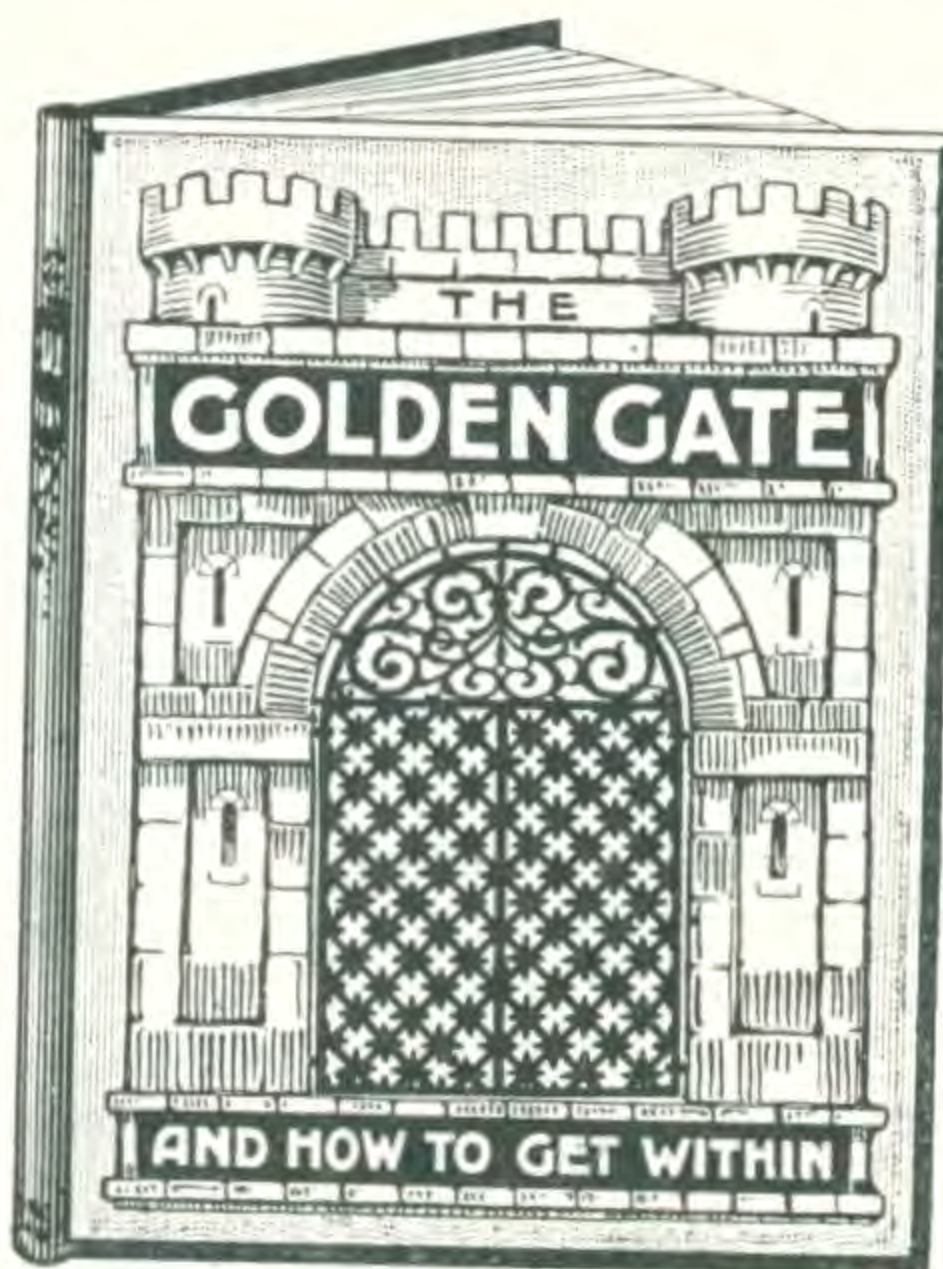
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The Seven Links in the chain of Lesson Studies have been welded once more. They are—

(1) *The Gospel Scheme*, "Gospel Triumphs in the Acts." 3d. per dozen; 1/6 per 100, post free. (2) *Boys and Girls Almanac*, with weekly subject, memory text, &c. 6d. per dozen; 3/6 per 100, post free. (3) *The Pathway*, with notes on the lessons, monthly, 1/2d. (4) *The Believer's Diary*, with class subjects, daily portions, &c. 1d. to 1/. (5) *Concise Course of Study*, for Bible classes and senior scholars. Neat card. 1/ per 100. (6) *Boys and Girls*, with lessons, readings, &c., monthly. (7) *Original Object Lessons* in *The Pathway* and *Boys and Girls*. Specimens free to any school.

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Dec. 3,	The Resurrection, - Mark 16. 1-16	1 Cor. 15. 20
" 10,	The Emmaus Walk. - Luke 24. 13-32	Rev. 3. 20
" 17,	The Doubting Disciple, - John 20. 19-31	John 20. 29
" 24	A Night's Fishing - John 21. 1-14	Psalms 127. 1
" 31,	The Promised Return, - Acts 1. 1-11	Acts 1. 1-11
Jan. 7,	The Promise of the Father, Acts 1. 1-14	John 16. 7
" 14,	The Promise Fulfilled, - Acts 2. 1-13	John 7. 38
" 21,	The Preaching at Pentecost, Acts 2. 14-28	Psalms 16. 11
" 28,	The Accepted Offering, - Gen. 4. 1-15	Heb. 11. 4

The Almanac for Schools is *The Bible Almanac*. A chaste card with centrepiece of Caxton showing his first printed Bible to the king. Date pad with text for every day in the year, &c. 1d., post free; 12 for 1/3; 50 for 5/; or 100 for 9/9. Localised to order. Get sample and rates.



Boys and Girls Bible Band, the first of its kind, the largest membership; no entrance fees. Send name, and we send card. You try and answer questions and searchings on this page. New names. From *Glasgow*: 2420, Chas. Dickie; 2421, James Dickie; 2422, Lizzie Dickie; 2423, Ronna Dickie; 2424, Andrew Nixon; 2425, Sam. Isles; 2426, Christina Winning; 2427, Maggie Winning; 2428, Annie Winning; 2429, Bella Winning; 2430, John Kean; 2431, Dick Kean; 2432, Ina Kean; 2433, Maggie Kean; 2434, Tom Chrystal; 2435, Annie M'Millan; 2436, James Dickson; 2437, James Napier; 2438, John Napier; 2439, Tom Millar; 2440, Edward Bell; 2441, Geo. Mellis; 2442, Jas. Mechie; 2443, George

Hilan; 2444, Robert Glen; 2445, Dan. M'Gregor; 2446, Walter Latta; 2447, Thomas Aird; 2448, Bella Geddes; 2449, Mary Geddes; 2450, Kate Geddes; 2451, Robert Russell. From *Dublin*: 2452, Maggie Lennox; 2453, Rosan Lennox; 2454, Grace Lennox; 2455, Kate Lennox; 2456, Bella Lennox; 2457, Mary Lennox.

New Monthly Prizes will begin next number. Some find the twelve months too long to wait

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BETTER THAN A CHRISTMAS TREE.

I WANT my young friends to think of "the Tree of Life," a tree more lovely and fuller loaded than Christmas tree ever was. In Proverbs 3. 18 we read that Heavenly Wisdom is "a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her." First note that this tree is

PREPARED. Some one has to get a Christmas tree ready. Our Heavenly Father prepares the tree of salvation. He began "before the foundation of the world" (Eph. 1. 3, 4), and went on until Jesus said, "It is finished" (John 19. 31). All our daily mercies come from this tree—clothes, food, friends, toys, money, everything. But the tree has some special GIFTS. Let us look at a few of them.

PARDON. Do you see that dark dungeon? What a strong iron grating bars the one little window! But between those bars a bright little sunbeam finds its way and reveals the prisoner. May we not open the door and let him out? No; for he has done wrong, and the judge has put him there. What would be the sweetest word he could hear? *Pardon.* This world is a great prison, and men, and women, and children are chained, unless God has forgiven them. Jesus loved us, and came into our prison and took our fetters and our punishment; so now God has hung a pardon on the tree of life (Micah 7. 18). Can you say, "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?"

PEACE. What a beautiful treasure this is! Peace for the heart, for the mind, for the soul. Jesus gives this peace. Do you remember when He was in the storm, and the tiny ship was tossed and tumbled? Then Jesus said, "Peace, be still" (Mark 4. 39), and the storm went to sleep like a crying babe. I once went to see an old man who was dying. He had the blessing of peace, and repeated a beautiful verse:

"In peace may I resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died *for me.*"

That is why we sinners can have peace—because Jesus died in our stead (Rom. 5. 6).

PLEASURE. A Christmas tree is intended to give joy; and it is God's intention to make us happy by His great Gospel tree. Sin always makes us unhappy; it is a cloud over the sun. Pardon drives away the clouds and lets in the golden light of heaven. Salvation is such a joyous thing that Jesus rejoiced to

think of it, and "for the joy that was set before Him He endured the Cross" (Heb. 12. 2). When the cripple at the Beautiful Gate was healed, we read that he was "walking, and leaping, and praising God" (Acts 3. 8). Yes, Jesus gives genuine pleasure.

Now we come to a whole cluster of blessings hanging thick upon the Gospel tree.

PROMISES (2 Peter 1. 4). A gentleman once gave a piece of paper to a little girl on her birthday; she thought it was an insult to give her such a worthless thing, and threw it into the fire. But she was sorry when she found it was a cheque for a lot of money. God's promises are like cheques, enabling us to draw out of His store untold riches.

What else do we see upon this tree? Here are swords, to fight giants; shields, to defend; breastplates, to protect; the whole armour of God (Eph. 6.

11-18). Then there are ornaments—better than any jeweller ever made—love, gentleness, patience, kindness (Gal. 5. 22). There are sweets, the comforts, the thoughts, the love of God. Last of all, there are harps and crowns of gold and glory. The gifts and blessings are:

PRECIOUS. What looks very grand upon a Christmas tree may prove to be worthless tinsel. God's gifts are all real and costly, for they were bought with "the precious blood of Christ" (1 Peter 1. 19). What is more precious than pardon, peace, and those other gifts of which we have spoken? All the diamonds, rubies, gold, silver, and things which we now consider so valuable will be of little account in the time of death and in the day of judgment. How important then to have the gift from God which is "far above rubies." Especially as there is no stint, for all God's gifts are

PLENTIFUL. Sometimes at a large Christmas party there are not enough toys to go all round, and so many are disappointed. Not so at God's gathering (Eph. 3. 20). God's presents never run short—the least child may have His blessing.

Would you be content to look on a Christmas tree, and then turn away? Oh, no; not you! You would like to have something off it. Then why leave God's tree without taking, when He is so willing to give you some of its bounties—*pardon* for all sin, and "pleasures for evermore."

W.L.



PREPARED
PARDON
PEACE
PLEASURE
PROMISES
PRECIOUS
PLENTIFUL